

The Quest 1341

Chapter 1341: Compound Formation of the Divine Way

Xun Ziyou nodded slightly.

Elder Master Xun glanced at Xun Ziyou and instructed:

"You just focus on ensuring Mo Hua's safety. Let him figure out the formations on his own, research them by himself, and ponder them in his own way; you don't need to interfere."

"Understood."

Xun Ziyou bowed in respect.

...

The next day, Mo Hua went to Refining Demon Mountain early in the morning.

At this time, Elder Xun had just prepared the tea.

Mo Hua drank tea with Elder Xun, and then they set off together, reaching the dense forest, continuing along the path explored the previous day, venturing deeper.

As Mo Hua walked, he searched for trees, inferred, and recorded Formation Patterns.

Xun Ziyou couldn't understand anyway, so he focused on protection.

However, now that his role as a bodyguard had changed from covert to overt, he didn't have to be as cautious and sneaky, which eased his worries and relaxed him quite a bit.

Like this, until the setting sun fell behind the mountains, painting the sky with clouds, and night began to descend.

Mo Hua recorded over twenty hand-copied Divine Formation Patterns.

These Patterns are materials. By inferring and studying them, one can deepen their understanding of the Divine Formation, thus restoring the original appearance of the formation.

"It's late, let's go back." Xun Ziyou said.

"Mm." Mo Hua nodded.

The two of them walked back along the mountain path.

The sun gradually set behind the mountains, the forest quiet and serene, and Mo Hua feeling relaxed, chatted intermittently with Elder Xun Ziyou as they walked.

Asking questions like: "Elder, where is your hometown?"

"How many generations removed are you from Elder Master Xun?"

"Are you married?"

"Do you have children?"

"Our Taixu Gate, a late-stage Golden Core Elder, how many Spirit Stones is the monthly stipend, and are there any other benefits?"

...questions like these.

Xun Ziyou sighed, finding himself helpless against Mo Hua, only answering some of the questions he deemed fit to respond.

For those inconvenient to answer, he pretended not to hear.

Walking for a while, suddenly a sharp cry rang out:

"Mo Hua!!"

Both Mo Hua and Xun Ziyou were startled, turning their heads to see, not far away, a fair-skinned, handsome young man wearing a splendid gold Taoist Robe, eyes blazing with anger, glaring in their direction.

Mo Hua recognized him.

It was the fair-faced disciple from the Sever Gold Sect, Song Jian.

As soon as Song Jian saw Mo Hua, he couldn't look away, his eyes fixedly staring at Mo Hua, shouting angrily:

"I finally found you!"

"Mo Hua, I've been looking for you for a long time!"

"You got people to gang up on me, took my Spirit Sword, destroyed my efforts, and lied to me! You found a big guy to fight me while watching on the sidelines, to mock me!"

"These grudges, I will never forget as long as I live!"

"Today, I will wipe away the humiliation and make you..."

A Sever Gold Sect disciple at the side tugged at Song Jian's sleeve.

Song Jian impatiently shook it off.

The disciple tugged again.

Song Jian, slightly annoyed, turned his head and asked, "What is it?"

The Sever Gold Sect disciple beside him gave Song Jian a look and glanced toward Mo Hua's side.

Song Jian, not understanding, followed his gaze and only then realized there was an elder with an impassive face standing beside Mo Hua.

Taixu Sect Golden Core Elder!

Song Jian felt a chill in his heart.

During these days, he had been searching high and low for Mo Hua all over the mountain but never came across him.

Today, he finally met up with him, and in his rage and joy, he hadn't noticed that an elder from Taixu Sect was standing by Mo Hua's side.

Moreover, a Golden Core Elder!

Song Jian was dumbfounded.

His arrogant demeanor wilted instantly.

Even if he were bolder, he wouldn't dare to trouble Mo Hua in the presence of a Taixu Sect Golden Core Elder.

"Elder...Elder, hello..."

Song Jian said quietly.

A group of Sever Gold Sect disciples, timidly followed suit, bowing to Xun Ziyou.

"Mm." Xun Ziyou nodded slightly, saying plainly, "Between disciples, be gentle and courteous. Even if you're not from the same sect, you mustn't provoke fights."

"Understood..."

Song Jian replied unwillingly.

"Alright," Xun Ziyou, not making things difficult for them, said, "It's late, go back early."

Song Jian and the others, as if relieved from a burden, paid their respects, and quickly departed in groups, saying, "Elder, farewell."

Xun Ziyou shook his head.

After getting a distance away, a Sever Gold Sect disciple said:

"Young master, what should we do now?"

Song Jian gritted his teeth and said, "Despicable Mo Hua! Utterly shameless! He actually carries a Golden Core Elder with him!"

A disciple whispered, "A Golden Core Elder is not someone you can just carry along..."

Especially in the Refining Demon Mountain.

"This Mo Hua seems to hold a high status in the Sect, probably not easy to offend..."

"Should we still give him trouble?"

The disciples of the Song family hesitated.

"Nonsense!" Song Jian shouted angrily, "If this revenge is not taken, I won't be able to swallow this bitterness for the rest of my life!"

"How to take revenge?" a disciple asked in a low voice.

Song Jian thought for a moment, but couldn't come up with any way to punish Mo Hua. As he looked up and saw everyone staring at him, he became somewhat angry and embarrassed:

"I have my own way! Why ask so many questions?"

"Yes, yes..."

The disciples of the Song family were submissive and hesitant.

Song Jian, feeling irritated, said, "Let's go back first. As for that scoundrel Mo Hua, we will plan carefully. As long as he continues to loiter in this mountain, one day he will fall into my hands!"

"And what about this Elder..."

"The Elders of the Taixu Sect, how could they be so idle as to follow him every day?"

"What if they really... follow him every day?"

Song Jian was furious: "Are you trying to argue with me?"

The disciple dared not speak.

Song Jian sneered, "Even if there is an Elder following every day, there will always be times of negligence. As long as you keep an eye on it, there will always be a chance to strike."

"Yes, the young master is wise..."

This kind of half-hearted flattery, Song Jian disdained.

He glanced in the direction where Mo Hua had left, feeling unwilling yet helpless, and finally said coldly:

"Let's go back!"

"Yes."

Song Jian led the group down the mountain.

However, he didn't notice that while he was watching Mo Hua, a pair of shadowy eyes in the dark forest were also watching him coldly.

...

On the other side, Mo Hua curiously asked Xun Ziyou, "Elder, is the Song family and the Jin family at odds within the Sever Gold Sect?"

"Yes," Xun Ziyou nodded, "Within the Sect, power struggles and family factions are rampant, not just in the Sever Gold Sect, but in other Sects as well, it's a common occurrence."

"Oh..."

Mo Hua seemed contemplative.

"By the way," Xun Ziyou added, "that young man from the Song family seems to hold a deep grudge against you. Be careful in the mountains."

Mo Hua waved his hand, "It's nothing, just a child."

Xun Ziyou paused, momentarily speechless.

You yourself are even younger than him...

After walking a while further, a cunning glint flashed in Mo Hua's eyes. He whispered, "By the way, Elder Xun, I have a small request..."

Xun Ziyou felt a tightness in his heart.

Seeing this crafty fox-like expression, surely the request wouldn't be small.

Xun Ziyou responded somewhat warily, "Go ahead, let's hear it."

Mo Hua said, "Can I take a few days off?"

"Take a leave?"

"Yes." Mo Hua nodded seriously, "Monster cultivators harbor ill intentions, hiding in this dense forest. If they are not uprooted soon, it might lead to great harm."

"Therefore, I want to take a leave, to restore the formations in this dense forest early, so we can catch the monster cultivators and bring peace back to the Refining Demon Mountain."

Xun Ziyou's expression was complicated.

If he hadn't been closely following Mo Hua's actions during this period, he might have almost believed him.

This child really has countless schemes in his belly.

It certainly can't be that simple!

However, the Ancestor had instructed, "Let him investigate formations by himself, learn by himself, ponder by himself..."

