

Chapter 51 - Sweeping up the Dragon's Gate Sect

Li Qingshan only stood tall and alone near the window; it was as if he did not see the disciples of the Dragon's Gate sect that rushed towards him.

The Dragon's Gate sect knows I have the spiritual ginseng, so who told them? Huang Binghu? So much for saving your life.

The fury from betrayal slowly rose up through him, but his mouth curled gradually instead, revealing his pale-white teeth. Liu Hong's heart leapt up when he saw this from one side. What heavy killing aura!

Swoosh! He raised a foot and kicked the heavy, square table in front of him. The table was both wide and huge, able to seat ten people at the very least. It was made from jujube wood and was at least a hundred kilograms in weight. He had sent it flying with a single kick, and the table smashed into the disciples of the Dragon's Gate sect extremely swiftly and forcefully.

Chi Da charged at the front. He had never even considered such an attack, so he could only watch on in shock as the table smashed into him. His reaction was fast, immediately abandoning his sword and launching his hands at the table with all the inner force that his body could muster.

A futile effort! Li Qingshan sneered.

Chi Da's arms snapped at the same time, while his chest caved in from the collision. Blood spurted out from his mouth violently as the cracking of bones rang out at the same time.

The table did not stop with that. It took seven or eight disciples with it before ramming through the railing and falling down the stairs. A great bang followed.

There were customers below. Originally, they had been wondering who's luck had run out today when they saw the disciples of the Dragon's Gate sect rush up the stairs in a threatening manner, brimming with a murderous aura. All of them stuck their heads over to watch the show, but suddenly, they were met with a table and seven or eight disciples falling down the stairs. They all scrambled away as they screamed.

Only when the table hit the ground did they gather over, still shaken. They saw Chi Da winded and dead, while the other disciples only managed to survive because Chi Da had blocked some of the force for them. However, their bones were still broken and fractured, causing them to moan in pain endlessly.

Every single customer was stunned. When had they ever seen the disciples of the Dragon's Gate sect in such a state? Just who was upstairs?

For some reason, Li Qingshan thought of bowling. The disciples in their white clothes were just like bowling pins. It was just a pity that he did not knock them all down.

The remaining five or six disciples had not been 'knocked down' due to being further out to the sides. However, they were drenched in cold sweat from fright. They stood there blankly, actually clueless as to how to react. These sons of wealthy clans practised martial arts, but they had never truly been in battle.

Everything had happened in a heartbeat such that almost no one managed to react. In just a split second, the situation had been reversed. The Dragon's Gate sect that had been so mighty earlier had lost half of their people in the blink of an eye.

Only Liu Hong managed to see Li Qingshan's actions clearly. He thought to himself sternly that if it were him instead, would he be able to block or avoid it? However, the conclusion he reached was worrying, which made him furrow his brows more and deepen his sneer. He seemed to have recovered a lot of the pride that he had lost to Li Qingshan earlier today.

Li Qingshan ignored the others and strode towards Yang Jun.

Yang Jun currently laid on the ground. Li Qingshan had kicked the table at him earlier, but with the disciples of the sect in the way, he had enough time to react. He dove onto the ground head-first in a hurry, avoiding the disaster.

Even now, he struggled to believe that it was all real. The people he had brought with him were all powerful disciples within the sect. There were three-third rate masters among them, and the others were all impressive adepts at martial arts, yet over half of them were dead or incapacitated from a single move. His public attempt to seize and punish Li Qingshan had instead become a huge joke.

Watching Li Qingshan approach him, he suddenly remembered the several dozen bandits that died at Li Qingshan's hands. He remembered the terrifying nickname of the person before him and how his martial arts were nowhere near sufficient. He drew his sword madly. "Kill him!"

A sword stabbed towards Li Qingshan. At the same time, five other swords flashed with cold light and stabbed towards him from the front, the back, and the two sides. The stunned disciples of the Dragon's Gate sect managed to return to their senses as well. They were seniors and juniors who spent most of their time together training. They did not have much experience in actual battle, but they worked together rather well.

The attacks moved at exactly the same speed, enveloping Li Qingshan in a net of swords.

"Be careful of the sword formation!" Li Long warned loudly, but it was already too late. The six swords stabbed Li Qingshan at the same time.

The owner of each sword was both surprised and delighted as if they had never imagined success would be so easy. The sword formation of our Dragon's Gate sect really is extraordinary!

