

The Quest 1391

Chapter 1391: Magical Treasure (3)

"Are you willing to be my own Magical Treasure?"

The Taoist Stele remained silent like a mountain, showing no interest in responding.

Mo Hua pouted, "Stingy, looking down on people..."

But upon reflection, it made sense.

The Taoist Stele, so mysterious and elusive, seemed to contain a certain divine aura that even an Evil God feared; it must have a significant origin.

With such a notable origin, even if offered to be one's own Magical Treasure, one would not dare to accept it.

One did not have such a grand Life Chart.

With this thought, Mo Hua felt much more at peace and apologized sincerely to the Taoist Stele:

"I'm sorry, I overstepped my bounds."

The Taoist Stele remained silent, but there was a slight, subtle vibration.

It seemed quite satisfied with Mo Hua's "self-awareness."

"The Taoist Stele is not an option either..."

Mo Hua sighed.

"Forget it, leave it like this for now, take time to consider slowly; it's already been delayed for a long time, no rush at this moment."

Moreover, his Spiritual Power and Blood Qi roots were already inferior to others—especially among the numerous Heavenly Pride in the Sect, there's no fear of lacking a bit more.

With this thought, Mo Hua suddenly felt much better.

A slacker's mindset arose, perceiving a boundless world.

Besides, he is proving the Dao through Divine Sense, not forced to compete with these Sect Heavenly Pride, over matters like Spiritual Power, Blood Qi, Spiritual Artifact, inherent disadvantages.

It's enough to muddle through, breakthrough the Realm, and form a Golden Core.

Mo Hua nodded.

He then took out the Taixu Token.

On the Taixu Token was a long text transmitted by Elder Xun.

Within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, Original Magnet signal is weak, so transmitting this text completely took quite some time.

Mo Hua read it once and was slightly shocked.

"Virtual and real power, merging the present world with Divine Thought..."

"The land of Blood Creek and White Bone is not truly a place for raising Demon Wraiths; the real secret hides deep within."

"The entire Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is a Divine Way structure permeated by a large Formation..."

"Within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, there's a complete lineage of extremely profound Divine Formation inheritance..."

...

This Elder of Formation Arts is a master!

The Formation in Valley of Ten Thousand Demons indeed showed some clues, but he didn't understand it thoroughly.

Moreover, some details were not noticed at all by him.

This is the difference brought by the Cultivation Realm, in terms of Formation vision and cognitive structure.

Besides...

A whole lineage of extremely deep Divine Formation inheritance!

Mo Hua's eyes lit up.

The Divine Formation inheritance here might be even more formidable than he thought.

The opportunity is rare, so Mo Hua immediately made inquiries about "virtual and real power, merging of present world and Divine Thought, Formation structure, Divine Formation secrets" to Xun Ziyou through Transmission.

Xun Ziyou felt a tingle in his scalp after reading.

"These Formation questions, how could a Foundation Establishment Disciple ask them..."

Xun Ziyou muttered inwardly, but he couldn't answer, so he went to ask Xun Zixian.

Upon hearing these questions, Xun Zixian's eyes gleamed, and he answered them one by one.

Xun Ziyou then relayed them back to Mo Hua.

Afterwards, Mo Hua asked again, leaving Xun Ziyou no choice but to ask Xun Zixian again, and finally, Xun Zixian impatiently stretched out his hand and said:

"Give me your Taixu Token."

Reluctantly, Xun Ziyou handed his Elder's Medallion to Xun Zixian.

Subsequently, Xun Zixian chatted with Mo Hua for a while.

The two exchanged opinions on Formation issues, conversed pleasantly, completely forgetting about Xun Ziyou, leaving him aside.

Xun Zixian was no longer in that annoying mood of "I don't want to cast pearls before swine," instead he was brimming with enthusiasm, talking lively.

Xun Ziyou sighed helplessly.

Eventually, the conversation concluded.

Xun Zixian handed the Taixu Elder's Token back to Xun Ziyou, and expressed, "He is an extremely promising talent; his future in Formation is limitless..."

After finishing, he looked at the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons with a solemn expression, "This child must not be harmed inside this Valley."

Xun Ziyou silently rolled his eyes at him, thinking, "Do you even need to say that?"

Then he sighed again.

So the stalemate had lasted for several days now, just uncertain when a turn of events might occur.

...

Inside the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, Mo Hua and Elder Xun Zixian spoke for a while, benefiting greatly.

Despite Elder Xun Zixian's Formation skills were far inferior to Elder Master Xun, his understanding of Formation and his experiences and insights on some Formations were unique as well.

Mo Hua was deeply moved, indeed in thrice-company there is always a teacher.

Never underestimate any Formation Master, always keep a humble heart, think, learn, and ask more.

Moreover, it was about the guesses Elder Xun Zixian provided, regarding "Divine Formation" within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

After a round of conversation, Mo Hua had some vague ideas, but temporarily couldn't be sure...

On the next day, inside the Chamber of Evil Instruments of the Ten Thousand Demons Prison.

The old monster cultivator known as Evil Arms Master was still teaching Ouyang Mu to refine Sword Bone and forge Evil Sword.

Ouyang Mu stood between the Blood Pool and Bone Furnace, diligently refining the sword.

Outside the Chamber of Evil Instruments, Jin Gui's eyes were like snakes; he watched for a while. Seeing Ouyang Mu never slacked off and indeed was forging Evil Sword deeply, he nodded with satisfaction.

"Once Ouyang Mu enters the Demon Path and becomes an Evil Sword Master, everything will be easy..."

Jin Gui left without a trace of emotion.

But what he didn't know was, externally, Ouyang Mu indeed participated throughout.

But in fact, he hadn't really engaged in the forging process of the true Evil Path.

This was partly due to Mo Hua teaching him "smooth evasion," and partly because that old monster cultivator turned a blind eye.

Mo Hua found it curious and transmitted to Ouyang Mu:

"Ask the old fellow about his relation with the Ouyang Family."

Ouyang Mu was startled, nodded slightly, then turned to the old monster cultivator and said:
"Old..."

Under Mo Hua's influence, he almost uttered "old fellow."

Ouyang Mu coughed, changed his address, and said softly:

"Old forefather, do you have some... connection with our Ouyang Family?"

The old monster cultivator's body trembled, he ceased his movements, emitting a strong sense of hostility and unwillingness.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly intensified.

All around was silent, only the sinister green furnace fire crackled, producing oppressive sounds.

Ouyang Mu swallowed his saliva, lowered his eyes slightly, glimpsed at his sleeve, then softly said:

"If you... don't want to say, forget it..."

The old monster cultivator suddenly turned his head, looked at Ouyang Mu with murky eyes, with a wistful expression, mixed with extremely complex emotions.

At last, he sighed.

"Alright, it's no harm to tell you..."

Ouyang Mu breathed a sigh of relief, just about to put down the white bone in his hand.

The old monster cultivator then said: "Don't stop your hands."

"Oh..."

Ouyang Mu was startled, and then continued to refine the white bone beside the furnace.

The old monster cultivator sat still, gave a deep sigh, and finally began to speak slowly:

"This matter is quite lengthy..."

"You guessed right; I indeed have some ties with the Ouyang Family, and indeed, I was once... "

At this point, the old monster cultivator seemed a bit difficult to speak, but ultimately gritted his teeth and said:

"...a disciple of the Ouyang Family!"

Ouyang Mu's expression changed.

A disciple of the Ouyang Family!

Indeed!

Suddenly, he felt both shocked and furious.

The dignified Tai'a Sect Ouyang Family, being captured by monster cultivators since hundreds of years ago, imprisoned in this sunless dungeon, forced to aid these vicious monster cultivators in crafting sanguinary evil swords.

Chapter 1392: Sword Bone

Ouyang Mu glanced at the old monster cultivator again, his expression filled with emotion.

Judging from this, the old demonic artificer trapped in the monster cultivator's lair should be considered as his fellow sect member and true... clan elder?

Moreover, it has been hundreds of years, presumably having a much higher seniority than himself.

A slight sense of respect inevitably arose within Ouyang Mu's heart.

The old monster cultivator looked at Ouyang Mu, his expression complex, his eyes melancholic, and said:

"Back in the day, I was much like you, possessing an exceptional talent for artifact refining, but I was reclusive, reticent, spending all day only knowing how to cast swords, viewing the crafting of a unique celestial sword as my lifelong aspiration..."

