

The Quest for Immortality

Chapter 1061: Counter-Kill (3)

Chapter 1061: Chapter 668 Counter-Kill_3

Chapter 1061 -668 Counter-Kill_3

Despite that, the black-clad leader's gaze was still one of horror.

This time, he clearly saw that without the Formation Flags, without the Array Plate, and even without the Formation media, Spiritual Ink spontaneously writhed on the ground. Following the structure of the Formation Pivot, it formed the Formation.

"No medias to form the formation?"

No...

The black-clad leader furrowed his brow in deep thought, suddenly realizing:

"It's not about forming a formation without media, but using the ground as the media... to draw the Formation?"

He abruptly looked up, staring hard at Mo Hua, and said incredulously:

"Who on Earth are you?"

"What is your relationship with Earth Sect?"

Mo Hua was startled, then he furrowed his brow.

This man knows a lot...

Who exactly is he?

That he could deduce some causal connections in my movement technique and the Formation from just a few exchanges...

This trafficker cannot be left alive!

And the black-clad leader, likewise, could not let Mo Hua live.

He had been seen by Mo Hua.

Moreover, Mo Hua's movement technique and the Formation indicated a significant origin and deep causality.

He must be killed early, then ask Mr. Tu to cover the causality to prevent future troubles.

At the same time, he felt a sharp pain on his forehead.

It was the Divine Lord's eye, urging him.

Urging him to quickly kill this youngster.

Within this urging was even a hint of... fear.

It seemed as if the Divine Eye, through the youngster's Formation, sensed something indescribable.

"Kill!"

The black-clad leader's gaze darkened, his Sword Moves became swifter, his Demonic Qi fiercer, forcing Mo Hua to exert his full effort, utilizing the Water Passing Step to manage.

Under such pressing conditions, Mo Hua had no chance to set up a Formation.

Similarly, should Mo Hua be careless, even for a moment, a strike from Sword Qi or corrosion by Demonic Qi could instantly be fatal.

The black-clad leader's attacks grew increasingly urgent.

Though Mo Hua could still dodge relying on his movement technique, it was evidently becoming more difficult.

Just then, the sinister eye on the forehead of the black-clad leader suddenly flared brightly, emitting a crimson glow that enveloped Mo Hua.

Although Mo Hua's Divine Sense was unaffected by the sinister eye, the sudden engulfment in the scarlet light inevitably caused a moment of hesitation, and his movements slowed slightly.

This slight delay was seized by the black-clad leader.

With a slash of his sword, the Demonic Qi transformed into a rainbow, shooting straight for Mo Hua.

Mo Hua gritted his teeth, pushed his Divine Sense to its limits, and produced a faint afterimage atop his Water Passing Step, speeding up his movements just enough to narrowly dodge the attack of Demonic Qi.

Yet, he lost his balance, stumbled, and with a cry, fell to the ground.

The black-clad leader sneered and slashed another sword down.

This sword, fueled by a massive amount of Demonic Qi, was intended to kill Mo Hua in a single strike, aiming for a permanent solution.

To prevent any Spiritual Artifacts on Mo Hua from protecting him if the sword didn't kill him outright, needing an additional stroke,

Thus, he charged up this strike a bit longer.

Just as he powered up a little longer, when he brought the sword down, the black-clad leader's pupils suddenly contracted.

He realized Mo Hua was gone!

In the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of a faint blue shimmer moving behind him.

Behind him, a gathering of flaming aura was solidifying.

The black-clad leader's heart trembled.

He inexplicably thought of what Mo Hua had said earlier:

"Now let me show you how powerful my Fire Technique is

Meteor Fire Forbidden Art?

Could it really be... that Meteor Fire Skill?

Damn...

The black-clad leader, feeling like facing a formidable enemy, terrifiedly concentrated his Demonic Qi into armor around his body. As he quickly turned his head, he saw a Fireball Technique blast onto his face.

This Fireball Technique was just an ordinary Fireball.

It wasn't very powerful, it didn't even break his Demonic Qi.

It was more like a kind of...

Humiliation.

The leader in black fell silent for a moment, his expression turning utterly ferocious.

"You little beast!"

"Are you fucking playing with me?!"

Even on the brink of death, he still didn't know better and mocked him over and over!

The leader in black's eyes were about to split, and Demonic Qi surged like a tide.

He crazily brandished his long sword, recklessly slashing towards Mo Hua.

In the valley, Sword Qi and Demonic Qi intertwined and surged.

Sword Qi carved out streaks, and Demonic Qi corroded patches of vegetation.

Mo Hua's figure became even more ragged.

But despite this, he found time to throw one or two fireballs at the face of the leader in black.

The damage was minimal, but the insult was profound.

The murderous intent of the leader in black grew heavier, his sword moves became more ferocious, and as he slashed, he spat out words filled with hatred, taunting coldly,

"Where's your Meteor Fire Forbidden Art?"

"This is it?"

"Just these few fireballs?"

"Isn't your Formation supposed to be powerful? Use it again!"

"You little beast, let me see the power of your flame spells!"

...

It was unknown how long he had hurled insults when the Divine Sense of the leader in black became tired and somewhat dazed. When he refocused,

Mo Hua used this gap, his figure flashed, as he swiftly disappeared like water light rapidly passing, vanishing from in front of the leader in black.

At the same time, the leader in black sensed Mo Hua's presence behind him, along with that faint flame presence.

It was a familiar sensation...

But this time, the leader in black just sneered with disdain.

He didn't dodge.

He did not use Demonic Qi to form armor.

Nor did he use any other defensive measures.

Instead, he swung his sword backhand, condensing Demonic Qi, intending to face the fireball technique head-on and cut Mo Hua down.

But halfway through the swing, the leader in black suddenly shuddered, feeling a chill all over.

He sensed that the aura behind him was not right.

It was not a single fireball, but two fireballs condensing at once.

After the condensing of the fireballs, in an instant, a powerful Divine Sense oppression came, followed by a tearing howl.

It seemed something had collapsed and merged.

Following was an incredibly condensed, intensely hot wave of spiritual energy compressed to the point of inducing fear...

A clear yet chilling voice sounded in his ear:

"Let me show you now, my flame spells

The leader in black's pupils trembled.

"What is this?!"

In a critical moment, he tried to turn around and activate his Demonic Qi to protect himself, but it was too late.

Behind the leader in black, Mo Hua rubbed his two little hands together.

A small, purple “meteorite” formed containing powerful spiritual energy.

Then he swiftly pressed this “meteorite” against the back of the leader in black.

The immense spiritual energy was released in an instant.

Spiritual power distorted, and rampant flames ravaged.

The leader in black felt as if his chest had been stuffed with nearly a hundred Explosive Fire Runes exploding simultaneously, the terrifying flames annihilating his flesh, Spiritual Power, and Demonic Qi all at once.

Then a blinding fire burst through his chest.

The expression of the leader in black was one of disbelief.

