

Chapter 15 - The Witch's Death

The witch extended her finger, and a clump of black mist surged forth. Many vicious faces of agony could be vaguely made out in the mist.

This was the witch's trump card, called Ghost Mist, created by combining heavy yin qi and resentment. She usually kept it in an urn, which she buried underground to absorb yin qi. She would only use it when she absolutely had to. Moreover, since this Ghost Mist lacked intelligence and only possessed resentment, it was extremely difficult to control. It could end up backfiring from the slightest of carelessness.

She had only used it in a hurry when she saw how Li Qingshan had come with great fury. However, the might of the Ghost Mist was extraordinary as well. Once ordinary people became enveloped by it, they would immediately fall unconscious, and the most vicious part about it was that it was just like ghosts, between tangible and intangible. Ordinary people could not see it at all.

If Li Qingshan had not opened his eyes with the ox tears, he would have fallen for it. The effects of all these days of strenuous practice finally showed itself. He moved to one side and dodged the Ghost Mist, continuing his charge at the witch.

The witch had never expected Li Qingshan to actually be able to see the Ghost Mist, so she immediately panicked. She hurriedly waved a bell. "Xiao An, Xiao An! Get out here! Kill him!"

The child called Xiao An crouched in a corner. His face was in pain, but he clutched his head without moving.

In an instant, Li Qingshan used the Ox Demon Stamps its Hooves and stamped the ground heavily. He left behind a deep footprint as he flew up into the air before swinging down with his blade.

With a flash of cold light, blood splattered everywhere. Li Qingshan had forcefully chopped off the bell-wielding hand that was as spindly as a chicken's foot along the wrist.

Li Qingshan did not even have the time to examine the effects of his slash before sensing an attack of yin qi from behind. Smelling living people, the Ghost Mist was like a wild beast that had just smelled blood, surging over under the control of its resentment.

Li Qingshan did not dare to stop. He charged forward, but he felt that the Ghost Mist did not follow him over. Instead, he heard a miserable wail from behind. Looking back, he saw the Ghost Mist envelop the witch as the ghost faces chomped away at her body.

Even Li Qingshan had failed to anticipate something like this.

As it turned out, the witch had lost control over the Ghost Mist due to the pain, immediately leading to it backfiring.

There was no hatred without a cause, no debt without a creditor.

All of this evil had originated from the witch, and she was the one to reap what she had sown. Her whole body twisted as her flesh withered away as a visible rate.

Li Qingshan watched on in delight as he laughed aloud.

The trace of pity and sympathy that originally existed in him had been forcefully suppressed because he felt shame. To an innocent child in distress, he would be willing to sing out his grief and shed his tears, but to this person who was even worse than an animal, he wanted to obliterate any compassion and roar out with laughter.

People covered the walls and entrance outside as they all looked into the house. It was impossible for the three scoundrels to stop them once they became curious. They could only let them be and claim the best viewing spot at the entrance for themselves.

They watched Li Qingshan enter the house and rise up into the air, cutting off the witch's arm. Afterwards, the witch collapsed on the ground and wailed in agony as Li Qingshan laughed like a madman. It gave them all goosebumps.

Many of them had fallen off the walls from fright, and the three scoundrels fell back on their bottoms as their legs gave way as well. They thought about how they had once mocked and insulted Li Qingshan in the past. Now, they felt extremely regretful. Someone like him was not a person they could afford to provoke.

Li Qingshan watched the Ghost Mist gradually disperse. Once its resentment had all been vented, it would stop. As for the witch, she lay on the ground on her last gasp. She had actually survived, but she was clearly close to death. She must have practised some kind of cultivation method, which was why she had managed to hang on.

The witch extended her remaining chicken claw towards the child in the corner. She seemed like she was pleading, but it was also like she was expressing her resentment as she called out, "Xiao An! Xiao An!"

Xiao An looked at her in confusion and fear. Li Qingshan said, "I'll send you off!" He stabbed down with his steel blade.