There are some things that Mo Hua surely hasn't been honest about, but learning formations is indeed a fact.

Xun Ziyou hesitated for a moment, then sighed:

"Alright, I'll go talk to Elder Song."

The issue of the monster cultivators can't be delayed.

And since Mo Hua wishes to learn about formations, he naturally should be helped a bit.

Mo Hua beamed and said:

"Thank you, Elder Xun!"

As expected from a Taixu Sect Elder, efficient in work, even taking a leave became much simpler.

Though Uncle Gu Changhuai is also good, when it comes to helping me take leave, he's far inferior to Elder Xun.

Mo Hua silently compared in his heart.

Afterwards, Elder Xun indeed smoothly got leave for Mo Hua.

And Mo Hua could wholeheartedly focus on studying the Divine Tao Array in the dense forest.

His research into the Divine Tao Array gradually deepened, and as he continued to copy the formation, he naturally got closer and closer to the depths of the dense forest.

Soon, he discovered traces of the monster cultivators in the dense forest.

A blood-red creek, with dried monster blood around it, and besides that, a large amount of monster beast bones and remains...

Chapter 1342: Truth

The blood-colored creek flows gently, stretching into the distance with no end in sight.

Inside, it's not clear whether it's Monster Blood or Human Blood flowing.

The stones on the creek banks, soaked in blood for years, have become covered in a layer of dried blood paste, showing a bizarre black-red color.

There are also Monster Beasts' bones around, with bite marks on them, as if chewed by someone or something unknown.

These bones, scattered on both sides, piled together, look like a White Bone riverbank.

Mo Hua and Xun Ziyou's gazes were somewhat heavy.

Such a large number of Monster Bones indicates that a vast number of Monster Beasts died here.

Likewise, this also implies that the Monster Cultivators hidden here probably aren't just a small number.

Immediately, a doubt arose in both of their hearts simultaneously:

Where did these Monster Cultivators come from?

Mo Hua glanced at Xun Ziyou, who had a furrowed brow, and asked in a low voice:

"Elder Xun, have you seen this White Bone place before?"

Xun Ziyou pondered for a moment, though unwilling to admit it, he had to sigh:

"I have been on duty here in the Refining Demon Mountain for twenty to thirty years, and I've never seen this sight of the blood creek and white bones before..."

"Nor have I seen the Monster Cultivators." Xun Ziyou added.

Mo Hua contemplated for a moment, and then asked:

"Elder Xun, is it really impossible for outsiders to enter the Refining Demon Mountain?"

Xun Ziyou said gravely: "The surroundings of the Refining Demon Mountain are sealed by Formation. Except for Sect Disciples and a few Elders on duty, no cultivator could possibly enter the Refining Demon Mountain..."

At this point, Xun Ziyou suddenly paused, understanding Mo Hua's meaning, his gaze shook slightly:

"You mean... these Monster Cultivators are Sect Disciples?"

Mo Hua corrected him: "'Were' Sect Disciples."

Xun Ziyou felt a chill in his heart, and then even colder on his back.

In this case, things could be far more severe than he thought.

Demon Monsters are despised by the Righteous Dao, not tolerated by Taoist Law, and banned by the Taoist Court.

If it's really as Mo Hua said, the appearance of a large number of Monster Cultivators here signifies a massive descent into demonhood among the disciples.

This would be the biggest "scandal" within the Qian Learning State Boundary to date.

The whole Qian Learning State Boundary would experience a huge shock.

"We must investigate thoroughly!"

Find out who had such audacity to lure, condone, and shelter so many disciples to become Demon Path cultivators!

Xun Ziyou's gaze was cold.

He wanted to move closer to the White Bone riverbank for a look but was suddenly stopped by Mo Hua.

"We can't leave this forest." Mo Hua said.

Xun Ziyou paused.

Mo Hua pointed to the dense woods, "There's a Divine Tao Array in this forest blocking Divine Sense's perception..."

"This is a double-edged sword, concealing the traces of Monster Cultivators while also, in turn, concealing our presence."

"But it's different ahead. At the blood creek and White Bone place, there's not a single blade of grass, no forest coverage, nor any Divine Tao Array."

"If we go over, it's possible that we'll be seen clearly."

Xun Ziyou frowned, "What about using a Concealment Spiritual Tool?"

Mo Hua asked, "Elder Xun, do you have a Concealment Spiritual Tool?"

"Yes," Xun Ziyou nodded, "I don't usually carry it, but recently I've been keeping it with me."

Mostly to invisibly track you...

Xun Ziyou silently thought.

Mo Hua nodded slightly, thought for a moment, but then shook his head, "It's not just about concealment. There's probably also Formation..."

"Formation?"

"Yes," Mo Hua pointed at the White Bone place, "beneath these bones, there's still Formation buried. Though I don't know what kind of Formation, it's very bizarre, going recklessly could certainly be big trouble."

"Concealment also likely won't work..."

These are what he just discovered.

Monster Cultivators wouldn't throw the remains of Monster Beasts here without reason.

If they did so, there must be a reason.

With a mere glance, Mo Hua knew that underneath the bones, the bloody and evil aura concealed the energy of the Formation.

This is an Evil Formation.

And seemingly not just any ordinary Evil Formation.

"Going over just like that, causing disturbances, would certainly be discovered. Golden Core Monster Cultivators are one thing, but if there are Feather Transformation Realm ones..."

"There are no Feather Transformation Realm ones." Xun Ziyou said.

Mo Hua was surprised, "Really none?"

"None," Xun Ziyou affirmed, "When the Refining Demon Mountain was first built, the senior who sealed the mountain with Formation also limited the cultivation level of Outer Mountain cultivators with Formation."

"Nearby the Outer Mountain, the highest cultivation is Golden Core."

Mo Hua's pupils constricted slightly, "Heavenly Dao Formation?!"

Xun Ziyou was surprised, "What Heavenly Dao Formation?"

Mo Hua pointed upward, "It's the Robbery Thunder in the sky..."

Xun Ziyu realized, shook his head, "There's no Large Formation in the sky. You're talking about the restrictions of Heavenly Dao Law."

Mo Hua then recalled, his master had mentioned that Heavenly Dao Formation is just a legend, and most cultivators didn't believe there was a large formation in the sky.

But Mo Hua knew the Heavenly Dao Formation existed.

Because he truly had seen it with his own eyes.

"Yes!" Mo Hua nodded, "It's the restrictions of Heavenly Dao Law."

Xun Ziyu shook his head: "That's different. The Nine State divides levels; using Superior cultivation in a lower-grade state boundary will be obliterated by Heavenly Dao."

"But this power of Heavenly Dao Law's restrictions is fundamentally beyond what a cultivator can control."

"The mountain-sealing formation here at the Refining Demon Mountain couldn't possibly have such power."

"This mountain-sealing formation is actually an expulsion formation. When a Feather Transformation Realm cultivator enters the Refining Demon Mountain, it first sends a warning."

"If they don't leave within thirty minutes."

"The mountain-protecting formation of the Refining Demon Mountain will activate the Fifth-grade spatial formation within the Compound Formation, forcibly expelling the Feather Transformation Realm cultivator from the Refining Demon Mountain..."

"Why expel Feather Transformation?" Mo Hua asked, "Is it fearing they might do something bad?"

"Exactly," Xun Ziyou nodded, "to watch over these disciples, Golden Core Elders are sufficient. If a Feather Transformation Realm Elder were allowed in and they suddenly went crazy and turned into a demon, they could wreak havoc in the Refining Demon Mountain."

Chapter 1343: Truth (2)

"Feather Transformation is different from the Golden Core; Feather Transformation can turn spiritual power into feathers, allowing flight in the air."

"Once indulged in a killing nature, coming and going swiftly, slaughtering at will, these sect disciples of the Foundation Establishment Realm in the Refining Demon Mountain would indeed be like insignificant weeds, with countless deaths and injuries."

