

## I. Dynasty 350

### Chapter 350: Reversal

Inside the silver command tent, Beishan was studying a detailed map of Jizhou.

Ever since the truce with the Ottoman Empire in the west, he had turned his sights toward the Great Yu Nation.

The heavy snow and bitter cold of last winter had only solidified this idea. The shaman priests also predicted the grasslands would remain cold for years to come—perhaps getting colder year by year.

However, his plans hadn't been accepted by all tribal chiefs. In their view, since the Golden Horde Khanate had just signed a truce with the Ottomans, they should rest and recover for a few years before launching a campaign against Great Yu.

The chief among these cautious voices was Wuzhugü. He and his faction refused to commit the full strength of the khanate to attack Great Yu.

So, when chaos erupted in Jizhou, Beishan chose to ignore the useless officials in Shendu and instead led his Blood Wolf Tribe to invade Great Yu. In his mind, as long as he could eliminate the detestable Prince Qi, Great Yu would no longer have any worthy opponent.

"Wuzhugü, I'll prove to Father Khan that I'm right," Beishan clenched his fist tightly.

Ever since he began leading troops, he had been competing with Wuzhugü, as everyone in the khanate revered him—many even said he would be the next Heavenly Khan.

Beishan couldn't accept that.

So he volunteered to lead a western campaign, hoping to prove that he, not Wuzhugü, was the true wolf of the grasslands.

A string of victories had elevated his prestige within the khanate. But when he returned to Shendu, he realized he still couldn't compare to Wuzhugü. Though some tribal chiefs respected him, they still favored Wuzhugü more.

This constant sense of being overshadowed drove him mad at times. That's why he seized every opportunity to prove himself. And killing Prince Qi was his way of doing that. Especially now that even Wuzhugü had turned his eyes toward Qingzhou. Beishan had to eliminate Prince Qi first to prove his worth.

"Taiji, everything is going according to plan," a subordinate reported. "Gudu is raiding the Imperial Army's supply lines, Chagatai has trapped ninety thousand of their troops thirty li outside Jizhou City, and the remainder of their cavalry is being harassed outside Fencheng. We've even launched a feint to tie them down."

Beishan's command tent was positioned between Jizhou city and Fencheng so he could receive updates from all directions.

"Hmph! Keep dragging this out. I want to see how long the Qingzhou Army can hide in Fencheng," Beishan said coldly.

He had witnessed one of Qingzhou's strange weapons during the siege, and its power shocked him. That only increased his desire to capture some Qingzhou soldiers alive and learn exactly what this weapon was.

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## Outside Fencheng

Luo Quan and the barbarian forces had already clashed several times.

These barbarian cavalry forces never fought for long—retreating as soon as battle began, but coming back to harass again the moment the imperial troops withdrew.

Seeing this, Luo Quan sneered. These were tricks he himself had used against them in the past.

Then, during yet another engagement, Luo Quan suddenly roared, leading forty thousand cavalry in a ferocious charge.

The raiding barbarian cavalry panicked and began to retreat en masse.

From the main barbarian camp, a commander, seeing the sudden switch from defense to offense, immediately sounded the emergency horn. The “woo woo...” sound echoed across Fencheng.

Inside the city, upon hearing this, Niu Ben's eyes snapped open.

"That's the barbarian's emergency rally horn! The Imperial Army must be here," Niu Ben said excitedly.

The other generals in the room were overjoyed.

"Commander! What are we waiting for? Let's fight our way out! We've been pretending to be weak for days—it's time to show these savages what we're made of!" Lu Fei shouted.

The Qingzhou Army wasn't afraid of fighting—they had simply been waiting for the Imperial Army to arrive, planning a coordinated attack from inside and out to crush the barbarians.

Now, the moment had come.

"Send scouts to find out where the Imperial Army is attacking from. Ready the troops!" Niu Ben ordered.

The generals rushed out to prepare the soldiers.

Soon, scouts returned.

“Commander, the barbarians are assembling at the north gate, but the Imperial Army seems to have pulled back. The assembled cavalry hasn’t moved out.”

Niu Ben frowned.

“What’s Luo Quan doing? Keep watching.”

More updates came. The two sides were probing and feinting, neither committing to a full engagement.

Eventually, Niu Ben realized what was happening:

“Damn! The barbarians are trying to distract the Imperial Army. The supply line must be under attack. Luo Quan isn’t attacking because he’s waiting for news about the supplies. If something goes wrong, he’ll have to retreat to protect them.”

Understanding this, Niu Ben assembled his troops, ready to support the Imperial Army from the north gate at any moment.

But they waited the entire day, and the stalemate continued.

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Luo Quan was growing increasingly anxious. After sending his reinforcements to guard the supply line, the barbarians had also sent reinforcements, determined to cut off the supplies.

He now understood Beishan's true objective: destroy the food supplies. If they succeeded, 150,000 Imperial troops would face the same fate as the Qingzhou Army—starving, demoralized, and easily defeated.

As night fell, his worry deepened.

Jizhou's flat plains were the barbarians' natural battlefield, and the rebellion had cost them the use of nearby cities.

Then, scouts reported that Luo Hong had sent out his remaining ten thousand cavalry to guard the supply route, and both sides were now locked in fierce battle.

No one slept that night.

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The next morning

Luo Quan gathered his generals, all anxiously waiting for news of the supply lines.

While each cavalryman carried rations, supplies would only last a few more days. If they ran out, disaster loomed.

Just then, a scout galloped in.

“General! The Qingzhou Army has arrived! Their fire-spitting weapons are incredibly powerful! The tide is turning!” the scout said excitedly.

“Fire-spitting weapons?” Luo Quan was puzzled.

Because both sides had been stalemated, only limited troops had been sent to the supply front. But now, reinforcements made all the difference.

“Heh! These barbarian dogs... It’s my turn to pin you down now,” Luo Quan grinned, cracking his whip and leading his cavalry toward Fencheng.

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On the Road to Jizhou

Qi Guangyi and his cavalry clashed with barbarian riders across the open plains.

After a day and night of brutal fighting, the Imperial cavalry had suffered heavy casualties. The battlefield was littered with corpses from both sides.

However, judging by the bodies, the Imperial side was losing.

But once the Qingzhou Army joined the battle, everything changed.

Their three thousand musket-bearing soldiers quickly secured the supply route.

Each volley felled the charging cavalry like wheat before a scythe.