

The Quest 1401

Chapter 1401: The Old Servant

"This little brat... what's going on?!"

His own magical White Bone Evil Sword, turned into tofu-like bits, crushed so easily by him?

This... is he really "human"?!

The old monster cultivator was shocked and confused.

But he was not willing to sit and wait for death.

This brat might be a formidable enemy, but after hundreds of years of planning and endless efforts, now having finally transformed into the Evil Spirit Sword Demon, he was definitely not an ant to be easily crushed!

Unless you break the cauldrons and sink the boats, fight a deadly battle, how would you know who will win in the end?

If you don't fight hard, how will you know you can't win?

"Alright..."

The old monster cultivator, with a bone for his body and sword remains for his limbs, revealed a strong fighting spirit in his fierce eyes. The bone sword was filled with venom-like demonic qi, his aura continually climbing higher, his skeletal body gradually became larger, surrounded by bloody sword qi.

"Today, I will meet you, letting you know the terrifying body of a Sword Demon!"

The old monster cultivator's gaze turned fierce, moving swiftly from stillness, driving the force of the demon wraith, and with a strike.

The gigantic bone sword, condensed with boundless demonic qi, with a terrifying momentum, slashed toward Mo Hua in an instant.

This bone sword was immense.

Mo Hua's body wasn't even as tall as the bone sword.

But his expression was calm, just lightly throwing a punch.

A little fist against the gigantic White Bone Evil Sword.

In just a moment, the White Bone Evil Sword was shattered by Mo Hua's fist.

The old monster cultivator's expression was terrified, yet unwilling to give up, striking with all his might.

For a moment, the forest-white sword bones, demon thought sword qi, evil sword intent... were ceaselessly surging in the blood pool.

The old monster cultivator performing countless sword moves.

But whether it was sword bones, sword qi, or sword intent, however bloody or terrifying, however overwhelming, Mo Hua responded to all changes with constancy, with just a punch.

One punch, the sword bones broke, the sword qi dissipated, the sword intent vanished.

No move could not be resolved by his punch.

The old monster cultivator grew more aghast, yet more furious.

Must fight desperately!

If he doesn't fight desperately, he won't even have a chance to!

The old monster cultivator's aura changed again, pupils turned pitch-black, sword bones continuously grew on him, like the segments of a centipede, his body transformed into a centipede, section by section climbing up, at the same time, his evil wraith telekinesis became more and more intense, almost reaching the peak of the Second Grade...

"You forced me..."

The old monster cultivator laughed fiercely.

Mo Hua looked at the old monster cultivator, his expression calm and unruffled, his gaze still indifferent, even with a hint of disappointment.

"Tired of it..."

Mo Hua said blandly.

The old monster cultivator's sinister laughter abruptly stopped, followed by a bone-chilling fear in his heart.

The next moment, Mo Hua disappeared.

When he reappeared, he was already above the old monster cultivator's head.

Mo Hua leapt high, gently stomping down.

This stomp was like a heavy hammer, powerfully smashing down.

The old monster cultivator was blasted into the ground like a cannonball.

He was in excruciating pain, even his skull cracked.

Before he could recover, he heard a "creak, creak" sound.

The old monster cultivator's heart turned cold, glancing sideways, only to find in shock that all his bone sword segments had been completely snapped off by Mo Hua's small pale hands, not a single one left.

The old monster cultivator struggled futilely.

At this moment, Mo Hua had already grasped his spine bone.

With a light squeeze, his spine bone would break as well.

The old monster cultivator was so frightened his soul was about to scatter, immediately he cried out in horror:

"Little ancestor, spare me!"

Mo Hua's movement paused slightly.

Seeing this, the old monster cultivator immediately said:

"Little ancestor, spare my life, I have great use!"

Mo Hua stepped on his head, "What use do you have?"

With his head stepped on, the old monster cultivator felt humiliated, but his heart was more filled with despair:

"This little brat, what is his origin, what kind of existence is he, how can he be so terrifying?"

He had never expected that as a Sword Demon Evil Spirit, perfectly fused with his own evil sword, at the peak of the Second Grade, he would truly be like an ant, being effortlessly "controlled" by this little ancestor, without the slightest power to fight back.

Some people, unless they really take action, you wouldn't know how terrifying they are.

Some things, unless you try hard, you wouldn't know the despair.

The old monster cultivator quivered, said:

"As long as you, as long as you don't kill me, I'm willing to do anything."

"What can you do?"

Mo Hua looked down from above, with an interrogating tone, seemingly ready to kill and snap the old monster cultivator's spine at any disagreement.

The old monster cultivator panicked: "I can cast swords!"

"Oh?" Mo Hua's small eyebrows raised.

The old monster cultivator hurriedly said: "I am a disciple of the Tai'a Sect, once of the Ouyang Family's direct lineage, I'm skilled in the artifact refining technique, the sword casting Dao, over the years in the Ten Thousand Demons Prison, I've cast countless sword weapons, honing my skills to perfection..."

"As long as little ancestor you spare my life, I am willing to serve you, cast swords and refine artifacts."

Mo Hua shook his head and said: "You forgot, you're already dead, now you, as a Sword Demon, an Evil Spirit, how can you still help me cast swords?"

The old monster cultivator's expression trembled.

He forgot, he already isn't human, not even a monster cultivator.

With an evil spirit body, how can he cast swords?

Mo Hua's little hand, gestured to snap his spine bone.

The old monster cultivator shivered with dread, immediately said: "I can teach!"

"Teach?"

"That's right," the old monster cultivator said, "Although I can't personally refine artifacts and cast swords, my knowledge and experience in refining is abundant, anything you want to learn, I can tell you..."

Mo Hua's expression hesitated, as if contemplating something, his gaze occasionally dangerous, occasionally softening.

The old monster cultivator's heart rose and fell with Mo Hua's gaze, anxious and uneasy.

He thought for a moment, and immediately added:

"Own Magical Treasure!"

Mo Hua was slightly startled, his eyes slightly brightened.

Chapter 1402: The Old Servant (2)

The old monster cultivator saw this and was overjoyed, seizing his lifeline, he immediately said:

"Own Magical Treasure! I have obtained the most orthodox inheritance of the Tai'a Sect, and I know how to refine one!"

"If you spare my life, I will help you refine your own Magical Treasure!"

"Sword, spear, blade, axe... any kind of Magical Treasure is fine, I know the refining techniques for all, I can tell you all of them!"

Mo Hua looked puzzled, "How do I know you won't deceive me?"

The old monster cultivator said: "I can swear a deadly oath, swear to the Heavenly Dao, if I lie, then let heaven strike me down, let my soul scatter, and never reincarnate!"

Mo Hua pondered for a moment, then shook his head and said:

"I have Junior Brother Mu, and when it comes to own Magical Treasure, he will help me refine it."

The old monster cultivator said urgently: "He can't do it!"

Mo Hua was displeased.

The old monster cultivator hastily explained: "That child's talent is there, and he has enough resilience, but he is too young, lacking in refining experience, and hasn't been taught the core refining technique of the Tai'a Sect."

Mo Hua raised an eyebrow, "It wasn't taught to him, but it was to you?"

The old monster cultivator realized he misspoke and said awkwardly:

"I... after all, I have lived longer, and knowing more about Artifact Refining is normal..."

Mo Hua looked deeply at the old monster cultivator but did not pursue the matter further and instead asked:

"What else? Just being able to cast a sword is not enough, you need to have other uses..."

After all, I am not a Sword Cultivator.

Having an own Magical Treasure doesn't necessarily mean using a Spirit Sword.

Besides, this old thing is an old swindler, not worth trusting, and I still have to discern the truth of his words, it's too troublesome.

If he has no other use, I plan to kill and eat him.

