

Carefree 39

[Carefree Path of Dreams](#)

Chapter 39: Murderer

"Die, old fool!"

Fang Yuan bellowed, and his back muscles moved like how a bird spread its wings.

A large power welled up in his back and travelled to his arms, wrists, palms and finally to the tips of his fingers.

"Pitter-patter!"

The joints in his body exploded with energy. The joints in his body acted as leverage. With each joint, the power increased manifold.

"Eagle Claw!"

Lin Leiyue was shocked when she witnessed the scene that unfolded in front of her.

She had seen the move executed by Yu Qiuleng, who was renowned for the Eagle Claw Technique. Other than the fact that Yu Qiuleng was more skilled than Fang Yuan, the young lad was comparable in terms of vitality and spirit.

"Is this still the old Brother Fang?"

Lin Leiyue was astonished and did not know what to think.

"He is so... so..."

Her jaw dropped and the image of a gentle and prim lady was gone.

She could only think of one thing, "If he had used his full power then, I would not have been alive!"

In truth, she had overestimated Fang Yuan.

Fang Yuan was not as skilled in the Eagle Claw Technique then as he was now. If he had trained systematically, he would have made rapid progress in his martial arts skills.

It was apt to say that he was seen in a new light after not seeing him for a few days as his skills had greatly improved.

"Huhu!"

The claws were capable of ripping organs. The gust generated by the claws was sufficient to cut the skin even before the claws landed on target.

"Good lad!"

Song Zhong panted, his face red. He waved his hands in the air to form a sign, "Demonic Wind Hand!"

"Boom!"

The claw and the palm made contact and a loud sound was heard.

"Whoosh!"

The dust rose. Fang Yuan flew away and landed squarely on the ground, a trail of blood dripping from the corner of his mouth.

"Why are your inner power and your stamina so overbearing?"

Song Zhong stood his ground, his face puzzled. He let out a laugh. "It's a shame, no matter how unreasonable, that you will never be able to bridge the gap... cough cough...."

Purplish-black blood started to spurt out while he was talking.

"If you are a normal 6th Gate Martial Artist, I would naturally run away... but you are just an old dog. How long can your body last?"

Fang Yuan wriggled the joints in his palms which cracked with a crisp sound.

He had heard that the Resurrection Pill could only treat injuries once and keep the martial artist at his peak. It was effective in treating Elder Li's injuries even before he was attacked by Lin Leiyue and the others.

"Old...old dog?!"

Song Zhong was stumped. Even Lin Leiyue was shocked.

"You...you punk, you are dead meat!"

Song Zhong seethed with anger. He had never been humiliated like this before as he was a [Martial Artist (7th Gate)].

Even when he was banished from the sect, a small disagreement led to this bloodshed.

Yet, his punk dared to insult him in the face?

Lin Leiyue found it hard to believe and came to a misperception that the world had undergone a great change.

"Haha... Old dog, it is still unconfirmed who will live and who will die!"

Fang Yuan laughed and attacked, giving Song Zhong no opportunity to reply, "Watch my combo!"

Song Zhong was at his wit's end. However, he had a strong foundation in the martial arts. There was no one around that could match his inner power if he was given enough time to recover.

As such, the only strategy was to attack relentlessly!

Fang Yuan was confident in this aspect!

After all, he had almost twice as much Essence as a commoner, which meant that he had extraordinary endurance and recovery.

He was able to narrow the gap due to his inner power from the combination of Black Sand Palm (Grade 5) and the Eagle Claw Iron Skin Technique.

"Schhhh"

The gust generated from Eagle Claw cut the air.

"Impossible, how did you recover so fast?"

Song Zhong was astonished. He gritted his teeth and asked, "Are you trying to wear me out?"

His face, which was originally red, started to have blood droplets flowing out from the pores, "The soul must burn to unleash the blood demon!"

That was his secret move which allowed him to suppress his injury and boost his final strength. He had previously used it to kill Elder Li. The stress caused by using it a second time broke his body.

"Die! Demonic Wind Hand— Blood Palm!"

Song Zhong lunged forward. Fresh blood dripped from his right hand and formed a coat of red around his palm. His palm clashed with the Eagle Claw.

"Boom!"

There was another resounding noise as Fang Yuan flew backwards. His face changed and he vomited a large amount of fresh blood, "This feels good!"

His eyes were fervent and he stood back up, "Again!"

"This lad... is he crazy?!"

Song Zhong was afraid of this fighting style that Fang Yuan displayed. Fang Yuan was totally not concerned about his life.

"Whoosh!"

The sound created by those outside could be heard. Given by the sound produced, it was safe to say that there were highly-skilled fighters amongst them in the all-out pursuit of Song Zhong.

Song Zhong paled. He immediately turned and fled into the densely vegetated jungle.

Given the situation, there was no way he could murder the 'adulterous couple'. The only way was to hide and wait for the opportunity to arise.

