

Immortality 1121

Chapter 1121: Divine Way

Old Yu fell silent for a moment before slowly saying:

"This method is called the 'River Sacrifice Disaster Transformation Method,' and it was a passing Fish Cultivator who told me about it

"That day, I was fishing in the river when my boat suddenly sank — probably hit a reef at the bottom of the river, or maybe it struck the sharp horn of some Water Demon

"Boat sinking in the river, leading to the death of a Fish Cultivator, I've heard of too many such cases in my life."

"At the time, I panicked and desperately swam towards the shore, but halfway there, I was targeted by a Water Demon

"Just when I thought I was about to lose my life in Mistwater River, a passing Fish Cultivator injured the Water Demon and forcefully dragged me to the shore

"That's how I managed to save my life

Old Yu sighed, still feeling the aftershocks to this day.

Mo Hua's gaze sharpened as he asked, "What did that passing Fish Cultivator look like?"

Old Yu thought for a moment, "He was accustomed to diving, swam exceptionally well, had pale skin like the white fish in the river, and light eyebrows. He looked strange, but the more I looked at him, the more benevolent he seemed

Mo Hua's gaze became slightly heavy.

Crossing River Dragon...

"And then?"

"And then Old Yu pondered, "I was profoundly grateful to him and said I wanted to repay him, but he just waved his hand and said... oh, we all make our living in the waters, should help each other out in times of distress, it was just a simple effort, no need for courtesy."

"Such a good person Old Yu sighed and then continued:

"I invited him for a drink, and although it was cheap liquor, he didn't disdain it."

"After three rounds of drinks, we were getting along well and started talking about the hardships of Fish Cultivators. He said he had no father, no mother, no children, all on his own."

"I said my situation was exactly the opposite. I have a big family, but we're all destined to live a life of hardship, with no prospects."

"Both of my grandsons have decent Spiritual Roots, but I don't have the Spirit Stones to support their Cultivation."

"I'm useless as a grandfather, and it's my fault they can't advance far."

At this point, Old Yu looked ashamed, then shook his head and continued:

"Hearing this, the Fish Cultivator seemed to want to speak, hesitated, but held back and said nothing, merely drinking on his own."

"But I caught his hesitation, and I told him to just speak up, no need to have reservations."

"He just shook his head. After I repeatedly pressed him, he finally sighed and told me about this 'River Sacrifice' method."

"He said he had also heard about this sacrificial method from some old Cultivators' mouths, whether it works or not, he didn't know."

"The Fish Cultivator said that there is a kind of Blood Fish in this world, and one must be sincere in body and mind to feed it with blood, wait until its mouth cracks open, and its fins turn into human-

like limbs, then throw it into the well to worship the River God. If the River God's blessing is obtained, one can wish for things

"I found it strange, couldn't understand why it had to be done with sincerity and blood, and if it was to worship the River God, why not throw it into the river, but into the well

Mo Hua was curious, "What did that Fish Cultivator say?"

Old Yu frowned, "That Fish Cultivator said he didn't know either. This ancient method was passed down this way, and you can't change a single bit of it."

"He said since it's a sacrifice to the River God, then that's the River God's stipulation; how would we human Cultivators know

"I hesitated."

"Then he asked me if I wanted to use it? He also said, not everyone who uses this method would receive the River God's blessing, but might as well give it a try

"If I really wanted to use this method to worship the 'River God,' then in consideration of our relationship, he could get me the Blood Fish. No need for Spirit Stones, just inviting him for a drink was enough."

"Spirit Stones are precious, but this kind of liquor is cheap in comparison."

"I figured, just give it a try. Even if it doesn't work out, it's just some wasted liquor money, not much to lose."

"Moreover, this fellow saved my life, he wouldn't harm me further."

"He told me so much out of kindness, for my own good

Mo Hua listened with a frown on his brows.

Old Yu, unaware of the truth, just sighed to himself, and looked at Mo Hua, “Young Master, you should know what happened afterward

Old Yu felt some emotion:

"I did as he said, and I received the River God's protection, caught a tricolor carp, sold it for eight thousand Spirit Stones. My two grandsons also have a future now

At this point, Old Yu suddenly looked terrified:

"But this matter must never be leaked, otherwise it will attract the River God's strange punishment, and all the blessing will be lost."

Old Yu's gaze was pleading as he looked at Mo Hua:

"Young Master, please consider it a favor from an old man, pretend as if you've seen nothing."

Mo Hua's expression was complex, his thoughts stirring, he nodded and agreed:

"Alright, I won't tell anyone."

He didn't think to persuade Old Yu, nor did he try to explain that the so-called River Sacrifice was fake; the River God he worshipped was not the real River God, but very likely an Evil God.

But in this world, those blinded by superstition cannot be convinced, and speaking is useless; he wouldn't listen.

Mo Hua wouldn't waste his effort, he simply added:

"I won't tell others about this, but you can't continue raising the fish, nor can you continue to worship in the well water

Old Yu's face showed conflict.

Mo Hua gave him an easy-to-understand reason:

"Greed can invoke the River God's punishment."

"You've already received plenty of blessings from the River God. If you continue to sacrifice and ask without restraint, it might anger the River God and bring disaster

Upon hearing this, Old Yu's expression turned to one of fear, and he nodded again and again:

"Right, right, Young Master is right!"

"You can't be too greedy. I already have enough. My luck has been good enough, and if I get greedy, I might incur misfortune."

Mo Hua nodded.

Chapter 1122: Divine Way

Old Yu took a deep breath and bowed sincerely to Mo Hua:

"Thank you for your guidance, young master."

Mo Hua nodded slightly, "Alright, I'm leaving now. Just pretend I was never here."

After speaking, Mo Hua left swiftly, turning around to leave.

Old Yu appeared to be in a daze as he began to contemplate: why did this young master show up so late at the small fishing village?

What was his purpose in coming here?

Old Yu couldn't figure it out, but upon reflection, he felt that this probably was the will of the River God.

The River God let this young master drive away the cultivators from the Wang family and even purchased his fish, fulfilling his wish, allowing his two grandsons the opportunity to be admitted into the Sect.

Now it must also be the River God who sent this young master to awaken him.

One shouldn't be too greedy.

Old Yu nodded deeply, looking back at the water well, then shouldered his fish tank and left.

After Old Yu left, the area around the water well was desolate with no one else around.

After a while, a small figure solidified slightly, and Mo Hua's figure was revealed.

He had sent Old Yu away and secretly came back by cloaking himself, now standing in front of the well.

He had seen the well during the day, but didn't pay much attention to it, not realizing that the mystery lay within this well.

Mo Hua leaned over the edge of the well and peered down.

The well was a dark abyss.

Releasing his Divine Sense, Mo Hua probed into the depths of the well. In a short while, he sensed water and vaguely saw several Blood Fish.

Going deeper, it was all murky, and he could perceive nothing else.

"Is the Evil God hiding in this well water?"

"How is it hiding?"

"Dwelling in flesh? Creating an altar? Or is there a Divine Statue of the preaching Evil God submerged in the well water?"

"But this is not right

Mo Hua frowned, "If the Evil God were dwelling at the bottom of the well, the villagers, who are Fish Cultivators, would have been tainted by the Evil God long ago, and there would be no need to deceive Old Yu into raising fish to spread Evil Thoughts like a 'plague

"Moreover, if the Evil God were at the bottom of the well, I would have discovered it by now."

A flash of black and white flickered through Mo Hua's eyes as he used both Tricky Calculation and Calculation while looking into the well.

Indeed, there was a faint mist of blood within the well.

It was much paler than the crimson fog he had detected with Heavenly Secret Calculation when he had followed the Crossing River Dragon into the small fishing village.

