

Longevity 338

Chapter 338: Zhao Feng: Emperor Qin Shi Huang Went to Handan for Efang! (Part 2)

"What do you mean?"

"A grand Senior General like you still has to undress himself?" Ying Zheng teased. "Don't tell me you've only ever been with the Wang family's daughter?"

Hearing this, Zhao Feng felt a bit embarrassed. Ying Zheng was right. Despite constantly leading troops into battle and capturing many princesses and concubines from other states, Zhao Feng had never touched any of them. His sole focus was on growing stronger.

"It looks like I'll have to bestow more upon you," Ying Zheng mused. "After your wedding, I will grant you two princesses, one from Han and one from Zhao. A Senior General of our great Qin can't have just one wife," he said with a laugh as he slowly stepped into the hot spring.

Zhao Feng also stepped into the water.

Ying Zheng glanced over and was slightly taken aback. Zhao Feng's bare torso was covered in sword wounds and arrow marks. Although they had healed, the scars remained.

"Among all of Qin's War Generals, you've probably suffered the most injuries."

"Your father-in-law once told me you like to lead the charge yourself. You really need to change that habit," Ying Zheng said, his voice tinged with concern.

Feeling the steaming heat from the hot spring, Zhao Feng relaxed and sat down without any formality.

"I'll act according to the situation," Zhao Feng said with a smile.

Besides me, who else could possibly understand the joy of killing enemies to collect Attributes? Watching my Attributes continuously rise, breaking past my body's limits... that feeling of becoming stronger is truly intoxicating.

"You rascal," Ying Zheng said, shaking his head in resignation.

He glanced over and saw palace maids bringing several pots of wine and some meat.

With a wave of his hand from the water, Zhao Gao immediately understood.

"We shall take our leave."

Led by Zhao Gao, the palace maids respectfully withdrew and closed the doors to the Hot Spring Pavilion.

"You and your sister are twins?" Ying Zheng suddenly asked.

"Yes." Zhao Feng nodded, a hint of fondness in his eyes. "We're twins."

"You're nearly twenty now, so your sister must be the same age. I've heard she isn't married yet?"

"A twenty-year-old girl is already considered quite old," Ying Zheng said, his interest piqued.

"My mother is quite open-minded. She dislikes arranged marriages, so she never forced the issue with my sister."

"I feel the same way. If my sister truly finds someone she loves, I will support her choice. If she doesn't want to marry, I won't force her either," Zhao Feng said.

Perhaps this was a clash of ancient and modern ways of thinking. Naturally, Zhao Feng adored his only sister and would never allow her to suffer any injustice.

Listening to Zhao Feng, Ying Zheng was slightly surprised. "Your mother is quite enlightened."

"Haha," Zhao Feng laughed. "My family was originally just common folk. We naturally don't have all the rigid rules of the great clans."

"Yes, the rules and regulations of the great clans..." Ying Zheng sighed. "I, too, detest them to the extreme. But when one truly reaches this position, how can one not be constrained? Everything is for the sake of benefit. Everything begins with benefit," he said with great feeling.

"The Great King is absolutely right," Zhao Feng acknowledged. "But if they were my own children, I would still let them choose for themselves," he added, undeterred.

"Even if I were to arrange marriages for your children in the future, you would defy me?" Ying Zheng asked with a smile.

At these words, Zhao Feng's expression shifted. He hesitated for a moment before replying helplessly, "My son and daughter are only a year old. By that time, it shouldn't be a concern for the Great King."

"The way you say that makes it sound like I won't live that long," Ying Zheng retorted, giving him a look.

"No, that's absolutely not what I meant," Zhao Feng said, waving his hands hastily.

But Ying Zheng didn't get angry. He simply smiled. "Now I'm curious how you persuaded Wang Jian to let you marry his daughter."

"Nothing special. Let's just say what's done is done," Zhao Feng said with a sly grin. "My father-in-law couldn't exactly marry a pregnant Yan'er to a member of the Royal Family, could he? What if there was some... mishap..."

"You rascal..." Ying Zheng's expression grew even more peculiar.

Now that they were truly alone, Zhao Feng had completely let go, shedding his previous restraint.

Ying Zheng wasn't angry about this; in fact, he was quite pleased. It had been a long time since he'd been able to chat with someone like this. Any other subject would be constrained in his presence, afraid to open their hearts or speak too much. Zhao Feng, however, had no such reservations. This gave Ying Zheng a long-lost sense of ease.

"In truth," Ying Zheng said slowly, "even if you hadn't appeared, Wang Jian would not have married his daughter to Fusu."

"Of course," Zhao Feng nodded.

"You're not surprised?" Ying Zheng asked, now the one taken aback.

"Does the Great King want to hear the truth, or a lie?" Zhao Feng asked with a smirk.

"Do you think I enjoy listening to lies?" Ying Zheng retorted.

Zhao Feng smiled and gave a knowing look. "Then we have to agree beforehand that the Great King won't get angry after hearing it. I'm not a very tactful person."

"Just spit it out." Seeing Zhao Feng beating around the bush, Ying Zheng shot him a look.

"My father-in-law's nature is to avoid getting entangled in court affairs. He's a master of self-preservation. Marrying his daughter to the Great King's son might seem like a great honor, but it would also mean my father-in-law was choosing a side. If some unforeseen event occurred in the future, wouldn't that implicate the entire Wang Family? After all, the Great King understands the struggle for the throne, doesn't he?"

"So... the Great King understands."

Having said his piece, Zhao Feng fell silent. His words were both tactful and blunt. In any case, the King of Qin understood his meaning perfectly.

Hearing Zhao Feng's analysis, the smile on Ying Zheng's face never wavered. He wasn't angry at all, because Zhao Feng was completely right.