

Immortality 1161

Chapter 1161: Divine Skills

On Mo Hua's body, the three layers of Wily Minds faded, everything was restored to the original state, as if he was just a simple little cultivator.

But at this moment, as he looked at Master She, his face expressionless, the faint golden color in his pupils revealed a trace of majesty, like observing an ant crawling on the ground.

Master She's eyes filled with terror.

Suddenly, he felt the illusion of facing a deity.

So many fierce and terrifying Demon Monsters, in just one round, were all eradicated by Little Yama using a Formation.

Could this really be something a "human" could accomplish?

But it's not possible...

Master She knew clearly that this little cultivator indeed had a physical body, and his Divine Sense was indeed pulled by himself into the Dreamland from the Sea of Consciousness.

He was indeed a person!

But, with Divine Thought so powerful, can it really still be considered "human"...

Master She's face was pale, in disbelief.

"Old coot."

Mo Hua called out, seeing Master She in a god-forsaken fright, looking terrified, he reached out and grabbed his neck, lifting and walking forward.

After a few steps, Mo Hua seemed to remember something, turned back to look at the aura of Demon Monsters that scattered around after being burned to death, feeling it shouldn't go to waste, so he opened his mouth wide and took a fierce inhale.

The demon Thoughts in the sky were all sucked into Mo Hua's mouth.

This scene, witnessed by Master She, made him tremble all over, his soul almost scattered away.

This little cultivator, not only did not get eaten by the Demon Monsters, but now he's actually...

"Eating" the Demon Monsters?

"What kind of... little monster have I brought into River God's Divine Temple..."

Master She's face was ashen.

Evil Spirits and Demon Monsters were hatched from the remains of the fearful Divine Sense at the time of their tragic blood-refined deaths by the followers of the Evil God, but their essence was no longer the "Divine Sense" of a human.

It was a kind of Evil Thought that fed on the Divine Sense of humans.

Mo Hua consumed a vast amount of Demon Monsters' Evil Thoughts, and after a bit of Refining, not only replenished the great amount of Divine Sense consumed earlier, but his own Divine Thought seemed to have grown stronger as well.

His Divine Sense had taken a clear step from the realm of the Sixteen Patterns towards the Seventeen Patterns.

These Demon Monsters here, I don't know if they were raised by the Evil God himself; their Evil Thoughts were also "fatter," and the Divine Sense after refining was also more abundant.

In comparison, the Demon Monsters in Yu Er's nightmares were much "thinner."

Moreover, probably because they were "eaten" a lot, the number of Demon Monsters in Yu Er's Dreamland has been decreasing in recent days.

Mo Hua had been "hungry" for a long time, and now he had finally had a rare satisfying "meal."

After devouring the Demon Monsters' Evil Thoughts, Mo Hua continued to walk inside the River God Temple, dragging Master She by the back of his neck with one hand.

As they walked, Mo Hua began to feel that the atmosphere of the River God Temple was becoming more repressive.

Amid the surrounding Golden Light, there was a diffusion of blood light.

Walking all the way to the great hall at the back, Mo Hua raised his head and saw a huge Divine Statue of the River God.

This Divine Statue of the River God had a fish's face and a human body, wearing a Taoist Robe embroidered with clouds and waves, with both hands forming mudras and placed beside his body, his mouth gaping like a bloody basin, his teeth frighteningly white, seated tall and imposing, with majestic and terrifying gaze.

It bore a strong resemblance to the Divine Statues in the outer temple.

But it was larger and its Divine Thought Aura was more powerful, seemingly like a living deity.

Upon seeing the Divine Statue of the River God, Master She no longer played dead or lay motionless; instead, he hurriedly fell to his knees with a "plop," his head knocking on the stone tiles, his actions utterly devout as he tremblingly said:

"Your believer has seen the River God, has seen the Lord of the Temple!"

The River God maintained a dignified demeanor and took no notice.

Mo Hua looked up, puzzled, "Are you the River God?"

Master She's heart was trembling.

This little devil, relying on some ability, is truly audacious to the extreme!

Seeing the River God, he did not kneel, and even dared to call the River God's name directly without any respect!

The good swimmer drowns, the good horseman falls.

Having a bit of skill, he is ignorant of the immensity of heaven and earth, and sooner or later, he will die with no place for his body.

In front of the River God, how could you act so recklessly?

Master She mocked to himself in his heart.

But what he did not expect was that the River God actually began to speak.

"Yes..."

This voice, extremely deep and solemn, echoed through the River God Temple, even carrying a faint echo.

Master She lowered his head even further.

He feared that he would show disrespect in front of the River God, thereby upsetting the River God, but at the same time, he was also somewhat shocked.

In the past hundred or two hundred years, he had made sacrifices so many times, yet the River God had never once directed him with any word.

But this little devil, staring directly at the deity, speaking disrespectfully, so impolitely... and the River God actually replied to him?

And it seemed, not very angry?

Master She found it hard to believe.

"You, have offended the majesty of the deity..." said the River God with a voice full of aged thickness.

Master She's heart chilled.

The River God was indeed angry, this kid was in for it!

"This Deity can overlook the past..." the River God continued.

Master She: "..."

Mo Hua was also surprised, "I barged into your River God Temple, saw your secrets, killed the Demon Monsters you fostered, yet you can overlook the past?"

The River God nodded and said, "Naturally."

"I have a few companions as well," said Mo Hua.

"They can also leave."

"There are also two kids, previously given to you as sacrifices by this old coot..." Mo Hua pointed at Master She kneeling on the ground and continued:

"...I want to take them back too."

The River God fell silent for a moment, his gaze slightly focused, and slowly he said:

"These two children are individuals of good fortune, I had intended to take them as attendant boys, but your fortune is even greater than theirs..."

Chapter 1162: Divine Skills

"If you want these two children, you can take them away."

Kneeling devoutly on the ground, Master She was completely stunned in that instant.

Did I... hear that wrong?

This little devil, daring to demand people in front of the River God! Repeatedly making requests?

And with such an impolite request, the River God...

Actually agreed?!

Could it be that the River God is not a ruthless Fierce God, but a benevolent deity who liberates all beings?

This is not right...

But on the other hand, Mo Hua seemed still unsatisfied.

He thought for a moment, then said: "The Fish Cultivator in the square, I want to take him away too."

This time, the expression of the River God stiffened, with coldness and indifference already in his gaze, and no more amiability in his tone.

"Little cultivator, contentment brings eternal happiness, good beginnings lead to good endings."

"I have already made an exception with my generosity to you, do not overstep your bounds, lose measure, otherwise disaster is inevitable..."

Mo Hua nodded and said: "That's right, you put up a fish head, but sell mutton, killed so many people, consumed so many Divine Senses, and refined so many Evil Spirits, you should also know when to stop..."

"I've already treated you with courtesy, which is an exception, do not overstep your bounds, lose measure, otherwise disaster is inevitable..."

The fish head of the River God suddenly turned grim, and its cold wooden fish eyes revealed an eerie look.

Its voice, as if enveloped in the frost of harsh winter:

"You... know?"

"How could you know?"

Putting up a fish head, selling mutton...

The fish eyes of the River God instantaneously turned blood-red, "A petty creature, how bold!"

Mo Hua stopped the chatter and leaped up, throwing a punch directly.

Master She was completely numb.

The River God sneered, slowly stretched out its giant Demon Claw wrapped in blood, and grabbed towards Mo Hua.

The delicate fist, struck the giant Demon Claw.

With a thunderous boom, the fluctuations of Divine Thought spread all around.

The smile of the River God suddenly froze.

Its giant Demon Claw was directly punctured by Mo Hua's fist, dimming the Divine Thought phantom on the Demon Claw a bit.

After puncturing the Demon Claw, Mo Hua threw another punch, heading straight for the fish head face of the River God.

