

His Lord 44

Chapter 44

Concubine Xu reluctantly opened her eyes. She walked back and forth through Guimen Pass several times, and tried her best to give birth to the child. She was so exhausted that she could not speak, she could only look at Cheng Qianye and the baby she was holding with her eyes.

Although she was not very skilled with her, after watching her production process, Cheng Qianye deeply realized the difficulty of being a mother.

She sat down by the bed, handed the child to Concubine Xu, and comforted: "It's okay, it's all over, everything is worth it, you see more..."

Cheng Qianye lowered her head and glanced at the wrinkled monkey-like baby in the swaddle, and felt that she couldn't tell—what a beautiful baby, she had to continue these words embarrassingly.

"Much... fat baby, with meat all over his face."

Concubine Xu stretched out her cold hand from the bedding, her eyes were red, and she grabbed Cheng Qianye: "From now on, my life is yours."

On her originally soft goose yellow, a bright gold rim lit up.

It turns out that such a soft woman can have such firm loyalty.

Cheng Qianye was a little surprised to receive the allegiance of such a weak woman.

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At the moment in Yang's house, Mrs. Yang heard an angry call from his brother Yang Su, feeling a little undecided in her heart.

"My good sister, my nephew is young and doesn't know the severity, so you have to persuade him. This military merit must not be carried out. Isn't this releasing all his slaves in vain?" Yang Su persuaded with all his heart. What's more, I heard that he did this only as a pretense for a prostitute named Mo Qiaosheng to get out of slavery."

"I know that Moqiao student, Yu'er does like him, but..."

"The evil evildoer has always been a disaster for the country. The demise of the Xia Dynasty originated from the joy of the queen sister, and the subversion of the Shang Dynasty was all due to the enchanting concubine Daji. I think this Moqiao born is a disaster like a disaster. I heard that the nephew used the yellow horse of Xianhou master Han Quanlin wanted to take a city to interact with this person, but he did not agree."

"Is it true?" Mrs. Yang sat up straight, "But... Yuer takes him very seriously, if I intervene at will, I am afraid that I will hurt mother and child."

A close-fitting female officer of Mrs. Yang hurried in, and after saluting, said a few words in her ear.

Mrs. Yang's expression changed, she patted the armrest, and said angrily: "How can Yu'er behave like this!"

"That Mo Qiao student was too arrogant and arrogant. Da Changqiu dared to kill him. As a person next to Yu'er, he didn't know how to persuade Yu'er. He would only instigate troubles, not even mine. In my eyes, it is indeed a scourge!"

After she said this, she stood up and was about to return to the palace.

Yang Su's wife, Zhang, stood up and stopped her.

"What will Auntie go back so angrily?" She took Mrs. Yang, pressed her shoulders, and asked her to sit back on the chair, "Come down and listen to me."

Before Mrs. Yang got married, she was very convinced of the elder sister-in-law. Now, as she gets older, the relationship between the two is getting closer, so she suppressed her temper and sat down.

"According to me, it was the Da Changqiu Cui's family who took the blame. When the lord returned to the country, she just didn't know what was good or bad. If you violated the emperor in public, she deserved it if she died." She served Mrs. Yang. A cup of tea, "As for the Moqiao student, but a lowly slave, you can't directly conflict between your mother and your son over such a thing. If you twist it all at once, the mother and son will become disagreeable, which is just a joke."

"Listen to me, after you return to the palace, you must not mess with your nephew, and praise him for handling it properly. After a few days, just..." she whispered a few words in Mrs. Yang's ear.

"Sister-in-law is still thoughtful." Mrs. Yang nodded.

Yang Su did not forget to confess: "My sister must not be merciful. If you dispose of this Moqiao student, and then slowly persuade the lord to abolish the new policy, it is an Ampang policy."

Mrs. Yang returned to the palace, and although she suppressed her dissatisfaction with Cheng Qianye's execution, she did not speak much.

Cheng Qianye was busy with everything, so he let go.

A few days later, there was news that Pei Zhen had not been hidden to break Nanyang City.

Li Wenguang led the remnants, evacuated Nanyang and returned to Liangzhou.

The form suddenly became tense, and the new army in the country was first built, and the multitude of things was not yet complete.

However, Weiming Mountain has been besieging Bianzhou for a long time. If Pei did not hide Pei and then sent his troops northward and joined Weiming Mountain with soldiers, then Bianzhou's situation was really precarious.

The dispatch of troops was imminent, Helan Zhen trained the new army, Zhang Fu coordinated the grain and grass, and Cheng Qianye was in the middle to adjust the major forces in the DPRK, and each was too busy.

It's past noon.

Cheng Qianye ended the court meeting and walked towards Qianyuan Palace, which handled important military affairs. Concubine Xu was anxious and stopped her in a hurry.

