

## Longevity 16

### Chapter 16: Wei Quan Overwhelmed with Excitement

Wei Quan stared, dumbfounded, at the head beside Zhao Feng.

"Han Senior General, Bao Yuan?"

"Such a high-ranking and powerful Senior General was actually killed by you?"

"This... this..."

Wei Quan was wide-eyed, and he even trembled as he spoke. The few words from Zhao Feng had truly stunned him.

What was the status of Bao Yuan?

He was a nation's Senior General.

And what did a Senior General represent?

The commander of a major military camp, a high official with control over military power, was truly a person of immense rank and authority, second only to the ruler.

Although the national power of Han was far less than that of Qin, Bao Yuan's authority was substantial; he was a true Senior General. To ordinary Qin functionaries like them, he was an unreachable figure.

Looking at the head again, the man who was once so high and mighty had now been reduced to a cold, lifeless head. The sight sent an immense shock through Wei Quan.

"Mr. Wei, is there any need to be so shocked?"

"He was a Senior General, but he was also just a man, not a god," Zhao Feng teased with a laugh, seeing Wei Quan's reaction.

"You, Mr. Zhao, are truly like a newborn calf that doesn't fear the tiger. Do you have any idea what kind of power a Senior General wields?"

"In my hometown, a minor County Governor can practically blot out the sky with one hand, ruling the area with just a few dozen government officials. A Senior General commands thousands upon thousands of soldiers and is second only to the ruler!" Wei Quan still looked utterly shocked, as if he couldn't believe it even seeing it with his own eyes.

"He *\*was\** once second only to the ruler."

"But now, he's just a dead man," Zhao Feng said with a faint smile.

If he were still an ordinary person, Zhao Feng would naturally have kept a respectful distance from royal power and the nobles who wielded it. Back in his hometown, encountering such people was incredibly rare. He couldn't even get close to a County Governor. Before enlisting, the highest-ranking official Zhao Feng had ever met was the village chief.

But now, Zhao Feng possessed Strength, and it was still growing. Even if he only served for two years, he was confident he could eventually gain enough power to defy entire armies. That might not be feasible in the current Warring States Period, but in the future, during the End of Qin, he could carve out his own territory if he so desired.

The ambition of forging an empire—perhaps after his rebirth and the return of his memories, Zhao Feng had once dreamed of it. But after so many years of living peacefully with his mother and sister, he had grown accustomed to a quiet life. Besides, how could an ordinary person like him ever build an empire? That was a death wish; just surviving the chaotic era was hard enough.

However, now that he had strength, his mentality had shifted. Qin's unification of the world was a foregone conclusion in this era, but what about the future? What about the End of Qin?

Zhao Feng knew the course of history and the famous figures of that time. If he started building his foundation now, with the incredible power he possessed, couldn't he achieve his own imperial ambitions in the future? Holding power and having beauties in his arms—how could Zhao Feng not have dreamed of such a life?

"Mr. Zhao," Wei Quan said, his voice brimming with excitement, "you've really struck it big this time."

"You killed Han's Senior General! This is a monumental achievement."

"You've killed so many Han soldiers, but all of them combined aren't worth as much as this single head."

"I reckon this time you'll be promoted to General, at least."

"A General... I hope so," Zhao Feng said with a smile, a flicker of anticipation on his face.

To be promoted from a minor officer to a General... how many Treasure Boxes would that yield? And if I'm promoted to General, even the lowest rank of Wanjiang, I should get a Second Order Treasure Box, right?

"The life of a Senior General... this military accomplishment is immense."

"This must be reported not only to our Senior General but all the way to the Great King."

"Mr. Zhao, do you realize what this means?" Wei Quan could no longer contain himself, his voice shaking with excitement at Zhao Feng's calm demeanor. "This means that the Great King himself will

know your name! It also means your reputation will soar throughout the army. Your future is boundless!"

Of course, he was also genuinely happy for Zhao Feng.

"Alright, alright."

"Mr. Wei."

"The merit hasn't been reported yet, and who knows what the reward will be, so let's not celebrate too early."

"Please, calm down," Zhao Feng said, waving his hand dismissively.

"I can't calm down!"

"You killed a Senior General! Heavens!" Wei Quan still looked completely stunned.

At this moment, the surrounding soldiers were drawn in by Wei Quan's loud voice. When they saw him and Zhao Feng, the soldiers of the Logistics Army began to stand up, one by one. Gradually, they formed a circle around the two men.

Seeing this, Zhao Feng was baffled and quickly tugged at Wei Quan's sleeve.

"What is it?" Wei Quan asked, still lost in his daze.

"Look," Zhao Feng said, glancing at their surroundings.

Wei Quan snapped back to reality and looked around. Several hundred soldiers had gathered around them.

His face paled, and he whispered, "They can't have heard you killed the Han Senior General and now want to take the head for themselves, right?"

"I don't think so," Zhao Feng shook his head, just as perplexed.

But in the next moment, a Junhou stepped forward.

"Thank you, Mr. Zhao, for saving our lives," he said, dropping to one knee and bowing deeply to Zhao Feng.

Following his lead, all the soldiers of the Logistics Army turned to face Zhao Feng and knelt on one knee.

"Thank you, Mr. Zhao, for saving our lives!" The voices of several hundred men, nearly all of them wounded, rose as one, filled with heartfelt gratitude.

Seeing this, Zhao Feng and Wei Quan exchanged a look, understanding dawning on them instantly.

Zhao Feng, who had been sitting, quickly rose to his feet.

"This Junhou, and all my Pao Ze brothers," Zhao Feng said loudly, clasping his hands in a formal salute.

"You don't need to thank me."

"It wasn't I who saved you, but your own courage in battle that saved yourselves."

"Mr. Zhao," the Junhou said, his voice cracking.

"Of ten thousand brothers, ten thousand Pao Ze, we are all that is left. General Luo, our two lead Junhou... and of the nine other Junhou, only I survive.

"If you hadn't led the charge, if you hadn't thrown yourself into a life-or-death struggle with the enemy, none of us would have dared to fight back.

"As a Junhou, I was supposed to lead my men into battle, but I panicked completely. I have failed my post.

"I have failed them!"

The Junhou remained kneeling, tears of shame streaming down his face.

Upon hearing this, a look of compassion crossed Zhao Feng's face. After several months in the army, he understood the bonds of brotherhood forged in the camp. It would be a lie to say he felt no camaraderie.

Out of ten thousand men, only six or seven hundred had survived. The thought of such a brutal slaughter was heartbreaking.

Then, Zhao Feng bent down, lifted Bao Yuan's head from the ground, and raised it high for all to see. He addressed all the soldiers of the Logistics Army.

"Brothers, you can go and tell our comrades, tell them I have avenged them!"

"This head belongs to the man who orchestrated the raid on our camp, Han Senior General Bao Yuan!"



"He is dead, and all the Han soldiers under his command have been annihilated!"

"The debt for our fallen Pao Ze has been paid in full!"