

## Longevity 81

Chapter 81: Beware of Li Si! Alone with Wang Jian!

Listening to Han Fei's words, Zhao Feng smiled and leaned a little closer. "Then you won't outlive me."

"That remains to be seen," Han Fei replied dismissively.

"As we part, let me give you a word of advice." Zhao Feng took a small piece of cloth from his robes and tossed it into Han Fei's prison cart. "I hope we meet again."

With a wave of his hand, Zhao Feng turned and walked directly toward the military camp.

Han Fei, seeing the cloth in front of him, picked it up and unfolded it. His expression turned odd, showing a hint of astonishment.

"Be wary of Li Si!"

There were only four words on the cloth, but they were enough to leave Han Fei utterly bewildered.

Why is he telling me to be wary of Li Si? Could Li Si really harm me? Impossible. Li Si and I are from the same school. He's a close classmate and friend, so how could he possibly wish me harm?

Han Fei was clearly incredulous. Yet, recalling his past few days with Zhao Feng, he knew that while the man could be rough around the edges, he was also quite prudent and would not give such a warning without reason. This reminder might indeed have a deeper significance, and it made Han Fei wary of Li Si.

「Inside the Camp!」

Guided by the Junhou, Zhao Feng moved unhindered. He soon arrived outside the tent where Wang Jian was quartered.

"Please inform the Senior General that Commander Zhao Feng has arrived," the Junhou said, bowing to the Personal Guard Commander stationed outside.

"The Senior General has given orders," the Personal Guard Commander said with a smile, giving Zhao Feng a curious glance. "Upon Zhao Feng's arrival, he is to enter the tent for an immediate audience."

By now, Zhao Feng's fame had spread throughout the Lantian Camp, and his name was known to all its Sharp Warriors. Even those stationed on the frontiers had heard of him. The entire army was both curious about and full of admiration for Zhao Feng's legendary exploits. He was, after all, the first fierce general to emerge from the Logistics Army!

"Commander Zhao, this is as far as I go," the Junhou said, giving Zhao Feng a fist salute.

"Thank you for your trouble," Zhao Feng replied, promptly returning the salute.

About to meet Wang Jian alone, Zhao Feng felt a bit of trepidation. The abilities of this man, recorded in history as the Qin's God of War, were beyond question. Zhao Feng had seen him once before when he transferred to the main combat camp, but that had not been a private encounter. He took a breath and walked toward the tent.

「Inside the Tent!」

Wang Jian was sitting in the main seat, managing military affairs. As the Senior General in charge of a large camp, he was naturally busy. Many matters required his personal approval before they could be implemented—this was the extent of a Senior General's authority.

"Your subordinate, Zhao Feng, greets the Senior General," Zhao Feng said, bowing as he entered.

Wang Jian looked up, a faint smile on his face. "At ease. Sit."

"Thank you, Senior General," Zhao Feng said, taking a seat to the side without much reservation.

Wang Jian set down the bamboo slips in his hand and turned his gaze to Zhao Feng. "If I'm not mistaken, you're only fifteen, are you not?" he asked with a smile.

"Replying to the Senior General, I am already sixteen," Zhao Feng answered.

"Heh," Wang Jian chuckled. "A sixteen-year-old fierce warrior in the army, who breached the Han Capital and captured the King of Han. You are truly one of a kind!" He looked at Zhao Feng with great satisfaction. Having such a bold warrior in his army, and under his command no less, naturally brought him great prestige.

"The Senior General flatters me," Zhao Feng said with a smile. "I was just lucky."

"Your luck is a part of your strength," Wang Jian said profoundly. "And your strength is even greater than your luck."

Zhao Feng smiled humbly. "Compared to the Senior General, I fall far short."

"You rascal," Wang Jian said with amusement. "You were holding back in the recruit training camp, weren't you?"

"It wasn't so much holding back as it was a lack of focus," Zhao Feng replied diplomatically.

Indeed, in the training camp, Zhao Feng had only used half his strength, all in the name of self-preservation. Perhaps it was that very caution that allowed him to accumulate a reserve of Attributes in the Logistics Army. If he had been sent to the front lines from the start, he likely wouldn't have survived. The battlefield was simply too cruel.

Wang Jian smiled slightly at Zhao Feng's words but said nothing more. Evidently, he understood what Zhao Feng had once been thinking.

"I have already reported your military achievements to the king," Wang Jian said with a smile. "Perhaps in a few days, his rewards will arrive."

"Thank you, Senior General," Zhao Feng replied immediately, though his expression remained placid.

Wang Jian was somewhat surprised to see him so calm. "Aren't you excited to see what rewards you might receive?"

"The Qin military merit system is strict, with rewards determined by established regulations," Zhao Feng replied calmly. "No matter how much I might anticipate it, the reward will be based on my accomplishments according to that system."

"Such a steady temperament. You truly have the makings of a commanding general," Wang Jian praised. He then stopped keeping him in suspense. "With the merits from this battle, you should be promoted to Deputy General. Your title of nobility will rise by at least three ranks. To achieve such a promotion in less than a year of service makes you the first of your kind in the entire Qin Army."

"May I ask the Senior General, now that the war is over, will we return to the main camp or remain here to guard the Han lands?" Zhao Feng asked curiously.

"You are under Li Teng's command. As a Deputy General, you will assist him in garrisoning this territory," Wang Jian explained with a faint smile. "As for the main army, they will return to the main camp."

"I understand," Zhao Feng nodded.

Staying in the Han lands—this was exactly what he wanted. The opportunity to build his own foundation had arrived. With the Han territories newly pacified and in a state of chaos, it was the perfect opening for him.

"This time, our success was also thanks to your capture of the King of Han. If he had escaped, I would have been unable to answer to the king," Wang Jian said with a smile.

"It was merely my duty. The Senior General gives me too much credit," Zhao Feng responded immediately.

"Once the Royal Envoy arrives, I will also depart for Xianyang. There shouldn't be any more war for a short while," Wang Jian said with a sigh. As a commanding general, a time of peace meant being a tiger trapped in the capital.

"There may not be war for a short while," Zhao Feng replied, "but there are still five states left in Shenzhou."

"Indeed. There are still five states left in the world," Wang Jian nodded, his eyes filled with anticipation. "With the king's great talent and grand strategy, perhaps within ten years, the world will finally be unified."

At this moment, after a brief hesitation, Zhao Feng slowly rose from his seat and bowed deeply to Wang Jian. "Actually, Senior General," he began.

"I have a request to make."

"It may be presumptuous, and it may be offensive, but as a man, it is something I must say."