

His Lord 109

Chapter 109

When Mo Qiaosheng woke up, the sky was slightly white.

In the tent there was still a flickering candlelight.

The soldier guarding by his side took a nap, and the sound of slight breathing mixed with the early morning insects.

Mo Qiaosheng struggled and stood up, feeling a pain in his chest.

This movement immediately made the soldiers react.

“The general is awake.”

The nap personnel in the tent quickly got up and surrounded Mo Qiaosheng.

“How long have I been in a coma?” Mo Qiaosheng asked.

“General, you have been in a coma for two days.”

Mo Qiaosheng took the medicine that Yang Sheng handed over and drank it slowly.

He stretched out his hand and pressed Yang Sheng’s shoulder, and he was about to stand up.

“General, you are hurt too badly, the doctor confessed that you must never get up.” Yang Sheng hurriedly said.

Mo Qiaosheng stood up straight, pressed the wound with one hand, and calmed his breath: "Send the order to the whole army, and set off immediately."

"General!"

"No general!"

The soldiers in the tent knelt down,

Yang Sheng knelt on the ground and gave a strong military salute: "General, please stay here to recuperate and wait for the follow-up troops to arrive. The final request is to lead the Qianfeng Battalion to Jiangcheng.

Their general did not speak, but he shuffled and walked firmly outside the tent step by step.

—

The enemy outside Jiangzhou City is launching another siege.

The offensive was very fierce, and the war entered a white-hot stage.

Above the city wall, wolves were everywhere, and the killing sound shook the sky.

The soldiers stretched out their long hook spears from the battlements and fiercely pierced the body of the enemy who was trying to climb the wall.

The rolling stone oak and the spiked spikes fell from the head of the city like rain.

The flesh and blood of the soldiers on both sides mixed and smeared on the desolate city wall.

On the Ma Po on the inner side of the city wall, Xiao Xiu wore a shield and trot along the wall with her waist.

From time to time, fine gravel dust fell, crackling on the shield above Xiao Xiu's head, and occasionally a few streams of arrows flew over, bounced on the shield with a pop, and fell to his feet.

Xiao Xiu quickly ran to the top of the city and came to Zhang Fu, who was wearing armor.

He shook the soil all over his body, and took out a pack of white steamed bread wrapped in oil paper from his arms: "Zhang Xiang, eat something."

Zhang Fu took the food and squatted on the corner of the arrow tower. With the water bottle Xiao Xiu handed over, he simply settled his lunch.

He took a sip of cold water, swallowed the food in his mouth, and his eyes fell on the city wall not far away.

At the head of the city, the lord was wearing a battle armor and standing jade, his eyes were far away to the south.

Xiao Xiu followed Zhang Fu's gaze and lowered her voice: "Sir, it's been twenty days now, how come General Mo's reinforcements haven't arrived yet. Now rumors are spreading in the city, and people's hearts are starting to be messed up again. I am really a little bit confused worry."

Zhang Fu was silent for a moment: "In the spring flood season, the rain is continuous and the journey is difficult. Maybe the general was delayed on the way. At this moment, we only need to do our duty as a courtier and help the lord to stabilize the hearts of the people."

"Yes, the lord's vision is always very accurate, and she never misses people." Xiao Xiu said, "I believe she will not miss General Mo."

Under the support of the guards, Cheng Qianye stood at the head of the city to supervise the battle.

After countless battles, her heart has changed from being fragile at the beginning to being as strong as copper and iron.

The **** battlefield could no longer make her tremble with fear.

At this moment, she was undaunted facing the countless lives in front of her being harvested by that huge war machine.

The death of each life will only make her heart firmer.

If necessary, she would walk forward without hesitation on this sea of blood.

Go straight until the world becomes stable and peaceful, no more wars and disputes like this.

Hashimoto.

Cheng Qianye looked at the south.

Her general has not yet come.

Qiaosheng didn't arrive in time, he must have been caught in the way.

"Even if you don't come, I will definitely be able to hold on here. Qiaosheng, you must not be too impatient." Cheng Qianye said silently in his heart.

"What is that?" Xia Fei suddenly stretched out his hand and pointed to the south of the city.

I saw yellow smoke gradually rising on the southern horizon.

Amidst the dust and smoke, a cavalry rushed.

Lie Lie's banners were filled with inspiring ink characters.

"Mo Qiaosheng!" Liangzhou Wang Li Wenguang stood up.

"Mo Qiaosheng's army came so soon?" The King of Changshan Lu Song who was also on the stage narrowed his eyes.

"This idiot from a slave birth is so ignorant!" Jiaozhou Huayu patted his leg with his fat palm.

"This idiot has a heavy hand in his hands, and his own land is bigger than the land of Jin. He didn't even know that he would seize the opportunity to become the king. He came all the way to rescue his lord. Stupid! What a idiot!"

Luzon said: "They can come so fast, they must have left their weights and pawns, and only led Qingqi to come. This is a long-distance, exhausted teacher, if I wait for the opportunity to stop him and prevent him from guarding the city. Military meeting?"

Li Wenguang was silent for a moment, and shook his head: "This Moqiao student is not a person who is waiting. Now he leads the army to help, the morale of the defenders in the city is greatly boosted, and the morale of the defenders inside and outside the city is greatly boosted. I may not be able to stop it. Plan again."

With the arrival of Mo Qiaosheng, the haze that had accumulated on the hearts of the soldiers and people in Jiangzhou City disappeared for a while.

The enemy retreated in gold, and the soldiers who came down to rest on the city's head were all tired, but with a joyful expression.

