

## Longevity 34

Chapter 34: Seven Days in the Blink of an Eye, Wang Jian Arrives!

"What do you mean by unpredictability on the battlefield?"

"Gentlemen, you've experienced more battles than I have, so there's no need for me to elaborate on the ever-changing nature of the battlefield. There is no such thing as an infallible fighting technique, only daily, yearly training. Stabbing, slicing, chopping—once you master these combat skills through practice, they become second nature on the battlefield."

"To sum it up," Zhao Feng declared, his voice booming, "the more you sweat in peacetime, the less you bleed in war."

Regarding battlefield combat techniques, Zhao Feng really had nothing more to add. Everything depended on adapting to the situation. His own success in battle stemmed from his All Attributes far exceeding his enemies'. A casual strike from him carried the force of a ferocious tiger; how could an ordinary person possibly withstand it? Furthermore, his speed was several times that of a normal person.

Currently, Zhao Feng's All Attributes surpassed six hundred. Once they broke one thousand, he could charge in and out of an army of ten thousand, making it impossible for anyone to take his life. The only exception would be if he were caught in a volley of arrows, but that was an unlikely scenario within the Qin Army, whose greatest strength was its archers.

"The more you sweat in peacetime, the less you bleed in war!"

Upon hearing this, Wang Yan and all the Junhou under her command fell into deep thought. But in an instant, it was as if they'd had an epiphany.

"Well said," Wang Yan exclaimed, her face full of admiration.

"Mr. Zhao is incomparably brave. I never expected he would also understand the art of training troops," Zhang Han echoed with high praise.

"It seems Mr. Zhao was training diligently even in the Logistics Army; otherwise, he wouldn't possess such formidable skills."

"Indeed," the other Junhou chimed in, their voices filled with respect for Zhao Feng.

Noticing the even more fervent gazes from the surrounding soldiers, Zhao Feng quickly said, "I just came to have a look, not to interfere. You should all return to your drills." He then nodded to Wang Yan. "Military Commander Wang, I'll be taking my leave."

With that, he turned and began walking out of the camp.

"Dismissed," Wang Yan called out before hurrying after Zhao Feng.

Seeing her catch up, Zhao Feng asked, puzzled, "Why are you following me?"

"Where are you going?" Wang Yan inquired.

"It's almost dark. I'm naturally heading back to my quarters to rest," Zhao Feng answered honestly.

"I've already prepared quarters for you. Come with me," Wang Yan said.

Zhao Feng glanced at her and replied with a hint of refusal, "I'd rather return to the Wounded Soldier Camp. They have beds there."

"The Wounded Soldier Camp is full of patients; you shouldn't disturb them. Besides, the last batch of wounded has already recovered, so there's no one for you to treat. I've already spoken with Master Chen. For the time being, you'll stay in the main combat camp and await the Royal Edict," Wang Yan said, her gaze fixed on him.

Hearing this, Zhao Feng turned and looked Wang Yan up and down. "You don't have any ill intentions toward me, do you?"

A flash of anger crossed Wang Yan's fair face. "As if I'd have any ill intentions toward you!" she retorted.

With that, she grabbed Zhao Feng's hand and pulled him toward another part of the camp.

Leaving aside his past life, this was the first time in this life that a girl had held his hand.

Led by Wang Yan, they soon arrived at a grand hall deep within the military camp.

"You'll stay here while you wait for the Royal Edict," Wang Yan said, gesturing to the hall.

"Fine by me, but you can let go of my hand now," Zhao Feng teased.

Wang Yan looked down, only then realizing she was still gripping his hand tightly, as if afraid he'd run away. As understanding dawned, a blush spread across her fair cheeks, and she immediately let go.

"Stay here for the next few days. You are not to leave the camp. I've already given the order. I will bring you your meals every day." She paused, then added, "And one more thing... my name is Wang Yan. The 'Yan' in my name means 'beautiful smile'."

She gave Zhao Feng a shy glance before quickly turning and running off. In that moment, she had lost all the heroic fierceness of a female general, instead resembling a young girl experiencing the first throes of love.

Watching her retreating figure, Zhao Feng wore a strange expression. Could this girl have actually fallen for me?

Although Zhao Feng was still a virgin in this life, he had dated several women in his past one. Her shyness was a dead giveaway; he could tell she was interested in him.

The ancients say a life-saving debt should be repaid with marriage. Could she have fallen for me just because of that? Wang Yan is a nice name, and while she's fair-skinned, her looks are rather plain. Besides, she's the daughter of a Senior General. Even if she likes me, her father would never agree so easily. Our family backgrounds are too different; we're not a suitable match.

Deciding not to dwell on it, Zhao Feng pushed open the doors to the hall.

This is the first time in my life I've ever stayed in such a grand hall. When I go home, I'll have to build an even bigger one for my mother.

The interior was spacious, furnished with a bed and various items from the era, including a bronze mirror. It was clearly the former residence of a Han general, now repurposed by Qin.

Meanwhile, after running away, Wang Yan returned to her own quarters and shut the door, the blush on her face yet to fade completely.

"That libertine... how can he speak so frivolously?" she murmured to herself, her eyes filled with an insatiable curiosity. "But... but he's also so intriguing. What kind of person is he, really?"

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「Seven days later.」

Outside Yang City, Li Teng stood at the gates with a host of his commanders, Wang Yan among them, waiting to welcome the newcomers.

After a long wait, a contingent of black-armored cavalry appeared, escorting a middle-aged war general who was not wearing battle armor. Many of the commanders from Lantian Camp recognized him. Upon seeing the man, looks of awe and reverence appeared on the faces of Li Teng and the others.

He was the middle-aged war general, the Senior General of Great Qin, Wang Jian.

"We welcome the Senior General!" Li Teng shouted, leading the commanders in a deep bow.

Wang Jian glanced at the waiting generals and waved a hand dismissively, but his irritated gaze landed squarely on Li Teng.

"This general is guilty," Li Teng said, not daring to straighten up. "I await the Senior General's punishment."

"Hmph," Wang Jian snorted. He swept his eyes over the group but chose not to make a scene. "Enter the city!"

"Yes, sir!" Li Teng replied, his expression fraught with anxiety as he quickly stepped aside to lead the way.

Wang Jian rode his horse slowly into the city. A short while later, they arrived at the grand hall of the military camp.

"Li Teng," Wang Jian's voice was cold as steel. "Do you admit your guilt?"

"This general admits his guilt," Li Teng responded immediately.

"Your reckless pursuit of glory led to the sacrifice of ten thousand men from the Logistics Army. Your oversight nearly allowed the enemy to sever our supply lines, jeopardizing Qin's campaign to conquer Han." Wang Jian stared at him and rebuked, "The blame for these crimes falls entirely on you!"