

Dandere General and his Lord - Chapter 17

“Afeng, you could come out to see me.” Mo Qiaosheng was very surprised. He led Afeng to his house.

Afeng followed behind him, walking slowly step by step. Walked into the room, sat down gently next to the chair, and frowned slightly.

Mo Qiaosheng’s heart sank, he sighed, and poured him a glass of water.

“When I left that day, I ran into Wei Beihou at the door. He seemed very dissatisfied with me, and I have been careful that he angered you. Sure enough...”

A Feng held the coarse porcelain teacup, turned it around in his hand, and whispered as if to himself: “Master, he has been getting too much lately. I can hardly stand it anymore.”

His other hand grabbed the hem of his clothes tightly, and the blue veins burst out on the back of his hand. After a moment of silence, he raised his head and looked at Mo Qiaosheng: “Asheng, can you help me?”

On Afeng’s indifferent face that has remained unchanged for many years, a rare gentle expression appeared: “You give me a chance to meet Jin Yuehou. I... I will try to see if he can also look at me.”

Mo Qiaosheng stared at each other with those beautiful Danfeng eyes for a long time, and finally averted his gaze.

“Sorry, I can’t hide from the master and do anything that might go against his will.”

But I will find the opportunity to ask the master if he can buy you with Weibeiyou.

This was an extremely embarrassing thing for Mo Qiaosheng. He felt that he was not qualified to beg with his master, and he was not sure that he could get his master's consent.

So he didn't say the second half sentence.

Afeng lowered her head and laughed at herself: "Finally, you don't have to worry about it, it's because I am a strong man."

He turned the cup in his hand, "Do you have any wine here? After two days, the master will go home. Between you and me, I'm afraid it will be difficult to see you again."

"Yes. Wait for me."

Mo Qiaosheng turned around and took out a small pot of wine from the cabinet.

Using the teacup on the table, he poured a cup for Afeng and himself.

The two touched their glasses in silence.

Each took the bitterness in his heart and drank this glass of wine.

Mo Qiaosheng felt a little dizzy just after drinking a glass of wine. He supported the table with one hand, shook his head, and looked at Ah Feng in surprise.

Then he lost control of his body.

Afeng caught his fallen body and helped him to lie down on the bed.

Mo Qiaosheng fell into a deep sleep.

Afeng stood by the bed and looked at this unguarded brother with sad eyes.

“I’m sorry, if I don’t do this, only death is waiting for me.”

He picked up the wine bottle and spread the rest of the wine evenly on the bedding.

After Cheng Qianye inspected the embankment, it was late.

As soon as she returned to the Fuzhong, she couldn’t help but slip towards the outer courtyard
where Mo Qiaosheng lived.

The lord’s mansion had to go to see that lowly slave every day when he returned to the mansion. It
was already a well-known secret in the city’s mansion.

The rumor that Mo Qiaosheng replaced Xiao Xiu as the first “male favorite” around the lord’s father
is also spreading more and more in the world.

I’ll go and see if the little poor has eaten today, and if he is stupidly hungry.

Cheng Qianye made an excuse for himself.

She stepped into the door happily, smiling and shouting to the person sitting at the table with her
back: “Xiao Mo.”

At that moment, her smile suddenly solidified on her face, and her steps stopped.

This person is in the wrong color!

Not the azure blue of Qiaosheng, but a strange wine red. The color that was originally considered to
be very beautiful, mixed with rich gray-black, looked lifeless and muddy.

“Who?” Cheng Qianye asked.

She took a step back, ready to call a nearby guard at any time.

The man at the table turned around, his hands folded and crawling on the ground, he bowed one of the most humble salutes.

Cheng Qianye had an impression of him, vaguely remembering that he was a slave by Wei Beihou, maybe this person was an old friend of Mo Qiaosheng.

Cheng Qianye didn't see any malicious emotional color on him, so he put a little snack on him.

She glanced around the room and saw Mo Qiaosheng lying quietly on the bed, his expression was peaceful, and there seemed to be nothing unusual.

“Who are you? What happened to Hashio?”

“Return to Lord Hou, Xia Nu is a slave of Weibei Hou, named Afeng. The same Qiaosheng has some old feelings. Because of thinking about the imminent separation, the two of me temporarily lost their minds and drank a few more glasses. Qiaosheng was invincible. Jiu Li, just fell asleep.”

Cheng Qianye checked the Mo Qiaosheng on the bed, and saw that he was sleeping soundly full of alcohol, so he relaxed.

“Please also Hou Ye not to punish him, everything is Afeng's not.”

Afeng raised his head, revealing a handsome face. With a peach blossom on his face and autumn water in his eyes, he looked at Cheng Qianye shyly and spoke softly.

“If Lord Hou doesn't dislike it, Afeng can serve you instead of Qiaosheng.”

Cheng Qianye turned around and saw that man, who had spread his long hair in the moonlight, half untied Luo Chang.

