

## His Lord 56

### Chapter 56

The soldiers who had been resting for a day returned to the school grounds and found that they finally got rid of the boring queue training and were allowed to take up weapons to practice.

They were divided into two groups, one group received shields and short knives, and the other group received spears.

Therefore, in the three hours in the morning, half of the people repeatedly did the actions of swinging knives, hacking, and holding shields to block.

The other half faced the grass man that had been pierced in front of him, practicing a spear-stride-piercing back and forth.

What should I do if I am tired from training?

When tired, the rehearsal queue is considered to be adjusted.

Practice from Pingdan until eating.

Many soldiers would shake their hands when carrying the dishes and chopsticks.

In the sound of swallowing in the camp, the sound of wooden chopsticks falling from time to time was scattered.

“When I was training in the queue, I disliked it as boring, and every day I look forward to practicing military martial arts earlier.” Yang Luhou said with a grimace, “I should have practiced the queue for a few more days. Up.”

Several of his brothers laughed loudly, "You don't need to eat the bowl if you can't handle it. Just distribute the meat and vegetables in your bowl to the brothers."

Yang Luhou guarded the bowls and chopsticks: "It's just a joke, Hugh."

A Shiwu named Dengzhu opened his mouth and said: "Six Monkeys, don't be lazy, you are in front of you. This time you can't ask Brother Sheng to divide your heads and make up the number."

Yang Luhou stopped talking and buried his head and slurped rice.

Another named Cai Shiwu spoke: "The pillar was the first one of us to get the head except for Brother Sheng. The enemy army was overwhelmed by the killing, and my legs were frightened. I just watched the pillars rush up. I chopped down an enemy in front of him, only then took the courage to follow up, and then smashed his eyes, and barely earned a head."

Deng Zhu stopped his chopsticks: "I am different from you. I also have an old lady in the slave camp in Jiangcheng. I just want to get more heads as soon as possible to get my mother out of slavery as soon as possible, and take her over and join me. Let's spend a few days together."

Yang Sheng heard it from the side and stretched his arms on Deng Zhu's shoulders: "This battle, let's fight hard. As long as you get the head, you can pick up whoever you want to pick up. My house is empty on the left and right, and I will live there. that."

Hearing these words, several people were excited, and there were still family members, but they felt that their bodies were full of energy. Even if you are alone, you are full of longing for a family life in the future.

The morning eclipse is over.

Mo Qiaosheng "King Mo Yan" ascended to the general stage, and amidst the wailing of the entire army, he announced that all members of the army would resist the top of the wood and run a long distance out of the city.

A long line, running on the forest path outside the city.

“Or give it to me.” Yang Sheng ran past the panting Yang Luhou and said.

“No, no, Brother Sheng, I can’t rely on you forever, I have to carry it by myself today.”

Han Shen, the centurion leader of the Jiamao team, berated the soldiers who were gradually falling behind in his team. Suddenly he saw a ten commander in his queue, carrying two woods on his shoulders, and ran past him.

He followed up and asked, “A Yuan, what are you doing?”

“Team, look at the captain.” A Yuan panted heavily and kept walking. “That person, he carries double shares every time, and there are still three shares. He is already a knight, I heard he went yesterday I have a house and two hundred acres of fields. I, I can’t even afford a piece of cloth.”

Han Shen looked up and saw that the annoying Jiachen team ran ahead of them.

The whole team of this team has been a slave from the centurion, and the centurion Yang Sheng has no self-knowledge. He is both arrogant and mad, and has to lead the team to surpass his Jiamao team every time before he stops.

“Damn, I will also carry two in the future.” Han Shen sipped to the ground, took the wood on the shoulder of the last weak soldier in the team, carried it on his shoulder, and ran forward.

He ran back with a load of twenty li.

Yang Luhou’s hands and feet were weak and he could hardly walk. He said to the Dengzhu who was supporting him when he was walking: “Zhu... Brother Zhuzi, I really can’t walk anymore. You go first and leave me alone.”

“Look over there.” Deng Zhu didn’t move, he turned his face, “Brother Sheng is going to challenge King Mo Yan again.”

Yang Luhou stood upright and happened to see under the general stage, Yang Sheng stopped Mo Qiaosheng who had just stepped off the stage.

“Master Lieutenant.” Yang Sheng clasped his fists in a military salute. “Master Lieutenant led the lap and was not tired at all. It really made me not convinced.”

