

Martial Boss Chapter 15

The official road.

The sound of horses' hooves rumbled. Obviously there were only two horses, but the rider's whip kept going, and he ran as hard as if there were ten horses.

"Senior Brother Qing Yuan, we have been running for a day and a night. Let's rest and rest first, the horses are dying too." The man on the horse who was slightly behind shouted to the man in front of him.

They hadn't even prepared extra horses in order to hurry, and if they continued to rush like this, the people wouldn't necessarily collapse from exhaustion, but the horses would definitely die of exhaustion first.

Although Brother Qing Yuan in front of them was anxious, but it was a fact that the horse was in trouble, so if they kept going like this, they would get half the result with twice the effort, so they had no choice but to say, "I remember that there is a tea stall around the corner ahead, so we will rest there first."

"My brother Qing Yuan, what's the hurry, that punk doesn't know martial arts, he won't be able to run very far."

"Hmph, what do you know. If we catch him, we might be able to return to the clan, haven't you stayed in this hellhole enough?" Senior brother Qing Yuan said back in an unpleasant manner.

His junior brother nodded indifferently and said, "What's the good of going back to the clan? Although we are not as concentrated as the clan, there is no shortage of resources in Qingzhou. With the Zhenshan Army suppressing the entire border of Qingzhou, those above the Innate Realm are basically non-existent, so if we are short of herbs or anything, we can fight and grab them ourselves. Catch someone and go back with what, a reward? Don't be silly, Senior Brother Qing Yuan, we went AWOL and ran to the mountains of the southern border, we don't even know when the people ran away, if this matter is known by the clan, we still don't know how to concoct us?"

At these words, Senior Brother Qing Yuan fell silent, not saying a word. The two of them, senior brothers, were nearly thirty years old and could be said to be on the older side of the disciples of this generation, yet they were still lingering at the Houtian realm, and it was questionable whether they could even reach the ninth level of Houtian.

In a small sect, this is not bad, not even a genius disciple. Let alone in a great sect of the world like the True Martial Daoist Sect. When he first received this assignment, he said that he was spying on Qing Yu, but in fact he was sent out with him. It was just that one was in the open and the other was not in the dark.

They were sent to Qingzhou for three years, and apart from the first year, when the clan sent a letter to the eagle to ask about the situation, in the following two years, only they sent letters, but never received any reply.

The clan had probably forgotten about that sinner's disciple, and along with him, their two mediocre disciples, whose potential had been exhausted.

Qing Yuan stopped his horse in silence as he drew up the reins. After a long time, Qing Yuan said quietly, "Even if we don't go back, we still have to catch him, otherwise, if the Sect Leader blames us, neither of us will have good consequences."

Hearing this, his senior brother was also speechless for a while.

"Well, let's go to the tea stall in front and take a rest. I heard from Qing Shui Town that that kid, Qing Yu, bought a woman's outfit, so he shouldn't be heading for the mountains in the southern border. Rather, he is disguised and attempting to blend into the Yangcheng Pass and enter the Central Plains."

Qing Yu's previous purchase of female clothing to deal with Duke Wei and Yin Zhiping had actually served to confuse the Tao, so I wonder how he would have felt if he had heard Senior Brother Qing Yuan's words.

The two horses trotted around the corner and a small tea stall appeared in front of them.

A little old man in rough linen was refilling the tea for a customer. The customer in need of tea is a swordsman with a hat and a bulging parcel on the bench beside him, who seems to have had a good harvest on the southern border.

A few metres away from him, at the table, sat two large men with long swords, who were wolfing down their dried food over tea.

"Dry, this dried food is awful. This shitty tea stall, just a dead old man, and no tea lady to whet the appetite." A big man swallowed a mouthful of dry food and poured in a mouthful of tea.

The tea owner, who was refilling his tea, hastily turned his head and smiled ingratiatingly.

"You can have it. At the border of the two states of Qing Ling, if there was a tea lady. I can tell you for sure, no matter what she looks like, in the future her son will definitely not know which one his father is." His companion interrupted.

"Then we'll call people daddy when we see them." The big man who spoke first laughed out loud. His companion followed suit, throwing back his head and laughing.

The two men laughed loudly but hollowly, their four eyes glowing with greed as they stared at the bucket-hatted swordsman's parcel. The two of them were worried that they would have no money to find a girl when they returned to Yangcheng, and then a fat sheep appeared in front of them. In the middle of nowhere, everyone could turn into a man-eating beast.

The sound of horses' hooves came, and the two men slightly narrowed their greedy gaze.

Qing Yuan dismounted first and called out, "Boss, a pot of herbal tea, some more peanuts and rice, and, feed our horses some grain and grass." He turned back to his senior brother, who was still on his horse, and said, "Senior brother Qingcheng, let's rest here for a while."

The tea owner responded and went to prepare things.

Qingcheng sat in the saddle, saw the furtive eyes of the two big men, bristled and got up to dismount.

