

Chapter 57 - Trampling Through the Black Wind Stronghold

The crossbow bolts tore through the air. They were not much weaker than even the Stone Splitter bow. They pierced the metal armour with a series of clangs, stabbing into Li Qingshan's body. He immediately halted.

Xiong Xiangwu sneered. "Do you really think you're worthy enough to fight me with just you alone? You're being let off easily by dying like this!" He had only obtained these crossbows after tremendous effort. Moreover, he had spent an extensive amount of time to train these crossbowmen. They were the true trump card of the Black Wind stronghold.

He had committed far too much evil. All of the other organisations in Qingyang city viewed him as a thorn in their side, so if he did not take any precautions, it would have been impossible for him to sleep at night. Even first-rate masters would probably be doomed once these crossbows launched a sneak attack.

"And then?" Li Qingshan, who should have been dead, suddenly raised his head and asked. The crossbow bolts pierced the metal armour, but it failed to pierce his fascia. He had also become drenched in cold sweat. If it were not for the metal armour that nullified much of the force, it would have been impossible for him to block the crossbow bolts with his Ox Demon Forges its Hide. However, although he was mostly unscathed, it took him quite a while to recover. Bows and crossbows were truly divine tools for killing masters.

"Protect the crossbowmen. Fire again!" The second boss ordered loudly. The bandits charged up, and the crossbowmen hurriedly reloaded. Crossbows were easy to use, but they were nowhere near as fast as bows, so it was extremely easy for the crossbowmen to be injured. However, with the second boss's orders, they could unleash their greatest killing power. He had managed to command the group of mountain bandits like an army.

"Sweeping Away All!" There was no reason for Li Qingshan to want to remain as a living target. He targeted the area where the bandits were most packed and used the Tyrant's spear style. He charged over like a war chariot as the spear swept about, sucking up over a dozen bandits. It was just like a black dragon eating its prey. When it spat them out again, they had all become corpses.

How could these measly people stop him?

One of the crossbowmen had his chest pierced all the way through before he could even draw his crossbow. The spear flicked up his entire body, and his corpse smashed another crossbowman to death in the distance.

Li Qingshan was unified with his spear as he rampaged through the crowd, only attacking without the slightest defence. The weapons that landed on him would immediately be knocked away by the metal armour, unable to harm him at all. However, when he swept out with the huge spear, he would be piercing chests and heads. Not a single person would be left alive.

In just a while, he had killed over a dozen mountain bandits, and more than half of the crossbowmen were dead as well. He stood among the bandits with over a dozen crossbow bolts embedded in his armour, drenched in blood. A brutal aura of slaughter was set ablaze, utterly frightening the bandits.

One of the bandits tried to launch a sneak attack from behind. All he did was turn around and glare at him, red light shining in his eyes. Before he could even launch a counter attack, the bandit's face suddenly darkened. He had actually been frightened to death on the spot.

Xiong Xiangwu watched on as he felt both a heartache and fury. Even if he won this battle, he would suffer a crippling loss. The faces of the other bosses were ugly as well. Li Qingshan's martial arts were so great that it had basically exceeded all of their imaginations.

The second boss said, "Boss, don't worry. Li Qingshan is clad in armour and wielding a huge spear. He seems invulnerable and unstoppable, but he's burdened with a weight of over a hundred kilograms. No matter how great his martial arts are, he can't last too long. There's no reason why we shouldn't keep on waiting for him to tire himself out and then strike. We can just recruit more people in the future to make up for our losses."

There were almost no battles amongst masters that lasted for three days and three nights. As a matter of fact, there were very few that even exceeded ten minutes because of the danger of the attacks. Landing a single attack could determine life and death. Practitioners of martial arts needed to erupt with their physical strength and willpower in a single instant, defeating their opponent in a single stroke.

Xiong Xiangwu's heart settled down. He thought that even if it were himself, he would not be able to last for very long after firing the Stone Splitter bow several dozen times and then charging into battle equipped like that. Even if a person possessed unfathomable ability, once they were exhausted, they were lambs to be slaughtered. This was the terrifying aspect of the battlefield. Ants swarming an elephant to death was not just an idiomatic phrase.

