

Longevity 87

Chapter 87: Bestowal of Rewards Arrives! Royal Edict from the King of Qin!

Upon hearing the call, Zhao Feng did not dwell on it. He slowly stood up and walked briskly out of the tent, feeling refreshed.

Outside the tent, Zhang Han was bowing respectfully. After the events of the previous day, Zhang Han and the four others had pledged their loyalty to Zhao Feng, establishing a much clearer hierarchy between master and servant.

"Did they say what it was about?" Zhao Feng asked with a wave of his hand.

"Capital Commandant," Zhang Han said with excitement, "it seems someone from Xianyang has arrived. It must be that your official reward is here."

Upon hearing this, a flicker of interest appeared on Zhao Feng's face.

"All of you, come with me," Zhao Feng said.

With that, he led the Junhou toward the main camp area.

At that moment, inside the military camp, the one hundred thousand soldiers stationed there were assembled. On the Dianjiang Platform at the center of the army's formation, Wang Jian stood imposingly in his Battle Armor, with Main General Wang Ben by his side.

"Where are the Sharp Warriors of Qin?" Wang Jian bellowed, drawing his sword.

"WIND! WIND! WIND!"

Tens of thousands of soldiers raised their weapons, their war cry echoing in all directions.

"BRAVO!" Wang Jian roared, then raised a hand to press down. The chorus of thousands of shouts gradually subsided.

"Today, we have gathered the army for a single purpose," he announced. "To bring all our Sharp Warriors a piece of good news."

"Han has fallen! The King of Han has been captured by our Qin! The path for Qin's eastern expansion has been opened! The Great King has decreed that our Lantian Camp is to return to its home garrison!" Wang Jian announced loudly.

Hearing this news, the entire army erupted into a frenzy once more.

"WIND! WIND! WIND!"

"Ten thousand years to Qin! Ten thousand years to the Great King!"

The war cries, mixed with shouts of "Ten thousand years to Qin," continued unabated, the army's might shaking the heavens. For every Sharp Warrior, and for the entire nation of Qin, this was undoubtedly a moment worthy of celebration.

"On this momentous occasion, the Great King has decreed that rewards shall be bestowed upon those with merit. We shall now have the Royal Envoy read the Royal Edict!" Wang Jian announced loudly, turning to the side.

In response, a figure slowly ascended the Dianjiang Platform. He was dressed in the official robes of a Qin Civil Servant, wearing no armor. It was Meng Yi of the Meng Family, who, like the Wang Family, were of noble military lineage. But unlike the Wang Family, the Mengs had two sons. The elder, Meng Tian, was a Main General commanding the Northern Frontier. The younger, Meng Yi, served at Court as a Civil Servant.

Perhaps this was a sign of the Meng Family's wisdom. With one son in the military and one in civil affairs, they could ensure the lasting prosperity of their house.

"A Royal Edict from the Great King!" Meng Yi announced as he stepped forward on the Dianjiang Platform, holding the edict in his hands.

At his call, every Sharp Warrior on the training grounds bowed deeply. "Your subjects humbly await the Great King's Royal Edict!"

"The Edict of the King of Qin! Six months ago, the Lantian army of our Qin marched to war. Its Sharp Warriors fought with courageous valor, broke the enemy's gates, and succeeded in the annihilation of Han, achieving a great victory.

"All Sharp Warriors who marched from Lantian contributed indispensably to this success. All who have merit shall be rewarded.

"The Sharp Warriors of the main camp, who guarded the borders against other nations, have earned the merit of defense. Upon their return to the main camp, they shall be rewarded with a feast of meat and wine and granted three days of leave to recuperate.

"The Sharp Warriors who marched on the offensive campaign shall be rewarded according to their merits with promotions in rank and title.

"Sharp Warriors who were wounded or disabled while fighting for the state shall be cared for by the local government offices, which will also provide for their families.

"Qin shall not be ungenerous to any man of merit, be he soldier or official.

"For the Sharp Warriors who fell in battle for the state, their families shall receive three times their Annual Salary. Their families shall also be placed under the care of the local government offices.