After all, since being "grounded" by Elder Master Xun, I haven't had a proper meal in a long time, and my Divine Sense is starving and thirsty.

In desperate need of "eating" something to fill the stomach first.

Mo Hua had a cute appearance with red lips and white teeth.

Especially his lips, which were strikingly red.

The old monster cultivator looked on and, for some reason, felt a chill down his spine.

He immediately said: "I remember the way; I can tell you the way out of the valley!"

Mo Hua was slightly stunned, a little surprised, "You know the way out?"

The old monster cultivator nodded, smiled bitterly: "I have been in this valley for too long, most of what can be known, I know."

"Especially in the first hundred years, I thought of escaping this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons every moment, so I put a lot of thought into figuring out the clear paths out."

"But..."

The old monster cultivator looked dejected, "Even so, I still can't get out."

Mo Hua asked curiously: "Why?"

The old monster cultivator said: "The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is vast, with complex paths, passing through the Ten Thousand Demons Prison, the slaughterhouse, as well as areas like the Demon Refining Pot, the Evil Pill Valley... monster cultivators everywhere, heavily guarded, if you don't know the way, outsiders simply can't get out..."

"And that's the least of it..."

The old monster cultivator's expression grew grave, "Even if you pass through these perilous places, at the end, there is still an insurmountable Heavenly Chasm."

"Heavenly Chasm?"

The old monster cultivator nodded, "This Heavenly Chasm is a painting, and also the core of the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons. The map nurtures ten thousand demons, filled with evil spirits, and the monster cultivators in the valley usually call it... the Demon Refining Diagram!"

Mo Hua's heart skipped a beat.

The old monster cultivator looked fearful, "Although I don't know... how you entered the valley, if I guessed correctly, you should be here to save someone."

"To save someone, you need to leave the valley."

"I can guide you, but if you can't break the Demon Refining Diagram, you will still be trapped in this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons forever."

"But that's something I can't account for..."

Mo Hua thought for a moment, nodded and said:

"Alright, I'll spare your life."

Since the Demon Refining Diagram is right in front of me, I can endure for now.

The small fry before me can be left uneaten for now, lest I spoil my appetite and miss out on the grand feast.

The chill in the old monster cultivator's heart lessened sharply, knowing that the Death Tribulation had passed, he breathed a long sigh of relief.

He raised his head and sneaked a look at the childlike Mo Hua, feeling sighs in his heart, the Cultivation World indeed is too perilous.

A little kid, more terrifying than even someone like him, a monster demon.

Mo Hua released its spine bone.

The old monster cultivator quivered as he stood up, though he dared not stand completely upright, choosing to half-kneel in front of Mo Hua, to avoid appearing disrespectful.

Mo Hua looked up, glanced at the surrounding Formation Patterns, and suddenly, out of curiosity, asked: "I'll ask you another question, be honest."

"Yes." The old monster cultivator dared not refuse.

Mo Hua pointed at the surrounding Formation Patterns and asked:

"Where did you learn these Formation Patterns?"

The old monster cultivator shivered, dared not speak.

Mo Hua's gaze grew increasingly dangerous.

The old monster cultivator could only bite the bullet and truthfully said: "It's... I learned it from the Demon Refining Diagram..."

Mo Hua was taken aback, "Learned from the Demon Refining Diagram?"

"Yes," said the old monster cultivator, "This is a Formation Pattern from the Demon Refining Diagram, I do not know its origin, only know its profoundness, it can even... seal Remnant Souls."

"I then took the opportunity to secretly copy it down for emergencies."

"But I am not a Formation Master, not proficient in Formations, even after copying it down, I still couldn't understand or replicate it."

The old monster cultivator sighed, "So, I practiced daily, day and night practicing, as long as there was time, I would use human blood to inscribe these Patterns, and eventually, it became a habit ingrained in my bones..."

"Thus, after spending over two hundred years, practicing day and night, by some inexplicable impulse, somehow, I managed to learn this Formation Pattern."

Mo Hua understood, "So you wanted to find a way to inscribe this Formation Pattern onto the Sword Bone. So that when your Divine Thought turns into Demon Thought after your death, it could be 'sealed' in the sword by this Formation Pattern, becoming a 'Sword Demon', living in an alternative way."

The old monster cultivator was stunned.

He did not expect his meticulous planning to be seen through by this little cultivator at a glance.

Chapter 1403: Old Servant (3)

Now that things had come to this, the old monster cultivator had nothing to hide, "It's like this, I... I had initially prepared for two outcomes."

"In the best scenario, naturally, form the core, using... that Ouyang boy's flesh as a medium, to cast a life-bound evil sword, I would then seize another opportunity to form a Golden Core, without having to abandon this mortal body."

"If this plan failed... I had inquired within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons about some methods to transform the Divine Sense into an Evil Spirit, using this technique, after a gruesome death, when the corpse vanished, the remaining Divine Thought could then enter the Sword Bone, becoming a Sword Demon, residing within the sword."

Mo Hua's gaze was sharp, "I'm afraid that's not all there is to it..."

The old monster cultivator, resigned, could only speak with difficulty,

"Yes... I originally also intended to use the fresh blood of that Ouyang boy to cast this sword, merging blood and sword. In this way, this Sword Bone would be nurtured into his life-bound evil sword, I would be the Sword Demon within the sword, and he would become my 'Sword Slave', following my commands..."

Mo Hua nodded, feeling a bit emotional inside.

This old thing really had a deep scheme.

Mo Hua estimated the time, thinking for a moment, then said to the old monster cultivator,

"I won't kill you for now, you let me out, guide me out of this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, if I find out you dare deceive me..."

Mo Hua clenched a small fist, smiling coldly, "Even if you are an Evil Spirit, I will make it so you can't live, and you can't die!"

The old monster cultivator said in fear,

"I dare not, I dare not! I will comply with the little ancestor's orders in all things!"

Mo Hua nodded, "Let me out."

"Okay, okay!" The old monster cultivator, as if receiving a great pardon, immediately constrained all demonic thoughts, transforming into a white bone longsword, communicating,

"Touch the White Bone Sword body, and you can leave this Blood Pool."

Mo Hua frowned, pondered for a moment, and roughly understood a bit.

This sword-casting Blood Pool was an illusionary realm within the sword.

The entrance and exit were the old monster cultivator himself transformed into the White Bone Evil Sword.

Once inside this Blood Pool, to get out, one must either kill this old monster cultivator or let him reveal his true form to open the door, there was no other way out.

Mo Hua glanced around, then thought to himself,

"Perhaps... dismantling the Divine Formation Patterns around, making this Blood Pool illusionary realm unable to seal Divine Thought, allowing it to collapse on its own, would also permit exit."

However, since the old monster cultivator was so sensible, it was unnecessary to make things difficult for him.

Mo Hua's fingertip touched the White Bone Evil Sword.

In an instant, the scenery changed, and upon opening his eyes again, he saw Ouyang Mu kneeling in front of him, his eyes red and full of worry.

Seeing Mo Hua open his eyes, Ouyang Mu was stunned, then rejoiced immensely.

"Brother Mo, are you alright?"

The old monster cultivator was dead, the blood mist dispersed, and Mo Hua fell unconscious to the ground, life and death unknown.

Ouyang Mu was unaware of the situation, not knowing what to do.

Seeing Mo Hua awaken at this moment, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Mo Hua nodded, "It's alright."

"What exactly happened, is that old... old wretch completely dead now?" Ouyang Mu still harbored some worry.

"Sort of." Mo Hua said.

This matter was somewhat complicated and troublesome to explain, so Mo Hua didn't tell Ouyang Mu.

Moreover, now was not the time to discuss this.

The old monster cultivator had sealed the main door, perhaps it could be covered up for a moment, but over time, it would surely be discovered.

