

## M. Slaying 133

Chapter 133: Stirring Undercurrents

The atmosphere felt so awkward.

The moment Chu Liang uttered the words, he realized he had misspoken. Senior Sister Jiang had just mentioned that she formed a Heavenly Golden Core of Lesser Yin. And now, he was saying that he hope to do dual cultivation with a cultivator with a Heavenly Golden Core of Lesser Yin.[1] His statement simply had a weird connotation.

I mustn't overthink.

But I can't explain.

Can I say that you totally misunderstood. I am trying to do dual cultivation with this doll and not with a real person.

Sigh.

He could only chuckle and say, "It was just a random question. By the way, I have made progress in my learning of the Talismanic Sword Seal these past few days, and I've successfully performed the Three-Character Talismanic Sword."

"Hmph..." Jiang Yuebai's gaze casually swept away, as if she had already grown accustomed to Chu Liang's rapid progress. She calmly said, "Show me what you've got."

Chu Liang stood up abruptly and summoned his flying sword.

His exploration of Talismanic Sword Seal had never stopped. Recently, he had mastered the character of thunder, which was rather challenging. The art of thunder inherently restrained the sinister and eerie, making this character particularly effective against malevolent forces.

Soon, he mastered the Three-Character Talismanic Sword.



Indeed, his previous practice did not yield any progress, not due to a lack of comprehension, but rather because he had not advanced deep enough in his cultivation. As he advanced deeper, the number of characters he could perform increased.

Sizzle—

The sword's radiance filled the air. Chu Liang intended to showcase the results to Jiang Yuebai. He sequentially traced the characters of wind, fire, and thunder, all within an instant. Then, with a pointed finger forward—

Boom!

When the three characters combined, an explosion of heavenly thunder and earthly fire instantly created a massive crater. The power was several times stronger than before.

As Chu Liang advanced further in his cultivation, the true power of his talismanic sword techniques finally began to show.

Jiang Yuebai observed without showing much emotion, appearing to have grown used to such a sight. She nodded lightly and commented, "Not bad."

Chu Liang wasn't particularly surprised with how indifferent she had reacted. After all, even if he considered his progress and power to be remarkable, it was only relative to himself. For Senior Sister Jiang, it was nothing more than child's play.

Jiang Yuebai suddenly asked, "Weren't you given a replica of the Heavenly Cloud Ancient Sword? Why aren't you using it?"

"Ah..." Chu Liang smiled as he retrieved the Dustless Sword and said, "I was afraid of this attracting too much attention, so I kept it hidden for now."

Chu Liang didn't want the news of possessing such a sword to spread, but Jiang Yuebai already knew about it. After all, it was a replica of her teacher's legendary sword.

And so, there was no harm in showing it to her.



Jiang Yuebai gently stroked the transparent blade of the Dustless Sword with two fingers. She then said with her eyes gleaming. "It is indeed valuable. You managed to get your hands on a replica when I don't even have one."

"After all, it's just an item. Even with a legendary sword in hand, I'm nowhere near as formidable as Senior Sister Jiang," Chu Liang chuckled.

"As long as you stay focused on cultivation, I believe you're not too far from catching up to me," Jiang Yuebai said sincerely.

"Reaching Senior Sister Jiang's level won't be that easy," Chu Liang added.

"Eh?" Jiang Yuebai furrowed her brows as she thought this statement sounded a bit strange.

Chu Liang quickly changed the conversation and said, "I hope when that time comes, you won't see me as a rival and refuse to impart your divine skills."

"Don't worry. You should at least have learned most of what you need by then." Jiang Yuebai glanced at him with a hint of impatience flickering in her eyes. She then instructed calmly, "Just try your best in your Core Formation. When you reach the Golden Core Realm, I'll teach you immortal arts."

Chu Liang's eyes instantly lit up as he said, "Thank you, Senior Sister!"

After a while, the two bid farewell. Chu Liang returned to the Silver Sword Peak, while Jiang Yuebai lingered in the area for a while.

She gazed at the crater created by Chu Liang on the mountainside. Her calm expression was replaced by a slightly perplexed look.

How can he cultivate so quickly? Is my inherited constitution of the Transcendent Spirit fake? That shouldn't be...I mustn't remain idle any longer; I should start my closed-door cultivation. Yes.

...



"The Violet Gold Marquess has been in seclusion for months to heal his injuries. The situation within the Dark King Sect is changing rapidly, and it seems we're about to lose our foothold!"

