

First Order 841

### **Chapter 841: The mysterious snipers**

The front line at Mt. Dashi was not where the front was. To be precise, it was north of the front line at Mt. Dashi that the Pyro Company would soon engage in total war with the northern tribe.

There was a mountain path that lay within Mt. Dashi that acted as the Pyro Company's supply line to the north, which was also known as the lifeline.

As the main forces of the Pyro Company were deployed to the North a little late, the northern defensive line was established in a hurry. No one knew when an enemy force of nearly a 1,000 troops had infiltrated.

The barbarians from the North had been hiding in Mt. Dashi for several days already. It wasn't until the main forces of the Pyro Company started deploying north that they began intercepting the Pyro Company troops in the mountains and hindering the transportation of their supplies.

It was these nearly a 1,000 barbarians that made the Pyro Company suffer heavy casualties here.

It was not that the Pyro Company had bad combat effectiveness but that there were too many complex factors that led to the current situation.

On one hand, the Wang Consortium did not share the intel they had received beforehand with the Pyro Company, leading to the Pyro Company's main forces being concentrated in the South. They were not expecting there to still be enemies coming from the North.

By the time they found out, it was a little late.

On the other hand, the Pyro Company had not really fought their opponent before this, so they did not know what kind of battle strategies to expect.

The northern barbarians relied on their strong physical fitness to easily finish off the Pyro Company troops in the mountains.

The terrain in the mountains was complicated, but the northern barbarians seemed to have already figured it out and knew this place better than the Pyro Company did.

It seemed the Pyro Company had never expected such an intense war to break out in the North, so they never placed much emphasis on the northern lifeline that was Mt. Dashi.

On second thought, no one ever expected there to be so many enemies in the North! Not even the nomads had expected it!

During the battle on Mt. Dashi, the Pyro Company even felt like it was not their home field they were fighting on but the enemy's.

After a few days, the Pyro Company had more or less figured out the situation. Almost all of the northern barbarians had the physical fitness of a T3 combatant, and some were even occasionally comparable to the T4s. This made them extremely difficult to deal with.

Even though the Pyro Company had been operating in this territory for a long time, the bulk of their main forces were made up of T1 and T2 combatants. The majority of their officers were also mostly T3-ranked combatants.

It was not that the Pyro Company was so poor they could not afford to produce enough of the genetic modification serum, but it was as they had admitted in the past. Whether you ended up as a T1 or T5 combatant, the ceiling was written in your genes at birth. As such, their combatants' fates were decided long ago.

Genetic serums were not omnipotent. It was just that most people could only be enhanced into a T1 or T2 combatant. Furthermore, there was a price to pay for it.

There was a secret in the Pyro Company—genetically modified super soldiers had their lifespans slightly shortened. The higher their T-ranks, the more it was so.

Until now, no one had ever seen a T5 that lived to the age of 40. Most of them had died of cancer before that.

This was probably the imperfection P5092 had mentioned to Ren Xiaosu.

How did cancer come about? Cancer stems from genetic mutations in human cells.

Cells in the human body divided and replicated at all times. In the process of mitosis, errors could occur. When the human body's immune recognition function was normal, the body would rectify the error and naturally eliminate the cancer cells. However, there was a chance there might be a faulty immune response that led to the immune system being unable to identify the cells that have replicated wrong, and over time, a tumor would form.

Due to genetic modification, a T5's immune system would become unable to identify the faulty cells in the body, so it made it extremely easy for cancer to occur.

And the reason why the Pyro Company wanted to locate the No. 001 Experimental was that it was the most perfect specimen of a cancer patient who had been cured.

The T1s roughly had a physical fitness that was 1.5 times that of the average adult. According to Ren Xiaosu's palace, the average adult was a 3, so a T1 was a 4.5, a T2 a 6, a T3 a 9, a T4 a 15, and a T5 a 21.

Therefore, Ren Xiaosu, whose Strength was only rated at 13.5, had to rely on Old Xu to face the T5 combatant as he would definitely not be able to defeat him in a direct battle.

When they were in the Sacred Mountains, Old Xu's Strength was rated at 27. At that time, it basically took only 10 minutes to end the battle when he fought against the T5 combatant. The situation was as good as an adult beating up an adolescent.

But now Ren Xiaosu could also try to fight against a T5 combatant by himself if he encountered one.

Of course, this did not mean Ren Xiaosu would really go and search for a T5 combatant to spar with in the midst of a big battle. It was just a comparison.

Initially, Ren Xiaosu was wondering where he should go to kill the enemy. In the end, the P3 commander warned him not to go to the front line at Mt. Dashi.

This was, of course, a kind reminder by the P3 commander, but to Ren Xiaosu, it was no different from pointing out the direction to him...

Under the gaze of the P3 commander, Ren Xiaosu and Yang Xiaojin left the forward operating base and walked into the darkness of the wilderness.

...

The next afternoon, dozens of platoons had fanned out to conduct a carpet search in the mountains.

P5092 was looking at the monitor in the command vehicle at the rear. The monitor was split into a dozen screens, and every screen displayed the real-time situation captured by the cameras attached to the platoon commanders' helmets.

"Turn to your 9 o'clock and advance. Be careful to remain concealed. Another group of forces fell into battle two kilometers up ahead with some barbarians yesterday. I suspect we're getting close to their hiding place," P5092 said calmly. His words were immediately transmitted to the earpieces of the P3s in the mountains.

Due to the importance of the supply line at Mt. Dashi, the main forces led by P5092 decided to stay behind here. They planned to clear out all the barbarians in the mountains in case any remnants turned into a potential threat in the future.

After the platoons in the mountains received the order, they immediately headed in the 9 o'clock direction. The 30-member platoons advanced silently in the mountains with their safeties off. Furthermore, four members of every platoon were equipped with grenade launchers.

Normal firearms might not be able to kill a barbarian if they were fired from a distance. So they needed to be equipped with heavy firepower.

At this moment, a platoon entered one of the smaller mountains, looking warily around. However, they were still caught by surprise when two burly figures jumped down from above.

This was a straight cliff that stretched nearly 20 meters above the ground. If a normal person jumped down, they would either die or be left crippled!

However, the two northern barbarians did not seem bothered. They descended from above and slashed down their huge axes.

When the platoon heard the noise, they looked up. But it was too late. They could only watch as large axes swung down at them!

When P5092 saw this, he frowned. That was because when the platoon commander looked up, it was as though the giant axe were slashing at him.

However, P5092 did not panic. He immediately instructed the frontline commanders of the dozens of platoons to assemble and prepare to corner the two barbarians to kill them!

The P5 commander sighed. Although the two barbarians would definitely be killed, the platoon that was attacked would probably be sacrificed.

But right at this moment, a bloody mist suddenly exploded from the chest of the barbarian who was getting closer and closer on screen. After that, his huge body was seemingly pushed by some kind of force as he crashed straight into the face of the cliff.

The power that came out of nowhere forcefully disrupted the barbarian's slashing motion.

P5092 wondered on the radio, "What's happening?"

"Sir, we've got snipers. Two snipers shot the two barbarians at the same time." The frontline commander answered, "We only heard the gunshots. It should be a large-caliber anti-materiel rifle, but we don't know where they're positioned!"

"Snipers?" P5092 was a little puzzled. Before he had a clear understanding of the terrain, he would not send any snipers out. Otherwise, it would be a disaster if the snipers and barbarians encountered each other. Therefore, the two snipers were definitely not from the Pyro Company!

How strange! Where did the snipers come from? And... they were even very powerful too!

### **Chapter 842: Violent snipers**

The reason why P5092 said the two snipers were very powerful was because the two seemingly simple shots were not simple at all.

First of all, the frontline commanders were unable to confirm the snipers' location even though they had covered a very large area during their carpet search. If so many people could not even confirm the snipers' location, then the snipers would have to be at least 900 meters away.

At a distance of 900 meters, both shots had landed right on the barbarians' chests and killed them. This was not something that just anyone was capable of.

After all, the two barbarians had stayed hidden all this while. From the moment they appeared to the moment they swung down their axes, it took only a split second. Meanwhile, the snipers had to immediately calculate the trajectory of their shots after discovering the barbarians when they showed themselves!

