

Immortality 1181

Chapter 1181: Young Master (2)

At the Third-Grade State Boundary, it had already surpassed the range of their cultivation levels; should any accidents occur, they might not be able to ensure Mo Hua's safety.

Mo Hua furrowed his brows.

Going back... It's actually feasible.

The small boat was painted with Water Series navigation and cruising Formations; with some modifications to the Formation, they could float back the way they came.

But Mo Hua was somewhat reluctant.

The fish were about to bite; it didn't seem right to reel in the rods just now.

The most crucial point was, although they were in the Third-Grade State Boundary, Mo Hua's premonition of Heavenly secrets had not indicated any imminent killing intent or that kind of crisis between life and death.

"Let's wait and see..."

Mo Hua said.

Even though Gu An and Gu Quan felt uneasy, they could only nod in agreement.

The small boat continued to drift; after an indeterminate amount of time, Mo Hua actually spotted a shore. By the shore, there was a ferry crossing, and above the crossing, there were several lights.

Mo Hua was somewhat surprised.

This place seemed to be inhabited, seemingly not as remote as it appeared.

"Be careful," Mo Hua cautioned.

"Yes," Gu An and Gu Quan responded gravely.

The small boat, swaying gently like an ordinary fishing boat returning at dusk, slowly approached the ferry crossing on the shore.

At the crossing, someone was already waiting, upon seeing the Crossing River Dragon, they immediately asked:

"Are you done fishing?"

The Crossing River Dragon glanced back briefly, then said roughly: "First give me Spirit Stones, then I'll give you fish."

The person discontentedly said: "Shouldn't I check if the fish is fresh before giving you Spirit Stones?"

The Crossing River Dragon replied: "Just caught them, definitely fresh."

The person further inquired: "How many Spirit Stones do you want?"

The Crossing River Dragon stated a number.

The person shook their head, "That's too high, I have to ask the boss."

The Crossing River Dragon then said: "I'll come with you, to prevent you from bad-mouthing my fish behind my back."

The person then nodded and said: "Follow me."

The Crossing River Dragon hesitated slightly, then jumped from the boat onto shore, following the person directly to a tavern nearby.

Once the two had walked some distance, Mo Hua got off the boat with Gu An and Gu Quan, and followed behind them from afar, all the way to the front of the tavern.

The tavern was open-air and spacious.

Surrounded by bamboo fences, the courtyard had tables set out for passing Cultivators to rest and drink.

Outside the courtyard, several more tables were set out, though they were much more rudimentary.

At the moment, several people outside were drinking, among which one man, dressed in coarse cloth and wearing a bamboo hat, was consuming strong liquor.

Mo Hua's gaze lingered on this person for a while, then moved away, afterward, he, together with Gu An and Gu Quan, stepped into the tavern's courtyard.

In the tavern courtyard, the Crossing River Dragon was standing respectfully.

Across the table, there sat four Cultivators, dressed modestly, yet every piece of their clothing, sachet pouches, and jade ornaments was exceedingly luxurious.

And among them, Mo Hua recognized one.

It was the very "Mr. Jin" he had met before, who also had a secret understanding with the Crossing River Dragon.

The Crossing River Dragon placed the Storage Bag containing the "Human Pill" on the table.

Mr. Jin, without any hesitation, took out a medicine bottle, smelled it at the tip of his nose, and nodded:

"Good quality, and the fragrance is strong."

The Crossing River Dragon bowed and said: "I'm glad Mr. Jin likes it."

Mr. Jin remained noncommittal, and after a while, sighed leisurely:

"I told you to just sell the fish well, and I would ensure your Dao Cultivation was untroubled. Why did you bring a few flies over to me?"

As soon as Mr. Jin's words fell, Mo Hua immediately knew their movements had been exposed, and without hesitation commanded:

"Attack!"

Gu An instantly dispelled his invisibility and slashed at Mr. Jin with his blade.

Mr. Jin sneered, his fingers condensing into a golden sword light, slashing towards Gu An.

The blade met the sword light, with Blood Qi and Sword Qi clashing, shattering a square table to pieces.

But Gu An did not retreat in the slightest; he was at the Foundation Establishment Late Stage, his Cultivation was higher than that of Mr. Jin.

Moreover, what he had learned was the Gu Family's Twin Rings Blade Skill; even if it couldn't compare to the Sever Gold Sword Jue, bolstered by profound Cultivation, it would not be greatly inferior.

On the contrary, Mr. Jin's face went pale from the shock of the blade's power.

Gu An closed in further and slashed again with his blade.

This strike was even quicker.

Mr. Jin had no time to gather his Sword Qi, forcing him to retreat hastily.

Nevertheless, Gu An's blade still skimmed by Mr. Jin's cheek, slicing from top to bottom and cutting off a few strands of his hair.

Mr. Jin was in disarray, his face extremely unsightly.

Mo Hua shook his head slightly.

Being such an amateur, yet still insisting on showing off like a master, and as a result, he couldn't even withstand two moves from Little Brother An.

Mr. Jin seemed to realize that he was no match for Gu An.

"Attack together!"

The nearby finely dressed Disciples all sneered and then condensed golden sword lights, looking as if most of them were Disciples of the Sever Gold Sect.

In the tavern, other customers who were merely there for drinks saw the confrontation escalate and had long since scattered like birds and beasts.

This kind of real sword and spear spectacle was nothing they dared to witness.

A great battle was about to erupt, the tavern instantly descended into chaos.

Gu An and Gu Quan, the two brothers, joined forces, executing the Gu Family's Chain Blade Skill, clashing with Mr. Jin and his group.

For a time, blades and swords flashed, and killing intent surged through the air.

Mr. Jin had six people in total, mostly at the Foundation Building Middle Phase, only one at the Late Stage, but their Cultivation was nowhere as profound as the two Gu brothers, and their experience in magical combat was also far less than the Gu brothers, both Enforcement Leaders of the Daoist Court.

Therefore, despite being outnumbered, Gu An and Gu Quan did not fall at a disadvantage.

The battle showed no sign of a victor.

At this moment, a tall Sever Gold Sect Disciple said to Mr. Jin: "You guys stall for time, I'll accelerate the Sword technique to resolve this quickly!"

Mr. Jin, pressed by the blade lights, gritted his teeth and said:

"Fine!"

Then, the several Sever Gold Sect members interwove their movements and varied their attacks.

The tall Sever Gold Sect Disciple retreated to the background, taking advantage of the others' cover, began to form sword incantations, activating a Golden Sword, and gathering sword light.

Chapter 1182: Young Master (3)

Mo Hua instantly recognized it; this was the true Sect Protecting Faction legacy of the Broken Sword Sect, the Sever Gold Sword Control Jue.

However, it was unknown whether he had forgotten in his urgency, or believed his own swordsmanship was skilled enough that there was no need for overkill, but he did not preemptively employ the Gold Body Technique, nor did he stimulate a Golden Body Talisman.

"Too careless..."

Mo Hua shook his head.

Then, taking advantage of the moment when the man exerted all his strength, channeling his Spiritual Power to the limit, and accumulating peak Sword Qi...

Mo Hua's fingertips lightly flicked, and three Fireballs whooshed out in succession.

One aimed at the head, another at the vital points along the heart meridian, and the third targeted straight for his Qi Sea.

The speed of these three Fireballs was extremely fast and the attack was crafty.

The tall cultivator from Sever Gold Sect, wholly focused on Sword Control, had no defenses in place and was thus struck by the three Fireballs at three painful vital spots.

His Sword Moves were interrupted, and his Spiritual Power became chaotic.

The Sever Gold Sect disciple executing the sword technique spat out blood.

Gu An and Gu Quan, who had been on guard, slightly relaxed upon seeing this and were grateful to Mo Hua.

