

his Lord 22

Chapter 22

The next morning, Cheng Qianye was practicing calligraphy in the study.

She had never touched soft pen calligraphy before crossing, so she often took time to practice writing with a brush, but her writing is still not satisfactory.

Xiao Qiu stretched out a paw to study ink for her. There was a little ink on her little white nose, which looked a little playful and cute.

“Look at your master how I wrote it?” Cheng Qianye wrote a piece of paper and asked while writing.

Xiao Qiu opened her round apricot eyes for a long time, stretched out her short fingers, pointed at one place, and said, “This one is well drawn, it looks like an earthworm.”

“Oh!” she yelled, “Sister, why are you pinching me.”

Her sister Biyun flushed, crouched and bowed, and offered Cheng Qianye a cup of freshly brewed tea.

Cheng Qianye smiled while tasting tea and said, “Biyun, don’t be stuck with Xiaoqiu, I just like her like this.”

Xiao Qiu was only about ten years old, she was white and tender, and she was a simple and lively child.

Ever since Cheng Qianye got the golden finger to see through people’s hearts, watching the people around him more or less conceal and deceive every day, his heart is inevitably depressed.

Such a consistent soul is the one she likes the most to get close to.

Mo Qiaosheng stepped into the house.

Clear and charming, treat her sapphire with the heart of Akagi.

“How is your friend?” Cheng Qianye asked.

“The doctor said that he survived the most dangerous time.”

“Master.” Mo Qiaosheng knelt on Cheng Qianye’s knee, “Don’t you punish me?”

“Punish you?” Cheng Qianye raised her eyebrows, stopped writing and looked at him, “Why are you punished?”

“I.....”

“What are you guilty about?” Cheng Qianye couldn’t help reaching out and touching his head. “Do you think you are not qualified to make demands with me, even if that is a friend you value very much?”

Mo Qiaosheng raised his head and looked at Cheng Qianye. The master seemed to be able to see people’s hearts, and he could always say what he thought.

“Well, you have said so, then I will punish you, and I will punish you severely.”

Mo Qiaosheng knelt and straightened his body, revealing a firm expression.

Cheng Qianye pulled him up and pressed him to his position, “Punish you to copy the book with me. We will write half of this copybook.”

A pen was inserted into Mo Qiaosheng's hand, and Cheng Qianye's soft hand grasped the back of his hand.

"Will you, I teach you to write."

The lord's fair and handsome face crossed his shoulders and was close at hand, exhaling like orchids.

"Haha, I may not write as well as you."

Mo Qiaosheng suddenly felt an inexplicable emotion in his heart, like a soft feather, brushing back and forth on the most fragile part of his heart. It was sour and numb, causing his body's skin to tremble slightly. For a moment.

He slapped himself severely in his heart.

In front of the master, what are you thinking about?

"Qiaosheng, do you think I am a good lord?" Cheng Qianye held Mo Qiaosheng's hand, while writing, while gently speaking.

"The master in my heart is the best lord in the world."

Cheng Qianye knew he was telling the truth.

She looked at the hands between the two and the ink marks that came out of the hands, and slowly said,

"When I was young, the school accepted interest classes, oh, just to learn skills. I wanted to learn Chinese painting, but my mother told me that playing Guzheng is very charming, and she hopes to hear the sound of me playing Guzheng."

“So the master gave up his interest and accommodated Madam?”

“Yes, my mother was really happy when she saw that I chose Guzheng, and praised me again and again.”

“I got praise from my mother, but I lost my hobby.”

“I have such a personality. I often give up my persistence in order to get the approval of others and to make me not say anything good.”

Cheng Qianye let go and stopped writing: “I used to care about the ideas of Zhang Fu, Xiao Jin, and those old officials. I kept changing my ideas, catering to them, and hoping to get the approval of all of them.”

“But now I found out that I was wrong. To be a qualified lord, it is not enough to be a good person.”

She looked at Mo Qiaosheng: “Hashisheng, although you are a slave, you can also have your own ideas. Have you ever thought of what kind of person you become?”

“Do you want to serve me by my side, or do you want to go to the battlefield to make contributions?”

Mo Qiaosheng’s eyes gradually surged, “I want to be the knife in the master’s hand. If the master wants to expand the territory, I will conquer the city for you. If the master has the heart to help the world, I am willing to fight for you. “

Cheng Qianye looked at the shining sapphire in front of him, and stretched out one hand to hold his palm: “Okay, then you follow me.”

