

Longevity 54

Chapter 54: Surrounding the Royal Palace!

I am the man who killed the father of the future Sage of Strategy, Zhang Liang. Indeed, I have become involved in history. The man who killed his father... In the future, I will certainly be on Zhang Liang's kill list.

However, Zhao Feng wasn't afraid. He immediately raised the Longquan Sword and cut off Zhang Ping's head.

In the Qin Army, the rules were clear: the head of a high-ranking enemy was the best proof of one's military exploits. Without such evidence, who could verify their achievements amidst the chaos of battle?

Moreover, enemies on the battlefield loathed each other to the bone. Unless someone possessed awe-inspiring prestige, or a Main General or higher-ranking officer gave the order, no one would dare to give a proper burial. The common soldiers couldn't be bothered with such things.

I've taken the credit for breaching the city, for slaying a general, and for killing a prime minister. Now, I just need to work on capturing the king. History records that the King of Han was forced to surrender. With so few troops left defending the inner city of the Han Capital, I'm afraid it will happen just as history says. The King of Han is about to surrender. Zhao Feng mused.

That was simply the way of things. Kings of this era rarely chose to die with their kingdoms. Zhao Feng certainly didn't believe the King of Han was the type who didn't fear death. After all, historical records showed that the last monarch of Han, King Han An, was no remarkable ruler.

「Outside the city!」

"Report! Reporting to the General!" a Personal Guard Commander announced excitedly. "The outer city has been completely conquered! Our army has breached the inner city and is now assaulting the Han Royal Palace!"

Upon hearing the news, Li Teng, standing in his war chariot, was visibly moved and filled with excitement. "Excellent!" This tremendous achievement was now his.

"Have you confirmed the details?" Li Teng pressed. "Who broke through the gates? Who gets the primary credit?"

"Reporting to the General," the Personal Guard Commander said respectfully. "Under Commander Chen Tao's command, Capital Commandant Zhao Feng of the Commandant Camp single-handedly broke open the city gate, led his unit to shatter the Han defensive line, and slayed countless enemies."

"He broke open the gate by himself?" Li Teng's expression changed, his gaze fixed on the commander in shock.

How is this battle report so unbelievable? How did he do it? So many of Qin's Sharp Warriors failed to break it even with Siege Hammers, Li Teng asked, astonished.

"General, you should go see for yourself," the Personal Guard Commander replied respectfully. "I can only say that Commander Zhao Feng possesses innate Divine Power."

Now that the inner city was breached, Sharp Warriors had been stationed on the city tower, so there was no longer any threat.

"Let's go," Li Teng commanded.

The Sharp Warrior driving the chariot immediately spurred the horses forward, heading toward the city gate.

When he saw the gate, which looked as if it had been destroyed by some massive weapon, he was even more stunned. The adjoining city wall was riddled with cracks, a testament to the immense force that had been unleashed.

Is such strength truly human? Li Teng wondered, his heart pounding with shock.

"Report this to the Military Judge for the recording of merits," Li Teng ordered his Personal Guard after composing himself. "Credit for breaching the city goes to Capital Commandant Zhao Feng. Credit for leading the troops goes to Commander Chen Tao."

"Understood," the Personal Guard Commander responded immediately.

Breaching the city was an achievement built on the relentless efforts of countless Sharp Warriors. Zhao Feng's feat was the primary contribution, but Chen Tao, as the leader of the Wanjiang Camp, also shared in the glory. This was the privilege of a superior officer—when a subordinate performed a great deed, the commander received a share of the credit.

From Zhao Feng's perspective, however, Chen Tao had simply gotten lucky. If he had been in any other Wanjiang's camp, a different Wanjiang would be reaping the rewards. Ultimately, the credit flowed to whichever commander Zhao Feng happened to be under.

"Report!"

"Reporting to the General!" A Wanjiang galloped out from within the city, reined in his horse before Li Teng, and announced loudly, "We've just received a battle report! All Han troops have retreated and are now turtling inside the Han Royal Palace! Our forces have taken complete control of the inner city of the Han Capital!"

"Turtling in the Royal Palace," Li Teng sneered. "The King of Han is terrified. He's going to surrender."

With a wave of his hand, Li Teng gave his next command. "Relay my orders: surround the Royal Palace, but do not attack for now. If the King of Han is willing to surrender, I can grant him the chance to live."

A nearby Wanjiang immediately acknowledged, "Yes, sir!"

"Let's go," Li Teng shouted. "Enter the city!"

The soldiers driving the chariot immediately headed towards the city center. Along the way, corpses littered the streets. There were some of Qin's Sharp Warriors, and many Han soldiers, but the majority were Han soldiers and the slave cannon fodder forcibly conscripted by the King of Han.

Once the Qin army breached the Han Capital's gates and stormed inside, the tide of battle had turned. The Han troops, having lost their defensive advantage, stood no chance against Qin's Sharp Warriors. With the battle at this stage, the state of Han had lost any chance of recovery. Even if Zhao and Wei sent reinforcements, it would change nothing.

「Outside the Royal Palace!」

The army had it surrounded. More than half the Sharp Warriors were stained with blood, their weapons still dripping. For now, however, the army did not immediately assault the palace. Instead, they aimed their bows and crossbows at the walls, ready to let loose a volley of arrows to lead the charge. Compared to the assault on the outer walls, the hail of arrows they could unleash now was enough to turn the entire Royal Palace into a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood.

"Capital Commandant," Zhang Han said, sounding perplexed from his position behind Zhao Feng. "Why have we stopped? Wouldn't it be better to charge straight into the Royal Palace? There must be a lot of treasure inside."

Staring at the nearby palace, Zhang Han was eager to charge in. He wasn't alone; the Sharp Warriors behind him felt the same way. Although stopping outside provided a moment of rest, it also suppressed their fervor for battle.

"From the current situation, the King of Han clearly wants to surrender. He'll definitely send someone out to negotiate," Zhao Feng said, glancing at the sealed palace gates. The fact that the Han troops inside hadn't fired a single arrow made the answer obvious. "For our army, taking the Royal Palace without bloodshed and forcing the King of Han's surrender is the best possible outcome."

"Ah, but the fighting was just getting good," Zhang Han said with some disappointment. "I've been in the army for so long, and this is the most satisfying battle I've ever fought."

"He's not wrong. Charging into battle behind the Capital Commandant is truly exhilarating," another Junhou laughed. "I killed at least twenty Han soldiers myself."

"The Capital Commandant is a War God in our army, his combat strength is peerless."

"It's truly our good fortune to serve under the Capital Commandant."

The other Junhou and Sharp Warriors all chimed in with agreement. After this battle, every Sharp Warrior in Zhao Feng's Commandant Camp was filled with deep respect for him. In the military, strength was revered, and the battlefield was where it was best demonstrated.

Zhao Feng's ferocious valor was witnessed not just by his own men, but by countless Sharp Warriors throughout the entire army. The two heads hanging at Zhao Feng's waist were the ultimate testament to his accomplishments: the head of Han's newly appointed Shangjiangjun and the head of the Prime Minister of Han.

Combined with the merit for breaching the city, the rewards for such achievements were unimaginable. One thing was certain: Zhao Feng's future was boundless.