

His Lord 53

Chapter 53

Mo Qiaosheng was troubled by various dreams all night.

For a while, he dreamed that he was in Tianxiang Pavilion, with countless red and green girls spinning around him.

“Soldier, come, and have a cup.”

“One more drink with the slave.”

The women’s joking voice sounded in the extremely empty room.

He was about to refuse when suddenly a big man separated from the crowd and stepped forward.

A fixed glance, it was his old master in Chuhuai Pavilion.

The man grabbed his hair, pushed him into the water, and said viciously: “The little things you make, if you refuse to learn to receive guests, you will die!”

Mo Qiaosheng struggled desperately, and the noisy human voices and cold water suddenly disappeared.

He found himself in a dark alley.

There was a woman standing in the alley, shivering, her hands tightly tucked on her chest, a broken cyan cloth strip, could not cover the whole body, part of the body that was unique to women was looming in the moonlight, with a straight face. Looked at himself in horror.

Mo Qiaosheng just settled for a moment.

The woman suddenly turned into the appearance of green sleeves, dressed in broken cyan clothes, covered in mess, with a blood stained face, and a large patch of bright red snaked out under her feet.

Standing there coldly said: "I'm dead, you lie on the ground, wipe all these clean."

Mo Qiaosheng turned around and ran. He ran desperately in the endless darkness.

I don't know how long I ran, a little light appeared in the darkness.

It was a small candlestick with warm light, illuminating a small space around it.

The lord sat in the candlelight, reading the slips on the desk intently.

He raised his face, saw Mo Qiaosheng who was panicked, smiled lightly, and waved to Mo Qiaosheng.

"Qiaosheng, come, come to me."

Mo Qiaosheng felt his frightened heart calmed down in an instant.

Yes, I don't have to be afraid anymore, I have him, I have the lord.

Step by step, he approached the person who comforted him the most in the world.

The man's lips slowly conjured up a smirk, stretched out his jade-like fingers, put on the tall neckline, and slowly opened it.

...

Mo Qiaosheng suddenly woke up, and there was silence outside the window, revealing a slight sky light.

He lifted the quilt and took a look, and it was dirty.

Turning over, Mo Qiaosheng sat on the edge of the bed, covering his face with his hands.

I will not forgive myself! I will not forgive myself! How dare I dream such a dream!

He dared not recall the situation in his dream.

But that kind of beautiful picture swayed before my eyes uncontrollably.

That person was warm and exquisite in the dream, and she was a woman, appearing in front of her in her favorite form.

But he still conquered himself so strongly, and made himself cry at the peak of happiness.

Think of the lord as a woman.

Simply rebellious! Unforgivable sin!

Mo Qiaosheng rushed out of the house, came to the well in the backyard, and drew two large buckets of well water.

He poured himself twice with cold well water before suppressing the heat in his body.

This is just a dream, maybe I saw those last night and drank some wine before I had that messy dream. I heard that men of my age often have such dreams.

Nothing, don't think about it, don't think about it anymore.

He walked back to his house, but happened to ran into Cheng Qianye who was about to leave.

“Qiaosheng?” Cheng Qianye was very happy when he saw him, and smiled at him, “Why did you get yourself wet early in the morning?”

Mo Qiaosheng took a step back.

“What's the matter?” Cheng Qianye took two steps forward and took his hand. “Is my hand so cold, is it taking cold water?”

Mo Qiaosheng stepped back two steps in succession, his back hit the wall, and he couldn't go back.

His gaze stayed on the pink lips that opened and closed in front of him, his throat rolled, and he swallowed.

In that dream, it was these lips that bullied himself severely and sweetly.

He turned his head, avoiding his sight.

“Why is your face red?” Cheng Qianye stretched out her hand and broke his face back.

Looked at him carefully for a moment.

The charming voice with a little smirk sounded in Mo Qiaosheng's ear, “Do you want to...I kiss you?”

Reality is more sinking than dreams.

When he attacked his lips with a warm breath.

