

Crossing 311

Chapter 311: Abandon?

“So what if it’s unsuitable for life? Reclamation is not for the sake of seeking lifeforms, but to find minerals and resources,” said Han Jijyun coldly in response to Qi Long’s question. He felt that this question of Qi Long’s was really just too silly.

“Alert. The starship shall enter the atmospheric layer in 10 seconds. Please ensure all anti-shock measures are in place, please ensure all anti-shock measures are in place ...” In the public comms of the mecha, the voice of the starship’s JMC rang out.

At the end of the 10 second countdown, all of the mecha operators in the transport hold could feel an intense quaking which lasted for over 10 seconds before the starship gradually stabilised again. At this time, all the mecha operators knew that they should have already passed through the atmospheric layer of X192 and were now truly within the airspace of the planet.

Sure enough, the JMC’s voice once again rang out in the public comms. This time, it was to notify them that in 1 minute and 30 seconds, the starship would officially land on the ground of planet X192.

One minute and thirty seconds was not a very short period of time; it was enough for the mecha operators to make all necessary preparations for landing. Even so, when the countdown hit zero and the starship landed heavily on the planet’s surface, the intense vibrations still caused many mecha operators to feel their Qi and blood roil in their chests. Quite a few of the mecha operators did not manage to regain their equilibrium till several beats later.

Ling Lan’s original party of six did not react in any way. Under Ling Lan’s tutelage, even the one with the weakest physical constitution, Han Jijyun, was able to easily withstand the impact. Well aware of her companions’ conditions, Ling Lan skipped over them to ask [No Mecha Unrepaired], [Priceless Kinship], and [Self-Defined Destiny] how they were holding up.

[Priceless Kinship] did not delay, instantly responding to say that he had no problem at all. Stopping to think about it, Ling Lan understood instantly. Li Shiyu’s body could not be that weak ... he was the dux of the Military Medical Research specialization! Exceedingly intelligent, he would never allow his own body to be all that weak.

[No Mecha Unrepaired] was the second to reply. Just as Ling Lan predicted, he felt somewhat uncomfortable. However, after swallowing a tube of concentrated recovery fluid, he felt much better.

The final one to answer was [Self-Defined Destiny]. Even though he said that everything was fine, what kind of ears did Ling Lan have? She could clearly hear that the other’s breath was rather short — the violent vibrations earlier must have given [Self-Defined Destiny] some trouble despite him saying otherwise.

This made Ling Lan frown slightly. She had only been mentally prepared regarding the slightly weaker constitution of [No Mecha Unrepaired]. After all, [No Mecha Unrepaired] was a support type researcher — it was natural for him to have some foundational difference from specialized mecha operators like them. Thus, for [No Mecha Unrepaired] to falter in situations like this was normal. However, things were

different with [Self-Defined Destiny]. [Self-Defined Destiny] was a specialized mecha operator too — this was something the other had told her personally and she believed that the leopard would not lie to her. Besides, his control skills were more than sufficient to make him a specialized mecha operator.

She would never, ever have considered that the leopard, who should have an amazing constitution based on her impression of him, would actually have a constitution roughly similar to that of [No Mecha Unrepaired]. This meant that the other's strength and stamina would not support drawn-out battle ...

This forced Ling Lan to ponder calmly — could her old friend the leopard really become a permanent member of her clan? Although Ling Lan had gotten along very well with the leopard, and she also greatly cherished the rapport between them, this did not mean that she would allow the other to drag down her entire clan. She needed to think about the futures of these companions who had grown up alongside her.

It had to be said that in Ling Lan's heart, the leopard was still not as important as her companions. For her companions, she could abandon her leopard.

Sensing his boss's thoughts, Little Four hurriedly explained, *"Boss, because the spectre's spiritual power is too strong, that is why the damage to his body is great. It's just like Boss in your previous world. Of course, with the gene agents, this world now has considerably improved on this front, but it still cannot fully cure the problem of the weakened constitution."*

Little Four was rather fond of this spectre with abilities similar to his. At the very least, the other gave him a sense of kinship, which was why he decided to speak up for [Self-Defined Destiny]. *"Honestly, spectres should not be able to operate mecha. The fact that [Self-Defined Destiny] can do this is already extremely outstanding. Furthermore, having a spectre around is also very advantageous to the clan. Spectres are very sensitive to the presence of other spectres; he will be able to protect the others in the clan during critical moments."*

"Won't you be able to protect everyone?" Although Little Four's words moved Ling Lan a little, the problem of the leopard's constitution still made her feel extremely conflicted.

"Of course I can, but Boss, there will always be times when you're alone, or when the team splits up to act. At those times, having an additional spectre will increase the safety rates for everyone on the team no matter how things are arranged," replied Little Four calmly. He did not believe that his boss would trivialize her clan members' safety.

As expected, Ling Lan paused after hearing what Little Four had to say.

"Besides, it's not like the other's weak constitution is unchangeable." Little Four prepared his finishing move.

"Oh?" Ling Lan was extremely interested. If the problem of the leopard's constitution could be resolved, she naturally did not want to abandon the leopard. After all, it was so rare to find a friend with such good rapport. Ling Lan treated Qi Long and her other childhood companions as followers and sons to be raised, while the leopard was the very first one to give her the feeling of having a friend. As such, Ling Lan treasured him greatly.

“Boss, have you forgotten how your body recovered? As long as there are gene agents, once I’ve modified them, the other will be able to absorb them endlessly. Combine that with your Qi exercises and the foundational physical skills of the learning space, and by applying all three methods simultaneously, this problem should be fixed in two to three years.” Little Four reminded Ling Lan. How she had resolved her own latent issues would be how the other could resolve his own latent issues.

“I’ll have to think about this.” Ling Lan glanced at [Self-Defined Destiny] and cut short the topic. This was because all the mecha had already begun to leave their secured seats and were now lining up to walk out of the hold’s door. There was one other reason why Ling Lan did not want to make a decision just yet. She wanted to first see if the leopard could actually gain her companions’ acknowledgement. If her companions truly accepted him, she would willingly help her leopard solve this problem.

Everything would still depend on how the leopard performed in future! Ling Lan sighed internally and then led her party members to walk out of the hold doors.

Right then, Li Lanfeng had no idea that he had almost been given three strikes 1 by his rabbit. As soon as he could, he downed some restorative agent, and very soon, his body had recovered. He quickly followed the other members of his party forward, rather frustrated with himself deep inside. He had not expected all the members of the rabbit’s party to have such sturdy constitutions. Of all the members, his constitution actually ranked at the very bottom ... he silently clenched his fists tight, deciding that he would increase his nightly basic training by threefold. He definitely would not disgrace his rabbit.

The moment they stepped out of the starship transport’s hold, a wave of heat swept over them. Even though the temperature within their mecha cockpits had already been adjusted lower, they could still feel the difference from the temperatures of an inhabitable 2 planet. On the respective screens of all the mecha in Ling Lan’s party, an endless desert came into view. It was a swirling sheet of white with not a single speck of any other colour. After only looking at the scene for several seconds, they could already feel their eyes vaguely starting to prickle in pain.

“Adjust the temperature of your cockpit. Lower it by 10 degrees. And set your visuals to infrared mode.” Just when everyone was stunned, Ling Lan’s voice rang out in their party comms.

Used to obeying Ling Lan’s commands, Qi Long and the others quickly made the adjustments as instructed. Once they had adjusted the initial internal temperature of 25 degrees down to 15, they felt all the heat which had penetrated the cockpit completely wiped away. Their cockpits once again returned to regular levels of comfort. Meanwhile, changing their screen displays to infrared mode eased the strain on their eyes. They no longer felt as if they were staring into a blizzard of white, and their eyes stopped hurting.

Li Lanfeng had the utmost faith in his rabbit, so he did not think much of the other’s immensely accurate judgment. However, Li Shiyu and [No Mecha Unrepaired] could not help but feel a jolt go through their hearts. Their leader must know everything about mecha like the back of his hands; otherwise, he would not have been able to make such accurate and precise judgments in a split second. [No Mecha Unrepaired] found his respect for Ling Lan deepening, while Li Shiyu too gradually began to acknowledge this Boss Lan who he had never thought well of, who liked to turn common sense on its head.

When they truly walked out onto the planet, they were shocked by the scene before their eyes. Those mecha that had walked out before them were currently struggling against the sands of the area. Many mecha had sunk into the sandy ground, while even more had no choice but to power up their engines to fly into the air and move forwards that way.

“Warning. Do not use your engines for a long time. The temperature and atmospheric elements here will cause great damage to your engines.” In the public comms channel, the JMC’s anxious voice rang out once more in warning.

He had barely finished speaking when in the skies not too far away, a loud boom rang out as a mecha’s engine abruptly exploded. The strength of the explosion instantly sent the mecha careening to the ground. The entire mecha crashed into the sand and its massive body became completely buried within it. If not for the help of his party members, he would not have been able to resolve this dire situation on his own — all that would have awaited him was death.

“Godd*mn, what a dangerous planet.” Witnessing this scene, Xie Yi could not help but exclaim in the party comms. However, he was only exclaiming for the sake of exclaiming; he would not shrink back in fear because of this.

“Let us go.” Ling Lan’s voice had yet to fade when she had already controlled her mecha to begin striding onto this patch of desert. But then, [Self-Defined Destiny] suddenly shouted, “Wait a moment!”

“Hm?” Ling Lan controlled her mecha to dip her head at him, signalling for [Self-Defined Destiny] to explain why he had stopped her.

“I think that it’s better to first send someone to test things out,” said Li Lanfeng with a smile, “I volunteer myself. As a new member, I hope everyone can give me a chance to perform.” Li Lanfeng’s words made the initially rather tense atmosphere of the team dissipate instantly. Qi Long even began to laugh uproariously, while there were several other soft giggles and chuckles that were almost inaudible — god knows who was laughing so secretly.

The corners of Ling Lan’s lips quirked up; she was extremely in favour of the leopard’s behaviour, so she said, “Alright, go.” Ling Lan hoped the leopard would be accepted by her companions; thus, she naturally indicated her support of the leopard’s request without any hesitation.

Chapter 312: Robbery

Hearing [Lingtian First-String] agree, Li Lanfeng was exhilarated. He breathed in deeply, trying to calm himself. This time, he must definitely perform well and not disgrace his rabbit. Li Lanfeng knew well that in order for him to find secure footing within the rabbit’s team, relying purely on the friendship between himself and the rabbit would not be enough.

Li Lanfeng operated his mecha to dash out onto the sands, landing in the endless desert which had already swallowed many mecha. Very quickly, the shifting sand beneath his feet had sucked in both of his mecha’s legs. His mecha began sinking down at a rapid pace — at this speed, his entire mecha might be completely buried a minute later.

“The default desert-mode setting of the mecha does not match up to the real conditions. The buoyancy difference is extremely large. The settings need to be altered. Change it to twenty. No. Thirty. Still not enough. Forty, that’s a little too much ... correction. It should be 37 or 38. Confirmed as 38. Original mecha traction setting lacking. Compensation coefficient at 10 results in sluggishness. Change coefficient to 9, success. There is an error with the original granular load 1 . Increase load value to 20. Still wrong, increase to 25? Adjusted to 24, confirmed ...” In the party comms, [Self-Defined Destiny]’s rapid-fire speech came through clearly, along with the faint sound of fingers moving at super high control speeds.

This gave all the other members of Ling Lan’s party a shock; they knew what this represented. Setting aside the brash and forthright Qi Long whose control was coarse and based solely on his instinct, even Han Jiyun with his formidable calculation skills could not collect on-scene data and perform such accurate corrections in such a short amount of time. Those rapid tapping sounds and swishing noises also meant that the other’s finger-speed had currently achieved a frightening level.

This caused Qi Long and the others to begin taking [Self-Defined Destiny], this person who had just joined them, seriously. Although they would never doubt Boss Lan’s judgment, without experiencing it first-hand, they would never have known that this seemingly friendly and humble [Self-Defined Destiny] was also a control prodigy. As expected, those who Boss Lan took a shine to would never be simple.

Still, after that first jolt of surprise, Qi Long and the others quickly calmed down. Without waiting for Ling Lan to give the order, they immediately began adjusting the settings of their mecha according to [Self-Defined Destiny]’s calculated adjustments. After applying all those settings, Li Lanfeng’s mecha had already pulled both his feet out from the shifting sands to stand up properly. He was now standing on the sands like it was solid ground and was waiting for them to come to him. This proved that those settings of his were absolutely correct.

