

Longevity 58

Chapter 58: Royal Palace Treasury!

Hearing this, Zhao Feng turned his head and said irritably, "If you're not afraid of military law, then go ahead."

The Qin Army had strict military discipline. Without a general's order, actions like slaughtering a city or committing rape were absolutely forbidden. The King of Qin aimed for dominion over all under heaven, striving for an everlasting foundation, not something built in a day. Thus, for this campaign against Han, the King of Qin had issued an edict: the Sharp Warriors of Qin were only allowed to strike against enemy forces; harming surrendered soldiers or innocent civilians was forbidden.

Now, all of these concubines, palace maidens, and temple officials in the square had surrendered. Although their days to come would not be easy, as most would be demoted to slaves or bestowed upon meritorious officials, the military law was in place and did not allow for disorder. If everyone were to act chaotically, where would military discipline be? The Qin Army was no band of bandits.

Upon hearing Zhao Feng's words, Zhang Han gave a sheepish laugh. "Pretend I didn't say anything."

Zhao Feng glanced at him, too lazy to say more. Instead, he began giving orders to the five Junhous behind him. "Zhang Han, you will take command of your men and guard this place."

"Luo Hua, Liu Wang, Zhuang Wei, the three of you will search the Han Royal Palace separately."

"Wei Quan, follow me deeper into the royal palace."

At these words, the Junhous all bowed in unison. "Understood!"

Then they set off in separate groups.

"Mr. Wei, find someone from the Han Royal Palace and ask where the treasury is," Zhao Feng turned and instructed Wei Quan. "This matter is of great importance; there is no room for carelessness."

"Understood," Wei Quan replied at once.

He then personally led two Sharp Warriors to capture an elderly temple official.

"Capital Commandant," Wei Quan said with a smile, pointing at the man. "This fellow appears quite old; he should know."

"What is your status in the Han Royal Palace?" Zhao Feng walked up and asked directly.

"This servant... this servant is the chief steward of the palace," the elderly temple official replied fearfully.

"Then we've found the right person. You know where the treasury is? Lead us there," Zhao Feng said at once.

"Understood. Please follow this servant, General." The temple official nodded in terror, then immediately bowed low and began to lead the way.

All the servants of the Han Royal Palace, over a thousand people, had already gathered in the square before the Morning Discussion Hall. With the chief steward leading them, they naturally encountered no obstructions. As for the Imperial Guard Army that once guarded the Royal Palace, most had been stationed at the city's primary defenses and had almost all perished. Consequently, there were no other guards left within the palace itself.

It didn't take long for the chief steward to bring Zhao Feng before a grand hall. The main entrance was a thick Bronze Gate that looked very sturdy.

"General, this is the royal treasury," the chief steward said, bowing, his voice filled with anxiety. "But the key is held by the Great King himself. Without the key, we can't enter."

Now that Han had fallen, as a servant of a vanquished kingdom, he was naturally filled with fear.

"That's simple. Just call for a Siege Hammer and break it open," Wei Quan said with a smile, looking at the Bronze Gate.

"Mr. Wei," Zhao Feng said after a glance. "Have the men disperse and stand guard."

"Alright." Wei Quan immediately nodded.

"All Sharp Warriors, hear my command! Disperse and stand guard. No one is to approach without the Capital Commandant's order!" Wei Quan called out loudly.

As his words fell, the seven hundred or so Sharp Warriors of his Army Marquis Camp immediately dispersed to secure the area.

"What is your name?" Zhao Feng didn't immediately move to open the treasury but turned his head to ask the temple official.

"Replying to the General," the temple official immediately spoke in a panic. "This servant is named Han Xi."

"Are you aware of what fate awaits those within these palace walls?" Zhao Feng asked.

Upon hearing this, Han Xi's expression changed. He replied with a tone of utter despair, "At best, demotion to slavery. At worst, condemned to hard labor."

Zhao Feng did not speak, but instead fixed his gaze on Han Xi.

Feeling that stare, the latter seemed to understand something and suddenly knelt before Zhao Feng. "This servant is willing to serve by the General's side as a slave. I beg the General to accept me."

"Mr. Wei, this man is quite sharp. Have him stay with you. Later tonight, find an opportunity to take him out and settle him somewhere in the Han Capital," Zhao Feng instructed Wei Quan. "Keep this matter discreet."

Although Wei Quan was puzzled as to why Zhao Feng would want to keep a temple official, he understood that Zhao Feng had his reasons and nodded at once. The Han Capital had just been breached, and the city was in chaos, the Royal Palace included. Escorting out a mere temple official was a piece of cake, and settling him elsewhere was even simpler. After all, he was not an important figure.

"Thank you, General! Thank you, General!" Han Xi kowtowed repeatedly to Zhao Feng. He understood that his life was spared, and he might even avoid the fate of slavery or forced labor. "This servant swears to serve the General to the death."

To Zhao Feng, Han Xi was naturally useful. As the chief steward of the Han Royal Palace, he was very familiar with both the palace and the capital. Now that Han had fallen, the Qin Army would not withdraw immediately but would instead remain stationed here. Zhao Feng naturally wanted to seize this opportunity to spend the Gold from his Portable Space to cultivate a force that was truly his own and build his own foundation. And that, of course, required people to do the work. The men under his command were all Qin soldiers, so it was inconvenient to use them directly. Han Xi, however, was different. It would be simple to have him handle certain matters.

After giving his instructions, Zhao Feng walked toward the treasury. The closed Bronze Gate before him appeared extremely thick. Without a key, it seemed it could only be forced open. But it was a double door.

Zhao Feng drew the Longquan Sword and brought it down on the seam between the two doors. With a bit of force, CRACK! The connecting lock was instantly severed.

Zhao Feng gave the gate a casual push, and it swung open.

"Mr. Wei, you keep watch outside. I'll go in and see what kind of things this Han treasury holds," Zhao Feng said with a smile as he turned his head.

"Mr. Zhao," Wei Quan immediately cautioned, seeing him about to enter. "You can look, but you absolutely must not take anything. It's against the military code. There are many eyes in the palace, and if someone reports you to the Military Judge, it's a serious crime. You've earned great merit this time and have a limitless future. You can't afford to be reckless."

"Don't worry," Zhao Feng replied cheerfully, spreading his arms to display the two bloody heads dangling at his waist, a particularly ghastly sight. "Even if I wanted to take something, I couldn't carry it. Besides, these two heads I'm carrying are worth a fortune. I'm just going in to have a look." These were Zhao Feng's spoils of war, which he could not part with yet.

"That's good, then." Wei Quan finally nodded in relief, genuinely concerned for Zhao Feng.

Afterward, Zhao Feng slowly made his way into the Han treasury.

Upon entering, he thought, Why does this treasury feel like it has been looted already?

As far as he could see, there were large chests everywhere, but all of them had been opened. The entire treasury was in a state of utter disarray.