

## His Lord 45

### Chapter 45

Cheng Qianye held a small military meeting centered on Zhang Fu, He Lanzhen and himself.

The atmosphere of the meeting was solemn.

Cheng Qianye asked He Lanzhen: "How is it? Can the new army go into battle?"

Helan beat the table: "If it doesn't work, you have to do it. Did you watch Lao Yu and the others die?"

"The speed of not hiding Pei is really faster than we thought. With the fifty thousand army and the troops of Wei Mingshan, I am afraid that Xiao Sikou and General Yu will not be able to support it for a few days." Zhang Fu lost the calmness of the past and frowned. .

"Now the new army is in a hurry to build, regardless of experience, morale is still very low. I am worried..."

Zhang Fu didn't finish what he said, but everyone knew what he meant.

The troops that were temporarily pieced together with slaves and recruits only hurriedly trained for a short period of time to fight against Inu Rong, a famous and capable army, and the outcome is really hard to predict.

"So." Cheng Qianye made a final decision, "I will set off with General Helan, Zhang Fu, you will stay in Jiangcheng and be responsible for the logistics of munitions, food and grass."

Several generals in attendance stood up to discourage them.

"The lord is not allowed."

“The lord’s daughter, if you don’t sit down, how can you go into danger!”

It can also be seen that they are not very sure about this battle.

He Lanzhen clasped his fist and said: “Master, you are our hope for the great promotion. You can’t get involved in danger. Don’t worry, the master, He Lanzhen vowed to do my best in this campaign. If I can’t win, I will meet you.”

“Just rest assured, I will go with you.” Cheng Qianye got up and pressed his shoulder, “I have decided. If you have confidence in yourself, don’t stop it.”

Zhang Fu pondered for a moment and supported Cheng Qianye’s decision: “The lord’s personal departure is indeed an encouragement to these new recruits who have never been to the battlefield. At least, if the lord is with him, those slaves will know that they are not sent to death. Encouraged by the New Deal, it may really inspire unexpected combat power. It’s just domestic...”

“The country can only rely on Zhang Gong you alone.” Cheng Qianye clasped a fist at Zhang Fu. She knew that these things in the rear were sometimes more complicated than the frontline charge and battle. If Zhang Fu were not there, she would be true. No one can entrust.

“With the prestige of my lord, it is useless to stay in the country. Instead, when I go to the front line, my mother and the Yang family will have to do their best to support us.” Cheng Qianye looked at Zhang Fu, “My mother Yang Ji, is an indecisive person with very soft ears. Brother Zhang, you must always pay attention to her and let her stand firmly on our side.”

Zhang Fu didn’t speak, he bowed his head and saluted, and shouldered this complicated and difficult burden.

Before the army pulled out, Mrs. Yang grabbed Cheng Qianye’s hand tightly, her eyes blushing with tears.

“Mothers don’t have to be sad, and the children make contributions, only at this time. I am the blood of my father, and I will be able to inherit my father’s ambitions, promote my father’s power, and open up my great prosperity.”

“But...but.” Mrs. Yang choked hard to say.

Cheng Qianye patted her hand, and whispered in her ear, “I haven’t asked my mother, where is the elder brother’s Zi Gong buried? I suddenly disappeared, how did you explain it?”

Mrs. Yang wiped her tears: “Don’t worry, at that time, in order to keep it secret, a tomb was hurriedly set up, with no words and no monuments. Now no one knows where except me. As for you, I can’t bear to say you are Death, only Chiba...Chiba was lost during the war.”

“Thanks to my mother’s carefulness and hard work for me, the child can have the current situation. This time the child goes to the front line, the rear can only rely on his mother.” Cheng Qianye squatted on the ground, clenching Mrs. Yang’s hands, ang. Looking at her, “The child can’t let go of his mother. Zhang Fu, the envoy of Zhisu Nei, is the person left to me by my father. He has always been loyal to me and can rely on him. If my mother encounters troubles, she can ask him. “

“Okay, okay, I remember, my son can rest assured.”

Cheng Qianye relaxed a little, and then remembered something, “Children are attached to their parents. The child is so old that he can’t bear his mother. Since Concubine Xu has given birth to Lin’er, her mother will save her life, and the child has no biological father. , Can’t let him lose his biological mother.”

Mrs. Yang nodded: “Okay, just listen to my son.”

After comforting Mrs. Yang, Cheng Qianye came to Yao Tianxiang’s dormitory. Yao Tianxiang was dressed in military uniform and was directing his servants to pack their luggage.

