

## **A Father 117**

Chapter 117: Ascending the Tower Horizontal Refinement God Comes to See Me, Why Use a Cleaver to Kill a Chicken (3)

Clutching the Liu Blood Shock Spear, Li Che's meridians within him were furiously roaring as his blood was transported.

Inside his chest, the Dao Fruit [Dragon Elephant Vajra] was violently throbbing...throbbing...

Bang bang...bang bang—!

Li Che, without any hesitation, stimulated the [Dragon Elephant Vajra] Dao Fruit!

Prototype of Divine Powers...

Dragon Elephant Vajra - Ascend!

In an instant!

Li Che only felt the blood within his body, as if it had come to life, turning into countless boiling fish, eager to cross the dragon gate of the flesh and ascend the high tower!

[Boiling Divinity, Flesh Ascending, Perfect Horizontal Refinement, all gods see me]

That was Ascending!

Boom—!

Underneath Li Che's Cute Bull Mask, his eyes suddenly burst forth with brilliant golden color, which was smoke of golden specks spilling from his pupils, fluttering elegantly with the movement of his head...

The dark, vigorous strands of his hair began to wildly grow, gradually falling to his waist, like a profoundly heavy black cape, billowing with the fierce wind!

Rip...

His limbs swelled, and one after another, veins like enormous pythons moved beneath a nearly crimson skin, and yet, his entire body didn't swell much, rather it was that perfectly refined strength after thousands of hammers, like the real Vajra Indestructible, perfectly horizontally refined!

Only his blood grew ever more rough and terrifying, circulating around with triple the previous speed!

His inner qi even seemed to be painted a shade of red, like a boiling inferno!

I've grown stronger—

Li Che's consciousness was extremely clear, even overly calm, he knew, activating such a brutal form of Divine Powers, but it hadn't confused his will, making him a slave to strength.

Instead, it allowed his consciousness to surpass the past clarity, his Divine Sense seemed to have grown stronger as well.

So strong...

Li Che felt that now, he could hammer anyone to death!

Yet, an intense desire burst forth from his vigorously throbbing heart.

The extremely clear and calm Li Che, clenched his hand.

The [Chessboard] Dao Fruit slightly trembled.

Then it spat out a chess piece that was a dense ink-black color.

It was precisely a Divinity Chess Piece drawn from [Three-Eyed Furious True Monarch Lingying Temple God]!

"I need this chess piece..."

"No, it's the 'Ascending Stance' that needs this chess piece."

Li Che was thoughtful.

"Let's try one for a taste."

With his hand open, red inner qi sprayed forth from his flesh, nearly forming a burning cloak of twisted air outside his body.

The black chess piece floated in the palm of his hand.

His fingers fiercely clenched.

In an instant, it exploded into a cloud of black mist, that was the Divinity reaching its boiling point, turning into a divine mist!

In a flash, the mist completely fused into his body.

Li Che sharply tilted his head back, and his black hair that had grown and hung to his waist whipped around like a cape.

For a moment.

Li Che merely felt that before his eyes, it was as if an image flashed by.

In the image...

The Three-eyed Wrathful True Lord Lingying Temple God in the Mysterious Temple seemed to come to life, casting its gaze, while Li Che looked down with a gaze that seemed to dominate from above.

In a flash, the Spirit Infant Temple God screamed, its face twisted with fury but also with a touch... of terror!

The image vanished in an instant.

Cold rain and snow poured down.

Li Che's consciousness returned, everything had happened in just a few breaths.

Below.

Old Master Xu was completely drenched by the rain, lying on the ground, shaking continuously.

He watched, wide-eyed, the Bull Demon undergo a transformation, becoming...even more terrifying, that overwhelming Divinity Majesty...that dreadful rank...

Left him, a mere common cultivator who forged a Divine Foundation of Ten Cities, without the courage to even flee.

His Divine Foundation...was trembling!

His Divinity...was in fear!

The cold rain soaked him, lashing across his face.

He struggled to lift his head.

It was as if... he had seen a Temple God.

His face was bitter, and he opened his mouth.

He uttered the last words of a dying man in the human world.

"To kill a chicken..."

"why use a bull cleaver." Enjoy new stories from .com

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In front of the City Lord's Mansion.

The ground was reeking of blood...

Battered bodies lay scattered on the ground, blooming like blood-red plum blossoms under the rain falling from the sky.

Wearing a cat-face mask, Li Qingshan stood upright, gripping the Ram Horn Hammer, his essence, qi, and spirit utterly distinct.

The head of the Ram Horn Hammer was still dripping with blood mixed with rainwater.

Under the cat-face mask, his deep-set eyes gazed toward the City Lord's Mansion.

It seemed mocking, seemingly unimpressed.

As if to say, is that all the tricks you have?

On the octagonal multi-eaved tower, City Lord Cao Guang was no longer in sight.

But Li Qingshan didn't care.

His target was right there; walking in and hammering Cao Guang to death would complete his mission.

As for Cao Guang being an official ordained by the Imperial Court, would hammering him entangle him with the Temple Control Bureau and bring him bad luck?

Li Qingshan cared even less, he was in the right.

This Cao Guang, sacrificing over a thousand Spirit Babies, holding a Thousand Infants Carving Banquet, such scum, would the Imperial Court even have the face to seek him out for bad luck after his death?

Cao Guang shook his head and took a heavy step down.

In an instant, countless raindrops were pushed outward, like waves crashing, rushing towards the direction of the City Lord's Mansion.

Suddenly.

Cao Guang squinted.

But around the City Lord's Mansion, three figures appeared, each wearing bizarre masks.

Their masks were bizarre because of the facial features depicted on them.

Their noses were huge, their eyes were huge.

The proportions were completely off; just looking at them gave the illusion of swelling noses and bulging eyes.

Another was wearing a small Spirit Baby mask with a smile, wrapped in a scarlet robe.

The two figures were extremely burly, with a strong corpse qi emanating in a grey and black color, rising up crookedly even though it was being washed by the torrential rain.

"Interesting... the hand of the Corpse God Cult indeed reaches into Golden Light Prefecture; even a city lord is under your influence."

"And you... you must be the Spirit Infant Master of the Spirit Infant Sect, right?"

Li Qingshan gripped the Ram Horn Hammer, his eyes deep under the cat-face mask.

The child wearing the smiling child mask tilted its head, and suddenly a gender-neutral voice echoed.

"Li Qingshan... I've long heard of your renown."

Li Qingshan narrowed his eyes: "I originally thought the Spirit Infant Sect was just a pretext developed by Cao Guang to collect Spirit Babies, but now it seems... it's not quite so..."

"A newly developed sect? Seems to have a deep connection with the Corpse God Cult..."

The Ram Horn Hammer in Li Qingshan's hand spun around, and he suddenly took a step forward, ready to strike.

Suddenly.

Not just Li Qingshan, but also the Spirit Infant Master and those two burly figures shrouded in interwoven corpse qi, also raised the cheeks of their masks, looking off into the distance.

All of their expressions subtly changed.

"A Temple God?"

But soon, they all turned their heads back toward the direction of the octagonal multi-eaved tower of the City Lord's Mansion.

The airwaves violently shot out, intertwining like wildly dancing pythons, as if an endless fury was being unleashed.

In the midst of the storm, the expressions under the masks of the five confronters abruptly changed again.

Because, inside that octagonal multi-eaved tower...

Another Temple God's presence rose.

"Hmm?!"

"Two Temple Gods?"