

## Longevity 223

Chapter 223: The Fall of Lian Po! Wang Jian's Personal Welcome!

「Qin Camp!」

"Report."

"Reporting to the Senior General."

"Scouts report that Lian Po is engaging an enemy force."

Yang Duanhe hurriedly entered the tent, his tone urgent. He had clearly rushed over the moment he received the news.

"Lian Po is in battle?" Wang Jian was startled. He looked at the map again, his gaze finally resting on Lincheng. "If the army fighting Lian Po came from Lincheng, then everything makes sense," he said slowly, a smile playing on his lips.

Yang Duanhe quickly understood, but his expression was one of utter shock and confusion. "From Lincheng? Zhao Feng?" he blurted out. "But it's only been such a short time! How could he possibly have taken Lincheng so quickly? That's impossible!"

"Perhaps it seems impossible to you, but Zhao Feng has indeed done it," Wang Jian said with a faint smile, a hint of pride on his face.

The one to accomplish this incredible feat is my own son-in-law.

"Keep a close watch on the battle. Also, mobilize the troops to attack Jinyang," Wang Jian commanded in a deep voice. With such an excellent opportunity, they might not be able to conquer Jinyang directly, but they could certainly intimidate its defenders.

"Yes, sir!" Yang Duanhe immediately accepted the order and withdrew.

As soon as he left, Wang Jian could no longer contain himself, his face breaking into an excited smile. This son-in-law of mine has given me too great a surprise. How did he manage to breach Lincheng in such a short time? Qin had already scouted that Wei Wuji was reinforcing the defenses. With that boy's forces, it should have been impossible to break through. How did he do it? This lad... It seems he has secrets.

Even Wang Jian hadn't harbored much hope for Zhao Feng to break through Lincheng and set foot in the Zhao state. He believed it would be enough if Zhao Feng could simply keep Wei from interfering with Qin's campaign against Zhao. But now, he realized he had underestimated him.

Lian Po. It seems you won't die by my hand after all. That's fine. If you die at the hands of that lad, Zhao Feng, it will count as another great accomplishment for Qin. This will also help Zhao Feng build a reputation for his future.

「Back on the battlefield.」

Zhao Feng led his Sharp Warriors into battle against Lian Po's 20,000-strong army.

A clash of powerful forces ensued. Zhao Feng's men had an absolute advantage in numbers, and their combat prowess surpassed that of Lian Po's Zhao Jun. The battle lasted less than two hours.

The larger army had already heavily surrounded Lian Po, with fewer than a hundred men left alive by his side.

I never expected to be defeated so quickly. When did the elite troops of Zhao become so fragile? Gazing at the encircling enemy and the hundred-odd broken soldiers beside him, Lian Po let out a bitter laugh from his chariot.

His 20,000 Zhao Jun were veterans who had experienced many great battles. He had thought that with their strength, they could inflict some damage on Zhao Feng. He assumed the soldiers under Zhao Feng's command couldn't be that powerful and intended to make them pay a heavy price, even if it meant fighting to the death. But unexpectedly, they had no offensive power in this battle whatsoever. They were completely suppressed.

"Old General, you have lost," Zhao Feng declared, urging his horse forward and aiming his spear at Lian Po.

"Yes," he conceded with a bitter laugh. "I have lost. However, this is the final resting place I had envisioned for myself. Lian Po is not meant to die of old age, but on the battlefield."

He showed no fear. Instead, he slowly drew the sword from his waist, stepped down from his chariot, and fixed his old eyes on Zhao Feng, his expression one of resolute acceptance of death.

"Lian Po, General of Zhao," he roared, using his last ounce of strength. "Fight!"

His aged, armored figure charged toward Zhao Feng.

Seeing this, Zhao Feng did not hesitate. He planted the Tyrant Spear into the ground, dismounted, drew the Dragon Spring, and swiftly moved to meet him.

As the two rapidly closed in, Lian Po slashed with his sword. Though he was old, his strike was still filled with lethal intent, but such Strength was simply not enough to threaten Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng sidestepped with a flicker of movement and thrust out with the Dragon Spring.

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The blade pierced straight through Lian Po's Battle Armor, piercing through his body.

Lian Po's body stiffened, his face twisting in agony. The hand gripping his sword slowly lost its Strength, and the blade clattered to the ground.

"I... I have lost," Lian Po spoke weakly. His gaze turned toward Jinyang, his eyes filled with despair for his fallen state. "Zhao... Oh, Zhao... My... My King... Lian Po... has failed you..." he mumbled, his voice fading.

"Farewell, old general," Zhao Feng said calmly, then withdrew his sword.

Lian Po's elderly body, now devoid of all strength, fell backward into a pool of blood.

"Senior General!"

"Senior General!"

The remaining hundred or so Zhao soldiers screamed in agony. The next moment, they all charged madly at Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng didn't move. He simply raised his hand and uttered, "Leave none alive."

Tu Sui and Zhang Han echoed the order with a fierce shout. A horde of Qin Soldiers charged forward with their long spears, and with a flurry of thrusts, the remaining Zhao soldiers were instantly annihilated.

"By killing Zhao General, Lian Po, who carried the Destiny of the Zhao state, you have obtained +50 to All Attributes and one Second Order Treasure Chest," the panel announced.

"Reporting to the General," Tu Sui came forward. "All Zhao soldiers have been eliminated. What are your orders?"

Zhao Feng gazed at the dead Lian Po and said slowly, "Place his body on the chariot."

"Yes, General." Tu Sui immediately ordered his men to lift Lian Po's corpse onto the chariot.

Zhao Feng walked up slowly and picked up Lian Po's fallen sword.

In history, Lian Po was dismissed from his position and died of old age in the Wei state, never getting the chance to return to the battlefield. Perhaps dying here today is the best possible end for him. A War General belongs on the battlefield; it is where he should die. Zhao Feng murmured to himself, clutching Lian Po's sword.