

His Lord 43

Chapter 43

This day is the birthday of Tai Fu Yang Su, one of the three males, and the elder brother of Yang Ji, the mother of Jinyue Marquis. Therefore, although the Yang Mansion did not hold a big banquet, the friends and relatives who came to congratulate them still kept coming.

Yang Su is over half a hundred years old, and his hair and beard are all white. Because of his uprightness, strong temperament, and his physical illness in recent years, he has not bothered much about the affairs of the country. He only bears the title of Taifu and does not specifically take charge of any affairs.

But at this moment, in his quiet room, there are several dignitaries who are in power.

Feng Chang Zhao Jikao took the lead in speaking: "For the sake of a Bianzhou, the lord is really determined to invigorate the teacher and move the crowd. It is also a conscription and a New Deal, which caused a stir in the capital."

"The lord is still too young, full of blood, and he doesn't know the severity." Shaofu Shiquan shook his head, "On the battlefield, use slaves to fight against brave soldiers. There is no one or two, no matter how many numbers are, it is only a number of people. What can it be used for?"

"Those slaves are the lord's own property. The lord doesn't listen to advice, what can we do if we are courtiers?" Taibaowei sighed, "a freed from slavery. After this battle, the slave will not die even if , And most of them are out of their nationality. The lord is greatly weakening his own strength. At that time, the lord is weak and his retainers are strong, not a sign of rejuvenation. Alas!"

Yang Su listened to them babble, and remembered the rumors that had been raging in recent days. He was irritated and frowned: "It is true that this matter is very bad as the public said. My girl is at the table today. Later I told her about the matter in detail, and asked her to advise her lord."

Zhao Jikao leaned forward slightly: "Tao Fu, I have heard a rumor recently, and I don't know if it really happened."

"The lord has got a new pet, named Mo Qiaosheng, who loves him abnormally. He is lucky every night and almost never leaves." He looked around and lowered his voice slightly, "This person is a slave. The second big fanfare was to support Bianzhou on the surface, but in fact it was just for the identity of this person."

Wei Si pretended to persuade: "Brother Zhao can't make false statements, is the lord such a ridiculous person?"

"Duke Wei, you have also seen it. Who are the people who reused the lord when he came back this time?" Zhao Jikao curled his lips, "Zhang Fu, He Lanzhen, which one is not a young, handsome, suave man. Poor Han Gong, for no reason. Being deprived of the position of the envoy of the millet, such a fat and deficiencies in charge of the country's money bags, it made Zhang Fu's little white face cheaper."

Yang Su's face was pale, and he stood up and went out angrily.

Several people here exchanged glances, showing a satisfied look.

Cheng Qianye returned to the bedroom and talked with Mo Qiaosheng beside him as he walked.

"Judging from the situation of the inspection in the palace today, the New Deal has been conveyed in place and the effect is much better than we expected."

Mo Qiaosheng also moved forward: "The master's move is really exciting for the people. According to my inquiries today, not only the slaves like me are excited, but also the ordinary people in the wild and the civilians in the city are also eager to try and move forward. Come for military service."

Cheng Qianye was a little excited: "Yes! To my surprise, the number of recruits is increasing day by day. I asked He Lanzhen to step up the training of these newly recruited soldiers and the 50,000 slaves under my name, so as to make it early. I went to support Bianzhou a few days ago."

An inner servant who was serving in the hall stood aside, evasive and hesitating.

"What's the matter?" Cheng Qianye was in a good mood and sat down and asked.

The Neishi man lowered his head and quietly pinched a jade pendant on his sleeve. It was the small ring of the close-fitting maid next to Concubine Xu in the afternoon, begging and squeezing it into him.

He remembered what his fellow Xiaohuan was begging for, and finally plucked up the courage to salute.

"I heard that Concubine Xu's side has been moving in the afternoon. Is the lord going to check it out?"

Cheng Qianye didn't care, waved his hand: "She gave birth to a child, and I don't understand. What's the use of going there? Why don't you tell Mrs. Tai?"

The Neishi man bowed his head and said, "Mrs. Tai's brother has a birthday today. Mrs. Tai went to a banquet, and has not returned to the palace."

Cheng Qianye looked at the inmate in front of him, who was anxious, fearful and worried.

Not quite right.

She thought of Xu Fei's appearance of fear and fear all the time, and she couldn't bear it after all. She stood up and said to Mo Qiao: "Go, follow me to see the situation."

When we arrived at the Chaowu Hall where Concubine Xu was waiting to give birth, Gong E, who served her on weekdays, stood in the outer hall, some of them pale and shivering together. Some are calm and calm, not squinting.

Only one Gong'e cried with rain, **** with ropes, and fell to the ground.

Cheng Qianye recognized her as the person that Xu Fei served next to her.

"What's going on?" Cheng Qianye said solemnly.

Everyone was shocked when they saw her suddenly breaking in.

Cheng Qianye didn't wait for them to reply, and strode straight into the inner hall.

At this moment, in the delivery room of the inner sanctuary, Concubine Xu was sweating profusely, her complexion was blue and white, struggling **** the couch.

The head of the house is a female officer.

He is the most useful person around Mrs. Yang, the Da Changqiu Cui who is in charge of things in the palace.

She gave a wink to a woman who was helping Xu Fei to give birth, and then she stood up and wiped the sweat on her head with her sleeves. "The child is too big to have a child. It seems that the mother and child are only I can keep one."

Cui's said coldly: "Xu Fei, you have also seen it, it is not that we are cruel, but you really can't give birth. To protect the king's blood, I can only wrong you."

