

A Father 125

Chapter 125: Eight-Armed Prison Lotus Furious Third Prince (2)

"The city lord has died, and the Temple Control Bureau will know about this news soon. They'll have to send someone over."

Li Qingshan stretched lazily, feeling relaxed all over.

The only surprise that remained was that temple god who tore Cao Guang apart...

Which high and mighty immortal is this, exactly?

So brutal!

Terrifying.

"Right, did that Ox Kid show up? Why haven't I seen him? Ah, forget about him..."

With a shimmer of his body, Li Qingshan shook off the raindrops with his true qi, bolting towards the treasure vault of the City Lord's Mansion like an arrow released from its bow.

A moment later.

"Damn it, that kid must have been here already, like a bird leaving no feathers behind, clean as a whistle!"

"Doesn't leave anything for this old man!"

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Li Che observed Xu You's condition from the shadows for a while.

Upon confirming there were no issues, he vanished into the alleyways.

With a grasp of his hand, the chess piece that serves as an anchor, marking the horses that were galloping down the snowy and rainy official road outside the city, appeared in his hand.

And Li Che himself returned from Fei Lei City to the inside of the carriage.

His blood circulated throughout his body, drying his clothes and hair. Only after removing his mask, did he finally lean back in the soft carriage seat.

His tense nerves gradually relaxed, and smelling the scent of the wood piled up inside the carriage, he began to feel a bit lazy.

This trip back to Fei Lei City had been quite successful: he had saved Old Xu, preventing the disaster of him being eaten by his relatives, resolved the matter of the Thousand Buddha Carving Banquet, and crushed the ambitions of the City Lord of Fei Lei who wanted to sacrifice the whole city.

If there were any regrets, there were indeed a few.

For example, the Divine Catcher Zhang Xiangyang. When Li Che used the Heaven and Earth Chessboard as Master Gao to investigate, he also checked on him.

Unfortunately, he did not find him, so Li Che missed the chance to learn Zhang Xiangyang's "Terrifying Trace of Light" divinity.

It wasn't a big deal, though; he'd have plenty of opportunities once he reached Mansion City, and the Divine Sect probably had corresponding Dharma methods.

Beyond this, the remaining points were all about gains.

He had tested out the "Ascending Stance," and also received generous gifts from many people.

Old Master Xu, Cao Guang, and Cao Qingyuan, the three Divine Base Cultivators, their Qiankun Jades must contain a lot of good stuff. Cao Qingyuan, in particular, had rolled up everything valuable in the entire city lord's treasury.

Now it all belonged to Li Che.

Even with Li Che's composure, he couldn't help but get excited.

"Please give my worldly experience a good shake..."

Li Che pursed his lips and took out Cao Qingyuan's Qiankun Jade – something so treasured that even in death, he clutched it in his palm.

A mid-grade Qiankun Jade of excellent quality, finer even than the one from Cao He, the "Pure Heart" Dao Fruit didn't hesitate to devour and replace the original space.

Lifting his hand, he tore open the space like unzipping a zipper.

Li Che's divine sense moved, falling into it.

There were about a dozen gold bars, a pile of Gold Leaves, a stack of silver ingots, and beyond that, silver notes, house deeds, land deeds, and more.

Darn, was this the financial revenue of the entire Fei Lei City?

It even seemed a bit richer than the Yang Family who had been cultivating their wealth for many years, even after Cao Guang had spent a huge sum of money hiring many wood carvers.

These were just money and material property, things extraneous to oneself. Along with what he had originally acquired, it was enough to allow his family to live luxuriously in Mansion City.

Li Che continued to inventory, and suddenly, his gaze was captured.

"Eh?"

Li Che's spirit stirred, and the next moment, a yellow stump half the size of a person thudded down in the carriage.

Creak, creak...

The sensation of heaviness was such that even the carriage seemed to emit groans of being overburdened, as if on the verge of collapsing.

The carriage slowed down abruptly.

Li Che quickly returned the wood stump to the Qiankun Space.

"Well, well... Spiritual Wood, eh!"

"Seventh Grade Spiritual Wood..."

Li Che breathed rapidly, his eyes shining; the main thing was... such a huge piece of Seventh Grade Spiritual Wood!

Its value was immeasurable!

Just by touching it with his hand, he had already determined the information about this spiritual wood through "Thousand Analyzing Hands."

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[Spiritual Wood (Seventh Rank Lower Grade): Dragon Tooth Boxwood]

[Origin: Yellow tough spiritual wood, hard as fine steel, with a texture like dragon teeth, tough and dense material, even grain, difficult to process, handle with caution]

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Wow!

Dragon Tooth Boxwood! A wood so hard it even surpasses fine iron!

Li Che was amazed internally. The City Lord's Mansion actually had such a treasure. The price of this single chunk of spiritual wood might, in fact, exceed the entire financial income of the City Lord's Mansion.

Where did Cao Guang get such a good thing from?

"Seventh Grade Spiritual Wood... Not every Woodcarving Master can handle it. Ordinary carving knives probably can't even make a mark, let alone carve. Probably needs a Divine Weapon-grade carving knife, right?"

Li Che took a deep breath; this wood stump was likely what Cao Qingyuan coveted so much.

Taken to Mansion City, its value would be too great. The divinity contained within the spiritual wood could be carved into a Divine Wood Carving, likely enough for Cao Qingyuan to cultivate until death.

Besides, there were quite a few Ninth and Tenth Order spiritual woods, all fairly common, among them many that were necessary for crafting Bodhi Blood Tears made of "Blood Flesh Red."

As a Woodcarving Master, Li Che was truly satisfied with this haul.

It was worth it for him to have closed Cao Qingyuan's eyes, allowing him to die with dignity.

Li Che continued the inventory, though there weren't many more surprises.

Two bottles of elixirs, each containing two Ninth Grade Lower Rank "Great Scenic Heaven Fury Dark Flood Dragon Blood Martial Pills," likely issued by the Qintian Observatory.

For Li Che, this was also a fine gain; at least he didn't have to worry about elixirs for cultivation.

Indeed, tallying up one's gains can wash away all fatigue from the body.

Li Che happily counted everything, various martial arts methods - although they weren't of high quality, the sheer quantity was exciting, much like counting money. Even five-dollar bills make one ecstatic when counting, after all, it's still money.