"Celestial sword..."

The old monster cultivator's expression was wistful, "In those days, young and arrogant, not knowing the vastness of heavens and earth, I absolutely did not understand how utterly unreachable those two words were, how... despairing they made one feel."

He then smiled self-mockingly, "We claim to be cultivators, practicing immortality, but what 'immortality' truly is, to this day, no one knows."

"Anything associated with the word 'immortal' is deep and frightening, indescribable..."

Ouyang Mu's expression became solemn, and he nodded.

Indeed, he viewed the crafting of a "celestial sword" as his lifelong Tao cultivation dream.

But the deeper he cultivated, the more swords he crafted, the more he felt that the celestial was beyond reach.

In this life, perhaps he would never even come near the "celestial sword".

Let alone crafting it with his own hands, even a glance would be a great luxury.

The old monster cultivator's murky eyes silently glanced at Ouyang Mu, his thoughts complex and inexplicable, eventually he sighed and continued:

"Hundreds of years ago, I was still a member of Tai'a Sect, a... disciple of the Ouyang Family."

"At that time, the Ouyang Family was already planning changes, no longer solely focusing on sword casting but using it in conjunction with swordsmanship, forging a path to develop sword techniques, becoming a true Sword Dao Sect."

"But I did not wish to cultivate swordsmanship, I only wanted to cast swords."

"Others abandoned sword weapons to learn swordsmanship, but I persisted wholeheartedly, tirelessly day and night, painstakingly researching sword casting methods."

"In the sect, I was not valued, but it did not matter, as long as I could cast swords..."

At this point, the old monster cultivator couldn't help but hunch over, coughing a few times, coughing up blood.

But he wasn't concerned, instead quietly wiped away the bloodstains, continuing:

"Originally, I thought I would remain in Tai'a Sect, continuously learning artifact refining and sword casting, all the way until old age, yet unexpectedly..."

The old monster cultivator's expression turned bitter, "Once during mountain hunting, I accidentally strayed into the dense forest outside the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, losing my way..."

"Some monster cultivators discovered me, they began to hunt me down, I was not strong enough to be their match, and was captured by them."

"They opened their bloody mouths wide, initially wanting to eat me, but upon discovering my sword casting abilities, spared my life, letting me craft evil swords for them."

"I... had no choice."

The old monster cultivator's expression was wooden, "When I was in the sect, I also once thought I was a steadfast Righteous Cultivator, thought I could uphold the righteous way in the face of demon monsters, resigning myself to death."

"But when truly facing those grinning monster cultivators, I realized, I was wrong."

"I knew nothing about myself."

"I... was a coward."

When the old monster cultivator spoke these words, his gaze was indifferent, it seemed that the non-human torment over the years had eroded his pride and accepted the helpless reality.

Ouyang Mu showed sympathy, "Old... elder, it's not your fault."

The old monster cultivator shook his head, "Things have come to this, I have already become like this, now discussing right and wrong is meaningless..."

Ouyang Mu wanted to comfort him with a few words.

But he was tongue-tied, unable to immediately think of comforting words.

The old monster cultivator sighed and continued:

"I compromised, I surrendered, I betrayed my sect, betrayed my clan, and betrayed my Sword Dao."

"From then on, I became a monster cultivator, became an Evil Sword Master."

"I abandoned my former identity, stayed in this dark Ten Thousand Demons Prison, accompanied by Monster Beasts, among monster cultivators, used human bones, flesh, and blood to refine artifacts, not knowing how many evil swords I have crafted for these monster cultivators until now. Nor do I know how many people have been killed by these evil swords driven by these monster cultivators..."

The old monster cultivator laughed a little, blood in his mouth, it was unclear whether it was self-mockery or self-satisfaction.

Ouyang Mu felt conflicted.

The Sword-Casting Master was such, even a Righteous Sword-Casting Master could not decide whether the sword weapons they crafted would be used to banish demons for good or recklessly harm.

Not to mention the Evil Sword Masters crafting evil swords.

"And now, as my end approaches, this lifetime of forging numerous sins comes to... a head... "

The old monster cultivator said this, glancing at Ouyang Mu, "But before dying, I have a wish, spending nearly a lifetime trapped in this Ten Thousand Demons Prison, knowing neither age nor day, relentlessly researching artifact refining..."

"These refining techniques are mixed with both righteousness and evil, in the end, even I cannot distinguish them."

"However, righteous or evil, they are the fruits of my lifetime of labor, I must pass them on, otherwise I will die with my eyes closed."

The old monster cultivator stared at Ouyang Mu, his gaze deep:

"Throughout the Ten Thousand Demons Prison, you are the only one I can pass them to."

Ouyang Mu was stunned, his expression hesitant.

If it were righteous sword casting techniques, naturally he would be grateful.

But this elder was an Evil Sword Master, his skills largely composed of bloody and wicked sword casting methods.

He simply did not want to learn.

At a loss about what to do, he habitually lowered his head, glanced at his sleeve, and then felt determined in his heart.

"Thank you for your kindness, elder..." Ouyang Mu's expression was "conflicted" for a while, finally he sighed and said: "I will learn..."

Chapter 1393: Sword Bone (2)

The old monster cultivator let out a long breath, his entire body relaxed.

He then spoke with a hint of arrogance, addressing Ouyang Mu:

"I hail from the Ouyang Family of Tai'a Sect, my sword-casting skills honed through countless trials..."

"At least within the realm of Second Grade Artifact Refining, I consider myself as competent as any Sword-Casting Master."

"I've also poured considerable effort into researching my own Magical Treasure."

"If you learn these skills of mine, you will surely excel among your peers, even if you cannot escape the Ten Thousand Demons Prison and must live among monster cultivators, you can still thrive."

"No matter how fearsome the monster cultivators are, they wouldn't dare underestimate you..."

"Should the day come when you achieve Core Formation here in the Ten Thousand Demons Prison and become a Third Grade Evil Sword Master..."

The old monster cultivator's eyes showed a glimmer of hope, as he slowly said, "The young master might even release you, making you a trusted aide, to serve him outside."

"Life outside would be much more carefree..."

Ouyang Mu was surprised, "You can actually get out?"

The old monster cultivator nodded, "You just need to achieve Core Formation."

"However," he then sighed, "achieving Core Formation is easier said than done. In this Ten Thousand Demons Prison with so many monster cultivators, very few have managed it over hundreds of years."

"While it's true there are resource shortages, flaws in cultivation techniques, and the tendency for demonic power to lose control, it still shows how difficult Core Formation is."

"But, at least it's something to hope for..."

Ouyang Mu slowly nodded.

He then glanced at his sleeve as instructed by Mo Hua and asked:

"Senior, when you say serving the 'young master,' who is this 'young master'?"

To Ouyang Mu's surprise, the mention of the young master immediately caused the old monster cultivator's expression to darken, and he trembled as he said:

"Don't inquire, and it's best not to know. You only need to know that in this Ten Thousand Demons Prison, everything follows the young master's orders, don't be too curious, otherwise, you won't even know how you died."

Ouyang Mu's heart trembled, he nodded and said:

"I understand."

The old monster cultivator's expression eased a bit, then he said: "Starting tomorrow, I will officially begin to impart my life's knowledge to you, and first and foremost will be..."

"...casting your own Evil Sword!"

"Alright." Ouyang Mu's expression was somewhat indifferent.

Seeing this, the old monster cultivator sighed, "I know, though you've agreed to become an Evil Sword Master verbally, you haven't yet mentally accepted it."

"You carry the surname Ouyang, sharing the same sect and family roots with me. I don't wish to make things difficult for you either."

"Let's do it this way: tomorrow you come, and I'll start by teaching you the artifact refining methods of the Righteous Dao. After learning that, you can gradually transition from righteous to evil, refining Evil Artifacts and casting Evil Swords..."

"The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is a dangerous place, I'm in no position to help further; from here on, you must rely on yourself..."

Ouyang Mu was taken aback, then felt grateful, and bowed:

"Thank you, senior."

The old monster cultivator dismissively waved his hand, "Save the platitudes, leave now, and come back tomorrow."

Ouyang Mu bowed, then took his leave, escorted back to the prison by a monster cultivator.

The Chamber of Evil Instruments was left with only the old monster cultivator.

"Tai'a..."

His voice was hoarse like an old tree with crows, muttering the two words, then suddenly began to tremble violently.

