

# **The Quest for Immortality**

## **Chapter 1043: Artifact Refining in Solitary**

Chapter 1043: Chapter 662: Artifact Refining in Solitary Mountain City\_4

Chapter 1043 -662: Artifact Refining in Solitary Mountain City\_4

Mo Hua smiled.

This Master Gu seemed very forthcoming.

But he was short on time and it was already too late.

Mo Hua said, "Thank you, Master Gu, but my Sect's period of leave is short, and I need to return to my Cultivation practice. If I have time later, I'll come to consult with Master Gu on some issues and hope you won't hesitate to enlighten me."

Master Gu invited him several more times, but seeing that Mo Hua was determined to leave, he didn't press further and said,

"When you come next time, I will ensure you are received well!"

"Thank you, Master Gu!"

Mo Hua rose to leave, but as he turned around, he saw the disciple named "Da Chuan" standing in the distance, looking somewhat anxious.

It seemed that there was an urgent matter, but he was hesitant to interrupt and had been waiting for quite a while.

Master Gu also noticed Da Chuan and called him over, asking,

"What's the matter?"

Da Chuan replied, "Master, the furnace has broken again

Master Gu frowned and said, "If it's broken, just replace it. Don't we have many furnaces?"

Da Chuan said with bitterness, "Artifact Refining was halfway done; we can't change now. If we switch, the embryo inside is likely to be damaged, and... relighting the furnace would cost more Spirit Stones

Master Gu asked, "Where is it broken?"

Da Chuan answered, "Just like before, it's from being used over time; the Formation has aged

Master Gu's brow furrowed even more.

Seeing this, Mo Hua offered, "Let me have a look

Master Gu had shared with him a lot of Artifact Refining knowledge, which was a great help to himself.

This little effort on his part would be a way to repay the favor.

And it would make it easier to ask for Master Gu's help in the future if needed.

Moreover, he had seen it all when he arrived.

In the Refinery Shop, the Artifact Furnaces used were very old, and the Formation Patterns weren't very advanced; he could draw them with his eyes closed.

Master Gu looked at Mo Hua but hesitated:

"It's a Second-Grade, Middle-level Formation

"No problem," Mo Hua said. "I know a bit about Second-Grade Middle-level Formations too."

Master Gu didn't quite understand at first.

What do you mean you know a bit about Second-Grade Middle-level Formations...

How would a Cultivator in the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage learn to draw Second-Grade Middle-level Formations?

He wasn't a Formation Master, but he wasn't ignorant either.

Confident, Mo Hua turned to Da Chuan and said, "Lead the way and let's have a look."

Da Chuan was in a difficult position. He glanced at Mo Hua, then back at Master Gu, unsure what to do.

Master Gu sighed, nodded, and said,

"Let's take a look, then."

It was only a Second-Grade Artifact Furnace.

In the worst case, if it was further damaged during repair, it wouldn't be any different from its current state.

However, when they arrived at the front courtyard and saw the broken Artifact Furnace, Master Gu still furrowed his brow.

The furnace had been dismantled, and most of the Formation Patterns had faded; the problem indeed lay with the Formation.

But as the Artifact Furnace had been subjected to intense fire, its inner wall was still glowing red hot just after being dismantled, and ordinary Second-Grade Formation Pens couldn't withstand this temperature.

They could only wait one to two hours for the Artifact Furnace to cool down naturally, otherwise, the Formation couldn't be drawn.

"Young Master, perhaps we should just let it be, this

Master Gu was halfway through his sentence when he abruptly stopped, stunned.

He saw Mo Hua take out a bottle of Spiritual Ink, and without even using a pen, with a flick of his small hand, the red Fire-series Spiritual Ink slithered out of the bottle like a little snake on its own.

Then, with another gesture from Mo Hua,

The Spiritual Ink traced a winding path through the air, eventually moving onto the red hot wall of the Artifact Furnace.

After a few more deft motions with his fingers,

Before long, a Second-Grade Melting Fire Formation with Sixteen Patterns vividly appeared on the Artifact Furnace.

And the Formation Patterns were tight and meticulously drawn, not deviating in the slightest.

The nearby Artifact Refiners, regardless of age, cultivation, or experience, were all struck dumb...

For that moment, they were all in a daze.

"Is this how a Formation Master works?"

"Are Formations drawn like this?"

Yet Mo Hua, as if he had just done a trivial task, collected the remaining Spiritual Ink, waved his hand, and bid farewell,

"I'll be taking my leave now."

Master Gu nodded almost blankly, having even forgotten to see Mo Hua off.

Not until Mo Hua had walked a good distance did he come back to his senses.

Master Gu watched Mo Hua's departing figure, frowning in thought,

"Just who is this young master

"His Formation technique... though incomprehensible, it's quite shocking

"He behaves sincerely and evidently comes from a significant background

"I wonder if it's possible

Master Gu looked up at the Artifact Refiners and apprentices around him, inhaling deeply with a sigh.

"I have to give these people following me something to aspire to

"I can't let them waste away with me in this desolate and remote Solitary Mountain City

...

It was getting dark.

Mo Hua sat alone in the carriage, embarking on the road to leave Solitary Mountain City.

He had to travel through the night.

With such a short period of leave, he still had to visit Lord Yellow Mountain, so there was no time to rest.

After all, traveling at night was generally safe since it followed a main road.

In case of danger, the cover of night would provide him with greater security.

Something about Solitary Mountain City struck Mo Hua as odd.

Why should an Immortal City of Third Grade have so few Golden Core Cultivators? And why did it seem so desolate?

But with his rushed schedule, he hadn't had time to inquire deeply—perhaps he could find out more next time.

For now, he needed to press on.

So Mo Hua took a detour along the main road, heading toward the dilapidated temple on Kushan Mountain where Lord Yellow Mountain resided.

The night was deep, the mountains obscure.

It looked perilous, yet the journey was serene.

An hour more, and he would reach Kushan Mountain, where he could meet with Lord Yellow Mountain.

But as he was passing another Immortal City, Mo Hua suddenly felt his heart skip a beat.

He couldn't shake the feeling that something had happened nearby...

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

## **Chapter 1044: Hao Xuan**

Chapter 1044: Chapter 663 Hao Xuan

Chapter 1044 -663 Hao Xuan

What could possibly happen?

Mo Hua furrowed his brows and poked his head to look outside the carriage.

Outside, the night was deep.

The carriage was moving on the road, to the left not far away, laid a small Immortal City, and to the right, a barren mountain.

Mo Hua hesitated for a moment before deciding to go down and have a look.

He reined in the carriage to a stop, then hopped off, tied the horse nearby, and released his Divine Sense, perceiving the unknown threads of causality.

A trace of blood...

And a faint hint of killing intent.

Mo Hua concealed himself and followed the weak trail silently toward the barren mountain on the right.

The ground was covered in withered grass and dense thorns.

The rugged rocks were uncomfortable underfoot.

After walking for 30 minutes, Mo Hua sensed something amiss and stopped. He crouched down and looked at the ground, his gaze slightly heavy.

There were blood traces on the ground, not yet dry, seeming to have just been spilled.

The rocks were scattered chaotically.

As if someone had been running with all their might.

The faint smell of blood lingered in the air, along with a weak presence of Spiritual Power.

This was...

Mo Hua's heart turned cold.

"Is someone being hunted down?"

And the causal threads were somewhat gloomy and even a bit familiar.

Mo Hua focused and started his Calculations, and then he was taken aback.

In a trance, he saw in the gloomy night of the barren mountain, two figures in black pursuing a young man.

The cold moonlight made the blade gleam chillingly.

Blood was flowing from the young man...

This image flashed by.

When Mo Hua looked again, all light and shadow shattered, dissipating into nothingness.

The young man...

Mo Hua's eyes revealed a thoughtful look, and then he continued his pursuit while maintaining his concealment.

Following the bloodstains and aura, he chased for several miles and emerged from the narrow mountain path to a suddenly expansive landscape.

But the scent of blood in the air had intensified.

The residual presence of Spiritual Power was also more pronounced.

Clearly, a fierce battle had taken place.

A chill ran through Mo Hua's heart as he swept the area with his Divine Sense. He saw on a slope not far ahead, a large patch of blood, with the ground shattered and some of the earth collapsed.

There were also marks of Spiritual Artifacts being wielded and Spells burning.

If Mo Hua's conjecture was correct, the young man fleeing for his life had been caught up with by the people in black on this broad mountain slope.

After a battle and struggling to fight, the young man was overpowered and captured by the black-clothed Cultivator.

He should still be alive...

Or at least, not dead yet.

Otherwise, what would be left at the scene wouldn't be just bloodstains, but a body or at least fragments of flesh...

"Captured, but not yet killed

"Should be nearby

Mo Hua's gaze darkened, his pupils profound, as he extended his Divine Sense to its limits. Moments later, his eyes brightened.

Nearby was a concealed cave.

Inside were several indistinct auras.

Mo Hua cast the Minor Five Elements Stealth Skill, merging his aura with that of the surrounding Earth and Wood and the rocks, making his footsteps silent as he inched closer to the cave.

As he neared the entrance, there indeed was movement inside, and the auras became clearer.

There were three people, all at the Foundation Establishment Early Stage.

Inside, there seemed to be sounds of interrogation.

"You little shit... damn

"Who sent you here?"

"Speak!"

damn it... hurry up and say something!"

"Where are your accomplices?"

"What exactly is your goal?"

"What did you really see?"

...

This was followed by the sound of whipping and torture. After a while, a young voice spoke with a feeble breath, in disjointed phrases:

"I... don't know... cough

Mo Hua was startled.

This voice was so familiar...

He slowly approached the cave entrance, peeked inside, and found the interior dimly lit, a young man tied up, his face covered in blood.

Two black-clothed Cultivators with their faces covered, their gazes ferocious.

That young man...

Mo Hua watched for a while and then was taken aback with realization.

It was actually one of his fellow disciples...



Hao Xuan?

There were many disciples in the same cohort at Taixu Gate, and Mo Hua did not know all of them.

But he had an impression of Hao Xuan.

They were from the same Disciple's Residence, and though they did not interact much, their faces were familiar and they were on good terms.

Hao Xuan always turned in his Formation assignments on time, was very serious and respectful, and treated others kindly.

Key point being, he had called Mo Hua "Junior Brother."

And, he had also treated Mo Hua to chicken legs before...

He was one of their own!

Now, the once amiable Hao Xuan was covered in wounds, his breath fleeting.

The two black-clothed Cultivators continued to interrogate him.

But it seemed Hao Xuan indeed knew nothing and could say nothing.

The two black-clothed Cultivators then furrowed their brows.

"Can't pry his mouth open

"What shall we do?"

"How about

One of them made a gesture with his hands as if holding a blade, and a surge of killing intent filled his eyes.

Mo Hua was alarmed.

What were the identities of these two in black?

Taixu Gate disciples of noble family's direct lineage, and yet they speak of killing so casually?

Hao Xuan's pupils shook, and with a breath he urged:

"I am of the Hao family's direct lineage from Qian State, both my parents are at the Late Golden Core Stage, with an ancestor at the Heaven Void Realm

"I am the son of a direct lineage noble family, you

One of the black-clothed men sneered:

"Is that all? Who isn't

The other black-clothed Cultivator immediately slapped his companion, speaking sharply:

"Shut up!"

The previous black-clothed Cultivator realized his blunder, covering his face, his complexion growing pale, he dared not speak any further.

Hao Xuan also came to understand, his eyes filled with horror, his face turning as pale as death.

About to be silenced...

They...

Before he could think further, one of the black-clothed Cultivators had already raised the knife with the blade gleaming ominously.

Just then, from the cave entrance came a sharp cry:

"Ah

This cry seemed to be filled with great fear.

Then, someone started running away at full speed.

Their steps grew fainter as they fled into the distance.

The few people inside the cave were all stunned.

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

## Chapter 1045: Hao Xuan (2)

Chapter 1045: Chapter 663 Hao Xuan\_2

Chapter 1045 -663 Hao Xuan\_2

The raised butcher knife also stopped.

The man in black roared angrily, "Someone's there?"

"How did they find us?"

"Did he hear everything we just said?"

"Did he run away?"

One of the black-clothed cultivators shouted angrily, "Damn it, go after him quickly! Don't let the news leak out!"

"Alright!"

Another man in black used his movement technique and chased after him outside the cave.

But he hadn't chased far when suddenly there was a loud "boom" outside the cave as if something exploded, followed by a scream, and then all went silent.

The pupil of the cultivator who stayed in the cave shrank.

"What happened?"

"What's going on?"

He wanted to shout the person's name, but the words reached his mouth and he swallowed them again.

He couldn't let the information slip.

He couldn't reveal his identity.

He could only wait patiently.

But after a long wait, it was still dead silent outside.

The night was deep, and the forest was silent.

Only the occasional screech of a night owl sent chills down one's spine.

The brows of the black-clothed cultivator trembled uncontrollably.

He felt a life-and-death crisis looming over his head, forcing him to dare not even breathe heavily.

He gripped his blade tightly, staring fixedly at the cave entrance, his expression guarded, his gaze never leaving it for a moment.

Afraid that if he lost focus for even a moment, someone would rush into the cave and take his life.