While the barbarians were dropping down from above, the snipers had to pull their triggers and fire the bullets across the vast distance to land accurately on their chests.

A frontline commander asked on the radio, "Sir, should we pursue those two snipers?"

P5092 thought for a moment and said, "Search for any barbarians in the vicinity first. Be careful. Those people might look like muscleheads, but they're actually very cunning and like to set up ambushes. As for the snipers, it seems they have the same target as us. We can look for them after the search is complete."

It was not that they did not want to look for the snipers but that they had their priorities.

Furthermore, with the enemy in front of them, since both parties' objective was to kill the barbarians, the Pyro Company would naturally not treat the snipers as enemies. Even if they were to find them, they would hope they could join the Pyro Company and the Qinghe Group and form a united front. They would not try to kill the two snipers.

The entirety of Mt. Dashi was divided into 39 zones on the map. P5092 needed to search through these 39 zones one by one. Today, they had only managed to search up to Zone 12 when they encountered the barbarians' ambush. Based on the previous battles, there were still at least 400 barbarians hidden in Mt. Dashi.

P5092 was not bothered by this. The dozens of platoons were only the reconnaissance troops he had sent out in advance. Once he encountered a large number of barbarians, he would immediately bring all of his troops to the battlefield and complete the encirclement of the enemy.

But even after all of Zone 12 had been searched, the platoons at the front line were unable to find any further signs of the barbarians. It looked like it would still take several days or up to half a month to clean out all of Mt. Dashi.

"Sir, what should we do now?" a frontline commander asked.

P5092 said calmly, "Let's look for those two snipers now. At the very least, we have to identify the location they fired from. I need to assess the strength of those two snipers."

The snipers must have already left. No sniper would foolishly stay where they were after firing a shot. But as long as they could identify where they were shooting from, they could confirm how many meters away from the target the snipers were.

When a platoon finally discovered traces of the two snipers in Zone 13, it was already evening.

P5092 frowned. No wonder he could not find the two snipers. It turned out they had killed the targets in Zone 12 from Zone 13.

He took out a pen and recorded the location of the snipers on the map. Then he measured the distance from their position to where the barbarians were hit. To his surprise, he discovered that the distance between the two snipers and the targets was around 1,200 meters.

It was even further than the 900 meters he had initially thought!

“1,200 meters. That’s considered outstanding even among snipers. Why did the two of them suddenly appear on Mt. Dashi?” P5092 lowered his head and pondered it. He looked at his adjutant. “Do you have any intel of two snipers working together recently? Since those two are so strong, they must be quite well-known.”

His adjutant said, “I’ll submit your request to the intelligence department and let them match any possible suspects. However, this’ll take some time and we might not get the results we’re looking for.”

“OK.” P5092 nodded. “I want you to think about it carefully as well. Are there any well-known snipers who appeared recently... I do know of a group that has a particularly powerful sniper, but there’s only one of them.”

His adjutant wondered, “You mean the person who controls White Mask?”

“Yes, I mean them,” said P5092

The frontline commanders shouted on the radio, “Sir, we’ve discovered a suspicious location. There’s signs of disturbed weeds here.”

After that, the platoons of the recon troops started gathering in the 11 o’clock direction. They conducted another carpet search in the radius of a kilometer around where the tracks were discovered.

P5092 waited quietly in the command vehicle to see if there were further discoveries. However, he did not have many expectations. After all, it had already been more than four hours since the two snipers shot and killed the barbarians.

But a cry of surprise suddenly sounded over the radio, “We’ve found two barbarian corpses over here!”

P5092 was stunned. “Give me a detailed sitrep!”

The commanders at the front line had already rushed to where the corpses were hidden. The two barbarian corpses were only covered by some tree branches, so they were easily discovered.

“There’s no gunshot wounds.” A rough autopsy report came in from the front line. “Of the two, one of them was pierced through the neck by a sharp weapon. I don’t know how sharp the weapon was, but it actually broke the spine in his neck. The other man was slashed across his chest and got punctured through the heart. His left arm... his left arm was chopped off.

“I suspect the barbarian whose neck was pierced was ambushed. The other barbarian with him tried to take out the enemy after that, but he was caught off guard and had his left arm chopped off. The blade sliced through his left arm and slashed across his chest. After that, the perpetrator must’ve retracted his blade and stabbed it straight into the barbarian’s heart. End of report.”

Static was still sounding on the radio. After P5092 heard the simplified autopsy report, he fell silent. He could even imagine how ruthless the attacker must have been through the simple language used.

The blade had severed the barbarian's arm muscles and cut through his hard bones. The severed arm must have fallen off in front of his shocked gaze as the blade slashed across his chest. Then the attacker retracted the blade and delivered the fatal strike in one swift motion.

But P5092 could not figure out something. He had initially thought that there were only two snipers, so where did such a fearsome close combat expert suddenly pop out from?

Did the snipers have other comrades? Or were those two snipers that ferocious to begin with?

P5092 had been worried it would be really dangerous if those two snipers were to encounter the barbarians at close range. But now it seemed it was the barbarians who were in danger.

"Wrap up." P5092 said, "Set up camp for the night and be on Level One alert in case of a night attack by the barbarians."

After that, he turned off the radio in his hand. His adjutant next to him asked, "Sir, will those two snipers become a threat to us in the future?"

P5092 shook his head. "Don't be overly worried. Those who are here at a time like this to fight against the enemy can only be friends. As for whether we'll remain friends in the future, we'll have to wait until the war is over to find out."

### **Chapter 843: Wish**

When you're in the wilderness with enemies around, don't start a fire in the open because that campfire will make you a target in the darkness.

Ren Xiaosu and Yang Xiaojin were sitting on the crown of a large tree where the dense branches broke their shapes in the night.

"Here, have some." Ren Xiaosu took out a piece of chocolate from the palace and handed it to Yang Xiaojin. "I don't think there's actually that many barbarians here in Mt. Dashi. It'll only be a matter of time before P5092 and his men wipe them out."

"Mhm." Yang Xiaojin took the chocolate from him and had a bite. "What do you plan to do next? These barbarians look like they enjoy sneaking up on others. They seem very cunning. We had better not drop our guard in case we die here."

"They aren't cunning." Ren Xiaosu shook his head. "Perhaps you haven't had much contact with these types of people before, but I can sense a familiar aura from them.... It's the aura of a hunter. They're just like felines who'll instinctively launch a sneak attack on you when you have your back turned to them. They won't even consider if their sneak attacks will succeed or not."

It was because the northern barbarians were instinctive hunters that they so often sneaked up on others.

After Ren Xiaosu and Yang Xiaojin left the forward operating base, they had pretended to head east. Only after walking for a long time did they finally detour and run toward Mt. Dashi.

Half a day after they entered the mountains, Ren Xiaosu picked up on the habits of the northern barbarians. They were treating the Central Plains people as prey to be slaughtered.

Perhaps a lot of people would think it was just a standard ambush. But Ren Xiaosu realized the barbarians were always hiding downwind.

When the opponents were humans, there was actually no need to hide downwind. After all, humans did not possess a good sense of smell. Only when hunting wild animals in the wilderness would they need to be so careful to prevent their prey from catching a whiff of their “human scent” in advance.

It might be a coincidence if it only happened once, but Ren Xiaosu and Yang Xiaojin had encountered such behavior on two occasions. This was a subconscious habit of the barbarians.

“What exactly is the North like?” Yang Xiaojin wondered, “Wouldn’t it be a little ridiculous for everyone to be a hunter?”

“Who cares what it’s like?” Ren Xiaosu sneered. When it came to hunting, the northern barbarians might not be his match.

Moreover, this was the South. This was Ren Xiaosu’s home field.

No matter how skilled they were at hunting, they would not understand the wilderness and mountain ranges in the South better than Ren Xiaosu.

Yang Xiaojin glanced at him. “You have a plan?”

Ren Xiaosu chuckled and said, “Let’s not talk about that. Why don’t we touch on a more sensitive topic instead?”

“A more sensitive topic?” Yang Xiaojin was puzzled. “... What do you think of the political situation in the Central Plains?”

Ren Xiaosu said, “That’s not what I meant!”

