

Martial Boss Chapter 61 -

Department Six's power is so great that the intelligence agency has blatantly opened up to the Northern Zhou capital.

Qing Yu is not a fool, for several times in a row, he has sent and received information through the Yun Lai Inn, so it is obvious that this Yun Lai Inn is related to Department Six. The Yunlai Inn, Yunlai not only had guests, but also the information they carried.

Qing Yu was once again glad that he had not torn his face off from Department Six, otherwise it would not have been safe to escape to anywhere.

Now, however, Department Six's vast range of intelligence was to his advantage. At the very least, one should be no more worried about failing to pass the Shanhe Academy's entrance exam, and if one couldn't even manage such a thing, one would really be blind to the plausibility of opening this intelligence agency to the divine capital.

"Go, go in first."

Half an hour later, Jin Mingxuan was bored and drinking tea downstairs, "Why is Brother Meng so slow, just like a woman."

This was already the third pot of tea he had drunk, two quarters of an hour ago, Jin Mingxuan had finished bathing and was downstairs waiting for Qing Yu. Jin Mingxuan was not the kind of noble son who would put on powder like a woman, so after a short bath and a change of clean clothes, he went downstairs to wait for Qingyu.

Then, he waited for two quarters of an hour.

"The sound of the wooden stairs being stepped on rang out, and Jin Mingxuan looked up for the first time.

This time he was not disappointed, a flamboyant gentleman dressed in white Confucian clothing, shaking a paper fan, was stepping down the stairs step by step.

"Brother Meng, you're ——" Jin Mingxuan's mouth grew.

No wonder he was shocked, but in just one bath and dressing session, this Brother Meng looked like a different person. His face was still the same, but now it looked radiant, giving the impression that he had washed away the leaden dust and glowed with true radiance.

"It's just a wash off the dust from days of rushing." Qing Yu shook his folding fan and said in a very pretentious 13.

It seemed to have a good effect. Looking at Jin Mingxuan's shocked expression, Qing Yu secretly thought.

For a son of a big family like Jin Mingxuan, you wouldn't become his friend by flattering him and deliberately pleasing him. The other party has heard more flattery and ingratiation than you can say since he was a child, what he needs is not a lackey who only flatters, but a friend who is to his liking.

So, if you want to make friends with Jin Mingxuan, you can only be right about his nature and make him come forward to make friends with you.

Qing Yu stayed in her room for an hour, naturally she was not putting on make-up like a woman. Well, it was almost as good to say make-up, after all, the purpose was the same, to let others see a better version of themselves.

Using internal energy to stimulate the muscles for fine-tuning, not to change the face, but to make the various parts of the face look more in line with other people's aesthetics. In the words of Qing Yu's previous life, it was to bring its own PS technology to show the perfect self.

"Brother Jin, you can't do it like this." Qing Yu looked up and down at Jin Mingxuan and said.

"Why not, what's wrong with it?" Jin Mingxuan turned around and said.

He had changed into a new treasure blue dress, and his head was still bound with a golden crown like before, scattering a few strands of hair, looking debauched and unrestrained, with a different kind of charm, and some women liked this kind of man who looked wilder.

"There are still a few dashing airs missing, so you need to ——" Qing Yu shook the folding fan on his hand.

"It's almost winter now." Jin Mingxuan looked at Qing Yu like he was a fool.

Now the season has reached late autumn, looking at the beginning of winter, the climate has long turned cold, this time a folding paper fan, afraid not a fool, right.

"Is it handsome?" Qing Yu fanned his fan, the light breeze blew up his hair, so a turbid world fluttering gentleman.

"Handsome." Jin Mingxuan's eyes glowed.

"Handsome is enough, man, what is the use of having a temperature, can it help you find a girl's liking? Besides, I observe your breath, Brother Jin, I think you are also a

martial artist who cultivates internal energy, still afraid of this cold wind.” Qing Yu said sagely.

“So that’s how it is.” Jin Mingxuan suddenly realized that he finally knew why he could only hem and haw with the house maids at home, but could not always compete with those few sluts who could play when he went out, so it was because he was not slutty enough.

“I’ll go buy a folding fan now.” Jin Mingxuan hurriedly went to buy a folding fan.

“No hurry,” Qing Yu stopped the impatient Jin Ming Xuan, “we’ll go fill our stomachs first, and then go buy it.”

“Isn’t it possible to go over to Tianle Place to eat?” Jin Mingxuan asked in consternation.

“Brother Jin, do you know what drinking flower wine is?” Qing Yu acted a bit hateful, “Drinking flower wine drinking flower wine, as the name suggests, you drink wine, not eat flower vegetables. It’s not like we’re going to one of those trivial places where you can just give money and get laid, but to an elegant place. In a place like Tianle Place, there will never be fewer people with money, so if you want to stand out among the crowd and get the girl, you need to show your perfect self.

You go with an empty stomach, and it’s rude if your stomach growls. It’s rude to go hungry and gobble. It’s even more rude to go with your mouth full of food to get a kiss. Let’s go and eat first.”

After saying that, Qing Yu took the lead and walked out of the inn.

Tart. Jin Mingxuan cursed, then followed him out, he was sure to make this friend.

