

A Father 65

Chapter 65: Swallowing the Wrathful Maitreya, Is He the Bull Demon?

The thick scent of blood, permeating the space between heaven and earth.

Terrifying forces exploded midair, air currents erupting and spiraling with such intensity that snowflakes were blasted into countless powders while spinning at high speed!

A hulking figure, like a bear, crashed down, slamming onto the cleared snow of the blue stone ground.

The gushing blood spread steadily, like puddles continually expanding.

Zhao Xuanhai knelt on one knee on the ground, a long iron spear piercing through his chest, shredding the flesh before him to smithereens, sending fragments of flesh flying and leaving a grizzly display of broken bones.

Xu Family's Eight Consecutive Bone-Shattering Spears...

One spear had shattered Zhao Xuanhai's flesh and bones!

The pride of his python muscles and tiger bones was brutally torn apart, the ferocity of this Bull Demon's power, even more terrifying than his own as a Qi Meridian Martialist.

Unstoppable...

Zhao Xuanhai understood he had fallen.

From the moment he stepped into the alley, the instant the arrows locked onto him, he knew... he had fallen.

One wrong step and there would be no redemption.

Blood kept dripping out, Zhao Xuanhai, with his mask already shattered, lips and nose bleeding, exhaled ragged and heavy breaths.

But the Bull Demon's overpowering and tyrannical life force penetrated his body, destroying his meridians and organs...

He couldn't even summon the "Wrathful Maitreya" Divinity.

The Divine Foundation Fragment... Elder Master Si's Divine Foundation Fragment!

That higher-rank Divinity completely suppressed him.

Leading him step by step into the abyss of death.

Zhao Xuanhai clenched his teeth, staring intently at the Bull Demon, attempting to see through the face beneath the Cute Bull Mask.

"Who... exactly... are you?"

Zhao Xuanhai asked, his voice hoarse and heavy, using his last strength.

However, the Bull Demon was utterly indifferent.

"Hell will tell you the answer."

Pff!

The long iron spear was suddenly pulled out, bringing up a mist of blood, with countless droplets spraying wildly.

With a ripping sound, holding the spear in his hand, the Bull Demon violently swept through, and Zhao Xuanhai's massive head, which refused to close its eyes in death, was ruthlessly decapitated.

Like a ball stuck with black strands of hair, it rolled several times on the ground.

Li Che watched Zhao Xuanhai's death impassively, feeling no inner turmoil.

Even though Zhao Xuanhai was an Imperial Officer, one of the three great Divine Catchers of the Yamen... so what?

He was also a master of the Spirit Infant Sect.

Therefore, Li Che killing him carried no burden, even a sense of unprecedented pleasure!

Connecting Qi Channels!

Cultivation as Riverlike!

Zhao Xuanhai, one of the three great Divine Catchers ever since that day of failed conscription, had been a towering mountain over Li Che's head, now...

Having felled the mountain, Li Che felt incredibly light all over, his body resonating with satisfaction.

This was still without using the six thousand Namo Gatling as his trump card, without the poisoned Guanyin Blood Lotus or the treacherous Sleeve Crossbow, relying solely on his own Martial Artist Cultivation and Divine Cultivation to kill forcefully and straightforwardly.

Happy.

Crouching down, Li Che's hand expertly searched Zhao Xuanhai's corpse.

Unexpectedly, he found a Qiankun Jade on Zhao Xuanhai's body, which was the same object he had taken from Si Mubai.

Li Che's eyes lit up, surprised and overjoyed, as he thought about it, the Qiankun Jade was directly stored into the "Pure Heart" Qiankun space.

It is said that one Qiankun Jade cannot contain another, but Li Che's improved space through the Pure Heart had no such limitation.

Looking at Zhao Xuanhai's corpse, as if recalling the first time he siphoned a Divine Catcher's Divinity, Li Che raised his hand, his arm instantly flowing with jade-colored currents.

He pressed it against the center of Zhao Xuanhai's forehead.

His Inner Scene of the Energy Center vibrated thunderously, and in a flash, a tumultuous Divinity surged out.

Like a river breaking through a dam, it released wildly!

Hmm?

Suddenly, Li Che's heart stirred slightly.

In his chest, the "Chess Saint" Dao Fruit slightly moved, as if forming a special connection with the prototype of Divine Powers, Thousand Analyzing Hands.

Originally, Li Che's use of Thousand Analyzing Hands to extract Divinity was limited; exceeding too much would overload its capacity.

But with the intervention of the "Chess Saint" Dao Fruit,

Zhao Xuanhai's riverlike "Wrathful Maitreya" Divinity was being continuously drawn out by Li Che.

When Thousand Analyzing Hands reached its limit, it would transform into a black Divine Chess Piece by the "Chess Saint" Dao Fruit and lay on the chessboard.

Each Chess Piece contained the "Wrathful Maitreya" Divinity.

Li Che never expected... that the "Chess Saint" would have such an effect!

