

## Longevity 237

### Chapter 237: Fusu's Royal Edict Rewards Zhao Feng! (3)

"Regarding the arranged marriage, the Great King has already given his word to General Wang Jian. He is only waiting for the Senior General to annihilate the Zhao state, after which he will grant the marriage between General Zhao and the Royal Daughter," Han Fei said with a smile.

Upon hearing this, Zhao Feng looked at Wang Jian, feeling somewhat moved. After a moment, he nodded, the frown on his brow smoothing out. "I see."

"Does General Zhao desire anything else?" Han Fei asked. "This is a special grace bestowed by the Great King, in light of the general's heroic deeds for Qin. Opportunities like this come only once."

"If I can truly ask for anything... then," Zhao Feng said with a laugh, a glint in his eye, "I want Qin's thousand-year-old blood ginseng."

At this, Fusu, Wang Jian, and even Han Fei couldn't help but stare at Zhao Feng in shock.

"The blood ginseng in the Daqin National Treasury is one of Qin's greatest treasures. It's said to have the ability to bring the dead back to life and can preserve a sliver of vitality even for one on the verge of death," Han Fei said, a hint of mischief in his voice. "General Zhao, you truly are bold in your requests."

"What do you want the blood ginseng for?" Wang Jian asked, his curiosity piqued.

Zhao Feng didn't hide the truth. "When my mother gave birth to my sister and me, she suffered a great loss of vital energy and has been weak and sickly ever since. I want to use the blood ginseng to help restore her health."

Of course, Zhao Feng was also just taking a chance, seeing an opportunity. As his own strength increased, he already had ideas on how to nurse his mother back to health, but the effects of the blood ginseng would certainly be far better.

"General Zhao's desire for the blood ginseng stems from his filial piety. After I return to Xianyang, I will report this to the Great King," Han Fei said with a smile. "As for whether the Great King will grant it, that will depend on his sacred will."

"You have my thanks," Zhao Feng said, clasping his fist.

"General Zhao, may I speak with you alone?" Fusu suddenly asked, looking at Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng glanced at Fusu, then said evenly, "Since the Eldest Imperial Son has asked, I will wait outside the tent."

With that, Zhao Feng walked out of the tent. Fusu promptly followed.

Watching the two depart one after another, Wang Jian's gaze deepened with thought, a profound look in his eyes.

「Outside the tent.」

On an empty patch of ground, Zhao Feng turned to face Fusu, his tone still impassive. "What important matter does the Eldest Imperial Son wish to discuss?"

Fusu didn't speak. Instead, he suddenly bowed deeply to Zhao Feng, clasping his fists in a formal salute.

"Why does the Eldest Imperial Son do this?" Zhao Feng asked calmly, glancing at him.

"I am now aware of the incident where Men Jia threatened you," Fusu began. "It was not my intention, and I was completely unaware of his actions beforehand. My purpose in coming to the Zhao state was twofold. First, to reward you on behalf of my father, the Great King. Second, to personally apologize. Forcibly breaking an engagement is something I, Fusu, would never do," he said, lifting his head, his expression sincere and earnest.

Zhao Feng understood. It was just as he had thought: the incident hadn't been Fusu's doing. After all, even if Fusu was pedantic, he wouldn't commit such a foolish act. That was pure stupidity, not pedantry.

"Let's put the matter to rest," Zhao Feng said. "Besides, I already taught that man who called himself Men Jia a lesson. Hopefully, he won't cause any more trouble."

Since Fusu, the Eldest Imperial Son, had personally apologized, Zhao Feng had no reason not to accept, especially since he hadn't suffered any real loss.

For Zhao Feng, this era was simple. He would grow stronger aboard Qin's warship and wait for the day the Emperor passed and the realm fractured. That was the moment he truly anticipated—the contest for imperial power, a struggle he was determined to win.

Fusu... He might be the Eldest Imperial Son, but ultimately, he's just a tragic figure in history.

"Rest assured, General Zhao," Fusu said. "Men Jia, to say nothing of the Men Family, will not dare to trouble you again. I will also give clear orders that no one is to offend you over this matter."

"Since the Eldest Imperial Son has said as much, then I, Zhao Feng, have no reason to dwell on it," Zhao Feng replied with a slight smile, his tone lightening.

Seeing this, a smile also appeared on Fusu's face. "That's good to hear."

"The Eldest Imperial Son likely still has matters to discuss with the Senior General," Zhao Feng noted. "I have things to attend to in the army, so I will take my leave now." He gave Fusu a clasp of his fist before turning and walking toward his own barracks.

Seeing this, Fusu said nothing more.

At least the misunderstanding had been cleared up.

As for recruiting him? Fusu could see that Zhao Feng still held some reservations, intentionally keeping his distance. Furthermore, Fusu could sense an indescribable pride in Zhao Feng. Even when facing him, the Eldest Imperial Son, Zhao Feng showed no deference at all.

Zhao Feng... he's no ordinary man, Fusu thought with an inward sigh.

But Fusu didn't dwell on it, returning to Wang Jian's tent.

「When Zhao Feng returned to his barracks.」

All his generals immediately gathered around him.

"General, what important matter did the Senior General summon you for?" Tu Sui asked curiously.

Zhao Feng glanced at the assembled generals. "Assemble all the soldiers and officers."

"Have the rewards arrived?" Zhang Han guessed shrewdly, his excitement immediate.

"Summon the entire army at once," Tu Sui ordered right away.

Zhao Feng led his generals toward the Dianjiang Platform. Before long, fifty thousand officers and soldiers were assembled on the drill ground. Except for the ten thousand-plus soldiers stationed to defend the captured cities of Wei, everyone was present.

"Repeat my words, all of you!" Zhao Feng commanded from the Dianjiang Platform, his voice booming.

"Repeat the general's words!" the soldiers roared in unison from the drill ground.

"Brothers!" Zhao Feng began. "Today is a fine day."