

## Dandere General and his Lord - Chapter 4

The man who struggled back from the death line was more rude and crazy than usual.

At this moment, in the camp where slaves gathered, screaming women could be seen everywhere, dragged into the dark corner by several men.

Sometimes it's not just women, but young but weak men are not immune.

The slaves who had escaped from the battlefield used this method to relieve the emptiness after the killing and to vent the residual fear after dying.

Mo Qiaosheng is now no longer the weak and bullying boy. The martial arts he has honed in hell-like training leave no one in this entire camp who dares to provoke him.

At the same time, as he grows older, his appearance grows, his facial features become more three-dimensional and cold, his stature is slender, a bee-armed waist, a tight muscle, and his skin is scarred and rough in the battlefield.

Except for a thinner waist, he doesn't have any appearance of a teenager that arouses men's desire at this moment.

He felt that he had escaped the fate of being bullied by men.

But he was still very disgusted and disgusted with this behavior. He speeded up his pace, just want to quickly return to the resting place, get a good sleep, and restore his almost collapsed physical strength.

“Sheng, this is your share.” A female slave who was in charge of distributing food bowed her head and knelt in front of him.

She has thick lips, prominent cheekbones, and small eyes that are not pretty.

But she is young, young and a woman, it is very rare here.

She was assigned to deliver food to centurions among slaves like Mo Qiaosheng, as well as herself, if the centurions needed it.

Mo Qiaosheng looked at her. The girl lowered her head, her cheeks flushed a little, and she was shy and tender.

He took the bread in the hands of the slave girl.

The brown-yellow noodles look much better than the dark lumps eaten by ordinary slaves.

This can only be enjoyed by slaves above the centurion. The whole grain is mixed with buckwheat and wild vegetables.

The slave girl didn't dare to look up, her heart was beating.

Mo Qiaosheng was not the prettiest one among the centurions, and Afeng among the centurions was the object of many female slaves' desires.

However, she who is in charge of delivering food knows that Hashio is the most gentle person.

Although Afeng is beautiful, Afeng is too cruel. The face that is cold all the time, the temper will explode anytime and anywhere. As long as you get close to him, people tremble with fear.

Qiao Sheng didn't seem to have a woman yet, so she wished he could be his first woman, the slave girl thought.

She was slightly heavy in her hand, and there was a small piece of brown dough, which Mo Qiaosheng broke and placed in her hand.

But what she really expected did not happen.

The young Centurion hobbled away with the leftover food, without even looking back at her.

She was left standing in situ, holding a small half of dough.

Mo Qiaosheng came to his own "territory", where there is a row of small spaces that are easily separated by wood chips and bamboo poles, and ventilated on all sides. Inside each compartment there was only a wooden board, some straw piled up, and a ragged bedding.

But at last it is a relatively private and personal space.

This is the "special honor" he got after he shed blood and desperately on the battlefield. Let him not need to be like a beast, crowded with people, and sleep with many slaves in a mud circle.

Mo Qiaosheng lay down on his "bed", broke a small piece of dough, held it in his mouth, and let his saliva slowly soften it.

The wound on his body was still bleeding, making him feel the constant loss of physical strength.

It's too painful, too tired, let's sleep for a while. He closed his eyes.

After only a moment of trance, I felt someone awake him.

"Qiaosheng, Qiaosheng."

Mo Qiaosheng opened his eyes with difficulty, and saw A Yun who lives next door calling him.

“Qiaosheng, the master summoned us and said that he would give us a reward at the celebration banquet.” Ayun said to him happily.

Ayun is the youngest of all centurions. He hasn't even gotten rid of his immaturity, and his personality is a bit lively and flamboyant.

What is rare is that he is still a person who loves to laugh when he grows up in such a difficult environment.

It's just that once he stepped on the battlefield, he would instantly become an extremely ferocious beast, and when the charge horn rang, he rushed forward desperately.

On the back of his right hand, there was a hideous scar, and he became the youngest centurion based on the merits of this scar.

Mo Qiaosheng got up and walked out of the camp silently.

He didn't want to attend this banquet at all, but he had no right to refuse.

The one who walked in the front was Ah Feng. Feng's face is quite beautiful among men, with long narrow eyes and a tall nose. However, for slaves, whether men or women, being beautiful does not mean a good thing.

Being beautiful and alive, and becoming a centurion can only show that he has paid more than others behind his back.

He was as calm as Mo Qiaosheng and walked in silence.

“I don’t know what the master will reward? A Jia, do you think it might be meat? I haven’t eaten meat for a long time.” A Yun was dreaming and licking his lips.

“I want to eat meat too, even in my dreams.” A Jia, who was five big and three thick and strong like a bear, swallowed his saliva.

