

## Wow 221

### Chapter 221: Tianhui Gift

"It was just pure fear, an irrational terror."

"My limbs cold, my body shaking."

"My heart felt like it was being carried, any slightly louder noise could make my nerves jump suddenly..."

The feelings were very similar to those his comrades had shared with him before, but Bai E was not looking for this; he merely asked again softly, "So, during my fight with that demon, what did you all see?"

That was the question he cared most about. He wanted to know exactly how much these people had witnessed.

The situation was urgent at the time, and some things had to be done, but now that it was over, he had to consider the aftermath.

If he really had to explain, Exorcism Essential Oil wasn't impossible to explain—

For instance, he taught someone something random outside, and that person, out of gratitude, gave it to him and explained how to use it.

But why hide it? Was he harboring some thoughts? Was it a breach of discipline to indiscriminately teach what one learned in the military to the public?... The situation could get very muddled.

If possible, Bai E didn't want to deal with such trouble, especially since he didn't know where the players got that stuff from...

Upon hearing Bai E's question, the reconnaissance soldiers visibly flinched.

They looked at each other before whispering in reply, "We... we didn't see anything."

"Nothing at all."

They had been under the demon's mental control until the very end when the demon was completely expelled. Before that, they were in a state of "fear" the whole time, providing power to the demon, and didn't notice what was actually happening.

"I understand," Bai nodded, "Then you should rest for now."

According to the decision made by the previous team captains, it was probable that they would depart for the city early the next morning.

"Recover your strength as soon as possible. Tomorrow on the road, we will need your help protecting these refugees."

The scale of over four hundred refugees was simply too large. Two off-road vehicles were clearly not enough; they could only walk with the refugees.

And how fast could these refugees move? The longer the journey, the more likely they were to encounter unknown dangers. Their small joint squad of merely thirteen people was clearly stretched thin. Having a few experienced scouts spread out among the team for protection was an excellent idea.

A slight sense of responsibility awakened courage within the few scouts. After a quietly subdued silence, they responded hesitantly.

"Yes."

"Yes, sir."

"Szzzzz~"

Tiger's voice came through the earpiece, "We're almost there, where are you?"

"The core area is a big cave. I've lit some flare sticks, you should see me as soon as you come in."

"Okay."

Indeed, it was a piece of tranquility.

As Tiger stepped into the suddenly spacious cave, his vision, aided by night vision goggles, slowly swept from the immediate surroundings to the distance—

The refugees, now settled down, huddled in the dark whispering to each other, while a few figures, who had recovered more quickly or were more enthusiastic, moved among the crowd asking questions.

It looked exactly like the underground cave they had seen while under the demon's influence, only without that terrifying figure akin to a Demon God.

Just like Bai E said, the figure with the two flare sticks stuck behind him in the corner stood out in the dark.

"No problem, Bai E really drove the demon away."

They reported back through the voice communication, of course... avoiding Bai E's channel.

"Put down your stuff," Tiger whispered.

The group, laden with large and small bags, gently unloaded the supplies they carried.

"Hiss~"

Tiger took the lead in lighting two flare sticks and sticking them behind him. The other soldiers did the same.

Each person ignited a flare stick and placed it behind them; soldiers bathed in glowing light formed two lines with agile steps.

They passed through the darkness, through the curious gazes of the refugees.

Eventually, they crossed most of the cave to reach the figure of Bai E slumped on the ground.

Team Leader 2 gave the order, "Salute!"

The Radiant Salute.

A gesture of acknowledgment by the Radiant Legion, to which Blackwater City was nominally subject for the top soldiers within the legion.

Though the empire's thirteen legions were largely nominal by now, the cities under each legion still held great reverence for the honors passed down from those ancient troops.

Team Leader 2, with a crisp drop of his right hand and his body standing erect, loudly reported in a manner akin to debriefing: "The joint squad has arrived at the target location! Twelve were supposed to come, eight have arrived, four remain with the vehicles guarding the supplies. Please instruct us on the next actions, sir Bai!"

"..."

Bai E's expression faltered for a moment but then he noticed Tiger, trailing behind, squinting and gesturing at him with an expression.

With a helpless smile, Bai E, controlling his frail voice to sound as firm as possible, commanded, "Distribute the supplies you've brought to them. Let everyone eat and rest well... we set out early tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir!"

Attracted by the noise of the new soldiers, the refugees who had been following the situation turned their attention toward the exchange of dialogue. Hearing the conversation, some refugees whispered in the dark to each other, "Wow, he really is an officer..."

"I said it, how could an ordinary soldier have that kind of strength and nerve."

"This Blackwater City seems very impressive."

After selectively sharing the information they had just received from Bai E with their companions, the elder, along with two young children, also leaned to one side to rest a bit.

Their strength wasn't the best after being trapped under the domain of fear, and after dealing with negotiations with Bai E and managing group affairs as the first order of business, they had reached their physical limits.

At that moment, they merely looked on with reverence at the figure sitting on the ground.

"The adult is amazing..." the boy murmured softly, then turned to the girl beside him, "Kiro Lan, was it true that you wanted to join the military?"

"Mmm..." the girl's expression was calm as still water, quietly gazing in that direction, "I want to become a person like the adult as well."

"Then I'll go with you too..."

...

"...do whatever you want."

The elder didn't speak, only their gaze swept over the refugees hidden in the darkness before returning to the adult leaning alone in the corner.

Their eyes briefly flickered.

Hu and the others had nearly brought down all the supplies from the vehicle, which were originally prepared for these refugees.

Considering that these refugees had been living outdoors for a long time, their nutrition was definitely lacking, and the journey back to the city was long. To prevent them from lacking the strength to walk on the way, they had specially packed the trunk of the convoy's vehicle with high-calorie, low-volume rations before setting out.

Bai E had tried one on the road, grape-flavored, and it tasted quite good...

Even these artificially synthesized foods each had their flavor, and the city did quite a good job in this regard.

Never before savored "delicacies" served as a more direct stimulus than any other thing. Many refugees eating the ration bars they had received cast their eyes toward that bright corner in the darkness.

Everything... was brought by that man.

["Lucky Strike" charge +23.]

"emmmm..."

A pleasant surprise.

Bai E, sitting and resting, received an unexpected notification, suddenly remembered his previous speculation about the "Lucky Strike" charging mechanism.

The charge limit for the same emotion within a "short time" was only 50 points, but it seemed that different kinds of emotions could break this limit.

At the moment... being saved from the demons and the "gifting of food" were clearly considered two different things.

Could he make even more effort to farm some more points?

It was not easy to come by such an opportunity with a good favorability foundation; he had to seize it well.

Thinking of this, Bai E started running "Overlimit Drive" to accelerate the recovery of his physical strength. The No.3 ration bar he had eaten earlier was slow to restore, but it was continuously working.

Before long, he got up and walked over to the elders who had consciously moved away, squatting in front of them, Bai E softly asked, "Living out here, you must have a good number of patients troubled by injuries and pain, right?"

The elder looked up at Bai E with some confusion, "Sir...?"

Of course, there were injured. Among the many worries he originally had, this was one. But now...

Bai E smiled gently, "Gather them up, and I'll take a look."

Bai E didn't mention any other factors; helping had to be straightforward to stir genuine emotional responses from these people.

emmmm... collecting power through emotional fluctuations?

A very familiar setup...

Bai E silently shook his head and scoffed to himself, how could it be.

...

"Captain..." After hearing about the developments inside the cave from the headset, one of the soldiers staying by the vehicle who was a warrior looked toward their own captain, "What should we do?"

The warrior who had previously been doubtful still echoed in his mind with the voices of the No.2 captain and Hu and others cheering for that guy, internally gritting his teeth.

'Why boost his momentum like that!'

Now, hearing his teammate's question, he immediately retorted firmly, "Bai said to rest, didn't you hear?"

"...heard... heard?"

...

There were about forty or fifty injured. Long-term living outdoors, having major or minor physical ailments was only too normal, plus the prolonged enslavement by demons, these refugees were weakened both physically and mentally.

After all, the lord of fear wouldn't care about these humans' health problems. These refugees were living day by day; physical suffering was actually more conducive to the breeding of fear emotions.

If one were to be serious about it, among the more than four hundred refugees, everyone had some ailment. But under the current rudimentary conditions, only those truly affecting the ability to move were selected and gathered by the elders.

Looking at the hopeful eyes before him, Bai E didn't speak, just picked up the first-aid kit brought by Hu and others and got down to work.

[You are attempting first aid...]

[You have completed first aid; the patient's injuries are stabilized and are recovering slowly.]

"Thank you! Thank you!" Looking at the white bandage on her previously pus-filled wound on her shin and feeling the slightly stinging warmth underneath, the dirt-covered woman's tears fell in gratitude, repeatedly thanking him.

["Lucky Strike" charge +1.]

"It's okay, it's not serious, but you should rest in the vehicle tomorrow," Bai E smiled at her and then moved on to the next one.

[You are attempting first aid...]

[You have completed first aid...]

"Thank... thank you."

["Lucky Strike" charge +1.]

"It may itch a bit, hold back and don't touch it..."

Bai E spoke softly and tenderly, a master of healing hands.

Kiro Lan, watching from a distance, had stars in her eyes, for the first time feeling that there could be such a shining figure in the world.

"This is the great Sir..."

So she ran up and asked clearly, "Sir, can I learn these skills from you?"

Bai E glanced at her and replied with a smile, "Of course, no problem... but there are a lot of people, I can't explain to you one by one."

They were to set off early the next morning, and to ensure the mobility of these refugees, Bai E certainly wanted to complete the treatment of every injured patient as soon as possible.