"This, for the sect, would also be a huge disaster."

"Long ago, such events have happened, so later, it was simply and entirely prohibited for any cultivators above the Feather Transformation to enter the outer mountain of the Refining Demon Mountain."

"I see..."

Mo Hua suddenly understood and nodded.

Therefore, the strongest power of these demon cultivators here won't exceed the Golden Core.

Mo Hua glanced at Xun Ziyou.

Elder Xun is at the late Golden Core stage, with profound cultivation, and seems to not be weak in actual combat, so he should be able to protect him.

Mo Hua's confidence increased.

"Elder Xun, let's go back first," Mo Hua said.

"Go back?" Xun Ziyou was puzzled.

Mo Hua explained, "Come again at night; most monster beasts are active during the night."

"Demon cultivators practice demon techniques, drink demon broth, and eat monster meat, walking the demon path, usually making big moves at night."

"Moreover, over the years, the demon cultivators have been lurking here without leaving a trace, likely because they move out at night when the Refining Demon Mountain is deserted, secretly hunting beasts, so no one discovered them..."

"So, coming at night is better."

Xun Ziyou said, "Then why not just wait here?"

Mo Hua silently looked at Xun Ziyou and whispered, "We're going back to check on some things."

"Check what?" Xun Ziyou was baffled again.

Mo Hua pointed to the white bones with "gnaw marks" on them and slowly said:

"Check the origins of these demon cultivators."

Xun Ziyou's gaze slightly hardened, instantly understanding.

If these demon cultivators were formerly sect disciples, then there would undoubtedly be records in the Refining Demon Mountain's archives.

For example, disciples who "disappeared" in the Refining Demon Mountain in recent years...

Disciples "died"...

They might not really have "disappeared" or "died" in the Refining Demon Mountain.

It's very possible that they "transformed" into demon cultivators there, thus abandoning their original identities and "dying" in the sect archives...

Xun Ziyou felt a slight chill in his heart.

This speculation is quite reasonable.

Then he looked at Mo Hua with a strange glance.

The things he just figured out, did this child already foresee them?

Why does it feel like Mo Hua, this disciple, knows more than himself?

It seems like he deals with these demons and monsters every day...

While Xun Ziyou was dazed, Mo Hua had already started withdrawing, halfway back, turning to see Xun Ziyou still in a daze, couldn't help but say:

"Elder Xun, let's go."

Xun Ziyou snapped back to reality, nodded, "Alright."

Just looking at Mo Hua's back, his gaze still trembled slightly.

Perhaps not only he himself had mistaken, even the ancestor might have been wrong.

This child... is likely not just a "formation genius."

Perhaps, even treating him merely as a "disciple" might not suffice...

...

The two returned to the mountain gate, and Mo Hua said:

"Elder Xun, we need to check the archives to see which disciples have disappeared or 'died' in the Refining Demon Mountain in recent years, preferably with portraits..."

Mo Hua had another vague suspicion that needed to be verified.

"Alright."

Xun Ziyou sighed, somewhat reluctantly.

He suddenly felt like Mo Hua was the "elder," and he was merely a bodyguard doing odd jobs for "Elder Mo."

Xun Ziyou walked towards the archive room in the Refining Demon Mountain Hall.

Mo Hua naturally followed.

But after a few steps, Xun Ziyou stopped him, "You can't go in."

Mo Hua was taken aback.

Xun Ziyou said, "Only the elder on duty can enter the archive room and has the qualifications to view the Refining Demon Mountain's records."

Mo Hua was very disappointed.

He really wanted to see the archives of the Refining Demon Mountain to examine what they recorded.

What a pity.

Mo Hua instructed, "Then please take a good look, see who the people are, and don't forget the portraits..."

Xun Ziyou sighed, "Alright..."

Holding the Elder's Token, Xun Ziyou entered the archive room, coming out after about two hours, giving Mo Hua a look.

Mo Hua understood the signal.

The two entered the Refining Demon Mountain again, found a desolate and quiet place behind a big rock, and sat down on the ground.

Xun Ziyou whispered:

"I secretly took these out, they are copies, with names, origins, backgrounds, careers, portraits all included... After you read them, I will have to burn them."

Mo Hua's heart skipped a beat.

This Elder Xun is indeed reliable!

Not only did he know what Mo Hua wanted, but also foresaw things Mo Hua hadn't thought of in advance.

No wonder he's the many generations great-grandson of Elder Master Xun!

No time to lose, Mo Hua immediately began to read the records.

The records documented the list of those who had "disappeared" or "died" in the Refining Demon Mountain over the past century:

"Kuang Ping, Sever Gold Sect, a third-grade member of the Kuang family, aged nineteen, entered Refining Demon Mountain, missing after three days. Mountain search for two months, no trace, presumed dead at the mouth of a monster beast..."

"Jiang Rulong, Gui Water Sect, second-grade member of the Jiang family, aged twenty, entered the mountain for monster hunting. Due to lack of experience, panicked when faced with danger, failed during monster hunting, dragged into the deep forest by a monster beast, no remains left..."

"Lan Huier, Danqing Sect... entered the mountain with a male fellow disciple, both died..."

"Liao Ying, Ten Thousand Formations Sect..."

...

The list recorded missing or deceased sect disciples, not only from Sever Gold Sect or Gui Water Sect, but from various other sects as well.

Some of them should have genuinely died in the Refining Demon Mountain.

Chapter 1344: Truth (3)

But the other part is probably not so easy to say...

It is very likely that some of the dead disciples on the list are now in Refining Demon Mountain, transformed into monsters, feasting on flesh and blood.

Perhaps it goes beyond just that.

In Mo Hua's intuition, some of the disciples with unfamiliar names and appearances strangely felt somewhat familiar.

This is a kind of intuition of causality.

As if there had been some interaction between them before.

Mo Hua pondered slightly and suddenly recalled:

Sin Cultivators!

Back then, based on Boss Jiang's list, many Sin Cultivators he had captured were carrying sect legacies and logically should have roots in the sect.

But investigations from the Taoist Court showed nothing.

Mo Hua was puzzled before, but now after seeing this list, he suddenly realized that those "Sin Cultivators" living outside and committing crimes might already be "dead" in the sect records.

That's why the Taoist Court couldn't find anything.

It's also extremely difficult for the sect to verify!

In other words, not only the monster cultivators within Refining Demon Mountain, but also the evil cultivators outside the Qian Learning State Boundary committing heinous acts will have their records erased at Refining Demon Mountain.

Refining Demon Mountain is like a black "cloth" of erasure.

It erases all traces before the disciples of the sect degenerate into Sin Cultivators, Monster Cultivators, or even Demon Cultivators, through the "death records."

After erasing the records, changing their face or name, no one can trace their origin.

Mo Hua felt a slight shock in his heart.

"No wonder..."

"No wonder those henchmen of the Evil God, the human traffickers in black, are so rampant, and once the Taoist Court investigates, they're at an impasse, because when tracing back to the sect, they find that there's truly 'no such person'..."

"Because matching disciples are already 'dead'!"

"And in the eyes of the sect, the Taoist Court investigating a dead or non-existent disciple and 'slandering' them as colluding with traffickers or other demon cultivators, is clearly seen as provoking trouble, spreading false rumors, and malicious slandering."

"No sect could possibly ignore it."

"To protect the sect's interests, the sect's reputation, and even the honor of the 'dead' disciples, the sect has no choice but to oppose the Taoist Court, obstructing their investigation."

"Therefore, once the Taoist Court starts investigating, they are bound to be deadlocked."

"Even Uncle Gu, no matter how powerful he is, it's useless."

"He is a Supervisor of the Taoist Court, and when investigating from there, he will always be separated by the sect's gates..."

Mo Hua suddenly realized and finally thought these things clearly.

But he was still a bit unconvinced.

After all, these are just his guesses.

The intuition of causality is only intuition, and it doesn't mean it is completely infallible.

"Need to verify..."

Mo Hua flipped through the list again.