If the Sever Gold Sword Control Jue of the Sever Gold Sect were really displayed by this man, the situation would've become quite grim.

Mr. Jin and his group's expressions all immediately turned grave.

"There's someone else!"

The confrontation was briefly paused, Mr. Jin stood firm, his gaze shifting between Gu An and Gu Quan as he coldly said:

"Who is it? Show yourself, stop hiding like vermin!"

After thinking for a while, Mo Hua slowly revealed his presence.

Mr. Jin's expression faltered.

Such a young cultivator...

He furrowed his brow and asked, "Kid, who are you? I don't think... I have seen you before, have I?"

Mo Hua did not answer.

Someone beside Mr. Jin spoke out, "The two brothers, their Taoist Skill, is the Gu Family's Consecutive Blade technique; this kid, must be from the Gu Family..."

"The Gu Family..."

Mr. Jin's gaze turned venomous.

Mo Hua neither confirmed nor denied, he pondered for a moment and then started to righteously question Mr. Jin, saying:

"I don't care whether your surname is Jin or Silver, you have already violated the Taoist Law..."

"Human trafficking, murder, violating the prohibition, refining Human Pills... each one is a serious crime!"

"You should turn yourself in early, to avoid suffering."

Mr. Jin was indignant, then laughed scornfully:

"A milk-smelling brat, what do you know? Taoist Law is used for those beneath us, it doesn't apply to me."

"Turn myself in? I'm afraid even the small temple of the Taoist Court couldn't contain me if I truly did."

Mo Hua, full of righteous indignation, said: "So you're admitting it? Admitting that you have trafficked cultivators, taken lives, privately refined Human Pills?"

Mr. Jin kept silent.

Mo Hua's face showed mockery, "You dare to do it but not to admit it, turns out you're just a coward."

"I thought you were some notorious big villain, but it turns out you're just a coward who lets others die for you, hiding in the shadows."

"You had such a big mouth just now, why have you become mute? You said the Taoist Court couldn't contain you, does your face need to be bigger than your butt?"

Mr. Jin was instantly consumed by fury.

He knew in his heart!

He knew this little brat was provoking him.

But precisely because it was a milk-smelling little brat provoking him, he felt a surge of anger stuck in his throat, unable to be swallowed.

Sometimes, when you're out in the world, face is authority.

If someone mocks you, you cut them down and feed them to the Water Demons in the river; henceforth, no one dares to slight you.

But if on the contrary, someone ridicules you and you respond with silence, showing no reaction, everyone will look down on you.

If even such a milk-smelling little brat dares to publicly mock and insult you, calling you "coward" and "weakling", then what future is there for you?

Any person would then feel entitled to step on your head!

The young masters would also feel that you have disgraced their status and henceforth be unworthy of working for them.

Mr. Jin's eyes turned fierce, his lips curled into a sinister smile.

"Very well, you want me to admit it? Today I'll tell you, you're right!"

"But what of it?"

"I am a trader of Cultivators, yes, I've killed some lowly wretches, I've refined Human Pills, so what?"

"Who's going to stop me?!"

"Is it you, this little runt? Or the dog-like Taoist Court, fattened by the noble families?"

"Even if I admit it, what can you do to me?"

"Do you think that I, like those despicable Cultivators governed by Taoist Law, am the same 'person' as them?"

"Killing a few lowly wretches, refining a few batches of Pills, what does it matter?"

Mr. Jin's gaze was distorted, his expression somewhat ugly.

Mo Hua frowned slightly, his demeanor gradually turning icy.

"Little Brother An, Little Brother Quan, he has admitted it himself, cripple his limbs and bring him back to the Taoist Court."

Gu An and Gu Quan also wore looks of anger.

Mr. Jin was stunned for a moment, and then, instead of getting angry, he laughed, "Are you serious?"

Gu An and Gu Quan each gripping their swords, Blood Qi boiling, prepared to exert all their strength to take down Mr. Jin and his party.

But the moment they took a step forward, a Water-shaped Sword Qi that was as solid and crystal clear as reality suddenly appeared and cleaved in front of them.

This Sword Qi was so condensed with Spiritual Power, its might terribly fearsome.

Just a gentle flash of sword light left a trench several feet wide on the ground.

Gu An and Gu Quan were intimidated by this Sword Intent, their faces turning pale.

A Golden Core Sword Cultivator?!

Behind Mr. Jin, a person dressed in a water-blue Taoist Robe with a fair complexion and profound Spiritual Power slowly stepped forward.

Gu An and Gu Quan had not noticed him before at all.

The atmosphere at the scene instantly became as tense as a drawn bow.

Gu An and Gu Quan looked stern, spurred their sword moves to the extreme, and silently protected Mo Hua behind them.

This water-blue robed Sword Cultivator merely scoffed contemptuously, and with a condescending tone said:

"Kneel down, kowtow three times, and swear not to speak of what you saw and heard today, and I will let you leave."

Gu An and Gu Quan's expressions flared in anger, before they could even say anything.

Mr. Jin then spoke with fierce cruelty: "No, kill them! They must die, especially that insolent little brat!"

The water-blue robed Sword Cultivator slightly frowned.

Gu An and Gu Quan felt a chill in their hearts.

It didn't matter to them, but Young Master Mo, nothing could go wrong.

Gu An said resolutely, "We belong to the Gu Family!"

"The Gu Family?" Mr. Jin jeered, "The Gu Family must die too!"

The gaze of the water-blue robed Sword Cultivator flickered, he whispered lowly, "It's better not to complicate matters further..."

"Kill!" Mr. Jin declared with unrestrained eyes, "I will bear all the consequences!"

In the eyes of the robed Sword Cultivator, a touch of displeasure appeared, though he did not go against Mr. Jin's wishes.

A strand of Golden Core Water System Spiritual Power, refined to the utmost and solid as substance, gathered at his fingertips, forming a sharp Sword Qi.

The robed Sword Cultivator looked towards Mo Hua, indifferently saying:

"Golden Core Sword Qi, it will only take a moment to kill you, it won't be too painful."

Then, without waiting for Gu An and Gu Quan to react, the robed Sword Cultivator flicked his fingers, and the Sword Qi shot forth.

The water-blue Sword Qi, like a real Spirit Sword, carved a dazzling streak of water-light, aiming straight for Mo Hua's heart.

Gu An and Gu Quan were greatly shocked.

Mo Hua, however, appeared calm, with a detached look in his eyes.

Just as the sword light drew near, less than three feet away from Mo Hua, a brilliant myriad of light abruptly rose up, creating a Wind Blade barrier that blossomed simultaneously, forming like the splendid plumes of a peacock's tail, intricate and gorgeous, protecting Mo Hua in the middle.

The sword light was unable to break through the feathered barrier crafted by the Wind Blades and collapsed on its own.

The robed Sword Cultivator's pupils contracted, he couldn't help looking outside the courtyard.

Outside the tavern, a Cultivator wearing plain clothes and a bamboo hat slowly stood up.

He was tall and handsome, his expression stern, with a hint of pride, disdainfully looking at the water-blue robed Sword Cultivator.

"Beast, whom are you trying to kill?"

Chapter 1183: Destiny

In the eyes of the Sword Cultivator in the blue Taoist Robe, a deep fear flashed.

Mr. Jin's expression was even graver.

Qianxue State Boundary, Third Grade Supervisor of the Daoist Court... Gu Changhuai.

Early stages Golden Core Cultivator.

Outside the tavern, Gu Changhuai stood tall and proud, and even in rough clothing, his extraordinary demeanor was hard to conceal.

Splendid Wind Blades encircled him.

The robust essence of his Golden Core cultivation, unrestrained, emitted a faint oppressive force.

Mr. Jin frowned, pondering momentarily before his gaze turned sharp, his voice carrying anger:

"Gu Changhuai..."

