

His Lord 57

Chapter 57

“Brother Qiaosheng, you are here.” Xiaoqiu was very happy to see Mo Qiaosheng.

Since Mo Qiaosheng led a horse with two heads of people into the city and got the nickname of King Mo Yan, many palace servants and maids couldn't help showing fear when they saw him.

This fear made him, who was not good at interacting with others, appear more serious and cold.

But perhaps it was when I met him at the end of the day, coupled with his young age, Xiao Qiu was still enthusiastic and lively every time I saw him.

This made Mo Qiaosheng breathe a sigh of relief.

“Brother Qiaosheng hasn't eaten dinner yet? My sister is doing pancakes. I'll bring some and let you sit and eat with Brother Feng.” When it comes to eating, Xiao Qiu's eyes flashed brightly, not waiting for ink. Hashimoto answered, turned his head and ran away.

Mo Qiaosheng looked at the little figure who ran away, with a smile in his eyes, and sat down at Cheng Feng's table.

“The noise keeps going, I'm annoyed all day long, but luckily you are here.” Cheng Feng complained impatiently.

“She is only this high.” Mo Qiaosheng stretched out his hand to compare, “If you really bother her, one hand can prevent her from coming again.”

Cheng Feng pursed his mouth and averted his gaze.

“The injury is healed.” Mo Qiaosheng held up a small can of wine and placed it on the table, and then pulled out two cups from Cheng Feng’s table.

“What do you mean.” Cheng Feng watched him pour the wine, “I’ve been lying down for more than half a month. In the past, how many times have we been injured?”

The two toasted their glasses and touched them lightly. The spirits entered their throats, both fragrant and mellow.

I remember that not long ago, the two had sat in this way, the same person, the same wine, but at that time it was so bitter.

Alcohol stimulates the nerves and makes people’s thinking more emotional.

In the past, every time I was seriously injured, I lay alone in a cold and humid shack.

No matter how thirsty, there is no water, no matter how hungry, there is no food.

In the boundless silence, endure, suffer, and fear the **** of death who might be coming next moment.

If you are lucky, there will be a brother who rushes back at night, puts a lump of food that you saved in your mouth, and feeds a mouthful of muddy water.

Reluctantly pull you back from the edge of death, able to continue struggling to survive in the dark mud.

But now,

Cheng Feng looked at the empty medicine bowl on the table.

Every time he opened his eyes, there was always sweet water and warm porridge food, held by a pair of chubby little hands to his bed.

The child said a lot, it made him feel too noisy, and he was unaccustomed to himself, who had always been healing alone in silence.

Not used to this kind of warmth.

Although it was only a child, he was always frivolous in doing things.

But that mind was very hot, so hot that he subconsciously wanted to resist, who had been in the ice for a long time.

Cheng Feng closed his eyes and searched through his dark life. It seemed that he had only received this kind of care when he was young.

The warmer it was at that time, the more cruel the memory later.

If it is not for the lord.

How can I have the opportunity to be treated tenderly again like a person who has been blackened from the inside out.

Cheng Feng drank his glass of wine: "You came to find me, but something?"

Mo Qiaosheng took out the small piece of nail hanging around his neck and rubbed it for a moment.

He Lanzhen and Simatu are his new friends, and they are very warm and sincere to him.

On the contrary, Cheng Feng has always been cold and venomous.

But I don't know why, when I came to Cheng Feng to discuss this matter, he felt calm and stable in his heart.

This is a brother who can really understand him and understand him.

"You said this was bestowed by the lord?" Cheng Feng looked at the triangular pendant.

Mo Qiaosheng hummed slightly, his eyes staring at the piece of armor revealed a rare gentleness.

"Qiaosheng, I once advised you to stay away from the lord, now it seems that I was wrong." Cheng Feng said.

Mo Qiaosheng's always resolute facial lines softened insignificantly: "My lord, I hope I can give him something back, but I don't have any strength, so what can I give to him? What is there in this world? Things, can you be worthy of the lord? For this, I really worry about it for many days."

"Are you stupid? The lord is the prince of a country, how can mundane things be in his eyes. What he wants is nothing more than your heart. Tomorrow I will accompany you to the market and carefully find one that can represent your heart. You can offer it respectfully."

Mo Qiao was troubled for many days, but finally found a solution, and he was relieved: "Great goodness."

Tens of thousands of troops were stationed in Bianzhou City,

When the evening sun shines every day, the soldiers camped in the city come out in groups to visit the market.

Therefore, in the evening, the market became more lively, and many shops raised lanterns to prepare for the evening market.

Although the streets are full of soldiers, Mo Qiaosheng and Cheng Feng who are walking side by side are still very eye-catching.

One was dressed in scarlet robes, with a brilliant complexion and frost on his face.

The other is full body black, eager to look forward to power, full of anger.

Next to them was a white and tender female doll, with big eyes looking around.

“Have you decided what to buy?” Cheng Feng frowned.

This was his first time visiting such a market, and the over-enthusiastic bosses on both sides of the road made him very uncomfortable.

He exuded an aura of rejection from thousands of miles away, and frightened a proprietress who was trying to lean over to greet him.

Mo Qiaosheng was also very unwell. He said with some distress: “General Helan suggested that I buy some...beads and jade ornaments. Simatu suggested...cough.”

Mo Qiaosheng stayed in a jewelry shop for a long time.

Xiao Qiu squatted on a stall selling puppets not far from the door, happily touching and watching.

