

The Quest 1361

Chapter 1361: Prison (2)

Daring to kill an elder of the Rushing Void Sect.

Perhaps they have cultivated Demon Technique, being too bloodthirsty.

Or they are confident that even after killing an elder of the Rushing Void Sect, they can cover it up without leaving a trace.

Or perhaps, their plot is of such importance that even killing an elder of the Rushing Void Sect is insignificant.

Xun Ziyou frowned.

Mo Hua nodded, but couldn't help but feel a stir in his heart.

In the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, there are three Golden Core Demon Cultivator elders in total.

One had an arm severed by Elder Shangguan of the Rushing Void Sect.

The other two were also held back by Elder Xun, not daring to return to the valley.

So does that mean, in the current Valley of Ten Thousand Demons... there isn't a single Golden Core?

Mo Hua was shocked.

No wonder, when I used the Heavenly Secret Calculation with a Copper Coin to determine fortune and misfortune, it yielded a "Great Fortune."

Turns out this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is an "empty shell."

Mo Hua's eyes narrowed slightly.

This vast Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, with no Golden Core Demon Cultivators present, doesn't that mean I can be... "lawless"?

He then paused and shook his head.

Can't get too inflated, still need to act with caution.

Such a big Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, so many demon cultivators, still need to show a bit of "respect."

But speaking of which, since there are no Golden Cores present, I can be a little "bolder" with my actions.

Afterwards, Mo Hua roughly understood the situation.

He nodded his head, then sent a transmission to Xun Ziyou:

"Elder, don't worry."

"I'll quietly scout the situation first..."

Although Xun Ziyou didn't want Mo Hua to act rashly, given the situation, Mo Hua being the only "undercover agent" in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, if he did nothing, the situation would remain at a stalemate.

"Be careful and remember to send me the Heavenly Stems and Earthly Branches numbers on time," Xun Ziyou emphasized earnestly again.

"Yes, yes," Mo Hua nodded.

After the conversation ended, Mo Hua put away the Taixu Token and began contemplating the current situation.

First, it was necessary to rescue Little Wood and Ling Huxiao.

After all, in a certain sense, these two are my "comrades"!

Of course, Ling Huxiao doesn't count yet.

He's quite arrogant and pretentious.

But Little Wood straightforwardly calls me "Brother Mo," and even casts swords for me; there's no way I'm leaving him behind.

As for Song Jian, I wish him good luck...

"But the question is, how to rescue them?"

Mo Hua looked down.

This is a spacious prison carved out of bloodstone, divided into several cells.

Little Wood and the other two each in their own cell.

Besides, there are no other people or demon cultivators in the prison.

"It seems these three have rather special identities, so they're given special treatment and isolated detention," thought Mo Hua.

The prison is made of special refined iron, engraved with complex formations, and guarded by demon cultivators outside, extremely secure.

Complex formations are not a big deal for Mo Hua.

And dealing with the guarding demon cultivators isn't impossible.

But even if the formations are broken and the gates unlocked, and the outside demon cultivators are taken care of, there's no way to get Little Wood and the two of them out.

The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons inside has a complex and stern structure.

Outside the prison, who knows how many demon cultivators are there.

Let alone a few of us in the Foundation Building Middle Stage, even a Golden Core Cultivator would find it difficult to break out forcibly.

Moreover, the big gate of the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is closed.

In the current situation, not to mention a few live people, even a mosquito could not fly out.

Mo Hua sighed slightly.

Seems like I'll have to plan this more carefully...

Inside the prison, Little Wood and the other two were still unconscious.

This fool, handsome Song Jian, was even drooling, completely unaware of his own situation.

Mo Hua shook his head.

He decided to go outside first to assess the situation.

The entire prison, although looking very tight, is ultimately dug out from a cave, with many jagged stone columns and uneven rocky walls.

Mo Hua then pressed against the rocky walls, climbed with hands and feet, like a tabby cat, along the ceiling, towards the outside.

Except this "tabby cat" is invisible.

Encountering formation obstacles, Mo Hua casually dispelled them.

The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is vast, thus edge formations like this one wouldn't be of too high a grade or too complex, otherwise, the cost would be too high.

After disabling the formations and reaching the outside, Mo Hua's eyes narrowed.

When arriving, hiding at the bottom of a coffin, he couldn't see anything. Only now, opening his eyes, did he realize he was in a Grand Monster Beast Prison.

The prison holding Little Wood and the other two was merely one cell within the entire Grand Monster Beast Prison.

This large prison, with the mountain stones sinister, filled with dense demon Qi, shrouded in blood mist, housed countless monster beasts.

These monster beasts, bound by chains, sealed by formations, imprisoned in each cell.

Aside from monster beasts, within the grand prison, demon cultivators were also detained.

Occasionally, sounds of painful moaning from demon cultivators could be heard between the cells.

These demon cultivators seemed to have committed mistakes, detained, and subjected to punishment, their bodies either pricked by poison needles, burned by branding irons, or hacked by knives and axes.

The torture instruments were quite varied.

"Just wonder, compared to my 'Formation Punishment Board', which is more painful..." Mo Hua mused silently.

Then he recalled a message he deciphered from the Letter Token:

"... If you dare to defect, you will be sacrificed to the Demon Refining Diagram, suffering the agony of being gnawed by Ten Thousand Demons, divine soul annihilated..."

This Demon Refining Diagram, also used as a "punishment"?

Mo Hua was somewhat puzzled.

"Also, don't know where this Demon Refining Diagram is located..."

He had been hungry for a long time and was quite curious about experiencing the "agony of being gnawed by Ten Thousand Demons," and seeing what kind of demon wraiths were in this Demon Refining Diagram...

The entire Ten Thousand Demons Prison was vast, with occasional demon cultivators patrolling.

Mo Hua wandered around for a long time without reaching an end.

Chapter 1362: Prison (3)

He was new here, unfamiliar with everything, and had to hide from the monster cultivators, so he wandered around somewhat dazed.

As for the formations...

The entire Valley of Ten Thousand Demons had a strict array of formations, but the prison here was divided into many small cells, with relatively independent formations.

In a short time, Mo Hua found it difficult to start from the layout of formations to reverse the structure of the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

"A bit troublesome..."

Mo Hua sighed inwardly.

He had no choice but to retrace his steps, returning to the initial prison cell.

Inside the cell, Little Wood and Ling Huxiao were already awake.

But their expressions were somewhat bewildered, evidently unaware of what had happened, where they were now, or where this place was.

Little Wood, looking at Ling Huxiao with a pale face, said, "Brother Linghu, where is this place?"

Ling Huxiao shook his head, "I don't know either."

His expression remained cold, but there was a slight panic in his eyes, only managing to maintain a facade of calm.

Then he asked, "Junior Brother Mu, do you remember anything?"

Ouyang Mu honestly shook his head, "I don't remember anything. I only remember that I was cultivating in the sect, then forged a sword for a while, had a meal, relaxed at the Disciple's Residence, took a nap, and when I opened my eyes, I was here..."

Ling Huxiao frowned.

Ouyang Mu asked, "Senior Brother Linghu, how did you get here?"

