

## Martial Boss Chapter 66 -

“They’ve all gone far, still pretending?” A voice came out of nowhere.

There were still people ——

Feng Jiu’s soul died, only to assume that there were still people left behind from the previous group and were watching him quietly.

When that person saw Feng Jiu did not respond, he continued on by himself, “You are from the royal family, yet only because you were born weak and unable to practice martial arts, you were despised by others. Those people just now, in terms of their status, even their father’s elders would have to salute you when they saw you.

However, beneath the surface of respect, there is endless ridicule and mockery. Now, they don’t even bother to keep up the pretensions on the surface. Today was the first time, but it would not be the last. This time, those people ran away out of fear, but next time, it won’t be for sure.”

As the man in the shadows spoke, Feng Jiu breathed heavily and her body trembled. It wasn’t trembling from fear, but from uncontrollable anger. Now, as long as one’s eyes were not blind, anyone with a discerning eye would know that this Ninth Prince was pretending to be dizzy.

“So, you want to change your fate? Change this pathetic fate of your own. I can give you this chance.” In the frivolous words, but with an incomparable temptation, this temptation, for Feng Jiu, was fatal.

However, Feng Jiu was still lying on the ground, that is, even the trembling of her body had calmed down.

“If you want to change your fate, come and find me in room A, number three, at the Yun Lai Inn.”

After the man in the dark said these words, there was no more sound.

Feng Jiu lay on the ground and waited for a long time, finally sort of making sure that there was no one else nearby, so she climbed up. When he looked around, there was no trace of him in the secluded alley, only himself, and the man had left silently, just as he had come.

“Changing fate? ——” Feng Jiu muttered, pressing the back of his head, which still ached vaguely, and stumbling away from the alley.

“It seems that this ninth prince is stronger than expected, facing such a tempting situation, he is not easily shaken, but instead calmed down from his anger as a result.”

In the courtyard of the house to the right of the alley, Qing Yu, who was dressed in black Confucian clothing, stood on a large tree with thick branches and leaves, watching Feng Jiu's departing back through the gaps between the leaves.

"But you came back for me after all. Sometimes, the more you think about it calmly, the more you can't stand the temptation. Think about how you were treated in the past, and then think about the future after the change, and you will find that you have no choice at all. What's more,——," Qing Yu's eyes showed deep meaning.

What's more, just now, Qing Yu did not just casually juggle. Secretly, he had also released a slight bewitching smoke, paired with a mind deterrent technique, which deepened the obsession of this ninth prince who was in a miserable situation.

As expected, the next day, early in the morning, there was a knock at the door. Upon opening the door, it was the same Ninth Prince at the door.

"It's you?" Feng Jiu said in a suspicious voice. He recognized this person, last night, it was this person who came to Tianle Place with Jin Mingxuan, this person was a friend of Jin Mingxuan.

"Are you making fun of me?" Feng Jiu's face was flooded with deep anger, he did not think that this friend of Jin Mingxuan, who had disgraced himself, would help himself. Besides, the other party was so young, and there was no way he was capable of solving his own problems.

"Since you are here, why not try again. If you are sure that I am swindling you, it is not too late to leave then."

Qing Yu turned back and walked to the table in the room and sat down, poured a cup of tea and said, "Want some tea?"

Feng Jiu shook his head and went into the room and closed the door behind him, not sitting down either, but just standing a little behind the door, looking at Qing Yu and said, "If I want to change my destiny, it is actually very simple, to practice martial arts. And this is something that I had already encountered when I was ten years old. At that time, someone told me that there was someone outside the palace who could cure my congenital weakness, and I was so excited to sneak out of the palace, but I was almost caught by human traffickers.

Afterwards, my second and fourth brothers told me that it was a little joke they had played on me. Ridiculously, I was even imprisoned by Father for three days because of it."

"Oh," Qing Yu sipped his tea and said, "then why did you still come to me?"

“Because I was unwilling. I am the ninth son of the current emperor, and although my mother is only a palace maid and has no powerful maternal family to rely on, I am, after all, a genuine imperial son who has entered the royal family tree within the Sovereign’s House. If I had been an honest and contented prince, I would not have had to do so much, and the royal family would not have had to take a bite out of me.

But I was not willing. So, even if there is a little hope, I don’t begrudge trying. It’s just another disappointment, and over the years, have I been disappointed any less.”

Feng Jiu’s words were not so much for Qing Yu’s ears as they were his dissatisfaction and venting of reality, his face showed a rare look of relief after his words were finished, thinking that these words had been bottled up in his heart for a long time.

“My words are finished, now, it’s time to talk about your so-called method that can change your fate.”

“Aren’t you afraid that I’ll tell you some unbeatable condition? Or that you are so old that you still think I will help you unconditionally?” Qing Yu looked at Feng Jiu with a wry smile.

