

Longevity 272

Chapter 272: Breaking Through Handan! One Battle to Decide the World!

"Kill!"

A furious battle cry erupted from Zhao Feng's mouth. The Killing Intent surrounding him reached its zenith.

Every Sharp Warrior behind him was greatly inspired, a boundless fighting spirit surging within them. As Zhao Feng charged forward, he took the lead. A Main General in rank, he led the charge like a common Sharp Warrior. Watching Zhao Feng's figure was a silent spur for every Sharp Warrior.

When a general does not cling to life, his soldiers will not fear death! The army of a hundred victories!

"Archers, ready!"

"Annihilate the invading Qin Army!"

On the battlements of Handan City, the moment the Qin Army began their attack, Pang Xuan had already withdrawn, retreating toward the city's center. Meanwhile, another Zhao general roared. The Zhao Jun archers on the city walls drew their bows and nocked their arrows. They stared down at the grounds before the city while dodging the arrows fired by the Qin Army from outside. From time to time, Zhao soldiers fell under the barrage.

With Zhao Feng leading his troops ever closer, they were now only a few dozen paces from the city wall.

"Release!"

"Wipe out the Qin Army!" the Zhao general on the wall commanded.

Instantly, a volley of ten thousand arrows flew from the battlements, raining down outside the city.

Zhao Feng raised his shield to block the arrows, his pace unwavering. Though he couldn't unleash his full Speed, he was still much faster than ordinary soldiers. His objective was crystal clear: charge the city gate. Fortunately, cities in this era lacked moats; otherwise, approaching the gate would not have been so easy.

Behind him, the Vanguard Army raced at full tilt, following their general. Cloud ladders and Lincheng gradually drew near. Ten thousand shield-bearers advanced, their shields held high.

However, under a hail of arrows even more ferocious than the one at Wu'an City, the elite soldiers of the Qin army outside the city suffered heavy casualties. Pang Xuan had learned his lesson from Wu'an and now had the bastion of Handan, a fortress that had stood for centuries. The defensive assault of the Zhao Jun was naturally far stronger.

Yet, even so, Zhao Feng was unaffected. Arrows rained down from above. He held his shield high, deflecting the falling projectiles one by one. His Longquan Sword flashed, blocking or deflecting most of the arrows aimed at him. Breaching the city gate was a difficult task for anyone else, but for Zhao Feng, it was a matter of a single sword strike.

The Qin Army laid siege to the city!

Cloud ladders and siege towers raced forward. The Qin Army's archers and Stone Throwing Machines outside the walls fired relentlessly. The attack on Wu'an City seemed to be replaying itself.

"Slash!"

Zhao Feng sped to the city gate. Just like that day, he unleashed a strike, the True Qi in his Dantian surging to empower the blade. It wasn't just one strike. At his terrifying speed, he swung his sword dozens of times in an instant. In a fleeting moment, dozens of streams of Sword Qi slashed against the gates of the ancient capital of Handan.

Even though Pang Xuan had heavily reinforced the city's defenses, and even though the gates were forged from Fine Iron, they were like soap bubbles before Zhao Feng's Longquan Sword—a blade that cut through iron as if it were mud, further enhanced by True Qi. The gates shattered on contact.

BOOM!

The massive city gates could not withstand Zhao Feng's sword strikes and instantly broke into dozens of pieces. The Sword Qi blasted into the city. A wave of agonizing screams erupted. The Zhao Jun soldiers staunchly holding the gate from inside were sent flying, many of them pierced and killed instantly by the Sword Qi.

Without hesitation, Zhao Feng stepped onto their corpses. He blocked the incoming Long Spears of the Zhao Jun with his shield and swung his sword again.

Killed a Zhao soldier. Acquired: 1 day of Lifespan.

Killed a Zhao soldier. Acquired: 1 day of Lifespan.

Killed a Zhao soldier. Acquired: 1 point of Strength...

As he clashed with the Zhao Jun, Zhao Feng's Longquan Sword once again became a reaper's scythe, frantically harvesting the lives of the soldiers before him. With the blood of the Zhao Jun, he forged his path to longevity and invincibility.

With the city gates breached, Zhao Feng charged inside to attack and kill. Behind him, Tu Sui immediately led the Sharp Warriors pouring into the city. The scene was strikingly similar to the fall of Wu'an City.

"Follow the General! Kill!"

"Kill...!"

Countless Daqin Elite Soldiers roared as they surged into the city to clash with the Zhao Jun. The Battle of Wu'an City seemed to be repeating itself. Hundreds of scaling ladders and siege towers latched onto the battlements of Handan City, and innumerable Sharp Warriors began their ascent.

The bloody battle had begun!

"General, the Qin Army has breached the gates!" a panicked Zhao Jun soldier on the wall reported.

"The Qin Army does indeed have a way to breach gates quickly. But this isn't Wu'an City! Senior General Pang Xuan is guarding the Inner City, and we have two hundred thousand troops defending the outer city, not to mention the Supervisory Army. No matter how formidable the Qin Army is, they can't possibly break through Handan!" a Zhao commander declared. "Relay my orders!"

"All soldiers on the battlements will fire at will to halt the Qin Army's advance! The troops below will handle the rest! We must not allow the Qin Army to set one foot on the walls of Handan!" the Zhao general bellowed.

Meanwhile, in the rear formation outside the city, Wang Jian watched the gates fall. A strange light flashed in his eyes. What secret is Zhao Feng hiding? How could he break through the gates of Handan so easily? Could he truly possess the power of ghosts and gods?

Seeing Zhao Feng breach the gates so effortlessly upon reaching them, even the composed Wang Jian felt a tumult of complex emotions. No matter how he wracked his brain, he couldn't comprehend how Zhao Feng had done it. That day at Wu'an City, he had seen the shattered gates with his own eyes. They were completely hacked into dozens of pieces by some sharp weapon. He couldn't imagine what kind of divine weapon could accomplish such a feat. But even with a divine weapon, how could such thick, heavy gates be shattered so easily?

In summary, Zhao Feng had just become even more mysterious in Wang Jian's mind.

His gaze returned to the battle. As Zhao Feng led his army charging through the breached gate, the Zhao Jun inside the city did not fall into a helpless panic like they had at Wu'an. They immediately organized their formations to defend. First, the soldiers with Long Spears advanced to meet the charge. Behind them, the Zhao Jun archers, along with more archers on the rooftops, unleashed a frantic barrage of arrows at the invading Qin soldiers.