

## M. Slaying 29

Chapter 29: Have You Seen Yanjiao City in the Early Hours

Lin Bei was having a beautiful dream tonight.

In his dream, he found himself back in Rainbow Luna Parlor. There, a gentle and lovely young lady had placed him on a bed with red gauze curtains surrounding it. With care, she began to remove his clothes, one by one, until...Then, she sat on him and immediately started...

Slapping his face.

A series of sharp, resounding slaps, one after another.

Smack, smack, smack...

"Hey? What's going on?" Lin Bei exclaimed, struggling with his hands, before suddenly opening his eyes.

It was only then that he realized it wasn't just a dream. Something was actually hitting him!

A half-sheet of golden paper lay before Lin Bei, deceptively thin in appearance. Nevertheless, it struck with an unexpectedly powerful force, leaving Lin Bei's face throbbing with pain.

"What's this?" Lin Bei called out twice before tightly gripping the Half-Page Golden Script. They noticed a faint radiance on it along with a scribbled, crooked name.

Lin Bei.

"Eh?" Chu Liang was awakened by the noise and pushed the door open, entering from the adjacent room. Upon seeing the Half-Page Golden Script, he exclaimed, "Isn't this Ms. Song's enchanted artifact?"

Lin Bei had witnessed Song Qingyi using this item the previous night and now recalled what it was.

Puzzled, he sat up and asked, "Why would Ms. Song send this to me?"

Chu Liang stared at Lin Bei, and their eyes lit up as they both exclaimed simultaneously.

"She's in danger!"

"She has a crush on me!"

"..."

A moment of silence.

After this brief pause, Lin Bei asked, "How can you be so certain that she's in danger..."

Chu Liang responded, "You would know if you just think about it. The Noblemen's Hall gave her this enchanted artifact for self-defense purposes. It wouldn't be sent out so easily. It must indicate that she has encountered some danger and couldn't escape, resorting to this method for help. The only cultivators she knows in Yanjiao City are the two of us, which is why she reached out to us."

Lin Bei retorted, "Even if she's in danger, why did she write my name and not yours? Perhaps she loves me..."

Chu Liang pondered for a moment and said, "Could it be because... your name has fewer strokes?"

Looking at how crooked "Lin Bei" was written, it was evident that Song Qingyi hadn't written it under normal circumstances. It was clear that the situation had to have been dire.

Lin Bei quickly changed the subject, no longer dwelling on this matter. "What should we do now?"

Chu Liang contemplated and then solemnly said, "Even though she's the inheritor of the legacy of the Noblemen's Hall and possesses an enchanted artifact, she was still captured and unable to escape. I believe the one who captured her must be at the fourth realm of cultivation. As for our current plan, I suggest we split up. You should return to the Mount Shu Sect to seek reinforcements, while I go to find Ms. Song and assess the situation."

Lin Bei frowned. "You're going alone? But based on what you've told me, if the enemy has the power of the fourth realm, what use would you be on your own?"

Chu Liang explained, "I'll just verify the situation. If there's any immediate danger, I can at least delay it. You should go back to Mount Shu immediately and find my teacher at the Silver Sword Peak. Among the elders at the Mount Shu Sect, she's probably the least occupied. If you seek out someone else, it might take a while and waste precious time, but with her, I'm certain she hasn't even woken up yet at this hour!"

His tone was filled with conviction and confidence.

Lin Bei contemplated for a moment, realizing that if one person were to return to Mount Shu, and the other were to locate Song Qingyi, the one seeking her would probably be in greater danger.

So he suggested, "Since we're asking your teacher for help, why don't you be the one to return to the mountain to request reinforcements, and I'll go to assess the situation."

Chu Liang shook his head, saying, "My cultivation level is higher than yours, so it's better for me to go."

"Huh?" Lin Bei was puzzled. "Aren't we both in the beginning stage of the Spiritual Awareness Realm? You..."

Chu Liang didn't say much and released a burst of qi that was noticeably stronger than before.

"You've already reached the middle stage of the Spiritual Awareness Realm?" Lin Bei was astonished.

When he first met Chu Liang, Chu Liang had only recently broken through to the Spiritual Awareness Realm. At that time, Lin Bei's cultivation level was even slightly higher than Chu Liang's.

It's only been a few days; how did Chu Liang manage to achieve a breakthrough when he was still quite far from reaching the middle stage?

If Chu Liang had been in seclusion for intensive cultivation, it would have made sense, but they had spent these days together, working on missions, eating, sleeping, and attending classes simultaneously. When could he have found time for cultivation?

Chu Liang, of course, couldn't reveal that he possessed a large-headed doll that was doing all the hard work, making one day of cultivation equivalent to several days. This was how he had achieved the breakthrough the previous night.

So, he simply asked in a profound tone, "Have you seen Yanjiao City in the early hours of the morning, before the sun has even risen?"

"Uh?"

"Enough with the questions. Let's hurry and set out," Chu Liang waved his hand, urging them to get going.

...

In a dimly lit grass hut outside Yanjiao City, Song Qingyi stood in one corner of the room, her beautiful eyes filled with fear and despair, yet she couldn't utter a sound.

The figure in a black robe stood in the center of the room, using ink mixed with a bloody hue to draw something, then lighting one black candle after another, casting eerie and unsettling shadows.

Near the door lay several dead black chickens, still warm with fresh blood.

"Hehe, there's no rush," the figure in the black robe cackled as he continued to draw.

"It's rare to capture a soul at the level of the Spiritual Awareness Realm. If I can capture your soul and bind it within the Netherworld Codex, it would more than compensate for the losses of my Painted Skin Ghost... In fact, I should say it's a significant gain.

"If I were to employ a more brutal method, by first killing you and then extracting your soul, I could retain at most eighty percent of your divine spirit power.

"But if you can exercise a bit more patience and allow me to prepare the Yin-Yang Soul-Capturing Formation, I can then trap your soul within the Netherworld Codex and preserve the full strength of your divine spirit."

Song Qingyi's breathing nearly stopped.

She knew that the Netherworld Codex was the most sinister artifact of the Dark King Sect, specifically designed to plunder living souls for the enhancement of the user's cultivation. For each soul captured, the Netherworld Codex would gain another page, and the owner's cultivation would also improve.

However, the souls captured through this method could not enter the cycle of reincarnation; they would remain trapped within the Netherworld Codex, enduring endless suffering.

The figure in the black robe said, "Furthermore, you're a Confucian cultivator. I've never encountered anyone like you before..."

"They say that Confucian cultivators possess the purest and most transparent divine souls, to the extent that they can even move around during the daytime after becoming ghosts.

"With your beauty, I could refine you into a captivating seductress... No, you exude an air of elegance, so you could become a ghost within a painting, unpredictable and difficult to guard against, or..."

"No... No, please..." Song Qingyi struggled to speak, making an effort to break free.

However, with the Soul-Piercing Nail stabbing her, she could only muster enough strength to twitch a finger. How could she escape the clutches of this evil creature?

Desperately, she cast her gaze toward the outside. Her last struggle had been to use the Half-Page Golden Script to send a message. Yet she was uncertain whether the two disciples of Mount Shu could decipher her intent or if they had any means to rescue her.

But now, a terrifying darkness had completely enveloped her.

"Bound in the mortal flesh, eternally in the netherworld..."

The figure in the black robe raised his hand, and with a gentle flick of his finger, the last black candle was ignited.

With the formation complete, he slowly started the activation of a black jade book.

"My precious, come and embrace your new life..." His eyes glinted with eerie satisfaction, and he laughed maniacally, "Hehehehehe..."