

## His Lord 101

### Chapter 101

In order to prevent him from extinction, Ah An's hands were cut behind his back, and his body was locked by chains, and he could only make small movements.

That special food was placed in front of him, as long as he bent down to eat it, he could eat it.

Of course, no one cares about whether he eats or not.

When he was just arrested, he was eager for a poison that would relieve him.

If such a special food was delivered to him at that time, he would eat it without hesitation.

A'an silently looked at the pottery bowl in front of him, it was a bowl of soup.

Like the food on weekdays, a few leafs floated on the soup and stopped there quietly.

It should be over, this is the end of Deadpool, Ah An said to himself.

He has lived long enough, is there anything he can't let go of? Even Yang has been away for so long.

He wanted to lower his head, but his neck remained stiff for some reason.

Time was passing by, and he didn't know what he was waiting for. He always felt that in the deep aisle of the cell, there would be the sound of a squeaky wheelchair.

He was just someone who had nothing to do with him, but for some reason, Ah An always wanted to see him again.

I want to see the man who always comes to him at night, sits in a wheelchair and looks at the bright moon outside the window, listening to him silently.

Maybe the sum of what I have said in my life is not as much as I have said to that person in the past few days.

So, somehow I wanted to talk to him again.

A'an smiled bitterly: What am I thinking about, it turns out that I am even stupid than that stupid Ayang.

A familiar and regular sound rang clearly in the cell, the sound of a wooden wheelchair rolling over the slate floor of the cell.

Ah An raised his head, and a figure in a wheelchair slowly appeared in his sight, and the man's gaze crossed the railing of the cell and looked towards him.

This time he did not come alone. He was followed by two people, one was the girl who tortured him, Ajia, and the other was the king of Jin, Cheng Qianye.

The three opened the prison door and entered the cell.

Examined the prisoner who stayed motionless in the dark.

"No matter what you say, Lord Zhou, such an assassin from an enemy country cannot be easily let go."

A woman named Ajia said to her lord: "Lord, humble duty thinks that what the Lord Zhou said is absolutely impossible."

Zhou Zixi seemed very embarrassed, but he still asked: "This person has something to do with me. Please also ask the Lord to openly forgive me."

“He has been in my Dajin jail for so long, and his master will no longer trust him. Even if he is let go, he can’t go back to where he was. I gave him an entanglement, so that he can escape from now on.”

A Jia said: “He is an assassin. According to the usual practice, even if he wants to spare his life, he must break the mantra and abolish martial arts.”

“A Jia.” Zhou Zixi showed disapproval.

A Jia rolled her eyes in her heart, feeling that this man and woman’s benevolence was incurable.

Let... Let me go? Ah An seemed to only hear these words.

His eyes couldn’t help but fall on the bowl of half-solidified soup in front of him.

Cheng Qianye squatted down in front of him, looked at him for a long while, then looked at the bowl of cooling soup.

Suddenly stretched out his hand and took the bowl away.

“A Jia, can you see if there is any problem with this?”

A Jia was a little puzzled, and pulled out a silver needle into the bowl of soup, and the snow-white silver needle instantly covered a layer of jet black from bottom to top.

This time A Jia really sank her face. She stepped out of the cell and yelled, “Come here!”

In the prison she was responsible for, the enemy’s spies were mixed in, making her ashamed and angry.

The jailers came in a hurry and responded to A Jia’s inquiry.

Cheng Qianye in the cell looked at the dazed young boy in front of him.

These people have been obliterated of their own nature since childhood, and become the murderous blade of their masters.

Walking on the line of life and death every day, even if it fell into the hands of the enemy, the master still wanted to take his life.

“Lord,” Zhou Zixi bowed his head and saluted, “He is just a person who is irrelevant, so let him go?”

A moment later, A Jia entered the cell and knelt down on Cheng Qianye’s side to plead guilty: “The lord, it is a humble duty and negligence to let the enemy mix into prison and poison him.”

Cheng Qianye stretched out his hand and touched her head.

A Jia was supposed to be a lively temper, and I don’t know what kind of training to destroy humanity that he has gone through to become the appearance of wearing a mask all the time.

Cheng Qianye sighed, “Just let him go as requested by Master Zhou.”

A Jia stopped talking, stood up, unfastened the chain on A An’s body, and lifted him out.

A Jia’s attention was not very concentrated, and she felt a strange feeling remained on the top of her head.

The lord touched there just now, and a warm touch seemed to stay on top of her head.

She lifted the prisoner out of the cell, pressed it on a torture table, fixed one of his arms, revealing the pale wrist, and began to sharpen a thin, curved knife.

The master didn't blame me, but touched my head. What does it mean? A Jia's head kept turning about this.

It doesn't mean to be angry anyway.

She feels that her luck has always been good, and the two lords are gentle people.

If he were born in Song Dynasty, it might be completely different.

A Jia glanced at the young man who was fixed on the execution table.

This person, about the same age as her, is also rare and good, but he can only fall into this fate.

A Jia raised the blade in his hand and aimed it at the thin wrist.

After waiting for a long time, she seemed a little surprised that the lord didn't stop her, and couldn't help but look back at Cheng Qianye.

Cheng Qianye was smiling at her: "Forget it, A Jia, don't you have the heart to bear it?"

...

Ah An stood under the sun, and the loud voices and dazzling sunlight made him feel a trance.

He looked at the man in the wheelchair in front of him with some bewilderment.

Zhou Zixi handed him a package: "Let's go, don't go back to your Song State, go far, and live with Ayang's share."

Ah An opened her mouth, but did not speak.

