

His Lord 39

Chapter 39

When it was dark, Cheng Qianye woke up.

She rubbed her eyes and found that she was sleeping next to the bed, with one arm hanging down the edge of the bed, and the wide sleeves being hooked by a few slender fingers.

Mo Qiaosheng was lying on the ground in front of her bed. His body buried in the bedding was slightly curled up, facing her, sleeping soundly.

The brilliance of the morning light shines on the young face of 18 or 9 years old through the window.

His brow bones were very low, casting a deep projection on his eye sockets, and there was still a little tear in the corner of his eyes. The well-knotted palm still gently hooked the corner of Cheng Qianye's sleeve in his sleep.

Oh, I cried secretly last night, did you just fall asleep?

Cheng Qianye looked at the slightly red nose with regret.

He almost lost his life for you, and he tossed himself day and night because of his worry and guilt about you.

Why are you still bullying and neglecting him, why are you so cruel?

Regardless of whether he has that affection for you, can he become independent and self-reliant as you expect.

His pure heart for you is already precious.

It's not that good to get along with him like this.

Cheng Qianye carefully pulled out the sleeve corners with his fingers.

Mo Qiaosheng was a little awake, Cheng Qianye gently patted him on the back, until he was put to sleep, he tiptoed over his body, put on his clothes and went out.

Above the deck, Jiang Ying was floating in the sky, and the screaming waves beat the sky.

The green hills on both sides of the strait rushed towards the face, blue waves and clouds filled the sky with red clouds.

Yao Tianxiang was standing at the bow of the ship, with golden hairpins and thick temples, and when he recalled his head, all kinds of forms became pearls and green.

Cheng Qianye had a great heart, and stepped forward to stand side by side with Yao Tianxiang on the bow, enjoying the beauty of the spring river surge and the smoky waves.

"Why do you suddenly dress up like this? I think your usual straightforward look is good." Cheng Qianye said in a tone that only two of them could hear.

"I'm not going back to your Jin country anyhow, I'm going to earn some face for your husband." Yao Tianxiang flew a wink and said in her ear, "I am in such a good mood. I was happy yesterday? What about your little slave? Didn't you come out? You bullied people and couldn't get up again?"

Cheng Qianye put her shoulders on her shoulders and laughed in the wind.

When Mo Qiaosheng woke up, he found that the owner's bed was empty.

He was taken aback. He was always alert when he was sleeping. How could the master stand up and step over him without consciously?

How can this alert the owner, even if there are assassins close, I am afraid that they will not be able to react. He secretly condemned his excessive relaxation.

He vaguely remembered it, and seemed to wake up once.

He touched his shoulder. At that time, a familiar hand patted here gently, and a reassuring voice whispered in his ear, causing him to relax and fall asleep again.

Mo Qiaosheng looked around, the sky was already bright outside the window.

On the table in the outer hall were congee and side dishes, which were buckled upside down with dishes, obviously reserved for him.

Mo Qiaosheng sat down on the tabletop, hesitated for a moment, picked up the bowls and chopsticks, the owner said that he should adapt as soon as possible, then he must adapt.

The warm congee is paired with fragrant white noodle buns and refreshing side dishes, as well as all-you-can-eat beef sauce.

This is a delicacy that Moqiao couldn't even imagine before he was born. But somehow he didn't feel the taste in his imagination when he ate it.

When dining at the same table with the host, the host always puts vegetables in his bowl. At that moment, no matter what dish the owner puts in his mouth, he felt the most delicious thing in the world.

I want to be able to do this forever, sitting with him for dinner every day.

Mo Qiaosheng had a vague thought in his heart that he didn't know.

He suddenly remembered that dark grilled fish. For him, it was the best food he had ever eaten. For the first time, the master condescended and made food by himself, it turned out to be for his slave.

Mo Qiaosheng curled his fingers, finished the meal quickly, and walked out the door.

He saw a pair of golden and jade bi-men standing side by side on the bow, one is the king of a country, the other is a noble princess, their status, status, looks and talents are all perfectly matched.

The owner put his hand on the princess's incense shoulder, and was talking to the princess with a smile.

Although he knew that the master and the princess had never really had a room in the same room, they could only be regarded as a fake couple. But his eyes still couldn't help but fixed on that shoulder.

He has a kind of ambition and wants to take the hand off that shoulder. Take it down and let him put it on his shoulder.

Do not.

