

Dandere General and his Lord - Chapter 8

In the wagons of Weibei Hou.

Weibei Hou Huayuzhi, Han Quanlin, the prefect of Hanzhong, and Yunnan Wang Yuan Yizhi all had a drink at the same table.

“What does Yuan Gong think of the Jinyue Hou’s people?” Hua Yu wentssiping.

Yuan Yizhi sneered: “A child without a plan, it’s not worth mentioning.”

Han Quanlin echoed, “Our army is in great momentum at this moment, and it will surely break through the dog and make me immortal. The Jinyue public, young, but greedy for pleasure, timid and fearful of war. Jin has passed away since Jin Weihouxian After that, Jin country is afraid that it will continue to be empty.”

Huayu raised a glass to persuade him to drink, and smiled: “It’s not worthless. I think he has a good eye for picking beauties. The two pets raised by his side are delicate and delicate, and they can almost pinch out water. Envy. Haha.”

“Speaking of capable people who know beautiful people, Duke Hua is well-deserved.” Yuan Yizhi put his arms around the two beauties waiting by his side, squinted the fishes, and joked, “I was here at Duke Hua that day. The husband, the old man’s feelings are really unfinished.”

Han Quanlin twisted his sloppy goatee: “Speaking of the banquet that day, the first slave who rushed to the city wall, Mo Qiaosheng, is still fresh in my memory. It’s a pity that it was adopted by Jinyue Duke that day. I don’t have a good fight with him, but I can’t forget it for a few days after returning. I wonder if Hua Gong can come to see you today?”

Yuan Yiyi waved his hand: "Hey, Old Han, you don't know how to look at people. That Mo Qiao student is too masculine, without any feminine beauty. And awkward, he's obviously a young child. It doesn't have much taste."

Han Quanlin showed a wretched face and turned sideways and approached Yuan Yizhi: "When Yuan Gong also had his eyes, I took a closer look at the Moqiao student. Although his appearance is not very beautiful, his waist is slender and his legs are slender. This is nothing. Experienced young child, when he is trained, he doesn't have a taste. I heard that Young Master Yu tossed him all night and didn't let him out until the next day when it was bright."

"Oh, really? Then I have to ask Duke Hua to call in the slave and let me wait for the tasting."

Huayu laughed straightly: "What is the difficulty? I will call him to come immediately."

Mo Qiaosheng sat on a stone pier in the barracks. He recalled the accidental encounter in the morning, and he felt a little nervous.

He couldn't help taking out the small porcelain bottle that he had always carried with him, and gently rubbing it in his hand.

Am I worthy of such happiness?

He lowered his head, looking forward with trepidation.

"Sheng."

He heard Afeng calling him, so he raised his head.

Afeng walked to him and looked at him with a gloomy expression for a long time.

Slowly speak: "The master and the King of Yunnan, the Hanzhong prefect is at a banquet. Let me tell you to serve wine on the table."

With a bang, the white porcelain bottle slipped from his hand and fell to pieces on the ground.

A Feng's face was dark, and the muscles of his jaw moved. Still stretched out a hand to pull Mo Qiaosheng up the desperate.

"Let's go. Don't die, come back alive."

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Cheng Qianye has been riding a horse for a long time, and finally he can touch the door a little. She was hurt by Ma Dian, her back hurts her legs hurts her **** hurts.

Watching horse riding so handsome on TV turned out to be a suffering job.

She complained in her heart and limped back to the city on foot.

At the gate of the city, I saw Xiao Xiu who came to greet him, craned her neck to look around.

When Xiao Xiu saw him, he instantly showed a bright smile, and ran over excitedly, handing a towel and water, very diligent.

Cheng Qianye felt a little guilty looking at the real pink that enveloped Xiao Xiu.

Xiao Xiu is really obsessed with Gong Ziyu. When can I tell him that the real Cheng Qianyu is dead.

"Xiao Xiu." Cheng Qianye looked at the beautiful man in front of him, "Do you want to be in charge of one thing around me like Lu Yao?"

Xiao Xiu's smile instantly solidified, and he said helplessly: "Master, do you dislike Xiu'er?"

Cheng Qianye sighed. Although Xiao Xiu was beautiful, Cheng Qianye didn't like him very much at first.

For one thing, maybe he is too young. In addition, he doesn't have that shocking color on his body.

But these days, he waited by Cheng Qianye's side every day, meticulous, attentive, and attentive, looking at Cheng Qianye with worship and admiration all the time.

People's hearts are long in flesh, and Cheng Qianye will inevitably show some pity to him.

"Where did you think of it. Isn't it good for you during my time?"

"The lord is extra gentle these days, and he treats Xiu'er better than ever." Xiao Xiu bit her lower lip, glanced at her sadly, lowered his head and twisted the corners of her clothes. Up."

Cheng Qianye helped his forehead.

I can't do that.

You are not my thing for such a small handsome man. Even if I have that heart, I can't get rid of that mouth.

