

The Quest 1381

Chapter 1381: Tiger Pattern 2

Meanwhile, he could also scoop some benefits for himself.

He didn't know how long he had waited, and Mo Hua was already getting a bit impatient when he thought the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons lacked the manpower to send a steward.

On the Spirit Vision Formation, a new figure finally appeared.

In the Ten Thousand Demons Prison, a "newcomer" had arrived.

This was also a tall figure—a demon cultivator's stature, mostly tall, except for demon cultivators of the canine and serpentine type.

Moreover, this figure's aura was very thick and quite peculiar.

Just one look, and it was apparent it was different from other demon cultivators.

Strangely enough, Mo Hua felt that this figure was very familiar.

But how could it be familiar?

With suspicion in his heart, Mo Hua decided to take a closer look.

This new "steward" directly went to the stone chamber where the previous "Master Xiong" resided and brazenly settled down there.

As for Master Xiong, he had been observed by Mo Hua before.

Everything Master Xiong did was under Mo Hua's control.

This new steward, having taken over Master Xiong's position, naturally fell into Mo Hua's "surveillance net."

Mo Hua followed the Formation Pivot channel and effortlessly reached the steward's stone chamber. From a hole he had secretly dug in the stone wall corner before, he stuck his head out to look down.

After watching for a moment, Mo Hua was suddenly taken aback.

Looking at this person's face, it seemed to be...

Jin Gui?

That person, quite some time ago, who brought Sever Gold Sect disciples to Refining Demon Mountain, bullying others with their power, snatching away his pig-headed demon, only to be then snatched back by him.

Not only that...

He seemed to remember stripping him of his clothes, drawing a turtle, and hanging him on a tree.

Mo Hua had drawn a turtle on him, he wouldn't forget.

"Ah, so a good Sect Disciple he did not want to be, instead running off to the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons to become a demon cultivator without even pretending, really got his head squeezed by a door frame..."

It's just...

Mo Hua was a bit puzzled.

How did this Jin Gui become so tall?

His build had also grown a lot stronger, and his overall aura had changed.

Turning into a demon cultivator... could even make one grow taller?

For a moment, Mo Hua even felt a bit envious, almost wavering in his Taoist Heart.

He quickly shook his head, firming his conviction:

"Even if it could make me grow taller, I cannot abandon my principles and become a demon cultivator who is neither human nor demon!"

Moreover, Jin Gui's growth must have been forced like sprouting a seedling too suddenly, he definitely won't grow any taller in the future, unlike myself, who still has great potential!

Mo Hua nodded.

Then his eyes gleamed slightly.

Jin Gui... Sever Gold Sect...

Now the evidence was solid, virtually nailed down, they couldn't deny it even if they wanted to.

The Sever Gold Sect, one of the Twelve Streams, had committed such a grave mistake.

They were in for a big trouble...

The question was, how many Sever Gold Sect disciples were there inside the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, and to what extent were they involved?

Also, the establishment of this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, with such long-term planning, such large scale, consuming so much manpower and material power, perhaps there were still some plots hidden within that he was unaware of...

Mo Hua looked on with doubt in his eyes.

He pondered further and shrunk back a bit more, planning to keep an eye on Jin Gui for any clues.

Jin Gui sat in the steward's position, pondering over something, his facial expressions changing from gloomy to angry to jealous.

Suddenly recalling something, he sneered with a face full of satisfaction.

After a while, Jin Gui summoned a demon cultivator, commanding:

"Take me to the prison."

The demon cultivator looked at Jin Gui briefly and said in a low voice: "Yes..."

Yet this response was clearly not very respectful.

Demonic nature was hard to tame, inherently unruly, not to mention Jin Gui as this "newly arrived" steward seemed to have not been a demon for long.

This slight disdain did not escape Jin Gui's notice.

Jin Gui was slightly angry, his eyes turning red immediately, with demonic power surging around him.

A wave of demonic power intimidation spread forth.

The demon cultivator's body trembled at once, feeling his "bloodline" seemed suppressed, eyes revealing a hint of disbelief.

He was reluctant but dared not to act recklessly, quickly bowing his head and cupping his hands, saying:

"Please calm down, steward, I will take you there now."

This line was considerably more respectful.

Jin Gui snorted coldly inwardly.

Whether human or demon, at the core, they're just wretched creatures ingratiating themselves to the powerful.

Mo Hua, however, was stunned.

This demonic power on Jin Gui seemed somewhat special?

What peculiar Four Symbols Monster Pattern was inscribed on him?

He didn't recall ever sensing this kind of Four Symbols Demon Array aura inside the Ten Thousand Demons Prison.

"Top-grade stuff..."

Mo Hua's eyes brightened as he thought silently to himself.

In the stone chamber, under the intimidation of Jin Gui's aura, that demon cultivator was obediently hunched over, leading the way ahead, guiding Jin Gui to the prison where Little Wood and the others were held.

Mo Hua thought for a moment and decided to follow and take a look.

He crawled along the Formation Pivot channel towards the prison and felt a slight relief in his heart too.

Fortunately, he was weak and short-statured.

If he were a big guy like Cheng Mo, he might not have been able to crawl through this narrow channel.

The Formation Pivot channels connected in all directions.

The corridor outside was instead winding and circuitous.

Therefore, Mo Hua reached the prison where Little Wood and the others were first.

A moment later, Jin Gui arrived as well.

The guiding demon cultivator took out a key and opened the iron door of the prison. Jin Gui, with his tall stature and full of monster qi, walked in arrogantly.

Inside the prison, Ouyang Mu and the others were taken aback.

Then Song Jian suddenly exclaimed: "Jin Gui?! Is it really you!"

Jin Gui sneered.

Song Jian looked at Jin Gui, his expression shocked and somewhat incredulous, trembling as he spoke: "You... how did you become this monstrosity? What... exactly have you done?"

Jin Gui grinned, "Young Master Song, you used to look down on me, but now things have changed. You're in my hands, and whether you live or die in the future, is entirely under my control..."

Chapter 1382: Tiger Pattern (3)

Song Jian, somewhat blustering inwardly, shouted:

"Jin Gui, take care of yourself. If anything happens to me, my parents and my Ancestor will never let you go!"

Jin Gui sneered, "Always mentioning parents or Ancestor, that's all you've got."

Song Jian's face flushed with anger.

Jin Gui silently glanced at Song Jian, his gaze dangerous, but he did nothing, and calmly said:

"I'll deal with you later..."

He turned his head and glanced at Ling Huxiao with a very unfriendly look, and even with unhidden jealousy in his eyes.

Ling Huxiao's expression was indifferent, his gaze sharp as a sword.

"Sword Heart Clarity..."

Jin Gui gave Ling Huxiao a deep look, snorted coldly in his heart, and did nothing to Ling Huxiao, instead pointed to Ouyang Mu beside him, and coldly said:

"Take him away."

Ouyang Mu was taken aback.

Ling Huxiao's face darkened, and he said coldly:

"What do you intend to do?"

Jin Gui's gaze was grim, "It won't be long before you'll know..."

A monster cultivator stepped forward, ignoring Ouyang Mu's resistance, put chains on him, and then dragged him out of the cell.

"Jin Gui," Ling Huxiao called coldly, his eyes filled with murderous intent, "If anything happens to Junior Brother Mu, I will surely kill you!"

Faced with Ling Huxiao's gaze, Jin Gui, who was already demonized, felt a chill in his heart for a moment.