This scene also caused those mecha still struggling with the sand to stare, gobsmacked, but they soon figured things out and began manually adjusting their mecha settings as well. Still, the process was not as easy as they had assumed. Manual adjustment of settings required one to know all the settings of a mecha like the palm of one’s hand; if one only had a half-baked understanding of the settings, they would never be able to accomplish it to the degree that Li Lanfeng had.

“Alright, let’s move.” Seeing this, Ling Lan no longer hesitated, instantly giving out the order.

Following this cry, the eight mecha remaining on the platform shot out like cannonballs to land gracefully in the desert. After reuniting with [Self-Defined Destiny], they ventured off swiftly into the depths of the desert.

This scene was captured by the surveillance system of the starship and was swiftly transmitted to the starship’s control room. The adjutant in the control room saw the performance of this team and a slight smile appeared on his face as he said, “Looks like it’s not all trash. This team is still somewhat presentable, especially this mecha ...” The one he was pointing at was precisely the first one to go out into the desert to feel out the conditions, [Self-Defined Destiny].

“That’s why I said that civilian mecha operators may not be completely worthless,” responded the commander with a serious expression, “Still, I keep feeling that the reclamation efforts this time won’t go smoothly ...”

The adjutant was taken aback. “Are you saying ...”

“I just received a notification from the mainframe saying that not too far from us, there’s something strange with planet X193. It’s investigating what’s going on right now. Once it has concrete news, it’ll contact us again.” The commander’s brow was deeply furrowed. He had been studying all this time to try and figure out a way for them to get close to the base camp of the Swift Dragons, but all his mental efforts had been useless. He could only wait passively for the notification from the mainframe — this made the commander who liked to have everything within his control uneasy; he did not like this feeling of having his actions dictated by someone else.

“It looks like the mainframe is very afraid that there will be further issues this time ...” The adjutant’s eyes narrowed as if thinking of something.

“So we can only wait passively for the mainframe’s notification now ...” said the commander with a sigh. He was feeling increasingly uncertain about his mission.

Seven days went by swiftly. Within these seven days, nothing much happened to Ling Lan’s party. As Ling Lan was not here to cultivate the planet in search of wealth, she did not split her party into smaller exploration teams and spread them out as the other expedition teams did. The nine people of her party broke into three smaller teams and stayed in a triangular formation. All of them moved together within the same district, often checking in with one another. Even if there were some expedition teams who harboured ill intent, when they saw how many members Ling Lan’s party had and how the party was in a triangular formation equally capable of offence or defence, they did not dare to act impulsively.

The triangular formation was actually a basic Federation mecha formation — it was typically formed by three mecha teams at three points of a triangle moving as one. This type of formation allowed any one of the component mecha teams to become the arrowhead of the entire team; it was one of the most commonly used formations by the Federation mecha forces.

Even so, the luck of Ling Lan’s party was still pretty decent. Although they did not search a large area, they still managed to find some rare metals, as well as some unidentified minerals. They secretly noted all these. They would only need to pass this info on to the registration staff on the starship, and even if it did not yield a large sum in return, the reward would certainly be enough to supply enough power for their mecha for several months.

Speaking of which, we should now talk about the usage of power in Mecha World and the various ways to obtain power. An active mecha, even if its user did not log in to operate it, would still have a basic amount of power drain. Thus, every mecha operator would have the daily pressure of collecting power. Power could be obtained by completing missions or foraging in the wilderness, and it could also be purchased with credits in the power stores of Mecha World.

Therefore, if they had not saved up enough power sources, mecha operators who had not logged in for long periods of time may very likely find that their mecha could no longer be activated for use the next time they logged in. Replenishing power which had been lost was even more expensive than stocking up to begin with. Thus, in Mecha World, the average mecha operator would normally only have one active mecha. Those operators who were slightly stronger would at most have one spare reserve mecha,

because just one more mecha was beyond the means of the average mecha operator to support. The only exceptions were those people with great ability or those who had an abundance of credits.

This was also why many mecha operators would do away with those mecha they had replaced, trading them for some power supplies to keep. This was also why when Li Lanfeng had only redeemed another mecha when he was about to advance to intermediate mecha; a normal mecha operator just could not keep all the mecha they had ever redeemed on them.

The reason the conditions were so strict was out of fear that the mecha operators would not be able to focus fully on training with the mecha they had in their hands. Mind you, the further things progressed, the finer the distinction of mecha categorisation became. For example, for intermediate mecha, just humanoid mecha alone had 5 types, and by the time it came to advanced mecha, there were 8 types of humanoid mecha. If operators could not concentrate on training with one mecha, even the most prodigious mecha operator would end up mediocre because of this. Thus, Mecha World had no choice but to use material pressure to forcefully eliminate the distraction for the mecha operators, making them calm down and train hard in the control skills for one mecha ...

Consequently, in Mecha World, every mecha operator would have headaches over power supplies — Ling Lan and her party were no exception. They could come out and do missions for so long all thanks to Lin Zhong-qing, who had done his duty as support logistician to conserve power all this time. However, this would only support them for another half a month at most, so any gains here would be a great boon overall.

Just as they were planning to move on to the next district, they received an emergency alert from the military vessel's control centre. The alert stated that all the mecha operators were expected to rush back to the transport ship within 3 days because the transport ship would be leaving X192 at 12 noon sharp three days later. As for the reason why, the military vessel's side simply said that there would be a violent elemental energy turbulence on planet X192 three days later. This turbulence may very well destroy any and all mecha still remaining on the planet at that time.

After discussing it over, Ling Lan's party decided to continue foraging for one more day before rushing back. Although they were only a day's journey away from the transport ship, Ling Lan did not like to cut things so close — she liked leaving some room for error in all things.

A day's time passed quickly. After some minor organising of the resources they had gathered and recharging the power of their mecha, they operated their mecha to move towards the transport ship at full speed. But halfway through their journey, an accident occurred before their eyes.

There was a loud 'BOOM' — straight ahead on the path Ling Lan's party was travelling on, the sound of a violent explosion rang out. This sound was clearly the result of a mecha using a cannon-type firearm.

"Razor, lead your team over to take a look." Ling Lan frowned lightly. Using a cannon-type firearm on this planet was undoubtedly a very dangerous act. The atmosphere already contained hydrogen and chlorine; adding high heat would very easily result in self-destruction. If triggered by a cannon-type firearm, there was a high chance of a chain reaction occurring, which could easily endanger the safety of her party if they were unlucky. In order to obtain a clear picture of the situation, Ling Lan instructed Luo Lang's team, which was currently the arrowhead of their formation, to go check things out.

Luo Lang's small team consisted of Luo Lang, Xie Yi, and Li Shiyu, with Luo Lang as the interim head. Receiving his orders, Luo Lang led Xie Yi and Li Shiyu in a quick sprint forwards.

Not long after, Ling Lan and the others received a shared video channel from Luo Lang's team. It turned out that about 1 kilometre ahead of them, there was a mecha team of 15 people who were currently launching a series of violent attacks at a small mecha team of only 5 people.

If they guessed correctly, this should be a robbery in progress. This was a common scene during planetary reclamation events — some large expedition teams with bad reputations just loved to do such things, because robbing others at this time was much more profitable than foraging for themselves.

It looked like that team of five was also the gutsy type, otherwise a fight would not have broken out. Many smaller mecha teams would choose to give up a large portion of their resources when faced with such unbeatable odds, choosing the option of safe return. But this team had not chosen to give in — despite seeing that they would never be able to survive, they had actually taken the initiative to launch a blast cannon 2. They were obviously trying to kill their opponents in a kamikaze attack, but their luck did not seem to be very good. The firearm had not ignited the elements within the air, so they were now being oppressed and beaten — it would not be long before they were completely annihilated.

Chapter 313: Precious Power Source!

"Boss, what should we do? Should we wait or circle around them?" Luo Lang observed the happenings from a distance, making contact with the team at the same time.

Ling Lan did not make a decision immediately, instead asking Qi Long, "Combat, what do you think?"

The battle maniac Qi Long had long been driven stir-crazy by these past calm and uneventful days. The moment he heard Boss's question, he quickly replied, "Let's go straight through. If any among them are blind enough to dare rob us, let's just end them." These words were said with a great thuggish air, but it was also Qi Long's true opinion.

"I think it is very necessary for us to hone our blades 1 beforehand." As his sworn brother, Han Jijyun naturally had to show his utmost support for Qi Long's stand. Besides, he too felt that going through a battle would allow their team to become closer. After all, they had just added three additional people, so they had to adapt to the new additions' skills and work on their teamwork. Han Jijyun liked to have everything in hand.

[No Mecha Unrepaired] had no opinion on this matter, while Li Lanfeng's thoughts ran parallel to Han Jijyun's without any prior discussion. So, Li Lanfeng piped up in support, "Abacus speaks truly. We're working together as a team for the first time after all. There is indeed a need for a chance for a real battle. If there are any problems, we can then take some time to adjust before we get too deep into the mission. This will also be extremely beneficial to the future of our clan."

Lin Zhong-qing did not say outright whether he agreed or disagreed — he only told his boss that he had enough power blocks saved up to support this battle. Indirectly, he was also conveying that he too approved of this fight.

Since everyone had the desire to fight, Ling Lan of course would not refuse. Thus, she ordered Luo Lang's team of three which was a distance away observing to stay put, saying, "Razor, wait till we get there, then we will move together."

Ling Lan was afraid Luo Lang would act impulsively — even though the other side's combat power was just at the level of a typical civilian expedition team, their numbers were not few. For Luo Lang's team of only three people to go up against them was still rather dangerous.

"Understood, Boss," responded Luo Lang firmly. He took Ling Lan's orders even more seriously than Qi Long did — Qi Long might still nod on the surface but disobey secretly, while Luo Lang would never disobey something he had promised his boss.

Very soon, Ling Lan had led the rest of the team to Luo Lang's side. Then, she indicated for everyone to move forwards in their original formation, acting as if they knew nothing as they approached the heart of the combat. But secretly, everyone was already mentally prepared for battle. The moment they found the others' arrows pointed at them, they would swoop down upon them at lightning speed and destroy the other side.

"Leader, there's a mecha squad incoming." A sentry member noticed Luo Lang's 3-man team, and he quickly reported the sighting to his team leader at the heart of the fight.

"How many people?" The team leader, who was currently using firepower to suppress their opponents, could not help but frown and ask.

The opposing 5-man team, which was currently being pummelled by them and could only resist futilely, had long been their target. They had discovered them when the other side had managed to collect a rare and precious power source. The team leader knew very well what power sources represented. As long as they could possess this power source and hand it over to the military, they would become filthy rich overnight. Therefore, they had long lain in ambush here, planning to kill the other party to snatch this rare and precious power source.

Initially, they had thought that by surrounding the other side with 15 people, the other 5 would definitely meekly hand over the power source. Unexpectedly, these five people were all a bunch of tough customers, actually choosing mutual destruction and taking the initiative to use firearms. If not for their bad luck in failing to ignite the hydrogen and chlorine in the air, his team might probably have been completely wiped out.

But other than the first person among them who had to retreat away from the fight after receiving heavy damage at the start, the other team members had reacted speedily. Now, under their frenzied attacks, they had very quickly finished off three of the five people, and the remaining two people would probably just take them another 2 to 3 minutes to handle ...

Who could have expected that, just as they were about to reap the fruits of victory, some unforeseen guests would arrive. This spoiled the mood of this team leader considerably — he even felt rather vindictive, thinking to just annihilate this troublesome mecha squad directly.

"It's a 3-man formation." For some reason, the sentry seemed to have not seen the other six mecha on both flanks behind Luo Lang, so he only reported Luo Lang's team of three.

“Hmph, three people? They’re bloody seeking death! How long before they run into us?” With a cold sniff, the team leader decided in his mind to stop these three impudent mecha. Perhaps they would be able to obtain some extra resources from the three.

“I reckon there’s still about a minute.” The sentry gave a rough estimate based on his gauge of the speed of Luo Lang’s team.

“Okay. Don’t stop them. Just let them through just like that ...” instructed the team leader through gritted teeth. He then turned to the attacking team members and ordered, “Everyone, beat them hard. Try your best to finish them off in one minute, our new prey is coming.”

“Yeah!” “Roger that!” “Awesome!” “Watch me ...” Raucous hollers rang out from the team comms; it was clear to see that this was not a bunch of orderly civilised people.

Subsequently, they no longer worried about limiting their power use. The cold beam guns in their hands rattled as cold beams poured out in a torrent, raining down in a sheet towards the heads of the surviving two opponents. Out of fear of igniting the elemental energy in the air, they had all chosen weapons using cold beams. This crazy wave of attack gave the remaining two mecha no chance to fight back; they could only turn their beam shields up to the max to try and hold off these attacks.

