

The Quest for Immortality

Chapter 1021: Fireball Forbidden Technique (Extra

Chapter 1021 -656: Fireball Forbidden Technique (Extra for Alliance Leader Wood White Gold Jade~)_3

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Fire Buddha's eyes lit up.

"Stinky brat, it's about time you died

With a flick of his sleeve, he transformed it into a streak of firelight, slashing towards Mo Hua.

Mo Hua exerted all his strength to dodge, but even though he managed to evade, he had nearly exhausted his spiritual power. His movement technique grew unstable, and he tumbled to one side, appearing somewhat disheveled.

But still, Mo Hua bit down on his teeth and scrambled to his feet, racing towards another narrow valley.

"Seeking your own death."

Fire Buddha sneered coldly and continued to follow Mo Hua into the valley.

Just as it seemed inevitable that Mo Hua would be unable to escape, Fire Buddha launched another fire blade.

In the midst of the dark night, the red fire blade was especially striking, filled with murderous intent.

But just as the fire blade was about to strike Mo Hua, several wind blades suddenly flew out from the sides, completely neutralizing it.

Fire Buddha was taken aback, and as he turned to look, he saw Gu Changhuai standing in the distance, his handsome gaze filled with murderous intent.

Meanwhile, Mo Hua, using up all his energy, activated the Formation.

At the entrance, with a thunderous boom, boulders fell, completely sealing off the valley.

Fire Buddha then understood.

He'd been schemed against by the brat again.

Pretending to be overpowered, leading him step by step over here, and then sealing off the valley.

And inside the valley, a strong foe was waiting for him.

This valley was not inescapable.

But whether climbing the rocks or breaking through the entrance, it would all take time. At least under the watchful eyes of a formidable foe, there would be no chance to escape leisurely.

In other words, it would be either him or Gu Changhuai who would live.

As for that brat...

Fire Buddha looked around, his gaze darkening.

Gone again...

Damn concealment technique!

Annoyed as Fire Buddha was, he couldn't concern himself with Mo Hua any longer.

The great battle was about to erupt.

Gu Changhuai also knew this might be his last chance to kill Fire Buddha.

If he failed to kill him now, once Fire Buddha escaped and achieved a breakthrough, advancing to the next realm, and reaching Golden Core, it would be as difficult as ascending to the heavens to kill him later.

After all, what Fire Buddha cultivated was a fearsome Forbidden Technique.

Fire Buddha was also unafraid.

This place was at the edge of the Qianxue State boundary.

If they entered the Fifth Grade Qianxue State boundary, Gu Changhuai could use his Golden Core Treasure without restraint, and Fire Buddha would surely be no match for him.

But here within Qingcheng Mountain, there was still a Second Grade restriction.

If Gu Changhuai couldn't suppress his cultivation and rashly used the Golden Core Power, the one to die would be Gu Changhuai.

And Fire Buddha could take a step ahead, using Gu Changhuai's flesh to refine his Forbidden Technique, increasing his Evil Qi.

And that brat...

Once Gu Changhuai died, with no one to protect him, the brat would undoubtedly meet his death too!

Even if he had to use the Meteor Fire Skill, inch by inch, he would blast him out and grind his bones to ash!

Fire Buddha spread his arms, and a rain of fire filled the sky.

Gu Changhuai waved his folding fan, and the wind rolled like a blade.

After a moment, the wind and fire swept through, like a peacock spreading its tail feathers.

Spiritual power clashed with Evil Power, spells intertwined and slaughtered non-stop, explosions erupted one after another.

Mo Hua, who was watching from a distance, was petrified with fear.

Fortunately, the valley was quite spacious, and he was hiding rather far away, so for the moment, he was not affected.

He seized the moment to meditate and rest, restoring his Divine Sense and spiritual power.

Mo Hua rested while remaining alert to the commotion in the distance.

Time passed, and Mo Hua opened his eyes to find the fierce battle still raging, and the sky had now turned a faint white.

Mo Hua's gaze, fully restored in both Divine Sense and spiritual power, turned icy cold.

After 1 p.m., it would be the seventh day.

Also, the last day of his leave.

Within seven days, Fire Buddha must die!

Mo Hua, having been cornered and relentlessly chased by Fire Buddha, forced to flee in embarrassment the whole night, had already bottled up a bellyful of fire.

"Thinking of seeing me off?"

"I'll send you on your way first!"

Mo Hua slowly stood up, looking at Fire Buddha, his pupils turning pitch black in an instant, as if shrouded in a layer of profound night.

On the other side, Fire Buddha, who had been fighting with Gu Changhuai for a long time, suddenly sensed something was wrong.

He felt the Evil Qi around him showing subtle signs of slipping out of control.

"What's going on?"

Fire Buddha's heart was struck with trepidation.

His Evil Qi should have recovered after his rest, so how could it suddenly "lose control"?

"Could it be

Fire Buddha scanned his surroundings and, indeed, he spotted Mo Hua off to one side.

Mo Hua's entire aura was peculiar, but because he was enveloped in the night's darkness, his form was obscure and utterly indiscernible.

And in the next moment, within the pitch-black pupils of Mo Hua, a streak of white Qi became visible.

Heavenly Secret Calculation bolstered by Tricky Calculation, forcibly reversing the Heavenly secret, causing effects to run backward.

Fire Buddha felt a complete disarray of his own Qi, as if some chains were being twisted forcibly, and the Evil Qi around his body began to uncontrollably reverse...

Evil Qi reversing?!

Fire Buddha's face turned ashen.

How could this brat know such a method?

Where had he learned such profound skills of the Demonic Path Cultivation?

Was he a True Disciple of the Sect of Demon?

No, impossible...

This brat was not a Demon Cultivator...

Fire Buddha's thoughts raced frantically, and then he was struck with a realization.

The True Manual of Demonic Path Cultivation had been stolen by this brat...

He couldn't have... learned it on the spot, could he?

A chill surged through him.

Fire Buddha felt as if his Taoist heart was about to shatter.

Before he could ponder further, the reversed Evil Qi had already invaded his whole body.

This Evil Qi that he had cultivated from killing countless people, now forcibly reversed by the cause and effect, returning the harm back to him, all poured into his own Divine Sense.

Harm to others is harm to oneself.

Fire Buddha's complexion turned suddenly dark and grey.

His Divine Sense also became filled with Evil Qi, swarming with sinister resentment and terrifying wails.

Gu Changhuai, unaware of what had happened, saw Fire Buddha being backfired by the Evil Qi, and immediately went for the kill.

The Wind Blade gathered into a tornado spear, hurtling towards Fire Buddha's chest to end him once and for all.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1022: Fireball Forbidden Technique (Extra

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At the critical moment, Fire Buddha regained a trace of clarity.

Seeing the Wind Blade approaching, Fire Buddha crossed his arms, his eyes blood-red, and he roared fiercely, interweaving all the Karmic Fire to form a shield, blocking it in front of him.

The Tornado Long Spear collided with the Evil Fire Shield.

Spiritual Power and Evil Power clashed, wind and fire intermingled, and the surrounding mountains and rocks were also crushed under the pressure of spiritual power, turning into dust.

After the fluctuations of Spiritual Power dissipated,

The kasaya on Fire Buddha's body was already tattered.

His arms were covered with fine, wind-blade-induced cuts, clearly showing serious injuries.

On the other hand, Gu Changhuai's breath had also weakened significantly, obviously due to substantial consumption of Spiritual Power.

The valley suddenly fell silent.

Gu Changhuai's gaze became a bit grim.

After an unknown amount of time, a low laughter from Fire Buddha broke the silence.

"Good, good

"You've pushed me to this point

Fire Buddha's voice turned cold, gradually no longer sounding human.

"Since things have come this far, then I will discard this human skin and completely convert to my master

Before he could finish speaking, Fire Buddha had already taken out a Blood Pill the size of a dragon's eye.

The Blood Pill, seemingly crafted from flesh, was still trembling slightly.

Fire Buddha quickly stuffed the pill into his mouth.

His speed was so fast that neither Gu Changhuai's Wind Blade nor Mo Hua's Fireball managed to stop him.

As soon as the pill entered his mouth, Fire Buddha's expression turned ferocious.

His chest, with two flaming hearts, suddenly throbbed, already forming the embryo of an Evil Path magical treasure.

Fire Buddha's flesh rapidly swelled, and he grew two feet taller in an instant.

The filthy Karmic Fire burned throughout his body.

His face, the skin and flesh all scorched, was grotesquely disfigured as if ravaged by fierce fire.

At the same time, his aura surged once more.

"Gu Changhuai

Fire Buddha's voice was hoarse and terrifying.

"Today if you do not use the power of the Golden Core, you'll die, but if you use it, you'll still die

Fire Buddha waved his hand, and a crimson ghost-faced fire knife broke through the air, its formidable aura striking terror as it hurtled towards Gu Changhuai.

Gu Changhuai's expression was solemn, and he waved his fan to form a Wind Shield to block it, but it was completely ineffective.

The Wind Shield was shattered by the fire knife.

Gu Changhuai stepped back several paces and spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

He gritted his teeth and said, "You beast not even worthy of being human

Fire Buddha sneered, "You mean the 'human' that is just a sack of skin?"

"How many in this world wearing this sack of skin commit acts of Demon Monsters?"

"A 'human' in human skin, sometimes they are even more beastly than beasts

Gu Changhuai, with anger in his face, once again unleashed Wind Blades towards Fire Buddha.

But this time, Fire Buddha didn't even dodge; he allowed the Wind Blades to cut into him, slicing open his flesh and tearing through his skin.

In an instant, this flesh rejuvenated as if nothing had happened.

"Flesh regeneration?"

Gu Changhuai turned pale, his heart chilled.

If that was the case, he wouldn't be able to kill this demon-transformed Fire Buddha at all.

Just then, Mo Hua shouted from the side:

"Uncle Gu, aim for its heart meridian!"

Gu Changhuai paused and then understood.

Fire Buddha's heart meridian was nurturing the embryo of his own Evil Path magical treasure.

It was both the source of all of Fire Buddha's Evil Power and his vital weakness.

Fire Buddha's expression changed, "You little beast!"

But even after scanning with his Divine Sense, he still couldn't detect Mo Hua.

After abandoning his human form, his Evil Power became stronger, and his flesh could regenerate, but without "humanity," his Divine Sense also degenerated...

Fire Buddha simply couldn't see Mo Hua.

In that brief moment, Gu Changhuai had also begun to control the Wind Blade as Mo Hua said, forcibly trying to sever the heart meridians of Fire Buddha.

Fire Buddha revealed a furious expression but could only think of ways, using his left arm to cover his chest, to block the Wind Blade.

His right arm deployed a Spell, clashing fiercely with Gu Changhuai.

However, after several continuous fierce battles, Gu Changhuai's Spiritual Power suddenly became sluggish.

Only then did he realize that his Spiritual Power was nearly exhausted.

Bitterness filled Gu Changhuai's heart.

After all, he was just a human.

Even though his Spiritual Power was profound, he was not like Fire Buddha, who could kill people to refine Evil Pills, supplementing himself, and even forsake his human form, descend into Evil Demon, in exchange for regenerating flesh.

"Human" efforts sometimes reach their limit.

Gu Changhuai suddenly felt a stabbing pain in his meridians.

He knew this was a sign of overusing Spiritual Power, his meridians, constantly condensing Spells, had already been damaged.

Continuing like this, he feared he would truly reach a dead end...

And Mo Hua...

Gu Changhuai bit through his lip, drawing blood, and thought fiercely,

"Screw it!"

"No matter what, I must kill Fire Buddha first!"

"Directly use Golden Core Power

"It's a gamble

"Let's see whether I kill Fire Buddha first, or Heavenly Dao kills me first

A relentless killing intent ignited in Gu Changhuai's eyes. His Dantian ignited Pill Fire, his body enveloped in a fine radiance, and in his right hand appeared a dazzling and immensely powerful Seven-Colored Peacock Feather Treasure Fan.

Fire Buddha was also stunned.

He looked at Gu Changhuai, both fearful and shocked.

He had not expected Gu Changhuai to really dare...

Really dare to use the Golden Core Power in this Second Grade territory...

He really was not afraid to die...

A hint of mocking amusement appeared in Fire Buddha's gaze.

Gu Changhuai's expression was as grim as water, his killing intent piercing to the bone, his own Magical Treasure already manifested, and the Golden Core Power was in operation.

At that moment, he suddenly paused, then his pupils shockingly dilated.

Fire Buddha was standing right in front of him.

And at that moment, Gu Changhuai saw a blurry figure, taking advantage of Fire Buddha's attention being on him, and while smirking coldly, had inconceivably maneuvered behind Fire Buddha.

Then...

Out of the void, two small hands appeared.

The hands opened, each palm condensing a Fireball.

Just ordinary, unremarkable Fireballs.

But in a blink, the fire's light drastically changed.

It seemed to be compressed by an extremely strong force; the two Fireballs suddenly collided and then each grotesquely distorted.

It was as if something inside the Fireballs directly collapsed, yet forcefully merged back together...

The aura of the Spell instantly twisted and mutated.

The internal structure of the Spiritual Power changed, mysterious Patterns emerging and reorganizing, accompanied by a surge of powerful energy.

The two Fireballs struggled, morphed, and merged together, forming a smaller, yet more terrifying purple-black Fireball that resembled magma entwined.

Fire Buddha sensed something was off.

He felt something extremely dreadful forming behind him.

He wanted to turn around, but it was already too late.

A familiar yet crisp, cold voice rang in his ears:

"You want to teach me a Spell?"

In that instant, an intensely hot pain spread from his back.

That was the terrifying Fire Spiritual Power, burning his flesh.

Then a brutally powerful yet stable explosion sound erupted.

Fire Buddha only saw distorted Spiritual Power and rampant flames ravaging before him.

When he looked down, he saw that his chest had been blown open by the Spell, revealing a dark, gaping hole.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1023: Year 1

Chapter 1023: Chapter 657 Year 1

Chapter 1023 -657 Year 1

Fire Buddha's face was devoid of any color.

His chest had a hole torn through it.

But his cultivation was, after all, at the Foundation Establishment Peak, and he had abandoned his humanoid form for a body like that of a Demon Monster, with flesh capable of regeneration.

The blackened flesh around his chest began writhing and, astonishingly, started to slowly heal.

However, the very next moment, Fire Buddha's pupils constricted.

His flesh, which had been writhing halfway, suddenly became completely still and lifeless, utterly unable to heal.

It seemed as though the fused fire spiritual power had thoroughly burned away his vitality, and the evil power within him had also been burned away from the 'spiritual power' level.

Fire Buddha's pupils shook violently.

"What spell is this, exactly?"

Meanwhile, the faint flames produced by the small fused fireball faded away completely.

In the center of Fire Buddha's chest, two evil artifact "hearts" were revealed.

This was the core of Fire Buddha's Meteor Fire Forbidden Art, the embryo of his own Magical Treasure that he nourished, and also the foundation of his advancement to Golden Core.

These two "hearts" were extremely precious evil artifacts of the Demon Path.

However, now, these two "hearts" had been blackened by that unknown terrifying spell, dark and dull, devoid of any luster.

Even their trembling was weak.

Fire Buddha was in extreme panic.

If he didn't repair the flesh and continue to nourish the two magical treasure embryos, not only would he have no hope of breaking through to the Golden Core in this life, but it was also possible that he would lose his life right here on Qingcheng Mountain.

Fire Buddha's hands trembled as he tried to take out more pills...

But at that moment, Gu Changhuai, who had recovered from the shock of the unbelievable spell, acted swiftly and used the remainder of his spiritual power to strike with two more Wind Blades.

These Wind Blades followed the hole that Mo Hua had torn open and went straight for Fire Buddha's heart meridian, hitting one of the dull evil artifact "hearts."

Already suffering from skill pattern collapse and the tremendous spiritual energy produced by Spiritual Power Fusion, and on the brink of shattering, the evil artifact heart finally crumbled under the pressure, "creaking" as several cracks appeared.

Then the cracks multiplied.

Until it completely shattered...

Fire Buddha still had the pills in his hand, his expression somewhat incredulous.

After a moment, the panic on his face disappeared.

His visage once again became compassionate.

It even included a hint of puzzlement and relief.

He attempted to turn his head, taking one last look at Mo Hua.

"So it turns out... I really will... die by this kid's hand

Then his eyes slowly closed.

The balance of the evil artifact heart was irreversibly lost.

Evil power went out of control, moving backward through the flesh and meridians.

Fire Buddha's entire body was filled with evil fire, self-igniting; his flesh swelled and deformed...

Gu Changhuai's pupils flared, and his heart sank.

Evil power out of control, flesh exploding?!

This is not good!

In the blink of an eye, Gu Changhuai glanced behind Fire Buddha at Mo Hua, clicked his tongue disdainfully, and with a flash, positioned himself in front of Mo Hua, knocking him to the ground.

Mo Hua felt himself protected by a "large meat shield."

Then a deafening explosion rang in his ears.

The sound was intense, and spiritual power fluctuations were violent.

The exploding evil fire, with its powerful destructive force, spread instantly like a raging tide of fire.

Trees turned to ash, rocks crumbled to dust.

The ground was scorched black.

After an uncertain amount of time, the explosion subsided.

Mo Hua finally opened his eyes.

He saw that the valley had been devastated, left barren and bare.

But all the damage had been endured by Uncle Gu...

