

## I. Dynasty 334

### Chapter 334: The Terror of Domination

Bang! Bang!

A second volley erupted from the muskets, with a burst of white smoke. This was the second wave of the three-stage volley fire.

After firing the first volley, the frontline musket troops didn't fall back to the third row to reload. Instead, they withdrew into the wagon formation through the chains between the Hussite war wagons.

Each Hussite war wagon had a soldier assigned specifically to open and close the chain gates.

As the gunshots rang out, another line of barbarian cavalry fell.

The charging horsemen now realized they had fallen into a trap. But there was no way to retreat — if they stopped, they would be trampled by the cavalry charging behind them.

Even when they tried to maneuver around the flanks of the formation, they encountered the same deadly musket fire from these strange Qingzhou weapons. Line after line of barbarian cavalry collapsed.

And now, the roar of cannons joined the fray. Black cannonballs bounced across the field, shattering horse legs, tearing through bodies. Thirty cannons howled across the battlefield.

Kuha, who just moments ago was confident of victory, stood frozen. The war wagons had blocked his view of the cannons. He hadn't even known they were there.

In an instant, more than two thousand cavalymen lay dead at the front of the Qingzhou formation. Those who continued their flanking charge were shot down again and again by waves of white smoke and lead.

Inside the wagons, the musket troops took turns firing through gunports. These Hussite-style war wagons were like iron-plated boxes — their lids became defensive walls during battle.

With each volley, the musket troops pulled back. Then, using ramps formed by the lowered inner panels of the wagons, another row advanced to fire again.

When barbarian cavalry came within fifty paces and tried to fire arrows, they were horrified to discover their enemies had disappeared behind walls of steel. Their arrows struck the raised wagon panels with a metallic thud, then fell uselessly to the ground.

Worse yet, white smoke continued to burst from the gunports. More riders fell.

But the real horror was yet to come. After each musket volley, the wagon panels dropped again — revealing the same Qingzhou soldiers ready to fire another shot with their terrifying weapons.

Volley. Retreat. Reload. Repeat.

A never-ending cycle of death.

Niu Ben watched from within the wagon formation, satisfied. The barbarian cavalry had already lost over three thousand men. Qingzhou's side had taken virtually no casualties.

He glanced at the wagon soldiers operating the movable panels, smiling with approval.

Each side panel could be raised for defense and lowered to form a ramp. Iron plates were fixed on all four sides of the wagons, making them like mobile bastions. Soldiers could ascend the ramps to fire or retreat between volleys.

Even in the narrow window when enemy arrows flew, the panels could be lowered again for another coordinated musket volley — even against those riding close to the wagons.

This formation didn't just protect musket troops — it sustained continuous firepower.

Wave after wave of musket fire tore through the charging cavalry. When the barbarians could take no more, their assault broke.

“Demons! These are the weapons of demons!”

A terrified barbarian's cry sparked panic. The next wave of cavalry, preparing to charge, watched in horror as three thousand of their comrades were gunned down in smoke and flame.

And they had barely harmed a single Qingzhou soldier.

Fear spread like wildfire.

The barbarians began to remember the horrors they faced outside Cangzhou — the overwhelming despair of being dominated.

Qingzhou's army was invincible.

They had already lost over a thousand men to peasant rebels in Jizhou. Now, in mere moments, another three thousand were dead.

Terror filled their eyes. Their fighting spirit crumbled.

This wasn't a question of courage — this was hopelessness.

“Charge! Kill them all!”

Kuha, driven mad by the sight of his mortal enemies just meters away, refused to give in. The mighty barbarian cavalry — how could they lose to the soldiers of Great Yu? Wolves beaten by rabbits?

Consumed by rage, Kuha screamed, “Charge! Anyone who retreats — kill them!”

But no one obeyed.

The cavalymen refused to charge again.

To them, Qingzhou’s soldiers wielded weapons of death — not swords, not arrows, but magic that only brought annihilation.

“Charge! Charge, I said!” Kuha roared, his eyes bloodshot. He raised his scimitar and struck down one of his own men.

Screams filled the air, but no one followed his orders.

Instead, the cavalry began to flee.

Within the wagon formation, Niu Ben peered through a telescope and saw Kuha’s desperate frenzy.

He seized the moment.

“The enemy has lost their will to fight. Cavalry — move out!” he ordered.

Lu Fei responded instantly. Inside the formation, the cuirassiers regrouped. Luo Xin intensified the cannon barrage, raining iron on the fleeing barbarians.

The wagon soldiers pulled back the chains, opening gaps in the formation. Qingzhou’s cavalry surged out through them.

“Kill those barbarian bastards! With me!”

A thousand cuirassiers stormed out, forming tight lines as they charged. Lu Fei raised his sabre, and their steeds galloped at full speed toward the broken enemy.

Kuha’s soldiers were exhausted from the long march, mentally shattered from the musket ambush. When the three thousand Qingzhou cavalry charged, the barbarians completely collapsed, fleeing down the road.

In their panic, their formation fell apart. Horses crashed into each other, blocking escape routes.

Three hundred meters vanished in seconds.

At one hundred meters, the cuirassiers drew their compound crossbows — they had no firearms, but two preloaded crossbows hung from each saddle.

Thwip! Thwip!

A volley of bolts tore into the fleeing barbarians.

At fifty meters, another volley.

Then, the crossbows were discarded.

Lu Fei drew his sabre again.

Glinting under the golden sunlight, the blade swung down — a barbarian head flew into the air, trailing blood.

In that moment, three thousand Qingzhou cavalry pierced the barbarian horde like a sword. Screams rose to the sky as they harvested lives like the scythe of death.

The barbarian cavalry cared only for escape.

But Qingzhou's riders were now wolves — and the once-feared barbarians?

Just rabbits.