“Don’t dream anymore, your skin is tight in front of the master. One accidentally didn’t eat the meat, but lost his life.” The gray beard interrupted them coldly.

A group of five people are the slaves who made the most meritorious service this time. They were either excited, worried, or heavy following an attendant beside the master to the camp where Weibeiou was located.

The attendant took them to a water room, and one person handed out a brush and a large spoon.

“Wash yourself clean, put on new clothes, there are many noble people at the banquet, don’t lose face to the master.” The waiter pointed to the stack of clothes of the same standard on the side with a shrill voice.

Mo Qiaosheng squatted on the ground, scooped up a scoop of cold water, and poured it down from his head. There was muddy and scarlet sewage flowing out of his body. The cold water stimulated his sleepy nerves. His heart was a little heavy, and he vaguely felt that what he was about to face was not a good thing.

For slaves like them, no matter how great the credit is, they cannot be compared with those true generals. With luck, they can get a piece of cooked meat, an armor or a weapon, as the master’s merciful reward.

However, if you are unlucky or behave improperly, it is possible to anger the lord, or provoke a noble person, then it is a disaster.

Moreover, their lord, Weibeiou...

Mo Qiaosheng poured the whole bucket of water on his head with a clatter. He didn't want to recall the wretched and perverted behavior of the lord when he first saw Wei Beihou in Chuhuai Pavilion.

Maybe I was wrong and shouldn't be so desperate.

But at that time, climbing on the wall, not desperately, meant death, the death of those brothers who followed him.

Afeng beside him was as solemn as him, gritted his teeth and flushed on his body in silence. The two exchanged glances inadvertently, and both saw anxiety and fear in each other's eyes.

After scrubbing, it was determined that the body no longer had the peculiar smell, and they put on uniform black shorts with red edges and knee-high straight. In order to show the soldiers' unique valor and order, they were also ordered to wear tight and lightweight waistcoats.

Ayun touched the fine cotton clothes on her body and exclaimed, "This clothes is really soft and comfortable. I look so big once I am so big."

A Feng who passed by his side coldly snorted, "Idiot!"

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At the celebration banquet organized by Weibeiou, Cheng Qianye watched with great interest the ancient song and dance performances that were very novel to her, and tasted various delicacies on the banquet.

Waiting next to her were two young men with red lips and white teeth, one Lu Yao and the other Xiao Xiu.

They are the personal attendants of Gong Ziyu, and they have a very close and unspeakable relationship with Gong Ziyu. Gong Ziyu takes them with him wherever he goes.

So Cheng Qianye had to take it.

They surrounded Cheng Qianye diligently, and their eyes were watery, and they were all ordinary and full of admiration and tenderness.

In Cheng Qianye's eyes, when Xiao Xiu looked at herself, she really exuded a rose red that meant love and lust.

And it was indeed a helpless gray-green that enveloped Lu Yao.

So Cheng Qianye understood that Xiao Xiu was sincerely engaged with his brother, and Lu Yao was forced to commit helplessly.

Whether it is true or false, I don't need it. When will I be able to dismiss these two uncles in a logical way? Cheng Qianye thought with tears in his heart.

Many young and beautiful maids and attendants shuffled through the banquet, serving dishes and pouring wine among the nobles. If the guests at the banquet fancy one, they will beckon to stay and wait, and often they will be taken back to their account after the banquet.

Weibei Hou Huayuzhi, Han Quanlin, the prefect of Hanzhong, and Yunnan Wang Yuan Yizhi, each hugged two beautiful Luan pets on the left and right, and they mingled with each other and had a hot chat.

They classify Cheng Qianye as a similar person with the same hobbies and habits, and from time to time share with Cheng Qianye with pornographic notes, which makes Cheng Qianye very depressed.

At this moment, five warriors in soap clothes and black armor slipped in from the door. They knelt down, folded their hands in front of them, and slammed their foreheads to the ground, doing the kneeling salute of slaves.

Hua Yu said to everyone with a smile: "This is the slave who made the battle this time under my command. The one at the far end is the first warrior to climb the city wall, named Mo... Oh yes, Mo Qiaosheng."

Mo Qiaosheng raised his head and knocked his head.

Cheng Qianye sat at the table and looked at this humble man, feeling very surprised. In her eyes, this person was like a whole piece of pure sapphire, with a pure and vast blue like the ocean. It was in front of her. Charming colors like never seen before.

Liangzhou Governor Li Wenguang, the initiator of the Allied Forces, stood up, held up the glass on the table, and said, "Although he is a slave, he has made a great contribution to our allies. I should personally offer you a glass."

Everyone in the wine praised Corporal Li Wenguang and Lixian, who followed suit and gave wine to several slaves.