Moments later, he felt anger in his heart, his face trembling, but he just sneered, "A clay bodhisattva crossing the river, take care of yourself."

After saying this, Jin Gui's gaze turned dangerous, and he turned to leave.

The monster cultivator, pressing the chained Ouyang Mu, followed behind Jin Gui and left.

Ling Huxiao was anxious, but for the moment, helpless, he could only look up and sigh inwardly.

He usually relied on no one.

But now, he truly hoped Mo Hua could follow and observe...

...

Indeed, Mo Hua was following behind Jin Gui and Ouyang Mu.

He was somewhat worried about Little Wood.

But at the same time, he also wanted to know, what exactly is Jin Gui plotting, and what means he intends to use to deal with Little Wood.

It's likely not just Little Wood; Ling Huxiao and Song Jian probably won't be spared either.

Jin Gui led the way, with the monster cultivator pressing Ouyang Mu in the back.

Mo Hua treaded stealthily, following at the very back.

Although Jin Gui was at the Foundation Establishment Late Stage, his Divine Sense was not strong to begin with.

Now that he was demonized, his physical body became powerful, but his Divine Sense did not increase but instead weakened, making it impossible to detect Mo Hua's presence.

Mo Hua continued to follow, unknowingly walking for a long time. When he looked up around, he realized Jin Gui had taken Ouyang Mu to a very unfamiliar place in the Ten Thousand Demons Prison.

This place, Mo Hua had never been to before.

Although there were still cages and stone chambers all around, the atmosphere was very desolate, and none of the Spirit Vision Formations in the vicinity were lit.

Soon, Jin Gui took Ouyang Mu straight into a Stone Palace.

This Stone Palace was not large, but looked quite grand and magnificent, with occasional sounds of metal clashing from within.

After Ouyang Mu was taken into the Stone Palace, the large doors of the palace closed.

Mo Hua frowned slightly.

He didn't dare to approach too closely, but only observed from a distance, then expanded his Divine Sense, observed for a while, and discovered that around the Stone Palace, there were indeed various Formations set up.

There were defensive, warning, and some unknown Evil Formations.

Mo Hua breathed a sigh of relief.

"As long as there are Formations..."

With Formations, there's no problem.

Mo Hua circled the Stone Palace, using Divine Sense perception, Calculation, and surveillance, found a weak point in the Formations, then used techniques like Formation breaking and setting to "infiltrate" into the Stone Palace little by little along the walls or roof beams...

Fortunately, this Stone Palace was somewhat shoddily built, and the Formations weren't very tight.

The difficulty of breaking the Formations existed but wasn't great.

After some effort, Mo Hua, in a narrow corner of the roof, used a Formation to dissolve a part of the stone wall and quietly slipped inside.

Upon entering the Stone Palace, the atmosphere of blood and fire suddenly intensified.

A wave of stench-laden heat rushed towards him, even making him feel a slight suffocation.

Mo Hua covered his mouth and nose, paused for a moment, then looked up.

The scenes in the Stone Palace entered his eyes, and Mo Hua suddenly was shocked.

White bone furnaces, eerie green furnace fires, the stark white bones of various Monster Beasts, human skulls, large blood pools, Evil Artifact embryos, and so on...

Even, Mo Hua saw rows of Evil Swords.

This was an Evil Path's Artifact Refining Room, more precisely, a sinister and eerie Evil Path Sword Casting Chamber.

Mo Hua couldn't help but cast his gaze on that long row of "Evil Swords" etched with Blood Patterns...

Chapter 1383: Evil Arms Master

"The Evil Sword..."

Mo Hua's mind stirred slightly.

At this moment, two people stood in the sword-casting room.

One was Ouyang Mu, who was shackled, standing before the green fire bone furnace and rows of blood-colored long swords, his face slightly pale.

The other was an old monster cultivator.

He wore a gray robe, hunching over, with a long nose and an aura full of evil qi.

This old monster cultivator was casting swords, the hands exposed from underneath his gray robe were thick, rough, and covered with black-red blood blisters, littered with scorching scars.

He was an Evil Arms Master.

Moreover, a very experienced Evil Arms Master, who had forged countless evil swords.

He glanced sideways, looking at Ouyang Mu with a hoarse voice:

"Today, I will teach you sword casting."

Ouyang Mu started.

He looked around at the eerie white bones, the stinking blood pool, and the large number of evil artifact embryos, refusing immediately:

"I won't learn!"

The Evil Arms Master laughed gloomily.

"Stupid boy, this is your opportunity."

"With my abilities, others want to learn but can't."

Ouyang Mu tightly pressed his lips together, shaking his head, "I won't learn!"

The Evil Arms Master gave him a glance, snorted coldly, "If it weren't for the orders from above, do you think I would want to teach you? Foolish boy, miss this chance now, and you won't get another one later..."

Ouyang Mu stood like a wooden block, silent, his expression very stubborn.

The Evil Arms Master walked around Ouyang Mu, scrutinizing him closely, nodding slightly, "Stubbornness, but a good potential."

He slightly raised his head and asked, "Are you from the Ouyang Family?"

Ouyang Mu kept a straight face, not speaking.

The Evil Arms Master snorted coldly, "You don't need to say, this stubbornness, and your unremarkable looks, clearly mark you as one of the Ouyang Family."

"Otherwise, they wouldn't have me teach you..."

Ouyang Mu looked somewhat astonished, frowning, asking:

"Who... who are you? What is your connection to our Ouyang Family?"

The Evil Arms Master, hearing this, suddenly became furious, "Don't mention 'Ouyang' family to me again, or I will tear your mouth apart!"

Ouyang Mu was startled, thinking: Why does this old monster cultivator switch moods so suddenly, his words also inconsistent...

But since he's a monster cultivator, it seems normal.

Moreover, looking at him, he's quite old, staying in this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons for so long, he's probably lost most of his humanity.

The Evil Arms Master, with a fierce look, out of patience, grabbed a piece of white bone, throwing it to Ouyang Mu, "Refine this white bone, and merge it with fine iron."

"Today, this is all you need to do."

"Once done, you can leave."

Ouyang Mu instinctively caught the white bone, but as his palm touched it, feeling the dead's chilling temperature, he withdrew immediately.

The white bone fell to the ground as a result.

"What, afraid of dead man's bones?" The Evil Arms Master grinned, "Don't have such righteous and evil excessive cleanliness, or you'll never become an outstanding Sword-Casting Master."

Ouyang Mu solemnly said, "Righteous is righteous, evil is evil, how can there be no distinction?"

The Evil Arms Master smiled meaningfully, "Can you distinguish it?"

Ouyang Mu said, "You have evil thoughts in your heart, therefore you can't distinguish. If you walk the righteous path wholeheartedly, without evil thoughts or wild ambitions, how can you not distinguish?"

The Evil Arms Master sneered, "Kid, you understand nothing, I don't care to talk with you."

"I ask you again," his expression turned icy, "Will you refine this white bone or not?"

Ouyang Mu, gritting his teeth, shook his head.

"All right," the Evil Arms Master nodded, pulling a bloody wolf fang lock from a corner, preparing to clasp it onto Ouyang Mu.

Ouyang Mu tried to dodge, but his arm was held in an iron grip by the Evil Arms Master's claws, unable to break free.

In the blink of an eye, the blood-stained wolf fang lock was fastened upon him.

The wolf fang lock, as if coming alive, its iron spikes like fangs, resembled a ferocious wolf, deeply sinking into Ouyang Mu's body.