However, never had they thought that not only would Li Qingshan continue on tirelessly, but he would even become fiercer the more he fought. The potency of the entire gourd of spiritual alcohol he had drunken was just too startling. It burned within his body, providing him with endless strength. The Tyrant's spear danced as a flurry in his hands, moving about according to his will. He killed to his heart's content as he became drenched in blood. The Ox Demon's Fist of Great Strength he practised could not be compared to the martial arts of mortals. Oxen were renowned not for their strength but their endurance.

As more and more bandits died with corpses strewn about, with the encirclement close to collapsing, sweat covered the second boss's forehead. "Why is this happening?"

The snow fell heavier and heavier. Huge snowflakes fell towards the ground, covering all of the mountains.

As they fell towards Li Qingshan, the violent gales of his spear would immediately sweep them away. A bandit had been sent flying, and when he landed on the ground, he dyed the snowy ground red with blood. The remaining bandits did not have the slightest fierceness anymore. They all retreated frantically, and Li Qingshan's spear paused. "What heavy snow!"

Xiong Xiangwu ordered decisively, "Do it!" Together with the other bosses, they all flew down, and the morale of the bandits was immediately riled up.

The seventh boss swung his mace, which whistled through the air. Even before it had struck anything, it had whipped up a wild gale. His might was startling and utterly outrageous. He had been born with natural strength, enough to slay tigers and bears.

The second boss said, "Don't confront him directly!"

"You've finally come!"

Li Qingshan used the 'Tyrant Carries the Cauldron', and he raised the Tyrant's spear upwards.

With a clang, the spear and mace collided. The mace was blown back, smashing into the seventh boss's head, spurting with brain fragments.

Using this opportunity, the fourth boss's three-section staff struck Li Qingshan's waist. The fifth boss swung his broad blade at his back, while the second boss concealed himself among the attacks and used his metal fan to venomously strike the unprotected back of Li Qingshan's head.

However, the most dangerous attack out of all of this was Xiong Xiangwu's hand that extended towards Li Qingshan's face.

Even if Li Qingshan endured these attacks with his Ox Demon Forges its Hide and the metal armour, the force would cause him great pain and make him pause, which would make it very easy for him to lose his life.

He finally understood why even an experienced member of the jianghu like Liu Hong would change in expression and refuse to believe him when he said he would destroy the Black Wind stronghold. The dangers involved were unimaginably great.

"The Ox Demon Stamps its Hooves!" He came up with an idea and channeled all of his true qi into his right foot, stomping down heavily. He created a minor earthquake within a few metres of him, causing the ground to crack and sink as the tremor shook up the surroundings.

Martial arts were about drawing strength from the ground, deeply rooting themselves on the ground. As long as they had yet to become gods or immortals capable of flight, they would not be able to leave the ground. The attacks of these bosses were fierce like the wind, but their feet were still rooted to the ground.

Li Qingshan's stamp immediately threw them off balance. They only felt a tremor invade their feet, and their heads spun as they felt an urge to vomit blood. Their attacks became powerless as well, barely able to achieve any effects upon landing on Li Qingshan. Only Xiong Xiangwu managed to maintain the might of his strike because he was the strongest among them.

Li Qingshan chuckled aloud, and he retreated quickly, avoiding Xiong Xiangwu's strike to his face and forcefully colliding against the fourth boss behind him. At the same time, he thrust the spear at Xiong Xiangwu's chest.

The fourth boss wailed out as all of his bones were shattered. He had been knocked away. Xiong Xiangwu withdrew his hand and twisted his body, avoiding Li Qingshan's dragon-like spear.

The fifth boss had the weakest martial arts, so he had yet to recover. Li Qingshan released the pole of the spear, grabbing him by the head and pushing him to the ground. With a crack, he splattered like a watermelon with white and red. Then, Li Qingshan scooped up the Tyrant's spear again and placed it across his body, using the Tyrant's Parry.

He had tore through the attacks of the Black Wind stronghold in the blink of an eye and killed four bosses. Third-rate masters were as vulnerable as infants before him.

The remaining bandits were stunned, frozen in place. They had never thought that their own stronghold would be so feeble; it was as feeble as the villages they had pillaged and plundered before.

The snow became heavier as it fell. The ground had been dyed red with blood before being covered and frozen up by snow, forming a horrific sight that blended red and white together.

His promise of trampling through the Black Wind stronghold was gradually coming true!