

Immortality 1098

Chapter 1098: Crossing River Dragon_3

Cheng Mo and the others, no matter how alert, eventually started to fade, their eyelids fighting each other, their spirits somewhat weary.

Mo Hua was also somewhat bored, but he sat on the ground early on, drawing his own Formation, solving it for fun.

While solving, Mo Hua suddenly paused, looked up towards Mistwater River, his Divine Sense swept past the water, his eyes narrowed, he whispered loudly:

"Here they come!"

Cheng Mo and his companions got invigorated, immediately clutched the ropes of the fishing net as previously agreed.

But remembering Mo Hua's instruction, they did not release their Divine Senses to peer at the water surface.

Cheng Mo and his companions were all at the Foundation Establishment Early Stage, while Crossing River Dragon was at the Foundation Building Middle Stage, there was a gap in Cultivation, rashly releasing Divine Sense to spy is likely to be detected.

Therefore, they were ready for a battle, just waiting.

Only Mo Hua alone was using his Divine Sense to observe the movements in the water.

In a white expanse, all things in the water shed their natural appearance and color, transforming into a jumbled state of Spiritual Power.

Amid the misty colors, a long human silhouette swam with the waves, resembling both a flood dragon and a big white fish.

When this "Big White Fish" swam leisurely into the fishing net that blended perfectly with mud and grass in the water, Mo Hua's eyes lit up, he whispered:

"Pull!"

Cheng Mo and the others got the signal, immediately mobilized all their strength, and jerked the fishing net.

The originally empty water suddenly revealed a crisscrossing blue-green net of light, the hidden "fishing net" appeared, layers upon layers of Formation energized, then quickly contracted.

The originally leisurely "Big White Fish" got startled, couldn't react in time, and was caught by the net, dragged towards the shore.

"Big White Fish" struggled furiously, but found the fishing net to be incredibly tough, densely covered with Formations; though not knowing all the Formations, but gathered to hide, trap, and bind, must be from the hand of a skilled Formation Master.

No matter how much it struggled, it couldn't shake off the binding.

"Big White Fish" took out a hooked claw Spiritual Artifact, trying to tear through the fishing net.

But as it struggled, the barbed hooks on the net had already pierced into its flesh, poison seeping into the blood following the momentum, body paralyzed, unable to move for a moment.

Although this poison was not violent, the paralysis only lasted a short while.

Yet in this brief time, it was already being hoisted, netted, to the riverbank by the fishing net.

Mo Hua watched from the side, just to see the Formation light flicker, the fishing net retracted, under the dim glow of the setting sun, a "Big White Fish" was pulled to the shore.

This "fish" was a person, with bare upper body, pale skin, faint eyebrows, and bizarre features, resembling a Water Demon.

It was the Sin Cultivator known as "Crossing River Dragon".

The moment Crossing River Dragon was pulled ashore, he cursed loudly, "Who's the coward that ambushed me!"

Mo Hua didn't bother arguing, waved his hand.

Cheng Mo and the others understood, followed the previous plan, four people tugging the fishing net's ropes, continued dragging towards the small grove on the shore.

Once away from the shore, into the grove, Crossing River Dragon without the "river," was no longer a "dragon," but merely a "worm."

Crossing River Dragon clearly realized this too.

At this time, the poison in his blood was fading, hands and feet no longer numb, he also still carried water on him, allowing his Cultivation Technique to flow at full strength.

Crossing River Dragon exerted all his strength, with a fierce swipe of the Three Jiao Hooks, but the fishing net didn't budge.

"Damn it, what kind of net is this!"

Crossing River Dragon cursed silently, and once more used the sharp Three Jiao Hooks to slash at the edges of the net.

Finally, he found a weak spot in the Formation of the net, cutting a rift.

Crossing River Dragon's body merged with the water, like a jiao dragon, he squeezed through the gap, trying to escape the restraint of the fishing net.

Just as he was halfway through, Mo Hua caught on.

Mo Hua pointed his finger, trapping Crossing River Dragon with the Water Prison Technique.

Crossing River Dragon sneered, snorted coldly: “Water System Spells, you think you can trap me?”

He shrank his body and like flowing water, broke free from the Water Prison.

But by delaying this moment, Cheng Mo and the others also noticed something was wrong, they flipped forcefully, using the fishing net like a rope, they twisted it around Crossing River Dragon’s neck.

Crossing River Dragon was choked by the fishing net, temporarily unable to move.

Just then, Hao Xuan swept in like the wind, coming up behind Crossing River Dragon, lifting the Thousand Jun Stick given to him by Mo Hua, smacked it down on Crossing River Dragon’s head.

Crossing River Dragon’s head went dizzy.

