

Longevity 281

Chapter 281: Ying Zheng Shocked, Captures the King of Zhao! (Part 3)

But at this moment, a series of horse hooves thundered from behind, and many of the fleeing Zhao people looked back in terror.

"It's no good, the Qin Army is catching up!"

"Run for your lives!"

"The Qin Army is here..." many of the Zhao officials screamed in horror.

In their line of sight, over a hundred riders on warhorses rapidly pursued them. Although they were not numerous, each warrior was drenched in blood, looking like an Asura that had fought its way out of a Purgatory of blood.

"How can they be so fast?" Zhao Yan's face turned pale. He hurriedly called to the Imperial Guards by his side, shouting, "Quick, go and confront them! All of the Imperial Guard Army, go and fight!"

Faced with the King of Zhao's command, the surrounding Imperial Guard Army, though fearful, stopped in their tracks to turn and prepare for battle. Even though the King of Zhao was fleeing for his life, his majesty and royal authority remained absolute in the eyes of his subjects. In an era that prized bloodlines, the King of Zhao's status was lofty and untouchable, and the awe of his power was deeply embedded in people's hearts.

"Retreat! Retreat quickly!" Seeing the Imperial Guard Army move to engage the enemy, Zhao Yan shouted again in panic and fled even faster.

Meanwhile, the Imperial Guard Army rallied. Though not a large force, they numbered around a thousand. Under the command of their officers, they swiftly formed ranks to meet the enemy.

Directly opposite them, over a hundred cavalymen swept in at great speed. Seeing the arrayed Zhao Imperial Guards, the cavalymen showed no sign of panic.

"Arrows!" Zhao Feng bellowed.

Taking the lead, he smoothly drew six arrows from his quiver and nocked them. From several dozen yards away—

WHISH!

Six arrows flew as one.

The shafts became bolts of lightning, streaking through the air in an instant to pierce the bodies of more than a dozen Imperial Guards.

The trusted aides by Zhao Feng's side also drew their bows, and their barrage sent a swathe of Imperial Guards tumbling to the ground. As they galloped forward, they unleashed a relentless stream of arrows. Judging by their speed and skill, their horsemanship was in no way inferior to that of Zhao's renowned cavalry archers, and their combat strength was even greater.

Once they were close, Zhao Feng stowed his bow. With the Tyrant Spear in hand, he charged.

"For Zhao! For our king!"

"Kill!"

The Zhao Imperial Guards roared, surging forward to meet Zhao Feng in battle.

Besides martial skill, the most critical requirement to join the Imperial Guard was loyalty. Their fealty to the Royal Family was absolute.

They thrust their long spears at Zhao Feng, but he contemptuously swept several Imperial Guards aside with his Tyrant Spear. Spurring his horse onward, Zhao Feng effortlessly cut down the Zhao Imperial Guards.

Each of the hundred-plus trusted aides possessed Martial Arts Cultivation, and by channeling their Inner Strength, every man was a match for ten. They slaughtered the Zhao Imperial Guards with ease. While the guards may have been the strongest troops in the Zhao state, they were no match for Zhao Feng's personal retinue. Furthermore, there was Zhao Feng, a peerless warrior whose power was not of the mortal world, a man who could stand against ten thousand.

Despite the vast disparity in numbers, the Zhao Imperial Guards were annihilated in moments.

Having dealt with the Zhao Imperial Guards, Zhao Feng bellowed at the remaining fleeing Zhao people, "Those who continue to run will be shown no mercy! Halt and kneel, and you will be spared!"

Hearing Zhao Feng's words, the Zhao people did not stop, continuing their desperate flight. Seeing this, Zhao Feng lost his patience. He raised his bow and shot down a Zhao official with a single arrow.

His trusted aides immediately understood. They raised their own bows and began shooting down the fleeing figures. Each man's archery was unerring, and they effortlessly killed over a hundred people. Under this terrifying display, the Zhao people were finally paralyzed with fear.

"Don't kill me! I won't run! I surrender!"

"Please spare me, my lord!"

"Spare my life!"

"Don't kill me..."

Pale with terror, many of the Zhao people dropped to their knees, kowtowing frantically for their lives. Zhao Feng spared those who knelt and pleaded, but his men continued to shoot down anyone still running. Under this brutal deterrence, more and more people chose to surrender, daring not to flee any longer.

"Leave fifty men to watch them. Kill anyone who dares to escape," Zhao Feng commanded loudly. "The rest of you, continue the pursuit with me!"

His gaze swept over the crowd, and he knew instantly that the King of Zhao was not among them. A group had already broken away, and Zhao Yan would never have stayed behind. Zhao Feng had come specifically for the king, and he would not return until he was captured.

"As you command!" the trusted aides responded in unison.

They immediately split up, with fifty remaining to guard the prisoners and the other eighty-plus cavalymen thundering after Zhao Feng.

As for how Zhao Feng had acquired warhorses, the answer was simple. Over a hundred steeds were stabled in the Zhao Royal Palace, and he had commandeered them all. In addition to these trusted aides, many more were on their way from behind.

「Meanwhile, far ahead」

Zhao Yan and his officials were still fleeing for their lives. At that moment, they all wished they had more legs, but it was merely a fantasy.

And then, the thundering of hooves approached once again. Hearing it, Zhao Yan and the courtiers around him descended into panic.

"It's over."

"The Qin Army has caught up!"

"Those men from the Imperial Guard Army are useless! There weren't that many Qin soldiers, yet they couldn't even hold them back!"

"It's truly over."

All around him, despair filled the air, but their legs still carried them onward in a desperate flight.

Zhao Yan was the most panicked of all. His subjects might be allowed to live if captured by Qin, but if he, the king, were taken, there would be no chance of survival.