

Dandere General and his Lord - Chapter 6

The Master Hou used tweezers to pick up a small curved needle like a fish hook, with a thin thread for sewing on the needle.

He comforted his mouth and said: "It hurts for a while, but your wound is too big. It's better to stitch it up."

He said it hurts again.

Stitched? What does stitching mean?

Mo Qiaosheng felt a slight tingling that was completely negligible for him.

What he was more frightened was that the noble man in front of him, like sewing clothes, stitched up his wound bit by bit with needles.

Although not very skilled, his expression is very focused and serious.

While sewing, he confessed: "This is only temporary. Three days after you go back, you have to cut the end of the thread and pull the thread out, you know?"

The form looks scary, but the effect is really good. Mo Qiaosheng saw the diamond-shaped wound on his shoulder that was difficult to heal, but finally tightened and stopped bleeding.

Jin Yuehou opened a porcelain bottle, carefully sprinkled a layer of yellow powder on his wound, and then pressed a piece of dry and white gauze.

Mo Qiaosheng finally realized that he was healing himself. He subconsciously wanted to raise his hand, and after earning a bit, he remembered that his hand was tied and couldn't move.

"Don't move. It's not fixed yet." A gentle voice rang softly in his ears.

The man leaned over his ears and wrapped breathable gauze around his shoulders. The breath of his words inadvertently blows on his face.

An inexplicable emotion slipped through Mo Qiaosheng's heart, like being scratched by a cat's paw, sore and painful, but unable to catch the trace.

This Lord Hou, will you let me go?

He secretly looked forward to it.

He immediately warned himself not to make such extravagant hopes.

It is very lucky to meet a kind-hearted noble person who does not torture me, but also treats the wound for me, and then... does that to me again.

Cheng Qianye cut open Mo Qiaosheng's remaining clothes, and when the thin body was shown in front of her, her heart really hurt.

The young body was covered with old and new wounds, large and small, and there was a stab wound on the abdomen that was more serious than the shoulder, which was tightly restrained with only a piece of dirty cloth.

Obviously, he should have left his youthful limbs, but some joints have been slightly deformed due to excessive training.

What a cruel age, a poor man.

Cheng Qianye sighed and tried to make his movements softer.

Mo Qiaosheng looked at the hole under the lamp and the noble prince personally sutured the wound for himself, sighing slightly.

His expression was focused and serious, and his face glowed with a subtle glow in the light.

The sharp needle goes through the skin, which is obviously a very strange scene.

But Mo Qiaosheng felt that the tense nerves in his heart slowly relaxed.

With this relaxation, the extremely exhausted body was filled with deep sleepiness, and the eyelids that had not rested day and night became heavy.

Uncontrollable want to close up.

He awoke for a moment, and forced himself to struggle and open his eyes.

No, no, I can't sleep.

Fell asleep, and put his body in the hands of a stranger. He couldn't imagine what the situation would be when he woke up.

And, have you forgotten your identity and what are you meant to be used for?

This Lord Hou gently bandaged the wound for you, and when you wanted to use you for a while, you fell asleep. Wouldn't it irritate him?

Mo Qiaosheng heard a gentle voice.

"Go to sleep, sleep for a while if you want to sleep, you are tired, sleep well."

He said I can sleep,

He agreed,

Just sleep for a while,

a while.

He couldn't help falling into a deep sleep.

...

Cheng Qianye finally dealt with various wounds.

She wiped her sweat, and thought to herself, let the military doctor take a look.

The wound on the abdomen was stitched crookedly because of her unskilledness and tension.

It's a pity that there doesn't seem to be any sutures yet. I'm so unskilled, it must make him very painful.

Cheng Qianye raised his head, not wanting to see that the young slave had already fallen asleep.

He slept soundly with his bloodless lips slightly open.

I can fall asleep in the pain of direct suture without anesthetic, which shows that I am extremely exhausted.

Forget it, don't wake him up, just let him have a good sleep here.

Others may mistakenly think that I am, ahem, I am a slave.

Anyway, the reputation of this "brother" has always been this way, and I seem to be more realistic.

Cheng Qianye pulled over the quilt and gently covered the naked body. I improvised all night on the recliner.

When Mo Qiaosheng woke up from his deep sleep, the sky was already bright.

He rolled over and got out of the bed, looking at the gorgeous bed behind him, feeling shocked.

Suspiciously, he touched the bed he had just crawled out of, which was soft and dry, with his warm body temperature.

Me, I slept all night?

He looked down at his body, the tendon that bound him in his hands had been released.

The clothes on his body were gone, and the trouser legs were cut off, leaving only a short section to hide his shame.

The large and small wounds on his body were tightly wrapped in clean and breathable gauze, revealing a faint fragrance of medicine.

