

Chapter 53 - The Master of the Black Wind Stronghold

The Descended Tiger!

Suddenly, Yang Anzhi thought of the nickname that he had originally shrugged off completely. The Descended Tiger, Li Qingshan. Currently, the thing lunging at him was not a human, but a wild beast with fangs and claws.

Having lost his treasured sword, he was like an infant, completely vulnerable. He retreated backwards quickly.

The chilling wind appeared behind him once again, ready to take his soul.

Without any qualms anymore, Li Qingshan could use his Ox Demon's Fist of Great Strength freely and unencumbered. His fists whistled through the air, forcing Yang Anzhi to dodge everywhere. Xiao An, who flew around in the darkness, did not spare a single opening. He was vicious.

The two of them, one hard and rigid and the other quick and flexible, one yang and one yin. Together, their combination was flawless.

Yang Anzhi was impressive as well. He was injured, but he used his extraordinary movement technique to maneuver and dodge. However, he still gained a few more wounds as the blood flowed faster from his back.

The smell of blood was so heavy that even ordinary people could smell it.

"Where is Li Qingshan?!" Suddenly, a bellow exploded from downstairs. It contained a powerful inner force such that it was deafening.

Over a dozen torches rose up, illuminating upstairs.

Li Qingshan's mind halted, and he signalled at Xiao An. The knife immediately flew back into his sleeve. He did not plan on letting anyone know this secret right now.

Only now could everyone see Yang Anzhi's figure. They were all speechless at his appearance. Before the darkness, Yang Anzhi seemed unstoppable, about to kill Li Qingshan. That also matched their expectations. No matter how powerful Li Qingshan was, Yang Anzhi was still one of the best of the best of the martial arts society of Qingyang.

However, in the blink of an eye, Yang Anzhi had actually been defeated, and he had been defeated so miserably.

Yang Anzhi recovered his sight and retreated to Yang Jun's side. His face was pale, and his expression was twisted. It was like he wanted to tear Li Qingshan to shreds. He picked up Yang Jun and burst out a window.

Li Qingshan thought about how it was a pity, but he did not mind it too much. He placed a foot on the window sill and looked down. "Li Qingshan is right here!"

He saw a figure that was as tall and sturdy as a black bear's at first glance, while the black bear saw him as well. They made eye contact and sparks flew.

"Xiong Xiangwu!" Liu Hong cried out. Although he was based in Qingyang city, he had met this vicious bandit before.

"The Black Wind bandits have entered the city!" someone called out. At first, the aristocrats upstairs fell into chaos once again and shouts from the distance followed.

Li Qingshan stood in the building and gazed down. The entire Qingyang city seemed to have descended into chaos.

However, Xiong Xiangwu looked at Yang Anzhi in shock as well. The two of them had heard the news together and rushed to Qingyang city simultaneously. One wanted revenge, while the other wanted the spiritual ginseng.

The Dragon's Gate sect used its superior movement technique to arrive first. They wanted to retrieve the spiritual ginseng immediately and avoid any potential accidents. On the other hand, the Black Wind stronghold would kill off Li Qingshan. As a result, when Yang Anzhi said, "I had no plans to hurt you," it was all just bullsh*t.

However, Li Qingshan's strength seemed to have exceeded everyone's expectations.

Yang Anzhi said, "The kid's martial arts aren't any worse than mine, and he has a trick up his sleeve. Be careful, master of the stronghold." Originally, he did not want to have much to do with the Black Wind stronghold, but now, all of Li Qingshan's enemies were his friends.

"The Dragon's Gate sect has been working with the Black Wind stronghold to attack Qingyang city! You've all witnessed it!" Li Qingshan used true qi to widely broadcast his voice.

Yang Anzhi shuddered and ground his teeth. "Li Qingshan, I'll never spare you!"

Li Qingshan's single statement had dropped the Dragon's Gate sect from its glory of being a righteous sect to the ranks of bandits.

"If you could do it, don't be afraid of being condemned for it! Good, good, good! Stronghold master Xiong has come himself. You've saved me the trouble of coming to look for you." Li Qingshan extended his hand and seemed to wrap his fingers around Xiong Xiangwu. With his might from defeating the Dragon's Gate sect, he radiated with valiance.

"How bold of you!" Xiong Xiangwu's expression changed, and he leapt up, flying towards Li Qingshan. Despite his huge size, his movement techniques were actually not bad at all.

Just when Li Qingshan wanted to attack, a figure flashed past beside him. Liu Hong used his 'Charge of the Heavy Cavalry' and forcefully received Xiong Xiangwu's attack in the air.

Xiong Xiangwu landed heavily on the ground, while Liu Hong used the force from the clash to land back in the building. Blood gushed through their heads.

