

Immortality 1111

Chapter 1111: Three-Colored Carp

Mo Hua's pupils shrank slightly.

"Is this... the aura of an Evil God?"

This small fishing village houses a sinister Evil God with an aberrant bloodline?

Mo Hua's pupils deepened, and the darkness in the bottom of his eyes was interlaced with white Heavenly Secret pattern, looking around in all directions.

But the blood mist enveloped everything, concealing the Heavenly Secrets, consuming cause and effect.

The blood-red fishing village was gloomy and desolate, and it was hazy inside, with no knowledge of what was there.

"Should I go deeper to take a look?"

Mo Hua's mind seemed to be drawn, and he had just taken a step forward when suddenly a chill ran through his heart, and he abruptly became alert.

"Something's not right."

Mo Hua's gaze darkened.

"Something is enticing me

I must not go!

The fog is hazy with potential dangers, and who knows what is hidden inside.

Is there any "Divine Remains" of the Evil God? What level are they?

Are there any cultivators parasitized by the Evil God? Are there any followers and minions of the Evil God, and how many? What is their cultivation level?

All unknown, and being alone, I absolutely cannot act rashly.

Besides, I'm just a little cultivator in the Foundation Establishment stage; it's not embarrassing to be cautious when needed.

Mo Hua restrained his curiosity, step by step, slowly retreating towards outside the fishing village.

Until he stepped out of the village onto the mud outside, Mo Hua looked again and saw that the blood mist had dissipated.

Under the night sky, the little fishing village had sporadic lights, tranquil and peaceful, showing no abnormalities.

But Mo Hua's brow furrowed tighter.

"What exactly happened in this fishing village?"

The night was still deep, and Mo Hua didn't dare to step into the darkness of the blood mutation anymore.

The Evil God must still be terrifying.

The knowledge of cultivators' Tao Cultivation is complex, just like the profound knowledge of deities' Divine Way.

What Lord Yellow Mountain spoke of the deities' knowledge that day, Mo Hua understood, but not completely.

After all, I am a "human," not a naturally born "deity," and know very little about the taboos of deities.

To assume that I could disdain the Evil God and slay widely based merely on a few words from Lord Yellow Mountain, that's absurd.

So, caution is still necessary.

No fighting unprepared.

Mo Hua nodded.

This is the basic rule of Monster Hunters when hunting Monster Beasts, and also the principle for my future hunts against Evil Gods.

Mo Hua climbed a tree, taking in the whole fishing village at a glance, then suppressed the doubts in his heart and began to close his eyes to nourish his spirit.

His Divine Sense also sank into the Sea of Consciousness, practicing Formation on the Taoist Stele as usual.

Crossing River Dragon entered the fishing village; the blood mist obscured his traces.

But regardless of what he did, he must eventually come out.

I'll just wait at the entrance of the village, not worried about missing him.

Mo Hua patiently waited.

But until dawn, the eastern sky blanched and the dawn began to break, there was still no sign of Crossing River Dragon in the fishing village.

"That's strange

Mo Hua murmured.

He took another careful look at the fishing village.

Now that the sky was brightening, the sunlight breaking through the clouds had already penetrated the moist mist and shone into the fishing village.

The village was dilapidated and humble, but as dawn broke and a new day began, the simple houses gradually showed signs of life.

Cultivators got up, Fish Cultivators mended nets, children played and cried.

Even the smoke of cooking rose.

This was a poor yet ordinary fishing village.

Completely lacking the eerie air enveloped by the blood mist from last night.

Mo Hua didn't rashly enter the village, still invisible, squatting on a big tree, observing every little aspect of the lives of the Fish Cultivators in the village for a long time, sighing.

The life of a Fish Cultivator is really tough.

Fish Cultivators are also Loose Cultivators, and no matter where they go, the life of Loose Cultivators is always the same.

It's all about struggling hard just to survive.

Beyond surviving, there's hardly any energy left to consider other things.

Eking out a living is hard enough, let alone seeking immortality.

Mo Hua felt a slight ache in his heart.

And in this little fishing village, besides the ordinary Fish Cultivators, there were no other cultivators' traces, including Crossing River Dragon, who changed skins to disguise as a rugged man.

"Where has Crossing River Dragon gone?"

Mo Hua felt puzzled.

More time passed, still no trace was found, but it was already noon, with smoke rising again in the village.

Generally, the lower class Loose Cultivators who practice Body Cultivation, trained their bodies since childhood, and did physical labor as they grew, needed a more substantial meal at noon to have the energy to make a living.

So lunch was more formal than breakfast.

Although not well-off, the smells wafting from each household were quite tempting.

Mo Hua touched his stomach, feeling a bit hungry.

His eyes suddenly lit up when he spotted an acquaintance—it was the elder Fish Cultivator he had helped with the Formation, the one who had invited him over for a visit.

This Fish Cultivator was brewing fish soup at home, his family of seven or eight lively gathered around.

In the world, eating is of paramount importance.

This was also a good opportunity to ask some questions.

Mo Hua jumped down from the tree, revealed his figure when no one was around, and walked openly into the small fishing village.

Crossing River Dragon had never seen him.

The day he was dragged into the small woodland for a beating, Mo Hua did not show his face, and even later when he intercepted halfway, although he showed up, his face was covered.

Thus, Crossing River Dragon would not recognize him.

Walking openly into the small fishing village, trying to get free meals and drinks, it was unlikely that Crossing River Dragon would suspect that this little cultivator was tracking him.

Mo Hua then walked into the small fishing village with ease and a gentle pace.

He wasn't wearing the Taoist Robe of the Taixu Gate, only simple casual clothes, fair and handsome, his brows and eyes amiable, walking into the village as casually as if returning to his own home.

The Fish Cultivators along the road saw him being so open and did not suspect anything.

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Only because he was handsome and charming, he naturally attracted a few more glances.

Mo Hua just like that, brazenly "blended" into the village, and when he approached the house of the elder Fish Cultivator, he slowed his pace.

That elder Fish Cultivator was cooking fish soup and after a moment, lifted his head and saw Mo Hua who "just happened" to be passing by, he first startled, then delighted, eagerly greeted:

"Young brother!"

Mo Hua pretended not to hear.

The Fish Cultivator called out again: "Young brother, it's me!"

Only then did Mo Hua turn around, feigning surprise: "Uncle?"

The Fish Cultivator, with a smile on his face, invited: “Come, come, I just made some fish soup, it’s fresh, come and try some.”

Mo Hua bashfully said: “That’s too kind of you.”

The Fish Cultivator sternly said, “What’s there to be embarrassed about, young brother? You helped us out, offering you a fish to eat is only right, isn’t it?”

After saying this, he immediately spoke to his family:

"This young brother here, is a Sect Disciple, and an impressive Formation Master. That day, the formation on our fishing net was repaired by him

Upon hearing this, his whole family looked at Mo Hua with respect and admiration.