“Brother Meng, wait for me.”

“Don’t eat too much later, just pad your stomach, or you won’t be able to drink.”

“Oh ——”

——

Outside the True Martial Path gate, a spacious carriage grunted as it arrived.

“Master Uncle Xuanfeng, we’re here.” Qingzhou jumped out of the carriage and said to this carriage.

“Are we there yet ——” came a haggard voice from inside the carriage.

The carriage door opened and Qing Ling helped Xuan Feng out of the car.

“True Martial Dao Gate ah ——” Xuanfeng looked not far away, the familiar and somewhat unfamiliar mountain gate.

Xuan Guang kept his promise, he didn't kill Xuan Feng, instead he fed him well and released him back when the great war in Yangcheng was over.

“At last ——” Xuan Feng sighed wearily.

Xuan Guang hadn't done anything to him, but Xuan Feng's heart, however, had been suffering for the past two months. In just two months, it was as if he had aged twenty years, and his hair had appeared white.

Xuanfeng suddenly realised that the True Martial Daoist Sect, where he had grown up, had become a little strange. Not only the senior brother of the Sect, who had begun to look unrecognisable a long time ago, but he ——

Xuanfeng glanced at Qingzhou, who was standing to the side. As far as he knew, this senior nephew was a beloved member of the Sect Leader's personal disciple Qingxu. He was also present when Qing Yu died. Or rather, there was some indirect reason for Qing Yu's death from him.

If it was once upon a time, Xuan Feng would not have suspected the disciples of the True Martial Dao Sect, but now, it was impossible to say.

“Senior Xuanfa, what should I do ——”

Xuan Fa turned his head to look at the spacious carriage at the back, as if he could see the beloved Senior Brother Xuan Fa through the corpse in the coffin in the carriage.

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True Martial Dao Sect.

On Chonghe Peak, in the Taiji Hall, Sect Leader Xuan Chen and the other five Peak Masters have been waiting for a long time.

“Peak Master Xuan Zheng of Zheng Yang Peak, Peak Master Xuan Lin of Tian Xu Peak, Peak Master Xuan Zhen of Su Nu Peak, Peak Master Xuan Yin of Kun Yin Peak, and Peak Master Xuan Yin of Chi Ming Peak. “Xuan Yin, Xuan Ming, the master of Chi Ming Peak, and Xuan Feng, the master of Wan Fa Peak, who was on his way here, brought the top brass of the True Martial Dao Sect together.

Xuanfeng was holding a light grey parcel, followed by Qingzhou and Qingling, and four disciples carrying a sandalwood coffin, and slowly stepped into the hall.

“Xuan Feng, you —— this ——” Just after entering the Taiji Hall, Xuan Zheng was so shocked by Xuan Feng’s face at this moment that he could not speak.

At this time, Xuan Feng’s hair was mixed with hints of flowers and white, his face was haggard and looked much older.

“How dare that villain Xuan Guang torture Senior Xuan Feng to this extent, without the slightest remembrance of the old days, incorrigible, incorrigible!” The dismay was followed by endless anger.

In Xuan Zheng’s view, although Xuan Guang had not killed Xuan Feng, torturing him like this was already without the slightest regard for the friendship of his fellow disciples.

“Be still, Senior Brother Xuan Zheng.” Sect Leader Xuan Chen spoke, his voice infused with true essence, leisurely and clear, with an air of authority and dignity.

Xuan Zheng’s head cleared and his anger subsided a little as he bowed his head and said, “It was senior brother who was rude.”

“No matter,” Xuan Chen’s gaze turned to Xuan Feng, “Senior Brother Xuan Feng, we have received the letter eagle you sent earlier, but the words on paper are ultimately limited, now, you come and elaborate on what has happened in Yang City.”

“Yes, Senior Brother Master.”

Xuan Feng bowed his head and smiled bitterly, Sect Leader Xuan Chen was majestic yet easy-going, loved by the disciples in the sect, himself and other brothers and teachers, they also respected you, but who would have thought that his secret face would be so —— despicable.

“I arrived at Yangcheng two months ago with my two nephews, Qingzhou and Qingling, on my mount, White Jade. At that time, the situation within Yang City was on the verge of erupting, with the Department Six Sect and the City Lord’s House supported by the Zhenshan Army at sword point.

In case the struggle between the two sides erupted and disrupted my trip, I used Xuan Guang’s breath left in the gate as a guide and used my ‘immortal guidance’ technique to look for him first. I didn’t expect that Xuan Guang’s power had improved so much that he was only a hair’s breadth away from being a god. I was captured alive by Xuan Guang instead, and it was only after the battle at Yangcheng was over that he let me go ——”

“Wait, Brother Xuanfeng, we all know the strength of Brother Xuan Guang, he just entered the True Dan realm five years ago, how could he capture you alive?” The one who spoke was Xuan Ming, the peak master of the “Chi Ming Peak”.

“Humph, you still call him senior brother. He must have joined the Southern Border through the sneaky ways of the Southern Border Witch Cult.” Xuan Zheng grunted.

