

Dandere General and his Lord - Chapter 9

“I heard that Hua Gong, besides likes beautiful people, is better BMW.” Cheng Qianye said with a smile, and she waved her hand to let her entourage lead the yellow phoenix horse. In my view of this horse, only heroes like Hua Gong can match it. If Hua Gong cuts love for this slave, I would like to present this horse to Hua Gong as a thank you.”

Xiao Xiu was shocked. He glanced at Mo Qiaosheng, and whispered to Cheng Qianye: “The lord must not, this horse is left by the old Houye. How can you give it to others at will, just to replace a slave. This move is afraid of cold. The hearts of those veterans.”

Cheng Qianye glanced at Mo Qiaosheng.

“It’s okay, people are more important than horses.” Cheng Qianye responded casually, and she didn’t have time to slowly explain to these ancient people who were inconsistent with these three views.

When Hua Yu saw the yellow horse, she was very handsome, and between his screams and roars, there was a state of flying into the sea, and he was overjoyed.

Rubbing his hands, he said, “How dare you replace it with a remnant slave for such a magical horse.”

He clapped his hands, and walked out of the two neatly arranged lines. The column on the left is beautiful men of different shapes, and the column on the right is beautiful girls with beautiful colors.

They are either enchanting or pure, all of them have ice muscles and jade skin, and their bodies are soft and beautiful.

Hua Yu pointed directly at Mo Qiaosheng and said: "This slave, in my anger, I didn't explain to keep my hands. Looking at him, he is already a half disabled person, and it is useless for a virtuous brother. There are many good characters and talents here. Shuangjue beauty and Luan Chong, virtuous brothers can choose one or two from them."

Cheng Qianye was about to speak, and saw Mo Qiaosheng struggling to get up from the bench. His arms trembled, his teeth clenched, and he tried to prop up his upper body, as if he wanted to prove that he was not a half disabled person.

But after all, he was unable to continue, and fell back in a pool of blood.

He was lying on the bleeding wooden chair, his long hair scattered, his mouth kept breathing, his eyes closed tightly, full of pessimism.

"Okay, okay." Cheng Qianye couldn't bear it, and touched his head lightly, comforting his panic that went up and down, "I only want this slave."

She arched her hand at Han Quanlin: "I really like this person very much, and I ask Han Gong not to care about me and cut love to me."

Han Quanlin saw that Huayu agreed, so he went down the **** and nodded bitterly.

Cheng Qianye immediately wrote a contract with Huayu for the slave resale.

With a wave of his hand, the entourage carried him away with the chair.

Carrying a **** slave, Cheng Qianye walked back anxiously against everyone's surprised eyes.

She knew that this matter would spread throughout the city before long, and it would become a testament to her "dissolute and innocent".

Add an extra sum to Lord Jinyue and exchange the Liangju left by his father for the glorious deeds of
“beauty”.

Maybe those like Zhang Fu would look down on her even more.

But so what?

She was in no mood to care about these people, these things at the moment.

The sticky blood dripping down on the bench was as uncomfortable as a beating on her heart.

She walked all the way next to the bench, touching the back of the extremely disturbed head from time to time, and softly comforted: “Forbearance, there will be a doctor when you go back.”

When I walked to the gate of the line, I happened to meet Zhang Fu.

Zhang Fu’s mask face that has remained unchanged for thousands of years, seeing their strange team, couldn’t help but crack a gap.

Cheng Qianye ignored him, arched his hand, walked past him, and went straight to the bedroom.

When he arrived in the room, Cheng Qianye commanded the attendant to carefully move Mo Qiaosheng to the bed and called in a military doctor to treat him.

The old sage in the army frowned and sighed while dealing with those hideous wounds.

Mo Qiaosheng pressed his mouth tightly, with blue veins bursting out of his forehead, resisting being
silent.

However, the big drops of cold sweat couldn’t deceive people, indicating that this body was suffering
tremendously.

“This is too painful.” Cheng Qianye looked at the blood kerchiefs that had been replaced, and couldn’t bear it. “Is there no medicine that can relieve pain?”

