

his Lord 24

Chapter 24

Afeng woke up from a coma and saw Mo Qiaosheng in black sitting by the bed.

He twitched the corner of his mouth and laughed at himself: "I am not dead yet."

Mo Qiaosheng helped him up and brought a black medicine bowl.

"Drink."

This is a bowl of concoction that is both bitter and astringent.

But Afeng knew that this was a good thing. I wanted to drink this kind of medicine before, but I couldn't ask for it.

He took Mo Qiaosheng's hand and drank a drop of the medicine.

As the steaming water poured into his body, he felt the air of his body collapse a little bit.

"You have been asleep for three days."

"Three...three days?"

Mo Qiaosheng knew what he was worried about, so he put the medicine back in place, "The master has accepted you. I won't send you back to Beiweihou."

Ah Feng squeezed her body, forced herself to get out of bed, and stood up. His limbs were soft and soft, and he only felt like stepping on a ball of cotton. He had just taken a step, his leg was soft, and he fell out.

One hand supported him, that hand was warm and strong,

It's brother's hand.

Afeng looked at the ground in front of her, and said two words softly: "Sorry."

Sorry, Hashio. thank you.

The owner of that hand didn't reply, just firmly propped up his body.

"Take me to see the master," Afeng said.

"Are you... able to go?" Mo Qiaosheng was a little worried.

"It's been three days, and I haven't even visited the new master. It's too much." Afeng supported Mo Qiaosheng's shoulders, borrowed some strength, and stood firm. Qualifications."

He felt sad.

How will this master punish me?

I don't know if this body can hold it.

“Master, what kind of person is he?” He asked his only friend about the situation.

“You will know soon.” Mo Qiaosheng’s eyes revealed a little gentleness, “That’s the best person in the world.”

Afeng doesn’t believe that there are good masters in the world. He also once met a so-called good master. The person said to him every day that he was treated as a younger brother. In a blink of an eye, he pushed him off for a few ingots of gold. The bottom of the abyss.

“What does the master like? What kind of people does he like?”

“Master... he doesn’t like others to cheat.” Mo Qiaosheng thought about it seriously, and said as he walked, “No matter what the master asks, as long as you don’t hide it and be honest with yourself, he will generally not be angry.”

“Qiaosheng.” Afeng stopped. “Your idea is very dangerous.”

“The good things the lord treats to you are just some easy charities for him. You have to know that you have no reservations about him, and the harm you will suffer in the future will only be more cruel.”

Mo Qiaosheng stood at the door, turned his face, and the sunlight hit half of his face, softening his firm facial lines.

“It’s too late,” he lowered his eyelashes, “I have sworn to give everything I have to him.”

“No matter how he treats me in the future, I have no complaints.”

A Feng suddenly overlapped the Mo Qiaosheng in front of him with his childhood self.

Little himself once said firmly in a tender voice: “I swear, I will dedicate everything to the master.”

All are so stupid.

Afeng smiled bitterly.

Obviously a lowly slave.

Nothing.

Only have a crisp heart.

But he held it out with his own hands and sent it to those who were aloof, waiting to be trampled on.

Cheng Qianye flipped through Bianzhou's local chronicles in the study, and while reading it, he stretched out his hand to squeeze the small snacks on the plate.

Xiao Qiu watched eagerly.

Cheng Qianye pinched a piece of rose cake, "Ah, open your mouth."

The fleshy little mouth opened round immediately.

Cheng Qianye accurately fed, watching that little face puffed up, and squirming quickly.

"So delicious?"

Xiao Qiu's round apricot eyes lit up, and the little chicken nodded like a peck.

Cheng Qianye smiled: "It's all your sister's good craftsmanship, and she changes every day to cook and eat. Both you and I have fed her fat."

With a basin of water, Biyun came to Cheng Qianye's side, crouched and bowed, twisted the hot towel and cleaned Cheng Qianye's hands.

Give Cheng Qianye another Miyun Dragon, which she likes most. Then put a warm bamboo fire cage carefully under Cheng Qianye's feet.

Cheng Qianye was taken care of comfortably, lamenting that the life of the privileged class is indeed degrading. In the winter, it is indeed a pleasure to not even move a finger.

When he first bought this pair of sisters, Mr. Lu was very dissatisfied. The older sister was not beautiful, and the younger sister was too young. He was born in a humble background, didn't understand the rules, and cringed.