Zhenshan Jun, no, it should now be called Zhenshan King. The common people did not know the inside story, but they, the top brass of the forces, knew all about it. Otherwise, Qingzhou was located on the border, with the Great Qian in front of him and the Southern Border behind him, how stupid was Zhen Shan Wang to take over Qingzhou, which belonged to the Southern Border and now belongs to the Great Qian?

Had it not been for the battle of Yangcheng, which was well prepared by King Zhenshan, and the fact that the experts of the southern frontier did not take part, and that the various factions of the Central Plains did not want to be used as a gun by the court, King Zhenshan would have taken possession of Qingzhou, and it is still unknown whether he would have been able to hold on to it.

After all, the court took over the resource-rich Qingzhou, but did not give the major factions in the Central Plains a share of the profits, and even secretly told the Zhenshan Army to target the Jiang Hu people above the Xiantian level in Qingzhou, resulting in all the Taobao martial artists who went to Qingzhou were Houtian realm martial artists, so that the court's side could also collect resources.

“The Witch God Cult in the southern border has a long and bizarre heritage, and it is not surprising that it has a way to make people's power improve greatly,” said Sect Leader Xuan Chen, “Senior Brother Xuan Feng, continue.”

“I was imprisoned by Xuan Guang for a few months, and many things happened in between, including the death of Senior Xuan Fa's only disciple, Qing Yu. As for this matter, I was imprisoned at the time and did not know anything about it, so let the two nephews, Qingzhou and Qingling, who were personally involved, tell you all about it in detail.” After speaking, Xuan Fa sighed wearily.

Qingzhou and Qingling stepped forward and bowed, “Greetings to Sect Leader and all the senior nephews.”

“No need to be polite,” Xuan Chen drew his palm in an imaginary way, “You guys tell us about the scene.”

“Yes.” Qingzhou said, “Senior sister Qingling and I, after senior uncle Xuanfeng left, scouted around Yang City for senior brother Qing Yu's trail. In the course of our search, we came across a man in black wearing a black mask and dressed as a dead soldier chasing after a young man.

The young man was chivalrous, so he tried to save him. After blocking the attack, I realised that the young man was the one we were looking for, Qing Yu.

Seeing that I was no match for him, the man in black repeatedly burned his blood in an attempt to kill the two of us who were in his way. In the end, I deflected the man's sword by using the Xuanwu Zhenhai Sword's power removal technique.

Unexpectedly, as the man in black burned his blood, his power increased and the sword energy left on his sword struck Qing Yu, who was badly injured and unable to dodge. The sword qi broke through her upper body and injured all her internal organs, and although Sister Qing Ling came from the Su Mui Peak, which is good at medical treatment, she was unable to return."

"It was my fault," Qing Ling said grimly, "I was so shocked to see Qing Yu's body covered in blood that I forgot all my usual experience."

"I was the one who killed Senior Brother Qing Yu." Said Qing Ling, hanging her head and wanting to sob.

"Ling'er, come here." The one who spoke was Xuan Zhen, the Peak Master of Su Mui Peak, who was Qing Ling's teacher.

"Master." Qing Ling cried and ran into Xuan Zhen's arms.

"The internal organs are all wounded, and a Houtian martial artist's internal strength is insufficient and his body is too weak to sustain such serious injuries. There is no need for you to blame yourself." Xuan Zhen said with relief.

"Go on." Xuan Chen said.

"When the man in black struck this blow, the effect of burning his blood was over and he was very weak, so I took this opportunity to deal him a fatal blow. Afterwards, Senior Sister Qingling sewed up Senior Brother's remains so that he could go into the ground in one piece. I changed senior brother Qing Yu's clothes into new ones, only to find that _____"

"The fact that the True Martial Sword is in Qing Yu's hands is just nonsense. On the inside of Senior Nephew Qing Yu's outer garment, the events that led to Xuan Guang controlling him were written in red pigment.

Xuan Guang used Qing Yu as a pawn, allowing him to cause chaos all over Yang Cheng, focusing the attention of all on the disciple of Xuan Fa, in order to conceal the truth and allow Zhen Shanjun Zhang Huchen time to break through the Tong Shen and emerge successfully. This is the garment of Senior Nephew Qing Yu _____"

Xuanfa spoke out and unpacked the package, shaking out a black outer garment.

On the inside of the black tunic, dark red words were written on the black garment in red pigment.

All of the Xuanzi present were experts of the True Dan realm, and the head of the sect, Xuan Chen, was an expert of the Tong Shen realm, so they watched the writing on Xuanfa's handwriting on the clothes as if it were right before their eyes.

There was a large area in the middle that was splattered with blood, but one could still faintly make out what the writing was.

Apart from a detailed description of Xuan Guang's strategy, the rest of the handwriting also contains a large pattern, as well as some instructions for the luck of the meridians.

It begins with eight big words, "If you want to practise divine kung fu, wield the sword." Yes, this is exactly the "Sword Manual of Pervasive Evil".

These eight words were written in blood, and the handwriting was distorted, so it was obvious that the writer was very unsettled in his heart when he wrote these eight words, and a bone-deep hatred came through.

"This is ——" asked Xuan Chen, pointing at the eight words.