Caretaker Liu and village head Li rushed over after receiving the news. They just happened to see this, and the witch had taken her last breath before they could even yell out something like 'Spare her!'. They looked at each other and both became covered in cold sweat. They thought about how the witch had boldly claimed that Li Qingshan's days were numbered just the day before yesterday, yet today, she had lost her life.

Fortunately, they had not crossed the line with Li Qingshan that day, or who knows what would have happened.

This was the second time Li Qingshan had killed someone. Compared to his panic in the darkness during the first time, he felt extremely composed under the light of day. The improvement of his mental state had even surprised himself slightly. He wondered, Has my demonic nature been roused by the Ox Demon's Fist of Great Strength? Or should I say, this is who I've always been?

In his past life, in that current society that blurred the line between right and wrong, who knows how many people were forced to hide their true nature, only able to go with the flow and complying with everything that happened to them. Let alone an adult in his thirties or forties, but even children and

youths lacked enthusiasm and ambition. He had only been one of the many people out there, no different from the ordinary person.

Having experienced life and death through transmigration, it instead agitated his lofty aspirations, making him reluctant to live another life of mediocrity. Yet, he ended up being stuck in this tiresome life in this tiny mountain village for fifteen years. Finally, he had obtained a chance. The moment his lofty aspirations were set free, they rampaged like mad demons, never able to be locked up again.

Li Qingshan stopped laughing and turned his head. "Please don't panic. This old hag asked for all of this herself, and this all only serves her right. I still need you to uphold justice."

You charged in and committed murder in the light of day, yet you still want us to uphold justice. These words only crossed their minds as thoughts. Obviously, no one was brave enough to say it aloud.

Suddenly, a person charged out from the crowd and arrived in front of Li Qingshan. He smacked his head against the ground three times with a series of thuds before raising it. "I killed her. It's got nothing to do with Erlang! That damned hag destroyed my family. Xiao Mao, I've avenged you!" After saying that, he broke into tears and laughter. It was Li Fugui. The great burden that had pressed against his chest for all these years had suddenly been lifted. He felt like even if he died right now, he would be content.

There was not a single person in the village who did not know about Li Fugui's tragedy. They could not help but remain silent.

Only caretaker Liu felt awkward and afraid. It was exactly because of this tragedy that Li Fugui began to exchange his fertile farmland for alcohol to drown away his sorrow, which was also why caretaker Liu had gained the glorious nickname of Half-village Liu. If Li Qingshan suspected that he had been collaborating with the witch, then he would be screwed.

Li Qingshan said, "I always bear the consequences of my actions! I have no need for you to bear the blame. Please come with me!" He called out to the three rascals as well as a few respected elders of the village. They arrived at the witch's backyard.

Li Qingshan looked back. His gaze landed on the area below the eaves of the building before he nodded. Everyone followed his gaze and looked over, but there was nothing. Xiao An was currently hiding in the shade, pointing at an area.

Under Li Qingshan's order, the three scoundrels began to dig. They were all under Li Qingshan's watch, so they all dug as hard as they could, afraid of slacking off. Before long, they had excavated a pit and dug out a skeleton.

Li Qingshan went into the pit and collected the remains. He glanced back below the eaves and ordered, "Keep digging!" These were not Xiao An's remains.

Under Xiao An's guidance, Li Qingshan had them dig around some other places, and they excavated a few more bones. Everyone in the surroundings was shocked. Why were there so many skeletons buried in the witch's backyard? Moreover, all of them seemed to belong to children.

Li Qingshan was rather surprised as well as his expression grew sterner. He knew that these were victims to the evil arts the witch had been practising. The cluster of Ghost Mist filled with resentment must have come from here. He only regretted giving the witch too easy of a death.

At this moment, there was a ding like they had hit something. They carefully dug it out, only to find a porcelain jar. It was tightly sealed.

Before Li Qingshan could stop them, the three scoundrels scrambled to open the jar. A small cluster of black gas rushed out and squirmed into the mouth and nose of a scoundrel as if it were afraid of sunlight.

The scoundrel shuddered and fell unconscious on the spot. Before long, he stopped breathing.