

## Longevity 46

Chapter 46: Behind the Qin Envoy Stand a Million Sharp Warriors!

As the Qin Army pressed toward the city, it was not just the Han soldiers awaiting the Qin's military might who felt despair—even the civilians inside the city were filled with it.

The Qin, renowned as the ferocious wolves of the land!

In this era, the slaughter of entire cities was not unheard of. This was the greatest fear of the civilians, who lived in the Han Capital but were not people of Qin. How could they know how the Qin Army would treat them?

Hearing that the Zhao state and Wei had sent reinforcements lifted the spirits of the Han soldiers, who had felt isolated and without help. It was a spark that ignited hope within them!

Zhang Ping ascended the city wall with measured steps. He looked out at the Qin forces gathering in the distance, forming their battle lines, and his brows furrowed.

The Qin Army is indeed as renowned as the legends say, an elite and savage force. Compared to them, Han's troops lack spirit, vigor, and most of all, sharpness. Without these walls to defend, Han couldn't hope to stand against them.

Seeing the military bearing the Qin Army displayed before the attack even began, Zhang Ping felt an even heavier weight in his heart.

Just then, in front of the Qin formation, a chariot broke away from the battle lines, charging toward the Han Capital. When it was less than a few dozen zhang from the city walls, the chariot came to a halt.

"Who is in charge on these walls?" atop the chariot, Li Teng, clad in battle armor with a sword at his waist, stared at the Han Capital and shouted.

Zhang Ping slowly stepped forward, his face a mask of calm. "Prime Minister Zhang Ping is here."

"So it's the Prime Minister of Han." Hearing this, Li Teng smiled. "I am General Li Teng, acting on a royal edict from the King of Qin to raise a righteous army and exterminate the disloyal! Prime Minister, it has come to this—does Han still intend to stubbornly resist?"

"If Han surrenders, everything in the city can be preserved. I can pledge that the ancestral temples of Han will not perish, that the civilians within the city will not suffer the threat of slaughter, and that all of Han's hundred officials will be kept safe."

Zhang Ping let out a cold laugh. "Heh! A righteous army? What is a righteous army? Your Qin state raises an unprincipled force, trampling our land without cause. This is an army of injustice, one the entire world should unite to destroy!"

"Qin raises an unprincipled force?" Li Teng also laughed coldly.

「A year ago.」

"The King of Han expelled our Qin envoy from Xinzheng. When our Qin's own Court Minister Li Si came personally, the King of Han refused to see him and had him thrown out of the royal palace. Prime Minister, are you not aware that an envoy represents the very face of a nation? To expel a minister of Qin, to eject our Qin's Minister of Justice—this was a direct slap in the face to Qin, and to our million Sharp Warriors! Our army is here today because Han brought this upon itself! Let me tell you, behind every Qin envoy stands the sharp edge of a million soldiers!"

Since ancient times, mobilizing an army required a legitimate pretext. Otherwise, it was considered an unjust war, which would have a great impact on military morale and the perception of the various countries. The reason King Zheng of Qin had moved against Han first was the result of careful deliberation.

Several years prior, Qin had been at war with the Zhao state. They achieved good results initially, capturing many of Zhao's cities. But then the King of Zhao recalled Li Mu from his post in the Dai Territory to lead the reinforcements, and the Qin army was ultimately forced to retreat. It was after this that the King of Han, who had been on the verge of submitting to Qin, had a change of heart and instead pledged allegiance to the Zhao state. First, he expelled the Qin envoy, and then he mistreated the next envoy from Qin, Li Si, who had already been appointed to the important post of Minister of Justice.

Qin's mobilization against Han was one part retaliation and one part a message to the world, demonstrating the fate of those who dared to oppose them.

"I, Zhang Ping, would rather die than surrender!" Zhang Ping no longer bothered with a war of words with Li Teng. He had supported the King of Han's decision to expel the Qin envoy, and he certainly had his reasons. "Show us whatever you've got."

"If the Prime Minister insists on seeking his own death, then I will no longer try to persuade you."

Li Teng gave Zhang Ping one last, hard look and said no more. With a wave of his hand, the Sharp Warrior driving the chariot immediately turned the horses and returned to the main Qin army.

Upon returning to the formation, Li Teng drew his sword. His gaze was stern as he stared at the Han Capital. Pointing his blade forward, he roared, "Daqin Elite Soldiers!"

"WIND! WIND! WIND!"

The cry thundered across the landscape, shaking the nine heavens. The Qin Sharp Soldiers were historically known as the most powerful army of the era. Their military presence alone was devastating.

"Archers! Stone Throwing Machines!" Li Teng commanded again.

As the order fell, dozens of messengers on horseback spurred their mounts, fanning out from behind him and charging toward the military formations. They were responsible for relaying the general's commands.

"General's orders! Archers, prepare! Stone Throwing Machines, prepare! Kill!" the messengers screamed as they reached the arrayed legions.

When one rider reached the formation under Zhao Feng's command and relayed the order, Zhao Feng raised his Profound Iron Bow, his expression utterly grave. This was his first true, large-scale battle since being transferred to the main combat camps.

War! Zhao Feng thought, his grip tightening on the Profound Iron Bow.

Behind him, five thousand Sharp Warriors all held their bows, quivers strapped to their backs. They carried no long spears or halberds. His ten-thousand-man brigade was not part of the vanguard; their assigned task was to fire arrows into the Han Capital.

At that moment, Chen Tao, the Main General, rode up on his warhorse, spear in hand. "The Commander-in-Chief orders an attack!" he roared, swinging his spear forward.

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

The army advanced in an orderly march toward the Han Capital. It wasn't just Zhao Feng's ten-thousand-man brigade, but two others as well. Thirty thousand troops, thirty thousand archers, and every quiver was filled with feathered arrows. Li Teng had ordered them to suppress the enemy with three hundred thousand arrows, but the quivers on the backs of thirty thousand archers carried far more than just ten arrows each.

Watching the Qin Army advance toward the city, Zhang Ping shouted, "General Cao, the Qin are attacking! I don't care what methods you use, you must hold the line! I will personally oversee the battle from within the city. Anyone who dares to flee in the face of the enemy will be killed without mercy!"

"Rest assured, Prime Minister!" Cao Yi boomed in response. He then drew his sword. "Archers, prepare! The moment the Qin Army enters range, release your arrows!"

Cao Yi stared intently at the field before the city, gauging the Qin Army's advance. Thirty thousand Qin archers and over a hundred Stone Throwing Machines were rolling forward.

When they were about sixty zhang from the Han Capital, the commanders of the three ten-thousand-man brigades all signaled a halt. The Sharp Warriors of each brigade began to rapidly spread out, creating a wide formation that covered the entire front of the city.

"Loose the arrows! Quick, loose the arrows!" Cao Yi bellowed.

"General," a Deputy General hastily replied, "they are not yet within our bow range."

The rumor among the states has always been that Qin arrows have a longer range. Could it be true? A deep unease settled in Cao Yi's heart.

In the next moment, the thirty thousand Qin archers had finished dispersing, creating even spacing between them.

"KILL!" the three Qin commanders roared in unison.

The cry of "Wind!" rose again. "WIND! WIND! WIND!"

Thirty thousand Qin Sharp Soldiers raised their bows as one.

The next instant...

THWANG! THWANG! THWANG!

The very sky above the Han Capital seemed to shatter from the terrifying, vibrating hum of thirty thousand bowstrings being released at once.