

Dandere General and his Lord - Chapter 15

The Golden Crow was sinking, and it was getting late.

The school field where the soldiers trained gradually became deserted.

There is only a black figure, still moving up and down in the corner, tirelessly practicing a steel mixing gun, seemingly not planning to rest.

Yu Dunsu and several non-commissioned officers passed by the school grounds with dinner. Yu

Dunsu shouted: "Qiaosheng, don't you take a rest?"

Mo Qiaosheng stopped his gun, bowed to his knees, and said: "I have seen General Yu. The villain wants to practice a little longer."

His forehead was covered with sweat, dripping like rain. But his eyes were burning, he was full of energy, and he was not tired.

Yu Dunsu divided two buns with white flour from his bowl and put them in Mo Qiaosheng's hands.

"Diligence is a good thing, but don't be too tired. Eat something to cushion your stomach."

Mo Qiaosheng held the food in both hands and respectfully bowed his head to thank him.

After walking some distance, a non-commissioned officer next to Yu Dunsu said: "That Moqiao student is really crazy. I can see him coming to the school every day, and he practiced from dark to three poles on the moon."

Another person answered: "It's just a slave, so what can I do if I practice it? Isn't it possible that I still want to be a general?"

"This slave has no idea that the sky is high and the earth is thick. When he saw General Yu, he dared not bow down and bowed down."

"You don't know, this is granted by the lord. The lord is very fond of him, and he can exempt him even in front of the lord."

Yu Dunsu said: "Although this person has a low status, he is indeed extraordinary, and he is also brave and good at fighting on the battlefield, and he has made military achievements. You should not be so despised by him."

The crowd curled their lips and stopped talking.

Yu Dunsu looked back at the figure who was practicing hard in the setting sun, thinking in his heart, such a tough person is really a role model for a lieutenant in our army, but unfortunately he is just a slave. I'm afraid you won't listen to me. Go in.

The sky gradually darkened.

Mo Qiaosheng took his own dinner and returned to his house.

Now he has a room of his own in the outer courtyard of the City Lord's Mansion.

Although the house is small, it is neat and clean. There is a comfortable bed with warm bedding.

There is a closet in the corner of the room. There are several sets of comfortable and durable clothes hanging in the cabinet. There is even a lockable box for storing some private items.

There is a set of simple tables and chairs by the window. On the table is a set of "Seven Books of Martial Arts" given to him by the lord, which has been turned over.

Everything makes Mo Qiaosheng full of happiness and satisfaction. The only shortcoming is that he is far away from the inner courtyard where the master lives, and cannot always see the kind face of the master.

He hadn't touched yesterday's dinner or today's breakfast at all, and they were just right on the table.

He wrapped these in a cloth bag together with the Xinde dinner and the white-faced buns given by Yu Dunsu, and put all his wound medicine bandages in the bag.

Mo Qiaosheng touched his hungry stomach, thought for a moment, broke a small piece from the bun and put it in his mouth.

It's really useless. It used to be two or three days without eating or drinking. Now he was so hungry and panicked just one day and night.

It doesn't matter, just eat it tomorrow morning. Bring these to Afeng.

Taking advantage of the night, Mo Qiaosheng went to the post house where Weibei Hou temporarily settled.

When Hou Huayu from Weibei entered the city yesterday, Mo Qiaosheng saw Ah Feng among the accompanying persons.

Ah Feng was seriously injured on the battlefield, and it seemed that he was not in good shape.

Weibei Hou Huayu and his entourage were settled by Cheng Qianye in a magnificent mansion.

Mo Qiaosheng knocked on the side door of the house with a piece of broken silver rewarded by the master.

The guard at the gate recognized him, received his benefits, and casually summoned a slave to lead Mo Qiaosheng to the inverted room in the outer courtyard.

It was a small compartment with nothing but a decayed plank bed and a ragged felt blanket. There was a dark brown blood stain on the floor, and the room was empty.

Mo Qiaosheng looked at this room and recalled the days when he struggled in the mud. Obviously there are only a few months, it seems to have been a long time ago.

There are so many slaves in the world. How lucky I am to be blessed by God and meet that master.

He sighed silently, put the food and medicine he had brought on the bed, and planned to leave.

“What are you doing here?”

There was a cold voice outside the door.

Afeng was draped in clothes, and leaned against the door with one hand on the door frame.

The cold moonlight, shining on his bloodless face, looked extremely pale.

He walked into the house, pushed Mo Qiaosheng away, looked at the things on the bed, and said coldly: “Since I found a good master, why do I come back to this kind of place?”

A Feng’s character is used to this. Mo Qiaosheng didn’t take his cynicism seriously. He pressed his shoulder to let him sit on the bed and opened the medicine bottle to give him medicine.

In the past few years, every time a partner who barely earned a life from the battlefield, they have pulled each other like this.

Although life is painful, everyone still hopes to live longer.

Mo Qiaosheng remembered that his first time on the battlefield was when A Feng, who was already a veteran, carried him back. At that time, they had no medicine, and Ah Feng tore off a piece of clothing and barely stopped the huge bleeding wound in his abdomen.

The first time Ayun was seriously injured, he was carried back by himself.

Today, Ayun is no longer there.

Many familiar faces have also disappeared.

The life of a slave is not as valuable as an ant. But each of them is clearly such a fresh life, and they have been so stubbornly eager to live.

