

Chapter 44 - Master of the Dragon's Gate Sect

Xiao Hei said, "Hunting chief, your health!"

"I'm perfectly fine. Have the people from the Black Wind stronghold and Dragon's Gate sect left?"

"They still aren't leaving. They demand to see the hunting chief."

"Tell them I'm severely ill, so I can't meet them. If anyone tries to force their way, don't be kind. Shoot them to death!" Huang Binghu placed both of his hands near the fireplace. People were supposed to hide away for winter in the first place.

"How bold of you, hunting chief! Do you even want to shoot me to death?" A voice suddenly rang out from outside. The door shattered, and a fierce gale rushed in. A scholarly-looking, middle-aged man with a sword on his waist stood at the door. His gaze was as sharp as a sword, and his eyes shone. He was not as gentle as he seemed on the surface.

Huang Binghu did not neglect him, leaping to his feet and clasping his fist. "Sect master Yang, long time no see!"

Within a radius of fifty kilometers, there was only a single person who would call himself a sect master. The person who had just arrived was the sect master of the Dragon's Gate sect, Yang Anzhi. His Dragon's Gate sword style was renowned, and his movement technique was masterly. In terms of martial arts alone, he could claim the title of best in Qingyang.

If there were any descendents of wealthy and powerful clans who wanted to learn martial arts, they would all be sent to the Dragon's Gate sect. With all of these sons and daughters of aristocrats gathered together, it was impossible for them to not swagger about haughtily. At the same time, the sect was an extremely large organisation. Speaking of which, it was basically a part of the righteous faction of the Qingyang jianghu.

Yang Anzhi studied Huang Binghu. "You really have recovered. No wonder you won't even meet the elders of my sect. I'll cut to the chase. Where's the spiritual ginseng?"

Huang Binghu said, "I've never seen some spiritual ginseng. Sect master Yang, do you plan on taking my Drawns Reins village lightly because we are fewer in number?" Several dozen hunting bows pointed at Yang Anzhi. All of the hunters of the village had reacted already.

Yang Anzhi said, "If you have your Stone Splitter bow, you might be able to prevent me from leaving. Why don't you try that, hunting chief Huang?"

Huang Binghu squinted. "What are you trying to say?"

Yang Anzhi said, "Stronghold master Xiong is right outside. Your Stone Splitter bow killed his third boss. Do you plan on taking on both of us?"

Huang Binghu mocked lowly, "To think the mighty leader of the righteous faction of Qingyang would mingle with the most vicious bandit. Don't you have any sense of shame at all? Oh right, I forgot. You're

no different. All of you harass those weaker than you and oppress the kind-hearted. If I have to compare you two, sect master Yang, it's you who's just better at making money!"

Anger flashed across Yang Anzhi's face. He placed his hand on the hilt of his sword, but the sound of tightening bowstrings in the surroundings made him stop. He threatened coldly, "Hunting chief Huang, you might not be afraid, but if we really start fighting, how many people from this village do you think will survive?"

Huang Binghu said, "I've already eaten the spiritual ginseng. Sect master Yang, no matter what threats you throw at me, you won't be able to get it."

Yang Anzhi said, "The spiritual ginseng really is in your hands. Don't try to fool me. The spiritual ginseng can't be digested over a short period of time, nor can it be eaten by a single person just like that. You've used it for so long already, so it's time for you to hand it over. For your sake, I might even be able to help you repel the Black Wind stronghold."

Huang Binghu said, "I've said I've eaten it, so that means I've eaten it. If you don't believe me, feel free to come and take it!"

Bows were fully drawn and swords were unsheathed. A battle was about to erupt.

Xiao Hei, who stood to one side, suddenly said, "We've never seen some spiritual ginseng before. Our hunting chief recovered because he drank some alcohol from Li Qingshan. If you're looking for someone, go look for him!"

Yang Anzhi's eyes lit up, while Huang Binghu flew into a rage. He shouted, "Shut your mouth!"

Xiao Hei rebutted, "Hunting chief, he's just an outsider. He gave you the spiritual alcohol, but he also took away the Stone Splitter bow. We don't owe him anything, so why must you protect him so desperately? I'm also thinking for the village's sake!"

Yang Anzhi smiled. "I see. So I've wrongly accused brother Huang. No wonder that kid's martial arts have been advancing so rapidly. Farewell then." He drifted away with his movement technique. If Li Qingshan were present, he would be able to tell that this person's movement technique was ten times more skillful than his son Yang Jun and that group of disciples.

