

Fortune 149

Chapter 149: Kill the Chicken to Scare the Monkey, Making a Name in the Slums

Borrow Spirit Stones?!

Upon hearing this, Jiang Fan immediately understood Yu Minghui and the others' true intentions.

They claimed they wanted to borrow spirit stones, but in reality, they were here to extort.

It was probably the kind where they'd borrow but never return.

He had already realized this beforehand.

If news of him having a considerable amount of spirit stones leaked out, it would surely attract a lot of trouble.

But he didn't expect the trouble would come so soon.

Someone actually came directly to him, trying to extort him, truly treating him like a soft target.

It can only be said that it's typical of the lawless slums.

If you don't have any strength, you simply cannot survive in the slums.

"Fellow Daoist Yu, I understand your difficulties."

"But after paying the rent, I don't have much spirit stones left either."

"So I'm helpless too."

Jiang Fan said calmly.

"Oh, so you're saying, Fellow Daoist Jiang, you're not giving the three of us any respect?"

Yu Minghui squinted his eyes, with a faint murderous intent emanating from him.

"Seems like you're not very familiar with the rules around here, kid."

"The three of us asking to borrow spirit stones from you is actually us giving you some face."

"You'd better not be ungrateful."

Another loose cultivator took out a low-grade magical artifact — the Vajra Hammer, with a faint aura of gold spiritual power surrounding him, seemingly possessing the power to shatter rocks with a single blow.

"What are we wasting words with this kid for."

"Since he doesn't want to give, let's just rob him directly."

The remaining loose cultivator had a very irritable temper, feeling that there was no need to waste more time talking here, lest they attract the attention of other loose cultivators and cause even bigger trouble.

He also took out a low-grade magical artifact — the Ghost Head Saber.

In an instant, he wielded the Ghost Head Saber, fully activating the artifact, releasing a terrifying aura of malicious ghosts and blood, filled with the power of sharpness, as if nothing could stand in its way.

Immediately, he swung the saber towards Jiang Fan, unleashing a terrifying black sword qi.

Attempting to cut Jiang Fan in half.

Swish!

Jiang Fan's figure flickered, utilizing the power of the Light Body Talisman, moving at an unbelievably fast speed, having mastered the Light Body Talisman to the level of Stepping on Snow Without Leaving a Trace.

He swiftly dodged the black sword qi.

An astonishing saber mark appeared on the ground, debris scattering everywhere.

If it had hit a cultivator, they would be severely injured, if not killed outright.

"You actually dodged my Ghost Head Saber?"

"Not bad, but I'm curious to see how many strikes of mine you can dodge."

The cultivator holding the Ghost Head Saber had a ferocious expression, continuing his attack on Jiang Fan.

Unfortunately for him, he no longer had any chance.

Because Jiang Fan, while dodging, had activated the Fireball Talisman inside his body, a massive surge of flame spiritual power emerged, quickly coalescing into a Fireball Missile.

He gently flicked his finger, and the red Fireball Missile shot out instantly, locking onto the aura of this cultivator, making it impossible for the other party to evade.

Boom!

In an instant, the Fireball Missile brutally slammed into the cultivator's head, the terrifying flame spiritual power erupted like the explosion of a cannonball.

Before he even had time to react, the cultivator wielding the Ghost Head Saber had his head blown apart instantly, leaving a headless corpse on the ground, blood vividly staining the earth.

"Impossible."

The cultivator holding the low-grade magical artifact Vajra Hammer was in disbelief; he clearly knew his companion's strength. As a Third-Layer Qi Cultivation cultivator, who'd fought against demon beasts for years in the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range, his friend was a hardened warrior with rich combat experience.

Logically, dealing with this kid shouldn't have posed any problem.

But now, within the blink of an eye, his companion was killed outright, seemingly with no ability to retaliate.

"Not good."

At that moment, the cultivator felt a bone-chilling killing intent and coldness, witnessing a red fireball speeding towards him, incredibly fast and powerful.

Instinctively, as a cultivator, he wielded the Vajra Hammer, smashing it hard towards the fireball.

Instantly, the two forces collided, causing an immense shockwave.

His body staggered backward over ten meters, feeling a terrifying shock to his internal organs.

But before he could feel the joy of survival, another red fireball shot his way, like a cannonball.

"It's over."

The cultivator's face turned ashen; just one fireball had drained all his spiritual power, and now another one came, leaving him no time to react, how could he possibly withstand it?

With a loud boom, the red fireball hit his head squarely.

His head shattered completely like a watermelon, splitting into pieces, then burned to ashes by flames.

Before dying, he regretted deeply why he was so foolish as to provoke this fearsome god of death.

But now, it was too late.

In this world, there is no medicine for regret.

"How is this possible?"

Upon seeing this scene, Yu Minghui's heart was in turmoil, his body trembling uncontrollably.

How could he have not realized that this seemingly harmless young man was actually a fierce tiger?

Coming to deal with him this time was genuinely hitting a wall.

"Fellow Daoist Jiang, it's a misunderstanding, all just a misunderstanding."

"I was also coerced by these two guys."