

M. Slaying 158

Chapter 158: Repeat What You Just Said

Sigh... After withdrawing his divine sense from the Soul Subjugator Token, Chu Liang let out a soft sigh.

Fate was indescribably marvelous.

He had gained control of this Soul Subjugator accidentally and he never expected that he would be given a second chance to be an undercover agent.

This was an opportunity to infiltrate the internal workings of the Dark King Sect. Naturally, he had no reason to say no. Even if he reported this to his teacher or the higher-ranked members of the Mount Shu Sect, they would likely still support this mission.

However, that was a story for another time. If the Violet Gold Marquess intended to position his operatives in the White-Bone Hall, it implied that Chu Liang still required some time for preparation. Regardless of the type of danger awaiting him, strengthening himself would be the most crucial task at the moment. He needed to attain Core Formation as soon as possible!

A new storm was bound to brew, and he needed to continue advancing on this path of cultivation.

The message earlier also reminded him of something else.

While at the Valley of Bewildering Fog, Chu Liang obtained a soul in a jade pot from a Fiend. During that time, Luo Yao mentioned that she would trade something with him for this jade pot, which was why he kept it in his storage and hadn't taken any action with it.

But they separated very quickly, and both of them forgot about this. Considering that Luo Yao could contact him later on, Chu Liang decided that he should examine the pot now.

Chu Liang thought that...if he were bound to continue being a spy, he would really need some divine techniques similar to the ones taught by the Dark King Sect.

That was the predicament in the Valley of Bewildering Fog. He didn't dare to use any of his techniques in front of anyone because doing so would expose his identity. However, he couldn't

possibly cultivate the wicked divine arts of the diabolical sect. If he could be protected by a powerful soul, he could then disguise himself as someone capable of performing soul manipulation techniques.

As he contemplated this, he retrieved the jade pot and set it on the ground. Then, he called out, "Hello? Mister?"

There was no response.

Chu Liang tried putting his hand on the pot and infused his foundational qi into it. Yet, the jade pot didn't show any waves of activation patterns. It was almost as if this pot was just an enchanted storage tool used to house and nurture a soul.

How could he summon the elder out of the pot?

When the Fiend summoned this soul, he had lit a few incense sticks.

However, those incense sticks were not ordinary; they were extremely precious Soul Ambrosia Incense, and acquiring them was extremely costly. Chu Liang obviously couldn't spend a huge amount just for this test.

He tilted the pot upside down and shook it up and down. When he realized that there was no response, he placed the pot down and said in a gloomy tone, "I guess I have to try peeing into this pot."

"Youngster, how dare you?"

From the jade pot came an angry shout, and then some bluish smoke appeared, revealing the ghostly figure of an old man in blue robes. This ghostly figure looked pretty real, with long robes, big sleeves, and hair that seemed lifelike.

With his beard standing on end and his eyes widened in anger, he displayed intense fury towards Chu Liang.

"Hehe, now that the Mister has come out, the junior naturally dares not be disrespectful," Chu Liang said politely.

At the same time, he thought to himself, "This old man can really hear everything. He purposely didn't show up earlier just to mess with me."

Cough. The old man cleared his throat, stood tall with pride, and spoke in a deep voice, "I'm an old man named Fei. You can just call me Mr. Fei."

"Mr. Fei." Chu Liang nodded.

"You and I are meeting for the first time, young one. It's normal if you're not familiar with my ways. No need to worry, I won't hold it against you. Let me explain," Mr. Fei said.

"Alright, Mr. Fei, please enlighten me," Chu Liang remained courteous.

The elder stared at Chu Liang with some resentment.

On that day, Chu Liang exuded a mysterious and powerful aura, making his disguise impenetrable. Moreover, the strike he unleashed to kill the Fiend was exceptionally powerful, instilling such great fear in the old man that he allowed himself to be caught by Chu Liang without putting up a fight.

However, upon reexamining Chu Liang, it became evident that he was merely a minor figure at the Spiritual Awareness Realm! The sword he had displayed earlier was likely not his true strength, which meant that he must have relied on some external force.

Feeling disgruntled and extremely embarrassed that he was scared off by such a junior, the old man naturally adopted a tone of indifference in his response to Chu Liang.

"Firstly, to summon me, you need three sticks of Soul Ambrosia Incense each time," Mr. Fei said. "Otherwise, I won't appear."

"Secondly, if you want me to take action on your behalf, you must first determine the extent of my involvement, and then be prepared to exchange with rare treasures that can nourish my soul."

Chu Liang nodded in agreement as he listened attentively.

"Thirdly, even if I do nothing, I still require one stick of Soul Ambrosia Incense daily to nurture my soul. As a mere junior in the Spiritual Awareness Realm, I wonder if you can bear such a burden."

