

Wow 84

Chapter 84: Drive away the tiger to swallow the wolf

Watching Bai E get dressed, Helen's eyes softened a bit, "Do you still remember your companion who went mad after your second team confrontation ended?"

"Um..." Bai E paused, recalling, "What about him?"

The memory of the black iron badge flickered before his eyes—69A44.

"He is an artificial human from the 69 series, whose foreign genes mainly come from the Bug Race," Helen said, organizing the materials in her hand while speaking seemingly at random.

The original intent of the artificial human warrior program was to create a group of super soldiers that surpassed ordinary humans. If they were only human genes, then after all, they couldn't surpass human limits.

In this aspect, without a doubt, the genetic performance of bugs, beastmen, elves, and other such foreign races was more outstanding.

"Um..." Bai E responded softly, indicating that he was listening.

"His will is being assimilated by the Bug Race genes, and the probability of mutation is very high, which means... he will definitely turn into a bug. In fact, all of you artificial human warriors have a potential for mutation, and many sudden external factors can trigger the dominant expression of latent genes."

Helen lowered her eyelids, not knowing whether she was in remorse or reminiscence, "I just screened out those warriors with a high probability of mutation and ended their lives prematurely..."

When the will is assimilated by the wild nature of a foreign race and inflicts harm on one's fellow kind, it is uncertain whether the kin feels more sorrow or the mutant itself feels more guilt.

Bai E instantly realized what the other was referring to.

It was the thing on the panel... ["Mutation Risk"]!

Seeing Bai E's somewhat dazed actions, Helen smiled, "Don't be nervous, willpower can shatter even the hardest stones, whether you persist as a human is up to you to decide."

Those words were very metaphysical, which seemed out of place coming from a scientific researcher like her.

However, this was a world where Spiritual Energy existed; metaphysics... was also a part of science.

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"Alright, you can go back now. I might need you to come over at any time if there is a need during this period."

Bai E posed respectfully, "Goodbye, superior."

"Farewell... 95B27. By the way, many artificial humans give themselves a name. Have you named yourself?"

"...Bai E, you can call me Bai E."

"Bai E..." Helen murmured softly, then her face broke into a smile, "Then farewell, Bai E."

Watching 95B27's silhouette gradually blocked by the slowly closing door, Helen's eyes briefly glazed over, "Bai E... what does it mean?"

After pondering for a moment, Helen shook her head and stopped dwelling on it.

The experiences one comes into contact with can bring countless variables; perhaps it was simply a random combination of two characters. There were many strange names among the artificial humans, difficult to analyze.

Standing up, Helen called out to the hallway, "Aer, I have a meeting to attend later, and you will be responsible for analyzing the data collected from those artificial human warriors for the time being."

"Yes, teacher... Oh, and teacher, Marshal Weslin has sent word that if you finish your research, he wants to be informed immediately. He needs the deeds of that artificial human to boost morale."

"..." Helen fell silent for a moment, narrowed her eyes in thought, then decided to keep a low profile for now, "Tell him the research isn't finished yet, ask him to wait."

"What about the body data of this artificial human?"

"Keep it sealed, no one is allowed to look at it."

"Understood!"

...

Helen, dressed in a white lab coat, hurried through the door. Many inside the room glanced in her direction, but without much attention.

Marshal Weslin stood on the stage in front of staff members from various departments who had rushed in from the inner city, delivering a comprehensive report on the failure against the Bug Race war.

Helen found a nearby seat to sit down, leaning against the moderately firm sofa, crossing her legs, and listening.

"...And the main reason for the failure of the operation is that our troops could not continue to launch effective attacks within the 'Dominators' Spiritual Energy field.

If we hadn't mounted a significant enough attack on the Bug's nest this time, the Dominator, a double-edged sword, still would not have appeared.

But now that the Bug Race's trump card has shown itself, I believe we can take some targeted measures to counter it.

All along, we have regarded enemies related to Spiritual Energy as scarce, entrusting such duties entirely to the Heretic Judgment Court, adopting a strategy of decapitation by elites.

But now, the Spiritual Energy suppression field of the Bug Hive's will has clearly rendered past policies impractical. If we cannot spread resistance to Spiritual Energy suppression to all warriors, we will never fully destroy the Bug Hive, which will be an eternal barrier to the future development of humanity.

Therefore, I believe that some training methods and equipment unique to the Heretic Arbitration House should also be promoted in the barracks going forward. At the same time, I also hope His Excellency the King of Night can select some suitable heretic enforcement officers from under his command to come to the barracks and provide appropriate guidance to our warriors."

The man being referred to, wearing a long black leather coat, leaned back in his chair, remaining silent without any intention of expressing his position.

