

Longevity 110

Chapter 110: Tier 2 Power Achievement! How to Handle Ying Zheng? (Part 2)

"What is your name?" Zhao Feng asked.

"Replying to My Lord, I am Ying Bu," the young man replied loudly. His expression was resolute, and he showed no sign of panic at the sight of the corpse before him.

Upon hearing this name, Zhao Feng was slightly startled. Ying Bu! This is an incredible find. In the histories, he was a fierce general renowned for having strength second only to Xiang Yu. And according to those records, Ying Bu was supposed to be from the State of Chu during the Warring States Period. So how did he end up in Han Land? The boy before me looks to be about eleven years old, which lines up with the timeline.

"You must be from Chu, correct?" Zhao Feng asked tentatively.

At these words, Ying Bu looked astonished. "How does My Lord know this?" he asked, staring at Zhao Feng in shock. The people of the various states were all of the same race, making it impossible to tell which state someone was from by their appearance alone.

"Why did you come to Han Land?" Zhao Feng asked again with a slight smile.

"My parents were murdered," Ying Bu replied truthfully. "I killed the man responsible and fled to Han. I never expected to be caught up in Qin's invasion and the chaos of war. I was on the verge of death in Xinzheng City when one of My Lord's men saved me."

"Good." Zhao Feng smiled. He quietly checked Ying Bu's loyalty value on his system panel; it was over 60, already past the critical threshold of 50. This indicated his initial allegiance.

"You are very honest," Zhao Feng said. "And I can see that you have potential. Pledge your loyalty to me, and I will give you everything you desire. From this day forward, you will be the temporary leader of these three hundred Dark Guards. If you complete your training and prove yourself the most outstanding among them, I will give you permanent command of this unit." Zhao Feng finished with a smile.

This promise was a great prize laid out before Ying Bu. Upon hearing Zhao Feng's words, his eyes blazed with passion and determination. He immediately dropped to one knee. "This subordinate will never disappoint you, My Lord!"

At that moment, Ying Bu's loyalty value quietly rose to 70. Among the other three hundred recruits, many looked at him with envy and dissatisfaction. He had just arrived, yet he had already caught the master's eye. It just went to show that one must always seize an opportunity when it presents itself.

"Han Xi." Zhao Feng turned around.

"This servant is here," Han Xi immediately responded.

"Who is training them at present?" Zhao Feng inquired.

"Replying to My Lord," Han Xi said, promptly pointing to a burly man beside him. "It is this man, Han Shuang. He is the former Vice Commander of the Han Imperial Guards and an expert in training troops."

"Han Shuang pays his respects to My Lord." Han Shuang immediately bowed to Zhao Feng.

"You were a Vice Commander of the Imperial Guards and retired before Qin conquered the Han Capital. Why would you be willing to come to this remote mountain with me?" Zhao Feng asked with a faint smile.

"To survive, and for my family," Han Shuang replied earnestly, his face full of self-assurance. "My only skill is training soldiers. I am confident that if My Lord provides a system of encouragement and reward like the one Qin has for its Sharp Soldiers, I can also forge a powerful army."

"What I need you to train are not ordinary soldiers," Zhao Feng said sternly.

"Then what does My Lord require?" Han Shuang asked.

"I don't need soldiers for front-line assaults; under my command, the Qin Army's Sharp Soldiers can handle that," Zhao Feng declared gravely. "What I want you to train are my personal Dead Soldiers. They are killers who walk in the darkness of night, loyal only to me. They obey only my commands, and they are stronger than any soldier."

"I understand," Han Shuang grasped immediately. "My Lord wants me to train assassins."

"Can you do it?" Zhao Feng fixed his gaze on Han Shuang.

"I can, but the training will be brutal," Han Shuang replied firmly.

"I don't care how you do it. I want true elite Dead Soldiers. If you need men, I'll give you men. If you need money, I'll give you money," Zhao Feng said solemnly. "Do it, no matter the cost."

Without another word, Han Shuang dropped to his knees. "This subordinate will not disappoint you, My Lord!"

Then, Zhao Feng glanced at the boys and girls lined up in several rows. With a wave of his hand—WHOOSH—several hundred sharp blades and crossbow bolts appeared out of thin air on the ground.

Zhang Han and his subordinates, who had witnessed this before, were not surprised. Everyone else, however, was completely stunned.

"He made so many weapons appear from thin air! Is the master an Immortal?"

"Our master truly is an Immortal! No wonder he can see into people's hearts. He's too powerful!"

"Our master is an Immortal..."

Everyone stared at Zhao Feng with shock, their hearts filling with an even deeper reverence. If such a feat wasn't the work of an Immortal, then who else could possibly do it? Zhao Feng, however, simply swept his calm gaze over them. This was all part of his plan. He wanted to cultivate an image of immense power in their minds, making it impossible for them to ever defy him.

He had emptied the Han treasury of its short weapons, and now they could finally be put to use.

"Han Shuang, I am putting these weapons under your charge," Zhao Feng told him. "In three months, I want to see the initial results of your training."

"Yes, My Lord," Han Shuang immediately agreed, his gaze filled with the same awe as everyone else's.

After giving his orders, Zhao Feng walked to the side. Han Xi hurriedly followed, understanding that his master had more instructions for him. Having served the King of Han for many years, Han Xi was a master at reading the moods and expressions of others.

"I have two top-secret blueprints," Zhao Feng said to Han Xi in a very serious tone. "One is for the Iron Smelting Skill, which will allow us to forge blades sharper than any used by the army. The other is for the Brewing Skill, which can produce the strongest liquor in the world."

As he spoke, two blueprints materialized in his hands.

"My Lord, if I may be so bold," Han Xi asked tentatively, "does this Iron Smelting Skill truly allow for the refining of Fine Iron?"

Fine Iron was the most difficult metal to work with, but any weapon forged from it could be considered a divine weapon.

"It does," Zhao Feng confirmed.