

M. Slaying 146

Chapter 146: Self-Injury

And just like that, the Fiend passed away peacefully.

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Previously...

"Haven't you all heard what I said?"

His voice carried a subtle hint of anger... because he discovered that the three Soul Subjugators hadn't made a move even after hearing the threat. Instead of reaching for treasures, they all stared at him strangely, seemingly treating him with an inexplicable sense of disdain.

"I heard it, I heard it." Monk Pushan waved his hand. "You're getting impatient, aren't you?"

"So why don't you quickly present your treasures!" shouted the Fiend.

In truth, he wasn't particularly inclined to recklessly take lives at this moment, especially given the emphasis on personnel management stressed by the Guider.

However, if these three individuals continued to be so insolent, he wouldn't mind eliminating one as a warning for the other two.

Following that, he saw the three Soul Subjugators opposite of him taking out items.

Fifty-Eighth unsheathed an ancient, plain longsword, while Fifty-Ninth took out a golden ring. Sixtieth, however, took out a finger.

It didn't seem like they were about to offer any treasures.

The Fiend couldn't believe that these three Soul Subjugators had the audacity to defy him; it seemed like they were all new members.

The Fiends sneered coldly. He was ready to teach these new members a lesson.

As soon as he thought about it, he felt an overwhelming pain and feeling of weakness.

Boom!

Someone used the Five Labors and Seven Injuries!

Luo Yao's immortal art took effect first.

The Fiend swayed for a moment. Just as he was about to mobilize his energy to resist, he saw a golden ring flying towards him.

Suddenly, as the ring flew in the wind, it transformed into nine rings!

Bang, bang, bang.....

Nine golden rings, layer upon layer, were successively looped around his neck and limbs, tightly binding his entire being.

What is all this?

This clearly wasn't a divine skill that a fourth-realm cultivator should be able to unleash.

It does not resemble the divine skills of diabolical cultivators!

"Mr. Fei, save me!" the Fiend roared loudly.

This Fiend was slightly weaker than the Fiend killed by Chu Liang and the others earlier.

He was only at the first stage of the Realm of the Five Elements and his combat strength primarily relied on the powerful Battle Soul by his side.

Upon realizing that he might not be a match for these three, he instinctively cried out for help, while his body transformed into a shadow, swiftly retreating for more than ten zhang!

The divine skill of becoming transparent was very effective. Instantly, the nine golden rings released by Pushan fell off his body.

Unfortunately, this ethereal form only lasted briefly. In the blink of an eye, the Fiend's body returned to normal while he was still suffering from the curse of the Five Labors and Seven Injuries.

Right after that, the Fiend witnessed a spectacular scene as Ten Thousand Swords soared through the air!

Tens of thousands of glowing swords, each ablaze with crimson flames, slashed through the sky before crashing down in fiery explosions!

Like a meteor shower cascading from the heavens!

It was the combination of Ten Thousand Swords Seal and the Talismanic Sword Seal! The Myriad Talismanic Sword!

Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom—

Using thousands of fire swords to defeat a diabolical cultivator at the fifth realm might seem excessive.

After the first attack, the Fiend was already obliterated into nothingness. The remaining attacks merely served to create more craters in the land.

Chu Liang unleashed his power in such a manner for several reasons. On one hand, he wanted to test the waters. With the strength of the Crimson Executioner, he could employ sword techniques that he normally would never attempt. In addition, it provided him the chance to experience the power of a higher cultivation level sooner than expected.

Therefore, this time he chose the rather challenging combination of the Ten Thousand Swords Seal with the Talismanic Sword Seal. When he had to control a vast array of tens of thousands of sword lights, executing the attack of a one-character talismanic sword proved incredibly difficult.

In an instant, Chu Liang felt his divine sense dissipate. It was an unprecedented and immense expenditure of mental energy!

He stumbled for a moment before regaining his balance and steadying his stance.

On the other hand, he had executed these two attacks together to intimidate the long-beard elder.

After the shower of fiery swords subsided and the dust settled, he turned his gaze towards the soul of the long-bearded elder in the jade pot.

