

M. Slaying 30

Chapter 30: Spiritual Awareness Realm Versus Golden Core Realm

The Half-Page Golden Script twirled through the air, casting a radiant light, while Chu Liang followed closely behind.

Locating Song Qingyi proved to be a simple task for Chu Liang. All he had to do was erase Lin Bei's name from the Half-Page Golden Script and inscribe Song Qingyi's name onto the script using his foundational qi.

Upon using the enchanted artifact, Chu Liang came to the realization that in order to locate someone, he needed more than just their name. He had to visualize their physical appearance within his mind, employing divine intent. Only through this process could a mystical connection be established.

In hindsight, this requirement seemed entirely logical. Without it, dealing with numerous individuals who shared the same name would have proven to be an incredibly challenging task.

The Half-Page Golden Script soared out of the city. The day was just breaking, and the surroundings took on an eerie appearance.

Shortly after, the Half-Page Golden Script reached a thatched grass hut near a riverbank, causing Chu Liang to promptly cease his steps.

He crouched down to closely inspect the thatched grass hut, noticing its closed windows and doors, and an overall eerie appearance. As Chu Liang sniffed the air, carried by the wind, he detected a faint hint of a bloody odor.

Something doesn't feel right.

However, Chu Liang didn't advance recklessly. Instead, he cautiously approached and extended his divine sense inside, intending to quietly investigate the situation.

For cultivators in the Spiritual Awareness Realm, activating their divine sense allowed them to see and hear anything within its reach. In fact, their perception through divine sense was often clearer than what their physical eyes could perceive. Fortunately, Chu Liang had recently reached the

middle stage of the Spiritual Awareness Realm, significantly expanding the range and clarity of his divine sense.

Yet, the very instant his divine sense penetrated the thatched grass hut, he witnessed the scene within, featuring an enigmatic formation, a mysterious figure shrouded in a black robe, and Song Qingyi, tightly bound and in distress.

Simultaneously, he detected a subtle dark aura fluctuation.

Oh no!

Chu Liang immediately heightened his alertness, recognizing that his opponent had established a method to detect the intrusion of his divine sense.

Unfortunately, it was already too late.

The figure in the black robe inside the thatched grass hut swiftly turned his head, his gaze as piercing as starlight.

Swish!

Far outside the grass hut, Chu Liang swiftly flipped away and commenced his escape.

With a deafening bang, the door of the grass hut swung open wide, and a ghostly figure darted out, moving with astonishing speed. Within a few flashes of its afterimages, it rapidly closed the gap, and was now right behind Chu Liang.

Sensing the bone-chilling wind closing in behind him, Chu Liang's mind sounded a warning. Recognizing that escape was impossible, he rapidly grasped his sword and thrust it backward!

Swish—

A brilliant white sword aura surged with even greater power than before. However, the black-robed figure appeared unfazed. Using his two left fingers, he effortlessly pierced through the sword qi without suffering any harm and clamped Chu Liang's sword in a vice-like grip.

Snap!

The sword qi was instantly extinguished, rendered motionless by the figure's grip.

Chu Liang shouted, "Watch my finger!"

He formed a seal with his left hand, and his fingertip gleamed with a frigid light as he aimed it at the black-robed figure.

However, just as the black-robed figure was poised to counter Chu Liang's attack, a sudden red light shot forth from Chu Liang's sleeve.

Demon-Binding Rope!

His exclamation of "watch my finger" had served as a diversion to distract the black-robed individual. Chu Liang was well aware that his opponent was, at the very least, in the beginning stage of the Golden Core Realm, and he had no hope of prevailing in a direct confrontation. His strategy involved using the Demon-Binding Rope to gain control over his adversary.

Unfortunately, when confronted with sheer overpowering strength, such a trick proved utterly inconsequential.

With a swift motion, the black-robed figure grasped the Demon-Binding Rope in his palm. Simultaneously, a spectral, skeletal hand extended from his chest, clutching Chu Liang's neck!

Moreover, a second ghostly hand materialized, clutching a long, faintly glowing nail, which was then thrust into Chu Liang's chest.

Crack—

Soul-Piercing Nail!

"Uh!" The moment the nail pierced Chu Liang's soul, an icy sensation enveloped his entire body, rendering his limbs and torso completely rigid.

However, this transpired in the blink of an eye, leaving him no means of escape or resistance. He found himself wholly subdued, devoid of the energy to mount any counterattack.

Being a cultivator in the Spiritual Awareness Realm, his battle against an opponent in the Golden Core Realm culminated in a resounding and disastrous defeat.

