

## His Lord 37

### Chapter 37

Cheng Qianye jumped into the water for the first time. The river was cold and dark in the spring night. She plunged into the water several times, but no one was found.

The torches were held high on the boat upstairs, and more and more soldiers with good water quality went into the water to help find people.

Cheng Qianye was soaked in the water, and the dark water was reflected with a few dots of fire, surrounded by his own people.

But Cheng Qianye felt more and more panic. The time passed, and Mo Qiaosheng had not been found.

Qiaosheng, he is most afraid of water.

At this moment, he was soaking in the ice, cold and dark water. I couldn't find him.

An extreme sense of anxiety occupied Cheng Qianye's heart.

Realized that he might lose this man forever. Her heart was captured by a deep sense of fear.

Looking up at my eyes, the flower of love that only dared to bloom on the eve of choosing death, clearly appeared in my mind.

Cheng Qianye took a deep breath and plunged into the water again. She continued to dive, her eyes gradually dimmed and it was difficult to see. At the moment when she was about to give up, she finally found a pale cherry pink light in the water.

Cherry pink!

Mo Qiao's admiration for himself before his death.

The pale pink flickered, bright and dark.

Cheng Qianye swam quickly towards the group of light, and grabbed an unresponsive body.

With that body, she desperately stroked towards the lights on the water.

When the crowd saw Cheng Qianye finding someone, they came out of the water and cheered, helping to pull the people into the boat.

When Cheng Qianye climbed the deck, there were already military doctors around Moqiao's body for diagnosis and treatment.

Yao Tianxiang looked back at her, showing a sad and pitying expression, and shook his head gently at her.

Cheng Qianye separated the crowd, and saw a drenched body lying on the deck. His face was pale, his black hair was messy on his facial features, and his slender limbs were lifeless.

The military doctor left his carotid artery with his hand, shaking his head and sighing, "There is no pulse."

Several heavy sighs sounded around.

Zhang Fu knew that although this Moqiao student was only a slave, as the lord was born and died, the weight to the lord was different. He felt a heavy heart, stretched out his uninjured arm, ready to comfort Cheng Qianye.

I saw his sometimes reliable and sometimes ridiculous lord, waved his hand away without a word. He gritted his teeth and walked forward, pushed the military doctor away, calmly squeezed the slave's unresponsive lips, turned his face, and stretched out his hand to empty the foreign body in his mouth.

Then she tore off the slave's clothes and knelt beside the man. The palm of the right hand overlapped the back of the left hand, ten fingers crossed, the elbows straightened, the base of the palm was pressed in the middle of the chest of the "corpse" and pressed up and down quickly and forcefully.

Lord, what is this?

The audience was surprised at Cheng Qianye's peculiar behavior, and they started talking.

Cheng Qianye pressed it for more than 30 times without saying a word, raised his hand, pressing Mo Qiaosheng's forehead with one hand, and supporting his chin with the other, allowing his airway to open involuntarily.

Then she squeezed Mo Qiaosheng's nose amidst the sound of exclamation around her. In front of everyone, he covered his lips on the cold mouth and blew two breaths inward.

Seeing that her chest bulged twice, she let go of her hand and continued to cross her fingers, pressing the cold chest rhythmically.

"Master, what is this?"

"What's the matter with the lord?"

"Is it too sad?"

There was a buzzing voice around.

He Lanzhen and Zhang Fu persuaded: "Lord, you can't come back to life after death, so mourning will change."

Yao Tianxiang stretched out her hand, put it on Cheng Qianye's shoulder carefully, and gently called her: "Qian Yu?"

"You wipe my sweat." Cheng Qianye kept moving her hands.

She cycled through these two sets of actions again and again, even though her hands were shaking, she still clenched her teeth and refused to stop. The sweat on his head fell drop by drop on the pale chest.

Yao Tianxiang felt uncomfortable, and stood silently, raising his sleeves to wipe off sweat from his forehead for Cheng Qianye.

Suddenly she pointed to Mo Qiaosheng and said, "Moved, moved!"

"Did he move just now!" She grabbed Simatu's hand next to her tightly.

Cheng Qianye raised his head and looked at it intently, only to see Mo Qiaosheng's pale lips, which moved slightly, breathing out a few white breaths.

He frowned his thick black eyebrows, opened his eyes weakly, and looked at Cheng Qianye.

"Woke up!"

"Woke up!"

"The dead are resurrected!"

"Miracle! This is a miracle!"

A real cheer broke out all around.

Cheng Qianye was limp on the ground, shaking hands, and looking at Mo Qiaosheng, unable to speak.

Zhang Fu knelt down first: “The lord can actually die! Flesh bones! God bless the great promotion, give me the Holy Lord!”

A group of soldiers knelt to the ground, and the mountain shouted: “God bless the great advance, give me the Holy Lord!”

Cheng Qianye barely got up and waved at everyone.

Damn, you Zhang Fu is too capable of creating momentum. I just happened to learn cardiopulmonary resuscitation in the Red Cross charity event.

After the crisis, she felt weak, her hands and feet collapsed.

Although the injury on the shoulder and back is not deep, after several tossing, it has already started to hurt fiercely. When the cold wind blows, my body feels cold and hot.

Cheng Qianye knew that it was not good, so he reluctantly confessed a few words, holding Yao Tianxiang’s hand, and entering the cabin to rest.

Entering the room, Cheng Qianye rejected everyone, leaving Yao Tianxiang alone.

She sat on the chair, took off her top, showing her injured shoulder and back,

“Wrap it up for me.”

“You...you!” Yao Tianxiang held the medicine bottle and pointed at Cheng Qianye’s body, speechless in surprise.

“Hurry up, it hurts to death.” Cheng Qianye frowned.