This long-bearded elder was undoubtedly stronger than the Fiend, which was why he could receive such a level of respect.

However, the enhancement effect of the Crimson Executioner would only work in a fight against that Fiend whose qi was stained with blood. This was why Chu Liang opted to use his most powerful attack.

With the attack launched, he turned his gaze to the long-bearded elder and asked, "Mister, now that this person is dead, are you going to seek revenge for him?"

The current situation clearly surprised the long-bearded elder.

The Fiend had summoned him with the intention of using him as a means of intimidating his opponents. However, he had never actually planned for the long-bearded elder to take action because if the elder did, there would be additional fees involved.

Since the long-bearded elder had not received any orders, he simply decided to stand by and observe.

However, the swift defeat of the fifth-realm Fiend by these three minor characters was something the long-bearded elder hadn't expected.

In fact, the sight of the final torrential rain of fire swords made him realize that if he had intervened, he would not have been able to help.

Therefore, even though the Fiend had cried out "Save me" in the end, he did nothing.

Why would I risk my life for you when you only provide me a few sticks of incense each month? The long-bearded elder thought to himself.

Upon hearing Chu Liang's question, the old man flicked his long beard and coldly uttered, "I don't know him well enough."

With that, he twisted his soul and retracted back into the jade pot, vanishing from sight.

"Heh." Chu Liang couldn't help but chuckle; this old guy had more social awareness than he had imagined.

He picked up the jade pot and then went to inspect the large crater where the Fiend had died. Due to the overwhelming force of the previous attack, coupled with the thick fog, it was difficult to find any belongings for the time being.

Haih. Chu Liang sighed internally, lamenting that it was a real waste not being able to get any loot in this Valley of Bewildering Fog.

Upon returning, he said to Luo Yao and Monk Pushan, "I'll keep this jade pot for now, along with any other loot we might have later. Can we redistribute them after we leave?"

If Chu Liang hadn't personally intervened when they were killing the other Fiend, that Fiend might have escaped. So, it was reasonable for him to take most of the loot seized in that fight.

However, this time all three of them had contributed, and Chu Liang thought that it was no longer right for him to keep everything to himself.

He should, at the very least, ask them about it.

Monk Pushan, being the magnanimous one, smiled and said, "In both instances of killing the Fiends, it was largely thanks to Young Hero Chu's efforts. I don't need a share."

Luo Yao thought for a moment and said, "Technically, I shouldn't claim a share either, but I really want this soul. In my cultivation of shamanic techniques, there's a method for controlling spirits, and refining this soul could enhance my combat strength. If you have no use for it, I can offer something in exchange after we have returned to where we came from."

Chu Liang smiled and said, "No problem."

"But the current situation is quite tricky..." Monk Pushan remarked, "We've killed another Fiend and we are bound to be suspected when we head back."

"Hmm." Chu Liang pondered for a moment and said, "Given the current situation, we can only take our chances."

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Typically, they followed a straight path when they were out hunting, which allowed them to remember the approximate direction that they had set off in. Moreover, they would ignite a white bone torch, which burned for a set duration on each hunting expedition. Hence, by conducting calculations based on time and distance, it's relatively simple to gauge the general location of the other two teams.

Another hunting party not too far off had already begun preparations to return to the base.

Similarly, a team comprised of a Fiend escorted by three Soul Subjugators was quietly making their way back to the base.

Just then, a figure dressed in a black robe suddenly appeared not far behind them.

The figure gripped an ancient and plain longsword, with no Soul Subjugator Token hanging from their waist.

They emitted no discernible aura, to the point that nobody had noticed their presence at all.

The next second, they raised the ancient longsword in their hand, and countless swords filled the sky!

The meteoric firestorm reappeared, as myriad flaming swords descended from the sky.

The disciples of the Dark King Sect only realized it at this moment, but unfortunately, it was too late! They were caught off guard and had no time to prepare a counterattack.

They could only scramble to flee in all directions!