The old monster cultivator reached to cover his mouth but was a moment late; fresh blood had already been coughed out.

He hurriedly, trembling, took out a pile of red and white pills from his Storage Bag and gulped them down.

After a while, his coughing eased.

The old monster cultivator sat down slowly, slumping, staring at the eerie flames in the White Bone Refining Furnace, his murky gaze sparkling with some inexplicable light.

Mo Hua frowned, then slowly left.

He paid a visit to the prison.

Inside the prison, Ouyang Mu was whispering with Ling Huxiao.

Song Jian was sneakily eating beside them.

He was eating dried meat given by Mo Hua, savoring it with caution given its rarity, tearing off tiny pieces to chew.

The monster cultivator guard was absent, Mo Hua showed himself.

The prisoners were already accustomed to it.

Mo Hua, coming and going without trace, truly resembled a "ghost."

They exchanged a few simple words, then Ouyang Mu remarked with some emotion, "That old senior was actually from the Ouyang Family..."

"Wonder if he can help us escape..."

Mo Hua shook his head, "Don't hope for that."

Ouyang Mu didn't quite understand.

Mo Hua said: "That old guy, he's an old fraud, what he says is meant to deceive you."

Ouyang Mu was taken aback, "He's not from the Ouyang Family?"

"That's hard to say," Mo Hua murmured, "That old guy, among ten things he says, eight or nine are lies, perhaps only one or two things are true."

"That he is a Tai'a Sect disciple from the Ouyang Family might be true. But other claims, each is highly suspect."

"Think about it..." Mo Hua said:

"The forest outside Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is extremely dangerous, what's he doing running into the forest alone for no reason?"

"Moreover, there's a Formation in that forest; Divine Sense loses direction, it's the same for cultivators as for monster cultivators."

"If you merely wander into the forest, how could you as luck would have it, encounter a group of monster cultivators?"

"If monster cultivators were ravenous, they would have consumed him long ago; why would they keep a Sword-Casting Master alive?"

"Whether he could actually cast swords, unless he himself admits it, monster cultivators are likely unaware!"

"And he's been trapped in this Ten Thousand Demons Prison for hundreds of years, living off raw flesh, goodness knows how much flesh he ate raw, his humanity would have long faded, how could he still consider any sect or family ties?"

"Sharing the same sect and clan, so what?"

"Thus, this old guy, what he says might sound fine, but when you think deeply, there are many flaws..."

Chapter 1394: Sword Bone (3)

Of course, this is just Mo Hua's explanation on the surface.

In reality, when he was listening to that old demon cultivator speak, his Divine Sense keenly noticed an unusual fluctuation in the old demon cultivator's Divine Thought.

It seemed to indicate some ulterior motives.

Additionally, there was an intuition from the lines of causation.

When the old demon cultivator spoke, the lines of causation were somewhat tangled.

Mo Hua instinctively sensed that there might be something fishy in those words of his.

The innocent Little Wood silently opened his mouth wide, while his heart couldn't help but feel puzzled:

How did Junior Brother's mind grow like this? How many thoughts is he hiding inside...

Beside him, Ling Huxiao heard and frowned, "If that old demon cultivator has ulterior motives, wouldn't Junior Brother Mu be in danger?"

"Indeed." Mo Hua nodded, "But speaking of which, you all have never been safe. Whether it's Jin Gui, that old demon cultivator, or the master behind them, all have designs on you."

Until now, the monster cultivators, both openly and covertly, have used quite a few methods.

Currently, it is only openly targeted at Little Wood.

But this is probably just the beginning, Ling Huxiao and Song Jian won't be spared either.

According to the intelligence Mo Hua has eavesdropped on recently.

Among the three, Ling Huxiao's situation is slightly better.

His Sword Heart Clarity is a genius rarely seen in the Rushing Void Sect in five hundred years.

Whether righteous or demonic, he is a "treasure."

Although the monster cultivators cut off Ling Huxiao's little finger, they are rather respectful, clearly not daring to offend him lightly.

According to Mo Hua's guess.

These monster cultivators are likely trying to make Ling Huxiao board that "flower boat" of the masters directly, using "sugar-coated bullets" to tempt him, corrupt him, and cause him to fall, thereby descending into the demon monsters and joining forces with them.

As for what kind of sugar-coated bullets are on the flower boat.

Being still naive, with limited knowledge, I can't imagine it for the time being.

But as for Song Jian...

Mo Hua glanced back at Song Jian, who was still gnawing on jerky, feeling a little pity.

Song Jian is a hostage.

These monster cultivators probably don't even want to "assimilate" him.

One day, they might just cut him out directly, it's not impossible.

Song Jian noticed Mo Hua's gaze, snorted coldly, turned his back, seeming not to want to see Mo Hua, yet still chewing on the jerky silently.

Mo Hua sighed inwardly:

"Forget it, this poor child, better not tell him, lest he lose his appetite for the jerky once he knows."

On the other side, Ouyang Mu felt a bit sad.

He thought that the old demon cultivator really hadn't forgotten the Tai'a Sect, had his heart on the family, and wanted to pass on his lifelong sword casting skills to him.

People's hearts are truly treacherous...

"Brother Mo, what should I do? Should I still learn the sword casting he teaches me?"

Mo Hua pondered for a moment, then nodded, "Learn it."

"Just pretend you don't know anything, forget what I just said, and regard that old thing as an elder of the Ouyang Family who, although led astray, harbors a trace of good intent as his death approaches."

"Learn what he teaches you as normal, since it's better to know than not to know."

"If other situations arise, act according to the situation, and I'll guide you when the time comes..."
Mo Hua said.

"Alright, Brother Mo." Ouyang Mu nodded repeatedly.

"However," Ouyang Mu was a bit puzzled, "what exactly is that old demon cultivator planning?"

Mo Hua's eyes slightly focused.

"We'll know when the time comes..."

...

The next day, inside the Chamber of Evil Instruments.

The old demon cultivator was again looking at his piece of demon hide parchment.

Ouyang Mu was refining white bones, merging refined iron.

Once the white bone was properly merged, the old demon cultivator put away the demon hide parchment and said in an aged voice, "Almost, I'll now teach you how to cast your Lifebound Sword Bone."

"Yes." Ouyang Mu remembered Mo Hua's instructions and nodded.

The old demon cultivator's expression was solemn, and he spoke slowly:

"Every sword must have a bone."

"This 'bone' refers to the sword's backbone, its 'spine,' not necessarily a literal 'bone.'"

"Depending on the sword casting tradition, the material of the sword bone can be gold and jade, silver and brass, or copper and iron; it can also be spiritual objects like wood and stone, or, of course, demonic bones, beast bones, and even human bones as skeletal remains..."

"The Sword Bone of a regular Spirit Sword doesn't require much elaboration."

"However, for a Lifebound Sword Blank, which must be nurtured to become one's own Magical Treasure, deeply intertwined with spiritual power and life, the demands on the Sword Bone are extremely stringent."

"Indeed, the Sword Bone itself directly determines the final quality of the Lifebound Spirit Sword."

"Only the finest bone can forge the finest sword."

"A sword without a foundation bone is nothing more than scrap iron..."

After speaking, the old Monster cultivator took out a long section of Spine Bone from the Storage Bag, observing seriously:

"This is the material used for Sword Bone forging."

Ouyang Mu saw the bloodstain on the bone, his expression slightly changed, "This is... human bone?"

The old Monster cultivator said indifferently, "Human bone or Monster bone, it doesn't matter; if a bone can forge into an excellent Sword Bone, it's a good bone..."

"You need to learn to gradually discard these notions concerned with right and wrong, or else how will you stand in the Ten Thousand Demons Prison in the future?"

Ouyang Mu whispered, "Yes, Senior..."

The old Monster cultivator's expression slightly softened, "I'll forge, and you watch from the side."

"Okay."

Then the old Monster cultivator began teaching Ouyang Mu formally how to "forge a Sword Bone."

This set of procedures is incredibly intricate and requires extremely high artifact refining techniques.

Mo Hua mostly couldn't comprehend it.

In terms of artifact refining techniques, he only understood some theoretical aspects, including some knowledge of Formation Diagram design.

When it comes to actual artifact refining, he's hopeless.

He struggled even with the Second Grade artifact refining hammer.

So, when the old Monster cultivator taught Little Wood to forge a sword, he could only watch from the sidelines.

However, while Mo Hua may not understand the artifact refining techniques, there was one other matter he was tremendously concerned about:

"Whose human bone is this that is being used to forge 'Sword Bone'?"

