

Longevity 175

Chapter 175: Ying Zheng's Concern

Since the opportunity had presented itself, how could Zhao Feng not take the chance? Annihilating Wei Wuji's grand army would be a great feat. However, opening the path from Wei to the Zhao state and marching his forces in would be an even greater achievement.

History was a testament to the prevailing trends. This time, Qin was bound to annihilate the Zhao state. Although it might take a long time, the fall of Zhao was inevitable. If Zhao Feng could achieve this, his army would become a surprise contingent, catching the Zhao state completely off guard.

As night fell, Wei City gradually settled into silence. All the wounded soldiers had been taken to the Wounded Soldier Camp for treatment. The soldiers on duty at the city wall had been relieved by another Wanjiang Camp. After seven consecutive days of defending the city, every unit had been rotated except for the two Wanjiang Camps belonging to Chen Tao and Zhao Tuo.

Zhao Feng's nature was one of an eye for an eye. Since they wanted to oppose him, he would grant their wish. Under his command, they could forget about achieving any merit. Even if he were promoted, they would remain as Wanjiangs unless they found a way to be transferred from under his command.

Open a First Order Treasure Chest. Thinking of the chest he had received as a reward for all his attributes breaking the three-thousand mark, Zhao Feng immediately opened it.

"Obtained ten bottles of [Hemostasis Powder]," the panel prompted.

Speaking of which, I wonder if Han Xi has managed to develop the Hemostasis Powder. Zhao Feng mused as he looked at the powder he had just obtained.

Hemostasis Powder had a miraculous hemostatic effect on external injuries and was essential for military campaigns. Zhao Feng had previously obtained the formula and given it to Han Xi, tasking him with secretly recruiting physicians to produce it. However, they had seen no results before the great battle began. Clearly, the Hemostasis Powder formula was more difficult to master than the one for Bone Tempering Powder.

As Zhao Feng pondered, he turned his head to look out beyond the city walls. "Enemies," he announced.

The soldiers feigning sleep on the city wall stirred and awoke. They immediately grabbed their bows and peered out beyond the city. Under the faint moonlight, dark figures could be seen slowly approaching Wei City through the gloom.

"General, there don't seem to be many of them," Wei Quan, who was on duty nearby, said with surprise. "Could they be attempting a sneak attack?"

Zhao Feng slowly stood up, his gaze fixed on the area before the walls. He waved a hand. "Archers!"

Immediately, the soldiers on the wall drew their bows and rose to their feet.

"Let them get closer. Once they're in range, shower them with arrows," Zhao Feng ordered coldly.

Even if this was just a probe, Zhao Feng was determined they would not return alive. Mercy to the enemy was cruelty to oneself.

Under the cover of night, over a thousand archers from the Wei Army approached Wei City, widely spread out. But as soon as they entered the range of the Qin arrows, Zhao Feng shouted coldly, "Kill!"

A hail of arrows immediately rained down from the city wall.

"AH... AH..."

"Push forward! Fire!"

Screams echoed from outside the city, but even under the relentless rain of arrows, the attackers still charged toward Wei City. As they drew closer, they began loosing their own arrows toward the city, sending volley after volley over the walls.

After this continued for some time, the officer leading the Wei Army contingent shouted, "Retreat!" and they quickly withdrew.

On the city wall, many soldiers were struck by arrows, but they felt no pain and found no wounds.

"Huh? Has the Wei Army gone mad? These arrows don't have heads!" one soldier exclaimed.

"No, that's not it," another said. "There are strips of silk fabric tied to the shafts."

"There are characters on the fabric, but what is this script? I can't recognize a single word."

"It looks like our old script, but I don't know it."

"What is all this about?"

A buzz of discussion arose on the city wall and spread throughout the city.

At that moment, Wei Quan walked up to Zhao Feng, an arrow in his hand. "General," he said, removing a piece of silk fabric from the shaft. "The Wei Army wasn't attempting a sneak attack. They deliberately used these arrows to deliver these pieces of fabric into the city." He respectfully handed the strip of fabric to Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng took it, unfolded it, and burst out laughing. "Wei Wuji is certainly interesting," he remarked with amusement. "He's resorting to psychological warfare."

"Is it a letter of surrender?" Wei Quan leaned in for a closer look but couldn't recognize a single character on the silk fabric.

Across the land, truly literate people were few and far between. In the entire Qin Lantian Camp, an army of 300,000 men, it was estimated that no more than 3,000 could read. This illustrated just how limited the spread of literacy was. In this era, literacy offered the chance to become an official; even a low-level scribe was far better off than a commoner. This knowledge was primarily held by the aristocratic and scholar-official clans, while the common folk rarely had such an opportunity.

"It's written in the Han script," Zhao Feng explained with a faint smile, tossing the piece of silk fabric aside. "It's nothing more than an attempt to persuade the Han Surrendered Soldiers in the city not to help Qin defend it. They claim the Wei Army is here to help them restore their state."

Although it was Han script, the writing systems of all the states under heaven originated from the same root, so they were similar enough for Zhao Feng to understand.

However, Zhao Feng wasn't concerned about Wei Wuji's psychological ploy. If the surrendered soldiers in the city were still being treated like slaves under the old organizational methods, this stratagem might have been a devastating blow. But now, after the reorganization of the Penal Battalion, Wei Wuji's ploy was as useless as wastepaper.

The reorganized surrendered soldiers weren't fools. Zhao Feng had given them a future. Betrayal would not only mean their own deaths but would also lead to the implication and extermination of their entire families and clans.

Just as Zhao Feng expected, voices rose from among the former Han soldiers.

"Stop looking at that stuff! It's just enemy propaganda meant to trick us!"

"If you can't read it, good. If you can, ignore it. Don't believe a word the enemy says!" one of their officers shouted. "Gather up all these fabric strips and give them to me. I'll take them to the General."