Ouyang Mu winced in pain, grunted, then a spirit of defiance arose within him, gritting his teeth, enduring it as best as he could.

The Evil Arms Master's eyebrow twitched.

This brat, looking dull, but with a fierce spirit inside.

The wolf fang lock tightened more and more, Ouyang Mu's face turned even paler.

The Evil Arms Master then said sinisterly:

"This wolf fang lock is my exclusive crafted evil artifact, shaped as a wolf's mouth, barbed like fangs. Once it tastes blood, it's like a wolf biting its prey; it won't let go."

"Moreover, the tips of the wolf fangs have blood grooves; once they sink into the flesh, they will suck your blood just like a monster beast."

"This is my masterpiece," the Evil Arms Master chuckled complacently, looking at Ouyang Mu, laughing as he asked:

"How does it feel?"

Ouyang Mu felt a chill throughout his body, unable to stop trembling.

The Evil Arms Master said, "You behave obediently. What I let you refine, you refine. This way, you won't suffer, and I can report back satisfactorily."

"Besides, these people weren't killed by you, neither do you know who these white bones belong to."

"You're merely an Artifact Refiner, just forging with materials, what else has it got to do with you?"

"Just relent a little, and I'll unlock the wolf fang lock." the Evil Arms Master continued.

Ouyang Mu still gritted his teeth, persevering without a word, but the blood had almost faded from his face, making it as white as paper.

He seemed on the brink of collapse.

Mo Hua's gaze turned cold, prepared to take action regardless of any risk, planning to deal with the Evil Arms Master first.

Just then, the Evil Arms Master waved his hand, a surge of evil power surged in, infusing into the wolf fang lock.

The wolf fang lock trembled, reluctantly releasing its grip, like a wolf restrained by chains.

"Stubborn fool, facing death yet still holding on..."

The Evil Arms Master shook his head.

However, he didn't show anger, instead, his eyes gleamed coldly, growing more excited.

Chapter 1384: Evil Arms Master (2)

Those who accomplish great things must possess unwavering determination.

At a certain height, talent is not rare.

But unwavering determination is often rarer than innate talent.

Especially in the path of Artifact Refining and Sword Casting, it requires extraordinary patience and strong perseverance.

"Today, you can go back."

The Evil Arms Master said casually, "Come back tomorrow, but... don't blame me for not reminding you. You may endure for one day, but not necessarily for three days, seven days, let alone a month."

"You've already arrived at this Ten Thousand Demons Prison, you can't escape even if you have wings, no one will come to rescue you. You better give up hope and make a plan early."

"In this world, although Monster cultivators and Demon Cultivators are in darkness and everyone shouts to kill them, it doesn't mean they can't live."

"Think carefully, take care of yourself..."

The Evil Arms Master rambled on.

Ouyang Mu was about to say something, but due to excessive blood loss, his mind blurred, and he fainted.

The Evil Arms Master gestured and called in a monster cultivator outside the door, instructing:
"Take him away..."

"Yes."

The monster cultivator took Ouyang Mu away.

Not long after, Jin Gui walked in and asked: "How is it?"

The Evil Arms Master said: "His temper is too hard, it needs to be polished."

Jin Gui nodded and said: "He has lost too much blood, take the opportunity to feed him a Blood Pill, supplement some Monster Blood, spare us the trouble."

The Evil Arms Master shook his head, "A forced melon is not sweet. Doing this will only drive him to die. If he doesn't yield from the heart, doesn't take this step himself, he can't become a Demon Monster."

Jin Gui's face turned stern.

He understood what this old monster cultivator was saying.

But his command being negated still made him very displeased.

"Don't waste too much time, the young master's patience is limited, and don't delay the young master's grand plan."

Jin Gui coldly glanced at the old monster cultivator and turned to leave.

The old monster cultivator remained indifferent, instead turning his head, taking out a piece of White Bone, and began to grind it on his own.

Meanwhile, he murmured in a voice barely audible:

"Artifact Refining is like this. These monster cultivators just need to use Evil Artifacts to kill, but Artifact Refiners consider many more things..."

"... The harder the material, the more precious."

"But no matter how hard the material, after thousands of hammerings and temperings, it'll deform and be cast into an Evil Artifact according to my will."

"... It'll always stay with me..."

...

On the rooftop, Mo Hua heard this and frowned slightly, then quietly left.

After leaving, Mo Hua noted the location of the Chamber of Evil Instruments, along the way found a few Spiritual Pivot Formations, avoided the patrolling monster cultivators, repaired them quietly, then covered them with mud and stones, hiding the Formation Patterns lest they be discovered.

After doing all this, Mo Hua returned to the prison.

Ouyang Mu had already been sent back.

He lay on the ground, breath faint, face as pale as paper, still trembling slightly, clearly enduring acute pain.

The monster cultivators wouldn't kill him temporarily, but if Little Wood doesn't comply with the monster cultivators' desires, he'll surely suffer a lot.

Moreover, what follows is even harder to predict.

These monster cultivators are mentally unstable, easily irritable, who knows what heinous things they might do.

Mo Hua sighed.

The dog-headed monster guarding the prison was not there, Mo Hua appeared.

Song Jian was startled by Mo Hua's sudden appearance.

On the contrary, Ling Huxiao's worried face brightened.

"The monster cultivators gave a pill, I didn't dare to feed it to Junior Brother Mu..." Ling Huxiao said.

"Okay." Mo Hua nodded.

Even though according to the information he eavesdropped, the pill shouldn't have been tampered with, but caution is always advisable, if can avoid taking, then don't take.

Mo Hua took out several Blood Restoration Pills, a Small Rejuvenation Pill, and some pills to nourish Blood Qi, and fed them to Ouyang Mu.

Ouyang Mu's complexion instantly improved greatly.

His wounds also began to gradually heal.

"Aunt Wan's pills are really good..." Mo Hua thought quietly.

Otherwise, without Spirit Stones, he couldn't buy these valuable pills himself.

After a moment, the Blood Qi that Ouyang Mu had lost improved significantly, he murmured softly:

"Thank you... Brother Mo..."

Mo Hua shook his head, "No problem."

"It's just..." Mo Hua frowned, "You still have to go over tomorrow. If the Evil Arms Master forces you to refine Evil Artifacts again, what will you do?"

Ouyang Mu was taken aback, only then realizing that everything in the Chamber of Evil Instruments just now had been seen by Mo Hua.

The monster cultivators spontaneously brought him to the secluded Chamber of Evil Instruments, and the door was tightly closed, seemingly very secure.

Yet Brother Mo managed to blend in...

"Brother Mo really has vast Divine Skills..."

Ouyang Mu thought silently.

As for the matter of refining Evil Artifacts.

Ouyang Mu said solemnly: "I am a disciple of the Ouyang Family of Tai'a Sect. Evil Path Demon Artifacts, I would rather die than refine them!"

Mo Hua pondered for a moment and suddenly said:

"Actually, it's not impossible to refine..."

Ouyang Mu froze: "Brother..."

Mo Hua whispered: "You silly, pretend to refine a little, casually muddle through, otherwise, with your straightforward temper, after that wolf tooth locks bite a few more times, even your life will be gone."

"But..." Ouyang Mu hesitated.

"No buts, adapt to circumstances, besides..."

Mo Hua recalled bits and pieces of the Evil Arms Master in his mind and said slowly:

"That Evil Arms Master, obviously a seasoned old Sword-Casting Master, his Sword-Casting skills must be superb, many of his skills are probably unusual."

