

## His Lord 104

### Chapter 104

In a blink of an eye it's autumn again,

Autumn is the harvest season of the year, and the princes who are not restrained by the emperor seem to feel that when it is time to harvest, they have taken off the titles that have been crowned on their heads for many years and started to become kings.

First of all, Huayu, who was Qidi, named himself the King of Jiaodong.

Luzon, who was next to him, was unwilling to be left behind and immediately established himself as the King of Changshan.

After that, the king of Chu proclaimed himself the king of Chuan, and the monarchs of Wei, Song and Lu also became kings.

Even Han Quanlin, who was successively defeated in Hanyang by Mo Qiaosheng, the general of Jin Dynasty, and who had been besieged in the capital of Nanzheng for several months, also gave himself a king of Han, in order to have the addiction of being king before he was completely defeated.

Only in the past two years, Jin has been in full swing, and it hasn't been slow, and there has been no movement.

Bianjing, the capital of Jin Kingdom at this time. Zhi Li Nei envoy Xiao Jin went out of the city and walked five miles, only to find his lord on a farmland.

Jinyue Houcheng Qianye Zheng and Daskong Cui Youyu squat side by side on the ridge, looking at the fertile soil under the irrigation of the newly constructed water conservancy project.

Behind them stood Cheng Feng, Xia Fei and a group of guards.

They looked helplessly at their golden lord, Zhenghao accompany the lunatic Cui to touch the mud, making his hands full of mud.

Cui Youyu, who was silent in the court hall on weekdays, was squatting next to the lord and boasting: "Now we have irrigated the area of Bianzhou with water from the river, and flushed the land near Bianjing with too much saline. It has become fertile fertile land. According to the minister's understanding, the per mu yield of the people this year has increased a lot compared to previous years."

Cheng Qianye touched his chin with a muddy hand: "But I heard that winter wheat is being grown in Jiaodong. Today, Zimeihe, come to Zimei wheat, can grow twice a year. We still need a lot of land. Rotating fallow, so that our 200 acres of land is not as good as their 100 acres of crops, and we are at a disadvantage."

Cui Youyu is very professional in water conservancy construction, and he also has no knowledge about agriculture, so he was stunned by the question.

Xiao Jin stepped forward and said: "The lord asked the ministers to wait for them to find it. Tomorrow is the lord's establishment ceremony, why is the lord still here?"

Cheng Qianye stood up, brought Biyun and Xiaoqiu to the basin, and washed their hands: "Isn't it just a change of name? It's fine to go tomorrow. It's not like you are called a king. Has become the master of the world."

She said so, still pulling her dress and walking back with Xiao Jin.

"Master Xiao, do you know the question I just asked? Why can't our land be cooked twice a year?"

Xiao Jin said embarrassedly: “The minister is ashamed. Although the minister is an envoy to govern Li, he is the lord in charge of the national tax, salt and iron money. But he is not proficient in farming.”

Cheng Qianye waved his hand: “How can you blame you, you came from a family, followed me in the army, how can you be involved in farming. It is very important to rule Li Nei in charge of the national finances. You have a rigorous character and a person I trust very much. , Is the most suitable person for this position.”

Xiao Jin was very moved. He opened his mouth and said, “Due to the different soils, only two things, wheat and beans, are suitable for planting in Jiangcheng in the northern part of Shanxi. In Bianjing, it is suitable to grow millet, rice, wheat, and beam. It’s a lot better. I heard that only the two countries of Song Wei and Jiaodong Wang Huayu have the fertile soil and developed agriculture, so the technique of two-crop a year has been popularized.”

Cheng Qianye murmured to himself: “Just now I also asked several old farmers that the soil here in Bianjing is indeed a lot fertile. The reason for not being able to come to Zimeihe today is probably because we did not organize a manpower to come. Systematic extension of agricultural technology. How long will it take after farmers learn spontaneously?”

Xiao Jin was a little surprised. When all countries were eager to expand their territories, they were fighting hard. Unexpectedly, his lord paid a large part of his attention to agricultural production.

To be honest, because he was born into a military family, he would inevitably ignore the meaning of the people at the bottom.

However, this princess Qianye, who should have been kept in the deep palace with her fingers free from the sun and spring water, paid great attention to improving the livelihood of the people at the bottom when she took the position of lord.

She built water conservancy to increase farmers’ income. A renewal system was proposed so that the recruits received a certain amount of training before they officially entered the war, in order to reduce the deaths of recruits on the battlefield. In order to boost morale, she gave the slaves a chance to regain their freedom, and set up a military nobility system to rule out differences.

At the same time, during this period of time, Jin State has a rigorous legal and systematic official evaluation system, so that the people living in Jin State can feel at ease every day.

County schools are now being promoted nationwide, and college entrance examinations are being held to select talents.

At this time she started thinking about popularizing agricultural knowledge again.

Maybe Princess Qianba is really a born king.

Xiao Jin watched her step by step from the initial stage of being sincere, fearful, and passive, and quickly growing into the mature and steady, deliberate and foresighted man.

It was her, and our Jin country could no longer find a wiser monarch.

Even if she is a woman, Xiao Jin is willing to follow her to the death.

Xiao Jin thought in her heart.

Perhaps, I have the honour to witness with my own eyes that we have risen from the Great Jin Dynasty to dominate the world.

With the joy of the harvest, the people of Jin state heard the news that their lord was appointed king.

This year, Cheng Qianyu, the king of the Kingdom of Jin, became the first king of the Kingdom of Jin, the reign of Apocalypse.

