IRON DYNASTY

Chapter 2: This Scene is Too Beautiful

"This requires a more in-depth discussion. Come, sit here." Xiao Ming patted the edge of the bed, grinning like a shady uncle luring a little girl with candy.

"Your Highness!" Lu Luo took a sharp step back, her voice trembling with a

hint of tears. "This servant is of lowly status; how dare I sit on Your Highness's jade bed? If Chief Steward Pang finds out, I'll surely be punished again."

"Pang Changshi."

Hearing the name, Xiao Ming frowned.

Pang Changshi's full name was Pang Yukun. He was the Chief Steward of the Grand Governor's Office in Qingzhou—essentially, a military adviser and secretary.

When Xiao Ming was exiled to his fief, Pang Yukun had been personally appointed by the Emperor to follow him.

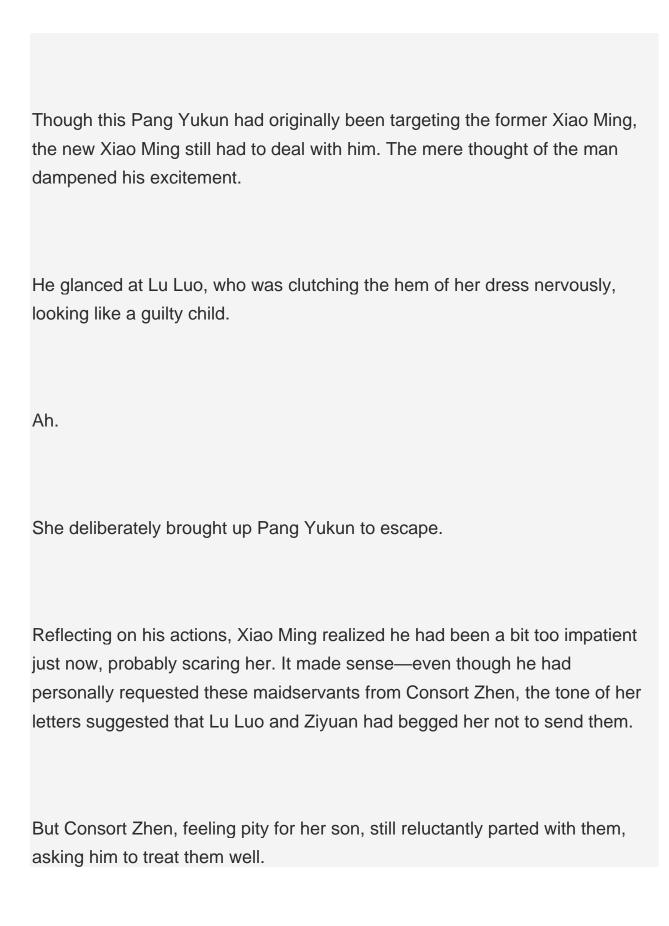
His purpose was clear: officially, he was here to teach and guide him; in reality, he was here to spy and report back to the Emperor.

