

Longevity 206

Chapter 206: Wang Jian's Messenger! Zhao Feng's Anticipation! (Part 4)

"The Shangjiangjun said that this battle will one day be known throughout the land, and everyone will hear of General Zhao's victory over Wei Wuji."

"This battle can truly be called a victory of the few against the many, the weak against the strong," the trusted aide said with a smile, his eyes showing genuine admiration for Zhao Feng.

"Apart from praise, did the Shangjiangjun give any other instructions?" Zhao Feng asked.

While the flattery was pleasant to hear, Zhao Feng was more eager to return to battle, as all his attributes were on the verge of a breakthrough.

"This is a private letter from the Shangjiangjun to you, General."

"He said you will be very happy after reading it," the trusted aide said, taking a piece of silk fabric from his robes and respectfully handing it to Zhao Feng.

"A private letter?" Zhao Feng was momentarily startled, then immediately took it and read it. At once, a smile bloomed on his face.

"Yan'er is about to give birth."

Judging from the time the message was sent, doesn't that mean it will happen within this fortnight? Zhao Feng's heart surged with joy, but it was followed by a wave of helplessness. I'm about to become a father, yet now that Yan'er is about to go into labor, I can't even be there. And I still haven't given her a proper status.

At this thought, Zhao Feng felt extremely frustrated. But as a War General currently engaged in battle, his circumstances were naturally beyond his control, just as they had been when he first enlisted in the army.

"General, do you have any reply or any other messages to send back?" the trusted aide asked with another respectful smile. "The Shangjiangjun also said that after you read the letter, you would surely have something to say."

"Indeed, I have a message. I must trouble you to take it back, not for the Shangjiangjun, but for him to forward to Xianyang," Zhao Feng said immediately.

"Please rest assured, General. I will handle this matter properly," the trusted aide promptly replied.

Zhao Feng raised his hand.

Zhang Ming, who was at his side, immediately produced an unwritten piece of silk fabric and a brush pen. As Zhao Feng's trusted aide and a commander of a hundred, he naturally carried these items at all times.

After a moment, Zhao Feng finished writing, placed the message into a tube, and sealed it.

"Thank you for your trouble in delivering this, brother," Zhao Feng said, handing the tube to the trusted aide.

"General Zhao is too kind. This is my duty," the trusted aide immediately responded.

"Oh, right," Zhao Feng said, turning to Zhang Ming. "Have this brother take back a report on the battle situation and our army's gains for the Shangjiangjun as well."

"As you command." Zhang Ming promptly took out a pre-prepared military report and handed it to the trusted aide.

"I understand," the aide said. "Also, the Shangjiangjun asked me to pass on one more thing. The Royal Envoy has already set out from Xianyang and should arrive within a few days to bestow your rewards."

Upon hearing this, a look of anticipation appeared on Zhao Feng's face. This time, the King of Qin should promote me directly to Main General. I just wonder if my noble rank will be elevated as well.

The King of Qin had already promised that as long as he could hold Wei City and prevent the Wei Army from entering Yingchuan County, it would be a great merit worthy of a promotion to Main General. The promotion from Deputy General to Main General might seem like a single step, but it was a world of difference. Many strived for this rank their entire lives without success. Becoming a Main General was a qualitative leap, signifying true command over a powerful military force.

After the trusted aide had left, Zhang Ming immediately clasped his fist and offered his congratulations. "My lord, once the Royal Envoy arrives, you will be promoted to Main General! The youngest Main General in the history of Qin! Who could possibly outshine you?"

As he said this, Zhang Ming's face swelled with pride, and the surrounding trusted aides felt the same. The youngest Main General in Qin, at only seventeen years old. It was their honor to serve under such a man.

"Heh," Zhao Feng chuckled softly.

After Wang Jian's trusted aide left, Zhao Feng wasted no more time.

"Relay my orders," Zhao Feng said solemnly. "Continue the attack! Break through to the Zhao state as quickly as possible. Our army must participate in the battle to annihilate Zhao."

"As you command," Zhang Ming immediately responded.

「Wei, Daliang!」

Inside the Morning Discussion Hall, Wei Wuji, clad in full military attire, knelt on the floor, his aged face etched with dejection and despair.

"Your Majesty," Wei Wuji implored, his voice low as he bowed. "This old servant has failed in command, causing our state of Wei to lose over a hundred thousand soldiers and gravely damaging our National Power. Please, Your Majesty, deliver my punishment."

Although the King of Wei, sitting on his throne, felt a surge of anger, seeing Wei Wuji in such a state turned his rage into helplessness. The state of Wei no longer had a strong commander to lead its troops. If he truly had a choice, perhaps the King of Wei would enact some punishment, but he had no one else to turn to. Without Wei Wuji, if Qin were to attack, Wei would not have a single general truly capable of leading an army into battle.

With this thought, the King of Wei slowly rose from his throne. He strode briskly to Wei Wuji's side and gently helped him up.

"Victory and defeat are common in military affairs. Uncle, you need not take it so to heart," the King of Wei said, offering false comfort. "Ultimately, you lost to misfortune and to the recklessness of your subordinate generals. If everyone had followed your command, how could Wei have suffered such a defeat?"

Compared to the King of Zhao, this King of Wei was far shrewder, knowing how to win people over and on whom to rely.

"Your Majesty," Wei Wuji said, his old eyes welling with tears. "I have let you down. Of two hundred thousand troops, fewer than seventy thousand returned. More than half of the military funds you raised for them were seized by Qin. I am guilty."

"Uncle, you must not think this way," the King of Wei said, his face a mask of seriousness, though his eyes betrayed his worry. "What's done is done; it cannot be changed. What you should be considering

now is how our state of Wei will face Qin. We initiated hostilities this time, giving Qin the perfect justification to march on us in the future. This... we must guard against."

"To preserve Wei, the Zhao state must not fall," Wei Wuji said with grave seriousness. "As long as Zhao stands, Qin will not dare to attack us."

"Uncle," the King said, his expression one of feigned concern. "I have just received news. The Qin Army has breached the defensive line Lian Po established between two of his cities, yet the King of Zhao still has not ordered a withdrawal from Yan. If this continues, the Zhao state is in grave peril!"

"The King of Zhao hasn't withdrawn his troops from Yan?" Wei Wuji was stunned. Even at a time like this, he still won't retreat?

"The King of Zhao is too stubborn," the King of Wei said, shaking his head with a look of resignation.

"Your Majesty, please write a letter at once and send a messenger to the King of Zhao, urging him to withdraw from Yan immediately. Otherwise, the Zhao state is doomed," Wei Wuji said urgently.

The King of Wei was just about to nod in agreement when a voice cried out from the entrance.

"Report!"

A messenger rushed into the hall. "Urgent news from the border! The Qin Army, advancing from Shangwei City, has already breached nearly ten of our cities in Wei! They are continuing to press their attack! Please, Your Majesty, issue your orders!"