The two of them knew what the final outcome awaiting them was — once their mecha ran out of power, the beam shields would stop working. They would definitely be shredded by those cold beams and die here. The penalty for death in Mecha World was extremely brutal. Restarting not only wiped out the mecha you possessed, but the deduction of points was also astronomical. Lacking points after restarting, many mecha operators were even reduced to becoming a lower mecha operator again ...

“Big Brother, let me hold them off. Go find those newcomers quick and ask for help.” These two had found out about the impending arrival of an unexpected team of mecha from the alerts of their mecha, so one of the mecha immediately shouted out a suggestion to the other mecha.

“They’re surrounding us on all sides. They have no intention at all of letting us run away. Second Brother, even if we die, we must die together, along with the rest of our brothers.” said Big Brother with a tortured smile. Then, his face twisted into a scowl as he said, “However, I will not let them win.” He rubbed a hand over the rare power source they had found inside his bag, a wild idea rising up in his mind.

Big Brother abruptly spat out a mouthful of spit and said fiercely, “Second Brother, take a gamble with me. We must hold out until those people arrive ...” Big Brother’s eyes were shadowed, a sort of savage wildness within them.

Right then, the silhouettes of Luo Lang’s team could already be seen. By the time both sides could see each other, the two trapped people were on the brink of running out of power.

“Just a little short. Just 10 more seconds would do!” Big Brother yelled shrilly. He was not content to just die here like this.

At that moment, Second Brother who had been shielding against the cold beams by his side suddenly opened his mecha’s limbs and hugged Big Brother’s mecha beside him tightly, covering the other’s entire mecha beneath his own. All the cold beams focused on Second Brother’s mecha, and 2 seconds

later, his flickering beam shield shattered, letting all the beams through to rain on the body of his mecha.

“Big Brother, you must avenge us!” Amidst a tragic howl, Second Brother held on for another 10 seconds or so by relying purely on the inherent defence of his mecha’s body. Finally, his mecha too broke down into countless fragments under the bombardment of cold beams.

Big Brother’s mecha was finally revealed. At the same time, the beam shield he had deactivated reappeared once more — he was preparing for his final stand.

“Godd*mmmit, actually letting him drag things out by 11 seconds.” The team leader could not help but swear. Meanwhile, Luo Lang’s team of 3 mecha was about to enter his team’s shooting range in the very next second.

“Old Lu, take two teams to deal with those three mecha. It’s fine to just leave me four mecha.” The team leader knew he could not delay any longer. If the newcomers initiated attack, even if they managed to take down the other’s three mecha, they would still suffer losses. And he did not just plan to rob these two batches of mecha; he wanted to gain even more.

Old Lu had just pulled away two smaller teams of mecha from the main team when the staunchly defending Big Brother suddenly revved his engines. The loud roar of the engines caused everyone’s face to change. And then, Big Brother operated his mecha to leap out, pushing the speed of his mecha to the max, flying swiftly towards Luo Lang’s team.

This unexpected scene stunned the team who was trying to rob him. By the time they came to their senses, the other had actually charged out of their barrier circle.

“Godd*mmmit, take him down!” The team leader bellowed furiously. This behaviour of the other had undoubtedly enraged him; right now, all he wanted was to finish off this detestable mecha before his eyes.

The escaping mecha did not activate his beam shield and waste that last bit of resources he had. He only pushed the engines of his mecha to the max, flying forwards desperately. This type of action was undoubtedly a form of suicide because the heat from the engines could very well ignite the energies in the air. If that happened, the final outcome would be the self-destruction of his own mecha, and he would die at the scene. However, in Big Brother’s heart, this kind of death was still much better than dying at the opponent’s hands.

Perhaps the Heavens took pity on him — his engine did not explode all the way through. Still, the cold beam guns chasing behind him had struck his mecha, causing his mecha to be riddled with holes from the shoulder down to his entire right arm. Luckily, these attacks had not struck his cockpit, otherwise he would have already been dead.

Still, even so, Big Brother’s mecha had still successfully gotten close to Luo Lang’s team.

“Take this. This is the precious power source we found. Please help us take our revenge,” shouted Big Brother loudly through his mecha’s public comms. Using only the left hand of his mecha, he drew out something from his bag and tossed it at Luo Lang with all his might.

The item flew like a cannonball towards Luo Lang, who reflexively caught it. Before he could even look at it, cold beams once again struck Big Brother's mecha from behind. This time, he could not escape — his cockpit was directly hit.

The entire mecha blew apart with a loud boom, becoming a pile of scrap metal to fall before Luo Lang, causing Luo Lang's brow to scrunch up tightly.

Chapter 314: Rapport

"Leader, no precious power source dropped. Looks like that thing has been transferred to them." One of the mecha had not waited for his leader's instruction to fly over to the remains of that opponent's mecha to do a swift check, and he then reported his findings in disappointment.

In Mecha World, as long as a mecha and its operator were directly destroyed, all of the precious items, materials, weapons, equipment and so on belonging to Mecha World would definitely drop. Thus, just a quick check would be enough to tell whether or not the item they wanted had still been on the operator when he died.

At this news, the team leader became livid. He instantly pointed a beam gun at Luo Lang's team of three and sneered, "Punk, hand over that thing quickly. Or else we won't be polite anymore."

Without even glancing at the item in his hands, Luo Lang threw it into his mecha's bag and sneered back in return, "Since it has come into our hands, it won't be leaving them. I would really like to see how you all plan to be rude to us." Since he knew Boss planned to teach the other a lesson anyway, Luo Lang naturally would not show the opponent any face.

"You're really asking for it." The rage in the team leader's chest burned hotter — once, twice, these three or four puny kittens actually dared to bare their teeth against his threats. Even as he felt immensely frustrated, he also felt that this was a great loss of face. He decided that he would definitely torment these three arrogant punks before him to death and let them realise that they were not qualified enough to be arrogant just yet!

Before he could say 'kill them', the mecha responsible for sentry duty suddenly yelled out once again, "Leader, two more squads of mecha have appeared. There are six more in total ..."

"F*ck!" The team leader could not help but curse internally. Still somewhat rational, he knew his team could not finish off nine mecha in one go without suffering any losses, so he instructed, "Warn those squads that we are fighting here. Tell them to circle around."

This was a type of established convention within Mecha World. When two parties were in conflict and did not want any other parties to disturb them, they would arrange for sentry members to go alert uninvolved mecha teams passing by so they would go around them and avoid the area where they were fighting.

After giving his instructions to the sentry member, the team leader then ordered all the other team members present, "Attack at full force!"

The reason why the team leader would call his team members to attack without worry was that, in his mind, he had already assumed that these six mecha that had just appeared would definitely circle

around them. Generally, an uninvolved party would never willingly stick their nose into trouble. However, he could never have expected that these six newcomer mecha were not uninvolved members at all ...

He had barely given the command when, in that instant where his men had yet to pull the triggers in their hands, a long prepared Luo Lang moved one step before they could. He slammed two heavy fists into the ground and followed it up with a strong and powerful sweeping kick. The sand and rocks on the ground were instantly jolted into the air and then sent smashing down like a waterfall on the heads of those 13 mecha. For a moment, the two sides completely lost sight of each other.

Seeing the wall of sand and dirt flying at them, the opponents' first reflex was to dodge and wait for their vision to clear before attacking. However, they could never have imagined that Luo Lang's team of three who were clearly the underdogs, being outnumbered, would not choose to escape at this time, instead following up with another attack.

The sand and gravel had yet to fully settle when the team leader heard three chilling cries ring out in his party's comms, which were then swiftly followed by the sounds of mecha crashing heavily into the ground.

These terrifying cries caused a tendril of fear to rise up within the team members' hearts. Instead of pushing the attack, they chose instinctively to defend. Their first thought was to first protect themselves well.

Finally, the cascading waterfall of sand and dirt settled completely and everyone could see clearly again. Only at this time did they discover that three of their teammates were already on the ground. Eye-catching crimson fluid was trickling out from the cockpits of those fallen mecha, staining the white sand beneath the mecha red ...

Beside them stood those three newcomer mecha. In each of their hands was a standard high-alloy long sword that came equipped with every mecha. Blood still remained on their blades, slowly sliding along the edge of their swords to drip to the ground. Everyone knew what this meant — those three teammates of theirs were definitely dead.

Still off-balanced and frightened, they abruptly heard the other side's leader sneer and say, "With just this much strength, actually daring to threaten to be impolite to us?" Luo Lang had initially thought that these people must be rather capable for them to dare waylay others to rob them in broad daylight — who knew they were actually so worthless? One attack had been enough to throw them into a state of disarray.

At these words, the team leader almost bit through his tongue. Right then, he knew that these three were definitely incomparable to that 5-man team they had pushed around earlier. He had likely stumbled upon a tough team this time. If he had only known earlier, he would have told the sentry to stop them and asked them to circle around.

However, he knew that it was already too late now. He and the other side were already at the point of no return — one side had to die for the conflict to end. Setting aside the matter of the precious power source he craved in the other's hands, the three members who had been sacrificed in front of him needed him to stand up for them and avenge them.

But before he could give any orders, six beams of light suddenly shot down from above, instantly striking six mecha whose operators did not have any time at all to react. Needless to say, these six mecha exploded simultaneously to become heaps of debris. In just a few seconds' time, the team leader's side was down by nine mecha. His initial grand team of thirteen mecha had been reduced to only four mecha in an instant — he had all but lost the upper hand.

The team leader stared off despairingly into the distance, and he soon saw those six mecha he had assumed to have circled around descending like gods from the heavens to land before him.

“Why did you all choose to get involved with this mess?” asked the team leader bitterly. He knew what his fate would be, but he just could not figure out why this would happen. Thus, he wanted to ask to find out, otherwise he would not be able to rest in peace.

“It's not that we wanted to intentionally get involved in this messy situation ... we just could not be uninvolved, because you've intercepted some of our team members,” responded Ling Lan calmly. She had initially thought that the other side would give them some trouble, but things turned out unexpectedly easy. It looked like there was no further hope of training up her troops.

“So that's how it is ...” The team leader finally understood the resulting despair of being overconfident 2 . His luck was truly too terrible, actually stepping on the tail of an extremely strong team.

Just as everyone thought the team leader would just give up and surrender, unexpectedly, as his voice trailed off, the remaining four mecha who were still able to fight sprang into motion and began attacking ferociously. It looked like they knew their lives were forfeit, and so decided they might as well push forward without worrying about the consequences and take some of the enemies down with them.

The ones they chose to attack were Ling Lan and [No Mecha Unrepaired] because among the nine mecha, the only two intermediate mecha were theirs. In the opponents' eyes, trying to kill advanced mecha warriors with just the four of them was rather difficult, but killing two intermediate mecha warriors which were lower level than them was still doable.

However, they were doomed to be disappointed, because of the two mecha operators they thought were the easiest to handle, one just happened to be Boss Lan. She was the one Qi Long and the others recognised as the strongest — she was the horrifying boss who could crush them effortlessly even if she was controlling an intermediate mecha.

Meanwhile, though the other person was also an intermediate mecha, the pilot was a genius mecha mechanic. The control skills of a mecha mechanic might not be too remarkable, but the mecha he piloted would definitely never be as simple as it appeared on the surface ...

Ling Lan gracefully flashed from side to side, drawing a swift streak of shadow through the air as she easily dodged these attacks. Meanwhile, [No Mecha Unrepaired] did not even move. He simply raised his mecha's right arm, and the thick and heavy armour at his elbow suddenly opened up like an umbrella, instantly forming a large round shield. The surface of the shield was even emitting an indistinct sheen of light.

The cold beams shooting at him were all blocked by the shield, not causing him any bit of trouble. Rather, after receiving these cold beams, that faint sheen on the shield actually intensified, becoming gradually more opaque and visible.

Seeing this, Ling Lan's eyebrows lifted slightly, barely able to conceal her surprise. This shield of [No Mecha Unrepaired]'s was not as simple as it seemed — as a genius mechanic, [No Mecha Unrepaired] did not waste that talent of his.

Ling Lan and [No Mecha Unrepaired] had just dodged these beam attacks on their end when, on the other side, the team leader's party no longer had a second opportunity to attack. Four mecha were not at all enough to split among the other members of Ling Lan's team. Almost simultaneously, Qi Long, Luo Lang, Xie Yi, and Li Lanfeng moved ahead of the others and used their respective cold weapons to slash down the remaining four mecha efficiently. Even the strongest on the opponent's side, the team leader, only lasted one round under Qi Long's swift and powerful attack.