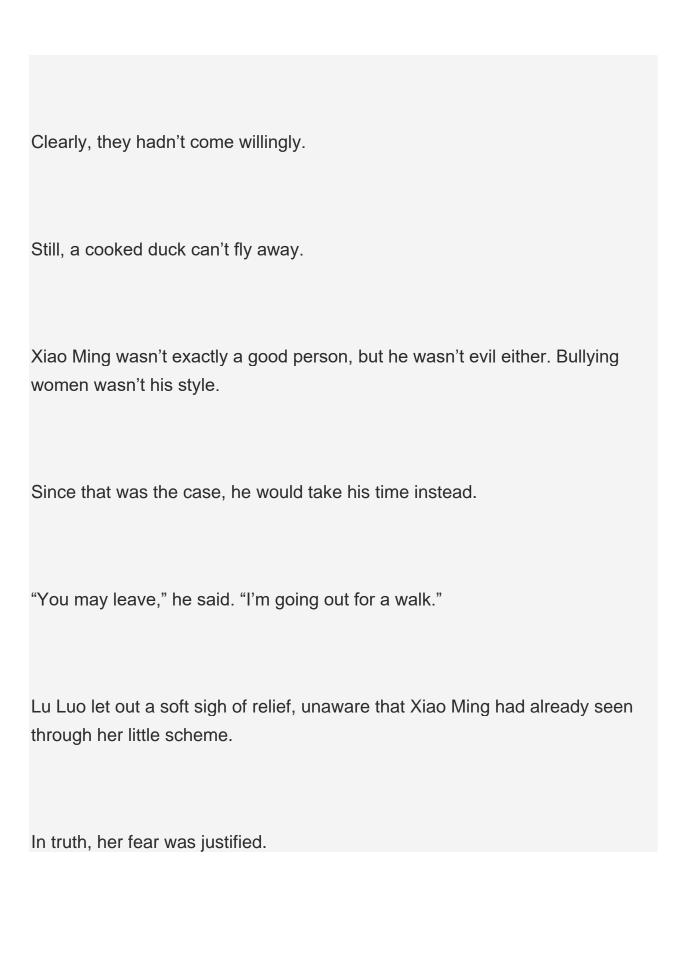
In Xiao Ming's inherited memories, this Pang Yukun was someone he deeply despised.

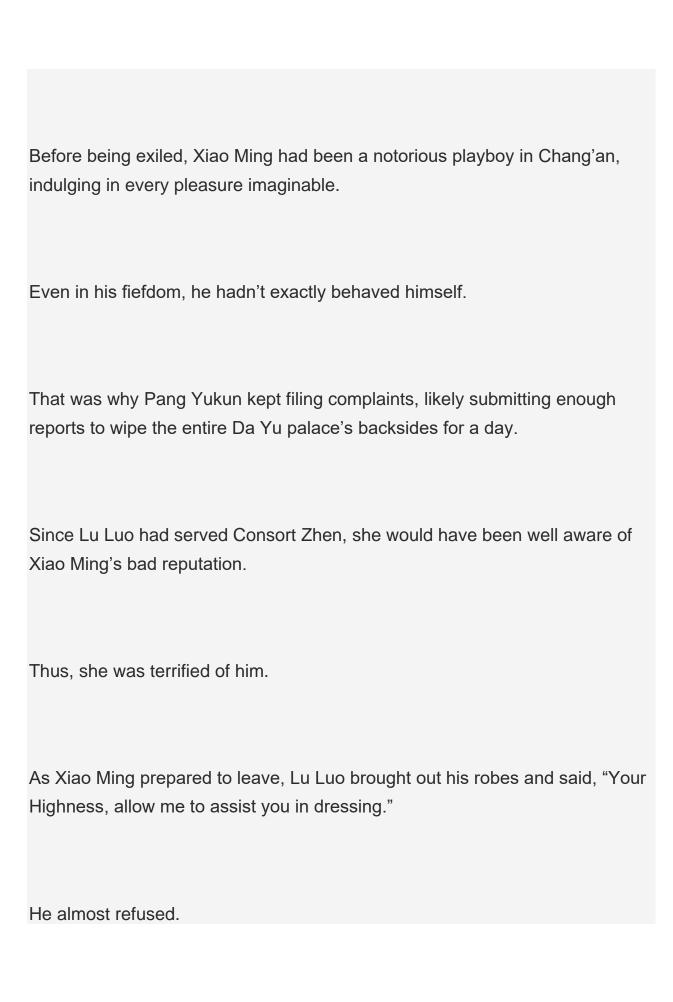
Xiao Ming's imperial father, Emperor Xiao Wenxuan, was extremely shrewd—the chief stewards he assigned were always rigid bookworms, loyal to the throne to a fault.