But this standoff was extremely taxing on his mind.

The black-clothed cultivator suddenly felt as if he was at war with the entire deep, dark night.

Dangers lurked everywhere.

He couldn't take it anymore and wanted to go out for a look.

The black-clothed cultivator swallowed his saliva and painfully took steps, slowly walking toward the cave entrance.

But his gaze was fixed only on the pitch-black night outside and he didn't notice the ground beneath his feet.

When he approached the cave entrance, suddenly, a flash of golden light.

Blood splattered everywhere.

The legs of the black-clothed cultivator, sliced by the light of the golden Formation, bled profusely, his tendons completely severed.

The black-clothed cultivator's eyes widened in horror,

"Middle-level Formation? When did this

Before he could ponder further, pain spread instantly, the black-clothed cultivator screamed, and then his legs broke, his body uncontrollably collapsing to the ground.

Moments later, a blaze erupted.

One after another, Fireballs tore through the night, unceasingly bombarding him.

The black-clothed cultivator struggled as best as he could, but his flesh could not withstand the lethal power of the Formation, nor the continuous explosions of Fireballs and the burns from the Fire Spiritual Power.

His injuries grew increasingly severe.

After an unknown period of relentless devastation, the breath of the black-clothed cultivator gradually weakened and eventually dissipated.

The black-clothed cultivator died, becoming a corpse.

The Fireballs paused for a moment, but only for a moment.

Then the blaze resumed, continuing to bombard, blasting the body of the black-clothed cultivator thoroughly...

In the pitch-black deep night, in a hidden cave.

The body of the unnamed black-clothed cultivator continued to be devoured by the explosive flames.

Hao Xuan's face turned ashen.

Killing with a Formation, flaying with Fireballs, hiding in the shadows, ruthless and cruel!

Who exactly is this person?

Too brutal...

Suddenly, the Fireball Technique stopped.

The cave also quieted down.

Hao Xuan then realized that in this cave, only he was left alive.

And although he couldn't see, something in the shadows across seemed to glance at him before slowly approaching him.

Hao Xuan's gaze filled with fear, his limbs went cold, he couldn't help but shiver.

"Don't... don't come over

But the shadow kept getting closer.

The oppressive feeling looming in the dark grew stronger.

Just as Hao Xuan's fear reached its peak, his face utterly pale.

Suddenly, a low shadow appeared in front of him.

Then the shadow gradually solidified, and a human figure appeared, revealing a sweet little face.

"Hao Xuan, I'm here to save you!"

Mo Hua displayed an innocently sweet smile.

Hao Xuan was stunned for a moment, then completely dazed.

In that instant, he doubted if he was dreaming.

Everything seemed so unreal.

Whether it was the black-clothed cultivators hunting him or Mo Hua saving him...

It felt like he'd awoken with the sun shining, lying on the bed in Disciple's Residence, then going reluctantly to class.

Hao Xuan closed his eyes and then opened them again.

It wasn't a dream...

The night was still deep.

The chill in the mountains was still intense.

Blood from his forehead dripped into his eyes, making them sting painfully, and his body was covered in wounds, the chains that bound him also cutting into his flesh.

The white chilling blade light that loomed above his head earlier was still vivid in his memory.

It was truly a brush with death...

Hao Xuan remained dazed for a long time, staring at Mo Hua, his eyes suddenly brimming with tears.

"Mo Hua

He looked at Mo Hua as if he was seeing a dear family member...

He had never suffered so much since childhood, nearly losing his life...

...

Mo Hua unlocked Hao Xuan's chains and fed him a Pill that healed injuries, stopped bleeding, and nourished energy.

His injuries gradually improved, and his breath also stabilized.

Hao Xuan finally breathed a sigh of relief, saying,

"I thought I was going to die here

Mo Hua thought for a moment and then curiously asked,

"Don't you have that rune? The one used for saving life, shiny with golden light

Hao Xuan was stunned, "The special Eternal Life Rune?"

"Uh-huh." Mo Hua nodded.

He had just heard Hao Xuan say himself that he was from the Hao family's Direct Lineage, with an ancestor in the Heaven Void Realm.

Hao Xuan shook his head and sighed,

"Such a precious rune, where would I deserve it

"I indeed have an ancestor in the Heaven Void Realm, but the ancestor has many, many descendants, like my great-grandchildren

"Unless my Spiritual Root wrestling the creation of heaven and earth, my constitution shocking the ancient and lighting the present... or unless my Bloodline is special, the sole continuity of the ancestor's line, with no successor after my death, otherwise, the ancestor would never plant a special Eternal Life Rune for me

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

## **Chapter 1046: Hao Xuan (3)**

Chapter 1046: Chapter 663 Hao Xuan\_3

Chapter 1046 -663 Hao Xuan\_3

"Using this kind of rune would deplete one's Tao cultivation origin,"

"A Heaven Void Ancestor might only be able to cultivate one in their entire lifetime,"

"So, unless their end is near, or they have completely lost hope in their Tao cultivation journey, they wouldn't willingly damage their own origin, sever their path, and craft such a defiant special Eternal Life Rune for their descendants."

"The special 'Eternal Life' Rune, it truly lives up to the name 'Eternal Life.' It's practically equal to having an extra life."

Mo Hua was shocked upon hearing this.

\*He had known the special Eternal Life Rune was valuable, but he hadn't realized it was so priceless.\*

A Heaven Void cultivation origin, exchanged for a descendant's life.

Mo Hua frowned, his thoughts turning to his Junior Brother and Junior Sister...

\*Back when they were outside Li Mountain City, his Junior Brother and Junior Sister had shattered their special Eternal Life Runes to save him and to confront the Saint Heir and the group of Golden Core Demon Cultivators under his command.\*

\*With their special Eternal Life Runes destroyed, what would become of them in the future?\*

\*Wouldn't that mean they've lost their life-saving talismans?\*

\*Such precious talismans—crafting one was already a rare extravagance. It was unlikely any Heaven Void Ancestor would create a second one for them.\*

Mo Hua sighed heavily, his expression full of anxiety.

"I hope my Junior Brother and Junior Sister will be all right

Hao Xuan, misunderstanding that Mo Hua was worried about him, felt deeply moved and comforted him:

"Don't worry, I'll be fine."

Mo Hua replied, "Mm, as long as you're fine



Hao Xuan thought for a moment before putting on a serious expression and saying earnestly to Mo Hua:

"Mo Hua, you saved my life. From now on, you're my sworn brother!"

Mo Hua reassured him, "This is something I should do; there's no need to dwell on it."

Hao Xuan, however, remained stubbornly determined.

After a while, he suddenly remembered something and asked puzzledly:

"By the way, Mo... Junior Brother, were those two black-clad cultivators the ones you killed?"

"When did you... become so powerful?"

"I thought you were only good at Formations

Mo Hua blinked and sighed:

"Actually, my cultivation is quite weak; I'm not their match at all. I only managed to set up a Formation in advance, using strategy to counter brute force. That's how I lucked out and dealt with the two of them

Then, Mo Hua revealed a "frightened" expression, "Thinking about it now, it still makes me feel a bit scared."

Hao Xuan nodded, "So that's how it was

But after nodding for a while, he suddenly froze, realizing something was amiss:

"Wait a second—that man was killed by the Fireball Technique. After he died, you even

\*...used the Fireball Technique to 'punish the corpse.'\*

\*How ruthless.\*

\*And the technique was so skillful, so composed, not at all like something done out of luck...\*

Mo Hua froze for a moment, then patted Hao Xuan's shoulder with a solemn expression and said:

"That's your imagination. You were injured and disoriented, so you must have seen it wrong."

"Both of them died because of the Formation—it has nothing to do with me."

Hao Xuan appeared utterly confused.

\*Was I... disoriented?\*

Seeing his reaction, Mo Hua quickly changed the subject:

"These are minor matters. By the way, why were you being hunted by those two people? Who were they?"

Hao Xuan's attention was successfully diverted. After thinking for a moment, he suddenly exclaimed:

"There are others!"

"Others?" Mo Hua furrowed his brow.

"The one being chased!" Hao Xuan said urgently.

Mo Hua's brows knitted together, "What exactly happened?"

Hao Xuan began to explain:

"The five of us, including Cheng Mo and Situ Jian, had taken on a bounty mission and went to a nearby Immortal City to complete it."

"After finishing the task, we planned to return together, but as we passed through a desolate mountain, we saw a group of suspicious cultivators. They had their faces covered, were carrying sacks, and were pushing boxes—up to something unknown."

"Finding them suspicious, we decided to follow them in secret."

"It didn't take long before they noticed us. As soon as they did, their expressions changed drastically. They all drew swords and weapons and attacked us."

"We fought them for a while, but we were outnumbered and overpowered. We had no choice but to scatter and flee."

"Before escaping, I happened to catch a glimpse—a look inside those sacks and boxes they were carrying

Hao Xuan paused, then said in an icy tone, "They were filled with people

People?

Mo Hua's expression froze. Then, as if remembering something, his eyes darkened, and a flicker of cold light flashed over his face.

\*Once again... human traffickers...\*

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

## Chapter 1047: Drawing the Kill

Chapter 1047: Chapter 664: Drawing the Kill

Chapter 1047 -664: Drawing the Kill

"What should we do now?"

Hao Xuan instinctively looked towards Mo Hua.

Mo Hua pondered for a moment and said, "First, let's look for Cheng Mo and the others. They must still be being hunted. If we ignore them, I'm afraid their fate won't be good

"But Hao Xuan said weakly, "There's just the two of us... Those human traffickers, at least twenty or more

"Did you use the Taixu Token to send out a call for help?" Mo Hua asked.

Hao Xuan nodded, then shook his head.

"I did send it, but it was useless. This place is a wilderness, the Original Magnet is very weak, susceptible to interference, and we're somewhat far from the Sect. The call for help... might not get out

At his words, Mo Hua was taken aback and also tried the Taixu Token.

He found that indeed, the power of the Original Magnet was weak, the Magnetic Patterns were disturbed, and it seemed it really couldn't get out.

He had never called for help when he was out on missions before; he didn't know there were such limitations to the Taixu Token's ability to send messages...

Mo Hua then tried the Letter Token given to him by Uncle Gu.

The characters were dim, flickering on and off.

The Original Magnet obviously delayed; he didn't know whether the message was sent, but it was evidently better than the Taixu Token.

Mo Hua was a bit puzzled but after a bit of thought, he roughly understood.

The Formation inside the Taixu Token was more advanced but also too complicated. Sending messages was just one of its basic functions, so it was not as effective as the specialized Letter Token.

And the Formation within the Taixu Token was controlled by a core Formation Pivot.

The core Formation Pivot was located at the entrance of the Taixu Gate.

The closer to the entrance, the better the Taixu Token's Original Magnet signal; once far away, the magnetic flow weakened.

Moreover, they were now outside the state boundary of the Qianxue State; separated by a state boundary, the functionality of both the Taixu Token and the Letter Token would be severely limited.

Whether it could be used was still uncertain...

But no matter what, the message for help still had to be sent out.

So Mo Hua sent the following message:

"Uncle Gu, human traffickers, more than twenty people, in the wilderness outside Xiao Yun City

After that, Mo Hua didn't concern himself anymore.

Asking for help was something to be tried, but not something to rely on too heavily.

Mo Hua asked Hao Xuan, "Which way did Cheng Mo and the others escape to?"

Hao Xuan thought for a moment and pointed in a direction, "They ran towards the hill to the west

Mo Hua looked towards that hill.

The night was deep, pitch black; searching that way, one didn't know how long it would take.

Mo Hua asked Hao Xuan, "How are your injuries?"

Hao Xuan said bitterly, "I can go with you but I probably won't be able to move my hands, not much help

"No problem," Mo Hua said.

He didn't need Hao Xuan to take action.

With so many opponents, given Hao Xuan's Cultivation, acting wouldn't be of much use.

Just pointing the way would be enough.

The two prepared to set off, but before they did so, Mo Hua wanted to check the two black-clothed Cultivators in the cave once more and search their bodies to see their faces.

He wanted to know the identity of these traffickers who dared to sell Cultivators near the Qianxue State boundary...

The black-clothed Cultivators in the cave had their legs severed by the Gold Blade Formation and were finished off by Mo Hua's Fireball Technique, their bodies charred.

But Mo Hua's Fireball Technique deliberately avoided their faces so that there would be a clue left behind.

The light in the cave was dim.

The black-clothed Cultivator lay on the ground, already having suffocated.

Mo Hua came closer, lifted his mask, and his pupils involuntarily constricted.

Under the masking black cloth was a face with rotting flesh, indiscernible in appearance, even the blood was foul and dark.

"This is

Mo Hua released his Divine Sense, carefully scrutinizing for a moment, somewhat in disbelief.

"Demonic Qi

This black-clothed Cultivator, before death, released his own Demonic Qi, allowing it to spoil his flesh and blood, obfuscate his features, and contaminate his Spiritual Power.

All to prevent being recognized.

Mo Hua quickly went outside the cave.

Another black-clothed Cultivator lay dead outside the cave, killed by the Earth Fire Formation, his body similarly corroded by Demonic Qi, turned into a pile of rotten flesh.

A chill went through Mo Hua's heart.

