

## M. Slaying 27

Chapter 27: Destroyed

The chilling wind rustled, and the ghostly figure loomed.

The dead girl stood before him once again.

However, Li Jue faced it all surprisingly without fear. Perhaps, whether it was death or supernatural entities, neither compared to the torment of inner questioning.

The ghostly incarnation of Situ Yan finally spoke in a serene tone.

"I don't resent you, and I can't kill you." Her voice was icy, like a breeze from the underworld.

"I..." Li Jue stared at her, momentarily at a loss for words.

Then, Situ Yan suddenly shouted urgently, "You must leave!"

"What's wrong with you?" Li Jue was frightened and seemingly frozen, still sitting on the ground without escaping.

"Ah!" Situ Yan cried out, and the eerie wind howled around them, making the lakeside bone-chilling, like the realm of the dead.

Her eyes gradually emitted a crimson glow.

However, she struggled and managed to utter, "No..."

She raised her head and shouted at Li Jue again, "You must go!"

Only then did Li Jue realize something was amiss. He stumbled backward, trying to run.

However, as he moved away, Situ Yan's black hair suddenly stood on end, revealing an entire terrifying, vein-covered, ghastly face!

"Stay!" Her voice transformed into utter chilling menace.

Her attitude changed completely.

As she lifted her hand, she instantly rushed toward Li Jue.

Meanwhile, Song Qingyi, who had been observing in secret for a while, stopped standing idly by this time. She said to Chu Liang, "I'll deal with it."

After saying this, her figure flickered, and a burst of green light radiated from the jade ruler in her hand.

The Noblemen's Hall possessed an ancient legendary weapon that ranked among the top hundred in the Catalog of the Mortal World's Ten Thousand Treasures, known as the River-Measuring Jade Ruler. Song Qingyi's weapon was a replica of the River-Measuring Jade Ruler, known as the Heart-Measuring Ruler.

In the cultivation realm, numerous such replicas existed, and typically, only the original owner of a treasure could create them. High-quality replicas often matched the original in grade.

The Heart-Measuring Ruler brimmed with righteous aura and swiftly found its mark. Situ Yan was about to attack Li Jue but was caught off guard and nearly struck by the ruler.

Fortunately, as a ghost with its ethereal body, it could instantly move several feet to the side just in time to avoid the attack.

However, Song Qingyi's attack followed immediately. She hurled the jade ruler forward, and it struck Situ Yan's waist, producing a muffled sound.

Bang!

The Painted Skin Ghost's ethereal form took a hit, and its body emitted a burst of black smoke before falling heavily to the ground.

The ruler flew back into Song Qingyi's palm.

Song Qingyi was about to seize this advantage and pursue the ghost when a figure suddenly flashed forward, blocking her path.

With both of his arms stretched out, Li Jue blocked Song Qingyi, pleading in a mournful tone, "Ms. Song, please don't kill Situ Yan. She's not evil. She's pitiable..."

"Li Jue!" Song Qingyi exclaimed hastily, "Situ Yan is dead! She is a ghost. The only way to help her in entering the normal cycle of reincarnation, like any other ordinary spirit, is to dispel her spirit. If we allow her to persist like this, she will never attain reincarnation!"

"What?" When Li Jue heard this, his body trembled.

Song Qingyi wasn't lying. The common belief in the cultivation realm was that, regardless of the ghost's nature, dispelling their souls and sending them into the cycle of reincarnation was an act of great kindness.

During this brief pause, Situ Yan, who had been lying on the ground, regained her senses and let out a shrill scream. She raised her hand and released a burst of black energy toward them.

The black energy surged forth, instantly transforming into boundless black mist, shrouding the entire lakeside.

"Trying to escape?" Song Qingyi immediately leaped high into the air, evading the coverage of the black mist. She held the Half-Page Golden Script above her head, ensuring that its radiant glow continuously enveloped the area below, preventing the Painted Skin Ghost within the black mist from escaping.

However, there was no sign of a figure emerging from the black mist.

After some time, as the wind crept in, the black mist at the lakeside gradually dissipated, and Song Qingyi landed back on the ground.

What she saw next left her in astonishment.

Li Jue was sitting on the ground, looking dazed, apparently bewildered by the recent events.