"Mmm..." Chu Liang frowned in contemplation.

"Fourthly, if you cannot afford it, you may promptly find another master for me. Now that I've explained the rules to you, don't blame me for turning hostile if they're not followed in the future," he concluded with a sinister tone.

The threat was palpable.

After all, the power of his soul matched that of a sixth-realm cultivator. Even with the disadvantage of lacking a physical body, he remained considerably more powerful than a fifth-realm cultivator.

There was indeed no need to be overly polite in front of this junior disciple at the Spiritual Awareness Realm.

"As a junior, I shall remember your words. Give me a chance to think about it. Please go back for now," Chu Liang said with a smile.

"Hmph." With a wave of his sleeves, Mr. Fei transformed into a wisp of green smoke and went back into the jade pot.

Chu Liang stood up.

He picked up the jade pot from the ground and left the wooden cabin. After he went around the hill, he arrived at the pavilion where Di Nufeng stayed.

"Esteemed Teacher," he called out softly, "I have a request."

Di Nufeng was dozing off lazily.

She then opened her eyes and said, "What is it?"

"It's a soul we picked up earlier. Please have a chat with him," Chu Liang walked to the center of the hall and placed the jade pot down again. He then called out, "Mr. Fei!"

Whoosh!

A wisp of green smoke started drifting out of the jade pot. The elder looked really unhappy as he scolded, "Didn't I just say that you would need three sticks of Soul Ambrosia Incense to summon me? Haven't you gotten the message?"

"Yes, I forgot." Chu Liang said with a gentle smile, "Mr. Fei, can you please repeat what you just said earlier?"

"Hmph..." Mr. Fei snorted coldly. He was on the verge of unleashing his anger when he suddenly sensed that something was amiss.

The surroundings were different.

The atmosphere felt different...

He turned around and saw a woman in red sitting with her legs crossed on the bamboo seat.

With her eyes squinted, she was staring at him.

Oh no.

...

"My surname is Fei. Just call me Fei."

The elder lowered his head and bowed, displaying the utmost humility in all his actions as he respectfully hovered in front of Di Nufeng.

Di Nufeng started scrutinizing him in a lazy manner.

Then, she said, "I heard from my disciple that you have set many rules. Tell me about them."

"No-no-no. Those are just immature suggestions," Mr. Fei said with a courteous smile. "As for how exactly things should run, you should be the judge. Your rules are my rules."

"If I should be the one to set the rules, then I order you to obey every word my disciple says. If he wants you to head east, you mustn't head west. If he wants to beat someone up, you have to do it. If you behave yourself and protect him, you will have a meal to eat. If something bad happens to him..." Di Nufeng said as she raised the corner of her eyes.

Wisp!

A fire, both purple and golden, flared to life at her fingertip.

The Samadhi True Fire!

Upon seeing the flicker of this flame, Mr. Fei promptly knelt down in mid-air, no longer daring to harbor any reservations.

Putting aside the fact that Di Nufeng was a cultivator at the seventh realm, the Samadhi True Fire was like the deadliest poison to all ghosts. A mere touch of this fire would lead to the complete incineration of his entire being.

"I dare not! This humble being shall be at his command! I won't dare to make any mistakes!" he cried out.

"As long as you are aware," Di Nufeng, finally satisfied, then extinguished the spark of fire.

"Sigh..."

Mr. Fei lifted his head and said in a pitiful manner, "Actually, it's not that I'm greedy, but as a being with a complete soul, I'm different from ordinary ghosts. They can absorb power from yin energy to replenish themselves, but the yin energy in the world is filled with various negative emotions like resentment, anger, and suffering. If I inhale yin energy for a long time, I will eventually transform into a true wandering soul or ghost..."

"But every time I have to leave this jade pot for a mission, a portion of my soul's power is consumed. If I engage in combat, the depletion is even more severe. With repeated actions without replenishment, I'll dissipate into dust after a few more times..."

"So, I usually rest and nurture my soul in this jade pot. Every time I have to show up or take action, I must nourish my soul, it's just a desperate struggle for survival."

His words sounded sincere and he didn't seem to be lying.

Actually, Chu Liang had long been puzzled about why this old man's soul was different from other ghosts. Now, hearing him explain, Chu Liang asked, "Mr. Fei, what exactly is your current situation?"

Mr. Fei released a long sigh, "This is a long story..."

"Then keep it short," Di Nufeng impatiently demanded.

"Okay." Mr. Fei replied in a resolute tone.

He then began to narrate his experiences.

His name was Fei Qi, and he was one of the renowned Confucian scholars in the northern regions during the Yu Dynasty. He was a member of the Ascending Dragon Academy and had been classmates with several senior Confucian scholars of the olden days.