"As for skills, although there's division between Righteous and Demonic, they're not as absolutely distinct as you think, learn those that are good and discard those that are not."

Ouyang Mu was still somewhat concerned, "What if I can't distinguish and end up learning wrongly..."

Learning from the Evil Arms Master to refine Artifacts might lead astray without noticing.

Mo Hua said: "No problem, I'm familiar with this."

After all, I secretly learned Heavenly secret Tricky Calculation from my terrifying Uncle.

Chapter 1385: Evil Arms Master (3)

Learning some sword-casting skills from an old monster cultivator is naturally no problem.

Of course, mainly it was Little Wood who learned.

He just needed to "instruct" from the side.

"I'll teach you what to do when the time comes," Mo Hua said.

"Teach me?"

"Yes."

Ouyang Mu was puzzled, "How will you teach?"

"Just wait for a moment, take a good rest, I'll go back and do some research..." Mo Hua said, then disappeared again in the blink of an eye.

Leaving Ling Huxiao and Ouyang Mu looking at each other in confusion, not knowing what on earth Mo Hua was planning.

Song Jian also looked baffled.

Mo Hua stealthily climbed back into the secret chamber of the Formation Pivot.

In the secret chamber, he rummaged through his storage bag, using all the available formation materials, and then "developed" a secret version of the "Letter Token."

One end of the letter token was a jade slip.

The other end was a handkerchief.

The framework of fixed magnetic patterns in between was constructed by him, and it was one-way.

The formation involved was the Yuan Magnetic Beacon Array.

He had long learned this Yuan Magnetic Formation, but it was an easy-to-learn but difficult-to-master formation, so he hadn't used it much.

Now it finally came in handy.

Mo Hua climbed back into the prison and handed the handkerchief to Ouyang Mu, instructing:

"Wrap this handkerchief around your arm, and when you see that Evil Arms Master tomorrow, I'll teach you on the spot what to say and what to do."

Ouyang Mu's mouth fell open.

Is this even possible?

He looked at the handkerchief in his hand, feeling that it was like a "cheat sheet" used during sect examinations when someone was cheating.

And the answers were provided on the spot.

"So tomorrow I... agree with that old... Evil Arms Master?" Ouyang Mu asked uncertainly.

"Yes." Mo Hua nodded.

He contemplated for a moment and added:

"But you can't be too obvious, or if you adamantly refuse today and suddenly agree tomorrow, he'll definitely know there's something up with you."

"So you have to learn to 'act' a bit..."

"Act?" Ouyang Mu was stunned.

"Act!" Mo Hua nodded, then patiently explained to him how to perform this act, "When you go tomorrow, first refuse."

"...After being stubborn for a while, show a bit of longing for the Sword Dao, let your expression falter slightly, as if attracted by the profound principles of the Evil Sword..."

"Then, even though you verbally refuse, show a compromising expression, pretending you can't resist..."

Mo Hua explained it all in detail and asked:

"Have you remembered?"

Ouyang Mu nodded, then shook his head.

He seemed to understand, but at the same time, didn't quite get what Mo Hua was saying.

After all, he had always been an honest child, and suddenly having to learn to act and deceive was a bit hard for him to wrap his head around.

Mo Hua patiently explained it once more, then said:

"First act it out for me to see."

Ouyang Mu acted out the expressions according to Mo Hua's instructions.

Mo Hua commented, "Too stiff, the expressions are unfamiliar, the gaze isn't sincere enough, and it's not natural enough..."

"Let me demonstrate it once for you."

Then Mo Hua mimicked Ouyang Mu, with a serious face, just like Little Wood.

Then his eyes lit up slightly, as if he saw a treasure; his gaze then flickered, showing inner turmoil; he clenched his teeth slightly, implying inner conflict; then sighed, as if finally making up his mind to compromise...

In just ten breaths, Mo Hua's expressions changed several times, as naturally and smoothly as drinking water.

Ouyang Mu was amazed, muttering quietly:

"As expected of Brother Mo, truly impressive..."

Not to mention the formations, even his acting was this good.

Ling Huxiao and Song Jian, standing by the side, had complicated expressions and were at a loss for words.

"Understood?" Mo Hua collected his expressions and asked Ouyang Mu.

Ouyang Mu nodded, "I roughly understood some of it..."

"It's fine, just practice when you have time. You're introverted by nature, a bit awkward, and don't know how to adapt, which will definitely backfire, so learning some acting skills will certainly come in handy in the future."

Mo Hua advised again.

Ouyang Mu nodded with a mix of understanding and confusion.

So, that night, Ouyang Mu diligently practiced various subtle expressions according to Mo Hua's instructions.

Indeed, the next day, another monster cultivator opened the door.

Ouyang Mu was escorted by a monster cultivator to the Chamber of Evil Instruments from the previous day.

The elderly, stooped old monster cultivator, who was the Evil Formation Master, was already waiting in the refining room.

It was unclear if he arrived early or had been holed up in the refining room all along, never leaving.

After Ouyang Mu entered, the Evil Arms Master said nothing superfluous and, just like the day before, handed him a piece of white bone.

"Refine this white bone..."

The Evil Arms Master ordered.

Ouyang Mu, following Mo Hua's instructions, first shook his head to refuse:

"I won't refine it!"

But his expression was a bit stiff, not smooth enough.

"There's a flaw... but barely passable." Mo Hua silently critiqued in his heart.

The Evil Arms Master had no idea and never expected that after just one night, Ouyang Mu would develop so many "schemes."

The Evil Arms Master, suspecting nothing, continued to sneer, "Then suffer some more."

He produced a wolffang lock and bit it into Ouyang Mu.

Ouyang Mu endured the pain without uttering a sound.

After a moment, his expression became increasingly pained and strained.

This was not an act, as it truly hurt.

Moments later, the Evil Arms Master asked again, "Have you thought it through? If you refine this white bone, you'll suffer less."

"I can also teach you my craft."

Ouyang Mu, unsure what to say, looked down and flipped through his sleeves.

There were the "lines" Mo Hua had provided live.

Ouyang Mu bit his teeth and read line by line:

"I am a Tai'a Sect cultivator, a disciple of the Ouyang Family, inheriting the most authentic sword-casting skills, how can I align with you demon monsters crafting evil artifacts?"

"I don't value your little evil, crooked refining skills at all!"

Ouyang Mu's tone was not natural.

But being an "honest person," when honest people speak, it tends to rile people up.

As expected, the Evil Arms Master was displeased and sneered, "Tai'a Sect, sword-casting skills? Tai'a Sect is on the wrong path, what can they teach you?"

"Follow me, and I will teach you genuine sword casting."

"Teach you how to temper blood, nurture evilness, cast sword bones... and even impart many sword arrays to you..."

Mo Hua, eavesdropping from above, was taken aback.

Sword arrays?!

This old Evil Arms Master possesses sword arrays?

And many sword arrays?!

Mo Hua took a deep breath.

"Heavenly secret Calculation, truly doesn't deceive me!"

"The master's copper coin is indeed formidable!"

"This Valley of Ten Thousand Demons has so much to reap..."

Chapter 1386: Inheritance

"Yes, it's the right time now, use that expression I taught you..."

Mo Hua remotely instructed Ouyang Mu.

Ouyang Mu suddenly felt an inexplicable joy in his heart.

The expression he'd practiced all night had finally found its use.