The gaze of the River God trembled, no longer daring to be arrogant, and quickly stood up, retreating backwards.

Mo Hua's punch missed, his body flickered with a pale blue light, performing the Water Passing Step, continuing the attack on the River God.

The River God dodged twice, but due to its bulky body, it was unavoidable and still got hit by Mo Hua's punch in the abdomen.

The small punch, containing immense Divine Thought Power, made the entire Divine Body of the River God tremble.

The River God furiously said, "Fine, ignorant child, refusing the toast only to drink a forfeit, do not blame me for being rude today!"

A mist of blood surged up, spreading for a moment, then suddenly rolling back, condensing around the River God.

The Divine Body of the River God did not appear larger, but instead shrank, only a head taller than a normal adult cultivator, but its form became more refined.

It seems that the former statue-like appearance was it dispersing Divine Thought, intentionally making itself large to intimidate believers.

As Divine Thought spreads, the power also disperses.

Now this form, with Divine Thought condensed within the body, is its true posture.

Mo Hua's eyes brightened, his fighting spirit intensified.

Since the Divine Sense Transformation and after swallowing the Divine Marrow, he has yet to be defeated in a confrontation of Divine Thought.

The usual Demon Monsters were simply no match for him.

He was very curious to know just how strong his "flesh body" of Divine Thought was, and whether he could face a true "deity" in direct combat to determine the superior.

Mo Hua didn't waste words, flashing his body, he charged forward again, swinging his small fist, aiming a punch at the face of the River God.

The River God, caught off-guard, got hit by Mo Hua's punch on the face, the gills deformed, and its body involuntarily stepped back several paces.

After regaining his stance, the eyes of the River God completely turned red.

Its ferocity was fully aroused, the cloud-embroidered sea wave pattern on its robe even turned blood red.

"Asking for death!"

The River God growled in a low voice, like a Demon Monster, its Demon Claw swooped like wind, directly attacking Mo Hua.

Mo Hua remained fearless, fighting directly against the River God.

For a while, figures intertwined, fists clashed with claws, the intense power of Divine Thought undulating like thunderous drums, continuously transmitted around, shaking the Dreamland's constructed temples, shattering floor tiles, and mottling the walls.

Master She, fearing being implicated, had already shuddered and hid aside, watching the battle between Mo Hua and the River God, deeply shocked.

"This ten-year-old little devil, relying on the power of Divine Thought, is actually wrestling with a 'deity'?!"

Master She found it utterly absurd.

And after dozens of rounds of battle with Mo Hua, still no victor emerged.

The gaze of the River God turned cold, golden light condensed on its Demon Claw, intermingled with specks of blood red.

A faint smile crossed the fish face of the River God.

The pale gold-colored Demon Claw, carrying a bloody wind, fiercely tore towards Mo Hua.

Mo Hua sensing the danger, also followed the River God's example, incorporating streaks of golden Divine Marrow into his fist, then threw a punch out, clashing directly with the River God's Demon Claw.

A more tumultuous wave came forth, the mingling Divine Thoughts shattered the ground.

Afterwards, both man and deity, evenly matched, each stepped back two paces.

Mo Hua felt a bit of pain in his little fist, couldn't help but rub it.

No break in the Demon Claw of the River God, but its expression changed, looking at Mo Hua in shock, "You are not human?!"

Mo Hua displeased, "You are the one who's not human!"

Then he quickly realized, "Oh right, you indeed are not human."

The River God slightly sullen, its gaze cold, "Bearing the Divine Marrow, are you a human, or a deity?"

Mo Hua smiled, saying nothing.

Seeing this, the River God, unable to hide its anger, scoffed:

Chapter 1163: Divine Skills

"Don't think that just because you've fortuitously acquired some Divine Marrow, you can dare to scorn the deities."

"Deities are the masters of all spirits between heaven and earth, the way of the deities is a taboo of the Longevity Road, you know nothing at all."

"Very well," the River God's right hand loosely grasped, condensing a White Bone fish spear, the spear tip lined with five reverse barbs, coated with Blood Poison.

"No matter who you are, today you will become a sacrifice to me."

"How could I not accept the Divine Marrow that's been delivered to my doorstep?"

Mo Hua's gaze slightly hardened.

The River God raised the White Bone fish spear high, with blood spikes forming upon it from decaying Evil Thoughts, and in a flash, they broke through the air towards Mo Hua.

Mo Hua's body flickered with a Water Shadow, elegantly evading using the Water Passing Step.

The River God scoffed, as the White Bone fish spear produced ever more blood spikes, scarlet in color and more densely packed, stabbing towards Mo Hua relentlessly.

Mo Hua, seeing that he could not avoid them, pointed with fused fingers, a Fireball condensed, tracing a fiery streak, directly flying towards the River God.

The Fireball and blood spikes collided midair, exploding into a red mist of blood and fire.

The River God's expression froze, "A Spell?"

Mo Hua did not waste words.

If close combat was not desired, then let's play with long-range spells.

After all, he was not a Body Cultivator; close combat was not his forte.

Mo Hua's pupils deepened, Divine Thought flowing, his fingers frequently tapped out, one Fireball after another, connected end-to-end like consecutive crossbow bolts, relentlessly chasing the River God.

The River God initially wanted to utilize the White Bone fish spear to counter with blood spikes.

But it took only moments to discover that more and more Fireballs were coming, and at a much faster pace, vastly outspeeding the solidification of its blood spikes.

The dense Fireballs could not be blocked by the blood spikes.

Within a few exchanges, a Fireball struck the River God, bursting into a cloud of flame.

Then more and more Fireballs hit the River God consecutively, explosions of flame engulfed the Divine Body of the River God.

A moment later, as the fiery light dissipated, the River God's figure was revealed, somewhat disheveled, but without much injury.

However, its expression had completely twisted into something ferocious, bearded cheeks flaring out, fangs bared, no longer possessing the dignity of a deity, looking more like a river monster.

This little devil is quite a handful!

"These tricks seem to be ineffective against you..."

"In that case, let me show you what the genuine path of the deities is, let you understand what a true deity is!"

Mo Hua's expression became stern, as he felt the aura of the River God grow increasingly intense.

At the same time, a mysterious aura of the Dao started emanating from the River God.

Mo Hua remembered what Lord Yellow Mountain had said, that deities are born upholding the Dao, naturally in control of a part of the natural laws.

And at this time, inside the River God Temple, the surroundings were drenched in Water Qi, as if infiltrated by the Dao Laws of the Water Series, causing the constructs of Divine Thoughts to start distorting due to interference from the laws.

A drop of blood water fell from the sky, hitting the floor and splashing a bloody droplet.

Then the second drop, the third... with increasing density.

Blood rain began to pour from the heavens.

Mo Hua had a bad feeling about this.

This blood rain is too eerie, the aura of the natural laws around is also too intense; it was clear that nothing good could come of it.

Mo Hua didn't know what strategy the big-fish-headed River God intended to use, so he stealthily greased the soles of his feet, trying to slip away quietly.

The best strategy sometimes is to retreat; avoid the edge, then make long-term plans.

But before he got far, the fish-headed River God suddenly split its massive jaws, sneering:

"Thinking of running? Too late!"

"Let me show you what it means for deities to be born of the Dao of heaven and earth, to intuitively grasp the arcane mysteries of all things – the innate spell point..."

"Divine Skill—Immeasurable Blood River!"

Mo Hua was startled upon hearing this.

Divine Skill?!

Divine gift spell point?

He had never heard of it, not to mention Lord Yellow Mountain, who had also not mentioned it.

As soon as the River God's voice fell, he transformed into Dao, merging into one with the blood rain of this world.

Then the blood rain poured down harder and in a mere dozen breaths' time, it congregated into a vast blood river, raging and rolling like an evil dragon stirring up waves, washing away and swallowing the walls and pavilions of the temple.

