

His Lord 113

Chapter 113

After Wei Sibü left in a huff, Xiao Jin's expression became serious.

Although he could not get outside news, he guessed from the dignified complexion and increasingly anxious emotions of these rebels, the lord and the others should have overcome the difficulties and won victory in Jiangcheng.

Xiao Jin picked up a wheat stalk from the wet ground and twisted it back and forth between his fingers.

This great prison is dark and damp,

There was a musty smell in the air, and various insects and ants shuttled in the corner.

I could faintly hear some faint coughing or crying.

Xiao Jin was very worried about whether the young prince could adapt to such a harsh environment, and he was even more afraid of what would happen to the prince when the rebel dogs jumped the wall.

Xiao Jin was selected by the elders in the family since she was a child, and became the companion of Gong Ziyu.

After the tragedy of the Zhongmu Rebellion, he constantly blamed himself and blamed himself for his inadequate thinking, which made his brother who grew up together lost his life.

Now Prince Cheng Peng is the only blood of Gong Ziyu.

The lord established him as the crown prince, which also meant to entrust the prince to him.

He once again made a mistake, letting the gangster take advantage of the loopholes, making the young prince into a dangerous situation and becoming a prisoner of the lower order.

Xiao Jin closed his eyes and broke the straw with force.

The cart that delivered the food to the prison passed by, and a civilian woman in a short coat and towel wrapped in a towel and holding a long-handled wooden spoon knocked on Xiao Jin's cell door.

When she slowly poured a spoon of vegetable soup into the copper basin in front of Xiao Jin, she whispered in a voice that only Xiao Jin could hear: "Master Xiao. It's me."

Xiao Jin was taken aback, and raised her head, which looked unremarkable and familiar.

After careful identification, he discovered that it was actually Xia Fei, the lord's personal guard.

"Xia Shilang, how could it be you?" Xiao Jin looked around and said in a low voice excitedly, "Why are you here? Where is the lord, how is the lord?"

"The lord has obtained Jiangzhou Dajie. Now the army has driven to Huangchi, twenty miles away from Bianjing." Xia Fei pulled the scarf on his head and quickly replied, "Time is running out, please let me know. The current situation of the rebels in Bianjing."

Xiao Jin nodded: "There are mainly three thieves who conspired this time, they are..."

In Huangchi City, not far to the north of Bianjing.

Cheng Qianye saw Dong Bowen who was in a panic.

Cheng Qianye was overjoyed, and personally helped him up: "Bowen, how did you escape? How is the situation in Bianjing now?"

"Because of the low official position, the minister did not attract the attention of the culprits. He also managed to bribe a relative of the rebel Zhao Ji Kao's inner court. Only then did he escape the prison disaster." Dong Bowen said, "In the past few days, it is rumored that the lord's army returned. The city, Bianjing was in chaos, and the officials took advantage of the situation to escape. Now there are three thieves in Bianjing. They are Taibao Weisibu, Fengchang Zhao Jikao, former governor Li Nei envoy Han Qian, and more than 10,000 adversaries. You."

Dong Bowen was secretly relieved. He escaped from Bianjing untold hardships. He was anxious to see the lord and told about the situation in Bianjing, but he was also worried that the lord would suspect him of being a thief in this situation.

At this moment, seeing the lord calling him so sincere and enthusiastic, Dong Bowen was relieved.

"The rebels shouldn't be afraid. The biggest problem now is that they hold the crown prince and queen dowager civil and military officials in their hands." Cheng Qianye was worried, tapping the table with her finger, "We must find a solution."

Mo Qiaosheng stood beside her, and he looked at Dong Bowen: "These rebels can't be monolithic. Please also ask Master Dong to think carefully about any of them who can break through?"

The night is dark,

In the city of Bianjing, Zhao Jikao dragged his tired steps back to his residence.

The lord had a big victory over the three-nation coalition in Jiangcheng, and the news that he led the army to approach Bianjing was full of ups and downs, and now Bianjing is panic.

Among them, apart from Wei Taibao who is still insisting on breaking the net, almost none of them has no regrets.

Zhao Ji Kao sighed deeply.

His official to one of the nine officials, in charge of the royal family's ancestral temple etiquette and other important tasks, the status is respected.

Even after arriving in Bianjing, the lord arbitrarily adjusted the power of the court, but he never moved his position.

He didn't know how he was covered with lard. Just because he was dissatisfied with those New Deals, he became rebellious towards the lord, so that he could not turn his head back like this.

Zhao Ji Kao opened the door of the bedroom, a cold light flashed in the darkness of the room, and a cold dagger was placed on his neck.

"Wh, who?" Zhao Jikao panicked and wanted to call the guard.

"I advise Zhao Fengchang to stay calm, don't you want to read the letter written to you by the lord?" A cold voice sounded.

"The handwritten letter from the lord?" Zhao Jikao thought.

The girl standing in the dark slowly took out a letter and placed it on the table, "The master's imperial pen is here, as long as Zhao Fengchang can abandon the dark and commit to the Ming, commit crimes and serve the prince, and help the prince. Not only will the master not blame the Zhao clan for the past, he can also take the lead against Wei. The position of the Taibao that was vacated after Fuzhu was given to Master Zhao."