After an unknown length of time, Mo Hua's pupils shrank and moments later, a slight smile appeared on his lips.

"Found it..."

On the list was a name:

"Xie Cangshan, disciple of Gui Water Sect, twenty-one years old, from a Third Grade Xie family, Mid-stage Foundation Establishment Cultivation, arrogant and complacent, went to hunt monsters alone and disappeared... Three months later, presumed dead."

This name, Mo Hua had never heard before.

But the portrait next to the name was very familiar to Mo Hua.

This person, this face, was that black-clothed leader back then!

It seemed to be two or three years ago, Cheng Mo and some others stumbled upon over twenty black-clad human traffickers selling cultivators, being chased by those in black, about to meet a dead end, when I happened to come across them.

I slightly lent a hand.

Saved Cheng Mo, killed the traffickers, and rescued the kidnapped cultivators.

Most of the traffickers died, turned into a pool of black water.

Only one exception, that black-clothed leader!

The black-clothed leader, bearing the remnants of an Evil God, pursued me to the barren mountain and was then trapped and killed by my methods.

After the black-clothed leader died, Mo Hua saw his face.

Although there were some burn marks left from the Li Fire Formation on his face, he appeared to be quite young, estimated to be only in his twenties.

That face now slowly overlapped with the portrait before me.

Xie Cangshan!

Mo Hua's eyes lit up.

This confirms my guess!

Mo Hua checked the timeline again and found that Xie Cangshan's "disappearance" occurred just the day after the black-clothed leader had been "killed" by him.

That is to say, the moment the black-clothed leader, the human trafficker, died, Xie Cangshan, the disciple of the sect, also "disappeared" at Refining Demon Mountain.

This is no coincidence but a very mature and stable, near "seamless" process.

And the people and forces involved behind it are certainly not small.

Mo Hua's eyes grew colder.

Beside him, Xun Ziyou, seeing Mo Hua deeply focused with mutable expressions, couldn't help but ask:

"Did you discover something again?"

Mo Hua glanced at Xun Ziyou, thought for a moment, and did not reveal everything, only mentioning what was right before them:

"The monster cultivators of Refining Demon Mountain are very likely the disciples on this list who have disappeared or died."

Xun Ziyou, unaware of Mo Hua's concealment, nodded in agreement, secretly sighing.

The oversight beneath the lamp...

No one expected this to happen right under the eyes of the sect elders in Qian Learning State Boundary.

Some people really have too much nerve.

And their operations are indeed meticulous.

The conspiracy behind this is likely not small either...

Xun Ziyou looked up at the sky, then said: "It's getting late, let's go check that White Bone place again."

"Mm!" Mo Hua nodded.

The two set out once more.

At this time, at sunset, with the sky painted red, it was a common sight in Refining Demon Mountain.

But unlike usual, around this time, Mo Hua would have finished hunting monster beasts, descending the mountain bathed in the sunset, returning to the sect.

But this time, he was heading towards the depths of the dense forest of Refining Demon Mountain.

Taking advantage of twilight, step by step, walking into the darkness of Refining Demon Mountain...

Chapter 1345: Demon Night

As the sun set in the west, night descended.

Refining Demon Mountain shed its blanket of twilight, losing the clarity of day, becoming deep and oppressive.

The night wind was chilling, the ground crept with insects and serpents, occasionally Monster Beasts lowly murmured, unknown dangers lurking in the darkness.

Fortunately, Xun Ziyou was at the Late Golden Core Stage.

Mo Hua followed behind him, without encountering any danger along the way.

The two employed movement techniques, using the cover of night, arriving at the dense forest's depths, where a blood creek babbled, turning into a White Bone Beach.

It was just 7:00 PM, the moonlight seemed like ice, casting an inexplicable chill over White Bone Beach.

Yet, no trace of demon cultivators was nearby.

The two waited in the vicinity.

They waited until 22 p.m, when suddenly a demonic wind arose, spreading a pungent scent of blood.

Mo Hua perched on a tree, looking down to see shadowy figures emerging within the dense forest under the cover of the Divine Tao Array.

These shadows, cloaked in black robes, seemed both human and monster, some standing on two legs, others crawling on all fours, emerging from the forest's darkness, gradually gathering by White Bone Beach.

The cold moonlight revealed them, one by one, like Evil Ghosts crawling out from Purgatory, chilling to behold.

After a moment, another batch of demon cultivators arrived.

These demon cultivators, some dragging, some carrying, some shoulders heaving blood-soaked Monster Beasts' corpses or limbs.

These beasts seemed freshly hunted.

They discarded these Monster Beasts on the White Bone Beach.

A group of demon cultivators began gnawing at the flesh of these Monster Beasts by the creek.

The scene was exceedingly gruesome.

Xun Ziyou felt discomfort, turning to glance at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua's expression remained unchanged, as if he had anticipated the scene, or perhaps had become accustomed to such events.

Xun Ziyou was somewhat incredulous.

This child... how is he so composed?

Could it be that he's witnessed even bloodier or more chaotic scenes?

So young, what has he experienced?

While Xun Ziyou was astonished, he suddenly noticed the Taixu Token was active, his Divine Sense delving to see Mo Hua sending a message:

"Elder Xun, let's change locations, we can eavesdrop."

Xun Ziyou was startled, looking up at Mo Hua giving him a look, nodding towards another side.

There was a taller tree on the other side.

Beneath the tree were three demon cultivators, seemingly having eaten their fill, reverted from demonization, clothed in black robes, gathered and chatting away.

Xun Ziyou was somewhat disconcerted.

This child probably isn't eavesdropping for the first time.

Judging by his bearing, he must be an eavesdropping "veteran"...

Xun Ziyou sighed, nodded in agreement.

The two moved with stealth, from the treetop here, quietly stepping to the other side's branches.

Upon landing, raspy voices indeed rose from below.

"Not tasty..."

"The Monster Beast's meat is too dry and tough, chewing is hard work."

One demon cultivator still chewing something, his voice low like a beast, "If only there was human meat to eat, it's tender..."

"Dream on! In this Refining Demon Mountain, it's all Sect Disciples, how can you eat them?"

"It's not impossible, just do it stealthily... Earlier I picked up leftovers, a disciple of unknown sect got lost in the mountains, I seized the chance, killed him, tore him apart and ate him alive, the skin and flesh were indeed tastier than Monster Beasts, even the bones were crispier..."

A demon cultivator reproached: "The master said to act low-key, cause less trouble."

"It's fine, no one around, others don't know how he died."

Amidst the noise, another voice spoke:

"What a pity, if only there were female disciples, females are even more tender..."

A demon cultivator couldn't help but curse: "You damn it, you want to eat them?"

A sinister and ear-piercing laugh sounded, "Play them to death first, then eat them, it's all the same..."

Upon hearing these words, Xun Ziyou's heart instantly surged with killing intent.

Mo Hua immediately tugged at his sleeve.

Xun Ziyou halted his expression momentarily, then clenched his teeth, forcibly suppressing the killing intent within.

Below, several demon cultivators continued chatting in hushed tones.

"Indeed, I'm mingling in the mountains daily, eating Monster meat, drinking Monster Blood, living like a Monster Beast, I've damn near forgotten I'm human..."

"...Been trapped here too long, if I don't vent to reclaim some human nature, I'll truly become like those monster brutes."

"It doesn't help."

Another demon cultivator sneered, "Since you started the Demon Technique, your humanity begins to wither, it's futile."

"Playing with women?" He snorted coldly, "After a while, no matter how beautiful the woman, she'll seem just a lump of raw meat to you."

"In your mind, you're thinking solely about how to skin and devour her, no other desires will exist."

A nearby demon cultivator cursed him, "You damn it, you're too deep into demon territory."

"So fucking disappointing..."

"Ignore him, he's been a demon cultivator for a hundred years, no longer knows how to write the word 'human'.

The previous demon cultivator chuckled coldly, indifferently declaring:

"Once you all have cultivated demons for a hundred years, you'll know I'm right."

