

Longevity 240

Chapter 240: Qin War God Strikes Again! (Part 2)

The Yanting had been established, so killing a few people was a simple matter.

"Of course, we must show the Eldest Imperial Son some respect, but the matter of Chunyu Yue is not so easily resolved. After we destroy Zhao, I will demand an explanation from him," Wang Jian stated in a deep voice. "Even though he is the Eldest Imperial Son's teacher, everything must be justified."

Clearly, it wouldn't be easy for Chunyu Yue to get past him.

"With Father-in-law personally handling it, Chunyu Yue is bound to suffer," Zhao Feng said with a smile.

At that moment, Wang Jian suddenly thought of something. He turned his head toward Zhao Feng, his expression growing very serious.

"Father-in-law, why are you looking at me like that?" Zhao Feng asked, puzzled.

"Have people from the Eighteenth Prince come to see you?" Wang Jian asked abruptly.

"You know about this too, Father-in-law?" Zhao Feng was somewhat surprised.

"Not only do I know, but word has also spread among many officials in the court," Wang Jian said. "They are all saying that you have grown close with the Eighteenth Prince and become his pillar of support," he added with a meaningful smile.

At this point, the implications were clear.

Spreading throughout the court? Why would he do that?

Clearly, Hu Hai was using Zhao Feng's name as a banner to let everyone know that Zhao Feng was on his side. This was also a scheme to trap Zhao Feng, forcing him to stand with Hu Hai in the future.

"Heh. Hu Hai," Zhao Feng sneered coldly. "He's nothing but a greenhorn. It seems the person behind him is quite adept at scheming, to even drag me into their plans."

With just that simple reminder from Wang Jian, Zhao Feng knew exactly who was behind the scheme.

Without a doubt, it was Zhao Gao.

"Do you know what military officials in the court fear the most?" Wang Jian asked with a smile.

"Factional strife," Zhao Feng replied without hesitation.

Familiar with the history of Shenzhou, Zhao Feng knew that military officials must avoid getting caught in the struggle for the position of Crown Prince. If they chose the wrong side, they would be doomed. No matter how great their military achievements, even if they had expanded the empire's borders, the only outcome was death.

Of course, there was always the chance of choosing correctly. But what if one ended up as the top military commander, so powerful that their accomplishments outshone the sovereign's? The outcome wouldn't be much better.

In this era, not everyone was like Emperor Qin Shi Huang, who possessed immense tolerance and a commanding presence.

"It seems you understand all this," Wang Jian said, nodding with satisfaction. "I was actually planning to give you a reminder."

"Holding military power naturally makes one a prime target for the princes to court. I understand this well," Zhao Feng said with a smile.

"Taking part in the struggle for the Crown Prince is the greatest taboo for a court official," Wang Jian advised earnestly. "Whether you choose correctly or incorrectly, the outcome is the same: inevitable doom. Therefore, you must be cautious and ignore any prince who tries to recruit you."

"Understood," Zhao Feng nodded.

To be honest, Wang Jian didn't realize that in Zhao Feng's eyes, all of Emperor Qin Shi Huang's sons were a sorry lot; he didn't think highly of a single one. The benevolent and humble Fusu was, in fact, hopelessly pedantic. And he was the best among them, which said a lot about the character of the other princes.

Of course, the worst of them all was the Eighteenth Prince, Hu Hai. Zhao Feng almost had to admire his gall for seeking him out. A fool who slaughtered all of his brothers and sisters, a fool who would cause the Qin imperial line to end. For the country, for his family, for his father, Hu Hai was no good. If the deceased Emperor Qin Shi Huang knew what Hu Hai had done, he would probably burst from his grave to dismember his unfilial son.

"Among the military commanders of Qin, has anyone gotten involved in the factional strife?" Zhao Feng inquired curiously. His father-in-law was a Shangjiangjun of high rank and great power, so he naturally knew many secrets of the court.

Wang Jian let out a sigh, his gaze drifting north. "The Meng Family... may have already made their choice."

Upon hearing this, and recalling his knowledge of history, Zhao Feng immediately understood.

The Meng Family chose Fusu. That's what happened in history, too. After Fusu was killed by Hu Hai, Meng Tian was also executed, and the Meng Family's army on the Northern Frontier was disbanded. Of course, it wasn't called the Meng Family's army back then, but the Northern Frontier Camp. What a pity for the Meng Family.

"Father-in-law, what are your plans for the future?" Zhao Feng asked with some curiosity.

Historically, Wang Jian was adept at self-preservation. Even when leading great armies on campaigns, he would periodically request rewards from the King of Qin. This was a way of sullyng his own reputation to prove he harbored no ambition. Later, even when the Wang Family's prestige reached its zenith, they did not engage in factional strife.

"The Wang Family is loyal only to the King of Qin," Wang Jian stated gravely. "Right now, we are loyal to the Great King. In the future, we will be loyal to the Great King's successor."

"Indeed, that is the most prudent course," Zhao Feng nodded.

It was no wonder the Wang Family managed to survive under Hu Hai and Zhao Gao in the annals of history. They were only destroyed later, during the chaos at the end of the Qin dynasty. Wang Jian's strategy of lying low to preserve himself was indeed viable.

"I was worried you might get involved, given your youth," Wang Jian said, patting Zhao Feng's shoulder with a chuckle. "Now, you are not only a Main General of Qin but also my son-in-law. You represent the Wang Family, whether you realize it or not."

"Rest assured, Father-in-law," Zhao Feng said with a faint smile. "I won't get involved in such matters. Besides, whether it's Fusu or Hu Hai, they aren't worthy."

At these words, Wang Jian's expression changed, and he gave Zhao Feng another deep look. He looked as if he wanted to say something, but in the end, he held his tongue.

"Now that Jinyang has fallen, I can lead the army out to attack tomorrow, can't I?" Zhao Feng asked.

"What are your thoughts?" Wang Jian inquired.

"Nothing in particular."