This was his first time encountering such a situation...

Dying, then destroying one's own body, contaminating the Spiritual Power just to not reveal their identity.

But...

Mo Hua furrowed his brows.

Where did the Demonic Qi on their bodies come from?

Why had he not noticed it before?

Hao Xuan ran behind Mo Hua, also seeing the foul appearance of the two black-clothed Cultivators, couldn't help covering his mouth, and stammered,

"These two... why do they look like this?"

Mo Hua shook his head, he checked their Storage Bags and found that apart from some Spirit Stones, Pills, and common Standard Spiritual Weapons, there were no other clues revealing their identity.

"So cautious Mo Hua muttered to himself.

Hao Xuan said, "Then we

Mo Hua replied, "Never mind, finding Cheng Mo and the others is more important."

After all, there were over twenty of those people.

Two dead, and quite a few still alive.

Mo Hua refused to believe that each could destroy their Dao body and conceal their identity before dying...

"Let's go," Mo Hua said.

"Okay," Hao Xuan nodded.

He didn't understand these matters, but following Mo Hua should surely be correct.

After all, it was Mo Hua who had just saved him.

Hao Xuan still remembered what his parents had earnestly admonished before he joined the Sect:

"Xuan'er, though you have the Heaven Void Ancestor, you are but one of your ancestor's one hundred and fifty-six great-grandchildren; your ancestor may not remember who you are

"Your talent is insufficient compared to some, but more than adequate compared to others, and your nature is not cruel enough, I'm afraid it will be hard to stand out in the Sect."

"If that's the case, find a way to ensure a fallback

"It doesn't matter if you can't learn other things well, just master your movement technique."

"In the future, when you travel in the Cultivation World, if you encounter danger and can run, then run, if you really can't escape, just stick closely behind someone reliable, don't try to act tough on your own."

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

## **Chapter 1048: Lure and Kill (2)**

Chapter 1048: Chapter 664: Lure and Kill\_2

Chapter 1048 -664: Lure and Kill\_2

Hao Xuan had an intuition, Mo Hua was probably the reliable type of cultivator his parents talked about.

Although he was younger than himself, had weaker cultivation, and was shorter,

When setting up traps to kill and search corpses, he appeared very "proficient."

Although a bit scary, calling him "Junior Brother" and following him seemed like the right decision...

Hao Xuan silently nodded his head.

Afterward, Hao Xuan led the way, and the two displayed their movement techniques, heading together toward the west side of the barren mountain.

Hao Xuan had a Wind Spiritual Root, and practiced a wind-system movement skill, mastering it exquisitely.

To his surprise, Mo Hua's movement skill was also very unusual; his posture was light, moving like flowing water, trekking through mountains and rivers effortlessly.

The two walked for half an hour, and then they were in front of a vast forest.

The trees were deep and dense, and the night was so dark that they couldn't see the road ahead.

Hao Xuan couldn't recognize the path anymore and looked left and right, then silently looked toward Mo Hua.

Mo Hua looked around, and within his gaze where the patterns of cause and effect slightly surfaced, he said after a moment, "Follow me."

"Okay," Hao Xuan nodded repeatedly.

So, it became Mo Hua taking the lead with Hao Xuan following him.

The two meandered left and right through the forest; even though there were no obvious traces on the ground, Mo Hua always found a path to follow.

Hao Xuan watched, feeling curious.

They walked for an unknowable time, and then blood traces appeared on the ground.

On both sides, trees bore marks of swords and axes, and remnants of earth and fire spiritual powers' scent persisted.

"Mountain Splitter Axe! Li Fire Sword!"

"It's Cheng Mo and Situ Jian!"

Hao Xuan was secretly shocked, and finally couldn't help but ask in a low voice,

"Mo Hua, how did you find this

Mo Hua solemnly said, "Intuition!"



"Oh

Hao Xuan was somewhat skeptical, unsure whether to believe or not...

Mo Hua said in a low voice, "It's not far ahead, let's go and see."

"Okay," Hao Xuan said nervously.

Then, the two lowered their shapes and took a few steps forward. Hao Xuan turned his head only to find that Mo Hua had suddenly disappeared, which made him panic and he stuttered,

"Mo...Hua

Mo Hua's figure then reappeared beside him.

Hao Xuan jumped in fright.

"I forgot you can't turn invisible," Mo Hua said, pulling a jade pendant out of his storage bag and handing it to Hao Xuan, "This is the Water Concealing Jade, given... 'borrowed' to me by a kind uncle from the Taoist Court. You use it first; it can make you invisible."

Hao Xuan dumbly received it and nodded.

Then, the two used their concealment abilities and moved closer to the other side of the forest.

On the other side of the forest was a gentle hillside, open terrain below with a small creek lined with pebbles.

At that moment, by the creek, two groups of cultivators were fighting fiercely.

One group wore black clothes, their faces covered, totaling nine people.

The other group only had three.

Mo Hua caught a glimpse and recognized one.

One of them, with several bloodstains on his upper body, waving twin axes as if driven to desperation, shouting loudly, was Cheng Mo.

Another, wielding the Li Fire Sword, his face pale, was Situ Jian.

There was also a disciple, handsome and brave, wielding a long spear and fiercely combating the black-clothed cultivators. Even if tired from prolonged fighting, his cultivation was also impressive.

Mo Hua glanced at him, realizing he did not recognize this person.

"Who is that

Mo Hua pointed to the disciple wielding the spear, asking Hao Xuan in a lowered voice.

Hao Xuan discreetly glanced and whispered,

"His name is Yang Qianjun, from the same batch as us, but doesn't share our Disciple's Residence, you probably haven't seen him

"Oh," Mo Hua nodded.

Yang Qianjun... surname Yang... uses a spear...

Mo Hua spoke softly, "A disciple from the Taoist Soldiers Court of the Yang Family?"

Hao Xuan looked surprised, "You know of the Yang Family?"

"A little

Hao Xuan nodded, "Yes, he is from the direct lineage of the Yang Family, learning the ancestral spear techniques of the Yang Family, and his cultivation is very strong

"The Qianzhou Cheng Family is on good terms with the Yang Family, Cheng Mo also knows Yang Qianjun."

"This time we were on a mission to capture three Foundation Establishment Initial Stage Sin Cultivators, so we called him to join, moving as a group of five."

"Oh." Mo Hua nodded, then asked with some confusion,

"The five of you, you, Cheng Mo, Situ Jian, Yang Qianjun... who else?"

"Yi Li said Hao Xuan.

Mo Hua was stunned, "Yi Li... as in 'Yi' of the Elder Yi of Taoist Law?"

"Yes." Hao Xuan looked around, not seeing Yi Li's figure, and sighed,

"I don't know how Yi Li is doing

"Either escaped, or... it's likely bad news

Hao Xuan's expression was very worried.

Mo Hua unleashed his Divine Sense, scanning the area, and suddenly pointed at a cultivator lying on the ground in the corner,

"Is that Yi Li?"

Hao Xuan followed the direction Mo Hua pointed, his expression stunned, then he nodded repeatedly:

"Yes, that's Yi Li!"

Mo Hua then understood.

Surname Yi, a member of the Yi Family, surely a specialist in spells, a Spiritual Cultivator.

Such a melee was disadvantageous for spiritual cultivators.

Especially since they were outnumbered, it was easier to be targeted.

In this melee, being a spiritual cultivator, he was likely one of the first to be overwhelmed.

Fortunately, he had only fainted, and his life was not in immediate danger.

But after a while, that might change...

Mo Hua observed the situation again.

These black-clothed cultivators had solid foundations; if Mo Hua wasn't mistaken, they were likely from influential families.

This meant that Cheng Mo's group of three might not hold on for much longer.

The three of them, under the nine attackers, were becoming slower in their movements and the flow of their Spiritual Power was gradually delaying, clearly all struggling desperately.

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

## Chapter 1049: Leading the Kill (3)

Chapter 1049: Chapter 664: Leading the Kill\_3

Chapter 1049 -664: Leading the Kill\_3

He had held out until now, which was already quite impressive.

Hao Xuan looked somewhat anxious.

Mo Hua thought for a moment and then said to Hao Xuan, "Your movement technique is quite good, right?"

Hao Xuan, not quite understanding why, slowly nodded, "My parents were afraid that I might encounter some danger, so they had me focus on practicing my movement technique

Mo Hua then whispered, "Later, you will show yourself and curse at them a few times to draw them over, then I'll use a Formation to deal with them

Hao Xuan was stunned, but then nodded.

The opposing side had more people, they had fewer, indeed they would need to use a Formation to possibly win.

But...

Hao Xuan looked around and asked, "Where is the Formation?"

"It's fine Mo Hua said, "You draw them over, and I'll have it set up."

Seeing Hao Xuan's disbelief, Mo Hua emphasized:

"I set up Formations very quickly!"

"Alright then Hao Xuan muttered. Just as he was about to get up, another question occurred to him:

"How do I draw them over

Mo Hua patiently explained, "You just need to show yourself so they see you, then pretend to panic and start running. They will definitely send people to chase and kill you."

"Would they really be that stupid Hao Xuan was somewhat worried.

Mo Hua responded, "They want to kill and silence us, and dare not let the news get out, so as long as you show your face, they will come after you no matter what."

"What if they don't chase me

"Then you curse at them."

Hao Xuan was a bit troubled, "I'm not very good at cursing at people

"It's okay," Mo Hua's eyes lit up, "I'll teach you!"

Hao Xuan was shocked, "Do you curse at people often?"

Mo Hua immediately shook his head, "I don't curse at people either. It's just that I know an elder who is very skilled at it, and by chance, I happened to remember some of his curses

Mo Hua secretly shared some curse words with Hao Xuan.

Hao Xuan was astonished after hearing them.

He felt like a frog that had leapt out of a well, never having known before that people in this world could curse others with such words...

"Do you remember them?" Mo Hua asked.

Hao Xuan nodded solemnly.

"Okay, off you go!" Mo Hua said, "But remember, don't engage in a fight. As soon as someone chases you, just run

"Okay!"

So, Hao Xuan mustered his courage, walked out of the woods, stood at the edge of the forest, and shouted loudly at the black-clothed cultivators surrounding Cheng Mo and the others:

"Cheng Mo! Hang in there! I'm coming!"

Then he charged towards the opposition.

The black-clothed cultivators were stunned for a moment.

Then they recognized Hao Xuan and saw that he was walking right into their trap; their eyes gleamed viciously as they unsheathed their swords and sneered.

Hao Xuan got a fright and immediately turned and ran back.

The black-clothed cultivators exchanged glances.

One of them frowned for a moment and then coldly ordered, "Chase him! We can't let any word leak out!"

"Yes!"

Two of the black-clothed cultivators nodded in acknowledgment and then, swords in hand, chased after Hao Xuan.

Hao Xuan, following Mo Hua's instructions, drew these two men into the woods, then zigzagged around and hid behind a large Stone.

After that, a thunderous explosion sounded out of nowhere.

A violent surge of Spiritual Power spread through the air.

Hao Xuan's heart chilled, and as he looked up again, he saw the two black-clothed cultivators lying flat on the ground.

And Mo Hua, close by, had already started using the Fireball Technique to do the clean-up.

The process was smooth, the technique adept.

Hao Xuan almost started to suspect that his "Junior Brother" was an expert at duping, swindling, and assassinating for loot.

After Mo Hua finished off the cultivators, Hao Xuan immediately ran over but saw that Mo Hua had an unhappy face.

"Junior Brother, what's wrong?"

Mo Hua pointed at the two black-clothed cultivators on the ground.

Hao Xuan looked and saw that the two men were a bloody mess, beyond recognition.

Their deaths were identical to those of the other two black-clad men from before.

"When alive, they couldn't sense the Demonic Qi, but as soon as they died, the Demonic Qi would go out of control, contaminating and corroding both their flesh and Spiritual Power

Mo Hua looked somewhat grave.

Hao Xuan was also quite startled.

He was a noble family's son from the Righteous Dao and had only heard about the many bizarre methods of the "Demon Path," but he had only ever heard of them. It was only now that he actually saw them with his own eyes.

Suddenly, those dangers of Tao Cultivation felt all too real...

To Mo Hua, however, it was nothing out of the ordinary.

He stood up and then set another "enticing" route for Hao Xuan.

After that, Hao Xuan returned to the stream in the mountains and shouted at the group of men in black, "I'm back!"

The black-clothed Cultivators were stunned again.

But they did not give chase this time.

Even a fool would know something was up by now.

Remembering what Mo had taught him, Hao Xuan shouted the insults loudly yet deliberately articulating each and every word:

"You bunch of good-for-nothings

"Cowards!"

"When you were born, did you leave your guts inside your mother's womb?"

"I curse you like this, and you still act like turtles tucking in their heads!"

"Could it be that your fathers were turtles? Are you the spawn of green-crowned tortoises, which is why you can endure so much?"

"If that's the case, why don't you introduce your mothers to me? Maybe she can still breed some turtle brothers for you

...

These words left the black-clothed Cultivators utterly dumbfounded.

Even Cheng Mo and his group couldn't believe their ears.

This Hao Xuan... couldn't have become possessed, could he...?

He normally didn't curse people, so how had his swearing ability improved leaps and bounds in such a short time?