"How could it really be... a Forbidden Art?"

He looked down at the large hole burnt and erased through his chest, his pupils lingering in shock, then gradually losing focus.

His body also slowly knelt to the ground, lifeless.

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

Chapter 1062: Devouring God

Chapter 1062: Chapter 669: Devouring God

Chapter 1062 -669: Devouring God

The leader in black had his chest punctured and slowly knelt to the ground.

Mo Hua casually tossed two fireballs, exploding on the leader in black, checking the “corpse” to ensure he really couldn’t move.

Then he used his Divine Sense to glimpse into the leader’s vital energy, confirming that his corpse’s Spiritual Power was stagnant, his breath had ceased, and he truly was dead.

"Such a hassle

Mo Hua sighed deeply.

Relying solely on himself to kill a Demon Cultivator at the Foundation Building Middle Stage was simply exhausting.

It required Calculation, ambushes.

Deception, surprise attacks.

Formation, Forbidden Techniques were all necessary.

Only then could he barely manage to kill him.

Throughout, it was like walking on thin ice, without the slightest mistake allowed, otherwise, given his frail stature, one slip could let this wicked man in black find a flaw, and it would likely be more misfortune than fortune.

It was too difficult...

But fortunately, he finally had killed him.

Mo Hua breathed a sigh of relief.

The valley was sealed, desolate and quiet, completely uninhabited.

This was the burial site Mo Hua specifically chose for the leader in black, hidden from the public eye, with no one aware.

Now that the leader in black was dead, Mo Hua thought about searching his body to see if there were any clues or other valuable items.

But just as he focused his eyes, Mo Hua couldn't help but freeze, his expression slightly changing.

This leader in black, though dead, didn't erode from Demonic Qi like other human traffickers, his flesh rotting and dissolving into a puddle of black water.

His flesh was still intact.

Mo Hua sensed something was wrong and retreated cautiously two steps back.

But in an instant, a foul wind abruptly rose.

Mo Hua felt something suddenly approach him, yet there clearly was nothing in front.

He frowned, then with deep gaze and fluctuating patterns, he used Heavenly Secret Calculation to peer into the truth hidden within the Void.

In the moment Heavenly Secret opened his eyes, Mo Hua's pupils shrank.

Before him, when no one knew how, suddenly appeared an eerie eye.

This sinister eye, just tightly pressed against his face, only millimeters away.

Mo Hua could clearly see the protruding blood veins in the evil eye, the bloody eye socket, pale red tentacles wrapping around, and the eyes swirling with rage, coldness, and other "non-human" emotions...

Mo Hua was startled by this "ugly eye," his expression panicking, hurriedly retreating.

But the evil eye was faster.

In a flash, the tentacles above the evil eye bloomed like a nest of sin, densely covering and sticking to Mo Hua.

At the same time, the abnormal evil eye desperately burrowed towards Mo Hua's tender forehead.

It had to.

Its original host had died, lost its vitality; it had to seek a new host, parasitizing in living flesh.

And in this deserted valley, enclosed on all sides, the only "living" person was Mo Hua.

It had no other choice.

Despite its confusion, bafflement, anger, apprehension, and an unknown kind of "fear" towards Mo Hua,

In front of God Destruction and obliterated Dao, it had to use Mo Hua as the new fleshly womb.

Mo Hua seemed to be controlled by the evil eye's tendrils, losing the ability to resist, allowing the blood-colored Evil Thoughts to erode him.

The evil eye's plan was gradually succeeding.

Evil Thoughts transformed into meaty tendrils, securely binding Mo Hua's body.

On top of the evil eye, the bloody flesh began to peel away, transforming into a pale gold, defiant and majestic eye, slowly drilling into Mo Hua's forehead, breaking into the Sea of Consciousness, entering into Mo Hua's Divine Sense.

Mo Hua's Sea of Consciousness was unexpectedly resilient.

Therefore, breaking into the Sea of Consciousness took a significantly long time.

Having entered Mo Hua's Sea of Consciousness, the pale-gold evil eye started to distort, reaggregating flesh.

Crimson blood swirled backward, converging upon the evil eye, gradually solidifying, cultivating various decayed flesh, forming grotesque bloodied remains, finally assembling into a large, misshapen fleshly Demon Monster.

On the Demon Monster's head, there were ferocious sheep horns.

Its forehead bore a pale gold eye.

The gold evil eye flashed; the giant Demon Monster's bloodied body trembled, and then opened its two bloody Demon Monster eyes, looking down from a height at the human's Sea of Consciousness before it.

Though its lifespan was long, its prestigiousness exceptional, having parasitized countless "servants," tasted numerous "sacrifices," it was still astonished by the Sea of Consciousness before it.

Such pure Divine Sense!

And so dense, so rich.

Having such a perfect Divine Sense, this human brat was too valuable to simply be a "sacrifice."

If not for his inherently, poor Bloodline, he could even be considered as a vessel for the Divine Fetus.

However...

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's gaze darkened slightly, puzzled.

"Why...do I feel apprehension, even fear?"

"Why do I feel a murderous intent as if facing a formidable enemy of life and death?"

"It's merely a human, a stray cur under the Great Dao of deity

"Why do I feel fear?"

"What exactly am I afraid of?"

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's bloodstained gaze swept around, but it didn't find anything suspicious.

The gold evil eye on its forehead emitted a regal pale gold light, yet even this light revealed nothing unusual.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster found this rather odd.

But on further thought, it seemed normal.

No matter how profound a Cultivator's cultivation, how exalted their status, they were, after all, just human.

Stripping away worldly gains and their outward husk, the Divine Thoughts within people, either crude and unbearable, or filthy and depraved, or shallow and frail.

Outwardly splendid, inwardly rotten.

Strong in cultivation, weak in intention.

Such Cultivators were everywhere.

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

Chapter 1063: Devouring God (2)

Chapter 1063: Chapter 669: Devouring God_2

Chapter 1063 -669: Devouring God_2

What's more, this was just a little devil at the Early Stage of Foundation Establishment.

It was probably because of his young age and lack of immersion in worldly desires that he possessed such pure Divine Sense.

What else could be expected of him?

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's eyes gleamed with greed, and the corners of its mouth curled into a sinister smile.

"Eat him!"

No matter what schemes or dangers were lurking,

Once eaten, all would be resolved.

Humans, after all, are mere bait for the Great Dao, playthings for deities, inherently lowly creatures.

To be eaten by me is an honor for him.

To consume the Divine Sense and use this Sea of Consciousness as a nurturing ground,

This little devil is far better than those "foolishly loyal" idiots.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster opened its bloody maw and began devouring the pure Divine Sense filling the Sea of Consciousness.

As soon as the Divine Sense touched its palate, its eyes widened in surprise.

This Divine Sense was too delicious!

So delectable that it seemed hardly human!

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster was shocked, and then its eyes filled with even greater greed as it began to devour the Divine Sense in big gulps.

