

Longevity 80

Chapter 80: If Han Fei Survives, What Changes Would He Bring to Qin?

"Since you know the King of Qin wants me in Xianyang alive, aren't you afraid I'll tell him how you threatened me?" Han Fei asked, glaring at Zhao Feng with anger as he ate.

"Go on, feel free to tell him," Zhao Feng said irritably, shooting him a glance.

This Han Fei was actually angry enough to resort to tattling, as if this were a child's game.

Seeing Zhao Feng's indifferent attitude, Han Fei could only curse again, "You uncouth brute."

"Thanks for the compliment. I am indeed an uncouth brute. Let me tell you something else. It was I who killed the Senior General of Han and his son, I who breached the Han Capital, and I who captured your craven King of Han. How about that? The achievements of this brute aren't so small, are they?" Zhao Feng said with a grin, clearly intending to infuriate Han Fei.

A great master of the Legalists, so what? Zhao Feng recalled a saying: a scholar is at a loss for words when confronted by a soldier. Right now, he was the soldier, and Han Fei was the scholar. Daring to go on a hunger strike while under his escort? The man had some nerve.

"It was you!"

Upon hearing what Zhao Feng had done, Han Fei's eyes widened in shock. The death of Bao Yuan and his son... he had heard the news that they were slain by a mere logistical soldier of Qin. He didn't know who had breached the city when it fell, nor did he know who had captured the King of Han. Han Fei had never imagined all these deeds were the work of a single man.

Zhao Feng simply smiled faintly and said nothing.

"Alright," Zhao Feng said, standing up. "I'm done wasting words on you. Once I deliver you to the border, I couldn't care less whether you live or die. For the next few days, however, I will personally supervise your meals. If you dare refuse to eat, I'll force-feed you."

Zhao Feng had no more desire to talk to Han Fei and slowly walked away. As long as Han Fei didn't starve himself to death during the escort, Zhao Feng's goal would be achieved.

As for recruiting Han Fei? How was that even possible? The man was formerly a distinguished prince of the Han Royal Family, holding a position of great authority. He was highly esteemed among the states and would be entrusted with major responsibilities wherever he went, qualified to even be one of the Nine Ministers. This was all a testament to his capabilities.

It was for this very reason that King Ying Zheng of Qin held Han Fei in such high regard. Qin was in desperate need of talented ministers like him. If Zhao Feng were to make such an offer, Han Fei would probably think he had lost his mind. Zhao Feng was well aware of his own station and what actions were appropriate for it.

Qin truly has an abundance of emerging talent. To think there is yet another outstanding individual like this among them. Han Fei thought, his gaze fixed on Zhao Feng's retreating figure, a sense of awe in his heart.

Soon after, Han Fei fell into a state of self-doubting reflection.

Which is better? A world fragmented by warring states, or a unified Shenzhou and a cohesive Huaxia?

The question echoed in his mind once again.

A cohesive Huaxia, a unified Shenzhou. A Shenzhou without war, the Huaxia Ethnic Group united as one. Can it really be done? Can Qin truly achieve it? If that day really comes, what would the Land of the Divine Continent look like? To witness that day with my own eyes... perhaps it would be a truly magnificent sight.

Zhao Feng's words had undoubtedly made an impact on him. Perhaps that was just human nature. When everyone cared about his life and death, he had to put on a tense facade. But when someone showed indifference, it had an even greater impact, leaving him at a loss.

「Four days later.」

They arrived at Wang Jian's encampment a day earlier than Zhao Feng had anticipated. The camp was located at what used to be the Qin-Han border, though now that Han had fallen, its territories had been absorbed by Qin and the border no longer existed.

Zhao Feng led his troops to the front of the large camp, where a Junhou on duty immediately came forward to greet them.

"Military orders," the Junhou called out loudly.

Zhao Feng promptly took the military orders from Li Teng out of his robes and handed them over. Military orders were required for any troop movements. This was still a time of war, and an enemy infiltrating in disguise was a grave risk, so a handwritten military order served as proof of authenticity. Had Zhao Feng arrived without it, a large contingent of Sharp Warriors would have undoubtedly charged out to attack.

The Junhou took the orders, opened them, and after seeing the general's seal and the command, he immediately bowed to Zhao Feng. "So, this is the order to escort the Hundred Officials of Han."

"Should we hand these prisoners over to you directly?" Zhao Feng asked, pointing to the prison carriages behind him.

"Just hand them over to me," the Junhou replied with a smile, waving his hand. "All Sharp Warriors, on my command! Take over the prison carriages and escort all prisoners into the camp for detention."

"Understood!" the Sharp Warriors behind the Junhou affirmed as they came forward to take charge.

"Commander Zhao," the Junhou added, "have your men rest outside the camp for now. My subordinates will prepare food inside and bring it out to them."

"Much appreciated," Zhao Feng nodded.

"Oh, by the way, Commander Zhao," the Junhou said, "General Wang has instructed that after you deliver the prisoners, you are to report to the Senior General in the camp immediately."

"Understood," Zhao Feng nodded again. The fact that Li Teng had specifically assigned him this escort mission meant it must have been a special instruction from Wang Jian.

Gazing at the military camp before him, Zhao Feng mused silently. This is the perfect opportunity to ask Wang Jian for his daughter's hand in marriage. I might face significant resistance, but it's something I have to do.

If nothing had happened with Wang Yan, Zhao Feng naturally wouldn't be doing this. But things had happened, they had consummated their relationship, and he had to act. If he shied away out of fear, he would have failed as a man. Having done what he did, Zhao Feng would absolutely not deny it or shirk his responsibility. He was not the sort of man to love and then leave.

At that moment, the prison carriages proceeded into the camp, one by one, each strictly escorted by Sharp Warriors.

When the carriage holding Han Fei passed by, Zhao Feng felt his peculiar gaze. With a slight smile, Zhao Feng stepped forward.

"Well, I've delivered you," he said in a slightly teasing tone. "From now on, whether you want to starve or kill yourself is none of my concern. I hope to see you again in the future."

"You can rest assured that I'll be living just fine long after you're dead," Han Fei retorted, glaring at Zhao Feng.

Despite his words, he didn't seem angry at all. In fact, his gaze toward Zhao Feng was rather kind, as if looking at a dear friend. Over the past few days, Zhao Feng had periodically come to agitate him, and in doing so, had convinced Han Fei to abandon the idea of suicide.

Perhaps Zhao Feng had his own reasons. He couldn't help but wonder what changes this great master of the Legalists might bring to the Qin Dynasty if he lived. Or maybe, deep down, he simply couldn't bear to see a man like Han Fei die.