

The Quest for Immortality #Chapter 1431: Becoming a Tiger's Accomplice (3) - Read The Quest for Immortality Chapter 1431: Becoming a Tiger's Accomplice (3)

This way, the White Bone Broken Sword becomes part of the Demon Refining Diagram.

The two are a whole.

Entering the White Bone Broken Sword naturally allows one to access the "bridge" of the Divine Way and enter the "Demon Refining Diagram".

His operation left Xun Ziyou and Shangguan Xuanjian at a loss.

Only Xun Zixian could see some of the mystery, roughly guessing Mo Hua's intention, and his expression was momentarily dazed.

He looked at the mural, then at the broken sword, then again at the formation patterns forming the "bridge", and finally glanced at Mo Hua, his emotions fluctuating.

"How on earth does this child's mind work?"

Mo Hua, having done everything, turned his head to look at Xun Ziyou and the others:

"Elder, I'll be going in a while, but my physical body will remain here, so I entrust you to protect it."

Xun Ziyou nodded, "Rest assured, with us here, no one will touch your body."

He even silently grasped the "Void Sword Order" in his hand.

Logically, the three of them, at the Late Golden Core Stage, were more than enough to ensure Mo Hua's safety.

But if an unforeseen event did occur, if a formidable enemy above the Golden Core arrived, he would crush the Sword Command and summon the ancestor.

Thus preventing any mishap.

Mo Hua was reassured.

The White Bone Broken Sword, embedded in the Demon Refining Diagram, was connected by two interlocking Divine Formation Patterns.

Mo Hua sat cross-legged, holding the White Bone Broken Sword, and whispered:

"Sword Bone."

Sword Bone, reluctantly and with no alternative, could only use the spell point of the evil spirit "Soul Grasping" to draw this "Little Plague God" into its own Blood Pool.

A faint blood mist emerged atop the White Bone Broken Sword.

Under the blood mist, Mo Hua slowly closed his eyes. His divine thought gradually left his body, his complexion turned slightly pale, his breathing steady, his aura becoming barely perceptible.

Xun Ziyou still felt a bit worried, frowned, and said:

"This bone sword... seems to carry some evil qi, not a righteous dao item. Will it be alright?"

Xun Zixian shook his head, "Since he is confident, it shows he knows what he's doing. Let's allow him to act freely, we just need to guard his body."

Shangguan Xuanjian solemnly nodded.

Then the three Inner Sect Elders at the Late Golden Core Stage formed a triangular defensive position, protecting Mo Hua in the center.

The three released their divine senses, their expressions alert, eyes vigilant, allowing no one to approach.

Meanwhile, Mo Hua, protected by the three, calmly kept his eyes closed.

His divine thought had already left his body, entered the Blood Pool, and transformed into a smaller "Little Mo Hua".

When Sword Bone saw him in this form, its entire skeleton ached.

The dozens of sword bones that Mo Hua had once broken one by one still throbbed faintly.

Mo Hua got straight to the point, directly ordering:

"Lead the way."

Sword Bone showed a troubled expression, and said with an awkward smile:

"Little Ancestor, the 'road' leading to the Demon Refining Diagram is now complete and I've already brought you in, you can go yourself. Isn't it unnecessary for a mere Sword Demon like me to follow...?"

Mo Hua shook his head, "I have to bring you along, you're a 'hidden danger' that can't be left behind."

Sword Bone's mouth twitched:

"Little Ancestor jests... I'm weak and definitely no match for you. I wouldn't be of help going in, so why not leave me to guard the door for you...?"

Mo Hua didn't bother listening to its excuses, raised two white fingers:

"You have two choices: one, come with me; two, I'll crush you here to eliminate future trouble."

Sword Bone shivered instantly, rushed ahead, bowed, and said:

"Little Ancestor, please, I'll pave the way for you ahead."

Mo Hua nodded in satisfaction.

Sword Bone sighed inwardly.

