

## Martial Boss Chapter 8

“Is this the real Shadow Market?!”

It had to be said that even though the scene in front of them was a bit low, with stalls everywhere, it was a bit disappointing for Qing Yu, who had heard the conversation between the uncle and nephew earlier.

But sometimes, the number of people was kind of spectacular in itself. It doesn't matter what it is, or where it is, when there are more people, invariably, it brings the class up. Although this food market gears up even more, and that's about it.

“This isn't a real shadow market.”

A low voice came from behind Qing Yu. Qing Yu didn't turn around, instead he leapt forward. The entrance to the cave was above the square and required going down through the stairs on the right. In front of Qing Yu was the end of the cave platform, where it hung in the air.

Qing Yu landed on the square with a heel in the air, followed by a “divine movement of a hundred changes”, a change of figure, and flashed to six metres in front of the left. Only then did he turn around to see who the owner of that low voice was.

“Not bad, very cautious, cautious people, other than that, must live longer.” The voice was still low and seemed to carry a hint of approval, but it was very clear, as if it was ringing behind Qing Yu.

Qing Yu's pores stood straight up and the movement of turning around froze. After a long moment, Qing Yu slowly turned around, his face as normal.

The person behind him walked behind him without a sound, and he didn't realize it until he made a sound, and then he followed him down to the square like a shadow, and in the meantime there was no sound at all.

So, I can only pretend to be a grandson.

Qing Yu's mind went round and round, but in the end, he found that he had no chance to resist, so he had to face it with his head. Now, Qing Yu understood a little bit the thoughts of the gang leader who had been blackmailed by himself before.

“Seniors are very complimentary, the road to the jianghu is far, if you don't have more eyes, I'm afraid there's no place for grass to grow on your grave.” Qing Yu turned back to clasp his fist and salute, although still wearing his face scarf, from the lines wrinkled at the corners of his exposed eyes, one could tell that he was smiling.

The owner of the low voice behind him, dressed in a Xuan robe and wearing a black veil hat on his head, could be seen by the dark golden patterns tattooed on the cuffs of his coat, which showed that he should be a man of great worth and a long time in a high position.

This man was also followed by a man dressed in a black suit, with a black mask with only two eye holes and no other expression.

From the position of the black masked man, who was one position behind, it seemed that such an expert was even an attendant. Qing Yu's heart fluttered, and he was even more cautious.

"You don't have to be so formal, we have a history," the man in the hat paused, "Qing Yu."

"—" Qing Yu's mouth opened under the scarf, but could not spit out a word, his heart was all "dying, dying ——" panic.

The people near the stall at the entrance of the cave noticed the commotion and turned their heads to look at them. The black-masked attendants looked back silently, and the men scurried back as if their eyes would be lost if they were too late.

"This is no place for conversation," the man in the bucket hat waved his hand, "follow me."

Qing Yu glanced at the reaction of the stall-holder and followed helplessly. There is a saying that life is like that, if you can't fight it, you have to close your eyes and enjoy it, even if you get killed first, at least you can enjoy it before you die.

As they walked along the road, people who were shopping were avoiding them, and those who were setting up stalls were also lowering their heads, not daring to look at them.

"Isn't it disappointing? The scene before you is no different from an ordinary black market, except that it's a bit bigger." The man with the bucket hat said from the front.

"It is a bit. But senior said before that this is not a real shadow market. When you think about it like that, this kind of scene makes sense."

"You're resourceful."

The three of them walked past the bustling area of ground stalls and stepped into a street built of green stone bricks. Yes, the street, lined with black brick buildings, was laid out like an ordinary marketplace in town. At the end of the street, a glorious black hall could be seen.

“This is the area where the real Shadow Market is located.” The hooded man traced his finger across the perimeter.

Qing Yu looked around the area and saw that the marketplace in front of him was just like any other marketplace in the city. But this is in the mountains, and the people of this shadow market have probably hollowed out part of the mountain range next to Yangcheng.

The hooded man stopped talking and just kept walking.

Walking to the end of the street, Qing Yu looked at the large black hall in front of him. When he stepped into the street, he saw the big hall in front of him, and at that time he only felt imposing, and when he walked in to see it, it was really majestic. The black colour is hardly as magnificent as the gold colour, but the hall stands out as a big one, and when one stands in front of it, it is as if one is facing the darkness of the universe, how small it is.

Qing Yu followed the hooded man up the stairs in front of the hall, and at the end of the twenty-four flights of stairs, the portal of the hall could be seen. The corridor pillars in front of the hall are carved with unknown ferocious beasts. The two doors at the front of the hall, the one on the left, are carved with a fierce-looking demon god holding two hammers, while the door on the right is carved with a man clad in armour, even his face is covered in face armour, and there are no weapons in his hands, but long hooked claws outlined by metal gloves.

Whoever carved it must have been a master, that’s all Qingyu can say. As for the rest, sorry, do not know, Qing Yu even words are self-taught, until now are still a little incomplete, if not martial arts are system instilled, replaced by this world’s martial arts secrets, Qing Yu may not be able to read. The current fierce beasts and demonic gods and so on, Qing Yu as almost fall into this world like semi-literate range of school dregs, said completely do not know.

The man with the hat did not enter the hall either, he just sat on the topmost step, “Sit”, he patted the place beside him.

Qing Yu sat a metre and a half away from him, not too close, not too far either. It was another thing to sit here and look at the street in front of him.

“It’s spectacular, isn’t it.”

“It is spectacular, it’s hard to imagine what it will be like when this Shadow Market actually opens. And this big hall.” Qing Yu looked back at the great hall behind him, “It’s hard to imagine what kind of scene it is inside again.”

The man with the hat snorted and said, "If it's hard to imagine, you can go to the Shadow Market in another state to watch it. As for this place, the real Shadow Market hasn't been open since it was built."

"No? But didn't it say that there was still an auction once every three months?" Qing Yu questioned. He had thought that the reason this street area was so cold was because the once every three months auction hadn't opened.

"An auction? Who said that? Me?" When he said the last two words, the tone of the man in the bucket hat suddenly changed to a voice that made Qing Yu a little familiar.

Qing Yu stood up, shocked: "This — you —" He could not help but be shocked, the voice of the man in the bucket hat changed, it was the voice of the "third uncle" of the passing uncles and nephews that Qing Yu heard when he was on guard outside the cave in Shadow City.