

M. Slaying 139

Chapter 139: A Competition of Immortal Arts

"Eh?"

When the boundary of the Forbidden Ground was activated, Fifty-Ninth abruptly turned around. Even if he were naive, he would have sensed that something was wrong.

Chu Liang and Luo Yao, on the other hand, had no intention of concealing their intentions. Both of them unleashed their attacks simultaneously.

Attack!

Chu Liang pulled out a golden half-brick, while Luo Yao raised her hand, unleashing a shower of silver needles aimed at Fifty-Ninth.

Yet, in that moment, a rainbow-like glow lit up around Fifty-Ninth's body, revealing a transformation visible through the arm that was not covered by the black robe.

Following that, he raised his hand and sent nine golden rings flying[1].

These nine golden rings spun in mid-air. Then, eight shot towards Luo Yao and one towards Chu Liang.

Chu Liang didn't consider whether the opponent's distribution of attacks was a blatant disrespect towards him. Instead, he wondered why this person could use enchanted tools within the Forbidden Ground.

Luo Yao did a flip and murmured, "Transcendent Dharma Mirror?"

With a wave of her hand, she deactivated the Forbidden Ground, which had been in effect for less than a second. As she landed gracefully, she unfolded a white umbrella.

Swish—

As the white umbrella opened, a milky-white light enveloped her, and upon closer inspection, it seemed like a massive ghostly shadow protected her, shielding her from all harm.

The eight golden rings clanged against this protective white light. Ripples were created but the rings failed to break the defense of this white light.

Prior to this, Chu Liang had already collided head-on with the single golden ring that flew at him. He fiercely struck it with the golden half-brick, resulting in a clang of metal resonating through the air!

The golden ring rebounded, and his arm couldn't help but feel a numbing sensation. It was indeed difficult to resist an enchanted tool with pure physical strength.

Hearing Luo Yao's murmurs, he suddenly understood why Fifty-Ninth was unaffected by the Forbidden Ground.

Fifty-Ninth is using an immortal art! The Transcendent Dharma Mirror! Chu Liang thought to himself.

This should be a Buddhist immortal art known as the Transcendent Dharma Mirror. This immortal art granted the caster immunity against all enchantments for a brief period, rendering it an impeccable defense among immortal arts.

Theoretically, due to him being on the Forbidden Ground, he shouldn't be able to use his divine skills. However, immortal arts were ranked much higher than divine skills. And so, Fifty-Ninth effortlessly broke through the limits of the Forbidden Ground with the use of the Transcendent Dharma Mirror.

The duration of this immortal art was limited and he surely couldn't sustain the use of it for too long. However, during this brief period, the effects of the Forbidden Ground would only affect Luo Yao and Chu Liang. If the result was that their opponent could use divine skills and tools while they couldn't, the outcome would be uncertain as it was unknown as to how long they could endure in such a fight.

Therefore, without any hesitation, Luo Yao deactivated the shamanic technique.

Luo Yao was clearly prepared for a real confrontation as Chu Liang caught a glimpse of a cold gleam in her eyes.

The nine golden rings spun back. Fifty-Ninth had just retracted his enchanted tool when he saw Luo Yao, who stood on the opposite side, suddenly raise her hand, extend a finger, and softly utter, "Fall."

Bang!

Without understanding what had occurred, Fifty-Ninth's body suddenly collapsed at a distance, falling to the ground. His limbs struggled to support him, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood!

"Five Labors and Seven Injuries?" he looked up at Luo Yao, struggling to speak with a hint of surprise in his tone.

Hearing this name, Chu Liang's mind immediately flashed with related memories.

She is using the Immortal Art: Five Labors and Seven Injuries!

This was one of the few immortal arts used by the members of the shaman clan. It was a powerful curse that could make the cultivators instantly reach a state of extreme weakness. It would inflict the target with five stresses and seven injuries, almost rendering them completely unable to fight.

If the caster was powerful enough, the Five Labors and Seven Injuries could even entwine the enemy for a lifetime, causing intense emotions and numerous illnesses throughout their existence.

It was an extremely dangerous immortal art.

The moment the effects of the Transcendent Dharma Mirror on Fifty-Ninth had ceased, he immediately fell victim to this fierce curse.

Looking at Luo Yao's stern expression, Chu Liang couldn't help but wonder if mastering an immortal art at the Golden Core Realm was a characteristic of being a contemporary genius.

Just when he thought this immortal art would secure their victory, Fifty-Ninth laboriously lifted his hands, formed a finger gesture, and suddenly shouted, "Reverse!"

Bang!

A resounding explosion sounded in the air.

Fifty-Ninth stood up suddenly, appearing completely different from his previous weakened state.

On the other hand, Luo Yao, who was just standing, suddenly fell heavily to the ground, spitting out a bit of blood.

"This is the... Heaven's Reversal?" Chu Liang immediately deduced what had happened.

Another immortal art known as the Heaven's Reversal!

This was a rather rare immortal art that could reverse a specific divine skill back onto the caster.

The moment it was used, it clearly reversed the Five Labors and Seven Injuries back to Luo Yao.

Oh no! The situation seemed to have changed.

In this back-and-forth exchange of immortal arts, Chu Liang found himself unable to intervene. At this moment, Luo Yao was afflicted by the Five Labors and Seven Injuries. If she couldn't deflect the curse back with the use of Heaven's Reversal, they would be on the verge of defeat.

Would Chu Liang be a match for this Fifty-Ninth then?

Out of confidence for his own cultivation level, Chu Liang took out the tracker jade slip and held it in his hand. He was ready to summon his teacher at any time.

