

Immortality 1151

Chapter 1151: Sword

Outside the Blood Refinement Arena, in front of the River God Temple.

Mo Hua opened his eyes.

His Spiritual Power and Divine Sense were both exhausted, but his foundation of Divine Sense was profoundly deep, so he had already recovered a bit in this short moment.

On the other hand, the recovery of Spiritual Power was slower.

Mo Hua took several Pills to nurture his Spiritual Power and then sat in meditation to recuperate his Divine Sense.

Inside the Sea of Consciousness, there was still some residual pain.

This was the damage caused to the Sea of Consciousness due to forcibly using Heavenly Secret Tricky Calculation for deduction, splitting into multiple Wily Minds just now.

Divine Sense split into three Wily Minds, and the fourth layer of Divine Sense formations sped up several times.

However, at the same time, the consumption of Divine Sense also intensified several times, depleting all his Divine Sense in an instant.

Even though he was only at the Foundation Establishment Early Stage, his sixteen-pattern Quality Changed Divine Sense was incomparably stronger than that of cultivators of the same realm.

But still, Mo Hua felt a sensation that "the Divine Sense is far from enough."

Mo Hua sighed.

If his Divine Sense were strong enough, he might really be able to use Formations as spells, instantaneously arranging Killing Formations with one thought multiplied into thousands, multiple Gui Tao included.

In times of crisis, it would be enough to turn the tide.

It would only cost quite a bit of Spiritual Ink and Spirit Stones, somewhat 'burning money'.

Moreover, it seems that the Quality Change of Divine Thoughts is also useful for the "splitting of Wily Minds."

Splitting Wily Minds is equivalent to forcibly splitting Divine Sense, conducting multiple Tricky Calculations, and this places a great burden on the Sea of Consciousness.

Originally, he could only split one Wily Mind.

Just now, he exerted all his strength to split one more.

In the end, if it were not for recently devouring "Divine Marrow" which further Changed the Quality of his Divine Sense and solidified the foundation, he would not have been able to split one more Wily Mind beyond the limit.

Three layers of Wily Minds in total.

His Heavenly Secret Tricky Calculation is now two times stronger than before.

It's just unknown if Uncle's method of "Heavenly Secret Tricky Calculation" measures the realm by the number of Wily Minds one can split.

"Uncle did not tell me..."

Mo Hua muttered to himself, then couldn't help but wonder again,

If I can split three Wily Minds, what about Uncle? If he exerts his full power, how many Wily Minds could he split?

When Uncle planted Devil in my Taoist Heart, appeared in my Sea of Consciousness, and helped me solve the Mysterious Heaven Great Formation, the scene of myriad diversely shifting shadows emerged in Mo Hua's mind.

Myriad shifting shadows...

Mo Hua was shocked.

Looking at it this way, Uncle is extremely strong!

My mere three Wily Minds, compared to Uncle's densely packed, hive-like shifting shadows, is really insignificant.

"Truly worthy of being Uncle!"

Mo Hua nodded to himself in his heart.

But soon, he had another doubt.

It was only because I consumed Divine Marrow and my Divine Sense underwent Quality Change, that I could bear the pain of splitting minds during Tricky Calculation and withstand the burden of the Sea of Consciousness, barely managing to split three Wily Minds.

So Uncle, how does he manage to split so many, densely packed, countless Wily Minds?

Could it be that Uncle's Divine Sense has undergone some kind of "Quality Change" or some sort of "transformation"?

Or is there a more profound method of "Gui Tao splitting minds" in Heavenly Secret Tricky Calculation that Uncle didn't teach me?

No, that's not right...

Uncle originally did not plan to teach me, how can I blame Uncle?

If anyone is to be blamed, it must be myself for not being smart enough to learn the essence of Gui Tao from Uncle.

Mo Hua sighed.

One's lifespan is limited, yet the "Dao" is boundless.

It appears I must try even harder.

Mo Hua gathered his emotions and prepared to continue meditating, to restore his Divine Sense, but finally, he couldn't help but have another thought.

"Splitting Divine Thoughts..."

Mo Hua frowned.

He remembered Lord Yellow Mountain mentioned that powerful deities can split into thousands.

The same is true for Evil Gods; the Divine Remains of the Great Wilderness Evil God, that golden evil eye, had said "the Great Wilderness is endless, thousands of Divine Remains," implying the Master of the Great Wilderness has already split countless "Divine Remains"...

Deities can split.

Gui Tao can also split...

Mo Hua shuddered inside.

Then this Heavenly Secret Tricky Calculation, the method of Wily Minds splitting, couldn't it be emulating the Path of deities splitting, thus creating this Divine Thought method...

Deities split Divine Thoughts to create Divine Remains, while cultivators split Divine Sense into Wily Minds.

Could these Wily Minds also be considered a type of "Divine Remains"?

By splitting Wily Minds, am I actually splitting "Divine Remains"?

Mo Hua was startled by his own thoughts.

He pondered carefully again, and it seemed that splitting "Wily Minds" is different from splitting "Divine Remains," as one is a cultivator's method and the other is a deity's innate ability.

But essentially, Mo Hua felt more and more they resembled each other.

Just no way to verify.

He couldn't exactly run to Uncle, or the Great Wilderness Evil God, and ask them about the differences between Wily Minds and Divine Remains.

Fear one would immediately kill him and turn him into a "Little Puppet."

Another might immediately devour him and refine him into a "Minor God Servant."

Mo Hua couldn't help shivering, shaking his head.

Well, perhaps another time.

Mo Hua tucked this thought at the bottom of his heart, thinking to ponder it slowly later, or when free, to ask his old friend Lord Yellow Mountain.

However, now by a lucky coincidence, Mo Hua still relied on himself to explore some further advanced methods of Divine Thoughts.

That is, the more Divine Marrow consumed, the deeper the Quality Change of Divine Sense, the more Wily Minds can be split, the stronger the Heavenly Secret Tricky Calculation.

And the more abundant the Divine Sense, the deeper the foundation to support Tricky Calculation.

Whether it's Calculation, arranging Formations, or using spells, the faster the speed.

Among all spells in the world, only speed is unbeatable.

Formations and other spell points are also similar.

As long as it's fast enough, it can preempt the opponent and seize the strategic initiative.

If it's fast to the extreme, it won't give the enemy any chance to breathe; endless methods of attack, it's always one's own turn!

Chapter 1152: Sword (2)

"Divine Marrow..."

Mo Hua looked up, glanced at the River God Temple in front of him, and instinctively licked his lips.

Afterward, he calmed his emotions and pretended as if nothing had happened, peacefully sitting in meditation to restore himself to optimal condition.

The others were all meditating and healing, taking medication to treat their injuries.

This breakout from the Demon Monster Taoist Field was extremely perilous, but fortunately, although everyone suffered some injuries, they were all safe and sound, a close call without serious consequences.

The two individuals used as "sacrifices," dressed in black, were covered in wounds, but these human traffickers had committed many evils and their hands were stained with much blood. Leaving them barely alive was enough; no one cared about them.

After everyone had rested and recovered, Mo Hua's Divine Sense and Spiritual Power had also mostly recovered, and they set off towards the River God Temple.

Not yet reaching the temple, Mo Hua paused, his expression subtly changing.

"Sword Intent?"

He looked up and saw that the area in front of the River God Temple was mottled with sword marks, seemingly from a Sword Cultivator who had once fought with all his might here.

Intersecting sword marks covered the ground, and some of the stone pillars in front of the temple also bore marks of being cut by Sword Qi.

Despite hundreds of years passing, Sword Intent still lingered,

Indicating that this Sword Cultivator's swordsmanship was surely exceptional.

And to have fought alone with a sword up to the Evil God's temple, his Divine Thought must also be incredibly strong.

Mo Hua's eyes brightened, as he observed the sword marks, his Divine Sense subtly stirred, earnestly comprehending the essence within the sword's intent.

Unfortunately, it seemed these Sword Intents had been corrupted and polluted, leaving them impure.