In the dense jungle somewhere, two figures in black robes were meeting secretly.

Both were dressed in hooded black robes and both of them had concealed their appearance with the shadow generated by some secret spell. They might have changed their voices as well. This was the rule in the sect. The only proof of their identities was the Soul Subjugator Token they possessed.

The difference between them was that the black-robed figure on the left had a golden embroidered "South" on their chest, while the one on the right had "Southwest" engraved on theirs.

Under the command of the leader of the Dark King Sect, there were the Left and Right Guardians, and the Four Halls of Darkness. The forces under the command of the Right Guardian, Violet Gold Marquess, consisted of eight Guiders, twenty-four Fiends, and seventy-two Soul Subjugators.

And the two individuals in question were the Southern-Route Guider and the Southwestern Guider and they appeared to be arguing about something.

"And you still want me to lead everyone into the dangerous Southern Bastion Mountain with you now?"

The Southwestern Guider was quite agitated and shouted, "If we suffer any losses, we won't even have the capital to turn the tables in the future!"

The Southern-Route Guider, on the other hand, remained calm and composed. He said slowly, "Among the Guiders, four have already sided with the masters of the other halls. The ones left must stand together as one. The Northern Abyss Hall has given us the final ultimatum – either submit or die. I believe you've received it as well."

"I received threats from the Scarlet-Robe Hall," the Southwestern Guider said.

"We don't want to betray the marquess. However, considering the marquess's absence at this crucial moment, waiting passively seems like a recipe for defeat?" the Southern-Route Guider said. "I am trying to survive!"



"You are trying to survive by venturing into the perilous Southern Bastion Mountain and absorbing those powerful souls that might not even exist?" The tone of the Southwestern Guider was filled with heavy skepticism.

"What do you mean that they might not even exist? I am convinced that there is a dormant powerful soul among them, but I cannot get close to it by myself. As long as we collectively absorb it into the Netherworld Codex, we can definitely refine it into a seventh-realm Battle Soul that can fight for us. By then, even the four Lords of the Halls will have to fear us and we can endure until the Marquess comes out of his seclusion," the Southern-Route Guider firmly stated.

"Are you really acting out of loyalty to the marquess?" The Southwestern Guider's tone was full of skepticism. "I'm afraid that you could establish your own faction with the power of a seventh-realm Battle Soul.

"I am loyal to the marquess!" The Southern-Route Guider immediately declared. "If you doubt me, you can store the Battle Soul in your Netherworld Codex whenever it appears. As long as you swear never to betray the Violet Gold Marquess!"

Upon hearing this, the Southwestern Guider just shook his head. He wasn't tempted by the immense power and was instead calculating the risks. Deaths within the diabolical sect caused by fellow disciples were nearly as frequent as those caused by outsiders.

The devilish sect was able to remain strong because there was a constant influx of individuals seeking quick success and instant benefits continuously joining the sect. The naive ones would quickly become fodder, nourishing the cunning and sly ones.

The act of not being able to resist temptation was a sign of naivety.

That was why the Southwestern Guider appeared extremely vigilant about this collaboration. He was really scared that he might inadvertently fall into some trap and become someone else's food.

"I know what you're worried about," the Southern-Route Guider continued persuading, "I will lead the way with my people. You can conserve your strength and intervene only when necessary. My loyalty to the marquess has always been unwavering, and you can trust in my sincerity."



"Well..." The tone of the Southwestern Guider eased slightly, "How much do you know about that dangerous area? The danger within the Southern Bastion Mountain is far too great. If we rashly enter those ancient forbidden lands, we won't even have enough people to sacrifice."

"To be honest, I don't know much," replied the Southern-Route Guider immediately.

His tone sounded cold and chilling as he said, "That's precisely why I asked you to bring your subordinates."

The Southwestern Guider instantly grasped his intention. Given their cultivation levels, bringing along a few Fiends would suffice, while the assistance of Soul Subjugators wouldn't be important.

The Soul Subjugators were brought along solely for the purpose of sacrificing their lives to explore the more perilous paths!

"Alright..." The Southwestern Guider contemplated for a while before finally uttering a reluctant agreement. However, he muttered anxiously to himself, "I hope this journey goes smoothly."

The Southern-Route Guider then chuckled, "Absolutely nothing will happen. Once we return with a seventh-realm Battle Soul that can fight for us, by then... hehehehehe..."