

Immortality 1311

Chapter 1311: Youth (3)

With a sharp and mournful cry, the Demon Wooden Eagle plunged from the sky.

As one sword was unleashed, Mo Hua, who was already prepared to escape at any moment, saw this and his expression lit up with joy.

The power of this explosive-type Sword Control was even stronger than he had anticipated.

From his experience, whenever flying Monster Beasts plummeted directly from the air, their injuries were bound to be severe.

Mo Hua decided to approach for a closer look.

If the Monster Beast was gravely injured and there was a chance to finish it off, then he'd deliver the final blow.

A Second Grade Middle Stage Monster Beast, even damaged by Sword Qi with an incomplete body, would still earn a handsome amount of Merit Points.

If this Demon Wooden Eagle's demonic power was robust and its injuries weren't too severe...

Then, it would be fortunate to escape with its life.

Mo Hua wouldn't provoke it further in that case.

Following the direction of the Demon Wooden Eagle's fall, Mo Hua searched the area, but when he arrived, he was somewhat stunned.

There was no trace of the Demon Wooden Eagle...

In front of him was a small section of a cliff.

It seemed that when the Demon Wooden Eagle hit the ground, it flapped a few times and, as luck would have it, fell off the cliff again.

Mo Hua peered down; the cliff wasn't very high. Though it was somewhat shrouded in mist, the forest below was faintly visible.

It didn't look dangerous.

After some thought, Mo Hua infused Spiritual Power into his hands and feet, clinging to the cliff as he descended slowly.

But the cliff was steeper than it seemed, and the mountain was taller than he had expected.

After nearly an hour, Mo Hua finally reached the bottom of the cliff.

At the base of the cliff, he found a lush woodland, but still no trace of the Demon Wooden Eagle.

Mo Hua released his Divine Sense, sensing the air and using Heavenly Secret Calculation to trace the threads of cause and effect. At last, he discovered blood stains seeping into the soil and a faint trace of causal aura on the ground.

He followed the aura forward.

After walking for about the time it takes to drink a cup of tea, he suddenly stopped, raised his head, and his gaze hardened.

He had found the Demon Wooden Eagle.

But his prey had been stolen by someone else!

The Demon Wooden Eagle was already dead, lying on the ground, completely drained of blood and devoid of life.

Its battered body bore not only tiny, fragmented golden sword scars but also a fresh and distinct sword wound, seemingly inflicted by an exceptionally sharp and powerful Sword Qi that had ultimately killed it.

Beside the lifeless Demon Wooden Eagle stood a young man.

The youth was dressed in a pale blue robe, appeared to be quite young, with handsome features and fair skin. His eyes carried an air of arrogance, and his gaze was as sharp as a blade.

It wasn't just his gaze—his entire being, standing there, exuded the presence of a Spirit Sword sharp and unyielding.

Mo Hua's own gaze darkened slightly. After some consideration, he chose not to deliberately conceal his aura and instead walked straight forward, stopping ten zhang away from the youth.

The youth sensed the approaching footsteps and slowly turned around. His cold gaze fell on Mo Hua, momentarily revealing a hint of surprise.

Mo Hua spoke bluntly, pointing at the Demon Wooden Eagle:

"This Monster Beast is mine."

The pale blue-robed youth heard this, and his expression grew colder, laced with obvious hostility.

"Yours?"

His voice, though clear and youthful, carried a sharp and icy edge like the point of a sword.

"Yes," Mo Hua nodded, pointing upward. "I killed it with my sword. It fell from the cliff up there to this place."

Killed with a sword...

The youth glanced at the sword scars on the Demon Wooden Eagle and grew even more hostile. He sneered coldly:

"Now it's mine."

Mo Hua froze, his gaze narrowing slightly as he coolly replied:

"You... want to steal my catch?"

The pale blue-robed youth faltered for a moment, then sneered coldly:

"So what if I steal it?"

The youth's tone was filled with defiance.

Mo Hua raised an eyebrow faintly.

He could tell that this youth in the pale blue robe, with cultivation at the mid-stage Foundation Establishment level and adept at Swordsmanship with refined Sword Qi, belonged to some sect or school.

But regardless of which sect the youth hailed from, no cultivators in the same realm as Mo Hua had ever dared to seize his possessions.

Even if they managed to steal from him, they would end up coughing it back up, along with their bones and blood.

Moreover, this youth's arrogant demeanor and apparent hostility toward him indicated that this wouldn't end easily.

Mo Hua's gaze deepened as he said slowly:

"If you dare steal my catch, then don't blame me for being impolite..."

The forest grew still, and the atmosphere suddenly became oppressive.

The pale blue-robed youth's expression was stern, though internally his heart sank slightly.

This little cultivator was awfully strange...

Despite having weak Blood Qi and thin Spiritual Power, his aura carried a faint but undeniable pressure.

In that instant, the youth realized that this little cultivator was far from ordinary.

This pressure was indescribable, yet unmistakably clear.

A Sword Heart Clarity instinct told him that the young man before him was undoubtedly a formidable "great enemy."

But this realization only fueled the youth's arrogance.

Sword cultivators, guided by their Sword Hearts, were meant to be fearless and relentless, moving forward without hesitation.

The pale blue-robed youth felt both nervous and exhilarated.

Only by defeating powerful foes could his Sword Dao grow stronger!

Though he didn't yet understand exactly what made this little cultivator formidable, intuition never lied, and the premonition of his Sword Heart could not be false.

The pale blue-robed youth slowly drew the longsword from his side.

His longsword was an ancient weapon, simple yet ethereal, carrying an enigmatic aura.

The blade glimmered softly, emitting a faint bluish glow like clear moonlight, while hiding a graceful yet deadly menace.

His expression grew focused, his gaze icy, as Sword Qi swirled around him with an air of unyielding dominance.

Mo Hua raised an eyebrow faintly.

What sharp Sword Qi.

Among peers, he hadn't encountered a sword cultivator this strong before.

Even Situ Jian didn't possess this level of Sword Dao puissance.

In the quiet forest, sword light flashed, and hostility surged.

Without uttering a single unnecessary word, the pale blue-robed youth pointed his longsword forward, unleashing a pale blue Sword Qi that sliced through the air like a crescent moon.