Concubine Xu was taken aback. She was weak and barely able to get up half of her body. With tears in her eyes, she begged: "Please also mothers do your best for me."

Cui's snorted coldly: "This is the lord's first child. How can you withstand the slightest handicap? Now it's you who are useless. Which is the blame?"

Knowing that Mrs. Yang could not spare her life, Concubine Xu felt sad, but she was pregnant in October and was about to give birth, so she wanted to hug her own flesh and blood.

She shed tears and pleaded: "Please beg your mother to be accommodating, and beg your husband to come and see me for the last time. I will give a few words for this child, and I will die without regret.

"Joke, don't say that the lord is not in the palace now. It is, this is the delivery room, **** place, how can the lord come in to see you." Yang raised his chin, and rushed to the stable woman on the edge. Huh, do it!"

Na Wenpo nodded, took out a plate, and placed a pair of sharp scissors and a pile of cushion cloth on it.

Concubine Xu couldn't help screaming and struggling with fear.

Several sturdy servant women rushed up, pressed her hands and feet, and covered her mouth. Concubine Xu was weak in physique and was in labor again. How could she break free, she had to open her eyes in horror and whimpered in her mouth.

The wife held up the scissors, came to the concubine Xu, and said, "Madam, don't blame it, you have an heir to the lord, the lord and the wife will be thinking of your kindness, and the little lord also has the wife to take care of you. Go with peace of mind."

Just about to do it.

The door curtain was opened with a clatter, Cheng Qianye stepped in step by step, with a cold face, and said angrily: "What are you doing!"

Everyone in the room bluffed and let go. The stable woman shook her hand, the scissors clanged, and fell to the ground, shaking constantly.

Concubine Xu struggled to get up. Her head was sweaty and her hair was sticky everywhere. The bedding under her body was soaked with amniotic fluid and blood stains. She tremblingly stretched out her hand to Cheng Qianye: "Husband, husband, please help me, save my life."

Cheng Qianye opened his eyes and looked at the scissors still shaking on the ground, suppressing the anger in his heart, biting his posterior molars and said: "Go, pass the doctor."

The servants in the room all raised their heads and glanced at Cui Shi, bowed their heads, speechless, but motionless.

Cui Shi came to Cheng Qianye and crouched to salute, barely squeezing out a smile, "Master, this place is a delivery room, you are not allowed to enter, or it will lead to blood and light, and it will be harmful to the master. Please go out first and leave it to the slaves. "

Cheng Qianye was so angry that she didn't break out. She laughed: "In charge of the great autumn of the harem? Very good, you come out with me, you all come out!"

Cui Shi hesitated.

Cheng Qianye calmed down, flicked his sleeves, and left the house first.

Cui's heart was disturbed, and she immediately thought that I was acting on the orders of the wife, and the lord was angry, and it was impossible for a concubine to collide with his mother. I only had to drag the wife back and it would be fine.

She sighed and waved to everyone in the house.

A group of people filed out.

Cheng Qianye sat down in the front position and ordered people to unlock the Gong E called Xiaohuan.

"Go, go in and look after your wife."

Xiaohuan tapped his head several times and crawled into the delivery room.

Na Cui's accompanied the smiling face and stepped forward to speak.

Cheng Qianye looked at her silently for a long while, from the inside to the outside, this person showed a disgusting color, both vicious and cruel.

"Qiaosheng." Cheng Qianye closed his eyes and made a light gesture.

Mo Qiaosheng didn't say a word, stepped forward, lifted the Cuishi collar, and ignoring her struggling and calling, he lifted her out the door and threw her to the ground.

The sword flashed, Da Changqiu, who had always been domineering in the palace, let out a harsh scream and fell softly to the ground.

The red blood was flowing down the stairs outside the palace gate.

The people in the hall didn't think that the lord who was still talking with a smile just didn't care about Mrs. Madam's affection, and raised his hand to execute Da Changqiu Cui on the spot.

At this time, they all began to panic, all knelt down to beg for mercy.

Cheng Qianye glanced around, pointed to a female officer in the crowd and asked, "What is your name and official position?"

The female officer fell on the ground and replied tremblingly: "The servant's name is Axia, who was originally Da Changqiu's official."

"Okay, now it's up to you to take the post of Da Changqiu temporarily." Cheng Qianye said.

Unexpectedly, Axia expected to turn around, suddenly the pie fell from the sky and smashed it on her head, not knowing whether she should be surprised or happy.

“Two things, you should do it right away, and when you do it properly, you will be the great Changqiu in charge of the palace affairs.” Cheng Qianye said, “First, take this stable wife out for a hundred battles and quickly announce the palace experience. The rich wife came to take care of him, and secondly, quickly declared the emperor. Go.”

“Yes, yes, the maidservant must do it well, it must do it well.” Axia quickly got up, and first dispatched a few servants whom she usually befriended to beat the stable woman, while she ran to find a safe delivery. personnel.

Cheng Qianye sat with a golden sword in the outer hall, and the Wen Po and the imperial doctor who rushed to saw the corpse lying in front of the door. They all felt tight, bowed their heads to see the ceremony, and hurried in, no longer dared Not doing my best.

Several hours later, there was a cry of a baby in the delivery room.

Cheng Qianye became happy and entered the room.

“Congratulations to the lord, congratulations to the lord, he is a beautiful little boy.”

The midwife handed the wrapped baby into Cheng Qianye’s arms. Cheng Qianye looked at the wrinkled newborn in her arms very strangely. The baby closed his eyes, his head leaned towards Cheng Qianye’s arms, and his small fish-like mouth pursed. Made Cheng Qianye amused.