

Carefree Path of Dreams

Chapter 22: Kill

"Black Sand Palm?"

Song Zhigao naturally recognized this widely-known technique.

Honestly speaking, the technique was a stupid one. It needed an extended period of training for the bones to be able to withstand the strength the technique produced. He was being cultivated by the Spirit Returning Sect and this technique was nothing to him.

However, Song Zhigao could not believe how great the power was when the technique was executed by someone else.

When both got into contact with each other, a deafening sound of bones fracturing was heard. Song Zhigao experienced immense pain on both of his arms and screamed. His body flew and his blood splashed everywhere when his body was in mid-air.

"Your....your power....you are a freak!"

He landed on the ground. He screamed as he looked at his broken arms. He looked at Fang Yuan as if Fang Yuan was a beast.

'My power now is nearly twice as much as a normal human being! This is not only record-breaking, this allows my foundations to be far greater than any normal martial artist with the help of the Vermillion Jade Rice!'

Fang Yuan looked at this scene and understood why he was able to perform that well.

When experts duelled, any small differences can affect the result. Song Zhigao was at [Martial Artist (3rd Gate)]. The quality of his body was not as great as Fang Yuan's. Also, it had been a long time since he was in a battle as he was used to being a comprador. Plus, he was a coward. Hence, it was inevitable that he lost.

"Who are you exactly?"

Song Zhigao landed on the ground, rolled his eyes and was in shock. "Don't kill me. I can give you lots of treasures and even the martial arts manual...."

"You talk too much!"

Deep inside, Fang Yuan knew never to argue too much with an enemy. He went straight up and broke Song Zhigao's skull.

"Bang!"

Song Zhigao's body laid down on the ground.

"Aahh!"

"Murder!"

The duel happened so fast that when the servants started to react, Fang Yuan had already killed Song Zhigao.

"I'm not a murderer!"

With a hat and towel to conceal his identity, he wouldn't have the thought of killing any witnesses, which involved hitting the ones that screamed the loudest till they fainted.

This was one of the ideas that he got from the dream world.

Everyone would want to claim some trophies after defeating the boss.

Only this time, Fang Yuan had a miscalculation.

"You thief! You still dare to be angry after killing someone!"

"Crack!"

The door frame broke into pieces and flew right at Fang Yuan like raindrops!

Among the flying wooden pieces, a person zoomed past. He pointed out his fingers from his right hand and poked at Fang Yuan's eyebrows.

"Whoosh!"

The sword essence gave a whooshing sound as it swept through the air

"An expert!"

Fang Yuan returned a hit with his palm and duelled with the person in mid-air. He fell backwards and stared at the person.

"You're at the 3rd Gate?"

The person was wearing a jade-green coloured robe, with a golden waistband and a jade hanging by the side. He was young and had a chic outfit. He looked at Fang Yuan with disdain and said, "You have got the guts to kill my comrador from the Spirit Returning Sect, how dare you!"

Fang Yuan looked at the red print on his palm and was stunned for a moment.

From his training of the Black Sand Palm, he had nearly achieved the highest level in terms of his skill. He should be immune to normal fist attacks, but not sword attacks.

However, his palm had an immense pain this time.

"I didn't expect Song Zhigao to have men around, and one who is at the 4th or 5th Gate!"

Fang Yuan had underestimated the power of his opponent and his opponent was definitely a powerful one. It seemed that his opponent was well trained for a long time and had a very strong body quality. Previously, he could defeat the Old Master with random moves but would have lost if he duelled with his current opponent.

"Afraid to say something?"

At that moment, his opponent approached him calmly. "It is okay if you do not want to speak now. I will still take you down and torture you till you speak with the ten different levels of tortures of the Spirit Returning Sect. I'm not really sure which level you can endure Those who kill my men will have to pay the price!"

"Your men?"

Fang Yuan asked in a hoarse voice, "You are Song Yujie?"

"Oh? You recognize me?"

Song Yujie became curious.

"Hooooo....."

Fang Yuan didn't answer his question but let out a long breath.

If he had met other experts, he would have ran away by now.

But what about Song Yujie?

To be honest, Song Zhigao was just a sidekick of Song Yujie. Song Yujie was really the man in charge!

"Well, I am quite lucky today!"

Fang Yuan laid both his palms flat. Previously, his palms were in good condition like a white jade. Now, his palms were bruised.

"You should feel proud for being able to train the Black Sand Palm to such state, but your external power is too weak. How can you even match yourself with my divine power of the Spirit Returning Sect?"

Song Yujie mocked him, lifted up his right fingers and aimed it right at him like a sword. "Have a taste of my Spirit Returning sword skills!"

"Sword essence!"

Fang Yuan's eyes focused on his fingers.