Without any orders, the hunters would never simply fire their arrows. Yang Anzhi left behind a message from afar. "Hunting chief Huang truly is skilled in managing your subordinates. The people of the village are constantly considering the bigger picture."

Huang Binghu's expression became even uglier. The leader of any organisation would always possess absolute authority. As long as they had made a decision, regardless of whether it be right or wrong, they could not allow their subordinates to ignore it so easily.

"Li Qingshan saved my life. Despite the risks, he took out the spiritual alcohol. That's because he trusts me. Otherwise, no one would know he possesses the spiritual ginseng. You've crossed the line. You've made me an ingrate who returns kindness with trouble."

Xiao Hei knelt down. "Xiao Hei is willing to accept his fate!"

The group of hunters gathered together and tried to persuade Huang Binghu. "Hunting chief, Xiao Hei only did that for the sake of the village!" "After all these days, who knows where Qingshan has fled to. There's no reason for us to take them on forcefully at all."

Li Qingshan watched the man scramble away to report back before looking at the man who trembled at the entrance. He sighed. "Am I really that terrifying?"

The man who remained there could only blame his legs for being too slow, letting his companion beat him to it. As for the question about whether he was terrifying or not, the man would never have the bravery to answer it. He only knew that the young man before him had personally killed several dozen mountain bandits. He had even received inside news that he had tortured the infamous third boss of the Black Wind stronghold to death. If he was not terrifying, who was?

One of them was a powerful, fierce-looking man of the jianghu in his thirties, someone that any regular person would fear, while the other was just a fifteen-year-old teenager who still had an air of immaturity about him, without the slightest hint of fierceness.

However, when the former saw the latter, he was like a mouse that had seen a cat. It was perplexing. Li Qingshan suddenly understood that his name had already been established. Although he was starting off with the 'Descended Tiger' that was not a particularly pleasant nickname, it possessed sufficient deterrence.

A while later, Li Long came to receive him at the entrance. When he saw Li Qingshan, his heart skipped a beat. He was afraid of making eye contact with him. He thought about the bloody sight in the mountains from a few days ago, and an irrepressible fear rose up from his heart.

He forced a smile. "Oh, i- it's Qingshan! The master of our school welcomes you!"

Li Qingshan followed him through the door, passing around the screen wall that had 'martial' written on it. He passed through the yard and arrived in the training grounds. He saw bare-chested, able-bodied men forming two rows as they welcomed him, but their faces were filled with hostility.

The master of the Iron Fist school, Liu Hong, sat boldly on an armed chair. He asked with a heavy voice, "Are you the Descended Tiger, Li Qingshan?"

Li Qingshan frowned because of both the attempt to strike fear and his nickname. If someone told him right now that as long as he killed a certain person, he would earn a better nickname, he would rush over and finish them off without the slightest hesitation.

"The master is questioning you!" The man closest to Liu Hong yelled out loudly like a gong. He was rippled with muscles and covered in tattoos. His temples bulged slightly, clearly a master who practised both external and internal martial arts.

Li Qingshan estimated that this person was stronger than the third boss, so it was no wonder that he was bold enough to talk to him in such a manner. To be able to dominate in Qingyang city, the Iron Fist school really did have something for show.

Li Long said hurriedly, "Please calm down, first senior brother. Qingshan is from the village. He's not well-versed in etiquette." Then he tugged Li Qingshan's sleeve. "Why don't you greet my master?"

Li Qingshan clasped his hands carelessly. "Greetings, old hero Liu!" However, he did not show much respect at all. Liu Hong frowned, and the disciples of the Iron Fist school on both sides were angered.

Li Long blamed him for not knowing any better. You've already offended the Black Wind stronghold. Only if you get my master to stand by your side and get Huang Binghu of the Drawn Reins village to come forward will you have a chance at resolving this. Master is a mighty second-rate master. Isn't that enough for a bow from you?

"This is our first senior brother. The people of the jianghu call him..." Li Qingshan waved his hand and interrupted. "There's no need for me to remember the names of small fry." He was not an impolite person. However, the first senior brother had been rude to him first, so there was no reason for him to be polite.

Li Long paused. The first senior brother's face immediately reddened as his bones crackled, and he rushed at Li Qingshan in a threatening manner.