

M. Slaying 90

Chapter 90: Fury

The Mountain-Subjugating Marquess sat halfway up the hill, a smile playing on his lips as he eagerly anticipated the start of the performance.

Dressed in a fancy white robe, with some gray in his sideburns, he looked quite elegant. This sense of style seemed to run in the family, passed down to his son, the young lord of the Marquessate. Overall, the members of the House of the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess were all quite good looking.

Among the common folk of South Gate City, it was widely known that the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess was obsessed with seeking immortality. They seldom saw him, so many people frequently cast glances in this direction.

Mountain-Subjugating Marquess, looking down at the crowd below from behind a beaded curtain, suddenly sneered.

Mere mortals?

They are nothing more than ants.

He was born into the noble Xia family, so he had never really known what it was like to struggle or suffer like ordinary people do. But even though he had everything he could ever want, he never felt satisfied with the mundane stuff that people enjoy. His firm belief was that true transcendence could only be achieved through cultivation.

For someone like him, born into a noble family but not particularly talented, the various sects within the Divine Nine and Terrestrial Ten held a unanimous stance. He could join as an outer disciple, which meant he could access some teachings and techniques, but he would never be accepted as a core disciple.

Because of his relation to the imperial family, they couldn't make him sacrifice himself for the sect like ordinary disciples or venture into danger to obtain resources for the sect. Accepting such a disciple was like taking in someone more superior, and no top-tier sect would willingly do such a foolish thing.

Despite his dedicated pursuit of the Dao, the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess remained on the fringes of the mainstream cultivation world. He yearned to be part of it, yet acceptance seemed an unattainable dream.

In his pursuit of immortal cultivation, he traded the family's generations-worth of accumulated wealth for resources to support his cultivation and managed to attain the sixth realm.

At this point, breaking through the Earth Gate had become as difficult as ascending to the heavens, and the distant prospect of reaching the seventh realm seemed unattainable. However, he refused to give up and, in the process, resorted to illicit activities for personal gain.

He didn't feel bad about selling women to the Eastern Regions. In his mind, regular folks were no better than farm animals, and even the royal family were just more privileged animals. He wouldn't hesitate to kill them all, let alone sell them, if they could contribute to advancing his cultivation.

For many years, the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess seldom paid attention to the ordinary activities in South Gate City, dedicating himself solely to cultivation. The reason he was willing to witness Xue Lingxue's performance today was because he harbored a slight fantasy about her.

If his son could develop a romantic connection with Xue Lingxue, they would be considered part of the Southern Melody Conservatory's extended family. Through this association, he could enter the inner circle of the mainstream cultivation social circle, a place he had been on the outskirts of for years.

Furthermore, he received information from the palace suggesting that Shen Qingyan of the Southern Melody Conservatory might become the Crown Prince's consort and possibly the future queen. Since Xue Lingxue and Shen Qingyan were close friends and in the same cohort, if his son could get close to Xue Lingxue, it might open doors to important opportunities down the line.

The House of the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess was "impoverished" mainly because the Southern Region was an extremely remote location. Residing there meant they would never be entrusted with significant roles. Without any influence, they couldn't gain many benefits and would just stay as minor nobles.

The Mountain-Subjugating Marquess had thought about this a lot. But it wasn't clear if Xue Lingxue would think his son was a good match. Still, he believed it was possible, especially because his son got his good looks and had a clever side that he didn't. Plus, his son being noble could work well with Xue Lingxue's status, making it more likely for things to turn out well.

This was why he had decided to personally attend today's performance, intending to meet Xue Lingxue afterward and help his son establish connections.

With this purpose in mind, he sat there with a smile, eagerly awaiting the start of the performance.

However, his plans took an unexpected turn when he witnessed a strange scene unfold before his eyes.

To his dismay, his beloved son, whom he had high hopes for, came rushing onto the stage pursued by a streak of sword light. As his son approached the stage, he was ensnared in a red light, bound, and crashed onto the stage in an awkward and undignified manner. The young cultivator chasing him brandished a sword, demanding his confession.