Yao Tianxiang steadied herself and stepped forward to treat the wound on her back.

“I never thought of it again, husband, you turned out to be a daughter?” she said in surprise while bandaging carefully.

“It really surprised me. You are free and generous, and you are in danger and not chaotic. You have a temperament that no man can match. After getting along for so long, I really didn’t realize that you are a female Jiao’e. I, Yao Tianxiang, once claimed to be a hero of female protagonists, but now I seem to be inferior to you.”

“Tianxiang, I know you have been very worried about me.” Cheng Qianye sat on the chair, turning his head sideways and talking to Yao Tianxiang, who was bandaging her wounds behind him, “This is my biggest secret. Now I will tell you. You can always feel at ease.”

Yao Tianxiang was full of emotions: “I know, thank you. Qianyu.”

“On this ship, you alone know about this. You have to keep this secret for me.”

“I must be tight-lipped, don’t worry, you know, I also need your secret to cover me and Simatu.” Yao Tianxiang bandaged the wound and helped Cheng Qianye tie his chest.

She suddenly reacted: “You, you, you said that no one on the boat knew this secret, that Mo Qiao gave birth to him?”

“He doesn’t know.” Cheng Qianye put on his coat, “The man beside me, only a courtier named Xiao Jin knows the inside story, but he didn’t come for some reason this time.”

“But, it’s not right.” Yao Tianxiang remembered something, showing a weird expression, “How did you get him that night?”

“You shut up.” Cheng Qianye lay on the bed angrily and funny, “I seem to have a fever. You can find some medicine for me and guard me. I need to sleep.”

Cheng Qianye developed a high fever that night and became groggy.

Yao Tianxiang is by her side as a newlywed wife, doing everything personally, and refuses to fake hands with others.

I don't know how long I slept, Cheng Qianye woke up from the muddle, feeling thirsty in his throat.

“Tianxiang...water.” She opened her eyes.

A pair of concerned eyes stared at him in front of the bed.

Mo Qiaosheng's complexion was pale, his eyes were jet-black, his eyes were bloodshot, and his thin lips were tightly pressed into a gap.

Seeing Cheng Qianye wake up, he couldn't suppress the excitement, knelt to the bed, stretched out his hand to help.

“I'll come here.” Yao Tianxiang squeezed Mo Qiaosheng away and sat down on the bed. “Husband, you are awake, are you thirsty? Would you like to drink some water?”

Cheng Qianye nodded.

Yao Tianxiang helped her up, cushioned her with a few pillows, and took the jade bowl that Mo Qiaosheng handed over, and carefully fed Cheng Qianye some water.

Cheng Qianye drank the water, feeling relieved,

“Where are we?” she asked.

“You slept for a whole day. At the current rate, you should be able to reach Huangchi tomorrow, and then land ashore and divert to Bianzhou.” Yao Tianxiang pressed the bedding for her.

Cheng Qianye glanced at Mo Qiaosheng, who was standing with his hands down. The sakura pink that was only a flash in the moment of life and death on his body was hidden, and replaced by a brighter and blind golden halo.

When it’s not time to die, don’t you dare to secretly like your lord and me, even in your heart? Cheng Qianye looked at the gleaming golden color and thought with anger.

Yao Tianxiang took a look at the two of them, and found an excuse: “My husband, you are hungry, I will go out and tell them to prepare some congee for you.”

After talking about the self-righteous stroke, Chiba winked, sneaked out, leaving the two alone indoors.

Cheng Qianye watched Mo Qiaosheng for a long while, and sighed: “You have an injury on your body. Go back and rest. I don’t have to wait here anymore.”

Mo Qiaosheng twitched his fist, did not speak, and the circles of his eyes were red after a brush.

If he didn’t say it clearly, it would be impossible for him to figure it out.

“Hashio, do you know what you did wrong?”

Mo Qiaosheng showed a puzzled look.

“I told you again and again that I want you to cherish yourself and value yourself. How did you do it?” Cheng Qianye raised his head, “You jumped into the water and thought you were loyal to me. Have you ever thought about my feelings? ?”

“You didn’t even work hard, and you didn’t give me a chance, so you gave up your life so easily.”



“Do you know, your weight in my heart?” Cheng Qianye looked directly at Mo Qiaosheng, seeing him lower his head, “If you are gone, then I...”

She finally sighed: “Forget it, you go. You think about it, you don’t have to come to me again before you think it through.”

“I...” Mo Qiaosheng’s lips buzzed, but he still didn’t say anything.

“Go out, I’m tired, let me rest.” Cheng Qianye turned his head.

Mo Qiaosheng looked around, showing a sad expression, and finally exited the door.

Yao Tianxiang came in with porridge and side dishes. Passed by Mo Qiaosheng outside the door.

Suspiciously, she sat on the head of Cheng Qianye’s bed, put a small table on the bed, and put the porridge in front of Cheng Qianye.

“Qianyu. Did you bully him again?” While taking care of Cheng Qianye and drinking porridge, she wentssip, “I saw him crying out.”

Cheng Qianye lowered his head to drink porridge in silence.

“Qianyu, I’m really curious, you care about him so badly, you jumped into the water to save someone because of your injury.” Yao Tianxiang touched Cheng Qianye’s arm, “Why didn’t you tell him the truth?”

“Whether I am a man or a woman, as long as I say I want him, he will obey me.” Cheng Qianye stopped drinking the porridge, “but what I want is not a selfless slave.”

“Tianxiang, you must understand me.” Cheng Qianye raised her head, “What I want is a man who can walk shoulder to shoulder with me and support each other.”

“If he can’t stand up by himself and walk to me. I just like him again, I won’t force him to be my lover. It doesn’t matter if I tell him that I am a woman.”