

I. Dynasty 347

Chapter 347: Reinforcements

Fencheng, a small town in Jizhou prefecture. Inside a simple civilian house, Niu Ben, Lu Fei, Luo Xin, and the other generals were discussing their next move.

While they had been waiting in Fencheng to join up with the imperial army, the barbarian reinforcements had suddenly arrived. 80,000 cavalry surrounded the small town, sealing it off completely.

The Shanzi Camp collapsed without a fight. Inside the city, they had only 15 days of food left. The barbarians, having interrogated captured Shanzi soldiers, now knew the situation inside and opted for a siege.

“Governor, we need to break out! The barbarians are planning the same thing they did to Jizhou—they want to starve us and crush any reinforcements. Word of our situation must have reached His Highness by now. Are we just going to sit and wait for our allies to die trying to reach us?” Lu Fei said firmly, without a trace of fear.

Niu Ben remained silent in thought. Outside, the enemy cavalry belonged to Beishan’s reinforcements. He didn’t know whether Beishan was personally leading them, but the barbarians now had cannons.

Luo Xin stood up angrily and said:

“Never mind everything else. At least let us destroy their cannons! Their artillery threatens our wagon formations. Let’s show these barbarians what our cannons can do!”

“Exactly! Let’s fight. We can’t just sit in Fencheng and wait to die!” the other officers agreed.

After a while, Niu Ben replied, “Not yet. Without the imperial army, we can’t attack blindly. I trust Luo Quan. He knows what to do. If Beishan wants to trap us, we might just be able to hit him from both front and rear.”

“But... can we really trust the imperial army?” Lu Fei asked doubtfully.

Luo Xin said, “They might not be as good as our Qingzhou troops, but my father leads the Jinwu Guard—they’re elite forces of Great Yu. They won’t run away like that cowardly Shanzi Camp.”

“We’ll see on the battlefield,” Lu Fei muttered. He was frustrated with the slow arrival of the reinforcements. If food ran out, they’d starve to death before the enemy even attacked.

Niu Ben frowned. With Fencheng under siege, he had lost all communication with the outside. He had no idea how many barbarians they were truly facing.

Meanwhile, in the barbarian camp outside Jizhou City, Beishan sat in the main tent. Around him were leaders from the Blood Wolf Tribe: Chagatai, Guduo, and others.

The Blood Wolf Tribe had come out in full force—150,000 elite cavalry and 200,000 slave soldiers. A massive force of 350,000 troops.

The chaos in Jizhou had severely weakened Prince Yong. There had been no strong resistance to Beishan's invasion, which boosted his confidence.

"Taiji, Jizhou has been under siege for over a month. Morale is low—it's the perfect time to attack. Once we take the city and wipe out the Qingzhou army, Prince Qi will be powerless to stop us," Chagatai suggested.

Beishan calmly shook his head.

"Prince Yong is already finished. He's a rat trapped in a sack. What matters now is the 30,000 Qingzhou troops in Fencheng. If we attack Jizhou while they strike from behind, we'll be caught in a pincer."

"You're absolutely right, Taiji!" Chagatai quickly agreed.

Guduo added, "Taiji, the imperial army is only thirty li away. We must not delay. Let's attack Fencheng now and destroy the Qingzhou army. After Kuhar's death, it's clear how dangerous they are. Some say the Qingzhou army wields strange, powerful weapons. Give Prince Qi a few more years and he could become a major threat to the Golden Horde."

Beishan looked at Guduo. "So you want to attack Fencheng immediately?"

"Yes, Taiji," Guduo said, bowing.

Beishan gave him a cold glance and said:

“The imperial army is a disorganized rabble. Nothing to fear. Just send one cavalry force to block them. The Qingzhou army only has half a month of rations left. After that, they’ll fall apart on their own.”

Guduo frowned. His tribe had never fought the imperial army, but the Huyan Tribe had warned that Luo Quan was not an easy man to deal with.

He opened his mouth to object, but seeing Beishan’s stern gaze, he fell silent.

Thirty li away, Luo Quan was marching with the Jinwu Guard toward Fencheng.

Just then, a scout rode up:

“General! The Qingzhou army is trapped in Fencheng, thirty li from Jizhou. The situation is critical!”

“What?!” Luo Quan’s face changed instantly. “How many enemies?”

“At least 150,000 cavalry, plus 200,000 slave soldiers.”

Luo Quan's face darkened. The Blood Wolf Tribe's cavalry was one of the strongest in the barbarian forces. This was an all-out invasion.

Beishan clearly intended to conquer the entire northern region in one swift strike.

After thinking for a moment, Luo Quan ordered:

"Keep monitoring the enemy's movements. We move for Fencheng immediately."

He had brought the best soldiers of the imperial army with him. 60,000 cavalry, 30,000 spearmen, 40,000 sword-and-shield troops, 20,000 archers.

All were elite Jinwu Guard, personally trained by Luo Quan.

"Yes, General!" the scout replied and rushed off.

The army advanced. But ten li later, another scout rushed in with urgent news:

"General! 70,000 barbarian cavalry are heading straight for us!"

Luo Quan frowned. The barbarians clearly intended to block them from reaching Fencheng. Their plan was obvious.

At that moment, his son Luo Hong stepped forward and said:

“Father, General Niu Ben must be waiting for us to coordinate a pincer attack. I suggest you lead 60,000 cavalry around the enemy to Fencheng, while I hold the line here with 90,000 infantry.”

Luo Quan looked at his son with admiration.

‘This child has my foresight and courage.’

“Leave 10,000 cavalry with you,” Luo Quan said. “This battlefield is yours now. I’ll ride ahead.”

Luo Hong nodded solemnly. “Please take care of yourself, Father.”

Luo Quan gave him a concerned look, then said nothing more.

With a shout, he urged his warhorse forward and rode off with the main cavalry force toward Fencheng.

As soon as Luo Quan left, Luo Hong's expression hardened. He began issuing orders: spearmen in front, archers in back, sword-and-shield troops to guard the flanks.

The soldiers obeyed, swiftly rearranging into nine massive formations, each with 10,000 men.

Just as the formations were complete, a great cloud of dust rose in the distance—the barbarian cavalry had arrived.

These 70,000 troops were led personally by Chagatai, while Beishan remained at Jizhou to oversee the broader campaign.

Facing Luo Hong's army, Chagatai scoffed.

'Flat plains like these are perfect for cavalry. Fighting here with infantry? They're asking to die.'