He was unharmed.

Mo Hua shook Gu Changhuai, finding him passed out, unresponsive to his shaking.

Mo Hua struggled to his feet and saw that Gu Changhuai's back was covered in wounds, blood streaming out, which startled him.

"Uncle Gu!"

Mo Hua called out anxiously.

"Uncle Gu, you're not dead, are you?"

"Uncle Gu, you're at least a Golden Core

"Uncle Gu, you can't be this useless!"

"Uncle Gu, show some spirit

Finally, Gu Changhuai showed a slight sign of life. His breathing faint, his voice low, but he still gritted his teeth and said to Mo Hua:

"Shut up!"

If he didn't die, this kid's words would infuriate him to death!

Mo Hua let out a sigh of relief.

Not dead!

Some breath meant he was still okay.

He immediately began rummaging through his own Storage Bag, but then he remembered he didn't have any high-quality items.

Mo Hua began going through Gu Changhuai's Storage Bag.

Being a son of the Gu Family, the Department of Ceremonies at the Dao Court, and a Golden Core Cultivator, there should be top-grade pills in his Storage Bag.

After searching for a while, Mo Hua took out a bunch of bottles and jars from Gu Changhuai's bag.

Mo Hua identified each one.

Some likely stopped bleeding, some replenished energy, others removed fire poison, some protected the meridians, defended the Qi Sea, and even prolonged life...

These things, Mo Hua had learned about them in his pill courses.

He took some of the pills that he could identify clearly, with evident effects;

Some that he couldn't identify clearly but seemed useful for the injuries;

And a few that he couldn't tell apart but wouldn't kill a person when ingested, and stuffed them all into Gu Changhuai's mouth.

Although the ingredients of these pills were complex, perhaps by some fluke, they could be useful for Uncle Gu's injuries.

At worst, it couldn't get any worse than not taking any pills at all.

After a while, Mo Hua asked softly:

"Uncle Gu, you're not dead, right

Gu Changhuai spat out blood, not clear whether it was due to anger or the pills taking effect, forcing out the stagnant blood.

His breathing also became a bit more even.

"Thanks to you, I'm not dead yet Gu Changhuai said indifferently.

Mo Hua finally felt completely relieved.

He picked up Gu Changhuai's Storage Bag again and found a Letter Token, flipping through the records. It seemed to belong to the Enforcement Leader of Gu Family, and he sent a message saying:

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1024: Year 1 (2)

Chapter 1024: Chapter 657 Year 1_2

Chapter 1024 -657 Year 1_2

"Fire Buddha is dead!"

"Qingcheng Mountain, Severed Head Eye, right side of the valley, come quickly!"

After sending the message, Mo Hua turned back to look at Fire Buddha.

The imbalance of Fire Buddha's Evil Artifact and the out-of-control Evil Power caused a self-explosion, which was immensely powerful, leaving truly nothing—not even "remnants" behind.

Such a pity...

Mo Hua frowned slightly; he still had many things to ask Fire Buddha.

Why annihilate the Xie family to extinction?

Just to cultivate evil and practice skills?

After exterminating the Xie family, what exactly did he do?

For whom was the Demon Palace built?

And who was the honored lord it enshrined?

...

Now that Fire Buddha was dead, these questions would remain unanswered for a while.

But it's just as well that he died, died quite cleanly, sparing the world from further calamity.

The other matters can be slowly investigated later...

Mo Hua glanced again at where Fire Buddha's "bones no longer existed" and sighed.

Killing this Fire Buddha proved to be extraordinarily difficult.

Fortunately, he was still killed in the end.

Afterward, Mo Hua set up some Formations on the spot, keeping an eye on Uncle Gu's life force to prevent a "sudden death" and quietly waiting for others to arrive.

After a while, people indeed arrived.

It was Gu An and Gu Quan.

Seeing Young Master Changhuai in a pitiable and bloody state, barely clinging to life, nearly scared their souls away.

"He's still alive!" Mo Hua said.

Only then did Gu An and Gu Quan feel relieved.

Mo Hua said, "Call a few Pill Masters over for emergency aid, and once you confirm he's stable, send Uncle Gu back to the Gu Family to recuperate in peace."

Gu An and Gu Quan bowed and said, "Yes, Young Master!"

After the destruction of the Demon's Cave, the position of Mo Hua, the Junior Formation Master, in their hearts had risen rapidly. Now it was only slightly below that of their own young master.

Gu An immediately called for help using the Letter Token.

"Young Master

Gu Quan hesitated for a moment, looked around, then turned to Mo Hua with a frown and asked,

"What exactly happened here?"

Why has the entire valley changed? How did the young master sustain such severe injuries? Is Fire Buddha truly dead?

Both Gu An and Gu Quan were full of questions.

Mo Hua pondered for a moment, then said,

"Fire Buddha tried to kill me, I ran into the mountains, Uncle Gu came to rescue me, and then with all his strength, killed Fire Buddha, but was also seriously wounded himself!"

Gu An and Gu Quan nodded with a mixture of belief and doubt...

"Remember!" Mo Hua urged solemnly with a stern little face, "It was Uncle Gu alone, with all his might, who killed the evil Fire Buddha!"

"When people arrive later, proclaim this!"

Gu An and Gu Quan exchanged glances, slightly puzzled.

Mo Hua stretched out his two small hands, intending to pat their shoulders.

However, being tall, Gu An and Gu Quan's shoulders were out of reach for the shorter-armed Mo Hua.

Gu An and Gu Quan, in silent agreement, squatted down to let Mo Hua reach their shoulders.

Mo Hua, having finally succeeded, nodded, then lowered his voice and said,

"You don't want others to steal Uncle Gu's credit, do you?"

Their expressions turned serious, now understanding the implication.

Fire Buddha was dead, Young Master Changhuai was seriously injured, and apart from Young Master Mo, no one else knew what had exactly happened here.

They knew of Young Master Mo's capabilities.

But to others, Young Master Mo was just a child, of little influence—whatever he would say, others wouldn't believe.

Thus, some with ulterior motives could easily make claims to the credit.

Gu An and Gu Quan became solemn.

How could they allow this?

Fire Buddha was slain by the young master at such a great cost.

This credit must not be usurped!

Thus, from the start, they needed to assert that it was Young Master Changhuai "alone" who killed Fire Buddha!

Gu An and Gu Quan understood and looked at Mo Hua with gratitude in their eyes.

Young Master Mo was a great person!

And truly good to their own Young Master!

Gu Quan nodded and said, "Don't worry, Young Master Mo; I will spread the news right away

Mo Hua nodded in satisfaction.

Later, the Pill Masters of the Gu family arrived and examined Young Master Changhuai's injuries, stating that the Pills had been administered timely, his Qi and blood were slowly recovering, and the meridians were regulated—there was nothing seriously wrong.

Young Master Changhuai himself was a Golden Core Cultivator with a solid foundation, so with some rest, he would be fine.

Then, someone took Young Master Changhuai back to his clan.

The news of Young Master Changhuai “alone” slaying Fire Buddha also spread to the Taoist Court, causing a considerable stir.

A Golden Core Cultivator killing a Foundation Establishment Demon Cultivator wasn't a big deal.

But this Demon Cultivator was at the Peak of Foundation Establishment, infamous for his evil deeds, rampaging unopposed across the Second Grade State Border...

The situation was entirely different.

Overtly and covertly, many Cultivators turned their attention towards Young Master Changhuai.

Some were admiring, some cautious, and others harbored ill intentions...

...

Upon returning to the clan, Young Master Changhuai took some Pills and woke up early

Wenren Wan, hearing about his injury, showed great care, personally refining some Pills for his healing.

Especially, knowing he was injured while protecting Mo Hua, her gaze was even more approving.

It felt as if her own little brother had finally grown up.

Young Master Changhuai, over a hundred years old, felt a complicated mix of emotions.

The Gu family, too, was in an uproar.

But once they learned that Young Master Changhuai was not seriously harmed and that he had slain the Demon Cultivator Fire Buddha with his own hands, the Elders of the Gu family grew even more appreciative of him.

Although he had a bit of a temper, among his generation in the Gu family, it was indeed Young Master Changhuai whose talent and methods stood out.

Young Master Changhuai's emotions became even more complex.

As evening arrived, Mo Hua also came to bid farewell.

He was returning to Taixu Gate.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1025: Year 1 (3)

Chapter 1025: Chapter 657 Year 1_3

Chapter 1025 -657 Year 1_3

The seven-day holiday was over, Fire Buddha was dead, and Meteor Fire Skill had been obtained—classes were set to start tomorrow.

But before leaving, he still needed to sync up their “testimony” with Uncle Gu.

While munching on a fruit, Mo Hua whispered,

"Uncle Gu, you killed Fire Buddha by yourself, please don't mention me

Gu Changhuai frowned, “You don't want to take the credit?”

"Mmm,” Mo Hua nodded, “Fire Buddha was a Demon Cultivator; who knows if he might have had other followers or accomplices in secret

"As a mere Foundation Building Cultivator, it could be very dangerous if they targeted me!”

Gu Changhuai was silent, somewhat speechless in his mind.

Which one is actually dangerous, Demon Cultivators or you...

However, it was true that Mo Hua's cultivation was low, and as a cultivator at the initial stage of Foundation Establishment, the risks were indeed too high...

Gu Changhuai nodded, "I understand."

Mo Hua's eyes squinted with a smile.

With that "testimony" synchronized, everything was perfect.

No one else would know that Fire Buddha's death was related to him.

He was just being chased by Fire Buddha, an innocent and inconspicuous little disciple from a Sect.

After reflecting for a moment, Gu Changhuai gave Mo Hua another silent look.

In the valley, two fireballs collided, the skill pattern collapsed, fused together, the Spiritual Power Fusion formed a terrifying little fireball, and ripped through Fire Buddha's chest—this image emerged in his mind.

Gu Changhuai couldn't help but tremble his eyelids, saying in a deep voice,

"Your... spell

Mo Hua was startled, "What spell?"

Gu Changhuai's face was expressionless, "There's no one else here."

Mo Hua gave an awkward smile, "It's nothing really, just a 'very ordinary' Fireball Technique

Gu Changhuai's voice was cold,

"For someone at the initial stage of Foundation Establishment to pierce the chest of a Demon Cultivator at the peak of Foundation Establishment with a single Fireball Technique is indeed 'very ordinary

Gu Changhuai emphasized "very ordinary" heavily.

Mo Hua blinked, "It's all a coincidence... Fire Buddha's chest had a vital spot; the flaw was too great, and perhaps it was just pierced by my Fireball Technique

"It's his bad luck

Seeing Mo Hua's thick-skinned, paper-pure innocent face, Gu Changhuai felt helpless.

Gu Changhuai sighed, "Go back and think it over, look for a more reliable excuse."

After speaking, he added another sentence, "You don't need to tell the excuse to me

It meant that if it ever came out in the future, as long as it could fool others, that would suffice.

Mo Hua's eyes brightened as he smiled,

"Thank you, Uncle Gu!"

Gu Changhuai helplessly shook his head.

Originally, he thought that Mo Hua's talent in Formation was incredible, but what he never expected was that he had also hidden an extremely terrifying spell.

How could other cultivators at the same realm even compete with him?

This time, Taixu Gate truly found a "little monster

And from the outside, it didn't show at all—a face of innocence, just looking like a harmless little disciple.

Gu Changhuai couldn't help but shake his head again.

Seeing that Gu Changhuai looked a bit tired, Mo Hua said, "Uncle Gu, I won't disturb you any longer, you rest well. I'm heading back to the Sect."

"Yes." Gu Changhuai nodded.

Mo Hua casually picked up a Spirit Fruit, turned around, and walked away. After walking for a bit, Gu Changhuai called out to him.

"Mo Hua."

Mo Hua turned back, confused.

Thinking that Uncle Gu, a Court Official at the Golden Core Realm, wouldn't be so stingy to not let him take a Spirit Fruit to eat...

Gu Changhuai looked conflicted, with proud sorrow in his gaze, and after hesitating for a long time, he reluctantly whispered,

"Thank you

After all, without Mo Hua, he might really not have been able to kill Fire Buddha.

And failing to bring Fire Buddha to justice would have inevitably left endless troubles for the future.

This “thank you” was very reluctant and nearly inaudible.

Mo Hua was taken aback, then his face burst into a radiant, sunny smile.

"Sure!"

...

Afterwards, Mo Hua returned to the Sect.

He first visited Elder Master Xun, announcing that he had completed his Formation work and that the Taoist Court, mainly the Gu Family, was very grateful to him.

Elder Master Xun didn't doubt him, stroking his beard in satisfaction.

Having good relations with the Taoist Court and the Gu Family would make future actions much smoother.

Then, Mo Hua resumed his regular classes.

Some fellow disciples, such as Cheng Mo, Situ Jian, and Zheng Fang, curiously asked all sorts of questions after class.

They asked Mo Hua how he managed to take a seven-day leave? How did he get it approved? Who approved it? What did he do during these seven days?

Mo Hua simply said he was working on Formation for seven days.

They immediately lost interest.

Only Zheng Fang, full of curiosity, asked some questions about the Formation.

Mo Hua selectively shared some fascinating knowledge about the Formation, managing to confuse Zheng Fang.

Afterwards, everything calmed down.

Mo Hua resumed his normal, stable life in the Sect as usual.

Bi Mountain Demon Cavern, the sinister Demon Palace, the Bronze Maze, the mysterious altar, along with a host of Demon Cultivators, and the annihilated Demon Head—Fire Buddha, all gradually faded away.

And soon, Mo Hua's first year in the Sect came to an end.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1026: Year-End Assessment (Thanks to the

Chapter 1026 -658: Year-End Assessment (Thanks to the Lord of the Wind Chocolate~)

Chapter 1026 -658: Year-End Assessment (Thanks to the Lord of the Wind Chocolate~)

Every year, before the Sect's cultivation practice ends, a year-end assessment is held.

It assesses the disciples' achievements in various subjects.

It's both a test for the disciples and a measure of their potential, while also impacting their reputation within the Sect and the extent to which they're valued by it.

When the disciples return home for their annual leave, it also serves as an explanation to their family elders.

Whether the year ends with laughter or tears depends on the year-end assessment.

The process of the year-end assessment is similar to the usual ones, only more formal, more complicated, and more significant.

At the same time, the punishment for cheating is also more severe.

Three days after the assessment was completed, Mo Hua received his "report card".

Quite ordinary, one Grade A and six Grade Cs.

Formation is undoubtedly "A", as that's the highest possible grade.

With Mo Hua's sixteen pattern Divine Sense and extremely solid foundation in Formation, answering some Second Grade, and even under Second Grade formation questions is effortless.

His formations, laid out in each stroke, could be deemed flawless.

Elder Master Xun sighed in his heart.

He even considered creating a new grade above "A" for Mo Hua, but after some thought, he restrained the impulse.

It's not good to draw too much attention.

Better to keep a low profile.

Apart from the “A” in Formation, the other subjects were all “Cs” without exception.

It just means barely qualifying.

The six “Cs” included Cultivation, Artifact Refining, Alchemy, Refining Rune, Taoist Skill, and a hundred arts of cultivation.

Mo Hua’s cultivation was diligent, but his speed was moderate to low.

It’s just that his Spiritual Root was poor, and he never established the “Taoist Foundation” for Body Refinement or Spiritual Power, so his cultivation seemed somewhat lackluster.

The Cultivation Elder, a Feathered Immortal from within the Inner Sect, may have taken Elder Master Xun’s face into account, and confided to Mo Hua:

"There’s really nothing you can do

"I can only give you a ‘C

"The foundation of cultivation, speed of cultivation, Blood Qi, Spiritual Power, potential for cultivation

The Cultivation Elder paused, then delicately added, all have a huge room for improvement

Mo Hua didn’t know whether to feel disappointed or moved for a moment...

The Cultivation Elder continued:

"So I won’t be expecting too much from you, just do what you can. It’s okay if your foundation is a bit weak, but when it comes to cultivation, you still need to strive harder and at least keep up with the realm

"Otherwise, if you’re still at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage in three years, you’ll be ‘held back

Mo Hua was startled, “Held back?”

"Yes,” the Elder said, “repeating a cycle, and you’d study for another three years with the Junior Brothers and Sisters that came after you.”

"If within three years, you manage to advance to the Middle Phase of Foundation Establishment, then you’ll be promoted. If not, you’ll remain

"If you have to repeat several cycles, regrettably, the Sect might have no choice but to ask you to leave

Mo Hua was alarmed, "They'll actually ask someone to leave?"

If he doesn't advance, could he also be asked to leave...

Seeing through Mo Hua's thoughts, the Cultivation Elder said kindheartedly:

"Don't worry

Nobody would dare to ask you to leave...

With Elder Master Xun standing behind you, no one in Taixu Gate would dare provoke him by asking you to leave...

Even if you have to stay for fifty years, or a hundred years, it's not like Taixu Gate can't afford you...

Of course, these things can't be said outright.

The Cultivation Elder thought for a moment, then comforted Mo Hua:

"The path of Foundation Establishment isn't that difficult, really. As long as you meticulously follow the instructions of the Elders, and cultivate earnestly, you will break through the realm, and won't be asked to leave

Mo Hua was somewhat puzzled.

Three years from Foundation Establishment Initial Stage to Middle Stage.

Another three years from Middle Stage to Late Stage?