First, he put on a serious face to show his firm Taoist Heart, unaffected, but his eyes still flickered slightly, reflecting his inner turmoil and desire for higher sword-casting skills...

The Evil Arms Master gave a slight smile.

Got him!

This kid, all seven emotions and six desires are written on his face, all intentions plainly visible.

Though the expression is somewhat stiff.

But for someone naive, inner conflict and stiff demeanor are normal.

The Evil Arms Master continued: "This Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is heavily guarded, sealed off in all directions; the only exit on the Central Main Road is controlled by the Leader."

The Evil Arms Master's gaze intensified, "That path is blocked by a very profound and obscure formation. Such a formation, so far, I've only seen the Leader use."

"Without understanding the essence of the Formation, let alone an ordinary Second Grade Array Master, even Third or Fourth Grade Array Masters would be helpless..."

At this point, the Evil Arms Master suddenly felt a bit wistful.

"The disparity between Masters of Formation is far greater than among Artifact Refiners."

"The barriers between formations are far deeper and more unknowable than refining artifacts..."

"No wonder our status as Artifact Refiners is far beneath that of Formation Masters..."

The Evil Arms Master turned his head, looking at Ouyang Mu, his voice hoarse:

"I'm telling you this to make you understand that now you've entered the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, abandon any unrealistic fantasies."

"Rather than resisting pointlessly, dying here, being eaten by Monster Beasts, leaving no bones behind, it's better to press forward and dedicate the rest of your life to sword casting."

"Even if it means stepping onto the Evil Path, even if it means eternal damnation, never lose the ambition to forge the supreme sword weapon..."

...

Mo Hua felt a bit enlightened listening.

This old Evil Arms Master surprisingly has such aspirations; it's quite... impressive.

Moreover, the information he disclosed is very intriguing.

The only exit on the Central Main Road is controlled by the "Leader."

A very profound and obscure formation is blocking the path.

Even Third or Fourth Grade Array Masters might be helpless...

Could that be... the Divine Formation?

And this "Leader," being able to control the Divine Formation, implies he is likely a Divine Way Array Master?

Mo Hua was slightly shocked.

A genuine Divine Way Array Master...

Must be a master!

If given the chance, he must meet him, learn a thing or two, and then figure out a way to eliminate him.

The Divine Formation must be learned.

But the Divine Way Array Master, must not be left alive!

After listening to the Evil Arms Master, Little Wood was still somewhat dazed, unsure of what to do.

Mo Hua continued to guide him on his performance:

"Add a bit of despair to your expression..."

"Think of yourself as never getting out, trapped here for life, destined only to be an Evil Arms Master, never to become a true Sword-Casting Master..."

Ouyang Mu's expression indeed turned to despair.

"Then show a look of contemplation, a bit of conflict..."

"Conflict over whether to stick to the Righteous Dao, resisting to the death, or to retreat for the sake of pursuing the path of refining and cast an Evil Sword..."

This goes without saying; Ouyang Mu was conflicted from the start.

"Finally, let your gaze become firm, make a resolution..."

"Even if it's casting an Evil Sword, you must become an unparalleled Evil Sword Master, creating the world's greatest demonic sword, reaching the supreme Great Dao of sword weapons!"

Ouyang Mu automatically replaced the words "Evil Sword" with "Spirit Sword," and his heart indeed surged with a wave of fervent impulse.

"Yes, that's right, I want to be the greatest Sword-Casting Master!"

Ouyang Mu's wooden expression was as firm as a mountain, his eyes erupting with fiery determination and passion.

The Evil Arms Master was stunned by what he saw, even feeling that this moment of Ouyang Mu was somewhat dazzling.

This pure obsession with sword casting made him feel a sense of shame and self-remorse.

But in an instant, all these emotions were hidden away.

The Evil Arms Master nodded, saying, "Very good!"

Many times, a person's words can be false, but emotions cannot be faked.

Ouyang Mu's inner journey was almost clearly displayed on his face, more convincing than his spoken words.

The Evil Arms Master prided himself on accurately reading people, confident in his judgment.

Just like yesterday, he took out a White Bone and handed it to Ouyang Mu, saying indifferently:

"Refine this White Bone, merge it with refined iron. As a disciple of the Ouyang Family, you should know the refining methods, I don't need to say much..."

The tone was indifferent, but the attitude was much more relaxed.

Ouyang Mu hesitated for a moment, looking down at his sleeve, seeing Mo Hua had sent a word: "Refine."

The words of this old Monster cultivator were misleading, but not entirely wrong.

After a person dies, bones are just dead things, simply refining them and merging with refined iron doesn't count as much, nor would it immediately turn one into an Evil Arms Master.

But the prohibition against using human blood, skin, and bones for refining...

This rule is strictly enforced by the Taoist Court.

Because if not strictly enforced, someone would exploit the loopholes.

Once an Artifact Refiner starts using human bones, over time, it becomes a habit, and in the end, they might resort to murder, annihilating families, to procure bones for refining.

Do not pursue evil, no matter how small.

Therefore, preventing trouble before it occurs is necessary.

Currently, Ouyang Mu's situation is unique; he's being coerced by Monster cultivators. If he doesn't step out of line and refine a little human bone, his life will be lost, so it is understandable.

Even at the Taoist Court, there's an explanation for this.

This is called "Emergency Evasion."

Chapter 1387: Inheritance (2)

Mo Hua often deals with the Dao Court's Supervisor Gu Changhuai, and he's quite knowledgeable about these small bits of knowledge.

Ouyang Mu relaxed.

"Brother Mo knows a lot, if he says to refine, then refine it..."

So he quietly accepted the white bone, and according to the artifact refining technique, properly refined it and fused it into the fine iron beside it.

The old monster cultivator watched for a while, relaxed, then turned to do his own thing.

In the dingy green furnace fire, the white bone slowly melted, fusing with the fine iron...

Once he starts refining, Ouyang Mu becomes very focused, with an attitude of meticulousness.

After a while, Mo Hua couldn't bear it, so he sent a transmission saying:

"Take your time..."

"Huh?"

Ouyang Mu was startled.

The old monster cultivator beside him heard the sound, frowned, and looked over, asking: "What's wrong?"

Ouyang Mu shook his head, "Nothing, just a slip of the hand..."

Mistakes in artifact refining are all too common.

The old monster cultivator didn't care, and turned back, continuing to focus on a piece of demon skin paper in his hand, pondering it over with interest.

But he still divided part of his attention to monitor Ouyang Mu.

Ouyang Mu pretended to be honest for a while, then looked at the letter token, seeing Mo Hua's transmission:

"Dawdle a bit, don't refine so fast, make it seem like you're tormented inside. Although you've decided to embark on the path of an 'Evil Sword Master', your heart hasn't adjusted yet, so you seem hesitant..."

"Otherwise, if you refine so quickly and finish that piece of white bone, that old thing will definitely make you refine other more evil things..."

Ouyang Mu nodded.

Sure enough, Brother Mo has considered everything thoroughly.

This is something he couldn't have thought of himself.

So he showed a conflicted expression, slowing his pace in refining the white bone, occasionally frowning, appearing pained, even deliberately making small mistakes to seem absent-minded.

This was all seen by the old monster cultivator.

He didn't say anything.

Until Ouyang Mu finished refining that piece of white bone, more than half the day had passed, the old monster cultivator said:

"That's enough for today, I'll teach you something else tomorrow."

Ouyang Mu put down the fine iron fused with the dead man's white bone, quietly breathed a sigh of relief, and cupped his hands to the old monster cultivator, without saying anything.

