

Longevity 254

Chapter 254: Zhao Feng's Descending Dragon Palm! (Part 2)

"Report."

"The Qin Army is attacking from the streets of the outer city."

"Report..."

One piece of bad news after another made Zhao Cong's brow furrow, his expression grave.

Looking toward Wu'an West City, Zhao Feng took the lead. He watched the Zhao Jun charge fiercely as many Sharp Warriors followed closely behind, attacking and killing alongside him.

"Killed a Zhao soldier, picked up 1 point of Strength."

"Killed a Commander of the Zhao Capital, picked up 5 points of Speed."

"Killed a Zhao Junhou, picked up 3 days of Lifespan."

"Killed a Zhao soldier..."

Zhao Feng swung his sword frantically, slaughtering his enemies. Even without using True Qi, relying solely on the power of his Attributes, he was an army of one. Wherever he passed, corpses littered the ground. The entirety of Wu'an West City had already become a mountain of corpses and a Blood Sea, covered everywhere with the bodies of Zhao soldiers.

"Kill!"

"Kill..."

"Follow the General! Kill!"

The officers and Sharp Warriors behind Zhao Feng let out roars that terrified the enemy. Combined with their fearless charge, countless Zhao Jun soldiers were scared witless. They were beaten back until their formations disintegrated, turning them into a routed army that fled in panic.

A routed army! One man would sweep away five, five would sweep away fifty, and fifty would sweep away five hundred. Such was the power of a rout. Once morale was lost and military order became chaotic, an army was no longer a fighting force.

Back in Yang City, the Logistics Army had been reduced to a routed force, pursued by the Han Army. If not for Zhao Feng stepping forward at the critical moment to turn the tide, Bao Yuan's strategy would have succeeded.

And now, inside the city, the chaos caused by the routed soldiers was even more intense than it would have been outside. They not only destroyed their own formations but also scattered the regular Zhao forces that still held their ranks.

"All troops, heed my command!" Zhao Feng roared. "Cling to the routed army! Kill!"

Zhao Feng naturally wouldn't miss such an opportunity to strike them down. He continued the pursuit, knowing that this was the moment to press the advantage. By using the fleeing soldiers to disrupt the enemy's organized forces, he could prevent them from forming ranks to meet his attack while he led his own army in a relentless slaughter.

The charge continued. Zhao Feng led nearly 100,000 troops into the city, frantically pursuing the routed forces.

Meanwhile, at the East and South City Gates, the siege ground on in a stalemate. From the looks of it, breaching those gates would not be easy.

"Reporting to the Senior General," the Personal Guard Commander said as he approached Wang Jian. "The east and south gates have still not been breached. The two generals are still commanding the siege."

Wang Jian spoke gravely. "It seems the key to breaching the city still lies with Zhao Feng. As long as he leads his army from West City into the Inner City, Pang Xuan's entire defensive line will collapse."

「Time passed.」

The cries of battle within Wu'an City continued unabated.

「In West City.」

Zhao Feng had already led his forces to completely breach the outer city, arriving at the Inner City's defensive line, which was personally overseen by Zhao Cong.

"General!" a Zhao officer reported urgently. "There are more and more routed soldiers! The five passages we left open are not enough! The Qin Army is chasing them right behind us, attacking relentlessly! If we let the Qin Army follow them through, our army is doomed!"

"Shieldmen, block all passages!" Zhao Cong immediately ordered. "Spearmen, to the front! Archers, cover the rear!"

The previously open passages began to close in an orderly fashion. As they did, the shieldmen quickly formed a solid wall.

"Let us in!"

"Let us through!"

"The Qin Army is right behind us! Let us through!"

"General, please let us through..."

The entire Inner City defensive line was now blocked by shields. The defeated Zhao Jun soldiers shouted in terror, some even trying to push against the newly formed shield array.

"All routed troops, listen up! Turn around and face the Qin Army immediately!" Zhao Cong bellowed.
"Anyone who dares retreat further will be executed on the spot! Spearmen, thrust! Archers, ready!"

In response, countless spears stabbed out from behind the shields, piercing many of the crowded Zhao soldiers. They were killed by their own comrades' weapons, as archers also stood ready nearby. Under this threat, many of the routed troops fell back, no longer daring to approach the line. Zhao Cong's iron-fisted measures were indeed effective at preventing the rout from breaking his organized forces.

"I will say it again! All soldiers, turn around and face the Qin Army! Otherwise, you will be executed!" Zhao Cong roared once more, forcing the routed troops to fight.

Meanwhile, from the rear, countless Black-armored Qin soldiers were already in hot pursuit.

This Zhao commander defending the West Gate really has some skill, to be able to rally his troops even amidst such a rout. In that case, I'm even more interested. Zhao Feng sneered coldly. From a distance, he could see the Zhao Jun forming ranks behind their shield array.

"All troops, hear my command!" Zhao Feng ordered coldly. "Attack!"

As always, he charged straight toward the Zhao Jun.

"Follow the General!"

"Kill!"

Countless Sharp Warriors behind Zhao Feng roared as they surged forward.

"Descending Dragon Palm!"

"Die!"

Zhao Feng raised his left hand. Secretly gathering his True Qi, he unleashed a palm strike. Faintly, the roar of a dragon could be heard, but it was drowned out by the relentless din of battle. Even the soldiers nearby who heard the sound didn't think much of it.

BOOM!

A draconic shadow ripped through the air, kicking up a powerful gust of wind that swept for more than a hundred feet. In an instant, it slammed into the innumerable routed Zhao soldiers.

"AHHH..."

A wave of screams pierced the Heavenly Vault. Dozens of Zhao soldiers were sent flying, some of their bodies torn asunder by the impact. Meanwhile, a series of different attribute acquisition prompts sounded in Zhao Feng's mind.

Tu Sui and Wei Quan exchanged a look, both filled with an indescribable shock. Our lord's strength... it might have already reached the Grandmaster realm, a level above Innate. He's too strong. A single strike can kill dozens of men.

However, all of this went unsaid. On the chaotic battlefield, amidst the disarray of the army, no one would have dared to believe it anyway.