It could only be said that this party which loved to rob others favoured ambushes and group attacks too much; they were extremely weak when it came to individual combat. This made the combat-loving Qi Long feel extremely unsatisfied, and he could not help but grunt peevishly, "F*ck, what trash. It's really no fun fighting them."

"They are rather weak!" Ling Lan agreed with Qi Long's sentiments, but her eyes were sparkling as she looked in Li Lanfeng's direction. Their final attack earlier had undoubtedly pleased Ling Lan greatly. "However, we have still achieved one of our objectives. All of your attacks earlier were well-coordinated. Attacking all at once without actually overlapping in target. It's clear that you all have rather good rapport."

A clan was most afraid of lacking rapport, especially after the addition of new members. Ling Lan was not surprised by the fact that Qi Long, Luo Lang, and Xie Yi worked together well, but Ling Lan was extremely pleased and satisfied that the leopard had been able to determine who the others were attacking instantly and choose the remaining target. The leopard truly had not let her down.

"Not bad, [Self-Defined Destiny]! Next time, let us work together again!" said Qi Long with a large grin. He too had not expected [Self-Defined Destiny] who had just joined to actually work so well with them. This made Qi Long's impression of [Self-Defined Destiny] rise significantly.

Luo Lang nodded in agreement with what Qi Long had said. Meanwhile, Xie Yi, who had initially been in the role of newcomer himself, had already been sympathetic towards [Self-Defined Destiny] to begin with, not as aloof as Qi Long or Luo Lang towards him. Hearing this, Xie Yi could not help but smile, feeling happy for [Self-Defined Destiny].

"This was just a lucky coincidence. I just hope that we can have such great rapport next time," replied [Self-Defined Destiny] with a smile. Even though he said it was a lucky coincidence, that was not actually true. The reason he had managed to work so well with the other three was because he had already deduced the accurate choice to make before he had attacked.

Chapter 315: A Nature-Defying Existence!

Although Li Lanfeng had not joined the rabbit's team for long, observant as he was, he had already gotten a pretty good understanding of the personalities and positions of the members in the team. In terms of mecha combat, [Lingtian Combat] only submitted to the rabbit, and in truth, he was indeed the second seat in regards to combat within the rabbit's team. Despite being extremely covetous of this

position, Li Lanfeng also knew that he could only continue to covet it for the time being. His capabilities might not be any weaker than the other's, but he just did not hold the same weight as the other. From their conversation, he could tell that these people had grown up beside the rabbit; as a latecomer, he did not have the right to grasp for this position.

Li Lanfeng really wanted to stand by his rabbit, but he was not impatient. He would not impulsively offend the team members of the rabbit. He would slowly gather the team members' acknowledgement bit by bit and climb his way up to finally stand matter-of-factly by his rabbit's side. He would become the rabbit's undoubted best partner.

Ever since Li Lanfeng had become old enough to think sensibly, he had only wanted to change his fate, but now he had finally found a new goal in life.

"Boss, what should we do with these people?" Qi Long and the others looked at the remaining few enemies who were not dead yet but had already lost all will to fight, and then turned their heads to ask Ling Lan. Against these sorts of defenceless enemies, Qi Long found it somewhat difficult to take action.

Ling Lan did not answer verbally, simply gesturing with a hand to have them killed without any hesitation, appearing unbelievably cold-blooded and ruthless. They were currently doing a covert mission, so they could not let any news of their real capabilities get out. No one could be certain whether the enemies had activated any recording functions — only by destroying the others' mecha and killing them all to let them resurrect at the save point could they eliminate this possibility.

In Mecha World, other than the actual death itself being fake (those who are killed by spectre abilities though would truly die without any chance of revival), everything else would be realistic. In other words, if a mecha was destroyed and the operator died, any recordings they made of this battle would be gone. Even if these people went back to rant on the official website, no one would be able to tell which team it was which had killed them. Next time they met, the other would not be able to identify them either, because they were all basically just using standard mecha at the moment ...

Qi Long and the others saw Ling Lan's hand gesture and understood what Ling Lan meant. Without saying anything more, everyone neatly destroyed their opponents' cockpits and began smashing up the mecha. Of course, this type of destruction could not directly destroy all evidence. Still, Qi Long and the others were not afraid. Once this reclamation event ended, even if anyone came here again, it would take at least three months. And three months' time would be enough for these mecha to run out of power. At that time, even if this fight had been recorded and someone really managed to get their hands on the wrecked remains of these mecha, they would not be able to restore the mecha and get the recordings intact.

After all this was done, Ling Lan was about to tell them to continue moving when Luo Lang idly glanced at the item he had received at the start of the fight and shouted out involuntarily.

Everyone halted to look back in surprise at Luo Lang. Although Luo Lang looked sweet and gentle, his heart was extremely strong — he would never cry out over any small thing. For something to make Luo Lang lose control like this, it must be a great deal.

“Boss, take a look at this.” Luo Lang ignored everyone else’s gazes, instantly handing over that precious power source in his bag to Ling Lan. Of course, he did not dare to toss it, instead being extremely careful as he passed it over.

Ling Lan accepted it, took a look, and was instantly stunned speechless.

X192 high-glazed nuclear power source: a power source exclusive to planet X192. Overall capacity 10 thermie 2 . Able to sustain activation of mecha below imperial level, and has the ability to self-recharge. Recharge factor: On planet X192, 10 calories per second. In star space, 8 calories per second. On other planets, between 2 to 5 calories 3 .

This was an absolutely nature-defying awesome item! In awe, Ling Lan changed the privacy settings of the power source in her hands to share its details with the group. As expected, all her team members could not help but exclaim in shock as well — right then, everyone finally understood why Luo Lang had lost his composure like that. Because when everyone saw the item, they too could not help but find their hearts pounding in excitement.

It should be known that what a mecha feared most was running out of power. Once their mecha ran out of power, even the strongest operator would be a turtle in a jar waiting to be killed. And not only could this power source before them store such a large reserve of power, it could even automatically replenish itself over time. Even though the recharge rate was only several calories worth compared to its full ocean-like capacity and could pretty much be ignored ... for context, it should be known that the most commonly used beam saber among Federation mecha only used 1 calorie per second ... Once one equipped this precious power source, one would pretty much have an inexhaustible mecha. Everyone knew what this meant.

Among all the mecha in the Federation, only god-class IN mecha possessed infinite mobility fittings — this was also why IN mecha had become the strongest god-class mecha which drove all mecha operators wild.

Therefore, Ling Lan believed that once this item made its debut in the world, it would definitely stir up a storm of carnage and blood!

Ling Lan sighed softly and pushed down the frenzied cries of Little Four in the mindspace, then asked lightly, “This thing, what do you all want to do with it?”

“Boss can just decide what we’ll do.” Qi Long was the first to answer. He was indeed very covetous of the item, but he knew it was not fated for him. Using it on an advanced mecha would just be a horrible waste of this precious power source — even he could not bear to see this pearl fall into dust.

Han Jijyun sighed deeply as well and said in a restrained tone, “I think keeping it will be worth more than offering it up for contribution. I believe Boss can definitely become an imperial operator.” Han Jijyun had full confidence in Ling Lan and believed that it was just a matter of time. If they gave it up here now, if they wanted to use this type of heaven-defying instrument suitable for imperial mecha in future, they would probably never have the luck to see one again.

Hearing these words, Li Lanfeng’s gaze brightened and he stated firmly, “I agree with what Abacus says, Rabb — First-String can definitely become an imperial operator.” In his excitement, he almost called out his forbidden address for Ling Lan. Luckily, he had caught himself in time.

Even as Li Lanfeng was secretly rejoicing having escaped a round of beating by the rabbit, his heart was truly filled with confidence in Ling Lan.

The conviction in Li Lanfeng's tone caused everyone around to glance at him. In particular, those who had grown up alongside Ling Lan, Qi Long and gang, found their impression of Li Lanfeng rising exponentially.

It could not be helped; they were just like mindless fanatics when it came to Ling Lan. Meeting another mindless fan who idolised their boss just like them, it was exceedingly easy for them to mentally accept the other as someone on their side ... It had to be said that these words of Li Lanfeng perfectly scratched the right spot for the group; this helped him set down a sturdy foundation for him to successfully become one of the team in future.

Only Li Shiyu could not help but purse his lips. What virtues and abilities did this despicable and shameless Boss Lan have to inspire such adoration from these followers?! That even a strange mecha operator in Mecha World was so trusting of him? Li Shiyu felt his three outlooks of this world begin to distort ... till now, Li Shiyu still had not forgiven Ling Lan for her black-bellied actions in the past.

Of course, even if Li Shiyu was somewhat dissatisfied with Ling Lan, he too agreed with Han Jiyun's and [Self-Defined Destiny]'s suggestion. He too believed that keeping the power source was the smartest option.

[No Mecha Unrepaired] was an obsessed mecha modifier to begin with. Seeing such a valuable power source, his heart was already pounding violently out of his control. If there came a day when he could personally modify an imperial mecha, his entire life would have been all worth it. Right then, [No Mecha Unrepaired] did not know yet that his wish would actually come true in the near future ...

Everyone thought that this heaven-defying power source should remain with them. Seeing that everyone was in accord, Ling Lan turned her head to say to Lin Zhong-qing, "Parcel, how much longer can those energy blocks of yours sustain us for?"

"Easily 10 days," replied Lin Zhong-qing assertively after checking on the stores within his bag. In reality, if there was not the concern that a large battle could occur to drain their power, their stores could last them for up to a month without any problems. However, Lin Zhong-qing liked to be conservative in his estimations, unwilling to cut the timing too close. If by any chance anything happened later, he did not want them to be trapped in a dead end.

"Besides, our yield this time is pretty decent. At worst, we can still trade them for up to another 10 days' worth of power supplies," added Lin Zhong-qing.

With this answer, Ling Lan knew there was no longer any need to worry. She tucked the power source into her own mecha's bag and said, "In that case, I will temporarily take care of this precious power source. If anyone needs it in future, you can ask me for it."

"Okay!" Qi Long was the first to yell out exuberantly. Perhaps when he advanced to ace mecha 4 in the future, he could maybe ask Boss to lend him the power source just for the heck of it. This power source would definitely allow an ace mecha to be in an unlimited mobility state; that would allow him to get an indirect taste of the ultimate advantage of a god-class IN mecha.

Just like that, under everybody's collective decision, this precious power source was retained. Ling Lan's group of nine no longer tarried, swiftly moving towards the assembly point the military vessel's control centre had notified them of.

By the time Ling Lan and the others arrived at the assembly point, they found that there were already quite a number of mecha which had already returned. Of course, their conditions were not as good as Ling Lan's team — many of the mecha had not gained anything noteworthy. Expending so much effort for little to no gain, quite a few mecha were already grumbling at the redemption area that this was a wasted trip on their part.

This sudden interruption to their reclamation process had indeed cut short their time so they were unable to venture further in their search for resources. Mind you, every previous reclamation event had always lasted for at least a month. At some truly wild and deserted planets which were extraordinarily massive, the event could even be extended for up to three months. Thus, the mecha operators' complaints did have some merit.

At the redemption point, Ling Lan's team brought out all of the common material resources and minerals they had found over these last few days — perhaps the military would give them some compensation for them. They had initially thought they might only get about 10 days' worth or maybe half a month's worth of power supplies in return, but the military actually gave them a month's worth of power supplies outright. It looked like the military actually felt rather guilty about cutting short the reclamation event as well, and so had applied some measures to compensate the teams that had participated in the reclamation event.

At 12 noon on the 10th day of their arrival on planet X192, all of the military vessels departed punctually, prepared to leave the gravitational pull of planet X192 to return to outer space.

The mecha hold Ling Lan was in, which had been filled to the brim at the start, was now at least one-third less populated on this return trip. A significant number of mecha operators had not been able to adapt to planet X192's environment and had ended up resting forever on planet X192 as scrap heaps due to errors in their control methods. Of course, many more had been done in by other humans ... quite a number of mecha had encountered the same thing Ling Lan's team had when trying to return, becoming someone else's prey. Of course, there were also those who managed to transform from prey to hunter, but this would all depend on the individual's skills.

Chapter 316: Magnetic Storm!

The process of deorbiting from the planet went smoothly. When the JMC notification came over the official comms telling them they had officially entered starspace again, all of the mecha operators breathed a sigh of relief. Honestly speaking, they had also been afraid that the energy turbulence of X192 would occur prematurely and turn them into one of the scrap heaps on the planet. Even if they did not profit from this trip, being able to return with their lives was still good.

However, they had not been happy for long when they felt the transport ship's system begin to display signs of scrambling. The initially brightly lit illumination system of the transport ship actually began to flicker nonstop.

