

## Longevity 42

### Chapter 42: Ingenious Uses of the Fate Official Seal

"You have obtained the [Commandant's Official Seal]. Would you like to equip it?"

As the Fate Official Seal materialized, a prompt appeared once more.

"Equip it," Zhao Feng immediately ordered.

Subsequently, the Fate Official Seal before him transformed into a ray of light that rushed toward his body and vanished in a flash.

"Successfully equipped the official seal. Passive attributes acquired."

[Commandant's Official Seal]: Command over five thousand troops. When the Host leads a charge, subordinate morale and combat power are boosted by ten percent. When the Host leads subordinates to carry and bury corpses, he acquires one-tenth of the total attributes collected from the deceased soldiers.

When he saw this on the panel, Zhao Feng was astonished. The attributes of this official seal are too heaven-defying! To think it could even be like this... incredible! Thousands of my men carrying corpses for burial together... even if I only get one-tenth of the attributes, that's so much better than me collecting them all by myself. And this seal also provides a boost to combat power and morale. Although it's only ten percent, it can definitely play a crucial role. This Commandant's Official Seal is amazing.

Looking at the seal's attributes, a smile spread across Zhao Feng's face. Initially, he had been unsure what this Fate Official Seal was for, but now he completely understood. It was absolutely of great use to him.

"Open the Attribute Panel," Zhao Feng commanded.

Age: 16 years old

Strength: 999 (The stronger you are, the more explosive force you can unleash.)

Speed: 656 (The higher the number, the faster you are.)

Constitution: 658 (A stronger constitution leads to faster injury recovery and endless stamina.)

Spirit: 655 (A stronger spirit leads to a clearer mind and more coherent thoughts. Spiritual power can be projected outward. Upon reaching a certain level, one can sense nature's spiritual energy.)

Lifespan: 86 years and 305 days

Portable Space: 6 cubic meters

Cultivation Method: Dragon Elephant Scripture

Martial Technique: Descending Dragon Palm, Explosive Fist... (Mastered at a fundamental level. A single punch can unleash double one's own strength.)

All attributes are over seven hundred points. It won't be long now, Zhao Feng thought with anticipation.

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「Han Capital, Xinzheng!」

Inside the grand hall, the atmosphere was exceedingly heavy.

King Han An sat on his throne. Standing before him were his Prime Minister, Zhang Ping, and the minister in charge of military affairs—the highly renowned and esteemed noble, Han Fei.

"Your Majesty," Zhang Ping reported solemnly, "everything that needed to be sent out has been sent. They have been distributed among the various states, with most being sent to the Chu State."

"The Senior General has fallen in battle. His final stratagem has failed," King Han An sighed, his voice full of helplessness.

"From a strategic standpoint, the Senior General came so close to success," Zhang Ping also sighed. "It's regrettable. If we had been able to cut off the Qin Army's supply lines, our great Han would have had more time to hold out for reinforcements. But now, our only option is a desperate defense."

"Wang Jian is truly worthy of his reputation as the Qin's most capable Senior General," Han Fei added slowly. "General Bao Yuan's defeat at his hands is no dishonor."

"My lord, you are mistaken," Zhang Ping said slowly. "The Senior General's defeat this time was not at the hands of Wang Jian. Perhaps it was an accident, or an outcome the Senior General simply never anticipated."

"Is there some other reason for it?" Han Fei asked, somewhat surprised.

"The Senior General was defeated by the Qin Logistics Army," Zhang Ping said with a wry smile, pulling a secret report from his robes and handing it to Han Fei.

Han Fei took the report. As he opened it and read, his expression became extremely grave.

"Is Qin truly so formidable? A few thousand routed logistics soldiers actually managed to hold back the elite troops led by the Senior General, which allowed the Qin Army to encircle and annihilate him?" Han Fei's expression was grim.

If Bao Yuan had been defeated by Wang Jian, he would not have been so stunned. But the fact that Bao Yuan had fallen to a mere logistics army was something Han Fei found truly difficult to believe.

"Has Qin's national power really reached such a level? A defeated logistics army can still contend with the elites of our great Han? How in the world do they train their soldiers?" Han Fei asked in a deep voice.

"Shang Yang's reforms and the military merit system," Zhang Ping said slowly. "That is the key."

As for why Qin was so strong, it was because of the implementation of Shang Yang's reforms and the military merit system. This fact was known throughout the land, but what could anyone do about it? One had only to recall the immense resistance Shang Yang's reforms faced. He went up against the entire old nobility of Qin, and countless people died for the sake of those changes. But in the end, it was because of those reforms that Qin grew strong.

The other states were helpless, even with this knowledge. Their own nobility would never permit such reforms, as it would directly harm their interests.

"If Shen Buhai's reforms had been completely successful back then, perhaps our great Han would have stood a chance against Qin," Zhang Ping said with regret.

The King of Han nodded. "Indeed! Ultimately, Shen Buhai was born at the wrong time. If he had served under me, I would have supported him with all my might."

Hearing this, Han Fei sighed inwardly. Shen Buhai's reforms were different from Qin's. His methods could bring temporary strength, but they were not a long-term solution. Only Qin's reforms truly

strengthened the nation's power. They broke the monopoly of the nobility, allowing ordinary soldiers the chance to rise to their ranks. This alone is enough to make the Qin soldiers fearless in death, fighting for glory and status with the swords in their hands!

As a great talent of the Legalists, Han Fei naturally saw the nature of these reforms with perfect clarity. After returning from his studies, he too had proposed reforms, but the resistance had been far too great. Listening to the King of Han's hindsight, Han Fei could only remain silent.

"Your Majesty," Zhang Ping said loudly, looking at the king, "there are no other options now. We must gather all our heavy forces to defend the capital and wait for Zhao and Wei to send reinforcements. I have already received news that both the King of Zhao and the King of Wei are willing to mobilize their armies. They are currently gathering grain and supplies. As long as we can hold the capital, we can repel the Qin army once the reinforcements from Zhao and Wei arrive."

"Minister Han," the King of Han asked, turning to Han Fei, "how many forces do we have at our disposal?"

"If we gather all troops to defend Xinzheng, including the Imperial Guard Army, we have seventy thousand men," Han Fei replied. "If we also mobilize all the slaves in the city, including those belonging to the nobles, we can field a total of over eighty thousand. However, mobilizing the slaves requires a decree from Your Majesty."

"Our great Han is facing a crisis. I entrust the task of mobilizing the slaves for the city's defense to you, Minister Han. If anyone dares to refuse, they will be dealt with under military law." The king then looked at Zhang Ping. "Minister Zhang, as the head of all officials, you must set an example."

"Please rest assured, Your Majesty. I swear to live and die with Han," Zhang Ping declared at once. "The two thousand slaves from my own household can all be used to defend the city."

"Good," the King of Han said, managing a weak smile. "With the Prime Minister setting an example, I trust that all the officials will stand with the nation."

Han Fei, standing to the side, remained silent, but the worry on his face was palpable.

I can only hope our great Han can hold on until the reinforcements from Zhao and Wei arrive. Or perhaps, there will be no reinforcements at all.

Bitterness filled Han Fei's heart. From his perspective, it was likely that no help was coming. Even if it did, Qin would surely have a counter-strategy prepared. The fall of Han already seemed inevitable.