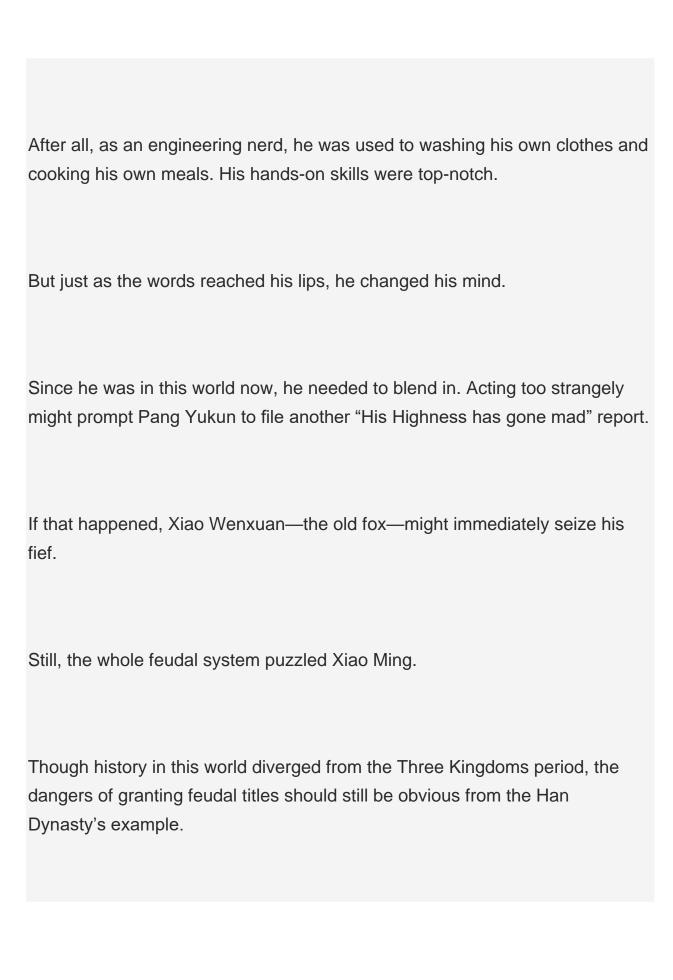
People like that had one thing in common: stubbornness combined with a complete lack of social awareness.

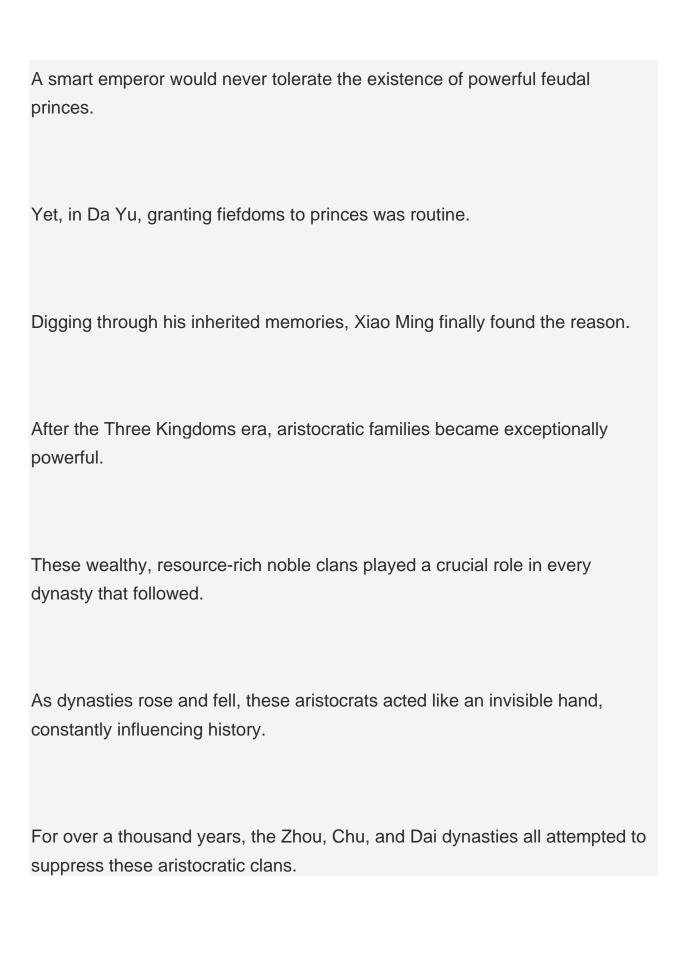
If Pang Yukun saw anything he deemed inappropriate, he would immediately report it to the Emperor, who would then write a furious letter scolding Xiao Ming.

