

Longevity 217

Chapter 217: Fate Official Seal Transformation! Zhao Feng's Excitement! (Part 3)

He looked toward the distant Qin Army, his eyes filled with hatred. He was the son of Gongsun Xi, who had died at the hands of Zhao Feng.

Wei had reached a time of national decline, with a dearth of capable generals. For the crucial task of defending Lincheng, Wei Wuji had considered thousands of candidates but ultimately chose the Gongsun family. Wei Wuji was not only adept at commanding troops but also skilled at reading the hearts of men. He knew that with Gongsun Xin's father having perished at the hands of Zhao Feng, the blood feud was irreconcilable. Placing Gongsun Xin in command of Lincheng would ensure he defended it to the death, for he would never surrender to his father's killer.

"Kill!" Zhao Feng commanded, his sword pointing forward.

Under the impact of heavy iron hammers, twenty Stone Throwing Machines launched twenty massive boulders. Although the number of Stone Throwing Machines was small, their power was immense. As the most formidable weapons of the era, their deterrent effect was considerable. The volley of stones crushed many Wei soldiers to death instantly and collapsed several buildings within the city.

"Kill!"

Twenty thousand Qin archers, bows in hand, spread out before the city walls. A volley of ten thousand arrows was unleashed. Each shaft, seasoned by the battlefield and smeared with blood and filth, soared toward the city in a fierce barrage. The entire sky was enveloped by the dense shower of arrows, bringing indiscriminate slaughter.

Although the Wei Army within the city was prepared for the Qin's arrow rain, many were still killed by the relentless volleys. An arrow wound might not be immediately fatal, but the filth on the shafts could cause infection. Many of the injured Wei soldiers would likely succumb to septic fever within seven days. Over three hundred thousand arrows were destined to rain down upon the city today. The twenty thousand archers fired frantically, advancing in an orderly fashion and ensuring their arrow rain covered the majority of the area before Lincheng.

As time gradually slipped by, Zhang Ming would periodically report to Zhao Feng.

"General, we've already shot nearly half of our arrows."

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"General, we have less than a hundred thousand arrows left."

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"General, we have less than eighty thousand arrows remaining."

Upon hearing that fewer than eighty thousand arrows were left, Zhao Feng's gaze sharpened, realizing the moment had come.

"Signalmen, heed my command!" Zhao Feng ordered with authority.

"Present!" the multitude of signalmen replied in unison.

"The words I speak now shall be repeated by the entire army," Zhao Feng commanded.

"Yes, General!" the signalmen responded.

"Since taking command of this army, I have led from the front in every battle! When I was a Capital Commandant, I led from the front! When I was a Wanjiang, I led from the front! When I was a Deputy General, I led from the front!

"Today, as your Main General, I, Zhao Feng, will do the same! Leading by example to inspire the entire army remains unchanged!

"All Sharp Warriors, listen well! I will lead, and you shall follow! My six hundred-strong Personal Guard Army will form the Supervisory Team! Anyone who dares to retreat shall be executed—and that includes me!

"I have only one command: charge! Should I fall, you must not cease the attack. If we cannot breach the city, we will fight to the last man!

"Soldiers! Follow me and kill!"

With a great bellow from Zhao Feng, the Sharp Warriors in front of the war chariot slapped their horses fiercely, and the chariot shot forward, charging toward Lincheng.

"Follow the general! Kill!"

All the Daqin Elite Soldiers roared in unison. Commanded by their Deputy General and respective Wanjiangs, the grand army swept toward Lincheng.

"General! Have these Qin soldiers gone mad?" a Wei General under the protection of a shield formation exclaimed in surprise. "They're attacking without siege equipment—not a single ladder or assault tower! Do they really dare to attack like this?"

Gongsun Xin, however, merely scoffed. "Zhao Feng is all bark and no bite. Lincheng is a vital military stronghold with high, thick walls. Without sufficient siege equipment, the Qin Army can't dream of breaching it, even with hundreds of thousands of soldiers. It seems Zhao Feng has grown desperate. Ultimately, he's just too reckless."

Hearing this, the Wei Generals around Gongsun Xin nodded in agreement. Attacking a fortified city without siege engines—if not recklessness, they could think of no other explanation.

"Soldiers of Wei, heed my command!" Gongsun Xin shouted. "Archers, ready yourselves! As soon as the Qin Army gets close, unleash your arrows on my order! In this battle, without siege engines, the Qin are doomed to fail!"

"We obey the general's command!" the Wei Army atop the city walls responded loudly. Reminded by Gongsun Xin, they indeed noticed that while the approaching Qin forces had fearsome morale, they lacked common siege engines like ladders and assault towers. This sight gave those positioned high on the walls a sense of security.

Holding the Longquan Sword, Zhao Feng charged ahead, his war chariot leading the way. The Sharp Warriors following him fell nearly ten zhang behind.

"Zhao Feng! You're courting death!"

Watching the lead chariot charge forward with the young Zhao Feng aboard, Gongsun Xin recognized him at a glance. With murderous intent in his eyes, he drew his sword and waved it. "Release the arrows! Kill him!"

At his command, the Wei soldiers who had been cowering below the parapets stood up, and those hiding behind shields raised their bows. But the moment they exposed themselves, a dense rain of arrows fell from the sky. Swathes of Wei soldiers were immediately cut down. Those lucky enough to avoid being hit quickly raised their own bows and fired at the forces below.

Arrows flew from all directions, but Zhao Feng was fearless. He raised his shield with one hand while swinging the Longquan Sword with the other, cutting down one arrow after another.

Behind Zhao Feng, the thousands of Sharp Warriors at the vanguard held up their shields. Seeing the Wei Army's arrows raining down, they raised their shields high in defense. Although they suffered casualties under the barrage, the advance of the Sharp Warriors did not slow in the least.

"Without siege equipment, I'd like to see how you breach the city," Gongsun Xin sneered, watching Zhao Feng rapidly approach the city gates. Without siege engines, the entire Qin Army would be stopped dead beneath the walls, unable to advance a single inch—unless the city gates themselves were thrown open.