

The Quest for Immortality #Chapter 1416: Law - Read The Quest for Immortality Chapter 1416: Law

Sure, here is the translation:

"You... What are you going to do?" Sword Bone's voice trembled slightly.

"Nothing much, just need you to do me a little favor." Mo Hua said with a smile.

Sword Bone looked at the kind and gentle smile of Mo Hua, and for some reason, a chill surged from the depths of his heart.

Then Mo Hua did not wait for Sword Bone to refuse—of course, he had no room to refuse—and began to take out pen and ink, dipping it in Spiritual Ink, and began to draw a Divine Lock Array on the White Bone Evil Sword.

The first stroke fell.

The aura of the Demon sword dimmed a little.

Suddenly, Sword Bone, residing in the broken sword, felt the pressure multiply.

It was as if someone used a heavy chain to firmly lock its Blood Pool.

Sword Bone was aghast.

"Little ancestor, please don't..."

But Mo Hua ignored this, continuing to draw stroke by stroke.

Each stroke seemed like a heavy chain, placed upon the Bone Sword.

Sword Bone felt increasingly suffocated.

Finally, after who knows how long, Mo Hua had completely drawn a Divine Lock Array on the White Bone Evil Sword.

"It's done!"

Mo Hua lifted the broken White Bone Evil Sword, admiring the Divine Formation he had just drawn, looking very satisfied.

Then he said, "Sword Bone, try to break free."

He wanted to see if Sword Bone, this Sword Demon, using its own Evil Spirit force, could break free from the "Seal" he just laid with this Divine Lock Array.

But after waiting for a long time, there was no movement inside.

Mo Hua was puzzled, "What's going on?"

Could it be that Sword Bone was completely suppressed, its soul scattered?

Mo Hua used his finger to rub against the Formation Patterns, lightening one of the Patterns a bit, causing the seal to loosen slightly, and from within the sword, a faint voice of Sword Bone emerged:

"...Sealed..."

"I can't transmit sound..."

"Oh," Mo Hua suddenly understood.

He lightened another pattern, "How about now?"

"It's better..."

Sword Bone's voice was still very small, but barely audible.

Mo Hua continued, "Try to break the 'seal'."

Sword Bone hesitated a bit.

It feared Mo Hua was toying with it.

If it really broke the seal, it might end up being held a grudge by this vindictive little ancestor, bringing misfortune upon itself instead.

Mo Hua, displeased, struck the Demon sword, "When I say break free, then do it promptly!"

"Yes, yes..."

Helplessly, Sword Bone could only muster its White Bone Sword Qi, hacking towards the Divine Formation Patterns constituted by Divine Thought.

After hacking a few times, the Patterns did not budge.

Sword Bone exclaimed, "The Formation you laid is so sturdy, my White Bone Sword Qi can't budge it at all!"

Mo Hua could clearly see that this Sword Bone had not exerted its full strength, and frowned:

"Stop fawning, dare to hold back again, and I'll be unkind to you."

Sword Bone felt bitter in its heart.

After all, this little ancestor knew its full strength.

Though insignificant before this little ancestor, it shouldn't be so useless.

It couldn't hide anything...

Reluctantly, Sword Bone's body expanded, the Bone Sword jagged, transforming into the complete "Sword Demon" form, not daring to hold back the slightest, going all out, using Sword Qi to attack the Divine Lock Array that "sealed" the Blood Pool.

Countless sinister white Sword Qi entangled with Demon Thought hacked at the pale golden sealing Patterns.

The Patterns remained unmoving.

But Mo Hua faintly furrowed his brows.

On the surface, the Patterns did not loosen, but he could perceive that the "Sealing" power of the Formation was being counteracted bit by bit.

Each Demon Thought Sword Qi would reduce a portion of the "Sealing" Telekinesis.

Although the reduction was negligible, like ants gnawing, only a bit, it indeed was diminishing.

An embankment of a thousand miles crumbles from an ant's nest.