At this moment, he truly understood the insurmountable gap between the third and fourth realms. The idea of challenging an individual from a higher realm was, in reality, entirely unrealistic.

The black-robed figure emitted a brief chuckle, then turned and strolled back into the grass hut, casually discarding Chu Liang onto the ground.

"Heh heh, are you here to rescue her?" He cast a glance at Chu Liang and then at Song Qingyi. "I didn't anticipate a buy-one-get-one-free offer. Two souls of cultivators at the Spiritual Awareness Realm; this trip was certainly not in vain..."

"Chu... Chu Liang..." Song Qingyi, upon witnessing Chu Liang's capture, fought to speak, tears streaming down her face. She blamed herself for putting someone else's life at risk with her plea for help.

Chu Liang maintained a composed demeanor, unyielding even as he was thrown to the ground. He continued to summon every ounce of his strength in a persistent effort to free himself from the grip of the Soul-Piercing Nail, though his attempts were feeble. Despite his utmost exertions, he could only manage to turn halfway.

"Just give up. There's no way you can break free," the black-robed figure declared, observing Chu Liang's futile efforts without any intention of intervening. He tauntingly added, "Once I've sealed her in the Netherworld Codex, it'll be your turn. You two won't feel lonely, as the pages holding your souls will be adjacent to each other."

With that, he directed his gaze towards the sky outside, his countenance growing solemn as he readied himself to activate the formation.

Cultivators who embrace the diabolical path were shunned as they journeyed through the world. Consequently, they learned to exercise extreme caution and discretion.

For instance, he had arranged a formation that would activate when probed by any divine sense. Such tactics were among the strategies they employed to ensure their survival.

Regarding these two Spiritual Awareness Realm cultivators, he could undoubtedly capture them with ease. However, he was aware that there might be more adversaries on the way, and he needed to expedite the soul-capturing ritual and leave this place as soon as possible.

And so, he stopped talking.

With a wave of his hand and swift, intricate hand signs, all the black candles surged upward, merging into a towering cluster of dark flames that coalesced in mid-air, gradually taking on the shape of a gateway!

"Come... My precious..."

He fixed his icy and frenzied gaze upon Song Qingyi and raised his hand slowly.

Just at that moment, Chu Liang, positioned to the side, suddenly shouted, "Sissy!"

Chu Liang's cultivation level was higher than that of Song Qingyi. Although he couldn't free himself from the grip of the Soul-Piercing Nail, he found it considerably easier to form coherent sentences.

The black-robed man froze, briefly glancing at Chu Liang, but he chose to ignore him and continued to raise his hand toward Song Qingyi.

"You rotten butt!" Chu Liang cursed.

"Eh?" The man in the black robe shot a glare at Chu Liang once more. He furrowed his brow and persisted in ignoring him.

After all, he would be dealing with Chu Liang shortly, so why argue with a dead person?

"Your mama is dead.

"I am your daddy.

"You deceitful, treacherous, and loathsome individual. Did your family engage in interbreeding? Your parents must have amassed a wealth of negative karma in their previous existence to bring forth someone like you—a short-lived person, cursed with infertility, in this life..."

Chu Liang maintained a composed expression, appearing indifferent, as he continued to hurl derogatory words at the black-robed man. He wore the most polite expression while delivering the most impolite words.

Initially, the black-robed man ignored him, but as Chu Liang persisted, the anger within him boiled over. He pointed at Chu Liang with a trembling hand and demanded, "You... You... You... which sect or faction do you belong to? Why do you lack proper etiquette?"

"Your papa here is from the Mount Shu Sect," Chu Liang replied nonchalantly.

The black-robed man chuckled with a tinge of anger. "Do you think you won't feel anything after death? I shall extract your entire soul now and seal it within the Netherworld Codex. Then, I will subject you to forty-nine days of torment with the Ghostfire Yin Saber! Let's see if you can maintain this stubbornness with your words!"

With that threat, he extended his hand toward Chu Liang.

"No!" Song Qingyi screamed with all her might, tears streaming down her face.

In the face of impending death, Chu Liang's countenance remained eerily calm.

Crack!

The black-robed man's hand gesture triggered a burst of black light from the black jade codex, immediately enveloping Chu Liang's form.

In an instant, a bundle of light and shadow was extracted from Chu Liang's body and drawn into the gateway formed by the eerie flames. The black jade codex began to radiate intensely.

Whoosh!

As the radiance subsided, Chu Liang's eyes were hollow, devoid of vitality. His body had become a lifeless shell, his soul irrevocably lost.