Mo Qiaosheng checked himself back and forth twice, and was sure that his body had not been used or had any traces of injury.

He raised the tent curtain in some panic.

This big tent is divided into two rooms inside and outside by a curtain.

At this moment, the noble man from last night was sitting outside.

He leaned against the table, holding a roll in one hand and a cup of hot tea in the other, gently sipping.

Against the brilliance of dawn, only a vague figure could be seen.

Such a gentle adult, even if he wants to do something excessive to you, don't disobey him.

Mo Qiaosheng touched the snow-white bandage on his shoulder, and repeatedly told himself in his heart.

That kind of thing is actually nothing, it won't hurt for a long time, and it's much better than being cut twice. If you want to open it a bit, don't everyone come here like this?

For the first time, you were lucky enough to meet such a kind-hearted person.

Mo Qiaosheng forced himself to prepare for dedication and walked to Cheng Qianye's side and knelt at her feet.

He lifted the hem of Cheng Qianye's robe, imagining like those little chicks in Chuhuai Pavilion, kissing the corners of the guests' clothes, as a sign of asking the nobles to show mercy to him.

However, he found that his neck was stiff and could not bend down.

His hand pulling the corner of his clothes trembled lightly, exerting so much force that he wrinkled the delicate fabric.

"What are you doing?" A gentle voice sounded above his head.

"I..." He raised his head, his lips trembled, and he couldn't say the shameful words often said by those young men in Chuhuai Hall.

I do not want to,

Sorry,

I really don't want to.

Can you let me go?

Please, let me go.

He shouted desperately in his heart.

A bowl of sweet porridge containing red dates and longan was stuffed into his hand.

"Drink. Go back after drinking." The voice said as if he heard the inner cry.

Mo Qiaosheng drank the porridge in a daze, not knowing what it was like to drink the porridge in his mouth.

He walked out of the tent again in a daze,

The dazzling sunlight awakened.

He touched the new clothes given by Jinyue Hou and the bottle of wound medicine in his arms, and he doubted that he was still dreaming.

Mo Qiaosheng licked his lips and tasted a little sweetness?

This sweet smell remained in his entire mouth.

Is this sugar? The legendary sugar.

I'm not dreaming, he said to himself, how can I dream of such a sweet thing in a dream.

Mo Qiaosheng returned to the camp and walked back to his small cubicle. He saw that Afeng's door was not closed, and a messy body was lying on the floor in the room.

Mo Qiaosheng walked in, picked up the person from the ground and put it on the bed.

He looked at the horrible body, sighed, and took out the medicine bottle in his arms, gently rubbed the bottle with his fingers, unplugged the cork, and carefully sprinkled the light yellow powder in the bottle on Ah Feng. In the most serious wounds on the body.

“Where did the medicine come from?” A Feng turned his face, his beautiful Shan Feng eyes were swollen, the corners of his mouth were cracked, and he was bruised.

Mo Qiaosheng was silent for a moment, “Gift from Jinyue Hou.”

Afeng looked him up and down, turned his head, and snorted with the back of his head, “Luck is so good. Where’s that idiot Ayun?”

“I haven’t seen him come back yet.”

“That idiot. I don’t know if I can see it.”

Afeng stopped talking.

Mo Qiaosheng simply treated the wound for him and walked out the door.

I don’t know how Ayun is, but Mo Qiaosheng knows that Ayun’s character is more upright than himself, and he can’t control his emotions.

He quickened his pace with some worry, and wanted to return to his residence as soon as possible to see if the young brother next door needed his own help.

At this moment, two slaves came from the other end of the aisle carrying a stretcher. On the stretcher was a corpse covered with rags. Under the filthy rags, the blood-stained legs of the body were exposed.

This kind of situation is often common in slave camps, and Mo Qiaosheng passes through numbly.

An arm suddenly dropped from the stretcher, and a hideous scar was winding on the back of that pale hand.

Mo Qiao stopped abruptly, his pupils shrank slightly, and his fists tightened.

The pale arms were lifeless, swaying and staggering from his side.

Ayun.

It's Ayun.

Just one night later, the smiling Ayun was gone.

Yesterday, when the five of them passed by here, A Yun's voice with a smile seemed to sound in the empty aisle.

"I don't know what the master will reward? Is it possible that it is meat? I haven't eaten meat for a long time."

The world is so unfair, a life that has worked so hard and is alive, just because of the little bit of joy and anger of the nobles above, it is so casually ruined.

Mo Qiaosheng closed his eyes in pain, and he clenched the small porcelain bottle in his hand, as if he wanted to draw a trace of warmth from the cold bottle to fill the huge and sad cavity in his heart.