While treating, he was also checking everyone.

The two off-road vehicles that would head back were empty, perfectly able to pick those refugees who were unable to move on their own to rest in the vehicles.

Bai E was not too comfortable with leaving the decision to the refugees or their teammates; it could easily cause controversy, so he wanted to make the call himself.

"It's okay, it's okay," Kiro Lan waved her hands repeatedly, "I'd be thankful to just observe."

After all, ever since she was young, she learned things quickly...

Chapter 222 Sheltering under someone's influence (or protection)

"Why has such a godly figure joined your team?" the captain of Team 2 said, his eyes filled with admiration as he watched the figure tirelessly healing among the refugees.

Hu shook his head, "He just got assigned to us..."

Actually, when they first heard that a newly born soldier was being assigned to them, they weren't too pleased either, only Song Ying found an excuse to accept this newly created person.

However, during subsequent training and battles, this new recruit, who had not been born long, undoubtedly blew the minds of every witness.

He would keep going and infect everyone who had walked with him.

"He's still going..." You's eyes slightly glazed over, "He must be tired too, right?"

His own group had only briefly resisted the mental oppression of the fear demons, causing them to only regain partial mobility to this point, gasping for air after carrying back supplies and distributing them.

But what about him, facing the demons head-on?

Nevertheless, he was still healing the refugees' wounds, soothing their emotions.

He was always kind and tolerant to everyone.

A...natural-born leader?

Recalling those brief, impassioned words, You rarely felt her face grow hot and flushed.

If she could carry out missions under his lead in the future... that must be a wonderful thing, right?

...

Bai E quickened his pace.

There were still so many patients waiting for treatment, these suffering refugees were the best emotion extractors, each providing about 1 point of charge, much more sincere than those soldiers whose heads were only good for maintaining guns.

Beside him, the girl's eyes took on a faint, grey glow, unwaveringly watching Bai E's every move.

Through observational actions, she seemed to effortlessly grasp the underlying principles behind them.

+1+1+1+1+1+1+1...

Kiro Lan suddenly spoke up, "Sir... Could I also have a first aid kit? I want to help them too..."

"..." Bai E was taken aback for a moment and turned to look at the girl.

The knowledge seemed to still flow through her crystal-clear eyes.

Had she learned it?

Or had she already had some basis?

She couldn't be a player, could she... but there were no hints of interaction, were there?

Bai E felt a slight suspicion in his heart and waved to Hu and the others in the distance, while saying through the earpiece, "Bring another first aid kit here."

"Okay."

Once Kiro Lan also started caring for the refugees, Bai E couldn't help but spare a bit of his attention to watch her movements—

She really knew what she was doing.

And every move was like his own shadow, the efficiency nearly as fast as his.

She might have been a bit clumsy at first, but after quickly getting familiar, the efficiency increased a lot.

Learned... learnt it?

A genius!

For the first time, Bai E felt a profound sense of pressure from these native NPCs.

The natives' talents were indeed unreasonable.

With Kiro Lan's help, the pace increased significantly, and of course, she took on her share of the workload.

+1+1+1...

The charge kept rising, the severely impaired patients were no longer sufficient, Bai E looked towards more refugees in the distance.

The short-term limit for the same kind of emotion was 50 points; he hadn't reached 50 yet, so he couldn't stop now.

"Gilder..." That was the name of the elder of the refugees, "See if there's anything wrong with anyone else, I'll take a look as well."

Gilder couldn't bear to see his companions suffering from illness, but thinking of the hard journey the adult had undertaken and how he had driven away the enslaving demons for them, seeing him still worrying about this made his eyes wet, "Sir, what you've done for us is already enough."

["Lucky Strike" charge +5.]

"Yes, sir, you should rest... we're okay."

"Just endure a little longer, we have to travel tomorrow, and you should get some rest, sir," said other refugees, who also had various ailments but hadn't yet received treatment, from a distance.

"It's fine, I just need to rest a bit, learning how to quickly recover and maintain stamina for prolonged combat is also a skill we soldiers must master."

Bai E smiled as reassuringly as possible, waving his hand in insistence.

He couldn't miss any opportunity to gather charge!

"Fine... okay then."

Gilder hesitated but agreed, once again picking out patients for Bai E.

He knew the conditions of his comrades well, some of which were serious even though they didn't affect their ability to move much.

+1+1+1...

[You have completed a first aid...]

No more...

[The third one didn't add any charge...]

Was it because they felt no gratitude? No, it was because he had reached 50 points, not counting those 5 points provided by Gilder.

They can make such fine distinctions...

196 points.

Bai E sighed deeply.

"It's getting late," Hu came over, looking at the mechanical watch on his wrist, he reminded Bai E.

"Sir, go get some rest, I can help everyone." Kiro Lan, having learned Bai E's "true teachings," also turned her head back and looked kindly at Bai E from not far away.

"Alright then." Bai E knew what mattered most.

No matter when, rest is always the best way to recover.

They had to depart early the next morning, and there might be more dangers to be wary of on the journey, and his body indeed needed rest to recover from the true exhaustion.

Chapter 223 Sheltering with someone else

For the sake of energy values, he could still hold on, but now that they were depleted, he was somewhat unable to persevere.

"I'm going to sleep..."

Youth is great, falling asleep as soon as one's head hits the pillow.

...

[Feedback from the commission: Your Reflexes +0.1, Ranged Weapon Mastery Experience +28, Light Weapon Mastery Experience +26, Combat Mastery Experience +29, Tech - Basic Electrical Manufacturing and Processing Experience +149.]

A sense of unease, as if being watched, lingered in his mind, and Bai E, who had already had a good rest, woke up instantly from his sweet sleep.

His vigilant eyes opened, bright as two stars in the night.

Inside the cave, all was peaceful. The howling wind above seemed only to be an accompaniment that helped one sink deeper into the world of dreams, the refugees' breathing steady, enjoying an evening of rare mental tranquility.

There were no enemies, nor was it the return of demons.

Elder Gilder sat not far from Bai E, his aged eyes watching with some hesitation.

After the impulsive gratitude of being saved had cooled down, the experiences of his past life overshadowed his rationality.

Where there are people, there is strife.

Could these refugees, who had been rescued, truly start a new and beautiful life as this officer said?

Not very realistic.

Resources are the most realistic topic in this world.

If they had no special skills, how would they be allocated the survival resources that everyone in this era needed?

Was the so-called Blackwater City truly a utopian world of legend? If such a world existed, it was likely already overrun with people.

He had not shared this worry with anyone, hiding it in his heart instead.

Their companions, who had been driven out of the town together, had just escaped from the clutches of demons. It would be ill-advised to plunge them back into fear for the future, which might invite the terrifying demon once again.

Would there be a second savior then, or would they be rescued one more time by this gentleman?

There are not so many blessings in this world, but since the gentleman had made such a commitment at the time... did it mean that he had some ability to ensure a new life for everyone?

Gilder was unclear about the system in Blackwater City; he only knew that in their old town, the powerful always had their own private armed forces and retainers.

"What's wrong?"

Upon waking, Bai E proactively inquired in a soft voice to the elder.

"Elder, please come with me," Gilder said resolutely through gritted teeth, whispering as quietly as possible to Bai E.

...

Bai E swept his gaze around the shadows, everyone else was resting.

Be it his teammates, or the refugees.

No one noticed what was happening here...

"Okay," Bai E nodded, agreeing to the elder's request.

Following Gilder, the two arrived in a tunnel where they were unlikely to disturb the others who were resting.

"Can we speak now?" Bai E looked at Gilder, who had turned around, and calmly asked.

"It's like this, sir..." Gilder twisted his palms, pausing for a while before saying with difficulty his personal thoughts, "I was wondering if you... have your own... faction?"

Gilder observed the gentleman's expression with utmost caution; his life in the dark seemed to give him a certain Dark Vision, allowing him to make out some images in the darkness.

"Uh?" Bai E's tone hesitated slightly, "Why do you ask?"

Since he had decided to speak up, Gilder was candid, "I... I don't know what kind of system Blackwater City has, but where we come from strong men have their own factions. I think... it might be better to follow under your leadership rather than with the city's central authority."

Better to be the head of a chicken than the tail of a phoenix.

Although following Bai E might not even amount to being the head of a chicken, even being the neck, the body, the heart, or the lungs of the chicken would still be good...

Such a splendid figure as Bai E was someone he had never seen in the town. Following a character like him, one would not have to worry about being arbitrarily discarded one day.

Not to mention that their prolonged wandering had broken their spirits; without learning to bow and adapt, one cannot survive in this world.

...

A moment's silence.

Bai E was somewhat indecisive.

He had never imagined the elder would speak of such a matter.

To grow his own faction?

After deceiving players and desperate Ratmen, was he to accept such a large group of refugees?

Wouldn't that be too conspicuous?

Not to mention whether he could support them, the sheer numbers were enough to be branded as rebels.

He was not yet aware of the city's plans for these refugees, nor did he know whether the city permitted the existence of large private groups. Taking the refugees in, given his status, was definitely not appropriate.

At least not at present.

"Sir, rest assured, we may not have any special abilities, but we can ensure absolute loyalty. Most of the four hundred people are men; with some training and arms, they could fight for you! I may not be very capable, but having lived so many years, I do have some experience.

I could look after the team and help with internal affairs," Gilder confidently vouched for himself and the others while Bai E silently pondered.

There is no love without reason in this world, even the purest relationships ultimately require the need for benefits and value.

Facing Gilder's hopeful gaze, Bai E spoke thoughtfully.