Yang Xiaojin glanced at him. “Alright, you’re getting bolder and bolder, huh? Not bad, not bad.”

“Ahem, I guess.”

The two of them were sitting side by side on a thick tree branch. They were looking up at the silvery sea of stars above them when Yang Xiaojin suddenly asked, “What would you like to do most after going back to the Northwest?”

Ren Xiaosu looked at the starry sky. His thoughts were suddenly pulled away by this question. “I want to see the world outside of Fortress 178 before going back to do some farming. I might become a cardiac surgeon in Fortress 178 and earn a monthly salary to support our family. When I get home and take off my frost-encrusted scarf, I’ll tell you that I’m home and hear the bubbling sound of stew cooking on the stove.”



These words stunned Yang Xiaojin. For some reason, she could imagine the scene and was even looking forward to it a little.

And piecing together all of the little details Ren Xiaosu had revealed, it was just a stable home he hoped for.

Be it farming or being a normal surgeon, it was just a simple wish of his to see his wife upon returning home.

However, even a simple wish like this had become an extravagant hope in this era.

“Aren’t you planning on becoming the future commander?” Yang Xiaojin asked curiously.

“I’m not qualified to be a commander at all.” Ren Xiaosu leaned against the tree and said softly, “Actually, I don’t know why Mr. Zhang thinks that I can do it. I’ve been thinking a lot, but shouldn’t he find someone who’s more mature and experienced? I’m still too young for the position of commander, after all. Although I know that he’s not asking me to take the role right away, I feel like I’m too used to acting alone. I might not really be able to bear the responsibility that he’s hoping to pass on to me.”

“It doesn’t matter. I’m fine with anything,” Yang Xiaojin said as she looked up at the vast starry sky.

“By the way, what do you want to do most in the future?” Ren Xiaosu asked.

Yang Xiaojin did not say anything for a long time. Then she slowly leaned on Ren Xiaosu’s shoulder and said softly, “I’ll let you know in the future.”

On this bloody battlefield, no one would have expected a young couple to be snuggled up with each other.

The world was enormous, but very few people could give warmth to their partner.

Life in this era was filled with darkness, betrayal, and transactions. So long as there was some warmth, everyone would appreciate it since it was not easy to come by.

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In the morning, outside the camp of the main forces led by P5092 on Mt. Dashi, several dozen soldiers who were on chow duty were carrying metal buckets and walking towards the river. They were responsible for replenishing the food and water for the day.

There were tens of thousands of soldiers in the main forces, so they could not rely on transportation to solve the problem of their water source. So the troops would usually travel along a river as they advanced.

The soldiers carried the metal buckets in groups of two and walked around unsteadily. One of the soldiers even said mysteriously, “Did you guys hear from the recon battalion’s troops? Yesterday, they

encountered some barbarians when they went into the mountains. One of the platoons nearly even got wiped out. Fortunately, they were saved by two snipers.”

“I heard about it.” The chow squad’s platoon commander who was in charge of fetching the water said, “I wonder where those two snipers came from. It’s quite exciting when you think about it. Back then, if it weren’t for my poor eyesight, I could’ve become a sniper too. Look at those snipers in our military. They’re so awesome they even get special privileges when it comes to their meals.”

In the military, receiving preferential treatment was a very prestigious thing.

However, just as they were about to reach the river, a wave suddenly billowed on the surface of the river as a gigantic axe slashed out through the water.

That axe cleaved through the water bit by bit and arrived at the Pyro Company soldiers!

Some people could not help but let out a scream. This axe strike had appeared out of nowhere. No one had expected that a barbarian would actually hide in the river nearby and wait to launch a sneak attack on them!

Amid the surprise, three more barbarians emerged from the river with extremely sharp axes.

But before the axes could strike any of the Pyro Company soldiers, they suddenly saw a bloody mist erupt from the head of the barbarian in front of them.

“It’s the snipers!”

#### **Chapter 844: The hunter and the hunted**

The bloody mist that erupted from the barbarian’s head was still lingering in the air. However, this shot did not seem to have frightened off the remaining barbarians.

There were still another three barbarians who had laid in ambush in the river. Holding the large axes in their hands, they were like ghosts of the river.

When the chow squad came to the river to fetch water, they did not even bring along their most basic of weapons. To be honest, they really did not expect enemies to be hiding here.

A barbarian shouted, “Don’t retreat! We can’t escape anymore since there’s snipers here. Kill as many as you can!”

Behind them was the river. Even if they jumped back in, it would take some time. So the barbarians knew very well that they would definitely die here. But before dying, they wanted to drag a few of their enemies down with them.

The remaining three barbarians continued chasing after the chow squad with their axes. They moved extremely fast, but before they could even take a couple steps, two more sniper bullets flew over and pierced their chests.

The chow squad was so frightened they wanted to throw away their water buckets. However, they realized that only one of the four barbarians who had just emerged from the river was left in the blink of an eye.

While they were still in a state of shock, the platoon commander of the chow squad said ruthlessly, "Don't fucking scare yourselves. There's only one barbarian left. If even he can scare us, it'll be too embarrassing when we get back to the camp. Let's attack together and kill him!"

The morale of the chow squad was lifted. Although they had never fought in battle before, they were still soldiers who had undergone proper military training.

With these words spoken, the soldiers no longer retreated. Instead, they slowly approached the remaining barbarian. In just five seconds, they had formed a battle formation.

That barbarian stared coldly at everyone and sneered with his axe in hand. A second later, he suddenly charged forward.

The platoon commander of the chow squad roared and burst forward. "Kill him!"

However, the snipers did not intend to give them a chance to show their worth. The three explosive gunshots that sounded out in the distance did not stop and continued ringing in their ears. In the end, blood spurted out from the remaining barbarian's chest again. His fur coat blew up like a ragdoll.

The battle ended as quickly as it started. The group of soldiers from the chow squad stood there in a daze. It ended just like that?

The platoon commander said to a soldier, "Hurry, report back to the commander. Tell him that we encountered an ambush by the barbarians here!"

With that, two chow squad soldiers sprinted back towards the military camp. Within ten minutes, they brought P5092 and his troops to the riverside.

A group of soldiers surrounded P5092 with riot shields in their hands. They were afraid the snipers hiding somewhere would be up to no good.

However, P5092 waved it off. "Get out of the way. You guys are shielding me so well that I can't see anything."

His adjutant said anxiously, "Sir, your body can't withstand a sniper's shot either."

P5092 pushed aside the soldiers around him and said with a laugh, "Don't worry, those two snipers are not our enemies. There's no need to be so scared."

At this moment, Ren Xiaosu saw P5092 crouching next to the barbarian corpses through his spotting scope in the distance. He muttered, "Isn't that P5092? He doesn't seem to be afraid that there's snipers around. He's really quite bold."

P5092 crouched down next to the barbarians and asked calmly, "You guys mentioned they suddenly appeared when you came down to fetch water, right? Two of you T4s, go into the river and see if there's any tracks."

So two T4s took off their uniforms and dove into the bone-chilling water. Shortly after, they came back ashore and said, "These barbarians were probably lying in ambush here for a long time. There's even some fish bones that have recently been gnawed on on the riverbed."

The fish were caught by the barbarians in the river, and they had eaten them live without any preparation.

P5092 nodded. "These bastards really like ambushing people. They must've guessed we would have people coming to the river in the morning to replenish our water supply, so they lay in ambush down here. Pass my order around that everyone who leaves the campsite in the future must be armed with loaded guns and grenade launchers. When the cooks, engineers, and other technical soldiers make a trip out of the camp, I want them to be escorted by two platoons."

"Roger that." His adjutant made a note of this.

However, P5092 was even more puzzled. "The four barbarians were each killed by a single shot. Even we didn't know there were barbarians hiding here, so how did those two snipers predict this?"

It felt very strange. It was as though the barbarians were on a hunt, yet they never expected they would end up being the hunted.

The barbarians had been hiding in the mountains and saw themselves as very experienced hunters. Their attitude almost seemed like they were just messing around with the Central Plains people, but how could they have expected there to be an even more experienced hunter than them in the mountains who also regarded them as prey? Moreover, that person was even aware of what they were after and could guess where they were hiding.

