

## Longevity 329

Chapter 329: Forever a Retainer! Return to Xianyang!

"I belong to the same clan as the Bai Family, a major clan in Xianyang."

"The Senior Minister of the Bai Family is my paternal cousin."

Facing Zhao Feng, Bai Zhong swallowed his arrogance and spoke respectfully, even bringing up the Bai Family of Xianyang.

"According to the Law of Qin," Zhao Feng asked, "what is the punishment for the crime of rape?"

"The punishment is castration, followed by five years in prison," Zhang Ming declared.

"And what is the punishment for inflicting grievous injury upon others?" Zhao Feng asked again.

"It depends on the severity of the wounds, but a serious injury warrants three years in prison," Zhang Ming replied.

"I also recall a law stating that evading criminal liability warrants a severe penalty," Zhao Feng added.  
"We can add another two years to that prison sentence, bringing the total to a neat ten."

"General Wei, what are you waiting for?" Zhao Feng said coldly. "Carry out the punishment for the crime of rape."

Hearing this, a cold glint appeared in Wei Quan's eyes as he drew a dagger from his robes.

"Bai Zhong, do you have any idea how long I've waited for this day?" Wei Quan's eyes were bloodshot as he slowly approached Bai Zhong. "When you raped my sister, I had nowhere to turn. When you led your men to injure my entire family, I still had nowhere to turn for justice."

"Today is the day Wei Quan gets his revenge."

Two of Zhao Feng's personal guards understood immediately, pinning Bai Zhong down. Another man stepped forward and ripped his trousers off.

"What are you doing?" Bai Zhong panicked, his voice filled with terror. "You wouldn't dare!" He struggled desperately to get away from the crazed Wei Quan, but he was held fast.

Wei Quan, however, didn't flinch. He grabbed Bai Zhong with one hand and, with the dagger in his other, made a vicious cut.

SLICE.

"AHHHH!"

Bai Zhong let out a heart-wrenching scream as blood poured from between his legs. The sound sent a horrifying chill down the spine of everyone present, and the faces of the Bai Family members turned deathly pale.

"County Governor," Zhao Feng said, turning his cold gaze to the man. "Embezzling the annual salary is a violation of Qin Law. Today, I, Zhao Feng, will carry out your sentence myself."

"Behead him in the street as a warning to others!" he ordered.

Naturally, Wei Quan was eager to oblige. He walked straight up to the County Governor and drew the sword from his waist.

"Spare me, General Zhao, spare me!" the County Governor pleaded, trembling from head to toe. "It was all Bai Zhong's fault! It had nothing to do with me! Spare me... ah..."

But in the next moment, Wei Quan's sword fell, and the man's head was severed from his body. Everyone present was stunned by the ruthless scene.

After it was done, a look of satisfied vengeance finally appeared on Wei Quan's face. He turned, walked back to Zhao Feng, and dropped to his knees. "My Lord, I swear to repay your great kindness with my life."

Wei Quan knew that without Zhao Feng, he never would have gotten his revenge. Without Zhao Feng, he would still be stuck in the Logistics Army, and a day like today would have been impossible. All of this was thanks to Zhao Feng's grace.

"Don't let any of those wicked servants who were involved get away. Throw them all in prison," Zhao Feng said slowly. "Zhang Ming, you stay here and handle things."

"Yes, sir," Zhang Ming immediately replied.

"Wei Quan," Zhao Feng said with a smile, "aren't you going to invite me to your home for a visit?"

"Please, my Lord, this way." Wei Quan then turned to his wife. "My love, let's hurry home."

Helping Wei Quan get his revenge had fulfilled a small wish of Zhao Feng's. He still remembered every detail of the story Wei Quan had told him years ago.

On the outskirts of the county seat stood a small, humble house. Though located in the county, it was even more rundown than Zhao Feng's old home in Sha Village. Upon entering the courtyard, they saw an old couple, clearly Wei Quan's parents. A common trait was shared by every member of Wei Quan's family, from the adults to his two sons: they were all as thin as a rail. It was obvious they had suffered greatly over the years.

"Dad, Mom," Wei Quan said as he returned. "I'm back."

He knelt before the old couple in the courtyard, tears streaming down his face.

"Quan'er!" his parents cried out, looking at him with joy and relief. "You've finally returned."

Zhao Feng stood outside the courtyard, quietly observing the happy family reunion.

I'll be home soon, too, he thought. It's been almost four years. I wonder how Mother and Sister are doing. A joyful smile spread across his face at the thought of his own homecoming.

After Wei Quan finished catching up with his family, he composed himself.

"Dad, Mom, let me make an introduction." He gestured excitedly toward Zhao Feng. "This is my general. You've probably heard his name before. He is the Main General of Great Qin, Zhao Feng."

