

## Martial Boss Chapter 51 -

While Xuan Guang captured Xuan Feng, within Yang City, the battle was in full swing.

Luo Yan and Bu Lengchuan led the three hundred Department Six elites to attack the City Lord's Mansion.

On the other side, the City Lord's Mansion was not in vain. Since the last surprise attack by Luo Yan, the City Lord's army had been gathered to guard the City Lord's residence day and night, and had sent men to keep an eye on Luo Yan's movements.

The 300 elites of Department Six were so loud that they could not be concealed from the public. By the time he waited for his men to arrive at the City Lord's Mansion, the two thousand City Guards were already standing at attention.

"Hello again, Miss Song." Luo Yan stepped out in front of the crowd and gazed across at Song Ziqi standing in front of the City Lord's Mansion.

The stone steps in front of the gate alone made Song Ziqi almost half a body taller than the two thousand city guards lined up in front of her.

"Lord Luo, last time you stormed the Yangcheng City Lord's residence together with the mob. This time you have arrived again with your men in a raging manner, people from Department Six, do you want to know the law and break it?" Song Ziqi was still wearing a veil and a popular dress, like a young lady embroidering flowers in her chambers.

However, Luo Yan, who had been beaten with a "Tiger's Whistle" last time and left spitting blood, did not dare to underestimate this seemingly weak young lady. It hadn't even been two days since she was last injured, and if it wasn't for the help of her master, she probably wouldn't have recovered by now.

"How can you say that you know the law and break it? My Department Six has always acted according to the law and never bent the law for personal gain. The Song family of Yangcheng is involved in a rebellion, so take them down immediately.

Luo Yan did not bother to play lip service with Song Ziqi, as the matter had already come to this point, it would look vain to say such grand and lofty nonsense. After proclaiming the legitimacy of the attack and demoralizing the uninformed city guards, Luo Yan ordered the attack. Three hundred elites from Department Six rushed forward like wolves and tigers.

The city guards had been neglecting their training for many years, and were no different from ordinary young men and women, the only thing they might be stronger at was wearing armour and carrying weapons. But they had no advantage over the elite constables of Department Six, who were always active in the Jianghu area, investigating and arresting crimes.

Moreover, the soldiers of the city guards had no prior knowledge of Luo Yan's identity, and when they heard that anyone who obstructed them would be punished as an accomplice to the rebellion, their morale dropped even further. The soldiers' morale had fallen even further when they heard that they would be punished as accomplices in the rebellion.

With such morale, the two sides collided with each other. Of course, it was not the Sixth Sect who collapsed. The City Guards had no real soldier's mentality, and with the sudden news of the rebellion, the Sixth Sect was so aggressive that they scattered the formation at once.

The soldiers on the outside were useless, but the 400 soldiers who were guarding Song Ziqi's surroundings formed a defensive formation and did not move like a mountain, resisting the Six Sect's charge.

These were truly brave soldiers, the elite soldiers from the Zhenshan Army that Song Ziqi had constantly inserted into the City Guards over the years. If Song Ziqi hadn't been afraid of being noticed, he would have replaced the 2,000 City Guards with soldiers from the Zhenshan Army, so that Luo Yan would have come back today.

The Department Six constables, who are good at fighting with people in the jungle, usually only have a maximum of ten men in formation against the enemy. When they came up against soldiers like the Zhenshan Army, who were adept at fighting on the battlefield, although their individual strength was higher than the other side, their group strength was not as cohesive. As soon as they came into contact, the unharmed Department Six constables began to suffer casualties.

"Let's go and help." Li Xin said to Luo Yan.

"Good." Luo Yan nodded and said.

Li Xin and Qing Yu leapt into the fray.

Li Xin wore steel gloves on his hands and his fists were fierce and vicious, opening up the situation and tearing apart the opponent's protective layer with a single move. Everywhere he went, the enemy's arms and legs were broken, a thin layer of ice appeared on their wounds, their faces were blue and purple, and they were trembling.

This is the "Ice Xuan Power" that Qing Yu gave him. After Qing Yu drew it, he studied it and found that it did not match his current internal strength attributes. The "Sword Manual of Pervasive Evil" was draped with Yin on the outside, but in reality the internal energy cultivated was all Yang and incomparably cool, which was the opposite of the cold internal energy of Ice Xuan Jin. Although the internal force is still yang in nature, it is only more yin, like the yang fish in the Taiji Yin Yang Fish.

Qing Yu's cultivation level is not yet at the level where yin and yang can be transferred to each other, so switching to Ice Xuan Force would be too much of a drain. However, if he could really be able to turn the yang pole and the yin and the yang into each other on his own, the two-star Ice Xuan Jin would not be in Qing Yu's eyes anymore.