“Even my relatives would not help me unconditionally, let alone you, a non-relative,” Feng Jiu smiled mockingly, “but now, apart from my glorious status as an imperial son, there is nothing else that anyone can look at. Even this rotten life, with my current physical condition, it is still unknown if I can live until I am thirty. So, even if there are any conditions, they are for later, and what future could be worse than the present?”

“Then let’s hope you won’t regret it later.” Qing Yu said.

“Since we have already talked, then tell us your solution.”

“Good.” Qing Yu nodded and said, “I have learned that your body is so weak that it cannot even withstand a little internal energy from an outsider. The medicine that can slowly nourish your body must be made from heavenly treasures and configured by a great master of the healing arts. It is not that the royal family cannot afford such a price, but it will not be paid for you.”

“That is indeed true. The royal family is not short of heavenly treasures, and there are also great healers in the world, but this is a price I cannot afford, and the royal family does not want to bear it. After all, I have twelve brothers, capable of literature and martial arts, abound, and one less scrapper is simply inconsequential.” Feng Jiu confirmed.

“This is a price that I cannot afford either. So, there is only one solution, and that is for you to cultivate your own internal energy bit by bit and slowly nourish your body.”

“This method won’t work,” Feng Jiu interrupted, “martial artists cultivate internal energy by refining essence and turning it into qi, and with my body, if I were to refine essence and turn it into qi, I’m afraid that I would simply die from refining. If I were to take spiritual medicine to replenish my essence, I wouldn’t be able to withstand the sufficient medicinal power. If I want to practice martial arts to strengthen my body, I must use the pills configured with heavenly treasures as mentioned earlier, then everything will be back to square one.”

Speaking of this, Feng Jiu could not hide her disappointment, obviously lost over the disappearance of hope once again.

“But what if we borrow someone else’s inner strength to cultivate our own body?”

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“Borrowing someone else’s inner strength?” Feng Jiu exclaimed.

“That’s right, I have just such a gong method that requires the internal energy of others in order to cultivate it, just like your situation.” A wry look flashed in Qing Yu’s eyes as he said.

“However, my meridians cannot withstand foreign internal force.”

“It’s not the same. This gongfu method, what is cultivated is not the meridians in the common perception.” Qing Yu shook his head and said, “The meridians that ordinary people cultivate are what I call manifestation meridians. But there are thirty-one hidden veins in the human body that are different from the normal meridians, so I call them hidden veins.

If the manifest veins are the great rivers on the land, the hidden veins are the rivers that flow under the surface of the earth. The hidden veins are subtle and hard to see, and are not as strong and stable as the visible veins, so this martial art has taken this into account from the very beginning, and the internal energy cultivated will seem to be there, and will not put pressure on the meridians.”

“Then what is the name of this martial art for cultivating the hidden veins? Feng Jiu was overjoyed at the news and said impatiently.

“Its name is, the Black Heavenly Book.”

It was true, what Qing Yu wanted to teach Feng Jiu was the Black Heavenly Book that he had extracted during his time in Yang City.

The Black Heavenly Book was a book that cultivated the power of robbery, which was seemingly present but could be transformed into real and true internal power, which was exactly the same as Feng Jiu’s current situation. Moreover, it can also manipulate Feng

Jiu with the “Black Heavenly Robbery” to prevent him from rebelling in the future. Another point was to collect concrete experimental data to prepare for his future cultivation of the “Black Heavenly Book”.

After the introduction, Qing Yu began to teach the Black Heavenly Book, “There are a total of thirty-one hidden veins, which are in line with the heavenly signs. The astrological signs of the Zhou dynasty are always the three gardens and the twenty-eight constellations. The Three Walls are the Ziyou, Taiwei and Tianshui. Therefore, the human body also has the Ziwei, Taiwei and Tianshui veins, which are called the Three Walls of the Emperor; the astrology is also divided into twenty-eight constellations, so in addition to the Three Walls of the Emperor, the human body still has twenty-eight branches of the veins: the Horn, the Hyper, the Diao, the Fang, the Heart, the Tail and the Kei all belong to the seven veins of the Canglong in the East; the Kui, the Lou, the Stomach, the Pleiades, the Bi, the Karaoke and the Sen belong to the seven veins of the White Tiger in the West; the Well, the Ghost, the Willow, the Star, the Zhang, the Wing and the Square belong to the seven veins of the Vermilion Bird in the South; the Dou, the Ox, the Lady, the Void The Dou, the Ox, the Female, the Void, the Danger, the Chamber and the Wall belong to the Xuanwu lineage in the North.”

As he said that, Qing Yu got up and went forward, grabbed Feng Jiu’s right hand and said, “This hand belongs to the seven veins of the Canglong in the east.”