It had originally planned to sever the divine bridge after this little ancestor entered the Demon Refining Diagram, trapping him forever.

But in the end, this little ancestor gave it no chance at all...

It could only resign itself to leading the way.

The golden Divine Formation Pattern, one end connected to the Sword Bone Blood Pool, the other to the Demon Refining Diagram, looked like an iron chain across a river, forming a golden pattern bridge.

The tall Sword Bone, bent over, walked ahead.

The small Mo Hua, head held high, followed behind.

As they walked, Sword Bone, leading the way, suddenly felt like a "servant for the tiger".

Mo Hua was that fierce tiger.

It was the tiny "ghost servant".

Except, this "ghost servant" wasn't leading people to the tiger for consumption.

Rather, it was leading the tiger into a "crowd"...

It grew even more depressed, sighing inwardly:

"It's tough to be a human, and no freedom in being a demon. Now as a demon, I'm still not in control of myself..."

"Living is so hard..."

Sword Bone lamented in its heart, yet outwardly remained increasingly respectful, not daring to slack at all.

Thus, one demon and one human, along the divine chains, left the Blood Pool and walked towards the wider, bloodier, more tainted with evil qi, and more filled with evil spirit aura of the Demon Refining Diagram.

No idea how long they walked before the surroundings gradually opened up.

The pitch-black misty sky, blood-red clouds, jagged and sinister mountains, creepy white bones, and numerous strange and malevolent auras were almost right in front of them.

Mo Hua, after a long time, felt a "growling stomach".

As if it had been ages since having a feast.

His crystalline eyes grew ever brighter.

The porcelain-doll-like face appeared increasingly rosy and charming.

Sword Bone sensed Mo Hua's excited mood, felt odd, sneaked a glance, and seeing Mo Hua's white and cute appearance, it, somehow, felt a chill deep inside.

"Hurry up!" Mo Hua said crisply.

"Yes, yes!" Sword Bone dared not delay.

Soon, the one human and one demon crossed the "bridge" of the Divine Way, stepping into the true Demon Refining Diagram.

Upon entering the Demon Refining Diagram, the atmosphere indeed changed.

It was eerie, gruesome, and oppressive.

The valleys were menacing, bones piled high, blood streaming everywhere, clearly a place long inhabited by evil.

Sword Bone's Blood Pool, already potent with blood scent, was nothing compared to the Demon Refining Diagram, a minor witch meeting a major witch.

"Just..."

Mo Hua looked around, puzzled.

"Where are the Demon Monsters?"

Wasn't it said that entering the Demon Refining Diagram would bring the torment of ten thousand demons devouring one's soul?

Where are the ten thousand demons?

Where are they hiding?

Gone into hiding?

Mo Hua was a little disappointed.

The guests have arrived, shouldn't they at least have a "reception"?

The evil spirits in the Demon Refining Diagram were truly rude.

Mo Hua's eyes shone, silently thinking: "If you won't come to me, I'll come to find you..."

Yet, before that, it's vital to rescue Little Wood and the other three.

Mo Hua extended his divine sense, lightly sensed, and then followed a path of white bones, heading forward.

Sword Bone, anxious due to the dense and eerie aura of the Demon Refining Diagram, was taken aback, but with no other option, it followed silently, steeling its nerves.

Thank you, Yiqi Xiuxian, and Qingjiu Klarvin, for the reward~

It's the beginning of the month, please spare a basic monthly vote~

There's another update later.

(.)

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The dark clouds on the horizon resemble ghosts and specters, the distant mountains like demon wraiths, streams of blood flow on both sides, while the white bones pave the path beneath.

Mo Hua appears relaxed, his steps light.

Sword Bone feels anxious, following step by step.

After walking for a while, Mo Hua turns to look at Sword Bone, his tone carrying slight disdain, "Didn't you say the Demon Refining Diagram was full of evil spirits? Where are they?"

He has walked quite a distance yet hasn't seen a single evil spirit.

Could this Demon Refining Diagram be fake?