Mo Hua, a half-baked Sword Cultivator, couldn't fully understand them.

Let alone learn a move or two.

Mo Hua felt somewhat regretful, yet also somewhat unwilling.

"Should I do a Calculation?"

Mo Hua thought to himself, then on the spot decided to apply Heavenly Secret Tricky Calculation to amplify the Heavenly Secret Calculation.

His eyes were pitch black, his Divine Thought manifested above, beginning to split into wily shadows.

These wily shadows, like Taoist Robes of Mo, draped over Mo Hua.

One layer, two layers...

Mo Hua tried to split into three layers, but when splitting into two, he found his Sea of Consciousness began to hurt again, as if the injury hadn't fully healed, so he could only manage to create two layers of Wily Minds, making do.

With the two layers of Wily Minds supporting, under the Heavenly Secret Calculation,

A flash of light crossed Mo Hua's vision, cause and effect abruptly became clear, crisscrossing and floating.

This time, the cause and effect lines, clearer than before,

Streams of pure white cause and effect lines emerged from the full ground of sword marks, uniformly drifting towards inside of the River God Temple.

Mo Hua's heart trembled.

Did this mean that the spell point of the Sword Intent was hidden in the River God Temple?

With no further hesitation, Mo Hua walked directly towards the River God Temple, and before entering, he stopped and reminded:

"That old rascal is probably also in the temple, everyone be careful."

The others nodded.

At the entrance of the River God Temple, there were two black pillars painted with gold, bearing inscriptions like "Harmony with Wind and Rain" and "Peace over the River."

However, the pillars bore many Sword Qi marks, making the inscriptions unclear.

Above was a plaque that read "River God Temple."

Mo Hua scanned it with his Divine Sense, frowned slightly, and then stepped into the temple.

Upon entering, he saw the main hall.

The hall was spacious, with nothing around, only at the far center, there stood an altar with a River God Divine Statue above it.

The statue, with the face of a fish but body of a human, wore a Taoist robe embroidered with cloud-wave patterns, hands clasped in front of the chest, mouth wide like a bloody basin, teeth chillingly white, sitting high with a daunting and fearsome gaze.

Beneath the statue of the River God was a pool of blood.

The thick, viscous blood water was soaking a figure, it was Master She.

His current appearance was very peculiar, half-Demon Monster half-Cultivator.

The blood in the Blood Pool was continuously repairing his flesh.

Everyone's faces turned stern, brows furrowing.

Master She, soaking in the blood, heard the noise, opened his eyes, and upon seeing everyone, expressed a look of astonishment and spoke in a hoarse voice:

"You actually managed to get here?"

Master She gave a cold sneer, slowly stepped out of the Blood Pool.

The injuries on his body, nourished by the blood water, had completely healed, and simultaneously, his body gradually grew taller, and his muscles bulged, transforming back into a Demon Monster.

"My injuries are already healed, next, I want you all..."

Mo Hua waved his hand.

Gu An and the others immediately rushed forward, attacking with knives, swords, fists, and feet. After tens of rounds, they had beaten Master She down again and bound him tightly with the Spirit-binding Lock, pinning him to the ground.

Mo Hua scoffed.

This old rascal, he's not Fire Buddha, just learned a bit of Demonization, acting all high and mighty...

"I brought the sacrifices, and the two kids are also here, didn't you say you wanted to pray to the River God and exchange the sacrifices?"

Mo Hua commanded from a higher position: "Hurry up and exchange!"

Yu Dahe also became tense.

Master She, pinned down to the ground by several burly men from the Gu Family, stripped off his Demon Monster disguise, sneered coldly: "It's too late, no hope left, prepare to die."

Mo Hua spoke indifferently: "Little Brother An, slaughter this old rascal."

Gu An hesitated for a moment, seeking a confirming glance from Mo Hua.

Mo Hua nodded, "Slaughter him!"

Without further hesitation, Gu An raised his cleaver, swinging it down towards Master She's neck. The blade cut halfway through the skin, blood pouring out.

Only then did Master She's face turn pale, shouting at Mo Hua in horror: "Are you serious?"

Mo Hua ignored him.

Gu An continued to exert force, chopping deeper into his neck.

Master She's eyes bulged, yelling: "I can save! I can save! I will start the ritual! Those two kids can be saved by starting the ritual!"

Mo Hua raised his eyebrows, "Really?"

"Really! Really!" Master She nodded repeatedly.

Mo Hua gave Gu An a look, and Gu An then stopped, pulling out the knife, dragging the blood with it.

Master She, holding his neck, cursed inwardly.

This little brat, truly devilishly ruthless, just mention killing and he does.

Chapter 1153: Sword (3)

"Are you bad-mouthing me in your heart?" Mo Hua's expression turned icy.

Master She shuddered in fright and quickly shook his head, "No! Not at all!"

"Give him a pill to stop the bleeding," Mo Hua commanded, and then looked at Master She with a chilling gaze, "I'm only giving you 30 minutes to start the ritual, and beseech your River God to exchange back the Divine Souls of those two children, otherwise I'll have you chopped up and your corpse fed to the Demon Monsters outside..."

Master She hesitated, "30 minutes is not enough..."

Mo Hua's gaze became even more threatening.

Master She forced a smile, "Really, it's not enough, with setting up the altar, performing the ritual, and beseeching the god, 30 minutes simply isn't enough..."

"How long do you need then?"

"At least..." Master She whispered, "half an hour."

"Fine," Mo Hua nodded, "I'll give you half an hour."

Master She finally let out a sigh of relief.

"My Storage Bag..." Master She glanced at Mo Hua again, and upon seeing Mo Hua's displeasure, he quickly explained, "The materials for setting up the ritual are all in the Storage Bag."

After some thought, Mo Hua then said to Gu An, "Little Brother An, give him the Storage Bag for now."

Gu An nodded and temporarily returned Master She's Storage Bag to him.

However, all the things like Demon Path pills, Cultivation Techniques, Evil Artifacts, and such were still confiscated.

Master She took the Storage Bag and began to arrange the altar.

The head of a fish Demon, bloody candles, human hand bones, and yellow cloth stained with blood...

All were sinister and weird objects.

As Master She placed items on the offering table, he cast sidelong glances at Mo Hua while cursing in his heart:

Damn it, misjudged him.

I thought this brat was just an arrogant little family scion trying to make a name for himself.

I didn't expect him to be a ruthless Little Yama.

The wound on his neck throbbed with burning pain.

A fleeting malevolence flitted through Master She's eyes, then, enduring the pain, he continued to prepare the ritual.

Mo Hua used this time to look around the entire River God Temple.

This River God Temple appeared vast and majestic, yet also crude.

From within, it looked utterly ordinary, lacking the terrifying scene of blood fog that filled the outside air, as if the gory omens just observed were an illusion.

Moreover, there was no altar.

Mo Hua looked around for a long while, but found no real altar that could invoke in him a sense of "longing."

Just like the unfinished altar in the deepest part of the Demon Palace on Bi Mountain.

There was only one Divine Statue.

But this statue seemed to be just an ordinary Divine Statue, not the Lifebound Divine Statue of the River God nor a Divine Statue of preaching for the Evil God.

The only thing strange was that this Divine Statue was immersed in a Blood Pool.

Mo Hua looked down at the Blood Pool and saw that the blood was thick and contained limbs and dissolved flesh.

With just one glance, Mo Hua felt extremely nauseous.

"This Blood Pool that the Divine Statue is submerged in, what is it used for?"

To taint the River God with flesh and blood, causing his fall?

Mo Hua was somewhat puzzled.

He raised his head again, surveying the surroundings, scanning the entire River God Temple, and had the vague illusion that a lock had been placed here.

The true secrets of the River God Temple were locked away, hidden from his sight.

Mo Hua silently glanced at Master She.

He had an intuition that the key to unlocking the secrets of the River God Temple was likely concealed on Master She's person.

Additionally, there was the issue of Divine Thought into sword.

Centuries ago, that Sword Cultivator who was proficient in Divine Thought Sword Skill came here alone and seemed to have battled the Evil God, leaving behind countless sword marks outside the temple.