These Fish Cultivators were of low origin with limited Spiritual Roots, barely any child could enter a Great Sect.

Let alone become a Formation Master, they didn’t have even one.

Another person said: “Young brother, don’t be polite, the fish soup won’t be fresh anymore once it cools down.”

This person was the son of that elder Cultivator, who had also seen Mo Hua on the earlier occasion.

Mo Hua, with a smile, responded: “Then I shall respectfully comply!”

And so, Mo Hua freeloaded a meal in the little fishing village.

The fish soup was very fresh, though simply made and lacking in spices, the freshly killed and boiled essence made it rather tasty.

But it did not contain much Spiritual Energy.

These were actually the lowest quality Spiritual Fish, relatively cheap, something the lower-level Fish Cultivators ate to fill their bellies.

And it was only to have a taste; it wasn't enough to fill one up.

What the Fish Cultivators really ate to get full was a kind of pale grey, bitter and hard flour product that could ward off hunger.

Mo Hua only ate a tiny bite and couldn't continue because it tasted awful.

But these Fish Cultivators had to swallow down the unpalatable food along with the fish soup.

No matter how bad it tasted, they had to eat it, otherwise, they wouldn't have the energy to go down to the river and catch fish.

Mo Hua sighed softly in his heart.

Later on, he learned from chatting that this family's surname was Yu, which was quite common in this small fishing village.

The elder Fish Cultivator was known as "Old Yu," at the Foundation Establishment Early Stage.

His eldest son, named Yu Dahe, was in the Foundation Building Middle Stage Realm, which Mo Hua had previously met.

Yu Dahe had a wife and two sons. Although three generations under one roof were poor, they did their best to live on.

"By the way, young brother," Old Yu suddenly curiously asked, "what brings you to our village?"

Mo Hua, still drinking the fish soup, used an excuse to say,

"I wanted to buy a few more nets, the last ones got damaged by a large fish I caught."

"That's easy to solve." Old Yu did not doubt his word, "I'll give you a few later, we make them ourselves, the materials might be a bit inferior, and they might look rough, but they are definitely durable."

Mo Hua smiled: "Thank you, Uncle Yu."

Then he was a bit confused, "Uncle, do you have to make your own fishing nets?"

Old Yu shook his head: "There are some in the city's Refinery Shops, but they are too expensive, it's not worth spending that much Spirit Stones."

"It just so happens the crafting of these nets is not complicated, so we make them ourselves."

Old Yu sighed: "We Fish Cultivators are poor and need Spirit Stones for many things, saving one where we can

After finishing, Old Yu self-deprecatingly said, "As an old man, I am in a dire state, young brother, please don't disdain me."

Mo Hua shook his head, "When I was young, my family was also very poor, roughly the same as you are now."

Old Yu was taken aback, then assumed Mo Hua was just comforting them, and kindly smiled.

"By the way," Mo Hua asked, "Uncle Yu, do Cultivators from outside the village often come here?"

Old Yu, not suspecting a thing, pondered for a moment before answering:

"Not very often

"Sometimes some come to buy fish, some to check prices, and when some houses become vacant, other Cultivators might stay for a while

"Vacant houses?" Mo Hua questioned.

"Yep," Old Yu, having finished his meal, seemingly from nowhere, drew a roll of bitter tobacco and took a silent puff, his tone casual:

"When people die, houses become vacant."

Mo Hua's gaze slightly darkened.

Old Yu smacked his lips, shaking his head:

"Being a Fish Cultivator isn't a good living, big storms can kill, and even without big storms, people still die."

"One year there was a family, father and sons, three of them braving the big waves to fish in the Mistwater River, but a huge wave came, flipped the boat, and all three sank to the bottom of the river, got eaten by Water Demons

"Their house also became vacant

"This kind of thing happens several times every year, some old Fish Cultivators are still alive and well, but all their offspring are dead; some couples were newlyweds, the husband got pulled into a whirlpool and drowned, leaving the wife a widow; there are months of big winds and waves, making it impossible to fish, and some starve at home; there are also Fish Cultivators who find life too bitter, unable to bear it, they move away to seek a living elsewhere, now we don't even know if they're dead or alive

"Therefore, houses become vacant every year

Old Yu took another puff of his cigarette, his emotions stable as if he had become somewhat numb to it.

"Even when the storms aren't big, people still die?" Mo Hua pressed.

Old Yu cleared his throat with a light cough, sighing, “When there are no big storms, there’s more fish for the Fish Cultivators to raise and catch, which means a surplus of fish and naturally, the prices drop, so it doesn’t really earn much more than during the big storms

Chapter 1113: Tri-Colored Carp_3

"Still as poor as ever."

"Moreover, the families who run the Food Building will come to press down the prices, offering incredibly low rates. If you agree, fine, but if you don’t, you can’t avoid a beating."

"Those with bad luck get beaten to death on the spot, and the other side won’t even acknowledge it."

"At least that’s when selling fish. Sometimes, driven mad by poverty, there are those who sell their sons and daughters

Mo Hua furrowed his brows, “Doesn’t the Taoist Court intervene?”

Old Yu shook his head with a bitter smile on his face:

"Young brother, you don’t understand. For us cultivators who don’t live in the Immortal City and are scattered outside, we don’t have a ‘Cultivator Registration’."

"For unregistered cultivators, the supervision by the Taoist Court is very lax. A few disappearances or deaths, nobody knows."

"Even

Old Yu’s gaze turned indifferent, “Sometimes an entire village can die out, and it could be several months before the Taoist Court even becomes aware

Mo Hua felt a chill in his heart and hurriedly asked:

"Has something like that happened before?"

Old Yu was taken aback, “What thing?”

Mo Hua whispered, “An entire fishing village dying out

Old Yu forced a smile, “I was just saying, kid, don’t take it too seriously

“Oh.”

Mo Hua breathed a sigh of relief.

But then Mo Hua became puzzled again, “Spiritual Fish... they should be quite expensive, right? Why are fish cultivators still so poor?”

Mo Hua remembered that previously in Qingzhou City, Master Gu treated him to a meal at Crane Pavilion, where a plate of Spiritual Fish was worth quite a few Spirit Stones.

Old Yu waved his hand and said, “Those are sold by the nearby families. One Spiritual Fish sent to the Food Building can earn a dozen or even hundreds of Spirit Stones.”

“But here, one First Grade Spiritual Fish only earns a fraction of a Spirit Stone, and one Second Grade Spiritual Fish earning one Spirit Stone is not bad

Old Yu sighed.

“Can’t you sell them yourselves?”

Old Yu shook his head, “It’s not that simple. One or two maybe, but hundreds or thousands? If you don’t sell them quickly, they’ll spoil in your hands

“Plus, the few big and small families around here, they’ve all colluded, deciding on the yearly yield and the pricing.”