Cheng Mo and others took the chance, using the net like a rope, twisting around Crossing River Dragon’s neck and dragged him into the depths of the grove.

Mo Hua hid in the dark, his eyes slightly bright, activating the Formation with his Divine Sense.

The Second Grade Earthen Burial Formation opened.

Gray light circulated above the ground, the earth caved in, like a funeral coffin engulfing Crossing River Dragon into the soil.

Earth overcomes water.

The Water Qi on Crossing River Dragon’s body was gradually consumed by the Earthen Burial Formation, the Water System Spiritual Power in his body also accelerated the loss...

Targeted at every turn, calculated against step by step, falling deeper into others’ traps, a sense of overwhelming despair surged in his heart.

Crossing River Dragon’s face turned pale, and he cursed furiously:

"Damn it, who the hell are you?!"

"Are you the Taoist Court's running dogs?"

"Or are you friends from the underworld?"

"Who set up this Formation, who plotted against me in secret?!"

Crossing River Dragon cursed as he struggled, but ultimately, relying on his Foundation Building Middle Stage cultivation, he broke free from the Earthen Burial Formation.

Mo Hua remained silent and simply waved her hand.

Cheng Mo raised his axes, Situ Jian summoned his Li Fire Sword, and Yang Qianjun gripped his spear.

Hao Xuan then raised a stick — he originally didn't use a stick; like the sons of other noble families, he too used a sword, but in actual combat, he found his unremarkable swordsmanship useless, and that a stick was more effective.

The four of them began their siege on Crossing River Dragon.

Crossing River Dragon, filled with rage, engaged in battle with Cheng Mo and the others, but after a moment, he felt a shock in his heart.

Are these... a bunch of kids?

They looked like a group of novices who had just joined a Sect, with merely Foundation Establishment Early Stage cultivation?

Impossible!

Crossing River Dragon's pupils constricted.

How could a group of inexperienced kids set up such a tight killing game?

Not to mention the meticulous Formations...

Behind these kids, there must be a highly skilled Formation Master, scheming deeply and with seasoned tactics?

Who was this person?

Did he plot to kill him for the rewards from the Taoist Court, for merit points from the Sect, to seek vengeance, or perhaps...

He knew my secret?

A chill ran down Crossing River Dragon's spine.

He thought of running away, but it was already too late, and he had no chance.

Cheng Mo and the others were no pushovers.

If it were Crossing River Dragon in his prime, hiding in the water and stirring up storms, they would certainly not be his match.

But now that Crossing River Dragon had been on land, becoming a "land dragon", weakened by Mo Hua's Formations, his abilities greatly diminished, how could he be a match for Cheng Mo and the others?

Mo Hua did not make a move, merely deploying concealment, sitting on a large tree, observing Crossing River Dragon's movements, guarding against his escape.

The rest could surely be handled by Cheng Mo and his companions.

Indeed, within half an hour, Hao Xuan suddenly moved and broke Crossing River Dragon's right hand.

Crossing River Dragon cried out in pain as the Three Jiao Claws fell to the ground with a clang.

Yang Qianjun took the opportunity to spear Crossing River Dragon in the left leg, while Situ Jian maneuvered the Li Fire Sword to pierce through Crossing River Dragon's right leg.

Crossing River Dragon groaned twice, cold sweat pouring down.

Cheng Mo delivered a kick from behind, causing Crossing River Dragon to kneel down, and then rested his two large axes on Crossing River Dragon's neck.

This Foundation Building Middle Stage, notorious for underwater assassinations near Mistwater River, "Crossing River Dragon", was thus subdued.

The participants in the battle couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

Mo Hua nodded, about to show herself, wanting to let Crossing River Dragon experience the "Formation Iron Plate" that she had iterated and improved upon several times, to see if she could pry some secrets from Crossing River Dragon's mouth.

But before she could jump down from the tree, her gaze suddenly turned cold and she crisply warned:

"Cheng Mo, be careful!"

Cheng Mo was startled by the words, then quickly sensed the danger and swiftly turned sideways, bringing his two large axe heads in front of him.

A sharp golden Sword Qi came from afar, instantly slicing through the air and striking Cheng Mo's axe.

The golden light was resplendent, the Sword Qi clear and pure.

Cheng Mo's large axe blocked the Sword Qi, but the residual Spiritual Power still caused his hands to go numb, and he staggered back three steps.

Cheng Mo, now standing firm and both shocked and angry, cursed:

"Who's the asshole attacking from the shadows?!"

"Watch your mouth!"

A young but gloomy voice came from the distance.

Moments later, a group of cultivators slowly walked over, with a young man in golden brocade leading them, his skin fair but his eyes arrogant.

"A bunch of brats, even dare to snatch this young master's 'prey'?"