

His Lord 65

Chapter 65

In Shijia Village, Xucuo Village, in a farmyard, a woman with gray hair and a rickety body is busy driving the chickens from the yard into the chicken coop.

She was less than forty years old, because of her former slave life, the difficult life made her feel like an old man in sixties.

She had many children in her life, but they either died or were sold by the owner, and most of them failed to stay with her.

The only son who grew up beside him, Dengzhu, also died on the battlefield not long ago.

The shock of her life has made her close to numbness. Living a day is just a day of chaos, the rest of life should be dark, there is nothing to look forward to.

The woman raised her muddy eyes and looked at the snow falling in the sky.

The snow was extremely heavy this winter, but at the moment she is wearing a thick cotton-padded coat and lives in a big house that is sheltered from wind and rain. The barn is full of grain from the tenant farmers, and even stewed on the countertop of the kitchen. A big pot of old hen soup.

“Ganny, the children are hungry, and are waiting for Ganniang to cook a good meal.”

“Goddamn, we are back, the six monkeys are starving to death. If there is anything delicious, please take a bite.”

“Danny.”

“Danny.”

As the New Year’s Eve was approaching, the barracks were closed, and several young men without a family lived together in Yang Sheng’s mansion.

They carried the firewood they had just cut into the mountain and caught the pheasants and snow rabbits. Come back noisily.

Before entering the yard, he shouted loudly.

Deng Zhuniang wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes, and she became busy.

After the excitement and busyness, the grief in my heart gradually faded, and the days gradually seemed to be able to go on.

In the king’s capital, Hokyō, occupied by Inu Rong.

Sitting in front of the brazier, Zhang Fu flipped through the letters in his hand by candlelight.

He was very cautious, even if important things were written in ciphertext, after he read it and remembered it, he immediately burned it in a brazier.

There is only a very thin and very small note, and he gently rubs it between his fingers, and there is a line of handsome and familiar fonts on it: everything is done by the public, and the peace of the public and the show is the key, remember! Remember!

Zhang Fu read these few numbers several times and then threw them into the charcoal basin.

The fire in the charcoal basin lit up, burning up this page of text messages carefully sent from Bianzhou.

This little flame brought warmth to him who was alone in danger.

The young boy was lying on the desk beside him, and he had accidentally fallen asleep after overworked.

Zhang Fu stood up and put a piece of clothing on Xiao Xiu.

He raised his head and looked at the snow falling outside the window.

The snow this year has been exceptionally heavy.

The white snow seems to cover all the ugly things in the world.

When the spring and snow melt in the coming year, a whole new and different world may be revealed.

...

In the Xishan Courtyard of Bianzhou.

Cheng Qianye drank a bit of wine, slightly upside down, she was sitting on the edge of the corridor of the other courtyard, sitting on the mat that Biyun brought her, leaning on the pillar, holding a cup of hot strong tea.

There was fine snow in the sky.

In a wild courtyard.

A group of men surrounded the bonfire in the snow, roasting venison, pushing their cups for one, drinking happily.

Cheng Feng stood up, took the large jar of wine that Xiao Qiu had brought, and handed her a plate of roasted venison in front of him.

From time to time, Yu Dunsu clinked glasses with Cheng Feng, or talked sideways with Xiao Jin in a low voice.

He Lanzhen drank a little too much, and was pulling Mo Qiaosheng to talk, and laughed heartily from time to time.

Mo Qiaosheng said few things, but his expression was very relaxed, with an imperceptible smile at the corners of his mouth, occasionally raising his eyes to look at Cheng Qianye.

“What are you looking at, Qianyu?” Yao Tianxiang came to Cheng Qianye and sat down next to her.

“It’s snowing.” Cheng Qianye stretched out his hand from the corridor, followed by the snow falling from the sky.

“I’m thinking next year, after the snow melts, will the world be different. Can it change a little?”

“Qianyu, you may not have noticed. Because of you, this place has changed a lot.” Yao Tianxiang took Cheng Qianye’s arm and leaned her head on her shoulder. “I came here when I first arrived in Bianzhou. Xishan is still devastated along the way, almost invisible to other people. Now all the way up the mountain, see how many more houses? Households along the way are smoking, and most of the children and the elderly also have clothing for covering their bodies. It is much better than before. It was a good year. I believe that next year the life of the civilians here will only get better and better, and more and more people will settle here.”

“Don’t say anything else, just look at Hashio. The first time I saw him, he was in the stable. He was a slave who couldn’t raise his head. Now, when you look at him again, he not only raised his head confidently, . Even glowed.”

Cheng Qianye looked at the people in the yard.

He Lanzhen didn’t know what he said, strangling Mo Qiaosheng’s neck with one hand, rubbing his hair with the other, laughing loudly.

Mo Qiaosheng's complexion was reddish, and he raised his eyes to look towards Cheng Qianye.

