

A Father 53

Chapter 53: The Self-Saving Bait, The Praying Mantis Hunting the Cicada

The storm howled, and slanted rain pelted down from the sky.

Scouring the human world!

The entirety of the Golden Splendor Pavilion seemed to be enveloped in the curtain of rain, blossoming with countless hazes under the pummeling of the rainwater.

Overhead pavilions and canopies danced wildly in the air, amid the roaring currents generated by the downpour, like twisting dragons fluttering and dancing.

Si Mubai's complexion was pale, his face filled with a look as if he were on the brink of tears, much like an aggrieved young mistress who might burst into desperate weeping at the slightest touch.

He settled into the suspended pavilion that had been reserved for him early on.

As one of the Three Young Masters of Fei Lei, he didn't need to book in advance in the past, but ever since he was severely injured by a mysterious cultivator who stripped him of his Divinity, along with the news that his family's Patriarch Shen Ji was seriously injured and his Divine Foundation nearly shattered...

He now has to make reservations ahead of time when visiting the Golden Splendor Pavilion.

The charcoal stove boiled the water, bubbling vigorously; he dropped the premium spring tea into the pot, and the roasted dry leaves instantly unfurled like flowers blooming with a verdant splendor.

The strong fragrance of tea, mingling with the drafts of wind and steam, interwove and spread throughout the pavilion.

Si Mubai's eyes were downcast, even somewhat fierce—Guo Zhan was dead... He had suffered a heavy blow, his Divinity had fallen, tumbling down from the "Cultivation as Riverlike" realm.

This filled him with both rage and sorrow...

But this wasn't what distressed him the most. As if misfortune came coupled with incessant rain, his family's Patriarch Shen Ji sustained serious injuries while pursuing the killer for him... chasing them to the Mysterious Temple in the Outer City, resulting in near destruction of his Divine Foundation, leaving him almost crippled.

If the Patriarch refrained from using his Divine Foundation's power for the rest of his life, he might survive a few more years and maintain his awe-inspiring presence over the different households of Fei Lei. But once he uses it, death was certain.

The worst part was that news of the Patriarch's damaged Divine Foundation had somehow spread throughout Fei Lei City.

The Yang Family, Xu Family, An Family, the government office... Every one of them was eyeing the Si Family, which was soon to lose the protection of the Patriarch Shen Ji, as if they were looking at a piece of deliciously roasted and fragrant fatty meat.

"The Divine Cultivator who struck at me, the 'Prince of Rage' of the Four Imperial Levels, couldn't possibly be from Fei Lei City. They must be from the Divine Sect..."

"Judging by the dates, the Divine Sect will send someone to recruit Spirit Children in a year. However, the changes in the Spirit Infant Sect and the Mysterious Temple... The Divine Sect must have noticed something. It's not unreasonable for them to send someone ahead of time."

"After all, Fei Lei City is just a small city. The 'Angry Cry Town Ghost' Divine Method I cultivated is already the best in Fei Lei City, yet it's only at the Nine Luminaries Level, far too inferior compared to the Four Imperials... much, much inferior..."

Si Mubai clenched his fists in fury, but tears uncontrollably streamed down his cheeks.

There was a time when he forced Zhao Chuanxiong to act as bait, to lure the Bull Demon.

But now, as if karma has come full circle, he too was being forced to be the bait...

At this moment, Si Mubai began to understand how Zhao Chuanxiong felt.

Being the bait... you could be eaten at any time.

That feeling of hanging one's own life on a hook, hovering on the edge of life and death...

Truly put one's state of mind and bravery to the test.

Si Mubai forced himself to calm down, but as he picked up the bowl of tea that the stunning Oiran had personally poured for him, his fingers trembled uncontrollably, betraying his state of mind.

The curtains lifted and then fell...

Rising and falling again.

But when they lifted once more, around the Golden Splendor Pavilion suddenly appeared figure after figure wearing masks, as if they had materialized from thin air. Powerful bursts of Divinity erupted from their bodies.

There were sword lights that filled one with contemplation, furious roars as though emanating from a Buddha, and chilling presences like golden-armored Vajras.

They wore all sorts of masks—tigers, leopards, goats...

Perhaps it was the trend started by the infamous Bull Demon with his Cute Bull Mask.

Now, those in Fei Lei City who committed crimes incognito had grown accustomed to donning a mask.

Si Mubai looked at these people, and his hands stopped trembling, his expression a mix of laughter and tears.

"Xu Heli, An Ruosu, Yang Kaihe... don't think that just because you wear masks, I don't know who you are."

"Your Divinity, even if you turn to ashes, I would recognize you. Wearing those masks is nothing but self-deception."

"Since you dare to covet the property of the Si Family, why not do it openly and honorably?"

Si Mubai spoke coldly.

However, no matter how he shouted and questioned, only the echo of his voice resounded.

No one answered him.

Si Mubai's gaze swept around fiercely, and the next instant, nine palm-sized Spirit Infant Wood Carvings slipped out from his sleeves and, with a flick of his wrist, suspended in mid-air.

"Since you've come... all of you can go to hell!"

And in the instant he threw out the nine Spirit Infant Wood Carvings.

Si Mubai's white robe fluttered as he suddenly dropped downward, quickly plummeting into the curtain of rain, his Divinity exploding forcefully as he utilized a Divine Secret Technique, merging with the rain like a tear sliding down a cheek.

