

Longevity 307

Chapter 307: Zhao Feng's All Attributes Increase Again!!

At the Yan-Zhao border, which was now the Qin-Yan Border.

On the Yan side, over a thousand Yan Army soldiers were already waiting. Meanwhile, on the Qin side, Zhao Feng personally led his trusted aides to the border, with Yan Dan placed upon a war chariot.

Zhao Feng turned his head to Yan Dan, who was still sitting on the war chariot. "Get off and walk back yourself."

Yan Dan frowned, clearly puzzled. "You're just letting me go like this?"

The fact that he wasn't being escorted to Xianyang was deeply perplexing. He even wanted to confront Ying Zheng and demand an explanation, but clearly, Ying Zheng would not give him that opportunity.

"Consider the fact that the alliance between Qin and Yan still stands, and that your state has paid a certain price," Zhao Feng said, glancing indifferently at Yan Dan. "Otherwise, did you really think you would be going back?"

This man is simply too foolish, Zhao Feng thought. Jing Ke's historic attempt was tragic, like the cold wind sweeping over the Yi River, but in the end, he was incited by an ignoramus like Yan Dan. He actually thought assassinating the King of Qin could avert Yan's destruction. In reality, it was an inevitable trend, a foregone conclusion. Even if he had succeeded, it would have only been a temporary delay. A Qin facing such a crisis would have only grown stronger, and a more capable successor would

have undoubtedly risen to the occasion. After all, the legacy of Qin was built over six generations, with each ruler proving their worth through strength and ability.

Yan Dan's expression changed. "What price did my Yan pay?"

"Go back and ask your own father," Zhao Feng said, having no desire to waste any more words on him.

At the thought of his father, the king, Yan Dan's heart sank.

When he first entered Qin, he had steeled himself for death. He never expected to be able to return. The thought of his father's ashen-faced rage made Yan Dan's entire body tremble with fear.

Seeing Yan Dan frozen in place, Zhao Feng instantly understood why he wasn't moving.

"Men," Zhao Feng commanded with a wave of his hand. "Escort the Crown Prince of Yan back."

"Yes, sir." Several trusted aides stepped forward, lifted Yan Dan directly off the war chariot, and started walking toward the Yan border.

At the Yan Border, Yue Cheng watched the dejected Yan Dan approach, a sneer plastered on his face.

"We've brought him," one of the trusted aides announced, releasing his grip and dropping Yan Dan onto Yan soil. "Take him back yourselves." Without another word, they turned and left.

Yue Cheng didn't bother to help Yan Dan up. "Crown Prince," he said coldly, "The Great King has decreed that you are to return to Ji City for an audience immediately."

Yan Dan lifted his head to look at Yue Cheng but said nothing. Had he been victorious, he might still possess the capital for his usual arrogance. But now he was a defeated prisoner, returned only after the Yan Kingdom had paid a heavy price to ransom him. The shame was overwhelming.

When Yan Dan didn't respond, Yue Cheng slowly stepped forward and squatted down. "Didn't the Crown Prince call me a coward who clings to life?" he whispered. "How is it that you've also fallen into Qin's hands and become their prisoner? For the Crown Prince of a nation to be captured by another... what an utter disgrace. And yet, you didn't even take your own life?"

At this moment, Yue Cheng felt no need for reservations and mocked Yan Dan freely. After this ordeal, Yan Dan's influence would surely wane. Even though he was the Crown Prince, his future was now uncertain.

Faced with Yue Cheng's ridicule, Yan Dan's eyes flashed with hatred, but he had no way to retort.

"Alright, Crown Prince," Yue Cheng said with a cold laugh as he hauled Yan Dan to his feet. "There's no point in delaying here. You'd best prepare yourself to face the Great King."

Yan Dan clenched his fists, his heart filling with hatred. Qin. Ying Zheng. Zhao Feng. I, Yan Dan, swear that I will never let you go! One day, I will make you taste this very same humiliation!

「The scene shifted.」

"My Lord," Zhang Ming said with a smile, "the Zhao Territory can be pacified within a month."

"Are we heading north next?" he asked.

"Once the northern Dai Territory is pacified, the state of Zhao will be considered extinguished," Zhao Feng stated slowly. "This upcoming battle poses no significant threat."

Over the past year, Qin has annihilated the main forces and elite troops of the Zhao state, and all of its competent generals have perished. Although Zhao Yi fled to Dai Territory and managed to gather some soldiers, he has no capable commanders. The Zhao Jun who fled to Dai Territory have already lost their morale and will not possess much combat strength. Of course, this was largely thanks to Zhao Yan. If he hadn't forced Lian Po to his death and dealt with Li Mu, Qin's conquest would not have been so simple.

"My Lord," Zhang Ming began, looking at Zhao Feng with anticipation, "I've heard people saying that after Zhao is defeated, you might be promoted to Shangjiangjun (Senior General). Is there any truth to this?"

If Zhao Feng were truly promoted, his own status would rise with him.

"Rumors are just rumors. The final decision will come from Xianyang," Zhao Feng replied with a calm smile. "If the opportunity to advance truly presents itself, then so be it."

"Throughout the entire army, if anyone is to be promoted to Shangjiangjun, it must be you, my Lord," Zhang Ming said with deep reverence. "If it were anyone else, the officers and soldiers would never accept it."

Clearly, his words represented not only his own opinion but the feelings of many of the Sharp Warriors.

A trusted aide, a centurion, hurried over and reported respectfully, "My Lord! We've just received a message from General Zhang Han! Our army has already begun the assault on Northern Territory City!"

"Congratulations, my Lord!" Zhang Ming exclaimed at once. "The merit for being the first to attack in Dai Territory will be yours again!"

But Zhao Feng's expression remained serene. He fixed his gaze on the centurion. "Han Chenyan?"

Hearing his own name, the centurion's face flashed with shock and a wave of emotion.

"My Lord... you still remember my name," Han Chenyan said, his voice filled with emotion.