"Humans are just another kind of Monster Beast, all concepts of gender, beauty or ugliness, are just lumps of decaying meat, as long as it can be eaten, nothing else matters..."

Then these demon cultivators conversed more on this topic for a while.

Later, more demon cultivators gathered.

As numbers increased, the conversation became more disjointed.

Mo Hua listened and grew somewhat muddled.

Some time after, finally a demon cultivator mentioned a word Mo Hua cared about.

"Valley of Ten Thousand Demons..."

A relatively young voice, with palpable emotions, seeming not deeply demonized, humanity still somewhat intact, spoke:

"In two days, we'll enter the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, within a year, we can't come out for 'wild hunts'."

"If you perform well inside, you'll be released early to get some fresh air."

Chapter 1346: Demon Night (2)

"Even so, the valley is too oppressive, both foul and putrid, every day feels like a year."

"Enough," a monster cultivator said impatiently, "complain less and speak less of matters within the valley."

"The 'Young Master' bestowed us demon skills and monster patterns, we must do our best to serve him."

Mo Hua, who was eavesdropping from the tree, raised an eyebrow upon hearing this.

Young Master again?

Which Young Master is this?

And it's a bit strange...

After these words were spoken, the other monster cultivators were clearly caught in silence.

Some, even though silent and seemingly unperturbed, Mo Hua could sense a trace of anger and resentment through their divine sense...

"Something's not right..."

Mo Hua's gaze narrowed slightly.

After a moment of suppressed silence, others came over, and the conversation resumed.

But the talks were vague and intermittent.

Mo Hua listened for a long time, barely managing to piece together some key information from bits and pieces:

In the Blood Stream White Bone Land, there's a Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

This Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is the lair of all monster cultivators.

The entrance of the valley is closed year-round, closely guarded, and opens once a month.

Countless monster cultivators dwell inside the valley, going out in groups to "hunt"—that is, to poach monster beasts at the Refining Demon Mountain.

The poached monster beasts are sorted and handled according to type.

Either as "feed" for monster cultivators, devoured alive, bones discarded at White Bone Beach, sacrificing to the formation;

Or captured alive, sent into the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons for unknown purposes...

And White Bone Beach is indeed inscribed with an evil formation.

What kind of evil formation exactly, Mo Hua didn't overhear the answer.

Most of these monster cultivators are formation blind; even if they had some formation mastery before becoming monster cultivators, after consuming so much monster meat, their brains must have gone bad, and those who can think clearly might be almost none.

Expecting to hear the specifics of the formations from them is surely unrealistic.

Still, Mo Hua gathered some clues.

According to one monster cultivator, speaking with a heavy tone:

"Only on the sixteenth of each month, with the full moon, the valley opens, revealing the White Bone Path; otherwise, no one, no demon, may enter the depths of the blood stream, reach the entrance of the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons..."

"To trespass and step into the White Bone Land, into the depths of the blood stream, will trigger a curse, the consciousness shattered, dying in madness..."

The monster cultivator spoke eerily.

Mo Hua was confused listening, but based on these words and his own cultivation experience, he could roughly speculate that the methods laid within the White Bone Land likely involve evil formations related to evil spirits.

As for what exactly those evil formations are...

Being an upright formation master himself, not delving into wicked paths, he couldn't pinpoint them.

It was now 22 p.m.

The blood stream reeked, white bones ghostly.

A chilly moonlight loomed overhead.

Mo Hua looked up, following the murmuring blood stream, gazing into the distance, indeed discovering a sinister, eerie, and deeply sanguine aura lurking like a fierce beast in the darkness.

"Valley of Ten Thousand Demons..."

All secrets should be hidden within.

But the current issue is, how to enter this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons?

Or maybe don't consider entry, just have Elder Xun call people to start killing from the outside?

Mo Hua frowned in contemplation.

Then, two monster cultivators furtively left the "crowd," heading into the dense forest.

Mo Hua blinked, then glanced at Xun Ziyou.

Xun Ziyou evidently noticed too.

Their eyes met, each nodded in understanding, then both moved silently through the woods, secretly trailing the two sin cultivators.

Xun Ziyou was a Golden Core cultivator, easily tailing two Foundation Building monster cultivators.

But upon looking back, he found Mo Hua, only at Foundation Building Middle Stage, was adept at such tasks too, leaving no trace or sound, his agile figure seemingly merging with the night.

If he hadn't paid attention, Xun Ziyou might have overlooked him.

Surprised, Xun Ziyou felt reassured at heart.

This seemingly innocent child certainly engaged in "mischief" often...

But seeing Mo Hua so adept, able to keep pace, Xun Ziyou relaxed.

The two monster cultivators, separating from the demon group, walked farther and farther, not uttering a word all the way until "nobody around," then whispering secretly.

"...Is this really okay?"

"What's not okay? You want to stay in that disgusting valley for life?"

"But..."

"Relax, I've arranged everything..."

One tall monster cultivator lowered his voice, hoarsely:

"I hail from Mistwater City, the disciple overseeing us from the Jin family has ties with my father, will turn a blind eye..."

"We just need to feign death to escape this suffering."

"There's someone in the valley keeping us under cover."

The younger monster cultivator still hesitated.

The tall monster cultivator said: "Think about it, once out, with our skills, we can easily join some demon sect or mix in a magic sect; food, women, all readily available, without living like livestock in this mountain, isn't it carefree?"

The young monster cultivator indeed felt tempted.

He had just started practicing demon techniques not long ago.

Until recently, he was a genius disciple, full of family expectations, hoping to rely on his efforts to secure a place among sect disciples.

He wished to prove that he was not much inferior to those true heavenly prides from great families.

But somehow, he fell to this state.

To his parents and family, he was already "dead."

Yet here at Refining Demon Mountain, he still lived on, neither truly human nor ghostly, like a demonic creature unfit for light.

Chapter 1347: Demon Night (3)

Even now, thinking back, he felt somewhat bewildered.

He didn't even know how he had step by step fallen to this point...

Like a sudden nightmare that he would never awaken from.

He transformed from a person into a beast who lived on raw flesh and blood.

And one wrong step was forever irretrievable.

"Since it can't be undone, I must find a way to escape this sea of suffering first..."

The young monster cultivator thought and then said earnestly, "Brother Zhao, please, help me. In the future, I will surely follow your lead, whatever you say, I will do."

The tall monster cultivator was very pleased.

"But..." The young monster cultivator asked softly, "How on earth do we get out?"

Mo Hua was also puzzled.

Refining Demon Mountain is sealed.

These monster cultivators are filled with Monster Qi, trapped in the mountains. How could they leave through the mountain gate?

The tall monster cultivator lowered his voice extremely.

"This matter, I'm secretly telling you, it absolutely cannot be leaked..."

The young monster cultivator appeared solemn, leaning in closer, their voices almost inaudible.

Mo Hua lay on the large tree, instinctively leaning closer, wanting to hear what they were saying.

But just as he leaned halfway down, he heard the tall monster cultivator shout sharply:

"Who's there?!"

Mo Hua was startled.

"Have I been discovered?"

Impossible...

Since his Divine Sense Transformation, his Divine Thought grew stronger, and having learned the Minor Five Elements Stealth Skill, his concealment methods were exquisite, and his tracking experience grew increasingly rich.

Every tailing was infallible.

Never had he been discovered by anyone before.

Could this monster cultivator's senses be that sharp?

Mo Hua immediately became fully alert, preparing to restrain this monster cultivator, then hide behind Elder Xun and let Elder Xun deal with this trouble.

But before he could rise, the tall monster cultivator pointed his hand.

Yet, he was not pointing at Mo Hua, but at an empty spot behind the young monster cultivator, his expression heavy as he said:

"Someone's there!"

The young monster cultivator, indeed young, was utterly defenseless and turned to look in the direction the tall monster cultivator was pointing.

In the instant he turned, he realized something.

But it was too late.

Mo Hua could clearly see, in the dark night, a flash of crimson blood light.

