

Longevity 287

Chapter 287: Zhao Feng Returns, Ying Zheng Surprised! (2)

Most of the Zhao state's nobles and the attendants from the Zhao Royal Palace who had fled Handan City had been caught—nearly seven or eight out of every ten—and were now gathered in the plaza before Longtai Palace. Most of these people had once been princes and nobles, but now, they were all reduced to prisoners.

After being tricked by Guo Kai, they had only received word of the Qin Army's attack just before the palace fell; otherwise, they would have had plenty of time to flee. But now, it was all too late. Even to this moment, they were unclear about what had happened or why Guo Kai had not received news of the attack sooner. As for Guo Kai betraying his country and defecting to Qin? That was a possibility they couldn't even imagine—who would ever think that a Prime Minister, a man of such high standing, would betray his own nation?

In the square, trusted aides were still stationed all around. Meanwhile, the Sharp Warriors under Zhao Feng's command had arrived to take custody of the captured Zhao nobility. Zhao Feng himself stood before the crowd of prisoners.

"Gentlemen," Zhao Feng declared loudly. "In a moment, someone will come to record a roster. Your only job is to cooperate. If any of you dare to give a false name or lie about your official rank, you will be executed once discovered. After the roster is complete, I will have some food sent to you."

Then, with a wave of his hand, Zhang Ming, accompanied by several literate trusted aides, walked toward the assembled Zhao nobles.

"Zhao Feng!" Wang Jian called out, striding forward briskly.

"Shangjiangjun, what is it?" Zhao Feng asked, turning his head immediately.

At this point, Zhao Feng still had no idea that Ying Zheng had arrived.

"The Great King is here, and you have yet to present yourself!" Wang Jian announced loudly.

Emperor Qin Shi Huang is here? Zhao Feng was inwardly shocked, his gaze shifting upward.

Sure enough, at the very top of the stairs stood a figure in a king's robe, exuding an overwhelming aura of authority. It was Ying Zheng—young and valiant, not yet forty years old. His very gaze held a suffocating pressure, an imposing majesty that required no anger.

Upon seeing him, Zhao Feng was stunned and sighed to himself. Worthy of being the Emperor of the Ages, Qin Shi Huang. That aura is truly intimidating. This is the true majesty of an emperor I've always imagined. The likes of Zhao Yan can't even be considered real kings; they're more like prodigal sons.

Behind Zhao Feng, Zhao Yan was trembling all over. He didn't even dare to lift his head, only catching a glimpse from the corner of his eye of the one person he never wanted to see again—or rather, the last person he wanted to face after his capture. At this moment, all Zhao Yan could do was pray for the heavens' protection, hoping a thunderbolt would strike Ying Zheng dead or that some brave subject would rescue him. But this was nothing more than wishful thinking. The Handan of today, the Zhao Royal Palace of today, was no longer his domain; it had been completely conquered by Qin. He was just a prisoner.

At that moment, Zhao Feng snapped back to reality. He immediately turned and bowed to the figure on the steps. "This subject, Zhao Feng, pays his respects to the Great King."

Ying Zheng's gaze fell upon Zhao Feng, and even someone as composed and authoritative as he couldn't help but be startled by the general's appearance. Zhao Feng was completely drenched in blood. His hair was matted red, and only his bright eyes were visible on his face. His Battle Armor and robes were all stained a dark, blackish-red. A single glance was enough to feel as though Zhao Feng had just clawed his way out of a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood. His sheer killing intent could be felt pressing down on anyone within several meters. It was extremely intimidating.

"General Zhao," Ying Zheng said with a faint smile, gesturing calmly with his hand. "You may dispense with the formalities."

"Thank you, Great King," Zhao Feng said immediately as he stood up straight.

"General Zhao, come forward," Ying Zheng said, smiling faintly again.

"This subject obeys the command," Zhao Feng replied without hesitation, a thrill of excitement rising in his heart.

The man he was seeing right now was the Emperor of the Ages, Qin Shi Huang! Zhao Feng felt like a fan who had finally succeeded in meeting his idol.

Of course, in his past life, Zhao Feng hadn't been one to chase celebrities, but this was Emperor Qin Shi Huang before him—the charismatic ancestor countless Huaxia People revered with pride. If not for him,

Huaxia might have remained fractured for thousands, even tens of thousands of years, never to be unified. The unification of Huaxia all came down to Emperor Qin Shi Huang, to this captivating ancestor.

As Zhao Feng ascended the stairs, he was finally facing Emperor Qin Shi Huang. No, the current King of Qin, the future Emperor Qin Shi Huang.

But seeing Zhao Feng's blood-soaked state, Shangjiangjun Wang Jian couldn't help but speak up. "You reckless boy! Do you have no sense of propriety? Don't you know to clean yourself up first?"

"Shangjiangjun," Zhao Feng replied with a smile, "I just got back from chasing down those fleeing Zhao nobles. There was simply no time."

It was true. Fortunately, it was Ying Zheng, whose majesty was as vast as the heavens, who stood before him. A more timid ruler would have been terrified by his current state. To put it bluntly, aside from his eyes, his entire body was covered in blood and filth.

"You..." Wang Jian was at a loss for words. He could clearly see that Zhao Feng had no idea the Great King was coming. Besides, this blood-soaked appearance was, in itself, proof of Zhao Feng's accomplishments on the battlefield.

"Shangjiangjun, say no more," Ying Zheng said with a smile. "General Zhao's appearance only further demonstrates the valor of our Qin's War Generals and is enough to make our enemies tremble in fear at the very news of him."

"I understand," Wang Jian responded immediately. He hadn't intended to chastise Zhao Feng, but rather to smooth things over for his breach of etiquette.

"Where is Zhao Yan?" Ying Zheng asked, the smile on his face vanishing and replaced by a cold expression.

Without hesitating, Zhao Feng turned and shouted loudly to those below the steps, "Bring Zhao Yan up!"

In response, two trusted aides immediately hoisted Zhao Yan to his feet, marched him up the stairs, and pushed him forward.