

Longevity 262

Chapter 262: Yanting Takes Action! Zhao Feng Is Very Satisfied!

But just at that moment... WHOOSH, WHOOSH, WHOOSH. A flurry of arrows suddenly shot out from one side of the Zhao army. Many of the Zhao soldiers were instantly struck in the back and killed.

Immediately after, hundreds of black-clad figures charged toward the Zhao soldiers from three sides. Despite being vastly outnumbered, they showed no fear.

"Senior General, someone has come to rescue us!" Sima Shang exclaimed, a trace of joy on his face.

But Li Mu's brow furrowed tightly. Who would come to their rescue at such a moment? Could it be the Frontier Army commanders from the Dai Territory? That's impossible. I didn't even know the King of Zhao wanted us dead, so the commanders in Dai would know even less. Besides, military authority is no longer in my hands; it's in Yan Ju's.

"Who dares to rescue them?" Commander Zhao's face was a mask of shocked disbelief. This ambush was top secret; no one should have known about it. And these hundreds of black-clad men are clearly not ordinary people. They look like seasoned, trained professionals.

As they charged, they fired their bows. Once they closed the distance, they switched to crossbows and continued their volley of arrows. Under their relentless assault, the Zhao soldiers fell in droves, suffering heavy casualties.

"Kill!" the leader of the black-clad men shouted, his gaze locked firmly on Commander Zhao.

The moment he drew near, his sword was already out. He moved with inhuman speed, and with a single slash, he slit a Zhao soldier's throat.

Though the other black-clad figures did not possess such extraordinary speed, they were still faster than ordinary men. They quickly dispersed, giving the Zhao soldiers no chance to fire back, and rapidly pressed their attack. They sought to close the distance, and every encounter ended with a sword slicing a throat. It seemed they were specialized killing machines, created for the sole purpose of slaughter. Every one of their attacks was lethal, aimed at a vital point.

In the blink of an eye, a gaping hole was torn in the Zhao army's formation.

"Who in the world are you?!" Commander Zhao roared angrily at the attackers.

But the lead black-clad figure had already reached him. Without a word of explanation or a moment's hesitation, he thrust his sword forward, piercing straight through Commander Zhao's throat and killing him instantly.

When the surrounding Zhao soldiers saw their commander fall, they panicked, and many began to scatter and flee.

Turning toward Li Mu and Sima Shang, the lead black-clad figure waved his hand. A few of his men charged directly toward the two generals.

"These men are all elites," Li Mu observed in shock. "And they specialize in the art of killing."

The next moment, as the black-clad figures rushed over, Li Mu opened his mouth to ask them a question, but they gave him no chance to speak. They closed the distance with ghost-like speed. Two of them delivered a swift hand-chop to the napes of Li Mu and Sima Shang.

Both generals were knocked unconscious on the spot. The black-clad figures then hoisted them onto their shoulders.

"Retreat!" the leader commanded coldly, showing no interest in prolonging the fight. They immediately departed with Li Mu and his subordinate.

These black-clad figures had arrived as abruptly as they had left. Not a single body of their own was left on the battlefield. They had killed hundreds of Zhao soldiers without suffering a single casualty and withdrawn unscathed. This troop of black-clad figures was both eerie and formidable.

"What... what do we do now?" a Junhou's voice trembled. "The Capital Commandant is dead. What are we supposed to do?"

"Were those people human or ghosts?" another Junhou asked. "They felt like specters... It was terrifying."

"They certainly looked like apparitions. Their masks were like evil spirits."

"They looked truly fearsome."

"Who exactly were they?" the first Junhou stammered.

"I don't know," the second Junhou replied. "We should just report this exactly as it happened. We have no idea who those black-clad people were."

As the ghost-like figures withdrew, the remaining scattered Zhao soldiers could only look at each other, all of them clearly shaken. To them, the last few moments felt as though they had walked through the Ghost Gate; they felt incredibly fortunate just to have survived. After all, they were not the elite troops of the Zhao state, but merely Prefecture Soldiers. They had only managed to defeat Li Mu's trusted aides through superior numbers and a surprise attack. In a head-on confrontation with equal numbers, these Prefecture Soldiers would have been no match for them.

「Below Handan City!」

Zhao Feng's army was the first to arrive and set up camp. Originally, Zhao Feng commanded an army of one hundred thousand. After the battle at Wu'an City, ninety thousand remained. The other ten thousand had not all perished; only about three to four thousand had fallen in battle, while the rest were recovering in the Wounded Soldier Camp.

The army possessed such fighting strength entirely because of the augmentation from Zhao Feng's Fate Official Seal. It even doubled the combat effectiveness of new recruits, an effect that was visibly reflected across the entire army.

Morale doubled, combat power doubled.

Who else in the world could boast such an ability?

Only Zhao Feng!

"Your Majesty, we've just received news," Zhang Ming reported respectfully as he approached Zhao Feng. "Ying Bu and his men have succeeded."

"Give me the details," Zhao Feng replied, his expression turning serious at the mention of Ying Bu.

"It was just as Your Majesty anticipated," Zhang Ming reported respectfully. "Someone in the Zhao state wanted Li Mu dead and dispatched three thousand troops to ambush him. After the battle, all five hundred of Li Mu's trusted aides were killed. Li Mu and his Deputy General were injured and subsequently rescued by Yanting."

"What was the outcome? What were our casualties?" Zhao Feng asked.

This was the first mission for Yanting, and five hundred agents had been deployed at once. Zhao Feng naturally took the results very seriously.

"Your Majesty may not even be able to imagine how formidable the Yan Court Secret Agents are."