From the front of the River God Temple, the blood river surged, devouring everything, extending all the way to the back hall, yet stopping before the square.

In the middle of the square, numerous Fish Cultivators knelt in worship.

They prayed amidst suffering, providing faith to the River God, who did not wish to ruin its own foundation.

But such a vast blood river would suffice to obliterate Mo Hua.

Mo Hua was submerged in the water, as if imprisoned within a boundless water prison, feeling suffocated and breathless.

Within the blood river, entangled with divine law, Evil God's malevolent thoughts, and the power of bloody evil thoughts.

Like a poison to Divine Sense or the rotting water to Divine Thought, constantly corroding the Incarnation of Divine Sense of Mo Hua.

Mo Hua was engulfed by the Immeasurable Blood River, like a child drowning in blood, his small hands and feet futilely struggling, only to watch helplessly as he was swept away by the whirlpool, sinking towards the evil, aberrant riverbed.

The River God looked at this scene with a cold smile.

Yet moments later, its smile froze.

Something's wrong...

A hint of alarm appeared in the River God's eyes, and its expression grew increasingly solemn.

It felt the presence of something akin to the "Dao," spreading at the riverbed, expanding, condensing, until... it erupted like a volcano.

In an instant, the blood river became an expanse of scarlet red.

Even glowing red.

But this red was not the red of blood, but the red of fire.

It was as if a volcano had erupted at the bottom of the river, with fiery eruptions scorching the water hot.

The surface of the river slowly began to boil, much of the blood water evaporating.

Within the vast blood river, a large expanse of blood water was inexplicably evaporated, and then the remaining blood water flowed backwards, swirling into vortices, and then one by one, all steamed into water vapor.

Cycling over and over, until the entire blood river was evaporated by the fierce, blazing fire.

The air lingered with dry heat.

White steam spiraled upwards.

The residual blood rain carried a scalding temperature.

And there stood Mo Hua, with blazing flames wrapping around him.

The endless blood river, burnt to nothing by him.

The River God took in a cold breath, its face tense.

Mo Hua slowly turned its head, looking at the River God, his little face grave, authoritatively uttering his technique:

"Divine Skills!"

"Karmic Fire Devours the River!"

The River God was taken aback, and finally couldn't help but curse out loud:

"You brat! What nonsense are you spouting? Can't I see that? You were clearly using a Formation just now!"

"It's practically the same..." Mo Hua muttered.

The River God's eyelids twitched violently.

Formation, Divine Skills...

In a certain sense, indeed, they are nearly the same.

But could such a level of Formation really be deployed by a human?

How profound a mastery of Formation is required to, within the Dreamland, through Divine Thought, instantaneously create such a powerful Formation?

At that moment, both the deity and its followers shared the same thought.

Can this little devil... really be considered "human"?

Chapter 1164: God-slaying

In front of the River God Temple.

Mo Hua's small body stood in confrontation with the tall and menacing River God, yet his presence did not falter in the slightest.

The surroundings had turned into ruins, with broken walls and dilapidated temples.

Most of the River God Temple had been submerged by the River God's Divine Skills of the Immeasurable Blood River, and then scorched to near oblivion by Mo Hua's Divine Thought Manifestation of the Li Fire Compound Formation.

Amidst the ruins, only the square where the Fish Cultivator knelt and the grand hall behind the River God remained intact.

The River God gazed at Mo Hua with deep wariness in its eyes.

Mo Hua looked back, calm and fearless, but he also felt that it was quite troublesome, especially this kind of overwhelming "Divine Skills" of the blood river.

Even for a cultivator who tempered Divine Thought into Sword, unless their Sword Intent was at the peak of perfection, facing such a powerful blood river Divine Skill would likely spell doom.

That senior Sword Cultivator from the past must have breached this blood river Divine Skill.

But when Mo Hua deduced the cause and effect, he saw nothing.

It must have been the massive fluctuations from the Divine Thought confrontation that obscured the causality, making his deduction fleeting and the details of the battle impossible to discern.

That senior must have gotten the true transmission of the Taixu Gate's Sword Transformation, and after years of honing in the Sword Dao, possessed such Divine Thought Power that he could face a deity head-on.

But an ordinary cultivator, even an ordinary Sword Cultivator who practices Divine Thought into sword, would stand no chance against such formidable Divine Skills of a true deity.

"This is... the true power of a deity."

"Innate Divine Ability..."

Mo Hua was shocked, and then he couldn't help but think:

"...I wonder if I could learn it?"

Divine Skills!

Just by hearing the two words, one senses their might!

If I could learn it, wouldn't I be just as powerful as a deity?

Mo Hua was somewhat tempted.

However, he also knew that he wasn't a true "deity," and since this Divine Skill was innate, it's probably not something that can be learned later in life.

What a pity...

Mo Hua once again sized up the River God.

For now, he seemed to be evenly matched with this giant fish-head, but actually defeating it didn't seem so easy.

The River God harbored the same thoughts.

It regarded Mo Hua with more solemnity in its demeanor, slowly saying in a hoarse voice:

"In the past few centuries, you are the second one to give this deity such trouble."

"The first was a Sword Cultivator."

"Centuries ago, he came here alone, armed with just his sword, intending to eradicate this deity's Dao. His swordsmanship was profound and unfathomable, his Sword Intent extremely fierce..."

"If not for this deity's slightly superior skill, I would have nearly been defeated by his hands."

"But no matter how strong his Sword Intent, he was still just a 'human,' and couldn't change the fragility of his Divine Sense."

"You, however, are different..."

The River God's gaze widened slightly, containing a measure of awe.

"...Your Divine Thought is very strong; your experience in Divine Thought Slaughter is extensive; your Divine Thought tactics are also endless, capable of manifesting Spells and even such profound Formations..."

"It can be said that you are more like a 'deity' than a 'human'."

"But even if your Divine Thought is stronger, your Power of Killing is far less than that of the Sword Cultivator from back then."

"His Divine Thought was too extreme, Divine Thought into sword, Divine Thought was the sword, hence his sword could injure me, but I could also easily inflict heavy damage on him."

"While your Divine Thought, uniting attack and defense, is too evenly strong, even if I use Divine Skills, I can't kill you, but conversely, you also can't do anything to me..."

The River God's expression was cold.

Mo Hua licked his lips, "How do you know if you don't try."

Without another word, he once again charged fiercely towards the River God, engaging in close combat.

Up close, they fought with punches and kicks, from a distance, he restrained the River God with Spells, occasionally manifesting a few Formations to blast it.

The River God countered Mo Hua's moves, using White Bone fish spears, conjuring blood spikes for combat, or using the blood river Divine Skills to corrode Mo Hua's Divine Thought.

But this time, the Divine Skills were on a smaller scale, creating only a blood-colored river of Evil Thoughts within a few meters around it, using this to limit Mo Hua's assault.

After dozens of rounds like this, Mo Hua seemed to have a slight advantage, but it was hard to declare a winner, and indeed, as the River God said, he simply could not best it.

Suddenly realizing something, Mo Hua's hand glowed with Golden Light, and he threw a punch, which the River God blocked with its blood-colored demonic claws.

Mo Hua took the opportunity to retreat and increase the distance, unhappily saying:

"Are you stalling for time?"

Once the River God realized that Mo Hua understood, it smirked slightly, showing its ghastly white fangs.

"You are human, and humans have fleshly bodies. All I need is to keep you in this Dreamland, until your physical body outside rots away, or an accident occurs, leading to the destruction of your physical body..."

"Even if your Divine Thought is strong, without a foundation, you'll end up a drifting duckweed, either dying a godly death, or devolving into an Evil Ghost..."

"If you die a godly death, it's self-contained from beginning to end."