And the karma of those sword marks all converged upon the River God Temple.

Yet in this temple, despite being dilapidated and simple, there were no signs of battle, nor any remnants of Sword Intent from Divine Thought Sword Skill.

"Where is the karma of Divine Thought into sword hidden?"

Mo Hua stood with his hands clasped behind him, hugging the corners of the walls as he circled around the River God Temple, but still, no clues were found; inevitably, his gaze rested on Master She.

Master She felt a chill in his heart under Mo Hua's deep and inscrutable stare.

"Li... Little master, is there... something amiss?"

Master She forced a smile as he asked.

Mo Hua stayed silent for a moment before suddenly asking:

"Are there swords in this temple?"

Master She was extremely shaken inside, but quickly calmed his emotions, maintaining a poker face, he asked in puzzlement: "What sword is the little master referring to?"

However, such a minute emotional fluctuation could not escape Mo Hua.

"You know."

Master She's pupils quivered.

Without waiting for Master She to reply, Mo Hua's eyes brightened as he mused to himself: "You know of this sword..."

"Then you must have seen it..."

"The sword is in the temple, hidden somewhere you know, but I have not been to..."

With a sweep of his eyes, Mo Hua understood at once.

"The Blood Pool!"

"Within the entire River God Temple, the Blood Pool is the only place you've been to that I haven't..."

"When we entered, you were already in the Blood Pool."

"So, the sword is in the Blood Pool!"

Mo Hua's reasoning was clear, his gaze sharp.

Master She felt a chill at the bottom of his heart.

Too clever for comfort.

How can this kid be as cunning and skeptical as an old demon...

Mo Hua commanded: "Go into the Blood Pool, and fish out the sword for me."

Master She's lips trembled, just as he was about to speak, Mo Hua interrupted with a clear but icy voice: "I don't want to hear any excuses."

Master She's scalp tingled slightly, "I still need to make a sacrifice, to save that..."

"The Blood Pool is not deep, it won't waste much time," said Mo Hua.

Seeing he could not stall any longer, Master She could only sigh:

"At the bottom of the Blood Pool, indeed, something like a sword is suppressed, but I do not know how it can be retrieved..."

Mo Hua shook his head: "I don't care, you figure it out."

Master She wanted to say more, but Mo Hua's eyes already betrayed some sharp fierceness.

Master She, feeling as if he had a sword hanging over his head, sighed and stepped towards the Blood Pool.

Gu An and Gu Quan gripped their knives, watching him intently.

The Blood Pool contained unknown flesh and limbs, filthy with blood.

An ordinary Cultivator entering might risk eroding their flesh, corrupting their Spiritual Power, or even tarnishing their Divine Sense.

But as someone who has turned to the Demon Path, Master She did not fear these things.

Master She inwardly cursed Mo Hua a few times more, then approached the Blood Pool steeped with Divine Statues, leaped in, and sank to the bottom.

The Blood Pool churned, and the aura vibrated.

After a while, Master She emerged reluctantly from the Blood Pool holding a blood-stained sword, tossing it to the ground.

Gu Quan took out silk cloth, wiped clean the bloodstains, and handed the sword to Mo Hua.

Mo Hua examined it closely, his pupils shrinking.

It was a broken sword, with only a fragment of the tip remaining; the blade, corroded by blood, had lost its shine, but the material was extraordinary.

Although Mo Hua wasn't proficient in Artifact Refining, he had some knowledge of Refining Materials.

The metal used to forge this sword was at least of the Third Grade.

In other words, this was a broken...

Golden Core Realm own Magical Treasure!

Chapter 1154: Transforming Sword Skill

The rest were also utterly shocked, "It's actually a fragment of a Magical Treasure sword..."

"But..." Gu An took a few more glances and said with furrowed brows, "The method for refining this Lifebound Spirit Sword seems a bit special."

"What's so special about it?" Mo Hua asked with curiosity.

He was currently only at the Foundation Establishment Early Stage and knew only the bare essentials about what happened after reaching the peak of Foundation Establishment, the breakthrough to the Golden Core Realm, and refining one's own Magical Treasure.

The Sect Elders also did not allow disciples to harbor too lofty ambitions or ponder over these matters prematurely.

Gu An explained: "Usually, when refining a Magical Treasure, Body Cultivators focus on Blood Qi, while Spiritual Cultivators emphasize Spiritual Power."

"The Magical Treasure of a Body Cultivator is nourished by one's own Blood Qi, uniting the person with the treasure in both offense and defense, achieving perfect harmony, naturally carrying the spirit of blood."

"For the Spiritual Cultivator's Magical Treasure, it melds with one's Spiritual Power, attains a heart-to-heart connection, and acts as if a part of one's limbs, possessing intrinsic spirituality."

"For the extremely few cultivators who are geniuses in both Spirit and Body Dual Cultivation, their Lifebound Magical Treasures will consequently possess both blood spirit and spirituality."

"But this fragmented Magical Treasure sword..."

Gu An frowned, "It lacks pure Blood Qi and shows no spirituality. While it appears to be in the form of a Magical Treasure, for some reason, it seems no different from a regular Spiritual Artifact."

"Perhaps it has been soaking in the Blood Pool over the years, and therefore, be it the blood spirit or the spirituality, both might have been contaminated by the evil and muddled blood water and flesh purée..."

Mo Hua's heart clenched, and his gaze sharpened.

This sword is neither a Blood Qi Magical Treasure nor a spiritually imbued one, but a "Divine Thought into sword" type of artifact, a "Divine Thought Treasure" that resonates with Divine Sense.

However...

Mo Hua furrowed his brow, feeling puzzled.

This is the Second Grade State Border, how did this Third Grade Sword Dao Magical Treasure get broken?

Magical Treasures involve knowledge of Tao Cultivation at the Golden Core Realm.

After pondering for a moment without any clear understanding, Mo Hua turned to ask Gu An, who was at the Foundation Establishment Late Stage.

Gu An contemplated for a while then shook his head, "In the Second Grade State Border, the power of the Golden Core is restricted, along with Blood Qi and Spiritual Power, so logically, it shouldn't be possible to break this Third Grade precious sword..."

"Could it have been broken elsewhere and then discarded into this Blood Pool?" Gu An speculated.

Mo Hua slightly shook his head.

That year, the Sword Cultivator predecessor entered the fishing village alone, coming out with a pale face, evidently having drained a great deal of Vital Energy.

Thus, this sword must have been broken here.

Beside them, Master She suddenly sneered darkly.

Mo Hua looked displeased, "What are you laughing at?"

Master She, slightly intimidated by the malicious and unreasonable Mo Hua, restrained his dark expression and simply smirked:

"Nothing."

"Do you know the origin of this sword?"

Master She wished to say he didn't know, but under Mo Hua's penetrating gaze, he didn't dare to lie and said:

"I only know a bit..."

"Years ago, there was a Sword Cultivator who, naive of his own limits, attempted to offend a Divine Lord with the strength of a mantis, only to have his Swordsmanship broken, his Vital Energy injured, and his Lifebound Sword Weapon severed by the incomparable might of the Divine Lord..."

"Once a Lifebound Sword Weapon is destroyed, it damages the Taoist Foundation. Without repair, advancing further in Cultivation becomes exceedingly difficult."

"Thereafter, the Divine Lord placed the broken section of the sword at the bottom of this filthy Blood Pool as a warning to others."

"As long as the broken sword is not retrieved, that Sword Cultivator's Lifebound Magical Treasure remains incomplete."

"If it's never retrieved in his lifetime, his foundation will remain incomplete forever."

"This is the divine punishment of the Divine Lord."

As Master She spoke, his face involuntarily took on a sneer, scorn, and reverence for the mighty power of the "Divine Lord."

Mo Hua's expression chilled, "Half an hour is almost up, go prepare the offering table, or I'll send you to meet your 'Divine Lord.'"

Master She was startled and then gloomily went back to continue preparing the sacrificial ceremony.

