

A Father 121

Chapter 121: Do You Deserve to Make Me Take Off the Mask? Eradicate the Roots, The Treasury Surnamed Li

Boom—!

Cao Guang didn't even have time to react, as the terrifying force poured down on him like a storm.

His Xuanmai pinnacle muscles and bones emitted sounds of being unable to bear the burden.

The python tendons snapped, the tiger bones cracked, and a mist of blood spread in the air, whipped away by the rain!

His body smashed onto the long street, his spine sliding across the ground, tearing through the puddles, turning the blue bricks on the ground to dust, creating heaps of broken bricks and smashed mud!

Steaming heat spread around—it was the high temperature emitted from the friction between his back flesh and the ground.

Cao Guang's head drooped down, blood and rain dripping from his hair ends.

How could it be...

So strong?!

Was this the outburst after borrowing the power of the Temple God?

It's so strong... but this strength was supposed to belong to him, after all the years he had prepared, hosting the Thousand Buddha Carving Banquet, and in the end...

Somehow, the power of the Temple God unwittingly ended up benefiting the Bull Demon!

Cao Guang mobilized his own Divinity, but the Temple God had sold him out... he couldn't rely on it at all.

Thud—

A dull sound, a robust and burly figure, with a back like a devil's inverted triangle and black, strong hair hanging down his waist like a cape, appeared in front of him.

The constant release of the Temple God Divinity's hierarchical pressure seemed to freeze Cao Guang's Divine Foundation Divinity.

He couldn't mobilize it at all.

Cao Guang took a deep breath, as if through the power of life's struggle, he circulated his blood, despite his sternum already being broken to pieces and signs of his internal organs being smashed. He still gritted his teeth, swallowed his blood, and launched up from the ground, trying to open his eyes wide.

Crack!

Lightning tore through the dim clouds, electric snakes surged as the sky roared in anger, and heavy rain fell.

Visibility became extremely low.

Plus, the billowing and boiling blood heat, which in the cold winter formed a thick fog, made everything immensely blurred.

"Bull Demon—!"

The low roar exploded from Cao Guang's throat.

The fog formed by the steaming blood was instantly torn apart; the Cute Bull Mask at that moment seemed so ghastly and demonic!

Like the Ox-Head of the Underworld in charge of reaping lives!

"Bull Demon..."

Cao Guang's roar lowered, he stared dumbfounded at this scene.

His heart, which wanted to make one last stand, suddenly lost its urge.

He looked at the figure with hair cascading like a waterfall and muscled body radiating, beneath the mask eyes dispersing golden smoke.

For some reason...

He lost his will to fight.

He couldn't help but think of the past when he had rushed to the Golden Light Prefecture City in high spirits, but was slapped by a genius of the Authentic Divine Sect because of a bad mood, nearly collapsing his Divine Foundation, a miserable fate with his bones almost entirely shattered. ǚ

"Bull Demon... who exactly are you?"

Cao Guang staggered, soaked by the rain, having plotted such a grand scheme for his own promotion, sacrificing everything.

But in the end...

It resulted in this.

An utter debacle!

His heart was not at peace, unable to calmly accept, he now wanted to know, or rather, wanted to see, the face under the Bull Demon Mask that had ruined so many of his good dealings...

Who exactly was it?

Could it be...

Really that mud-sticker!

"May I take a look?"

In his eyes, there was a mix of hope and curiosity.

Li Che activated Ascending Stance, his fleshly body towering much taller, Cao Guang, after all, was a Xuanmai Warrior, although also robust, but... seemed very insignificant in front of him.

Looking down from a high position, the eyes under the Bull Demon Mask emitted a golden smoke, coldly watching Cao Guang.

The supreme calmness brought by Ascending Stance made him completely disregard Cao Guang.

Want him to remove the mask?

What are you... worthy of?

His fingers spread open, then fiercely clenched, instantly, countless streams of air and rainwater were all grasped together in that moment, the surrounding air seemed to carry a howling sound, as if compressed into a ball!

Roar

A crimson tiger emerged from behind the Bull Demon, baring its fangs and claws, roaring heaven and earth.

White Tiger Chaotic Wind Fist!

Transformation Realm!

However, at this moment, it should be called Red Tiger, because Li Che's Inner Qi turned crimson, surging like a burning fire!

"You?!"

Cao Guang did not expect the Bull Demon to be so malicious, he had already given up resistance, yet the Bull Demon was still unwilling to fulfill his last wish.

He just wanted to know...

If the Bull Demon was really that mud-sticker!

Cao Guang roared, crossing his arms in front of his chest, however, a terrifying punch smashed down, an irresistible force, shattered all his flesh and crushed all his bones!

With a loud bang!

Cao Guang burst apart on the spot, flesh scattering, breaking into several chunks.

The skin on them stained with blood, and tadpole-text could still be seen wriggling.

Li Che's fingers clenched instantly, countless well-ambushed silver threads sprung from the ground, madly fluttering, looking very gentle, like spider silk dancing in the wind.

But in reality, vibrating at an extremely high frequency, unleashed terrifying cutting power!

Pupu pupu pupu!

The scattered pieces of flesh on the ground, as well as that resentful, humiliated, angry head, were instantly cut into even finer shreds.

Administering the final blow.

Ensuring Cao Guang was dead beyond doubt.

Li Che then steadily withdrew his hand.

The rain fell coldly, pitter-pattering on the ground, smashing into pieces, blending with the fresh red blood, creating circles of ripples.

"The Temple God... is somewhat craven."

"Just a Temple God of the Ten Capitals Mysterious Temple, understandable."

Li Che raised his hand, still having six Temple God Divinity Chess Pieces floating above his palm.

He had used only one.

Even this one could have remained unused.