“What the hell is going on? Why are we unable to control the illumination system anymore?” The operations staff in charge of this facility in the transport ship shouted.

But before he could report this to the captain, another staff member responsible for a different system also cried out in shock, “Dead-ahead radar has stopped working. Not good, the port side has also stopped responding ...”

“The surveillance system is unstable. We’ve got some white noise ...”

Bad news rang out one after another in the control room. The captain broke out in cold sweat; without daring to delay, he quickly made emergency contact with the fleet’s command ship. Only then did he find out that theirs was not the only transport ship to have these issues — all of the starships were experiencing these issues.

However, they could not find the reason for it right then. Just when everyone was at a loss, someone noticed that the star map of planet X193 not too far from them was different from usual. A ring of violet haze had actually appeared around the typically dull and grey planet.

This strange phenomenon made everyone take serious notice. After some specialists studied it, they discovered that that ring of violet haze was actually a magnetic storm, the very mention of which caused the expressions of the people to change, and this magnetic storm was currently spreading out at an extremely rapid pace.

A magnetic storm was an extremely terrifying phenomenon. Anywhere it descends upon, everything there would be pulverized into dust, not a trace of it left behind. But even more frightening was the fact that this magnetic storm was unstable, liable to explode at any moment. When that happened, the magnetic storm would become a magnetic tsunami, sweeping out in an instant to consume everything in the surrounding space completely.

Knowing a magnetic storm had formed over X193, the command ship ordered all the starships to ignore the disturbance to their peripheral systems and just drive forward at full speed to escape from the danger zone of the magnetic storm. Here and now, at this critical moment, the dual-system navigation of the starships showed their true value. With the malfunction of the auto-piloting system, at this time, the starships’ captains true navigational ability was put to the test.

This change in the starship was instantly sensed by Ling Lan within the transport hold. A strong sense of danger rose in her heart. Without even thinking about it, Ling Lan instantly let Little Four connect to the starship’s mainframe and thus found out about the magnetic storm brewing not too far from them at planet X193.

Although the transport ships drove forwards with all its power, trying to leave the range of the magnetic storm, the speed of the transport ships was obviously slower than the patrol ships escorting them, not to mention that of the command mainship in the lead.

Little Four’s knowledge of magnetic storms was obviously much deeper than those of the specialists here. He anxiously told Ling Lan that if his calculations were not wrong, the magnetic storm would erupt half an hour later. This half an hour was not at all enough for the transport ships to escape the danger zone of the resulting magnetic tsunami. In other words, if Ling Lan and the others waited patiently here in the transport ship, death would be inevitable.

According to Little Four's analysis, only the command mainship in the lead had any chance of escaping; even the patrol ships which were faster than the transport ships would not be spared ... of course, this all still depended on whether the command mainship would begin flying at full speed from this point on.

In the command mainship, the commanding officer received a new command from the mainframe. His expression turned ugly, and there were signs of rage on his brow.

Seeing this, his adjutant asked, "General, what has happened?"

"The mainframe is asking us to go full speed ahead and ignore the other starships behind us," said the commander in a deep voice after taking in a deep breath.

"Why?" The adjutant asked in shock.

"Because the magnetic storm will erupt completely after half an hour. Other than our mainship, the other starships have no chance of escaping," said the commander grimly.

"Then let us follow orders. Perhaps this is the best outcome the mainframe can see." A gleam flashed through the adjutant's eyes but quickly vanished.

"But there are several hundred thousand mecha operators in the transport ships. That's several hundred thousand lives there!" As a commander, he could not abandon his own troops.

"General, this is Mecha World, and we have a mission to complete. Even if this sacrifice were necessary in reality, we must still harden our hearts and do it," reminded the adjutant.

"Ah ... look at me. I had completely forgotten," The commander slapped his forehead, smiling wryly. Mecha World was truly too realistic, causing him to forget that he was only in a virtual world.

Divested of his concerns, the commander decisively gave the command to move forward at full speed. It was just as the adjutant had said. No matter what, he had to complete his mission — even if there were some sacrifices in the process, he could not falter. His only consolation was that this was the virtual world, so he would not carry this regret with him for life.

"Boss, terrible news! The command mainship is already moving forwards at full speed. It looks like they have discovered the eruption time of the magnetic storm." Little Four, who had infiltrated the mainship's computers, sensed the change in the mainship's movements and immediately alerted Ling Lan.

Ling Lan frowned at his words. She felt that they might have fallen into a scheme of the mainframe. Enraged, she raised the right arm of her mecha and broke the secured seat bindings holding it down. At the same time, she connected to the team's comms and said coldly, "We've been had. How despicable."

"Boss, what's going on?" Ling Lan's words sent a jolt running through the hearts of all her team members, who quickly began asking her to explain.

"This reclamation event was a lure. On the command ship, there are probably some people who have been officially dispatched to investigate the base camp of the Swift Dragons. Meanwhile, the rest of us are just sacrifices to give them a legitimate reason to get close to the base camp." Smiling coldly, Ling Lan laid out her hypothesis. Everyone's face could not help but change after hearing what she had to say.

“Our mission ...” As if thinking of something, Han Jijyun’s expression became extremely pained.

“It’s like First-String said, that is likely also just an excuse. The mainframe had never put any hopes on us to succeed from the very beginning,” Li Lanfeng chimed in with a cold chuckle. “We’re just cannon fodder. The mainframe is obviously playing a grand game of chess, and we are all just pawns in its game. The question is whether those people on the command ship are in the same boat.”

“Who shall be whose pawns is still uncertain.” That said, Ling Lan flicked her left arm and broke the bindings on her left arm as well.

This sort of unexplained vandalism caused all the mecha operators in the same hold to glance askance at her. However, the gazes of some of the extremely bored mecha operators lit up in response. They too followed Ling Lan’s lead and used force to break free from their secured seats. Having been secured in the hold for several days already, they were actually full of resentment inside. Since someone had started it, they were happy to follow suit. Being able to just move around a bit in the transport hold was still pretty good.

“A path to survival must be created by one’s own hands. We need to rush over to the command ship before the magnetic storm blows up completely,” Ling Lan stated her plans. Only by making their way there would they have any chance of survival. Fortunately, a mecha’s short-distance speed exceeded that of the mainship’s. As long as they did not drag it out too long, they would still have a chance of catching up.

As for how they would enter the mainship, Ling Lan was not worried about that. Little Four, who had already gained control rights of the mainship, would surreptitiously open the launch ports for mecha for them to slip into the mecha hold ... of course, once they entered, they would certainly be discovered, but Ling Lan had no time to spare to worry about that right now.

At Ling Lan’s order, her team members wrenched free of their secured seats without hesitation. Li Shiyu cast a pitying look at the other mecha operators in the hold and sighed, “These people ... dying here is such a shame. Should we alert them?”

“If we delay at all, we too might become one of their numbers. When we can’t even save ourselves, don’t bother with useless mercy,” Ling Lan chided coldly. She did not have the heart of such a saintly matron; let her first secure the lives of her companions before anything else was said.

Li Shiyu was still rather tender-hearted — Ling Lan had great admiration for Li Shiyu, truly, because a doctor needed to have this sort of tender heart. However, a dutiful military doctor not only needed to have this compassion, they also needed to be rational and cold-blooded if the situation called for it. They needed to react to the circumstance and be decisive, not hesitant in making their decisions. Ling Lan felt that on this point, Li Shiyu was still not quite there yet.

Ling Lan’s words shocked Li Shiyu — he said nothing more, only quietly sticking to Ling Lan’s side. He had recalled something his instructors had once said to him. A military doctor was not only a doctor, he was also a soldier. His instructor had once criticised him — on being a doctor, he was doing extremely perfectly, but on being a soldier, he was greatly lacking. On the day he finally understood what it meant to be a soldier, then he would truly become a perfect military doctor. At first, he had been extremely perplexed, but Ling Lan’s words just now had triggered some vague insight in him ...

“What are you all doing? Breaking the secured seats ... do you not want your lives anymore? The unexpected turbulence from the high-speed flight will cause you all to be injured!” The JMC of the transport ship saw what was happening in the hold and could not help but shout in the public comms.

Some of the other mecha who were just planning to forcefully break out of their secured seats as well instantly stopped their struggling at these words. Indeed, so what if they temporarily obtained their freedom? If they hit any turbulence, without the secured seats holding them, they were very likely to be thrown into the air and ricochet around the walls of the hold violently. Even with the protection of their cockpits, that could not guarantee they would be unharmed. They might as well meekly stay in their secured seats to ensure their safety.

Thus, those mecha operators still in their secured seats no longer envied those mecha operators moving around freely. Meanwhile, those mecha operators who had already broken free were starting to regret their decision. If they truly encountered some violent turbulence after this, they who had already broken free might really receive heavy concussive damage. If that happened, their loss would outweigh the gains.

Only Ling Lan’s group of nine was unrattled. They pushed aside the mecha blocking them to reach the doors of the mecha hold and began thinking how they could swiftly break apart these doors.

Chapter 317: Destruction!

“Adjust mecha settings for outer space.” Ling Lan rapidly changed the settings on her mecha, not forgetting to remind her companions at the same time.

“Yes, Boss!” At this time, everyone knew the situation was urgent so they did not chatter unnecessarily, calmly following Ling Lan’s instructions. Very soon, the team had all set their mecha to outer space mecha mode. Receiving the OK from all her team members, Ling Lan abruptly pulled out Regretless.

Behind her, [No Mecha Unrepaired] saw this familiar weapon in Ling Lan’s hands and a complicated surge of emotion rose within his heart. This was the weapon which had almost ended his military academy life, but it was also this weapon which had brought him to this bunch of great friends. Even as he was proud of himself, he was also grateful for the trust [Lingtian First-String] had in him.

Ling Lan’s original plan was very good — let Little Four invade the mainframe of this transport ship and open it automatically. But unexpectedly, after the appearance of the magnetic storm, whether out of panic or another motive, some unknown bastard had actually put the hold doors in lockdown. In other words, it was no longer possible to use the starship’s automatic system to open these doors — only violence would do.

“They want to destroy the hold doors and kill us all.” One of those mecha who had broken their secured seats, only to regret it and blame Ling Lan’s team for their rashness, saw this action of Ling Lan’s and put old grudges and new alarm together. He quickly opened the public comms and yelled out to all the mecha operators present.

This cry caused all the eyes of the mecha present to turn to Ling Lan’s party. Seeing that they were indeed planning to destroy the hold doors, the mecha were instantly livid. Right now, the transport ship

was travelling swiftly. Breaking the hold doors would undoubtedly disrupt the movement of the transport ship and may even create wild air flow in the hold and threaten the operators' safety.

No one would be willing to see their safety threatened by another. This action of Ling Lan's undoubtedly raised the ire of the crowd — all of the mecha that could move turned with furious faces and began gathering around Ling Lan, looking like they were about to rip this intermediate mecha to shreds.

"Anyone who dares disturb me, kill without mercy." Ling Lan did not even turn her head, but Little Four had already transmitted everything that was happening in the hold faithfully into her mind. The corners of Ling Lan's lips turned up into a subtle cruel smile as she coldly issued this bloody order.

For the sake of her team's survival, she did not care about doing some brutal and inhumane things to these people who wanted to stop her. At this time, the blood-soaked killing intent she had gained through the endless killing simulations within the learning space burst forth.

Everyone on her team sensed Ling Lan's endless killing intent, and the eight of them instinctively lifted the weapons in their hands and directed them at the mecha headed for them. With that, the tension grew between the two sides — it seemed like a great battle was about to commence.

"Who'd have thought that just a handful of advanced mecha would dare to fight against everyone in this hold? How audacious." A cold harrumph rang out from a corner, and then a special-class mecha could be seen walking out.

Qi Long could not help but scoff and then stand out. He was the second strongest on the team — with Boss focused on destroying the hold doors, this opponent could only fall to him. He did not feel afraid but was instead feeling rather exhilarated. He had in fact long wanted to try fighting a round with a special-class operator, just to see how much distance there was between him and them.

Qi Long was not so swelled with confidence that he thought he could defeat a special-class mecha. He only believed that his boss would definitely succeed in breaking down the hold door before he was defeated and save him.

It was precisely this sort of trust that allowed Qi Long to stand forward unflinchingly; of course, most of it was because this punk's desire for combat was blazing high again.

With a loud boom, the two mecha's short high-frequency blades clashed once, and then the two mecha brushed by each other. Surrounded by mecha, in consideration for their own safety, Qi Long and that special-class mecha showed great restraint and used short swords in close-range combat.

[No Mecha Unrepaired] brought out two guns but did not use them against the mecha operators in the hold. He turned around and said to Ling Lan who was just about to act, "Leader, let me go first."

