

M. Slaying 148

Chapter 148: Definitely Not A Cultivator at the Golden Core Realm

Chu Liang used the Talismanic Sword Seal.

Triple Talismanic Sword of Wind, Fire, and Thunder pierced through the high heavens.

The vast and mighty sword energy moved like a dragon, whistling through the air. With just a strike, it hit the Southwestern Guider on the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele, causing a resounding explosion in the air.

Boom—

While the flames were still in the sky, the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele flew into the hidden realm. Due to the lack of manipulation, it fell from the sky, crashing heavily onto the open ground ahead.

The cracks on the hidden realm then closed up.

The Southwestern Guider, struck by the Crimson Executioner, had his fate hanging in uncertainty. Even if the attack hadn't ended his life, he would be left outside the hidden realm while being severely injured. In face of numerous lingering spirits and ghost dragons, the outcome would undoubtedly be unfavorable.

"Young Hero Chu! Such powerful sword qi! Even the Guider at the sixth realm could not fight back," exclaimed Monk Pushan in astonishment.

"Hehe." Chu Liang chuckled before he flew forward and arrived at the spot where the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele had fallen.

The stele, which was now restored to its original size, was deeply embedded on a patch of grass, exuding an ancient and solemn aura.

Chu Liang pressed on the stele and stored it in his storage artifact. The size of the stele was so big that his storage tool was almost at full capacity.

The Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele was naturally a very powerful tool. The Southwestern Guider was able to display such fierceness because of this stone stele.

Obviously, Chu Liang had no intention of leaving this stone stele here.

The retrieval of this stone stele was something that must be done.

"When we get out of here, I plan to return this Stone Stele to the Ascending Immortal Tomb. Is that alright?" Chu Liang asked.

"Of course," replied Monk Pushan, "Young Hero Chu, your noble intentions are truly admirable."

Luo Yao seemed to be staring at Chu Liang with a look of approval. After a moment, she spoke again, "I hope that one day we can recover everything that the Dark King Sect took away."

"Did the Dark King Sect take more than just the eight Mountainous Suppressing Stone Steles?" Chu Liang asked, as Luo Yao seemed to be hinting that there were additional items.

"Indeed. They took so much more," Luo Yao said. "During the battle against the demon god back then, cultivators at the Heavenly Origin Realm from various major immortal sects of the mortal realm died, and only sixteen of their corpses were found. That is why there were sixteen Mountainous Suppressing Stone Steles in the Ascending Immortal Tomb."

"The Mountainous Suppressing Stone Steles existed to safeguard the corpses of the eighth-realm cultivators that had sacrificed their lives in this battle. Of the sixteen corpses, eight of them remained intact. The Dark King sect attacked the Ascending Immortal Tomb back then to steal those eight corpses. As for this Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele, they just took it with them out of convenience," Luo Yao explained in a cold tone.

"I see," Chu Liang responded.

With Luo Yao's explanation, Chu Liang finally understood the reason why the Dark King Sect had raided the Ascending Immortal Tomb.

The golden skeleton he had previously found was most likely at the seventh realm, possessing the spiritual power capable of elevating an entire clan. As for the Eminent Ones at the eighth realm,

they held command over the Heavenly Origin, and their souls and bones were considered treasures. And so, their corpses wouldn't decay even after their deaths.

Many eighth-realm cultivators took precautions to avoid posthumous insults. Before the end of their life, they would arrange for a secret place to be their tomb just to ensure a peaceful eternal rest.

However, those who died in the battle against the demon god, especially those at the eighth realm, obviously did not have the luxury to make such preparations. And so, the immortal sects crafted these powerful Mountainous Suppressing Stone Steles to safeguard the corpses of those heroes.

The Dark King Sect, being a faction that followed the practice of diabolical cultivation techniques, would take advantage of both souls and the corpses.

Even so, no one expected...that they would go so far as to extend their devil claws to the corpses of those heroes who had made significant contributions to humanity.

"They truly deserve universal condemnation," Chu Liang remarked.

Monk Pushan turned around and said, "Two of their Guiders were defeated here. This ought to have taught the followers of the diabolical sect a lesson. Let's first assess the current situation."