At this rate, eventually, the seal would be completely broken.

Above the Blood Pool, the Sword Qi was chilling.

Sword Bone hacked for a while, feeling somewhat exhausted, had to withdraw its "Demonization," panting while resting aside.

Mo Hua said, "Rest for a bit, then continue hacking."

Sword Bone mustered its courage, just about to protest, but upon meeting Mo Hua's deep gaze, recalling this little ancestor's "terror," its mustered courage dissipated completely.

"Yes..."

So, resting for a while, it transformed into "Sword Demon" again, continuing to hack at the Divine Lock Array Patterns.

This time, it considered these Patterns as the detestable Mo Hua.

Hence it hacked with extra motivation.

"Kill you, kill you, one day, I'll slash you into a thousand pieces!"

Sword Bone thought hatefully in its heart.

However, it only dared to bury this bit of "defiance" deeply in its heart, not daring to reveal even the slightest bit.

It knew all too well.

If it dared to reveal even a hint of this thought, the one to be "slashed into a thousand pieces" would be itself.

And so, hack for a bit, rest a bit, after resting, continue hacking.

It's unclear how long it hacked.

Suddenly, a slight "zzz" sound occurred, and a crack appeared in the chains formed by Divine Thought.

Sword Bone was stunned, then overjoyed.

Mo Hua's brows furrowed even more.

A crack had appeared on the Divine Lock Array, prompting Sword Bone to hack with even more vigor.

Soon, one of the Patterns was riddled with cracks, the sealing power completely dissipated.

Since the Patterns of the Divine Lock Array were connected, one breach drastically reduced the sealing effect of the other Patterns as well.

"Kill you, kill you!"

Sword Bone shouted weakly yet triumphantly in its heart.

After countless hacks, the Divine Lock Formation constructed by Divine Thought collapsed with a roar, and the sealing power completely dissipated.

Sword Bone stood straight, feeling immensely relieved.

It glanced at Mo Hua, a bit smug, "Your Formation seems not so effective..."

Mo Hua regarded it indifferently.

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The sword bone suddenly shivered in fright.

What careless mistake! <subtxt> </subtxt>

Without thinking, it had blurted out those arrogant words.

It quickly wiped the nonexistent cold sweat from its forehead and chuckled awkwardly:

"Your Formation is truly unfathomable, breaking it was just pure luck, just luck..."

Mo Hua had already stopped paying attention to it, frowning and pondering to himself.

The sword bone silently breathed a sigh of relief, while inwardly grumbling:

"You let me break the Formation, but when it's really broken, you're unhappy."

This little ancestor is so unpredictable, truly hard to serve.

Then it thought again:

"However, the Formation just now seemed strong, the power of Divine Thought was terrifyingly concentrated, almost unlike a human's Divine Sense, but overly rigid structures tend to break, overly strong ones don't last long, like an unyielding stone barrage, seemingly solid, but water drops wear away the stone, eroding bit by bit, it will inevitably collapse..."

Mo Hua realized this issue as well.

On the surface, his Divine Sense was strong and underwent a quality change, forming the "seal" chains through the Divine Patterns, solid as goldstone.

But this type of Divine Thought is "dead", a fixed quantity.

It's hard to withstand the steady erosion by evil spirits over the years, and fundamentally it can't achieve a long-lasting sealing effect.

A mere sword demon couldn't be sealed.

Let alone sealing colossal evil entities like an Evil God.

The "Divine Lock Array" he created has only the form of a seal but lacks the actual essence of sealing.

"But what exactly is the essence of sealing?"

Is it some special Heavenly Dao Laws?

Similar to the Spiritual Power decomposition in the Reversed Spirit Formation.

The Earth Dao Meaning in the Thick Earth Formation.

The Spiritual Power manipulation in the Spiritual Pivot Formation.

And the fusion of Divine Thought and Spiritual Power in the Five Element Ultimate Formation?