"By this grace, we honor our soldiers! The state shall not forget the contributions of its generals and men!"

Meng Yi read the entire Royal Edict in one loud and steady breath, fully conveying the grace and benevolence of the Great King.

Wang Jian immediately commanded, "This is the Great King's gracious edict! The entire army will now recite it!"

As soon as he spoke, the sound of soldiers reciting the Royal Edict began to echo through the camp, filling the entire training ground with its words. With an army of one hundred thousand, a single voice could never reach every man. Only by having the entire army recite it could the message be heard by all.

Down below the Dianjiang Platform, listening to the King of Qin's Royal Edict, Zhao Feng was quite surprised. I thought Qin's compensation for fallen soldiers wasn't that generous, but it seems I completely underestimated it. Looking across all the lands under heaven, the state of Qin must offer the best compensation to its soldiers. No wonder every man fights to the death. They have no worries about what they leave behind. With such national strength and a state so completely integrated with its military, how could it not unify the world?

Zhao Feng had only been enlisted for ten months. This was the first time he had heard of and truly understood these compensation policies, giving him a much deeper appreciation for the Qin Army's system.

The military merit system of Qin... To the Various Countries of this era, it is an unsolvable problem. They might wish to implement it, but for their own nobles, it would be like carving off their own flesh—simply impossible. The military merit system propelled Qin to become the strongest. After the fierce struggles of six generations, the nation's strength was sufficient for unification. But while the system was the cause of its success, it would also be the cause of its downfall. Once the other states were conquered and Qin unified Shenzhou, the military merit system would become a mere decoration. A nation built on military power would shatter. While Emperor Qin Shi Huang lived, he could command the million-strong

Qin Army and keep Shenzhou in check. But the moment he died, that control would be lost. The internal threats are simply too great.

But at this moment, knowing the future course of history, Zhao Feng could already see the inevitable flaws in the system. How should one put it? From the current perspective, the problem is unsolvable. Right now, the military merit system is the engine driving Qin's unification of Shenzhou; it is a true advantage, not a flaw. Everything depends on what happens in the future.

"Senior General, please receive the Royal Edict," Meng Yi said, turning to Wang Jian.

Wang Jian became extremely solemn. He bowed deeply and accepted the Royal Edict with both hands. "I, your servant Wang Jian, accept this Royal Edict on behalf of the Sharp Warriors of the Lantian Camp."

"The Great King has also commanded that on the day this edict arrives, the Senior General is to lead the army back to the home camp, and then return to Xianyang," Meng Yi stated formally.

"I accept the command," Wang Jian nodded at once.

"I have brought three Royal Edicts on this trip. The first is the one in the Senior General's hands. The second is for General Li Teng of the main assault division. And the last," Meng Yi's voice grew louder as he scanned the crowd, "is for the man personally designated by the Great King as the greatest hero in the annihilation of Han. I wonder, is Commander Zhao Feng present in the camp?"

"Commander Zhao Feng, ascend the platform at once!" Wang Ben shouted immediately.

"Capital Commandant, it's your turn." Zhang Han, Wei Quan, and the others looked on with eager anticipation. In public, they naturally still addressed him as Capital Commandant, not as 'Lord'.

Being the center of attention for the entire army, Zhao Feng felt a slight tremor of nervousness, but it was overshadowed by his anticipation. For Zhao Feng, the King of Qin's edict of reward wasn't just about an increase in rank and power—it was a Treasure Box.

Under the gaze of countless pairs of eyes, Zhao Feng walked toward the Dianjiang Platform. His steps were steady and composed, showing no sign of panic. All across the training ground, the soldiers were filled with curiosity about him. Within the Lantian Camp, the legend of Zhao Feng—the man who had slain the Han Senior General, broken the Han Capital, and captured the King of Han—had already spread far and wide. His prestige was immense.

"So the rumors were true. Commander Zhao Feng really is that young."

"Indeed. To have accomplished such a miraculous feat at his age..."

"With this reward, Commander Zhao is probably going to become the youngest general in the Lantian Camp."