

### Chapter 58 - The Strength Talisman of the Guardian Kings

Li Qingshan kicked aside the corpse near his foot and grinned. "It's much cleaner like this. Come, stronghold master Xiong, I'll give you a fast one!" He turned his head slightly. "And the one behind me, I'll take both of you on together!"

The second boss, who was dressed like a scholar, no longer possessed any refined bearing at all. His scholar's hat had fallen off his head, and he was drenched in cold sweat. He had managed to survive against Li Qingshan thanks to sheer luck and his impressive movement technique, but he was utterly frightened. When Li Qingshan glanced at him, he staggered backwards like he had been struck by lightning.

"Stronghold master, I don't want to die here. I can't just let my resourcefulness go to waste like this!" After saying that, the second boss fled. He seemed as light as a feather, reaching the gate of the stronghold with just a few strides. The other bandits scattered with him, fleeing towards the gate.

"Trash will always be trash!" Xiong Xiangwu swore aloud. If it were not for Li Qingshan, he would have been tempted to personally execute these deserters.

Just when the second boss was about to escape from the stronghold, an inky-green knife silently slid past his throat.

He did not have Yang Anzhi's skill, and he was utterly terrified. Only the thought of escaping occupied his mind, so how was he supposed to guard himself against a tiny knife in the darkness? Blood spurted as his eyes dilated. Even when he died, he did not know who had killed him.

The other bandits who tried to flee suffered the same fate as him. The pitch-black gate seemed like the boundary of death.

Xiong Xiangwu was unable to see what had happened at the gate. All he heard was a few heavy thuds, so he knew those people were probably done for. He shivered inside. "What did you do?"

Li Qingshan smiled as he confessed, "I obviously killed them!" Ever since Xiao An began practising the Path of White Bone and Great Beauty, he no longer feared the vigorous vitality of masters. However, Xiao An was only able to circle around the surroundings, unable to approach the battlefield during the slaughter prior due to the surging killing intent. Nonetheless, it was the perfect opportunity for him to set up an ambush.

The bandits who fled blindly in the darkness were basically the best prey. They were completely helpless before him, their necks basically bare for the executioner's blade.

Xiong Xiangwu felt like exploding in anger. Everything he had built up over the years had been destroyed just like this, destroyed in the hands of a kid. All of the bandits had committed atrocious sins, but now, all that was left was him. At that moment, the colossal stronghold had turned into a domain of ghosts from the slaughter, with just the whistling of wind and snow remaining.

Li Qingshan held his spear in a horse stance. "Come!"

Xiong Xiangwu stared right at Li Qingshan. He extended his trembling hand into his bosom and pulled out a faded, yellow paper talisman extremely carefully. He had obtained this talisman through pure accident and with great difficulty. It was his final straw to save his life. He never thought he would reach a point like this, so he never had the time to use it, but he could no longer care too much now.

Li Qingshan could clearly see the bright flow around the paper talisman, and he shivered inside. His spear shuddered, and true qi surged into it. He used the final move of the Tyrant's spear style, as well as the most powerful move, 'World Domination'. The spear pierced through the air in an unstoppable manner.

Xiong Xiangwu bit the tip of his tongue and spat on the paper talisman before sticking it on his chest. A glow erupted and enveloped him. He roared out, "I'm going to kill you!"

Clang! There was the screeching of metal. A layer of golden light blocked the unstoppable Tyrant's spear, preventing it from advancing even an inch further. Originally, Xiao An wanted to assist Li Qingshan, but under the illumination of the golden light, he was unable to take a step closer to the battle.

Xiong Xiangwu grabbed the tip of the spear, and all Li Qingshan felt was a huge force that was actually no weaker than his own strength. He almost lost his grip on the spear. He immediately used the Ox Demon Stamps its Hooves, and his feet plunged into the ground. Determination flooded his eyes as he refused to back down at all.

The two of them engaged in a contest of strength. The metal spear that was as thick as a person's wrist was twisted into an exaggerated curve.

They gradually drew closer. Five steps, three steps, one step.

