

Dandere General and his Lord - Chapter 11

In the early autumn season, there was an autumn rain, and there was a chill in the wind.

Cheng Qianye lived in the BMW car, raised the curtains and looked at the streets on both sides.

This city that has just been baptized by the flames of war is full of dilapidation and depression.

The unclothed and gray-looking refugees walked on the muddy road in twos and threes.

Under those broken wall roots, from time to time, a group of objects curled up can be vaguely seen.

Cheng Qianye didn't dare to identify it carefully, because it might be another dead body.

"It's really sluggish, our Jin country is much better than here." Cheng Qianye was leading all the way from inside Jin, and experienced the huge gap in people's livelihood between the two places.

"That's because Dajin has the lord of you." Xiao Xiu leaned over and looked out the window together, "Bianzhou has been in war in recent years. It has been in the hands of different forces. Every team just wants to search hard. Just leave as soon as you pass. Who else will take care of the lives of the people."

Perhaps it was Cheng Qianye, who was a science student, who only studied history and politics in high school.

In her subconscious mind, the monarch under the feudal monarchy is a symbol of exploitation and dictatorship.

They stand on the opposite side of the broad masses, and take good care of them. They should be objects of hatred and hatred by the people.

When she got here, she found out.

In this age, having a fixed monarch and a stable country is what the people really expect.

All the demands for equality and human rights are the products of the richness of a warm and saturated society.

“In that case, I might still be a lord who is expected by the people here.” Cheng Qianye touched his chin.

“Of course, the lord, you are a benevolent and kind-hearted monarch, which is the blessing of the people of our Jin country. If Xiu’er hadn’t met the lord, he would have starved to death on the street.”

Xiao Xiu said shyly.

Cheng Qianye nodded, she did not pay attention to Xiao Xiu’s words.

Because a market for people buying and selling is emerging on the road.

It is said that it is a human trade market, but in fact, only a few slave traders are buying slaves.

A bunch of desperate civilians, either selling themselves or selling their children, stood there with grass signs for slave traders to pick and choose.

If they were selected, the slave trader would sign a sales paper with the seller or their parents and exchange the person with a small bag of food.

Leading to a brazier with a charcoal fire, he picked up a hot red soldering iron, branded an exclusive mark on the person's body with a scream, and then handcuffed all the newly bought slaves into a string with iron chains.

There was a short scream from time to time, accompanied by the sound of the soldering iron burning the flesh.

The crowd is numb and indifferent, as if this is just what it should be and is accustomed to.

Cheng Qianye smelled a pungent smell faintly floating in the air. She looked at the white smoke that came out from time to time, accompanied by screams, and she felt terrified.

She suddenly looked back at Mo Qiaosheng who was lying prone on the car.

Mo Qiaosheng was looking at her secretly. He was so violent that he turned his head and caught him. He couldn't avoid it. He hurriedly averted his eyes, blushed and said in a low voice, "The master hasn't given a seal to the slave yet."

He was inconvenient to dress because of his injury, and only covered his waist with a thin quilt, exposing his back skin.

On the two beautifully shaped shoulder blades, conspicuous imprints overlapped, the old imprints were burned off, and the new imprints were randomly attached to them.

Give you a ghost seal, you are still looking forward to it.

Cheng Qianye almost cursed, and forbore him: "From now on, I will call myself, and I will not call anything messy."

Mo Qiaosheng lowered his eyelashes and tightened his mouth.

Cheng Qianye continued to look out the window without angrily.

A woman in ragged clothes had four children sitting in front of her, two of which had a grass mark on their heads.

She couldn't help telling the carriage to stop.

This mother is going to sell her child to become a slave.

Cheng Qianye couldn't imagine how, as a mother, she would be willing to let her children bear the kind of experience that Xiao Mo once endured.

The mother described it as withered and dull, like a living walking dead.

It's not that Cheng Qianye has never seen people in poverty, but in that rich and stable world she lives in, no matter how she imagined it, she didn't feel shocking to see these children in person.

Those children, with their limbs as thin as chopsticks, deeply sunken and huge eyes, and straw-like hair, made it hard to look straight.

Xiao Xiu leaned his head from the car window and looked at it: "Selling is better than starving to death. Like my dead ghost father, he led me to a place where my life is unfamiliar and coaxed me to wait for him. Ran."

He seemed to tell a story that had nothing to do with him, "Not only wasted a bag of food that could be exchanged home, but also caused me to almost starve to death on the street. It's really stupid."

Cheng Qianye felt that he really needed to change his way of thinking.

She knows that Xiao Xiu's concept is correct. When people's survival is still difficult, the problem of food and clothing is more important than the nature of human relations and all emotional needs.

A slave trader walked up to the mother, grabbed the younger girl, looked up and down, then opened his mouth and looked at her teeth.

He shook his head dissatisfied and let go: "It looks good, but it's too skinny. Maybe you can't get a seal."

The mother replied vigorously, "Half a bag of grain is enough."

The slave trader was satisfied and reached out to catch the girl.

The scrawny girl screamed and tried to hide behind her sister.

Her sister hugged her tightly and knelt on her knees, "The master bought me together. I am not as beautiful as my sister, but I am strong and able to work."

