

His Lord 103

Chapter 103

By a pond in Zhengzhou City, there are three floors inside and three floors outside surrounding residents.

They dared not come close, but stood far away, their heads stretched out to watch the excitement.

A headless male corpse was salvaged from the pond, and the fisherman who found the corpse was grimace and the servants staying nearby explained the situation.

The male corpse had been soaked in the pond for several days, his whole body was swollen and the stench was unacceptable.

When he first salvaged, the fisherman was so scared that he peed his pants.

Deng Yan, a senior official under Zhengzhou County Cheng, squatted on the side of the corpse without shying away, and even looked at this carrion corpse that others shunned closely.

The head of the corpse was cut off and the cut was neat.

Human heads are not so easy to cut, and the murderer is most likely to have superb martial arts and amazing arm strength.

Deng Yan looked through the body while thinking.

“Deng Cheng, let me find it easily.” He You, who is also the county official with Deng Yan, hurried over.

He You was taken aback by seeing a highly decayed corpse suddenly.

“Don’t be busy, don’t be busy, the county guard urgently ordered all the county officials to discuss matters in the county office.” He raised his sleeve to cover his eyes.

“And a moment later.” Deng Yan replied unhurriedly.

He You grabbed his sleeve and left. “The county guard summoned, how can you wait? Let’s put these cases aside first, do you think the impression in the eyes of the county guard and the county Cheng is not bad enough? “

Deng Yan was dragged into the carriage all the way helplessly. He raised the curtain and looked towards the pond while saying: “What the **** is this? The lord has already returned to Bianjing. What else can I have urgently in Zhengzhou? Gather together to discuss it?”

“The lord issued a decree from Bianjing, requiring all counties to establish county schools, and to encourage the establishment of private schools. Bianjing will hold regular examinations to examine the talents selected by various counties and counties, and choose the best for officials.” He You was excited. Said, “The number of students recommended by each county to be hired at that time will become one of the indicators for the county guards to be assessed at the end of the year. Do you think the county guards are anxious?”

Soon after Zhengzhou became the new county of Jin, the county guards and the county chiefs were eager to get a good result in the annual “I” in order to leave a good impression on the lord, which affected their annual assessment very much. Pay attention.

He You is the leader, and there is currently a lack of civil servants in the office. This incident is likely to fall on him. It is an opportunity for him to perform meritorious service.

Deng Yanxing is lacking: “I’m just a small official in charge of criminal lawsuits. Why does this matter to me? I still have cases.”

“Why has nothing to do with you? The new policy of the lord states that the year-end plan is to be treated by all officials, and when it is done, it is OK, but when it is inappropriate, it is abolished. The ‘governance’ here includes the detection of criminal cases and the crime of bandits. The arrest, the collection of taxes, the more advanced training, and the result of this newly added county education and education.”

He You happily patted his friend who is not good at communicating with his boss on the shoulder, “Jun Yan, you are so good at solving crimes, and adults will need to rely on your talents in the future, and won’t reject you as they did before. .”

Deng Yan is not interested in government affairs. He only hopes that the new policy will allow him to deal with cases without interference from his superiors. Let him use his true ability.

He Yoo admires Zhengzhou’s new master: “Jun Yan, have you seen the master in Zhengzhou these days? It’s a pity that my position is low and I didn’t have the chance to look up to the master.”

“I have never met the lord, but I have seen the master Zhou who wrote the “Jin Lv”,” said Deng Yan. “Although that adult is not good at it, he often visits the county office to discuss with us. The application of the newly compiled decree in the actual case is really a respectable adult. The lord can be assisted by such a good minister, and he must be a rare prince.”

In Dingtao, south of Bianjing, in an ordinary courtyard with two entrances, a young scribe in a hat is holding a scroll and leading several children to study.

Dingtao was originally the land of the Song Dynasty. Last year, due to the invasion of Jin Dynasty General Moqiaosheng led by soldiers, Song Xianggong was forced to move his capital to Pengcheng.

Song Xianggong ceded the northern counties and counties between Jin and Wei to Jin.

Dingtao was originally a place of wealth. The gathering of literati and literati was a slightly wealthy home among ordinary people, and they often sent their children to the academy to learn a few words.

Therefore, there are quite a few private schools like this in the city.

