

## Longevity 130

Chapter 130: Mrs. Zhao: I Never Expected to See This! Fusu, He's Truly Fortunate to Have You!\_2

...

「Wei City!」

On the drill ground of the military camp, Zhao Feng stood atop the Dianjiang Platform. He was tall and straight, clad in the Battle Armor of a Deputy General with the Longquan Sword at his waist. After picking up the Attributes, his height had reached 1.8 meters. This wasn't even his limit, as it was expected he would grow taller still. His youthful and martial appearance, combined with the murderous aura of the battlefield and the Deputy General's Battle Armor, made Zhao Feng look all the more imposing.

Below the Dianjiang Platform, 60,000 troops stood at attention. At a single glance, the hierarchy was clear. Five Wanjiangs commanded their respective armies, having already completed the reorganization of the surrendered soldiers. Each Wanjiang's division had now exceeded the 10,000-soldier threshold, with each one housing 13,000 troops. The extra men were all from the reorganized surrendered soldiers.

A casual glance was enough to discern the difference between the surrendered soldiers and the Sharp Warriors. The surrendered soldiers had no Battle Armor. This was the distinction between them and the army's Sharp Warriors. To receive Battle Armor and become an armored warrior, one must first be freed from servitude. Then, they had to kill enemies and perform meritorious deeds to become true, ennobled Sharp Warriors. Only then would they be granted Battle Armor.

"Soldiers of the Wei City garrison, are you here?" Zhao Feng glanced over the troops and called out with authority.

"WIND! WIND! WIND!" all the soldiers around the drill ground roared in unison.

However, mixed into this war cry were the voices of 30,000 Han surrendered soldiers. Their shouts were weak and spiritless, as they had utterly lost their morale. Their inclusion had a considerable impact on what was once an elite army.

This scene made the few Wanjiangs who already disapproved of reorganizing the surrendered soldiers even more displeased.

But atop the Dianjiang Platform, Zhao Feng paid it no mind. As far as he was concerned, these reorganized surrendered soldiers were little more than living, walking corpses. Their homeland was lost and they had nowhere to flee. Though reorganized into the army, they were still bound by servitude. For them, there was no future, so how could they possess any will to fight?

"Enough!" Zhao Feng raised his hand, and the war cries gradually subsided.

"From this moment on, the entire army will repeat my words," Zhao Feng declared solemnly.

The 100 trusted aides surrounding the Dianjiang Platform immediately responded in unison, "Yes, General!"

"I, Zhao Feng, am under orders to defend Wei City," he began, his words repeated throughout the army by his trusted aides. "By tradition, surrendered soldiers would not be reorganized. They would be sent

to the Northern Frontier to build The Great Wall, reduced to slaves building imperial highways. But now that I command this army, I am setting a precedent. I am reorganizing all of you into the army to serve Qin!"

As his aides' voices carried his words throughout the ranks, the surrendered soldiers remained largely unmoved.

"I know," Zhao Feng continued. "To you, being reorganized into the army just means you'll be used as cannon fodder. You believe you can never shed your servitude or live with dignity. But today, I have news for you. It concerns every surrendered soldier here, and all those Qin will capture in the future."

"From this day forward, any surrendered soldier who kills one enemy for Qin will be pardoned from servitude and receive the salary of an ordinary soldier! Kill five enemies for Qin, and you will be granted a title, becoming a true Sharp Warrior of Qin and enjoying promotions based on military merit!" Zhao Feng announced loudly.

These words were again repeated by the whole army.

At this, all the surrendered soldiers who heard the news were stunned. A flame of hope ignited within those who had been numb just moments before. The thought of merely surviving one day at a time was instantly replaced by a new resolve.

Generals like Chen Tao and Zhao Tuo were stunned when they heard the announcement. Could it be that the Royal Edict has already been issued? Did the Great King actually agree to General Zhao's proposal to reorganize the surrendered soldiers?

When Zhao Feng had first submitted this proposal, they had all been certain the Great King would not approve it and that the surrendered soldiers would simply be reassigned as cannon fodder.

"Is it true?"

"We just need to kill enemies for Qin to be freed from servitude? We can even be promoted and ennobled through combat?"

"If this is really the case, then don't we have a chance to go home and see our families again?"

"This Qin General isn't deceiving us, is he? If this policy is real, why wasn't it implemented before?"

"I've never heard of surrendered soldiers being treated like this!"

While most of the surrendered soldiers clung to the hope offered by Zhao Feng's proposal, many were still skeptical. Deep in their hearts, they remained wary of Qin.

"General, I ask you," a soldier from the reorganized ranks shouted, his voice cutting through the murmurs, "is this true or false?"

At his question, the eyes of all the surrendered soldiers turned to Zhao Feng on the Dianjiang Platform.

Faced with this inquiry, Zhao Feng wasted no words. He simply produced the Royal Edict, rushed from Xianyang, and held it high for all to see.

"Everything I have just said has been permitted and approved by the Great King himself!" Zhao Feng declared. "From this day forward, all reorganized surrendered soldiers will be known as the 'Penal Battalion'! You will bear this name as a sign of the crimes for which you must atone!"

"Any soldier of the Penal Battalion who kills one enemy for Qin on the battlefield shall be pardoned from servitude, reinstated as a common soldier, and receive a basic soldier's salary! Any soldier of the Penal Battalion, after being pardoned, who then kills five more enemies will be granted a title of the first rank! This is the grace the Great King has bestowed upon the Penal Battalion!" Zhao Feng roared.

As these words were repeated by the entire army and all eyes fell upon the Royal Edict held high by Zhao Feng, every surrendered soldier on the drill ground was deeply moved.

"If this is true, I am willing to fight for Qin and win my freedom through battle!"

"That's right!" another cried out. "If I can truly be freed from servitude and have a chance to see my family again, I will gladly kill for Qin on the battlefield!"