

## Dandere General and his Lord - Chapter 2

Mo Qiaosheng was born in a slave family.

His mother was a slave, and the children of slaves could only be slaves.

It is said that when his mother was passing a bridge when she was pregnant, she suddenly felt a fall in her belly. The mother, who had already had many production experiences, randomly found a shelter by the bridge pier and gave birth to him.

So he had this name, Mo Qiaosheng. Although it seemed casual, it was already a rare good name among slaves.

For example, his brothers and sisters are called Mo A Gou, Mo Tie Dan, Mo Er San, Mo Wu Liu and so on. The name Mo Ersan was still given to a very pretty and lovely sister.

Mo Qiaosheng didn't know who his father was. He had many brothers and sisters, and they all belonged to the same mother.

Mother is a thin and dry woman, and the hard living environment makes her look extraordinarily old.

However, it was just such a woman who came back late every night with scars and stench all over her body, bringing them back a little bit of poor quality food. And dropped a kiss on each child's forehead, a gentle kiss.

This is the only one in Mo Qiao's gloomy childhood, and it comes from the gentleness of women.

With more and more children in the family and mothers getting older, the shortage of food is getting worse.

The young Mo Qiaosheng was hungry every day and followed his eldest brother Mo A dog, collecting edible things everywhere.

Pick wild vegetables in the mountains and forests, fish in the rivers.

Drilling around in the muddy fair, picking up some waste that others occasionally leave behind.

Sometimes he was dizzy and dizzy with hunger and couldn't move. Mo A dog took out a small piece of black bump that he saved yesterday from his arms, pulled out a small piece, and stuffed it into Mo Qiaosheng's mouth.

He pulled out a little more and stuffed it into the mouth of his younger sister Mo Ersan.

Mo Qiaosheng and Mo Ersan held the little cake in their mouths, slowly soaking it soft with saliva, resisting swallowing it, making them feel like they were eating. It seems to be hungry and no longer panic.

In the shanty town where they lived, there was a slave named Xiongji. He was strong, rough, and brutal.

He is the most powerful man in this circle, no one dares to provoke him at will.

He is the mother's man, one of the men.

When he came to look for his mother recently, he often turned his wretched gaze on Mo Qiaosheng and his sister Mo Ersan.

When the dead fish-like eyeballs turned to look at him, Mo Qiaosheng always felt that a disgusting chill was climbing up from his cervical spine.

At this time, Mo Agou would always push him and Mo Ersan behind him lightly and without a trace, blocking his younger siblings with his thin body.

However, no matter how they avoided it, fate would never let these poor children go. That terrible day had come.

Xiong Ji finally caught Mo Ersan, the girl's sharp yelling did not cause any reaction from anyone in the camp.

Xiong Ji grabbed Mo Ersan's thin arm and dragged it into the tent. Mo Qiaosheng rushed forward, kicked off by him, and turned several somersaults.

Mo Agou helped him up, and he looked at the tent in silence for a while, then sighed softly: "You are still too young, so let's go."

Mo Qiaosheng watched blankly as his brother lifted the curtain of the tent and got in.

After a while, sister Mo Ersan, with a face full of snot and tears, came out of the tent intact. She came over in a daze, lowered her head and held Mo Qiaosheng's clothes tightly with trembling hands.

Some strange noises came from the tent, mixed with the cry of pain from my brother.

Mo Qiaosheng vaguely knew what had happened.

He was at a loss and took his sister to find his mother.

However, their mother listened to what he said, just sitting there silently, staring at the ground  
motionlessly.

Her face that was ruined by life was so helpless and lost.

Mo Qiaosheng hated him for the first time,

Hate one's weakness and weakness,

Hate the humbleness and lowliness of my birth,

Hate those who wantonly use violence to bully weak men, those cruel and perverted men!

Xiong Ji struggled to get out of the tent until midnight. While shaking his muscles, he tied his pants,  
glanced at Mo Qiaosheng, who was waiting outside the tent in the dark, and hummed triumphantly  
and left.

I don't want, I don't want to be bullied by such a man, never want it. Xiao Mo Qiaosheng swallowed  
his bitter tears, thinking silently in his heart.

In a hunting a few days later, Xiongji's horse did not know why he was frightened and threw him off  
the hillside.

When everyone found him, they found that his head and face had been smashed with a stone by  
someone, and he was already dead to death.

Dead people are a common occurrence for slaves. After everyone divided up his horses, weapons  
and clothing, no one mentions it anymore.

The owner only made a mark on the roster, indicating that his fortune was missing a tiny part.

That night, Mo Qiaosheng, who was completely wounded, came home very late.

Mother saw his clothes that were torn and ragged and stained with blood, and did not speak. He just sighed silently, touched his face, asked him to take off his clothes and sew him under the lamp.

Xiao Mo Qiaosheng knelt down beside her mother, looking at her mother's face softened by the light, slowly calming down the panic of the first murder in his life.

