

## Longevity 39

### Chapter 39: Zhao Feng, I Want You!

They walked directly to the table in the hall, opened the box, and took out some dishes along with several jars of wine.

"How quickly time passes," Zhao Feng remarked, looking outside at the already dark sky. "It's evening already."

However, when his gaze fell upon the table, he voiced his surprise, "Why is there wine today?"

"This was arranged by Military Commander Wang," one of the men explained.

"We will take our leave now," the other said respectfully, and then they both departed.

The Main Combat Camp strictly forbids drinking. What is that girl Wang Yan up to? Zhao Feng wondered, looking with some astonishment at the several jars of wine on the table.

Nevertheless, he didn't dwell on it. Strictly speaking, he wouldn't officially become the Capital Commandant of the Main Combat Camp until tomorrow; for now, he was still just an idle member of the Logistics Army.

"Today's meal is exceptionally lavish. There's meat and vegetables."

Zhao Feng smiled, picked up his chopsticks, and began to eat.

Just then, the sound of gentle footsteps came from outside the hall.

"Walking so slowly? That's not like you," Zhao Feng teased without turning his head.

Sure enough, when the hall door opened, Wang Yan walked in slowly and gently closed it behind her.

During this period, Zhao Feng had stayed in the military camp and had naturally grown familiar with Wang Yan. They were together almost every day, so their conversations were no longer as formal as they had been at first.

Wang Yan didn't speak, but slowly approached.

When Zhao Feng turned his head to look, he was instantly stunned.

"You... you... you..."

Even though Zhao Feng had faced life and death and witnessed grand spectacles, at this moment he could only stare dumbfounded, unable to regain his composure.

At a glance, he saw that Wang Yan had shed her military attire. Her hair was no longer bound up like a Sharp Warrior's; instead, a cascade of black silk flowed over her shoulders, held in place by a single hairpin. She wore a black and red long skirt that made her look exceptionally valiant and heroic. Her face, which she had previously kept somewhat disguised, was now completely transformed, revealing a visage so exquisite it bordered on perfection.

It could be said that in all his life, even with the memories of his past one, Zhao Feng had never seen such a pure, natural beauty.

She was beautiful to the extreme.

Diao Chan from the Late Eastern Han Dynasty must have been just like this, Zhao Feng thought, gazing at Wang Yan's stunningly beautiful face.

As Wang Yan walked in and saw Zhao Feng's astounded expression, a smile curved her lips, and a small thrill bloomed in her heart. She knew that her appearance had shocked him.

While Zhao Feng was still stunned, Wang Yan slowly approached and knelt before him. She picked up a wine jar, poured herself a cup, and then filled one for Zhao Feng as well.

"You... you... what are you doing?" Zhao Feng stammered. Wang Yan's sudden transformation into women's attire had truly caught him off guard.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," Wang Yan said slowly. Her voice was no longer the coarse one she had feigned, but was now as soft and melodious as an oriole's song.

"Leaving?" Zhao Feng was surprised. "Where are you going?"

"Home," Wang Yan spoke softly.

"You're going home? You're not staying in the army anymore?" Zhao Feng asked in shock, an inexplicable sense of loss rising in his heart.

"What can I do in the army? No matter what I do, nothing will change," she stated. "I wanted to earn military honors to make a difference, but those honors mean nothing, and I never had the chance to earn them anyway. Even if I had earned tremendous military honors, it would have been useless," she finished, a touch of sorrow on her lovely face.

Hearing this, Zhao Feng subconsciously nodded.

"Drink with me. Consider it a farewell," Wang Yan said with a strained smile, raising her cup to him. "And let it be my way of properly thanking you, my savior."

Zhao Feng also picked up his cup, looking at Wang Yan, unsure how to comfort her.

"Cheers!" Wang Yan laughed, downing the wine in her cup in a single gulp.

She appeared to be smiling, but Zhao Feng could see the bitterness hidden within it. He didn't know how to comfort her, so he could only silently drink his own cup of wine.

Wang Yan wanted to change her fate, but Zhao Feng had no way to help her. He didn't yet possess the strength to control his own destiny.

And as for Wang Yan, the daughter of Wang Jian, a scion of a great military family, her fate seemed to have been sealed long ago. How could it possibly be easy to change?

"Why are you looking at me? Eat and drink. This is the last time I will come to see you."

"I know you look down on me, thinking that as a woman I can't do much in the army, that I can't prove myself. But... today is the last time we will see each other."

Her voice was tinged with misery, nearly breaking into a sob.

"Drink," Zhao Feng said, cutting off any pointless words. He simply poured more wine and downed another cup. Then he said slowly, "Girl, who told you that I look down on you?"

"Honestly, I don't look down on you at all. On the contrary, I greatly admire you. In this era, a woman has almost no choice. But you dared to fight against your destiny, to take a gamble. You have already proven yourself. Even if you fail in the end, you've still proven yourself."

Hearing this, Wang Yan stared at Zhao Feng, her voice trembling. "Really?"

"Really," Zhao Feng affirmed with a sincere smile and a firm nod.

"I... I know you're just trying to comfort me," she said, though a genuine happiness bloomed on her face. "I haven't really done anything in the army; in fact, I've made many mistakes. But I'm so happy to hear you say that, Zhao Feng. I'm truly so happy."

She raised her cup and drank again, and Zhao Feng naturally kept her company.

As they talked and drank, a flush of intoxication appeared on both their faces.

"Did you know? My father is Wang Jian, the Senior General of Qin."

"I knew that long ago. Otherwise, why would Li Teng treat you so well?"

"I thought you hadn't figured it out. Do you know who I'm supposed to marry? My father said there are voices in the court petitioning the Great King to have me marry Fusu, the Eldest Imperial Son of Qin."

"You don't want to?"

"I don't. I don't want to marry into the Royal Family. I just want to find someone I truly love and marry him. I don't want a political alliance, and I refuse to be a pawn."

"But in this era, women have no right to choose. It's almost impossible for a woman to find someone she truly loves; nearly all marriages are political alliances."

"Before, I hadn't found anyone. I was simply unwilling to be manipulated by destiny; I wanted to change it. But now... I've found him! Zhao Feng, I like you! I know we haven't known each other long, but perhaps it was fated. You saved my life! Maybe this is gratitude, or maybe it was love at first sight. If it were possible, I would truly want to marry you!"

Hearing this, Zhao Feng froze, gazing at the breathtaking beauty before him. In that moment, his heart felt a profound stir.

But in the next instant, Wang Yan slowly rose to her feet. With a drunken sway, she walked toward Zhao Feng.

"If I can't change my destiny, I will change myself."

"Zhao Feng, I want you!"