

Han's Son is Not a Slave

Chapter 6: Admire

The braid was cut off by Qigen, and there was blood on the root of the braid.

Zhou Shixiang's scalp went cold and he felt a dull pain, knowing that the back of his head must have been chipped.

The man in the military uniform was stunned when he saw Zhou Shixiang, and couldn't help sneering: "Why, you still don't admit it?"

The man dressed as a hunter saw Zhou Shixiang's face was dissatisfied, he grinned, and said to the man in military uniform: "Big brother, what are you talking about with him, brothers, do some tricks, if you don't believe him, you won't do it."

Hearing this, the man who pressed Zhou Shixiang's left hand also agreed: "Yes, give me some means, this kid with fine skin and tender meat must be like a girl, it won't take three times, just cry for his father and beg for his mother. Here you go." After saying that, he was about to start.

Seeing that this group of people didn't believe in him, they didn't allow themselves to say even a single sentence of explanation, and they had to torture themselves with "extorting confessions by torture", Zhou Shixiang was also anxious, and with a stab in the neck, he shouted at the big brother: "Just based on my braids, how can you think I am a Tartar spy!... If I don't cut my hair and keep my braids, then the Tartars can let me go? You can still arrest me here? I'm dead! ... Besides If I'm really a spy of the Tartars, how can I keep this braid, isn't it too long for my life?"

When the men heard this, they were all slightly startled, and after thinking about it, it seemed to make some sense. The Qing army used a knife to force the Ming people to shave their hair. If this kid didn't shave his hair, how could he survive. Besides, the spies of the Qing army pretended to be the same as the people of the Ming Dynasty, and there was no one who dared to braid like this kid.

It seems that this kid is not a spy? But if it weren't for the spies, how could there be that horse, with a knife, and why did he come to the mountains?

The men were all a little hesitant. The man at the head pondered for a moment, but instead of believing Zhou Shixiang, he asked him: "If you weren't a spy of the Tartars, why did you come to this mountain? There is nothing but our brothers here. No, you didn't come in to find out what's going on with us, but what are you trying to do?"

"I'm lost, I don't know how to get out." Zhou Shixiang told the truth.

“Lost?” The leader of the man twitched his cheeks, showing a look of disbelief, “hum”, and instructed his subordinates: “This kid is hard-mouthed, search him to see if there are any Tartar objects.”

Hearing this, the man dressed as a hunter stepped forward to search Zhou Shixiang’s body. Zhou Shixiang knew that he had no right to refuse, so he didn’t move, and let him go over his body, except for a long life with the word “An’er” engraved on it. Outside the lock, there was nothing on Zhou Shixiang’s body.

This longevity lock was made by Zhao’s parents for his grandson at the time of An’er Hundred Days. It used some gold, and it looked like it was worth a lot of money.

But in the eyes of these men, the lock was nothing. The man dressed as a hunter didn’t care, and threw the lock to the man with a beard in civilian clothes, who didn’t even look at it. Put it in his arms.

Seeing this, Zhou Shixiang was excited, and he struggled desperately, struggling, and shouted, “Give the lock back to me, give the lock back to me!”

According to Zhou Shixiang, the two men with fleshy faces did not prevent him from suddenly struggling, and almost made him break free. The bearded man was furious, and scolded: “Be honest, if you dare to move again, I will kill you with a knife!”

This lock is the only thing his son has in the world, and it is also Zhou Shi’s only emotional sustenance for his deceased son. How can it be allowed to be taken away! But it was due to the fact that those two were too strong for his man, and he couldn’t break free several times.

“You heroes, you can take that horse and that knife, but you have to pay me back this long-life lock! Otherwise, I will not let you go even if I die and be a ghost!”

Zhou Shixiang was so anxious that he was about to cry. He, who completely carried the memory of the owner of his body, had an innate and unforgettable love for his dead beloved son.

Seeing Zhou Shixiang’s emotions, the leader of the man saw that Zhou Shixiang was very emotional, his eyes widened, and there were tears in his eyes. He couldn’t help but wonder why the boy was so concerned about the lock, and signaled the beard not to act rashly. He half squatted down and asked Zhou Shixiang, “Why does this lock have to be returned? you?”

“Why?”

Zhou Shixiang’s voice was choked. Thinking of the scenes before An Er’s death, the tears in his eyes couldn’t stop falling, and he cried, “This lock is my beloved son’s thing, how can I make it go away from me.”