Mo Qiaosheng closed his eyes.

He is the only person in this world, no matter what it looks like, he can always capture me in an instant.

I can't think, I can't struggle, and I don't want to struggle.

...

The new army drilled for several days.

Yang Luhou carried a heavy log on his shoulders and ran in the middle of the queue panting.

"Really... I can't run anymore." He stopped, bent down his thin body, and panted heavily.

In the past few days, in the morning, I have been repeatedly training to gather, disband, and turn to walk. Keep moving forward under the command of Jingu, boring and tired.

What is even more frightening is that the team started to run dozens of miles out of town in the afternoon, and the distance increased day by day.

Although the meals are very good, the rice tube is full, and there are large slices of eye-catching fat in the side dishes. But he still felt overwhelmed. After practicing for a day, his hands and feet were shaking badly.

Starting today, the officer even asked them to start running against the heavy wood.

Yang Luhou felt that his lungs were blocked by cotton, so he couldn't catch his breath.

I can't run anymore, I really can't run anymore, let me take a breath. he thinks.

Yang Sheng passed by behind him, lifted up the wood on his shoulder, and folded it on his shoulder.

"Come on, or get out of our team."

He left this sentence with his back.

Yang Luhou was both respectful and afraid of Yang Sheng, and when he said a word, he was shocked to throw off his weak legs and barely follow Yang Sheng's footsteps.

"Sheng...Brother Sheng, why do we run like this every day. I really can't figure it out."

"Shut up." Yang Sheng stared hard at the front, "Look at that person."

At the front of the long line, a man dressed in black, wearing a heavier armor than others, carrying two woods on his shoulders, leaning on slender legs, ran firmly at the front of the line.

Behind him is the C-A team, which has scored a first-class in all major exams.

The entire team of Team C remained silent and followed their Lieutenant Mo Qiaosheng neatly, pulling the team behind them a long way.

"Let me keep up! Are you worse than those slaves who have never eaten their food since childhood?" Han Shen, the centurion of the Jiamao team, is cursing people. His team is composed of civilian soldiers, so he always Put your team up high and often say something that offends people without knowing it.

The Jiachen team, where Yang Sheng belongs, was following the Jiamao team. Hearing these words, they gathered their energy and surpassed the Jiamao team that was before them.

A Yuan saw a man surpassing his side. There was a scar on the man's face and a gap in his ear, against the two woods.

It was that man, the slave who beheaded fifteen people for the first time. It turns out that he has become a centurion.

A Yuan pursed his mouth, lifted his almost numb legs, and ran forward.

Twenty miles back with a heavy load, there was a wailing sound on the school field.

Sit and lie down, the woods were thrown everywhere.

Mo Qiaosheng stood on the stage with his hands behind his back, his eyes were energetic, and his body was straight, without the slightest fatigue.

"On the battlefield, the more tired you are, the less you can relax. The enemy is most likely to take advantage of this opportunity to take the top of the head." He said loudly and ordered Mingjin, "All lined up."

"I don't do it!" A fat, strong man in the crowd sat on the ground and shouted.

This person's surname is Li, the centurion of the Jiachou team. At this moment, he is sweaty: "I'm going to build a team every day. There is a fart to use? I am going to fight, not to dance."

There was a low laughter from the crowd, and many people looked up at Mo Qiaosheng who was on the stage with glee.

This Li Baifu was a son of a nobleman, and his family had relatives who were high officials in the court. He was always domineering. Everyone is waiting to see what Captain Mo can do with him.

Mo Qiaosheng looked at him coldly, and said neither high nor low: "Li Baifu, I will give you another chance to form the team quickly."

Li Baifu lay on the ground and waved his big hand, yin and yang strangely said: "If you return to the school lieutenant, the younger one is not resigned, it is too tired to get up."

As soon as Mo Qiaosheng raised his right hand, from the Bingzi team he personally led, four soldiers ran out in unison, held Li Baifu's arms, and dragged them to the stage.