"Why did you come out? Are you still sitting in confinement?"

"Quick, husband, go back to the harem." Xu Fei said anxiously, "Mrs. Madam... Madam Madam wants to give birth to Moqiao."

"What are you talking about!" Cheng Qianye grabbed her hand, "Qiaosheng is in the military camp all day long, how could Mrs. Tai suddenly want to execute him?"

"I...I don't know. I heard that Mrs. Tai caught an adulterer in Yu Fei's room. It was a student of Mo Qiao. At this moment, the man was taken by the guards, pressed in front of Mrs. Tai, and he was going to be executed immediately."

Concubine Xu's face turned pale, she didn't know if it was right to do this, but she knew that Mo Qiaosheng had a different weight in Cheng Qianye's heart, so she had to tell Cheng Qianye about the matter and let Cheng Qianye decide by herself.

"Thank you." Cheng Qianye shook Concubine Xu's hand.

She turned her head to her guard and attendant: "Call all of us, take the sword, and follow me to the harem."

The so-called "our people" here refers to the personal attendants selected by Cheng Qianye from the sergeants who came back from Bianzhou.

The older brother Cheng Qianyu was originally a mediocre and incompetent person, and he hadn't had any control over the guards in the palace because he had not taken the throne soon.

After Cheng Qianye passed through, he stayed in Bianzhou outside the capital city. The guarding forces in the capital city had long been divided by different camps.

She knows that implementing changes is a risky thing, so even though the doctor who is in charge of guarding the palace gate orders He Lan Yanzhi, she can be regarded as on her own side.

But she still selected a group of loyal and capable sergeants from the soldiers brought back from Bianzhou as her personal protection force.

At the moment in the harem, Mrs. Yang was in front of Mrs. Mo Qiaosheng was pressed to the ground by several Kong Wu's powerful guards. A disheveled concubine was lying on the ground beside him, crying for grievances.

The first Mrs. Yang said coldly: "Now that the **** is caught in the bed, and the people are getting stolen goods, what else do you have to argue with?"

Mo Qiaosheng gritted his teeth, knowing that he had stepped into a trap.

In the military camp today, a man from the palace found him and said that the lord had something to announce that he would return to the palace early.

Mo Qiaosheng didn't doubt that he was there, so he came back and entered the hall of the Lord's Fair Day, only to see a disheveled woman rolling down the bed in panic.

Afterwards, a group of wolves like tigers rushed in, grabbed the two of them, and tied them to Madam Tai.

Mo Qiaosheng gritted his teeth and secretly said to himself: I can't easily admit my fate, I must hold on until the master comes back.

A Gong E brought a tray and placed a pot of wine and two wine glasses on it.

Mrs. Yang lifted her chin, "Send them on the road with clean hands and feet."

The concubine named Yufei screamed in surprise, and the two sturdy palace men opened her mouth mercilessly and poured poisoned wine.

Concubine Yu covered her throat, gurgled a few times, foamed out of her mouth, struck back and forth a few times on the ground, and gradually shrank and stopped moving.

The two guards set up Mo Qiaosheng who did not resist, and was about to pour the wine. Mo Qiaosheng suddenly flipped his wrists and broke away from their restraints.

He stretched out his long legs and kicked a person, taking advantage of everyone's surprise, turned over and escaped from the temple.

"Reverse, reverse." Mrs. Yang was angry and slapped the table and said, "Bring him back quickly. I want to see where he can go?"

In the courtyard outside the temple, warriors with weapons in their hands kept pouring up. Mo Qiaosheng unfolded his body skills with his bare hands, like a trapped beast, bursting out with the strongest power in his life.

A dozen or so famous soldiers besieged him, but they couldn't hold him down for a while.

Mrs. Yang stretched out a finger, pointed outside the hall, and said to the chief guard in the hall, Lu Mastiff: "This is the soldier you trained? So many people can't even hold a bare-handed slave? What use do I want you to do?"

The muscles on Lu Yan's face trembled, and there was a hostile look in his eyes. Turning his wrist, he stepped out of the hall and joined the battle group.

During the melee, Mo Qiaosheng felt that the Jianjing point was hit hard.

Half of his body was numb, and he shook for a while, knowing that he was a master. The technique of recognizing acupuncture points was accurate and ruthless.

However, the situation did not allow him to think too much, and several swords smashed into the wind.

Mo Qiaosheng barely avoided, and Shenque was slammed again, his body softened, and he finally couldn't hold it, and fell to the ground.

He was escorted back to the hall by several soldiers, and pressed firmly in front of Mrs. Yang.

Mrs. Yang pointed to the Mo Qiao student on the ground, and cursed: "I don't know how high and thick a lowly thing is, I should have killed you, a turbulent beast."

