

Longevity 62

Chapter 62: As Expected, It's Here!

"Understood!"

The generals immediately responded.

Clearly, Li Teng held the Hall of Elixirs in high regard. Judging by the expressions of the generals beside him, it was clear they all felt the same.

Perhaps this was a sign of the times. In their eyes, these Spirit Pills were true elixirs, not poison. They had no inkling of things like heavy metal poisoning.

To Zhao Feng, all the Spirit Pills in this stone chamber were useless, with no value whatsoever.

However, just as Zhao Feng had expected, no one suspected anything when he removed the medicinal herbs from the Hall of Medicinal Materials and the short blades and armor from the Weaponry Hall. Who could have imagined that Zhao Feng could take so many things all by himself?

"Who would have thought that there would be such a hidden passage within this royal palace. If Zhao Feng hadn't been so attentive, we might never have known of its existence," Kuai Pu said with a smile.

"Indeed," Li Teng nodded, then smiled. "If Zhao Feng can capture the King of Han and bring him back, that would be a truly great achievement. With the merits of breaching the city and capturing the king, the Great King will surely be delighted and bestow heavy rewards upon him."

Upon hearing this, the officers standing beside him silently nodded in agreement. But everyone had their own motives. While some admired Zhao Feng, many were naturally jealous.

Zhao Feng is so lucky. To think he could discover this secret passage. If he really captures the King of Han, that would be a truly great achievement. Why don't I have such good luck? If I had discovered this secret passage and captured the King of Han, this great achievement could earn me at least a two-rank promotion.

...

Zhao Feng, of course, was unaware of any of this.

「Night fell!」

At the other end of the secret passage.

"Damn it," Zhao Feng cursed under his breath as he reached the end. "This secret passage is so long, probably over ten miles. It looks like this wasn't built overnight, but is an escape route the Han Royal Family left for themselves. And it still took me this long to get here."

Despite his complaint, a smile appeared on his face.

"The final door. I wonder where it leads."

Zhao Feng gazed at the door before him, slowly approaching and drawing the Longquan Sword from his waist as he extended his spiritual power.

There are people standing guard outside. It looks like they're men of the King of Han. As expected, the King of Han escaped through this secret passage.

Through his spiritual power, Zhao Feng knew people were standing guard outside, and not just a few. But he felt no fear. The King of Han couldn't have brought many people with him through the secret passage; the more people he had, the less safe he would be.

Then, just as he had done at the treasury, he slid his sword through the crack in the door and sliced.

In an instant, the lock on the outside was severed. The Longquan Sword was a Divine Weapon of the Mysterious Order, capable of slicing through the ironwork of this era with ease. As the chain was cut, it fell to the ground with a loud CLANK.

Outside the secret passage, the sound attracted the attention of a dozen Han Imperial Guards, who immediately spun around.

"How did the chain suddenly break?" one of the Han Imperial Guards asked, startled.

"No idea."

"Could the chain have been weak?" another replied, equally baffled.

"Get another iron chain to lock it up," a third guard ordered. "This passage leads directly to the royal palace. There must be no oversights. The Qin army has breached the capital. We must wait for an opportunity to escape."

As he spoke, he started toward the door of the secret passage.

But in the next moment...

BANG!

The tightly closed door suddenly swung open.

The Han Imperial Guards outside were all stunned, but they were given no chance to recover their wits.

A figure flashed past the Han Imperial Guards at the front.

SLASH!

The glint of the sword was accompanied by a spray of blood.

The three Han Imperial Guards at the very front were instantly decapitated. Their lifeless bodies collapsed to the ground, necks spurting blood uncontrollably in a gruesome scene.

This sudden turn of events sent the dozen or so Han Imperial Guards present into a panic. When they saw Zhao Feng clad in Qin Army armor, their terror gave way to recognition.

"It's a Qin soldier!"

"Quick, kill him!"

"Kill!"

The dozen Han Imperial Guards drew their swords and swarmed Zhao Feng.

Without hesitation, Zhao Feng charged forward, sword in hand. He moved with a speed the Han Imperial Guards couldn't possibly follow. Every time his figure appeared, another guard fell.

In the blink of an eye, all the guards lay in pools of their own blood. Zhao Feng had deliberately left one alive.

"Slaying a Han Soldier has granted 5 Strength."

"Slaying a Han Soldier has granted 5 Speed."

...

The system notifications kept coming, the slain Han Soldiers becoming the source of Zhao Feng's growing power.

"I'll ask only once," Zhao Feng said as he walked up to the lone survivor. The Longquan Sword was still dripping with blood, looking utterly terrifying. "Where is the King of Han?"

"I... I..." The Han Imperial Guard looked at Zhao Feng, his face a mask of terror. He could feel the killing intent radiating from him, and it made his entire body tremble.

"You're unwilling to speak?" Zhao Feng's brow furrowed, the tip of his sword rising slightly.

"I'll talk! I'll talk!" the terrified Imperial Guard replied, dropping to his knees. "The king is hiding in a secret palace deep in these mountains."

"How many men are with him?" Zhao Feng inquired.

"Three... three hundred Imperial Guards."

"They aren't ordinary guards. They are the Hidden Guard, tasked with protecting the king's life."

"They are the elite of the elite of the Han army," the Imperial Guard said, his voice laced with terror.

"Good," Zhao Feng nodded, satisfied, before sheathing his sword. "You've been honest. Take off your armor and go live as a commoner. I will honor my promise and spare your life."

After speaking, Zhao Feng turned and walked in the direction the Imperial Guard had pointed.

Watching Zhao Feng's retreating back, the Imperial Guard glanced at the corpses of his fallen comrades, a wave of relief washing over him at his narrow escape from death. Just moments ago they were all chatting and laughing, and now he was the only one left.

As Zhao Feng's figure grew more distant, the lone surviving Imperial Guard was filled with an indescribable sense of awe.

Is he a monster?

However, he didn't linger. He quickly stripped off his Han Imperial Guard armor, tossed it to the ground along with his weapon, and fled in the opposite direction. With Han's fall, discarding his armor to live as a commoner might truly be his only way to survive.

Zhao Feng scanned the surroundings. The exit of the secret passage was located inside a mountain not far from Xinzheng, the only mountain in the area, which also served as a local landmark. This forest had always been a hunting ground for the Han Royal Family, off-limits to commoners. However, no one could have guessed that it also concealed the Han Royal Family's secret escape route.