After a while, a monster cultivator came in, taking Ouyang Mu away.

After Ouyang Mu left, the old monster cultivator picked up that piece of fine iron, glanced at it, and nodded: "It's the Ouyang family's method of sword casting..."

He spoke with a sense of nostalgia.

Then, he snorted coldly, "Dawdling, trying to fool me..."

"But it doesn't matter," the old monster cultivator sighed long, with a deep gaze, murmuring: "As long as he can help me, forge the sword, it'll be fine..."

After speaking, the old monster cultivator took out the demon skin paper again, fingers trembling as he caressed the pictures on it, his gaze like looking at a treasure.

Mo Hua, standing at a distance, couldn't see clearly what was on the demon skin paper due to the angle.

He wanted to take the opportunity to get closer for a look, but felt it was risky, so he thought better of it.

After all, there would be opportunities in the future.

Mo Hua quietly returned the way he came.

He first returned to his Formation Pivot Secret Chamber.

Now, this dusty, long-sealed chamber within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons had become his "stronghold."

Mo Hua first reported the situation to Elder Xun Ziyou to give them a sense of the situation.

Then he summarized all the known intelligence.

Afterward, Mo Hua scratched his head, realizing a problem:

He seemed to have been in this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons for quite a while...

He himself didn't mind staying indefinitely, but the three captives including Little Wood were different—they had been captured and the longer they stayed, the worse it would be for their situation.

Moreover, Mo Hua almost forgot that he was now a sect disciple.

He still had classes to attend.

Although Elder Xun could excuse his absence, too many absences would be undesirable, and he'd fall behind in his studies.

Not to mention Elder Master Xun.

By now, Elder Master Xun probably knew everything, so he couldn't let the elder worry anymore.

Mo Hua nodded.

"Need to speed things up..."

The current progress was still too slow.

The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons was so vast, who knew how long it would take to thoroughly explore it.

"First, rescue Little Wood and the others, then as per the old plan, call Elder Xun to level the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, and come back later to reap the benefits slowly..."

...

Outside the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

Xun Ziyou frowned as he looked at the blood-colored valley before him.

In recent days, he had been stationed outside with the elders and disciples of the Inner Gate, and couldn't just sit around doing nothing.

But there was a white bone blood stream blocking their path, preventing them from advancing.

Xun Ziyou invited an Elder of the Third Grade Array Master from within the Taixu Gate to take a look.

A few Array Master Elders studied it for several days, initially confused, but gradually their expressions grew heavier.

"Ziyou, this is a place of raising evil spirits."

A gentle and elegant Elder of Formation Arts from the Taixu Gate said.

This Elder of Formation Arts was also a descendant of Elder Master Xun, surnamed Xun, named Zixian, one of the top Third Grade Array Master Elders within the Inner Gate of the Taixu Gate.

"Raising evil spirits?"

Xun Ziyou was startled.

"That's right." Xun Zixian said, "You were right before, and Mo Hua's appraisal is indeed sharp, he saw through the gist of it..."

Xun Zixian sighed: "There is indeed an evil formation here, using white bone as a medium and blood as ink, forming a 'place of raising evil spirits.'"

"But after all, Mo Hua is just a Second Grade Array Master, although his talent and ability are... exceptionally brilliant..."

Xun Zixian used the words "exceptionally brilliant."

He was a Golden Core Realm and a well-informed Elder of Formation Arts of the Third Grade, knowledgeable and experienced.

Chapter 1388: Legacy (3)

Yet, despite this, he still feels that Mo Hua's innate talent in formations is somewhat unfathomable.

Even, it is because of his family's profound knowledge and wide experience that he truly understands why the phrase "astonishingly talented" applies so fittingly to Mo Hua.

Among the elders and disciples present here, none have a scholarly background in formations, nor are they proficient in them, making it nearly impossible for them to grasp just how extraordinary Mo Hua's formation expertise is.

But, that said, Mo Hua is still only a Second Grade Formation Master.

Xun Zixian said: "Limited by his cultivation realm and the grade of a Formation Master, there are some aspects that Mo Hua, this child, still cannot see through."

Of course, this is due to the formation layout brought by the realm, not his fault...

Xun Zixian silently consoled himself in his heart.

"What do you mean?" Xun Ziyou asked.

Xun Ziyou looked up, glanced at the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons before him, and spoke in a solemn tone:

"This Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is built with a large formation throughout, these evil formations are just a part of it."

"Moreover, this structure is very special, it must stem from some ancient Demon Path Monster Gate heritage, if my guess is correct, it should be..."

"Ten Thousand Demon Mountain?" Xun Ziyou interjected.

He, being an elder of Taixu Gate, knows quite a bit about these Demon Path giants.

Xun Zixian nodded.

Xun Ziyou frowned, "It really is Ten Thousand Demon Mountain..."

Although he was puzzled, he asked: "I still don't quite understand, how can this evil formation be so powerful? Is it second grade or third grade? Can we not force through with all of us at Golden Core Realm?"

Xun Zixian said: "I don't want to cast pearls before swine, you just need to know that for now, you can't get through."

Although he appeared graceful, sometimes his words could be irritating.

Formation Masters often have this kind of arrogant flaw.

By comparison, Mo Hua seems much more "lovable."

Xun Ziyou sighed, "Just simplify it for me, let me roughly understand... This matter is of great importance, if it were a normal day, I wouldn't delve deeper, but now the situation is special, at least tell me about it."

Xun Zixian paused, feeling it made some sense, after pondering for a moment, pointed at the land of blood streams and white bones in front and said:

"There are many evil spirits being nurtured ahead."

"I know this, you and Mo Hua have mentioned it." Xun Ziyou said.

"But these evil spirits are not actually nurtured here."

Xun Ziyou was taken aback, "What do you mean?"

Xun Zixian frowned, "The internal principle I haven't seen the specific formation diagram, it's hard to assert, but by estimation, it's a mix of reality and illusion here."

"Mix of reality and illusion?"

Xun Zixian said: "Using some kind of powerful force, initially combining reality with divine thought, and constructing through formation."

Reality combined with divine thought?

Xun Ziyou inhaled sharply, "What level of mighty power is this?"

Xun Zixian shook his head, his gaze heavy.

He vaguely had some guess in his heart, but couldn't say it out loud.

Moreover, part of it involved the secret of "God-slaying" within the Taixu Mind Transforming Sword True Jue, he was interested in divine thought while he was a formation master, and researched a bit into divine thought techniques.

But the method of divine thought was too profound and meticulous, he couldn't comprehend it.

Additionally, there were some rumors whose truth was hard to discern, he couldn't assert.

"You mentioned this is a large formation, it shouldn't be... a large formation, right?" Xun Ziyou was somewhat worried.

"No, a large formation isn't that easy to construct." Xun Zixian said.

"That's good..." Xun Ziyou sighed in relief, then asked, "Can you unravel this formation?"

Xun Zixian sighed and said: "If I could unravel it, I would have done so already."

Then he showed a look of disdain for casting pearls before swine, yet have to do so:

"Moreover, I have mentioned to you before, this set of formations is underpinned by divine thought, the true formation media, formation patterns, formation pivot, and formation eye are hidden deep within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons."

"The evil spirits ahead seem near, if you rush over, they would devour your divine sense."

"But their true form is not actually here."

"This is a place for nurturing evil, yet it's only a projection of the real nurturing place, we don't even know where these evil spirits are 'fostered'... "

Xun Zixian said this more than once.