"This human bone is cherished and stored by the old Monster cultivator, specially reserved to refine Lifebound Sword Bone, indicating that its origin must not be ordinary..."

Mo Hua stared at the hunched old Monster cultivator, feeling a chill from the inside.

This bone can't possibly be...

The old Monster cultivator's own Spine Bone, can it?

He extracted his own Spine Bone to forge Lifebound Sword Bone?

Mo Hua inhaled sharply.

What kind of sword forging method is this?

It's extraordinarily ruthless.

Mo Hua stared again at the old Monster cultivator's crooked form, seemingly lacking a backbone, the more he looked, the more it seemed.

Evil cultivators kill people, strip bones to forge swords, ruthless towards others, but this old creature, he's ruthless towards himself...

"But, does using one's own bone to forge a sword have any special significance?"

Mo Hua did not quite understand.

Inside the Chamber of Evil Instruments, the old Monster cultivator swiftly quenched blood, fused iron, forged bone... his artifact refining skills indeed reached perfection.

Ouyang Mu watched without blinking, meanwhile pondering what techniques he could learn.

After forging for a while, the old Monster cultivator said:

"The next sword-forging phase involves the blood sacrifice technique; if you don't wish to learn, feel free not to watch."

Ouyang Mu hesitated for a moment then slowly nodded.

The old Monster cultivator took out a section of fine iron, handed it to Ouyang Mu, "Take this fine iron to that Blood Pool over there and quench it for a while, we'll need it shortly."

"Yes, Senior."

Ouyang Mu took the fine iron, walked aside, and quenched it in the Blood Pool.

The old Monster cultivator glanced at Ouyang Mu, his gaze cautious, then slowly drew out a pen from the Storage Bag with his ancient hand.

After that, he began drawing something on the Sword Bone with that pen, his movements extremely secretive.

Although he had diverted Ouyang Mu, avoiding his gaze, he did not evade Mo Hua.

Mo Hua felt a shock when seeing him take out the pen.

This Evil Sword Master, not using a hammer but using a pen instead?

What is he drawing?

Mo Hua was immensely curious, then held his breath, tilted his head, stared for a while, and suddenly his pupils contracted, his heart and soul completely shaken.

This old Monster cultivator, skilled in sword casting, was secretly drawing on the Sword Bone, what turned out to be...

Divine Way Formation Patterns?!

Chapter 1395: Killing Game

It's beyond comprehension.

How could he, a Sword-Casting Master, know how to DRAW FORMATION?

It'd be fine if it were a Sword Array, but how could it be the near-extinct Divine Formation Patterns?

How did he learn it?

Is the Divine Formation really so insignificant?

Mo Hua was filled with doubts.

He squinted his eyes, staring at the old Monster Cultivator with suspicious movements, especially watching the Formation Patterns he drew for a while, his expression slightly solemn.

This old thing has been drawing the same Pattern repeatedly.

Which means, he might only know this one Formation Pattern.

But this Formation Pattern is truly baffling.

It's different from the Door Barrier Divine Formation I found at the well in the SMALL FISHING VILLAGE and inside the River God Temple.

It's different from the fog-like Divine Formation I calculated in the VALLEY OF TEN THOUSAND DEMONS.

It's a completely new Divine Formation Pattern.

I had never seen it before.

"Could this be the complete system of Divine FORMATION Elder XUN ZIXIAN mentioned is within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons?"

Mo Hua frowned.

But what purpose does this Formation Pattern serve?

Why did he draw this Divine Formation Pattern on the Lifebound Sword Bone?

Mo Hua's gaze darkened.

"This old trickster probably holds many secrets..."

...

Sword casting continued.

The old Monster Cultivator, taking advantage of OUYANG MU's inattentiveness, drew the Divine Formation Pattern on the Sword Bone, then covered it with fresh blood. Subsequently, he innocently continued the complex process of refining the Sword Bone.

Ouyang Mu also tempered the refined iron, turned around, and continued learning sword casting from the old Monster Cultivator.

Everything was as usual for the old Monster Cultivator.

Ouyang Mu was oblivious to what the old Monster Cultivator did behind his back.

After another series of complex sword casting procedures, several hours later, the old Monster Cultivator finally said:

"That's enough for today, come back tomorrow."

"Alright, senior."

Ouyang Mu had been assisting for several hours and was slightly fatigued. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and nodded:

"Then I shall take my leave."

Ouyang Mu left.

The old Monster Cultivator took out the Lifebound Sword Bone and, with his blood-colored, tumor-ridden hand, gently stroked the Divine Formation Pattern on the Sword Bone, muttering softly in a barely audible hoarse voice:

"My life... depends on you..."

Then, seemingly exhausted, he hugged the Sword Bone and fell into a deep sleep.

Mo Hua glanced at the Sword Bone, noting its length was almost identical to the old Monster Cultivator's spine, perfectly matching, his gaze grew cold.

After pondering for a moment, he quietly left.

...

At the prison, Mo Hua shared the affair of the old Monster Cultivator with Ouyang Mu and LINGHUXIAO.

Ouyang Mu was somewhat shocked, "Formation Patterns?"

Mo Hua nodded.

"Is it Sword Patterns?"

"No, it's a very special type of Divine Formation Pattern, I've never seen it, unsure of its purpose."

Ouyang Mu and Linghuxiao both furrowed their brows.

Linghuxiao pondered for a moment, then said, "That means the old Monster Cultivator's plot must be related to the Sword Bone."

"Could he be... preparing to cast his Lifebound Sword Embryo?"

Mo Hua nodded, "That's possible..."

He had previously guessed this, but considering there's no evidence, it's hard to affirm.

"But," Mo Hua frowned, "using one's spine to cast a Lifebound Sword Bone, what kind of sword casting method is this?"

Linghuxiao shook his head.

Then both of them looked at Ouyang Mu.

Among them, Ouyang Mu has the most exquisite sword casting skills and broad knowledge of artifact refining.

Ouyang Mu said solemnly:

"Specifically, I'm not sure, but in my family, some miscellaneous notes on Tao cultivation and artifact refining had similar mentions, it's a sword casting method that combines oneself with the sword."

"But subdividing this sword casting method, there are many branches, even differing levels of righteousness and evil, some methods are merely bloody, harming oneself but not others, while others are extremely wicked, requiring massive slaughter..."

"Truly, this old thing uses his 'spine' to cast a sword, what path is he on, what method is he using, I can't tell right now."

Ouyang Mu shook his head.

Linghuxiao furrowed his brows, after contemplating for a moment, whispered, "There's one question..."

He turned his head to Mo Hua and the others, and slowly said:

"Using one's spine to cast a Lifebound Sword Bone, it must be for refining a Lifebound Evil Sword. This old Monster Cultivator is probably trying to take this opportunity to achieve Core Formation within the TEN THOUSAND DEMONS PRISON?"

Ouyang Mu was stunned, nodding repeatedly, "This old thing said before, any monster cultivator in Ten Thousand Demons Prison, once reaching Core Formation, may leave the valley, serving the 'Young Master' outside, thus freeing themselves far more than dwelling within the valley."

"Moreover, after achieving Core Formation, their lifespan would increase, allowing him to live many more years, essentially defying fate..."

Mo Hua slowly nodded, but then his gaze sharpened, "But can he last until then?"

Ouyang Mu and Linghuxiao showed expressions of contemplation.

Mo Hua continued, "That old Monster Cultivator extracted his spine, hunched over, coughing blood continuously, sometimes sitting alone in the Chamber of Evil Instruments, stuffing handfuls of pills into his mouth."

"Furthermore, I can clearly feel that the death qi within him is becoming increasingly heavy..."

Mo Hua looked to Ouyang Mu, "Casting the Lifebound Sword Bone, refining the Lifebound Evil Sword, must take quite some time, I'm afraid the sword wouldn't be finished before he kicks the bucket."

Ouyang Mu nodded, "Indeed..."

This old Monster Cultivator, despite clever schemes, is running out of time, what's the point of all this fuss?

Ouyang Mu furrowed his brows, thinking for a bit, didn't know what came to mind, suddenly shocked:

"Brother Mo, there's another possibility."

Mo Hua hesitated, "What possibility?"

"It's..." Ouyang Mu's face turned slightly pale, "His Sword Bone is actually already cast! He claimed to be teaching me sword casting, but it's all just an act..."

