

## M. Slaying 31

Chapter 31: Happily Searching the Corpse

"Chu Liang!" Song Qingyi called out sorrowfully.

She ran a few steps toward Chu Liang, whose eyes had lost their light.

Song Qingyi was about to cry when she realized something odd.

Huh? I can move now?

Right then, she watched as Chu Liang's dead eyes came back to life, regaining their limpid and spirited appearance.

"Ah..." Chu Liang heaved a long sigh of relief and fell to the ground.

That moment, which passed by like a spark of lightning, had been arguably the most perilous moment of his life.

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Previously...

When the black-robed figure brought Chu Liang into the thatched grass hut, Chu Liang saw the soul-stealing formation. That was when a bold idea sprang into his mind.

Faced with a diabolical cultivator at the level of a Golden Core Realm, Chu Liang had no way of fighting back. He was pretty much doomed.

Song Qingyi and Chu Liang wouldn't have been able to do anything about it if the black-robed person decided to kill them straight away. However, the black-robed figure chose to absorb their souls so he could acquire all of the power in their divine souls.

Normally, it wouldn't have made a difference. But at this moment, Chu Liang suddenly remembered that disappointing reward he had received from the White Pagoda—the Soul-Swap Spell! If there

was even the slightest possibility of turning the situation around, then... he would need to depend on that spell.

So, he struggled relentlessly. However, it wasn't a pointless final effort to do something before he died. Instead, he twisted and turned just so he could inconspicuously place one of his hands behind his back and retrieve that jade talisman with the stored spell from the White Pagoda without being detected.

It was for this same reason that when the black-robed person was about to target Song Qingyi, Chu Liang provoked and enraged the black-robed figure into absorbing his soul first.

The black-robed figure fell into Chu Liang's trap. Just when the black-robed figure was about to absorb Chu Liang's soul, Chu Liang activated the white jade talisman.

The jade talisman shattered immediately, and the Soul-Swap Spell took effect. Chu Liang's and black-robed figure's souls were temporarily swapped.

After entering the black-robed person's body, Chu Liang was momentarily deprived of his senses and bodily control. Then even after he regained his senses, he was still unable to move.

This sensation was like when a person fell asleep on their arm, causing it to go numb and feel like it wasn't a part of their body. That sensation was what Chu Liang was feeling, except it was all over his body; he wasn't able to move at all. Fortunately, this stiffness would only last for a duration of three breaths.

Meanwhile, the black-robed figure was horrified to find that his soul had inexplicably entered Chu Liang's body. However, the beam of darkness that the Netherworld Codex emitted was already shining on what was now his body.

The Netherworld Codex absorbed the black-robed figure's soul before the duration of three full breaths had even passed by. In other words, he died.

With his death, the Soul-Piercing Nail, which had been formed using his divine abilities, disintegrated, allowing Song Qingyi to regain her mobility. She then rushed to Chu Liang's side.

After the duration of three breaths passed by, Chu Liang's soul swiftly returned to his body, bringing an end to this thrilling and perilous soul-swapping journey.

Thud.

In the wake of the black-robed figure's death, the black jade book dropped to the ground, and the flames of the black candles in the formation went out in succession.

Chu Liang stepped forward and picked up the black jade book. As he touched it, he sensed an intense aura of death, and an indescribable feeling surged within him. The enchanted tools of the Dark King Sect were indeed dark and creepy.

He then reached into the black-robed figure's robes in search of the diabolical cultivator's possessions. Chu Liang found a dark gold token engraved with the words "Soul Subjugator" and several small porcelain bottles that presumably contained a variety of supernatural beings...

Song Qingyi, whose tears had yet to dry, was flabbergasted when she saw Chu Liang's actions.

"What... What are you doing?" she asked.

"Just searching the corpse," Chu Liang explained calmly.

"I know, but..."

Song Qingyi knew that Chu Liang was searching the corpse, and she knew it was standard procedure after killing an enemy.

But... how did you know it is a corpse?

There were various signs indicated that the black-robed figure was indeed dead, but it seemed way too abrupt. Her eyes were still brimming with tears, and she had no idea what had just happened. Moreover, Chu Liang had just managed to escape death. How could he be that calm and immediately proceed to search the body?

In any case, the situation just seemed strange to her. Song Qingyi thought about it for quite a while, but there was something she couldn't figure out.

Ultimately, she asked, "How did he die?"

"He most likely lost control or something went wrong while he was using his divine ability," Chu Liang replied without hesitation.

There was no need for him to mention that he'd used a Soul-Swap Spell... as it might just cause Song Qingyi to get suspicious.

Of course, he wasn't being serious when he mentioned the possibility of the diabolical cultivator dying because he'd lost control. He knew Song Qingyi wasn't foolish and wouldn't believe that. However, by giving her this explanation, Chu Liang implied that there were things he didn't want to reveal.

As he expected, Song Qingyi didn't continue pursuing the matter. Nevertheless, Chu Liang's evasion only solidified her conjecture that it was indeed Chu Liang who had killed the black-robed figure.

