

Longevity 309

Chapter 309: Zhao Feng's All Attributes Increase Again!!

What demons, ghosts, gods, or immortals—Zhao Feng had naturally heard of them all, having encountered numerous accounts in biographies and novels in his past life. Now that he had stepped into the world of cultivation and found his lifespan limited, speculations immediately formed in his mind.

I'll just take it one step at a time. In any case, even if my realm and lifespan aren't currently increasing, I've gained plenty of lifespan from killing enemies, so I have all the time in the world. Perhaps once Qin unifies the land, everything will become clear.

With that thought, Zhao Feng decided not to dwell on it any further for the time being.

「Time passed!」

For the rest of the world, the attention of the various states was fixed on the great war between Qin and Zhao. The war had progressed to such a point that it had become intractable; it seemed nothing short of Zhao's destruction could end it.

The four states of Qi, Chu, Yan, and Wei were naturally keeping a close watch. This was especially true for Wei; with the downfall of Zhao, its own peril was imminent. During this time, Wei had sent envoys to Qin on numerous occasions seeking an audience. They hoped to gloss over their previous cooperation with Zhao in attacking Qin, so that the great state of Qin could not use it as a pretext for a future attack.

But no matter how many times Wei sent envoys, they were turned away. Qin simply refused to meet with them.

Because of this, the entire Wei court came to understand Qin's stance: an attack on Wei was inevitable. Consequently, many of Wei's merchants and nobles began transferring their wealth to other countries, causing great harm to Wei's national power. No matter what the King of Wei or Wei Wuji did, they could not change this.

After Wei Wuji's diplomatic visit to Chu, Lord Chunshen, Huang Xie—who controlled Chu's military and political affairs—also dispatched envoys to Qin. Their intention was to persuade Qin to abandon its hostility towards Wei, but given the national interests at stake, this too came to nothing. Qin also met with the envoys from Qi but remained vague and ignored their pleas on Wei's behalf.

A strategy of allying with distant states while attacking those nearby.

Ying Zheng had always been implementing this. He employed the strategy of forming distant alliances with Chu, Qi, and Yan, while focusing on close-range attacks against the Three Jins. He planned to annex the Three Jins first, then gradually extinguish the other states.

This was Qin's strategy.

「Sha Village.」

"Mother, you don't need to see me off any further," Wang Yan said. "The war against Zhao has lasted so long, it should be ending soon. When Zhao Feng returns, I will come back to serve you."

Outside the village, numerous guards from the Zhao Family stood watch. The Zhao mother and daughter stood at the village entrance, facing Wang Yan, who was accompanied by her two children.

More than a year had passed. The two toddlers, once infants in swaddling clothes, had now grown up, able to walk and even speak a few words. The elder, a boy, wore a young master's robe, while the younger, a girl, wore a little skirt. Like a golden boy and jade girl, they looked exceedingly cute.

Looking at the Zhao mother and daughter, and then at Wang Yan, one could see a particular change in Mrs. Zhao. Her face used to be pale, making her appear frail and sickly. But after taking the blood ginseng, her cheeks had turned rosy and the sickly aura had vanished. Clearly, the effects of the blood ginseng were tremendous. The same was true for Wang Yan. After giving birth to twins, her face had also lacked color. Though she was of military lineage and physically stronger, having once walked through death's door during childbirth had left her body somewhat depleted. Taking the blood ginseng had helped her recover.

"Yan'er, you must take good care of yourself after you return to Xianyang," Mrs. Zhao said, gazing at Wang Yan with reluctance. "When Feng'er returns this time, I will make him marry you quickly and bring you into the family with all the honor you deserve."

Ever since Wang Yan had arrived, she had been living with the Zhao Family. Having spent more than a year together, their bond had grown very deep. Now that Wang Yan was leaving, Mrs. Zhao couldn't bear to let her go.

"Goodbye, Mother," Wang Yan said, then turned to her children beside her. "Dabao, Erbao, quickly say farewell to your grandmother."

"Farewell, Grandmother," the two little ones said, bowing respectfully to Mrs. Zhao. From their practiced manner, it was clear that Wang Yan had taught them well.

"Go on, go on," Mrs. Zhao said, her face full of reluctance, her eyes seemingly fixed on her two grandchildren. "Once your father returns, you can come back to your grandmother's side."

Over the past year, watching them in their swaddling clothes, watching them learn to walk, and hearing them begin to talk—it felt like reliving the days she raised her own children, Zhao Feng and Zhao Ying. Why has there always been a saying in the Huaxia clan about the special bond between grandparents and grandchildren? Perhaps it's because in their grandchildren, they see an image of their own children when they were young. For Mrs. Zhao, it was the same. The year and more spent with these two little ones had been her happiest time.

"Goodbye for now, Mother and Sister," Wang Yan said with a final bow, then took her children's hands and boarded the carriage.

Under the reluctant gazes of Mrs. Zhao and her daughter, Wang Yan's carriage, escorted by a hundred guards, set off toward Xianyang.

"I wonder when your brother will be able to return," Mrs. Zhao said with deep sorrow. "With my grandchildren gone, it feels as if a piece of my heart is missing."

"Mother," Zhao Ying said with a smile, "they've only just left. Don't worry. Once brother comes back and marries his wife, your grandchildren will truly be ours for good."

Mrs. Zhao nodded, then turned her gaze to Zhao Ying. "Once your brother is married, you'll be next. Your brother is already twenty this year, and you've been by my side for so long. It's time for you to get married, too. If you wait any longer, you'll really become an old maid no one wants."

"Mother!" Zhao Ying's expression changed instantly.

Marriage? She truly hadn't thought about it. Here in Sha Village? There wasn't a single person she found appealing.

"When your brother returns, we'll have him find someone for you," Mrs. Zhao said, not indulging Zhao Ying this time. After all, it was for her own daughter's good.