"If you turn into an Evil Ghost, you will be greatly weakened and no match for me."

"So, from the moment you entered the Dreamland, this deity was already on invincible ground."

Mo Hua frowned tightly, pondered for a moment, and then honestly said:

"I concede, I don't want to play anymore, can you let me out?"

The River God's eyelid twitched.

This little devil really had some nerve.

Having lived for so long and seen so many humans and supernatural beings, it had never seen anyone concede so readily, so calmly, and with such an air of righteousness.

But it didn't believe him.

This little cultivator, though young, was cunning and peculiar, and not a single word he said could be trusted.

The River God scoffed and did not respond.

Mo Hua sighed, and without another word, immediately turned and ran.

The River God was initially unconcerned, but upon seeing the direction of Mo Hua's escape towards the Fish Cultivator's worship square, its gaze flashed sharply.

Chapter 1165: God-slaying (2)

"Little demon, trying to destroy my Taoist Field?!"

The River God turned into a blood fluid, with Evil Thoughts surging, immediately chasing after Mo Hua.

However, after a long chase, even as they reached the plaza, there was still no sign of Mo Hua.

"Where did he go?"

The River God furrowed his strange eyebrows.

It pondered briefly, then suddenly felt a chill and exclaimed:

"The main hall!"

This little demon, used some method to conceal his aura, creating a diversion.

He's plotting to steal home!

The River God was so furious that its beard and hair bristled, immediately the Blood River reversed flow, rushing back to the front of the main hall at a greater speed.

From a distance, it saw that the usually sealed door of the main hall had been forcefully broken open, just enough for a child to slip through.

"What a cunning beast!"

The River God, in a fury, charged into the main hall.

Inside the main hall, adorned with blood-red silk and gold covers, carved beams and painted rafters, luxurious and opulent, were various skull sculptures and pearls formed by blood-colored Evil Thoughts.

It was like a Dragon Palace at the riverbed.

Only this "Dragon Palace" had a dense blood color and numerous White Bones, slightly indicative of the underworld.

In the center of the main hall stood an altar.

The altar featured ancient reliefs, opulent settings, quiet and solemn.

In the center of the altar was a Divine Statue of the River God made from Goldstone, identical to the River God itself but with a pair of ram horns on its head, which looked very strange.

Beneath the Divine Statue was a sacrificial table.

The table was laden with fresh fish offerings, which upon closer inspection were all made from human flesh and bones.

In the middle of the table, a glazed fish tank was offered, filled with blood-red small fish.

Under the table, two children were kneeling, precisely the two sons of Yu Dahe.

At that moment, they were devoutly kneeling before the Divine Statue, with two special Blood Fish swimming in their minds, seemingly "assimilating" the two children.

The children appeared to be "metamorphosing"; blood-colored gills grew on their cheeks, blue fish scales appeared on their skin, and their limbs showed signs of fin-like transformations, gradually turning into two "little river demons."

And at this time, Mo Hua stood in front of the altar, touching his chin, thinking while nodding slightly.

Firstly, he guessed correctly.

The River God had unleashed the Divine Skills of the Immeasurable Blood River, flooding much of the River God Temple, but only two places were not submerged, one was the plaza and the other was the main hall.

In the plaza, were followers of the River God, which formed the basis of his preaching.

The doors of the main hall were closed, he had never entered before, and did not know what was inside.

But the River God had not submerged the main hall, surely because there was something in the hall as crucial as the basis of its preaching, or even more important.

Since it was difficult to determine a clear victor, Mo Hua thought it would be better to see for himself; so he pretended to escape to the plaza, but actually used the Concealment Technique to secretly return and break into the River God's true "home" to see the real altar.

The River God never expected Mo Hua to still be capable of Concealment.

Nor did it expect Mo Hua to be so audacious and cunning!

It trembled with anger upon seeing Mo Hua.

Mo Hua, standing before the altar, squinted at the River God and smiled.

The River God instantly understood what Mo Hua wanted to do, and shook uncontrollably, yelling:

"You dare?!"

There was nothing Mo Hua dared not do.

With the speed of a thunder clap, he lifted the glazed fish tank and forcefully smashed it on the ground, crushing every Blood Fish inside.

Then, he kicked over the sacrificial table, turned around and with another kick, toppled the Divine Statue, and even jumped on top of the Divine Statue's head, breaking off the two ram horns.

Mo Hua acted extremely swiftly.

The River God was too far to intervene, could only watch as Mo Hua wreaked havoc, and in the blink of an eye, turned the whole altar into a mess.

The heart of the River God was bleeding.

This was an altar it had constructed with immense effort over hundreds of years, only to be destroyed in the blink of an eye.

Rage overwhelmed its heart, and the blood on its robe darkened as its Evil Thoughts boiled.

At the moment the altar was destroyed and the glazed fish tank smashed, the Blood Fish Evil Spirit in the brains of Yu Dahe's two sons, like fish out of water, gradually withered and died within moments.

The two children also stopped metamorphosing.

Mo Hua thought indeed.

To eradicate evil, one must strike at the roots; to exorcise demons, one must eliminate the origin.

The altar was the key to everything.

Meanwhile, in the plaza, the Fish Cultivators kneeling to the River God, the Blood Fish in their minds also died one by one.

Their gazes gradually regained clarity.

As if awakening from a nightmare, their clouded cognition slowly returned, and they gradually began to exit the dreamland.

The entire River God Temple seemed to be subtly shaking.

This "collective nightmare" was constructed by the River God but supported by the faith of the Fish Cultivators.

Now that the altar was destroyed, the nightmare lost its origin, and once the Fish Cultivators awoken and detach from the nightmare, it would surely shake the foundation of the whole nightmare.

The eyes of the River God were already blood red.

It had been cautious enough, but didn't expect to encounter such an outrageous Human Race demon today.

Not only was his Divine Thought extraordinarily strong, but his state of mind was also profoundly cunning and sly.

His deceptive tactics of creating diversions directly destroyed the altar, indicating that he was not ignorant of the Dao of the deities.

He may even know a great deal.

The taboos of the Dao of the deities are only circulated among deities, and humans know very little.

Which damned deity has revealed the deities' taboos to this despicable little demon?!

The Divine Body of the River God began to contort and deform.

Its fish head seemed to have grown a tumor, swelling and shrinking unpredictably.

This was due both to anger and because the "nightmare" was shattered, shaking its very origin.

Chapter 1166: God-slaying (3)

"Good..."

The voice of the River God was hoarse and distorted, with a fierce and terrifying expression.

"You seek to destroy my Taoist Field, cut off my foundation, annihilate my Divine Way..."

"Then I shall devour every man and beast, utterly and completely, to strengthen my Divine Thought, and then I will slowly torment you, little ghost, flay you alive..."

The River God transformed into a river of blood and vanished in an instant.

Mo Hua's heart chilled, sensing something amiss, and swiftly turned into flowing water, rushing to the central plaza of the front hall.

Upon reaching the plaza, he saw a scene of bloodshed right in the middle of it.

A deformed fish monster, with a fat fish head and a body like a demonic creature, its entirety blood-red, with thick whiskers like tentacles spreading outwards, binding various Fish Cultivators and draining Divine Sense from them.

The awakened Fish Cultivators were all terror-stricken, desperately struggling to escape.

Mo Hua immediately recognized that the fish monster was the River God transformed.

His Divine Thought circulated, materializing Five Elements Spells—Golden Blade, Water Arrow, Fireball—all unleashed, severing or incinerating the blood-colored fish whiskers around him one by one.

But there were too many whiskers, and Mo Hua simply couldn't cut them all.

Even with a Formation, it was hardly effective.

Meanwhile, the power of the River God was growing bit by bit, the whiskers becoming thicker, and its evil thoughts escalating towards a peak.

And it even summoned a surge of evil thoughts that did not belong to it.

