

A Father 31

Chapter 31: Low-key and Sudden Kill

The whining wind swirled wildly amid the blizzard.

Li Che's heart softened as he saw the old man in front of him, mentally exhausted, with red eyes brimming with tears, and quickly led the Great Uncle into the warm workshop.

He poured a cup of hot tea for Great Uncle Li Liang, and Li Che's expression turned serious.

"What happened, Great Uncle? Take your time and tell me," he said.

Li Che asked in a deep voice.

The Great Uncle's family had raised him and never deceived him; this kindness alone was not something that could be easily repaid.

Whenever there was something he could help with, Li Che would certainly not stand idly by.

Old Scholar trembled all over, with snowflakes stuck on him gradually melting in the warm currents of the workshop, and his frost-red hands holding the cup carrying hot tea seemed to relax a bit.

Old Scholar heaved a sigh and looked at Li Che with bloodshot eyes. After pondering for a moment, he shakily produced a palm-sized wood carving from his chest.

The moment he saw the wood carving, Li Che's eyes sharply narrowed.

"Spirit Infant Statue?"

Li Che was naturally familiar with this type of wood carving!

Before moving into the wood carving shop, a Spirit Infant Wood Carving had appeared in his family's courtyard, which had made Li Che anxious and forced him to move his family into Xu's Wood Carving Shop.

Li Che took the wood carving from Old Scholar's hand; it was somewhat different from the one that had been placed at his doorstep.

It wasn't a Spirit Baby with three heads and six arms, but a normal one with one head, two arms, and one eye open and the other closed. Undeniably, it was still a Spirit Infant Statue.

As a wood carver, he was extremely sensitive to the expressions of wood carvings.

"A matter of priority?" Li Che murmured softly.

"Great Uncle, Chengzhou has also turned one year old, hasn't he?" Li Che asked with a frown.

Great Uncle nodded incessantly, "Yes... in three days, it will be the planned first birthday celebration. We intended to keep it simple, but now... alas, we dare not, we just dare not anymore."

"These past few days, your cousin hasn't dared to go to work, just staying at home gripping a firewood knife, terrified..."

Great Uncle sighed heavily.

Great Uncle well understood that if the Spirit Infant Sect truly targeted his grandson Li Chengzhou, how could ordinary people like them resist?

These days, fear and anxiety completely enveloped them.

Thinking of those children who had died tragically, Old Scholar had been having nightmares night after night.

"Your cousin and his wife have been too afraid to sleep for three straight days... fearful that the disciples of the Spirit Infant Sect might attack Chengzhou while they slept."

Li Che gripped the Spirit Infant Wood Carving, his eyes slightly hardening.

"So, Great Uncle, you thought maybe your daughter-in-law could bring Chengzhou here to take refuge... Xu Ji still has some deterrent power,"

Old Scholar looked at Li Che as if clinging to his last straw of hope.

"Don't worry, Great Uncle, letting Chengzhou stay at my house won't be a problem, my place will be much safer,"

Li Che naturally had no reason to refuse.

The presence of the Spirit Infant Wood Carving brought such intense pressure and anxiety that Li Che, having experienced it himself, could understand the fear and despair in Great Uncle's heart at this moment. ⚔

It was a feeling of helplessness... as death drew closer and closer to his grandson.

Ordinary people facing the Spirit Infant Sect indeed felt powerless, just like lambs waiting for the slaughter.

"Very well, very well, A Che... thank you so much, I am grateful..."

Old Scholar was overwhelmingly excited, his expression much relieved.

"I'll go back and make arrangements now, letting Zhengran and Chun Ming take Chengzhou to your house..." Holding the tea cup, Old Scholar was about to walk out of the shop.

Li Che quickly called out to him, "Great Uncle, please don't, just have your cousin and his wife stay at home and guard him, don't go out to avoid any accidents on the road. I'll personally go get them, I've been practicing martial arts recently, it'll be safer."

"Very well, very well..." Great Uncle Li Liang hurriedly nodded.

"I'll go tell the shopkeeper I'm taking leave and then come over, you go back and stay with your cousin and his wife to look after Chengzhou,"

Li Che said.

Great Uncle's face finally showed a hint of joy; belatedly putting down the cup, he said his goodbyes and rushed into the blizzard, hastily departing.

Li Che sat on the chair, fiddling with the palm-sized Spirit Infant Wood Carving in his hand, his eyes reflecting a trace of contemplation.

"Spirit Infant Sect..."

"What a calamity,"

Li Che exhaled.

However, to him, the Spirit Infant Sect was a colossal entity, especially since it was connected with the noble families of Fei Lei City...

"Moreover, the government office also has ties with the Spirit Infant Sect, that arrest officer Zhao Chuanxiong, is a person from the sect..."

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Li Che did not go to take leave, being a wood carving master, he had the privilege of freely entering and exiting the wood carving shop, as long as he could deliver goods on time.

