

His Lord 116

Chapter 116 - end

Spring is annoying, and the moon shifts the shadow of flowers.

Cheng Qianye, who had been busy for a day, walked on the corridor in the dark with her aching shoulders.

The terrain here is very high, overlooking the city's thousands of lights.

The cool breeze sent a long flute cavity, the unvoiced sound was soaked in the air, and the willows were heard among the flowers.

This is Zhou Yushi's flute.

The sound of Zhou Zixi's flute is no longer the same desolation and anger as it used to be. The sound of the jade flute is sparse and open, and it is refreshing.

Cheng Qianye entered his bedroom with a happy mood,

Cheng Qianye was a little surprised by the situation in the hall, and the silver candles that were shining brightly throughout the hall were extinguished.

Only a pair of red candles burned on the note, and the flickering candlelight gave this ancient house an ambiguous warmth.

The drape above the bed shook slightly, and there was obviously someone inside.

Cheng Qianye lightened his steps and walked towards the edge of the bed.

A set of familiar men's clothes hung on a hanger at the end of the bed.

The spring bench by the side was draped with a white silk brocade, and some unspeakable things were neatly placed on it.

There was a pair of men's soap boots on the ground further forward. One of the boots fell down. It was obvious that the person taking off the boots was a little flustered.

Cheng Qianye opened the curtain at once, and Mo Qiaosheng, with long hair draped in the bed, had a red rope in his mouth, trying to tie his hands together.

He was so anxious that he sweated slightly on his forehead, and he didn't even hear the voice of Cheng Qianye coming in.

It wasn't until Cheng Qianye snapped open the curtain to reveal that smiling face that Mo Qiaosheng was shocked.

As soon as he loosened his mouth, the red rope fell down.

Cheng Qianye's gaze followed the slipping string all the way down, stayed for a moment, and raised his eyebrows: "Xiao Mo, what are you doing?"

Mo Qiaosheng's whole body was red as if he was about to burn, and he was speechless.

The affectionate words Simatu taught him had been memorized repeatedly, but his mind was blank at the moment, and he couldn't think of a word.

Cheng Qianye stretched out his hand and gave a light push, pushing Mo Qiaosheng onto the bed.

She lifted a strand of blue silk on her pillow, held it to her lips and kissed it, "Since Xiaomo is so passionate today, I am disrespectful."

Mo Qiaosheng felt that his skin became hot, and finally said something without a teacher.

"Only... as long as the lord likes you, you can do anything to me."

Cheng Qianye's hand stopped.

She meant that Hashio was here to keep her. Because he was afraid of her leaving, the man did his best to even present himself to her unsuspectingly.

Cheng Qianye looked at the person in front of him, his skin was hot and scorching, slightly undulating, and his strong body was covered with numerous large and small scars.

Mo Qiaosheng's left arm and left leg each had a circular arrow wound, which was the scar left by the enemy's sharp arrow when he was carrying Cheng Qianye on his back and fleeing.

His chest was close to his heart, and there was a conspicuous new wound. It was an ambush by the enemy who rushed to Jiangcheng to rescue Cheng Qianye.

He fought in the North and South for the Jin Kingdom, and countless wounds on his body were related to Cheng Qianye.

This man can abandon everything for her and treat her as his only. But he said irresponsible things to him.

"Qiaosheng," Cheng Qianye lifted the quilt on the bed, covering Mo Qiaosheng's body, "Shall we get married?"

Mo Qiaosheng was stunned, he wondered if he had heard it wrong.

“I marry you as a princess, would you like it?”

Mo Qiaosheng’s face showed an expression of ecstasy, and then he suddenly thought of something, and he became nervous again.

“How long, how long?”

How long does it take? Cheng Qianye reacted for a while before trying to understand, she sighed in her heart, Qiao Sheng was worried that she was just giving a name perfunctory.

She lay down beside Mo Qiaosheng.

He stretched his hand into the quilt and held Mo Qiaosheng’s slightly trembling palm.

She said her promise: “In this life and this life, hold the hand of the child.”

“No, you won’t leave, will you?” Mo Qiaosheng looked at Cheng Qianye’s eyes tightly, “You didn’t lie to me.”

In the night of Chunhui, Cheng Qianye’s eyes seemed to be full of stars: “When Peng’er grows up, the country will settle down. I will take off the heavy responsibility on my shoulders. At that time, we will visit China together, share the mountains and find a place. If you find a way for me to go back together, I will take you to meet my family. Okay? Would you like it?”

Mo Qiaosheng turned around without saying a word. The black figure stretched out his hand from time to time and wiped the corner of his eye with the back of his hand.

One of the most lively events in Bianjing city recently,

This is the upcoming wedding between the eldest princess Cheng Qianye and Hou Mo Qiaosheng in Guannei.

The monarch attached great importance to the marriage of his sister-in-law. He not only built a magnificent princess mansion for the princess of Chiba, who was always sick in bed, but also raised the title of his maid by one level and worshipped him as Guan Neihou.

This incident caused a sensation among the ruling and opposition parties, and everyone praised it.

Of course, there were some discordant voices in the back, saying that the lord was promoted and demoted to General Mo, and he was named a marquis and recruited as a consort.

It was just that General Mo was too prestigious and wanted to seize the general's military power and trap him in Bianjing.

Perhaps the lord was too direct, even Zhang Xiang was very opposed to this matter, the monarch and the minister even had a quarrel in the Chaowu Palace behind closed doors.

The guard lady who was on duty that day saw her humble and gentle face flinging her sleeves out aggressively.