“Tianxiang,” Cheng Qianye called to her, “Do you really want to go with me?”

Yao Tianxiang turned around and smiled with a flowery face: "Of course, how can I not accompany my husband on the expedition?"

"Do you want to leave me alone and be alone with your little lover?" She walked over, nodded on Cheng Qianye's forehead, leaned against her ear and whispered, "Without me, if you encounter something again, there is not even a cover, so inconvenient?"

"This battle is very dangerous, I am not fully sure. I really don't want you to accompany me in the danger."

"Qianyu. As you said, we are friends." Yao Tianxiang put his chin on Cheng Qianye's shoulder, "not only you regard me as a friend, I also regard you as my best sister."

Had it not been for Sima Tu's sour emotional color, Cheng Qianye would have stretched out his hand to hug Yao Tianxiang's shoulder.

Sometimes, she showed kindness to others, just out of a natural love for beautiful colors, and did not think about what she could get in return.

But often these people with pure mind and distinctive personality will inadvertently give her a greater warmth and surprise.

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The battle flag was so clear that it covered the sky and the sun, and the army set out.

Mo Qiaosheng rode a horse behind He Lanzhen.

"Xiaomo, you work hard," He Lanzhen said, "This New Deal is your opportunity. You will definitely be able to stand out and soar. I am very optimistic about you."

Mo Qiaosheng: "Thank you General for your love."

“It’s not just me, but the lord has high expectations of you.” He Lanzhen looked at Mo Qiaosheng and smiled. “The lord is really smart and talented. How could he spot you this piece of jade at a glance.”

Mo Qiaosheng lowered his head.

“I know there are a lot of gossips. Saying that the lord favors you.” He Lanzhen had a chat, lowering Ma Su and going side by side with Mo Qiaosheng, “but I know that’s not the case. The lord is fond of you. It’s your combat ability. In this battle, you will surely silence those gossiping. Give the lord a sigh of relief.”

Mo Qiaosheng’s face was reddened.

“Haha, those people are all fools. You see you come to the school every day before dawn and go back three poles in the moon. No one can compare to you. Obviously, it is impossible to serve the lord at night.”

The man in the army, rugged and outgoing, talked to the sky, three sentences are not separated from the yellow jokes. He Lanzhen found that he was running up the horse, joking a little too far, and hurriedly went back to find some supplements.

“Xiao Mo, do you like women?”

Mo Qiaosheng’s face turned redder.

“Could it be... you’re still a young child?” He Lanzhen laughed and punched him on the shoulder. “It’s okay. When the fight is over, I will take you to open the meat. The women in Tianxiang Pavilion in Bianzhou are all beautiful very.”

“Woman...” Mo Qiaosheng was silent.

He has always liked women, and had dimly expected a woman of his own. He likes women's softness and gentleness, and has fantasized about women's soft and beautiful bodies completely different from men.

Mo Qiaosheng thought of the kiss.

At that moment, he forgot everything, whether it was gender, identity, status...All his worries disappeared in an instant.

That extreme feeling overturned his entire world.

He pressed his lips lightly, and I can give everything to get this.

but if.....

He curled his fingers.

Outside the city of Bianzhou.

General Yu Dunsu, who was guarding the city, was seriously injured and was carried off the city wall in a coma.

Afeng stood on the city wall, holding his bow, looking at the darkened enemy camp in the distance.

The enemy forces that have just retreated are likely to immediately organize a new charge.

"Feng, Afeng."

There was a crisp voice calling him.

Afeng turned his face and saw Xiao Qiu's usual white and tender face, smoked like a cat by the wolf.

She held a basket of food in her little hands, took one out of it and held it in front of her, "Hurry up, eat something."

"Why are you here?" A Feng frowned, "It's dangerous here, where is your sister?"

"My sister is also busy, everyone is here to help." Xiao Qiu stuffed the food in his arms, stuffed one and another, "My sister said that the lord is a good lord, and Bianzhou is a good place, Bianzhou Don't lose it. If you lose everyone's field, it's gone."

Afeng stared at the city wall, the wall was missing a foot, and countless people who came to help spontaneously were stepping up repairs.

In the distance, the enemy general, Wei Mingshan, who had seriously injured General Yu, organized a group of cavalymen, and was galloping toward the city gate aggressively.

"Yes, Bianzhou can't be lost."

A Feng took a bite of the food in his hand, picked up the spear, and walked down the city.