The training ground was densely packed with people. All non-commissioned officers and generals above the centurion, all civilian officials, and the attendants and guards who served by the lord were all lined up.

Everyone looked up at the young lord sitting on the stage.

The news that the lord was almost killed at the banquet the day before had spread throughout the army inside and outside.

Now that so many people have gathered, it must be reprimanded and cleaned up.

Some people have ghosts in their hearts and are uneasy, and some are gloating and waiting for a good show. Gradually whispering voices arose in the crowd.

Cheng Qianye watched the crowd unhurriedly, while writing and drawing on the slips in his hands.

No one saw the horizontal and vertical grids on the slips in her hand, which corresponded to the number of squares on the school field at the moment.

Cheng Qianye put down his pen and recruited the Moqiao students to his side, "Look at the bridge students, the horizontal represents the row, the vertical represents the column, each grid corresponds to a person. You take a few people, and all the people I hooked on Come up."

He attached it to his ear and confessed softly, "The contents of the book must not be seen by others. After catching people, they will be burned in the stove."

Mo Qiaosheng led the order.

Not long after, Cheng Qianye kneeled in front of twenty people.

These people looked at each other with a blank face.

Some of them are military generals, and some of them are people who are waiting for Cheng Qianye.

The only thing in common is that no matter what kind of image they are showing, at this moment in Cheng Qianye's eyes, when these people look at themselves, all of them are steaming with eerie malice.

Cheng Qianye sat on the high platform, looked at these people in front of him for a moment, and said loudly: "Who sent you? What is the purpose of lurking by my side? What have you done wrong? Any other accomplices?"

"Frankly confessors, let you make a way out of the camp, and drive out of the camp. Those who resist, make a decisive decision!"

More than twenty people, one after another, cried out injustice.

Everyone in the audience also suddenly buzzed.

Cheng Qianye ignored them and pointed to the first man in the front row who was covered in black mist.

Two soldiers stepped forward to **** him out of the crowd.

That person has a simple and honest look, and is a manager in charge of purchasing. He repeatedly slapped his head and cried out injustice.

"Last chance, let's talk. Don't say it's death." Cheng Qianye said coldly.

The man burst into tears and shouted: "Lord, the villain is an old man next to your mother. He has served you and your wife for more than 20 years. He has always been loyal and loyal. This time the madam specially let the villain serve you with the army. If you hear malicious slander from some people, you will be wronged!"

Cheng Qianye lowered his eyelashes and waved his hand.

Two powerful soldiers from Kongwu escorted the man off the high platform, waiting for the executioner under the stage, regardless of how the man was crying and struggling, his hand lifted the knife and fell, and a good man's head instantly fell to the ground.

The audience suddenly became silent.

Cheng Qianye looked at the second person.

The man shivered like a swing, was dragged out of the crowd by the armored soldiers, limp to the ground, teeth clucking in battle,

“Little, the little man confessed. The little man was arranged by Mrs. Wan...Wan, who was beside the Lord Hou, to come in. Call, and after inquiring about the lord’s situation, he passed it to her privately.

Cheng Qianye waved to Xiao Xiu: “Write it down, check his residence, no one is serious, hit twenty army sticks and drive out of the camp.”

The rest of the people saw that they would splash three feet of blood if they didn’t explain it. They actually explained that they could indeed save their lives, so they began to tremblingly explain.

Some are spies arranged by other vassal states, and some are the nails of aristocratic families in Jin to inquire about news.

Cheng Qianye made corresponding punishments, not those who committed the worst crimes, and would not take lives easily.

A non-commissioned officer in the army was escorted forward. He knelt and knelt: “The villain confessed. The villain was sent by Li Wenguang and was lurking in the army. The villain did not do anything. Please forgive the Lord. , But...”

He raised his head and turned his eyes to the line of generals standing behind him, “The villain’s accomplice is General He Lanzhen.”

The crowd suddenly broke out.

He Lanzhen was furious and almost rushed forward. Yu Dunsu stopped him: "Brother Helan can't be impulsive, the lord has his own discernment."

He Lanzhen flushed her face and bowed her head: "The Lord Mingjian, this person and I have always had a personal grudge, he is venting his anger privately, and he will finally be wronged."

Cheng Qianye looked at him and said nothing for a while.

He Lanzhen was panicked, and with so many spy secrets seized today, it was the time when people were panicking. If the lord did not believe in himself, it would be normal.

He came from a family. If he was thrown out of the army if he suffered such an injustice, there would be nowhere to go.