"Master Nephew Qing Yu has never practiced martial arts, and his hands have no power. This is a martial art that Xuan Guang forced him to practice in order to allow him to better utilize the true nature of the disciple of Xuan Fa. This martial art is very evil, as long as he can pass the first level shown in these eight words in the opening chapter, he will be able to advance by leaps and bounds." Xuanfeng said.

"I've checked Qing Yu's body, and his meridians are in a state of disrepair, apparently having been catalyzed by some overbearing drugs, as well as the method of consuming potential to catalyze the valley's internal strength." Qing Ling also stopped her tears and looked up from Xuan Zhen's arms and said.

"This, mischievous to the extreme ——"

"Xuan Guang, it's simply extermination of humanity ——"

"Xuan Guang has fallen into the devil's way ——"

——

The peak masters of the peaks present were all depressed and indignant.

The "Wicked Sword Manual", which can injure a man's fifth limb in order to improve his martial arts, is the most evil of the evil paths. Even among those in the Devil's Way, there are few who practice such techniques, and those here are unheard of.

What's more, the one who was forced to practise such an exterminating gong method was their nephew. Although Qing Yu was exiled and not everyone here wanted him to

return to the True Martial Way Sect, Qing Yu was still a disciple of the True Martial Way Sect, the only disciple left of the Xuan Fa.

The one who used the gongfu to harm Qing Yu was still their senior brother, Xuan Guang. If they could harm Qing Yu today, tomorrow, they might be able to harm their disciples, that is, to attack them, their senior brothers, and it was not impossible, Xuan Feng was a lesson from the past.

“Senior Brother, give the order, we will kill Xuan Guang!” Xuan Lin said.

“Good, Xuan Guang has fallen into the demonic path, he must never be left —— behind,” the rest of the peak masters, also agreed in unison.

“Quiet,” Xuan Chen shouted to stop it, “after this, Xuan Guang will definitely hide in the southern border and seek its blessing. Although we are a great sect in the world, there is nothing we can do about it.

But this is not the way to go. We should announce to the world that Xuan Guang will be expelled from our school and will no longer be a disciple of our school. If there are any righteous people in the world who can kill Xuan Guang, they can study two of my True Martial Daoist Sect’s Four Elephants.”

“This —— master brother, the Four Elephant Jutsu is the secret technique of my True Martial Daoist Sect, it must not be allowed.” Xuan Zheng hurriedly said.

“No more, Xuan Guang rebelled against the sect, the Four Elephant Jutsu has been leaked, in the future, no longer is the secret transmission not leaked.” Xuan Chen said.

“My mind is made up, let’s disperse. Later, I will go to the Ancestral Hall and remove Xuan Guang’s name from the Golden Disc of True Disciples.”

“Senior Brother Xuan Feng, is there anything else?” Xuan Chen saw Xuan Feng’s hesitant face and wanted to say something several times.

“Nothing, senior brother is just a little tired and wants to go and rest first.” Xuan Feng said in a dishevelled manner.

“Then you go and recuperate well first. The things of the sect in recent days should be put aside for the time being.” Xuan Chen spoke in a warm voice.

“Thank you, Senior Sect Leader.” Xuan Feng saluted and thanked him.

Then, Xuan Feng turned around and left.

He looked even older than when he arrived, even his straight back was hunched over all of a sudden.

For, this time, he had betrayed Senior Xuan Fa again. This time, it was not that he was deluded, it was just that he had once again made a choice, for the sake of the True Martial Daoist Sect.

The True Martial Daoist Sect, one scandal after another, first Xuan Fa, now Xuan Guang, and next, if even Xuan Chen was involved, he could hardly imagine what would become of that.

His reputation would be in tatters, that was for sure. A matter of this magnitude, Xuan Chen was sure to step down. Even if it was kept under wraps, Xuan Chen's stepping down would cause a rumour, and a wise man would be able to guess that something had changed.

Will there be civil unrest? That's for sure. Not to mention the old members of Brother Xuanfa, even those who support Xuan Chen may not be able to see what Xuan Chen is doing.

In that case, I will take the blame for all this. This was Xuan Feng's decision.

Everything, all for the sake of the True Martial Dao Sect.

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Qing Yu, who had suffered a miserable fate in the eyes of the True Martial Daoist Sect crowd, is now watching a play with all five limbs, fanning himself at ease.

This is inside the most famous Lingsen Pavilion in Tianle Square.

At this moment, the Pavilion of the Immortals is soliciting guests for the night for the head flower girl.

Of course, as an elegant place that is highly sought after by scholars, it takes more than money to become a guest at the Pavilion of the Immortals, but talent.

"I'm so drunk that I want to laugh, but I want to worry about the work.

Recently I have come to realise that the books of the ancients are not worthy of belief.

Last night I fell down drunk by a pine, and asked how I was drunk.

I only suspected that the pine was moving and wanted to be helped, so I pushed it with my hand and said, "Go!

The poem is being recited by a handsome gentleman dressed in a very ordinary way. He was dressed as a scholar, and nine out of ten of the people here were dressed in

this way, which is a good example of the saying that “since ancient times, there have been many literati”.

It was this gentleman who looked a little pale and sickly, and who looked a little bit afflicted.