Measures must be taken to cover up.

Others, especially Jin Gui, must not be allowed to know what happened here, otherwise, they would certainly become suspicious.

Saving Little Wood and the others would be all the more difficult.

Mo Hua looked around and frowned.

The Golden Lock Formation, Earth Fire Formation, Di Sha Formation, and Sword Control...

There were too many traces, impossible to erase in the short term.

These means of the cultivators differed from those of the monster cultivators, it could be discerned at a glance.

"Since that's the case, I can only blow it all up..."

In the Chamber of Evil Instruments, there was greenish bone fire, a turbid Blood Pool, and all sorts of foul-smelling flesh, once exploded, and mixed together.

Evil Qi and Blood Qi would naturally pollute the Spiritual Power traces.

Even if traces of formations and sword control remained, they would be taken as remnants of evil formations and evil swords.

Having thought it through, Mo Hua glanced at Ouyang Mu, "Little Wood, you'll have to endure some hardship."

Ouyang Mu was startled, not quite comprehending, but nevertheless nodded resolutely, "Brother, you just give the order."

Mo Hua then said, "Later, I will blast this house apart to cover the evidence."

"I'll select a place for you, you stay inside, when the formations blow up, and rock walls collapse, it might bury you underneath."

"When those monster cultivators dig you out, pretend to be unconscious."

"If they ask you what happened, just say that the old monster suddenly went mad, lost his mind, like he had a Deviation, killed the guarding and watching monster cultivators, then closed the door, claiming to perish together with the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons..."

"You ran far away, so you survived."

"As for the rest, you know nothing."

Ouyang Mu repeated Mo Hua's words in his mind, silently memorized them, and then nodded.

Then Mo Hua began to prepare to blow up the house.

The house itself had formations, he only needed to make some tweaks on the original formation framework.

Once all was planned, Mo Hua chose a corner for Ouyang Mu to crouch, covering his head.

It was a place that would be untouched by the damage from the formation.

Even if some falling rocks descended, they wouldn't harm him.

Then Mo Hua picked up the old monster cultivator's life-bound Bone Sword.

The old monster cultivator turned into the White Bone Sword Demon resided within this Bone Sword.

Mo Hua stored this Bone Sword in his Storage Bag.

He was counting on this Bone Sword to guide him, after all.

Once everything was ready, Mo Hua stealthily left the Chamber of Evil Instruments, then outside, used Divine Sense to activate the formations within the house.

Instantly, fire and blood light rose in all directions.

The Chamber of Evil Instruments collapsed with a roar, debris flying, causing surrounding monster cultivators to be alarmed.

Before long, Jin Gui, the steward, rushed over.

His face looked worse than pig liver, immediately ordering numerous monster cultivators to unearth the collapsed ruins.

Mo Hua watched from afar.

When Little Wood was dug out and seemed unharmed, Mo Hua quietly left.

Little Wood had great use.

These monster cultivators wouldn't make things difficult for him for the time being.

And finding out what really happened in the Chamber of Evil Instruments would occupy them substantially.

After leaving, Mo Hua returned to the Formation Pivot Secret Chamber.

He thought about it, then took apart the White Bone Longsword as well.

This sword was too long, carrying it around was inconvenient, so he used his best Artifact Refining skills to dismantle the sword body.

The sword blade was also mostly melted with formations, leaving only a hilt with a small piece of the broken sword.

The old monster cultivator's evil thoughts now resided within the broken sword.

And it was near the hilt engraved with Divine Formation Patterns.

So even with the sword body broken, the impact wasn't significant.

Mo Hua grasped the broken bone sword, nodding.

It was much more convenient to carry now.

Next, he had to have this old monster cultivator guide him, to find the route out of the labyrinthine Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

And to locate the final Heavenly Chasm within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons—

The Demon Refining Diagram.

Mo Hua's eyes shone brightly in the dark night.

He was determined to try, to see if this "Heavenly Chasm" could indeed obstruct him.

And to see for himself if this Demon Refining Diagram truly housed many Demon Wraiths...

Chapter 1404: Mural

Mo Hua eavesdropped on the conversation between Jin Gui and the monster cultivator.

Everything was just as he had anticipated.

The Chamber of Evil Instruments had been blown up, leaving a scene of devastation.

The old monster cultivator, who was forging the Evil Sword, had gone insane, leaving behind a trace of his flesh, along with the corpses of two monster cultivators at the scene.

The two monster cultivators died miserably, with cuts from jointed limbs on their bodies, clearly killed by strangulation from a Centipede Demon.

It was evident that there had been a deadly battle during their lifetimes.

The old monster cultivator was the one who acted.

Besides that, the Artifact Refining Bone Furnace, Blood Pool, Evil Sword, Formation, everything was destroyed, tainted with dirty blood, making it impossible for anyone to distinguish what's problematic and what's not.

Jin Gui was furious, yet he could only smooth things over.

Being the one in charge, any slip-up would lead to the leader or the young master questioning his capabilities.

Therefore, it was best to keep this matter small.

He didn't dare to make it a big issue.

As for Ouyang Mu, with his Mid-stage Foundation Establishment Cultivation, being taciturn, even if he luckily survived, he wouldn't be suspected.

Jin Gui was also relieved that Ouyang Mu didn't die when the Chamber of Evil Instruments collapsed, otherwise he would be in big trouble.

Thus, Little Wood was temporarily safe.

As for Ling Huxiao and Song Jian, their situation was still okay.

After all, it was not yet the time when "the picture reveals the dagger".

He could leave for a while.

Mo Hua went to see the three of Ling Huxiao, saying, "I'm going to scout, and it might take a few days before I come back. Be careful, all of you."

Ling Huxiao nodded solemnly.

Ouyang Mu said, "Brother Mo, take care."

Song Jian, though keeping a stern face and saying nothing, felt a sudden emptiness inside.

When Mo Hua was around, although he was often in hiding and unseen, Song Jian always felt much more at ease and even had some jerky to eat.

But now with Mo Hua gone, he suddenly felt particularly insecure.

Song Jian's mood became tangled.

Mo Hua, being unconcerned about him, gradually hid his figure and disappeared.

Ling Huxiao and the others exchanged glances, feeling that with Mo Hua gone, the Ten Thousand Demons Prison seemed to have suddenly become "ominous" again.

...

In the Ten Thousand Demons Prison, at the top of a cell.

Mo Hua gradually revealed his figure.

Around him, there were no signs of monster cultivators, only the huge chained monster beasts growling softly by themselves.

Mo Hua took out half of a Bone Sword and asked, "Where to go?"

The half Bone Sword was silent, with no response.

Mo Hua threatened, "If you don't speak up, I'll destroy you."

Sure enough, a vague, old voice came from the sword, "Wait... little ancestor... I spoke..."

The voice paused for a moment and then continued.

"...you didn't hear it..."

Mo Hua listened intently, and after a moment, he realized that the old monster cultivator was indeed talking, but it wasn't through "speaking", it was more like...

"Divine Sense Voice Transmission."

Mo Hua was slightly stunned, "You can use Divine Sense Voice Transmission?"

The old monster cultivator sighed, "I've already died, without the flesh, only residual thought force, so as long as I speak, it's 'Divine Sense Voice Transmission'..."

"Oh, right." Mo Hua suddenly understood.

Then he asked again, "If I don't speak, can you perceive it when I use Divine Sense Voice Transmission?"

The old monster cultivator was a bit speechless, but he didn't dare call Mo Hua "ignorant", speaking tactfully:

"Little ancestor, you jest, cultivators below the Feather Transformation Realm can't 'Divine Sense Voice Transmission'."

"Why can it be done only after Feather Transformation?" Mo Hua asked seriously.

