

His Lord 52

Chapter 52

“Inquired, I inquired.” Six monkeys Yang Luhou ran back out of breath.

At this moment, during the refurbishment period of the whole team, Yang Sheng and several other Shih husbands were squatting on the ground to discuss. Upon hearing this, they all turned their heads.

“How? They will tell you?”

“I have six monkeys, and one can win two,” Yang Luhou triumphantly, “I found a fellow in team C, and got close, he told me all the secrets of their team standing in the team.”

Several people’s heads leaned together.

“That’s it, if you want to stand fast and neatly, you need...”

In the other team, Chief Shih A Yuan ran back to his phalanx.

“How is it? Did you find out?” Han Shen, the centurion in the team, turned his head and asked him.

“Hit... I found it.” A Yuan wiped the sweat from his head.

In the last battle, he finally managed to cut off the head of an enemy.

Although it is still too early to reach the number of heads of the first class nobleman. But he was lucky to become the leader of the team.

There are still too few people who can really make up ten people in a battle.

Therefore, a tall man, as a commoner, he who beheaded again, took the position of a leader of the team.

“They didn’t deliberately conceal it. Once I asked, they taught me carefully.”

“Okay, you can tell me more carefully. Most of our phalanx are from Shiwu. As long as we know the method, how can we lose to those ignorant and lowly slaves.”

This Han Shen is a veteran who has experienced the battle of defending the city. He has made military exploits and has been promoted to a centurion recently. He is eager to show his fists.

When He Lanzhen arrived,

Ugin was gradually sinking to the west.

The rest of the school grounds have been disbanded for a long time.

But the venue where Mo Qiaosheng was, was still crowded, shouting loudly.

What made him strange was that the school officials on the field yelled at some strange sentences.

“Damn, you are in the wrong position again. Pigs are smarter than you. Do you want to eat meat? Do you want to eat meat?”

“Stand up straight for Lao Tzu, keep your waist straight! Look at other teams, and then look at you. Do you want to be spanked in public tomorrow? You can afford this man, I can’t afford to lose it!”

Seeing He Lanzhen’s arrival, Mo Qiaosheng rushed over and gave a military salute.

“You are practicing the way to solve the knot.” He Lanzhen patted him on the shoulder, “A soldier wins by conquering. Hashio, your number at the beginning is correct. I was worried that you would just fight. Being brave and cruel, he will focus on practicing fighting skills and ignore the formations. Now it seems that all my worries are unnecessary.”

“But you don’t have to be overly impatient, you need to know how to relax. It’s getting late, and it’s time for the soldiers to rest.”

“Enlighten General Helan,” Mo Qiaosheng clasped his fist, “I have already collected my troops, and the remaining teams on the field are left to study on their own.”

“Oh? Can there be such a thing?” He Lanzhen was very surprised.

The five commanders of thousands, seeing the arrival of He Lanzhen, who commanded the whole army, all rushed over to see the salute.

One of them is Liang Qianfu, who is over fifty years old, and Li Qianfu, who has a horoscope on his upper lip, is the old part of He Lanzhen.

Seeing He Lanzhen’s question, she responded with a smile.

“General Mo is really unique in running the army, and he can touch the pulse of the resident. These recruits are much better than the humble job’s imagination, each of them seems to be beaten in blood, and they will not leave when they are closed.” Liang Qianhu said.

“General, you transferred me here. I was reluctant in my heart. But after only one day, Lao Li was convinced by General Mo.” Li Qianhu clasped his fists, “I am convinced.”

Helan Zhenpian pointed them away with two fingers, "I tell you, Xiaomo is my brother. You have helped him well, and you will have the chance to get promoted and get rich in the future."

Liang and Li nodded and said yes.

The remaining three commanders, although they had a sense of resistance to Mo Qiaosheng in their hearts.

Dissatisfied with He Lanzhen's deployment, but He Lanzhen was a nobleman who had made great achievements in battle, and was a newly promoted celebrity in front of the lord. They did not dare to offend and had to agree.

"Let's go, I invite you to have a drink. First, we are familiar with each other, and secondly, it can be regarded as a celebration of General Mo's promotion." He Lanzhen put Mo Qiaosheng on the shoulders and greeted everyone to walk out of the school.

Bianzhou has recently won.

