

Longevity 63

Chapter 63: King of Han! King of Han!!

In the mountains stood a small temporary palace. Outside, elite Han Imperial Guards patrolled back and forth, their watch severe.

Inside the palace.

"It has been three days."

"The capital has been breached by the Qin Army."

"When exactly can we depart?"

"My heart knows no peace staying here."

If the Qin Army discovers me, I'm finished.

King Han An asked the minister before him, his expression grave.

"Your Majesty knows that the capital has been taken," the minister replied respectfully. "With its fall, the Qin Army will undoubtedly begin a massive search for you. There are definitely Qin forces scouring the lands outside the city right now. If we leave this place, we will inevitably be discovered. Then it will truly be over for us."

"Must we wait here indefinitely?"

"But what if they search the mountains? What if I'm discovered? Then what?" King Han An asked, his face still etched with worry.

He was plagued by nightmares daily. He felt that as long as he remained within his kingdom's borders, he would never be safe, always feeling as if the Qin Army could descend upon him at any moment. Thus, even in this supposedly safe place, he was riddled with anxiety.

"Please rest assured, Your Majesty," the minister guaranteed once more. "The location of this temporary palace is extremely well-concealed. Even if the Qin Army scours the mountains, they will never find it."

"And what if the secret passage is discovered? What if the Qin Army comes straight through it?" King Han An pressed.

Hearing this, the minister laughed with confidence. "Then Your Majesty has even less to worry about. Everything in the royal treasury has already been moved. The Qin Army will not waste much effort searching an abandoned treasury. Furthermore, the mechanisms of the secret passage are deeply hidden. It's impossible for the Qin to find them."

Listening to the minister's reassurances, King Han An nodded, but the worry on his face did not fade.

At that moment, a Han Imperial Guard burst frantically into the hall. "Report! Your Majesty, this is terrible! The Qin Army has been spotted outside the palace!"

As soon as he spoke, King Han An's face turned deathly pale.

"The Qin... the Qin Army has found me?" he stammered.

The minister beside him was also startled by the news.

"How many Qin soldiers?" the minister demanded.

"Only one has been spotted," the Imperial Guard immediately responded. "He is outside, calling for our surrender."

"A single person?" King Han An's expression relaxed slightly, but the tension remained.

"Your Majesty," the minister said urgently, "we must move the plan forward. We have to leave at once."

"I will leave everything to your arrangement, my loyal minister," King Han An immediately agreed.

At this moment, he was like a dog that had lost its home, with no choice but to trust his minister's plan.

"Issue the order," the minister commanded the Imperial Guard before him. "Eliminate that Qin soldier, then immediately escort His Majesty away."

"As you command!" The Imperial Guard accepted the order at once.

"Your Majesty, there is no time to delay. We must leave quickly," the minister said, turning back to the king.

"Yes, yes, yes," King Han An nodded emphatically. "Let's leave immediately."

「Outside the temporary palace!」

Three hundred elite Han Imperial Guards had gathered. Some held crossbows while others wielded sharp swords, all of them cautiously watching Zhao Feng.

They had an absolute advantage in numbers, yet they felt an immense pressure. The man before them, Zhao Feng, had arrived alone and showed no sign of panic. There must be more Qin soldiers hiding nearby.

"You are surrounded by my army," Zhao Feng said calmly, sword in hand, as he addressed the hundreds of Han soldiers. "Lay down your weapons, and your lives will be spared."

The Han Imperial Guards did not reply, instead watching him with extreme caution. These men were elites trained by Han, Dead Soldiers loyal to the King of Han. Naturally, they would not be so easily swayed into surrendering. The guard who had previously revealed the King of Han's location had only done so because his courage was shattered by Zhao Feng's ruthlessness. He had been isolated and, under the direct threat of death, had finally broken.

But even if they were fearless, they dared not act rashly.

Just then, the palace gates opened. King Han An walked out, surrounded by a host of Imperial Guards. When he saw that there was indeed only one Qin soldier outside, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Thank heavens it's only one person. If it had been a large Qin force, I truly would have had no way to escape.

With a cold expression, King Han An glared at Zhao Feng, his voice filled with murderous intent. "Soldiers! This man is a Qin Army scout! Kill him, and I will lead you in breaking out! Once we reach the state of Wei, I promise you all riches and honor. You will not be treated unfairly! Kill him for me!"

At the royal decree, the surrounding Han Imperial Guards sprang into action.

"Kill!" they roared.

Over a hundred Imperial Guards armed with crossbows immediately aimed at Zhao Feng and pulled the triggers. A volley of arrows flew toward him.

Zhao Feng remained completely unfazed.

Release Divine Sense.

Zhao Feng instantly activated his spiritual power, expanding it outwards. As the arrows rained down, he swung the Dragon Spring in his hand.

To the Han Imperial Guards, Zhao Feng seemed to be waving his sword casually. But with his power and speed, he was actually weaving an impenetrable web of steel.

TING! TING!

With a series of metallic clashes, the arrows were deflected one by one, clattering to the ground.

Is he even human?

The Han Imperial Guards stared at Zhao Feng in horror, completely shocked that he could so easily block such a dense volley of arrows.

Before they could recover their senses, Zhao Feng took a single step and vanished from his spot. Many of the next volley of arrows hit empty air.

"Where did he go?" the Han Imperial Guards cried out in astonishment, staring at the empty space.

"He's charging us!" a Han Imperial Guard Commander yelled. "Archers, fall back! Swordsmen, advance!"

Only then did they snap back to reality, seeing a figure rushing toward them at a speed they could not track, like a phantom. But the Han crossbowmen had no chance to retreat.

A flash of sword light swept out.

"Ah!"

Several screams rang out as blood splattered through the air. A few Han Imperial Guards were instantly cut down.

[Killed one Han Soldier. Looted 5 Strength.]

[Killed one Han Soldier. Looted 5 Strength.]

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Notifications appeared on his panel.

With a single strike, the Han formation fell into disarray. But Zhao Feng had no intention of getting bogged down in a protracted fight. His figure surged forward, his blade flashing, cutting down Han soldiers with ease. Zhao Feng's eyes, however, were locked firmly onto King Han An. He was the true target.

"Quick... kill him! Protect me!"

King Han An seemed to feel Zhao Feng's predatory gaze. Panic-stricken, he stumbled backward, screaming for the surrounding Imperial Guard Army to protect him. He was a man who lacked the strength to even truss a chicken. Besides wielding his royal authority, he was helpless. Seeing Zhao Feng draw ever closer, he was naturally terrified.

"Protect the king! Quickly!" the minister beside him also shouted urgently.

The surrounding Han Imperial Guards immediately closed ranks, shielding King Han An in the center. Although Han had already fallen, the combat prowess of these elite Imperial Guards was not to be underestimated. Three hundred of them could easily face a thousand ordinary soldiers.

But they had the misfortune of encountering Zhao Feng, a ferocious warrior possessing superhuman strength