Therefore, Qing Yu gave this secret book to Li Xin as a gift.

Although Qing Yu did not think much of the "Ice Xuan Jin", it was a martial art that could be cultivated to the Innate Realm after all. The internal force produced by this martial art is incomparably cold, and Li Xin's cultivation level is still shallow, otherwise he would have been able to freeze to death.

In fact, Li Xin mainly uses his fists, and Qing Yu also has a good boxing glove, but unfortunately the side effects are too great, so he did not give it to Li Xin. That is the "Green Devil Hand", which is ranked ninth in the "Book of Weapons" by Bai Xiaosheng in the ancient warrior's book. Unlike the other masters in the Book of Weapons, seven out of ten of Yi Crying's strength lies in this Green Devil's Hand.

These iron gloves were forged for seven years, using gold and iron, quenched with a hundred poisons. They are extremely poisonous and can be used to hurt and kill anyone who touches them. However, the pitfall was that Qing Yu had only drawn the Green Devil's Hand, but did not have the antidote for the poison it carried.

In close combat, it was easy for the hand to touch the enemy, but also easy for the hand to touch itself. With the Green Devil's Hand, if you encounter a strong opponent, you can use a tricky technique to displace a thousand jin, but if you encounter yourself, you will be blinded. If you use your hand against a weak enemy, you are suspected of using a bull's-eye to kill a chicken. Therefore, this Green Devil Hand has been put aside in the system space and has not been collected.

Li Xin opened up the situation and behind him the black-clothed boy's figure flashed like a ghostly phantom, appearing in the enemy's formation. Although the soldiers around him had armour to defend themselves, there was nothing to block their eyes, throats and other parts. The soldiers' armour was not as comprehensive as the general's, and the legs and sides of the body were unprotected.

There were many soldiers around, so if the sword was thrust into the torso, it was likely that it would not be withdrawn in time and he would be attacked, so Qing Yu pointed his sword at the hamstring. As the sword flashed, the surrounding soldiers' hamstrings were cut and they were unable to support themselves and fell to their sides, which disrupted the formation of the other soldiers. The gap in the defence widened as the following Sixth Sector constables swarmed in, defying the swords and spears and tearing through the defensive line.

"Don't panic, narrow the formation and change it." A soldier commander at the back saw the chaos in the formation and shouted out.

Not to mention, these soldiers were worthy of being elites from Zhenshan Army, hearing the command, they tacitly changed formation, narrowing the defensive circle, sacrificing those who were unable to save them, surrounding the core and reconstructing the defensive circle.

However, this commander also exposed his position.

Qing Yu's left hand was covered under his sleeve, secretly clasping the silver needles of the extracted poison.

When he found a gap, he suddenly raised his hand and the silver needles were inserted into the eyes of the commander who had made a noise. The black blood slipped from his eyes, and the poison was so strong that it followed the optic nerve into his brain, and the commander died of poison before he could even wail. The body remained upright against the soldier behind him.

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"How about it, Miss Song, no, it should be called Miss Zhang, the defeat has been decided, you'd better tie your hands and give up." Luo Yan smiled lightly and looked at Song Ziqi.

"Tie your hands and give up? I haven't lost yet. Even if the Houtian realm is strong, it's still only Houtian, the real battle is just beginning now."

Song Ziqi's qi was bursting out, her inner qi was released, her aura was soaring, her softness was no longer there, although she was wearing a veil and dressed as a lady, her heroic aura was self-evident, no less than that of a man.

"A good general's tiger girl, you really didn't use your full strength earlier." Luo Yan praised.

If he had used his full strength at that moment, Luo Yan would not have simply spat blood and walked away. However, with Lu Qifeng, the master who was listening in, Luo Yan would be able to walk away even if he was seriously injured.

"However, I have also come prepared today. Brother Bu ——"

Bu Lengchuan stepped forward, still with an easygoing smile, but the icy coldness and fervor in his eyes could not be concealed in any way. The icy coldness was his will to face the enemy, and the frenzy was his expectation for this next battle.

"Brother Bu's strength is still better than mine, the two of us joining forces will be more than enough to deal with you." Luo Yan was full of confidence.

“What nonsense, go.” Bu Lengchuan could hardly restrain the killing thoughts in his heart, and with a loud shout and an excited and frenzied smile, he drew his sword and rushed towards Song Ziqi.

Bu Lengchuan’s long sword in his hand stood upright in front of him, “Chop”, the word was spat out, the sharpness on the sword soared, and the sword qi streaked across the battlefield. The Department Six constables along the way were very calculated to avoid Bu Lengchuan’s frontal approach as soon as he struck. The remaining soldiers of the Zhenshan Army were separated from each other and flesh and blood flew under the silvery white sword qi.

