

Longevity 7

Chapter 7: Continuously Picking Up Attributes

"Nonsense."

"This is the most fortified city in Han, known as a military stronghold."

"Throughout the world, probably only our mighty Qin could have breached it in just ten days," Wei Quan said irritably.

"We breached it, but so many people died."

"It's all fate," Zhao Feng sighed, glancing over the scene.

"Don't be so sentimental. Their lives mean nothing. As long as we can destroy Han, any sacrifice is worth it for Qin," Wei Quan said with a laugh, his perspective chillingly clear.

It's a good thing I was assigned to the Logistics Army, Zhao Feng thought with even greater relief. Otherwise, I might be one of these corpses right now.

Looking at the dead Qin Sharp Soldiers outside the city walls, he could see most had been felled by hails of arrows, while others were crushed into a bloody pulp by the city's Stone Throwing Machines. The brutality of this battle was countless times worse than anything on the border.

Even though I've gotten stronger by picking up Attributes, I would still undoubtedly die facing an endless volley of arrows, Zhao Feng reflected.

Seeing this confirmed his resolve. I have to lie low. I have to survive. The Logistics Army is a good place to be. I'll just put down roots here for my two years of service.

「At that moment!」

A general in black armor, escorted by several hundred cavalry, arrived outside Yang City.

"All soldiers of the Logistics Army, listen up!" the general bellowed. "Yang City has been pacified. Our Lantian First Main Camp's Sharp Warriors are pursuing the routed enemy. The task of clearing Yang City is now yours.

"If there are any wounded on the battlefield, transport them immediately to the Wounded Soldier Camp for treatment!

"You have five days to clear Yang City!"

Hearing the voice, Zhao Feng looked over with some surprise. From a distance, he saw the black-armored War General. Their frame seemed slender, their face was quite fair, and their voice sounded a little off.

That's a woman in men's clothing, plain as day. Is everyone blind? After a single glance, Zhao Feng immediately realized this Qin General was a woman.

"Women can become generals in Qin?" Zhao Feng asked, turning to look at Wei Quan in confusion.

"What do you mean, a woman becoming a general?" Wei Quan looked baffled.

Zhao Feng gave him an odd look. "Mr. Wei, can you really not tell, or are you pretending not to?"

"That general is obviously a woman," Zhao Feng said, his gaze flicking toward the female general who was issuing orders.

Wei Quan stared, his expression dumbfounded. "She's a woman? No way."

"Forget it." Zhao Feng couldn't be bothered to explain further. This wasn't just blindness; it was utter cluelessness.

"Mr. Zhao, watch what you say," Wei Quan whispered, leaning closer. "Look at the cavalry around the general. Their battle armor is that of trusted aides, and every one of them holds a noble rank of the third level or higher. That proves the general's status is anything but low. She must be a Deputy General under the Main General, or perhaps someone from the Shangjiangjun's personal retinue."

"Right, right," Zhao Feng nodded, no longer focusing on the female general. It has nothing to do with me anyway.

After giving her orders, the female general quickly led her troops and galloped into the city.

"Mr. Wei, I'm taking some men to move the bodies." He then turned to his unit. "Brothers! Thirty of you, get the carts. The rest of you, come with me!"

Compared to a few days ago, Zhao Feng was now a platoon leader with fifty men under his command. He no longer needed to waste time hauling carts himself and could focus entirely on picking up Attributes.

"Yes, sir!" the fifty soldiers replied in unison.

Zhao Feng immediately rushed onto the battlefield and started carrying corpses.

"Successfully picked up 1 point of Lifespan."

Lifting the very first body yielded a sweet reward. Among all the Attributes, Lifespan was the rarest; Strength and Speed were the most common.

A good start. Let's keep going.

Zhao Feng smiled to himself as he moved the body onto the ox cart. The corpses outside the city were all Qin Sharp Soldiers, so they couldn't be handled carelessly like the enemy's dead.

"Touching an ordinary soldier."

"Successfully picked up 1 point of Speed."

"Successfully picked up 1 point of Strength."

...

Zhao Feng moved the corpses tirelessly, collecting Attributes along the way.

"Touching a Qin centurion. Successfully picked up 5 points of Strength."

He glanced at the body before him, riddled with arrows.

Sigh, all human lives... "Rest in peace," Zhao Feng murmured, moving him onto the ox cart before continuing his work.

"Touching a Qin Military Marquis. Successfully picked up 10 points of Strength, 10 points of Speed."

Another bountiful collection.

Rank means nothing against a hail of arrows. It all comes down to fate, he thought. A Junhou commanding a thousand soldiers ends up as nothing. That's why being alive is what truly matters. Power is tempting, but life is more valuable. Emperor Qin Shi Huang's unification of the realm is a monumental achievement, but who remembers the countless soldiers who died to make it happen? No wonder they say that a single general's success is built on a pile of ten thousand bones.

Moving the body of another high-ranking officer, Zhao Feng felt even more wistful. His knowledge of history from a future era gave him a perspective on this bloody battlefield that surpassed anyone else in this age. He would never sacrifice himself for a king's ambition or sell his life cheaply. He only wanted to live for himself. If he hadn't been conscripted, he would never have set foot on a battlefield.

I have to get stronger, he vowed internally. Only by becoming so strong that no one can kill me will I be safe. Once all my Attributes are over 1,000, I should become practically unkillable. I can't even imagine how powerful I'll be at that level.

He quickened his pace, gathering Attributes. It wasn't that he couldn't just touch a body to collect them; the system required him to be in contact with the source for at least five breaths.

The three thousand soldiers of the Logistics Army worked quickly to clear the battlefield. In less than half a day, the area outside the city was mostly cleared.

The bodies of nearly ten thousand elite soldiers of the Qin army had all been transported away. The other seven thousand logistics soldiers were busy digging pits and building tombs, a task that would take more time. Everything proceeded in an orderly fashion.

Being a platoon leader really is great. It saves me the time of hauling a cart back and forth. In just half a day, I've collected over five hundred attribute points.

"Open Attribute Panel," Zhao Feng commanded.

Host: Zhao Feng

Age: 15

Strength: 458 (The higher the Strength, the greater the force that can be unleashed.)

Speed: 312 (The higher the number, the faster the speed.)

Constitution: 265 (The stronger the Constitution, the faster injuries heal and the more endless the stamina.)

Spirit: 268 (The stronger the Spirit, the clearer the mind. At a certain level, one can sense nature's spiritual energy.)

Lifespan: 86 years and 108 days

Portable Space: 2 Cubic Meters

I've mostly picked up Strength. It's almost five hundred pounds now. Can't they be a little more balanced?

Looking at his stats, Zhao Feng felt like he was complaining about a gift horse.