What exactly are the laws of sealing?

Mo Hua was somewhat bewildered.

No one had taught him this, and no one had given him any hints, how could he possibly figure it out in a short while?

How could he have a true realization?

Mo Hua sighed with a headache.

Indeed, formations are vast and profound, even with his understanding, sometimes it feels as obscure as being enveloped in fog, with no clue on where to start.

Mo Hua thought for a moment and decided to train at the Taoist Stele to see if he could derive some other inspiration.

But the time was not yet right.

Mo Hua then took out the Taixu Token, transmitted messages to Elder Xun, and disclosed some of the intelligence he's gathered.

Including some internal structures of the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, and the identities of disciples from Sever Gold Sect – Jin Gui, Jin Yicai, and Jin Yixuan.

Of course, he didn't mention issues about Mr. Tu and the Evil God, as the cause-and-effect was too deep, and hard to explain.

Upon receiving the news, Xun Ziyou's expression was equally solemn.

Beside him, Shangguan Xuanjian couldn't help but sneer coldly, "What a Sever Gold Sect, truly audacious!"

Xun Ziyou remained silent, eventually sighed, "Let's not make a fuss about this matter for now."

Shangguan Xuanjian frowned, and slowly said, "If a cockroach is found in the house, it indicates..."

Xun Ziyou nodded slowly.

Shangguan Xuanjian assumed a stern expression, "Then the trouble might be big..."

Xun Ziyou sighed deeply, looking up into the sky over the Qian Learning State Boundary, recalling the Ancestor's words, a thought suddenly flashed in his mind.

"Three feet of ice, doesn't come from one day of cold."

"Possibly, the troubles were already huge a long time ago..."

Xun Ziyou muttered to himself silently.

...

After conversing with Elder Xun, Mo Hua sat cross-legged for a while, then looked through several Divine Patterns, waited until 1 p.m, and then his Divine Sense sank into the Sea of Consciousness.

Within the Sea of Consciousness, the Taoist Stele stood vast and ethereal, towering.

Mo Hua began to draw the Divine Barrier Array, Divine Mist Array, and Divine Lock Array on the Taoist Stele.

Soon, three faint golden Divine Arrays, purely composed of Divine Thought, emerged on the Taoist Stele.

Mo Hua gazed at the Formation and slightly shook his head.

"It's indeed not working..."

The flow of Thought Power within the Formation was murky.

It possessed only the form, but lacked spirit.

When these patterns were inscribed on the White Bone Evil Sword to seal the sword bone, Mo Hua hadn't noticed.

Now, within the Sea of Consciousness, presenting these patterns on the Taoist Stele, which contains the Dao Laws, the issues became very apparent.

The pattern gloss was dim.

Indicating that the Taoist Stele did not acknowledge it.

Meaning that his understanding of Divine Arrays was still very shallow, and he hadn't yet grasped the essence of formations.

"But what are the Formation Laws inherent in the Divine Arrays?"

Mo Hua frowned and thought hard, but after much meditation, no clue could be grasped, inevitably feeling a bit dejected.

"Seems that Mr. Tu wasn't wrong, these Divine Arrays 'by human knowledge, steal the Divine Ways', thereby mastering the power to seal divinity, are indeed abstruse and complex, not something easily learned."

That Mr. Tu, indeed hadn't spoken falsely.

Mo Hua silently apologized to Mr. Tu.

Previously, he thought he was extraordinarily gifted, that he could learn it easily; but now it seems, he was indeed somewhat naive, had underestimated the world's Formation Masters...

Mo Hua sighed.

What to do now?

The Formation Diagram is in hand, he can already perform the patterns, but the essential mysteries of the formation, the involved Formation Laws, he still doesn't understand.

And even in the short term, he could not deduce any insights.

The situation was somewhat stalled...

Mo Hua furrowed his brows, suddenly had a flash of inspiration, recalling what Mr. Tu said to Jin Yixuan before disappearing:

"You first familiarize yourself with the patterns, the essence of formation, and I will teach you later..."

