

Wow 64

Chapter 64: It's hard for me to say

The soldier's sleeve was torn open, revealing a bloodied and mangled upper arm beneath.

Even combat suits couldn't fully defend against all attacks from the lower ranks of the Bug Race, the reinforced material in the chest and shoes could withstand most of the ordinary bugs' bites and claw strikes. However, for ease of movement and due to resource limitations, it wasn't possible to use highly durable and tough materials for the sleeves and trousers.

Torn easily by the bugs, even more fatal... were the acid glands and toxin sacs on the weapons of the wasp insects.

The descriptions in the data sheets were very clear, even the lowest rank of the wasp insects' symbiotic weapons could cause fatal damage to human soldiers, and quickly at that.

Even a mere scratch would allow the toxin to seep into the bloodstream through bodily fluids and then spread throughout the body; if not treated promptly, it could easily claim the life of a soldier.

Of course, it was a stroke of misfortune amongst misfortune that he was not bitten to death on the spot but could still be rescued by his comrades.

But when faced with the calls for help from the soldier cradling the injured, the group of rookie shooters exchanged glances, at a loss.

A nurse among the recruits... that was rare indeed.

"I'm from the medical corps... I'll do it!"

A soldier who had been hiding at the back of the crowd stuck his head out; he had also grabbed the emergency medical kit when everyone was arming themselves.

"Our head nurse has taught us... she taught us... how to deal with this kind of external injury..."

The male rookie nurse muttered to himself, his hands and feet a bit flustered as he opened the first aid kit, intending to provide aid.

...

Even under Bai E's influence, the soldiers' combat morale seemed high, but the will of ordinary people couldn't change the facts.

In close quarters combat with the bugs, danger was ever-present.

"If we can't resolve the battle quickly, even a common scratch could take the lives of many recruits."

Facing the savage toxins of the bugs, human bodies were still too fragile.

In confrontations with these lowly Bug Race infantry, the number of soldiers directly bitten to death was actually the minority; more often, it was those who didn't receive timely treatment and succumbed to the poison that accounted for most casualties.

The chaotic battlefield conditions for rescue were one thing, but often under the intense influence of adrenaline, soldiers wouldn't even feel minor scratches.

By the time it was noticed, it was already too late.

"I wonder how many will die..."

Some officers were full of concern.

Using live bugs for recruit combat training was rare, the first time in nearly a year, after all, live bugs were not so easy to capture.

And each time after live combat training, the results weren't particularly pretty to look at.

"Sssshh—"

The side door of the base vehicle suddenly slid open, and an old man with white hair and beard appeared before the gathered officers, chuckling cheerfully.

"Everyone's here? I said let's have intensive training, what's the need to drag this old man along? Hm... what's this?"

"..."

Upon seeing the numerous surveillance screens, the old man's expression changed abruptly, "Our camp is under attack?"

Only then did he realize, "It's another live combat training..."

Weslin chuckled, "Losing a few recruits but in exchange for a surge in the combat effectiveness of the survivors, that should be a gain."

Controlled live combat was a means to let soldiers quickly acclimate to the battlefield, certainly better than training them on the battlefield itself.

Most importantly, tomorrow's mission aimed at a complete decapitation strike, allowing no mistakes.

The old dean said nothing, only casting his gaze over the numerous surveillance screens, finally locking onto the most prominent large screen showing the first soldier receiving treatment, the focus of everyone's attention.

"Dean, take a look at this nurse from your medical team..."

"Foolishness!"

With an explosive shout, the old dean glared angrily, "How can you treat someone like that? This is harming them, not helping!"

"..."

Silence fell inside the vehicle.

It's bad, more are going to die.

"Let me do it."

Bai E watched from a distance for a while, he hadn't planned to intervene initially.

If these rookie nurses could handle it, he had no interest in saving people; just a moment ago, he'd enjoyed a lively one-man battle that turned the tables, all of which offered more combat experience than the occasional sniping and finishing moves now.

But the rookie nurse was not skilled enough and clearly couldn't handle the situation; unable to bear seeing his comrades in distress, he had no choice but to rush over.

"Oh, okay!"

The rookie nurse breathed a sigh of relief. Having a master to guide him through practice was one thing, but being asked to do it on his own was like a headless fly not knowing where to start.

"Treating this kind of wound with toxins can't be done like you were doing..."

[You are attempting to perform emergency first aid...]

As Bai E worked, he explained his thought process.

After plucking the wool from the players, he wondered if he could pluck it from other NPCs as well.

However, it was clear the system didn't acknowledge his teaching, as there was no response at all.

...

[You have completed emergency first aid, the patient's injuries have been stabilized, emergency first aid experience +6.]

"Do you understand?"

"Understood."

["Lucky Strike" charge +4.]

Several admiring voices chimed in from behind, and as Bai E turned around, he saw several gazes of reverence fixed firmly on him.

The rookie nurses were not skilled in their craft, and having a "senior" who seemed very reliable give on-site teaching had almost moved them to tears.

"Medic! Medic! Help, please!"

From a distance, the warriors' roars could be heard intermittently.

"Coming! Coming!"

The rookie nurses who had received the "true transmission" dispersed and began to save lives in all directions.

...

"Not bad."

The hospital director inside the carriage nodded in satisfaction, then turned to An Lun, the head nurse following behind, "Who taught this soldier? He's got solid fundamentals."

An Lun's face showed a hint of embarrassment, and he reminded softly, "He is 95B27..."

"..."

Upon looking back at the monitor, the director's demeanor became more serious, and his gaze slowly shifted to Weslin's face, "Entu, you've seen the facts... This rookie has a natural talent for healing and saving lives. Perhaps we should discuss the matter we talked about before once more?"

"..."

The atmosphere became even more silent.

The honest man, Dewa, wore a strange look in his eyes as he watched the director.

Everyone had seen 95B27's performance. If we were to compare it with his talent for healing...

It's hard to say... I'm not going to say it.

"Director, you have arrived late..." Finally, someone broke the silence.

Video playback...

The short video of just over thirty seconds gave the old man a small shock to his worldview, and both the director's and the head nurse's faces looked as colorful as an overturned paint box.

"This..."

Carlos was not willing to let his prized asset be taken away, "Now, do you still think he is more suited for a transfer to the medical department?"

...

With logistics secured, the frontline warriors fought even more fiercely.

If it doesn't kill you, fight to the death.

However, unbeknownst to them, a strange disturbance began to cover a certain area of the battlefield at an imperceptible level.

The moment Rose, who was swinging her war scythe in battle, felt a change, she squinted her eyes to survey her surroundings.

For some reason, the eyes of the lowly bugs seemed to come alive in an instant, and Rose could even sense a flash of more aggressive intelligence within them.

The world spun around her. In the pitch-black space, pairs of malicious eyes began to appear one after another. Countless bugs from every direction focused on her simultaneously, and the pressure, tangible as it was, surged over her like a tsunami in an instant.

Overwhelming and chilling.

"I've been targeted..."