

Longevity 17

Chapter 17: Wang Yan's Shock

War!

For the common soldier, there was no question of right or wrong. All of this was war waged by kings and those in high places seeking to expand their territories.

Ambition!

Profit!

Power over all under Heaven!

These were the driving forces. But for the common soldier, the partings of life and death and the bonds of camaraderie fostered a hatred that those in power could perhaps exploit.

Looking at Bao Yuan's severed head, the surrounding soldiers were visibly shocked, their gazes toward Zhao Feng turning to deep reverence.

The Junhou who had been kneeling on the ground slowly rose and walked over to Zhao Feng.

"I, Lu Hao, the Fifth Junhou of the Logistics Army, thank you, Mr. Zhao, for this great kindness on behalf of all our fallen soldiers," the Junhou declared loudly and with utmost solemnity.

"I'll trouble you, Junhou Lu, to present this head," Zhao Feng said, handing Bao Yuan's head to Lu Hao. "Use it to report the battle achievements of our Logistics Army. Report the valor of our soldiers! Though the Logistics Army was routed, we never betrayed the martial dignity of Qin!"

This severed head was perhaps a military achievement established by Zhao Feng, but it could also be counted as belonging to the Logistics Army. With this head, the fame of the Logistics Army would spread far and wide. It would let everyone know that although they were ambushed and defeated at Yang City, they had endured. They had faced the Han elite forces led by the Han Senior General without losing, and had even slain Bao Yuan.

Lu Hao solemnly received Bao Yuan's head with both hands.

"Please rest assured, Mr. Zhao."

"I will certainly present this head. As for the battle merits that belong to you, every one of our comrades witnessed it with their own eyes and will report it truthfully," Lu Hao declared with a grave expression.

「On another front!」

At the encampment, a Junhou was reporting to Wang Yan. "Chief Junhou, the Logistics Army's Military Medical Camp has arrived and is now treating the wounded. Furthermore, General Li has also rushed here in person."

"This affair is too significant," Wang Yan said, her brow deeply furrowed. "Although the entire Han raiding party has been annihilated, our Qin's losses were also significant."

"Chief Junhou," the Junhou beside her said with a worried expression, "the situation here has already been reported to the Shangjiangjun. In all likelihood, General Li will face severe punishment this time."

Hearing this, Wang Yan remained silent. Yang City had been attacked, and from within. Although Bao Yuan's ruse of hiding Han soldiers was a factor, the root cause was Li Teng's reckless greed for merit. If he had only left more Sharp Warriors behind, things would not have turned out this way. Over ten thousand soldiers would not have fallen at the hands of the Han army.

"At least this Han force is wiped out, and Bao Yuan is dead," Wang Yan remarked. "Qin has one less formidable enemy. Have the battlefield statistics been compiled yet?"

"These are the preliminary results regarding enemy kills. Our own casualties are still being tallied," the Junhou replied, respectfully handing a set of bamboo slips to Wang Yan.

She took it and read it over. "Bao Yuan truly lived up to his name as the Han Senior General, so adept at deploying and concealing his troops. To think he hid eight thousand Han soldiers inside Yang City, causing our Qin to suffer such a great loss."

"By the way, Chief Junhou," the Junhou said, taking out another battle report after she had finished, "there is an additional report here. This one is rather hard to believe."

"Hard to believe?" Wang Yan looked astonished.

"A Tunzhang from the Logistics Army killed nearly three hundred enemy soldiers," the Junhou said with a serious expression.

"One man killed three hundred?" Wang Yan's brow furrowed. "Is there an error in this report? And in such a chaotic battle, how could such a detailed count even be made?"

"Chief Junhou, the report is absolutely correct," the Junhou stated with certainty. "The men slain by this Logistics Army Tunzhang all share one common trait: they were all beheaded. After half a day of counting, we found a total of two hundred and eighty-five headless Han soldiers, all decapitated by a single sword strike. After the tally, I made a point of asking the surviving soldiers of the Logistics Army, and they all personally witnessed that Tunzhang's ferocious bravery."

"Such a valiant warrior is in the Logistics Army... To slay nearly three hundred enemies... Has anyone in the entire world ever accomplished such a feat?" Wang Yan was utterly astonished.

"This battle report is indeed too shocking," the Junhou said respectfully.

"Report it as it is," Wang Yan said directly, then looked at the Junhou. "Have you found the soldier who killed Bao Yuan?"

As she asked this, Wang Yan's heart filled with anticipation. The battlefield had been chaotic and crowded, and she hadn't had a chance to thank him for saving her life. Now that the fighting was over, she had naturally sent men to find him at once.

Hearing her question, a peculiar smile appeared on the Junhou's face. He clapped his hands, and a soldier came forward carrying a wooden box.

"Chief Junhou, this is Bao Yuan's head. As for the man who killed him, he is that very same valiant soldier who slew nearly three hundred enemies. His name is Zhao Feng. The reason we were able to deal with the Han army so quickly was that the soldiers of the Logistics Army fought to the death to hold them back, and the first to break through their lines was this Tunzhang named Zhao Feng. His contribution to this battle was immense," the Junhou reported respectfully.

"Zhao Feng, a Logistics Army Tunzhang," Wang Yan murmured to herself, a curious light gleaming in her eyes.

"Chief Junhou, should all of this be reported exactly as it happened?" the Junhou asked.

"Report everything just as it is," Wang Yan nodded immediately.

"Yes, Chief Junhou." The Junhou respectfully accepted the order and turned to leave.

"Wait," Wang Yan called out.

"Is there anything else, Chief Junhou?" the Junhou asked, turning back.

"Where is this Zhao Feng now?" Wang Yan asked. "He saved my life. I owe him a debt of gratitude and should go thank him personally."

"All the surviving soldiers of the Logistics Army are wounded. They are now in the Wounded Soldier Camp," the Junhou replied.

"Good." Wang Yan nodded.

「Inside the Wounded Soldier Camp!」

"Young brother, your constitution is truly remarkable," an army medic said with awe as he wrapped bandages around Zhao Feng. "You took five arrow wounds, yet not one of them damaged bone or sinew. It seems your very flesh and muscle stopped them. You should recover completely in a little over half a month."

"Thank you, Military Doctor," Zhao Feng said as the bandaging was finished.

"No need for thanks," the military doctor smiled. "As medics in the army, this is our duty. Alright, I must go treat the other soldiers."

A glance around the camp revealed a scene of suffering. The Wounded Soldier Camp was filled with agonizing moans. Perhaps many soldiers' wounds had gone numb on the battlefield, but as arrows were pulled out and treatment began, the intense pain became unbearable. The sounds of moaning and screaming were deeply unsettling.

Looking at the hundreds, perhaps even a thousand men in the Wounded Soldier Camp, many of them critically injured, Zhao Feng sighed internally.

I wonder how many of them will survive.