

## Wow 78

### Chapter 78: Abnormal Situation

Bai E, who had driven off, finally had the chance to relax his body, as the abundant reserves of his action power were rapidly converted when he got a bit of rest, replenishing his physical strength.

Amid the roar of the engine, Bai E glanced at the situation behind him through the rearview mirror.

On the tangled battlefield, soldiers perished in the mouths of the insects every moment, yet the rate of loss was not fast, leaving great hope for rescue from the rear.

For him, who could shield himself from the dominion of Spiritual Energy, the current situation was actually not particularly dangerous.

Having deeply engaged in the entire process of this war, Bai E felt he might have a bit more insight than others. For some reason, he always thought the behavior of the insects was somewhat strange.

If the dominator insect's ability to control the field was truly effective against both friends and foes without discrimination, such an ability was no better than a chicken rib—too insignificant to be of use.

Relying solely on the action capability of that single entity, the efficiency of the killing and feeding was dreadful to witness...

Perhaps this was why, in previous wars with humans, the insects had never shown this ability?

As a result, humans knew nothing of its existence.

It was a reasonable explanation, but it still felt odd.

Observing through the rearview mirror, the performance of the various insects within the tide was starkly different—

Both the mantis insect, acting as a squad commander, and the worker insect with the lowest intelligence were silent and still, not daring to move an inch under the suppression of the dominator's field.

On the contrary, the wasp insects slowly pressed their attack, like... a child sneaking sugar without the knowledge of the adults?

Information from the data flickered through his mind—

The worker insects, low in intelligence and so clumsy they couldn't even use symbiotic weapons, followed orders from higher-ranking insects without question, without a trace of independent will.

As squad commanders, the mantis insects could even decide on tactical arrangements for a small section of the battlefield on their own. They were smart enough to... also execute orders from superiors completely.

And the wasp insects... they had a certain level of cooperation and understanding, but their instinctive bloodthirst and desire to kill were so intense that they couldn't help but cheat, even when instructed otherwise by their superiors.

So... Could this situation be deliberately arranged by the dominator insect?

Was it actively suppressing all of its subordinates... to give humans a chance to survive?

Bai E had only been in this world for four days, and his understanding of the world was still being formed, with no fixed patterns of thought to restrict him, allowing for unrestrained imagination.

The speculation was bold, but indeed...

It was very bold.

Bai E restrained these thoughts.

His knowledge of this world was still superficial. Maybe this mental suppression ability simply couldn't be controlled? Or perhaps, insects were not as incommunicable as everyone said, only knowing how to eat?

Maybe there were traitors among them?

It could also be that there were human traitors colluding with the insects to set up the situation?

Who knows?

These matters were still too remote for him, a manufactured warrior. Minor characters should care about what small people can do, like... saving more comrades.

On the way back, Bai E saw a number of troop carriers moving in the opposite direction to him, albeit at different speeds.

Some were as fast as lightning, others as slow as a turtle.

But without exception... they all rolled down their windows and, from a distance, gave a thumbs-up in his direction.

Had the military finally organized enough manpower for the rescue?

Bai E felt some relief, knowing that there were others working towards the same goal as himself was always a delight.

The military camp was the guardian spirit of the city, and from what he could see, this guardian spirit seemed reliable enough.

...

Watching the footage from the drone, Weslin said with a displeased face to the officer beside him,

"Wil Moth, some of your people can't even drive a vehicle properly..."

Wil Moth kept a straight face, perfectly concealing his embarrassment, "As long as the road is wide enough, it's fine."

Weslin shook his head, not caring too much.

The actions of the Overlord bugs captured by the drones were slow, leaving them plenty of time for the rescue.

Moreover, the troop carrier's carriage was large, and if they didn't care about the comfort of the passengers and just kept piling them on, one vehicle could hold at least a hundred people.

A rescue team comprised of more than twenty soldiers selected for their certain level of mental resistance, plus thirteen Spiritual Energy users—if it was calculated by the standards just achieved by 95B27, a single trip could rescue more than three thousand people.

95B27 was a new soldier born less than four days ago; if he could do it, there was no reason the old soldiers and Spiritual Energy users couldn't.

Based on this rescue efficiency, running two trips back and forth would almost bring back all the soldiers left on the front line.

Under the premise that the combat plan had already failed, retreating with as few losses as possible had become their only goal.

This outcome was also somewhat acceptable.

"Come on, let's go welcome our heroes." Weslin took off his gloves, seeing the returning vehicle's cab in the distance, he took the lead to greet it.

"Tss~"

As dust flew and gravel was flung by the rapidly decelerating wheels, the troop carrier with a heavy load came to a tail-wagging stop, even before the gathered officers who couldn't see clearly where 95B27 was could react.

The other troop carrier that was ready to depart had already floored the accelerator and rushed out, leaving them with only its backside.

"..."

"..."

The hero was not welcomed.

"Our hero is quite eager," Weslin said, touching his nose and feeling a bit embarrassed.

Without time to wait for the hundred or so people in the transport to disembark, Bai E saw another troop carrier nearby and hopped in for another departure.

Watching the troop carrier's receding silhouette, Weslin rubbed his chin, murmuring softly, "This new recruit has performed really well, it might be worth considering awarding him a vial of Gene Optimization Solution..."

Even in his high standards, there weren't any other soldiers who could do better than this 95B27.

Strong, brave, and also grateful, he was truly likable.

Although artificial humans are all cannon fodder, high-quality cannon fodder that can take more hits isn't bad either...

Weslin's mood was still somewhat relaxed.

This sortie didn't achieve the desired results, but it had forced the bugs' ace up their sleeve—wide-range mental suppression effective against anyone.

And his ability to maintain the integrity of his forces and minimize losses under such sudden adversity was also a reflection of his skill.

He shouldn't be suppressed by others using this as an opportunity.

"Sir... there might be a bit of trouble," Weslin's adjutant suddenly approached him.

"What's the matter?" Weslin's eyes narrowed slightly. He had put the adjutant in charge of coordinating the rescue operation of those thirty-plus people. Had an accident occurred on that end?

The adjutant looked a bit embarrassed, "Except for the Spiritual Energy users, ordinary soldiers find it very difficult to get close to the real front line."

They had tried almost every soldier who could drive and only then selected these twenty-plus soldiers, among whom, a good number had actually been deserters who had fled from the front line.

Having been through the mental suppression once, they seemed to have developed a certain resistance and could muster the courage when facing fear again.

But as they got closer to the Overlord, this courage became increasingly fragile.

Continuing to advance, the fear of the soldiers was impacting their physical state, causing weak limbs and sluggish thoughts.

The adjutant, having contacted those soldiers over the radio, quickly came over to report and ask for instructions.

Should they risk possibly losing the ability to act on their own initiative and move forward to save as many soldiers as possible, or should they call it enough and rescue whomever they could within their limits?

Weslin only thought for a moment before making a decision, "Don't force it, save as many as you can."

Weren't there still those Spiritual Energy users? If 95B27 could do it, there was no reason they couldn't.