

# Han's Son is Not a Slave

## Chapter 5: Braid

Four days later, Zhou Shixiang was still staying in the mountainous area of western Guangdong. During this period, he got lost several times, which made him very anxious.

If you go out in your previous life, railways, highways, national highways, and provincial highways lead in all directions, and there are large signs at each intersection. You can go wherever you want to go. However, the transportation construction of Guangdong in this era is very backward. Except for the official roads connecting the prefectures and counties, there are only a handful of other roads, and most of them are just trails that the villagers (mountains) walked out of themselves. This trail is familiar to the locals, but it is impossible for outsiders to walk, especially in the mountains, it is difficult to go out without a guide.

Officially, Zhou Shixiang did not dare to leave. Last year, Li Dingguo led his troops to attack Guangzhou, but the Qing army did not dare to fight against it. They gave up all the prefectures and counties in western Guangdong and only defended Guangzhou. After Li Dingguo was defeated and forced to withdraw from Xinhui, the Qing army took advantage of the situation to reoccupy most of the counties in western Guangdong. At present, almost all of the official roads heading west are under the control of the Qing army, and the inspection of passing pedestrians is extremely strict.

Passing five levels and killing six generals is a story that only exists in novels. Zhou Shixiang is not the second master of Guan, but he does not dare to walk on the official road. He became the target of the Qing army, and a common question, "Where did you get this horse from?" can make him indisputable and appear on the spot.

The trail is difficult but safe. But safety is safety, but Zhou Shixiang didn't know the way, wandering in the mountains for two or three days without knowing where he was.

It's not that Zhou Shixiang didn't want to find a local person to ask for directions, but there was no one in the area for dozens of miles. On the way, he passed a few cottages, but the village had long been abandoned. Except for the grass or grass, there was no one to be seen. Presumably those villagers were either killed by the soldiers, or they went into hiding.

Since the Qing army captured Guangdong, the life of Guangdong Province has been devastated, the provincial capital Guangzhou was slaughtered by the Qing army, and the massacres in other places are even more numerous. Compared with these places, the tragedies in Xinhui City are not necessarily so many awful.

In the western region of Guangdong, the Ming and Qing Dynasties have repeatedly fought against each other. If you seize it, the place will be in ruins long ago. Under the rampant army and bandits, there are still a few people who can still live and work in their hometowns.

Unable to find a guide, Zhou Shixiang had no choice but to explore alone. The skills he learned when he was a cavalryman in his previous life have been used a lot. At least he will not go in the wrong direction, and he will not starve himself. few.

Seeing that the sun was about to go down, Zhou Shixiang wanted to find a place to rest. Otherwise, the safety factor was not high at night in the wilderness. He could not guarantee that there would be no tigers or wolves in the mountainous areas of Guangdong in this era.

Luckily, when the sun went down, Zhou Shixiang found a shack where he could stay. This shack is built in a bamboo forest in the middle of the mountain. From a distance, it looks like a seclusion place for the worldly masters. But when you get closer, you can see that it is a hideaway for the worldly masters. resting point.

The shack is extremely simple, with a frame of bamboo, some grass on it, and some branches around it to cover it. It can't be simpler. There was nothing in the shed, just a rusted iron pot standing there alone. Judging from the rust on the iron pot, it had not been used for at least a month.

After looking around carefully, Zhou Shixiang tied the Daqing horse to the side of the shed, and then found some hay and spread it in the shed. After eating a few fruits picked on the mountain, he felt sleepy in his eyelids and insisted. Unable to stop, he fell and fell asleep.

It will be the end of March, the temperature in Guangdong is still very suitable, and the temperature at night is not cold, so Zhou Shixiang did not feel the cold, otherwise the night will be difficult.

The mountains and forests were silent at night, except for the sounds of birds and unknown beasts, there was no sound on the huge mountain.

Daqingma has been miserable with Zhou Shixiang these past few days. Apart from eating grass or grass, he didn't eat any beans in his stomach. He was hungry right now, but he seemed to know that the owner couldn't give him food, so he lay on his back. No sound there.

Zhou Shixiang was really tired these days. He was really exhausted after going through so much. When he fell asleep, he forgot everything and felt so comfortable.

In a daze, the big blue horse outside suddenly made a neighing noise. Zhou Shixiang woke up when he was a soldier in his previous life, and immediately realized that he

was in danger, but before he jumped from the ground, his body was already being held down. The saber that had been taken from Yu Yunlong with the handle on his right was also kicked aside.

“Who are you!”

Zhou Shixiang looked suspiciously at the men with torches in front of him. Some of these men were dressed in nondescript Ming army clothes, while others were civilians and hunters. All have knives.

The two men according to Zhou Shixiang were dressed in bunts, and their faces were full of flesh. They didn't look like good people.

“Hey, this kid still asked who we are, and I haven't asked who he is.” A man dressed as a hunter smiled at Zhou Shi.

The man who was holding Zhou Shixiang's left hand smiled and said, “This kid has fine skin and tender meat. UU reading [www.uukanshu.com](http://www.uukanshu.com) looks like a scholar, tsk tsk, Tartar really knows how to send people.”

The man next to him also laughed and said, “The Tartars have paid for their capital, and the horse outside is a first-class Mongolian horse. I have seen it before when I was with the prince. If this horse is sold, it will be worth a lot. silver.”

“Well, yes, the old thieves are short of horses, and there are not many Mongolian horses in the army. If you see this horse, you may be so excited.”

The thought of being able to exchange the horse and the Ming army with this spy of the Tartars for money made all the men eager.

When these men were talking, Zhou Shixiang paid attention. These people definitely didn't look like Qing soldiers, but they didn't seem to be Ming soldiers either. I'm afraid most of them were bandits. Listening to their tone, it seems that they have contact with the Ming army in Guangxi, and I can't help but want to explain that I am not a spy, but is going to defect to the Ming army. Just as he was about to open his mouth, the man in the scrambled Ming army uniform walked up to him and asked sharply, “You son of a bitch, say, what are you doing in the mountains!”

Zhou Shixiang was startled, he shook his head and said, “I'm not a spy of Tartar, you misunderstood!”

“Not a spy?” The man smiled coldly, and suddenly reached behind Zhou Shixiang's head, “Hmph, it's not a spy, so what is this?”

The man moved too fast, when Zhou Shixiang reacted, the back of his head felt a pain, and then a pigtail like a mouse tail was thrown in front of him.

braid? !

Zhou Shixiang was startled again, and then he remembered that the original owner of the body had shaved his hair, and he had been patronizing revenge these days, but he had left behind the notorious money rattail in his previous life.