This was impossible...

Moreover, from Mo Hua's understanding of the nature of entities that bear Evil Thoughts, if an Evil God, or some Divine Remains of an Evil God, were really residing at the bottom of the well, it would be anxiously bursting out right now, cackling madly to devour him.

"Where exactly is the Evil God hiding?"

"What secrets are concealed in this well?"

Mo Hua frowned in thought for a long time without any clues and couldn't help but sigh.

Divine Sense... so hungry...

Nothing to "eat

Mo Hua looked back at the well again, like a child craving for “fish soup” and couldn’t help but think:

“Should I... jump into the well to have a look?”

As soon as this thought bubbled up, Mo Hua suppressed it.

My Divine Sense is strong, but my body is very weak.

Jumping into the well alone, even if I encounter an Evil Spirit or the Evil God, I would be able to cope for a while, but if I encounter an aggressive Water Demon, I might lose my life carelessly.

It’s not worth taking the risk.

But Mo Hua was still eager to know what was at the bottom of the well.

Frowning, he thought over and over, then his eyes brightened as he remembered he still had a “little toy.”

Mo Hua immediately opened his Storage Bag and took out a “Little Tiger.”

This was a Puppet that Old Kui once carved especially for him, and Mo Hua had drawn a Spiritual Pivot Formation on it, which allowed it to move freely under the control of his Divine Sense.

The Little Tiger was tiger-headed and tiger-brained.

Mo Hua looked at it, feeling somewhat nostalgic.

Ever since he had entered the Qian Learning State Boundary, he had not used these “Little Tigers” for a long time. Now that it was about time to explore the bottom of the well, he could try using it.

However, the Little Tiger was made of wood and would float on the water.

Mo Hua thought for a moment, took several iron blocks, strapped them to the Little Tiger, and then threw it into the well.

"Splash" went the sound.

The Little Tiger hit the water and then, weighted down by the iron blocks, began to sink slowly towards the bottom of the well.

The bottom of the well was gloomy, and Divine Sense could not perceive clearly.

The Little Tiger also couldn't "swim."

Mo Hua could only try his best to steer the Little Tiger with his Divine Sense, clumsily moving its paws, shifting slowly at the bottom of the well.

He didn't need the Little Tiger to scout too thoroughly, just to confirm whether there was any danger at the bottom of the well.

After paddling for a while, the Little Tiger twitched as if it had been bumped by something.

Mo Hua's heart grew cold.

Then from the well came a dull but intense "paddle paddle" splashing sound.

It seemed like a school of fish, swimming furiously.

In less than a moment, Mo Hua felt that the Little Tiger had been swallowed by something, and then its presence completely vanished.

Mo Hua was stunned, then felt fortunate.

"Good thing I didn't rush down

But his Little Tiger... was lost...

Mo Hua felt a touch of sadness.

"What exactly is at the bottom of the well that swallowed my Little Tiger?"

Mo Hua frowned and suddenly remembered the dream he had the other night, the fish demon shaped from the Evil God's thought in his Sea of Consciousness, with sharp teeth and a fierce mouth, ferocious eyes, fins turned into feet, standing upright—a blood-colored fish demon.

A guess formed dimly in Mo Hua's heart.

These Blood Fish, left in the well, were probably used to nurture "gu."

They absorb human blood and wishes, devour each other in the well water, and eventually would evolve into a big, blood-colored fish demon lurking in the depths of the well.

Chapter 1123: Divine Way

This fish demon is the "medium" polluted by the Evil God.

It is not yet powerful at this moment.

But once it has been fed more, as it continuously devours and grows, the entire well will turn into a source of pollution, spreading contamination to the surrounding areas through the well water.

And the whole fishing village will also become a "breeding ground" for the spread of the Evil God.

Mo Hua felt somewhat heavy-hearted, yet still very puzzled.

If this is the case, then this well is merely a "medium" for the Evil God's propagation, not the origin of the Evil God.

These fish cannot possibly be the Evil God.

Where exactly is the real body of the Evil God?

Mo Hua put himself in the shoes of the situation and thought.

If I were a “little Evil God”, or a devout “god servant” propagating for the Evil God, I certainly wouldn’t put all the eggs in one basket.

This also means not placing the propagation medium and the foundation of the Evil God in the same well.

The real body of the Evil God needs to be concealed, unknown, and immune to offence and sacrilege.

The propagation medium equally requires concealment, yet it must be widely spread, contaminating the believers like well water.

There must be a connection between the two, but they cannot be completely isolated from each other.

"In that case, there’s something very wrong with this well

The secret of the Evil God is likely hidden in the well, for there are no other traces of the Evil God within a ten-mile radius other than this well.

"But what exactly is the secret, where is it hidden, and how is it concealed?"

Mo Hua scratched his head, somewhat perplexed.

The well’s bottom is dangerous, and I can’t reach it, but outside the well...

Mo Hua walked another circle around the mouth of the well, still finding no other clues.

Not a single clue was given.

Mo Hua sighed inwardly, “The matters of the Evil God’s propagation are truly inscrutable

But he was not resigned to give up, and searched the vicinity of the well once more.

However, until dawn approached and the east turned pale, he still came up with nothing.

Mo Hua sighed and could only temporarily give up.

He then vanished from sight and quietly left the well, heading straight to the familiar big tree at the entrance of the village, climbed up its branches, and continued his patient observation.

"I refuse to believe that I can’t catch your little tail

Mo Hua sat cross-legged, somewhat angry.

The morning sun rose, and the little fishing village was as usual.

Mo Hua kept staring and staring, from morning to noon, then watched helplessly as each household in the village rose smoke from cooking, drinking fish soup.

Mo Hua had mixed feelings.

This fish soup... cannot be consumed...

The more they drink, the heavier the pollution by the Evil God.

But right now, he’s powerless to warn them and cannot alert the enemy, only able to find a way to seek out the root of the Evil God, to see if there’s a solution from the origin...

Mo Hua sighed.

Just as he was lost in his sigh, Mo Hua caught something out of the corner of his eye and suddenly paused.

He spotted an acquaintance...

A face full of stubble, muscled and sinewy, with a dark complexion, looking like a burly man skilled in water...

It was the Crossing River Dragon in disguise!

Mo Hua's eyes lit up.

Finally, he had caught him!

After vanishing for several days from the little fishing village, Crossing River Dragon had finally reappeared.

It was noon, Crossing River Dragon carried a fish basket on his back, dressed as a Fish Cultivator, walking through the fishing village as if nobody around him mattered, without arousing suspicion from anyone.

In the village, Crossing River Dragon meandered aimlessly, seeming to check on the conditions of the Fish Cultivators, or perhaps looking for something.

Especially when passing by Old Yu's house, his gaze deepened, appearing to be deep in thought.

Afterward, he left the small fishing village with the fish basket on his back.

Mo Hua hurriedly followed and discovered that after leaving the fishing village, Crossing River Dragon went straight to the Mistwater River, and with a powerful leap, plunged into the river.

Afterwards, he swam like a big black fish, moving wantonly under the water.

Mo Hua's Divine Sense was potent, and after studying the White Wave Skill, he became familiar with the movement technique of White Wave, as well as the arts of water manipulation and demon avoidance. His Divine Sense even developed a slight sensation with the Mistwater River.

Crossing River Dragon appeared to be submerged at the bottom of the river, yet he was always under Mo Hua's watchful gaze.

Every single movement of his was crystal clear to Mo Hua.

And Crossing River Dragon, clearly, was still totally unaware.

Thus, Mo Hua kept watching. Crossing River Dragon kept swimming, and as dusk approached, Mo Hua started to feel a bit anxious.