Chapter 1396: Killing Game (2)

Ouyang Mu recalled again and nodded:

"Yes, during these days, he taught me sword casting, ostensibly for my benefit. The bloody and sinister sword casting methods he never let me touch. In reality, it's because I don't need to do anything at all. His spine has already become a forged sword bone!"

Mo Hua's gaze shifted slightly, "So the reason he forged the sword bone but didn't further refine it into a lifebound evil sword is because... something is missing?"

Missing something...

After Mo Hua spoke, he looked at Ouyang Mu.

Ling Huxiao thought for a moment and also looked at Ouyang Mu.

Ouyang Mu was stunned for a moment and pointed at himself, "Me?"

"Yes." Mo Hua nodded, "Before you came, that old man was quietly refining swords. After you arrived, he took out the sword bone and started plotting to forge a lifebound evil sword..."

"It is clear that you are the key and also the condition for him to forge his lifebound sword and form the Golden Core."

Ling Huxiao looked worried, "Then Junior Brother Mu is in great danger, isn't he?"

"Since the lifebound sword bone has already been refined, it might not be long before that old monster cultivator forges his own Magical Treasure and forms a Core with it."

"Indeed," Mo Hua sighed slightly, frowning slightly, "The current problem is, we don't know what his real sword-casting method is, or what hidden tricks are inside."

"And also, the formation patterns he inscribed on the sword bone, what exactly do they do..."

Everyone appeared a bit worried.

But just standing here thinking won't help, and there really isn't much of a solution.

"Let's act according to the circumstances..."

Mo Hua patted Ouyang Mu's shoulder, "Be more careful."

"Yes." Ouyang Mu responded solemnly.

Mo Hua looked at Ouyang Mu, still somewhat uneasy, and said:

"Wait a moment."

He ran back to the Secret Chamber, selected some array plates and spiritual artifacts, and drew some formations. Only then did he return to the prison and hand them all to Ouyang Mu.

"Hide these secretly..."

"This Spirit Tool Heart Protecting Mirror, it has the Gold Stone Formation on it and can protect your main arteries."

"These array plates, if the situation becomes urgent, can be placed instantly to delay the enemy."

"Take good care of this black cloth. If you feel dizzy, immediately wrap it around your forehead..."

"These are some pills to ward off monsters and restore blood. Keep them. If monster qi enters your body or your blood qi is severely depleted, consume them immediately..."

...

Mo Hua advised one by one.

Ouyang Mu was deeply moved and remembered Mo Hua's instructions firmly in his heart, gratefully saying: "Thank you, Brother Mo!"

"Yes." Mo Hua nodded.

With these measures, Little Wood has some means of self-preservation at least.

It's just unclear when that old monster cultivator will make his move...

...

Next day, Mo Hua went ahead to the Chamber of Evil Instruments of the old monster cultivator.

He wanted to see if he could find any other clues.

But upon arriving at the Chamber of Evil Instruments, he found someone was already inside.

A large and robust figure, whose aura had greatly changed, Jin Gui was talking to that old monster cultivator.

He seemed to be reprimanding something.

"Too slow..."

"Are you really teaching him to refine evil artifacts?"

"That little brat from the Ouyang family has been learning for days, yet he seems not to have much evil aura on him?"

"Old thing, what are you up to?"

Jin Gui, having turned into a demon, had also grown much more irritable.

A hint of coldness flashed in the old monster cultivator's eyes, then it turned turbid again.

He lowered his head and said in an old voice:

"Refining artifacts requires following a procedure, whether it's the Righteous Dao or the Evil Path, it cannot be achieved overnight; there must be a process, step by step..."

After saying this, he coughed several times, and involuntarily, coughed up blood.

Jin Gui looked at him with slight disdain and muttered quietly, "Old fogey..."

Then he snorted coldly and said indifferently:

"From today, I'll assign someone to watch you, to see whether you've truly been teaching that brat properly, and whether you've let that brat become tainted by blood, fall into the demon path..."

The old monster cultivator's expression changed slightly, rejecting:

"This is not possible, sword casting is secret and my lifelong work, it must not be watched by outsiders!"

Jin Gui sneered, "At this point, still secret? No matter how good you are at sword casting, you're just a Second Grade Sword-Casting Master, you can't break away from the category of Second Grade. What does your refining control amount to?"

"Moreover, this is an order from the young master. In the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, what could be more important than the young master's affairs?"

"Do you wish to go against the young master's orders?"

The old monster cultivator suppressed the coldness in his eyes, lowered his head and said: "I wouldn't dare..."

Jin Gui nodded slightly and said indifferently:

"That's right, time is running short. You need to hurry up and not delay the young master's grand plan, or you'll die with no resting place, soul scattered!"

The old monster cultivator said nothing more, just lowered his head deeply, "Yes."

With a cold glance at the old monster cultivator, Jin Gui turned and left.

After Jin Gui left, the evil instrument room, with its pale green ghostly flames and foul-smelling blood pool, was left with the old monster cultivator alone.

The old monster cultivator still hung his head low.

With no more spine, his figure hunched, it was difficult to straighten up once he lowered his head.

But precisely because he was lowering his head, Mo Hua couldn't discern his expression, only hearing him mutter: "Yes, time... is running out..."

Mo Hua's gaze paused slightly.

After that, the old monster cultivator showed no other special actions, continuing to lie on the chair, flipping through a piece of demon skin parchment.

About an hour later, Ouyang Mu was brought in.

But this time was different.

Two monster cultivators escorted him, and based on Mo Hua's experience, one of them was a dog-headed monster cultivator.

The other had sharp eyes and a bald head, most likely another 'Bald Eagle,' a monster cultivator with an eagle pattern inscribed on him.

Chapter 1397: Killing Game (3)

After bringing Ouyang Mu, the Dog-Head Monster Cultivator walked outside the door, guarding it.

The Bald Eagle-Eyed Monster Cultivator, however, remained inside the Evil Arms Master Room, his sharp gaze fixed on the old monster cultivator, his tone indifferent.

"Master, the manager instructed me to watch over here to prevent any accidents."

The so-called "watching" was actually "surveillance."

The old monster cultivator nodded and said faintly:

"I understand..."

Then he ignored the Bald and Dog-Head Monster Cultivators, focusing on Ouyang Mu and said:

"I will continue teaching you sword casting."

Ouyang Mu's expression showed a hint of complexity, but he remembered Mo Hua's instructions, pretending that nothing had happened and that he knew nothing, nodding:

"Okay, senior."

After that, everything proceeded as usual.

The old monster cultivator patiently taught sword casting, while Ouyang Mu half-heartedly learned, the Bald Monster Cultivator watched like a hawk, and the Dog-Head Monster Cultivator guarded the door vigilantly.

After a while, the old monster cultivator seemed tired and said to Ouyang Mu:

"Practice on your own for a bit, I'm going to take a rest."

He then turned around, walked to a nearby chair, and sat down slowly.

But as soon as he sat, he couldn't stop coughing, coughing up blood repeatedly, helplessly swallowing a few pills shakily.

Finally, he lay in the chair, gasping heavily, like a dying old dog, his breath reeking.

The Eagle-Pattern Monster Cultivator frowned at this, his expression somewhat disdainful, averting his gaze slightly.

The sizzling of the furnace, the clanging of iron, and the old monster cultivator's breathing merged together.

The room was extremely noisy, yet there was an inexplicable feeling of dead silence.

After a while, the Eagle-Pattern Monster Cultivator's expression suddenly changed slightly, sensing something amiss.

The old monster cultivator's breathing had seemingly disappeared.

The Eagle-Pattern Monster Cultivator widened his eyes in surprise and looked to the side, only to see a black robe remaining on the chair along with some shed monster skin.

"Not good!"

A chill surged in the Eagle-Pattern Monster Cultivator's heart, and he immediately activated his Eagle Pattern, a monster pattern flashed above his head, his eyes shone brightly as he searched for the old monster cultivator's figure in the room.

But before he could spot a trace, killing intent abruptly descended.

A long, dark red tentacle suddenly emerged from the ground, filled with sinister demonic power, slashing fiercely toward the Eagle-Pattern Monster Cultivator's waist as if trying to cut him in half.

The Eagle-Pattern Monster Cultivator's pupils shrank in shock, and he leaped to avoid the surprise attack.

But despite wearing the Eagle Pattern, he had only Foundation Establishment cultivation and couldn't fly, hovering in mid-air, with nowhere to escape.