The tall monster cultivator's hand transformed with demonization into a sharp claw, condensing the demonic power to the extreme, then with a fierce wind pierced through the back of the young monster cultivator in an instant.

His chest pierced, heart torn apart, the young monster cultivator's expression was terrified, followed by a surge of boundless anger.

He wanted to take revenge on the tall monster cultivator.

Even if it meant dying, he wanted to tear off a piece of flesh.

But he was gravely injured and near death, not a match at all.

After struggling for several rounds, his arms were broken, his abdomen pierced by the tall monster cultivator, and he fell bloodied to the ground, completely dead.

The tall monster cultivator licked the blood on his arm, coldly glanced at the corpse on the ground, and mocked, "Did you even look at what you're worth?"

"Though you're from a family, can you compare to those real young masters of Heavenly Pride?"

"Anyone dares to look down on you."

"Yes, your talent is impressive, but so what?"

"Full of arrogance without brains, seeing those you cannot climb, you don't even know to lower your head."

"Who but you deserves to die?"

The young monster cultivator lay cold and dead on the ground with eyes wide open, dying not at peace.

The tall monster cultivator started to strip off his black robe, "Killing you, using you as a stepping stone, I can get out."

He said, and then sneered darkly, "Don't blame your elder brother for being unfeeling. Though you're dead, I'm still alive, aren't I?"

"Life is but over three hundred years, after I leave, I'll enjoy this three hundred years of fortune for you. Once it's done, your elder brother will go down and apologize to you."

"You shouldn't die with regrets either..."

He reached out, wanting to close the young monster cultivator's eyes, but after several attempts, could not close them.

"Damn it, disrespecting the toast and taking the punishment."

In anger, the tall monster cultivator tore fiercely, making the young monster cultivator's eyes bloody and mangled.

Blood streamed down the eye sockets, like tears of blood.

"Damn it, what bad luck!"

The tall monster cultivator coldly snorted and spat, but just as he turned, he saw in the dark night an irresistible white sword light flash past.

His entire arm was sliced off like rotten mud.

Monster blood gushed out.

A bewildered look appeared on his face.

Before he could react, another sword light cut through, severing a leg.

The tall monster cultivator immediately knelt to the ground, eyes filled with horror, and just when he tried to struggle up, a slender cultivator appeared before him.

Xun Ziyou, with a face like water, eyes filled with anger, pointed.

A surge of sword-intent-filled, overwhelming Golden Core Sword Qi, surged fiercely, shredding the tall monster cultivator all over.

The pressure of the Sword Qi held this monster cultivator pinned to the ground.

The monster cultivator couldn't rise, face ashen, having lost all will to resist.

Xun Ziyou didn't go all out, yet in less than three rounds still fully suppressed this tall monster cultivator.

Mo Hua nodded with satisfaction.

His "bodyguard" was indeed powerful.

"Speak!" Xun Ziyou, face cold as frost, demanded, "What is your identity?"

"Who is the young master you mentioned?"

"What do you plan on doing to leave Refining Demon Mountain?"

But that monster cultivator grinned, showing a mouth full of blood, yet did not answer.

Mo Hua frowned and suddenly looked stern, saying:

"He's using a Transmission!"

No sooner had Mo Hua spoken, Xun Ziyou realized it too, and with a swipe of his finger, a bright white sword light emerged.

The tall monster cultivator's other arm was also severed.

With the pain coursing through, this monster cultivator couldn't help but howl, but before he could make a sound, Xun Ziyou forcibly locked his throat with Golden Core Spiritual Power.

Mo Hua, pinching white fingers, picked up a blood-soaked token from the pool of blood.

A Letter Token.

Mo Hua's eyes lit up.

A good find!

On the other side, Xun Ziyou's eyes, sharp as swords, continued questioning the monster cultivator, "Whose orders are you obeying?"

"And who taught you the monster cultivator's cultivation technique?"

The tall monster cultivator, sneering all along, with a mouth full of blood, said nothing.

Mo Hua saw this and said:

"Kill him, he won't talk."

Xun Ziyou paused, looking at Mo Hua with a complex expression.

This child, how come he's more decisive than me...

At just a glance, after asking a couple of questions, without waiting for an answer, he simply says, "Kill him"...

Mo Hua said, "The mouth of a monster cultivator is tough, and besides, in his state, living or dead there's no difference, he surely won't speak."

Xun Ziyou saw the sense in it but still hesitated a bit.

Mo Hua then shook the "Letter Token" in his hand, "Just ask this."

Xun Ziyou was taken aback, then understood and nodded.

On the other side, the tall monster cultivator heard the clear voice, saying he should be killed and struggled to raise his head, glaring at Mo Hua angrily.

Mo Hua met the gaze fearlessly, smiling.

"You just said, after a good 'elder brother' like you enjoyed three hundred years of good fortune, you'd go down and apologize to the 'little brother' you just killed."

"Three hundred years is too long..."

"Why not cut to the chase, go apologize to him directly!"

The monster cultivator's pupils widened, staring at Mo Hua with endless hatred.

But before he could say anything, a sword light flashed, and the tall monster cultivator was decapitated and killed on the spot.

Chapter 1348: Opening Valley

The night was deep and dark, and the dense forest was deathly silent.

The tall demon cultivator was beheaded by Xun Ziyou with one sword, falling straight to the ground, taking his last breath.

Blood was pooling all over the place.

Mo Hua wasn't frightened at all; instead, his divine sense was sharp, and his gaze pierced through, scanning the demon cultivator's entire body. Then he found a storage bag and a jade slip from him.

Finally, Mo Hua pondered for a moment and also tore off the black robe from the demon cultivator's body.

All these things were stained with blood.

Mo Hua wiped them clean briefly and then searched through the storage bag.

Most of the items inside the storage bag were things the demon cultivator carried with him.

Some blood abnormality pills, made with unknown flesh.

A few spiritual artifacts—legitimate ones, seemingly used by the big demon cultivator before his demonization, kept as a memento, not willing to discard.

In addition, there were some bones and a pile of jerky made from unknown meat.

Lastly, there were cultivation technique manuals and a Demon Path jade slip.

Mo Hua held the demon technique manual and was just about to open it, but in a blink of an eye, his hands were empty.

Xun Ziyou snatched the demon technique manual from Mo Hua's hand, "The Monster Gate's Evil Path, it's not good stuff. Children shouldn't look."

"Oh..."

Mo Hua lowered his head and thought about rummaging through the storage bag again.

But in the next moment, the storage bag was also snatched away by Xun Ziyou.

"These are also not good things. Don't learn bad habits..."

Xun Ziyou said with a cautious expression.

Mo Hua, being young, looked like a little boy, but in Xun Ziyou's eyes, he was just a child.

Children have strong curiosity.

Such a promising Formation Master seedling.

What if he really was here, caught a glimpse of demon monster techniques, and out of curiosity planted a demon thought, leading to a future stray path or falling into the Demon Path.

That indeed would be an unpardonable offense for me.

Even if the Ancestor didn't skin me alive, I would regret it for life.

Mo Hua sighed helplessly and went to look at the letter token.

But as soon as he raised his hand, he immediately retracted it, and put away the letter token, giving a wary glance at Xun Ziyou, afraid he might snatch it again.

This time, Xun Ziyou felt embarrassed to snatch again, and said:

"You look first."

Only then did Mo Hua nod, and his divine sense delved into the letter token, silently reading it.

Inside the letter token, the latest line appeared:

"There's a traitor, quick..."

This line was left by that tall demon cultivator before his death, unfinished and unsent.

Of course, it could never be sent out.

Mo Hua immediately erased it.

Besides this, there was some other information.

Mo Hua briefly glanced over and found mostly were recent "instructions" from some demon cultivators:

For instance, "On the sixteenth of this month, Valley of Ten Thousand Demons opens, White Bone Dao appears, all demon cultivators must enter the valley without delay."

"Mission: Black Ox Demon, three, dead."

