

Martial Boss Chapter 16

As evening approached, Qing Yu was finally about to walk to Yangcheng.

He got up early in the morning and rushed to the tea stall to keep watch. Yangcheng is the route from Qingzhou to Lingzhou. A normal person who did not know martial arts would never flee to the dangerous forests of the southern border, but to the peaceful Central Plains, even if he had to.

Therefore, Qing Yu absolutely himself only needed to keep watch on this official road to Yangcheng, waiting for his prey to jump into the cage by itself. Who would have thought that Qing Yuan and the others would go to Qing Shui Town to inquire for half a day just to be sure. Plus, before they came back, the horses had already run for a day, and in order to be quick, they didn't even change their horses, so they rushed towards Yangcheng.

The horses were tired, and the result of this desire for speed led to even more wasted time.

Qing Yu waited from morning until afternoon, finally waiting for someone, and then it was a one-sided battle. Then it was time to walk back to Yangcheng, and most of the day was spent on rushing and waiting.

"After this, I must learn to ride a horse." Qing Yu swore at forty-five degrees to the sky.

But the most important thing now was to hurry back to the inn and rest, preferably with a bath. Remembering the feeling of relaxation, Qing Yu's already weak legs somehow gained strength again.

However, the sky was not as it should be, and as Yang Cheng was in sight, Qing Yu was about to run back with his light weight when a dark figure appeared on the right side of the road.

That was – Brother Blackface.

Seeing him, Qing Yu felt his tired nerves getting heavier.

Sure enough, Brother Black Face, or Little Gao, looked at Qing Yu slyly and said, "My lord is waiting for you." The tone of his voice was cold and his eyes were cold, and Qing Yu felt that his exhaustion was instantly subdued by the icy sting.

Although very reluctantly, helplessly, the bigger the fist is the reason, Qing Yu still said spinelessly, "Please lead the way."

The black-faced brother didn't reply, but turned around and went longitudinally to the next mountain forest.

The black-faced brother crossed in front of him, and his speed was not slow. But Qing Yu's best skill was speed, so he was able to keep up with him without any pressure.

As he sped ahead, he felt Qing Yu's aura behind him and felt that his current speed was not fast for him, but it was still a level that was difficult to achieve at the Houtian realm. With a little bit of a koan in mind, the black-faced brother accelerated again.

"Suffice it to say, what the hell is going on again ——" The figure that was in front of him was rapidly moving away, and Qing Yu couldn't help but curse in his heart. It was not impossible to follow again, but then, it would reveal his own speed which was far faster than the normal Houtian realm, definitely not. Having made up his mind, Qing Yu once again sped up a little, his face putting on an eager look.

The black-faced brother quickly left Qing Yu's view. Qing Yu still maintained that speed, and sweat broke out on his forehead.

Further ahead, Qing Yu saw the waiting figure of the black-faced brother on a tree branch ahead of him. Qing Yu added a few hasty lifts and stopped on a thick branch a bit behind.

"I said —— black face —— brother, can you slow down, little brother — really can not keep up ah." Qing Yu held both hands on his knees and panted heavily.

Brother Blackface nodded wordlessly and set off again, maintaining the speed he had just started at.

"Hey, wait for me ——," Qing Yu shouted from behind. Next, Qing Yu deliberately kept his internal energy running intermittently, pretending that his breath was disordered, slightly slower than at the beginning, doing the whole show, just now he was still tired as hell, how could he be fine all of a sudden.

The black-faced brother had a feeling of cocooning himself and had no choice but to slow down again so that Qing Yu could keep up.

The duo arrived at a small peak nearby.

The peak was not high, and standing at the top, they could just see the towering walls of Yangcheng, but the full view of Yangcheng behind them was difficult to see.

Mr Mo, still in his black robe and black gauze hat, stood at the edge of the peak with the cliff in front of him, his back to Qing Yu.

The breeze brushed by, blowing up the black veil under the bucket hat, the old and very classic tall man pretending to be a 13 set.

"You're here." Mr Mo, still with his back turned, said to Qing Yu, who had just arrived.

I have come, Qing Yu would like to pretend to be 13 too, in response to the scene, but he is not qualified to do so, so he can only bow with his head in a fist and say, "Yes, sir."

After a pause, he continued, "My junior has already got rid of those two True Martial Dao Sect disciples. May I ask when the operation against the four great clans will begin."

"There's no rush, you ——— hmm!" Hearing Qing Yu's mid-air reply, Mr Mo quickly turned around, his eyes under the black veil, staring intently at Qing Yu. 'I just felt his breath disorderly and thought he had suffered some kind of injury. Which I never thought that he had actually killed a Houtian sixth-ranked and a Houtian seventh-ranked without injury. Moreover, in just two or three days, he has actually reached the sixth level of Houtian, and judging from his breath, he has even opened up more than just one of the twelve main meridians. Even with the help of pills, this son's talent is extremely amazing." As he thought this, a murderous spirit could not help but arise in Mr Mo's heart.

