

his Lord 25

Chapter 25

Cheng Qianye recruited Moqiao students around.

“Take off your clothes,” she said suddenly.

Mo Qiaosheng’s face turned red in an instant, but he did not hesitate to unbutton his shirt, revealing a body with wide shoulders and a narrow waist, with smooth lines.

All kinds of old scars crisscrossed the body, and several new red, swollen and bruised spots.

“How did this happen?” Cheng Qianye said, “If General Yu hadn’t told me, I wouldn’t know you trained yourself like this.”

She took out a can of medicated oil from the drawer, poured it on her palm and rubbed it, pressing it on Mo Qiao’s red and swollen knuckles, rubbing it gently, “Does it hurt?”

“It doesn’t hurt, really, this little injury is nothing at all. I did this before.”

Just work a little harder now.

“Don’t mention the past to me, your past has passed.” Cheng Qianye increased the strength of his subordinates, “Hashio, you must learn to cherish yourself.”

“I have a lot of things I want to do and I have a long way to go. If you want to walk with me, you can’t do this to yourself.”

Mo Qiaosheng lowered his head and replied softly: “Yes.”

...

The coldest season finally arrived, and the cold wind ruthlessly tore away the warmth that Cheng Qianye had built up through hard work.

The city of Bianzhou, covered in snow and ice, still began to show people who died of freezing and starvation from time to time.

Cheng Qianye wore warm and thick moccasin boots and walked carefully on the road with floating ice.

Suddenly, she closed her eyes and turned her head to the side. Something grabbed her heart and made her skin numb.

In the corner not far away, there were a bunch of small things curled up. It was the corpse of a child, maybe two. They were blue and purple from the cold, almost losing human characteristics.

Cheng Qianye controlled himself for a while, opened his eyes, and forced himself to face the cruel scene.

Once, I didn't want to manage.

This is the result of not wanting to control.

Since I hold this right in my hand, I have this responsibility. At least, before I find a way back, I will try to do what I can.

In my sight, I want to reduce this scene of cruel death after another, and one abnormal abuse after another.

"Buried it." Cheng Qianye waved.

She raised her head and stepped forward.

No matter how cold the winter is, it will pass,

The snow melted away, taking away the unknown death and pain.

Spring flowers bloom, it seems that the world is full of new hope.

In Yongqiu City, not far from Bianzhou, the people were busy spring ploughing while worrying about the upcoming war.

“Have you heard? Jin’s army has even taken Gaoyang and Qixian counties, and it may be coming to our Yongqiu soon.”

“It’s going to fight again, this war is endless, when will it be the head?”

“Oh, this lord changes every year, according to my opinion, as long as you don’t fight, whoever is the lord is the same.”

“I heard that although the lord of Jin is very young, everyone says he...” The man looked around and whispered, “He is a benevolent gentleman who is compassionate to the people and loves the people like a child.”

“Where is there a benevolent monarch in this world? Those so-called benevolent monarchs and these alien savages are the same, regardless of the life and death of the people.”

“That’s not the case. Bianzhou has now implemented a new policy called the land grant system. Men over 15 years of age, as long as they have the Jin nationality, can be divided into one piece of Yongtian and one piece of Mulberry.”

“I also heard that my neighbor Wang Dashi’s family has just quietly moved to Bianzhou.”

“Oh? Don’t you need to grow public fields? Can your own land be passed on to your children?”

“How many acres of land can a man divide?”

“Oh, if you have your own field, that would be great.”

“In this way, it’s okay to call here soon, at least you don’t have to be under the oppression of these alien barbarians to make a living.”

Jinyue Hou raised troops to conquer Yongqiu.

Luowei, the guardian of the city of Yongqiu, was a famous general in dog Rong. He heard the news, he raised his account all the time and went out of the city to meet the enemy.

There are advisers in the army to advise: “The Jinyue Marquis took Bianzhou as his belly and even took Gaoyang and Qixian. The limelight is flourishing. The generals should not underestimate the enemy, but should stick to them. Our Ministry can ask General Weimingshan in Zhengzhou for help and ask him to send troops to rescue It’s time to strike at home and abroad without worrying about the enemy’s failure.”

Du Luowei said angrily: “Jin Yuehou is no more than a yellow-mouthed kid, that guy is actually smaller than me. If I don’t want to trouble him, he dare to come and attack the city! When I lead the attack, kill him without leaving a piece of armor. .”