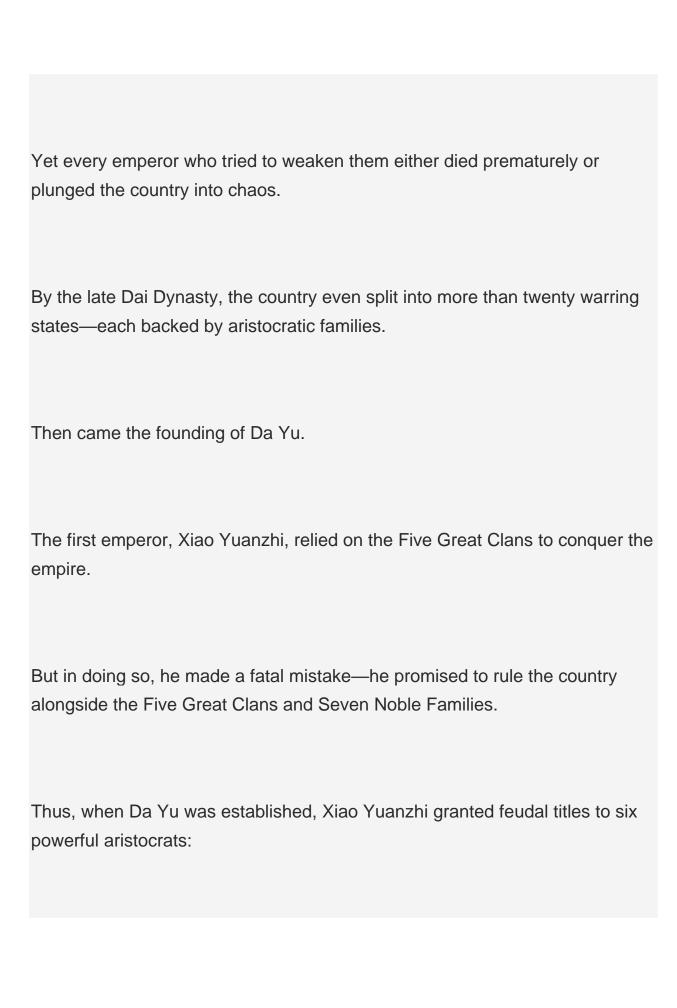


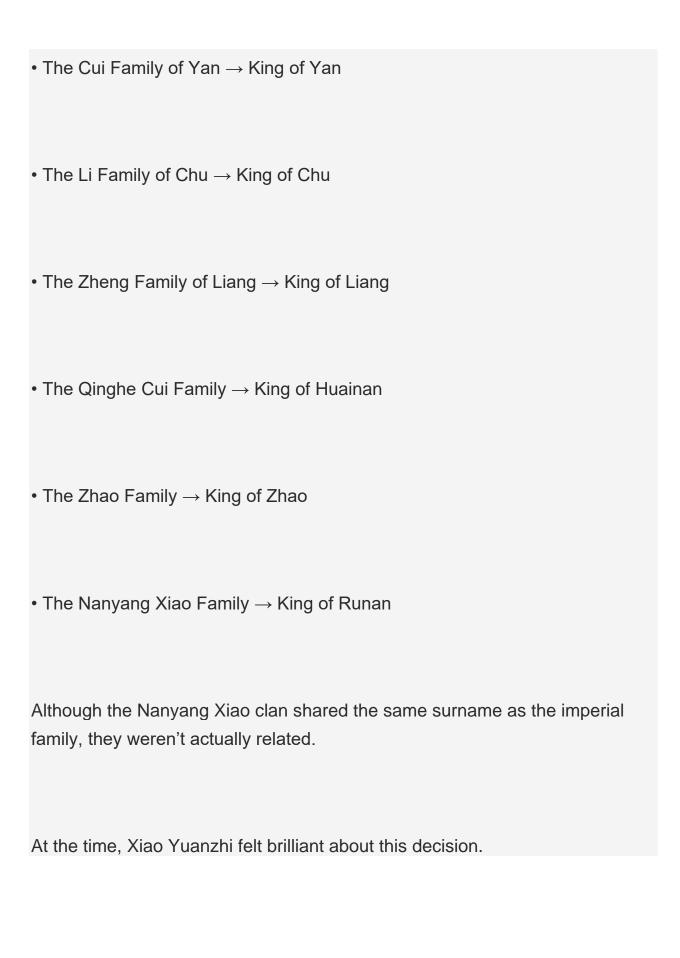


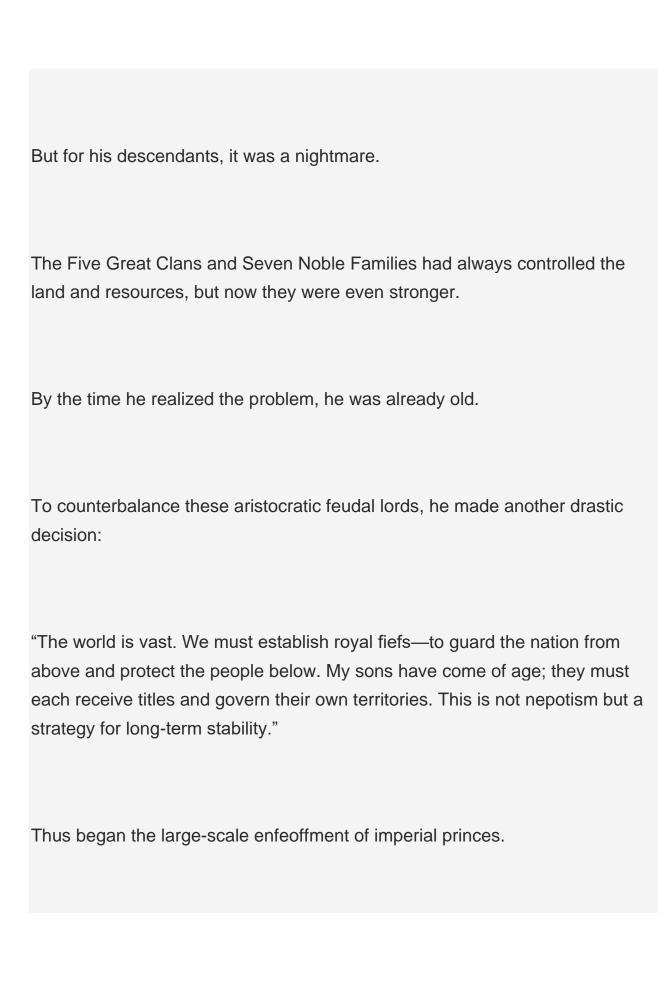












"Drinking poison to quench thirst."
That was Xiao Ming's only evaluation of Xiao Yuanzhi's decision.
It was obvious—the goal was to let imperial princes suppress the aristocratic feudal lords and prevent them from rebelling.
Surprisingly, this strategy had actually worked—so far.
Da Yu existed in a strange state of balance, with various factions constantly undermining each other.
But this infighting had also stunted technological progress, leaving the kingdom stagnant at a Tang-Song level.
The threat of the aristocrats haunted every royal family member, and unfortunately, Xiao Ming's fief was no exception.

The local noble clans controlled all key resources, making it nearly impossible for him to govern effectively.
"Surviving in this world won't be easy." Xiao Ming sighed.
Dressed in a purple embroidered robe with a round collar, he stood before a bronze mirror.
Tall and slender, with sharply handsome features—this was his new self.
As he stepped out of the hall, the morning sunlight bathed him in warmth.
The air was crisp and fresh, clearing his mind.
The sky was a breathtaking sapphire blue, so pure it was intoxicating.