Qingcheng had just stepped on the ground with one foot and the other was still in the stirrup.

The knife flashed, and the bucket-hatted swordsman appeared ghostly behind him, the long knife in his hand stabbed across the face of the blade into the heart from behind between the ribs.

"Master Qingcheng!" Qing Yuan shouted angrily. He drew his sword in a hurry and charged straight at him.

Qing Yu dodged Qing Yuan's longsword and jumped up with his hand pressed against the horse's back, using the horse's back as a support, flipping upside down to the other side of the horse, and as he flipped over the horse's back, he also drew Qing Cheng's sabre stuck in the saddle with his hand.

After forcing Kiyoharu back with his sword, Kiyohara held Kiyosei's fallen body. The long knife penetrated straight through the left side of his heart. Qing Yu had studied the structure of the human body in Ping Yi Finger's medical book these days, and the knife was very precise; with his heart stabbed, Qing Cheng was already helpless.

"Master—brother ——" Qing Cheng's hand clutched at Qing Yuan's arm, his eyes full of desire for life.

"Chance." Seeing this scene, Qing Yu was unmoved, but instead sought the opportunity to attack.

“Divine Movement Hundred Transformations”, his body shifted, bypassing the horses and moving behind Qing Yuan.

“Meteor Falling”, the sword was like a shooting star, stabbing Qing Yuan straight in the neck.

Qing Yuan felt the sharpness at the back of his neck, pricking the sweat hairs on his neck, and hastily dodged. But Qingcheng’s strong desire to live made his fingers clasp his arm and not let go.

In the nick of time, Kiyohara turned straight around. The cold longsword pierced through Kiyosei’s neck and slashed through the side of Kiyoharu’s neck, who had swapped places with Kiyosei, leaving a trail of blood.

The longsword was withdrawn and the blood that spurted from his neck left Kiyohara’s face a blood red.

“You ——” Kiyonari stared at Kiyohara incredulously, disbelief, hatred and a strong sense of resentment in his eyes.

“Ah ——” cried Kiyohara frantically, pushing Kiyosei’s body viciously towards Kiyoharu, blocking his next attack. Qing Cheng’s right hand, which had a death grip on Qing Yuan’s arm, tore through Qing Yuan’s sleeve, leaving five long bloodstains on his left arm.

Kiyohara took a brisk step back, wiping the blood that splashed into his eyes with his sleeve as he did so.

“It’s you ——”

The face of the bucket-hatted swordsman was not unfamiliar to Kiyohara, who had spent countless long nights cursing the owner of the face. Cursing him for dragging himself into this, for causing him to be sent to Qingzhou, empty of the name of True Martial Disciple, but possibly having to stay here in Qingzhou, far from the mountain gate, for the rest of his life. He transferred his resentment, his own resentment against the clan’s ruthless choice, onto this waste of a man in his eyes.

“You, seek, death ——” In one word, the words contained a resentment and murderous aura that was straightforward enough to spit Qing Yu’s flesh and blood raw. He and Qingcheng had lived together, supported each other and walked together for three years, how could Qing Yuan have no feelings for him. Now, he was forced to use his body to defend himself from the sword, so how could he not feel guilty? And this guilt was transformed into a deeper resentment, a hatred of Qing Yu for causing him to do such a heartless thing.

“Heh”, Qing Yu laughed lightly, his Evil-Preventing Heart Technique accelerated, “Golden Goose Kung Fu” + “Divine Movement Hundred Transformations”, the residual shadows were heavy, countless ghostly shadows surrounded Qing Yuan, and every now and then, from all directions, appeared From time to time, cold blades appeared from all directions.

Qing Yuan blocked left and right, but still left a few sword marks on his body.

“Damn, what kind of ghost sword technique is this, it’s fast and bizarre.” Qing Yuan could tell that Qing Yu’s realm was still only at the sixth level of Houtian, a level below his own, but with this fast and bizarre sword technique, he was unable to fight back.

In another moment, Qing Yu once again left several wounds on Qing Yuan’s body. Although the “Xuanwu Zhenhai Sword” of the True Martial Arts Sect was good at defending, Qing Yuan was struggling to hold his ground against Qing Yu’s fast sword, but if he continued like this, the blood loss from his wounds alone would make Qing Yuan go to his senior brother Qingcheng to admit his mistake.

Immediately, Qing Yuan danced his longsword, carried the sword light hard and charged towards his mount on the side.

“Just waiting for you.” Qing Yu thought darkly. The “Xuanwu Zhenhai Sword” was worthy of the martial arts of the True Martial Daoist Sect, and it was guarded impermeably. Although Qing Yu had the experience of Lin Pingzhi, this brother, who had just learnt the “Sword of Purgatory” not long ago, had been wandering around and had blinded himself, and his experience against the enemy was basically that of a blind man fighting blindly. Qing Yu was not blind, so what was the point of having this.