“We can’t decide anything.”

"If one tries other methods to earn more Spirit Stones, you'd be covertly retaliated against

After saying all this, Old Yu looked at Mo Hua, his voice earnest:

"So, young brother, you must cultivate well within the Sect. Only when your cultivation is high will no one dare to bully you."

Mo Hua looked at Old Yu, his feelings complex.

When a cultivator's cultivation is high, indeed, no one dares to bully them, but naturally, the opposite becomes the reality—they start bullying others.

Who they bully are people like you...

Afterward, the two chatted for a while. When noon passed, the fish cultivators had to go back to work.

Yu Dahe went down the river, and although Old Yu seemed to have some business in the afternoon, he stayed behind.

Since Mo was waiting for the Crossing River Dragon in the fishing village anyway, he didn't leave but sat in the courtyard, chatting idly with Old Yu.

Old Yu had lived a lifetime and had seen his share of trials and tribulations.

"The life now, though somewhat hard, is also not bad. At least the family is together, and there is food to eat

"If it were in the past, when Mistwater River frequently flooded, with storms and downpours every day, that truly wasn't a life for humans

"Oh." Mo Hua listened attentively.

As they chatted, suddenly a group of cultivators walked over from afar.

The one at the front was of middle age, dressed decently, probably at the Foundation Establishment Early Stage level of cultivation, walking with his head held high, seemingly a family cultivator.

He was followed by six people, one at Foundation Establishment Early Stage and five at the Qi Refining Ninth Level, all of considerable size.

This cultivator walked straight into Old Yu's house.

Upon seeing this, Old Yu immediately put on a mask of obsequious laughter and greeted them, bending over even lower, "Manager Wang, what brings you here?"

The family cultivator who was called Manager Wang, with his hands behind his back and his head held high, seemed to disdain interacting with Old Yu.

A person beside said, "Where's the fish?"

Old Yu nodded, "Here, here."

He went back inside the house, bending to lift a coarse fish-basket woven from hemp. From it, he retrieved a carp as long as a forearm, golden in color, glimmering with light, its scales like lotus flowers.

Manager Wang took a glance and nodded in satisfaction.

Someone beside then chuckled, "Old Yu, not bad. Even at your age, you managed to catch this 'Golden Lotus Tricolor Carp'."

Old Yu's face creased into a big smile, "Pure luck. Putting my life on the line against the wind and waves, I only managed to catch this one."

Manager Wang also nodded, "Not bad. With this fish, the young master can host a banquet tonight for members of other families without losing face."

A servant of the Wang family took the fish-basket from Old Yu and carried it out.

Old Yu watched the precious Tricolor Carp, which he had risked his life to catch, with some reluctance.

Manager Wang turned to leave, and the others followed.

Old Yu's expression shifted, but he still put on a smile and begged humbly, "Manager Wang, about the Spirit Stones

Manager Wang frowned.

A disciple from the Wang family behind him said, "Come to the Wang family to collect them in three days."

"But

"But what? Is my Wang family, an illustrious Third Grade family, unable to pay your Spirit Stones?"

Old Yu clenched his teeth, "Eight thousand Spirit Stones, it's not a small amount, I

Manager Wang ignored him and walked straight out.

Old Yu, with a hardened heart, blocked Manager Wang's path, but without daring to get angry, he continued to smile obsequiously, "Manager, please have mercy

"I really need those Spirit Stones urgently."

"I want to send my two grandsons to the Sect, to have them cultivate earnestly so that in the future they won't have to endure the hardships I've gone through."

"I staked my life for this chance

"I really can't delay these eight thousand Spirit Stones

Manager Wang's expression darkened and he disdainfully said, "A mere eight thousand Spirit Stones, do you think my Wang family can't afford that?"

Chapter 1114: Three-Colored Carp_4

"I can afford it, I can afford it," Old Yu said.

"Three days later, go to the Wang family to get it yourself."

They still said this sentence.

Old Yu walked forward, clutching the fish basket tightly, as if holding onto his life, shaking his head and saying:

"Give me the Spirit Stone, and I will give you the fish."

Manager Wang frowned, showing impatience.

"Damn, ungrateful!" A hulking man behind Manager Wang rushed forward and slapped Old Yu across the face.

Old Yu didn't dare to fight back. His face now bore a bloody five-finger mark, and blood dribbled from the corner of his mouth, but he clung to the fish basket, refusing to let go.

His face, no longer smiling, only numb.

But there was still a glint in his eyes, as if this fish basket was the only hope in his life.

Manager Wang spat, "Damn old fool, it's not like we're not giving you the Spirit Stone, why be so stingy

He turned his head and commanded: "Take the fish, and if his hand is in the way, chop it off; if his body blocks, then slash it down, don't delay the young master's banquet

That disciple of the Wang family began to draw his blade.

Mo Hua's eyes turned cold, very angry, he was about to smash the bowl at hand, but paused right before doing it.

The bowl in his hand was intact.

So, he picked a chipped bowl and smashed it to the ground!

"Bang!"

The people from Manager Wang's group were startled and turned their heads, only then noticing there was a little cultivator in the courtyard.

Mo Hua slowly stood up, his head held high, putting on an arrogant and insolent expression.

"Where did this bunch of losers come from, daring to snatch this young master's fish?"

Manager Wang's face flushed with anger, but upon seeing Mo Hua's modest clothes yet extraordinary demeanor, especially his arrogant look which could not be easily imitated unless one was truly a spoiled heir, he cupped his hands and asked:

"May I ask, young master, which family do you belong to?"

Mo Hua thought briefly, and assertively said:

"The Gu Family!"

Manager Wang's gaze turned sharp, asking, "Which Gu family?"

Mo Hua snorted, "Short-sighted, how many Gu families are there in Qian State?"

Manager Wang, apprehensive, asked: “The Gu family from Qingzhou City?”

Mo Hua nodded, “Seems you this nitwit, have some knowledge.”

Manager Wang suddenly sneered, “Lying should at least be believable, I say it’s the Gu family from Qingzhou City, and you just admit to be from Qingzhou City’s Gu family?”

"A noble family’s son, isn’t each one usually surrounded by a retinue, not like you, traveling alone?”

Mo Hua disdainfully said: “How this young master conducts himself, do I need to explain it to you?”

Manager Wang’s gaze deepened.

Mo Hua didn’t waste words with him and rudely pointed at him, commanding: “Leave the fish and get lost!”

He remembered, arrogant sons of noble families always behave like this.

Bullying others, no need for explanations.

Manager Wang was somewhat uncertain.

This little devil’s background is unclear, logically, it’s best not to act rashly.

But if he doesn’t bring back the fish, how could he explain it to the young master?

Suddenly, Manager Wang conceived a plan, cupping his hands he said:

"May I dare ask the young master to tell his distinguished name, so that once the fish is given, it makes explaining back home easier.”

