

## his Lord 26

### Chapter 26

There was still a lot of people in the chamber.

It rained unknowingly outside the house.

“It’s raining.” Cheng Qianye looked out the window.

Suddenly, she saw a familiar figure in the dark.

There was a faint blue light all over the person, motionless, as if he had been standing in the rain for a long time.

Cheng Qianye turned sideways to Yu Dunsu in a low voice: “Qiaosheng is outside, you go and call him in.”

Mo Qiaosheng came in behind Yu Dunsu, his newly changed black clothes was soaked by rain, and his wet black hair clung to his cheeks, allowing the rain to wind around.

He silently arrived behind Cheng Qianye, bowed his head slightly, and said nothing.

Cheng Qianye glanced sideways at his expressionless face, knowing that something serious must have happened.

Xiao Mo's heart was so desperate.

In view of Li Wenguang and a group of counsellors, the generals were there, Cheng Qianye did not speak.

She quietly stretched out her hand from the back of the chair, touched Mo Qiaosheng's hand, and squeezed it lightly. The hand was wet and cold, shaking slightly.

Who bullied him like this.

Cheng Qianye felt a surge of anger in his heart.

At this moment, Han Quanlin swaggered in from outside the house with his crew and umbrella.

"Haha, the two virtuous brothers have worked hard." Han Quanlin said haha, "These are all kinds of things, and they can't be eager for a while, let's rest first."

"Yes." Cheng Qianye stood up and said with a fist to Li Wenguang, "My little brother is also tired today. I will leave for the time being. The rest will be discussed tomorrow."

Han Quanlin said, "The virtuous brother waits a moment, the foolish brother has a private matter, and we have to discuss it with the virtuous brother."

When Cheng Qianye turned around, Mo Qiaosheng was still staring at the ground without any reaction.

But Cheng Qianye knew that intense fear and despair appeared in his heart.

It turned out that it was Han Quanlin, you old man who did a good job.

Cheng Qianye couldn't help swearing an \*\*\*\* in his heart.

I will settle this account with you one day.

She sat down and went back: "Gong Han, please speak up."

"Hehe, the old man has an unsympathetic request. I would like to ask the virtuous brother to cede this slave to me..."

"Not for sale." Cheng Qianye interrupted him.

"Brother Xian, you haven't listened to my terms yet."

"I won't sell under any conditions." Cheng Qianye turned his back and touched Mo Qiaosheng's hand, which was shaking violently uncontrollably.

Cheng Qianye squeezed hard.

She turned to look at Mo Qiaosheng.

Mo Qiaosheng still hung his face motionlessly, but the eye sockets covered by his forehead were red, and a pair of thin lips pressed in tightly.

"I think you should listen to Jinyuehou and refuse the old man." Han Quanlin was unhappy.

"If I give you Qi County, will I only use it in exchange for such a slave?"

There was a low voice from the audience, and even Li Wenguang raised his eyebrows, showing a look of surprise.

Zhang Fu couldn't help but move his body a bit, and then whispered in his mouth: "Lord."

Mo Qiaosheng's hand tried to break free.

Cheng Qianye pulled him tight, not letting him break free.

"I'm sorry if I don't sell it. No matter what, you can't buy him from me."

The audience was in an uproar.

One abandoned a city for a slave, and the other did not even agree.

Han Quanlin frowned: "I only want his body. If you are afraid that there will be a violent general next to me, you can break his hands and feet and give it to me."

Cheng Qianye didn't even bother to maintain the superficial perfunctory. She stood up, arched her hands at the people in the hall, and took Mo Qiaosheng and walked out.

Zhang Fu and Yu Dunsu followed, and when they walked to a no-man place, Zhang Fu stopped Cheng Qianye.

He glanced at Mo Qiaosheng, and whispered to Cheng Qianye: "Master, Qi County is really..."

Cheng Qianye looked at Zhang Fu. She understood Zhang Fu's thoughts, so she patiently explained: "Brother Zhang, I'm not talking to you. You take a good look at him. Look at this person."

She pointed to Mo Qiaosheng: "Have you not seen Qiaosheng's performance on the battlefield?"

"Don't talk about one Qi county, there are ten, he will bring it for me one day."

Zhang Fu pondered for a moment, bowed his head and bowed his salute: "The lord's words are very true, but this matter is indeed my short-sighted."

Cheng Qianye patted him on the shoulder and walked forward, "You are preconceived. I always feel that I am fascinated by beauty. Don't think about it again next time."

Zhang Fu's face was reddened and he bowed his head and said yes.

Cheng Qianye swung back from the crowd and strode forward, Mo Qiaosheng silently followed behind her.

Until stepped into the wing room, into the inner room.

Cheng Qianye turned around and pointed at Mo Qiaosheng with a finger: "You! What do you want me to say about you?"

This man is tall and handsome, with three-dimensional features, a straight figure, and a stunt that is almost unmatched on the battlefield. Why is it so easy to be bullied?

"I'm not honest enough with you, am I not good enough? You just can't trust me like that?"

"What did he do to you?" Cheng Qianye grabbed his collar and pressed him on the chair.

I like you so much, but I am afraid that you will be upset, so I dare not act on you. How can you let others touch you casually?

"Say," Cheng Qianye raised an eyebrow, "What did he do to you?"

Mo Qiaosheng was stunned, and he opened his mouth slightly.

Cheng Qianye looked at the thin lips in front of him. I just feel angry in my head, I haven't kissed yet. I want to kill the old pervert Han Quanlin.

"No," Mo Qiaosheng said, "I didn't let him touch me, not at all."

He said softly: "I never let anyone touch me, if the master..."

Hearing these words, Cheng Qianye suddenly felt relieved. The anger disappeared in an instant.

She felt a little ashamed of her inexplicable temper.

What am I mad at? Why am I so emotional? Is the skull broken?

Bridge student was the one who was scared.

She smiled awkwardly, and reached out to touch Mo Qiaosheng's head.

"I lost my temper, I'm sorry Hashio."

Cheng Qianye pulled out the ointment from the drawer and gently rubbed it on Mo Qiaosheng's wrist, rubbing it slowly.

"Don't talk about yourself like that. Starting today, don't despise yourself like that anymore. Don't force yourself to do things that you hate, no matter who you are."

She pulled Mo Qiaosheng up, "Look at yourself, you are standing next to me now, you and I are the same person."

"Do you want to be able to stand by my side one day?"

Mo Qiaosheng looked down at the person in front of him, a flame ignited in his chest, a fire that had never been seen before, and the fire burned the thorns that bound his body and mind with the power of a prairie prairie fire, letting his heart be free. The flower comes.

“Hashio, I like you very much and I need you too.”

“So, can you raise your head and follow in my footsteps.”

He heard the voice continue.

“One day, in front of the world, standing upright side by side with me.”

“I am waiting for you.”

...

Xiao Qiu stepped in through the Suihua Gate and saw a black figure coming out of the lord's bedroom. The figure walked slowly a few steps, and slowly squatted down with a pillar.

It's Brother Hashimoto, what's wrong with him? not comfortable?

Xiaoqiao walked forward quietly, taking a peek at the probe.

She saw a drop of water, reflected in the air, and fell on the ground in front of Mo Qiao's life, drop after drop, making a small piece of the ground wet.

Oops, the lord is so bad that he made Brother Qiao Sheng cry again.