

His Lord 102

Chapter 102

Cheng Qianye was taken aback when he saw Zhou Zixi bringing the pale boy in.

“What did you say?” Cheng Qianye asked in surprise, “You, do you want to keep him by your side?”

Zhou Zixi respectfully bowed: “Hope the Lord will be pleased.”

Cheng Qianye almost couldn't speak.

In her impression, Zhou Zixi is a very self-disciplined person.

He was born in a family of poets and books, and he has been particular about etiquette since he was young.

Never actively made any improper requests with Cheng Qianye.

A few days ago, Zhou Zixi asked her to release this young man named Dark, but Cheng Qianye felt nothing.

After A Jia found out, he sent someone to follow A An quietly, trying to find out who was behind the scenes, Zhou Zixi did not insist on objecting.

What caused him to suddenly change his mind in the past few days and make such an unreasonable move to keep this enemy assassin by his side.

“Then what, what is your name?” Cheng Qianye asked.

The thin boy bowed to the ground and replied briefly: "Dark."

He was wrapped in a white bandage around his neck, bent his back, and lowered his head silently.

Looking at his appearance, Cheng Qianye suddenly thought of Mo Qiaosheng back then.

Once Hashimoto was so silent in front of her, forbearing, he was very nervous in his heart, but he didn't dare to say even a word.

"Xiao An," Cheng Qianye tried to slow down his voice, "You go outside and wait a while."

Ah An saluted, stood up, and walked out without saying a word.

"Zixi, what do you think?" Cheng Qianye asked curiously, "Is it just because I sympathized with him? Or because I thought of Girl Ayang?"

Zhou Zixi's deep voice sounded: "No, it's because he took the initiative to reach out to me for help."

Cheng Qianye didn't quite understand.

Zhou Zixi was silent for a moment, and then said: "The lord and the ministers have also fallen into the abyss. After staying in the dark mud for a long time, people will become numb and lose themselves, and even dare not chase the light again."

"At that time, the lord, you were clearly in front of my eyes, but I didn't have the courage to fight against my own destiny." Zhou Zixi's gaze fell on his legs, thinking of the past that made him regretful.

"Ayang, she is the same as me. She succumbed to her own destiny. It was not until the end for me that she decided to rise up, but it was too late."

Zhou Zixi raised his head: "This young man, he grew up with Ayang and has the same life as Ayang. He mustered up the courage and stretched out his hand to me. The minister could not bear to refuse him."

Ah An stood in the courtyard,

The warm sunshine in the spring hit him.

He raised his arm slightly and looked at the bright light on his skin.

As an assassin who often lurks in the dark, he is actually not used to standing in the sun like this.

But at this moment, he wanted to let this kind of sunlight shine on himself,

Bring a little heat to his cold body and support his uneasy heart.

The familiar wheelchair sound rang behind him.

Jin Yuehou pushed the Mr. Zhou towards him.

Ah An turned around and bowed to the ground, silently waiting for the high king to announce his destiny.

He looked at the ground paved with green bricks. In the mud cracks between the bricks, two young shoots happened to be struggling tenaciously.

"Do you want to stay with Zixi?" Jin Yuehou's voice sounded above his head.

A'an stared at the green leaf tightly. He heard his answer.

"Yes. I beg you."

Yes, I think, I want to stay with Mr. Zhou,

I want to live in your sunny world.

Request you.

He couldn't help but look up at Zhou Zixi.

When he looked at Zhou Zixi, a circle of beautiful gold rims lit up around this black gem.

Ah An heard a coveted answer,

“Well, then you will follow Zixi.”

Cheng Qianye bent down and looked at the young man lying in front of him.

Ah An raised his head with an expression of disbelief.

Obsidian originally placed in the sun can have such a beautiful color.

Watching Ah An pushing Zhou Zixi's wheelchair away,

Cheng Qianye began to miss that piece of sapphire that belonged to him, that dazzling and dazzling blue.

She decided to write a letter to Mo Qiaosheng.

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On the martial arts field in the Fengdu military camp, Mo Qiaosheng stood with his back to check the soldiers' drills.

They set off from Zhengzhou with a hundred thousand horses, and after several months they conquered the city.

Along the way, they continued to recruit strong and descended soldiers, and now the number of the team is increasing, reaching 200,000.

Yang Sheng stood beside him: "General, we have been here for three months. We have already stood firm. Now we are strong and strong, with plenty of food and grass. When will we fight Han Quanlin's bastard? Are you all waiting?"

Mo Qiaosheng: "No hurry, I have already asked the lord for instructions, and I will talk about it when the lord's will comes."

Yang Sheng deliberated and moved closer: "General Mo, the subordinates said something like a heartbreak. We fought down this way, occupied many cities, and got so many people. Now we are backed by Fengdu's supplies. It is because Bianjing no longer sends aid, and we won't have any problems in winning Hanzhong."

He lowered his voice: "But if we continue to fight like this, even if the general does not have a second heart, the lord may not worry about the general anymore. The general must make more plans for himself."

Mo Qiaosheng glanced at him: "You don't have to worry about it. I swear my allegiance to the lord. The lord only trusts me and has no suspicion."

A Yuan hurriedly came: "General, urgent from Zhengzhou."

Mo Qiaosheng glanced at the seal, which was the familiar handwriting of the lord.

He did not open it on the spot, holding the letter, turned and walked towards the camp.

Yang Sheng couldn't help feeling worried as he watched the general rushing away excitedly.

General Mo is very loyal to his lord. On the battlefield, he was born and died, and he never had any selfishness to consider himself.

For Yang Sheng, the lord is just a vague and supreme king.