There are countless young soldiers in the city, all with rewards in their arms, and they have just returned from the line of life and death, full of energy that has nowhere to release.

Therefore, in the past few days, whether it is the Tianxiang Pavilion and Baihua Tower where the girls are working, or the Chuhuai Pavilion and Qinfeng Tower where the youngsters are located, they are all in the city, all night and night.

At the beginning of the lanterns, red lanterns were raised in Huajie Liuxiang.

Dongfeng night puts flowers and thousands of trees, the demon's sleeves hide incense, and Lang Junxi meets.

The phoenix flute sounded, the jade pot turned light, and the Tianxiang Pavilion was very lively.

Mo Qiaosheng stood in front of the signboard of Tianxiang Pavilion and stopped.

He didn't expect that He Lanzhen's proposal of drinking would come to this kind of occasion.

For him, whether it is the women's branch hospital or the small house, it is a place that makes him very uncomfortable.

It reminded him of the dark days when he was a teenager. Tiny himself struggled desperately to survive in the muddy little house.

"What's the matter, Xiaomo, let's go." He Lanzhen and a few thousand households walked ahead, watching him stop, and then stretched out his hands to pull him, "If you are a man, don't tangle, brother will take him today. You meet the world."

They packed a private room on the second floor, where they could watch the singing and dancing performances downstairs from a high position, without having to huddle with the sweaty veterans in the hall.

Several beautiful women knelt down on their side, pouring wine and serving dishes, serving them diligently.

The few soldiers at the table downstairs poured some yellow soup, had forgotten the occasion, and talked loudly about the situation of the battle.

"Tell me, this campaign I will only serve the newly promoted Captain Mo," said a bearded soldier. "I was in Dongshi, and I saw it with my own eyes. He was holding two horses and two saddles. On the side, the human head was covered with dogs. The horse passed by my eyes, and the blood on the human head was sprinkled all the way, and the two clerks couldn't count it.

"Hmph, you are a spineless man. You actually served a slave." Another big man with a red sandalwood face patted the table, "That Mo Qiaosheng is just a pet of the lord, occupying the lord's favor, and has gained some military merits, I Refuse to accept him."

With only a bang, a wine glass was smashed from a high altitude, and it was slamming on the table top of that table.

The soldiers jumped up and were about to yell. They looked up and saw a few men dressed as generals in the second floor lounge. They were covered by curtains and could not see their faces, but it was obvious that they were not the soldiers who could offend. of.

Several people curled their necks like quail in an instant, speechless.

“The purple-faced man, how about you being the enemy leader in this battle?” A faint male voice came from Yajian.

The soldier’s wine woke up in an instant, he lowered his head, and replied with a covering, “Send... tell Shangguan, the villain won one, one song.”

Several people sneered in the lounge.

There was a burst of laughter in the hall.

“I thought he was such a powerful man, he dared to challenge Lieutenant Mo. It turned out that he couldn’t even reach the odds.”

“Laughing people are slaves, I don’t know that I am even worse than a slave.”

“Lieutenant Mo can be called the killer **** of our army. His sullen aura will make my legs feel soft when he walks by my side. There is only one poem here, who dare to speak out, even I can’t match it.”

“I wonder how many songs this brother has?”

“Let my brothers laugh, I barely got three poems. Don’t dare to boast.”

“Not bad, there are three songs below. Haha.”

Amidst the roar of laughter, the soldier with a red sandalwood face stood awkwardly in the crowd, his face full of soup and wine, dare not wipe it.

I had to resist everyone’s ridicule and retreated with a flushed face.

Above the elegant seat, He Lanzhen toasted: “Xiaomo, you don’t need to mind, your path is still very long, and your talent will be seen by the world. These rumors will sooner or later disappear silently.”

Mo Qiaosheng drank from a toast.

He waited on a woman in a red dress beside him.

The woman’s skin is like fat, softly wins the snow, and gently raises the silver pot to add wine to Mo Qiaosheng.

Mo Qiaosheng held the cup wall with one hand and supported the bottom with the other, and nodded slightly to her.

The woman lifted her sleeves to cover her lips, and chuckled.

“The army master is really a gentleman, and he is so polite to slaves. He is completely different from those vulgar soldiers. He deserves to be a captain.”

Speaking of her, she swung Yangliu’s waist lightly, and snuggled towards Mo Qiaosheng.