An attendant stepped forward and raised Mo Qiaosheng's face, trying to pour poison wine on him, Mo Qiaosheng gritted his teeth and resisted desperately.

It's noisy.

The door of the palace opened wide, and a group of guards and attendants armed with guns swarmed in. All of them had just retired from the battlefield. They had seen blood with real swords and guns, and with a murderous look, they looked at the room with enthusiasm. Lined up on both sides.

Cheng Qianye walked into the hall with his hands behind his back, silently watching the situation in the room for a long while.

Speak softly: "Mother, what are you doing?"

Her voice was not loud, but everyone in the hall felt a tingling scalp.

Suddenly, the man who knelt to the ground crashed.

Mrs. Yang stood up, facing Cheng Qianye's indifferent eyes, she felt an unprovoked fear crawling up her cervical spine.

What am I afraid of, he is my own son, no, my daughter, what can she do with me?

Mrs. Yang comforted herself.

She remembered that when her daughter was young, she secretly raised a stray dog from nowhere, and hid it carefully for fear of being discovered by herself.

But what can escape your eyes with the affairs of the palace? That dog was so dirty and ugly that he lost the identity of a princess. So even though the daughter cried and begged herself, she still ruthlessly ordered someone to deal with the dog.

The daughter just twisted and cried with herself for a while, but she was finally coaxed back easily by herself?

It's the same this time. The daughter is still a daughter.

Madam Yang calmed down and said, "My son, this person and that Yufei..."

"Mother. Retire first." Cheng Qianye interrupted her.

Without waiting for Mrs. Yang to answer, she flicked her sleeves and shouted, “Fuck!”

The maidservants in the hall bowed their heads and quickly withdrew from the palace gate.

The soldiers brought by Cheng Qianye are at the end. They closed the door of the temple and kept guard outside.

Only Mrs. Yang Tai, Cheng Qianye, and Mo Qiaosheng who were lying on the ground immobile were left in the hall.

“My son, you listened to the mother telling you.” Mrs. Yang explained in a whisper.

Cheng Qianye looked at her open and closed mouth, thinking about what to do next.

The woman who was over half a hundred years old, was vicious and stupid, was the mother of her own body.

At the critical moment when her foundation is unstable and the New Deal is being implemented, she really doesn't want to fall out with this woman and let people be labeled as unfilial.

Let me try, if I can't really change her mind from the bottom of my heart. Even if I risked the crime of being unjust, I can't keep her life today, so I don't need to be a demon behind me every day.

She flirted with her clothes and knelt beside Mo Qiaosheng.

“Mother.” Cheng Qianye raised her head with a pitiful expression, “In fact, these days, I really feel tired, tired of living, and tired of pretending to be tired.”

Cheng Qianye said, while carefully observing whether Mrs. Yang's emotional color changed.

“Mother, you don’t know. At first, the people around me either looked down on me or wanted to murder me. None of them were kind.”

“This person speaks ill of me behind, and that person is holding poisoned wine and wants to harm me. I tremble all day and night, and I can’t sleep with fear every day.”

It is difficult for a middle-aged woman with a rigid mind and a bad temper to fight her to achieve the desired effect.

It is sometimes easier to achieve the goal by showing the weakness first, and then the emotion.

Cheng Qianye originally just wanted to act, but as he talked, thinking of the bitter days when he had just traveled over, he was also emotionally forced to squeeze out tears, which seemed to be the case.

“Only this slave, I really like him. Whenever I suppress the pain. With him accompanying me to compensate me, I can relax a little bit and not get so tight.”

Cheng Qianye quietly raised her head. She watched Mrs. Yang’s emotional color that was originally full of resentment, quickly transforming into a color that symbolized pity and regret.

So she made persistent efforts and acted ruthlessly with tears.

She picked up the poisoned wine on the table, “If it’s mother, really can’t keep him, then... Then I have no taste in life. If I drink this cup with him, I will live for the rest of my life, and I won’t have to think about the troubles. It’s up.”

A body slammed over, knocking the glass of wine to the ground.

Mo Qiaosheng knocked down the wine in her hand and fell to the ground with her.

He stared at Cheng Qianye closely, with unspeakable complex emotions intertwined in his eyes, and slowly shook his head.

“No. No. No. No!”

At this moment, this azure gem is like an ocean under a storm, surging with strong waves.

A strong cherry pink and the glacier-like azure blue weave and replace back and forth.

Oops, acting too much and forgot him. Cheng Qianye was stunned for a while. Is this the same as confession in person.

The wine glass fell to the ground and rolled, just at the feet of Mrs. Yang.

Mrs. Yang was taken aback as if she had been burned by something.

Immediately, she reacted, picked up the cup, looked around in a panic, and threw the cup into the corner under the chair.

“My son, my son.” Mrs. Yang rushed to the ground and hugged Cheng Qianye, “How can you poke your mother’s heart like this? I only have you as a child. You are dying for your mother’s life.”