Mo Hua thought that made sense, so he said:

"My name is Gu

But he paused as the words reached his lips.

How is the generational naming of the Gu family structured?

Using the “long” generational name, wouldn’t that make me the same generation as Uncle Gu? Will I then have to call Uncle Gu as Brother Gu in the future?

Besides “long,” what other generational names are there?

Mo Hua was somewhat puzzled.

However, during this moment of doubt, Manager Wang deduced that Mo Hua was lying, he didn’t have the Gu surname, and might not even be from a noble family.

"This little liar! So daring! Seize him!"

Manager Wang ordered vehemently.

Several cultivators from the Wang family, upon hearing the command, showed fierce expressions and charged directly at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua sighed.

Playing the role of an arrogant noble son, he still lacked experience, who reasoned before acting?

Just directly resorting to action was the way...

Reflecting this in his mind, Mo Hua pointed his finger, and the Fireball Technique was instantly cast, blasting away a Qi Refining Ninth Level cultivator.

Manager Wang's gaze sunk.

This little devil... was actually a Foundation Building Cultivator?

No wonder his background was inscrutable.

Then he sternly said, "Be careful!"

Foundation building or not, a Foundation Building young kid, how could he beat a whole group of family cultivators?

However, his expression drastically changed next.

Mo Hua stood in his spot motionlessly, continuously casting spells, one after another. First, he disabled those few Qi Refinement disciples, then successively employed Golden Blade, Water Prison, Fireball, Quicksand, and Water Arrow techniques.

Another Wang family member, at the early stage of Foundation Establishment, was overwhelmed by Mo Hua's spell bombardment and disgracefully fell to the ground.

Such formidable spells!

He is a Spiritual Cultivator!

Manager Wang's pupils constricted, just about to charge forward, to close in and restrict Mo Hua, but in a blink, he found he was firmly fixed in his spot.

Mo Hua coldly pointed at him from a distance.

A barrage of spells surged forward relentlessly.

Manager Wang's scalp numbed and it wasn't long before he naturally fell as well.

Thus, several Wang family cultivators were laid down by Mo Hua's spells, as if slicing through vegetables.

Mo Hua nodded his head.

Now, he was truly a disciple of a Great Sect, trained as a Taoist Child at Taixu Gate, also acquiring a multitude of spells from various Sin Cultivators.

With such inheritance, he was simply not on the same level as these bullying small family cultivators.

Old Yu, standing aside, had finally come to his senses, utterly dumbfounded.

He could hardly believe that this little kid, who just came to his house for food, had such formidable magical prowess.

All those Wang family cultivators, within a mere moment, were heavily injured and toppled, without even making Mo Hua take a single step.

Chapter 1115: Entering the Dream

Mo Hua did not deliver a fatal blow, and he used only low-level spells, which were not deadly. Therefore, although the cultivators from the Wang family looked miserable, they were still breathing.

In the dilapidated courtyard,

Cultivators from the Wang family fell to the ground, crying incessantly, no longer displaying their previous arrogant demeanor, and they even dared not look up at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua snorted coldly and arrogantly said:

"Today, this young master is in a good mood and will spare you dogs your lives. If I see you again, I will use spells to chop off your hands and feet and throw you into the river to feed the turtles!"

Mo Hua's face was that of a wealthy and arrogant young man, and the cultivators from the Wang family were subdued by Mo Hua's imposing presence, not daring to make a sound.

After finishing speaking, Mo Hua also coldly glanced at Old Yu, his gaze haughty and his voice raised slightly:

"Old Yu, I've taken a fancy to this fish!"

"From now on, keep all the fish for this young master, and if I find out you've sold 'my fish' to someone else

Mo Hua's face twisted into a wicked smile, then you can forget about having good days ahead!"

Old Yu was stunned for a moment, his mind slowly processing before hurriedly making a frightened expression, "Yes, yes, young master! I won't dare again, please don't kill me, my entire family relies on me earning some hard-earned money

Seeing Old Yu being very "sensible," Mo Hua then nodded in satisfaction.

Then he frowned and disdainfully glanced at Manager Wang, "What? Not leaving yet, waiting to die?"

Manager Wang, with eyes full of resentment, clenched his teeth and said:

"Please, young master, inform

With a flick of his finger, Mo Hua sent out a Golden Light that burst forth and instantly slashed across Manager Wang's cheek, drawing a streak of blood.

Mo Hua's face was cold and his gaze profound, "Inform you of what? Do you deserve it?"

Manager Wang covered his face, with cold sweat on his forehead.

A cold and eerie Divine Sense locked onto him, and Manager Wang found it hard to breathe.

He knew this arrogant young master was running out of patience.

This Golden Blade had slashed his face, next time it was likely to aim for his head.

Manager Wang hurriedly kowtowed:

"Young master, please calm your anger! We were blind and offended you, we'll leave right away!"

After speaking, he did not call for others, but awkwardly got up, and fled like a dog that had lost its home.

The other cultivators from the Wang family, seeing this, also struggled to rise and followed, fleeing with dirt-covered faces.

The courtyard then quieted down.

After they had gone far, Mo Hua then went to help Old Yu up.

Old Yu's eyes were moist, and he bowed deeply to Mo Hua, "Thank you, young master, thank you

Mo Hua helped him up and asked:

"Does the Wang family often bully you?"

Old Yu sighed, "It's not so much bullying, they forcibly buy and sell, I've gotten used to it

"There were also times before when they took the fish on credit and settled the account later."

"After giving them the fish, when we went to collect the money, they would delay, saying the family business was not doing well and couldn't turn over the Spirit Stones

"Clearly living in high mansions, eating exotic delicacies, wearing silk and satin, but they can't turn over the poor man's Spirit Stones

"Occasionally they also defaulted on the debt, gave them the fish, couldn't get back the Spirit Stones, although such incidents are not frequent

Old Yu's face turned bitter, "But I dare not take the risk

"If they defaulted, these 8,000 Spirit Stones... would all be lost, impossible to recover

"Even if it's just a delay, I can't afford to delay."

"My two grandsons have decent Spiritual Roots, truly wishing to join a Sect, now is the age, they still need to consolidate and cultivate, need to hire people to pull strings, the Sect also requires contributions

"All this requires a large amount of Spirit Stones, any further delay and a whole lifetime could be wasted."

Old Yu's eyes looked numb, "They can only, like me, remain poor Fish Cultivators all their lives

Mo Hua sighed silently.

"Give me this fish."

After a moment, Mo Hua said to Old Yu.

Old Yu panicked, subconsciously holding tight to the fish basket.

Mo Hua helplessly said: "I'll give you Spirit Stones."

He took out several Storage Bags and handed them to Old Yu.

Inside the bags, combined, there were 8,000 Spirit Stones.