"This..." The old monster cultivator said awkwardly, "I am merely at Foundation Establishment, thousands of miles away from the Feather Transformation Realm, the specifics in between... this old one is ignorant, not very clear..."

"Oh." Mo Hua was somewhat displeased.

This old creature was somewhat like a half-filled bucket, knowing the result but not the reason.

But it didn't matter.

"So the situation now is, you can quietly use Divine Sense Voice Transmission, and I can only speak to you?" Mo Hua asked.

"Yes..." the old monster cultivator said softly.

Mo Hua nodded, "Alright then..."

He pointed the White Bone Broken Sword forward again, asking once more:

"Which way?"

The White Bone Broken Sword was silent for a moment, seemingly in thought, or recalling the path, and after a while, the old monster cultivator transmitted to Mo Hua:

"To the right, past the cell of the blood-red Wolf Demon, the second stone door, turn right and go inward..."

Mo Hua glanced to the right and nodded.

He re-cloaked himself, preparing to move in the direction the old monster cultivator indicated.

Just as he took a step, he suddenly remembered something, shaking the White Bone Broken Sword in his hand, and warned:

"Old creature, don't deceive me, or I'll let you know what real 'terror' is."

The old monster cultivator hurriedly said:

"I don't dare, I don't dare..."

At least for the short term, it had been threatened by Mo Hua, not daring to entertain any plans of defiance.

Besides...

The old monster cultivator said softly, "I am not called 'old creature'..."

The voice was small, yet Mo Hua still heard it.

"That's right, you're not called 'old creature'? Then what's your name?" Mo Hua asked curiously.

The old monster cultivator sighed, showing a sense of emotion, "Before I became a monster cultivator, I was a disciple of the Tai'a Sect, surnamed Ouyang, named..."

Who knew that as he was speaking, Mo Hua wasn't listening at all, instead muttering to himself:

"'Old creature' isn't a great name, it's a bit impolite, I'll give you a nickname, I'm really good at nicknames..."

The old monster cultivator fell silent.

Mo Hua pondered for a moment, a flash of inspiration, "You're the Sword Demon, originally a sword, and full of bones, I'll call you 'Sword Bone'."

The old monster cultivator almost thought Mo Hua was calling him "cheap bones".

It felt a bit indignant.

Its dignity didn't allow it to accept such a humiliating name.

But its courage was not enough to support even the slightest protest.

Sword Bone it is...

The old monster cultivator accepted the name, forced to also praise Mo Hua untruthfully:

Chapter 1405: Mural (2)

"Good name...the young master is indeed a 'master' at naming."

Mo Hua gladly accepted the compliment and then said:

"Lead the way, Sword Bone."

The old monster cultivator, named "Sword Bone" by Mo Hua, helplessly accepted his fate and said: "Alright..."

Then Sword Bone led the way.

Mo Hua concealed his presence, extending his Divine Sense to observe the surroundings while holding the White Bone Broken Sword and listening to the Divine Thought transmission from Sword Bone as he wandered through the complex Ten Thousand Demons Prison.

The entire Valley of Ten Thousand Demons was constructed within the hollowed-out belly of a mountain, enormous in scale, featuring numerous Stone Palaces and Stone Chambers, with densely interwoven corridors and passages, patrolled by monster cultivators, crisscrossing paths that can easily lead to confusion without guidance.

Fortunately, "Sword Bone" was very experienced and familiar with the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, and since he was under Mo Hua's control, he dared not make any trouble, so he journeyed diligently and reliably.

After walking for an unspecified length of time, Mo Hua arrived at a large gate.

This gate stood tall and imposing, with two giant monster beast stone statues adorned with fierce and terrifying Monster Patterns.

This was the gate to the Ten Thousand Demons Prison.

In front of the gate, there was a locking Formation, though it wasn't too advanced, but there were a few monster cultivators guarding it, which posed some trouble.

"Every six hours, the monster cultivators change shifts, providing a gap of several breaths..."

"Sword Bone" secretly transmitted.

Mo Hua didn't have the patience.

He quietly hid in the shadows, selecting a red-haired hyena monster cultivator.

The Dog Pattern among the Four Symbols Monster Pattern, he had analyzed it, and the corresponding Formation Pivot had been categorized into his "Four Symbols Demon Pattern Repository."

Taking advantage of its inattentiveness, Mo Hua started Ink Manipulation with his Divine Sense.

A mass of Spiritual Ink floated in the air, forming a thread of ink, quietly moving and winding, finally attaching itself to the leg of the monster cultivator, forming the Four Symbols Dog Pattern Formation Pivot.

The monster cultivator had rough skin and flesh, with dull senses.

The Dog Demon only felt a slight coolness on its leg, initially not paying much attention.

But when it noticed that the coolness had become a bit strange, it was already too late.

The Monster Pattern flashed, the demonic power instantly spiraled out of control, reversed upward under Mo Hua's manipulation, and surged toward the top of its head.

The hyena monster cultivator's Divine Sense became abnormal, exploding in ferocity, instantly pouncing on several nearby monster cultivators.

The scene descended into chaos.

The monster cultivators started killing each other.

Screeches and curses mixed together, blood splattered all over the ground.

Mo Hua swaggered out through the gate of the Ten Thousand Demons Prison.

Sword Bone, residing within the White Bone Broken Sword, witnessed all of this and felt a chill in his heart.

He hadn't even noticed how this little ancestor silently caused the monster cultivators to lose control and start fighting among themselves.

Those gate-guarding monster cultivators were quite powerful, yet in the hands of this little ancestor, they seemed just like "toys."

Too terrifying...

Sword Bone's underlying thoughts dwindled further.

After leaving the Ten Thousand Demons Prison, there were several Great Daos in front.

Mo Hua asked again: "Which path to take?"

Sword Bone responded with a trembling voice: "Left..."

Mo Hua looked up, nodded, and stepped onto the left Great Dao.

As he proceeded deeper, the view became more expansive, astonishing Mo Hua increasingly.

The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons was indeed enormous.

The Ten Thousand Demons Prison was only a part of it.

Elsewhere, there were still numerous sinister Tao Cultivation buildings standing.

Exploring each one of them would take a very long time.

Under the constraint of time now, he could only bypass them.

After walking for a while longer, the scent of blood suddenly became extremely intense.

Mo Hua frowned and looked ahead, seeing a vast site filled with numerous large guillotines.

On the guillotines, there were chains as thick as a man's arm, and giant guillotines driven by Formation were erected.

At that moment, a Bear Demon was shackled by thick chains on the guillotine.

Once the Formation was activated, the colossal guillotine swooshed past, chopping off the Bear Demon's head, causing blood to gush like a spring, flowing down to the Blood Pool beneath the platform.

On other guillotines, there were also many monster beasts with their heads "severed."

Currently, numerous monster cultivators were busy dissecting the bodies of these monster beasts.

The dissected monster beast skins, bones, heads, Demon Cores, viscera, and so on were being segregated and stored accordingly.

"This is the slaughterhouse..."

Sword Bone transmitted.

"Slaughterhouse..."

Mo Hua frowned, muttering silently in his heart.

Sword Bone added: "This place didn't have a name initially, 'slaughterhouse' is a name agreed upon by the monster cultivators, where all the monster beasts caught in the Ten Thousand Demons Prison are dissected..."

Mo Hua nodded and continued walking forward.

After another two hours, they saw a tower-like structure.

"This is the Demon Refining Pot." Sword Bone said.

Mo Hua was somewhat puzzled and lowered his voice: "Isn't this a tower? Why is it called a Demon Refining Pot?"

Sword Bone replied: "It's said that this Demon Refining Pot is a type of Tao Cultivation building from the Southern Barbarian Land in the Great Wilderness, cast in the form of a 'pot,' forging a demon tower, serving as both a building and a Spiritual Artifact."