This surge of evil thoughts was all too familiar to Mo Hua; he had even "consumed" it before.

Great Wilderness Evil God...

Mo Hua frowned deeply, his expression gravely serious, and then clenched his teeth, beginning to concentrate his energy, seemingly trying to condense a large Formation to counter the River God.

But before he could fully manifest it, several blood-colored whiskers suddenly burst from the ground, piercing his calves and wrapping tightly around Mo Hua, hoisting him before the River God.

Mo Hua continued to struggle, but the whiskers, entwined with the Evil Thoughts of the Great Wilderness God, were incredibly tough and bound him tightly.

No matter how hard Mo Hua struggled, he couldn't break free.

The River God's voice was ice-cold, with a hint of mockery:

"There's no use struggling..."

"I've said before, your Divine Thought is strong, but it's too balanced. You're strong in everything, but not to an extreme."

"Unlike that Sword Cultivator from the past, his Divine Thought was far inferior to yours, but his Divine Thought into Sword was exceedingly sharp..."

"That's why he could severely injure me, but you cannot!"

"You cannot break my Divine Body, in my nightmare, you fundamentally have no way to harm me."

Upon hearing these words, Mo Hua stopped struggling, seemingly giving up resistance.

A moment later, his crisp voice sounded again.

"Is there a possibility..."

Mo Hua looked at the River God, now within an arm's reach, and suddenly smiled brilliantly, "...that I can also do Divine Thought into Sword?"

The River God was taken aback, then his pupils dilated in great shock.

At the same time, an extremely sharp point of golden light burst forth.

Overwhelming, qualitatively transformed Divine Thought endued with the power comparable to a deity, poured entirely into Mo Hua's right hand, compressing and condensing to form a thick and refined sword shape.

The sword shape was rough, like a sword embryo, but within was the utmost sharpness of Divine Thought, brimming with lethal intent.

It was as if a Divine Sword had formed from a powerful deity's telekinesis!

A hint of Divine Marrow integrated into the sword, sharpening it.

With a casual wave of his hand, Mo Hua produced a brief flash of pale golden light that turned into a golden line, effortlessly severing all the tough evil thought-infused whiskers before him!

In the eyes of the River God, immense terror surged.

The crisis of life and death was right there, even more terrifying than the crisis from that sword hundreds of years ago.

The River God struggled and backed away, trying to distance itself from Mo Hua, trying to get away from the "Little Yama" with the Golden Sword.

But it was too late.

Mo Hua's figure flashed, already in front of it, his left hand pressing on its shoulder, his right hand holding the Sword of Divine Thought, thrusting fiercely.

The sword light was sharp and invincible, piercing directly through the River God's chest.

Just like the sword thrust by the Sword Cultivator hundreds of years ago.

But the Sword Cultivator's sword was silver.

Whereas Mo Hua's sword was golden.

The Divine Thought was powerful, merged with the light-gold Divine Marrow, forming a true "deity" sword.

The River God's chest was penetrated by the light-gold sword light.

The Sword Qi formed by Divine Thought shredded the blood-red Evil Thoughts within its chest, tearing them apart completely.

A great cloud of blood mist suddenly burst outwards in all directions.

The River God's Evil Thoughts dissipated into the surroundings as well, and its entire Divine Body, like a deflating ball, gradually shriveled up and reverted to its original form.

Fish Cultivators sucked in by the River God's whiskers were also released from their grasp.

In their eyes lingered shock as they looked towards the demonic-like River God in the center.

This is... the River God?!

The Fish Cultivators, who had just awakened from the nightmare, were dismayed, with a look of confusion and uncertainty.

Then they witnessed an even more inconceivable scene...

A little cultivator wrapped in faint-gold light, holding a golden Divine Sword, dragged the River God onto a platform, and then pressed the River God's head down with his left hand while his right hand drew the sword, slicing out a dazzling streak of golden light, neatly decapitating the River God.

This shocking moment impacted the spirits of all the Fish Cultivators, filling their hearts with terror, unable to calm down for a long time.

Mo Hua beheaded the River God with the Sword of Divine Thought.

The entire River God Temple lost its master, and in an instant, it began shaking violently, starting to collapse.

The nightmare, too, began to collapse at an accelerated pace.

The figures of the Fish Cultivators gradually dissipated.

They were being forcibly expelled from the nightmare.

Including Yu Dahe's two children, as well as Gu An, Gu Quan, and others, who all gradually awakened from the nightmare...

The beheaded River God, with its head severed from the body, gradually melted into a thick puddle of blood.

This pool of blood was composed of Evil Thoughts.

But there was no light-gold Divine Marrow in it.

Mo Hua frowned slightly, but with limited time, he still took a deep breath and devoured all of the River God's Evil Thoughts into his stomach.

But he didn't have time to refine it yet.

Calculating that he still had some time, Mo Hua returned to the main hall and arrived in front of the altar.

The altar had already been destroyed.

The Divine Statue had fallen, the offering table was overturned, the colored glass bowl was shattered, and the alien offerings were scattered all over the floor. With the collapse of the Dreamland, they were twisting and turning into strands of evil qi.

Mo Hua turned everything around the altar upside down, but found nothing of value.

No Divine Marrow.

Nothing "edible" either.

The mere remnant evil qi wasn't enough to fill even the gaps between his teeth; Mo Hua simply didn't care for it.

"This altar... How can it be so poor?"

Mo Hua sighed, turned to leave, but his eyes caught a glimpse of a blood-stained little fish swimming out from within the Divine Statue.

A fish that escaped the net?

Mo Hua immediately thought to pinch the little fish to death.

At this critical moment of life and death, the little fish desperately flicked its body, shedding all the filthy blood, revealing its silver-white body.

A little silver fish?

Mo Hua hesitated, his expression showing a hint of surprise. Seeing that the little silver fish bore no aura of blood evil or the contamination of the Evil God, he showed compassion and spared its life.

The trembling little silver fish nodded repeatedly at Mo Hua, as if expressing gratitude, and then with a swoosh, it turned into a streak of silver light and swam away, its destination unknown.

Chapter 1167: Golden Marrow

The little silverfish swam away.

Mo Hua didn't mind; seizing the opportunity before the nightmare shattered and the River God Temple collapsed, he continued to search the altar meticulously, not sparing a single bottle, jar, candle, or pedestal.

But after a long search, he still came up empty-handed.

After contemplating for a moment, Mo Hua, with a single thought, took a seat on it himself.

He felt a subtle sensation.

As if, in the dark, he had connected to something.

But that was all.

Unknown if it was because the altar had been destroyed by him, the offering table overturned, so even though he sat on it himself, it didn't feel significant.

Unlike the altar in the Bi Mountain Demon Cavern, where the moment he sat down, Demon Monsters would kowtow, divine essence would surround him, countless mysteries culminated within him, and his Divine Sense felt relaxed and expansive.

Mo Hua looked at the desolate altar and sighed helplessly.

It seemed like this was it...

Time was up, and the River God Temple began to collapse.

The nightmare started to distort.

Mo Hua also felt a powerful force of rejection; if he didn't leave now, his Divine Sense would perish along with the dreamland.

Mo Hua no longer resisted and slowly closed his eyes.

It was yet another moment of the world turning upside down, and his Divine Thought transformed.

When Mo Hua opened his eyes again, he found Gu An and several others from the Gu Family watching him with concerned expressions.

Seeing Mo Hua awaken, everyone finally sighed with relief.

"Young Master Mo, are you alright?" Gu An asked.

"Mhm."

Mo Hua observed his surroundings and saw that not a single Cultivator from the Gu Family was missing, and everyone was intact. Yu Dahe had also awoken, seemingly without any serious issues, which made him nod in satisfaction.

What's started must be finished.

Since he had brought them here, he also had to ensure their safe return.