Ling Huxiao pondered for a moment and sighed slightly, "Someone gave me a letter, saying that you ventured alone into Refining Demon Mountain to forge a Spirit Sword for me, and then you disappeared..."

"I was suspicious but thought how I should verify it, so I went into Refining Demon Mountain to have a look. But who'd have guessed, as soon as I entered the mountain, I ran into a few monster cultivators..."

"I... couldn't beat them."

Ling Huxiao felt a bit unwilling and sighed, "Eventually, I was captured by them, and when I woke up, I was here."

Ouyang Mu said apologetically, "Sorry... it's my fault for luring Brother Linghu into a trap."

Ling Huxiao shook his head, "It's my own stupidity, it has nothing to do with you."

"Just unsure..." Ling Huxiao frowned, "What these monster cultivators intend by capturing the two of us..."

Earlier, when in the hands of monster cultivators, he thought it was just bad luck.

Thinking about it now, it was a premeditated plan by someone to capture him and Junior Brother Mu as "hostages."

"Not just the two." Ouyang Mu said.

Ling Huxiao was taken aback.

Ouyang Mu pointed to the adjacent cell, "Seems... there's another one."

Only then did Ling Huxiao notice that in the cell separated from theirs, amidst a messy heap of straw, there lay another person.

At this moment, Song Jian finally awakened.

He opened his eyes, glanced around, and immediately yelled:

"What scoundrels dare to sneak attack me?! And bring me to this broken and stinking place?"

"Don't you know my identity?"

"I am the mighty Song of the Sever Gold Sect..."

Before he finished, he suddenly saw Ouyang Mu and Ling Huxiao beside him.

Song Jian frowned, "Who are you people?"

He spent his days at the Sever Gold Sect, surrounded by cronies, feeling impressive, not remembering or caring which disciples belonged to other sects.

Therefore, he didn't recognize Ouyang Mu and Ling Huxiao.

Of course, the only disciple from another sect he consistently remembers is —

Mo Hua, whom he has a vendetta against, a grudge of ruined swords, an irreconcilable rivalry...

Even if Mo Hua were reduced to ashes, he would recognize him.

Ouyang Mu whispered, "I, I am..."

Before he finished, Ling Huxiao's gaze turned cold, looking at Song Jian, "You're a Sever Gold Sect scumbag?"

Ling Huxiao, who had monsters stolen from him by the Sever Gold Sect in Refining Demon Mountain, held resentment against them.

Upon hearing the word "scumbag," Song Jian's fury surged:

"Who are you, to dare to look down on my Sever Gold Sect?"

Ling Huxiao immediately snorted, "Your Sever Gold Sect, from top to bottom, is filled with nothing but scum. Calling you junk is complimenting you!"

Song Jian gritted his teeth, "Fine, if only my sword was at hand..."

Upon mentioning this, his heart wrenched with pain again.

His sword wasn't simply out of reach; it had been snatched by that despicable lowlife and destroyed!

Song Jian took a deep breath, suppressing his anger, and continued:

"If I had my sword, I'd surely let you taste the power of my Sever Gold Sword Jue!"

"Sever Gold Sword Jue?" Ling Huxiao sneered coldly, dismissively, "A mere chicken's sword technique. The Sever Gold Sect junk that fell into my hands, there were twenty if not eighteen."

Song Jian was stunned.

This youth is so strong? What background?

Must be boasting...

Who wouldn't engage in empty bragging?

Young and arrogant, Song Jian wouldn't back down, immediately boasting:

"Arrogant words! I can take on ten of you!"

Hearing this, Ling Huxiao remained calmly indifferent, without a hint of anger, retorting:

"Fine, if we get out, I'll see how many moves you can last against me..."

As the two argued, heavy footsteps suddenly echoed from outside the cell.

The three's hearts skipped a beat; they held their breath and stayed silent.

After a while, accompanied by the sound of chains, the formation flickered slightly, the lock clicked open, and a tall monster cultivator in a black robe walked in.

He glanced viciously at the three, grinning to reveal his fangs.

Ling Huxiao's gaze sharpened.

Song Jian's heart trembled.

"Is... a monster cultivator?!"

His face, already pale, suddenly turned even whiter.

Chapter 1363: Broken Finger

Despite his pale face, Song Jian still summoned the courage and asked:

"Who... are you? How can there be monster cultivators within the Qian Learning State Boundary? What exactly do you want? Where is this place?"

Song Jian asked in one breath.

But he felt a chill in his heart, and his voice trembled unavoidably.

The monster cultivator gave a sinister smile without answering.

The prison was gloomy, with bloodstains everywhere.

Ouyang Mu was somewhat nervous, and Ling Huxiao's expression was grave.

Song Jian pondered for a moment and then spoke coldly:

"I am from the Direct Lineage of the Song family of the Sever Gold Sect, you'd better not mess with me, or the Song family will never let you go!"

Upon hearing this, the monster cultivator sneered coldly, "The Song family... cannot even protect themselves..."

His voice was hoarse and unpleasant like a night owl.

Song Jian was shocked, unsure if it was true, and then cursed angrily:

"Monstrous creature, what nonsense are you spouting?!"

The monster cultivator didn't show anger but instead took out two letters from his sleeve, handing them to Song Jian and Ouyang Mu:

"Use your blood to write a letter."

"You..." The monster cultivator stretched out his crimson finger with tumors, pointing at Song Jian, "Write to your parents, tell them you're in our hands and they had better behave, or else prepare to collect your corpse..."

The monster cultivator then turned his head to glance at Ouyang Mu. "As for you..."

His face was mostly hidden in a black robe, making his expression unclear, but his tone carried some significance, "Write to your brother, let him be sensible..."

Ouyang Mu was stunned.

Mo Hua was also somewhat surprised at the words.

Little Wood's brother... Senior Brother Feng?

They captured Song Jian to threaten his parents and the Song family behind them.

Capturing Little Wood was to manipulate Senior Brother Feng?

The monster cultivator said "be sensible..."

This indicated that they had already contacted Senior Brother Feng before, and because Senior Brother Feng was not "sensible," that's why they captured Little Wood, using his younger brother as a hostage to make him "be sensible?"

Mo Hua frowned and then looked at Ling Huxiao.

Song Jian and Little Wood both have to write letters, but Ling Huxiao doesn't?

Mo Hua pondered for a moment and felt it seemed right.

Ling Huxiao had good Sword Dao talent and was highly valued by the sect.

But his background seemed not so good, only a branch of the Linghu family.

He also had distant relations with fellow disciples.

No familiar close relatives were around.

There was no one they could use to threaten.

The group of monster cultivators surely wouldn't dare to deliver threatening letters to the Heaven Void Ancestor of the Rushing Void Sect...

That would be a true act of boldness.

Even if they lost their senses, they probably wouldn't dare...

In the prison, it's certain Little Wood wouldn't threaten his brother.

He held the letter firmly, his expression stubborn and defiant, his face almost clearly saying, "I'd rather die than write."

Ouyang Mu remained silent.

Beside him, Song Jian actually showed quite the guts.

"Make my parents behave? What do you think you are?!"

"Threatening the Song family, with just you, a hidden, foul, neither-human-nor-monster creature?!"

