

## M. Slaying 26

### Chapter 26: The Emergence

"Chu Liang, something terrible has happened..." Lin Bei burst into the room.

He appeared flustered as he rushed in, his eyes widening as he took in the scene.

Lin Bei commented, "Oh, Ms. Song is here too! Well, it's quite lively here, isn't it?"

The individuals who were standing and those who were lying down could have formed separate groups for a game of mahjong.

"Why are you here? And where is Li Yue?" Chu Liang inquired.

"Li Yue is missing!" Lin Bei responded urgently.

"Eh?" Chu Liang exclaimed.

Lin Bei then explained, "I was keeping watch outside, and for a long while, there was no sign of any activity from inside. I found it strange, so I knocked and realized the window was open. I have no idea where Li Yue went, so I hurried over to see you."

"Did you hear anything unusual?" Chu Liang asked.

"No." Lin Bei shook his head. "There was absolutely no sign of strange auras or sounds. I suspect he might have sneaked out on his own, but I don't understand why he would do that."

Chu Liang's thoughts raced, his brow furrowing in deep contemplation, as he replied, "Maybe he's keeping something from us. Li Yue could also be Situ Yan's prey... We're unsure of his whereabouts. What's our next move?"

"I... I might be able to help," Song Qingyi suddenly offered.

"Do you have a way to locate Li Yue?" Both Lin Bei and Chu Liang looked at her.

"Yes," Song Qingyi said as she gently nodded. She then raised her hand and took out a half-sheet of aged golden paper, seemingly blank but radiating a subtle aura of vitality.

With her right hand, she mimicked the movement of writing with a brush and lightly moved her fingers across the half-sheet of paper. Suddenly, a vermillion light emerged, and as her fingertips danced, words began to form.

Li... Jue...

After writing the name, Song Qingyi tossed the half-sheet of paper into the air. It spun three times in the sky and appeared to find its direction. It descended with a bright glow, flying out of the window in the indicated direction.

"Follow it," Song Qingyi instructed as she chased after the guiding light and flew out of the window with the half-sheet of paper.

"Someone should stay behind to keep an eye on Xiaohu." Chu Liang pointed at Yan Xiaohu.

"I'll stay." Lin Bei volunteered this time.

Chu Liang nodded, and then he followed Song Qingyi, flying out as well.

In the room, only Yan Xiaohu and Lin Bei remained, looking at each other.

After a brief silence, Yan Xiaohu cautiously asked, "So... what should we do now?"

Lin Bei pondered for a moment and said, "Let's start by ordering some food."

"Huh?"

"Yan Xiaohu was taken aback.

Lin Bei casually reclined in his chair. "Then we'll wake them up, resume the music, and keep dancing!"

"Is that a good idea?" Yan Xiaohu scratched his head and asked, "Aren't I still in danger?"

"With me here, don't worry!" Lin Bei patted him on the shoulder and said, "Although something happened to the person I was watching over... It was just an accident. I hope this one will end successfully..."

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Meanwhile, back at the previous scene, a different story unfolded.

Chu Liang and Song Qingyi followed the half-page golden paper, flying through the air and out of the city.

Along the way, he couldn't help but praise, "Ms. Song, this enchanted artifact of yours is so convenient. As long as you know the person's name, there isn't anyone you can't track."

"Not necessarily. My cultivation level is not high enough, so I can only track within the range of Yanjiao City," Song Qingyi explained.

"That's still amazing," Chu Liang replied.

Song Qingyi added, "This Half-Page Golden Script is a protective tool my teacher gave me for this mission. It has many wonderful uses, but I haven't fully mastered it yet."

Chu Liang fell into a brief silence.

She has such a nice teacher. Eh? Why do I feel sad?

However, Chu Liang understood that it wasn't just Di Nufeng's problem. In the Mount Shu Sect, unless a disciple was exceptionally talented or had achieved great deeds, receiving enchanted treasures from their teacher was quite rare. This remained true even if he wasn't in the Silver Sword Peak.

But in other immortal sects, the gifting of enchanted artifacts was a very normal thing.

