

Chapter 68 - A Quick Trip

As soon as Yang Anzhi had taken a step, he collapsed on the ground like lightning had struck him, and he trembled all over. Blood oozed out from every single pore of his body. Before long, he had become drenched in blood.

The sharp sword qi did not distinguish between friend or foe. Li Qingshan remained unscathed because of the true qi protecting his body. Yang Anzhi had only practised inner force, which was qualitatively different from true qi, so it was unable to stop the sword qi.

The entire ancestral hall began to creak. Dust and wood chips drifted down. The sword qi had destroyed the entire structure, so it was about to collapse.

With tonnes of wood and earth falling down, even Li Qingshan was afraid of biting off more than he could chew. "Xiao An, leave quickly!" However, he directly charged towards Yang Anzhi.

The violent collapse of the ancestral hall could be heard from over five kilometers away. Dust blanketed the entire Dragon's Gate sect, immediately alarming all of the disciples standing guard. They all rushed up the mountain and made their way over.

The main hall at the front was shrouded in dust. Li Qingshan's figure appeared, holding a heart.

Xiao An lowered his head in shame. If it were not for him, who had forcefully received Yang Anzhi's attack earlier, he would have never had the chance to flee to the ancestral hall, and Li Qingshan would have never risked so much danger.

Li Qingshan rubbed Xiao An's head. "It's fine!" He was just like a father spoiling his child, an elder brother doting on his younger brother.

The two polar opposite bearings of brutality and warmth appeared on him simultaneously. It was extremely conflicting yet also making perfect sense.

With the Tiger Demon Digs out the Heart, he had retrieved the hearts of over a dozen masters of the Dragon's Gate sect. After Xiao An absorbed them, the flames in his eye sockets became much brighter. Whether it be his strength or his speed, they had both increased substantially. He progressed so rapidly that it truly lived up to its name as a superhuman ability.

Li Qingshan removed the spiritual artifact sword that was slightly worse than the Soaring Dragon sword from the beam. However, it was also much smaller and shorter than the Soaring Dragon sword, so it was more suitable for Xiao An to unleash the power of his sword techniques.

Next, Li Qingshan searched through the Dragon's Gate sect and found a set of clothes to wear. However, he did not find a treasury like in the Black Wind stronghold. After all, the Dragon's Gate sect would not accumulate so much gold and silverware for no reason. The Black Wind stronghold only had so much because they were bandits. Stolen goods were difficult to sell, which was why they had stored it in the treasury.

However, he did find over a dozen medicinal bottles. They were labelled with names like Nine Ginseng Pill of Jade Dew, Deer's Fetus Pill of Bone Transformation, and so on. Although there were no wondrous

pills or medicines of immortals, they had still been refined at great costs and with great effort for the Dragon's Gate sect to nurture their disciples. Although their effects were not on par with the spiritual ginseng or spiritual alcohol, they completely surpassed alcohol that had been steeped with ginseng. It was quite the harvest.

However, his greatest gain came from the body of the young master, Yang Jun. It was a stack of silver notes, worth several tens of thousand taels. Yang Anzhi had already been prepared to retreat, so he brought all of his possessions with him, handing it to his only son to take care of, just in case. However, he never expected Li Qingshan to come so quickly and so ferociously.

The disciples of the Dragon's Gate sect all arrived. When they saw how the ancestral hall had collapsed, they looked at one another speechlessly. "W- what has happened?"

They rushed into the main hall and immediately became stunned by the horrific sight. Corpses laid around with a hole in each of their chests. Only a single figure stood there with his back towards them.

A disciple gathered the courage to shout, "Who are you!?"

Li Qingshan patted the porcelain jar, comforting the fidgeting Xiao An. He turned around and said, "I am Li Qingshan. The Dragon's Gate sect has already been destroyed. Please all scatter!" With that, he made his way out of the hall.

The bandits of the Black Wind mountain were sinful, so he had to kill them all, while the people in the main hall had already treated him as an enemy, wanting to take his life, so they could not be spared either. However, these regular disciples of the Dragon's Gate sect had only been used as sacrificial pawns. Even if he wanted to help Xiao An recover his body as soon as possible, he could not go around killing the innocent.

Of course, if there were any disciples who dared to draw their swords and attack him, he would show no mercy. Swordsmen had to be ready to die by the sword, while murderers had to be mentally prepared for being murdered as well.

Li Qingshan passed through the several dozen disciples of the Dragon's Gate sect. They all moved aside, forming a path for him.

Just when Li Qingshan was about to reach the door, someone drew their sword with a swish and roared out, "I'll kill you!" They charged at Li Qingshan.

Li Qingshan glanced back at him indifferently, and the disciple halted. The gaze filled with killing intent was like a sharp sword, stabbing into his heart. The sword in his hand dropped to the ground with a clang, and he collapsed on his knees. He said, "You're not a human, but a demon, a demon!"

Li Qingshan did not pay too much attention to it and made his way out easily. He took in a deep breath; this was the end to another grievance.

On the lone peak, the group of disciples followed behind Li Qingshan as they trembled. Li Qingshan arrived before a cliff and leapt off, vanishing into the snowy, windy darkness.

There was a saying that it was easier to go up a mountain than to come down from one. Compared to climbing the mountain when he came, Li Qingshan's path down was even more dangerous. He used the

form of the Tiger Demon Descends from the Mountain and controlled his entire body. He carefully used every bit of strength within him. If he used a little too much or a little too little, a fate of a shattered body would be awaiting him.

However, with his experience from last time, he managed to climb down the mountain safely. He became more familiar with the usage of the Tiger Demon's Fist of Bone Forging. Just as Li Qingshan was having the time of his life, his stomach suddenly growled loudly. An intense feeling of hunger attacked. He had covered so much ground the night before when he rushed to the Black Wind stronghold and fought for such a long time, yet he had not been as hungry as now.

He sprinted wildly along the ground once more, returning to Qingyang city. He was met with shut city gates, but with a leap, he scaled them and returned to the restaurant.

The restaurant was well-lit, and the banquet had yet to disperse. Everyone drank their alcohol tasteless as they chatted out of boredom, waiting for Li Qingshan's news.

Li Qingshan suddenly appeared before them. Everyone even wondered whether he had gone to the Dragon's Gate sect at all, as he had left and returned in less than two hours. That was not even enough time for regular people to make it to the Dragon's Gate sect.

Although Li Qingshan had used snow to clean off the traces of blood on him, the sanguine smell was so heavy that it would not disperse.

Ye Dachuan said, "Qingshan!"

Li Qingshan said, "Please remain seated, sir. The Dragon's Gate sect has already been destroyed. Yang Anzhi, Yang Jun, and the group of criminals have all been cleaned up. I've let the other disciples scatter by themselves."

Everyone in the restaurant gasped. If they had not been deterred by Li Qingshan's might, they basically wanted to question whether he was telling the truth at all. What kind of speed was this? When he went to destroy the Black Wind stronghold, the journey to and back had taken an entire day and night.

Ye Dachuan exclaimed, "So quickly!"

Li Qingshan nodded. Although it had only been a day, he had already become much more powerful. First, he had the powerful support from Xiao An, who had achieved something with the Path of White Bone and Great Beauty. Secondly, he himself had begun practising the Tiger Demon's Fist of Bone Forging, which converted his strength into killing power.

The only person present who could sense this change completely was the master of the Iron Fist school, Liu Hong. He buried his head deeply into the table. Only like that could he hide his shock. He felt that the Li Qingshan right now was a divine weapon that had just ground out an edge, exhibiting its unprecedented, dazzling gleam.