

Longevity 36

Chapter 36: The Top Marksman! Exclusive Arrow Insignia! Wang Jian Amazed!

"Reporting to the Senior General, it is indeed Zhao Feng," the Junhou replied immediately.

"Challenging the hundred-zhang target? Does Zhao Feng possess such archery skills and strength?" Wang Jian asked with a look of surprise.

"You may not be aware, Senior General, but Mr. Zhao is a natural-born archer. Just six days ago, he didn't even know how to shoot, but in that short time, his skills have improved by leaps and bounds. Now he can hit the bullseye with three consecutive arrows from fifty zhang away."

"His talent has truly astonished all the brothers," the Junhou said with a look of admiration.

Hearing this, a look of astonishment appeared on Wang Jian's face, and the generals by his side reacted similarly.

"From not knowing how to shoot an arrow to firing three consecutive arrows in just six days? Is that even possible?" Li Teng also said in surprise.

He was aware that Zhao Feng had been staying in the camp recently. Wang Yan had already reported it to him, suggesting Zhao Feng remain here to familiarize himself with the unit. Afterward, Wang Yan would be stepping down, and Zhao Feng would take command of this garrison.

"General Li, and all you other generals, you will understand once you see it for yourselves," the Junhou said with a smile. "The target has already been set up."

"Let's go have a look," Wang Jian said, his interest piqued. He led the other generals toward the archery range, careful not to disturb the crowd of Sharp Warriors.

Soon, Zhang Han ran over to Zhao Feng's side and said with a smile, "Mr. Zhao, the target is ready. According to military regulations, if you hit the bullseye with five of ten arrows, you qualify as a divine archer."

"And what if all ten arrows hit?" Zhao Feng asked with a smile.

"Then you would be a master among divine archers," Zhang Han laughed. "You could even have an exclusive emblem carved onto your arrows."

In the military, different abilities naturally came with different value. Having a specialized skill was always an advantage, regardless of the era. Divine archers, with their ability to assassinate enemy generals in the chaos of battle, naturally received special treatment.

Of course, ordinary archers in the army might also have their names carved on their arrows, but a divine archer could have his own exclusive mark, one that would be specially engraved for him. This was a special honor reserved for divine archers. These marks also served a practical purpose, making it easier to tally kills and assign merit.

"In that case, I'll take that exclusive arrow emblem," Zhao Feng said with a smile.

He picked up his bow, his eyes fixed on the target a hundred zhang away. Zhao Feng's All Attributes surpassed those of an ordinary person, and his eagle-like vision was just as exceptional. Of course, it was the perfect coordination of all these attributes that formed the foundation of his ability.

Zhao Feng loosed his first arrow.

WHOOSH.

In the blink of an eye, the arrow shot through the air.

THWACK.

The arrow directly pierced the distant target, embedding itself deeply.

"Bravo!"

"Bravo..."

The surrounding Sharp Warriors erupted in cheers, their gazes filled with admiration for Zhao Feng.

But Zhao Feng didn't bask in the praise. Instead, he quickly nocked three arrows to his bowstring at once.

He drew the bow.

WHOOSH, WHOOSH, WHOOSH!

The volley of arrows tore through the air. Before the first volley even struck home, Zhao Feng had already drawn and loosed another three, and then a third volley immediately after that.

A moment later, a series of resounding impacts echoed from the target.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

All eyes were fixed on the distant target. Even from so far away, many could see that not a single arrow had missed.

At that moment, a Sharp Warrior stationed near the target immediately ran up and reported in a loud voice, "Mr. Zhao hit the bullseye with all ten arrows! He qualifies as a master among divine archers!"

As his voice fell, another wave of cheers erupted.

"Bravo!"

"Bravo!"

"A master among divine archers!"

"Bravo..."

The surrounding Sharp Warriors were ecstatic, every single one of them looking at Zhao Feng with sheer excitement.

"Bring the target over here!" Zhang Han shouted, his own face alight with excitement.

In no time, two Sharp Warriors lifted the heavy target and carried it over.

"To pierce the target from a hundred zhang... My goodness, Mr. Zhao, just how much strength do you have?" Zhang Han exclaimed, his face a mask of shock as he looked at the target skewered by ten arrows.

Penetrating a target from fifty zhang was already impossible for an ordinary man, but now he had done it from a hundred zhang!

"Excellent archery!" Wang Jian, who had been standing in the back, couldn't help but exclaim in admiration, his gaze filled with astonishment as he watched Zhao Feng.

Hearing the unexpected voice, Zhao Feng turned his head, and the other Sharp Warriors also turned to look.

Upon seeing Wang Jian, Zhang Han and the other Junhou immediately bowed. "Greetings to the Senior General!"

Wang Jian?

Zhao Feng paused, his eyes falling on the man who exuded the powerful, stern aura of a true War General. Not daring to be disrespectful, he immediately put down his bow and bowed in turn. "Greetings, Senior General."

"You may all dispense with the formalities," Wang Jian said with a smile, waving his hand as he slowly walked toward Zhao Feng.

"Zhao Feng," he began, his tone full of praise as he reached him. "You truly gave me a great surprise. Hitting the bullseye from a hundred zhang is not unheard of in the army. But to fire a three-arrow volley and hit from a hundred zhang... that's something I've never heard of in the entire army. Your archery skills are truly superb!"

"You flatter me, Senior General," Zhao Feng replied calmly. "It was just a stroke of luck."

"You're being too modest. I've already heard that six days ago you didn't even know how to shoot an arrow. To possess such skill now... your talent is a gift from the heavens. I have truly never seen such a gift before," Wang Jian said with a smile, his gaze on Zhao Feng growing warmer and more appreciative.

Zhao Feng cupped his fists but said nothing more.

"A master archer, according to military regulations, may design his own arrow mark, which the fletchers will then craft for him," Wang Jian said with a smile. "Let's uphold the regulation, shall we?"

In response, a Sharp Warrior stepped forward holding a small wooden board and a carving knife.

"Please inscribe your mark, Mr. Zhao," the Sharp Warrior said, holding up the board.

"May I carve any character?" Zhao Feng asked.

"A master archer may inscribe any character as his unique arrow mark. It also aids in tallying the archer's kills on the battlefield," Wang Jian explained with a smile.

"I understand," Zhao Feng nodded with realization.

He then picked up the carving knife and, without hesitation, inscribed a single character on the board:
"Kill!"

It was not the simplified character of later eras, but the ancient Qin script.

"A rather simple and direct mark," Wang Jian observed with a chuckle.

He then waved his hand. "The arrow mark has been engraved. From now on, this character will be Zhao Feng's exclusive mark."

"As you command," the Sharp Warrior holding the wooden board replied before bowing and quickly departing.

From that day forward, Zhao Feng's arrows would be exclusively supplied by the fletcher, each one marked with this character.

"Alright," Wang Jian said, his expression turning serious.

At this cue, Li Teng stepped forward and shouted to the Sharp Warriors on the training grounds,
"Assemble!"

At the loud command, all the men snapped to attention and began gathering in the center of the field.

It wasn't long before the more than ten thousand Sharp Warriors stationed in the camp were assembled. This included not only Wang Yan's subordinates but also the troops Li Teng had later mobilized to defend Yang City. After the surprise attack by Bao Yuan, Li Teng had become much more serious about the city's defense—once bitten, twice shy.

Are they going to announce my reassignment?