The lord personally chased him out of Chaowu Hall, put down his body to persuade him, and then coaxed Zhang Xiang back.

But no matter what, the preparations for the wedding of the Grand Princess are proceeding in an orderly manner.

The princess Chiba, who had been evading guests for a long time, seemed to have raised her spirits because of the happy event and went to the palace to thank the Queen Mother.

Under the pavilions of the Chaowu Hall, Cheng Feng led the guards and guards Gongwei.

“Brother Feng, Brother Feng.” Xiaoqiu leaned over to Cheng Feng and said when he was passing by, “Do you see that Princess Qianye? I happened to see it outside the Queen Mother’s palace today. The lord seems to be.”

Cheng Feng did not speak, but frowned.

He not only met the princess, but also escorted the princess back and forth to Ho Kyung. He always feels dimly that something is wrong in his heart, but there is always a cloud of mist blocking his eyes, making him unable to touch and see through.

No one can understand how deeply Qiaosheng shared his love for the Lord.

He didn’t quite understand how the bridge student, who had stayed in the lord’s bedroom a few days ago, could turn around and marry the princess happily.

“Feng.” The newly sealed Guan Neihou, Mo Qiaosheng stood on the steps, leaning on the railing to call here, “The lord calls you into the hall.”

Cheng Feng climbed up the steps, walked side by side with Mo Qiaosheng, and asked casually, “What is the Lord calling me?”

Mo Qiaosheng’s eyes dodged and did not answer his question.

The Lord in Chaowu Hall was discussing something with Xia Fei. When he saw Cheng Feng enter the hall to salute, Cheng Qianye raised his hand: “Feng, on the day of the wedding, Xia Fei will accompany me. give it to you.”

Cheng Feng raised his head in confusion.

Cheng Qianye glanced at Mo Qiaosheng and stretched out his hands: “You haven’t told him yet?”

Cheng Feng looked at Mo Qiaosheng.

Mo Qiaosheng coughed awkwardly and opened his mouth: "I..."

Xia Fei gave Cheng Feng a white look: "It's so stupid. I have been a personal guard for the lord for so long, I don't even know."

Cheng Feng blinked, and an eager answer mentioned in his throat.

"The lord and the princess are the same person." Xia Fei attached to his ear and solved the mystery for him.

—

On the day of the wedding, Princess Qianye with a phoenix crown and a red hijab paid goodbye to her mother and brother in the palace.

The empress dowager Yang was very reluctant to marry her daughter. She presided over the ceremony with tears in her eyes and was helped back to the palace with tears.

Even Jin Wang Cheng Qianyu was very sad about the marriage of his only sister-in-law, and he could not leave the house behind closed doors.

Cheng Weiwei stayed outside the hall loyally and declined all those who asked to see him.

The night was getting thicker, and the guests dispersed at the princess mansion that had been busy for a day.

Inside the bridal chamber, the spring night tents are warm, and red candles are in pairs.

Cheng Qianye took off the cumbersome clothes, cleaned his face, cheered, and threw himself down on the side of the bed.

There was a faint sound in the wing room.

“Why are you crying? Isn’t it me who should cry this time?”

“No, no, you don’t have to bear it, I like the way you cry.”

...

Guarding outside the door are the two female guards who usually cover the princess, A Chun and A Xia.

They exchanged glances,

“Is it crying?”

“The princess cried?”

The older A Chun cautiously asked their chief Xia Fei for instructions: “He is a soldier in the army, with high martial arts and strong body. Will he be too ignorant of the severity? It’s delayed...what will the upper court do tomorrow? “

Surprisingly, a suspicious red cloud suddenly appeared on the face of their indifferent boss, and he angrily scolded her: “Shut up.”

The bright moon gradually rose to the sky, and the owner of the house summoned for water.

Axia brought hot water into it,

Before a moment, she retreated in a panic.

Well-trained, she stumbled on the threshold when she went out and almost fell off the steps.

A Chun gave her a hand in time: "What's the matter? Panicked?"

Axia squatted on the ground, her face full of Feixia: "The princess..."

"What happened to the princess?"

"It's the general who is crying." Axia covered her hot face with her hands, "Ah, ah, don't ask."

Why is the general crying?

A Chun's heart was puzzled.

(End of full text. 2019.3.6)

The author has something to say: After writing a book, it is really impossible to say a thousand words.

There is only one sentence: thanks to all the old iron who accompanied me all the way, I really can't write it without you.

Although there are still various shortcomings. But I still have to trouble the old iron who has subscribed to help me rate the score. There is a scoring system in the lower right corner of the homepage of the mobile APP book. Please relax your hands as much as possible. I need to rate the final list. Thank you very much.

Tomorrow, I will open a new article, "The Doomsday Demon Seed" (formerly known as "The Man Who Was Used Over and Over"). Although this subject is a bit colder, I will try my best to write it. I hope the little cuties will accompany me again. time.

Copywriter: This is a story in which the villain big devil accidentally becomes a loyal dog and little poor after being reborn.

When Chu Qianxun was reborn and returned to the beginning of the end, she vowed to live a better life, live longer, and stay far away from those dangerous people and things.

One day she accidentally rescued an undead man. After washing it for nothing, Chu Qianxun found out in horror that this man was a notorious, cold-blooded and ruthless great demon who made all mankind powerhouses fearful in the post-apocalyptic period.

Whenever Chu Qianxun was thinking about getting rid of this big demon quietly and quietly.

That person always grabbed the corner of her clothes and said pitifully: You, do you want to abandon me again?

The male protagonist has been used repeatedly, and the female protagonist has no gold fingers and is independent and self-improving.