He sped away, making his escape from the Golden Splendor Pavilion!

At that moment, Si Mubai had only one thought in mind!

Flee!

Even bait must try to save itself!

He would let the two Meridian Martial Artists and nine Spirit Infant Ghosts keep them entangled.

All he needed to do was to fight desperately to escape!

The Si Family was finished...

But as long as he could take with him the Divine Foundation Fragment of the old Patriarch, flee the Inner City, reach the Outer City, and rendezvous with those from the Spirit Infant Sect as agreed...

The Si family would have a chance to rise again from the east!

He.

Could live!

...

...

Golden Splendor Pavilion was in chaos.

Powerful divine fluctuations spilled out from within, and four massive, millstone-like phantoms dominated the sky...

The rain seemed to freeze, unable to fall a single drop.

It was as if four gods were clashing high above, their millstone forms like blazing suns that dispelled the night, impossibly bright in the minds of mortals!

The common folk within Golden Splendor Pavilion suffered greatly, their emotions stirred into extreme flux, now crying, now laughing, now raging... tormented in a hundred ways, out of control, like devout believers manipulated by their seven emotions.

After the torment of intense emotions came, blood spilled from their mouths and noses, and they fainted.

The less fortunate perished on the spot.

When Divine Base Cultivators fought, ordinary people... inevitably suffered the consequences.

Raindrops the size of soybeans fell onto the flagstones, creating a continuous "patter" of noise.

The chaos in Golden Splendor Pavilion persisted, of unknown duration, just like the sudden thunderstorm that came crashing down without pause, growing more and more intense instead of showing any sign of stopping.

Li Che stood in a dark alley, wearing a hat, letting the rain wash over him.

He stared intently at Golden Splendor Pavilion, observing the battle of Divine Foundations from afar, feeling slightly heavy-hearted...

Divine Base Cultivators, truly formidable; their divine manipulation left wills utterly unable to resist, absolute oppressing those below.

No wonder once having achieved Divine Foundation, one's status in a city became paramount, allowing the creation of a noble family.

The control of Divine Base Cultivators over the omnipresent divine particles between heaven and earth far exceeded imagination, every gesture filled with unfathomable power.

Even for Blood Exchange Warriors, to put it vividly, they were like ants.

In such a battle... Li Che chose not to enter Golden Splendor Pavilion, instead lurking outside, calmly watching the situation unfold.

His chosen hiding spot was on the road from the Inner City to the Outer City; if Si Mubai managed to escape alive, this road would be his only path.

If he was not dead, Si Mubai would definitely have to leave the city through here...

Li Che would then be able to observe the situation and decide whether to intervene.

Suddenly,

Li Che's "Pure Heart" within his chest throbbed violently, sensing an intense wave of divinity sweeping through, carrying with it the mournful wails of the world.

"Angry Cry Town Ghost" Divinity!

Li Che narrowed his eyes, his blood and Qi became even more reined in, his gaze sharp as lightning as he observed with a hint of surprise and doubt...

Quickly, he saw a subtle bulge in the water on the street, amassing a highly intense Angry Cry divinity, rushing towards him with incredible speed along the main road!

Were it not for the "Pure Heart" Dao Fruit's sensitivity and capture of divinity and relying solely on his martial cultivation...

Li Che would not have noticed at all!

Someone had escaped!

Melding with water to flee... such a tricky method was sure to belong to a Divine Cultivator.

Who could it be?

Needing to escape at such a critical moment, and carrying such a strong "Angry Cry Town Ghost" divinity...

It was probably Si Mubai!

Was it him?

No matter if it was him or not... Li Che would not let anyone escape at such a critical moment!

Better to kill wrongly than to let go!

Li Che felt as if the whole world had gone silent, "Dragon Elephant Vajra" within his chest beat like the exploding sound of bells and drums!

With the "Six Moves Blood Exchange Method" cultivated to perfection, his blood boiled and surged!

In the blink of an eye!

Li Che's previously concealed and untamed breath suddenly tore through, his long black hair whipping wildly, his lean body suddenly swelled and stretched tall!

Nine strong muscles twitched like angry Jiao Longs, his body's bones roared like tigers, their sounds clear and unending!

The elastic shirt bulged in an instant, and every inch of exposed skin seemed to glow, revealing the dark green veins beneath the skin!

His eyes even more fiercely blazed like two great suns!

Like an enraged deity looking down.

The second shackle opened! Angry Vajra!

Hissing hiss hiss...

The pelting rain, instantly vaporized by his scalding blood!

Li Che donned the Cute Bull Mask over his face...

His presence instantly became like a resting divine figure, who in a moment stood tall, his spirit soaring to the heavens!

Then, he took a thunderous step!

The puddled alley fell silent, but as Li Che leaped out, the thick water on the flagstones was ripped from the ground, rising nine feet high!

Thunder exploded through the dark clouds overhead!

By the time the thunder faded,

Li Che had already appeared directly above the fiercely glowing divine bubble hidden within the street's deep waters, swimming like a fish!

His towering figure, crashing through the wind and rain, looked down coldly and mercilessly from beneath the Cute Bull Mask, his raised foot pulsing with savage blood Qi and Inner Strength...

And he stomped down fiercely!