

Dandere General and his Lord - Chapter 7

After a day and night of sweeping the battlefield, Bianzhou City opened its gates on all sides to welcome the Alliance Army's entry.

On this day, the flags of various colors covered the sky and the sun, and the princes from all walks of life gathered their troops and swept into the main Bianzhou.

Mo Qiaosheng led his team and waited silently in the shadow cast by the city wall.

The army composed of slaves was large in number, and there was no need to enter the city. After sending the lord into the city, it would be divided into zones and stationed in the open space outside the city.

When the banner embroidered with Jin characters passed by, Mo Qiaosheng couldn't help but probe for the figure.

After a short while, I saw the Long Wenjian switch, and the elite soldiers were surrounded by eight bars with a canopy.

Yushang was sitting lazily with a young lord with a golden crown on his head and a jade-like face.

He tilted his body slightly, listening to the attendant who was accompanying him.

A handsome attendant, accompanied by the sedan chair, with a reddish face raised up, said a few words, Jin Yuehou lightly smiled.

Mo Qiaosheng's eyes followed his smile under the sun all the way.

“That’s the Jin Yuehou? It really seems to be a gentle master.” Afeng stood beside Mo Qiaosheng and said slightly sideways.

“Are you fantasizing about becoming his slave? Don’t be stupid, people like us can only resign ourselves to life and death. Where can we choose our own life.”

A Feng’s mean voice rang in her ears.

However, the phrase “becoming his slave” was like a seed, instantly planted into Mo Qiaosheng’s humble heart, and even immediately a pitiful sprout emerged.

Jin Yuehou looked over at him unintentionally, and Mo Qiaosheng couldn’t help feeling a little nervous.

That lord, will you see me?

No, no, so many people, how could he see me as a slave.

But the Junhou sitting high on the sedan chair seemed to smile at him and nodded, and slightly raised his finger to indicate.

Mo Qiaosheng tensed his hands and lowered his head.

He felt the sprout of delusion in his heart, like vines in the wilderness, growing crazily, and fiercely binding the whole heart.

This master, he not only gives me food and clothes, but the most important thing is that he doesn’t force me or force me to do what I hate the most.

He was so gentle, caring for my weakness, and gave me all kinds of care.

He even respected the dignity of a slave, even if it was medicine, he didn't take off my clothes casually.

If I can be lucky enough to be a slave to such a lord, I will swear my allegiance to him.

unfortunately,

This is all delusion.

...

Cheng Qianye sat on the swaying sedan chair and listened boredly to Xiao Xiu's words to make him happy.

Cheng Qianye thought, the privileged class is really good, so many people are walking around, and there are beautiful and flowery attendants around at any time, trying their best to make you happy.

But I really don't like fighting, being the lord, and grabbing territory.

My hobbies are playing piano, clubbing, bullying my brother, and at most I can add another one to earn a little money.

My god, when will I be able to break away from this life whose goal is to dominate the world and return to my modern society full of low-level fun. Isn't it enough for me to hand over the system pointers?

Amidst the crowd of black ants, Cheng Qianye saw a familiar figure, his clear azure blue, standing out from the crowd in a muddy color.

It was the slave from the previous eve, and he was also looking at me.

Although Cheng Qianye hasn't figured out why some people have such beautiful colors.

But it is rare and charming.

Just as people are naturally attracted to beautiful things, Cheng Qianye can't help being more kind to such people.

Cheng Qianye raised his hand slightly, and said hello to him.

He bowed his head, is he shy?

It's so pitiful and cute.

In such a dense crowd, he is the only one whose color is both beautiful and eye-catching. I saw him at a glance.

It looks like a huge gem, which makes it hard to look away.

Cheng Qianye touched his chin, I want to get him to my side.

She said to Xiao Xiu: "Go and find out what Weibei Hou is an old pervert, what he likes besides men."

After entering the city, Cheng Qianye first snatched himself a beautiful building and pleasant environment. It is said that it was a princess mansion from the previous dynasty.

Now that he has seen that Lu Yao is not by his side sincerely.

Cheng Qianye didn't bother to act falsely with him, and simply sent him to deal with general affairs. Only Xiao Xiu stayed by her side, so that outsiders would not feel that Gong Ziyu's temperament had changed too much.

Lu Yao is obviously more interested in the title of this newly appointed “General Manager” than in the title of “the first male favorite around the lord”.

With great enthusiasm, he quickly invested in his new position and took care of Cheng Qianye’s daily life in a comfortable and orderly manner.

It is a pity that Cheng Qianye has no time to enjoy the luxurious life of this ancient nobleman.

She must not participate in the military meetings held by Li Wenguang.

These men were so excited by the victory that they discussed various military affairs and tactics day and night.

Someone suggested that land and water should go hand in hand, becoming a horn, pointing straight at Ho Kyung, and regaining lost ground in one fell swoop.

Some people suggested that the troops should be divided into three groups, echoing each other, and gradually expanding the base area.

The argument was inexorable.

Cheng Qianye couldn’t understand it, and couldn’t walk.

But she really didn’t want to fight this kind of battle. It was an inexplicable battle for her.

So she said that she could lead her troops to stay and defend the city, consolidate the rear base, and provide security for the front lines.

The princes were stunned for a moment, and then they praised her for her steadfastness and respect for the overall situation and her loyalty.

But Cheng Qianye clearly saw that an emotional color that only appeared when he saw an idiot rose behind everyone.

Cheng Qianye slapped haha on her face, complaining in her heart:

Get out and grab your place. Since my old lady crossed here inexplicably, she hangs herself for a while, fights for a while, the mess is not clean for a moment.

When you all get out of here, let me be so calm, rest, and smooth, what kind of ghost world I have worn.

