

Longevity 111

Chapter 111: Second-Tier Power Achievement! How to Handle Ying Zheng? (Part 3)

"Moreover, this is a method for refining Fine Iron that is superior to any in the world today," Zhao Feng said with a confident smile. He was completely assured of the technique revealed by the Treasure Box.

This technique was certainly beyond this era.

"My Lord is truly an immortal among men," Han Xi said reverently. "This servant pays his utmost respects."

"You will personally manage these two formulas. Besides you, no one is permitted to see them in their entirety. Once someone joins my command, they have no opportunity to leave. If anyone attempts to flee, have Han Shuang deal with them directly. I do not tolerate traitors under my command," Zhao Feng said sternly.

"Please rest assured, My Lord," Han Xi declared at once. "This servant will personally oversee the two formulas. If the formulas are ever lost, this servant is willing to die to atone for the crime." As he spoke, a steadfast loyalty surged in his heart, born from the immense trust Zhao Feng had shown him.

"Refining Fine Iron requires iron ore. I will leave you with five thousand Gold. Use it as you see fit. In addition, secretly send people to purchase some taverns in the various cities across Yingchuan. In the future, the strong liquor we produce will become the greatest source of funding for our forces. You can also send men to directly purchase the grains needed for brewing," Zhao Feng instructed.

"This servant understands," Han Xi immediately nodded, etching Zhao Feng's words deep into his heart.

"One more thing," Zhao Feng added, producing another list. "This is a medicinal formula. Procure all the herbs listed on it. Buy as many as you can find." He handed Han Xi the list of ingredients required for the Bone Tempering Powder. Han Xi committed everything to memory.

As night began to fall, Zhao Feng stood outside the mountain forest, gazing at the woods as they were gradually enveloped by darkness. A hint of anticipation appeared on his face. The foundation of my power is now established. All that's left is to wait for the harvest.

"We're heading back to camp!" Zhao Feng commanded loudly as he swung himself onto his horse.

His trusted aides quickly mounted their horses and formed a protective escort around him as they rode towards Wei City.

A little over an hour later, Zhao Feng returned to the military camp.

The camp was a spread of orderly and organized encampments. Of the thirty-seven thousand troops, the majority were stationed here, with the exception of those patrolling Wei City and the border. They were also responsible for guarding the Han Surrendered Soldiers, who were steadily being brought in.

"General Zhao," Zhao Tuo and the other generals reported respectfully, having gathered before Zhao Feng. "Within five days, all the Han Surrendered Soldiers will have been sent to Wei City. We will need your instructions on how to reorganize them."

"I already have a plan for reorganizing the surrendered soldiers," Zhao Feng said with a slight smile, handing a set of bamboo slips to Zhao Tuo. "Here is the directive. Take a look."

The other generals immediately crowded around to look.

"General, you intend to completely break up the surrendered soldiers and integrate them into our own ranks?" Zhao Tuo asked, surprised.

"That is correct," Zhao Feng replied solemnly.

"But, General," Zhao Tuo argued, "the army has never reorganized surrendered soldiers this way. In the past, they were always formed into a separate corps, never integrated with our Sharp Warriors. The morale of the surrendered troops is low; mixing them in could negatively affect our army's combat strength."

"If we never change our methods, how can we ever hope to turn these surrendered soldiers into a true fighting force for Qin?" Zhao Feng countered, looking at him sternly.

"Follow the order as I have written it," Zhao Feng said in an indisputable tone. "Begin integrating the surrendered soldiers into the army tomorrow."

Despite his objections, Zhao Tuo could only nod. "Understood."

It was as they say: a higher rank could crush a man to death. It has always been this way. Zhao Feng was the commander assigned to defend Wei City, making him the absolute superior in the camp. Furthermore, the reorganization order had been approved by General Li Teng, and Zhao Feng had sworn a military oath, taking full responsibility for any fallout. How could his subordinates dare to defy him?

"There is one more thing," Zhao Feng continued, "and it is the key to transforming these surrendered soldiers into a true fighting force. Relay my command. Once integrated, any surrendered soldier who kills one enemy in battle will be freed from his slave status. If he kills a second enemy, he will become a true soldier of the Qin Army, entitled to our system of military merits. For killing five enemies, he will be promoted one rank in the nobility. From then on, he is to be treated with all the honors of a Sharp Warrior." Zhao Feng announced another heavy decree to the assembled generals.

At these words, the five generals were stunned once more.

"Treat surrendered soldiers with the same honors as our Sharp Warriors? And allow them to advance through military merit?"

"General, this measure is even more unprecedented!" Chen Tao spoke up. "This truly requires further deliberation. At the very least, we must have the King of Qin's approval before implementing it."

"I agree," Zhao Tuo immediately seconded. "We must wait for the order from on high. Otherwise, this would violate the military system of Qin."

Hearing the phrase "violate the military system," Zhang Han also shot a worried look at Zhao Feng.

"Regarding this matter," Zhao Feng said calmly, "I have already sent a report to General Li Teng. I believe he has already dispatched a messenger to Xianyang. But since you are all worried, we can wait for the edict to arrive from the capital."

Despite the debate, Zhao Feng was confident the King of Qin would agree. It was not for any specific reason, but simply because he was the future Emperor Qin Shi Huang—a monarch of great ambition and strategic vision. He would naturally see the benefits of putting the surrendered soldiers to use for Qin. As for the downsides, there really were none, aside from the cost of food and gold to support a larger army.

"Understood." Hearing Zhao Feng's words, the generals all nodded.

"Very well," Zhao Feng said to them. "You are all dismissed to rest. The reorganization begins tomorrow. Report any developments directly to me."

"Understood. We take our leave," the five generals said with a bow before departing.

Once they had left, Zhao Feng thought to himself, Fate Official Seal.

Before his eyes, the Fate Official Seal shimmered with a faint glow.