The sword qi that crossed the battlefield finally reached its end and flew to its target, Song Ziqi.

With a soft cry, Song Ziqi’s long, snow-white jade hand clenched into a fist, and her blue true qi spilled out, condensing outside her body into the shape of a roaring tiger.

This time, it was a fist against Bu Lengchuan’s snowy sword qi. The fist and sword qi clashed and dissipated each other.

“It is not polite to come, Lord Bu will also take a punch from the little woman.”

The tiger’s roar was still present as Song Ziqi leapt up, leaping over the soldiers who were fighting in blood in front of her, and attacked Bu Lengchuan. The tiger’s roar had the effect of a sound attack, surrounded by his own men, and the collision of the moves just now had already caused a severe shock in their ears, many of them were already bleeding from their ears, so if they stayed where they were, they would be no less vulnerable, so they might as well take the initiative.

“Good timing!” Bu Lengchuan looked at the dark blue tiger’s head that came across the sky, his face was even more excited, snowy silvery white blade qi enveloped the long blade in his hand, making the blade a few inches bigger out of thin air, and small, thin blade qi lingered around the blade.

“Bone picking.”

This was one of the Blood Hand Divine Constable Leng Mad Tu’s personal style of disintegrating the body, which was most adept at cutting through body protection divine kung fu and the true qi that had condensed outside the body.

The knife and fist once again clashed head-on without any finesse. The fine silvery-white blade qi cut wildly through the dark blue tiger head true qi outside Song Ziqi’s body, emitting a sharp, piercing sound as it overlapped.

“Roar!”

The tiger's whistle was not emitted until now. The whistle set off waves of sound, blowing the black hat across Bu Lengchuan's head on the front, his long hair flying straight backwards, and cutting two bloodstains on his face.

Luo Yan also did not expect Song Ziqi's full strength to be so terrifying, and in just two moves, Bu Lengchuan had fallen behind.

His figure rose up with the wind, floating silently and swiftly behind Song Ziqi, and his "Wind Surprise Palm" was silently printed on Song Ziqi's back.

The corners of Song Ziqi's mouth were slightly hooked beneath the veil as she turned sideways and met Luo Yan's "Wind Surprise Palm" with her left palm. The tiger's whistle can be used as long as it can deliver enough true qi. The sound of the tiger's roar is not made with the mouth, as in the case of the Lion's Roar, but is the sound of true qi vibrating.

"Roar!"

The sound of the tiger's roar resumed, as if it were yesterday, as Song Ziqi faced Luo Yan again.

This time, however, Song Ziqi's right fist was still aimed at Bu Lengchuan's sword, and his left palm was not at full strength. However, unlike last time, Luo Yan did not use his nine revolutions of divine wind to build up his strength and then send out his extreme moves.

This time, the two were evenly matched. Together with Bu Lengchuan, Song Ziqi's left and right fists and palms were in a stalemate with the two.

"Miss." Song Fu saw the stalemate and called out in worry.

In terms of realm, the three of them were actually not very different from each other. Song Ziqi relied on the mighty Tiger Whistle to set the mountains and rivers, but she could hold on to them for a short time, but as time went on, her true qi would not be able to keep up with the consumption, and she would definitely lose.

"Miss, old slave is here to save you."

Song Fu moved closer, trying to break the stalemate of the three of them fighting against each other. Although this would lead to three defeats, it was still better than Song Ziqi's one-sided defeat.

"Hmph, don't even think about it." Seeing this, Luo Yan sneered.

How could he forget about this old slave. Although Song Fu was old and his qi and blood were failing, an Innate was an Innate after all, and was the strongest opponent on the field outside of the three.

In a flash of silhouette, four men in black reappeared, surrounding Song Fu in a combined attack formation, the same four experts from Department Six who had combined to defeat him last time.

In the distance, Qing Yu was also out of the battle, lifting his body and flying nearby, the Bi Shui Sword in his hand trembling gently, like a viper searching for the weakness of its prey.

“Uncle Fu!”

Song Ziqi’s voice appeared flustered for the first time. Song Fu, the loyal old butler, had followed her to a Song family when she was young and had taken good care of her for many years, and was more like her family than Zhen Shanjun, whose impressions were already blurred, and was very affectionate.

“Gao Yuan, don’t do anything yet.” Song Ziqi shouted.

A black shadow rushed into the fray, wearing a sleek black mask on his head and covered in strong black clothing, it was none other than Xiao Gao.

“Another Innate ——,” Luo Yan and Bu Lengchuan thought darkly at the same time.

“It’s not good ——.”