This brief floating became a flaw.

Suddenly, several evil swords flew out of the shadows with lightning speed, tracing arcs of bloodlight as they deeply pierced the Eagle-Pattern Monster Cultivator's body.

The evil swords contained tainted Sword Qi, and also carried deadly demonic power.

The Eagle-Pattern Monster Cultivator was instantly poisoned, his bloodline stinging, shocked and furious, and shouted with eyes wide:

"You old bastard, how dare you?!"

He never expected that during his first surveillance duty, the old undying one would suddenly become deadly.

Wasn't he afraid of violating the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons' ban and being devoured by Ten Thousand Demons?

"You actually..."

He wanted to say more, but the old monster cultivator, who had schemed for so long, suddenly struck, obviously not giving him any chance.

From the shadows, a demonic creature swam out suddenly.

This demonic creature had a long body like a serpent, with dagger-like limbs on both sides, topped with a human face, sticking out a long tongue, limbs shivering, crawling fast on the ground.

Its speed was extremely fast, and within an instant, it got close to the Eagle-Pattern Monster Cultivator, and then took advantage of his poisoned paralysis, directly wrapping around him.

Sharp segment limbs deeply pierced the flesh.

The snake-like body rolled continuously, cutting the Eagle-Pattern Monster Cultivator's body with the segment limbs.

The Eagle-Pattern Monster Cultivator roared in anger, "You..."

But before he could finish, his head was also pierced by the limb, flashes of blood light, leaving him a bloody mess.

The scene was both bloody and brutal.

Mo Hua gasped in horror.

This old thing was actually a Centipede Demon!

And acted swiftly, killing decisively, with a grim human face, now looking nothing like his previous sickly, dying state.

A truly deceitful old creature!

Moreover, he acted on impulse, killing abruptly without hesitation.

Within a few bouts, the Eagle-Pattern Monster Cultivator was immediately dead.

By the time the Dog-Head Monster Cultivator outside heard the commotion and rushed in, it was already too late.

He could only see the sinister and eerie Refining Room covered in blood, along with a mutilated corpse, and a peculiar, monstrous cultivator.

Sharp segment limbs, an ugly monster body, and on that body, a bizarre human face.

At that moment, the bizarre human face twisted its neck, turned around, and grinned at him.

The Dog-Head Monster Cultivator's hairs stood on end immediately, and he turned to flee.

This kind of sinister, vicious, and cunning old monster cultivator was not someone he could contend with.

Although he ran fast, the centipede-like old monster cultivator, using numerous limbs, crawled even faster, quickly entangled the Dog-Head Monster Cultivator's body, and repeated the process.

A moment later, the Dog-Head Monster Cultivator's body was twisted like a towel.

Blood dripped down like water from a towel.

At this point, both guarding Monster Cultivators were killed.

The old monster cultivator retreated from demonization, becoming again the aged monster cultivator, extending his wrinkled hand, shakily shut the Refining Room's door, sealed the formation, isolating everything inside.

Then, he step by step walked back inside.

At this time, the bloody scent filled Ouyang Mu's face, making it slightly pale, but his gaze remained firm.

The old monster cultivator, somewhat surprised, nodded slowly and praised: "Not bad, remained calm in sudden changes."

Ouyang Mu was nervous, but managed to calm himself, asking:

"Senior, what exactly do you want to do?"

The old monster cultivator grinned, revealing his sharp fangs and long tongue, stained with the blood from devouring the monster cultivators, "You'll know soon."

Before the words had even finished, a demonic wind burst forth.

Ouyang Mu only saw a scene of blood before his eyes, as the old monster cultivator transformed into a centipede, charging at him with a bloody, foul wind.

But moments later, a booming sound erupted, as the blood scene was quickly replaced by flames.

A blinding light erupted around Ouyang Mu, and fierce flames rose up, protecting Ouyang Mu in the center.

The Earth Fire Killing Array exploded open.

Powerful spiritual power swept wildly.

In the blink of an eye, the centipede-like demonic creature was thrown back by the flames, tumbling on the ground.

When the flames extinguished, the Centipede Demon curled its body, withdrew from demonization, turning back into that hunched old monster cultivator.

He gasped like a wounded beast, his sharp eyes fixed on Ouyang Mu, trembling, "Formation?"

This little one, how could he use a formation?

The old monster pondered for a moment, suddenly his expression changed, "No, this isn't your doing!"

"Who's helping you?!"

Just then, a faint sword hum was heard.

The old monster's ears and eyes widened, then he saw a sharp golden light flash in the air.

Then a thin golden line pierced through the air, carrying a cold and merciless killing intent, arriving instantly.

Sensing this sharp killing intent, the old monster's expression shifted to shock and disbelief:

"Sword Control?!"

Chapter 1398: Sword Demon

The golden light condenses like a thread, and the sword's murderous intent is awe-inspiring.

The old monster cultivator's expression changed dramatically. He immediately transformed into a Monster Beast, closed his joints, blocked his body, and retreated rapidly, trying desperately to avoid this sword.

But this sword was extremely fast.

Before he could withdraw a few steps, the golden sword light with sharp killing intent had already approached.

The old monster cultivator grit his teeth, using his sturdy limbs to protect his vital areas.

Then, the sword pattern flashed, the golden light burst forth, and the Spirit Sword shattered, blooming like a double-headed golden lotus, dazzling yet dangerous.

In an instant, sword qi overflowed, and a mist of blood exploded.

The severed limbs by the sword qi scattered in all directions, and the flesh cut by the shattered sword exploded across the ground.

Ouyang Mu opened his mouth slightly.

Although it wasn't the first time he had seen Brother Mo's sword control, such sword control was truly inexplicable—the sword light was beautiful while the sword qi was perilous, far surpassing the usual cultivator of the same realm.

Therefore, every time he witnessed it, his heart couldn't help but be shocked once more.

When the sword qi dissipated and the blood mist disappeared, the refining room was even more of a ruin, as if washed by blood.

A moment later, in the center of the arena, a mass of flesh trembled.

The old monster cultivator was not dead.

He was at the Foundation Establishment Peak cultivation level.

Mo Hua was only at the Foundation Building Middle Stage. Although relying on the power of the Gold-Cutting Sword Formation and Divine Sense Sword Control was enough to pose a great threat to the Foundation Establishment Late Stage, wanting to kill this old monster cultivator at the Foundation Establishment Peak in one go was somewhat unrealistic.

The old monster cultivator's flesh trembled a few times, and then, like a snake shedding its skin, he shed a layer of flesh, revealing the hunchbacked and elderly figure underneath.

But his aura instantly weakened considerably.

His face also grew more and more aged.

Clearly, this severe injury and shedding had consumed his last trace of vital energy, bringing him closer to his final limit.

Meanwhile, his expression grew increasingly solemn, with even a hint of fear.

Such sword control...

Golden Core?!

"No," the old monster cultivator shook his head, thinking, "It can't be Golden Core, the spiritual power hasn't crystallized, so it's still at the Foundation level cultivation."

"But...what kind of Foundation Building Cultivator can master such fierce and uncanny sword controlling method?"

"In this Ten Thousand Demons Prison, where monster cultivators are everywhere, who would still wield such pure sword control?"

And at this moment, this terrifying Sword Cultivator was lurking in the dark, spying on him.

The old monster cultivator was puzzled and fearful, looking around, his voice hoarse:

"Which Taoist Friend?"

"Why not show yourself?"

There was no response from the surroundings, nor any movement.

The old monster cultivator released his divine sense, finding the walls empty and still sensing nothing, but he knew there must be someone lurking in the shadows.

The old monster cultivator snorted coldly, "With such superb swordsmanship, why act like a coward, hiding and not daring to show yourself?"

Mo Hua naturally wouldn't waste words with him.

He had already drawn a second Spirit Sword.

Take the opportunity while it's there, go for the kill.

In this world, if there is something that can't be solved with one sword control, then use sword control again.

Once everything was ready, Mo Hua's divine sense began to lock in.

The old monster cultivator's expression changed sharply.

He felt a cold, obscure, mysterious, yet inexplicably majestic divine sense silently descend upon him.

Divine sense lock!

Earlier, all his attention was focused on attacking Ouyang Mu, so he almost didn't notice this strange and enigmatic divine sense.

Now, having been struck by a sword, like a startled bird, with heightened attention, his perception became much keener.