His index and middle fingers were joined together, and his internal energy was stored in the tips of his fingers, and he stabbed at the point where Feng Jiu’s index finger met the palm of his hand, “This is the ‘left horn point’, the ‘horn vein’ of the seven veins of the Canglong.”

“After that, there are the Right Horn, Great Horn and Heavenly Gate acupoints.” As he spoke, Qing Yu stabbed the acupuncture points with his fingertips.

Each stab was like a needle stabbing, causing Feng Jiu to scream in agony.

After playing with the acupuncture points of the “Horn Vein”, Qing Yu then taught Feng Jiu the method of preserving his spirit and refining his qi, and told him to start cultivating.

Feng Jiu plonked himself on the ground and began to cultivate with his eyes closed. Within a short time, he looked happy, probably because he was happy that he could finally practise.

But soon, the joy faded and was replaced with endless panic. Knowing that it was time, Qing Yu immediately went to the “left corner point” and injected his internal energy.

The Black Book of Heaven was a direct method of refining the gods, which required innate true qi to be nurtured.

Luckily, Qing Yu had already reached the ninth level of Houtian, so he had sufficient quantity. Moreover, the Black Heavenly Book of God Refinement was, after all, a cottage industry, and the practitioners were basically cannon fodder, except for Lu Jian and Xian Tai Nu, and perhaps a Ning Ning.

So although tired and sweaty, the demand was finally met and Feng Jiu's face turned happy.

Leaning a little, Feng Jiu opened her eyes and said with great joy, "This is internal energy, I have cultivated internal energy."

Although there was only a trace of it flowing in the hidden veins, it made Feng Jiu so excited that she left hot tears.

"Let's leave it at that for today." Qing Yu wiped away the sweat on his forehead and said.

"This —— benefactor, this is ——" Feng Jiu saw Qing Yu's slightly pale face and hurriedly wanted to help.

"No harm, just a little over exertion of internal energy, let's stop here today, you can come back tomorrow. Remember, don't cultivate when you get back, you don't want to experience what you just did again. Also, my name is Meng De, just call me 'Brother Meng'." Qing Yu waved his hand to stop him.

Feng Jiu thought back to the feeling that his body was as empty as a shell, and the strange itch was unbearable, so he shook his head repeatedly. But on second thought, "Brother Meng, since this is the case, can we find someone else to inject internal energy to help me cultivate."

With the help of other people's power, he would be able to progress quickly, and perhaps, he would soon become an Innate Expert, and the Divine Origin realm was not impossible.

"If you want to go off the deep end, feel free to try. If someone else injects internal energy, it will be like a normal person practicing two very different internal arts at the same time, and I don't need to describe the consequences to you." Qing Yu kindly laughed.

"Er ——" Feng Jiu shook his head helplessly.

Although he could not practice martial arts, out of aspiration, Feng Jiu still knew a lot about the common sense of martial arts practice. To run two very different martial arts at the same time, that was purely looking for death.

It was a pity that he was an imperial son. Qing Yu looked at Feng Jiu and thought to himself.

The consequences of injecting different people's internal energy into different acupuncture points to cultivate the Black Heavenly Book, Qing Yu actually didn't know either, and had just said so in terms of general martial arts experience. The real situation, Qing Yu was also eager to know, maybe, it would be possible to practice an explosion, or flooding-opening the heavens.

However, Feng Jiu was an imperial son, so if he really screwed him up, Qing Yu wouldn't be able to eat his words. Besides, Feng Jiu's future role was important, so he couldn't be treated as a mere experiment.

"You can come back tomorrow."

"Good." Feng Jiu answered.

Looking at Qing Yu's pale face, Feng Jiu bowed and said, "There is no way to repay my great kindness. If Brother Meng has any future errands, I will not hesitate to do so."

"As I said, this is a deal. You do what you want, and I do take payment." Qing Yu waved his hand and said.

"Well then, whatever conditions Brother Meng proposes in the future, I, Feng Jiu, will certainly do my best to fulfil them."

"I take my leave." Another salute and goodbye.

After saying that, he turned around and opened the door to leave, that straightened spine showing a bottom that he didn't have in the past.

Tsk, so soon to put himself on my level, really is a guy who is not willing to be subordinate. Qing Yu thought silently as he lifted his cup of tea again.

Feng Jiu was not willing to be a fop who waited for death, so despite all his trials and tribulations, he still remained true to his original heart. If Qing Yu wanted to control him with favours, it was even more impossible. For as Feng Jiu's strength grows, his ambition, too, will grow endlessly.

But if it was really just a matter of finding an imperial son to trade, then why did he seek Feng Jiu? There are thirteen imperial sons, and it's not like there aren't any who are miserable. If they want to send charcoal in the snow, they don't necessarily have to look for the nothing but ambitious Feng Jiu.

