

Longevity 75

Chapter 75: Han Capital Situation! Snatching Merit Points! Urgent Report Strikes Again!

「Han Capital Xinzheng!」

Perhaps it can no longer be called the Han Capital, since Han has fallen and its king has been escorted to Xianyang by five thousand cavalry under Li Teng's command.

After the great battle, order had been restored within Xinzheng City. Several days passed, and while the bodies had all been cleared away and the blood-soaked ground rinsed with water, the entire city was still enveloped in a metallic stench that would take time to dissipate.

However, although the dreadful siege had ended, the city's defenses had not been reduced in the slightest.

Many civilians, having experienced the great battle, emerged from their homes with trepidation. They were filled with fear of the Qin Army. If possible, many would have preferred to stay home indefinitely. Yet, for survival and to make a living, they had to venture out.

As the days went by, the people in the city gradually grew more at ease. It was said that patrolling elite soldiers of the Qin army could be seen everywhere, and many were searching houses for fleeing Han officials and soldiers, yet they did not harm ordinary civilians. As word spread, the people naturally began to relax, but to completely eliminate their fear and wariness of the formidable Qin Army was impossible in such a short time.

"The old court was lying to us. The Qin Army isn't the type to burn, pillage, and slaughter, after all?"

"Indeed."

"I just bumped into a Qin soldier head-on. I thought my life was over, but he actually apologized to me instead."

"It's been said for ages that the Qin Army is a force of tigers and wolves that massacres cities and kills on sight, knowing only slaughter. But now it seems they are an army with strict military discipline."

"Alas, our kingdom has fallen. From now on, let's just pray the Qin court treats us well. For now, we just need to get by."

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Observing the Qin Army on patrol, the city's inhabitants harbored a mix of emotions: nervousness, curiosity, and hostility. For these ordinary people, however, their kingdom was gone. What was done was done.

From the looks of things, the situation was irreversible, and they could only submit to Qin's rule. To resist would be tantamount to seeking death. After all, quite a few had resisted the Qin Army's search parties over the past few days, and the Qin Army had shown them no mercy, cutting them down without hesitation.

The current situation in the city, and in the other Han cities conquered by the Qin Army, was the same. The common folk were terrified but had no choice but to submit. In turn, the Qin soldiers did not treat the compliant civilians disrespectfully. Their relationship was one of mutual, polite deference.

「In the Wounded Soldier Camp.」

Zhao Feng moved with great familiarity, suturing wounds and changing dressings for the injured soldiers. Now that his medical skills had advanced to an intermediate level, he performed these tasks with fluid ease, as if he had studied medicine for many years.

"Treated one wounded soldier, gained 1 Merit Point."

As he successfully treated another soldier, a notification appeared on the panel.

"Mr. Zhao," Master Chen said with a smile. "It seems you've become even faster at treating the wounded, and your technique is growing more proficient. Your medical skills must have improved."

"Haha, practice makes perfect," Zhao Feng replied with a laugh.

After the battle had ended, Zhao Feng had arranged for his subordinates to clear and bury the bodies in the city, while he himself came to the Wounded Soldier Camp to treat the injured. He had no intention of missing such a golden opportunity. He could use his subordinates to gather Attributes while he treated the wounded to collect Merit Points—a two-fold benefit.

"Mr. Zhao," Master Chen inquired, "the Suturing Skill and Cauterization Disinfection Method you created have been fully implemented in the army, and they are indeed highly effective. Why, then, do some soldiers treated with these methods still contract the 'seven-day fever'? Yet many others do not. Is there some other reason for this?"

"I noticed this problem long ago as well," Zhao Feng explained slowly. "However, our current disinfection methods aren't comprehensive enough. Suturing, for example, requires complete sterilization, which is simply impossible with today's medical techniques. Moreover, when using strong liquor for disinfection, the proof of the liquor we have is simply not high enough to be truly effective."

After all, the current Suturing Skill, along with cauterization and liquor disinfection, were all measures of last resort. While they weren't perfect, they had significantly improved the survival rate of the wounded soldiers. But a true comparison with the methods of later generations was impossible.

"The proof of the strong liquor?" Master Chen looked puzzled, then something seemed to occur to him. "The strong liquor in the army is specially brewed by the Shaofu to be the strongest possible, unparalleled in the world. Is that still not enough?"

"Indeed, it's not enough," Zhao Feng said, shaking his head.

"Then what other method can solve this?" Master Chen asked.

"We can only do our best to thoroughly clean the wounds before suturing. This will lower the chance of contracting the 'seven-day fever'," Zhao Feng said. "As for disinfecting with strong liquor, we can only hope that higher-proof spirits become available in the future."

Regarding strong liquor, Zhao Feng actually knew the distillation method, as he had been a liquor aficionado in his previous life.

"Mm," Master Chen nodded, not asking any more questions.

"Speaking of which," Master Chen suddenly said with a smile, "I heard you've once again earned the merit of breaching a city, on top of capturing a king. Your prospects are boundless."

"Mr. Chen, you're quite well-informed," Zhao Feng laughed.

"The soldiers in this camp all came straight from the battlefield. I get all my news from them," Master Chen glanced at him, a hint of feigned irritation in his voice.

"Alright, alright," Zhao Feng said, not wanting to waste precious time he could be using to accrue Merit Points. "The rewards will have to wait for word from Xianyang, which will take time. Let's continue treating the wounded." He threw himself back into his work.

Watching the busy Zhao Feng, a smile lingered on Master Chen's face, along with a peculiar expression. This young man certainly has a passion for treating the wounded. If he weren't such a fierce warrior on the battlefield, perhaps Teacher would have truly taken him as his final disciple. In time, our Great Qin would have gained another great physician.

「Xianyang City!」

Only a day had passed. In the Morning Discussion Hall, the hundred officials were once again convened.

Within the great hall, a Messenger had already arrived, a military report held in his hands. Seeing his excited expression, Ying Zheng, seated upon the throne, naturally guessed what had occurred. A preliminary military report had arrived yesterday afternoon, and now another urgent one had come during the morning council. The answer was beyond doubt.

"Reporting to the Great King!" the Messenger in the hall cried out as he bowed, holding the military report high with both hands. "An urgent military report from the Senior General!"

Ying Zheng said nothing, merely waving his hand.

At his side, Zhao Gao scurried down and quickly took the report.

"Read it aloud," Ying Zheng said with a smile. "I trust the Senior General has brought me good news."

He had already guessed the contents of the military report—it could only be about the capture of the King of Han.