

## Longevity 109

Chapter 109: Tier 2 Power Achievement! How to Handle Ying Zheng?

Upon hearing the voice, the three hundred boys and girls before him knelt down without hesitation, their faces fervent. "We greet our Lord."

They may have been young, but one thing was crystal clear. Han Xi had found and saved each of them when they were on the brink of death. In Han Xi's words, Zhao Feng had granted them the grace of continued life.

"Rise," Zhao Feng said with a nod and a wave of his hand.

"Thank you, Lord." The three hundred boys and girls rose and looked at Zhao Feng respectfully.

"To all of you," Zhao Feng began, his voice ringing with authority. "I have granted you your lives. In return, your purpose is to become my personal Dead Soldiers.

"From this day forward, you will lose your freedom. You will undergo the most rigorous training and become my agents in the world. Many of you may die during this process.

"But for those who complete the training and become elites, I guarantee you a boundless future. Wealth, glory, power... all can be yours. All I ask for in return is your loyalty. In this world, the human heart is the most difficult thing to fathom. The disloyal are not worthy of serving me, nor are they worthy of living under my protection," Zhao Feng said coldly, his words a sharp warning.

He then opened his subordinate force sub-panel.

Force Leader: Zhao Feng [Double Cultivation Speed Bonus]

Members: 515

Primary Force Cultivation Technique: Intermediate Internal Skill [Once selected, the Cultivation Technique can be directly transmitted through the panel. It can be restricted from being spread, and the Force Leader may revoke it at any time.]

Rank: Level Two [Upgrades to Level Three after recruiting over 5,000 members.]

Force Trait: Burning spiritually-charged items accelerates the cultivation speed of the force's Primary Cultivation Technique.

Assignable Free Attribute Points: 200 per month

Further down was the list of members in his force, along with their loyalty values.

With a single glance, Zhao Feng spotted several people with low loyalty values. Some hadn't even reached the minimum threshold, with scores below forty. A value that low was tantamount to hatred.

"Wu Li, Cao Qiu, Hu Yi..." Zhao Feng read out the names of seven people. "Step forward!"

The ones whose names were called felt their hearts sink, but they stepped forward, puzzled. Four of them were from the group of children, and the other three were former Han Imperial Guards.

The seven stood before Zhao Feng, bewildered.

"Do you hate me?" Zhao Feng asked abruptly.

At his words, the faces of the seven paled. They scrambled to their knees, stammering in panic, "We do not understand what our Lord means."

"This is the first time I have ever met you, so how would I know your names? The human heart is difficult to fathom, but I can see right through it. I saved your lives, yet instead of showing gratitude, you harbor hatred," Zhao Feng's voice turned harsh.

The moment he finished speaking, his trusted aides surged forward without waiting for a command. They seized the seven and pinned them to the ground. At that moment, the seven grew even more frantic, though they maintained their expressions of confusion.

"What does our Lord intend?" one cried out.

"We don't know anything!"

"Please, my Lord, explain yourself!" they pleaded in alarm.

"I told you, I can see through the human heart," Zhao Feng repeated, his gaze sweeping over them like a blade. With a wave of his hand, Zhang Han instantly understood. He drew his sword, strode to one of the captives, and cut him down with a single stroke.

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The man was instantly decapitated, dying on the spot. The remaining six panicked even more, especially the four youths, whose faces turned ashen. All the other recruits watched on, their faces masks of terror.

But Zhang Han showed no mercy. With another swing of his sword, a second head rolled to the ground.

"You're right! I hate you!" one of the youths finally snapped, his eyes blazing with hatred as he glared at Zhao Feng. "If you saved me, why didn't you save my father? Why?!"

A ripple of shock went through the crowd.

"Then tell me, why should I have saved \*you\*?" Zhao Feng retorted coolly. "You are useful to me. What use was your father? I saved all of you simply because you are useful to me. I save you, you serve me. It's as simple as that. I am no Saint."

With a final, dismissive wave of his hand, Zhao Feng said no more. Zhang Han carried out the sentence, and a few more sword strikes ended the remaining lives, their blood staining the muddy ground red.

At that moment, Zhao Feng truly understood the meaning behind the old saying: a cup of rice is a kindness, but a bushel of rice can create an enemy. He was no Saint, and selfless devotion was not something he was capable of. Ultimately, recruiting these people was about building his own power and planning for the future. The state of Qin had just conquered Han, with five more states left to fall. Historically, this unification took ten years. In another dozen years after that, during the period known as the End of Qin, he was confident he could build his force into a colossal entity spanning the entire world. He would have his own power base in the shadows, while on the surface, he would seize military authority. Are kings and generals destined by birth?!

After the execution of the seven, the remaining recruits all stared at Zhao Feng with awe and terror, not daring to utter a sound.

"I told you," Zhao Feng declared, his voice hard as iron. "I can see into your hearts. If you are disloyal, I will know. The only consequence for disloyalty is death. And a traitor does not die alone—their family dies with them."

He was no bleeding heart. To command loyalty, one needed to have the means to enforce it.

At that moment, a youth with a determined face shouted, "We swear to serve our Lord until death!"

His cry was immediately taken up by all the other recruits, who roared in unison, "We swear to serve our Lord until death!"

Zhao Feng's gaze fell upon the youth, noting his determination and the deliberate way he had stepped up to take the lead.