

Longevity 55

Chapter 55: Zhao Feng's Powerful Attributes!

"Enough," Zhao Feng said with a smile, listening to his men. "Don't boast. Seize the opportunity and get some rest."

As he spoke, Zhao Feng sat down on the ground, and the others followed suit. After a full day and night of relentless slaughter, the Sharp Warriors who had stormed the city were thoroughly exhausted. Now that a temporary ceasefire was in effect, they naturally seized the opportunity to rest.

"Attribute Panel."

Zhao Feng immediately summoned his panel.

Countless enemies had fallen by his hand during the day and night of fighting, and he had absorbed an equally countless number of Attributes. Zhao Feng could feel his power growing with every kill, but he hadn't had a chance to check just how much his stats had improved.

Now that he had a moment of downtime, he was eager to take a look.

Age: 16

Strength: 1,656 (The greater the Strength, the more force can be exerted.)

Speed: 1,234 (The higher the number, the faster the speed.)

Constitution: 914 (The stronger the Constitution, the faster the recovery from injury and the more inexhaustible the stamina.)

Spirit: 923 (The stronger the Spirit, the clearer the mind and the more lucid the thoughts. Spiritual power can be projected outward. When it grows to a certain level, one can sense nature's spiritual energy.)

Lifespan: 87 years and 678 days

Portable Space: 9 cubic meters

Cultivation Method: Dragon Elephant Scripture

Martial Technique: Descending Dragon Palm, Explosive Fist... (Beginner Mastery. A single punch can unleash twice one's own Strength.)

Strength and Speed are the easiest Attributes to absorb. This great battle actually increased them by so much. In all the world, who could possibly be stronger than me? I even absorbed nearly a full year of Lifespan. If I keep this up, longevity won't be a dream.

Zhao Feng was thrilled as he looked over his stats. The enhancement of his Attributes was the direct result of a day and night of all-out battle.

Of course, there were also the four Treasure Boxes. He had received two for increasing all his Attributes by two hundred points, one for slaying the Han Senior General, and another for killing Zhang Ping. The latter two were high-ranking individuals who possessed Destiny, so they naturally yielded Treasure Boxes for Zhao Feng.

It's a pity I can't kill a king. If I had slain the King of Han, I estimate I would have gotten a Second Order Treasure Box, right?

A flicker of greed rose in Zhao Feng's heart as he looked at the four Treasure Boxes, but he immediately suppressed the thought. In this era, royal authority was supreme, even for the king of an enemy state. Without a direct edict from the King of Qin, no one was permitted to kill a king. To do so would not be a meritorious deed, but a crime.

At that moment, Li Teng's war chariot approached.

"Greetings, General."

The Wanjiang and Deputy Generals from Li Teng's main camp immediately came forward to greet him, bowing respectfully.

"What is the situation?" Li Teng asked calmly, standing tall in his chariot.

"Reporting to the General," a Deputy General replied respectfully. "The Han Royal Palace is completely surrounded by our army; no one inside can escape. There has been no movement from within the palace. This subordinate awaits the General's command before taking action."

"Convey my command," Li Teng said, his voice grave. "Shout this to the Han Royal Palace: I grant the King of Han the time it takes for one stick of incense to burn to consider. If he wishes to live and preserve his clan, he must immediately open the palace gates and order all Han soldiers to lay down their weapons and surrender."

"If there is no decision after the incense has burned, my army will conduct a bloodbath in the Han Royal Palace, sparing not even the chickens and dogs."

As soon as he finished speaking, a herald stepped forward to the gates of the Han Royal Palace and bellowed, "By order of the great Qin general! The King of Han is given the time of one incense stick to consider! If the palace gates are not opened in surrender by the time the incense has burned, our army will storm the palace and spare not even the chickens and dogs!"

After his announcement, several other heralds took up the cry, their powerful voices carrying the order deep into the palace.

In response to the shouts, a crack appeared in the palace gates, just wide enough for a single person to pass through. A middle-aged man in the robes of a Han official walked out, exuding an air of calm confidence.

Facing the countless Qin soldiers and their overwhelming killing intent, the man showed no sign of panic. Even as the Qin archers drew their bows and aimed at him, he remained fearless, walking forward with a steady gait. He possessed the same dignified air as the former Zhao envoy, Lin Xiangru, undaunted even with blades at his neck.

This man has some nerve. So many arrows are pointed at him, and every one of our elite soldiers of the Qin army is staring at him like a wolf eyeing its prey, yet he isn't the least bit flustered. A truly remarkable individual.

As the man emerged, Zhao Feng watched with some surprise, feeling a measure of admiration for his courage and composure.

Soon, the man reached Li Teng's chariot. He bowed with his fists clasped and offered a salute. "General Li, my respects."

"Throughout all of Han, only one person possesses such composure and courage," Li Teng observed with a faint smile. "And that is the widely renowned Mr. Fei. You must be Mr. Han Fei."

"It is merely an undeserved reputation," Han Fei replied calmly.

"Since you have come out, Mr. Fei, you must have brought the King of Han's decree. I, Li Teng, am a military man and dislike beating around the bush. Speak plainly. Does the King of Han choose to fight or surrender?" Li Teng's gaze was intense, carrying a threatening weight.

Undeterred, Han Fei raised his head and met Li Teng's stare. "May I ask the General, if my king surrenders, how will Qin treat him? And how will you treat my Hundred Officials?"

"Their treatment is entirely at my King of Qin's discretion," Li Teng stated flatly. "Had your King of Han opened the city and surrendered when the Daqin Elite Soldiers first reached your Han Capital, without holding onto any delusions, my king would surely have treated him with mercy. But now, my army is at the walls of your Royal Palace. The state of Han is at the end of its road. Mercy is no longer a possibility. At this point, I can only guarantee that you will be allowed to live."

The meaning was clear. Surrendering when the Qin army first arrived would have saved the Daqin Elite Soldiers from many casualties, and a bloodless victory would have benefited Qin. But now that the Han Capital had already been breached, with only the palace left standing, Han had no leverage left for negotiation.

Hearing Li Teng's words, Han Fei's expression didn't change. He replied with composure, "If my king surrenders, can he be spared imprisonment? Can he be allowed to go to another state instead of being taken to Qin?"

"Mr. Fei," Li Teng sneered, "do you really think that's possible? Let's be frank. The Han Capital has fallen. It makes no difference to me whether the King of Han surrenders or not. If he refuses, my Daqin Elite Soldiers can easily breach this Royal Palace. If he surrenders, he can at least live. So, Mr. Fei, do you understand?"

At this, a wry smile touched Han Fei's lips. "Could I ask General Li to grant my king a little more time to consider? One Chinese hour. I will provide a definitive answer!"

Something is strange.

The moment Zhao Feng heard Han Fei ask for a Chinese hour, he immediately sensed that something was afoot.