

Longevity 186

Chapter 186: Zhao Feng Attacks, Wei Wuji in Terror!

In an instant, the retreating Wei Army was shot dead in droves. This time, the army under Zhao Feng's command was equipped not only with their primary weapons but also with bows and arrows, each soldier possessing formidable combat strength.

For this assault, Zhao Feng led five thousand soldiers, while over four thousand more remained to defend Shangwei City. After the great effort to sever the Wei Army's supply line and escape route, it was only natural to station a large force there to hold the position. However, Zhao Feng's forces were limited, and leaving over four thousand men was sufficient to defend it.

"Kill!" Zhao Feng bellowed.

He was the first to charge toward the Wei Army's formation. With a single charge, he imbued his Tyrant Spear with True Qi and swept it wide. Boosted by the True Qi, an invisible spear glow formed and swept out instantly. More than a dozen Wei soldiers were blasted away before they even knew what happened, dying in an instant as the airborne spear glow ruptured their internal organs.

Amidst this chaotic battlefield, Zhao Feng was unafraid to display his true power, as anyone who witnessed it would be killed shortly after.

"Killed a Wei Soldier. Obtained 5 Strength."

"Killed a Wei Soldier..."

A series of prompts flashed by. Zhao Feng squeezed his legs against his warhorse's flanks, and with a sharp neigh, it charged directly toward the Wei Army's formation.

"Form up!" Wei Bo immediately roared. "Release arrows!"

The frontline Wei soldiers quickly raised their shields, forming a long shield wall. Behind them, Wei archers rapidly gathered. But Zhao Feng was fearless. When he reached the shield wall, he swept his Tyrant Spear viciously, empowered with True Qi that caused its glow to scatter in all directions.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

"Argh..."

The roar of shattering shields, the screams of agony, and the spatter of blood filled the void. The Wei Army's shield formation was instantly torn open. Behind Zhao Feng, the Qin Army charged in, loosing arrows as they advanced. The Wei Army, forced to fight in a panic, suffered heavy losses.

Meanwhile, from the direction of Wei City, tens of thousands of Qin soldiers had abandoned their defense of the city and stormed out, furiously pursuing the fleeing enemy. Although Zhao Feng only commanded several thousand men, he had already managed to form an encirclement around the Wei Army.

"That man... he must be Zhao Feng," Wei Wuji said, his eyes fixed on the ferocious Qin General breaking through the shield wall in the distance. He immediately thought of the man defending Shangwei City.

"It must be him," a Wei General remarked. "So young, yet clad in the battle armor of a Qin Deputy General."

"For Qin to possess such a young and capable general... He is a great future threat to our state of Wei," Wei Wuji sighed.

"My Lord," Wei Bo called out loudly, requesting orders. "This Zhao Feng has only a few thousand soldiers with him. I wish to lead an attack and slay him."

Watching Zhao Feng charging at the front, Wei Bo's eyes filled with murderous intent. He had struggled to join this campaign and finally had a chance to prove himself, but now, all of that was gone.

Wei Wuji glanced at Wei Bo, then back at Zhao Feng charging in the distance, an expression of unspoken disappointment on his face. To suffer such a defeat...

Perhaps an even deeper regret stirred in Wei Wuji's heart. If only the one he had mentored was like Zhao Feng. If only his successor was like Zhao Feng. His own nephew lacked talent and was reckless by nature. He would not be of great use in the future.

After this defeat against Qin, our state of Wei will inevitably face a perilous future. I cannot die. Otherwise, Wei will have no one left who can stand against Qin.

Wei Wuji forced himself to rally his spirits. If he had a worthy successor, he wouldn't be thinking this way, but considering the state of his nation, he was filled with pessimism.

"Carry out my order!" Wei Wuji shouted. "Break through the front! We will retreat to Wei by land! We have lost the initiative in this battle. The Wei Army has been defeated!"

Immediately, Wei Wuji mounted his war chariot.