Cheng Mo and his group were perplexed.

The black-clothed Cultivators came back to their senses but couldn't take it anymore.

One of them gritted his teeth and said, "Big Brother, I'm going to slaughter that kid!"

"To tear him to pieces!"

The leading black-clothed Cultivator frowned, "There must be deceit

Another one nodded, noting,

"Just now, those two brothers went after him and now they are gone. We don't know if they were lured away or fell into an ambush."

Yet another one shouted in anger,

"I don't care! He has humiliated me so, today I must gut him to relieve the hatred in my heart!"

The leading black-clothed Cultivator frowned, "That's improper."

The man sneered, "Don't forget, you don't have the right to order me. I listened to you before only to give you face, but in terms of status, I am hardly inferior to you!"

The leader was angered, "You!"

But the black-clothed man didn't pay any attention and simply chose two men:

"Let us go. Even though we cannot reveal our identities, with our background, we absolutely cannot tolerate such humiliation!"

Thus, the three men in black chased after Hao Xuan.

And among the Cultivators in black left at the scene, there were only four remaining.

Four against three, they still had the advantage, but it was a very slight one.



Cheng Mo and his two companions felt a surge of confidence, seeing the hope of escape, even the chance for a counterattack.

Meanwhile, the three men in black were laughing maliciously, chasing after Hao Xuan into the forest.

They fancied that three against one would be an easy task.

Even if there were some ambushes, as long as they were careful, there would be no serious trouble.

But they had no idea who was waiting for them in the dark depths of the forest...

An hour later.

A flash of red light from the Formation, followed by a pervasive blaze.

After the dust settled,

The three brash men in black also lay straight out on the ground, having taken their last breath.

(P.S. The group has been created; those interested, fellows, can join the group for a chat~

The group number is attached below.)

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

## **Chapter 1050: Image**

Chapter 1050: Chapter 665 Image

Chapter 1050 -665 Image

The night was deep and the mountain forest was silent.

Hao Xuan looked at the three black-garbed cultivators lying dead on the ground, his mouth agape, "Junior Brother, your Formation, it's too powerful

With a single encounter, a thunderous boom, a flash of fire, and the Formation exploded.

These three cultivators with no meager cultivation had died so suddenly, caught unawares...

Hao Xuan's face was a picture of shock, while Mo Hua felt some pleasure inside, but on the surface, he still maintained the dignity of "Junior Brother," nodding his head modestly and saying,

"It was okay

As usual, he would have finished them off with the Fireball Technique.

But since Hao Xuan was nearby, Mo Hua didn't take action, not wanting him to feel that his Junior Brother was too ruthless.

This would ruin his friendly image of 'innocent and kind-hearted' amongst his fellow sect members.

The three black-garbed figures were dead.

Mo Hua flicked his fingers, drawing forth a streak of golden light, slashing through their masks. But beneath, their flesh was still corrupted by Demonic Qi, dark and tainted.

"Once they die... their faces are destroyed?"

Mo Hua frowned slightly.

In that case, did he need to catch one alive to see their true faces?

Hao Xuan whispered, "There are still four left, should I lure them over?"

Mo Hua contemplated for a moment, then shook his head,

"No need, just four people, no need to lure them... I guess you can't lure them anymore

"Five people have disappeared; even if they're stupid, they know something's wrong with you. As soon as you show your face, they will become more cautious, even thinking of fleeing

Hao Xuan asked in confusion, "Then what should we do?"

"I'll go have a look," Mo Hua thought for a while, then said to Hao Xuan, "You're not healed, so stay invisible nearby and don't act."

"But Hao Xuan hesitated for a moment, then worriedly said, "If you go over, you can't set up the Formation in advance. Facing those black-garbed cultivators will be dangerous

"My spells are very powerful!" Mo Hua said.

Hao Xuan was slightly stunned.

If he remembered correctly, Mo Hua's grade in the Taoist Skill course was only a 'Grade C.'

Could Grade C be considered very powerful?

Hao Xuan wanted to say something, but seeing Mo Hua's confident appearance, he decided it was better to just obediently "follow orders."

So Hao Xuan said, "Then Junior Brother, be careful."

Mo Hua nodded, "Don't worry."

In total, there were nine black-garbed cultivators at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage.

Using the Formation to "fish," he had killed five of them.

The remaining four were like fish on the chopping board, completely unable to escape his grasp.

Mo Hua's gaze became somewhat dangerous.

Hao Xuan watched Mo Hua and, in a trance, felt that these black-garbed cultivators who had chased them into a desperate situation were, in the eyes of his "Junior Brother," just like...

Little chicks?

No way...

...

Meanwhile, Cheng Mo and his two companions continued their fight against the four black-garbed cultivators.

Cheng Mo and the others were at a disadvantage.

They had been pursued and retreated while fighting, draining their spirit and strength.

Although the number of black-garbed cultivators had suddenly dropped to four, they still felt increasingly overwhelmed.

But this was their best chance to escape.

If they could hold on, there was a chance for a turnaround, a possibility of escaping with their lives.

Otherwise, if the other black-garbed people caught Hao Xuan—or if they didn't but came back directly—they would truly be out of options.

Hao Xuan was known for his good movement technique.

In such a situation, Cheng Mo and the others could only hope that Hao Xuan could hold on a little longer.

The remaining four black-garbed cultivators, despite having the upper hand, had increasingly grim expressions.

Five of their companions had gone and still hadn't returned.

They didn't know if they were being held back or had walked into an ambush.

Although they probably hadn't lost their lives, if the delay went on too long, it could lead to unexpected changes.

These men, clad in black, conducting their activities at night, were engaged in deeds meant to avoid the light of day; the longer things dragged on, the more likely complications arose, and if exposed, they would certainly have nowhere to bury themselves.

The leading black-garbed cultivator felt uneasy and suddenly gritted his teeth,

"Take the Pills, we need a quick battle and a quick decision!"

The other three black-garbed individuals were startled and looked hesitant.

But they dared not disobey the "Big Brother's" command.

The three of them each took a half-step back and, from nowhere, pulled out a blood-colored pill. Before Cheng Mo and comrades could react, they quickly swallowed it.

In an instant, the aura of all four surged wildly, and their eyes were streaked with bloodlines.

Cheng Mo and his companions' expressions turned grave.

"Evil Pill?"

In their hearts, they sensed something ominous.

Already at a disadvantage, now the four black-garbed men had taken Evil Pills, boosting their Cultivation significantly.

If things continued this way, they feared it was more likely to end badly...

Cheng Mo clenched his teeth and recklessly shouted,

"A bunch of Evil Path fiends! Even if I die today, I'll take you down with me!"

After speaking, he roared angrily, his eyes wide as he coated his upper body muscles in a deep bronze color, his Blood Qi boiling. His entire demeanor was like a giant axe ready to cleave mountains and split the earth.

Mountain Cleaving Axe!

This was the ancestral Taoist Skill of the Qianzhou Cheng Family, simple in technique but brutally powerful.

Once activated, the skin would become like steel, and the axe blade could cleave mountains and split rocks.

However, the duration was limited.

At his Realm, his Cultivation was limited, and he couldn't fully unleash the power of this Taoist Skill.

Cheng Mo forcing his hand was a depletion of his Blood Qi, a desperate gamble against the black-garbed cultivators.

Situ Jian and Yang Qianjun, seeing Cheng Mo's readiness to fight to the death, also understood that this was a critical moment where they had no choice but to take the risk.

They had a slim chance if they fought.

If they didn't, death was certain.

Situ Jian joined his fingers, pushing his Sword Qi to the extreme, covering his Spirit Sword with a layer of bright, fiery Li Fire.

Yang Qianjun's eyes gleamed golden, and his long spear also gathered a dazzling golden light.

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

## Chapter 1051: Image (2)

Chapter 1051: Chapter 665 Image\_2

Chapter 1051 -665 Image\_2

For a moment, the three men's faces turned pale, yet their fighting spirit surged tremendously.

When Mo Hua arrived, he just happened to witness this scene and couldn't help feeling emotional.

The sons of noble families were indeed extraordinary.

The inherited moves of these family clans, oppressive and powerful, were evidently formidable.

Especially Cheng Mo.

Normally nonchalant, but when truly fighting for life and death, he wielded twin axes with a fierce resolve, his eyes filled with rage, demonstrating an incredible aura.

In addition, Situ Jian and Yang Qianjun, one with fire and the other with metal, overflowed with spiritual power, likewise formidable.

It was just...

A bit too clumsy...

These large and open moves were powerful, but if used improperly by those with insufficient experience, they also had significant drawbacks.

Indeed, the leading black-robed cultivator, though his expression was stern, was not very worried but instead commanded in a deep voice,

"These three youngsters are desperate, don't confront their strength, be cautious

A hint of ruthlessness flashed through the eyes of the leader in black, "Their strength is at its limit, it can't last for long. Wear them down slowly, drain their blood qi and spiritual power, and they will surely die!"

The other three in black nodded their heads and acknowledged, "Yes!"

In the blink of an eye, the two sides were clashing once again.

Cheng Mo and his companions knew they couldn't hold out for much longer and wanted a quick resolution. They attempted to strike down one or two with thunderous means and then decide whether to fight or flee based on the situation.

On the side of the black-robed cultivators, their primary strategy was to keep Cheng Mo and the others engaged without directly confronting them, aiming to exhaust them completely and then annihilate them.

For a moment, the light of axes and swords crisscrossed, with spiritual power and blood qi chaotically intertwining.

The scene appeared formidable, but the situation remained in a deadlock.

Cheng Mo grew increasingly anxious.

His skill with the mountain-splitting axes was imperfect; fierce indeed, but not suited for prolonged combat.

Situ Jian and Yang Qianjun were no better off.

Their spiritual power was already insufficient, forcibly driving such powerful moves, they constantly lost spiritual power in every moment.

Mo Hua shook his head as he watched.

"Powerful indeed, but still too young

"Before using a powerful technique, one should first consider if it can kill the enemy, and if not, what the consequences might be

"Driven by fervor and desperation, wasting so much spiritual power in vain

"Not knowing that they should conserve their spiritual power

Mo Hua sighed softly in his heart and hid in the shadows, stretching out a finger.

A fireball burst through the air and in the darkness, it traced a swift and bright path, striking precisely a black-robed man trying to dodge Cheng Mo's large axe.

The fireball, both fast and accurate, took everyone by surprise.

The man hit by the fireball was completely dumbfounded.

He had no idea where the fireball had come from or who had launched it.

After a moment, his expression turned to one of panic.

The Fireball Technique was neither too strong nor too weak, not enough to inflict a fatal injury.

But as the fireball exploded on him, the burst of spiritual power forced him to stagger, losing his balance and hesitating for a moment.

In life-and-death combat, this brief hesitation could be fatal.

The face of the black-robed man turned deathly pale in an instant.

Cheng Mo was stunned for a moment, but quickly recovered and couldn't help but grin viciously. Seizing this brief flaw, he raised his twin axes and chopped down fiercely.

The black-robed cultivator tried desperately to dodge, but was too slow.

The powerful and heavy twin axes, carrying the force capable of splitting mountains, cleaved open his chest.

One of the four black-robed cultivators died in an instant.

The expressions of everyone present changed.

Cheng Mo and his companions exclaimed silently, "An ally?"

The other black-robed cultivators, however, looked panicked and felt a chill in their hearts.

"An ambush?"

The leader of the black-robed men immediately called out loudly, "Which Taoist friend is lurking? Why not come out and show yourself?"

The night was deep, the mountains and forests dark, the chilly wind blowing through the dense shadows of trees, like ghosts and specters.

The black-robed cultivators felt cold sweat break out.

Cheng Mo and his companions, with a sharp glint in their eyes, seized the opportunity and attacked the remaining black-robed men.

The leader of the black-robed men, with an awe-inspiring gaze, gritted his teeth and commanded,

"Continue wearing them down, watch out for stealthy spells



The battle resumed.

Cheng Mo and his companions surged with an intense will to fight.

The black-robed cultivators, however, became hesitant and cautious.

They feared another fireball might fly out in the dark, potentially finishing them at a critical moment...

But Mo Hua's Fireball Technique was extremely fast, practically indefensible.

After about ten exchanges, in the long silence of the night, another fireball suddenly shot out, exploding on the back of a black-robed man.

The black-robed man groaned in pain, his movement slowing.

Situ Jian, quick to react, combined his fingers and delivered a thrust of Li Fire Sword Qi.

The blazing sword qi pierced directly through the heart of the black-robed man.

Another black-robed man died.

Then, not even moments later, another fireball shot from the darkness, heading straight for the face of another black-robed man.

Forewarned by earlier events, this black-robed man was on high alert and fully defensive.

As soon as Mo Hua's fireball appeared, he immediately noticed and desperately dodged, barely avoiding a direct hit to his face.

The fireball brushed past his ear, the heat painfully searing, but fortunately, he was not hit squarely in the face.

The black-robed man breathed a sigh of relief, but before he could recover, he saw the tip of a spear protruding from his chest.

Taking advantage of his focus on the fireball, Yang Qianjun had already maneuvered behind him and thrust the spear through his chest.

From then, the situation changed dramatically.

Three fireballs, three lives taken.

