

## **A Father 43**

Chapter 43: Four Imperials' Fury, Bull Demon Has Backing!

Thud!

Thud!

The muffled footsteps, like bells and drums, approached from afar.

The thick snow on the ground, mixed with rainwater, stirred up ripples of snowflakes that tumbled like shaking a quilt, spreading outward from the distance and landing on the bluestone steps in front of Xu Ji's wood carving shop, exploding like a wave of snow.

Wave after wave, as if each step taken would stir up such ripples.

The sobbing cries echoed continuously, traveling from one end of the long street to the other.

It was as if the gates of hell had been opened, and the sobbing ghosts...

Wailed out, roaming the human world at night!

In the alleyway.

The old man, listening to the footsteps approaching, felt the intense divinity mixed within the steps and gently patted the child, Lu Chi, beside him.

"Go, foolish child."

"A fight among martial artists shouldn't involve a divine cultivator... That would be too much,"

The old man said softly.

Upon hearing this, Lu Chi's eyes showed no hint of fear, but rather seemed to ignite like a blazing fire.

"Master, leave it to me!"

"Consider it a surprise for that not-yet-accepted little junior sister of ours!"

Lu Chi twisted his mouth and tilted his head, revealing a brilliant smile.

The next moment, he surprisingly pulled out a thumb-sized wood carving from his bosom. The carving, though small, depicted a vivid sculpture of a child holding a red-tasseled spear, with a bun tied up and dressed in a red bellyband, surrounded by red silk.

Clearly, it was the work of a master.

His eyes wide, fierce, and imperious...

Lu Chi placed the thumb-sized wood carving against his forehead, and instantly, specks of light particles floated out from the wood carving, containing the divinity embedded within.

All of it was absorbed into Lu Chi's forehead, as the wood carving turned into dust and sand slipping through Lu Chi's plump palms.

A red dot appeared on Lu Chi's forehead, his eyes blazing, and his anger flared like fire!

"My not-yet-accepted little junior sister is going to suffer a tragic death!"

"Ah! I'm so angry!"

"Prince, aid me!"

Lu Chi roared, his anger billowing, his eyes ablaze, and his aura climbing higher and higher.

The old man smiled, flicked his finger, and instantly red silk fluttered out, wrapping around Lu Chi.

Lu Chi's face was completely obscured by the overspilling fiery divinity!

His body enveloped in swirling snow and wind, red silk encircling him, he seemed as though he was standing atop a tornado, his presence terrifying!

The old man stroked his beard and nodded slightly.

Wrath Divinity.

[Wrathful Third Prince]!

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The winter rain, mixed with snowflakes, pattered down.

Falling from the high skies onto the oil-paper umbrella, coated with tung oil, they bounced like marbles non-stop.

Under the umbrella, a man in white, surpassing the whiteness of snow, with a handsome yet eerily beautiful face, his eyes full of melancholy and a tear mole by the corner of his eye, seemed to be ready to express endless sorrow.

His hair slightly fluttering, revealing Si Mubai's tearful face.

With one hand holding the umbrella, he walked leisurely towards Xu Ji's wood carving shop.

Regardless of how tragic and urgent the situation inside the wood carving shop might be.

Whether it was Zhao Chuanxiong being beheaded by the Bull Demon or the four Blood Exchange Warriors struggling with the Bull Demon, desperately chasing after him...

None of it made his rhythmic footsteps show any sign of panic.

"Zhao Chuanxiong is dead."

With his lips pursed, the vivid tear mole seemed to spill over with a richer sorrow, and his tearful voice carried a tone of grief.

"What a pity... he's dead, I'm so scared, so scared that Zhao Xuanhai will come after me..."

"Divine Catcher, oh, the one who killed me, I'm so scared, so sad... ooh... "

Si Mubai was engulfed in sorrow, which was part of cultivating divinity, Seven Emotions Divinity... using emotions as a basis to stir divinity. Preparing and aligning emotions before a fight could make the divinity more active and strengthen his combat power.

Emotional preparation is a mandatory course for every divine cultivator.

Below his tearful state of grief, his eyes were clear and sharp.

Si Mubai looked towards Xu Ji's wood carving shop on that snowy night, his sadness tinged with a grim outlook, as the Bull Demon... appeared.

The fact that Zhao Chuanxiong blatantly took Chen Dabao away in broad daylight and then caused a commotion outside Xu Ji's wood carving shop had indeed incited the Bull Demon's assault.

But even Si Mubai underestimated how quickly the Bull Demon's capabilities had increased.

The information transmitted back from the [Angry Cry Town Ghost] divinity he had left on Zhao Chuanxiong let him know that the Bull Demon had already undergone Blood Exchange!