Beside him, another Li Jue also appeared bewildered and glanced around.

Indeed, there were two identical Li Jues by the lakeside!

"What... what's happening?" Li Jue A was in a state of panic.

Li Jue B, with the same expression of fear, immediately distanced himself from the other and then looked towards Song Qingyi. "Ms. Song..."

Song Qingyi, faced with two identical Li Jues, furrowed her brows.

Who is the real one?

"I'm the real one..." Li Jue A and Li Jue B simultaneously declared.

Song Qingyi was momentarily at a loss.

At that moment, footsteps were heard from the nearby bushes, and a handsome young man with a smiling face slowly walked out.

Chu Liang made a dazzling entrance.

He approached Li Jue A and said with a smile, "I have a way to determine this. The fake Li Jue has never met me. Whichever one of you can correctly say my name is the real Li Jue."

"You are Chu Liang!" Li Jue A, who was next to Chu Liang, immediately replied.

Li Jue B was momentarily stunned and unable to utter a word.

At that moment, Chu Liang, Song Qingyi, and Li Jue A all stared at Li Jue B.

It was precisely at this moment that Chu Liang sprang into action. He swung half of a gold brick with precision, landing a powerful blow on Li Jue A's head, creating a resounding thud!

With that single strike, black energy surged, and Li Jue A clutched his head in pain, instantly transforming back into the appearance of the Painted Skin Ghost.

Chu Liang didn't give it a chance to struggle. He forced Li Jue A to reveal its true form with the brick in his left hand and instantly slashed it with the gleaming sword in his right hand.

Swish!

As the long sword pierced through the Painted Skin Ghost's body, cracks started appearing all over its ethereal form.

"Situ Yan..." Li Jue called out gently.

The Painted Skin Ghost looked back and fixed its gaze upon Li Jue, its eyes hinting at a sense of freedom.

Bang!

The ethereal body of the ghost shattered and turned into dust.

"You..." Song Qingyi was slightly curious as she asked, "It said your name, so how did you know that wasn't the real Li Jue?"

"I didn't really know. I just thought that the ghost might have been lurking within the academy daily and might have heard my name at some point," Chu Liang replied with a smile. "Asking a question was just a way to get closer to it. Giving it a good whack with a brick was a more secure approach."

"We truly have to thank you for this," said Song Qingyi.

If Chu Liang hadn't been here, the Painted Skin Ghost would have caused her quite a lot of trouble.

"We are all cultivators who follow the path of righteousness. It is our duty to obliterate evil entities," Chu Liang said, shrugging off the thanks.

In all honesty, he had to thank the Painted Skin Ghost for causing a bit of commotion at the end. If it had been easily captured by Song Qingyi, he wouldn't have had an opportunity to intervene, especially considering it happened within the territory of the Confucian sects.

The Painted Skin Ghost had given him the chance to snatch the final kill logically. Song Qingyi even needed to thank him. This was an excellent ending.

The only one left in the area who seemed lost and bewildered was Li Jue, staring blankly at the spot where Situ Yan had disappeared, feeling uncertain of what to do.

Chu Liang came up to him and said, "If you really want to make things right, you should go to the authorities and confess to what happened with the accidental killing. Trying to end your life won't make the consequences go away."

"Yes..." Li Jue nodded slightly.

There was a hint of sorrow in Song Qingyi's eyes, as she couldn't help but feel sorry for Situ Yan. Her life had been pitiable, but she had also committed numerous wrongs, leaving Song Qingyi uncertain about how to judge her.

The calm lake waters, ruffled by the night wind, left them all with a sense of powerlessness.

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"Damn it!"

In a guesthouse not far from this location in Yanjiao City, a figure in black robes suddenly smashed the lamp on the table, where a burnt-out black candle stood.

Crash!

The lamp hit the ground, shattering into pieces, and the person in black gnashed their teeth.

"I spent so much effort refining and creating this Painted Skin Ghost. I was counting on it to collect more human souls for me so that I can secure my top spot in the next soul-gathering event. It was a chance for me to be promoted!

"It has only been a few days, and it has already been destroyed...

"Those people should be damned!

"Let me see who has the audacity to harm my Painted Skin Ghost."