

M. Slaying 53

Chapter 53: The Forbidden Ground

Chu Liang was naturally oblivious to the curses that the people at the gambling house were saying to Gao Jin.

As a man of justice who detested gambling and illicit activities, the gambling house that had ruined countless families and lives was the ideal place for Chu Liang to scam some money.

By the time Chu Liang had returned the Money-Eating Curse Beetle to Second Madam Gu and shared the new information he learned with Yun Chaoxian, evening had arrived.

When Chu Liang returned with the information, Yun Chaoxian was surprised.

Yun Chaoxian asked, "Mountain-Viewing Tower? Is that where the divine envoy is located?"

"I am eighty percent certain. I can't say for sure," Chu Liang replied.

When the Heavenly Sound Wave stopped working, Yun Chaoxian was left in bewilderment. He had prepared for the mission's failure and never expected Chu Liang to acquire crucial information through inquiries and deduction.

"Brother Chu," Yun Chaoxian remarked earnestly, "I've always considered myself to be quite clever, but today, I must concede that your intelligence surpasses mine."

Upon seeing the genuine sincerity in Yun Chaoxian's eyes, Chu Liang felt a mix of emotions, torn between sadness and happiness.

After a brief pause, Chu Liang replied, "This concerns the location of the malevolent shaman in Kaoshan City. I cannot be certain if the divine envoy is present, but we should investigate to find out."

"Very well," Yun Chaoxian said. He abruptly rose to his feet and declared, "The malevolent shamans from the Southern Regions are deviously cunning and wicked. They've caused substantial harm. Even if it's unrelated to the demons, we should eradicate them."

Chu Liang nodded in agreement.

Yun Chaoxian's unwavering sense of justice was impeccable. Aside from his intelligence, his other traits were admirable.

Without delay, the two departed. Yun Chaoxian donned his coat, grasped his formidable halberd, and took the lead.

In recent days, the city had been under strict lockdown, and the streets were nearly deserted.

The Mountain-Viewing Tower, a hub for the medicinal herb trade, had ceased its operations due to recent disturbances.

In the silence of the night, the surroundings were eerily tranquil.

Chu Liang advised, "For now, let's avoid acting recklessly to prevent premature alerting. I'll jump up and investigate. If something happens, I'll call you for assistance."

With a graceful leap, he landed on the second-floor balcony.

In truth, Yun Chaoxian, with his superior agility, should have been the one to scout ahead, but... this arrangement appeared to be the better choice.

The balcony was spacious and devoid of any obstructions. Chu Liang proceeded with caution, extending his divine sense to a distance of about three meters in front of him.

After his previous encounter with the Soul Subjugator, he learned not to extend his divine sense too far. He meticulously checked one area at a time, ensuring its safety before moving forward.

On the other side of the wall, it appeared to be a large, vacant room with no discernible signs of anyone present. Chu Liang was on the verge of turning back to call Yun Chaoxian up when suddenly, the scene before him blurred.

A wave of dizziness washed over him.

An attack on his mind?

With a semblance of clarity left in his mind, Chu Liang reacted swiftly, biting his own tongue and executing a somersault.

Thud—

A resounding thud echoed through the air as a massive, nine-chi-tall skeleton suddenly materialized from the very spot where he had stood just moments ago. It bore a gaping, bloodthirsty maw that snapped hungrily at the surrounding air.

As Chu Liang looked ahead again, he found himself facing a black-clad figure in strange attire. With a simple wave of their hand, the skeleton transformed into a small, fist-sized skeleton, resting in the palm of the black-clad figure.

More black-clad figures appeared, with one individual emerging from the left and drawing a knife, which they promptly used to cut their own arm. Once the blade was coated with their blood, they hurled it towards Chu Liang.

Whoosh~

The knife whizzed through the air with remarkable speed, prompting Chu Liang to leap in an attempt to evade. To his astonishment, the knife seemed to possess a will of its own, executing an abrupt turn at an extreme angle and hurtling directly toward him.

Chu Liang raised his hand and activated the flying sword, swiftly employing the Hundred Swords Seal. The hundred sword shadows converged, forming a protective sword shield that shattered the airborne knife into fragments that clattered to the ground, narrowly missing its mark.

An elderly voice resounded from somewhere nearby, commanding, "Step back."

Chu Liang turned his gaze towards the two eerie figures, but they suddenly vanished into thin air, as though they had never been present.

Malevolent shaman.