This innate who had appeared halfway was, at first glance, the enemy’s strongest aid, and an unanticipated one at that, and Luo Yan was not prepared to deal with it beforehand. In fact, it was no wonder that Luo Yan did not expect Song Ziqi to have help from the Innate Realm. Last time, Song Ziqi was forced to strike and exposed the Tiger Whistling Defining Mountain River technique, so it was evident that she had no other Innate Realm experts at her disposal, that ever thought that now another Innate Realm suddenly appeared.

“Good!” Song Fu’s spirits were lifted when he saw the sudden appearance of strong support. Ignoring his decrepit body, his qi burst out and attacked one of the black-clad men surrounding him.

However, instead of joining forces with Song Fu to break the siege and tackle the four Department Six experts first, Xiao Gao attacked Qing Yu with his sword.

Seeing this, Qing Yu’s face panicked and he shot out like an arrow, rushing out of the battle and leaping over the eaves of the surrounding houses.



Xiao Gao immediately caught up with him, as Xuan Guang's one-day deadline was approaching, and if he didn't catch Qing Yu, he would have to take his own head.

After Song Fu's outburst, his old body could no longer support him and he was slashed in the back by a man in black behind him as he exhausted himself.

"Uncle Fu." Song Ziqi called out worriedly.

Luo Yan felt that Song Ziqi's mind was in turmoil and his internal strength was beginning to fail him, so he immediately ordered, "Kill him."

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"Fubar!"

"Ho!"

"Roar."

"Roar"

The tiger's roar was a three-strike series, and Song Ziqi's hands and head both appeared in the form of a dark blue tiger's roar, just like a three-headed divine tiger, and the triple true qi vibrations superimposed on each other, and the sound of the tiger's roar shook the mountains and rivers and reached the sky.

Although it was a clear day, the soldiers and the constables of Department Six only felt a blackness before their eyes for a moment, as if they had gone into the night.

Luo Yan and Bu Lengchuan both spat out a mouthful of blood and were sent flying like broken flotsam.

Song Ziqi also spat out a mouthful of blood, staining her emerald-coloured veil bright red.

In time, Song Ziqi ran to pick up Song Fu and leapt onto a nearby roof, disappearing with a few leaps.

Luo Yan and Bu Lengchuan were shaken by the sound of the tiger's whistle, and their blood and Qi were too weak to catch up. The four men in black surrounding Song Fu were already on the ground, moaning silently.

A little further away, some of the weaker Department Six constables had lost their voices and were lying motionless on the ground, having been shaken to death by the tiger's roar.



Luo Yan took a moment to rest and calm his surging qi and looked at the scene and said with a bitter smile, "I can't believe I won like this."

Song Ziqi's triple tiger whistle had instantly suppressed the Department Six constables and the soldiers of the Zhenshan Army, who had been fighting to a standstill, and both sides were now rolling on the ground in pain, covering their ears.

The four hundred troops of the Zhenshan Army had lost their combat power, and the ordinary guards were even more disoriented by the loud tiger's roar, and many of them had died on the spot.

Song Ziqi had fled, and the battle was won by Department Six. But Luo Yan did not feel elated, as the three hundred elite Department Six constables had also been seriously injured by the tiger's roar, and could not be involved in the subsequent affairs of Yangcheng. Without these men, Luo Yan and Bu Lengchuan would be limited in what they could do in the great battle that would follow, and would not be able to take much credit. After all, they were not as powerful as their master.

"I never imagined that Song Ziqi would be able to send out a triple Tiger Whistle to set the mountains and rivers at the same time, I have underestimated her after all." Luo Yan laughed bitterly.

The Zhenshan Zhang Family's Tiger Whistling Defining Mountain River, due to the combination of true qi and sound waves, did not need to be issued from the mouth, making it convenient to issue the move while relatively weakening the power of the sound waves. A single Tiger's Whistle is more than one step less powerful than the Buddha's Heavenly Dragon Chant or the Devil's Soul-Shattering Heavenly Demon Sound.

The reason why the Tiger Whistling Defining Mountain River was called a masterpiece was that as long as the physique was strong enough and the body could instantly output enough true qi, in theory, it could be stacked infinitely.

"Never would I have thought that Song Ziqi, a woman, would be able to cultivate her physique to be so powerful."

Female physiques were originally as not men, and their talent in body refinement was at a disadvantage. The same strong body shape on a man's body is sturdy and tall, but on a woman's body, it is very hot.

With Song Ziqi's soft body, it was hard for Luo Yan to think that she could perform the triple tiger whistle to set the mountain at the Innate Realm.

"Just now I saw battle patterns appear on Song Ziqi's exposed arms, so I think she has cultivated the Southern Border's Battle Body." Bu Lengchuan also finished adjusting his breath and wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and said.