"You were specifically asked to be brought back by the commander; it's not appropriate for me to intervene directly."

Bai E's words were ambiguous, not a flat rejection. Who knows what the future might hold?

His main quest required him to raise the reputation level of his forces to Level 2. The elimination of a Black Street force by the players had only slightly increased it, and perhaps the remaining requirements could include a hard number of people?

It was uncertain, but he could not discount the possibility.

Gilder's eyes brightened at the response, "I see..."

Not being directly refused meant the gentleman might really have his own faction.

Was it just due to the rules...

But almost immediately, the wisdom gained from many years and countless events led him to think of a workaround, "How about this, sir? Your commander doesn't know our exact numbers, right?"

Let alone the long journey that could easily lead to some falling behind...

"Missing one or two shouldn't be a problem. Let an old man like me first join you. For them... we'll see if there's another turn of fortune?"

Bai E's eyes flickered.

He was indeed in need of a warehouse manager for his own place...

The 5 points of energy value provided by the elder before could be considered a form of "loyalty."

Maybe it could work.

But he still needed to give it further thought.

Bai E turned and walked back towards the cave, "We'll discuss it later."

Chapter 224 The Incident on the Way Back to the City

Even without any reminder from Tiger, the biological clock within Bai E had become an instinct over this period of being a warrior.

The cavern remained pitch-dark, yet Bai E was already awake.

Elder Gilder also quietly roused his companions one by one in the darkness.

"Wake up..."

"We, are setting out."

They were setting off for a whole new life.

Every awakened migrant seemed very excited.

The warriors who had stayed in the vehicles had long been waiting at the entrances of those caves, watching the figures emerge in single file and they couldn't help but exclaim in awe.

"Such a crowd..."

The intelligence reported only around two hundred people, but the sight of more than four hundred was undoubtedly double their initial mental preparation.

"We need to allocate our individual tasks."

There might be some minor troubles along the way; they had to spread out as much as possible to ensure that if an incident occurred, warriors could arrive immediately to help the migrants.

Team Leader One called over Team Leader Two and Tiger... along with Bai E to discuss.

As for Tiger and the rest of the warriors from Team Two, they were all helping the migrants to form up.

A team of more than four hundred people is neither too large nor too small, but without a neat and unified formation, it would be messy and difficult to manage.

No one expected them to obey every command without question, but at least they shouldn't drag their feet too much when encountering potential dangers.

"There are also five scouts over there; they should be able to help a little," Tiger pointed out, referring to the five soldiers previously discovered missing in the cave.

Team Leader One's gaze swept quickly over them and frowned upon seeing the posture of those five men standing.

The five soldiers, walking amidst the migrants, had completely lost the sharpness that befits a warrior and looked utterly dejected, as though they had been assimilated by the migrants.

"They didn't die?" muttered a warrior standing not far away who had always had a slight critical view of Bai E.

To die as a warrior exploring for humanity is one thing, but to survive... and then go missing was a serious offense.

"They were also controlled by the demons, against their will," Tiger explained softly.

Team Leader One nodded noncommittally, "Harold, distribute guns to each of them."

The disgruntled warrior trusted his own team leader and responded loudly at once, "Yes! Captain!"

Team Leader One pondered by himself, "Apart from the two drivers, and including those five scouts, we have... sixteen people. Okay then, I'll lead the way. Tiger, you take care of the left flank, Ka Ruigan you're on the right flank, and have those scouts cover our rear. The two vehicles..."

"The two vehicles should be used to transport the migrants; many of them inside have severe injuries and would have difficulty moving on their own," Bai E interjected.

Team Leader One looked deeply at Bai E, this time without rebuttal, and simply nodded in agreement, "Alright, we'll do it your way this time."

After speaking, Team Leader One clapped his hands, "Any other issues?"

"No."

"No."

"Good," Team Leader One lifted his head and looked over the assembly of migrants.

Under the arrangement of the warriors, they had vaguely formed into four columns.

The formation wasn't perfect, but clearly, they didn't need to be too stringent.

"Alright... let's set out!"

...

"Harold, time to go," someone from Team One called out to the warrior who had been ordered to distribute weapons to the scouts.

"Coming," the warrior responded loudly, turned back, and coldly admonished the five scouts before him, "You've already brought shame to our military once; don't mess up on the way back. The fact that you're covering our rear is already the biggest concession we can make! Got that?"

"Yes... I understand," a few scout soldiers replied, hanging their heads in shame, not daring to meet his eyes.

As he passed by Bai E, the warrior patted Bai E on the shoulder, his deep voice fleeting, "Kid, that's enough of the act, got it?"

"..."

As he watched the figure walk away, Bai E felt a sense of bewilderment.

Who was that?

"Don't mind him." The tiger also looked at the other's fading figure and shook his head.

"Hmm."

...

The journey was filled with swirling winds and sands.

Sitting in the vehicle, one wouldn't feel it, as it sped through the landscape, swiftly reaching the destination.

It was truly monotonous, nearly a single shade of crimson, when relying on one's own feet to walk.

Monotonous to the point of deathly silence.

With no cover on the plains, the howling wind blew sand against the face... If it weren't for Bai E's resilient skin, these grains could easily have left bloody scratches on his face.

Not to mention those ordinary refugees.

It was truly with all their strength that they had first made it this far.

It wasn't that they wanted to stay in that dark, underground cave, just that their physical strength couldn't support them in leaving this vast terrain anymore.

Dangling by the side of the refugee team and walking slowly, with teammates ahead and behind, Bai E carefully approached the mountain and whispered the question he was more concerned about, "Can you tell me what you all saw in the vehicle outside?"

The scouts within the cave saw almost nothing, but what about their teammates outside the cave? What could be the shared vision the demons had allowed them to see?

Bai E wanted to know what information they had gathered and their authentic feelings about the demon.

Considering that even the Fear Demon seemed to have taken a grudge against him, it was better to learn more about the effects of its powers to be well-prepared.

"Us?"

The mountain was slightly startled, "We just saw you getting beaten by that demon, then you shot it with an arrow, and after that, basically... Right, that demon had so many claws, how did you manage to fight it off, eh?"

"Claws?" Bai E was stunned, a little puzzled by the word.

"Yeah! It was like, um..." The mountain asked as a matter of course, then searched his mind for the right adjective for half a day, "a combination of a centipede and a praying mantis... how did you just block all those bladed limbs with your hands?"

"..." Bai E had a strange expression, "What you saw might be a bit different from what I saw."

But he understood. He had guessed at that time that what each person saw of the demon could be different, based on their own mind.

However, this difference seemed not merely in the eyes of the beholder...

The image of fighting a humanoid monster and fighting a centipede-like monster would surely be vastly different, but the scenes they witnessed were still convincing enough for them to believe it was real without much inconsistency. It was only to say... these visuals were half-truths.

The appearance changed a thousand times, but for every human who saw Its form, everything that happened in the interaction made sense.

An unimaginable power...

Was this the power of the demon?

Half-fictitious, like an illusion, yet somewhat real...

Moreover, this was just a demon summoned from the higher-dimensional space by the fears of hundreds of refugees, and its strength probably wasn't outstanding.

If it was already so difficult to confront it, and he had to resort to trickery, what would happen if one day he truly encountered one of the great demons or even a Demon God from the higher-dimensional space?

"..."

A wistful mood enveloped Bai E's heart.

Suddenly, from not too far away, came the reminder from Song Ying, "It seems like something is approaching."

Bai E's ears twitched, and his rapidly growing insight attribute also allowed him to hear noises not coming from their own group.

Scanning around, he saw no unexpected targets on the horizon.

Therefore, he simply closed his eyes, voluntarily entering a "dark" state.

"Blind combat" began to take effect...

Hearing stretched out like tentacles, reaching out in a certain direction.

A cacophony of sounds poured into his ears—

The roar of engines, the trembling of metal shells... and, boisterous yelling.

All of this eventually converged into an abstract picture in his mind, sketched out purely by lines—

Eight run-down vehicles, even considered junk in the human world, were carrying a group of physically robust creatures, speeding from the northwest direction.

Bai E instantly opened the radio channel, "Be alert, unknown targets are approaching from the northwest, get ready to encounter the enemy!"

## Chapter 225 Beasts!

The northwest?

That's the direction they came from, toward the Wind-Eroded Cave.

Not long after Bai E's voice rang out, someone raised a question over the comms, "You can hear what's behind while on the flank? You think you're better than those scouts?"

Bai E's brows knitted lightly, but before he could speak, another voice took over.

"Understood," the calm voice of Team 1's captain came through the headset, issuing tactical orders, "Ka Ruigan, Tiger, your teams move back and get ready for support, but also be wary of possible attacks from your direction, don't rule out a feint."

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

Then Team 1's captain continued to inquire over the comms, "Scouts, have you noticed any movement from behind?"

The five rear scouts exchanged glances, highly uncertain of their own judgment.

They truly hadn't heard anything, after all, the wind on this wilderness buried a lot of noises, and their lack of focus might be another reason.

Yet that officer who had created a miracle and driven away the demons seemed certain that there were "people" behind...

"Speak!" The voice of Team 1's captain was somewhat stern.

Compelled by the harsh voice, after a moment of hesitation, the scouts decided to report according to their own judgment, "Currently, no targets detected..."

"Wait!"

Another scout, after being reminded, focused and felt as if he had heard some unexpected noise.

"Seems like... there is indeed some noise, like a vehicle."

"Eight vehicles," Bai E said gravely.

"You again..."

"Harold! Shut up!"

"..."

The voice of Team 1's captain was steady, "Leave two people up front, everyone else move back, get ready for combat!"

