

M. Slaying 113

Chapter 113: Mystic Fingers

"Pain?"

The chubby one heard Chu Liang's question and glanced over his body puzzledly before he turned back to look behind.

In that glance, he caught a glimpse of a green sharpness.

Embedded in his back was the unfolded crescent-shaped saber.

Somehow, the Razor Leaf had landed on him.

"It does hurt, Owh..."

Bang!

The chubby one finally reacted and fell unconscious on the ground without hesitation.

There were two reasons as to why he had only fainted now. One reason was that Chu Liang did not exert full force and did not infuse his foundational qi completely. Another reason was that the chubby one, being a martial artist, had a robust physical body, which allowed him to survive with severe injuries and only fall unconscious.

If Chu Liang had unleashed his full power at that moment and encountered an ordinary cultivator with a slightly weaker physique, it was entirely possible for the opponent to have been directly cleaved in half by a single strike.

"Second Brother!"

Upon witnessing the fall of his companion, the tall young man only then realized the power of Chu Liang's attack.

His eyes widened as he formed a seal with one hand, causing a dazzling radiance to appear on his right palm. It seemed to be some kind of concentrated foundational qi attack technique that would generate an explosive force. The attack was already heading towards Chu Liang.

Chu Liang recognized this technique, known as the Lightning Palm—one of the simplest and crudest minor divine techniques in the Daoist sects. The performer of this technique would have to concentrate their foundational qi and hurl the ball of energy at their enemy[1].

In Mount Shu, only the new disciples who had just started practicing their divine skills would use this technique as the others considered this technique far too rudimentary.

Without hesitation, Chu Liang raised his finger, activating the Razor Leaf once again. It transformed to another shape, and a burst of green light instantly enveloped the tall young man.

Just as the tall young man hurled the Lightning Palm, he was enveloped by this green light.

Boom—

The tall young man was wrapped up like a big zongzi by the green light. Immediately afterward, a muffled explosion sounded from within the zongzi before everything fell silent.

The short and thin teenager who remained on the spot appeared somewhat dumbfounded. The three of them had the numerical advantage and had been aggressively attacking a lone opponent.

How did the situation change so quickly? In the blink of an eye, both of his companions had fallen.

By now, he no longer had the intention to fight; he just wanted to escape.

But before he could turn around, Chu Liang struck again. A streak of red light flew from his sleeve, swiftly binding the short and thin teenager. It was the Demon-Binding Rope!

Bang!

Just as the short and thin teenager was about to use his body technique, he was caught off guard and fell to the ground.

Chu Liang then heaved a sigh of relief and took a moment to adjust his breathing.

Despite facing three opponents and managing to strike all three down within a moment, he didn't even break a sweat.

This was within his expectations; otherwise, he wouldn't have taken the risk.

In the end, it was still the gap between cultivators of conventional and unconventional paths. All four of them were third-realm cultivators, and it might have appeared as though Chu Liang was at a disadvantage.

However, in reality, Chu Liang, being a member of the Mount Shu Sect, practiced the top cultivation method in the cultivation world, making him stand out among cultivators of the same level. The power of his enchanted tool was also beyond the reach of those unconventional cultivators at the same level. Even when facing someone with a higher cultivation level, there was a chance of winning.

These three individuals were clearly unconventional cultivators who had struggled and clawed their way up from the bottom of the martial world. Their cultivation methods were a mishmash, and they had never solidified the foundations of each cultivation realm. They practiced whatever divine techniques they stumbled upon and lacked any decent enchanted tools.

Although they appeared to be at the third realm of cultivation as well, an insurmountable gap existed between them and Chu Liang.

The sheer numbers couldn't overcome the disparity in raw strength.

Chu Liang believed that with his current cultivation, divine techniques, enchanted tools, and other factors combined, even facing three ordinary Mount Shu Sect disciples at the Spiritual Awareness Realm, such as Lin Bei, wouldn't pose a challenge.

In a fair and just duel, Lin Bei, with a bit more effort, should have been able to defeat the three cultivators of unconventional paths before him.

Considering all these factors, the result of swiftly defeating them was not surprising.

After all, a high cultivation level wasn't achievable without adequate resources, and this gap would only be widened by the enhancement of the cultivation level.