The invincible general Mo Qiaosheng was the **** of their war.

His arrival was like a dinghai sacred needle, which had frozen everyone's fear for more than half a month.

In the Great Tent of the Chinese Army, the dusty concubine Chang Mo Qiaosheng, wearing armor and holding a sword, took his pros and cons and stepped into the tent.

The generals who came from afar bowed and saluted.

"Sister Chang has been rushing all the way, it's hard work." Cheng Qianye's face showed a joyful smile from the heart.

"Yeah, it's really hard work for the grand general. We look forward to the stars and the moon, but finally you are here." A Jin country veteran agreed.

His words sounded good, but in fact there was a thorn in his tone, which vaguely blamed Mo Qiao for his late birth.

Yang Sheng, kneeling behind Mo Qiaosheng, raised his head and squirmed his lips.

Mo Qiaosheng looked back at him and stopped him.

Yang Sheng looked at Cheng Qianye, who was sitting above him, and wanted to say something for his general, but thinking that this was before the main account, he finally bit his teeth and lowered his head.

Cheng Qianye looked up and down Mo Qiaosheng for a moment, then suddenly frowned: "What's wrong with you?"

"minister....."

Before Mo Qiao was alive, Cheng Qianye had already frowned deeply and stood up quickly.

“For you, what’s wrong with your general?” She said to Yang Sheng.

Yang Sheng raised his head and clasped his fists in salute: “Enlighten the lord, General Mo was attacked by an enemy on the road. Now he is seriously injured, but he insists on refusing to rest. He rushed to this place with a starry night.

Cheng Qianye’s face sank, and Mo Qiaosheng even saw the masseter muscle on her cheek move slightly.

The fearless general who had been smashed along the way suddenly panicked.

He couldn’t help but rubbed his palms. He knew that the lord disliked him for not caring about his body.

Cheng Qianye said: “Remove the general’s armor.”

Yang Sheng stood up, he wanted to do this a long time ago.

The general’s injuries simply cannot be covered with such a heavy armor.

As the armors unraveled and fell to the ground, inhaling and whistling sounded inside the big tent.

The inside of the shiny armor had long been soaked with red blood, and the dripping blood dripped from the iron armor on the rammed ground.

General Mo wore a black robe standing in front of the king, half of his black robe soaked.

At this moment, everyone in the tent had a heavy heart. They knew that it was not sweat that soaked the general’s clothes, but the general’s blood.

Cheng Qianye pursed her mouth, and she turned to Xia Fei next to her: “Send the military doctor to my account.”

Then she walked forward, took Mo Qiaosheng's hand, and asked gently: "Can the army you bring be handed over to General Yang?"

The lord did not get angry on the spot, which made Mo Qiaosheng's heart more panic, and he nodded indiscriminately.

Cheng Qianye looked back and glanced at Zhang Fu: "Zhang Xiang, the military affairs will be handed over to you first. You will negotiate with this General Yang Sheng to arrange it."

After confessing this sentence, the lord dragged down General Mo to walk out of the big tent in full view.

Into the tent resting on the Lord's Fair.

"Lie down." Cheng Qianye said.

"Lord, lord." Mo Qiaosheng wanted to explain.

"Lie down, don't let me say it again."

Mo Qiaosheng could only lie on the lord's bed according to his words.

Let the army doctor who rushed to treat the wound for him.

He couldn't help but look at the lord sitting on the bedside from time to time, with joy and panic in his heart.

As soon as the lord came down from the city wall, his face was soot, and the whole person was thinner.

But as long as he looks at this face quietly before his eyes, his heart will be filled with joy and happiness bit by bit.

The lord was silent, neither getting angry nor showing the gentle smile as before.

Mo Qiaosheng was frightened again.

At this moment, he would rather take up a weapon with his wounds and go outside the city to face the hundreds of thousands of enemy troops, rather than face the anger that the lord is about to come here.

After bandaging the wound, the military doctor got up and saluted: "Master, the general's injury is really serious. He needs to rest well, and he must not walk around wanton."

Cheng Qianye nodded and motioned for him to withdraw.

There was no one in the tent at the moment, except the general lying on the bed and the lord in front of the meditation bed.

Cheng Qianye stood up at once,

Mo Qiaosheng stepped back into the bed subconsciously.

But Cheng Qianye stretched out his hand, grabbed his hair and fixed his head, preventing him from moving back half a minute.

She leaned down and pressed into the face that she was thinking about.

It wasn't until this face flickered, showing a look of panic that she let go of her hand bitterly.

"For the sake of your injury, I have the right to remember it for you." Cheng Qianye gritted his teeth, "Wait for you, look at me... how to punish you."

Yang Sheng negotiated with Zhang Fu to complete the handover of military affairs, and came to the lord's account to see you.

His position is not enough to take the initiative to see the lord, but in his heart he can't rest assured of the injured general.

Fortunately, the lord did not refuse him because of his low military position, and soon announced him in.

He knelt down in front of the king and saluted, simply explaining that they had been attacked by mountain floods along the way.

This was the first time he met the lord.

The lord sat on the edge of the bed, his expression friendly and eagerly inquiring, gradually relieved the tension in his heart.

Yang Sheng raised his head slightly and glanced at the bed.

The general's injury had obviously been properly handled, and he was lying on the bed with long hair covered with a quilt.

The general slept so deeply that he could not wake up even when he was talking softly with the lord.

Coming all the way, the general hardly had a good night's sleep. Only then did Yang Sheng see a relaxed look on Mo Qiaosheng's face.

He finally breathed a sigh of relief from the bottom of his heart.