

## Longevity 66

Chapter 66: That Logistics Army Transfer, Zhao Feng?

"Rest assured, Capital Commandant."

"We're all waiting for some fine wine tonight."

"Today, we must drink heartily with the Capital Commandant."

"Say no more. Today, we're definitely drinking the Capital Commandant under the table."

"Haha, that's right..."

The Sharp Warriors all laughed in response.

Although the military had a strict hierarchy, the camaraderie between comrades-in-arms was forged through life-and-death experiences and could not be entirely defined by rank. This was the bond of brothers who had faced death together.

Zhao Feng might have been their officer, but he was also their comrade.

"Drink me under the table?"

"We'll see if you have what it takes," Zhao Feng replied with a hearty laugh.

Zhao Feng's Commandant Camp was bustling with activity. Even while clearing the bodies from the city, the atmosphere was lively.

"I really envy the brothers under Commander Zhao's command. They're treated like true brothers, without such a strict hierarchy."

"Indeed."

"Commander Zhao led the charge to break through the city in this battle. He was at the forefront with his men, slaughtering the enemy. Our own Capital Commandant also directed the battle, but it just felt... different."

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The Sharp Warriors from other camps saw the lively atmosphere in Commander Zhao Feng's camp and grew even more envious.

Not every officer treated their subordinates like brothers, as Zhao Feng did.

「On the Qin-Han border, in the Senior General's camp.」

"Father."

"Good news."

"Great news."

Wang Ben ran hurriedly into Wang Jian's tent.

Seeing his demeanor, Wang Jian frowned and looked over sternly.

Only then did Wang Ben realize something was wrong. He immediately adopted a serious expression and bowed to Wang Jian. "General Li has sent a report of victory."

"You're nearly thirty. You're past the age of acting rashly."

"Although you are the Main General, you must understand how that position is earned." Wang Jian did not immediately take the battle report, instead lecturing Wang Ben with a solemn expression.

Hearing this, Wang Ben did not dare to argue. He replied respectfully, "I understand your teachings, Father. My appointment to the position of Main General is not just due to helping you quell the Lao Ai rebellion. Critically, it is because of the Great King's immense favor. In terms of seniority and military achievements, I am inferior to Meng Tian and am not truly worthy of this post."

"As long as you understand." Wang Jian nodded. "Do you know why it was Li Teng, and not you, who was chosen to lead the campaign to conquer Han?"

"The Great King's favor toward our Wang family is already substantial, and there is talk at court. If I were to lead the troops again, it would surely provoke unrest," Wang Ben replied.

"So, my son," Wang Jian said with heartfelt earnestness, "no matter what, you must remember to never act rashly. You must remain composed, whether in the army or at court. A high position is fraught with peril. Right now, our Wang family is indeed showered with glory, but under the power of the throne, we could be destroyed at any moment."

Wang Ben nodded firmly. "I will take your words to heart, Father."

Wang Jian finally took the battle report. As he opened it, a smile touched his lips.

"Splendid. The Han Capital has fallen! Han Fei has led the hundred officials in surrender. Han is no more!"

"I knew it was this good news," Wang Ben said with a smile.

"General Li did not disappoint the Great King, nor did he disappoint me," Wang Jian said, laughing heartily.

"Indeed. The original deadline to take the Han Capital was two months, but General Li completed the task more than a month ahead of schedule."

"This is certainly good news for the Great King."

"Even if Zhao and Wei considered sending troops, it is too late now. The fall of Han is irreversible. The next step will be to secure the Han Land and annex its territory," Wang Ben said excitedly.

Although he did not accomplish this feat himself, as a War General of Qin, expanding the state's domain was the ultimate glory for the Qin Army.

After his excitement subsided, Wang Jian looked at the battle report again, his brow furrowing.  
"Although the Han Capital has been taken, the King of Han escaped."

"The King of Han escaped?" Wang Ben was utterly astonished. "A sovereign abandoning his own capital and his officials to flee? Can he still be called a king?"

"Heh," Wang Jian scoffed, holding the other sovereigns in complete disdain. "Looking across the known world, who can compare to the Great King in terms of strategy and ambition? The kings of the other states are just a bunch of useless fools."

"You speak the truth, Father," Wang Ben nodded, then added, "But the King of Han's escape is not good for Qin. If he reaches the Zhao state, they will surely use his name to attack us one day, giving them a legitimate pretext."

"Li Teng will have to answer to me for this. If the King of Han truly escaped, Li Teng's merit for conquering a state is cut in half," Wang Jian said slowly.

"Yes," Wang Ben nodded, saying no more.

Wang Jian continued reading the report, his expression suddenly turning strange.

"Father, what is it? Is there something else?" Wang Ben asked immediately.

"Do you know who it was that breached the Han Capital?" Wang Jian asked, closing the battle report with a strange expression.

"Who?" Wang Ben asked.

"Zhao Feng," Wang Jian said.

"The Zhao Feng who transferred from the Logistics Army to a main combat unit?" Wang Ben asked in surprise.

"The very same."

"Li Teng had appointed a Wanjiang camp as the vanguard, but they lost seven to eight thousand men without breaching the city gates. However, when the Wanjiang camp Zhao Feng belonged to was sent in, he single-handedly cut down the city gate with his sword and successfully breached the Han Capital."

"Han's newly appointed Senior General, Cao Yi, and their chancellor, Zhang Ping, both died at Zhao Feng's hands."

"The primary credit for taking the Han Capital belongs to this Zhao Feng," Wang Jian said solemnly, a hint of shock on his face.

"He's that formidable?" Wang Ben was clearly stunned, not having expected this at all.

"This young man first distinguished himself in the Logistics Army. His initial achievement could have been luck, but his pursuit of Bao Yuan was not. He is a fierce warrior and a man of exceptional talent."

"This battle to take the capital proves it," Wang Jian said with great seriousness.

Wang Ben came to his senses. "Father, in our entire Qin Army, the only person I've known you to praise so highly is Meng Tian of the Northern Frontier. For Zhao Feng to now earn such acclaim from you... he has truly surpassed countless of our War Generals."

"Do you know whose shadow I see in him?" Wang Jian asked, turning to look at Wang Ben.

"Who?" Wang Ben immediately inquired.

"The former Lord Wu'an," Wang Jian said with reverence.

In the entire Qin Army, Wang Jian's seniority was considered the highest, even greater than that of Meng Wu in the Northern Frontier. The man he revered most was the former Lord Wu'an, Bai Qi.

Once, serving under Bai Qi, Wang Jian had witnessed that same imposing presence, that same aura of strategic dominance.