

M. Slaying 65

Chapter 65: Splitting the Profit

"Pfft——"

Upon hearing Chu Liang mention fifty thousand, Shang Shuwen nearly spat out a mouthful of blood right then and there.

He said, "Look at you, a fine-looking young man. Why is it that you've lost your manners the moment you open your mouth?"

Fifty thousand sword coins.

The mere fact that these words could come out of his mouth!

Even I, a mere peak master, wouldn't be able to retrieve fifty thousand sword coins at any given moment. Do you, a cultivator at the Spiritual Awareness Realm, really possess fifty thousand sword coins?

Even if you do have such an amount, Zhang Xingyuan wouldn't dare to touch such a substantial sum of sword coins, even if it were laid out in the open.

What kind of outlaw would dare commit such a serious crime? Only fools would believe that he had robbed such a significant sum.

When Di Nufeng heard this, a hint of surprise was revealed in her eyes. She probably hadn't expected Chu Liang to state a figure even higher than she had anticipated.

Di Nufeng stared at Chu Liang with a gaze of praise and approval.

The most distraught individual was undoubtedly Zhang Xingyuan, who was standing behind Shang Shuwen.

At this point, it was evident to Zhang Xingyuan that the opponent was much stronger than they were. His teacher had intended to settle this matter peacefully, and he didn't mind compensating as well. But how did things suddenly take such an unexpected and peculiar turn?

The number fifty transformed into fifty thousand. What kind of outrageous multiplication is this?

How can a person say such things?

Zhang Xingyuan quickly shouted, "How is that possible?! Esteemed Teacher, I swear by the heavens and earth! I only took fifty sword coins from him! He's making things up!"

Shang Shuwen immediately turned around and glared at Zhang Xingyuan.

So, it was true that Zhang Xingyuan had extorted money, and he had just admitted that they were clearly in the wrong...

Di Nufeng raised her brows and uttered, "Oh? You are mentioning fifty, and he is stating fifty thousand. That's quite a difference. Peak Master Shang, how about this?"

Casting her gaze upon Zhang Xingyuan, the young cultivator at the Golden Core Realm, a mischievous smile played on the corner of Di Nufeng's lips.

Di Nufeng continued, "I will burn him and see how many sword coins survive the flames. If there are fifty thousand, we'll depart with the money. If not, I'll offer my apologies with due compensation. How does that sound?"

Bam!

Zhang Xingyuan promptly knelt with a resounding thud. His knees met the floor in a muted collision, and his legs quivered, rendering him unable to stand up.

He didn't want to look this pathetic. But when Di Nufeng stared at him and casually uttered the word "burn," which perhaps sounded like a threat to others... He couldn't shake the feeling that she could effortlessly raise her hand and end his existence! For Di Nufeng, it would be just as easy as crushing ants!

The qi and power emanating from Di Nufeng, an Eminent One at the Dao Attainment Realm, surged forth alongside her murderous aura, which had been honed through a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood. None of these were elements he could endure.

Unbeknownst to him, his face betrayed an expression of extreme fear, tears mingling in the mixture.

Taking a step forward, Shang Shuwen positioned himself in front of Zhang Xingyuan, hoping to protect his disciple. However, his cultivation level was only considered average among the peak masters of the Mount Shu Sect. While a cultivator at the sixth realm might be powerful enough to establish a sect in the martial world, this level of cultivation was incomparable to Di Nufeng's power.

As Di Nufeng unleashed the pressure of her power, Shang Shuwen gave a muffled groan and his expression turned serious.

Shang Shuwen hesitated for a moment before declaring, "I am willing to offer a maximum of five thousand sword coins to settle this matter. If you refuse to accept this, then take this issue to the Hall of Discipline and the Boundless Palace. I will not compromise beyond that."

After all, Cloud Horizon Peak was in the wrong here, and unfortunately for them, the person involved was someone they dared not provoke. Consequently, Shang Shuwen had no choice but to offer a large sum to settle the matter and pacify things.

Five thousand was already a large sum; the amount of fifty thousand sword coins was absolutely ridiculous.

"Five thousand?" Di Nufeng said. She narrowed her eyes, a dangerous glint flashing, appearing to be in contemplation. Then she cast a glance at Chu Liang and asked, "Is this acceptable?"

"Esteemed Teacher, you have always taught me that we of Silver Sword Peak should treat others with kindness," Chu Liang replied, nodding. "Since Peak Master Shang is willing to reconcile with us, let us not disrupt the harmony among fellow disciples."

