

Martial Boss Chapter 19

Early the following morning.

There is a sharp knock at the door, a quick and jumbled knock that shows the haste and nervousness of the knocker.

The door was pulled open abruptly and a pair of bloodshot eyes came into view.

“What is it?” Li Xin stared at the knocker whose fist had not yet been lowered; he recognised the knocker in front of him, one of the two houseguests who had followed Li Quyan back to the Li family yesterday was him.

“You ——” the knocker was so frightened by Li Xin’s fierce expression that he took a step back, but remembering that he represented the head of the family and his wife, he was emboldened and took a step forward, saying in a lofty manner, “Li Xin, your dead old mother had a sudden illness last night and did not last long enough for the doctor to arrive before she breathed her last. The master of the family has ordered me to call you to collect the corpse.”

Although Li Xin was only an illegitimate son, he had a good talent for martial arts, and was already at the seventh level of Houtian in his twenties, much better than the two unpromising True Martial Artists. In addition, he is a daring fighter and is appreciated by the head of the family and is in charge of the Iron Sword Association.

This family man, who was also good at kissing ass and was Li Quyan’s beloved, dared to speak out in front of Li Xin because he was a fox and a tiger.

Even though he had heard the news of his mother’s death from his son’s mouth last night, Li Xin was still overcome with grief and tears came out of his eyes.

“What are you crying for? If you want to cry for mourning, don’t do it in front of me, it’s damn bad luck.” The dog-legged houseboy felt humiliated by his earlier cowardly retreat and died trying to play up to Li Xin. In his mind, he was the third young master’s beloved, and Li Xin, an unpopular bastard, was subservient and a mere answerer before him.

It was a pity that he had not yet realised that the Li Xin before him was no longer the wolf-dog with a collar that he used to be, but a rabid wolf that had broken free from its chains and was eager to devour people, still chattering to death.

“Your dead old —— man”, the houseboy was saying, when a large, iron hand came out of nowhere, grabbed him by the neck and lifted him into midair.

The family man scratched the hand of death around his neck in a desperate attempt to break free from it, and looked into Li Xin's bloodshot eyes, his eyes full of begging and pleading for mercy.

"When my mother died, she looked at you the same way," Li Xin looked up at the dog in his palm, "your ugly death struggle reminds me of my mother, damn you."

Anger rose from his heart, and Li Xin's hand increased in strength, breaking the servant's neck and throwing him aside with his hand.

"Let me see what the Li family will do today ——," Li Xin thought with anticipation. Then, he thought of his poor mother who had died tragically and innocently, and his grief resumed, his face crying and smiling in a bizarre way.

When Li Xin entered the door, only the houseboy guided him to the place where his mother's body had been laid to rest. He saw that his mother was only covered with a white cloth and there was not even a coffin. Given the Li family's wealth, if they really wanted to make one, they could have had a coffin shop make a coffin to fit the body, even at dawn, let alone at night. Not to mention the fact that his mother had actually died yesterday afternoon, when he was still thinking of helping Li Quyin, that human-skinned beast, to make things right.

Apart from Li Xin, who had just arrived, there was not even a single servant or maid in the house, and Li's biological father, Li Ping-sheng, was nowhere to be seen. The desolation of the world is evident.

Li Xin was mourning when he heard someone outside the house shouting and shouting.

"Someone come quickly, someone come quickly, the third young master has gone mad ——"

"Go and call the doctor ——"

"Quickly call the master, the third young master is biting the madam ——"

When Li Xin came out, he heard the household servants and maids calling out to and fro.

He followed behind a few of the household servants and marched towards the place where the matter originated.

After walking for a few moments, they walked to the Li family courtyard. As soon as they entered the courtyard, Li Xin saw a few of the servants working together to pull the beast away by his arms and legs. On the ground, a gorgeously dressed lady was howling in misery, her face a bloody mess, her hands rolling all over the ground as she pressed her wounds.

Li Quyin's face was flushed with veins, his eyes full of blood tinged with green, like a demon or a ghost, and his wide open mouth was full of blood, with traces of flesh between his teeth. His hands were pulled by a few able-bodied family men, and he was trying hard to break free, but his body, which was usually emptied of alcohol and sex, was so strong that the family men could not hold him down for a while. When he saw that there was no hope for him to break free, Li Quyin tried to bite the butler next to him, causing the butler next to him to retreat and let Li Quyin break free.

Li Quyin pounced on a nearby servant and buried his head in a bite, only to hear a cry of pain. None of the other soldiers dared to come to his rescue, fearing that they would not be able to avoid him.

"How dare you?" With a shout of anger, a figure appeared in the middle of the field and restrained Li Quyin with two hands. Seeing that he was being restrained, Li Quyin howled and struggled like a wild animal, his voice was so harsh that it made people shiver.

Li Pingsheng took the chains brought by the clansman and bound Li Quyin in three strokes. When he was done, he looked around and observed the crowd, but his eyes were a little disappointed. The people present were mostly servants and maids, and no one dared to look at him, so Li Ping-sheng's attempt to find out who had committed the murder by looking at them was in vain.

Li Xin also bowed his head under Li Ping-sheng's gaze to prevent him from seeing the smile that could not be stopped at the corner of his mouth.

While Li Ping-sheng was surveying the crowd, the gorgeously dressed woman next to him was fainting from the pain as her howls subsided. Seeing the woman's miserable state, Li Ping-sheng couldn't care less about finding the murderer and shouted, "Find a doctor quickly."

The maids and servants around her woke up as if from a dream, and the scene was in chaos.

Li Ping-sheng commanded the servants to take the mad Li Quyin into custody, while he picked up Madame Li and took her to his bedroom. As he left, he took a deep look at Li Xin, who was trying to reduce his presence in the crowd with his head bowed.

Late at night.

Li Xin was alone, sitting at the four-sided table pouring himself a drink, and not lighting a lamp.

"The play can be enjoyable." The voice came from behind.

Li Xin hurriedly got up and saluted, "Greetings, my lord."

“The play is very enjoyable, just ——” Li Xin was a little hesitant.

“Afraid of being cured?” Qing Yu could see Li Xin’s concern.

“Don’t worry. The pill I gave Li Quyan is called ‘Three Corpse Brain God Pill’. There are three kinds of corpse worms in this pill, after taking one there is no difference, but at the noon of the Duan Yang Festival every year, if the antidote to restrain the corpse worms is not taken in time, the corpse worms will come out of the ambush. Once it enters the brain, those who take this medicine will act like ghosts and demons, and even their parents and wives will bite and eat them. I peeled off the outer shell of the pill beforehand, leaving only a thin layer, so that it would attack early. If the corpse worms enter his brain, he won’t survive the night.”

Yes, the Three Corpses Brain Pill, from Laughing Pride, was originally a poison used by the Sun Moon God Cult’s master to control his men. Qing Yu found the recipe for the Three Corpse Brain Pill from the end pages of Ping Yi Finger’s medical book. He was so daring that he secretly researched the Three Corpses Brain Pill, and his obsession with medicine exceeded his fear of life and death. The recipe for the Three Corpses Brain Pill is very variable, and the antidote is known only to the person who prepared it. Just like Master Ren, who also knows the formula, he cannot solve the Three Corpses Brain Pill given by Dongfang Bu Bufu. It was difficult to solve, but researching the formulation was not difficult for Ping Yiqi to research it.