

Longevity 170

Chapter 170: Subjugation! Zhao Feng's Grand Scheme!_5

Meanwhile, on the Wei River, at the location where the Qin Army usually patrolled its border defenses, Wei Wuji's chariot had already arrived.

"Your Majesty," Wei Bo said mockingly as he rode his horse, "this Zhao Feng is truly all bark and no bite. Although our army has not crossed the Wei River, he hasn't arranged any defenses. He is utterly incompetent."

"What if he has seen through my intent not to cross the Wei River at all?" Wei Wuji said calmly.

"Impossible, right?" Wei Bo said, looking surprised.

"If he really has seen through my intent not to cross the Wei River from the start, then this Zhao Feng would be somewhat terrifying," Wei Wuji said gravely.

"Your Majesty," Wei Bo said, "I think you are overestimating this Zhao Feng. Wei City is small, and according to our scouts, although there are a hundred thousand Qin soldiers in the city, fifty thousand of them are surrendered soldiers from Han. With surrendered soldiers defending the city, the Qin Army is bound to mutiny."

"Give me ten days, and I will breach Wei City and deliver Zhao Feng's head to Your Majesty," Wei Bo declared confidently.

"Hmm," Wei Wuji nodded, agreeing that Wei Bo's point was reasonable. "Speed is of the essence in warfare. Advance the army; we will begin the attack on Wei City tomorrow."

"Yes, Your Majesty," Wei Bo immediately accepted the command.

Wei Wuji looked at the raging Wei River, a contemplative look on his aged face. In the end, however, he didn't dwell on it. With a wave of his hand, his chariot headed toward Wei City.

「The next day!」

The great army arrived before the city walls.

There were 150,000 soldiers of Wei, though Wei Wuji claimed to command 300,000. Countless military formations were arrayed before the city, their intangible martial presence creating a baleful aura that enveloped the very void.

In front of the Wei Army's formations stood over a hundred Stone Throwing Machines and over a hundred Bed Crossbows. Clearly, Wei Wuji was going all out to breach Wei City and reverse the National Fortune of Wei.

"Where are the soldiers of Great Wei?" Wei Wuji stood atop his chariot and bellowed.

"Hah! Hah! Hah!" All the Wei soldiers shouted in unison, their military might formidable.

"I, Wei Wuji, am an old man. In this era of great contention, why do I, an old man, still lead the army into battle?"

"First, for the stability of Wei's territory. Second, for the peace of the people of Wei. The National Fortune of Great Wei wanes, yet now we have the chance to rewrite it. Breach this Wei City, seize the Han Land, and our Great Wei can once again be prosperous and strong.

"So long as you can achieve this, the history of Great Wei will never forget you.

"Relay my command! Attack Wei City! The first to breach the city walls will be promoted three ranks, appointed a general, and rewarded with a thousand pieces of gold! Those who cut down a Qin banner will be promoted two ranks, appointed a general, and awarded a hundred pieces of gold! Those who capture the enemy's Main General alive will be promoted three ranks, appointed a general, and given ten thousand pieces of gold!

"For me, kill them!"

Wei Wuji drew his sword and pointed it directly at Wei City. Around his chariot, dozens of messengers immediately galloped off to the various army formations.

The Wei Army's assault began!

Atop the walls of Wei City, Zhao Feng was clad in Battle Armor, surrounded by his trusted aides. The entire city tower was staffed with Qin archers, some in full armor and others in just the standard Qin military uniform. This was the distinction between the Sharp Warriors and the Penal Battalion.

In a siege battle, the defenders hold an absolute innate advantage. Wei Wuji, you may be skilled at commanding troops, but since I am defending from atop the city walls, you can only mount a direct assault.

Zhao Feng watched the approaching Wei Army begin its attack with cold indifference, showing no signs of panic.

"All troops, listen to my command! Stone Throwing Machines, prepare! Archers, prepare!" Zhao Feng ordered.

"The general has given the order! Stone Throwing Machines! Archers!" The trusted aides immediately relayed the commands.

"Soldiers of the Qin Penal Battalion!" Zhao Feng shouted. "For all of you, the chance to change your fate is here! Kill one enemy, and you will be freed from servitude. Kill five, and you will be promoted one rank in the peerage!"

"And today, I make another promise to every soldier of the Penal Battalion: should you die in battle for Great Qin, your families will receive the same compensation as that of an ordinary Qin soldier!"

As his messengers spread the word, every soldier in the Penal Battalion stared in disbelief before their morale erupted, soaring to the heavens.

