

Longevity 205

Chapter 205: Wang Jian's Messenger! Zhao Feng's Anticipation! (Part 3)

"On the day of the kingdom's downfall, you won't have the face to see your father again."

But Zhao Yan acted as if he hadn't heard at all.

「Quyang City!」

The Qin Army launched a ferocious attack.

Lian Po, fully clad in armor, sat at the city center, directing operations.

"Senior General."

"The Qin Army's offensive is fierce."

"The number of soldiers in Quyang City has dropped below 50,000. Judging by the ferocity of the Qin Army's offensive, even if we fight to the last man, we can hold out for half a month at most," the Deputy General said to Lian Po.

"Lower Quyang has fallen, and the army has collapsed."

"Consider this half-month the last chance I, Lian Po, can buy for the state of Zhao."

"If the Great King understands my intentions, he can issue a decree to withdraw the troops from Yan."

"Once these 300,000 troops return, our state of Zhao will be saved from destruction," Lian Po said with a faint smile.

"But what if the Great King doesn't issue the decree to withdraw?" the Deputy General asked with some concern.

"Then our state of Zhao..."

A trace of sorrow appeared on Lian Po's old face as he looked up at the sky. "Will be in grave peril."

"Senior General."

"This subordinate feels that we don't need to defend Quyang to the death. We could conduct a fighting retreat, which would also delay the Qin Army," the Deputy General suggested.

Lian Po smiled faintly, showing no urgency. "If the Great King issues the decree to withdraw, I am willing to defend Quyang with my life, holding out for as long as possible. If the Great King is unwilling to withdraw, then we shall adopt your strategy and conduct a fighting retreat."

"However, I believe the Great King will withdraw the troops. Faced with a national crisis, I trust that the Great King will think things through clearly."

On this point, Lian Po was quite confident.

Meanwhile, inside a small city within the territory of Wei.

Zhao Feng stood atop the city wall, looking calmly at the corpses scattered across the ground.

"General."

"This city has been completely conquered. The five thousand Wei troops stationed here were defeated by our forces, and we have captured more than two thousand of them," Tu Sui came before Zhao Feng to report.

"Good," Zhao Feng nodded, his eyes glinting sharply. "This is the tenth. Continue the attack."

"At our army's current pace, we can open a path to the Zhao state within two months," Tu Sui said with a smile.

"This is what's called 'kicking a man when he's down.'"

"Wei Wuji has already been crushed by our army. The cities they are currently defending are on the direct path to their capital. As for this route to the Zhao state, they have few troops guarding it—nothing more than some Prefecture Soldiers," Zhao Feng said with a light smile.

"General."

"How many soldiers shall we leave behind to guard this city?" Tu Sui asked.

"The same old rule."

"Leave more troops to guard the border cities to prevent Wei from seizing any opportunities."

"After we capture the next city, we'll reallocate soldiers from the rear and move on," Zhao Feng said.

This was the garrison strategy Zhao Feng currently employed. He would leave about one thousand soldiers to hold the cities in the center, while the cities bordering the Wei forces were garrisoned more heavily. As they continued to conquer new cities, troops from the now-safer rear cities would be pulled forward, continuing this process until the path to the Zhao state was clear.

"This subordinate understands," Tu Sui said, respectfully accepting the order.

He then quickly withdrew.

"My Lord," Zhang Ming said as he approached, his voice filled with emotion, "the outcome of this battle against Wei is truly unexpected."

"Have the battle results been tallied?" Zhao Feng asked, turning his head.

"Here is the compiled casualty report." Zhang Ming respectfully presented a military report.

"Just read it aloud," Zhao Feng said.

"From the defense of Wei City to the present, our army has suffered a total of over 43,000 casualties. Among them, more than 28,000 were killed in action, and over 15,000 were wounded. The lightly wounded have already returned to the front lines, while the seriously injured are still recovering in the Wounded Soldier Camp," Zhang Ming slowly reported.

"Compared to the Wei Army's losses, our victory this time is indeed a great one," Zhao Feng said with a slight smile.

"Judging from the count of Wei Army bodies before the city walls, there are over 80,000, and that's from the battle at Wei City alone."

"This battle has cost Wei dearly."

"And it's not just casualties. The grain and provisions inside Shangwei City, enough to supply a 200,000-strong Wei army for half a year, have now all fallen into our hands," Zhang Ming said with a chuckle.

"Who is in charge of guarding these supplies?"

"Have the orders I gave before been carried out?" Zhao Feng asked in a deep voice.

"My Lord, rest assured."

"Your subordinate has already handled everything as instructed."

"Enough food to feed 10,000 people for half a year has been secretly transported to the training grounds."

"Furthermore," Zhang Ming added in a lowered voice, "I also had twenty percent of the Wei Army's military funds stored in Shangwei City discreetly moved."

Upon hearing this, Zhao Feng smiled in satisfaction. "Good."

With such a great opportunity, and during wartime no less, there was no way Zhao Feng would pass up the chance to use his authority for personal gain. All that free grain could be used to brew wine, and the money could be converted into funds for his own faction.

After all, these matters were all managed by his trusted aides, so no one else would be the wiser.

Besides, if it weren't for Zhao Feng taking the risk, they would never have captured Shangwei City, let alone defeated Wei Wuji. Therefore, Zhao Feng felt completely justified in claiming these spoils for himself.

"Report!"

"A military order has arrived from the Senior General's camp."

At that moment, a trusted aide ran up quickly, followed by a captain from Wang Jian's personal guard.

"General Zhao."

Seeing Zhao Feng, the personal guard bowed respectfully, his face filled with awe.

"What urgent matter does the Senior General have?" Zhao Feng immediately inquired.

"Reporting to General Zhao," the personal guard said with a smile. "The Senior General has learned of your great victory over the Wei Army and has sent me today to commend you. The Senior General said this battle was fought beautifully."

"To receive such high praise from the Senior General, it seems I truly fought this battle well," Zhao Feng said with a laugh.

"General Zhao is being too modest."