

his Lord 27

Chapter 27

In front of Li Wenguang, his confidants gathered together.

“The public thought, how about Jinyue Hou’s people?”

Chen Wenwen, his aide, said: “They are just like Han Quanlin, licentious and unscrupulous people. As the domineering princes, they fought jealously for a lowly slave. Even the city can be surrendered at will. I don’t know what to say.”

Admiral Feng Su clasped his fist and said: “That Moqiaosheng is not an ordinary slave. I Chen saw on the battlefield. This man has strong martial arts, brave and good at fighting, not only has a fierce force, but also has a keen sense of combat. If you can give it to him Opportunity will become a great weapon in the future, or it may be an enemy to me.”

Li Wenguang nodded: “What the general said is extremely true. I also intended to bring this person under his command. I sigh that Jin Yuehou’s soliciting hand is too cruel. I’m afraid that Mo Qiaosheng has been loyal to him. What a pity Up.”

Fan Yan, who is nearly fifty years old, is the first counselor under Li Wenguang’s seat. He twists the gray beard: “Jin is a small country, but it has been revitalized in the hands of the old Jin Weihou. Jin Weihou died. Later, there were rumors that the newly appointed Jinyue Hou was a person of inaction and shallowness, but now I know that the rumors are too untrue.”

“Looking at today’s heroes, there are many types of mediocre and incompetent people like Huayuzhi. Although they have a wide range of soldiers, they are fearful. Some people think that there are only Beigonghou Luzon of Taiyuan and Wei Henggong Yao Hong of Weiguó. , Can be comparable to the lord’s

shoulder. Now it seems that this young Jin Yuehou may become one of the lord's strong enemies in time.

Chen Wenxian said: "My ministry had also deployed espionage secrets in the Jin army earlier. Unexpectedly, Huayu straightened that idiot and started to frighten the snake a few days ago. It caused the Jin army to clean up and accidentally injured our spy. Now it is also temporarily. No one is available."

"Jinyue Hou is still young and he is not strong enough, let alone him." Li Wenguang picked up a letter, "it is Wei Henggong Yao Hong. In reply today, he intends to send 10,000-floor sailors from Onozawa. Down along the Jishui River, I will arrive in Zhengzhou in the near future to help us fight the dogs together."

Fan Yan said: "Yao Hong is a person who has great ambitions and is good at navigating the navy. I don't know what it means to be late. The lord should not be underestimated."

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One day later, the armed forces of the three armies were fully prepared and set off for Zhengzhou.

The wars along the way were unexpectedly smooth, and good news spread frequently.

First, Li Wenguang captured Xinzheng in one fell swoop, and then Cheng Qianye led his troops to capture Xi County.

The three armies marched forward and their morale was boosted.

On this day, the Jin army was walking along the bank of the Guohe River.

This section of the road is turbulent, the road is narrow, and there is a mountain wall on the left, which is not easy to walk.

The troops were stretched very long.

Mo Qiaosheng and A Feng drove side by side.

Mo Qiaosheng's eyes fell on the figure not far in front from time to time.

Surrounded by the guards, the lord is crowned with soft armor, and the mount under his hip is the snow-hoofed jujube horse captured by Mo Qiaosheng.

"It's spreading in the army now." A Feng whispered, "Han Quanlin replaces you with a city, but the lord doesn't agree?"

Mo Qiaosheng lowered his head slightly, brilliance flowing in his eyes.

Afeng looked at him for a moment, "It turned out to be true."

Looking at the figure in front of him, A Feng thought silently, it turns out that there are still people in this world who can be expected.

The person suddenly turned around, and the Chongmoqiao student beckoned.

Mo Qiaosheng's eyes lit up, and he rode forward to reach Cheng Qianye's side.

"Qiaosheng." Cheng Qianye said: "The horse you gave is very good, with a smooth personality and a steady walk. I have been riding for so long and I am not tired at all. It is much easier to ride than the yellow husky."

Mo Qiaosheng smiled lightly.

"Hashige, you laughed, you rarely laugh, you will laugh more in the future."

Zhang Fu rushed over from the front, his face solemn, "Master, there is a letter from General Yu in front of him. Along the way, there are scattered soldiers who seem to be the remnants of Li Wenguang."