"We swear our lives to Great Qin! We swear our lives to Great Qin..."

Countless soldiers of the Penal Battalion were inspired by Zhao Feng's words. In that moment, it was as if all their worries had been cast aside.

In truth, Zhao Feng had considered this when he first formed the Penal Battalion. However, he knew it would be far more inspiring if he announced it at a critical moment on the battlefield. Now was the perfect time.

In any case, the King of Qin's edict was in his hands. He had absolute authority over Wei City. Using such an incentive to defend the territory of Great Qin was not excessive.

Zhao Feng fixed his gaze on the advancing Wei Army. On the battlefield, striking first was paramount. As the Wei Army entered the range of the Stone Throwing Machines, he did not wait for them to fire first.

"Kill!" Zhao Feng bellowed.

Instantly, from various points within the city, dozens of prepared Stone Throwing Machines unleashed a volley of enormous boulders, launching them toward the army outside the walls.

The stones hammered down indiscriminately. Countless Wei soldiers were instantly crushed into pulp. Although the Wei Army was attacking in formation, they were dispersed for the assault, not densely

packed. Even so, the barrage from the Stone Throwing Machines, ordered by Zhao Feng, caught them completely off guard.

Following the Stone Throwing Machines, Zhao Feng roared again, "Archers!"

A volley of arrows was unleashed from within Wei City, raining down upon the Wei Army storming the walls. Under the hail of Qin arrows, the slaughter was indiscriminate. Swaths of Wei soldiers fell under the dense arrow-rain.

The Qin Army was indeed prepared. Seeing this, it was crystal clear to Wei Wuji.

But at the start of the great battle, he was not at all panicked. There might be a hundred thousand troops in the city, but fifty thousand of them were surrendered soldiers, ready to mutiny at any moment. As soon as his forces breached the city walls, there was a high probability those surrendered soldiers would turn.

"Wei Bo!" Wei Wuji called out loudly.

"This general is here!" Wei Bo's eyes were filled with anticipation.

"For this first assault on the city, you will personally supervise the battle. If you breach the walls, I will personally report your battle honors to the Great King," Wei Wuji said gravely.

"I will not disappoint Your Majesty!" Wei Bo replied excitedly, then galloped toward the central army.

"Stone Throwing Machines, attack! Archers, advance! Vanguard Army, use the Stone Throwing Machines for cover and charge! Anyone who dares take one step back will be killed without mercy!" Wei Bo drew his sword and bellowed.

What followed was an extremely brutal siege battle. On the battlefield, the only thing more savage than two armies charging each other in formation was the ferocity of a siege. It was a true meat grinder of war.

Zhao Feng stood atop the city gate, perfectly calm. But as the Wei Army began their main assault, he raised his own bow. His gaze locked onto the scene below, scanning for the commanding officers in the Wei Army.

He nocked an arrow and drew the string.

WHOOSH.

A Junhou in the Wei Army was leading a charge, completely unaware.

THWACK.

An arrow pierced straight through his throat. The five or six soldiers behind him were also instantly impaled and killed.

[Slaying a Wei Junhou. Strength +10.]

[Slaying a Wei Soldier. Speed +5.]

[Slaying a Wei Soldier. Constitution +5.]

At this notification, Zhao Feng didn't hesitate. His eagle-sharp eyes swept across the battlefield, accurately picking out the officers within the Wei ranks. In all the nations of the world, even among the foreign tribes, the attire of officers was inevitably different from that of common soldiers. Within the Qin Army, officers were distinguished by their Battle Armor and their rank. It was the same for the Wei Army, whose officers could be identified at a glance by their armor.

Zhao Feng's hands were a blur as he rapidly let loose arrow after arrow. Even in the midst of their formations, the Wei Army officers could not block his shots.

[Slaying a Wei Junhou. Lifespan +10 days.]

[Slaying a Wei Capital Commandant. Strength +20.]

[Slaying a Wei Soldier. Constitution +5.]

Zhao Feng's arrows flew relentlessly, furiously reaping the lives of the Wei Army's officers.

The effect of killing the Wei officers was significant. The charging Wei Army lost its command and fell into chaos.

"The Junhou is dead!"

"The Capital Commandant is dead, too! There's no one to command us, what do we do?"

"Damn it, our centurion is dead, too!"

"Do we charge or not?"

As the Wei Army's officers were picked off by arrows one after another, their formations descended into chaos. From the central command, Wei Bo's face turned pale, completely bewildered by what was happening.