“I don’t know if the adults are free today, I will call the villain again.” He spoke modestly, but with a madness. He closed the camp every day. As long as he could stop him, he would stop Mo Qiao and compare him again, despite repeated All lose, but still not timid.

Mo Qiaosheng didn’t say much, and took off his coat, “Yes, today I will compare the fighting technique.”

The two men’s ape-armed waists, with tight muscles, bent down and stared at each other closely.

Yang Sheng looked at the man opposite.

This man has a pair of indifferent eyes, with a horrifying intent to fight, when staring at him, it reminds him of the wolf he encountered in the wasteland in his childhood.

When a wolf sees its prey, it will also show this look, making the nape of the neck chill, and can’t wait to turn around and run.

But Yang Sheng has never run since he was a child.

The stronger the opponent, the more excited him.

Yang Sheng roared and rushed forward.

Before he jumped, his ankle hurts and he suddenly loses his balance.

Yang Sheng rolled around on the ground, quickly climbed up, and rushed towards Mo Qiaosheng again.

This time, he saw that when he approached, Mo Qiaosheng quickly kicked his foot toward his bottom plate.

Just after Mo Qiaosheng's surprise attack, Yang Sheng felt a sudden pain in the knee bend, causing him to soften his left leg and almost kneel down. He gritted his teeth to prevent him from falling, slammed a punch, hit Mo Qiaosheng's face door, and kicked Mo Qiaosheng under his crotch.

Mo Qiaosheng framed his arms and legs.

The two stood in a stalemate for a while, Mo Qiaosheng shook Yang Sheng's arms, fists out, and hit him on the chest, knocking him back a few steps.

"You can't do this, you are just a number of ways to fight. Come, I will teach you the real fighting technique." Mo Qiaosheng stopped Yang Sheng who wanted to pounce on again.

"Master Captain. I, can we learn too?" a soldier onlookers asked with a flushed face.

"Yes, teach us too, Master Xiaowei."

"Teach us, Mo Yan... No, Master Xiaowei."

Before returning to the camp, the soldiers who remained onlookers shouted one by one.

"Okay, what's your name, come over and be a demonstration." Mo Qiaosheng pointed to the soldier who spoke first.

"The villain is called A Yuan, thank you Master Lieutenant."

Mo Qiaosheng caught A Yuan's arms and began to explain the main points of fighting skills.

"Yes, your arms are very strong. On the battlefield, you will drop ten times in one effort. From now on, pay attention to continue to strengthen." Mo Qiaosheng praised.

He Lanzhen came to the outside of the school grounds, and heard there were still shouts in the ground.

This little Mo is too motivated. The camping time has passed a long time ago, but he tossed so late every time.

At the moment,

A Yuanzheng's face was flushed, but he still couldn't shake the iron tongs arm on the other side.

Suddenly there was a roar in the distance: "Xiao Mo, the lord has called for you and I to go and talk back together."

The hands that stumbled firmly on A Yuan's arm suddenly loosened their strength, and A Yuan confiscated the strength and threw Captain Mo down.

"Hug... I'm sorry." A Yuan hurriedly helped up his chief.

However, he saw a suspicious blush on his face, a stern and cold Shangguan.

I must be dazzled, A Yuan thought.

Mo Qiaosheng stood up, patted the dirt on his body, briefly explained a few words, and hurriedly left the school with He Lanzhen.

The two came to the hall where Cheng Qianye was.

Several non-commissioned officers were in front of Cheng Qianye, reporting recent military battles in various places.

Mo Qiaosheng stood on the periphery, looking at the lord sitting in the crowd.

The lord supported his cheek with one hand, and the fingers of the other hand slowly lit on the desk, listening attentively, and concentrating on it.

Suddenly, Mo Qiaosheng became a little worried. He found that he couldn't concentrate his mind. Whether he put his eyes on the lord's white face, or on the lord's red lips, or put it there lightly. Above the fingertips, everything seems wrong.

"Lieutenant Mo." Cheng Qianye suddenly nodded his name, "How are your troops trained? What's the trouble?"

Xiao Mo was wandering, wondering what he was struggling with.

Mo Qiaosheng narrowed his mind, avoided Cheng Qianye's gaze, bowed his head and said succinctly: "Please rest assured that you will receive the full assistance of General Helan. The training of the new army is going well."