"Mission: Blue Mystery Fox, one, alive."

"Note: Mission failure, subjected to punishment in the Demon Refining Pot for three days."

"If daring to desert, offering to the Demon Refining Diagram, suffering the bites of ten thousand demons, divine soul extinguished..."

...

"Demon Refining Pot? Demon Refining Diagram?"

Mo Hua was startled.

"What's this pot thing?"

"And this diagram, could it be..."

Mo Hua's eyes slightly brightened, silently taking note in his heart.

"What did you see?"

Beside him, Xun Ziyou saw Mo Hua's eyes spinning with some "bad idea" and couldn't help asking.

"Nothing much..."

Mo Hua whispered.

He couldn't possibly say "I'm hungry" or such things...

Mo Hua thought for a moment and then handed the letter token to Xun Ziyou, "Elder, you take a look too."

Xun Ziyou took it, swept through with his divine sense, and his gaze became slightly heavy.

This group of demon cultivators was indeed organized, even with quite strict rules.

But he was also a bit puzzled.

This information seemed quite ordinary; why did Mo Hua have bright eyes with even a bit of... excitement?

A bit strange...

Xun Ziyou looked up and saw Mo Hua was taking out pen, magnetic ink, Formation Paper from the storage bag, along with a set of strange array plates, and couldn't help but be taken aback:

"What are you doing?"

"In the letter token, there are residual magnetic flow traces, probably some 'chat records' from before that have been erased. I'll simply restore it..."

Mo Hua said nonchalantly.

Xun Ziyou opened his mouth.

Yuan magnetic traces...

This kid, even understands Yuan Magnetic Formation?

And... "simply" restore it?!

Is this a "simple" matter?

Xun Ziyou's gaze was solemn.

Even though he didn't understand the precise techniques of formations, he had acquaintances with many Formation Masters from the Heaven Shu Pavilion and knew a bit of the principles.

"Restoring" Yuan Magnetic Formation Patterns is fundamentally different from drawing Yuan Magnetic Formation.

Restoring magnetic patterns, the core is the secondary thunder flow.

This involves the application of the "nature" of original magnets and is an alternative derivation of "Thunder Patterns."

Xun Ziyou pondered for a while and asked silently:

"Is this also taught by Xun the old... Ancestor?"

Mo Hua blinked, "Otherwise? Could it be that I figured it out myself?"

Xun Ziyou considered for a moment and nodded:

"Makes sense."

Without the Ancestor's personal guidance, how could these things be learned?

Then Mo Hua began to work on restoring the unfixed magnetic patterns.

He deftly disassembled the letter token, replicated the fixed magnetic patterns, sensed and recorded the secondary thunder patterns, and reconstructed the framework of the Yuan Magnetic Formation in the letter token. This way, bit by bit, he restored the erased unfixed magnetic patterns in the letter token and finally re-presented them as text through magnetic ink...

Beside him, Xun Ziyou didn't understand but was greatly shocked.

If Mo Hua didn't look so young, he might even think it was some "white-haired and youthful-faced" elder from the Heaven Shu Pavilion who was deconstructing the principles of Yuan Magnetic Formation for him...

Just like that, in the letter token, the "chat records" of the demon cultivators were gradually restored by Mo Hua.

Chapter 1349: Opening the Valley

The traces of the secondary thunder flow are obscure, barely noticeable.

The inferred unfixed magnetic patterns might deviate slightly, and the text revealed in the magnetic ink is somewhat disjointed and chaotic.

However, the order of the text does not affect readability.

With a mixture of guesswork, the general meaning can still be understood.

Mo Hua transcribed the deciphered text onto another sheet of paper.

The text is interspersed with a large number of meaningless greetings, chats, complaints, exchanges of "insights" on demon techniques, inexplicable daily ramblings, and some mysterious "demon path terminologies" and so on...

Mo Hua could only summarize the intelligence from these chaotic words:

First, it was about the young demon cultivator who was killed...

He came from a small family, with good talent, a bit arrogant, believing he wasn't much inferior to others.

During the sect gathering, he encountered a 'young master' from a great family, and didn't bow his head, didn't inquire about etiquette, not sufficiently respectful, considered "arrogant and rude."

Later, during monster hunting, he was plotted against, and got lost in the dense forest of Refining Demon Mountain.

Eventually, he was caught into the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, unknowingly, he practiced the demon path cultivation technique, falling into becoming a "demon cultivator."

Now, he was being treated as a "stepping stone."

But exactly how to be a "stepping stone," how to pull off the substitution trick, how to escape Refining Demon Mountain, who would assist, how to remain at large... these matters weren't mentioned on the Letter Token.

It's estimated to be more confidential stuff, this high demon cultivator didn't dare to say on the Letter Token.

Apart from that, there are some internal situations in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons:

"In the chat among these demon cultivators, three demon elders were mentioned..."

"He didn't specify the exact cultivation realm, but within Refining Demon Mountain, Feather Transformation is forbidden, yet still being addressed as 'elder', must be Golden Core, though it's uncertain which level of the realm..."

"Besides, 'young master' was also mentioned."

"It seems everything must follow the young master's orders."

"But these demon cultivators are extremely secretive about the word 'young master', and dare not say much."

"In the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, there is also a person in charge, responsible for managing miscellaneous matters, possesses considerable authority. Beneath the person in charge, there are ordinary demon cultivators..."

...

Mo Hua conveyed some specific situations thoroughly to Xun Ziyou.

Xun Ziyou nodded, looked at Mo Hua, somewhat wistful.

This child in the future, if engaged in espionage and eavesdropping type of reconnaissance work, is simply unbeatable...

A single Letter Token can dig out so many secrets.

Which sect, which influence, can withstand such probing...

As they spoke, Mo Hua was also somewhat puzzled:

"That Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, with so many demon cultivators, yet only three Golden Core elders, can it hold firm?"

Xun Ziyou frowned, pondered for a moment, and said slowly:

"Three Golden Cores are merely stationed to maintain internal stability and prevent accidents."

"The number of demon cultivators is vast, their nature brutal, actions frenzied, it's impossible to rely on 'people' to manage, there must be other mandatory control measures..."

Other control measures...

Mo Hua's heart stirred, suddenly thought of the monster patterns drawn on these demon cultivators, his heart moved slightly:

"Four Symbols Formation..."

Xun Ziyou added: "Moreover, those elders who can guard the Refining Demon Mountain are surely not ordinary individuals."

Xun Ziyou turned his head, looking into the depths of the forest shrouded in sinister monster qi, his gaze profound:

"Daring to operate under the noses of the Taoist Court and major sects within Qian Learning State Boundary, once exposed, the consequence is extermination, the sect being renamed!"

"It would be impossible to entrust such an 'important task' to non-trusted elders."

"Additionally, Golden Core cultivators, though considered solid members within fifth grade families, have very promising futures. Few would willingly guard this isolated, bloody place for their family, losing both humanity and dignity."

"Moreover, if the demon valley remains undiscovered, three Golden Core demon cultivators holding station would suffice."

"If it's discovered..."

Xun Ziyou's tone turned slightly cold, "forget three, even thirty, three hundred Golden Cores would be useless."

Mo Hua was stunned and nodded slowly.

That makes sense...

This is Qian Learning State Boundary, there are so many great families and sects.

The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons once exposed, no matter how many Golden Core demon cultivators are stationed, they are just trifling, useless.

Conversely, as long as not exposed, three Golden Cores indeed suffice...

"Then will Elder Xun go back, call for help, and wipe out the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons?" Mo Hua asked sneakily.

Xun Ziyou was about to speak, suddenly paused, glanced at Mo Hua, and asked:

"What do you think?"

Mo Hua shook his head, "I'm just a small Foundation Establishment disciple, what can I think?"

Xun Ziyou sighed, "Just say what you think."

"Oh," Mo Hua's eyes rolled, then whispered: "In my opinion... if we just besiege, it's prone to problems."