When Mr. Tu taught Jin Yixuan, could he stealthily learn it himself?

Since Mr. Tu could use these Divine Arrays, it implies he understands the Dao Laws contained within them.

As long as he teaches Jin Yixuan, it's certain he will "teach" Mo Hua as well.

In this way, even if the complete understanding of such laws isn't achieved, Mo Hua would at least know the direction, avoiding being completely clueless.

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"It's just that, time might not be enough..."

Mo Hua had some concerns.

He didn't know how well Jin Yixuan's formation comprehension was.

If he were a fool, just understanding the Divine Formation Patterns would take ten days to half a month, wouldn't that be a bit too late?

But right now, there wasn't any better way.

Mo Hua sighed again and could only continue practicing the divine formations on the Taoist Stele, hoping that drawing them several more times might lead to deeper insights, perhaps even some enlightenment.

On the Taoist Stele, the Divine Formation Patterns appeared stroke by stroke.

Mo Hua calmed his mind, heart, and mind clear, drawing the divine formations over and over again.

After completing the drawings, he would erase them, and after erasing, he continued to draw again...

Time passed bit by bit.

Mo Hua did not know how many times he had drawn them; while the formation patterns became more familiar, there was no progress in deeper comprehension.

"So difficult..."

Mo Hua, tired from drawing, lay down beside the Taoist Stele, clearing his mind, planning to rest for a while before drawing again.

He refused to believe that after a hundred or a thousand times, he wouldn't gain any insight.

Mo Hua closed his eyes, spirit ethereal, abandoning distracting thoughts.

Gradually, the feeling of fatigue dissipated.

After lying down for a while, Mo Hua felt revitalized and planned to get up and continue drawing.

Just at that moment, Mo Hua caught a glimpse of a dark rift out of the corner of his eye, causing him to be stunned.

It was a rift in the void.

Since Mo Hua's Divine Sense reached the peak of Seventeen Patterns, about to break through to Eighteen Patterns, this rift had suddenly appeared in his Sea of Consciousness.

Not knowing its origin or history, the rift was extraordinarily mystical, akin to the handiwork of the Great Dao, seemingly born to patch Mo Hua's "flaw."

Any growth in Mo Hua's Divine Sense was devoured by the rift.

Thus, in the past year or so, all his hard-earned Divine Sense had primarily served to feed this "uninvited guest," resulting in no advancement in his Divine Sense realm.

This rift was the "culprit" suppressing the growth of his Divine Sense.

Previously whenever Mo Hua saw this void rift, he felt quite unhappy.

But now, he was suddenly struck dumb.

"Suppressing the growth of my Divine Sense..."

In other words, could it mean... it has "sealed" my Divine Sense?!

In other words, this void rift is a layer of the Heavenly Dao "seal"?!

And the void rift evidently contained some kind of Heavenly Dao Laws.

That would mean, this rift was clearly a most vivid and straightforward Heavenly Dao "sealing" law?!

Mo Hua found it somewhat incredible.

Searched high and low in vain...

The core sealing principle of the Divine Tao Array, it turned out, had long been embedded in his Sea of Consciousness by the Heavenly Dao as a "patch"?!

Its purpose was to seal his Divine Sense, repairing his "flaw"?!

Mo Hua's mouth hung open, heart filled with awe.

Then his eyes sparkled, thoughts racing:

"To know how the Divine Tao Array can seal the Evil God, one merely needs to understand how this Heavenly Dao Law 'seals' oneself..."

This law can seal himself.

Once he comprehends this law and integrates it into the Divine Tao Array, naturally, it would also be able to seal other evil spirits, even the most formidable Evil Gods!

Mo Hua continued to ponder:

So how did this law seal his Sea of Consciousness?

Mo Hua immediately thought of a word:

Devour!

