

Dandere General and his Lord - Chapter 5

Looking at the large glass of wine in front of him, Mo Qiaosheng's complexion turned white. He fought for a day and night, and almost no water entered, only had time to barely bite two granola.

At this time, I was hungry in my abdomen and lost too much blood, which is really not suitable for drinking.

What he was afraid of was that he was drunk and made a fool of himself, losing his master's face and causing misfortune.

But he has no room for rejection.

He respectfully stepped forward, took Li Wenguang's wine, and drank it on his knees.

He took the wine from the host, Hua Yuzhi, and drank all thanks.

Then Han Quanlin, the prefect of Hanzhong, and Yuan Yizhi, the king of Yunnan...

Cheng Qianye sat in the seat and looked at the young slave who was drinking. The beautiful azure blue all over him gradually became heavier. During the period when a thick red-purple rose and lingered, it seemed depressed and painful.

His left arm that received the wine glass was slightly unnatural, with a slight trembling, and the black clothing under the leather armor of his left shoulder leaked out of water.

No, it should be blood.

Cheng Qianye remembered the spear that plunged into his shoulder on the city wall.

Moqiao Sheng drank a gift from Yunnan Wang Yuan Yizhi.

Sure enough, I felt dizzy and rolled in my belly.

I saw a young marquis again, beckoning to him.

Mo Qiaosheng knew he couldn't drink anymore.

But he didn't dare to slack off, dragged his soft feet to the table, saluted, and took the golden cup
from the young Jin Yuehou.

At the entrance of the wine, Mo Qiaosheng was stunned. The wine glass was not filled with wine, but
a glass of fragrant milky white milk.

He raised his head in surprise, and saw the young boy Jin Yuehou quietly blinking at him.

Mo Qiaosheng lowered his head and slowly drank this cup of warm milk without showing any
expression. He felt the faint tingling stomach, was gently soothed by the heat, and slowly calmed
down.

He kowtowed one more head, with gratitude in his heart, silently retreated to his position.

After receiving the wine from Yunnan Wang Yuan Yizhi, Afeng was left at the table.

A Feng turned away from the usual cold appearance, showing a bright smile, docilely knelt down
beside Yuan Yizhi and waited on her.

Yuan Yizhi squinted his loose eyes like fish bubbles and stretched out his pale and bloated hands to
pinch Afeng's chin: "You don't know that sometimes, no one can compare to this kind of running on
the battlefield. The wild horses, the old man feels that conquering such wild horses is the highest
pleasure of our heroes."

A Feng didn't resist, and lowered his head with a smile on his face.

Everyone laughed.

Li Wenguang was a little unhappy, but he didn't take it seriously and didn't say much.

Han Quanlin, the prefect of Hanzhong, trumpeted: "Yuan Gong sees you well, you can't make it to your brother."

Weibei Hou Huayu beckoned and motioned to Ayun to come to him.

A Yun looked flustered, and knelt down beside his master at a loss.

Huayu was upset in his heart, and pinched his leg severely, making A Yun's face like white paper in fright.

Mo Qiaosheng knelt on his position, lowering his head as much as possible, and he held his hands tightly, knowing that a wretched look was looking at him.

Han Quanlin, the prefect of Hanzhong, sat in the banquet, twisting his beard, as if evaluating a cargo, looking at him who was kneeling in the shadow by the door with interest.

Do not call me. Don't call my name.

He couldn't help but think of the situation in his childhood when he was shrinking his body outside the tent waiting for his brother to come out. In the dim and run-down tent like a monster, he heard his brother's painful cry, as if there was no end to it.

I have worked hard all these years just to avoid falling into such a situation, can't it be avoided! Can't avoid it!

He thought painfully.

At this time he heard a voice calling his name: "Mo Qiaosheng, come here."

He raised his face at a loss and saw a young and gentle face, nodding to him with a slight smile.

It was Mr. Jin Yue who handed him a cup of milk just now.

Mo Qiaosheng came to Cheng Qianye's side. He crawled on the ground and pressed his forehead tightly to the back of his hand. I felt involuntarily relaxed in my heart.

Is it just because this nobleman is gentler that you can accept such shame? Mo Qiaosheng spurned himself in his heart.

He heard a soft sound from the ground in front of his forehead.

Mo Qiaosheng raised his head. He saw a black lacquered tray on the carpet in front of him.

The Jin Yuehou did not look at him, just watched the singing and dancing performance in front of him with a smile, casually socializing with Han Quanlin, who was sitting here.

It seemed that he didn't care about the slave beside him.

But those bright and beautiful hands casually picked up a celadon porcelain bowl on the table, seemingly casually placed on the tray in front of him.

The exquisite porcelain bowl is filled with steaming ginseng chicken soup, exuding an alluring fragrance.

What do you mean, nobleman?

Mo Qiaosheng did not dare to think or move.

But his body spoke his desires more honestly than his brain, and his stomach made a grunt.

“Weibeiyou’s singing and dancing girl is well-tuned.”

“Very well, very much.”

This Jin Yuehou leaned sideways to talk to the person at the table, but his left hand stretched out from his wide sleeve, and slightly clicked on the tray in front of Mo Qiaosheng.