"Did you orchestrate all of this from the shadows?"

Gu Changhuai was composed, yet slightly surprised inwardly.

He wasn't quite sure which setup he was referring to.

Always aloof, he couldn't be bothered to explain, especially to such degenerate noble family's sons, whom he deemed unworthy.

Gu Changhuai simply said:

"Will you surrender willingly, or should I disable you, bind you with Spiritual Locks, and throw you into the Daoist Prison?"

Mr. Jin smirked sinisterly, unfazed, "Supervisor Gu, on what grounds are you arresting us?"

"You said it yourself," Gu Changhuai replied with a cold expression, "trafficking cultivators, harming lives, crafting Human Pills—any one of these is enough to throw you into the Daoist Prison to face severe torture."

Mr. Jin smiled slightly, "I was just blustering to scare that kid... With no proof, Supervisor Gu, you wouldn't wrongly accuse a good person, right?"

Gu Changhuai's lips curled with a hint of sarcasm, "Worse than a beast, not even worthy of being human, yet you claim to be a 'good person'?"

Mr. Jin's face changed immediately, "Supervisor Gu, I urge you to watch your language!"

Gu Changhuai pointed to Mr. Jin's storage bag, "Don't think I don't know, the Human Pill is still on you. Now that we have both the thief and the goods, how will you defend yourself?"

"Human Pill?" Mr. Jin casually tossed the storage bag with a confused expression, "Supervisor Gu, what are you talking about? Where is the Human Pill? I didn't see it."

Gu Changhuai's gaze slightly hardened.

Mr. Jin pointed to the storage bag on the ground presumably containing the Human Pill and said with a smile:

"Supervisor Gu, you're not saying this contains Human Pills, are you? How is that possible?"

"Moreover, even if it does contain what you call 'Human Pills,' I know nothing about it..."

Mr. Jin, pointing at Crossing River Dragon with a sneer, said:

"This Fish Cultivator told me he had superb Pills for sale, so I came specifically to check. Who knew his bag would contain all sorts of Pills; what are these Pills really?"

Crossing River Dragon turned pale.

"This matter is unrelated to me..." Mr. Jin smiled lightly, then added:

"Perhaps this commoner, following someone else's instigation, tried to frame me..."

"You're right, aren't you," Mr. Jin said to Gu Changhuai with a mock smile, slowly continuing: "...Supervisor Gu."

Gu Changhuai was unbothered, only nodding slowly, casually saying:

"You make some sense. Let's head to the Daoist Court together, I will clarify things, and then release you."

Mr. Jin said: "This matter is unrelated to me."

"Related or unrelated, let's discuss it at the Daoist Court..."

"These Pills aren't mine..."

"You've touched them, after all, let's discuss the karmic consequences at the Daoist Court." Gu Changhuai said lightly.

"Supervisor Gu, I already told you, I was just spouting nonsense..."

"But since you said it, it must be verified, let's head to the Daoist Court to discuss..."

Gu Changhuai was unyielding.

No matter how Mr. Jin tried to argue, his response was always "Let's go to the Daoist Court to discuss," looking nothing less than officious.

Mr. Jin stopped talking.

His expression turned ugly.

To discuss at the Daoist Court, to discuss at the Daoist Court is crap!

Once in the Daoist Court, one's fate is out of one's hands, even if not killed, being punished would skin one alive.

Moreover, the high-grade Daoist Court has the "Karmic Retribution Statutes."

Some words, once spoken, are acknowledged, some deeds, once done, cannot be denied.

One can argue outside, but inside the Daoist Court, arguing is futile.

Mr. Jin inwardly cursed.

This Gu Changhuai, truly despicable! He never cared about what you said, nor quibbled, just solely focused on getting you into the Daoist Court.

Then he would treat you like fish on the chopping block, completely at his mercy.

The Sword Cultivator in the blue Taoist Robe sternly said: "Supervisor Gu, considering Mr. Jin's prestigious status, is sending him to the Daoist Court appropriate?"

Gu Changhuai glanced at him, "No worries, you're coming too."

The Sword Cultivator in the blue Taoist Robe was taken aback.

Gu Changhuai, expressionless, continued: "Xie Liu, Gui Water Sect's Inner Gate Instructor, today in my presence, you attempted to kill a Gu family cultivator, Execution Leader from Taixu Gate..."

Gu Changhuai glanced at Mo Hua, "...a powerless little disciple."

"You will also accompany me back to the Daoist Court to clarify this matter."

Mo Hua felt somewhat unhappy.

The Sword Cultivator dressed in the blue Taoist Robe, also the Gui Water Sect's Inner Gate Instructor Xie Liu, hearing this, his expression turned icy cold, his eyes brimming with a cold light.

Gu Changhuai and he locked eyes, his expression still faintly indifferent.

Xie Liu managed a smile, but it was only a surface smile, "Supervisor Gu, to think you even know me..."

Gu Changhuai with a semblance of a smile, "If I didn't know you, how could I call you a 'scourge'?"

Xie Liu's face twitched, his expression turned fierce, but he felt a chill inside.

Knowing...

That means he was targeted.

When exactly did it happen?

Mr. Jin also sensed something was amiss and covertly gave Xie Liu a look.

Understanding the hint, Xie Liu then said to Gu Changhuai with a smile:

"Supervisor Gu, isn't it said, 'Want to charge someone, why lack excuses?'"

Gu Changhuai calmly responded: "Oh? Are you suggesting I am fabricating charges out of nothing? You do realize, that's slandering a Dao Court Official, and that's an added crime."

Chapter 1184: Fate (2)

Xie Liu frowned, knowing that when it came to verbal sparring, he was no match for the Department of Ceremonies of the Daoist Court.

He clenched his palm, and a long sword materialized.

This was his own Magical Treasure, the Gui Water Sword.

It was also one of the Twelve Streams of Qian State, the standard inherited Magical Treasure of the Gui Water Sect.

Gu Changhuai raised his eyebrows, "Are you planning to resist arrest?"

Xie Liu responded with a smile, "Although I, Xie Liu, am not particularly outstanding, I am still an instructor of the Gui Water Sect. If Supervisor Gu wishes to slander me, I must find a way to prove my innocence."

Gu Changhuai nodded, "I understand now, you attempted murder and now you wish to resist arrest."

Xie Liu's face turned unsightly.

As expected of a seasoned Supervisor of the Daoist Court – his ability to construct charges was indeed extraordinary.

Mr. Jin was becoming impatient and said to Xie Liu:

"Enough talk, hurry up and break free."

As long as Gu Changhuai didn't capture him on the spot, he could later take refuge in his Sect or family to evade pursuit.

He didn't believe that the Daoist Court would truly dare to fall out with the Jin family and the Sever Gold Sect, and go so far as to come knocking to capture someone.

Xie Liu's gaze turned icy, the Gui Water Sword held horizontal as Sword Qi swirled around him.

"Supervisor Gu, since our cultivations are comparable, today I will consult with you and see whether my Gui Water Sect's swordsmanship is more formidable or whether the Daoist Skill of the Gu Family is superior by a notch."

Xie Liu channeled his Spiritual Power into the Gui Water Sword, transforming it into a shadowy, venomous, and powerful Gui Water Sword Qi, then thrust it forward. The Sword Qi tore through the air, making a beeline for Gu Changhuai's chest.

Gu Changhuai raised his hand, summoning a screen of feather plumes.

The Gui Water Sword Qi touched the feather plume screen.

They held each other for only a moment before the Sword Qi instantly shredded the plumes, piercing through the screen, and flew towards Gu Changhuai with lethal intent.

Gu Changhuai barely managed to sidestep, avoiding a fatal blow.

The Sword Qi left a gash on his arm, from which blood started to drip.

