

## Longevity 83

### Chapter 83: Unveiling His Strength! Wang Jian in Shock!

Upon seeing this, Zhao Feng glanced at Wang Jian's retreating back and said nothing more. He also turned and walked toward the camp exit. Today, as Wang Yan's man, he had said all that needed to be said, and he had meant every single word.

Once this war is over, I must quickly cultivate a power that belongs to me alone, a force that is completely loyal to me.

At this moment, Zhao Feng was more determined than ever to create a force loyal only to him. Although he possessed the strength to fight thousands and cut down generals deep within an army of ten thousand, he was ultimately just one man. He needed greater support—a force of his own Dead Soldiers, who would be loyal to him without fear of royal authority.

Just as Zhao Feng reached the entrance of the tent and was about to step out, Wang Jian, who had been silent for a long time, spoke again.

"I will do my utmost to persuade the Great King to change his mind. If the Great King disagrees, there's nothing I can do. A Royal Edict cannot be defied."

"Hopefully, the Great King will consider your potential and my years of service to the state, and grant you permission to be with Yan'er!"

Hearing this, Zhao Feng, who had reached the entrance, paused for a moment, a smile spreading across his face.

"If Yan'er knew the Senior General was willing to go so far for her, she would be overjoyed," Zhao Feng said, turning around with a slight smile. "She once said that you wouldn't defy the King's will for her."

"Although the Eldest Imperial Son is honorable and has the greatest chance of becoming the Crown Prince, that is not what Yan'er wants," Wang Jian said with a faint smile, as if a weight had been lifted. "Consider this a gamble I, as her father, am making for her."

Zhao Feng said nothing more, but gave Wang Jian a solemn bow. "Thank you, Uncle Wang!"

This form of address signified the new closeness between Zhao Feng and Wang Jian.

"And one more thing," Wang Jian warned Zhao Feng sternly. "Do not repeat the treacherous words you just spoke. If you say them again, do not blame me for disregarding Yan'er. Qin and the Great King must never be defied."

Zhao Feng nodded slightly. Then, his figure moved.

In a mere instant, to Wang Jian's utter astonishment, Zhao Feng appeared right in front of him.

"You... how did you do that?" Wang Jian asked, completely shocked, his perception of reality overturned. In the blink of an eye, Zhao Feng had crossed the entire tent to stand before him, a distance of nearly a hundred feet! Was that something a human was capable of?

"Uncle," Zhao Feng said with a slight smile. "You just said that my attempting to take her by force would be suicide, but I can tell you this with certainty: this is my true strength. Never mind taking her by force; I could leave unscathed even if faced with an army of thousands."

After that, he said no more. He turned and slowly walked toward the camp exit, leaving the tent one step at a time under Wang Jian's astonished gaze.

For a long while after he left, Wang Jian remained stunned.

How on earth did he do that? Is he a ghost?

Zhao Feng's words echoed in his ears.

"If it really comes to that, I will take her by force. I will not watch idly as Yan'er marries someone else, even if that person is the so-called Eldest Imperial Son."

"Never mind taking her by force; I could leave unscathed even if faced with an army of thousands."

Recalling these words and Zhao Feng's expression, Wang Jian's face tightened. That boy is serious. If Yan'er is truly betrothed to the Eldest Imperial Son, I fear he will actually try to crash the wedding. And with his terrifying speed... forget crashing the wedding, what if he were to attempt an assassination... then our Qin...

At that thought, his heart sank even further.

For Yan'er, and even more for Qin, it seems I must swallow my pride and plead with the Great King. I can only hope the Great King will agree, Wang Jian thought uneasily.

After leaving the Senior General's tent, Zhao Feng returned to his quarters outside the main military camp. A smile touched his lips. I hope my wish is granted; otherwise, I'll genuinely have to resort to taking her by force. Fusu... I don't care what your status is. If you really try to take my woman, I don't give a damn who you are.

Having said those words, Zhao Feng was resolute in following through. Let his woman marry another? He was certainly no cuckold, nor was he one to shy away from a confrontation.

The most urgent matter is to establish my own power, Zhao Feng resolved. If that day truly comes, and the King of Qin insists on marrying her off to Fusu, then I must train a squad of Dead Soldiers to protect Mother and my sister.

"How did it go?"

"Are there any results yet?"

"What rewards has the Great King granted you?"

Upon his return, Wei Quan looked at him eagerly. Zhang Han and the other Junhou also watched, filled with anticipation.

Seeing their expectant faces, Zhao Feng gave a slight smile. "Do you think Xianyang is next door? That news would arrive so quickly? This reward isn't being sent as an urgent report. The Senior General just said it will take at least a day or two."

"Oh," Wei Quan and the others nodded, their disappointment visible.

Seeing their deflated spirits, Zhao Feng added with a grin, "However, the Senior General did say that, based on my military achievements, I will certainly be appointed Deputy General, with command of fifty thousand troops."

At this, their eyes immediately lit up.

"Deputy General!"

"One more step and you'll be a Main General in command of a primary camp!"

"Impressive, Capital Commandant!"

"With your achievements, Capital Commandant, you've earned such a high appointment."

"Before long, we'll be addressing our Commandant as 'General'!" they all exclaimed happily and sincerely.

"Say no more," Wei Quan declared, his expression resolute. "I'm sticking with you. When you get promoted, don't you dare leave me behind."

Hearing this, Zhang Han and the others gazed intently at Zhao Feng, their eyes blazing. "We also wish to follow you, Capital Commandant!"

The nearby Sharp Warriors also gathered around, encircling them. Every one of them stared at Zhao Feng with the same intense purpose as Zhang Han's group, clearly wanting to follow him as well.

Feeling this genuine trust and their firm, ardent gazes, Zhao Feng was moved. He gave his assurance, "I will do my best to continue leading all my old brothers."

"Hail, Capital Commandant!"

"Hail, Capital Commandant!"

The surrounding Sharp Warriors erupted in excited cheers. The clamor even drew curious glances from the soldiers on duty in the camp, wondering what all the commotion was about.

This was how Zhao Feng had won the hearts and trust of the men under his command.

Firstly, Zhao Feng was brave and ferocious in battle, always leading from the front. His martial prowess commanded the respect of all the Sharp Warriors.

Secondly, he had achieved such a high rank at such a young age. Following a commander like Zhao Feng naturally promised a greater future for them as well.

People always have their own interests at heart.