

Martial Boss Chapter 9

Qing Yu pointed his finger at the man in the bucket hat, shocked and speechless.

The man with the bucket hat did not mind Qing Yu's rude act of pointing his finger at him, and continued, "I have been following you for a long time. Ever since you were sent to the Northern Cang Mountains in Qingzhou, I have been paying attention to you. For three years, you have fended for yourself and lived alone on the mountain.

Understanding that there might be people watching at the bottom of the mountain, living alone on the mountain, not daring to come down, and basically not interacting with anyone for three years, it is surprising that you are still a normal person. This has to be considered a miracle for the average fifteen year old."

People are herd animals after all, and the average fifteen year old, no, three years ago it was still twelve years old, the average twelve year old child, could not possibly have the idea that there would be someone watching down the mountain, and it was even harder to restrain himself from going down the mountain, preferring to forage for food rather than go down the mountain to find a way to live. After three years of not talking to people, the best outcome for an average immature-minded child is basically that they will not be able to talk to people normally, apart from going crazy.

Only Qing Yu, with the mind of a thirty year old adult in his heart, still talks to himself from time to time in case he loses his ability to speak.

Qing Yu slowly lowered his fingers, held down his emotions and sat down on the steps again. In that moment just now, Qing Yu really had the idea of fleeing immediately, or even just storming up to attack and kill.

The life of house arrest in the True Martial Daoist Sect and the experience of living as a self-imprisoned prisoner in a broken Daoist temple on the Northern Cang Mountains had always made Qing Yu feel very insecure. Suddenly hearing that someone had been silently watching him, Qing Yu was completely unable to control his mind all of a sudden. It was a good thing that his sanity was not completely lost and he controlled those unrealistic thoughts of running away, killing and so on.

Qing Yu took a deep breath, calmed down, at least outwardly, and asked, "Who the hell are you?" Up until now, Qing Yu's hands were still trembling faintly in his sleeves that were hanging on the ground. To be honest, Qing Yu was already beginning to regret his decision to follow the man in black out tonight out of a moment of curiosity.

"You may address me as Mr. Mo." The man in the hat, no, Mr. Mo's eyes gazed at Qing Yu, as if he could see Qing Yu's regretful face under the scarf, "You don't have to feel regret. Even if you don't tail those few people over. There's still the next group who will find a way to pique your curiosity. To be honest, you held down your curiosity and cautiously watched outside the Shadow City, and I arranged several groups of people and finally went out myself to finally put you at ease. This kind of caution is unparalleled

in anyone your age, or even a few years older than you. It's something that even I have to admire. As you said, the journey to the jianghu is far, and no one knows what will happen along the way. A cautious person does not necessarily outlive a reckless person, but he will definitely outlive a reckless person. How many people, presenting a moment of courage and gaining a moment of profit, end up not even having a grave, and there is no place for this grave grass to grow in him."

When Qing Yu heard Mr Mo's words, he did not feel honoured, but just shook his head and smiled bitterly. He didn't want to be reckless, no matter what, he would be OK. It's just that he didn't have the strength, the weak have no human rights, without strength, the so-called courage can only be reckless. The road to the jungle is long, and those who make it to the end are not weak, but all the weak die in the front. So, when he confirmed the existence of the shadow city, only then will he step into Mr. Mo's set to come, he now can not let go of any way to enhance the strength, to put it bluntly, or his lack of security.

Qing Yu pulled down his face scarf, it wouldn't have worked anyway, people have been following you for three years, what's not to know, pull it down and breathe a little more freely. 'It's hard to wear a face scarf, I used to think it was quite handsome when I was watching TV.' Qing Yu mentally used the spit to try to quiet her still deer-in-the-headlights little heart a little.

Mr. Mo continued, "As for why I am following you. It's quite a coincidence to say that you were sent to Qingzhou and I was also sent here to take charge of the shadow market in Lingzhou and Qingzhou."

"Is there any connection between the two? Qingzhou is a frontier, and every year there are a lot of prisoners sent into exile on the frontier." Qing Yu couldn't restrain himself from spitting at Mr Mo's words, I should say, he saw no malice in Mr Mo and spoke boldly.

"But there is only one disciple of Xuanfa who was sent to Qingzhou. You shouldn't know that I was present when Xuan Fa took you in."

Qing Yu kind of wanted to pant up again, well enough surprising things had happened today that Qing Yu was a bit rippled.

"Back then, Xuanfa and I were discussing matters in the tavern, and when we finished our business and chatted, we happened to see you through the window snatching food from wild dogs. At that time, you were caught in a bloody mess, but you still found the opportunity to poke the dog in the eye with your finger. Unfortunately, that old man Xuan Fa also took a liking to you, saying that your bones were more suited to the cultivation of the True Martial Way. He also said that if the great event succeeded, if you, the disciple, were to strive for success in the future, this True Martial Daoist Sect's head teacher would let you take a seat."

'This is not even accomplished in setting up the flag. The master didn't die unjustly.' There was no fluctuation in Qing Yu's heart. To say that he was grateful, Qing Yu was still very grateful to Xuan Fa, although Mr. Mo said that he also wanted to take in Qing Yu at that time, but in the end, the person who took in was Xuan Fa, and if he hadn't been taken in, Qing Yu didn't know if he would have survived until now. As for the rest, after Xuanfa took Qing Yu in, he went to work on his big event. Qing Yu had never even met those senior brothers and sisters, and naturally there was no way to talk about feelings or anything, at most if he had the ability to help Xuanfa take revenge later.

"Sir said he was sent here. Was it by my master that he was dragged into this?" Qing Yu caught the key point.

"It's not like I was dragged into it. I am not a bad friend to your master, and if your master succeeds in becoming the head of the True Martial Daoist Sect, he can also be a strong external help to me. Now that I have decided to do it, I have to bear the consequences of failure. At least I will only be dispatched, and not fall and die like your master."

"Since you were sent out, this Shadow City in both Qingzhou and Lingzhou should not be a good place, right?"

Mr Mo gave Qing Yu a deep look and praised, "You are very clever. Lingzhou was originally the original Great Qian frontier, and Qingzhou is the current Great Qian frontier. Since ancient times, frontier places were naturally guarded by large armies. In the original Lingzhou, there were not many resources, not even many people in the black market, after all, the Miao people were different from the nomadic people of the grasslands in the north, they did not lack resources such as food and minerals, and there was no profit in smuggling to them. But later, when the Miao lost the war and ceded their land to Qingzhou, things were very different.

There were countless resources in the mountains and forests of the southern border, attracting countless people to collect them, and although the Miao often crossed the border to attack and kill them, they could not stop the greed of the people. As Qingzhou was too chaotic, the resources were bought and sold in Yangcheng, a once secure border town. In this case, the Shadow Market is necessary."

"Qingzhou has the original border army stationed there, so establishing a shadow market anywhere is no different from foraging for food at the tiger's mouth. Yangcheng in Lingzhou has always been the base camp of the border army, and even though the army has been stationed in Qingzhou, there are still a few nails left behind, namely the four great clans in Yangcheng now. The four clans have always held the secret trade, and we have nothing to do with the Shadow Market at all.

Now the Zhenshan Army stationed in Qingzhou is full of experts. The nail family in Yangcheng has become corrupt and the strongest person is a lingering First Heavenly Level. However, in the event of chaos in Yangcheng, the Zhenshan Army will not care

about the law that prohibits them from leaving their posts, and if necessary, it is not impossible for the whole army to march into Yangcheng.”

“So,” Mr Mo looked at Qing Yu, “I need a little help.”