

His Lord 50

Chapter 50

Mo Qiaosheng was guarding outside the door of the bath,

Seeing Cheng Qianye and Yao Tianxiang coming out of the bath, they hurriedly got up to greet each other.

Unexpectedly, the two of them looked at him, Qi Qi showed a look of unclear meaning, making Mo Qiaosheng a little frightened.

Cheng Qianye's face was reddened a little because of hot springs or other reasons. She smiled and greeted Mo Qiaosheng to get on the carriage together.

Yao Tianxiang took Cheng Qianye's arm, stretched out her white palm, and attached it to Cheng Qianye's ear, saying: "I won't bother you anymore, and give you a chance to be alone. Remember, your hands cannot be soft, once. Get him."

Cheng Qianye couldn't laugh or cry, and pinched her waist: "You are the best."

Yao Tianxiang giggled and boarded the other carriage accompanying him.

It's getting late.

The two line of judges opened their way, followed by armed soldiers.

A group of people and horses descended back to the city in the sunset.

Cheng Qianye was sitting in the spacious carriage, leaning against a case, holding a military newspaper and studying carefully.

She quickly fell into contemplation, and her handsome eyebrows frowned slightly.

Mo Qiaosheng knelt and sat on his side.

The lord received more and more people's support and began to develop his ambitions, so he became more and more busy.

He gave himself more trust and more opportunities, so that he could gradually raise his head and straighten his waist by virtue of his own abilities, and be treated equally and respectfully by others.

Mo Qiaosheng felt that his blood was getting hot day by day, and his broken heart was filled with pride.

When he stood up, he realized that the world in front of him was so vast.

It's like being reborn.

He was excited and eager to step into this magnificent world.

But when the night is quiet, he still thinks of the days when he slept in front of the owner's bed. I remembered the hand that stretched out from the edge of the bed and gently touched his head.

Since I got so much, I am not satisfied.

Mo Qiaosheng raised his head quietly, looking at Cheng Qianye's side face focusing on the book.

He knows that the lord attaches great importance to this campaign in Qi County.

He even knew that the lord had withstood the pressure, acted arbitrarily, and allowed Xin to gain military merit. He had just worshipped the fourth-ranked title and his true intention to lead the army on the expedition.

Qi County.

Mo Qiaosheng remembered that rainy night. Han Quanlin didn't forgive him.

He was in icy despair, thinking that he would plunge into the abyss of darkness.

It was the lord who stretched out his warm hand and held him who had given up hope.

The lord said to others: "Don't even mention one Qi county, there are ten. He will get it back for me one day."

Not only Qi County!

I will be the sword in the hands of the lord in my life!

The place where the lord's eyes are directed is my battlefield. If the lord has a wish, I will seize it and give it to him personally.

Jun En seemed like a sea of gratitude, and I reported it to the king in this capacity.

Cheng Qianye turned his head abruptly, Mo Qiaosheng couldn't avoid his eyes, and was caught.

Cheng Qianye looked at him for a long while and laughed.

"Come on, Hashimoto. Come to me."

Mo Qiaosheng moved his position, bowed his head and knelt down to Cheng Qianye's side.

Cheng Qianye's arm leaning on the ebony table was stretched out, and his palm spread out, spreading his white palm in front of Mo Qiaosheng's eyes.

Mo Qiaosheng panicked.

He stretched out his hand and placed it on the soft palm.

As soon as the gentle touch came, the palm of his hand tightened and held him.

The soft fingertips gently rubbed the back of his hand, and Mo Qiaosheng felt that his breathing was instantly messed up.

"Qiaosheng, Tianxiang is here for the first time. I will accompany her. There will be a lot of time in the future. We will come by ourselves again."

Mo Qiaosheng's face turned red in an instant. The lord always did this, and he could see through his deepest thoughts at a glance.

The hand pulled a little, and Mo Qiaosheng was unprepared and fell into a row. He hurriedly stretched out his other hand and put it on the desk so that he would not fall on Cheng Qianye's body.

He looked at the delicate skin that was close at hand, smelled a faint fragrance from the lord's body, and his heartbeat sounded like a drum on the battlefield.

"Qiaosheng." Cheng Qianye leaned against the table and lit a map that he drew on the table. "There are not many garrisons in Qi County, and Han Quanlin is newly defeated. I guess he has no energy to manage this. Far away. As long as you fight steadily, there should be no major problems."

“But you still shouldn’t be careless. You must be cautious when you lead the army for the first time. No matter what the situation is, you must not be reckless. The most important thing is that you can’t have trouble yourself.”

Mo Qiaosheng looked at Cheng Qianye’s gently opening and closing mouth. The lord’s words seemed to be far away and close in front of him. For the first time, he couldn’t hear what the master was saying.

“Do you know what you mean to me?”

After the last time, I have been busy until now, and I have never had a chance to get close to one another.

Looking at the sapphire blooming in front of him, Cheng Qianye couldn’t bear his heart, lifted Mo Qiaosheng’s collar and pressed him on the table.

Looking at the face that got closer and closer, Mo Qiaosheng instantly lost the ability to breathe, and he was on the verge of suffocation.