Xiong Xiangwu was furious. "You!"

Liu Hong said, "Stronghold master Xiong has come to Qingyang city to make trouble, so isn't that far too disrespectful to me?!" Just like how wild beasts were territorial, people of the jianghu valued their territory as well. Sometimes, they were even more territorial than wild beasts. They would not allow the careless intrusion of anyone. The Black Wind stronghold's actions had displeased him, the local boss of the area.

Of course, if Xiong Xiangwu had mobilised so many people for some ordinary people, Liu Hong might not have been willing to stand forward, but Li Qingshan had already demonstrated enough strength for him to help out.

The second boss, who was dressed like a scholar, said sinisterly, "Doesn't it concern you that the Iron Fist school might be destroyed by becoming enemies with our Black Wind stronghold?"

Liu Hong called out, "Where be the disciples of the Iron Fist school?"

With that, swathes of people surged out from the streets and alleyways, surrounding the restaurant completely. They were all disciples of the Iron Fist school. They had gathered over when they heard Liu Hong's call. Liu Hong had rallied hundreds of people, making him even mightier than Li Qingshan.

The reason why the good men of jianghu could be rampant in their territory was not purely because of their martial arts but also because of the powerful force behind them. Even if Xiong Xiangwu and Yang Anzhi worked together, they would have to carefully consider this aspect.

Yang Anzhi suddenly called out, "Master Liu, don't you know exactly what we've come for this time?"

Liu Hong raised an eyebrow as if he was interested.

Li Qingshan frowned instead, but he could not stop Yang Anzhi from continuing.

"It's for the spiritual ginseng that appeared near Bailao peak. Practitioners of martial arts only need to absorb part of it, and their martial arts will advance drastically. It can also provide a very good opportunity at reaching the innate realm. This item is in his hands right now, which is why his martial arts could advance so rapidly." Yang Anzhi pointed at Li Qingshan with a vicious expression.

Wealth would lead to ruin from others' greed. He had disclosed the existence of the spiritual ginseng before over a hundred people, so the news would definitely spread like wildfire. Once that happened, countless people of the jianghu who desired the spiritual ginseng would gather over like wild beasts that had caught the scent of blood. No matter how powerful Li Qingshan was, he would still be ripped to pieces.

Everyone could not help but look towards Li Qingshan. Li Qingshan only looked down, without any confirmation or denial. He knew any attempt at rejection would be useless. His progression with martial arts only served as evidence for Yang Anzhi's accusation.

The worst situation he worried about had happened, but he did not feel frantic at all. Instead, he felt surprisingly calm.

"I'm already at such an advanced age, so I have no interest in any major advancement in my martial arts or in dominating the martial arts society!" That was what Liu Hong said, but his gaze searched through Li

Qingshan. Clearly, he was not speaking his mind. There was not a single person of the martial arts society who did not want major advancements in their martial arts.

“The spiritual ginseng can also lengthen lifespans. Don’t tell me you don’t care about that either, school master Liu? All you need to do is give a single order and capture this kid, and you’ll get the spiritual ginseng without even lifting a finger. Stronghold master Xiong and I only seek vengeance, so if that happens, we will never fight over the spiritual ginseng with you. Moreover, it’s not like we can get it even if we try.” Yang Anzhi demonstrated the terrifying aspects of being the master of a sect aside from his martial arts. As expected, Liu Hong was very interested, while Xiong Xiangwu’s eyes shone as well. Who knows what he was thinking to himself.

In the blink of an eye, it was Li Qingshan against everyone else once again. His eyes were serene, but he searched for a way to break out of this situation in his head. He did not believe Liu Hong would show any loyalty of friendship towards him. Wasn’t the reason why he ended up like this exactly because he believed in the loyalty of friendship?

Of course, he was not at the end of his rope. As long as he gave up the spiritual ginseng, he could obviously get out of this situation easily. However, he would never do that unless he had no other choice. The Strength of Nine Oxen and Two Tigers did not focus on practising qi. The spiritual ginseng could be his greatest safeguard to ensure that he could become a so-called innate master.

The stalemate was broken very soon. Xiong Xiangwu bellowed out and flew up the building once more.

Liu Hong lowered his head as if he was contemplating something. He did not move. At most, he would just stand by, and making things worse for Li Qingshan was rather possible as well.

Yang Anzhi also used this opportunity to apply some medicinal powder to his wounds and stabilise his condition. He was ready to strike.

Watching as Li Qingshan was about to face the combined attacks of two great masters of Qingyang, Yang Anzhi’s entire body was tense, ready to take part at any time.

Xiong Xiangwu’s expression changed suddenly. He forcefully twisted his body in the air and landed on the ground once more. A feather arrow brushed past him with a fierce gale and only then did its whistling arrive.