

Martial Boss Chapter 7

With his Golden Goose Kung Fu in motion, Qing Yu landed softly on the street in front of the inn. In order to verify his previous suspicions, Qing Yu did not conceal his whereabouts.

One of the few people in front of him looked back and faintly saw a black figure appear behind him, and after saying something to his companion, he ignored Qing Yu and continued to walk west.

“Sure enough, there should be a bazaar like a black market, and it just so happens that I ran into it.”

Qing Yu confirmed his suspicions and silently fell far behind the number of people in front of him, following them along the street to the west.

The group travelled to the west of the city, which was simply uninhabited, with the mountain wall in front of them.

Yangcheng, as a border gate of the Great Qian three hundred years ago, would naturally not be a city surrounded by wilderness on all sides. Otherwise the enemy would have bypassed Yang Cheng and entered the Great Qian territory from somewhere else.

Yangcheng is built on a mountain, and to the east and west are the Lianbian Mountain Range, which separates Great Qian from the southern border. It is said that many years ago, Yang Cheng was located in a mountainous area where the Great Qian and the Southern Frontier were located. It is said that many years ago, the site of Yang Cheng was originally a ravine path, which could only be walked by three people. Then for some unknown reason, on a certain day, the mountain collapsed and the earth ripped apart. After everything calmed down, this canyon path hardened to become wider than a hundred thoroughfares, and this heavenly danger against the southern frontier broke through a big hole.

The then imperial court, the Great Zhou, raised all its armies to fight the Southern Border for ten years, and took this gaping hole from the Southern Border's mouth.

Afterwards, Yangcheng was established as a border gate, and has since been repeatedly expanded and altered to become what it is today.

Qing Yu only saw the man in black in front of him groping along the mountain wall for a hundred or so metres, as if he had grabbed something, I think it was a rope or something, and climbed up. Looking upwards, there was some light faintly coming out of the mountain wall a few dozen metres above.

However, Qing Yu did not follow, but remained in the shadows to watch.

It was the end of the month, only a few incense sticks away from the beginning of the next month. The moon in the sky was dull, and with Qing Yu crouching casually and dressed in black, it was unlikely that anyone would notice him even if he walked by.

As he waited for some time, several more groups of people climbed up before and after him, also clutching the rope. Still, Qing Yu couldn't really be sure that the top was something like a black market. If this was a mistake and he broke into some underground organization's lair, it would basically be the end of the story.

At that moment, there was a faint sound of conversation in the distance, the sound getting louder and louder, coming towards Qing Yu.

Qing Yu hurriedly found a dead end and crouched down, still holding his breath.

"Third uncle, what is this shadow market selling, so mysterious, isn't it just a black market?" From the sound of his voice, the speaker should be a young man, as for how old he is, forgive Qing Yu for not having that skill.

An older voice came out, "Don't compare the black market with the shadow market. Do you know why they call it a shadow market and not a ghost market or a night market? In this world, if there is light, there is shadow. The shadow market can be said to be the back side of the normal market. As long as there is not any poor mountainous area in the Great Qian, there is a shadow market in this shadow. What is not available in the normal market and what you dare not sell, is available in the shadow market, even military crossbows, and profound secret books of various sects, as long as you want to buy them, there are people in the shadow market who dare to sell them."

"Sizzling, there are even people who dare to sell forbidden items like military crossbows?"

"Sell, why not, as long as you can afford to pay. But these are only sold at the auction once every three months. This time I'm taking you there to see the world, the world, it's a big world."

"Yes, yes, yes, thanks a lot Third Uncle."

"You brat ——," scolded Third Uncle with a smile.

The two men passed not far from Qing Yu.

Qing Yu dared not move more and more, and also entered into the silence into the kind of near-turtle breathing state of Quan Zhen Xin Fa, until the two were far away, and shushed his breath.

It was time for the new month to begin.

The system's prompt also sounded at the right time: "A new month has arrived, the host has been awarded a character card draw, do you want to draw now?"

"Draw it, let's see how lucky we are this month."

"Draw begins. Ding, congratulations to the host. Received a 1-star character card – Feng Bu Ping

Name: Feng Bu Ping

Realm: 6th level of Houtian

Item: None

Martial Arts: "Hua Shan Sword Technique", "Hua Shan Heart Technique", "Three Immortal Swords of the Life Snatching Chain", "Raging Wind Fast Sword

Evaluation: a dragon character with little role, too lazy to evaluate."

For the first time, the system appeared a character who was too lazy to rate. It can't be helped that Feng Bu Ping is, to put it bluntly, a transitional character who carries on from the top to the bottom, without much character, and is beaten into disbelief and retired before long after his appearance. His sword technique is called "Gale Fast Sword", which is the same as Tian Bo Guang's Gale Fast Sword. The purpose of defeating Lao Yue, who was still a man, was to draw out the swordplay of Ling Hu Chong, to make Lao Yue suspicious, and to be one of the triggers for Lao Yue to make up his mind not to be a man. So, after fighting this battle at the Broken Temple, he went straight back home.

Feng Bu Ping is actually not bad, at least if he gets his legacy, Qing Yu can get a sword technique that he can hold. Although Quan Zhen's swordplay is good, you need deep internal strength to really make it work, or a girl to practice "Jade Girl Swordplay" with you. You can also find six friends to practice the Big Dipper Formation, or if you have more friends, you can practice the Great Dipper Formation. More people are more powerful.

Since his luck was still good, Qing Yu decided to go to the shadow market to have a look. That's right, the reason for the lottery was to see how the luck would be today. If his face was dark, he would rather believe it than not. Even the punks before him knew the way of Gou, and Qingyu would only know more than them.

He took out a scarf from his pocket and tied it around his face. This is the old clothes that Qing Yu had torn by hand before leaving the inn. It would be humiliating to be seen with a large chunk of your hem missing, just like the warriors in the TV series. Only think of yourself as a decent person anyhow.

“It’s a bit hard to breathe, no wonder bosses with b-frames wear masks, the comfort level is just more than a step up.”

Qing Yu walked up to the mountain wall where the rope was hanging and looked at the top, uneven and with quite a few catch points. Immediately, he leapt upwards, stepping on several dips to lend a hand and leaping onto a platform.

“The Golden Goose is the only thing the Quan Zhen Sect can do.” Qing Yu clapped his hands, incidentally belittling the other Quanzhen martial arts that were basically impossible to get.

It was a platform more than ten square metres in size, with a smooth ground that seemed to have been cut out with a knife. At the other end of the platform, about six metres wide and seven metres high, was a large cave with two holes cut out on either side, each of which held a blazing fire pit.

Qing Yu walked into the cave. The cave was pitch black and after ten or so steps, Qing Yu walked forward with his right hand on the inner wall of the cave and reached the end. After a few more steps, he stepped out of the cave.

A large space has been hollowed out and opened up into a large square. The whole space is circular and holes have been cut into the walls of the mountain, just like on the sides of the cave outside, where fire pits have been placed.

In the dim light, there were people in black, either wearing masks or cloaks to conceal their faces.

In the square, there are people setting up stalls and bargaining, as in a normal food market. But whichever people are here, they do not wish to be ostentatious, so their voices are kept as quiet as possible. This whispering gathered into a mass, and to Qing Yu’s ears, it sounded like a myriad of unidentified strange voices murmuring.

Qing Yu looked at the scene in front of him, which seemed normal and treacherous.

“This is the Shadow City?!”