Ling Lan glanced at the strangely shaped guns in [No Mecha Unrepaired]'s hands and knew that they must be things created by [No Mecha Unrepaired] himself. A thought sparked and she withdrew several steps, giving way to [No Mecha Unrepaired].

For convenience of travelling, the team had not brought any weapons which could affect their mobility this time, such as heavy cold weapons or heavy cannons. This was also why Ling Lan had no choice but to handle the breaking of the doors personally. But now since [No Mecha Unrepaired] had weapons capable of destroying the hold doors, Ling Lan was happy to take a backseat.

Two loud rumbles rang out — from [No Mecha Unrepaired]'s twin guns, laser cannon shots the size of bowls burst forth to crash heavily into the joints of the hold doors. The entire transport ship actually began to shudder due to the heavy collision.

Quite a few mecha operators who had lost their secured seats were thrown to the ground by this abrupt great shudder. At the same time, this shudder had also affected the battle between Qi Long and the special-class operator. The two of them began to waver on their feet, somewhat unsteady, but as they both had extremely strong sense of balance and control, they managed to find their footing after just a moment. Still, due to this interlude, the two of them did not continue to fight. They faced one another in an impasse, neither willing to make a move recklessly.

[No Mecha Unrepaired] disdainfully cast aside the two guns in his hands. Although this thing packed a decent amount of power, they were one-time use items. These were defects he had created back when he had been bored. As the conditions in the town then had not been sufficient, not possessing enough sturdy materials to create this sort of laser cannon guns, he had created the guns from substitute materials. Thus, this type of incomplete one-use weapon had been created. [No Mecha Unrepaired] had not thought much of them, which was why he had thrown them into the recesses of his bag. If not for reorganising his bag before they had gone travelling, he would have completely forgotten he had ever created such rubbish ...

Although the power of the laser cannon guns were formidable, the hold doors and its interlocking chain were made from ninety-nine layers of the sturdiest high-density steel. The laser cannon guns had only blasted off several layers from its surface — this bit of damage was nothing to the ninety-nine high-density steel layered doors and chain.

The mecha operators in the hold had barely let out a sigh of relief when two more of the same guns had appeared in [No Mecha Unrepaired]'s hands once more in the very next second and were made to blast at the doors once again. It should be said that [No Mecha Unrepaired]'s shooting skills were pretty good; the spot he hit was not one millimetre off from where his first shot had landed, once again melting off several layers of the door.

By the time [No Mecha Unrepaired] brought out his fourth pair of guns, the faces of all the mecha operators in the hold changed. Hells, was this intermediate mecha warrior the Doraemon of legend 1 ? Did that bag contain a never-ending armoury of weapons?

Frankly, things were not as outrageous as they believed. [No Mecha Unrepaired] had only made ten of these guns in one go back when he was bored. At most, he could only shoot five dual shots and then he would be out of ammo.

However, the mecha operators there did not know this. They thought that if they just continued to watch as [No Mecha Unrepaired] continued his destruction, great calamity would befall them. They did not want to die due to the insane actions of these morons here. And so, all the mecha that could move leapt towards the hold doors almost simultaneously, trying to stop [No Mecha Unrepaired]'s violent vandalism.

Having been long prepared, Li Lanfeng and the other five free members naturally would not let these mecha pass by their defensive line. Thus, a chaotic melee broke out within the hold. Fortunately, out of

fear of the consequences of breaking the transport ship, everyone was using cold weapons. Of course, these mecha did not have many lethal or highly destructive firearms on them to begin with.

In the midst of this chaotic battle, Qi Long and the special-class operator continued to face off, their fight threatening to break out at any second ...

The entire transport ship instantly became shaky due to the violent actions of the mecha within its hold. Meanwhile, the nebulous magnetic storm around X193 was becoming increasingly unstable. Little Four, who had been monitoring its condition all this while, began to grow a little anxious because the condition of the magnetic storm was turning out to be much worse than he had reckoned ...

When [No Mecha Unrepaired] was firing his fifth round, he gave notice for Ling Lan to take over.

Ling Lan knew then that [No Mecha Unrepaired] must be out of laser cannon guns, but she was still extremely pleased that he had managed to destroy half the thickness of the doors and chain in such a short amount of time. This had undoubtedly saved her a lot of time, and what they lacked most right now was time.

After [No Mecha Unrepaired] had fired his last round, Ling Lan stabbed Regretless at the joint of the doors in the very next second. Regretless' blade was extremely sharp; it actually managed to pierce through a little. Just this little bit was enough to light up Ling Lan's eyes. It looked like the sharpness of Regretless was indeed special.

Ling Lan pulled it back out again forcefully and stabbed it forwards powerfully once again. Finally, she felt as if she had pierced through, and she began pushing forwards with all her might. An ear-splitting crack rang out, and all the mecha operators who had been fighting stopped fighting in unplanned unison, looking towards Ling Lan with shocked incomprehension.

Perhaps they had never expected Ling Lan to break the hold doors so rapidly. After this shocked pause, they quickly regained their senses, but just as they were about to leap forwards once more to stop the other, a clarion voice rang out in the transport hold ...

"If you all want to die, then just continue to stop us," said Li Lanfeng abruptly in a frigid tone.

These words made everyone pause once again, stunned. They looked at one another, unsure what to make of these words by the opponent.

"You think we're just fooling around? Who wants to die here? It's precisely because we don't want to die that we're doing this," Li Lanfeng continued to say.

Han Jijyun frowned at these words, but his brow smoothed out again very quickly. He turned a deeply contemplative gaze on Li Lanfeng, as if thinking of something. Meanwhile, the others said nothing since Boss Lan was not doing anything to stop Li Lanfeng. Ling Lan did not care whether the truth got out or not — as long as her destruction was not hindered, [Self-Defined Destiny] could say whatever he wanted.

The first to speak up in return was that special-class operator facing off against Qi Long. Tone cold, he asked, "What's the meaning of this?"

“According to what we know, a magnetic storm has formed not too far from us, and our fleet is within the eruption zone of the magnetic storm.” Li Lanfeng decisively announced this news.

“What?” “Impossible ...” “You’re bluffing.” Li Lanfeng’s words caused the mecha operators present to break out into disbelieving protests.

The special-class operator was undoubtedly a level-headed person, otherwise he would never have been able to advance to become a special-class operator. It should be known that it was an extremely difficult matter to advance from advanced operator to special-class operator.

After a thoughtful silence, he asked, “How did you all find out?”

Chapter 318: Entering the Mainship!

“Because I am a hacker.” Li Lanfeng did not hesitate to reveal his other identity to the crowd.

Hearing this, Ling Lan’s hands paused for a moment, but she soon continued chopping away determinedly. During this time, she had already destroyed almost half of the joint of the doors now, though Regretless’ condition was also becoming extremely bad. Still, Ling Lan could not afford the time to wince and worry about it — after all, when their lives hung in the balance, all else was immaterial.

“If you all do not believe us, you can ask the control room of this transport ship,” suggested Li Lanfeng calmly, seeing that everyone was still sceptical.

Quite a few mecha operators stopped moving and began to contact the control room of the transport ship for confirmation. Once they received confirmation, everyone began to panic.

While the others were communicating with the control room, the special-class operator asked Li Lanfeng, “Even if a magnetic storm forms, a mecha would not be able to fly out of range based on its own power alone anyway. We might as well stay in the transport ship. It’ll be safer that way.”

“Sadly, the transport ship’s speed is too slow ...” Li Lanfeng only responded briefly to these words. As if thinking of something, the special-class operator kept away the high-frequency blade in his hands and said to Ling Lan who was still busily destroying the door joint, “I have a special-class beam gun here. Perhaps that might help.”

Ling Lan decisively stepped away from the door, signalling for the special-class operator to come forth. Every second saved would mean an extra measure of safety.

The special-class operator decisively unhooked the special-class beam gun from his back and aimed for the joint which had already been half destroyed by Ling Lan. He shot a powerful blast at it, not at all stingy with the energy of the beam gun. In just a short 10 seconds, he had completely unloaded all of the beam gun’s power.

At this time, the joint was already quite beaten up. Ling Lan was just about to move forward to resume her destruction when [No Mecha Unrepaired] suddenly said, “Let me try.”

Ling Lan was taken aback — this [No Mecha Unrepaired] still had a card up his sleeve? Looks like a mechanical genius truly could not be underestimated.

Two missiles suddenly shot out from the head of [No Mecha Unrepaired]'s mecha — these were the anti-air interference missiles all mecha were equipped with. Their attack power was the worst among all of a mecha's weapons and equipment, so mecha operators generally very rarely ever thought about using them. These missiles were absolutely one of those things that had little value and yet was kept just in case 1 . It was very unexpected for [No Mecha Unrepaired] to choose to use them and attack.

A trace of disappointment was revealed in the special-class operator's eyes. Only Ling Lan's brow lifted, because she had seen very clearly that the missiles fired from [No Mecha Unrepaired]'s head were absolutely not that regular type of interference missile. Despite appearing somewhat similar, Ling Lan's keen and discerning eyes had nevertheless instantly registered the difference.

Sure enough, when the missiles hit the door joint, a tremendous blast rang out once more, completely drowning out the screams of those mecha operators who had already learned the truth.

With this violent explosion, the hold doors finally broke apart with a cracking sound. Seeing this, Ling Lan resolutely kicked out a foot to send the hold doors flying.

The air within the hold rushed out — quite a few mecha who were out of their secured seats were sent flying due to the loss of gravity, slamming heavily into the roof of the hold. Unprepared, those mecha operators who had been standing near the doors were thrown out of the transport hold entirely, ending up in outer space.

Ling Lan's group of nine had long been prepared. The moment the hold doors opened, they leapt out into space themselves. Witnessing that lovely violet ring of light that was becoming increasingly vivid in colour, they knew that that was the magnetic storm that could reap all life within this area.

"Activate all engines to their maximum. Move forwards at your mecha's fastest speed." Following this order, everyone on the team flew forwards at full speed, overtaking one transport ship after another.

"That special-class operator is following us," Xie Yi, who was bringing up the rear, alerted everyone on the team.

"Don't mind him," Ling Lan said curtly. Seeing [No Mecha Unrepaired] gradually slowing down, she instructed Qi Long, "Combat, remember to help out [No Mecha Unrepaired]." Meanwhile, the others seemed to be doing fine on their own for now.

"Little Four, how far away is the command mainship from us?" Ling Lan asked Little Four.

Little Four answered, "Moving at full speed like this, we can catch up in 19 minutes and 47 seconds. However, let me remind you, Boss, that the magnetic storm might erupt prematurely."

"What is your earliest estimation for that to happen?" Ling Lan's brow was deeply furrowed.

"It's very likely to happen in only 18 minutes." Little Four directly revealed his latest estimated time to Ling Lan. As this was the virtual world, Little Four was not overly anxious.

What bloody rotten luck! Ling Lan could not help but swear when she heard Little Four's reply. Even though dying within the virtual world did not seem like a big deal — it would only cause them to drop some level points and at worst they would simply have to start over — Ling Lan did not want to give up just like that. In her mind, she was treating everything here as if it were real, just as she did with her

assignments in the learning space. Only by using this sort of mindset to put pressure on herself could she find that single slim thread of survival in her missions and complete those seemingly impossible missions.

One more point — Ling Lan also did not wish for her companions to get into the habit of taking death lightly in the virtual world. Once they returned to reality and entered a real battlefield, this kind of mentality might carry over and bring them great disaster. Only by constantly being aware that they only had one life would they be able to maintain their vigilance on the battlefield and keep on living well.

Ling Lan believed that the reason why Mecha World was constructed so realistically and had such harsh punishments for death was in large part in hopes that the mecha operators would cherish their lives in Mecha World. In truth, Mecha World had indeed succeeded on this point. Unless absolutely unavoidable, no one in the game was willing to give up on their lives easily. This was also one of the reasons why Ling Lan had drawn the ire of the other mecha operators when she had been destroying the hold doors.

“Right now, push all of your mecha into overdrive and activate the fastest theoretical speed of your mecha.” Ling Lan decisively issued her newest order. Even if their mecha were utterly ruined by this, as long as they lived, all these losses would be worth it.

“Yes, Boss!” No one raised any objections. They all carried out the order simultaneously, increasing the speed of their mecha.

Meanwhile, Qi Long and Luo Lang did not require Ling Lan to remind them — one on the right and one on the left, they grabbed [No Mecha Unrepaired]. Revving their engines at the same time, they shot deeper into space like they were flying.