The first year of the apocalypse.

Bianjing, the capital of the State of Jin, held the country's first big exam. Because it was the first time, the number of people participating in the assessment was not many, less than two hundred.

The examiners divided the results into upper, middle and lower grades, and then submitted the list and test papers to Cheng Qianye before the case.

Cheng Qianye leaned on a recliner in the Jianzhang Hall where Xu Fei and Cheng Peng lived, drinking tea prepared by Xu Fei for her leisurely while flipping through the test papers of Grade A candidates.

A student named Dong Bowen entered her eyes.

He borrowed ten questions in the test paper, and proposed solutions to problems including rational use of land and encouraging farmers to cultivate, which is exactly what Cheng Chiba wanted.

In particular, he was the person who made the pottery of the original Song State. In the whole test paper, he introduced the specific reasons for the advanced agricultural development of Song State in detail. He even proposed ordering grassroots officials to patrol the counties, teach skills, and order farmers to make suggestions.

“Okay, one talent. I must see you another day.” Cheng Qianye patted his thigh and took a sip from Mi Yunlong who was on the small table at hand.

Fei Xu is a woman who takes care of others very well. She always burns a light sweet rosin here, and the tea that she picks up must be at the right temperature and taste just right.

The room is always warm, neither too cold nor too hot.

Cheng Qianye sits on a soft cushion, and she must have her favorite snack on hand. Nothing is not to her liking.

Cheng Qianye also began to like to come to her from time to time to sit and experience the feeling of being a king and being taken care of by a concubine.

What’s more rare is that it is very quiet here. Unless she summoned, Concubine Xu would not disturb her when she was unnecessary.

But today it's a bit strange, there always seems to be someone around,

Cheng Qianye looked up and saw that a beautiful and tender palace lady was kneeling beside her, looking at her affectionately.

Seeing Cheng Qianye looking over, she smiled shyly, stretched out the fat-condensing catkin, and gently massaged her calf.

Her massage technique is very good, but her eyes make Cheng Qianye a little unbearable.

Cheng Qianye buckled the tabletop with his fingers: "Xia Fei."

Xia Fei stepped in from outside the door.

"What's going on?" Cheng Qianye glanced at the palace lady.

The beauty's face turned white.

Xia Fei led the man out.

Concubine Xu then came in and pleaded guilty: "The concubine's concubine did not restrain her subordinates and disturbed her husband. This is the crime of the concubine."

"I know you've always been gentle and generous." Cheng Qianye pulled her to sit down beside him, "but look at our situation now. You can't be more generous anymore. Give me a little tougher and help me. These shouldn't have peach blossoms are kept out. Don't let them bother me again."

Concubine Xu lowered her neck and whispered softly: "This court lady is a close friend of the Queen Mother. The Queen Mother means to mention one or two low-ranking concubines by your side. Even if they only occupy famous points, there is nothing. In essence, it also looks a little better."

Cheng Qianye snorted softly. She understood what her mother meant, but she didn't want some young women to die for nothing.

"Okay, mother then I will say. You are my person, you just listen to me." Cheng Qianye looked at Xu Fei's eyes, "You don't care about those criticisms, I stand behind you. ."

Concubine Xu stood up, crouched and saluted: "Yes, the concubines are all according to what the husband said.

Cheng Qianye smiled and shook his head. He suddenly understood the thoughts of the ancient emperor. This kind of charming, gentle and considerate woman surrounded you, trying to figure out your thoughts, and obeying your words. It was really comfortable.

In Nanzheng, the capital of Hanzhong, Han Quanlin looked nervously at the envoys returning from the enemy camp.

"What, how? Did he take it all?"

"Congratulations to the lord, I accept it. He accepts all the gifts the lord gave." The envoy wiped the sweat from his forehead, and the lord asked him to go out to the enemy camp to meet the frightening ink. General Qiaosheng, he was also frightened.

"Mo Qiaosheng was very happy to receive the Lord's gift. He promised that as long as the Lord surrendered to the public, he would not hurt the lives of the soldiers and civilians in Nanzheng City."

"That's good, that's good." Han Quanlin's heart after suffering for several days finally fell slightly.

"The lord needn't worry too much. The Weichen has asked. This Moqiao student is not as cruel as the legendary. He basically never kills and surrenders when attacking the city." The envoy comforted Han Quanlin and said, "The one from Shouqi County. Gan Yanshou was originally a minister of our country. After surrendering to Mo Qiaosheng, Mo Qiaosheng not only did not anger him, but also recommended him to serve as the prefect of Zhengzhou."

Han Quanlin breathed a sigh of relief and sat limp on the throne.

Mo Qiaosheng!

He gritted his teeth and thought, this humble slave, who was just a dog that knelt before me and let me humiliate me, has now forced me to such a situation.

Han Quanlin's thin face was full of gullies. He grabbed his palm tightly and cursed: "But it's okay. He just cut off my soldiers and besieged me in Nanzheng. As long as I endure what's in front of me. Difficulty, I still have a chance to make a comeback."

"Mo Qiao gave birth to you as a slave, don't be proud, if you fall into my hands one day, I will definitely make you regret being a man."

The envoy looked at the ferocious lord above the throne and sighed deeply in his heart.

It was the moment of surrender, and the lord was still thinking about something unrealistic. Had it not been for the lord's color to make Zhizhi dizzy, he had attempted to insult such a prestigious general, Hanyang's century-old ancestor's foundation, how could it be abolished.