Song Jian cursed harshly.

The tall monster cultivator's face was shrouded in shadow, making it unclear, but his anger was evident.

A moment later, he laughed coldly, "Won't take a toast, but drinking the penalty wine."

"If you won't write, then I can only take something from you..."

Murderous intent emerged from the monster cultivator.

Song Jian's expression turned panicked, he didn't have time to react before he felt a wave of stench coming face-first, then a sharp pain in his finger, and when he finally reacted, he saw blood flowing heavily on his hand.

A little finger had already been cut off.

In front of the brutal monster cultivator of the Foundation Establishment Peak, he, a pampered, Foundation Building Middle Stage family disciple, had absolutely no power to fight back.

Song Jian groaned in pain, his face pale, sweat pouring from his forehead.

This change happened very quickly.

Ling Huxiao's expression shifted, hurriedly reminded: "Junior Brother Mu!"

Ouyang Mu was somewhat dazed, reminded by Ling Huxiao, his expression changed, and he intended to withdraw, but in a blink, he saw a tall, blood-reeking monster cultivator closing in.

His wrist hurt sharply, as if being clamped by a monster beast's claw.

Then a red light flashed.

Ouyang Mu's little finger was also cut off.

Ouyang Mu winced from the pain but held on, biting his lip without uttering a word.

Ling Huxiao was furious, coldly reprimanding: "Scoundrel!"

The monster cultivator's body was dark, like a small mountain, holding two cut fingers, with blood dripping down.

He glanced at Ling Huxiao, his tone was peaceful, even somewhat polite.

"Forgive me, my lord." The monster cultivator said lightly.

Ling Huxiao's Sword Heart quivered, suddenly alert.

But he was shackled by chains, without a sword in hand, unable to resist.

The monster cultivator had profound cultivation, strong power, and swift speed, in a blink he approached Ling Huxiao.

The stench surged.

In an instant, Ling Huxiao's small hand was also sliced by a small segment.

The severe pain struck, Ling Huxiao's face turned pale, he clenched his lips, made no sound, only his gaze was cold and sharp like a sword aimed at the monster cultivator.

The monster cultivator's demeanor was also cold, silent, but he subtly avoided Ling Huxiao's gaze, seeming fearful, not daring to provoke Ling Huxiao too much.

Thus, all three of Ling Huxiao's party had their little fingers cut off.

The monster cultivator took out three wooden boxes, placing the cut fingers inside each, speaking calmly:

"Since you won't write letters, I can only resort to this last measure and take some tokens."

After saying this, he pulled out three glowing pills and casually tossed them to Ling Huxiao's party, "After taking the pill, your fingers will grow back..."

"I am just following orders, if you cooperate, it saves me trouble; if not, you'll naturally suffer, you can't blame me for this..."

These words, rather than being spoken to the three, seemed more directed at Ling Huxiao alone.

Chapter 1364: Severed Finger (2)

After finishing these things, the monster cultivator let out a cold laugh and then put the three wooden boxes into his sleeve, turned around, and left.

After exiting the prison, he summoned a short, dog-headed monster cultivator, and ordered in a deep voice:

"Keep a close watch, don't make any mistakes, otherwise neither of us can bear the consequences..."

"Yes." the dog-headed monster cultivator bowed his head and said.

The tall monster cultivator at Foundation Establishment Peak glanced deeply at the dog-headed monster cultivator, his voice hoarse, "Do not slack off even a bit, or I'll throw you to feed the monster beasts!"

Upon hearing this, the dog-headed monster cultivator shivered all over and immediately said:

"Yes, yes, manager."

Mo Hua, who was eavesdropping from above, was stunned upon hearing this.

It turned out to be the Manager.

No wonder, he felt that this tall and large, long-fanged monster cultivator had a different aura from other monster cultivators and was obviously of higher status.

The "Manager" monster cultivator, after giving his orders, glanced at the prison to confirm there were no issues, then turned around and left.

The dog-headed monster cultivator respectfully saw the "Manager" off, and then his expression turned cold.

He turned his head to look at the prison, his expression full of jealousy and hatred, muttering something under his breath.

But he dared not disobey the Manager's orders.

After carefully checking the prison once over, confirming that the chains and formations were fine.

The captured Ling Huxiao and the other two were obediently confined in their cell.

Only then did the dog-headed monster cultivator turn and leave.

Near the prison, suddenly it became much quieter and emptier.

Only the distant unknown monster beasts' low roars, mixed with the painful groans of monster cultivators from other prisons.

The atmosphere of the prison was oppressive, like Purgatory.

Mo Hua estimated the time was almost up, so he used the Taixu Token to send the words "Yǐ Chǒu" to Elder Xun.

After sending it, Mo Hua waited for a moment on purpose.

He feared that if the Original Magnet was weak and the Heavenly Stem and Earthly Branch numbers weren't sent out, Elder Xun might recklessly force his way in, and then everything would be ruined.

After the message was sent, Mo Hua waited for a while.

When Elder Xun sent the words "received," Mo Hua nodded.

He lowered his head to see Ling Huxiao and the other two, all with faces of defeat and despair.

They understood their situation.

The powerful monster cultivators, the bloody prison, and the intermittent sounds of monster beasts struggling around them, all made them realize that this was definitely a vicious place with no way out.

The severed finger was still throbbingly painful.

Previously, they were either noble family's sons or Sword Dao geniuses, although they had faced some setbacks, they mostly grew up safely under the protection of their families and sects, never personally experiencing the true cruelty of the Tao Cultivation World.

Now, this cruelty suddenly appeared right in front of them.

Even their life and death were only a hair's breadth apart.

The three of them found it difficult to adapt for a while.

Song Jian no longer dared to boast, quietly squatting in a corner, clutching his severed little finger, his face as pale as paper.

Ouyang Mu's expression was wooden, his heart uneasy.

Although Ling Huxiao's expression was calmer, he was also a bit lost and clueless inside.

His hand was already without a sword.

Even if he had a sword, he was not a match for these monster cultivators at all.

At least, he couldn't beat the tall monster cultivator that had severed his finger, not to mention there were likely other stronger monster cultivators in this prison.

Ling Huxiao felt dazed, involuntarily recalling what he previously said to Mo Hua.

At this moment, he realized how childish phrases like "winning without virtue," "fair duel," "Sword Dao is lonely" truly were.

In the real Tao Cultivation World, no one talks about "fairness," no one competes in swordsmanship with you.

If there are more people, they defeat the fewer; if the cultivation is high, they suppress the weak.

No one talks reason with you.

If you lose, you lose, if you die, you die.

Ling Huxiao's proud heart was overshadowed with a layer of gloom; only now did he discover that in the face of truly cruel enemies, his supposedly powerful swordsmanship wasn't as strong as he thought...

Moreover, the most important issue was that his finger was still broken.

Ling Huxiao touched the lustrous white pill beside his hand, his heart a bit hesitant.

Ouyang Mu was same; he wanted to take the pill but didn't dare.

Their storage bags had all been taken away.

Now, the only thing that could heal the injury was this pill given by the demon cultivator.

The injury from the severed finger could be minor or major.