Only the leader of the black-robed cultivators was left on the field.

He stood there, his eyes filled with fear and disbelief.

"What's going on?!"

In the blink of an eye, a few fireballs flew by, and his three brothers were swiftly slain...

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

## Chapter 1052: Image (3)

Chapter 1052: Chapter 665 Image\_3

Chapter 1052 -665 Image\_3

There wasn't much time for him to react—the situation had suddenly taken a dire turn.

"There's an expert!"

"We have to flee! Or else we're dead!"

The black-robed cultivator didn't waste a moment. He turned and tried to escape.

In the darkness, Mo Hua pointed his finger. A faint blue water pattern flashed, and a water prison solidified instantly, trapping the leading black-robed cultivator in place.

"This is

The black-robed cultivator's face went pale.

Cheng Mo raised his twin axes, ready to kill the black-robed cultivator. But just then, a crisp voice said,

"Capture him alive!"

That voice sounded somewhat familiar.

But in the wilderness, within the dark forest at night, it carried an air of strangeness.

Cheng Mo didn't recognize it immediately.

Still, he instinctively left the man alive, redirecting his strike to the black-robed cultivator's back.

Unexpectedly, upon hearing the words "capture him alive," the black-robed cultivator's expression turned utterly horrified.

At that exact moment, a streak of golden light shot in from afar.

This golden light wasn't particularly powerful; it headed straight for the black-robed cultivator's face.

It seemed it wasn't aiming to take his life but rather to tear away his mask and reveal his appearance.

Yet remarkably, this action terrified him more than death itself.

The black-robed cultivator's face filled with despair. Before the golden light could shatter his mask, he snapped his own finger. A surge of demonic Qi instantly spread, consuming his flesh and transforming him into a puddle of black murky water.

Cheng Mo and the others were visibly shocked and quickly stepped back, exchanging bewildered glances.

"Could this be... a demon cultivator technique?"

Cheng Mo asked gravely.

But all the black-robed cultivators were dead. The scene was littered with blood, the forest eerily silent, with no one left to answer.

A moment later, Cheng Mo and his companions let out long sighs of relief.

Whatever the case, at least they had survived.

Yang Qianjun, his expression solemn, cupped his hands toward the opposing forest and said,

"Thank you for your help!"

"Might I ask who you are, Taoist Friend? Could you show yourself for a brief talk?"

The forest remained silent.

Situ Jian frowned, "Could it be someone from Qianxue State Boundary, a senior brother from some sect? Seeing injustice and lending a hand?"

"Although the technique used was a basic Fireball Technique, it was precise and effortless, completely turning the tide

"It must be a spell expert

"Would an expert in spells only use the Fireball Technique?"

"It doesn't seem likely

Cheng Mo spoke gravely, "Generally speaking, true experts wouldn't resort to using such a low-level spell like the Fireball Technique. However, a true master might simplify matters, using an unremarkable spell like the Fireball Technique to work miracles

"Makes sense

"So, who could it be?"

Cheng Mo pondered for a moment before hesitantly saying, "Could it be some kind of 'senior' expert?"

"Just call me 'Junior Brother,' no need for 'senior,' that'd be too formal

A crisp voice sounded, and Mo Hua quietly revealed himself before the trio, smiling radiantly.

Yang Qianjun was stunned.

Situ Jian was flabbergasted.

Cheng Mo was so shocked that his jaw dropped.

"Mo... Mo Hua?!"

Mo Hua nodded.

"You, you

Cheng Mo stammered for a while, unable to find words. He took a long moment to collect himself before asking, "That Fireball Technique—was that you?"

"Who else?"

Cheng Mo looked around, then asked again, "No one else?"

"Nope!"

"But you

\*Cheng Mo's mind was reeling with an immense shock.\*

\*How could it be... Mo Hua?\*

\*How was this even possible?\*

\*His heart brimmed with questions—he wanted to ask so much. But his mind was in disarray, and he didn't know where to begin.\*

Mo Hua, however, ignored him and began inspecting the dead black-robed cultivators. He found that their flesh and spiritual power had indeed been corroded by demonic Qi.

The leading black-robed cultivator had completely turned into black water.

Mo Hua looked somewhat disappointed.

Still couldn't catch one alive...

These people, when realizing there was no way out, wouldn't hesitate to commit suicide, using demonic Qi to destroy their own bodies.

\*They were truly ruthless toward themselves.\*

\*Or perhaps... they were harboring terrifying secrets that must never be revealed?\*

Mo Hua thought for a moment, then shook his head and said, "This place isn't safe. You're all injured—let's find a spot to lay low for now

"Alright."

Cheng Mo and his companions nodded sincerely.

So, they carried the unconscious Yi Li along, while Mo Hua went to fetch Hao Xuan. The group wandered through the forest until they found a hidden cave to take refuge.

Mo Hua set some basic formations outside the cave for alertness, concealment, and protection.

Inside the cave, Cheng Mo and the others focused on healing their injuries.

After taking some pills, their wounds improved, and their spiritual power gradually recovered. At last, Situ Jian couldn't hold back his curiosity and asked, "Mo Hua, why are you here?"

Mo Hua replied casually, "I was on my way back to the sect, passing through here, and saw signs of blood. So I followed them and happened to find Hao Xuan being hunted

"Then I got lucky, saved Hao Xuan, and then followed him to find you all. 'Luckily,' I managed to save you guys too

"Oh

Cheng Mo nodded, but as he kept nodding, he realized something was off.

\*Could all these events be mere coincidence, luck, and chance?\*

"How... did you manage to save us?" Cheng Mo asked.

"Oh, you know... just set up a formation, blow them up, and that was that Mo Hua replied.

"What about those five black-robed men who were lured away earlier?"

"Same thing—set up a formation, blew them up, they were gone

Cheng Mo and the others exchanged looks, each drawing in a sharp breath.

"All dead?!"

Mo Hua nodded, then sighed helplessly and said, "You know I'm a Formation Master. Physically, I'm weak, and my spiritual power isn't strong. Direct combat is exceedingly dangerous for me."

"Faced with these ruthless, faceless black-robed cultivators, I had no other choice but to devise a plan, set a formation, and blow them up

"Who knew they'd be so fragile—one blast and they're gone. Can't really blame me for that

Cheng Mo:

Situ Jian:

Yang Qianjun:

Seeing their stunned expressions, Mo Hua felt he needed to stay low-key. So, with a serious face, he said, "Those are just trivial matters. What's important now is deciding our next steps."

"These black-robed cultivators... they're human traffickers, aren't they?"

The group froze, their expressions growing more serious.

"Should we return and report this to the Taoist Court?" Situ Jian asked.

"Yes, reporting to the Taoist Court is necessary."

"But there's no time

"By the time the Taoist Court officials arrive, these traffickers will likely have fled

"And as for the cultivators they've captured and plan to sell off, who knows where they'll end up

"If they're sold to ordinary cultivators, perhaps it wouldn't be too dire. But if they're sold to the evil cultivators or demon cultivators, then

\*Gruesome rumors about demon cultivators—killing people to refine skills, pills, or weapons—flooded their minds.\*

Their faces grew increasingly grim.

"So, should we

Mo Hua's eyes gleamed as he quietly suggested, "Just kill all the black-robed men?"

The group paused, then silently stared at Mo Hua.

Especially Cheng Mo and Situ Jian.

\*It felt as though they were meeting him for the first time—this "Junior Brother" who had always been perceived as innocent, sweet, harmless, and only focused on formation drawing...\*

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

## Chapter 1053: Leading Astray

Chapter 1053: Chapter 666: Leading Astray

Chapter 1053 -666: Leading Astray

"Have they... Have they all been slaughtered?"

Yi Li whispered.

He was a Spiritual Cultivator, and when he had previously been pursued by assassins, he was compelled to confront a black-robed cultivator. In a single encounter, he was knocked down.

Now that he had just awoken, with his head still a bit dizzy, he was somewhat unclear of the situation.

Mo Hua nodded, "They've all been slaughtered!"

"But Situ Jian hesitated, "There were more of them than us, we couldn't possibly win, right...?"

Previously, during the encounter, he had estimated roughly that there were more than twenty people on their side.

Although some had died now, there were still at least ten remaining, and it was unknown whether they had other reinforcements.

Moreover, among these ten or so black-robed individuals, there seemed to be a Middle Stage Foundation Establishment cultivator.

In numbers and cultivation, they were at a disadvantage...

After pondering for a moment, Mo Hua said carefully, "Facing them head-on is indeed a bit difficult, so we need to think of some methods, plan thoroughly."

"Planning

Cheng Mo and the other two nodded hesitantly.

They didn't have much experience in such situations, and were still unclear on what exactly needed "planning."

"Don't rush it Mo Hua said calmly, "The most pressing matter is to first locate these black-robed traffickers, ascertain their true strength, and then take action accordingly."

"We can't possibly let them kidnap cultivators and then make a clean getaway

"That's true

Cheng Mo and the others nodded in agreement.



"However Yang Qianjun sighed, "We've been on the run after being chased, and we have no idea where those black-robed individuals went

Mo Hua asked, "Where did you encounter these black-robed cultivators?"

"In a valley to the east Yang Qianjun replied.

"Then let's go take a look first, search for any clues." Mo Hua said.

Yang Qianjun was slightly startled, then nodded,

"Alright."

At this point, that was all they could do.

After resting briefly to heal their injuries and restore their Blood Qi and most of their Spiritual Power, the group stood up and set off.

The party of six walked eastward along the mountain path, and after about half an hour, they reached a valley.

Mo Hua released his Divine Sense, his brows slightly furrowed.

There was not a single soul in the valley.

The group searched inside.

There were wheel tracks and faint footprints on the soil, broken stones, and shallow grass, as well as impressions from boxes placed on the ground.

Apart from that, there were no other traces.

It was as if a group of people had stopped here briefly before splitting into two.

One group pursued Cheng Mo and his companions.

The other group, with the kidnapped cultivators, had set out and left.

Cheng Mo and the others exchanged glances and sighed.

"They've left

"And we don't know where they went

Mo Hua's pupils were deep, and the patterns of cause and effect emerged in his eyes, threads of causality image imprinted in his view.

After a moment, Mo Hua pointed towards a mountain path on the left, "They went this way."

The others were startled.

Cheng Mo asked, "How do you know?"

"I guessed it!"

Mo Hua declared confidently.

Then he casually added, "Let's go

With that, Mo Hua took the lead and headed off to the left.

Hao Xuan immediately followed.

Cheng Mo and the others exchanged glances, somewhat baffled, but instinctively, they still trailed behind Mo Hua.

To the left was a mountain path, beyond the path was a forest, beyond the forest a valley, and beyond the valley a stream...

There were no traces of wheels or cultivators passing by on this whole route.

But Mo Hua walked on without turning his head back, his gaze focused, his steps firm.

As if he had witnessed the movements of those black-robed cultivators himself.

Cheng Mo found it very odd.

But with no clues available and no one else knowing which direction to take, having someone lead was the only option, and he just had to follow.

After walking for 30 minutes, Mo Hua's eyes brightened, and he suddenly stopped. Turning to Cheng Mo and the others, he gestured with his palms to keep low and whispered,

"Duck down."

Everyone obediently crouched, staying low to the ground, moved forward a few steps, and, using rocks and bushes for cover, they peered down.

Below the hillside was a ruin.

Within the ruins, walls had collapsed, there were disordered ores, iron molds caked in mud, and furnaces.

It appeared to be an abandoned Refinery Shop.

The Refinery Shop was fairly large, interiors obscured by broken walls and barriers, the entrance door dried and broken.

On initial inspection, the entire Refinery Shop showed no signs of anything unusual, but on closer observation, one could notice two dark figures in the shadow of the doorway.

They were two black-robed individuals standing guard.

Cheng Mo was shocked, "We found it!"

He looked back at Mo Hua and exclaimed, "You actually guessed right!"

Mo Hua modestly replied, "Lucky guess."

Cheng Mo nodded, still puzzled.

Situ Jian and Yang Qianjun silently rolled their eyes at Cheng Mo.

Mo Hua says he "guessed" and you actually believe that?

How could he have guessed everything correctly without a single trace along the way?

However, since Mo Hua claimed it was a "guess," they tactfully did not inquire further.

"What do we do next?" Situ Jian asked, "Do we try to blend in first, to understand the enemy's strength and weaknesses?"

"Sneak in using a Concealment Technique?"

They knew that Mo Hua had mastered the Concealment Technique, and he also had a rare Concealment Spiritual Tool, Water Concealing Jade.

"No need." Mo Hua shook his head, "There are sixteen people inside, one in the Middle Stage of Foundation Building, the rest are all at the Initial Stage of Foundation Establishment."

The others were taken aback.

Cheng Mo asked, "How do you know?"

Mo Hua casually replied, "One sweep of the Divine Sense, and it's all clear

Cheng Mo, puzzled, said, "Why can't I tell?"

Mo Hua explained, "That's because I am a Formation Master, so my Divine Sense is a little stronger

After speaking, Mo Hua took out a piece of paper, and drew a rough map of the entire abandoned Refinery Shop.

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

## Chapter 1054: Led Astray (2)

Chapter 1054: Chapter 666: Led Astray \_2

Chapter 1054 -666: Led Astray \_2

At the same time, Mo Hua also used simple stick figures to mark the location of each black-clothed person.