Old Yu held the Storage Bags with both hands, his expression somewhat incredulous, his hands continuously shaking, and after a while, with moist eyes, he said:

"Okay

"Keep it safe," Mo Hua reminded, "don't let others see it, and don't let it be stolen."

Old Yu then came back to his senses, tying the Storage Bag tightly to his waist, covering it with his tattered cloth clothes.

But accidentally having come into a large sum of money, Old Yu still felt insecure, unease lingering in his heart. He thought for a moment, then wrapped another cloth strip around it, adding another layer of clothing.

Mo Hua found this both amusing and bitter.

"In a bit, I'll hire a cart. You load the fish basket onto the cart, and I'll publicly take the fish away, otherwise the Wang family might still come looking for you."

"Hmm."

Old Yu nodded, looking at the small but kind-hearted Mo Hua, silently wiping away tears.

But feeling Mo Hua had done him a grand favor, he felt somewhat guilty and wanted to repay him somehow.

Since his home was poor, after much consideration, he couldn't think of anything to repay with, so he scooped up several Spiritual Fish from the fish tank in the corner.

These Spiritual Fish were silver-white, and although not as precious as the Golden Tri-Color Carp, they had a bright color and neat silver scales, obviously also of high quality.

Old Yu put these fish into the basket with the Tri-Color Carp and then gratefully said:

"These are Silver Scale White Fish, while the price is far less than the Golden Tri-Color Carp, they have good meat quality, and the taste isn't bad, consider this an old man's gift to the young master."

"Thank you, Uncle Yu."

Mo Hua smiled.

Then he curiously peered into the fish tank, seeing several other types of fish with various shapes, swimming around in the tank.

Chapter 1116: Entering the Dream_2

These fish look pretty good, but compared to the golden fish I bought myself and the silver-scaled fish Old Yu gifted me, they seem somewhat lackluster.

Mo Hua nodded slightly. Just as he shifted his gaze, he froze for a moment and noticed a small fish tank beside the large one.

It seemed that the small tank held a separate group of fish.

The top was sealed shut, leaving only a thin slit. The interior was pitch dark, making it impossible to see inside—except for the occasional flash of red that flickered faintly.

When Old Yu saw Mo Hua's attention turn to the small tank, his expression changed subtly. He quickly offered a servile smile and said,

"Young sir, the fish have all been placed in the fish basket."

Mo Hua pointed to the small tank, asking,

"What kind of fish are in this tank?"

Old Yu replied, “It’s a few Redwater Carp. These fish are sensitive to light, so they’re kept in the tank with a lid, leaving only a thin slit for air.”

"Redwater Carp?"

Mo Hua frowned slightly. He released his Divine Sense, peering through the tank, and confirmed that it indeed housed some fish. The aura emanating from the fish was faintly red, and apart from that, there appeared to be nothing out of the ordinary.

Mo Hua nodded and refrained from asking further.

Old Yu went to make arrangements, hiring a horse-drawn carriage for Mo Hua.

Afterward, Mo Hua walked ahead briskly, chest puffed out, while Old Yu followed behind lugging the fish basket, his face etched with bitterness.

It looked as though Mo Hua was exploiting Old Yu while shamelessly mooching free fish.

Once they had left the small fishing village and reached the roadside, Mo Hua was the first to hop onto the carriage.

Old Yu loaded the fish basket onto the carriage and, after ensuring no one was around, respectfully bowed to Mo Hua.

"Young sir, your boundless kindness

Mo Hua waved dismissively and said, “Go home.” Then, he sat back in the carriage, heading toward Qian Learning State Boundary.

The Crossing River Dragon disappeared into the small fishing village and hadn’t made an appearance since. However, Mo Hua no longer had the time to pursue its trail.

He needed to return—his two-day rest period was over, and tomorrow it was back to lessons.

Priorities must always be kept straight.

This period was still critical for cultivation in the Sect.

Even though he failed to follow its trail, the Crossing River Dragon had nonetheless led him to its hiding spot.

Patience is key when fishing.

This time, he could let it go. He'd catch its trail during his next rest period.

The carriage moved further and further away, flanked by shimmering rivers and picturesque mountains, gradually blotting out the impoverished small fishing village entirely.

Still, scenes of hardship from that village—the bleak expressions of Old Yu, and his bitter yet numb words—lingered in Mo Hua's heart.

He felt a complicated mix of emotions.

He glanced back one last time at the small fishing village now cloaked by verdant mountains and waters, his gaze deep and unwavering.

Perhaps this was...

the “fertile soil” of an Evil God...

...

The carriage traveled the road and eventually arrived at Qingzhou City.

Mo Hua intended to gift the golden lotus three-colored carp to Aunt Wan.

Aunt Wan frequently took care of him, treating him to lavish meals, and showering him with gifts on countless occasions.

Mo Hua felt it was time for him to reciprocate.

Though the journey seemed uneventful, Mo Hua noticed several cultivators lurking in the shadows, watching him closely.

With a subtle sweep of his Divine Sense, he realized they were members of the Wang family.

Mo Hua pretended not to notice, continuing to ride the carriage audaciously straight through the gates of the Gu family estate.

At this moment, those lackeys should understand the Gu family was his true “backing,” an untouchable force they dared not provoke.

Upon entering the Gu family estate, Wenren Wan heard Mo Hua had bought a live golden lotus three-colored carp as a gift for her. Elated, she inspected the fish with her own eyes. Seeing its shimmering gold body, layered gradients, and lotus-like scales left her astonished.

Although the Gu family was respected among elite families and regularly enjoyed fine cuisine, such rare delicacies were not easily procured.

Even when they could obtain them, it required significant effort.

Wenren Wan immediately ordered the three-colored carp to be stewed to nourish Mo Hua and Yu Er.

The fish’s flesh was incredibly tender, and the broth rich like liquid gold. Mo Hua devoured it joyfully, savoring every bite.

Ultimately, most of the fish ended up in the stomachs of Mo Hua and Yu Er.

Later that evening, under the cover of darkness, Wenren Wan instructed a Gu family carriage to send Mo Hua and Yu Er back to Taixu Gate.

The next day resumed as usual: lessons and cultivation.

Everything seemed routine, yet Mo Hua had an inexplicable feeling that something was off.

His Divine Sense felt strangely disrupted—fatigue washed over him, and he occasionally spaced out.

Mo Hua steadied his mind through meditation, seeking insight into his own condition. Yet, his Sea of Consciousness remained empty, his Divine Sense abundant, with no anomalies to be found.

Perplexed, he chalked it up to exhaustion from his travels.

By nightfall, within the Disciple's Residence.

Mo Hua sent a message to Gu Changhuai, explaining the Crossing River Dragon's trail, its surfacing location, and the fact that it had vanished within the small fishing village.

Mo Hua wanted Gu Changhuai to assign people to monitor the village. However, he advised against entering, instructing them to observe from afar to avoid tipping off their quarry.