“The Southern Border’s Battle Body? It seems that Zhenshan Jun’s involvement with the Southern Border is much deeper than we imagined.” Luo Yan said in shock.

The Battle Body of the Southern Frontier had always only been cultivated by people containing the bloodline of the Southern Frontier’s Miao tribe. The fact that Song Ziqi could cultivate the Southern Border’s Battle Body meant that she had the blood of the Southern Border’s Miao tribe in her body, and it was no wonder that Zhang Huchen had been covering up the existence of this daughter.

At this moment, Li Xin came over and pleaded, “Two lords, please save Daoist Master Qing Yu.”

Luo Yan and Bu Lengchuan looked at each other in silence.

Both were badly wounded, and Qing Yu, unlike Li Xin, had been unstated and was not considered a member of Department Six. Given the current situation, Bu Lengchuan was not in favour of going as far as Qing Yu was concerned.

“I’ll go, I’m fast, even if I can’t beat that Xiantian expert who suddenly appeared, I’ll still have no problem getting off Daoist Master Qing Yu.” Luo Yan spoke up.

After all, people were also helping out Department Six before something happened, and although it seemed to Luo Yan that the innate expert was targeting Qing Yu, he was at least ostensibly being hunted because he was helping out Department Six.

Besides, Qing Yu had made a statement by coming to help. Luo Yan also hoped to use this opportunity of saving Qing Yu to draw him into Department Six. A fifteen or sixteen year old genius martial artist, with a little training, would be another young innate expert.

Of course, everything was contingent on Qing Yu being able to hold up under Xiao Gao’s pursuit until Luo Yan arrived.

In fact, Qing Yu could no longer support himself. Although he was fast, he could not hold up to the fact that an innate expert could release his internal qi and attack through the air. The internal energy of an innate expert, after drawing the energy of heaven and earth into his body and purifying his power, was no longer called internal energy, but true qi. Whether in terms of quantity or the quality of true qi, an Innate expert is far superior to a Houtian.

Xiao Gao’s speed was slightly inferior to Qing Yu’s, after all, he was not really a deadly assassin, but only dressed as one. But it was not far off. With his sword qi as a means of attack from a distance, Xiao Gao was almost like chasing after Qing Yu with his sword.

It was only because of Qing Yu’s weird body style that the distant sword qi would eventually be wrong that he was able to narrowly hold on and keep running for his life.

However, this is not a solution either. At the Innate Realm, the bridge between Heaven and Earth was opened and the Qi of Heaven and Earth was interwoven, so the speed of recovery of true Qi was far faster than that of the Later Realms.

Soon, due to a momentary lack of internal strength, Qing Yu stumbled, and his left shoulder was pierced by the sword qi that came at him, splashing blood. As a result of this injury, several more sword qi slashed through his legs, arms and back.

As the wounds continued to lose blood, Qing Yu could no longer hold on, and with a weakness in his legs and feet, he rolled off the roof and landed on the ground with a snap.

“Run, bastard, so much for not running.”

Xiao Gao landed in front of Qing Yu, his face mask came off and a face that was considered handsome appeared in front of Qing Yu’s eyes. Only at this moment, this face was filled with hostility, and the fierce smile on the edge of his mouth made Little Gao even uglier.

“Lowly bastard, I don’t know that I caused me to lose face in front of Daoist Master Xuan Guang and made me offend Miss. If Daoist Master Xuan Guang had not wanted to live, Rao would have killed you by a thousand cuts.”

“But don’t be happy, Daoist Master Xuan Guang only said he wanted him alive, but nothing else. Rao will concoct you properly and make you beg for your life and die.” Xiao Gao said in a ruthless voice.

In fact, he didn’t say it all, he didn’t just lose face in front of Xuan Guang, he couldn’t catch Qing Yu, he would even lose his life. Moreover, this time, chasing Qing Yu away from the battlefield was not only encompassed by the word offended, it was foreseeable that Song Ziqi would not let him have an easy time.

Thinking of the consequences of chasing Qing Yu, Xiao Gao’s face became even more fierce, and his killing intent could not be restrained from raging in his heart.

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“I will first remove your limbs,, and torture you half to death before handing you over to Daoist Master Xuan Guang.” Xiao Gao smiled fiercely as he walked towards Qing Yu.

Suddenly, a gust of wind suddenly swept up from the sky, followed by the clear chirping of a crane, “Niko ——”

Xiao Gao heard this familiar chirping sound and remembered the mount of the Daoist Master Xuan Guang whom he had been following all this time, and looked up hastily.

A figure in the air floated down, and when he was in mid-air, he sent out a sword qi, forcing Xiao Gao back.