Yet Xun Ziyou still didn't quite understand, so even though Xun Zixian repeated it again, he was still confused.

However, he couldn't admit it, had to pretend to understand and nodded.

Then he frowned, "Such a strange formation, what is its origin?"

Xun Zixian's expression was solemn, frowned and pondered, suddenly asked:

"Didn't Mo Hua mention 'Divine Formation' to you?"

"Hmm." Xun Ziyou nodded, then asked: "Is this 'Divine Formation'?"

Xun Zixian hesitated, sighed, "It resembles... but I can't be sure, Divine Formations are nearly lost, not to mention complete diagrams, just a few fragmentary records are scarce."

"But if this truly is a Divine Formation..."

Xun Zixian's gaze became immensely solemn, and his tone grew much more serious, "Then within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, there might be hidden a complete lineage of extremely profound Divine Formation inheritance."

"Otherwise, it would definitely be impossible to construct such a complete, intricate, and grand Divine Formation system..."

"And the formation master who can set up such a large-scale, nearly lost Divine Formation is likely... extremely terrifying..."

Xun Ziyou's expression changed, "Then aren't Mo Hua and the others in danger?"

Xun Zixian nodded, sighed: "Hold the Void Sword Order given by the ancestor firmly in your hand, and if anything goes wrong, don't hesitate to use it."

Xun Ziyou nodded solemnly.

Then he remembered to pass the information to Mo Hua as well.

Mo Hua being inside, knowing more is always useful.

However, these words are really too many, and the Original Magnet sensing is interfered, and can't be sent out temporarily, or if sent, it's intermittent.

He can only patiently send it little by little.

...

Inside the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

Mo Hua received the message, but it was sporadic, the ink blurred together, unable to be distinguished for the moment.

A large amount of text, if not read together, can easily cause misunderstandings.

So he planned to look it over later.

And soon, Ouyang Mu began learning to forge the Evil Sword under Mo Hua's guidance, following the old monster cultivator.

In specific artifact refining techniques, Mo Hua of course wasn't as skilled as Ouyang Mu.

But which materials could be used, which techniques were problematic, which would let evil thoughts enter the mind, Mo Hua understood clearly.

Because of this, Ouyang Mu was somewhat perfunctory in his refining.

But the old monster cultivator seemed to turn a blind eye to it, completely unconcerned.

After refining for a while, the old monster cultivator nodded, an imperceptible sharpness lurking in his cloudy gaze:

"Now, I will teach you to forge the sword bone."

Ouyang Mu frowned.

Other things could be muddled through, but the sword bone is the core in sword casting, distinguished as right or wrong, which can't be perfunctory.

Ouyang Mu said: "I know how to forge sword bone..."

"No, you don't." The old monster cultivator gave a sinister smile, his voice hoarse, "What I teach you to refine isn't ordinary sword bone, but..."

The old monster cultivator paused, his cloudy gaze unusually profound, his tone somewhat indescribably eerie.

"Sword bone for ascending to Golden Core... the sword bone for your own Magical Treasure!"

Chapter 1389: Magical Treasure

Ascending to Golden Core!

Own Magical Treasure!

Mo Hua took a deep breath.

In the eerie and sinister refining room, Ouyang Mu was also astonished, then he shook his head and said:

"I'm only at the Foundation Building Middle Stage, I can't yet forge the sword bone for my own Magical Treasure."

The old monster cultivator said indifferently, "That's why I said I would teach you. You just watch from the side and learn well."

Ouyang Mu was hesitating, unsure of what to do, when Mo Hua transmitted a message:

"Let him teach you!"

This is a great opportunity.

Not only for Little Wood to learn artifact refining and the forging of sword bones, but also for me to eavesdrop on the essentials of ascending to Golden Core and crafting an own Magical Treasure.

This old monster cultivator seems to know a thing or two.

Mo Hua's instructions, Ouyang Mu naturally followed.

Having received Mo Hua's guidance, his acting has improved, and he feigned a conflicted facial expression, seemingly unable to make a decision, hesitated for a long time before finally sighing and saying:

"Alright, I'll learn!"

The old monster cultivator was not surprised.

As a Sword-Casting Master, having the opportunity to learn how to forge one's own sword bone is simply impossible to refuse.

How to nurture and refine one's own Magical Treasure, every sect within the Qianxue State boundary teaches.

But how to forge the sword bone, using it as the core, and create an embryo for the own Magical Treasure from scratch...

This is one of the top secrets in sword casting.

Even those Twelve Sect refining specialists wouldn't teach this to the Outer Gate disciples.

"Do you know the origins of own Magical Treasure?" the old monster cultivator raspily asked.

Of course, Ouyang Mu knew this.

He was a disciple of the Tai'a Sect with a long lineage in sword casting, and a direct descendant of the Ouyang Family, well-acquainted with sword casting, Golden Core, Magical Treasures, and such matters from a young age.

Ouyang Mu was about to nod when he caught a glimpse out of the corner of his eye, seeing Mo Hua's transmission on his sleeve:

"Say you don't know!"

When it comes to Magical Treasures, given Ouyang Mu's upbringing in a sword-casting family, he naturally understood thoroughly.

But Mo Hua was rather clueless.

Occasionally, during sect lectures where Instructors cover some knowledge about Magical Treasures, either it was deemed too early to share too much,

Or it was assumed that all present were sons of noble families with ample family heritage, thus matters would typically be glossed over.

Mo Hua wanted to ask but sometimes didn't know where to begin.

Moreover, this old monster cultivator seemed to know a lot, probably differing somewhat from what the sect taught.

Now's the chance to let this old monster cultivator discuss it.

Ouyang Mu was mildly startled, his mind puzzled.

Isn't this foundational knowledge concerning Magical Treasures something everyone should know?

"Vast divine skills," "encyclopedic knowledge" Brother Mo, why does he want me to say I don't know...

Ouyang Mu couldn't quite grasp it.

But Brother Mo's actions always have profound meaning, all he had to do was follow.

Ouyang Mu hesitated for a moment, just about to speak and say he wasn't quite sure about Magical Treasures, when the old monster cultivator emitted a snort.

"Hesitant and unsure, must mean the skills are lacking, and empty-hollow..."

The old monster cultivator showed displeasure, "Even the basics of artifact refining aren't well understood. The Tai'a Sect really is losing its roots, generation by generation..."

Ouyang Mu felt indignant but did not rebut.

This is what the old monster cultivator believes, saving him from needing to explain.

The old monster cultivator glanced at Ouyang Mu again, snorted coldly, feeling some "hate iron for not becoming steel," "Since your skills are lacking, I shall teach you from start to finish..."

"You absolutely must remember this."

Ouyang Mu nodded.

Mo Hua, who was eavesdropping, also nodded.

The old monster cultivator coughed, seemingly weary and unable to stand for long, so he hunched over, found a stone chair to sit on, took out a piece of white bone to fondle in his hand, then slowly began:

"Any cultivator, when breaking through to Golden Core, must first craft their own Magical Treasure..."

"Before breaking through, prep the Magical Treasure embryo in advance, when breaking to Golden Core, at the crystallization of spiritual power, integrate the treasure embryo with the core-forming spiritual power."

"Qi-refining Realm spiritual power is like air, Foundation Establishment Realm spiritual power is like mercury, Golden Core Realm has crystallized spiritual power..."

"Only crystallized spiritual power can completely integrate and fully conflate with the solidified treasure..."

