

Longevity 67

Chapter 67: The Former Lord Wu'an!

"Father, are you actually comparing this Zhao Feng to the late Lord Wu'an?" Wang Ben asked, his face a mask of shock.

As his son, he knew very well who the most respected war general in his father's heart was: the late Lord Wu'an, the former War God of Qin, Bai Qi!

"The late Lord Wu'an started from a humble position in the army, rising through the ranks by slaying our enemies one by one until he became the commander of our Qin Army," Wang Jian said, his voice laced with anger. "But in the end, he still couldn't escape the schemes of petty men. I also once received some guidance from Lord Wu'an on the art of commanding troops. To me, he is the person I respect most, almost a second teacher."

Whenever he thought of this, rage filled Wang Jian's heart.

"Father," Wang Ben said, trying to console him, "that all happened many years ago. The petty men are dead, and Lord Wu'an can rest in peace."

"Lord Wu'an dedicated his life to the battlefield, establishing countless military achievements for Qin and forging our state's ferocious reputation. The various countries trembled at the mere sound of his name, yet in the end, he couldn't escape the slander of treacherous officials. It is because of him that a sword has always hung over my head."

"Ben," Wang Jian admonished again, his tone serious, "You and I, father and son, must remember the lesson of Lord Wu'an. We must not get involved in the disputes of the court. It is easy to guard against a gentleman but difficult to defend against a petty man."

Historically, why did Bai Qi die? Theories abounded. Some claimed it was because King Zhaoxiang, Ying Ji, had grown senile in his old age, while others said it was due to the pressures of the era. The key reason, however, was the slander of petty men.

"I will remember it well," Wang Ben nodded again.

"Alright, I've said enough about that," Wang Jian said with a wave of his hand. "Bringing Zhao Feng into the main battle camp was the correct decision. As the first to breach the city, he deserves a great reward."

"A promotion above the rank of Capital Commandant requires a nomination from the Shaofu, followed by the Great King's official decree," Wang Ben stated. "This battle report must be truthfully presented to the Great King for his decision."

"Naturally," Wang Jian nodded, handing the battle report back to Wang Ben.

"Then I will have this battle report sent back to Xianyang by express courier for submission," Wang Ben said, preparing to dispatch someone.

"Wait," Wang Jian suddenly called out.

"Father, do you have other instructions?" Wang Ben asked, pausing.

"How is your sister?" Wang Jian asked, his expression filled with concern.

"She should have already returned to Xianyang. You needn't worry, Father," Wang Ben replied with a smile.

At the thought of his daughter, however, a worried look crossed Wang Jian's face.

"In the end, I owe your sister a great deal," Wang Jian sighed.

"Father, with royal power looming over us, our Wang Family has no power to change anything. As a son of the family, I have no choice in my own affairs, so how could sister, as a woman, have a say? Besides, it is well known that Mr. Fusu is a kind and benevolent man, and he is of a similar age to sister. If she marries him, they should be able to live together in mutual respect. Furthermore, as the Great King's eldest son, Mr. Fusu is the heir to the throne. Sister might one day become the Queen of Qin. This marriage is a good thing for both sister and the Wang Family," Wang Ben said with a small smile.

In his view, this marriage was definitely a good thing, not a bad one.

"It is indeed a good thing for our Wang Family, but not for your sister," Wang Jian said. "So be it, so be it. This matter can no longer be changed. Just consider it a debt I, as her father, owe her," he sighed, feeling helpless.

"She will come to understand," Wang Ben comforted him. "After all, to be born into a general's family is to be born without a choice."

"Alright," Wang Jian said, cutting the topic short. "No more talk of this. Send word to Li Teng. Even if the King of Han has escaped, he has certainly not left Han territory. Capture him at any cost. He must not be allowed to escape, or the consequences will be endless."

Wang Ben bowed deeply. "I understand!"

「Han Capital, Xinzheng!」

The Qin Army was garrisoned in a military camp within the city walls.

"Brothers!" Zhao Feng stood at the center of the training grounds, holding a jar of wine aloft as he shouted, "As the vanguard camp that breached the city, our forces have received General Li's reward! Today, we have plenty of meat and wine! Drink to your hearts' content!"

"To our Capital Commandant!"

"Cheers!"

The Sharp Warriors on the training ground all raised their jars, roaring with laughter.

Zhao Feng led the way, raising his jar and taking a large, hearty gulp. The more than four thousand Sharp Warriors across the grounds followed suit, drinking deeply.

"Haha! The wine today isn't bad at all! It's all imperial wine from the Han Royal Palace. We're in for a treat!" Zhao Feng wiped the wine from his lips and laughed loudly. "But even though it's imperial wine, it's still not strong enough. It lacks a certain kick."

"Commander," Zhang Han asked curiously, "are you saying you've had better wine? This is imperial wine from the Han palace, some of the finest in the world."

"As a matter of fact, I have," Zhao Feng replied with a confident laugh. "There is a wine that can be called the finest in all the world, with none that can compare."

"What wine is that?"

The gazes of all the Sharp Warriors on the field converged on Zhao Feng, their eyes filled with curiosity.

"Haha! Even if I told you the name, you wouldn't have heard of it," Zhao Feng said with a laugh, leaving them in suspense. "All you need to know is that it's delicious."

The distillation techniques of this era were not yet advanced enough, so the wine wasn't very potent, nor was the taste particularly refined. Any distilled liquor from a later age would taste far better than the wines of this era; it was simply a limitation of the times.

"The Commander's bluffing!"

"Brothers! We have to drink the Commander under the table tonight!"

"Haha, that's right! The Commander is unbelievably fierce on the battlefield, but I refuse to believe his tolerance for alcohol is as impressive!"

The camp erupted with energy as the Sharp Warriors, one by one, went to toast Zhao Feng. Today, his Commandant Camp was extraordinarily boisterous, filled with the sounds of men drinking wine and eating meat, celebrating with abandon.

This was a privilege Zhao Feng had earned for his unit. By leading his Sharp Warriors to capture the King of Han, he had once again achieved a great merit—an unparalleled honor in the entire army. For this, they were granted fine wine and a day of rest for the entire Commandant Camp.

In a nearby section of the garrison belonging to Commander Liu Wu's unit, the mood was different. Although the over two thousand Sharp Warriors on these training grounds were also eating meat awarded for the city's fall, their morale was nowhere near as high as the celebration in Zhao Feng's camp.

They all understood that if Zhao Feng hadn't led the charge to breach the city, their entire vanguard force would have been annihilated, let alone been granted merit. They were merely basking in reflected glory.

"Sigh, I wish I could join Commander Zhao's unit. It's so lively over there."

"Yeah. Commander Zhao treats all his men like brothers and leads from the very front in battle. Our commander just can't compare."

"We were the vanguard in this battle. We had the first opportunity, yet we failed to breach the city..."