

A Father 184

Chapter 184: Master's Ultimate Study - Eight Flood Dragons Overturning the Rivers, The Bull Demon Picks Up the Slack in an Easy Shift Between Offense and Defense (3)

True Divine Phase Realm cultivators are not as easy to hammer as Illusory Phase Realm cultivators.

Although named Divine Phase, Illusory Phase cultivators do not possess the Divine Symbol Cultivator's Divine Phase Rank pressure, therefore, Li Qingshan still had room for counterattack relying on his Six Ministries Divine Base.

However, with a real Divine Phase Realm cultivator, once the Rank pressure is released, Li Qingshan would find it difficult to swing his hammer at will.

But, naturally, the Divine Phase would have to be dealt with by another Divine Phase.

"It seems I've forced out a big fish."

Li Qingshan smiled, his eyes sparkling.

The Bull Demon has really driven the Corpse God Sect into a corner, to actually deploy an Eight Extremes Corpse God Envoy for a personal ambush!

What a lineup this is!

I, Li Qingshan, am no more than this after all!

How long has that guy been in Mansion City?

"Everyone, are you still just watching the excitement? A Divine Phase from the Corpse God Sect, isn't this an excellent opportunity for glory? I, Li Qingshan, will not compete with you all for it."

Li Qingshan stopped hammering and smiled.

In the void, that Corpse God Envoy shrouded in dense Corpse Qi, wearing a white mask with a huge "Eight" written in blood on it, had eyes cold and silent.

Behind him, the Divine Minister with a huge nose, swung his nose fiercely, as if throbbing the heaven and earth.

The void was instantly shattered, about to break through and leave.

Originally, he had been arranged to ambush the Bull Demon alone, waiting for the Bull Demon to act, he would then suppress him with Divine Phase Rank pressure, combined with Divine Talismans and Divine Weapons to seal the void, and capture the Bull Demon first.

The Bull Demon possessed an Eighth Rank Corpse Curse Mark that must be reclaimed!

But instead of waiting for the Bull Demon, they got a crazed sheep.

Bad luck.

"Hahahaha, Li Qingshan, you've stirred up such a big fuss as soon as you returned."

Suddenly, a light laughter enveloped heaven and earth.

A refined young man in robes, seemingly youthful, walked through the air. Although he had not released Divine Phase, the terrifying oppression had already distorted heaven and earth. ❖

This caused the Corpse God Sect's expert to have a particularly ugly expression.

"Qin Tian Jian Deputy Inspector... Lin Xiu!"

This Corpse God Sect's expert stood on end. He was lying in wait for the Bull Demon, but the Bull Demon was just bait, used to catch him.

However, he quickly calmed down, his eyes beneath the mask remaining cold and composed.

"Our Sect's divine might rolls in, Yun Province will be the next Jizhou, and you will all kneel before the might of the Corpse God, basking in divine grace!"

The indifferent voice came from the Eight Extremes Corpse God Envoy.

"You are but moths to the flame, even Ji Moli was obstructed by our Sect, you all... will ultimately be reduced to ashes under the great trend!"

"Great trend? What great trend do you count for!"

Deputy Inspector Lin Xiu scoffed, arching his eyebrows disdainfully, and with a single hook of his fingers, streams of air stirred violently, Divine Phase pressure thundered and rolled, like a storm pressing down.

Li Qingshan silently stepped back. In the battle of Divine Phases, he no longer interfered.

Today was considered a case of catching a big fish, also the biggest gain of his triumphant return.

Only the Corpse God Sect's infiltration into the various forces of Mansion City was much worse than he had imagined.

As for this Divine Symbol Cultivator from the Corpse God Sect and how he would be easily captured was no longer his concern. Since this Corpse God Envoy made a grand appearance, he was like a rat crossing the street.

When the Corpse God Sect acted in the shadows, none could intervene, each had their own thoughts, but once exposed.

No one really wanted to flip the table and admit to joining hands with the Demon Sect; thus, they would all act, and Mansion City had Divine Phases sitting in estate, this Divine Minister from the Corpse God Sect... he truly had no escape.

The Fishing Gang's leader, Jing Wudao, could no longer hide and had to curse and lash out. Meanwhile, in the Temple Control Bureau, a Divine Symbol Cultivator released pressure.

