

His Lord 105

Chapter 105

On the day when Han Quanlin officially surrendered, it started to rain.

The city gate of Nanzheng opened wide, and Mo Qiaosheng led his army and horse into the capital of Hanzhong in the rain.

A group of royal family members dressed in white, led by Han Quanlin, knelt down at the gate of the city.

Mo Qiaosheng's horseshoe stopped in front of Han Quanlin, and he looked at the king of Hanzhong who was kneeling in the mud.

A few years ago, in such a rainy season, the positions of the two of them changed. It was him who knelt before this man.

Under the threat of this person, he once abandoned his dignity, and even almost encountered the most humiliating thing.

Today, watching this thin man kneeling there, begging to come down.

Mo Qiaosheng can still clearly remember how disgusting this person stood in front of him.

Forced myself to have no retreat, and said to him in that harsh and indifferent tone,

"Take off my clothes myself."

The words of humiliation that day were still in my ears, and Mo Qiaosheng's hand tightened the rein in his hand, causing his knuckles to turn white.

The cold rain hit his face and slid down his cheek.

He suddenly missed the lord and wanted to return to the lord, to the person who made him cry and laugh freely.

The black horseshoe stopped in front of Han Quanlin for a long time, and the rain hit Han Quanlin, making him cold and frightened.

Han Quanlin couldn't help raising his head quietly. In front of his eyes was a black horse, and white mist sprayed from the horse's nose.

Sitting on the horse's back was a tall figure, the man in armor and helmet. The brim of the pure iron helmet cast a black shadow on that stern face.

I couldn't see the man's expression clearly, only two cold eyes shot from the shadow, looking at him condescendingly.

Han Quanlin felt a chill rise from his back, and he hurried his head into the mud.

At this moment, he really felt the threat of death.

He thought in fear: I, after all, I am the king of a country. Without the order of King Jin, Mo Qiaosheng would not dare to kill me. What's more, I didn't really do anything to him at the beginning. He received so many gifts from me, so he should not care about it anymore.

After a while, until the rain soaked his clothes, a cold sentence floated on his head,

“Wang Han doesn't have to be like that, please start.”

Han Quanlin breathed a sigh of relief in his heart: Look, he really didn't do anything to me.

At night, Han Quanlin found that he was only under house arrest under custody. No one was particularly unreasonable to him, and there was no abnormality in his diet and daily life.

He even settled down a bit, and his mind gradually became more active.

Mo Qiaosheng was discussing with Yang Sheng and other generals at his resident in Nanzheng City on how to recruit troops and stabilize the situation in Hanzhong.

A Yuan entered the account: "Report to the general, Princess Yuzhu of the Han country for see you."

"No." Mo Qiaosheng didn't look up.

"The princess said, I heard that our lord loves to collect gems, and she has a Hanzhong treasure that she wants to present to the general." A Yuan passed the words of the princess who begged him bitterly.

Mo Qiaosheng raised his head. He remembered that the lord did have this preference.

The lord-in-chief carried a bag of precious stones with him, and he pours all kinds of precious stones on the tabletop with a clatter, playing with his fingers.

His face softened a little: "Okay, let her in."

The Yuzhu princess of Han is a well-known beauty in Hanzhong.

She saw her jade face and vermilion lips, a willow waist, and a delicate box in her slender jade hand. She came from outside the door in a charming manner.

Like a bright pearl, it suddenly shone into this stinky sweaty Chinese army's big account.

The tent became quiet for a while, and everyone couldn't help but be attracted by the princess. Even General Mo Qiaosheng, who had always been serious, showed a surprised expression and stood up.

Life in the army was boring, and life was another life licking blood.

When on vacation, these brave military men like to say something for fun, or meet to indulge in those fireworks places.

But although their General Mo can fight with them when drinking, he is very self-disciplined in terms of female **** and never mixes with them.

This was the first time they saw General Mo showing a different look when he saw a woman.

So the generals winked at each other, and happily withdrew from the account.