Mo Hua looked up and realized that the entire tower in front, adorned with demon statues of serpents coiled around, had an upper and lower belly with a narrowed middle layer, indeed resembling a 'pot.'

"The naming habit in the Great Wilderness is really peculiar..."

Mo Hua muttered silently.

The old monster cultivator named "Sword Bone" by Mo Hua froze momentarily, knowing not what to say.

"Have you ever been inside this tower... this Demon Refining Pot?" Mo Hua asked.

"No," Sword Bone replied, his tone slightly heavy, "I don't know what's inside, and I am an Artifact Refiner, casting swords daily, so I haven't had the chance to enter the Demon Refining Pot."

"Alright then," Mo Hua nodded, "Let's bypass it."

Everything requires assessment of priority.

Chapter 1406: Mural (3)

The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is too big, I definitely can't explore it all, so let's not complicate things.

"Lead the way." Mo Hua ordered again.

Sword Bone obediently continued to guide Mo Hua.

After walking a while, they encountered a large area of alchemy rooms, roughly estimating there were dozens.

Each alchemy room contained a White Bone Pill Furnace.

Many demon cultivators were tirelessly refining evil pills inside.

A portion of monster beast materials, especially the viscera, was brought in right after slaughtering, and while still fresh, was refined into pills, dripping with blood.

Mo Hua frowned, somewhat confused.

"Why are there so many alchemy rooms in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons?"

"The more evil pills, the better, no matter how many, they're never too much... After all, there are so many demon cultivators in the valley." Sword Bone said.

Mo Hua nodded slightly, then curiously asked:

"What about artifact refining? Are you the only one refining here?"

Sword Bone patiently explained: "Pills are consumables, evil artifacts are durables, they're not the same..."

"Moreover, most in this valley are demon cultivators, who kill relying more on their own henchmen rather than evil artifacts. Only those demon cultivators whose demon skills must be performed using evil artifacts, or those sword cultivators who, after becoming demon cultivators, still unwillingly abandon their swordsmanship, would use evil artifacts."

"So, the consumption of evil artifacts is far less than that of evil pills."

"Besides, it's not just me here as an evil arms master, there used to be a few others, but they couldn't last and eventually died one by one."

"In the end, only I remain..."

"Oh." Mo Hua nodded, suddenly sensing something amiss, "Could it be you killed the other evil arms masters?"

Sword Bone quietly chuckled, "To not hide from you, little young master, only one evil arms master can live long in the valley. Once there are too many, they aren't valued anymore."

This Sword Bone, indeed not a good person...

Mo Hua silently criticized inwardly.

But it doesn't matter, after all, those who died were evil arms masters.

Mo Hua asked again: "In this valley, there are artifact refining rooms and alchemy rooms; is there a place for drawing formations?"

Sword Bone was stunned, shook his head, and transmitted a message:

"That, I don't know. There are almost no formation masters among demon cultivators."

"No formation masters?" Mo Hua was somewhat shocked.

Sword Bone explained: "Once demon cultivators enter the demon path, their bodies become stronger due to the amplification of demonic power, but correspondingly, their divine sense will decline and their mental state will become unstable."

"The key to formation masters lies in the divine sense, not only must it be strong, but also the mind clear."

"With declining divine sense, one cannot draw formations, and with unclear mind, even formation patterns will gradually be forgotten, hence, formation masters among demon cultivators are few and far between..."

Sword Bone's voice was slightly somber, "At least I've lived through hundreds of years in this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, and haven't seen many formation masters."

"Those few, either couldn't adapt to the life of demon cultivators and died early, or entered the demon path, lost their minds, gradually forgetting they were formation masters..."

Mo Hua frowned, "Then where do the formations in this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons come from?"

Sword Bone hesitated to speak.

Mo Hua grasped the sword hilt, striking the ground a few times.

Sword Bone relented, immediately said: "It's the leader."

Mo Hua's heart tensed slightly, "Leader? Golden Core Realm demon cultivator?"

"No, not him." Sword Bone shook his head, "It's Foundation Establishment, not yet Golden Core. In this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, there are only three elders at Golden Core."

"Why can a Foundation Establishment do the leader's role?" Mo Hua was puzzled.

Sword Bone solemnly said: "Because all demon tattoos on the demon cultivators in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons are personally drawn by the leader..."

Mo Hua frowned.

All demon tattoos on the demon cultivators were drawn by this leader?

This means this leader has mastered almost all kinds of Four Symbols Demon Arrays?

Also mastered Divine Tao Array?

Wouldn't that make him... even more skilled than me?

A Foundation Building cultivator can possess such formidable formation skills?

Mo Hua didn't believe it.

Of course, mainly he couldn't accept it.

Until now, he hadn't met anyone in the same realm more skilled than him as a formation master.

"No..."

Mo Hua pondered for a while, quickly realizing a question, frowned: "You said all demon tattoos on demon cultivators were drawn by this 'leader'?"

"But this Valley of Ten Thousand Demons has been established for at least a few hundred years, right?"

"If this leader is only at the Foundation Establishment Realm, how can he have lived so long?"

Sword Bone shook his head, "This... I don't know, the leader in the valley acts mysteriously, during my hundreds of years here, I've only seen him a few times, and from afar, never knowing his true nature."

"A little strange..."

Mo Hua muttered.

This "leader" definitely has some secret.

But time is urgent now, it's not suitable to be too obsessed.

The urgent matter is something else...

Mo Hua didn't plan to stay here in the alchemy rooms, because they were refining evil pills, even if he stole or took them, they were of no use.

"Continue leading the way." Mo Hua said, "Take me to see the Demon Refining Diagram."

Sword Bone was a bit apprehensive.

Especially now in its "evil spirit" state, for some reason, it feared the Demon Refining Diagram even more.

It reminded: "That diagram is very dangerous, better not rashly..."

Mo Hua asked: "How dangerous?"

Sword Bone still wanted to speak, then suddenly paused, only realizing that the Demon Refining Diagram is dangerous, but this little ancestor who "held him hostage" might not be.

Sword Bone sighed.

Fine, none of them are good.

Just lead him there.

Hopefully this wicked little ancestor would die in the Demon Refining Diagram, then he could be free.

By then, finding another "Sword Slave" might lead to surviving the ordeal and leaving this ghostly place, seeing the light of day again.

Afterwards, no one will dare call him "Sword Bone" anymore! [nøvel.com](http://novel.com)

Sword Bone felt a glimmer of hope.

It devoted itself even more.

To it, Mo Hua seemed like an evil ghost.

The Demon Refining Diagram was purgatory.

Evil ghosts naturally should enter purgatory.

What he needs to do now is to lead Mo Hua, this "evil ghost," into the "purgatory" of the Demon Refining Diagram, then he could seize the chance to escape.

"Young master, follow me, I'm very familiar with this path, it absolutely won't be wrong."

Sword Bone said.

Mo Hua nodded in satisfaction.

Afterwards, Sword Bone led the way, Mo Hua followed, passing through dozens of alchemy rooms, crossing several wide stone paths, avoiding numerous patrolling demon cultivators, climbing onto a cliff, and raised his eyes to look forward.

On the distant towering mountain wall, a huge mural of demons frantically dancing suddenly greeted his view.

Mo Hua's mind couldn't help but tremble:

"This is... the Demon Refining Diagram?!"

Chapter 1407: Formation Stone Palace

Mo Hua initially thought that the Demon Refining Diagram should be like the previous Contemplation Map he had seen, just a picture. Unexpectedly, it turned out to be such a magnificent mural.

From afar, the blood mist obscured it, making the vision somewhat hazy.

But faintly discernible, the mural depicted a mountain range, and countless ferocious demonic creatures.

"I must get a closer look..."

Mo Hua silently thought to himself.

