

Longevity 132

Chapter 132: Mrs. Zhao: I Never Expected to See This! Fusu Is Truly His Blessing!_4

In just a short time, Zhao Feng's Cultivation Realm had increased by two levels, which spoke to the considerable abundance of nature's spiritual energy in this world.

At that moment—

"General."

"Someone outside the military camp is calling for you by name, claiming to be a subordinate of the current Eldest Imperial Son."

Imperial Guard Captain Zhang Ming approached, bowing respectfully to Zhao Feng.

"A subordinate of the Eldest Imperial Son?" Zhao Feng was taken aback, his face showing an indescribable expression. "I have no involvement with Fusu. Could it be that my father-in-law has said something in the Court, and because of Yan'er, Fusu has been sent to find fault with me?"

With that thought, Zhao Feng seemed to understand. He really couldn't think of any other reason. So much time had passed, and Zhao Feng had no idea what had happened in Xianyang; he lacked eyes and ears there. When my power truly takes shape and spreads throughout the world, then my reach will be all-encompassing.

"My lord, will you receive him?" Zhang Ming asked again.

"Bring him in," Zhao Feng waved his hand. He wanted to see for himself what Fusu was really up to.

Before long, a scholar arrived in the military council hall. Upon seeing Zhao Feng, the scholar glanced at him, his demeanor full of arrogance.

"You are Zhao Feng?" the scholar asked, rather haughtily.

Zhao Feng glanced at him, his face expressionless, though inwardly he scoffed. Is this the kind of person Fusu surrounds himself with? At first glance, he's just an arrogant fool who looks down on others.

"Get to the point. If there's nothing else, get lost," Zhao Feng said coldly.

From this person's attitude, it's clear he came looking for trouble, and I'm not about to indulge him. So what if he's from Fusu? I have no reason to fear him.

Upon hearing this, the scholar's brow furrowed, and he glared at Zhao Feng with annoyance.
"Impudent! Do you know who I am? How dare you treat me with such disrespect?"

"I am Men Jia, the chief disciple of the Grand Tutor Chunyu Yue, whom the Great King personally appointed as the teacher for the Eldest Imperial Son!"

"The Eldest Imperial Son and I are fellow disciples."

"How dare a mere Martial Artist like you be so disrespectful to me?" the scholar proclaimed with great arrogance.

He brought up Fusu and Chunyu Yue to display his supposed nobility. Perhaps it was the presumptuous arrogance that these nobles always held for men like Zhao Feng, and many other officers who had risen from the common ranks.

Listening to the self-introduction from the scholar named Men Jia, Zhao Feng glanced at him and responded indifferently, "Oh."

"What is this attitude?" Men Jia furrowed his brow, demanding angrily. "I am here representing the Eldest Imperial Son, and you still dare to be so disrespectful?"

As a fellow disciple of the Eldest Imperial Son and the chief disciple of the current Grand Tutor, Men Jia was accustomed to being treated with respect wherever he went, even by the generals in Xianyang. Zhao Feng's attitude today, however, made him both uncomfortable and furious.

"Let me tell you something. The Eldest Imperial Son holds no military rank and has no authority to issue orders to this general," Zhao Feng declared. "If you have business, state it. Otherwise, get lost," he reiterated coldly.

Since this man was sent by Fusu and is so arrogant, I have no intention of indulging him.

"You..." Men Jia pointed a finger at Zhao Feng, incensed by his unyielding stance. But seeing Zhao Feng's completely unruffled expression, Men Jia sobered up a little. He realized this was Zhao Feng's domain, not Xianyang, and he was here on an important mission from his teacher. His teacher had even said that if he completed this task, the Eldest Imperial Son would be greatly pleased, and he himself would be given greater responsibilities.

"Are you betrothed to General Wang Jian's daughter?" Men Jia asked coldly, his tone accusatory.

"None of your damn business," Zhao Feng retorted coldly.

"Do you realize that because of your so-called betrothal, you have ruined the Eldest Imperial Son's marriage prospects?" Men Jia berated. "The Eldest Imperial Son could have been betrothed to the Royal Daughter, but your interference caused General Wang Jian to refuse him, ruining the match! Do you realize what a great crime you have committed?"

At this point, it was as if Zhao Feng had truly committed an unforgivable and heinous crime.

But Zhao Feng looked at the man before him as if he were an idiot. Honestly, I don't understand how someone so brainless could say such things. Could a normal person even come up with this? I was betrothed to Wang Yan first, and he's accusing me of interfering and ruining an engagement between her and Fusu? Looking at Men Jia, Zhao Feng was both angry and amused.

"Are you really sent by Fusu?" Zhao Feng asked with a hint of amusement in his voice.

"Of course," Men Jia replied haughtily.

"Fusu is really fortunate to have a subordinate like you," Zhao Feng commented, seemingly from the heart. Of course, that fortune is anything but a blessing. Looking at this man, I think I understand why the Fusu from history was so inflexible, and why he couldn't compete with Hu Hai despite his innate advantages. With 'capable' advisors like this, it would be difficult for him to secure the position of Crown Prince. Perhaps the people around him were a key reason he never attained that position.

"Zhao Feng," Men Jia began, his face serious. "I've heard of your deeds. You were promoted to Deputy General within a year of enlisting. You are indeed impressive. But you must understand that everything you have was bestowed by the throne. If the Great King wished it, if the Eldest Imperial Son wished it, everything you have could be stripped away at a moment's notice. And who is the Eldest Imperial Son? He is the future Crown Prince, the future Great King! If you oppose him, you are seeking your own death.

"Now, since I have come today, I will offer you an opportunity. All you have to do is report to General Wang Jian that your relationship with his daughter is over, and state that Mr. Fusu is the ideal match for the Royal Daughter. Do this, and I will give you a chance to follow the Eldest Imperial Son."

He said all this as if he were truly granting Zhao Feng a path to power and prestige.

Zhao Feng didn't speak. Instead, he slowly rose from his general's seat and walked toward Men Jia.

"What do you think you're doing?" Seeing Zhao Feng approaching, Men Jia started to panic at the sight of his towering figure.

But in the next moment—

SMACK!

Zhao Feng's palm struck Men Jia across the face, sending the man staggering to the ground.

"You... you dare to hit me?" Men Jia clutched his throbbing face, looking at Zhao Feng more with disbelief than anger. I was born into the Men Family of Qin, once a great and powerful clan. Even though we are not as strong as we once were, we are still a force to be reckoned with. Who has ever dared to treat me like this? And now I've been struck by a mere Deputy General?

"Guards!" Zhao Feng called out coldly.

"Sir!" More than a dozen trusted aides rushed into the hall and bowed to Zhao Feng.

"Beat him. Just don't kill him."

"After you're done, throw him out of the military camp," Zhao Feng ordered coldly.

"As you command."

The trusted aides immediately surrounded the fallen Men Jia and began to kick him savagely.

"AH... AHHH!"

"IMPUDENCE!"

"I am a fellow disciple of the Eldest Imperial Son! I am the eldest son of the Men Family... IMPUDENCE!"

Men Jia screamed in pain, but he was helpless against the brutal assault of the trusted aides.