Upon seeing this, Mr. Jin couldn't help but let out a scoff.

"The Daoist Skill of the Gu family... is nothing special after all..."

Xie Liu also revealed a smug look, but soon his expression changed slightly, sensing that something was amiss.

Gu Changhuai glanced at the wound on his arm and nodded, "Attacking the Golden Core Steward of the Daoist Court, you made the first move – this is the evidence."

After speaking, Gu Changhuai also sprinkled some powder on the wound.

This powder wasn't meant to stop the bleeding but to make it bleed more, preventing the wound from healing too quickly and erasing the evidence.

There was no solid evidence for Xie Liu's attacks on Gu An, Gu Quan, and Mo Hua.

But his first strike, an attack on the Golden Core Steward of the Daoist Court, was unquestionable evidence.

Xie Liu's face turned exceptionally unsightly.

He never would have anticipated that the proud and arrogant-looking Gu Changhuai would resort to such despicable tactics when taking action.

Gu Changhuai extended his right hand, and a Magical Treasure fan that shimmered with flowing colors and astonishing Spiritual Power appeared before him.

The Seven-Colored Peacock Feather Treasure Fan.

The ancestral Magical Treasure of the Gu family.

At the same time, Pill Fire ignited in Gu Changhuai's Dantian, and his body was enveloped in a thin layer of radiance, like a phoenix spreading its wings or a peacock displaying its feathers, with resplendent Wind Blades materializing behind him, neatly and beautifully arranged.

With the ancestral Top-Grade Magical Treasure of the Gu family, the Seven-Colored Peacock Feather Treasure Fan, he activated the Top-Grade Daoist Skill of the family, the Wind-Riding Feather Transformation Art.

For a moment, Gu Changhuai appeared like a celestial phoenix, with extraordinary elegance and astonishing Spiritual Power all around him.

Xie Liu's face instantly turned pale.

He expended all his strength to push the Gui Water Sword Qi to its limit, hoping to settle the outcome with Gu Changhuai in one fell swoop.

But with just a flick of his finger from Gu Changhuai, the Seven-Colored Peacock Feather Treasure Fan emitted a brilliant light, and the Wind Blades spawned by the Wind-Riding Feather Transformation Art burst forth with a beautiful, deadly radiance.

In an instant, as if the divine phoenix spread its wings.

All the Wind Blades converged into a dazzling tornado that swept towards Xie Liu.

Xie Liu had no escape.

In just one exchange, Xie Liu's sword light was obliterated, and his Sword Qi was immediately devoured.

The Gui Water Sword in his hands supported him for only a moment before losing its luster.

Subsequently, Xie Liu himself was enveloped by the Wind Blades.

Traces of Wind-System Spiritual Power, like marrow-boring parasites with hidden lethality, unraveled his Spiritual Power and flesh.

The entire tavern, affected by the Daoist Skill, had all its furniture and fences turned to dust.

When the technique ceased, and the Wind Blades dispersed.

Xie Liu knelt on the ground covered in wounds, his eyes filled with despair.

He couldn't understand how, being both at the Initial Golden Core Realm, the disparity in strength was so vast...

He was completely no match for this man surnamed Gu!

Mo Hua, standing to the side, was equally astonished.

He knew Uncle Gu was powerful, but he had not expected that Uncle Gu, with no restrictions due to his realm and capable of using the Golden Core Cultivation, own Magical Treasure, and Top-Grade Daoist Skill of the Golden Core Realm, would be so formidable.

Spectacular and yet so mighty!

Uncle Gu's rating in Mo Hua's heart soared rapidly.

Meanwhile, Mr. Jin and the others realized early on that something was wrong, and as soon as Gu Changhuai made his move, they were already thinking of escaping.

But their minds were still somewhat incredulous.

This Xie Liu, after all, was an Inner Gate Instructor of the Gui Water Sect, with both decent Cultivation and Techniques; unexpectedly, he couldn't withstand even a single move and was defeated.

This Gu Changhuai... indeed proved to be a formidable foe!

A chill ran down Mr. Jin's spine, and he made a decisive call, "Retreat quickly!"

Escape as many as could; the sooner they return to their Sect to call for reinforcements, the better to block Gu Changhuai.

As long as they weren't captured by the Daoist Court, everything else was negotiable.

Mr. Jin and his companions turned into Golden Light, fleeing into the distance.

Having used Superior Daoist Magic, Gu Changhuai had subdued Xie Liu of the Golden Core Realm, and his Spiritual Power had not fully recovered, leaving him momentarily overwhelmed.

But Mo Hua certainly would not let them get away.

He locked onto them with his Divine Sense, then repeatedly flicked his fingers, emitting rapid flashes of blue light, one after another Water Prison Technique temporarily entangled Mr. Jin and the others.

Gu An and Gu Quan, at the Foundation Establishment Late Stage, caught up and without a word, struck them down, crippling their legs. Then, with the Spirit-binding Lock, they were all securely bound.

Chapter 1185: Destiny (3)

Despite their struggle for several rounds, with Mo Hua watching on the side, they could not escape at all.

On the other side, Xie Liu was also captured by Gu Changhuai, and bound with a Third Grade Spirit-binding Lock, locking his physical body and meridians.

With that, the dust settled, and Mr. Jin along with his group were completely apprehended.

Afterwards, Gu Changhuai gathered incriminating evidence, confiscated their storage bags, and then prepared to escort them to the Taoist Prison.

Mr. Jin suddenly shouted hatefully, "Gu Changhuai!"

Gu Changhuai glanced at him indifferently.

Mr. Jin, tied up and pushed to the ground, still sneered coldly, "Do you know who I am?"

Gu Changhuai indifferently said, "No matter who it is, if they violate the Taoist Law, they must go to the Taoist Prison."

"Bah!" Mr. Jin cursed loudly, "Why are you pretending to be righteous with me?"

"Taoist Law is for restraining the lower-class people. Families with nobility, Loose Cultivators are despicable, how can you mix them together and apply the same law?"

Gu Changhuai's gaze gradually turned icy.

Mr. Jin coldly said, "Who do you think I am?"

"My ancestor, eight hundred years ago, was the Sect Leader of the Sever Gold Sect, my grandfather is now the Chief Elder of the Sever Gold Sect, my father is the Vice Sect Leader, and my mother is the True Transmission Elder of the Sever Gold Sect..."

"It can be said, among the Twelve Streams of Qianxue State, the top-ranked Sever Gold Sect owns half of the properties of the Jin family..."

"I advise you to behave properly, and not to escalate the situation, or even if you are the Dao Court Canon, you won't be able to bear the consequences!"

Mr. Jin's attitude was extremely arrogant.

Gu Changhuai raised an eyebrow, lifted his foot, and stepped on Mr. Jin's face, his expression becoming even more arrogant than Mr. Jin's in a brief moment.

"You, a mere Foundation Establishment, are threatening me, a Golden Core?"

"You, a Sect Disciple, are threatening me, a Dao Court Canon?"

"Your Jin family might be a noble family, but isn't my Gu family also?"

Gu Changhuai pressed harder with his foot, smashing Mr. Jin's face into the mud, and coldly sneered:

"See, no matter who it is, once stepped on underfoot, all appear the same. You regard others as lowlifes, not realizing that in the eyes of others, you are nothing but a wretch."

Mr. Jin felt his dignity being crushed under Gu Changhuai's foot, shattered into pieces, his eyes turned bloodshot as he yelled out:

"Gu Changhuai!"

"One day, I will make sure you die a horrible death!"

"I will make you suffer eternally, make you..."

Gu Changhuai sneered dismissively, delivered a kick, knocking Mr. Jin unconscious, then handed him over to Gu An like he was tying up a dead pig.

"Take him back."

"Yes." Gu An obeyed, securing Mr. Jin.

