

ARC OF FIRE

Chapter 10: Out of the Blue

On Wang Zhong's side, he could only hear the shouting of "Ura" but could not see anything, leaving him panicking.

After a while, he realized, "I just wanted to cover the advance of the Divine Arrow squad and protect Ludmila. The purpose has been achieved when the smoke was deployed."

He immediately shifted his attention to Yeca Neiko's squad where Ludmila was, noticing that the squad had stopped advancing.

A muscular man was leaning against the wall, attempting in vain to observe the situation through binoculars.

Wang Zhong guessed that this man must be Monk Yeca Neiko.

Ludmila was leaning against the wall, still holding that rifle.

At that moment, Captain Sergey beside Wang Zhong said, "Contact with the third rear Amur Group has been restored."

Wang Zhong had no idea which group the rear Amur Group was, so he asked, "Is it the group that launched a counterattack in the smoke?"

"What?" Captain Sergey's voice was laced with confusion.

Wang Zhong: "Didn't you hear the 'Ura' shouts?"

He had thought that the battle cries had reached the location of his physical body.

Sergey: "What 'Ura' shouts?"

So, it turned out that he could hear sounds — significantly loud ones — from his bird's-eye view.

No wonder the sound of guns and cannons was so clear when overlooking; Wang Zhong had previously thought it was something he was hearing in person. He had never been on a battlefield and couldn't tell how close or far the sounds of gunfire were.

Wang Zhong: "Never mind, hand me the phone."

He switched back to his normal perspective and took the receiver from Sergey's hand, "This is Wang... Count Rokossovsky speaking, go ahead."

"Count Rokossovsky? Where's the Duke?" The person on the phone had a loud voice that hurt Wang Zhong's ears.

"The Duke is dead, the enemy's naval artillery destroyed the headquarters just now, and most of the staff are dead too. Now, I am the supreme commander," Wang Zhong said, trying to sound more authoritative, thinking it would help to assert control over his subordinates.

The person on the other end asked, "Who ordered the Smoke Bombs?"

Wang Zhong: "I did, why?"

"Good job! We launched a counterattack, routed the enemy facing us, and took out at least one of their tanks and two armored vehicles! That was an excellent command, Your Excellency the Count! No, my lord!"

Wang Zhong glanced at Sergey, who couldn't make out the words from the other side without the receiver and only returned a confused look to Wang Zhong.

The person on the phone continued to lay on thick praise, "My staff officer says he's never heard of such a thing at the Suvorov Military Academy! Count, let's have another round of smoke, and we can keep holding!"

Wang Zhong frowned, "No more smoke left, the enemy is nearly at our artillery positions; that was their last round of supportive firing. From now on, we can only rely on ourselves."

On the other end of the phone, the loudmouth who had just been giving lavish praise suddenly fell silent.

A second later the voice asked, "The artillery has been compromised, does that not mean we will soon be surrounded?"

Wang Zhong's heart skipped a beat.

He hadn't thought of this at all just now, as the situation was too sudden, and he was too eager to cover Ludmila.

Another voice came through the phone, "But that's the very person who just led us to a brilliant counterattack, how could he have not thought of this?"

ANo□Es

Sorry, I really hadn't thought of that.

Wang Zhong could only keep a straight face, trying hard not to let Captain Sergey see any flaws.

Being surrounded was not a joke; an army that is cornered can only die slowly even if it continues to resist.

Although Wang Zhong thought surrendering was not a problem, considering the mood and current situation, it was already too late to even mention surrender.

He could only pretend to resist, fight valiantly, and then consider other options.

Wang Zhong switched to the overhead mode and then noticed an additional military badge; he focused on the badge and could see its description:

The third rear Amur Group, mostly made up of new recruits, but the main non-commissioned officers had participated in the Civil War and the Winter War.

Internal war? Winter warfare?

Wang Zhong really wanted his Golden Finger to explain these two terms, but unfortunately, the Golden Finger ignored him.

In addition to gaining a soldier's token, Wang Zhong also obtained the vision of the Third Amur Group, which greatly expanded the visible range.

That's not right, considering the size of a group, isn't this range a bit small?

Wang Zhong: "Has your group...suffered many casualties?"

"Yes," the loud voice from the other end fell quiet, "Most of our group is made up of new recruits, many of whom haven't gone through complete training. These kinds of recruits usually don't survive the first hour on the battlefield. The good news is, they're all seasoned soldiers now."

This counts as good news?

Wang Zhong used "everyone's" eyes to observe the battlefield, and at this moment, he noticed something.

After the enemy facing the Amur Group retreated, there seemed to be no troops behind them.

Could the routed enemy have led the subsequent echelons away as well?

Wang Zhong checked again, more carefully this time.

In the meantime, the Amur Group's commander on the phone was saying, "Here's what we'll do: we'll pull back to our starting positions and let the engineers leave landmines and trip wires in the areas we've taken..."

"No!" Wang Zhong interrupted him, "You've just encountered a gap in your front, and I require you to abandon your current defensive line and continue to

attack. Command will catch up with you, and if contact with other groups can be established, they will follow as well.”

There was complete silence on the other end of the line for a good second: “Advance towards the enemy? That’s bold! But I like changing plans!”

While the loud voice was talking, Wang Zhong also heard someone mumbling, “This defies logic! At a time like this, we should be pulling back, reorganizing the defense line! Blind attacks are a one-way ticket to death!”

Wang Zhong thought: It’s not a blind attack, I can see very clearly with the help of an external advantage; there are only sporadic soldiers in front of you, and no organized enemy forces.

Strike hard in one go, and then find a way to return to our lines.

Upon further deliberation, as the attackers, the enemy’s subsequent echelons probably didn’t expect to be attacked.

Wang Zhong wasn’t versed in military matters, but he knew in mercenary warfare, the element of surprise, catching the enemy off guard, sometimes proved decisive. Maybe this could be worth the gamble.

Rather than being surrounded, it’s better to break out and then figure out a plan.

Once Wang Zhong was sure that there truly were no organized enemy forces in front, he commanded in a firm tone: “I, Count Aleksei Konstantinovich Rokossovsky, order the Third Amur Group to advance—not just forward, but towards due west. Do you understand?”

“Understood.” Just from the response on the phone, Wang Zhong could picture a robust Russian man readying himself for action.

Then, almost as if possessed, he said, “Now repeat my order back to me!”

What the hell, why make someone repeat it? The aftereffects of watching too many epic battles?

But there was no hesitation on the other end; they immediately repeated Wang Zhong's orders word for word.

Wang Zhong: "Good, begin now. We must act swiftly, and we must act fast!"

After hanging up the phone, Wang Zhong was surprised to find that he had lost the vision of the Third Amur Group.

So, it's only when I can directly converse with them that I can see their vision?

But the soldier's token on the interface was still there, implying that as long as the troops accepted my command, they would appear on the token.

As Wang Zhong was examining the Golden Finger, Captain Sergey by his side said, "There's a problem. That is, there are many critically wounded in the field hospital; they definitely won't be able to keep up with us, this..."

With seriously wounded in tow, not to mention breaking out, moving at all would be an issue.

Wang Zhong pondered for a moment, then said: "Give me paper and a pen; I want to write a letter to the enemy commander who will take over."

Sergey: "You... plan to leave them behind?"

Wang Zhong: "Taking them with us, we definitely won't be able to get out. Recruit volunteers from among the nurses to stay behind and care for the wounded, and let those lightly injured who can move join us in the breakout.

"Don't argue anymore, the enemy isn't a beast."

That's what Wang Zhong said.