

Immortality 1100

Chapter 1100 “Black Hand”_2

Cheng Mo reluctantly shut his mouth.

The opposing side was numerous and powerful, clearly disciples from the Gold-breaking Sect who were a notch above them; in such a disadvantaged position, a direct confrontation was indeed unwise.

Cheng Mo kicked the Crossing River Dragon lying on the ground once more, then the four of them gathered together, clutching the Spiritual Artifacts in their hands tightly, warily watching Mr. Jin and his group as they slowly retreated towards the outskirts of the forest.

As they were about to walk away, a disciple from the Gold-breaking Sect beside Mr. Jin asked:

"Sir, should we

Mr. Jin's expression was cold, "Those from the Taixu Gate, we can't just mess with them rashly. If it gets out of hand, even the Gold-breaking Sect can't protect us, unlike those smaller sects

The man bowed and said, "Understood."

Following that, Mr. Jin and his group disdainfully stood their ground, watching as Cheng Mo and his three companions left.

Cheng Mo and the others walked out of the woods, their expressions somewhat indignant.

"Bastards from the Gold-breaking Sect!"

"So shameless!"

"They, relying on their greater numbers and force, just blatantly robbed us."

"Six hundred Merit Points!"

Cheng Mo felt a pang of loss.

Situ Jian and the others also sighed.

After such great efforts, the Merit Points they finally had in hand had just flown away.

But, Yang Qianjun was somewhat skeptical, “Wasn’t it us who took on this mission? How did those from the Gold-breaking Sect find out?”

"Did they not take on the mission, and intended to just catch the person and take him to the Taoist Court for the rewards?"

"Or was it just by chance they passed by and impulsively decided to rob us, seeing that we were easy targets?"

Cheng Mo and the others all shook their heads, puzzled.

Suddenly, Situ Jian froze, “Where’s Mo Hua?”

He looked around, initially thinking Mo Hua might be invisible nearby, so he softly called out:

"Junior Brother~"

But the surroundings were empty, with no one in sight.

Hao Xuan took out the Taixu Token, glanced at it, and then said with his head raised, “Junior Brother told us to go ahead to the ferry point and wait for him. He will find us later.”

Cheng Mo asked puzzledly, “What is he doing?”

Hao Xuan shook his head.

How could he fully comprehend the thoughts of their Junior Brother?

"Should we go to the ferry point?" Cheng Mo asked.

Situ Jian thought about it, unable to guess what Mo Hua was planning, and shook his head,

"Let's wait here. We are not far from the small woods; if Mo Hua is in danger, we can still come to aid."

"Although the Gold-breaking Sect is numerous and powerful, even if a conflict arises and they capture us, they absolutely wouldn't dare to kill us. At worst, we would just suffer some hardships."

"But if Mo Hua is alone and gets caught by them, that would be a different story

Although Mo Hua is also a disciple of the Taixu Gate, his official background is just a Loose Cultivator, with no powerful family to rely on.

The people from the Gold-breaking Sect might not have any scruples.

Cheng Mo and the others nodded seriously.

...

Meanwhile, in the small woods, Mo Hua was still lying on the big tree, peeking down stealthily.

As the evening approached, the setting sun sank, and the twilight gathered, making the light in the woods even dimmer.

Cheng Mo and the others had departed, leaving only Mr. Jin and a group of his "cronies" from the same Sect.

Mr. Jin kicked the Crossing River Dragon over, then stepped on him, his gaze indifferent, said:

"Scoundrel, with your sins accumulated, did you foresee today?"

Crossing River Dragon spit out blood from his mouth and retorted, "Waste of the Sect, a sanctimonious beast, daring to bully your grandfather

Mr. Jin pressed harder with his foot, and Crossing River Dragon groaned, swallowing the rest of his curses.

The other disciples from the Gold-breaking Sect also looked enraged.

"Sir, no need to waste words with this beast, just crush his throat, cripple his meridians, and throw him at the Taoist Court to claim the reward."

"Dare to insult our Gold-breaking Sect, doesn't he know how to spell 'death'?"

Mr. Jin kicked Crossing River Dragon again, "Scoundrel, speak! Where are your other accomplices?"

Crossing River Dragon spat out another mouthful of blood, but remained silent.

Mr. Jin frowned and instructed the disciples around him, "You all disperse and search, see if there are any accomplices of this scoundrel nearby."

"Yes, Sir!"

The others took orders, forming groups of two or three and gradually dispersed around.

The woods instantly quieted down, leaving only the domineering Mr. Jin and the battered Crossing River Dragon.

The faint night enveloped the woods.

Mr. Jin's ominous gaze scanned the empty woods, his Divine Sense sweeping back and forth a few times before retracting the foot pressing down on Crossing River Dragon, casually tossing a pale red pill to him.

"Take it."

Crossing River Dragon caught the pill and swallowed it, his complexion instantly improved.

Mo Hua, hidden in the tree, was startled and softly exclaimed in his mind,

"These two... actually know each other

Mr. Jin, seeing the wretched state of Crossing River Dragon, couldn't help but frown and said, "What a waste!"

Crossing River Dragon seemed about to say something.

Mr. Jin then said, "Hold on."

He casually took out two Formation Flags, waved his sleeves like throwing darts, and nailed the flags into the ground.

Upon the flags, Spiritual Power circulated, and a subtle pale white barrier rose up, enclosing Mr. Jin and Crossing River Dragon within.

A Sound Isolation Formation?

Mo Hua blinked, muttering in his mind,

"Pretty cautious

But in front of him, playing such trifles was somewhat like showing off petty skills in front of an expert.

His Divine Sense scanned briefly, slightly applied Calculation to find the gaps in the Spiritual Power flow of the Formation, revealing the Formation's flaws.

The strong and subtle Divine Sense instantly penetrated the barrier of the Sound Isolation Formation.

Yet, Crossing River Dragon and the other remained unaware.

They were discussing "private" matters.

What a waste!"

It's not that I'm incompetent, it's just that those few kids are too tricky