

## Longevity 32

### Chapter 32: First Steps into the Main Battle Camp

Possessing historical knowledge from a future era, Zhao Feng keenly understood that there was no such thing as free love in this age. Everything was dictated by one's parents and the words of a matchmaker. For a woman, the only choice was to wait for a matchmaker to arrive at her door with a proposal.

Women! This is their inescapable fate.

Of course, for the daughters of noble houses, marriage was almost always a tool for furthering family interests. For the daughters of commoners, there might have been a bit more freedom. They could fall in love with someone from their own village, then have a matchmaker or an elder arrange the proposal.

Regarding Wang Yan's identity, the moment he heard her surname was Wang and saw she was protected by a personal guard only a Main General would possess, Zhao Feng guessed who she was.

The daughter of Wang Jian. This is truly one of the most powerful and noble families in all of Qin. It will be difficult for Wang Yan to escape her fate and avoid a political marriage!

"Your words still show a certain ignorance of the common people's suffering," Zhao Feng said slowly. "You might wish you were born into a common family, but you would face far more challenges. Countless people in this world would kill for the noble birth you hold in contempt."

He wasn't trying to comfort her; after all, he was only speaking the truth. She might lament becoming a sacrificial pawn in a political marriage, but among the common people, countless individuals didn't even have such an opportunity. All they wanted was to survive these chaotic times.

"Perhaps," Wang Yan did not refute his statement.

The two walked on, one following the other.

As they approached a military encampment, they could hear the sounds of training from a distance. The camp had originally belonged to the Han army but now served as a temporary garrison for the Qin Army.

"Greetings to the Junhou."

Upon reaching the camp entrance, a group of vigilant Sharp Warriors on duty immediately bowed in welcome.

"At ease," Wang Yan said, striding into the camp.

Zhao Feng followed close behind, his curiosity piqued. This was his first time in a camp belonging to front-line combat troops.

「Inside the camp!」

A massive parade ground, large enough to hold tens of thousands of soldiers, was spread out before them. At this moment, it was dotted with Sharp Warriors engaged in their daily drills: Long Spear combat, strength training for archers, and practicing military formations.

Qin was known as the land of a tiger-and-wolf army. Bolstered by its system of military merit, the Qin Army had been forged into a colossal war machine. But even with the incentive of merit-based rewards, the intensity of the Qin Army's training surpassed that of the Various Countries. This was especially true for their combined-arms formations, which were a particular strength of the Qin military.

"HA! HA! HA!"

The powerful shouts of the men training echoed across the parade ground, where the Sharp Warriors of Wang Yan's Army Marquis Camp were scattered.

Long Spear combat, archery practice, formation training... so this is what the training of Qin's true Sharp Warriors is like.

Zhao Feng observed with great interest.

"What do you think?" Wang Yan turned her head to ask him. "How is it different from the Logistics Army?"

"Their spirit is different," Zhao Feng replied without a moment's hesitation.

The spirit of the front-line Sharp Warriors and that of the Logistics Army were worlds apart. The men here had all stared death in the face, and every one of them exuded a palpable killing intent and an intangible military authority. These were the true soldiers of Qin.

In contrast, when Zhao Feng was in the Logistics Army, most of the soldiers around him were just coasting, lacking this sharp, murderous edge. If he had to use one word to describe them, it would be "lax."

The Sharp Warriors currently guarding Yang City had not advanced, but their training was non-stop. The Logistics Army, on the other hand, did little more than collect corpses from the battlefield and transport rations and supplies. The difference between the main combat troops and the logistics corps was the difference between a regular army and a motley crew.

"Spirit?" Wang Yan seemed slightly puzzled.

"These Sharp Warriors have killing intent in their eyes and the bearing of true soldiers," Zhao Feng elaborated. "They train with passion, whereas the Logistics Army is mostly lax. That is the essential difference."

Hearing this explanation, Wang Yan nodded. "You're right."

"I've been in the Lantian Camp for so long, but I have yet to see any cavalry. Does Lantian not have any?" Zhao Feng asked curiously.

"Do you know how many major military camps our Qin has?" Wang Yan countered with a question of her own.

"I've only heard of Lantian and Li Mountain," Zhao Feng answered.

"Besides those two, there is also the Northern Territory. Almost all of Qin's cavalry is stationed at the Northern Territory Camp, as their primary purpose is to deal with the Foreign Tribes of the north," Wang Yan explained. "They constantly raid our Northern Frontier, and without cavalry, they would be impossible to suppress. However, Lantian does have a cavalry force, though it's only five thousand strong. They are generally tasked with reinforcement duties."

"I see," Zhao Feng nodded in understanding.

Previously, he was just a common man, naturally unaware of such matters. Now, hearing this, he was beginning to understand. The Northern Territory forces were meant to counter the Xiongnu and other Foreign Tribes. Lantian, meanwhile, was the main force for Qin's conquest of the Six States, which aligned with what he knew of history. After Lord Wu'an Bai Qi, Wang Jian was Qin's new War God, invincible and ever-victorious.

"Assemble!" Wang Yan raised her hand and shouted.

Instantly, as if hearing a signal, the Sharp Warriors on the parade ground began converging toward the center.

"Why are you calling them over?" Zhao Feng asked, surprised.

"You killed Han's Shangjiangjun. The soldiers in the army are incredibly curious about you. Now that you're here, how could I not let them meet you?" Wang Yan said with a smile.

"Oh, no, you shouldn't have," Zhao Feng said, feeling a bit stunned.

But it was too late. The soldiers on the parade ground gathered with incredible speed. In what felt like no time at all, nearly four thousand Sharp Warriors stood assembled. Wang Yan originally commanded 5,000 Sharp Warriors, but after the battle of Yang City and the pursuit of Bao Yuan, only 3,600 remained. The rest had died in battle.

Soon, all the Sharp Warriors were gathered before Wang Yan. Thousands of pairs of eyes fell upon her and Zhao Feng. As the daughter of a famous general and a Junhou herself, Wang Yan was completely accustomed to such scrutiny. Zhao Feng, though confident and naturally extroverted, still felt a strange sensation under the gaze of several thousand men, but it wasn't fear.

"Sharp Warriors of Qin!" Wang Yan raised her hand and yelled.

"WIND! WIND! WIND!" the thousands of Sharp Warriors roared, thrusting their arms into the air.

"Five days ago, our army was ambushed at Yang City! The enemy's Shangjiangjun led his forces, hidden within the city, to attack us in an attempt to sever our supply lines!"

"Had the enemy succeeded, we would all have become traitors to Qin!"

"And you all know what happened next."

"Logistics Army company commander Zhao Feng led his men to fight with valor, ultimately succeeding in holding back the enemy, which allowed our army and the Logistics Army to join forces and annihilate them!"

"And the man standing beside me," Wang Yan declared, pointing to Zhao Feng, "is Zhao Feng himself!"

At her words, every Sharp Warrior on the parade ground fixed their gaze on Zhao Feng, their eyes filled with admiration and gratitude. For them, the defenders of Yang City, if Bao Yuan had succeeded, Li Teng wouldn't have been the only one held responsible; the entire army would have been found guilty. While it wouldn't have meant a death sentence, they would have been subjected to criticism within the army, which would have affected their annual salary and prospects for promotion.

Zhao Feng's arrival had undoubtedly saved them.