Mo Hua, on the other hand, touched the broken sword in his hand and let out a soft sigh.

Divine Thought into sword, where Divine Thought fuses with the Lifebound Magical Treasure.

That Sword Cultivator predecessor must have relied on Divine Thought into sword, exhausting all his might battling against the corrupted River God.

One man, one sword, fought from the edge of the village to the front of the temple. In the end, the loss was too great, his Divine Thought depleted, Sword Intent self-damaged, leading to his defeat at the hands of the River God, with his Lifebound Sword Weapon consequently breaking...

The injuries that Sword Cultivator predecessor suffered were probably much more severe than they appeared.

Divine Thought into sword, harming the enemy also means harming oneself.

If so, then this predecessor might not have been the only case.

Divine Thought Sword Cultivators, albeit capable of wielding the mighty Divine Thought into sword technique to slay all Demon Monsters and Evil Spirits.

Yet it ultimately uses one's own Divine Thought as the sword; slaying the Evil Spirits is tantamount to slaying oneself.

A sword too rigid is easily broken.

Once faced with truly powerful Evil Spirits that cannot be cut by Divine Thought, the backlash on oneself is also extremely intense.

It could even break the Lifebound Sword Weapon of a cultivator who practices both Spirit and Body.

Mo Hua had previously heard a bit about this.

It was said that Taixu Gate once had a great number of Sword Cultivators, with Sword Weapons like a forest, and mighty Sword Cultivators emerging in succession.

And if these senior fellow sect members all practiced "Divine Thought into sword," then while being powerful, their own selves were necessarily fragile.

To slay Evil Spirits was nearly indistinguishable from severing their own Dao Foundation.

The end of the River God Temple Sword Cultivator predecessor could likely be the fate of most Divine Thought Sword Cultivators.

Mo Hua touched the broken sword, his thoughts filled with emotion.

No wonder no one in Taixu Gate practices "Divine Thought into sword" these days...

Not only that, now within the Sect, all are state geniuses, family Heavenly Prides, with Top-Grade Spiritual Roots, exceptional talents, each one treasured like jewels.

Taixu Gate probably wouldn't dare let these disciples practice such a Divine Sense confrontation technique, a Divine Thought Sword Skill that harms the enemy a thousand and self a hundredfold.

"But... I want to learn it!"

"I'm not afraid!"

Mo Hua muttered silently in his heart.

He would love for others to clash Divine Sense with him head-on...

"Yet no one teaches me..." Mo Hua propped his chin, frowning in deep thought; after a while, he stared off into space, transfixed by the broken sword.

Chapter 1155: Transforming Sword Skill (2)

This sword, could it possibly contain Swordsmanship?

Causality does not deceive.

The recent Calculation has indeed revealed that this sword actually harbors the causality of "Divine Thought into Sword."

Mo Hua turned the broken sword over and inspected it, but found not a trace of a Sword Manual, Sword Moves, or any marks of Sword Forms.

The Sword Intent on the sword is also gone.

It seems that after soaking in the Blood Pool for a few hundred years, the Sword Intent on the broken sword had long been worn away.

Why?

Why did the Evil God specifically soak this broken sword in the Blood Pool?

Mo Hua frowned, slowly sinking into contemplation.

According to the old scruffy man's words, that Sword Cultivator predecessor had been defeated by the River God, was injured in his Divine Sense, had his sword broken, and thus fled in disarray.

The River God, in order to "serve as a warning to others," sunk this broken sword into the Blood Pool.

But this explanation doesn't seem right...

If that Sword Cultivator predecessor really was defeated so thoroughly back then, he wouldn't have been able to leave the River God Temple alive, nor could he have left this fishing village.

The fact that he left alive, at least shows, that even though he lost and his sword was broken, he managed to suppress the River God to some extent.

It was a devastating battle where both sides suffered heavy losses.

Thus, that Sword Cultivator predecessor must have had extremely strong Divine Thoughts.

By his own strength, he ventured to the front of the River God Temple, heavily wounded the corrupted River God, although exhausted and equally injured, his Lifebound Sword also broke, but he still managed to retreat with his dignity.

This also shows that the Sword Cultivator predecessor's "Divine Thought into Sword" was very brilliant, and he might even have cultivated the most orthodox Sword Dao Heritage.

In that case, does this sword contain the orthodox heritage of "Divine Thought into Sword"?

Mo Hua felt a bit eager.

"Should I calculate it?"

Mo Hua thought about it for a moment, then sat cross-legged on the ground, placed the sword on the ground, meditated for a while, his pupils deepened, and the Heavenly secret emerged, beginning to perform Calculations on the causality within the sword.

At just one glance, an extremely sharp killing intent rushed towards him.

Mo Hua was shocked, about to close his eyes.

Suddenly, his Taixu Token trembled, a flicker of light flashed, the killing intent seemed to recognize Mo Hua's identity, and gradually dissipated.

"Taixu Token, Taixu Gate..."

Mo Hua pondered thoughtfully.

That formidable Sword Cultivator back then must have been a predecessor from the Taixu Gate.

Mo Hua nodded slightly and continued to observe, delving deep into Calculation.

Although the Taixu Token dispelled the killing intent of the broken sword, the causality within the sword was still dense and difficult to spy on.

After all, it was a Golden Core Realm's own Magical Treasure; using Mo Hua's current Realm to force the Performance of Calculation was still quite strenuous.

Fortunately, the broken sword had been soaked in the Blood Pool for hundreds of years, most of its Sword Intent was gone, and some of the causality had also been worn away.

And Mo Hua had split into three layers of Wily Minds; the Heavenly secret Tricky Calculation had advanced considerably, and the augmented Heavenly secret Calculation was even more exquisite.

Otherwise, trying to spy on the causality within the sword would be nearly impossible.

Before Mo Hua, there emerged a fog thick with secrets. Hidden within the mist was a trace of sword light.

Pure white lines of causality interwove, layer upon layer, extremely complex.

After what seemed to be a long time, Mo Hua exhausted his Divine Thoughts, pushing the Calculation deduction to its limit, bit by bit unraveling the mystery, until the causality gradually became clear.

In front of Mo Hua, brief, intermittent visions began to emerge...

First, a figure appeared, carrying a sword on his back, with long eyebrows, walking alone into the blood mist, his back resolute.

There were Cultivators with fierce expressions, misshaped Demon Monsters, and Evil Spirits shaped like blood leeches or Blood Fish blocking his way; he slashed them all down with one sword strike.

His sword light was pure silver.

It contained the effectiveness of Sword Weapon, the might of Sword Qi, and the mystery of Sword Intent.

It could slash flesh and Evil Spirits alike.

No Demon nor ghost was a match for him.

Quickly, he arrived in front of the River God Temple.

Inside the River God Temple, a formidable figure appeared, then the scene tore apart, creating ripples, as if the object under observation, the Divine Thoughts being too strong, was disrupted.

Only knowing that in front of the River God Temple, a large battle took place.

And after the dust settled, the scene solidified, with the Sword Cultivator's long sword piercing through a figure appearing to be the "River God" deity.

Mo Hua's pupils contracted.

The Sword Cultivator predecessor... did he win?

But shortly after, like fresh blood pouring into a river, slowly diffusing and spreading out, a torrent of blood fog emerged in front of Mo Hua, obscuring everything.

When the blood fog dispersed, the Sword Cultivator beforehand was pale, blood at the corner of his mouth, holding the broken sword, a shard of the broken sword tip lying on the ground.

An unbelieving voice arose.

"You... are not the River God..."

"... Such powerful Evil Thoughts, vile creature, what exactly are you? Where do you come from? What are your intentions?"

No one... or rather no "deity" responded.

The Sword Cultivator's expression was bitter, with a trace of despair.

Then, the scene abruptly ceased...

Mo Hua was shocked.

According to the causality deduced, that Sword Cultivator predecessor, had slain the River God, no, at least heavily wounded the River God, but afterwards, he was ambushed by something even more powerful...

"Such powerful Evil Thoughts..."

