

Longevity 194

Chapter 194: Dealing with Chen Tao and Zhao Tuo! Reporting to the King of Qin! (Part 4)

Atop the chariot, Wei Wuji slumped down, his old face etched with utter defeat and helplessness. Though he had just escaped with his life, his heart was filled with agony.

He had lost to a seventeen-year-old Qin general. For a venerable man approaching seventy, this filled him with unbearable bitterness and frustration.

"Bo'er," Wei Wuji murmured. "Your uncle has failed you... How can I possibly face your father now? Oh, Bo'er..."

He had been powerless to do anything but watch his nephew die a gruesome death. The memory filled Wei Wuji's heart with immeasurable sorrow.

"Zhao Feng," Wei Wuji murmured. He felt no hatred; on the battlefield, life and death were commonplace. Besides, he was the one who had attacked Qin. There was no room for hatred, only the sting of failure.

The successor he had painstakingly nurtured for so many years was gone, just like that.

Wei's national fortune is over. Our only hope is that the Zhao state can withstand the Qin army's vanguard. If Zhao can hold out—as long as Zhao survives—then perhaps Wei can still exist in this world. But if Zhao falls, Wei will be no more. Wei Wuji thought with deep sorrow.

Just then, a Wei scout came running over in a panic.

"Report!" he gasped. "My Lord, the Qin Army is on our heels! They're hunting down our surviving soldiers!"

A flicker of fear flashed through Wei Wuji's eyes. So soon? How long has it been since we fled the battlefield? How long since the Qin Army finished the fight? And yet, they've already caught up.

Zhao Feng... This boy is terrifying.

Wei Wuji was truly shaken.

"My Lord, you must leave at once! I, your humble general, will lead the Wei Wu Troops to hold back the Qin Army!" a Wei general declared, kneeling beside Wei Wuji.

Following his lead, the surrounding generals all knelt. "My Lord, please leave quickly! We are willing to hold back the Qin Army!" they proclaimed in unison.

"Our army's morale is shattered, and our forces are scattered," Wei Wuji sighed. "You cannot possibly stop them." This single defeat had crushed his spirit; the fiery determination he'd had at the start of the campaign was gone.

"We can die, but you, My Lord, must not perish!" the lead general bellowed. "Wei cannot be without Lord Xinling!"

"General Gongsun, are you truly determined to do this?" Wei Wuji asked, his brow furrowed with reluctance.

"My family has long been indebted to the great King of Wei. I am willing to die to protect our kingdom!" Gongsun Xi proclaimed.

He was a descendant of the famed Wei general Gongsun Yan and was considered a formidable war general in Wei. However, he paled in comparison to his ancestor, especially when measured against the legendary generals of Qin.

Seeing Gongsun Xi's unwavering resolve, Wei Wuji could only sigh. "Alas..."

No longer hesitating, Gongsun Xi bellowed, "Wei cannot be without Lord Xinling! Wei Wu Troops, hear my command! Assemble and form your ranks! Prepare to face the Qin Army!"

"HUAH! HUAH! HUAH!"

The surrounding Wei soldiers quickly rallied, forming up around Gongsun Xi.

"All soldiers who are not Wei Wu Troops, protect our Lord and leave at once!" Gongsun Xi shouted to the assembled men.

At his command, a contingent of Wei soldiers immediately began escorting Wei Wuji away. As he watched the chariot depart, a look of relief washed over Gongsun Xi's face.

He then turned, mounted his warhorse, and surveyed the Wei Wu Troops around him. Their numbers were now barely 5,000 to 6,000 men.

My 50,000 Wei Wu Troops... reduced to so few. The Qin Army's strength is truly formidable.

Gongsun Xi thought, his heart filled with sorrow.

The Wei Wu Troops had suffered immense losses in this battle. All 50,000 of them had been thrown into the assault on the city. Even if scattered survivors from other units were found, their total number would not reach 10,000.

As for the regular Wei soldiers, perhaps 40,000 to 50,000 had survived, which was fortunate. But they were now completely scattered. How many would make it back to Wei was entirely up to fate. With casualties around 100,000 men, Wei's national power had suffered a devastating blow.

Wei Wuji continued northward toward Wei. Meanwhile, Gongsun Xi led nearly 6,000 soldiers into an array, positioning them directly in the path of the pursuing Qin army.

An unknown amount of time passed.

THUD... THUD-THUD...

The ground began to tremble.

Dozens of Qin banners appeared on the horizon, followed by a dense, black mass of Qin soldiers advancing on their position.

At the forefront, Zhao Feng spurred his horse on, 20,000 Qin soldiers at his back.

From a distance, Zhao Feng immediately spotted the Wei defenses. Shields raised, long spears at the ready... They're Wei Wu Troops. He recognized them at a single glance.

Yet Zhao Feng remained completely unfazed, continuing his charge.

Once they were within arrow range, Zhao Feng raised a hand and bellowed, "Archers!"

"WIND! WIND! WIND!"

At the war cry, several thousand Qin archers loosed their arrows. In an instant, the sky was blotted out by a dense swarm of projectiles hurtling toward the Wei army.

"Shield wall!" Gongsun Xi roared.

All the shield-bearing Wei soldiers immediately raised their shields, bracing for the volley of Qin arrows.

WHOOSH! WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

Arrows rained down. Many were deflected by the shields, but countless more found the gaps, piercing flesh and felling Wei soldiers. Despite the casualties, the formation did not waver, holding their ground stoically behind the wall of shields.

Zhao Feng closed the distance rapidly. While the archers continued their suppressing fire, the rest of the Qin soldiers charged forward.

As they neared the Wei formation, a row of long spears thrust out from between the shields.

"Kill!" Zhao Feng roared, sweeping his Tyrant Spear out horizontally. An invisible wave of power shot from the spear's tip.

BOOM!

"Argh!"

A dozen Wei soldiers and their shields were sent flying, killed instantly by the force of the blow. A gap was torn open in the shield wall.

"Killed Wei Soldier. Gained 5 Strength."

"Killed Wei Soldier..."

A series of prompts for collecting Attributes sounded in his mind.

Without hesitation, Zhao Feng charged into the enemy ranks. Wielding his Tyrant Spear, he was like a force of nature sweeping through an army, striking down one Wei soldier after another.

No wonder General Chen lost to him. It wasn't an unfair defeat. Watching Zhao Feng's unparalleled ferocity, Liu Wu, who had originally served under Chen Tao, sighed to himself. Now, he completely understood. Zhao Feng had earned every bit of his reputation with the weapon in his hand.

Raising his own weapon, Liu Wu immediately roared, "The General's power is divine! I swear to follow him to the death! Kill!"

"Follow the General! Kill!" the 20,000 soldiers bellowed, their voices thundering as they followed Zhao Feng's charge into the Wei army.

Under the influence of the Fate Official Seal, their combat strength and morale doubled, allowing them to deliver a crushing blow to the Wei forces.

It was a slaughter.

In a little over an hour, the already weakened and demoralized Wei soldiers were routed. Gongsun Xi, with fewer than a few hundred Wei Wu Troops left, was completely encircled by the Qin army.

The surrounding Qin soldiers eyed them like wolves circling their prey.

"Zhao Feng," Gongsun Xi said, looking at the young general with a measure of respect for a worthy opponent. "You are truly formidable. In this battle, we of Wei have lost."