

Longevity 293

Chapter 293: Xia Wuqie's Astonishment! (2)

Master Chen, who was standing to the side, also noticed something was amiss and immediately called out, "Teacher... Teacher..."

After being called twice, Xia Wuqie finally snapped out of his thoughts.

"Oh, oh."

Xia Wuqie collected himself and gave an embarrassed smile. "My apologies, I was rude. It is a pleasure to meet you, General Zhao."

"I have long heard of Doctor Xia's fame. Seeing you today has fulfilled one of my wishes," Zhao Feng said with a smile, his words tinged with formal courtesy.

"You are too kind, General Zhao. In fact, I am the one who has long heard of your name. To meet you today is what truly fulfills a wish of mine."

"When I first heard about the Suturing Skill and disinfection methods from Master Chen, it was like hearing a divine revelation," Xia Wuqie said with a chuckle, stroking his beard, his gaze holding the kind of admiration one has for a promising junior.

"That was just something I learned by a stroke of luck. It's nothing worthy of note," Zhao Feng replied modestly.

These methods—the Suturing Skill and disinfection—were clearly not products of this era, yet they were now considered Zhao Feng's own creations. With this medical knowledge, he could one day leave a critical mark on history.

"I had long heard you were a humble man, and seeing it for myself today proves it so," Xia Wuqie laughed.

"You praise me too highly, Doctor Xia."

"This is not the place for a long talk," Zhao Feng said politely. "There are still many wounded soldiers who need treatment, so I should attend to them first. Once things are settled, I would be happy to have a detailed discussion with you about medical arts." He then turned and went back to treating another soldier.

Xia Wuqie was the most senior great physician in Qin. According to unofficial histories, he seemed to have an unusual relationship with Emperor Qin Shi Huang. But for Zhao Feng, that was not something he was particularly concerned about. Having reached his current position and possessing such strength, he had no need to curry favor with the powerful. He would forge his path with the sword in his hand.

"Go on with your work," Xia Wuqie said, not saying more. At that moment, a thoughtful expression settled on his face.

"Teacher, why were you so distracted just now? Did something happen?" Master Chen couldn't help but ask. He had naturally noticed Xia Wuqie's preoccupied demeanor.

"It's nothing," Xia Wuqie said slowly. "You go ahead and do what you need to. Also, prepare some blades for me. With so many wounded, I might as well lend a hand."

"With you helping, Teacher, many more soldiers in the Wounded Soldier Camp will survive!" Master Chen said excitedly. He then retreated to prepare the instruments for Xia Wuqie.

Meanwhile, Xia Wuqie's gaze remained fixed on Zhao Feng, his aged face revealing a mixture of deep thought and concern.

Too similar. That glance just now was far too similar. It's the very image of Dong'er. Sigh... In this vast sea of people, to find someone with eyes so much like Dong'er's... it's just too much of a coincidence. Could it be that my longing for Dong'er has grown too deep? A hint of sorrow lay in the depths of his eyes.

Time passed quickly, and soon, night fell.

Zhao Feng had been busy all day until Master Chen came to him. "Mr. Zhao, you can rest now. Most of the critically wounded have been treated, and I have arranged for others to continue the work. Take a break tonight and come back tomorrow."

"It's fine," Zhao Feng replied with a smile. "I will rest for a bit and then continue."

He naturally understood Master Chen's good intentions and knew the man was worried he would overexert himself.

"Mr. Zhao, you've just returned from a military campaign," Master Chen said with a smile. "I heard you led the Vanguard Army that broke through Handan, going without rest for many days. You are a treasured war general of Qin and must not overexert yourself, or General Wang Jian will surely blame me."

"Compared to the battlefield, this level of exhaustion is nothing." Zhao Feng washed his hands and smiled back at Master Chen.

"Fine, fine. I won't try to persuade you any further," Master Chen chuckled. "Here, I brought you a jug of fine liquor. This is from the Immortals' Liquor House—even better than the royal brew from the palace. Drink this and rest for a while." He produced a jug from behind his back and handed it to Zhao Feng.

This was clearly special treatment reserved only for Zhao Feng. He had come to the Wounded Soldier Camp to help his comrades, but his efforts were also a great help to Master Chen. Zhao Feng alone could work at the pace of a dozen military doctors, which meant many more wounded soldiers could be saved. The number of soldiers who survived was also directly tied to Master Chen's prospects of being promoted to the rank of 'great physician,' so it was a matter of great importance to him.

Zhao Feng did not refuse. Taking the wine, he walked out of the Wounded Soldier Camp and found a spot to sit down.

Just as he sat down, Zhang Ming immediately approached.

"My Lord," Zhang Ming said respectfully.

"What is it?" Zhao Feng asked, taking a sip of wine.

"A message has arrived from our home base. Those two are causing a disturbance and insisting on seeing you, my Lord," Zhang Ming reported respectfully.

"Let them stew," Zhao Feng said sternly. "Give them some freedom to move around, but they are not to leave the stronghold. If they try to force their way out, kill them."

"Yes, my Lord," Zhang Ming nodded.

Just then, Xia Wuqie approached, wiping his hands.

"You may leave," Zhao Feng said with a wave of his hand.

"Your subordinate takes his leave." Zhang Ming immediately withdrew.

Xia Wuqie walked over slowly, smiling cheerfully at Zhao Feng. "Trying out this Suturing Skill today and witnessing such an effective way to stop bleeding, I now understand the magnitude of your

achievements, General Zhao. If this method is passed down, it will undoubtedly save countless lives. This is a contribution that could shape the world."

"It is your medical skill that is truly divine, Doctor Xia. Your talent is even more astonishing," Zhao Feng replied with a slight smile. "In just one day, you have already mastered the Suturing Skill to perfection."

"May I be so bold as to ask a question?" Xia Wuqie asked, sitting down next to Zhao Feng, his old face beaming.