After a while, he stretched out his hand, took the package, and kowtowed his head on the ground.

“Be careful all the way and live well.” Zhou Zixi said.

One or two days later, it was the day when Yao Tianxiang’s Women’s School opened in Zhengzhou.

Cheng Qianye brought Cheng Feng and other guards to congratulate Zhou Zixi.

Zhengzhou has always been a prosperous commercial city, where merchants from all over the world gather and the folk customs are relatively open.

In addition, the women’s school was established by the lord’s concubine himself, which is equivalent to playing the official official recognition of the sign. Therefore, there are a lot of students who signed up on the first day.

Yao Tianxiang has the experience of Bianzhou before, and he has already made enough preparations, but he seems to be familiar with the road.

“Tianxiang, we are going back to Bianjing now, do you really plan to stay here in Zhengzhou?” Cheng Qianye held Yao Tianxiang’s hand, she was a little reluctant to bear this close friend.

“Yeah.” Yao Tianxiang looked at the lively scene in front of him, squeezed Cheng Qianye’s hand, and confessed with a smile, “I’m not by your side, you are all careful. A Jia is a reliable girl. She is there who knows the inside story. I also feel more relieved.”

Cheng Qianye felt a little guilty.

Mo Qiaosheng now occupies Fengdu, and his sword is in Hanzhong where Han Quanlin is located.

When she returned to Bianjing, she was planning to attack both Song and Wei.

After all, Tianxiang is the princess of the Weiguo, she must be in a dilemma at this time, so she had to avoid seeing her and chose to stay in Zhengzhou, far from the battlefield.

Coming out of the Women's Academy, Cheng Qianye and Zhou Zixi rode in the same car.

"Tianxiang's female school is well run." Cheng Qianye opened the curtains and watched the lively scene outside the car, "Zixi, should we also run some schools?"

"Does the lord refer to Taixue?" Zhou Zixi replied, "Now that the capital has been moved to Bianjing, Taixue should indeed be organized well for the children of the nobles in Beijing to study."

"No, no, I'm not talking about learning too much of a central public school that is only attended by a few people." Cheng Qianye made a gesture, "I think we should encourage the private sector to run more private colleges."

"Zixi, you see, our country is getting bigger and bigger, we need more and more officials to manage. But how do we find these talents? I don't like the current way of filial piety and integrity. They are all aristocratic children, and it is completely difficult for the poor to get ahead. I hope that there will be a system that encourages a large number of private schools in the region, and then we will hold an examination regularly to evaluate these students."

Cheng Qianye looked at Zhou Zixi and closed his palm, "Can you understand what I mean? In this way, we can unearth all kinds of talents across the country, and the power will not only be gathered among a few aristocrats. . Even the cultural quality of citizens may be improved as a whole."

Zhou Zixi's eyes lit up, and he followed Cheng Qianye's thinking: "This idea of the lord is really a strategy for the benefit of all people. If it can be so, our country will have inexhaustible talents. Rong Chen carefully considers one or two, and then returns. Lord."

Cheng Qianye's idea was approved by Zhou Zixi, and he was very happy, patted him on the shoulder and was about to continue talking.

Suddenly hearing Cheng Feng's scolding, there seemed to be some commotion ahead, and the convoy stopped.

Not long after, Cheng Feng told through the car window: "The lord is safe, there is nothing serious, it seems that A Jia is pursuing the assassin."

Cheng Qianye raised the curtains,

A Jia came over carrying a man covered in blood, and she put the man on the ground: "The murderer is that Jie, I will chase him."

Cheng Qianye jumped out of the carriage, and lying on the ground was the boy she had let go a few days ago.

At this time, the young man was pale, a cut was cut on the side of his neck, and half of his body was stained with blood.

He still kept his consciousness and opened his eyes slightly, looking at Cheng Qianye and Zhou Zixi coming down from behind her.

"What's the matter?" Cheng Qianye frowned.

"Probably his master would not let him go." Cheng Feng squatted beside the young man and bandaged his wound. "The injury is not deep. It may be rescued if you take it back."

...

A An opened his eyes.

I found myself alive.



He moved slightly and felt dizzy.

“You bleed too much, you can’t move around.” A gentle voice sounded from his side.

Ah An turned his head, his vision gradually became clear.

This is a bright wing room, and sunlight enters the house through the window rails and shines on the wheelchair in front of the bed.

There is a person in a wheelchair,

“I’m sorry.” The person said, “We released you to see if we can get through you and catch your master Jie.”

“I thought that if they didn’t contact you, they would really let you go, but I didn’t expect that he just wanted to take your life without hesitation.”

“Sorry.”

The man said apologies sentence by sentence.

A strange feeling arose in A An’s heart,

Isn’t it normal to use him? He is a \*\*\*\* that can be used.

The master often said that when there is no use value, it is the end of Deadpool.

It seemed that he had received an apology for the first time at such an age.

“You take good care of your injury. When your injury is healed, I will send someone to take you away. This time, I really let you go.” The man said softly, “Do you want to go somewhere? If not, I can send it. Go to your Chu State or Liangzhou, far away from Song State, you can live with peace of mind.”

Although this used to be an assassin who wanted to kill himself.

Zhou Zixi still felt uncomfortable in his heart, he cooperated with A Jia to take advantage of this young man who had already begun to trust him.

He finished speaking slowly, and turned the wheelchair around to leave.

But found that his sleeves were hooked by a few pale fingers.

Zhou Zixi stopped and looked at Ah An who was lying on the bed.

A'an opened his mouth, and this time he finally said: “I...I don't want to go to Chu, can I... stay by your side.”