“Is there anyone else who thinks they can outperform this ninth son and come up to offer a poem? If not, the guest of honour tonight will be the ninth son.” The half-aged pimp shouted vigorously.

“Give it to him give it to him, that’s all he can do ——”

“Ninth Prince, are you physically able? Haha ——”

“Ninth Gongzi, don’t get faint from the blood and Qi later on ——”

——

For some reason, all the people present spoke out in mockery. Although readers don’t speak dirty words, this kind of mockery without dirty words can pierce the hearts of people even more.

The Ninth Prince’s face was so sickly red from the ridicule that he coughed uncontrollably.

“Are all the readers of the Northern Zhou, unable to afford to lose?” On the first floor, Jin Mingxuan, who was watching with Qing Yu, saw this and could not help but sneer.

A few of the nearby scholars heard this and could not help but turn around and look at Jin Mingxuan angrily. Jin Mingxuan was not the least bit vain and glared back viciously.

“You two, it’s your first time to come to God’s Capital, right?” A nearby scholar said, although it was a question, the words were very certain.

“Oh, how do you know, brother, that the two of us are new to the Divine Capital?” Qing Yu asked, shaking his folding fan.

With these words, he was already admitting that he was a first-time visitor to the Divine Capital.

The few scholarly students with angry faces collected their anger and smiled with apologies on their faces.

“If it wasn’t the first time I came to Divine Capital City, how could I not know, this ‘Herculean’ Ninth Gongzi.” It was the same scholar who had asked the question earlier,

but when he said “famous”, he deliberately increased his tone and showed a sneer on his face, obviously not praising the ninth son.

“How do you mean ‘famous’?” Qing Yu asked in a very hilarious manner.

“This person is called ‘Feng Jiu’, the ninth son of the current Saint. He was born weak and his meridians are so weak that he cannot even withstand the effects of ordinary qi and blood pills. He was born a sickly child and was disliked by His Majesty. Even his name was given to him as ‘Nine’, a random ranking of his peers.

The ninth son, having failed in martial arts, went on to study literature and made a name for himself, but unfortunately, his literary skills were not as good as those of the eighth prince, and he was still not taken seriously. This is the tenth time this month that the ninth prince has done so, so naturally, he is not liked by the people.”

When the Great Zhou was overthrown, it was only thanks to Meng Shanhe’s support that the Northern Zhou was established. Therefore, although the Northern Zhou had a strong literary culture and most of the people on the roads were dressed as scholars, the martial culture was also not weak. All the emperors of the Northern Zhou Dynasty had a strong martial arts culture, and all the people of the Northern Zhou Dynasty were proud of their ability in both literature and martial arts, and did not like those weak scholars of the Great Qian Dynasty who had no body, no grain, and no power.

The eighth prince, Feng Qiu, who was a good scholar, had a good command of both literature and martial arts. Under such circumstances, it is strange that Feng Jiu can be taken seriously.

“This month it seems that there is nothing to look forward to, this damned ——” spoke another scholar, half speaking, apparently not daring to curse Feng Jiu directly, after all, he is still an imperial son.

Today is the tenth, Feng Jiu was elected as the guest of honor for the tenth time, apparently he wanted to wrap up the month, not giving others a chance, no wonder that scholar cursed out.

“Excuse me, I haven’t asked a few brothers their names. My name is Meng De, this is my friend, Jin Ming Xuan, dare I ask what your names are?” Qing Yu said with apologies.

“No matter, we have also forgotten to announce our names. I am Lin Wei Feng.” The scholar who spoke to Qing Yu first said.

“Lu Renjia.”

“Xiao Bing Yi.”

“Balking Zong Ding.”

The other few scholarly students were also courteous and polite.

“Xiandi Meng and Xiandi Jin are here to study at Shanhe Academy, right?” Lin Wei Feng said.

“Precisely.”

“We are all students of the Shanhe Academy, and we look forward to seeing you two Yindi in the Academy, but as for today, we have lost our interest, so we will have less company.”

The remaining three scholarly students also nodded their heads in agreement.

“Take care of yourselves, four.”

The four of them gradually walked away.

They talked for quite some time, and the pimp downstairs was still calling out if there was anyone else, without any regard for Feng Jiu, who was looking blue. It seemed that Feng Jiu was indeed quite miserable, even a pimp couldn't even look at him.

“The poem this ninth prince has just written seems to be about his leisurely mood, but the bones reveal his discontent with reality and his stubborn attitude towards life. He is also resentful at heart.” Jin Mingxuan looked at the scene downstairs and said.

“The heart is resentful, but it has found the wrong place to exert its literary talents. After all, the Pavilion of the Immortals is a place of youths, even if he really wraps up a month, it won't attract the attention of others, instead, there will be more ridicule. So, we have to wake him up.” Qing Yu said.

“Ah?!” Jin Mingxuan looked at Qing Yu with dumbfounded eyes.

This was the Northern Zhou, brother, even if this Feng Jiu was no longer valued, he was still an imperial son. Looking at his weak appearance, with one punch, he was afraid that he would vomit blood and die on the spot. When the time came, he would only be buried with him.

“Use Wen Cai. Brother Jin, it's up to you.” Qing Yu patted Jin Mingxuan's shoulder and said.