Must refer to, an incarnation of a Divine Remains from the Great Wilderness Evil God?

Mo Hua furrowed his brows in thought, suddenly startled, these truths although crucial, weren't what he needed to know most urgently right now...

What about the spell point of Divine Thought into Sword?

If Mo Hua wasn't wrong, since this section of broken sword was that Sword Cultivator predecessor's own Magical Treasure, then within the causality retraced, there had to be some key points on cultivating Divine Thought into Sword...

Mo Hua started to deduce forward.

However, the sword was sealed for too long and had been corrupted by Blood Qi; much of the causality had been worn away.

Mo Hua's pale forehead was sweating, exhausting Computational Power, slowly deducing...

Suddenly, a figure of an elderly man with a long beard jumped into view.

He was enveloped in immensely fierce Sword Intent, dressed in white robes as though woven from sword light, with an atmosphere of vast solemn killing intent.

Chapter 1156: Transforming Sword Skill (3)

Mo Hua only glanced once, but the sword light stung his eyes so sharply he immediately averted his gaze and dared not look directly, just catching glimpses with the corner of his eye, towards the elder's surroundings.

Beside the elder stood a young man with a sword on his back.

"Xuan Er..."

"This swordsmanship, I was not supposed to teach you, but I don't want..."

Mo Hua's Divine Sense was insufficient, Calculation still lacking experience, the causality weak, so his voice sounded intermittent, as if not fully there.

"I don't want you..."

"...I don't want the lineage of our Taixu Gate to be severed."

A fog of confusion enveloped, causality entangled, voices mixing together, it was unclear when and where this occurred.

Mo Hua tried hard to listen.

"...Divine Thought into sword... True Jue..."

"Your foundation is solid, today I will teach you..."

"Soul-Shocking Skill..."

Soul-Shocking Skill?!

A shiver ran through Mo Hua's heart.

Taixu Divine Thought Sword True Jue - Soul-Shocking Sword Skill?

Mo Hua stealthily opened his eyes wider but still did not dare to look at the bearded elder, only daring to gaze towards the young man with the distinguished eyebrows. [nøvel.com](http://novel.com)

Within the young man's eyes, resided deep and clear Sword Intent, his hands grasping a sword, with Sword Qi gathering around the blade, Sword Qi and Sword Intent merging; although the moves were immature, they subtly revealed astonishing might.

Mo Hua's eyes widened in awe, watching intently, yet his heart went cold.

He was doomed, he couldn't understand at all.

This was not a beginner's sword technique, but an advanced Sword Transformation skill. Mo Hua had no foundation at all, and was utterly confused.

The scene flashed by, leaving no trace.

Mo Hua caught only a fleeting glimpse, learned nothing.

"Isn't there something simpler..."

Feeling helpless, Mo Hua continued forward, pushing the causality.

Scenes, incomplete, stained with bloodied causality, passed by unclearly.

Voices mixed together as if soaked in water.

Finally, Mo Hua heard two words.

"Sword Transformation..."

Mo Hua fixed his eyes on the next scene, this time without the bearded elder, just the young man with distinguished eyebrows alone, standing amidst lush mountains.

The mountain scenery was very familiar, serene and ancient, reminiscent of Taixu Gate, but Mo Hua had never seen such a place within the Sect.

The young man held a sword, standing among the mountains, mist moistening the hem of his clothes, shrouding his face.

Yet his eyes were bright, just like the sword in his hand.

The young man's voice, clear and resonant.

"Transforming Sword Skill..."

"First form of the Taixu Divine Thought Sword True Jue, Transforming Sword Skill..."

"The Path of Divine Sense, changes myriad, exploring human Thought, unfathomable by gods or spirits."

"The method of Divine Thought, metaphysical, slays demons and exterminates evils, countless Sword Forms, must start with 'Sword Transformation'."

"Soul-Shocking Skill, God-breaking Skill, God Slaying Technique, Extinguishing Divine Skill... all begin with 'Sword Transformation'..."

"Sword Transformation, from cultivating sword to transforming Qi, refining Qi into Intent, merging Intent with sword, from Void to Solid, uniting Void and Solid, thereby with Divine Thought 'Sword Transformation', to cut down everything..."

...

Mo Hua listened intently as if famished, remembering every word, while simultaneously observing the young man's movements, mimicking them, and starting to practice step by step.

"Sword Cultivation transforming Qi..."

Mo Hua tried it, but it didn't work.

His Spirit Sword was of poor quality, the cultivated Sword Qi also weak, lacking foundational strength.

"Refining Qi transforming into Intent..."

That didn't work either.

Since Mo Hua was not a Sword Cultivator, his foundation in Sword Dao was weak, the cultivated Sword Qi feeble and hard to merge with Divine Sense, manifesting as Sword Intent.

Mo Hua couldn't handle these two steps, so he simply shut his eyes and jumped to the very end:

"Merging Intent with sword, from Void to Solid..."

Within the causal scene, after days and nights of hard cultivation, the young man's swordsmanship improved, finally ready to attempt merging Divine Sword as one.

Manifesting Divine Thought as Sword Intent, merging it into the sword in hand.

His sword now not only bore clear sword light but also had a refined, silver-white Sword Intent.

As for Mo Hua, he forwent both the sword and Sword Qi.

He only learned the young man's method of "condensing the sword", manifesting his own Divine Sense into a sword in his heart.

This was a "shortcut" method.

But because his Divine Sense was strong and sufficiently refined,

Thus in his Sea of Consciousness, his Divine Thought indeed slowly manifested a sharp "sword shape" like the young man.

This was a light gold-colored sword.

The shape of the sword was rough, like a sword embryo just taken out of the Refining Furnace, not very long, resembling a gold-colored small sword for children, fitting just right in the Divine Thought manifested Little Mo Hua's hand.

Hence, Mo Hua's Heavenly Secret Calculation had reached its limit.

All clues of causality on the sword were thoroughly obliterated.

All the retrospective scenes also disappeared.

The aura on the broken sword weakened significantly, seemingly becoming an ordinary Spirit Sword.

In the Sea of Consciousness, Mo Hua looked at the gold-colored small sword manifested by Divine Sense in his hand, yet fell into contemplation.

Have I essentially learned it, or not?

"Divine Thought Sword"...

It indeed was "Sword Transformation".

But this sword, compared to the causality and past of the young man, that is, the Sword Cultivator predecessor, couldn't be said to be unlike, but also could be said to be vastly different...

The young man had a sword, he himself did not.

The young man's Divine Thought Sword, was merging the Sword Intent in his heart with the Sword Weapon in hand, and blending it with Sword Qi, utilizing the sword to kill and vanquish.

His own Divine Thought Sword was simply, plainly using Divine Thought to form a sword...

Moreover, it was only formed in the Sea of Consciousness, in reality, there wasn't even a shadow.

Mo Hua scratched his head, feeling troubled.

It seemed like he had learned, but learned incorrectly...

But, did what he learned count as a true "Divine Thought Sword"?

No cultivating sword to transform Qi, refining Qi into Intent, only merging Intent with sword, from Void to Solid.

No, not actually from Void to Solid...

Mo Hua glanced at the gold-colored small sword in his hand again, sighed.

Chapter 1157: Transforming Sword Skill (4)

"Just make do with it for now; when there's a chance later, I'll learn the complete 'Divine Thought into Sword'."

"Having managed to master it to this extent through those few sparse scenes and fragmented words from the causal retrospection is already pretty good."

Mo Hua comforted himself silently, and then he quietly put away the golden mini sword, but he felt some doubts in his heart.

"I wonder how powerful this Divine Thought into Sword really is; I need to find something to test it on..."

Mo Hua exited his Sea of Consciousness, put away the broken sword, and looked around—no Evil Spirit to be seen.

Neither the River God nor the Evil God were in sight either.

It seemed that after the immense battle of that year, which was tragically won by the Divine Thought into Sword from a senior Sword Cultivator, the River God had hidden away, leaving behind only a barren temple here.

The broken sword was submerged in the Blood Pool, tarnished by flesh and blood.