This night, Mansion City was in chaos.

A battle of Divine Phases, triggered by the ploy to catch the Bull Demon, erupted thunderously.

And yet.

From the beginning to the end.

The Bull Demon, who was supposed to be caught, did not even show a single hair.

Boom...

The Divine Phase Rank's oppressive force collided with a boom, as if thunder rolled within the clouds.

The night sky above Mansion City seemed to brighten significantly.

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A blood-red thread streaked rapidly through the sky.

After shooting out of the city, it continued to blast dozens of feet before smashing harshly onto the official road, gouging a trench into the ground.

Liu Jinsong's body, as if flung out by a tremendous force, hit the ground and, like a stone skipping across water, bounced several times before coming to a stop.

Steam rose in plumes, with smoke billowing unrestrained.

A deep pit appeared on the official road, with interlaced cracks concaved from the impact. Heat and dense smell of blood made it nearly unbearable, lingering without dispersing.

Liu Jinsong staggered to his feet within the pit, turning his head back for a glance at the Divine Symbol cultivators battling high above the city.

His face shifted through myriad expressions.

"Li Qingshan..." Liu Jinsong ground his teeth in frustration and anger.

He pulled his leg free, ready to turn around and flee.

While everyone was distracted by the Divine Symbol battle, it was the perfect time for him to escape.

He had intentionally provoked the Corpse God Sect's Corpse God Envoy to create an opportunity for himself to break away.

"Right now, with the Divine Symbol battle inside the city, Li Qingshan won't be able to pay attention to me, it's impossible he would come to kill me..."

"Cough cough cough... That damn Li Qingshan."

"Such a thunderous 'Slay Evil'!"

"Once I join the Corpse God Cult and cultivate the Cursed Copper Corpse, I'll certainly come back. When the Corpse God Cult breaks through Golden Light Prefecture City, captures Divine Sect Zheng Lei Peak... I will personally twist off your dog head, Li Qingshan!"

Liu Jinsong was full of unwillingness.

His eyes flickered as a Corpse Curse Mark emanating a strong Death Qi surfaced on his Mud Pill Palace.

In an instant, countless Corpse Qi writhed beneath his skin like flood dragons, aiding him in rapidly recovering his injuries.

Wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, he utilized a last-ditch escape technique that relied on his blood, for now his expenditure was enormous.

His whole body felt as if drained of blood.

Fortunately, the powerful Grandmaster body was continuously generating new blood, offering him a new lease on life, but he needed to find a place to heal quickly, else his severe injuries would permanently cut off his path to becoming a Divine Symbol.

"Divine Foundation of Six Offices level, indeed extraordinary..."

"Too bad, I'm not a real Divine Phase cultivator, otherwise under the pressure of Rank, you, Li Qingshan, would not dare to act rashly!"

Liu Jinsong coughed up a mouthful of filthy blood, his face dark with frustration.

Boom!

Dark clouds blanketed the heavens, ink spreading across the night sky, as countless lightning snakes roamed and rolled within the clouds.

The long-contained downpour finally broke free, drenching the mountains, land, and rivers of the entire Golden Light Prefecture!

The world became hazy and pitch-black, obscuring one's senses.

Liu Jinsong, soaked through by the rain, was about to leave the deep pit.

However, the moment he tried to pull his foot out of the pit, his movement abruptly halted.

His strong Illusory Phase Realm Cultivator's Divine Sense made him realize something was amiss...

From all around, it felt as if a tide of terrifying and suffocating intent to kill was flooding in!

Like a quiet deer grazing in the forest suddenly senses the bone-chilling dread of being targeted by a skilled hunter.

Rainwater gathered into streams on Liu Jinsong's chin, dripping down endlessly.

Suddenly.

The dark cloud rumbled with lightning, illuminating endless white light.

In the brilliant white light.

Liu Jinsong's hairs stood on end as he suddenly saw, just two yards in front of him, a figure wearing a bamboo hat had appeared silently.

As his gaze fell upon him, the figure under the hat abruptly lifted his face, splashing countless droplets of water.

Revealing a Cute Bull Mask that seemed all the more lively and adorable in the pouring rain.