Should he not have come here for nothing...

Sword Bone responds awkwardly: "How should I know..."

It's his first time in here too.

If he had a choice, he would never want to come in his entire life.

Mo Hua casts a glance around once more, shakes his head, and thinks to himself:

"Forget it, let's rescue them first. The temple is here, where could the 'monk' possibly run to?"

He focuses his mind and senses the aura along the White Bone Path.

Among these auras, some are tainted, mixed with evil thoughts of monster qi, but there are also a few strands of clean and pure cultivator thought power.

The three of them, Little Wood and others, if 'sacrificed' into the Demon Refining Diagram, should be led along the White Bone Path, escorted by monster cultivators deep into the Diagram.

Mo Hua quickens his pace unconsciously.

Even though the scenery is eerie throughout, everything remains safe and smooth.

Continuing this way, he walks until reaching the end of the White Bone Path, where a gorge appears before him, its entrance resembling a giant mouth of monster beasts.

Mo Hua pauses, frowning slightly.

He proceeds inside to find a broad avenue, followed by some monster beast sculptures and jagged peaks and valleys.

Mo Hua watches and feels familiarity growing, thinks for a moment, and then understands.

Valley of Ten Thousand Demons!

The terrain within the Demon Refining Diagram is remarkably similar to the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons outside.

Although many differences exist, the overall layout seems carved from the same mold.

Mo Hua recalls the words of Elder Xun Zixian:

"The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons Formation intertwines reality with illusion..."

"...It leverages some great power to initially merge reality with divine thought, constructing existence through formation."

Only now does Mo Hua understand what those words mean.

Intertwined.

Merging reality and nightmares.

The River God Temple in the small fishing village seems likewise.

Constructing certain nightmares through real existence, then using nightmares to counteract against reality.

"Reality is the basis for nightmares, and nightmares react upon reality?"

"Is this the advanced application of Evil God Divine Thought Power?"

Mo Hua looks up to survey the surrounding scenes.

Currently, the nightmares within the Demon Refining Diagram originate from reality, yet their impact on 'this world' appears negligible.

Is it because the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons remains incomplete?

Or perhaps... the real Evil God has not awoken, hence true Evil God power remains unused?

Mo Hua can't help but wonder:

If the Great Wilderness Evil God truly awakens...

And succeeds in constructing a demon monster purgatory somewhere, wouldn't it be possible to summon this 'demon monster purgatory' directly into the mortal realm through overwhelming evil thoughts?

At that point, it would truly be devastation of living beings, and the world would resemble purgatory?!

Mo Hua is startled by his own speculations, a wave of intense coldness rises within him.

Could the Evil God indeed... possess such terrifying power?

If it truly turns out so... truly awakens, spreading evil thoughts covertly.

Then even the seemingly prosperous Nine State Cultivation World may look tranquil but could be devoured by boundless nightmarish terror in an instant, shattered and strewn with corpses.

Prosperity on the surface with decay inside.

The towering structure collapses, merely in an instant...

Seeing Mo Hua's grave expressions, he finally sighs.

The clearer the vision of this world's reality, the more daunting it becomes, and under such crisis, ordinary cultivators may still indulge in idyllic years and revelry...

"Life in adversity, death in comfort..."

Mo Hua shakes his head, but upon reflection, realizes these matters are beyond his current capacity to influence.

If the sky falls, it is held up by the taller ones.

Such grand affairs of Nine State are not yet his concern as a Foundation Establishment Cultivator.

Rescuing people is imperative...

Mo Hua consoles himself briefly, and temporarily puts to rest these thoughts, continuing his search for traces of the three 'sacrificed' into the Demon Refining Diagram, including Little Wood.

Thus he continues for a while, arriving at a stone path, where Mo Hua's divine thought moves.

"Found them!"

The ground bears obvious traces of monster cultivator passage, with intense evil qi.

The cultivator divine thought aura is also very evident.

Mo Hua looks up.