P5092 looked up at the opposite bank of the river and actually waved in the direction where Ren Xiaosu and Yang Xiaojin were hiding to express his gratitude. Ren Xiaosu was amused. "That P5092 is quite skilled. Let's go and continue looking for the other barbarians."

Ren Xiaosu was sure P5092 could not see them as even he had to use the spotting scope to get a clear view of him. P5092 must have determined the trajectory of the shots through the bullet holes on the barbarians' corpses.

The adjutant next to P5092 looked at his superior waving and wondered, "Sir, did you spot the two snipers?"

"I didn't." P5092 smiled. "But I know they must still be there. Alright, let's head back now. We'll enter the mountains again to search in an hour's time and cover another 12 zones by the end of the day. We're gonna shepherd those barbarians to the vicinity of Longtan Canyon."

"Are we just gonna ignore those two snipers? With such an uncertainty appearing on the battlefield all of a sudden, it might disrupt our battle plans. At the very least, we should make contact with them. It would be even better if they cooperate with us," his adjutant asked.

“Leave them be.” P5092 teased, “Don’t you think that with those two around, a lot less of us will die? That’s the most important thing. Remember, our real battlefield is at the northern defensive line. The barbarians here are just giving us a chance to warm up before the real thing. Before we reach the northern front line, I want our soldiers to be prepared to face the cruelest scenarios.”

An hour later, when the main forces entered Mt. Dashi again to complete their encirclement mission for the day, they discovered something strange.

“Sir, we got news from the front line that three barbarian bodies have been discovered at Python Ridge in Zone 17.”

“Sir, an update from the front line! Two barbarian corpses were found at Kun Gully in Zone 15.”

“Sir...”

In just half a day’s time, the main troops in charge of searching the mountains around Mt. Dashi at the front line had discovered more than 20 barbarian corpses in one go. Of these corpses, some of them were killed by a sniper rifle, while the others were killed up close by a sharp weapon.

A total of seven barbarian bodies were discovered in the area where the bodies were the most numerous. They had clearly encountered an open battle with someone, but all of them still ended up dead. In other words, the people who were helping clear out the barbarians in the mountains possessed the strength to kill seven of them in a face-to-face encounter.

#### **Chapter 845: The real hunter**

“It looks like it was a combat encounter,” analyzed the adjutant as he checked the corpses of the seven barbarians through the video feed in the command vehicle.

“It wasn’t an encounter.” P5092 shook his head and said, “Look at the terrain here. There’s only a single mountain path leading through the front and the back, and the terrain is rather narrow too. It’s a semi-enclosed space.”

“Sir, you mean...” His adjutant was not stupid. He immediately reacted and said, “Of all the locations where the battles happened, the number of barbarian corpses here was the most, with seven of them killed. They were likely responsible for pursuing those two snipers but ended up being led here by them. The unique feature of the terrain here made it so that when the barbarians realized they could not win, they could not escape even if they wanted to. Therefore, those two snipers must’ve been confident enough to lure them here.”

“That’s right.” P5092 nodded. “If the seven of them were to escape in separate directions, it would definitely take some effort to capture them. But with only one path leading through here, even if the barbarians tried to escape, they would only be able to run in one direction.”

“Those two snipers are really ruthless, aren’t they?” his adjutant wondered. “To kill seven barbarians in a direct battle, they would have to be supernatural beings.”

“Not only that.” P5092 shook his head again. “Those two people were not injured at all. They were able to completely crush these seven barbarians, and I believe that even if there were a few more barbarians, the outcome would still be the same. Therefore, they killed seven barbarians because only seven of them were here, not because they could only defeat seven of them.”

So it was very difficult for them to estimate the snipers’ strength based on the number of barbarians killed. They only knew the other party was very strong. If it were the T5s that had encountered them, they would probably end up dead as well.

There were not many such people in this world.

The adjutant wondered, “Do you think it might be the person you mentioned before... I mean, the person who controls White Mask?”

“That’s a possibility. If he were the one who came, it would make sense.” P5092 nodded and said, “Continue the carpet search and mark every spot on the map where the barbarian corpses were discovered. Include the number of barbarians that died as well.”

Nearby, the combat staff officers quickly got to work upon receiving the commander’s instructions. But when they made marks on the map with a red pen, everyone was surprised to see it was entirely covered in red.

P5092 sighed and said, “The scope of their activities is way too large. In just half a day, they’ve already killed more than 50 barbarians? If we wait another two days, wouldn’t they have wiped out all the barbarians in the whole of Mt. Dashi?”

However, what P5092 could not understand the most was how the people who hunted the barbarians in the mountains were able to locate them so precisely. Was it because they understood the barbarians really well?

At this moment, a gunshot sounded over the radio in the command vehicle. The adjutant picked up the radio transceiver and asked calmly, “What happened?”

“Sir, there was a sniper gunshot about 400 meters away from us just now. I think those two snipers are very close by!”

As he spoke, another gunshot rang out. Immediately after, a series of gunshots could be heard. It sounded like an intense exchange of gunfire had taken place over there.

P5092 immediately said, “Find their target and get closer. Do not try to approach those two snipers.”

With that, ten platoons at the front line responsible for the carpet search immediately started moving.

Although the 400-meter straight line distance seemed very close, it would take close to an hour to cover that distance between the mountain ridges.

By the time they arrived at the battlefield, the gunshots had already stopped, and no one knew where the snipers had disappeared to.

Right afterwards, the Pyro Company's soldiers got started with searching for the snipers' target. They fanned out from the location of the snipers' gunshots and searched the area within a 1.5-kilometer radius.

If typical snipers had fired those shots, they would just need to cover a radius of 800 meters for the search. It would already be very impressive for most snipers to hit their targets accurately from an 800-meter range. However, these two snipers were too skilled. They were simply the best of the best.

Soon after, they discovered a battlefield by a riverbank where more than 20 barbarians were lying dead. Their corpses stretched all the way from the riverbank into the forest. The blood of the barbarians was still flowing, turning the soil on the shore red.

There were even water pouches made of animal skin scattered all over the ground. Upon opening them, they were found to be empty.

As the Pyro Company soldiers slowly approached, orders sounded out on the radio. "Check for footprints in the forest to see if anyone in their group has escaped."

Very quickly, a Pyro Company soldier reported, "It's been confirmed that this group of barbarians were wiped out by the riverside. The only footprints in the forest we found were of them coming here. There are no signs that any of them had escaped."

Due to the damp soil at the riverbank, it was impossible for the barbarians to completely conceal their footprints.

In the command vehicle, P5092 frowned. "So those two snipers probably predicted these barbarians would go there to collect water, so they set up an ambush for them."

He took out the map but could not tell what was so special about the location the barbarians collected their water from.

"That's strange. Why were they so sure the barbarians would go there to get water? Three rivers pass through the mountain range, and there's also more than ten streams. Why were they so sure it would be there?" his adjutant wondered.

"Perhaps that's what their special skill is." P5092 sighed.

In the morning, the barbarians predicted soldiers would go to the riverside to fetch water. So they set up an ambush in the river but were taken out by the snipers there. Later in the afternoon, these barbarians also ended up being ambushed over a matter as simple as getting water when they encountered the snipers again.

This felt like someone was able to see the future on the battlefield, dictating the balance between life and death.

Initially, some of the Pyro Company soldiers felt that they were being observed like prey while searching for the barbarians.

But now, the real hunter had arrived, and the barbarians became their prey instead.

P5092 said to the frontline commanders over the radio, "Leave your individual rations where you are and retreat. Don't stay there any longer."

His adjutant asked, "Are you leaving the rations for them?"

"They might not go and retrieve them, but I believe they will see my goodwill," P5092 said.

As he spoke, he kept staring at the map. Then he used a red marker to mark the location of the river and the number of barbarian deaths there.

He suddenly realized something. "The snipers' radius of operation seems to be a fan. Why does it feel like they're thinking the same thing as us? They're shepherding the barbarians towards Longtan Canyon as well."

In P5092's battle strategy, he had planned to force all the barbarians to the vicinity of Longtan Canyon and wipe them out there in one fell swoop. In the end, the snipers were doing the same too.

