

M. Slaying 63

Chapter 63: He's Too Cooperative

However, Chu Liang's worries were somewhat unnecessary. Di Nufeng's temper didn't last long.

Soon after, an azure-colored bird soared by and landed on the roof of Di Nufeng's pavilion.

That was the azure-colored bird from the Boundless Palace in the Heaven-Reaching Peak. Every time it appeared, it meant that an important matter had occurred that required the peak masters to gather at the Boundless Palace.

As it wasn't the day for the peak master's regular meeting, the sudden assembly was likely due to the return of the demon god.

When Chu Liang first returned to the mountain, he had already reported this discovery to the higher-ups, but it hadn't been made public then, and it hadn't seemed urgent. However, now that everyone knew about it, the Mount Shu Sect needed to develop appropriate strategies in response.

Ever since the loss of the Demon-Suppressing Pagoda, the status of the Mount Shu Sect had been on the decline. People no longer looked to the sect as the savior of the world. Nevertheless, all members of the Mount Shu Sect still saw protecting the mortal realm as their foremost responsibility, a duty that had remained unchanged for thousands of years.

This was the responsibility of a long-standing immortal sect.

Even if the sky had fallen, there were those of towering stature to hold it up. A storm was still brewing among the higher-ups, and Chu Liang couldn't bother to waste any effort thinking about things beyond his control.

Seeing that it was almost noon, he headed to the Red Cotton Peak.

He had been making money while cultivating, accomplishing two tasks at once, just like the old saying went: killing two birds with one stone.

It was bustling in the Red Cotton Peak. The moment Chu Liang arrived, an observant person immediately recognized him as the one who sold the fruit tea yesterday.

Someone immediately shouted, "Junior brother, how much fruit tea did you make today? I queued up for half a day yesterday and didn't get any."

"Don't worry," Chu Liang replied with a smile. "Not much."

The person was stunned as the smile on Chu Liang's face and the words that came out of his mouth seemed to be conflicting. And so, the person quickly trailed behind Chu Liang.

Chu Liang proceeded to the identical spot from the previous day, unfurled a small blanket, and arranged a sign.

"The first cup of fruit tea in Spring."

Promptly, a number of individuals who had missed out yesterday, fueled by curiosity, swiftly joined the queue.

In reality, only a few of those who had lined up yesterday showed up today. Yet, human nature played its part—upon noticing an impromptu line forming, the rest inquired with curiosity about what Chu Liang was selling. Such occurrences were uncommon in the Red Cotton Market, after all.

Subsequently, someone provided an explanation of the events and talked about Fairy Jiang's smile.

Before long, more individuals joined the line for fruit tea.

The thirty-plus jars of fruit tea produced today sold out rapidly. Some individuals remained at the back, and the air was filled with complaints.

Chu Liang had no choice but to stand up and bow. "I apologize. Please come earlier tomorrow."

A person approached and asked, "Junior Brother, I'll offer you twice the money. Can you just sell it to me and save me the trouble from queuing?"

"No." Chu Liang answered as he shook his head with a smile.

Breaking the established rules for a few extra pieces of sword coins would compromise the brand's integrity entirely.

It wasn't worth risking significant losses for a minor gain.

However, as Chu Liang was preparing to leave after packing up his stall today, something unexpected occurred.

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Several figures approached and surrounded Chu Liang.

"Hmm?" Chu Liang murmured.

He looked up and noticed that the one leading was a tall young disciple with an unfriendly expression and a seemingly fake smile on his face.

These individuals were dressed in clothes embroidered with the emblem of intersecting swords, representing the Hall of Discipline.

Are they attendants at the Hall of Discipline?

The Hall of Discipline was responsible for the laws in the Mount Shu Sect, and its disciples were stationed in the Red Cotton Market for regular inspections.

Chu Liang, who had always behaved well, didn't understand why they had approached him.

"Junior brother, I've been observing you for two days," said the leader of the group, who was just a young disciple.

While looking at Chu Liang, the leader said, "You've been quite well-known these two days, huh?"

Chu Liang answered calmly, "I am just setting up a normal stall for business."

"You call this normal? You didn't even pay the stall fee," the young disciple said as he chuckled.

"Stall fee?" Chu Liang frowned slightly. "Is there a stall fee in the Red Cotton Market?"

"Those like them would not need to pay. However, someone like you, organizing queues, occupying a large space, disrupting the order of the Red Cotton Market, must report and pay a stall fee in advance," the young disciple said sternly.

"Is there such a rule?" Chu Liang mused with a frown.

The young disciple squinted his eyes. "Well, are you questioning the Hall of Discipline?"

Chu Liang surveyed the situation. The one leading from the Hall of Discipline was probably at the Golden Core Realm. Those behind him probably had similar cultivation levels, likely in the later stages of the Spiritual Awareness Realm.

Furthermore, the Hall of Discipline had the authority to address improper behaviors at any time.

"No, I just arrived recently and may not be familiar with this place," Chu Liang replied. He smiled gently as he asked, "How much is the stall fee?"

"The stall fee is originally ten percent of your earnings," the young disciple stated, sneering. "But in your case, there is a penalty due to late payment. How many sword coins have you made these days? All must be handed over. Don't even think about hiding them..."

Chu Liang nodded and said, "I made forty-nine sword coins these past few days."

Under the somewhat cold gaze of the young disciple, Chu Liang actually started fishing out sword coins.

