

## His Lord 110

### Chapter 110

Cheng Qianye looked at the general who was also born as a slave, who was kneeling before him.

The scars on all of this person's face looked a little scary.

Cheng Qianye remembered his name, Yang Sheng.

Cheng Qianye paid attention to him very early.

Under the scarred face, there was a beautiful silver radiance.

He is like an unsheathed magic weapon, sharp and dazzling.

When he looked at Cheng Qianye, there was a faint rim of gold around his body.

But when he looked up at Mo Qiaosheng on the bed, the golden circle instantly became firm and eye-catching, and it dazzled.

Long before Mo Qiaosheng left for the expedition, in order to avoid another tragedy like He Lanzhen, Cheng Qianye spent a lot of time carefully reviewing almost everyone around him.

Eliminate all those who are deliberately unpredictable.

At that time, she was very pleased that Mo Qiaosheng had many loyal officers around him.

Among these people, the most capable and loyal is Yang Sheng.

Cheng Qianye couldn't help but reproachfully said: "General Yang, the old man has been injured so badly, you, as his confidant, don't know how to stop him. You should know that my city is deep and there is a lot of food. Sufficient, what does it matter even if you come some night?"

Yang Sheng raised his head. The lord's reprimand didn't actually make sense. How could he stop the general's decision?

But this made him feel particularly comfortable in his heart.

The lord and the general originally trusted and cared for each other in this way.

Yang Sheng: "It will be wrong at the end, and it will be negligent at the end."

Cheng Qianye: "If you still encounter this kind of situation in the future, the general's safety is the most important thing, you know?"

Yang Sheng: "Yes. Remember your humble duty."

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Perhaps it was because of relaxation. That night, Mo Qiaosheng, who was sleeping in the main account, had a fever.

He only felt that the whole body was hot and cold, and the whole person was plunged into repeated nightmares.

When he was confused, Mo Qiaosheng found himself in the cold stream.

He was carrying the lord on his back and ran forward desperately, the enemy's sharp arrows shot into his body one after another, and the entire stream became blood red.

Must run, keep running, not stop, take the lord to go.

Suddenly, the icy river of blood disappeared, and the lord on his back disappeared.

Mo Qiaosheng realized that he was being pressed on the hot sand, with countless burning carbon basins in front of him.

Someone picked up the red soldering iron in the basin and burned it on his body.

He felt a sharp pain in his heart,

Why am I a slave again?

“Master, Master!” he yelled in panic

“Where is the lord.”

“Are you dreaming?”

“Your lord died early.”

“You are just a slave.”

Countless voices sounded in the dark. Countless huge soldering irons leaned towards him.

He was plunged into boundless fear.

“Hashio, Hashio.” A familiar voice called his name.

Mo Qiaosheng panted and opened his eyes suddenly.

He found himself sleeping in a dark tent.

Someone in the darkness approached him holding a small candlestick, and the little orange brilliance saw a face, exactly the one he was calling desperately in the nightmare.

“Hashio, you have a bad fever, have you had a nightmare?”

A layer of orange light appeared on the lord’s face, which seemed hazy and unreal.

The lord sat on the edge of the bed, stretched out his hand and gently touched his forehead, twisted a hot towel, wiped the sweat from his head, face and neck.

The warm touch brushed his forehead, cheeks and neck little by little.

Finally his breathing slowly calmed down.

“Look at you, hurt yourself like this.”

“Yang Sheng told me that, with an arrow in his chest, he went on a horse like crazy regardless.”

While reproaching, the lord changed an ice kerchief to cover his hot forehead.

In the silent tent, Mo Qiaosheng’s hoarse and low voice sounded.

“I was on my way here, I heard that Jiangcheng was lost, Lord, you... life and death are unknown.”

“I was really going crazy then, I couldn’t think of so much.”

“Fortunately, Lord, you are fine.”

He closed his eyes and moved his eyelashes lightly. Two clear tears overflowed from the corners of his eyes and fell into the pillow.

“Don’t cry. How can I get into trouble so easily.” The lord’s voice in the dark always made him feel so at ease.

Mo Qiaosheng felt a corner of the quilt.

The lord’s warm body got in and lay next to him, a soft hand stretched out and took his hand.

“Don’t you think I’m good? I’m with you.”

