

A Father 118

Chapter 118: Where Did the Temple God Divinity Go, Is He a Thief?

"Two Temple Gods?"

"How could there be the presence of two Temple Gods?!"

In front of the City Lord's Mansion, the four confronting individuals all fell into a brief shock.

None of them spoke, their eyes flashing beneath their masks.

The Temple God's presence rising in the distance was mixed with surging and terrifying blood energy, while the presence of the Temple God inside the City Lord's Mansion seemed purer, with rampant interweaving waves of Divinity, carrying a strong pressure of rank.

It should be said that both presences of the Temple Gods had a strong pressure of rank.

However, the erupting Temple God's presence in the distance seemed to have merged with the extremely volatile blood energy that only a Martial Artist possessed.

It was like an invincible Tyrannosaurus, stretching its body, its bones and muscles resounding in unison, roaring towards heaven and earth.

"What's going on?"

Spirit Infant Master narrowed his eyes, "Didn't Cao Guang say... that only one Temple God was to be worshipped? How come there's another presence of a Temple God appearing?"

"A city worshipping two temples? Taking the Temple Gods for a fool?"

If Fei Lei City had two Temple Gods...

It would be too dangerous!

This was not in line with the planned expectations!

Li Qingshan was also extremely astonished, gripping the Ram Horn Hammer, his brows furrowed into a "川" under the cat-faced mask.

The situation had changed.

He was starting to hesitate whether to run away or not.

Two Temple Gods... he was afraid he might be beaten to death, right?

Especially considering Cao Guang's plan for the Thousand Buddha Carving Banquet even hoped to elevate Fei Lei City's Ten Capitals Mysterious Temple to the Nine Luminaries Level.

That would be a Divinity of the Nine Luminaries Level...

If not in full strength, he might not be able to defeat it.

Add to that another Temple God that unexpectedly appeared, completely outside of the plan...

Li Qingshan's forepaws had already begun to exert force, ready to make a getaway.

The experts of the Corpse God Sect with the large-nosed and large-eyed masks also planned to retreat.

The Spirit Infant Master had even turned around, holding up the hem of his big red robe, a small figure, toddling off as if planning to slip away.

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Inside the City Lord's Mansion.

The thick scent of blood intertwined, within a huge and boundless secret chamber.

Cao Guang knelt in the center, wearing a white robe, with disheveled hair. The ground was engraved with wood patterns, flowing with crimson blood, surrounded by numerous Spirit Infant Wood Carvings in various poses.

These wood carvings all came from the craftsmanship of Fei Lei City's wood carving masters.

It was only after Cao Guang spent a great deal of money that these Wood Carvers took on the work.

But Cao Guang's money... was not so easy to take, was it?

Cao Guang abruptly clapped his hands together, chanting words from the "Three-eyed Wrathful True Lord Foundation Technique," which seemed more like some esoteric incantation.

It was more like a kind of sacrificial speech.

His face was devout and respectful, as if offering up his soul, presenting his faith, all for the exchange of power, to obtain transformation.

At the same time.

The entire Fei Lei City, all the Wood Carvers who had carved for the Thousand Buddha Carving Banquet, suddenly felt their minds buzz, losing all willpower as if they had seen a deity, their beliefs stripped away.

They walked out of their homes like zombies, unwittingly kneeling on the rain-washed bluestone ground, arms spread wide, in utmost devotion.

Streams of Divinity, like slender snakes, wriggled out from the bodies of these Wood Carvers, twisting and turning, like rivers flowing into the sea, quickly slithering towards the direction of the City Lord's Mansion.

Inside the City Lord's Mansion.

Cao Qingyuan's hair stood on end; he retreated several steps, standing outside the room, not daring to set foot inside for even a moment.

But his heart was somewhat fanatical— the power of the Temple God...

This was an opportunity for his Divine Base Cultivation to break through to the Middle Realm.

If he relied on his own cultivation, he didn't know how long he would need to accumulate, or if there was even any hope in this lifetime.

To rely on the power of the Temple God was the simplest and most direct method.

Just like his father, who had also given up the possibility of charging towards a higher realm with his own Talent, planning to borrow the power of the Temple God.

The Mysterious Temple's appearance in the human world was a dawn for many Cultivators who had reached a dead end.

It was an opportunity to touch heights previously unreachable.

As for the price that needed to be paid...

The sacrifices that needed to be made...

What did that have to do with these cultivators?

The ones who would die were nothing more than commoners, like pigs or dogs.

Cao Qingyuan backed up to the doorway, also somewhat devout. He yearned for the power of the Temple God.

Worship the deity!

Bow to the deity!

With the blood and Divinity of a thousand Spirit Babies, plus a thousand wood carvings—since they were all creations that Woodcarving Masters had poured their hearts into, although they were not Divine Wood Carvings, they could extract Divinity from the Woodcarving Masters through the Spirit Infant Wood Carvings.

All these... were offerings!

The deity should awaken!

Boom—

High above the sky, as if a thunderclap had exploded.

The secret chamber of the City Lord's Mansion began to collapse, shattering, countless specks of dust floating up, turning into gravel-like fragments under the howling gales, continuously swirling.

Cao Guang opened his eyes; a vertical line had appeared on his brows, his white robe stained with dots of blood.

He continuously backed away, his face showing a look of satisfaction.

"The Thousand Infant Sculpture Sacrifice is complete!"

"The Temple God has accepted our offering!"

As his words fell,

The entire secret chamber's scenery began to change dramatically; countless swirling sand grains began to amass, forming a scene that was exactly the same as the layout and structure of the [Three-eyed Wrathful True Lord Lingying] Mysterious Temple outside the city!

There was even an altar, and flickering red candle flames, as well as the Statue of the Deity of the Three-eyed Wrathful True Lord Lingying Temple God sitting atop the altar!

But the Statue of the Deity trembled slightly, as if it was about to stand up.

Yet it seemed a bit weak and unable to stand.

A pair of eyes brimmed with unparalleled fury; the third eye on his forehead emitted a faint glow.