Therefore, Qing Yu could only rely on his fast sword to attack fiercely, and his internal energy was depleted very drastically, if he continued, he would definitely not be able to hold out any longer than Qing Yuan did. Qing Yuan couldn’t hold his breath and tried to fight off a few swords, but he was right in Qing Yu’s way.

“This time, instead of just touching the flute, Qing Yu fought against Qing Yuan, and with a movement of his left hand, the Xuan Iron Dagger hidden in his sleeve slipped into his hand, and instead of silver needles, he shot at Qing Yuan’s face with the Flying Needle Technique of the “Sword Manual of the Evil-doer”.

The dagger was not as small as a silver needle, so Qing Yuan noticed it beforehand and hurriedly used his strength to force Qing Yu back, and then used his sword to cross-check the flying dagger.

The dagger cut the sword like mud and was able to cut off half of the sword and hit Qing Yuan in the left eye, but the momentum was gone.

Qing Yuan cried out in agony, but Qing Yu seized the opportunity and went around to the left side of his body in a dead end, and stabbed him several times, finally, through the left side of his neck and through his throat, killing him directly.

Qing Yu stepped forward and pulled out the dagger that had been inserted in his eye socket, and then stabilised his breath.

The first thing you need to do is to take a look at the website.

But —— Qing Yu looked at the two unsuspecting big men who had somehow fallen asleep on the ground, and the sound of such a loud fight did not even wake them up.

“Boss, the tea is good ——,” Qing Yu looked at the little old man who was shrinking under a side table with a smirk.

The tea boss gave a smile full of bitterness to Qing Yu.

In a flash of silhouette, the long sword broke into the tabletop, pinning the old man who ran the dark shop to the ground.

He had noticed something was wrong earlier, the tea was surprisingly adulterated with masked sweat pills, and the black dirt in the nails when he poured the tea was all the residue from the clotting of blood. Thank you, Ping Yi Finger, for the healing arts. Go into the jungle without learning some healing arts, and pray that you will survive before you learn from experience.

Scouring the loot carefully, “Suffice it to say that novels are all lies, what kind of person goes out with a secret book of martial arts.” Qing Yu spat.

The good thing is that there are other gains, those two poor big men will not be mentioned, poor acting skills, and an old man was put over, there must be nothing of value. Qing Yu sent them to their deaths with one sword, familiar with the structure of the human body, so that they died without pain. The old man and the two thieves were not blood on their hands, so it was not a pity to kill them.

After the scavenging, it was time to destroy the bodies. The usual, the corpses all thrown into the tea stall, a fire, ashes to ashes.

“Ding, congratulations to the host. Mission: erase threat, completed. Reward primary draw twice.” The system’s beep came belatedly.

“Murder and arson, the host is ruthless and black-hearted, special award of one hundred villain points.” Please, I am eradicating evil and fighting against the black and evil forces, which of these three people, the old man from the black shop and the evil big man, should not be killed. However, with the villain points, I’ll let you off the hook this time.

“System, primary lottery twice, use them all.”

“Primary lottery, opening. Ding, extracted 1-star item Bi Shui Sword, 1-star item Xiao Li Fei Dao (False).”

“What... what... what the hell ——” Qing Yu choked on his saliva and coughed repeatedly, “Little Li Flying Daggers?! You can still draw this thing!” Happiness came so suddenly, Qing Yu felt he was now the happiest person in the world

“No, how come the Little Flying Dagger is only one star?”

“The “Little Flying Dagger” martial art is certainly more than one star. But don’t think about it, the villain inheritance system can only draw things related to villains, not to mention the “Little Flying Dagger” secret book, even the flying dagger that Li Xianhuan’s blacksmith casually beat, you can’t even draw it. Please note that it is Little Li Flying Daggers (Fake).”

“What the hell is this fake Little Li Flying Daggers again?” Qing Yu couldn’t help but be disappointed, the Little Li Flying Dagger was divine, even if it wasn’t a secret book, it would be good to take a flying dagger as a souvenir, only to have the word fake added to the end.

Item: Little Li Flying Dagger (Fake)

Grade: 1 star

Description: Although it resembles it, it was built by Ding Lingzhong to frame Ye Kai. It’s a fake, a fake!

Well, there’s no need to say anything, it’s rubbish.

Then there is the Bi Shui Sword, the sword worn by the youngest sister of the Laughing Pride, which was knocked down to the bottom of the Si Kou Cliff by a certain straight older brother within a few minutes of its appearance.

The scabbard and hilt of the sword are very delicate. But fortunately, it is not feminine, probably because the sword was lost before the youngest sister had time to decorate it. Poor Little Sister, widowhood is not enough, because of the suspicion of being a scum girl, she becomes the villain.

Rambling on, for the sake of his eggs not being hurt a second time, Qing Yu chose to trust his legs and walked back to Yangcheng, which he had come to anyway, and for that reason set off before dawn.