

## His Lord 47

### Chapter 47

Afeng opened her eyes and found that she was lying in her own, familiar room and bed. The injuries on his hands, head and left shoulder were tightly bandaged.

He barely sat up, feeling a heavy object on his leg.

A small body leaned on the edge of the bed and fell asleep on his lap. That small face, which was originally fair, was now snot and tears, mixed with black soot, it was terrible.

She also opened her mouth unknowingly and ran her saliva on the quilt, sleeping soundly.

A Feng looked at Xiao Qiu's round cat-like face for a while, and suddenly he was relieved.

Fortunately, she didn't die, otherwise she didn't know what she was going to cry like.

He pulled out his leg gently and got up from the bed, feeling a dizziness from excessive blood loss.

Helping the wall a bit, he settled down and walked slowly towards the door.

Biyun, who was entering the door with a basin of water, saw it and hurriedly lowered the basin to help him.

"Where are you going? You are badly hurt. You can't walk around. The main bus will take care of you."

“If you have to work, don’t bother.” Afeng broke away from Biyun’s support, pale, and walked out stubbornly.

“Eh.....”

Biyun couldn’t help but sighed and returned to the house.

Such a cold person, why does Qiu like to be with him so much.

Biyun twisted the towel and wiped the dirty face of her sister who was lying on the bed.

After fighting for more than a month, the child was busy on the battlefield every day. His small body was really exhausted and he slept so soundly.

The lord is back, he will soon defeat the enemy, and everything will finally be better.

Biyun hugged the younger sister in his arms, and the two sisters sat on the ground with their heads resting on their heads, next to the edge of the bed, and fell into a dream peacefully.

In the East Market, a dozen slaves happily walked together.

The headed man has a hideous scar on his face, but what stands out is the \*\*\*\* head that he holds in his hands.

He threw the heads of those tied together with their hair in front of the clerk, “Count the first class!”

“Brother Sheng is mighty.”

“Brother Sheng is amazing.”

“It’s not bad if you can have one. Only my brother Sheng has a dozen, haha.”

Brother Sheng used a short sword to provoke a head of a person on the ground, and slammed it on the six monkeys who had been injured but had nothing.

“Take it! You are not among our brothers. Brother will help you this time. Don’t think of such a good thing next time.”

The six monkeys caught the blood-covered head, not too dirty at all, and said with tears: “Thank you, Brother Sheng, thank you, Brother Sheng.”

The clerk carefully counted the heads, took out the pen and paper, and asked: “Name, birthplace, age?”

Brother Sheng: “Famous, no surname, I don’t know where I was born, and I don’t know the age.”

The clerk was very accustomed to this situation and raised his head to explain seriously: “Now that you are free from slavery, you must have a full name so that you can write a formal household registration.”

“My mother seems to be surnamed Yang, so I believe in Yang too. Yang Sheng.” Brother Sheng temporarily gave himself a full name.

The clerk first turned out a thick book and made a careful record, and then took out a wood chip cut from poplar wood, and wrote on it Yang Sheng’s name, age, appearance, and distribution of birthplace.

Pass it to him and explain it in detail: “This is a ‘verification’, it is your status symbol as a national of Jin. You must be careful to collect it. If it is lost, you need to ask three neighbors to testify, plus Lizheng, and take the village head together. The documents opened can only be reissued at the yamen above the county and county level, which is very troublesome.”

Yang Sheng took it and looked at it, and saw that the wooden board was polished smoothly, and it was densely covered with small characters he didn’t recognize.

Then I am not a slave.

He rubbed the small wooden board carefully for a while.

The brothers around were so excited, they took them one by one and passed them back and forth.

“Yang Shiwu’s fifteenth first story of the enemy’s enemy in this battle, he will be promoted to the first duke, and he will have a land and a house.” The clerk took out a small wicker, wrote a row of words on it, and handed it to Yang Sheng.

“Your household registration is located in Xiangfu County, Shijia Township, ten miles southeast of Bianzhou. Take your ‘experiment’ and the ‘biography’ in your hand, and go to the county to report to the county leader. He will follow us. Send the papers in the past to check your inspection and transmission, and let the township head arrange a dump of wasteland and a 30-step house plot for you. In addition, you can also receive two thousand dollars as a subsidy for building a house. The country does not expropriate wasteland in the first year. You tax.”

Yang Sheng and his partner became more excited as they listened, and finally couldn’t help but cheered.

As for the sentence the clerk said: “But these will not be handled until the battle is over.” They were all overwhelmed by the cheers of the men, and almost no one heard them.

Cheers rang one after another in the square of the East City.

Even if many people didn’t even get an enemy capital.

However, people’s hearts were inspired by this visible and tangible hope, and morale rose like a tide.

A Yuan sat in the corner, holding his head, feeling his hands still trembling. He carried the food handed out today, which was clearly fragrant and soft, but he couldn’t eat a bite.

A burst of acid water poured in his stomach, making him nauseous.

He thinks he has the strength. In the village, whether it is hunting or fighting, he is a good player and will surely be able to adapt to the battlefield quickly.