Was it unintentional, or did the other party deduce his intent through the movements of the scouts ahead? In that case, were they working to help him finish the plan?

If it were the latter, then their intuition was insanely sharp.

#### **Chapter 846: Stealing things!**

To the Pyro Company and the barbarians, Mt. Dashi was originally the battlefield where their two sides would fight each other. But due to the arrival of the two snipers, the battle situation suddenly became very unpredictable.

It was not only P5092 who was curious about Ren Xiaosu's true identity; even the barbarians were also a little bewildered by the sudden increase in the number of their comrades who had died in the past two days. Moreover, what they could not accept the most was that their deaths were completely meaningless.

Those barbarians were all killed in ambushes without exception.

Some of them were sniped, while others were caught out in unexpected places and killed with a sharp weapon. To be honest, the entire expeditionary army had never fought such a vexing battle before. They did not even know where the enemy was and yet so many of them got killed.

In the dark of night, a five-member team of barbarians was advancing northwards in the forest. They had discovered the main forces of the Pyro Company had blocked off all directions around them and stationed a large number of troops in the mountains. Furthermore, temporary defensive fortifications had also been set up.

Under the command of P5092, the main forces slowly forced the barbarians northwards. The barbarians seemed to have no other choice than to retreat to Longtan Canyon.



The team of five barbarians advanced in silence. They moved in single file as they traveled through the forest, and during this time, no one spoke at all.

However, their marching speed was not considered fast. That was because they still had to cover their tracks so they would not get discovered and followed by the Pyro Company.

But as they walked, the team leader at the front suddenly turned around and saw there were only four of them left in the group!

The team leader turned around and asked coldly, "Where did Valery go?"

Only at this moment did some of the others turn around in shock. They discovered that their companion named Valery had disappeared. During this time, they did not even hear him dropping out of the group!

The team leader asked the barbarian who was fourth in line, "Gennady, where did Valery go? He was following you all this while. Didn't you notice that he dropped out of the group?"

When he said that, the others also started feeling puzzled. All of them had maintained a spacing of roughly three meters while marching. It made sense if the people at the front did not hear any commotion, but Gennady should definitely have known where Valery had gone.

But Gennady did not answer the question. He just continued walking forward. The way he was walking... looked a little stiff.

The moonlight shone through the branches and leaves of the forest and cast mottled shadows onto their bodies like a sheet of ice. Meanwhile, Gennady's strange gait made the other three barbarians' scalps tingle.

As Gennady walked, there was a dripping sound, as though some viscous liquid was trickling onto the decaying leaves of the forest floor.

The team leader suddenly raised his axe and pointed it at Gennady. "Stop! Don't come any closer or I'll kill you!"

The other two people also realized something was wrong. They raised their axes and stood on guard, but it was too late by the time they realized something was wrong.

In that instant, a young man holding a black saber suddenly appeared behind Gennady. He even had a smile on his face.

When he bolted out from behind Gennady, the barbarian's sturdy body was no longer supported by anything and fell straight to the side. Only now did the barbarians realize Gennady had had his eyes closed all this while. It was just that they could not see it due to the mottled shadows cast by the trees!

Gennady was already dead, and that dripping sound was the sound of his blood trickling to the ground!

There was no time to think anymore. The young man in the forest was already swinging his saber at them. The barbarian facing the brunt of the attack raised his axe to block the black saber. He had even thought of how to kill the enemy in front of him already.

It was not particularly difficult for them to kill their enemies. All they needed to do was to rely on their strength to completely crush them.

However, what happened next shocked the barbarians. The black saber went past the axe that was made of an unknown metal and split it in two. It didn't even manage to stop the blade for a moment!

Ren Xiaosu did not come to a halt in front of this barbarian. Before the saber's afterimage could stop moving, he had already stepped past this person. It almost felt like he was moving faster than the saber.

The next person could only watch helplessly as his companion was cut in half. Before he could even think, Ren Xiaosu was already in front of him.

The two remaining barbarians had witnessed the sharpness of the black saber with their own eyes, so they would not foolishly use their own axes to block it. Importantly, the axes of the expeditionary army were all made of an alloy. Who would have thought that their trusty axes would get sliced like a hot knife going through butter?

Instantaneously, they realized the reason why so many of their companions had inexplicably died during the past two days was probably because of the young man in front of them.

When they thought of that, the two barbarians let out a roar and charged together. The shadows in the forest were swaying nonstop, and the two barbarians' visions suddenly blurred. Then Ren Xiaosu was nowhere to be seen.

*'Fast! Too fast!'* This thought flashed across the two barbarians' minds at the same time.

When they finally managed to react, Ren Xiaosu had already sidestepped to their left.

Below his feet, the accumulated layers of decomposing leaves suddenly exploded under the force of his heavy step, flying around Ren Xiaosu in the air like crows!

The barbarian on his left instinctively swung his axe around but realized he could not swing it more than halfway!

He was horrified to discover that the young man had grabbed the handle of his axe and wrenched it away from him!

The barbarian did not want to let go, but a huge force came through the handle of his axe, and the young man casually tossed him up into the air along with it!

The barbarian had no choice but to let go of the axe while he was sent flying away.

Ren Xiaosu hefted the axe in his hand and muttered, "I was only trying to collect some axes to play with. Why did that guy hold onto it so tightly?"

His physical attributes had reached an astonishing 16.5 and 16.1. As these barbarians only weighed at most 150 kilograms, he was able to toss them around very easily.

As he spoke, the barbarian who had been thrown aside crashed into a tree, hitting his waist. The intense pain in his waist almost caused him to go into shock. With a crunch, the barbarian's spine actually cracked from the impact. Even the thick tree trunk audibly cracked as it could not withstand the heavy force of the throw, the wood fibers rupturing after the collision.

The team leader was the last one remaining. Seeing that Ren Xiaosu's strength was not something he could handle, he turned around and ran.

But Ren Xiaosu raised his hand and threw the axe he was holding. The axe flew forward and whizzed through the air.

Before the team leader could even run ten meters away, he was struck in the back by the axe. Even his spine was torn apart by it!

Ren Xiaosu walked over and picked up two axes from the ground. He looked at the axes that were over a meter long and sighed, "Number 32."

Over these two days, Ren Xiaosu became interested in the barbarians' axes. He wondered what material it was made of and thought it rivaled the beauty of the nanoswords he had seen before.

However, he did not know what the point was of collecting these weapons. He already had the black saber, so he did not need these axes at all.

However, the process of stealing other people's things for his collection made him very happy.

#### **Chapter 847: A game between hunters**

The axes were very heavy. If it weren't for the barbarians' great strength, they would probably not be able to wield such a heavy weapon either.

Ren Xiaosu stowed the two axes in the palace and was about to leave. But when he turned around, he suddenly saw a shadowy group of uninvited guests in the forest.

The sound of heavy footsteps on decomposing leaves came from all directions. It sounded like dozens of bears approaching quickly.

The moonlight was dim, but Ren Xiaosu could still see the glinting of the axes in the forest when he looked around.

So it turned out those five people were used as bait. Just like how Ren Xiaosu had to place grains and bread crumbs under the black cauldron to catch the sparrow, a good hunter would first have to know how to use bait. A hunter who was reluctant to use bait was not a good hunter.

Therefore, these barbarians, who were experts at hunting, were even willing to use their companions as bait just so they could finish off Ren Xiaosu. They had really invested a lot into this.

But it was understandable. After all, too many of them had died to Ren Xiaosu's hands over the past two days. Now that they had used just five people to lure him out, even though it sounded a little cruel, it would at least reduce the number of casualties for them.

The barbarians were just 50 meters away and closing in on Ren Xiaosu in the center of the encirclement. They started slowing down and adjusted their formation in an orderly manner to prevent Ren Xiaosu from escaping.

Ren Xiaosu took good measure of his enemies. To be honest, he never faced so many barbarians at the same time before. Their formation was tight and solid, giving him an invisible, huge sense of oppression.

Within the cast net, Ren Xiaosu was a lone wolf that had lost its way and was on the verge of being surrounded by hunters.

As they approached, the barbarians started grunting a tone for some reason. It sounded extremely desolate and ferocious like the battle cries heard in wars. When the prey realized they were getting surrounded by this sound, they would gradually lose their minds and turn anxious.

