

### **Chapter 82 - Sheltering from the Snow and Wind in a Mountain God Temple (One)**

Li Qingshan grabbed the Cursive Sword Calligraphy on his back. After drinking the Bodhi Brew, not only was his true qi filled to the brim, but his condition was even better than it had ever been before. As such, it was enough for him to power the spiritual artifact again. It would definitely be much sharper than the Wind-entwining blade.

However, he did not have complete confidence in being able to kill Feng Zhang with a single strike. His spiritual artifact was probably several grades higher than the Wind-entwining blade, making it a real treasure. If he failed to kill his enemy, news would spread, and he would probably attract people greater than just first-rate masters. There would be innate masters as well, or rather, Qi Practitioners.

And, he was still unable to control this spiritual artifact very well. Once he used it, it would drain all of his true qi, so if he failed, both his physical strength and speed would decline significantly. He would basically become a sitting duck.

The dark clouds shrouded the sky once more. In the pitch-black night, a person fled as another pursued. Li Qingshan used his extraordinary sight to constantly bound through the mountains, purposefully looking for rugged terrain. He climbed up cliffs and leapt over valleys. His surroundings constantly receded around him.

Feng Zhang chased him wildly with eyes red from rage as if he could also see through the night, but his vision was nowhere near as great as Li Qingshan's. After all, Li Qingshan's eyes had been awakened by the black ox's tears. If they were on flat ground, perhaps Feng Zhang would have been able to catch up.

Unfortunately, they were in the mountains. The effects of Li Qingshan's three forms of movement from the Tiger Demon's Fist of Bone Forging were basically amplified, making him unbelievably fast. And, with the rise and fall of the terrain, Feng Zhang could no longer locate Li Qingshan anymore after a few twists and turns.

Li Qingshan widened the distance between them. Like a hunting tiger, he hid in a snowy crevice below a cliff, clasp the Cursive Sword Calligraphy in hand. He even called out Xiao An. As long as Feng Zhang came over, he would go out. Even if he failed to kill him, he would wound him at the very least. They were deep in the mountains, so it gave him enough room to catch his breath. He would be able to chase Feng Zhang to his death; this really was quite the scheme.

With a great bellow, Feng Zhang's resentful voice echoed through the mountains. "Li Qingshan, I'll skin you alive and cut you into pieces! I will never spare you!" It was so loud that the accumulated snow collapsed in small avalanches.

Li Qingshan knew that Feng Zhang would not come for him anymore immediately, so he sighed in pity. Obviously, he did not take these threats to heart. He remained hidden for a while longer and only left the crevice after confirming that Feng Zhang had not chased over. He shook off the snow on him and made his way into the depths of the Boundless mountains.

After he received the map, he finally learnt the name of the myriad mountains he had stared at from afar for a decade. They were the Boundless mountains.

Vast without end, without bounds, was known as boundless. A broad, open mind was also known as boundless.

It was a good name!

He made his way up to a peak and gazed at the mountains stretching into the distance once more. He no longer felt lost inside. He saw structures in the distance and only when he hurried over to it did he discover that it was no village, but an abandoned temple for a mountain god. Aside from the main hall, most of the other structures had collapsed. However, it at least provided him with a place to shelter from the wind.

He was not afraid of the biting cold, but remaining in a world of ice and snow did sap his true qi significantly.

Under Xiao An's assistance, he found a bear's den. The bear was still hibernating for the winter, so it was not awake. As a result, Li Qingshan went up and killed it with a punch, carrying it back to the mountain god temple.

Due to the different ability he practised, Xiao An's five senses were not as sharp as Li Qingshan's, but he was extremely sensitive to living auras. Even Li Qingshan failed to discover the bear's den under the snow immediately.

The main hall was empty. Even the altar table and plaques were missing; the villagers who lived nearby must have collected it to burn as firewood. However, Li Qingshan did discover a mighty mountain god that stood over three meters tall with a blue face and protruding teeth. It was actually a solid, wooden statue, standing on an altar as a whole piece. It was only covered in traces left behind by time. The villagers must have been afraid of blaspheming the god too much.

However, Li Qingshan was not worried by this. He had been spending time with a monster, and both he and Xiao An practised the abilities of daemons and demons, so there was no need for them to worship any ghosts or gods. He went up, and with a few easy strokes, he smashed the statue to pieces. He lit a fire in the main hall before skinning and deboning the huge bear. He did not need any tools at all. Just a simple swing of his nails would pierce through the tough bear skin and bear meat like paper.

The bear heart went to Xiao An for his dinner, while the bear skin was laid on the ground as a mat. The bear meat was placed on the fire.

It truly was speak of the devil. The black ox that Li Qingshan had been thinking of appeared right in front of him.

Li Qingshan jokingly thought that it was basically like the police in the movies, only appearing at the very end.

The black ox glanced at the statue in the crackling fire and nodded as if he were greatly satisfied. He asked, "How do you feel today?"

Li Qingshan said, "I feel like I know nothing, and I've been laughed at by others for no reason. You've never explained it properly. Even if I really achieve the Strength of Nine Oxen and Two Tigers, can I really defeat other people? And those Qi Practitioners and Golden Cores, what's that all about?"

The black ox said, "Isn't your understanding right now much deeper than if I tried to explain it to you? You will know very soon whether the ability I gave you is useful or not. As for those Qi Practitioners and Golden Cores, that's a human way of dividing and labelling."

Li Qingshan said, "Aren't I a human?"

The black ox only smiled, which irritated Li Qingshan. He grabbed the bear meat and began wolfing it down. Many parts of it were still not thoroughly cooked and still bloody, but he actually did not find it to be disgusting at all. Instead, he felt it had a particular flavour to it. Before long, he had picked the bear clean.

He also felt he was a little inhuman, but as long as he could drink and eat, there was nothing wrong with that. After eating, he began exercising, practising his ability. He discovered that after drinking the cup of Bodhi Brew, only a film separated him from reaching the first layer of the Tiger Demon's Fist of Bone Forging. However, he was unable to break through.

He asked the black ox for the reason, but the response did not surprise him at all. The Ox Demon's Fist of Great Strength was steady and firm, requiring bitter practice, while the Tiger Demon's Fist of Bone Forging advanced through slaughter.

Slaughter! Li Qingshan lowered his head in thought.

In the pitch-black mountains, a single ball of light could reach very far away. Li Qingshan laid down on the bear skin, holding the Cursive Sword Calligraphy in his hand. He made Xiao An hide away as he quietly waited for his prey to bite the hook.

He heard steps and snapped open his eyes, emerging from the mountain god temple. However, he did not only see Feng Zhang. There were five other people beside him. Hall chief Wu, Wei Dandong, Chu Xin, Lü Tingrui, and Wan Hao—five first-rate masters—surrounded the mountain god temple, preventing Li Qingshan from fleeing.

Countless more shadows flickered about. They were all their disciples, with plenty being second-rate masters. Even the weakest were at the third-rate.

Li Qingshan had never thought that as he waited for Feng Zhang to bite the hook, he would draw so many people here. As it seemed, Feng Zhang had lost his mind to anger, but he was not an idiot. He knew to borrow the strength of others.

Feng Zhang saw Li Qingshan, and he was filled with joy. However, when he saw the wolf tablet on his waist, he was overcome with rage. It was exactly this person who had taken everything away from him. Before he could even say anything, Li Qingshan said, "Although I don't know the names of the four of you, you're all respected figures. Just earlier, he told you all to piss off, yet in the blink of an eye, you're being ordered around by him. Don't you find this humiliating?"