

His Lord 115

Chapter 115 - Seeking new articles for advance collection

“Lord.”

Cheng Qianye heard someone calling her, she turned her head.

Mo Qiaosheng was standing not far away, his straight back in Su Rili was slightly bent, and he reached out to Cheng Qianye.

His calloused fingers trembled slightly, and he cautiously said: “Master, what are you doing? Come to the minister.”

The lord stood in front of the strange aperture, frowning, staring at him with a heartbreaking expression.

“Qiaosheng,” the lord said softly, the voice seemed very close, and it seemed very far away, “you may have noticed it, I am a little different from you.”

“I am from another world.”

Cheng Qianye greedily looked at the sight of another world, then looked at Mo Qiaosheng embarrassedly.

On one side is the long-absent home, on the other side is the beloved lover.

“There is my home. I...”

I want to go back.

Mo Qiaosheng felt that he had been restrained by a master in one move.

The whole body was photographed by a huge fear of losing the lord.

He exhausted all his strength but couldn't speak the whole thing.

I can only mutter a few broken words: “No, don't.”

It wasn't until he saw the lord's finger finally recovered from the weird light and shadow that he regained the ability to breathe.

Cheng Qianye dragged the dragon scale in his palm, rubbing it slowly for a while, and finally put it back in the box.

There is Hashimoto here, there are so many people, and so many things, she can't just let it go.

She reluctantly smiled at Mo Qiaosheng: “It's okay, I...I won't go back now.”

Her face was suddenly held by a pair of broad hands, and Mo Qiaosheng's frantic kiss fell like rain.

He kissed impatiently and jerky, without any skill at all.

Cheng Qianye pushed slightly, but Mo Qiaosheng approached further.

Forget it, let him.

Cheng Qianye's mood is not very good.

But she still stretched out her hand, gently hugged Mo Qiaosheng's waist, closed her eyes and raised her face, allowing her sweetheart to release his emotions.

Before long, she found that her cheeks were damp, and hot tears kept dripping on her cheeks.

Cheng Qianye opened her eyes, a little sad and a little funny, she stopped Mo Qiaosheng who was kissing her while crying.

"Don't cry, I haven't left."

Mo Qiaosheng turned his face away, pouting his mouth without speaking.

"Don't worry, I won't disappear suddenly." Cheng Qianye comforted, "Even if there is something, I will definitely discuss with you first."

"Father, father." Cheng Peng's tender voice sounded outside the palace.

Cheng Qianye and Mo Qiaosheng hurriedly moved apart. Cheng Peng quickly appeared at the door of the hall. He ran in with short legs and threw himself into Cheng Qianye's arms.

"Father, Peng'er learned five Chinese characters today and memorized a paragraph of Mr. Zhou's article. Mr. praised me." Cheng Peng's little face flushed.

"Really, Peng'er is really capable." Cheng Qianye praised him without hesitation.

"Peng'er wants to lift high." The blushing boy was tired of his father's lap.

“You are so old, I won’t be able to lift you.” Cheng Qianye said in her mouth, and still picked the boy up and turned around, there was a giggle in the hall.

“What are the father and the generals doing? Am I disturbing the father?” Cheng Peng said sensibly.

Cheng Qianye coughed awkwardly: “I’m discussing major national events with the grand general. It’s over. It doesn’t matter if Peng’er comes.”

“How come General Mo’s eye circles are red? Could it be that he stayed up all night like Mr. Zhou, the general has to take care of his body, don’t worry my father.”

Mo Qiaosheng’s face blushed, he bowed his head and bowed, hesitantly looked at Cheng Qianye Ke, before leaving.

Cheng Qianye hugged Cheng Peng on his knees and asked: “Tsao Taifu’s injury has not healed yet? Is it because Mr. Zhou has been giving lectures to Huang’er recently?”

Cheng Peng nodded and said: “Well, Erchen just went to visit the Taifu, his injury is better, he asked Erchen to tell his father, he will be back in these two days. Recently, Mr. Zhou told Peng’er many historical stories My child also likes him very much. But today, Mr. Zhou Ming’s brother next to Mr. Zhou seems unhappy. He said that Mr. Zhou stayed up until the third watch yesterday, fearing that he would not be able to bear it physically.”

The young prince sat on Cheng Qianye’s knee, and the crisp childish voice echoed in the Chaowu Hall.

Cheng Qianye listened silently,

If she had obtained this dragon scale when she first came to this world a few years ago, she would return to her own world without hesitation.

But now, there are already so many people, all gathered together because of her. Zhou Zixi, Xiao Jin, Zhang Fu...Each of them is still working hard for the ideal they set together.

In the vast land of this country, there are countless civilians and soldiers, small officials and courtiers, all of whom stay in their positions and do their best to fulfill their expectations for the future.

This little bit of hope, like stars in the sky, gathered from all over the country and gathered in the hands of the king of Chaowu Temple.

Cheng Qianye held the inextricable silver brilliance in his hand, leading the huge ship of Jin State to sail towards the light of hope.

At the moment when this huge ship just started sailing, how could she, the captain, let go of all the responsibilities that were tied together, abandon her subjects, abandon the country, and return to her original world?

Besides, there is Hashimoto.

Cheng Qianye closed his eyes and stretched out his hand to rub the box with dragon scales.

I'm sorry, brother.

Sorry, mom and dad.

I can't go home yet.

I hope that one day in the future, I will arrange everything here, let go of the responsibilities on my shoulders, and have the opportunity to return to you again.

This evening, even though Qiaosheng took the initiative to accompany her, Cheng Qianye still slept very restlessly. She repeatedly dreamed of her childhood.