He turned his head and looked at the White Bone Broken Sword in his hand, and asked softly, "Sword Bone, how do we get there."

The "Sword Demon" named Sword Bone, with a hint of fear in its voice, seemed to be quite apprehensive of this "Demon Refining Diagram," but still replied truthfully:

"Around the perimeter of the Demon Refining Diagram, there are monster cultivators guarding it. Sneak past them, go around the back, and there is a stone bridge. After crossing the bridge, there is a thorny stone forest, then go through..."

It described with great detail.

Mo Hua memorized everything one by one and followed suit.

At the same time, he made a plan in his mind; if this "cheap bones" was not honest, he would dismantle the Sword Bone and swallow it whole, to have a taste.

After all, it was a treacherous villain before its death.

Fortunately, the Sword Bone was very honest.

The path it pointed out was correct.

Despite some detours, Mo Hua still managed to reach the front of the Demon Refining Diagram smoothly.

The smoothness of it was a bit surprising to Mo Hua.

He frowned and asked: "The defense around the Demon Refining Diagram is so lax, and I got here so easily?"

Sword Bone silently thought: "That's because I was leading you..."

And to be honest, it's not easy at all.

To truly infiltrate, one must not only have a clear understanding of the nearby terrain but also have mastered the Concealment Technique to a transcendent extent, and fully understand the habits of the monster cultivators. One must also have good movement technique and be bold, yet cautious.

"This little ancestor, so proficient in sneaking and climbing, must have done quite a few stealing and shady activities in ordinary days..."

Sword Bone silently criticized in its heart.

Of course, on the surface, it could only flatter shamelessly:

"That is because you, young master, have mastered your movement technique, with excellent concealment skills, advancing and retreating with ease, being bold yet cautious... so it naturally wasn't difficult."

"Hmm." Mo Hua nodded.

The Sword Bone, it sure knows how to talk well.

"Furthermore..." Sword Bone continued, "This Demon Refining Diagram is a place where monster cultivators are punished, countless of them have perished here, suffering the agony of being devoured by Ten Thousand Demons, so once they get close, they'll instinctively feel fear, often hearing the murmurs and roars of demonic creatures."

"Therefore, even the monster cultivator guards dare only to stay on the perimeter and do not dare to approach the Demon Refining Diagram truly."

"I see..." Mo Hua nodded slightly.

"The murmurs of demon monsters..."

He leaned closer to the Demon Refining Diagram, listened for a moment, and asked in confusion: "The murmurs of demon monsters, why can't I hear them?"

Sword Bone was startled, it dared to sense for a moment, and suddenly froze.

No...

When it used to sneak closer, it was distinctly audible.

The sorrowful howls of ten thousand demons, ferocious and horrifying, made one's Divine Soul tremble.

Why is it gone?

It glanced at Mo Hua again secretly, and thought: "It can't be that these demon wraiths are so afraid of this little ancestor that they dare not make a sound."

That should be impossible, right...

Even exaggeration has its limits.

Sword Bone smiled inwardly and shook its head.

"Perhaps the time is not right, the demons are dormant."

"Oh." Mo Hua stared at the Demon Refining Diagram again and then asked: "By the way, where are the Formation Patterns?"

"Formation Patterns?" Sword Bone was taken aback.

"The Formation Pattern you spent two hundred years learning," Mo Hua said, "didn't you say you learned it from the Demon Refining Diagram?"

Sword Bone paused, sensed the Demon Refining Diagram, and slowly frowned, "It seems to be sealed..."

"Sealed?" Mo Hua was slightly startled.

"Yes..." Sword Bone said, "Two hundred years ago, the Demon Refining Diagram seemed incomplete. Some Formation Patterns were exposed, but now..."

Sword Bone looked at the Demon Refining Diagram again, and its tone slightly tensed: "This diagram seems to be completely finished, all the Formation Patterns are sealed."

Mo Hua's expression showed some displeasure.

If I don't come, you're incomplete.

When I come, you're finished.

Are you purposely making it impossible for me to learn?

"Can this diagram be blown up?" Mo Hua asked.

Sword Bone was frightened and trembled, quickly saying: "My little ancestor, please don't mess with it!"

"If it blows up, it will be a huge disaster!"

No one knows what terrible things might happen if the Demon Refining Diagram is blown up.

Moreover, once it blows up, it will certainly attract the attention of monster cultivators. If the whole valley goes on alert, even with exquisite concealment and careful actions, it would still be a perilous situation.

"I was just saying it in passing." Mo Hua said.

This Sword Bone is really getting old, out of touch, not even a joke can be told.

"Then can this Demon Refining Diagram be entered?" Mo Hua asked again.

He didn't have any other thoughts, just wanted to go in and count how many demonic monsters were inside.

"Enter?"

Sword Bone was a bit confused, not knowing what exactly Mo Hua wanted to do.

Could there be any good places inside the Demon Refining Diagram?

Others dare not even approach, yet he wants to go in?

His heart is really bold.

What does he want to do? Go in to suffer the agony of "Ten Thousand Demons' Devouring Body," to have his soul shattered with no chance of reincarnation?

Or does he really think he's invincible after gaining a Sword Demon, disregarding the countless demonic monsters in the Demon Refining Diagram?

Sword Bone sneered in its heart.

Just as it was about to persuade Mo Hua, it suddenly halted, a demonic thought from the depth of its heart surged forward unbidden.

"This little anc...ugh, this little brat!"

"This little brat being so clueless about the vastness of the heavens and earth might not be a bad thing either."

"As long as I find a way to send him into the Demon Refining Diagram, whether his Divine Thought dies inside or gets trapped, I can find a way to escape, perhaps even 'occupy the magpie's nest,' obtaining a fresh young host body, it's not impossible..."

Chapter 1408: Formation Stone Palace (2)

A desire began to grow in the heart.

Sword Bone still spoke respectfully, pretending to be nonchalant: "There are only two ways to enter the Demon Refining Diagram, as far as I know."

"One is to suffer extreme torture and die miserably in front of the Demon Refining Diagram. Before the physical body perishes, the extreme pain stimulates the Divine Thought, causing some kind of mutation, allowing entry into the Demon Refining Diagram after leaving the body, to endure even greater punishment..."

"This is the dual suffering of the physical body and Divine Thought, accompanied by death, akin to the agony of purgatory, so the monster cultivators of the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons dread the Demon Refining Diagram."

"The other way is sacrifice..."

Mo Hua was startled, "Sacrifice?"

"Exactly," Sword Bone nodded, "Through a certain type of ritual, a person can be sacrificed to the Demon Refining Diagram."

"But I have never seen this 'ritual,' nor do I know the specific method."

"Within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, 'sacrifices' are rare, and ordinary monster cultivators aren't qualified for sacrifices..."

Mo Hua frowned.

This was troublesome.

He couldn't enter the Demon Refining Diagram.

If he were to endure torture, he would lose his life, possibly in unbearable pain as well.

If it were to be a sacrifice, he didn't know the sacrificial methods, nor was there anyone to take him as a 'sacrifice.'

He was hungry, and there was food in the pot, but the lid was on, keeping it out of reach.

Mo Hua felt a bit uncomfortable.

"Let's look around nearby. Maybe there are other clues, allowing me to 'infiltrate' the Demon Refining Diagram quietly..."

As Mo Hua's Divine Thought moved slightly, he had an idea, reluctantly glanced at the Demon Refining Diagram, and then silently turned to leave.

But just several zhang away, a faint strange sound suddenly reached his ears.

Mo Hua turned his head to look, concentrating to listen closely.

It was then he realized it was the sound from within the Demon Refining Diagram.

It was like all kinds of demon monsters shouting together, chaotic and noisy, filled with arrogance, along with a trace of disdain and scorn.