"So fast... this Bull Demon... who exactly is he?"

Si Mubai was indeed curious.

But scour his guts out as he might, there was no one in his mind who matched the Bull Demon.

Neither as a martial artist nor as a divine cultivator.

"This city... doesn't need a hero."

"Tonight,"

"let me offer a passage for this solitary hero."

Si Mubai held the oil paper umbrella, from which raindrops slid off the rim like the tears he shed in sorrow.

Yet, the thought of having to kill the Bull Demon hero excited Si Mubai's heart uncontrollably, and he could hardly control his sorrow, unable to resist a curling smile or a desire to laugh.

Like crying and laughing at once, his whimper was like a ghost's.

Suddenly,

Si Mubai's raised foot stomped down fiercely.

In a thud of dull sound!

The accumulated snow rose like a quilt lifted by a wave, crashing toward the distance.

A stiff neck, toughly lifted, bore a woeful expression as rigid as a wood carving, completely frozen.

The snow turned into a tidal wave pushing forward, melting in the process into riverhead waters, as if an intense fire source in front was melting the ice and snow of the entire street!

Yet above the wave,

A child, eyes aflame, face blurred, surrounded by red silk swirling like dragons, with black hair waving wildly like water weeds.

Chubby from over-nutrition, his fingers clenched into a fist, he stared in anger.

The intense divinity, blooming wildly like a red lotus.

Si Mubai's sorrowful face, thick with unmelting sorrow, stared at the child like a red lotus, hair standing on end.

"Such divinity... Wrath Divinity, Four Imperial Levels... [Prince of Rage]?"

The entire street...

Under high temperatures, rain and snow melted, and the rain falling from the sky turned into a torrential downpour, pattering against the umbrella, soaking the originally graceful Si Mubai, with rain dripping down from the hair on his forehead.

Si Mubai's complexion turned an abnormal flush of red.

He coughed violently, the sorrow in his eyes scattering into a streak of fear.

"Four Imperial Levels?"

"Impossible! How could Fei Lei City have a Divine Foundation of the Four Imperial Levels?!"

"How could it be?!"

"This Bull Demon... has a backer!"

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The blood energy roared like a furious python, rain falling on his robust body, instantly evaporated.

Li Che, wearing the Cute Bull Mask, felt the raindrops on his bamboo hat, slightly puzzled as to how the snow had all turned into rain.

However, he could not afford to ponder the changes in the weather as four fiery auras incessantly closed in, forcing him into an encircled trap.

His foot stomped heavily, cracking the blue bricks on the ground, the cracks expanding like a spider-web.

Li Che paused, his colossal, demon-like figure under the mask remained indifferent.

Here, now secluded near Xu Ji's Wood Carving Shop, was far from his home territory, a fictive situation crafted by the four Blood Exchange Warriors, leaving him with no hope of escape, cornered into a dead end.

Li Che did not retreat further.

Three Blood Exchange Experts from the Spirit Infant Sect lined up in front, blocking his three directions.

They wore child masks, some crying, some laughing, some angry...

And further away, like a sharp spear thrusting from the rooftop, Blood Exchange Guo Zhan under Si Mubai's command, nocked an arrow, coldly watching him, rainwater melding into a thread along his chin.

No matter how heavy the rain poured, it could not cause a slight waver in his aimed arrow.

"Run... Bull Demon, keep running..."

"Swallowed the bait, no, the bull bait... still want to run? Where would you find such a good deal?"

The three Blood Exchange Experts from the Spirit Infant Sect glared at Li Che with sinister gaze from behind their masks.

"No way out, surrender... let us take a good look..."

"At what kind of hero's face lies beneath that Bull Demon Mask?"

Said a Blood Exchange Warrior wearing a mask of a crying girl with a cold sneer.

Li Che, wearing his bamboo hat, his elastic shirt thoroughly soaked by the rain, impeccably outlined his muscular, robust physique.

He lowered his head.

A dead end? No way out?!

Indeed, the situation at this moment... indeed had him cornered into a dead end.

[Dao Fruit: Dragon Elephant Vajra (lv1, 90%)]

The prompt of Dao Fruit appeared before his eyes.

Just a little bit more...

But, it was close.

Li Che abruptly lifted his head, his eyes ablaze with fighting spirit, a fearsome intent to kill, no longer hidden!

This moment,

After traversing this world, the uncertainty, the anxiety harbored within his heart, upon witnessing the rampant brutality of the Spirit Infant Sect, the fury, the killing intent, all needed no concealment!

It was all to be completely vented...

In this battle,

I will...

Annihilate! You! All!