Gu Changhuai agreed to his plan.

Once the arrangements were made, Mo Hua spent some time studying formations.

Around 1 a.m., Mo Hua closed his Formation Books and prepared to enter his Sea of Consciousness to practice the formations he had just learned on the Taoist Stele. Suddenly, a wave of overwhelming drowsiness hit him.

His eyelids grew heavy as lead, and soon, his eyes shut completely. Slumping over his desk, he fell into a deep sleep.

Rarely did Mo Hua dream.

In his dream, thick mist surrounded him. As the mist dispersed, it revealed a shimmering river.

Mo Hua realized he had grown older in the dream—tall, strong, and dressed in coarse clothing. His exposed arms were sun-kissed to a bronzed hue.

At that moment, he stood aboard a boat drifting in the water, gripping a fishing net in his hands. Within the net were freshly caught fish.

In his dream, he seemed to have become...

a cultivator who lived by fishing?

Chapter 1117: Entering the Dream_3

Mo Hua was slightly startled but accepted it in a daze.

Soon, he finished catching fish, and someone by his ear said, “You’re not getting any younger, it’s about time you settled down. Life is tough, you should at least have someone to lean on

Mo Hua was somewhat reluctant in his heart.

But in the blink of an eye, mist and clouds enveloped everything.

Mo Hua found that he had completed the wedding ceremony, facing a woman with a red veil over her head, who felt both familiar and strange.

Bride?

Mo Hua was stunned, then he lifted the veil and discovered the bride was actually his junior martial sister!

The junior martial sister’s expression was indifferent, her cheeks rosy like the beautiful dawn.

Mo Hua couldn’t help but smile foolishly.

But before he could finish smiling, he discovered he had died.

Died while fishing on the river.

A big wave hit, the boat sank, and he was bitten to death by a Water Demon.

The usually cool and collected junior martial sister was holding his corpse, crying her heart out.

Mo Hua hadn't even had the chance to feel sad when he found himself alive again.

This time, his junior martial sister and he had grown up together like childhood sweethearts.

The young master of the Wang family took a fancy to his beautiful junior martial sister and wanted to take her away by force.

He got angry, beat up all the cultivators of the Wang family, but after beating the small ones, the big ones came; he couldn't win anymore, so he could only grab his junior martial sister and elope with her.

It was a night of storm.

He tightly held his junior martial sister's hand, escaping along the Mistwater River.

But in the end, they still couldn't escape the pursuit. Cornered and in despair, he and his junior martial sister embraced each other and jumped into the river to die for love...

Afterward, the scene shifted, and suddenly it was another lifetime.

He and his junior martial sister already had children, but life was very hard, and the once fair and beautiful face of the junior martial sister had grown haggard.

She constantly nagged him, complaining about his poverty, urging him to earn more Spirit Stones to support the family.

But despite her complaints, she sewed clothes for him and cooked for the children, never leaving his side.

In the end, a big storm made it impossible to fish.

The whole family starved to death.

Before dying, his junior martial sister lay beside him, tightly holding his hand, her eyes filled with both misery and tenderness...

Mo Hua felt a pang of pain in his heart, so intense that he could hardly breathe.

Suddenly, it seemed as if someone was murmuring a prayer in his ear:

"My life is too hard, I can't go on

"Save us

"Please

"Please

"Lord of the Mistwater River... River God

River "God"?!

At the sound of these two words, Mo Hua suddenly woke up, opening his eyes.

Tears were still at the corner of his eyes, but his gaze turned icy.

"How dare you enter my dream?"

Mo Hua's Divine Sense plunged into the Sea of Consciousness, focusing on meditation.

At the same time, faint golden threads of blood surfaced from within his body, converging into his eyes.

A sacred and majestic golden light radiated from the depths of Mo Hua's eyes.

Under the Divine "Sight," the empty Sea of Consciousness suddenly became clearer.

Mo Hua fixed his gaze, now tinged with Golden Light, and found that in a corner of the Sea of Consciousness, there were several tiny, blood-colored red fish that he hadn't noticed before.

Among them was one with sharp teeth and a fierce look, with fins turned into legs, standing upright, a blood-colored fish demon.

The fish demon, upon seeing Mo Hua, glared fiercely and cackled maniacally.

But while laughing, it caught sight of the profound Golden Light on Mo Hua and showed terror in its eyes.

Mo Hua's face was expressionless. With a pinch of his hand, he grasped its neck, and with a little strength and a flash of golden light in his palm, he directly crushed the blood-colored fish demon to death.

After the fish demon died, it turned into a pool of blood-colored liquid, as if permeated with the smell of fish.

Mo Hua could sense a hint of evil deity's aura in it.

It was like Divine Sense that had been assimilated by an Evil God.

But without Divine Marrow and with too little of its own Divine Sense, it was basically ineffective.

With a point of his finger, Mo Hua created the Earth Fire Formation, incinerating the blood-colored river water and the remaining blood-colored little fish, leaving no trace.

After clearing the Evil Spirit, Mo Hua exited the Sea of Consciousness.

The real Mo Hua opened his eyes but furrowed his brows tightly.

Is this... the means of an Evil God?

When exactly had he been ensnared?

Chapter 1118: The Water Well

When did I fall into the trap?

The first thought that crossed Mo Hua's mind was the golden lotus three-colored carp.

"I ate the fish, drank the soup, so the River God's evil thoughts infiltrated my sea of consciousness?"

A flicker of thought in Mo Hua's mind suddenly tightened his heart as he recalled something.

Yu Er!

Yu Er ate the same golden three-colored carp as he did. If his own sea of consciousness was polluted by the Evil God's evil thoughts, then Yu Er's sea of consciousness must also be contaminated.

It was already late at night. Without much hesitation, Mo Hua got up immediately, walked to the door next door, and just as he was about to knock, the door opened.

Wenren Wei stood at the doorway, his expression steady yet tinged with surprise.

"Young Master Mo?"

Mo Hua said at once, "I came to check on Yu Er."

Wenren Wei looked confused but saw the anxious look on Mo Hua's face. Not daring to act negligently, he promptly invited Mo Hua inside.

Mo Hua entered, passing through layers of intricately elegant screens and furnishings that were luxurious yet playful in design. He arrived at the inner bedroom.

Yu Er lay sprawled on the bed, drooling slightly, fast asleep in a carefree manner...

He was sleeping soundly, his divine sense calm and devoid of any abnormalities.

Mo Hua's pupils darkened slightly as he released his divine sense, sweeping over Yu Er multiple times to confirm there were no evil spirits clinging to him. Only then did he exhale softly in relief.

Still, a faint hint of unease settled in his brow.

"Yu Er is fine

"Young Master Mo?" Wenren Wei whispered, "Is Young Master Yu unwell?"

Mo Hua snapped out of his thoughts and shook his head, replying, "No, it's nothing. I was just overthinking."