Not because of what the old coot said about "serving as a warning," but simply out of fear.

It had been stabbed through the chest and was scared.

It feared being stabbed again, so it hid.

Mo Hua empathetically pondered and felt it was quite likely the case.

"So, in that case," Mo Hua frowned, "where exactly has the River God, or rather, the Great Wilderness Evil God, hidden?"

The River God Temple was empty, but certainly not truly vacant.

Mo Hua shifted his gaze towards Master She, his expression carrying a hint of intrigue.

Master She had already set up the altar, and on it were items that were either bloody or eerie—undeniably not the sort of things one would call conventional.

"The moment has come to commence the ritual."

Master She turned back, his eyes dark and ominous.

Gu An looked towards Mo Hua.

Yu Dahe too, his expression excited, eagerly awaited Mo Hua's move.

Mo Hua nodded.

Gu An then grabbed two men in black and threw them in front of the altar, pressing them to kneel.

The bodies of Yu Dahe's two sons were placed on the altar.

Master She then began to chant:

"Exalted River God above, your faithful devotee sincerely sets forth this offering and sacrifice..."

"Heaven moves in cycles, sacrifice has its order."

"One life for another life, one soul for another soul."

"Today we sacrifice grown men, both man and beast, in exchange for the lives of two young boys, praying for the River God's mercy..."

Following this, Master She prostrated himself on the ground, praying with fervor.

Yet Mo Hua's gaze shifted ever so slightly.

He sensed a whiff of a Formation's essence.

Beneath the table, unseen due to his concealed movements and sleeves, Master She rubbed his finger raw on a slab of stone, using his blood as ink to inscribe an unknown Formation.

His actions went unnoticed by Gu An and the others.

Mo Hua silently contemplated, keeping his thoughts to himself.

After some time of silent prayer, Master She's ritual and the Formation beneath the table were complete, he slowly looked up, revealing an unabashedly sinister smile.

At that moment, Mo Hua saw that the two men in black were in agony, their Divine Senses instantly drained dry, leaving them as two lifeless corpses.

And with the sacrifice of the two men in black, the ambiance within the River God Temple suddenly grew oppressive.

At the center of the Divine Temple, the Divine Statue of the River God seemed to come to life, its gaze imposing and fierce as it looked down upon the Cultivators in the temple.

A dense fog of blood spread out rapidly from all directions.

With a "bang," the Pure Heart Mirror on Gu An shattered, the repelling evil hairpin on Gu Quan's head snapped, and the Soothing Jade on Yu Dahe's body also cracked.

The expressions of Gu An and the others changed dramatically, and just as they were about to draw their swords to attack Master She, their bodies involuntarily froze, their eyes grew vacant, and they gradually lost consciousness, collapsing to the ground one by one.

Mo Hua also felt overwhelmingly sleepy.

And it seemed as though a force was attempting to pull away his Divine Sense.

Mo Hua silently glanced at Master She, then offered no resistance, letting his Divine Sense be pulled from his body.

He soon passed out as well.

The entire River God Temple was left with only Master She standing.

His eyes full of resentment, he sneered:

"Blind fools, unaware of the Divine Lord's mighty power."

"In this grand nightmare... I will slaughter each and every one of you in your dreams..."

After saying this, Master She scoffed sinisterly, slowly closed his eyes, and his Divine Sense left his body as he too collapsed to the ground.

...

After an experience of the world turning upside down and Divine Thoughts being inverted,

Mo Hua opened his eyes.

A faint mist floated around him, as if in a dream.

Before him stood a magnificent River God Temple.

The real temple outside was false.

The illusory temple within the dream was the truth.

At the deepest part of the Divine Temple, there was an intensely strong presence of a deity, as well as a very subtle scent of an Evil God.

The corners of Mo Hua's mouth curled into a slight smile.

"Found it..."

Chapter 1158: Exploitation

Mo Hua once again surveyed the River God Temple in front of him, his thoughts slightly stirring.

Centuries ago, that sword cultivator with long eyebrows alone, with a single sword, made his way to the River God Temple and presumably slew many Evil Spirits within.

He even pierced through the chest of the River God with his sword.

The River God, harboring apprehension, thereby dared not to incarnate in the external temples again.

Instead, in the Dreamland, he constructed a "Void" River God Temple as a dwelling to prevent other cultivators, who could transform Divine Thought into sword, from coming to slay him again.

This "Dream" temple, nearly isolated from the world.

Apart from the true believers of the Evil God, probably no one knows the entrance, nor does anyone know the way to enter the temple.

This Master She, likely isn't just an ordinary believer.

Otherwise, the true entrance of the temple and the "Entry into Dream" formation, couldn't possibly be controlled by him...

Mo Hua looked around him.

Not only he himself, Gu An, Gu Quan, and other Gu Family cultivators, including Yu Dahe, were all pulled into the dreamland and were still unconscious.

The two men in black were not present.

Because their Divine Sense had already been sacrificed by Master She to open the gate.

Little Shuizi and Little Shunzi were also absent.

The Divine Souls of these two children, probably have been in this River God Temple for a long time, just didn't know if they were "eaten" by the River God...

Mo Hua sighed.

"I need to find a way to enter the River God Temple and have a look..."

The main gate of the River God Temple was tightly closed, but there was no lock on the door.

Mo Hua stood in front of the River God Temple, just about to push the door open, when suddenly his expression paused and his gaze focused, gradually hiding his form.

In front of the River God Temple, on a circular space paved with stone bricks.

The figure of Master She gradually appeared.

He looked around, his gaze cold and his expression pleased, he loudly sneered:

"A bunch of pigs and livestock! You've humiliated me repeatedly along the way, and finally fell into my plot."

"I am the priest of the River God, in this fishing village, I have the protection of the Divine Lord, what do you have to fight against me?"

"All the way here, I've suffered in silence, waiting for this moment."

"I will slaughter you one by one in the dream, your Divine Sense will be extinguished, and your bodies will soon rot..."

Master She took out a blood-colored sacrificial knife, intending to slit the throats of Gu An and others.

Before he could act, he stopped again, frowning and said: "No, this is too easy for you..."

"Just killing you, letting you go to death unknowingly, does not clean my humiliation, nor vent my resentment."

Master She pondered for a moment, and wickedly smiled.

"That's right, I will plant Blood Fish in you, making you sacrifices, offering faith for my Divine Lord, and after draining your Divine Sense, I will refine you into Half-Demon monsters..."

After Master She finished speaking, his sinister gaze revealed excitement.

He used the sacrificial knife to cut his own wrist, blood flowed out, solidifying in the air into an ugly, bloody, monstrous fish.

Master She, holding this monstrous fish, intended to stuff it into Gu An's forehead.

But as the Formation Patterns on Gu An's forehead flickered, it seemed something protected his Divine Sense, and he just couldn't stuff the fish in.

"What's going on?"

Master She frowned.

"Why can't it be implanted? Who has laid protective measures on them?"

A trace of unease arose in Master She's mind.

He always felt that something was slightly off.

"Did I... forget some little thing?"

He looked over all the people who entered the dream again, and then his expression slightly changed, "Where is that damned kid?"

"Are you looking for me?"

A crisp voice sounded from behind him.

Master She panicked and just as he was about to turn back, he realized his neck was grasped by a pair of small but steel-hard hands.

"What is this?!"

Master She widened his eyes, trying to struggle free, but no matter what, he couldn't break free.

Although the hand was small, the force of Divine Thought was enormous.

Master She gritted his teeth, stabbed the sacrificial knife into his arm, burst out a cloud of blood mist, and shook off the hand on his neck, barely breaking free.

After steadying himself, Master She turned back to see a face full of mockery, it was Mo Hua.

However, Mo Hua appeared a size smaller than he had seen before.

As if he had reversed in age a few years.

"Kid..."

Master She's face bore a sneer, but before he could finish speaking, his expression suddenly changed, "Wait, who exactly are you? Why is your Divine Sense so refined? Why are you still lucid after entering the dream?"

