

Chapter 66 - Instantly Slaughtering the Dragon's Gate Sect

Yang Anzhi's expression changed drastically. He actually failed to sense Li Qingshan's arrival at all. When Li Qingshan raised his feet and took a step, there was no longer any clumsiness like before. Instead, it was light and gentle like a feline creature's steps.

The other elders were still wondering who he was. Yang Jun roared out, "Li Qingshan!"

Everyone stood up and drew their swords at the same time. All of them tried to get in a word in a messy manner. "What are the disciples on post doing?" "How did you get here?" "Who else is there?" "All of you, come out!"

"You don't have to worry about how I got here. I've come alone today!" Li Qingshan looked around and saw many people he did not recognise, so he said, "I've come today just to deal with the chief culprit. The others are welcome to leave the hall. I'll give you ten minutes." He turned to the side and cleared the way out of the hall, but what answered him was a series of swishes from drawing swords from sheaths. The cold gleam of the swords flickered constantly.

The disciplinary elder said, "You really are looking for your own doom, aren't you? You've actually infiltrated the mountain alone. Do you really think our Dragon's Gate sect can be trifled with that easily?" He was responsible for punishment and was known for his coldness in the Dragon's Gate sect. He looked at Li Qingshan like one of the disciples who had ended up in his hands.

"Kill him! He's the great enemy of our Dragon's Gate sect!" "If it weren't for him, the Dragon's Gate sect wouldn't be like this right now, yet he has actually delivered himself to us." "Don't spare him so easily. I want to cut off his arms and legs."

The people who were just about to turn against themselves banded together over the appearance of the 'source of trouble', Li Qingshan. They wanted to vent all of their anger on him, tempted to cut him into pieces and tear him to shreds.

In their eyes, Li Qingshan, who had come alone, was already on the chopping block, allowing them to cut or torture him however they wanted.

Only Yang Anzhi remained silent, clasping the hilt of his sword firmly as he sensed Li Qingshan's changes. Li Qingshan seemed like an iron club before, possessing great strength but lacking flexibility and sharpness. However, Li Qingshan now seemed like he had gained an edge, completely exhibiting his edge to make people look away.

Li Qingshan said calmly, "Then the Dragon's Gate sect will be the next Black Wind stronghold!" Killing intent roused in his heart, and an aura of murderousness flooded from his body, rushing towards the people of the Dragon's Gate sect.

What a heavy aura of murderousness!

Everyone shivered inside. They felt the temperature in the hall abruptly plummet by a few degrees, while the crippled Yang Jun almost fainted on the spot.

Li Qingshan used this opportunity to unleash the Tiger Demon Leaps over the Ravine. He lunged towards the closest disciple of the Dragon's Gate sect. He crossed a distance of over a dozen paces in just a single pounce. With the Tiger Demon Digs out the Heart, he reached over with a claw, and his five fingers roared through the air. It was frightening.

Even a lion would use its full strength to catch a rabbit, never using its advantage to blabber to its enemies.

The disciple never thought that Li Qingshan would strike so suddenly. Stricken by fear, he could not use any of his martial arts at all. He only watched as Li Qingshan's hand plunged into his chest and dug out a blood heart before tossing it aside casually.

Xiao An leapt up and caught the heart, absorbing the essence blood from it. Ever since Li Qingshan found out there was a chance for him to recover Xiao An's body of flesh and blood, he dedicated himself to this task like it was a holy ceremony.

The flames in Xiao An's eye sockets danced around, sweeping past the people in the hall. As long as he killed these people, he would be a step closer to his objective! No matter what the price was, he wanted to appear before Li Qingshan in a body of flesh and blood once again.

Originally, the people of the Dragon's Gate sect returned to their senses the moment Li Qingshan attacked and killed the disciple, but they came to a sudden halt once again. They stared at this strange sight in horror. Beside the wavering candlelight, a skeleton held and ate a human's heart. Only a single word appeared in their heads. D- Demon!

