

M. Slaying 91

Chapter 91: One Punch

This young man was, of course, Lin Bei.

He'd initially been in the mid-level premium seating area, waiting for the performance to begin. Then he saw Chu Liang and Xia An land on the stage. Lin Bei hadn't expected to see such a scene.

Who would have thought that Chu Liang, whom Lin Bei had brought over to watch and enjoy the concert, would end up taking center stage?

Upon hearing Chu Liang pressure Xia An to confess his crimes, Lin Bei could roughly tell what had happened. He was about to step forward to help Chu Liang, but the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess and his troops quickly surrounded Chu Liang. The situation was now rather grim.

Lin Bei's pace slowed to a stop when he realized that he wouldn't be able to do much to help Chu Liang. He would be more helpful as an observer, ready to rush back to Mount Shu to report about the situation if it were to take a turn for the worse.

However, that turn came sooner than expected. The Mountain-Subjugating Marquess didn't seem to care about the hostage; he just wanted to attack Chu Liang. If the marquess wasn't stopped, it was very likely that a battle would ensue.

It was time for Lin Bei to make his appearance! After all, he couldn't let Chu Liang die before his eyes.

Lin Bei leaped onto the center of the stage and asked the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess to hold off on taking action for now out of respect for him.

Yet, Lin Bei received two words in response, "Get lost."

The Mountain-Subjugating Marquess didn't simply berate Lin Bei; he'd infused his cultivated power into his voice. Those two words, which were deafeningly loud like claps of thunder, flung Lin Bei backward. The power they contained sent him tumbling off the stage and rolling for another ten zhang before finally coming to a stop.

Lin Bei staggered to his feet and yelled, "We're representatives of the Mount Shu Sect. Mountain-Subjugating Marquess, do you dare kill disciples of the Mount Shu Sect?"

"Hmph," the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess snorted. He was well aware that all eyes were on him and that he needed to bring this matter to a swift and decisive end in his favor. So, he said, "You disciples of the Mount Shu Sect conspired to murder a member of the imperial family, and I intend to do more than just kill the two of you. After I'm done with you, I'll go to Mount Shu and demand justice to be served!"

With his cultivation-powered voice, every one of his words rumbled with the force of thunder. Those thunderous sound waves appeared as ripples in the air and surged toward the audience.

Lin Bei, whom the marquess had directed his reprimanding words at, was sent tumbling again. He rolled over several times before falling flat on his back as if a mountain was pressing down on his chest. Lin Bei struggled to get up, but he just couldn't.

"Mountain-Subjugating Marquess!" Chu Liang called out. Considering how the situation was playing out, he had no choice but to speak up. "Let my fellow disciple go. This has nothing to do with him. If you let him go, I will let Lord Xia go too."

"Oh?" The Mountain-Subjugating Marquess smiled coldly upon realizing Chu Liang's weak spot. "You don't want me to kill him? Sure..."

The marquess' gaze was icy as he said, "But you made a false accusation, misled the public with lies, and intended to kill a member of the royal family. Do you admit that you're guilty of these crimes?"

The might of the powerful marquess placed immense pressure on Chu Liang's willpower and body; it was breaking him.

Chu Liang was on the verge of collapse. A major reason for that was the serious injury he'd suffered earlier. The marquess' pressure caused the wound to rupture again, and blood was trickling out of it.

"Haa..."

Chu Liang was breathing heavily, but he did his best to maintain his composure instead of surrendering immediately. He kept his head held high.

"The heavens can attest to my innocence. Justice is bound to prevail! Do you think that killing me will erase the crimes of your family? You may be able to silence one mouth, but can you block out this scene from the eyes of the countless people watching right now?!" Chu Liang questioned, each of his words pronounced and resounding.

Upon seeing Chu Liang point at the sea of people below the stage, the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess suddenly felt the countless gazes fixed on him. His heart started to palpitate. It was his first time realizing there was power in a gaze.

Nevertheless, the marquess had a tough mental state from cultivating for so many years, so how could he possibly waver just because of a few words from Chu Liang?

