

Chapter 47 - The Four-meter-long Spear

The shopkeeper was stunned. I can tell you're somewhat a person of the martial arts society, going for something heavy instead of choosing a weapon that suits you. However, he immediately smiled. "We do, we do, we do!" I don't care about your requests as long as I can sell these weapons.

This was something Li Qingshan had planned and prepared for carefully. If he wanted to destroy the Black Wind stronghold, he would face a true slaughter on the battlefield. The only way for him to unleash his strength to the limit was to use the heaviest and longest weapon available; this would help him overcome the numerical advantage his enemy possessed.

A sturdy assistant brought over a heavy broadblade. The shopkeeper said, "This blade weighs seventeen and a half kilograms and is five feet three inches in length. It is razor sharp. Does this satisfy the young hero?"

Li Qingshan grabbed the hilt and waved it around a few times as it shone with a cold gleam. The broad blade was as light as a feather in his hands. "It's too light. Give me something heavier."

The shopkeeper and the assistant were speechless. Just how much strength does he have?

Two assistants brought over an azure dragon halberd¹, and the shopkeeper said, "This halberd weighs thirty-one kilograms and is eight feet two inches in length. Look at that crescent blade. That's something that can only be forged by skilled, experienced blacksmiths."

Li Qingshan flicked the tip of the halberd. "This is nice, but it's too easy to snap. And, isn't there anything heavier?" He could still remember how the halberd had snapped and flew apart from a single sweep back then.

Of course, that was probably because he did not know how to use a halberd and had used it incorrectly. However, he was not dealing with just a few enemies this time.

The shopkeeper's eyes widened. For Li Long's sake, he did not rebuke the fact that the weapon had just been labelled as 'too easy to snap'. He thought, Just how on earth do you plan on using the weapon!? He wanted to embarrass Li Qingshan, so he waved his hand. "Come with me to the armoury. There'll definitely be a weapon that you'll like."

Li Qingshan became curious as well. He followed the shopkeeper to the back courtyard, passing by many testing grounds to try weapons before arriving at the armoury. The array of weapons in there was even more dazzling, covering an even larger variety. However, what stood out the most was the huge, dark, metal spear at the very centre.

The spear seemed to be forged out of solid metal. The tip and the pole seemed to be one piece. It did not even have a tassel. There was only a tiger's head sculpted at the connection point, with the tip emerging from its mouth. The weapon gave off a crude but generous sense of domination.

"The spear's name is the Tyrant's spear. It's four meters long and seventy-one kilograms in weight. It's the heaviest weapon that our store has to offer. If you buy it, young hero, our store will include the Tyrant's spear style as well."

“Alright, this one!” Li Qingshan went up and grabbed the Tyrant’s spear. A cold, heavy feeling weighed at the centre of his hand. With a shake of his hand, the spear writhed like a dragon, producing a thrum.

The shopkeeper and assistants were left speechless once again. Being able to lift it was one matter, but being able to use it was another thing altogether. If he could barely move when carrying the weapon, he would just make people laugh. However, since he could shake it, it meant he had the strength to use this spear. Just how much strength was that!

Li Qingshan believed that this weapon suited him the most. With this weapon, he could give the bandits of Black Wind mountain a surprise. He could show them what growing stronger with each inch meant.

However, he had no idea how to use the spear, so he asked, “Where’s the spear manual?”

The shopkeeper said, “Young hero, are you certain about buying it? It’s not cheap. Even if we ignore the efforts of the craftsman, just the amount of metal that went into it...”

Li Long said, “Cut the bullsh*t. How much is it? Just spit it out? Do you plan on asking for more?”

The shopkeeper extended five fingers, “Since you’ve said that, young hero Li, I’ll just try to make back my cost. Five hundred taels.”

Li Long immediately yelled out, “What!? Five hundred taels!? Have you lost your mind trying to get rich? Is there anyone else who can use this black metal rod apart from my brother? It only gathers dust here, so I think it’s not even worth a hundred taels.”