In that garden full of roses, the little one and his brother played chasing around on their mother's lap.

At midnight, Cheng Qianye woke up from his sleep, the moonlight outside the window was like water, pouring into the sleeping hall.

The pillow was empty, and the person sleeping next to her was gone.

On the floor in front of the bed, there was a black figure squatting. The man was sitting in the moonlight, looking up at the night outside the window.

The pale moonlight hit his chiseled side face, forming a beauty of collision of light and shadow.

Cheng Qianye sat up quietly and looked at the figure from behind silently. Hashio didn't cry, but she vaguely heard the crystal tears and the sound of breaking on the ground.

Cheng Qianye's heart is tangled together.

There is not only a hot love between her and Qiao Sheng, but also a responsibility that binds each other.

But now, she is caught in a dilemma, wondering if she can give her lifelong promise.

"The minister just had a dream." Mo Qiaosheng seemed to know that she had woken up. "In the dream, the minister became a slave again. Everyone around said to me that there is no Jin Kingdom in this world. Lord. Everything I have now is just a big dream."

"After waking up, I was in a daze for a long time, I don't know which world is the real one." Mo Qiaosheng's low voice looked a little sad in the dark.

"Lord, no matter who you are, you are the lord of the minister."

"I can't live without the lord."

He stood up on the edge of the bed and stared at the person in front of him: "Please don't leave, please."

In the silent night, only two people breathed slightly.

Cheng Qianye knew that Mo Qiaosheng was waiting for her answer.

"Today, the person you met is my real brother."

"The lord's... brother?"

"Except for my elder brother, Gaotang at home also loves me very much."

"The lord has another high hall?"

"Qiaosheng, have you found any news of your family these days?"

"Not yet."

"But in your heart, you must have an inescapable concern for them, right?"

Mo Qiaosheng was silent.

"The same is true for me. Ever since I came here by accident, I always miss my loved ones." Cheng Qianye stretched out his hand to him, and took him to sit down beside him, "I'm sorry, I know that I make you sad, but please give me some time and let me think about it calmly."

In Zhengzhou City,

Standing in front of Yao Tianxiang's eyes, she came from Bianjing to visit her nephew Yao Shun.

“Do you mean that you want to return to Weiguo to inherit the crown?” Yao Tianxiang pursed his red lips and twisted his beautiful eyebrows slightly.

“Yes...Yes, I hope my aunt must help my nephew.” Yao Shun felt a little scared and excited in front of this aunt who had awed him since he was a child.

He was originally the third child who was the least favored by Yao Hong. He didn't have the ability to compete for the crown prince. He could only be sent to the enemy country as a proton.

But a few days ago, there was news that the eldest brother died unexpectedly and the second brother was reprimanded by the father. In addition, Zhang Fu Zhang, the prime minister of Jin, encouraged him and was willing to strongly support him in returning to China to fight for the crown prince. His timid heart couldn't help heating up.

“Shun'er, you have to think clearly. If you are in the Jin country, your aunt can still protect you.” Yao Tianxiang said slowly, “You have to return to Weiguo, the position of Prince Wei is not so easy to sit. Weiguo is now not only turbulent in the court, but also surrounded by powerful enemies. You have lived in Bianjing these days. Now that Jin is powerful, you should have the deepest experience.”

Yao Shun's excitement is not diminished: “It is precisely because the Jin country is so strong, with the support of the Jin country, that the nephew is more confident. Zhang Xiang promised the nephew, he will definitely support his nephew as a prince. “

Yao Tianxiang closed his eyes and waved his hand: “If that's the case, then you go back.”

When Simatu entered the house, he was passing by with Yao Shun.

He looked at the back who was leaving excitedly, and asked in confusion: “How come the three princes come to Zhengzhou.”

Yao Tianxiang waved his hand impatiently: “Don't pay attention to him, these brothers are generally stupid. The neighboring countries have become so strong, a group of people are still fighting for their own interests.”

Simatu comforted: "We cannot control the current state of affairs. Moreover, King Wei never cared about the relationship between the brothers and sisters with the princess, so why should the princess worry about them."

Yao Tianxiang smiled bitterly: "Yes, why should I bother myself."

"Princess, come and see this." Simatu wanted to make Yao Tianxiang happy, and took out a letter from his arms, "General Mo wrote me a letter."

Yao Tianxiang was really distracted: "What letter did Qiaosheng write to you? He doesn't know how to make Qianyu happy?"

Simatu opened the letter paper with a smile: "The general manager seems to be extremely anxious recently, always worried that the Lord Guild will abandon him."

Yao Tianxiang became excited: "Why is he worried about this? Could it be Qianyu's empathy and a new love? You write back to him, just say..."

Mo Qiaosheng received a reply from Simatu,

He fastened the doors and windows tightly, and nervously opened the letter that was vital to him.

"First, when you are full of affection, don't be too dull, dictate your heartfelt feelings, and follow the lead."

Oral heartfelt feelings, oral heartfelt feelings.

Mo Qiaosheng only felt that this matter was even more difficult to understand than the most obscure military script formation. He had a red face and bit his scalp, reciting the so-called so-called love and affection that Qi Simatu copied to him line by line Sweet words used.

“Secondly, reappearing the first night of the golden wind and jade dew between each other, reminiscing the deep love, and adding to today’s friendship.”

Mo Qiaosheng’s heart turned sharply, for the first time, for the first time with the lord...

He covered his forehead, remembering the ridiculous first time he and the lord were defending the country.

The author has something to say: Cheng Qianye: Sorry brother, I really can’t do anything with this little fairy, so I have to abandon you first.