"There are two at the entrance, they are keeping watch. Past the corridor, behind the stone column, there's another tall one

Everyone had complex expressions on their faces.

Your Divine Sense is so powerful, is it really just "a little

Mo Hua continued, "In the innermost part, there is a hall, outside the hall there are three cultivators at the initial stage of Foundation Establishment patrolling, their auras are somewhat stronger."

"In the hall, a mid-phase Foundation Establishment cultivator is in charge."

"In the corner of the hall, there are boxes and bags, which likely contain the kidnapped cultivators

Mo Hua explained the structure of the Refinery Shop and the arrangement of the black-clothed cultivators with crystal clarity.

Cheng Mo picked up his axe, his eyes brimming with a fighting spirit.

He hated these black-clothed cultivators for trafficking people, and for pursuing him. He immediately said,

"I'll charge in and take them down!"

Mo Hua gave him a speechless look.

Cheng Mo was taken aback, "Aren't we going to fight it out

Mo Hua snorted disdainfully, "Fight your big head ghost!"

Mo Hua raised his index finger, lecturing him earnestly, "For everything, preparedness ensures success, unpreparedness spells failure; we must be strategic in our actions."

"Even if we are to battle, we need to use our brains, to have a method, not just mindlessly 'charge' forward

Cheng Mo scratched his head, "How do we strategize?"

Mo Hua used the pen to draw a route on the paper:

"Be as covert as possible, leave no traces, and don't alarm anyone

"Start with the two black-clothed cultivators at the main entrance, kill them one by one."

"Beyond the main door is the corridor, then the eaves... Deal with each one in sequence, and finally, find a way to take down the mid-phase Foundation Establishment black-clothed leader."

"This is the most secure method, it minimizes risk, and conserves Spiritual Power

The others watched Mo Hua silently, their admiration growing.

"Shall we get started now?" Cheng Mo whispered.

Mo Hua shook his head, "I haven't finished yet

Cheng Mo was startled, "You're not done?"

Mo Hua took out the Thousand Jun Stick and asked Hao Xuan, "Do you know how to use a blackjack?"

Hao Xuan shook his head honestly, "No

"I'll teach you!" Mo Hua said patiently, "You have good movement skills, light on your feet, suited for blackjack attacks

"This stick has the Thousand Jun Formation inscribed on it."

"You need to approach quietly, activate the formation, and then take them by surprise

...

After teaching him, Mo Hua asked Hao Xuan, "Did you get all that?"

Hao Xuan nodded blankly, "I got it

Mo Hua patted his shoulder, "Don't worry, the first time is always hard, you'll get used to it

Hao Xuan was somewhat dazed.

Mo Hua then addressed Situ Jian, "Situ, apply some poison to your sword

Situ Jian looked confused, "I don't have any

"That's alright, I brought some."

Mo Hua took out several small bottles from his Storage Bag, somewhat regretfully,

"Poisons are hard to come by, especially the potent ones. The Taoist Court regulates them, and the Sects don't allow refining. We'll have to make do with simpler 'paralyzing' poisons

Mo Hua then said to Yang Qianjun,

"Brother Yang, you should also coat your spear with some poison

c.

Yang Qianjun nodded with mixed feelings.

"Yi Li, do you know how to use the Drowning Throat-Sealing Skill? When you kill, use Water Spiritual Power to seal the throat to prevent the victim from screaming out loud

"And Cheng Mo, take this root and bite on it, that way you won't yell when you're chopping down on someone

"Just aim for the forehead, one axe blow to kill, and that's it

...

Finally, Cheng Mo couldn't hold back any longer, his eyelid twitching, he muttered lowly,

"Mo Hua... have you... ever been a bandit before? Regularly 'robbing and killing'?"

Mo Hua glared at him, seriously saying,

"Don't talk nonsense! I am a good disciple of Taixu Gate, a law-abiding good cultivator!"

Situ Jian and the others were clearly skeptical.

Mo Hua, not wanting them to dwell on this, then said,

"Let's move!"

Cheng Mo and the others nodded.

Dealing with these black-clothed people and rescuing the kidnapped cultivators was the top priority.

If the means were "dirty", then so be it.

They had no choice, it was all because Junior Brother had led them astray...

...

In front of the abandoned Refinery Shop.

The two gatekeeper black-clothed individuals were still hiding in the shadows.

If one wasn't careful, approaching rashly would likely lead to being discovered and would alert these human traffickers.

The six of Mo Hua's group approached stealthily.

Taking advantage of the moment when the two black-clothed individuals had their backs turned, Hao Xuan made his move first.

Wearing the Water Concealing Jade and using the Wind-System Movement Skill, he silently approached one of them from behind.

Then, hoisting the Thousand Jun Stick, he struck, with a "clang", on the back of one of the black-clothed individual's heads.

The black-clothed person staggered suddenly from the blow, seeing stars, his footing unsteady.

Before he could react, Situ Jian propelled the poisoned Li Fire Sword and pierced through his heart meridian.

The poison paralyzed his meridians, preventing him from moving for a short time.

The other black-clothed individual, sensing the commotion, just turned around when Mo Hua locked him down with the Water Prison Technique.

Yang Qianjun's long-prepared thrust shot through the air, piercing through his chest.

The black-clothed individual opened his mouth trying to scream, but Yi Li quickly followed Mo Hua's earlier instructions, using the "Drowning Throat-Sealing Skill" with Water Spiritual Power to seal the black-clothed person's throat, silencing his cries.

Although the technique was obscure, Yi Li came from the Yi family, a family with a background in Spell arts, and even though he wasn't adept at it, he could still make use of it.

Then everyone else followed up with their own finishing moves, either with blades or spells.

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

## **Chapter 1055: Leading Astray (3)**

Chapter 1055: Chapter 666: Leading Astray\_3

Chapter 1055 -666: Leading Astray\_3

The two black-clad gatekeepers had been effortlessly and silently taken down.

The process was quite easy.

Cheng Mo and the others were somewhat stunned.

Mo Hua nodded slightly, "Continue

Next was a large man in black in the corridor.

This large man was heavily built and full of Blood Qi, clearly a Body Refinement cultivator.

Mo Hua handed the "Water Concealing Jade" to Cheng Mo.



Cheng Mo remembered Mo Hua's instructions, clenched a tree branch in his mouth—it was awkward, but he still stealthily walked towards the big man.

However, Cheng Mo's Divine Sense was not strong and he lacked experience in concealment; within four steps of the big man, he was detected.

The large man in black glared furiously.

"Who

Mo Hua immediately said, "Yi Li!"

Yi Li, quick to react, used the "Drowning Throat-Sealing Skill" to block the big man's throat, sealing the rest of his words in his mouth.

At the same time, Mo Hua quickly immobilized the big man's form with the Water Prison Technique.

Cheng Mo also immediately made his move, his Blood Qi swirling around him, raising his twin axes that had a layer of mountain-splitting force condensed on them.

Out of habit, Cheng Mo wanted to shout loudly.

But since he was biting on a tree branch, he couldn't make a sound.

Feeling like a spirited horse fitted with a bridle, Cheng Mo, filled with frustration, channeled all his strength into his axes and forcefully chopped down.

The axes came down, bringing with them the force of mountain-splitting, deeply cutting into the back of the large man in black, carving out two deep bloody marks and even exposing his ribs.

Subsequently, Situ Jian used Sword Control, Yang Qianjun followed up with a spear.

Together, they completely subdued the Body Refinement cultivator in black.

Mo Hua sneakily added a Fireball Technique to ensure peace of mind.

Sixteen black-clad traffickers were now down by three.

At that moment, Hao Xuan seemed to think of something and asked Mo Hua,

"Should we keep a alive to check their identities?"

Mo Hua pondered for a moment and slightly shook his head, "No need

"Now that the enemy outnumbers us, our movements must be ruthless, we cannot afford to keep prisoners, as it may lead to complications."

"When we have an absolute advantage, then we can consider keeping prisoners."

Situ Jian and the others nodded in agreement.

Afterwards, the group duplicated the tactic, using the terrain of the abandoned Refinery Shop for cover, cooperating with each other to take down the black-clad Cultivators one by one.

Before realizing it, out of the sixteen black-clad Cultivators, only four remained.

These four were near the final hall.

Outside the hall were three at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage, and inside the hall, one was at the Foundation Building Middle Stage; the other abducted Cultivators were also inside the hall.

Mo Hua initially wanted to set up a Formation and dispatch all four simultaneously.

But with abducted "hostages" inside, such brusqueness wasn't viable.

After resting for a while, taking some Pills, and sitting in meditation to restore some Spiritual Power, they began the final "hard fight."

Kill the four men in black and rescue the abducted Cultivators.

Six versus four, their side had the numerical advantage.

But the other side had one at the Foundation Building Middle Stage.

And this Foundation Building Middle Stage individual was an unknown factor; it was unclear what techniques he possessed.

Even when a lion hunts a rabbit, it uses all its force.

Mo Hua originally intended to play it safe, eliminate the three outside first, then all six would handle the Foundation Building Middle Stage leader inside.

But inside were "hostages."

If a fight broke out, and these black-clad Cultivators became desperate and started "tearing the ticket," that would be bad.

"I'll sneak in and have a look

Mo Hua whispered.

He planned to sneak in and with a “Mini Meteorite Skill,” dispatch the Foundation Building Middle Stage leader.

This was a simple and efficient plan to completely resolve the situation.

Meanwhile, the other five were also assigned their roles, to tackle the other three at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage.

Kill two first, then focus on the last one.

This way, even if they failed to take down the leader inside, they would have cleared the area outside.

Situ Jian expressed his concern, “Mo Hua, isn’t it too dangerous for you to go in alone?”

“No worries,” Mo Hua said casually, “My Concealment Technique is good, just going in to take a look.”

Then, after thinking for a moment, Mo Hua instructed, “After I go in, if there’s no movement inside, don’t act yet

“But at the slightest sign of activity, you must strike immediately and take down the three outside.”

“Alright!”

Cheng Mo and the others nodded.

Having agreed on the plan, Mo Hua gradually became invisible in front of everyone, without leaving a trace.

Whether it was flesh, Spiritual Power, or Divine Thought Aura, all disappeared.

Everyone was shocked.

“There’s truly... no trace at all

“What kind of Concealment Technique is this?”

Cheng Mo and the others looked at each other, somewhat in disbelief.

On the other side, Mo Hua, concealed, bypassed the three patrolling black-clad men outside the hall and stealthily entered the hall.

The hall inside was drafty and dilapidated.

In the corner, indeed, there were several bags and boxes where the abducted Cultivators were hidden.

And the black-clad leader was in the center of the hall.

Mo Hua squinted and frowned.

This black-clad leader was acting very strangely.

He knelt on the ground, seemingly in devout worship, mumbling something, but his words were unclear and he rambled incoherently, incomprehensible.

"No matter... Let's dispatch him first

Mo Hua gently stepped forward, slowly approaching behind the black-clad leader.

Just then, a blood-colored phantom suddenly appeared on the leader.

This phantom was between reality and illusion, blood-colored, with a long neck and horns on its head, and a fierce appearance.

It looked like... an Evil Thoughts Demon Monster.

After the phantom appeared, it turned its head, its blood-red eyes staring fixedly at Mo Hua, who was hidden.

Mo Hua's pupils constricted.

At the same time, the kneeling, worshipping black-clad leader shuddered violently, and suddenly turned around, looking in Mo Hua's direction in the Void, and exclaimed fiercely:

"Who?!"

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

## Chapter 1056: Sent Over

## Chapter 1056: Chapter 667 Sent Over

### Chapter 1056 -667 Sent Over

Mo Hua's expression shook, and he immediately turned into a streak of water light, quickly retreating.

Simultaneously, the black-clothed leader's eyes chilled, he drew his Spirit Sword, and struck out a sword light toward the Mo Hua covered by a water shadow.

Mo Hua accelerated his escape technique and retreated another step.

The sword light was a step too slow, striking in front of Mo Hua and shattering the bricks and stones on the ground.

The fluctuation of spiritual power inside the hall drew the attention of Cheng Mo and others outside.

They remembered Mo Hua's instruction,

"As soon as there is any movement, act immediately."

Hao Xuan used the Wind-System Movement Skill, moving as fast as the wind, and immediately reached behind a black-clothed man in the Foundation Establishment Early Stage, raised the Thousand Jun Stick, and smashed it down fiercely.

Caught off guard, the black-clothed man suffered a heavy blow to the head, blood gushed out, and he felt dizzy and swollen.

Cheng Mo, with a twig in his mouth, silent as ever, pounced like a fierce tiger, raising two large axes, and cleaved directly onto the black-clothed man's forehead.

This black-clothed man died instantly.

Another black-clothed man nearby, sensing the commotion and wanting to help, was instead struck in the shoulder by a spear thrust like a dragon from Yang Qianjun, who had been lying in ambush.

Situ Jian controlled the Li Fire Sword and pierced through his lower abdomen.

Then, the two of them continued their assault together.

The black-clothed man was still struggling, but after three exchanges, he was jointly killed by Yang Qianjun and Situ Jian.

