

Longevity 210

Chapter 210: Royal Edict Delivered, Promoted to Main General! Wang Yan Gives Birth! (Part 4)

"Report."

"Zhao Feng has sent a military dispatch."

"Please, Shangjiangjun, take a look."

Wang Jian's Personal Guard Commander returned and reported loudly.

"It should be the casualty figures from the battle at Wei City," Wang Jian said with a slight smile. "Read it."

"Understood."

The Personal Guard Commander did not hesitate and immediately opened the military dispatch to read, "Your subordinate Zhao Feng reports: In the attack on our Wei City by the Wei army, 100,000 of our soldiers defended the walls. We suffered a total of over 43,000 casualties, with more than 28,000 killed in action and over 15,000 wounded. As for the Wei army, our forces annihilated nearly 100,000 of them. This battle can be called a great victory!"

Upon hearing these figures, Wang Jian's eyes lit up. "It seems I have underestimated Zhao Feng. To crush Wei Wuji with a force less than half the size of his, killing nearly 100,000 of his troops while

suffering just over 40,000 casualties yourself... This victory against overwhelming odds is truly commendable," he said with a touch of praise.

If all the defenders had been elite Qin Sharp Warriors, with no new recruits or surrendered soldiers, Wang Jian would never have called such high casualties from a defensive battle a great victory. But Zhao Feng's command consisted of only over 30,000 veterans and over 20,000 new recruits; the rest were surrendered soldiers. How could such a result not be called a great victory?

"...After defeating the Wei army, your subordinate continued to lead the offensive, killing Wei General Gongsun Xi and 8,000 Wei Wu Troops, then continued the advance into Wei. We have already conquered eight consecutive Wei cities..." the Personal Guard Commander continued to read.

At these words, Wang Jian's expression changed, and he stared blankly at the Personal Guard Commander. Yang Duanhe, who was beside him, had the same reaction.

"Zhao Feng is leading troops to attack Wei?" Yang Duanhe asked, utterly surprised.

"When I saw General Zhao, he had already taken eight cities. With the time that has passed since, he must have captured quite a few more Wei cities by now," the Personal Guard Commander added.

Wang Jian snapped back to reality, his surprise melting into a smile. "This young man... he really is bold."

"Isn't General Zhao afraid of a Wei counterattack?" Yang Duanhe asked worriedly. "Although Wei has lost 100,000 troops, they still have hundreds of thousands of soldiers in the country. If they counterattack with full force, General Zhao's army could be completely annihilated."

"General Yang, you're overestimating Wei," Wang Jian said with a faint smile. "Wei is no longer the power it used to be. The fact that Wei Wuji managed to mobilize 200,000 soldiers to invade was already the full extent of Wei's capacity. It won't be so simple for him to launch a counterattack against Zhao Feng."

"But General Zhao is venturing deep into enemy territory with an isolated force," Yang Duanhe pressed. "After the battle at Wei City, he has fewer than 60,000 combat-ready soldiers. If Wei counterattacks and he has no backup, the situation will be incredibly dangerous. For him to attack Wei with only 60,000 troops... I truly cannot fathom what General Zhao is trying to accomplish."

A slight smile touched Wang Jian's lips; he already understood Zhao Feng's objective.

"Bring the map," Wang Jian called out.

In response, the Personal Guard Commander immediately produced a map and unfolded it.

"Is this the line of cities Zhao Feng has conquered?" Wang Jian asked, pointing to a path of cities on the map of Wei.

"Exactly," the Personal Guard Commander confirmed with a nod.

"General Yang, these cities form a line. Can you still not see it?" Wang Jian asked with a smile.

Yang Duanhe's gaze focused on the map, and he understood at once, though his expression turned strange. "Surely General Zhao doesn't intend to use a mere 60,000 troops to forge a path from Wei all the way to the Zhao state? That's nearly impossible. If we can see his objective, Wei Wuji certainly can as well. He only needs to deploy tens of thousands of soldiers to defend a single city, and General Zhao will be stopped in his tracks."

"If Zhao Feng actually breaks through, it will be a major blow to the Zhao state. If he doesn't, he will have at least tied down Wei, preventing them from sending reinforcements to aid Zhao," Wang Jian said gravely. "Either way, this situation is advantageous for Qin."

Clearly, he supported Zhao Feng's actions.

"But..." Yang Duanhe still looked perplexed.

"The King has granted Zhao Feng full authority over the military affairs of Wei City. Since he possesses such audacity, let's see what he can do. In any case, the Wei army is already routed and won't be invading again. The outcome, no matter how bad, cannot be much worse than it already is," Wang Jian said, his tone leaving no room for doubt.

"I understand," Yang Duanhe nodded.

"Alright," Wang Jian said, his expression turning serious again as he gave a firm order. "Lian Po has escaped, but we must not give up the chase. Have Wang Ben continue his pursuit. We must press our advantage."

「Xianyang! The General's Mansion!」

"AH... AH..."

Painful cries echoed from Wang Yan's room. Maids hurried in and out, their faces fraught with anxiety.

Mrs. Wang stood waiting outside the room, her face filled with worry.

"Grandmother," Wang Li asked curiously, concern showing on his little face, "what is happening to Auntie?"

"Your auntie is giving you a little brother or sister," Mrs. Wang replied, her voice laced with worry.

"Why does giving birth to a brother or sister hurt so much? I can hear that Auntie is in a lot of pain," Wang Li said, also worried.

"Yes," Mrs. Wang nodded.

But at that moment, a thought suddenly struck Wang Li. He looked up at his grandmother and asked, "My mother isn't here... is it because she died giving birth to me?"

As his words fell, Mrs. Wang looked down. A flicker of panic crossed her face, but she quickly recovered. "Li'er, you must not think such things." As she spoke, she immediately picked him up.

The ordeal inside continued for a long time.

"WAH... WAH..." The sound of a baby's cries echoed.

"Congratulations, Madam!" a maid exclaimed, rushing out to report. "The young mistress has given birth to a young master!"

"As long as she has given birth, that's good, that's good," Mrs. Wang said, slightly relieved. "Is Yan'er alright?"

"The young mistress still has another one inside!" the midwife shouted from within the room. "The young mistress was carrying twins!"

Upon hearing this, Mrs. Wang's complexion changed dramatically. In this era, childbirth was a matter of life and death, and twins were even more perilous.

"May the heavens protect Yan'er," Mrs. Wang prayed, her anxiety returning in full force. "You must not have any trouble."

Although she cared for her new grandchild, she was far more worried about her own daughter.

However, with the first child already born, the second was somewhat easier. Amidst Wang Yan's weakening cries, another wail was heard.

"Congratulations, Madam!" another maid ran out to report. "The young mistress has given birth to a little miss! It's dragon and phoenix twins!"

Hearing this, Mrs. Wang could no longer hold back. "Look after Li'er." She handed her grandson to a nearby housekeeper and hurried into the room.

Inside, the smell of blood was strong. The two babies cried unceasingly. The dragon and phoenix twins cried out, their voices seeming to echo one another.

Mrs. Wang glanced at them, then went straight to the bed, looking worriedly at Wang Yan.

"Yan'er, are you alright?" Mrs. Wang asked with concern.