“No——— this, Brother Meng, although I ask myself to have a bit of ink in my chest, but to make poetry that surpasses this Feng Jiu, I ask myself that it is still impossible, if you want to rely on me, you have kind of found the wrong person.” Jin Mingxuan's head shook like a rattle.

“Don’t worry, my brother will help you, attach your ear to it.”

Qing Yu muttered in Jin Mingxuan’s ear for a while.

“This —— brother Meng, good literary skills.”

“It’s a way to repay the favor of hitching a ride with you. Go on.” Qing Yu said.

“Many thanks, Brother Meng.” Jin Mingxuan glanced gratefully at Qing Yu and ran downstairs shouting, “I’ll do it.”

Oj8k, steady, this friend is made.

Next, let’s wish him a good night, and Qing Yu will go ahead and finish his work.

As for whether Jin Mingxuan will succeed, there is absolutely no need to worry. Although Feng Jiu’s poem is good, the mood it contains is very bitter and does not match the current situation. The poem that Qing Yu gave to Jin Mingxuan is a famous poem, and with a good poem by Liu Sanchang, the poet of white whoring who never pays for anything, he is still afraid of not being able to beat Feng Jiu.

The poem was written by the famous poet Liu Sanchang, who has never paid for anything in the world.

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As he walked out of the Immortal Pavilion, he heard the shouts from inside, and the shouts that followed, Qing Yu knew that Jin Mingxuan had already won.

Since he had already achieved his goal, he would not disturb Jin Mingxuan’s meeting with a beautiful woman, so he should go back to the Yunlai Inn.

Although he was pretending to be a wanderer and looked like an old hand at flowers, in reality, Qing Yu was still a child in this life. The purpose of coming to Tianle Place tonight is to make friends with Jin Mingxuan, so since this has already happened, he should not hang around here, lest he lose his true yang if he is not careful.

Qing Yu is a practitioner of Taoist martial arts, whether it is the Quan Zhen Xin Fa or the Xiao Wu Xiang Gong (which he picked up in Yang Cheng and has now started to practice), or even the Yang Extreme Yin Sheng’s Sword Technique, in essence, they all belong to the category of Taoism.

For those who practise Taoist martial arts, the true yang of this child’s body is very valuable. In the initial stage, keeping the true yang intact can enhance the speed of cultivation. In the middle stage, the improvement in cultivation is already minimal, so losing it is not a problem, but at this point, the value of the True Yang has already begun

to retain its value. In the later stages, the value of the true yang is much greater. If you can find a woman who maintains pure yin with the same cultivation technique, it is not a dream to have a great advance in power.

Qing Yu didn't think that far ahead in the later stages, but simply thought it wasn't worth losing some boost for the sake of a momentary pleasure, especially, the object of the loss was still emotionless and a strange woman whom he didn't know at all beforehand.

"Well, interesting. ——"

Just back at the Yun Lai Inn, Qing Yu opened the door to his room and saw a white envelope on the four-sided table directly opposite the room door.

The white envelope was not opened directly, Qing Yu first took out a small bottle from his pocket and dispersed a few drops of potion onto the envelope, and only when he saw that the envelope did not change colour did he open it at ease.

This is Qing Yu's homemade poison test water, which is designed to detect toxic substances, combined with "Ping Yi Finger Medicine" and "Rei Hua Bao Jian".

The letter is from an unknown source and it reminds me of several poisoning techniques.

When he opened the letter, the paper was full of small letters, and when he saw them, he was reminded of the word "cheat sheet", which had occupied his youth for several years.

After a moment of reminiscing about his youthful days, Qingyu looked at it with wide eyes. The paper was covered with answers to the entrance examination of the Shanhe Academy in ten days, with clear entries and numbers at the end, saying that if you memorised the contents of the letter, you would be guaranteed to pass the entrance examination.

"Just give the answers, why write in such small letters, you are not tired of copying them, I am tired of reading them." Qing Yu was a bit teary-eyed.

Such small characters made one's eyes sore just to look at them, and it was even more impossible to memorise them, so after all, one had to rewrite the contents in normal script first.

"But to get the answer now, it seems that the energy of Department Six in the Mountain River Academy is beyond my imagination." Qing Yu thought as he rubbed this chin.

There were still ten days until the Shanhe Academy's initiation exam. Right now, the test questions for the exams should have just been released not long ago, and it was even possible that they had just been released. If he could get the questions now, the

provider of the questions must be the closest person to the questions, the question writer, or the senior management of the academy.

Apart from this possibility, Qing Yu did not think otherwise. He knew that those people in the Shanhe Academy were not weak scholars who only studied but did not practice martial arts. In Shanhe Academy, the more talented people were, the higher the force value was. If you want to steal the test questions from them, don't even think about it if you don't have True Dan realm or even Tong Shen realm, Hao Rang Zheng Qi will teach you to be a human being.

As for a great expert above the True Dan realm to steal a test question for the initiation meeting, this might, it might as well be said that Meng Shanhe and Ji Muqing were having sex back then.

Stopping his thoughts at will, Qing Yu began to copy the test questions and answers.

An hour later, Qing Yu finally finished copying the entire contents.