"Unfortunately, you don't know that the price I want has already been collected."

The Black Book of Heaven's unknown name is not just a rumour.

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For the next few days, Feng Jiu came to the Yunlai Inn every day and asked Qing Yu to inject his internal energy to cultivate the Black Heavenly Book.

What surprised Qing Yu was that the progress of opening the "Horned Vein" was getting faster and faster.

But in fact, on the second day, he was able to open the third acupuncture point, and on the third day, the "Horned Vein" was almost opened.

"I didn't expect that the 'endlessness' would have begun to emerge by now."

The third law of the "Four Laws of Being" in the "Black Heavenly Book" was called "Restlessness". After the Thirty-one Chakras were completed, there would be no cultivation, and the robbing power in the body would operate on its own, just like the stars in the heavens.

Qing Yu originally thought that the Black Heavenly Book would only start to operate on its own when all the 31 veins, including the Three Walls and the Twenty-Eight Stars, had been cultivated. But in fact, the Hidden Veins lived up to their name of being in harmony with the celestial signs, and even if they were not all opened up, they could still operate like the stars, with their individual movements affecting the overall astrological signs.

The more advanced it is, the faster it opens up. Qing Yu only needed to keep injecting internal energy to maintain the consumption of the cultivation robbery power.

"Alright, let's stop here for today. The 'Horned Vein' has just been opened, so you should go back and adapt to it first. Remember, don't ever practice in private." Qing Yu once again admonished Feng Jiu.

With the successful opening of the 'Horn Vein', the next progress would be even more rapid, if one could not resist practicing in private, he would only be drained of all his essence and dry up and die by the new acupuncture point that had just been opened and was in dire need of internal energy to penetrate.

"Yes, Brother Meng, then I will leave you first." Feng Jiu said in a respectful voice.

Looking at Feng Jiu's respectful attitude, Qing Yu secretly smiled in his heart. In these few days, as the acupuncture points continued to be opened, Feng Jiu should have also vaguely felt Qing Yu's restraint on him, without Qing Yu's inner strength, Feng Jiu's cultivation of the Black Heavenly Book would only lead to his death.

Therefore, the previous attitude of having just possessed the inner strength, and which led to a slightly open-minded attitude, was also curbed quite a lot. At least, he now knew that in front of Qing Yu, he should consciously lower his stature and take Qing Yu as his main priority.

“Hm.” Qing Yu replied indifferently, since he had clearly come to control the other party, there was no need to be sycophantic.

Feng Jiu turned around and left.

“Able to bend and stretch, I had underestimated this Ninth Prince earlier.” Qing Yu said darkly.

A few days ago, during that operation at the Lying Immortal Pavilion, this Ninth Prince was said to have lost his wits to the extreme, not only was he not admired by the people, but instead, he reaped endless ridicule and shame.

Now that he has gained a new hope, this seemingly unbearable Ninth Prince is glowing with an extraordinary brilliance.

“However, it is not to be deceived by his respectful appearance. Now holding back, I am afraid that he is waiting for the Black Heavenly Book to be practiced and give me a good look.”

Feng Jiutian was sick and weak, but was not willing to be ordinary, and went to fight for everything, wise or unwise, let's not mention it for now, this tenacity alone is worthy of praise.

Unfortunately, after practicing the Black Book of Heaven, even if he is the Great Sage of Heaven and Earth, he will not be able to leave the palm of the Buddha's hand.

After he has completed the Three Walls and Twenty-eight Stars, there is still the endlessly painful “Black Heavenly Tribulation” waiting for him. It is good news for Qingyu that he is resilient, at least he won't be threatened by the “Black Heavenly Tribulation” and feel hopeless about his freedom and commit suicide.

Qing Yu closed his eyes and adjusted his breath, slowly recovering his depleted internal energy.

He was tired of injecting his internal energy into Feng Jiu, who was progressing faster and faster, but the benefits were still there, as he kept consuming and recovering, Qing Yu had already stabilised his ninth level of the Houtian realm, which he had just entered.

Once his internal energy had been restored to perfection, Qing Yu opened his eyes, picked up the long sword that was lying beside him, and said, "System, I want to challenge Ouyang Ke."

"One-star villain Ouyang Ke, start inheritance ——"

Speaking of which, this Ouyang Ke was somewhat similar to Wei Xiaobao and Yin Zhiping, whom Qing Yu had already inherited, both of whom were goods that could not walk away when they saw a beautiful woman.

However, he does not want to be as demented as Yin Zhiping, just seeing a back, he will be spellbound and difficult to control. He is also not like Wei Xiaobao, who is a punk from a youth house and is so hungry that he wants to pounce on a beautiful woman at the sight of her. As the young master of the White Camel, Ouyang Ke can be said to have tasted the beauty of the East and the West, and it is difficult for him to be moved by a beauty like Huang Rong. At least Qing Yu felt to himself that he could not tempt him with his female clothing.

