

Longevity 78

Chapter 78: Everyone Can Die, Except Han Fei

"Commander Zhao."

"A total of 257 officials from Han were detained in this prison. All of them have now been brought out," a commandant guarding the prison said to Zhao Feng.

Outside the prison stood more than two hundred people dressed in the official uniforms of Han. They had once been high-ranking officials, many holding positions of great authority, but now they were all captives with uncertain futures.

Looking at these prisoners, every one of them had a look of dejection on their faces, coupled with a fear of the unknown. Their hands and feet were bound in shackles.

"Aren't their families coming with them?" Zhao Feng asked, glancing around.

"Their families number in the thousands and will be dealt with later. If these men submit to Qin, their families may be treated with leniency. If they remain obstinate, their families will be reduced to slavery," the commandant on duty responded.

Zhao Feng nodded in understanding. These men were to be escorted to Xianyang. And how would they be dealt with? It was quite simple. Those with talent might be retained for service. The less capable, however, faced a miserable fate; they and their entire families could be enslaved.

"Zhang Han."

Zhao Feng called out loudly.

"Capital Commandant."

Zhang Han immediately stepped forward.

"Are we ready?" Zhao Feng asked.

"All fifty prison carts have arrived, and Junhou Wei has procured five days' worth of dry rations and water," Zhang Han reported.

"Good. Get all the prisoners into the carts," Zhao Feng ordered immediately.

"Yes, sir."

Zhang Han promptly withdrew. Then, with a wave of his hand, he ordered the Sharp Warriors to herd the prisoners onto the carts.

"Commander Zhao," the commandant in charge of the prison spoke again. "There is one more thing you need to pay special attention to."

"Please, go on," Zhao Feng said at once.

"Do you see that man over there?"

The commandant pointed to one of the prisoners, and Zhao Feng followed his gaze. He recognized him instantly. It was Han Fei, the man who had nearly taken his own life before the Han Royal Palace. Though now a prisoner, he still carried himself with an unchanged, dignified air, yet his eyes held a desire for death, as if he had no intention of staying alive.

"Han Fei of the Han Royal Family."

Zhao Feng spoke the name slowly, then smiled. "What about him?"

"General Li gave specific instructions. Any of these prisoners can die, but Han Fei must not. He has barely eaten or drunk anything since being imprisoned and is extremely weak. If this continues, he might not make it to Xianyang, let alone survive the journey under your escort."

"So it's best for Commander Zhao to take special care," the commandant said slowly. "If he dies en route, I'm afraid the General will hold you responsible."

Hearing this, Zhao Feng nodded and cupped his fist in thanks. "Thank you for the reminder."

"You're too kind, Commander Zhao. You are a hero of our army. Without you breaching the city walls, we never would have had the honor of slaying the enemy within," the commandant returned the gesture politely.

「At this time!」

All the prisoners had been loaded onto the carts.

"Reporting to the Capital Commandant," Zhang Han announced. "All prisoners have been loaded onto the prison carts. The Army Marquis Camp has fully assembled and is ready to depart at any time."

"Set off," Zhao Feng commanded.

"Yes, sir."

Zhang Han quickly retreated and gave the order to depart.

Zhao Feng's force of over four thousand Sharp Warriors, all clad in battle armor and wielding their weapons, lined up on both sides of the fifty prison carts, orderly escorting the procession toward the city gates.

Han Fei. Historically known as Han Feizi, the great unifier of the Legalist school of thought. That alone proves how capable he is. If the historical records are accurate, after being taken to Xianyang, he'll be locked in the imperial prison and poisoned by his former classmate, Li Si. But is Li Si, already one of the Nine Ministers, really that afraid of Han Fei?

Watching Han Fei in the prison cart, Zhao Feng contemplated this. He once knew history, but now he was completely immersed in it. With the historical Han Feizi right before his eyes, how could he not be a part of history himself?

I wonder how future histories will record me. Or perhaps, by relying on the attributes I've picked up, I can achieve immortality and witness the great cycles of history with my own eyes, Zhao Feng thought to himself.

An entire day passed.

「Nightfall.」

Zhao Feng, leading his troops, had escorted the prisoners out of Xinzheng and into the territory of Yang City.

"Pass down the order: we rest for the night. Light bonfires, distribute rations and water to the prisoners, and let them out of the carts. We move out tomorrow," Zhao Feng announced.

"Yes, sir," the various Junhou acknowledged the order and went to make the arrangements.

Zhao Feng found a spot to sit and began to eat his dry rations.

"Mr. Zhao," Wei Quan said, sidling up to sit next to Zhao Feng as soon as he had settled. "What kind of reward do you think the Great King will give you this time?"

In the entire Commandant Camp, and perhaps even the whole main assault division, only Wei Quan was familiar enough with Zhao Feng to be so casual and unrestrained.

"Honestly, Mr. Wei, why are you more anxious about it than I am? How should I know what reward I'll get?" Zhao Feng replied, turning his head in slight annoyance.

"Heh heh," Wei Quan chuckled. "I'm just happy for you in advance. Who could have possibly imagined this? A former logistics soldier with no interest in power and prestige is now the Capital Commandant of the main assault division, a famed warrior known throughout the ranks."

"You know I never really wanted any of this," Zhao Feng replied with genuine feeling. "I was forced into it."

Wei Quan laughed, his tone teasing. "That's right. The first time you earned merit was to save me, and you ended up killing a Wanjiang of the Han army. The second time, you were being chased by their forces, and in defending yourself, you killed the Shangjiangjun of Han!"

"Why does it sound like you think I'm just lucky?" Zhao Feng retorted, annoyed.

"If you're not lucky, kid, then who is? You have no idea how many Sharp Warriors in the army now look up to you," Wei Quan shot back, equally exasperated.

"Maybe it is luck," Zhao Feng conceded, too tired to argue.

My powerful attributes are my strength, but luck is also a part of it. The reason I rose to Capital Commandant so quickly was by killing enemies to earn merit, and not just ordinary ones. First, I beheaded a Wanjiang, and then I killed an enemy Shangjiangjun. That was the key to my promotion.

"However, Mr. Zhao," Wei Quan said, looking at him meaningfully. "I can see your mindset has changed since the beginning. You're starting to pursue power now."

As the one who had known him from the very beginning, Wei Quan could clearly sense the change in Zhao Feng.

"One must adapt to their circumstances," Zhao Feng said with a small smile, his eyes full of determination. "And besides, Mr. Wei, you're right. This world is inherently unfair. To protect my family, I need power and influence."

Zhao Feng didn't elaborate.

Gaining power now is all for the future.