Outside the city of Yongqiu, the flags are so obvious and the drums are in the sky.

When the Jinjun soldiers opened, a black-robed young general flashed out. This man was wearing a black robe, wearing training armor, wearing a scorpion-tail crown, riding a black horse under his crotch, full of seriousness, and shouting in front of the army.

It was a slave Mo Qiaosheng.

I saw the city gate of Yongqiu wide open, and thousands of people and horses gushing out like black clouds, among which the famous generals Du Luwei surrounded.

Duluo's tail is like black charcoal, his eyes are like copper bells, and his left and right shoulders hang thick black braids. Wearing a Mingshuang silver helmet, holding an iron mace, sits down on the snow hoof jujube horse.

He shouted and cursed: "Wu Na boy, tell your grandfather of the milk doll. Let him wash his neck and wait. Grandpa, I will clean up your chores and take his head."

Mo Qiaosheng was furious, and without saying a word, he took the spear and prancing horse straight to the tail.

A lieutenant flashed out of Du Luo's tail, and said: "Stop the chicken with a sledgehammer, I will be the nameless man in the general association."

Fight against Mo Qiaosheng.

Unexpectedly, Mo Qiaosheng saw the sharp steel gun squeezed toward his chest, but he didn't evade, as if he wanted to receive the gun in his chest.

With the tip of the gun to the armour, his ape's arm was slightly opened, and the side of the bee's waist, let the tip of the gun under his ribs.

The enemy general could not hold back his momentum and threw himself into his arms.

Mo Qiaosheng drew out his waist knife, raised the knife in his hand, and cut off half of his head as the silver light passed.

He was splashed with blood.

Mo Qiaosheng beat his horse and turned around, his face covered with blood, his eyes pierced with cold light, sullen aura, and he rode his horse across the enemy's corpse, like a murderer returning from hell.

The enemy's momentum was a pause.

Du Luowei was furious in his heart, shouted violently, and brandished his mace to take Mo Qiaosheng directly.

Mo Qiaosheng was not afraid, and responded with his gun.

The two men fought each other and fought for 20 or 30 rounds.

Du Luowei was secretly frightened. He was born with supernatural power and could lift thousands of pounds with both arms. Rarely encountered an opponent on the battlefield, this little-known Jin country player in front of him was able to compete with himself, and he was still faintly getting more and more courageous.

He Lanzhen and Yu Dunsu suppressed the Chinese army.

Seeing the two fierce generals, fighting bravely before the army, secretly applauded.

He Lanzhen sighed with emotion: "This Moqiaosheng is really extraordinary, and today I began to accept the Lord's eclectic use of people."

Yu Dunsu said: "There are people outside of people, and mountains outside of mountains. How can we say heroes because of their status. Forgive me for arrogance, Brother Helan, you used to be too high-spirited and offend people everywhere, and then there will be that day."

He Lanzhen: "What the virtuous brother said is extremely true. This time, I have won my innocence by winning the favor of the master and Xiao Sikou's careful attention to his fines. Otherwise, the foolish brother would only be afraid that he is still in prison at this moment."

While talking here, I saw a cold arrow shot from the enemy's camp. It was in the middle of the dark horse Mo Qiaosheng sat down. The war horse threw Mo Qiaosheng down with a long hiss.

Mo Qiao slammed on the ground, avoiding the raining mace.

He Lanzhen said angrily: "The Rats dare to injure people with secret arrows, wait for me to help him."

But I saw a young general in front of his phalanx with a red robe and Yinkai, riding a horse forward, holding a bow with his left hand and an arrow with his right hand, and a swish arrow hit the tail vest.

This person is Afeng.

That's an arrow in Luo's tail,

"Oh." He fell off the horse, frightened in his heart, got up, and ran towards the city gate. Sergeant Dog Rong suddenly became a mess.

Mo Qiaosheng stood up and chased after him with a gun.

Du Luo rushed back to the city gate and shouted, "Hurry up and close the suspension bridge."

There were twenty soldiers by the city gate, holding onto the suspension bridge, and seeing Du Luowei entering the city, they wanted to close the bridge. Mo Qiao was born very fast, and he hurried over, killing blood with one shot.

