

I. Dynasty 335

Chapter 335: Forward! Forward!

Kuha's eyes were bloodshot, his ears filled with the screams of his dying men.

He had lost.

Utterly and completely defeated. At this moment, he finally understood the hopelessness the soldiers of Great Yu must have felt when they were surrounded by his own forces.

Yet beyond fear, what overwhelmed him was shock—shock at those fire-spewing, smoke-belching weapons, at those strange wagons. Why had their unstoppable charge, their hallmark of invincibility, been torn apart like paper before the Qingzhou army?

But there was no time to ponder. The Qingzhou cavalry, clad in shimmering silver cuirasses, was already sweeping in from both flanks, encircling them.

To die fighting or to flee?

In that moment, he fled.

When even a jackal faces death, fear overtakes courage.

Just like the rest of his cavalry, Kuha turned and ran. Wielding his scimitar, he cut down any of his own men who got in his way.

Lu Fei quickly spotted Kuha, who was wildly slashing through his own troops in an attempt to escape.

His eyes narrowed dangerously.

He remembered what he saw three years ago outside Qingzhou—the corpses of civilians lining the road to Cangzhou, the barbarian cavalry who spared not even infants. He could still see those skewered babies, impaled on spears and displayed at intervals along the roadside.

That memory drove him to rage.

Wherever the barbarians passed, they left behind a hell on earth. To them, the people of Great Yu were not even human—worse than livestock.

Slaughter came easily to them. Lu Fei remembered one especially depraved unit of cavalry that, during a famine, boiled and ate the people of Great Yu.

To Lu Fei, they weren't human. They were beasts from the north—fox-like in cunning, venomous as serpents, devoid of virtue or conscience.

And then he remembered what Prince Qi had said:

“If the barbarians conquer the Central Plains, the Han people will be enslaved for generations. Our grand civilization will stagnate and perish, choked out by barbaric ignorance. It will be a catastrophic break in the lineage of culture.”

Just like five hundred years ago, when the horsemen of the steppe overran the Da Hong kingdom and plunged civilization into darkness.

“Kill them!” Lu Fei raised his saber and charged straight toward Kuha.

In his eyes burned the fury of a nation resisting foreign conquest—the fire of vengeance for countless innocent lives.

Once, he had felt despair. The corruption and weakness of Great Yu had failed its people. But now, hope had replaced despair.

“For Prince Qi!”

“For our homeland!”

“For our families!”

“Kill them all!”

His voice cracked from shouting. The Qingzhou cavalry behind him roared in response, their battle cries shaking the field. To the fleeing barbarians, these were demons on horseback, sabers raised and thundering toward them.

The Qingzhou cavalry swarmed in, closing the trap on the panicked and packed barbarians.

Blades swung. Screams tore through the chaos.

The barbarian cavalry were crammed together, trampling each other in terror, unable to mount any coordinated defense.

From the moment their formation broke, the outcome was decided.

Lu Fei led the charge, his saber cleaving left and right. The air filled with shrieks as bodies fell.

Wherever he rode, the enemy fell before him like wheat before the scythe. The barbarian cavalry broke into chaos.

And then—Kuha appeared.

“You barbarian dog! Grandpa Lu Fei is here!”

With a sharp pull on the reins, Lu Fei charged straight at him.

Seeing himself surrounded, Kuha snapped. With a snarl, he urged his horse forward, raising his scimitar.

The two clashed in a blur of steel, their blades striking with a shower of sparks.

Kuha, a battle-hardened warrior of the Blood Wolf tribe, matched Lu Fei blow for blow.

They wheeled their horses and clashed again.

Elsewhere, Niu Ben was watching the battlefield from the main road.

The barbarians had fallen into chaos. Most had already routed. The remainder were now encircled by Lu Fei’s cavalry.

Niu Ben raised his hand.

A trumpet blared. A new charge began.

The musket troops, now equipped with bayonets, charged forward in waves.

“Kill!”

Roars erupted from the Qingzhou infantry as they surged across the field like a flood, overwhelming the scattered barbarian riders.

What remained of the barbarian cavalry shattered completely. More and more dropped their weapons and fled.

The musket troops reached them quickly, forming a new bayonet formation. With precise discipline, their blades pierced the unarmored riders.

Horse and man alike fell in heaps.

One hour of brutal slaughter later, the remaining barbarian cavalry had been wiped out.

But Lu Fei and Kuha were still locked in a vicious duel.

Suddenly, Kuha halted, surrounded by Qingzhou soldiers. He laughed madly, his voice rising in hatred:

“You Han dogs! Baishan Taiji will avenge me! He’ll slaughter every man in Great Yu and take all your women as slaves! The iron hooves of the Golden Horde will trample Qingzhou to dust!”

As he ranted, a figure appeared on horseback—a general charging straight at him.

Kuha’s bloodshot eyes locked onto the rider. He gripped his scimitar and roared, charging forward.

Lu Fei turned, recognizing the man: Niu Ben.

He started forward, then stopped.

The two horses met—and crossed paths.

A flash of steel.

A head flew.

With one stroke, Niu Ben beheaded Kuha.

Lu Fei felt a chill.

Niu Ben's strength was monstrous. His martial skill—undeniable.

The Qingzhou soldiers who saw it roared in triumph:

"Glory to the Commander!"

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Niu Ben remained stoic. He lifted Kuha's severed head with his saber and shouted:

"Soldiers! We have won! The barbarians are not invincible. They owe us a mountain of blood debt—and now, we begin to reclaim it!" "Reclaim it! Reclaim it!"

The troops bellowed, their voices shaking the sky.

Niu Ben nodded solemnly and threw the head to the ground.

For a moment, his eyes misted.

He had seen too many of Great Yu's generals beheaded and paraded by the enemy, just like he had done to Kuha now.

Now it was their turn—

An eye for an eye.