Mo Hua was somewhat worried and quietly asked, "Uncle Gu, by humiliating him like this, could it provoke him to seek revenge later?"

Gu Changhuai, expressionless, responded, "There are many who hold grudges against me, if I feared this little, how could I serve as the Dao Court Canon?"

"Oh..."

Mo Hua couldn't help but feel a deeper respect.

Indeed, appearances can be deceiving; the seemingly frivolous Uncle Gu turned out to have such integrity.

Gu Changhuai looked at Mo Hua, suddenly frowned and asked:

"Why are you here?"

Mo Hua briefly explained, "I was in the fishing village, destroyed the human traffickers' stronghold, captured Crossing River Dragon, knew they were abducting cultivators, murdering for alchemy purposes, so had Crossing River Dragon deliver pills, we followed him, trying to trace and see who he was meeting, and then we tracked it here..."

Gu Changhuai was momentarily stunned, his expression surprised.

He didn't expect Mo Hua's investigation to progress so quickly.

Commanding Gu An and others seemed quite effortless for him, almost like a "little Canon" of the Dao Court officials.

But, still a bit dangerous...

Gu An frowned and said, "Be more careful next time. This is a Third-Grade State, frequented by Golden Core Stage Sin Cultivators. Golden Core Cultivators are an entire major realm above your mere early stage Foundation Establishment cultivation; one careless move, and your life can be lost."

"Mm-hm."

Mo Hua didn't say much, just nodded earnestly.

As Gu Changhuai spoke, he suddenly paused, asking:

"Did you already know I was here, and that's why you were so bold?"

Gu Changhuai remembered, he was disguised and drinking outside a tavern wearing a hat, when Mo Hua happened to pass by.

At that time, Mo Hua seemed to have given him a meaningful look, his gaze lingering for a moment, as if recognizing something.

After entering the tavern, the youngster walked in chest puffed out, increasingly confident.

Mo Hua denied outright, praising:

"Not at all, Uncle Gu, your disguise was flawless; how could I possibly recognize you?"

Gu Changhuai hmped softly.

Mo Hua thought for a moment, then asked, "By the way, Uncle Gu, how come you are here?"

Gu Changhuai pondered briefly and shared what he could:

"The human trafficker issue has been under investigation by the Dao Court for a long time, there were some clues, and they have been monitoring some individuals."

"This Xie Liu from the Gui Water Sect is one of them."

"As for Mr. Jin, you mentioned him to me that day, so I kept an eye out and had people watch him."

"These past few days, Xie Liu and Mr. Jin seemed to be meeting, I found it suspicious, so I came to check it out personally..."

Gu Changhuai sighed slightly.

He indeed came early, wearing a hat and had been drinking outside for quite some time.

Just unable to act due to lack of evidence, he could only watch, unable to make a move.

Unexpectedly, in the blink of an eye, Mo Hua along with Gu An and Gu Quan followed Crossing River Dragon to the tavern.

Right in front of him, Sin Cultivator Crossing River Dragon and Mr. Jin conducted an illegal pill transaction.

Mr. Jin not only took the Human Pill but also boastfully said he "trafficked cultivators, harmed human lives, secretly refined Forbidden Pills."

Xie Liu even attempted to kill to silence them.

In that moment, it gave Gu Changhuai enough "leverage" to make arrests.

Gu Changhuai was somewhat incredulous.

Chapter 1186: Fate (4)

It was a rare opportunity, and he took advantage of the situation to capture all the evidence and catch Mr. Jin and his accomplices in one fell swoop, arresting them all.

Gu Changhuai glanced at Mo Hua, sighing inwardly with some emotion.

This time, the child Mo Hua, had once again provided significant help...

Now that Mr. Jin and his group had been captured, it was not safe to stay here any longer.

To avoid further complications, Gu Changhuai decided to first escort them to the nearby Taoist Court Office, then summon his family's forces to transfer the prisoners to the Qianxue State Border Taoist Court Office.

Mo Hua was also following behind.

The group followed the river towards the nearby Immortal City.

At a crossroads, right at the edge of the state boundary, they faced two paths.

One led to the nearby Third-grade Immortal City, while the other led to the Second Grade region of the Mistwater River.

Gu Changhuai intended to take Mr. Jin to the Taoist Court within the Immortal City, whereas Mo Hua needed to pass through the Second Grade region of the Mistwater River to return to Tongxian Gate.

Mo Hua thus bid farewell to Gu Changhuai and the others.

Gu Changhuai hesitated briefly before saying, "I'll have Gu An and Gu Quan escort you."

Mo Hua shook his head, "At the Second Grade State Border, I'm not afraid anymore. Even if I encounter the Fire Buddha, I can escape."

Gu Changhuai then remembered the Fire Buddha who had been ambushed and killed by Mo Hua, and sighed:

"Alright then, take care of yourself."

"Hmm."

Gu An and Gu Quan also clasped hands and bid farewell to Mo Hua.

And so Mo Hua split from Gu Changhuai and the group, setting out alone along the Mistwater River.

He planned to walk to the ferry crossing nearby and then hire a horse carriage, saving himself the trouble of walking.

But as he walked, a doubt involuntarily surfaced in Mo Hua's mind.

Was Mr. Jin truly a "young master"?

It seemed not likely at the moment.

What about Xie Liu?

Although he was a Golden Core and an Instructor of the Gui Water Sect, his actions seemed to be dependent on Mr. Jin's wishes, suggesting he probably wasn't either.

The Crossing River Dragon had said that the Pills would be given to the "young master."

If neither Mr. Jin nor Xie Liu were the young master.

Did that mean that these "Human Pills," once passed through Mr. Jin's hands, would be transferred yet again, eventually reaching the true "young master"?

Could these real "young masters" also be nearby?

Waiting for Mr. Jin to deliver these "Human Pills" refined from Cultivators with excellent Spiritual Roots?

Mo Hua frowned, lost in thought when suddenly a chill ran through him, and he involuntarily glanced toward the Mistwater River beside him.

From the river shrouded in dense fog, a magnificent boat emerged slowly.

It was already past 1 p.m.

The night was dark and thick, and the river ominously somber, but the boat was lit with dazzling lights, the vague mist romantically swirling, its opulence glittering like a woven tapestry.

Soft music lingered, graceful figures danced, and amidst the rosy silk drapes, an air of decadence prevailed.

Mo Hua's gaze grew heavy, his frown deepening.

Suddenly, his vision blurred as if the Heavenly secret were surfacing and sinking.

In just a moment, a mass of black and purple Heavenly Mechanism Causality slowly emerged on the flower boat, intertwining and distorting together, vile and filthy, but also permeated with corrupt desires, resembling a tainted heart, or a decaying "poppy."

Mo Hua's pupils contracted as he inhaled sharply.

Just then, the mists on the boat dissipated a little, and Mo Hua could vaguely make out some figures.

It was a group of people.

Dressed in finery, yet behaving like beasts, they drank from their cups, clinking and intermingling.

They all seemed like young masters.

And they were all paying homage to a "young master" who seemed to be about the same age as Mo Hua, but was taller and clearly of a much higher status.

The crowd toasted to him.

It appeared to be a ceremony, a handover.

And then, as if inheriting something, the air around that "young master" thickened with black fog, and dreadful evil desires bloomed, the poppy chains spreading.

Mo Hua fixed his gaze, trying to discern his features.

But all of it was enshrouded in the fog, hazy, revealing nothing clear.

Suddenly, the "young master," who was the center of attention, seemed to sense something and slowly turned around.

From within the black mist, he wore a luxurious human skin, and like a Demon Monster, he regarded Mo Hua with blood-red eyes.

The two looked at each other from afar.

But the black fog rendered them unable to see each other clearly.

Yet in that obscurity, as if by fate, something seemed to be slowly turning...