Ahead on the wide stone path, several monster cultivators are carrying three strange coffins engraved with monster patterns, black as ink, stepping forward.

Leading the procession is a tall monster cultivator steward.

And this steward is precisely Jin Gui.

Or rather, Jin Gui's monster cultivator divine soul.

Mo Hua makes no effort to hide his presence, nor does Sword Bone restrain its aura.

Both parties have sensed each other.

Walking ahead, Jin Gui suddenly waves his hand, saying "Halt!" and then turns to look at Mo Hua, naturally, more at Sword Bone beside him.

Sword Bone before Mo Hua appears meek.

Yet, during its lifetime, it was an old monster cultivator proficient in crafting evil swords, possessing sinister cultivation techniques.

Transformed in death, it becomes a formidable Sword Demon, completely skeletal evil sword, towering and brimming with demonic qi.

Its appearance alone is quite 'frightening'.

A glimpse of dread flickers in Jin Gui's eyes, though he is not afraid, smirking coldly:

"The master said, there's a rat in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, secretly causing trouble, ruining the master's grand plan... Little did I expect you to actually pursue it here..."

Jin Gui's gaze burns brightly, fixating intensely on Sword Bone.

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The Sword Bone remained silent for a moment, suddenly dazed, the bone with the ominous face faltered.

Mouse?

Who?

Me?

"No, I'm just a guide, it's not related to me..."

It wanted to clarify.

But thinking of Mo Hua right by its side, this little ancestor hadn't spoken, so naturally, it dared not speak out of turn.

Most importantly, it glanced at its tall body, with the sharp bone swords and the sinister demonic qi, then looked at the side, at the tiny childlike figure of Mo Hua.

It felt that its clarification seemed utterly unconvincing.

After all, no matter how you looked at it, Mo Hua looked like the "guide."

And itself, without even looking, appeared to be the "Hidden Hand."

The Sword Bone only felt that a massive black pot had directly landed on its head.

Sure enough, all the monster cultivators' venomous gazes converged on it.

The Sword Bone's vision blackened.

Of course, it's a bone, its eye sockets are hollow, naturally black.

Jin Gui looked warily at the Sword Demon before him. Seeing it motionless and speechless for some reason, he was puzzled.

It was only then that he noticed Mo Hua standing beside the Sword Bone, "completely inconspicuous."

With just a glance, he overlooked him.

A Sword Demon and a little ghost, though this combination seemed somewhat odd, as long as he killed them, it didn't matter.

But then he was stunned, turned back for another look, and was suddenly shocked, emotions a bit out of control, pointing at Mo Hua:

"You... do you have a brother?"

Mo Hua was also taken aback by his question.

Jin Gui spoke again with hatred: "Is your brother named 'Mo Hua'?"

Mo Hua: "..."

Jin Gui scrutinized Mo Hua again, looking at his appearance and demeanor. His eyes suddenly widened, "No, wait!"

"You... are Mo Hua!"

He finally recognized him.

But then, he frowned again, "You... how did you become small?"

Mo Hua's gaze involuntarily became cold.

Jin Gui stared at Mo Hua for a while longer, his expression suddenly enlightened, murmuring:

"This is not the real world, entering here exists in the form of one's own Divine Thought, that means..."

Jin Gui coldly laughed, "No matter how old you are, how your appearance changes, inside you're still an innocent immature, never-growing little ghost!"

Mo Hua looked at Jin Gui, his gaze icy, as if looking at a dead person.

Yet Jin Gui remained blissfully unaware.

He was still immersed in his former "hatred."

He remembered clearly, at the time he led a group of junior disciples, hunting the Pig Monster.

By chance, this Pig Monster somehow fell into the hands of a few Taixu Gate disciples.

He merely took it back as a matter of course, but thus suffered an unspeakable humiliation.

This little ghost named "Mo Hua," with a few of his fellow disciples, plotted against him.

Afterward, they even stripped him of his clothes, hung him on a tree, drew a tortoise on him, causing him great disgrace.

