

Wow 49

Chapter 49: Is it 95B27 again?

"My opinion?"

Bai E had never considered this aspect; just moments ago, that head nurse had already made a decision about his future without a word.

To become a military nurse?

It seemed like a good choice, as the safety of a military nurse would undoubtedly be much higher than that of a front-line soldier.

If this were right after he had arrived in this world, Bai E would have agreed without a second thought.

But now...

After learning more about this world, Bai E's desire to cling to life had somewhat faded without him noticing.

After all, survival was not guaranteed.

The Bug Race swarmed everywhere, the mechanical army was always ready to deploy, high-dimensional demons infiltrated everything...

Without these soldiers risking their lives, the cities would have long been reduced to ruins.

Even so, they were still precarious, like eggs under a toppled nest.

No matter where one tried to hide, danger could strike at any moment.

As for the words he had told the players before, which were heartfelt and which were lies, even he couldn't tell anymore.

How could one hide from this turbulent era without establishing a world that was safe for generations to come?

Of course, with his current strength, aspiring to create an eternally peaceful world was nothing but a fool's dream, but...

Power, is always the eternal truth.

Even if he wasn't striving for such a noble goal, he needed to gain enough strength to ensure his own safety.

To become a military nurse?

How much experience could one gain from a single battle?

Bai E shook his head and said straightforwardly, "Not interested."

"I guessed you wouldn't be."

Wood grinned, "You're a born soldier."

With that, he gestured and said, "You continue training; I'll deal with her."

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The military district's conference room.

A young officer with a silver stripe on his shoulder tapped the table, concluding this battle planning session, "The operational plan is decided. The day after tomorrow, we will completely eradicate the Bug Race's hive in Black Rock District!"

His gaze swept across the room, pausing briefly on a dark silhouette at the edge, full of youthful vigor.

This was his first large-scale operation since taking over the district, and achieving the strategic goal would greatly increase his chances of succeeding as the city lord.

Even with a father who was a city lord, he had to start from the bottom and work his way up step by step, without giving his detractors any excuse to criticize him.

"Gentlemen, does anyone have anything to add about this battle plan?"

Over thirty officers were present in the room, with all commanders of two stars and above in attendance, most of whom remained silent at this point, observing quietly.

The war against the Bug Race was brutal and straightforward, as those bugs hardly had any tactical sophistication to speak of.

Thus, battle plans were naturally simple and brutal, and the real test of skill came in handling unexpected changes on the battlefield.

The arrangements here were based on broad strategic directions, leaving nothing much to discuss, hence the silence from the crowd.

"Commander Veslin..." A somewhat languid, mocking voice arose from the side of the long table as the burly general tapped his fingers lightly on the surface, "Our armored battalion can surely execute your operational plan, but I can't say the same for some people."

Veslin frowned slightly, "Speak plainly, there's no need for sarcasm."

Hamilton's mouth curled into a sly smile, "Some of the new android soldiers have been directly assigned to special squads for operations. I can't say for sure if they'll let us down."

"New recruits directly in special squads? Is that even a thing?"

Veslin's gaze swept across the room, skimming over the faces of several two-star generals, "Who arranged that?"

The elderly Laurent leaned back comfortably in his chair and calmly replied, "I arranged it."

A flicker of anger crossed Veslin's face. Even though he had started from the absolute bottom, there were still people who were unwilling to follow his leadership, making such decisions without so much as notifying him.

However, out of respect for the senior officer, he refrained from rebuking and instead inquired, "Perhaps you had some deeper considerations?"

The burly Hamilton sneered indifferently, "Consider? What's there to consider? It's nothing but the hope that those artificial humans might one day remember his kindness..."

Another genial, chubby general chuckled as he tried to smooth things over, "Perhaps that recruit has exceptional talent?"

Hamilton snorted derisively, making no effort to conceal his contempt, "Talent..."

What kind of talent could qualify a newly created artificial human to join a special squad composed of veterans?

No matter how you looked at it, this was a personal mistake by Laurent.

The room fell silent.

Everyone knew it was impossible; the chubby general seemed to be smoothing things over but was actually twisting the knife.

All were waiting for a statement from Laurent's faction.

Facing Hamilton's unexpected challenge, the aged Laurent remained silent, and his deep, sea-like eyes betrayed no emotion.

It was Sniper God Carlos, sitting to his right, who seemed inclined to speak up and argue...

"Oh, that's right..."

Noticing Carlos's eagerness, someone with a jovial smile asked, "I heard our Sniper God shared some of his 'No. 3 ration bars' with a new recruit these past few days. Is that true?"

"The new recruit you're talking about, isn't the same one, is it?"

"Indeed, the same one. The code number is... 95B27?"

"Shall we have him perform a bit, to see how exceptional a recruit is, one who has garnered such attention from both our veteran marshal and Sniper God?"

Veslin, standing alone at the end of the long table, furrowed his brow.

95B27? That sounded somewhat familiar.

In a corner, a black robe rustled, and the quiet hood was gently lifted, revealing a hint of intrigued expression.

"Knock, knock, knock!"

In the midst of the hubbub, a knocking sound suddenly rose, and everyone fell silent, turning their gaze toward the door.

This was an important strategic meeting. Even if the content seemed pointless to the attendees, the officer guarding the door would never interrupt at such a time unless it was a matter of great urgency.

"Come in."

Carlos's adjutant opened the door and stood at the entrance to report with a salute, "Reporting, sir. Mr. Andrew urgently needs to see you!"

A deep voice followed immediately behind the adjutant and pushed through the door, "No need, I've come myself. Entu, I'll just ask you one question, are you releasing him or not?"

"???"

With the dean approaching aggressively, Carlos's eyes widened slightly, his face full of bewilderment.

What had happened? Release who? Who had offended the boss?

A forehead full of question marks.

But even in ignorance, facing this medical elder, he had no choice but to appease him, considering the dean and his physician colleagues had saved enough people to wrap twice and a half around the city, esteemed and respected.

"Dean, please, don't be angry. But who are we talking about? Which little rascal has gone after your people?"

"Of course, it's that 95B27!"

Nurse Chief An Lun, who had appeared beside Andrew, spoke vehemently, her chest heaving slightly.

This matter was infuriating.

Normally, recruits were assigned to specific combat units after completing their training—their assigned unit during training was the training troop itself. But when inquiring with instructors from the 358th Troop, she was told the target had already been assigned to the special squad.

Upon finding the special squad and questioning You, a familiar face, she was told it was a superior's arrangement and they were simply following orders to take him in.

Chasing down the source led to Laurent's adjutant, only to be told it was Laurent's arrangement, but he was in a meeting... a wait that turned out to be half an hour.

It was just about transferring a new recruit, which she thought was too trivial a matter not to be granted, for no one would dare deny their medical department's face.

But... it was a runaround! Was someone actually daring to mess with their medical department?

An Lun, convinced of this, directly informed the dean, who was a straightforward person, leading to the current scene.

"Again, 95B27?"

"So, the rookie favored by his own has also crossed Mr. Andrew? The old marshal is in trouble now~"