"Elder, isn't cultivation very difficult? Is three years enough to master a Middle Realm of Foundation Establishment?" Mo Hua asked.

The Cultivation Elder replied: "Qi Refinement and Foundation Establishment are not actually difficult. With sufficient Spirit Stones and Spiritual Objects, even a pig can be force-fed to Foundation Establishment level

"The difficulty in Qi Refinement lies in how to consolidate the fundamentals and nurture the origin, to polish the realm, and establish the Taoist Foundation

"The difficulty in Foundation Establishment is in how to solidify the Taoist Foundation, laying down one's own path, and further advancing from there

"Purely in terms of realm, neither is actually difficult

"The difficult part comes after Golden Core

The Cultivation Elder sighed.

"Golden Core is a major threshold. It poses high demands on the Spiritual Root, Blood Qi foundation, Spiritual Power Taoist Foundation, Taoist understanding, and cultivation opportunities

"Golden Core isn't something you can achieve by just cultivating in seclusion and piling up Spirit Stones

"For Core Formation cultivators, the fast ones take several years, the slow ones take decades, and there are plenty who get stuck for over a hundred years

"Even among the noble family's sons with exceptional talents, many never surpass the Golden Core threshold in their lifetime

Mo Hua felt apprehensive in his heart.

Core Formation is so difficult...

"Hence, even in a Fifth-grade family, Golden Core cultivators are considered an absolutely core force

Seeing Mo Hua's anxious expression, the Cultivation Elder reassured him:

"But you shouldn't worry too much

"Whether it's difficult or easy, you have to take it one step at a time. You can't rush it

"If you are wholeheartedly devoted to the Dao and undistracted, the obstacles, whether overt or covert, can be overcome with determination, and you might just step over them all at once

"But if you are filled with worries and fears of loss, you'll stumble everywhere and lose the resolute will to advance. At the threshold of Golden Core, you might struggle for a long time

"Difficulties that are of no help shouldn't be brooded over in your heart

Mo Hua's eyes brightened, and he bowed respectfully:

"Thank you for your guidance, Elder. Your disciple will bear it in mind!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1027: Year-end Evaluation (Thanks to the

Chapter 1027 -658 Year-end Evaluation (Thanks to the Alliance Leader, Wind's Chocolate) _2

Chapter 1027 -658 Year-end Evaluation (Thanks to the Alliance Leader, Wind's Chocolate) _2

The Cultivation Elder nodded with satisfaction.

Mo Hua pondered for a moment before speaking softly,

"Elder, most cultivators in this world are just practicing Qi Refinement

The Cultivation Elder paused, his gaze carrying a meaningful depth.

"Indeed."

"Then they

"If they are stuck in Qi Refinement all their lives, their problem is mostly not their aptitude. The bottleneck in their cultivation has only one word

The Cultivation Elder said lightly, "Poverty."

Mo Hua felt somewhat uncomfortable.

The Cultivation Elder looked at Mo Hua with a profound gaze, a hint of surprise that he himself hadn't noticed appearing on his face.

Eventually, he managed to control his emotions and nodded slightly,

"Don't think too much about it; you are just at the Foundation Establishment level, just focus on your cultivation

"If your cultivation progress is slow and you end up repeating a grade, it wouldn't necessarily mean getting expelled, but it's a bit embarrassing

Mo Hua nodded, then suddenly felt a chill in his heart.

Right, the Elder had reminded him...

Currently, among his fellow disciples, he was "Junior Brother."

If he repeated a grade, he would have to address his current fellow disciples as "Senior Brother" and "Senior Sister!"

It meant dropping two junior ranks in hierarchy!

That won't do!

Absolutely not!

Mo Hua's face was serious.

He must speed up his cultivation, not to mention, he absolutely must not repeat a grade!

Otherwise, he would lose the authority of being the "Junior Brother!"

The Cultivation Elder was taken aback; for some reason, Mo Hua suddenly seemed highly motivated...

But that was a good thing.

He decided not to say anything more.

"However

The Cultivation Elder looked at Mo Hua again and sighed inwardly.

Core Formation is difficult...

The Spiritual Root really was too poor, it was uncertain whether he would be able to overcome that threshold when the time came...

...

These things, Mo Hua was still unaware of.

Besides cultivation, in Alchemy, Artifact Refining, and Rune Refining, he was only graded "C".

Nothing surprising there, he was stable.

From the instructors to his fellow disciples, and even Mo Hua himself, no one was surprised.

But Elder Yi, who taught Taoist Skills and knew Mo Hua better, said during a casual chat,

"I can also only give you a 'C

"I wanted to give you a higher grade, but I couldn't

"It's okay, it's okay."

Mo Hua reassured Elder Yi instead.

The grading of Taoist Skills is divided into three types: Spells, Martial Arts, and Swordsmanship.

As a disciple within the sect, mastering one of them suffices.

After all, genuine Dual Cultivation of Spirit and Body, including expertise in swordsmanship, even within the talent-rich Qianxue State Boundary, is incredibly rare and should not serve as a standard for ordinary cultivators.

Especially the likes of Mo Hua, a cultivator below such "standards."

Elder Yi still felt regretful and said,

"You execute spells very well and use them proficiently. Your combat mindset is also far superior to ordinary cultivators

"But these things are not part of the rigid assessment

"The assessment of spells revolves primarily around the grade of your spells and the Cycles of spiritually powering the spell you manage

"So your situation is disadvantaged

"You don't have any spells with significant power

Upon mentioning this, Elder Yi suddenly paused.

He remembered the day when Mo Hua had turned the Dao Room's spell puppet to dust and severely injured himself with that unknown, tremendously powerful fire spell...

Elder Yi frowned, thought for a moment, then shook his head.

That doesn't count...

It wasn't a stable spell, just something he managed to conjure by chance...

It can't be used for assessments.

With such a high risk of losing control, it can't be used casually.

Mo Hua, this kid, probably wouldn't dare to use it again... right?

Elder Yi looked at the lively and shrewd faced Mo Hua, and suddenly felt unsure.

"Mo Hua

Elder Yi hesitated for a long time, then cautiously said,

"Don't use that spell from last time ever again, alright?"

"Mhm!"

Mo Hua nodded.

He would not use that last spell again.

But he had already improved a new version; in the future, he would use the new one instead.

...

Besides, there was another course he received a "C" in, and that was Tao Cultivation Techniques.

Formations, Pill, Artifact, Rune also falls under "Tao Cultivation Techniques."

But because of their large scale, long tradition, deep legacy, and many practitioners, these are considered Visible Learning in Tao Cultivation and are separately classified into different subjects.

Besides Formations, Pill, Artifact, Rune, there are many Tao Cultivation skills.

These skills are either derived as offshoots from Formations, Pill, Artifact, Rune, or they relate to cultivators' daily living, production, and combat, albeit with less esteemed status among Tao Cultivation skills.

For instance, Spirit Plant cultivation, cuisine, blood extraction, mining, musical instrument playing, Spiritual Dance, chess skills, architecture, etc...

Although outwardly everyone says Tao Cultivation Techniques are equally respected across all categories,

In reality, once it becomes about social interactions, these naturally grade into different tiers.

Skills like musical instrument playing, chess, and Spiritual Dance, which appear refined, are often held in higher esteem.

While labor-intensive skills like Spirit Plant cultivation, mining, and architecture are somewhat less favored.

The Sect doesn't enforce strict rules.

Disciples can learn from any category as long as they are interested, at least to understand some theoretical aspects.

But when it comes to assessments, focus is still on skills like musical instrument playing, Spiritual Dance, chess, which are essential Tao Cultivation skills for disciples from major families in the future.

The areas Mo Hua is familiar with, such as Spirit Plant cultivation, mining, and architecture, are not counted towards assessment scores in the Sect.

Especially cuisine.

Mo Hua's mother, Liu Ruhua, was extremely skilled in cuisine.

Mo Hua had "inherited" this through bloodline.

While wandering, preparing the three daily meals for his master, Old Kui, junior brothers, and junior sisters was his responsibility.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1028: Year-End Assessment (Thanks to the

Chapter 1028 -658 Year-End Assessment (Thanks to the Alliance Leader, Chocolate of the Wind~)_3

Chapter 1028 -658 Year-End Assessment (Thanks to the Alliance Leader, Chocolate of the Wind~)_3

If culinary skills were truly tested, with his cooking talent, he could utterly crush the entire cohort of disciples!

Unfortunately, culinary skills aren't included in the assessment...

Not a single one of Mo Hua's strengths were tested.

Everything tested was what he wasn't good at.

Except for one thing: "Chess proficiency."

Mo Hua used to think he was good at that...

Because whether he was in Tongxian City or wandering on the road, Mo Hua often played chess with Grandpa Gui, whenever he had some downtime.

Mo Hua believed Grandpa Gui was an expert, and his chess abilities must be exceptional.

Since he could go neck-and-neck with Grandpa Gui in chess and maintain a fifty-fifty win rate, that surely meant his chess skills were decent!

But when the actual assessment came, he was left dumbfounded...

The Sect's chess proficiency test was too utilitarian, too calculated, every move painstakingly strategized, full of scheming—there was no joy in it whatsoever...

He played eighteen games and only won two...

That's when Mo Hua realized a possibility...

Either the Sect's chess philosophy was inherently flawed,

Or...

Both he and Grandpa Gui were just terrible chess players...

Mo Hua was a little shaken.

He was bad, sure, but to think even Grandpa Gui's reputation took a hit because of him...

Mo Hua let out a deep sigh.

The Sect valued theory over practicality.

Perhaps, it wasn't just Taixu Gate; maybe the entire Qian Learning State Boundary operated this way.

Because of this, for the "Hundred Arts Tao Cultivation" course, Mo Hua scraped by and earned a "Grade C

...

This "one Grade A and six Grade Cs" report card had to be sent home to his parents.

Some other disciples who also received the same grades were visibly distressed and didn't dare to send theirs home.

Mo Hua, on the other hand, didn't mind.

He mailed his report card back to Li State, along with a family letter that read roughly:

Dear Father and Mother:

I did my best to learn, but the Sect is full of geniuses, and I couldn't quite measure up. I narrowly lost and ended up with six "Grade Cs.

What a pity...

Fortunately, my Formation skills are still excellent!

Even among the Eight Great Gates of the Qian Learning State Boundary, in Taixu Gate, my Formation skills are not much inferior to those of the Heavenly Prides...

Elder Master Xun even praised me highly.

...

Additionally, I've settled quite well in Taixu Gate...

The connection with the Taoist Court has been established too! You don't need to worry.

The new year is around the corner; Father and Mother, please treat yourselves to something delicious!

Once I achieve Golden Core, I'll come back home!

Mo Hua.

Mo Hua sent both his report card and letter back home.

The journey to Li State was long.

Even within Li State, Tongxian City was quite remote.

He didn't know when the family letter would reach them or when he might receive a reply...

...

Following the year-end assessment, there was a month-long New Year holiday.

Disciples within the Sect could either return home or stay at the Sect.

Mo Hua decided to stay in the Sect.

Li State was too far away; he couldn't return home. He could only imagine his parents in his mind, along with Elder Yu and other neighbors, friends, and childhood buddies from Tongxian City...

What were they doing right now?

Were they bustling about, strolling the streets, enjoying beast fights, and eating all kinds of delicious food?

Was Tongxian City lit up with colorful decorations, vibrant and lively? Were there dazzling fireworks lighting up the nights?

"I wonder if they're thinking about me

Mo Hua sighed deeply.

...

The next day, Yu Er was also heading home. Before leaving, his small hand clenched tightly onto Mo Hua's sleeve, teary-eyed as he gazed at Mo Hua.

Wenren Wei saw this and said,

"Young Master Mo, why not come to the Shangguan Family and spend the New Year?"

Mo Hua thought about it and shook his head. "I'll pass on the Shangguan Family

The Shangguan Family wielded immense influence and surely had many rules and restrictions.

He wasn't familiar with them, so he wouldn't feel at ease there.

Moreover, the Shangguan Family likely had some elders who were as tricky and cunning as old foxes.

Mo Hua instinctively didn't want to deal with such "ancestors" and risk drawing their attention.

"How about heading to the Gu Family instead?" Wenren Wei suggested again.

Mo Hua paused.

The Gu Family...

That might be okay.

With Uncle Gu there, he had been to the Gu Family a few times before. Plus, Elder Master Xun mentioned the Gu Family was considered "upright" within the Taoist Court, and their family ethos was rather proper.

But Mo Hua was still hesitant.

He also wanted to take the New Year holiday to study the Fireball Forbidden Skill on his own.

Yu Er tugged on Mo Hua's sleeve again, his eyes filled with reluctance.

Mo Hua's heart softened, and he sighed, "Alright then."

Yu Er immediately broke into a beaming smile.

So, little Yu Er happily held Mo Hua's hand, skipping and hopping all the way to the Gu Family.

Wenren Wan was delighted to see Mo Hua.

She casually asked about his Sect assessment results.

Upon hearing about Mo Hua's "one Grade A and six Grade Cs," Wenren Wan was somewhat surprised.

She had initially thought Mo Hua's claim of being "skilled in Formation" was just talk, but she hadn't expected that he was truly proficient at it...

At Taixu Gate, one of the Eight Great Gates, achieving Grade A in Formation studies was certainly remarkable.

Wenren Wan felt genuinely happy for Mo Hua.

As for the six Grade Cs that followed the lone Grade A, Wenren Wan instinctively dismissed them.

No one's perfect, after all.

Mo Hua's circumstances were different, so it wasn't fair to judge him too harshly.

"Treat this place like your own home; don't feel constrained," Wenren Wan said warmly to Mo Hua.

"Thank you, Aunt Wan," Mo Hua replied with a smile.

Gu Changhuai, who was standing nearby, couldn't help but look resigned.

This is the Gu Family after all...

But in Wenren Wan's presence, he wouldn't dare assert his authority.

Mo Hua ended up staying at the Gu Family temporarily and played with Yu Er for a few days.

Yu Er wouldn't be staying at the Gu Family for long, as he was the legitimate heir of the Shangguan Family—someone with a unique status and a pre-arranged schedule, whether he liked it or not.

According to the plan, Yu Er would first play at the Gu Family for a few days, then go back to the Shangguan Family for the New Year, and afterward visit the Wenren Family to pay respects for the new year.

He would return to the Gu Family for a brief two-day break before heading back to Taixu Gate as the New Year holiday ended.

Mo Hua couldn't possibly follow Yu Er around everywhere; he only had these few days before the New Year to accompany Yu Er at the Gu Family.

After a few days of fun, Yu Er said goodbye to Mo Hua, looking utterly glum as he returned to the Shangguan Family, where strict rules awaited him.

Following that, Mo Hua wandered around Qingzhou City for a while, observing its local customs and traditions before preparing to bid farewell and return to the Sect.

You couldn't just depart without informing the Gu Family, though.

Mo Hua went to find Gu Changhuai.

Gu Changhuai wasn't surprised, nor did he try to persuade him to stay.

This kid was too full of slippery tactics. He couldn't handle him and didn't want to bother trying.

"There's one thing," Gu Changhuai said, "The Demon's Cave has been destroyed, and the Fire Buddha is dead. The Taoist Court will allocate Merit Points accordingly; I'll count some for you

"But for this sort of thing, there's a lot of paperwork and red tape, so you'll have to wait for a while

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, and he quickly nodded, "Alright, alright!"

Merit Points were amazing!

A bit of a delay was fine, as long as they eventually arrived.

Uncle Gu is pretty trustworthy after all...

There wasn't much else to talk about. Gu Changhuai was generally a distant person, so Mo Hua prepared to leave.

But just as he was getting up, someone walked in from outside.

It was an older woman with a ruddy complexion and a cheerful demeanor—she appeared to be a senior member of the Gu Family's extended relatives.

The Gu Family elder walked in and immediately smiled as she said to Gu Changhuai, "Changhuai, it's rare to have you back. I wanted to discuss a marriage proposal with you

Gu Changhuai's face turned dark.

Mo Hua, who had just stood up, blinked, then quietly sat back down again. He sneakily extended a small hand, grabbed a slice of melon from the fruit platter on the table, and took a bite.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1029: Meteorite (Thanks to the Sect Leader

Chapter 1029 -659: Meteorite (Thanks to the Sect Leader, Grand Elder Taishang Daluo Heavenly Immortal Wanshou Emperor~)

Chapter 1029 -659: Meteorite (Thanks to the Sect Leader, Grand Elder Taishang Daluo Heavenly Immortal Wanshou Emperor~)

Gu Changhuai's face was very unpleasant.

He was silent for quite a while and didn't speak until he turned his head and saw Mo Hua eating melon, with a pair of bright, lively eyes secretly watching him, and he frowned and said,

"Why haven't you left yet?"

Mo Hua didn't really want to leave.

The melon in his mouth today was exceptionally sweet.

But seeing that Uncle Gu's face was the same color as the bottom of a pot, Mo Hua sighed reluctantly and was about to get up and leave.

Beside him, a female Elder of the Gu Family, with a face full of festivity, saw Mo Hua looking "wronged" and immediately scolded Gu Changhuai:

"Really, what's the point of making things difficult for a child?"

"He's just sitting here eating melon, how could he possibly bother you?"

"It's not like we're doing anything shameful

"It's not your aunt speaking out of turn, but you should really restrain that foul temper of yours a bit. At the Dao Court, you can be harsher to those Sin Cultivators and Evil Cultivators, but after returning to the Gu Family, we are all relatives and elders, who are you showing that face to?"