Wenren Wei relaxed as well, his furrowed brow easing as he said earnestly, "Thank you for worrying about him, Young Master."

Mo Hua offered a faint smile, refraining from disturbing Yu Er's rest, and returned to his own room. Sitting by the desk, he sank into contemplation.

Though the hour was late, Mo Hua felt no trace of fatigue, his heart a tangle of chaotic thoughts.

"That golden lotus three-colored carp, cooked into meat and soup, both Yu Er and I ate of it, yet Yu Er remains completely unaffected

"That must mean the problem doesn't lie with the three-colored carp."

"But if it's not the three-colored carp, then what else could it be...?"

Mo Hua furrowed his brow and painstakingly combed through the sequence of events from the past few days.

From tracking the Crossing River Dragon, to entering the small fishing village, encountering the blood mist, Old Yu, the Wang family cultivators, and finally leaving the small fishing village with the basket of three-colored carp...

If his sight had been invaded by evil thoughts, Mo Hua believed he should have noticed.

If not something seen, then perhaps something smelled—or consumed...

Moreover, it must have been something distinct from what Yu Er consumed.

"If it's not the three-colored carp, then it has to be

Mo Hua pondered briefly, his pupils contracting suddenly. "Old Yu's fish soup?"

The only thing consumed over the past few days that Yu Er hadn't touched was that fish soup from Old Yu's home.

Mo Hua's brow furrowed.

Did drinking Old Yu's fish soup lead him to become tainted by the Evil God?

Why?

What could be wrong with a mere pot of fish soup?

Mo Hua was baffled.

At that moment, a streak of crimson suddenly floated up in his mind.

Mo Hua froze, startled.

He remembered seeing a small fish tank near Old Yu's silver-scaled fish aquarium. The tank was sealed, its contents invisible, but a faint trace of red could be discerned within.

According to Old Yu, it housed a type of light-avoiding blood-colored fish, the red fish.

As Mo Hua thought deeper, he realized this so-called "red fish" bore an exceedingly similar aura to the blood-colored fish that had invaded his sea of consciousness.

Old Yu...

Mo Hua's gaze sharpened.

"It seems I'll need to visit the small fishing village again when I have some time

If there was an issue with Old Yu's fish soup, then it was likely the entire small fishing village, including all the fish cultivators there, had unknowingly been tainted by the Evil God.

They simply hadn't realized it yet.

For fish cultivators, their suffering was the perfect nutrient for the Evil God's soil...

Mo Hua's gaze flickered slightly. His eyes felt a little dry, as though traces of tears earlier still lingered at the corners.

Scenes from a dream emerged vividly in his mind once again.

Moments of joy and sorrow, meetings and partings, the struggle to eke out a living, the despair of helplessness, and the pain of loving deeply but being unable to stay together...

They interwove once more, pressing heavily upon Mo Hua's heart.

Mo Hua let out a deep sigh.

This had been merely a dream, yet it could very well have been the life story of countless individuals...

...

Gu Changhuai had sent people to keep an eye on the small fishing village, but over several days, they had yet to spot the "Crossing River Dragon."

So when the rest period arrived a few days later, Mo Hua eagerly headed back to the small fishing village.

At midday, under bright sunlight, the fish cultivators busied themselves throughout the village.

From a distance, it appeared vibrant and bustling, with nothing out of the ordinary.

But Mo Hua knew by now that things were far from what they seemed.

After drinking a bowl of fish soup in the village, his sea of consciousness had been infiltrated by the Evil God's evil thoughts.

It stood to reason that most cultivators in the small fishing village likely harbored crimson fish within their own seas of consciousness as well.

A person's divine sense was encapsulated within their sea of consciousness.

Mo Hua couldn't access the sea of consciousness of others, so he naturally couldn't see what lay within.

He had no choice but to rely on external clues to piece the puzzle together...

Mo Hua's pupils darkened, golden light glimmering faintly in his eyes as he released his divine sense to sweep meticulously across the small fishing village. Only then did he notice some details he had previously overlooked.

The fish cultivators in the village, despite their diligent and tireless efforts to survive, carried a fleeting look of confusion in their eyes now and then, as well as a deathly numbness in the depth of their gaze.

These seemed to be signs of divine sense being devoured.

Mo Hua also saw Old Yu.

Old Yu exhibited the same signs—an occasional vacuous gaze. Yet, his complexion appeared much improved.

It seemed that possessing Spirit Stones, enabling him to send his two grandsons into the sect for a better future, and escaping lifelong poverty had reinvigorated him. The newfound hope brought the clarity of someone experiencing a last burst of vitality before decline, even adding a glimmer to his eyes.

Chapter 1119: Water Well_2

At noon, it was already midday. For lunch, their family had fish soup, just like all the other Fish Cultivators in the small fishing village.

Mo Hua stared at the fish soup, but surprisingly, he didn't notice anything unusual.

This was just ordinary fish soup.

The soup was made with ordinary Spiritual Fish caught from the Mistwater River,

But Old Yu had a small tank of strange “Crimson Water Carp.”

However, this fish had always been kept sealed, and he had never touched it.

Mo Hua frowned.

Could I have guessed wrong?

Is it not the fish soup’s problem?

Mo Hua thought for a while, but he still did not enter the village. Instead, he concealed himself and looked around the small fishing village.

The small fishing village was built against a mountain, on a flat land at the mountain’s base, surrounded by woodlands. There was a road nearby, and not far away was the Mistwater River.

Mo Hua wandered around, and he became even more puzzled.

"There is nothing

No Divine Statue of the Evil God.

No parasitic objects of the Evil God.

He also hadn’t found any bases of Evil Cultivators or Demon Cultivators, nor places like the Demon Palace of the Bi Mountain Demon Cavern.

There wasn’t even an altar.

No matter how he looked, this was just an ordinary small fishing village.

Of course, if it really were ordinary, that would actually be a good thing...

Mo Hua's expression was serious.

Hunting required patience, and he decided to wait a little longer.

So Mo Hua went to a big tree outside the small fishing village, performed the Water Passing Step, channeling the Spiritual Power under his feet, he ascended vertically, clinging to the trunk, with his hands behind his back, until he sat perched atop the tree.

Afterward, Mo Hua sat cross-legged, watching the small fishing village closely with sharp eyes.

He wanted to see if he could find any more clues.

Mo Hua sat there, watching until nightfall.

The night was dim, like a layer of black gauze, slowly enveloping the small fishing village.

Everything turned dark.

The sky was dim, without stars, only half a moon hanging in the sky, the moonlight was cold and carried a desolate chill.

After staring all afternoon and finding nothing, as soon as night fell, the weary Mo Hua suddenly became alert.

He had a faint feeling that something was about to happen.

Sure enough, another two hours passed.

The night deepened, and most of the fishermen in the village had turned off their lights, with only dim fishing flames dotted the night sky.