He could rest for two days at a time, and this was already the second day.

By nightfall, he would have to return to his sect for classes.

But he had followed this far; missing out now could mean losing the thread, perhaps never to find such an opportunity again.

Moreover, matters concerning the Evil God were better handled sooner rather than later.

Mo Hua clenched his teeth and sent a message to Gu Changhuai:

"Uncle Gu, I've made a significant discovery, please ask the sect to grant me one day off!"

Uncle Gu was a Supervisor at the Taoist Court. His interceding would carry more weight than if Mo Hua requested it himself.

Today, no matter what, he had to uncover the secrets of Crossing River Dragon and the small fishing village's Evil God...

Mo Hua's gaze was unwavering.

Afterwards, Crossing River Dragon, just like before, swam leisurely back and forth in the Mistwater River, even catching a few fish, until the sky darkened and he finally came ashore.

Upon landing, he did as he had done previously, taking out his fish basket, filling it with the few dead fish he had caught, and carrying it back to the small fishing village.

Mo Hua followed stealthily behind.

As they entered the small fishing village, Crossing River Dragon looked around cautiously. Still, he took the same route as before, turned into the same narrow lane, and then disappeared straight away.

Mo Hua's brows furrowed slightly.

But this time, he had an inkling of what was going on.

The night was pitch-black and the moonlight chilled.

Gradually, the atmosphere in the air became more oppressive.

Stepping on the slightly damp ground within the small fishing village, inhaling the increasingly intense fishy scent, Mo Hua headed straight for the well at the back of the village.

Upon reaching the well, a glint appeared in Mo Hua's eyes.

Indeed, Crossing River Dragon was here as well!

As Mo Hua approached quietly, he saw Crossing River Dragon place the fish basket aside, then take out a brush and an inkstone from his bosom.

The brush bristles were black, seemingly made from human hair.

The inkstone was white, eerily bone-like. After grinding for a moment, actual blood flowed out.

Crossing River Dragon dipped the brush made of human hair into the blood ink from the bone inkstone and started drawing extremely peculiar, primitive and obscure Patterns around the well.

Seeing this, Mo Hua felt a chill in his heart.

"Is this... Evil Path Formation Patterns?"

This Crossing River Dragon was actually a Formation Master?

Next to the odd well, Crossing River Dragon, with devoted eyes and a humble expression, continued to draw the blood-red Formation Patterns.

Mo Hua secretly watched from the side.

As the number of Formation Patterns increased, the aura within the well grew increasingly eerie.

Finally, when Crossing River Dragon finished drawing all the Formation Patterns, the well trembled violently, and then, it seemed as if causality had been reversed.

To Mo Hua's senses, the well had become something completely different...

An overwhelmingly pungent, fishy stench with a hint of rot hit him in the face.

A ghastly scarlet mist began to billow out from the well, gradually spreading outward and eventually enveloping the entire small fishing village.

It was as if the "Seal" of this well had been opened...

Mo Hua was shocked. His gaze fixed upon the formation at the edge of the well, intense and serious.

What exactly was this Formation...

That it could contain the aura of an Evil God at the bottom of a well...

Mo Hua furrowed his brows deeply, lost in thought, when suddenly an idea surfaced in his mind.

"Seal

Mo Hua's pupils constricted.

Could this possibly be... what Lord Yellow Mountain spoke of, the almost lost...

Divine Tao Array?!

Chapter 1124: Transformation of Divine Sense

Why would Crossing River Dragon be versed in Divine Tao Array?

Mo Hua's eyebrows furrowed slightly.

He had observed just now that when Crossing River Dragon was drawing the Formation, his brushwork was clumsy, his Divine Thought sluggish, and his wrist very stiff; it was apparent that he wasn't someone who often engaged in Formation Painting.

He was not a true Formation Master, and the "Seal" array on the well must have been something he learned by rote, copying it like "painting a gourd based on the model."

If so, then this Divine Tao Array must have been taught to him by someone else.

Who taught him?

Mo Hua's Divine Sense whirled rapidly as he scrutinized each Cultivator related to Crossing River Dragon and the kidnappers, one by one, until his gaze sharpened.

Mr. Tu?”

Kidnappers, Sin Cultivators, Evil Cultivators, Demon Cultivators...

Among all these Cultivators, the only one who might possess such an ancient, almost lost profound array was that mysterious and unpredictable...

Mr. Tu.

"The inheritance of Divine Tao Array... in the hands of Mr. Tu?"

Mo Hua was somewhat puzzled.

If he was not mistaken, Mr. Tu was a person behind the scenes with a lofty status, likely a “major lackey” of the Great Wilderness Evil God.

Would the inheritance of the Divine Tao Array, which exhausts the power of Divine Sense to restrain deities, be hidden in the hands of the lackey of an Evil God?

Mo Hua’s brow furrowed even more tightly.

This seemed somewhat... implausible?

Or perhaps, there were other origins involved here?

As Mo Hua was lost in thought, on the other side, the well also seemed to have undergone a causality transformation, its aura changing abruptly as if it had completely become another well.

A blood-red mist diffused from the bottom of the well.

This well was no longer the water well of the small fishing village but more like...

The entrance to a forbidden place.

Crossing River Dragon was prostrate before the mouth of the well, devoutly bowing three times before he picked up the dead fish and leaped directly into the well.

Mo Hua watched in shock.

This Crossing River Dragon... had actually jumped straight in...

Then he found it odd.

Crossing River Dragon had jumped into the well, yet there was no sound of water; as if the well had turned into a dry well at that moment.

Mo Hua waited for a moment, and seeing that Crossing River Dragon did not come back out, he tiptoed to the edge of the well and peered in.

The bottom of the well was completely obscured by the blood mist, like a bloodstained forbidden ground.

It looked very dangerous.

Mo Hua glanced again at the surrounding formation.

Only then did he realize that the ashen-white bricks around the well weren't stones, but bone bricks that had been smoothed out.

These bone bricks were specifically used as media for Evil Formations.

Just that they were smeared with dust and wedged amongst other stones, they were not easily noticeable at a casual glance.

And on top of the bone bricks were the Evil Path Patterns that Crossing River Dragon had just drawn.

Mo Hua surveyed these patterns and suddenly, his eyes widened in alarm; he noticed that these blood-colored patterns were gradually fading, with traces of the formation also disappearing.

In an instant, Mo Hua understood.

This kind of Blood Ink would dissipate on its own, leaving no trace behind.

Crossing River Dragon used Blood Ink to draw the Patterns, unlocking the “Seal” of the well, and then leapt into it.

Afterwards, the Blood Ink would evaporate, the patterns would disappear, and the well would be “Sealed” again, with the entrance of the blood mist closing up.

In this way, no one would know where he had gone.

Nor would anyone know what secrets lay at the bottom of this well.

"Quite a meticulous method

Mo Hua couldn't help feeling impressed, and without delay, he began to concentrate and started transcribing the blood-colored patterns surrounding the well.

After a while, as the patterns faded, the blood mist poured back into the well.

The well had reverted to being just an ordinary water well, deep within the waters were dark and inscrutable.

Mo Hua let out a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, his Divine Sense was a bit stronger, his aptitude a bit higher, his memory a bit better, and his understanding of Formation principle a bit deeper.

If any of these traits were lacking, he wouldn't have been able to memorize so many Patterns in such a short amount of time...

Mo Hua took out paper and a brush, using ordinary Spiritual Ink, he transcribed again the Patterns that Crossing River Dragon had drawn by the well to “Unseal” it.

These Patterns were most likely part of the legendary Divine Tao Array.

