

His Lord 42

Chapter 42

Guyu Street in Jiangcheng is a market where people living at the bottom of the capital often gather.

There were noisy people here, and civilians in brown shorts, panties, and straw shoes were crowded everywhere.

And humble slaves in ragged clothes and stains.

A team of judges with fresh clothes and bright armour, wearing a tiger's head sac, tie a ribbon, and holding a long sword separates the crowd.

Surrounded by a handsome young man in a dreadlocks robe, and wearing a scorpion crown, he boarded the platform in the center of the market.

"king."

"It's the king."

"Master, this is the master."

The crowd became agitated. Although they lived in the royal city, most of the civilians at the bottom had never seen the young monarch.

The soldiers used halberds to separate the crowd and maintain order.

Cheng Qianye sat down on the top seat and waited for the crowd to calm down.

A lang official stood on the stage, pointed to a bronze cauldron in front of the stage, and announced: "On the order of the lord, the person who can lift this cauldron will reward ten gold."

At this time, one stone is about 80 yuan, one or two gold is close to 600 yuan, and ten gold is roughly 75 stone of millet. This is basically a year's ration for an ordinary family of three.

This bronze cauldron has been placed here for a long time, and it is not too heavy to burn incense during worship.

Is there such a cheap thing in the world?

People couldn't believe it, and there was a buzzing voice in the crowd. Many people secretly looked up at Cheng Qianye on the high platform, and no one came forward to try for a while.

Cheng Qianye said: "Anyone who can lift up, grant fifty gold."

The temptation of fifty gold was too great. A burly man suppressed the fear of the opposing king, separated the crowd, came to the stage, and bowed his head: "The villain is willing to give it a try."

I saw him come to the front of the tripod, stand with his feet crossed, clasp the abdomen of the tripod with both hands, and drink.

Sure enough, he lifted Kanae swayingly, and he went around the stage three times, then banged the Kanae back to the original place.

There was silence in the crowd, and everyone was like the strong man, looking up at the monarch on the high platform.

I saw Cheng Qianye raised his hand slightly, stretched his sleeves, and said, "Reward."

Then an attendant took out a lacquer tray with fifty taels of bright gold piled on it. Handed over to the strong man.

The man flushed his face and couldn't believe his luck. He prostrated his head repeatedly, almost speechless with excitement.

The crowd burst into a pan like water, making a noise, some were excited, some were annoyed, some were jealous, and so on.

The man who read the announcement cleared his throat, signaled everyone to be quiet, and pointed to the stout flagpoles on the square again and said: "The one who climbs to the top of the pole first will get ten gold."

As soon as the voice fell this time, there were a dozen capable people in the crowd eager to try.

In the end, a man who was good at this way happily received the reward.

Back to the crowd, several of his brothers quickly gathered around, squeezed together with him, touched the bounty in his hand, and congratulated in unison.

Afterwards, the official man held up a roll of Huang Juan in people's expectant eyes, unfolded it in the wind, posted it on the notice board, and read it out loud.

"Military merit is subject to nobility!"

With the chanting and explanation of the Lang Guan, various voices gradually sounded in the crowd.

"Military merit award?"

"Cut down the enemy's first level, and you can reward the field?"

"First-class sergeant. Can get a lot of money."

“A lot of taxes can be reduced or exempted above the second level.”

“Twenty-level title.”

“Slaves are qualified to become regular soldiers if they have done meritorious service.”

“is this real?”

“Is it possible that the decree that the lord came to extol himself was false?”

suburbs,

In a simple private house, the young woman was busy patting the child on her back, while busying around the pot platform.

A cough came from the earth wall with holes.

“Er Niu, bring the medicine on the stove to your milk.” The woman shouted.

“Mother, I’m here.” Er Niu was a six or seven-year-old baby girl. She took a toddler boy over, carefully picked up the bowl with a corner missing from the pot, and walked into the house.

The door curtain was lifted, and a sturdy man with a dark complexion, carrying a bundle of firewood, stepped into the house.

He frowned when he looked at the brown rice porridge with wild vegetables sparsely floating in the pot.

“A Yuan, you are back.” The woman wiped her hands on her apron, took the firewood from the man’s back, and said a little embarrassedly, “Aniang is still sick, she has to drink medicine every day. I had to save some on the rations.”

His man A Yuan was silent for a moment, and said: "A Juan, the lord has recently conscripted to Bianzhou, I...want to join the army."

The woman named A Juan was taken aback, raised her head and looked at her husband in surprise.

A Yuan said, "I went to the city today and heard that the New Deal has begun."

"The New Deal? Is that subject to knighthood? It is being read from house to house today."

A Yuan nodded: "Although it is dangerous to go to the battlefield, I have the strength. If I fight hard and chop up ten people and come back, our family can get a field, a field of our own!"