"No, it's not just because of me." Cheng Qianye said softly, "With this little change today, each of them is doing their best to fight."

"For this change, countless people have worked hard, shed blood, and even died. At this moment, there are still people who are alone in danger and go deep into the enemy line, just to achieve the goal that everyone is looking forward to."

Cheng Qianye turned his head to look at Yao Tianxiang's Mingyan face: "Even Tianxiang, you could have enjoyed life comfortably, but recently did you also open a women's college to provide learning texts for women who have never had the opportunity to learn. , Opportunities for life skills?"

Yao Tianxiang smiled and said: "That's because you have brought us hope. Once people have hope, they will not feel bitter or tired at anything."

"I have always felt that we women should not be born only as a subsidiary of men. But before, I didn't have the opportunity to fight back. Now I think I can do a little bit for myself and for women in the world."

"So, I must thank you very much." Yao Tianxiang gritted his teeth, his eyes sparkling.

She held up her white palms and attached them to Cheng Qianye's ears, "The one I said last time, I have prepared it for you, brand new, and put it on your carriage. You can try it on the way back. . I promise he can't get out of the car crying."

Cheng Qianye gave her a push, not crying or laughing: "Don't make trouble, he and I haven't reached that point. Besides, we can't get there. If one is not careful, what do you tell me to do."

Yao Tianxiang pursed his lips: "But he drank so much deer blood wine tonight. If you ignore him, wouldn't he be very pitiful."

“Deer blood wine?” Cheng Qianye didn’t understand, “It’s not just a thing to replenish qi and dispel cold?”

Yao Tianxiang looked at Cheng Qianye with a look of mental retardation.

Cheng Qianye reacted, bitterly stretched out her finger and flicked her forehead.

“Oh.” Yao Tianxiang covered his forehead, “Even if you don’t round the room, it won’t prevent you from bullying him.”

On the way down the mountain,

Mo Qiaosheng sat in the carriage, feeling a little unreasonably anxious in his heart.

The lord was sitting not far in front of him, and there was a square box carved with jade on the desk beside him.

The lord seemed to be a little absent-minded and gently clasped the face of the box with his fingers, and his face showed some unknown smiles from time to time.

Mo Qiaosheng looked at the face that shook his head and chuckles from time to time, and felt that a fire was inexplicably ignited in his body. What’s worse, the fire became more and more prosperous, gradually starting to start a prairie fire.

Cheng Qianye opened the lock of the box and wanted to take a peek.

Suddenly, she remembered what Yao Tianxiang said in her ear,

“There are three layers, the first layer is used in front, the second layer...”

With a bang, Cheng Qianye closed the box tightly.

Mo Qiaosheng seemed to be taken aback by her. He blushed and stood up: "Master, I, I will go down for a while."

Only then did Cheng Qianye react and grabbed the crimson Mo Qiaosheng.

She looked at the bewildered man in front of her and found that a certain part of his body had already reacted unconcealable.

"How do you go on like this?"

Mo Qiaosheng blushed, not daring to meet her eyes.

Cheng Qianye touched his nose, his face was also slightly red.

But looking at this person who was a hundred times more cramped than her, she had no choice but to take the initiative.

She took Mo Qiaosheng's hand and slowly let him sit down beside her.

Reached out and gently touched his hot face and asked,

"Hashio, do you like me?"

Mo Qiaosheng turned his face sideways and nodded. Only that one took a lot of effort.

"There are things I can't tell you yet."

Cheng Qianye sat upright, broke Mo Qiaosheng's chin, and kissed his lips.

“But if you can’t help it, I can make you happy sooner.”

She tightened the hand that wanted to struggle.

“Don’t be afraid, I won’t do things that make you uncomfortable. I just want to make you happy.”

Mo Qiaosheng let the man push him to the ground.

He watched the man leaned over, his lips parted slightly, and said softly in his ear: “If you don’t want to, you can refuse now.”

He didn’t know why he was so bold, and unexpectedly reached out his hand in a ghostly spirit, wrapped his arm around the man’s neck, trembling gently, and kissed the red lips that he longed for the first time.

Cheng Qianye held his hands and imprisoned him on the ground, showing a breathtaking look in the night, and aroused a smile.

“No, I am the lord.”

The carriage slowly drove a long road in the silent snowy night.

After getting off the West Mountain, we crossed into Bianzhou City.

Stopped outside the palace gate.

Biyun looked at the motionless car door, a little embarrassed, and had to ask for instructions softly, “Master, we are at the gate of the palace.”

For a long time, Cheng Qianye’s dry voice came from the car: “Walk around again.”

Biyun's face turned red in an instant, and she gestured for the guard to follow her to turn around and walk around the palace wall.

Xiao Qiu didn't know, so he wanted to ask.

Biyun covered her mouth and whispered: "Don't ask, go, the lord doesn't say anything, don't stop."