IRON DYNASTY

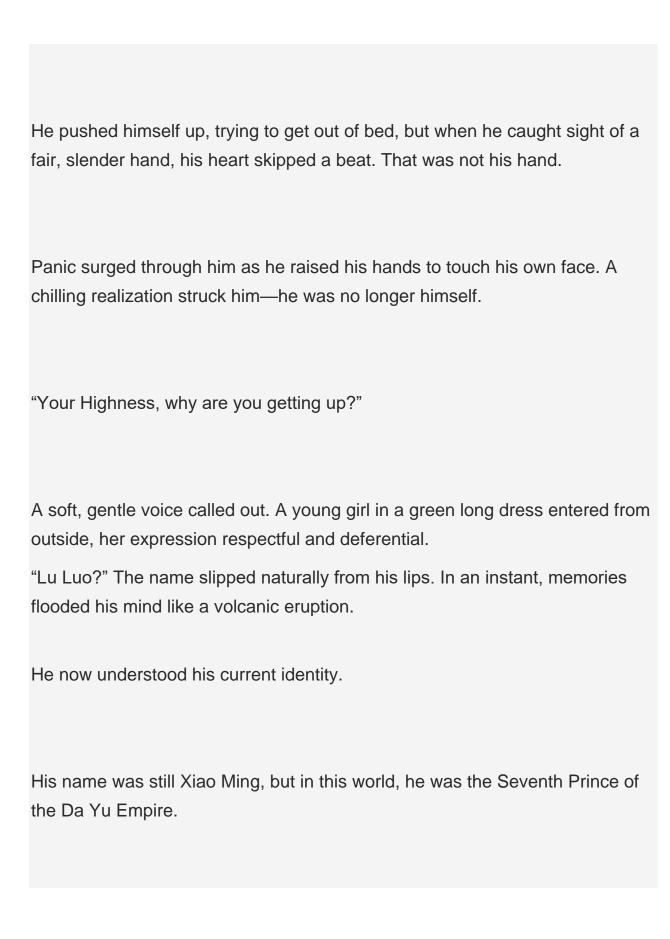
Chapter 1: Your Highness, Your Highness

It felt like he had slept for a century. Groggy and disoriented, Xiao Ming woke up with a splitting headache. The first thing he saw was a white gauze canopy and a room carved from red lacquered wood.

"I'm... not dead?" Xiao Ming murmured. The image of the laboratory explosion was still frozen in his mind.

Sitting up, the embroidered purple silk quilt slid off him. He was wearing a white inner robe and cloth pants, similar to those seen in historical dramas.

Strange. What is this?



This world's history was similar to his own up until the Three Kingdoms period After that, everything became a tangled mess, and he had no idea which dynasty Da Yu was equivalent to.
If he had to compare, it resembled the 17th century Ming Dynasty, with the technology and lifestyle of the Tang and Song dynasties.
As for the rest of the world? He had no clue. This was a land of information isolation.
He had transmigrated.
Xiao Ming had no choice but to accept this fact.
The good news? He was a prince and even had his own fiefdom.
The bad news? His fief was the poorest, most remote territory, ridiculously far from the capital city of Chang'an.

The worst news? His land bordered the vast northern grasslands, home to barbarian tribes that could invade at any moment. And that wasn't all. The current Emperor, Xiao Wenxuan, was aging, and the Crown Prince was weak and fragile, constantly at risk of being deposed. The throne was essentially up for grabs. Because of this, the princes were engaged in both overt and covert power struggles, scheming against each other with the intent to eliminate their rivals. Even though Xiao Ming was exiled to a distant fief, he was still a prince—he couldn't escape this brutal fate. He had been sent to this desolate land because the Emperor didn't favor him. At the same age, he had been banished at thirteen, and in the five years since, the Emperor had never once summoned him back.

Meanwhile, the Sixth Prince, who was just one month older than him, still resided in Chang'an. Ministers had repeatedly urged the Emperor to assign the Sixth Prince a fief, but the Emperor refused.