At Old Yu's house.

Old Yu, who had been pretending to be asleep, opened his eyes.

He looked around, saw his family had fallen asleep, and quietly got up. He tied the small fish tank containing the “Crimson Water Carp” with a rope, placed it on his back, hunched over, walked out of the house, and into the night.

From afar, Mo Hua’s eyes narrowed, and he also quietly descended from the big tree, concealing himself, blending into the night, and silently followed Old Yu.

The small fishing village in the night was eerily quiet.

Old Yu, with his hunched back and the fish tank, appeared shadowy at night, like an old river demon crawling out of the river.

He kept walking forward.

Mo Hua quietly followed.

Old Yu stopped at the open courtyard behind the village, a place seldom visited and uninhabited.

There was a well in the yard.

The well was built with ghastly white stones, looking ghastly under the moonlight.

Old Yu set down the fish tank, removed the seal, and took out a few blood-red fish with sharp teeth and unusual fins.

They were very much like the fish in Mo Hua’s dreams.

Despite not being a Fish Cultivator, Mo Hua couldn’t identify the exact type, but he knew these were definitely not carp.

Old Yu respectfully tossed these blood-red fish into the well, then knelt down, kowtowed three times, and sincerely said,

"River God, I am here to fulfill my end of the bargain, Old Yu has come to offer thanks

"Thank you, River God, for your blessings

Old Yu kowtowed three more times and gratefully said,

"That day the wind and waves were strong, I, Old Yu, was halfway into the river, almost lost my life, but fortunately, with the protection of the River God, I avoided disaster and survived. I also caught a rare Golden Lotus Three-Color Carp

"With this fish, my two grandchildren's future will be secured, and finally, there's one in our family who won't spend their life battling the weather and waves for a living

Old Yu sighed, "Later on, that fish was almost snatched away by someone, but luckily

"Luckily, a 'little noble' appeared and helped drive away the Wang family's dogs and bought my fish

"This little noble is a good person, Old Yu was fortunate."

"However, I think all this was because of the River God's blessing. It was the River God who guided this little noble to save me

Old Yu kowtowed a few more times and clasped his hands together, saying,

"Afterwards, Old Yu has no other wishes... only prays that the River God bless my two grandchildren, so they may smoothly enter the Sect

"I do not seek wealth and status, nor success in Tao Cultivation, but only to secure a livelihood, so they won't have to deal with storms and water demons and can live a peaceful life. Then I, Old Yu, can die without regret

"River God, if you need anything, I can offer it to you."

"I beg you

"These 'Blood-Red Fish,' I will raise them well, and when they are fattened and grown, I will offer them to you

After Old Yu finished, there was suddenly a sound of water from the well, and a faint crimson color flashed, then all was calm.

It was as if something had consumed the offering.

The fish had died, their blood mixed into the well water.

Mo Hua was startled and then suddenly enlightened.

It was the well water!

If he wasn't mistaken, the cultivators of the entire small fishing village drank from this well.

Old Yu threw those blood-colored little fish into the well, polluting the water.

Chapter 1120: Water Well_3

The Fish Cultivators of the small fishing village who drank the well water were all contaminated by the influence of the Evil God.

And myself... it was after drinking the fish soup made with well water at Old Yu's house that my Sea of Consciousness was contaminated by the Evil Thoughts of the Evil God.

Thus, at midnight, I would immerse myself uncontrollably in the agonizing nightmares weaved by the Evil God...

No, it wasn't the nightmares "weaved" by the Evil God...

Mo Hua sighed as he glanced at Old Yu, who kept kowtowing.

It should be the collective nightmares “weaved” by all the impoverished Fish Cultivators of the village, based on their own personal experiences...

After offering the blood-colored little fish into the well, Old Yu resealed the tank.

There were still some fish in the tank that had not been raised properly; they would be nurtured carefully over the next few days before being introduced into the well.

After completing the task, Old Yu stood up to leave but suddenly heard a crisp voice in the quiet night.

"Uncle Yu

Old Yu was startled and slipped, falling to the ground.

After he struggled to get up and looked around in horror, he saw a small figure slowly emerging from the darkness not far away.

The figure was very familiar.

Illuminated by the cold moonlight, Old Yu then realized that this figure was none other than the “noble” who had helped him fend off the Cultivators from the Wang family and had bought his tricolored carps some time ago.

Only now, this noble no longer had a friendly and affable appearance.

The moonlight cast a pale light on his face.

His gaze was unfathomable.

Old Yu turned to look at the well, then at Mo Hua before him, his voice trembling slightly, “You, young brother... have you seen everything?”

Mo Hua slowly nodded.

Old Yu's face contorted in struggle, then he pleaded:

"Please, I beg you, don't tell anyone about this

Mo Hua remained silent.

"This matter, it must not be known to others Old Yu said in panic, "Otherwise, everything I've done would be in vain, my grandsons would have no future, and I would be punished by the River God

"Please

Mo Hua still did not utter a word.

After Old Yu pleaded for a while and saw that Mo Hua was unmoved, anger gradually welled up within him. His eyes, unbeknownst to him, turned blood red, and the words he spoke became twisted, more like the cries of a fish demon rather than a human voice.

He lost his mind, his expression became ferocious, and he suddenly lunged at Mo Hua.

"If you do not agree, I will have you killed!"

Just as he lunged towards Mo Hua, he saw the mournful eyes of Mo Hua under the moonlight, and Old Yu abruptly shuddered.

Scenes from his memory emerged.

Mo Hua drawing Formation for him, driving away the bullying Cultivators from the Wang family, and spending a great amount of Spirit Stones to buy his tricolored carps...

The blood in Old Yu's eyes gradually faded, the hostility from his face dissipated, leaving only inevitable sorrow.

He slowly knelt down in front of Mo Hua, tears pouring uncontrollably, “I beg you

He kept kowtowing.

Life’s hardships forced him to kneel, to continuously kowtow, to keep pleading...

Mo Hua felt a sourness in his heart and sighed, “I promise you.”

Old Yu was stunned.

Mo Hua slowly continued:

"I won't speak of it, but you must tell me, what exactly happened?"

"Who taught you to raise these blood-colored little fish?"

"Who told you that by raising these fish, your desires would be fulfilled and you'd be free from disasters and misfortunes?"

Old Yu hesitated for a moment, pleadingly looked at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua said, “My word is good. Tell me, and I won't speak of it. Otherwise

A chill and sharpness flashed through Mo Hua's gaze.

Old Yu's heart skipped a beat, then remembered how, on that day, two Foundation Establishment Cultivators and several Qi Refinement ones, despite joining forces, were still routed by this young master.

He, a Fish Cultivator unskilled in combat Taoist Skills, stood even less chance against this fearsome young master.

Old Yu sighed deeply, resigned, “Alright, I’ll tell you