Di Nufeng smiled. "That's correct."

Instantly, the tense atmosphere dissipated. It was as if the clouds had parted, and the rain had ceased, allowing everyone on the Cloud Horizon Peak to breathe and digest smoothly.

"Silver Sword Peak highly values kindness toward others. We will consider the loss of that forty-five thousand as the forging of a friendship bond," Di Nufeng said.

Chu Liang nodded. "The more friends we have, the more options we get."

Di Nufeng patted herself on the chest as she declared, "From now on, we are all brothers."

Di Nufeng and Chu Liang laughed as they teased each other, and only then did the tense atmosphere become lively.

However, Shang Shuwen still maintained a solemn expression. He remained silent for a moment before raising his hand and tossing out an emerald-colored jade slip.

Di Nufeng extended her hand and caught it.

"Take the sword coins and leave. I still have to deal with personal matters at Cloud Horizon Peak," Shang Shuwen said firmly, trying to maintain his composure as he dismissed Di Nufeng and Chu Liang.

Di Nufeng took the small storage jade slip and scanned it with her divine sense.

Upon confirming the correct value of the sword coins in the jade slip, she swiftly concluded the dispute with a simple "See you!"

With a triumphant look, the teacher and student immediately went back to their home base cheerfully.

Shang Shuwen, who remained there, turned around and stared at the disciple still kneeling on the ground, trembling in fear. He then looked at the scorched land that was once his home but now lay in ruins.

"What happened?" he asked.

"It was... Junior Brother Shang," Zhang Xingyuan admitted.

Realizing that this issue had escalated beyond his ability to cover for Junior Brother Shang, he openly confessed about Shang Ziliang's involvement.

Zhang Xingyuan continued, "He asked me to help teach that disciple of Silver Sword Peak a lesson. That's why I did it..."

Upon hearing his son's name, Shang Shuwen frowned. "Shang Ziliang?"

Without hesitation, he inscribed a name in the air, and the wind promptly carried Shang Ziliang to the scene.

Shang Ziliang had witnessed the unfolding events and knew what had happened. Feeling highly anxious, he blinked, and in the next moment, he found himself summoned by his father, standing before him.

As Shang Ziliang faced Shang Shuwen, whose expression remained indifferent, beads of cold sweat flowed down his forehead like a waterfall.

"What happened?" Shang Shuwen asked, his tone retaining its calmness.

However, Shang Ziliang knew that this was his father's demeanor when he was the most furious.

"Father..." Shang Ziliang couldn't help but shiver in fear, struggling to form a coherent sentence. "Erm... I confess... I will confess everything. But for that, I have to verify one thing, and that is..."

"I am your biological son, right?"

...

In the pavilion at Silver Sword Peak, Di Nufeng praised Chu Liang, "Excellent performance today.

"I was worried that you might state an amount that was too small, but the figure you mentioned exceeded my expectations. Young man, you are very bold."

"It's all because you teach me well," Chu Liang responded humbly, being cautious in his reply.

Di Nufeng nodded. "Keep up the good work."

Chu Liang didn't respond immediately. With his head lowered, he raised his gaze to stare at Di Nufeng in silence.

"What's wrong?" Di Nufeng asked, puzzled.

"Esteemed Teacher, we made quite a profit today, didn't we..." Chu Liang remarked with a smile.

"Heh, as expected of you..." Di Nufeng smiled. "Rest assured. You won't be shortchanged. Let's do a seven-three ratio split!"

With that, Di Nufeng raised her hand and tossed out a pouch of sword coins.

Chu Liang caught it and gauged its weight. Sensing there might be only a hundred or so coins, he scanned it with his divine sense, discovering the true total—one hundred fifty.

"Esteemed Teacher?" he blinked as he said.

"A seven-three ratio. You take three percent, and I will take ninety-seven. There's nothing wrong with that, right?" Di Nufeng said shamelessly.

"..." Chu Liang was speechless.

Nonetheless, if it wasn't for Di Nufeng speaking up for him, Chu Liang wouldn't have been able to achieve a successful result. The fact that he'd managed to profit from this incident at all made it an excellent outcome.

Moreover, he was familiar with his teacher's conduct. If she had gotten her hands on the money, it was as good as gone. The fact that she was willing to give a little bit was already her being very generous.

And so, he didn't get hung up on this. As long as he could peacefully sell his fruit tea, he would lead a comfortable and beautiful life.

Just as this was happening, he suddenly felt a vibration on his chest.

The Soul Subjugator Token?