Mo Hua looked at them for a long time, his brows gradually coming together.

He did not understand these Patterns well.

It seemed that they lacked certain foundational structures, so the meaning of the Patterns, the structure of the Formation Pivot, and the flow of the internal power could not be discerned.

This seemed like it was specifically prepared for those “Formation Blind” as a purely formalistic array.

No need to understand, just memorize by rote.

This is good for those who do not understand Formation Painting.

But for a Formation Master like Mo Hua who is proficient in the principles of Formation, it feels somewhat... incomprehensible.

So for now, Mo Hua could only “memorize by rote” these Patterns, and later on, seek a complete, systematic inheritance of the Divine Tao Array for deeper understanding.

The prerequisite being, he hadn’t guessed wrong.

That the Patterns on this well were indeed part of the “Divine Tao Array

Mo Hua then looked towards the well intently again.

The Evil God was indeed related to this well.

His earlier conjecture was not mistaken.

On the surface, it was a well, but in reality, there were two wells.

One connected to the small fishing village that provided the power of wishes, while the other connected to the dry well that received offerings to the Evil God.

This was also the first time Mo Hua had seen and personally encountered the preaching of the Evil God.

Mo Hua couldn't help but heave a deep sigh.

His Divine Sense had undergone a Quality Change, and from Lord Yellow Mountain, he had heard much about the ways of deity, catching a glimpse of the Evil God's trick.

Otherwise, even as a Golden Core, if he had rashly entered the small fishing village, he would not have discovered anything.

Even if his Sea of Consciousness was contaminated by the Evil God, he would most likely fall into evil barriers, with Evil Thoughts arising, yet be clueless to the truth...

Chapter 1125: Transformation of Divine Sense_2

Mo Hua took another look at the well.

Now the entrance to the truth is right in front of him.

The current question is whether to follow Crossing River Dragon and go down to the bottom of the well to take a look and see what exactly is hidden there.

What form does the Evil God actually take?

And before that, one must first learn to open the "Seal" on the well.

After much internal debate, Mo Hua finally decided that whether or not he enters the bottom of the well right now, he must first try to learn to break the seal of the well.

This way, he can advance or withdraw at will, keeping the initiative in his own hands.

Mo Hua recalled the process of Crossing River Dragon's Formation Painting in his mind once more, then took out his brush and ink, and started moving his brush, drawing the Formation Patterns that would unseal the well on the bone tiles surrounding the well, just as he saw Crossing River Dragon do.

Mo Hua drew swiftly.

In no time, the Formation Patterns were complete, but the well didn't move an inch, no sign of any activity.

"As expected

Mo Hua felt somewhat disappointed.

Using bones as a medium and Blood Ink as the ink, these are the methods of the Evil Formation.

He was foolish to think that he could activate an Evil Formation with normal "Spiritual Ink" in place of "Blood Ink

But where could he get Blood Ink?

Blood Ink has to be mixed with human blood.

It seems that it's not just a simple mixing process, it also requires some herbs strictly prohibited by the Taoist Court, as well as some sinister and cruel methods, before it can be mixed...

Becoming an Evil Formation Master starts with the preparation of Blood Ink...

It could be said that as soon as one starts mixing Blood Ink, one foot is already stepping onto the path of an Evil Formation Master.

Mo Hua would not do something so foolish.

But how to draw an Evil Formation without Blood Ink?

Evil Formation...

Mo Hua began, based on his extremely rich experience with First and Second Grade Formations, to speculate step by step...

The so-called Evil Formation is essentially the Formation Master drawing a Formation that they could not normally draw by using methods of the Evil Path...

Or, using the Evil Path's methods to enhance the power of the Formation.

Crossing River Dragon is not a Formation Master, his Divine Sense is limited, and he certainly cannot paint a real Divine Formation, so he has to resort to underhanded methods to force the growth and construct the Formation.

Thus, within these Formation Patterns laid out by Crossing River Dragon, there's a part that contains the "Evil" Path and also a part that carries the "Divine" Way.

"Using the 'Evil' to approach the 'Divine'."

Therefore, Crossing River Dragon could successfully lay down these Formations.

But now, not knowing the "Divine Way" and unable to borrow the "Evil Path," these Formation Patterns he drew were of no use.

What exactly does the "Divine Way" Formation mean?

Mo Hua pondered deeply in meditation, but for the moment, he could not understand.

"Then thinking the other way around

What is the Divine Way Formation for?

To control or Seal a deity?

Since it's to control or Seal a deity, must there not be Divine Thought Power that matches the deity's power?

After all, there is a difference between mortals and deities.

The Divine Sense of humans and the Divine Thought of deities differ in "quality".

Thinking this way...

Mo Hua widened his eyes, suddenly startled.

Is the so-called Divine Formation a way to transform person's "Divine Sense" into a force that can match the Divine Thought of deities through the Array?

The more Mo Hua thought about it, the more possible it seemed.

In that case...

He himself already possesses a Divine Thought nearly akin to that of a deity!

Then what's there to transform?

Mo Hua's eyes shone brightly, continuing his line of thought...

Although his Divine Sense has undergone Quality Change, when he was Painting Formation, he still used Divine Sense in accordance with his previous habits...

So now, if he deliberately infuses the “Divinized” Divine Sense into the Formation, wouldn’t that in itself be equivalent to a “Divine Way” Formation?

Mo Hua had a sudden revelation, and without delay, he tried it out.

He closed his eyes to gather his Thoughts and summoned all the pale gold, blood-thread-like Divine Thought that had arisen from consuming the Divine Marrow within his Sea of Consciousness.

Then, Mo Hua began to use ordinary Spiritual Ink to draw the Evil Patterns left by Crossing River Dragon around the well.

The pale gold Divine Thought followed the flow of Mo Hua’s brush and ink, infiltrating into the Formation Patterns.

The Formation Patterns under Mo Hua’s brush began to merge into a pale gold glow invisible to ordinary people, a glow transcendent of the Divine Sense of common Cultivators and akin to the Divine Thought of deities.

Mo Hua painted with great concentration and caution.

And this time, after he finished, the Formation indeed took effect.

Mo Hua could faintly sense that the Formation Patterns he drew possessed a mysterious “Divine Way Force,” resonating with the bone tiles, drawing out some sort of Evil Power originating from the depths of the well associated with the Evil God, gradually releasing outwards...

The well trembled, the atmosphere changed drastically, and a scarlet Blood Mist surged up from the bottom of the well once again.

A look of joy appeared on Mo Hua’s face.

He succeeded!

The gate to the Evil God’s home was opened by him!

That is to say, the key to the Evil God's front door is now in his own hands!

"Should I go in?"

Mo Hua stared at the Blood Mist at the bottom of the well for a moment and felt that he should not take risks, so he dropped a Little Tiger down to check things out.

Little Tiger landed without the sound of water.

Mo Hua nodded slightly.

This meant that the well was dry and the inside was barren.

Mo Hua manipulated Little Tiger with his Divine Sense and continued to explore ahead. There were no obstructions along the way, neither Cultivators nor other structures.

Mo Hua frowned.

"Could it be that this well is empty?"

After walking a little longer, there was suddenly a "plop," and it seemed Little Tiger fell into water.

Then, in just an instant, a formidable force attacked, and in Mo Hua's perception, the Little Tiger that was sent to scout was crushed to dust in an instant.

A chill went through Mo Hua's heart.

What on earth was this...

A Cultivator? Or a Monster Beast?

Was this the true "guard dog" at the front door of the Evil God?

Mo Hua felt somewhat troubled.

Chapter 1126: Divine Sense Transformation_3

It's too dangerous...