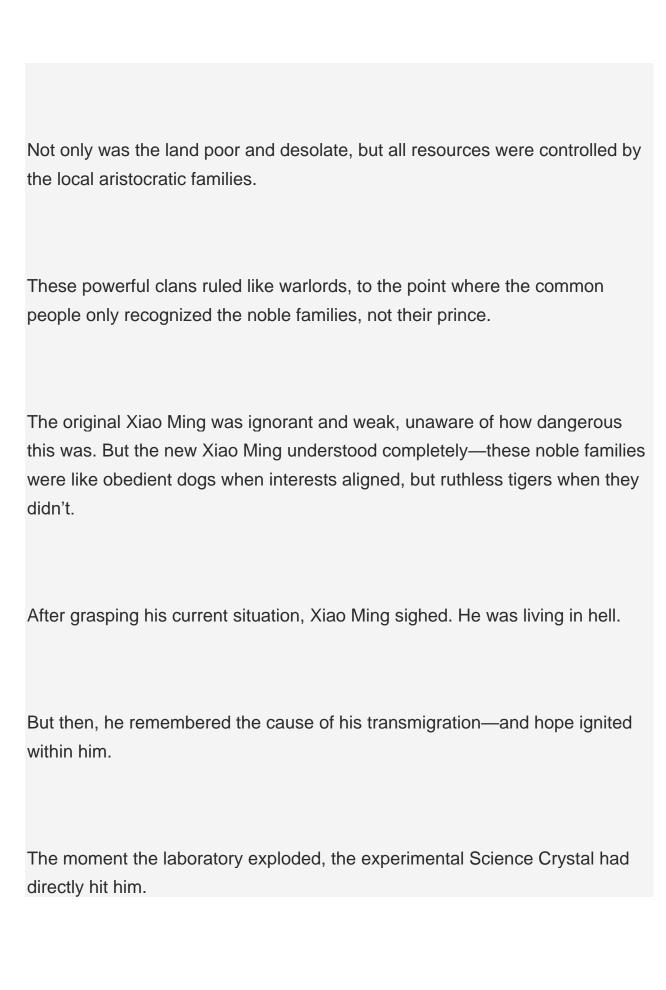
Not just the Sixth Prince—the Crown Prince, the Second, Third, and Fourth Princes all remained in the capital. Only the Fifth Prince had a fief like Xiao Ming, but his land in Shu was far wealthier than this desolate wasteland.

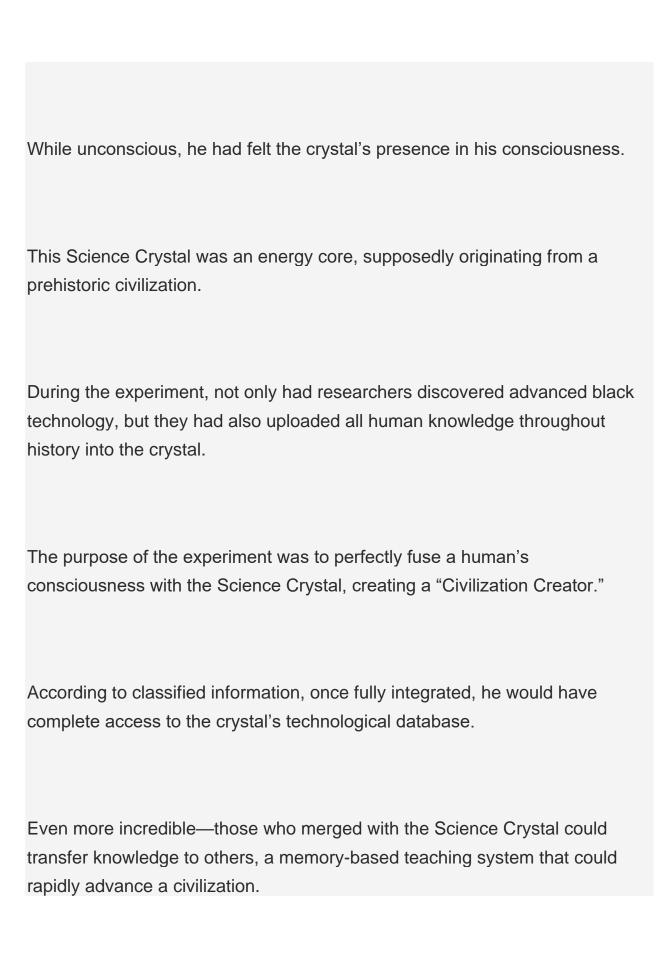
After thinking it through, Xiao Ming realized the reason for his miserable treatment—his mother had no noble background.

