

His Lord 28

Chapter 28

Mo Qiaosheng frowned his eyebrows, stretched his fingers and tapped several acupuncture points to slow the bleeding.

Cheng Qianye tore off his clothes and bandaged him.

Mo Qiaosheng's blood-stained fingers gently grasped her wrist, took the cloth tape, and neatly tightened his wound.

"Master, it's not far from the battlefield. It's not safe. You can't stay for a long time. You can walk upstream along the river, or take shelter in the mountains temporarily."

"Good." Cheng Qianye nodded.

Mo Qiao unraveled his waist knife and stuffed it in Cheng Qianye's hand. The handle that Cheng Qianye carried with him was shown to be too practical, and the gorgeous saber was untied and held in his hand.

"The enemy's surprise attack broke the shape of my army for a while. But I think General Yu will be able to control the situation soon and organize a counterattack. Master, you only need to ensure your safety and wait for General Yu's rescue."

Cheng Qianye reacted: "You, won't you go with me?"

Although after these days, she has gradually adapted to this era.

But in her bones, she was a woman who grew up in a modern city, asking her to enter this desolate and crowded field alone under the threat of death to survive, making her instinctively afraid. She subconsciously wanted to rely on the man in front of her whom she trusted.

Mo Qiaosheng showed a distressed expression, avoiding Cheng Qianye's gaze.

Cheng Qianye suddenly realized that Mo Qiaosheng seemed to be talking to her calmly and methodically, but in fact half of his body was stained red with blood. He sat on the ground, the arm supporting him even faintly trembling.

He was too weak to stand up.

Cheng Qianye squatted down beside him, "Come on, I'll carry you."

Mo Qiaosheng looked at her, his lips moved lightly, without speaking.

"Don't be long-winded, come up quickly." Cheng Qianye said, turning his head.

The long blood-stained fingers clung to her shoulders.

"Hold me a little, it's okay." A mute male voice sounded behind him.

Cheng Qianye felt his shoulders sink, and the man behind him gritted his teeth and raised a leg. With another effort, Fang reluctantly stood up and slowly stood firm.

"Can you go?" Cheng Qianye asked worriedly. She knew in her heart that with her strength, it was impossible to walk far with Mo Qiaosheng on her back.

"As long as I am not dead, I can leave."

As long as the lord needs me, I can go, I must be able to go.

Cheng Qianye put his arms on his shoulders and supported his waist with one hand, trying to make Mo Qiaosheng lean on him.

“Go. Let’s go together. You can’t die.”

The two reluctantly left the river bank and stumbled into the forest.

The sky gradually darkened, and the moon rose above the treetops.

In the quiet spring mountains, the shadows of the trees are whirling.

Cheng Qianye felt the weight that Mo Qiaosheng was leaning on her gradually increased, and his pace became slower and slower, and finally stopped.

“Qiaosheng.” Cheng Qianye whispered worriedly.

Mo Qiaosheng’s head was mostly covered by the hanging forehead.

Under the moonlight, only the smooth and straight bridge of the nose can be seen, with big cold sweats. The thin lips narrowed slightly, and he couldn’t help but breathe out a cloud of mist.

Cheng Qianye found a relatively hidden place and let Mo Qiaosheng, who was in a semi-conscious state, lay on the ground.

Although it is already spring, the mountains and forests at night still carry a deep chill.

When Mo Qiaosheng’s underwear was running in the water, he was already soaked and cold all over.

But Cheng Qianye didn’t dare to make a fire. She thought for a while, took off Moqiao’s wet clothes and pants, wrung them out with her hands, and hung them on the branches.

She looked at the unconscious Mo Qiaosheng, turned her back, took off her inner and outer robe, and put on the slightly wet outer robe. The dry jacket lightly covered Mo Qiaosheng's naked body.

When the clothes with body temperature covered the cold skin, Mo Qiao felt aroused and woke up. He felt a soft arm, wrapped his shoulders, and encircled himself in a warm embrace.

The lord was sitting against the mountain wall, letting him as a slave lie on his lap, gently touching his hair with one hand, and looking to the depths of the night warily with his head sideways.

Those eyes full of stars are bright and moving in the night,

"You sleep well. I'll be on guard." The master's voice rang above his head.

Can't sleep, Mo Qiaosheng reminded himself that this place is too dangerous. You must raise your spirits to protect the lord.

However, there were bursts of warm body temperature on the skin, and a faint fragrance in the nasal cavity.

In the world, the most reassuring voice kept saying in his ear: "Sleep. Sleep at ease."

