

Longevity 33

Chapter 33: The Last Shangjiangjun of the End of Qin! Guidance from Me?

"Thank you, Mr. Zhao!" a Junhou shouted loudly.

Instantly, all the Sharp Warriors on the drill ground echoed in unison, "Thank you, Mr. Zhao."

At this sight, a sense of unspeakable awe filled Zhao Feng's heart. Perhaps this is the true heroic spirit that can only be found within the military's ranks. This is something I've never witnessed before.

Facing this, Zhao Feng gradually calmed down, then stepped forward and said loudly, "It is my duty!"

"I have good news for everyone," Wang Yan announced, her voice carrying a profound meaning. "Mr. Zhao's valiant deeds have been reported to the Great King. Before long, he will be staying in the main battle camp."

The Sharp Warriors present showed no surprise at this. Although this was the first time they had met Zhao Feng, his battlefield exploits were already widely known. The entire Yang City garrison and even the Logistics Army behind them had all heard of his deeds. How could such a valiant general remain in the Logistics Army? Thus, when the news spread, no one was surprised.

"Excuse me, Commander," a Junhou asked loudly, his eyes filled with anticipation, "will Mr. Zhao be staying with our army?"

"Perhaps he will, but everything is still up to the Senior General to decide," Wang Yan replied.

"Understood," the Junhou immediately responded and stepped back.

"Today is Mr. Zhao's first visit to our main battle camp. His martial skills are exceptional. If any of you brothers have anything you'd like to ask him, now is the perfect opportunity," Wang Yan added with a smile.

Zhao Feng glanced over but said nothing. Evidently, Wang Yan had no ill intentions; it seemed she wanted to help him integrate into the main battle camp.

As the assembled soldiers dispersed, a few Junhou immediately approached.

"Mr. Zhao," one Junhou asked excitedly, "I heard you cut down three hundred enemy soldiers in a single battle. I wonder if you could visit our Army Marquis Camp to offer some guidance on combat techniques?"

The other Junhou also looked at Zhao Feng with anticipation.

"How shall I offer guidance?" Zhao Feng did not refuse, instead asking with a smile.

"How about a hand-to-hand sparring session, just like we do in the army?" the Junhou suggested with a smile, his eyes hopeful.

This was not a challenge to Zhao Feng, but genuine curiosity about his abilities. There was a hint of wanting to test him, to see if he was truly as terrifyingly powerful as the rumors claimed. Or was his reputation unearned?

The other Junhou also looked on, eager to see what would happen.

"Mr. Zhao, you don't need to bother with them." Wang Yan's expression shifted slightly. She could clearly see that her subordinates wanted to test Zhao Feng.

But the next moment, Zhao Feng readily agreed.

"Alright!"

"Brothers!" one of the Junhou shouted. "Mr. Zhao is going to instruct us in combat techniques! Make sure you watch closely!"

The surrounding Sharp Warriors had not yet scattered, and at this call, they gathered once more, forming a circle around the Junhou and Zhao Feng.

Wang Yan was naturally among them. Watching the Junhou, she smiled to herself. If you want to test Zhao Feng, you're just asking for trouble.

She had witnessed Zhao Feng's valor with her own eyes. She had seen how he slaughtered his enemies amid the chaos of battle, like an invincible War General weaving through the fray, his blade reaping lives as if he were a War God. Surviving on such a brutal battlefield with skills like that was not simply a matter of luck.

Her gaze returned to the center.

"Zhang Han, I ask for your guidance," said the Junhou, who looked to be about twenty, as he cupped his fist in a salute to Zhao Feng.

Upon hearing the name, Zhao Feng was slightly surprised. Zhang Han... the last Senior General of the Qin State during the End of Qin period. What a tragic figure in history.

He calmed down in an instant. Then again, I suppose I'm a historical figure now, too. With my mounting battlefield achievements and Bao Yuan's death at my hands, perhaps one day history will record my name as well.

After returning the salute, Zhao Feng beckoned to Zhang Han with a finger. "Come!"

"Then I won't hold back."

Zhang Han's expression turned grave. He clenched his fist and charged at Zhao Feng, throwing a direct punch.

Judging by his stance, Zhang Han was indeed a trained fighter. But in Zhao Feng's eyes, his punch was extremely slow. Incredibly slow. All of Zhao Feng's Attributes now exceeded six hundred, and his Strength and Speed were even more terrifying. Zhang Han's seemingly ferocious, full-speed punch looked like a snail crawling in Zhao Feng's perception.

As the fist arrived, Zhao Feng sidestepped with effortless ease, then threw a light punch in return.

BANG!

Zhang Han's face instantly drained of color. He clutched his stomach and knelt on the ground.

"What just happened?"

The crowd of soldiers watching was stunned. Zhang Han had charged at Zhao Feng, but before his fist even landed, he was the one who went down. It happened in an instant, and they truly hadn't seen what had transpired.

"All four of you, come at me together," Zhao Feng said, sweeping his gaze over the other four Junhou and beckoning them forward.

If they wanted a test, he would give them one they wouldn't forget. He'd put them all on the ground.

Seeing Zhang Han kneeling, the four Junhou exchanged a look of understanding. They immediately spread out, surrounding Zhao Feng on all four sides.

"Now!" one of them shouted.

The four charged at Zhao Feng simultaneously, swiftly closing in. They raised their fists, attacking in a nearly seamless barrage.

Facing this attack that left no room for evasion, Zhao Feng simply chuckled and struck.

In a flash—

"Ah—!" came several cries of pain.

No one had seen clearly what happened.

The four Junhou, just like Zhang Han, were now clutching their stomachs, kneeling on the ground in agony. This was, of course, the result of Zhao Feng holding back ninety percent of his strength. If he hadn't, a single punch would have been enough to tear right through their stomachs.

"Did I see a ghost?"

"How did Mr. Zhao do that?"

"I just saw him move, and then all four Junhou were on the ground."

"Are my eyes playing tricks on me?"

The surrounding Sharp Warriors were even more shocked, staring in utter disbelief.

Wang Yan walked up slowly and looked down at Zhang Han and the others. "Are you convinced now?"

Clutching their stomachs, Zhang Han and the other Junhou struggled to their feet. With reluctant expressions, they cupped their fists and bowed. "We are convinced."

"You should be thanking Mr. Zhao for his mercy," Wang Yan said coldly. "If he were a vengeful man, you wouldn't be getting off so lightly."

Zhang Han and the others quickly turned to Zhao Feng and said respectfully, "Thank you, Mr. Zhao, for your mercy."

At that moment, their gazes held no more doubt, only a profound awe for the powerful. In the army, might was revered above all. Now they finally understood just how strong Zhao Feng was. Five of them had attacked, and they hadn't even managed to touch the hem of his clothes.

"Since this was for instruction, it's best to stop once the point is made. There's no need to be so formal, Junhou," Zhao Feng said with a smile.

Then, he turned to face the crowd of Sharp Warriors.

"On the training grounds, there are specific techniques for sparring," he began. "But on a true battlefield, once the formation collapses, there are no fixed techniques. Everything depends on your ability to adapt to the situation."