The figure landed between Xiao Gao and Qing Yu who had fallen to the ground, wearing a white Taoist robe and a steady face, it was none other than Qing Zhou.

“Friend, it’s best to mind your own business, lest you stir up the fire!” Xiao Gao’s face was grave, and both eyes were fixed on this halfway decent Cheng Biaojin. With the qi revealed by the other party, he was no less than himself and was also an innate expert.

“Stirring up fire? My True Martial Daoist Sect is never afraid of trouble, you’d better worry more about yourself.” A loud shout came from the white crane in the air.

“Yes, if you see injustice on the road, pull out your sword to help, the True Martial Daoist Sect is not afraid of trouble.” Qingzhou laughed bitterly.

When he saw these two people in the sky, Qingzhou did not want to meddle in the matter, in this jianghu, there are many things to fight and kill, although the True Martial Daoist Sect is a righteous school, but it does not have the leisure to meddle in these matters which cannot say who is right and who is wrong, after all, those who are in the jianghu, who do not have a few lives on them, it is not possible to talk about who is more innocent than who.

The reason is that the man in black is holding a mask, sneaking around, smiling evilly, and is not a good person.

Qing Ling had never been down the mountain before, but this was the first time she had been down there, and she was most interested in some of the chivalry and justice in the jianghu world, so she urged Qing Zhou to help the young man who was bleeding on the ground.

Xiao Gao took a look at the Taoist robe worn by the person opposite, his heart ached, knowing that today this is a bit of a suspense, Yangcheng now appeared the people of the True Martial Sect, no need to guess, one hundred percent, is for Qing Yu.

However, it was impossible to make Xiao Gao give up on catching Qing Yu. If he could not hand over Qing Yu, he would have to hand over his own life. Now Xiao Gao couldn’t help but feel a bit remorseful for his earlier cat play with mouse, if he hadn’t harboured such thoughts, the second sword qi would have incapacitated Qing Yu instead of just cutting a few wounds and talking too much after landing, not directly catching Qing Yu back.

To put it bluntly, although Xiao Gao, a man dressed as a dead soldier, followed Xuan Guang, he was in fact the son of a general’s family under Zhenshan Jun. He was sent to follow Xuan Guang at a young age to reach the Xiantian realm and was valued by

Zhenshanjun. On the surface, he looked expressionless and deep-rooted, but in fact, he was more arrogant than the sky.

As a result, he was punished by Xuan Guang, and now he has offended Song Ziqi, leaving him with a basket of tricks. Although the cause of the trouble was all his own, a man like Xiao Gao, who is proud and high-minded, does not reflect on himself, but hates Qing Yu who made him do bad things.

“True Martial Doctrine, True Martial Doctrine ——,” murmured Qingyu, who had fallen to the ground, reciting the term he had just heard.

“I am Qing Yu.”

“I am Qing Yu.” Perhaps because he was afraid that others would not be able to hear what he was saying, Qingyu spoke very loudly the second time.

“Good eh, found little senior brother Qing Yu.” Qing Ling on the back of the white crane leaped for joy.

Senior Uncle Xuanfeng had left the two of them alone to look for Qing Yu because he thought they were a burden. As a result, the two of them were able to find Qing Yu in a random search, so Qing Ling was really happy.

“Now, it’s having to mind your own business.” Qingzhou put away his bitter smile, just now was careless, after a few moves, if this black clothed innate expert did not retreat, he would retreat, it was a big deal to be said a few words by senior sister Qingling. Now, he was going to get serious.

“Then go to hell.” Xiao Gao threw away the mask in his hand and held his sword in both hands, sword qi like a pillar, pouring down on Qing Zhou.

Xiao Gao came from a general’s family, and his sword, a little wider and longer than the swords used by ordinary Jianghu people, was purely a battlefield sword, thick and heavy, majestic.

Qingzhou’s sword is also a little thicker and heavier, but not as pronounced as Gao’s. It was specially made for the practice of the Xuanwu Zhenhai Sword. Qingzhou’s calm and steady nature makes him the most suitable for the “Xuanwu Zhenhai” path, and he began to practise it at the Houtian realm, concentrating on one.

Now, he used it to fight against his enemy, “Xuanwu Zhenhai Sword” at his fingertips, but with a few simple and uncomplicated swords, he cut down Xiao Gao’s sword energy, eliminating it, and the last trace of sword energy remaining was also deflected and shot towards the other side.

Xuanwu Zhenhai, Jingbo Fuwei.

Qingzhou had already obtained the true essence of this Four Elephants Jutsu.

Xiao Gao was still not convinced when he saw that his sword qi had been lightly deflected. He sent out a few more sword qi, but they all ended up in the same place, so he fought Qing Zhou in close quarters with his sword.