"Mo Hua..."

This little ghost, even if he turned to ash, he couldn't forget.

Without cutting him into a thousand pieces, he couldn't quench the hatred in his heart!

"Alright, alright!" Jin Gui's expression distorted, grinning fiercely, "It's been hard to find him, but he came effortlessly!"

"I was long thinking of stealthily killing this little ghost to wipe out past shame, but I hadn't got the opportunity."

"Today, you actually came to me yourself! So don't blame me for slicing you one cut at a time, swallowing your Divine Thought alive!"

Mo Hua's expression remained calm, devoid of joy or anger, he didn't even regard Jin Gui.

Jin Gui instead thought Mo Hua was afraid, let out a cold smile, waved his hand, and commanded:

"Attack!"

The group of monster cultivators beside him put down the coffins and charged toward Mo Hua.

Mo Hua stood with his hands closed, unmoved, instead glanced at the Sword Bone beside him.

The Sword Bone hesitated for a moment.

What does it mean? To go up?

This little ancestor couldn't even bother to lift a finger?

Seeing the group of monster cultivators about to rush before him, the Sword Bone had no choice but to draw two bone swords, summon strands of demonic qi, and fought with the group of monster cultivators.

After battling for over ten rounds, the monster cultivators were utterly defeated.

The Sword Bone suddenly hesitated again.

It suddenly realized that as a "Sword Demon," it seemed... it was quite strong?

The battle with Mo Hua nearly shattered its Taoist Heart.

It almost believed it was a lowly, powerless, ant-like waste demon monster.

But now, after clashing with other monster cultivators, it suddenly found out, maybe it wasn't that it was too weak, but that some people were just too strong?

The Sword Bone's spirits lifted, the demonic qi rose, the aura instantly became arrogant.

With a reverse-hand sword, it slashed a monster cultivator into two.

Then its body swelled, bone swords on its body, like joints, completely slaughtered another monster cultivator.

Jin Gui saw this, his expression turned solemn.

He glanced at Mo Hua again, thought:

"No wonder this little ghost is so fearless, turns out he has such a powerful 'Sword Demon' as a guard."

"But..." Jin Gui frowned, "Isn't this Sword Demon a demon creature?"

"Why would a disciple of the Taixu Gate Righteous Dao have a demon creature as a guard? Could it be the self-proclaimed righteous Taixu Gate has also begun to fall?"

Seeing the Sword Bone about to kill all the monster cultivators.

Jin Gui finally couldn't bear it.

He still had to fulfill the young master's orders, and send the Divine Souls of these three little ghosts into the depths of the Demon Refining Diagram, he couldn't delay much longer.

Jin Gui's gaze showed killing intent, emitting a low growl like a beast, then the roar grew louder, like a Fierce Tiger.

The Four Symbols Mysterious Tiger Monster Formation lit up.

At the same time, his body was gradually swelling, sprouting yellowish-brown fur, transforming into a bloodthirsty and powerful Fierce Tiger.

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Then his figure flashed, a bloody wind surged, and in an instant, he pounced in front of Sword Bone.

A Tiger Demon and a Sword Demon engaged in a fierce battle.

Monster Qi and Demonic Qi intertwined.

Tiger claws clashed with Sword Bones.

Monster wind howled and Demonic Qi wailed, both Demon Monsters incited their ferocity, fighting evenly matched in a tense battle.

Mo Hua silently watched from the side.

At the same time, he also silently calculated in his mind.

While Sword Bone, as the "Sword Demon," and Jin Gui, after "Demonization," were engaged in a balanced battle, Mo Hua silently inferred the Four Symbols Tiger Pattern on Jin Gui's back.

He had long set his eyes on this Tiger Pattern.

The tiger is the king of all beasts, and among the diverse Monster Beasts, it ranks as the top tier in strength.

Demon cultivators with "Tiger Patterns" in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons are also extremely rare.

Up until now, Mo Hua had only seen one on Jin Gui.

