

## Longevity 238

### Chapter 238: Fusu Bestows a Royal Edict Rewarding Zhao Feng! (Part 4)

"Jinyang City of Zhao has been breached by our Lantian Camp," Zhao Feng announced. "The Royal Envoy from the Imperial Court is also here. With his arrival comes the bestowment of rewards upon our army's meritorious soldiers. As for the Royal Edict, I can't be bothered to read it aloud."

"In short, rewards will be based on merit. Every soldier who followed me into battle, whether you killed an enemy or not, will be promoted at least one rank in nobility. Those who killed more enemies will receive even higher promotions," Zhao Feng said, a broad smile on his face.

This radiant smile was a stark contrast to the expression he wore when he met Fusu; it was like he had two different faces.

In front of his brothers-in-arms, Zhao Feng could let his guard down. But he couldn't be bothered with unfamiliar people, regardless of whether they were royalty or held great power. Zhao Feng loathed pretense and flattery. Of course, it was his own strength that gave him the capital to be so dismissive.

Listening to Zhao Feng's announcement, every soldier on the parade ground was grinning from ear to ear.

"BWAHAHAHA!"

"Everyone gets promoted at least one rank! I can go up two ranks this time. I killed a Junhou from the Zhao state—that's a major achievement!"

"Killing a Junhou is good, but I killed a Capital Commandant! I should get at least a three-rank promotion."

"I never thought this could happen. I was just a surrendered soldier, but after defending Wei City, I became a true first-rank Sharp Warrior. Now I'm about to become a third-rank Sharp Warrior!"

"This is all thanks to the General's grace. If it weren't for him proposing the Penal Battalion strategy, we would have been slaves forever, never able to escape that status. The General brought us all of this."

"That's right."

"It is our honor to follow the General into battle in this lifetime."

"I feel like as long as we follow the General, there's no enemy we can't defeat."

"I think so too! I'm not afraid to die following the General into battle. As long as I'm charging forward with him, that's all that matters."

"We swear to follow the General to the death!"

"We swear to follow the General to the death..."

In their excitement, the entire parade ground erupted with enthusiastic roars. Every soldier looked at Zhao Feng with feverish devotion.

This army had now acquired a soul. And that soul was Zhao Feng.

Imperceptibly, Zhao Feng had transformed from a member of the Logistics Army into the very soul of a main combat camp.

For his subordinates, the original Sharp Warriors had solidified their accomplishments and earned further promotions. As for the soldiers from the Penal Battalion—though there was no longer a Penal Battalion under Zhao Feng's command—they had all been reborn through this war, becoming true Sharp Warriors of Qin.

"Aside from all the soldiers under my command, anyone with the rank of Capital Commandant or higher is hereby granted a promotion of one rank."

"Tu Sui! Zhang Han!"

"Today is a day of great celebration for our entire army. Convey my order: tell the Cooking Squad to prepare more food and make sure all our brothers eat their fill," Zhao Feng boomed.

"Your subordinate obeys!" Tu Sui and Zhang Han immediately responded.

"All right. Dismissed."

Zhao Feng waved his hand, not keeping the soldiers any longer. He had summoned them only to give them this moment of joy.

"General," Tu Sui asked expectantly, "now that Jinyang City has fallen, are we preparing to mobilize?"

"We wait for the Senior General's orders. It should be soon," Zhao Feng replied with a faint smile.

"Good," Tu Sui nodded vigorously.

"It's a shame we have no liquor now, otherwise we could drink to our hearts' content," Zhang Han said wistfully. "Especially the liquor from the Immortals' Liquor House."

But as soon as the words left his mouth, Tu Sui shot him a sharp glare. "Ahem."

Zhang Han snapped back to reality, casting an anxious glance around. Seeing they were surrounded only by their own men, he finally relaxed.

"You scared me," Zhang Han said softly.

"Don't speak so recklessly. If someone were to discover this, it would not be good for our lord," Tu Sui said sternly.

Zhang Han stole a glance at Zhao Feng and nodded immediately. "This subordinate misspoke."

"It's fine among our own people, but be more tight-lipped when outside," Zhao Feng said, glancing at him with a deep voice. "If others were to find out, you know how you would be dealt with."

"Your subordinate understands," Zhang Han replied at once.

After giving his instructions, Zhao Feng dismissed Tu Sui and the others. He, meanwhile, sat down on the Dianjiang Platform.

Claim the Treasure Box. He was getting impatient.

"Host has been promoted two ranks. Reward: Two First Order Treasure Boxes," the panel indicated.

Open them all, Zhao Feng immediately commanded in his mind.

"Opening First Order Treasure Box... Obtained one high-grade First Order item: Three-legged Alchemy Furnace."

"Opening First Order Treasure Box... Obtained one bottle of low-grade Second Order item: True Qi Elixir," the panel indicated.

My luck is pretty good this time. A high-grade First Order item and a low-grade Second Order one. Zhao Feng smiled with satisfaction.

At that moment, a voice reached him. "Brother Zhao, you seem quite at ease."

Looking up, he saw Han Fei approaching at a leisurely pace. But when he reached the steps of the Dianjiang Platform, several trusted aides immediately blocked his path. These were Zhao Feng's personal guards; they would not allow anyone to approach their lord without his command, no matter who it was.

Zhao Feng turned his head and waved his hand. Only then did the trusted aides step aside.

"Looks like you've been doing well in Xianyang," Zhao Feng said, his tone teasing. "You've even put on some weight."

The familiar tone, the familiar teasing. Han Fei couldn't help but shoot him a sidelong glance, but like an old friend, he sat right down opposite Zhao Feng.

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm still alive," Han Fei replied irritably.

"I thought for sure you'd die in Xianyang. How did you survive?" Zhao Feng teased again. "This doesn't sound like the Han Feizi of old."

"Then I suppose I have you to thank," Han Fei said with a laugh. Although his tone was bantering, his gratitude was evident. "If not for your warning, I really might have died."

Zhao Feng's interest was piqued. He leaned in and smiled. "So, tell me. Did Li Si try to poison you, or did he bribe a prison guard to do the deed?"

Han Fei gave Zhao Feng a strange look. "I'm a bit curious. You were in a different state, thousands of miles away. How did you know Li Si wanted to kill me? And how did you know about the poisoned wine?"

"I'm an immortal," Zhao Feng joked.

"Get out of here," Han Fei retorted.

"But seriously," Han Fei continued, "when I first saw that message you left me, I truly didn't think much of it. I never imagined my old classmate would want to kill me. If I hadn't been on my guard and used Li Si's rival to scare him off, I really would have died in the imperial prison..."

In front of Zhao Feng, Han Fei held nothing back, recounting the events of that day.

"So you really had a brush with death," Zhao Feng teased again. "No wonder you've learned to enjoy yourself. You've certainly eaten enough to get fat."

"Enjoy myself? Where?" Han Fei laughed. "I've been working diligently for over a year since I came to Qin."

In Zhao Feng's company, Han Fei couldn't help but relax a great deal, completely unlike the stiff posture he maintained in Xianyang.

"Did you come to the Zhao state specifically to see me this time?" Zhao Feng asked with a smile.