Mo Hua just smiled and didn't answer.

Master She's expression changed, but eventually, his gaze darkened, and he coldly snorted:

"Fine, kid, since you won't talk, don't blame me for being rude."

Mo Hua, interested, asked in a clear voice:

"You want to fight me?"

"Fight? You think too highly of yourself..." Master She smirked, "I, a cultivator in the Foundation Establishment Late Stage with Eighteen Divine Sense Patterns, in this Divine Lord woven nightmare, dealing with a mere early stage cultivator like you is just child's play, but..."

Mo Hua, like a bolt of thunder, charged forward with a punch.

The punch was incredibly fast and incredibly powerful.

Master She didn't even react, suddenly feeling an excruciating pain in his abdomen, his eyes nearly bulging out.

He couldn't help but hold his stomach and slowly knelt in front of Mo Hua.

Mo Hua casually grabbed his neck and commanded:

"Old man, lead the way. Take me to your master."

Master She's face twisted, and a storm surged in his heart.

This kid... What the hell is going on?!

My Divine Sense is at the Foundation Establishment Late Stage! Why can't it withstand even a punch from this kid? And what about the justice of Dao Laws?

"Who exactly... are you?"

Master She endured the pain and spoke haltingly.

Chapter 1159: Exploitation (2)

Mo Hua intensified his grip, "Are you qualified to ask me questions?"

Master She almost had his neck snapped by Mo Hua and hastily pleaded, "Little ancestor! Spare my life! I'll lead the way!"

Only then did Mo Hua let go.

Master She took a deep breath, stealing a glance at Mo Hua from the corner of his eye, his heart turning cold.

Damn, I misjudged him.

This kid is the most troublesome among these Hawk Dogs of the Taoist Court.

Outwardly, this little devil seemed to have the lowest cultivation, the weakest strength, and looked like a brainless, arrogant son of a noble family.

But unexpectedly, once in the nightmare, his Divine Sense turned out to be terrifying.

What the hell is going on?

Master She frowned, unable to make sense of it.

On the other side, Mo Hua was getting impatient, "Hurry up and lead the way!"

Master She snapped back to reality and nodded repeatedly, "Yes! Yes!"

Then, with a humble demeanor, he walked to the front of the River God Temple and stretched his hand to push the grand doors open.

"Wait," Mo Hua suddenly said.

Master She's hand trembled, daring not to move.

Mo Hua glanced at Gu An and others, then asked Master She, "How do we get these people out?"

Divine Sense gone, man gone; he didn't want Gu An and the others to stay here and encounter any dangers.

Master She said, "Not yet."

Mo Hua silently looked at Master She.

Master She's heart skipped a beat, and he quickly explained:

"Really, it's not possible. Entering the dream is the River God's ability. I just set up the altar and borrow the ritual; how could I have the power to send these people out of the nightmare..."

Mo Hua pondered for a moment and then asked, "You also entered the dream, how did you get out?"

Master She's face twitched slightly.

This kid, his mind is too sharp.

He weakly said, "I..."

Mo Hua clenched his little fist.

Immediately, Master She said, "I... paid my respects to the River God, offered incense on the altar, bowed respectfully three times, and then I could leave the nightmare."

"Altar..."

Mo Hua's eyes narrowed slightly and he nodded, "I understand, lead the way."

Master She didn't know what Mo Hua had understood, but he didn't dare to ask and resignedly pushed open the grand doors of the River God Temple.

The bright red doors swung open, revealing just the tip of the iceberg of the scenery inside the River God Temple.

This River God Temple in the dreamland was much more majestic than what was seen outside.

The interior of the River God Temple was also much more spacious.

Mo Hua stepped into the River God Temple, facing a long white stone path, with carved beams and painted rafters on both sides, depicting various fish monster patterns.

Walking straight forward, after a distance, through the front hall's grand door, he reached the plaza of the River God Temple.

Entering the plaza, Mo Hua's pupils contracted.

The plaza was filled with "people" kneeling!

And these people looked very familiar; upon closer inspection, they were the fishermen from the small fishing village.

Even Old Yu was among them.

Their figures were ethereal, kneeling on the ground, worshiping towards the depths of the River God Temple, and at the same time, an ugly Blood Fish swam in their brains.

The Blood Fish swam in their Sea of Consciousness like swimming in water, occasionally taking a gulp, making the fishermen's figures even more faint.

The kneeling fishermen all wore pained expressions, as if they were undergoing countless nightmares in a loop and offering their suffering faith to the Evil God in the endless cycles of pain.

Mo Hua's gaze was unbearable.

For these fishermen, peace was fleeting, and pain was a lifetime.

Whether it was the noble families or the Evil God, they all regarded them as "tools," exploiting everything from them.

However, the existence state of these fishermen puzzled Mo Hua.

They should all just be ordinary Loose Cultivators, not following the path of Divine Sense Proving the Dao, and shouldn't have an autonomous "Divine Thought" incarnation.

These kneeling fishermen seemed more like...

After falling into the nightmare, their Divine Sense "manifesting" in the dream?

But Mo Hua was not entirely sure, so he asked Master She, "What exactly is going on with these fishermen?"

Master She's eyes shifted, and he said solemnly:

"These ignorant commoners are of low birth, living in hardship, so they pray to the River God for blessings, seeking the River God's mercy."

Mo Hua said nothing.

Seeing that Mo Hua was not satisfied, Master She continued:

"In order to make them grateful for the kindness, the River God constructed this dreamland, allowing all of them to kneel and pray here, day and night."

Mo Hua's gaze slightly hardened, and he roughly understood.

Ordinary Cultivators do not have incarnations of Divine Thought.

So, the Evil God wove a dream.

In the dream, all Cultivators can manifest their own Divine Sense.

This nightmare was created by the River God, or rather, the Great Wilderness Evil God, as a "collective dreamland."

The Evil God, through the nightmare, could maintain believers and absorb the faith of the devotees to strengthen itself, unbeknownst to gods and ghosts.

Master She said this dreamland was "day and night"...

Meaning, this dreamland is not merely a dream, not just the kind of "dreamland" that only exists during sleep at night...

The fishermen of the small village are always in this dream.

It's just that at night, the dreamland becomes apparent.

And the medium for entering the dream, or rather, the medium "contaminated" by the Evil God, is the well water that raised the Blood Fish.

Mo Hua couldn't help but remember that not long ago, he had drunk fish soup, and after his Divine Sense was contaminated, he experienced the nightmare.

In the dream, he and his little junior sister had several tragic separations and reunions, all ending badly.

After waking from the dream, he realized and crushed the fish monster in his Sea of Consciousness.

If not for that, if his Sea of Consciousness had been further contaminated, he might also end up like these fishermen, being dragged into this "collective nightmare" one night, never to escape or awaken, and thus completely becoming a "livestock" bred by the Evil God.

Chapter 1160: Exploitation (3)

Of course, Mo Hua was not actually afraid.

Although it was somewhat dangerous, he was quite skilled, and even if he couldn't defeat a Second Grade Evil God, self-preservation should be more than possible.

But these villagers were different...

They had no ability to resist at all.

They might not even know what was happening to them.

A feeling of sorrow arose in Mo Hua's heart.

Master She was sneakily observing and listening nearby, his mind undoubtedly plotting something.

Mo Hua asked, "Can these villagers escape from their dreams?"

Hearing this, Master She jumped with fright and said with a trembling voice, "Don't ever speak of such things..."

He looked around, lowered his voice, and cautiously said:

"These villagers are the River God's foundation. If you target them and enrage the River God, beware that you might end up with nowhere to bury your corpse..."

Mo Hua curled his lip.

Master She became anxious and hurriedly advised, "Little... little ancestor, I don't know what heritage you possess to have such powerful Divine Thought Power at such a young age, but however strong your Divine Thought is, you are still just one person. How can you afford to offend the majesty of a deity?"

"If you truly anger the River God, it won't be just you who dies..."

I'm afraid I will be implicated and will have to accompany you in death...

Master She silently thought to himself.

The temperament of the River God has always been far from good.

