

Longevity 35

Chapter 35: Wang Jian Arrives!

Li Teng bowed with a look of shame. "Please, Senior General, punish me!"

Li Teng had no way to argue against the charge.

"The Great King has already issued a decree," Wang Jian said in a grave tone. "This offense will be noted for now. You are ordered to remain on probation. If such negligence occurs again when we mobilize troops, both offenses will be punished together."

"This humble general thanks the Great King for his magnanimity." Li Teng bowed deeply and thanked him loudly.

"Rise," Wang Jian said, waving his hand and fixing his gaze on Li Teng. "How goes the battle?"

Li Teng quickly responded, "Reporting to the Senior General, I have dispatched 80,000 troops along four routes to pursue the Han army. We are gradually clearing the path to the Han Capital. Within a month, I am confident that I can completely open the road and bring our troops to its gates."

"Haste makes waste."

"I am giving you time. You must advance steadily and strictly avoid any further mistakes."

"Within two months, I want to see Han destroyed," Wang Jian spoke sternly, his tone brooking no argument.

This placed tremendous pressure on Li Teng.

"This humble general will give it his all," Li Teng replied at once.

"Qin has been waging war on Han for three months now. Han's territory is not large, nor is its national power strong, but it has Zhao and Wei as allies. Even though they have grown estranged over the years, if the lips are gone, the teeth will be cold. The King of Han has already sent envoys to both Zhao and Wei. If the Zhao state moves, Wei will inevitably do the same."

"Destroy Han within two months, and everything will be settled. If this war drags on, reinforcements from Zhao and Wei will surely come," Wang Jian said with a stern expression.

The destruction of Han hinged on a swift war.

Although Han's strength did not match Qin's, it still had a population of several million and an army of over one hundred thousand. Even now, heavily damaged by Qin, its national power persisted. To eliminate a nation that had stood for over a century in just five months would be an unprecedented achievement. It was also a necessary step for Qin's eastward expansion and the unification of the world.

"This humble general understands," Li Teng nodded immediately.

After giving his instructions, Wang Jian glanced around and asked, "Is Zhao Feng here?"

"Reporting to the Senior General," Li Teng immediately answered, "Zhao Feng is in the camp, not here."

Wang Jian nodded. He scanned the room, and his gaze finally rested on Wang Yan.

"The rest of you, wait outside the hall. Wang Yan, stay," Wang Jian ordered.

"Understood."

The generals rose one by one, bowed to Wang Jian, and then retreated from the great hall.

「Inside the hall.」

Only Wang Yan and Wang Jian remained.

"Yan'er," Wang Jian asked, looking at Wang Yan with a loving expression, "have you thought it through?"

Wang Jian had one son and one daughter. He was incredibly affectionate toward his daughter, even allowing her to disguise herself as a man to enter the military.

"Father," Wang Yan said, looking at him with a helpless expression, "is there really no way for me to choose my own future?"

Upon hearing this, Wang Jian slowly stood up and walked over to her.

"Oh, Yan'er," he began with a bitter smile.

"Our Wang Family is not ordinary; we are a military clan. Your father holds military authority, and your elder brother also commands troops.

"Our family is destined to be viewed with suspicion and feared by the royal powers.

"And as for your marriage, it isn't something I can decide. It all depends on the current Great King."

At Wang Jian's high position, there was little room left for advancement. Marriage alliances were one aspect, but they were primarily a means for the royalty to win over and balance power. The higher one's position, the greater the constraints. The slightest misstep could lead to irreversible ruin.

"But... is there really no way to change this?" Wang Yan asked with a wry smile.

Wang Jian shook his head. "I have already received some news."

"The Great King intends to betroth Princess Liuyang to your elder brother. As for you, some in the court may propose to betroth you to Mr. Fusu," Wang Jian said slowly.

Wang Yan remained silent, her eyes filled with sorrow.

"After you take off your armor this time, go straight home," Wang Jian added. "Although there are whispers in the court, affairs of the state are the priority right now, so the Great King is unlikely to address this matter for the time being."

Seeing his daughter like this, how could Wang Jian's heart not be stirred? If he were the father of an ordinary family, he would naturally give Wang Yan the chance to choose, but he was not.

Wang Yan remained silent. She turned and slowly walked toward the exit of the hall.

Wang Jian sighed and also walked slowly toward the exit.

However, once outside, the look of helplessness on Wang Jian's face vanished. He resumed his cold, authoritative demeanor, showing none of the tenderness he had for his daughter.

Surrounded by his generals, Wang Jian headed toward the military camp.

「Inside the military camp.」

Thousands of Sharp Warriors were still training.

However, many of them were gathered around the archery range. In the middle of the range, Zhao Feng was holding a bow with three arrows nocked.

As he drew the bowstring taut, it made a HISSING sound. The next moment—BANG!—he released it.

The three arrows shot out instantly. Fifty paces away, all three struck the bullseye, even penetrating clean through it.

"Bravo!"

"Bravo! Bravo!"

"As expected of Mr. Zhao, that's impressive!"

"You really can't compare yourself to Mr. Zhao. It's frustrating!"

"To think it was Mr. Zhao's first time shooting a bow just six days ago! Now, his three-arrow volleys are flawless within fifty paces."

"That's only because the target is just fifty paces away. With Mr. Zhao's strength, I bet he could shoot even farther."

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As Zhao Feng's arrows found their mark, a chorus of cheers erupted from the surrounding Sharp Warriors, who were filled with admiration. His archery skill was truly profound!

"Mr. Zhao," Zhang Han said with a smile, his eyes full of anticipation, "seeing as you never miss within fifty paces and can even shoot three arrows at once, why not challenge a hundred paces? In our Lantian Camp, anyone who can hit a target at that distance is considered a master archer!"

"Since you're the one asking," Zhao Feng laughed, "how could I refuse?"

Hearing this, Zhang Han grew excited and shouted, "Brothers, set up a target! A hundred paces out!"

A few Sharp Warriors immediately lifted a target and ran toward the hundred-pace mark.

Meanwhile, Wang Jian, surrounded by his generals, had already entered the camp. His eyes were immediately drawn to the large crowd of Sharp Warriors gathered at the archery range.

"Senior General, this subordinate will go and gather the Sharp Warriors," Li Teng said immediately.

"No rush," Wang Jian said, watching with a hint of curiosity. "Go find out what's happening."

"Yes, sir."

Li Teng immediately took the order, then commanded a trusted aide to summon a Junhou over.

Upon seeing Wang Jian, the Junhou immediately bowed in salute. "Greetings, Senior General."

"Dispense with the formalities," Wang Jian said with a smile, looking at the Sharp Warriors huddled together nearby. "What's all the commotion about?"

"Reporting to the Senior General," the Junhou promptly replied, "Mr. Zhao is practicing his archery. He's challenging a target at one hundred paces."

"Mr. Zhao?" Wang Jian said in surprise, his expression curious. "Could it be Zhao Feng?"