

Wow 70

Chapter 70 : Frontline Battle

The army set out.

The armored battalion's tanks rolled out from the west side of the barracks, their tracks kicking up a haze of dust and sand.

The armored vehicles carried heavy cannons, grinding out two deep tracks on the ground.

The humanoid mechas moved slowly, each step shaking the earth.

Mechas! The romance of men!

Bai E had long heard that the armored battalion had gadgets beloved by many, but this was his first time seeing them with his own eyes. They were far away and hard to see clearly.

But that didn't stop him from supplementing with his imagination, based on various films and shows he'd seen before... It would be great if one day he could pilot one himself.

As a member of a special squad, Bai E boarded a fully enclosed troop carrier.

The nearest and most threatening Bug Race nest to the barracks was over fifty kilometers away. The journey was through complex terrain different from paved roads, and even by vehicle, it would take at least three hours.

The wheels occasionally hit potholes, and everyone dressed in black combat suits swayed in their seats, their somber mood before entering the battlefield contributing to a silence within the vehicle.

Bai E pushed against the steel armor, peering through a narrow reinforced glass window at his side to view the passing landscape.

After leaving the barracks, the black and yellow earth spread endlessly into the distance, and occasionally on top of mud pits floated numerous white bones.

Giant pale skeletons harbored strangely shaped black birds, their blood-red eyes staring at the passing convoy, waiting for potential prey that might fall behind.

The withered and twisted branches resembled contorted human figures, standing unyieldingly atop the earth, their meandering and twisted forms full of a fierce malevolence towards this world.

The closer they got to the target, the more bizarre the shapes of the natural animals and plants became, as if they were alien species from another planet, their black spikes and serrations seemingly stained with dark red shredded flesh.

Even the dark, blood-soaked hard ground seemed to be covered with a layer of greasy, sticky mucus.

It was said that the Bug Race were invaders from outer space, and it was only human resistance that had stopped their expansion.

These extraterrestrial beings not only brought themselves but permanently changed the ecology of the planet.

Three hours on the road was neither long nor short.

With a prolonged "hiss," the friction of the brake discs signaled the troop carrier to a gradual stop.

As they were about to fully enter Bug Race territory, all corps needed to be ready for an encounter.

"Thump thump thump!"

The leading officer in the front passenger seat knocked on the compartment's door panel and shouted through the small window to the back, "Everyone down!"

"Put this on." You, sitting next to Bai E, handed over a black mask, "The air in Bug territory contains microscopic organisms. Exposure for more than half an hour can lead to trouble. It's a bit uncomfortable to breathe with this on, but don't take it off."

Bai E paused slightly, took it, and responded, "Okay..."

The rear door of the troop carrier opened, and metal combat boots swiftly and agilely stepped down over the edge.

Several troop carriers lined up in a row, and the elite soldiers disembarked in formation.

"Assemble!"

"Count off!"

"One!"

"Two!"

"Three!"

...

"Report! Squad A43 should have 6 people! All 6 present!"

"Report! Squad A97 should have 5 people! All 5 present!"

...

"Now to assign combat missions!"

"Squads A51, A43, and B28 are responsible for following Vanguard Third Squadron!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Squads A22, A97, and B13 are responsible for following Vanguard Fourth Squadron!"

Like his two companions' squad leaders, Mo replied in unison, "Yes, sir!"

A weird, fishy cool breeze swept up and around them as huge tanks thundered past not far away, and the infantry jogged in formation, keeping close to the armored convoy for cover.

The sandstorm blurred the view, and the commanding officer of the integrated special squads clapped his hands, "Follow your respective combat units and enter first-level combat readiness!"

"Yes, sir!"

...

Bai E participated in war for the first time, following closely behind You and the others.

"Is this the star rookie of your team?"

The three special forces squads performing the same combat mission walked side by side, and a soldier with a scar over his right eye looked at Bai E, his mouth curling up with an inexplicable smile.

Following closely behind, You took the initiative to introduce, "He was promoted from among the rookies."

The scar-faced soldier's disdainful gaze flickered over the Type 77 assault rifle in Bai E's hands, and he scoffed, "Still using this kind of trash... Hope you don't hold us back. Our boss is just a little military merit away from getting a dose of optimization fluid!"

Walking ahead, Big Mountain couldn't help but retort, "Don't underestimate the guy! Little Bai is much fiercer than you think."

Another soldier from the scar-faced man's team couldn't help but snicker, "A rookie who's only had three days of training..."

"Enough!" The squad leader at the front seemed to be talking to Tiger about something and, hearing the noise behind him, shouted to scold, "Why so much talk? Save your energy for the bugs!"

It was clear that this squad leader had considerable authority, as his rebuke immediately silenced the soldiers.

After speaking, the leader nodded at Tiger, "Take care of yourself!"

"Goodbye, Mo!"

"Goodbye, Tiger!"

The two teams dispersed.

The Vanguard Fourth Squadron was large, especially in an offensive stance, spreading out to an exceedingly wide area.

This naturally required the three special forces squads to spread out individually, deciding which parts they were responsible for and allowing them to adapt flexibly and quickly as needed.

In the midst of the formation, Bai E felt surrounded by figures in every direction, yet also an overwhelming sense of emptiness.

The buzzing roar of the engines mixed with the footsteps of the advancing infantry flooded his ears. As he turned to look around, it felt as if the world was spinning before his eyes, a wordless pressure weighing heavily on his heart.

How insignificant does an individual's strength appear in such a battle situation?

This was after he had already partaken in a small-scale skirmish the day before, and as an artificial human with innate qualities—instinctive battlefield adaptability.

Imagine an ordinary person who hadn't experienced this being sent to a battlefield... such oppressive, tense atmosphere alone could be enough to cause a breakdown.

"Don't take it too hard, they don't really have much ill will."

Seeing Bai E a bit out of it, Big Mountain believed he was bothered by the earlier comments and slowed his pace to come alongside Bai E, offering comfort, "After all, your training time has indeed been short."

Short training time meant not being able to learn as much, a constraint of time, not a problem of personal ability.

What was their special forces team's duty on the battlefield?

More elite infantry?

Regular infantry would take on worker bugs and wasps, and they would take on praying mantis bugs one-on-one?

No!

Not every elite soldier could perform the feat of singlehandedly taking on praying mantis bugs, and humanity didn't rely on that kind of individual heroism.

What was war about?

It was about equipment! Weapons! Competing in brute strength? Who could outfight these bugs?

So the role of the special forces team was all-around infantry.

Multi-function Infantry Vehicle? They could drive!

Heavy machine guns? Flamethrowers? They could operate them.

Tanks? Not a problem!

Aside from those most specialized mechas, which were the domain of the armored battalions, the special forces soldiers could handle anything else.

Perhaps they were not as familiar with it as those who received specialized training, but when something went wrong on the battlefield, the special forces team's members could step in and fight. That was key.

They filled gaps and prevented small-scale battle scenarios from spiraling into chaos. That was the purpose of the special forces team's existence.

And since they were responsible for the same squadron, a teammate's slip-up meant others had to put in extra effort to compensate. It's natural to feel resentment; the difference was that some expressed it while others did not.

Bai E didn't take any of those comments to heart.

"I want to survive! I need to survive!"

That was his sole thought.

Tiger didn't pay attention to the mutual comfort among his men behind him. He trusted his team members' ability to regulate themselves.

It wasn't until countless sinister, jointed limbs began to wave along the horizon that he gave his order in a grave voice.

"Prepare for the first wave of assault!"