Gu Changhuai stiffened under the Elder's scolding.

After the female Elder finished speaking, she put on a friendly expression again and, looking at the demure and adorable Mo Hua, couldn't help but admire.

This child is indeed handsome.

And what a fine temperament.

Not like the sons of other noble families, some of whom, despite their good looks, have eyes full of arrogance borne from indulgence, a selfish and domineering air.

This child is different, his gaze is pure, spirited and lively, sincere and polite to behold.

The more the female Elder looked, the more she liked him.

This was the first time she had seen Mo Hua and was unaware of his status.

But thinking he could show up in the Gu Household and eat melon in front of Gu Changhuai, he must be some nephew of the Gu family, or a relative.

With a large family, these Elders couldn't recognize all the younger generations.

Moreover, during the big festivals, friends and relatives coming and going, it's normal to have a few unfamiliar children around.

The female Elder smiled and said to Mo Hua:

"Child, don't be afraid, take your time eating

"Your Uncle Gu is cold on the outside but warm on the inside, his words may sound unpleasant, but don't be afraid of him, just enjoy your melon

Mo Hua, with his pair of innocent, clear big eyes, obediently said:

"Thank you, Elder Xie."

Then he confidently took his seat again.

Gu Changhuai felt his scalp tingle.

"Aunt, you

"What about me?"

The female Elder immediately sat down beside Gu Changhuai and poured herself a cup of tea:

"The clan doesn't manage you, and neither do you manage yourself

"Wan'er is married now, with a husband and children, it's not convenient for her to intervene. If your aunt doesn't step in, your whole life might be lost

Gu Changhuai's face was stern, with a stubborn look.

The female Elder sighed softly, speaking more gently, "This girl is from the Direct Lineage of the Hundred Flower Valley, the Hua family, roughly the same age as you, but a bit younger

"Now at Hundred Flower Valley, she is an Instructor of the Inner Gate

"Her Cultivation is only at the Foundation Establishment Late Stage, well... at the Foundation Establishment Peak

"Looking at it, Golden Core is not too far off for her

"At her age, being in the Foundation Establishment Late Stage is indeed a bit old, but as soon as she Breaks through the Realm and advances to Golden Core, that age is just right

"The two of you are close in age, and in terms of Cultivation, she's just a bit below you, so you'd have a bit more confidence without having to cater to her all the time

"You're of the Gu Family's Direct Lineage, she's of the Hua family's Direct Lineage

"You are a Dao Court Canon, and she is an Instructor at Hundred Flower Valley, once she reaches Golden Core, she'll be an Elder

"That does indeed make for a suitable match

"Uh-huh!"

Mo Hua, listening on the side, nodded repeatedly.

Gu Changhuai gave Mo Hua a courtesy eye-roll.

The female Elder was displeased, "Auntie is talking to you, you should take it seriously

"You're not young anymore, stop thinking about fighting those Sin Cultivators to the death all the time."

"Worry more about yourself

Seeing Gu Changhuai unmoved, the female Elder sighed and whispered:

"You're a son of a noble family, within the clan, no matter how high your Cultivation, without descendants, without continuation of the Bloodline, you will eventually be marginalized

"Isn't that what happened to your Great Uncle?"

"He had no children or daughters in his life, had high Cultivation, his word was law in the clan, but when the end of his life approached, he had to give away all his inheritance

"Now that he's gone and his Dao has perished, there's not even anyone to offer incense for him."

"I'm the only one, on festivals, who arranges an altar for him, offers tributes and lights incense

"He reached the Heaven Void, and yet it was so, much less you as a Golden Core?"

"Not to mention the family's Spirit Stones, Pills, Spiritual Artifacts

Gu Changhuai coughed and glanced at Mo Hua, who sat quietly next to him, diligently munching on his melon.

The female Elder, impatient, said, "Don't interrupt, he's just a child, he won't understand even if you speak

Gu Changhuai was speechless.

This kid has more cunning in his belly than many of the old and sly Demon Cultivators...

You really can't see through this kid's true face!

Gu Changhuai felt helpless inside but was too lazy to speak up, lest he be scolded by his aunt again.

The female Elder paused, "Where was I?"

Gu Changhuai didn't want to answer.

Then Mo Hua chimed in from the side: "You were talking about the 'clan's Spirit Stones, Pills, and Spiritual Artifacts.'"

"Oh right," the female Elder smiled at Mo Hua and then gave Gu Changhuai a glare, continuing:

"The family's Spirit Stones, Pills, Spiritual Artifacts...they will certainly prioritize those branches that have established their families and have many descendants

"Once you're married, the joining of two families supports each other, and with many people, they won't be bullied, with real benefits, they'll help each other, and the 'rich water' won't flow into outsiders' fields

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1030: Meteorite (Thanks to the great

Chapter 1030 -659: Meteorite (Thanks to the great sponsor Heavenly Immortal Thousand-Year Emperor~)_2 Chapter 1030 -659: Meteorite (Thanks to the great sponsor Heavenly Immortal Thousand-Year Emperor~)_2 “You’re on your own, with no one to defend you when you’re bullied or manipulated in the clan

"You’re still stubborn

"And you don’t listen

The female elder was getting angrier as she spoke.

Gu Changhuai’s expression wasn’t pleasant either.

Mo Hua reminded her from the side, “Elder, you’re getting off topic

The female elder was startled.

Mo Hua whispered, “The marriage!”

"Oh, right the female elder looked at Mo Hua gratefully, “I nearly forgot; marriage is what’s most important.”

The female elder then told Gu Changhuai, “That girl from Hundred Flower Valley, when you have time, meet her, have a chat, see if you can get along

"If you get along, I’ll send someone to Hundred Flower Valley with a proposal

"We can’t delay this anymore

The female elder pondered and then said with a smile, “I’ve heard that the girl is extremely beautiful, like flowers and jade, almost a Heavenly Immortal, a perfect match for you

...

Gu Changhuai’s expression had grown numb.

Like a wooden puppet.

Mo Hua even doubted whether he actually heard anything his aunt said, as it seemed to go in one ear and out the other.

Finally, the female elder concluded:

"That settles it then, I'll arrange a meeting when you're free

After finishing, she left in a hurry.

Mo Hua finally finished eating the melon in his mouth.

He thought about it, feeling that a beauty like flowers and jade matched well with a handsome and elegant man.

But he wondered if it was true "beauty like flowers and jade" or "like flower" seemed like jade.

Mo Hua felt that Uncle Gu was good to him, even giving him Merit Points, so he figured he should do something. He hinted mysteriously:

"Uncle Gu, I know someone from Hundred Flower Valley, should I... ask around for you

Mo Hua couldn't finish his sentence when a Spirit Fruit was stuffed into his mouth.

It was Gu Changhuai who had stuffed it.

Mo Hua glared at Gu Changhuai, took the Spirit Fruit, bit into it, and found it rather sweet, so he ended up eating a few more bites.

As he ate, Mo Hua remembered the matter at hand.

He sighed and said, "Uncle Gu, not to criticize, but you're not getting any younger. You should meet her if there's a chance

Mo Hua stopped halfway as he saw that the atmosphere was off.

He looked up and saw Uncle Gu's face as dark as the bottom of a pot, about to explode in anger.

Mo Hua quickly picked up on the cue:

"If you don't want to see her, forget it... I'll be off!"

And with that, he fled.

Gu Changhuai saw Mo Hua vanish in an instant and sighed helplessly, feeling a headache coming on.

...

After leaving the living room, Mo Hua pondered.

Hundred Flower Valley.

Foundation Establishment Late Stage, Inner Gate Instructor, beauty like flowers and jade...

He always felt there was something strange in these details.

As Mo Hua walked and thought, he suddenly saw that the female elder—Gu Changhuai's aunt—hadn't gone far.

His eyes lit up and he ran up, calling out:

"Elder!"

The female elder was startled to see it was Mo Hua, then smiled and said:

"My given name is 'Hong.' Everyone calls me 'Elder Hong;' you should too

"Elder Hong!" Mo Hua crisply responded.

Elder Hong nodded and smiled, "Which family are you from? Not the Gu family, right?"

"My surname is Mo." Mo Hua said.

"Mo?" Elder Hong frowned.

There weren't any families with the surname Mo that associated with the Gu family in the Qianxue State boundary...

"I know Aunt Wan." Mo Hua said.

Elder Hong was a bit surprised but then understood.

Aunt Wan, Wenren Wan...

That must be a connection from either the Shangguan Family or the Wenren Family.

With large families interconnected through marriages and relationships, it's indeed tough to keep track unless they are close.

Since he referred to that young lady as "Aunt Wan," he surely wasn't an outsider.

Elder Hong's smile grew warmer.

She didn't meddle much in the affairs of the Gu Family.

It didn't occur to her to link young Mo Hua with Yu Er's situation.

Elder Hong smiled, "Have you enrolled in school?"

Mo Hua nodded, "I am a disciple of the Taixu Gate."

Elder Hong showed admiration, "Being admitted to one of the Eight Great Gates is indeed impressive."

But...

Elder Hong was again surprised.

The child seemed weak in Blood Qi, Spiritual Power, and had a poor Spiritual Root...

How did he get into Taixu Gate?

With such aptitude, would Taixu Gate really accept him?

However, she didn't probe further, as it wasn't appropriate to ask such embarrassing questions upon their first meeting.

"Elder Hong, I have a question for you

Elder Hong was slightly surprised but nodded, saying:

"Go ahead and ask

Mo Hua whispered, "I often come to the Gu family to play with Uncle Gu, but it seems I've never seen Uncle Gu's parents

"Playing with Changhuai?"

Elder Hong gaped.

She even thought about looking up to check if the sun had risen from the west...

Who would want to play with Changhuai?

With his terrible temper, it's good enough he doesn't scare people away.

What could they possibly play?

Pretending to be a Court Official, playing with case handling, warrants, and capturing Evil Cultivators?

Elder Hong shook her head, puzzled.

This child knows Wan'er...

Probably it was for Wan'er's sake that Changhuai was entertaining this kid...

Elder Hong silently thought.

As for Changhuai's parents...

Elder Hong hesitated, then sighed, "They're dead."

Mo Hua was startled, "Dead?"

Elder Hong found a pavilion nearby to sit down and softly said:

"This isn't a secret, no need to hide it from you, but the specifics aren't something I can discuss. And don't bring it up in front of your Uncle Gu

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1031: Meteorite (Thanks to the great

Chapter 1031 -659: Meteorite (Thanks to the great sponsor Heavenly Immortal Thousand-Year Emperor~)_3

Chapter 1031 -659: Meteorite (Thanks to the great sponsor Heavenly Immortal Thousand-Year Emperor~)_3

"Mm!" Mo Hua nodded.

Elder Hong's eyes revealed some wistfulness and concern.

"Changhuai was an orphan from a young age, always a loner

"Of course, even when his parents were still alive, he was a loner

Elder Hong thought carefully, then conclusively said, "His loner nature must be innate, unrelated to other things

"But being without parents and enduring some bullying is always inevitable."

"At that time, it was his cousin, your Aunt Wan, who often looked after him. Since childhood, Changhuai only listened to his cousin

"Now that he's grown up, over a hundred years old, he's still indifferent to others, but he cares deeply about Wan'er's matters

Mo Hua nodded slightly.

No wonder...

Elder Hong sighed again, "I just wish for him to find a partner, to change his cold and lonely nature, otherwise, sooner or later

Elder Hong did not continue, but his gaze bore a shade of gloom.

Mo Hua thought for a moment, then said,

"Elder Hong, don't worry, I'll talk to Uncle Gu whenever possible!"

Elder Hong was quite astonished and laughed,

"Good, if you can persuade him to find a partner, I

Elder Hong pondered for a moment, then promised,

"I'll find you a beautiful young lady in the future!"

Mo Hua, taken by surprise, blushed, "I... it's still early

Seeing Mo Hua in this adorable, embarrassed state, Elder Hong laughed heartily, "Then tell me what you want when the time comes. If I can manage it and it's not too outrageous, I'll definitely help you

"Mm!"

Mo Hua said, nodding with a smile.

Afterward, the two chatted about this and that for a while.

Elder Hong was an Elder of the Gu Family, known for his deep cultivation and seniority, yet very sociable and fond of gossip, even particularly keen on matchmaking.

Mo Hua couldn't help but reflect that the world indeed had all kinds of Elders...

After a while, Elder Hong had to leave due to other matters.

But Mo Hua pondered in his mind.

When the Fire Buddha self-destructed, Uncle Gu had saved him.

His father and mother had always told him, "A small kindness should be repaid like a bubbling spring."

The female instructor from Hundred Flower Valley, he should ask Sister Qianqian when she was free to see if she could find out any information.

Uncle Gu's lifelong matters, he must take some worries for him!

Mo Hua nodded.

But currently, there seemed to be no opportunity; he would wait until the Sect started school, then ask Sister Qianqian when they were doing tasks together.

After that, Mo Hua returned to Taixu Gate.

This year, he would spend at the Sect.

Though it was a bit lonely, it was also peaceful.

And if he ever got bored, he could visit nearby Tai Xu City.

Tai Xu City, built adjoining Taixu Gate and inhabited by many cultivators, was brightly decorated and bustling during the New Year.

It also had some customs completely different from those in Li State.

In addition, most of his time, Mo Hua spent researching and perfecting the Fireball Forbidden Skill that he had initially improved from the Meteor Fire Skill.

The "True Manual of Demonic Path Cultivation," remained inside his Storage Ring.

But he dared not look at it within the Sect.

The Sect prohibited any disciple from bringing Demon Cultivator's cultivation techniques, Evil Skills, or exotic skills into the Sect.

If discovered, the consequences would be severe.

Although Mo Hua had secretly brought it in, he also dared not read it in the Sect.

He even suspected that there might be other methods inside the Sect to detect demonic power and Demonic Qi to prevent disciples from secretly cultivating Evil Skills and deviating.

Comparatively, Forbidden Skills could be considered safer.

After all, the Forbidden Technique Mo Hua was studying involved only spell principles and did not incorporate any practices from the Evil Path.

Mo Hua kept studying, optimizing, and refining his Fireball Forbidden Skill.

He wasn't looking for greater power.

Because the power was already sufficient.

What he needed now was more stability in the skill pattern itself, control over the fusion, reducing the risk of losing control, and to some extent, reducing the consumption of Spiritual Power...

Thus stabilizing this spell completely.

In the consequent days, after nearly tens of revisions and hundreds of adjustments, the overall flow of Spiritual Power and the internal structure of the skill pattern had become very stable.

Mo Hua wanted to test it more.

Just as one must apply Formation knowledge, the same went for spells.

Inside Taixu Gate, the appropriate place to test spells was naturally the Dao Room.

Even during the New Year, there were Elders on duty in the Dao Room.

And it was Elder Yi, whom Mo Hua was quite familiar with.

Upon reaching the Dao Room and seeing Elder Yi, Mo Hua was a bit surprised,

"Elder, aren't you going back to your clan for the New Year?"

Elder Yi, sipping tea, shook his head, "I went back to take a look, that was enough

"With so many people in the clan, they don't miss one like me, but it's different for the Sect."

"Besides, this place is much quieter than home. At my age, a quiet place is better than anything

Elder Yi spoke with much emotion.

Mo Hua asked softly, "Elder Yi, how old are you?"

"I

Elder Yi almost let his age slip, but hesitated.

"Don't ask about that Elder Yi said, then raised his eyebrows, "What are you doing here this time? Practicing spells?"

Mo Hua nodded.

During the New Year's days, also staying back to practice his spells instead of returning to his clan.

Elder Yi immediately felt a much closer connection with Mo Hua.

"Go ahead, pick any room you like!"

"Thank you, Elder Yi!"

Mo Hua said, smiling, then headed into the Dao Room, took a few steps, then turned back.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1032: Meteorite (Thanks to the great

Chapter 1032 -659: Meteorite (Thanks to the great sponsor Heavenly Immortal Thousand-Year Emperor~)_4

Chapter 1032 -659: Meteorite (Thanks to the great sponsor Heavenly Immortal Thousand-Year Emperor~)_4

Elder Yi felt puzzled, "What's the matter?"

"Um." Mo Hua nodded and whispered, "Elder, can I go to the Foundation Establishment Late Stage Dao Room to practice spells?"

"Foundation Establishment Late Stage?"

Elder Yi jolted slightly, glaring at Mo Hua with great caution, "What are you planning to do?"

"It's nothing special Mo Hua smiled and said, "I just think the Foundation Establishment Late Stage Dao Room is a bit safer

The Foundation Establishment Initial Stage Dao Room was safe too.

The unsafe one is you... Elder Yi thought silently to himself.

"It's the holiday season; keep yourself in check, don't mess around with dangerous stuff Elder Yi muttered.

"Mm-mm, rest assured, it's absolutely safe!" Mo Hua promised.

"Fine, go ahead," Elder Yi waved dismissively.

Mo Hua grinned and said, "Thank you, Elder Yi!"

Following Elder Yi's directions, Mo Hua entered an unfamiliar Dao Room.

The spell training mannequins inside were more advanced, made from rarer materials, with stronger defenses, and equipped with more magic defensive formations.

Likewise, the walls of the entire room were reinforced with high-level Second Grade formations.

