

## Longevity 282

### Chapter 282: Ying Zheng Shocked, Captures the King of Zhao! (Part 4)

He was Ying Zheng's sworn enemy, a life-and-death adversary. From a young age, he had been the one to bully Ying Zheng. Falling into Ying Zheng's hands would inevitably mean a fate worse than death.

I absolutely cannot be captured by Ying Zheng, Zhao Yan thought. He suddenly had a realization and hastily stripped off his King's robe, tossing it to the ground. Then he smeared his face with grime, discarded everything that symbolized his royal authority, and blended into the crowd to continue his escape.

At that moment, Zhao Feng took the lead in the pursuit, with over seventy of his trusted aides following closely behind.

"Stop at once," Zhao Feng commanded in a cold voice. "Otherwise, death."

Hearing this shout, the fleeing nobles of the Zhao state were even more frightened and ran for their lives. Zhao Feng simply repeated his old trick, and he and his trusted aides immediately loosed a volley of arrows. After the deadly fusillade, the sight of their companions falling beside them shattered the nobles' will to escape. They stopped in their tracks and dropped to their knees, begging loudly for their lives.

"Spare me! Don't kill me!"

"Mercy..."

At this moment, saving their own lives was all that mattered. Dignity and status meant nothing compared to survival. Even Zhao Yan no longer dared to flee. He knelt among the crowd, trying desperately to hide himself. Now that I've removed my King's robe, I should be unrecognizable, he thought.

After riding a circuit to confirm that no one else was fleeing, Zhang Ming returned and reported to Zhao Feng, "My liege, it seems no one got away. They are all here."

"Hm." Zhao Feng nodded, then spurred his horse forward, riding directly into the middle of the kneeling nobles of the Zhao state. A quick glance revealed well over a thousand people. Yet, at this moment, they were so terrified by Zhao Feng and his few dozen trusted aides that they dared not move a muscle.

"Zhao Yan!" Zhao Feng shouted into the crowd. Unsurprisingly, no one responded.

"I know you're hiding in the crowd," Zhao Feng announced, his cold gaze sweeping over them. "Come out now, and I may yet allow you some dignity. But if you continue to hide, don't blame this General for disregarding your royal status."

Yet even this threat elicited no response. Zhao Yan kept his head bowed, burying his face in the dirt. I have to get through this. They'll never find me hiding in the crowd. I'll just find a chance to escape later, Zhao Yan told himself.

Unconcerned, Zhao Feng rode into the crowd and stopped before a Zhao noble wearing the official robes of one of the Nine Ministers. "Stand up," he commanded coldly.

"Sp-spare my life. I surrender," the noble pleaded in terror. Even after standing up, his body wouldn't stop trembling.

"Point out Zhao Yan," Zhao Feng ordered solemnly.

"This... this..." The minister hesitated, clearly too afraid to comply.

The next moment, Dragon Spring was unsheathed. With a single strike, Zhao Feng decapitated the minister. The man's head rolled across the ground as his stiff body collapsed. The surrounding nobles instantly turned deathly pale. Every gaze that fell upon Zhao Feng was filled with terror.

Zhao Feng pointed his blood-dripping sword, Dragon Spring, at another minister. "You. Point out Zhao Yan. Or else, death."

At this point, Zhao Yan was shaking uncontrollably with terror. Faced with death, the second minister no longer dared to hesitate. His trembling gaze landed on Zhao Yan's location as he stammered, "The Great... Great King... he's over there."

Following the direction of the minister's finger, Zhao Feng's gaze fell upon the kneeling Zhao Yan.