“The servant girl is known as the flower, and I wonder if I will have the honor to serve the adults tonight.”

An iron-like palm squeezed her wrist instantly, preventing her from moving. The strength was so great that Zihua couldn't help but whispered.

Mo Qiaosheng did not speak, but the strength in his hand clearly expressed his rejection.

Zihua sat up angrily and stopped going over.

These soldiers who had just retreated from the killing field had a lot of rude men with tyrannical temperaments, and she didn't want to provoke such people.

She quietly rubbed her aching wrist, regretting in her heart. She thought she was a handsome and affectionate official who could fish a little more. It turned out to be just a rude stunner. It seemed that this was a waste of effort.

I just hope that these people will leave quickly, so that my old lady can choose another rich gold master to serve.

Mo Qiaosheng lived up to her expectations and got up to leave after drinking for three rounds. Helan Zhen couldn't keep it, and eventually had to let him go.

Out of the place where the nephrite jade is warm and fragrant, the fish and the dragon dance in a wild.

Mo Qiaosheng just took a deep breath when he was blown by the fresh night breeze outside the door, feeling that he was alive.

He took a big step, eager to get out of the hustle and bustle behind him, and returned to the place where he was most at ease in the depths of the night.

In an unremarkable alley by the roadside, several women's cries and several men's wretched laughter came.

Mo Qiaosheng stopped and hesitated.

In the moonlight, I vaguely saw the figure of a few sturdy men in the alley, bullying a touch of green clothes on the ground.

The depressed screams and struggling limbs looked particularly dazzling in the dark.

In the past, whenever the war ended, such things could be seen everywhere in the slave camps, and Mo Qiaosheng never interfered, nor could he interfere.

But this time he didn't know why, so he stretched out his hand.

He threw an iron fist and unceremoniously beat the men to a bruised face.

After the men fled in all directions, the bullied woman got up from the ground, dragging her broken cyan clothes, barely covering her body, with fear in her eyes, looking at the powerful man in front of her.

Mo Qiaosheng suddenly remembered the green sleeves in Chuhuai Hall a long time ago.

The boy who always likes to wear blue clothes and his skin is better than snow. Green Sleeve is mean and grumpy, and often scolds Mo Qiao who is responsible for serving him.

But in Mo Qiaosheng's heart, there is always a gratitude for him. Back then, I was unwilling to give in, and was pressed into the water time and time again by the owner of the Chuhuai Pavilion, suffering back and forth to the edge of life and death.

It was Green Sleeve who appeared by the door, said a word for himself, and fished himself out.

But it didn't take long for the green sleeve to die in front of him with terrible scars.

Mo Qiaosheng looked at the woman who was also wearing Tsing Yi in front of him. He took off his robe and threw it in front of her.

Sorry, I couldn't save you back then. If it were today, I wouldn't watch you die like that.

...

Back in his house, Mo Qiaosheng lay on the bed, unable to sleep for a long time.

Now, the lord has his own team of guards, and he no longer needs his night guard.

However, the lord still let him rest in the suite of the sleeping hall.

There is only a small door between him and the lord.

The delicate wooden door was slightly open, showing the light of the candlelight inside, as if waiting for him, waiting for him to take the initiative to open the door.

The feasting place today did not disturb his mind, but at the moment the candlelight from the thin door made him confused.

Mo Qiaosheng stood up, quietly came to the door, and looked at the world beyond.

The lord sat at the case table, reading the case intently.

The candlelight in the lampstand on the table reflected the jade-like face of the lord.

The sight of Mo Qiaosheng couldn't help but hang around on it. From the drooping eyelashes, the focused look, to the delicate bridge of the nose, to...that pink lips.

Those lips.

With a pale pink luster, it looks so soft, but it used to be so domineering.

Mo Qiaosheng did not dare to look again.

He cast his gaze down and slipped across a clear white neck, underneath it was a tall collar.

The lord always likes to wear clothes with a high neckline.

His eyes rested on the soft skirt.

Mo Qiaosheng patted his face, and ran back to his bed as if running away, covering his head and face with a quilt.

Cheng Qianye, who was busy with government affairs, heard a soft snap. She raised her head and looked at the door connected to Hashio's house. The gap between the door was dark and there was nothing.

Where did Hashimoto go? Isn't he still back?