

Longevity 271

Chapter 271: What Is Emperor Qin Shi Huang Like? Song of the Common Robe (Part 4)

By now, every soldier of Zhao in Handan City knew the new laws.

Those who fled in the face of the enemy would be beheaded!

Those who abandoned their posts would be beheaded!

Those who damaged morale would be beheaded!

Those who wavered in military resolve would be beheaded!

The military order had been given, and the Supervisory Army was ready to execute it at any moment. Every soldier of Zhao inside Handan City was aware. In the past few days, many Zhao soldiers had already been dealt with by the Supervisory Army, their public executions serving as a stern warning to the entire army under Pang Xuan's command. Indeed, the strategy had achieved respectable results.

"Wang Jian," Pang Xuan muttered atop the city ramparts. Since the Qin Army was not attacking at that moment, he had personally come to the battlements.

At that moment, Pang Xuan gazed at the Qin forces before the city with a cold resolve, his eyes filled with a vengeful, murderous intent.

The defeat at Wu'an City! A disgrace that has stained my entire life. Though this is a defensive battle, I, Pang Xuan, will use the defender's advantage to make Qin pay the price.

His gaze shifted back to the enemy lines.

"Daqin Elite Soldiers!" Wang Jian's voice boomed. "Before you lies the capital of the Zhao state! Breach this capital, and Zhao will be no more! Our Qin will possess the foundation to unify all under Heaven, and the wish of generations of the Old Qin People will be realized in your hands!"

"Break through this city! All warriors of the Lantian Camp shall have their names etched into the annals of Lantian. In the future, all of Huaxia will look upon Lantian with honor!"

As his voice paused, Wang Jian drew the sword from his waist. He spun around, pointed its tip directly at Handan City, and bellowed, "Archers, heed my command!"

"The Stone Thrower Army Marquis Camp, heed my command!"

"The Bed Crossbow Army Marquis Camp, heed my command!"

"Attack!"

With that single word, the formations arrayed before the battlefield sprang into action. Stone Throwing Machines, Bed Crossbows, and thousands of archers advanced. The Qin Army's offensive began with a familiar tactic: showering the enemy with a bloody barrage of arrows from afar.

The battle had begun, with arrows leading the charge.

"KILL!"

From the front of every formation, the cry to kill shook the heavens. A torrent of countless arrows rained down upon Handan City, accompanied by boulders from the Stone Throwing Machines and giant bolts from the Bed Crossbows. A sky thick with killing intent descended upon the Zhao capital, which had not seen war for many years, shrouding it once more.

The rain of arrows falling into the city made no distinction between soldier and civilian. While the soldiers maintained some semblance of order, stray arrows shattered roof tiles and plunged into houses, killing many commoners where they stood. The massive boulders that crashed down likewise inflicted countless casualties. Wails of agony arose from within the city, only to be drowned out by the incessant hiss of falling arrows. The volley would not cease until the city walls were broken.

The archers loosed their arrows continuously. The endless downpour suppressed the Zhao Jun within the city, leaving them powerless to respond. Even the well-prepared Pang Xuan had no answer for the Qin arrows; his own archers simply couldn't reach the Qin formations. His only option was to strengthen the defenses at the front of the city, preparing a great number of thick wooden planks to shield against the assault, which proved somewhat effective.

As time passed, the arrow barrage persisted.

Astride his chariot, Wang Jian clutched his sword, his formidable face calm and unreadable. It was as if this battle, one that could decide the fate of a nation, was merely another ordinary skirmish to him.

Finally, when the moment was right, Wang Jian glanced up at the sun hanging high in the void. Then, he pointed his sword toward Handan once more. "Vanguard Army, attack!"

Hundreds of messengers immediately galloped from Wang Jian's chariot toward the various army formations.

At the very front, Zhao Feng, the Main General, stood like an ordinary Sharp Warrior at the head of his troops. As always, he held a shield in his left hand, his right resting on the hilt of his Longquan Sword, ready to be drawn at a moment's notice. Behind him stood his Deputy Generals, Tu Sui and Zhang Han, both awaiting the Senior General's command.

Just then, the thunder of hooves swept toward them.

"The Senior General has given the order!" a messenger roared. "Vanguard Army, attack!"

As the words reached Zhao Feng's ears, his calm eyes instantly hardened, unleashing a surge of killing intent.

"Who says we are without clothes? With my brothers, I share my armor! The king raises his army, we ready our spears and halberds! With my brothers, I share one foe!" he chanted, his voice carrying across the ranks.

Upon hearing this, Tu Sui, Zhang Han, the trusted aides, and the countless Sharp Warriors behind them all felt a tremor run through them, as if something deep within their blood had awakened in resonance.

Immediately, from behind Zhao Feng, the chant was taken up.

"Who says we are without clothes? With my brothers, I share my armor! The king raises his army, we ready our spears and halberds! With my brothers, I share one foe!"

One by one, the Sharp Warriors sang out this military anthem with a solemn, reverent tone—a song originating from the Old Qin People, rooted in their very spirit. In this atmosphere, even the former soldiers who had defected from Han, now Sharp Warriors of Qin, felt deeply moved, joining their comrades in shouting this song of the army's soul.

Who says we are without clothes!

With you, I share my armor!

Who says we are without clothes!

With you, I share my tunic!

With the military song, the army's soul ignited. It seemed everyone was swept up in the anthem, their spirits binding together as one.

SHING!

Zhao Feng drew the Longquan Sword from his waist, its blade singing through the air. He raised it high.

"Pao Ze brothers!" he roared. "I, Zhao Feng, will always stand with my Pao Ze brothers! Heed my command! Keep up with me and cease not your attack! Even if I die, the assault does not stop!"