

## His Lord 48

### Chapter 48

Afeng raised his head and looked at the man standing on the steps.

He remembered the man's promise to himself.

"If you survive this barrier, I will give you a surname."

"Not only can you see this, you will see more. In the end, there will be no more slaves in this world. There will be no more children to suffer the sins you have suffered."

He squeezed his hand on his side and leaned down willingly for the first time in many years.

Lowered his head and called out softly,

"Lord."

To express your love to the king, you will be alone for the rest of your life.

"Lord. It's the lord."

"See the lord!"

The crowd in the square shouted in unison, kneeling down in darkness.

Cheng Qianye stood on a high place, watching the golden light of different light and dark flashing one after another in the crowd.

She has fantasized about such a scene many times, hoping that her deployment can respect her from the heart and be loyal to her like this.

In her imagination, at the moment she got all this, she would definitely be able to have Su Chang in mind, high spirits, and even triumphant.

But at this moment, standing here, watching the countless soldiers who are willing to bend their knees and bow their heads in front of them. She only felt the heavy responsibility on her shoulders.

There are familiar friends and strange soldiers.

There are partners who have accompanied him through life and death, and there are also robes who fought side by side for the first time.

All of them, without exception, entrusted their most important lives to her. They looked up to her and trusted her.

I look forward to her being able to realize the world she promised to bring.

Cheng Qianye raised his head, looked across the towering ancient city wall, and saw the distant mountain sky, the setting sun in the evening, and the long evening glow, reflecting the vast sky.

I will walk forward step by step, no longer looking back, no longer pause.

For you, I can't live up to, dare not live up to.

Sweeping Liuhe and letting the world return may not be possible. But I must at least let every one of my people have the qualifications to be born.

Yang Luhou quietly raised his head from the crowd, "This, this is the master."

Someone on the side stretched out his hand and pressed him down, Yang Sheng whispered: "Fool, you can call the lord now."

"Yes, yes." Yang Luhou lowered his head and touched the check card on his chest. "I am no longer a slave, thanks to the kindness of the lord."

Yang Sheng raised his head slightly, passing through the gaps in the crowd, he saw the red-jacketed and golden-clad lord coming down from the high platform and supporting the seriously injured man who was kneeling on the ground in a robe and was given a national surname. Cheng Feng.

He remembered this Cheng Feng. When they just arrived, the city wall had broken a corner. It was this man who led a team of soldiers, covered in blood, blocking the enemy generals, swearing to the death, and keeping the gates.

Watching the lord lift up the person with his own hands, he handed him the "no change" sign that represents the fourth rank.

Yang Sheng secretly thought, this Cheng Feng is really lucky. He has guarded the city for so many days, and I don't know how many people have been chopped off, and he has made this merit, and he has become the lowest-ranking sergeant in one step.

You must know that there are a total of twenty ranks, and the first three ranks of priests are made up, and hairpins can be obtained by personal bravery and beheading.

However, if the level 4 is not more than that, it is not so easy, and the generals who are not the leader are not available. It is necessary to obtain a certain total number of enemy leaders in team combat, and it is also required that the casualties of the pawns led by him should not be too large. In short, the conditions are becoming more and more demanding.

But there are also shortcuts. If you make a special contribution or perform outstandingly in a siege death team, you may become a champion.

Yang Sheng looked at the red and black figures standing in front of the lord.

The two of them have accumulated military merits, and they have become special privileges. They can be exempted from corvee taxes, and they don't need to bow down in front of the county's master.

And the other who stepped into the battlefield on the same day as himself was already the hairpin of the highest rank among civilians.

A kind of firework, an ambitious flame ignited in Yang Sheng's eyes. I will not lose to them.

The lord walked outside under the guard of the soldier, and suddenly turned his head to look in his direction. Yang Sheng was taken aback, lowered his head, feeling nervous.

Lord, did you see me?

Probably not, it must be just a coincidence.

But this day comes back sooner or later, and one day I will let the lord see me and see me.

Cheng Qianye left the square in the East City.

Go to see Yu Dunsu with Xiao Jin. Yu Dunsu was seriously injured and was lying on the bed to recuperate. Seeing Cheng Qianye entering, he was eager to get up to meet him.

Cheng Qianye stopped him and sat down on a circle table in front of his bed: "This is a wartime. The general is wounded and heal his wounds are serious, so there is no need to talk about these polite manners."

Yu Dunsu reluctantly sat up and bowed his body to salute: "Thanks to the lord's timely assistance this time, otherwise Bianzhou will surely suffer heavy casualties even if it can be protected."

"It's just that the lord himself led the team?" Xiao Jin asked puzzledly, "Where are Zhang Fu and General Helan?"

"How could I lead the army myself. I just behave." Cheng Qianye smiled, "I let the soldiers of the little ink ribbon."

Yu Dunsu showed a puzzled look: "Although Qiaosheng fought bravely, he was just a slave. He was only responsible for leading the slave troops who were responsible for sending deaths and replenishing the numbers. Isn't it too risky to lead the army?"

"You don't know yet." Cheng Qianye lowered his head and adjusted his sleeves. "This time, most of the rescuers are composed of slaves."