Mo Qiaosheng knelt upright in surprise, took the bowl, and drank carefully into his mouth.

He felt that he had never drunk something so delicious.

He brushed his throat lightly with the thick chicken soup, and he almost couldn’t help but sigh.

Especially the soup has a smell of Chinese medicine that he has not experienced before,

The strong medicinal power instantly penetrated into the limbs and a hundred skeletons, condensing his lost physical strength.

Mo Qiaosheng drank the bowl of soup in one breath. He put the empty bowl back on the plate in a daze, feeling a little at a loss. He didn’t have time to think about what behavior to express his gratitude.

A blue and white plate full of snacks fell in front of him again.

The hand holding the dish loosened, and slightly raised his palm in front of his eyes, motioning him to continue eating.

So Mo Qiao was born in a trance state, eating one after another delicacy he had never touched before.

At the end of the banquet, many people drank so much, but those nobles with high status began to err on the spot with the attendants around them.

The scene gradually became dirty.

Yuan Yizhi put his arms around Afeng's waist and walked out with a smile.

Weibeiyou was a little unhappy. A Yun, who was beside him, knelt on the ground and his face was bleak, trembling all over.

"Come with me." Cheng Qianye stood up.

Mo Qiao paused for a while, stood up slowly, and followed her silently.

Arriving in Cheng Qianye's tent, the attendants Lu Yao and Xiao Xiu untied Mo Qiaosheng's leather armor and searched him carefully.

But he did not take off his commoner, which was one of the pleasures left for the lord to enjoy.

They cut back Mo Qiaosheng's hands and tied them tightly with beef tendons. Pushing him onto the bed, both of them exited.

Mo Qiaosheng knew that this was to prevent assassination and to prevent him from resisting when he was ignorant of current affairs. It was a conventional means to protect the safety of the nobles.

He endured it silently, without resistance.

When Cheng Qianye entered the tent holding an iron plate, he saw the slave sitting on the bed with his head hanging down.

His hands were cut behind his back, his expression blank and expressionless.

But Cheng Qianye knew that he was stirring the storm at the moment. The tranquil azure blue, like the sea in a storm, rolled up the stormy waves, and the sea was filled with layers of lifeless gray and black, showing The master of this soul is in a painful mood of sorrow and resignation.

Cheng Qianye could hardly bear to watch. She shut down the system and comforted him: "Don't be afraid, I won't do anything to you."

Cheng Qianye knew this was not convincing, because he didn't want to untie the rope that bound him.

Although I like the beautiful colors on his body, I have pity on him.

But in the face of such a strange man with strong martial arts, his own safety is better than everything.

She placed the iron plate in her hand by the bed and ordered Mo Qiaosheng to lie down on the bed.

Looking at the scissors, tweezers and some messy bottles and jars placed on the plate, Mo Qiaosheng sank to the bottom.

During the years in Chuhuai Pavilion, he knew well that some noble people looked gentle and handsome, but they had unknown hobbies.

Greensleeve received such a guest and never got up from the bed again.

This is the end of the matter, the more you resist, the greater the damage.

He closed his eyes, collapsed his jaw tightly, lay down, and slowly moved his slender legs onto the soft bed.

The cold scissors reached into his collar and cut his clothes. He couldn't help shivering and rolled his
apple.

Maybe my life is over here, he thought sadly.

Cheng Qianye cut the clothes on Mo Qiaosheng's chest and carefully uncovered the cloth soaked in
blood.

Sure enough, I saw a hideous and terrifying blood hole on the sturdy shoulder, still bleeding from it.

The whole shoulder was stained with blood.

Above the banquet, when Mo Qiaosheng leaned on his side and kowtowed, Cheng Qianye clearly
saw a bright red glowing under his neck.

But he is a slave to others, and he is not too caring to attract attention.

Originally Cheng Qianye wanted to give him some food, so he let it go.

But when the banquet was about to end, I saw the beautiful azure blue close to my eyes, just
because of a little bit of food, it was full of tender yellow-green that represents gratitude.

Cheng Qianye still felt unbearable after all, and found an excuse to bring him back to the account.

At least bandage him up, she said to herself.

Mo Qiaosheng closed his eyes tightly, but the pain he imagined did not appear for a long time,
instead, a warm towel covered his shoulders.

He opened his eyes in surprise and saw that Jin Yuehou had wrung out a white face towel in the
warm water with his own hands, cleaning up the blood stains on his body.

Maybe this great man is like cleanliness and doesn't like me being so bloodstained. You have to clean up yourself before you start. He explained to himself like this.

He looked at the Master Hou, picked up a piece of gauze soaked in spirits with tweezers, and gently said to him: "It will hurt, so bear with it."

The high concentration of alcohol brings a tingling sensation to the wound.

What kind of pain is this, Mo Qiaosheng thought in his heart, as a warrior who is often injured, he knew that after a serious injury, if he had the opportunity to wash the wound with strong alcohol, the probability of survival would be much higher.

But basically no slave is qualified to enjoy this luxurious treatment.