It didn't seem like a proper Dao Fruit.

Li Che grasped with his fingers in the air.

Suddenly, a black Chess Piece appeared between his fingers.

Countless streams surged, stirring his black hair into the air.

With a fierce grasp, the black Chess Piece was directly crushed in the palm of his hand...

Boom!

A stream of warmth surged through his body instantly...

Li Che's eyes seemed to flash with a crimson glint!

Wrathful Maitreya's divinity... erupted violently!

With just a thought... he could disperse the chess pieces and transform the divinity of the Wrathful Maitreya into his own!

What a Chess Saint!

This meant that any divine cultivator could potentially become his power bank!

Li Che was in high spirits, continuing to siphon off the divinity with his Thousand Analyzing Hands, the riverlike divinity... was the fruit of Zhao Xuanhai's essence cultivation over dozens of years, profoundly majestic. Li Che quickened the absorption rate, and it took around a quarter of an hour to drain all of his divinity.

In total, it transformed into eighteen black chess pieces.

"Cultivation as riverlike... and only produced eighteen chess pieces?"

Li Che muttered to himself.

Or perhaps, other "Cultivation as Riverlike" cultivators could gather more divine chess pieces?

"Depending on the different Divine Methods cultivated, even for 'Cultivation as Riverlike', the size of the river can vary..."

After reforming the burst divinity back into chess pieces and putting them away, Li Che pressed down on his bamboo hat, and in the next moment, he grabbed Zhao Xuanhai's corpse and head.

Looking toward the snow-flurried alley entrance, the corner of Li Che's lips lifted.

With a heavy step, the nine large tendons on his back roared like pythons, his immense strength exploding forth. As the current stirred wildly, he hurled Zhao Xuanhai's burly, bear-like corpse...

Threw it away with immense force.

...

...

The Xu Family's carriage was quietly parked in a corner of the long street, about thirty paces from the alley where Li Che's independent workshop was located.

A distance that a divine cultivator with "Cultivation as Riverlike" wouldn't be able to detect, avoiding arousing Zhao Xuanhai's suspicions.

The falling snow made a rustling sound upon the roof of the carriage.

Xu Heli and Xu Beihu sat inside the compartment, brewing and sipping tea.

The water in the charcoal stove gradually came to a boil, with the green tea leaves poured into it. The steam rose, and the roasted tea leaves unfolded within, turning the water an emerald green.

Boiling water was poured into the teacup, swirling around the edge of the cup.

Inside the carriage, warmth surged.

Xu Beihu was somewhat restless, occasionally lifting the curtain to look outside the window.

Xu Heli, on the other hand, was quite calm, leaning against the goose down-filled soft backrest, reading a book.

Reading books, drinking tea, waiting for the outcome of a battle - everything was so pleasant.

Suddenly, Xu Beihu's breath halted, his movement to lift the curtain froze, disbelievingly watching the body that had been hurled from the alley, arcing through the air, crashing into the cobblestone ground, and kicking up a cloud of snowy dust.

"Who?"

Xu Heli asked.

Xu Beihu turned his head stiffly, let the curtain fall, and sweat droplets rolled down his forehead.

"Zhao Xuanhai..."

"Dead, his body thrown out... fallen on the long street, already causing passersby to stop, creating an uproar."

Xu Beihu's voice was hoarse and extremely bitter.

Zhao Xuanhai had received his news, and then went to the alley with the intention to capture Li Che, the newly-emerging woodcarving master.

In the end, the woodcarving master was not captured.

He lost his own life.

A Divine Catcher was dead!

This matter...

Was huge!

Xu Heli's face slightly changed, he abruptly put down his book, drew his sword from his waist, and in an instant, he dashed out of the carriage.

Divinity spread around his body, stepping through the snow without a trace, taking a few steps that spanned thirty paces as if flying, surpassing Zhao Xuanhai's body, whose head was decapitated and whose chest was pierced.

He landed at the entrance of the alley, with the wind and snow swirling around him.

Xu Heli's fingers clutched the hilt of his sword, staring intently into the depths of the alley.

Deep within the alley.

A tall figure, dressed in black, donning a bamboo hat, covered with a Cute Bull Mask!

Calmly watching him as if...

He knew he was being watched from afar.

Therefore, he quietly...

Waited for him.

"Bull Demon... Bull Demon... who exactly are you?"

Xu Heli's composure and tranquility were gone, his pupils constricted sharply as he took a step forward.

However, as the Bull Demon took a step forward, countless snowflakes erupted in an instant, forming a snowfall that obscured visibility.

By the time the snowfall ceased.

The Bull Demon... had vanished into thin air!

Even Xu Heli's divinity could not sense the Bull Demon's disappearance!

Gone again?!

Xu Heli's hand clenched the sword hilt, his eyes focused, his body leaned forward, and the air tore around him.

He madly rushed toward the independent workshop courtyard where Li Che was located!

Was it him?

Could it be him?!