

Longevity 270

Chapter 270: What Does Emperor Qin Shi Huang Look Like? "How Can We Say We Have No Clothes?"
(Part 3)

"The Great King's personal visit this time is a testament to the importance he places on this city."

Wang Jian spoke in a deep voice, "In this battle, I shall personally supervise. Lantian Camp will exert its full force to breach Handan."

"Your subordinate is ready to heed the Shangjiangjun's command at any time." Wang Ben, Yang Duanhe, and Zhao Feng immediately bowed.

"Zhao Feng," Wang Jian looked towards him, "do you truly wish to volunteer as the vanguard?"

"Your subordinate volunteers!" Zhao Feng replied, looking resolutely at Wang Jian.

"Good." Wang Jian had nothing more to say. "In three days, the army shall attack Handan. We will not retreat until it is broken. Zhao Feng will lead his Sharp Warriors as the vanguard. Wang Ben will command his Sharp Warriors to block the Zhao Border Army's cavalry. Yang Duanhe will lead his archers to provide suppressive fire for the Vanguard Army, with the foot soldiers forming the rear flank for the vanguard's Sharp Warriors. The moment Zhao Feng's troops break into the city, they are to follow his army inside."

"Your subordinate accepts the command!" Zhao Feng responded loudly.

At that moment, Wang Ben clenched his teeth, a fearless expression on his face. "Your subordinate requests to join General Zhao as the vanguard in the attack on Handan."

As he finished speaking, a hint of surprise flashed in Wang Jian's eyes, mixed with a sense of gratification.

"Repeat that?" Wang Jian said sternly.

"Your subordinate requests to serve alongside General Zhao Feng as the vanguard, accompanying him in the siege. In the past, I served under General Wang He as a Wanjiang, and I experienced the bloody battle of Handan firsthand.

"During that attack, I was not yet twenty, and out of my entire Wanjiang camp, fewer than five hundred men, including myself, managed to retreat.

"The Shangjiangjun is right; Qin generals must not harbor fear. This time, I wish to join General Zhao Feng to wash away the shame of the past.

"To breach Handan!" Wang Ben declared loudly.

Yang Duanhe looked at Wang Ben with astonishment and admiration. Although he was more than a decade older than Wang Ben, he felt inferior in spirit. He then looked at the dauntless Zhao Feng and sighed inwardly. Each generation produces its own great talents, and I cannot compare to them.

"Well said, Wang Ben," Wang Jian said with a gratified smile. "You have not disappointed me. By confronting the past and facing the present, you have broken through your inner demons. However..." His voice paused, his eyes filled with resolve. "The order has been given. Your task is to hold off the Zhao Border Army and prevent them from harassing our Sharp Warriors during the siege. This is your great responsibility."

Having been in Lantian Camp for many years, Wang Ben certainly understood his father was a man whose orders were irrevocable once given. With this in mind, Wang Ben could only bow. "Your subordinate accepts the command."

However, having faced his inner demons, he felt as if he had transcended. His eyes no longer held any fear of Handan. Perhaps he had also been spurred on by Zhao Feng.

「Night fell!」

In Zhao Feng's encampment, his two Deputy Generals and ten Wanjiangs were all gathered in the tent.

"We have received our orders. Our army will serve as the vanguard in the assault on Handan," Zhao Feng said, not wasting any words. "Compared to the attack on Wu'an City, this battle will be far more difficult. Many of us, including myself, will die."

Hearing his words, Tu Sui, Zhang Han, and all the Wanjiangs looked at Zhao Feng without a trace of fear. They all stood, bowed, and declared, "We swear to follow the general to the death!"

"Good." Zhao Feng nodded at them. "If we win this battle, all of you will have rendered great service and shall receive the King's favor and rewards. But if the worst should happen, those who survive must take care of each other's families. If I survive, I will never neglect your families. If I fall in battle, you must not forget to look after my mother and sister."

As soon as he finished speaking, a grave look appeared in the eyes of all the generals. They had never seen Zhao Feng so solemn since they had started following him, which underscored the difficulty of the coming battle. Yet still, they showed no fear.

Tu Sui said loudly, "The generals' families are my family. If I survive this battle, I will not neglect them."

Zhang Han nodded firmly. "The same goes for me."

All the other generals nodded in agreement.

This battle was harder than any other Zhao Feng had fought on his campaigns. Inside Handan City, there were nearly three hundred thousand Zhao Jun soldiers, all under the watch of the Supervisory Army with orders to execute any who retreated. Pang Xuan was in command of the central army. Replicating the victory at Wu'an City was clearly impossible. This battle was destined to be a bloody one, even after breaching the city gates.

"The Shangjiangjun's order is to attack in three days," Zhao Feng said, waving his hand at the generals. "Go, get some rest, and pass on the instructions. If the Sharp Warriors have any requests, fulfill them as best you can."

"Yes, General." The generals bowed and withdrew.

Inside the tent, only Zhao Feng was left sitting alone. I have over eighty thousand soldiers under my command... I wonder how many will remain after this battle. They say a single general's success is built on ten thousand rotting bones. Yet I still can't bear it. But in this grand tide of events, even if I do not lead, others will, and the casualties will be even greater. Thinking of the bloody battle that would arrive in three days, Zhao Feng's heart churned.

「Time flew by!」

「In front of Handan City!」

The Qin Army was already poised for battle. Wang Jian stood on a war chariot at the very forefront of this great army. Suddenly, he turned around to face the two hundred thousand elite soldiers of the Qin army.

"Where are the Daqin Elite Soldiers?" Wang Jian bellowed.

"WIND! WIND! WIND!"

The two hundred thousand Sharp Warriors let out a world-shaking roar. It transformed into an endless storm of killing intent that swept across Handan City. The overwhelming morale and murderous aura dominated the heavens and the earth. Under this immense military might, the Zhao Jun soldiers on the city walls could not help but look on in astonishment, and many were filled with apprehension. However, seeing the Supervisory Army behind them, they dared not let it show.