

Longevity 20

Chapter 20: Someone Comes Looking

Zhao Feng was responsible for arrow removal while Master Chen handled suturing and applying medicine. Their collaboration significantly sped up the treatment process.

"Chief Junhou, are you looking for Zhao Feng? This subordinate can go and inform him!" the Junhou of the camp asked, looking at Wang Yan.

"They must not be disturbed while treating the wounded."

"I'll wait outside," Wang Yan said, waving her hand and glancing curiously at Zhao Feng before turning to leave.

"Understood," the Junhou responded, promptly accepting the command.

Time passed, and soon it was evening. The treatment in the Wounded Soldier Camp had not ceased. Bonfires burned brightly, pushing back the night.

"Teacher," a military doctor reported, walking up to Master Chen. "More than two hundred critically injured soldiers have been treated. A dozen with injuries too grave have passed away, but the rest have had their lives saved."

Upon hearing this, a smile appeared on Master Chen's face. He turned to Zhao Feng and said, "Young Zhao, I've been a military doctor for five or six years now and have treated countless wounded soldiers, but it's almost impossible to have such a high survival rate. To have twenty survivors out of two hundred critically injured soldiers would have been remarkable, but now that number is reversed, and it's all thanks to your suturing skill."

"Moreover, if the cauterization and strong liquor sterilization prove effective and these survivors avoid contracting the seven-day fever, they will be completely out of danger. You have made a great contribution to Qin. Countless soldiers will owe their lives to your suturing skill, a feat that surpasses killing a hundred enemies in combat. I will personally recommend you to General Wang Jian for a commendation."

Zhao Feng smiled and did not refuse. "Then you have my thanks."

He was not the type to be overly modest. Zhao Feng was naturally aware of the significant impact the introduction of suturing would have on this era.

"The critically injured have all been attended to," Master Chen said with a smile. "The ones with minor injuries can be dealt with more slowly now. Young Zhao, you're injured too. Even with your strong constitution, you still need to rest well."

"Alright," Zhao Feng nodded, not refusing. Treating so many wounded soldiers was not as perilous as fighting the enemy, but the intense concentration had left him feeling fatigued.

"Here, Mr. Zhao." Master Chen pulled a gourd of wine from his waist and handed it over. "Consider this flask of wine a gift from me."

"Haha, Doctor Chen, you are too kind," Zhao Feng chuckled, accepting the gourd. "In that case, I won't refuse."

He then turned and walked toward his cot.

Though young, this lad possesses the benevolent heart of a healer and extraordinary resilience, Master Chen thought to himself as he watched Zhao Feng's retreating figure. His attire marks him as a member of the Logistics Army. Such medical skill is wasted there; the Military Medical Camp would be the best place for him. Moreover, if Teacher knew he created this life-saving suturing skill, he would surely value him highly and might even take him on as another personal disciple.

Back at his cot, Zhao Feng immediately opened the gourd and took a drink.

As expected of a military doctor, this wine tastes much better than the standard army fare, Zhao Feng mused, a content smile on his face. But it's still not as good as the fine wines of later ages. After I'm discharged and return home, I'll have to brew some truly exquisite wine, something far surpassing anything from this era.

Coming back to his senses, Zhao Feng opened his panel to check his status. How many Merit Points do I have now?

From the start of the day until late into the night, Zhao Feng had treated dozens of wounded soldiers. Some succumbed to their severe injuries, while others were saved.

Not bad. My day and a half of toil wasn't in vain. 53 Merit Points. And these can be exchanged for Free Attribute Points, which would be equivalent to 265 points! However, it seems somewhat wasteful to exchange Merit Points for attributes. After all, attribute points can be picked up on the battlefield at any time or obtained by killing enemies, but Merit Points are a bit harder to come by, requiring me to save lives.

Zhao Feng thought to himself and decided not to use the Merit Points for an attribute boost. This was because they had another function: ten Merit Points could be exchanged for one Skill Point, which could improve any skill. That was something that could not be obtained by simply picking up attributes.

I'll hold on to them for now. I'll use the Skill Points when I eventually acquire a profound Martial Technique that's difficult to master,

Zhao Feng planned.

Just then, the Junhou from the Wounded Soldier Camp quickly made his way to Zhao Feng's side.

"Mr. Zhao," the Junhou greeted with a clasped fist and a smile.

Zhao Feng's name was now known by everyone in the Wounded Soldier Camp, and after a full day, his reputation had spread even further. Now, all ten thousand troops stationed here knew that a fierce warrior had emerged from the Logistics Army, a man who had killed nearly three hundred enemies and even slain Bao Yuan, the Shangjiangjun of Han. The Junhou of the Wounded Soldier Camp was well-informed and was certainly aware of this. Although Zhao Feng was only a Tunzhang at the moment, he was bound to receive a major promotion once these battle achievements were reported. Thus, the Junhou dared not be disrespectful.

"Junhou," Zhao Feng responded, clasping his fist in return.

"How are your injuries, Mr. Zhao?" the Junhou asked with a smile.

"Just some minor wounds. A bit of rest will do the trick," Zhao Feng replied with a smile.

He was actually hoping to stay in the Wounded Soldier Camp to earn more Merit Points. He had a few ideas and planned to stick with Master Chen during this time to accumulate them. The later he received his rewards and was reassigned, the better.

"When Han's elite forces launched their surprise attack, the Logistics Army struggled. Yet you, Mr. Zhao, single-handedly killed nearly three hundred enemies and even penetrated their ranks to slay Bao Yuan. Such skill truly astonishes the entire army," the Junhou said with immense admiration.

"Perhaps it was the protection of Heaven," Zhao Feng replied modestly.

"Indeed," the Junhou nodded. "By the way, may I ask what brings you here, Junhou?"

He didn't believe the Junhou would come looking for him without a reason, especially so late at night when he was just about to rest.

"Chief Junhou Wang Yan from the First Main Camp has been waiting outside for you all day," the Junhou said with a smile.

"Wang Yan?" Zhao Feng was taken aback, puzzled. "Who is he? What does he want with me?"

"I'm not sure about that. You should go out and see. After all, he's a Chief Junhou from the main camp, a position of considerable status, much higher than our Wanjiang in the Logistics Army. He is not someone to offend," the Junhou replied candidly.

"Thank you," Zhao Feng nodded. He then stood up, preparing to walk outside the Wounded Soldier Camp.

"Wait," the Junhou suddenly called out.

"What is it?" Zhao Feng turned back.

"Mr. Zhao, although you've changed your clothes, the blood on your face and in your hair hasn't been washed off. I think you should clean yourself up in the back first," the Junhou suggested with a smile.

If there were a mirror nearby, Zhao Feng would see his own ghastly appearance, caked in blood from head to toe. Of course, within the Wounded Soldier Camp, his condition was actually considered relatively good.

"Thank you for the reminder," Zhao Feng said with gratitude, not refusing the advice. After all, the crusted blood was making him uncomfortable too.