

Longevity 53

Chapter 53: Killing Zhang Liang's Father!

Finally, inspired by Prime Minister Zhang Ping, many Han soldiers who had been unwilling to surrender chose to stay, forming a defensive line around him. Of the tens of thousands of Han soldiers remaining in the capital, barely five hundred were left.

When a nation is on the verge of collapse, not everyone remains loyal and righteous, Zhang Ping glanced around and sighed inwardly. But looking at the Han soldiers who stayed, he felt a sense of consolation. At least there are still these few hundred loyal men.

Time passed, and by dawn, the sun had quietly risen. The Han Capital had endured a day and night of fierce battle. Countless corpses lay strewn inside and outside the walls, and the entire city was shrouded in the stench of blood.

Here in the Inner City, where Zhang Ping stood, thousands of Qin soldiers had appeared. Every one of them was soaked in blood, a testament to the innumerable Han soldiers who had died at their hands.

The Qin troops did not attack immediately. Instead, they watched the Han soldiers preparing their defenses, their eyes brimming with killing intent as if sizing up their prey. However, as the general at their forefront neither spoke nor gave the order to attack, they held their positions.

Facing the murderous Qin soldiers, Zhang Ping remained unflustered. "State your name, General of Qin," he demanded calmly.

Zhao Feng raised his sword. "Capital Commandant of Qin, Zhao Feng," he replied coldly.

"Cao Yi... did he die at your hands?" Zhang Ping's gaze fell upon the severed head hanging from Zhao Feng's waist.

That was the newly appointed Senior General of our Han!

"I don't know his name, but it seems he held some sway in Han," Zhao Feng said. "However, I have killed men of far greater importance. Bao Yuan also died by my hand," he added indifferently.

Upon hearing this, even Zhang Ping, who was already prepared for death, was stunned.

The death of Bao Yuan... Han's last competent war general. His surprise attack almost succeeded.

"It was you!" Zhang Ping's eyes widened as he stared at Zhao Feng in disbelief.

"It was me," Zhao Feng replied calmly.

"Good... very good!" Zhang Ping muttered. "At least, before I die, I know who killed our Senior General. It was worth it."

With that, he stepped forward, gripping his longsword tightly. Staring at Zhao Feng, he roared, "Prime Minister Zhang Ping of Han is here! You scoundrel, do you dare fight me?"

Zhao Feng did not speak. He simply raised his sword and walked toward Zhang Ping.

"Kill!" Zhang Ping shouted, thrusting his sword at Zhao Feng.

But as a civil servant wielding a sword, whatever martial skills he possessed were no match for Zhao Feng. Zhao Feng merely sidestepped and thrust effortlessly with his Longquan Sword.

SHINK!

The blade pierced straight through Zhang Ping's chest.

"Though you are a civil servant, by taking up a weapon, you become a soldier. An enemy," Zhao Feng said in a heavy tone. "You chose to live and die with your nation. I respect your loyalty."

Zhang Ping's mouth fell open. He used his last ounce of strength to shout, "Zhang Ping and the Zhang family have served Han without regret!"

Zhao Feng said nothing more as he withdrew the Longquan Sword.

Zhang Ping's body fell lifelessly to the ground.

A prompt appeared on the system panel. "By killing Prime Minister Zhang Ping of Han, you have gained 10 points in All Attributes and received one First Order Treasure Chest."

"Farewell, Prime Minister!"

"We are coming to join you!"

"Wait for us, Prime Minister!"

"We're coming..."

Seeing Zhang Ping fall in battle, the Han soldiers who had sworn to die with him roared. They raised their weapons and charged at Zhao Feng. In every era, in every nation, there are always loyal and righteous men, those who would lay down their lives without a second thought. When their country is about to fall, they perish with it. This, perhaps, is the pure heart of a patriot.

"Kill!" Zhang Han and Wei Quan shouted in unison, leading their Sharp Warriors against the charging Han soldiers.

If I were in the same situation as Zhang Ping and these Han soldiers, perhaps I too would lay down my life without hesitation, Zhao Feng thought, watching the slaughter. Defending one's home and country against powerful invaders is what any man should do. Yet here I am, in a foreign land, slaying another nation's army. Perhaps this is an inevitable part of history, but it's not what I once imagined. In this era, human lives are as cheap as grass!

Ultimately, I've been completely drawn into the great tide of Qin's unification. Perhaps my old self still had the heart of a commoner and hadn't truly integrated into this era. Only now am I truly a part of it. Wang Yan was right. To create a world without war, one must sweep across the lands and eliminate all other states, so that the Huaxia people will no longer fight amongst themselves. However, once Emperor Qin Shi Huang dies, the world will fall into chaos again, and our own people will kill each other once more...

Zhao Feng knew history; he knew this was all destined to happen. Qin would annihilate the Six States and rule over Shenzhou. For the first time in millennia, an emperor would emerge. It seemed a great dynasty was being founded, an everlasting legacy, yet its national fortune would last for only two generations. When the First Emperor died, the world would once again split apart.

Emperor Qin Shi Huang's unification of the world is a monumental achievement that set the precedent for unity in all of Huaxia's future dynasties. It is a spirit that binds our people together. If the day truly comes for the End of Qin, if Emperor Qin Shi Huang passes away and the incapable Hu Hai succeeds him... then the one who reunites the world will not be Liu Bang, nor will it be Xiang Yu. It will be me, Zhao Feng. When that day comes and Qin falls, I, Zhao Feng, will be the second person after Emperor Qin Shi Huang to make the world whole again.

Surrounded by the sounds of battle, Zhao Feng stood perfectly still. After a long moment, he seemed to reach an epiphany.

A prompt suddenly appeared on the panel. "Host has developed the heart of an emperor. The Subordinate Force Sub-Panel can now be unlocked!"

"Condition for unlocking: Recruit followers."

It seems I've chosen the right path, Zhao Feng smiled to himself, filled with anticipation. I wonder what this Subordinate Force Sub-Panel does.

Just then, Zhang Han rushed over, his face flushed with excitement. "Reporting to the Capital Commandant! The Han soldiers here have been wiped out."

Given that there were only a few hundred of them against the fierce elite soldiers of the Qin army and their absolute numerical superiority, it was no surprise they offered little resistance and were annihilated so quickly.

"Advance steadily toward the Royal Palace," Zhao Feng ordered. "The Han army is not yet defeated. It won't be that easy."

"Understood," Zhang Han acknowledged before retreating.

As Zhao Feng looked down at Zhang Ping's body, a historical record suddenly came to mind.

Zhang Ping, son of Zhang Kaidi, and the father of Zhang Liang. I've just killed the father of the man who would become history's Sage of Strategy. The enmity for killing one's father... Zhang Liang will surely hate me to his very bones. The Sage of Strategy, Zhang Liang, the brilliant man who helped Liu Bang found his dynasty... of course, I know who he is!

