

Immortal 64

Chapter 64: deaf old man

"If you meet this person in the future, you have to be careful and don't fall for it."

Zhou Yi had a vague hunch that Yang Zheng was very ambitious, and what he wanted might be similar to that of Northern Xinjiang.

The big people in Shenjing are all concerned about the palace, the outcome of the orthodox emperor and the empress dowager Zhang, no one cares about the middle and lower-level officials, or the mere gangs, goulans, and gambling stalls.

One day, the Shenjing will change, and Yang Zheng can do too much.

"My lord, Yang Zheng's mother is just a maid, not even a concubine. She has a humble status in the Yang family."

Yuan Shun frowned slightly, and said solemnly, "The great family has passed down poetry and books, and the rules are strict. The following is the most taboo to commit crimes. How can he be allowed to overpower his heir?"

"The so-called elder and youngest, direct descendant, honor and inferiority, etc., are the techniques of ruling clans and ignorant people, which can be followed but not trapped."

Zhou Yi shook his head and said, "These aristocratic families are the most realistic. As long as Yang Zheng can continue to win and grow and bring benefits to the family, the Yang family will continue to support them."

Starting from Tian Prison, Yang Zheng gathered a large number of middle and lower-level officials through the continuous carrying of interests.

This process is like a snowball, constantly sticking together through various interests, getting bigger and bigger.

In the snowball rolling, the first comers get the benefit, and they are unwilling, unable, or afraid to go down. The latecomers envy the first comers and want the snowball to continue rolling.

In the end, it will either cause an avalanche or pile up into a mountain.

Zhou Yi waved his hand to stop Yuan Shun's questioning, and stopped talking about Yang Zheng's matter. Whether this person succeeds or loses, it is only a matter of a hundred years.

"The prisoners at the bottom of the prison, how's the investigation going?"

Yuan Shun bowed and said, "My lord, the dungeon is in the hands of successive commanders, and the people who deliver the meals are all illiterate, deaf and mute people. After a long time of humble investigation, I only know that the people inside are still alive, and they are about eighty or ninety years old."

Zhou Yi asked again, "Has the royal family paid attention to this person?"

"Decades have passed, and no one should have cared about it. In his later years, Emperor Chongming was cultivating immortals and asking madmen, and many monks and Taoists were imprisoned in the prison."

Yuan Shun replied, "According to my humble inspection of the Jinyiwei Archives, Emperor Chongming left an edict saying that this person had committed a heinous crime and that he must be imprisoned until his death. Now, the commander to detain this person is just following the old rules."

"interesting."

Zhou Yi's eyes flickered, and he left the Yuan residence with a flickering figure.

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Orthodox sixteen years.

September.

Caishikou execution ground.

Thousands of prisoners knelt neatly, crying, shouting grievances, and begging for mercy, overshadowing the onlookers' discussions.

In the past, the big man who was high and high in the past is now unkempt and crying bitterly.

The young one was not sensible, but felt that it was warmer outside than Tian Prison, crowded and lively, and called out to his parents in a dazed and dazed way.

Zhou Yi stood in the crowd with his hands in his hands, his expression indifferent.

The man in Feiyu suit on the side, holding the embroidered spring knife in his arms, pushed Zhou Yi.

"Old Zhengtou, you have never enjoyed a woman in your life. I will take you to the Jiaofang Division tomorrow. There are two or three thousand members of the Zhang family, and there are many beauties in the family. In the past, we were not qualified to take a look!"

"Uuuuu?"

Zhou Yi turned his head and looked confused, his mouth made a buzzing sound, and pointed to his ear.

"Lao Yu, what are you talking about with Old Zhengtou? He's so old, deaf and dumb, maybe he doesn't even know the difference between men and women!"

The words of this Jin Yiwei made his colleagues laugh.

Talking room.

It's three o'clock in the afternoon.

Yang Zheng, the superintendent of beheading officials, read out aloud the twelve major crimes of the Zhang family, such as treason, injustice, disrespect, civil strife, etc., and threw down the beheading sign.

"Execution!"

Click! Click! click...

Thousands of people were beheaded, and it was not enough for all the executioners to come from Shenjing. On average, one person had to cut off more than a dozen heads.

As a result, blood continued to spew out from the execution ground, just like fireworks. Every time something could spew out a distance, the people would burst into cheers.

The common people don't care what crimes the Zhang family committed, as long as they chop off the heads of high-ranking officials, they will definitely be happy!

At the end of the execution.

The entire Caishikou was dyed red, and there was nowhere to go, so the blood stuck to the soles of the shoes.