The sweet Divine Sense brought it immense pleasure.

Its two blood-red demonic eyes slightly squinted, and the golden evil eye on its forehead shimmered lazily with golden light.

Just as the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster became careless, it failed to notice a hidden figure slowly approaching.

Then, the figure suddenly leaped onto its head.

A fair little hand suddenly appeared and fiercely reached for the golden evil eye on its forehead.

As if it wanted to pluck the golden eye out right then and there.

In a crisis, the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster immediately shut its third eye.

But it was slightly too late.

The fair little hand still clawed across the golden evil eye, tearing several wounds with immense strength and causing a golden fluid, similar to blood, to flow.

Still, the hand was a little too small and slow to pluck the eye out.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster had closed its third eye.

At the same time, its demonic claws, carrying the stench of blood, angrily reached for its head.

Mo Hua had no choice but to leap down from its head and retreat a few steps to increase the distance, revealing his form as he landed.

With eyebrows drawn like those of a painting, lips red and teeth white, he resembled a porcelain doll.

His body of Divine Thought, transformed by the Divine Sense, was near identical in size to his original body, only a little younger.

Seeing Mo Hua's appearance, the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster was astonished.

"An Incarnation of Divine Sense?"

"A little devil?!"

The golden evil eye on its forehead, injured by Mo Hua, throbbed with pain.

Thinking back on the situation and feeling residual fear, the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster was shaking with anger:

Such a despicable little devil!

What did he want to do?!

The "golden blood" still adhered to Mo Hua's small hand.

He licked his fingers smeared with golden blood, and his eyes suddenly lit up.

This was the taste!

The flavor of golden Divine Marrow!

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster, scared and enraged after witnessing the scene, even with a hint of fear, screamed hoarsely and angrily:

"How dare you!"

"You... you actually dare to consume 'Divine Marrow'?"

"Divine Marrow?" Mo Hua blinked in surprise, couldn't help but suck on his finger again, nodded his head, and praised with a beaming smile:

"Tastes good!"

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's eyes instantly turned blood-red.

It felt its dignity insulted.

Its divinity desecrated.

A mere mortal, who should have been a sacrifice for the deities to enjoy, was audacious enough to sip on Divine Marrow, to taste the "Blood of the Deity."

Arrogant! Ignorant! Reckless!

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster, unable to contain its anger, looked again to find that the little devil across from it had disappeared once more.

"Concealing himself?"

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's pupils shrank.

Why can't I see through him?

I could see through him outside.

Could it be because I was able to see through his flesh outside, but here in the Sea of Consciousness, I can't penetrate his body of Divine Sense?

How is that possible?

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster was alarmed.

But it had no time for further thought, for it knew that once this little devil concealed himself, the next attack would quickly follow...

Sure enough, a moment later.

To the right, a Divine Thought Aura flickered, and a small figure jumped up, punching toward the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's head.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's expression turned grim, and it promptly turned to meet the punch with its own.

A small fair fist collided with the huge, ghastly fist of the demon.

Powerful Divine Thought Energy rippled out.

Mo Hua's little fist was unharmed.

But the demon's fist was now marked with streaks of blood.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster was horrified.

What on earth is this little devil...?

A human Cultivator's body of Divine Sense, actually superior to the Evil Thoughts of a demon?

The excitement of finally indulging in Body Cultivation shone in Mo Hua's eyes as he swung his fists again, pummeling the monster.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster struggled fiercely, but despite its large, ghastly flesh, it was still at a disadvantage.

"No, this is not right!"

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's eyes suddenly narrowed as it took the initiative this time, its blood-red claws tearing fiercely toward Mo Hua.

Mo Hua nimbly avoided using the Water Passing Step.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster, seizing the gap, opened its golden evil eye on its forehead once more.

A beam of golden light shot out from the evil eye, shining on Mo Hua's body.

Mo Hua's body began to show faint golden lines, like those of marrow.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster cried out in shock, in a piercing and hoarse voice:

"You are not human!"

Mo Hua blinked in confusion.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster, eyes trembling, said:

"Marrow entering a divine body, forming a Divine Fetus... Just who is the Divine Monarch whose young spawn you are?"

Mo Hua was taken aback for a moment.

But then, the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster frowned again, confused, saying:

"No, that's still not right

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

Chapter 1064: Devouring God (3)

Chapter 1064: Chapter 669: Devouring God_3

Chapter 1064 -669: Devouring God_3

"You possess the foundation of Divine Thought Technique, yet why is your Divine Marrow so weak?"

"Why is there no sign of 'rites of offering'?"

"Why is the humanity rich while the divinity is marginal?"

"This is impossible

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster stared pointedly at Mo Hua,

"Where does your divine status come from?"

"What incense do you consume? Whose faith do you accept?"

"Where is your authority?"

"What 'Dao' do you uphold?"

...

Mo Hua was completely baffled by its barrage of questions.

Divine Fetus, Dao Transformation, Divine Marrow, rites of offering, also divine status, incense, authority...

This ugly-eyed sheep-horned demon monster, what on earth was it asking? He was utterly confused...

Could this be... knowledge of the deities?

He didn't know what to do himself?

Mo Hua blinked and decided to put on an act, adopting a cold demeanor, with his head held high and chest out, assuming a lofty and arrogant posture.

"These matters, you are not worthy to know!"

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's face darkened with anger but dared not speak.

If this child was truly a Divine Fetus, harboring an unknown deity within his Sea of Consciousness, with just his mangled eye alone, he couldn't touch him.

If it was a Divine Fetus, that would be easier to handle...

The fear just now, must have come from the dreaded presence of a full-fledged deity's fetus.

And...

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's gaze turned slightly grim.

Although he didn't know which divine status this Divine Fetus occupied, the aura above his divine status slightly resembled his own.

It seemed to also come from the Great Wilderness.

There seemed to be some connection.

It was just unknown where this divine status came from...

Seeing the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster struck dumb by his act, Mo Hua felt a slight joy, then sternly and solemnly accused:

"You have violated my taboo!"

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster took a grave look.

Mo Hua continued, "State your origin, and I might forgive your past offenses!"

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster declared solemnly,

"I am the Master of the Great Wilderness!"

Mo Hua frowned, "Nonsense, the Master of the Great Wilderness is the master of the Great Wilderness, how could he be so weak?"

Mo Hua wanted to inquire more.

But no sooner had he spoken, the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's expression drastically changed and coldly said:

"You are not a Divine Monarch!"

Mo Hua's heart panicked.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's eyes narrowed, "A Divine Monarch would not ask such superficial questions, you are a fake, you know nothing!"

Mo Hua was helpless.

This was the drawback of lacking knowledge in Tao Cultivation... no, in Deity Cultivation.

Pretending to understand when he didn't but running into an "expert," it only took a couple of sentences to expose him.