"For this law to continue to exist, it must continually 'devour' and absorb the Divine Thought of the sealed, achieving a cycle of strength to maintain its own stability and existence."

"Similarly, the Divine Tao Array must 'devour' the telekinesis of the sealed to maintain the formation's existence, making the 'power of sealing' continuous and enduring over the years."

"So, the core of sealing lies in 'devour.'"

Mo Hua suddenly realized.

Water without a source dries up.

All forces in the world are conserved and have their origins.

Spiritual power, demonic power, and even Divine Thought Power are all like this.

Ordinary formations can use Spirit Stones to provide spiritual power.

But there is no equivalent "Spirit Stone" for Divine Thought Power.

Divine Formation Masters cannot continuously provide telekinesis for formations.

Therefore, for a Divine Tao Array to achieve extended "sealing," it must draw power from elsewhere, through devouring the telekinesis of sealed evil spirits, forming an "internal cycle" of the formation's own power.

The more profound this devouring law, the stronger the Divine Tao Array, the more indestructible the seal.

To some extent, the Divine Tao Array, and the evil spirits and Evil Gods it seals, are one.

If the Evil God does not die, the evil spirit is not extinguished, the Divine Tao Array will similarly not perish.

Mo Hua was deeply shaken in his heart.

The Heavenly Dao Laws truly are wondrous.

And for the formation masters of the past who could embody these laws into formations, they are indeed shockingly talented, deserving of immense admiration.

Mo Hua's expression was solemn.

"Heavenly Dao is infinite, formation path vast, and there are always people beyond people."

"One must not be arrogant and complacent; be humble and eager to learn, only then is it possible to truly master formations, comprehending the Heavenly Dao in the future."

Mo Hua nodded silently.

Then, his eyes gleamed brightly.

The Heavenly Dao Laws were already laid out before him!

Previously, he had considered probing into this law, but due to limited experience in Tao cultivation, he couldn't discern what it truly signified.

Moreover, merely knowing the law, without a concrete "form," it was of little use.

Now he completely understood.

The Divine Formation Patterns are the form, the sealing law is the essence.

Combined into one, this law then had a means to be embodied.

Mo Hua held his breath and focused, starting again on the Taoist Stele, drawing the Divine Formation Patterns, while envisioning the void rift-like laws, feeling the circulation of telekinesis within them.

Then, comparing them both, integrating them into each other.

Through the Divine Formation Patterns, understanding the Heavenly Dao Laws, and through the Heavenly Dao Laws, endowing the Divine Formation Patterns with true essence.

And so, it was unclear how long the practice lasted, Mo Hua's brush paused, then completed the final stroke.

Then it was like the final touch on a dragon, a formation naturally taking shape.

A brilliant golden light flashed by, the condensed telekinesis circulating smoothly.

"Succeeded!"

The true Divine Tao Array containing the sealing principle—Divine Lock Array, with golden light flowing, like chains binding deities, now appeared before him!

Mo Hua beamed with a radiant smile.

At that exact moment.

In a place like a celestial marble palace, within a Sect as heavenly as a jade capital, an elder who was meditating peacefully suddenly opened his eyes.

A trace of fear suddenly flowed through his heart.

As if something extraordinary, a secret no mere mortal should violate, had leaked away...

[The Quest for Immortality #Chapter 1419: Great Calamity - Read The Quest for Immortality Chapter 1419: Great Calamity](#)

How could it possibly be leaked?

How could it be lost?

Wearing human skin, dressed in the Sect Elder's Taoist Robe, Mr. Tu, with his fair and elegant appearance, looked somewhat incredulous.

His slender fingers pinched as he carefully deduced, and many unknown secrets flowed through his mind one by one.

"Large Formation, Demon Palace, altar, blood pact list, Divine Fetus, Divine Servant, hidden henchmen, Four Symbols Formation..."

Suddenly, his pupils shrank sharply.

Divine Formation!

"Has the Divine Formation been lost?!"

Mr. Tu's expression changed drastically.