"Thereafter, this Magical Treasure belongs solely to you, spiritual power synchronized, lifelinked, strong together, damaged together."

"As for the embryo of this own Magical Treasure, there are many considerations..."

The old monster cultivator slowly straightened up a bit, feeling slightly more comfortable, then continued:

"Sons of Great Families mostly use the top-grade Spiritual Artifacts passed down in their family as embryos for their own Magical Treasures."

"These kinds of Spiritual Artifacts have a long heritage, with extremely precious materials of gold and stone, the craftsmanship reaching perfection, forged through countless refining, to become an instrument..."

"And they are closely integrated with the family's cultivation skills and Taoist skills, part of the tightly knit family inheritance system, the most superior Magical Treasure embryo..."

"Medium-level family, their inherited Spiritual Artifacts are somewhat inferior."

"Small families are even worse, as most small families don't even have inheritable Spiritual Artifacts and can only use ordinary Spiritual Artifacts instead."

"As for loose cultivators, very few can even form a core, much less dream of the quality of their own Magical Treasure..."

The old monster cultivator sighed slightly, his gaze complex, "This is the true 'inheritance barrier' between great family clans, from the inheritance of cultivation methods to the monopolization of cultivation resources, seamlessly dovetailed, tightly fitted."

"Small families, and even the average loose cultivator, even if they can form a core, with their lack of inheritance foundations and spirit stone wealth, they certainly can't refine an eye-catching own Magical Treasure."

"Even if fortuitous, refining a fine embryo, and nurturing a top-grade treasure, but if their inheritance isn't systematic, and the cultivation technique and Taoist skill don't match, compared to sons of great families, there's still a significant gap..."

Chapter 1390: Magical Treasure (2)

"As for one's own Magical Treasure, even if one manages to form a Golden Core, it will fall far behind others, almost incomparable to the disciples of the great family clans, let alone compete for superiority..."

Ouyang Mu nodded as if he understood but not completely.

He was born into a family, so he didn't deeply feel such matters.

But Mo Hua felt a strong sense of sentiment in his heart.

"The barriers of Tao Cultivation are indeed daunting..."

It is not an idle statement.

On the surface, it may not be apparent, but for the loose cultivators at the bottom, each step upward would crash into these barriers, splitting their heads and bleeding.

The old monster cultivator continued: "This is the method for Righteous Dao to refine one's own Magical Treasure..."

"The Demon Path, Corpse Path, and Evil Path are somewhat similar, they use the superior demonic inheritance Evil Artifacts to nurture the own demonic Magical Treasury."

"But besides this, there are many differences."

"After all, in this world, the path of Righteous Dao is monotonous, while the path of Demon Dao is full of variety."

"Some forge Evil Artifacts, some forge monster artifacts, some forge demonic artifacts..."

"Some treat monster evil demonic artifacts as pets, nurturing them within and feeding them with one's flesh..."

"Others merge the embryo of their own Evil Treasure with themselves, treating it as part of their body..."

"Besides, there are also..."

The old monster cultivator paused and did not continue, instead, he said plainly: "...besides, there are many, different methods, endlessly varied."

Listening to these demonic techniques, Ouyang Mu's face turned slightly pale.

The old monster cultivator looked at him, his voice hoarse: "The path of Evil Artifacts is profound and intricate, I will slowly teach you."

"At first, you might not adapt, but slowly, you'll get accustomed..."

"In this world, aside from one's own Divine Soul, flesh, and skin, even other people's limbs and bones are merely external objects, lifeless items."

"When a monster beast dies, its entire body can be used for refining artifacts."

"Why can't humans be refined when they die?"

"Now, follow me and learn..."

After saying this, the old monster cultivator took out a piece of ghostly white spine bone, threw it into the Blood Pool, quenched it with human blood, then placed it in the dark green furnace fire to roast, waiting for the blood color to melt into the bone marrow, before taking it out for forging...

This process was quite tedious.

Mo Hua could only grasp a rough understanding.

Ouyang Mu assisted, while also remembering what Mo Hua had said, observing the old monster cultivator's artifact refining techniques, noting down which were good to learn, and discarding those that were not.

Some excessively wicked refining techniques, Mo Hua didn't let Ouyang Mu participate.

Surprisingly, the old monster cultivator didn't force him either.

Ouyang Mu did what he didn't want to do, one by one.

Only some miscellaneous parts, where his "hands wouldn't be dirtied", did he silently leave for Ouyang Mu to do.

Mo Hua slightly furrowed his brows.

"This old fellow seems a bit odd..."

Until the end, this old monster cultivator, though constantly "guiding" Ouyang Mu in refining Evil Artifacts, never truly made things difficult for him.

After quenching that spine bone in blood, Ouyang Mu returned to his cell.

Mo Hua also returned to his secret chamber.

He sat cross-legged on the ground, furrowing his brow in thought, as he suddenly realized that all this time, he seemed to have neglected the issue of Magical Treasures.

Since entering Taixu Gate, he had been constantly busy.

He had to catch Sin Cultivators, earn Merit Points, learn Formations, hunt monsters, figure out how to consume Evil Spirits... busy beyond measure.

Now, regaining his senses, he suddenly realized he still didn't know which Magical Treasure to use.

If wanting to form a Core, what should he use for his own Magical Treasure?

The other disciples from the same sect had family elders plan this in advance.

From their own cultivation techniques, the Superior Daoist Magic they practiced, down to inherited spiritual artifacts, and their own Magical Treasures, everything followed a consistent lineage.

They didn't need to think for themselves, they just had to follow family traditions or elder guidance step by step.

But for him, it's different...

Mo Hua sighed.

He lacked family heritage.

When he left home, his parents were only in Qi Refinement, and he was the first to achieve Foundation Establishment among them, where would the Golden Core inheritance come from?

As for teacher inheritance...

Mo Hua felt a bit sad.

His master had encountered a great disaster, now unknown life or death, and had never mentioned matters beyond Golden Core.

"Storage Ring?"

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, he flipped the Storage Ring on his right thumb.

But regrettably, nothing like spiritual treasures or Magical Treasures "suddenly appeared" in the Storage Ring.

"Master left nothing for me..."

Thinking about it, it made sense, the master was not an immortal, nor was the Storage Ring a treasure box, how could things appear just by thinking?

Mo Hua pondered for a while.

"Master left nothing for me, nor informed me about relevant Tao Cultivation knowledge, does that mean..."

"Is he trying to test me?"

"No restrictions on my choices, letting me develop freely?"

"Making me think on my own, deciding what is the most suitable for my own Magical Treasure?"

Mo Hua slowly nodded.

Then he felt a bit troubled.

But being so poor, what can he use as his own Magical Treasure?

Inherited spiritual artifact?

Too expensive, and even if he had one, it wouldn't match his cultivation technique and Daoist skill, probably unable to compete with the Heavenly Pride among the same sect.

Ordinary spiritual artifact, even less to say.

Born vastly inferior.

Also, he was already in the middle phase of Foundation Establishment.

Even if he had a superior spiritual artifact embryo, there's not much time left to nurture it.

According to that old monster cultivator, the longer the embryo of one's own Magical Treasure is nurtured, the more it aligns with one's spiritual power, making the refined treasure more wieldable like an arm and increasing its power.

"Trouble..."

Mo Hua frowned tightly, suddenly having a flash of inspiration.

He closed his eyes, submerged his Divine Sense into the Sea of Consciousness, approached the Taoist Stele, and lightly patted the stele, quietly asked: