

## M. Slaying 147

### Chapter 147: Chaotic Battle

"I'm going to open the hidden realm. That may cause abnormal activity here. Please protect me!" the Southern-Route Guider said, leaping forward.

At their feet, there was dense fog drifting about over the Deep Pool of Dreams. The peach-blossom paradise opposite them seemed like an illusion.

A shadowy figure slowly approached it, but it was ultimately stopped by an invisible barrier. The figure appeared to touch the pool, stirring up ripples in the surface of the water.

"Open!" the shadowy figure, the Southern-Route Guider, shouted, pushing forward with both hands.

As he unleashed his power against the invisible barrier that extended up into the sky, a rumbling like that of thunderclaps rang out!

Rumble—

Intense undulating soundwaves swept through the air while raging waves rose from the pool below!

"RAAAAAR!!!"

It was the thunderous roar of a dragon!

The head of a towering black dragon loomed out from the thick rolling fog. There were two terrifyingly ferocious blood-red eyes staring out from its massive skull!

The rest of the imposing dragon emerged from the pool soon after. It was in a terrible state. This was a soul with a tattered body.

A ghost dragon?!

Nevertheless, a dragon was still a dragon. Even though it had died and become a ghost, it was still extremely powerful, so much so that even the members of the Dark King Sect, diabolical cultivators who had spent many years dealing with spirits, trembled at the mere sight of the dragon.

Soon after, another dragon emerged. No, there were more than that; a total of six ghost dragons emerged from the pool in succession!

"RAAAAAAAR!!!"

The Southern-Route Guider's attempt to open up the hidden realm opposite the pool seemed to have angered these sleeping spirits. The ghost dragons roared as they charged toward him.

At this moment, the Southwestern Guider yelled, "Retreat!"

Boom! Boom!

He lifted the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele<sup>[1]</sup> with one hand, raised it high, and dropped it over the pool. In the blink of an eye, the stele grew so much in size that it looked like a small mountain peak. The stele slammed down heavily, suppressing the ghost dragons under it!

Bang, bang, bang.

Loud sounds rang out constantly as the dragons rammed against the stele. The Southwestern Guider shook violently from the impact each time they rammed it.

The Southwestern Guider yelled, "Assist me!"

The Fiends and Soul Subjugators behind the Southwestern Guider obeyed and went over to him. They pressed their hands on the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele and gathered all of their foundational qi to help the Guider press the stele down, keeping the six raging ghost dragons firmly suppressed.

Chu Liang and the other two were among them, but as for whether they put their full effort into the task, only they knew the answer to that.

Nonetheless, the situation was still unstable.

A faint chanting suddenly rang out overhead. "The nine provinces will be overturned, and civilization will collapse. Oh, heavens, what should we do...?"

The voice brought about the bleakest of moods. It was filled with despair, giving the people present an intense feeling of grief and indignation they had no reason to have.

Chu Liang and the others looked up and saw the lingering spirit of an elderly man in azure robes walking over in midair from some distance away. In his left hand was a traditional scroll made of bamboo strips. His mighty soul seemed to get more powerful with each step he took toward the pool.

"Is that the lingering spirit of the prime minister of the previous dynasty?" Pushan said, immediately figuring out the elderly man's identity.

"Stop him! I'm about to open the hidden realm!" yelled the Southern-Route Guider.

Even without that yell, the lingering spirit of the elderly man had already noticed the Southern-Route Guider.

That elderly man raged, "How dare you thieves invade my Dragon Courtyard! Do you think my court officials and military generals are all dead?!"

He waved his right hand, and a clamor of battle cries rang out from the dense fog. Ghost generals mounted on warhorse skeletons and a scattered army of ghost soldiers charged toward the pool from all directions.

The Southwestern Guider immediately commanded, "Fiends, come with me to fight off the enemies! Soul Subjugators, continue to press down on this stele!"

At the Guider's command, the remaining four Fiends stood up and left in different directions to block the incoming ghost generals and soldiers. Meanwhile, the Southwestern Guider flew up to confront the elderly man.

"Kill the thieves!" the elderly man roared.

He raised the scroll in his left hand, and ancient words flew off from the scroll and attacked the Southwestern Guider.

In response, the Southwestern Guider raised his hands and wielded a string of nine skulls.

Wham!

He flung the nine massive skulls upward, and they collided with the stream of projected ancient words. The impact from the collision broke apart the string of skulls instantly! They scattered all over and landed with a loud crash.

The Southwestern Guider shouted, "What a formidable lingering spirit! I'm no match for him. You need to hurry!"

Simultaneously, he cut his left palm and squeezed out some blood. The blood was sent flying, and an even amount of it landed on each of the nine skulls. A split second later, these skulls came alive as if they had been given souls. They charged upward with their large mouths wide open, intending to bite the elderly man!