"Wei Wu Troops! Protect the Lord! Break through and return to our homeland!" the surrounding Wei Generals commanded loudly.

The elite Wei Wu Troops swarmed around Wei Wuji's chariot and began their charge to break through the front lines.

"The Wei Army is trying to break through!" Zhao Feng roared, waving his long spear and cutting down enemies. "Brothers, kill as many as you can! Kill!"

His gaze, however, was scanning the chaotic battlefield, searching for any sign of Wei Wuji. Slaying Wei Wuji would be a truly unparalleled achievement.

"There," Zhao Feng's eyes narrowed. Through a gap in the fray, he spotted a large contingent of Wei soldiers protecting a war chariot and charging in his direction.

Fortune favors the bold.

Zhao Feng muttered the thought to himself and spurred his warhorse. With a shrill neigh, the horse bolted forward. Zhao Feng brandished his long spear, closing in on Wei Wuji's position.

"Follow the General!" Zhang Han bellowed. "Kill!"

The spear in his hands danced like a deadly blur, easily picking off Wei soldiers one by one. Empowered by his sixth-level Postnatal Inner Strength, Zhang Han's combat power allowed him to hold his own against dozens of men, a truly ferocious warrior among the elites.

"Follow the General! Kill the enemy!" thousands of Qin soldiers roared in unison. Even the foot soldiers, under Zhao Feng's command, moved with incredible speed, converging like the tip of a blade to pierce the Wei forces.

Weapons clashed, blades pierced flesh, and blood sprayed. The two armies collided head-on, while from Wei City, tens of thousands of Qin soldiers surged forth, mercilessly hunting down the enemy.

Zhao Feng cut a path of destruction. His warhorse charged through the enemy lines, an unstoppable force. Any enemy who came within several yards of him was doomed to fall beneath the Tyrant Spear. His divine weapon, combined with his own formidable strength, was simply unmatched.

"Archers!" Wei Bo commanded, his eyes flashing with a cold light as he watched Zhao Feng approach. "Kill him!"

A large group of Wei archers swiftly gathered around Wei Bo. They took aim and loosed a volley at Zhao Feng. Though the Wei Army was in disarray, the Wei Wu Troops still maintained their powerful combat prowess. A hail of arrows shot towards Zhao Feng.

"True Qi Shield!" Zhao Feng circulated his True Qi, instantly protecting his entire body. At the same time, his Divine Sense expanded. He swung his Tyrant Spear in a blur, deflecting every arrow that flew near him. With a pulse of True Qi, the rain of arrows within a ten-foot radius was instantly blasted away.

"Is he even human?"

"He blocked all those arrows?"

Seeing this, the Wei archers stared in utter shock. But Zhao Feng paid no mind to their terror.

His long spear danced once more. His gaze locked onto Wei Bo's position as he spurred his warhorse again, which shot forward like a thunderbolt. The Tyrant Spear whirled in his grasp, imbued with True Qi, sending out invisible blades of light with every swing.

"Argh... Ahhh..."

Wherever the light fell, swaths of Wei soldiers had their lives extinguished. The Wei archers were also slaughtered mercilessly under the spear. Zhao Feng barreled straight towards Wei Bo.

"Bo'er! Retreat, quickly!" Wei Wuji shouted urgently from a distance, seeing Zhao Feng charge toward his nephew.

At that moment, fear flashed in Wei Bo's eyes. But upon hearing Wei Wuji's cry, a surge of courage overcame his dread.

"Protect the Lord during the retreat! The state of Wei cannot be without the Lord!" Wei Bo bellowed from his warhorse, raising his own long spear.

Watching the ferocious Zhao Feng charge toward him, Wei Bo's eyes filled with a defiant battle intent. He pointed his spear directly at his opponent. "I am of the Wei royal family, nephew to Lord Xinling! I will die before I retreat! Zhao Feng! Do you dare face me in battle?"