"No, don't I have the Magic of Plastic Surgery?"

Qing Yu suddenly remembered that he would have the divine Transfiguration Technique on the "Mercy Flower Treasure Guide" ah, as if he could easily cut a wave of leeks by relying on female clothing again.

But now, the inheritance had already started, even if one had brought female clothes, it was too late to change now.

"Maybe it's feasible." Qing Yu had another bold idea.

He raised his hand and stroked it over his face, and when he put it down again, it was already a stunningly beautiful face with a bell-like appearance. The new face was made from the face of the "Little Dragon Girl", which I remembered as the most colourful, and with this Confucian dress, it was an otherworldly version of Zhu Yingtai. Ouyangke, let's see if you will die this time.

At this moment, Ouyangke's figure was also revealed.

Wearing a robe embroidered with white satin and gold thread, holding a folding fan, he seems to be 35 or 36 years old, but he has not lost any of his handsomeness, his eyes are slanting, his face is handsome, yet he has a good skin tone.

It was the eyes full of silvery light that looked at Qing Yu that turned him from a handsome uncle to a denizen all of a sudden.

“Miss, my name is Ouyang Ke, dare I ask your name?” As soon as he appeared, Ouyang Ke’s eyes were pinned on Qing Yu, unable to move any further. A man in a beautiful dress or something, Ouyang Ke said, was quite exciting.

Without saying a word, Qing Yu attacked with her sword, using the “Quan Zhen Sword Technique”.

It’s not that Qingyu didn’t have a greater advantage with his words. Although he felt disgusted, if he could kill Ouyangke quickly, he would not mind using it. Unfortunately, the technique of changing one’s voice requires years of practice, and although it is in the all-encompassing Reihua Baojian, Qingyu does not have the time to practice it. This opening of his mouth was guaranteed to reveal himself.

“The Quan Zhen Sword Technique.” Ouyang Ke, as one of the heirs of the Five Extremes, was no stranger to this famous sword technique, his uncle (father) but hated Wang Chongyang to the bone, and of the martial arts of the Five Extremes, he was the second most familiar with the Quanzhen Sect. (The first was a certain love interest’s Dragon Subduing Palm)

“Could you be the senior disciple of Daoist Sun Bu Er, one of the Seven Sons of Quan Zhen? Coincidentally, my master, too, has a long history with the Quanzhen Sect, and in terms of seniority, I’m afraid the girl would have to call me ‘Senior Uncle’.”

Ouyang Ke was flirting with this beautiful woman in male attire, whose martial arts skills did not seem as good as his own.

His body floated up like a willow, silent and soft, yet very swift, and in a flash, he floated behind Qing Yu.

This is the “instantaneous breath of a thousand miles”.

The palm attack was unpredictable, the “Divine Camel Snow Mountain Palm”.

However, halfway through the palm attack, Ouyangke’s eyes flashed silver and he transformed the “Divine Camel Snow Mountain Palm” into a “Spiritual Snake Fist”, his arm suddenly seemed to have no bones and turned into a vivid spiritual snake. How thick it was.

The snake’s head wanted to go over Qing Yu’s shoulder and attacked his chest.

Qing Yu held the sword upside down and thrust back with his backhand.

The harsh and vicious sword light shone in the eyes of the ambitious Ouyang Ke.

“You ——” Ouyangke hurriedly used “instantaneous breath of a thousand miles” to retreat.

But, it was too close. “Even though Ouyangke tried his best to dodge, the tip of the sword still penetrated an inch into Ouyangke’s chest and abdomen.

“Too much nonsense.”

The pure male voice made Ouyangke’s heart startle even though he was in severe pain.

Qing Yu’s body dissipated like a shadow, flickering around Ouyangke’s body in a deceptively swift manner.

Suddenly, he was on his left and then on his right, his sword blade cutting through his bones.

Ouyangke was already not as fast as Qing Yu, and now that he was wounded by the sword, he was unable to fight back, so he could only resist.

Another sword stabbed at Ouyangke’s neck from a dead end on the left.

Ouyangke hurriedly turned sideways and used his gold and jade fan to block the blade.

But the sword and fan met, and the sword fell to the ground. Qing Yu had actually abandoned his sword and retreated after he had struck it, and the longsword was only easily blocked by Ouyang Ke because of its inertial advance.

In the back, Ouyangke’s heart beat wildly as he felt a sharp edge coming from his back.

Too late, the previous scene was repeated, only this time, in favour of Qing Yu at his back, the long unseen Xuan Iron Dagger penetrated the left side of his back and pierced his heart.

Ouyang Ke, dead.