This was a type of divine sense he had never sensed before.

So mysterious and complex that it didn't even seem like human divine sense.

The old monster cultivator's heart chilled.

He wanted to break free from this divine sense lock, but as he moved his divine thought, he found this strand of divine sense like maggot clinging to bone, completely inescapable.

The old monster cultivator's expression turned terror-stricken.

"Going to die!"

He had already reached the end of his tether.

If that terrifying sword control came again, he would certainly die!

All his cultivation, ambitions, and decades of planning for Golden Core were about to go down the drain!

"No!"

"How to save myself?!"

In a panic, intelligence born of desperation, he immediately flicked his sleeve, and five or six wicked short swords, dipped in Centipede Demon poison, shot rapidly towards Ouyang Mu.

Sure enough, as he attacked Ouyang Mu with the Evil Sword, the sense of crisis caused by the divine sense lock on himself faded away.

Several Evil Swords, containing the monster power of Foundation Establishment Peak, cut through the air in blood-red rays, heading straight for Ouyang Mu.

Ouyang Mu was startled and could only retreat as much as possible.

But he couldn't avoid them, nor could he defend against them.

At this moment, the sky flashed with golden light.

A golden Spirit Sword flew through the air, bursting forth a mass of golden sword qi, completely annihilating the bloody Evil Swords.

Spiritual power and evil power intertwined and clashed.

A surge of powerful spiritual power spread out, accompanied by shattered sword qi and fragments of the sword weapon.

In the urgency, Ouyang Mu had only enough time to cross his arms in front of him before the shockwave from the sword qi clash sent him flying, crashing into the corner of the wall.

Ouyang Mu struggled to climb up, blood at the corner of his mouth.

He was slightly hurt.

But his vital area was protected by the Spirit Tool Heart Protecting Mirror given by Mo Hua, so it was not serious.

At this moment, the dull eyes of the old monster cultivator suddenly shone brightly, looking up at the roof.

The earlier golden Spirit Sword, both swift and strong, had annihilated his Evil Swords completely, but at the same time, it exposed the location of the sword control.

The old monster cultivator immediately injected monster power into a new Evil Sword.

This Evil Sword, with its snake pattern engraved on its blade, was longer than the previous ones, and as monster power was injected, it glowed with a bloody light.

The old monster cultivator waved his hand, and the snake-patterned Evil Sword shone brightly, like a venomous snake, biting out straight for the roof.

The bloody sword light struck the roof and caused an explosion.

Chapter 1399: Sword Demon (2)

In an instant, the stone wall cracked, and rubble scattered everywhere.

Before the sword light hit its target, a small silhouette had already fallen from the roof and landed inside the room.

The old monster cultivator snorted coldly.

"No matter how cunning you are, you've still been forced out by me. I want to see exactly what kind of divine presence you are..."

As the dust settled, the figure that had fallen from the roof gradually became clear.

With a slender frame and pale complexion.

The face was smudged with dust, making it appear dirty, yet one could notice the handsome brows and eyes, and a trace of innocence and childishness in the demeanor.

The old monster cultivator glanced at the figure and his pupils contracted, somewhat taken aback.

"A... little kid?!"

Could the one who ambushed me with that incredibly sharp Gold-Cutting Imperial Sword be this... seemingly innocent little kid?!

No, it's absolutely impossible!

The old monster cultivator's expression became serious, and he asked gravely:

"Little kid, who are you?"

Mo Hua smiled mischievously without speaking.

The old monster cultivator felt a shock in his heart.

Could he be... an old monster with the appearance of a child and black hair.

But that didn't seem right either.

His physical body was weak, his spiritual power appeared not strong, and his blood qi was fresh and youthful, lacking any decayed aura. Obviously, he was young, not like an old monster at all.

The old monster cultivator's expression shifted, and he speculated in his heart:

"This little kid... maybe he had some strange encounter, clearly lacking aptitude, but possessing extremely high talent in Sword Dao. That's why at such a young age, he has mastered such a fierce Sword Control."

"But apart from Sword Control, he probably doesn't know anything else."

"So he dared not show himself, only daring to hide in the shadows and attack with Sword Control..."

The old monster cultivator had made up his mind, slowly glanced at Mo Hua, then looked at the nearby Ouyang Mu, and spoke in a hoarse voice:

"Little brother, are you a fellow disciple of this Ouyang family's kid?"

Mo Hua thought for a moment, then replied:

"I suppose so."

His voice was like pearls dropping onto a jade plate, crisp and pleasant.

The old monster cultivator's eyelids twitched slightly, thinking to himself that surely he was just a young little kid.

He felt even more incredulous, but a spark twinkled in his eyes.

"Little brother, let's speak frankly. Although I don't know how you got in here, you should understand that this is the Ten Thousand Demons Prison. Once discovered, even if your swordsmanship is superb, you'd be torn apart and swallowed alive by hundreds and thousands of monster cultivators."

"With numerous monster cultivators fighting to the death, even Golden Core cultivators have a risk of falling, let alone a Middle Phase Foundation Establishment kid like you..."

"And honestly, I have some secrets as well that I don't want outsiders to know...", the old monster cultivator's tone softened, "why don't we each stop fighting, okay?"

Mo Hua shook his head, "Old liar, don't try to deceive me. Even if I want to stop, you won't let it go quietly."

The old monster cultivator paused awkwardly, and amicably said, "Little brother, why do you say that?"

Mo Hua smiled faintly and said:

"Old liar, you've forged a Sword Bone and want to form your Core. Now the arrow is on the string, success or failure is just a hair's breadth away, how could you possibly stop?"

"Do you really think I'm just a child? Still trying to deceive me?"

The old monster cultivator frowned slightly, then smiled with an ambiguous expression, "How do you know I want to forge a Sword Bone and form a Golden Core?"

"Nonsense," Mo Hua replied, "who wouldn't want to form a Core?"

The old monster cultivator's gaze turned slightly colder, "Then do you know how I forge Sword Bone, how to form the Core?"

Mo Hua seemed confident:

"Don't pretend I don't know; your Sword Bone is already forged. As for forming the Core, it's nothing more than using Junior Brother Mu as a Trigger, employing some side path evil methods to form a Golden Core."

While saying this, Mo Hua kept an eye on the old monster cultivator's Divine Sense.

But of course, the old monster cultivator was clearly a sly and insidious character, and in this confrontation, his sense of vigilance was extremely high, so his Divine Sense fluctuations weren't obvious.

Mo Hua couldn't be sure whether his guess was right or wrong.

Or, perhaps he only guessed half correctly?

While Mo Hua was pondering, he suddenly heard Ouyang Mu next to him speak urgently:

"Brother Mo, not good! This old thing is secretly eating something!"

Mo Hua was taken aback.

Ouyang Mu looked anxious.

At first, he listened to the two talking and didn't pay attention, but later, by accident, he noticed that the old monster cultivator's movements behind his back were a bit unusual. With a slight glance, he suddenly discovered that at some point, this old monster cultivator had grown two slender limbs behind his back, and a wriggling insect mouth had appeared on the back of his head.

At this moment, he was facing away from Mo Hua, continuously using the limbs to feed a flesh-colored Pill to the insect mouth on the back of his head.

Before Ouyang Mu finished speaking.

The old monster cultivator's expression suddenly became hideous.

Not only Ouyang Mu, but also this little kid who popped out of nowhere. Both of these little kids, he wanted to kill to use as a Trigger for his own life-bound Evil Sword!

He was already nearing his life's end, and now, suffering from sword injuries, he was on the verge of death. He had to fight for this one last chance!

Just now, while chatting with Mo Hua, he was feeding himself Pills.

At the same time, he had planned everything out in his mind.

Ouyang Mu, that kid, is okay at Sword Casting, but when it comes to actual fighting, he's not worth mentioning. It's no big deal.

What's important is this Sword-controlling little kid.

This uncanny kid's swordsmanship is indeed exceptional, but his physical body is poor, and his spiritual power weak; he surely fears close combat.

Moreover, his Sword Control is remote.

As long as I get close and entangle him, so he's unable to control his sword, regardless of how extraordinary his swordsmanship is, he's nothing but a fish and meat on the chopping block!

Victory or defeat lies in this single move, life or death as well!

At this moment, as long as I seize the initiative, the advantage will be mine!

