

Longevity 332

Chapter 332: The Emperor Welcomes Him Personally! (Part 3)

"Alas, one really can't compare people," a man sighed. "My own son is also twenty. He left the army after just two years and is in business now. There's simply no comparison."

"A man of talent like General Zhao Feng only comes along once every few decades. Otherwise, why would he be called such?"

"Indeed."

"A truly extraordinary man, without a doubt."

Seeing that Zhao Feng was as young as the rumors claimed only fueled the common folk's discussions, all of which were filled with admiration.

Ying Zheng smiled faintly and stepped forward, helping Zhao Feng to his feet. "General Zhao, you have finally returned."

"It is my crime to have kept the Great King waiting," Zhao Feng said at once.

"General Zhao, you return from the rigors of campaign. What crime could there be?"

"Come, accompany me in the imperial carriage to the palace," Ying Zheng said with a laugh.

"The imperial carriage is for the Great King. This servant dares not be so impudent. I shall walk alongside the carriage," Zhao Feng promptly stated.

Ying Zheng personally coming out of the city to greet him was already a grand gesture. If Zhao Feng were to also ride in the imperial carriage, it would be far too ostentatious. He understood the need for propriety. Since he was still reliant on Qin, he had to maintain the proper decorum.

Seeing Zhao Feng's firm stance, Ying Zheng smiled faintly and did not insist. "I will walk with you."

"Thank you, Great King." Zhao Feng no longer refused.

"The Great King departs! All officials, return to the palace!" Ren Xiao bellowed.

Then, Ren Xiao turned to Zhang Ming. "Have General Zhao's trusted aides proceed to the posthouse to get settled."

"Acknowledged," Zhang Ming replied immediately.

Ying Zheng took Zhao Feng by the hand, and they started walking into Xianyang City.

"Minister Zhao, is this your first time in Xianyang?" Ying Zheng asked with a slight smile.

"This servant grew up in Shaoqiu County. Indeed, this is my first time in the capital," Zhao Feng replied with a smile.

Ying Zheng smiled and gestured toward the city. "The Royal Capital of our Qin—is it not magnificent?"

"This servant has been to the capitals of two other states, Xinzheng and Handan," Zhao Feng immediately responded. "Neither of those capitals can compare to the magnificence of Xianyang."

Since Ying Zheng had asked, Zhao Feng naturally had to play along.

Although I have seen far more magnificent modern cities, with their endless skyscrapers, these ancient palaces and buildings pale in comparison.

"Once all under heaven is unified, Xianyang will become even more prosperous and magnificent," Ying Zheng said with a laugh.

Surrounded by the Hundred Officials, they gradually made their way toward the Royal Palace.

"Your son-in-law truly enjoys the King's favor." As Meng Wu watched the joyous Ying Zheng lead Zhao Feng by the hand, he realized it was the first time he had ever seen the Great King so happy. "As long as your son-in-law doesn't do anything reckless, he might one day have the chance to reach the position once held by Lord Wu'an."

Watching Ying Zheng and Zhao Feng walk ahead, Huan Yi couldn't help but think to himself, Why do the Great King and this Zhao Feng feel so close? They bear a striking resemblance—similar height, similar build. If you didn't know better, you might mistake them for father and son. It was truly strange.

"Such unparalleled favor... has anything like this ever happened before?" Wang Wan turned to ask Huai Zhuang.

"Indeed, it is unheard of," Huai Zhuang remarked with a sigh. "The only time I've ever seen anything like it was how King Zhaoxiang treated Lord Wu'an."

"However, the times have changed. This is no longer the era of King Zhaoxiang."

"After all, Zhao Feng is still far too young. The higher one stands, the harder one falls. We just need to sit back and watch the show," Wang Wan sneered.

「In the blink of an eye, inside the Morning Discussion Hall of the Qin Royal Palace.」

The Hundred Officials were already standing in their designated places. Ying Zheng sat upon his throne, while Zhao Feng stood in the center of the great hall.

Serving beside Ying Zheng, Zhao Gao glanced sideways at the general and thought, So this is the famous Zhao Feng. I must win him over for Prince Hu Hai. Only then will the Prince have a powerful ally to counter Fusu.

While Zhao Gao was sizing him up, Zhao Feng was naturally observing him as well. The infamous traitor from the history books, Zhao Gao... he certainly looks sinister. But with Emperor Qin Shi Huang still alive, he's nothing more than an ant, daring not to show the slightest ambition. There's no trace of the arrogance that would one day let him call a deer a horse. Who in this entire court could possibly imagine that in the coming decades, this eunuch would stir up such turmoil and become one of the very reasons for the Qin Empire's downfall?

The court was filled with famous figures from history: Yu Liao, Li Si, Feng Quji, Meng Wu, Huan Yi... A single glance revealed a dazzling array of historical celebrities, the shining stars of Qin in this era.

Of course, Zhao Feng wasn't just scanning them with his eyes; he was spreading out his Divine Sense.

As his Divine Sense spread, he discovered someone glaring at him with intense hatred, while many others looked at him with envy. All sorts of emotions were laid bare. Why is that fellow looking at me with such hatred? There are quite a few others like him. Did I dig up their ancestral graves or something?

However, when Zhao Feng tentatively extended his Divine Sense upward toward the throne...

BOOM!

An invisible force instantly erupted, slamming his Divine Sense back.

Faintly, Zhao Feng saw a black Divine Dragon coiling above Ying Zheng's head, glaring at him menacingly.

Staring at the draconic shadow, Zhao Feng was stunned for a moment before he understood. Could this be the Force of Luck? He had some knowledge of such things from the myths of his previous life.

From his high throne, Ying Zheng smiled at Zhao Feng. "Minister Zhao, you have returned from the state of Zhao. I presume the task of reorganizing the troops is complete."

In the presence of any other subject, Ying Zheng always maintained an icy majesty. Yet with Zhao Feng, he felt an inexplicable sense of kinship from the very first glance. It was a feeling even Ying Zheng himself could not explain, and as a result, his attitude toward Zhao Feng was exceptionally warm.