The atmosphere suddenly turned gloomy, and Qing Yu felt a silent pressure, pressing down on his back, the sweat on his body standing on end.

"He wants to kill me!" Qing Yu's intuition was precise, sensing Mr. Mo's killing intent. Naive to the fact that man is the sacrificial knife and I am the flesh of a fish, there is really no way to resist, even though one foot has already stepped into the gate of ghosts, Qing Yu can only keep the gesture of bowing down, sweat on his forehead is running down to his eyes, he doesn't even dare to move.

"I didn't expect that your advancement would be so fast. I think that your master's spirit in heaven would be pleased to have such a good pupil." As Mr Mo spoke, the atmosphere eased.

The breeze brushed Qing Yu's back, blowing cold sweat all over his back. Qing Yu knew that Mr. Mo should have pressed his killing button, and he had taken his foot back from the ghost gate.

"Where, all thanks to the help of Mr. Dan's pills, great kindness, junior will never forget." Qing Yu spoke with such sincerity, as if the killing spree just now was all an illusion. This is the sadness of the weak, life and death are all in the hands of the people.

Mr. Mo waved his hand and said, "This is just a handful, with my friendship with your master, this is nothing. If it weren't for the fear of you advancing too fast and your foundation being unstable, I would have gotten you the magic pills. Besides, pills are after all external objects, and even if they are strong, you have to accumulate them yourself, and the iron has to be hardened by itself."

In response to Mr. Mo's inciting words, Qing Yu's heart could only reply with the word huh.

The two of them made some false accusations again and finally got to the point.

“You have lived up to my expectations. However, although those two True Martial Disciples have run out of potential, they are armed with famous techniques and have stayed in the Houtian realm for so many years. You were able to kill the two of them without injury, so it seems that I still underestimated your potential.” Mr Mo nodded approvingly.

Qing Yu’s heart flinched as he finally knew where he had caused Mr. Mo to have a killing intent. Advancing two small realms in three days was considered a point, and the sixth level of Houtian to kill the same realm and one a realm higher without injury was also a very important point.

If this unknown Mr. Mo was really Xuanfa’s best friend, he would naturally feel happy for his friend’s successor, but if he did not have good intentions in mind, he would not feel happy, but would instead have a killing chance for a pawn that might be out of his control. From what I’ve seen so far, it seems clear that Mr Mo is in the latter category.

“However, apart from my special status, there is nothing special about me, what does Mr Mo have in mind for me?” Qing Yu pondered in his mind. To say that it was for the unusual martial arts talent he had shown, let’s not say that this reason was a bit far-fetched, when Mr. Mo had approached him before, he did not know that Qing Yu had amazing talent. Such an expert of unknown strength, but certainly very high, had any plans for a small shrimp at the Houtian realm, Qing Yu could not even think out of his head.

Although his heart was full of thoughts, his outward appearance did not show the slightest bit. Qing Yu coyly rubbed the back of his head and smiled at Mr Mo’s praise, showing the shyness of a 15 or 16 year old teenager.

Mr. Mo was not sure if he had been confused by Qing Yu’s performance, and then said, “Next, Xian nephew will start to take charge of the fight against the four great clans, for this matter, is Xian nephew sure?”

“If we kill all the people of the four great clans, will it be considered as completing the task?” Still smiling coyly, the words that spilled out of his mouth were murderous.

Mr Mo laughed dumbly and said, “If you can kill a number of Houtian eighth and ninth rankers of the four great clans, and an innate first ranker, with your cultivation of this Houtian sixth ranker, this would certainly be considered as completing the task, the question is can you?”

“Swell, swell ——,” Qing Yu’s heart cried out, and his face could not help but show a sarcastic smile. The fact that the two of them were easily killed, even though they used some tactics, still made Qing Yu think that the Houtian realm is basically nothing more

than that, not thinking at all that he is also the sixth level of Houtian that he said is nothing more than that, just a small shrimp eaten by fish in the jianghu.

The first time I saw him, I had no idea what he was doing, but I had just arrived in Yangcheng less than five days ago, so I had no idea of the situation in Yangcheng. However, I think that this is nothing more than sowing dissension and conspiring to assassinate. We can also take advantage of the chaos to cut off their minions, weaken their power step by step, and then capture them in one net.”

It doesn't matter if it works or not, let the big words out first, there is no escaping this big pit anyway, not working is death, so it must work, it must work even if it doesn't.

