

Longevity 268

Chapter 268: What Does Emperor Qin Shi Huang Look Like? "How Can We Say We Have No Clothes?"

"That's right."

"To capture Handan, we still need to rely on Qin's strengths."

"Besides our advantage in archery, we can also pit Qin's national power against the Zhao state's."

"Furthermore, Qin still has troops to deploy; the Hangu Pass Camp can send reinforcements. The Zhao state, on the other hand, no longer has a large army to mobilize," Wang Ben said gravely.

He and Yang Duanhe felt the same way, neither holding much hope for capturing Handan City at this moment. As for Zhao Feng's request, he saw it as a pointless waste of life. After the lesson learned at Wu'an City, Pang Xuan had established this Supervisory Army. A battle to the death was now inevitable, and it would not be so simple to use a routing force to break the Zhao army's defense line again.

Zhao Feng didn't respond to their attempts at persuasion, his gaze fixed intently on Wang Jian. If Yang Duanhe and the others would not compete for this battle honor, then Zhao Feng would fight for it to the very end.

Zhao Feng possessed the power to easily smash through city gates. With the added two-fold strength enhancement for his Sharp Warriors, he was extremely confident. The battle would surely be fierce, with countless Sharp Warriors perishing, but that was inevitable. Even if he wasn't the one leading the charge, the battle for Handan would inevitably result in the deaths of countless Sharp Warriors—

perhaps even more. However, if Zhao Feng could breach the city, the casualties among the Sharp Warriors would conversely be greatly reduced.

A single general's triumph is built on a mountain of bones.

Having matured to this point, Zhao Feng felt a sense of camaraderie for the Sharp Warriors under his command, but his thirst for conquest remained undiminished. War was impossible without death. If he did not pacify this chaotic world, the wars would simply continue.

"Zhao Feng," Wang Jian said, waving his hand without consenting to his request. "Sit down for now."

Hearing this, Zhao Feng nodded and sat down.

"Let's set aside the matter of Handan for a moment. Let's talk about you," Wang Jian said, his gaze fixed on Zhao Feng.

"What is there to say about me?" Zhao Feng asked, puzzled.

"You always charge at the very front of every battle, leading the men yourself. Before you became a Deputy General, I didn't bother to say anything. But now that you're not just a Deputy General but a Main General, why haven't you changed this habit?"

"I already told you after you defeated Lian Po. The safety of a general is tied to his entire army. The duty of a Main General is to command, not to charge into the fray like some reckless warrior."

"But this time, during the attack on Wu'an, you fell back into your old habits, charging ahead of your troops again."

"Tell me, have you no regard for your own life?" Wang Jian demanded, his face stern and his tone laced with anger.

Zhao Feng just chuckled. "I'll be more careful next time."

"Careful my ass!"

"You're quick to agree now, but the moment a battle starts, you'll be the first to charge in again."

"You are a general, not a common soldier."

"Qin has over a million soldiers and Sharp Warriors who can charge into battle, but we have fewer than ten Main Generals."

"If you were to fall in the chaos of battle, your army would surely rout. Don't you understand that?" Wang Jian berated him.

This time, Wang Jian was truly furious. It wasn't just because Zhao Feng was a general under his command, but also because Zhao Feng was his son-in-law. Both personally and professionally, Wang Jian had every reason to reprimand him. Personally, because Zhao Feng was his son-in-law; professionally, because Zhao Feng was one of Qin's most promising war generals. If Zhao Feng were to truly die amidst the chaos of battle, it would be a tremendous loss for Qin.

Faced with Wang Jian's furious reprimand, Zhao Feng felt no anger. Instead, deep down, he was touched. After all, he could clearly hear the hardened warrior's concern in Wang Jian's voice.

"Please rest assured, Senior General."

"I am not yet wed, and I have children at home. I will certainly not die."

"The reason I lead from the front is that it is my battle strategy. It inspires the entire army."

"And it is precisely for this reason that the army I command is invincible," Zhao Feng replied, standing up with a serious expression.

Since Wang Jian had brought it up, Zhao Feng didn't bother promising not to lead the charge. Fighting on the front lines was a crucial part of how he grew stronger, an opportunity he would not relinquish. Besides, without him, no one else could breach the city gates. For now, at least, Zhao Feng had no intention of changing his methods.

"You know you are not yet wed, and you know you have children. Why do you insist on taking such risks?" Wang Jian's brow furrowed deeply.

"Please, trust me, Senior General."

"I cherish my life dearly and would never throw it away," Zhao Feng said, bowing deeply to Wang Jian.

His stance made his intentions perfectly clear. Wang Jian stared at Zhao Feng, remaining silent for a long time.

After a moment, Wang Jian finally spoke, his voice filled with annoyance. "Fine. I'm tired of lecturing you. Just don't make me come to collect your corpse." It was clear that Zhao Feng had truly exasperated him.

Zhao Feng smiled and stood up straight. "Please rest assured, Senior General. I will not die out on some battlefield, nor will I force my elders to mourn for one so young."

Wang Jian just snorted, unwilling to argue the point further.

"Senior General, shall we continue the meeting?" Wang Ben chimed in with a chuckle, steering the conversation away. He couldn't help but admire his brother-in-law for daring to talk back to his father. He himself had never dared to argue with Wang Jian, having been terrified of his father since childhood.

Perhaps that's just the discipline of a military family.

Many ordinary people might think that the children of powerful and wealthy families are arrogant. However, truly capable families tend to raise talented offspring. If their descendants are arrogant and unrestrained, it only shows that the family isn't truly capable, but that its discipline is lacking. Truly capable and forward-thinking families place great emphasis on cultivating the next generation, much like the royal family.

Wang Jian slowly stood up and walked to the map already laid out inside the tent. His gaze narrowed, settling on the location of Handan City on the map.

"Although Pang Xuan lost over a hundred thousand men at Wu'an City, he still managed to lead a considerable number of Zhao troops back to Handan."