His long hair was slightly curly and graceful, and a snow-white bandage was tied on his shoulders.

The moonlight outside the window shone on his skin obliquely, half of the light and half of the shadow, revealing bruises all over his body, with a thrilling and cruel beauty.

With Qiubo in his eyes, Cheng Qianye smiled lightly.

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, Cheng Qianye would have never imagined that a man could have such a charming and moving look, and with a strange beauty in the slightest.

But Cheng Qianye felt a little bit uncomfortable in her heart. She could see behind the smiling face, which was filled with black sorrow, full of gray and self-defeating self-rejection.

She sighed, took off the cloak, and put it on the body that was beautiful, but already white from the cold.

Afeng froze for a moment, he seldom missed his hand in such a proactive situation.

His already stiff body was suddenly surrounded by a warm cloak. A pair of white hands stretched out, tightened his neckline, and patted his shoulder.

When he came back to his senses, the Jinyue Houhou had already left, and the voice he was talking before leaving still remained in the room.

"Don't force yourself to do this kind of thing."

Cheng Qianye fled back to the inner courtyard, she touched her hot face.

Damn, this ancient beautiful man always came to take off his clothes in person and recommended himself a pillow seat. This set is really unbearable.

She suddenly remembered that leaving Mo Qiaosheng alone is still not at ease.

So she beckoned to stop Xiao Xiu who happened to be oncoming: "Xiao Xiu, there is a person from Weibei in Qiaosheng's house. I got Qiaosheng drunk. Take a few people over and take a look.

Don't be surprised. ."

...

Mo Qiaosheng had a nightmare. He dreamed of returning to the study of the first master Wu Xueli.

He knelt there, and on the ground in front of him was the broken inkstone. There was a circle of people around him. Everyone pointed at him and said, "It's him, that's what he did!"

Mo Qiaosheng was frightened, he tightly grabbed his master's clothes, "It's not me, master, it's really not me."

Wu Xueli's expression was both gloomy and terrifying, "Take off his pants, hit a hundred sticks, and sell it to the kiln!"

"No, Master, you believe me, not me, don't!"

Wu Xueli's face suddenly changed to that of Jin Yuehou. He was as gentle and amiable as before, and Mo Qiaosheng was about to relax.

But I heard him say with a smile: "Hashio, since everyone says it's you, there is no way, I have to sell you."

Mo Qiaosheng was shocked in a cold sweat, rolled over from the bed and found that the sky was bright.

He recalled the situation last night, and felt uncomfortable in his chest. He didn't know whether it was more pain or anger.

Putting on his clothes, he walked towards the owner's inner courtyard anxiously. He didn't know if something unpleasant happened to the owner last night. He didn't know how to face the owner.

On the way, Xiao Xiu stopped him: "Qiaosheng, have you been interacting with Weibeiyou too much recently?"

Xiao Xiu frowned: "You were drunk yourself last night, and you let an outsider stay in your house. Didn't you know that the Lord will look for you every day? Fortunately, it didn't disturb the Lord. If the Lord is unhappy, you can bear it. To blame for this."

Mo Qiaosheng had no way to explain, bowed his head and admitted his mistake.

Zhang Fu happened to pass by and made a rounding round with a smile: "It's natural for the bridge student to take care of the old man. Anyway, Weibeiyou will go back to the land in these two days."

When the two saw Zhang Fu, they knelt down and saluted together.

Zhang Fu said mildly, "But Hashimoto, you have to remember that you are now the lord's person. You should pay attention to your own position. People in the past still have less contact with the lord in everything. Don't you think? "

Mo Qiao prostrated himself and pleaded guilty.

Sure enough, two days later, Weibeiyou and Cheng Qianye departed.

Cheng Qianye hosted a banquet in the mansion to help him.

During the banquet, Mo Qiaosheng saw Ah Feng again.

A Fengzheng and Xiao Xiu whispered something in the shadow outside the hall.

Seeing him, Afeng just glanced at him indifferently and turned away without saying a word.

“Qiaosheng, Qiaosheng, I’m about to find you.” Xiao Xiu called to him, “Hurry up and help me with one. This food container is too heavy.”

Xiao Xiu carried two food boxes in his hands and complained: “Lu Yao actually had a bad stomach from eating on this day and couldn’t climb up. The cooking is a mess at the moment, and even the people who serve the food can’t arrange it. I don’t Don’t worry, come personally to mention the Lord’s diet.”

Mo Qiaosheng took the two food boxes together and asked puzzledly: “Do you know Afeng?”

“You were drunk that day, and the lord said that there was a stranger in your house. Don’t worry, let me take care of you, or you won’t see him.” Xiao Xiu walked, rubbing his arms. Say hello. Speaking of which, the lord is really considerate and meticulous to you.”

At the banquet in the hall at this moment, all the well-known generals and officials from both sides were sitting.

Xiao Xiu and Mo Qiaosheng knelt to Cheng Qianye’s side.

Mo Qiaosheng opened the food box and brought out the food.