

Longevity 57

Chapter 57: Zhao Feng: There Must Be Many Treasures in the Han Royal Palace Treasury!

As soon as the words were spoken, surprise was evident on Han Fei's face. "Why does General Li not keep his promise?"

"You are the one the Great King specifically asked for. If you were to die, how would I explain it to him?" Li Teng said slowly. "So, please take care of yourself, my lord."

Having said this, he waved his hand. A Deputy General rushed to Han Fei's side and snatched the sword from his hand.

It looks like the historical records are true. Emperor Qin Shi Huang valued Han Fei greatly, but it was precisely this regard that aroused Li Si's jealousy, eventually leading to his treacherous murder of Han Fei. Han Fei, who represented the pinnacle of the Legalist school, unfortunately met his end before he had a chance to display his abilities for the Qin Dynasty.

Although there was some distance between them, Zhao Feng's sharp hearing allowed him to hear everything clearly. He was, of course, well aware of Han Fei's fate. But even with this knowledge, it seemed to have nothing to do with him.

It appears that Han Fei was already resigned to death. Even without Li Si's intervention, he had no desire to live, much less pledge loyalty to Qin.

Zhao Feng didn't believe that a few mere words could convince a royal prince, a great talent renowned throughout the land, to serve him. To think of the ancients in such a simplistic manner would be utterly foolish.

"Take Lord Han and the civil and military ministers of Han away and watch over them well," Li Teng ordered loudly.

"Yes, sir," a trusted aide beside him immediately complied, escorting Han Fei and the dozens of Han officials away.

Afterward, Li Teng looked around at the Sharp Warriors on high alert and commanded loudly, "Form up and disperse!"

Under the command of their respective leaders, the army dispersed in an orderly fashion.

"Convey my orders," Li Teng commanded in a loud voice. "Chen Tao, lead your Commandant Camp into the Royal Palace to stand guard. Search the palace and expel everyone inside. Upon entering the Royal Palace, anyone who dares to resist will be killed without mercy! Order all Han soldiers to lay down their weapons and leave the palace!"

"This subordinate obeys the command," Chen Tao immediately responded. He then looked back at his troops, his gaze lingering on Zhao Feng. "Commander Zhao Feng, lead your men ahead. Liu Wu, you will follow with your troops."

"Yes, sir," Zhao Feng immediately complied.

Liu Wu, however, seemed somewhat weak, his body covered with multiple wounds. In this battle, after the vanguard lost more than half its troops at the outset, Liu Wu's Commandant Camp suffered the heaviest casualties. Of his five thousand Sharp Warriors, fewer than two thousand remained. In contrast, while everyone in Zhao Feng's Commandant Camp was wounded, a total of over four thousand of his five thousand Sharp Warriors survived.

"All Junhou, follow me into the Royal Palace!" Zhao Feng called out loudly.

A kingdom's royal palace... I wonder if the King of Han had time to move the treasures from the royal treasury. If not, couldn't I take a look inside myself? At that thought, anticipation surged within Zhao Feng. If it were anyone else, even a Wanjiang, they wouldn't be able to take the treasures of the Royal Palace. But Zhao Feng had his portable space—nine cubic meters, currently empty. If there truly were treasures, who would know he was the one who took them? Zhao Feng's mindset had changed. For himself, for his future, for the dominion he would one day seize, plundering resources now was crucial.

Afterward, Zhao Feng strode briskly toward the interior of the Royal Palace. The five Junhou behind him also led their troops inside.

"The remaining commanders will lead their troops to seal off the Han Capital! No one is to leave without my order!" Li Teng declared coldly. "Search every house! Anyone who finds a trace of the King of Han will be richly rewarded. I refuse to believe the King of Han could have escaped so quickly."

To conquer Han without capturing its king would be a failure in his eyes, tarnishing the glory of his achievement. Li Teng would not allow that to happen.

"Your subordinates obey the command!" all the generals responded in unison.

「Inside the Han Royal Palace!」

Everywhere, demoralized Han soldiers were filled with terror. When they saw Zhao Feng leading the Qin Army into the palace, fear was written all over their faces. Many of them looked at Zhao Feng with eyes full of dread, their bodies trembling uncontrollably from extreme fear.

"It's that God of Slaughter."

"It's him..."

Many of the Han soldiers recognized Zhao Feng at a glance. They had fled from the outer and inner cities of the Han Capital. Zhao Feng had played an instrumental role in the fall of the capital and the Qin Army's advance to this point. His Commandant Camp's charge had been relentless, and his terrifying prowess struck fear into the hearts of all Han soldiers.

God of Slaughter, Harbinger of Doom.

These were the names they whispered as they fled, terrified of encountering him again.

Zhao Feng swept his gaze around, sensing the terror the Han soldiers felt toward him, but he paid it little mind.

"Your king has fled! Your prince, Han Fei, has offered the state seal and surrendered to the Great Qin!" Zhao Feng bellowed to the surrounding soldiers. "If you want to live, lay down your weapons and leave the palace immediately!"

At his words...

CLATTER. CLATTER.

The surrounding Han soldiers quickly dropped their weapons and swarmed out of the palace, fearing they would be killed if they were a step too slow.

They sure know what's good for them, Zhao Feng remarked to himself with some emotion.

"Commander," Zhang Han said with a laugh from the side. "Did you see the way those Han soldiers looked at you? It was like they'd seen a ghost. I reckon you've scared them witless."

"They've surrendered, so that's that. We'll leave this place for the Second Commandant Camp to mop up. Let's continue into the palace," Zhao Feng said. His mind was on the Han treasury; a kingdom's treasury was bound to contain great things he couldn't afford to miss.

"Understood," Zhang Han and the others replied without hesitation, leading the Sharp Warriors to follow Zhao Feng deeper into the palace.

After Zhao Feng led his troops inside, Liu Wu entered with his battered soldiers. Seeing the discarded weapons on the ground and the surrendered Han soldiers hastily leaving the palace, he immediately ordered his men to maintain order. Having narrowly escaped death's door in this battle, Liu Wu had lost all his former vigor.

Inside the Royal Palace, in the large square before the great hall where the court of Han once convened, thousands of palace maids and eunuchs were kneeling on the ground. Among them were many gorgeously dressed concubines.

Han Fei is truly a smart man. He arranged for the palace's surrender in advance. Otherwise, if people had been fleeing everywhere when our army stormed in, many would have died. Zhao Feng thought, looking at the neatly kneeling palace staff. It was obvious this had been arranged by Han Fei.

"Commander," Zhang Han said with a grin, his eyes scanning the kneeling concubines, many of whom were quite beautiful. "There are plenty of princesses and royal consorts here. Should I grab a couple for you and send them to your camp tonight?"