

Longevity 255

Chapter 255: Zhao Feng's Descending Dragon Palm! (Part 3)

After all, such might could only belong to the power of ghosts and gods.

That was less than one-thirtieth of my True Qi. If I were to unleash my full power, the hundreds of men dozens of yards ahead of me would all be killed. Looking at the carnage wrought by his palm strike, Zhao Feng smiled to himself. He hadn't even gone all out yet. Such power was truly invincible on the battlefield.

After that brief test, Zhao Feng no longer held back and continued his charge. This battlefield was his paradise for reaping enemies and collecting Attributes.

With their Main General being so fearsomely brave, the effect on his Sharp Warriors was unimaginable.

In almost no time, the routed soldiers were slaughtered to the last man by Zhao Feng and his troops. Many were even forced back into their own shield walls, only to be impaled by friendly spears.

"Archers, fire!" Zhao Cong commanded, looking at the approaching Qin Army. He gave the order without hesitation, even with many of his own routed men still in the line of fire.

From behind the shield wall, a dense volley of arrows shot out, arching towards the Qin Army.

"Argh... ahh..." As the volley of arrows landed, many of Zhao's routed soldiers, along with quite a few of the Qin Army's Sharp Warriors, were struck down. It was a gruesome sight.

"Attack!" Zhao Feng roared coldly as he continued the charge.

Seeing the shield formation of Zhao ahead, Zhao Feng didn't hesitate for a moment. He channeled his True Qi, converging it upon the Longquan Sword. HUMMMMMM. The entire blade began to vibrate, seeming to tremble under the sheer power of the True Qi Zhao Feng poured into it.

When the True Qi suffusing the blade reached its absolute peak, Zhao Feng swung his sword in a wide arc. "Break!"

An invisible wave of Sword Qi instantly erupted from the blade, covering an area dozens of yards wide. As it swept through the enemy ranks, hundreds of Zhao soldiers were slain in an instant. When the Sword Qi crashed against the shield formation, the sturdy shields, forged from pure iron, popped like bubbles.

CRACK! CRACK! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Dozens of interlocked shields at the front of the formation were instantly shattered into pieces.

"Ah!" The Zhao soldiers holding them were bisected by the Sword Qi, their agonizing screams cut short as they fell, their lives extinguished in the blink of an eye.

Behind the main line, Zhao Cong watched this unfold as if he were seeing a monster. How is this possible? His eyes were locked on the distant figure. His entire shield formation had been breached in a single moment.

"Daqin Elite Soldiers! Kill!" Zhao Feng's expression was unchanged as he charged directly through the breach in the shield formation. With the Longquan Sword in hand, what appeared to be a single slash was in fact dozens of strikes. The sword was known as a blade that would not be stained by blood, yet at this moment, it was entirely crimson—a testament to the sheer number of enemies that had fallen beneath it.

"Follow the general! Kill! Kill!" Countless Sharp Warriors roared, following Zhao Feng into the fray and pouring through the gap in the shield wall. With this breach, the entire shield formation was rendered useless.

Zhao Cong saw the Qin Army swarming through the breach and engaging in close combat. He drew his own sword and bellowed furiously, "Soldiers of Zhao! The people of Qin are vicious wolves, utterly ruthless! Wu'an City is our state's bulwark! If Wu'an falls, the Zhao state itself is in peril! For Zhao! Fight the Qin Army to the death! Kill!"

"For Zhao! Kill!" The Zhao Jun roared, charging to meet the Qin Army.

The grinding slaughter continued. Zhao Feng led the charge, moving through the endless ranks of the surrounding Zhao Jun as if they weren't there. If the legends of men who could fight ten thousand during the Three Kingdoms period were considered exaggerations, Zhao Feng's strength was the undeniable reality of such a warrior.

His Longquan Sword swung with ease, felling one Zhao soldier after another. Zhao Feng's gaze, however, was locked firmly onto Zhao Cong's position. A single glance told him that the man, surrounded by shield-bearers, was clearly the central War General of the Zhao Jun forces stationed here. If he could just take him out, the rest of the battle would be simple. These tens of thousands of defeated Zhao Jun would rout and surge toward every corner of Wu'an City, completely overwhelming the defenses Pang Xuan had so meticulously arranged. And with that, the city would be his.

"Quick, shoot him with arrows! Kill him!" Zhao Cong, positioned in the heart of his army, shrieked as he spotted Zhao Feng cutting a frantic path toward him.

At this moment, Zhao Feng was advancing alone, with Tu Sui and many Sharp Warriors following close behind him. They cut through the battlefield like a great dragon plunging into a sea of men, completely unstoppable. The shield-bearers around Zhao Cong immediately parted to make way for the archers, who unleashed a volley at Zhao Feng.

"A desperate, final struggle," Zhao Feng said coldly, charging forward with his full might. An entire volley of arrows was batted from the sky. In a flash, he cut down the Zhao soldiers blocking his path and arrived before the shield formation protecting Zhao Cong.

As expected, he slashed his sword, and a brilliant light roared through the air. BOOM! Dozens of shield-bearing Zhao soldiers collapsed in an instant.

"General Zhao, your life is mine," Zhao Feng declared, his gaze like that of a murderous Asura fixed on Zhao Cong.

With a single movement, so swift that it left an afterimage, Zhao Feng appeared before Zhao Cong in the blink of an eye. "The man who slays you," Zhao Feng said as the Longquan Sword descended, "is Zhao Feng."

Zhao Cong had no chance to react before his head was severed by the Longquan Sword. In his final moments, as the name "Zhao Feng" echoed in his mind, his last thoughts took form. He... so he is Qin General Zhao Feng, the man who killed Lian Po... I... I have lost fairly.

A notification appeared. "Slew the Main General of the Zhao state, Zhao Cong. Gained 30 points to All Attributes."

As Zhao Cong's head tumbled from his shoulders, Zhao Feng caught it with one hand. He leaped onto Zhao Cong's now-empty war chariot, raised the head high for all to see, and with a mighty roar that echoed across the battlefield, bellowed, "Your Main General is dead!"

The surrounding Zhao Jun soldiers stared in utter terror.

"General Zhao Cong has been killed!"

"The general is dead!"

"We've lost!"

"Retreat... Retreat!"

Upon seeing Zhao Cong's head, his eyes wide open in death, and hearing the panicked cries ripple through their ranks, the morale of the Zhao Jun completely shattered. Even those soldiers who had been arrayed in formation, ready for battle, lost all will to fight.

Instantly, the tens of thousands of Zhao Jun became a human tide, scattering and fleeing in every direction toward the inner city of Wu'an.