Impossible, absolutely impossible!

Without the favor of the divine, without the blessing of a deity, and not born as a Divine Fetus, how could an ordinary person possibly learn the Divine Formation?

How did this person learn it?

And where did they learn it from?

Could it be a... Divine Protege?

The unease in Mr. Tu's heart grew increasingly stronger.

He paused in thought, then slowly stood up, left the Elder's Residence, and walked on the exquisite white jade stairs, heading towards the Mountain Gate.

At this moment, dawn had just broken.

The bright morning sun shone down, and within the Sect, resembling a jade palace, scattered gold paved on white jade, it looked like a paradise on earth.

Within the Sect, the rules were strict.

Despite it being early, many disciples were already up for cultivation or body training.

Along the way, occasionally a disciple would encounter Mr. Tu and bow in greeting:

"Greetings, Elder."

The scholarly-looking Mr. Tu wore an expression as gentle as a spring breeze, nodded in acknowledgment, and said, "Good."

After walking for a while, he suddenly encountered another Elder at the corner.

This Elder had deep lines of authority, and on his Taoist Robe, there were four gold patterns, clearly indicating a high and dignified status.

Seeing Mr. Tu, the Elder looked somewhat surprised, "Elder Shen?"

Mr. Tu also cupped his hands in greeting, "Elder Shen."

"So early in the morning, Elder Shen, where are you headed?" Elder Shen, dressed in a four-patterned gold-taoist robe, asked with a dignified expression.

Mr. Tu thought for a moment, then sighed and said:

"An old Taoist Friend, whom I haven't met for a long time, came from afar, bringing some remnants of a Formation Diagram. He wishes to have tea and converse on formations, so I'll take some time to see him."

Elder Shen showed no emotion, "Elder Shen, it really seems you are devoted to formations..."

Mr. Tu replied with a smile, "I'm afraid I've let Elder Shen see through my devotion, but I shall return soon, and the teaching affairs for the inner disciples will not be delayed."

Only then did Elder Shen slightly nod.

Within the Sect, the Elders' movements were only under supervision and not strictly controlled by him, so thus he merely inquired.

Under normal circumstances, he wouldn't have asked.

But now the Sect was on the verge of reform, and the upcoming Dao Debate Conference was crucial.

The entire Sect from top to bottom had to be strictly regulated, allowing no laxity.

The success of this matter would affect the sect's fortune and the future of the entire Qian Taoist Sect. No negligence was allowed.

Elder Shen turned to leave, but still feeling uneasy, glanced back at Elder Shen and asked in a low voice:

"Regarding the reform, is there no problem on your end?"

Mr. Tu replied in a deep voice, "Rest assured, Elder Shen, everything is under control."

"That's good..." Elder Shen nodded.

"If this matter succeeds..." Mr. Tu, looking gentle and respectful, his gaze flickered slightly, speaking meaningfully, "Elder Shen, perhaps you can go further..."

Elder Shen raised an eyebrow and said solemnly:

"All for the Sect's service, personal gains and losses, are trivial matters."

Mr. Tu cupped his hands, "Elder Shen's noble integrity is admired by Shen."

Elder Shen slightly raised his forehead, the lines on his face appeared deeper, but his mood seemed much more pleasant, and his tone also softened.

"Elder Shen, make an early return."

Having said that, he glanced at Mr. Tu, a trace of aloof benevolence in his expression, "If this matter succeeds, there will undoubtedly be a place for you as a True Transmission Elder within the Sect."

"The position of True Transmission Elder among the Four Great Sects at the Qianxue state boundary is a status that many Feathered Immortal Cultivators strive for all their lives yet cannot reach..."

Mr. Tu was overjoyed, quickly bowed deeply, and said:

"If the Sect favors me, and I'm fortunate to become a True Transmission Elder, it would be the joy of my life, enough to glorify my ancestors and die without regret! Elder Shen's great kindness and virtue shall never be forgotten by Shen!"

