

Chapter 22 - The Secret of the Spiritual Ginseng

Li Qingshan's steel blade claimed yet another life. Although a blade had also struck him in the back, the wound was not deep, and his skin contracted around the wound. As such, he did not bleed much.

At the same time, a blade stabbed diagonally into his lower abdomen. He grabbed the blade firmly and cut off a head filled with surprise and fear.

His vicious and tough aura struck fear into the hearts of people.

Originally, Xiao Hei was reluctant to accept that Li Qingshan was stronger. All he knew was that Li Qingshan had won against them due to a sneak attack. He had been searching for an opportunity to redeem himself. However, he was covered in cold sweat now. Li Qingshan's skill with the blade and his viciousness when it came to killing startled him.

This wild beast was not prey an amateur hunter like him could take down. Fortunately, they were in the market earlier, which prevented them from actually drawing their blades at Li Qingshan.

A while later, seven corpses lay in the open as Li Qingshan knelt on the ground on one knee, supporting himself with his broken steel blade. He had over a dozen injuries, and his clothes had become dyed red with blood from both himself and others.

Fear and craziness filled the last ginseng forager's face. Although he had murdered and robbed many people before, he was just harassing the meek. He had never witnessed such an intense slaughter before. "Y- you madman!"

Li Qingshan's expression was like a tough rock. In the face of life and death, he outdid himself with every single strike and move, unleashing the potential hidden in his body. However, this took a great toll on him as well, so he became utterly exhausted after a while.

So this is the path that I chose? It really is bloody!

The black ox stood to one side in no hurry as if it were asking, Do you regret it?

"I'll kill you!" The ginseng forager roared out as he charged over.

Out of strength, the blade fell towards his neck, and the coldness made all of his hairs stand on end. Li Qingshan roared out, "I don't regret it!" All of the qi in his body flowed into his hand. He gripped the steel blade firmly and swung it to receive his opponent.

Thock! Swish! A bowstring ripped through the air and launched an arrow, nailing the last ginseng forager dead into the ground.

Li Qingshan raised his head in surprise. A few stalwart figures made their way down from the rock face. They were hunters from the Drawn Reins village. They approached Li Qingshan carefully before lunging forward to grab his four limbs.

However, Li Qingshan had already used up all of his strength in the moment before. He was carried up the valley by them.

“Kid, nicely done!” Huang Binghu stowed his large bow away and praised him before falling quiet. He waved his hand, and the hunters set up an ambush again on the two sides of the valley.

Before long, the other ginseng foragers arrived. They inspected the corpses of their companions sternly. When they saw the ginseng forager, who had been nailed to the ground, their expressions changed drastically all of a sudden. They roared out, “Escape from here!”

“Release!” Under Huang Binghu’s order, arrows rained down from two sides of the valley.

The ginseng foragers immediately drew their blades, but unless their martial arts were significantly better than the archers, it was impossible for them to stop the arrows. A series of miserable cries rang out.

Huang Binghu wielded a huge bow and stood on a protruding boulder, purposefully targeting the ginseng foragers that tried to escape. He would hit his target with each shot, not wasting even a single one. He was basically a god of death.

Li Qingshan sat up and watched. He also felt shocked, shocked by how intense the battle between the two great villages would be. The power of the bow and arrow also stunned him.

He cultivated the Ox Demon’s Fist of Great Strength, so his strength was the part that grew the fastest. If he could draw a long bow, wouldn’t he be able to kill people like lambs to the slaughterhouse?

When Huang Binghu launched his fifth arrow, the cries below had stopped. Only weak groans remained barely audible.

“Huang Binghu!” A ginseng forager, who had his thigh pierced by an arrow, bellowed out hoarsely.

“That’s me!” Huang Binghu leapt off the boulder and asked, “Where’s the spiritual ginseng? If you’re straightforward, I’ll give you a quick death!”

“H- how do you know?”

“I still know a little bit about the matters that happen on this side of the myriad mountains. The spiritual ginseng has appeared in the mountains near the Drawn Reins village. Ingesting it can cure all kinds of diseases and prolong life, right? I originally thought it was fake, but I’m rather convinced now by your expressions. If you think you can steal from the jaws of a tiger, you’re overestimating yourself too much.”

“You want to use the spiritual ginseng to cure your illness, but you’d better stop dreaming. You have no idea how to capture the spiritual ginseng. Just you wait. The Ginseng King village will never just leave this matter be!”

“You want to stand up against the Drawn Reins village with just your divided village?”

“Hehehehe, if this news makes it out, who knows just how many powerful people will gather in your Drawn Reins village.”

Huang Binghu’s expression changed slightly. “Can you bring yourself to do that?” Seeing how he could not get any information out of them, he waved his hand, and all the hunters stepped forward, finishing

off the surviving ginseng foragers. Afterwards, they gathered all of the ginseng forager's belongings before tossing the corpses into the valley.

In the blink of an eye, they had completely cleaned the ground covered with corpses. Only some traces of blood were left behind to demonstrate the intensity of the battle before. After some rain, nothing would be left behind.

At certain times, the lives of people truly seemed as worthless as an ant's.

The hunters then looked at Li Qingshan. There was admiration, praise, and undisguised killing intent.

Li Qingshan had just heard a huge secret. The people of Drawn Reins village would never just let him leave. The simplest method would be to kill him then and there. Next, they could toss him into the valley with the ginseng foragers.

It was a pity that the black ox would not help, letting him waver between life and death. Through this trip, he had learnt that his strength was much greater than before, but he had also realised just how weak he was right now. Perhaps this was the black ox's intention.

Huang Binghu said, "Little brother, are you willing to pay a visit to the Drawn Reins village with me?"

"What if I'm not?"

"You ingrate!" "Kill him!" The hunters were furious.

Huang Binghu waved his hand. "I don't kill the innocent. If you don't want to, then you can leave! I believe you're not one to blabber."

Li Qingshan was not too convinced by that. With how formidable of a person Huang Binghu was, he would never be soft-hearted when it came to killing people. Perhaps he would not do the killing, but his subordinate hunters were all teeming with killing intent.

Moreover, he did want to pay a visit to the Drawn Reins village. Perhaps he could learn some hunting techniques or archery. Then he could truly become independent, no longer requiring the black ox's support. His personal strength would increase drastically as well. As for the spiritual ginseng, he was not bold enough to think too much about it.

"Then I might as well."

Huang Binghu smiled and sent people to fetch medicinal paste to spread over Li Qingshan's wounds, but he discovered that the skin had contracted around the injuries, so he was not bleeding profusely; this left Huang Binghu amazed.

Li Qingshan ignored the pain and arrived before the ox cart, taking out his newly-purchased ginseng and chewing on it slowly. He also removed the clay seal on a jar of alcohol, filling himself up with several gulps.

The alcohol diluted the ginseng, and a wave of heat rose up from his belly. Immediately, he felt much more energetic, which surprised everyone as well.

Li Qingshan climbed onto the ox cart and stopped paying attention to the others, sitting there and meditating. Recovering his exhaustion and wounds was secondary. He needed to use this opportunity to go through his successes and failures in this battle.

First, he could no longer afford to count on luck. He had heard people talk about how dangerous the jianghu was, and he had basically experienced it first hand today. A careless step could cost him his life. The lives of people in this world were just too worthless. It was impossible to constantly receive help from others, nor could he rely on outperforming himself on the spot. He still needed to treasure his wonderful life.

However, through this life-threatening battle, his understanding of the Ox Demon's Fist of Great Strength had deepened once again, while his vital energies seemed to have changed slightly compared to before, like a treasured blade that had just been polished.