

Longevity 280

Chapter 280: Ying Zheng Shocked, Captures the King of Zhao! (Part 2)

But for Wang Jian, the greatest achievement of this battle was still Zhao Feng. If not for Zhao Feng's bravery in leading the army to breach Handan City, Qin's losses would have been no less than 100,000, and perhaps even more.

"Who was the vanguard?" Ying Zheng asked with a smile.

"The Main General of Lantian's Fourth Main Battalion, Zhao Feng, led his Sharp Warriors as the Vanguard Army to break through Handan City," Wang Jian reported loudly. "The city gate was breached in one day, and the outer city of Handan was taken in three days. Today is the sixth day, and Zhao Feng has already launched an attack on the Zhao Royal Palace."

Upon hearing this, even Ying Zheng looked surprised.

"The city gate was breached in one day? The outer city of Handan was taken in three days?" he asked in amazement.

"Indeed," Wang Jian replied respectfully. "I would not dare speak falsely."

"Pang Xuan was defending the city with an army of 300,000. How did Zhao Feng do it?" Ying Zheng was now very curious.

"According to my observations," Wang Jian began with a grave tone, "not only is Zhao Feng's personal combat strength outstanding, but the army he commands is also superior to the Sharp Warriors of the other two main battalions. Judging by combat strength alone, they might even surpass the Imperial Guard Army by the Great King's side."

Wang Jian had witnessed this with his own eyes. Stationed with the rear army, he had commanded from a distance. Unlike the attack on Wu'an City where the forces were split into three, this time Wang Jian had a clear view of Zhao Feng leading his Sharp Warriors to conquer Handan. Their bravery was far beyond that of ordinary Sharp Warriors, perhaps even exceeding that of the Imperial Guards.

Ying Zheng was even more surprised. "Even better than the Imperial Guards by my side?"

He knew all too well how strong his Imperial Guards were. A single, fully armed member of the Imperial Guard Army could match several skilled Sharp Warriors, as they were all handpicked from Qin's three main battalions. The Imperial Guard Army! They represented Qin's highest standard and its strongest fighting force. Their numbers were few, but their combat ability was formidable. Their duty was to protect the Royal Palace and guard the monarch. Every member was under forty years old to ensure they remained in their prime.

"When the Senior General reported that Zhao Feng breached the gates of Wu'an City single-handedly, I was very curious how he managed it," Ying Zheng suddenly asked.

Wang Jian smiled. "I knew the Great King would ask, so I have already prepared."

With a clap of his hands, a trusted aide immediately brought a large box forward.

"I originally planned to have this transported to Xianyang, but now that the Great King has arrived in person, there is no need," Wang Jian said with a smile as he opened the box.

Piled inside the large wooden box were shattered pieces of a city gate. Ying Zheng stepped forward and picked up a piece, finding it very heavy.

"It seems to have been cut by a sharp weapon," he mused. "But even if it were a sharp weapon, a Divine Weapon even, how could it possibly cut through such a thick gate? This was forged from Fine Iron," Ying Zheng said, thoroughly astonished.

As he spoke, Ying Zheng drew the Zhan Lu Sword from his waist and struck the thick chunk of the gate with all his might.

SWOOSH!

The Zhan Lu Sword descended.

SNAP!

The blade bit into the fragment, but a powerful rebound force immediately shot up his arm, making it tremble and his hand loosen its grip on the sword.

"Is the Great King unharmed?" Wang Jian immediately stepped forward, asking with concern.

"I am fine." Ying Zheng shook his hand, smiling nonchalantly. He then looked at the Zhan Lu Sword. Its blade had penetrated three inches into the iron block, yet that was only a third of the gate's total thickness.

"The Zhan Lu Sword is a Divine Weapon passed down through generations of Qin's kings, capable of cutting iron as if it were mud," Ying Zheng said wistfully. "However, even the strongest Divine Weapon requires great strength to be effective. With all my might, I only managed to penetrate three inches. I am truly curious... just how great must Zhao Feng's strength be?"

A nearby Ren Xiao immediately yanked the Zhan Lu Sword out with force and presented it respectfully to Ying Zheng.

"Once Zhao Feng breaches the Zhao Royal Palace, the Great King will be able to meet him," Wang Jian said with a smile. "The Great King can ask him then."

"Indeed." Ying Zheng laughed heartily. "I've been curious about him ever since I first heard his name and his age. Now, I'm truly impatient to meet the youngest luminary of our great Qin."

Just then, Wang Jian reported respectfully, "Great King, the battle within the city is not yet fully settled. However, Pang Xuan has been slain by Zhao Feng, so I expect the situation will be completely resolved within a day or two. The Great King may enter the city at that time."

「North of Handan City, in the direction of Dai Territory.」

Thousands of people fled north in a disheveled throng. Even Zhao Yan, the king himself, was not in his imperial carriage but was running for his life on foot. He was accompanied by ministers of the Zhao state, his concubines, and his children.

"Where are we now?" Zhao Yan gasped, overwhelmed with fatigue as he ran. "I'm going to die of exhaustion."

"Great King, we still haven't left Handan's territory! If the Qin Army gives chase, they'll catch up to us soon!" an Imperial Guard Commander shouted back. "Please, Great King, just hold on a little longer!"

"We haven't left Handan yet?" Zhao Yan said with a pained expression. "I'm about to die of exhaustion."

Having been pampered his entire life, running for so long was an experience he had never imagined, let alone endured. Even so, his feet kept moving. The thought of the Qin Army storming his palace, the thought of Ying Zheng—he dared not stop. It seemed this ordeal had truly unlocked his hidden potential. To survive, he was going all out.

Of course, Zhao Yan was not alone. His civil and military officials were with him, but at this moment, they were all running for their lives. Many had abandoned any pretense of propriety between ruler and subject, scrambling ahead of their king.