"Finally, I've finished copying. I don't know which one of the hangers-on made the letter, the words are small and numerous, don't let me know who it is ——" Qing Yu stretched his back.

"Brother Meng, Brother Meng, are you there?" A call came from outside the door.

"Jin Mingxuan? He should be meeting a beautiful woman and warming his hibiscus tent right now, what is he doing back here?"

Although puzzled, Qing Yu went to open the door for him.

When he opened the door, he was greeted by a big, eager face, and it was indeed Jin Mingxuan.

"Brother Meng, you're really here. I couldn't believe it when I saw the light on in your room, you should be at the Heavenly Music Place looking for fun." Jin Mingxuan smiled playfully, "I don't think so, you ——", his gaze shifted down and aimed three inches below Qingyu's small abdomen.

"I'm not in the mood to see those vulgar people, okay?" Qing Yu did not have a good temper.

"On the contrary, you, how come you're back so soon, you can't be unable to."

"I —— this, brother Meng, hey ——" Jin Mingxuan was about to jump to retort, not knowing what he remembered, looked at Qing Yu with a flattering smile.

"Come in and talk."

Under the dim candlelight, Qing Yu poured tea with an expressionless face.

“So, you just came back like this?”

“This —— is.”

“Brother Jin, you don’t seem silly,” Qing Yu really hated iron this time, “I offered you a poem to help you, and you ran over to listen to a little song, and came back without even meeting someone face to face. Brother Jin, I now doubt if you are a man.”

“Miss Xiangyin is an immortal child approaching the mortal world, Brother Meng, how can you harbour such nasty thoughts. Besides, it’s not that I didn’t see Miss Xiangyin, I just didn’t see her clearly through the veil.” Jin Mingxuan retorted.

Xiangyin, Qing Yu only now knew the name of this Lingshan Pavilion flower girl.

“Fart fairy, fairy can run to a green house to become a flower leader, you are afraid you are not teasing me. Through the veil curtain, it is still not seen the real face, not seen face is not seen face.”

“This ——”

“Do you still want me to help you.” Jin Mingxuan was about to retort when Qing Yu shot down a word.

“Brother Meng, you must help me. That Feng Jiu, he deceives people too much, he even despises me and threatens to trample me underfoot tomorrow, this I can’t bear.” Jin Mingxuan’s voice was so sad that those who didn’t know would have thought Feng Jiu had done something to him.

“He’s not wrong ah, people rely on their true talent, you —— huh.”

“Brother Meng, you have to help me. Can you bear to let my brother’s reputation go down the drain when I’ve just arrived in God’s capital and haven’t even entered the academy?” Jin Mingxuan was close to kneeling down and hugging Qing Yu’s thighs.

“It’s not exactly a disgrace, is it?”

“Brother Meng ——” The voice grew sadder and sadder.

“Alright, alright, I’m afraid of you.”

“Thank you, Brother Meng.” Jin Mingxuan turned into a smiling face for a second.

Qing Yu was likewise smiling, only in his heart, how could he have been unhappy with such an easy opportunity to give grace.

Martial Boss Chapter 65 -

When Qingyu and Jin Mingxuan arrived at the Pavilion of the Immortals again, it was already crowded with people.

When they arrived yesterday, the pavilion was packed to the rafters with guests. I thought it would be a great occasion. But today, it's not full, it's overflowing.

Feng Jiu has been dominating the court for ten days, and many of the princes and sons who had humiliated Feng Jiu in the past did not want to come over to see his majestic face. However, today, many of Feng Jiu's old rivals came to challenge him again after his defeat yesterday, so they called their friends to come. What could be more refreshing than having one's rival disgraced.

"Here it comes, here it comes, Jin Mingxuan is here." I don't know who shouted.

The crowd looked towards the door in unison.

"Brother Jin, will win ——"

"Brother Jin, fall hard on his face ——"

——

The hall was full of people shouting and cheering for Jin Mingxuan. If it was in the past, Feng Jiu would not have been so tolerant of people's dislike, but his previous ten-day domination of the field had greatly offended many literati, and in the eyes of those people, Feng Jiu was close to pointing at them and saying "all of you here are rubbish". This is why Jin Mingxuan, who was able to beat Feng Jiu, was so popular.

Of course, if Jin Mingxuan had defeated Feng Jiu, he would have been the next one to be disliked after he had dominated the competition for ten days or so.

"Brother Jin, it's your turn to perform on stage." Qing Yu said to Jin Mingxuan.

"With Brother Meng's support, this battle will be won." Jin Mingxuan said confidently.

With a flip of his robe and sleeves, Jin Mingxuan folds his fan and walks majestically towards the battlefield tonight.

Qing Yu, on the other hand, silently faded into the crowd, quietly watching.

In the middle of the lobby on the ground floor, Feng Jiu's face was a mixture of envy and jealousy as he looked at Jin Mingxuan, who had been welcomed by the crowd. This was the purpose of his visit to the Immortal Pavilion, and now, it was being realised in someone else's body, how could this not make him envious and jealous.

"Good, since Sir Jin has arrived, we will begin tonight's poetry competition." The old pimp shouted.

"Two gentry, which one of you will come first."