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“Ding, congratulations to the host for killing the one-star villain – Ouyang Ke, and obtaining his items: ‘White Camel Poison Sutra’ (one-star), martial arts inheritance: ‘Instant Thousand Miles’ (two-star), ‘Divine Camel Snow Mountain Palm’ (one-and-a-half-star), and ‘Spiritual Snake Fist’ (one-and-a-half-star).”

The system’s beep sounded, and with it, as always, came the martial arts sensation.

“Inheritance complete, exit the inheritance space.”

Qing Yu opened his eyes, the long sword in his hand, still returned to its sheath, had never been drawn at all. The magic of the inheritance space was amazing, no matter how many times one experienced it.

Getting out of bed and stretching his muscles a little, Qing Yu began to experiment with his newly acquired martial arts.

“Instant Breath Thousand Miles.”

Qing Yu’s body rose up, seemingly floating, but actually swift, and in the blink of an eye, he had landed at the door of the room.

“Divine Camel Snow Mountain Palm.”

With a light palm strike, he pressed down on the four-sided table and made a palm-shaped hole in its tabletop without a sound.

With the foundation of the Little Insignificant Kung Fu and the martial arts sense of Ouyang Ke in his body, Qing Yu was able to easily perform the martial arts that Ouyang Ke knew, and even, stronger than him.

The mystery of both the “Instant Breath of a Thousand Miles” and the “Divine Camel Snow Mountain Palm” lies in the complex changes of internal energy. This is also the foundation for the practice of the even more profound “Toadstool Kung Fu”. It is a pity that Ouyang Ke is so obsessed with beauty and so desolate in martial arts that he is still not qualified to practise Toadstool Kung Fu at the age of thirty.

As for the “Spiritual Snake Fist”, it involves external limb changes and requires long-term medication to aid its cultivation. Although Qing Yu had all of Ouyang Ke’s martial arts insights about the “Spiritual Snake Fist”, his body had not yet adapted to it, so he could not use it at the moment.

After he felt that he had basically integrated the martial arts sensations he had gained this time, Qing Yu said, “System, I want to challenge Dongfang Bu Bu Bu Bu.”

“Host challenging guard BOSS, level opening in progress ——”

It was still the exquisite small garden, after a few days, Qing Yu came here again.

It was too late to look around, for this time, Dongfang Bu Bufe came even faster than last time.

In a flash of red, the embroidery needle pierced Qing Yu’s brow. It was an ordinary embroidery needle, but it made Qing Yu’s sweat stand on end. He had personally experienced the harm of this seemingly ordinary embroidery needle, and the stinging pain that had lingered in his brain for several days was something that Qing Yu remembered very well.

This time, however, he was able to dodge it.

His eyesight was still a little unable to keep up with the speed of Dongfang Bu Bufang, and he could only see a red shadow, but his speed, having learnt the “Instant Thousand Miles”, had caught up. Although it was still a bit behind, it was not as bad as the first time, being killed in an instant.

The embroidery needle stabbed into the brow, and Qing Yu’s figure gradually dissipated, a residual shadow.

“Huh ——” Qing Hao’s flirtatious voice rang out, without any trace of the low, magnetic sound of a man’s voice.

The East is not defeated, in a sense, has been a complete woman.

“Rather unexpectedly, you also cultivated this martial arts, so, then play with you ——”

This martial art, undoubtedly refers to the Sunflower Canon, Qing Yu cultivated the “Sword Manual of Purging Evil” which was derived from the Sunflower Canon, so it would not be wrong to say that he had cultivated the Sunflower Canon. Last time, when Dongfang Bufu killed Qing Yu in one move, he did not give Qing Yu the slightest chance to use his martial arts skills.

This time, although Qing Yu simply dodged Dongfang Bufu’s attack, but Dongfang Bufu was so familiar with the Sunflower Canon that he could see Qing Yu’s strength with just a glance.

As soon as the words left his mouth, the speed of the red shadow skyrocketed, flashing around Qing Yu.

Throat, stanzhong, brow, left and right solar plexus, in this instant, Dongfang Bufu could be said to be attacking these major points almost simultaneously.

There was only one embroidery needle, but it could attack five points at the same time, which was really fearsome and terrifying.

The distance was so close that the needle was an inch too short and dangerous for the long sword, so Qing Yu had to hold the Xuan Iron Dagger in his left hand to block left and right, hoping to block the needles.

The sharpness of the dagger was far sharper than Dongfang’s embroidery needles, and even with internal force, it was still far from being able to stop them.

So, for the first few stitches, Dongfang Fuyu avoided Qing Yu’s Xuan Iron Dagger, but for the fifth stitch, which was pointed at Qing Yu’s throat, Qing Yu was unable to block it.

Because he could not keep up, the battle of speed, sometimes just a hair's breadth away, was the difference between life and death, moreover, what Qing Yu and Dongfang Bu Bu Bu Bu differed by was more than a hair's breadth.

