

Longevity 8

Chapter 8: All Attributes Surpass 300! Acquiring the Method to Mobilize Divine Sense!

But it won't be long now. After another round of collecting from the city, all my Attributes should reach over three hundred. By then, I should get another Treasure Box reward, Zhao Feng thought with delight.

With the clearing of the area outside Yang City complete, hardly any Qin soldiers remained there. Any who were still alive had already been rescued by their comrades. This was an ironclad rule of the Qin Army—a bond of brotherhood. As long as a soldier was still breathing, even in retreat, his comrades would carry him back.

"Logistics First Army Marquis Camp, assemble!" Luo Chao barked.

The logistics soldiers belonging to his Army Marquis Camp began to gather, Zhao Feng naturally among them.

"The area outside the city has been cleared," Luo Chao announced to the thousand logistics soldiers before him. "Next, we clear the city itself. Inside the walls is not the same as outside. Out there, the bodies were our own Qin brothers, but within, most are enemy soldiers. You must be cautious and careful during this operation. Keep your weapons drawn at all times. Don't die needlessly."

"Our Logistics First Army Marquis Camp will be the vanguard, clearing the city towers and the outer city. In short, remain vigilant."

Afterward, Luo Chao gave a wave of his hand. Led by their centurions, the soldiers moved in an orderly fashion toward the city.

However, after hearing Luo Chao's warning, many soldiers became more vigilant. An enemy feigning death to launch a surprise attack was an extremely dangerous possibility. It was just like the time Bao Qiu had pretended to be dead before suddenly rising up to kill.

"You all need to be careful, especially you, Zhao Feng," Wei Quan said, turning to address everyone but giving Zhao Feng a pointed look. "Those enemy soldiers have already stared death in the face. They're desperate. If you find a single one alive, call for backup to surround and kill him immediately."

After all, when Zhao Feng was carrying corpses, he became completely engrossed in his task.

"Don't worry, Centurion," Zhao Feng nodded, his expression equally serious.

But I'm not really afraid. My Attributes are so high now that, forget fighting a hundred men, even a dozen enemies wouldn't be enough for me to kill. A casual swing of his sword carried the force of five hundred jin, and his speed was also extremely fast. Anyone who wanted to kill him would need either a volley of arrows or to trap him in a deep encirclement.

Of course, Zhao Feng understood the possibility of enemy counterattacks. The Qin Army was world-renowned for its fierce and courageous warriors. Furthermore, the military merit system turned every soldier into a weapon of slaughter. If the enemy surrendered in an organized fashion and in large numbers, the Qin Army might accept. But once a city's defenses were broken, the notion of surrender was meaningless. The elite soldiers of the Qin Army would frantically hunt down their enemies, killing even those who surrendered right before their eyes, as every soldier was desperate to earn military merit.

Knowing that surrender would not spare their lives, the enemy soldiers naturally fought with the desperation of the doomed. Killing one meant breaking even; killing two was a profit. This was the cruelty of this era.

Upon entering the city, the scene was even more brutal than it had been outside. Corpses and blood were everywhere, staining the city towers red. Severed limbs were scattered all over. The sight would make any ordinary person vomit. Zhao Feng himself had thrown up when he first arrived on a battlefield, but after so many days of dealing with corpses, he had grown accustomed to it.

"Brothers, let's change the rules a bit," Zhao Feng said, turning to the fifty men under his command. "Ten of you will confirm the deaths, twenty will transport the bodies, and the remaining twenty will follow me to move the corpses."

"Yes, sir!" the soldiers responded in unison.

They then followed Zhao Feng up toward the city towers to begin clearing the stairways. Looking at the bodies strewn about haphazardly, Zhao Feng glanced over them and then began the work.

[Touching a common soldier, collect 1 point of Strength.]

[Collect 1 point of Speed.]

[Collect 1 point of Spirit.]

...

As Zhao Feng got back to work, he once again began frantically collecting Attributes. For the time being, no Han Soldiers feigning death were discovered in the city tower, which had been the first objective captured by the Qin Army during the siege.

Time continued to pass.

Zhao Feng lifted two enemy corpses and threw them onto an ox cart.

[All Attributes have broken through 300. Reward: one First-Order Treasure Chest.]

[Number of handled corpses exceeds one thousand. Reward: Spiritual Consciousness Inducement Technique.]

A prompt appeared on his panel.

So satisfying. My power has taken another step forward. This corpse-carrying job is truly perfect for me.

With all his Attributes now surpassing three hundred, Zhao Feng could feel his body growing stronger, both inside and out.

Open the First-Order Treasure Chest, Zhao Feng immediately commanded in his mind. Now I get it. As long as all my Attributes reach a certain threshold, I'll be rewarded with a Treasure Box.

Open the First-Order Treasure Chest.

[You have obtained one First-Order, High-Grade [Profound Iron Bow].] the panel indicated.

Not bad. It didn't disappoint. Zhao Feng was very satisfied. A First-Order, High-Grade bow was definitely a formidable weapon.

Spiritual Consciousness Inducement Technique?

Next, Zhao Feng looked at the reward for handling a thousand corpses.

Extract. Learn, Zhao Feng, filled with curiosity, immediately learned it.

A flash of golden light enveloped him. In an instant, Zhao Feng understood.

So that's how it works. Divine Sense is spiritual power. This inducement technique allows one to release their spiritual power to perceive the outside world. Isn't this just like cultivating Divine Sense from the novels in my past life? My god. I actually have this ability now! Zhao Feng thought excitedly.

He then attempted to use this Divine Sense technique.

Indeed. He sensed that his perception was no longer limited to his body. Even with his eyes closed, he could perceive his surroundings with perfect clarity.

After trying it out, he concluded, The range of my Divine Sense is thirty feet, which must be proportional to my spiritual power. This is an ace up my sleeve! With my Divine Sense spread out, I'm aware of everything within a thirty-foot radius, with no blind spots. It's impossible for anyone to sneak up on me now. And I can tell instantly who's feigning death. However, even though this spiritual power can be projected outward, it seems it hasn't yet transformed into true Divine Sense, so I still can't perceive Spiritual Energy. Or maybe... this world doesn't have Spiritual Energy at all? Zhao Feng pondered.

He opened his Attribute Panel.

Age: 15 years old

Strength: 512 (The higher the value, the greater the force that can be unleashed.)

Speed: 365 (The higher the number, the faster the speed.)

Constitution: 321 (The stronger the constitution, the faster injuries heal and the more inexhaustible the stamina.)

Spirit: 321 (The stronger the spirit, the clearer the mind and thoughts. Spiritual power can be projected outward, and once it grows to a certain level, it can perceive nature's spiritual energy.)

Lifespan: 86 years and 118 days

Portable Space: 3 cubic meters

Martial Technique: Explosive Fist (Mastered at the initial level, a single punch can unleash twice the user's base strength.)

I'll take it one step at a time. The only thing that matters is to keep collecting Attributes and growing stronger.

With that thought, Zhao Feng stopped speculating about Spiritual Energy. He returned to the task at hand, continuing to move the corpses of Han Soldiers and collect Attributes.

Time slipped away in this manner.

「Meanwhile, on the other side of Yang City...」

The elite troops of the Lantian First Main Camp were hunting down the remnants of the Han Army fleeing from the city.