

## Longevity 315

Chapter 315: Zhao Feng's Good Fortune! The Generals Are Excited!

Within Zhangtai Palace, in the rear hall!

Ying Zheng held an Imperial Seal in his hand, but it was not the Imperial Seal of Qin, but that of the Zhao state. He slowly walked towards the rear hall.

On a table sat six boxes, each with a single character written on it: Qi, Chu, Yan, Zhao, Wei, Han.

Ying Zheng opened the box inscribed with "Zhao." He placed the Imperial Seal he was holding inside and closed the lid.

At that moment, an excited smile emerged on Ying Zheng's face as he removed all the Zhao state banners from the sand table map. Only four left. Ancestors and former kings of Qin. Everything is happening soon. All under heaven united, Huaxia as one.

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「Dai Territory, Dai City!」

The Qin Army patrolled everywhere throughout the city.

"If you find traces of Zhao soldiers, swiftly capture them."

"Those who flee or resist, execute them on the spot."

"Those who harbor Zhao soldiers, imprison them."

During the patrols, many Qin soldiers were busy. As the former capital of the Dai State, this city was naturally large. The aftermath of the battle left many dead or captured, but there were also those who escaped and hid.

After the conquest, the Qin Army sealed off the entire city, conducting house-to-house searches for Zhao soldiers and Zhao officials. Once found, they were immediately apprehended. This was the situation not just in Dai City, but throughout the Dai Territory.

The Imperial Court had not yet sent officials to oversee the region, so everything was managed according to military law. In modern terms, all the captured Zhao Territory was now under military control, and the military operated under strict laws. Although there were no large-scale city massacres, there were still plenty of killings.

Not all people of the now-destroyed Zhao state were willing to submit. Considering what happened at the End of Qin, the Remnants of the Six States rallied forces with relative ease. This makes it clear that many people from the Six States held grievances against Qin, due to both the harshness of Qin Law and ancestral vendettas. These issues would take time to calm.

If five years aren't enough, then ten! If ten years aren't enough, then twenty!

What was needed was a sufficiently stable transition period. As long as the common people could survive, they certainly would not rebel. In any era, the common people demand the least; a stable life and a peaceful family are all they wish for.

However, if history were to follow its course, with Emperor Qin Shi Huang passing and his successor being Hu Hai, then providing peace to the people would become a joke.

Qin Er Shi! A useless man!

「Within the military camp!」

Zhao Feng sat inside his tent, handling military documents. As the war settled, he had to personally review various registers for compensation and repatriation before reporting them to the Military Judge for consolidation. He also had to personally compile a register of rewards for military merits for those of Junhou rank and above. Such tasks were naturally very numerous.

So, after occupying Dai City, Zhao Feng stayed behind to guard it. He did not participate in the remaining conquests of the Dai Territory, as he didn't care for such minor achievements and left them to Yang Duanhe and Wang Ben.

One hundred thousand troops, plus those who've recovered and returned to the camp, and now less than sixty thousand are left. In the battle to extinguish Zhao, we lost forty thousand men. Ah, war...

Looking through the high piles of registers on his desk, Zhao Feng gained a clearer understanding of the casualties within his own forces. In this battle, over thirty-eight thousand Sharp Warriors had fallen, and another four thousand-plus were discharged due to disabling injuries. In the Qin Army, discharge was only granted for injuries so severe—like a lost limb—that a man was considered crippled for life.

Besides the Sharp Warriors, more than thirty Junhou died in battle. Seven Capital Commandants and two Wanjiang also lost their lives. If it were not for the twofold combat advantage Zhao Feng's command provided, it would have been a feat if even twenty thousand of the hundred thousand soldiers had survived.

"My lord," Zhang Ming called from outside. "The generals request an audience."

"Enter," Zhao Feng said.

At his reply, the tent curtains were drawn aside. Tu Sui, Zhang Han, and other generals entered the tent.

"Greetings, General," the generals bowed in unison.

"Please, sit," Zhao Feng said with a slight smile.

"Thank you, General," the generals said gratefully, then took their seats according to their ranks. Zhang Han and Tu Sui took the foremost positions to his left and right, respectively, while the other officers sat with their respective deputies.

"How is the situation in the city?" Zhao Feng asked Tu Sui, who had been assigned the task of rounding up Zhao soldiers and remnants of the Zhao court.

"We've caught a lot. The city's jails are full," Tu Sui reported. "A rough estimate is six to seven thousand people. Besides the remnants of the Zhao court and the Zhao soldiers, there are also many civilians. They hid those soldiers and officials, and some even attacked our Sharp Warriors. The people of this city bear a deep hostility towards our Qin."

"How could they not harbor hostility, with the hatred that comes from having their state destroyed?" Zhao Feng laughed lightly, finding it unsurprising.

Public resentment... the hatred from the destruction of one's motherland. These aren't feelings that dissipate overnight. They require a long-term national policy of gracious rule to be ameliorated.

Of course, Qin did not truly prioritize this at present. Even the Han people of Yingchuan County were currently kept in line by law and military intimidation. However, their situation was slightly better than when their own state existed, as their taxes were collected strictly according to Qin's system.

Throughout all under heaven, only Qin had the lowest taxes, at a rate of six-tenths. By contrast, the former state of Han had a rate of eight-tenths, and Zhao's had been as high as nine-tenths. Lowering the taxes would bring many commoners a great deal of peace.

As for winning their complete loyalty, that required time—at least a decade or more.