He still had plenty of opportunities as long as it was within seven days. This was especially true for the youth in front of him. Fang Yuan was very difficult to handle and without resting, Song Zhong was uncertain of being able to beat him.

"Where are you going?"

Fang Yuan bellowed as he gave chase.

How could he let his opponent escape?

Even if he knew the properties of the Resurrection Pill, there was a possibility in this vast world that Song Zhong might encounter a miracle and survive. Fang Yuan would never be at ease unless he saw Song Zhong dead before his eyes.

When would there be a better opportunity?

His opponent's energy was depleted. It was a good opportunity to kill Song Zhong even for someone of his skill level.

There might not be another opportunity if he missed it.

"Whoosh!"

In the deep forest, the two of them ran. No one knew how far they had run.

"This old fool really has a lot of endurance. I wonder if it is the effect of the pill. "

Fang Yuan saw that the distance between the two of them was not narrowing. He looked around at the surroundings before he shouted, "Old dog, don't you want to know how your precious son died?"

"What?"

Upon hearing this, Song Zhong stopped running and turned around, his eyes fixed on Fang Yuan. "What do you know? Speak!"

There was still a distance between Song Zhong and the troops. Even if he was delayed, he would have sufficient time to escape. He was more concerned about the truth and made the decision to stop.

"Who killed that dog...Haha..."

Fang Yuan did not stop. He rushed forward, his hands forming the Eagle Claw and struck at Song Zhong. "Go and ask your son!"

"You brat!"

Song Zhong's expression turned cold. "Do you really think I cannot kill you?"

He raised his palms towards the sky. An unyielding power could be felt from his palms.

"Bang!"

The fist and the claw met. Song Zhong's expression changed. "No...you..."

He stumbled back and looked at his hands, only to see that there were holes in his palms with black blood flowing out.

"You used poison...no, this is the Black Sand Palm...It was you!"

His eyes were bloodshot. He leapt forward, only to crash onto the ground.

"I hate you! I hate you!"

Song Zhong roared as he looked at his palm. He glared at Fang Yuan with a look that could kill.

If he had known that the killer of his son was standing right before him, he would have used all means available to kill Fang Yuan, even if he had to sacrifice his life.

However, he had been plotted against and there was no way he could retaliate.

"You used the Resurrection Pill and used the secret arts many times. Your energy is depleted and you are crippled...After my Black Sand Palm, there is no way you would be able to survive. On this day next year, it will be your death anniversary!"

Fang Yuan's expression was cold. He took out a Yama's Order and consumed it.

Song Zhong was undoubtedly a master of the 3 Perilous Gates. He was struck by the Black Sand Palm and was injured but managed to counter his opponent's attack on his inner power. This caused a portion of the Pearl Tail Snake's poison to backflow, causing harm to Fang Yuan as well.

However, Fang Yuan had the Yama's Order which was able to act as an antidote to the poison.

Song Zhong was not so lucky.

"Please be on your way!"

Fang Yuan stepped forward and looked at Song Zhong who was already unable to speak. His expression turned cold. "Song Yujie repeatedly send people to cause trouble to me. Do you expect me to die and not retaliate?"

"As for you, you are yet another troublemaker. I cannot let you live for one more day!"

While the Resurrection Pill was able to work miracles, its effects could be nullified. There were a few fabled magical pills that could save Song Zhong's life.

Fang Yuan did not want to create more problems even if it was unlikely.

"Please be on your way. Remember not to trifle with me in your next life!"

Fang Yuan nodded his head, lifted his right hand and brought it down sharply.

"Boom!"

Blood spurted out.

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Outside the forest, the sound of hurried footsteps could be heard.

"Footprints, over there!"

"Song Zhong is just ahead. He is not going anywhere!"

A group of martial artists surrounded the area. At the front of the group was Lin Leiyue and two protectors of the Spirit Returning Sect.

"Leiyue, did that friend of yours chase after Song Zhong alone?"

A protector shook her head, "Oh dear, that old thief is highly skilled and cunning. Your friend might have already fallen into his hands."

"Fang Yuan... He would not!"

Miss Qing said from the side. Those who had seen Fang Yuan and Song Zhong clashed would have confidence in him as well.

"Hmmm... Song Zhong possessed a high level of inner force. A person with inner power would not be able to stand up to him. Even if he was avaricious, he would have died..."

Another person chipped in but stopped momentarily when Lin Leiyue looked at him..

"Hmmm? Someone is here!"

The people in front came to a stop when they saw a silhouette walking out of the dense forest.

"Brother Fang!"

Miss Qing was pleasantly surprised. "Where is that old traitor, Song Zhong?"

"Here!"

Fang Yuan raised his right hand and Song Zhong's severed head appeared. This caused the onlookers to be bewildered and uncertain.

"The old traitor had been served his just dessert?"

The two protectors could not believe their eyes.