Besides two off-road vehicles leading the way up front and two warriors from Team 1, all the other soldiers were nearly all moving toward the back of the team.

The team kept moving forward, but the hearts of the soldiers in the radio frequency channel were involuntarily racing.

As the other party drew closer, almost all the scouts could hear the increasingly distinct roaring from behind.

The five scouts tightly clutched their guns, nervously looking in the direction behind them.

Was something unexpected approaching?

Human? Or some kind of enemy?

Of course, even if they were humans, they were not necessarily friendly.

The so-called "warlords" wandering the wilderness also liked to capture humans to serve as soldiers or slaves when they had the chance.

In any case, it was an era of extreme chaos.

"Rumble, rumble, rumble~"

Beneath the trembling roar that sounded like the oldest diesel tractors, eight beat-up cars that seemed like they could fall apart at any moment began to appear in the view of the soldiers approaching from behind.

"It's really eight..." A soldier's gaze became hollow, involuntarily glancing towards his teammates.

["Lucky Strike" charge +1.]

Bai E didn't make another sound, only staring intently at the green figures crammed into the eight small cars with a heavy gaze.

A bunch of muscular green brutes were squeezed onto relatively small cars, creating a constant sense of danger that the vehicle could be crushed at any moment.

Body sizes varied, but even the skinniest among them was bigger than the most muscular human in the team, not wearing a stitch of armor.

Great swathes of green muscle were exposed, many parts smeared with oil paints in graffiti that seemed to carry some meaning.

Only a few individuals had steel helmets of different designs, awkwardly perched on their heads, painted in vivid, colorful patterns.

Round helmets, face guards, horned helmets... they varied widely, including the weapons in their hands.

If those imaginative, creative implements, adorned with numerous teeth, spikes, and even small motors, could be called weapons at all.

[??? (Orc) (???) — Use "Lucky Strike" for kill to drop: Definite (Spore Colonies\*2000, Combat Experience 1500 points); High probability (Mastery: Combat Specialization Layer +1, not exceeding 5 layers, Mastery: Heavy Weapon Specialization Layer +1, not exceeding 5 layers); Possible (Trait: Photosynthesis)]

Orcs.

This was the first time Bai E had seen the orc race up close.

"It's orcs!"

"Forty-five of them!"

The voice of the scouts in the channel clearly carried a hint of panic.

These were the most unpredictable and belligerent beings.

They were warlike and insane, with no concept of fear.

Most importantly, there were more of them than us!

Humans typically kept their distance and approached orcs with caution, yet now, while escorting this refugee convoy, they had stumbled upon these creatures.

"Look at the dominant color of their paint, they are divided into many clans internally," said an "expert" familiar with orcs in Team 1 who hadn't completely moved to the back, remotely directing over the comms.

"They have red and white on their bodies, and primarily red paint on their firearms."

"What about the vehicles?"

"Yellow... golden yellow."

"Do you see any distinct marks or symbols on them?"

"There seems to be... a tooth on the paint of the cars?"

"We're in luck..." a member of Team 1 exhaled in relief over the comms, "It must be orcs from the Fu Yue Clan. I've dealt with them before; they're the only clan among the orcs that might be able to communicate normally. Don't attack, I'm on my way."

Chapter 226 Beasts!\_2

"Are you confident?" Squad Leader No. 1 quietly asked over the channel.

"There should be no problem..."

"Rumble rumble rumble!"

The car, ramshackle yet seemingly without a problem, dragged its tattered iron shell, carrying a group of orcs that looked much heavier than itself, making a tremendous noise as it rumbled closer, eventually coming to a slow stop not far from the scouting soldiers with guns at the ready.

The green-skinned orcs hopped down from the car one after another, causing the already ramshackle vehicle to emit an unpleasant squeaky rocking sound.

The panting and chuckling noises never ceased; some smaller orc pets also excitedly jumped down from the car following their owners, their tiny bodies almost entirely made up of heads, with short legs scurrying around the orcs, romping around and making panting noises like little dogs.

"Ha~ha~ha~"

These creatures, like the orcs, were grown from the ground; only, they might have been underdeveloped, not turning into orcs but into orc pets instead.

Their scientific name—Daog.

The Daog, with their large heads and light feet, scurried around at the orcs' feet, occasionally lunging at a sufficiently plump ankle and snapping their wide mouths shut with a bite.

"waaaagh!"

The bitten orc leaped three feet straight up on the spot, but this only brought heartless laughter from the Daog's owner.

"Hahahaha~"

"Shut up!"

One orc, unable to stand these little creatures, stomped down with its foot.

"Pfft!"

The lively orc pet was instantly flattened.

After two breaths, it bounced back up like jelly and scurried about once more.

Bai E's brows quirked slightly...

Chaotic, noisy, unrefined.

This was the first impression these orcs gave.

Their style just didn't fit with that of normal creatures...

Arriving hastily at the rear of the squad, Squad No. 1's "orc expert" took the initiative to greet them, approaching the other party with an exaggerated laugh, "Hey! Lads! How did you end up here?"

One of the orcs, holding a huge handgun in his left hand and carrying a rusty saw-toothed machete half the length of a person in his right, took two steps forward, causing the refugees at the back of the line to unconsciously shrink back.

He pointed with his machete towards the line of refugees, opening his big mouth as wide as the sky, his voice resounding, "We fancy your slaves."

The orc expert's face stiffened, "But you don't eat humans."

"We fancy their teeth."

"All of them?"

"Of course, all of them."

The orc expert looked displeased, "I need to ask my superior."

"Go on, go on..." The orc waved his hand impatiently, his wide mouth muttering to himself. However, his voice was so loud that even the refugee line at the very front could vaguely hear him.

"You humans are such a hassle, always asking this one, asking that one to make a decision... Unlike us, we all listen to just one person... Hoo-ya!"

"Hoo-ya!"

In the midst of the chaotic commotion, the leading orc lowered his voice to give orders to his underlings, "As soon as they agree, make your move!"

By the Orc God above—

Axe Bro is violent yet cunning, Knife Bro is cunning yet violent.

Unfortunately, he preferred to follow the path of Knife Bro.

If the humans agreed, it meant they were afraid.

Fear meant they couldn't beat his boys.

Moreover, once the humans made the decision to agree, they surely thought the matter could be settled peacefully, dropping their guard.

Is not taking action even justified with Dao Ge's guidance?

"Hoo-ya!"

"Hoo-ya!"

...

The orcs carried on boisterously among themselves, and the orc expert swiftly turned to explain to everyone in the channel: "They want these refugees' teeth, which are as good as black water coins in the eyes of the orcs... They've set their sights on this money."

Team Leader 1 had already withdrawn from the front of the team and wasn't far away. He could hear what the orcs were saying just as well with his own ears and now asked, frowningly.

"So, we just give them what they want?"

He wouldn't be oblivious to the information his own team members knew.

At the moment, he was merely using the method of questioning a team member as a way to have a team member's mouth explain the reasons to the other two squads, which might not be familiar with the orcs.

"They won't give up on something they've set their eyes on. The Fu Yue Clan can indeed communicate, but it's usually by forceful trade."

Team Leader 2 interjected, "So, you're saying we only have two options?"

Fight, or sell teeth?

"After all, it's the refugees' teeth, better not to stir up trouble when it can be avoided. Our orders were simply to bring them back alive," Harold's voice once again rose in the channel.

Team Leader 1 glanced at him one more time but remained silent.

Oftentimes, things that he felt were inappropriate to say could be voiced by his subordinates.

What he needed to do was to rebuke his subordinates when they said something not quite right.

"They have more people than us, and if we fight, there's no guarantee we'll come out on top. Besides, these refugees might scatter and flee or suffer heavy casualties, so it's indeed better not to provoke a head-on conflict," a member of Squad 2 also whispered in agreement.

After all, they only wanted teeth, not lives.

Not to mention they wanted the teeth of the refugees.

Refugees... those in the know, understand.

"Indeed..."

"We're also protecting them."

Seeing this proposal gain the agreement of many soldiers, Team Leader 1 slowly asked everyone in the voice channel: "What do you think?"

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

"No objections."

The voices in the channel were almost unanimously in favor.

"Alright, then it's decided," Team Leader 1 declared decisively.

The orc expert then turned around and shouted: "Hey! Lads, our chief has agreed to your trade demand."

The leading orc, upon hearing this decision, immediately revealed a ferocious smile on his green-faced and fanged visage, but it was fleeting.

"Who agreed?" Tiger was originally discussing the pros and cons with his teammates.

But he quickly realized that this decision seemed to bypass their squad altogether. The minority was falling in with the majority, and the other two squads had made the decision for everyone.

Tiger glanced at Bai E, who had a dark and unsettling countenance, and almost instinctively blurted out without thinking.

"..."

All the people and orcs turned to look at Tiger who had spoken out.

Without waiting for the humans to decide among themselves, the impatient orc's voice rang out impatiently, "You humans are such a hassle, choosing a leader based on words instead of fists. After the choice is made, half listen and half don't. If you ask me, there should be a fight to choose a leader, and then everyone would listen to the winner."

Saying this, the orc leader raised the huge handgun in his hand and violently pulled the trigger towards the direction of the orc expert.

"Boom!"

The piercing detonation echoed for a long time under the sky, startling the orc expert who reflexively ducked his head, only to realize that the bullet had not hit him.

For a moment, the orc expert was both shocked and angry, his eyes filled with rage as he looked at the orc, "What do you mean by this!"

Chapter 227 Fungal Biology

...

