

Longevity 236

Chapter 236: Fusu Delivers the Royal Edict to Reward Zhao Feng! (Part 2)

"We respectfully welcome the Eldest Imperial Son."

"We respectfully welcome Han Fei, the Royal Envoy."

Upon seeing the arrivals, Wang Jian immediately bowed deeply. In terms of official rank, Fusu and Han Fei were naturally inferior to Wang Jian, but the bow he performed was the formal rite for welcoming a Royal Envoy. As for a member of the Royal Family, one was not actually required to perform such a courtesy; it was a matter of personal choice. The only exception was if that member of the Royal Family had been formally invested as the Crown Prince, in which case one would be obligated to perform the rites of a subject.

Fusu, huh? He seems to match the historical records. Handsome, gentle, and refined. It's a pity he's a fool brainwashed by Confucianism.

Upon hearing the names, Zhao Feng immediately understood the identity of the noble young man before him.

So this guy came too. It looks like life in Xianyang is treating him quite well.

Catching sight of Han Fei, Zhao Feng couldn't help but let the corner of his mouth curl into a slight smirk as he recalled the time he had tormented the man while escorting him.

"Shangjiangjun, please dispense with the formalities," Fusu said with a faint smile, waving a hand toward Wang Jian.

"Thank you, Eldest Imperial Son," Wang Jian replied with a smile as he straightened up.

Fusu is here, so he must be carrying a Royal Edict. The King of Qin's rewards have arrived. Excellent! I wonder how the King of Qin will choose to reward me this time.

Seeing Fusu and Han Fei arrive as Royal Envoys confirmed Zhao Feng's suspicions. Of course, Zhao Feng also understood that he had already been promoted to the rank of Main General. The next step up would be Protector-General, a position equivalent to a Shangjiangjun. Given his current experience, that was clearly impossible. Therefore, Zhao Feng knew the King of Qin would reward him with a promotion in noble rank instead. The very reason Qin had established twenty ranks of nobility was not only to spur its people to kill enemies and earn merit but also to prevent a situation where there were no more promotions left to grant. Thus, the bestowal of noble ranks and official positions were complementary systems.

"May I ask which of you is General Zhao Feng?" Fusu inquired with a smile as he stepped forward. However, his gaze swept the room and settled on Zhao Feng almost instantly. After all, Zhao Feng's youth was widely known, so it only took a single glance to spot him.

"This is General Zhao Feng," Wang Jian said with a smile, gesturing to Zhao Feng beside him.

Zhao Feng stepped forward without hesitation. Clapping his fist in a standard greeting, he skipped any further ceremony befitting a subordinate and said calmly, "Greetings, Eldest Imperial Son."

Although Fusu was the King of Qin's son, Zhao Feng felt no fear. He recalled how that man, Men Jia, had threatened him to stay away from Wang Yan. For some reason, this filled Zhao Feng with indignation, and he felt a measure of displeasure toward Fusu. It may not have been Fusu's direct order, but it was still done by his subordinate in his name. Zhao Feng was not one to let a grudge go.

Seeing Zhao Feng's cold attitude, Fusu did not grow angry. Instead, he simply smiled faintly. "While in Xianyang, I often heard of General Zhao's renowned name."

"I am but a mere martial artist, Your Highness. You are too kind," Zhao Feng replied in the same level tone.

With this remark, Fusu was at a loss for words. He could clearly feel Zhao Feng's palpable attitude of keeping others at a great distance. Even with him, the Eldest Imperial Son, visiting in person, Zhao Feng showed little enthusiasm.

This kid...

Seeing this, Wang Jian shook his head with a helpless sigh. He understood Fusu's status and knew he couldn't let Zhao Feng continue with this cold indifference. He immediately stepped in to mediate. "Eldest Imperial Son, have you come to proclaim a Royal Edict?"

This question brought Fusu back to his senses and relieved some of the awkwardness.

"Indeed," Fusu nodded, taking the Royal Edict from within his robes. "The Edict of the King of Qin!" he called out loudly as he unfurled the scroll.

At the sight of the Royal Edict, all the generals and the Imperial Guard Army in the great hall bowed in reverence. To see the edict was to be in the presence of the king himself.

"We, your subjects, respectfully listen to the Royal Edict," all the generals in the tent intoned, bowing deeply.

"Royal Edict! Main General Zhao Feng of Great Qin, in his northern campaign against Wei, has conquered a thousand miles of territory for Qin, captured dozens of cities, and opened the road between Yingchuan and the Zhao state. This is a feat of great merit! After entering Zhao, he slew General Lian Po, an achievement of the highest merit! For these two great deeds, he is to be richly rewarded with a promotion of two noble ranks, ascending to the title of 'Senior Retainer of the Right'! All soldiers under General Zhao Feng's command shall be rewarded according to their merits, and all officers at the rank of Capital Commandant and above are to be promoted one noble rank! General Zhao Feng, receive the edict!" Fusu proclaimed.

Zhao Feng immediately stepped forward and accepted the scroll with both hands. "Your subject, Zhao Feng, thanks the Great King for his profound grace."

Fusu then placed the Royal Edict into Zhao Feng's hands.

"The Great King has said," Fusu added with a slight smile, "that he hopes General Zhao Feng will continue to excel and achieve new glories for Qin. The Great King looks forward to the day he can meet General Zhao Feng in Xianyang."

"I will hold the Great King's words in my heart," Zhao Feng replied.

At that moment, Han Fei also stepped forward with a smile. "The Great King also entrusted me with a message. He said that General Zhao's contributions are tremendous, especially in expanding the territory of Qin. He also said that if General Zhao Feng desires anything, he need only ask. If it is within the Great King's power to grant, it will be bestowed upon you as a kindness."

Is that for real? Zhao Feng's interest was immediately piqued.

"The word of the sovereign is, of course, true," Han Fei said with a smile.

"Then I wish to implore the Great King to grant a marriage between myself and the Shangjiangjun's daughter," Zhao Feng stated without hesitation.

Wang Yan had already borne him a son and a daughter, and to have children before being formally wed was unseemly. However, if their marriage was granted by a Royal Edict, everything would change. Wang Yan would be bestowed with boundless honor. This was precisely what Zhao Feng wanted for her.

Hearing this, Han Fei chuckled.

Wang Jian also smiled, but his was the smile of a gratified father. He naturally knew what Zhao Feng was thinking—it was nothing more than a desire to give his daughter a legitimate status, one bestowed by the highest authority, so that Wang Yan could hold her head high for the rest of her life.

"General Zhao, you may want to ask for something else," Han Fei said with a smile.

"Why?" Zhao Feng frowned. Hadn't he just been told he could ask for anything?