The monster cultivator had only severed their little finger, without using demonic power, evil techniques, or other sinister methods, so the flesh around the wound wasn't contaminated.

If the pill is taken promptly, bones and flesh could still grow back.

But if not treated, once the wound worsens, the blood coagulates, and the wound scabs over, the little finger will be permanently lost.

Even if heavenly materials and earthly treasures are taken later to remedy it, there will still be defects.

The severed hand is the right hand.

Among the three, one is a sword-casting master, and two are sword cultivators, so at least for now, they are very reliant on their right hand.

But, after all, the pill was given by the monster cultivator.

Although it seemed fine, no one knows whether there are any strings attached.

Ouyang Mu hesitated for a moment and then asked in a low voice:

"Brother Linghu, can this pill... be taken?"

Ling Huxiao frowned upon hearing this, shook his head, and sighed:

"I don't know either..."

Logically speaking, the pill does not smell peculiar or have monster Qi, its color is pure, it is a proper pill.

Moreover, when the monster cultivator gave it to them, he casually tossed it over, showing an indifferent attitude, not like he had any scheme.

However, it is, after all, a pill from the hands of monster cultivators.

Taking it might fall into the monster cultivators' trap.

But not taking it and having the little finger broken would make sword casting difficult in the future.

Ouyang Mu knit his brows tightly, conflicted, his heart sighed:

"If junior brother were here, it would be great; junior brother is so smart, he knows everything, surely he would know if the pill could be taken..."

Chapter 1365: Severed Finger (3)

But, how could Brother Mo possibly be here...

Ouyang Mu forced a bitter smile, closed his eyes, and tried to shove the pill into his mouth.

He thought he would take it first.

If there were no problems, he would let Brother Linghu take it too.

If there were problems, then Brother Linghu wouldn't have to take it, and he'd just be the unlucky one...

Ling Huxiao on the side was preoccupied and didn't notice for a moment.

However, before Ouyang Mu could shove the pill into his mouth, he heard a familiar voice in his ear say:

"Idiot, don't eat it!"

Ouyang Mu froze, looked around, but saw no one.

Ling Huxiao was also startled.

Both thought they were hearing things.

"Did I just... hear Junior Brother's voice..." Ouyang Mu murmured.

Ling Huxiao heard it too but couldn't quite believe it.

On the other hand, Song Jian, who was previously disheartened and looked lifeless, stood up suddenly like a big dog hearing its master calling.

But what rose in his heart was anger.

This crisp and annoying voice, he'd recognize it even if it turned to dust!

As the three looked around, they heard a voice saying:

"Above."

Ouyang Mu followed the sound and looked up, seeing a young boy poking his head out from the stone wall at the top of the prison.

His appearance was as handsome as a painting, with eyes bright as stars.

It was Mo Hua.

Ouyang Mu mouth agape, rubbed his eyes, almost thinking he was dreaming.

"Junior Brother, you got caught too?"

Mo Hua was about to speak when suddenly hearing an "owu" shout next to him, turned to see Song Jian gritting his teeth:

"Mo—Hua—"

Before he finished, Mo Hua pointed his hand, casting a drowning technique that blocked Song Jian's mouth and nose.

Song Jian's words were stuck in his throat, choking as if drowning, struggling in vain.

Mo Hua "shushed" him, giving a warning look:

"Dare to make a sound, and you're dead."

"Understand?"

Song Jian struggled while choking, but a sharp pain in his finger made him sober up, realizing where he was. His logic temporarily triumphed over the "feud," so he obediently nodded.

Mo Hua was satisfied, canceling the drowning technique.

At the same time, he held a Spirit Sword, thinking if Song Jian wasn't honest, he'd control the sword to hack him.

Song Jian felt a chill down his back, immediately calming down.

Mo Hua then said to Ouyang Mu:

"I tagged along with you guys, mixing in..."

Ouyang Mu was taken aback.

Even Ling Huxiao beside him found it unbelievable.

Although they didn't know where this place was, judging by the thick Monster Qi and chaotic monster roars alone, they could roughly gauge how secure this prison was and how many Monster Beasts and monster cultivators it held.

And yet... he could "blend" in?

"How did you blend in?" Ling Huxiao asked quietly.

Mo Hua waved his hand, "It's a long story, time's tight, so I won't elaborate..."

He pointed to the pills in Ling Huxiao and Ouyang Mu's hands, "Don't eat that pill, it looks normal, but there are big problems..."

Monster cultivators couldn't be so kind.

The pill looked, smelled, and tasted fine, but Mo Hua could see a faint gray, decaying Qi on it.

This was the cause of the dead.

The pill was made by refining people.

The color, fragrance, and taste could deceive, but causality wouldn't—at least deceit by causality wasn't on the same level.

Ouyang Mu nodded as if he partially understood.

Mo Hua took out two pills and tossed them down from the roof, giving one each to Ouyang Mu and Ling Huxiao.

"You eat mine, Second Grade superior Flesh Regeneration and Bone Continuation Pill."

Ouyang Mu and Ling Huxiao inspected the pills briefly, then swallowed them.

After ingesting, they indeed felt a pure Blood Qi flowing through their bodies, fingertips cooling, slightly itching but accompanied by a tinge of pain.

The severed little finger was regenerating muscle and bone, slowly regrowing.

Ouyang Mu and Ling Huxiao both sighed in relief, feeling grateful.

Ouyang Mu asked suspiciously, "Brother Mo, how do you have such pills?"

Mo Hua replied, "These are essential pills for traveling abroad, a must-have when going out."

Moreover, these were gifts from Aunt Wan, cost free.

After Mo Hua said that, he turned and found Song Jian staring at him eagerly, being the only one without a pill out of the three people below.

Mo Hua sighed and tossed him one too.

On Song Jian's face was a distinct, stark conflict of two emotions.

One was the pride of not accepting "handouts."

The other was the compromise of "a great man can yield and stretch."

His face changed several times, making Mo Hua mentally exhausted just watching.

But eventually, he compromised, quietly picking up the pill and stuffing it into his mouth, silently keeping a mental account:

"I owe Mo Hua a pill's favor, the grudge of 'sword snatching' is settled."

"But the other grievances still need to be accounted for..."

Mo Hua couldn't be bothered with him, instead telling Ling Huxiao and Ouyang Mu:

"You guys try to protect yourselves, beware of monster cultivators' wicked ways, don't learn their cultivation techniques, don't take their pills, and don't believe their nonsense..."

"I'll think of a way to get you out."

He didn't say much else.

Ling Huxiao was fine, but Little Wood couldn't hide things on his face.

Telling him would actually be more prone to accidents.

Ling Huxiao and Ouyang Mu nodded solemnly, looking up again to find Mo Hua had disappeared without a trace.

There wasn't the slightest hint of Mo Hua's presence.

As if he was never even there.

Ling Huxiao and Ouyang Mu exchanged a glance, shocked.

Such concealment, truly terrifying...

However, because of this, the two of them felt much calmer inside, and their previous anxiety and unease had vanished.

Chapter 1366: Severed Finger (4)

Although Mo Hua's cultivation realm is not higher than theirs.

But seeing Mo Hua always brings a certain inexplicable "reassurance."

