

His Lord 111

Chapter 111

Xia Fei sneaked into the account.

She moves very lightly, like a dexterous cat, walking in the shadow of the tent.

Even her breathing had a long and subtle rhythm, and she barely made a sound from head to toe.

The lord's tent is divided into two parts, inside and outside, and there is no one in the outside tent.

Xia Fei calmly touched the inner tent slowly,

As a dark guard who once lived in the dark, sneaking and spying are the skills they have learned since childhood.

She came to the tent and listened for a moment without hearing any sound.

Xia Fei leaned down, put her finger into the bottom of the curtain, and lifted it slightly.

As she was about to lift her eyes to peek, suddenly a chill fluttered up on the back of her hand.

A male iron palm stretched out from behind the curtain and grabbed her wrist violently.

Xia Fei was taken aback, and she used a clever force to avoid the palm of her hand, and at the same time flew out a leg to force the person behind the curtain.

The sole of the foot was hit by a hard fist, and a sharp pain came from the sole of the foot.

This person is too strong, he is not an opponent.

Realizing this, Xia Fei rolled quickly on the spot, trying to withdraw and retreat.

It was too late and then soon, a sharp iron sword broke open the curtain and rushed towards her.

The agile Xia Fei drew out a pair of short blades to hold up the cold light that was slashing on the face.

There was a harsh sound when the soldiers met.

Xia Fei only felt that her tiger's mouth was vibrated for a while, and a huge force pressed her staggered short blades, pressing her hands down little by little.

"It's you?" The man in front of him had a murderous intent, his tone was cold, "What are you doing!"

"I am the lord's personal guard, and I am responsible for the safety of the lord's tent." Xia Fei confronted him tit-for-tat, "it is the boss, since your injury has healed, why do you go straight to the lord's tent when you hit the wall?"

The general who was still murderous just now suddenly had a suspicious blush on his face.

He let go of the strength in his hand, somewhat avoiding Xia Fei's eyes.

This person really has a ghost in his heart. Xia Fei, who is good at torture, thought in her heart.

At this time, the lord's voice sounded at the tent door,

"Yes, it seems that General Mo has recovered well."

Cheng Qianye lifted the curtain, leaned against the door, and said tepidly: "I said in the morning that I would never act recklessly, and I started with my guard in a blink of an eye?"

Both of them were taken aback.

The prestigious general panicked instantly when the lord made such an understatement.

He swiped the sword in his hand behind him, blinked and took a few steps back, and opened his mouth sharply, but he couldn't speak.

Cheng Qianye glared at Mo Qiaosheng, and raised his chin at Xia Fei: "Xia Fei, you go out first and stay outside for me. Don't let anyone in."

Xia Fei walked out of the tent in a daze and guarded the tent door.

She rubbed her numb wrist and moved her sore ankle.

General Mo's skill is really amazing. The strength is amazing. This is still the situation of his injury, if it is in his heyday, I am afraid that he will not be able to do a few moves under his hands.

But he seems to be particularly afraid of the lord?

Xia Fei thought for a while, and then realized that the relationship between the lord and General Mo seemed to be different from what she thought.

With an unusually keen sense of hearing, even if she was standing outside the tent, she could still vaguely hear some slight noises from the depths of the tent separated by two curtains.

Xia Fei's face blushed. It turns out that this is the relationship between the lord and the general?

She pricked her ears subconsciously,

I vaguely heard a crying voice begging for mercy,

"No... don't do this."

The anger in Xia Fei's heart rose instantly, and she squeezed the hilt of the sword in her hand.

This Moqiao was so courageous that he dared to make the lord cry!

But then another low voice came from the tent saying something.

It turns out that this is the voice of the lord, is it General Mo who cried just now?

Xia Fei's ears were red with the reaction.

She took two steps back, covering her hot face with her hands.

Lord, the lord is too... actually able to bully General Mo and cry.

During the period Zhang Fu came to the tent, Xia Fei reached out and stopped him.

"I have military affairs and need to meet with the lord, and report it for me." Zhang Fu said.

Xia Fei said dully: "No, it's not convenient."

“What is inconvenient?” Zhang Fu asked with a smile.

He found that since he called Xia Fei to the lord’s side, Xia Fei’s expressionless face all the year round began to show some interesting expressions from time to time.

For example, at this time, her mask-like face seemed to be split, and she was in a stage where she didn’t know what expression to put on.

“Okay, okay,” Zhang Fu grinned and patted her on the shoulder, “Is it right that General Mo is inside? Then I will come back later, you will take care of the lord.”

It was getting late, and smoke rose from the camp.

The lord lifted the tent curtain refreshingly, her eyes were springy, her lips were red, and she was slightly embarrassed to tell Xia Fei to pass her supper.

“Hey,” Cheng Qianye called to Xia Fei who was about to leave, quietly confessing in her ear, “Ask if there is any soup for replenishing qi and blood for me.”

Xia Fei ran away like an escape.

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As the night darkened, a candle was lit in the tent, and the orange light circle rippled one by one, illuminating a table of hearty meals.

Cheng Qianye sat at the table and kept putting vegetables in Moqiao’s raw bowl: “Speaking of which, we haven’t eaten together like this in a long time.”

Mo Qiaosheng was only wearing a white shirt with long hair, and the spring in the corners of his eyes had not disappeared, and he buried himself in the rice.

After a while, he lowered his head and muttered: "One year, five months and twenty days."

Cheng Qianye's suddenly softened, she took a bowl of soup and handed it to Mo Qiaosheng, "Drink it."

Under the warm light, watching her sapphire nose flushed and sitting silently beside her drinking soup.