Among them, there is a cloth tiger that is very lively, so she can't put it down.

I remember that when I was in my hometown, there was such a cloth tiger at home. Even though it had been played very shabby and stitched many times, she still had no chance to touch it. It was an expensive toy that my brothers were qualified to play.

“Girl doll, if you don’t buy it, don’t keep touching it. It costs five big dollars. It’s dirty, and it won’t be easy for a tired old man to sell.” The stall owner said.

Five big money fell on the booth, and a hand stretched out from behind Xiao Qiu and lifted the cloth tiger.

“Feng, Afeng, what do you buy this for? Borrow me to play, have fun.” Xiao Qiu trot after Afeng, standing on tiptoe all the way to get enough.

With a flutter, the exquisite toy fell into her arms, and the back of the red shirt in front of her walked forward without looking back.

Cheng Feng buried his head and walked forward. He was very annoyed by his unclear actions.

Well, even thank her for taking care of me during this period of time.

“Feng? Chu Feng?”

At this moment, a man’s voice sounded not far away.

Cheng Feng paused and froze in an instant. A sense of horror that scared him, climbed from the soles of his feet all the way up the top of his head.

It was a share, from the deepest fear in his heart.

A man in his 30s stopped them.

This man has a white face and a beard, and his clothes are luxurious.

“Feng, isn’t this a phoenix? I haven’t seen him for many years, you’ve grown up like this.” The man stretched out his hand, trying to hold Cheng Feng’s hands.

Cheng Feng seemed to be bitten by a snake, and he took two steps back abruptly, his eyes flushed, and he stared at the person in front of him.

“Chu Feng, don’t you remember me? I’m Chu Yezhi, your former master.” The man rubbed his hands, showing a very happy expression, “The family declined back then, and the family’s finances were very tight, so I had to sell it. You. I am also very reluctant to give up, I often think of you these years.”

“It’s different now. I’m honored to be worshipped by Song Xianggong as a guest.” Chu Yezhi unfolded the sleeves of his robes, showing his wealth and honor, “Chu Feng, who is your current master? Come with me, I will find He bought you.”

He stretched out his hand to pull Cheng Feng, halfway through, the back of his hand was slapped sharply by a tender white hand.

A female doll under ten years old, holding a cloth tiger in one hand and A Feng in the other, said angrily to him: “His name is Cheng Feng, not Chu Feng, but our general. Who are you? In our Bianzhou city, how dare you be rude to our generals in Jin?”

“What general?” Chu Yezhi sneered, “Little baby don’t want to coax me. I am the envoy of the Song State. I will ask to see you Jinyue Hou of the Jin State tomorrow. You are not afraid to refer to the slave as a general. Your lord chop off your little head?”

Cheng Feng grabbed Xiao Qiu’s hand, turned and left.

“Chu Feng! How do you treat your old master with this attitude?” Chu Yezhi stretched out his hand to stop them, “Have you forgotten what I was kind to you back then?”

He showed a frivolous gaze, looked at Cheng Feng up and down, and put on a self-righteous smile: “Back then, you were too young to remember. We were so good at that time, if it weren’t for the lack of money, then I can’t afford to offend those families, how can I be willing to give away your innocent and innocent you?”

Chu Yezhi leaned over and added in a low voice: “I haven’t touched you yet.”

Cheng Feng felt a layer of goose bumps all over his body, and he could hardly control the slight trembling of his body.

For such a person, I once worshipped him as a god. Even after he pushed me into hell, I continued to beautify his goodness in my memory, making a last resort for his behavior.

He felt the cold as if he had fallen into an ice bin.

“Feng, what’s the matter with you?” Xiao Qiu looked at Cheng Feng’s bloodless face worriedly, and took his hand.

“Go,” Cheng Feng gritted his teeth, “Let’s go.”

“Don’t go!” Chu Yezhi sullen his face, waved to call in several entourages, and surrounded Cheng Feng and Xiao Qiu.

A hand stretched out from the shadow in the shop door and put it on Cheng Feng’s shoulder.

The hand is warm and strong.

It is Mo Qiaosheng.

He didn’t say a word, standing firmly behind Cheng Feng, with cold eyes, coldly looking at these foreign people wearing Song Dynasty costumes in front of him.

Cheng Feng’s heart immersed in the ice was picked up by this hot hand.

He felt his vain feet gradually stand firm.

He pushed Xiao Qiu behind him, holding the hilt in his hand, and with a chuckle, he drew out a saber, with red eyes and confronted the person he hated in front of him.

“Lieutenant Mo.”

“What is the captain doing here?”

“Fighting? Count me Yang Sheng.”

A few Jin soldiers wandering on the street gathered around.

The headed person had a striking scar on his face and a hideous look, rolling up his sleeves and forced him in front of Chu Ye.

“Misunderstanding, misunderstanding. I am the envoy of the State of Song, you must not be rude.” Chu Ye saw that they were crowded with a large number of people, and there was a mid-level general on the scene, and he felt cowardly in his heart. So he clarified his identity, greeted his followers, and left in a hurry.

Mo Qiaosheng and Yang Sheng greeted several people,

He put on Cheng Feng’s shoulders, “Go, go back.”

Cheng Feng turned his head and glanced at him.

Mo Qiaosheng understood Cheng Feng’s mood at the moment.

He increased the strength in his hand: “Don’t worry. Nothing. Nothing.”