He Lanzhen couldn't help replying for him: "School Wei administers the army rigorously and has been effective. His humble duty guarantees that it won't take long. His new army will definitely become a strong soldier in our Jin army, and it can be of great use."

Come out of the conference hall.

He Lanzhen draped Mo Qiaosheng's shoulders: "Xiaomo, what's the matter with you today? Do you dare to distract yourself when you deal with it in front of the lord?"

Mo Qiaosheng's complexion turned slightly red.

"But it's okay. You are really effective in your military training, and you are diligent every day. Everyone and the lord will see it."

Mo Qiaosheng stopped and hesitated for a moment.

"What's the matter with Qiaosheng? Just talk about it."

With a red face, Mo Qiaosheng asked, "Dare to ask General Helan, is there a wife at home?"

"I have never married. There are only two concubines." He Lanzhen replied puzzled.

"Then... can the general be interested in someone?" Mo Qiaosheng's eyes evaded, "I don't know what kind of gifts the generals give to the person he likes?"

He Lanzhen was surprised, "So you have someone you like, no wonder you feel restless. Could it be that the last time you went to Tianxiang Pavilion, which girl did you fancy?"

He patted Mo Qiaosheng on the shoulder and laughed: "Haha, those girls, they just like some flowers. Qiaosheng, you are so extraordinary, you are so magnificent, which sister would not like it? Just buy one. This is the gift of jade jewelry."

Mo Qiao left as usual.

He Lanzhen also added a sentence at the end: "Don't worry, according to what your brother taught, while talking love words in your mouth, while wearing them yourself, you can easily capture the girl's heart."

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Simatu looks after the horses in the stable.

Although he is no longer a horseman now, he still personally takes care of Princess Tianxiang's mount every day.

He heard someone calling his name and turned around.

I saw Mo Qiaosheng, who had never been talkative, standing at the gate of the stable.

His expression was a bit cramped, his face was reddish, and he looked like he wanted to talk.

"What's the matter, Qiaosheng, what's wrong with me?" Simatu felt very happy to be able to come to him.

Mo Qiaosheng held back his shame and said hesitantly.

Simatu wanted to laugh and held back desperately, his facial expressions looked very strange for a moment.

Mo Qiaosheng flushed, turned and left.

"Don't, don't," Simatu stopped him, "Give the lord a gift. What is there to think about? You clean yourself up and put it on his mouth. He must be the happiest."

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Afeng sat in her room, looking at Xiao Qiu who brought her the medicine, coldly rolled her face, "Let go, I've said it many times, I don't need you to worry about my own business."

“No, the main bus is here. For this month, I have to watch you drink the medicine every day, and one day will not work.” Xiao Qiu blocked the door and insisted on watching Afeng drink the medicine. “My sister said, the main bus is waiting. Things, no matter how big or small, can’t be careless at all.”

Afeng helplessly picked up the medicine bowl and drank it, “Can you go now?”

“Not yet, the lord said, according to the doctor’s explanation, I watch you walk slowly in the house twice a day, and you must not go out at will. You must change the medicine every three days, and ask the doctor to come for a consultation on the fifth...”

When Mo Qiao was born, he saw a babbled little fat bun blocking the door of A Feng’s house. A Feng held his head helplessly and sat at the table in the house.

The author has something to say: Regarding how many acres of land can be planted in order to live as a family, I have consulted “Shihuo Zhi”. The area of acres in that era is different from the area of acres today. To say that a hundred steps equals one acre, the side length of one acre is one hundred steps in length, which is about 130 meters.

At that time, productivity was low. One mu of land yielded about 2 shi of millet or rice (the husk has not yet been removed). An adult man needs about 30 shi for a year’s food (no matter if he is full, living expenses are not counted). Six people, including two couples, old people, children, or some younger siblings. So I referred to some papers (I forgot who wrote it specifically, sorry). During the Spring and Autumn Period, a family normally needs to rent 200 mu of farmland, and barely enough to live. 200 mu of land yields about 400 shi, deducting rent, tax, seeds, fertilizer, and the remaining roughly 100 shi of grain, normally enough for a family. Eat, barely sell a little to replace the daily necessities, this is also the situation of good years. So I set the old farmer’s family to rent 200 acres of land in addition to their own 30 acres.

I am not good at this kind of data. Therefore, I directly adopted the conclusions drawn by other scholars, hoping that there are not too many mistakes or omissions.