He had no doubts whatsoever.

The young disciple froze, appearing surprised. "Erm..."

Chu Liang took out fifty sword coins and handed them over as he said calmly, "Let's round it up. Here are fifty coins. Senior brother, you can double-check."

Not only did he not hide anything, but he also paid a little extra.

"This..." The young disciple hesitated as he accepted the sword coins.

Upon seeing that the disciple had taken the sword coins, Chu Liang asked casually, "Senior Brother, you look familiar. Have we met before?"

The young disciple glanced at him and huffed. "Don't you dare try to act like you're close with me. Even if you come by in the future, you still have to pay a stall fee."

"I know, but I think I have met you before," Chu Liang replied, scratching his head. He inquired, "Which peak are you from? I think we have been on a mission together."

"I am from the Cloud Horizon Peak," the young disciple said as he took the sword coins. "I have never met you before."

"You are Senior Brother Wang of the Cloud Horizon Peak!" Chu Liang patted himself on the forehead. "We have been on a mission together. I knew I wouldn't remember wrongly."

The young disciple stared at Chu Liang as though he was looking at an idiot. "Heh.

My surname is Zhang."

"I must have been mistaken. Hehe," Chu Liang said with a smile.

He waved his hand courteously and proceeded to leave.

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After he left...

The young disciple sneered and said, "Hey! This dude is an idiot. If I had known that he would give any amount I want, I would have asked for more."

"Senior Brother Zhang, is this appropriate?" another disciple of the Hall of Discipline asked hesitantly. "Aren't you extorting money using the name of the Hall of Discipline?"

"Ugh. This dude is an enemy of my junior brother, hence why I am targeting him. Do you think I care about this measly amount of sword coins? Have you ever seen me show the slightest bias when enforcing the laws of the Mount Shu Sect?" Senior Brother Zhang said as he casually waved his hand with an uncaring attitude.

Then, he walked alone towards the side where three people had been waiting for him for a long time. They were Shang Ziliang, Lackey A, and Lackey B. All three of them had bandages wrapped all over their bodies.

"Senior Brother Zhang, why did you only ask him for a few sword coins?" Shang Ziliang asked, looking a little flustered. "I thought you were going to beat him up and make it impossible for him to continue selling at the Red Cotton Market?"

"I figured he'd put up a fight, giving me a reason to handle him," Senior Brother Zhang said with a shrug. "But I didn't expect the kid to be so naive, believing everything and handing over the coins without a fuss. With everyone watching, how could I make a move?"

"Ah!" Shang Ziliang exclaimed in indignation.

Previously, he and his two junior brothers had planned against Chu Liang on the Treasured Pagoda Peak, but who would have thought they were attacked by a giant lizard falling from the sky, leaving them severely injured.

If it weren't for their stronger bodies as cultivators, they would have died from that smash. Thankfully, his father, the peak master, treated their injuries, and they recovered within a few days.

They had decided to take a stroll at the Red Cotton Market yesterday, hoping for some fresh air. Little did they expect to run into that detestable Chu Liang again. If it weren't for him, they wouldn't be in such a sorry state.

Shang Ziliang covertly attributed all the pain and injuries to Chu Liang, feeling as if he were a thorn in his eye and a burr in his flesh. His resentment grew, especially when he saw Jiang Yuebai walking over, smiling gracefully at Chu Liang, and inadvertently boosting the popularity of his fruit tea.

That was Fairy Jiang, a figure Shang Ziliang wouldn't even dare to dream of under normal circumstances.

"If Fairy Jiang smiled at me, why would I bother competing with others for Xu Ziqing?" he thought, growing increasingly bitter with each passing moment.

As various complex emotions intertwined, Shang Ziliang gazed at Chu Liang, whose business was thriving. At that moment, he felt as though he was facing the enemy who had taken his father's life[1].

He wished he could rush over and punch Chu Liang immediately.

However, with his current condition of needing to lean on the wall while walking, Shang Ziliang naturally couldn't do anything to retaliate. Fortunately, the attendant from the Hall of Discipline in charge of overseeing the Red Cotton Market happened to be a senior brother from the Cloud Horizon Peak with whom Shang Ziliang shared a strong and close bond.

That's why Shang Ziliang had sought the help of Senior Brother Zhang to deal with Chu Liang. With Senior Brother Zhang's identity as a member of the Hall of Discipline, it was a convenient approach. Initially, their plan was to find fault with Chu Liang and teach him a lesson.

Who would have expected Chu Liang to be so cooperative? Not only did he not fight back, but his response had also been very easygoing.

"Don't worry," Senior Brother Zhang said and smiled. "If he comes again tomorrow, I'll use other methods to mess with him. Even if he's foolish, he should lose his temper within two or three days, right? The instant he dares to resist, I'll be sure to teach him a lesson on your behalf. If he doesn't resist, I'll make it so challenging for him that he won't dare to return to the Red Cotton Market again."

Shang Ziliang nodded grudgingly. "That's excellent."

"But..." Lackey A struggled to speak, his neck wrapped in bandages. "I have a feeling it can't be this simple... he's being too cooperative!"

"What's so complicated about it? Isn't he just a fool?" Senior Brother Zhang chuckled. "He even waved at me."

Lackey A looked at Lackey B and asked, "What do you think?"

Lackey B looked up at the sky and suddenly said, "I think we should go eat something good."