Mo Hua pondered for a moment with some helplessness and sighed in his heart: "Well, let's think of a long-term plan

A fully-fledged "Evil God" spreading its Dao everywhere would undoubtedly be a "hard nut to crack," and not something he could resolve single-handedly.

Although Mo Hua was somewhat unwilling, he had no other choice but to leave for now.

Before leaving, he used Spiritual Dissipation Liquid to erase all the Formation Patterns he had drawn near the well.

With the Formation Patterns erased, the well returned to its original state.

Mo Hua looked around to make sure he hadn't left any traces, then turned and left.

However, he didn't go far and instead found a hidden spot nearby to continue hiding his presence, waiting an entire night until dawn. The Crossing River Dragon had not revealed itself yet, but fishermen had already come to fetch water from the well, prompting Mo Hua to finally give up reluctantly.

His time was limited, he could not ask for leave again, and had no choice but to return to Taixu Gate.

...

Gu Changhuai requested a day off for Mo Hua, with the reason still being to draw Formation Diagrams for the Taoist Court.

After Mo Hua returned to the sect, Gu Changhuai sent him a message asking: “Where on earth did you go?”

I went to catch an Evil Spirit...

Mo Hua wanted to answer this, but it would be a wonder if Uncle Gu would believe it—unless one day he was also possessed by an Evil Spirit.

"I pursued the Crossing River Dragon and found a clue to the traffickers."

Mo Hua gave a reason that Uncle Gu would find easier to accept.

Gu Changhuai, evidently invigorated, asked:

"Where? Inside the small fishing village?"

"Uh-huh." Mo Hua nodded, "They surely have a stronghold in the small fishing village, but where the entrance is, I'm still searching

Gu Changhuai fell silent for a moment, then unprecedentedly said, "You've worked hard

Without Mo Hua's acute Divine Sense, expertise in concealment, and meticulous care, it would be virtually impossible for the Taoist Court to monitor the Crossing River Dragon and follow the trail to locate the traffickers' den without arousing any suspicion.

Mo Hua was somewhat surprised.

Uncle Gu had actually said "You've worked hard" to him.

Now he was a bit suspicious, wondering if Uncle Gu was really possessed by an Evil Spirit...

However, being appreciated by Uncle Gu was also a good thing, as it would make it easier to request assistance from the Taoist Court in the future.

Mo Hua said, "I'll go look again during my next period of rest to see if I can root out the Crossing River Dragon."

"Alright," Gu Changhuai responded in his message, "I'll assign a few more people to monitor the happenings in the small fishing village

"Uh-huh." Mo Hua nodded.

Their conversation ended.

Afterward, Mo Hua attended classes as usual and spent all his free time contemplating the Divine Tao Array.

Formation Study is vast, profound, and intricate.

Having a lineage is naturally good.

But if there is no lineage, one must learn to search on their own.

With the understanding of Formations, the experience of Formation Patterns, and the foundation of Formation Study, he pursued traces and peeled away layers through constant contemplation, discarding the false to preserve the true, seeking the unknown Great Dao, and mastering deeper levels of Formation Diagrams...

This was also what his master had passed on through words and actions while wandering in his early days.

The Divine Tao Array is mysterious and nearly extinct.

Mo Hua had no inheritance, but through this trip to the small fishing village and studying the rudimentary Formation Patterns left by the Crossing River Dragon, as well as "learning by doing" on the spot to open the gate of the Evil God's dry well...

Mo Hua had some clearer conjectures:

The Divine Tao Array was a kind of formation that “transforms” a person’s Divine Sense to achieve a certain “Quality Change” and thereby restrain deities.

Whether the “Quality Change” after transformation through the formation was the same as the current quality change inherent in his own Divine Sense, Mo Hua was still uncertain.

Because he hadn’t learned the true Divine Tao Array yet.

But since the Divine Tao Array can suppress deities,

It suggests that the Divine Thought Power “transformed” from a Cultivator’s Divine Sense, even if not equal to the truly “Quality Changed” Divine Thought, might not be much inferior.

In a certain sense, this is a Divine Thought Skill that truly contends with deities.

Mo Hua sighed in his heart.

In the ancient times, the Ancient Formation Master who could comprehend heaven and earth, grasp the reasons behind Divine Sense, and establish the Divine Tao Array was truly too formidable...

To have researched such a formation...

It is the real flesh and blood that comprehend the Heavenly Dao and contend with deities.

Mo Hua felt respect.

But following that, he also had a question...

The ordinary Divine Sense of a Cultivator, “transformed” by the Divine Tao Array into a Divine Thought Power capable of restraining deities...

Then, his Divine Sense which has already undergone a certain degree of Quality Change and is close to a deity’s power, what would it become after being “transformed” by the Divine Tao Array?

Could it seal an Evil God more powerful than himself?

Or perhaps it could...

Mo Hua tried to imagine and then startled himself with his own thoughts, his heart skipping a beat.

Mo Hua shook his head repeatedly.

He couldn't be overly ambitious...

This was all just speculation, and might not be true at all.

"First, figure out a way to get a real Divine Tao Array to study, then consider other matters

"A Formation Master must always be down-to-earth and realistic!"

Mo Hua nodded to himself.

Right now, the only clue was the Crossing River Dragon.

If he could capture the Crossing River Dragon, he might be able to obtain a complete Divine

Formation Diagram.

Mo Hua's eyes gleamed with anticipation.

Only... how to enter that well filled with dense blood mist?

Thinking of this, Mo Hua felt a bit troubled.

He was not particularly afraid of Evil Spirits but when facing those Monster Beasts lurking in the shadows, or Demon Cultivator gangs, he felt somewhat helpless.

If seeking help...

Uncle Gu was a Golden Core Cultivator, but he didn't believe in the existence of Evil Gods.

Moreover, even if he was a Golden Core, if his brain were to be possessed by an Evil God, the risks would likely outweigh the benefits.

That well shrouded in blood mist seemed temporarily inaccessible...

Mo Hua sighed.

"I can only think of another way

"Or, when I find time, shall I consult Lord Yellow Mountain again?"

Mo Hua pondered in his mind.

In the days that followed, Mo Hua continued his Cultivation, pondered over Formations, and considered the Evil God's well in the small fishing village.

A few days later, he suddenly received a message from Gu Changhuai:

"Something happened in the small fishing village

Mo Hua was startled, "What happened?"

Gu Changhuai reported, "Two children from the village were abducted by the Crossing River Dragon, and it's unknown where they were taken."

Mo Hua's heart skipped a beat, feeling a bad premonition, but he still confirmed:

"Whose children

Gu Changhuai said, "It's said... it's Old Yu's two grandsons

Chapter 1127: Rumors

Although he had already made some guesses, Mo Hua still felt a chill in his heart.

Mo Hua looked deeply concerned and asked:

"How did those two children disappear?"

Gu Changhuai said: "According to the Fish Cultivators nearby, those two kids were playing in the village in the evening, and by nightfall, they just vanished

"Old Yu's family initially thought that the two kids were just out playing and refusing to come home, but as night deepened and their grandchildren were still nowhere to be seen, they realized something was wrong. They searched the village throughout the night but found nothing

"They searched by the river too, also with no luck."

"It was as if they had vanished into thin air

"The village's Fish Cultivators suspected that the children, lured by play, had recklessly approached the riverside and were dragged into the water and eaten by the Water Demon

"But it seems now that the children were likely kidnapped by the Crossing River Dragon."

"If we don't think of something soon, once those children are sold off by the Crossing River Dragon, it would be almost impossible to rescue them

Gu Changhuai's gaze grew solemn.

No... not sold off.

A chill ran through Mo Hua's heart.

