

Longevity 15

Chapter 15: Zhao Feng: I Sent Them to Reunite as Father and Son

"The three Treasure Boxes from the attribute breakthroughs, plus the one from killing Bao Yuan."

A total of four Treasure Boxes. I hope my luck explodes and I get a Cultivation Method right away. Zhao Feng thought expectantly.

Then, he gave the command, "Open all Treasure Boxes."

"Open all First Order Treasure Chests."

The panel prompted:

"Obtained High-Grade Yellow Tier [Chaotic Dance Spear Skill]."

"Obtained Low-Grade Mysterious Order [Tyrant Spear]."

"Obtained [500 Taels of Gold]."

"Obtained [Beginner Medicine]."

Looks like I need higher-order Treasure Boxes to obtain a Cultivation Method. I've opened so many and still haven't found a single one, Zhao Feng thought with disappointment.

Still, looking at these rewards, Zhao Feng was satisfied. He had gained another Martial Technique and a Mysterious Order Divine Weapon. This was a lifesaving trump card, something very rare and precious. As for the 500 taels of gold, its value was self-evident. Gold itself is value. This amount was more than Zhao Feng could earn in decades of military service with his current annual salary. With this wealth, he could retire to his hometown as a rich man.

"Learn [Chaotic Dance Spear Skill]."

"Extract Medicine." Zhao Feng issued the commands.

The next moment, a golden light enveloped his entire body. The Martial Technique and medical knowledge were directly infused into him.

This Chaotic Dance Spear Skill really suits me. It seems chaotic, but every move is lethal. Paired with my immense strength, killing enemies will be even easier. It truly lives up to its name as a High-Grade Yellow Tier Martial Technique; it's incredible. I can't take out this Tyrant Spear for now. In history, the only one who seems to have wielded the Tyrant Spear was Xiang Yu, the Overlord of Western Chu, right? At this point in time, Xiang Yu hasn't even been born yet. And the medicine... this should be the most precious reward. While beginner-level medicine doesn't make me a divine healer, it means I'm proficient in medical theory. Mother is skilled in the medical arts, and my sister is just as talented. I was the only one with no aptitude for it. Mother will definitely be shocked when I go back home. Zhao Feng smiled with satisfaction.

At that moment, Wei Quan limped over to his side.

"You lad, what are you doing just sitting here foolishly?" Wei Quan laughed.

Zhao Feng turned his head and smiled faintly. "Reflecting on having survived the calamity."

Hearing this, Wei Quan sat down beside him, his face also filled with emotion. "Yes, I honestly thought I was done for this time. I never expected to survive. And it's not just me; many brothers from our small camp were saved by you. No, to be precise, you saved every one of the few hundred brothers who are still alive. If you hadn't led us to fight back, the Han army would have caught us and killed us without any chance to retaliate."

Zhao Feng smiled. "It wasn't me who saved you. We were all in this together, myself included."

"If you hadn't led us to counterattack, all we could do was run, which would have meant certain death," Wei Quan said earnestly. "Those of us who survived owe you our lives."

"We're all Pao Ze in the same army; there's no need to say such things," Zhao Feng replied with another smile.

At this moment, Zhao Feng truly regarded Wei Quan as a brother. Shielding him with his own body from an arrow was not an act of ordinary friendship. It was the complete, selfless devotion of a fellow Pao Ze. It's true that adversity reveals a person's true character, and this moment proved it.

"Alas," Wei Quan sighed, a trace of sorrow in his eyes. "This battle was too tragic. Of our ten thousand brothers in the Logistics Army, more than half were lost in the enemy's surprise attack. Many more died during the pursuit. Out of ten thousand men, only six or seven hundred remain. It's just too tragic. Even General Luo Chao died when the Han army charged our camp."

"This situation arose because the commanding general was too eager for quick success and glory," Zhao Feng said with conviction. "When the King of Qin learns of this, there will surely be severe punishment."

"Eager for quick success and glory?" Wei Quan was taken aback.

"Our Qin army of one hundred thousand conquered Yang City. If they had just left more troops to garrison it—even an extra ten thousand—what could this hidden Han army have done?" Zhao Feng stated in a solemn voice. "But the Main General was too eager for quick success and glory, leaving only a few thousand men behind. Naturally, this led to defeat."

Zhao Feng saw the situation clearly; the general in command was bound to be punished.

"If what you say is true, then General Li Teng is certain to be punished," Wei Quan nodded in agreement.

"The higher-ups have their own ways of handling things. What does it have to do with us?" Zhao Feng smiled, completely unconcerned. "The most important thing is that we survived."

How will the King of Qin punish Li Teng? Or how will he punish Wang Jian? What the hell does that have to do with me? It's irrelevant. All I care about is surviving.

"You're right." Wei Quan's worries vanished, replaced by a smile. "What happens with the higher-ups is none of our concern. Surviving is what matters most."

But then his gaze fell upon Zhao Feng again. Several arrows were still embedded in his arm and shoulder, the blood around the wounds already congealed.

"Why hasn't the Military Doctor come yet? He's so slow," Wei Quan said, his face etched with worry.

"These are just minor, non-lethal wounds. It's nothing serious," Zhao Feng said with a laugh, glancing at them. His Constitution was now over six hundred. Forget minor injuries like these; even something more severe would heal quickly.

"Even if they're not fatal, we can't be sure the Han army didn't smear something filthy on the arrows. If you caught the seven-day fever, that would be a huge problem," Wei Quan insisted, still very concerned.

Zhao Feng understood what he meant. The seven-day fever was lethal in any era. Here it was called the seven-day fever; in later times, it would be known as tetanus. Once the symptoms appeared, it was an incurable disease. However, with his Constitution, even if the arrows were contaminated, the filth would have no chance to invade his body.

"You can relax," Zhao Feng said with a smile. "The Han army was hidden in the city for a long time. They wouldn't have had the opportunity to contaminate their arrows."

Wei Quan nodded, then his eyes drifted to the severed head resting beside Zhao Feng.

"You must have killed at least two or three hundred men in this battle. Is this head special or something? Why are you carrying it around?" Wei Quan asked curiously.

Hearing this, Zhao Feng broke into a proud smile. "Mr. Wei, I'm about to strike it rich. Do you know whose head this is?"

"Could it be a Han Wanjiang?" Wei Quan guessed. "You already killed a Wanjiang from Han before, the son of the Han Senior General, no less. If you killed another one, that would indeed be a great merit."

"This head is related to the person I killed back then," Zhao Feng chuckled.

"Related to that Bao Qiu?" Wei Quan stared at the head, a thoughtful look on his face. Suddenly, a thought struck him. He shot to his feet, exclaiming in shock, "Don't tell me this is the Han Senior General, Bao Yuan?"

"Hahaha," Zhao Feng laughed heartily. "That's right. This is the head of Bao Yuan. I sent him for a reunion with his son."