"Huh?" Another soft eek, the embroidery needle stopped before piercing into the throat.

The red shadow flashed, and Dongfang Bu Bufe was standing a few metres out in front of Qing Yu.

It was only then that Qing Yu was able to see the true face of Dongfang Bu Bufe.

He was dressed like the one on the BOSS card, but when he saw him in person, his senses were different from the card's design.

It was not the clothes or the appearance, but the aura of "the sun rises in the east, only I am invincible". Facing him is like facing the sun in the middle of the day, overriding all living beings, only I am invincible.

Among the villains, it can be said that there are many who are stronger than Dongfang Bu Bu Bufe, but if we talk about the aura of the villains, there are only a few who can match it.

"You didn't kill yourself?" Dongfang Bu Bufe said in a surprised voice.

Just now, he clearly saw that at Qing Yu's throat, there was still a throat knot. And with the cultivation of the Sunflower Canon, the knot in the throat would slowly disappear. Just like Dongfang Bu Bu Bu, his throat, was now smooth, with no protruding knots.

"Naturally, there are none."

When I challenged Ouyang Ke earlier, I had a facelift. Later, after the challenge, he returned to his original appearance and had not yet adjusted to his "Meng De" look. Although he hadn't made himself scarce, he had practiced the "Sword Technique of Purging Evil", which still had some influence on his appearance, so Dongfang Bu Bufe didn't suspect that Qing Yu hadn't made himself scarce.

"Haha, hahahaha ——" Dongfang Bufe let out a loud laugh, "Interesting, very interesting, kid I have to say, you've got me interested ——"

Hey hey, no way, this is trying to get gay with me. Qing Yu's heart secretly screamed.

Although Dongfang Bu Bufe was good looking, he was a man after all! A male! A man!

He was neither Yang Lian Ting nor Ling Hu Chong.

The first time the Yang Qi of heaven and earth is born, it is at the second hour of noon, when this is the time, you should fix your heart and round the Qi, give up the distracting thoughts in your mind \_\_\_\_\_”

If the whole “Sunflower Canon” has long been destroyed by the Red Leaf Zen Master, the “Sunflower Canon” that Dongfang Bu Bu Bu Bu learns was also robbed from the Huashan School and is a remnant. However, the book was worthy of the name of Invincible. The Sunflower Canon 2.0 is not yet known, but its power has been proven.

It was Invincible East that made the Sunflower Canon, not the Sunflower Canon that made Invincible East.

## Martial Boss Chapter 70 -

“\_\_\_\_\_ Two hands are folded, the left hand presses the right hand, the right hand molds the top, and after three thousand kung fu, it transforms itself into a god.”

“Can you write it down?”

“Memorized.” Qing Yu nodded his head and said.

The Sword Technique of Purging Evil was originally derived from the Sunflower Canon, the two were interchangeable, and Dongfang Bufu only taught the heart technique, which was not too long, so it was not difficult to memorise it in one go.

“Very well, let me see what the difference is between the two \_\_\_\_\_,” Dongfang Bufei’s eyes glistened and flashed this curious colour.

“As for now, let you see the true power of the Sunflower Canon,” raising his hand and twisting out an embroidered needle, “this needle, will be shot at your throat.”

“Wait \_\_\_\_\_ grip f\*ck \_\_\_\_\_,” Qing Yu couldn’t help but burst out a foul mouth.

Not waiting for Qing Yu to finish his sentence, Dongfang Bu Bufei made a move, this needle, swift as lightning, and silent.

However, he was able to block it, and Qing Yu’s thoughts turned rapidly, the needle was no faster than Dongfang Bu Bufei’s own speed.

In a flash of lightning, Qing Yu blocked it with his wider longsword across the front of his throat, his left hand against the face of the sword.

The flying needle connected with the face of the sword.

“It’s blocked \_\_\_\_\_” Clearfeather’s eyes flooded with joy.

However, Qing Yu was too happy too soon.

The flying needle penetrated the longsword unhindered, then went through Qing Yu's neck and into the wigwam behind it.

The wound in his neck, suppressed and widened by the remnants of the needle qi, the blood and flesh unable to fill in, connected with the tiny needle holes in the longsword in a straight line.

“Ooh ——” Clearfeather snapped his eyes open and gasped for air.

His palm touched his throat, and when it felt like it touched his skin, Qing Yu sighed with relief.

Thanks to Dongfang Bufei, Qing Yu had once again experienced a way to die. The air poured into the wound on his throat, and he was unable to scream, falling to the ground, twisting and dying in pain. This method of death, Qing Yu feared, would take even longer to remove the painful residual memory of death than the previous embroidery needle through the brain.