Nevertheless, his cultivation had remained stagnant at the sixth realm for many years, and the threshold of enlightenment for the seventh realm eluded his grasp. While he managed to slow down aging, he couldn't make himself live significantly longer. As over a hundred years went by, he knew he was running out of time.

At this stage, Fei Qi became anxious. He began to explore unconventional paths in earnest. Through thorough research, he found that his soul would remain intact even if his body aged. The only problem was that he could not stop the aging of his body. When the body underwent decay, and the soul lost its vessel, only then would it gradually dissipate and vanish from the earth.

And so, he wondered if he could create a method to allow his soul to exist independently, separate from the decaying physical body.

But the death of a person meant the extinguishing of a lamp. This was the law of the heavens and earth. If the candle was burned out, what could the candle flame depend on?

In his quest to explore the Dao of the Soul, he went to great lengths, adopting a different identity and joining various diabolical sects to learn their wicked soul techniques. Eventually, he made an audacious attempt to create a completely new divine ability.

Fei Qi called it the Dao of the Immortal Soul.

The goal of this Dao was to separate the soul from the physical body, enabling the soul to exist independently in the world. It was an entirely new cultivation method. Despite his anxiety, he understood that if he didn't try, he would surely die. With the attempt, there remained a chance at life.

In this state, he began his attempt for this cultivation.

His soul detached from his body, maintaining its own existence.

Remarkably, his soul remained intact, breaking free from the constraints of the natural order, thus avoiding self-dissipation.

However, at this point, he discovered a fatal problem: he couldn't cultivate. As a ghost, he couldn't perform the foundational breathing exercises to circulate qi; he could only absorb yin energy. Yet, as he soon realized, within yin energy, there existed an abundance of complex and tumultuous negative emotions.

The only difference between him and other ghosts now was his fully conscious intellect. If he were to absorb yin energy for cultivation, wouldn't he eventually transform into a real ghost?

The Dao of Soul Immortality might be classified as a cultivation method, but it was essentially a method of self-destruction.

Take the ghost of the former chancellor in the Valley of Bewildering Fog as an example. Despite being stronger than him by several times, it wandered aimlessly all day, fixated on a single obsession. How could one call that living?

If he didn't want to end up that way, his only way of replenishing his strength was through treasures of nature, such as the Soul Ambrosia Incense or other medicine of yin nature.

Currently, he appeared neither human nor ghost, which made it particularly challenging to acquire resources. Consequently, he resided in the nurturing jade pot and temporarily acted as a battle soul, fighting for his host in exchange for resources.

Over the years, he had served more than ten hosts, both righteous and wicked. Eventually, he ended up in Chu Liang's hands.

After hearing about his life struggles, Di Nufeng and Chu Liang remained silent for a long time.

After a while, Di Nufeng said puzzledly, "After all that talk, aren't you still a ghost?"

"I am different!" Mr. Fei shouted. "I have my intellect intact! I can still think!"

Di Nufeng then said, "A smart ghost?"

Mr. Fei added, "I am not consumed by negative emotions."

Di Nufeng then said, "A happy ghost?"

"..." Mr. Fei's eyes were filled with sorrow and indignation. He felt so furious but he didn't dare to say anything.

After a brief pause, Chu Liang said with a smile, "Mr. Fei, since I have to trouble you in the future, I naturally won't make you suffer any losses. However, just summoning you once would cost three sticks of Soul Ambrosia Incense, and that is too expensive. I am sure you can't actually use that much. How about we make an agreement for the future? For any soul energy consumed, I'll replenish the same amount for you. If I become more capable in the future, I'll certainly help you achieve the Dao of Soul Immortality. What do you think?"

"Of course, that sounds good." Mr. Fei cast a glance at Di Nufeng and reluctantly agreed.

If he was being replenished for however much he had consumed, it meant that he would be provided room and board without any pay. Indeed, he would be left with no surplus at all. As long as he stayed by Chu Liang's side, he would be working for free.

He could only pin his hopes on the day when Chu Liang would fulfill his promise of soaring to great heights, hoping that he too could enjoy the prosperity alongside him.

Chu Liang had no choice. Maintaining a ghost at the sixth realm of cultivation required a significant amount of power. Even just replenishing the energy was quite taxing.

Unless there was an absolute necessity, Chu Liang definitely wouldn't summon Mr. Fei.

Upon seeing that they had come to an agreement, Di Nufeng issued a threat in a timely manner, "Since you have made an agreement, you can't go back on it. If anything happens to my disciple in the future, I will find you no matter where you are in this world..."

"I am the best at beating up old men."