His eyes wandered, to the shoulder of the person he respected most.

The man is not tall and his shoulders are not very wide.

Mo Qiaosheng's gaze was fixed on Cheng Qianye's slightly thin shoulders, and he had a very rebellious thought.

I think the person standing next to him is me, and I...want to put my hand around his shoulder.

He dared not think anymore.

“What are you thinking?” A deep voice sounded behind him.

Mo Qiao turned his face abruptly, unconsciously revealing a jade in his eyes.

Simatu stood behind him.

“You saved my life, I haven’t had time to thank you.” He fist-bowed and bowed to Mo Qiaosheng, and bowed solemnly.

Mo Qiaosheng’s strained shoulders relaxed, bowed his head in return, and said nothing.

Simatu’s gaze crossed him and looked at the two people at the bow.

“When you fell into the water, your master jumped down first regardless of his care. He still had injuries on his body.” Simatu said, “After you were caught, everyone said you were dead. Only he refused to give up. He persisted until both arms trembled with exhaustion, and finally rescued you.”

Mo Qiaosheng pursed his mouth and was silent.

“No master can have this kind of affection for a slave. You are already a different existence to him.”

Mo Qiaosheng: “What are you trying to say?”

“Hashisheng, don’t you know, why is your master angry with you?”

Mo Qiaosheng glanced at him.

“He wants you, not as a slave, but as his beloved partner.” Simatu looked at him, “You, don’t you want to stand beside him and be with him forever,”

He lowered his voice and said the most tempting sentence: “Don’t you want him to belong to you alone?”

“Presumptuous!” Mo Qiaosheng yelled, his eyes showed a fierce expression, “What is the purpose of you telling me this!”

Simatu smiled: “Isn’t it obvious? I like the princess. I want to stand beside her and hold her in my arms so that her eyes can only see me.”

Mo Qiaosheng closed his mouth tightly.

“So I hope you will work harder to help me get your father-in-law away.” He patted Mo Qiaosheng on the shoulder and walked towards Yao Tianxiang.

Cheng Qianye turned her face and saw the two of them. She laughed, Chongmo Qiao students beckoned, “Qiao students, come, come to me.”

Come to you, come to you.

One day, I can truly come to you.

Mo Qiaosheng clenched his fists.

The ship traveled for two or three days and entered the territory of Jin.

On this day, the fleet temporarily docked on a pier to replenish military supplies.

The crew members who had been bored in the cabin for many days took off their coats in twos and threes, and usually jumped into the clear water on the riverside to take a bath when dumping dumplings.

Helan Zhenjing was naked, wearing only a pair of underpants, and passed by with a few companions. Seeing Mo Qiao student, he greeted, "Qiao student, do you want to go into the water together?"

Mo Qiaosheng's face turned pale, and he was about to decline.

Simatu put a towel and passed by his side, "Go, you don't know how to water, I will teach you."

He tilted his head: "If you fall into the water next time, will you never ask your master to die to save you?"

Hearing this, Mo Qiaosheng gritted his teeth, took off his coat, and followed him off the boat.

Yao Tianxiang and Cheng Qianye lay on the side of the ship, watching the energetic young soldiers frolicking in the water.

"Look over there." Yao Tianxiang raised his chin.

Cheng Qianye looked for his reputation. Mo Qiaosheng and Simatu were in the shallow waters along the coast. Sima taught him to be familiar with water by hand.

Mo Qiaosheng has broad shoulders and narrow waist, healthy complexion, and slender legs. Even among a group of men, he is very conspicuous. Cheng Qianye stopped consciously.

"He has a good vision. He has a really good figure." Yao Tianxiang touched Cheng Qianye's shoulders and passed his head. "I tell you, it depends on the waist to look at the waist and the waist is good. "

Cheng Qianye covered her mouth and prevented her from running horses all the way.

At this moment, Mo Qiaosheng standing in the water was obviously too nervous, his limbs stiffly grasped a floating plate, and his body movements were obviously extremely uncoordinated.

“Don’t be nervous, relax, how can you learn this way?” Simatu said, “Look, your master and princess are watching you on the boat.”

Mo Qiaosheng looked back at Cheng Qianye on the side of the ship, closed his eyes determinedly, and plunged his head into the water.

Simatu raised Mo Qiaosheng, who was choking on the water, out of the water, and said with an angry smile: “What are you doing? I am teaching you how to be familiar with water, not how to die.”