

Longevity 1

Chapter 1: Corpse Bearer Soldier, Growing Stronger by Collecting Attributes!

The year is 230 BC, on the border between the states of Qin and Han.

The entire frontier had become a field strewn with corpses. Broken swords, arrows embedded in the earth, and shattered chariots were scattered everywhere among the thousands of bodies that lay lifeless on the ground. Blood had dyed the earth red. The scene of ruin and devastation was exceptionally gory.

"Zhao Feng."

"Lad, why are you putting so much effort into carrying a corpse?" a soldier in a Qin Army uniform asked another soldier who was diligently hauling a body. "You're acting as if you've found a treasure. If you enjoy it that much, you can have this whole area to yourself."

As his words fell, the surrounding soldiers burst into laughter.

"Centurion, you shouldn't tease him," one of them said with a grin. "The kid is a natural at carrying corpses. He can haul them as fast as ten men combined."

On a battlefield, while the Qin Sharp Soldiers were responsible for conquest and slaughter, another group was tasked with cleaning up. The soldiers who cleared the corpses, known as Scavenger Soldiers, were part of the logistics unit. Each wore a black cloth over their face, seemingly to block out the stench. Their only duty on the battlefield was to clear the bodies and bury them to prevent the outbreak of disease.

Following their gazes, one could see a young man, his face covered by a black cloth, energetically carrying a corpse. He would hoist one up, quickly place it onto a cart, and then immediately run off to grab another. He paid no mind to the others' teasing.

You all know nothing. I'm picking up a fortune and getting stronger at the same time! Zhao Feng thought, secretly overjoyed.

Every time he touched a corpse, he would randomly obtain various attributes.

Just as Zhao Feng touched the body of another Han soldier, a prompt appeared before his eyes.

"Touched the corpse of a common Han soldier. Successfully picked up 1 point of Strength."

He then quickly hoisted the body, placing it on the ox-drawn cart with ease. Once a cart was full, it would be hauled away for burial.

Keep it up! I've already picked up more than forty points of Strength today. If each point represented a pound of force, that means I've gained over forty pounds of strength in just half a day! This feels great.

With every point of Strength he acquired, Zhao Feng could clearly feel himself getting stronger. The sensation was incredibly satisfying.

"Successfully picked up 1 point of Speed."

"Successfully picked up 1 point of Lifespan."

"Successfully picked up 1 point of Constitution."

Zhao Feng continued his work, and soon, an ox cart was piled high with bodies, all of them fallen Han soldiers. As for the corpses of the Qin Sharp Soldiers, they could not be treated so dismissively. They had to be arranged neatly and buried individually. Such was the difference between how the enemy and one's own were treated.

Having carried corpses on this border for two days, Zhao Feng was already familiar with the routine. After filling the cart, he called out to his superior, "Centurion, I'm off to transport the corpses."

"Go on, go on," Wei Quan said, waving a hand with a hint of concern. "You really are quick, lad. Don't push yourself so hard. We're quite safe here, so rest if you're tired. There's no rush."

"Understood," Zhao Feng replied with a smile.

He then led the ox cart toward the burial site. Along the way, he opened his attribute panel.

Host: Zhao Feng

Age: 15

Strength: 256 (The higher the value, the greater the explosive power.)

Speed: 188 (The higher the value, the faster the movement.)

Constitution: 167 (The stronger the constitution, the faster injury recovery and the greater the stamina.)

Spirit: 166 (The stronger the spirit, the clearer the mind and thoughts. At a certain level, it allows one to sense nature's spiritual energy.)

Lifespan: 86 years and 32 days

Portable Space: 1 cubic meter

Obviously, the extra thirty-two days were what he had picked up over the last few days. Initially, all his attributes were around one hundred, the average for a normal person. But in just three short days, they had skyrocketed thanks to his work with the corpses.

I've only been a Scavenger Soldier for three days, and my lifespan has already increased by thirty-two days. That alone is exciting! This is a great post. No need to charge into battle; just clean up the aftermath. I've really come to the right place. If I keep carrying corpses and picking up attributes, could I achieve immortality? And what would happen if my attributes all surpassed 1,000?

Zhao Feng was filled with anticipation for the future.

The Scavenger Soldiers were the most despised unit among the warriors who yearned for glory and meritorious service. As a citizen of the Qin Territory who had turned fourteen, Zhao Feng could not defy the government's conscription order. Defiance was equivalent to imprisonment. Even worse, he could be demoted to hard labor and sent to the Northern Frontier to build The Great Wall, a fate that would also implicate his family.

To avoid prison and spare his mother and sister, he had no choice. Four months ago, Zhao Feng had arrived at Lantian Camp. After a month of recruit training, he was assigned to the Logistics Junhou Camp, where his duty was to clear the battlefields as a Scavenger Soldier.

Carrying corpses? His first thought was that it was an unlucky, grim job. Initially, Zhao Feng despised the assignment. But when he realized it meant he wouldn't have to face the front lines and could keep his head down, he came to love the idea. As someone reborn from a future era, Zhao Feng deeply understood the brutality of this age. This was the beginning of Qin's campaign to annihilate the Six States. In the war to conquer Shenzhou, countless people would die on the battlefield, and even more would perish from the ensuing chaos.

Zhao Feng had no great desire for promotion or nobility; he only planned to serve his two years in the army and then return home to care for his mother and sister. He could never forget the worried looks in their eyes when he was conscripted. If he died on the battlefield, how could they bear it?

So, to survive and stay off the front lines, Zhao Feng deliberately avoided showing off or displaying too much combat prowess, which led to his assignment to the logistics camp. However, the moment he touched his first corpse and unlocked the attribute panel, he suddenly realized what a golden opportunity it was. Being a Scavenger Soldier not only allowed him to stay alive, but it also let him pick up attributes and grow stronger. It was the perfect role for him!

Feeling his strength grow and experiencing the transformation of his body from the increasing attributes, Zhao Feng knew that this power was his and his alone.

Returning to the present, Zhao Feng pulled the ox cart for about the time it takes an incense stick to burn before arriving at a massive burial site. At least a thousand logistics soldiers were there, all digging pits. This time, the Qin army of 100,000 had advanced on the State of Han. The border battle had been exceptionally fierce, and the casualties inflicted on Han's frontier army were immense. Zhao Feng had already been clearing the area for three days, but judging by the state of the battlefield, it would take until nightfall to bury all the bodies.

"Hey, Zhao Feng, it's you again!"

"This is your fourth cart today!"

"Impressive!"

The soldiers digging the pits laughed as they saw Zhao Feng arrive with another cart piled high with Han corpses.

"Keep up the great work, brothers! This cart's all yours," Zhao Feng said with a smile. "I can't afford to waste any time."

With that, he grabbed an empty cart from the side and headed back toward the battlefield.