

Longevity 25

Chapter 25: Power Can Bring You Everything!

「Two days later!」

In the Wounded Soldier Camp in Yang City.

Zhao Feng, dressed in his military uniform, stood shoulder to shoulder with Master Chen, the chief military doctor of Lantian Camp. At that moment, Master Chen was using a needle and thread to suture the wound of a severely injured soldier.

When the suturing was complete, Zhao Feng immediately applied medicine to the soldier's wound and wrapped it in a bandage.

"For treating one wounded soldier, you have gained 1 Merit Point," the panel prompted.

"Mr. Chen, now that you have fully learned the Suturing Skill, it is up to you to pass it on. That way, more of our Qin soldiers can survive," Zhao Feng said to Master Chen with a smile.

"Haha," Master Chen laughed. "You're just a good teacher. And your talent is truly impressive. Your technique for treating the wounded is becoming more and more skilled."

Having fully mastered the Suturing Skill, Master Chen was overjoyed.

Just then, Zhao Feng asked with a smile, "Mr. Chen, what about my request to join the Military Medical Camp?"

After killing Bao Yuan and so many Han soldiers, he had grown much stronger. After the battle, Zhao Feng was certain he had caught the attention of the higher-ups. Simply killing so many enemies was shocking enough, let alone a Senior General. The military merit from such a feat was immense.

Zhao Feng was sure that with his demonstrated strength, they would never leave him in the Logistics Army. So when he heard Master Chen wanted to pull him into the Wounded Soldier Camp, he was thrilled. The Wounded Soldier Camp was a place to earn Merit Points, and it was far from the battlefield—a real cushy job!

For the past two days, Zhao Feng hadn't stayed in his original camp to recover. Instead, he had followed Doctor Chen's Military Medical Camp to Yang City to continue treating the wounded.

By now, Zhao Feng's Merit Points had reached 115. Compared to gaining Attributes, he found the Merit Points earned from healing to be far more rewarding.

"There's no news back yet, but it's a sure thing," Master Chen said with a confident smile. "I've never asked Wang Jian for anything, so I doubt he'll refuse me."

Just then, Wang Yan walked in leisurely through the entrance of the Wounded Soldier Camp.

"See? The news must be here," Master Chen said, a smile immediately appearing on his face when he saw Wang Yan.

I hope I can stay in the Military Medical Camp, Zhao Feng thought with anticipation.

Wang Yan approached slowly. "Doctor Chen, this is a letter from the Senior General's camp," she said, presenting a set of bamboo slips to Master Chen with both hands.

"Thank you," Master Chen said gratefully as he took them and began to read.

But as he read the contents of the bamboo slips, the smile on his face vanished.

"What's wrong?" Seeing his expression, Zhao Feng sensed something was amiss.

"Wang Jian refused to let you join my Military Medical Camp. He said you have a greater purpose and has already petitioned the King to assign you to the main battle camp," Doctor Chen said, his expression grim.

Zhao Feng's face remained calm; he had already expected this. So Wang Jian even petitioned the King to transfer me to the main battle camp? I've caught the eye of Emperor Qin Shi Huang? If the King really issues a decree, then I'll have no choice but to go.

"That Wang Jian," Master Chen fumed, looking thoroughly displeased. "He was the one who begged me to come to Lantian and take charge of the Military Medical Camp. Now, when I finally ask him for one thing, he refuses. No. I have to go see him myself."

"Doctor Chen," Wang Yan spoke up from the side with a hint of a smile, "perhaps you don't know Zhao Feng's true value yet?"

"He serves in the Logistics Army. Besides his medical skills, what else makes him so different?" Master Chen frowned. His focus was always on medicine and saving lives, so he knew nothing of the merit Zhao Feng had earned in the last battle.

"If it weren't for Zhao Feng bravely leading the Logistics Army in a counterattack, our forces would have been crushed and our supply lines destroyed by the enemy. Moreover, Bao Yuan died at his hands," Wang Yan explained with a smile. "A War General this valiant—do you really think the Senior General would let him become a military doctor?"

Hearing this, Master Chen turned to Zhao Feng with a strange expression. "Is that true?"

"It's true," Zhao Feng nodded, then pleaded earnestly, "but I really want to stay in the Military Medical Camp!"

"Get out of here!" Master Chen scolded, though not with real anger. "If I had known you were so fearsome, I wouldn't have dared to ask. Do you have any idea how much the King values valiant War Generals? If the King found out about your bravery and Wang Jian transferred you to the Military Medical Camp anyway, Wang Jian would surely be reprimanded."

"If I'm transferred to the main camp, can I still be discharged in two years?" Zhao Feng asked, unwilling to give up.

"Ordinary Sharp Warriors serve for five years and are granted a noble rank of at least the first level," Wang Yan explained slowly. "If they are disabled, they can be discharged and will be assigned a post in their hometown. However, if they are a Junhou or a general of a higher rank, they may retire in old age and will be assigned a position at Court."

Hearing this, a look of disappointment crossed Zhao Feng's face.

"Mr. Zhao, I don't quite understand," Master Chen said, looking puzzled. "For a soldier in the Logistics Army, a transfer to the main camp is a great honor, and it comes with a higher annual salary. Moreover, with the great merits you've earned, you'll be promoted several ranks according to the Qin Army's merit system, and your noble title will also be raised significantly. A promotion within the Logistics Army can't compare to the status of the same rank in the main camp. A promotion after being transferred to the main camp is a true, substantial advancement."

"Ever since my mother gave birth to my sister and me, her health has been poor, and she has been frail and sickly. I want to go home as soon as possible to take care of her," Zhao Feng said truthfully, sighing. "I also want to make it home alive!"

Upon hearing this, a look of admiration appeared on Master Chen's face. "Good lad. Truly a man of deep feeling, loyalty, and filial piety."

"However," Master Chen added with a smile, "you want to take care of your mother, but do you think you can do a better job than a maid?"

"Mr. Chen, what do you mean?" Zhao Feng asked, confused.

"Are you really this clueless, or are you just pretending?" Master Chen chided. "As long as you have power and authority, do you need to worry about someone taking care of your mother? With the immense merit you've earned this time, the King will certainly reward you generously.

"And it's not just for your battlefield accomplishments of killing the enemy and slaying a general. I have also reported your great contribution of the Suturing Skill and your medical expertise.

"With these merits, you won't just be promoted and granted a noble title with its corresponding lands. The King has always been magnanimous and heavily rewards those who have served with distinction. Attendants are one such reward. Once you are granted Attendants, you'll have plenty of people to care for your mother. Why would you still be worried?"

Hearing all this, Zhao Feng looked somewhat surprised.

"Mr. Zhao," Master Chen said slowly, "let an old man like me tell you a principle today. In this life, a man ought to strive for fame and achievement. Not just for himself, but for his family and his descendants.

"Once you have power, you can have anything you desire.

"And you, you possess the foundation to strive for it all."