The lord’s sigh sounded in the silence: “Oh, I told you not to cry.”

A wet lip kissed the corner of his eye, and kissed away his tears little by little.

Finally the heat fell on his dry lips,

The slippery and warm tongue invaded his mouth and occupied all his thinking ability.

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The war in Jiangcheng is still in full swing,

But because the abbot Chang Mo Qiaosheng had entered the city with the advance troops, the whole army’s mind was calmed down.

For the soldiers, the man who captured Qixian County, captured Zhengzhou, and went all the way to the west to seize the Fengdu area, and then led the army alone to destroy the entire Hanzhong Changmoqiaosheng. They were invincible in their hearts. Army god.

The lord and General Mo are both in Jiangcheng, so what is there to worry about?

But at this moment, the general who had been lying in the main account for several days was very upset.

The war was so tight, the lord strictly ordered him to rest in bed and even forbid him to get up and walk around.

Every night, the lord sits at the table, accompany him, while reviewing the military newspapers, lighting up the lights and fighting until late at night.

Mo Qiaosheng looked at the lord's thin figure and the dark circles under his eyes, and he didn't want to lie down for almost a moment.

At this time, he really began to regret his original impulse. If he was not injured now, the lord might not have to work so hard.

The sky was lightly lit up, and Cheng Qianye tiptoedly lifted the quilt, slipped out of the bed, and grabbed her clothes with a big hand.

Cheng Qianye turned his head and saw Mo Qiaosheng rising from the bed.

"Lord, lord..."

"No. You lie down." Cheng Qianye interrupted him directly.

Mo Qiaosheng's hand did not let go: "Lord, the ministers are fine. Now our army from Hanzhong has arrived and is stationed in the south of Jiangzhou. Today's battle is of great importance, so if the minister has not shown his face in the army. ..."

He hesitated for a while, feeling that saying this would damage the lord's prestige, but he decided to speak it out.

"The minister has never appeared in the army since he entered Jiangcheng, for fear of the army's instability."

Cheng Qianye knew that what he was talking about was the truth. The army that had just arrived from Hanzhong was 200,000, and more than half of them were assembled by Mo Qiaosheng when he captured Fengdu Nanzheng and other places all the way. Of troops.

Many of them have not even seen the face of Cheng Qianye, the lord, and they have even stepped into the land of Jin Kingdom for the first time.

Now that Mo Qiao was born in Crimson City, he would not show up again, which is indeed not conducive to stabilizing the military's mind. After a long time, he may still be used by people with intentions.

Mo Qiaosheng saw Cheng Qianye's expression loosening, and he hurriedly continued his efforts: "The minister will stand on the top of the city and supervise the war. He will never act recklessly, it will be all right."

Cheng Qianye considered it for a while and nodded, "Okay. You put on your shirt and you are not allowed to wear armor. Come outside."

Mo Qiaosheng happily put on his shirt, hurriedly used the premature food, and just stepped outside the door, he was stunned.

Cheng Qianye was standing there waiting for him, with two small soldiers behind her, carrying a small shoulder.

Mo Qiaosheng's face blushed, "I...how can I sit on this?"

How could he sit on his shoulder in front of the lord.

Cheng Qianye waved his hand: "If you want to go up the city wall, just sit up. If you don't want to sit down, go back and lie down."

So in the early morning when the white mist disappeared.

The soldiers who were busy preparing for fortifications on the front of the city were surprised to see a strange sight. Their lord walked in front, but behind him followed the general who sat on his shoulders.

The two walked along the Ma Po on the inner side of the city wall, ascended to the top of the city, and stepped into the strongest enemy building on the wall.

Perhaps because of the shining Xia Hui of the morning sun, the entire face of the great Shun Chang Mo Qiaosheng seemed to have a flush of red.

Zhang Fu and others are discussing today's war affairs in the enemy building.

Seeing the Mo Qiao student behind Cheng Qianye, everyone was slightly surprised, but then they greeted him kindly.

Zhang Fu also nodded and asked: "Is the old general's injury okay? Is he already able to walk around?"

When Mo Qiao was born in Bianjing, Zhang Fu stayed in Jiangcheng for a long time.

After Zhang Fu returned to Zhengzhou, Mo Qiaosheng went to Hojing.

Therefore, although both of them are close people around Cheng Qianye, they have not had much contact with each other.



