

Longevity 214

Chapter 214: Feng'er's Betrothal? Mrs. Zhao Is Shocked! (Part 4)

"If General Zhao can truly marry the daughter of the Senior General, it would be a matter of great significance for him. I offer my congratulations as well, Madam Zhao," Yan Bing said with a smile.

"I really don't know about this. I can only find out after Feng'er returns," Madam Zhao replied, her tone thoughtful. Her son had been away from home for two years, and she had even less news of him than Yan Bing did.

"Haha. It's good that you are aware now, Madam," Yan Bing laughed. "When the day of General Zhao's grand wedding arrives, I'll be sure to come for a celebratory drink."

After a period of pleasantries, Yan Bing left the Zhao Mansion with his men, leaving Madam Zhao and her daughter staring at each other.

"Brother is really something else," Zhao Ying said with a hint of jealousy. "He's engaged, and we didn't even know, but outsiders seem to."

"The news isn't certain yet. We'll find out when your brother comes home," Madam Zhao said calmly. "And if it's true, it's a good thing."

"I wonder what my sister-in-law is like," Zhao Ying pouted, still feeling a bit jealous. "I've heard that many daughters from prominent families have bad tempers. I hope the one my brother found is nice."

Madam Zhao smiled faintly at her daughter's expression and teased, "You're just worried that with a sister-in-law, your brother won't dote on you anymore, aren't you, little girl?"

Zhao Ying's face flushed red. She grabbed her mother's hand, shaking it coquettishly. "Mother!"

...

In the blink of an eye, half a month had passed.

「Lincheng!」

Wei banners fluttered atop the city, where countless Wei Army troops were stationed within the walls.

In front of the city.

"RELEASE! RELEASE! RELEASE!"

At the command, a hail of arrows soared through the air. Tens of thousands of Qin soldiers armed with bows loosed their shafts toward Lincheng.

Under the rain of arrows, Wei Army soldiers were frequently pierced and killed. Those with shields were better off, but the many without could only dodge frantically, praying that an arrow would not find them.

After a short time, once all 50,000 feathered arrows had been fired, Wei Quan ordered in a low voice, "Retreat."

The Sharp Warriors retreated in an orderly fashion from the front of the city, returning to camp.

"Damn the Qin Army!"

Watching the Qin forces withdraw, the Wei generals and soldiers atop Lincheng's walls seethed with helpless anger. They had no way to counter the Qin arrows and could only endure the assault passively. The range of Qin arrows exceeded that of the other nations' bows by thirty percent, a crucial advantage that gave Qin the upper hand on the battlefield.

Inside the Qin Army camp, Zhao Feng sat in the main seat, calmly drinking water.

"Reporting to the General," Tu Sui announced upon returning to the main tent. "Today's volleys have been completed. All fifty thousand arrows have been fired."

"How many arrows do we have left?" Zhao Feng looked up and asked.

"General, we have plenty of arrows," Tu Sui immediately replied. "When the Wei Army attacked, we had 500,000 arrows stored in Wei City. After clearing the battlefield, those arrows were transported here. While we don't have the full 500,000, there are still over 300,000, which is more than enough for our use."

"These used arrows are more potent than new ones," Zhao Feng sneered. "They will make the Wei Army suffer greatly."

The reason he said this was due to something called the "Seven-Day Wind." During the defense of Wei City, the arrows had been used and tainted. While many had their arrowheads replaced, many more had not. Wounds from these arrows were highly likely to cause infection, which, in this era, was almost certainly a death sentence.

"Tomorrow, mobilize twenty thousand Sharp Warriors to fire the remaining three hundred thousand arrows," Zhao Feng ordered in a deep voice.

"General, are you planning to use arrow volleys to suppress them before an attack tomorrow?" Tu Sui immediately understood.

"According to our intelligence," Wu Yue spoke up, "the defending Wei Army in this city numbers no less than seventy thousand. Aside from the Prefecture Soldiers, there are also elites transferred from the State of Wei. It will be difficult to breach the city head-on."

"Do not overestimate the Wei Army, and do not underestimate the Sharp Warriors of Qin under my command," Zhao Feng said with a confident, faint smile.

"This general volunteers to serve as the vanguard!" Wei Quan declared, stepping forward.

Seeing Wei Quan so eager, the other commanders also stood. "This general requests orders!"

"For this battle," Zhao Feng announced in a stern voice, "all sixty thousand of our soldiers will be the vanguard. Tomorrow, we will suppress their lines with arrow fire, and I will personally lead the army to breach the walls. We will take Lincheng in one fell swoop!"

"We await your orders!" the commanders responded in unison.

"Good," Zhao Feng said somberly. "All of you, go and rest. Make sure the soldiers eat their fill and drink plenty. Tomorrow will be a true bloodbath."

"Understood," the commanders replied before taking their leave.

Ambition filled Zhao Feng's eyes. This battle tomorrow... as soon as we break through Lincheng, the road to the Zhao state will be wide open. I cannot be absent from the war to annihilate Zhao.

At that moment, a voice called out from outside the tent.

"Report! A letter from home has arrived from the Senior General!" Zhang Ming announced, walking quickly inside.

Zhao Feng immediately grew excited, his usual composure in the face of battle wavering. A nervous tremor ran through him. Could it be that Yan'er has given birth?

At that thought, he didn't dare delay. He stood at once and took the letter from Zhang Ming's hands. His own hand trembled slightly as he opened it.

Upon reading it, he saw only a single sentence.

"Yan'er has given birth to Dragon and Phoenix twins. The firstborn is a son, the second a daughter."

That was the entirety of the letter.

Zhao Feng's eyes widened, his hands shaking as he clutched the paper.

"I have an heir," he murmured, visibly emotional. "I, Zhao Feng, have an heir! A son and a daughter... The heavens have truly blessed me."

He had lived two lives, but only in this one did he have his own descendants, his own bloodline. It was as if his rootless soul had finally found its anchor.

"Congratulations, my lord," Zhang Ming, who stood to the side, immediately offered.

Determination filled Zhao Feng. It seems this time, it's not just about killing enemies and earning merit. For the sake of my children, I must invade the Zhao state and annihilate it as quickly as possible. Only then can I return home sooner and formally marry Yan'er.

A moment later, an indescribable look of longing filled his eyes.

Just then, a notification sound chimed from the system panel.

"Attribute rewards for burying corpses are ready for distribution."

"Does the Host wish to collect the Attributes?"

Hearing this, Zhao Feng snapped back to the present.

It looks like the bodies in Wei City have all been buried. I just wonder how many my men managed to inter... he thought with keen anticipation.