The old monster cultivator's gaze surged with evil qi, and his body began to transform back into a demon state. Even though the time was limited and demonic power hadn't fully restored, he could only demonize halfway, becoming a grotesque half-human, half-centipede monster, but it was enough.

This Sword-controlling little kid, once within my reach, won't be a match for me!

Chapter 1400: Sword Demon (3)

The demonic wind suddenly rose, and the blood light intensified.

The old demon cultivator suddenly launched an attack, moving at an incredible speed.

He could even see Mo Hua's face across from him, with an "alarmed" expression and an appearance of helplessness.

"Poor child..."

Thought the old demon cultivator.

But there was not a trace of compassion in his heart.

Two jointed limbs, like sharp scythes, slashed towards Mo Hua's body, seemingly trying to cut Mo Hua into three pieces.

But in the next moment, there was a flash of water, and Mo Hua's form disappeared.

The old demon cultivator was taken aback.

Movement technique?

But he did not give up, his peripheral vision catching sight of Mo Hua's form, and he continued to swing his jointed limbs at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua moved like water, gliding past the sharp limbs, narrowly evading once again.

This happened three more times.

Mo Hua dodged them all.

The old demon cultivator grew angry.

Where did this damned kid learn such an uncanny movement technique?

But he was in a difficult situation, forced to drag his long centipede body, waving his jointed limbs, and relentlessly chasing and slashing at Mo Hua.

If he couldn't kill Mo Hua up close, and allowed Mo Hua to gain distance, employing Divine Sense Sword Control, it would be his own death.

Mo Hua's form slipped away like water, evading the old demon cultivator's attack.

The scene was momentarily at a stalemate.

After evading for dozens of rounds, Mo Hua looked somewhat disheveled, and in a spare moment said:

"Old trickster, give it up, my movement technique is good, you can't kill me."

The old demon cultivator snorted coldly, "This is I pursuing and you fleeing, even if you dodge a hundred moves, if you fail to dodge just one, you will die at my hands!"

"I just took a lot of pills, I can take my time with you!"

The old demon cultivator's gaze was sinister.

Mo Hua's expression became serious, with a hint of anxiety, but just for a moment, he suddenly smiled brightly and said to the old demon cultivator:

"How coincidental, I just laid out a large number of formations, I don't want to drag this out with you."

Hearing this, the old demon cultivator was momentarily stunned.

Then, suddenly, a wave of coldness welled up in his heart.

Looking down, he saw that at some point, the ground had been drawn with layers upon layers of formations, among which one formation, shining with golden light like a golden lock, had already entangled his joints.

The old demon cultivator's pupils trembled violently.

Had he been led step by step into the dense cluster of formations while chasing this little ghost?

When did he lay down the formations?

How is this possible?!

A strong death omen enveloped his entire body.

The old demon cultivator's face twisted, and he struggled with all his might to escape the formations.

But it was already too late.

The golden lock entangled him, and the earth fire exploded.

The golden light and firelight spread directly.

Mo Hua, with steps as light as a dragonfly touching the water, drifted backward step by step, while simultaneously activating the formations in rings.

Each step he retreated, a ring of formations exploded, enclosing the old demon cultivator layer by layer until he was completely engulfed.

The earth fire and earth-slaying twofold spiritual power waves continuously interwove and tore through.

The firelight and earthlight flickered and interchanged.

Finally, as the fluctuations of the formation dissipated, the old demon cultivator had been shredded by the formations, leaving only a puddle of blood and flesh.

Inside the Chamber of Evil Instruments, it suddenly became quiet.

Only the eerie furnace fire was still hissing and burning.

Ouyang Mu let out a long breath, looking toward the center of the explosion site of the formation, at the now blood and flesh old demon cultivator. Thinking that he was once a Sword-Casting Master of the Ouyang Family of the Tai'a Sect, his emotions were somewhat complex.

Then he turned his head and said, "Brother Mo..."

But before he could finish, Mo Hua shook his head.

Ouyang Mu was taken aback, "What's wrong?"

"It's not over yet..."

Mo Hua's gaze slightly narrowed.

Ouyang Mu's heart trembled, and he immediately looked at the blood and flesh of the old demon cultivator, seeing an unfamiliar time when a sliver of gold-red blood light appeared.

It was a sword.

Exactly the sword bone the old demon cultivator previously forged from his own "spine bone."

Indeed, it was the life-bound evil sword he meticulously prepared for his own Golden Core advancement.

At this moment, the sinister bone sword glowed with golden light, as blood flowed like molten lava, gradually evaporating the old monster cultivator's remaining fleshly body.

Ouyang Mu's face turned pale.

This old monster cultivator, at the moment of his death, sacrificed his life and flesh to activate the evil sword!

The flesh evaporated by the sword's evil fire emitted a thin blood mist and a nauseating human stench.

The evil sword's blood mist instantly enveloped the entire chamber.

Ouyang Mu suddenly felt dizzy and confused, as if in a dream, unable to distinguish reality, with his divine soul almost leaving his body.

Unsure of what to do, he heard a voice from afar:

"Black cloth, wrap it around your forehead!"

Brother Mo!

Ouyang Mu, shocked, immediately did as instructed, wrapping the black cloth Mo Hua had given him around his head.

Once the black cloth was wrapped, it seemed to cut off everything.

His head no longer ached, he was no longer dizzy, and the dreamlike feeling vanished.

"Stay where you are, don't move," Mo Hua said again.

"Okay."

Ouyang Mu nodded and obediently sat in meditation on the spot, following Mo Hua's instructions.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Mo Hua let the dreamlike feeling take over, listening to the murmurs in his ears, until he felt his divine sense being drawn away.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself in a blood pool.

In the center of the blood pool, there was a sinister bone sword.

And the surroundings were sealed by formation patterns.

This formation pattern was the very divine formation pattern the old monster cultivator had drawn on the sword bone.

The blood pool was eerily quiet.

Mo Hua frowned slightly, puzzled, when suddenly a shocking change occurred.

A bloody, sinister aura of divine thought surged from all around, infusing the bone sword.

The bone sword appeared as if it were infused with a "soul" or merged with "flesh," as it exuded fresh blood, grew white bones, sprouted white flesh, expanding and growing... finally transforming into a "White Bone Centipede Sword Demon" with two hands and six claws, sinister and cold.

Its visage and aura were vaguely recognizable.

It was the old monster cultivator.

After transforming into the complete form of the White Bone Sword Demon, the old monster cultivator couldn't help but let out a low, frightening, sinister laugh.

"Finally..."

"I've become it!"

"If I can't form the Golden Core, I'll continue to live on in the form of the demon wraith 'Sword Demon'..."

Then its deeply black, sinister eyes turned coldly towards Mo Hua.

Moments later, it suddenly frowned:

"Why have you become smaller?"

The divine thought form of Mo Hua was still in the little kid form before his Foundation Establishment.

Mo Hua's eyebrows raised slightly, his eyes carrying a hint of coldness.

"No matter," said the old monster cultivator, now transformed into the towering and sinister form of the White Bone Sword Demon, indifferent, with a sinister laugh:

"Smaller means fresher, just the right appetizer..."

Its expression suddenly turned fierce, and an arm transformed into a bone sword, slashing a ghastly white light towards Mo Hua.

It was now a demon wraith, a sword demon!

Within its own natal bone sword, nourished by the blood pool, it felt its evil thought power was stronger than ever.

Anyone, any evil spirit, any demon monster, it feared none.

It intended to chop this little kid to pieces and devour him piece by piece as a gift for its transformation into a demon!

The sword of white bone fell ominously.

Then, in just an instant, it halted...

The sinister smile on the White Bone Sword Demon's face froze.

It witnessed an unbelievable scene.

The bone sword was caught by Mo Hua with bare hands.

With a face as white and tender as a child's, Mo Hua, appearing extremely small compared to the massive body of the White Bone Sword Demon, extended a small hand, effortlessly gripping the seemingly sharp and sinister bone sword.

Not a single scratch appeared on his fair little hand.

The White Bone Sword Demon moved the bone sword a few times, realizing the sword was firmly gripped by Mo Hua, no matter how much power it exerted, it couldn't budge a bit.

It suddenly realized something was quite off...

Mo Hua looked at it indifferently, "You want to eat me?"

The White Bone Sword Demon remained silent.

Mo Hua gently squeezed, and with a crunching sound.

The bone sword was crushed to pieces with bare hands.

The White Bone Sword Demon froze, gasping in shock, its face turning whiter than the bones.