Once Mo Hua entered the Dao Room, Elder Yi kept his eyes fixed on the Dao Room, not daring to look away.

He was afraid that if he blinked, there would be another dramatic "Boom!"

The result would be Mo Hua and the spell mannequin ending up "mutually wounded."

If the mannequin got damaged, that wouldn't matter.

If Mo Hua got injured, then not only would this holiday season be ruined, but Elder Yi reckoned even next year wouldn't be "peaceful."

Fortunately, after quite some time, there were no anomalies from the Dao Room.

Mo Hua appeared to be practicing spells properly.

Only then did Elder Yi finally relax, realizing that maybe he was being overly paranoid?

Someone at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage accidentally causing a skill pattern collapse and destroying one Dao Room was already outrageous.

But no matter how outrageous it was, it shouldn't be possible to blow up a Foundation Establishment Late Stage Dao Room...

Elder Yi felt at ease again, leaning back in his chair, leisurely sipping tea, enjoying the rare tranquility.

Inside the Dao Room.

Mo Hua indeed refrained from attempting any more “dangerous” experiments.

If he didn't pay attention and injured himself, not even Elder Yi could enjoy his holiday.

Mo Hua was quite empathetic to Elder Yi's difficulties.

He simply followed the already-multiple-times-refined and stabilized “Forbidden Technique” structure to conjure fireballs.

Dual techniques worked in tandem, merging fireballs of the same origin.

Using Divine Sense to exert strong pressure, he caused the fireballs to collide and compress at high speeds, triggering a skill pattern collapse. This led to internal Spiritual Power Fusion, forming a brand-new “small fireball” saturated with powerful spiritual energy.

On the fireball, the Fire Spiritual Power flowed and coiled like lava, intensely condensed, presenting a uniform pale purple hue.

This fireball's power was smaller than the uncontrollable Fireball Forbidden Skill he initially performed.

Its power was also less than the one that pierced the chest of the Fire Buddha.

Yet at the same time, its danger level was reduced to the minimum.

The spell itself became far more manageable.

The speed of spellcasting also increased greatly.

Based on Mo Hua's prior experiences in magic battles, fully controllable spells delivered more precision and finesse in actual combat.

If a spell carried the risk of losing control, it would be a double-edged sword.

In trying to kill someone, you could end up killing yourself too.

So to ensure stability, he deliberately reduced the spell's power and minimized the spiritual energy consumption.

In return, he gained more precise, quicker, and composed control over the spell.

Mo Hua pondered in his mind.

First is stability and safety!

Once he mastered this Forbidden Technique to perfection, then he could consider gradually lifting its constraints step by step.

Through deeper levels of skill pattern collapse, he could harness Spiritual Power Fusion.

And excavate the ultimate potential of this Forbidden Technique...

But before that, there remained one pressing issue:

He needed to come up with a new name for this Fireball Forbidden Skill.

"Meteor Fire Skill" was definitely out of the question.

That name belonged to the Fire Buddha's Forbidden Technique, and just mentioning it would attract suspicion from anyone sharp enough to notice.

"Fireball Technique" wouldn't work either...

It sounded too generic.

"Forbidden Fireball" would be even worse...

This would be equivalent to slapping the "Forbidden" label across his forehead, practically begging everyone to know...

Mo Hua stared at the small fireball in his hand, resembling molten lava, furrowing his brows deep in thought for a long while until his eyes suddenly lit up.

Fireball fusion, containing meteor fire within.

Then this Forbidden Technique's name shall be:

Mini Meteorite Skill!

Mo Hua nodded to himself, his eyes shining brightly.

...

The holiday passed quickly.

A month slipped by in the blink of an eye.

Taixu Gate resumed classes.

Disciples who had just finished celebrating returned to the sect, their faces laden with fatigue and gloom—they looked completely reluctant.

The Taixu Gate, which had been quiet for a month, grew lively again.

This marked Mo Hua's second year studying at Taixu Gate.

After a year of cultivation, most disciples had gradually adapted to the sect lifestyle.

Next, they would formally begin integrating into the sect's structured system.

Several days into the semester, under the approval of the Taixu Sect Master, this new cohort of disciples finally had their Taixu Token "Merit Points" permissions unlocked.

They would now start undertaking assignments.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1033: Sword Cultivation (Thank you to the

Chapter 1033 -660 Sword Cultivation (Thank you to the great cultivator ally for being the alliance leader~)

Chapter 1033 -660 Sword Cultivation (Thank you to the great cultivator ally for being the alliance leader~)

After the “Merit Points” privilege was granted, the disciples obviously became busy.

They were born into noble families and may not lack resources like Spirit Stones for Dao cultivation, but certain rare inheritances, the prestige within the Sect, and even the positions at the Inner Gate were all things they strove for effortfully.

This was itself a form of invisible competition.

Whoever had more Merit Points signified the most significant contribution to the Sect, and thus would be more recognized by the Sect Elders, gaining greater influence among the disciples.

Everyone was the proud child of heaven; even if they were courteous on the surface, valuing the camaraderie of fellow Sect members, in their hearts, no one truly conceded to another.

Earning Merit Points involved not only self-interest but also the dignity amongst fellow disciples.

At their age, “face” might be more important than “interest”.

Hence, the disciples eagerly took on various “bounties” whenever they had free time, completing quests to earn Merit Points.

This left Mo Hua a bit at a loss for a while.

Normally, he would have finished his meal at noon and could relax on the grass, bask in the sun with his Sect mates, and have a chat.

But now that “Merit Points” were available, everyone had disappeared.

Cheng Mo had gone to watch the gate.

Situ Jian had gone to sweep the streets.

Zheng Fang had buried himself in Formation tasks...

Others also found ways to earn Merit Points.

While Mo Hua was left alone, looking rather out of place, like someone without a care in the world.

Only little Yu Er kept him company in the sun, occasionally rolling gleefully on the grass.

Back in the Shangguan Family, Yu Er was expected to conduct himself with propriety and have the demeanor of a disciple from a great family, which was very constraining.

At the Sect, with no one to control him, he became much livelier.

Even rolling on the grass, no one would reprimand him, and Mo Hua would even flash him a smile, making Yu Er exceedingly happy.

Seeing how joyful Yu Er was, Mo Hua also felt at ease.

As for the matter of Merit Points, it wasn't that he wasn't in a hurry.

It's just that he no longer valued these "entry-level" tasks.

Of course, some entry-level tasks didn't value him either.

Like watching the gate, sweeping the streets...

Even if Mo Hua really wanted to experience it, others would think he was too frail and wouldn't let him take on the tasks.

And now, he still had over a thousand Merit Points.

It was what he had accumulated over such a long time by capturing Sin Cultivators, Drawing Formations, and then what remained after buying quite a few Formations.

Besides, there should be another sum of Merit Points on its way for the Fire Buddha matter.

Only the Taoist Court officials were always so busy, the processing was slow, with many bureaucratic hurdles, it's uncertain when it would be distributed.

But no matter how you looked at it, over a thousand Merit Points was also a "huge sum."

And for the other Sect Disciples to accumulate so many Merit Points through these entry-level tasks, who knows how long it would take.

Mo Hua suddenly felt like he had already graduated while watching his fellow Sect Disciples still struggling with "retaking failed exams

But over a thousand Merit Points certainly wouldn't be enough for his future needs.

Especially since he still needed to learn Formations.

Rare Formations, should they become expensive, would become a bottomless pit.

Currently, at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage, because he had followed Senior Brothers and Sisters, as well as mixed with the Taoist Court officials on

missions, the Merit Points he earned to learn Second Grade Middle-level Formations were just enough for a little surplus.

But in the future, learning Second Grade High-Level Formations might result in expenditure exceeding income.

And what if, within the Taixu Gate, there were Ultimate Formations?

How many Merit Points would an Ultimate Formation need?

Mo Hua didn't even dare to think about it.

Therefore, it was still necessary to plan ahead for a rainy day and save up Merit Points.

Merit Points were, after all, always better more than less.

During the rest period, Mo Hua still went to find Senior Sister Murong, hoping to continue joining in on missions, but Murong Caiyun looked apologetic.

"Junior Brother, we might not have time to go out on missions this year

Mo Hua was stunned.

Murong Caiyun explained, "We disciples at the Foundation Building Middle Stage are going to enter the Refining Demon Mountain."

"Refining Demon Mountain!"

Mo Hua's eyes lit up.

He remembered that Situ Jian seemed to have mentioned it to him before.

There was a Refining Demon Mountain within the Qianxue State boundary.

There were many Monster Beasts on the mountain, some of which were rare species purposely captured and placed there by powerful Cultivators.

The purpose was to allow Sect Disciples to experience real combat, hone their Taoist Skills, and work together to slaughter monsters...

"Are there many Monster Beasts inside?"

"Yes," Murong Caiyun said, "Refining Demon Mountain is vast, with complex terrain, and many Monster Beasts. Their bodies contain many rare materials that can be used to refine Spiritual Artifacts."

"Does this Refining Demon Mountain belong to our Taixu Gate?" asked Mo Hua curiously.

Murong Caiyun laughed, "No, our Taixu Gate's influence is not small, but we still don't have the power to control the entire Refining Demon Mountain

"Refining Demon Mountain is ostensibly under the jurisdiction of the entire Qianxue State boundary, supervised jointly by the Four Great Sects, the Eight Great Gates, and the Twelve Streams."

"All Sect Disciples can enter the mountain for Monster Hunting."

"The Monster Beasts hunted can be skinned and de-boned by yourself to obtain materials for Artifact Refining, or they can be sold to the Sect in exchange for Merit Points

"Of course, it's best to use them for yourself."

"Some special Sword Cultivator streams demand materials to refine their Spiritual Swords only obtainable by slaying specific Monster Beasts within the Refining Demon Mountain, such as bones, claws, essence blood, or inner cores

"Some extremely rare Monster Beast materials, when sold to the Sect, can be exchanged for a handsome amount of Merit Points

"Therefore, at the Foundation Building Middle Phase, the main source of Merit Points for most Sect Disciples comes from the Monster Beasts of the Refining Demon Mountain

Mo Hua's eyes sparkled with anticipation.

Monster Hunting!

Merit Points!

He felt the blood of a Monster Hunter stirring within him.

Murong Caiyun seemed to see through his thoughts and sighed.

Having been with Mo Hua for so long, how could she not know what her Junior Brother was thinking?

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1034: Sword Cultivation (Thank you to the

Chapter 1034 -660 Sword Cultivation (Thank you to the alliance leader of the immortality cultivation experts~)_2

Chapter 1034 -660 Sword Cultivation (Thank you to the alliance leader of the immortality cultivation experts~)_2

Although sometimes Mo Hua's Divine Sense was profound and his inner heart inscrutable,

At other times, his nature was quite innocent, with every little thought clearly written on his face.

"You can't go," Murong Caiyun said.

Mo Hua was taken aback, "Why

Murong Caiyun listed the reasons for him one by one:

"First, you're only at the initial stage of Foundation Establishment, your cultivation isn't enough; second, you've only been inducted for two years, time isn't enough; third, entering Refining Demon Mountain requires a Sect Pass, which you're not eligible for, so you can't buy

Mo Hua whispered,

"Can I sneak in?"

Murong Caiyun gave him a slight glare, "There's a Formation sealing it, how would you sneak in?"

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, "What grade is that Formation?"

Murong Caiyun shook her head, "I don't know about that, but at the very least it should be a Fifth Grade Formation."

"Fifth Grade Mo Hua felt somewhat regretful.

A Fifth Grade Formation was too high in grade for him to fiddle with. Otherwise, he might have been able to secretly open a gap and slip inside to take a look.

However, he was also very curious about what a Formation of the Fifth Grade would be like.

"In conclusion," Murong Caiyun advised, "don't think about Refining Demon Mountain for now

"As for missions, if you have any troubles, just let me know, I'll definitely help you when I have time."

Mo Hua was touched in his heart and nodded,

"Rest assured, Senior Sister, you go ahead with your tasks, don't worry about me!"

After parting with Murong Caiyun, Mo Hua walked alone towards the Disciple's Residence.

While walking, he pondered in his heart.

"Senior Sister Murong is going into Refining Demon Mountain

"Then Shangguan Senior Brother, Senior Brother Feng, and Senior Sister Qianqian, they should also be entering the mountain

"After all, Refining Demon Mountain is the main source of merit points for disciples in the middle phase of Foundation Establishment."

With that being the case, there would be no one to join him for fun...

Although, at the Daoist Court, he was now somewhat familiar.

But the Daoist Court, after all, was the Daoist Court, not a Sect, and it was complex and murky within, and the merits earned might not necessarily convert into "merit points" of the Sect.

Even if they could convert, the process was both complex and protracted.

"Maybe I should... gather some others to have fun?"

Who to gather?

Cheng Mo and Situ Jian?

Mo Hua shook his head slightly.

Their cultivation was only at the early stage of Foundation Establishment.

He used to hang out with those at the middle and late stages of Foundation Establishment, Enforcement Leaders of the Daoist Court, and Supervisor Gu, the Golden Core Stage Uncle Gu.

Not to mention not leveling up, how could he even consider downgrading?

But after much thought, there seemed to be no one else.

Mo Hua pondered for a while and sighed,

"I'll think about it later

First, take care of his own matters.

After returning to the Disciple's Residence, Mo Hua sat in meditation in his room and cultivated with closed eyes.

When his Qi Sea was full and his meridians slightly swollen, he opened his eyes.

"Cultivation!"

From now on, he would need to spend more time every day on cultivation.

Although cultivation takes persistent effort, a gentle and unhurried approach, an extra bit of effort every day would naturally make his cultivation progress faster.

Mo Hua had thought it through.

The second year at the Sect could be very monotonous.

His Divine Sense Realm was bottlenecked by his cultivation.

The bottleneck from Sixteen Patterns to Seventeen Patterns, the leap from the middle to the late phase of Foundation Establishment, was the bottleneck of Divine Sense.

That bottleneck was like a chasm.

Even if Mo Hua practiced drawing formations every day and refined his Divine Sense, occasionally protecting little Yu Er from nightmares and getting some "side income",

His Divine Sense was simply overranked too much.

It would be difficult to break through this obstruction in a short period of time.

With Divine Sense stuck, Mo Hua's proficiency in formations couldn't continue to rise.

He could only broaden his foundation in formations and continue to learn other formations within the Second Grade Sixteen Patterns...

However, such formations, after all, lacked challenge, and studying too many of them became somewhat tedious...

Mo Hua sighed.

He wanted to learn higher-level formations.

Especially the Original Magnet-type formations, the construction of those more profound Magnetic Patterns and the application of the Secondary Thunder Patterns, Mo Hua had longed for a while.

But without a breakthrough in Divine Sense, he currently was unable to learn those.

Mo Hua felt a bit helpless.

...

In the following month, since Senior Sister Murong and the others had all entered Refining Demon Mountain, Mo Hua seldom went out for missions.

He alone couldn't take on bounties above the middle phase of Foundation Establishment.

The early stage bounties gave too few merit points.

It was somewhat a waste of time for him to do them alone.

Better to spend more time drawing Second Grade formations, earning more merit points without having to run around.

This made Mo Hua feel even more monotonous.

Unable to go out for bounties.

His cultivation increasing little by little, slowly, unable to break through the realm.

His Divine Sense also strengthening bit by bit, gradually, yet unable to break through the realm.

Yu Er would still occasionally suffer from nightmares at night, disturbed by Demon Monsters, but without the Shepherd of Goat Bones present.

As for spells, he had pretty much learned what was necessary.

The structural stability of the Mini Meteorite Skill Pattern was now incredibly stable.

He had also learned quite a few other Second Grade functional formations...

There wasn't much to aspire to in the short term...

Life was as plain as water, without excitement or joy.

Suddenly, Mo Hua felt that he should proactively find something else to learn...

He thought about it and picked up the Gold-Cutting Imperial Sword Technique again, wanting to practice Sword Qi.

When it came to cultivating Sword Qi, Mo Hua's foundation was too poor.

The other sword-cultivating disciples within the Sect already had their family's heritage, and after being immersed in it since childhood, they began practicing sword moves and cultivating Sword Qi.

At each higher realm, the sharpness of their Sword Qi would increase by a degree.

By the later stages, they would become one with the sword, their Sword Qi piercing the heavens and reaching the earth.

Mo Hua, coming from the background of a Loose Cultivator, barely touched a sword before Foundation Establishment.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1035: Sword Cultivation (Thanks to the

Chapter 1035 -660 Sword Cultivation (Thanks to the alliance leader of the fellow cultivators~)_3

Chapter 1035 -660 Sword Cultivation (Thanks to the alliance leader of the fellow cultivators~)_3

The only time Mo Hua encountered a sword was when Zhang Lan was teaching the Water Passing Step. To demonstrate the Formation, he let Mo Hua stab him with a sword.

That splendidly heavy treasure sword, Mo Hua couldn't even lift it...

In the end, he had to substitute it with a tree branch.

So, truly speaking of sword cultivation, Mo Hua had absolutely no foundation, let alone competing with other sword cultivators to see who was superior...

But being idle was still being idle, and a person should always have some aspirations.

Mo Hua thus took up swordsmanship training as his way of “intellectual recreation.”

Even if he couldn’t master it, knowing both himself and the enemy, and restraining sword cultivators, would be beneficial.

This sword technique belonged to the Sever Gold Sect.