Nonetheless, the elderly man continued strolling toward the pool. He just casually waved his hand to direct the ancient characters, effortlessly repelling those vicious skulls

"I'll be done soon!" the Southern-Route Guider yelled back.

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The two Guiders weren't the only ones in critical situations; the Soul Subjugators left at the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele were in an indescribably painful state. Despite all six Soul Subjugators working together to suppress the six ghost dragons, the stele was shaking violently. It wasn't long till someone spewed out blood!

"I can't do this anymore..." one Soul Subjugator said as he spat out a mouthful of blood. "I don't think we can stop them for much longer..."

"Come on, brothers! Let's give it our all!" Chu Liang yelled. "Just endure this moment, and the Guiders and Fiends will lead us to the treasure!"

"Grit your teeth and stand firm! If you have ten percent of strength left, give eleven percent. It's time for you to serve the Dark King Sect!" Monk Pushan yelled as well.

"That's right!" Chu Liang added. "Do you want to be cowards for the rest of your lives or the heroes of this moment?"

"Even if it means burning up your life force and overusing your Golden Core, stand your ground during this moment! Do not speak of giving up!" Monk Pushan urged.

With Chu Liang and Pushan speaking such passionate words in alternation, they got the Soul Subjugators all fired up, raising their morale greatly. The Soul Subjugators did not hesitate to use their life force and every ounce of strength they had left, overloading their Golden Cores to keep the ghost dragons suppressed.

Luo Yao glanced coldly at Chu Liang and Pushan as they acted out their little play. She felt uncomfortable, but she choked back the words she could not say.

These two...

Those who trick people and lead them to their deaths won't live long.

Anyone else would think that Chu Liang and Pushan were extremely devoted members of the Dark King Sect and that they were putting in the most effort to keep the dragons under the stele. Despite that, the truth was that if there were handles on the stele, they would definitely have pulled the stele upward.

A loud crack suddenly rang out overhead. The Southern-Route Guider used his hands to crack open the void; he ripped open the hidden realm's invisible barrier, revealing a blinding heavenly light.

"It's open now!" the Southern-Route Guider shouted. "I'll come help you!"

Before he finished speaking, the Southern-Route Guider had already flown over to the Southwestern Guider. The Southwestern Guider was struggling to hold off the former dynasty's prime minister and was too preoccupied to turn around to look.

Then there was a sudden sound of flesh being pierced. The Southern-Route Guider had arrived behind the Southwestern Guider, but instead of assisting as he'd promised, the Southern-Route Guider used his hand to pierce the Southwestern Guider's heart from the back.

"Huh..." The Southwestern Guider turned his head to look behind him. Under his hood, his eyes were filled with rage. "You actually—"

"Thanks for accompanying me all the way here, but now that we've already arrived... I can't really give you the Battle Soul, can I?" the Southern-Route Guider sneered.

Yet, that sneer vanished at the next second.

The Southern-Route Guider caught a mocking look in the Southwestern Guider's eyes. His keen senses told him something was amiss. He had to retreat!

Intending to retreat, the Southern-Route Guider immediately retracted his hand, gouging out the Southwestern Guider's heart.

Nevertheless, it was too late.

There was a loud bang as the Southwestern Guider exploded, turning into a cloud of blood fog! The explosion was accompanied by an intense murderous aura that shrouded an area spanning several dozen zhang!

It hit an unfortunate Fiend nearby, catching him off guard and suffusing his qi with a bit of blood. He immediately let out an anguished wail and exploded, turning into a cloud of blood fog just like what had happened to the Southwestern Guider!

"Hahahaha!" a different Fiend burst into laughter.

He suddenly lifted his hood and revealed a face identical to that of the Southwestern Guider, who had exploded just a moment ago!

"I knew you weren't sincere about letting me refine the Battle Soul. Unfortunately, you didn't know I'd already mastered External Manifestation a long time ago!" he grinned complacently.

He was talking about the immortal art External Manifestation!

In the cultivation world, there were many supposed cloning techniques. Nevertheless, they were actually more like illusion techniques that allowed the cultivator to create a puppet that seemed similar to them but had no power. They could not replicate their power in the puppet.

However, once a cultivator mastered the true cloning art, External Manifestation, they would be able to make a proper clone of themselves! That was how he had tricked the Southern-Route Guider.

Both Guiders had harbored their own ulterior motives!

The spontaneous explosion of the blood fog had been extremely powerful, and the sky was now filled with clouds of blood fog. An apparition suddenly darted out from the blood fog, heading straight toward the crack in the barrier.

"Trying to escape?"

The Southwestern Guider had known from the start that a sixth realm expert couldn't be killed that easily. So, he'd stared fixedly at the blood fog with his divine sense activated, waiting to strike the moment that the Southern-Route Guider fled from the blood fog.

