

Wow 79

Chapter 79: Genuinely Shocked

"So tired..."

"Can't move anymore..."

There were no enemies, but climbing up and down with a load over a hundred pounds was definitely no easy task.

They were all soldiers who had gone through basic physical training, so this feeling was certainly not unfamiliar.

However, the physical burden of basic training was far less than this; let alone filling a truck, after loading just a dozen or twenty, they would already be lying on the ground, gasping for breath.

At the same time, the psychic suppression from the dominating domain had never ceased, natural resistance from the tense state of their bodies already consuming more of their strength, and the exhaustion only made their mental state weaker.

Under the vicious cycle, their condition got progressively worse.

"Let them stop and rest!"

Weslin frowned and seemed a bit irritated.

He had thought the rescue mission would go smoothly, but who would have expected issues at every turn.

If ordinary soldiers felt this way, the Psychic Power Users of the Elf Race should be somewhat better, right?

However, the fact was the Psychic Power Users were even more worrying.

If the ordinary soldiers' resistance to the dominating domain could be seen as adaptation, then the Psychic Power Users' reliance to move freely within it was resistance.

And resistance meant consumption, intense consumption.

Spiritual Energy was not produced by the body, but the body's weakness and fatigue would affect the strength of Spiritual Energy.

Forcibly battling against the influence of the dominating domain and rushing to the frontline where psychic pressure was the most severe, these Psychic Power Users were already being cautious within the realm of the mind, and severe physical labor could likely be the final straw that broke the camel's back.

If they collapsed during the resistance, the backlash could be even more severe than for ordinary people.

"Bring them back."

Indeed, Psychic Power Users were stronger, but they also couldn't afford to take risks in such non-essential circumstances.

Wil Moth remained silent for a moment before he heavily nodded, "Yes!"

"Beep beep~"

The radio was connected, and Wil Moth's deep voice issued the order, "Everyone, come back."

There was silence over the voice transmission, and after a moment, a voice came through breathing heavily, "I can still hold on..."

"So can I."

As they spoke, the eyes of these Psychic Power Users looked toward the figure in the distance at the frontline, the one who seemed never to tire, and they felt their resistance ease a bit more in their struggle.

The power of Spiritual Energy is the power of will.

Will can help ordinary people use courage to fight against fear, and it can also help them enhance the extraordinary power of Spiritual Energy.

Wil Moth knew the pride of his subordinates who were Psychic Power Users, but for the sake of their safety, he still had to lower his voice, "This is an order."

"..."

"...Yes."

"...Understood, sir."

"Just one more haul..."

The convoy began to withdraw, but the number brought back was far less than anticipated.

On average, each Psychic Power User brought back around fifty, and the ordinary soldiers had not yet returned.

They needed occasional rests to bring back as many people as possible.

For a moment, all eyes unconsciously turned toward the solitary figure still persisting at the frontline on the screen.

After silently watching for a long time, the sun also quietly inclined toward the west in the sky.

Seeing that miracle new recruit load up another truck, Weslin sighed softly, "Prepare to withdraw."

"What about the remaining soldiers?"

Even if the twenty-or-so ordinary soldiers all returned fully loaded, they would only amount to over two thousand people, plus the six hundred-or-so brought back by the Psychic Power Users, this wasn't even three thousand.

At least another two thousand warriors were left within the domain of the Overlord.

Weslin closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and then suddenly opened them to look at the officer who had spoken, "They can't come back!"

They couldn't come back!

The journey here along with the combat, as well as the current wait for rescue, had already pushed the time to around three o'clock in the afternoon.

Nightfall comes early in this world, and if they didn't use the remaining daylight to widen the distance from the hive, once the Overlord withdrew its Spiritual Energy that suppressed all the beasts, the swarm that would catch up would devour them whole!

He too was saddened by those soldiers who were about to die, but as the supreme commander, he had to consider the overall gains and losses.

"Prepare to withdraw!"