"Let's go, let's go to Chunfenglou for a drink!"

Lao Yu waved his hand, and a dozen people rushed away.

On the road, both the commoners and the officials, they hurried to avoid them when they encountered them. After two generations of emperors relied heavily on them, the power of Jinyiwei was only stronger than that of the Taizu.

The leader of Shenjing Goulun is Happy Forest.

The Spring Wind Tower is no longer the splendid scene it used to be, and the guests are sparse, and it is not a high-ranking guest to look at the clothes.

Now, for three consecutive years, no oiran election has been held.

Happy Forest took control of the Yaxing population trade and intercepted the high-quality girls from the source. At this time, Chunfenglou's candidate for oiran could only be laughable and generous.

Lao Yu brought his colleagues to Chunfeng Tower because Yuan Shun, the commander of Jinyiwei, bluntly said he didn't like Happy Forest.

The top and bottom are effective, Jinyiwei's people only come to Chunfenglou.

Inside the private room.

Zhou Yi took the last seat, devoted himself to eating and drinking, and did not talk to his colleagues.

Others don't care either. "Old Zhengtou" is deaf and dumb, and it is difficult to communicate. Just because he is directly under the command and under the jurisdiction of the adults, everyone can't treat him badly.

After the dishes were over five flavors, the wine was half full, and everyone slowly let go of their words.

Lao Yu tsk-tsk said, "I have opened my eyes today. The Queen Mother has only been mourned for a year. Today's mother family has lost their blood."

The Orthodox Emperor ordered the nine clans of the Zhang family to be executed, which shocked the court and the public.

Shoufu Yu Sudu wrote a letter to persuade him to execute his birth mother, the nine clans. This move hindered His Majesty's sage.

As can be seen today, the orthodox Dili defeated the public opinion and ordered Yang Zheng, who had made great achievements in the suppression of "Zhang Dang", to be the prisoner and behead the officials.

The Zhang family of four dynasties has since disappeared.

"His Majesty has been on the throne for fifteen years. Who can't be ruthless?"

Jin Yiwei next to him said: "The Zhang family has been prosperous for too long, and their behavior is too arrogant. It is said that soon after the Queen Mother's funeral, Zhang Heng sent someone to talk to Her Majesty, and the appointment and removal of officials in the court must be discussed with him first."

The colleague was horrified: "Is there still such a thing?"

Zhang Heng is the head of the Zhang family, the elder brother of the Empress Dowager, and the uncle of the orthodox emperor.

"Do you know why Zhang Heng was not executed today?"

The Jin Yiwei said: "The commander Yuan hired the old doctor Ge, hanged his life with ginseng and gold needles, and Liu Laodao personally cut it off, and cut a full 10,000 knives. UU reading www.uukanshu.com is called thousands of knives cut!"

"Hush!"

Everyone sucked in a breath of cold air, and then they all praised His Majesty for being wise, and Zhang Dang should be punished for disrupting the country.

Jin Yiwei is the emperor's pro-military, and the current commander Yuan Shun is even more of an orthodox emperor, and he has no good feelings for Zhang Dang.

The banquet is over.

Lao Yu and the others led the girl upstairs, and Zhou Yi waved goodbye.

All the way back home.

Dehuaifang's single-door courtyard, with a few trees planted at the door, but it covers the courtyard tightly.

Zhou Yi has been comprehending the formation path for more than ten years, and has learned some ways.

You can place objects according to special rules, or make people lose their sense of direction, or block their sight, or make the room ventilated, and slightly speed up the practice efficiency.

The next day.

Zhou Yi came to the prison early and went to the kitchen to get a food box.

The prison is groggy and gloomy.

Even in the scorching summer, the station can feel chilly.

If the cruelty of the Heavenly Prison is one, and the Imperial Prison is at least ten, there are so many ghosts and ghosts floating in all directions.

Zhou Yi was carrying the food box and greeted people with woohoo.

Seeing Jin Yiwei interrogating the prisoner, he kept his eyes and showed no interest, and went directly to the deepest part of the prison.

When the guard Jin Yiwei saw Zhou Yi coming over, he opened the iron lock silently, and the four of them worked together to lift the stainless steel cover, revealing the dark corridor.

Zhou Yi crawled in familiarly, stepped on the bluestone stairs, and came to the second underground floor of the prison.

All the way to the bottom of the cave, I saw a big iron cage made of stainless steel.

Bronze lamps with animal heads hung on the walls on all four sides. Through the weak light, one could vaguely see the silhouettes of people sitting cross-legged in the cages.

Full of white hair, three feet long beard, and most of the Taoist robes on his body are rotten.