

ARC OF FIRE

Chapter 2: The First Subordinate

Wang Zhong carefully picked up a stool and placed it under the crack, then tiptoed onto the stool.

That way, he just managed to bring his eyes close to the crevice.

Then he switched to a bird's-eye view.

With the bird's-eye view, he could see everyone in the basement staring at him dumbfounded.

Wang Zhong didn't bother with the others and directly switched the view to the first floor.

This time the switch was successful.

Wang Zhong actually couldn't see anything through the crack, but after switching views, he had a clear view of the entire room on the first floor.

The entrance led directly into the living room, with stairs to the second floor on the left, and two doors leading to other rooms.

Wang Zhong couldn't see the other rooms, but he had a complete view of this one, including the enemy soldiers with their heavy footsteps.

There were two enemy soldiers, dressed in black military uniforms, helmets with spikes on top, reminiscent of the German helmets from World War I.

Wang Zhong focused, and sure enough, information about the enemy appeared, but there were no names or affiliations, just the type of soldier: both were riflemen.

The two soldiers clearly weren't very alert, one was rifling through drawers while the other took a bite from the bread on the table, then scrunched his face and spat it back out.

He cursed under his breath, which Wang Zhong didn't understand.

However, Wang Zhong was feeling quite good about himself at the moment, after all, having a cheat made one feel different – it invariably gave him more confidence.

Just as Wang Zhong was about to switch back to tell everyone the situation upstairs, the soldier eating the bread threw the bread away and headed toward the doors to the other rooms.

He left Wang Zhong's field of vision.

No matter how hard Wang Zhong tried, he could no longer see him.

Wang Zhong heard someone beside him hiss.

He switched back to the bird's-eye view of the basement and saw a private by the door with his finger to his lips; he must have been the one who had hissed.

Immediately afterward, Wang Zhong also heard footsteps, and they were not coming from upstairs.

The soldier who had just left the field of vision was moving down the stairs to the basement!

Wang Zhong hurriedly returned to his normal vision and whispered, "Two riflemen, one upstairs looting, the other one's come down."

The sergeant looked at Wang Zhong, and it was clear from his expression that he did not believe him.

It made sense, after all. Peering through such a narrow crack and coming away with so much information would make anyone skeptical.

What's more, Wang Zhong's "predecessor" had just embarrassed himself by wetting his pants. Put yourself in the other person's shoes; he would not trust someone on the battlefield who had just wet himself.

By now, the enemy had reached the door. Upon finding it locked, he began to smash at it with the butt of his gun.

The banging on the door made Wang Zhong tense up.

He felt that it would be better to have a weapon in hand under such circumstances, so he drew his pistol.

Nobody noticed Wang Zhong pulling his gun, as everyone's attention was fixed on the main door.

After a few hits, the enemy outside stopped. Just as Wang Zhong thought the enemy might be giving up, a language he did not understand came from the other side of the door.

Ludmila, hiding in the corner, whispered, "He said the door can only be locked from the inside, he knows we're in here, and he's telling us to come out."

The sergeant clicked his tongue, "No choice now, we have to break out."

He glanced down to check the chamber of his submachine gun.

"Xiemiao, move away from the door; I'll shoot the enemy through it!"

Wang Zhong thought to himself, how could this be okay? There was another enemy upstairs. If you fire, you'll draw them all here.

He stepped forward, grabbed the sergeant's gun, and whispered, "No! Use the bayonet! There's another enemy on the first floor! We hide against the wall

in the blind spot of the doorway, Ludmila goes to open the door, act scared, try to pull the enemy in, and Xiemiao will stab the enemy from the side.”

The sergeant stared at Wang Zhong, even glancing down at his crotch.

Clearly, he was hesitating whether or not to listen to a coward who wet himself on the battlefield.

The enemy was still loudly demanding an answer.

A second later, he gestured for the others to hide.

Seeing the sign, Ludmila shouted something in the enemy’s language, and the voice outside suddenly quieted down.

Then, the enemy responded in a much softer tone.

Ludmila: “I’m going to open the door.”

The sergeant pulled Wang Zhong aside into the blind spot next to the door.

Xiemiao, closest to the door, gripped his rifle with the bayonet attached tightly.

Wang Zhong pressed himself against the wall, trying hard to make his breathing less noticeable.

To tell the truth, Wang Zhong was very nervous, his palms sweaty, barely able to hold his pistol steadily. He had to hold his gun with his left hand, rubbed his sweaty palm vigorously against his clothes, and then switched back.

Damn, he didn’t know if his cheat had any enhancement to personal combat; if not, then without any enhancement, he was just a “blank”, and facing the enemy would mean certain death.

Ludmila adjusted her uniform, and perhaps because she was European, she really was voluptuous. Despite having a delicate face, her figure was incredibly curvaceous.

She continued to respond to the enemy while moving to the door to grab the latch, and finally, she looked at the sergeant.

That look didn't go to Wang Zhong, the nominal commander, indicating that even now, Ludmila still saw the sergeant as the one calling the shots.

The sergeant nodded, and Ludmila immediately pulled the door open, completely disregarding Wang Zhong's opinion.

Wang Zhong couldn't see the enemy from his angle, but he had the bird's-eye view; a quick switch would reveal the enemy's eyes widening.

After all, Ludmila was genuinely attractive.

Ludmila reached out to grab the enemy's rifle, pulling him into the room.

The enemy came in without any resistance.