

### Chapter 83 - Sheltering from the Snow and Wind in a Mountain God Temple (Two)

Wan Hao and Wei Dandong's expressions were rather unnatural, but Chu Xin chuckled. "It's all just business, so why would it have anything to do with humiliation?" He played around with the metal abacus in his hand, creating quite the rattle.

Lü Tingrui drew a thin, glowing sword and said, "Hand over the spiritual ginseng, and we'll leave immediately!"

Feng Zhang had managed to get them to come by promising that everyone would receive a share of the spiritual ginseng that Li Qingshan possessed. Although the hall chief was rather dissatisfied with this, he would never be bold enough to object when he saw Feng Zhang's darkened face.

Li Qingshan said nothing. He fished out the spiritual ginseng from the gourd, tossed it into his mouth, chewed, and swallowed it. He clapped his hands. "It's gone!"

The eyes of the masters rapidly dimmed as soon as they had lit up. Their expressions varied. There was despair, there was fury, and there was disappointment, but none of them had anymore interest in fighting.

Li Qingshan's fundamental solution to this situation really was reliable, effective, and vicious.

Feng Zhang said, "I have spiritual pills that are even more effective than the spiritual ginseng. As long as you fight, you'll still be able to achieve what you want. However, anyone who doesn't fight will become an enemy of I, Feng Zhang. I will hunt down every single member of your family in retribution."

The masters all changed in expression, while Li Qingshan sneered. "Do you really believe this person who threatens you with your family at every turn? Why don't we work together and kill him instead and see if he really has any spiritual pills or not? We can split it between us. It's not like he's a Wolfhawk guard anymore, so we don't have to worry about retribution at all."

The masters all wavered. With a shwing, Feng Zhang drew his Wind-entwining blade. "Who dares to do that!?" He saw how his constant threats and unruly behaviour was working against him, so he added, "And the spiritual pills aren't on me."

If Li Qingshan were slightly stronger, perhaps there really was a chance for him to turn his enemies against one another. However, these masters could clearly distinguish who was easier to kill amongst the two of them, so they made their decision.

Watching them approach him, Li Qingshan thought to himself, After splattering the Qingyang restaurant with blood, is it time for sheltering from the snow and wind in the mountain god temple?

Note: Another reference to Water Margin, the same as chapter 4. He's paralleling the Qingyang restaurant to the Duck and Drake Bower, while sheltering from the snow and wind in the mountain god temple is... well, sheltering from the snow and wind in the mountain god temple.

Perhaps the heavens could read his thoughts, as snowflakes began to drift down from the sky again.

He did not plan on running! Although the battle would be difficult, it was an opportunity for him to break through with the Tiger Demon's Fist of Bone Forging. With risk came reward. All abilities and martial arts rewarded people for the risk they took. There were only masters who had emerged from battle. There were no masters who emerged from fleeing.

"Blade Aura of the Death Sentence!" Feng Zhang raised his Wind-entwining blade and attacked with them.

Li Qingshan parted his legs and spread his arms. He let out a roar at the sky. It was not a human's voice, but a tiger's roar. "Rargh!"

The spiritual ginseng in his stomach came into effect. True qi flowed out like the tide, pouring into the roar. He used a move from the Tiger Demon's Fist of Bone Forging he had never used properly.

The Tiger Demon's Fierce Roar!

Within a range of a hundred meters, all of the snowflakes vanished. Looking down from the sky, a semicircle rose up from the ground.

Feng Zhang charged at the front. His Blade Aura of the Death Sentence immediately became disturbed, while the five masters stopped together. They all felt like a metal nail was being hammered into their heads.

They gazed at Li Qingshan in disbelief. His fierce aura stunned them. Was he really just a first-rate master?

The other second and third-rate masters suffered even more. They all clutched their ears as they rolled on the ground. Two streaks of blood flowed down their heads. Their eardrums had directly ruptured. Some of the weakest people there had even died from the roar.

With the tiger's roar in the forest, all beasts retreated. Li Qingshan faced a hundred people alone, yet he gained the upper hand.

The roar reverberated through the surroundings, making the mountain god temple tremble gently. Not a single flake of snow could fall on it.

Feng Zhang endured the roar and bellowed out, "What are you all waiting for?" With a flick of the blade in his hand, he launched another wind blade.