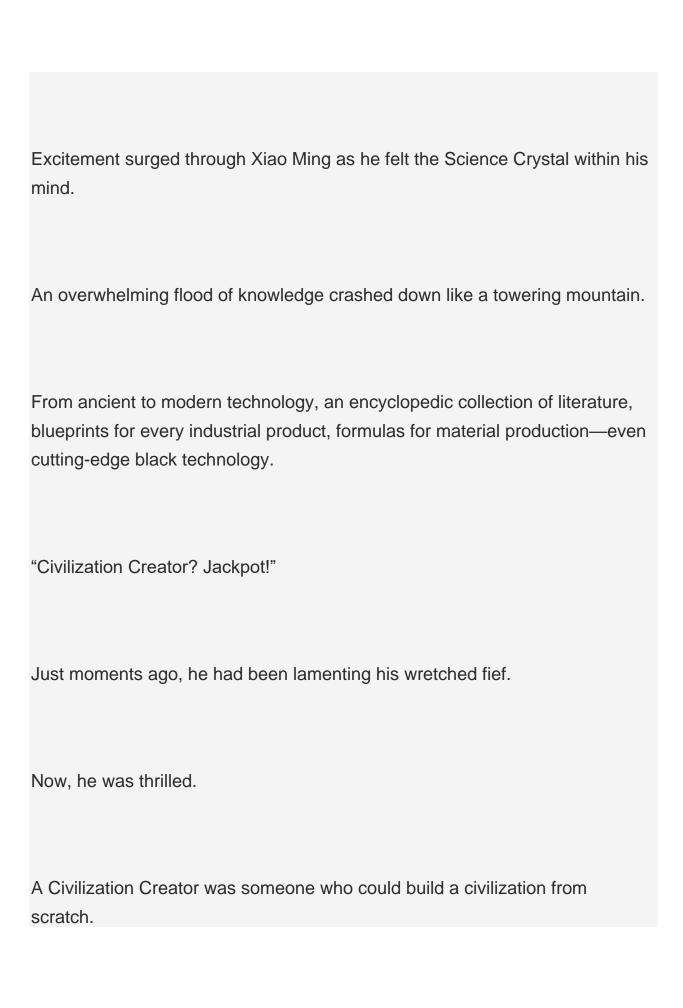
All the other princes and princesses had some blood ties to the Five Great Clans and Seven Aristocratic Families that dominated Da Yu.

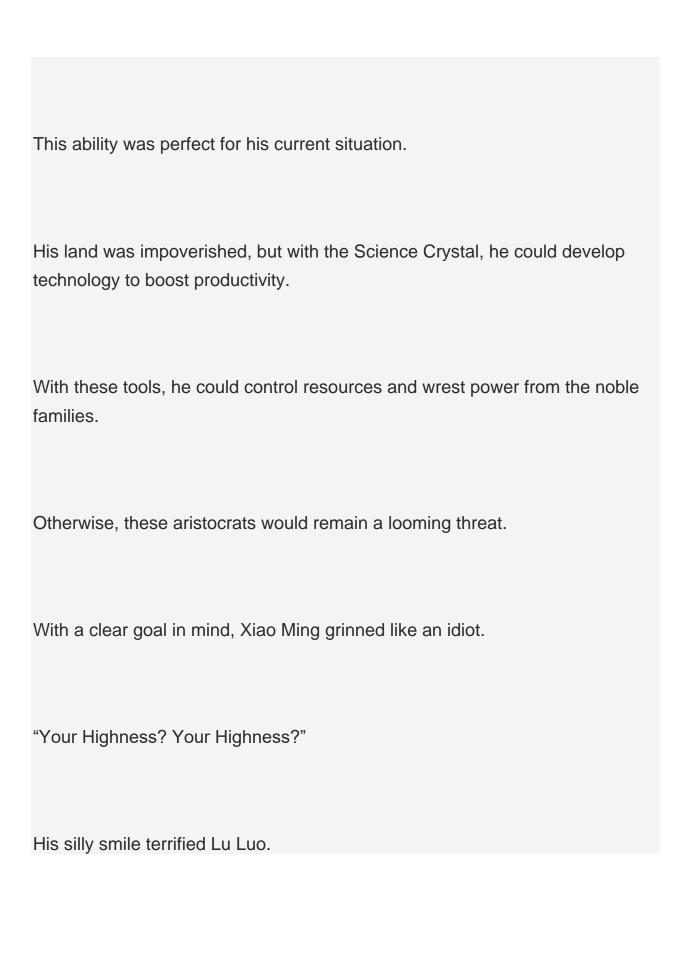
"Not favored? So what? At least I don't have to deal with pretending to be close to the Emperor. In my own fief, I can be as carefree as I want."

