

Longevity 69

Chapter 69: Open Treasure Chest! Mrs. Zhao and Her Daughter!

"Four First Order Treasure Chests."

And I still haven't collected the Attributes my Sharp Warriors picked up from burying bodies today. I hope my luck is off the charts. Zhao Feng thought.

He then proceeded to collect the Attributes from the bodies buried by his troops.

"Claim picked-up Attributes," he commanded.

The panel immediately displayed a prompt.

"Your troops buried 6,790 bodies, for a total of 679 Attribute Points gained."

"Picked up 168 points in Strength."

"Picked up 139 points in Speed."

"Picked up 96 points in Constitution."

"Picked up 88 points in Spirit."

"Picked up 188 days of Lifespan."

The panel displayed a detailed list of the collected Attributes.

Excellent. Never mind the rest, just this haul extended my life by half a year. That's a huge profit. There really is strength in numbers.

I wonder when the power of the Fate Official Seal will change. It'd be great if it switched from collecting from buried corpses to collecting from slain enemies instead, Zhao Feng quietly contemplated.

At that moment, the panel presented another prompt.

"By following the great trend and capturing the King of Han, you have gained Destiny and are rewarded with one Second Order Treasure Chest."

Seeing this, Zhao Feng's somewhat dazed eyes instantly cleared.

A Second Order Treasure Chest! This is the very first one. Even the least valuable item from this chest will be Second Order, making it far more valuable, he thought joyfully.

This Second Order Treasure Chest was a complete and pleasant surprise for Zhao Feng.

Although he had briefly considered killing the King of Han after his capture, he restrained himself, realizing that keeping the king alive held greater value and would bring him more significant benefits. Besides, killing a king was never a good thing.

The Destiny of a monarch is incredibly strong; that's why there's a Second Order Treasure Chest as a reward. There are five other enemy kings in the Land of the Divine Continent. I hope to one day capture them with my own hands. Their Destiny is even stronger than the King of Han's.

Looking at the reward, Zhao Feng grew even more excited.

"Four First Order Treasure Chests, one Second Order Treasure Chest."

"May the heavens bless me with something good," Zhao Feng prayed.

Then he commanded, "Open all treasure chests."

"Opening First Order Treasure Chest... Obtained [1,000 Taels of Gold]."

"Opening First Order Treasure Chest... Obtained [Intermediate Medical Skills]."

"Opening First Order Treasure Chest... Obtained [Map of Shenzhou]."

"Opening First Order Treasure Chest... Obtained Mysterious Order Low-Grade Martial Technique: [Gale Sword Skill]."

"Opening Second Order Treasure Chest... Obtained Earth Rank Low-Grade Martial Technique: [Hundred Paces Flying Sword]."

The prompts appeared on the panel almost instantly as all five treasure chests opened.

Zhao Feng's eyes skipped past the first three rewards, landing on the two Martial Techniques he had just drawn.

Two Martial Techniques, and one of them is even Earth Rank! My luck is really good this time, he thought with delight.

Zhao Feng's Attributes were now far beyond those of an ordinary person. With his enhanced physique, he could already sweep through a battlefield. With the addition of Martial Techniques, however, he could unleash even more of his power.

"Learn [Gale Sword Skill]. Learn [Hundred Paces Flying Sword]."

A halo of light descended, and the knowledge of two incredibly mysterious Martial Techniques was infused directly into Zhao Feng's Sea of Consciousness.

「An Village」

At the break of dawn, a girl in a faded long skirt, carrying a medicine basket, was slowly making her way toward the village. Along the path, villagers carrying hoes on their shoulders were heading out to the fields.

"Miss Ying, back from gathering herbs?"

"Yes, Mr. Li. With the sunrise, not only are the herbs at their best, but I was also able to collect some fresh morning dew."

"Haha, I'm just a common man and don't understand much about it, but Miss Ying, your medical skills are truly your mother's legacy! The medicine you gave me for my leg has been a great help."

"Mr. Li, your leg still needs continuous poultices to improve blood circulation and heal completely. Remember to come by my house for the application after you finish your work in the fields."

"Don't worry, I'll remember." A middle-aged villager stood up to chat with the girl, looking very pleased.

The girl carried a medicine basket, her hair coiled in a simple bun. She wore a faded red skirt, but the plain attire couldn't diminish her youthful beauty. On the contrary, she exuded the elegant charm of a simple village girl, a kind of unpolished gem.

As the young woman walked step by step into the village, villagers along the way greeted her one after another.

"Miss Ying, back from gathering herbs?"

"The herbal tea I got from you last time was very fragrant. I'll need some more soon."

"Miss Ying, I brought back the cloth and oil you asked me to get from the county town. I'll bring them to you after I get back from the fields..."

The young woman greeted each villager in turn. From her natural expression, it was clear this was a daily routine.

Soon, she arrived at a courtyard, familiarly opened the gate, and walked inside.

The yard was home to a few chickens and ducks, chirping and quacking nonstop in a typical countryside scene. In the yard, a young married woman with her hair in a bun was holding a winnowing basket, scattering chicken feed.

"Mother," the girl called out as soon as she returned. "I'm back."

The woman turned, a smile gracing her lips.

She appeared to be around thirty years old. In this era, it was common for women to marry at twelve or thirteen and have many children by the time they were thirty. The woman's face lacked color, possessing a sickly pallor. Though her features were beautiful, they were marred by illness, giving her the frail, haggard appearance of a tragic beauty.

"Ying'er, you didn't venture too deep into the mountains, did you?" the woman immediately asked with concern. "You can only gather herbs on the outskirts. Don't go too deep without someone accompanying you. It would be terrible if you encountered a wild beast."

"Mother, rest assured," the girl replied with a hint of exasperation. "I only ever gather herbs on the outskirts; I don't go deep into the mountains."

Every day when she left and every day when she returned, her mother would repeat the same warning. She felt a little helpless about it.

"Just listen to your mother. We still haven't heard any news from your brother, and I'm truly worried," the woman said, her face clouded with sorrow.

"Mother," the girl said soothingly. "I learned my medical skills from you. You know that sorrow can lead to illness. Please don't overthink it. Brother will be fine."

From this, it was clear that these two were Zhao Feng's closest kin: his mother, Mrs. Zhao, and his younger sister, Zhao Ying.

"But he was conscripted into the army... I'm just so scared," Mrs. Zhao continued, her face etched with worry.

"Didn't we ask the Village Chief to inquire for news a few days ago? We should hear something soon." Zhao Ying continued to console her. "Mother, don't worry. Brother will be alright."

Mrs. Zhao nodded. Her son had been enlisted for nearly ten months; besides worrying, all she could do was pray.

Just then, an old man began walking slowly toward Mrs. Zhao and her daughter...