

M. Slaying 145

Chapter 145: Why Would You Do This To Yourself

"Kill all enemies... Kill all enemies..."

The ghost soldiers, donned in tattered armor and with bone spears in their hands, charged forward as a whole group. Their footsteps sounded steady and heavy.

When the ordinary Soul Subjugators struck them with their divine skills, it only created ripples on their armor. They were only completely eradicated when attacked by the Guiders.

Boom!

The Southwestern Guider flicked his sleeves and sent out a black light that went sweeping through, shattering the spectral bodies of the ghosts into dust.

At this moment, the team had reached the depths of the Valley of Bewildering Fog. The surrounding Sickly Ghosts and lingering spirits were growing stronger. Even though the group traveled together, they still faced the daring attacks of numerous spirits.

The journey was becoming increasingly difficult.

"Looking at the attire of these ghost soldiers, they seem to be soldiers from the previous dynasty," Pushan casually said through Voice Transmission.

The transmission of his voice message was rather delayed, but Chu Liang heard it.

"Legend has it that hundreds of years ago, the former chancellor led the remnants of the previous dynasty and protected the young emperor, who was only a few years old at the time, and fled into the Southern Bastion Mountain. Despite multiple attempts by the Yu Dynasty's army to search the mountain range, they couldn't find them and suffered many casualties. Later, they stationed a large army to guard the Southern Bastion Mountain, guarding against the resurgence of remnants from the previous dynasty. However, until today, that army from the previous dynasty has not been seen coming out of the Southern Bastion Mountain..."

Chu Liang listened to Pushan's explanation, nodding in acknowledgment. Throughout the journey, Pushan almost never stopped talking.

I'm curious to know what else you can share.

Even after dealing with these ghost soldiers, the Southwestern Guider didn't relax. Instead, he raised a large white stone tablet, about five chi long, with a single arm.

The stone tablet appeared weathered and damaged, its age impossible to determine. However, the bright red ancient characters carved on the front showed no signs of fading. It vaguely displayed the characters of someone's name.

As this stone tablet was lifted, the tumultuous cries and wails in the surroundings instantly fell silent! Hundreds of ghosts retreated! And none had the audacity to show this stone tablet any disrespect!

At the same time, Chu Liang could distinctly sense that Luo Yao, who was behind him, emanated this murderous aura! However, as Luo Yao's face was covered by the black robe, he couldn't see her expression and was uncertain of the cause.

"Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele?" Monk Pushan exclaimed once again.

Chu Liang asked curiously, "What is this?"

"You don't know?" The monk Pushan said, "In the battle against the demon god years ago, countless cultivators from the nine provinces sacrificed themselves when protecting the human race. Subsequently, an Ascending Immortal Tomb was built to bury and commemorate these heroes.

"However, a few years ago, the Dark King Sect audaciously invaded the Ascending Immortal Tomb and plundered eight of the sixteen Mountainous Suppressing Stone Steles! This incident sparked widespread outrage among cultivators in the Divine Nine and Terrestrial Ten sects, creating quite a stir for a considerable period."

Chu Liang vaguely recalled having been told about this matter before, but he didn't have a deep impression of it.

He now understood why Luo Yao displayed such intense killing intent.

It was indeed a heinous act!

The Ascending Immortal Tomb housed the spirits of the heroes who had defended the Nine Provinces. Without the sacrifice of these heroes, the mortal realm might have long succumbed to the dominion of demons and monsters.

Yet these diabolical cultivators of the Dark King Sect, descendants of the human race themselves, showed blatant disrespect towards their predecessors.

How could one not feel angry for such a display of arrogance!

They even used this Stone Stele as an enchanted tool?

Once the Southwestern Guider raised the Mountainous Suppressing Stone Stele, the lingering spirits stopped disturbing them. Wherever stone stele went, it seemed to be enforcing radiant laws that suppressed all malevolent forces.

When the stone stele was displayed, the spirits in the fog retreated. In fact, it made sense why the Guider hadn't even taken out the Stone Stele earlier as even the ghosts under the control of the disciples of the Dark King Sect wailed in despair.

Chu Liang glanced at the back of the Southwestern Guider and thought that if there was a chance, he would definitely strike him with a sword.

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As they ventured deeper, the fog thickened, and the bone torches burned more intensely.