Mr. Mo did not dismiss Qing Yu's wild words, he just said, “You only have three months. In three months' time, even if the Four Great Clans are not destroyed, you must show me hope of victory. If this matter is successful, shell out five percent of the twenty percent profit won as a reward for your success.”

Mr Mo did not say what would happen if he failed, and Qing Yu did not mention it either.

“My junior thanks Mr. Mo.” Qing Yu raised his hand and bowed, with a look of gratitude. In his heart, however, his teeth were secretly cold, the Shadow Market was known as the Great Qian of Darkness, how great the benefits were, even if it was five percent of two percent of the benefits of these two states, Qing Yu could hardly estimate it. Mr. Mo gave such a promise, but I am afraid that he has no intention of fulfilling it. The day the matter was completed would be the day when Qing Yu lost his life.

“After that, I'll leave it to you, don't let me down. Xiao Gao will give you the relevant information tomorrow on my behalf, and you only need to ask Xiao Gao about the deployment of manpower, and he will cooperate with you fully.” Mr Mo reached out to the black-faced brother standing by and introduced him as Xiao Gao.

The two of them exchanged a few more words of courtesy with their nephew and senior. Mr. Mo finally waved his hand and signalled for Qing Yu to leave, who saluted and took his leave.

“My lord, when it is really necessary to take that big benefit to this kid.” After Qing Yu left, Xiao Gao could not help but say to Mr Mo.

Mr Mo gave Xiao Gao a cross look, causing Xiao Gao to nag and dare not say more.

“The matter of the bet was never the point. If I want to win the bet, I don't need to rely on a junior of the sixth level of Houtian. After it's done, it's up to this kid to make his own luck. The 60% of the profit that I have won, I still need to take out most of the profit to take care of the various places and hand it over to the headquarters, so how can I give this junior another share of the already small profit?”

In his words, Mr. Mo was already victorious and had arranged for Qing Yu to take charge, presumably with another plan in mind.

As the wind blew, a white crane with a stunning six-metre wingspan flew in from the sky and landed beside Mr Mo. The white crane's plumage was plain and pure, its body elegantly floating and its song superb. It has a red feather on its head, like a red hat, and a ring of black feathers around its long neck, like a black scarf, but it is a crane. The crane is known in ancient Chinese mythology and folklore as the "immortal crane", a symbol of elegance and longevity.

Mr. Mo leapt onto the crane, which gave a long, clear call, and with a flap of its wings, the crane took off and disappeared into the sunset.

The crane took off and disappeared into the sunset. As for the bitter little Gao, he had to rely on his own legs, just like Qing Yu.

On the other hand, Qing Yu, who knew of Mr. Mo's malice, pondered as he walked along the road.

"What exactly does Mr. Mo have in mind for me?" This question troubled Qing Yu deeply and left him puzzled.

The matter of the bet only stipulated that the use of force could not exceed the sixth level of the Houtian. It seemed unfair to Mr. Mo, but in fact, for some people in high places, there were as many Houtian Sixth Levels as there were, and if the quality didn't work, the quantity would make up for it, and anything that required force was not a matter.

As for manifesting means, Qing Yu's previous confident countermeasures were all empty words, not even a little concrete plan. This, he did not believe that Mr. Mo would not know. However, Mr. Mo did not say anything about Qing Yu's empty words, as if it was not his interest that was at stake.

Besides, the restriction was on force, it was not like he was not allowed to make plans. With such a great interest, it was possible to secretly arrange for a Xiantian realm expert to come down. Qing Yu did not believe that Mr. Mo would even let someone else take over the overall plan, or an outsider with little connection. This outsider was still a small rookie in the jianghu, any old greaser would have more experience than Qing Yu.

"So annoying, what else could be special about me apart from being a disciple of Xuanfa, that old devil who pits his disciples?"

"Nope, Xuanfa's disciple ——"

Removing all impossibilities, what was left, even if it was unbelievable, was the answer.

The only thing that made Qing Yu different from the norm was Xuan Fa's disciple. Although Xuan Fa was dead, he was a popular figure before him. This, although Qing Yu had no idea who the famous figures in the jianghu were, was none of them, but it didn't stop him from knowing whether Xuan Fa was a man of the hour back then. The man who was competing for the title of true martial arts master was not a man of the hour, who was.

Although Xuan Fa died, there was no guarantee that he wouldn't leave a legacy or something. And that, was the only possible plot that Mr. Mo could have produced, and Qing Yu felt that he had found the truth.

A long, clear sound came and Qing Yu looked up in the direction from which the sound came. Although it was obscured by trees, Qing Yu could be sure that the sound was coming from the mountain peak where he had met with Mr. Mo earlier.

“This is — the cranes are singing ——“