

Chapter 56 - Into the Black Wind Stronghold Alone

The gathering hall was ablaze with lights. The leaders of the stronghold all gathered together, discussing the matter regarding Li Qingshan.

“First boss, what do we do now? The kid is hiding in Qingyang city, and he has Huang Binghu’s protection.”

“Hmph, Yang Anzhi has disclosed the news about the spiritual ginseng, so who can protect him? He’ll meet an untimely end before long.”

“He’ll be dying in the hands of others. We won’t be able to regain the domineering influence of our Black Wind stronghold like that. Moreover, the spiritual ginseng will end up in the hands of others.”

As expected, Xiong Xiangwu’s eye twitched. His desire for the spiritual ginseng was no less than anyone else’s.

“Did he say he would come himself? When that happens, I’ll crush him into meat paste.” The seventh boss was a bald fatty. He swung the huge mace in his hand barbarically.

Everyone looked at one another and snickered. “Seventh brother, you’re the only one who thinks he’ll come.” No one with the slightest bit of intelligence would actually believe he would rush into their Black Wind stronghold alone.

“If he won’t come, we’ll force him to come. Although the snow has sealed up the mountains, preventing us from mobilising a large number of our forces, we only need to send a single group, and that’ll be enough to massacre the Crouching Ox village and regain our might. When we do that, we just need to find a few family and friends close to him and hack them to pieces before delivering them piece by piece to him. I refuse to believe he’ll still be able to stay put.” The second boss stated his insidious scheme.

All of the bosses applauded him, all agreeing to it. The second boss smiled boastfully as well.

Thunk! There was a blaring sound, and the entire stronghold seemed to shake. A bandit rushed in. “Oh no! T- there’s someone banging on the stronghold gate, bosses!”

In front of the stronghold, over a dozen bandits guarding the entrance stared at the gate in shaking fear. The huge gate nailed together from several large, thick logs no longer provided any sense of safety to them.

Thunk! With another loud noise, the logs trembled as wooden splinters flew everywhere; it was like a huge beast was trying to force its way in. Under the constant ramming, large parts of the stronghold gate cracked.

Boom! Huge pieces of splinters scattered, and a piece of it struck a bandit in the chest, immediately causing him to collapse onto the ground and spit out blood.

However, the bandits were in no shape to care for their companion. Instead, they stared at the entrance blankly. Within the wind, snow and dust, a large, tall figure stepped into the Black Wind stronghold.

“S- stop! This is the black-” Despite his fear, a bandit who seemed to be their leader tried to speak, but before he could even finish his words, an arrow emerged from the dust, ending what he was going to say and his life.

Li Qingshan lifted the Stone Splitter bow and said nonchalantly, “I know!”

Before the dust had even settled, the bandits discovered that standing before the gate was not an army or a colossal beast, but a teenager clad in metal armour, wielding a huge bow. The fear in their hearts immediately eased up drastically. Someone waved his blade and called out, “He’s alone! Everyone get him together and kill him! The stronghold master will reward us handsomely!”

Over a dozen mountain bandits wielded various weapons and charged over with battle cries.

Li Qingshan calmly removed three arrows from a quiver and notched it on the bowstring. He immediately drew the bow to its full capacity, and a series of thrums rang out. The sharp arrows pierced the three bandits at the very front with enough force to pierce clouds and split rocks. They collapsed on the ground, dead, like puppets that had their strings cut.

Li Qingshan drew the bow like it was a spring and fired arrows. He consecutively killed twelve bandits.

“I’ll kill you!” There were still four bandits who managed to approach him, swinging their weapons at Li Qingshan’s head as they roared out. Li Qingshan stowed his bow away and continued forwards like he had not seen them at all.

A whirlwind swept through his surroundings with a sharp edge. Blood spurted from the necks of the four bandits at the same time, and they all collapsed on the ground. One of the bandits had some skill and saw the tiny knife. He tried to parry with his blade, but the knife cut through his weapon like it was cake.