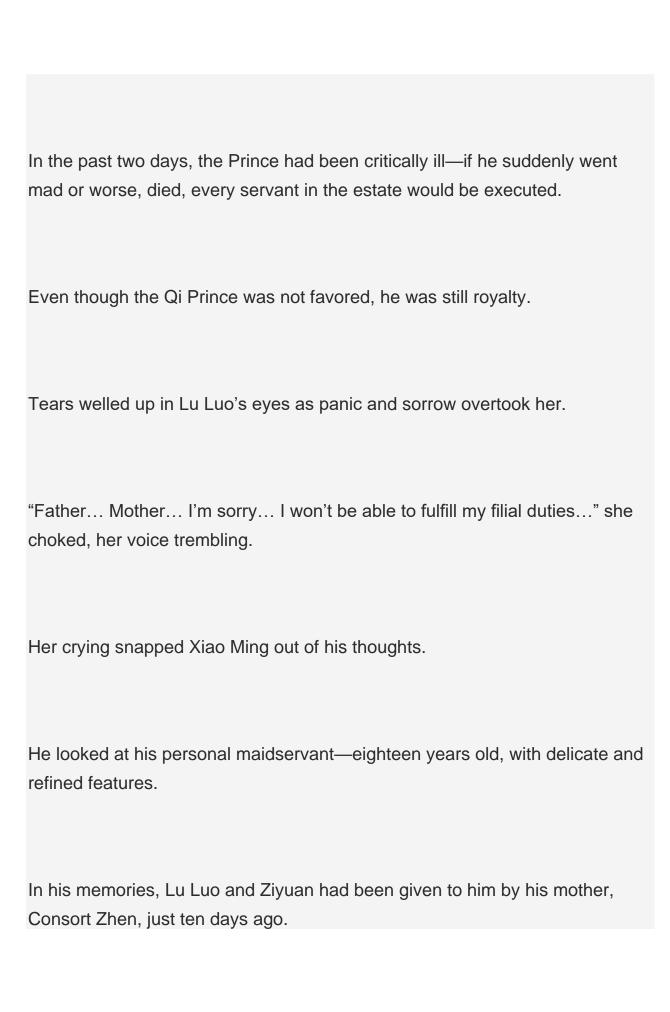
That's what he told himself, but life in his fief was far from easy.