"I just woke up, I forgot

Mo Hua came up with an excuse, hoping to manage somehow.

But the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster sneered, "How could something engraved in your origin be forgotten?"

Mo Hua was busted and felt a bit "furious out of embarrassment".

This ugly sheep-horned freak, doesn't appreciate kindness!

If you won't let me fake it, then I won't pretend, I'll just kill you!

Mo Hua said nothing more, instantly vanished and then reappeared in front of the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster, throwing a punch straight at its face.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster crossed its arms and blocked the punch.

But its arms cracked from the blow, and it involuntarily stepped back, shocked.

"This kid, why is his incarnation of Divine Thought so strong?"

"Is he really a deity?"

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Before it could think further, Mo Hua charged again, his punches simple but forceful.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster blocked again.

After several rounds and taking quite a few punches from Mo Hua, the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster was furious.

"What nonsense!"

It had reigned supreme over all beings between heaven and earth for years, and had never suffered such humiliation, to be treated like a "punching bag" by a little kid?!

The golden evil eye on the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's forehead suddenly widened.

Pale golden Divine Marrow flowed like blood throughout the demon monster's body.

The body of the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster rapidly swelled, and its flesh turned from blood red to pale gold.

Its entire body exuded an imposing aura.

Mo Hua was startled but still punched out, trying to see what would happen.

The pale golden Sheep-Horned Demon Monster smirked, and with a backhanded slap, sent Mo Hua flying.

Mo Hua crashed to the ground and slid for a while before slowly getting up.

His incarnation of Divine Thought was very tough, and he bore no injuries.

But in a pure contest of "strength", he clearly was no match for the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster looked at Mo Hua and coldly said:

"You overstep your bounds, little imp, do you really think I can't kill you?"

Mo Hua sighed, somewhat helplessly.

While Body Cultivation was fun, it was exhausting and not easy to win against a tough opponent.

Seeing how Mo Hua behaved, the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster had a bad premonition.

This little imp... does he have other tricks?

What else could he do?

Then it saw Mo Hua pointing at it from a distance.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's pupils contracted, then saw faint blue Water System Chains wrapping around, firmly locking its evil thought body.

"Divine Thought Technique?"

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster frowned, and then a flash of golden light broke free from the Water Prison Technique.

It wanted to charge at Mo Hua, but suddenly noticed red patterns emerging under its feet and intertwined with firelight.

"Is this... a Formation?"

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's eyes widened, suddenly turning to Mo Hua, voice heavy:

"You truly are not a deity!"

Mo Hua was slightly baffled.

What does that mean?

Using a Formation means not a deity?

Deities can't use Formations?

Although he was puzzled, Mo Hua wasted no time and immediately ignited the Li Fire Formation.

Fire engulfed the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster.

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

Chapter 1065: Devouring God (4)

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After a moment, the fire dissipated, and the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's figure appeared, its pale golden flesh already cracked.

Despite looking somewhat disheveled, the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's expression was unusually calm.

A hint of a smile even emerged at the corners of its mouth.

"A Manifesting Formation inside the Sea of Consciousness

"In all my years, having 'eaten' so many Cultivators, only a handful could manifest a Formation in their Sea of Consciousness."

"I didn't expect that at such a young age, you could achieve this step

"But such a level of Formation is still not enough."

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's forehead started to crack open.

A golden Evil Eye, its tendrils spreading into the air, protruded from its forehead, exuding a majestic, irresistible, divine authority.

"As long as it's human, then it's easy to deal with

"Humans have an inherent reverence for deities, etched in their Divine Souls

"Now, I will let you experience the true majesty of a deity's origin."

Instantly, the golden Evil Eye trembled violently, its golden light intensifying.

A surge of powerful Daoist Meaning, containing unknown rules, instantly pervaded the area.

Mo Hua was enveloped in the golden light, his expression changing drastically.

He struggled with all his might, but seemed overpowered by the golden light's authority, unable to move. After a moment, his expression gradually became dull, losing all resistance.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster revealed a cold smile.

Mere humans, daring to resist a deity?

The golden Evil Eye trembled, as if it could hardly contain its hunger.

It was about to savor this rare, deity-worthy "sacrifice."

Strands of flesh-like tendrils extended from the Evil Eye, wrapping Mo Hua tightly as if binding a "zongzi" (rice dumpling).

Then, it pulled Mo Hua back toward its gaping, cavernous maw.

With fangs bared wide, its mouth was like an abyss.

The corners of the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's mouth even dripped with drool.

But just as it was about to shove Mo Hua into its mouth,

The "zongzi"-wrapped, dull-faced Mo Hua suddenly blinked and slyly smiled.

The Sheep-Horned Demon Monster was stunned, and then immediately realized something; more tendrils swept toward Mo Hua.

Mo Hua's eyes shone brightly as he murmured:

"Open!"

The ground suddenly revealed massive amounts of Formations.

The Li Mountain Fire Cremation Compound Formation!

These Formations were interconnected, forming a massive Compound Formation.

The ground rose up sharply, creating a prison and completely trapping the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's fleshy body.

Countless bursts of Li Fire exploded, scorching the tendrils one by one.

Mo Hua forcefully freed himself from the tendrils' grasp, then in an instant, leaped onto the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster's forehead, revealing an innocent smile to the protruding golden Evil Eye.

The golden Evil Eye was filled with terror.

It released an even more intense divine authority, yet Mo Hua remained completely unaffected.

It wanted to retract, but Mo Hua disagreed entirely.

He gripped the Evil Eye tightly in his little hands, like he had found a “Treasure,” then bit down on his teeth and, using all his strength, pulled with all his might.

Accompanied by an incredibly shrill and piercing scream,

The golden Evil Eye was violently extracted from the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster’s body of Evil Thought transformed flesh.

Afterward, Mo Hua took the opportunity to leap away.

The ground’s Li Fire Compound Formation completely erupted, burning all the demon’s blood-red flesh and tendrils to ashes.

The golden Evil Eye trembled violently in Mo Hua’s grasp.

Human Divine Thought shouldn’t be immune to a deity’s authority...

It screeched loudly:

"You’re not human!"

"Nor are you a deity!"

"What on earth are you?!"

Mo Hua, looking at the pale golden divine eye, couldn’t help but lick his lips:

"I am... the one who ‘eats’ deities!"

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

Chapter 1066: Deification

Chapter 1066: Chapter 670 “Deification

Chapter 1066 -670 “Deification

"People who ‘eat’ gods?!"

The golden evil pupils abruptly contracted, then violently trembled as bloodshot veins bulged, betraying an extreme fright.

It finally understood what it had been dreading, what it was fearing...

Humans are but livestock to gods, mere foraging dogs for the divine.

How could mere livestock dare to eat a god?

"Absurd!"

"Ignorant!"

The voice of the golden evil pupils was shrill and distorted.

"Daring to defile the majesty of the gods!"