An expression of either mockery or pity appeared on Liu Hong's face. You're too soft. You're far too inexperienced with battles in the jianghu. You were guaranteed victory, yet you gave your opponent the perfect opportunity to surround and attack you. You've dug your own grave.

However, with the death of every young genius, aside from pity, experienced members of the jianghu like him would always feel some ease. They would always be tempted to say complacently, Look, the older ones are still tougher. The strongest might not necessarily survive till the very end.

The swords pierced an inch into Li Qingshan's skin before their advance stopped. The delighted expressions of the swordsmen were replaced with shock. They pushed as hard as they could, but it only bent their tough swords into curves.

Liu Hong was alarmed. Don't tell me his external martial arts for toughness has already reached a level where he's impenetrable to weapons. Not to mention that fine, steel swords imbued with inner force could not be compared to regular weapons. The surprises this young man gave him were far too much.

Li Qingshan said slowly, "No wonder people say it's difficult to fight a battle outnumbered. This combination attack is no weaker than a full-powered strike from an unmatched master." A demonic, red light that was indiscernible with the naked eye flowed through his pupils. "Though, how are you supposed to harm me with such weak, powerless swords?!"

His body exuded true qi, and the swords all shattered. All of the swordsmen were knocked away as they spat out blood. Only faint, white marks were left behind on Li Qingshan's skin.

Yang Jun felt extremely turbulent true qi rush into his body. The inner force that he had gathered after all these years of bitter training was actually completely useless. The true qi rampaged through his body, ripping apart his meridians.

Just when he was about to fall down the stairs, there was a flash, and a figure arrived behind him. With a great wave of his hand, Yang Jun landed on the ground safely.

Li Qingshan became slightly stern and vigilant. He saw the person's movements, but he was unable to physically follow his movements techniques. While his defences were utterly startling, his speed was his weakest link.

Yang Anzhi felt Yang Jun's pulse, and his face became frosty. Yang Jun's meridians were a mess. His martial arts had been crippled.

Yang Jun called out, "Father." before fainting. Yang Anzhi looked at Li Qingshan, and his eyes shone with terrifying killing intent. He no longer seemed anything like a scholar. His heart was overwhelmed with hatred and regret. He had arrived at the restaurant a long time ago, but he thought Yang Jun and his group of disciples would be sufficient to seize Li Qingshan.

If he saw Liu Hong, it would be a rather awkward position for him to be in, so he remained hidden in the restaurant the entire time, ready to respond at a moment's notice.

However, he had never thought everything would happen so quickly. Ever since Li Qingshan sent the table flying and cleared out half of the disciples there, he had wanted to interfere, but he then saw Li Qingshan fall into the sword formation, which would guarantee his fate.

Even Liu Hong, someone who had witnessed the power of Li Qingshan's 'tough, external martial arts', thought Li Qingshan would be dead for sure, let alone him. As a result, Yang Anzhi stopped himself, and it all became too late with that halt.

Liu Hong chuckled. "Brother Yang, long time no see. Why have your people suddenly made such a great disturbance? Just what is it all for?" Li Qingshan could tell that Yang Anzhi and Yang Jun's appearances were slightly similar. Followed by what Liu Hong said, he deduced who this person was. He was the master of the Dragon's Gate sect, the greatest among the martial arts society of Qingyang.

Yang Anzhi had roamed through the jianghu for many years after all, so he had an unswerving will. He immediately let go of his son, without even looking at Liu Hong, speaking to Li Qingshan, "Originally, I wanted to just persuade you to hand it over obediently. I had no plans to hurt you, but I've changed my

mind now. My son has never done anything to you, so why have you been so cruel to him?" Towards the end, he could no longer hold in his raging fury. His face twisted viciously.

Li Qingshan laughed instead when he heard this. "No plans to hurt me? Never done anything to me?" If he had been a little weaker, who knows how much torture and humiliation he would have gone through if he ended up in Yang Jun's hands. He would probably end up losing his life as well.

Back on the mountain path, the condescending threats and humiliation from the powerful shouldn't be considered as a grievance, right? Yang Jun might have been extremely wronged too. Yeah, I only said some things to you. It's not like I actually cut off your hand.

"I just want to ask you, who told you about this? Forget it, I will ask him myself! With a father like you who doesn't even know the difference between right and wrong, it's no wonder your son and your disciples have turned out like this. I'll kill you today and uproot these seeds of misfortune! Before I sweep up the Black Wind stronghold, I'll sacrifice you as a prayer for my victory!" The red light in Li Qingshan's eyes deepened.