

Longevity 10

Chapter 10: Chaotic Battle! The Army Formation Has Been Broken!

When the Qin soldiers patrolling the city saw the Han troops emerging from all directions, they panicked. However, with their strong military discipline, they immediately formed ranks to meet the enemy.

For a time, Yang City, which had ceased hostilities for two days, was once again plunged into chaos.

More than five thousand Qin Sharp Soldiers were inspecting the city, but faced with the sudden assault of Han troops and a hail of arrows from all sides, they suffered significant casualties. It seemed that the emerging Han forces far outnumbered the patrolling Qin soldiers.

「At the Prefecture Governor's office in the city」

"What's going on?" Wang Yan's complexion changed as she too heard the sudden cries of battle.

Just then, a series of hurried footsteps came from outside the hall.

"A report for the Junhou," her Deputy General cried, rushing in. "Large numbers of Han troops have suddenly appeared in Yang City and are attacking our patrol forces. There are many of them, and they are not disorganized remnants, but a structured Han army! They're marching on the Prefecture Governor's office right now!"

"What?" Wang Yan shot to her feet, her expression changing dramatically. "There are Han troops hidden in the city? How did they stay hidden when my army of one hundred thousand took Yang City?" she exclaimed.

"Junhou," a subordinate Junhou immediately replied, "Yang City is a major military fortress for Han. Perhaps they dug hiding places underground long ago. With tens of thousands of homes in the city, even though our army searched it, these Han troops must have been planning this for a while.

"They surely intend to retake Yang City, or even sever our army's supply line and cut off General Li Teng's retreat!"

Wang Yan's face was grim. "Quickly mobilize all the Sharp Warriors in the city to engage the enemy! Send word to the Logistics Army camped outside the city and order them to enter and join the fight immediately."

Then she picked up the sword at her side and strode out.

At this moment, the sounds of battle filled Yang City as the two armies fought fiercely in the night. A murderous air hung over the entire city. The Han troops, appearing out of nowhere and possessing an absolute familiarity with the terrain, had caught the five thousand Sharp Warriors inside the city completely off guard, inflicting countless casualties.

And in a civilian house, Bao Yuan, whom Li Teng had been searching for, was sitting inside, surrounded by several Han generals.

Just then, the door opened.

"Reporting, Shangjiangjun," a blood-soaked Han general announced. "All eight thousand of our brothers have charged out. The Qin Army in the city was caught completely by surprise. We are gradually clearing them out now. If we choose to take the city, Yang City can be returned to Han by dawn."

"Months of planning have finally borne fruit," a smile touched Bao Yuan's lips. "King Zheng of Qin, it won't be so easy to annihilate our Han."

"And you, Wang Jian," he continued, "you are so arrogant. This time, I will teach you the meaning of cunning on the battlefield."

After a while, he slowly rose to his feet. "Issue my command: do not get bogged down in fighting. Break out of the city and strike directly at the Qin army's supply train. That is the key to Han's survival."

"As long as we burn their supplies and cut their food lines, the Qin Army, no matter how strong, will be rendered powerless. This will buy us enough time for Zhao and Wei to send reinforcements to aid Han," Bao Yuan said with a cold laugh.

From the very beginning, Bao Yuan had never intended to recapture Yang City. His plan was to create the *illusion* of retaking it, using the ensuing chaos to gather his forces, break out, and launch a direct assault on the Qin supply lines.

"Understood," the Han generals replied in unison.

After that, Bao Yuan stood up, picked up his sword, and looked towards Xinzheng through the night.
"My King, our Han shall not perish. Await the news of my triumphant return."

「Outside Yang City, where the Logistics Army was encamped」

The Logistics Army, having labored all day, had mostly retired to their tents to rest. Only a few sentries were patrolling.

Inside a tent, Zhao Feng, who had been fast asleep, suddenly woke up. He quickly put on his shoes and walked outside.

Something's not right... It seems something has happened in the city.

Standing outside his tent and gazing toward Yang City, Zhao Feng sensed that something was amiss. Now that his All Attributes were approaching four hundred, his senses were extremely sharp. Although his tent was in the middle of the Logistics Army camp, hundreds of zhang away from Yang City, and the sounds of fighting could not possibly travel so far, Zhao Feng distinctly heard some noises.

Without a moment's hesitation, Zhao Feng returned to his tent and grabbed his Battle Armor and sword.

"Brothers, get up!" Zhao Feng shouted, lighting a candle in the tent. "Something's happened!"

It was the dead of night, the hour of deepest fatigue. Hearing Zhao Feng's voice, the soldiers in the tent groggily opened their eyes.

"Platoon leader, what's happened?"

"What can happen in the middle of the night?"

"Exactly. Haven't we completed our tasks for today?"

The logistics soldiers looked at Zhao Feng with great confusion. As members of the Logistics Army, their discipline was naturally not as strict as that of the Sharp Warriors.

"Everyone, get dressed and grab your swords," Zhao Feng said immediately. "I'll go wake the others."

"Understood."

Seeing the stern look on Zhao Feng's face, the weary soldiers in the tent scrambled to get up.

Before long, all the soldiers from Wei Quan's hundred-strong company were awake.

"Mr. Zhao, what's the matter?" Wei Quan was also exhausted as he got up, looking at Zhao Feng with puzzlement.

"There's likely trouble in the city," Zhao Feng said seriously.

"Trouble in the city?" Wei Quan looked towards Yang City with a blank expression, then turned back and said, "The city has been taken. What trouble could there be?"

"I can't be sure, but it's better that we're awake," Zhao Feng said. "And it would be best to wake everyone else, too."

Wei Quan still looked puzzled.

"Mr. Zhao, it must be nearly the hour of Pingdan. Waking everyone now could cause trouble," Wei Quan said helplessly.

"Not waking them up will lead to even greater trouble," Zhao Feng insisted firmly.

The moment he finished speaking, the previously quiet walls of Yang City erupted with cries of battle.

"KILL!"

"KILL...!"

The shouts echoed from the city walls, and a moment later, the massive, sealed gates swung open.

"All forces, hear my command!" a roar echoed out. "Show the People of Qin no mercy! KILL!"

At the command, thousands of Han soldiers surged out of the city. The vanguard of the Han forces raised their bows and crossbows, unleashing a volley of arrows into the camp.

The sudden volley and unexpected killing intent instantly plunged the Logistics Army camp into deadly chaos. Many soldiers in the tents did not have time to react and were pierced by arrows in their sleep.

"Damn it, enemy attack!"

"Quick, get up! Enemy attack!"

"To arms!"

Panicked voices spread throughout the logistics camp, but by then, it was already too late. An innumerable force of Han soldiers had surged out of the city...