

Longevity 224

Chapter 224: The Fall of Lian Po! Wang Jian Welcomes in Person! (Part 2)

Zhao Feng had once again sent another renowned historical general to his end.

Perhaps this too was an inevitable part of history's progression.

「Qin Camp」

"Report to the Senior General!" the Personal Guard Commander announced excitedly. "General Zhao Feng, leading his generals, requests an audience."

"It's indeed that kid," Wang Jian laughed heartily. "Come, I'll go receive him personally." He immediately stood up and walked out of his tent.

Outside the military camp, Zhao Feng's Sharp Warriors were setting up camp in an orderly manner. Zhao Feng himself was leading his generals, waiting at the camp entrance.

Just then, a voice arrived before the man himself.

"You're a formidable kid, actually managing to breach Lincheng and forcibly carve a path from Wei to the Zhao state," Wang Jian's hearty voice boomed as he strode out from within the camp. "Once this battle achievement reaches Xianyang, it will surely cause a stir throughout the Full Court."

"This general pays his respects to the Senior General," Zhao Feng said, bowing immediately.

"We pay our respects to the Senior General," Tu Sui, Zhang Han, and the other generals echoed, bowing in turn.

"All of you, rise," Wang Jian laughed, then asked with clear intent, "Where's Lian Po?"

Zhao Feng wasn't surprised. Perhaps, deep down, Lian Po was an obsession for Wang Jian as well.

"Bring him forward," Zhao Feng ordered with a clap of his hands.

Several trusted aides promptly carried over a body covered by a white cloth. Wang Jian stepped forward and pulled the cloth back from the head, revealing Lian Po, his eyes closed, utterly silent in death.

Witnessing his adversary's death, Wang Jian did not express much joy, but instead fell into a somber silence.

"Lian Po," he murmured, "if only you had been with Qin, how could you have ended up like this?"

"Ultimately, you followed the wrong person."

Wang Jian gazed at Lian Po's face for a moment, then commanded, "Someone, take him away and bury him with full honors! Erect a gravestone: 'The Tomb of Senior General Lian Po of Zhao.'"

"As you command," Wang Jian's Personal Guard Commander stepped forward to accept the order.

Zhao Feng's trusted aides then handed Lian Po's body over to them.

Once the body was handed over, Wang Jian turned his attention back to Zhao Feng and the many generals behind him. Under his gaze, the bloodstains on each general's armor were clearly visible—most belonged to their foes, but some were their own.

"Wei Wuji had assembled a heavy defense in Lincheng, with a total force exceeding seventy thousand," Wang Jian began. "How did you manage to break the city with just sixty thousand soldiers? Furthermore, judging by your speed, the assault itself must have been swift."

Wang Jian asked, his curiosity as a Senior General piqued. After all, Lincheng was a city with robust defenses.

"Senior General," Zhang Han chimed in, a hint of pride in his voice, "the Wei Army's morale was already shattered just from hearing our general's name. When we breached Lincheng, they collapsed like a landslide, completely spiritless to face us."

Of course, this wasn't much of an exaggeration. After Zhao Feng breached the city, he had shattered the Wei Army's will to fight. Facing the ferocious onslaught of the Qin Army, they had no power to resist. In just one day, Lincheng was conquered by Zhao Feng.

Listening to Zhang Han, Wang Jian immediately understood. He smiled, "It seems that by defeating Wei Wuji, you've struck fear into the heart of the Wei Army."

"That was likely a factor," Zhao Feng said with a smile. "After all, Wei Wuji is considered the War God of Wei."

"The day you defeated Wei Wuji, you gained fame throughout the land. Now, having slain Lian Po, who in this world does not know your name?" Wang Jian said, his tone full of admiration, the undisguised pride in his eyes unmistakable.

"Everything for Qin," Zhao Feng replied with the solemn, formal platitude.

Hearing this, Wang Jian couldn't help but shoot Zhao Feng a sideways glance. If someone else had said this, Wang Jian might have believed it, but coming from Zhao Feng, he had his doubts. While "Everything for Qin" was indeed a solemn phrase, the man who uttered it was the same one who spoke of snatching a bride—specifically, the betrothed of Qin's current Eldest Imperial Son.

Although Wang Jian had only met Zhao Feng once, he had picked up on a subtle detail. Zhao Feng did not display a heartfelt reverence for the king; in fact, he possessed a defiant fearlessness.

"Wang Xiong," Wang Jian called out.

"At your command, Senior General," the Personal Guard Commander immediately responded.

"Send a report to Xianyang: Lincheng has fallen, and Lian Po is dead," Wang Jian ordered in a deep voice. "Furthermore, the soldiers from Yingchuan have endured a long and arduous campaign. Have the Firescout Army prepare a feast immediately to reward the entire Yingchuan army."

"Yes, sir," Wang Xiong replied, promptly withdrawing.

"Come, let's head into the camp," Wang Jian said to Zhao Feng with a smile. "I'm also eager to hear about your achievements."

"Yes, sir," Zhao Feng replied, then led his generals into the camp.

Inside the Senior General's main tent, a huge map of the Zhao state was spread out in the center. On it, more than a dozen Zhao cities were already marked with the flags of Qin, yet this was still less than one-tenth of the Zhao state's territory.

The Zhao state's territory was not small, and with a population of over ten million, it was a major power on the Divine Continent. To annihilate the Zhao state would take a year and a half at best; at worst, it could take much longer.

"We still have a long way to go to conquer Zhao," Zhao Feng remarked with a smile, looking at the map.

"If the Zhao state were so easy to destroy, we in Qin would not have waited for this moment to mobilize our army," Wang Jian said. "However," he added with a smile, "once we breach Jinyang City, the pace of our invasion can accelerate."

"From your tone, Senior General, I take it the King of Zhao has yet to withdraw his troops from Yan?" Zhao Feng asked with a smile.