Seeing this, Li Lanfeng’s gaze flashed. He was quietly amazed at the great rapport between the rabbit’s team members. This rapport was something he was incapable of at the moment, but he was not discouraged. One day, he would be able to do this too.

Before Ling Lan had given her order, she had asked Little Four to send the flight path to the command mainship to everyone in the team. As long as they were not directionally challenged, they would not fly the wrong way.

The special-class operator following closely behind them saw Ling Lan’s team speed up once more and could not help but curse silently. Without even having to think about it, he too accelerated after them. Although Ling Lan’s team had already been moving at full speed before this, for the special-class mecha, keeping up with them had not pushed him to his limits yet then. But now, he could feel the strain, and there were even times when he was left behind by a significant margin when he could not react in time. He rejoiced internally over the fact that he was a special-class operator — if he had still been an advanced mecha warrior, he might have already lost sight of the other side a long time ago.

After flying at overcapacity for about 15 minutes, the whole team’s mecha were all displaying damage levels between 15% to 20%, but their speed was showing effect — they could already see the silhouette of the command mainship. The group could not help but become infused with joy. As long as they could get on board the command mainship, they would be out of danger.

At the 17th minute, they arrived close to the command mainship. At this time, a mecha launch port on the tail piece of the ship silently opened up. If Ling Lan had not sent over the landing point on the command mainship, they would never have discovered it.

“[Priceless Kinship], go in first.” According to the team’s flight position, Ling Lan called [Priceless Kinship] who was closer to the front to enter first.

There was actually danger involved in being the first to enter, because no one could tell what the situation was like inside. However, when Li Shiyu received Ling Lan’s order, without having to think about it, he instantly controlled his mecha to aim at the launch port and slid in like a cannonball. Sparks flew when both legs of his mecha made contact with the rails of the launch port. Apparently, in order to decelerate, Li Shiyu had used the bottoms of his legs to produce friction. However, they had initially been travelling over their limits so their speed was really just too high — even by doing so, Li Shiyu’s speed was not decreased by much.

Watching helplessly as his mecha was about to slam into the second guard door, as if sensing danger, the guard door suddenly sprang apart. Li Shiyu slid in smoothly, and though his own condition was not that optimistic, he still paid attention to the situation behind him. He heard Ling Lan order [Lingtian Parcel] to prepare to jump in next.

Very quickly, Li Shiyu had arrived at the third guard door. Just as if their entry was being observed closely, right as he was about to slam into the third guard door, it once again sprang open.

At this moment, Li Shiyu no longer had any way of keeping track of what was happening behind him. After the third door, they were in fact already in the inner section of the starship, which was where mecha were housed and also where they were prepped for launching.

Sure enough, when he had zoomed past the third door, on his mecha’s screen, he saw the flabbergasted expressions of the staff members on both sides of the launch rails. Having received no notice about any of this, it was clear to see that the workers were extremely shocked by the sudden appearance of mecha sliding in from the other end of the launch tracks.

Very soon, a great commotion broke out on the scene. Many staff even leapt down from the mecha they were working on to rush over and try to see what was happening.

At the end of the tracks was a protective air cushion and many cords of bungee rope to prevent mecha from being damaged. Li Shiyu crashed heavily into them but did not receive much shock from the impact.

Without hesitation, Li Shiyu borrowed the rebound force of the bungee ropes to spring out from the cushion and swiftly dashed to an empty space on the right. He had not forgotten that [Lingtian Parcel] was right behind him — he had no intention of becoming the other’s ‘meat cushion’ and end up with an internecine outcome.

At this time, the JMC in charge of the command mainship had connected to the public comms and was asking loudly, “Who are you? Where have you come from?” At the same time, Li Shiyu saw many of the staff members lifting the weapons in their hands, directing them nervously at Li Shiyu.

“Not good, there are still more mecha coming! Run!” Before Li Shiyu could reply, a horrible screeching noise could be heard coming from the launch port. These staff members were quick on the uptake, figuring out that this mecha was not alone in stealing aboard their ship.

The staff members knew very well that a mecha sliding through the launch port at high speeds could not be controlled. If they were not careful, it might simply crush them workers to death. To ensure their lives and safety, they had no more mind to bother with Li Shiyu. They all scattered to escape to safer territory.

Chapter 319: Secret Weapon!

The next second, Lin Zhong-qing’s mecha also crashed into the air cushion, and he reacted just as quickly as Li Shiyu to shift his mecha to one side because there were still 7 companions waiting to enter behind him.

As one mecha after another slid into the military vessel, with even [No Mecha Unrepaired] sliding in easily with Qi Long’s assistance, Ling Lan’s worry eased. As long as the military vessel flew for another few minutes, they would escape the danger zone Little Four had calculated.

Seeing that her mecha’s power was almost running dry, Ling Lan said to the final person by her side, [Self-Defined Destiny], “Leopard, you go first.” Perhaps out of trust in the leopard’s ability, Ling Lan had left [Self-Defined Destiny] for last.

[Self-Defined Destiny] answered, “Okay.” But before he could control his mecha to descend into the port, that special-class operator which had tailed them all this way suddenly accelerated wildly to overtake them and shoot into the launch port.

“That special-class operator is too godd*mn shameless.” Seeing this, Li Lanfeng could not help but curse. Leaving alone the matter of following them here, the other should still have known to be courteous and stay in line. How could he be so shameless as to cut their line?

Ling Lan frowned at this. That special-class operator had unexpectedly snatched the perfect time to cut in — that was truly a perfect 10-second cut. What a shame, it looked like the leopard would have to wait a while now. Each mecha needed to take a 10-second delay from the previous one before sliding in, otherwise it would be too easy for a collision to occur. If unlucky, the operators involved could be heavily injured and may even die. Although Ling Lan too was extremely annoyed that the other mecha had done such a thing, she could not let the leopard do anything rash.

So, Ling Lan said, “Leopard, wait another 10 seconds.”

The two of them continued flying at high speeds to keep up with the mainship, patiently waiting for the 10 seconds to pass. Seeing that the timing was almost right, Ling Lan was about to speak up to let [Self-Defined Destiny] slide into the port when Little Four suddenly cried out in the mindscape, “Boss, not good! The magnetic storm is about to blow!”

“What?! Didn’t you say it was 18 minutes? There’s still several seconds on the clock!” Ling Lan’s expression changed drastically at these words. She had never considered the possibility that Little Four’s estimations would be off by a few seconds.

Before Little Four could respond, a cacophony of the crackling sounds of magnetic disturbance could be heard within the cockpit. Sure enough, the magnetic storm had broken out, otherwise they would not have felt such a strong disturbance so far away from the centre of the magnetic storm.

Ling Lan and Li Lanfeng turned their heads together to look, and they saw the deep purple ring-shaped haze in the distance bloom like fireworks. It exploded powerfully, spreading out into its surroundings like a purple sea of flowers, so lovely that it dazzled the eyes. It was hard to believe that such a beautiful scene existed in outer space.

However, Ling Lan and Li Lanfeng could not appreciate any of its beauty, filled instead with fear. They could see the places where the purple sea engulfed had become barren — it was spreading at a rapid pace and had already begun consuming the transport ship which had fallen behind the most. The ship was turned into dust particles in the starry skies, leaving no other trace of its existence.

“Rabbit, you go first.” Ling Lan had yet to ask the leopard to go first when Li Lanfeng beat her to the punch. He shoved Ling Lan beside him with all his might towards the launch port of the starship.

The power levels of their mecha were already at a critical red level — whether it was the magnetic tsunami coming from behind them or the power levels of their mecha themselves, neither allowed them to continue flying in space.

Li Lanfeng believed that with the rabbit’s control skills, even if the other was unprepared, the other would still be able to safely slide into the launch port. Li Lanfeng only had one thought in his mind at that moment. Even if he met his end here today, he could not let all the rabbit’s previous efforts go to waste.

Unprepared, Ling Lan had been sent hurtling towards the launch port of the mainship by Li Lanfeng’s shove, but how agile were Ling Lan’s reflexes? As she descended, she abruptly stretched out a hand and grabbed Li Lanfeng. Then, flipping through the air, she flew to the space above Li Lanfeng and lifted both legs to stomp forcefully on Li Lanfeng’s mecha ...

This was the rabbit’s ultimate move Li Lanfeng was most familiar with, the stomp technique, which was a refined version of Rabbit Sky Leap. Due to this stomp, Li Lanfeng’s mecha flew like a cannonball towards the launch port. He looked at the rabbit using the remaining thread of power he had to fly after his mecha, and his eyes could not help but become damp.

Once again he had troubled the rabbit; once again, he was experiencing the pain of being weak.

There was a type of despair in Li Lanfeng’s heart. All these years, he had pushed himself desperately, tormenting himself to become stronger — although a part of it was because he wanted to overturn his fate, he knew that the true reason he wanted to become strong was so that he could one day stand confidently by the rabbit’s side and become the rabbit’s best partner. But now, from the looks of it, this was all just a joke. He was still all too weak — he still did not have the right to fight alongside the rabbit. The rabbit would probably disdain to even use him as a shield to deflect arrows ...

Li Lanfeng hated how useless he was. He could only stare with wide eyes as the rabbit, who was getting further and further away from him, was chased by the purple wave, which kept getting closer and closer. It seemed as if the rabbit would be completely consumed in the very next second ...

Right then, Li Lanfeng's initially wide teary eyes abruptly grew as large as dinner plates, his entire expression screaming disbelief.

That intermediate mecha of the rabbit had suddenly changed into a beautiful and eye-catching mecha in an instant. Even the mesmerising purple sea of flowers behind it could not conceal the radiance of this mecha.

Li Lanfeng was all too familiar with this mecha. It was precisely that imperial mecha that had been giving the rabbit an instructional fight back when he had first recognised the rabbit again. It was the only redeemable imperial mecha among the six models available in Mecha World — — !

After switching her mecha, Ling Lan instantly activated all engines on her new mecha. For an intermediate mecha, the distance between her and Li Lanfeng would need 5 to 6 seconds to cover, but for the imperial mecha, just 1 second was enough to bring Ling Lan to Li Lanfeng's side.

Ling Lan grabbed hold of Li Lanfeng's mecha and said exasperatedly, "Bastard leopard, you've bloody gotten worse than before. Are you trying to commit suicide?" She had only kicked the leopard ahead of her because she had the secret weapon her dad had passed to her to rely on, but this fellow actually did not understand the pains she had taken to save them both. That self-sacrificing behaviour of his almost infuriated her to death.

Smiling, Li Lanfeng was just about to return a quip when he saw the purple flower tide looming above Ling Lan. He quickly shouted out, "Rabbit, be careful!"

Ling Lan abruptly turned around and plugged in that precious power source they had obtained on planet X192 at the same time. The fingers on both hands flew across her mecha controls. Under this type of emergency situation, Ling Lan's hand speed once again broke through her initial speed limits.

It should be said that due to controlling lower mecha, Ling Lan's hand speed had always maintained its original standards. Despite knowing herself that she had improved over these past few years, due to the constraints of the situation, Ling Lan had not known precisely how much she had improved. And now, on this imperial mecha, Ling Lan's restrained hand speed was finally fully unleashed.

"Pulsing King Shield." Ling Lan chose to use an equipped ability exclusive to imperial mecha even as she shouted, "Leopard, hold on to me tightly!"

Ever since Ling Lan had obtained , she had studied some of the special equipment of imperial mecha. Of course, her father Ling Xiao had also given her all of 's information. Combined with supplementary information from Little Four, it could be said that Ling Lan's understanding of was no less than those imperial mecha operators piloting .

Pulsing King Shield was a powerful defensive equipment. Although it was incomparable to the god-class IN mecha's Divine Shield series, it was still a top-class shield among all of the defensive equipment of the Federation. It was a great deal stronger than the typical protective multi-particle beam shields most military vessels were equipped with. Furthermore, the Pulsing King Shield was a defensive shield whose range could be freely modified under a mecha master's 1 control.

Ling Lan not only wanted to protect herself and the leopard, she also wanted to protect her companions who were already within the hold of the mainship. In reality, if this military vessel was consumed by this

magnetic tsunami, even if Ling Lan possessed an imperial mecha, she would have no way of holding out till she arrived at the Swift Dragon base camp. This was the limitation of mecha — unable to fly for long distances.

In front of the imperial mecha, a beam of white light rose into the sky, instantly forming a large barrier with a radius of several kilometres. Even though the Pulsing King Shield seemed extremely large, it could still only cover the tail end of the mainship. This was already the extent of Ling Lan's control; the scale of the Pulsing King Shield depended primarily on the operator's level. Ling Lan's true control skill level was not yet at imperial level; she was currently pushing herself to execute cross-level control. Therefore, some of the special functions of the imperial mecha were beyond her, unable to be performed — some elements of the Pulsing King Shield fell into this category.