It seemed to be mocking Mo Hua.

Mo Hua's gaze turned slightly cold.

"A bunch of wretches, wait until I enter, I'll personally count your heads."

...

After Mo Hua left quietly, he began to stroll around the surroundings.

The Demon Refining Diagram was such a large mural, appearing mysterious, but at its core, it was a type of Taoist architecture.

Using the mural as media, the formation as the bones, and the Divine Soul as the guide.

However, the means were a bit bloody and malevolent, involving some unknown formation domains.

But the basic process wouldn't change.

Constructing this diagram required a lot of manpower, numerous materials, and required a complete formation to be built.

This was a long-term project.

According to his experience and habits as a Formation Master from constructing large formations, there must be secret chambers nearby for Formation Masters to do Formation Painting.

According to Elder Xun Zixian's speculation.

The formation construction in the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons was an overall entity, and the Divine Tao Array within the valley was a complete inheritance.

And on this Demon Refining Diagram, there was the Divine Tao Array.

It was highly likely that this Demon Refining Diagram was the centerpiece of the entire Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

The Divine Tao Array was the core of the entire Demon Refining Diagram.

If he found a way to obtain the Divine Tao Formation Diagram and learn the inheritance of the Divine Tao Array, he would most likely unlock the secrets of the Demon Refining Diagram and thus control the entire Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

Of course, this was only speculation.

What exactly was the inheritance of the Divine Tao Array?

What role did the Demon Refining Diagram play as the centerpiece of the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons...

There should be profound and possibly sophisticated mystical principles of formation here, awaiting his research and exploration.

"I should be able to learn something good..."

Mo Hua nodded.

He circled the giant mural of the Demon Refining Diagram twice nearby, finally finding a suspicious place.

This was a magnificent Stone Palace.

The palace had a strong presence of formations.

With one glance, Mo Hua could tell this was the formation stone palace of the entire Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

It was generally used to store formation media, accumulate formation Mo, design formation diagrams, and serve as a place for Formation Masters to research, rest, and paint formations.

At this time, the main door was tightly closed with a lock, and it seemed there was no one inside.

Moreover, there were no monster cultivators guarding outside.

It seemed just like the Demon Refining Diagram, this formation stone palace was also a 'Forbidden Land' for monster cultivators.

"Should I go inside and have a look?"

Mo Hua felt a stirring in his heart.

He released his Divine Sense, sensing slightly inside, detecting no presence of living people or monster cultivators inside.

It should be safe.

But it was hard to say, as cultivators' perception occasionally could not be relied upon either...

Mo Hua thought for a moment and then took out a Copper Coin, using Heavenly Secret Calculation for a divination.

This time, the divination lacked the previously felt clarity of understanding cause and effect, sensing the heavenly secret.

He did not see the vast grand scene of all cause and effect merging into a heavenly secret, flowing as if a river through the heavens and earth.

There was only a slight touch of cause and effect.

The movement was very minimal.

Perhaps the 'novice benefits' were gone; for future calculations, it would depend on his own understanding of the heavenly secret.

But this was also good.

Always making such a big commotion, he wasn't too comfortable himself either.

The Copper Coin turned in the air, landing on the palm.

It was heads.

That meant there was no danger inside.

Mo Hua couldn't help but look forward, "This Heavenly Secret Calculation is really useful. If I truly achieve insight into the heavenly secret, controlling cause and effect, avoiding misfortune and seeking fortune like my master, how powerful that would be..."

He put away the Copper Coin and approached the main gate of the Stone Palace.

The main door had a massive beast-shaped lock, engraved with a Four Symbols canine-tooth Pattern.

Sword Bone said: "This is a special formation lock within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons. With this formation lock sealing the main gate, you can't go in, it's better to find another..."

But before it could finish, Mo Hua had already started to push the door.

The main door opened effortlessly.

Sword Bone was taken aback, and upon closer inspection, it found that the formation on the lock had been completely unlocked.

Chapter 1409: Formation Stone Palace (3)

In just a few breaths, it's been... unlocked?

Is this little ancestor also a formation master?!

Sword Bone suddenly recalled that back when they first clashed, this little ancestor used a formation to blast him until he was nearly devoid of flesh.

But something's not right...

This is the formation of the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, how can he unlock it so quickly?

What is his true identity?

Have I underestimated this little ancestor?

Sword Bone was deeply worried at that moment.

"No choice, I must find a way to escape from him quickly, or even if I become a Sword Demon, I'll be suppressed eternally with no chance of a comeback."

Mo Hua ignored the thoughts of the Sword Demon, instead he erased the traces on the lock, quietly closed the door, then turned and walked into the Stone Palace of the Formation.

The Stone Palace of the Formation is spacious and magnificently decorated.

Just as Mo Hua expected.

Inside, there's a large stockpile of formation materials and formation pattern drafts.

However, most of these materials seem made from the skin and bones, and blood of either humans or monster beasts.

The formation pattern drafts are chaotic and complex, but most of them are related to the Four Symbols Monster Pattern, filled with eerie and bizarre elements.

In the center of the hall, there is a massive stone table, likely used for drawing formations.

Aside from that, there are just some formation-related tools.

And at the deepest part of the hall stands a large, awe-inspiring, terrifying statue of a Sheep-Horned Demon Monster!

Mo Hua looked at it, and his heart trembled.

Sheep horns!

Great Wilderness Evil God!

After dealing with the Great Wilderness Evil God for so long, he naturally knew that the sheep horns symbolize this Evil God to a certain extent!

"Finally, caught another of the Evil God's 'weak points'!"

Mo Hua stepped towards the statue.

The Sword Demon within the severed sword suddenly felt immense fear, hurriedly saying:

"No, ancestor, don't go over there!"

Mo Hua ignored it, approaching the statue, looking left and right, and even touched it, sighing regretfully.

"It's a fake..."

No evil thoughts are parasitic here, let alone any Evil God.

The Sword Demon broke out in a cold sweat — despite being just bones and unable to sweat — it was still utterly terrified.

Mo Hua glanced behind the statue, his eyes brightened.

"An altar!"

Behind the statue of the giant Sheep-Horned Demon Monster was hidden a small altar.

On the altar was a sheep skull, surrounded by offerings and lit with ghastly green candles.

Seeing the altar, Sword Bone's pupils trembled, his entire skeletal body shaking, "No... no..."

But before finishing, Mo Hua lightly leaped onto the altar, touched the sheep skull, sniffed the offerings, and wrinkled his brows.

"Is it fake?"

What does it mean?

Mo Hua was somewhat perplexed.

Such a vast demon valley like the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, with so many monster beasts and nurturing so many monster cultivators, yet they've painstakingly arranged such tight formations.

But they don't worship a real Evil God?

Even a polluted deity, an embodiment of an Evil God, or even divine remains would work.

Could it be...

Mo Hua pondered in his mind.

The Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is located at Refining Demon Mountain.

Refining Demon Mountain lies within the Fifth Grade Qianxue State Boundary, where there are many powerful cultivators, so the Evil God dares not descend in its true form?

Can only offer an empty altar?

Mo Hua thought it was very possible.

He rummaged around the Stone Palace looking for any other clues, especially concerning the Divine Way formation.

However, as he's acting sneakily now, afraid of being discovered, he can't search thoroughly, even less can he "dig three feet deep," so his findings were minimal.

While searching, Sword Bone's voice came from the severed sword:

"Someone's coming!"

Mo Hua also sensed it, he glanced around to confirm he hadn't left any too-obvious traces, then felt relieved.

Afterward, he flipped and jumped onto the head of the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster statue, slid down along the statue's back, and quietly hid behind it.

Meanwhile, the Stone Palace's door opened.

A man dressed in black stood at the forefront, of stout stature, and imposing presence.

