

M. Slaying 102

Chapter 102: The Old Man and the Dragon (Start of Book 2)

At the Dragon Fishing Pool on Solitude Peak...

Old Man Sikong was staring at the silvery water of the lake with a deep gaze while his aged hands gripped his fishing rod tightly.

The fishing rod had been shaking more and more frequently ever since the group of people from Silver Sword Peak visited him. Initially, it would only shake once in a long while, but at present, it would shake again after just a short time.

Old Man Sikong's eyes had not seen any ripples in the surface of the lake for over a hundred years, but they were now shining brightly.

Calm returned to the lake for a moment. Then the fishing rod suddenly shook yet again. This time, it stretched the golden fishing line so taut that it became a perfectly straight line! A massive vortex radiating silver light began to form in the Dragon Fishing Pool.

As the water spun, the weather suddenly changed. The skies turned gray, and dark clouds gathered!

Old Man Sikong felt a wave of power flood out from the direction of the vortex. He pulled his elbows back to maintain a better grip on the fishing rod as his torso trembled uncontrollably.

The vortex was growing increasingly larger, but nothing had emerged from it.

Sensing that the wave of power was waning, Old Man Sikong gritted his teeth and bit the tip of his tongue, causing it to bleed. He then spat a mouthful of blood onto the golden fishing rod and pointed at the rod with his right hand.

Whoosh—

Golden flames burst from his palm and ran up the rod, engulfing it. The fire then blazed down the golden fishing line, extending into the deep unknown of the vortex.

Old Man Sikong knew that he wasn't in opposition to whatever was at the end of the fishing line. Instead, they were working together to resist a vast and obscure set of rules!

Boom—

As the golden flames reached the end of the fishing line, the wave of power flooding out from the vortex surged explosively.

Old Man Sikong raised his aging body to his feet with the selfless bravery of a man in his twilight years. A golden radiance erupted all around him as if he were a deity.

Rumble—

A thunderous rumble—much like that of a massive city wall collapsing—rang out from the vortex whirling upward into the sky.

The rumbling continued, and an enormous head emerged from the vortex with the end of the blazing fishing line. This head alone was taller than Old Man Sikong. It had towering horns, shiny scales, and a pair of eyes with golden flames burning in its irises.

This creature seemed to have charged through a route filled with thistles and thorns to get here. Its ancient scales were broken and covered in cracks as well as bloodstains. It was as if the creature had experienced a great battle against deities and demons.

Astonishingly, this creature was a dragon.

"It has been over a hundred years..." Old Man Sikong said with a trembling voice.

After the dragon head appeared, the weather suddenly changed again... Golden scale-shaped clouds covered the sky within a hundred-li perimeter, accompanied by the crackling sound of rolling thunder.

A long, winding body soared into the air, finally breaking free from the vortex. A white True Dragon was flying majestically in the sky!

"A dragon... has finally emerged on Mount Shu!"

Old Man Sikong was tearing up. He had patiently waited for over a hundred years without giving up, so this dragon seemed like a gift from the heavens. Old Man Sikong could finally see the fruit of his efforts!

However, the massive White Dragon didn't even spare a glance for the old man who had spent a painful hundred-odd years waiting for it. Despite the flames burning in the dragon's irises, its eyes contained an extremely cold expression.

The dragon turned its head and suddenly charged off in the direction of Heaven-Reaching Peak. That seemed to be its target!

Boom—

The True Dragon soared into the sky, accompanied by the wind and the clouds. After making just one turn, the dragon arrived at Heaven-Reaching Peak.

At this moment, a gigantic hand began to appear in midair! It emerged and reached out from a layer of clouds. Then its five fingers pressed down on the dragon's head and immediately immobilized this enormous dragon, who was capable of gathering storm clouds and covering the land with rain!

"Oh, True Dragon, it was truly a blessing for my sect that you were willing to bear the burden of Mount Shu's fate in the past. However, the weak world of mortals cannot withstand your power. Please rest easy and settle down here. The Dragon Fishing Pool will be your place of residence from now on," a thunderous voice said, reverberating out in waves.

The raging flames flickering in the White Dragon's eyes seemed to say that the dragon was unwilling to do what the thunderous voice said. Nevertheless, the dragon proceeded to comply anyway—perhaps because it could not defeat the gigantic hand or because it understood the reasoning behind the voice's words.

The dragon swung its tail, weaved through the sea of clouds, and circled back around. Then it vanished into the Dragon-Fishing Pool, which had regained its calm state.