But Yu Dahe was still deeply worried.

He held his two sons tightly in his arms, his face showing both bewilderment and anxiety. He couldn't tell the condition of his two sons, whether they were dead or alive.

Mo Hua glanced at the two children, nodded slightly, and said:

"It's alright now, their Divine Souls have returned..."

No sooner had Mo Hua finished speaking than the two children murmured softly.

Yu Dahe rejoiced.

But the two children still didn't wake up; they just frowned, trying to open their eyes but couldn't, and fell back into a deep sleep.

Yu Dahe panicked again and hurriedly looked towards Mo Hua.

Mo Hua said, "Their Divine Senses aren't fully adjusted yet. Take them home to rest and recuperate, they'll be fine after some time."

Only then did Yu Dahe completely relax, and overwhelmed with joy, his eyes reddened as he kept saying:

"Thank you, thank you, Young Master Mo..."

Mo Hua was also relieved.

Gu An looked around and said in a low voice, "Young Master, it's not safe to stay here long. Should we leave now?"

Mo Hua thought for a moment and shook his head, "No rush, I still have something to do..."

The River God's head had been severed by him.

This River God Temple, though still seeming eerie, no longer held any terror.

Compared to that, there were still matters to take care of.

"Little Brother An, Little Brother Quan, please protect the Formation for me..."

As Mo Hua spoke, he took out a black strip marked with several Formation Patterns and then a stick wrapped in thick cotton.

"If I start meditating and my expression becomes abnormal, or my gaze turns evil, use this black strip to cover my forehead."

"And if I go mad, use this stick to knock me out!"

Mo Hua, afraid of getting hurt, had wrapped the stick in thick cotton.

After biting his teeth, he handed the stick to Gu Quan, but didn't forget to admonish:

"Remember, go easy with the hits..."

He wasn't a Body Cultivator, and his delicate skin couldn't take much punishment.

Gu Quan took the stick, and the others exchanged puzzled glances, asking in a low voice:

"Young Master, what are you planning to do?"

Mo Hua waved his hand dismissively, "The matters of a Formation Master, you wouldn't understand even if I explained. Just remember what I just said."

Gu Quan nodded hesitantly.

The others didn't ask any further questions either, but stood guard around Mo Hua with a vigilant demeanor.

After preparing everything thoroughly, Mo Hua sat down to meditate on the spot and his Divine Sense delved into the Sea of Consciousness.

Within the Sea of Consciousness, the incarnation of Mo Hua's Divine Thought opened its eyes, with a glimmer of light flashing within them.

He prepared to first refine the Evil Thoughts of the River God.

On the surface, the River God was dead, turned into a pool of bloody Evil Thoughts, swallowed by Mo Hua into his belly.

However, the ways of the deity are profound and unfathomable.

Mo Hua wasn't sure whether the River God was truly dead or not, so he decided to refine its Evil Thoughts first, to "eat" them clean, completely eliminating any future troubles and prevent long nights full of dreams.

The vast Evil Thoughts of the River God, swallowed by Mo Hua, also entered Mo Hua's Sea of Consciousness with the Dreamland's restoration.

Directly using Divine Thought, Mo Hua formed the Li Fire Formation and began to incinerate these Evil Thoughts bit by bit.

The Divine Thought of the River God was powerful, but a large part of it was composed of foul Evil Thoughts.

Mo Hua aimed to completely refine these Evil Thoughts, expelling Evil Spirits, purging filth, preserving the pure Divine Thought, to truly absorb and fully digest them.

The Evil Thoughts were crimson, incinerated by the fiery red Formation, turning into wisps of white smoke that Mo Hua inhaled into his belly.

This white smoke wasn't completely clean; it still contained a lot of residual instinctual Evil Thoughts, which, after being devoured, continued to erode Mo Hua's will.

Mo Hua, following his usual practice, used these Evil Thoughts to temper his Taoist Heart.

To maintain his original intention amidst the tumultuous currents of evil desires.

To preserve his humanity amidst the hidden contamination of Evil Spirits.

Body and mind as one, clear as a mirror.

This dedication of the Taoist Heart puts a severe test on one's resolve, but fortunately, Mo Hua had grown accustomed to it, even somewhat taking it for granted.

Through a myriad of evils, the heart emerges without a trace.

So it was, as he incinerated Evil Spirits, absorbed Divine Thought, and tempered his Taoist Heart.

Chapter 1168: Golden Marrow (2)

His Taoist Heart, growing ever more resolute.

His Divine Sense, also growing stronger by the moment.

The formidable Second Grade River God, with extremely powerful Divine Thoughts, although it has fallen into depravity, most of which are Evil Thoughts, after being refined and purified, the remnants of pure Divine Thoughts are still quite considerable.

Just like that, time passed unknowingly, the river of Evil Thoughts slowly got burnt out, streams of Divine Thought smoke were also devoured bit by bit.

All sorts of evil desires surged from the depths of his heart, but were suppressed by Mo Hua with a steadfast Taoist Heart.

A whole Second Grade fish-headed River God, was thus "eaten" clean by Mo Hua.

Mo Hua ate a bit too much.

And with the nourishment of an entire River God, his Divine Sense took yet another giant stride forward.

The Realm of Seventeen Patterns Divine Sense, which previously seemed a Heavenly Chasm away, now appeared almost within reach.

But even after "eating" so much, the barrier between Sixteen Patterns and Seventeen Patterns still remained, and ultimately he couldn't cross over.

Mo Hua sighed, feeling helpless in his heart.

The upgrade of Divine Sense from Sixteen Patterns to Seventeen Patterns, from the Foundation Building Middle Stage to the Foundation Building Late Stage, seems separated by only one pattern, but this one pattern is truly like a chasm.

If one doesn't rely on raising their Realm to drive the growth of Divine Sense, but instead finds their own way,

To refine and strengthen Divine Sense bit by bit, to devour one Evil Spirit after another, Water Drops Stone Wear style, to gradually enhance Divine Sense, in order to break through the bottleneck, it's truly as difficult as ascending to the heavens.

Fortunately, now there's only a little bit left.

But then Mo Hua thought again, it may look like "just a little bit," but who knows how many thresholds are hidden within this little bit.

"Take it slow, it should be soon..."

Mo Hua exhaled, subduing his impatient emotions, gradually calming his state of mind.

Now that he was full, and even a bit overstuffed, he thought about digesting his meal first, consolidating his gains before exiting the Sea of Consciousness.

Within the Sea of Consciousness, Mo Hua was focused and meditated with closed eyes, visualizing his own body.

While digesting Divine Thoughts, he also completely consolidated his Taoist Heart.

As time trickled away, unbeknownst to Mo Hua, engrossed in meditation, a vast expanse of shadow suddenly emerged behind him.

This shadow, black with a trace of blood-red, emitted a terrifying aura, yet was silent.

Mo Hua, seated in meditation, was entirely unguarded.

The shadow spread out from behind Mo Hua's diminutive figure, growing larger, and materializing into a huge Evil shadow.

The shadow was like a swamp of sin, enveloped by dark water, out of which slowly emerged a large-mouthed, hideous horned Demon Creature.

The Demon Creature slowly opened its gaping maw, and noiselessly swallowed towards Mo Hua ahead of it.

The fierce gaping mouth completely enveloped Mo Hua's small figure.

Just as it was about to swallow Mo Hua, suddenly a figure flashed in front, and Mo Hua disappeared.

The creature was stunned for a moment, its two hideous eyes focusing upwards, only to see a child standing on top of its head at some point.

The child lay on top of it, hanging upside down, staring into its large eyes, complaining somewhat:

"Why have you only come out now? I've been waiting for you for a long time."

The creature's pupils shrank drastically, violently shaking its head, trying to shake Mo Hua off.

Mo Hua clutched one of the creature's horns with one hand, sticking to its head like chewing gum.