Reluctantly, the lord will go his own way, but he just likes the two of them to serve him personally.

Fortunately, as an older sister, Biyun has a stable and meticulous nature, and she is hard-working and eager to learn.

Biyun gave a standard blessing: "Which do the lord like to eat? The slave and maid will make more next time."

"Sister, the lord likes to eat pine nut rolls, horseshoe cakes, rose cake, pea yellow, and donkey rolls." Xiao Qiu broke his short fingers and counted one by one.

Biyun stretched out her hand and squeezed her nose: "I just remember to eat. I don't know what is the use of the lord buying you?"

Xiao Qiu clutched his nose and snorted, "I'm very useful. I work hard every day to learn from my sister. When my elder sister is so tall, I won't burn the pot black again."

Biyun looked at her simple and lovely sister, and thought: If it weren't for the luck to meet the lord and her sister was sold to that filthy land, the fate that she would face would be nothing short of cloud and mud.

When she first arrived at the lord's place, Biyun was very worried. She heard that some young masters and young ladies from wealthy families liked the underage girls like her sister.

The kindness of the lord's sister to her sister once frightened her. Now that she has been getting along for a long time, she has only let go of her heart, and only her gratitude to the lord is left in her heart.

Cheng Qianye was smiling and rubbing Xiaoqiu's head: "We Xiaoqiu is very useful, and Xiaoqiu is very happy with the lord."

She knew that sisters Biyun and Xiaoqiu were grateful and admired for her. And she also needs a pure-minded child like Xiao Qiu to be by her side to adjust the human hypocrisy that has been magnified by the golden finger.

If everyone is like Zhang Fu, then I would be exhausted.

Cheng Qianye remembered that Zhang Fu's human-shaped amethyst finally lit up the Phnom Penh as he wished, and he couldn't help feeling triumphant.

Speaking of pureness, Hashimoto is the best, and he will always be open to me without reservation. Cheng Qianye stroked his chin.

As I was thinking, I saw through the panes that the veranda outside Mo Qiao Shengda's house slowly walked over, followed by a person.

The two of them walked very slowly, stepped in the door, folded their hands together, and they were about to bow to the ground.

"Stop it!" Cheng Qianye stretched out his hand and drank, "Don't kneel."

She stood up, walked around the desk, and walked to Ah Feng.

She had seen the horror of this person during treatment. It has only been three days. Even in a modern society with advanced medical technology, such injuries are only for infusion in the ICU. But this time he got out of bed and walked over by himself.

“You, you...” Cheng Qianye pinched his eyebrows dejectedly as he looked at A Feng’s bloodless face and pale lips.

She turned to Mo Qiaosheng: “Qiaosheng, he is so badly injured, so you let him come over like this?”

Although I don’t like this Afeng very much, I didn’t mean to let him die. Otherwise, didn’t I call him a doctor for nothing?

Mo Qiaosheng was stunned.

Afeng: “Master, it’s a slave...”

“Yes, don’t say anything,” Cheng Qianye interrupted him, “you sit down first, uh, that’s not right.”

Cheng Qianye waved his hand, asked Biyun and Xiaoqiu to move the spring stool over, pointed and said: “You lie down. Lie on your stomach.”

Ah Feng was also stunned.

Cheng Qianye frowned impatiently.

Afeng woke up and leaned on the spring bench obediently. He really couldn’t figure out the idea of the new owner, and he was really flustered.

Cheng Qianye clapped his hands, and two servants came in.

“Bring him back and call him a doctor.” Cheng Qianye ordered, “You are not allowed to get up at will within a month.”

Seeing the person being carried away, Cheng Qianye sat back in the chair and breathed a sigh of relief.

“I’m so angry,” she said.

Xiao Qiu lay down on her chair, “Is the lord angry?”

“No.” Cheng Qianye touched her head, “Xiao Qiu, Brother Qiao Sheng has to go to the military camp every day and take care of the patients. It is very hard. Can you help him?”

“Yes.” Xiao Qiu’s eyes lit up. “The lord does not hesitate to tell Xiao Qiu.”

“Did you see that elder brother just now? He was badly injured and his temper was awkward. When Xiao Qiu is free, help the lord to look at him and tell him not to run around.”

“Okay, Xiao Qiu promises to complete the task and take care of the patient.”