He twitched his fist: "With so many people in our family, we can only plant well fields for a hundred steps. Every year, we have to grow public fields first and perform service. No matter how hard we both work, we can barely make ends meet. "

A Juan hesitated: "But, on the battlefield..."

Her man stretched out the rough and strong palm of his long-term work, and touched his wife's face: "The New Deal says that as long as you earn military merit, your son can inherit the reward even if you are gone. As long as I fight for my breath, Get a first-class officer back."

He glanced at the boy who was carrying his wife on his back: "Our family will have fields after all."

at night.

In the slave camp,

People who have worked like cows and horses all day return to the dirty rest area.

Most of them were skinny and numb, lining up to receive their own share of low-quality food.

Some old and weak people hurriedly stuffed their mouths as soon as they received food, so as not to be robbed by others on the way.

A strong and muscular man sat on the haystack with squinting eyes, waiting for his "little brother" to bring him food.

"Brother Sheng, Brother Sheng."

Several young men sat around him, with a little respect and flattery.

This slave, known as Brother Sheng, had a hideous scar across half of his face, from the bridge of his nose to his ears. As a result, half of his ears were split. The originally handsome face was a bit distorted and terrifying.

"Brother Sheng." A thin man ran over with food, panting, and said excitedly, "Have you heard? New Deal! New Deal!"

"What's the new policy? See what excites you six monkeys." A man on the haystack sneered. "What does the game of the nobles have to do with us slaves?"

"No." The slave, nicknamed Liuhouer, swallowed and took a breath, "I'm talking about it, the king promotes military meritorious title system-cut a head, get rid of slavery, and become a regular soldier! "

"What?" Several men straightened their backs, and even the brother Sheng opened his cold eyes.

"Really, as long as we go to the battlefield and cut off an enemy's head, we are not slaves. We can be treated like regular soldiers!"

“How is it possible that we belong to the king’s property. How can anyone give up their belongings so casually in this world. Could it be that the adults want us to go to Bianzhou to die, but they are afraid that we will not try our best to draw a cake to fool people.” Sheng Brother said coldly.

“The notice was written clearly and clearly, and it was posted everywhere in the city, and there were special non-commissioned officers explaining in detail.” The six monkeys swallowed, “I have listened for a long time, not only the abolition of slavery, but also the knighthood. A total of twenty ranks.”

“Speak carefully.” Brother Sheng sat up.

“After you become a soldier, you can chop ten heads and you will be a first-class soldier.” Six monkeys broke their fingers and said, “You can have a small field.”

“The second level is called creation, rewards more things, and the third level... the third level, I can’t remember. Anyway, the more enemies you kill, the more rewards you get. You have fields and houses, you can marry a wife, and you can reduce taxes. .”

Several of the slaves who were present exchanged glances, and they all felt their hearts beating.

“When you reach level 4 or above, it’s even more different. There is a chance to become a noble master and an official! It is possible to sit on it, such as the pavilion and the husband.” The six monkeys felt dare not dare. The dream of believing is full, “At that time, wearing a new tuft of cotton clothes, straddling a knife, walking up and down the street, catching a little thief, every month there will be a white millet collar. “

The crowd laughed, “Just you, the monkey, still want to be a master official?”

The six monkeys blushed, “Of course I can’t be, I just hope I can desperately cut off the enemy’s head, and get rid of this slavery, I will be satisfied.”

“Of course, if you follow our brother Sheng, you can get a first-level servant, a bit of land, and marry another wife later, it’s worth the death.” He touched his head, “the title above the fourth level. It’s impossible to get a great achievement unless we have done great work. We are not good at martial arts, and we don’t have much knowledge. I don’t have to think about it.”

“But our brother Sheng is different,” the six monkeys continued, “Brother Sheng has this opportunity, and there must be hope of reaching the fourth and fifth ranks. By then, he will become a pavilion in the village. The chief or the yelling master in the county, lead me with the light.”

The crowd laughed, and the news brought by the six monkeys seemed to cast a little fire in this boundless night, so that they could see the light vaguely, and it was no longer eternal despair.

At this moment, in Bianzhou City, the Jin Army in the city and the Dog Rong troops led by Wei Mingshan outside the city have been facing each other for ten days.

Inside the blackened city wall, a notice was posted with the seal of the king.

Afeng and dozens of slaves gathered around the notice, listening to the sergeant’s announcement.

Afeng raised her head and stared at the line written in black and white.

“Those who have received a poem are ex-slavery.”

His blood-stained hand clenched the weapon in his hand and trembled slightly.

On the martial arts field of Jiangcheng Military Camp,

Helan Zhenxu made a move and jumped out of the circle. He took a breath and raised his hand to stop.

“Qiaosheng, what’s wrong with you lately, you are too hard, I can’t stand it anymore.”

Mo Qiaosheng was naked, sweating like rain, panting slightly. But his eyes were full of light, his whole body seemed to have endless strength, and he did not want to stop for a moment.

“My lord, one more game!”