

Wow 50

Chapter 50: Contest

Hearing it was about 95B27, Sniper God Carlos seemed somewhat tense and was the first to ask, "May I know what you need him for, Director?"

As for the others, if he offended them, so be it, Carlos didn't care.

However, this was the Director; in these times, who can guarantee they won't get injured?

Even though the Director had never shown a vengeful demeanor in this regard, no one wanted to test that unknown limit.

The elderly man with white hair and a strong voice resonated in the conference room like a large bell.

"What for? Of course, I want him to follow me and learn! I don't know why you have sent such a naturally gifted medical talent to the battlefield?"

Everyone says those close-combat recruits are cannon fodder, but without any alternatives, who would willingly fill the city walls with their lives?

While he couldn't interfere with the grand strategic situation, his very job was to do his best to save every life.

He had been diligently serving for more than fifty years, without a hint of negligence.

The old man's words left more than half of the generals present with their brains in shutdown mode.

Naturally gifted in medicine?

Such a precedent had never been set in the military camp, and even if he truly had such talent, how could a soldier find the time to demonstrate medical system talent amidst busy training schedules?

Isn't that a bit ridiculous? Mistaken identity?

Or... did Head Nurse An Lun have ulterior motives?

She was the one who got emotional just now... an old maid...

Some generals glanced over at the head nurse standing behind the old man, entertaining indecent thoughts unrelated to them.

Among the three-star generals, a silent, dark-faced man listened for a while before he recalled the origin of the number 95B27.

"Isn't this the recruit Rose mentioned?"

He was neutral, or more precisely, a pragmatist.

If there were capable artificial soldiers, he would admire and reuse them; if all were mediocrities... dead is dead.

As the boss of the cannon fodder camp and accustomed to sacrifice, his attitude towards artificial soldiers wasn't so complex.

However, among this batch of artificial soldier recruits was a Rose...

And Rose had once made a request to him...

In the midst of a room filled with secretive whispering and a peculiar atmosphere, Dewa stood up, his gaze fixed on the old man, unflinching, "I'm not sure if the Director is mistaken, but even if it's true, there is an order of precedence to consider. The application to transfer 95B27 to our assault camp was submitted this morning. If you really need him, you'll have to ask if I agree."

When it comes to talent, everyone is eager.

Each recruit with exceptional close-combat talent is exceedingly precious.

Close-combat cannon fodder is just that, but an elite in close combat is on a whole different level and can't be compared.

Whether the front lines will hold or collapse, the assault camp has the final say.

Artificial soldier fighters indeed fearlessly brave death, but they are also human, subject to morale fluctuations.

The morale boost that a strong and charismatic elite fighter can bring is unimaginable, often more impactful than the individual combat strength, as can be seen from Rose's training squad.

Because of Rose's presence, the training effectiveness of her squad was much higher than that of other squads.

According to her, this new recruit numbered 95B27 was even more formidable than her, and her instructor had confirmed her claims to be true.

He usually kept silent about the fact that all camps chose their elites from the assault camp, precisely to secure some bargaining power when vying for key personnel.

It couldn't possibly be said that their assault camp was treated like a stepchild, could it?

When the honest man spoke up, the room instantly quieted down.

The dean didn't care about these issues, he only sincerely asked, "So do you agree?"

"I do not agree!"

"Entu, what do you say?"

Weslin looked at the two sides arguing, feeling a bit troubled.

The dean was the core of the city's medical system, but the Assault Camp had always been at a disadvantage; it couldn't always be bullied.

As victory and defeat seemed to demand a conclusive judgement between the two sides, Carlos could no longer sit still.

"I think, perhaps everyone has misunderstood something?"

In an instant, the dean and Dewa's gazes turned towards him, as scorching as the midday sun.

"His registered talent is in shooting, which is clear-cut. I don't know why you are all arguing here."

Nurse-in-Charge An Lun started to panic, "But his talent isn't on the battlefield! You shouldn't waste his abilities!"

Carlos gave a cold laugh, thinking, How could you possibly know his talents when I don't?

"95B27 has shown exceptional results in various shooting trainings, a born shooter. I am counting on him to take over my position! If he had no talent, would I not be able to find someone who does?"

Dewa snorted contemptuously, "There are so many recruits who pass shooting training each year; you're telling me there isn't a single one you approve of? To speak of talent, Miss Yueying should be the most aware—out of 2000 new recruits, only 95B27 lasted more than 5 seconds under her hand. I think it's very likely his talent was registered incorrectly..."

For a moment, all eyes were once again directed to the silent figure in a black cloak in the corner.

This partner from the Elf Race hadn't made a sound, but no one would ignore her presence.

After all, the image was still vivid in everyone's mind from the day of their first encounter, when this Elf lady alone with a blade had fought her way through the tangle of brainless orcs. There likely wasn't a single human in the entire city who could take her on in a head-to-head fight.

"..."

Yueying never expected the topic to pivot to her. After a long pause, she finally nodded somewhat stiffly, "Indeed."

"But his medical talent is even better!" An Lun's eyes bulged, displaying her loss of composure for the first time.

"Haha." Dewa sneered. Miss Yueying had already proven it, what was there left to argue?

"You don't know anything about his shooting talent!" Carlos was also frustrated to the point of despair, unable to share what only he knew; it was agony.

No, that's not right—the old captain must know.

He was the one who picked the man out; he certainly must know better than Carlos himself.

Carlos suddenly turned his desperate gaze to Laurent.

Won't you please say something?

Laurent, who had been sitting quietly, stirred with a soft, "Ah," as if just awakened from a deep dream, and realizing that everyone's gaze was subtly fixed on him, began to speak softly.

"I think everyone might have forgotten something—the full name of the special forces unit is the Emergency Situational Response Special Combat Team..."

In other words... he can learn it all.

Where he is doesn't affect what 95B27 can do.

"As for which area he prefers to develop in... personal preference is also a kind of unique talent."

A compromise, of sorts.

No one was satisfied with this outcome, but no one was dissatisfied either; it was better than being completely poached by someone else.

"Alright, alright."

Seeing that everyone's expression had eased somewhat, Weslin finally intervened, "That settles it then, he's just a recruit, no need for everyone to get so heated. Compared to this, the clearing operation the day after tomorrow is far more important. I hope everyone prepares well, and let's take it down in one go!"