Take Master Lu, whom Chu Liang had killed, as an example. If he had been a cultivator of the conventional path from one of those Divine Nine and Terrestrial Ten sects, it would have been impossible for him to be killed by Chu Liang, a third realm cultivator. This wouldn't have happened even if conditions were favorable for the opponent or if the opponent had their power boosted by the Crimson Executioner.

...

With a bright smile on his face, Chu Liang walked over to the short and thin teenager who was currently tied up.

Of course, this seemingly kind smile appeared extremely twisted in the eyes of the short and thin teenager, especially with the following questions that made the short and thin teenager's hair stand on end.

"You wouldn't want me to report the three of you to law enforcement, would you?" Chu Liang inquired.

"No..." The short and thin teenager quickly shook his head.

"Then return what you stole from me, and also..." Chu Liang continued, "I want to know how you managed to take things from my storage artifact."

"Yes..." A flicker of light flashed in the short and thin teenager's eyes. He seemed hesitant but ultimately had no audacity to lie as he answered, "It's a divine skill I learned. As long as I have physical contact with you, I can transfer an item from your storage artifact to mine. But the item is random."

"Oh?" Chu Liang's eyes brightened. "Can you use it on anyone?"

It was his first time hearing about this thieving divine skill.

"No." The short and thin teenager shook his head. "It doesn't work if the person is of a higher cultivation level, and it doesn't work on higher-grade tools with built-in storage."

Many higher-grade tools, such as the Phoenix Spirit Blood Jade owned by his esteemed teacher, possessed storage spaces. The anti-theft feature of these superior artifacts should be more reliable.

It made sense that this skill wouldn't work on someone with a higher cultivation level.

"Give me the manual for this divine skill, and I'll let you go, " Chu Liang stated straightforwardly.

"This..." A sense of resistance glimmered in the short teenager's eyes.

He knew very well that his combat strength was extremely weak, and this divine skill was the foundation for his survival in Taotie City. Without this skill, not many small factions would be willing to accept him. So, even when his big brother and second brother pleaded with him in every way, he hadn't taught it to them.

But, as he looked at Chu Liang, he suddenly had second thoughts.

Even if he gave him the divine technique, would Chu Liang join the Wind Flames Gang and compete with him for the position of third in command?

This possibility... probably wasn't very high.

On the contrary, if he refused, he might face some sadistic treatment and even end up being handed over to law enforcement.

"Alright!" After thinking for a moment, he agreed to Chu Liang's demand.

Chu Liang thus successfully retrieved the box containing the Aura-Concealing Muslin and a tattered manual. The reason he asked for the manual was that he couldn't trust the verbal information provided by the short and thin teenager.

The manual was inscribed with the words Divine Skill: Mystic Fingers. After a quick examination that showed no signs of forgery, Chu Liang nodded and said, "Thank you."

The short and thin teenager could only force a bitter smile.

Their attempt at theft was like trying to steal a chicken but losing the whole farm.

Having obtained the manual for the divine skill, Chu Liang stayed true to his word. He deactivated the movement-restricting enchanted tool and left.

The short and thin teenager was left alone to care for his unconscious big brothers.

After all, Chu Liang has no interest in knowing whether the short and thin teenager would be taking his brothers to a doctor or robbing someone else first before fleeing to another region.

...

He left the alley and returned to the main street of Taotie City, where the bustling and prosperous atmosphere once again enveloped him. Even in a city founded by cultivators, a certain level of commonality was inevitable; in a place where there was light, there was also darkness.

As Chu Liang followed the road and contemplated where to inquire about the way to the First-Rate Sword Hut, a storefront on the roadside suddenly caught his attention.

It was a grand and imposing shop with a signboard bearing the four words Hall of Ten Thousand Beasts. It was a store specializing in selling spirit beasts.

However, some signs were hung in the empty space outside the storefront.

"New arrivals today..."

"Dark Wind Panther," "Six-Legged Wind Roarer," "Sword-Eating Ghost," "Human-Faced Xiao"...

It turned out that this Hall of Ten Thousand Beasts not only dealt with demonic creatures and spirit beasts but also conducted business involving ghastly creatures.

Human-Faced Xiao?

Chu Liang's eyes lit up!

Immediately, he was drawn towards the entrance. But just as he approached, a loud shout from inside echoed out, "Get out of the way!"

The words remained unfinished as the roar of a fierce beast erupted.

A violent gust of wind, shadowy in form, surged outward!