He who couldn't sleep, he whispered and slowly closed his eyes.

In this crisis-ridden late night, Mo Qiaosheng fell into a peaceful sleep.

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When Cheng Qianye woke up, the sky was already bright.

She sat up from a pile of thatch and branches, wondering where she was.

She was covered with a white jacket, and as she got up, she slid onto the soft thatch under her.

Cheng Qianye found himself well concealed in some obstacles covered by thatch and branches.

If you were looking from the outside, you could hardly see a person sleeping inside.

When did I fall asleep, where is Hashio?

Cheng Qianye looked around, but did not see Mo Qiaosheng.

She had a leaf next to her hand, and a rhizome-shaped fruit was supported on the green leaf.

The fruit is about the size of two fists, with some yellow mud and roots on the surface. The inside is white flesh after a bite. It is crisp and raw, with a lot of water and a slight sweetness.

When Cheng Qianye was hungry in his belly, he used the knife he carried to cut the tuber into several petals, gnawing at the same time waiting for Mo Qiaosheng.

Where did Hashimoto go? He was so badly injured, but got up and did so many things early in the morning.

For such a wild country, it is fortunate that he is still there, otherwise I would starve to death and be trapped here.

Cheng Qianye, who doesn't distinguish between things and everything, doesn't have the skills to survive in the wild.

Not long after the vegetation separated, Mo Qiaosheng appeared.

He was wearing his half-dry black clothes, and in his hands he held a container folded out of broad leaves with a puddle of clear water in it.

He saw Cheng Qianye wake up and smiled. Kneeling on one knee in front of Cheng Qianye, holding the water in both hands.

Cheng Qianye took his hand, poured some water in one breath, and sighed comfortably.

“Have you eaten Qiaosheng?” she asked, raising the white flesh in her hand.

Ate. I’m not hungry. Can’t lie to the master.

While Mo Qiaosheng’s head was still turning among these three choices, Cheng Qianye had already held his fingers and put the flesh in his hands.

Mo Qiao gave a fresh hand, but was squeezed by Cheng Qianye.

“Why is it so hot.”

Cheng Qianye squeezed Mo Qiaosheng’s hand, not letting him avoid it. The other hand reached out and touched his forehead.

The skin on that forehead was horribly hot.

“Have a fever? The fever is so bad!”

When Cheng Qianye looked at Mo Qiaosheng, who was flushed, his mood became complicated.

She knows that she likes this man very much, but in her subconscious, she always unconsciously puts herself up high, feeling that she is the one who gives and gives.

At this moment, she suddenly realized that the sacrifices she thought were nothing but trivial things based on her superior position.

But Mo Qiaosheng did his best to her, abandoning everything, and even placed her in a more important position than life. Although he didn't fall in love with himself.

She pulled Mo Qiaosheng, let him sit on the pile of thatch she was sitting on, and pressed his shoulder to force him to lie down and rest.

"Master." Mo Qiaosheng struggled.

"Lie down and get up, I will be angry."

Cheng Qianye soaked a handkerchief with the remaining water and covered Mo Qiaosheng's hot head. Cover him with clothing lightly.

Sitting cross-legged beside him, he used a knife to peel off the skin of the remaining fruit, cut the white flesh into small pieces, and fed them into Mo Qiaosheng's mouth bit by bit.

"Eat quickly," she said.

Mo Qiaosheng's eyes moved back and forth, turning his face away from the inside of the mountain wall.

Cheng Qianye stretched out his hand and gently touched the hot head. Under her palm, Mo Qiaosheng's eyelashes with closed eyes trembled, and the skin around the eyes and the tip of his nose were slightly red.

It's really a contradictory character. He is obviously such a strong man, but he loves to cry in front of me.

The heartbeat always happens in an instant, making people caught off guard.

But Cheng Qianye was not prepared to evade his inner emotions.

I really like him, he is so cute, it makes my heart beat.

Cheng Qianye looked at Mo Qiaosheng's slightly gasping side face, those pitiful and lovely clear tears, unceasingly drilled out of the thick eyelashes, and rolled down over the red nose tip one after another.

Cheng Qianye bit her lip, really wanted to kiss him, and told him loudly that I like him and I fell in love with him.

But then Cheng Qianye's heart fell again, and she sighed in her heart.

Although he is loyal to me, he doesn't like me.

When Xiao Xiu was in love with Cheng Qianyu, once he saw the face of his lover, a pink light would glow from the depths of his soul. That is the symbol of emotion.

The jewel-like pure azure blue of Mo Qiaosheng's body made Cheng Qianye feel a sense of loss for the first time.