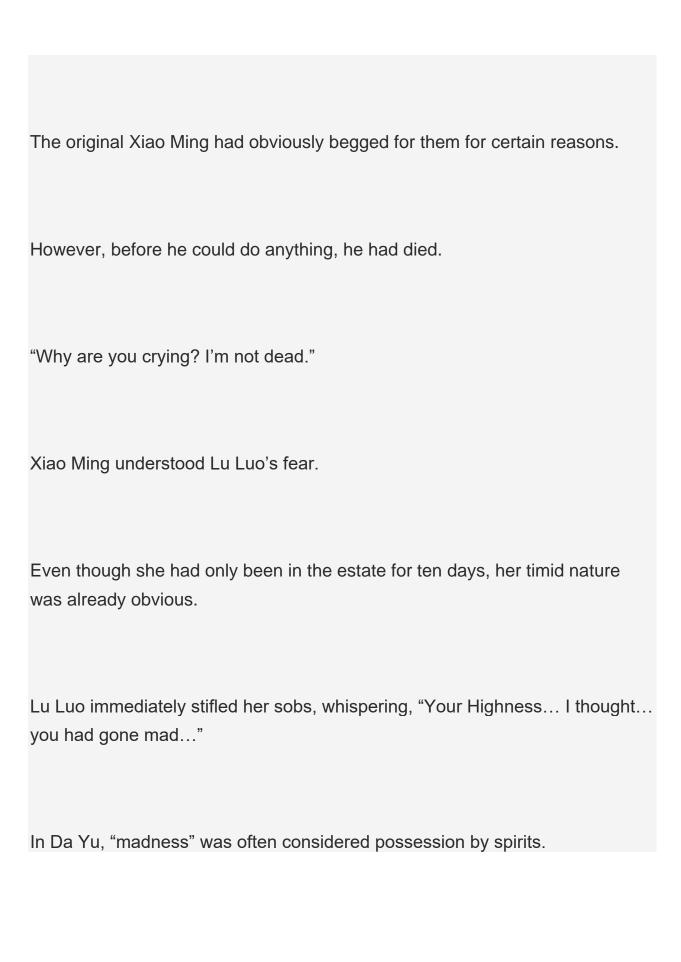


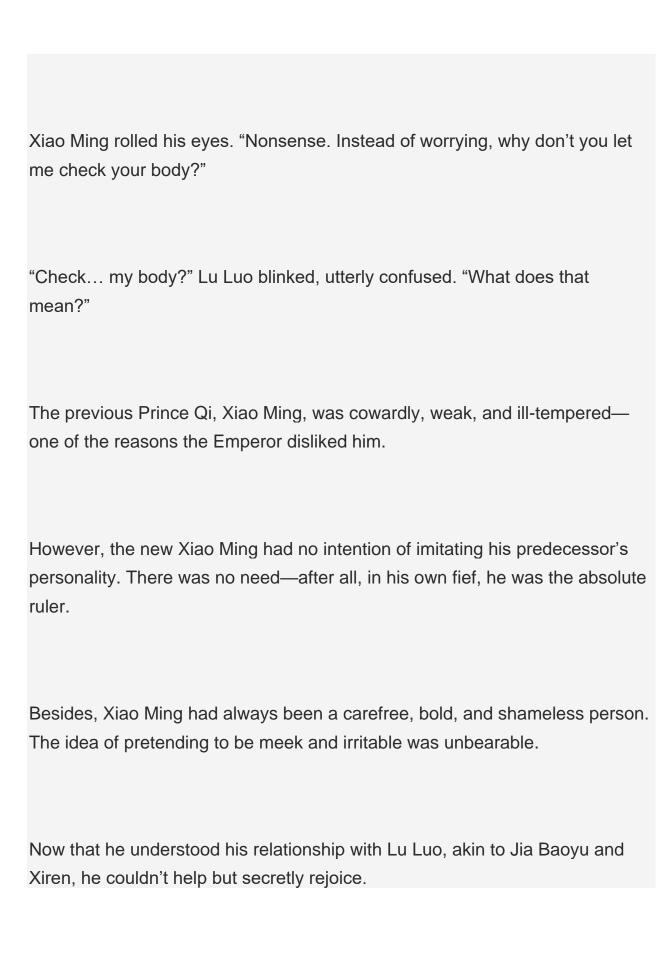












After more than twenty years as a nerdy engineering monk, his ascetic life had finally come to an end in this world.

Xiao Ming smirked mischievously. "Checking the body means examining through sight, smell, questioning, and touch—and, of course, observing physiological structures."

Lu Luo's tears turned into laughter. "When did Your Highness learn to diagnose illnesses? I know what sight, smell, questioning, and touch are, but... what is a physiological structure?"