The audience below numbered in the tens of thousands.

The Mountain-Subjugating Marquess, typically stoic and expressionless, suddenly wore a visage of shock and anger. He abruptly stood up, clearly caught off guard by the unexpected turn of events, especially in front of such a large audience.

I have been waiting for the show.

And now, my son is the star of the show?

...

Chu Liang, with his sword in hand, grabbed hold of Xia An, compelling him to confess in front of the crowd. Xia An's clothes were stained with blood, adding to the intensity of the scene, and Chu Liang's commanding presence instilled fear in the spectators as they watched on in shock and horror.

After witnessing Chu Liang's swift and deadly execution of Master Lu, Xia An's mind was gripped by fear. Haunted by the memory of the brutal scene, he felt a deep desire to confess his guilt and beg for forgiveness from the heavens above.

As Xia An was on the brink of raising his head to shout, a familiar and authoritative voice echoed through the air.

"How dare you!"

A powerful gust of white wind swept in, revealing the imposing figure of his father, the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess, standing on the stage.

In a moment of silence, a dozen skilled martial artists descended from above, all serving as guards of the Marquessate, swiftly encircling Chu Liang.

With the blade of his sword firmly pressed against Xia An's neck, Chu Liang remained calm, showing no fear as he locked eyes with the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess.

The Mountain-Subjugating Marquess gazed at the young man drenched in blood. For a moment, he found Chu Liang's gaze unusually piercing. Frowning, he questioned, "Do you know what you are doing?"

"Carrying out justice," Chu Liang asserted calmly.

"Hehe..." The Mountain-Subjugating Marquess, with an even more intimidating gaze, retorted, "Spouting nonsense and slandering the royal family. Do you know the punishment for that? Guards, seize him!"

Surprisingly, the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess showed no concern for his son under Chu Liang's sword. Instead, he issued a direct command to his guards to capture Chu Liang!

As Chu Liang deftly maneuvered the blade, it tightened against Xia An's neck, leaving a stark blood mark in its wake.

"Father! Don't! Save me! Save me!" Xia An's anguished pleas reverberated through the air

Despite Xia An's cries for help, the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess remained stoic and unaffected. His mere presence radiated an aura of unwavering authority that pressed down heavily on Chu Liang, like an invisible mountain exerting its immense force upon him.

Chu Liang gritted his teeth, sensing the overwhelming pressure of the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess's imposing aura bearing down on him. He felt as though he might be crushed under its weight at any moment.

Without the Crimson Executioner, the disparity between his cultivation level, at the third realm, and that of the sixth realm seemed insurmountable. The sheer intensity of the Marquess's aura alone rendered him almost immobile, trapped in a state of near-helplessness.

However, the guards from the Mountain-Subjugating Marquessate were closing in. At this moment, Chu Liang realized he had no other choice. He understood that his only option was to strike down the young lord with a swift slash of his sword. Anything else would be futile against the overwhelming force closing in on him.

Thankfully, the guards hesitated, not daring to rashly attack Chu Liang. If it weren't for their hesitation, Chu Liang would have been subdued immediately. Even though the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess behaved as though he didn't care about his son, No one could guarantee that the Marquess wouldn't unleash his fury on the first guard to make a move, potentially causing Chu Liang to take drastic action against the young lord.

So, the guards hesitated to move forward. Regardless, they knew they had to advance.

At this critical moment, a loud shout echoed from the side.

"Stop!"

As a voice, booming like thunder, reverberated through the air, a figure landed gracefully in the center of the stage.

The person, with his strikingly thick eyebrows and large eyes, exuded an air of youthful vigor and vitality. As he landed in the center of the stage, he immediately pressed his hands firmly down on either side in an attempt to stabilize the situation.

"Marquess, please calm down," he implored to the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess before addressing everyone, "No one move! Don't attack! Show me some respect!"

The Mountain-Subjugating Marquess stared at him with a frown as he asked, "And who are you?"

The youth replied boldly, "I am Lin Bei.[1]"

"Get lost!"