

Longevity 222

Chapter 222: Zhao Feng Strikes! Shocking Qin and Zhao!

Yan Ju's thoughts raced. But now Lian Po has actually retreated south. He must be trying to flee, to betray his country!

"Senior General Lian Po has always been wholeheartedly devoted to Zhao. An abrupt troop movement must mean some predicament has arisen," a nearby officer immediately retorted in his defense.

"What situation could there be to the south but Wei?"

"It seems Lian Po is afraid of death and has fled."

Yan Ju angrily rebuked them, then called for his trusted aide. "Go quickly and pursue Lian Po! Tell him if he dares to flee, dares to betray the state, Zhao will never forgive him!"

"Understood." The trusted aide immediately acknowledged.

Gripping the hilt of his sword, Yan Ju seethed. Lian Po... if you dare to flee, I swear I will kill you myself. But at that moment, he was completely unaware of the true situation.

「South of Jinyang City」

It is indeed the Qin Army. And their battle armor still bears fresh blood; they must have stormed into Zhao territory straight after breaching Lincheng.

Observing the nearby Qin Army, their aura seething with murderous intent, a shadow fell over Lian Po's heart. He understood. Just as he had speculated, the Qin Army had indeed come from Lincheng. The Wei Army had already fallen.

Gazing at the figure atop the chariot at the front of the Qin formation, Lian Po immediately suspected his identity. Is that leading Qin General Zhao Feng, the one who defeated Wei Wuji?

Across from Lian Po, Tu Sui spoke with a hint of surprise from beside the chariot. "General, this division of Zhao Jun may not be large, but their formation is disciplined. They are clearly Zhao's elite. Why are they stationed outside Jinyang?"

"Perhaps on our first day in Zhao, we'll catch a big fish," Zhao Feng said with a smile, a glint of anticipation in his eyes. He then simply lifted his hand.

Zhang Ming, seeing the gesture, immediately understood his lord's intent. "Understood." With a flick of the reins, he sent the chariot swiftly toward the front.

"Senior General, a Qin chariot is approaching!" his Deputy General said. "A three-horse chariot. It must be the Qin commander."

"Hold your fire," Lian Po commanded in a deep voice. He pondered for a moment, then added, "Open the shield formation. I will meet with him."

"Understood." The front shield wall parted, and Lian Po's charioteer immediately drove forward.

In the space between the two armies, the chariots came to a halt, a mere few dozen feet apart.

Upon seeing the aged yet formidable face of his opponent, Zhao Feng instantly knew. It is indeed him. The very Lian Po who, in the annals of history, could stand against Bai Qi and not be defeated.

"Zhao Feng of Qin pays his respects to General Lian Po," Zhao Feng said with a tone of reverence, cupping one fist in the other.

Hearing Zhao Feng's words, Lian Po remained outwardly composed, but his heart was secretly shaken. Indeed. I guessed correctly. You really are Zhao Feng.

"For a famed general such as yourself to remember my name is a great honor," Zhao Feng replied with a slight smile. Though Lian Po was an opponent, Zhao Feng still saw him as a historical figure deserving respect. In this era, there was no right or wrong in war; the generals of opposing sides simply served their respective lords. It was not a matter of hatred or rage.

"It would have been hard not to know of General Zhao's defeat of Lord Xinling," Lian Po commented. "But I never imagined you would breach Lincheng and press into Zhao so swiftly," he added, his voice tinged with dejection.

With the arrival of Zhao Feng, I need not wait for Wang Jian's army to encircle me. This day marks my destined end.

"Old General," Zhao Feng began, "although I do not know why you would lead this division of the Zhao Jun to be stationed here, you are not in Jinyang, nor in any other city of the Zhao state. It seems you have received some unfair treatment in Zhao."

"Zhao Feng," Lian Po said, a look of genuine surprise on his face. "Your insight lives up to your name. I didn't expect you to discern my predicament just from this. Qin is truly blessed by the heavens. It once had mighty generals like Bai Qi and Wang Jian, and now it has you. Zhao cannot compare!"

"It is not so-called divine favor," Zhao Feng said, shaking his head. "It is because of Qin's successful reforms and, more importantly, our king's extraordinary vision and strategy. The general should know that I rose from the Logistics Army. If this were the Zhao state, I would never have been given the chance to become a commanding general."

"Perhaps," Lian Po conceded, not refuting the point further.

"The general is old and should be enjoying his later years. I hold you in high respect," Zhao Feng said slowly. "You have a choice."

"Though this old man may be old, he can still draw a bow. Though I am old, I still know loyalty and righteousness." Lian Po smiled, a look of peaceful resignation on his face as he accepted his fate.

Upon hearing this, Zhao Feng no longer tried to persuade him. He had hoped to sway this famed historical general to his side.

"Your loyalty and righteousness, General, have been given to the wrong man," Zhao Feng said slowly, his tone filled with contempt for Zhao Yan.

Lian Po did not rebut, only smiling. "Zhao Feng, you are a true hero of Qin. Although I do not know how you broke through Lincheng, to be able to fight you here and now... this will be a worthy final battle for this old man."

Zhao Feng fixed his gaze on Lian Po for a long moment before finally saying, "I respect the general's loyal heart."

With that, he gestured with his hand. Zhang Ming turned the horses, and the chariot slowly returned to the Qin Army's formation.

Watching Zhao Feng's retreating figure, Lian Po sighed. Zhao Feng truly is a hero! What a pity he is not a general of Zhao. Then again, perhaps he is right. Had he been born in Zhao, he might never have had the chance to become a general at all!

Lian Po pushed the thoughts from his mind, turned his chariot, and returned to his own formation.

Once both commanders had returned to their ranks, Zhao Feng dismounted his chariot. He swung himself onto a warhorse, the Tyrant Spear in his hand.

Raising the Tyrant Spear high, Zhao Feng roared, "Qin Sharp Soldiers!"

"WIND! WIND! WIND!" fifty thousand Daqin Elite Soldiers roared in a thundering cry.

"Follow me! Charge!" Zhao Feng bellowed, taking the lead himself.

"Follow the general! Kill!" The fifty thousand Daqin Elite Soldiers roared, their killing intent surging. With overwhelming morale and martial presence, they fixed their gaze on the Zhao Jun ahead and charged.

"Brave warriors of Zhao! Fight!" Lian Po drew his sword, his aged voice carrying the weight of his final command.

"As the general commands! Kill!" The nearly twenty thousand soldiers of the Zhao Jun, hearing Lian Po's order, charged forward in their formations.

The two armies advanced in disciplined order as the battle erupted. Volleys of Qin arrows filled the sky, and entire rows of Zhao Jun fell beneath the onslaught. The distance between the armies closed rapidly.

This was a battle between the elite forces of two nations. However, even before it began, the outcome was clear.

Lian Po and the Zhao Jun faced certain defeat