

## Wow 96

### Chapter 96: Modest Success

Walking towards the cafeteria, Bai E felt light on his feet, as if about to take flight, now that he had shed the training weights from his body.

The high-level physical training was showing remarkable effects. Even without having acquired the specialization mentioned in the teaching task—Overlimit Drive—the training had tangibly changed his body.

Not all abilities were explicitly reflected on the panel. Or rather, only when such seemingly intangible changes reached a certain threshold would a specialization naturally coalesce.

Apart from that, the advanced physical training had also significantly advanced the unlocking progress of his yet-to-be-revealed talents. The talent for rapid recovery and physical training complemented each other, achieving mutual success.

The only thing that suffered, perhaps, was his reserve of experience...

One had to admit that the decision to save up experience without using it was extremely wise. Otherwise, who could withstand the expenditure of about three hundred experience points per training session?

After quickly slurping down the somewhat nauseatingly delicious mush, Bai E found himself missing the variety of foods made from raw ingredients.

My roasted chicken, my fried rice...

No matter how delicious something is, one can grow tired of it if eaten too much, and facing this colorful glob day in and day out was nearly enough to make him sick.

Time for a topped-up meal! Next time he went out, he would find a way to add one!

Returning to the training ground, Bai E felt his body, now infused with the essence of food, cry out in exuberance.

The training an hour before breakfast was clearly not satisfying enough; the upcoming two-hour session was when he would truly push his limits.

Not everyone had arrived yet.

But his body was already itching to move.

Craving it.

Couldn't handle it!

Start training!

"..."

The soldiers who had also arrived after breakfast and were waiting looked at the figure eagerly donning training weights as if their eyes were about to pop out of their sockets.

With their limited understanding, their trembling lips could find no words to properly articulate their condemnation of such a person.

Chavez walked back slowly, mumbling to himself in his own world.

"With a newcomer joining, two hours might not be enough. It probably wouldn't matter if we extended it by half an hour..."

High-level physical training was different from that of new recruits; it was all about efficiency.

The faster one depleted their energy, the better the training outcome.

Based on the average level in the troop, it took only about thirty to forty minutes to be completely drained, but including the required rest, aiming to undergo two limit-pushing sessions in two hours was quite a rush.

If soldiers were to train, they needed proper rest.

Without a good condition, the subsequent practical combat training wouldn't be effective, right?

"Hmm... Let's just extend it by half an hour, I reckon the combat instructors will understand."

Having made up his mind, Chavez only then noticed the eeriness of the silence around him.

Why was it so quiet?

Chavez lifted his gaze to scan his surroundings, only to find everyone silently watching in one direction.

Following their gaze, he was struck by the sight of someone climbing across an obstacle course rope—

B27!

"..."

A wave of emotion welled up in Chavez's heart, and he began to understand why Wood liked this recruit so much.

Diligence compensates for weaknesses; the early bird gets the worm.

Maybe his movements weren't that standard, but his attitude was definitely top-notch in seriousness.

"What are you waiting for? You want the newbie to catch up and then trample you underfoot?" Your next journey awaits at [mvl-e'-NovelBin.net](http://mvl-e'-NovelBin.net)

Chavez roared furiously, and all the soldiers, whether voluntarily or not, scrambled to don their weights as if injected with adrenaline.

For a moment, the air was filled with searing ferocity...

Chavez, feeling somewhat guilty, walked near Bai E and looked up at him on the ropes.

To stir up the troops' passion, he had made Bai E the spark to ignite the flame.

Considering the potential disputes this might cause for Bai E and being swept up by emotion over reason, he decided to do what he needed to first. Whether Bai E could take the advice and act on it would be a test of his intuition.

"Your posture is not quite right; it's a bit off. Your upper arms should be more forward, and you should feel a slight tearing sensation as if the muscles are being stretched—that's the correct way..."

Chavez never thought his voice could sound so gentle.

Bai E paused, glanced at him, and then... continued forward.

[You are paying combat experience to correct your training movements... (Cost: 10 points of experience/min)]

[Current simulation completion: 121.3%]

He needed to switch between experience correction and personal memory in execution to truly ingrain the full secrets of advanced training into his body.

At this time, he was paying with experience to correct every minute and every second of it, with no spare time to listen to nonsensical talk.

"emmmm..."

Chavez's gaze went blank as he watched Bai E's soles continue to move forward, recalling the look in Bai E's eyes just now—

He could understand that the other party was not supposed to speak during training.

But that look just now... did he listen, or did he not?

Before he could come up with an answer, Bai E, who was struggling mid-air, visibly began to tremble all over, his form swaying as if about to fall.

"Hey, hey, catch him!"

Two assistants sprinted wildly, successfully offering their bodies as a cushion before Bai E hit the ground.

Chavez helplessly pressed his temple, feeling somewhat distressed.

This performance... was sometimes brilliant, sometimes terrible.

After all, E was a new recruit and a novice to high-level training, unstable indeed.

Bai E, thrown aside, breathed smoothly, his body's muscles seemingly beginning to get used to this degree of exhaustion and recovery.

The muscles twitched as if alive, pulsating with life.

...

[Physical recovery 100%, rapid recovery (Locked) unlock progress 26%.]

"Huff~"

Bai E, who had sat up suddenly, straightened up and headed toward the course again.

Chavez, who couldn't help but glance at him from time to time, had a twitch at the corner of his eye.

He recovers so quickly.

"Young people are so vigorous... Is it because of the No. 3 ration bar?"

He had never had the unrestricted supply of the No. 3 ration bar, so he could only speculate.

Once... twice... thrice...

While most soldiers were still resting after their first training, Bai E had already completed three extreme challenges.

"Hey, hey, don't run!"

Seeing Bai E, who was about to faint, suddenly rise and attempt the course again, Tobyn with a face full of flesh quickly stopped him.

If he kept training like this, he might break; they were human, not machines.

"I know you want to win, but don't rush, let's just forget about our bet, alright? I admit you're tough."

"Ow~"

Bai E paused, nearly forgetting about that matter.

"Come." Bai E led the way straight to the power measuring machine, "You first or me first?"

"You're really doing this?" Toba followed unconsciously, his fierce countenance looking somewhat guilty now.

The kid was too honest; it always felt uneasy to bully such an honest person.

After hesitating for a moment, he sighed, "I'll go first."

Showcasing his strength to make the other back off was fine; seeing the gap would let him give up on his own.

Moreover, since he had had more rest than Bai E, even if E lost, Toba could give him an out without it being too embarrassing.

"Huff~"

Toba, who had adequate rest, took a deep breath, his thigh muscles driving his hips, activating his whole body, and he threw a punch at the target.

"Bang!"

As soon as the punch landed, a disheartening figure appeared on the machine.

323.5 kilograms!

A person's punching power correlates to their weight; his physique was not particularly robust, but it was obviously stronger than Bai E's, and their fundamental strength was totally different.

Not to mention, their physical attributes were not on an equal level; with more training time, his punching technique was definitely superior to Bai E's.

The contest was unfair from the start.

"Even if you lose, you don't really need to worry about it..." Toba was speaking when Bai E, who had stepped up to the machine, raised his hand and threw a punch.

"Bang!"

323.7 kilograms!

[Use of close combat attack to achieve perfect force application, hand-to-hand combat mastery experience +2.]

[Current hand-to-hand combat mastery experience 2/100, reach 100 points to master "Level 1 Combat Specialization."]