"I arrived later, and it is considered rude to keep the Ninth Prince waiting, so I will have to come first." Jin Mingxuan said as he closed his folding fan and struck his hand with it.

"Brother Jin, it seems that you are winning." Feng Jiu looked at Jin Mingxuan with a gloomy expression.

In a poetry competition, the person who came first could not be said to have any advantage or disadvantage, it was just that people would generally think of seeing the success of their opponent first and think of coming second. Those who chose to come first usually had a certainty of victory in mind.

"Naturally."

"The clouds think of clothes and flowers, the spring breeze brushes the threshold and the dew is thick.

If we were not to meet at the head of a group of jade mountains, we would meet under the moon at the Yao Terrace."

This poem is one of Li Bai's Qing Ping Tune for Yang Yu Huan, which has been passed down for thousands of years. When the poem was released, everyone was astonished, and they clamoured for their own opinions, but in the end, the consensus was that Jin Mingxuan was 666. (In fact, the author was too lazy to write about the "shock" and the various "ah, how —— "It's too awkward.)

"This is the poem I wish to give to Miss Xian Yin. Ninth Gongzi, it's your turn." Jin Mingxuan looked at Feng Jiu with a smile.

Feng Jiu's face was gloomy and ironic, not saying a word.

"Say it, Ninth Gongzi ——"

"Can't do it anymore ——"

The onlookers began to mock again.

After a long time, Feng Jiu closed his eyes and sighed long, "I admit defeat."

Once these words were said, the ridicule from the scene came towards Feng Jiu even more like a tide. Feng Jiu's status had excited many people present, and some ugly words that they only dared to say in secret in the past could now be pronounced in public. This twisted pleasure made many people indulge in it.

"That's enough," Feng Jiu shouted abruptly and angrily, "I've lost, but that's no reason for you defeated men to bark and bark here."

"Cough ——" There was a sudden silence, and all that could be heard was the sound of Feng Jiu coughing due to her excessive force.

After a short period of silence, a bigger storm ensued.

Countless obscenities spewed out from the mouths of these normally self-consciously elegant readers. Qing Yu then saw a scholar beside him cursing so much that his face was red and his hands were dancing, even the crown of his hair was crooked, so he didn't know if this was considered an angry outburst.

It was a good thing that the crowd knew that Feng Jiu was an imperial son and that the obscenities only concerned individuals and did not involve other relatives, otherwise, everyone present would have died, and Qing Yu might have been involved.

Jin Mingxuan looked in bewilderment at Feng Jiu, who was walking away in a mess amidst the foul language of the crowd, and suddenly lost the joy of winning in his heart.

"Jin Gongzi, Jin Gongzi ——" the old pimp's words woke up Jin Mingxuan who was a little lost in thought.

"It's time to go see Miss Xian Yin."

"Oh, good." Somehow, Jin Mingxuan's heart had lost the mood of anticipation that he had felt last night.

Qing Yu watched as Jin Mingxuan left the venue with the pimp leading the way, and also left the scene in silence. The place was so hot, if he stayed any longer, there was no guarantee that he wouldn't be dragged down by some foolish person who was overcome with anger and cursed something he shouldn't.

On the other hand, Feng Jiu fled from the Lingsen Pavilion in a mess, ignoring the surprised looks of passers-by, and ran around in a hurry, eventually hiding in a remote alley.

The alley was so quiet that she could only faintly hear the sounds of the music in the distance, and the many obscene words she had just heard seemed to be an illusion. This kind of peace, which seemed to be far away from the world all of a sudden, made Feng Jiu very enchanted. Over the years, whenever he felt that he could not stand it, he would be alone and quiet, and if he was quiet for a while, everything would be fine.

Soon, Feng Jiu soothed his mind and left everything behind tonight. A little quietness and everything would be fine, Feng Jiu was used to it. But under the moonlight, the bitterness in his eyes could not be concealed in any way.

After straightening his slightly messy clothes, Feng Jiu raised his steps and prepared to leave the alley.

“Boom.”

With a muffled sound, Feng Jiu’s eyes steeply blackened and he flung himself to the ground with another muffled sound.

“This —— brother Zhang, you, wouldn’t have killed him.”

Feng Jiu has always been sick and weak, lying on the ground for a long time without moving, it is normal for that person to have this worry.

“Idiot, don’t call me brother Zhang, looking for death ——”

“Not dead, just fainted.” Brother Zhang probed Feng Jiu’s nostrils.

“So do we still want to ——,” said another voice.

“Don’t, if we really have to fight, we all have to die.”

“Yeah, let’s go.”

A few more people catered, clearly all afraid. Feng Jiu’s body was weak to this extent, if he was really killed by accident, one of those present would have to be buried with him, and even more so, his family would be affected.

“Go.”

The sound of hastily disordered footsteps quickly moved away.

Under the moonlight, Feng Jiu was still lying quietly on the ground, except for the five fingers of his right hand, which were slowly curving.

The force used was very deep and vicious, causing the white and slender five fingers to outline five harsh blood marks on the rough ground.

“They’ve gone far, still pretending?” Another voice came.

Silent, no footsteps, this secluded alleyway welcomed guests for the third time in a short space of time.