

## His Lord 29

### Chapter 29

Cheng Qianye found with frustration that after she had faded from the lord's aura, she was actually quite incompetent.

At this moment, they moved to a hidden mountain col.

Cheng Qianye squatted in front of a pile of wood and worked for a long time, making his face full of black and gray. After countless failures, he finally lit a small flame.

She hurriedly threw the fire fold in her hand and lay on the ground, protecting the precious flame that was hard to ignite with her hands.

She carefully added some combustibles such as hay, dead branches, etc., until the flame stabilized, and then the dry branches were placed one by one.

Seeing the fire finally rise, Cheng Qianye sat down on the ground and let out a long sigh.

Facing Mo Qiao, who was lying on the side thinking about getting up but didn't dare to say, "It's okay, you can lie down without worry, don't you think this is burned? Your lord and I are not that useless.

Cheng Qianye was full of words, but in fact he was very imaginary.

She looked at the live fish beside her that took a lot of effort to catch, really wanting to cover her face and cry.

She knows how to eat fish, and she can barely try cooking fish, but \*\*\*\* fish?

Cheng Qianye, who had not even been to the vegetable market several times, felt helpless.

The live fish, not much bigger than a slap, lay on the ground, flicking its tail vigorously, chirping with bubbles, as if demonstrating towards Cheng Qianye.

Cheng Qianye was fierce in his heart, brushing out the dagger.

Humph, you can eat it anyway!

Half an hour later, Cheng Qianye reluctantly removed the black fish from the fire, without scraping its scales or cutting off its internal organs.

I broke off the burnt parts, barely exposed the edible fish, and tasted it. It was old and fishy, with a mushy smell.

Cheng Qianye awkwardly folded the fish in half and handed the more part to Mo Qiaosheng.

“Eat it? Only this one.”

Mo Qiaosheng took the fish, held both hands in front of his forehead and gently touched it before he ate it carefully in his arms.

He cherishes his food very much, he is not willing to waste it at all, as if he is eating not a mess of grilled fish, but a delicacy.

When Cheng Qianye saw that he was eating so happily, he also had an appetite, and sat cross-legged with him to share food.

The empty mountain is silent, and the birds whisper and insects sing.

The unpalatable grilled fish seems to be not so bad anymore.

From last night to today, Cheng Qianye ran around, all kinds of tossing, and ate half a fruit in the morning. She was hungry a long time ago, and her chest was hungry against her back. This bit of fish entered her stomach, not only was it not useful, but it made her feel more hungry.

But she was tired and sleepy at the moment, and she really didn't want to move.

She lay on the ground leaning on Mo Qiaosheng, closing her eyes to rest.

The empty stomach gurgled, Cheng Qianye curled up.

After taking a rest, I went to find something to eat. Bridge-Sang was bleeding so much that he couldn't make him hungry.

In the dimness, there was a pair of wide palms, which seemed to lightly hug her shoulders. Let her feel comfortable and at ease.

She fell into sleep without knowing it.

...

Cheng Qianye was awakened by a burst of fragrance.

When she opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was Mo Qiaosheng who was busy by the campfire.

The young man, dressed in black, rolled up his sleeves, revealing his slender and strong forearms, with a slight sweat on his forehead, and focused and earnestly moved a branch on the fire.

Cheng Qianye sat up.

There was a large handful of wild fruits that were washed clean and still hung with drops of water in her hand. Those little tan fruits were crooked and shaky.

She tried to pick one out and put it in her mouth, and she found that it was sweet and syrupy, slightly sweet, and very delicious.

Cheng Qianye, if he was a treasure, greeted Mo Qiaosheng while stuffing his mouth: "Qiaosheng, don't be busy, come and eat, this is delicious."

When Mo Qiaosheng saw her waking up, he lifted a bamboo tube inserted by the bonfire, poured water from it, and soaked the handkerchief on his forehead before Cheng Qianye was wet. Kneeling on one knee beside Cheng Qianye, holding the handkerchief in both hands.

Cheng Qianye took it, wiped her head and face, and saw that the clean handkerchief was instantly dyed black. It is conceivable that she had made herself so embarrassed by burning fish before.

The student Moqiao stood by and poured out the water in the bamboo tube to let Cheng Qianye cleanse his face and hands. The water was warm at the right temperature, making it very comfortable to wash.

After waiting for Cheng Qianye to wash his hands, Mo Qiaosheng extinguished the bonfire, pushed aside the firewood, and rolled out a smokey black mud from the soil.

