

## Longevity 125

Chapter 125: Han Fei!! The Prefectural Governor Arrives! Sha Village in Shock!!!

「In the Imperial Prison!」

Inside a solitary cell, Han Fei was drinking wine and reading a book. Despite his somewhat disheveled appearance, he showed no sign of the degradation expected of a prisoner. As an intelligent man, Han Fei was naturally aware that being locked up here with fine wine and meat indicated the King of Qin's intentions. All he had to do now was wait to be summoned by the King of Qin.

At that moment, at the other end of the imperial prison, two people watched Han Fei.

"Tingwei, are we really going to do this?" Yao Jia asked, his expression worried.

"You are unwilling?" Li Si frowned, looking at Yao Jia with dissatisfaction.

"I am on your side, Tingwei. Of course, I am willing," Yao Jia immediately replied.

"Fusu and Wang Wan already intend to win over Han Fei. If we allow him to leave the imperial prison alive, he will certainly become our greatest enemy one day. Others may not know of his abilities, but they are all too clear to me," Li Si said gravely.

"Tingwei," Yao Jia said meaningfully, "I have no qualms about eliminating Han Fei. But to you, he is a fellow student and an old friend."

Hearing this, Li Si remained impassive, his expression cold. "When one's life and safety are at stake, what does a fellow student matter?"

"Is everything prepared?" Li Si asked.

Yao Jia immediately shouted to the men behind him, "Go on."

Several prison guards carrying wine and a table headed towards Han Fei's cell. Inside, Han Fei calmly watched them approach.

"Brother Han," a voice called out. "It has been many years. Do you still remember me?"

Li Si approached slowly, a smile on his face.

"Brother Li," Han Fei responded calmly upon hearing his voice.

Li Si did not hesitate, walking directly over and taking a seat across from him.

As soon as he sat down, Li Si spoke with a sigh, though his words held the smugness of a victor. "Since we parted at Jixia Academy, who would have thought we would meet again like this?"

"When we parted ways, I told you that only Qin had the chance to unite the world, and that the only monarch with the grand ambition and ability to do so was the King of Qin.

"But in the end, you refused to believe me. You insisted on returning to Han. And what was the result? The King of Han didn't value you and was deeply suspicious of you."

Back in Jixia Academy, everyone—from their teachers and elders down to every last student—believed Han Fei's talent surpassed his. They all thought Han Fei's future accomplishments would far exceed his own. At that time, Li Si had secretly sworn to change that perception one day. Now, the tables had finally turned. He, Li Si, was the Tingwei of Qin, one of the Nine Ministers, while Han Fei was nothing but a prisoner. Looking at the now disheveled Han Fei, Li Si put on a concerned expression, but inwardly, he savored a feeling of triumph.

Listening to Li Si's loaded words, Han Fei remained outwardly calm. "Brother Li," he said, "did you come here today just to mock me?"

"We were classmates for many years. Whether I'm here to mock you or not, surely you can see for yourself, Brother Han?" Li Si said in a sorrowful tone.

"I'm all ears," Han Fei said, still watching Li Si calmly.

For some reason—perhaps because of the warning Zhao Feng had given him to be wary of Li Si when they parted, or perhaps due to his innate trust in Zhao Feng—seeing his fellow student after so many years, Han Fei felt an indescribable estrangement. He remained on guard.

"Alas," Li Si sighed, a look of helplessness on his face. "Do you know why the King has imprisoned you here alone, yet refuses to see you?"

"How could I possibly know the thoughts of the King of Qin?" Han Fei said with a faint smile, having already accepted his fate. "If the King of Qin wanted my life, a single decree would suffice." He had already come to terms with it: if the King of Qin let him live, he would live; if the King wanted him to die, he would not fear death.

Li Si sighed. "What the King wants is your answer. Your stance on whether you will submit or not.

"Even though we've been apart for years, I know you. You pride yourself on your loyalty and righteousness; you would never surrender to Qin.

"In the end, perhaps only death awaits you. Under Qin Law, you might even face a gruesome execution."

Though his words feigned concern for Han Fei, his talk of loyalty and righteousness was framed as if the choice had already been made for him.

So, Li Si really does want me dead, Han Fei thought. How could Zhao Feng have known? How could he have warned me to be wary of Li Si?

As an intelligent man, how could Han Fei fail to understand the true meaning behind Li Si's words?

Had it not been for Zhao Feng's persistent counsel over the past few days, Han Fei would indeed have resolved to die. But Zhao Feng's persuasive words had changed his mind. He wanted to live, to witness the unification of the world. He wanted to live, to see what a world without war would truly be like.

"It seems, Brother Li, you really do understand my heart, don't you?" Han Fei said with a faint smile, his words dripping with irony.

Li Si adopted a tone of resignation. "We were classmates for many years; I can't bear to see you decapitated, Brother Han.

"The King's mind is set. He holds your talents in high regard, but even if I wanted to, I could not save you."

Watching Li Si's contrived act and his feigned look of concern, Han Fei sneered inwardly. Outwardly, however, he remained calm and asked, "So, Brother Li, what do you propose?"

"We were classmates once; I do not wish to see you decapitated. Therefore, I have come to send you on your final journey."