The barbarians were getting closer and closer. When they got a clear view of the young man in the forest, they were certain that victory was within grasp.

The barbarians were indeed good hunters. If it were anyone else who got surrounded here, they would probably die for real. Even the Pyro Company's T5s could not take on so many barbarians head-on.

Unfortunately, it was Ren Xiaosu they were surrounding.

In that instant, Ren Xiaosu pointed his black saber diagonally at the west. The barbarians were a little taken aback as they could not figure out what this young man was up to.

But the barbarian who was in charge of the encirclement this time felt that something was off. Because he saw the young man smiling!

"Wait! It's a trap!" the barbarian roared furiously.

As soon as he spoke, his chest started bleeding. Then the sound of a sniper rifle rang out in the distance like it was the prelude to a show.

The dark red blood glistened in the moonlight as strong winds gusted through the forest. The tree branches even seemed like they were applauding.

Ren Xiaosu looked at the barbarians around him. The audience for this performance had entered the venue.

A second later, Ren Xiaosu did not retreat but charged into the crowd instead. As he fought calmly among the barbarians by himself, any enemies that posed a threat to him would abruptly die by his side.

Sniper bullets slid through the gaps in the forest and took out the barbarians accurately, ending their lives.

Wherever Ren Xiaosu went, barbarians next to him would end up dead. For a moment, the young man battling under the mottled glow of the moonlight was the Grim Reaper.

As previously mentioned, a hunter who did not know how to use bait could not be called a good hunter.

These barbarians had used the lives of five of their companions as bait to lure Ren Xiaosu out. But wasn't Ren Xiaosu also using himself as bait to perform this massacre?

On ruthlessness, Ren Xiaosu had never lost to anyone before.

From a hunter's point of view, Ren Xiaosu figured something out after the past two days of killing. The barbarians might be skilled at hunting, but that was before they encountered him.

This was a game between hunters. And without a doubt, Ren Xiaosu had won.

The barbarians' eyes turned red from the killing. They could not understand why they could not kill that young man despite having so many people on their side.

Not only could they not kill him, they even found it difficult to just get near him.

At this moment, they realized the young man had not looked behind him once while fighting them. He was like a determined assassin. When the scent of blood filled the forest, nothing in this world was worth turning around for.

Enemies behind him? Someone would help him to finish them off. This was his absolute trust in his partner.

Unknowingly, Ren Xiaosu had already killed his way through the barbarians' encirclement. He suddenly looked ahead and was a little stunned when he saw what lay ahead, because there were no more enemies left in front of him.

He suddenly turned around and said with a laugh, "Sorry, I overdid it."

As he spoke, he actually turned around and fought his way back. The barbarians felt humiliated. Several dozen of them had surrounded the other party in an attempt to kill him, but not only had their encirclement been broken through, their men even ended up getting killed by him too!

However, amid the rhythmic gunshots of the sniper rifle, no one was able to completely surround this young man. In fact, they never did manage to surround him with more than three people at the same time. If more than three of them cooperated and tried to close in on him, they would be torn apart by the lethal sniper bullets in the dark.

"Retreat!" a barbarian roared.

"Retreat?" Ren Xiaosu laughed and said, "Isn't it a little too late to retreat? Don't go. I still have something that I would like to pour my heart out to you about."

With that, Ren Xiaosu stabbed his black saber into the barbarian's chest in front of him. Then, with a flick of his wrist, he ruthlessly shredded the barbarian's strong heart to pieces.

It was only at this moment that Ren Xiaosu finally felt he had truly done something.

When he was at the medical center, he would occasionally see an endless stream of patients being carried in from the entrance and feel a little down.

In this era, even an organization like the Pyro Company was willing to give up the benefits in front of them because foreign enemies had arrived.

If it were anyone else who did this, Ren Xiaosu might not have felt so greatly about it. But this was the organization he had always regarded as the most cold-blooded, yet it stood up for humanity in the Central Plains twice when they needed it.

This made Ren Xiaosu, who had always been hostile towards the Pyro Company, feel a little touched. As such, he wanted to do something about it. That was why he came out here.

"I don't know where this era's problems lie." Ren Xiaosu raised his saber and said slowly, "There's someone who stuck by their principles only to end up having their leg broken. Some people want to help the dying only to realize that they don't have the ability to save them. Someone was content with gardening but got forcefully escorted up Mt. Ginkgo by his detractors. Someone only wanted to be a good person but got treated as a fool instead. Someone was only trying to protect their mother but ended up being pushed into insanity. I don't know what exactly is wrong with this era, but all I can do is kill the people who create problems. And since y'all have come to cause trouble, I'll just have to kill you first."

Ren Xiaosu's killing intent was overflowing. He deplored the Wang Consortium, the Pyro Company, and also the Qing Consortium. On his journey thus far, he had come across so many people who walked different paths. Everyone was chasing after their goals on these different paths, but he still did not feel like there were any like-minded peers among them. That was because he was also unsure of where he wanted to go.

But now, there seemed to be a vague answer to this question of his. Perhaps it would get clearer after killing some people.

### **Chapter 848: Different paths**

Why did Ren Xiaosu come here?

Because he wanted to kill some barbarians? No, at least, that was not what he wanted at the beginning.

Was it because he finally acknowledged the Pyro Company? No, even if the Pyro Company had stood up for humanity twice, Ren Xiaosu still found it very difficult to agree with how unfeeling they were when carrying out their agenda.

In this world, not everyone in power was greedy. In the pursuit of true justice, Wang Shengzhi believed that as long as humans stopped managing humans, the problem would be solved.

That paralyzed, wheelchair-bound politician did not even spare the Wang Consortium from his plans.

The Pyro Company would not hesitate to sacrifice anyone, including themselves, for the sake of humanity's continuation. They carried the butcher knife in one hand and a torch of hope in the other, hoping to illuminate the way forward for future generations.

But this was not what Ren Xiaosu wanted. Maybe he was not sure of what he wanted either.

Just as he had said, he hated the phrase "we have taken a little detour" the most because no one knew just how much sacrifice was hidden behind those words.

In the forest, he finished off the barbarians one by one with his favorite person protecting him from behind.

All of a sudden, he realized he had come to Mt. Dashi to protect those at the rear.

This concept was foreign to a selfish person like him. But when he recalled standing at the entrance of the medical center and seeing the wounded being carried over one after another, the cries and wails of those people sounded like a song that people sang in their loneliness and despair.

Something in him clicked at that moment. He felt that it should not be like this. The world should not be like this at all.

This feeling had never been so strong before. It was so strong he felt a little angry and wanted to kill those who caused this problem.

Ren Xiaosu remembered the bitter expression on Wang Jing's face when he spoke. Wang Jing had said that the rate of saving people would never keep up with the speed of them getting wounded.

He still remembered the thousands of people in the chow hall saluting him and the gratitude the comrades of the wounded had for him.

*'Wudj, did you see that? Master has become a ray of light as you wished.'*

From today onwards, this ray of light would burn brightly from beginning to end. It would stay illuminated forever.

Ren Xiaosu slowly pulled out the black saber from the chest of the barbarian in front of him. "Y'all should've just obediently stayed in the North. Why come to the South and cause all this trouble for everyone? I once read something in a book that I did not agree with. But now, I've come to understand it. One of these days, you'll also understand that while the people of the Central Plains might look disunited like scattered sand, they will gather into a fist the moment you all arrive."

After killing so many people, Ren Xiaosu gradually understood why he felt a sense of belonging with the Northwest. It was because the Northwest had never contended to rule the world. All they did was guard the land behind them quietly.

If protecting others was also a path that could be taken, then there were still hundreds of thousands of like-minded comrades waiting for him back in the Northwest.

“I believe that the people from the Northwest are also on their way here.” Ren Xiaosu looked at the remaining few barbarians and said with a laugh, “Y’all will have to face the wrath of everyone in the Alliance of Strongholds until all of you are snuffed out.”

One of the barbarians said coldly, “You know nothing about the strength of the expeditionary army.”

Ren Xiaosu smiled. “You know nothing about the mental strength of the Central Plains people.”

