

AS A FATHER, I JUST WANT TO WATCH YOU ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY

Chapter 17: Bone Tempering Thousand Spiders, No Longer Kind

The person opposite was wearing a cute bull mask, but the eyes beneath it had not a hint of adorableness.

Just by locking eyes for an instant, Sun Changbiao felt the taste of death.

An overwhelming killing intent, like a surging river breaching its banks, threatened to collapse his psychological defenses!

"This is Xu's Wood Carving Shop! You... you dare to commit murder here?!"

Bearing the intense pain in his abdomen, Sun Changbiao roared in the face of his fear of death.

Blood and energy surged wildly within him, his muscles tensed and hummed, and inner strength slithered through his palms like thin snakes. His Muscle Channeling Stage cultivation was on full display, readying a counterattack.

Sun Changbiao was well aware that this was Xu's Courtyard, where many old wood carvers resided. If he could just stall for time, perhaps help would arrive!

At the very least, his older brother and father lived in the nearby courtyard. If they heard the commotion, they could immediately come to his aid!

Li Che watched Sun Changbiao indifferently, whose desperate cries were a far cry from his usual gentle and graceful demeanor.

Actually, Li Che could not have imagined that someone who was so amiable outwardly could treat his own biological daughter with such brutality and malevolence...

It was one thing to command his daughter to cook and do chores, but to lash at her with a rattan whip for any dissatisfaction was another.

You can know the face, but not the heart.

Of course, none of these were important...

What mattered was that Li Che heard Sun Changbiao's words.

Confirming Sun Changbiao's malicious intentions toward Xi Xi, this man must be the one who placed the Furious Spirit Infant Wood Carving last night, intending to offer Xi Xi to the Dharma Master in exchange for a son. A villain!

That was cause enough for his death.

At that thought, a surge of malevolence and killing intent erupted in Li Che's heart.

Bang!

Stimulated by the fear of death, Sun Changbiao let out a fierce bellow, and his arms smashed into the ground with such force that he sprung up. His back muscles tensed and snapped straight like a bowstring, as he hurled two fearsome punches towards Li Che!

Muscle Channeling force, along with inner strength, burst forth!

However...

The towering and sturdy figure wearing the bull mask merely lifted a hand, his fan-like fist suddenly clenched, and he pushed out a punch.

Instantly, a dragon's chant and an elephant's trumpeting were heard, a terrifying sound accompanied by strong sound waves that vibrated the air and spiraled violently within the room.

When fist met fist, a sound of shattering bone exploded!

Sun Changbiao let out a wail of misery, terror flooding his eyes!

"Bone Tempering?! A Quenched-Bone Warrior!"

Such strength could only be that of a Quenched-Bone Warrior!

How could there be a Quenched-Bone Warrior within the courtyard, coming out of nowhere to kill him?!

With a punch that broke Sun Changbiao's arm bones, Li Che's eyes beneath the Cute Bull Mask remained detached and unfazed.

Underneath the sleeve, his fingers lightly flicked, and the Dao Fruit Immortal Craftsman subtly leaped.

An invisible silver thread, as if tearing through the air, sinuous as spider silk and as sharp as an unsheathing sword artifact, danced wildly, stirring up a sudden gust.

The mechanism, Thousand Spider Threads!

Accompanied by several sounds of twanging and slicing.

With a grasp of his hand, the threads swiftly retracted, sliding back into his puffy sleeves.

The burly figure adjusted his hat brim and shook his sleeves, then bounded into the courtyard in a few leaps.

He opened the courtyard door from the inside and went straight out, disappearing into the snowstorm.

Sun Changbiao stared dumbfounded at that towering departing figure.

A red line slowly emerged on his neck, dribbling out beads of blood...

The overturned Eight Immortals dining table he was leaning against was silently split, the cut remarkably smooth.

Also neatly severed...

Was Sun Changbiao's head.

With a thud, his head tilted to one side and fell from his neck, accompanied by spurting scorching blood.

The entire room reeked of blood.

Madame Liu, who had collapsed beside him, was already scared witless, trembling uncontrollably like chaff in the wind.

Only when the howling wind and drifting snow from the shattered door outside swept in did she muster a scream from the depths of her throat, utmost terror in her shriek!

