

Martial Boss Chapter 6

“Phew,” he breathed out, leaning against the inside of the bath tub, feeling the rare leisure after a long day of running. After paying the last penny in his money bag, Qing Yu was offered a bath tub cleaning by the innkeeper, and it took him a long time to bargain with the innkeeper to get it. Thankfully, in his previous life, after graduating from university, he had developed the ability to talk to people and talk to ghosts, although in those days, Qing Yu often wept when he thought of it.

After the emotion, Qing Yu took a short break to feel the different atmosphere of the mountain. The air on the North Cang Mountains is fresh and untouched, a good place to retire and live in seclusion, living in that environment all year round, you may be able to live a long life. But Qing Yu is not in retirement, not to mention that he is not yet old, a sword may fall on his head at any time, then there is still the leisure to live comfortably.

Of course, after receiving the villain inheritance system, Qing Yu did have the idea of practicing in the mountains for eight or ten years, and then when his divine kung fu was complete, he would go out and shake the world. After all, all villainous bosses with style are invincible when they appear and give out lunch boxes all over the world. The only way to get to the top of the list is to upgrade and fight monsters. The main character, though, started out as a weakling, but they had their own people to help them, and they could even meet a crazy old man who was playing the game. The only enemies Qing Yu has are the enemies of the True Martial Daoist Sect, although they are all the pots left by that dead ghost master.

Therefore, Qing Yu’s idea at the beginning was to stay in the mountain until he reached the level of “Sword God of the Ten Mile Slope”. Then, when his divine power was complete, he would come out of the mountain and say, “The world is filthy again”, and then he would take over the world. That’s right, Qing Yu’s target is the Abandoned Heavenly Emperor, the one nicknamed the “Bento Emperor”.

In Qing Yu’s mind, he can be said to be the model of the villainous world. Unlike other villains, whose so-called exit is a flop, he is the ceiling of the villainous world.

Unfortunately, Qing Yu has no divine kung fu to practice, and does not even have the sustenance to accelerate his practice. The Northern Cang Mountains are also a shithole, so you don’t just drop an old grandfather from the sky and pass on your kung fu, with a gift of a beautiful granddaughter. Although this kind of old grandfather who is seriously injured and dying from the sky really does happen in shitty places. ㄟ(̄▽ ̄)ㄟ

Qing Yu retracted his thoughts that had already wandered off to nowhere and began to think about how to complete the tasks issued by the system and have the power to decide the future of Yang Cheng within a year.

“Although Yang City is no longer as glorious as it was three hundred years ago, with countless military experts stationed there, only four small families that only play internal

fighting remain. However, they, the Li family and the Sun family, should still have someone behind them in the top echelons of the Great Qian military, or else how would Yang City not even have a single official from the court. Therefore, there can be no openly forceful struggle, not even some moves that would reveal that they want to fight for the right to speak in Yangcheng. If these actions were small, they would not shake the rule of the four families over Yang Cheng, but if they were large, they might attract the attention of the military bigwigs behind them. After all, it's been three hundred years, and those bigwigs have been able to support the Four Families so far, so there must be something in it, and what they're planning must not be small."

"Therefore, I can only come up with some alternative methods, that is, to engage in some wild ways."

"However, the most important thing at the moment is to improve my own force. With the current small arms and legs, even the simplest and most crude force seizure is a delusion. It is certain that the four families of Yangcheng have declined somewhat in these three hundred years, and there may not be any experts of the Innate Realm, but there must be experts of the ninth level of the Houtian Realm, and there should be more than one. After all, the latter realm is mainly about nurturing one's own internal energy, and with Yangcheng's trade routes to and from Qingzhou, who would believe it if there weren't a few ninth-level masters in the latter realm."

Qing Yu stroked his chin and thought silently.

After thinking about what to do next, Qing Yu relaxed his body and enjoyed the rare experience of soaking in the bath, which was not available on the Northern Cang Mountains, where baths were usually showers.

After soaking for some time, the bath water began to cool and no longer felt comfortable, so Qing Yu got up, wiped his body, changed into clean new clothes, and opened the door to call downstairs for the junior staff to come and take away the bath tub.

Two young men heard the call and came upstairs to take away the tub.

Qing Yu took out the medical book of Ping Yi Finger from his bag and read it carefully under the dim candlelight. The medical and martial arts are not separate, and a knowledge of medicine not only allows for timely diagnosis and treatment of injuries, but also enables one to familiarise oneself with the body's meridians and acupuncture points, as well as the functional dynamics of the body's organs, so that one can better practise martial arts. All masters know themselves as well as some healers.

Besides, Ping Yizhi, being in the underworld, is not a good person who can be known as the "famous killer doctor". In order to study medical books, Ping Yizhi would sometimes steal corpses from his friends and dig them up for dissection and research on the human body.

Anatomy is responsible for the rapid development of Western medicine in recent centuries, and its popularity is now far greater than that of Chinese medicine.

The data from these human tests are all recorded in Ping Yi Zhi's medical book.

In his previous life, Qing Yu had come from a time when there was a huge explosion of information, so naturally he did not regard autopsy as an evil path, and he was not a good person either. Although the descriptions of human anatomy were very vomit-inducing, Qing Yu said it was no big deal to get stronger.

In the blink of an eye, two hours had passed. Qing Yu put down the medical book in his hand, raised his hand and rubbed his swollen and painful brow. The medical book of Ping Yi Finger is very detailed in its descriptions, but Qing Yu is from a wilderness background and relied on his three years of self-learning, even with his understanding of medicine from his previous life, reading such a high level medical book was a struggle.

After summarising what he had gained in the past two hours, Qing Yu recorded his understanding in another booklet, which was his study notes.

After recording his notes, Qing Yu took off his boots, sat on his bed with his knees crossed, and after running the "Quan Zhen Xin Fa" for one big day, he fell back on his bed and started to sleep. "This is the beauty of this method, as long as the mind is calm, it can be run when you get up, sleep and walk. Unfortunately, Wang Chongyang and the Seven Sons of Quan Zhen are all half-way through their careers, and each is more irritable than the other. Although they have been forcing their way into the world with their years of Daoist skills, their nature is hard to shift, and the improvement brought about by this method is close to nothing. The two most outstanding disciples are the Dragon Rider and Zhao Zhijing, one of them is full of nymphomaniacal thoughts and the other is full of bad ideas, so it is strange that they can be as calm as water.

It was close to midnight when a soft sound came from the roof of the room where Qingyu was staying. Qing Yu rose in response to the sound and listened with open ears.

"This isn't it, is it some kind of flower-picking thief's routine? This familiar rush, am I not the villain, but the protagonist, and the villain inheritance system has found the wrong person?" Qing Yu silently spat in his heart. (System: You chose the route yourself.)

The person who skipped over the roof of Qing Yu's room was not so light that he made a sound, plus this kind of quiet sleep of Qing Yu's was instead more sensitive to the outside world, so he immediately woke up as soon as there was a sound.

However, with this level of lightness, if he went to pick flowers, he was afraid that he would be killed.

Just when Qing Yu was hesitating whether he should chase out a wave to verify whether he was the protagonist or not, another sound of footsteps came from the street outside the inn, Qing Yu lifted the window door by a crack and saw several black shadows running west.

Qing Yu was even more hesitant. After a while, several more shadows came down the street, as if they were talking, unlike the previous ones who were running in a hurry. Qing Yu listened sideways and vaguely seemed to hear words like bazaar and buy.

“Something’s going on.” Qing Yu no longer hesitated, it just so happened that the newly changed clothes were black, and immediately crossed out of the window, trailing the figures in front of him as he headed west.