“Mr. Bowen, Mr. Bowen.” Another young scribe called from outside the door. It was Li Que, a friend of Dong Bowen, the master here.

Dong Bowen confessed a few words with the students, walked out of the school, and invited his friend to sit in the side room.

“Why is Mr. Que so happy?” Dong Bowen made tea to treat guests.

“Have you heard of Bowen?” Li Que looked excited, “Jinyue Marquis promulgated a new policy, set up a county school, established a private school, and opened a department to recruit scholars! You and me, ordinary students, also have the opportunity to enter the court.”

Dong Bowen was taken aback: “Is this serious?”

“Naturally it is true. Now the gate of the county office is affixed with a notice. The county lieutenant will set up a county school, and children from the county school can participate in the assessment and select the best. Scholars admitted to the county will not only be exempt from taxes, but also receive a few stones of corn subsidy every month. Home. It’s just not easy to get admitted, and the county only recruits 30 people. But as talented as Bowen Jun, the selection must be worry-free.”

Dong Bowen pondered for a moment, “This really surprised me. At first, I saw that our new lord promoted the system of military merit. I thought he was a brave and cruel man who wanted to expand his territory. But I didn’t think of it. People still have this vision.”

“This is a move to advance people’s morals and wisdom.” Li Que flushed with excitement, and lowered his voice in front of his friends. “To be honest, I think this new lord is much stronger than Song Xiangong. Tao was ceded to the state of Jin, which is not a bad thing for the people of Dingtao.”

Dong Bowen squinted his eyes: “The Lord’s move is not only to open up the people’s wisdom. It also makes the poor people enter the court as officials, and breaks the monopoly of the nobles of the aristocratic family. You are right, we can be like this. The people of the Lord are indeed a lucky thing.”

Dialogues like this are ringing one after another throughout the Jin Kingdom.

But Cheng Qianye, who eulogized these decrees, didn't know how much her decree caused waves across the country.

She has returned to Bianjing, sitting in the Chaowu Hall, waving to her two-year-old "son" Cheng Peng, "Peng'er, come to me."

The two-year-old little bun tightened his mother Xu Fei's sleeve.

Since he was born, he has spent very little time with his father.

At a young age, he looked at the young and handsome man in front of him, both admired and nervous, hesitant to step forward.

It wasn't until his mother gave him a slight push on his back that he mustered up his courage, walked forward, stretched out his white and fat little hand, bowed his face upright, flushed his little face, and called out: "Jun father."

Cheng Qianye picked him up, put it on his knees, picked up a pen and ink, and wrote a thousand characters and a feather on the white paper.

"Is Peng'er literate? I will teach you how to read," Cheng Qianye said, pointing to the characters on the table. "This word reads a thousand, this word reads Yu, it is the name of my father. Come, you follow me to read it again, Qian, Yu."

The voice of milk and milk sounded in the wide Chaowu Hall.

Concubine Xu turned her face and quietly wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes with her sleeves.

Now that the world can miss her true husband, apart from her, there are only the princess in front of him and the wife.

When A Jia came in, she saw Cheng Qianye recognize his name in Tutorial Peng.

“The word Peng is the meaning of Pengcheng for thousands of miles. In the future, our land in Dajin will become bigger and bigger, and Peng’er will spread its wings just like a big Peng and guard our country.”

Cheng Peng sat on his father’s lap, his eyes sparkling, and he listened to his father’s recount of the wish given in his name.

Seeing A Jia coming in, Cheng Qianye lifted her son from her knees and asked Concubine Xu to lead him back.

She took the memorial handed by A Jia and reviewed them one by one.

“Lord...Lord.” A Jia hesitated.

“Let’s talk.” Cheng Qianye didn’t look up.

A Jia said slowly, “Master Zhou gave the person a name, followed by Master Zhou’s surname, Zhou Ming.”

Cheng Qianye raised his eyebrows and looked at A Jia.

“So?”

A Jia’s complexion turned a little red, and she didn’t speak for a long time, just looking at the piece of paper on Cheng Qianye’s desk where Peng recognized the name in the tutorial.

Cheng Qianye laughed, turned out a blank page, and picked up a pen: “Okay, I’ll give you a name, too. What do you want? The last name is Cheng with me or do you have any name you want?”

“Humble job... Although I was still young at the time, I still vaguely remember my last name Xia.”