The beastman leader holding a pistol burst into exaggerated laughter, "You humans can't decide things, so we'll decide for you."

"Boys! waaaaaaaaaagh!"

"waaaaaaaaagh!"

The beastmen rushed forward like a bunch of reckless brutes without brains or plans, a moment ago they seemed like they were about to trade, but in the next, they had already grabbed their machetes and charged.

Shouting "waaaaaagh," they surged forward as if inspired by the power of gods, their movements swift and coordinated.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

The pistols in the beastmen's hands, almost as big as human machine guns, roared wildly first.

Fired into the air...

Whether accurate or not, they were simply loud.

This was the beastmen's combat aesthetic.

Big is good, loud is strong!

"waaaaagh!"

Even the beastmen's pet dogs charged forward with "huffing and puffing" in the frenetic warlike atmosphere, their tiny frames bursting with bloodthirsty madness.

The beastmen's sudden eruption wasn't beyond the expectations of the human soldiers here, who were all elite special forces members.

They might not perform well against demons that are skilled at manipulating the mind, but when it comes to real gunfire and battle, they've never been afraid of any opponent.

Almost the moment the leader shouted, some soldiers had already realized that things might change and raised their riot shields to rush towards the rear of the squad.

Uncertain of a fight, they had prevented sudden attacks from other directions, and all soldiers, except for the scouts, hung close to the flanks.

Now, certain of battle, the human soldiers' footsteps were equally as swift as the wind.

"We'll settle with you after the fight!"

The soldier named Harold, holding a thick black blast shield, rushed to the front line at the rear first.

Called out by the leader, Ying and others ignored him and, pulling out their chainswords, also stepped forward like charging soldiers towards the beastmen.

The beastmen's long-range combat capabilities were not strong; the fearsome-looking firearms in their hands were basically inaccurate, and most beastmen carried pistols just to fire them and hear the noise, then they'd use the guns to smash when up close.

Only a small part of them liked to snipe with guns, and these beastmen were called by humans "sneaky shooters."

However, with their formidable physical enhancements, these beastmen's close-quarters combat capabilities were far superior to those of ordinary human soldiers.

Da Shan and You also sprang into action, their speed even faster than Ying's.

Facing the beastmen, there was no tactic to speak of.

This wasn't a formal military-scale battle.

No artillery support from a distance, no heavy firepower to lock down the area.

Just a straightforward close-range encounter, get it done and that's it.

"Click~"

The sound of the safety being released rang by Song Ying's ear as his machine gun aimed at the charging crowd of beastmen.

"Ratatatatata!"

Gunshots erupted from all different directions at almost the same time, and the sudden assault of the beastmen undoubtedly sent the ordinary refugees into a state of mental shutdown, with the humans' gunfire startling those at the back of the squad immediately.

The leader of Squad 1 held a big black sword and coldly called out to Ying from afar, "Keep your people in order; don't let them run amok!"

It wasn't any special care.

Squads 1 and 2 were older, not in words alone. Their average individual combat power was stronger than Ying and his team; at this time, they were just doing what everyone was supposed to do.

Fleeing refugees were more troublesome than these beastmen.

"Yes!"

"You, Da Shan, you two go maintain order, get them moving forward," Ying ordered those who had already charged halfway, their faces reluctantly turning around. On the battlefield, military orders were paramount.

"Click~"

Bai E also released the safety on his machine gun, angrily joining the fray.

The flames at the muzzle were clearly visible even in daylight, and a torrent of metal stormed into the bodies of the beastmen charging from different directions.

A hard swallow!

Yet these creatures' reactions to being shot were more exaggerated than those of insects.

Insects rely on their natural chitinous shells to defend against bullets; without the protection of their shells, bullets easily penetrate and cause severe injuries.

After all, insects have a variety of important organs inside their bodies, such as nerves for transmission and organs for digestion and respiration. But the beastmen are different.

These creatures are essentially plants, spores.

They don't even need to eat, but they don't abstain from food altogether.

Eating is an enjoyment, a luxury for them, but essentially, they are still plants that live well through photosynthesis.

There are none of the vital parts that make up normal sentient beings in their bodies – no heart, no intestines, no organs or immune systems. Instead, they have just a stomach cavity filled with fungal soup. That fungal soup can fulfill all the functions of all organs in a normal living being, like... all-around stem cells?

This meant that these creatures didn't have the numerous weak points of a normal body.

Even their heads... the head is certainly important, they don't need society, they don't need education. Every beastman that crawls out of the ground can directly access enough knowledge to fight and wage wars from the shared memories in their brain that coexist with the fungi.

But even if their heads were chopped off, they wouldn't die.

The fallen heads could be grafted onto another beastman's body with ease, and before long they'd be bouncing around again.

...

The only way to completely defeat these creatures is to crush every inch of their bodies and then remember... burn them with fire.

If you crush the bodies of these orcs but do not burn them with a great fire, you're merely helping them to farm the land—

Every piece of crushed body tissue, not surprisingly, will grow back into a whole lively orc, or some underdeveloped snotlings, goblins, and squigs.

Only flames can utterly destroy an orc.

Fire is the enemy of all life in the world.

Unfortunately, even the first step of crushing their bodies is extremely difficult.

Orcs charging against bullets visibly try to dodge as best they can, but human fighters' marksmanship is not something orcs can compare with.

The torrential storm of bullets strikes the green bodies, visibly making green blood splatter about, the orcs at the forefront riddled with countless holes; parts of the torn flesh hang on nearby skin, revealing underneath... green bones.

For any normal human, such horrific injuries would undoubtedly mean entering the realm of death.

But these are orcs.

Their body tissues are inherently filled with sponge-like fungal structures, which provide good defensive effectiveness against various external impacts.

More importantly, their bones serve as the core pillar of their bodies. Similar to bird bones, orc bones are very hard, and the interior is filled with a sponge-like fungal matter that can absorb and digest a

large amount of kinetic energy impact so that they can easily withstand super high-intensity collisions and strikes without their bones breaking or deforming.

It may look like their flesh is torn and shattered, but as long as their main support, the bones, isn't massively damaged, they are far from death.

Most importantly, these beings, which purely crave war, have no concept of pain at all, and without vital organs throughout their body, they also do not need the sense of pain to protect themselves.

No feeling of pain, just a frenzied love for battle.

This information all came soon after Bai E's bullets hit their bodies, reflected from the information on the panel—

[??? (Orc) (???): Health 183/210; Defensive Power 14; Action Force 83%; Trait: Fungal Creature...]

"Fuck! They can't be killed!"

Many fighters at the site were facing orcs for the first time. Even though they had understood how troublesome these guys were in the military camp, facing them directly still felt unbelievable.

Fast, strong, not afraid of death, and also hard to kill.

The key thing is, there's also a lot of them.

That's just how unreasonable orcs are.

"We can only sever their limbs and heads! And then burn them with fire!" the voice of the orc expert echoes intensely in everyone's ears.

Like facing insects, these savage creatures may look bulky but are incredibly fast.

Even withstanding the human's bullet storm, they still manage to get close at an extremely fast speed.

In such close-quarter combat, firearms are nowhere near as effective as hacking with a blade.

"Clang!"

The Chainsword in Ying's hand violently collides with a chopping knife held by an orc.

The knife, covered with rust and uneven surfaces, looks like a rusty blade that has corroded for months in a damp place. However, in the hands of an orc, it can clash with a great sword forged from the best steel humans can produce without being at a disadvantage.

In the hands of an orc, the chopping knife looks somewhat small, but in the moment it really approaches and strikes the body, one realizes that these knives are half as long as a person.

Including what seems like ridiculous serrations that become a terrifying decoration capable of easily cutting through skin and flesh.

"Boom!"

Up close, an exaggeratedly shaped pistol in an orc's hand suddenly opens fire.

No! To call it a pistol is an understatement, it's more like a hand cannon.

Upon pulling the trigger, a terrifying flame bursts instantly from the barrel, and a scorching storm of fire engulfs a vast area in an instant.

Including themselves as well as the human fighters they face.

Incendiary shells...

But a miniaturized version for close-quarters combat.

It's a wonder how ammunition designed for tanks got adapted for use in pistols by these creatures.

"Waaaaaagh!" Amidst the orange flames, you can still hear the excited, almost frenzied, screams rise.

"Waaaaaagh!"

"Boom! Ka-chk—" It's not at all surprising that such bizarre weapons jam; however, the next moment, the jammed pistol is ferociously thrown by the orc wielding it.

Towards... the direction of the refugees.

With the strength of an orc, even a well-guarded fighter being struck would spit out blood, let alone those unguarded refugees.

Bai E, reacting in advance, raises his gun and shoots, successfully intercepting the pistol thrown like a pebble mid-air, diverting its path.

"The situation isn't good."

The captain of Team 1, wielding a great sword, faces off against three to five orcs alone while speaking to the others through the headset.

"The two vehicles at the front should come back!"

Mounted on each off-road vehicle is a heavy machine gun which might provide some assistance.

The number of orcs... is just too great.

Bai E narrows his eyes and flicks the Compound Bow; under the sound of the trigger mechanism, the bow unfolds instantly.

He is not going to use a gun anymore.

His teammates have proven that firearms have limited lethality against these creatures, and even with using skills, they probably wouldn't achieve great results.

After all, Gun Fighting Skill also embodies a certain degree of survival ability and isn't quite satisfactory in terms of pure offensive capability.

By comparison, the skill "Powerful Strike," strictly as an offensive output skill, is more lethal.

Chapter 228 Three Arrows Break the Orcs

"Ah!"

As Bai E drew his bow to accumulate power, a warrior already caught in the besiegement let out a painful scream.

