

Longevity 12

Chapter 12: Frenzied Slaughter

"What should we do?" Wei Quan's eyes widened as he looked at Zhao Feng.

"What else can we do?" Zhao Feng said gravely. "To flee is to die, but to fight is to live. As long as we hold them off, the main Qin army from Yang City will surely pursue them. Once they arrive, our crisis will be over."

"But what if they don't make it in time?" Wei Quan asked again.

"Then we'll go meet King Yan together," Zhao Feng sneered, his gaze fixed on the approaching Han soldiers. "Kill one and we break even. Kill two, and we've made a profit."

Upon hearing this, Wei Quan nodded and drew the sword from his waist. "Brothers of the Hundred General's Camp, gather around!" he bellowed.

The surrounding soldiers quickly assembled. Thanks to Zhao Feng's earlier caution, Wei Quan had lost only a few of his hundred men; the rest were nearby.

The sword at Zhao Feng's waist slid from its scabbard as he stared coldly into the distance. He could see thousands of Han soldiers swarming toward them. The front ranks carried bows and crossbows, firing arrows, while those behind wielded swords and long spears. They advanced steadily on the scattered Logistics Army.

"Brothers of the Logistics Army!" Zhao Feng roared. "Fleeing is useless! The enemy will not spare us! If you want to live, you must fight for your lives! Those with courage, follow me and slaughter them all! Kill one and we break even. Kill two, and we've made a profit!"

Picking up a shield from the ground, Zhao Feng held it in his left hand and his sword in his right. He fearlessly charged toward the thousands of Han soldiers ahead.

"That's right!" Wei Quan raised his sword and shouted. "To flee is to die! Fighting them is our only chance to live! Kill!"

"Follow the Hundred General!"

"Follow the Garrison Commander!"

"Kill!"

Seeing this, the surrounding logistics soldiers no longer fled. Instead, they drew their weapons and followed Zhao Feng, charging the enemy behind them.

Holding the shield, Zhao Feng rushed forward, spreading his Divine Sense. He accurately blocked every arrow that came within a three-zhang radius. He took the lead, rapidly closing the distance to the Han soldiers.

"Change formation!" the Han commander in charge bellowed. "Long spear soldiers to the front!"

The archers at the vanguard quickly fell back as the long spear soldiers surged forward, and the rain of arrows ceased. Several of them thrust their long spears directly at Zhao Feng.

Without a trace of fear, he charged forward with his shield and swung his sword.

With a sharp crack, the long spears of several Han soldiers in front of him were instantly sliced in two. Before they could react, Zhao Feng lunged forward with his shield, his blade flashing. The Han soldiers attacked, but their weapons never came close, easily dodged by Zhao Feng. His speed was already two to three times that of a normal person, making their attacks feel like slow motion.

CRACK!

His sword drew blood, sending a spray of crimson into the air. The heads of several Han soldiers were severed by the flash of his blade.

[Killing Han Soldier, obtained 5 Strength points.]

[Killing Han Soldier, obtained 5 Speed points.]

[Killing Han Soldier, obtained 5 Constitution points.]

The panel notifications flashed continuously. Yet, Zhao Feng felt none of his usual excitement from gaining Attributes. Right now, all he wanted was to kill the enemy—to slaughter every last one before him. Facing the thousands of Han soldiers, he was fearless. Shield in his left hand, sword in his right, he plunged into their ranks.

Seeing Zhao Feng's ferocious bravery, a Han officer immediately ordered, "Kill him!"

A mob of Han soldiers charged forward, swinging their long spears. Zhao Feng slammed into them with his shield.

BOOM!

Tremendous force erupted from the shield, sending several Han soldiers flying. The sheer impact killed them instantly. His sword continued its relentless swings. There were no techniques, only brute force, as he cut down his enemies. One by one, the Han soldiers fell at his hands.

"Follow the Garrison Commander!"

"Kill!"

Seeing Zhao Feng's incredible valor, the soldiers under his command were stunned. Not just them, but the other Logistics Army soldiers, who had been in an utter panic just moments before, were also shocked. At that moment, a newfound confidence bloomed within them.

"Brothers, follow the Garrison Commander and kill the enemy!"

"These damn Han soldiers won't spare us! To flee is death; fighting is our only chance to live!"

"Kill!"

"Kill..."

Inspired by Zhao Feng's heroic courage, the surrounding Logistics Army soldiers were galvanized. This was especially true for the men under his direct command, who followed him into the fray. One man inspired ten, ten inspired a hundred, and a hundred inspired a thousand. Eighty to ninety percent of the logistics soldiers who had been fleeing in panic abandoned their escape. They drew their swords, turned around, and charged into a bloody battle with the enemy.

This kid really knows how to put on a show. With skills like these, I bet even a general of the main camp's Sharp Warriors couldn't compare. Simply incredible.

Watching Zhao Feng's ferocity, where no one could withstand a single blow from his sword, Wei Quan, who had been following close behind, was completely astonished.

「In the rear ranks of the Han army.」

"This Qin Logistics Army actually dares to fight us?" A flicker of astonishment crossed Bao Yuan's face as he watched the logistics soldiers turn to counterattack. However, as a Senior General of Han, a man of high rank with proven command ability, he quickly composed himself.

"Pass down my order," Bao Yuan commanded coldly. "All troops, attack at full force. Annihilate these Qin soldiers with the utmost speed."

In his view, the Logistics Army was just that. Even if they fought back, it would change nothing. The eight thousand troops he led were all elites of the Han army, long prepared for this day, even before Yang City was breached.

"The Shangjiangjun has given the order!"

"Annihilate the Qin army! Leave none alive!"

"All troops, charge! Kill!" the Han generals roared in unison.

The entire Han army surged forward. Thousands of Qin logistics soldiers clashed with the seven to eight thousand Han soldiers. In terms of combat strength, the disparity was enormous, and the Logistics Army suffered heavy casualties. Despite this, their ferocious bravery was enough to impress any observer.

The fierce battle raged on.

"It's been a full Chinese hour," Bao Yuan mused from the rear. "My nearly seven thousand elite Han forces still haven't wiped out a mere five to six thousand Qin logistics soldiers? Just how does Qin train its army? How can even their logistics troops possess such death-defying battle spirit?"

He stared at the few hundred logistics soldiers still fighting, now completely encircled by his army, a look of shocked disbelief in his eyes. He wasn't facing Qin's elite main army, but their support troops, yet he still couldn't crush them. If these had been Qin's actual elite Sharp Warriors, would his Han army have stood a chance in an even fight?

"Wipe out these Qin soldiers at once! We cannot afford any more delays," Bao Yuan commanded icily. "It will be troublesome if this Logistics Army interferes with our mission to sever Qin's supply lines."

"Acknowledged," the Han generals replied in chorus.

"The Shangjiangjun has given the order! Eradicate the Qin soldiers swiftly! Kill!"

Within the Han army's encirclement, every surviving Qin soldier was wounded. Zhao Feng himself had several arrows protruding from his body, his armor and clothes stained completely red with blood. But even now, under his indomitable leadership, the remaining logistics soldiers instinctively gathered around him, forming a protective circle with him at its core.