Honestly, for Ling Lan to be able to bring out a Pulsing King Shield with such a range was already extremely remarkable. Her control panel was already spattered with droplets of blood. Cross-level operation was not without its consequences. Ling Lan registered none of the tearing pain from her fingers — there was only one thought in her mind ... and that was that no one in their team could die here under this magnetic tsunami.

A loud 'boom' rang out as the Pulsing King Shield and the purple wave collided heavily. With a jerk, Ling Lan could not stop herself from spewing out a mouthful of blood, and the initially radiant Pulsing King Shield dimmed.

Ling Lan bit down on her lips, using the intense pain to keep herself from fainting. She knew that every additional second she kept the Pulsing King Shield up for meant an additional guarantee for the lives of her companions.

At the moment Ling Lan had brought out the Pulsing King Shield, Li Lanfeng had obeyed Ling Lan's instruction to hold on tightly to Ling Lan's mecha. When the Pulsing King Shield and the magnetic tsunami collided forcefully, their two mecha had been swept back by the fearsome power of the magnetic tsunami to hurtle towards the tail end of the mainship.

At that moment, Li Lanfeng was extremely calm. He only continued to keep a steady hold on his rabbit. Even if he would die like this with his rabbit in this magnetic tsunami, he still would not let go of his rabbit. Yes, he had already let go once on the friendship between him and the rabbit, so this time he would absolutely never let go again ...

"Bang bang bang ..." Their mecha crashed right into the tail end of the mainship. As the primary point of the crash, Li Lanfeng spewed out a mouthful of blood right after the first collision. The violent crash had caused him to be severely injured, but still he clung tightly to the rabbit before him, tenaciously using his mecha as the rabbit's 'meat cushion'.

The magnetic tsunami still came into contact with the tail end of the command mainship in the end, and the tail of the mainship began to emit violent sounds of explosion. Under the horrific power of the magnetic tsunami, even though Ling Lan had used all her strength in the Pulsing King Shield to counteract the force of the magnetic tsunami, it had still not been enough to prevent the ultimate fate of the mainship. The tail of the mainship was unable to escape wholly unscathed; over one-fourth of the ship was torn to pieces by the magnetic tsunami ...

Chapter 320: Awakening!

After who knows how long, Ling Lan muzzily woke up and was greeted to the sight of dim darkness. Ling Lan could not help but be taken aback — if not for the fact that she could feel the seatbelt strapping her in, Ling Lan might have thought that she was no longer in the cockpit of her mecha.

Mind you, as long as there was someone in it, the cockpit of a mecha would always maintain a certain level of illumination unless something was wrong with the mecha; only then would this kind of situation occur.

Ling Lan had just thought to move when she found her entire body beginning to ache terribly. With that, she knew that she had already been determined to be in a severely injured state by the mainframe of Mecha World. It made sense when she thought about it. Going up against a magnetic tsunami which was capable of swallowing everything in its path, being able to live was already a great blessing. Of course, this outcome was also thanks to the impressive performance of the imperial mecha's defensive equipment.

Forcefully suppressing the pain, Ling Lan reached out to press the activation button of the mecha based on memory.

The resulting 'beep' made Ling Lan's heart ease. This sound was like music from the heavens, for it meant that her mecha could still be used normally. Very soon, her screen had lit up, and she entered the mecha piloting system. At the same time, the cockpit became bright again, everything in perfect order. Apparently, the mecha had just entered standby mode because no one was piloting it to save energy. The moment the activation button was pressed, it had started up again instantly.

Ling Lan did not concern herself with the situation outside. The first thing she did was to take out a tube of healing agent and slap it onto her body. Only then did she feel her condition improving. This was the virtual world, so recovering was as simple and speedy as that. If this were the real world, based on the extent of Ling Lan's injuries, recovery would not be as simple.

After sorting out her own body, only then did Ling Lan have any mind to spare to investigate her surroundings. She found that the surroundings of her mecha were just as dark as the inside of her cockpit before. She decisively turned on the external lights of the mecha. With that, she found that her mecha was currently floating in mid-air, and there were countless metallic scraps bobbing around her.

Seeing this, Ling Lan was quite baffled. Where in the world was she? The last thing she could remember was using the imperial mecha to block the magnetic tsunami and finally falling to crash into the mainship before falling unconscious. Could it be that the mainship had not escaped disaster in the end and had become debris in space? But if they were truly in outer space, it still would not be this dark!

In endless space, there was actually a certain amount of light. This sort of pitch darkness would not happen, so Ling Lan decisively threw out this possibility.

Just as Ling Lan was pondering this mystery, a voice choked with tears suddenly rang out in her mindspace, "Boss, you've finally woken up! Boo hoo hoo, that's really great!"

“Little Four ...” Ling Lan’s forehead twitched involuntarily. She had only been unconscious and not about to die — now what reason was there for this behaviour of Little Four’s?

As if sensing Boss’s displeasure, Little Four sniffled and said, “Boss, you’ve already been unconscious for a whole night. No one was paying any attention to me. I was so scared!” For that night, it was like Little Four had been shut into an enclosed little black room. The soundless world had almost driven him insane — it had reminded him of his time in Ling Lan’s previous world. He had constantly been alone by himself waiting for Ling Lan to notice him, but unfortunately Ling Lan had only heard his voice right at the very end of her life there, making him wait for a whole 21 years.

Little Four was afraid that things had returned to how it was before. Having gotten used to acting spoilt and fooling around with Ling Lan, Little Four could no longer bear to experience that loneliness of before. He believed that if something had truly happened to Ling Lan, his processing chip would certainly choose to self-destruct.

“Don’t be scared. Haven’t I woken up now? You need to have faith in me, your boss!” Seeing this, Ling Lan’s heart softened. Inside the mindspace, she lightly petted the emotionally wounded Little Four, comforting him to ease his fears.

“Yup yup yup, Boss is the bestest!” Little Four’s tears had yet to dry and he was already smiling again. That appearance of his was simultaneously adorable and pitiful.

At the sight, Ling Lan could not help but fall silent. She suddenly realised that Little Four was not an omnipotent intelligence entity. He was just like a real living person with his own emotions — joy, anger, sadness, likes and dislikes, and things that made him sad or afraid ...

Ling Lan silently caressed Little Four for a while, finally getting him to calm down. After that, she tried to pilot her mecha to investigate the surrounding environment but found that her mecha was tied down by something. Ling Lan zoomed in on the image of where she was tied down, and only then did she discover that she was being held down by the tight embrace of the leopard’s mecha. It was clear to see that the leopard had not eased up on his grip at all.

Seeing the leopard’s mecha currently completely still and silent, Ling Lan’s heart stuttered and she shouted frantically, “Leopard, leopard ...”

“He’s fine, just unconscious.” Having calmed down, Little Four saw Ling Lan’s anxious demeanour and so told her about the other’s condition.

Ling Lan thought back to when the two of them had been thrown at the military vessel by the magnetic storm at the end — the force of their impact had been fully borne by the leopard — and she could not help but feel guilty. “He is only so terribly injured because he was protecting me ...”

“If you hadn’t blocked the magnetic tsunami before that, he would not have just ended up terribly injured but completely destroyed. He should instead be grateful to you,” responded Little Four, baffled at Ling Lan’s reaction. In Little Four’s eyes, [Self-Defined Destiny] playing the role as a cushion was the requisite cost for his survival. Why would Boss feel guilty and even feel grateful towards the other?

Little Four’s words rendered Ling Lan speechless. She did not know how to explain to Little Four that his perspective was not quite right ... knowing that Little Four was someone who only looked at pure cold

logic, Ling Lan wisely did not continue discussing the issue. Instead, she connected to [Self-Defined Destiny]'s comms channel and began calling out to the leopard again and again.

Ling Lan was well aware that she needed to wake the leopard up as quickly as possible, or else the other might die from his injuries due to not applying treatment in time.

Perhaps her cries were effective, for not too long later, Ling Lan heard a slight groan coming through the comms. Ling Lan was overjoyed and quickly shouted loudly, "Leopard, leopard, are you alright?"

"Cough cough, I'm fine. Rabbit, it's fine as long as you're fine," the leopard finally replied. His voice sounded very weak — it looked like his injuries were extremely severe, probably even heavier than Ling Lan's had been. It made sense. Even though Ling Lan had received heavy damage when blocking the magnetic tsunami, she had been using an imperial mecha. The protection afforded to a mecha operator by an imperial mecha just could not be matched by an advanced mecha.

In just a few moments, the leopard's voice began sounding more spirited. He too seemed to have picked up on the surrounding situation, and he asked Ling Lan, "Where are we right now?"

"I'm not sure either," said Ling Lan with a wry smile as she looked out at the pitch-black space they were floating in.

"I only know that we were hit into the inside of the mainship at the end. Who knows if we're still inside it now ..." said Li Lanfeng after briefly rallying his spirits.

His words had barely faded when a corpse floated by the front of their mecha. It was dressed in the uniform of a mecha support staff of the mainship — they could clearly see the insignia pinned on his shoulder. It looked like they were indeed still inside the mainship. However, this also proved that this military vessel had already been pretty thoroughly broken.

Seeing this, Ling Lan's heart sank. If the military vessel had truly been completely destroyed, just based on their mecha alone, it was impossible to fly to the base camp of the Swift Dragons. Could it be that after striving for so long, she would still end up with the outcome of failing the mission with all of her companions dead?

"It's alright. Although the command mainship's condition is really terrible, its basic mobility is not broken. It is still in motion." Little Four could sense Ling Lan's worries and quickly rushed to reassure her, "However, Boss, you are now in the tail end of the ship which was utterly destroyed. They have already sealed off the doors of the airlock on this end, which is why this area is in this anti-gravity state."

"Then, do you know the situation with Qi Long and the others?" Ling Lan began to worry about her other companions who had entered first.

"I'm not very sure. Everything in the tail end has been destroyed, so I also have no way of using the mainship's surveillance system to find them," said Little Four regretfully.

"Since we're fine, I believe they'll be fine too." Ling Lan still had a lot of faith in her companions. In fact, that explosion at the tail end of the ship in those final moments was a death blow to those support staff members without the protection of mecha. They were basically all wiped out in that final explosion — the only ones who could survive were the mecha operators protected by the defensive power of their mecha.

“Rabbit, I seem to feel like our position is shifting. Maybe that magnetic tsunami did not cause fatal damage to the mainship.” Li Lanfeng seemed to have sensed something of the situation, and he quickly communicated his findings to Ling Lan.

“Yes. Let’s figure out the situation first then find Combat and the others. After that we can arrange our next plan of action.” Ling Lan instantly made her decision. They would first look for their team members in this heap of ruins.

The two of them operated their mecha to weave among the debris. Countless corpses floated by them — it looked like all these staff without any protective measures had been sacrificed during that magnetic tsunami. Despite knowing that all these staff members were just NPCs, Ling Lan could not help but have a heavy heart in the face of all this death. Still, Ling Lan very quickly rallied her spirits. She began to think about how this was perhaps even more advantageous for her team because everyone who knew they had stolen aboard the ship was now dead. Perhaps they could change their identities and stealthily infiltrate the ship as official mecha troops of the mainship.

After a round of searching, they found no sign of Qi Long and the others. Ling Lan would rather guess that they had already entered the safe areas of the military vessel. What was more surprising to them was that when they happened to touch some standard Federation advanced mecha which were still functionally intact overall floating through the air, the system actually prompted them with a pop-up notification asking them whether they wanted to retrieve the mecha. This meant that these intact mecha could be freely taken by players.

Ling Lan and Li Lanfeng naturally would not let such an advantage pass by. It should be known it would require an extremely high amount of points at the redemption centre to redeem these mecha. Moreover, Li Lanfeng’s mecha was already running on empty — obtaining an advanced mecha with abundant power right now was undoubtedly a stroke of timely luck 1 for Li Lanfeng. Mind you, once one’s mecha’s power ran out, not only would the mecha be unable to move, the oxygen levels in the mecha’s cockpit would not be able to be sustained for long either.

The two of them chose two of the mecha in the best condition to keep in their inventories. It wasn’t that they did not want to collect even more, but they would not be able to support the mecha even if they took more.

Within a player’s inventory, each mecha would exhaust a set amount of power calories every hour. If a mecha was left unused in an inventory for a long time, it would still become a powerless empty shell of a mecha in the end. After that, it would merely be dead weight in a player’s inventory and increase a player’s fatigue level. This was also one of the methods Mecha World employed to prevent players from accumulating too many mecha so that the players would not end up unable to focus on training properly with one mecha.