However, "Little Pretty Boy" Song Jian on the side is still a bit conflicted in his heart:

"If Mo Hua wants to rescue me, should I let him save me or not?"

"If I let him save me, wouldn't I owe him a huge favor?"

"Being saved by my 'arch enemy' Mo Hua, in a certain sense, wouldn't that also count as a kind of 'great shame and humiliation'?"

...

On the other side, Mo Hua was strolling in the prison.

He wanted to rescue Little Wood and the others, but for now, there wasn't really a good way.

The Ten Thousand Demons Prison had an abundance of monster cultivators.

Even if he used sword control, limited by the number of spirit swords, he couldn't kill many.

Formations and the Mini Meteorite Skill could be used, but they left too much of a trace and caused a big commotion.

Moreover, some monster cultivators were very powerful, and he simply couldn't fight them.

And this was only the Ten Thousand Demons Prison; the entire Valley of Ten Thousand Demons had even more monster cultivators, making it even more troublesome.

Mo Hua sighed.

He wandered around the Ten Thousand Demons Prison a few more times, still with no leads, and another two hours passed, so Mo Hua sent a "Grade C" to Elder Xun.

After sending it, Mo Hua looked at the Taixu Token and was suddenly taken aback.

The signal was bad...

This meant that there was interference from Yuan Magnetic Flow in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

In other words, there should be a "Yuan Magnetic" type formation.

But why didn't he feel the trace of a Yuan Magnetic Formation?

Mo Hua frowned, then wandered around once more and finally noticed something unusual in a small corner of the stone wall.

Taking advantage of the patrolling monster cultivator's departure, Mo Hua drew out a small knife and scraped away the dirt on the stone wall, discovering that indeed, inside, was a hidden "Yuan Magnetic" Formation Diagram.

It was a Yuan Magnetic Spiritual Vision Formation.

The Yuan Magnetic Spiritual Vision Formation was a seventeen patterns formation.

Mo Hua had gotten his hands on the formation diagram a long time ago; it was seized from a Yuan Magnetic Formation Master tracked and ambushed by Uncle Gu, Gu An, and Gu Quan in the Bi Mountain Demon Cavern.

Mo Hua had already practiced it thoroughly.

But the Yuan Magnetic Spiritual Vision Formation here in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons was already broken and unusable.

Additionally, someone had deliberately sealed it with mud and stone.

Following the trajectory adjacent to the formation, Mo Hua found another Yuan Magnetic Spiritual Vision Formation on a different wall, similarly sealed.

This formation could not be used either.

Then, Mo Hua "used the map to find the clues" and, by studying the relationship between the Yuan Magnetic Formation Pivots, discovered several other Yuan Magnetic Spiritual Vision Formations.

But without exception, these formations were all abandoned.

Mo Hua felt a sense of regret.

These formations were not single formations, but controlled by a unified formation pivot, clearly a whole compound formation system.

If they had not been abandoned, he could have infiltrated the "monitoring" system of the Ten Thousand Demons Prison using the Yuan Magnetic Spiritual Vision Formations, to oversee the whole situation and then control the circumstances.

"Why waste a good formation?"

Mo Hua complained in his heart.

Otherwise, things would have been much simpler for him.

Now that the Yuan Magnetic Formations were defunct, he couldn't use them either.

Mo Hua shook his head, sighed, and turned to leave.

But as he was just about to turn around, Mo Hua stopped, turned back to stare at those Yuan Magnetic Spiritual Vision Formations for a moment, and his brow slightly arched.

"Why don't I do a good deed and help them rebuild the Yuan Magnetic Spiritual Vision Compound Formation?"

Besides, he had never constructed a Yuan Magnetic Compound Formation before, lacked the usual conditions, couldn't afford the materials, nor had appropriate architectural formation media.

Now is the perfect opportunity to practice, using the abandoned Yuan Magnetic Formation Pivots in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons as the framework, and the discarded Spiritual Vision Formation Diagrams as units, to reconstrue a Yuan Magnetic Spiritual Vision Compound Formation, thereby deepening his understanding of Yuan Magnetic Formations...

"As a Formation Master, one must take advantage of every opportunity to study and apply formations!"

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, and he nodded slightly.

Chapter 1367: Control

The Yuan Magnetic Spiritual Vision Formation is a second-grade, seventeen-pattern formation.

The Yuan Magnetic Spirit Vision Compound Formation is a second-grade, eighteen-pattern compound formation.

Mo Hua's current divine sense is just stuck at the peak of seventeen patterns, barely short of eighteen patterns.

Logically speaking, even a slight difference is still a difference.

If one's divine sense is not at eighteen patterns, they cannot learn the eighteen-pattern compound formation.

But Mo Hua is somewhat unique.

His divine sense has undergone a transformation, with a deep foundation, and through daily formation painting, his divine thought is tempered a thousand times over, allowing him occasionally to 'exceed the mark' and learn formations he otherwise wouldn't be able to with his current divine sense realm.

Moreover, the Yuan Magnetic Compound Formation of the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is based on a foundation.

They were first constructed, then demolished.

One simply needs to 'repair' it based on the previous foundation and refine it according to one's needs.

The first issue is the formation pivot.

The large formations and compound formations of this kind of large-scale integrated formations have their core in the formation pivot.

The formation pivot determines the layout, structure, system, and spiritual power flow of the formation and so forth.

Control the formation pivot, and you control the overall structure of the compound formation.

"Let's find where the core formation pivot is..."

Mo Hua deduced based on several abandoned Yuan Magnetic Spiritual Vision Formations, inferring the spiritual power flow in reverse from the formation patterns layout.

Following the inferred flow of spiritual power in his mind, Mo Hua's gaze wandered across the stone wall, finally finding a sealed opening at a corner of the wall.

With a point of his finger, the spiritual ink, under the control of his divine sense, condensed into a thread, meandering up to the wall corner, forming a Stone Dissolving Array.

The Stone Dissolving Array is an Eight Trigrams Gen-series formation, capable of silently dissolving mountain stones.

The mountain stone dissolved, turning to powder, rustling down, revealing a passage inside.

This passage was specifically excavated to construct the formation pivot of the Yuan Magnetic Spirit Vision Compound Formation, allowing it to connect all corners to monitor the entire Ten Thousand Demons Prison.

When the Yuan Magnetic Compound Formation was abandoned, this passage was covered up as well.

Usually, a non-formation master cultivator, or even a formation master not proficient in Yuan Magnetic formations and unfamiliar with formation architecture and compound formation construction, would not be able to discover these things.

It was clearly not going to fool Mo Hua.

Mo Hua thought for a moment, then slowly crept into the formation pivot passage.

The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is very large.

Thus, to monitor the entire Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, the constructed Yuan Magnetic Compound Formation would not be small, and the formation pivot passage is relatively spacious.

This passage is definitely too small for a monster cultivator to enter.

But Mo Hua can.

Though he has grown a bit, being a young adolescent, he is still frail and slender, just right to squeeze into these formation pivot passages.

Inside the passage, it was narrow, gloomy, and somewhat smelly, with lots of dust.

Mo Hua crawled along the passage for a while, getting his entire body dirty.

His fair face was smudged black.

But he didn't mind.