However, when he got up close, Xiao Gao realised the horror of the Xuanwu Zhenhai Sword. It was as if he was in the water, slashing and cutting, but there was an invisible resistance blocking the attack, weakening the power of the attack, and even the true qi covering the sword was constantly being dissipated.

Whenever Qingzhou attacked, a momentum of suppression condensed on the sword, and when he swung it, it was clearly a sword, but Xiao Gao faced it as if he was facing a mountain peak, tilting and folding and pressing down on himself.

In a few short moments, Xiao Gao barely managed to block a few of Qingzhou's ordinary vertical slashes, only to feel that the sword in his hand was about to fly out, his hands were tingling and beads of blood were oozing from his small arms due to the excessive pressure.

One force was all that was needed, and this was the kind of technique that Xiao Gao was good at with his sword, but it was being applied to him.

Completely out of his league, if this continued, Xiao Gao would probably be killed by one sword slash after another.

But to go back empty-handed was also death. Xiao Gao in no way doubted Xuan Guang's ruthlessness, and since he had done badly in the first place, if he killed himself, even Zhen Shanjun would not be able to justify it.

So, he had to fight.

Xiao Gao shouted angrily, his face was red, he burned his blood and began to fight for his life.

His aura skyrocketed, his battle sword waved in his hand, and even the invisible aura of the Xuanwu Zhenhai Sword could no longer suppress him.

Holding the sword in both hands, he raised it high above his head and returned the same sword strike to Qingzhou with a forceful slash of Huashan.

This time, it was Qingzhou who was subdued by a single force, crossing his sword against Xiao Gao's blow that burned his essence blood, his body retreating again and again, sliding out two straight lines on the ground.

“Come again.” Another furious cry, Xiao Gao’s face was red to the point of dripping blood as his essence blood burned again.

Qingzhou couldn’t even retreat, his body was pressed into a downward bending knee.

“Ah.” Qingzhou let out a fierce shout and his Xuanwu Zhenhai Qi field, combined with his own true Qi and strength, grasped Xiao Gao’s battle sword aside.

The battle sword swung in the air, and the true qi on the sword turned into sword qi and swung out, chiselling the ground, chiselling out to deep sword marks.

The direction of the sword qi was directed towards Qing Yu, who was lying on the ground, unable to dodge.

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The sword qi flew towards Qing Yu who was straightening up his upper body and muttering to himself.

“Pfft.”

Despite having been weakened by Qing Zhou, the sword qi of a Xiantian expert was not something that a defenceless flesh/body could stop. The sword qi almost split Qing Yu’s upper body in half. Through the smooth wound, one could see the internal organs of Qing Yu’s body, and blood continued to spurt out from the huge wound.

“It’s over.”

Xiao Gao’s body went limp and he fell to the ground, his face pale. The excessive burning of his essence blood had rendered him incapable of fighting any longer, and even, now, he could not even escape. However, he didn’t have the heart to escape either. Looking at Qing Yu, who had fallen straight down, Xiao Gao’s heart kept sinking. If he killed Qing Yu, he would still be dead if he went back, so he might as well die here.

“You seek death.”

The first look of anger appeared on Qingzhou’s calm face, and the long sword in his hand stabbed him in the chest, piercing the heart of the desperate Xiao Gao.

The last thing Xiao Gao saw was Qingzhou’s cold eyes that didn’t match his face full of anger.

“So that’s how it is ——” Unfortunately, he was no longer able to say anything else because he was going to die.



“Yah”, Qing Ling shrieked, hurriedly jumped down from the white crane and ran to help Qing Yu up, “Master —— senior brother —— how are you, this —— what should I do ——”

Qing Ling was at a loss for words, one hand wanted to help Qing Yu press the wound, but looking at the bloody wound, she felt timid. She had never been down the mountain before, and this time, it was her first time to go down the mountain, which she never thought that she would encounter such a scene. For Qingling, who had stayed at the True Martial Sect all year round and was innocent and carefree, the scene before her was too much of a stimulus.

“Yes, yes, Senior Uncle, I’ll take you to find Senior Uncle Xuanfeng, he must have a solution.”

Qing Ling’s words had already started to take on a crying tone, and the tears in her eyes were building up, looking like they were about to break the bank. Even though today was the first time they had met, but looking at her nominal senior brother, who had died tragically in front of her, Qing Ling still unconsciously wanted to cry.

“Senior sister ——” Qingzhou stood silently behind Qingling, looking at Qingling, who was half stained by blood in his jade white daoist robe, and, Qing Yu, whose luster was rapidly fading from his eyes.

“Is it going to die ——” muttered Qing Yu.

In his last moments, he still had a hint of confusion in his eyes, missing the fear and anxiety of the coming death, and slowly closed his eyes.