Upon hearing this, Chu Liang stopped thinking about the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Steles. He looked up and stared at the hidden realm in front of him.

...

This area was filled with spiritual qi. It was surrounded by lush green mountains and clear blue waters. There were beautiful mountains surrounding a winding river, and palaces sat atop some of the peaks.

In the expansive grassland below the mountain, small birds and creatures could be seen.

Yet there was something peculiar about these animals. It didn't matter if they were flying or walking creatures as all these creatures appeared frozen in place.

They were completely motionless.

"What's going on?" Monk Pushan stepped forward.

After he examined the situation, he said, "They aren't dead; it's like they're asleep."

He gently touched a bird on the ground; its body and feathers were vividly lifelike, but it showed no response. With its closed eyes, the bird stood on one leg as if it was in a state of perpetual stillness.

"Is this the reason why the Deep Pool of Dreams exists?" Chu Liang muttered.

"Unfortunately, this great battle happened too long ago, and we still don't know what these followers of the diabolical sect are searching for," Luo Yao said.

Just as Luo Yao finished speaking, a chilling response echoed, "Let me tell you then..."

Slap.

As the sound ceased, a hand-shaped darkness abruptly surfaced from beneath her, seizing her ankle.

Luo Yao shuddered. She could no longer move.

She was very familiar with this sensation. It was similar to the Soul-Piercing Nails or the thorns that had controlled her before.

It was a restraint at the level of the soul.

"Who is it?" Chu Liang and Monk Pushan immediately moved defensively.

A shadow slowly materialized beneath Luo Yao's feet, morphing into the figure of the Southern-Route Guider. He stood behind her as he clutched the girl's throat.

He had been the first to venture into the hidden realm. And so, the three of them thought that he had gone elsewhere. Little did they know, he was still hiding at the entrance!

What they hadn't anticipated was that the Southern-Route Guider, concealed at the entrance, harbored ulterior motives.

If the Southwestern Guider had pursued him inside, he would have swiftly exited the hidden realm before it was sealed shut and escaped the pursuit.

Instead, he encountered the three at this location.

"I really didn't expect..." the Southern-Route Guider chuckled darkly. "The Marquess was always boasting about how secure the Soul Subjugator Token is, yet there are still spies. In fact, there are many spies."

"It's just a misunderstanding," Chu Liang said. "Release her, and we'll leave immediately, without impeding the Honorable Guider's treasure hunt."

"Do I look like a fool to you?" the Southern-Route Guider looked at him strangely.

"Haha!" Monk Pushan suddenly burst into laughter and stepped forward, saying, "Honorable Guider, in truth, I am an undercover observer hidden among these two spies. I was just waiting to reveal their schemes..."

"Get lost!" the Southern-Route Guider cursed.

"Oh." Monk Pushan stopped moving.

"Don't play tricks with me. Behave and help me with something, and I won't hurt this girl," the Southern-Route Guider said.

"Okay," Chu Liang nodded.

"Head towards the mountain and make your way to the palace!" the Southern-Route Guider gestured with his eyes toward the palace on the mountaintop.

Chu Liang and Monk Pushan had no choice but to obey. Both of them started walking toward the mountaintop.

While clutching Luo Yao in the neck, the Southern-Route Guider walked along and said, "You should be aware that I am heavily injured now. There might be some tricky issues later. Hehe, I'll need to trouble you to lend me a hand."

Chu Liang couldn't help but frown as he said, "Guider, aren't you overestimating us? How are we supposed to deal with the troubles you can't even handle?"

"Hehe," the Southern-Route Guider sneered and stared at Chu Liang with a smart-looking gaze.

He then said to Chu Liang, "You don't need to hide your strength. I know you're powerful. You were the black-clad figure who attacked my subordinates in the fog, right? Your strength is more than enough!"

When Chu Liang used that sword against the Southwestern Guider earlier, it was evident that the Southern-Route Guider had noticed. In fact, if he wasn't afraid of Chu Liang and if he didn't plan on taking advantage of these three cultivators, he would have already killed them.

Even if he were heavily injured, it wouldn't be hard for him to kill three cultivators at the Golden Core Realm.

The only reason he hadn't made a move was due to Chu Liang's incredible power.

This fellow was definitely not a cultivator at the Golden Core Realm.