It was also possible... that the Crossing River Dragon had used them as sacrifices for the Evil God.

If that was the case, they might never return...

"Did the Taoist Court send someone to look for them?" Mo Hua asked.

Gu Changhuai hesitated for a moment, somewhat helpless, "The small fishing village is mixed with Loose Cultivators and is not within Immortal City. Many Cultivators are unregistered, supervision is lax, and the Taoist Court generally is reluctant to intervene, because helping the unregistered doesn't count as a contribution

"I could only ask people from the Gu Family to look around, near Mistwater River and the surrounding areas

"But there were no clues in any of those places."

"If they're not outside, they're still in the small fishing village."

"Looking at it this way, the Crossing River Dragon most likely took the two children to that stronghold you mentioned. Now, we need to find the entrance to that stronghold as soon as possible

"Right." Mo Hua nodded.

He actually knew where the entrance to the "stronghold" was, but he couldn't say it just yet.

After some thought, Mo Hua decided: "Two days from now, during my leisure time, I'll go and take another look at the fishing village."

Gu Changhuai: "I'll also make time to go once

Mo Hua was about to agree when he suddenly paused and pondered:

"Uncle Gu, you are a Third Grade Supervisor and you're also busy on your regular days, so don't come over for the time being. Once I find the entrance, I'll tell you."

Gu Changhuai was silent for a moment and also said:

"That might be for the best."

Although he was a Golden Core Cultivator, when it came to searching for someone, he might not be much more "professional" than Mo Hua.

With Mo Hua's intelligence and quick-wittedness, if he couldn't find them, Gu Changhuai didn't believe he himself would necessarily be able to find clues either.

Having been through various events, Gu Changhuai wasn't too worried about Mo Hua's safety.

Apart from encountering Demon Cultivators like the nearly invincible Fire Buddha, a Foundation Establishment Peak, below Golden Core, there shouldn't be much danger for Mo Hua within the Second Grade state boundary, especially within a small fishing village.

Even if Mo Hua really did run into danger, with his abilities, self-protection should be more than enough.

Gu Changhuai did not doubt his capabilities and followed tradition by merely reminding him:

"Then be careful."

"Right."

After chatting with Gu Changhuai, Mo Hua thought of Old Yu, who was desperate to find a way to save his grandsons, and couldn't help but sigh.

It's always the weakest point where the hemp rope breaks; misfortune loves to strike those who are already suffering.

In this world, the poorer you are, the harsher your life is.

"Hopefully, Old Yu's grandsons were not really taken by the Crossing River Dragon to the bottom of that well shrouded in blood mist

When his leisure time came, Mo Hua went back to the fishing village.

Originally, he wanted to go to Kushan Mountain during this leisure period, to see his old friend, Lord Yellow Mountain, in the ruined temple, to chat and probe indirectly for methods to deal with the Evil God, or for anything he should be aware of.

But now there was no time.

Any later, and Old Yu's two grandsons might not even leave bones behind.

Lord Yellow Mountain would have to wait for another visit.

Mo Hua set out early from Taixu Gate, took a carriage, passed through Qingzhou City, then traveled all the way along the road to the banks of Mistwater River, arriving at the fishing village at midday.

In the village, there was much less cooking smoke; the majority of Fish Cultivators had no time for eating as they were dispersed, calling out "Little Shuner" and "Little Shuier

Little Shuner and Little Shuier were the nicknames of Old Yu's two grandsons.

These Fish Cultivators were all helping, searching for Old Yu's grandsons.

Though poor, the village was a place where people lived and ate together day and night, so there was a stronger sense of community.

Some Fish Cultivators, despite having grievances with Old Yu on regular days, still helped look.

The children were innocent.

These Cultivators could afford to work less for a couple of days, merely going hungry.

But if the children were lost, they were two living lives, flesh and blood they would never see again in this lifetime; any heart would ache at the thought.

Mo Hua sighed.

After some thought, he first visited Old Yu's home.

There were several elderly Cultivators in Old Yu's house, all appeared to be quite old with white hair and scrawny frames, probably the village elders.

Old Yu sat under the eaves, his gaze numb, and he seemed utterly despondent.

His shoes were worn through. Even though he was a Foundation Building Cultivator with a formidable body, it was unclear how far or where he had walked; his soles were cracked, even bleeding.

You should rest a bit

"Take your time to search... don't rush."

The old men were consoling him.

But Old Yu was as unresponsive as a log, as if he heard nothing.

It wasn't until Mo Hua entered that Old Yu's numb eyes stirred for the first time, and a face of despair showed an expression filled with regret and hatred.

Chapter 1128 Rumors_2

"I... was wrong

Old Yu looked at Mo Hua, tears streaming down his face.

"Young master, it was my fault, I shouldn't have ignored your words

"I was too greedy."

Old Yu slapped himself hard, "Why am I so... insatiably greedy?"

"I deserve to die

Old Yu's eyes were bloodshot, his face filled with remorse.

The surrounding elders were taken aback, exchanging bewildered glances.

Mo Hua's gaze narrowed slightly, and he asked softly, "Uncle Yu, what exactly happened?"

Old Yu lowered his eyes, his face conflicted. Finally, as if his body had been drained of all strength, he no longer resisted and sighed in surrender, "That day, I listened to your words, young master, and found them quite reasonable. People must learn contentment and not ask the River God endlessly for favors."

"I decided then and there to no longer raise blood fish, stop offerings to the River God, and stop making wishes to it

"I was determined, I had made up my mind... but then, at night, I dreamt about my two little grandsons. In the dream, they had entered the sect, but due to their lowly background, they were mocked, humiliated, oppressed by those noble family's sons, and forced to work for them as lackeys

"In the end, Little Shuier, unable to bear the humiliation, silently... ended his life

"His brother, Little Shuner, wanted to avenge him but was no match for those noble disciples. He was beaten to death

"After he was killed, his corpse was corroded completely by a black poison, leaving it unrecognizable

Upon hearing this, Mo Hua felt a chill run down his spine, unease creeping into his heart.

"Could this be

Old Yu didn't notice what Mo Hua was thinking and continued, "My two little grandsons... gone just like that

"I woke up drenched in cold sweat. That's when I realized how naïve I had been. The waters in the sect run too deep, far beyond the understanding of a loose cultivator like me."

"Eight thousand Spirit Stones is no small amount for someone like me, but to the noble families or the sects, it's nothing more than a drop in the ocean."

"Those Spirit Stones aren't nearly enough to guarantee a good future for my two grandsons."

"But I'm useless. As a Foundation Establishment cultivator who broke through only late in life and through sheer luck, I have no Tao cultivation inheritance and no other real abilities

"I had no choice but... to ask the River God again."

Old Yu's expression turned bitter with sorrow.

Mo Hua felt he was starting to piece things together and sighed, "And then?"

"And then Old Yu's tears flowed again, "And then I reaped my punishment. I was too greedy

"The River God blamed me."

"It took away my two little grandsons to punish me."

"My two grandsons will never come back

Old Yu's expression was lifeless, like dead ashes.

Mo Hua furrowed his brows.

Suddenly, one of the elders exclaimed in horror, "An offering to the River God? You

His pupils widened in alarm as he stammered, "You... what did you use as the offering?"

The elder's reaction startled those around them.

Unaware of the elder's meaning, Old Yu replied in a hoarse voice, "A certain kind of blood-red fish

The elder's face turned pale as a sheet, and he cried out, "This is disastrous

Mo Hua froze, quickly asking the elder with a full head of white hair, "Old sir, what's the origin of these blood-red fish?"

The elder's eyes filled with terror, "They're an omen of a village's destruction

The others present were visibly confused.