"This Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is easy to defend but hard to attack."

"If too few hands are mobilized, and it can't be captured swiftly, it will inevitably turn into a war of attrition, resulting in casualties."

"If too many are mobilized, a mixed group of people..."

Mo Hua looked at Xun Ziyou meaningfully, "If in the midst, some dubious individuals sneak in, and cause trouble, the harm would be even greater."

Xun Ziyou raised his eyebrows and nodded.

Mo Hua hit the mark.

Under such circumstances, to keep things quiet, only trusted cultivators from his own sect could be involved.

Yet, doing so turns it into Taixu Gate encircling the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons. If there are casualties, the losses are solely Taixu Gate's cultivators.

If other sects are invited, it's very easy for news to leak.

"There's another problem," Mo Hua continued, "In front of the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, there is an evil formation laid. According to the demon cultivators' words, invading the valley recklessly, 'one will suffer a curse, lose sanity, and die in madness'..."

Chapter 1350: Opening the Valley

"Clearly, this Evil Formation is extremely difficult to handle. If we charge through recklessly, there will certainly be heavy casualties."

"You can't break it either?"

Xun Ziyou asked gravely.

Right after speaking, he regretted it.

As a dignified Late-stage Golden Core Elder, he had instinctively placed his hopes of breaking the formation on a young Foundation Establishment disciple...

His elder's dignity was almost entirely lost.

Fortunately, Mo Hua didn't mind. He seriously shook his head and said:

"The formations in here are not only Evil Formations; they probably also involve some Divine Sense methods, which are beyond ordinary formations. I haven't figured them out yet..."

Normally, a Formation Master, even of the third grade, who has only studied orthodox Five Elements Eight Trigrams Formation, would know nothing about Evil Formations and Divine Tao Arrays and wouldn't see the subtleties of these formations.

Xun Ziyou furrowed his brow slightly and then said:

"According to those demon cultivators, 'On the sixteenth of every month, when the moon is full, the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons opens up, and the White Bone Path appears,' only then can one enter the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons..."

"Tomorrow is the sixteenth. I'll see if I can sneak in when the valley opens, and then act according to the situation."

Mo Hua quickly replied, "I'm going too."

"Not you."

"And what if there's a formation? If there's a Divine Tao Array inside that you don't know how to deal with and get discovered?"

"Moreover, it's not just about concealment when you go inside."

"You must use the Divine Tao Array to cover your tracks and isolate others' perception."

"Do you know how?"

Xun Ziyou was left speechless by Mo Hua's questions.

Mo Hua repeated, "I'm going too!"

Xun Ziyou hesitated for a moment, sighed, and compromised:

"Follow me and don't wander around once inside."

"Okay, okay!" Mo Hua nodded.

A large-scale siege would be too conspicuous and could alert the enemy.

And indeed, it is quite risky.

According to custom, one must first investigate, understand the enemy's situation, and then act.

Of course, Mo Hua had his little "selfish" reason:

He wanted to go in and see what the Evil God was really up to.

And, in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons... could there be a complete inheritance of the Four Symbols Formation and Divine Tao Array there?

He wasn't greedy, just wanted to acquire a few diagrams of the Four Symbols or Divine Tao Formations.

Also, the "Demon Refining Diagram" mentioned in the monster cultivators' letter token, he wanted to find a way to get his hands on it.

See exactly what it is and whether it's what he thinks...

Mo Hua's eyes gleamed slightly.

Afterwards, Xun Ziyu simply wiped away the blood on the ground and used Pill Fire to burn the bodies of two demon cultivators, and then he and Mo Hua returned to the depths of the dense forest together.

The two squatted on the large tree, patiently waiting.

Waiting for the full moon of the sixteenth, for the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons to open, to find an opportunity to sneak in.

But before that, they had to wait patiently and make some preparations.

On the towering tree.

Mo Hua sat cross-legged on a thick branch, clutching two black robes he had taken from the two monster cultivators.

He looked over the black robes several times, then began to carefully unpick along the seams and stitches.

Soon, the black robe was torn into pieces of cloth by Mo Hua.

And Mo Hua found what he was looking for within the black robe.

Sequential Patterns of the Divine Tao Array!

"As expected..."

Mo Hua nodded in satisfaction.

When he first saw the black robes on the monster cultivators, he felt it was odd.

These black robes seemed unremarkable but could to some extent conceal shapes and thesaur aura of the cultivators.

Moreover, the closer to the dense forest, the better the concealment effect of the robe seemed.

Mo Hua calculated the formations in the dense forest once and found some basic Divine Tao Formation Patterns.

Now, after taking the black robes apart and verifying, Mo Hua discovered that the Divine Tao Formation Patterns in the black robes were identical to those in the dense forest.

Moreover, the robes had even clearer Sequential Formation Patterns!

This meant that the forest and the black robe formations were part of the same system.

He could "replicate" the Sequential Formation Patterns to communicate with the Divine Compound Formation system within the forest, utilizing the formations from the opposite side to conceal his aura.

This way, besides his concealment skills, he also had Divine Sense isolation.

Even if they entered the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, it wouldn't be easy for them to be discovered.

Mo Hua nodded in acceptance.

He took out two Taoist Robes, one large and one small.

Both of these Taoist Robes were customized spiritual tools, without formations drawn on them yet.

The smaller one was for himself, and the larger one was originally intended for drawing a formation to sell.

Now it could be used as "formation media."

Using the available time, Mo Hua first drew the same type of Divine Tao Array as that in the dense forest on both Taoist Robes and modified the Sequential Formation Patterns.

Now the two Taoist Robes had a similarity to the black robe worn by the monster cultivators.

Mo Hua handed the larger Taoist Robe to Xun Ziyou.

"Elder, put this on."

Xun Ziyou was baffled.

Mo Hua simply said, "To conceal the aura, so we can sneak into the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons..."

The complex principles of the formation weren't explained, as he guessed Elder Xun wouldn't quite understand if he did.

Xun Ziyou nodded knowingly and complied by putting on the Taoist Robe.

With preparations complete, the two patiently waited on the tree.

During their idle moments, Mo Hua observed the monster cultivators below.

The more he looked, the more complex Mo Hua's feelings became.

These seemingly ruthless, bloodthirsty monster cultivators were mostly like him once, disciples of the sects within the Qianxue state boundary.

But now, it seemed almost impossible for them to return to their human selves.

Once they practiced Demon Technique, both body and mind would gradually align with monster beasts, preventing them from ever turning back...

Mo Hua sighed lightly.

Afterwards, he reflected deeply.

These disciples led astray or forced to practice demon skills seemed to predominantly come from medium and small families...

Such was the case for the young monster cultivator who was just slain.

Previously, the "missing" and "dead" disciples from the Demon Refining Mountain records had the same background.

In this world, loose cultivators are small fry, small families are small fish, and great families are big fish.

Small fish eat small fry.

Big fish eat not only small fry but small fish as well.

This oppression is not only reflected in family influences.

Within sects, among disciples, various forms of bullying and suppression occur too...

The Evil God, or the henchmen of the Evil God, seemed to exploit this 'oppression' for infiltration.

But is that really all there is?

Mo Hua frowned deeply.

The children of medium and small families being oppressed, forced to submit, and thus infiltrated by the Evil God to become its henchmen.

But what about the descendants of other great families?

Would the Evil God truly spare them?

Mo Hua's eyes showed some heaviness.

Time steadily passed.

Beside the Blood Creek below, before the White Bone Shore, monster beasts clustered, and the atmosphere shifted from noisy to quiet, and then to a stifling silence.

Finally, without noticing it, night fell on the sixteenth.

The moon was full, but carried a hint of eeriness.

The blood in the creek began to boil, and the bones on both sides trembled slightly.

The gathered monster beasts also found it hard to bear their restlessness and fear.

In the distance, a surge of bloody karmic aura arose suddenly.

Mo Hua's eyes sharpened, knowing that the great gate to the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons hidden in darkness was slowly opening...