

Longevity 235

Chapter 235: Fusu's Royal Edict Rewards Zhao Feng

「Before Jinyang City!」

「Qin Army Camp!」

Zhao Feng stood with six arrows nocked on his Profound Iron Bow. With his immense strength, he instantly drew the bowstring to a full moon—a feat impossible for an ordinary person.

THWANG!

The Profound Iron Bow shuddered. The six arrows shot forth like streaks of lightning, piercing the air in an instant.

Almost simultaneously, THUD! THUD! THUD! The bullseyes of all six targets were pierced through.

"You have to admire our liege's archery," Tu Sui said with a smile. "A six-arrow volley, and not a single one missed."

"Indeed," Zhang Han added with a smile. "Compared to our liege's six-arrow volley with no misses, the best I can manage is a two-arrow volley."

"Once you step into the Innate realm, your cultivation will be sufficient for your Inner Strength to transform into True Qi. Then, your power will grow even stronger," Zhao Feng said with a smile.

"My liege, I've already reached the seventh level of the Houtian Realm! The Innate realm isn't far off," Zhang Han said, his voice filled with excitement as he felt the surging Inner Strength in his Dantian, which granted him power far beyond that of an ordinary person.

"Keep cultivating. The Houtian Realm is merely the threshold of the Martial Arts," Zhao Feng said. "Strive to reach its peak before we annihilate the Zhao state. When you do, I will help you break through to the Innate realm," he added solemnly.

"Thank you, my liege!" the men exclaimed, bowing excitedly.

"Speaking of which," Tu Sui said with some dissatisfaction, "it's been nearly half a month since the other two main camps from Lantian began their attack on Jinyang, yet they still haven't breached the city. If our liege were to strike, the city would have fallen long ago."

Nearly half a month had passed since they had defeated Lian Po. Despite the relentless daily attacks, Jinyang City's defenses remained steadfast and unbroken. This naturally made Tu Sui and his men itch for action. If it were up to them, they would have already taken the city. Such was their confidence in their liege. Whenever they followed him into battle, their confidence and morale soared, and even their combat strength seemed to increase. They couldn't articulate the feeling, but it was undeniably real.

"If we were to claim all the credit for taking Jinyang this time, all the commanders in the Lantian Camp would start to target us," Zhao Feng explained to Tu Sui with a smile.

Tu Sui was stunned for a moment before nodding in understanding. "That's true. My liege has led us on a campaign that expanded Qin's territory by a thousand miles and even slew Lian Po. Those are truly great achievements, and I fear they have already made many men jealous. If we were to arrive at Jinyang and immediately snatch this credit, they really would target you and all of us."

Zhao Feng smiled faintly. "The Qin's system of military merit is all about competing for battlefield achievements, so there's no need to be impatient. The Zhao state's territory is still vast, and destroying it will take a long time. We'll let them have Jinyang City. The battle honors that come after, however, will be down to who has the most skill," he said solemnly.

Although he'd spoken of being cautious of the other generals, was Zhao Feng truly afraid? In the past, when he was targeted by his direct superior, a Wanjiang, Zhao Feng had forcefully carved his own path forward on the strength of his own power, even rising above Chen Tao.

Targeting? In the face of his absolute strength, such things were meaningless.

"Report!" Zhang Ming announced, walking over swiftly. "Jinyang City has fallen! The Senior General summons my liege to the main tent to discuss matters."

"Order the entire army to prepare for battle," Zhao Feng immediately commanded his generals. "Our time to fight is coming."

"Yes, sir!" Tu Sui and the other commanders promptly accepted their orders. Meanwhile, Zhao Feng, surrounded by his trusted aides, made his way toward the Senior General's tent.

「In the Tent」

Yang Duanhe and Wang Ben, the two main generals, were waiting inside. Judging by the murderous aura clinging to them, they had clearly just returned from the battlefield.

"Senior General," Zhao Feng said with a respectful bow as he entered the tent.

"At ease," Wang Jian said with a wave of his hand.

"General Zhao." Yang Duanhe and Wang Ben both smiled, returning the salute with clasped hands.

"Congratulations to you both on successfully taking Jinyang City," Zhao Feng said with a smile. "May I ask about the outcome?"

Jinyang City had been taken through the combined efforts of Yang Duanhe and Wang Ben, with each of their main camps assaulting a different gate. As such, the credit for breaching the walls belonged to them both.

"Our Sharp Warriors are still fighting in the city, but the Zhao forces have already collapsed," Yang Duanhe said with a smile.

"We thought Jinyang City's defenses were formidable and that this Yan Ju must be some incredible Zhao general. But once we breached the walls, the Zhao army collapsed, and Yan Ju fled with his men. The man was no great strategist," Wang Ben said with a touch of scorn.

"For Zhao to have such generals is a blessing for Qin," Zhao Feng remarked with a smile.

"Well said," Wang Jian laughed. "If all of Zhao's war generals were of this caliber, our conquest would be simple indeed."

"Besides the bravery of our men, the key to this battle was our advance knowledge of the troop strength and defensive layout within Jinyang City. Without that intelligence, it would have taken much longer," Wang Ben explained. "The Zhao troops garrisoned in Jinyang weren't elite, but there were a great many of them."

"Senior General, you summoned me. I presume it's about military matters?" Zhao Feng asked Wang Jian, not wanting to waste time.

"In addition to military matters, there is a piece of good news concerning you," Wang Jian said with a smile and a wave of his hand.

"Have the Royal Envoy enter," the Personal Guard Commander called out.

Moments later, a group of Imperial Guards filed into the tent, each armored and carrying a sword.

Seeing this procession, Zhao Feng was slightly taken aback. I've received several royal edicts before, so why does today feel different? Why is the Imperial Guard Army entering the camp? It looks like they're here to arrest someone.

The next moment, two Imperial Guards pulled back the tent flaps.

A handsome young man with a gentle and refined air, dressed in the lavish robes of a nobleman, stepped slowly into the tent. Following behind him was a person Zhao Feng knew very well.