Mo Hua couldn’t practice it openly, so he found a secluded grove, bought a second-hand, worn-out spirit sword, and practiced by himself just for fun.

The Sever Gold Sword Control Technique was a technique of the Golden Series.

Mo Hua had the Small Five Elements Spiritual Root, which included some Metal Spirit Root.

It was feasible for him to practice it.

However, after practicing for a while, Mo Hua noticed a problem.

This thing called Sword Qi, it seemed really strenuous for him to consolidate.

The sword cultivators he had seen, like Uncle Zhang Lan, Senior Brother Ouyang Feng, Senior Brother Shangguan Xu, and Situ Jian who was in the same batch as himself,

When they wielded their swords, the Sword Qi they stimulated was invariably stable in form, sharp, and powerful.

But the Sword Qi he produced...

Mo Hua found it difficult to evaluate...

The Sword Qi he managed to form first of all, the shape was unstable, called a “sword” but more like a “stick,” and occasionally like a “tree branch

The Sword Qi was also not sharp, sometimes it couldn’t even cut tree bark...

Not to mention its power.

He could throw a Fireball with his hand, and its destructive power was higher than this “Sword Qi

Mo Hua fell into deep confusion.

"Is my talent for sword cultivation really this poor?"

"That can't be right

"Or is it just that everything is difficult at the beginning, and I just haven't gotten the knack of it yet?"

Mo Hua couldn't figure it out and decided not to think about it anymore.

There wasn't anything else to practice anyway, so he might as well play around with it...

Whatever it turned out to be, it would be what it would be, no need to pressure himself.

If he really couldn't master it, he'd treat it as laying a foundation for the upcoming “Tai Xu Divine Thought Transforming Sword True Jue.”

"Divine Thought into sword True Jue," as the name suggests, should not be the same kind as ordinary sword techniques.

He might not be able to cultivate ordinary sword techniques, but that does not necessarily mean he couldn't cultivate “Divine Thought into Sword.”

Mo Hua sighed.

That was the only way he could comfort himself...

Later, during tea and meal breaks, whenever Mo Hua had some free time, he would find a small grove and casually slash a few times with his sword.

Sword Qi flew about, trees stood firm, only the leaves gently fell.

Fortunately, Mo Hua wasn't discouraged.

He just treated it as pruning the Sect's trees.

...

And so, some time passed like this.

One day, as Mo Hua was returning to the Disciple's Residence, he came across a few disciples whispering to each other.

Mo Hua focused and saw that it was Cheng Mo, Situ Jian, and three other less familiar fellow disciples.

Mo Hua quietly approached and overheard bits and pieces of their conversation:

"The day after tomorrow... during the break

"Outside Qingzhou City

"Pretending to be a Senior Brother... finally got the task

"Not dangerous

"No worries... we five are enough

"Just need to capture a person

"Easy catch

Ah!!"

Cheng Mo hadn't finished speaking when he suddenly realized someone was standing behind him, which gave him a fright and his face went pale. Upon realizing it was Mo Hua, he finally relaxed.

"Mo Hua, you scared me

Then he complained, "How can you eavesdrop on our conversation?"

Mo Hua looked at him blankly, "This is a proper path, I came straight over here, stopped straight here, and listened straight to you guys talking

"Blame your own lack of vigilance, how can you blame me?"

Cheng Mo was at a loss for words and then muttered:

"Who knew you'd walk like a cat, soundlessly and even without a breath

Mo Hua looked at them suspiciously, "What scheming plots are you guys hatching?"

Cheng Mo, like a student caught by an instructor, immediately became anxious, "We were just discussing... cultivation matters

Mo Hua seemed unconvinced.

Cheng Mo then said, "Really!"

After saying that, he realized something wasn't right.

Mo Hua wasn't an Elder or an Instructor, just a Junior Brother teaching them Formations, who they didn't dare to offend. Why was he so nervous?

Cheng Mo immediately straightened up.

Mo Hua whispered, "You guys are planning to secretly take on a quest from the Taoist Court?"

Cheng Mo was startled, "How did you know?"

Mo Hua pursed his lips.

Always playing the mysteriously secretive game...

Situ Jian spoke in a low voice, "Mo Hua, don't tell anyone, alright?"

Cheng Mo also nodded repeatedly, paused thinking that it didn't seem sincere enough, as in these situations, one typically needs to "bribe" a little.

Cheng Mo then said, "Mo Hua, if you promise not to tell anyone, after the task is accomplished, we'll

Cheng Mo hesitated for a moment, then gritted his teeth, share some Merit Points with you!"

Mo Hua was curious, "How much are you sharing?"

Cheng Mo started to feel conflicted.

They had just started doing these tasks, and they couldn't earn many Merit Points from them, and those they did earn weren't very useful.

"We'll share Cheng Mo steeled himself, "ten points with you!"

Mo Hua:

Seeing that Mo Hua didn't respond, Cheng Mo said shockingly:

"You can't still think it's too little, do you?"

"Ten points... isn't much either," Mo Hua said.

Cheng Mo exclaimed in distress:

"You really don't understand the struggle until you're in charge; do you know how many days I have to guard the gate or how many times I have to sweep the streets to earn these ten Merit Points?!"

"You think these points are easy to earn?"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1036: Sword Cultivation (Thanks to the

Chapter 1036 -660 Sword Cultivation (Thanks to the alliance leader of the fellow cultivators~)_4

Chapter 1036 -660 Sword Cultivation (Thanks to the alliance leader of the fellow cultivators~)_4

"Alright, alright Mo Hua said helplessly, "I won't tell anyone, and I don't need your Merit Points, but it's dangerous out there, so you all need to be careful

Cheng Mo was stunned for a moment but then immediately broke into a smile, hugging Mo Hua's shoulder and saying,

"You really are my good brother! In the future, if you need anything, I've got your back!"

Situ Jian also looked at Mo Hua with gratitude.

However, upon seeing Cheng Mo's proud demeanor, a Disciple couldn't help but interject:

"Don't flatter yourself, when would Mo Hua ever need your protection?"

Cheng Mo replied, "What do you know?"

"How would I not know?"

"It takes three stakes to prop up a fence, and even a hero needs three helpers

"You, a hero? You're at best a rotten stake

...

Mo Hua, seeing them bickering, couldn't be bothered to intervene, simply reminding them,

"Be careful when you go out

"Some Sin Cultivators are very cunning

After that, Mo Hua left.

Mo Hua wasn't very worried.

Although Cheng Mo and his four companions were all at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage, they were born into noble families, with deep Cultivation foundations, and the Taoist Skills they practiced were not weak.

The five of them working together would be a match for an average person in the Foundation Building Middle Stage. Even if they couldn't win, they could still escape.

Moreover, the targets of their mission this time seemed to be Sin Cultivators at the Foundation Establishment Early Stage, so Mo Hua figured the problem shouldn't be too big.

A few days later, Mo Hua saw clearly that Cheng Mo and the others had indeed slipped out of the Sect during their scheduled break.

In less than two days, they returned, beaming with pride.

Mo Hua knew without asking that they had obviously completed their mission successfully.

Especially Cheng Mo, who seemed to have earned considerable Merit Points for this mission, was full of pride.

Currently, Taixu Gate did not allow their Disciples to take on missions to capture Sin Cultivators.

One reason was that Sin Cultivators were generally vicious.

And the Disciples in the Sect, having been brought up in comfort and arrogance, might easily fall into a trap when suddenly confronting Sin Cultivators.

Cheng Mo and his friends were not only strong but also lucky.

Since they had taken on the mission in secret, they became, aside from Mo Hua, the first among their peers to complete such a wanted "bounty" mission.

Naturally, this made them stand out

The Elders either didn't know or simply turned a blind eye.

But the story gradually spread among the Disciples.

Many began to entertain the idea of going out themselves.

After all, the rewards for entry-level tasks were accumulated slowly and were tedious, nowhere near as exciting and lucrative as these bounty missions.

Several Disciples secretly approached Cheng Mo, asking how to take on missions, what precautions to take when going out, what Pills to prepare, and so on...

Cheng Mo was even more pleased with himself.

However, he didn't forget about Mo Hua.

One day during a meal, Cheng Mo found Mo Hua and whispered, "Next time, I'll take you with us on a mission

Mo Hua was taken aback, "You're taking me?"

"Yeah!" Cheng Mo said, "The four of us, plus you. You don't have to do anything, just run errands, help out with chores, and we'll share the Merit Points with you

Mo Hua felt a mix of emotions and was somewhat moved.

But he still shook his head.

He didn't need Cheng Mo to take him.

And the little Merit Points they would share, he didn't care for them...

Cheng Mo thought Mo Hua didn't trust him and declared emphatically:

"On the Formation, I admit you're the boss! But when it comes to going out and capturing Sin Cultivators for bounties, your scrawny arms and legs won't cut it. You'll have to recognize me as the boss!"

Mo Hua, expressionless, responded, "Oh

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1037: Formation Media (Thanks to the Boss

Chapter 1037 -661 Formation Media (Thanks to the Boss Xuan Chou for the alliance~)

Chapter 1037 -661 Formation Media (Thanks to the Boss Xuan Chou for the alliance~)

"You don't trust me?" Cheng Mo said with a displeased face.

Mo Hua ate his steamed bun in a prim and proper manner, responding perfunctorily, "I trust

But his demeanor clearly showed that he didn't.

"I'm telling you, you probably don't know how treacherous the Cultivation World is. When a real fight breaks out, it's a matter of life and death Cheng Mo said.

"Uh-huh," Mo Hua replied, still looking indifferent.

Cheng Mo sighed, "Why don't you get it?"

He snatched a steamed bun from Mo Hua's hand, stuffed it into his mouth, swallowed it in a few bites, and then continued,

"You're a Formation Master. Although Formation Masters are powerful, that's because inside Sects or places governed by the Taoist Court, everyone behaves amiably, respects status, cares about face

Mo Hua was upset about his steamed bun being taken.

Cheng Mo hurriedly gave his drumstick to Mo Hua.

Mo Hua took the drumstick, took a couple of bites, and nodded in satisfaction.

Seeing Mo Hua in a good mood, Cheng Mo's eyes lit up, and he quickly said,

"Let me take you with me

"The tactics of Formation Masters require prior setup. Otherwise, if caught unprepared and forced into hasty combat, it's a very passive situation."

"If caught off guard, you might lose your life

"So, when Cultivators fight using spells and martial skills, Formation Masters also need to 'cling to strong legs'!"

"Oh Mo Hua, gnawing on the drumstick, blinked and asked, "Then who are the 'strong legs'?"

Cheng Mo immediately patted his chest,

"Me!"

"I'm telling you, my pair of large axes are the Cheng family's ancestral weapons. They slay gods and buddhas alike. If you follow me, I'll show you how impressive I am!"

"You'll even get to earn Merit Points

Mo Hua looked at him skeptically, "Big Cheng, are you sure you don't have any ulterior motives?"

Taking him along on missions and sharing Merit Points?

Could he really be such an idiot?

Cheng Mo laughed sheepishly, "Not really... it's just

Cheng Mo looked around, then whispered lower,

"Let's make a deal. I'll take you on missions, and you'll call me 'Junior Brother'!"

Mo Hua was somewhat speechless, "That's it?"

Cheng Mo looked displeased, "What do you mean, 'that's it'? Do you understand the significance of the term 'Junior Brother'?"

Mo Hua shook his head.

Cheng Mo gritted his teeth.

It's like dying from drought if you're dry, flooding if you're wet.

Some people just don't appreciate their good fortune!

Cheng Mo said, "It's normal to call those from the year above you 'Junior Brother or Sister' in the Sect. It's a matter of courtesy."

"For disciples of the same year, having others call you 'Junior Brother or Sister' is a matter of face, of prestige!"

"So

Cheng Mo whispered, "I take you on missions, you call me Junior Brother, and from now on, we call each other Junior Brother

"You won't benefit from that either, will you?" Mo Hua didn't understand.

Cheng Mo said with an open-minded expression, "It doesn't matter; as long as I'm not at a loss, it's fine!"

Mo Hua nodded, then suddenly felt something was off. He thought for a moment and shook his head,

"No, that's not right

"You can't get an advantage from me

"But in front of Situ Jian and the others, it would be different

"They call me 'Junior Brother'; if I call you 'Junior Brother' too, that makes you their Junior Brother as well!"

Cheng Mo's face turned red.

He had not expected that his little calculation, thought up with such effort, would be seen through by Mo Hua while simply eating a drumstick.

Mo Hua hummed softly,

"Don't even think about it. I am the 'Junior Brother', and I have to uphold the face for those who call me Junior Brother; I can't let them feel inferior in front of you!"

Cheng Mo was stiff-faced.

Mo Hua quickly finished the drumstick and, feeling full, prepared to leave.

Cheng Mo was still persistently wheedling,

"Mo Hua!"

"Junior Brother!"

"It's really hard for a Formation Master to get by

"Don't you want to go outside the Sect and seek justice, capture Sin Cultivators, slay demons, and uphold the Righteous Dao?"

"Don't you want to feel the thrill of personally cutting down Demon Cultivators?"

"I can beat them half to death for you to finish off with a spell!"

Mo Hua remained unmoved.

Cheng Mo added, "Besides, staying in the Sect all day, you can't earn that many Merit Points, can you?"

Mo Hua stopped in his tracks, turned around, tiptoed, patted Cheng Mo on the shoulder, and sighed,

"The Formation Paintings I create are Second Grade; actually, I earn far more Merit Points than you fighters

Cheng Mo stood there, his emotions extremely complex.

...

Afterward, Mo Hua's life went on as usual.

Cultivating, attending classes, Drawing Formations.

Occasionally, he had time to practice the Sever Gold Sword Control Technique's Sword Qi.

Cheng Mo continued to go on missions, but occasionally he would still try every tactic, even resorting to bribing Mo Hua with treats, persuading Mo Hua to join him and call him "Junior Brother".

Mo Hua's Taoist Heart was firm; he stuck to his principles and ignored him.

Cheng Mo was out of options.

After some time, with Cheng Mo taking the lead, more and more disciples began to venture out on missions.

Taixu Gate was filled with talented individuals, and teams of five could take on the "bounties" for Sin Cultivators at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage. Even if they couldn't win, they wouldn't be at a loss.

Working together, fighting Sin Cultivators, and completing missions was also an essential part of their training.

Gradually, Mo Hua's fellow disciples, the sons of noble families, began to grow up as well.

Even if they couldn't handle the more vicious Evil Cultivators, capturing ordinary Sin Cultivators was no longer a problem.

This was also within Mo Hua's expectations.

The sons of noble families had excellent talent and strength.

Even though they were raised in families and lacked the experience of travelling and adventuring, after going out on a few missions and facing some setbacks, they gradually got used to it.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1038: Formation Media (Thank you to the

Chapter 1038 -661: Formation Media (Thank you to the patron, Grandmaster Xuan Chou~)_2

Chapter 1038 -661: Formation Media (Thank you to the patron, Grandmaster Xuan Chou~)_2

Senior Sister Murong and the others must have been taught in the same way.

Even Taixu Gate must have done the same earlier.

Through missions, they would gradually help disciples control the "difficulty" and toughen up bit by bit until they could stand on their own.

However, this has nothing to do with Mo Hua.

Such missions are too simple, and they won't earn many merit points, so he couldn't be bothered to do them.

Mo Hua thought of something else.

Cheng Mo's words had reminded him.

"Formation Master's techniques must be arranged in advance, otherwise, if forced to fight in haste and unprepared, it would be very passive."

"If caught off guard, it's likely that one might lose one's life

Formation Master's techniques need to be prepared in advance...

This made Mo Hua realize a problem:

"How exactly do general Formation Masters make use of formations in battle?"

During his time in Tongxian City, he used formations as traps.

When killing the Big Demon Feng Xi and building the Five Elements Slaughter Demon Great Formation, it was akin to setting up a trap that combined confinement and slaughter—first trapping Feng Xi, then slaughtering like a pig.

After reaching Foundation Establishment and learning Divine Sense Control Ink, things became much simpler.

He could draw and use formations on the spot...

But how do other Foundation Establishment Formation Masters specifically utilize formations in real combat?

This was something Mo Hua hadn't really given much thought to.

Mo Hua contemplated and felt somewhat lost, inevitably sighing.

Perhaps this was the trouble of learning too much about Formations.

Some of the most basic things could be overlooked without one realizing it...

"Practical application of formations

He decided to thoroughly research this during the time he had.

He had intended to ask Elder Master Xun.

But upon further thought, he realized that such a question might not be seen as a high-end Formation issue, therefore asking Elder Master Xun seemed like making poor use of valuable resources.

Moreover, it might even arouse Elder Master Xun's suspicions.

Especially the term "practical application," which didn't sound like something a little cultivator, freshly joined to a sect and confined indoors, engrossed daily in Formation research, would ask.

Mo Hua went to look for Zheng Fang instead.

The Zheng Family is known as a Formation Method Aristocrat with a rare and highly secretive Thunder System Formation, not even necessarily passed down to their direct descendants.

But aside from that, their inheritance of some basic formations and their applications should be rather complete.

Zheng Fang often discussed Formation issues with Mo Hua.

With a stern face and serious personality, he did everything by the book like a “little scholar.”

He studied every Formation issue seriously.

Apart from some Formation inheritances that were forbidden from being passed on, Zheng Fang had always been forthcoming and exhaustive in what he shared with Mo Hua.