Despite only being at the level of the Spiritual Awareness Realm, Chu Liang had stealthily killed a diabolical cultivator who had reached the Golden Core Realm... This realization left Song Qingyi indescribably shocked.

Chu Liang removed the black-robed figure's robe and revealed the face of an ordinary-looking middle-aged man of around thirty to forty years old.

At first glance, it was unimaginable that this man would be a diabolical cultivator who had no regard for human life. It was also hard to believe that this was the face behind that hoarse, elderly voice.

The reason behind this strangeness was that diabolical cultivators usually employed secret techniques to conceal their appearance and alter their voice. So, it might be that their true appearance could only be seen once they were dead.

Chu Liang lifted the corpse and searched it thoroughly, then he placed it back down and proceeded to remove the corpse's shoes.

After that, Chu Liang said, "Ms. Song, let's do a 50-50 split of whatever gains can be earned from these later."

"N-No, there's no need for that..." Song Qingyi replied, hurriedly waving her hand. "I'm already extremely grateful that you came all the way here to rescue me. Whatever gains there are, you can keep them."

"Oh, I couldn't do that..." Chu Liang expressed with a slight smile.

Song Qingyi looked at the young man smiling gently in front of her, and she was suddenly a bit dazed.

Chu Liang was a well-mannered gentleman, yet he was also the foul-mouth from before. Now, that same foul-mouthed gentleman was happily searching a corpse... Song Qingyi found him rather unpredictable.

Then Chu Liang reached into the black-robed figure's boots and found a stack of silver banknotes. He pulled them out and stuffed them into his pocket without hesitation.

He even muttered, "I need to hurry. I don't have much time left."

"Huh?" Song Qingyi grew nervous again when she heard that. "Are there more enemies coming?"

"No..." Chu Liang shook his head. "But it won't be long before my teacher arrives."

A sharp cry of a bird rang out just before Chu Liang finished his sentence.

It seemed like a phoenix was soaring high above the heavens, and its cry resonated throughout the four seas. The birds within a radius of a hundred li felt an overwhelming pressure—an instinctual fear that ran down to the bone. Those in flight dropped to the ground involuntarily, while those on the ground couldn't help but gaze at the sky in worship.

Boom!

The sound of a massive explosion suddenly reverberated throughout Yanjiao City. A mushroom cloud rose from the riverside, accompanied by billowing smoke. The heavens and the earth shook.

After quite a while, silence finally returned to the area. However, the thatched grass huts, riverbank, and grasslands... were all gone. In their place was just an enormous and desolate crater.

However, there was a small spot in the crater that had been left untouched. Song Qingyi's eyes widened with confusion when she saw what was standing on it.

Chu Liang stood up helplessly with his gaze fixed ahead. He was shocked.

In the center of the crater, amidst the dust and smoke, stood what appeared to be a human figure engulfed in flames. Adorning their back was a pair of colossal wings crafted from blazing fire, boasting a wingspan of one zhang.

The fire wings were retracted with a whoosh. The wind blew away the dust, revealing Di Nufeng and her apathetic gaze. Dressed in a black robe with a red lapel, her tall figure had an incredibly commanding presence. She seemed like a raging inferno, yet she also seemed like an iceberg.

Held in Di Nufeng's right hand was the back of Lin Bei's shirt collar. She was carrying him as if carrying a chick by the neck. Lin Bei's eyes had rolled back, and his face had turned a dark reddish purple. It appeared that Di Nufeng's flying speed had been too much for him to handle.

Di Nufeng scanned her surroundings with a cold gaze for a moment before throwing Lin Bei onto the ground.

She asked, "Where's the enemy?"

"Teacher..." Chu Liang said, "The enemy is already dead..."

"Oh. They're dead?"

Di Nufeng immediately relaxed. She shook her head and reverted to her usual lazy demeanor. She took a few glugs from her wine gourd, and her murderous aura dissipated entirely.

The heavy pressure weighing on her surroundings suddenly lifted. That was when Chu Liang's tense shoulders finally loosened up. Meanwhile, Song Qingyi, who hadn't dared to even exhale this whole time, finally let out a sigh of relief.

The terrifying pressure and world-destroying presence from earlier were merely the aftereffects of Di Nufeng's landing. Her aura was so powerful that it had made even Chu Liang, who had known that it belonged to his teacher who was coming to his rescue, instinctively hold his breath.

The combat mode of an Eminent one, who had reached the Dao Attainment Realm, was truly terrifying. The pressure of just one glance from her could suffocate anyone!

Di Nufeng walked over with long strides. Her snow-white thighs were faintly discernible from the side without the full cover of her robe.

She walked over to the black-robed figure and kicked him twice.

"Indeed, he's dead. I thought there'd be a fight," she said, sounding rather disappointed. Then she looked at Chu Liang and asked, "So, the two of you killed a diabolical cultivator who is at the level of the Golden Core Realm?"

Chu Liang had no intention of revealing the secret of the White Pagoda to anyone until he understood it fully. He trusted his teacher somewhat, but he didn't see the need to share it with her either.

So, he replied, "The circumstances of this person's death are quite odd. I'm more inclined to think it was a set up..."