But the lord was so excessive that he refused to sentence him to death simply, with a smirk at the corner of his mouth, and he leaned down little by little.

I might be dying, he closed his eyes.

The soft and moisturizing thing finally touched his lips.

He felt himself tremble slightly.

“Don’t cry. Hashimoto.”

Mo Qiaosheng heard a sigh.

The man covered his lips and broke into his world. Take him into the abyss of happiness that cannot be extricated.

When he arrived at the station, Yao Tianxiang looked at Mo Qiaosheng, who was flushed with red and hurriedly retired, and leaned in curiously.

“You really ate him in the car?”

“How can it be? I just tasted the sweetness.” Cheng Qianye licked his lips, looked at the back of Mo Qiaosheng hurriedly leaving, aftertaste.

“You see that he is so shy, so I can’t stand it. Where can I get it?”

Yao Tianxiang gave her a white look: “I don’t think you dare, I can understand it, you are a paper tiger, inferior to me.”

“Nonsense, I’m your husband, do you have any rules?”

At the camp station in the city, the low-ranking soldiers, in groups of ten, lived in a simple thatched house built with soil embryos.

The soil embryo in the room slightly above the ground is covered with thick straw, which is the chase for the soldiers to sleep.

Yang Luhou sat on the edge of the shop, holding a bowl of rough corn rice, and pulling it with his mouth.

“There is a roof for sleeping, three meals are full, and every day the sun goes down and rest, and there is no need to be beaten, tsk tsk, life is good.”

“What kind of beauty are you, look at Brother Sheng, after the battle is over, there will be land and a big house, and then marry a beautiful woman, put on a kang at home, and give birth to a few big fat boys, that is called beauty. “

“By the way, Brother Sheng, why are you squeezing here with your brothers? You have now worshipped a second-class knight and you have sealed the centurion. I heard that the centurion has his own private room with a bed in it. There are soft quilts, two more white buns every day, and sometimes meat?”

Several junior soldiers in the room looked at Brother Sheng who was lying on the bunk and straddling his legs.

“Want to eat meat?” Brother Sheng held a straw in his mouth and looked at the ceiling above his head. “Tomorrow, we will start training the new army. Ten people are one thing, a hundred people are a team, and they must be tested regularly. I am now a centurion. You are my brothers, whoever can give me a sigh, I will reward whoever has the meat.”

Several of the soldiers who had just been promoted from slaves heard the word meat and swallowed together.

“That’s necessary, we all listen to you, what Brother Sheng called, let’s do it.” Yang Luhou was anxious to show his loyalty.

On the second day, the sky was bright.

Yang Sheng was naked, fetching water from the well, flushed his face, and came to the school early.

In the cold morning mist, he saw a black figure moving up and down in the school field.

The man heard the footsteps, stopped the gun, turned around,

Yang Sheng recognized this person as the Moqiao student who had cut the heads of several enemy generals in the first battle and worshipped the fourth rank in one fell swoop.

This person and himself were both slaves, but became famous in one battle. The officer appointed a captain and led five thousand people. Be the boss of your immediate boss.

Yang Sheng knelt down and gave a military salute: "Yang Sheng, a humble post, as a centurion, I have seen Master Lieutenant."

Mo Qiaosheng nodded: "I came very early."

Yang Sheng raised his head and opened his mouth: "The villain is a rough man. He has always admired the reputation of the general. There is still some time today. I wonder if the general can take the time to call the villain one or two?"

Mo Qiaosheng glanced at Yang Sheng, pointed at the weapon rack, "pick the weapon."

He knew that the man was not convinced by him.

For those who are not convinced, Mo Qiaosheng has no extra solution.

Dissatisfied, fight until serving.

As the sky dawned, the number of people on the campus gradually increased.

Yang Luhou came to the schoolyard and saw people in the middle of the schoolyard three stories and three stories outside.

He squeezed into the crowd and looked inward.

I saw two fierce players in the field, fighting inextricably.

A man dressed in black, using an iron spear, the sharp tip of the spear, like a silver snake, shining coldly in the sky.

A man is topless, dancing with a steel sword with a hundred trainings, the sword wind is so powerful, so angry, like a tiger crossing a hill.

Tigers and dragons, eagles and pythons.

How did everyone see such a fierce fight, and they cheered for a moment.

“Oh, Brother Sheng!”

Seeing that Brother Sheng was comparing with others, Yang Luhou instantly became excited.

In his impression, Brother Sheng had never lost a fight, and their slaves were all afraid of being beaten by Brother Sheng.

But this time, it was beyond his expectation.

Don't wait for Yang Luhou to cheer.

Brother Sheng has been defeated, he jumped out of the circle.

Supporting the ground with one hand, the sweat on his head dripped into the red clay on the ground, gasping for breath: “I'm defeated.”

Mo Qiaosheng put away his gun, bent over and stretched out his hand to support him: “You are fine, the future will be more than just a centurion.”

The author has something to say: Mo Qiaosheng: Yao Tianxiang, you are not allowed to teach my lord.

Yao Tianxiang: Mo crying bag, what do you want?

Mo Qiaosheng: Q-Q