"That's right. Justice lies in the will of the people, and the imperial court will make their judgment known later. However, today, I must first capture you, an ignorant little traitor who does not know your place! If you don't let my son go, I will have your fellow disciple executed on the spot!" the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess shouted.

He wasn't going to let things get dragged out any longer. The marquess raised his hand, preparing to crush Lin Bei!

Lin Bei suddenly panicked and urged loudly, "Hey! You can't do this! For the sake of protecting your son, you want to kill your father?"[1]"

Chu Liang gazed at the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess grimly. Then he gently lowered the sword in his hand.

As the sword fell to the ground with a clang, Chu Liang slumped down into a seated position on the floor. His severely injured body had actually been running on empty for quite a while now, so his legs went weak the moment he stopped putting up a fight.

Upon seeing Chu Liang in a weak state, the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess mercilessly issued a cold command, "Kill him."

A group of powerful guards, who were as ferocious as tigers and wolves, surrounded Chu Liang while exuding mighty pressure that felt as heavy as if Mount Tai were weighing down on him. It

seemed that Chu Liang, who couldn't even lift his arms, was left with no choice but to await his execution.

Yet, Chu Liang was smiling.

When the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess saw the smile on Chu Liang's face, he was filled with an inexplicable sense of hatred toward Chu Liang. The young man clearly hadn't said a word, but his smile seemed to be mocking the marquess.

How loathsome, the marquess thought.

"Stop right there!" a yell rang out distinctly amid the chaos, just before the guards attempted to kill Chu Liang.

Feeling greatly displeased, the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess turned to look at the person who was getting in his way.

At some point, a woman dressed in long red and black robes had descended onto the stage without the marquess noticing.

She was of a tall stature, so much so that she was even taller than the marquess. Her hair was tied up at the back of her head, with stray strands brushing against the sides of her cheeks. Framed in between them was her gorgeous face, which boasted beautiful features and a glowing complexion, and below it was an eye-catching jade resting on her ample bosom. She had a high waistline, which accentuated her slender waist and long legs...

Simply put, she was very alluring.

The woman wore an expression that was totally out of place in this tense scene. She leisurely approached the marquess with an indolent and slightly impatient expression.

The Mountain-Subjugating Marquess was boiling with anger. This was the second time that someone had yelled at him to stop. No matter who tried to intervene, the marquess had to kill that disciple from the Mount Shu Sect today. Otherwise, he would have no way of resolving this matter in his favor.

When the marquess saw this mysterious woman, he thought she was the same as Lin Bei, just someone weak who had come to disrupt things.

So, the marquess shouted again, "Get lost!"

Smoosh.

The response he got was a muffled sound like that of a rotten watermelon falling and smashing onto the ground. Nevertheless, the marquess probably couldn't hear it.

His guards on the stage definitely did though, and so did Chu Liang, Lin Bei, and the many audience members below the stage... That's why they were all stunned.

They'd all just watched the woman languidly walk up to the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess, raise her fist, and thrust it forward.

She'd punched him square in the face.

Well, it would be more accurate to say that before her punch landed, the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess still had his face... but after it landed, he'd lost his face[2]... and his actual face.

However, it wasn't just his face that was gone.

When the woman swung her fist earlier, it had been enveloped in red and gold flames. The fiery fist had struck the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess with a soft, muffled sound, and his entire head had disappeared!

It wasn't that his head had exploded. Rather, it seemed that everything that those red and gold flames had touched had been incinerated and evaporated in an instant, leaving nothing behind.

What remained of the marquess was his now headless body. The parts of his body that were below the chest were intact, and the site of the burn was quite smooth, with a vacant space above the chest.

The strangest thing was that the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess had been a powerful man. Yet, he'd simply watched the woman approach and let her attack him; he'd made no attempts to avoid the punch. It had been an extremely bizarre scene.

"Huuu."

The woman retracted her fiery fist and shook it, extinguishing the red and gold flames enveloping her fist. Then she blew lightly, dispersing the remaining wisp of azure smoke. She wore an expression of great indifference as if she had done something insignificant.

The woman then turned around. She looked at Chu Liang, who lay paralyzed on the floor, and shrugged.

With a confused expression, she pointed at the headless body behind her and asked, "Who's that? Why was he so rude?"