So, when he saw that apparition trying to escape through the crack, he immediately followed suit and used the nine skulls again. They opened their mouths together to form a vortex with extremely powerful suction!

Both Guiders had cultivated using the Dark King Sect's cultivation art, so they'd achieved the Heavenly Star Transcendent Form of Tranquility when they reached the sixth realm. This transcendent form was particularly mystical; if a cultivator with the Heavenly Star Transcendent Form of Tranquility were to get severely injured, they would transform into an apparition, rendering all attacks against their corporeal body ineffective.

If the Southern-Route Guider's opponent were someone else, it was very likely that he would have managed to escape by using this method. However, his opponent was the Southwestern Guider. The Southwestern Guider had achieved the same transcendent form, so he undoubtedly knew how to bypass it. He arranged the nine skulls in a huge formation specifically for restraining apparitions of souls!

When the Southern-Route Guider realized there was no way for him to escape, he turned toward the other Guider and bellowed, "Since you want me dead, I'll fight with you to the death!"

He formed hand seals and raised his hands high toward the sky.

Rumble.

At the next moment, the sound of what seemed like shackles being unlocked rang out in the sky. A large pair of ghostly, pitch-black doors suddenly appeared and swung open!

Then as a resounding clanking shook the heavens, a gigantic black hand—with numerous iron chains wrapped around it—extended out from the open doors!

"You even sacrificed your life force to summon Bodhisattva Ksitigarbha from the netherworld!" the Southwestern Guider bellowed.

Treating the gigantic hand as a formidable enemy, the Southwestern Guider raised his right hand and called upon the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele, pulling it upward from where it had been suppressing the ghost dragons!

Wham.

The Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele blocked the gigantic hand, delaying it for a moment. However, the black giant hand continued pushing forward, ramming into Southwestern Guider with the stele.

Blood spurted out from the Southwestern Guider's mouth. He pressed his hands against the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele, barely managing to hold off the gigantic hand for a moment.

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Just a little earlier...

After summoning the gigantic black hand, the Southern-Route Guider's primordial qi was still severely damaged. Without further delay, he turned and dove into the crack, from which rainbow-colored light was shining.

The crack was shrinking gradually.

Down below, the six enraged ghost dragons were free once again, no longer suppressed by the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele. The Soul Subjugators, who had been doing their best to use the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele to suppress the ghost dragons, had suddenly lost the barrier separating them from the ghost dragons. Now, they were facing the ghost dragons directly.

Their hearts filled with despair. We're doomed.

Only the two Soul Subjugators, who had been shouting words of encouragement without contributing even a tiny bit, and their companion still retained their full strength. Once the situation took a turn for the worse, they flew off into the distance and escaped.

The remaining Soul Subjugators, who had already exhausted all of their strength, tried to do the same. Unfortunately for them, they didn't get very far before they were devoured by the roaring ghost dragons! None of them managed to avoid the tragic fate!

Wham.

By sacrificing those Soul Subjugators, the Southwestern Guider managed to use the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele to block the gigantic hand's attack. Then, just as abruptly as the doors had appeared, the multitude of iron chains pulled the hand back inside, and the doors vanished.

Nevertheless, there was no time for the Southwestern Guider to catch his breath. The lingering spirit of the previous dynasty's prime minister attacked the Guider again.

"You thief!!!" yelled the former prime minister.

A string of projected ancient words struck the Southwestern Guider's back with a heavy blow.

"Argh!!!" the Southwestern Guider screamed.

The heavy blow caused him to collide against the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele, and his blood sprayed everywhere.

The Southwestern Guider knew he was no match for the former prime minister. Once the crack closed off, he would certainly die.

Consequently, despite the risk of getting attacked by the former prime minister from behind, he stepped onto the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele and rode it frantically toward the crack that was about to close!

As long as the Southwestern Guider could make it into the hidden realm, he would be fine. He would be able to easily defeat the Southern-Route Guider, who was heavily injured and on the verge of death.

The treasures and the seventh-realm Battle Soul that might exist in the hidden realm were all within his grasp! Once he had recovered, he would make a move to secure a place for himself among the higher ranks of the Dark King Sect!

The divine light seeping out from the hidden realm had become part of the Southwestern Guider's vision of a beautiful future.

Just as the front end of the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele entered through the crack, the Southwestern Guider's right eyelid twitched.

An indescribable sense of crisis washed over him. Having roamed the world for many years, he was well aware that this was a premonition of imminent danger.

Who is it?

The Southwestern Guider's heart skipped a beat, and he immediately spread out his divine sense to scan the area.

Nonetheless, it was already too late. Someone standing on the other side of the crack.

In the hidden realm, a handsome young man, who had just taken an Essence-Concealing Pill, slowly raised his longsword...