

## Longevity 2

Chapter 2: All Attributes Surpass 200! Another Treasure Box!

"I've never seen a soldier so diligent about carrying corpses." Many of the soldiers digging pits remarked with emotion as they watched Zhao Feng's retreating figure.

Zhao Feng was, indeed, highly motivated for the grand task of carrying corpses.

He returned to the battlefield.

Those comrades from the Army Marquis Camp naturally couldn't help but tease Zhao Feng, saying he was cut out to be a corpse-carrying soldier.

Zhao Feng just smiled without saying a word.

You all don't know that I grow stronger by carrying corpses! You can laugh, but I'll remain silent!

Although he hadn't joined the Qin Army in attacking cities, being in the logistics camp was still dangerous. There could be enemy soldiers playing dead or even a surprise attack—any of which could be fatal. Now that he had this excellent opportunity to become stronger, Zhao Feng was determined to seize it.

It was just like the saying in the military camps of later generations: "The more you sweat in training, the less you bleed in battle."

With this mindset, Zhao Feng worked to enhance all his attributes. This was the capital he needed for his survival. He hadn't thought about promotions or titles; his only goal was to survive his two years of service and return home.

Even as a reincarnator who knew history, what good would it do? He wasn't a prince or a noble, nor was he from some great clan. What grand aspirations could he possibly have? And even though the Qin's system of military merit was said to be fair, you still had to risk your life to earn anything!

'Touched Han Junhou, gained 5 Strength, 5 Speed, 5 Constitution, 5 Spirit, and 5 Lifespan.'

'First time collecting from the rank of Junhou, which carries National Destiny. Received one First Order Treasure Chest.' A prompt appeared on the panel.

Seeing this, Zhao Feng's face lit up with joy. I didn't expect that I could get stronger attributes from an officer's rank and even a Treasure Box reward. Is this considered a jackpot?

"Open the Treasure Box," Zhao Feng ordered impatiently.

'Opened First Order Treasure Chest, obtained one [Inner Armor of Protection].' The panel displayed.

A life-saving Divine Artifact! I'll put it on as soon as I get back. Zhao Feng thought excitedly.

This haul of attributes from the Han Junhou, along with the Treasure Box, motivated Zhao Feng even more.

His eyes scanned the area, searching for the bodies of Han officers. He hoped to find a few more surrendered Han soldiers who had become officers; their attributes were worth several ordinary soldiers combined. While carrying a corpse to the ox cart, Zhao Feng kept scanning his surroundings.

Just then, the Commander of Zhao Feng's company was also moving bodies with a few men. As they approached a pile of corpses and prepared to move them, a pair of eyes suddenly snapped open within the heap. Seeing the Qin soldiers drawing closer, the man's hand quietly tightened around the hilt of his sword.

As the few Qin soldiers drew near, the Han soldier in the pile leaped up and thrust his sword forward.

With a single thrust, the sword pierced an unarmored logistics soldier, who let out an agonized scream. The Han soldier kicked him away, pulling his bloody sword free. He then turned toward several other unprepared logistics soldiers and charged at them fiercely.

This sudden turn of events shocked the surrounding soldiers who were clearing the battlefield.

But the leading Commander immediately snapped back to his senses, drew his sword, and shouted, "Enemy! Draw your swords and kill!"

The logistics soldiers around him quickly rallied and drew their swords, fire in their eyes. Though they were logistics soldiers, they too were eligible for promotion by killing the enemy. Collecting the dead wasn't as perilous as frontline combat, but they could still encounter enemies feigning death. Although dangerous, such a situation was also an excellent opportunity to earn military merit.

"Kill him!" the Commander roared.

About a dozen Qin soldiers immediately rushed toward the Han soldier.

Not far away, Zhao Feng also witnessed this scene.

Playing dead in one spot for three days and dodging three sweeps... this Han soldier is incredibly patient.

After a great battle, armored Sharp Warriors would first clear the battlefield. To put it plainly, they delivered a finishing blow to every enemy soldier to ensure they were truly dead. After that, the logistics soldiers would perform two more sweeps. For this Han soldier to have survived until now was truly a rare occurrence.

Watching a dozen of his Pao Ze surround the man, eager to land the killing blow and claim the military merit, Zhao Feng slowly approached. He didn't intend to join the scramble for credit, as the Han soldier's death seemed a certainty.

However, Zhao Feng and all the other Qin soldiers had underestimated the man's ferocity.

He glanced around, his gaze immediately locking onto the commander, Wei Quan, who was directing from the rear.

He burst forward violently. With one slash, he killed the Qin soldier before him, kicked out, and charged straight for the Commander.

Clearly, this was no ordinary Han soldier. He knew to kill the officer first.

Wei Quan, remaining calm, raised his sword to meet the charge. But just as their blades clashed, the Han soldier reacted with astonishing speed. He parried with a jolt and lashed out with a kick. Wei Quan cried out in pain as the blow sent him falling backward onto the ground.

The Han soldier's eyes gleamed with bloodlust. Gripping his sword with both hands, he raised it high and plunged it down toward Wei Quan. The surrounding soldiers rushed forward, but they were too late.

This is bad. Those moves are definitely not from an ordinary Han soldier.

Zhao Feng realized something was terribly wrong. If he didn't act now, the Commander who had looked out for him would surely die.

He glanced at the sword in his hand, took a thrower's stance, and hurled it with all his might at the Han soldier.

WHOOSH!

The sharp blade cut through the air, flying straight for its target.

Just as the Han soldier was about to strike Wei Quan down...

SQUELCH!

The Han soldier's body shuddered. Pain and struggle filled his eyes. He looked down at his chest in disbelief, where a blood-stained sword now protruded from his body. The sword in his hands slowly fell, and finally, he tottered and collapsed.

In front of him, Wei Quan had been saved from the brink of death.

'Killed Han Wanjiang, gained 20 Strength, 20 Speed, 20 Constitution, 20 Spirit, and 20 Lifespan.'

'All attributes have surpassed 200. Received one First Order Treasure Chest.' A notification appeared on the panel.

Seeing this, Zhao Feng was astonished. No wonder this guy was so fierce, he was a Han Wanjiang! And I don't just get attributes by touching corpses, I can also get them by killing enemies. Awesome! All my attributes are over 200 now.

At that moment, Wei Quan recovered from his near-death experience. He got to his feet and knelt to examine the enemy who had nearly taken his life. Fumbling at the man's waist, he pulled out a military tag.

"Commander, are you alright?"

"This Han soldier was too fierce."

"He killed two of our brothers," a logistics soldier said indignantly, unable to resist kicking the Han officer on the ground.

"He's no ordinary Han soldier," Wei Quan said, his eyes wide with shock as he looked at the tag in his hand.

Then, looking at the gathered soldiers, he asked loudly, "Who threw that sword?"