

Longevity 302

Chapter 302: Zhao Feng's Ruthlessness (Part 2)

"This battle is all in the hands of the Crown Prince now," Yue Cheng said, waving his hand at Yan Dan. "I shall take my leave." He turned around and descended from the city wall.

Watching Yue Cheng's retreating figure, Yan Dan's eyes filled with coldness. If it weren't for Father having no one else to use, you would have been killed the moment you returned. Just you wait. Once I ascend the throne, the first thing I'll do is kill you, you cowardly, nation-betraying traitor.

As his thoughts returned to the present, Yan Dan found he was not afraid. He immediately shouted, "Soldiers! This city was won through your battles! This city is now the territory of Yan! The Qin Army is invading, intending to snatch the fruits of our victory from our very hands! Are you willing to let them?"

In response to his call, the Yan Army soldiers on the city wall looked at each other in dismay. Hearing Yan Dan's words, they felt disgruntled. Ever since they had entered Zhao state, they had hardly encountered Zhao Jun; any they did meet either fled or surrendered immediately. Their army of 100,000 had marched straight in without any resistance. Even the ordinary soldiers understood that Zhao Jun had been frightened out of their wits by the Qin Army, and they were just here to pick up the scraps.

"What's the matter? Are you afraid?" Yan Dan roared, angered by the dead silence from the Yan Army atop the wall.

At that moment, several of his trusted aides raised their weapons and yelled, "We swear to defend the territory of Yan! We swear to defend the cities of Yan!"

Urged on by these few officers, scattered shouts finally rose from the city wall, but their morale was clearly low. It made sense. They had been terrified by Zhao Jun's assault, which had nearly destroyed their own state. Naturally, they were now deeply afraid of the Qin Army, the very force that was on the verge of extinguishing Zhao state itself.

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Hearing the shouts from within the city, Zhao Feng furrowed his brow. He raised the Tyrant Spear in his hand.

"Daqin Elite Soldiers!"

With his spear held high, Zhao Feng gave a thunderous roar.

"WIND! WIND! WIND!"

The 20,000 Sharp Warriors weren't numerous, but their cry was like thunder, sweeping through the Void. An overwhelming Killing Intent rolled toward the city. The contrast alone made it clear whose morale was stronger.

Is this the Qin Army? Such terrifying Killing Intent... Even Yan Dan felt an indescribable killing aura in the thunderous roar, making his heart pound with unease.

If he felt this way, the Yan Army on the city wall felt it even more acutely.

"Zhao Jun was already so strong, yet the Qin Army crushed them."

"They seem even stronger than Zhao Jun."

"Our army is no match for the Qin Army!"

"What do we do?"

Many of the Yan Army soldiers on the wall were already panicking. Whatever morale they might have had before the attack from Zhao was long gone after nearly losing their state.

"In the past, when Zhao attacked Yan, Yan sought aid from Qin," Zhao Feng's voice boomed. "In the name of justice for all under heaven, Qin sent troops to attack Zhao and saved Yan from peril.

"It is because of Qin that your state of Yan still exists!

"And now, Yan is ungrateful! Instead of repaying Qin, you steal the fruits of our victory! This is intolerable!

"All Sharp Warriors, heed my command! Follow me and break this city!

"After the city falls, take no prisoners!

"Slay them all!"

Zhao Feng raised his Tyrant Spear high and bellowed. He spurred his horse forward, charging out. His 600 trusted aides, all cavalry, followed closely behind him. Breaking such a small city didn't require much of his attention. He had received intelligence that the Yan Army was a light force, lacking defensive weaponry. Furthermore, the city before them was small, with low walls and flimsy gates.

As the cavalry charged, Tu Sui drew his sword and shouted, "Attack!"

"Daqin Elite Soldiers, attack!"

The 20,000 Sharp Warriors roared as they dispersed into their formations and began their assault.

This Zhao Feng is courting death, attacking a city with cavalry? Watching the less than one thousand cavalymen charging forward, Yan Dan was momentarily startled before he burst into mocking laughter. It seems this Zhao Feng's fame is undeserved. He's praised by Qin as a rising general comparable to Bai Qi. If I capture him today, perhaps I can use his life to negotiate with Qin.

With this thought, Yan Dan immediately gave the order, "Archers, prepare! Once the Qin Army is in range, release your arrows! The territory of Yan must not be lost!"

Under his command, the Yan Army on the wall mobilized. The archers took aim at the ground below, waiting for the Qin Army to draw near.

However, Zhao Feng and his 600 trusted aides showed no fear, continuing their hard charge toward the city.

"Release!" Yan Dan shrieked, drawing his sword.

A flurry of arrows rained down from the city wall. Riding at full speed, Zhao Feng swung his Tyrant Spear, sweeping aside swathes of the arrow volleys. The trusted aides behind him also brandished their long spears, deflecting the downpour.

Zhao Feng's trusted aides all possessed Martial Arts Cultivation, at least at the Houtian Fourth Layer. Being so widely dispersed, the disorganized volley of arrows did little harm to them. Compared to the dense volleys he had faced defending Handan, this pathetic stream of arrows was a drop in the ocean. An assault like that had required his full caution; this one required nothing.

In the blink of an eye, Zhao Feng reached the city gate.

"Break!"

The Tyrant Spear was a Mysterious Order-level divine weapon, at least by the standards of the mortal world. He swung the spear at the gate, enhancing it with a powerful surge of True Qi. An invisible spear-light shot out, carrying terrifying destructive force.

BOOM!

The city gate exploded into splinters.

The Yan Army soldiers inside panicked instantly.

"Kill!" Zhao Feng roared as he charged through the opening.

His Tyrant Spear danced, cutting down several Yan soldiers in an instant before he spurred his horse deeper into the city. Encountering no resistance, his trusted aides quickly regrouped and followed their lord, charging into the city to begin the slaughter.