

## Longevity 89

### Chapter 89: Grand Rewards! The Youngest General in the Army!

Since ancient times, waging war has always depleted national strength and burned through money. Qin was fortunate to have the Shu Region's grain production and the granaries of Guanzhong as its supply base. Over the years, it had also stored a considerable amount of provisions and weapons, which constituted Qin's national power. As the primary grain-producing region, Zheng Guo's contributions were indispensable, which is why the King of Qin held him in such high regard. Even at the End of Qin, the Land of Guanzhong was still considered fertile territory coveted by all the feudal lords.

"Zhao Feng."

After instructing Wang Ben to break camp, Wang Jian walked over to Zhao Feng.

"Shangjiangjun." Zhao Feng immediately clasped his fists in a salute, his gaze fixed on Wang Jian.

"I will do my best to resolve your matter, but if I fail, don't blame me," Wang Jian said, his words loaded with significance.

"I would never blame the Shangjiangjun, no matter what," Zhao Feng replied with a smile.

"It's good that you understand. And do not act rashly," Wang Jian added, gazing at Zhao Feng with profound meaning.

The subtext of their exchange was clear only to the two of them.

"If the Shangjiangjun succeeds, I will naturally obey. But if you do not, I will not sit idly by," Zhao Feng stated firmly.

Can a man who would hand over his own woman out of fear of so-called power and influence even be considered a man? Zhao Feng was not that kind of person. He would fight for what was his, even if it meant defying royal authority.

Hearing Zhao Feng's words, Wang Jian looked at him deeply. He was filled with worry, but also a sense of relief. Perhaps, as a father, he felt some solace that his daughter had a man who valued her so much. Yet, that same thought brought a worry that left him deeply unsettled. As a Shangjiangjun, a high-ranking and influential minister of Qin, Wang Jian had never shouldered such a heavy emotional burden.

Meanwhile, Meng Yi stood to the side listening, a peculiar expression on his face. Although he was slightly younger than Wang Ben, still in his twenties and without a truly high-ranking position, he carried a certain weight in the court as a member of the Meng Family. Upon hearing their conversation, Meng Yi sensed that the relationship between Wang Jian and Zhao Feng was far from ordinary. Their dialogue seemed to lack the hierarchy of a superior and subordinate, resembling instead an exchange between an elder and a junior. But knowing that Wang Jian and Zhao Feng had no previous connection, Meng Yi couldn't quite figure it out.

"Well then." Wang Jian shook his head. "Just wait for my message." He then looked toward Meng Yi before turning back to Zhao Feng. "Do you know who this gentleman is?"

"I do not." Zhao Feng glanced at Meng Yi. The man's bearing was indeed extraordinary, but Zhao Feng had started as a commoner and risen through military merit; how could he possibly recognize Meng Yi?

"This is Meng Yi, the second son of the Northern Frontier Senior General, Meng Wu," Wang Jian introduced. "By Royal Edict of the Great King, he has been appointed Prefectural Governor of Yingchuan County. From now on, Prefect Meng will govern Yingchuan."

"Greetings, Prefect Meng," Zhao Feng said, promptly saluting with clasped fists.

"General Zhao, there's no need for such courtesy," Meng Yi smiled, immediately returning the salute. "Back in Xianyang, your name came up several times at court. I have long wished to meet an outstanding military talent such as yourself, and now my wish has been granted."

"You're too kind, Prefect Meng," Zhao Feng replied with a smile. "At the end of the day, I'm just a Martial Artist."

The Qin bureaucratic system was clear-cut. Civil Servants were distinct from Military Commanders, and their duties did not overlap. Although Meng Yi was a Prefectural Governor, he was not Zhao Feng's superior, so Zhao Feng had no need to refer to himself as a subordinate.

"Alright," Wang Jian interrupted with a smile. "No need for all the mutual flattery. You two will have plenty of time to get acquainted in the future."

Then he turned to Meng Yi with a teasing look. "I led the army on this campaign. Your father must have blown his top, right?"

At this, Meng Yi smiled helplessly. "Shangjiangjun, you'll know once you visit my father in Xianyang."

"HAHAHA! I can just imagine that old fellow fuming. Now that Han has been conquered, I'd like to see what he has to say for himself," Wang Jian roared with laughter.

Meng Yi could only stand by in silence. His father and Wang Jian held no grudge against each other; on the contrary, they shared a mutual admiration. Whichever of them led an army to victory would inevitably return to face the other's teasing. Perhaps this was their unique form of amusement.

"The army will now break camp and return to Lantian," Wang Jian said, his tone turning serious again. "Zhao Feng. Meng Yi is on his way to Xinzheng to assume his post. You are to ensure his safe passage.

"Yingchuan has just been stabilized, and many Han remnants remain. Prefect Meng will undoubtedly be a thorn in their side."

After this pointed remark, Wang Jian became solemn once more as he instructed Zhao Feng.

"I accept your command," Zhao Feng declared at once.

"Good." Wang Jian nodded, then took a sealed scroll from his breast and handed it to Zhao Feng. "After you return to Xinzheng, give this to Li Teng. I've written down everything regarding the defense of Yingchuan County and the necessary troop deployments."

Zhao Feng took the scroll and immediately tucked it into his robes.

After giving his instructions, Wang Jian stood on the Dianjiang Platform and surveyed his surroundings. The tents in the military camp were being systematically dismantled, and the Sharp Warriors were methodically redeploying. Wang Jian had spent seven months here.

"Alright," Wang Jian said, turning around. "The war is over. It's time for me to return to Xianyang." He slowly made his way down from the Dianjiang Platform.

"Prefect Meng," Zhao Feng asked, looking at Meng Yi, "do you wish to depart for Xinzheng now, or would you like to rest for a day before we set out?"

"We shall depart today," Meng Yi said gravely. "The conflict in Yingchuan County has just subsided, and there are many administrative matters to handle. A delay of even one day could lead to the deaths of common people from improper resettlement." His gaze, fixed on Yingchuan County ahead, was filled with determination.