"None of you know The elder's eyelids twitched as he spoke chillingly, "I've lived three hundred years, and long ago, I heard someone say that this area once had a fishing village

"That village was larger than ours, with far more Fish Cultivators than we have."

"At first, the weather was favorable, and while the village wasn't rich, they at least had enough to eat."

"But something changed; people started dying in the river, and the villagers became uneasy and fearful."

"Later, someone passing by told them they had offended the River God, and the River God had imposed divine punishment."

"They were told to dig a well, raise blood fish in human blood, and then throw the fish into the well as offerings to the River God."

"Once the offerings were made, the River God, appeased by their faith, would forgive them."

"The villagers, skeptical but desperate, followed the instructions. Sure enough, no one else died in the river."

"But as they continued raising the blood fish, people in the village started acting strangely, their eyes vacant and their reactions sluggish, like 'walking corpses

"It was as though... something had eaten away their minds

The elder's voice trembled, his demeanor haunted by lingering fear.

"Later, for reasons unknown, the entire village disappeared

Mo Hua's pupils constricted, "Disappeared?"

The elder nodded, "Yes, completely vanished. The people were gone, the entire village was gone. No one knew what happened

"At the same time, for ten miles around, a mysterious mist began to rise at night, so thick you couldn't see your hand in front of your face."

"Anyone daring to step into that mist never came back out."

Mo Hua's expression grew increasingly grave, his thoughts churning.

"Oh, wait, no," the elder suddenly hesitated, his eyes lighting up as if recalling something, "I just remembered, there was one person who came out

Mo Hua raised an eyebrow, "Who?"

The elder shook his head, "I don't know either; I heard it when I was young from the older generation. Who knows who it was?"

"I just remember hearing that it was a cultivator carrying a sword, his eyebrows long and sharp. Disregarding everyone's warnings, he stepped into the mist."

"Everyone thought he was as good as dead, but surprisingly, he emerged alive just before dawn."

"Although he had no visible injuries, his face looked pale, as if he had endured a fierce battle, his wounds not light."

"After coming out, he left behind two warnings: first, never enter the blood mist, as your fate would be uncertain; second, never raise blood-red fish, as they would surely bring about the destruction of the village

Chapter 1129 Rumors_3

"Just his words, they were somewhat strange."

"The huge fog is just fog, not having any tinge of blood, how could it be a blood fog?"

The old man shook his head, continuing to say: "However, this sword-carrying cultivator, though his cultivation and origin were unknown, was definitely no ordinary individual, and hence, his words were passed down

"Afterwards, the dense fog gradually subsided, and the fisherman's village that once was had vanished completely."

"Nearly a century passed before this current small fishing village was established."

"As for the previous cultivators, those who died, died; those who aged, aged; only very few people still knew of the two phrases left by the sword-carrying cultivator, and had absolutely no knowledge of the terrifying taboo within

The old man looked emotional.

Upon hearing this, everyone else also looked panicked.

Yet there were some who didn't believe, "An annihilation catastrophe, how could it be so mystical?"

"Just gossip heard from somewhere

"Exactly, how could there be so many gods and catastrophes; Little Shunzi and Little Shuizi probably just fell in the water and were snatched away by a water demon

"What are you talking about? Snatched by a water demon; wouldn't they be dead?"

"In my opinion, it is likely they were abducted by traffickers, maybe we will find them in a few days

"Taken away by traffickers, then how could we find them?"

"Old Yu, don't worry, it's probably just two kids who were too playful and got lost; maybe one day, they'll return on their own

...

The surrounding cultivators were consoling Old Yu.

Old Yu, however, shook his head in deep distress, resolutely saying, "It's the River God

"It's my greed, I've angered the River God. My two grandchildren were taken by the River God, never to return

"I've lost everything in my life

"I have no desires left

Old Yu's gaze was numb, his expression desolate, as if all hopes in his life were instantly crushed by cruel reality.

Mo Hua's pupils shuddered.

He noticed that Old Yu's vitality seemed to be sapped.

Meanwhile, inside the fishtank in the house, something seemed to be swelling rapidly, twisting as it grew...

Mo Hua's gaze turned cold, and with a flick of his fingers, he produced a Golden Light that shot directly towards the house, instantly shattering the small fishtank that Old Yu used to rear Blood Fish.

With the fishtank shattered, river water spilled all over the ground.

A red demonic creature sprang out.

It had sharp teeth and a vicious mouth, covered in scales, its gills had turned into limbs, and its two eyes, empty and numb, stood upright just like a human.

It was the Blood Fish raised by Old Yu.

Mo Hua warned Old Yu and the others: "Step back!" He then raised his hand and fired several fireballs, hitting the crimson fish demon.

The power of the fireballs was not large; hitting the bizarre fish demon, it only staggered slightly.

The blood-colored fish demon laughed crazily, its appearance grotesque and defiant.

Mo Hua pointed his fingers, and several more fireballs whooshed forth.

The fish demon seemed gradually accustomed to its body, its movement more agile, dodging the fireballs one by one, and then looked towards Mo Hua with a touch of ferocity and disdain.

Mo Hua remained calm, continuing to use the Fireball Technique.

These fireballs too were dodged by the demon but exploded on the ground, raising some dust.

Mo Hua took advantage of the dust as cover, pointing in the air; using Divine Sense Control Ink, Drawing Ground into Formation, rapidly materialized several Second Grade Earth Fire Formation near the fish demon.

Mo Hua's movements were quick and stealthy.

As the dust dissipated, and the fish demon noticed the densely packed fiery Formation Patterns under its feet, its ugly pupils abruptly widened.

But it was already too late.

Fierce flames burst forth, completely engulfing the fish demon.

A wail sounded as the newly born fish demon was directly blown into a mist of blood by several Earth Fire Formation.

The older cultivators nearby were shocked, completely unaware of what had just happened, as the fish demon had been slaughtered by Mo Hua.

Though the Water Demon was dead, the blood mist remained.

Mo Hua took a step forward, approaching the blood mist, which indeed entered his nostrils and mouth as he had predicted.

After swallowing the blood mist, Mo Hua immediately sat down and immersed his Divine Sense into the Sea of Consciousness.

Inside the Sea of Consciousness, the bloody Water Demon materialized again.

It cackled madly within Mo Hua's Sea of Consciousness, its dead fish-like eyes constantly moving, revealing a thirst, believing it had come to its home field.

But the next moment, Mo Hua's figure appeared.

The Water Demon was startled, not yet able to react.

Mo Hua's body radiated Golden Light, he stretched out his hand and grasped the Water Demon's throat, then with bare hands squeezed, and in an instant, killed the little Water Demon.

Afterward, Mo Hua exited the Sea of Consciousness and opened his eyes.

The courtyard was very quiet.

The elderly cultivators were both frightened and bewildered.

They didn't understand what had happened or what Mo Hua had done.

And in Old Yu's eyes, besides shock and bewilderment, there was also lingering, deadly despair.

Mo Hua's expression softened, now understanding.

In a life of hardship, to give people a glimmer of hope, and then to completely extinguish it, creating even greater despair.

This kind of despair would instantly drain the "hope" for living, and it was an extremely intense and painful force of will.

This was also the best offering for the Evil God.

Mo Hua looked at Old Yu, who was like a 'Walking Dead', sighed, and said, "The River God is fake."

Old Yu's gaze woodenly shifted a bit.

Mo Hua continued, "There is no River God at all, your sacrifices were useless, the fish you raised are just regular 'Water Demons

"Your grandson was not taken away by the River God, but by 'human traffickers'."

"The Taoist Court has been tracking this trafficker for many days."