"Murder... There's been a murder!"

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In the dark alleyway.

Li Che withdrew the power of the "Dragon Elephant Vajra" Dao Fruit, and his body immediately returned to normal. He redressed, took out the Cute Bull Mask, and with a clench of his fingers, the mask instantly crumbled into a pile of wood shavings.

He pressed down on his bamboo hat and listened to the sobbing cries that drifted along with the sound of the wind and snow.

There was not much change in his expression.

If Sun Changbiao did not die, he would pose a grave threat to Xi Xi, and Li Che feared that if he ever failed to watch over Xi Xi one day, it would be he himself who would be weeping.

To live in this world, one's heart must not be too kind, nor one's hands too soft.

Li Che no longer claimed to be a good man. This was not the first time he had killed; first, it had been the dark-skinned brute, and now Sun Changbiao.

Li Che's hands were stained with fresh blood.

But all he wanted was to protect his daughter well.

All of this was his duty as a father.

"I am still too weak. If I could... do away with the Spirit Infant Sect, Xi Xi's safety would no longer be threatened."

Li Che looked at his palm and murmured softly.

Then, with his head held high and chest puffed out, he stepped out of the alley.

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Li Che returned to the courtyard, where Old Chen was playing with Xi Xi.

He extravagantly used his Inner Strength to melt away the snow in the entire yard, revealing the dry ground, allowing the little girl to toddle around with her baby walker, wobbling here and there.

"Daddy!" The little girl's eyes immediately brightened when she saw Li Che.

Wobbling, she ran toward Li Che, who blossomed into a smile: "Does Little Stinky Xi miss Daddy?"

Picking up the little girl, Li Che teased her small nose.

Old Chen immediately felt jealous, no longer using his Inner Strength to melt the snow, and the snowflakes began to flutter down from the sky.

"It's still Daddy's princess. Grandpa Chen has been with you all day, and as soon as Daddy comes back, you don't want Grandpa Chen anymore." Old Chen pouted, and the air seemed to fill with the scent of vinegar.

Li Che immediately burst into laughter, pointing at Old Chen.

Zhang Ya came out from the kitchen with hot dishes, smiling softly: "Uncle Chen, my husband, it's time to eat."

She placed the dishes on the table, which were very rich, with meat and fish, and quite nourishing.

Taking a small bowl, she picked out some fish meat and mixed it with plain porridge, then began to feed Xi Xi, who was sitting in the baby chair, tapping on the wooden bowl.

Li Che and Old Chen began to eat, the two of them drinking and dining, while also chatting casually.

Zhang Ya's culinary skills were excellent, and Old Chen often came to freeload meals without feeling any burden, especially since the cost of the food was not a burden at all to Li Che these days.

Furthermore, Old Chen, in order to spend time with Xi Xi, started to reduce his own work and often referred his wood carving customers to Li Che, allowing Li Che to take on many well-paying jobs.

After dinner, Old Chen left with his hands behind his back, humming a tune, and walked away in a cheerful mood.

However, no sooner had he left than hurried footsteps approached, and at the corner, he encountered a figure with a panicked expression.

"Little Liu, where are you rushing to?"

Old Chen recognized the person; it was the youngest son of Old Liu, the wood carver from the wood carving shop.

"Oh, it's Master Chen. Alas... Something's happened, something's happened at my sister's place..."

Little Liu looked distressed, but upon seeing Chen Dabao, he still stopped to greet him.

Old Chen's expression suddenly turned solemn.

Little Liu's sister... wasn't that Sun Changbiao's wife?

"In Xu's Courtyard, a villain suddenly appeared, broke into my brother-in-law's yard, and brutally killed him... Alas... My father sent me to notify the manager, alas..."

Little Liu sighed endlessly, exchanged a few words with Old Chen, and then hurriedly ran out of the courtyard.

The cold wind rattled, bone-chillingly cold, and there was a great stillness between heaven and earth.

Sun Changbiao... dead?

Just a while ago, he had informed Li Che that it was Sun Changbiao who had set his sights on Xi Xi.

And now, Sun Changbiao was dead in his own house, beaten to death by someone.

Coincidence?

Chen Dabao clenched his wine gourd, his expression suddenly becoming complex.