"Foolish child, you have no idea what you are doing, the terrible taboo you’re violating!"

Mo Hua looked puzzled,

"I was just speaking off the cuff, why are you so agitated? At least show some restraint befitting a ‘deity

The bloodshot in the golden evil pupils grew even more gruesome and pronounced.

Used to seeing its followers bow and scrape, to the fawning praise of cultivators, it couldn’t bear the disrespectful mockery of a human child.

"I will kill you, sooner or later

"Empty your flesh and guts, remove your organs, drain your Divine Sense, use your Sea of Consciousness as a breeding ground, make you become a ‘god slave’ for eternal servitude, forever denied transcendence

The golden evil pupils hissed spitefully.

Mo Hua was taken aback.

How malicious this Evil God was, so prone to hold a grudge...

And what exactly was its true nature...

After a moment of thought, Mo Hua's eyes faintly brightened. Pretending arrogance, he disdainfully glanced at the evil pupil and spoke with contempt,

"With just you?"

"Aren't you the one who lost to me, your Demon Monster body torn to thousands of pieces by my hand, your big eyeball gouged out by me, and now about to be 'eaten' by me? What threat do you pose to me?"

Upon hearing this, the golden evil pupil suddenly became calm.

With an extremely indifferent gaze, it stared at Mo Hua, with a hoarse and dry voice tinged with anger,

"Endless Great Wilderness, countless Divine Remains

"A million Demon Monsters, mortal foraging dogs

"Insolent creature, having defiled the deities, one day, you will die without a place to be buried!"

Mo Hua's gaze shook slightly.

Endless Great Wilderness, countless Divine Remains?

What does it mean...

Does it mean that the gods of the Great Wilderness are manifold, with numerous remains of gods?

That this eyeball is merely one of the remnants?

Is the Master of the Great Wilderness that powerful?

Mo Hua frowned.

It seemed... he may have pricked a big hornet's nest?

But... it seemed unavoidable, as the Evil God wanted to kill him, and he couldn't just stand still like "livestock," allowing itself to be slaughtered.

Moreover...

It would seem quite impolite not to "eat" what's handed to you, right?

"Never mind

Mo Hua decided to first eat the golden Evil God's "big eye."

Master of the Great Wilderness, countless Divine Remains.

If there are so many, one more or one less shouldn't make much difference.

Eating one in secret, It might not even notice.

But how should he eat it? Just gnaw on it?

Mo Hua looked at the repulsive golden evil pupil, somewhat reluctant to taste it.

Mo Hua continued observing it intently, then suddenly startled, sensing something amiss.

The golden evil pupil, tightly grasped in his hand, unable to escape, seemed resigned, but deep within it, an obscure light still circulated.

If one were not attentive enough, it would be entirely unnoticeable.

"Something's not right

Mo Hua's delicate eyebrows knitted together.

This big eye still harbors tricks, it's plotting something.

But what could it be plotting?

After some thought, Mo Hua realized he had no clue.

It was a remnant of the Evil God, inheriting a part of the Evil God's will, yet the means it might possess, the cards it might hold, were completely unknown to him.

His knowledge of deities was severely lacking.

If he "ate" it and was invaded by the Evil God's will, his Taoist Heart could be tainted, which wouldn't bode well.

Deities aren't like Demon Monsters.

The Divine Thought of a deity contains Divine Marrow, fundamentally different from the nature of ordinary Demon Monsters.

Through meditation, he could maintain his own heart, suppress the Evil Thoughts of Demon Monsters, but not necessarily restrain the will of a deity.

And furthermore, this deity was an “Evil God.”

No matter how he thought about it, the risk was still very high.

"In this situation, it's better to be cautious..."

Mo Hua nodded slightly.

He grasped the golden evil pupil firmly and headed toward the center of his Sea of Consciousness.

The previously motionless golden evil pupil suddenly sensed something uneasy, and asked,

"What are you planning to do, brat?"

"I'm going to show you something nice!"

Mo Hua continued as he walked.

The golden evil pupil felt an increasingly intense sense of dread.

Did this child harbor some secret within him that could even instill in it an instinctive fear?

Moments later, an aura of profound antiquity that seemed to contain the Great Dao and appeared almost godlike drifted in the air.

The golden evil pupil became rigid with shock.

It seemed to sense a venerable presence, unimaginably ancient, and filled with the essence of Dao.

Then it saw that a Taoist Stele had at some unknown time emerged in the Sea of Consciousness.

The pupil of the golden evil eye widened in astonishment.

A stele?!

The anomaly in the evil eye was keenly noticed by Mo Hua, who asked softly, "Do you... recognize this stele?"

After scrutinizing the Taoist Stele, the golden evil pupil subdued its emotions and sneered,

"Just an ancient, incomplete stele, that's all

Mo Hua's clear eyes peered doubtfully at the evil pupil.

The golden evil pupil trembled slightly, but did not show anything unusual.

Indeed, it did not know the origin of this broken stele.

At least, this stele was different from any that the Evil God knew of from its ancient inherited memories...

The suspicion in Mo Hua's eyes deepened.

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

Chapter 1067: Deification (2)

Chapter 1067: Chapter 670 "Deification" _2

Chapter 1067 -670 "Deification" _2

The golden-colored Evil Eye trembled slightly but still revealed only a trace of disdain and said coldly,

"So, is this stele what you wanted me to see?"

Mo Hua glanced again at the golden-colored Evil Eye, his gaze deep and contemplative. Suddenly, he broke into a radiant smile and said,

"No, it's something even better-looking!"

The golden-colored Evil Eye sensed that something was amiss.

Mo Hua grabbed it with both hands and pressed it against the corner of the Taoist Stele.

Caught off guard, the golden-colored Evil Eye saw a splash of red.

This red was brighter than blood, redder than sunlight, and more terrifying than anything else.

A terrifying thunder coursed through it, embodying the cold, merciless Laws of Heaven and carrying the will of the Heavenly Dao to obliterate everything.

"Robbery... Robbery Thunder?!"

The golden-colored Evil Eye let out a shrill scream.

Its sockets trembled, blood vessels bulged, and it struggled desperately, but Mo Hua's small hands held it tightly.

A flash of scarlet lightning!

In an instant, the Robbery Thunder completely obliterated the golden-colored Evil Eye.

The golden-colored Evil Eye dissolved into a puddle of golden liquid. At the same time, within the Evil Eye was a pure golden, majestic and dreadful horn-shaped phantom struggling, roaring, and unwillingly turning to ashes.

Mo Hua thought to himself, *As expected.*

This pure golden horn-shaped phantom—though its true nature remained unknown—likely had a connection to the will of the Great Wilderness Evil God.

If Mo Hua inadvertently “consumed” it together with the golden-colored Evil Eye, it would surely have left behind future troubles.

An entity like the Evil God, with its unfathomable divine might and powers, had existed for an unknown amount of time.