However, today, on the battlefield of those tens of millions of people, he discovered that the bravery and ruthlessness he thought was as funny as a child's play on the real battlefield.

Enemies of foreign races do not look like evil spirits in the village legends.

On the contrary, they, like themselves, slashed up with a single knife, they would also dig out white muscles, and they would also spray red blood.

He saw a man with a dog, his stomach was broken in front of his own eyes, and he was lying on the ground rolling and crying.

However, he must follow his companion, rush forward, and slash the crying body with a trembling hand. Until the blood soaked his shoes, until the struggling body stopped moving.

But if he doesn't raise his own knife, it is very likely that he is the one who fell down, his companion.

He can't distinguish things at all, and can't distinguish between north and south. Among the messy people hoofed and the sky full of swords and swords, he can only keep in mind the point that the instructor has repeatedly emphasized in the past few days of training-closely follow himself. Behind the captain of the team.

The captain looked at the centurion's banner, and he was only responsible for staring at the captain's figure. Where the captain chopped, they rushed to chop where, where did the captain rush, and where he rushed.

The seemingly endless battle was finally over, and he couldn't help but vomit three times.

Let alone the enemy's heads, A Yuan didn't even know how he got here alive.

He pulled out a small amulet hanging around his neck from his collar, which was specially hung by his wife Ajuan the day before leaving.

I really want to lose the weapon and armor, go home, go home to find A Juan, hug her, and put her head in her soft chest, no matter what, nothing.

A group of men cheered not far from him, and the man with a scar on his face chopped enough heads of ten enemies at once.

A Yuan remembered this man named Sheng, who was desperately killing enemies on the battlefield, which was impressive.

Yesterday, this man was still the cheapest slave, but today, with the help of a dozen human heads, he has not only escaped from slavery, but has even crossed himself to become a gentleman with a hundred acres of land. There is a house of thirty steps square.

A Yuan gritted his teeth and tightened the amulet in his hand, "A Juan, you are waiting for me, next time, next time I must cut off at least one head."

The six monkeys were so nervous that he put the head of the man that Brother Sheng had assigned to him on the desk of the clerk.

"Name?" the clerk asked routinely.

"I...I don't have a surname, I don't even know who my mother is." Six Monkeys touched her head embarrassedly, "Then I will follow Brother Sheng's surname, and call it Yang Lihou."

"Hahaha..." There was a roar of laughter around the room.

The rigorous secretary all laughed: "It's called Yang Luhou."

He casually named the six monkeys, and he didn't know how many names he named for these slaves.

The six monkeys received their "experience" with great gratitude, and looked at their serious name with delight.

"Thanks to Brother Sheng, otherwise I don't know when I will have this name." The six monkey Yang Luhou excitedly returned to Brother Sheng, and said doglegally, "I see in the audience, none of them can compare to our Brother Sheng. People who are like me, can save their lives without any problems, and their legs are not soft, it's not bad."

"There is someone outside." Yang Sheng snorted and lifted his chin. "Look over there."

Everyone looked up, and a young man in black clothes and black armor was slowly walking towards here.

His eyes were cold and bloodstained. Even the pure black clothes couldn't conceal the smell of blood, just like a Rakshasa returning from Shura hell.

He is riding a horse and holding one behind him. The backs of the two horses are covered with hill-like heads. Hair was knotted on those hideous heads, and thick blood dripped down the horse's legs.

The man walked to the desk of a clerk. The clerk who had counted the heads for a day was taken aback. He stood up and called his companion to help.

"My God, how many levels do you have to upgrade?" Yang Luhou opened his mouth wide and said softly.

"The hairpins of the third level are rewarded by head. If you want to rise to the fourth level, the titles of doctors above the fifth level are useless by heads alone." Yang Sheng whispered.

Yang Luhou wondered: "Is that right? A knighthood above level 4. I haven't even thought about it."

“You have to think that if you want to get to the fourth level, it depends on the results of the team led by the third-level knighthood.” Yang Sheng squinted his eyes, he was unwilling to admit defeat, “you all follow me and work hard, although we Being a slave, there is nothing inferior to others, and there is also a chance to give honor to the minister.”

“Look at the man in the red suit. He led the team and guarded the city gate. The feat he took this time is enough to win a fourth-level knighthood.”

A Feng’s bandages and his red robe walked over step by step. Several soldiers admiring him along the way all stepped forward to help him. He slightly raised his hand and declined.

He walked to a clerk, put his hand on Mo Qiaosheng’s shoulder, and took a breath.

“Why hurt so badly, why are you so anxious.” Mo Qiaosheng blamed, but in fact he understood Afeng’s feelings very well.

“I...I’m Feng.” A Feng said to the clerk.

“His name is Feng, his surname is Cheng, Cheng Feng.” A voice sounded.

A man walked up the stairs of the Xuantai platform. The man’s head wore a golden crown, his face was like a crown, and his eyes were slightly smiling. Standing on the steps, he said, “Give him a surname, from now on, the surname is Cheng.”