After crawling for a while, Mo Hua took out a pen and paper to record the direction and layout of the formation pivot, simulating the construction of the formation around the Ten Thousand Demons Prison in his mind.

Then, based on the simulated layout in his mind, he continued to explore forward, bit by bit.

If he encountered a passage blocked by dirt and rock, he drew a Stone Dissolving Array to clear it little by little.

Mo Hua went deeper and deeper...

Finally, after an unknown amount of time, a spacious passage, almost allowing for upright walking, appeared before him.

Inside, densely covered with numerous Yuan Magnetic formation patterns.

This was almost the central hub of the Yuan Magnetic flow.

Mo Hua felt a surge of excitement.

"Found it!"

The formation pivot secret chamber.

The core where all formation pivots in the Yuan Magnetic Spirit Vision Compound Formation gather and are controlled.

But this chamber was also completely sealed.

Not only was it cast with stones and earth again, but many layers of formations were reinforced inside.

Mo Hua sighed softly.

"This will take some effort..."

However, he had looked at the formations and found them not too difficult, and the stones could be gradually worn away with the 'Stone Dissolving Array'.

It would just take some time and patience.

For a formation master, meticulousness and patience are not lacking.

Mo Hua took out the Taixu Token and sent Elder Xun a calendar date "Dingmao" and, after receiving a reply, began to calm his mind, slowly dissolving formations and breaking through the walls...

In the pitch-black passage, Mo Hua's demeanor was focused, his eyes bright.

After more than an hour, the formation before him flashed, stone fragments flew, and the sealed stone wall broke open like paper.

Mo Hua covered his nose and mouth, once again dust-covered.

When the dust settled, Mo Hua opened his eyes and saw a secret chamber dense with formations, unfamiliar but slightly familiar.

Unfamiliar, because he had never been in this secret chamber before.

Familiar, because he had seen this type of secret chamber layout before.

The formation pivot secret chamber of "Master Yuan" in the Bi Mountain Demon Cavern was almost identical to this.

This should be the same handiwork.

At least, it was similar construction.

This allowed Mo Hua to roughly confirm that the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons was indeed one of the Evil God's henchmen's strongholds.

"But I wonder why, after clearly setting up an entire set of Yuan Magnetic Compound Formations to monitor, they were completely abandoned..."

Mo Hua shook his head and jumped into the formation pivot secret chamber.

The chamber was pitch-black and gloomy, covered in dust.

The core formation pivot and all formations within had already been deactivated.

The main gate leading from the chamber to the outer periphery was even more tightly sealed, as if intending to permanently preserve this formation pivot secret chamber, preventing anyone from entering again.

Mo Hua felt a bit fortunate.

Luckily, he came through the formation pivot passage; otherwise, through the front door, he might never enter in his lifetime.

Now everything was ready.

The basic Yuan Magnetic formation pivot framework had already been set up by others long ago.

All he had to do was 'rebuild' it bit by bit.

Mo Hua took out some spirit stones, ground them into powder, injected the pure spiritual power into the formation pivot, stimulating the formation pivot cycle a bit.

Chapter 1368: Control (2)

The Formation Pivot flickered for a moment, then was extinguished again.

Mo Hua sighed in relief, "Fortunately, it can still be used..."

He sat where he was, pondered for a moment, and gradually had a plan.

This Formation Pivot is too large, even bigger than the one at the Bi Mountain Demon Cavern.

By oneself, under the eyes of a crowd of demon cultivators, it's impossible to completely rebuild it.

In that case, it could only be illuminated piece by piece on a small scale.

Mo Hua retrieved the Magnetic Spirit Vision Array Diagram from the Storage Bag, "reviewed" it once more, and then began to activate the Compound Formation's main control Formation Pivot inside the secret room.

The main control Formation Pivot was established on a large Array Plate.

Mo Hua injected Spiritual Power and integrated his Divine Sense, attempting five or six times before finally the blue light flashed on the Array Plate, and the magnetic spiritual power silently began to operate.

"The main control Formation Pivot is activated..."

Mo Hua then hurried back through the original route of the Formation Pivot channel, found a concealed spot, took out a brush and ink, restored a nearby Magnetic Spirit Vision Array, and connected it to the main control Formation Pivot.

Afterwards, Mo Hua climbed back and made adjustments on the main control Formation Pivot.

After several adjustments, suddenly before him flashed, and the pale blue magnetic flow passed by...

Mo Hua could clearly sense the main Formation Pivot controlled by his Divine Sense extending a "magnetic tentacle," continuously spreading outward along the structure of the Formation Pivot, finally connecting to a terminal.

Then the magnetic flow before him flickered.

Magnetic particles flitted by like snowflakes, gradually becoming clearer, outlining a phantom image.

In the image, everything was blue.

Only the contours of mountain stones, walls, and prisons condensed by magnetic forces could be seen.

Occasional shadows passed by.

It was the patrolling demon cultivators.

"Success!"

A bright smile appeared on Mo Hua's dirty face.

This pale blue magnetic vision, similar to the view through Divine Sense, does not show the outward appearance of things but observes the existence state of various internal "energies."

For example, Spiritual Energy, Spiritual Power, Monster Qi, demonic power, and the breath of all things between heaven and earth.

But unlike Divine Sense's peering.

In the Divine Sense view, what is seen is more direct, with chaotic colors of spiritual power.

While the Magnetic Spirit Vision Array reprojected these breaths with magnetism, forming images and scenes.

So everything in the Spirit Vision Formation is a reproduction of magnetic patterns, all in pale blue.

Indeed, it's necessary to actually set up a Formation to see the effect and gain a deeper understanding...

Mo Hua silently thought to himself.

"Alright, this is the first one!"

Next, rebuild a few more Spiritual Pivot Formations.

Step by step, strive to incorporate most areas of the Ten Thousand Demons Prison under the surveillance of the Spirit Vision Formation.

In this way, even without moving, the Formation could replace his eyes, controlling the movements of most demon cultivators.

Estimating the time had come, Mo Hua sent a Heavenly Stem and Earthly Branch message to Elder Xun.

Then he began to repair the second Magnetic Spirit Vision Array.

Then the third one...

As time passed bit by bit, Mo Hua crawled back and forth in the Formation Pivot channel.

Under the eyes of demon cultivators, he restored one abandoned Spirit Vision Formation after another to connect to the Formation Pivot.

This set of systems abandoned by demon cultivators for surveillance was being repaired by Mo Hua step by step and was being used for his own purposes.

Though the process was tedious, Mo Hua was busily enjoying it.

Especially as each Spirit Vision Formation illuminated expanded his "horizon" a bit, allowing him to spy more on the enemy's situation.

The surveillance on the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons also became more meticulous.

It seemed like a "surveillance" game.

The more Mo Hua played, the more interesting it became, the more he became engaged.

At one point, he almost forgot he was in the bloodthirsty and perilous Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, with beasts and demon cultivators everywhere...

Until nearly two dozen Spirit Vision Formations were lit.

With about half of the area in the Ten Thousand Demons Prison shrouded under the Formation's surveillance, Mo Hua reluctantly stopped.

He had to stop; he was exhausted.