Mo Qiaosheng looked at the woman walking in front of him. The princess wore a crimson brocade with a curvy dress, with the popular Feixia makeup on her face, a green silk hanging behind her, and a pair of small double rings at the tail.

It was exactly the same as the dress of the lord when he restored his princess status.

The lord was wearing such a red curly, with bright eyes and flying expressions, and he reached out and pressed him down in the small woods outside Bianjing.

Yuzhu curled up on her knees in front of Mo Qiaosheng, lowered her head shyly, revealing a soft neck.

She knows that she is very beautiful, and a natural tenderness can easily arouse a man's love and pity, and thus capture a man's heart.

Now she is my father's last weapon, and my father ordered her to conquer this man who cannot be conquered on the battlefield.

When she first entered the door, she hoped to see this legendary general who was not close to female **** showing a surprised look at her.

But when she knelt down in front of the desk, she suddenly felt cold and impatient gaze projected from behind the desk.

Did I do something wrong? Yuzhu felt a little flustered.

She hurriedly made her posture a little weaker and pitiful, and at the same time opened her hand box.

A man's big hand stretched out and twisted the contents of the box.

"What is this?" Mo Qiaosheng looked at the scaly gemstone in his hand that was not much bigger than a copper coin.

This thin piece of stone is like gold and not gold, like jade and not jade. At first glance, it looks ordinary. If you look at it through light, there are seven colors flowing inside, moving slowly, just like a living thing.

"I know the general. This thing is said to be dragon scales. It is the treasure of my Hanzhong town. My father ordered the slave family to bring this thing to the general."

The sweet voice answered him.

"Okay, I see, you can withdraw." Mo Qiaosheng flipped the dragon scale twice and put it in his sleeve.

Take it back to the lord, the lord should like it.

"Father is to present the slave family with this treasure...to the general together." The sweet voice said with a hint of temptation and shyness.

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A Yuan was guarding outside the general's tent. He thought he would have to wait for a while this time.

Unexpectedly, the tent curtain was opened with a crash, and General Mo came out angrily, holding the princess's collar in his hand, and without mercy, threw the beauty on the land outside the tent. on.

He said coldly: "Please also ask the princess to respect herself."

The princess got up and cried to a pear flower with rain,

"The slave family respects the majesty of the general and is willing to commit himself to the general. Why should the general reject the slave family thousands of miles away."

She cried and said, "I heard that the general is the quasi-trooper of Princess Qianye of the Jin Kingdom. But the general is worried that Princess Qianye does not like the slave family? The slave family is already a subjugated person, and she does not dare to fight with the princess. I am willing to serve the general and the princess as a slave and a maid. The princess is a generous person and she must be able to tolerate my poor woman."

The off-the-book duty guards cried pitifully when they saw such a beauty, and they came to the door by themselves. There was no reason that the general would not want it. They thought in their hearts that the general should be softened.

Who knows that General Mo not only didn't know Fengyue, but he didn't show mercy and gave a cold snort.

"You deserve it!"

By the way, he angered A Yuan, the adjutant who was guarding outside the account.

"No such messy people are allowed to enter my account in the future!"

A Yuan didn't dare to say that you let the general in by yourself, so he had to lower his head and lead the crime.

Mo Qiaosheng stopped paying attention to the crying princess Yuzhu, turned away from the curtain and went back.

The guards on duty watched the princess cover her face, crying and walked away. They were stunned and asked their Adjutant A Yuan in a low voice: "The general can't even look at such a beauty. It must be the one our lord promised him. Mr. Chiba is much more beautiful, right?"

A Yuan deliberately increased the volume and turned towards the direction of the tent: "That is! Our Princess Qianye, that is called a national beauty, such a Han country girl, she and the princess are simply different! "

A satisfied cough from the general came from the tent.

A Yuan breathed a sigh of relief. After following the general close to his body for so long, he gradually felt the general's temper.

The lord and Princess Qianye are the general's Nilin, they are not touchable at all.

On the contrary, as long as the lord or Princess Qianye say good things, even if the general is angry, his mood will improve quickly.

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In the Chaowu Hall of Bianjing, Zhang Fu rushed into the hall.