“Senior brother, senior brother is dead ——” Qing Ling looked at the blood red palm with a few drops of blood on his face, his gaze dull as he looked at Qing Zhou.

“——” Qingzhou was speechless, just standing silently, keeping Qingling company.

The wind sounded and Luo Yan finally arrived, but it was already too late.

Outside Yangcheng, on a path between the mountains and forests, a figure in a black cloak was walking slowly.

Department Six had been sweeping the mountains for hundreds of miles, and all the bandits and bandits had been swept away, either killed on the spot or taken into custody to be dealt with later.

Most of the wild animals, not to mention people, have been beaten by the Department Six constables who have been here for days, and the rest are hiding in their dens, not daring to come out.

A few miles away, the sound of the march of the 200,000-strong army, which shook the mountains and forests, also reached here.

“I’ve been waiting for you for a long time ——”

The cloaked man in black raised his head, revealing a clear, boyish face, and looked at the white-clothed scribe who was looking at him with a smile not far in front of him.

“Qing Yu.”

The man in black, Qing Yu who should now be ten miles away within Yang Cheng. At this time of the day, Qing Yu within Yangcheng should already be dead.

“Lu Qifeng?” Qing Yu asked indifferently.

“Oh,” Lu Qifeng raised his eyebrows, “you know me. Did Li Xin tell you?”

“Guess.”

If it was said that Li Xin had informed Qing Yu, the next day for Li Xin at Department Six would not be easy. It was not even impossible for Lu Qifeng to take Li Xin down directly after he returned. Those who are capable are welcome at Department Six, but those who are capable but disloyal are disloyal at heart, and you are welcome in Department Six’s prison.

Qing Yu did guess, and if Li Xin had informed Qing Yu of this, the words just spoken would not have been a doubt, but a certainty.

Li Ping-sheng’s study contained information on the jianghu, among which, the four divine constables of Department Six, were placed in an extremely prominent position, after all, they were the next proprietors to be defected to.

Lu Qifeng, the “Wind Chaser”, is a master of lightness, a master of hearing the wind and a scribe. The Sixth Sect had not only sent Luo Yan to Yangcheng, but also secretly had an expert above the Xiantian level, so Qing Yu made a bold assumption.

It didn’t matter if he was wrong, it was just a casual guess.

“Your art of listening to the wind is known throughout the world, you should be able to hear Li Xin’s recent movements and know that it wasn’t him who said it.”

“The art of listening to the wind is not infallible and cannot be maintained for long. At least, I wouldn’t know when you were Li Xin’s replacement, you are very tight lipped, and when listening to you, I rarely heard you reveal key information.” Lu Qifeng stared closely at the bemused black-clothed teenager in front of him, even though his

opponent was only a small teenager of the Houtian realm, he did not dare to be careless in the slightest.

“It’s just a small trick, I didn’t hide it from you after all.” Qing Yu said with an expressionless face.

In fact, it was not a small trick, Qing Yu had gone to great lengths to create a double that could pass for the real thing.

In the “Reihua Baojian”, there is the art of changing one’s face, which can create a cosmetic effect comparable to one of the four evil arts in ancient times with the simple conditions. However, Qing Yu’s medical skills are not yet so advanced that he can move the knife, so he can only look around for a teenager with similar features to his own, and also of similar age, to make some fine adjustments to achieve the effect of a double.

It is not enough that the face is the same, you also need to ensure the loyalty of the double, after all, he will die for you, without loyalty can not do. This is accomplished through the mind deterrent technique. After many days of drug brainwashing and hypnotic induction, even the double himself, believes that he is the real Qing Yu.

There is also the martial arts aspect, the “Sword Manual of Perverted Evil” can be completed quickly as long as one is willing to cut the chicken, and then through some elixirs obtained by the Li family, together with the sacrificial potential in the “Reihua Baojian” to catalyze the valley’s internal power, similar to the Heavenly Demon Disintegration Technique, but the side effects are slow to kick in with the forbidden technique, a perfect double, the build is complete.

Unfortunately, the organ is still caught up by Lu Qifeng.

Today, this hurdle was a bit tough to get through.

“What, you want to resist?” Lu Qifeng looked at Qing Yu’s slightly tensed body and said.

“I don’t think I’ve offended Department Six, or is it that Department Six also believes that the True Martial Sword is in my possession and is interested in it.”

“You have not offended Department Six, and in fact, you have helped Department Six quite a bit. Department Six is not interested in the True Martial Sword, either. The True Martial Sword is, to put it bluntly, nothing more than a symbol, and what use is it to outsiders who want it. I’m more interested in you, Qingyu.”

—There’s a new map coming up, only one more today, need to think of a new map—