As the order was given, everyone began to act.

The last transport vehicle filled with personnel also arrived successfully under the watchful eyes of the officers.

"He's back..."

Bai E hopped out of the cockpit, looking around, "Where's the truck?"

"We're preparing to withdraw..." Weslin greeted him with a forced smile. Although his mood was not good, he still mustered a smile to win over this new recruit he admired, "Have a rest, we're about to return to camp."

Bai E's expression was calm, as if the monumental rescue effort of transporting over two hundred people hadn't come from him, "Let me haul one more load."

Hearing this, the officers were all taken aback, and Weslin doubted his ears, "You want to go again?"

"Hmm."

"You..."

Weslin stammered, at a loss for words.

The ordinary soldiers had nearly reached a state of exhaustion being hauled back in a single vehicle; the spiritual energy users didn't dare let them continue to risk themselves, yet this new recruit had already brought back two entire carts of warriors. No one would ask more of him.

He had done well enough.

He must have reached his limit, too.

But at that moment...

Bai E's expression was calm as he recounted an evident fact, "Some people still haven't returned."

His tone was casual, yet it was permeated with an incomparable sense of responsibility.

Some officers couldn't bear to ask, "Can you... still manage it?"

Bai E looked at them earnestly, "I will not fall before my companions do."

"..."

The sound of the wind howled.

Silence was the utmost form of respect at this moment.

This new recruit, time and again, shattered their preconceptions completely.

Weslin suddenly took off his hat and saluted Bai E with great formality.

The officers behind him followed suit.

"May the starlight shine upon you..."

["Lucky Strike" energy charge +5.]

"Get him a troop transport vehicle."

Watching the dust-covered transport vehicle depart once more, like a lonely traveler drifting away, the aide asked softly on the side, "Sir, shall we continue the retreat?"

"Continue retreating." Weslin waved his gloved hand and walked away, "Leave a squad here to wait for him."

Yue Ying stayed until the last, watching the transport vehicle's shadow slowly disappear over the horizon with a sense of admiration.

Her previous conjecture may not have been accurate; humans don't have infinite trump cards.

Such an artificial human, there was only one.

A peculiar impulse about this special artificial human warrior suddenly seized her...

...

One.

Two.

Three.

The repetitive motion played over and over in the footage from the drone.

Like a videotape stuck on loop, endlessly repeating the same action.

The ground was uneven, the carriages rattled and shook, and before that sole visual, no one had the interest to speak.

The despair of war, the loss of soldiers, the astonishment regarding the new recruit... all mixed together into a tangle of complicated emotions.

"Another cart is full."

"How did he do it?" someone suddenly asked.

By rational thought, nearly no single soldier should have been capable of what Bai E had achieved at the time.

Where did he get so much physical strength?

Carlos spoke up morosely from a corner, "I gave him all my rations."

"That still shouldn't..."

Ration #3 was not omnipotent; consuming more than one in a short period could lead to a decrease in the body's efficiency in absorbing the energy within.

In other words, aside from the first ration, the subsequent ones consumed would not allow a person to ignore the agony of pushing the body to its limit.

Of course, a short rest could enable the body's reserve energy to be rapidly converted into physical strength, but the process of repeatedly draining one's strength was undoubtedly a form of excruciating torture.

The human body could only touch its limit and go beyond three or four times in a day—an arcane rule that, even now, it is unclear whether it is a limit or protection for the human body.

How... did he endure being drained over and over to the point where every finger refused to move an inch more?

"Love can transcend everything."

Everyone looked towards Yue Ying in the corner.

The Elf Race's master had no intention to explain.

It was an ancient proverb of the Elf Race; she merely voiced her thoughts spontaneously, without any particular meaning.

"Get me another vehicle."

A voice suddenly came through in the footage.

Bai E knew that behind the drone were those observing officers.

So he waved to it, making his request...

Under the gradually dimming sky, those eyes burned brightly enough to glow.