“Ma Fei San has the effect of relieving pain,” the old military doctor replied, “but this medicine is very expensive, not a slave who is qualified to use it.”

“You!” Cheng Qianye almost smiled, “Come on, doctor. I repeat it with you, use the best medicine, whether it’s for the nobles or the slaves, only the best and most effective. understand?”

The old army doctor agreed with fear.

Not long after, a servant brought the freshly fried hemp and boiled over.

Cheng Qianye felt distressed that Mo Qiao was seriously injured, and sat on the bedside to give him medicine.

Mo Qiaosheng managed to raise his head and lean away from the edge of the bed, without saying a word, silently drinking the medicine with a spoon.

Cheng Qianye looked at the beautiful sea blue on his body, and a golden edge slowly appeared, gradually becoming firm, conspicuous, and bright.

Gold that represents loyalty and loyalty.

Are you loyal to me like this? Cheng Qianye felt embarrassed.

I just gave him a medicine. This poor little one may never treat him well.

But there was no word on the mouth, if it weren’t for the color, I don’t know yet.

She folded two pillows and gently put Mo Qiaosheng's forehead on them. I found a hollow jade tube, put one end in the medicine bowl, and let Mo Qiaosheng hold it in his mouth.

"Come on, it's less tiring to **** and drink like this."

Mo Qiaosheng lowered his head, his eyebrows hidden in the shadow of his hair, only a pale chin and thin lips with straws were exposed.

Cheng Qianye quietly held the medicine bowl for him, watching the brown medicine slowly decrease.

Suddenly a clear drop of water clicked into the concoction.

Then came another drop.

Cheng Qianye was stunned for a moment, and looked up to see Mo Qiaosheng's thin bloodless lips, shaking gently, and the crystal clear tears slipped down his cheeks and rolled into the bowl.

"Why are you crying?" Cheng Qianye touched his head, "Does it hurt? Stop crying, it will be better after drinking the medicine."

The thin lips were different, letting go of the straw in his mouth, and turning away, he buried his entire face in the pillow, and his silent but trembling shoulders revealed his uncontrollable emotions.

Don't cry.

Cheng Qianye is a little at a loss, I have no experience how to comfort this man when he cries.

She had to keep touching his hair gently.

He is indeed too bitter, and I will treat him better in the future.

The old military doctor treated Mo Qiaosheng's wound and straightened up.

Bowing to Cheng Qianye: "Return to the lord, the patient's legs are inherently old, and this time he added new injuries. Although the minister tried his best to treat him, it may be difficult to recover."

"What does it mean that it can't be restored?"

"Don't think about fighting martial arts." The old military doctor glanced at the bed and coughed, "It's okay between the beds."

Rao Cheng Qianye admitted that he had a thick face, and his face inevitably blushed after hearing this.

"First... sir, invite tea outside."

You people too don't treat slaves as human beings. Is it really okay to tell the situation face to face?

She invited the military doctor outside and gave a sincere salute.

"Sir, please do your best. He is still so young and has practiced martial arts hard. It would be a pity if he becomes disabled."

The old man touched his beard and nodded and said, "The Lord's house is kind, and it is the blessing of the people. It was really impossible to imagine, but because of this, when I was in Bianzhou, there was a silver lining."

"Mr. please give me your advice."

"On the west mountain of Bianzhou, there is a hot spring with constant temperature in all seasons. This spring is shaped like a crescent moon and is called the Moon God Spring. It was originally a private villa for the lord of Bianzhou. This spring has a special feature that damages bones and muscles. , Cohesion of blood stasis and evil, with miraculous effect. Long soaking, it has many

curative effects, such as removing decay and regenerating, dispelling wind and dampness, and so on. It is symptomatic with the patient's injury. If it can be soaked frequently, the injury will be cured.

Cheng Qianye slapped his palm: "It's easy. My ministry just wants to stay in Bianzhou. It's okay to take him to the hot springs every day."