

Longevity 216

Chapter 216: Transformation of the Fate Official Seal! Zhao Feng's Excitement! (Part 2)

Portable Space: 39 cubic meters

Cultivation Technique: Dragon Elephant Scripture

Martial Techniques: Descending Dragon Palm, Explosive Fist...

The realm divisions are gone. It has all been directly converted into an overview of my True Qi Attributes. I suppose this means I've been completely quantified now. Zhao Feng thought, a smile gracing his lips.

In the past, he had to practice his Cultivation Technique to increase his True Qi. From now on, however, he could enhance it simply by picking up Attributes. For Zhao Feng, this was a tremendous boon.

Four Treasure Boxes. Three First Order, one Second Order. I hope I get some valuable treasures, he mused. He had received a Second Order Treasure Box for his promotion to Main General, a First Order Treasure Box when his All Attributes broke three thousand, and today, he had been rewarded with two more First Order Treasure Boxes.

"Open all Treasure Boxes," Zhao Feng commanded immediately.

The panel responded instantly.

"Opening First Order Treasure Box..."

"Obtained [1,000 taels of Gold]."

"Obtained high-grade First Order [Strength-Enhancing Elixir Recipe]."

"Obtained [200 jin of Top-grade Fine Iron]."

"Opening Second Order Treasure Box..."

"Obtained high-grade Mysterious Order Martial Technique [True Qi Condensing Flame]."

Gold... what a waste of a Treasure Box, Zhao Feng thought with a hint of resignation as he saw the contents of the first box.

Before he opened the Immortals' Liquor House, gold would have been somewhat useful to him. Now, however, he had established more than a dozen of them, not just in Yingchuan but also in the Zhao state and Wei, with more still in the process of being opened. While it wasn't quite a fortune a day, it was close. After all, possessing high-purity liquor that far surpassed anything else from this era gave him an overwhelming advantage over the local beverages. To put it simply, Zhao Feng was not short on money.

An elixir recipe? I'm not an Alchemist, so it seems useless to me. Besides, the Alchemists of this era are probably all just charlatans. This Fine Iron, on the other hand, is quite good. Fine Iron from a Treasure Box is certainly high enough quality to forge some Divine Weapons, Zhao Feng murmured to himself.

His gaze finally settled on the Martial Technique from the Second Order Treasure Box.

This is what I'm talking about! It had to be a Second Order Treasure Box to get a high-grade Mysterious Order Martial Technique.

"Extract and cultivate." Zhao Feng immediately began the process.

A tremor passed through his Sea of Consciousness, and in a single instant, Zhao Feng had already grasped the rudiments of the Martial Technique. He raised his hand and channeled his True Qi according to the technique's principles. The energy condensed above his palm, coalescing into a red flame.

Using True Qi as a basis to create flame... now this is a method befitting a true cultivator. I just wonder how powerful this True Qi flame is.

Zhao Feng smiled with curiosity as he gazed at the flame dancing in his palm. His gaze swept around the tent before finally settling on a wooden table. With a casual wave of his hand, the True Qi flame shot from his palm and landed on its surface. The scorching flame instantly engulfed the entire table, setting it ablaze.

「The next day, outside Lincheng.」

Sixty thousand soldiers of the Qin Army were assembled. Zhao Feng stood at the fore of the formation. He was not on horseback but atop a war chariot, a shield in one hand and his sword, Dragon Spring, in the other.

"Sharp Warriors of Qin!" Zhao Feng roared, raising his sword high.

"WIND! WIND! WIND!"

The sixty thousand soldiers raised their weapons in unison, their voices thundering as one.

Under Zhao Feng's personal command, blessed by the power of the Fate Official Seal, the morale of every Sharp Warrior surged to the heavens. Though they were only sixty thousand strong, they exuded a military might comparable to an army of several hundred thousand. Beyond the combat enhancement from the Fate Official Seal, these sixty thousand men were veterans who had followed Zhao Feng through bloody battles; each one was an elite of the battlefield.

"Stone Throwing Machines! Archers!" Zhao Feng commanded with a thunderous voice.

To the left and right of his chariot, dozens of messengers immediately scattered. "The General has given the order!" they roared. "Stone Throwing Machines, to your positions! Archers, to your positions!"

The already-formed battle lines began to advance on Lincheng in an orderly fashion. Zhao Feng did not have many Stone Throwing Machines under his command—only twenty—but they were enough to serve as a deterrent. Behind them, twenty thousand archers advanced steadily.

Atop the walls of Lincheng, the faces of many soldiers in the Wei Army filled with dread at the sight.

"General Gongsun," a Wei Army officer began, "judging by their formation, is the Qin Army preparing for a full-frontal assault?"

"They wouldn't dare," Gongsun Xin replied coldly. "We have over seventy thousand soldiers garrisoned in Lincheng. Even if the Qin Army is valiant, their numbers are insufficient.

"We are defending from behind our walls; a full-frontal assault would be a suicide mission for them."

"But the man leading them is Zhao Feng," another Wei General said, his voice laced with fear. "Even Lord Xinling was defeated by him."

Considerable time had passed since the Battle of Wei City, and news of Wei Wuji's defeat had since spread throughout the known world. With it, Zhao Feng's name had become famous. For the state of Wei, Wei Wuji's status was akin to that of Qin's Bai Qi in his prime—he was hailed as a living War God. To the people of Wei, Wei Wuji was the very cornerstone protecting their nation. Countless people held him in faithful reverence, believing him to be invincible.

But after the battle at Wei City, despite Wei's attempts to suppress the news, the Heibing Platform of Qin ensured it spread far and wide. When the people of Wei first heard the news, their reaction was one of disbelief, followed quickly by despair. Their War God had been defeated by a young general from Qin.

Despite holding an absolute advantage in numbers, their god of war had lost. This dealt a devastating blow to the morale of the entire state of Wei.

It was no wonder the Wei General defending Lincheng was so terrified.

"Zhao Feng is just a man blessed with good fortune, nothing more," Gongsun Xin said coldly, his voice dripping with contempt. "If he dares to attack, then Lincheng will be his burial ground."

"I will wash away this disgrace for my lord and my father."