Since Xiao An no longer possessed the ability to hide himself, there was no need for him to keep hiding. Li Qingshan drew the treasured sword that had been passed down through the Dragon's Gate sect, the Soaring Dragon sword, and stabbed it into the ground. "I've long heard that the Dragon's Gate sect is known for their sword techniques. Xiao An, why don't you learn from them?"

Xiao An tossed the heart aside and grabbed the Soaring Dragon sword. The sword was just a little too long for him, but as soon as he grabbed the hilt, his bearing changed completely; it was like he was a supreme swordsman. The tip of the sword pointed at the ground diagonally as every single person in the hall felt like they had been enveloped in the sword moves.

The disciplinary elder was pale. He no longer possessed the confidence from before. As a sword sect, no matter who it was, they still understood the sword.

The person who left behind the sword moves and sword intent in the painting scroll could draw out a spiritual artifact. He was someone that the black ox had praised. Even when Xiao An had only comprehended part of a set of sword moves from it, it surpassed all the sword moves that a second-rate sect like the Dragon's Gate sect possessed.

The marble tiles under Li Qingshan suddenly shattered. He had already vanished from his previous location. He used the Tiger Demon Leaps over the Ravine again, ignoring everyone else in the hall and going straight for the sect master, Yang Anzhi.

Yang Anzhi bellowed out, "Kill him!" His voice jolted everyone back to their senses. They were all swordsmen who had trained with the sword for many years, so they would never be truly stunned. They

knew that this was a moment of life and death, so their eyes reddened as they unleashed their full strength. Over a dozen swords stabbed mightily towards Li Qingshan who was in the air, stuck on a fixed path.

Li Qingshan did not try to dodge. He did not even glance at the swords. His eyes narrowed completely like a brutal wild beast's as he stared right at Yang Anzhi.

Yang Anzhi finally drew his sword. It was actually another glowing, treasured sword. Although it was worse than the Soaring Dragon sword, it could still cut through rock and metal with ease. He produced seven swords, erupting with seven blurs that flew towards Li Qingshan. Even if other swords could not even penetrate Li Qingshan's skin, this sword could definitely claim his life.

Just when Li Qingshan wanted to attack, Xiao An suddenly rushed over from below. The Soaring Dragon sword also transformed into seven swords, unleashing seven blurs that collided with Yang Anzhi's attack, producing a series of clangs and clangs.

Behind Xiao An, the group of elders and disciples all froze like they had become statues, maintaining their postures of stabbing towards Li Qingshan. Blood spurted wildly from terrifying wounds on their necks, chests, and foreheads at almost the same time as they collapsed on the ground.

In the moment that Li Qingshan had moved, Xiao An had moved as well with the Soaring Dragon sword in his hand, sticking close to the ground instead and moving through the hall. Just when everyone unleashed their full-powered attacks at Li Qingshan, he took advantage of their huge openings and instantly killed all of the elders and disciples before receiving Yang Anzhi's sword.

He was not a child but a demonic cultivator who practised an ability from the demonic path. The Soaring Dragon sword was not a toy either but a terrifying weapon that could claim lives.

Li Qingshan had once said that he probably could slaughter the entire Black Wind stronghold alone when Xiao An reached the initial achievement of the Path of White Bone and Great Beauty. Only now did he witness just how powerful Xiao An had become after comprehending the set of sword moves from the spiritual artifact whilst wielding a weapon like the Soaring Dragon sword. "This kid!"

Both of their strengths gradually surpassed the level of second-rate masters. Now this was the jianghu. Before absolute martial might, additional numbers basically did nothing.

Clang! The sword was knocked away, embedded in a beam in the hall. Yang Anzhi clutched his sword-wielding hand as he quickly retreated. All of the blood in his face had drained away. He no longer possessed the bearing of the master of a sect. "What are you!?" Xiao An's strength was not something he could rival.