If one didn't exercise extreme caution, it would truly be impossible to guard against.

Fortunately, Mo Hua used Robbery Thunder to “purge” the “toxins

Otherwise, eating something impure would surely damage his mind.

"Robbery Thunder is truly useful

Mo Hua quietly praised in his heart.

The golden-colored Evil Eye, destroyed by Robbery Thunder, turned into a pure puddle of “Divine Marrow.”

This Divine Marrow had lost much of its golden luster.

It seemed a significant part of its origin, along with the Evil God's will, had been destroyed by the Robbery Thunder.

The remaining Divine Marrow was greatly diminished in both quality and quantity.

However, this Divine Marrow was pure, clean, and devoid of any will.

Not only was it safe and healthy, but it was also easier to "digest."

Losing some was better than dealing with hidden dangers.

"I wonder what effect consuming this will have on my Divine Sense,"

"Will I break through?"

Mo Hua's eyes lit up with anticipation.

He opened his small mouth wide and inhaled sharply, swallowing all of the Divine Marrow.

In an instant, an ancient, mysterious Divine Thought surged into Mo Hua's Sea of Consciousness.

Threads of Divine Marrow, resembling blood vessels, seeped into the incarnation of Mo Hua's Divine Sense.

These "threads of Divine Marrow" wove together obscurely, quietly aligning with the Formation Patterns of the Mysterious Heaven Great Formation, layering and solidifying Mo Hua's Divine Thought.

It was as though the foundation of Dao Hua had been laid, with Divine Marrow as the building blocks, forming a stairway to divinity.

In that moment, Mo Hua experienced a peculiar illusion.

It felt as if one foot had already stepped into the forbidden realm of a deity.

He could see the entirety of heaven and earth, countless living beings, as nothing more than fodder before his eyes, the dust beneath his feet.

They worshipped him, prayed to him, and existed under his rule and servitude.

His clear-eyed expression and lively demeanor gradually faded.

In their place emerged a stern and emotionless pale-golden hue.

This pale-golden hue fed on the Divine Marrow, using his eyes as windows, gradually spreading and infiltrating Mo Hua's incarnation of Divine Sense, fusing with his Divine Thought body.

A faint golden light radiated from Mo Hua's entire body, making him seem like a "Divine."

His once adorable features gradually turned dignified, the arrogance and coldness in his eyes growing heavier and more pronounced...

Meanwhile, *his humanity began to erode, bit by bit...*

Just then, the Taoist Stele suddenly resonated with a loud hum.

An ancient, crystalline sound echoed through the Sea of Consciousness.

Mo Hua's expression shifted abruptly. He snapped out of his daze and immediately sat down for meditation, searching for his true self amidst the bewildering thoughts shaped by the "deity."

His Taoist Heart radiated divinity yet remained barren.

Mo Hua struggled in his meditation, retracing his essential self.

Step by step, memories from his childhood began to resurface.

He recollected every person he met and every experience he endured, one by one.

His parents, Elder Yu, his little companions, his master, Old Kui, his Junior Brother, his Senior Sister...

Feelings of joy, anger, sorrow, and happiness; the ups and downs of life; all kinds of emotions slowly welled up within him.

Mo Hua's barren inner world felt as though it were being nourished by a spring rain; his humanity gradually revived.

The cold, solemn pale-golden hue in his eyes slowly dissipated, and the clarity and liveliness in his gaze gradually returned.

No one knew how much time passed, but Mo Hua's gaze had returned to normal.

The faint golden Divine Marrow completely retreated, concentrated within the incarnation of his Divine Sense, merging into the "flesh" of his Divine Thoughts...

Mo Hua stared at his hands and furrowed his brows.

His Divine Sense hadn't strengthened.

Or rather, it had gained a bit of strength, but not by much, remaining stuck at the Sixteen Patterns realm.

Yet, his Divine Sense seemed to have undergone a slight "quality change."

Deep within his Divine Thought body were faint, wisps of pale golden "Godblood" intertwining.

This was the golden Divine Marrow he had ingested and refined, now belonging to him.

He sensed that his Divine Sense had achieved a truly unique "quality."

This was the Divine Sense of a "deity."

His Divine Sense had grown stronger.

But this strength was not reflected in his realm; rather, it lay in its "divine quality."

This seemed to represent two entirely different dimensions of Divine Sense.

It was also the fundamental difference between a cultivator and a deity.

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

Chapter 1068: Deification Part 3

Chapter 1068: Chapter 670 "Deification" Part 3

Chapter 1068 -670 "Deification" Part 3

Mo Hua was somewhat puzzled and uneasy.

The impression just now was still etched in his heart. Consuming that bit of Divine Marrow had nearly obliterated his "humanity" and almost amalgamated his "Taoist Heart."

He almost forgot everything about being "human" and saw himself as a "deity" who looked down upon all living beings from high above.

And that was just from "eating" a "sheep's eye."

If he ate more, would he completely forget who he was and turn into a cold, young “deity”?

Mo Hua furrowed his brows.

His master had instructed him to “Prove the Dao with his Divine Sense,” but it didn’t seem that he was told to “seal his divine status with his Divine Sense

It seemed like there were two different paths?

Mo Hua was a bit confused now, his mind was muddled, and his thoughts were a tangled mess.

"At the end of the day, I just don’t know enough about deities

Mo Hua sighed.

"Forget it, what’s eaten is eaten; worrying now is pointless."

And indeed, his Divine Sense had been strengthened, just not in terms of his realm.

But one must be content and not too greedy.

He was in the Foundation Establishment Early Stage, yet his Divine Sense had reached the limit of the Foundation Building Middle Stage.

If he made another breakthrough, he would reach the Divine Sense of the Foundation Establishment Late Stage, and that would be too much...

Mo Hua felt some regrets but still managed to calm his mindset.

He would have to find time to learn about “deification” later.

All fear comes from the unknown.

He knew so little about “deities” now, which was why he was worried.

Later on, he would find opportunities to inquire more about the origins and details of deities. With more knowledge, he would definitely find a way to deal with the aftermath of “eating” a god.

And then there was the Great Wilderness Evil God, who seemed to definitely be “petty.” Although he had only “eaten” Its eye, It would likely hold a grudge.

He would need to act more discreetly in the future.

He also had to think ahead, about what he would do if the Evil God found out about his “theft.”

Mo Hua pondered deeply.

Now, the eye of the Great Wilderness Evil God had been eradicated by Robbery Thunder, leaving only the Divine Marrow, which he had thoroughly consumed.

The Great Wilderness Evil God should not be able to blame him.

After all, as a great Evil God, It couldn’t possibly be unrestricted.

Whether It was “alive” or in “hibernation” was unknown.

Even if “alive,” with so many powerful cultivators in Qian State, It was unlikely to pay attention to a lowly cultivator like him.

Mo Hua nodded, thinking it made sense.

Besides, he had the Taoist Stele, and there was a “Robbery Thunder” on it.