Now, outside the hall, only one last black-clothed man remained.

He was farther away, and when he sensed the fluctuation of spiritual power and rushed over, the other two black-clothed accomplices had already died.

The color drained from this black-clothed man's face, and he turned to run.

Yi Li gathered his energy for a moment and raised his hand to form an Earth Prison Skill, trapping him.

Cheng Mo and the other three immediately pounced to attack and, with axes, swords, spears, and sticks launched simultaneously, they took care of the last black-clothed man.

When Mo Hua emerged from the hall, the outside was completely cleared.

This group of black-clothed human traffickers, except for the middle-stage Foundation Building leader, had been completely wiped out.

Simultaneously, the black-clothed leader also came out.

As soon as he stepped out of the door, he saw his last black-clothed brother dying under the siege of Cheng Mo and the others.

Turning his head, he saw bodies lying haphazardly in various places, well-hidden and not easily noticed.

His Divine Sense swept over, and the vast abandoned Artifact Refining shop was sparsely breathed, permeated with an eerie silence.

The black-clothed leader was visibly shaken, disbelieving.

So many of his men, so many of his brothers, just died unnoticed... all of them?!

A surge of anger rose in his chest, and he glared at Cheng Mo and the others, shouting fiercely,

"You bunch of runts! Who sent you here?"

He refused to believe that just these few Sect Disciples in the early stage of Foundation Establishment had managed to wipe out his ten-plus brothers.

In that instant, he recalled the invisible Cultivator who had spied on him inside the hall earlier.

Concealment Technique?

The black-clothed leader frowned.

He looked around but saw no sign of that hidden cultivator.

It seemed that person, having been exposed, had used the Water System Body Skill to escape and then applied the Concealment Technique to hide their presence.

The black-clothed leader's eyes darkened.

In his brief glance earlier, he saw only a splash of water light and didn't see the true form of the hidden individual.

But someone who could learn and skillfully use the Concealment Technique must be a cunning and seasoned cultivator.

Not a hundred years old, at least two hundred.

"A crafty cultivator showing only the tip of the iceberg, and five young beasts just entered the Sect, killed more than ten of my brothers

The black-clothed leader drew a standard-issue Spirit Sword, his aura rising around him, his voice icy cold.

"I want you all buried with them!"

The black-clothed leader, with a middle-phase Foundation Building cultivation, possessed a profound and imposing aura.

Cheng Mo and his four companions had serious expressions, but being proud talents of heaven, they were unwilling to admit defeat.

Cheng Mo spat out the twig Mo Hua had instructed him to keep in his mouth and shouted, "You beast, die!" and then charged forward, swinging his axe to strike.

The other four attacked together.

Yang Qianjun wielded his spear fiercely, attacking head-on with Cheng Mo.

Situ Jian supported with the Li Fire Sword.

Yi Li and Hao Xuan coordinated from the outside.

The five encircled him, cooperating reasonably well with each other, involving close combat, ranged attacks, body cultivation, and spiritual cultivation.

Axes, swords, and long spears crisscrossed.

Spells flew around.

For a moment, the black-clothed leader was actually suppressed.

His expression remained cold, but he was inwardly shocked.

"These kids have some skills and are quite ruthless

"It might be troublesome to kill them."

"Besides, there's a cunning, experienced Invisible Cultivator watching, who hasn't made a move yet

The black-clothed leader pondered for a moment, then his eyes suddenly turned cold, he parried Cheng Mo's huge axe with a sword, pushed back Yang Qianjun with a palm, and turned to walk into the hall.

His eyes harbored murderous intent.

Situ Jian realized immediately, exclaiming,

"He's going to kill those Cultivators who were kidnapped to silence them!"

Cheng Mo and the others also changed their expressions drastically and attempted to stop the black-clothed leader, but they were a step too slow.

The black-clothed leader sneered, casting a contemptuous glance at everyone.

His cultivation was higher, and his movement technique was faster, allowing him to step into the hall first.

But as soon as his foot touched the ground, the floor lit up, Formation Patterns activated, and a crimson fire outlined a complex Formation Diagram.

The black-clothed leader's eyes suddenly widened in alarm.

"Formation... Formation?!"

Seeing the dazzling red light, with spiritual power circulating within the Formation,

In the nick of time, the black-clothed leader quickly withdrew his foot, activated a protective Rune, and turned his back to the Formation.

Then, the fire erupted, and a loud rumbling sound ensued.

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



## Chapter 1057: Delivered (2)

Chapter 1057: Chapter 667 Delivered\_2

Chapter 1057 -667 Delivered\_2

A surge of intense Fire Spiritual Power burst out in an instant, the fluctuations shaking the surroundings.

The leader in black was directly hurled back several meters, half-kneeling on the ground, dragging a trail of blood across the floor.

The Runes protecting him were shattered, his meridians scorched by the Fire Spiritual Power, leaving large burns.

Cheng Mo and the others were greatly alarmed.

The leader in black spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, his eyes filled with disbelief.

How could there be a Formation?

He had just passed the entrance of the hall not long ago...

Who could have set up such a powerful Formation in such a short time without him noticing?

And how did they know that he would definitely return to eliminate the witnesses?

Was it...

That Hidden cultivator?

The pressure in the leader's heart suddenly mounted, and his complexion turned somewhat pale.

Cheng Mo and the other four, seeing the explosion of the Formation, were somewhat dazed, but soon their spirits lifted when they saw the leader in black injured by it.

Without another word, Cheng Mo, wielding two axes, charged towards the leader in black.

Yang Qianjun and Situ Jian followed closely behind.

The leader in black spat out, cursing inwardly.

"Dammit, I was careless, fell right into their trap

He parried with his long sword against Cheng Mo's huge axe, glanced back at the hall, and saw the entrance blocked by fallen rocks due to the Formation's explosion, making it impossible to enter for the time being, which irritated him.

"Can't eliminate the witnesses now

"Since that's the case

With a cold laugh, the leader in black declared, "Then I'll just have to kill you all!"

As he spoke, his eyes suddenly turned murky and dark.

A filthy, black Demonic Qi emerged from nowhere, enveloping his entire body and then attaching to the standard-issue Spirit Sword in his hand.

The leader in black's entire demeanor became ghastly and terrifying, heavy with Demonic Qi.

"Has he become demon-possessed?"

Cheng Mo and the others' expressions changed.

Mo Hua, who had been hiding and plotting in secret, also frowned slightly, finding it very strange.

True is true, demon is demon.

The essence of Spiritual Power and Demonic Qi are fundamentally different.

The other men in black had merely taken Evil Pills or their flesh was corrupted by Demonic Aura upon death, which gave them a hint of demonic presence.

But this leader in black was different.

When he initially attacked, the Spiritual Power in his body was pure, with not a trace of the Demon Path.

But now, how could his Spiritual Power suddenly turn demonic?

"Something's eerie

"And that blood-red Demon Monster shadow on him earlier, what was it?"

"It could see through my Concealment Technique?"

Mo Hua's gaze slightly sharpened.

Meanwhile, after becoming demonized, the leader in black had begun fighting fiercely with Cheng Mo and the others.

His Spiritual Power had become tainted yet stronger.

The Demonic Qi winding around the Spirit Sword was like virulent poison, carrying a black corruptive force.

The pressure on Cheng Mo and his group suddenly increased.

Direct confrontation became exceedingly difficult, each collision with the Demonic Qi-entwined Spirit Sword causing Cheng Mo and Yang Qianjun's Blood Qi to churn violently.

Once injured by the leader's Sword Qi, the Demonic Qi would enter their bodies, gradually eroding their meridians and contaminating their Blood Qi.

Thus, they had to be extremely cautious during the fight.

Luckily, the leader had previously been injured by Mo Hua's Formation, which weakened him; otherwise, the situation would have been much more dire.

Mo Hua observed quietly for a long time, shaking his head silently and sighing.

"It's difficult to fight now

In the midst of the chaotic battle, with friends and foes intermingled, it was not easy to set up another Formation.

Otherwise, it could accidentally harm his allies, causing Cheng Mo and Situ Jian to be caught in the explosion too.

Moreover, the leader in black, having been duped and injured by a Formation already, had become cautious; using another Formation to trap him again wouldn't be easy.

Mo Hua silently considered:

Five Elements Source Formation...

Cheng Mo and Yang Qianjun practiced Body Cultivation; exchanging blows with the leader, their movements fluid and never stationary.

It's pointless to count on Hao Xuan, who would be lucky just to escape.

Yi Li and Situ Jian could be tried, but Cheng Mo might not be able to keep the leader occupied.

Should Yi Li and Situ Jian get attacked abruptly by the leader while boosted by the Five Elements and gathering energy, they would be severely injured, if not killed.

As for using Spells...

The Water Prison Technique could restrain but only for a moment; it wouldn't solve much.

Cheng Mo and the others were limited in their Cultivation and couldn't bring a swift resolve to the fight.

The Meteor Fire Forbidden Art... required close proximity to use.

Approaching under such circumstances was far too dangerous.

Mo Hua was hesitant to take this risk.

Moreover, what complicated matters further was that Mo Hua couldn't afford to prolong this...

Although Cheng Mo and the others were talented and decently inherited, they were merely novices, lacking experience and only at the Early Stage of Foundation Establishment.

If the leader were to use some last-resort move and suddenly lash out, Cheng Mo and his group might all be in mortal peril.

Even just wearing them down was risky under the threatening Demonic Qi; Cheng Mo and his friends couldn't hold out for long.

Continuing like this, a mistake was inevitable.

Once a mistake was made, they would either be severely injured or killed.

Mo Hua sighed, reflecting to himself:

"In battles of magic and combat, one ideally needs a 'front line' to blend in effectively

In previous missions, Senior Brother Feng and Shangguan Senior Brother were always at the forefront, bearing the brunt of the pressure.

And Senior Sister Murong and Qianqian Senior Sister, with their strong Cultivation and aggressive techniques, played crucial roles.

In evenly matched battles, a slight edge from a control Spell could change the flow and secure victory.

The same was true during engagements with Fire Buddha.

With Uncle Gu, a Golden Core Cultivator, at the front, taking on the full brunt of Fire Buddha's Meteor Fire Forbidden Art's power.

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

## **Chapter 1058: Delivered (3)**

Chapter 1058: Chapter 667: Delivered\_3

Chapter 1058 -667: Delivered\_3

He could just act covertly through the Formation.

It could be said that the "output" was all done by his senior brothers and sisters, and Uncle Gu.

He would either control or deceive people, and only at the last moment when he couldn't help it, would he swoop in to "claim a head."

But now that wouldn't work.

Cheng Mo and the others couldn't hold on any longer.

They were young, had little Cultivation, and lacked experience. They couldn't bear the risks of this life-and-death battle.

"Continuing this way is not a solution, should we retreat first and then make a long-term plan?"

"Or should we drive away this black-clothed leader and first rescue the abducted Cultivators?"

Mo Hua frowned, deep in thought.

Suddenly, he started, and looked around.

"Is someone there?"

Mo Hua released his Divine Sense, and his eyes lit up.

"People from the Taoist Court!"

Moreover, several auras were very familiar, seemingly from the Gu Family.

"They are our own people!"

Mo Hua cheered up.

It seemed that the message he had sent earlier had reached Uncle Gu, and he had sent people.

With the help of the Taoist Court, this black-clothed leader, even if he had gone through Demonization, was likely trapped without escape.

A few breaths later, the face of the black-clothed leader changed.

He also sensed that someone was approaching.

And these people clearly did not belong to his Sect, their aura archaic and rigid, exuding the "scent" of the Taoist Court's Hawk Dogs.

"There are reinforcements

The black-clothed leader's gaze darkened, and his expression slightly angered.

He hadn't expected that what was supposed to be a routine transaction of buying and selling "livestock" would be so smoothly disrupted time and again.

First, it was accidentally exposed, and the people sent to kill and silence did not return.

Now, his own group of brothers had all died in the blink of an eye.

"Damn, a bunch of useless trash!"

The black-clothed leader cursed.

But anger was of no use.

Now, encountering these few youngsters and the lackeys from the Taoist Court, he had no time to escape.

Once surrounded, even if he broke the Seal and entered the Demon Path, honing his strength, battling so many Cultivators would likely lead him to more danger than fortune, making escape impossible.

He who hesitates is lost.

His brothers were dead, but he needed to survive.

But before leaving...

The black-clothed leader's eyes slightly widened, turning blood-red.

He would slaughter these few obstructive youngsters first!

"Just a few newly-entered Sect youngsters, thinking by joining hands, they could contend against me?"

The black-clothed leader sneered.

Demonic Qi suddenly surged around his body.

At the same time, his forehead split open, flesh turned inside out, revealing a sinister, monstrous eye.

This eye was cold, murky, yet ferocious and mad, as if filled with a chilling, stubborn evil desire.

A bloody Demon Monster illusion emerged over his body.

A blood-colored Evil God's Thoughts instantly spread all around.

Cheng Mo and Yang Qianjun's group, in an instant, were enveloped by the blood-colored Evil Thoughts; their Divine Senses became muddled, their expressions pained, and their hearts developed an impulse to submit to worldly evil desires and convert to the Divine Lord, rendering them unable to move their limbs freely.

