

I. Dynasty 116

Chapter 116: Disposal

A spring breeze carrying a hint of warmth blew past, causing the leaves to rustle softly.

If not for the current scene, this would have been a picturesque spring landscape.

“I do not need the support of the nobility, nor does the Great Yu Empire. The history shaped by the nobility over thousands of years should now be written by the countless common people of the land.”

Xiao Ming’s impassioned voice rang out. In his eyes, Sun Yuanzhi saw mockery, the same disdain they had shown toward the lowly commoners.

“How dare you...” Sun Yuanzhi could not believe that Xiao Ming would treat the nobility this way.

Since ancient times, local nobility had always been the target of royal courts’ efforts to win over. Yet, this Prince of Qi was doing the exact opposite. It was precisely because of this that even Wang Chengchou had not anticipated Xiao Ming would so decisively eliminate the Wang family, leading to his own demise.

Pang Yukun and Lu Fei cast admiring glances at Xiao Ming. It was precisely because of his mindset that they were willing to follow him to the death. Otherwise, if he relied on the nobility like other feudal lords, how would he be any different from them?

Having lived at the bottom of society, they had personally experienced the oppression of the common people by the nobility, and they had been powerless to do anything about it. Now, they could finally laugh heartily.

“There are many things I dare to do, but unfortunately, your Sun family will never live to see them,” Xiao Ming said to Lu Fei. “Take all the nobles involved in the rebellion to the prison. They will be executed at the eastern market tomorrow.”

Lu Fei responded loudly and led the Qingzhou Army to take the captives and Sun Yuanzhi away.

Pang Yukun then asked, “Your Highness, what about the families of these nobles?”

Remembering Pang Yukun’s earlier remark about being overly merciful, Xiao Ming said, “Deal with them according to the law. Let this serve as a warning to the remaining nobility.”

“Your Highness is wise. This official will handle it immediately,” Pang Yukun replied.

According to the law, these nobles would have their families executed, their properties confiscated. Some would be beheaded, others sent to the army, and some exiled.

If these rebellious nobles were let off lightly, it would only encourage other nobles to entertain more rebellious thoughts. When the cost of crime becomes low, people will take risks. This is human nature, unchanging through the ages.

“Your Highness, this matter has nothing to do with us. We had no idea Sun Yuanzhi harbored such intentions,” Qin Chuanyun approached, his face filled with fear.

His hair was disheveled, his clothes torn, and he had fallen during the earlier escape, leaving him in a sorry state.

“Your Highness, please investigate clearly!” The other nobles also knelt on the ground, trembling with fear.

They were truly afraid. This was the first time the Qingzhou Army had killed, and the corpses lying on the ground served as a warning to them. The dignity of the royal family was not to be violated.

“Rise. I know you sincerely support my decrees. I can clearly distinguish between good and evil,” Xiao Ming gestured for them to stand.

Qin Chuanyun immediately burst into tears. “Your Highness, from now on, we will follow your lead without any second thoughts. Otherwise, may heaven and earth condemn us.”

Xiao Ming chuckled. Qin Chuanyun had been thoroughly frightened.

In the past, when these nobles interacted with Xiao Ming, the worst they had faced was a scolding. The current situation was vastly different from before, and they were naturally terrified.

Because the Prince of Qi before them was no longer a sleeping cat, but a man-eating tiger.

To Xiao Ming, the nobles who obeyed his decrees still had some use.

Having removed the fangs of these nobles, they were, in modern terms, local private entrepreneurs. His business still needed to cooperate with them to drive the economic development of the six states.

He helped Qin Chuanyun up and patted his shoulder. "I have seen your efforts these past days, Qin Yuanwai, and I am quite pleased. From now on, you will take over the businesses of the Wang and Sun families in the chamber of commerce."

To the enemies, he would make an example; to those who submitted, he would share the benefits. This was how to divide the nobility. As soon as Xiao Ming spoke these words, the other kneeling nobles felt as if they had been given a reassurance.

Qin Chuanyun was stunned for a moment, then overjoyed. Taking over the business shares of the Wang and Sun families would quickly make up for his losses.

Moreover, with the status of merchants in the six states rising, being a pure merchant no longer seemed so lowly.

"Thank you, Your Highness. From now on, whatever you command, the Qin family will go through fire and water without hesitation," Qin Chuanyun said.

With this matter settled, some laborers soon arrived to clean up the battlefield. Xiao Ming bid farewell to Qin Chuanyun and the others and headed back to Qingzhou City.

Although he had not directly participated in the battle, he was still injured. The arrow had pierced through the chest armor on his back, though it had only penetrated slightly, causing a superficial wound.

However, he dared not be careless. He was well aware of the medical conditions in the Great Yu Empire. If he were to contract tetanus, he would be done for.

Thinking of the medical conditions in the Great Yu Empire, he wondered if he should add a medical department to the Bowen Academy.

In ancient wars, many soldiers did not die on the battlefield but from injuries and illnesses. Before the advent of antibiotics, the mortality rate of injured soldiers on the battlefield was very high.

It was only with the advent of antibiotics that this phenomenon improved.

“Your Highness, your back injury is minor, but Commandant Lu’s injury is more severe. It seems like the bones in his chest are broken,” the medical officer Sun reported after examining Xiao Ming in the medical hall within Qingzhou City.

During the battle, Lu Fei had not felt much, but now he was clearly in pain.

Xiao Ming said, “My injury is nothing, just clean it. Commandant Lu’s injury needs to be bandaged.”

Medical Officer Sun nodded. "Although Commandant Lu's ribs are broken, fortunately, his internal organs were not injured. Otherwise, this old man would have been powerless."

"Your Highness, this kind of injury is just routine for me, no need to worry," Lu Fei chuckled, then added seriously, "But this time, some soldiers were severely injured. I hope Medical Officer Sun can take good care of them."

Medical Officer Sun had already examined the soldiers' injuries. One soldier had a severe sword wound, caused by a blade piercing through his armor.

"He probably won't survive," Medical Officer Sun sighed.

Lu Fei's expression darkened. In truth, he knew that such sword wounds were usually fatal.

Listening nearby, Xiao Ming suddenly said, "He might still survive. First, disinfect the wound with alcohol, then apply some fresh meat to it."

Medical Officer Sun was stunned. "What is this alcohol? Applying fresh meat to a wound? Does Your Highness also know medicine?"

"I know a little," Xiao Ming replied.

In ancient times, treatment methods for injuries were limited, especially for deep wounds. Many people died from infections and inflammation.

The two measures Xiao Ming proposed—disinfection and preventing infection—were crucial.

High-concentration alcohol did not appear until after the Ming and Qing dynasties in modern times. In the current Great Yu Empire, where even distilled liquor was scarce, the use of alcohol for disinfection in medicine was unheard of.

However, while other places lacked it, he had the necessary conditions here.