This was a power generated from a high-level inner power and superior sword skills. Song Yujie was definitely talented to be able to achieve this.

At that point, there was no way of falling back. Fang Yuan did not expect himself to be able to escape from this expert at [Martial Artist (4th Gate)] or [Martial Artist (5th Gate)]. He gave a fierce look and suddenly pounced like a crazy man, "Boundless Black Sand!"

"Bang!"

The power from the palm was easily destroyed by the energy from the sword skills and Song Yujie could only feel a slight force from Fang Yuan.

Song Yujie looked down and saw a small black print on his back of his hand. He then looked at Fang Yuan, who had an extra wound on his chest, and his expression changed. "You dare to hurt me?"

"Not only.....haha.....I will not only hurt you but kill you as well!"

Fang Yuan laughed even though he was coughing out blood.

When duelling with a person that had twice as much as a normal person's body quality, the healing power he brought about was shocking. At least he knew that his external injuries did not look too serious.

"Why are you not admitting that you are in the wrong!"

Song Yujie went forward with his trembling right hand. A spiritual snake-like light appeared and he was able to twist his fingers to become like a twisted sword!

After being hurt a little by Fang Yuan, he decided to get serious.

"Looks like you have not exerted your full power. I am lucky this time....haha...."

Fang Yuan felt very fortunate.

He knew that even though he was benefiting a lot from the spiritual plants, he was still inferior as compared to the real talents from other sects.

If Song Yujie had used his twisted fingers and attacked Fang Yuan just now, he would have been dead since he did not train his sword skills.

"Lucky me...."

Song Yujie frowned.

No matter what, he felt that the mysterious Fang Yuan had no chance in making another comeback.

However, just when he was about to prepare to attack Fang Yuan's limbs and interrogate him, he felt something strange.

"My right hand....is numb...."

He focused on the black print which was on his back of his hand, and said, "You poisoned me?! How brutal!"

"Now we are dealing with life and death. There is no such thing as one being too brutal to another!"

Fang Yuan slowly moved forward and saw Song Yujie's face turning blue-black in colour. Song Yujie quickly took some antidote. "You don't need to do that. I have tested this poison and it is able to poison a martial arts expert at the 3rd Gate to death easily...."

Song Yujie fell onto the ground as soon as Fang Yuan commented. He was horrified to see his palm starting to rot.

He had been poisoned by the mutated Pearl Tail Snake's poison.

After attaining [Black Sand Palm (Grade 3)], poison could be added along with normal attacks. Fang Yuan was naturally impolite and decided to add the Pearl Tail Snake's poison to his Black Sand Palm since he had Yama's backing.

The result was shocking and extraordinary as Song Yujie, who did not take any precautions, was defeated.

"Black Sand Palm....added with poison? Are you a disciple of Kou Feng?"

Song Yujie screamed loudly, "Aahh....you are dead. My father from the Spirit Returning Sect will find you!"

"You are about to die and you still don't want to admit defeat?"

Fang Yuan then moved forward and eased his pain by killing Song Yujie's skull with his palm.

"The addition of poison to Black Sand Palm seems like a special technique. So only the creator Kou Feng and his disciples would know about this technique?"

Song Yujie gave his last message and it surprised Fang Yuan a little.

When he first practised the Black Sand Palm, the message hinted at the possibility of encapsulating poison within the palm, and after much progress, it became a skill of his own.

"Is this the side effect of the system? Whenever I develop my skills to the limit, hidden abilities will always be discovered?"

There was little evidence to prove his hypothesis right now and so he could only guess.

"But right now, I should really start leaving this place!"

He observed his surroundings.

Due to his murder of the two, the Song Manor was now in chaos. There was crying and screaming from the backyard and many of the servants escaped through the main door.

'There is too much movement and this will definitely attract others!'

Fang Yuan abandoned the idea of going to the backyard to steal valuables. Instead, he searched the bodies of Song Zhigao and Song Yujie and found a few things of value. Without taking another look, he escaped by jumping over a wall.

Before leaving, he burnt Song Zhigao's manor and watched it being destroyed in the fire.

This was not only to vent his anger but also to create more chaos. Hence, others would be distracted by the fire and Fang Yuan would then be able to escape.

After all, how could the local authorities disregard the fire and let it spread to other parts of the city?

Black smoke filled the lighted sky.

He grew in the mountains since young and could traverse any forest easily.

"This is so enjoyable!"

He reached a creek after escaping for a period of time. Fang Yuan heartily drank the spring water and burnt his jacket and his hat.

A poem from the dream world appeared in his mind at that moment.

'5,000 soldiers were sent in secretly, under the orders of a commander. They were instructed to engage in close quarter battles, and kill like there was no tomorrow.'

"Unfortunately, even though the killing of the thieves become quite high profile, the process was still enjoyable!"