The Taoist Stele protected the heart, and the Robbery Thunder trapped “people.”

Unless the Evil God personally came, he shouldn’t be afraid.

For weaker ones, he could deal with them himself, without needing the Taoist Stele.

At most, after dealing with them, he would use the Robbery Thunder to “detoxify” and the Taoist Stele for “teppanyaki,” clean and hygienic, and helpful in absorption and “digestion.”

Mo Hua completely relaxed his mind.

When you’re covered in lice, you no longer itch; when you owe a lot of debt, you no longer worry.

Having already offended his Uncle, he wasn’t concerned about offending another Evil God.

They were all too powerful and would likely not notice a “tiny ant” like him, provided he kept a low profile...

Mo Hua looked around and found that there were no remaining Evil Thoughts or Divine Thoughts in his Sea of Consciousness. He then peacefully exited his Sea of Consciousness.

In the deserted valley, Mo Hua, lying on the ground, opened his eyes.

The mountains were shrouded in gray; dawn had not yet broken.

The surroundings were filled with signs of battle.

There were traces of the Fireball Technique, Formation, Sword Qi, and also Demonic Qi.

Not far away, the corpse of the black-clad leader lay there.

But by this time, the body had been corroded by the Demonic Qi and turned into a puddle of filthy black water.

It seemed that it hadn't decomposed previously because of the evil eye.

Now that the evil eye was gone, he faced the same fate as the other black-clad cultivators.

The Demonic Qi eroded the body, and the bones were gone.

But Mo Hua remembered what he looked like.

Although his face had been scorched by the Fire Formation, and he bore a grim and somber countenance with a gloomy voice, he appeared to be a rather young cultivator, probably only in his twenties.

And he was likely a noble family's son.

He might even be a Sect Disciple.

But Mo Hua didn't recognize him.

After thinking it through, Mo Hua decided not to disclose this incident just yet.

If word got out, he could become the target of these cultivators lurking in the shadows.

The Great Wilderness Evil God might also trace the clues back to him.

Being a trafficker near the Qianxue State boundary meant they had significant backing.

He could also become a target of these behind-the-scenes forces.

Moreover, even if he spoke out, he doubted anyone would believe him.

Now that the black-clad leader was dead, his flesh turned to a puddle of black water, beyond recognition, there was no one to attest to the truth.

Without evidence, he would be accused of spreading rumors and slandering, only causing trouble for himself.

All things considered, it just didn't seem right.

Mo Hua shook his head.

He would pay attention to the clues in secret for now, then discreetly inform Uncle Gu when he had solid evidence.

Until then, he must not expose himself.

Mo Hua checked the black-clad leader's Storage Bag again. Inside were just Spirit Stones and several common, mass-produced Spirit Swords.

There were also a few Pills, which were clearly Evil Pills.

Nothing of value.

Mo Hua drew the Fire Formation to burn the black-clad leader's body again.

Then he drew the Earthen Burial Formation to deeply bury his remains under the earth and stones.

He also tinkered with the surroundings, covering up his own tracks.

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

Chapter 1069: God Transformation (4)

Chapter 1069: Chapter 670 "God" Transformation_4

Chapter 1069 -670 "God" Transformation_4

The black-clothed leader was thoroughly buried in this secluded valley.

Even if someone came looking, they wouldn't be able to find his corpse.

And even if they found his corpse, it would have nothing to do with Mo Hua anymore.

No one would believe that he, a mere disciple at the early stage of Foundation Establishment, could fight alone and kill a mid-phase Foundation Establishment Demon Cultivator with vicious methods.

Mo Hua, feeling absolutely secure after dealing with the matter properly, finally nodded in satisfaction.

He silently thanked Uncle Zhang Lan in his heart.

"It's all thanks to Uncle Zhang Lan's guidance back then that I have the experience to kill and bury a body without leaving traces or trouble!"

Later, Mo Hua hurried back to meet up with Cheng Mo and the others.

He deliberately took a longer route, changed directions, and readjusted his mindset. He imagined a scenario in which he was chased by the black-clothed leader, extremely panicked, and barely managed to escape with his life before hurrying back.

Before he got close to the abandoned Refinery Shop, his Divine Sense detected Cheng Mo and the others.

They were spread out, looking anxious, all calling out for "Mo Hua."

At the time they were covered by the blood light of the Evil Eyes, unable to move, but still vaguely aware that Mo Hua had lured the ferocious black-clothed leader away.

It was only because of this that they had the luck to survive.

Hence, when the Dao Court Canon arrived, both groups dispersed and spread out like a net to search the mountains for Mo Hua.

They were worried that Mo Hua had fallen victim to the black-clothed leader, feeling both concerned and guilty, so they shouted Mo Hua's name desperately.

Mo Hua felt a touch of emotion in his heart and waved to them from a distance.

"I'm back!"

Cheng Mo and the others were overjoyed, especially Cheng Mo, the large man whose eyes were even slightly red.

"Mo Hua, are you alright?"

"Are you injured?"

"Where is that man in black?"

Each of them eagerly asked questions one after another.

"I'm fine," Mo Hua nodded, and then put on a "scared after-the-fact" expression,

"That man in black was too fearsome, I was no match for him

"He chased me, I could only run, and then I found a chance to hide by becoming invisible and climbing a big tree

"The sky was too dark, the mountains too complex, the man in black was careless, he didn't find me."

"Later, he seemed afraid of being discovered by the Daoist Court, so he left. I hid in the tree to avoid trouble for a while before coming back to look for you all

Mo Hua earnestly recited the story he had fabricated beforehand.

Plain and unadorned, yet plausible and convincing.

Cheng Mo and the others had no doubts and all let out sighs of relief, "That's good

"You're so lucky!"

"I was so worried

"That scoundrel in black, when I get to the mid-phase of Foundation Establishment, if I meet him again, I'll surely crack his skull open

"Come on, by the time you reach mid-phase, he might already be at the late stage of Foundation Establishment

...

Everyone's tension eased and conversation flowed freely.

Mo Hua too allowed himself a slight smile.

Everything afterwards was simple and no longer Mo Hua's concern.

The Enforcement Leader from the Daoist Court rescued the abducted cultivators and then sent them back to the nearby Daoist Court.

The corpses of the black-clothed cultivators were all carefully examined.

Mo Hua and Cheng Mo's group of five were escorted by the Daoist Court's Enforcement Leader in a carriage to Taixu Gate at the Qian Learning State Boundary.

Mo Hua originally wanted to visit his old friend Lord Yellow Mountain.

But there wasn't enough time, and in such times, it was better to avoid more troubles and to stick with the carriage back to Taixu Gate was the safer option, to prevent any complications.

The Daoist Court's carriage was very spacious, but not too comfortable.

Even so, Cheng Mo and the others still fell into a deep sleep.