"The one who rushed forward was the slave who cut through the enemy line first, and the one who had the most heads off was also the slave." Cheng Qianye smiled slightly, feeling a lot in his heart, "In addition to Xiaomo, Cheng Feng, there are several others. The warriors who performed very prominently on the battlefield, you may not guess, their identities are the lowest in your mind."

"According to the New Deal, I have lifted their slave status and entered their knighthood. From now on, we will gradually no longer use the word slave in the Jin army. As my most trusted generals, you two must take the lead in transforming yourself. Inherent ideas."

Yu Dunsu and Xiao Jin took a breath and exchanged glances. However, this time being able to hold the city inside and repel the enemy outside, really depends on the implementation of the New Deal, even though it is a New Deal that has been criticized a lot by the military decision-making class.

Xiao Jin still looked dignified, and he gave a deep salute: "Although Bianzhou is important, you are the lord of my great Jin, the body of a daughter, it is not wise to be so pro-dangerous. If I were in Jiangdu, I would not Will agree to come in person."

“If I want to watch you two die, watch the soldiers and civilians of Bianzhou fall into the hands of the enemy, it is better not to do it.” Cheng Qianye said Shen, “This time I was surrounded by Bianzhou for a long time, not only the surrounding princes sent me The letters asking for help were ignored. Those retainers who held private soldiers in our Shanxi government refused to give any assistance.”

“In this campaign, I vowed that I will be a soldier of the Jin country and retired from the army alone. In front of the people of the world, I will raise the power of the Jin country army and slap those who are greedy for life and fear of death. I also hope that the two can do their best Help!”

The Jin Kingdom’s military strength is not strong, and it has been in a state of being oppressed by the border countries over the years. As a lieutenant general, I often feel that I am suffocating in my chest.

When Yu Dunsu and Xiao Jin heard the Lord’s words, they felt passion ignited in their hearts. They swept away the evil anger for many years, and clasped their fists together, “Follow the Lord to the death!”

Cheng Qianye: “As for General Helan, I will send him to do another thing. If he can succeed, the army can retreat in no time.”

At this moment, He Lanzhen, led by the 8,000 soldiers of Helan’s family, hurried along the Jishui River.

All of them wore the costumes of the canine army, with a coin in their mouth, their horses tied their mouths, each with a bunch of firewood, and they walked quietly in the dark.

Their destination was Huangchi, about 20 kilometers north of Inurong Daying.

The army’s food and grass were stocked there, and there were tens of thousands of canine soldiers on guard.

He Lanzhen clenched the hilt of the sword in her hand, her eyes flashing cold.

The lord himself led an army of slaves and recruits to support Bianzhou.

The improvised soldiers, in any case, cannot stand up to the experienced regular army for a long time.

Even if they can use their bravery to cut through the enemy and rush into the city, they can only solve the danger of a temporary siege.

If it is a protracted war, the recruits are prone to panic and fear of war. Failure to dispatch, collapse, and mutiny may happen at any time.

The face that always smiled lightly appeared in He Lanzhen's mind.

The lord is already in a dangerous place. Success or failure depends on this. I must take down the Huangchi and burn the enemy's food and grass to solve the danger in Bianzhou.

The night is quiet.

The Inu Rong sentry standing on the watchtower yawned quietly.

In his impression, these troops in the Central Plains are very weak to be bullied. On the battlefield, it is often clear that the number of people dominates, but it will collapse at a touch, let them burn, kill, and looting.

Unexpectedly, this time the two generals did not hide Pei Zhen, Wei Mingshan, and led tens of thousands of troops, besieged a Bianzhou district, and attacked the city for more than a month.

But the day before yesterday, I heard that the coach of Bianzhou was seriously injured, and it was expected that the city would be broken within a few days. It's a pity that I can only guard the grain and grass here this time, and I can't join the army into the city to take advantage of it.

While feeling a little confused, suddenly I saw the shadow of the tree in front of me, as if a team of men and horses were coming forward in the dark night.

Looking from a distance, the team is holding the headquarter's number, wearing their own costumes.

The soldier on the watchtower sent a semaphore to the battalion guards who were on duty before they rejected the horse.

Own people.

The team moved in more and more, all of them smeared with ashes, their faces calm and silent.

The battalion soldiers who were not waiting on duty asked questions, and the leading general rushed forward, stabbing the man through a shot, and rushed directly into the camp.

The sentry upstairs hurriedly wanted to sound the alarm bell.

Several sharp arrows swished and shot into his chest. He barely struck a bell and fell off the platform.

The camp was disrupted for a while, and the alarm bell sounded slowly.

In their sleep, countless soldiers hurriedly got up and took up their weapons to grab the tent. They saw fires everywhere in the camp, and the high grain stacks billowed from the raging fire and went to the sky.

There were killing sounds on all sides, and horses galloped everywhere. In the knife light are the indistinguishable enemies and the red-eyed companions.

The army was crushed, the fugitives pushed each other, and the walkers smashed into each other, and the dead were more than a hundred miles away.

He Lanzhen killed all the way to dawn, burned the enemy's heavy grain and grass, and wiped out thousands of enemies.