His Divine Sense was depleted, his physical strength was also waning, and, to make matters worse, his Spiritual Power was even closer to exhaustion than his Divine Sense.

Formation Painting mainly consumes Divine Sense, but also a small portion of Spiritual Power.

But as Mo Hua's Divine Sense grew stronger and recovered faster, the Formation Painting became harder and more numerous.

His Spiritual Power was consumed even faster than his Divine Sense, sometimes even becoming "insufficient."

"A Formation Master who depletes their Spiritual Power before their Divine Sense, I must be the first..."

Mo Hua secretly complained to himself.

Then he sent another Heavenly Stem and Earthly Branch message to Elder Xun, saying:

"Elder, I'm a bit tired, going to sleep for three or four hours... I'll message you later..."

Outside the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

Watching the blood-red valley, feeling anxious and restless, Xun Ziyou, who dared not close his eyes, saw Mo Hua's message and couldn't help thinking:

"This child, doesn't he have any sense of crisis?"

"It's the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons inside!"

"At your age, with your cultivation, in this situation, how can you fall asleep in there!!"

Xun Ziyou sighed deeply, feeling helpless.

Truly the little ancestor is not worried, while he, the "grandson," is anxious...

...

Within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, Mo Hua soundly slept.

Being trapped in the valley, unaware of the time, when sleeping, Mo Hua couldn't dive into the Sea of Consciousness to practice on the Taoist Stele.

After waking up, Mo Hua was full of energy.

His Divine Sense, Spiritual Power, and physical strength were all fully restored.

Mo Hua checked the rebuilt Magnetic Spirit Vision Formation again, nodded, very satisfied.

Although this Magnetic Spirit Vision Formation was "rebuilt" on the existing track, Mo Hua still learned a lot during the process.

Chapter 1369: Control (3)

Overall, the harvest is substantial.

The Original Magnet Compound Formation is initially completed, so we can proceed to the next step.

"But... what to do next?"

Mo Hua suddenly hesitated for a moment.

There are quite a few things he wants to do, but with the current situation, it seems that none of them can be done.

Either he doesn't have the capability yet.

Or he lacks certain conditions.

Or he's not yet familiar with the situation in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons...

Mo Hua pondered for a moment, thinking to himself:

"Know yourself and your enemy, and you will be victorious in a hundred battles. Let's first observe what these monster cultivators do every day, and then consider what to do next..."

Afterward, Mo Hua first took out the Taixu Token and greeted Elder Xun:

"Elder, I'm awake."

Then he took out some dried meat and fruits from the Storage Bag and ate them.

After filling his stomach, he focused keenly, connecting his Divine Sense to the Spirit Vision Formation Hub, observing the movements of these monster cultivators.

The perspective within the Spirit Vision Formation was composed entirely of pale blue spiritual magnetism.

At first, Mo Hua was not accustomed to it.

But after looking at it for a while, he gradually got the hang of it.

With just a glance at more than twenty Original Magnetic Spiritual Vision maps, he could tell what the actual scene was within the Spirit Vision map and what things were happening inside.

As such, Mo Hua delightedly "spied" for half a day and finally found an unusual trace.

It was a monster cultivator.

In the Original Magnetic Spiritual Vision Formation, you could only see his blurry original magnetic image and not his face, but you could vaguely judge that he was tall and different from the other monster cultivators.

Other monster cultivators were either patrolling, guarding prisons, excavating caves, or feeding the monster beasts... they all had tasks.

Only this monster cultivator did nothing; he clearly was a "leader."

Moreover, his aura felt very familiar to Mo Hua.

Mo Hua guessed that he was the monster cultivator "manager" who cut off the little fingers of Little Wood and his two friends and looked fierce and powerful.

In this vicinity, at least the area Mo Hua monitored, it seemed there was only this one "manager."

"Manager..."

Mo Hua's thoughts moved, silently focusing on this manager.

He took some time to observe and summarize the manager's daily route and, according to this route, perfected the local Original Magnetic Spiritual Vision Formation.

In this way, every movement of this manager was all under his "surveillance."

But the Original Magnetic Spiritual Vision Formation could only see; it couldn't hear sounds.

Mo Hua thus chose the corresponding nodes in the crisscrossing formation hub channels and squatted nearby in advance to see if he could eavesdrop on anything.

But this kind of monster cultivator being neither human nor beast was somewhat abnormal.

They cultivated demon techniques and faced constant demonization issues. They would not only demonize actively but also passively.

Their Divine Sense was constantly affected.

Their humanity was progressively eroded by demon nature.

This led to them being unable to speak normally.

Sometimes when they spoke, they would suddenly sneer, drool, bite each other, or even start acting crazy for no reason.

This monster cultivator manager had a special status and considered himself above others.

His speech consisted mostly of commands, and he didn't like to explain.

Mo Hua overheard some information, but it wasn't much, nor was it critical—it didn't help much.

But after observing for a long time, Mo Hua couldn't help but have another doubt:

How exactly does this monster cultivator manager "manage"?

These monster cultivators are mad and stubborn.

If they don't act crazy, at least they can still obey orders.

Once they go berserk, the demon nature erupts, leaving them little reason. How can they "follow orders" then?

Not causing trouble would be quite fortunate enough...

Mo Hua considered: If he were a monster cultivator, how could he possibly endure such indignation and willingly let others control him?

When the frantic nature erupts, kill what should be killed, eat what should be eaten.

If they die, so be it.

"These monster cultivators, despite being demonized beasts, losing much of their humanity, still possess such heavy 'slave nature?'"

"There must be something wrong..."

Mo Hua looked at that manager monster cultivator.

The secret was probably hidden in this manager monster cultivator.

Since he was the manager, he must have means to "control" other monster cultivators; otherwise, how could he be a "manager?"

After cementing his determination by observing for a long time, Mo Hua found that some Foundation Establishment Peak and powerful monster cultivators also submissively acknowledged this "manager," further affirming his guess.

Something's definitely fishy about this manager.

Finally, after observing for nearly a whole day, Mo Hua noticed something amiss.

A monster cultivator went berserk.

This monster cultivator was on patrol when suddenly he convulsed violently, curling up on the ground, twisting incessantly, and letting out snarling roars with unclear significance.

Then he abruptly demonized, becoming a frantic-looking, pus-mouthed "werewolf."

This werewolf was quite powerful, with poisonous pus dripping from him, attacking other monster cultivators and causing chaos.

The other monster cultivators couldn't control him at the moment.

Just then, the manager arrived, took out a black banner, and with a wave of demonic power, blood patterns spread all over the black banner.

Simultaneously, red patterns began flashing over the berserk werewolf.

These patterns, like spider webs, covered the werewolf's back densely, then deeply engraved into his flesh like a branding iron.

The "werewolf" seemed to endure extreme pain, continuously howling, like heart-wrenching agony.

His demonic power transformed into a cage restraining himself.

The werewolf collapsed on the ground, struggling, clawing at the ground with his fingertips, leaving deep scratches.

After a moment, the demonization subsided, and he fainted on the ground.

The manager cursed and said coldly:

"Must have eaten too much monster meat, accumulated too much demonic power, reaching an uncontrollable level..."