Chapter 1187: Incense Fire

By the Mistwater River bank.

Mo Hua and the "young master" within the black fog merely exchanged a glance.

Afterwards, the luxurious flower boat entered into the vast night, gradually disappearing from sight.

Mo Hua's gaze was deep, silently memorizing those eyes, and then continued along the river bank, embarking on the return journey to the Sect.

On the way back, everything was peaceful and uneventful.

Half a day later, Mo Hua returned to the Sect and first reported to Elder Song, who was in charge of attendance, explaining the situation.

Contrary to Mo Hua's expectations, Elder Song, who was usually unsympathetic, was unexpectedly amiable in attitude, even appearing somewhat proud.

It seemed that Mo Hua's leave was well-pleaded, greatly preserving his face.

Mo Hua was somewhat puzzled.

After bidding farewell to Elder Song, Mo Hua went to pay respects to Elder Master Xun.

Mo Hua was aware that it was only because of Elder Master Xun's regard that Elder Song was so lenient with him.

Other disciples simply had no right to take such frequent leave.

In the Elder's Residence, Elder Master Xun was busy with something and looked solemn. After seeing Mo Hua, he asked a few brief questions but didn't say much due to his preoccupation, his gaze deepening with contemplation.

Mo Hua was also puzzled but seeing that Elder Master Xun appeared to be busy with important matters, did not want to disturb him and respectfully said:

"Elder Master, your disciple takes his leave."

Elder Master Xun nodded and as usual advised, "Cultivate diligently, study the Formations thoroughly, focus your mind."

"Yes."

Mo Hua solemnly replied, then bowed and took his leave.

Elder Master Xun watched the direction Mo Hua left, furrowing his brow for a long time before collecting his thoughts.

Mo Hua's matters could be looked into later when there was time.

The immediate priority...

Elder Master Xun glanced down at the table.

On the table, aside from a Heavenly Mechanism Compass, there was also a map and a Jade Slip.

The Heavenly Mechanism Compass, peering into cause and effect.

The map showed a vast Spiritual mines mountain range, undulating and meandering, traversing the Qianxue State Boundary and the surrounding large territories, resembling a dragon constituted of Spiritual Power.

The map was annotated with four characters:

"Qianlong Mountain Range."

Meanwhile, the Jade Slip displayed the rankings of the Qianxue State Boundary, Four Great Sects, Eight Great Gates, Twelve Streams, and Qianxue Hundred Gates.

These rankings were determined by the "Debating Dao Conference", especially by the most prestigious event with the grandest atmosphere, the Qian State "Sword Discussion Conference."

This compass could see the future cause and effect.

This Jade Slip and this map could secure the Sect's "fortune and fame."

The future destiny of Taixu Gate rested upon these three items.

But now, the Heavenly Mechanism Compass could not clear the fog; the cause and effect were undetermined, and the future was uncertain.

The other two items also feared unexpected changes.

Heaven might have unforeseen calamities.

Elder Master Xun looked out the window.

Outside the window, Taixu Mountain was as always, primordial and tranquil, its pavilions, towers, and buildings nestled among lush forests.

The disciples concentrated on their cultivation, and the Elders on teaching and imparting skills.

Ethereal clouds floated among the mountains.

All was calm and serene, a peaceful passage of time.

But in secret, undercurrents were probably already surging.

Men have fortune and misfortune, Sects rise and fall, born in strife and dying in complacency.

If preparations are not made early, and considerations are not thoughtfully planned, the existential crisis of the Sect, though seeming far away, can suddenly become imminent.

A faint sense of crisis lingered in Elder Master Xun's heart.

Outside Taixu Gate, dangers lurked everywhere.

"But... from where exactly does this killing intent originate..."

"How should our Taixu Gate break through the situation? How to seek a sliver of survival amidst a dangerous realm infested with Evil Thoughts..."

Elder Master Xun looked at the long-established, grand Taixu Gate, his brows furrowing tighter, his aged face as solemn as a mountain.

...

In a certain Forbidden side of Qian State.

Within a sinister secret chamber.

Mr. Tu's face was terrifyingly grim.

Under the huge White Bone on the altar, the eerie green candlelight made his face appear as horrifying as an Evil Ghost, fierce and fearsome.

His voice carried anger and deep fear.

"The River God has disappeared..."

"The incarnation of the Divine Lord has vanished."

"The altar is destroyed."

"The blood-red fishing village, who knows by whom, was dug up thoroughly, turned upside down..."

"The minions of the Divine Lord have also been captured..."

A chilling and terrifying Divine Punishment descended upon him, the secret chamber filled with horrifying Evil Thoughts and Fury.

Mr. Tu prostrated fully on the ground, his teeth clenched tight, blood seeping through his teeth.

His limbs were somewhat twisted, beads of cold sweat appeared on his forehead, and his voice trembled.

"Begging the Divine Lord... for forgiveness..."

"I already have a lead... I..."

Mr. Tu coughed up fresh blood and was unable to finish his sentence.

As the Furious Evil Thoughts subsided and the Divine Punishment eased, Mr. Tu coughed up more blood but managed to continue speaking.

"It's... Taixu Gate..."

"The decline of the Qian State's Heavenly Mechanism techniques, the disappearance of Divine Tao Arrays, some old relics, either greedy for fame and fortune or selfishly maintaining their standing..."

"Indulging desires without guarding the heart, the path of Divine Thought greatly declines."

"Only Taixu Gate retains some remnants of the Divine Thought Sword Dao heritage."

"Taixu Gate..."

Mr. Tu's gaze was distant, "Centuries ago, it was just so. Hardly had the River God Temple been established and shortly after it opened, it was discovered by a genius Sword Cultivator of Golden Core Realm from Taixu Gate."

"That person cultivated the Divine Thought into Sword technique, achieved minor accomplishment in Sword Dao, nearly..."

Mr. Tu looked wary, "...just narrowly failed to destroy the embryo of the Divine Lord's incarnation and ruin the altar of the River God Temple, almost rendering my century of efforts fruitless."

"At the critical moment, it was the mighty power of the Divine Lord that defeated this man, destroyed his Taoist Heart, and broke his lifebound sword."

"Yet, the matters of the River God Temple still seeded cause and effect."

Chapter 1188: Incense (2)

"Hundreds of years have passed, and the River God Temple has been rediscovered, but this time it's different. The person is acting stealthily, with meticulous means, like a ghost in the night, leaving no trace of their presence. Moreover, their Divine Thought Power is terrifyingly strong, and their methods of Divine Thought Slaughter are extremely cruel..."

"The respected River God who guarded these lands, as well as the undying incarnations of the Divine Lord, have all..."

Mr. Tu felt a shiver in his heart and dared not continue.

He sensed that within the secret chamber, the Divine Lord's telekinesis was even colder and more terrifying, yet it bore no ill will towards him. Only then did he slowly begin to speak again:

"This is no coincidence!"

"Hundreds of years ago, it was the Sword Cultivators from the Taixu Gate who broke into the River God Temple. Today, hundreds of years later, nightmares are shattered, the River God Temple is completely destroyed, and the cause and effect are most likely still attributed to... the Taixu Gate!"

A chilly light flashed in Mr. Tu's eyes.

"To find the entrance to the fishing village, to walk safely to the River God Temple, to initiate a ritual into the Divine Lord's nightmare, to eradicate the myriad Demon Monsters within the nightmare, and even to take the huge risk..."

To kill the River God and the incarnation of the Divine Lord...

Mr. Tu paused, then continued:

"...the perpetrator is most likely from the Taixu Gate, an expert in Sword Dao who has emerged in recent years, or even an old monster hiding in the back mountains who has not entered the secular world..."

"He wants to avenge the genius Sword Cultivator whose sword was broken in the past!"