Only General Mo is him, Yang Sheng respects, trusts, and follows people to the death.

Why don't most of the soldiers in this army think so.

Half of them have not even seen the lord's face, and they don't even know where the capital of Jin is.

The lord who is above the temple, may be as the general thought, without suspicion, and wholeheartedly trusting this man of great military exploits and holding the army?

Mo Qiaosheng returned to the account and screened the rest.

Carefully opened the envelope in his hand and pulled out the letter.

A small sheet of letter paper fell out of the official seal.

Mo Qiaosheng twisted the letter paper, and the master's familiar handwriting suddenly appeared on the paper:

The old man of Han Quanlin was angry when I thought about it. I always remember that he once bullied my favorite person. Qiaosheng, you give me a good fight, it's best to beat him up and cry, crying father and mother, give me a breath.

I miss you every day, every night I miss you so much that I can't sleep. I really want to kiss you, kiss your eyebrows, kiss your eyes, kiss every inch. When you come back this time, I must bully you fiercely once to let you know my lovesickness these days.

Mo Qiaosheng read this completely unspeakable letter paper back and forth several times and folded it carefully.

He took out a wooden box with a brass lock from under the bed and opened it. There was already a thick stack of various letter papers, all written by the lord.

Mo Qiaosheng put the letter paper in his hand and rubbed it lightly.

The lord often wrote this kind of private letters to him, some of which were brilliantly literary, while others were plain and straightforward.

Sometimes the fragrant beauty was so unusual that he just read it, and his face was flushed and hot.

Sometimes the lord just recorded some daily trivia, making him feel as if he was back with the lord. The fragmented words like rain and dew Chunhui nourished his longing heart.

Mo Qiaosheng studied it, and after several considerations, he wrote back with a red face.

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Cheng Qianye led the navy to cooperate with Yu Dunsu, Zhou Zixi and others, riding a tall ship on the canal returning from Zhengzhou to Bianjing.

The boat travels thousands of miles, the blue waves are rippling.

Cheng Qianye was walking on the deck, while the river breeze was blowing, and while dismantling the credential sent by Song Guo.

A Jia stood by her side, but he stared at A-an, who was walking in Zhou Zixi's wheelchair on the platform, with uneasy eyes.

"What's wrong?" Cheng Qianye said while reading the letter. "If you have anything you want to say, just say it."

A Jia held back for several days, and finally couldn't help but speak, "Master, this is too much. You actually agreed to Lord Zhou's absurd request to keep an assassin who had tried to assassinate him by his side?"

Cheng Qianye: "It's okay, Zixi didn't read the wrong person, you just trust him once."

"But the lord, even if the Song Kingdom's dead waiter changed his mind and worked for Master Zhou. But his master Jie is still there. I know people like them best. They are controlled by the master since they were young, and it is difficult to change their deep-rooted thinking. If so. His master came into contact with him secretly, and it is hard to guarantee that he will not give in again."

"You don't have to worry about that Jie anymore." Cheng Qianye finished the letter and handed it to A Jia, "I wrote a severely worded letter of credence and sent it to Song Xianggong, and he replied to this. There seems to be something with the letter. A box."

She beckoned, and the attendant held a wooden box.

Cheng Qianye pinched his nose, avoiding his eyes: "Let's take a look, is it that Jie?"

A Jia opened the box, a pungent **** smell came to the sky, and a hideous head stood still in the box.

It was Jie who tried to assassinate Cheng Qianye outside the teahouse last time.

This person is fierce, tough, martial arts high and powerful, and fascinating.

Able to escape when Cheng Feng and A Jia joined forces. Able to sneak into a heavily guarded prison with the intent to kill people. Can also escape under the close tracking of A Jia.

But he will eventually be a pawn.

He once said to Ah An: The worthless Deadpool has lost the need to live.

Now these words were also applied to him.

“For his master, since I discovered it, it is worthwhile to extinguish my anger with his human head.” Cheng Qianye cast a glance at the **** head, shook his head, and ordered the attendant, “Bring it up and show it to Master Zhou. This person had designed the legs of Master Zhou, but now he uses his life to pay it back.”

A Jia closed his mouth and said nothing.

Cheng Qianye sat down on a chair and stretched out his clothes: “If you want to ask anything, I just asked in one breath. It was so uncomfortable.”

A Jia’s face blushed inexplicably, and he whispered: “I just think it’s a bit...”

Before leaving Zhengzhou, after some selection, Cheng Qianye entrusted the task of guarding Zhengzhou to Gan Yanshou, the former Qi County guard.

Gan Yanshou received this appointment and could hardly believe it.

Before leaving, he knelt in front of Cheng Qianye: “The minister is a surrender, why did the lord entrust Zhengzhou to such an important place on his shoulders.”

Cheng Qianye helped him up: “You have been a minister of my Dajin. Over the past year or so, you have contributed a lot of military merits to me. I can see how you can’t entrust Zhengzhou to you. ?”

“President Mo Zuo also recommended you. He said that you are stable and good at defending the city. If he hadn’t taken advantage of the geographical position and your isolation and helplessness, even if he had twice your strength, it would not be so easy to flood Qi County. . Zhengzhou will leave it to you, I am relieved.”

Gan Yanshou almost choked, and the Phnom Penh around him blinded Cheng Qianye’s eyes: “Thank you for the Lord’s kindness, and thank General Mo for your support. The ministers must guard Zhengzhou and never let the Lord’s trust.”

Cheng Qianye thought of this, laughed, and patted A Jia on the shoulder: “Don’t worry, your lord will not misread the wrong person.”

The author has something to say: The full text is in addition to the mainline CP. Will not write other CP.