

### Chapter 43 - The Vicious Tiger Descends from the Mountains

Li Qingshan did not return to the Crouching Ox village. At least right now, the tiny village would still be safe. The Drawn Reins village was also ruled out. Bringing other people into his problems was not his wish. He did not venture directly to the Black Wind stronghold either, even though he had fallen out with the Black Wind stronghold completely, and they would probably mobilise as soon as spring came to destroy the village where he was born and raised.

He sneered inside. You treat me as an enemy, so why wouldn't I treat you the same? I'll definitely kill my way into the Black Wind stronghold and claim the head of the renowned master of the stronghold. I will make him pay for his crimes with a horrible death. Only then would Li Qingshan be delighted.

Why had he worked so hard on his ability? It was precisely to kill all of his enemies. However, before that, he needed to make some preparations.

He did not even have a suitable weapon with him. He would suffer too much if he went bare-handed. Even a lion would use its full strength to catch a rabbit, not to mention that the two hundred bandits of the Black Wind stronghold were not two hundred rabbits. Every single one of them were murderers and extremely fierce.

Once he charged in there, it would no longer be a skirmish of the jianghu. It would almost be a struggle on the battlefield. If he were too cocky and careless, something would be wrong with his head.

The Arsenal of Arms in Qingyang city was an extremely famous armoury. He planned on going there to have a look, but he needed money to buy a weapon. Right now, not only was he penniless, but he did not even have a proper set of clothes.

His clothes were in rags, and his chest was bare, attracting the attention of passing people. Wouldn't he freeze to death dressed like that in this weather?

Li Qingshan trained within the icy pool on a daily basis, so why would he be afraid of this slight chill?

However, no one treated him like a beggar, as he did not possess the look of someone penniless. Such a look would consist of misery and inferiority, but he exuded great confidence. It was as if he could deal with any problems that came his way with his two hands.

He looked around as he walked, admiring the city of classical design. He did not purposefully try to hide the truth of being a country bumpkin.

A horse carriage suddenly rushed over, and the driver called out as he waved his whip, "Move! Move!" As he watched the pedestrians avoid the carriage frantically, he laughed out complacently.

Looking at the carriage that rode away, everyone was furious, but no one dared to say anything. The carriage belonged to a major aristocrat of Qingyang city. Let alone scaring away people, even if the carriages of the Zhang estate killed someone in a crash, they would just have to cough up some money at most.

The driver suddenly saw a figure in rags. The figure did not seem to hear him, showing no signs of avoiding the carriage. The driver cursed, "Damned beggar, move!" He did not draw the reins, planning to let the carriage run him over.

People called out to warn him as well. Just when the carriage was about to run over the beggar, the beggar twisted to one side and dodged it by a hair's breadth.

Before the carriage driver could even react, the carriage came to a sudden halt, and he flew off into the air.

The interior of the carriage descended into a mess, and a woman's scream followed.

The two fine horses pulling the carriage reared up, while the carriage seemed to be under a spell as it froze there. There were creaks, but it did not inch forward at all.

The driver stood up with a kick up. He was actually a practitioner of martial arts as well. Just when he was about to curse aloud, he saw the pedestrians on the two sides of the street staring at the back of the carriage dumbfoundedly.

Li Qingshan grabbed the frame of the carriage with one hand. His feet were deeply rooted in the ground without moving at all. If he did not move, the carriage obviously could not move either.

The driver gulped. What kind of strength was that?

A young man in embroidered robes, reeking of alcohol, leapt out of the carriage. "Laifu, what the hell are you doing?" However, all he saw was Laifu pointing at Li Qingshan, so he cursed, "You damned beggar, get away from my carriage. I'll cut your hand off if you touch it!" He was drunk, so he missed the fact that Li Qingshan was grabbing his carriage.

"I'm not a beggar. I'm Li Qingshan." Li Qingshan stated his name, wanting to punish this wastrel and his haughty servant.

"What Li... Qingshan!" The young man's eyes were lost and filled with disdain, but when he reached the end, his tone suddenly changed. It was as if someone had grabbed him by the throat. He sobered up as well. "W- which Li Qingshan..."

Li Qingshan asked in bewilderment, "You know me?"

The driver wailed, "Young master, i- it's the Descended Tiger!" His flushed face suddenly became pale-white.

"Descended Tiger? What's that?" Just as Li Qingshan furrowed his brows, the young master dropped to his knees with a thud. "This young master, no no no, this lowlife has offended you. Please forgive me, young hero!" Afterwards, he removed the money pouch from his waist and offered it up with both hands. "Please take this money as my compensation to you!"

The bystanders had never seen the young master of the Zhang family behave in such a degrading manner. They all looked at one another, but when they heard the two words, 'Descended Tiger', they immediately changed the way they looked at Li Qingshan. Their gazes contained fear and admiration.

Li Qingshan weighed the money pouch. There really was quite a lot in there, enough for him to buy a proper set of clothes, eat a filling meal in the best restaurant in the city, and get some proper sleep in an inn.

But it really was strange. It's not like I planned on killing anyone. I'll just punch you gently once or twice. I won't even use strength, so why're you so afraid?

His instincts told him that all this fear did not originate from the skills he had demonstrated from stopping the carriage with a single hand. However, when he saw how the young master had been frightened out of his wits, he lost interest in teaching the fellow a lesson. He left with the pouch of money.

Only when he saw Li Qingshan walk away did the young master climb to his feet as his legs trembled. He glanced at the intersection in utter fear. That Li Qingshan was actually just standing right in front of him. He was a terrifying figure who had killed several dozen people. No matter how arrogant he was, he would never act up in front of such a person.

His face reddened from the mocking smiles of the bystanders. He turned around and saw the driver hiding to one side, so he became even more infuriated. He went up and kicked the driver. "Hmm? You're bold enough to hide? Why don't you keep hiding! So much for driving properly!" Although the driver possessed martial arts, he did not dare to avoid the strikes. He only grovelled and apologised quietly.

Li Qingshan carried the pouch of money and felt even more at ease inside, even though the money had come rather strangely. Suddenly, he remembered that the priority right now was to investigate and understand if anything happened involving the Black Wind stronghold. He just happened to have a fellow villager in Qingyang city who was also a member of the jianghu, so after asking several people, he arrived in front of the Iron Fist school.

At the entrance were two large, bald men who stood like iron towers. Their arms were as thick as the thighs of normal people. They watched people pass by with shining eyes. Even before pedestrians had gotten anywhere close to the entrance, they would downright avoid it, walking on the other side of the street. This was the might of the Iron Fist school.

As they watched a 'beggar' in rags arrive at the entrance, one of them said rudely, "Move. This isn't a place for you to beg!"

The other man stopped his companion and studied Li Qingshan. He mocked, "Kid, you do look like a practitioner of martial arts, so how did you end up like this?" He could see that Li Qingshan's body was sturdy and unaffected by the cold.

Li Qingshan said, "I'm looking for someone. Please help me pass on a message. His name is Li Long. You can tell him that I'm from the same village as him and that I'm Li Qingshan."

The two men were originally unconcerned, but they only grew prudent when they heard 'Li Long'. He was the beloved disciple of the school's master. Once they heard 'Li Qingshan', both of their faces changed drastically. "The Descended Tiger, Li Qingshan!"

Only then did Li Qingshan understand that he was the 'Descended Tiger'. He grumbled inside, What kind of nickname is that! The people of the jianghu were uncultured. He did not want to be lumped together with those wolves, tigers, and leopards.

"Achoo!" In the Drawn Reins village, Huang Binghu sneezed loudly.