"This is the 'Leader'."

The Sword Demon whispered.

Mo Hua was slightly startled.

This black-clad leader wore a cloak, concealing most of his face, so his features were unclear, but his aura suggested he was far from an ordinary monster cultivator.

Even compared to monster cultivators, he seemed more like a "sect disciple."

And not just an ordinary sect disciple.

More like a 'Big Senior Brother' in the sect, with extremely high prestige.

Behind the black-clad leader was another person.

This person was also tall but slightly hunched, displaying a respectful attitude.

Mo Hua recognized him; it was the one who stole his Pig Monster, and was later hung up, stripped, and drawn with a turtle — the Sever Gold Sect senior brother, Jin Gui.

Concurrently, he was also the newly appointed "steward" who recently became a monster cultivator and was tasked with overseeing the Ten Thousand Demons Prison.

Mo Hua silently speculated in his heart:

"This Sever Gold Sect's Jin Gui shows such deference to this black-clad leader, and they seem quite familiar."

"Could this black-clad leader also be from Sever Gold Sect?"

On the other side, the black-clad leader and Jin Gui walked into the Stone Palace.

As they walked, they talked, continuing all the way to the center of the hall, still discussing some secret matters in low voices.

They were so focused that they hadn't noticed the hall had already been infiltrated, let alone realized someone was hiding behind the sheep-horned statue.

"...What happened?"

"Some anomaly..."

"Failing the task, I cannot explain to the young master..."

"Senior brother..."

"Don't call me senior brother."

...

Hiding behind the statue, Mo Hua slightly paused upon hearing, thinking it confirmed his suspicion.

Sever Gold Sect...

This is going to be trouble.

In the hall, the two continued their conversation.

Mo Hua involuntarily perked up his ears, wanting to hear more secrets, but crouching like this to listen was slightly uncomfortable.

Mo Hua glanced back, grabbed the sheep horn skull from the altar central, placed it beneath himself, and sat down on it.

Chapter 1410: "Gentleman

The Sword Bone looked inexplicably terrified, his whole body trembling.

This little ancestor, what is he doing?!

The ram horn skull revered by the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, how can it just be casually sat on?

This is truly courting death, utterly reckless.

"I must quickly get away, I cannot stay by this little ancestor's side, or one day when he foolishly courts death without knowing his limits, suffers divine retribution, and a thunderbolt strikes him dead, I will suffer the consequences with him."

The Sword Bone thought anxiously to himself.

Mo Hua, however, paid no mind to any of that.

Sitting on the ram horn skull wasn't exactly comfortable, icy and cool, with a bit of yin qi, but at least it was smooth, so sitting on it would suffice for now.

Given the limited conditions, there was no room to be picky.

So, Mo Hua used the ram horn skull revered by the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons as a small stool to eavesdrop on the discussion between the black-clothed leader and Jin Gui.

At this moment, Jin Gui was respectfully reporting something.

"Leader, please forgive... that old Artifact Refiner somehow went mad, killed the monster cultivator guarding him, detonated the Chamber of Evil Instruments, and committed suicide, fortunately, the Ouyang Family's young boy is unharmed..."

"But with that old Artifact Refiner dead, there is currently no monster cultivator within the valley to teach the evil sword forging technique, the young master's plan might be delayed for some time..."

"Additionally, outside the gate of the Ten Thousand Demons Prison, suddenly there are monster cultivators dying violently and going mad..."

"This is already the seventh incident."

"And for some reason, I occasionally feel like there's something watching me, even watching... the entire Ten Thousand Demons Prison."

"I suspect..."

Jin Gui paused and didn't continue.

The black-clothed leader's gaze tightened, his voice deep: "You suspect... there might be someone who has secretly infiltrated in?"

"Not necessarily someone," Jin Gui said, "it could be... something from the Demon Refining Diagram that has escaped..."

The black-clothed leader's gaze grew more intense.

Jin Gui hurriedly explained, "I've contemplated it, if these incidents were naturally occurring, the chances are too small, saying there's 'someone' behind it doesn't seem likely either."

"Not to mention that the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons is heavily guarded, whether anyone can get in."

"Even if someone truly managed to enter the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, it's absolutely impossible for them to do these things right under our noses without leaving a trace."

"Especially causing monster cultivators to lose control like this."

"The only possibility is... the Demon Refining Diagram!"

Jin Gui looked up, glanced at the black-clothed leader, his expression extremely grave, "So I speculate, that those terrifying things from the Demon Refining Diagram... have escaped, and because they are intangible and formless, any chaos they cause is not easily discovered."

The black-clothed leader's pupils constricted, nodding slightly.

Hiding behind the ram horn sculpture, Mo Hua also couldn't help but nod.

This Jin Gui is quite clever.

His explanation seems quite reasonable too.

The black-clothed leader pondered for a while, before saying slowly:

"Alright, I understand, I'll take responsibility for this, you need not concern yourself with it. Since it involves the Demon Refining Diagram, it's dangerous and unpredictable, not something you can resolve."

Jin Gui bowed his head respectfully, "Yes."

On the surface, he showed no emotion, but inwardly, he let out a long sigh of relief.

This "burden" has finally been passed on...

The Ten Thousand Demons Prison is having an unlucky day today, incidents happen frequently, as the manager, he couldn't shirk responsibility.

If he tried to hide it all, this burden would only grow bigger, and one day, the truth would come to light, and he would face the young master's punishment.

If he didn't conceal it, he must find a way to pass on the burden.

The choice of whom to pass the burden to is very delicate.

First, exclude the monster cultivators within the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

These monster cultivators are constrained by the Monster Pattern, daring not to defy, and since they stay in the valley all day, anything can be checked, they simply can't lie.

Next, saying there's an "outsider" infiltration is not very feasible either.

As everyone knows, since the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons was built, for hundreds of years, no "outsider" has ever entered.

How could it be such a coincidence that as soon as he became the manager, an "outsider" slipped in?

This excuse is too obvious.

Moreover, it can't be verified.

Given that, the only reason is those frightening things from the Demon Refining Diagram.

This excuse was something he came up with after much deliberation.

If it were true, then he guessed correctly.

If not, then with the situation being so confusing, no one can say for certain.

No matter what, it couldn't be blamed on him.

The Demon Wraith is intangible, disasters have no warnings.

The matter of the Demon Refining Diagram is mysterious and enigmatic, these are simply beyond his control.

So naturally, this burden was cast off.

The leader not only wouldn't blame him but would even think he was meticulous and prudent.

These days, whether sect disciples or Demon Path monster cultivators, they all need to be able to handle matters.

Personal ability is one thing, being able to "report" is another.

The black-clothed leader indeed no longer dwelled on Jin Gui's affairs, focusing entirely on the Demon Refining Diagram.

Perhaps Jin Gui was slightly evasive, but his speculation wasn't without reason, the Demon Refining Diagram is the core of the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, under no circumstances can anything go wrong with it.

The black-clothed leader frowned in thought.

At this moment, Jin Gui had a sudden thought, and said:

"Leader, wasn't there a monitoring formation in the Ten Thousand Demons Prison before? If we reactivated such formations, wouldn't we know... what's happening in the Ten Thousand Demons Prison?"

The black-clothed leader shook his head, "No, those formations can no longer be used."

Jin Gui was puzzled, "Why?"

The black-clothed leader said in a deep voice, "You are not yet aware of the situation here... About two years ago, at a demonic lair in Bishan City at the Second Grade State Border, just as it was about to be completed, the Taoist Court came and destroyed it, and a Venerable lost their life as a result."

"Afterwards, we learned that the Spirit Vision Formation used for monitoring in the heavily guarded Bi Mountain Demon Cavern was infiltrated and used by others, which gave the Taoist Court officials an opportunity they seized."