

Longevity 52

Chapter 52: Slaying Cao Yi! Zhang Ping's Stirring Resolve!

Although Han and Qin were not the same country, their military systems in this era were essentially similar, differing only in titles. Only officers at the rank of Main General or higher were protected by trusted aides, which was enough to prove that Cao Yi's position was not low. This made Zhao Feng even more excited.

"Kill!"

With a low roar, Zhao Feng charged, his target clearly Cao Yi. The Sharp Warriors behind him needed no further command, quickly fanning out to attack.

"Kill him! Quickly!" Cao Yi bellowed, seeing Zhao Feng's unstoppable charge.

At his command, the numerous trusted aides surrounding him drew their swords and swarmed Zhao Feng.

"Kill!" they roared, their momentum formidable.

Zhao Feng did not dodge. He met them head-on, his sword flashing out in a wide arc. In an instant, the weapons of several trusted aides shattered. Bloody gashes appeared on their necks, and they fell dead on the spot.

After easily dispatching these guards, Zhao Feng continued his relentless charge. The well-trained Han trusted aides were powerless to stop him; any who stood in his path were mercilessly cut down.

Is he a man or a ghost? Cao Yi was stunned by Zhao Feng's ferocity. He was a famed War General of Han and had seen many battlefields, but he had never witnessed such terrifying combat prowess. Several hundred of his personal guards had besieged this man, yet he had carved a path right through them. He moved as if through an empty battlefield.

"Protect the Senior General!" the Personal Guard Commander shouted.

The surrounding trusted aides quickly converged, their shields interlocking to form a wall that completely enclosed Cao Yi.

So it's a Han Senior General. That makes your life even more valuable. Hearing the shout of the Han guards, Zhao Feng grew even more fervent.

He charged directly at the tightly packed shield formation. Just as he drew near, Zhao Feng swung the blood-soaked shield in his hand with all his might, hurling it at the soldiers before him. The power of this strike was incredible.

BOOM!

A cacophony of shattering and splintering, mixed with agonizing screams, erupted. The defensive shield formation, composed of more than a dozen men, was instantly annihilated. The soldiers were sent flying by the shield's impact, and several who bore the brunt of the blow were killed instantly from the shock.

"Monster... monster..."

The surrounding Han Soldiers stared at Zhao Feng in utter terror and despair, their eyes wide as if looking at a demon.

"Reform the formation! Quick!" Cao Yi shrieked hysterically.

But it was too late. The moment the shield wall shattered, Zhao Feng gave them no time to react. He unleashed his full speed, lunging toward Cao Yi. In the dark of night, a figure blurred past, moving many times faster than an ordinary man. In the blink of an eye, just as the shield formation was about to close again, Zhao Feng was standing before Cao Yi.

The Longquan Sword shot out in the same motion.

SHLICK!

Cao Yi had no chance to react before an immense pain overwhelmed him. He trembled, lowering his head to see that the God of Slaughter-like Qin General had already pierced clean through his body.

"Mon... ster..." Cao Yi managed to stammer, his eyes fixed on Zhao Feng in his final moments.

A notification appeared on his panel. "Killed a Han Senior General. Received 10 points to All Attributes and one First Order Treasure Box."

The surrounding Han trusted aides stared blankly at Zhao Feng, completely aghast. Under their layered protection, the Qin General before them had actually killed their commander.

Zhao Feng paid their shock no mind. He smoothly withdrew the Longquan Sword and, with a single slash, severed Cao Yi's head, catching it in his hand.

This was a war trophy. He wanted the treasure box, but he also wanted the military merit. Now that he had embarked on this path of slaying enemies for glory, Zhao Feng naturally intended to see it through to the end.

"I have slain the Han Senior General!" Zhao Feng roared, hoisting the severed head high for all to see. "The Han army is routed! Brothers! Victory and glory await us this very day! I will lead you to build merit and forge your names!"

At that moment, the enemy's morale completely shattered.

Behind him, the Daqin Elite Soldiers roared with excitement and exhilaration.

"The Capital Commandant's divine power!"

"Kill!"

"Wipe out the enemy forces!"

Their morale soared to the heavens.

"Run! Run!"

"The general is dead!"

"We've lost!"

"Flee!..."

Seeing Cao Yi fall, the once-stable defensive line instantly crumbled. The news spread like wildfire among the Han army, from one soldier to ten, and from ten to a hundred. One fleeing soldier would take ten more with him. Ten would lead away a hundred. In an instant, the final defensive line of the Han Capital's outer city collapsed.

Zhao Feng naturally led his men in hot pursuit.

「The Inner City!」

"Report!" A Han general hurried before Zhang Ping, announcing loudly, "Reporting to the Prime Minister! The outer city has fallen completely! The Qin Army has breached the inner city!"

"Where is Cao Yi?" Zhang Ping demanded, his brow furrowed in anger.

"Prime Minister," the general reported, his voice trembling, "General Cao has fallen in battle."

Hearing this, Zhang Ping's expression flickered, finally settling into a mask of sorrow. "General Cao, you have done no wrong to your title as a War General of our Great Han. You have gone on ahead; I shall follow you soon."

"Prime Minister," the general said bitterly, "the Qin Army has completely overrun the city. We have less than twenty thousand men left in the inner city, including the Imperial Guard Army in the Royal Palace. It's impossible for us to hold out."

"Impossible or not, we must hold!" Zhang Ping declared coldly, his resolve to die with his country unshakable. "I am here to live or die with the nation. My Zhang family has served Han for generations. We will never surrender to Qin." Now that his family was safely away, he had no lingering concerns.

Just then, an Imperial Guard Commander rushed over. "Prime Minister! An urgent edict from the Great King!"

"What does the Great King command?" Zhang Ping asked immediately.

Bowing deeply, the commander reported, "The Great King has issued an urgent edict! The capital has fallen and further defense is futile. His Majesty summons the Prime Minister to immediately lead the troops back to the Royal Palace to defend it and use it as leverage to negotiate terms with the Qin Army."

Zhang Ping's expression changed from shock to a bitter smile. "Is the Great King preparing to surrender?"

"Prime Minister," the commander explained, "after the city was breached, the Hundred Officials advised against a head-on confrontation. They urged that we protect the Royal Palace while seeking to negotiate peace with Qin."

"Alas," Zhang Ping sighed, gazing at the heavens. He then waved a hand dismissively. "Generals, return to the Royal Palace and take up your posts."

After speaking, Zhang Ping drew his sword but remained standing firm, not moving an inch.

"Prime Minister, what are you doing?" the Imperial Guard Commander asked, his expression changing.

"The Zhang family has served Han for generations. We will never surrender," Zhang Ping said with brave and passionate defiance. "All of you, return to the Royal Palace. I shall face the Qin Army alone."

Hearing this, the commander looked at him with profound respect and bowed deeply. "Prime Minister, your virtue is great!"

Zhang Ping's noble readiness to face death moved many Han soldiers, who bowed in unison. "We, your subordinates, will follow the Prime Minister and defend the nation with our lives!"

"Those who wish to stay may stay," Zhang Ping said with a sigh. "Those who do not, return to the Royal Palace to guard it. Perhaps there is still a chance for survival."