Mo Hua was a little curious, "Have you seen the River God?"

Master She's face paled, "Seen... but also not really seen, I didn't dare to look, just knelt on the ground, not daring to raise my head..."

Mo Hua felt uninterested and said indifferently, "Never mind, just keep leading the way."

Master She hesitated for a moment, not moving forward.

Mo Hua walked a few steps and seeing that Master She stood motionless, he turned his head and frowned, "Why aren't we moving?"

Master She hesitatingly said, "Ahead... you better not go there."

"Why?"

"It's very dangerous..."

"Never mind, just take me there."

Master She's eyelids twitched, "I don't want to go..."

"Then do you want to leave your life behind here?" Mo Hua threatened with an innocently serious face.

Master She internally seethed with hatred.

A tiger fallen flat could be bullied by a dog!

This damned brat, let's see how long you can be so arrogant!

Fine, since you're seeking death, I might as well lead the way.

Suppressing the hate in his heart, Master She sighed and slowly said, "Fine, follow me."

After that, he led the way, with Mo Hua following behind. The two passed through the square where the Fish Cultivators worshipped and continued walking towards the back hall of the River God Temple. After a while, they arrived at the gates of the back hall.

The gates of the back hall were locked with a huge lock.

Behind the door, it was gloomy and dark.

Mo Hua looked at Master She.

Master She gritted his teeth and took out the sacrificial short knife, stabbed it into his arm, and after the knife was filled with blood, he inserted the knife into the lock.

The lock trembled as if a Monster Beast opened its eyes, sucking the fresh blood from the knife.

After a while, when the lock sucked up the blood, it clicked and opened by itself.

Master She's hands trembled as he shakily unlocked the door.

The moment the door opened, a gust of cold wind blew over, carrying a foul stench.

This putrid smell was strangely familiar to Mo Hua.

Upon entering and seeing what was inside, Mo Hua was taken aback, his expression somewhat disbelieving.

In the back hall of the River God Temple, there were densely packed cages, no fewer than hundreds, imprisoning Demon Monsters with fish heads, human bodies, or put together with demon claws.

These Demon Monsters were almost identical to the flesh and blood Demon Monsters outside.

But these Demon Monsters were Evil Spirits!

In that instant, Mo Hua had an epiphany, understanding many things.

He finally knew the origin of the deformed and strange Demon Monsters in Yu Er's nightmares.

He also understood why the Evil God was refining so many flesh and blood Demon Monsters outside.

He knew how the Evil God was accumulating forces by spreading the Dao.

Human traffickers, they're all just underlings.

The real power of the Evil God lay in his two types of terrifying Demon Monsters.

One tangible, one intangible.

Flesh and blood Demon Monsters could kill Cultivators' flesh, corrupt Cultivators' meridians, Spiritual Power, and Qi Sea.

Evil Spirits and Demon Monsters can invade a Cultivator's Sea of Consciousness, devouring the Divine Sense within the nightmares woven by the Evil God, unstoppable in their effectiveness.

At this thought, Mo Hua suddenly felt a sharp pain in his Divine Sense.

A series of cruel visions emerged from the threads of cause and effect, passing through Mo Hua's mind like a swift slideshow...

A blood-colored fishing village, where Fish Cultivators kneeled and worshipped the fallen River God.

Their suffering became the root of their faith.

Their faith became the sustenance for the Evil God.

The Evil God consumed the Fish Cultivators' faith.

Once the faith was completely drained and the Divine Sense exhausted, the villagers became like Walking Dead. Then it would raise its slaughtering knife, using the clad-in-black as its minions, and exterminate the entire fishing village.

The dead villagers, their bodies mixed with Monster Beasts, were refined through Evil Formations into monstrosly horrifying flesh Demon Monsters.

This kind of Blood Formation was extremely cruel, causing immense pain and resentment.

This pain and resentment would take form in the flesh Demon Monsters and rebirth into the shape of Evil Spirits and Demon Monsters.

Mo Hua took a sharp intake of breath.

These poor Fish Cultivators...

Alive, their faith was used to feed the Evil God.

After being wrung dry of faith, their bodies, slaughtered and dead, were used to refine Demon Monsters.

The remnants of their Divine Sense after death, fermented in the blood, were used to give birth to Evil Spirits.

In life, they were fish meat; in death, they became claws and teeth.

This was truly the essence of being exploited completely clean from body to Divine Sense, from birth to death, without leaving behind a single drop.

Mo Hua's chest tightened, and a boundless killing intent surged in his heart.

On the other side, Master She, seeing that Mo Hua stood motionless and seemed lost in thought, sneered darkly and secretly grasped the short knife for the ritual in his palm.

The knife blade cut open his palm, and the fresh blood dripped to the ground, forming blood-colored patterns.

The Demon Monsters smelled the blood and became restless.

Master She was somewhat fearful, but still clenched his teeth and continued to bleed himself, solidifying more patterns.

These patterns, like keys, flowed along the ground, moving into various cages, unlocking the cage doors.

In just a moment, Demonic Qi filled the sky.

The fierce Demon Monsters emerged from their cages with blood-red eyes, fixing their gaze on Mo Hua.

Only then did Mo Hua come back to his senses, looking at the scene's Demon Monsters with an indifferent expression.

At the same time, Master She suddenly thrust the short knife into his chest, and a large amount of blood gushed out, rushing toward Mo Hua. As it approached Mo Hua, it instantly condensed into a blood-colored Formation, binding Mo Hua in place, leaving him unable to move.

Master She's complexion turned somewhat pale, his figure fading slightly, but he couldn't help feeling triumphant and scoffed:

"Little brat, you didn't expect this, did you? I am actually a Formation Master!"

"This is the Blood Sacrifice Formation that I have devoted my life to studying, a gift from the Divine Lord. Within the nightmares woven by the Divine Lord, this Blood Sacrifice Formation, using blood as ink and dreams as the medium, is unbreakable."

"You'll be trapped here, torn apart alive by these Demon Monsters, swallowed bite by bite into their bellies..."

"They have been hungry for a long time..."

Having said that, Master She turned around to leave.

He needed to escape before the Demon Monsters finished eating Mo Hua.

Otherwise, these starving Demon Monsters might even consume him as well.

Apart from the Divine Lord, these Demon Monsters answered to no one else's command.

Master She hurried away with a look of panic, but it wasn't long before he felt an abnormal presence behind him. Turning around, his pupils shook violently.

He saw hundreds of ferocious Demon Monsters with astonishing presence, layered upon each other, surrounding the little brat with no way out.

Yet, despite this, the many fierce Demon Monsters only dared to bare their teeth and sneer from three feet away, drooling with foul stench and growling softly.

Their eyes were greedy, yet they dared not move forward, as if there was something they were wary of...

No, not wariness.

These Demon Monsters were like facing a great enemy; they were... in fear of something!

Fear?

A chill ran down Master She's spine.

Then he saw Mo Hua, surrounded by hundreds of vicious Demon Monsters, his gaze turned cold, and a strange Divine Thought flowed through him, instantly transforming into three layers of dark Mo shadows, like three Taoist Robes draped over him.

Mo Hua spread his arms, and the Wily Minds, following his movements, left behind trails of afterimages.

In the blink of an eye, Divine Thoughts rushed wildly.

On the ground, mysterious and complex Formation Patterns were rising like a tide, vines sprung up in spring, wildly spreading in all directions.

In just a few breaths, a majestic and imposing Mountain and Fire Trapping and Slaughter Formation was forged.

Mo Hua's eyes were pitch-black and clear, and he softly muttered:

"Kill!"

The Divine Thoughts boiled over, the Formation exploded like a mighty flame hurricane sweeping everything away, reducing all the Demon Monsters within the Formation to ashes in an instant.

Master She's eyes bulged with shock, his legs went weak, and he collapsed to the ground, struggling a few times but utterly unable to rise.

When he looked up again, he found that Mo Hua was already standing in front of him, seemingly out of nowhere.

"Make another sneaky move, and I'll crush you to death."