This is a rare Monster Pattern.

To obtain it, either kill Jin Gui, strip him, and copy it from his corpse.

Or let him exert himself fully, activate the Monster Pattern, and in engaging others, spend some time inferring and recording these "Monster Patterns."

Both methods are quite troublesome, and there hasn't been much opportunity before.

Now that Sword Bone is present as well, and it and Jin Gui, these two Evil Spirits are equally matched, "weaklings pecking at each other," conveniently giving Mo Hua the chance to "calculate."

Mo Hua's gaze slightly deepened, calmly inferring.

Jin Gutou and Jin Gui, one transformed into a Sword Demon, the other into a Tiger Demon, their aura mighty, waging a fierce battle as if in a life-and-death duel.

As Mo Hua calculated, they continued fighting.

When Mo Hua finished calculating, they were still fighting.

Mo Hua silently memorized the complete "Four Symbols Mysterious Tiger Demon Patterns," then looked up at these two Evil Spirits' battle again, inevitably feeling somewhat bored, even a bit sleepy.

And the parties in the fierce battle were obviously not feeling well either.

Sword Bone, having been "tormented" by Mo Hua before, had its Vital Energy injured, making short-term engagement manageable but long-term combat often led to insufficient Evil Power.

Jin Gui realized that within a short time, he simply couldn't defeat this "powerful" Sword Demon.

He must fight swiftly and decisively!

Jin Gui swung a tiger claw, opening up Sword Bone's One Sword, and shouted loudly:

"Taoist Friend, with such dao practice, why lower yourself to protect this little ghost completely?"

Sword Bone was taken aback, speechless.

What foolishness is this fool saying?

Whence came his dao practice to completely protect this little ancestor?

Just hearing this made it feel embarrassed.

But despite many inner emotions, its skeletal visage remained grim and cold, none of it showing outwardly.

Jin Gui further advised: "Taoist Friend, why not abandon darkness for light, forsake this little ghost, and join my Valley of Ten Thousand Demons? You might even become a dominant Demon Head someday!"

Sword Bone sneered inwardly.

Ignorance knows no fear, becoming a dominant Demon Head?

What nonsense!

Jin Gui frowned, internally sighing:

What a loyal Old Demon!

Despite my verbal provocations, it doesn't budge an inch? Insisting on protecting this little ghost completely?

What origin does this little ghost have to make a Sword Demon so fiercely loyal?

"Since so, I'll have to think of another way..." Jin Gui silently mused.

Then he clenched his fangs, suddenly roared, voice like a fierce tiger.

The Tiger Pattern spread across his body, shining blindingly, demonic power surged, underneath the Blood Skin it churned, even rupturing his flesh to ooze blood.

Sword Bone felt a shiver.

This beast wants to fight desperately?

"Damn, truly a year of bad luck, encountering such a reckless fool, without grievance or hostility, you could pretend, but why fight desperately?"

"Demon Cultivators truly have poor brains!"

Sword Bone internally cursed, but did not dare relax at all.

As a surge of Demonic Qi rose, Sword Bone's skeletal form transformed into the final "Sword Demon" form.

This battle, must determine life or death.

But just as Sword Bone stood ready to engage in a life-and-death duel with Jin Gui, Jin Gui fainted, bypassing it, directly pouncing towards Mo Hua a little distance away like a fierce tiger.

Sword Bone froze.

Not determining life or death with him, but wanting to kill that little ancestor?

Looking at Jin Gui, Sword Bone's eyes showed a hint of confusion, then turned into deep "admiration."

The aura Jin Gui emitted, with a "none can stand against me" spirit, perhaps could be called "courage"...

On the other side, Jin Gui sensed Sword Bone not following, thought to himself:

"Indeed, this Sword Demon has formidable strength, able to match my demonized self, surely couldn't lower itself completely."

"It 'protects' this little ghost, certainly with some inside story, beyond control."

