

## Martial Boss Chapter 10

“I need a little help.”

When Mr. Mo said this, even through the black veil hanging down from his bucket hat, Qing Yu could feel that he was staring at himself. Which still didn't understand where the help he was talking about was coming from.

Qing Yu was no longer standing up in surprise, he felt like he was going to fly into the air in shock if he moved his hips even slightly.

“Mr. Mo,” Qing Yu felt like he couldn't see his face, but could feel how bitter his face must be, “Can't you see that junior is only at the fourth level of Houtian?”

“I can not only tell that you are only at the fourth level of Houtian, I can also tell that none of your twelve main meridians have been opened yet.” Mr. Mo said slowly.

The eight odd meridians and the twelve main meridians are the two systems of luck channels in the human body. Even if there are some strange and unusual techniques that require the use of other meridians for the operation of internal energy, the main trunk is still in the eight channels.

Some of the more complex techniques or strange techniques involve the twelve meridians. However, the twelve main meridians are still responsible for the transmission of internal energy and the way it runs when performing martial arts moves.

In simple terms, the eight channels are responsible for the production of internal energy, while the twelve meridians are the conduits for the output of internal energy for the execution of stances. Only when the corresponding meridians are opened can a move be truly powerful. For example, the familiar “Six Chakra Divine Sword” uses the six meridians in the hands – the Hand Tai Yin Lung Meridian, the Hand Yang Ming Large Intestine Meridian, the Hand Conjugate Yin Heart Pericardium Meridian, the Hand Shao Yang San Jiao Meridian, the Hand Shao Yin Heart Meridian and the Hand Sun Small Intestine Meridian – to emit invisible sword energy.

Qing Yu had not yet practiced martial arts for a short time, whether it was the hand meridians needed to open up for the Quan Zhen Sword Technique, or the upper foot meridians needed for the Golden Goose Technique and the Divine Movement, all of them had not yet been opened up, and the extent of his internal strength was less than 80%.

“Sir, you have a discerning eye, I'm afraid that with my humble strength, I wouldn't even be able to defeat the four great families of Yangcheng, let alone the Zhenshan Army, which has an endless supply of experts as you mentioned.”

“Don't worry, you are still Xuan Fa's disciple, I won't pit you.”

This wasn't even called a pit, Qing Yu was speechless and could only shake his head and laugh bitterly.

"These years, the four families of Yangcheng are so used to being powerful and powerful that they have forgotten that they are just a few watchdogs that look after the treasury, and they dare to stick their paws into the treasury. The greatest virtue of a dog is its loyalty, what is the use of a disloyal dog? The Zhenshan army has long been displeased with these dogs who are sticking their paws out.

The same goods can be sold for at least two to three times the price in our hands.

I have agreed with Zhang Huchen, the commander of the Zhenshan Army, to reopen the Shadow Market and split the proceeds 60-40. This six-four, whether it is me six and him four, or me four and him six, depends on whether my men can get these four disloyal dogs killed."

"Then you could have sent your men to kill them directly at your door and exterminate them. I think there should be no shortage of Xiantian experts around you, such as this black-faced brother who has been silent." Qing Yu's eyes glanced at the black masked man who had been standing next to him without speaking, not moving, as if he was dead.

The black-faced brother gave Qing Yu a look, and that look was, tsk, terrifying. It seemed he had reacted to Qing Yu's flirtation by calling him 'Brother Black Face', not quite a dead man yet.

"To be an expert, do I, a loser sent to the wasteland of this Shadow City, have more experts on hand than someone else's Zhenshan Army? These reckless men who only move their fists look for other means besides force. The means are high in order to convince them that the benefits I bring them are far better than if they were to fool around on their own. Therefore, at most, I can only use force below the sixth level of Houtian. Only by using a force far inferior to that of the Four Great Clans and screwing them over can I prove my means."

Qing Yu felt his teeth hurt a little. Twenty percent of the future earnings of this Shadow Market, one in and one out for both sides, a forty percent difference, handed to himself, if he messed up, I was afraid he would have to go down to meet that dead ghost master, and by the way meet the dead ghost brothers and sisters he had never met.

Mr. Mo ignored the egg on Qing Yu's face and continued, "With such a big stake, of course I won't just find someone to mess around with. If you mess up, I still have some time to find a new candidate, but I'm afraid you won't end up any better. Of course, if you succeed, you will gain more than you can imagine.

I won't push you, it's your choice whether you want to take this on or not."

'Is there a choice? If I refuse, if word of this gets out and the four great clans get wind of it. Sixth level of Houtian, and you still want to turn the heavens upside down? Any way you look at it, it's a single-choice question, right? If I refuse, I'll really have to go down and reunite with Master and the others.' Qing Yu's stomach was full of slander, this kind of bridge, I've seen it a lot in my previous life's TV series and novels, accepting might kill you, refusing to die immediately, it was simply a death-defying question.

"Mr. Mo is a good friend of the late master, how can the junior not help, this favor, I am sure that Qing Yu will help." Qing Yu said decisively, as if it was another person who was hesitant and full of tangles earlier.

Mr. Mo was also shown by Qing Yu's righteous acting skills, and looked Qing Yu up and down, feeling that the previous three years of attention were all fake, even the deadly black-faced brother could not help but look sideways.

"By the way, I have some bad news I forgot to tell you."

"Clam," Qing Yu had a bad feeling.

"Your previous guess about the Northern Cang Mountains was correct," Mr. Mo laughed in a low voice, "There are indeed people watching you, two of them, a Houtian Sixth and a Houtian Seventh. You haven't moved much in three years, so they have let their guard down and run over to the Southern Forest from time to time to collect sustenance for cultivation. But in three days' time, it will be a routine check-up day, and they will definitely go back to check on your current status.

You are at the age when your body is growing, and your appearance has changed a lot from three years ago. Those two people are, so to speak, the only ones who know your current appearance from the True Martial Sect."

"So ——" Qing Yu unconsciously narrowed his eyes, hiding the strong murderous look in them.

"So, to be at peace, those two people must die." Mo put the words out for Qingyu.

"This is also my test for you. Prove to me that you are still the same little beggar that made me and Xuanfa look sideways together back then, prove that these years of living in a cowering position have not really made you live like a king's ass all the time."

Qing Yu was silent, the killing intent rising in his heart. Mr. Mo's surprisingly bad news inspired the depression and hostility that Qing Yu had accumulated over the past few years, as well as a deep panic, the kind of days where he could not see tomorrow, and he never wanted to go back. "They must die." Qing Yu's killing intent had never been so resolute.

Mr Mo raised his hand and threw out two objects, which Qing Yu took, two small altar-shaped pill bottles, one green and one purple.

“The purple bottle contains a pulse-opening pill, used to open up the twelve main meridians. The green bottle is a pulse-opening pill, also used to open the meridians, but for the eight odd meridians. These two bottles are considered my prior investment in you, so don’t let me down.” Mr. Mo got up and patted the dust, put his left hand behind his back and walked away, with the black-faced brother following behind him.

Qing Yu stayed where he was, his right thumb rubbing the lines on the pill bottle, looking at Mr. Mo’s back in deep thought: “This is a long time ago. The Pulse Opening Pill is only used to open up the meridians in the Houtian realm. His entourage are all certainly no less than Innate, and it is even more unlikely that he would still need to carry such low-level pills himself. Therefore, these two bottles of pills could only be specifically for me.

An apprentice of the deceased, hehe, ridiculous ——“