

## His Lord 34

### Chapter 34

Cheng Qianye and Yao Tianxiang returned to the princess mansion hand in hand, and a group of beautiful maidservants approached and waited on them.

The two maidservants with delicate looks and affectionate eyebrows, soft and light, dressed Cheng Qianye's complex outer robes and put on comfortable uniforms.

Liulu and Chunxin also followed the tea at the front and back to hand water.

Liu Lu personally untied Cheng Qianye's golden crown, spread her hair bun, ten flexible fingers, skillfully massaged her scalp, combed her hair again, and inserted a lightweight hosta.

"The collar of Hou Ye's lining is so high, and it's not very comfortable to wear. Now that the weather is getting warmer, do you need Xin'er to sew some new clothes for Hou Ye?"

Cheng Qianye was noncommittal, sat down comfortably by Yao Tianxiang's side, and took over the tea that Chunxin brought in by herself.

Liu Ye knelt on her knees, clenched fists with both hands and gently beat her legs.

Chun Xin smiled and asked, "Master Hou is tired today, but I want Xin'er to sing a song to relieve you and the princess."

Cheng Qianye looked at him for a long while, then suddenly smiled with unknown meaning: "Go."

Na Chunxin didn't put on makeup, she just kept her face blank, cleared her throat, swung her figure, and sang "Yushu Hou Ting Hua".

The voice is enchanting and moving, and it goes straight into the heart and lungs, seduce the most instinctive desire in the body,

“Yinghu Ningjiao didn’t enter at first, and she greeted her with a smile when she left the curtain. The demon girl’s face was like a flower with dew, and Yushu streamed the backyard.”

Cheng Qianye squinted, tapped lightly with one hand, and touched Liulv’s head with the other. Liu Lu raised her face, her eyes waved a little, full of admiration, and she stared at Cheng Qianye shyly.

Mo Qiaosheng stood quietly behind Cheng Qianye. Seeing Cheng Qianye’s hand touching other people’s heads, he felt an inexplicable hostility rise in his heart.

I really want to screw that head off.

He was taken aback by the thought that suddenly appeared in his mind.

Are you too arrogant!

Mo Qiaosheng closed his eyes and scolded himself fiercely in his heart.

The master has been with you tenderly for a few days, and you have forgotten your identity, and you dare to have such a rebellious idea.

Master... how can you monopolize Xiao Xiang. You can’t even serve your master like this...

He tightened his fist behind him, almost trying to slap himself hard.

However, his eyes couldn’t help but stuck to his white palm.

Only he knows how soft his hands are, with sighing heat. They have touched his head and slapped him on his shoulder countless times. Let his scarred body and mind shiver lightly in such tenderness.

Mo Qiaosheng felt uncontrollably sad.

What's wrong with me?

He lowered his head, his hands behind his back squeezed deeply into each other.

"What kind of tune is singing, it's terrible." Yao Tianxiang closed the tea bowl, "change the song and sing 'The Beautiful Case'"

Cheng Qianye laughed, she patted Liu Ye, "Go, you dress up and play with him. Sing well to the princess."

Cheng Qianye took Yao Tianxiang's hand and asked her to sit closer to herself.

Everyone knew that the young couple had what they wanted to say, and they all consciously withdrew a few steps away.

Here, Liu Ye sang in a voice: "I am in the Jinluan Temple at the right time. Long live drove to greet me. The princess went to the harem courtyard again, and the queen mother smiled at first sight."

"Tianxiang, don't you feel scared anymore," Cheng Qianye turned sideways and whispered next to Yao Tianxiang's head, "I'm afraid I won't obey Ruoyan. I'm afraid that my future will be hopeless."

"You are asking for me now. Naturally speaking, it's so beautiful. How can I trust you." Yao Tianxiang glanced at her. "When you get into the country and I am alone, how can you know what you will change? Face."

"Tianxiang, what I said earlier is really to coax you. There are not only benefits between people... but also love," Cheng Qianye took her hand and shook it gently. "Various feelings-affection, Love and friendship."

She looked Yao Tianxiang's eyes squarely and saw that this woman with a strong and unrestrained appearance had a deep fear of unknown fate in her heart.

"We cannot be husband and wife, but we can be friends."

"Friendship is not necessarily shorter than that of husband and wife."

"In this era, there are very few women like you who dare to love and hate, to get rid of the shackles, and to face your inner heart. After getting along these days, I like you from the bottom of my heart. I want to be your friend, please believe me. heart."

Yao Tianxiang glanced at her again and again, and broke free of her hand, "Okay, okay, it's suddenly numb."

"Whoever wants to be friends with you, I just do it for myself." Her face flushed imperceptibly.

Liu Lu's babbling voice floated: "The situation is so strong that I will be cruel, even if the punishment is imposed on me."

Yao Tianxiang looked across the courtyard and saw a young man with a sharp figure under the big banyan tree in the courtyard. He was wearing the clothes of the most inferior servant and was sweeping the fallen leaves with his head down.

That is her favorite man of Yao Tianxiang, but he is just a low-profile groomer, who can never match his superior self.

Yao Tianxiang remembered those beautiful nights. The man's sweat dripped from his Jing Chi upper body, every time it seemed like the last meeting, he tried his best to let out a low roar, and go to the abyss of happiness with her.

Who is going to bow down to those bad old guys, living a moldy life all their lives. I want this man, even for him, I have to bet this time.

It will be late, and the lights will come on.

Mo Qiaosheng packed himself up and walked towards Cheng Qianye's bedroom.