Xiong Xiangwu lifted his hand suddenly and swung it at Li Qingshan's head. His hand was alarmingly big, the same size as a bear's paw. It was completely disproportionate to his body. Now that the light enveloped it, it seemed even larger.

Even before the slap had landed, the fierce gale sucked away Li Qingshan's breath. He released the Tyrant's spear and retreated quickly. The attack brushed him, and his set of thick, metal armour was ripped off like paper. His chest ached. It was even more powerful than the swing of a sword or blade.

Bang! As if Xiong Xiangwu was unable to control his strength, he slammed the ground and produced a great rumble. The ground sank deeply, even more than when Li Qingshan used the Ox Demon Stamps its Hooves earlier.

Li Qingshan finally could not help but cry out, "What is this?"

Xiong Xiangwu would never explain. He roared out, "It's your death!"

"It's a Strength Talisman of the Guardian Kings. As if you're protected by the guardian kings, possessing limitless strength!" The black ox emerged from somewhere and explained indifferently.

A talking ox! Xiong Xiangwu was immediately astounded.

"Brother ox, what brings you here?"

The black ox said, "Hurry up and kill him. You still have things to do!"

"Alright!" Li Qingshan grabbed the damaged armour on him and ripped it off. He strode towards Xiong Xiangwu. "What protected by the guardian kings? Just you watch as I shatter your tortoise shell!"

Xiong Xiangwu swung his huge hand and thought, You're walking to your death. The true qi in Li Qingshan's body surged violently as the Ox Demon's Fist of Great Strength rose up from below, striking out with his full strength.

The palm and fist collided, producing a great boom. The ground below Li Qingshan collapsed, and the rock shattered. The bones throughout his body creaked painfully, while his muscles ached with numbness. However, he ignored it all, and he shouted out, "Again!" He threw another punch.

Boom! Struck by another huge hand, Li Qingshan sank into the ground a little more again.

Xiong Xiangwu wanted to knock Li Qingshan away and break him to pieces, but Li Qingshan was like a piece of metal, allowing his attacks to forge and temper him. He became braver and braver as he fought.

They clashed over a dozen times, and Li Qingshan's calves had already sunken into the earth completely. Blood oozed out from his nose and mouth, but he became more and more determined.

At the end of the day, Xiong Xiangwu was borrowing power from a foreign source. His strength was tremendous, but there was no way he could recover his strength after each attack as quickly as Li Qingshan. He finally revealed an opening, and Li Qingshan would never just let the opportunity slip by. He threw a punch, but the glow nullified it once again.

"It's useless! You can't touch me!" Xiong Xiangwu laughed madly.

"I would like to see how many punches you can block!" Li Qingshan did not give his opponent any time to catch his breath. He erupted with all of his true qi and powered his fists, throwing several dozen punches consecutively.

The light trembled under the attacks, constantly fading away, while Xiong Xiangwu staggered backwards as well. Blood oozed from the corner of his mouth. Clearly, the light was unable to nullify the entire force of the punches. His body was still shaken up.

Xiong Xiangwu collapsed on one knee from all the attacks. He called out in fury and refusal, "You!"

"Die!" Li Qingshan drew the Soaring Dragon sword from his back and filled it up with true qi. The sword thrummed, and a streak of light over a foot long emerged from the tip. He swung down as hard as he could at the light around Xiong Xiangwu. It moved sluggishly for a while before sliding in smoothly. A human head fell and rolled on the ground. Its face was still filled with shock and fear.

Li Qingshan lifted up the sword and said, "The master of the Black Wind stronghold has been beheaded here! The Black Wind stronghold is destroyed!" Afterwards, he flicked the sword. "What a good sword!" He did not use this sword from the very beginning, instead using his fists to waste away the light from the talisman. Otherwise, if he had used the sword when the light was the strongest, not only would he have failed to kill Xiong Xiangwu, but he would have destroyed the sword as well.

Although the black ox had said it was an inferior counterfeit of a spiritual artifact, at least it was much more useful and suitable for him. He asked, "Brother ox, what did you want me to do?"

The black ox said, "Help the little ghost achieve something with the Path of White Bone and Great Beauty. Go gather the corpses. Don't waste such great material."