Cheng Qianye thought for a while, and put down two correct words: “Why don’t Fangfei go there to hate, Xia Mu’s yin and yang are lovely. Now it happens to be summer, and your surname is Xia, so let’s call Xia Fei.”

She pulled out a bright and gratifying jade from the drawer, put it on the paper with Xia Fei’s name, and handed it to the girl next to her.

“Fei Tong Fei, Xia Fei, in my eyes you are as beautiful as jade.”

When Zhang Fu walked towards Chaowu Hall, he happened to see Xia Fei standing on the corridor outside the hall.

The dead waiter, who was always indifferent, held a thin sheet of white paper in both hands with a piece of emerald green.

She looked down at the gem shining in the summer sun, revealing an expression that Zhang Fu had never seen before.

“Aja, what’s the matter?” Zhang Fu asked.

Xia Fei came back to her senses and looked up at Zhang Fu, showing her own smile in the sunlight.

“Master Zhang, I will no longer be called A Jia, the lord gave me a name, Xia Fei.”

Zhang Fu entered the Chaowu Hall, and Cheng Qianye was watching the frontline battle report sent by Moqiao.

Mo Qiaosheng led an army of 200,000 people and had already crossed the Qinling Mountains and headed towards Hanzhong where Han Quanlin was.

Han Quanlin was anxious and frustrated, as if he was facing an enemy, he personally led the fight.

“Master Zhang, look at it. It’s another good news. Qiao Sheng has never let me down.” Cheng Qianye excitedly passed the report.

Zhang Fu was not as happy as Cheng Qianye. He was silent for a moment, and then said: “Master, General Mo has accomplished a lot, shouldn’t he give him a reward?”

“Of course,” Cheng Qianye said, “according to his military merits, he should be promoted to the 16th rank and become a knight.”

“What if he really takes the entire Hanzhong territory?”

“Then let him rise to the ranks of Liehou, Guanneihou.”

Zhang Fu gave a salute: “If you continue at the speed of General Mo’s meritorious service, there will always be a day when you can’t be sealed.”

Cheng Qianye sat up straight back. She looked at Zhang Fu and realized that there was something in his words: “Master Zhang has any doubts in his heart, please speak up.”

Zhang Fu sighed helplessly, saluted, and said: “Master, our Jin country has expanded its territory in recent years, its population has increased greatly, and its military strength has increased tenfold compared to two years ago. Now the number of soldiers in the whole territory, total There are more than four hundred thousand. But General Shan Feng Dumo led two hundred thousand troops.”

He looked at Cheng Qianye seriously, “Moreover, with the continuation of the war, his soldiers and horses could continue to increase. He occupied all the cities around Fengdu, and he could independently report to Han Quanlin without the need for us to provide food and grass. Go to war.”

“Master, I know you trust General Mo, but as the king of a country, you cannot rely on the fate of the country solely on the word trust.”

“I understand what you mean.” Cheng Qianye looked at Zhang Fu, “I will seriously consider what you say. But I have my decision in my heart, and please trust my judgment.”

Zhang Fu stopped speaking, bowed his head and resigned.

Cheng Qianye sighed, took out a private letter that Mo Qiaosheng had sent to her in the battle report, slowly opened it, and read it a little bit.

The upright handwriting records the bits and pieces of front-line life, and between the lines, there is the implicit lovesickness of the writer.

At the end of the letter, a very small line of words was written, which is regarded as a reply to the words of Cheng Qianye’s last private letter:

As long as the lord likes it, it hurts me... it doesn’t hurt.

Cheng Qianye bit her lip: This guy has actually learned to hook people.

No matter how he is unqualified, when he is unqualified, I will marry the princess to him.

The author has something to say:

In addition, I saw a little cutie discussing Yang Sheng’s problem,

It’s not that Qiaosheng will rebel with him if he rebels. For a more popular monarch like Cheng Qianye, the generals underneath will take a greater risk if they rebel.

However, as a monarch, he would definitely not rest assured that such a general who holds a heavy hand, leads his troops to be self-sufficient, and quickly catches up with the country. As a confidant of Qiaosheng, Yang Sheng must consider it from Qiaosheng’s perspective. After all, this is about Qiaosheng’s life, and there is no real threat to the lord.

I feel that if the lord doesn't have enough trust in Qiaosheng, Qiaosheng's fate should be similar to Han Xin.