From the very beginning, Mo Qiaosheng had vaguely realized that Zhang Fu had a sense of defense against him.

But this time, Zhang Fu seemed to finally let go of his prejudice against him.

He even ordered Xiao Xiu to bring a seat to Mo Qiaosheng.

Mo Qiaosheng had to sit down in a chair, cross-handed and thanked him: "Thank you Zhang Xiang."

Perhaps it was not that bad to be injured this time, Mo Qiaosheng thought in his heart, he was very happy that he was accepted by the people around him.

Cheng Feng came to him and put it lightly on his shoulder.

"It's okay," Cheng Feng said.

Mo Qiaosheng used his eyes to indicate that he did not have to worry.

Cheng Feng looked at the enemy camp in the distance, and said, "After contacting these days, the enemy is Gongsun Zan under Luzon, and Feng Su from Li Wenguang's department is the most troublesome. The rest are all mediocre generations. "

Mo Qiaosheng: "These two people, Shanchu was outside the city of Bianzhou. I also fought side by side with them, and I know a little bit about them. Feng Su is a steady soldier. Gongsun Zan is upright and brave and arrogant."

He exchanged glances with Cheng Feng.

Cheng Feng pointed like a knife and waved downward: "Then start with him."

When the morning sun jumped out of the spine of the mountains, the red clouds covered the desolate city walls.

The enemy's army drove down to the city again in black and pressure.

The great general of Xiang State Gongsun Zan leaped on his horse and clashed in front of the army.

The Moqiao student recruited Yang Sheng: "You will meet him, remember that if you lose, you can't win. You just need to provoke as much as possible and lead him to chase after him. General Cheng Feng will hold the battle for you."

Yang Sheng split his mouth and smiled: "General, this is a bit difficult. The humble post has never retired on the battlefield."

Mo Qiaosheng: "If you win the head, you count as half."

Yang Sheng led Ling's city to go.

Cheng Feng shook hands with Mo Qiaosheng, put on a strong bow, and went down to the city.

The sound of drumming, beacon smoke everywhere.

Cheng Qianye stood in the enemy building with his back hand, watching under the city wall, the enemy and the horses of the enemy and ours each opened their positions.

The two armies handed over, arrows flooded the sky, the pawns raised their shields and advanced step by step.

The cavalry went back and forth, raising yellow sand and rolling.

In the smoke and dust, Cheng Qianye watched a conspicuous bright silver rushing towards the peacock blue in front of the enemy formation.

The bodies of the two generals ignited soaring to the sky and collided together.

You came to me and fought for a while, but saw the silver light return, and the blue light followed closely.

Cheng Feng stayed on the way, stretched his ape arms, opened his bow and twisted his arrows, only to hear the ringing of arrows.

The dazzling blue peacock in the yellow sand flashed for a moment, and then disappeared.

Cheng Qianye closed his eyes.

We won a battle.

Garrisoned to the south of the city, the Jin Kingdom's army, which had just arrived from Hanzhong, expelled the goose-wing formation, spread its wings, and outflanked the two wings of the enemy.

The enemy army broke a general and was outflanked by the reinforcements of Hanzhong. The momentum fell sharply and withdrew thirty miles away.

After being besieged by the Allied Forces of the Three Kingdoms for a month, the soldiers of the Jin Kingdom, who had been bored for a long time, finally tasted victory for the first time.

They proudly opened the gates of the city, welcoming the army from Hanzhong for support entering the city.

Inside and outside Jiangzhou City, the cloud of over a month was swept away, and it was full of joy.

The excitement and enthusiasm of the soldiers hadn't retreated until the Golden Ossett.

Xia Fei walked all the way, seeing all the soldiers who were excited about the victory in the day.

She came to the lord's account and was about to enter.

With a keen hearing, she heard subtle footsteps in the tent.

The lord hadn't returned yet, so only General Mo Qiaosheng could be inside.

Xia Fei stopped the announcement from the guard outside the door,

She was born as a dark guard and sneaked into the tent quietly following the shadow of the tent.

She knew that the lord and Lord Zhang trusted the general very much.

But to her, the general was just a stranger who had first met.

As the lord's personal bodyguard, she felt it necessary to touch the general's details.

See what he will do in the lord's big tent when the lord is away.