Afeng took off his jacket and sat with his back to Mo Qiao.

“Qiaosheng, although I met a good master. But you must not forget that we are always a slave.” His cold voice sounded.

“For the master, the slave is just a toy and a piece of property. Since he is good to you, you are only a precious toy.” When he couldn’t see his expression, Afeng’s voice seemed to be much softer, “Just Someone can afford the price, and as a master he can abandon you and sell you at any time. I used to...”

Afeng closed her mouth. Did not continue to say.

He once had more than one name, but also a last name, a last name bestowed by his master.

He closed his eyes, and the voice of the former master calling him could still be heard in his ears:

“Chu Feng, Chu Feng, come to me.”

That long, long time ago, the owner was a young son of an aristocratic family, gentle and elegant. Treat Xiaofeng who has just been bought from the slave market so tenderly, feed him sweet food, and put him on clean clothes. Stay with him no matter what you do, take him wherever you go.

“You are like my brother. You and I will be named Chu together. Starting today, you will be called
Chu Feng.”

I want to dedicate my whole life to my master. Xiaofeng once believed in his oath.

Until that gathering of nobles.

“You are a good slave, sell it to me, one gold? Not enough? Add another one?” Several aristocratic men with garish clothes and jade crowns stood in front of his master.

The dazzling gold is added one by one. The master finally nodded, unable to bear it.

No matter how he cried and prayed, it didn't help.

The master left with gold.

And his body and heart were completely shattered from the inside out at that time.

Afeng woke up from the dark memory, he closed his eyes in pain, “In short, don't trust the master, don't give your own heart easily. Otherwise, only more embarrassment awaits you.”

Mo Qiaosheng felt sad.

He thought of his first master Wu Xueli. The master taught him to read and taught him to read, and he was a very good master. But because of a small mistake, he stopped listening to his explanation and sold him quickly.

Mo Qiaosheng said in his heart:

But now, I am deeply favored by my master. No matter what the master wants me, as long as I have it, I am willing to hold it in both hands. As for the consequences, I can't care about it.

An arrow was hit in Afeng's left shoulder. The shaft of the arrow broke, but the arrow was embedded in the body and was not taken out.

Mo Qiaosheng took strong wine and poured it on the wound, drew out a wrist relief knife, and said, "Endure!"

The tip of the knife was picked, and an iron arrow with blood fell on the ground with a bang.

A Feng's body softened and fell down.

Mo Qiaosheng caught him in a coma. Bandage the wound for him and help him lie down.

Seeing Afeng who had fainted, Mo Qiaosheng sighed silently. But he is no longer a slave here, so it is inconvenient to stay here for too long.

He left food and medicine, and hurried back along the same path.

When he was about to reach the corner gate, he heard a sound from behind that made his pores frightening.

"Let me see who this is? Isn't this Qiaosheng? What's the matter, Jin Yuehou treated you badly, and I still want to come back and see your old master me."

Hua Yu was shy with a big belly and led a group of attendants to stop Mo Qiaosheng.

Mo Qiaosheng bowed to the ground and saluted, "Going to slaves should die. Because of visiting old friends, he was shocked by Master Hou. Please forgive him."

"Hey, you and I are also masters and servants, you don't need to be so polite." Hua Yu straightened up Mo Qiaosheng and looked him up and down. "Sure enough, don't look at him for three days. When you are here, you are inconspicuous. , I don't know how Jin Yuehou moisturized it, so that you can be so radiant."

Mo Qiao took two steps back without a trace.

Hua Yu stroked his beard and smiled and said, "Do you want to go back to the old man again? For you, the old man can consider returning the yellow horse."

Mo Qiaosheng crossed his hands and saluted, "Please forgive Hou Ye. The master of the slave still has something to entrust to the slave. I really don't dare to delay. Please forgive the slave to retire.

As soon as he finished speaking, he stepped out of the corner door in two steps, unfolded his body skills, several ups and downs, and quickly disappeared into the night.

Huayu looked straight at the figure who couldn't be followed, and sank his face, "Huh, it's okay for Jin Yuehou to be arrogant and domineering. Now people have to bow their heads under the eaves.

Now even a lowly old slave dare to be so insensitive to the old man. ceremony."

...

Cheng Qianye walked along the path in the inner courtyard of the city lord's mansion and discussed with Xiao Jin about the resettlement of refugees during the winter.

There was a slight noise from the trees on the edge of the fence.

The guards immediately raised their halberds and shouted, "Who?"

A man fell on the wall, and the man fell to the ground to plead.

It is Mo Qiaosheng.

Cheng Qianye stepped forward and touched the head lying on the ground: "What's the matter with Hashimoto, I ran to me in a panic when it was so late."

Mo Qiaosheng raised his head and saw the smiling face that made him the most reassuring in the world.

Before he knew it, he uttered the fear in his heart, "Master, don't return me to Weibeiou. I will definitely work hard. I will be much more useful than that yellow horse."

Cheng Qianye couldn't laugh or cry, she took Mo Qiaosheng up and waved goodbye to Xiao Jin.

In full view, she took the hand of her "male favorite" and slowly walked away in the moonlight.

The voice of the lord speaking faintly in the wind.

"It's so silly and cute, let alone a horse, even if it is a city, I will not change you."

"Hey, are you hungry? Don't you have enough food in the barracks? Go, I'll take you to eat delicious food."