They had first been pursued, then counterattacked, and after that, they joined forces at the abandoned Refinery Shop to ambush and kill more than a dozen men in black, and finally spent several hours searching for Mo Hua in the mountain forest, they were exceedingly exhausted.

Now relaxing, they couldn't help but fall asleep.

Mo Hua leaned against the carriage window, looking at the landscape outside, his thoughts complex and numerous.

Human traffickers, Demonic Qi, Evil Eyes, Evil God...

It looked like the Qianxue State Boundary had long been rife with turmoil.

Beneath the veneer of prosperity, evil causation seemed to have been restless from early on, and what was now revealed seemed only the tip of the iceberg.

Who knows what else was hidden in the shadows...

Mo Hua's eyes narrowed with a hint of solemnity.

...

Amidst the "clip-clop, clip-clop" of the horses' hooves, the carriage carried Mo Hua and the others, bumping and swaying all the way back to Taixu Gate.

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

Chapter 1070: Bottleneck

Chapter 1070: Chapter 671: Bottleneck

Chapter 1070 -671: Bottleneck

Inside the Taixu Gate, Disciple's Residence.

Food Building second floor, in a private room.

Cheng Mo and Situ Jian, among others, were treating Mo Hua to a lavish meal.

Outside the window, green mountains and waters shrouded in clouds and mist.

Inside, Spirit Fruits and fine wines, delicious and exquisite dishes.

This meal cost quite a few Spirit Stones, but Cheng Mo and the others, being sons of noble families, were not short on Spirit Stones, so Mo Hua ate with peace of mind.

Little Yu Er also sat beside Mo Hua, feasting and drinking merrily along with him.

The dishes on the table were all Mo Hua's favorites.

Even if he didn't like them, considering their expensive value, Mo Hua enjoyed them anyway.

Especially numerous in the plates were chicken legs, like Colorful Chicken, Pine Chicken, Cloud Chicken, and various other kinds of spiritual chickens...

These were specially "offered up" to their Junior Brother by Cheng Mo and Situ Jian.

Mo Hua, holding a chicken leg in each hand, was enjoying himself immensely.

With this grand meal, Cheng Mo and the other four expressed their gratitude for Mo Hua's "lifesaving" grace.

At the same time, they were thankful to Mo Hua for, although by some coincidental opportunities, genuinely leading them to earn a hefty sum of Merit Points.

Over twenty black-clothed traffickers were killed, and ostensibly, only that black-cloth leader "escaped".

The abducted cultivators were also rescued.

These trafficked cultivators, all not very old, mostly between ten to fifteen years of age, had Top-Grade Spiritual Roots and were from noble families.

However, they were not from families of Qian State but came from small to medium-sized families across various state boundaries outside Qian State.

They had come early to the Qianxue State Boundary seeking opportunities to join a Sect.

Because they were not local noble sons of Qian State, once abducted, pursuing them became very difficult, and most cases ended unresolved.

Although the traffickers died unrecognizably and without proof of their wrongs,

It was still very fortunate that these children were rescued.

The Taoist Court did not disclose the names of Mo Hua and the others, fearing they might catch the attention of other traffickers, but their significant contributions were a fact.

Thus, the Taoist Court awarded them some Spirit Stones as a reward.

Moreover, they exceptionally allocated three hundred Merit Points to each of them.

These Merit Points were indeed “exceptional,” something that Mo Hua was well aware of.

Because these Merit Points were crediting promptly.

Whereas the Merit Points that Uncle Gu promised him for encircling and killing the Fire Buddha in the Demon’s Cave are still being processed by the Taoist Court, stuck somewhere unbeknownst to him till now with not even a shadow in sight.

Three hundred Merit Points!

Mo Hua was okay with it, though he was also happy inside, he wasn’t the inexperienced disciple who had never seen Merit Points before.

He still had over a thousand Merit Points lying in his account.

Moreover, having killed so many traffickers and saved many people, three hundred Merit Points didn’t count for much.

It’s just that the Taoist Court is always stingy, so having any reward was good.

Not to mention, the Taoist Court also added twenty thousand additional Spirit Stones, which was somewhat satisfying.

But it was different for Cheng Mo and the others.

These children, where had they ever seen so many Merit Points.

Guarding the gate or sweeping the streets, they could only earn a few points.

Going out on an early Foundation Establishment task, divided among them, each person might get only a few dozen points, sometimes even just ten or so.

Merit Points were precious assets that couldn't be bought with Spirit Stones.

These three hundred points in hand, were undeniably a huge fortune.

Cheng Mo and his group were so delighted, insisting on treating Mo Hua to a grand meal.

During the feast, Cheng Mo passed chicken legs to Mo Hua, Situ Jian poured fruit wine for Mo Hua, Yang Qianjun and Yi Li toasted to Mo Hua, while Hao Xuan busied himself serving dishes.

A group of people making merry.

Mo Hua was enjoying the meal.

Little Yu Er, imitating Mo Hua, clutched a chicken leg in her small hand and happily nibbled away.

All were fellow sect members, having battled the black-clothed traffickers together, they had undergone a life and death experience, thus the atmosphere at the table was great, host and guests thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

After eating for a while, Situ Jian still couldn't resist his curiosity:

"Mo Hua... what exactly did you do before?"

So young, yet so skilled in stealth, surveillance, ambushing, Magic Battles, assassination...

This simply didn't seem like the workings of a Junior Formation Master...

Mo Hua was taken aback.

Then Situ Jian slightly apologized, "If it's inconvenient, you don't have to say."

Though he was indeed curious, a cultivator's journey always harbored some secrets that they wouldn't want others to know.

Mo Hua thought for a moment, feeling that since everyone was from the same sect and might help each other in the future, it was okay to share a bit to curb their daily curiosity.

"I come from a Monster Hunter background!"

Mo Hua declared confidently.

Cheng Mo and the rest looked at Mo Hua's smooth and tender, petite arms and legs, and appeared skeptical.

His appearance didn't look like that of a Monster Hunter at all...

"Really?" Yi Li asked curiously.

Mo Hua said displeased, "Of course, it's true!"

His father was a Monster Hunter, so naturally, he was too.

It was just that his physical body was weak, and when hunting Monster Beasts, he couldn't rush up and fight like other Monster Hunters.

But physical fighting was still fighting, using traps and Formations was also fighting.

Being able to hunt Monster Beasts naturally made one a Monster Hunter.

Moreover, he had even used Formation to hunt down an Evil Demon, if he wasn't a Monster Hunter, who would be?

Mo Hua explained to them:

"Physical fighting is just a minor aspect, the basics of a Monster Hunter is to take precautions and never engage unprepared

"To be prepared ensures success, unprepared spells failure."

"Whether it's hunting Monster Beasts or fighting others, before engaging in Magic Battles and combat, one must plan, strategize, be patient, use traps if available, ambush if possible."

"Actions must be steady, ambushes deep, attacks fierce

"These are all lessons my father taught me

Mo Hua spoke with an air of pride.

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