After changing into his martial attire and picking up a thin piece of wood, Li Che put on a bamboo hat and left the wood carving shop, plunging into the blizzard.

Having grown up at Great Uncle's house as a child, Li Che naturally knew the way to Great Uncle's home.

However, Li Che did not immediately head there but chose to play it safe.

"Could this be a trap set by the Spirit Infant Sect? Intentionally luring me there?"

"If something happens to me, and without my identity as a wood carver, living in Xu's Courtyard will become untenable, and Xiao Ya and Xi Xi would have to move out..."

"Once they leave Xu's Courtyard, it would be easy for the Spirit Infant Sect to move against Xi Xi."

"So a widow and orphan could only be left to the slaughter!"

Li Che pressed down his conical hat, pondering that this might indeed be a possibility.

But it was not certain, after all, he had often left Xu's Courtyard these days. If they wanted to take action, they would have done so long ago...

There was no need to go the extra mile to trap him.

"However, I must stay on guard..."

As Li Che thought, he passed through the long street. When he paused at the notice board where new wanted posters were hung, he saw his identity as the Bull Demon prominently displayed with a bounty of five hundred taels...

"Five hundred taels... that's five Gold Leaves!"

"The same price as carving a Nine-headed Guanyin Statue."

Li Che muttered to himself.

However, these five hundred taels... were enough to make many people take risks.

"It seems I need to keep a lower profile for a while."

Li Che smiled, pressed his conical hat down, and headed to the yard he had rented outside, bracing against the howling wind and snow.

He took out a black garment that had been soaked in a vat in the courtyard. With his Inner Strength surging, he shook it vigorously, and the heat steamed up, drying the clothes.

This was a highly elastic garment, specially made by him using his skills. The elevation brought by the "Immortal Artisan" Dao Fruit was not limited to wood carving alone; he mastered any craft.

With this garment, there was no need to worry about bursting his clothes when he activated the Vajra Transformation.

Familiar with the routine, Li Che put on the Cute Bull Mask, donned his conical hat, and darted out of the courtyard.

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Fei Lei City, Anping Alley.

A courtyard enclosed by earthen walls, the door tightly shut.

Inside the house.

The Old Scholar Li Liang was puffing away on his dry tobacco pipe.

Li Zhengran gripped a firewood knife, his eyes bloodshot, pacing back and forth cautiously, listening to the sounds outside the house.

Liu Chunming was holding her son Li Chengzhou, her hair somewhat disheveled and unkempt, clearly also neglecting her own appearance.

"Dad, hasn't A Che come yet?"

"Could he be... just fooling you to come back first?"

Liu Chunming held the child, with the Great Aunt leaning in close to her, both of their eyes red, her voice somewhat hoarse, she said.

A woman of the household, already on the verge of collapse under the constant possibility of losing her son.

"No, A Che wouldn't purposely fool me. If he said it's possible, then it must be..."

"Now he is a wood carving master, with a prestigious identity. Just helping us hide out in his yard during this disaster, he wouldn't deceive us."

The Old Scholar puffed on his tobacco pipe, shaking his head.

He believed in Li Che and could clearly see his grand nephew's true nature!

"Do not talk nonsense, A Che will come!"

Li Zhengran also spoke in a deep voice.

The room then fell into a deathly silence, only the heavy breathing could be heard.

Suddenly, a rustling sound came from outside the house.

The three people inside instantly tensed up.

Li Zhengran, gripping the firewood knife with sweat on his forehead, walked to the door and peered through the crack, only to see the figure outside.

Outside the house.

The wind and snow were furious, and the sky was dark.

A slender figure, carrying a Bagua Staff, wearing a child's mask, squatting on the ground with a Spirit Infant Wood Carving, pressing it down on the ground, swaying it left and right, positioning it directly in front of the tightly closed door.

The wailing wind blew, sounding like the cries of ghosts.

Seemingly aware that Li Zhengran was watching through the crack, the figure abruptly raised its face, the child's mask appeared to cry and laugh, its eyes full of mockery.

Again, that face like a nightmare!

Li Zhengran's entire body could not help but shake, his hand gripping the knife trembled uncontrollably...

Suddenly.

Li Zhengran, who was looking through the crack, suddenly had his pupils constrict, and he froze on the spot.

Because...

Behind the figure wearing the child's mask, squatting in the snow.

There was a figure tall and sturdy like a mountain that appeared almost instantly like a ghost in the wind and snow, dressed in black that clung to the body, perfectly outlining the muscle lines as if carved by a knife.

Wearing a conical hat, covered by a Cute Bull Mask, his eyes sparkling sharply.

He raised a palm.

With a bang...

The figure carrying the Bagua Staff, wearing the child's mask, just reacting, leapt up, only to be smashed sideways by a strike like a giant fan...

Creating a spray of blood mist.