Cheng Qianye has a sense of satisfaction from the heart.

At this moment, she sincerely hopes that those **** wars can end as soon as possible. Let her live such a comfortable and warm life with the people she likes.

For her, watching the person she likes crying can bring her a kind of strong spiritual satisfaction, which is sometimes better than physical pleasure.

But both of them have healthy bodies, but they can't really combine. After all, there is still a little regret.

Zhang Fu came to see him after the dinner. Cheng Qianye asked Mo Qiaosheng to rest in the internal account, and went to the external account to meet Zhang Fu.

"Lord, there are two good news." Zhang Fu's eyes were truly joyful.

"What news? Make Zhang Xiang so happy?"

"General Yu repelled the reinforcements of Wei Lu and Lu in Song, and now he has suppressed Pengcheng, the capital of Song."

"Really!" Cheng Qianye stood up and turned around twice, "This is really great. If he wins the Song State, it is equal to half of my worries."

"Is there any good news?" she asked anxiously.

“Lord, take a look at this letter of credence.” Zhang Fu took out a letter from his sleeve.

Cheng Qianye took the letter and unfolded it. He was a little surprised: “This is really strange. How could Wei Mingshan of Inu Rong write to me?”

“They want to restore relations with us? They really responded to that sentence. The country has no eternal friends, nor eternal enemies, but eternal interests.” Cheng Qianye browsed through it and asked in a closed letter. “Why are they?”

Zhang Fu: “According to the news received by the minister, after the Queen Mother and her party left Haojing, they were pursued all the way by Li Wenguang and fled back to the grassland. Li Wenguang also got back to his Liangzhou land.”

Cheng Qianye: “So they want to take advantage of Liangzhou’s advantage when Li Wenguang is coming out of the nest?”

Zhang Fu nodded: “This woman who didn’t hide the pearl is really an amazing person. She found the place where Wei Mingshan was, and she condescended to take Yuan Shun Emperor to go there. After three days of detailed discussions between the monarchs and the ministers, she finally cleared her up. The famous mountain has re-emerged. Now they probably want to use this opportunity to compete with Li Wenguang for the northern part of Liangzhou. Therefore, they want to make friends with us to temporarily stabilize us.”

Cheng Qianye reached out and tapped on the table: “In this way, Li Wenguang will soon withdraw troops and go back. We can make good use of this opportunity. But in my heart I really hate these capricious dogs. Zhang Xiang, you What do you think?”

Zhang Fu: “Now we are separated from the dog Rong by Li Wenguang and Luzon people. I really don’t have the energy to control them anymore, and we can only lie to them.”

A few days later, Li Wenguang suddenly withdrew his troops.

Jin’s army turned defense into offense and took the initiative to attack.

Hit Luzon and Hua Yu straight by surprise.

Luzon led the army away. The Jin army did not pay attention to it, but concentrated its forces and bit the troops of Hua Yuzhi.

Huayu led the soldiers and horses directly and fled hastily on the muddy road in the spring rain.

“Damn! Bastard! Those humble slaves!” Jiaozhou Wang Huayu cursed all the way.

That **** Li Wenguang actually retreated, causing them to suffer such a big loss.

What is even more hateful is that the Mo Qiao student and Cheng Feng of the Jin Kingdom, who were once only his slaves, are now chasing and blocking him.

Hua Yu rode straight on the horse, drenched by the cold rain, cold and hungry, but he did not dare to stop to have a fire or eat something.

The General of Jin Dynasty Yang Sheng with a hideous scar on his face was like a real evil spirit crawling out of hell.

These days and nights, he followed him closely for three days and three nights, making him unable to breathe.

Huayu led the army around like a headless fly, just to save his life. The army was defeated and scattered along the way, and most of it was separated early.

“Did the Jin army catch up?” Hua Yu said panting, shaking his fat fat, “Order the whole army to rest, take a rest. Eat some dry food, the old man is almost starving to death.”

He is personally assisted and ready to dismount.

There was a rush of horses stomping on the road ahead, and a group of horses turned out at the bend.

Among the brightly clothed cavalry soldiers was surrounded by a majestic general in red robe. The general was dressed in silver armor and armed with a strong bow. He was flying a military flag behind him and wrote a big phoenix.

Hua Yu gritted his teeth, trembling all over, stretched out his fat fingers and pointed at the human being: "You, you slave, before was just a dog under me, you dare to deceive me!"

Without a word, Cheng Feng opened a bow and twisted an arrow, and an arrow came in the air.

The arrow was in front of Zhonghua Yu's chest, and Huayu screamed and fell off his horse.

His soldiers rushed forward, guarding him to break through to the north.

A group of remnants would flee to a mountain col. Huayu was directly assisted and hid in a ruined temple.

He lay on the ground, moaning and cursing.

The people he served with found half a bowl of rain and brought it to him.

Hua Yu took a straight sip and took it out. He brought a bowl of water and hit the attendant's head. He cursed at the beginning: "You bastard, you dare to give this kind of salt water to your lord, do you think I am Now that you are defeated, you can't be cured. When I return to Jiaozhou, I want you to look good one by one."

The attendant gritted his teeth, turned his head and exchanged glances with the few people beside him. The eyes of the people showed resentment and nodded towards him.

The attendant reached out and took the hilt of the knife around his waist, raised his head, and stood up.

“What are you doing! What do you want to do! I am your lord! Do you want to rebel?” Hua Yu cried out in horror.

A scream came from the dilapidated small temple.

A crow perched on the eaves of the temple spread its black wings, breaking through the dense fog in the mountains and spreading its wings to the sky.