"Since so, 'capture the thief first, capture the king', kill this little ghost first, maybe this Sword Demon would even thank me..."

Thinking thus, Jin Gui's figure accelerated.

Mo Hua's irritating little face came increasingly close.

Jin Gui's smile grew increasingly ferocious.

He could almost imagine that tender little face being torn apart by his claws.

Swiftly, as he neared Mo Hua, he gave a vicious smile, tiger claws enveloped in bloody wind, suddenly tearing at Mo Hua.

Yet in the next moment, the imagined scene did not happen.

Mo Hua remained unscathed, not even moving an inch.

Instead, Jin Gui himself felt sudden agony from his shoulder.

Turning his head to look, Jin Gui found, somehow, his entire arm had been sliced off!

Even he hadn't seen how it had been sliced off!

"Who is it?"

"Who sliced off my arm?"

Jin Gui's pupils dilated in shock.

The next instant, he saw Mo Hua standing calmly in front, looking at him as if at an ant.

A thought of incredulity rose in Jin Gui's heart.

"This... how could it be?!"

"Outside, to kill you takes effort..." Mo Hua's voice was crisp, tone unruffled:

"But here, killing you isn't much harder than crushing an ant..."

And then Mo Hua pointed lightly.

A golden thread swept past.

An irresistible aura of killing intent descended.

Jin Gui's ferocious expression remained, but in the next moment, he was shattered into pieces by the blades of golden light, completely dissipated.

All within less than three breaths.

Jin Gui's Divine Soul was utterly annihilated.

Mo Hua hadn't even taken a step.

The surroundings quieted significantly.

Sword Bone watched, its whole body of bones couldn't help but tremble a bit.

Its strength was evenly matched with Jin Gui.

This little ancestor killed Jin Gui in three breaths, certainly wouldn't take more than two to kill it.

Probably just an instantaneous matter...

Sword Bone's expression grew solemn, internally warning itself:

"Indeed, my previous attitude towards this little ancestor was too arrogant, in future definitely more 'courteous'..."

Chapter 1435: Extinguished Light

Jin Gui was killed with a single finger by Mo Hua.

Several monster cultivators remained on the scene, all of whom were shocked and scattered to flee, but none could escape the lethal grasp of the Sword Bone, who hunted them down and killed them with the White Bone Sword.

After the monster cultivators died, quite a bit of evil thoughts remained.

The Sword Bone looked on greedily, but dared not move in Mo Hua's presence, trying its best to pose as an "honest being."

After all, devouring evil spirits is not something a proper evil spirit should do.

Mo Hua glanced at it and said:

"Go ahead and eat."

"No, no," the Sword Bone shook its head vigorously, "One becomes red by being close to the vermillion, and black by being close to the ink. By staying with you, I will definitely forsake evil and follow the right path, never touching these demon monsters and evil spirits."

Mo Hua's expression turned slightly complex, frowning as he spoke:

"When I tell you to eat, you eat. Why so much nonsense?"

"I..."

The Sword Bone was still hesitating.

It wasn't sure if Mo Hua truly wanted it to eat, or was merely "testing" it to see if it could control its desires and resist the temptation of the "evil spirits."

Sometimes, it's hard to gauge the "intentions from above."

The Sword Bone couldn't make up its mind, so it sneaked a glance at Mo Hua, and seeing Mo Hua growing impatient, suddenly felt a pang of tension and quickly said:

"Yes! Yes! Thank you, young master, for the reward. I will act according to your command."

The implication being, it wasn't that it wanted to eat.

It was eating under your orders.

Please don't turn against me...

Then the Sword Bone stopped hesitating and began to absorb the evil thoughts of the surrounding demon spirits into its belly.

At first, it was still somewhat refined, looking up at Mo Hua's expression with every bite, pausing instantly if Mo Hua's expression soured.

But after a while, it found that Mo Hua truly didn't seem to care whether it consumed these evil thoughts, and it finally relaxed.

Once it relaxed, it felt the "hunger" becoming unbearable.

