

Wow 51

Chapter 51: Arc Strike!

Bai E didn't know about the small debate that had just occurred, which determined his own fate. After all, Wood had returned with a relaxed smile.

He just felt a bit strange.

What were the players doing?

Ever since the task of driving off the wolf pack had been completed, it had been a long time since he received any feedback from the tasks.

You're not even doing tasks, where are you?

Could it be that you've gone offline?

It's already night! If you don't do tasks now, it'll be dawn soon!

By the campfire, Bai E was maintaining the firearms for the soldiers, his eyes staring blankly into space.

"You're here?"

A gentle female voice sounded in his ear, completely different from You's timbre, making Bai E look up at the speaker.

"..."

He had some impression of her, but not much.

With a hint of confusion on his face, Bai E asked, "You are...?"

"Mashati, thank you for helping me during the day."

"Oh~"

Bai E remembered now, the little girl who had cried from the fright of her bleeding wound.

"What's up?"

"Nothing, it's just..."

Mashati did not answer directly, but instead reached behind herself to smooth out her skirt before squatting down. "I think you're very skilled... was this afternoon your first time practicing?"

"Sort of..."

"Have you ever considered becoming a healer? I saw this afternoon that you seemed quite distressed by the injured soldiers..." Amber eyes focused on Bai E's profile, Mashati blinked, waiting for Bai E's reply.

Everyone was amazed at Bai E's skill, but on the sidelines, she saw Bai E's compassion.

Witnessing those terrifying wounds in the afternoon, the light in Bai E's eyes was not fear... but deep pity.

How could such a person not be a healer?

Regarding An Lun's head nurse's orders to probe him, she was full of confusion; such a person was destined to save all and soothe pain, so what was there to test?

"If you could join us..."

"I won't."

Bai E's voice sounded coldly, cutting off the girl's fantasy. He didn't even have any unnecessary movements while he was maintaining the firearms.

"Ah?"

Mashati didn't hear clearly.

"I will not join you."

Bai E repeated.

Studying medicine won't save the world, let alone have time to save others when he could barely take care of himself.

The war was drawing closer, and the atmosphere in the military camp visibly tensed up; everyone was preparing, and within Bai E's heart, it was as if heavy drums were beating... increasingly dense.

Nervous? Of course he was nervous.

Having grown up, he had never even experienced a street fight; the only time he got close to excitement was one afternoon when he was seven, he had cried for two whole hours after being robbed of 50 cents, which had scared him terribly.

And now he was about to step into a life-or-death battlefield to fight against foreign races? Who would have thought fate could be so cruel?

"..."

Bai E's cold rejection shattered Mashati's beautiful illusion, "Don't you want to save everyone?"

"I don't have time..."

"Oh..." Mashati fell silent.

Bai E busied himself with his own tasks, not caring in the slightest.

These past few days, he had met more people than he could count; the disappointment of one or two of them didn't matter.

[You have completed a maintenance session, "Firearm Maintenance and Care" experience +2.]

["Lucky Strike" charge +1]

"Thanks, buddy!" The soldier waiting on the side took his rifle back, greeting with a cheery smile.

"Come by more often."

After finishing the task at hand, Bai E turned to look at Mashati.

The little girl's willfulness and temper were welcomed...

"..."

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

The girl's face was full of smiles, puzzled by Bai E's gaze.

"Aren't you disappointed?"

"Why are you disappointed?" the girl asked curiously, sizing up the warriors coming and going around her. "You're also someone who likes to help others, aren't you? Since you chose not to join us, you must have something you think is more important, right?"

"..."

If you're going to compliment me like that, then I've got nothing to argue about.

Bai E had a grim expression on his face and remained silent.

"Brother, help me check my spear."

"No problem."

Bai E took the newcomer warrior's black spear and sat down, while the girl prattled on about her experiences by herself.

"However, for me, studying medicine is the most important thing. My brother has always been in poor health, and I've been taking care of him since we were children, but recently..."

...

"Tap~ Tap~"

The sewers were pitch-dark, the stagnant surface of the wastewater reflecting a dim, distant glow.

The steel soles of shoes struck the pipes, echoing far into the distance.

In a corner, a figure huddled in a tangle of scorched yellow fabric gently lifted its head, a faint light crossing the small, bright eyes, "They're here again..."

...

"My lord, we'll scout ahead for you!"

Pu Jie's voice sounded pleasing as he tugged Kuang Xin and the other two to lead the way.

Dai Lian glanced cautiously at the two figures behind him—one robust and the other slender—and whispered, "Are these the ones from Arbitration Place you mentioned?"

"Should be. They are said to be the main force against evil powers in the city, where only the strongest and most talented can join. Hanging out with them is definitely a good move!"

"But it looks to me... they don't seem very reliable," Kuang Xin voiced his opinion.

Looking at the naive-looking strong man and the ladylike partner behind... Not to mention anything else, they were far inferior in terms of aura compared to their boss.

If the city relies on people of such caliber for protection, its future indeed looks bleak.

However, the daily tasks issued by their own boss no longer required them to busy themselves for an entire day, so it was excellent to have free time for a side job.

"Shush!"

Pu Jie desperately gestured with his eyes; this was no longer the game where NPCs acted like fools.

One had to be careful with words in front of them because these past couple of days, many players had to remake their characters after offending NPCs with their words.

"I know, I know..." Kuang Xin waved his hand dismissively.

Anyway, it wasn't his own boss, so he truly wasn't afraid.

In the quiet passage, only footsteps could be heard. The ten meters between them could not prevent the transmission of sound, listening to the rustling sounds from those scouting ahead, Franca curled her lips slightly, "Aren't they afraid of us?"

The strong man was silent for a moment before he analyzed rationally, "No demon presence detected, the possibility of soul contamination is excluded..."

"..."

"Are you suggesting they have another purpose?"

A flash of crimson blood light swept through his eyes, a fleeting murderous intent.

"Stop stop stop!"

Franca quickly called out, "That's not what I meant... I just found them interesting..."

Glancing at the strong man's puzzled face, Franca relaxed completely, "Forget it... I think they're unrelated to this matter, so why should we bring them along?"

The strong man kept a stern face and spat out two words, "Reward."

Franca cocked her head, "Why should we reward them?"

"To dispel fear and provide benefits. Those evildoers often come from the common folk, deeply rooted and intricately intertwined, protecting each other, making it hard for us to detect them," the strong man articulated deliberately, like reciting a textbook, "Plus, those who destroy evil are often equated with evil themselves, we need to give them a friendly image to facilitate our operations.

Friendship and interests can pierce through the lies of the heart. Heh~"

Seeing the scout looking back, the strong man revealed a simple smile.

"I think you're better off not smiling..."

The strong man ignored the girl's teasing altogether, emphasizing the focus of this operation, "Based on the sample bodies collected by the scouts, the target is not very formidable, so I will give you room to play. If possible, you should try to take down the target alone!"

As he spat out the last two words, a killing intent filled the strong man's mouth and teeth.

"Hiss!"

"Bang!"

A gunshot echoed far through the quiet pipes.

Franca could feel the hot air that whisked past the tips of her golden hair.

The bullet grazed past her cheek and hit the plague rat that had leapt out of the air behind her.

An arc gun?

The strong man's eyes narrowed slightly.

This time's scouts seemed to be on to something.

He had intended to test Franca, but her vigilance was too poor. He had been ready to intervene, but the scouts in front had preempted him.

Such precise shooting with an arc gun... what's the story behind this time's scouts?