Li Qingshan made his way over the corpses and continued forwards. Afterwards, he stopped in the empty centre of the stronghold. He saw bandits rush out after receiving the news from various buildings. They all held torches, which was extremely eye-catching in the darkness.

He drew the great bow and fired off arrows rapidly. He became faster with each arrow.

The effects of the spiritual alcohol gradually came into play within his body. He felt slightly tipsy, but every single arrow he shot seemed like a result of divine intervention. Not a single missed.

The gathering hall was located at the highest point of the Black Wind stronghold. The bosses all hurried out of there and looked down from a platform. The bosses all cried out together, “He’s actually bold enough to come?” Moreover, he came so quickly too.

Suddenly, Li Qingshan found that the bandits had stopped changing over, instead retreating in an orderly fashion. He raised his head and saw Xiong Xiangwu with a single glance, and he laughed aloud. “Stronghold master Xiong, a guest has come, yet as the host, you take forever to welcome him! I couldn’t wait any longer, so I killed a few dozen of your lackeys to kill my boredom. You can’t blame me for this!”

True qi surged out and projected the laughter to five kilometers away. His words reverberated through the mountains, drowning out the sound of wind and snow, booming through the ears of the mountain

bandits like thunder. Those who were closed and asked immediately collapsed on the ground, moaning as blood trickled from their ears.

"Oops, I've killed a few more." Li Qingshan covered his mouth and produced a drunken hiccup.

The bandits were shaken from fright, while Xiong Xiangwu was close to exploding with anger. The strength of Li Qingshan's inner force was beyond his imagination, and it was even more refined. He was not like the rumors, which said he was just a master of tough, external martial arts. It must have been the effects of the spiritual ginseng.

"The same day next year will be the anniversary of your death. No, I want to keep you alive and torture you for seven days and seven nights!"

Li Qingshan laughed aloud. "I don't have that time or boredom to deal with you like that, so they up and come meet your maker!" He raised and drew his bow, and the smile on his face suddenly vanished. His right hand turned into a flurry as he fired the arrows like a machine.

Seven arrows formed a single line. He had used the rapid fire technique he had learnt from the Drawn Reins village to fire away at the platform.

"Dodge!" Xiong Xiangwu's warning was too late. A person fell from the platform with three arrows in him. He had only managed to dodge the first four arrows.

"Sixth boss!" the mountain bandits cried out.

Li Qingshan reached towards his waist. The three quivers of arrows were all empty, so he tossed them aside with the great bow.

"He's out of arrows!" "There's no need to fear him! Kill him!" The bandits riled up their morale and surged forth as a black mass. They surrounded him completely and layers upon layers of figures and weapons swallowed up Li Qingshan.

Li Qingshan kicked up the Tyrant's spear by his foot and placed it on his shoulders with a clang. He swung around like a whirlwind, and the seventy-one kilogram, four-meter-long Tyrant's spear danced like a black dragon, thrumming deeply as it swept through the air.

Five bandits were blown away simultaneously, either with their heads cracked open or their chests crushed to dust. They could not be more dead. With this weapon in hand, anything Li Qingshan touched would die. No one would survive.

He also managed to smash the bandits further away together, causing them to moan and cry out. Li Qingshan looked at the platform. "Don't send your lackeys to a pointless death. Hurry up and get over here and fight me." Xiong Xiangwu looked at the dead and injured, but he had no intention of fighting. He sneered instead. "Fight you?" He could clearly see it from his vantage point.

More than ten mountain bandits in special uniforms blended in with the crowd, approaching Li Qingshan. They did not hold their weapons high like their companions, instead letting it droop.

Li Qingshan shivered inside. Terrifying killing intent appeared like a venomous snake revealing its fangs, but all of the masters he had to take seriously were clearly on the platform.

Before he could consider it carefully, these special bandits raised their arms and called out, "Move!"

Li Qingshan immediately saw it clearly. There were over a dozen pitch-black crossbows in their hands, and they all pulled the triggers at the same time.