

## Longevity 308

### Chapter 308: Zhao Feng's All Attributes Rise Again!!\_2

"I know the name of every trusted aide under my command. You've been in my Personal Guard Army for over a year now. How do you feel about it?" Zhao Feng asked with a slight smile.

"To be able to serve Your Majesty is the greatest honor I could wish for."

"Your Majesty has given me a new lease on life, and I swear to repay this debt with my own," Han Chenyan said with a solemn expression.

For him, as for all the surrendered soldiers reformed from the Penal Battalion, Zhao Feng had indeed given them a new lease on life. He allowed them to live with dignity. Even if they died in battle for Qin, they could still secure a pension for their families. Compared to their former fate as slaves—dying ignored and left exposed in the wilderness—this was already an immense honor.

Moreover, the surrendered soldiers who were still alive had now truly become the Sharp Warriors of Qin, and there were many of them. Nearly seventy percent of Zhao Feng's Sharp Warriors were reformed from these surrendered soldiers, and most were fiercely loyal to him.

"With your merits in battle, you could have easily been made a Junhou. So why did you join the Personal Guard Camp?" Zhao Feng asked, a hint of a smile in his voice.

"I wish to follow Your Majesty until death, and only as a Personal Guard can I do so," Han Chenyan replied immediately, his gaze unwavering.

"Good." Seeing Han Chenyan's resolve, Zhao Feng smiled with satisfaction. "After Zhao is vanquished, I will allow you to go home and visit your family."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," Han Chenyan said, bowing with excitement.

"Your Majesty," Zhang Ming began, "this Han Chenyan truly is a valiant soldier, and his Martial Arts talent isn't bad either. He's already reached the Houtian Fourth Layer. He also works harder than many others."

"If I truly become a Shangjiangjun one day, I'll have the authority to form a thousand-strong Personal Guard. If my noble rank is promoted further, I'll be allowed even more. At that time, I'll make him a commander of five hundred Personal Guards," Zhao Feng said.

"Understood," Zhang Ming nodded.

"The Crown Prince of Yan has been returned. We will now head north," Zhao Feng said in a deep voice.

Immediately, the Personal Guards took control of the chariots and sped northward.

Han Chenyan. Father of Han Xin. This is a pleasant surprise.

Zhao Feng smiled to himself. Are kings and nobles destined by birth? When it comes to Han Xin commanding troops, the more, the better. Now that his father is one of my loyal Personal Guards, Han Xin will surely serve me in the future.

The first time he heard the name Han Chenyan, Zhao Feng had been curious because it seemed familiar. After a moment of thought, he finally remembered.

Han Chenyan. History only mentioned him in passing. Not for anything he did, but because he fathered a man whose name would echo through the ages: the Soldier Immortal, Han Xin.

According to historical records, Han Xin's father was from a branch of the Han royal family and died on the battlefield when Qin attacked Han. This forced Han Xin to flee to the Chu State. But because of Zhao Feng's intervention, history had diverged. Han Chenyan was still alive and had even joined his Personal Guard Army. This meant Han Xin would not lose his father and would surely serve Zhao Feng in the future.

Returning to his senses, Zhao Feng issued a command. "Tally the Attributes gained from killing enemies."

This time, after driving off the Yan Army, his forces had reached Northern Territory City, a border city connecting the Zhao Territory to the Dai Territory. The war in the Zhao Territory was more or less over.

"The Host's army killed 24,563 enemies, earning 8,187 Attribute Points."

"Gained 897 True Qi."

"Gained 1,205 Strength."

"Gained 1,231 Speed."

"Gained 898 Constitution."

"Gained 989 Spirit."

"Gained 2,967 days of Lifespan."

Not bad. Most of these came from the Yan Army.

Zhao Feng smiled to himself. There were hardly any Zhao soldiers left in the Zhao Territory; they had simply retreated whenever the Qin Army advanced.

Host: Zhao Feng

Age: 19

True Qi: 7,972 (The more True Qi, the more abundant the Dantian's Vital Energy, and the more powerful the True Qi burst.)

Strength: 13,341 (The greater the strength, the greater the corresponding force that can be exerted.)

Speed: 12,532 (The higher the number, the faster the speed.)

Constitution: 11,023 (The stronger the constitution, the faster the recovery from injuries, the more inexhaustible the stamina, and the quicker the True Qi recovery.)

Spirit: 10,134 (Spiritual power can be released up to one hundred zhang; cultivation allows for absorbing Void Heaven and Earth Spiritual Energy within a one-hundred-zhang radius.)

Lifespan: 155 years plus [15,340 days]

Merit Points: 989 (Can be converted into Free Attribute Points or Skill Points.)

Portable Space: 79 cubic meters

Cultivation Method: Dragon Elephant Scripture

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

Just a few dozen more points of True Qi and all my Attributes will break through again. With my current stats, I can kill even a Grandmaster at their Peak with a single punch. I'm invincible in the Mortal World. And my lifespan has increased by 42 years. Adding that to the original 155 years, it's close to two hundred years in total! Who in the Mortal World could live longer than me? As long as I continue like this, I can leverage the wars of Qin to annihilate the other states. Once Shenzhou is unified, my lifespan could very well break through to over four hundred years!

Zhao Feng delighted in the prospect, but his elation quickly faded as he suddenly remembered something.

That's not right. The last time all my Attributes broke through 4,000, my base lifespan was already 155 years. Now all my Attributes are about to break through 8,000, so why is my base lifespan still 155 years? This was truly odd. His base lifespan didn't increase with his Attribute breakthroughs? In terms of Realms, he had long since reached the Grandmaster level. A Grandmaster's lifespan should be over three hundred years, right?

It seems this world isn't as simple as I thought, he mused. Could it be that the Mortal World has a lifespan limit of 155 years? Or maybe it's bound by some kind of rule? Heavenly Rules? A rule that mortals cannot cultivate?

At that moment, Zhao Feng's mind couldn't help but fill with speculation. After all, his memories from a past life were full of such wild and unrestrained ideas.