Li Qingshan stopped roaring. He did not try to dodge or avoid the attack. Gathering his true qi, he channeled it to his hand, and his five fingers shone like the claws of a tiger, grabbing the wind blade viciously.

The wind blade shattered and kicked up a fierce gale. Li Qingshan glanced at his palm and saw the shallow, bloody mark left behind. He extended his tongue and licked it, smiling viciously before arching his back. He seemed just like a tiger in human form.

His killing intent roared as his demonic nature resonated.

The killing moves of the five masters arrived at the same time.

Wei Dandong's sword, Lü Tingrui's thin sword, Wan Hao's steel blade, and hall chief Wu's iron fists all shone with light. Even hall chief Wu was wearing a set of spiritual artifact gloves. They sealed off all of Li Qingshan's paths of retreat, whether it be front, behind, left, or right.

The eighteen abacus beads that shot over like crossbow bolts completely severed Li Qingshan's last sliver of hope. Chu Xin stopped smiling as well.

The five masters worked together, launching a killing blow. They did not even need Feng Zhang to take part.

Li Qingshan ignored the others. He took a step forward and reached towards Wei Dandong's shoulder. A life for a life.

Before the claw had even arrived, a whistling sound pierced his ears. Wei Dandong valued his life so much, so why would he be willing to die here? He immediately withdrew his sword and retreated.

With his retreat, Li Qingshan advanced, utterly frightening Wei Dandong. He wielded his sword such that it formed a tight flurry before him. He only wanted to delay Li Qingshan so that the others could kill him.

A sword stabbed over. Xiao An, who had remained hidden the entire time, finally appeared. He saw how Li Qingshan was in danger, so he used his strongest move, enveloping three of them in the process.

Unpredictably, a blade blocked his move. Feng Zhang raised his Wind-entwining blade and stopped Xiao An.

The blood-red flames in Xiao An's eye sockets roared. He watched helplessly as a blade and a sword landed on Li Qingshan's body, causing blood to spray. Xiao An was tempted to tear Feng Zhang to shreds.

Wan Hao's blade landed on Li Qingshan's shoulder, while Lü Tingrui's thin sword stabbed into Li Qingshan's body. Although they leapt in fright at the sight of Xiao An, they were still first-rate masters after all. Their willpower was extremely great, so their movements were unaffected.

Li Qingshan had already utilised his true qi to protect himself. The two unstoppable spiritual artifacts actually failed to penetrate Li Qingshan all the way through, but even with his tough body, he immediately became injured. However, he ignored all of it, focusing on advancing. He clung onto Wei Dandong.

The eighteen abacus beads landed on him, but it only made Li Qingshan halt. He was completely unaffected. Chu Xin's eyes widened in disbelief.

Hall chief Wu was the most careful. He attacked Li Qingshan from behind. When he saw how his back was completely unprotected, he was overjoyed. He threw a punch as hard as he could at Li Qingshan's back.

Li Qingshan thought, Thank you. Out of everyone here, you're the person I fear the least. He borrowed the force, and his arms extended forward, immediately grabbing Wei Dandong by the shoulders. With a powerful rip, he roared out, "The Tiger Demons Rips up the Lamb!"

Before Wei Dandong could even use his secret arts or his various underhanded methods, he had been ripped in half. Blood and organs scattered across the ground. There was truly no need to fear a powerful opponent, but one had to fear incompetent allies.

Under the pincer attack of the five masters, Li Qingshan forcefully killed one of them. He was truly as fierce as he could be, sending chills down everyone's spines.

Li Qingshan grabbed the two halves of the corpse and threw them at Wan Hao and Lü Tingrui. The two of them were afraid of Li Qingshan's desperate counterattack injuring them and leading them to follow in Wei Dandong's footsteps, so they immediately retreated.

Martial arts only made up a part of a clash between masters. Might was more important.

His opponent's might weakened, while Li Qingshan's might grew like a river breaching a dam. He was unstoppable. He completely ignored the people around him, rushing forward like a crazy tiger and killing the second and third-rate masters.

A swing of a fist, a stab of his claws, and a butt of his head. Before him, no one could stand a chance. Every time he struck out, there would be deaths and injuries until corpses lay strewn on the ground.