At this moment, all eyes of those present on Heaven-Reaching Peak were focused on a place high up in the clouds. The person who had taken action earlier against the dragon hadn't shown their face, but everyone knew who it was.

It was the current sect leader of the Mount Shu Sect, Venerable Wen Yuan. He had suppressed a dragon with just his hand!

...

Just a moment ago on Heaven-Reaching Peak, Chu Liang had been going through a moment of awkwardness that he'd never experienced before.

Upon being interviewed by a disciple of the Celestial Pivot Pavilion, Chu Liang had done his best to come up with a way to clarify the situation to them. However, after trying to answer several of the interviewer's questions, Chu Liang realized what the problem was. It was impossible to wake someone pretending to be asleep—or, in this case, get through to someone only pretending to listen.

Simple tales of punishing evil and doing benevolent and chivalrous deeds, which the Celestial Pivot Pavilion already had a few of in every issue of the gazette, were no longer enough to capture people's attention. Zhang Xiaohan, the interviewer, clearly only wanted to draw attention to the hot gossip about Chu Liang and Xue Lingxue.

The South Melody Conservatory was currently on tour, and Xue Lingxue and her group were in the limelight. If an ambiguous news article about a romantic scandal were to be published at this time, it would undoubtedly attract the attention of countless people.

Zhang Xiaohan obviously wanted to spin what happened between Chu Liang and Xue Lingxue into a headliner!

Upon realizing this, Chu Liang shifted his focus from trying to clarify the facts of what had happened to thinking of how he should deal with Zhang Xiaohan.

Normally, this was something that Chu Liang wouldn't even care about. However, Senior sister Jiang was currently sitting opposite him, watching him with a smile.

Chu Liang felt an inexplicable chill run down his spine. He had a feeling that he would be in great trouble if he were to say something wrong.

After thinking for a moment, Chu Liang lowered his voice and said, "My appointment with Miss Xue was just an excuse she used to reject a dinner invitation from the young lord of the House of the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess. Do you know... why she didn't want to spend time with the young lord?"

"Do you know... how perverted that young lord is? And do you know the story about the father and son of the House of the Mountain-Subjugating Marquess that must be told?"

"Do you know... the story behind how I bound the young lord in public?"

"Was it due to a distortion in human nature or the loss of morality...?"

"Do you know?"

This series of rhetorical questions instantly made Zhang Xiaohan's eyes light up.

She knew that since her curiosity had been piqued, the readers of The Seven Stars Gazette would undoubtedly be interested in these sensational questions too.

So, Zhang Xiaohan urged Chu Liang, "Tell me in detail."

"There's no need to rush," Chu Liang replied with a wave of his hand.

Listen to me slowly weave a sensational tale for you...

There was no other way to resolve this. It was useless to try and suppress a sensational story. The best way to divert attention away from it was to throw out an even more sensational tale. This was how trending topics kept changing.

In order to prevent Zhang Xiaohan from focusing on him and Xue Lingxue, Chu Liang could only throw out something more controversial.

However... I'll have to add to the young lord's grievances again. But he probably won't mind a bit more, right?

Just as he was about to speak, Chu Liang suddenly felt his heart palpitate. It was as if something terrifying had placed its gaze on him.

Chu Liang raised his gaze and found that Jiang Yuebai's expression was just as tense as his. She had sensed it too.

Right after that, the weather changed. Rolling thunder filled the sky, accompanied by the astonishing roar of a dragon!

The Mount Shu Sect disciples on Heaven-Reaching Peak rushed out to look. They gazed up at the clouds and saw a shocking scene that made them marvel in awe. A white dragon that had been flying majestically in the sky was stopped by a hand so gigantic that it seemed to cover the sky itself.

Chu Liang and the others cut their conversation short and flew out to see what was happening.

When Zhang Xiaohan saw the enormous dragon, she became extremely exhilarated! Her trip to Mount Shu had coincided with a major event in the mortal realm!

"It is said that many years ago, there was a great upheaval in the mortal realm. The True Dragon Clan left the ancient dragon nest and went to the legendary Abyss of the Hidden Dragons. Since then, there have been no True Dragons in the mortal realm.

"Only a great fate can draw a True Dragon out from the Abyss of the Hidden Dragons.

"Presently, there are only two True Dragons in this world that suppress fate: the Azure Dragon of Penglai Supreme Sect and the Golden Dragon of the Yu Dynasty. Even if other dragons exist, they would be fate-driven Flood Dragons at most, not True Dragons.

"Yet, today, the Mount Shu Sect has drawn over a True Dragon to suppress fate... Major changes may occur within the structure of the mortal world!"