Afeng rode a horse to respond, and the arrows rang, and the arrow fell from the city.

Yu Xingyi led the army in, seized the city gate, and killed countless enemy soldiers inside and outside the city.

The enemy general Du Luowei saw that the situation was not good, left the soldiers, grabbed a horse, and fled to the northwest with injuries.

The Jin army won a complete victory, with high morale, and opened the gate to welcome the lord into the city.

Cheng Qianye entered the city lord's mansion and ordered three chapters of the law in the army, not to harm the people, **** women, and plunder property.

Here, Mo Qiaosheng handed over military affairs and rode the captured snow-hoofed jujube horse to walk in the city. Jin sergeants passed by in twos and threes, and there were faint conversations and discussions.

“Did you see it, the black one.”

“That's Mo Qiaosheng, look at his blood, I don't know how many enemies he killed today.”

“Tsk tusk, I heard that he is a slave bought by the master and the yellow horse.”

“The lord is really wise, he has a unique eye.”

Mo Qiaosheng suddenly felt a desire to see the lord's face immediately. He rode his horse to the city lord's mansion, turned over and dismounted, and led the Xuehu Zaohuama all the way to the small hall where Cheng Qianye was located, but he stopped far away.

I am bloodstained, how can I smoke the lord, I just have to look at the lord quietly.

Hidden behind the pillars of the corridor, he looked at the owner who was sitting at the table in the room and was reading the paper by candlelight. The man held the paper with one hand and squeezed the back of his neck lazily with the other.

Mo Qiaosheng greedily looked at the figure shrouded in soft candlelight, almost unable to look away.

Cheng Qianye yawned and raised his head to see a blue light shining with gold rim behind the pillar outside the corridor.

She laughed and beckoned: "Xiao Mo, why hide there? Come to me."

Mo Qiaosheng walked out of the shadows. He handed the horse to the guard on duty outside the door and knelt on one knee beside Cheng Qianye.

"Blood all over his face. Is there any injury?" Cheng Qianye asked Biyun to call in hot water, held up Mo Qiaosheng's face, and wiped off the blood on his face with a soft towel.

Mo Qiaosheng looked at the face close at hand, and a strange emotion rose in his heart.

Lord, look at me, look at me, now I am no longer the useless person who caused you to bear infamy. I am qualified to be your person, qualified to stay by your side.

He murmured: "Lord, don't you give me a seal?"

Cheng Qianye looked at Mo Qiaosheng in front of him, and looked at the heart of dedication to himself in the depths of his soul.

This man was so stunning on the battlefield, but he didn't know it. Just because of the meager warmth I gave, he sacrificed himself unreservedly before my eyes.

"Okay, I will give you a seal."

Cheng Qianye's ghostly turned away Mo Qiaosheng's forehead and dropped a kiss on his forehead.

"From now on, you belong to me."

God, what did I do?

Cheng Qianye clearly heard his heartbeat beating like a drum.

He thought I was a man and he couldn't like me at all.

However, at this moment, a charming tender pink suddenly rose from the clear blue in front of you. The pink circled upwards, just like a newly blooming rose, blooming stunningly on the blue Among the glaciers.

Suddenly the beauty appeared, and in a flash it dissipated like a tide.

Mo Qiaosheng stood up, took a step back, and retired in a flustered salute.

When he walked to the door, he slapped himself loudly, fell a few steps, and rushed out.

Afeng returned to his house, he and Qiaosheng had a neat and comfortable house. But what made him annoyed was that there was a group of fat creatures of unknown meaning lying on the table in the house at this moment.

"Afeng, you are back." Xiao Qiu said happily.

"What are you doing again?" A Feng frowned, "Even if the master was killed, but now my injury is healed, and you don't need to work you out."

"My sister has made a lot of steamed buns, but they are delicious. I will bring them to eat with you." Xiao Qiu opened the package on the table with his white and fat hands, revealing a few white and tender buns.

"It doesn't have to be this way, please go back." Afeng said coldly.

Xiao Qiu was holding a bun, while biting his face, he said: "You said the lord is so gentle to us, why is he so strict with Qiao Sheng?"

"Master is very strict with Qiaosheng?" Afeng frowned.

"My sister and I did something wrong, and the lord never punished us. But she often punishes Qiaosheng, every time she says she should punish a severe one."

"He often punishes bridge students?"

