

## Longevity 41

Chapter 41: Taking Command of the Commandant Camp, Condensing the Fate Official Seal!

"Greetings, General!"

All five thousand Sharp Warriors on the training ground bowed deeply.

"At ease," Chen Tao strode forward and announced.

"Thank you, General," the five thousand Sharp Warriors responded in unison.

"I am here today for no other matter but to announce General Li's appointment. Due to a military reassignment, Junhou Commander Wang Yan has been transferred to another camp. From today onward, the Commandant Camp he previously led will be placed under the command of Commander Zhao Feng," Chen Tao declared loudly.

Upon hearing this, Zhang Han and three other Junhous who were acquainted with Zhao Feng showed expressions of excitement. This is wonderful! It's really Commander Zhao leading us. With Commander Zhao in charge, our Commandant Camp will be even stronger.

Besides Zhang Han, there was another Junhou. Zhao Feng's gaze swept over and immediately focused. Mr. Wei? And those old brothers from the Logistics Army... how did they all end up in a main combat unit?

As his eyes scanned the crowd, he spotted many familiar faces behind Wei Quan. They were all his old comrades from the Logistics Army, his brothers in life and death.

As if sensing Zhao Feng's gaze, Wei Quan grinned.

"Have you not yet greeted Commander Zhao?" Chen Tao barked.

"Greetings, Commander Zhao!" all five thousand Sharp Warriors bowed in unison. Their voices were even louder than when they had greeted Chen Tao, a clear sign of the esteem Zhao Feng commanded within the Commandant Camp.

"Commander Zhao, I'm leaving the rest to you," Chen Tao said, turning to Zhao Feng. "You've been in this camp for many days, so I trust you know the ropes."

"This subordinate understands," Zhao Feng nodded.

"I'm off, then." Chen Tao turned and departed.

Zhao Feng then stood before the formation of five thousand Sharp Warriors.

"Brothers, at ease," Zhao Feng said with a slight smile, his voice carrying across the field.

"Thank you, Commander Zhao!" all the Sharp Warriors exclaimed in unison.

"From this day forward, I am in command of the First Commandant Camp. I, Zhao Feng, won't waste your time with unnecessary words. Just know this: when we are on the battlefield, I will not leave a single brother behind. Dismissed!" Zhao Feng shouted.

"WIND! WIND! WIND!" the five thousand Sharp Warriors roared in response.

The Sharp Warriors then dispersed. Zhang Han, the other Junhous, and the old comrades from the Logistics Army immediately gathered around Zhao Feng.

"Mr. Zhao," Wei Quan said, approaching with a broad smile. "I'm here, and I've even been promoted. Aren't you happy?"

"Capital Commandant, I'm here too!"

"We all came!"

"Six hundred of our old brothers! Except for a dozen who were discharged with severe injuries, the rest of us are all here, ready to serve under your command," the other men from the Logistics Army chimed in, laughing. They were visibly thrilled to see Zhao Feng again after so many days.

Looking at these old comrades, Zhao Feng's face was full of smiles, but also confusion.

"Mr. Wei, how did you all get here?" Zhao Feng asked, his expression turning serious. "Don't you know what a main combat unit is? This is nothing like the Logistics Army."

"Heh," Wei Quan scoffed. "We've already stared death in the face. What's there to be afraid of? We're brothers who have been through life and death together. When we heard you were transferred to a main combat unit, we all petitioned to continue following you. We've all died once already, so what's the big deal about dying again? We never had the chance back in the Logistics Army, but now that we're in a combat unit, I feel that by following you, we can definitely earn military merits, ranks, and titles!"

Wei Quan made no effort to hide his ambition.

"That's right!" another chimed in. "We brothers from the Logistics Army want to follow the Capital Commandant, make a name for ourselves, and get promoted!"

The other veterans from the Logistics Army nodded, their gazes firm and resolute.

Upon hearing this, Zhao Feng scanned the determined faces of his old comrades, all of them looking ready to follow him to the end. A smile broke across his face as he exclaimed, "Good! Since all you brothers have come, I won't say much more. The Logistics Army handles miscellaneous affairs while main combat units fight the enemy on the front lines; our duties are different now. Since we are all Sharp Warriors of a combat unit, we ought to expand the borders of our nation and seize ranks and titles for ourselves. Everything will be decided on the battlefield. I, Zhao Feng, am just like all of you brothers. I will give my all to earn battle merits and climb the ranks!"

Zhao Feng laughed heartily, no longer concealing his ambition. At this moment, his entire demeanor showed a stark change from his time in the Logistics Army. Back then, he had never considered taking such a risk, but now, he was filled with sharp, unyielding determination.

For the future—to secure a position of great authority and build a foundation for the coming struggle at the End of Qin.

For his mother, for Wang Yan, for himself.

He would take the gamble.

Wei Quan saw the conviction in Zhao Feng's eyes in an instant. This isn't just talk; he's serious. Mr. Zhao has truly changed his mindset! Now that he genuinely wants to fight and earn glory... tsk tsk, who could possibly stop him? But he was so resistant to it before. Why the sudden change? Did something happen to him?

Wei Quan had known Zhao Feng since their recruit training and understood him well. It had been less than two weeks, yet Zhao Feng's attitude toward military life had transformed so drastically. Wei Quan couldn't believe it was without reason.

It was at this time that a prompt suddenly appeared on his panel.

[You command five thousand soldiers and are blessed by the dynasty's destiny. Do you wish to coalesce the Fate Official Seal?]

Fate Official Seal? Zhao Feng was stunned for a moment, surprised. But he quickly recovered.

"Zhang Han," Zhao Feng called out.

"Your subordinate is here," Zhang Han responded immediately.

"This is Wei Quan, my old senior from the Logistics Army. Get acquainted with him and bring him up to speed on military affairs. Also, all of you, go and prepare. Pack your essential belongings. We'll be mobilizing soon," Zhao Feng said to the Junhous around him.

Hearing they would soon be mobilizing, Zhang Han and the other Junhous all wore eager expressions. The campaign against Han had been going on for nearly four months, and they had been stuck in the rear with no real chance to fight. Their only engagement was when they were forced to defend Yang City from an attack, where they had suffered heavy losses. Seeing the Sharp Warriors from other units earning merits on the battlefield, how could they not be envious? As Sharp Warriors of a main combat unit, they naturally craved the chance to kill enemies, earn glory, and rise through the ranks. This desire was common to every soldier in the army.

"Yes, sir!" the men immediately complied and withdrew.

Zhao Feng, meanwhile, found a place to sit down. Looking at the prompt on his panel, he understood that this official seal must be incredibly useful. A Fate Official Seal... it's tied to destiny itself. It must have some great benefits.

After a moment of thought, he gave the mental command, "Coalesce the Fate Official Seal!"

[Dynastic Destiny is coalescing the Commandant's Destiny Official Seal.]

[The Fate Official Seal has been formed.]

A seal shimmering with a golden halo floated before Zhao Feng's eyes. It was ethereal, not a physical object. Inscribed upon this seal were the words: [Capital Commandant].