The core issue lay in the divergence of cultivation paths among the various sects, particularly those aligned with the three schools of thought.

Within these sects, cultivators who followed Confucianism stood out as distinct from those who adhered to the teachings of the other two schools. Apart from the cultivation of divine abilities, Confucianism placed a stronger emphasis on knowledge and moral character, a characteristic particularly evident in the Noblemen's Hall.

With Song Qingyi's cultivation level, she might not have garnered as much attention in other immortal sects. Nevertheless, within the Noblemen's Hall, her outstanding knowledge and moral character had the potential to earn her recognition from the elders and senior disciples.

The Half-Page Golden Script wasn't flying fast.

After some time, it found its way to a familiar location. It was the lake behind the hill at the academy.

"There's Li Jue," Song Qingyi whispered. "Let's not rush. We should observe first."

Once they confirmed Li Jue's location, Song Qingyi stowed her enchanted artifact, and the night sky settled into silence as the two of them advanced cautiously. Soon, they spotted a slender figure by the lake.

"Why..." the slender figure muttered to the water.

Judging by the voice and appearance, it was indeed Li Jue.

"Why did you take so many lives..." Li Jue's voice was filled with anguish. "Your death was at my hands. You could have come to kill me directly. Why did you keep taking the lives of others?"

Chu Liang's eyes lit up as he discreetly observed him. "Eh?"

It was just as he had expected. Li Jue had been hiding secrets.

Li Jue said, "You tied me up that day and attempted to scar my face. I was too terrified. I struggled and accidentally pushed you into the lake. Overwhelmed by shock and fear, I fled home.

"Only much later did it occur to me that you might have been in danger after falling into the lake... When I wanted to return to check on you, I heard from others that someone had drowned in the lake.

"It was an accident, but I caused your death.

"I've been living in constant fear these days, avoiding the truth... But I can't run from it any longer.

"Situ Yan, if you truly became a ghost, seek retribution from me. Spare others from your vengeance."

His voice, intermittent, carried on the wind, reaching the ears of Chu Liang and Song Qingyi.

It became evident that Li Jue had directly caused Situ Yan's drowning, rather than Situ Yan taking her own life by jumping into the water.

No wonder Li Jue was so fearful; he had been tormented for days by the guilt of unintentional killings and the fear of a vengeful spirit. Today seemed to be the day he could no longer bear this torment, leading him to this spot.

However, even after speaking alone for an extended time, nothing out of the ordinary occurred.

Li Jue glanced around and muttered, "Are you not here, or are you unwilling to reveal yourself? Well... in that case, I'll go and atone for my sins myself..."

Murmuring to himself, he stood up and headed towards the lake below.

It appeared as though he wanted to end his own life.

"Li——"

Song Qingyi was about to intervene, but Chu Liang dragged her back.

"Wait a bit more," Chu Liang whispered.

Just as Li Jue reached the edge of the lake, he hesitated for a moment. This moment of hesitation didn't last long as he soon made a fateful decision and leaped into the water!

Just as Song Qingyi was ready to intervene, a chilling wind suddenly swept through the area.

The gusts created ripples on the previously calm lake's surface. Icy winds seemed to converge from all directions, surrounding Li Jue in mid-jump and pushing him back to the shore.

Thud!

Li Jue fell to the ground but swiftly got up. "Situ Yan, is it you?"

The turbulent cold winds finally gathered in one place, taking on a human-like form in front of him, only to dissipate in the blink of an eye.

A faint, ghostly silhouette remained in its original position.

It was a woman in Confucian attire, half her face marred by prominent scars. She could be none other than the rumored Situ Yan.

Li Jue met the ghost he had feared for such a long time.

He showed a sense of relief, saying, "You've finally come to see me."

Chu Liang and Song Qingyi were now on high alert.

The intense aura of death suggested that this wasn't an ordinary vengeful spirit, a fact confirmed by its solidified form. Although they didn't know what had transpired to bestow her with such power...

They were sure of one thing. Situ Yan was indeed the Painted Skin Ghost!