Among the elderly seated behind the long table on the stage, one old man with white beard and hair, wearing round-frame glasses, looked over the rim at Marshal Weslin's profile and asked in an aged voice, "Marshal Weslin, are you sure that the Psychic Pressure Resistance Training of the Heretical Arbitration House can achieve excellent results against the Dominator's Spiritual Energy field?"

"Helen can guarantee that." Weslin saw the arriving Helen and promptly kicked the ball her way.

Helen smoothed out her lab coat and rose gracefully, "We conducted an analysis immediately last night. The dominator's spiritual energy field and the psychic pressure resistance training conducted by the Heretical Arbitration House are almost identical in nature, there's no doubt about that."

"Good!" The elder nodded, "Then... what about the funding?"

"Don't even think about it!" The plump finance officer suddenly stood up, "The equipment for psychic pressure resistance training is exorbitantly expensive. The cost of training your entire camp is too high, it's impossible!"

"We can trade this information with other cities, top-secret details regarding the Bug Race's hand. Many cities are in desperate need of it."

Cities threatened by the Bug hives weren't limited to just Blackwater City. The Empire existed in name only, and each city governed itself autonomously, completely capable of grabbing what they lacked from others' pockets.

As far as he knew, they were still the first city to have truly made it to the Bug hive's home.

Weslin clearly came prepared, speaking with full confidence.

"That's still not enough!" The finance officer waved a hand, "At most, we can only train a small number of elites. Don't even think about extending it to all the soldiers!"

"Only in this way can we completely eradicate the Bugs! Break through the barriers, restore world sovereignty, and only then will humanity have a future!"

"The city can't hold out until that future arrives!"

"..."

After a brief dispute, calm was restored.

This was an unsolvable deadlock.

"But gentlemen... why not consider beyond-visual-range combat?" A voice unexpectedly emerged from a corner of the room.

When resources are scarce, resort to single soldiers infiltrating; when abundant, use artillery to cover.

Always using soldiers' lives to protect the city, where is the satisfaction compared to a face wash with artillery fire?

If manpower can't maintain combat readiness under the dominator's field, why not consider bombing it to death from outside the field?

"And what shall we use for beyond-visual-range combat?" Someone immediately scoffed, "It's not 400 years ago anymore!"

The time of the Bug's arrival on the planet was no longer verifiable; ancient humanity had managed to resist their initial ferocious onslaught and reduced them to their current state of decay using countless cutting-edge technologies.

Back then, satellites filled the planet's orbit, spaceships and warships patrolled outer space, and space-based weapons could initiate terrifying barrages on the ground at any moment.

Unfortunately, a rebellion of the intelligent machines over 400 years ago had overturned all of humanity's technological achievements.

Now, unable to even achieve inter-city communication, they still talked about beyond-visual-range combat.

The reason human tactical systems now seemed outdated was the lack of a network connecting all electronic devices; the currently used local networks could only support information transmission within a 10-kilometer diameter sphere, which limited the development of many systems.

After 400 years of decline, if it wasn't for the endless supply of troops to operate these outdated weapons, humanity would have long ceased to exist.

The man who had suggested the idea stood up abruptly, not willing to give up, "We can restart the network, establish signal stations."

"Minister Likok..." someone called out to the man, and then nothing more was said.

The man scanned the room, and for a moment, no one dared to meet his gaze.

Silence reigned.

It was a heavy suggestion, and no one dared to speak rashly.

After an extended lull, an old man at the front tapped the table and spoke softly, "The Electronic Silence Pact hasn't expired yet..."

"It's been 439 years! Are we to wait another 61 years!? After over four hundred years of silence, the electronic demons should have dissipated long ago; there's no need to be so conservative! No one anticipated how severe the survival environment would become today; how many more lives must we sacrifice? The length of the Pact is far too conservative!"

"Who can guarantee that?"

"Those piles of metal wandering the wasteland are all waiting for their king to return." A smattering of voices rose here and there.

Minister Likok, with a scholarly air, stood resolute, "Times have changed, and the mechanical environment is not what it was back then; even if we have to invite a tiger to devour a wolf, it would still be a much better situation than what we're facing now."

It made some sense, but not much.

No one else said anything, all eyes turned to a few elders seated behind the long table on the stage.

"There's no need to bring up this proposal again!"

After a moment of whispering and exchanging views, the three elders spoke in unison to make the decision.

Likok clenched his fists so tightly that his fingertips turned white...

"Let's proceed with Weslin's proposal, then, and allow a portion of the soldiers in the camp to undergo psychic pressure resistance training, especially our mecha pilots. I also hope that the King of Night will arrange some reliable executives to help our soldiers familiarize themselves with resistance to the spiritual energy field. Additionally...

due to the failure of this operation, with extensive losses of mechas and personnel, this month's supply of Gene Optimization Solution for the camp will be halted. Meeting adjourned!"