Meanwhile, in Mo Hua's right hand, a grasp conjured from nothing.

A boundless golden sharpness gathered in his hand, condensing into an ancient yet terrifying pale golden Sword of Divine Thought.

Seeing this, the creature's pupils nearly popped out, struggling even more violently.

But the large-bodied creature couldn't shake off Mo Hua at all.

Mo Hua was no-nonsense, thrusting cleanly, a streak of pale golden light turned into a fine line, piercing directly into the creature's brow.

Upon the tiny Golden Sword, several rays of Golden Light bloomed, piercing straight through the creature's head.

Sword Transformation, extremely sharp.

The creature struggled, howling in pain, its claws tearing towards Mo Hua.

Mo Hua bounced around on its head, his body light and fluid like water, snatching every move, and then with a reverse swing of his sword, he stabbed into the top of its head.

The sharp Golden Light poured down, the sword's brilliance unfolded, irresistible, grinding the internal flesh made from the creature's Evil Thoughts.

The creature howled in fear and anger, its injuries worsened, and its movements slowed down.

Seize the opportunity when it's ill, take its life!

Mo Hua stabbed "swish, swish" with a few more strikes, his Sword Qi of Divine Thought rampant, slicing in every direction, cutting a big-headed Evil Thought Monster to pieces, eventually turning it into a pool of black water, collapsing on the ground, lifeless.

Inside the Sea of Consciousness, it temporarily calmed down.

Mo Hua landed lightly on the ground, pointing at the black water on the floor with the golden sword, "Come out, I know you're not dead."

The black water trembled, and then slowly a shadow emerged from within.

The entire shadow, condensed from the filthy black water, transformed into a pitch-black Water Demon, looking a bit similar to the River God, also with a fish-headed human body.

Yet it had horns on its head; atop the fish head, its teeth protruded outwards, and the fangs were curled, resembling... a mouth of a sheep?

Mo Hua frowned and then realized suddenly.

This seems to be the remains of the Great Wilderness Evil God.

But this set of Divine Remains seemed a bit different, as if it had parasitized the River God, gradually assimilating with it, hence it tended more towards... an Evil God?

The black water River God coldly eyed Mo Hua, its gaze wary.

Its voice, like the River God's, carried a Water Demon's strange undertone, but was thicker and more somber.

"Lad, when did you notice me?"

Mo Hua sneered in his heart.

This trip to the fishing village, I was actually after you from the start.

Moreover, when deducing the cause and effect, I saw you lurking in the shade, ambushing the Sword Cultivator Elder of my Taixu Gate, how could I not know your little scheme.

Chapter 1169: Golden Marrow (3)

Of course, Mo Hua wouldn't speak such blunt truths.

Mo Hua only said, "You've hidden it well, I only just discovered it."

The River God looked displeased.

He was sure that this brat was lying.

Crucially, this brat was lying without hesitation, simply blurting it out.

But now, in an unfavorable situation and having witnessed the power of Divine Thought into Sword, knowing he couldn't contend, the River God said:

"I was careless, Taoist Friend, can we both stop here?"

Mo Hua snorted coldly, without speaking.

The River God asked, "What do you want then?"

Mo Hua looked unhappy, "You sneak into my Sea of Consciousness, trying to deceive me timidly, and you still ask me what I want?"

"Don't you think that what you did was very impolite?"

"Shouldn't you apologize and make amends to show sincerity?"

The River God thought Mo Hua was very childish.

But it had seen Mo Hua decapitate another river god with a stroke of his sword, knowing this young brat was ruthless and definitely not genuinely naive.

When you think he is naive, it is actually you who are being naive.

The River God furrowed its fierce brows and asked, "How would you have me show my sincerity?"

"I am young and not greedy," Mo Hua said with a smile, "just share some good stuff with me."

The River God's expression darkened slightly, puzzled, "What stuff?"

"Naturally, it's..."

Mo Hua gave a slight smile, his eyes revealing a sharp sword light.

"Your Divine Marrow!"

At the words "Divine Marrow," the River God's expression changed drastically.

At this moment, it was completely certain, this brat truly knew everything!!

The origin of Divine Rank.

The Divine Marrow of the Great Dao.

This is the core taboo of deities.

But this brat dared to blurt it out, demanding Divine Marrow!

There must be a traitor amongst the deities, who told all secrets to this little calamity!

The River God was alarmed, suddenly noticing something wrong with the surroundings, and upon closer inspection, saw Formation Patterns emerging on the ground, assembling into a Formation.

Its Divine Body was locked by the Earth Prison Formation.

This is bad!

The River God's Evil Thoughts surged, instantly breaking free from the Earth Prison Formation.

In just that moment, Mo Hua had already dashed close, his golden sword forged by Divine Thought dancing with beams of sword light.

The sword light was fierce, once again "dismembering" the River God.

After being "dismembered," the River God transformed back into a pool of black water.

Mo Hua frowned slightly.

Though this Evil Thought was weakened and scattered by the sword forged from Divine Thought, it still had not dissipated.

Indeed, moments later, the River God appeared again.

Mo Hua confused, asked, "Why won't you die?"

The River God's face transformed, feeling intense dread.

He hadn't anticipated that Divine Thought into Sword could be so formidable.

Especially this Sword Move, in the hands of this brat with incredibly strong and profound Divine Thought, supplemented the balance but lacking the extreme lethality, making it even more terrifying.

This brat's Divine Thought was too strong, already showing signs of becoming akin to Dao, even comparable to a deity.

The Sword Cultivator from hundreds of years ago, though strong in killing, had weak Divine Thought, so it was manageable.

But this brat, his Divine Thought itself was strong.

Not to mention, whether it is possible to sneak attack him from the shadows.

Even if one managed a sneak attack, it might not critically wound him.

And if he were to counter with Divine Thought into Sword, even in my incarnation as an Evil God, I would not be his match.

Unless at a higher grade, with a higher-tier Divine Remains, nurturing a more powerful incarnation of Evil God, relying on the advantage of Divine Quality and Divine Rank, and forcibly eradicating him with a thunderous approach.

Otherwise, just with the incarnation of a Second Grade Evil God, I really can't do anything to him...

With this thought, the River God himself was stunned for a moment.

"Just with" a Second Grade Evil God incarnation...

When did an incarnation of the mighty Evil God need to annihilate a human Cultivator's Divine Thought with such lack of confidence, such caution, to use the words "just with"?

The River God was both angry and shocked.

Considering that this child has only lived for about a dozen years, his Divine Thought is so strong.

If he were to live another few decades, or even over a hundred years, further advancing his Divine Thought towards Dao, then what would that lead to?

Fierce light flashed in the River God's sinister eyes.

"Asking you," Mo Hua spoke, "why won't you die?"

The River God's gaze darkened, he sneered, but did not respond.

He couldn't answer him...

This child knew too much about the affairs of deities, and was sly and cunning.

Must not let slip more secrets, giving this brat any insight into the secrets of Divine Way.

"Not talking..."

Mo Hua frowned.

He scrutinized the River God some more, his eyes, clear between black and white, had a faint glimmer of spirit light.

Not talking... thinking I can't guess?

This River God must be the true incarnation of the Great Wilderness Evil God, only at a Second Grade Realm, perhaps different from Divine Remains.

Mo Hua guessed that the incarnation of an Evil God was hatched from "Divine Remains."

The happenings in the little fishing village were such.

The "Divine Remains" of the Great Wilderness Evil God, through Evil Path methods, contaminated and parasitized the original river god's body in the village, and using the deity body of the river god as an incubator, hatched the "Evil God incarnation."

This type of Evil God incarnation itself encompassed the original will of the Evil God.

The Evil Thoughts of the Great Wilderness Evil God were vast, its strength was certainly terrifying.