"What's wrong?" Cheng Qianye looked up at him.

"Enlighten the lord, General Mo captured the capital of Han a few days ago and surrendered Han King Han Quanlin."

“Hmm? Isn’t this already known? The good news came two days ago.” Cheng Qianye was a little strange.

“Today the minister received an urgent report, and Moqiao student surrendered on the surface. After entering Nanzheng City to control the situation, he secretly killed Han King Han Quanlin with a glass of poisoned wine.

Zhang Fu said silently in his heart that according to the secret report I received, Han Quanlin died very painful.

“Oh? Great, this will kill you.” Cheng Qianye raised an eyebrow, “Don’t mind, General Mo took my will and executed Han Quanlin.”

Zhang Fu knew that she was defending Mo Qiaosheng: “Lord, it’s not good to kill you.”

“It depends on who is right. Master Zhang, Han Quanlin, this person has no credibility, and it is useless to stay. I just want him to die.

Zhang Fu was choked for a while. He had seen how Han Quanlin’s old man humiliated Mo Qiao, who was still a slave. Can he still understand the master’s mentality of public revenge?

“Okay, Master Zhang, I know what you mean.” Cheng Qianye stopped writing, “But now that Qiaosheng can achieve such a feat, although there is a preference for me, is it not his own ability and hard work? As the king of a country, can’t I have tolerance and trust in my generals?”

Zhang Fu sighed: “General Mo is indeed a dead general. It’s just that the minister is worried...”

Cheng Qianye walked around and patted Zhang Fu on the shoulder: “Although the King of Han has fallen to death, the whole area of Hanzhong has not been flat, and there are considerable remnants of the Han army flowing everywhere. I must wait until the situation in Hanzhong is stable, I Only then can the bridge students be recruited back to Bianjing.”

“In addition, I intend to let General Yu lead the conquest of Song Kingdom.” Cheng Qianye stood in front of the map.

“Fat Song?” Zhang Fu’s eyes lit up.

“Yes, against Song. This time I want to take down the entire kingdom of Song.” Cheng Qianye turned to look at Zhang Fu, “We have a lot of talents in the Jin Dynasty, and there will never be a general who can conquer Qiaosheng.”

Although the lord attaches great importance to love and justice, it is not that he does not listen to his advice, and is even trying to solve hidden dangers in a more appropriate way.

Zhang Fu bowed his head and bowed sincerely.

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Thirty students who were rated as the top students in this big exam entered the palace of Bianjing, waiting for Jin Wang Cheng Qianyu to be summoned in person.

Li Que was a little worried. He and Dong Wenbo were both from Dingtao. Dingtao was originally the land of Song Dynasty.

Recently, there has been a rumour in Bianjing that last year the prince of the Song Dynasty, Ji Ang, sent assassins to assassinate the lord.

“Wenbo.” Li Que whispered, “Do you think the lord might have a prejudice against us because we were once a member of the Song country, so he can’t worry about using Song people.”

Dong Bowen shook his head calmly and motioned him not to talk too much here.

What kind of person the lord is, I will see you later. In the examination papers of the university entrance examination, he discussed that the most important thing for the Jin Kingdom should be the policy theory

of vigorously promoting agriculture. If the lord is really a man of insight, he will not give up his good strategy because of his regional views.

A group of people boarded the stone stairs of Taixie and walked through the long corridor. First, they saw a red-clothed captain.

The man with handsome faces and prestige, stopped their group and ordered the servants in the palace to search them one by one before letting them go.

Going further, we arrived at the gate of Chaowu Temple. At the front of the gate stood a young female officer with her back on her back. The female officer wore a strong suit with a double-edged waist. She gave them a cold look and entered the hall to report. .

After entering the temple, everyone bowed to the ground and saluted.

On the right hand side of the tall desk is a wheelchair, on which sits an elegant and handsome civil servant. There was a person standing on the left, smiling on the front, looking at them crookedly.

Behind the case table sat a figure in a golden crown and garb, that was their lord, the king of Jin.