Elder Shen seemed very pleased with Mr. Tu's words.

He nodded and then walked past Mr. Tu, up the high white jade stairs, fading into the distance among the jade palaces.

After Elder Shen departed, Mr. Tu's expression lost its previous warmth and elegance, gradually growing cold.

He turned to glance at Mr. Shen, his gaze indifferent, as if looking at a "toy" driven by greed.

"Those with a low Taoist Heart are only high-class behaving lowly people..."

"The fattest offerings for the Divine Lord."

Mr. Tu turned away, once again donning a refined façade, and walked down the white jade stairs, away from Elder Shen.

After leaving the Mountain Gate of Qian Tao Sect and reaching Qiandao City, Mr. Tu entered a tavern, then went to the Hundred Treasures Pavilion. After wandering around the city a bit and ensuring no causal links targeted him, he entered a luxuriously appointed cave mansion through a secret door.

Within the cave mansion, the scenery was beautiful, exceptionally luxurious, yet not a soul was present.

Mr. Tu passed through fake mountains and artificial waters, pavilions, and terraces until he reached the deepest and most concealed door within the cave mansion.

Over the door, eighteen layers of fourth-grade formations were overlaid.

Mr. Tu carefully and meticulously unlocked each formation.

Then, as light swirled and the formation patterns faded layer by layer, the door opened wide.

Mr. Tu stepped forward and walked inside.

Inside was a grand hall.

The hall was also filled with formations, but it was empty inside, with no furnishings except for a formation platform standing in the middle of the hall.

The Quest for Immortality #Chapter 1419: 1420

Great Calamity - Read The Quest for Immortality Chapter 1419: Great Calamity

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The hall was also filled with formations, but it was empty inside, with no furnishings except for a formation platform standing in the middle of the hall.

The formation platform was ancient, engraved with simple patterns that appeared unremarkable.

Mr. Tu carefully took out three Spirit Stones.

These three Spirit Stones, dazzling in seven colors, glowing as if naturally formed, were extremely rare Innate Spirit Stones in the Cultivation World.

Mr. Tu placed the three Innate Spirit Stones at the formation eye of the platform, then walked to the center of the platform.

A moment later, the formation was activated.

The three Innate Spirit Stones hummed, their Spiritual Marrow gradually depleting, turning to ash.

The ancient and mysterious formation patterns flashed one after another.

Above the flowing light, black spatial fissures flickered, intertwining with each other.

The void flickered, space teleported.

Incredibly, the formation engraved on this platform was a void transmission array of the Fifth Grade Heaven Void level!

Strong void fluctuations emanated from the formation platform.

These surging fluctuations overflowed and were absorbed entirely by the densely packed formations on the four walls of the grand hall.

The aura of the formation was completely concealed.

Thus, during the transmission, no one noticed.

With a flash of the void, Mr. Tu's figure disappeared.

Within the Qian Learning State Boundary, amidst another desolate and hidden barren mountain range, a void fissure flashed by.

Mr. Tu's figure slowly appeared.

He stood upright, his expression cold, releasing his bloody and eerie Divine Sense to scan the surroundings. After confirming no one noticed, he walked into the deep mountains.

In the dead and barren mountains, sunlight reflecting off the mountain colors cast a grayish hue.

As Mr. Tu walked, he shed his human skin, his form twisting bit by bit, returning to his original withered and pale appearance.

The place he appeared was within the Fifth Grade Qianxue State Boundary.

But the mountains he headed towards were a Forbidden Land, enveloped in shadows and dense fog, with no clear direction.

Finally, Mr. Tu returned to the eerie grand hall.

Inside the hall, there was a secret chamber.

In the chamber, an altar was set up. Atop the altar, a grim and bloodied skull with human face and goat horns was enshrined.

Mr. Tu knelt before the skull.

His face was pale, with a faint green light, his voice old and hoarse:

"Things have changed..."