The black-clothed leader raised the Sword Weapon wrapped in Demonic Qi, about to behead Cheng Mo and the others, but suddenly paused and turned his head to the side.

Mo Hua on the side, also enveloped in blood color, revealed his hidden form.

However, unlike Cheng Mo and the others, Mo Hua's Divine Thought seemed unaffected.

His bright, crystal-clear eyes met the gaze of the black-clothed leader.

The black-clothed leader's pupils contracted, followed immediately by an expression of shock.

That hidden, sinister assassinating Cultivator was such a young kid?!

And...

Under the supreme authority of the Divine Lord, why was this kid showing no reaction at all?!

The black-clothed leader's heart trembled.

The third eye on his forehead suddenly grew angry, twisted, and bloodshot.

The blood-colored Evil Thoughts around intensified, enveloping Mo Hua.

Yet Mo Hua's Divine Thought, despite the invading blood color, remained unchanged, impervious to all evils.

The black-clothed leader couldn't believe it.

Mo Hua started, his expression equally shocked.

In the moment when the blood color intensified, he felt an attraction coming from the "Divine Soul."

Seemingly instant, he found himself sitting on that solemn altar.

Ancient aura surrounding his body, countless Demon Monsters bowed down, all the creatures of heaven and earth worshipping.

Amidst this, it seemed as though someone was telling him:

Your sacrifice...

Has arrived!

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

## **Chapter 1059: Counterkill**



Chapter 1059: Chapter 668: Counterkill

Chapter 1059 -668: Counterkill

Mo Hua looked puzzled.

"Sacrifice?"

"What sacrifice?"

"Who is the sacrifice?"

Mo Hua lifted his eyelids and looked forward.

Was the "sacrifice" referring to this black-clothed leader, or was it referring to... the third, wicked eye on his forehead?

As Mo Hua's gaze shifted to that wicked eye, it trembled violently, rolling ceaselessly, and at the same time, a voice like that of Divine Thought, piercingly sharp, rang out:

"Kill!"

"Kill him!"

"Kill him!"

Mo Hua was taken aback.

The black-clothed leader also showed a look of terror.

Ever since the Divine Lord's Eye took residence within him, he had never encountered such an urgent and irascible, nearly uncontrollable situation.

Why would such a modestly hidden cultivator make the "Divine Eye" so nervous, even revealing a trace of...

Dread?

The command of the Divine Lord cannot be defied.

The black-clothed leader raised his sword but he did not target Mo Hua first. Instead, he planned to kill Cheng Mo and the other four people, who were covered by the blood eyes, unstable in their Taoist Heart, and unable to resist.

They had seen the Divine Lord's Eye; they must die.

They had killed more than ten of his brothers; they also must die.

Killing intent surged within the black-clothed leader.

Mo Hua immediately perceived it, his gaze becoming grave, and he started forming hand seals, intending to use the Water Prison Technique to block him.

But before either could move, the wicked eye trembled violently again. It was bloodshot, staring intently at Mo Hua, as the voice of the Divine Thought became even more hoarse and sharp:

"Forget the other livestock!"

"Kill him!"

"Kill him!"

"Kill him!!!"

Even blood seeped from above the wicked eye.

The black-clothed leader's face twisted in agony as the flesh and blood on his forehead quivered.

He hesitated no longer and pointed his spirit sword enveloped in Demonic Qi towards Mo Hua while grating his teeth:

"By Divine Lord's command, I shall kill this brat right now!"

Mo Hua's expression was not one of fear, but one of slight astonishment.

After a moment, his eyes lit up, revealing a hint of realization.

"Divine Lord

"At last, I've caught your tail

Mo Hua's lips curled into a slight smile, then his expression turned serious and he said arrogantly:

"Want to kill me? With your power?"

The black-clothed leader frowned.

Mo Hua's gaze turned cold, with two fingers joined like a sword, a fierce and unruly aura began to rise from him.

"You mere Demon Path rabble, I'll let you witness the power of my fire spells!"

The black-clothed leader was intimidated by Mo Hua's aura, and his heart sank.

Appearances can be deceiving.

This youngster, young as he was, held such astonishing aura; he must have some powerful methods at his disposal.

And...

The fact that the Divine Lord's Eye was so wary surely indicated something was amiss.

One should not underestimate him because of his youth.

The black-clothed leader gripped the spirit sword firmly, stirred the Demonic Qi, and went on full alert.

Mo Hua looked arrogant, his fingers suddenly thrust forward and a hint of killing intent appeared in his eyes.

"Meteor Fire Forbidden Art!"

Forbidden Art?!

The black-clothed leader, upon hearing the words, was greatly shaken and immediately rallied all the Demonic Qi to protect himself.

But moments later, there was no sign of an onslaught from a powerful spell.

Looking down, the black-clothed leader saw a light blue water glow on his body, and water-shaped lock chains bound him tightly in place.

It was not some Fire Forbidden Skill at all but a Water System Binding Skill!

He looked up again to see the youngster already dashing away into the distance, leaving him with a view of a slippery little figure...

The black-clothed leader stood still for a moment, a fury rose in his heart, trembling all over.

"This damned... little bastard!"

The Divine Lord's Eye was before him, in such a grave moment, and he was... making a fool out of him?!

It was just... despicable and utterly shameless!!

"I will tear you to pieces!"

The black-clothed leader's eyes were bloodshot, he muttered through clenched teeth.

With a swing of his sword, Demonic Qi surged, shattering all the Water Prison chains binding him, and he set off to chase after Mo Hua.

As he took a step, he turned to see Cheng Mo and the others.

He thought to kill them quickly first.

But along the way, Mo Hua, surrounded by a water glow, sped up his movement techniques even further.

If he did not pursue now and delayed any longer, the youngster could have escaped to who knows where...

The black-clothed leader cursed, wrapped in Demonic Qi that transformed into a streak of black light, leaping in pursuit towards Mo Hua.

He feared Mo Hua might escape.

He also feared Mo Hua might rendezvous with the Hawk Dogs of the Taoist Court.

If so, he would fail to kill Mo Hua thus, contradicting the Divine Lord's command and facing a terrible "Divine Punishment."

The black-clothed leader felt fear in his heart and couldn't help but tremble.

So, the youngster must die!

...

Deep in the mountain forest at night.

Two figures, one in front of the other, one fleeing, the other pursuing.

The black-clothed leader chased for a while and breathed a slight sigh of relief.

This youngster was running in the opposite direction from where the Taoist Court cultivators were...

He guessed that the youngster's Divine Sense was weak, his range of perception limited, hence he couldn't detect the distant reinforcements and was running around in panic in the mountains...

This gave him an opportunity.

Without the Taoist Court's dogs in the way, everything was easy.

Once he caught up, he could kill him!

Just a Foundation Establishment Early Stage youngster, with weak Blood Qi and Spiritual Power, who only knew some disgusting spells and liked to hide in the shadows to ambush...

Now that he had opened the "Divine Eye" and received the Divine Lord's blessing, he could see through his stealth.

He would be without a place to hide.

Besides some disgusting spells and insidious methods as long as one was cautious, there shouldn't be a problem.

"This youngster can't escape even if he had wings!"

The black-clothed leader sneered coldly, speeding up his movement techniques, chasing after Mo Hua.

Mo Hua's figure seemed frantic, as if fearing that he would be caught, running recklessly forward, even appearing somewhat "panic-stricken."

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

## **Chapter 1060: Counterkill (2)**

Chapter 1060: Chapter 668: Counterkill\_2

Chapter 1060 -668: Counterkill\_2

His escape route was quite odd, and the further he fled, the more erratic it became.

Initially following some clear mountain paths, he soon found himself pursued too closely to care, navigating through rugged trails, desolate valleys, and silent forests.

In the eyes of the black-clad leader, this was akin to a death wish.

The chase continued...

The night was as thick as ink, the moon as cold as frost.

After an indeterminate time fleeing, Mo Hua was finally caught up with in a mountain valley, enclosed on three sides and overgrown with deadwood.

The black-clad leader flicked his Spirit Sword, sending a slash wrapped in Demonic Qi hurtling toward Mo Hua.

Mo Hua's figure flashed with a Water Shadow, narrowly evading the attack, but he landed gasping for breath, appearing quite disheveled.

The black-clad leader sneered, "Keep running, why don't you?"

Mo Hua's face was pale, "Why do you want to kill me?"

The black-clad leader inched closer to Mo Hua, a contemptuous smile on his face, "The Divine Lord wants you dead; you have no choice but to die!"

Mo Hua kept retreating step by step, asking fearfully,

"Is the kidnapping of Cultivators also by the 'Divine Lord's' command?"

The black-clad leader was about to say something but ultimately held his tongue, instead, he just snorted coldly:

"You're not worthy of that knowledge."

He advanced with large strides.

Mo Hua kept retreating, saying nervously, "Don't come any closer

The Divine Sense of the black-clad leader was icy, his sword deeply imbued with Demonic Qi. He focused completely, watching Mo Hua's movements and blocking Mo Hua's routes of escape, step by step, closing in on him.

Mo Hua's eyes were like those of a terrified deer, his expression pitiful to behold.

But this did not sway the black-clad leader's cold intent to kill.

Seeing that he was cornered with no escape, Mo Hua gritted his teeth, "Come any closer, and I

The black-clad leader had already raised his sword, a smirk on his lips, "What about it if I do?"

The look of terror on Mo Hua's face vanished; his eyes became clear and deep, and a slight smile appeared on his lips.

"If you come any closer, I will kill you."

The black-clad leader was taken aback, followed by a sudden widening of his eyes.

In the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of a flicker of flame at his feet.

The familiar aura, the familiar Formation.

This time, the black-clad leader wanted to evade, but he found that the ground had been laid with a vast array of Formation Patterns much earlier with no chance of evasion.

The Formation was triggered.

Lines of Formation Patterns glowed bright red, interconnecting, and forming several Fire Formations.

Before the black-clad leader could ponder further, the Formation had just been completed and instantly exploded.

Firelight burst forth, flames soaring high.

Accompanying the successive thunderous booms, the black-clad leader was completely engulfed by the flames.

The fire's Spiritual Power, born from the Formation's explosion, rampaged through the valley.

But the flames, coming anywhere near Mo Hua, would instantly veer away, seemingly reluctant to offend the "master" of the Formation.

Mo Hua stood to the side, his pupils flickering with firelight, quietly watching the black-clad leader be consumed by the flames.

After a dozen or so moments, the fire subsided.

The smoke cleared, revealing the figure of the black-clad leader.

His body was riddled with injuries from the fire explosion, covered in scorch marks, and his masked scarf had been burnt away to reveal the face hidden beneath.

His was a fairly young countenance.

Although scarred by fire, the vague outlines were still discernible.

Mo Hua did not recognize him, thus finding the face somewhat foreign.

The black-clad leader instinctively tried to cover his face with his hand, but realizing that Mo Hua had seen him for so long, he gave up on trying to conceal it.

With his true face exposed, the black-clad leader paradoxically calmed down.

He looked at Mo Hua coldly, "This time, you're truly doomed."

Mo Hua sighed, "You've said that too many times; my ears have calluses from it."

After speaking, Mo Hua continued with a hint of regret, "I'm not sure about my death, but you almost died just a moment ago."

The black-clad leader's face flushed with rage, spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood.

This kid, too arrogant!

Yet, at the same time, he was internally trembling and utterly perplexed.

The black-clad leader looked at Mo Hua with a stern gaze, "When exactly did you set up the Formation? Why did I neither see any Formation Flags nor any Array Plates?"

Mo Hua replied with a beaming smile, "I'm not telling you."

The black-clad leader could not stand that simultaneously adorable yet annoying expression and surged with Demonic Qi, brandishing his sword and charging at Mo Hua.

At the same time, a more intense Demonic Qi surged from his heart meridian.

This Demonic Qi, merging with his flesh, mended his wounds, and replaced the Spiritual Power circulating through his meridians.

As the black-clad leader raised his sword, his moves were somewhat awkward due to his severe injuries.



But after the uprising of Demonic Qi, his aura violently swelled, his speed increased, and the power of his Sword Moves grew stronger, the Demonic Qi coiling around the sword blade became more intense.

He was fighting desperately.

Using his primal Demonic Qi, sparing no expense to slay this impudent youth!

The Sword Qi was piercing, the Demonic Qi rampant, seeking to bury Mo Hua in death.

But whenever Sword Qi infused with Demonic Qi threatened to strike Mo Hua, he would always dodge by a hair's breadth.

The black-clad leader was fast, Mo Hua was faster.

It was like a sword cleaving through water.

Mo Hua became one with the water, always slipping away from the sword blade.

The black-clad leader was visibly shaken.

"The Water Passing Step of the Zhang Family?!"

He considered for a moment then shook his head, "No, it doesn't quite seem like it... The Water Passing Step isn't this delicate and bizarre

The black-clad leader furrowed his brows.

Just then, a flash of firelight sparked beneath his feet.

The black-clad leader, like a frightened bird, leaped away.

Subsequently, the Formation Patterns linked to form the Formation, exploding in an instant. Despite the speed with which it took shape, it was still too conspicuous.

Having been bombed twice already, the black-clad leader was on guard and managed to dodge.

The Formation did not hit him.

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