The slave trader pulled and cursed: "Going to death, I'm supplying goods in the kiln. Why do you buy money-losing goods like you?"

Cheng Qianye couldn't stand it anymore and knocked on the car window with his finger to stop the transaction.

She winked at Xiao Xiu.

Xiao Xiu jumped out of the car, threw a small ingot of silver, and raised his chin, "Follow me, my life is really good, the lord has taken a fancy to you."

The slave trader, seeing their entourage with many entourages, was huge.

Knowing that it is a noble person traveling. Not daring to argue, he nodded and left.

The younger sister grabbed her sister's clothes tightly and wept bitterly, but her older sister wiped away her tears and pushed her out, "Hurry up, that's a noble person who has food for you, so you won't be hungry."

Cheng Qianye held his forehead and gestured to Xiao Xiu to take it away.

Two ragged little girls boarded the carriage. The gorgeous and clean carriage left them at a loss. The two of them huddled together, kneeling in the corner shyly, looking at them in fear with two pairs of eyes that looked especially big because of hunger. Cheng Qianye.

The originally spacious carriage seemed a little cramped with the addition of two people.

Mo Qiaosheng supported his body and moved. Make room for them.

Xiao Xiu wrinkled his nose in dissatisfaction. He felt an unpleasant smell in the whole carriage.

But he never violated Cheng Qianye's words, so he didn't say much, only added a lot of spices to the incense burner.

Cheng Qianye lowered the curtain, closed his eyes, and isolated the painful world outside.

With so many children and so many people worthy of sympathy, I can save a few in this way.

Although, my lord is just a mascot. But before I find a way back, I will do my job a little bit.

Cheng Qianye missed the safe and warm time of her very much, her twin brother who really grew up together, and her family and friends.

A group of people settled in the hot spring villa in Xishan,

The legendary Moon God Spring was just a small crescent-shaped spring.

The spring water with constant temperature throughout the four seasons has a faint light yellow, and the surface of the water is steaming with white smoke.

The original owner of this villa obviously knows how to enjoy it. A large piece of white marble was laid along the side of the spring, railings for handrails and stairs for bathing were built. In addition, there was no trace of artificial axe.

A large maple forest is planted on all sides of the hot spring. At this moment, the sky is full of red leaves like clouds, and the scattered small leaves are falling into the water, like a fairyland.

Cheng Qianye was immersed in appreciating the beauty, and suddenly heard Xiao Xiu's unhappy whispering reprimand: "Hurry up, what are you doing like this? I don't know good and bad things."

Cheng Qianye looked over and saw Xiao Xiu and the two attendants, about to carry Mo Qiaosheng into the spring. Mo Qiaosheng's well-knotted hand grasped the railing firmly, unwilling to enter the water, and a wave appeared on his body. Rich black that represents fear.

When he saw Cheng Qianye look over, the conspicuous gold rim on his body lit up, pressing down the black.

Then he gave up the struggle and sank his body into the water.

Cheng Qianye felt a little strange, she walked to the spring, knelt down, and looked at Mo Qiaosheng who was soaking in the water.

"Are you afraid of water?"

"No...not afraid." Although he was immersed in the warm spring water, his face was pale, his whole body stiff, and his hands were holding on to the handrail on the shore.

Cheng Qianye waved away the others.

I watched Mo Qiaosheng in the water for a while with interest.

I saw him pursing his mouth tightly and keeping a rigid posture motionless, obviously holding back
fear.

Cheng Qianye squatted there and stretched out his hand to gently touch the top of his head.

“Xiao Mo, since I became the lord, every day there are many people who say all kinds of nice,
flattering, and caring words to me. But I know that they are all lying to me.”

She slowly took off a maple leaf on Mo Qiaosheng’s head, and saw the wet face, lifted it from the
mist to look at herself.

“I hope you can’t lie to me, okay?”

“I...” A low and nice male voice sounded from the steaming white smoke.

“When I was young, I was sold into Chuhuai Pavilion, which was a male prostitute. As soon as I
entered it, the owner at the time had to train me to please men.” Mo Qiaosheng lowered his head
and his soft black hair fell. Come down, covering his eyebrows.

“At that time, I was too young and had a stubborn temper. I dared to disobey the master’s
instructions and resist desperately. The master punishes me and pushes me into the water tank.
Only when I am about to die, I am brought up. This is repeated for several days. It wasn’t until a red
boy saw it, interceded for me, and put me beside him as an attendant, did the punishment cease.”

“Although it has been a long time, but I... I am still a little afraid of water.”

“I, although I have been in the Xiaoshouguan, but that aspect of the skills, indeed, indeed is not at
all.”

Mo Qiaosheng thought nervously: I bit Master Han's hand and violated the previous master. The master knew it. Would he hate me as an unruly slave.

At this moment he felt his eyes covered by a black cloth strip.

There was the sound of someone entering the water around.

A soft hand held his other hand gently.

"Don't be afraid, I will accompany you for a while. I will look at you and will not let you fall into the water."

He heard the master's voice ringing in his ears.

"You can't take off the straps on your eyes."