"Divine Lord, grant me great power, to glimpse the heavenly secrets, and calculate fortunes and misfortunes."

After speaking, he kowtowed three times.

After kowtowing, a mysterious Evil Power descended, and the secret chamber was filled with a bloody aura.

Mr. Tu's body constantly trembled, his bones shook, his teeth clattered, as if enduring immense burden and immense pain. <subtxt> novel_com</subtxt>

After 30 minutes, the bloody aura dissipated.

Mr. Tu's pupils were hollow, as if something had parasitized him, looking indifferent as he took a piece of human bone from the altar.

Then he used his long nails to cut his palm, letting blood drip onto the human bone.

The blood fell onto the white bone, igniting a nameless evil fire.

The flames, like a serpent's tongue, licked the bones, leaving crack after crack.

Mr. Tu's hollow eyes looked at the bloody cracks, calculated with his fingers, and his expression suddenly changed:

"A great calamity!"

The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is facing a great calamity!

His eyes became less hollow, but instantly shrouded with a layer of terror and confusion.

"The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons has been hidden for eight hundred years, sheltered by the Divine Mist Forest, invisible to Divine Sense, with countless monster servants inside, invulnerable to external threats, how could there be a great calamity?"

"Where does this calamity come from?"

Mr. Tu was baffled.

"The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is a place of monster cultivators, the foundation of demon monsters, the furnace of Demon Cores, the soul-returning ground of Ten Thousand Demons..."

"It is a crucial part of the Divine Lord's great plan, there can be no mistakes, no leaks!"

Mr. Tu's expression was grave, hesitated repeatedly, finally gritting his teeth, and kowtowed three more times to the eerie skull with goat horns:

"Once more, beseech the Divine Lord's grace, with Blood Sacrifice, borrowing Divine Thought, using the Lord's eye, to substitute my eye, to glimpse the ominous chance..."

Mr. Tu pronounced each word slowly.

After speaking, he suddenly felt the pressure on his Sea of Consciousness multiply, as if a powerful evil thought forced itself onto his Heavenly Gate.

Mr. Tu couldn't bear the load, blood flowed from his seven apertures.

Especially his eyes, blood streamed down, covering them in a bloody hue.

And through this bloody hue, he finally saw it.

He saw the calamity.

Saw the true crisis of the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons!

At this moment, outside the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, in the Divine Mist Forest, hundreds of sect cultivators were covertly lurking!

Among them, a significant number were Golden Core!

This was an elite group of cultivators.

Even more than half were Inner Sect Elders of Great Sects!

At this time, they were like a pack of wolves and tigers, surrounding the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, intending to seize the opportunity to destroy the foundation of the Divine Lord.

This was a true great calamity.

Moreover, it was not about to come, but had silently already arrived!

Mr. Tu was both shocked and furious.

He ignored the continuous divination, the loss of Vital Energy caused by forcibly containing the Divine Lord's Divine Thought in his Sea of Consciousness, took out an unknown piece of skin parchment that could avoid cause and effect, dipped it in the blood on the ground, and began to write a blood letter...

...

Outside the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

The Elders of Taixu Gate and Rushing Void Sect were meditating with their eyes closed.

A subtle blood light flashed by.

No one else noticed.

But the Elder of Formation Arts from Taixu Gate, Xun Zixian, a Third Grade Formation Master with considerable research in the Divine Thought, suddenly opened his eyes, his brows furrowed.

Xun Ziyou noticed the anomaly, asked: "Zixian, what's wrong?"

Xun Zixian pondered for a long time, before saying slowly: "Just now... it seemed as if something 'looked' at me."

Xun Ziyou was slightly surprised, "What thing?"

Xun Zixian shook his head, "I don't know, I can't tell, it might even be just my illusion..."

Xun Ziyou's gaze was solemn, looking at the distant bloody Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, he said in a deep voice:

"I'm afraid it may not be an illusion."

Xun Zixian also had a grave expression.