

## His Lord 41

### Chapter 41

Jin was originally just a small border country, and it only emerged in the hands of Cheng Qianyu and Cheng Qianye's father Jin Weihou. Therefore, even the palace where the monarch lives is not excessively luxurious, it is just magnificent.

Under the palace wall, a few young Gong'e casually played a game of dropping sachets. The little sachets traversed an arc high in the air, and hung on the laurel tree with a few crisp "Oh" sounds. Branch.

Gong Es dressed in curly rounds gathered under the thick sweet-scented osmanthus tree and looked up at the sachet.

"How to do it?"

"It's too high to reach."

A black-clothed man lightly touched the trunk with one foot, rubbed his body, and the sachet fell off.

The Gong Es picked up the sachet, looked back at the young figure who was far away, and talked quietly.

"Did you see it, it was him."

"My lord's new favorite? I heard that he is a slave? It seems not as beautiful as Xiao Xiu and Lu Yao."

"I feel very handsome, tall, cold, and lonely, like a lone wolf. That's how it fascinates the lord."

Mo Qiaosheng came to the bedroom where Cheng Qianye was, and bowed down to salute.

Cheng Qianye was struggling to write in front of the case, and said without looking up: "Get up, I will make you a small bed, where you sleep at night."

Mo Qiaosheng didn't get up, just raised his head and whispered, "Master."

"What's wrong?" Cheng Qianye stopped writing and looked up at him.

"I..." Mo Qiaosheng avoided his eyes, "This is the harem."

"Are you afraid that others will criticize you?"

"No!" Mo Qiaosheng raised his head, "I'm afraid it will damage my master's reputation."

Cheng Qianye smiled and continued to lower his head to write: "My reputation is just like that anyway. Xiao Xiu didn't always stay here before."

"When I come back this time, there are a lot of difficult things to do. If you guard me by your side, I will feel at ease."

Cheng Qianye put aside the pen and waved at him, "Come here."

Mo Qiaosheng came to the table and Cheng Qianye showed him the written scroll.

"In all battles, the ruler is judged by military merit, and those who get a title are exempt from slavery."

Speaking lightly, Mo Qiaosheng couldn't help stretching out his fingers and pressing on the handwriting at the end, his fingers trembled lightly, and his heartbeat accelerated.

"Like it? This is for you, and for all slaves like you."

Mo Qiaosheng looked at the man standing in front of the case.

There was a little light in the person's eyes, and he spoke softly, every word, like a burning charcoal, fell down one by one and burned in his heart.

"Hashio, I hate this perverted system from the bottom of my heart," Cheng Qianye stared at the desk, "I am determined to ban it."

"I have always wanted to get rid of your status as a slave and abolish this slave system. But this is not easy. These noble families have been intertwined for many years. This matter has violated their interests and is not easy to deal with."

"Let's take it slowly, first using this method of military merit, starting from the war outside the mainland, a little bit to break this solidified identity class."

Cheng Qianye opened five white and beautiful fingers, "Our Jin country is only so big now. If our army can grow, the territory can expand, and the New Deal matures day by day, we will go back and clean up the old stubbornness in the country. Then they will also There is nothing to do with me."

The slender fingers of Mo Qiao students lightly swiped across the twenty noble ranks on the scroll. Gongshi, Shangzao, hairpin curls, no more...Dashu Chang, Guanneihou, Chehou.

Cheng Qianye stood shoulder to shoulder with him: "Look at Qiaosheng, a junior officer can get a pour field and a small house. Basic life is guaranteed. The farther you go, the more you will be rewarded, but you want a high-level title. , The more difficult it is."

Mo Qiaosheng's fingers slid one by one, paused on the last word Chehou, and pressed it firmly.

He pursed his mouth.

Cheng Qianye understood his thoughts that had no outlet.

She said softly in her heart: If one day you can get the throne of Marquis, I will make you a general, stand shoulder to shoulder with me, sweep all the rotten things, look at the world, how majestic!

...

Concubine Xu took several maids, carrying a cup of bird's nest porridge, and walked towards Cheng Qianye's bedroom.

She felt a little worried, knowing that this was not her husband, but just a sister-in-law, but she had to show her closeness to outsiders.

"Look, madam," a maid said softly behind her.

Concubine Xu looked up. From their angle, she just saw a black figure squatting in the shadow of the pillar outside the hall.

"It's that person, lord's..." another maid whispered.

"Did he cry?"

"The lord has become more domineering, bullying everyone and crying."

"The lord doesn't seem to be the same when he comes back this time. I was a little scared when I saw him."

"Stop talking, don't talk about your husband privately." Xu Fei looked back and whispered.

Leading the crowd, came to the front of the temple, and waited respectfully for the passing of the people who served in front of the temple.

Cheng Qianye was very kind to her, gave her a seat, and asked her about her physical condition gently.

Not long after, Mo Qiaosheng's eyes were reddened, and he followed up in the hall, standing behind Cheng Qianye.

Concubine Xu couldn't help looking at him several times.

I heard that this person is the princess's male...male favorite, I don't know what attitude the princess has towards him. If I come here, will the princess be upset?

Cheng Qianye smiled, in front of everyone, she suddenly took Mo Qiaosheng's hand, dragged it to the table, and grasped it.

Mo Qiaosheng's face flushed, and everyone in the room bowed their heads.

"What's the trouble with my concubine? You might as well speak up. If I can do it, I will do my best for you. You are pregnant and you need to relax and not be so upset."

The gentle woman with the soft light of the goose yellow that made her feel comfortable in front of her, for some reason, was filled with deep black fear and anxiety.