He broke apart the hard-boiled mud and peeled off a layer of tan leaves, revealing the tender white chicken inside, and a strange fragrance filled the air suddenly.

Cheng Qianye couldn't help swallowing her saliva. She took the hot white smoked pheasant, pulled off two chicken legs, and forcibly stuffed one of Jin Mo Qiaosheng's hands, pulling Mo Qiaosheng and herself sit side by side.

The chicken was tender and juicy, so delicious that she almost swallowed her tongue.

"Qiaosheng, you are too capable." Cheng Qianye's mouth was filled with things, and she was vaguely complimented. She felt ashamed when she thought of her unsightly grilled fish.

“You know everything, martial arts, cooking, and writing better than me.” She stabbed Mo Qiaosheng next to her with her elbow. “You won’t fight anymore, you cook for me every day. ,Ok?”

Mo Qiaosheng lowered his head slightly, his eyes filled with smiles.

But his smile suddenly solidified.

“Someone is coming,” he said.

He took Cheng Qianye’s hand and prepared to leave here.

A team of soldiers appeared on the mountainside, as many as thirty or forty people, just blocking their way.

This team of sergeants are not Inu Rong people, but they are not Jin Guo soldiers either. They are dressed in strange black tight leather armor, armed with spears and bows and arrows.

It is the costume of the ship crew who fights on the water all year round.

A general at the head, seeing the two, waved his hand without saying a word: “Take it down!”

Mo Qiaosheng drew out his waist sword, leaned forward to protect Cheng Qianye behind him.

“Qiaosheng.” Cheng Qianye held his arm and shook his head.

There were too many opponents, and Mo Qiaosheng was seriously injured again. It was impossible for Cheng Qianye to watch him take his life.

She stepped forward, clasped her fists and saluted, and said to the general: “The general is a general under the command of Wei Guo Wei Heng? I am a member of the Jin army in Xia. Yesterday my

department was attacked by a dog, so I was scattered here. You and me two The country is an allied force against the dog and the army.”

The humanity said: “I don’t care what kind of friendly army is or not, I search their bodies, tie them up, and take them back to talk.”

Two soldiers walked out behind him, pushed Cheng Qianye very rudely, and took out the twine to tie Cheng Qianye.

Mo Qiao was angry and couldn’t help resisting. A dozen soldiers swarmed up and finally pushed him to the ground.

His collar spread out between the pulls, revealing the slave mark on his back shoulder.

The leader looked at him coldly and said, “It turned out to be a slave, kill him.”

“Wait a minute, don’t kill him.” Cheng Qianye stood in front of him, “I am Cheng Qianyu, Jinyue Hou, and show me your Patriarch.”

Although it is very passive to say his identity, if he does not say it, the consequences will be disastrous if he is searched. And if Hashio was an ordinary slave, it was very likely that he would be killed casually.

“Are you Jin Yuehou?”

The man looked at Cheng Qianye up and down, and saw that she was dressed in luxurious clothes and exquisite accessories, but he did not dare to slacken off. In the end, he reluctantly bowed to her, only bound her and Mo Qiaosheng’s hands, and escorted them all the way down the mountain to the bank of the Guohe River.

Several tall warships were parked on the river, and the banner of Weiguó was displayed on the ships.

Cheng Qianye and Mo Qiaosheng were escorted to the warship, and they flowed down the river along the river.

The boat traveled all day and night, entered a huge lake system, and then stopped. Cheng Qianye estimated that they had arrived at Onozawa in the border of the country.

Along the way, the soldiers on the ship neither spoke to them nor asked her anything. After getting ashore, she was detained in a simple house, which also contained essential daily necessities such as bedclothes and buckets, as well as some books, pens and ink, and a guzheng and other leisure equipment.

But there were strong railings on the windows, and the sturdy doors were locked tightly. There was a small mouth under the door, and three meals a day were delivered from that mouth on time. Apparently she was being held as a prisoner.

Cheng Qianye grasped the railing of the window and looked out, and happened to see the stable not far away.

Mo Qiaosheng lifted his hands and was tied to a pillar on the stable. He could neither lie down nor sit, and could only barely stand against the pillar.

Although Cheng Qianye's diet is not very exquisite, at least three meals a day are guaranteed. But since being imprisoned for two days, she has never seen anyone give Mo Qiaosheng even crude food.