

Longevity 298

Chapter 298: Ying Zheng's Promise

"You're right," Ying Zheng's voice turned domineering and cold. "How dare they try to snatch meat from Qin's mouth? We'll make them spit it out the same way they snatched it. The state of Yan... is far too audacious."

Clearly, Yan's actions had truly enraged him. It was as if countless Daqin Elite Soldiers had paid with their lives to breach the Zhao Capital, only for Yan to swoop in and steal the fruits of Qin's victory—snatching the very meat from their mouths. It wasn't just Ying Zheng who couldn't tolerate this; no Daqin Elite Soldier could.

"I will request permission from the Senior General to engage the Yan Army," Zhao Feng immediately volunteered.

"He will grant it," Ying Zheng said with a slight smile. "However, dealing with Yan is not urgent. For now, we should focus on capturing the remaining cities in the Zhao Territory. The Senior General will make the arrangements."

"Great King..." Zhao Feng began, looking at Ying Zheng with some hesitation.

Ying Zheng smiled faintly. "Speak your mind. Why be so reticent?"

"After the annihilation of Zhao, I wish to return home for a leave of absence and to complete my marriage with my wife," Zhao Feng said immediately.

Matters in the Zhao Territory would undoubtedly be complex after the conquest, but thoughts of his mother, Wang Yan, and his two children made Zhao Feng feel an arrow-like desire to return home. If he could secure the Great King's promise now, he could leave as soon as Zhao was defeated.

Seeing Zhao Feng's anxious and hopeful expression, Ying Zheng smiled. "It's rare to see you so nervous. It seems you're truly eager to get home."

"I haven't been home in over three years," Zhao Feng said with a smile. "I originally planned to serve for two years and then return, but plans can't always keep up with reality."

At these words, Ying Zheng chuckled. "It seems I owe a debt of gratitude to Bao Yuan. If not for him, I would have nearly missed out on a peerless general for my Great Qin."

"I suppose I should thank him as well," Zhao Feng laughed. "If not for Bao Yuan, I might have already been discharged from the army."

Back when he was in the Logistics Army, Zhao Feng had only looked forward to returning home someday. His entire mindset changed after joining a main combat unit. It was difficult to distinguish oneself in the Logistics Army, and Zhao Feng had never dreamed of reaching the pinnacles of power. But after joining a main combat unit, everything was different. Given the opportunity, Zhao Feng naturally seized it. This change in mentality was what had led him to his current position: a Main General, with a peerage of the twelfth rank. Throughout all of Qin, and even the entire world, he was now among the most elite, and certainly the one with the most potential.

The two men exchanged a knowing smile.

Then, Ying Zheng continued, "After Zhao is destroyed, I grant you leave to return to your hometown and hold your wedding. However, before you leave the Zhao Territory, you must first come to Xianyang. I have a surprise for you."

Zhao Feng was startled by Ying Zheng's serious tone, which also carried a hint of expectation. From the Great King's words, it feels like he wants to promote me again. He can't be planning to make me a Senior General, can he?

Ying Zheng hadn't specified, but the word "surprise" sent Zhao Feng's mind racing. He was already a Main General. For him, the only thing that could qualify as such a surprise would be another promotion—to Protector-General.

However, though Zhao Feng aspired to advance, he knew his seniority was still lacking compared to many of the army's other Main Generals. His current battle merits were all to build up that seniority, preparing him for the next step.

"This subject accepts your decree," Zhao Feng replied immediately. With such an opportunity before him, he naturally agreed on the spot. Only a fool would refuse.

"I will be returning to Xianyang tomorrow," Ying Zheng said with a slight smile. "When you return to Xianyang, we will drink together."

"So soon? Your Majesty is leaving already?" Zhao Feng asked, slightly surprised.

"Ultimately, I only wished to revisit my old home, and I also harbored a desire for revenge. Now that my revenge is complete and Handan has fallen, there is no reason for me to remain here." As Ying Zheng spoke of his vengeance being fulfilled, the disappointment in his eyes was palpable as he added, "Besides, I have not been able to find the person I was looking for."

Hearing this, Zhao Feng immediately offered, "Who is the Great King looking for? This subject can dispatch men to search."

"It's like searching for a needle in a haystack. She cannot be found," Ying Zheng said, shaking his head, clearly not wishing to dwell on the topic. "The other reason I called you here was to make you rest. I heard you spent another full day and night in the Wounded Soldier Camp yesterday. You are a general, and Qin's youngest and most capable one at that. You must not overwork yourself. The loss of you would be a greater blow than the loss of an army a hundred thousand strong. Alright, go and get some rest."

It was clear that the Great King held Zhao Feng in very high regard. Seeing this, Zhao Feng did not press the matter.

He bowed deeply to Ying Zheng. "This subject takes his leave."

Then, Zhao Feng turned and walked away. Ying Zheng remained seated on the ground, a light breeze brushing past him as he seemed to savor the profound tranquility of the moment.

Just as Zhao Feng had walked a few steps away, Ying Zheng suddenly called out, "Zhao Feng."

Zhao Feng spun around at once. "Yes, Great King?"

But it was that single, stunning turn—that glance back—that made Ying Zheng's heart freeze. Those eyes... they're... they're just like Dong'er's.

A look of utter shock flashed across Ying Zheng's face as he stared at Zhao Feng.

"Does the Great King have further orders?" Zhao Feng prompted when Ying Zheng fell silent.

At the question, Ying Zheng seemed to snap back to his senses. "No, nothing. You may go. Tell the Senior General and the others they can return as well. I'd like to be alone here for a while."

In that moment, Ying Zheng himself didn't know why he had suddenly called out to Zhao Feng. He simply smiled and waved him away.

"This subject takes his leave," Zhao Feng said again. Though a sense of bewilderment lingered, he said no more, simply turning and walking away.