After hearing this, the leading man said with disapproval: "I'm talking about a big thing, but it's just a longevity lock, you can hit another one for your son, it's going to be dead or alive, it really annoys us, and I will call you to see the king of **** with one knife. , then you can't even see your son."

Hearing this, Zhou Shixiang fell silent for a while, staring at the ground for a long time without speaking, the man was a little impatient, and was about to reprimand, but Zhou Shixiang's voice that could not be lower came from his ear: "My son is no longer alive."

"Dead? Dead?"

The man was slightly stunned, but he wasn't too surprised. It's not unusual for a child to die prematurely these days. Few of the common people have never had a child die. The more I saw it, the less emotion I felt, it was all life.

The young man who didn't want to look like a scholar in front of him suddenly turned hideous, gritted his teeth and said, "My son didn't die of illness, my son was killed by Qing Jun!... Not only my son, my parents and wife are also called Qing Jun. If you kill me, I'll be the only one left in a family of five!"

Four members of a family of five died?

After all the men heard this, Zhou Shixiang's eyes suddenly became sympathetic, and they were a little embarrassed to take An'er's longevity lock beard.

The leading man stared at Zhou Shixiang for a long time, and after confirming that the other party's expression was not falsified, he sighed and stood up and said, "So, you are really not a spy of the Tartars?"

"I'm by no means a spy of the Tartars!" Zhou Shixiang said firmly and unquestionably.

The leading man was still puzzled. He pointed to the waist knife on the ground and said to Zhou Shixiang: "If you are not a spy of the Tartars, what is the matter with this knife and the horse outside? Looking at your appearance, I am afraid that you are really a scholar, a spy. How can a scholar have these things?"

"I killed a Qing army general and snatched the horse, and the knife was also snatched from him."

When Zhou Shixiang replied, there was no great emotion on his face, and his tone was very calm, as if this matter sounded normal. But he thought it was normal, but the men in the shed were not normal. After being surprised, someone immediately questioned: "How can you kill the Tartar general and how can you take his horse in your show? It's too fake, who can you trust?"

“I just touched your hand just now, there’s no calluses and no bubbles, you can see that you haven’t held a knife, and then look at your body, hehe, you actually said that you killed a Tartar general? This cow is so bragging, you simply say You have to kill the prince of Tartar.”

“Ha ha...”

There was a roar of laughter in the shed, and the leading man was also very unbelievable. He believed in the revenge of the righteous, but it was unbelievable for a scholar to kill, and it was still a Tartar general.

When Zhou Shi met them, he didn’t believe them, and he didn’t know what to say. After all, it sounded mysterious. He couldn’t say that he was not the scholar Zhou Shixiang, but a soldier of later generations. Seeing that these guys looked at him with bad eyes again, at this time, someone suddenly asked at the door, “What’s your name?”

“Zhou Shixiang.”

Zhou Shixiang blurted out his name and saw a middle-aged man in a Confucian shirt walking over from the door.

The men seemed to respect the middle-aged man very much, and let him stand side by side with the man in the military uniform called the eldest brother. UU reading www.uukanshu.com

“Zhou Shixiang?”

The middle-aged man looked Zhou Shixiang up and down, and he seemed to be remembering something. For a moment, he nodded, turned his face with a smile and said to the group of men: “This man is indeed not a spy of the Tartars, what he said is true. Yes, the horses outside and the knives on the ground are indeed those of the Tartar generals he robbed.”

After listening to the middle-aged man’s words, all the men were stunned.

The leading man looked at the middle-aged man in disbelief, and said hesitantly, “Mr. Song?”

The middle-aged man who was called Mr. Song smiled slightly, turned his eyes to Zhou Shixiang’s face, and said, “Yesterday, when I went to the county town to get medicine, I saw the bulletin that wanted this man at the city gate, and there was his portrait on the bulletin. Can’t be wrong.” After speaking, he said to the crowd with a tone of admiration: “Do you know which general of the Tartars this Zhou Xiucan killed?”

“Who?”

Everyone's appetite was swayed. They believed what Mr. Song said, but which Tartar general did Zhou Xiucan kill this week?

After Mr. Song had satisfied everyone's appetite, he stretched his voice in the eyes of everyone's expectations: "It's the general under the thief of Shang Kexi, Yu Yunlong!"

"You Yunlong?!"

"It's him!"

"call!"

Hearing this name, everyone, including the man in the military uniform, changed their faces in unison, and then exhaled in unison. Surprise was written all over their faces, and their gazes towards Zhou Shixiang instantly became admiring, as if in front of him is no longer a scholar, but like Changshan Zhao Zilong.