The warrior, wounded by a cleaver on his arm, was almost immediately submerged by the surge of cleavers in the next moment.

Slash after slash, cut after cut.

Amidst the flurry of blade shadows, flesh and blood flew in all directions.

Blade edges, serrated teeth, spikes... countless attacks devastated the warrior's body simultaneously, and even the combat suit could not protect the frail human frame from such an onslaught.

Those orcs' attacks followed no rules.

They neither aimed to strike body parts to kill the enemy quickly nor thought about how to allocate their force and devise tactical plans.

Raging battle, chaotic noise—that was what they pursued.

The roar of gunpowder, the enemy's screams... all the messy sounds excited them with a primitive thrill of battle.

The fallen warrior thus suffered even more brutal blows.

Dying under chaotic blades was excruciatingly painful, yet no one could rescue him; each warrior was nearly facing a number of orcs far exceeding their own.

"Waaaaagh!" An orc that chopped off a warrior's head held up the warrior's pain-stricken, unyielding face, examined it in front of him for a moment, then bit into the nose.

After casually chewing a few times, the orc threw away the head; his pet dog Doug excitedly pounced on it, sniffing around the severed head before taking a bite out of the ear.

The orc who turned around chewed vigorously, his facial muscles twisting, and his face and entire body smeared with bloodstains as if they were his medals of honor, gloriously scattered over him.

"Waaaaagh!" Other orcs looked up to this bravest among them and roared in admiration.

"Yuck! Doesn't taste good at all!" The orc, after chewing a few times, spat out the nose in disgust and kicked Doug, who was excitedly tearing at the head.

Thrown in a parabolic arc, Doug flew towards the distance like a rubber ball...

"So boring!"

They yearned for the fiercest of battles, not one-sided slaughters.

Whether it was bullying others single-handedly or being bullied single-handedly, neither held any interest for them.

Only the screams of their enemies might provide a little entertainment, but these were nowhere near as enjoyable as the actual fight they reveled in.

If not for the bounty of teeth, he really wouldn't be interested.

"Ptooy!" So he spat again.

However, the trajectory of Doug, who had been kicked away, didn't get very far.

"Whoosh!"

Bai E completed his power accumulation.

[Activate "Power Strike."]

Accumulate power—Stabilize the wind.

Combo technique—Piercing Wind Breaker!

The arrow shot forth like a leaping fish, and a hurricane arose from the ground.

The air in front of the arrow's trajectory was instantaneously expelled by an unimaginable force, allowing the arrow itself to shoot through a vacuum.

The intense disturbance of air formed a transverse hurricane powerful enough to sweep away everything, drawing towards it any attractable debris near the arrow's path.

Including unclaimed dust, including the bodies of the orcs.

The massed orcs only felt their bodies suddenly drawn by an immense suction, involuntarily aligning along a single straight line.

Before they could realize what was affecting their bodies, a cool sensation pierced through them.

The arrow unimpededly penetrated orcs' bodies aligned nearly in a straight line, and even the orcs' proudly resilient bones could not resist this arrow.

The hurricane followed the arrow, furiously pouring into the trajectory left by the arrow.

The insides of the orcs, already hollowed out by the arrow, were ravaged by the gale force that gushed in, so that even a demon's body at its peak would be shot through from front to back, let alone these ordinary orcs.

The orcs aligned roughly in a straight line did not all get struck in their core body parts, but even an arm pierced through would have its wound and flesh shredded effortlessly by the invading wind.

In the wake of a single arrow, green flesh and blood were carried away by the storm, mingling and grinding into pulp within the wind.

The whole row of orcs was as if hit by the most powerful anti-material sniper rifle, with lost arms and broken legs being relatively minor injuries.

It all happened so quickly that the wounded orcs didn't even feel pain until they disintegrated into nothingness when the arrow reached its maximum range, only then belatedly realizing parts of their bodies were forever gone.

The consequence of massive bodily loss was their belated collapse, not yet dead, but their combat capability vastly reduced.

[Trigger "Piercing Wind Breaker"! Successfully penetrated multiple targets, ranged weapon mastery experience +5.]

[Dealt 80 piercing damage to the target! The target's body severely damaged!]

Seven of them.

He had not killed them outright, but he had relieved some pressure for his comrades for the time being.

Bai E flicked his eyelid and drew another arrow to his bow.

With his current full reserve of action power, he could at most release three more arrows.

These three arrows had to achieve results that could lay the foundation for victory.

Bai E readjusted his stance, looking for an attack path that could penetrate even more enemies with a single arrow.

Spotting an opportunity, Bai E once again struck decisively.

After a brief accumulation of power, the arrow flew out like a dragon!

"Whoosh!"

The fierce storm blew across the battlefield once more, and all the enemies on the attack path were instantaneously drawn together involuntarily.

And then, an arrow through the heart!

"Pffft pffft pffft pffft~"

It was as if piercing through tofu, the bodies of a group of beastmen were instantly penetrated, the residual hurricane following the guidance of the arrow, howling through the wounds, tearing away large chunks of flesh and blood.

This arrow dissipated 500 meters away, in an instant.

The ordinary arrows, enhanced by extraordinary strength, couldn't withstand the attack's own burden and shattered to pieces in the exploding force, just like the objects it struck, vanishing without a trace.

The distance of 500 meters was Bai E's current level 4 range for shooting specialization, plus the bonus from the Extraordinary Talent—Weapon Master, an additional level 1 bonus to effective range control.

As for the bow's own stated range of 800 meters, it was the maximum range supported by the craftsmanship of the bow, not the actual performance level.

[Trigger "Piercing Wind Breaker"! Successfully penetrated multiple targets, long-range weapon mastery experience +5.]

[Inflicted 90 points of piercing damage on the target! The target's structure greatly damaged!]

One arrow, twelve beastmen!

Thanks to the beastmen's lack of planning and tendency to swarm in battle, Bai E was able to find a perfect angle for his shot.

If the first arrow hadn't caught too much attention in the chaos of the battlefield, the second arrow's release almost directly turned the tide of the entire battle.

Originally, the forty or so beastmen had a huge advantage in numbers, but after two arrows, about twenty had been nearly directly halved.

With their numbers drastically reduced, the beastmen's disadvantage without tactics was immediately exposed. Beastmen in equal numbers were never the match for humans—they were the true fanatics of swarm tactics.

The frontline warriors, sensing the sharp drop in the number of opponents, were spirited and had no time for distractions, only subconsciously exclaiming.

"Fuck, who's that fierce!"

"Which brother has this kind of killer move?"

"It's Bai E..."

[Lucky Shot energy charge +11.]

"waaaaaagh!"

The same cry, but Bai E seemed to hear a different emotion in it.

It seemed to be shock, as well as increased excitement.

Far from being demoralized by the horrifying killing power of the previous two arrows, even those beastmen who had half their bodies shot away by Bai E attempted to struggle to get up from the ground and launch an attack once more in their frenzied battle consciousness.

There were no orders, or rather, the meaningless "waaaagh" was the order.

In just an instant, beastmen who discovered that Bai E had fired the two arrows almost simultaneously abandoned their original opponents, who were close at hand, and rushed over, waving the variously shaped cleavers in their hands.

Even three beastmen were holding pistols in their hands, attempting to aim at Bai E.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

Loud noises rang out across the battlefield, but the beastmen's aim was really poor, or perhaps it was their oddly-shaped pistols that were inherently inaccurate.

That they didn't blow up in their hands was a miracle in itself.

Bai E, still moving, simply sought an appropriate angle to shoot his arrow and didn't even make any deliberate misleading dodges—still, the beastmen's black guns couldn't hit accurately.

The bullets fired by the beastmen exploded on the ground behind Bai E, a wave of heat surging over him.

The alarming heat brushed against Bai E's combat suit from behind, his wild hair dancing against the orange-red backdrop, standing his ground, bow drawn and arrow notched.

With deliberate maneuvering to guide the chase, the beastmen who came after him clumsily formed a bloated S-shaped curve.

That was precisely the shooting opportunity he needed.

The leader of the pack, the biggest beastman with the largest cleaver and the biggest pistol, rushed towards Bai E in a frenzy, his facial expressions wildly distorted by beast-like fangs abandoning restraint.

From afar, You and Dash tried to rush to help, the frontline warriors turned their heads trying to block their opponents with large knives, a comrade holding a Blast Shield leaped over trying to protect Bai E in front...

Everything seemed to freeze in a moment.

The third arrow!

Shoot!

The hurricane sweeps, the air currents surge.

The pale aura slowly diffused around the trail blazed by the arrow, nine beastmen missing arms and legs, with shattered chests and abdomens, now staggeringly fell to the ground.

The beastmen leader was directly hit in the abdomen, split in two, becoming a separate top and bottom.

"Plop~"

The upper body fell limply to the ground, yet still flew forward an inch due to inertia.

The upper half of the beastman leader, as if completely unaware of his predicament, crawled frantically on the ground with both hands, shouting "waaaaagh" and still wanting to come over and hack at Bai E.

Nine.

Bai E withdrew his pistol from his waist, silently contemplating.

[Activate "Lucky Shot".]

He rather liked the photosynthesis on the beastman loot panel.

Just wondering whether it would drop anything...

Bai E stepped on the head of the crawling but now unarmed beastman leader, casually unlocking the safety.

"Click~"

"Bang!"

Chapter 229 Photosynthesis

...

A shot rang out, and green fluid exploded - like a green flower blooming on the ground.

The orc's head, too, was made of various fungi symbiotically living with genetic material, forming a mush and sponge-like fungal tissue.