“What’s the situation?” Cheng Qianye frowned.

“Preliminary investigation, Li Wenguang was ambushed by Zhengzhou City Shouwei Mingshan, with heavy casualties, and even General Feng Su was seriously injured.”

“That Wei Ming Mountain did not defend Zhengzhou, so it took the initiative to attack and ambushed us halfway?”

“Wei Mingshan is cruel and scheming by nature, and loves soldiers to take dangerous moves.” Zhang Fu frowned, “From this point of view, he may have been defeated by various ideas.”

“Master, the terrain here is very unfavorable to our army, and I also ask my master to order to march at full speed and pass as soon as possible.”

Before the words fell, a shout sounded from the top of the mountain on the left, and a military flag with the word “嵬” on the face stood up. The ferocious figure of the Warrior Warrior appeared on the top of the mountain.

For a while, rocks and rockets rained down.

The Jin army was cut into several sections by the waist, and it was an instant mess.

In the chaos, Cheng Qianye heard Zhang Fu’s shout: “Protect the lord!”

A pair of strong arms hugged her off the horse, hooped it in a solid chest, and rolled down the river bank.

After a while,

Cheng Qianye found himself in a patch of shrubs and chaotic grass, stepping on the cold river water under his feet, and shaking his head.

A black figure stood in front of her, shielding her tightly under a slightly recessed tree root on the shore.

The person protecting her is Mo Qiaosheng.

Mo Qiaosheng raised his head and stared at the battle on the embankment.

After a while, he turned and lowered his head, took off the golden crown on Cheng Qianye's head, took off his coat, and put it on Cheng Qianye's soft armor.

Then he leaned on his back and started Cheng Qianye, wading into the cold river and rushing along the bank against the current.

“Hashimoto, are you hurt, let me down.”

Mo Qiaosheng didn't say a word, and ran wildly.

From time to time, there was danger of falling arrows and rubble past them.

A soldier in Jin's military uniform, with arrows all over his body, fell into the stream in front of them.

Mo Qiaosheng did not stop, stepping over the corpse in the water, arousing blood-red spray all the way.

Cheng Qianye leaned on his solid shoulders, with fast-rewinding scenes in his eyes, messy shouts in his ears, and a sharp arrow even brushed her cheek, bringing out a shallow scar.

The fear of death for the first time tightened her heart so closely.

Cheng Qianye closed his eyes and heard the pounding heartbeat of himself and Mo Qiao.

I don't know how long he ran, the roar gradually disappeared, and the surroundings gradually became quiet.

They came to a mountain stream.

Step by step, Mo Qiaosheng walked ashore on the pebbles by the river.

“Qiaosheng, let me down.” Cheng Qianye said.

The body carrying her suddenly softened and threw Cheng Qianye to the ground.

Mo Qiaosheng stretched out his hand and held it on the ground, then looked back at Cheng Qianye, gritted his teeth and stood up, walked two steps, and finally fell to the ground.

“Qiaosheng!”

Cheng Qianye climbed a few steps forward and helped Mo Qiaosheng.

Mo Qiaosheng's eyes were closed tightly, his face was like white paper, and two arrows hit his body without any reaction.

“Qiaosheng, Qiaosheng, wake up.” Cheng Qianye stretched out his hand to shake him and found that his hand was blood red.

She raised her head and looked around, and there was no one in the empty mountain stream.

Cheng Qianye gritted his teeth and lifted Mo Qiaosheng on his back. Mo Qiaosheng was much taller than her, and at this moment he lost his mind and it was difficult to bear it.

She walked step by step on the slippery pebbles by the river, Mo Qiaosheng's hand dropped from her shoulder, and the blood snaked down the arm and dripped to the ground.

After finally reaching a shelter from the wind, Cheng Qianye placed Mo Qiaosheng on the ground and untied his clothes.

The ferocious iron arrow tore the skin mercilessly and embedded in the flesh.

Cheng Qianye felt a sense of helplessness.

“What to do, Hashio. What to do?” She closed her eyes, stretched out a trembling hand, and took the arrow shaft.

A big, cold hand covered the back of her hand.

“Master, I... come by myself.”

Mo Qiao woke up.

He gritted his teeth, the blue veins burst on his forehead, and he drew two arrows in one breath.