Over the past few days, he has slept on the footrests in front of the master's bed, alerting the master.

In the dark night, he alone guarded the sleeping master, which became his happiest thing in this dangerous situation.

As soon as he arrived at the door, Liu Lu and Chunxin stopped him.

"You don't need you here, Mr. Ma said, let me serve you tonight."

Mo Qiaosheng sank his face and stood still.

"Hey, do I say you don't understand human language?" Chun Xin looked at him with disgusting eyes. "The skin is thick and fleshy, he is so tall, he looks ugly, and he has a cheeky clinging to the horses all day long. Don't look at your own virtues, it's not worthy to serve tea or water."

The black figure stood silently in the deep shadow of the night.

"Have you heard me telling you to go?" Liu Lu pointed Mo Qiaosheng's chest with a finger, "You shamelessly sordid thing, does a slave want to monopolize the favor of the husband?"

"Oh!" He screamed suddenly, "It hurts, it hurts, it hurts me to death! Let go! Let go!"

Mo Qiaosheng clamped his wrist, his eyes in the darkness showed a fierce light.

"What are you doing?" A gentle voice interrupted them. Cheng Qianye paced over in his spare time.

Mo Qiaosheng released his hand.

Liu Lufei rushed to Cheng Qianye's side with tears in her eyes and soft body. "Lord Ma, you see that he has done a good job, my hand is almost broken, and I will be sung by tomorrow."

He said that he pitifully stretched out his jade-like wrist, with five bruise handprints on it.

"Oh, it's all swollen. It's really pitiful." Cheng Qianye held his wrist and blew gently.

Liu Lu triumphantly cast a glance at Mo Qiaosheng, Mo Qiaosheng lowered his hand and lowered his head in silence.

"Go to the doctor and get some medicine." Cheng Qianye put down Liu Lu's hand, "It's late, go back to rest earlier."

Afterwards, she walked to Mo Qiaosheng's side with Liu Lu and Chunxin's surprised eyes, reached out her hand to touch the low head, and took his hand into the room.

Before closing the door, Cheng Qianye turned back to the two unwilling people: "I will teach him later, ah, don't be angry and go back."

That night,

In front of Wei Henggong Yao Hong,

A lady in charge of the princess's house bowed her head and stood with her hands down.

"You said he only used that slave as a Luan pet? Are you sure?"

The lady bowed her hands and saluted: "If you return to your father-in-law, it is true. Jin Yuehou is very absurd. Several times he has seen him toss the slave out of the house with a grin. It is very pitiful."

Yao Hong sneered: "Such a talent, but he doesn't know how to cherish it, and he only uses it as a plaything between the bedclothes. It seems that Jin Yuehou is nothing more than a greedy and erotic, with no ambitions, not to be afraid. and also."

He thought for a moment and added: "Liu Lu and Chunxin still can't get close to him?"

"Jin Yuehou loves the two princes very much, but the slave Moqiao is so skilled that he can pester Master Hou every night to pet him alone." The lady hesitated and said, "It was with the princess. On the night of rejoicing, Lord Hou still set up another room with him when he came out, and... he called for water twice, and the sound of crying and begging for mercy was heard in the house from time to time.

"Is he not a husband and wife with Tianxiang?"

"This is not the case. The husband and the princess are in a harmonious relationship. The young couple had to leave everyone in the room this afternoon, and they were locked in the room for a few hours before they came out. It's just that the two seem to have a tacit understanding and they don't interfere."

Yao Hong nodded: "Tianxiang's temper is no one can stand. She is married. Does she still have a head and tail with the groom?"

The housekeeper nodded.

"Dignified princess of a country, how many talents like her, just pick a lover at random, but choose a lowly groom, it's a shame to me." Yao Hong frowned, "After a few days, find someone Opportunity, get rid of the horseman, save more troubles."

At this moment, in Cheng Qianye's bedroom, the candles are out, and the moon shines through the windows.

Mo Qiaosheng hugged his saber, lay on his feet in front of the bed, and fell asleep in his clothes.

Cheng Qianye lay on the edge of the bed, half of the green silk hanging down the bed.

Her chin rested on her arm, and her clear eyes looked at Mo Qiaosheng underneath in the dark.

“Are you really not going to sleep? Will it be uncomfortable to sleep there?”

“The bedding and pillows given by the master are already very comfortable without any discomfort.”

Fortunately, in the dark night, Mo Qiaosheng thought, even if he blushes, he doesn't have to be afraid of being seen by his master.

“Qiaosheng, you are ready. Today, the princess and I have discussed the details, and we will leave on the day of spring.”

“The princess is waiting with me?”

“Yes, Tianxiang will go with us. A few days ago, she had secretly sent a letter for me. General Helan and Xiao Sikou will bring the navy to the border to meet us.”

“Even if I fought my life, I will definitely \*\*\*\* the master and the princess back home safely.”

Cheng Qianye dropped an arm and touched Mo Qiaosheng's hair, “Don't try your best, we will all go back well. Huh?”

As the night darkened, the master's hand touched the top of his head again and again, and gradually stopped moving.

Mo Qiaosheng stared at the moonlight, the half of the shining face exposed on the edge of the bed. He carefully put the hanging arm back to the bed.

But the black green silk was scattered again, tickling his face to the bottom of his heart.



After a long time, he raised his stiff arm, gently twisted a strand of blue silk, and kissed his mouth in a wicked manner.

Author has to say: Author: to interview, raw bridge that night in the end you are guilty cool cry or cry?

Mo Qiaosheng: Both...both.