When disaster comes, mental strength becomes the highest caliber of weapon humanity has in the face of danger.

After that, Ren Xiaosu bounded forward and killed all of his enemies, leaving behind only a pile of corpses.

...

Since he had said he would only leave behind a pile of corpses, a pile of corpses was all he was going to leave behind. So he was not going to leave behind even an axe.

Three hours later, the frontline commander of the Pyro Company stood on the battlefield and wondered, “Why aren’t there any axes here? Where have they all gone?”

“Maybe the person who killed them took everything away?” an officer nearby muttered.

“There’s more than 40 barbarians here. Did that many axes get taken away as well?” the commander at the front line wondered. Suddenly, a figure carrying a load of axes on his back appeared in his mind. He shook his head and dismissed the image. “Radio operator, connect me to the commander.”

With that, a radio operator came over with a portable radio on his back. The frontline commander picked up the receiver and said, “Sir, the snipers in the mountains seem to have been caught in an ambush by the barbarians here.”

“Ambush? Where are they now?” P5092 frowned. He was worried that something would happen to those two snipers.

However, the commander at the front line rephrased his words and corrected what he had just said. “Actually, it’s more like those two had set up a trap to ambush over 40 barbarians. Let me explain. I’ve checked the time of death of the barbarians here. Five of them died in a different location from the battlefield the others were found in. Furthermore, based on the time of death, those five had died earlier.

“So I conclude that someone must’ve ambushed them first. After that, more than 40 of the barbarians surrounded the snipers from all directions. Someone killed their way out of the encirclement, with half of the barbarians dying from slash wounds, while the other half died from a sniper rifle’s gunshot wounds. I feel like one of those two people used themselves as bait to create an opportunity for the sniper to shoot.”



P5092 was left speechless in the command vehicle. He did not know whether to say that these two people were overly bold or that their abilities were too terrifying.

Just how strong was that person who dared to act as bait and place himself in the encirclement of the barbarians?

Moreover, the issue was that the other party had actually managed to kill these 40-odd barbarians. He could even imagine how carefree the other party was as they slaughtered their way through the encirclement.

P5092 lowered his head. He suddenly realized goosebumps covered his arms. He even felt a little eager at the thought of possessing such strength.

Yesterday, they were surprised that those two people could actually take on seven barbarians head-on by themselves. But today, the other party had gone and killed nearly 50 of the barbarians for them to see.

P5092 used a red pen to mark the location on the map. He said calmly on the radio, "This is the last preset location in our plans to stop the barbarians. Currently, all of them should have retreated into Longtan Canyon. The encirclement plan has already been completed. Since someone has helped us carry out the most important tasks of the early stages, we should close this off beautifully. We can't let them think we're incompetent."

With that, the radio frequency was switched to broadcast mode. P5092's voice rang out through the earpiece in all of the soldiers' helmets, "Attention! This is the land of our Pyro Company the northern barbarians dared to intrude upon. In that case, we just have to ensure they remain here forever. Don't forget that we're fighting for the sake of humanity, and for the Pyro Company as well! It's time to move out!"

With just a few simple words, P5092 mobilized the troops for the battle. The Pyro Company's 10,000-strong main force started advancing into the mountains, determined to wipe out the barbarians in Longtan Canyon.

And after that? After that, they would continue heading north to kill more barbarians on the main battlefield.

However, right at this moment, over a 100 barbarians suddenly jumped into the Qingyan River and swam downstream.

Schools of fish rushed towards them like they had discovered their prey. But a second later, a barbarian took out a small fragment of bone in his possession. It was unknown what kind of creature the bone came from, but the moment he took it out, the schools of fish were frightened off and dispersed.

### **Chapter 849: Attacking the camp!**

After the creatures in the wilderness started mutating, the rivers started becoming dangerous as well.

In the earlier years, there were still people who went into the rivers to catch fish. But now, the fishermen had to be extremely cautious. If they did not catch hold of the fish properly, they might just get their fingers bitten off by the omnivorous fish.

As the Kong Consortium's east bordered the sea, its fishing industry was very advanced. But in just the recent few years, the industry had rapidly declined. It was not that there was no demand for fish, but that it was becoming impossible to go out to sea.

It was unknown what kind of animal skeleton the northern barbarians had used to frighten off the ferocious schools of fish. But from the look of it, it seemed like they were already prepared for this.

The Qingyan River was the main river in Mt. Dashi, and it ran from the northwest to the southeast. To cross this river, the Pyro Company even built sturdy arch bridges specifically for this purpose.

Now, the Qingyan River was acting as the water source for the main forces led by P5092. The riverbank closest to the camp was only 300 meters away.

When P5092 gave the order for the main forces to attack Longtan Canyon, the entire Pyro Company's camp was left quite empty. It was no longer bustling with activity like before, and from the outside, it even looked a little deserted.

The Pyro Company's main forces had spent several days driving all of the barbarians into Longtan Canyon. Now that it was time to reap the fruits of their labor, in order to ensure that the main forces would be able to overwhelm and surround the barbarians, they sent out all their troops except for those on chow duty. As such, when dawn arrived, no one noticed danger approaching.

Outside of Longtan Canyon, the Pyro Company's mortar units had already carried out their final adjustments and aiming. Meanwhile, the temporary defensive fortifications were completed for the passageways that could be used to get in and out of the canyon while heavy machine gun positions were used to seal off the roads.

In this way, the Pyro Company could ensure that no barbarians could walk out of the canyon alive.

The commander at the front line reported to P5092 over the radio, "Sir, we've completed our deployments. We're just waiting for the recon company to confirm the number of barbarians in the canyon."

"Recall the recon company and open fire immediately. I want full coverage fire support bombarding the canyon. Let's plow the area once over before proceeding," P5092 said calmly in the command vehicle back at the camp.

Mortar shells did not cost much. Previously, they did not resort to using fire support because they were unable to determine the locations of the barbarians in the wilderness. But what they had been doing these past few days was to gather the barbarians together so they could use artillery fire to wipe them out in one fell swoop.

Longtan Canyon did not span a large area, so it was not difficult to cover it entirely with fire support.

Of course, quite a few barbarians would still survive the bombing. But at that time, their combat capabilities would have plummeted.

A moment later, the commander at the front line gave his orders to the mortar units after ending the call with the command center. "We'll carry out an areawide bombardment on the canyon. Open fire!"

This time, the barbarians were no longer facing small-scale guerrilla warfare. Instead, they were about to experience the power of firearms and explosives that had ensured the survival of the Central Plains all this time!

Explosions, screams, and angry roars sounded in the canyon. It was only at this moment that the frontline commander felt relieved. Earlier, the reconnaissance troops had been recalled from their scouting before they infiltrated the canyon. Therefore, the Pyro Company was also unsure if the barbarians were really in there.

Although the plan was very meticulous, and P5092 had already led the troops to progressively seal off the entire wilderness, no one could be sure they had really forced the barbarians into the canyon until they heard this definitive answer.

As long as there was still a 1% chance of something going wrong, there would still be unforeseen circumstances that could affect the actual war itself.

But now, the frontline commander could finally heave a sigh of relief.

When the artillery fire petered out, the frontline commander immediately ordered the infantry regiment to enter the canyon and finish off any survivors.

The infantry regiment put on their gas masks and launched a large number of tear gas grenades into the canyon before moving in.

The canyon was filled with a faint white mist as the Pyro Company's soldiers advanced inside holding a tight formation.

But 30 minutes after the infantry regiment went in, a perturbing sitrep immediately sounded on the radio. "The number of barbarians we found doesn't tally with the intel. There's only about a 100 of them here!"

The frontline commander frowned. "Are you sure?"

"Affirmative. All the barbarians in the canyon who survived the bombardment have been captured. According to the intel from the scouts, there should be around 300 of them in the canyon, but there's only about a 100 of them here."

"Interrogate them!" The frontline commander shouted into the radio, "Interrogate them in the canyon and find out where the others have gone!"

But at this moment, a barbarian whose arms were tied up and kneeling on the ground spat out a mouthful of blood. He sneered and said, "You're even willing to give up your base just so that you can capture us?"

The infantry regiment's officer immediately knew things were not good. He shouted on the radio, "The barbarians are probably launching an attack on our camp! Sir, should we return to base to help the rest?"