"Even if it's not the true Taixu Gate successor, it must be closely related to Taixu Gate. They practice the art of Sword Transformation from Divine Thought, traversing the path where Sword Dao becomes one."

"And it's not just the Taixu Gate..."

Mr. Tu's heart trembled, as if recalling an ancient, enormous, and unspeakable swordsmanship heritage of the convergence of the three Dao paths, with fear hidden in his eyes.

"Taia God-Forging Sword, Rushing Void Proliferating Sword Qi, Tai Xu Sword Intent..."

With each phrase, Mr. Tu's fear deepened, and by the time he finished, his entire body was penetrated by Sword Intent, his limbs quivering slightly. He dared not continue.

In the end, Mr. Tu knelt devoutly before the massive sinister goat horned White Bone effigy.

"The Taixu Gate is the source of the chaos."

"Gu Changhuai and the Gu Family are the claws and fangs, Helping the tyrant."

"The plan must be advanced..."

"Sects destined to fall, shall fall; bloodlines destined to be extinguished, shall be extinguished; those who dare obstruct the Divine Lord's grand scheme, shall perish without redemption..."

"The steps of flesh and blood have been laid; the evil culprits are being nurtured; the Divine Lord's grand scheme is irreversible; the arrival of the Divine Lord is imminent..."

And the bloodline of the Great Wilderness may see the light of day once more...

Mr. Tu bowed to the ground, his eyes filled with blood and tears, expressing pure devotion.

...

Several days later, in the small fishing village.

After Mo Hua and the others left, people from the Taoist Court arrived to handle some aftermath matters; anything related to the Evil God, as instructed by Mo Hua, was destroyed completely.

Gu Changhuai made an exception, allowing all the Cultivators from the small fishing village to register their Cultivator status and affiliate with a nearby Second Grade Immortal City.

In this way, if something happened, the Taoist Court would look after them.

The Gu Family and several other large and small families nearby received a notice as well; they were not allowed to bully the Fish Cultivators or oppress the fishing village.

Life for the Cultivators in the small fishing village got a bit easier because of this.

However, occasionally, in their leisure time while fishing, they would still remember some remnants of "nightmares."

"Speaking of which, it's strange. Some time ago, I frequently had nightmares. I dreamt that I was fishing and drowned, or that I was eaten by a Water Demon. When I woke up, I was in a cold sweat, my back all wet..."

"I dreamt that I starved to death, and woke up even hungrier..."

"In my dream, my boat was overturned by the waves, and several Water Demons were fighting to eat me. It still hurts when I think about it..."

...

Someone sighed: "I had the same thing. I dreamt that my wife, whom I had sacrificed so much to marry, was taken away by someone..."

The expressions of the people around grew wistful, and then they were suddenly taken aback, "Aren't you single?"

The Fish Cultivator said, displeased:

"I'm talking about dreams, understand? Dreams! Why so serious about them?"

"Even though it's just a dream, the pain is real!"

The crowd fell silent for a moment.

As the conversation unfolded, suddenly someone adopted a serious expression and spoke with lingering fear: "I had a more terrifying dream..."

Seeing everyone's gaze turn towards him, he swallowed hard, his eyes filled with terror, and it was obvious that even now he was still deeply frightened:

"I dreamt that there was a giant fish monster with a head as large as a temple, whiskers as thick as trees, sharp white fangs, and its body covered in blood. It ate people everywhere, and I was almost eaten by it..."

Upon saying this, several people's complexions changed.

"What's wrong?"

"I also dreamt about that fish monster..."

"Me too! It was so terrifying, I was scared to say anything..."

"And I didn't dare to say anything for fear of tempting fate, worrying that speaking out would bring bad luck..."

"Although the dream is not real, who can guarantee there isn't really such a giant fish monster? If it does exist and I speak about it, letting it know, then I'm done for."

"Isn't it dead already? What's there to be afraid of?"

"Nonsense, how do you know it's dead?"

"I saw it with my own eyes in my dream..."

"How come I didn't see it."

"I saw it..."

There was a buzz of conflicting opinions. Some said they saw it, and others said they didn't, and there was no consensus.

One person snorted confidently with a bit of boastfulness:

"You guys are just out of luck, not having seen the end..."

"That day I saw with my own eyes! That blood-soaked fish monster, grabbing people to eat them everywhere, and then suddenly a streak of Golden Light flashed, a gleaming little Immortal came stepping on air, holding a Golden Sword, radiating brilliant light..."

"The fish monster looked ferocious, with surging bloody waves, arrogant and full of bluster, but it was no match for the little Immortal."

"After only a few exchanges, the terrible fish monster was defeated by the little Immortal's hands."

Chapter 1189: Incense (3)

"The young Immortal pressed the monster fish's head onto the platform, raised his sword, and with a flash of golden light, a single stroke severed the monster fish's head, ending its life!"

Upon finishing, this person shook his head with a sigh, his expression filled with shock.

The other Fish Cultivators who had not seen the death of the monster fish also gasped in unison.

"What a majestic young Immortal!"

"Vast Divine Skills!"

Someone couldn't resist asking, "Why is this young Immortal so small? Doesn't he grow up?"

"How would I know... Immortals' matters, how could I understand..."

"Perhaps he hasn't completed his Cultivation."

"So young, yet so powerful already, what more when he grows up..."

"Naturally..."

"Where did this young Immortal go then?"

Everyone looked at each other and shook their heads, "After slaying the river monster, he just vanished. Immortals come and go without a trace, who knows where he went..."

"But, this doesn't seem like an Immortal."

"Entering Dreamland to slay a river Demon Monster, if not an Immortal, then what is he? Have you ever seen a real Immortal?"

That person shook his head, "Never seen..."

"There you go."

As people chatted, suddenly someone mysteriously said:

"I think, these past few days, with our nightmares and misfortunes, it must be related to that blood-colored monster fish."

The others were taken aback, then nodded in agreement, "Makes some sense..."

"What do you say, if the monster fish comes again, what should we do?"

"Kill it..."

"Who? You going to kill it?"

"Definitely not me..."

"Let that young Immortal kill it again?"

"This young Immortal killing the monster fish even once is already an unearned favor, out of the blue, why should he kill again for no reason?"

"True indeed..."

"How about," someone suggested, "we offer incense and worship this young Immortal?"

Everyone paused, then fell into deep thought.

That person added: "Think about it, if we don't offer incense regularly, and only seek help when in desperate need, that definitely isn't right. This young Immortal can't possibly protect us unconditionally forever."

"But if we, every day, offer him incense and prayers, then when a Demon Monster comes to attack, if he slays it for us and drives away the Evil Spirit, wouldn't that be justified?"

All the Fish Cultivators had a moment of realization, nodding their heads in agreement.

"Makes sense..."

"This aligns with karma."

"It's good to worship him, after all, we owed a great favor to the young Immortal. By worshipping him, our minds also feel at ease."

With the river turbulent, life and death hung by a thread.

Accustomed to living in fear, the Fish Cultivators instinctively felt like worshipping something, praying to some unseen existence for blessings.

Even if they don't receive actual protection, they seek peace of mind.

Thus, they discussed together and jointly constructed a small Immortal's Temple behind the village among the mountain cliffs.

It's called an Immortal's Temple, but it's more like a small Shrine.

On the mountain cliff, they hollowed out the rock, creating a small space and set up a tiny offering table with fruit sacrifices; in the center, they placed a small clay figure.

This small clay figure was crafted by Old Yu.

In his younger days, he had traveled and seen some of the world.

He had seen many stone and clay Divine Statues in some temples, which now came in handy. He used them as references to make one.

Having completed the body, as he got to shaping the face, Old Yu was puzzled, and asked, "What does the young Immortal look like?"

His faith was mostly devoured by the Blood Fish, making his Divine Sense weaker.