Since becoming the "Sword Demon," it hadn't "fed" on any telekinesis. Now with so much abundant monster cultivator evil thoughts laid before it, they appeared particularly "delicious."

The Sword Bone could not resist indulging greatly.

Mo Hua indeed did not care.

These evil thoughts were beneath his notice.

Moreover, though monster cultivators were essentially "half-demon," they still had human appearances, which Mo Hua found unappetizing.

He walked to a nearby coffin.

The three pitch-black coffins were engraved with Monster Patterns, cold and strange, identical to the coffins outside where the Little Wood and the other two were sacrificed.

There were indeed some formations on the coffins as well.

With a casual swipe, Mo Hua broke the formations and lifted the coffins open.

Sure enough, Linghu Xiao, Ouyang Mu, and Song Jian were inside.

Their faces were pale, eyes tightly shut, unconscious.

With a sweep of Divine Sense, Mo Hua discovered that the Divine Thought of these three was pure and untainted by demon monster qi.

It was likely just the first time their Divine Soul left their bodies, so they appeared a bit weak, but there was no harm.

Mo Hua nodded slightly, finally feeling relieved.

On the other side, the Sword Bone had devoured all the evil thoughts of the monster cultivators in a swift and gluttonous manner.

The wounds left by Mo Hua's earlier "maltreatment" were gradually healing.

At the same time, its Demonic Qi, swirling around the White Bone, became increasingly intense, and its aura steadily rose.

A crimson, malevolent gleam shone in its eyes.

It felt its Dao cultivation greatly increasing, a savage intent brewing within, capable of tearing apart, devouring, and suppressing everything.

The aura of the Evil Demon grew ever more arrogant...

The Sword Bone lowered its head and glanced at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua returned the glance calmly.

Like a basin of cold water poured overhead, the Sword Bone's pompous aura extinguished at once.

It bent over, awkwardly saying:

"Young master, I've...finished eating..."

"Mm." Mo Hua nodded, pointing at Linghu Xiao and the others, "Carry them, let's go back first."

At the mention of going back, the Sword Bone quickly nodded, "Alright! Alright!"

Having consumed a substantial amount of evil thoughts, it had quite a "nourishing" gain, benefiting greatly.

Now that the people were rescued and it could safely escape from the dangerous Demon Refining Diagram, it was truly a win-win situation.

No risks incurred, abundant rewards received!

The Sword Bone was quietly delighted.

Even the "Plague God" that was Mo Hua seemed endearing to it now.

The tall and skeletal Sword Bone promptly hoisted Ouyang Mu and the others, following Mo Hua along the original path out of the valley, past the White Bone Path, along the Divine Chains, and back to the Blood Pool.

Peace reigned along the way.

The Sword Bone finally felt at ease.

It had finally "come home"...

But just as it set down Linghu Xiao and the others, Mo Hua said, "You come with me for another trip back."

"Back?"

The Sword Bone was stunned.

"Aren't the people already rescued? What are we going back for?"

Mo Hua gave it a faint look, "Getting them out was just the beginning of the real business..."

"The rightful affairs" hadn't been done yet.

Real business...

The Sword Bone was left momentarily confused.

This little ancestor, what exactly does he intend to do?

The Sword Bone wanted to ask but didn't dare, wanted to refuse but didn't have the courage, not wanting to appear "impolite," and could only hang its head and say:

"Yes."

Little Wood and the others remained unconscious.

Mo Hua confirmed that their Divine Soul had no other issues and temporarily left them in the Blood Pool, drawing Formation Patterns of the Divine Way around them.

These Divine Formation Patterns were both to "seal" and to "protect" them.

Once everything was ready, Mo Hua again followed the Divine Chains back into the Demon Refining Diagram.

The Sword Bone hesitated for a moment, but could only grit its teeth and follow.

Inside the Demon Refining Diagram, the scenery remained the same.

But this time, Mo Hua, having no worries, had much more freedom of action.