Now blown apart by a single shot, it splattered all over the ground.

[Hit target's vital spot, causing 120 points of critical damage!]

[Target's breathing ceased, basic life signs lost.]

Dead.

Orcs, of course, die.

The tricky part about them is that their corpses and even fur, once touching the ground, can take root and sprout, and just after two rains, a bunch can grow again from the ground.

But for individual orcs themselves, they don't possess the devilish trait of being so difficult to thoroughly kill.

[Loot acquired: Spore Colonies\*2500, Combat Experience 1800 points, Mastery: Combat Specialization Layer+1, not to exceed level 5, Mastery: Heavy Weapon Specialization Layer+1, not to exceed level 5, Mastery: Throwing Specialization Layer+1, not to exceed level 5, Trait: Photosynthesis.]

Bai E's heavy weapon mastery was only at level 1. The +1 level meant keeping the current experience and directly advancing one level, reaching level 2 with 246/500.

Throwing mastery was a new specialization, thus straight up +1.

As for combat mastery, Bai E had already reached level 5, and the new loot bonus couldn't be directly converted into levels, similar to the sideline quest "Shooting" which awarded a light firearms specialization layer +1.

The reward unable to be directly converted into levels was halved and transformed into half of the required experience for leveling up, which amounted to 1750 points of universal experience stored away.

Lastly...

[Detected current character is not orc template, "Trait: Photosynthesis" is incompatible and lurks dormant.]

[Under the interference of external factors, some subtle changes are occurring in your body...]

"Photosynthesis" hadn't fully activated, which was hardly surprising, just like the two bug race traits that had popped up previously—

Without the hardware, even forcibly installed software couldn't function properly.

What Bai E was more concerned about was the last notification that popped up on the panel.

Changes?

Bai E meticulously scanned the light blue panel, finally focusing his gaze on the very bottom—

[Mutation Risk: Medium]

Last time, it had shifted from very low to low, and now... it had become medium?

Mutation?

Just as Helen had said, the latent mutation risk shared by many bioengineered soldiers?

His own body, a hybrid of orc and human genetics, became increasingly at risk of mutation the more he came into contact with orc-related factors.

To become one of those mutated human subspecies.

Neither human nor orc, but a monster that neither side cared for!

Bai E's brow furrowed slightly as he shifted his gaze away from the panel.

The light blue semi-transparent panel didn't interfere with Bai E's actual vision. When his attention moved away from the panel to the reality in front of him, the panel vanished from sight as though it had never existed.

The battle before him wasn't over yet.

There were more than a few orcs who, despite being severely wounded, still wished to land a blow on Bai E.

Looking at the young orc charging furiously toward him, left with only one hand yet still brandishing a chopper, Bai E's eyes flashed as he lifted the war blade machine gun slung over his shoulder, swinging the attached blade toward his opponent.

The hefty war blade machine gun, with its considerable weight and the burst of Overlimit Drive, cleaved through the resistance like a hot knife through butter.

"Pffft!"

A savage orc head flew into the sky, and the body, which bled far less than a human's, stood still, the brain no longer commanding the body, thus losing its target.

[Hit target's vital spot, causing 100 points of slashing damage!]

Not dead yet.

Mere decapitation was not enough to confirm the death of these orcs, and under normal circumstances, it'd be quite difficult to even achieve that.

In regular combat, not only Bai E but also those warrior specialists in heavy weapons would find it challenging to decapitate an orc with ease.

Their skulls, connecting the head to the body, were the hardest part of their anatomy, and since they had only this one vital spot, they would instinctively protect their necks in battle. Bai E had grabbed the opportunity when their physical functions were significantly impaired, to behead an orc with one strike.

"waaaaagh!" A loud shout came from a distance.

An average-sized orc turned tail and fled.

Orcs don't fear death, there is no fear.

However, when faced with an opponent of clearly superior strength, they won't fight to death mindlessly.

The lethality of Bai E's arrows was outrageous, wiping out their main force with just three shots.

If Bai E had killed so many of their brothers in close combat, they might have felt excited and ready for a world-shaking battle.

But facing an untouchable enemy, dying so easily on one side was clearly not fun.

"No need to chase!"

Team leader of Squad 1 spoke up instantly, stopping the human warriors heated by bloodlust.

The orcs, unrestricted by any armor, could run swiftly, making even bullets ineffective against them, so there was no need to waste resources.

Just as the human strategy against orcs had always been, if you can avoid fighting them, then do so, and if they run, there's no need to pursue them to the death, because they truly can't be wiped out.

Engaging them in a bitter fight was sheer folly.

"We... won?" A few warriors stood still, somewhat dazed as they watched the retreating figures of the orcs.

Facing an enemy several times their number, they had braced themselves for a fight to the death.

But they had not anticipated...

Victory?

All of this was due to that special figure.

Bai E... Bai E!

["Lucky Strike" energy charged +7.]

The leader of Squad 1 wasn't absorbed in the past events. Since he mainly directed the squad, he had to remain calm at all times.

...

Despite his appreciation for Bai E, who had displayed extraordinary abilities twice, he wanted to transfer him to his own team.

In this encounter, his team had lost another member...

Putting aside his complex thoughts, he turned to look at the chaotic scene, "Chop them up into pieces!"

The orcs whose bodies had been half destroyed by Bai E's shooting still hadn't lost their ability to move, swinging their cleavers and attempting to counterattack.

However, their mobility was greatly impaired and, being only capable of close combat, they were clearly struggling to inflict any further casualties on the human fighters.

"I'll do the chopping!"

Bai E rushed forward immediately, pushing his teammates aside.

This was a great opportunity to harvest experience; orcs were opponents he had never killed before, and their experience was full, spared from the torment of experience decay.

"No need, no need," said the warriors who were pushed aside, not daring to look Bai E in the eye, and instead continued to gravitate towards the struggling orcs with their knives ready.

The battle might be winnable, but everyone was feeling uncertain. Even if they eventually did win, it was likely to be a pyrrhic victory.

No one had expected Bai E to emerge and defeat the orcs with just three arrows.

How could they let such a fierce War God attend to these aftermath chores?

"Bai E, why don't you take a break?"

Team Leader 1, who had also heaved a sigh of relief internally, turned to Bai E and softly persuaded him.

The cave battle might have involved some trickery with words, but the encounter with the orcs had undoubtedly cemented Bai E's prestige.

Bai E, coming up with a clever solution on the spot, said with a pained expression, "This dispute arose because of our team's protest, and we must take responsibility for it. This is my duty."

"This..."

Such a loyal soldier.

Both Team Leaders 1 and 2 were taken aback, along with their team members, who didn't know whether to continue or to stop.

'He looks very guilty.'

'Should we give him a chance to redeem himself?' The two team leaders silently exchanged glances to share their thoughts.

"We'll help you."

You and Dashan, who had just dealt with the refugees up ahead and were returning, saw the current activity and immediately joined in.

"No problem, leave it all to me," Bai E said, stepping aside nonchalantly, avoiding the motion of an orc who was still reaching out an arm trying to land a blow on him, "You guys are tired too, you need rest. Leave it to me!"

"Leave it all to me!"

"..."

Watching Bai E's serious face, even his teammates fell silent.

Bai E's sense of responsibility seemed more earnest than anyone else's.

He truly viewed all of this as his own mistake to atone for...

["Lucky Strike" charge +9.]

Chop and burn!

The green blood of the orcs wasn't abundant, and its color wasn't jarring, allowing Bai E to chop without any psychological pressure.

He even enjoyed it.

+25

+30

+28

Experience points differed according to the orcs' size, with larger ones generally providing more.

Including those wounded by his teammates, there were a total of thirty-two orcs.

After dousing them with the gasoline carried on the vehicle, Bai E sparked a flame that ignited the pile of pieces.

There were strict requirements for the burning of orc corpses; chopping them up was to ensure the complete incineration of every piece of tissue because leaving even the smallest fragment could lead to a future sea of green...

Watching the flames rise before his eyes, Bai E, who had quietly observed everything, finally breathed a sigh of relief.

830 combat experience points...

The team stopped, not just waiting for Bai E.

The warriors who had just fought a fierce battle also needed to rest. The short but intense combat had drained not only their physical strength but also their will to fight.

Moreover, in the chaotic fight against the orcs, many of them had visible injuries.

"Harold, that looks like a serious wound..."

On his thigh, the wound gaped open for an inch, the flesh turned out, looking ferocious.

The orcs' weapons were covered in oddly shaped spikes, and the rust indicated they possibly carried numerous toxins that could infect the wounds.

Without proper treatment, muscle damage could be a serious consequence.

"Just bandage it up for me," Harold's cheeks trembled slightly, evidently enduring severe pain.

"I can't guarantee I'll do a good job," said one of the special squad warriors, who were generally adept in multiple fields. But specialization was key, and the ones skilled in medical treatment had already fallen in the cave, the unfortunate victims of the War God's attack, "Or maybe..."

The speaking warrior glanced towards the figure facing the flames.

The rumors about him treating the various wounds of the refugees had already spread throughout the team yesterday.

With refugees living outside for long periods, they were afflicted with numerous complex maladies. Being able to handle all of that suggested that this warrior named Bai E had top-notch medical skills as well.

"It's fine, I can make it back to the military camp," said Harold, his face set, unwilling to give in.

"Sit tight."

A shadow suddenly loomed over him, "Stretch out your leg."

Bai E's voice was calm, his gaze fixed on the wound instead of Harold's face, devoid of any prejudice.

"..."

"Hurry up, there are others who need treatment."

"Oh, oh..."

["Lucky Strike" charge +5.]

