

Longevity 79

Chapter 79: Whether You Live or Die Is None of My Business! But Don't Die Now!

Knowing history meant knowing what was to happen in the future. Zhao Feng naturally began to devise a plan.

Of course, it was only after truly entering the main camp that Zhao Feng started to think this way. Perhaps different places truly did create different opportunities. In the Logistics Army, there was never a chance to compete for power and authority. Zhao Feng's beheading of Bao Yuan and his son was an assignment that would normally never fall to the Logistics Army. Perhaps it was truly a stroke of luck.

"It's good that you understand," Wei Quan said, gazing at Zhao Feng with determination. "Originally, I didn't hold much hope for the future, but now I do. I was the one who recommended you for promotion, and you're the one who saved my life. From now on, no matter where you go, I will follow you."

Hearing this, Zhao Feng broke into a sincere smile. "I couldn't ask for more."

For a true brother like Wei Quan, who was willing to lay down his life to shield him, Zhao Feng was more than happy to take him under his command.

"After we finish this delivery and return, I'll have a surprise for you," Zhao Feng added with another smile.

"A surprise?" Wei Quan was startled, but then his face lit up with genuine anticipation. "Well, I'm certainly looking forward to it."

Just then, Zhang Han strode over, a helpless expression on his face. "Capital Commandant."

"What is it?" Zhao Feng asked.

"Didn't you tell me to keep a close eye on that Han Fei? He still refuses to eat, as if he's determined to starve himself to death. I've tried threats and promises, but nothing works. You'd better go see him yourself." Zhang Han sighed. "It wouldn't be good for him to die under our escort; we'd be blamed for it."

Zhao Feng nodded. "I'll go take a look."

With that, Zhao Feng got up and walked toward Han Fei's location. As someone the King of Qin had personally requested, Han Fei's treatment was different from the rest. The other prisoners were grouped together, but he alone was watched by several Sharp Warriors, and he wore no shackles. In front of him sat several pieces of dry rations and a waterskin.

"Master Han Fei," Zhao Feng began calmly as he approached. "Why do you refuse to eat?"

To be honest, Zhao Feng didn't really care whether Han Fei lived or died. He could die for all Zhao Feng cared, just as long as it wasn't during the escort.

"My kingdom has fallen and my home is in ruins. What is there left to live for?" Han Fei glanced at Zhao Feng, his tone equally cold.

Zhao Feng wasted no time on pleasantries and sat down beside him. "All of you, go get something to eat. I'll talk with him," he said to the soldiers.

"Yes, sir." The surrounding Sharp Warriors withdrew one after another.

"For the Three Jins, it was never really about the sanctity of one's kingdom, was it?" Zhao Feng said suddenly.

Han Fei's expression changed, and he looked at Zhao Feng with astonishment. "What do you mean by that?"

"The Three Jins were founded by three clans who, as subjects, usurped their lord's state. They are nothing but rebels. What 'nation' is there to speak of?" Zhao Feng said with a faint smile. "Perhaps any other state under Heaven could make such a claim, but the Three Jins are not worthy."

"You..." Han Fei was at a loss for words.

After a moment of silence, he retorted, "By your logic, is there any state in this world that isn't founded by rebels? Your state of Qin is no different! You destroyed the domain of the Son of Heaven of the Zhou Dynasty."

"It's not just my Qin. Even the former Zhou Kingdom was founded by rebels," Zhao Feng replied with a calm smile, not bothering to argue the point. "And before Zhou, the Shang were rebels, too."

Han Fei stared at Zhao Feng, completely bewildered. After another long pause, he asked coldly, "What exactly is your point?"

"I have no particular point. I'm just telling you that from ancient times, the changing of dynasties has been the inevitable trend of the world, unstoppable by human effort. What good will your life or death do? Right now, my Qin is the strongest nation under Heaven, possessing the power to unify the land. But who can say what will happen in a few decades, or a few hundred years?"

"Furthermore," Zhao Feng continued, his tone turning serious, "I won't preach any grand principles to you. I'll just ask you one thing. For the common people of this world, which is better: a land divided among warring states with endless conflict, or a unified Shenzhou and a united Huaxia?"

At this question, Han Fei fell silent once more. Without a doubt, the question struck at his very core. As a man of Han, the fall of his kingdom was a bitter pill to swallow. But for the common people, an end to the ceaseless wars would be an undeniable, monumental blessing.

"For the common people, a unified Shenzhou and a united Huaxia, free from war, is of course for the best," Han Fei finally answered with a heavy sigh.

"Since you understand this, what are you so conflicted about? Will starving yourself to death restore your kingdom? Will your death change Qin's military campaigns? Besides, I don't understand why a subject like you is so adamant. Your king fled before the city walls were even breached. It was a true disgrace," Zhao Feng scoffed, his disdain for the King of Han clear.

These mocking words made Han Fei's face flush with shame.

"What does any of that have to do with whether I live or die?" he insisted stubbornly. "Our king was incompetent, unable to live or die with his kingdom. But I, Han Fei, can."

"Honestly, whether you live or die means nothing to me," Zhao Feng said bluntly. "But this is my escort mission. Once it's over, whether you live or die is none of my damn business. You think I actually want you to live?"

He's so self-righteous. Zhao Feng thought, irritated.

Han Fei's eyes went wide. He clearly hadn't expected Zhao Feng to speak so crudely.

Zhao Feng pulled the box of rations closer. "There are four pieces of hardtack in front of you. Are you going to eat them yourself, or am I going to have to shove them down your throat?" he asked menacingly.

"You brute... you're uncivilized!" Han Fei stammered, pointing a shaky finger at Zhao Feng.

"So you want me to shove them in?" Zhao Feng glared, pressing a hand down on Han Fei's shoulder. Han Fei instinctively tried to struggle, but Zhao Feng's hand was like a mountain, pinning him so he couldn't budge an inch.

The thought of Zhao Feng actually force-feeding him terrified Han Fei. "I'll eat it myself!" he blurted out.

At this, Zhao Feng nodded in satisfaction and released him. "While I'm escorting you, you will eat. Once I'm gone, you can live or die as you please."

"Eat," Zhao Feng commanded in a deep voice.

Under duress, Han Fei had no choice but to swallow his anger and begin to eat the hardtack.

A short distance away, the Sharp Warriors saw Han Fei eating and murmured in awe. "It really took the Capital Commandant to handle him. The guy is finally eating."

"Indeed. The Capital Commandant's methods are far cleverer than ours. When it comes to someone who isn't afraid to die, only he has a solution."