There was even an illusion in his heart that could continue this peace forever.

However, as he grew up, he was soon bought by his first owner.

The owner's surname is Wu, his name is Xueli, and his face is white and beard. He is a teacher who runs an academy, accepts a few elementary school students, and teaches literacy, reading, and writing.

Wu Xueli was a gentleman and rarely beat and scolded slaves.

The slaves in his house, with clothing covering their bodies, rarely went hungry.

For Mo Qiaosheng, this is a kind of lavish life that has never been experienced since childhood.

He cherishes this kind of life very much.

Every time the master ordered something, he would do it with the most rigorous and serious attitude, and he did not dare to be lazy or lazy.

Sometimes the master teaches the students and he waits on the side, so he \*\*\*\* up his ears, and carefully remembers every word and sentence the master said.

In the dead of night, after a busy day of work, he picked up a small branch, wrote and painted on the sand, and practiced the words he heard and saw during the day.

Gradually, Wu Xueli discovered the difference of this little slave. He is diligent, studious, and quick to absorb.

The most important thing is that all the things entrusted to him, no matter how big or small, are done in an orderly manner and never go wrong.

Wu Xueli transferred him to his side, and slowly let him take care of his study room, occasionally interested in him, and also taught him half a word.

After all, having a literate slave to be a book boy is a symbol of a wealthy family, and it is also worthy to bring friends out.

During that time, Mo Qiaosheng was full of admiration and gratitude for this master.

He was allowed to stay overnight in the study so that he could serve his master at any time.

So he has the opportunity to secretly read those wonderful books every night.

These books made him understand that outside the narrow sky above his head, there is still a vast world.

He studied eagerly, and what attracted him was the knowledge of military strategies. Although there are many obscurities and difficult to understand at his age, he repeatedly figured it out and kept it in his mind.

He didn't dare to ask the master, but once the master mentioned a little bit when he was teaching the students, he couldn't help getting excited, and absorbed it like a sponge eagerly.

As a young man, he didn't understand that his excessive desperate performance not only attracted the attention of his master, but also attracted the jealousy of countless people who lived in humble life like him.

One day Mo Qiaosheng was taken out of the study by a familiar person. When he turned back, the master cherished and loved the gold and silver star ribbed purple robe Duan Inkstone, which had fallen to the floor brightly, bursting a hole.

Wu Xueli was furious, no matter how Mo Qiaosheng crawled on the ground to explain, Wu Xueli refused to believe it.

The slaves standing around watched him kneeling on the ground indifferently, and no one came out to distinguish or testify for him.

Wu Xueli took off his pants and beat him in public. Sold him into the most filthy and humble Chu Huai Pavilion as a slave.

Fortunately, the facial features of Mo Qiaosheng are three-dimensional, and the skeleton is too large, and it does not have the feminine and beautiful youthful feeling that the nobles like most. Therefore, under his strong resistance, he was not immediately pressured to pick up the guests, but was assigned to personally serve a popular little boy.

The young man's name is Lvxiu, and he is a beautiful teenager with a satin-like skin.

He always likes to wear a turquoise robe, which is crooked on the guests with cream and powder, and is polite and courteous to the nobles.

However, as soon as the guests left, he often immediately became very irritable, and slapped Mo Qiao students.

As long as he is not allowed to serve those disgusting and perverted guests, Mo Qiaosheng feels it can be tolerated in the days of fighting and scolding.

But this kind of day did not last for a few days.

This time, a luxuriously dressed guest left satisfactorily, but the green sleeves did not come out for a long time.

Mo Qiaosheng took the water in and saw a scene he would never forget in his life.

Lu Xie's snow-white skin was covered with various scars, and he had already lost the signs of life.

His favorite turquoise robe was in dilapidated condition, soaked in blood to see its original color.

An ingot of gold lying quietly on the floor is the price of this young man's life.

The owner of Chuhuai Pavilion happily picked up the gold, waved his hand, and ordered Mo Qiaosheng to wipe the room clean.

Mo Qiaosheng was vomiting while lying on the ground, wiping away the blood that seemed to be too much forever.

The Chuhuai Pavilion maintains a team of professional thugs who are responsible for handling any incidents that need to be resolved with violence.

The leader Dong Sandao recently discovered one, who was going to be a slave to Xiaobo sooner or later, and always pestering him.

The young slave had a fierceness in him, cruel to others and to himself.

Dong Sandao liked this brutal force and accepted him.



Of course, Dong Sandao is not a kind person with a compassionate heart. In such an environment where survival is difficult, who can have extra kindness to a slave child.

He polished Mo Qiaosheng like a weapon.

This scrawny young man, gritted his teeth like a wild wolf, grew up slowly in those daunting horror trainings, and became a sharp-edged knife.

Weibei Hou Huayu came straight to Chuhuai Hall to have fun, and accidentally saw Mo Qiaosheng. So he took out two silver coins and put the sharp blade into the army, becoming a samurai under his command.