Chapter 230 Unexpected ruins?

The benefit of being all-around is that you can collect different gratitude from various perspectives.

Unfortunately, the energy gained from converting a person who originally had prejudices and from saving someone who already worshiped you is not the same.

In the eyes of the warriors who already worshiped and respected Bai E, it seemed that Bai E treating their wounds had become a "given."

So much so that the energy provided by all the injured warriors together was about the same as what Harold alone contributed.

["Lucky Strike" Energy Charge +7.]

Not bad, even after using it once, there was still another opportunity to use it.

Looking at the 136/100 energy value and the total of over eight thousand experience reserves, Bai E was content.

Indeed, every outing with a small group presented good performance opportunities for reaping energy, in contrast to large-scale battles where personal accomplishments were extremely limited.

"You should take a rest too."

The leaders of Squad 1 and Squad 2 came together, standing behind Bai E who had just finished treating the last warrior, and softly persuaded him.

For such an all-around and unbelievably strong warrior, they had completely given up any thought of contending with him.

As naturally born humans, they knew more of the unwritten rules within the military camp than the artificial humans—

Perhaps it was hard for artificial humans to climb to the real top layers of the hierarchy, but there were quite a few positions for mid to low-level officers in the military that artificial humans could reach.

It probably wouldn't be long before this newly created artificial human could climb to a higher position than theirs, by which time they would only be looking up and taking orders...

"Hmm," Bai E complied obediently and walked to the side to sit down, without showing the slightest hint of arrogance for his achievements.

In fact, he wasn't tired at all...

The traits of the beastman—the photosynthesis, although dormant, was still somehow effective to a certain extent, just like the previous traits of the Bug Race, it was still vaguely working, just not at full capacity.

Under the warm sunshine in the sky, Bai E could see that his stamina reserves had recovered by more than ten points during this period.

I've become a solar battery...

As skills that require stamina reserves become more and more necessary, the storage of this energy was becoming insufficient.

Just like earlier, a full reserve of stamina only supported him in shooting three arrows. If there had been more beastmen, they might have really been in trouble.

And now, there was another way to recover stamina reserves aside from eating, which was a cause for celebration.

"Where did you get that archery skill?" Big Mountain asked with excitement in his voice.

The teammates gathered around; besides Tiger, the other three hadn't exerted much effort during the short battle and were still full of energy.

"I was taught by that lady of the Elf Race after coming down from the Bug Race battlefield?"

Song Ying couldn't help but exclaim with admiration, "That's amazing..."

His talent was related to shooting, and he envied such shooting-related skills.

Bai E remained silent.

Teach? Sorry.

This kind of instinctive operation, which was directly infused into the body by the panel, didn't have much knowledge to speak of, and if he were to teach, he would probably end up like Yue Ying.

Song Ying, without the player's system, was highly unlikely to learn it.

"They are starting the cars over there..." You timely changed the subject, pointing to the distance.

The beastmen were good people, not only delivering experience and traits but also bringing eight different styles of small cars.

The beastmen fleeing had no time to take care of their vehicles, and compared to their powerful bodies, these battered small cars couldn't block a torrent of bullets. If they wanted to drive away, they might not have been able to escape.

And now, these cars had become resources for humans.

How much water a barrel can hold depends on its shortest stave. The pace of the refugees was slow, mostly because they had to take care of the weakest among them—the old, the weak, the sick, and the disabled.

If cars could transport those groups, the speed of the return journey could undoubtedly be greatly increased.

"Clang clang clang~"

The sound of car engines starting could be heard from afar.

Hearing that sound, Bai E thought of the tractors he had ridden in the countryside when he was young.

The tractor, too, made the same sound after starting the engine with a crank—

"Clang clang clang~"

The increasingly enhanced perception attribute allowed Bai E to see the vibration of the car shell. Riding in it might indeed be even more shaky than in a tractor...

The bodies of the cars, composed of various specifications and colors of parts, were obviously pieced together by the beastmen from who knows how many discarded materials.

That they could still run was a miracle.

The warrior who successfully started the car looked overjoyed, "Seven of them are still usable!"

Carrying so many hefty beastmen in pursuit had exhausted the life of these small cars, and one of them was clearly beyond repair and immobile.

"Drain the fuel..." Squad Leader 1 turned his head and looked towards the group of refugees, "Ask if any of them know how to drive."

Seven cars, but obviously the soldiers couldn't drive.

First, there weren't enough drivers who knew how to drive, and second, they needed to stay on alert around the refugee convoy, which made driving inconvenient.

"Yes!"

A soldier replied briskly and then jogged toward the refugee convoy that had temporarily stopped for a rest.

"Does anyone here know how to drive?"

"I..."

"Me."

Immediately, a sea of hands, some firm and some trembling, were raised.

Before they were expelled from Oasis State Town, they each had their own lives.

In a group of more than four hundred people, finding seven drivers wasn't hard.

Once again, they embarked on their journey, a smooth sail throughout.

Without the urgent mission weighing on their minds from before, there was almost a leisurely appreciation of the scenery as they traveled.

This was the back of the city, far from the Bug Race nests.

In fact, if it weren't for a Bug Race nest near Blackwater City and the territories of two Machine Clans, Blackwater City would have been a paradise.

Not every city's surroundings are this hostile; because of this, elsewhere on the planet, many ordinary people are able to live a relatively comfortable life.

Blackwater City is the guardian of the vast lands that lie beyond it.

They traveled until dusk...

They traveled into the night...

The thunderous engines gradually came to a halt, and the refugees, whose buttocks were numb from the vibration, jumped off the seven cars at the first opportunity.

Orc technology, impact... whether it shocks the heart or not is not very clear, but the buttocks are definitely quite shocked.

Although there were stops along the way, a proper long rest was still necessary.

The place where they stopped was a small patch of city ruins; they took a slight detour to get here, as this was part of the planned route back to the city that had been arranged in advance.

It was foreseeable that the refugees would not be very efficient in their movements, and now, as the cold winds of the winter nights blew, those without much warm clothing might freeze through the night on the open plains and lose who knows how many more.

The ruins, although also devoid of resources, had buildings that hadn't completely collapsed, which could provide some shelter from the wind and rain.

This place must have been just a small town before the apocalypse, with buildings not very tall.

The marks of a past civilization were buried by time, and lush vines had long since covered the ruins, which were at most two or three stories tall.

Some plants stubbornly squeezed through the cracks of the concrete and limestone, and the grey-white cobwebs in the corners of buildings fluttered gently in the wind, their owners having long since disappeared.

Without human interference, everything would gradually return to its natural state over time.

The arrival of humans startled some small lizard-like creatures that scurried away in the shadows.

Some houses' floors had blackened marks where fires had once been lit, these relics of the past in the time of civilization's collapse having sheltered countless refugees with nowhere to go.

Bai E's fingers gently caressed the wall, under the unguarded erosion of the elements, the once indestructible wall crumbled like hardened tofu under a pinch.

An unexpected notification suddenly sounded in his mind—

["Notification: A small-scale 'ruin' discovered. Current exploration progress: 0.1%..."]

"emmmm..."

"Bai E!" Dàshān called from a distance, "Over here! We'll sleep here tonight."

"You sleep first," Bai E waved his hand, feeling the blood in his body start to quicken.

An adventure in the quiet of the night... was the most beautiful fantasy a child had about the world many years ago.

To explore a brand new world and discover "treasures," whether useful or not.

This was one of the main gameplay features promoted by the game officials, favored by many players, including Bai E.

Watching Bai E's silhouette disappear into the darkness, Dàshān muttered absentmindedly, "That guy really doesn't know when to quit..."

You shook his head, "He's always been like this."

"He's always been like what?" Dàshān's eyes lit up, gossip eager, "What 'like that' has he always been?"

Bai E hadn't been on the team long, and most of that time hadn't been spent with his teammates.

The only two opportunities they had to go out on missions, the adversaries they faced were too frightening to imagine, leaving little room for fighting side by side and getting to know each other.

Song Ying calmly laid out his folding blanket, recalling the evening they met for the first time on patrol.

"Curious..." You explained softly.

It was about the attitude of the people coming from Black Street on the night he was born, and the camp departure permit requested during training the next day.

Bai E was always eager to know the outside world.

It had always been so, and it had never changed.

"Don't worry about him."

Now the youngest in terms of time of birth, Bai E was recognized as the strongest in the joint squad by a large margin, the all-around champ, so no need to worry about him.

"Here, take it." Song Ying walked over with his own blanket to two children who wanted to approach but didn't dare to come too close.

He remembered the children's names, one was Kiro Lan and the other was Morphie.

They were about the age of his own child, similarly bright and lively.

"Do you... Do you not need it?" the boy instinctively accepted the blanket, somewhat reluctant to accept the kindness.

"I'm not afraid of the cold," Song Ying said with a stern face, turning to leave.

"Um..."

"..." Song Ying quickened his step.

Walking away...

Kiro Lan withdrew her outstretched hand, a touch of regret on her face.

She wanted to ask what Bai E was up to...

"Sleep!" Song Ying, returning to his teammates, didn't give them a chance to ask and leaned against the wall, falling swiftly into slumber.

To seize every opportunity to rest and quickly recover energy is a skill every special forces soldier must master.

In the cold, silent night, only two pairs of glistening eyes watched in the direction where Bai E had vanished.

"What's the Guardian doing?" Kiro Lan asked curiously.

"We'll know if we go and see," Morphie, more proactive, suggested.

The two of them carefully surveyed their surroundings, and seeing that they weren't the focus of much attention, they tiptoed away cautiously...