The commander's expression changed. He shouted to the radio operator, "Connect me to the command vehicle!"

However, the radio operator shook his head. "I can't get through! I'm not getting a response from that side!"

...

Outside the camp, more than a 100 barbarians climbed up the riverbank like river demons. They looked at the campsite that was nearly 300 meters away before swinging the giant axes in their hands to flick off the water.

The leading barbarian sneered, "Charge! The expeditionary army will remember y'all. When the general builds a palace on the land of the Central Plains, your names shall be inscribed on the stone tablet at the entrance."

He then shouted, "Long live the expeditionary army! Charge!"

A moment later, over a 100 river demons started sprinting madly, and their heavy footsteps sounded like war drums beating on the riverbank.

For a normal person, a 300-meter sprint would take about 40 seconds to finish. But for these barbarians, it would only take them 10 seconds.

10 seconds was just a short moment in a war that could drag on for months or years.

The barbarians had already planned how they would kill all of the soldiers in the camp. Moreover, they were going to be the first advance guard of the expeditionary army to kill a high-ranking commander of the Pyro Company!

The leader of the barbarians charged even faster. Among this group of wild beasts, he stood out as the strongest leader. His physical condition was visibly much tougher than the others.

A moment later, a glaring spotlight suddenly lit up in front of them. The barbarians used their arms to shield themselves from the blinding light, but they could vaguely see an officer in his thirties standing within the camp. He was neatly dressed and wearing a military cap as he stood with his hands behind his back. This person was P5092, the person that the barbarians wanted to kill most.

In front of P5092 was a heavy machine gun position manned by several dozen soldiers.

P5092 laughed heartily and said, "My dear guests, you've come from afar! As your host, I'm sorry for being rude as we have not prepared a welcome. However, I do have a surprise for all of you."

The barbarian leader was stunned. From the look of it, the Pyro Company had probably expected they would be attacking the camp!

### **Chapter 850: Feels like I'm being targeted**

When the barbarians who were preparing to charge saw the machine gun, they immediately went prone behind some cover they found.

Before the barbarians launched the surprise attack on the Pyro Company's campsite, the two parties had already crossed swords many times on Mt. Dashi. Of course, if it weren't for the appearance of Ren Xiaosu and Yang Xiaojin, their battles might have turned out to be even more intense.

P5092 knew that since he had led the main forces of the Pyro Company here, it was only a matter of time before the barbarians on Mt. Dashi were wiped out.

It was not only P5092 who was certain of this outcome. The barbarians were also well aware that they were on a suicide mission.

But as a suicide squad, their deaths would have to be for something. Therefore, killing a high-ranking Pyro Company officer was the most worthy thing they could do.

Every high-ranking commanding officer was a precious resource that an organization had to spend a lot of effort to train and nurture, so not just anyone could replace them. If their replacements' standards were slightly lower, the acting commanding officer might very well threaten their chances in war, leading to a total defeat.

Therefore, killing a high-ranking officer was actually a very important matter that could prove fatal to the enemy.

However, before coming face to face with P5092, the barbarians were not expecting him to actually be anticipating their arrival.

To stall for time, they even left over a 100 of their companions in Longtan Canyon to throw off the enemy and delay the return of their main forces.

Before this, they had confirmed many times that the Pyro Company had sent out almost all of their main forces. But if the other party knew they would be coming, why did they still foolishly leave the camp empty?

So did the enemy really realize they were coming to attack? Or did they only realize it when they got out of the water and hastily set up a temporary machine gun position?

The barbarians' centurion stared coldly at the machine gun position in front of him. There were only a few dozen troops there, and the defensive fortifications were extremely simple and disorderly. It did not look like they were prepared beforehand at all. He suddenly laughed and said, "It's just a bluff."

The centurion was certain the enemy had already realized the number of them in the canyon was not right. That was why they had taken precautions. However, wasn't it a little too late for any precautions now?

A faint white glow appeared in the distant sky. It was going to be daylight soon!

"Men, make a detour and go around them. I'll handle the firearms of these Central Plains people!" After that, the centurion started moving again. He estimated he only needed another two seconds to rush up to the machine gun position.

When the centurion started running, he became a testy brown bear sprinting. The machine gun started spitting out a barrage of fire. However, the centurion was extremely agile in his charge, and even the muzzle of the gun could not match his speed of movement!

Moreover, P5092 suddenly saw the centurion raise his hand and throw the huge axe in his hand. The axe whistled through the air and landed accurately on the machine gunner.

After the axe hit the machine gunner, it did not stop there. The machine gunner was sent flying backwards along with it, displaying just how terrifying that strength was!

When P5092 saw this, he frowned. "It seems there's also powerful individuals among the barbarians. We have to report this matter to the higher-ups, lest we get fooled by them."

Seeing that the machine gun had stopped firing, the centurion roared, "Charge!"

The other barbarians leaped out from behind cover like cheetahs and threw their giant axes at the camp. When the Pyro Company soldiers saw this, their scalps turned numb.

"Get down." P5092 said calmly to the soldier next to him, "Your mission is over and you won't have to participate in the next battle."

With that, he actually caught an incoming axe and threw it back casually.

The power of this throw was much greater than when the opponent had thrown it!

The flying axe whizzed and landed squarely on the forehead of a barbarian!

This was the advantage of being a high-ranking officer of the Pyro Company. Perhaps it was even an advantage that most forces in the world could not match. That was because their officers were very powerful to begin with, and they never had to fear any so-called decapitation strikes.

But the centurion was already close to the camp. The other barbarians were also following close behind him.

If these people managed to get close to P5092, he would still die on the spot no matter how strong he was.

In a split second, the military tents in the camp collapsed. The barbarians were shocked to discover that nearly a 100 people were hiding in those tents!

Moreover, the centurion realized the people who had suddenly rushed out of the tents were even faster than him!

The centurion was planning to charge into the machine gun position and slaughter everyone, but his opponent arrived first and intercepted him before he could get there!

P5092 stood about ten meters away from him and said with a smile, "You've just walked right into our trap. T5081, I'll leave these barbarians to you all."

Even before he finished, T5081, who had rushed out of the tents at the back, came face to face with the centurion.

The centurion raised his hand and was about to swing his fist to receive T5081's attack. However, T5081 was faster than him by a notch. Before the centurion could fully release his strength, T5081 had grabbed his arm and thrown him with great ease.

Just as they passed each other by, T5081 punched the centurion in his ribs at lightning speed. The punch almost knocked the wind out of the centurion and almost caused him to go into shock!

Although the centurion was strong, he was still no match for a T5 combatant.

Nearly a 100 Pyro Company soldiers had rushed out of the tents at the same time. They were all wearing the uniform of the special forces, and even their armbands were different from those of the regular soldiers.

So even the machine gun position in the camp was only a front P5092 had used to make the enemy lower their guard. The real trump card was the special forces hiding behind him led by T5081.

After receiving the order to head north, the special forces that had attacked Stronghold 31 and numbered several hundred troops were split into three groups and assigned to three different missions. The group led by T5081 was transferred to the main forces led by P5092 to collaborate temporarily with them.

The special forces of the Pyro Company had been holding back their anger all this time. When they were at Stronghold 31, they got criticized for being inept at whatever they did.

It was all because they were unable to personally complete the missions that required them to destroy the Kong Consortium's intelligence agency, the secret prison, the normal prison, as well as to assassinate Kong Erdong.

They could only hold back their anger and try to fight this battle beautifully. They were determined to kill all of the barbarians in Mt. Dashi without leaving a single one alive.

Based on the initial plan, they were supposed to divide their forces in half and enter the wilderness to kill the barbarians before forcing the remaining ones to retreat into Longtan Canyon.

But before they could do anything, they heard the news that someone had already done what they were supposed to do.

Seeing the increasing number of barbarians the other party had killed in the mountains, T5081 even suspected it was the same group as the one that stole their kills in Stronghold 31.

T5081 even felt he might have been targeted.

At that time, P5092 consoled him with a laugh, "It's not like this is the same group that stole your missions in Stronghold 31. Don't worry, I'll definitely make sure you all claim the credit this time."