The two of them began haggling over the price, while Li Qingshan looked around the armoury. A glow caught his attention. In the dark armoury, the faint flow was extremely eye-catching; it was as if the object in question did not want to be buried in the dust.

Li Qingshan looked around at the people but noticed that none of them seemed to have discovered the glow. He knew his eyes were different from other people’s. He walked over as if by accident and arrived before the weapons rack, picking up a wooden box.

Opening the wooden box, he found a delicately crafted small knife lying inside. It was only around a foot in length and was enveloped in a faint, blue light. He asked, “Shopkeeper, how much is this?”

The shopkeeper was surprised. “Impressive insight, young hero. That’s the treasure of our store. A descendent of a great clan in distress left that knife here. It’s extremely sharp. I spent around one hundred or two hundred taels of silver to buy it back then.”

Li Qingshan ‘carelessly’ placed the knife back in the casket and muttered, “It’s a pity it’s too light and small.”

“You can’t say that. Exactly because of its size and weight, the knife is easily hidden. At times of need, it can be used to protect yourself!”

Li Long said, “You’re bullsh*tting again. Any weapon we pick up will turn out to be the treasure of your store. Just throw in the knife, and I won’t haggle with you over some measly taels.”

“How can I do that!?” The shopkeeper cried out as if he had just been stabbed.

In the end, they settled on four hundred taels for the big and the small, the spear as well as the knife.

The shopkeeper gave the items to them as if he were in pain, but he was delighted inside. He had finally sold off these two pieces of trash. It was obvious with the Tyrant's spear. It was forged such that absolutely no one could use it, wasting all that metal for nothing. Reforging it would be too much of a pity as well. He had cursed his heart out at the blacksmith in the past because of this spear. All of it would be in vain if it were reforged.

However, the origins of the knife were true. A young man in dejection had come to him with this knife before being sent away for ten taels of silver. However, the shopkeeper soon regretted his purchase. The knife was indeed a good knife that could cut through metal like mud, but it was just too short and small. No wonder he tried to sell it to people for a few dozen taels of silver as a throwing knife.

Li Qingshan had no idea how to use a spear, so the Tyrant's Spear style was delivered to him very soon. As expected, it was the most ordinary and generic spear manual in the jianghu. However, the names of the moves sounded extremely mighty, like Sweeping Away All and the Tyrant's Parry.

Li Long only glanced through it before stopping.

Li Qingshan instead read it from the beginning to the end, studying it carefully. He arrived at the testing grounds and practised it move by move.

As it turned out, the spear was much more difficult to use than the blade, but after achieving the strength of an ox, the changes he experienced were not as simple as an increase in strength. His control of his strength and even his understanding of martial arts had deepened.

The weapon was just an extension of the body!

Li Qingshan started off very slowly, but he moved faster and faster before long. The huge spear danced around like a black dragon, coiling around Li Qingshan and kicking up a fierce gale on the testing grounds.

Li long retreated back a distance of several dozen steps. He was left speechless by the might of the spear. Li Qingshan seemed like an unmatched, valiant general, able to fend off thousands on the battlefield alone.

Wherever the spear pointed, cold light shone, bloodiness spread and a ghost-like howl rang out. Although he had not been present when Liu Hong lectured his other disciples, he understood why his master had suddenly shown Li Qingshan respect. At such a young age, he already possessed such startling martial arts. He only read through a spear manual, yet he could already utilise all of it skillfully. Coupled with his extremely vicious and cruel methods, someone like him would definitely become renowned throughout the jianghu as long as he did not die. His future lay beyond the level of second-rate masters. Perhaps he really could become an innate master, a realm he could not imagine.

He had only heard about someone like that from his master, but he had never seen one. Qingyang city was not worthy enough for someone like that to stay, yet in a daze, he seemed to have witnessed the rise of such a person.