Its original will was naturally hard to eradicate.

Although I could use Divine Thought into Sword to slash it into pieces, I could not completely annihilate it.

This is why the Black Water River God, though no match for me, still acted with such confidence.

Chapter 1170: The Golden Marrow (4)

It can be beheaded, but not extinguished.

As long as it remains indestructible, it will root itself in one's Sea of Consciousness, ceaselessly polluting and spreading.

There is the saying that a thief cannot be on guard for a thousand days, but can only steal for a thousand days.

No matter how steadfast one's Taoist Heart, if it's endlessly contaminated by Evil Thoughts, sooner or later it will falter, becoming enslaved by the Evil God, and degenerate into a puppet of evil desires.

This must also be the scheme of the incarnate Evil God.

It does not need to overpower me, it merely requires the opportunity to enter my Sea of Consciousness, relying on the indelible will of the Evil God, and eventually, it will "assimilate" me.

This is an "open conspiracy."

It is also the most dreadful and seemingly "unsolvable" method of the Evil God, which on the surface appears ordinary.

If I cannot annihilate the will of the Evil God, there are two possibilities...

One is that at the level of the Master of the Great Wilderness, the Divine Thought of the Evil God is immortal and indestructible, beyond my ability to erase.

The other possibility is that my own Divine Sense is not yet qualitatively transformed, my "Divine Rank" is too low, hence incapable of eradicating the higher-level will of the Evil God.

Or maybe...

My skill in Divine Thought into Sword is still shallow, my power to kill and destroy is insufficient, therefore I cannot truly annihilate the incarnation of the Evil God.

Mo Hua feels that this is also very likely.

After all, the Transforming Sword Skill of Divine Thought into Sword that he uses is something learned midway through imitation, not a proper legacy, but merely an entry-level sword form of Divine Thought into Sword, so the moves are still primitive. Being unable to "kill" the incarnation of the Evil God is excusable.

"The sword forms of Divine Thought into Sword..."

Mo Hua's gaze flickers, and he vaguely remembers that while deducing the cause and effect of the broken sword, he had heard some names of sword moves from a senior Sword Cultivator:

"Astonishing Divine Skill, God-breaking Skill, God Slaying Technique, Extinguishing Divine Skill..."

Could these be...

The deeper Sword Dao Skills within the Taixu Mind Transforming Sword True Jue?

Mo Hua's heart trembles, his eyes filled with longing.

Unfortunately, due to various reasons, it seems that the legacy of Divine Thought into Sword has been severed within the Sect, so these deeper Divine Thought Sword Forms are nowhere to be learned...

"Also, I don't know if having learned stronger Divine Thought Sword Skills like 'God Slaying Technique' and 'Extinguishing Divine Skill', I could do away with the incarnation of the Evil God without relying on any external forces, but solely with my own power..."

Mo Hua looks at the Black Water River God, his gaze slightly brightens as he silently contemplates.

The Black Water River God, being stared at by Mo Hua, for some reason, suddenly feels a chill all over.

"If you don't speak up, forget it," Mo Hua glances at the Black Water River God again, somewhat boredly says, "I'm in a hurry, so I'll have to kill you first..."

The Black Water River God is shocked, and then couldn't help but laugh angrily.

An ignorant lad spouting nonsense!

"Kill me?"

"With your ultimate move, Divine Thought into Sword, you might defeat me, but you can't kill me."

"What exactly can you do to me?"

I am an incarnation of the Evil God, inheriting the will of the Master of the Great Wilderness.

The Black Water River God cannot imagine that a young Foundation Building Cultivator of about ten years old could have any means to utterly obliterate him.

"Besides, you have no idea how terrifying and supreme my true form is..."

"I know..." Mo Hua curls his lips, "The Great Wilderness Evil God..."

The Black Water River God is taken aback, eyes suddenly wide as he exclaims:

"You... know?"

How could you know?

How could a young human Cultivator know about, and how could you possibly be aware of, the ruler of the Great Wilderness lurking in the shadows, harnessing overwhelming Evil Thoughts to conceal the Heavenly secret?

But Mo Hua no longer wishes to argue with him.

He is hungry again.

The Evil Thoughts of the River God have filled him.

But now, he wanted to have a better meal.

Mo Hua held a golden light in his hand, his eyes flashing with fierceness.

The Black Water River God's heart trembled, realizing that the situation seemed to have taken an unfavorable turn.

Being able to disperse the fog of Heavenly secret, seeing through the causality of the fallen evil, and knowing the revered name of the Master of the Great Wilderness meant that this little cultivator, despite his weak cultivation, had stepped onto the chessboard with the qualifications to make a move, rather than being an oblivious pawn at the mercy of others...

No matter how strong a pawn is, it's still just a pawn.

No matter how weak a player is, they are still a player.

Those who are qualified to meddle in this game of chess, no matter how inconspicuous they may appear, should never be underestimated!

With this thought, the Black Water River God looked terrified and swiftly turned into a shadow, trying to escape into the black water.

But halfway through, it suddenly found itself unable to move.

Several pale golden Formation Patterns, carrying the simple and grand aura of Divine Way, were branded onto it, sealing it in place.

"Divine Tao Array?!"

The Black Water River God was shocked and gasped at Mo Hua: "How can you possibly know Divine Tao Array?!"

Mo Hua smiled and said: "I learned it from your Taoist Field."

The face of the Black Water River God twisted.

These Divine Tao Patterns were still rudimentary in sophistication; it was solely because the Divine Thought of Mo Hua, which manifested the Patterns, was powerful enough to temporarily contain the Black Water River God.

Mo Hua grabbed the River God by the horn and dragged it to the center of the Sea of Consciousness.

The unease in the Black Water River God's heart grew stronger.

It began to tempt: "Little Taoist Friend, such strength of Divine Thought I have only seen in my life; being a 'human' really belittles your talents, why not ascend with me to the highest path of 'deity' ..."

"If you're unwilling to give up your physical body, that's fine as well."

"Being a deity can be somewhat dull; keeping your body to indulge in pleasures offers a myriad of delightful enjoyments..."

"What do you want? Cultivation Techniques, Taoist Skills, fame, power, beauty..."

"I can give them all to you!"

Mo Hua remained unmoved.

Seeing that temptation was ineffective, the Black Water River God's expression turned menacing as it threatened:

"The Master of the Great Wilderness, limitless among deities, commanding three thousand great mountains and myriads of Demon Monsters, if you out of ignorance interfere with my great plans, you will eternally fall into purgatory with no redemption from a thousand deaths..."

"Are you finished?" Mo Hua asked.

The Black Water River God's eyelid twitched.

Mo Hua quietly said, "Let me show you something nice..."

Before the words ended, an ancient and mysterious Taoist Stele emerged in the center of the Sea of Consciousness, its Dao aura fluctuating.

The Black Water River God's eyes widened, "This is..."

Mo Hua took action directly, his small hand clamped like an iron vice, pressing the River God's head onto the Taoist Stele.

Caught off guard, the Black Water River God beheld a flash of the forbidden color of deathly red.

Robbery Thunder!

In that instant, laws took effect, determining life and death, irreversible.

In the eyes of the Black Water River God, terror had not yet faded before it was completely obliterated by the Robbery Thunder, along with the will of the Evil God from the Master of the Great Wilderness, into nothingness.

The black water dried up, and the evil qi was annihilated.

The Black Water Evil God was "cleansed of the poison"; its divine existence and Dao extinguished, leaving only a substantial amount of pale golden Divine Marrow.

Within these strands of pale golden Divine Marrow, there were a few that were exceptionally pure, nearing the color of pure gold; the Dao Laws concealed within, circulating a dazzling and radiant light.

This glow illuminated Mo Hua's eyes.

Mo Hua's eyes sparkled with joy.

Pure Gold Divine Marrow!