"Yes, he just slapped Qiaosheng just now. When I went out, I ran into Qiaosheng coming out of the main public house. His face was swollen and he ran away in a panic."

"Today won the victory, but the master beat him?"

"Eat buns? My sister said that the injured should eat more to heal faster." The white buns were pinched by short fingers, and held in front of them, "Eating and chatting."

"Eat... one." Afeng felt that he couldn't keep up with the leaping thinking of a ten-year-old child.

Cheng Qianye took down the three towns of Gaoyang, Qixian and Yongqiu surrounding Bianzhou and established a firm foothold in Bianzhou.

At the same time, Li Wenguang also won several cities around Nanyang and expanded his influence.

After the spring, Cheng Qianye received a letter from Li Wenguang, inviting her to attack Zhengzhou with Han Quanlin, the prefect of Hanyang.

The geographical location of Zhengzhou is an important traffic route, especially for Cheng Qianye.

If the Zhengzhou area is opened up, Bianzhou will be able to connect smoothly with the mainland of Jin. In this way, it will be greatly facilitated regardless of munitions transportation, backup support, and policy implementation.

So Cheng Qianye solicited the opinions of everyone, leaving Xiao Jin and He Lanzhen to stay in Bianzhou. He took Zhang Fu, Yu Dunsu and others and set off.

The three-way princes won the first battle, joined forces in Yanling County, and later took Xuzhou.

Outside Xuzhou city.

Cheng Qianye, Li Wenguang, and Han Quanlin stood on the general platform, looking at the battlefield in the distance.

Li Wenguang's general, Feng Su, with a gold armor and silver helmet, made a Fangtian painted halberd to gallop across the battlefield like no one.

Han Quanlin sighed: "Gong Li has such a fierce general, it is really like a tiger with wings. No wonder all the princes are broken, and the only one has taken Nanyang."

Li Wenguang snorted: "If it were not for Yuan Yizhi's short-sightedness, and deliberately delaying our army's food and grass, our allied forces are large in number, and the soldiers have a large number of soldiers. We have already regained Haojing. How could it stop in Nanyang?"

He turned his head to face Cheng Qianye: "If you talk about the ability to know people, the foolish brother is not as good as the younger brother."

"That young black-robed general is the slave Moqiao born at the Weibei banquet?" Li Wenguang pointed to the battlefield and said, "Such a virgin jade, when in the hands of a virtuous brother like Bole. Brilliant."

Cheng Qianye said modestly: "Don't dare, don't dare."

Han Quanlin squinted his eyes and twisted his thin beards with thin fingers: "It's no wonder that Jin Yuehou, you had to fight me for this slave in the first place, because you saw him as a literary and martial artist."

Cheng Qianye rolled his eyes in his heart, thinking about when the fight would be finished, so he didn't have to make a fool of himself with this disgusting guy.

Three days later, the city of Xuzhou was broken, and the three princes led the people to settle in Xuzhou to consolidate the military resources and make minor repairs.

The people chose the original private house of Xu Zhoumu as a temporary resettlement. This mansion is a magnificent Huayu, covering a vast area with a very large back garden.

The three princes took a group of relatives, and each occupied several courtyards for private renovation. In the daytime, it is very convenient to discuss matters in the main hall of the house.

On this agenda, Chiba discussed with Li Wenguang and Han Quanlin about military matters for a whole day.

Li Wenguang and Cheng Qianye led the army, and there was neither wine fun nor handsome servants and maids.

In the evening, Han Quanlin felt very boring and found an excuse to quit the meeting and relax in the garden.

Walking into a rockery, I happened to see Mo Qiaosheng who had finished training in the barracks and took a shortcut back to his residence.

Mo Qiao was dressed in black, with a bee waist and slender legs. He moved agile and vigorously. His cheeks after training were blushing and looked vigorous.

Han Quanlin couldn't help but feel itchy and unbearable, so he got a bad idea and ordered the attendants to stop Mo Qiaosheng.

Mo Qiao was so fierce as to see this person, and his whole body felt a chill.

He stepped back two steps, and found that the retreat was blocked, so he had to kneel and salute.

“Tsk tsk,” Han Quanlin paced around Moqiao for two steps, “Senior goodbye for three days, it’s really different.”

“How come Jin Yuehou moisturizes you so much.” He pinched Mo Qiaosheng’s chin and forced him to raise his head.