Zhao Jikao's eyes rolled, and he felt his mind become active again. He hesitated for a moment, and finally reached out to the letter on the table.

On the top of the city, a Chang Attendant surnamed Yuan downturned his head and inspected the city defenses. He was just a little Chang Attendant in the Forbidden Army. He listened to the words of his leading boss and believed that the Lord had collapsed in Jiangcheng and followed him blindly. He supported the lord's younger brother Gongzi Jie as the king.

Now, the other side knows that the lord is not only safe and sound, but also has won a big victory, and he has become a rebellious party.

"What can we do for little people like us, except to obey the orders of those adults? Unexpectedly, this has become a traitor to the party."

He shook his head and pushed open the door of the garrison chief's resting room.

There was a person sitting in the middle of the room, the person trimmed his eyebrows, looked forward to the mighty power, and looked up to him.

"Cheng Weiwei!" Yuan Changshi was taken aback, his knees softened, and he subconsciously wanted to kneel and salute.

Cheng Feng is an official guard who is responsible for the defense of the palace gates, and is the real boss of their regular attendants.

There are several other colleagues of his in the room, all turned to look at him.

One of the colleagues who had been with him hurriedly said: "Servant Yuan Chang, we were all deceived by thieves before, but now Cheng Weiwei has come in person. You still don't kneel to show your loyalty to the lord."

Yuan Changshi felt tense and hurried to kneel down.

When the sky was slightly bright, Prince Cheng Peng had a dream. He dreamed that his father led the army to drive away the bad guys. He was lifting himself up and said with a smile: "Peng'er, do you think Father?"

He was about to reply in excitement, opened his eyes and saw that his father was gone, and he was still locked in the eerie stone house.

The young prince cried out.

Concubine Xu got up, put the boy in her arms, and put one hand on his back: "Peng'er is not afraid, Peng'er does not cry, and the mother is here."

She sits in the thatch, like a splendid palace on weekdays, slowly shaking the child in her arms, humming a soft song in her mouth, so that the child who has been awakened from sleep settles down.

"Mother concubine, when can my father come to pick us up? Peng'er is so scared here." Cheng Peng shrank into the mother concubine's warm arms, sucking her red nose and asked.

Concubine Xu gently touched his head: "Peng'er is not afraid, he will definitely come to save us, your father is the most powerful person in the world."

She held up the wet little face and gently wiped away the tears from it: "Peng'er, do you remember when Father King left, did you promise him?"

Cheng Peng's face flushed embarrassedly: "Peng'er remembers that Peng'er promised to protect his mother from his father and not to cry. Mother and concubine, Peng'er will never cry anymore and will not cry in front of those bad people."

Concubine Xu smiled and kissed his little head.

At this moment, chaotic footsteps sounded in the large prison, and the jailers stepped forward, rudely dragging out every prisoner in the cell, gathering in one place, and ordering them to line up for men and women.

"Mother concubine, concubine mother." Cheng Peng was dragged away from Concubine Xu. He stretched out his small hands and called out to his mother.

Concubine Xu angrily reprimanded: "Stop, how can you be so unreasonable to the prince!"

A jailer pushed Concubine Xu into a row: "What the **** is it? Now that a new king has been established, you are going to see the King of Hades soon, so what kind of mastery are you still in front of Lao Tzu."

Concubine Xu fell to the ground and whispered.

Seeing his mother fell to the ground, Cheng Peng was furious. He hugged the jailer's arm and took a bite.

The jailer was in pain, threw Cheng Peng away, raised his waist knife and cut it down.

Cheng Peng fell to the ground, curled up with a small body, and hugged his head in fear.

The pain in imagination did not come. Cheng Peng opened his eyes and saw a tall body holding him in his arms.

"Too, Tai Fu." The Tai Fu who was very strict with him on weekdays not only shielded him with his body, but also smiled comfortingly at him.

Cheng Peng's eyes were red, and he remembered what he had promised his mother this morning, and he held back his tears.

Xiao Jin stood up, protected the prince behind her, and faced the jailer: "This is His Royal Highness, please respect him."

The jailer flinched under Xiao Jin's compelling gaze. He found that all the prisoners around him were staring at him viciously. Even his colleagues pulled his sleeves and persuaded, "Forget it, it is after all. Prince."

The jailer took two steps back and snorted, after all, he did not act unreasonably.

Just expel these criminals and go outside.

Xiao Jin wore shackles on his hands, he half leaned forward and walked forward with Cheng Peng's small hands.

"Master, you are bleeding." Cheng Peng looked at a burst of bright red blood, flowing down the big hand that held him tightly.

"His Royal Highness, the minister may do nothing." Taifu's gentle voice sounded over his head.

The **** hands squeezed his palms.

Cheng Peng lowered his head all the way, watching the red blood spilling drop by drop on the road the two traveled.

The concept of guardianship was born in his young mind for the first time.

"You are a prince, you should take up the responsibility of the prince and protect your mother, your courtiers, and your people."

Cheng Peng's ear heard what his father said when he left, and now he vaguely understood the meaning of it.

The author has something to say: Wei Sibü, Zhao Jikao, and Han Qianzhe, the names of these three villains are related to the names of three Jin state ministers in the three divisions in history. But let's connect the last three words of the three of them to see what they are.