"Mo Qiaosheng! Do you know who Grandpa I am? Do you dare to do this to me! Ask anyone in this army who doesn't know what you are!" Li Baifu's eyes became red anxious, and he shouted, "You simply It's not a military training. I think you were tossed hard by others at night, so just take pleasure in tossing us during the day!"

The soldier who escorted him was furious, grabbed a handful of loess, stuffed it into his mouth, and blocked his foul language.

Baifu Li still whined to himself.

Mo Qiao didn't change his face, and asked the prosecutor next to him: "This person doesn't move when he hears of the money. He disobeys the military order and slanders Shangguan. What is the crime?"

The criminal mentioning officer said loudly: "According to the military regulations of the Jin army, those who do not advance after hearing the drums, and those who do not return after hearing the gold will be executed. Those who disobey the military order will have one hundred rods. Those who defame Shangguan in public will have one hundred rods. The three crimes are both punished and severely liable. , When sentenced to behead before the army, the first level will be shown for three days."

The commander of Team A's surname is Han, who is a relative of Li Baifu. He hurriedly stepped forward after hearing the words: "The captain is merciful."

He looked around, boarded the general stage, approached Moqiaosheng and whispered: "The school lieutenant does not know that this person is the wife and brother of the Chi Li Nei envoy Han. He is used

to being a vulgar and rude idiot. , Don't care about him, let's forgive it once on the thin face of Master Han and the humble job."

Mo Qiaosheng was unmoved: "Before the military law, there was no distinction between honor and inferiority. As a military officer, how can Han Qianfu take the lead in seeking private interests? This time, Mo is probably about to offend."

He waved his hand.

The two swords and axes were in front of their hands, pressing the screaming Li Baifu, their hands lifted the knife and dropped, and a big head rolled down to the ground, wiping a dazzling bright red in front of the stage.

The audience was silent.

The soldiers lined up quickly in silence.

Looking at the captain in black on the general stage, the legendary murderer became clear in their hearts for the first time.

"You, you!" Han Qianfu shook the muscles on his face, gritted his teeth and said, "Master Mo is really arrogant, and he won't even give him the face of Li Nei!"

"You probably don't know that the current envoy to Zhili is Master Zhang Fuzhang." Mo Qiaosheng replied coldly, "The adult in your mouth, don't say that he is not in his position now, or that he is still in office. , Stand in front of my eyes, and I will not abandon my business for personal reasons and betray my military discipline!"

Bang bang bang.

There was a few clear applause from the gate of the school field.

Cheng Qianye wore a golden crown on his head, dressed in a dragon-patterned crimson robe, and brought a team of bodyguards, and appeared at the school gate with a smile.

She stepped up to the general stage and raised her hand to let all the soldiers kneeling in salute on the school field stand up.

Seeing the neatly organized team on the school field, Cheng Qianye repeatedly praised: "Good job, Captain Mo."

She turned slightly to the side, approaching Mo Qiaosheng, and said something in a low voice.

A suspicious blush flashed across Mo Qiaosheng's face, and he coughed slightly.

It's been a lot of hard work. Let's take a day off tomorrow. Let's go to the hot spring together?

Cheng Qianye said this.

As a result, King Mo Hades, who had just declared without shame that he would never abolish the public for private reasons, suddenly changed his sex. Announcing that the whole army will rest tomorrow.

"Master Lieutenant is not so cold and ruthless, thinking that we have worked hard for a long time, and finally gave Xie a day." A Yuan and his companions walked together.

"Yeah, I finally took a day off. I saved a few small sums of money. I plan to go shopping in the city and buy some things, and I will be picked up by the emissary. Do you want to be together?"

"Can I take things home? Then I will go with you."

Yang Luhou felt that his legs were no longer his own, and he limped back slowly while supporting his companion's shoulder.

He turned his head by accident and saw Wei Xiaowei on the stage talking with the lord.

“Hey, look, is Lieutenant Mo blushing?”

“Nonsense, how can he blush without blinking a murderous eye.”