She came out of the conference room, her staff member Zhang Fu followed behind, with her always gentle face, asking: "Why does the lord want to lead my ministry to stay in Bianzhou?"

Cheng Qianye actually liked this Zhang Fu very much in her heart, even though she knew that Zhang Fu was a little bit down on her.

In her inherited memory, this Zhang Fu is indeed a resourceful celebrity, and at a young age, he is the most relied on by the old Jin Weihou.

Cheng Qianye came here for the first time and caught blindness everywhere. In fact, he really hoped to get such a sincere help in seeking things.

Moreover, the amethyst-like color on his body really made Cheng Qianye like it.

Therefore, Cheng Qianye is always subconscious, showing some kindness to him, hoping that he can slowly like himself.

At this time, she couldn't say that she wanted to rest and was afraid of fighting.

So she hesitated and said: "I think the Allied forces are large in number, but the hearts of the people are uneven. Although they have won the battle for a while, they seem to have high morale. But the battle line is long, it is hard to say. It is better that we occupy this Bianzhou. It's enough to keep the people's livelihood and the city's defense in this city steadily and put it into the territory of my Great Jin."

Zhang Fu raised his eyebrows a little, showing a little bit of surprise, "It turns out that the lord is really foresight, and the minister can't make it."

Cheng Qianye took a long breath, knowing that Zhang Fu didn't actually agree with her statement.

But the color of contempt and contempt that always haunted him, at least was not deepened by this nonsense of himself.

For an ordinary little white-collar worker before crossing, the problems that need to be solved at this moment are simply intricate and messy, and there is no way to proceed.

She can only first entrust important tasks such as military supplies and logistics to Xiao Jin, the only one she can trust.

Then he placed his favorite He Lanzhen and Yu Dunsu in charge of the soldiers' training.

Of course, those veterans who Jin Weihou left behind, Cheng Qianye currently dare not move their positions easily.

Although many of them are the same as Zhang Fu, on the surface they are respectful and respectful to Cheng Qianye, in fact, there is always a disdain in their hearts.

But they can't blame them. Who called Cheng Qianye's elder brother, turned out to be an unreliable wine pouch.

These things can be done slowly.

Right now, for Cheng Qianye, the most important thing is a small matter.

She can't ride a horse.

In this age of war, as the lord of a vassal state, it is really unreasonable to not be able to ride a horse.

Although Gong Ziyu is a drunkard who can't be a martial artist, and his riding skills are not superb, he can always ride a horse.

And Cheng Qianye, if she always sits in a sedan chair, or can't even climb a horse when it's critical, then she has to show her stuff.

Therefore, as soon as he got out of the meeting, Cheng Qianye quietly selected a few companions, took her yellow phoenix horse, and practiced riding in an open space outside the city.

This yellow horse is a horse left by the old Jin Weihou, and it is a well-known horse from a thousand miles away.

It has fish eyes, thin brains, long body, long body, shiny yellow hair, scattered plum-shaped white spots, and looks very handsome.

Cheng Qianye is a modern man who knows nothing about riding.

She overlooked a key issue-the more handsome horse, the less suitable for novices.

With the help of her entourage, she finally climbed on the back of the tall horse, and just put her foot into the pedal, the yellow horse rushed out.

Cheng Qianye was so scared that he threw all the riding skills behind his head and hugged the horse's neck tightly.

A mess of shouts came from behind.

"Master hold on to the reins."

"Clamp the horse belly."

"Hurry up, come to the savior!"

There is the whistling wind beside my ears, and the scenes galloping backwards on both sides,

Cheng Qianye no longer cared about his image, and shouted: "Help!"

She caught a glimpse of a dark shadow flying by the roadside.

The black figure ran wildly, chasing after the horse, and gradually narrowed the distance between the horses and the horses, chasing them closer, and finally rushed to Cheng Qianye's side.

The man was so fast that he could run fast with Ma Qi. He stretched out a big hand, grabbed the reins of the yellow ponies, tightened the reins, and slowly slowed down. At the last time, he closed his hands and pressed his feet on the ground, forcing the strong horse to hiss and stop.

Cheng Qianye was helped down by a strong arm. Her legs were soft and her feet were soft, and her heart was beating. It took a long time to calm down.

Only then did he see that the man who came to the rescue was the slave Mo Qiaosheng.

At this moment, he was wearing a black short coat, squatting on one knee in front of him, looking at him with a pair of star-like eyes.

Cheng Qianye reluctantly smiled at him, stroking his chest for the rest of his life.

Mo Qiaosheng's palms overlapped in front of his forehead and bowed to the ground to bow.

Cheng Qianye's attendants just caught up at this moment.

They surrounded Cheng Qianye, supported, shot dust, or worried and asked, all showing their sincere concern.

But in Cheng Qianye's eyes, most of these people have a more or less iron blue.

The kind that Cheng Qianye has been very familiar with recently, represents disappointment and contempt.

Only this one, the slave crawling in the dust, was surrounded by a soft orange red in a clear blue light.

Silently showed that the master of the soul had never expressed the worries and concerns.

Cheng Qianye bent down, took his hand, and helped him up.

"Thank you." She thanked her sincerely, after a little thought, and asked, "Do you want to come to my side? Be my slave?"

She saw Mo Qiaosheng's lips slightly opened, and her eyes brightened in an instant.

He didn't need to answer, Cheng Qianye already knew the answer.

Because she saw it, the color that symbolized a strong desire was steaming up like a flame in front of her.

He likes me so much.

Cheng Qianye said goodbye to Mo Qiaosheng with a little joy.

She changed into a thin, docile horse from a servant, and planned to continue walking a few more laps.

After I went back, I went to find the old man in Beiweihou and asked him what conditions he wanted to sell me. She thought so.