"Zhao... Zhao Feng?" his parents stammered, their eyes wide with disbelief. "The renowned figure whose name is known throughout the world?"

"There's no need to be so surprised, sir and madam," Zhao Feng said cheerfully. "I came to personally escort Wei Quan home so your family could be reunited."

"Thank you, General Zhao," Wei Quan's parents said, bowing very timidly. Zhao Feng was a Main General, a Great General. How could common folk like them not be in awe?

"Where's my little sister?" Wei Quan asked, a note of unspoken sadness in his heart. "Has her madness improved at all?"

"She's fine as long as no one mentions the Bai Family," his father sighed, his old face etched with helplessness. "But the moment she hears their name, she flies into a rage."

"A sickness of the mind requires a cure of the mind," Zhao Feng said gently. "Go on. Take a good rest at home and spend time with your parents. I must set off for Xianyang. To be safe, I've ordered Han Chenyan to lead one hundred of my personal guards to stand watch here. If any problems arise, just consult with him. You need not fear anyone."

Wei Quan bowed gratefully. "My Lord's great kindness—I will never forget it, even in death." He then called to his sons, "Come here and kneel."

The two boys immediately obeyed, kneeling beside Zhao Feng.

"I, Wei Quan, swear that the Wei family and all its descendants will loyally serve our Lord for generations, forever as his retainers," Wei Quan declared, raising his hand and kowtowing solemnly to Zhao Feng. His two sons followed suit.

Seeing this, Zhao Feng smiled slightly. "There is no need for such formality."

With a wave of his hand, a personal guard brought forward a pre-prepared box and placed it before Wei Quan.

"A small gift for your wife and my nephews," Zhao Feng said. "No thanks are necessary."

With that, he turned and left the courtyard, his guards following closely behind.

"We bid our Lord farewell," Wei Quan kowtowed.

He remained on the ground until Zhao Feng's horse had ridden away and his figure disappeared from sight. Only then did Wei Quan slowly rise.

"Go call your aunt out," he told his sons.

"Auntie! Father is back!" the two boys shouted as they ran to a small room.

A woman in a simple cotton dress walked out. Her features were somewhat faded, and her expression was vacant. But when she saw Wei Quan, her face lit up with joy. She rushed over and threw her arms around him. "Brother!"

"There, there," Wei Quan said, gently patting her back. "I'm back."

He waited until his sister had calmed down before speaking with a serious expression. "Father, Mother, our Lord has avenged our family. I personally executed that damned County Governor. That despicable Bai Zhong has been castrated, and those dogs who hurt you have all been thrown in prison."

Hearing this, Wei Quan's parents and sister stared in shock, scarcely able to believe it. They all turned to look at Wei Quan's wife.

"Father, Mother, it's true," she said, her voice trembling with excitement. "That General Zhao delivered justice for our family. I saw my husband deal with them with my own two eyes."

At these words, Wei Quan's parents could no longer hold back. They knelt in the direction Zhao Feng had departed and cried, "Our benefactor! Our great benefactor! The Wei family will never forget this for all eternity!"

"It's all right now, Father, Mother," Wei Quan said, his face beaming. "You won't have to suffer any more grievances. Your son is now a Wanjiang of Qin—a general. All of this was granted to me by our Lord." He had been bursting to share this news.

"A general? You've become a general?" his parents exclaimed, their eyes widening even further.

Just then, Wei Quan's eldest son picked up the box from the ground. When he opened it, his eyes were met by the dazzling gleam of gold.

"Father!" he shouted excitedly. "It's so much gold!"



Wei Quan stepped forward and took the box, his face overflowing with profound gratitude. "My Lord!"

"Xiong'er, Hu'er," he said, turning to his sons. "You must remember the oath your father just made. Our Wei family will forever be our Lord's retainers. Starting with me, then you, your sons, and all your descendants—we will all be his retainers until the Wei family line ends. If any future descendant dares to betray our Lord's family, may they be struck down by heaven and earth, deemed unfit by all that is just, and struck from the family records. Let these words be our ancestral creed, to be passed down for all generations!"

"We will remember, Father," Wei Quan's two sons replied, nodding gravely. They, too, understood the immense depth of the kindness their Lord had shown their family.

「Time passed in the blink of an eye.」

Xianyang.

At the city gates, a large crowd of commoners had gathered, their faces filled with curiosity. The capital's main roads were being guarded by the Imperial Guard Army, not the regular city garrison. Such a display could only mean one thing: a major event was about to occur, and they were welcoming someone of great importance. Many of the commoners craned their necks in anticipation, and from their expressions, it seemed they had all gathered here of their own accord.