However, in this critical situation, Luo Yao did not seem to concede. Despite lying on the ground, a hint of indomitable spirit flashed in her cold, dark eyes. Then, with a swift motion, she unfolded a red paper umbrella.

The sight of the red paper umbrella triggered a noticeable surge in tension within Fifty-Ninth.

"Don't..." he raised his hand in an attempt to stop her.

Boom—

But it was too late.

Despite Luo Yao's seemingly weakened state, she unfurled the red paper umbrella. Instantly, a potent and chilling yin energy emanated the entire hillside and half of the mountain forest.

It was so powerful.

Chu Liang was surprised as well. He turned his head and noticed that Luo Yao was still lying on the ground. Under the unfolded red paper umbrella, a small figure dressed in red had emerged.

Unlike the man under the black paper umbrella and the woman under the white one, this red-clad figure didn't seem to move around with Luo Yao as the center. Instead, he bowed his head and took a curved saber from her hand.

Upon lifting his gaze, the red-clad figure fixed his eerie eyes onto Fifty-Ninth, emanating a powerful and ominous aura.

"This is wrong!" Fifty-Ninth shouted, "Why did you release this thing! I recognize you; you're Luo Yao from the Valley of the Three Absolutes..."

Swoosh—

Before he could complete his sentence, a streak of red light flashed, and the child disappeared!

Fifty-Ninth felt a sense of danger. He hastily raised his hand and an illusory jade glass bell materialized instantly, falling down from above to shield him.

The child in red, wielding the saber, swiftly advanced, ready to strike with a blood-red glow. However, in the next moment, the strike landed on the solid bell.

Clang—

As the saber descended, it cleaved through the illusion of the bell, causing it to shatter into pieces and dissipate instantly!

Despite being scattered, it effectively blocked the strike, providing Fifty-Ninth with the opportunity to shout the next words, "I am also a good person! Stop now!"

Swoosh—

As soon as Fifty-Ninth shouted these words, the bloodthirsty saber, seemingly on the verge of reaching him, disappeared along with the figure of the child in red.

Looking at Luo Yao, Chu Liang realized that she had retracted the red paper umbrella at that critical moment.

If not for that, she might not have been able to stop this fearsome red-clad child from killing Fifty-Ninth.

What kind of formidable and dreadful spirit was this? Despite not being an enemy of Luo Yao, Chu Liang felt a shiver down his spine. The moment the red-clad child passed by him earlier, he experienced an inexplicable tremor in his heart.

Such a terrifying aura!

Fortunately, Luo Yao swiftly retrieved this entity. Otherwise, had she let this child run rampant, Chu Liang feared that after the red-clad child finished off Fifty-Ninth, it might casually turn around and end his life as well.

The existence of this child was too sinister.

It was no wonder she had said "It's a bit tricky but I'll figure something out" when she was contemplating on how they should deal with the fifth-realm cultivator

With this formidable spirit, she seemed to possess the capability to challenge someone of a higher realm.

While Chu Liang's heart rate gradually returned to normal, Luo Yao's gaze still held a hint of suspicion as she stared at Fifty-Ninth opposite her.

Fifty-Ninth dared not relax in the slightest, fearing that Luo Yao might unleash the formidable spirit once more.

He lifted the veil covering his face, revealing a round and shining head, completely devoid of any hair. The fair skin emitted a precious light, and his features even had a touch of elegance. Surprisingly, he appeared to be a compassionate and gentle young monk.

This Fifty-Ninth is a monk?

Such an appearance was a stark contrast to the impression of a street-smart dark cultivator that Chu Liang had previously.

He clasped his hands together and nodded gently, "I am Pushan from the Buddhist Cloud Monastery. I didn't expect to encounter two fellow righteous cultivators. This is truly a sin."

...

On the other side of the vast mountains, the Southern-Route Guider and Southwestern Guider met once again, sitting facing each other.

"My men are all here. How about the people from the Southern Route?" the Southwestern Guider inquired.

"They are almost ready. Everyone should be here by tomorrow," replied Southern-Route Guider.

"Good." The Southwestern Guider didn't elaborate further. Instead, he shifted the topic, saying, "I've gathered some information. To reach the Deep Pool of Dreams, we must pass through the Valley of Bewildering Fog. The valley is filled with dangers, and after this journey, I don't know how much more manpower we will have left."

"Compared to the seventh-realm Battle Soul, the sacrifice of a few Soul Subjugators is nothing. Even if casualties occur, we can easily replenish our ranks. If exchanging all my subordinates for this Battle Soul is necessary, it's still a net gain. When the Violet Gold Marquess ends his closed-door cultivation, he will praise us for what we have done," said the Southern-Route Guider.

"Sigh. I just hope this sacrifice won't be in vain." The Southwestern Guider seemed less confident and there was a lingering concern in his tone.

"Just think about how it will look for us when we bring back the Battle Soul. The Dark King Sect is currently in need of talents," the Southern-Route Guider explained, "In addition to the White-Bone Hall, Scarlet-Robe Hall, Northern Abyss Hall, and Vermilion-Azurite Hall, the sect leader has long been interested in establishing the fifth hall. With the fall of White Silver King, the position of the Left Guardian is now vacant. Plenty of opportunities await us! We, who practice diabolical arts, are already defying the heavens, so let's be brave and advance further. Why fear the beginning or the end?"

The voice of the Southern-Route Guider was deep and powerful, like a devil's whisper in the night, stirring the blood of the Southwestern Guider.