Rumble—

Those fiery swords brimmed with so much spiritual energy. When viewed from high above, it seemed like these attacks were intended more for dispersing than for fatal blows.

Aside from one Soul Subjugator who died due to clumsiness, the rest merely scattered beyond the reach of the rain of fire.

Amidst the chaos, they lost sight of each other.

When the Fiend turned around to counterattack, he found that the figure had already disappeared. Despite such a powerful strike, there was not a trace of residual energy left behind.

"This..." He could only exclaim in disbelief. Despite feeling reluctant, he had no choice but to give up.

He turned around and rallied his dispersed subordinates.

Even for a Fiend, being alone in this fog was just too dangerous.

When they dispersed, there were four people. However, upon regrouping, their numbers increased to six. Among them, three terrified and injured Soul Subjugators from another team joined, while one of the original four was killed by the rain of swords.

The Soul Subjugators under his command were also all covered in injuries.

Under the terror of those fiery swords just now, even if they managed to escape by luck, it was impossible for them to emerge unscathed.

"A person in black attacked us moments ago. Our Honorable Fiend fought against him, and we had no choice but to flee. We were pursued relentlessly until we arrived here," explained the three Soul Subjugators.

The Fiend glanced at the Soul Subjugator Tokens of the three individuals and was no longer suspicious. He led the three of them back towards the base. In times of crisis, the more people, the better.

Upon their return to the base, the Southern-Route Guider immediately rose to his feet upon seeing the group, all of whom bore visible injuries.

"What happened this time?" asked the Southern-Route Guider.

The Fiend bowed his head and replied, "Both our teams were attacked by a person in black and we were all injured. That person unleashed the 'Ten Thousand Swords Seal.' The sword qi he displayed was so powerful that he might be a sixth-realm cultivator! I could not protect everyone. Forgive me for my incompetence!"

The Southern-Route Guider examined the wounds on their bodies and the injuries were indeed all caused by sword qi. The strength of the sword qi was evident through their wounds.

Since everyone was already injured, he didn't scold them. Instead he said, "Hurry up and treat your injuries. Don't delay the upcoming mission."

"Keep moving forward, and we'll soon reach the Deep Pool of Dreams."

While everyone sat cross-legged on the ground to recuperate and heal, the Southwestern Guider asked worriedly, "Who could be following and attacking us in this journey?"

"I don't know," the Southern-Route Guider shook his head and said with a resolute and fierce tone. "Even if he's hiding now, he will have to reveal himself before we arrive at the Deep Pool of Dreams. We will see him sooner or later!"

The person in black was none other than Chu Liang.

The three were concerned that the sequential deaths of Fiends would inevitably raise suspicion. To counter this, Chu Liang devised a strategy. He first located another team, ingested an Essence-Concealing Pill, and subsequently launched a surprise attack.

This way, their team would not be the only team that had been attacked and their injuries would seem less suspicious. To make it even less suspicious, Chu Liang went as far as using sword qi to inflict wounds on himself and his other two companions.

They injured themselves!

After these series of actions, they had indeed successfully infiltrated another team without arousing any suspicion.

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As the team continued their journey, they eventually arrived at the end of the Valley of Bewildering Fog. Here, a vast and immense abyss greeted them, stretching out before them as far as the eye could see.

Rather than descending into the depths, the fog within the abyss surged upward, as if this place was the source of the fog! Endless wails echoed from the bottom of the valley, serving as an indication of the countless lost souls trapped within.

On the opposite side of the abyss, a vast, dazzling curtain of lights, resembling colorful glass in the shimmering light, adorned the landscape. It appeared almost like a mirage. Scenes continuously shifted and changed above it in the high sky, reflecting the images from the opposite side of the abyss.

With lush greenery, a gently flowing stream, and exotic spirit beasts standing quietly, the valley indeed resembled an otherworldly paradise.

The treasures seen by the Guiders on the opposite side must have been reflected through this curtain of light. Chu Liang thought to himself.

The magnificent and mysterious scenes caused everyone to pause in awe.

"Is the Deep Pool of Dreams across?"