This time, they stopped even earlier.

"We are approaching the end of the Valley of Bewildering Fog and we are about to reach our destination. Another hunt should be enough to sustain us," said the Southern-Route Guider, signaling the team to stop before addressing everyone.

The last hunt was carried out under the Southwestern Guider's command, so this time, it was the Southern-Route Guider's turn. However, his team now only consisted of two Fiends.

Sending the remaining three Soul Subjugators out hunting was undeniably risky. In the deeper areas of the Valley of Bewildering Fog, such an action was akin to a suicide mission.

Upon assessing the situation, the Southwestern Guider waved his sleeves and singled out a Fiend beneath him, commanding, "You! Lead them on the hunt."

The Southern-Route Guider nodded and said, "Thank you."

"Hey—" the Southwestern Guider added, "Since we've come this far in our collaboration, there's no need to draw lines between what's yours and what's mine anymore."

The Fiend was clearly feeling reluctant as he complained inwardly. How can you say there's no distinction between what's yours and what's mine when I am the one being sent on a dangerous mission?

However, even though he felt reluctant, he couldn't show his reluctance in front of his superior. And so, as directed by the Southern-Route Guider, he led the three unfortunate Soul Subjugators for another hunt.

When they entered the fog, the Fiend lit the bone torch before turning back to them and saying, "Be smart. If you don't listen, don't expect me to protect you."

"Yes, yes, yes. We will absolutely follow the orders of the honorable Fiend," the monk Pushan immediately responded.

Then, he turned back and whispered, "When should we make our move?"

"Let's not act recklessly for now," Chu Liang pondered and said, "If every Fiend that is on a mission with us dies, they will surely suspect us."

"That's true. Anyway, once we reach the destination and figure out the goal of their mission, the elders from my valley will show up," Luo Yao said, "By then, these diabolical cultivators will not be able to escape at all. There's literally no rush."

My teacher will be here as well...

Chu Liang silently added.

The same applied to Monk Pushan. There was no way this dude could venture here without any preparation. The trio seemed to be eagerly anticipating the revelation of whatever valuable treasure sought by the Southern-Route Guider.

Who knows... Perhaps it would evolve into a scene where representatives from the three sects interrogate the Southern-Route Guider.

The three of them were in the midst of their conversation, discussing if they should let the Fiend off this time.

Suddenly, the Fiend turned around in front, raised his hand, and pulled out three green incense sticks from his sleeve. He instantly ignited the sticks and held up a jade pot.

A green smoke rose gently, and from the jade pot emerged the ethereal soul of an old man with a long beard.

This wasn't a soul manipulated by soul-controlling techniques; rather, it had been nurtured through incense and offerings. This fundamental distinction set it apart from the techniques employed by the Dark King Sect's disciples. The mere possibility of treating this soul in such a manner suggested its exceptional power.

The soul fought for the Fiend because of the offerings. It was not a slave.

An elder with the long beard fully materialized. As he gradually opened his eyes, a formidable pressure descended upon the entire scene.

Such a strong ghost! And it wasn't aggressive!

The imposing aura emanating from this elderly man's soul was akin to that of a sixth-realm cultivator! To possess such an intact, pure, and powerful soul, he must have been a Confucian cultivator in his lifetime.

The Fiend summoned a formidable soul, then grinned at the three and said, "After careful consideration, I still find myself at a loss. And so, I'll give you two choices.

"First, hand over all the valuable items you have. If you can offer enough to satisfy me, I'll think about sparing your lives.

"The second option is to kill all of you and seize all your belongings.

"Anyone that dies in this fog will transform into a lingering spirit and be trapped here for eternity. You better think carefully, hehehe..."

He let out a string of sinister and terrifying laughs.

The three individuals looked at the Fiend before them with complex expressions.

It was not surprising at all for something like this to happen in a diabolical sect. Diabolical sects have always exemplified the survival of the fittest, and are known for being places of pillaging and violence. Furthermore, this Fiend was not their direct superior; he had no reason to join them for the hunt, harboring grievances and seeking compensation from them.

In the normal course of events, three cultivators at the Golden Core Realm would be nothing more than three sheep to be manipulated by a cultivator at the Realm of the Five Elements.

Upon careful consideration, it all made sense.

But...

Dude... We have just decided to spare you.

Why would you do this to yourself?