

Martial Boss Chapter 11

“New mission posted. Wipe out the threat: wipe your own ass, handle the follow-up wrap-up, and kill the two watchers who know the host’s face. Mission reward: two low-level draws. Penalty for failure: none (not required).”

‘Indeed not required, failing this so called test would be the same as rejecting it.’ Qing Yu looked at the quest prompt in front of him.

Without getting rid of this threat and showcasing his abilities, Mr. Mo would naturally not feel comfortable letting Qing Yu operate the fight against the four great clans, and without the system punishment, Qing Yu would also end up with gg.

After thinking, Qing Yu got up and left.

The fire pots on both sides of the cave were still burning, and I don’t know what kind of fuel was used.

The sky outside was already dawn, looking forward, the Yangcheng city had already started to bustle with people like those who set up stalls to sell breakfast, and now they had started to appear on the streets.

Qing Yu walked down the street looking at the stalls selling buns on the side of the street and couldn’t help but gulp down his greed, but he was shy in his pocket, the money supported by a few good people yesterday was all spent in the inn, poor ah.

“New quest released. First Bucket of Gold: It’s hard to beat a hero or a good man for a penny, but you’re not a hero or a good man. Use any means to obtain one hundred taels of gold or its equivalent within one month. Mission reward: Open the system mall. Punishment for failure: you are overwhelmed by money, it seems you are not fit to be a villain, go be your heroic good guy, system uninstall.”

The system came out again to show its presence, always feel a little too much today’s task ah. Qing Yu looked at the task prompt that again failure would be the end of all things, and said, “System, you’re up to something.”

“Host, this system only issues tasks based on your ideas, all the opportunities for tasks to appear come from the host itself.” The same mechanical voice as always.

“Now then, here is a simple task for this host. Well, the task requires standing in place for three minutes and rewards an advanced draw.”

“The reward matches the difficulty of the task, if the host wants to get the advanced draw, the system can issue the task: kill Mr. Mo. Incidentally, the issuance of the mission is related to the host’s own strength, otherwise with the level of the host’s previous killing of Mr. Mo, the system has already issued this mission.”

“Ahahahaha,” Qing Yu rubbed the back of his head and laughed awkwardly, ignoring the gazes cast by the people next to him.

“Let’s go back and catch up on some sleep first, the inn is due today and it always feels like a blood loss not to sleep in that room.”

A day later, three miles away from Yangcheng in the direction of the interior of Lingzhou, lies Crouching Tiger Mountain.

There is a fortress on Crouching Tiger Mountain, named, rather perfunctorily, Crouching Tiger Fortress, which is a bandit fortress.

At this moment, in the gathering hall of the Crouching Tiger Fortress, Qing Yu is sitting on the throne symbolising the great leader, holding a white cloth and carefully wiping the long sword held in front of him.

The young man was dressed in black, his clean face dotted with starry eyes, his eyes fixed on the sword in his hand, and with a wipe of the white cloth in his left hand, the blood left on the sword was wiped away, and the cold glow of the sword reflected on the young man’s bright eyes that still had a trace of murder.

“Sizzle, it hurts, it hurts, it hurts.” Qing Yu’s left hand exerted too much force, pretending to be 13 too much, and touched the wound on his left arm, the cold pose immediately couldn’t be posed, the sword was thrown aside.

“I’m sorry, why did I only think about making these evil things like ecstasy instead of making some gold sore medicine or something?” Qing Yu pressed on the wound that had just been bandaged and had accidentally bled again, suffering the bitter consequences of no one pretending to be 13.

“The wound won’t get infected, right? I heard that King Wu Fu Cha his old man, what’s his name, two doors, was shot in the toe by an arrow and his wound became infected gg, can be called the most suffocating death of the king.”

The company’s main business is to promote the development of the company’s products and services.

“Low, really low. the throne of the great master is not covered with tiger skin, poor comment.” Qing Yu, who should only know tiger skins with distinctive stripes, comments on the cottage that is called Crouching Tiger Cottage but has nothing to do with tigers. (Kiyoharu: Nonsense, obviously I also know zebra skins.)

Yesterday afternoon, after waking up from a nap, Qing Yu began taking pills to start opening up his meridians. The first thing Qing Yu did was to open up the Golden Goose and the Foot Shao Yin Kidney meridians of the Divine Movement. He was then kicked out of the inn by the innkeeper because of his insufficient balance. When Qing Yu was

living on the streets, he met some kind-hearted people who not only provided him with money but also helped him to learn more about the local culture and geography. The location of the crouching tiger fortress was provided by those kind people.

After that, Qing Yu took the initiative and started to seek help from the kind people. The iron sword in his hand was kindly sponsored by a certain kind-hearted person who was afraid that Qing Yu would be in danger if he was out alone. At that time, Qing Yu could not help but sigh: "These punks really have the awareness of being a gangster, it's not easy to find someone who uses a sword, it's only right that they never become a high roller."

Then, with sufficient funds, Qing Yu found a better inn and spent the night to open another tendon and vein, this time the Yang Stilt Vein, one of the eight odd meridians. Together with the Yin Stilt Vessel, which he had previously opened on the Northern Cang Mountains, he had opened both the Yang Stilt and Yin Stilt Vessels. Stilts means light, healthy, stilted and quick. Opening up these two meridians will greatly benefit the running of lightness, which means that Qing Yu can escape even faster, so congratulations, congratulations, congratulations.

It must be said that the richness of the heaven and earth energy in the High Martial World is good. You can't see that in the Laughing Pride realm, Junzi Jian Lao Yue was still fighting around in the Houtian realm even after a lifetime of hard work.

Just as Qing Yu was in the Gathering Hall thinking, outside the Crouching Tiger Fortress, the sound of horses' hooves rose and about a dozen people came galloping towards the fortress.

"Phew", Sun Man, the leader of the Crouching Tiger Fortress, held the reins and shouted, "Little ones, open the fortress gate."

There was silence on the fortress.

A small leader of the bandits rode up behind him and said, "Grand Master, there is the smell of blood."

Sun Man drew a machete, dismounted, and cautiously moved forward, followed by fifteen of his men with weapons in hand.

Moving slowly to the gate of the fortress, Sun Man gripped his machete tightly and with a wave of his hand, one of the bandits behind him became cannon fodder and stepped forward to push the door.

There was no log behind the gate, and the bandit who was probing the gate easily pushed it open.

Sun Man led his men through the door. The fortress was littered with corpses. Although he did not count them, Sun Man estimated that there were more than twenty bodies, about the same number as the twenty-four men who had stayed behind to guard the fortress.

A wave of anger rushed to his head and Sun Man, not caring to be careful, led his men in stride towards the gathering hall. If the enemy had not left, they must have stayed in the hall and waited for him.

The hall was not far from the main entrance, so Sun Man rushed straight into it.

He saw a young man in black sitting cross-legged on his throne, leaning forward, his right hand on his knee, holding a long, shiny sword, which was tilted to the upper left. In his left hand, the young man holds a white cloth to wipe the sword, on which bright red blood can be seen. Hearing the footsteps of Sun Man's group, the young man in black's eyes, gazing at the blade, turned towards the doors of the Gathering Hall. Through a few strands of long hair that had been scattered in front of his clean face due to his posture, Sun Man saw the boy's cold, frosty eyes.

Cold pose #2 is online.