"The practical use of formations is based on formations, but the key actually lies in the 'Formation media.'"

"Formation media?"

"Yes," Zheng Fang nodded, "My great-uncle once said that the Dao of Heaven and Earth manifests as 'Formations,' and everything in the world can serve as a 'Formation media.'"

"However, among these potential 'Formation media,' there's also a great deal of variance

"Some things are natural 'Formation media,' due to their affinity for absorbing Spiritual Ink and melding with Formation Patterns

"Whereas other things may either be too loose and formless, too fluid and inconsistent, or too complex and disordered to be suitable

Zheng Fang paused here, choosing a more precise phrasing:

"Very difficult to use as 'Formation media

"There are exceptions, but they are rare

"Only a few Great Formation Masters, with an uncommon understanding of the laws of the world, capable of 'turning stone into gold' and transforming what's decayed into

something wondrous, can inscribe Formation Patterns on 'Formation media' that are commonly considered unsuitable

Mo Hua couldn't help nodding involuntarily.

Zheng Fang continued, "Therefore, Formation media, in the study of formations, are just 'mediators,' but in the application of formations, they are 'foundational.'"

"Even the most advanced formations require suitable 'Formation media' to serve as the base for their structure."

"And the history of Formation media is also lengthy

Zheng Fang looked as though he had a long story to tell.

"In the beginning, Formation Masters had to find and use their own Formation media

"But as the Tao Cultivation industry developed and became more specialized, Formation Masters had their hands full just learning Formations, let alone spending a lot of time crafting Formation media themselves

"So the crafting of 'Formation media

Mo Hua's eyes brightened, "Was left to Artifact Refiners?"

"Yes," Zheng Fang nodded.

He then pulled out a catalog from his Storage Bag.

On the catalog, several simple Spiritual Artifact models were illustrated.

"There's no need to mention Formation Paper, as it's the most basic and cheapest Formation media

"All other types of Spiritual Artifact Formation media, including Formation Flags, Array Plates, and Formation bases

"These are all separately refined by Artifact Refiners."

Mo Hua looked puzzled, "But this crafting of Formation media doesn't seem to be taught in the sect."

Zheng Fang nodded again, "Those things... the sect doesn't teach

"Just like formations, which are divided into various categories, such as Five Elements and Eight Trigrams, Eryi and Three Talents, Four Symbols and Seven Stars, and so on

"And among the subcategories are formations like the Yuan Magnetic Formation

"Each category of formations has significant differences

"Similarly, Artifact Refining is also divided into various subfields, like the crafting of Formation media, Taoist Robes, armors, weapons, accessories, and other Spiritual Artifacts required in a cultivator's life and production, such as lamps, incense burners, screens, and Pill Furnaces

"Most Artifact Refiners will choose one or two specialties to pursue excellence in."

"The sect won't teach everything, only picking the most important, with the largest volume, and with the widest application to teach

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1039: Formation Media (Thank you to the

Chapter 1039 -661: Formation Media (Thank you to the patron, Grandmaster Xuan Chou~)_3

Chapter 1039 -661: Formation Media (Thank you to the patron, Grandmaster Xuan Chou~)_3

"Formation Medium Spirit Instrument, applicable in narrow aspects, obviously not included

"So that's how it is

Mo Hua suddenly realized and felt emotional.

The knowledge in Tao Cultivation was indeed profound and complex, if one did not carefully ask and patiently learn, many things would remain unknown...

Mo Hua praised, "You really know a lot!"

Zheng Fang beamed with happiness but still humbly said,

"Not at all

...

Afterward, Mo Hua roughly understood.

Formation media is the basis for the application of formations.

In Tongxian City, because it was Little Immortal City, the inheritance was limited, and the standard of formation support was also limited.

Mo Hua, still a Qi Refinement Realm Junior Formation Master, used very basic formation media.

Often it was makeshift, as long as it worked.

He had no specific concept in his mind.

After his Foundation Establishment, his Divine Sense underwent a transformation, using “earth as the medium,” he directly skipped many restrictions of “formation media.”

But that wasn’t really good...

After deeply thinking it through, Mo Hua felt that there were some things he could do without, but should not lack the knowledge or the skill.

One should not ignore the “common” methods of formation just because one’s own methods of setting formations were extraordinary.

These basic methods were the culmination of the efforts and crystals of so many Formation Masters in the Cultivation World, researched, iterated, and used for a long time.

They possibly contained immense and valuable experiences of “formation application” and practical formation thinking.

Mo Hua nodded and adjusted his mindset.

He also wanted to learn how to use the “formation media” to enhance his application of formations.

Formation application should be based on formation media.

"Formation media

Mo Hua asked around in the sect.

Indeed, there were disciples skilled in Artifact Refining, but almost none skilled in creating Spirit Instruments as “formation media.”

There were a few who knew how, but they only made the very basic “Formation Paper” and “Array Plate.”

These could be bought anywhere.

Moreover, the combination of formations and formation media was the most basic form, with little significance to research.

"It would be best to have some special kind of formation media

Mo Hua considered issuing a reward in the Taixu Token, but he was somewhat reluctant to spend Merit Points.

After all, Merit Points were very valuable.

And since he knew very little about “formation media” type Artifact Refining, even if he issued a reward, he didn’t know exactly what type of Spirit Instrument formation media he should ask to be crafted.

"If not in the sect, should I ask outside?"

Mo Hua thought silently to himself.

Then he took advantage of his leave and went to the Gu Family.

The Gu Family was also considered a major clan.

Even though their power was not as great as the Shangguan Family, it was still much bigger than the families he had encountered like the Qian Family and the Lu Family.

The family certainly had industries.

Among these industries, it was impossible not to have Artifact Refining.

After all, Artifact Refining was one of the four major industries in Tao Cultivation.

Since there was an Artifact Refining industry, even if they did not specifically do the business of refining formation media, the Artifact Refiners there must know something about the techniques of refining formation media.

This was the Qianxue State Boundary; those who could make a living from “Artifact Refining” definitely had real skills.

Gu Changhuai was busy with Dao Court Canon matters and did not return.

Mo Hua didn’t intend to find him anyway.

For him, being a Department of Ceremonies official, the Gu Family's businesses were likely not his concern.

Mo Hua then approached Wenren Wan.

Wenren Wan pondered, "Formation Medium Spirit Instrument

"The Gu Family used to do this kind of business before, I forgot if they sold paper or Array Plates, but since it was not profitable, they cut it off

"Is it gone now?"

Mo Hua felt somewhat disappointed.

Wenren Wan said, "The Refinery Shop was cut, but the Artifact Refiners are still in the Refinery Shop, just switched to refining other Spirit Instruments

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, "Can I go visit?"

Wenren Wan nodded, "Of course, but the industries cooperated by the Shangguan and Gu Families are scattered throughout the Qianxue State Boundary and its surrounding Immortal Cities

"There are quite a few Refinery Shops, and I don't know where these Artifact Refiners have been transferred to, someone would have to inquire

"Hmm hmm," Mo Hua smiled, "Thank you, Aunt Wan!"

Two hours later, Wenren Wan had found out.

"It's in Solitary Mountain City, quite far, it will take around a day and a night to get there and back, do you want to go?"

Mo Hua hesitated, "A day and a night

"Yes." Wenren Wan hesitated a bit, "Otherwise, shall I have someone bring the Artifact Refiner here for you to ask?"

Mo Hua thought about it, then shook his head,

"I'll go there myself."

It was already asking for help, how could he inconvenience others to make the round trip.

The Artifact Refiners in the Refinery Shop were also very busy with Artifact Refining.

Mo Hua had experienced this deeply during his time in Tongxian City.

Wenren Wan nodded, "Alright, I will have someone send you."

"No need," Mo Hua said.

Wenren Wan looked at Mo Hua, a bit uneasy.

Mo Hua then sheepishly smiled and whispered,

"I also want to enjoy the journey a bit

Wenren Wan was taken aback, thinking to herself that he was still a child, still a bit playful.

"It's dangerous outside Wenren Wan reminded.

"It's okay." Mo Hua said, "I have the Letter Token given by Uncle Gu, and I also have the Dao Court Canon waist badge, I can run if there's danger

Wenren Wan sighed.

She knew Mo Hua had his own ideas and would act autonomously, so she did not insist further.

"Then be careful."

"Okay!" Mo Hua nodded.

Afterward, Mo Hua, alone, boarded the Gu Family's carriage, left Qingzhou City, and headed for the remote Solitary Mountain City.

Mo Hua had planned it well.

First, go to Solitary Mountain City to ask the Gu Family's Artifact Refiner Master about knowledge on refining Formation Medium Spirit Instruments.

Like Formation Flags, Array Plates, Formation bases... these formation media, what are the specific differences?

What kind of formation media are suitable for different formations?

Then, based on the situation, consider how to better integrate formations and formation media, and expand his own methods of applying formations.

On the return journey, he planned to detour from Kushan Mountain's ruined temple.

Buy some wine, meat, pastries, and Spirit Fruits to visit his “old friend,” the Downcast Mountain God, Lord Yellow Mountain.

It had been a long time since they had met, and Mo Hua actually missed him.

He wondered if Lord Yellow Mountain was having a good time.

Seeing him would certainly make him very happy.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 1040: Sinister Formation Master

The Five Brothers of Tai Ah quickly moved back into formation, blocking in front of Mo Hua, standing like five small mountains, allowing no one to approach.

At the same time, Cheng Mo, Yang Qianjun, Situ Jian, and others also closed in around Mo Hua, tightening their formation.

Feng Zichen, relying on his superior footwork, took the lead and charged toward Mo Hua.

Using Carefree Wind-Stepping, he rapidly closed the distance, and with Eight Trigram Wandering Wind Steps, he weaved between the Tai Xu Sect disciples, his figure turning into a blur of white afterimages. Within just a dozen exchanges, he broke through Tai Xu Sect’s defenses and pushed within twenty zhang (about 66 meters) of Mo Hua—the closest any genius among the Four Sects and Seven Clans had ever gotten to him.

Then, Feng Zichen unleashed his Swift Blade Like the Wind, aiming straight for Mo Hua’s vital point. But just as he stepped within ten zhang (33 meters), the ground beneath him suddenly erupted as rocks rose up, transforming into a cage that blocked his path.

Moments later, the Five Brothers of Tai Ah immediately closed in, surrounding him. Five massive swords came crashing down on Feng Zichen, overwhelming him with relentless, thunderous strikes.

The sheer weight and power of these giant swords were terrifying.

Since Feng Zichen specialized in speed-based swordsmanship, he dared not clash head-on. He had no choice but to temporarily retreat. But just as he took a few steps back, a wisp of spiritual ink seeped into the ground, turning it into flowing sand.

Focused on defending against the Five Brothers of Tai Ah, Feng Zichen was caught off guard. His right foot sank into the quicksand, and though he managed to break free within moments, a chill ran down his spine.

In the chaos of battle, even being restrained for two breaths of time could be fatal. And sure enough, Situ Jian, who had been lying in wait for an opportunity, seized the moment.

He condensed a strike of Blazing Fire Sword Qi and slashed through the air— hitting Feng Zichen square in the back.

Staggering forward, Feng Zichen turned his head, only to see a pair of giant axes swinging toward him.

Cheng Mo, known for his synergy with Situ Jian, seized the opportunity. As soon as Feng Zichen was struck by the Blazing Fire Sword Qi, Cheng Mo followed up immediately with his twin axes.

A solid strike landed—Feng Zichen took a direct hit from Cheng Mo's axe. Death was imminent.

But at the critical moment, Shi Tiangang swung a fist, intercepting Cheng Mo and giving Feng Zichen a brief reprieve.

Soon after, Song Kui of the Broken Gold Sect, Qin Cangliu of the Water Dao Sect, and numerous geniuses from Purple Mist Sect and Lingxiao Sect all joined the assault, charging toward Mo Hua together. However, none of them possessed Feng Zichen's agility.

They couldn't slip past the Tai Xu Sect disciples.

If they launched a frontal assault, they couldn't break through the Five Brothers of Tai Ah's iron defense. And even if they did, they wouldn't survive Linghu Xiao's terrifying sword aura.

From beginning to end, none of them could even get close to Mo Hua. Meanwhile, Mo Hua, thin and frail, sat motionless atop a distant boulder—serene and unshaken like a mountain. Threads of spiritual ink, either pitch-black or blood-red, slithered in front of him, guided by his divine sense.

Some strands of spiritual ink, like tiny snakes, snaked across the earth. One after another, formations were woven together— perfectly coordinated with the killing strikes of the Tai Xu Sect disciples, reaping lives with every step.

Mo Hua's expression remained calm, his gaze deep and indifferent.

The spiritual ink danced at his fingertips. Life and death— every lethal move, every fatal moment—seemed to unfold entirely under his control. This eerie and chilling scene sent shivers down the spines of Shi Tiangang, Qin Cangliu, and the others. Never before, in any real battle, had they encountered such an unfathomably powerful array master.

His strength did not stem from personal cultivation.

It was his unfathomable mastery of formations, his profound understanding of the battlefield, his absolute control over the environment, and his manipulation of life and death that made him terrifying beyond reason.

He had to be killed. At any cost, Mo Hua must die.

That thought surfaced in everyone's mind in an instant.

Throwing caution to the wind, they charged at him once more—yet after multiple attempts, they still failed to break through the Tai Xu Sect's defenses.

Instead, their allies continued to fall, one after another, perishing within Mo Hua's formations.

"If close combat won't work, then we attack from afar," Qin Cangliu declared. "Ye Zhiyuan, use your sword control."

"I don't have a chance."

Ye Zhiyuan, who was being hounded by several Tai Xu Sect disciples led by Hao Xuan, snapped back in frustration.

Sword Control Techniques required absolute concentration— they were most vulnerable to external disruptions. And unfortunately for him, Hao Xuan was a master of movement techniques and had an annoying habit of sneak-attacking.

Ever since Ye Zhiyuan had attempted to launch his first controlled sword strike at Mo Hua, Hao Xuan had locked onto him. Whenever he tried to distance himself and prepare for another sword control strike, Hao Xuan would find an opening and slam a staff into the back of his head.

Ye Zhiyuan was furious.

In the entire Ganxue Province, among the disciples of the prestigious Eight Great Sects, how could there be someone who didn't practice swordsmanship and instead wielded a damn staff?

Qin Cangliu cursed Ye Zhiyuan for being useless.

Once, Ye Zhiyuan had been a prodigy of the Great Luo Sect, dazzlingly talented—so arrogant and sharp-tongued that no one dared challenge him. But ever since Mo Hua had killed him with a single sword strike, his aura of invincibility had shattered.

People no longer revered the so-called "Genius of the Sword Dao."

Though Qin Cangliu cursed at him, he still rushed over to cover for Ye Zhiyuan, blocking Hao Xuan and the others.

Mo Hua's formations were too strange. The Tai Xu Sect, empowered by those bizarre armors, was stronger than ever.

If this went on, they would suffer total annihilation. Their only chance at breaking this deadlock was through Ye Zhiyuan's sword control technique.

"You use your sword control to kill Mo Hua from a distance. Even if you can't kill him, just keep disrupting him. Don't let him continue drawing formations..."

Although Qin Cangliu was not a formation master, he had studied formations before. Drawing formations required complete concentration and extreme focus of divine sense.

Controlling spiritual ink with divine sense was undoubtedly more difficult than ordinary formation drawing—it required an even higher level of focus.

As long as Ye Zhiyuan's flying sword could get close to Mo Hua, even if it couldn't injure him, it would still interrupt his formation drawing. Without Mo Hua's formations, they could hold out for a while longer.

If the reinforcements outside could break through the mountain-sealing formation in time, and they gained allies, they could charge forward together and annihilate Tai Xu Sect.

The key lay in Ye Zhiyuan's sword control. After all, he was once the greatest sword control genius of the Great Luo Sect, and the Great Luo Flying Sword Art he cultivated was no ordinary technique.

Ye Zhiyuan distanced himself and, from 160 zhang (about 528 meters) away, began forming hand seals and controlling his flying sword.

The Great Luo Flying Sword was a specially crafted weapon—three feet seven inches long, with ancient and austere engravings of cloud patterns. It could soar through the sky and dive underground, its chilling radiance heralding death.

Ye Zhiyuan was a prodigy to begin with, exceptionally gifted in sword control. After suffering a crushing defeat at Mo Hua's hands last time, he had trained even harder, pushing himself to his limits.

Hatred was the best catalyst. His Great Luo Flying Sword Control had improved significantly since before.

This sword was now faster, more precise, and sharper. It streaked across the sky like a beam of light, merging with the clouds before shooting straight at Mo Hua.

Although the Five Brothers of Tai Ah intercepted it in the end, the flying sword had come within ten zhang (33 meters) of Mo Hua.

The explosive force of the sword aura tore through the ground and disturbed the flow of energy, causing a brief interruption in Mo Hua's divine sense, breaking his concentration and halting his formation drawing.

Qin Cangliu had been right.

Controlling ink with divine sense and inscribing formations on the ground was incredibly difficult and required absolute focus. This sword did not kill Mo Hua, but it successfully stopped him from completing his formation. Without Mo Hua's eerie formations supporting them, Shi Tiangang and the others immediately felt relieved.

The Tai Xu Sect disciples, empowered by the Five Elements Source Armor, were indeed formidable, but without Mo Hua's unpredictable formations, they could still be stalled.

