

Wow 61

Chapter 61: Battle ready!

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Nearing the tent area where they lived, the two split up and went their separate ways.

Guns and battle knives were left at the training grounds; Rose needed to take people to retrieve them.

Although Bai E and Rose were quick to react and fast on their feet, many new soldiers who were sharp-witted had already followed them to get their weapons.

Bai E was different; as a member of the special forces, his weapon and equipment had been issued directly to him, all kept inside his resting tent.

According to some rumors, many objects had their own spirits, colloquially known as "machine spirits." Cultivating a relationship with one's own gear was certainly the right choice. Furthermore, due to individual usage habits, other than new recruits, old soldiers with assignments would always carry their equipment with them, treating it as personal property.

Bursting into a quiet living area, Bai E didn't stop his pace, quickly scanning the shadows of each tent with his eyes.

The Bug Race, though it was unclear where they came from, would certainly first be attracted by the scent of human flesh, their absolute instinct being a thirst to absorb all biomass.

During training, the living area was usually deserted, so the likelihood of encountering bugs was low, but caution was still necessary.

Suppressing the secretion of hormones in his body, Bai E's heartbeat increased due to running, but his brain didn't go blank from the fight-or-flight response, nor did his eyes narrow from stress.

What he once thought was a poor lottery draw, now seemed quite useful.

No!

No!

There were no bugs!

When Bai E lifted the tent flap and sat on his bed, he finally took a deep breath.

He was lucky; he hadn't encountered any bugs along the way.

As he dressed in his combat suit, Bai E brought up his panel; he needed to have a clearer overview of his current abilities—

[Name]: Bai E

[Race]: Human

[Template]: Gene Modification Prototype

[Health]: 105/105

[Identity]: Leader (Li Ming)

[Physique]: 13.2/15

[Insight]: 10.9/15

[Reflex]: 11/15

[Mystery]: 8/∞

[Genetic Optimization](Current trend: Beastkin): 0.1/100

[Skills]: Lucky Strike (Current charge: 83/100)

Stealth (8/100)

Craftsmanship(74/100)

[Trait]: Emotional Dullness, Battle Instinct, Well-Trained

[Expertise]: Rapid Recovery (Locked), Self-Restraint

[Mastery](Potential Points *5): Light Firearms Specialization (119/2000) (Level 4)

Heavy Weapon Specialization (231/300) (Level 1)

[Spiritual Energy]: Unmastered

[Knowledge](Tech Points *3): Firearms Maintenance (89/300) (Level 1)

Lumbering (17/300) (Level 1)

Thievery (2/100)

Trapping(31/100)

First Aid (Bandaging) (24/300) (Level 1)

Dissection (30/100)

[Technology]: None

[General Experience]: 499 points

[Combat Experience]: 497 points

[Mutation Risk]: Extremely Low

[Faction]: Li Ming (Reputation Level 1)

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The myriad abilities were diverse, but most were not yet fully developed; the most useful for the current situation were likely to be the shooting and heavy weapons specializations.

One had already reached level 4, not only providing special attribute bonuses but also just 4 points away from activating a unique skill tree.

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One was also close to reaching Level 2 specialization, just 69 experience points short. Practicing to break through in battle was an excellent choice.

Shooting was somewhat safer, but there was the fear that those insect creatures, agile as they were, might burrow into the crowds. Blind shooting could end up injuring teammates first.

Bai E trusted his own marksmanship, but it was possible that teammates could walk into the line of fire. The possibility of close combat couldn't be discarded.

Survive?

Of course, Bai E wanted to survive.

But in this world, just trying to scrape by was clearly not enough. Without working hard at every possible opportunity to improve one's strength, the end result would only be a total defeat.

In fact, faced with insect creatures that had suddenly invaded his world at close range, Bai E's state of mind to date was a complex mix of confusion and excitement.

The confusion was naturally fear, unfamiliarity, unknown; excitement...being able to kill the Bug Race with his own hands and fully step into this mad, desperate world, how could he not be excited?

Bai E could feel his body getting excited, he deliberately indulged a little, his muscles trembled slightly...

"Ziii~"

The zipper closed, the pitch-black combat suit wrapped around every inch of Bai E's skin, the buckle on his back locked the combat knife in place, a pistol was stuffed into the leather buckle on either side of

his waist, and the alloy dagger was inserted into the slot on the side of his combat boots, ready to strike at any moment.

"Click!"

The bullet was chambered, the assault rifle mode set to burst fire...

The curtains fluttered open, and steel combat boots stepped out.

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"Quick! Retreat! Retreat! Fire blockade! Hold them back!"

The new recruits retreated en masse from the auditorium to retrieve weapons and equipment, and the chasing insects that had caught the scent of flesh followed suit.

They were born carnivores, indifferent to all cold steel except for biomatter.

The combat suits and combat knives were placed nearby, but it took time to don the combat suits. The soldiers who got their hands on guns first provided covering fire under the command of prestigious recruits from each training unit.

Even if some soldiers were quicker and had already put on their combat suits, they wouldn't rush forward to engage in close combat with the Bug Race.

Without the pressure of an active attack and the enemy lacking long-range attacks, there was no need to start bayoneting the Bug Race from the get-go.

Once entangled in close combat, humanity's range advantage would vanish.

Using firearms to significantly reduce the number of the attacking Bug Race wave was the optimal choice.

Close combat would only become necessary when they closed in to a certain distance, out of sheer necessity.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

The rifles in semi-automatic mode fired around, the not-so-dense sheet of bullets struggled to make a mark on the naturally armored exoskeleton of every Bug creature.

Only occasionally when a shot hit a vulnerable spot not covered by armor could a small spray of green bodily fluid be seen.

More often, it was the defensive but slow-moving worker subspecies of the Bug Race that took the brunt of the fire.

Indeed, the Bugs were numerous, but hitting specific parts to do effective damage was not easy.

The clash between the rate of advancement of the Bugs and the killing efficiency of firearms determined whether the defensive line could be held.

Clearly, the slow rate of fire could not stop the Bug Race's advancing lines.

If one looked down from the sky, they would see countless green dots converging from all directions, pressing toward the little black dots in the center.

The rustling of soldiers donning their combat suits mingled with the occasional anxious curses.

Rose gripped her combat knife tightly, her gaze frequently swept between the increasingly pressing front lines and her fellow shooters.

The semi-automatic mode was too slow! It couldn't create effective suppression.

As for the burst fire mode...

The basic requirement for new recruits equipped with the Type 77 assault rifles to use burst fire mode was a physical strength of 12 points.

Recruits with firearm talents typically had attributes leaning towards insight or reflex, starting with a mere 10 points in physical strength—three days of training couldn't possibly raise it by a full 2 points.

Using burst fire mode without sufficient physical strength meant within a few seconds, the muscles in the arms would be unable to control the trajectory due to intense vibration and recoil—ineffectual suppressive fire with uncontrolled spraying was as good as none.

As for those recruits who started with 11 points in physical strength and had rapidly improved during these three days... firstly, they were few in number, and secondly, none of them had firearm talents nor had they undergone related training in these three days, resulting in terrible accuracy.

Letting them fire a machine gun was just going through the motions...

Close combat... it might come very quickly.

However, in the chaos, the progress of everyone donning their combat suits was also slow. There weren't enough melee fighters ready at the front line in time to form a solid enough defensive line at close quarters.

If only they could drag it out a bit longer...

Rose clenched her teeth tightly, her face anxious.