

## Longevity 47

### Chapter 47: Qin Army's Spirit! A Brutal Siege!

This was accompanied by an endless torrent of arrows shooting toward the Han Capital, filling the entire Void as thickly as a torrential downpour.

"Spread out!" Cao Yi bellowed.

His trusted aides immediately hoisted their shields to protect him. The next moment, countless arrows rained down all over the Han Capital.

THWACK.

THWACK.

A chorus of arrows piercing armor and flesh resounded within the city. As the storm-like barrage fell, countless Han Soldiers were instantly slain, their bodies strewn throughout the capital.

The screams were unending.

The scenes on the city towers and within the city walls instantly transformed into Purgatory. Blood and corpses littered every corner of the fortifications.

"Hide!"

"Quick, hide!"

A single volley of arrows had thrown the Han Capital into chaos, with Han soldiers scrambling to dodge the deadly projectiles everywhere. But this was only the first volley.

Thirty thousand Sharp Warriors took turns firing. The front rank would shoot and immediately fall back, rapidly drawing new arrows from their quivers to rotate into the firing line again. The relentless storm of arrows continued, inflicting endless casualties on the entire Han Capital.

At the same time, over a hundred Stone Throwing Machines adjusted their angles, targeting the city.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

One after another, the Stone Throwing Machines hurled flaming projectiles, which soared toward the city towers and into the streets within. When the projectiles hit the ground, the impacts created explosions like artillery shells, scattering flames in all directions.

The assault from the Stone Throwing Machines brought unceasing screams of agony from within the city as countless Han Soldiers were smashed into a bloody pulp.

The battlefield was just that cruel.

Within the military formation, Zhao Feng was also nocking and loosing arrows into the sky.

Tens of thousands of men were shooting arrows. It was an indiscriminate attack, covering the entire Han Capital's city towers. Under such a dense barrage, any soldier exposed to the arrow fire faced almost certain death.

"Killed a Han Soldier, collected 5 points of Strength."

"Killed a Han Soldier, collected 5 points of Lifespan."

"Killed a Han Soldier, collected 5 points of Speed."

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Even though the arrow fire was indiscriminate, Zhao Feng seized every opportunity, releasing five arrows simultaneously with each shot. His quiver was packed with dozens of arrows. Even firing blindly without a visible target, his lucky shots managed to kill Han Soldiers, allowing him to successfully collect Attributes.

Zhao Feng mused to himself, This level of arrow coverage is equivalent to a modern-day saturation strike. In terms of military weaponry, Qin is truly supreme in this era. To do a good job, one must first sharpen one's tools. It's really true.

As he thought, Zhao Feng continued to fire at full speed, the arrows in his quiver rapidly depleting. He could not afford to miss such a rare opportunity to kill the enemy.

The rain of arrows continued, accompanied by the ceaseless bombardment of flaming projectiles from the Void. The Han army inside the city was completely suppressed.

At this moment, Li Teng, atop the central army's chariot, saw that the time was right.

He immediately shouted, "Our Qin arrows have suppressed the Han army!"

"Seize this opportunity! Vanguard Army, attack!"

At his command, an entire Wanjiang Battalion stood in solemn readiness.

"Sharp Warriors of the Second Wanjiang Battalion, today we are the vanguard!" Wu Hua roared, waving his long spear. "For the might of Qin, we swear to breach the Han Capital! Kill!"

"Kill!"

"KILL!"

The thousands of Sharp Warriors in the vanguard battalion roared, charging with do-or-die resolve. Shield-bearers led the way, carrying Siege Hammers, mobile shields, ladders, and various other siege engines as they rushed toward the Han Capital.

Swiftly, they moved past the formation of archers and charged directly at the city.

Under the suppressing fire of the Qin archers, the Sharp Warriors of the Vanguard Army quickly reached a distance of twenty to thirty zhang from the city walls, entering the Han army's firing range.

Seeing this, the defending Cao Yi knew they could not just wait for death.

"We must not let the Qin army breach the city!" he bellowed. "All troops, hear my command! Engage the enemy! Loose your arrows! Anyone who dares to flee the battle will be executed on the spot by the Supervisory Army without mercy! Stone Throwing Machines, fire! KILL!"

Under his powerful command, the Han soldiers on the walls began to retaliate amidst the incoming shower of arrows. From within the city, the Han army's counterattack unleashed a volley of arrows toward the forces outside. With the threat of the Supervisory Army looming over them, the Han soldiers within the walls began to mount an orderly defense.

The rain of their arrows gradually intensified, becoming denser. The Stone Throwing Machines within the city also began to hurl huge rocks toward the Qin Army outside.

"Defend!" Wu Hua immediately ordered.

The Sharp Warriors at the front promptly held their shields high. Many arrows were blocked, but many others slipped through the gaps and struck the soldiers behind.

THWACK.

THWACK.

Arrows pierced flesh. One by one, Sharp Warriors fell under the hail of arrows, struggling in pools of their own blood. The crashing rocks caused even greater casualties.

However, this did not stop the Vanguard Army's advance. They continued to close in on the city steadily. Siege warfare was inherently cruel. Once a war began, human lives were as worthless as weeds.

This is a real siege, Zhao Feng thought as he continued to fire, watching the scene intently. You just keep throwing lives at it until the walls are finally breached.

In such a massive battle, and from such a close distance, the extent of the brutality was laid bare. But Zhao Feng also saw the vanguard's attacking Sharp Warriors. They showed no fear, only a relentless, unstoppable momentum.

When a Sharp Warrior fell to an arrow, another immediately took his place. When a cluster of men was crushed by a giant rock, soldiers from the rear instantly filled the gap.

Unstoppable, dauntless!

Is this the soul of the army? Fearless and unwavering. We swear not to return until the enemy's walls have fallen. They have cast aside all thought of life and death.

Witnessing this scene, Zhao Feng felt a new understanding of the Qin army he belonged to. Or perhaps, for the first time, he truly sensed the intangible, yet ever-present, soul of the army.

Under the cover of the Qin army's arrows, the Vanguard Army had already reached the base of the city walls. Ladders and assault towers were swiftly pushed against the fortifications. There were also battering rams.

"Stone Throwing Machines, continue your attack!" Li Teng shouted. "Archers, advance thirty zhang and fire!"

Now that the vanguard had reached the city walls, firing from their original positions risked hitting their own men. The archers, who had initially served to suppress the enemy, now needed to advance.

The command was given, and the Daqin Elite Soldiers advanced methodically.

"Transmit my order!" Zhang Ping bellowed from the walls. "Mobilize all forces! For every man who falls, send another to replace him! For every ten who fall, send ten more! We will not let the Qin Army breach our city!"

The Imperial Guards by his side immediately relayed the order. Masses of Han soldiers quickly rushed toward the city tower.

A war of attrition began in earnest.

The entire Han Capital was completely enveloped in war. The Vanguard Army attacked the city in wave after wave, while the Han army defended desperately. Arrows rained down from both sides, and the barrage from outside the walls was unending.

With every breath, countless lives were extinguished. The scene was horrifically grim.

Even though the rain of arrows is causing heavy casualties, the Han army still has the strength to defend the city, and their troop numbers are still significant, Zhao Feng thought, looking at the unfolding battle and the comrades who kept falling one after another. A sense of worry emerged in his heart. With defenses like these, it's impossible to break through so easily. And it seems the city gates have been completely sealed shut.

But as he was not part of the vanguard, all he could do was watch.