Now, at last, Mo Hua's formations had been suppressed. The geniuses of the Four Sects and Seven Clans all felt a surge of morale.

"Keep going!"

Ye Zhiyuan continued launching flying swords at Mo Hua from a distance. With Mo Hua under constant disruption, he could no longer use divine sense to control ink and construct formations.

The Five Brothers of Tai Ah were also tied up, forced to defend Mo Hua. Hao Xuan and the others had good movement techniques but lacked the cultivation to break through the defenses of the Four Sects and Seven Clans to interfere with Ye Zhiyuan.

Linghu Xiao was entangled with Shi Tiangang and several disciples from the Vajra Sect.

Yang Qianjun and the others kept charging, but they couldn't breach the defense line fast enough to take down Ye Zhiyuan.

The battle had reversed. Tai Xu Sect's formation was forced into disarray. The situation was worsening.

At that moment, seated in the rear, Mo Hua's gaze turned cold.

"You dare interfere with my formation drawing?"

He retrieved a spiritual sword, communicated with a sword formation through his divine sense, and then, with a flick of his fingers, unleashed a golden streak of sword light, shooting toward Ye Zhiyuan.

Sword control against sword control. This sword was faster and sharper. Ye Zhiyuan's heart tensed as he immediately became alert.

Last time, he had been killed by Mo Hua's sword control because he never expected a formation master like Mo Hua to wield sword control techniques. Caught off guard, he had been slain in an instant. But now, he was fully prepared and would not make the same mistake again.

Without hesitation, Ye Zhiyuan withdrew, his figure flashing as he retreated thirty to forty zhang (about 100–130 meters). This was far beyond the typical sword control range of a Foundation Establishment cultivator.

Moreover, he knew that Mo Hua's unorthodox sword control technique had explosive properties. At this distance, he was well beyond the explosion range. To be even safer, two Vajra Sect body cultivators stood in front of Ye Zhiyuan, holding up massive shields.

Mo Hua's spiritual sword crashed into the shields and immediately exploded.

The sword formation overloaded, causing the sword to shatter, sending sword energy and shards flying in all directions, stirring up a massive dust cloud.

Within the dust, the two Vajra Sect disciples were caught in the sword aura. Their flesh was cut, and even with their golden shields, they sustained severe injuries. But they had successfully blocked Mo Hua's sword strike.

Beneath this sword's impact, Ye Zhiyuan remained completely unharmed.

Standing thirty to forty zhang away from the explosion, Ye Zhiyuan exhaled lightly, feeling the oppressive shadow of Mo Hua fade somewhat.

"So this is all there is to Mo Hua's sword control?"

"As long as I stay vigilant, he can't kill me."

The thought had barely surfaced.

The moment Ye Zhiyuan let his guard down— From within the lingering smoke and dust, another Tai Ah Sword shot out. There was no sword aura, no sword technique, just a simple spiritual sword—yet it carried a terrifying killing intent.

Ye Zhiyuan's eyes widened in utter disbelief.

Two hundred zhang! (about 660 meters)

At this range, how had Mo Hua's sword reached him?! Had Mo Hua held back the last time he killed him? Had Mo Hua's true sword control range always been two hundred zhang?

Fear gripped Ye Zhiyuan's heart. He wanted to retreat— But it was already too late. At one hundred sixty zhang, Ye Zhiyuan had been able to react in time.

Now? He had no chance. Ye Zhiyuan was terrified. He wanted to retreat, but it was already too late.

A flying sword at a hundred and sixty zhang—he had been prepared for it, so it couldn't kill him. But a flying sword at two hundred zhang—this was beyond Ye Zhiyuan's understanding.

Moreover, Mo Hua's first flying sword had pinned down the Vajra Sect's body cultivators, keeping them too occupied to assist, and its explosion had created a cloud of dust, obscuring vision.

This second flying sword was faster, farther, and even more concealed. There was no one to block the sword for Ye Zhiyuan.

Even the chaotic explosion of sword energy disrupted perception, and the thick smoke completely obstructed his sight. This was a death trap. The Tai'a Sword overloaded and exploded, shattering the sword formation. Sword energy spread in all directions, tearing through everything in its path.

Just like before— Ye Zhiyuan died again. Once more, he was slain by Mo Hua with a single sword. And with Ye Zhiyuan dead, the situation instantly took a drastic turn.

There was no longer anyone who could pose a threat to Mo Hua from afar. No one could interfere with his formation drawing.

Within the valley, the black and red spiritual ink began to slither like venomous serpents once again, and one formation after another emerged like ominous totems demanding life.

Shi Tiangang, Qin Cangliu, and the others felt a chill deep in their hearts. But they were powerless to change the tide. The glow of the Five Elements Source Armor flickered.

Mo Hua infused his divine sense into it, pushing the armor's augmentation to its peak. Like a divine blessing, immense power descended upon the disciples of the Tai Xu Sect. They understood— Senior Brother was telling them to end this quickly.

Kill!

The five Tai'a brothers roared in unison, their battle intent surging, spiritual power boiling. Like five war gods, they swung their giant swords and began their final slaughter.

Dressed in a robe of flowing water, empowered by the Moonlit Waterforce, Ling Huxiao began to charge up his sword, further amplifying the power of his "Void-Dissolving Sword Slash."

The other Tai Xu Sect disciples, their morale soaring, launched a coordinated attack. And with Mo Hua's omnipresent formation weaving seamlessly into the battle— The disciples of the Four Sects and Seven Clans started to fall one after another.

Song Kui of the Broken Gold Sect was stabbed to death by Yang Qianjun's spear.

Qin Cangliu of the Water Dao Sect perished under Ling Huxiao's sword aura.

Feng Zichen of the Free Spirit Sect, exhausted from prolonged combat, was cornered by Situ Jian and Cheng Mo, only to be slain by Ouyang Xuan's sword.

Shi Tiangang of the Vajra Sect met his end beneath the relentless assault of the five Tai'a brothers. With the top elites of the Eight Great Clans dead, the remaining disciples stood no chance.

They were massacred, one after another, like dried grass before a storm. Thus, within the valley, every last disciple of the Four Sects and Seven Clans was wiped out.

The valley was completely cleared. This was the first time Mo Hua's Five Elements Source Armor had been revealed to the world.

And in this first appearance, in its first battle, it had enabled the Tai Xu Sect to triumph against overwhelming odds, slaughtering over a hundred elite disciples of the Qianxue Alliance.

Outside the Sword Discussion Arena, silence reigned.

All the spectating cultivators felt their hearts pounding in shock.

"They killed them all..."

"The Tai Xu Sect, with only thirty people, completely wiped out over a hundred elites from the Four Sects and Seven Clans— including some of the top-tier geniuses of the Eight Great Clans?!"

This was the Tai Xu Sect?

This was Mo Hua, the undisputed leader of the Formation Dao?!

Ruthless.

The sound of people sucking in sharp breaths echoed intermittently across the field. Only now did they realize—they had completely misjudged this battle from the start.

This was never an “encirclement” of the Tai Xu Sect by the Four Sects and Seven Clans.

It was a **counter-encirclement** by the Tai Xu Sect!

The Tai Xu Sect’s goal was never to defend. It was to **slaughter**. And they had proven they had the power to do so.

In this bloody battle, under the augmentation of the Five Elements Source Armor and the support of formations, the Tai Xu Sect, united as one, unleashed an overwhelming destructive force—one that could even rival the Four Great Sects.

All the spectating cultivators were shaken to the core.

Many who had once looked down on the Tai Xu Sect now felt a newfound respect. Those who had previously mocked Mo Hua now found their faces burning with shame.

Meanwhile, within the Tai Xu Sect, whether elders or disciples, watching Mo Hua and the others dominate the battlefield, their hearts swelled with excitement and pride.

Even the Sect Masters of the Three Mountains felt their blood boil.

This battle had won them prestige and glory—it had made them proud beyond words.

In stark contrast, the Sect Masters of the other Seven Great Clans looked as if they had swallowed charcoal, their faces utterly dark and grim.

Some of the clan ancestors even furrowed their brows, their expressions turning displeased...

...

Inside the battlefield, the sword duel continued.

The Void Sect, relying on the Five Elements Source Armor and Mo Hua's formation techniques, had counter-ambushed the Four Sects and Seven Schools, slaughtering over a hundred elite cultivators.

This slaughter, though seemingly complex, had actually unfolded in less than half an hour.

During this time, the elites inside the valley were relentlessly hunted by the Void Sect.

Meanwhile, the elites outside the valley had been constantly attacking the Mountain-Sealing Restorative Formation that Mo Hua had set up. However, the One-Line Sky Pass was naturally narrow.

This terrain had been reinforced with a Third-Grade Formation by the Elder of Dao Mountain, who had feared Mo Hua would “stir up trouble.” As a result, it was difficult to alter the landscape. Because of this, the pass simply couldn't accommodate too many people breaking the formation at once.

On top of that, Mo Hua's Restorative Formation was a Top-Tier Second-Grade Formation, merging seamlessly with the mountains and responding to the land itself.

Without the intervention of Shen Linshu and the other four Qianxue Elites, breaking through was nearly impossible.

Thus, the disciples of the Four Sects and Seven Schools outside the valley found themselves completely cut off by Mo Hua's formation, forced to watch helplessly as their comrades were massacred by the Void Sect.

To them, the scene was just as brutal and shocking as it was to those inside the valley.

A deep chill crept into their hearts, and none dared to continue trying to break the formation. Even if they did break through—then what?

Would they charge in, only to be slaughtered by Mo Hua and his people next?

They had seen the carnage inside the valley with their own eyes. The Void Sect's strength at this moment was utterly terrifying.

The five Tai'a Brothers, wielding their greatswords, had butchered countless foes, filling onlookers with dread.

Not to mention the Sword Dao Prodigy, Linghu Xiao, and the Formation Dao Leader, Mo Hua.

Even the top elites of the Seven Schools—Shi Tiangang, Qin Cangliu, and Feng Zichen— had all been cut down one by one.

So what chance did the rest of them stand?

At this moment, the only reason they were still alive was not because they were strong. It was simply because they were lucky enough to be outside the valley when Mo Hua's formation sealed them off. Had they taken one step inside, they would have been dead too. Realizing this, everyone instinctively took a step back.

The entrance to One-Line Sky Pass, in their eyes, now looked like the Gates of Hell— whoever stepped inside would die. And Mo Hua, to them, was like the Little King of Hell, seated in the depths of the underworld.

The battlefield fell into a strange silence once more. The elites of the Four Sects and Seven Schools outside the valley didn't dare to act rashly.

Inside the valley, Mo Hua and his allies finally caught their breath. But Mo Hua hadn't forgotten the most important thing:

"Collect all their storage bags and bring them to me."

This was the true purpose behind his slaughter of these hundred elites.

He needed their storage bags.

During the Sword Duel Assembly, every elite's storage bag contained spiritual artifacts, formation materials, pills, spirit stones, and spirit ink. But to Mo Hua, the two most critical resources were spirit stones and spirit ink.

The Assembly imposed strict limitations on how many resources a cultivator could carry.

The Void Sect's supply of spirit stones and spirit ink was nowhere near enough for Mo Hua's needs.

If he wanted to set up more formations, he needed more spirit ink. And if he wanted to power those formations, he needed more spirit stones.

The only way to get them was by slaughtering a sufficient number of elite cultivators and seizing large amounts of storage bags.

Only with enough spirit ink and spirit stones could he continue executing his plan—the construction of formations. This was the strategy of war feeding war.

Now, half of his plan had succeeded: he had secured the spirit stones and spirit ink.

Mo Hua was ready to proceed to the next step.

And that step was simple— draw formations. Endlessly draw formations.

He would draw more formations, countless formations, until the entire valley was covered in formations.

Mo Hua meditated briefly, recovering his mental energy, before resuming his formation work.

Streams of colorful spirit ink flowed like living threads under his control, winding through the valley, forming dense and intricate formation patterns...

Meanwhile, outside the valley— The normally detached, indifferent Shen Linshu suddenly felt a trace of unease.

His brows slowly furrowed, and his gaze turned cold.

He had sensed it— A faint, indescribable feeling of dread...

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Master Gu felt a surge of anger, but upon seeing Mo Hua's strange expression, he realized he had lost his composure and said apologetically,

"Sorry, young master, I wasn't talking about you

Mo Hua had difficulty speaking and could only nod silently.

Seeing that time was getting on, he could not afford any delay.

Mo Hua thus turned to the matter at hand,

Including the Spiritual Artifacts used as Formation media and their relationship with other Spiritual Artifacts.

What were the differences between Formation media?

Which Formations were suitable for which different Formation media?

And so on...

Master Gu, seeing Mo Hua asking such “professional” questions, couldn’t help but see him in a new light, thus he explained more diligently to avoid losing face.

Firstly, was the relationship between Formations and Spiritual Artifacts.

"Formations, Pill, Artifact, Rune, although they are four major categories in Dao Cultivation, they are not completely independent or distinctly separated

"As Dao Cultivation developed, different Dao Cultivation industries melded, evolved, and developed with one another

"In this, Formation is crucially important

Master Gu sighed, “Although I curse those Formation Masters as ‘dog Formation Masters’ who look down on others, I must acknowledge that Formations indeed integrate deeply with various industries and have the most substantial impact

"Take Artifact Refining, for example

"It goes without saying that the Refining Furnace uses Formations.”

"The Spiritual Artifacts created by Artifact Refiners also mostly incorporate Formations.”

"It’s just that different Spiritual Artifacts use different Formations for different purposes

"For Body Cultivators, the internal Formations of their Spiritual Artifacts are intended to reinforce the Artifacts to maintain their hardness or sharpness for close combat killing

"Like the Wound-Breaking Blade, Sharp Metal Blade, and so forth

"Occasionally, ‘Attribute Spirit Formations’ are also added for attribute suppression. Examples include Flame Blade, Ice Blade

"For Spiritual Cultivators, the Formations in their Spiritual Artifacts are mostly similar to ‘Spells

"They are like having learned an additional spell when battling others.”

"However, these artifact Formations can only be activated by a Cultivator’s Spiritual Power, not by Spirit Stones

"Also, since the Formations are engraved inside the Spiritual Artifact, they are greatly limited, so the power of the Formations is also significantly weakened

"And the ones that can fully unleash the power of Formations are the 'Formation media' type of Spiritual Artifacts!"

Master Gu said gravely, then continued,

"This type of Spiritual Artifact might appear as one, but its essence is to exist for 'Formations' as 'Formation media'."

"It has the highest compatibility with Formation Patterns."

"It can also completely unleash the power of the Formation without any loss or limitations

"It's just that this type of Formation media is too dependent on both the Formation and the Formation Master."

"Different Formation Masters, different Formations, the details can vary greatly, and it is challenging to standardize the 'design' of Formation media, making them difficult to mass-produce with high risks and uncertain prospects

"But the 'Formation media' that is refined, in essence, can hardly be considered a 'Spiritual Artifact,' so there are relatively few Artifact Refiners willing to research these

"As for the relationship between Formation media and Formations

"Different types of Formations require different Formation media

"For instance, Formation Flags are generally used for reconnaissance, patrolling, Taoist Soldiers' combat, or directional purposes of vessels

"Array Plates find widespread application, basically covering large to small, all kinds of Formations; if you're unsure of which 'Formation media' to use, drawing an Array Plate is always correct

"And there are several Formation bases

Master Gu tirelessly detailed these to Mo Hua.

Mo Hua listened attentively, taking careful notes.

During this, a disciple named "Dachuan" came over to pour tea, then quietly retreated.

After Master Gu finished, he suddenly remembered a question:

"Young master, why are you asking about Formation media? Are you interested in learning Artifact Refining?"

Mo Hua shook his head, "I can't learn that

"Oh right," Master Gu glanced at Mo Hua's small frame, unable to swing a hammer, and nodded, "Then you

"I am a Formation Master," said Mo Hua.

Master Gu's eyebrows raised in surprise, "You're a Formation Master? No wonder
You...

A Formation Master?!

Master Gu's heart trembled, and cold sweat broke out on his back.

Had he just been speaking poorly about Formation Masters in front of one?

The corners of Master Gu's mouth twitched.

Mo Hua appeared unchanged.

Master Gu, feeling somewhat guilty, coughed and emphasized again softly,

"Young master, I really wasn't speaking about you just now

"Master Gu, it's fine."

Mo Hua said generously.

Seeing that Mo Hua truly wasn't taking it to heart, Master Gu finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Though he did not know exactly who this young master was, having obtained the seals and letters from both the Shangguan Family and Gu Family indicated he had a substantial backing, so he could not be offended.

Master Gu couldn't help looking Mo Hua over again.

Mo Hua then asked, "Don't I look like a Formation Master?"

Master Gu shook his head, "Not really

Mo Hua was curious, "What about me doesn't look like one?"

Master Gu answered thoughtfully, "Usually, Formation Masters aren't so young, and they generally have worse tempers, pretentious eyes, prouder, or more arrogant

A young, broad-minded, good-looking, and likable Junior Formation Master, it was his first encounter indeed.

Quite rare...

Seeing Master Gu complimenting him, Mo Hua let go of his earlier displeasure.

Master Gu pondered for a moment and then, with a bow, honestly said,

"I was wrong this time, my words offensive, please forgive me, young master

"If you don't mind, I invite you to a restaurant in the city as an apology

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.