Mo Qiaosheng shook his head, broke free of his restraint, and tightened his fists on his sides.

Han Quanlin was furious. He slapped Mo Qiaosheng with a slap, “Dare to disobey me! A slave who has fought two battles and regards himself as a person?”

His slap failed to fall.

His wrist was still in the air, like being clamped by iron tongs, unable to move at all.

The slave who was kneeling on the ground stretched out a hand and grasped his wrist accurately.

In his impression, the humble slave, who could only tremble in front of him, showed a pair of eyes like wolves and stared at him fiercely.

“You, let go, what do you want?” Han Quanlin winced.

Mo Qiaosheng slowly let go of his hand and dropped to his side.

Han Quanlin touched his wrist, only to feel pain in his wrist. His heart was shocked and angry, and he was even more impatient.

He took a step back and stood behind his guards.

“Slaves are the property of the master. Even if your master likes you any more, it is only a precious property. As long as the price is affordable, there are no slaves that cannot be bought or sold.”

Han Quanlin said slowly, he was satisfied to see a little panic in Mo Qiaosheng’s eyes.

“It can be seen that Jin Yuehou treats you much better than Weibeiou. You must be reluctant to leave him, right?”

Mo Qiaosheng tightened his jaw muscles and looked away.

“Every time you see you are about to get your hands, you slipped out of my hands.” Han Quanlin bent down and looked up and down the young body unscrupulously. “You hook me up and down. I have to try yours once. taste.”

“You obey me once, and I will let you go. Let you stay with the master you like and live your little life.”

“If you refuse, I will buy you with him.”

Mo Qiaosheng’s throat rolled, and he turned away.

“You want to take a gamble? You don’t think your master will sell you. Gold? Beauty? BMW? Haha, you think maybe he doesn’t want it.”

Han Quanlin squinted, his voice coldly cut into the place where Mo Qiaosheng’s heart was most afraid of: “I have a small county called Qixian, which happens to be between Zhongmu and Bianzhou. For me, this place is here. It is far away from Hanyang, it is useless to stay, but it is a pity to discard it.”

“But if you give it to your master, he can easily open up the route from Jin Country to Bianzhou with this place, and even your master will not have to work hard with us to seize Zhengzhou.”

Han Quanlin approached Mo Qiaosheng's ear: “You said you would trade it for a slave. Will Jin Yuehou be willing or unwilling?”

He saw Mo Qiaosheng's face pale and his lips trembled.

Han Quanlin straightened up proudly, knowing that his goal had been achieved.

“Take off my clothes myself.”

Mo Qiaosheng gritted his teeth and tightened his fists.

“Hurry up, I only want you once.” Han Quanlin showed a greedy expression.

“Think of you Jinyuehou, he is so good, you are reluctant to leave him.”

Mo Qiaosheng stiffened his hand, reaching the knot of his clothes, his fingers trembling, unsure of it.

Han Quanlin winked. Several strong guards erected Mo Qiaosheng and dragged him to the lawn behind the rockery.

They tore off his jacket, cut his hands backwards, tied them with tendon, and pushed him onto the weeds.

Han Quanlin was excited looking at the untidy young body struggling in the grass.

He grabbed an ankle that Mo Qiaosheng was trying to break free, “How many times have you served Jin Yuehou's little white face? What kind of pretense do you wear? Be obedient, otherwise you will suffer.”

“Hey, you still have the seal of Weibeiyou, didn’t the new master give you the seal?”

Gift seal.

Mo Qiaosheng heard this word,

He remembered the kiss lightly stamped on his forehead.

He kicked Han Quanlin away, and amidst a shout, he climbed over the rocks and disappeared into the jungle. Finally, he found a cave in a rocky rockery and hid himself in it.

He desperately broke the tendon on his wrist on the stone, and he did not hesitate to grind his wrists together to drip blood.

“Come out, get out of here! Mo Qiaosheng!”

“Don’t let me find you, otherwise I will make you look good!”

“You escaped for a while, escaped for a lifetime!”

“Do you think I scared you? I swear to get you!”

A vicious, gloomy voice kept ringing nearby, Mo Qiaosheng covered his ears and tightened his body.

It’s okay, it’s okay, he opened his eyes wide in the dark, it’s really impossible to die.