"Hu...Why did your husband say this?" Concubine Xu stood up in fear, "It is my great fortune that I can give birth to Lin'er for my husband."

She held the kerchief and gently touched the bulging abdomen, "As long as this child can be born safely, I will not be disturbed anymore."

Cheng Qianye rubbed her fingers. As soon as she arrived in this world, she was on the battlefield, mixed with men. I don't quite understand the twists and turns between these ancient harem women.

But she also couldn't bear to look at a woman who was about to give birth in such a panic. She thought for a while, and said, "In this way, you will move to the Chaowu Hall next door to me tomorrow. You can wait for delivery with peace of mind. If there is anything wrong, just send someone to find me."

Concubine Xu bit her lip, endured the tears from the corners of her eyes, crouched gratefully and bowed out of the hall.

On the second day, on the main hall, courtiers gathered.

Cheng Qianye proposed to send troops to strengthen Bianzhou.

Taibao Wei Sibü, one of the three males, stood up and spoke slowly and methodically: "Your Majesty will be present to the world, administer morality, and the people will live in peace. Your Majesty takes it seriously."

Feng Chang Zhao Jikao, the head of Jiuqing, seconded: "I did not go to the Great Jin Dynasty last year, and the locusts were restored the year before, but the livelihood of the people has not been restored. All the people of the wild and common people depend on His Majesty Deze to save them. Entering Bianzhou, deep forests and thick bamboos, the waterways are turbulent, and if there is no battle, everyone will die suddenly. Your majesty is worthy of the world, and you will not bear to see the fearless casualties of the soldiers, and the security of the ministers is the most important of your majesty."

The envoy of Zhili Nei, Han Qian, said: "Now the people in Dajin are naturalized, and the four realms are stable, and the lord can live above the temple. Why go to the powers of Bianzhou to wait and see, and the war is a waste of it. Many grains and grass, according to the insight of the minister, it is the best policy to recruit Xiao Sikou back to China as soon as possible."

Everyone babbled, saying that they all opposed the dispatch of troops.

As the vocals faded, a clear sneer sounded suddenly.

When everyone saw it, it was Zhang Fu who was the first assistant to the old Jin Weihou. Zhang Fu flexed his sleeves: "The princes cherish their feathers, only knowing that Bianzhou wars and the great powers look around and are unwilling to get involved. Isn't our Jin country not the great powers looking around? Have you ever thought that if the Lord gave up Bianzhou, Let Dog Rong take Bianzhou and destroy Li Wenguang. Who will Dog Rong's next target be?"

Zhang Fu waved his sleeves: "It's not going south to deal with Song and Wei's two countries, or going north to point at our Jin country!"

Wei Sibü said with a beard: "Zhang Gong's words are not correct. If the husband is the country, he will establish politics with courtesy, cherish the people and benevolence, and make neighbors with trust. If the husband is the case, the country is as safe as a rock. Although there is a country of rape, What a fear!"

Zhang Fu smiled and said: "Looking back, the dog Rong attacked my Dajin city, but I can ask Wei Taibao to go out of the city and use this set of etiquette to try to influence them to retreat!"

Wei Sibü flushed with anger and pointed at Zhang Fu, "You...you..."

The doctor ordered He Lan Yanzhi to go out and hold his fists: "Zhang Gongyan is reasonable, and the minister thinks that since Bianzhou is the land of my great Jin, he should not give it away in vain."

He Lan Yanzhi's in-laws, the historian Shen Tuyi, came out to support his in-laws.

Arguing over the hall for a while.

Lieutenant Wu Mian, who was in charge of the army, saluted Cheng Qianye, who was silent on the throne, and said: "My lord, I am going to send troops to strengthen Bianzhou. Now I have removed the necessary sergeants to defend the border in Jinnei. Is there no man or horse to deploy?"

There was a moment of silence above the hall, and many eyes looked at Cheng Qianye.

Helan Yanzhi took the lead and said: "On the fief of my Helan family, I can assign eight thousand soldiers to the lord's command."

The other officials kept silent.

Cheng Qianye tapped a finger on the armrest, was silent for a moment, and announced his decision directly.

“I have decided to send 50,000 slaves to serve as soldiers, and go to Bianzhou together with the anger of the Helan family.”

“In addition, from now on, the whole country will be reported to the whole country. All wars will be subject to the New Deal and military merits.”

“Zhang Fu took over the post of envoy Han Qian to Zhili Nei, who was in charge of military supplies and grass.”

The author has something to say: I recently read a good article, “My Husband Is In Charge of Beautiful Flowers” BY Ye Shi, this big taste is very consistent with me, I follow this article every day. Haha, it happened that she also read my article and recommended me today. You can take a look at the cute ones you like. It’s really nice.

In addition, explain the issue of the military merit system.

1. With reference to the Shang Yang Reform of Qin State, the first level of the Cold Weapon Era is not as easy as everyone thought. Shangjun’s reforms really meant that he would be crowned the first one. For the sake of everyone’s habit, I have zoomed in to ten titles.

2. This title is different from what everyone thinks. It is not so tall and the four lower titles are still ordinary people. They will also reward some gold and silver, and they will be exempt from partial taxes on their status. Level 4 and above are only equivalent to the subordinate officials of the county government (xian lieutenant, county prince).

3. Since there has been this incident in history, let’s treat it as reasonable and stop arguing.

4. It is true that the reformers from Shang Yangwu to Wang Anshi did not end well, but they were courtiers, and the founder of the emperor himself was fine.



5. Cheng Qianye pays attention to take his time, without directly touching the interests of the nobles, boil the frogs in warm water