This eerie term was all Chu Liang could think of at that moment.

...

Chu Liang cast a glance downward and realized that Yun Chaoxian had not followed him up.

Yun Chaoxian must be facing enemies of his own. It appeared that the guards at the Mountain-Viewing Tower had been vigilant. They had been detected the moment they intruded this place.

Shortly after, a frail, hunchbacked old man dressed in black ascended to the balcony.

"Hehe." The old man spoke slowly but with unwavering composure. "The divine envoy mentioned you to me. He spoke of your use of the Ten Thousand Swords Seal to instantly kill the Tiger King, a demon who had reached the fifth realm. You must be a gifted disciple from one of the sects in the Divine Nine and Terrestrial Ten."

Chu Liang stared at him in silence, offering no response.

It was possible that some lesser demons had witnessed his battle with the Tiger King, so it wasn't surprising that the news had spread.

However, if the opponent here had prepared something specifically to target top-tier experts because they believed he was a gifted cultivator, they would be sorely mistaken.

Chu Liang swiftly surveyed his surroundings, assessing potential escape routes.

Until now, he had remained calm, prepared for any situation, ready to summon his dear teacher if needed.

"I am just a lowly dark shaman in the fourth realm," the old man continued.

Upon hearing this, Chu Liang couldn't help but think to himself, How modest of you...

And I am just a lowly cultivator in the third realm.

"But since I've dared to challenge you, I naturally possess the means to be confident," the old man chuckled as he spoke.

He then raised his hand gently, cut his left index finger, and inscribed two characters in the air as though in prayer.

Whew—

A sudden gust of wind swirled around him.

It was as if he had been cut off from the rest of the world in an instant.

"I have relied on this shamanic technique to vanquish many cultivators far superior to me in cultivation. Your death here will not be in vain," the old man proclaimed.

As he spoke, his voice took on a sudden sharpness. "Forbidden Ground!"

Thud!

The atmosphere grew oppressively heavy and Chu Liang found it increasingly difficult to breathe..

The Forbidden Ground...

This was a notorious shamanic technique, rumored to be as potent as immortal arts within its range. Its effect was to create a sacred ground where divine powers and enchanted artifacts were forbidden.

The elder inched closer as he inquired, "How do you feel? You can't use your divine ability, can you?"

Chu Liang attempted to activate his foundational qi, but as soon as his divine intent left his body, it dissipated into nothingness.

"Yes," Chu Liang responded to the old man for the first time.

"Even if you are an exceptional cultivator, within this Forbidden Ground, you are rendered powerless and reduced to an ordinary person." The old man's tone gradually became triumphant. "That's why I chose to confront you instead of the martial arts cultivator."

"You may be more powerful than him. But unfortunately, you are a physically weak cultivator," said the old man with a smile.

"Physically weak?" Chu Liang said as he assessed himself.

Indeed, he had a slightly slender physique, seeming like a young man of slender build.

But...

"We, the dark shamans, were raised battling tigers and panthers! We traversed rugged mountains and forests! Even regular martial cultivators are no match for us!"

The old man bellowed as he discarded his black robe, revealing a well-built physique, with two short blades in his hands. Considering his age, he was indeed quite muscular.

When the old man had been wearing the black robe, Chu Liang hadn't been able to tell that the old man was muscular.

Immediately, four black-clad individuals emerged from the corners of the balcony. These were the subordinates the old man had scolded earlier. Now, they approached from all sides, clearly afraid that Chu Liang might escape.

Within this Forbidden Ground, all techniques were forbidden.

Even though the shamanic technique could not be performed as well, they were ready for the close-quarters combat.

It appeared that they had been through this scenario before—surrounding and targeting formidable adversaries in the forbidden ground.

As the old man observed Chu Liang, a sense of unease began to creep over him.

Despite losing the divine abilities that cultivators typically relied on, this slender young man showed no sign of fear. Instead, his eyes seemed to hold something different—a sense of amusement? It was as if he wanted to laugh.

Heh. He is still pretending to be calm, the old man thought.

The old man let out a sardonic laugh and shouted, "Kill him!"

Bang!

With a single step, the old man lunged forward, displaying the agility of a tiger or leopard.

But then...

Chu Liang, who had been right in front of him, suddenly vanished.

Eh?

The old man from the shaman clan was confused for a moment before he then felt this sharp pain on the back of his head.

The pain was excruciating...

A level of agony he had never experienced before in his entire life.

It seemed like... the pain of death.