A monster cultivator nearby said: "Without human meat to eat, it's like this; if you eat more human meat to balance the demonic power, it might be better..."

"Human meat? I'd like to eat it myself..." the manager sneered and ordered, "Lock him in the prison, brand him a bit, make him suffer and wake up a little."

"Yes, manager."

After giving his order, the manager monster cultivator left with his hands behind his back.

The other monster cultivators took the "sick" werewolf to the prison for punishment.

Mo Hua was slightly stunned.

"Black banner..."

So, in this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, many monster cultivators were regulated through that pitch-black demon banner.

Using the demon banner to forcibly control monster cultivators was to prevent them from losing control, rebelling, and disobeying orders.

And when the manager activated the demon banner earlier, Mo Hua could clearly perceive a very familiar aura wrapping around the demon banner.

"Four Symbols Formation!"

Moreover, it was a higher-level, more complete Four Symbols Formation than the monster patterns on the previous monster cultivators!

Finally found it!

Mo Hua felt delighted in his heart, his eyes brightened slightly, as he silently thought:

Have to find a way to get hold of the demon banner to study it...

Chapter 1370: Revised - 766 The Mischievous Child

The Demon Banner must be obtained, but as for this manager, I may not be able to defeat him...

Mo Hua pondered silently in his heart.

This monster cultivator manager is at the Foundation Establishment Peak, experienced and seasoned, with bloody methods, wielding the black Demon Banner, and has the ability to demonize.

Although it feels not as formidable as the Fire Buddha, it still seems quite troublesome.

Especially in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, with so many monster cultivators, and being alone, it's even more difficult to make a move...

"Steal it?"

Mo Hua's mind stirred.

In the following time, he continued to closely monitor the every move of this monster cultivator manager, finding him cunning and vigilant.

The black Demon Banner is also carried with him at all times, hidden at the deepest part of the storage bag, never easily used.

Even during sleep, cultivation, and meditation, he would keep the storage bag close to his chest.

Clearly, this Demon Banner is extremely important.

It's even possible that with the banner man lives, without the banner man dies...

"Can't be stolen..."

Mo Hua shook his head.

Such an old monster cultivator indeed wouldn't easily give the opportunity.

"If I can't steal it," Mo Hua's eyes turned slightly cold, "I'll have to find a way to kill him..."

After this, Mo Hua still used the Spirit Vision Formation to constantly monitor this monster cultivator manager.

This monster cultivator manager is very strong, what kind of demon technique he cultivates, how he looks after demonization, and what kind of Four Symbols Monster Pattern is engraved on him, Mo Hua remains unaware.

And with this manager holding the Demon Banner, amid the Ten Thousand Demons Prison, he doesn't need to personally intervene in any disturbances, hence not exposing his trump card.

But any enemy would have flaws, humans are like this, monster beasts are like this, naturally monster cultivators are also like this.

Mo Hua patiently waited for an opportunity.

Until deep into the night on this day.

Mo Hua assumed it was late at night.

The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is shrouded in perpetual darkness, unknown hours, but at certain "midnight" times, these monster cultivators would quiet down.

At midnight, this manager left the door alone, acting suspiciously, having circled countless corners.

Mo Hua followed for a while, then lost track.

"Sneaking around, what did he go to do?"

Mo Hua frowned, then crawled back through the Formation Pivot passage, returning to the Secret Chamber, and through Divine Sense, he communicated with the Spirit Vision Formation, finally locating the manager's lost trace in a secluded corner.

This monster cultivator manager had appeared in the monster beasts' prison.

Mo Hua was taken aback, then followed the Formation Pivot passage, crawling near the prison.

The prison remained bloody, monster beasts abounded, but the patrolling monster cultivators were nowhere to be seen.

Not knowing whether it was a shift change, or resting.

Mo Hua searched for a moment, finally spotting the manager's figure inside a cell.

This was an isolated cell, its stone walls thick, inside detained a monster beast.

Mo Hua glanced at it, somewhat surprised.

This monster beast, he had indeed seen it before.

It was that Black Bear Demon...

Before entering the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, he had meddled with the chains, the Black Bear Demon broke free from the restraints, and killed two monster cultivators.

Unexpectedly, after entering the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, he encountered it again.

And now, the Black Bear Demon was bound by even larger chains, also shackled with chains, its Formation layered, completely immobile.

While the monster cultivator manager was drawing blood from this Black Bear Demon.

He took out a sharp knife, a white porcelain dish, stabbed it into the bear's palm, blood flowed straight into the white porcelain dish.

The Black Bear Demon's eyes were fierce, brutal intentions surged, struggling a bit but couldn't break free.

The manager's eyes were greedy, picked up the porcelain dish and drank the bear's blood in one gulp, then even licked his lips, revealing his long and ugly fangs.

After drinking, the manager was still unsatisfied, murmuring:

"Black Bear Palm Blood, indeed delicious, unfortunately, it is the 'private reserve' of the Second Elder..."

Mo Hua was suddenly enlightened.

The Second Elder...

No wonder this manager dared only to drink secretly, not letting other monster cultivators find out.

Moreover, he dared not steal and drink too much at once.

If he drank too much, the Black Bear Demon would bleed excessively, and upon the Second Elder's return, he would surely notice, and would definitely not spare him.

The monster cultivator manager finished drinking the dish of blood, gazed longingly at the Black Bear Demon.

He wanted to drink another bowl but dared not.

He restrained his hunger and thirst, put away the sharp knife and porcelain dish, furtively glanced around, confirmed no one was aware, and then turned to leave.

Mo Hua took a glance at the angry suppressed Black Bear, then lifted his head, looked at the "secret eater" manager, pondering.

The manager who left the prison suddenly felt a chill in his heart.

He turned his head, eyes cold, looked around, but the surroundings were empty, only the low roaring of struggling monsters.

The manager couldn't help but frown.

"These past days, why do I always feel like someone is watching me..."

But this is the Ten Thousand Demons Prison, where could there be people?

Even monster cultivators don't fit.

Common monster cultivators, filled with monster Qi, how could they possibly deceive him?

"Could it be... targeted by some evil 'Demon Wraith'?"

The manager thought of that eerie and evil Demon Refining Diagram, shivered unknowingly.

"Impossible," the manager shook his head slightly, "the Demon Wraith is confined in the diagram, how could it escape..."

The manager tightened his gaze, turning away.

Mo Hua, however, stayed in the prison, assessing the Black Bear Demon, gradually forming a plan in his mind.

He crawled through the passage, reaching the monster cultivators' cafeteria.

Monster cultivators also have cafeterias.

This was previously discovered by Mo Hua.

In the cafeteria, there were both stoves and pill furnaces.

The stoves were for cooking monster beast meats.

Common loose cultivators couldn't afford spiritual meat, only monster meat, but only those of herbivorous monster beasts.

Because carnivorous monster beasts definitely eat people.

But monster cultivators are different, they wish they could directly "eat" people, so they eat anything raw or cooked, any kind of monster beast.

Also, the pill furnace is used for alchemy.

However, this type of pill furnace is simple, not for concocting complex evil medicines, but for making pills similar to "Fasting Pills," used as food for monster beasts.