Besides, what you want is a man, but I am transgender.

In fact, she hoped that Xiao Xiu could gradually change her own mindset, be more independent, and not just rely on coloring and other people to survive.

But he has always been like this, and it is not something that will change for a while.

Cheng Qianye knocked Xiao Xiu's head, "Don't think too much, go, go to Weibeiou with the lord."

Cheng Qianye led Xiao Xiu and his entourage, led Huang Puma, to Weibeiou's rowing station.

There was a circle of people at the gate of the yard, watching a slave being stripped of his pants and pressing on the bench to hit a board.

Two big men with red spirals on their upper bodies, holding long sticks with vermilion lacquer, one on the left and the other on the right, the sticks are like rain, and from a distance they only see the tortured person. The lower part of the body is bright red, and the blood is dripping even along the edge of the bench. The answer goes down.

Cheng Qianye didn't dare to look, and was about to walk around inside.

As they staggered past, from the gap of the crowd, I saw the familiar azure blue.

Mo Qiaosheng?

The person tortured is Mo Qiaosheng?

Cheng Qianye pushed away from the crowd and saw that pure and translucent sapphire was soaking in a pool of dazzling blood.

"Stop!" Cheng Qianye stopped the tormentor.

Traveling to this slavery society, I have seen too many unfair and cruel things.

But Cheng Qianye always felt that he was too busy to take care of himself.

She has always used an ostrich mentality to avoid the cruelty of this world.

At this moment, facing such **** torture, Cheng Qianye was the first time this filthy world aroused indignation in his heart.

Mo Qiaosheng was lying motionless in front of him, his hair soaked in cold sweat, covering his face,
and he could not see life or death.

Cheng Qianye cautiously broke his chin, separated the sticky black hair, revealing the pale face.

I touched it lightly, but fortunately there was still a weak breath.

Mo Qiaosheng opened his eyes with difficulty, and when he saw it was her, his wet eyes brightened
a little. His lips trembled slightly, and he could not speak.

Cheng Qianye gritted his teeth, I'm sorry, I'm late, I will definitely take you back.

"Haha, how can Grandpa Jin Yue be born today, coming here, really make the old man shine here."

Cheng Qianye raised her head and saw three old men who made her sick, walking towards this side.

The first person is the master of Mo Qiaosheng, Weibei Hou Huayuzhi.

"It just happened to be passing by, and I want to visit Hua Duke." Cheng Qianye suppressed his
emotions and began to deal with these people. "I don't know what this slave has committed?"

"Huh, I blamed me for being incapable of discipline. I originally wanted to let the second man do
something for fun, but he didn't know what was good or bad, so he dared to bite Han Gong's finger."

Hua Yu sullenly, pointing at Mo Qiaosheng. Said, "Hit me hard, until you die!"

Before Cheng Qianye had time to speak, Han Quanlin stopped first, "Hold on!"

Han Quanlin's fingers were tied with gauze, and blood was faintly permeated.

He shaded that thin face, full of anger, walked quickly to Mo Qiaosheng's side, grabbed his hair,
raised his face, shaking the muscles on his face, and said slyly,

“Want to die! It’s not that easy. I want to torture him so that he can’t survive and die, so that this humble beast regrets his stupid things!”

Cheng Qianye grabbed Han Quanlin’s skinny wrist, bit his posterior teeth, and suppressed the writhing anger in his heart.

Han Quanlin released his hand and threw Mo Qiaosheng back onto the bench, “What advice can Mr. Jin Yue have!”

Cheng Qianye turned to his side, stood between him and Mo Qiaosheng, arched his hand towards Huayu, bluntly said: “This slave has served me all night. I am very satisfied with him. I don’t know if Hua Duke can cut love. He transferred to me?”

Han Quanlin snorted coldly, “Gong Ziyu, don’t be too ignorant. There is a first-come-first-served slave in everything. Duke Hua has promised to let me deal with it. Are you trying to **** someone from the old man? It’s your father. It’s not so rude in front of you.”

Cheng Qianye felt a hand behind him, grabbed his trousers, and shook it gently.

Cheng Qianye looked sideways, Mo Qiaosheng’s clear eyes were begging, staring nervously at himself.

Although she didn’t have much contact with this young slave. But she knew that this was a person who was self-denying, restrained, and not good at expressing her emotions.

In Cheng Qianye’s impression, he hardly heard a word from him, or even seen him express overly obvious emotions.

At this moment, even though his body was steaming with intense deep black that represented fear and fear. But he also shook his clothes gently at most to express his request.

“Speaking of first-come, first-come, I used him first, and counted as I came first.” Cheng Qianye calmed down, took a business negotiation attitude, jumped away from Han Quanlin, and spoke directly to Mo Qiaosheng’s owner Hua Yu.

Huayu slapped haha, “The two virtuous brothers are not worth fighting for a lowly slave. There are all kinds of beauties and Luan Chong in my account. Don’t hurt your peace.”