“My son is miserable, how can my mother know.” She touched Cheng Qianye’s head, tears raining down, “You must not do stupid things, since you like this slave, just keep it. Mother never again Don’t embarrass him.”

“Mother, Bianzhou is the first city I have won, and my foundation is there.” Cheng Qianye struck the iron while it was hot, “If I can’t keep Bianzhou this time, I’m afraid I will have no face to face many ministers and ministers. It will also plummet.”

“This...” Mrs. Yang was stunned, wondering why Cheng Qianye suddenly turned the topic to the New Deal.

Cheng Qianye raised her head from Mrs. Yang's arms and looked at her seriously: "Mother, think about it, if Bianzhou loses, we will almost have no direct army in hand. Without the army, in these strong In front of the retainers, what effect can I say?"

"Mother, you have to understand that to keep Bianzhou, you can only implement the New Deal."

"Now that the arrow is on the line, if the New Deal is not implemented, Bianzhou will not be protected, then our two mothers will really become the puppets of these nobles, and there will be no foothold."

"My son makes sense."

"Mother, you must support me and support my New Deal."

"Okay!" Mrs. Yang stood up, "Tomorrow, I will go to your uncle and tell him clearly about the strong relationship. We must let the Yang family stand behind my son."

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Cheng Qianye led Mo Qiaosheng on the way back to the sleeping hall.

Mo Qiaosheng was inconvenient to move, and walked very slowly after one step.

"Injured? Is it serious? Doctor Xuan is here to show you?" Cheng Qianye asked after looking back.

Mo Qiaosheng stretched out his hand to support the wall, "Maybe, when I just broke free, there was a master who recognized the acupoints in the crowd. He hit my shoulder and well acupoints several times. It made my hands and feet numb and inconvenient to move. I could recover in a moment As always, the master doesn't have to worry about me."

"Sit for a while." Cheng Qianye led him to sit on the railing of the corridor.

“Where it hurts, I’ll rub it for you.” She took Mo Qiaosheng’s arm and gently rubbed his arm.

“Is it better?”

Mo Qiaosheng looked at her blankly.

“Why look at me like this?” Cheng Qianye stretched out his hand and grabbed his forehead, and said with a smile, “Today was a big shock, but fortunately you didn’t have an accident.”

In her sight, the beautiful azure blue on Mo Qiaosheng’s body, from the bottom, layers of cherry pink appeared, and after several breaths, it changed into a bright pink. Just like a peach blossom blooming in spring, it blooms in the wind, in the blue sky, clear and bright, no longer the vague red.

Mo Qiaosheng turned his face away, raised his hand to cover his eye sockets, and transparent water droplets flowed from between his fingers.

Cheng Qianye stood in front of him blankly, watching his silent confession. And his tears shed because of understanding his heart.

Suddenly she stretched out her hand and broke Mo Qiaosheng’s palm that covered both eyes.

Clamped his chin and forced him to turn his face.

Mo Qiaosheng closed his eyes tightly, his nose turned red, his eyelashes quivered, and crystal tears were rolling down the corners of his eyes.

Cheng Qianye stared at the lightly trembling head in her hand, and suddenly she didn’t want to bear it anymore. She raised the chin in her hand, leaned down, and kissed the tightly pressed thin lips.

A soft and moist thing suddenly touched Mo Qiaosheng’s lips.

His head burst open with a bang, and the world went blank immediately.

Can't think of anything, can't do anything.

However, the man still refused to let him go, a lilac tongue like a fish, separated his lips and broke into his world.

Mo Qiaosheng shuddered all over, allowing the man to turn his world and stir his soul.

With that person's wanton plunder, he completely lost himself, and could only float up and down in an abyss of joy, following the tightly entangled lips and tongue.

"Oh." A woman's whisper interrupted them.

Cheng Qianye panted slightly, and stopped the kiss that hadn't known how long it lasted.

She showed a displeased look, and looked back at the winkless person.

"I didn't mean it, you continue, continue." Yao Tianxiang covered his eyes with one hand and said insincerely.

Cheng Qianye had to let go of Mo Qiaosheng, and said angrily: "What's the matter? Hurry up!"

"I really have to interrupt you." Yao Tianxiang became serious.

"Zhang Fu is looking for you everywhere, Bianzhou is in a hurry, the army without Pei Zhen has already been under the city of Lin Bianzhou."

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After Cheng Qianye and his party left, two Gong E who cleaned the courtyard quietly appeared at the end of the corridor.

“Look... Have you seen it?”

“I saw it, I saw it.” The other nodded desperately. “Holding on to the wall, the road was unsteady, and the lord refused to let it go. He bullied everyone into tears.”

“It’s pathetic.”

“Yes, it’s so pathetic.”