Only then did Old Yu slowly come back to his senses, "Taoist Court?"

Mo Hua nodded and took out his Bronze Taoist Court badge, "Actually, I am an official from the Taoist Court. I came to this small fishing village because there are traffickers hiding here that you didn't notice

"Your two grandsons were the victims of these traffickers."

"The Taoist Court already has some leads; they are dispatching people to investigate. You don't need to worry; there should be results soon

Gradually, hope rekindled in the depths of Old Yu's eyes.

He gathered all his energy, got up, and kowtowed to Mo Hua, "Thank you, I beg you, young master

But his divine will had been drained too much, and he had been severely weakened, his face pale.

Mo Hua helped him up, gently instructing:

"This matter is being covertly investigated by the Taoist Court; do not alert anyone by discussing it

Old Yu solemnly nodded.

His two grandsons, grabbed not by the River God but by human traffickers, there was still hope, still hope...

A new desire, a longing for life, appeared in his eyes.

Mo Hua sighed internally.

Although it was human traffickers that took them...

It was not much different from being taken by the Evil God.

Then Mo Hua left Old Yu's home, walking through the small fishing village, deep in thought, starting to plan his next steps.

He had to visit the bottom of the well no matter what.

And listening to the conversation of the elderly in the village just now, he finally understood what exactly at the bottom of the well.

A chill crept into the bottom of Mo Hua's heart, his expression gradually turning solemn.

If the rumors he had just heard were correct, then this well should be an entrance.

It leads to, several hundred years ago, that fishing village that was tainted by the Evil God and subsequently vanished...

Chapter 1130 Crisis

But there was one thing that particularly concerned Mo Hua.

According to an old fisherman from the village, there once was a cultivator with long eyebrows and a sword on his back, who entered the blood mist alone and returned safely, leaving behind advice about the blood mist and the Blood Fish.

Who was this cultivator?

Mo Hua furrowed his brows in thought.

"He was able to see through the blood mist, indicating a strong Divine Sense. To return unscathed from a small fishing village shrouded in the Evil God's breath, he must possess either the spell point of Divine Thought Slaughter or Divine Thought Guardianship."

Carrying a sword...

Could it be a Sword Cultivator proficient in "Divine Thought into Sword"?

Divine Thought into Sword...

Could it be one of my seniors from Taixu Gate?

Mo Hua mumbled to himself.

Then, through the well bottom, enter the disappeared fishing village, and make sure to look for any traces left by this senior.

Since this senior entered the Evil God's territory, he must have been attacked by the minions of the Evil God, and it's even possible that he had confronted the Evil God face to face.

Since that is the case, he must have left some trace of Divine Thought Slaughter.

It's just unknown whether these traces have dissipated after hundreds of years...

"Let's go in and have a look

Since the decision to go down the well has been made, preparations must be in order.

Mo Hua began to analyze the dangers within the blood-colored well one by one...

As for the Formation at the wellhead, he had already mastered it, so there was no issue entering.

Before, he had used Little Tiger to scout a small stretch of the path.

He knew the well was dry, with a passage leading forward, but he didn't know how long it would take before there would be water ahead.

There were traps hidden in the water; Little Tiger was crushed to dust.

It could be some mechanism, but the most likely reason was a Monster Beast living in the water.

This Monster Beast was probably the guardian at the door.

What lay beyond was still unclear to Mo Hua.

But it was very possible that it was the same fishing village that had completely disappeared after being corrupted by the Evil God.

Hundreds of years ago, what exactly happened in this fishing village before they completely vanished after sacrificing to the Evil God?

What is there in the fishing village now?

The River God who accepted the sacrifice, was it originally an Evil God, or was it a deity who had been corrupted and completely fallen due to the Great Wilderness Evil God?

And the Crossing River Dragon...

Could it have helpers lurking inside the fishing village?

Mo Hua sighed, feeling that the situation was quite troublesome.

Such a task, he couldn't manage alone; he definitely needed helpers.

Mo Hua thought for a moment and sent a message to Gu Changhuai:

"Uncle Gu, I've found the entrance to the kidnappers' stronghold

Gu Changhuai: "Wait a moment, I'll come over right now."

Mo Hua quickly replied: "No need."

The opposite side was the Evil God; if Uncle Gu came, it would be extremely dangerous.

The fishing village was located at the Second Grade state boundary; if Uncle Gu became corrupted by the Evil God, went mad, inadvertently used Golden Core Power, violated the taboo, and was eradicated by heavenly retribution, that would be the end of him.

Even if he wasn't eradicated by the Heavenly Dao, if he turned to kill Mo Hua himself, that would be enough trouble for Mo Hua.

Mo Hua felt this was a highly probable event, and then said:

"Uncle Gu, please don't come!"

Otherwise, I can't guarantee your safety.

Gu Changhuai frowned, "Are you hiding something from me?"

There are things I'm hiding from you, but even if I told you, you wouldn't believe me...

Mo Hua mumbled to himself, then replied: "No."

Gu Changhuai hesitated for a moment, then said:

"Then I'll send Gu An and Gu Quan over, both are at the Foundation Establishment Late Stage, their strengths are decent, and they're from the Gu Family, I can rest assured."

"In addition, you use the Gu Family secret order to call for more people, just in case."

"Second Grade state boundary, these people should be enough, if anything unexpected happens, let me know, and I'll figure something else out

...

Mo Hua nodded.

Uncle Gu was still reliable.

"Mm-hm," Mo Hua replied.

Going down the well and investigating, having Gu An and Gu Quan with him was perfect.

Having other Gu Family members outside ready for backup gave Mo Hua some peace of mind.

But this still wasn't quite enough...

Mo Hua then said: "Uncle Gu, do you have any Spiritual Artifacts that calm the mind or Treasures that reassure the heart?"

Gu Changhuai frowned, "What do you need these for?"

Mo Hua made up an excuse:

"I'm worried that the Crossing River Dragon, like Fire Buddha, practices Demon Path's Evil Qi, which might intimidate Divine Sense and shake one's heart, so I'm preparing in advance, better safe than sorry."

Gu Changhuai was taken aback, feeling that it made sense.

Mo Hua, this child, is prudent and thoughtful...

"There should be similar Spiritual Artifacts in the Gu Family's storeroom, I'll let Gu An and Gu Quan take a few in my name, and bring them to you

Gu Changhuai declared straightforwardly.

"Thank you, Uncle Gu."

Mo Hua quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

Whether or not these mind-calming Spiritual Artifacts would work against the Evil God, Mo Hua was unsure, but it was always worth trying.

"There's one more thing Mo Hua said, "Uncle Gu, can you help me ask for a couple more days off?"

Gu Changhuai was silent.

Mo Hua said: "The Crossing River Dragon is hiding deep, I'm afraid I won't be able to catch them in just one day."

Gu Changhuai sighed, "Alright, I'll ask for leave on behalf of the Taoist Court, and on behalf of Taixu Gate as well

"But whether Taixu Gate agrees, I can't guarantee."

"Last time I asked for leave on your behalf, Taixu Gate's Elder was not too pleased; asking again this time, they are probably even less happy

Mo Hua also sighed.

But there was no helping it.

The well needs to be investigated, leave must be requested.

Hopefully, Elder Master Xun could cover for him; Mo Hua would later go to Elder Master Xun to apologize.

"Please try."

"Mm."

Afterwards, the two acted separately.

Mo Hua used the Gu Family's secret order to call people from the nearby Taoist Court.

While Gu Changhuai arranged for Gu An and Gu Quan to go and support Mo Hua, drafting a letter from the Taoist Court, sealed with his Supervisor's seal, and sent it through the Taoist Court's channels to Taixu Gate.