

Longevity 82

Chapter 82: Even If It Means Defying the King's Will!

Upon hearing Zhao Feng's words, a strange expression crossed Wang Jian's face. After all, Zhao Feng's sudden remark seemed entirely out of place at this moment.

"If you have something to say, just say it," Wang Jian said with a slight smile.

Zhao Feng raised his head, his gaze frank and open as he spoke loudly, "Shangjiangjun, your daughter Wang Yan and I are in love. I ask you to grant us your blessing."

At his words, the smile on Wang Jian's face vanished instantly, his expression turning livid.

"What did you say?" Wang Jian's voice became low and deep as he stared at Zhao Feng.

"Your daughter Wang Yan and I are in love. I ask for your blessing, Shangjiangjun," Zhao Feng repeated.

Wang Jian stared at him intently for a long moment. Zhao Feng's gaze remained unwavering, showing no trace of fear. As a man, this is something I must face.

After a good while, Wang Jian finally spoke. "How long have you known Yan'er? How can you already be in love?"

"It was love at first sight," Zhao Feng replied.

"I know you saved Yan'er's life, and it's not impossible for feelings to develop from that. But you don't understand the affairs of the Wang Family. You certainly don't know that since Yan'er grew up, she has never had a choice. Even I, her father, have no power to choose for her," Wang Jian said with a hint of helplessness.

In the end, he wasn't truly angry with Zhao Feng. There was no reason to be.

"I am willing to renounce all my military honors from defeating Han. I only ask that the Shangjiangjun bless my love for Wang Yan," Zhao Feng said earnestly, bowing deeply.

Seeing Zhao Feng's determined expression, Wang Jian shook his head. "Zhao Feng, perhaps you still don't understand what I'm saying."

"I understand the Shangjiangjun's meaning. It's nothing more than the talk at Court—the proposal to marry Wang Yan to the Eldest Imperial Son, Fusu. And that the Great King himself is inclined toward it. Yan'er has told me everything," Zhao Feng said slowly.

Wang Jian shot him a look and said gravely, "Since you know, why do you still dare to bring it up? Although I am the Shangjiangjun, with a rank higher than the Nine Ministers, everything I have is granted by royal authority. When the Great King issues a decree, who dares to disobey? For the sake of the Wang Family, I must obey. To defy a decree is a crime punishable by the extermination of one's entire clan. Even if the Great King is not angered, the Full Court will not stand by and do nothing."

"Has the Great King truly decided to force the marriage?" Zhao Feng frowned.

"Zhao Feng, you are brave, but you cannot see the true political situation at Court. News of the Great King's intention to arrange this marriage has already spread. Along with it is the news that my own son is to be granted a marriage by the Great King. This latter part is already decided; the Great King has discussed it with me personally. Do you understand what that means?" Wang Jian stared at Zhao Feng.

"These are rumors deliberately released by the Great King," Zhao Feng understood instantly, replying slowly.

"It is good that you understand." Wang Jian nodded, a trace of helplessness on his resolute face. "Honestly, if I could, I, as her father, would let Yan'er choose for herself. But under royal authority, I cannot give her that choice. An arranged marriage with the Eldest Imperial Son might seem like an honor, but in reality, it's the Great King's way of controlling the Wang Family. I have no other choice!"

"Royal authority, royal authority," Zhao Feng muttered, yet his face showed no fear. "Shangjiangjun, Yan'er and I have already consummated our union. I will not give up on her, even if it means defying royal authority!"

As he finished speaking, Wang Jian shot to his feet, his brow furrowed. An overwhelming pressure, born of a high-ranking military commander, crashed down on Zhao Feng like a tidal wave.

Yet Zhao Feng met his gaze calmly, completely unafraid. Since he had dared to speak out today, he had already anticipated Wang Jian's reaction and was prepared for it. If it truly comes to that, if there's no way to change things and Wang Yan is forced into a bridal sedan, then I'll snatch her back, even if I have to crash the wedding. With my All Attributes so high, if I'm pushed that far, I can snatch my bride and leave Qin. In this vast world, I refuse to believe there isn't a place for me. I can wait until the End of Qin

to make my return. It might be reckless, but I cannot stand by and watch my woman be forced to marry another man.

The next moment—

SHING!

The sword at Wang Jian's waist was unsheathed, its tip pointed directly at Zhao Feng.

"Do you realize I could kill you for what you've just said?" Wang Jian said coldly.

"If the Shangjiangjun wishes to kill me, then please, do so," Zhao Feng replied with perfect calm.

"Defying royal authority is an unpardonable crime. As a general of Qin, how dare you utter such words? As the Shangjiangjun of Qin, I can execute you right here."

"For Yan'er, it is worth it!" Zhao Feng shot back, unafraid, his voice firm with resolve.

Watching Zhao Feng's attitude, Wang Jian stared at him intently, but he could find no trace of fear in the young man's eyes.

After a long, tense moment, the sword pointed at Zhao Feng slowly lowered.

"You saved Yan'er's life. If I were to kill you, how would outsiders view the Wang Family? Let's just pretend I never heard what you said," Wang Jian stated slowly, but his imposing aura had clearly weakened in this confrontation.

Ultimately, he had no reason to strike. Zhao Feng had saved his daughter's life, a crucial fact, and he was also a valiant general in the army. Furthermore, Wang Jian could imagine the consequences if a warrior as fierce as Zhao Feng were to defect to an enemy state. He could also tell that Zhao Feng was dead serious.

"The words have been spoken. I will not change my mind. I beg the Shangjiangjun to grant my wish," Zhao Feng said, bowing to Wang Jian once more.

The King of Qin's opinion and whether he would decree a marriage didn't matter to Zhao Feng. What mattered was Wang Jian's stance.

"I already told you," Wang Jian said, shaking his head. "If Yan'er were an ordinary girl, I would agree. But she was born into the Wang Family, a family of generals. Her fate is not her own to decide. Even I cannot change it."

"If it truly comes to that, I will snatch her from the wedding. I will not watch Yan'er marry another man, even if he is the so-called Eldest Imperial Son," Zhao Feng said, his eyes glinting with cold determination.

Hearing this, Wang Jian shook his head with a scornful laugh. "Snatch the bride? You overestimate yourself! Within the Royal Capital, there are thirty thousand Imperial Guards and twenty thousand

patrol soldiers. How could you possibly succeed? Zhao Feng, listen to me. Forget Yan'er. You can't change anything, and neither can I."

"Does the Shangjiangjun truly know his daughter?" Zhao Feng asked, looking intently at Wang Jian.

"What do you mean by that?" Wang Jian's brows tightened.

"Though I haven't known Yan'er for long, I am certain she would never submit to this either," Zhao Feng said, his tone deep and absolute.

Wang Jian fell silent for a moment, a pang of apprehension in his heart. It seemed a thought had occurred to him.

He slowly turned his back, preventing Zhao Feng from seeing his expression. "Enough. I don't want to hear any more of your nonsense. I will act as though I never heard any of this today. You are dismissed!"