During the dream, he had passed out early and hadn't seen the young Immortal wielding the Golden Sword slaying the creature.

"Covered in golden light, difficult to see clearly..." someone said.

"Go ask around if anyone saw this young Immortal's face clearly." Old Yu

But after asking around, all shook their heads.

Someone then suggested: "Uncle Yu, just mold any face, as long as there is something resembling an immortal, the clay figure does not need to be exactly like him."

Others echoed, "Right, right."

Old Yu thought it over and felt they were right.

For the young Immortal, who had granted a great favor to the villagers of the small fishing village...

Unexpectedly, the face of Mo Hua surfaced in his mind.

The more Old Yu thought, the more appropriate it seemed.

If there really were such a young Immortal, he should look like Young Master Mo.

Handsome, amiable, with eyes that sparkled, a gentle demeanor, yet showing extraordinary Immortal aura, and with a bit of loathing for evil.

Old Yu then molded a small Immortal figure seated upright with a Golden Sword on his back, following the likeness of Mo Hua.

But due to his poor craftsmanship, it only resembled him vaguely by fifty to sixty percent.

Only the eyes and brows were lively and vivid, bearing an eighty to ninety percent likeness to Mo Hua.

After the clay figure was completed, it was enshrined in the small temple.

Henceforth, whenever it was cloudy for fishing, rainy for river traversal, a bad year, or if plagued by continuous nightmares and fear of Evil Spirits,

The Fish Cultivators of the small village would visit the young Immortal's Temple, light a 30 minutes incense stick, and worship the young Immortal holding the Golden Sword.

Amidst the curling smoke of incense, the Fish Cultivators did not notice a weak little silver fish slowly swimming into the small Immortal's Temple, hiding behind the imposing figure of the young Immortal, drawing on Mo Hua's incense offerings bit by bit, gradually recuperating its Divine Thought form.

Chapter 1190: Myriad Evils

Taixu Gate senses an impending mountain storm, the small fishing village devoutly offers its worship, little silver fish sneakily nibble on the incense offerings.

All of this, Mo Hua is yet oblivious,

Having taken care of the River God's matters, there can be peace for a short while.

So within the Sect, he joyfully practices Cultivation, attends classes, draws Formation Paintings, eagerly awaiting his "takeout."

And six days later, the "takeout" he secretly ordered after seizing the authority of the Evil God, is about to arrive.

This, no, this "wave" of takeout is likely to "arrive" in Yu Er's dreams at 1 a.m tonight.

This timing was specifically chosen by Mo Hua.

Safe, hidden, unobtrusive, and with the Taoist Stele providing a safeguard, Mo Hua feels much more confident.

But before that, Mo Hua still needs to make some preparations.

These preparations are mainly for Yu Er's sake.

This time, the ordered Demon Monsters and Evil Spirits are numerous.

Mo Hua himself is indifferent; both the River God and the Evil God perished by his hand, he even struck them down with thunder and "devoured" them raw, let alone these lower-ranking Demon Monsters.

But Yu Er is different, after all, he's just a child, without any means of Divine Thought Slaughter or Divine Thought protection.

If something goes wrong, it's no big deal if his Divine Thought gets a little hurt, but if Evil Demons run rampant and harm Yu Er, then he would feel guilty.

Therefore, it's necessary to prepare thoroughly in advance.

Furthermore, Mo Hua has drawn several Divine Tao Arrays to suppress the Evil Spirits and protect Yu Er.

Dusk falls, 1 a.m. draws near.

Mo Hua arrives at Yu Er's room, setting up the Divine Formation around the edges of the bed, encircling Yu Er within it.

Yu Er's big, bright eyes are full of curiosity as she points to the Formation and asks:

"Brother Mo, what is this?"

Mo Hua pats Yu Er's little head and says, "This is for warding off evil; it will keep you from having nightmares."

Yu Er smiles sweetly, saying, "Thank you, brother."

Unable to help it, Mo Hua reveals a slight smile and gently advises, "Rest early, you need to get up for Cultivation tomorrow."

"Okay!"

Yu Er eagerly nods her little head.

Having calmed Yu Er, Mo Hua then finds Wenren Wei and speaks in a hushed tone, "Uncle Wenren, there may be danger tonight..."

Wenren Wei's expression becomes grave.

Mo Hua speaks seriously, "Tonight, I keep feeling somewhat... restless, as if an external evil is about to intrude. After 1 a.m., Yu Er might suffer from nightmares..."

Wenren Wei, who does not practice Divine Thought, might not see the myriad forms of Demon Monsters, but having spent much time with Mo Hua, having witnessed Mo Hua staying up nights for Yu Er, having felt the sinister aura within the house, he has some vague notion of the "external evil" Mo Hua speaks of.

The Cultivation World is vast and infinite.

There is so much knowledge in Tao Cultivation, and countless secrets unknown.

Even as a Golden Core Practitioner, one does not dare claim thorough knowledge of the myriad paths of Cultivation.

There are always some forbidden realms seldom tread by Cultivators.

And those who do tread these forbidden realms, regardless of their Spiritual Root origins, are all beings of extraordinary abilities.

In Wenren Wei's heart, despite his young age and modest Cultivation, Young Master Mo is such an "extraordinary individual"...

Wenren Wei looks solemn and somewhat puzzled, furrowing his brows, "Young Master Yu Er... he hasn't been troubled by nightmares for a while now, why would there suddenly be 'external evil' invading tonight?"

It's because of me...

These words, Mo Hua finds somewhat difficult to utter...

Mo Hua blinks, sighs, and says, "When it comes to external evil, their ways are odd and tricky, who can truly know..."

Wenren Wei nods upon hearing this, feeling that it makes sense, then shows a trace of worry, requesting, "Then, Young Master Mo..."

Mo Hua immediately reassures with a pat on his chest,

"Don't worry, leave it all to me!"

These Demon Monsters, if they dare come, are like sheep to the tiger's maw, not a single one will escape.

Mo Hua then says, "Still, there are some things I need to talk to you about in advance..."

Mo Hua spoke of some "taboos" and emergency methods to Wenren Wei.

Like what to do if his own evil aura becomes too strong, if his Heart Skill turns wicked, if he goes mad, becomes dull, or is retaliated against by Evil Demons...

It's Wenren Wei's first time hearing all this.

Although not fully understanding the intricacies, he senses that this seems to be a complex and profound legacy, and his respect for Mo Hua deepens...

Afterward, Yu Er falls asleep as usual.

Young and of a simple mind, unaware of these matters, knowing only that being by Mo Hua's side feels secure, he quickly falls into a deep sleep.

Mo Hua sits by Yu Er's side, meditating in deep contemplation.

Wenren Wei stands guard outside, alert and watchful, ready for changes within.

As time slips by moment by moment, it gradually elapses.

After an unknown duration, 1 a.m. arrives.

In just an instant, a chill deepens within the room, and an oppressive, sinister feeling settles in the heart.

Wenren Wei's complexion changes as he scans in all directions, but sees nothing at all.

Yet, he can distinctly feel something slowly festering around the room.

As if myriad invisible, unknowable sinister entities are crawling out from the Void...

This time, the sensation is far more intense than before.

As if the Evil Spirits invading Young Master Yu Er's nightmare are far more numerous and formidable...

Wenren Wei takes a quiet breath of cold air.

He wishes to check inside but recalls Mo Hua's admonition, "Unless it's unexpected, do not enter, to prevent contamination by Evil Spirits..." thus refrains, standing firm outside like a mountain.

However, Wenren Wei can't help but feel some anxiety.

Meanwhile, inside the room, Mo Hua, who has been deep in meditation, also opens his eyes.

His gaze is profound, his pupils clearly demarcated, mysterious and containing both Kun and Qian within.