“However, that needle, in no way could a Houtian realm martial artist issue it, to silently pierce through a longsword infused with internal force with an ordinary embroidery needle, the quality of this internal force, definitely exceeded Houtian and reached the level of Innate.”

But there was no doubt that Dongfang was still at the Houtian realm, which was clearly written on the system's Guardian BOSS character card.

So, what is the problem? There is only one answer, the Sunflower Canon. Before Dongfang Bu Bufei made his move, he said that he would let Qing Yu see the true power of the Sunflower Canon.

Qing Yu copied the Sunflower Canon that Dongfang Bu Bufei had passed on to him onto a piece of paper and compared it word for word.

After a long time, Qing Yu put down the paper in his hand, “Amazing, amazing, this Sunflower Canon can do so much, amazing, really amazing ——”

The first step in the Sunflower Canon is to lay the foundation by emulating the Yang extreme to create Yin that can only be achieved when cultivating to a high level in the Innate Realm. However, as the internal energy has not yet intersected with the Yuan Qi of heaven and earth, its quality is not yet comparable to that of the Innate True Qi's, but it is still far beyond the quality of the ordinary Houtian internal energy.

The “Sunflower Canon” taught by Dongfang Bu Bufei, in the process of cultivating it, purifies the internal energy that has already undergone a transformation of Yin and

Yang, to the point of cultivating it into innate internal energy at the later heavenly realm. This can be said to be unprecedented. When the two bridges between heaven and earth are crossed, the quality of internal energy can be raised to a higher level when it meets with the vital energy of heaven and earth.

The quality of true qi will be more than one step ahead of others when a practitioner reaches the Innate Realm.

“Moreover, Dongfang Bufei is also different from others, is this a special feature of the gatekeeper BOSS?” Qing Yu was a bit puzzled.

Challenging characters, Qing Yu had already done it more than once, the other villains, when they came to a white inheritance space, not only did they not feel alarmed, they instead focused on Qing Yu at first, oblivious to the special environment around them.

And Dongfang Bufei, the guard BOSS, not only had good treatment of the environment, but also knew that after Qing Yu’s death, he was able to come again and let go and kill Qing Yu.

For Qing Yu to say that those previous villains were more like bionic robots with their characters programmed, it was Dongfang Bu Bu Bu Bu who really had a personal look.

“Forget it, these are not things that the current me is qualified to think about. It’s better to think about how to cultivate this Sunflower Canon 2.0.”

The Sunflower Canon 2.0, which Dongfang Bu Bufen had self-enlightened and supplemented, was based on his own situation. The most obvious point about his situation was that his body had shifted from male to female, and his mind was also completely feminine.

Although he had defeated his enemies several times with his female costume and obtained his heritage, Qingyu himself was a straight man of steel who could not be straighter. Women’s clothing is only a means to an end, not the ultimate goal.

Therefore, to cultivate this Sunflower Canon 2.0, one still needs to be careful and explore it step by step, in case one is not careful and the ship capsizes.

“However, this purification of the quality of internal energy is something that can be tried now, and this is where the essence of the Sunflower Canon lies.”

As soon as he thought of it, Qing Yu closed his eyes and ran his internal energy, following the heart method recorded in the Sunflower Canon 2.0, letting the internal energy flow through several acupoints and meridians that he hadn’t reached before, and once again, pushing the internal energy to turn yin and yang to each other.

After the first time, the internal energy had already contained a yin element, reaching nine yang and one yin, instead of the all-yang nature of the first practice. This time, although Qing Yu's body was still a little bit shy and aroused, it was no longer the same as before, when it was hard to control its desire.

After a few days of rotation, Qing Yu clearly felt that the internal energy in his body had grown and was more lively and spiritual than before, but the amount of internal energy had decreased, probably due to compression and purification.

Continuing, Qingyu began to run his heart technique again. It was not the usual practice of refining essence and transforming qi, but rather the nourishment from the transformation of yin and yang and the slight overflow of internal energy, which made the body more energetic.

When I closed my eyes, a night had passed.

When the sky outside the house was a little white, Qing Yu suddenly heard a sharp knock at the door.

“Brother Meng, Brother Meng, help ——”

Feng Jiu's voice, what was he doing here at this time? Qing Yu thought as he opened his eyes and looked at the slightly brighter view of the room.

Getting up to open the door to the room, Feng Jiu almost stumbled into the door.

“Brother Meng, save me ——”

Damn, this guy actually practiced the Black Heavenly Book privately.

Seeing Feng Jiu's miserable white face and his weak and feeble appearance, how could Qing Yu not have thought that Feng Jiu had already started to open new acupuncture points.

Although his heart was annoyed, Feng Jiu's life could not be lost yet, he still had a use for it.

Immediately, Qing Yu leaned down and pressed Feng Jiu's “hyper-vessel” acupuncture point, inputting internal energy.