

The Quest 1412

Chapter 1412: "Gentleman" (3)

"In fact, not only will they not blame you, but on the contrary, they will think you have skills and are of great use!"

"Whether the methods are dirty or not does not matter, as long as they can be used. The victor becomes king, by any means necessary, is the iron rule of this world."

"As long as you win, no matter how disgraceful your past, how heinous your actions, how filthy and sordid, there will still be foolish people who admire you."

"Conversely, as long as you lose, no matter how noble your character, you will only be ridiculed and discarded by others."

Jin Yicai was still somewhat concerned: "But what if the matter is exposed..."

The black-clad Leader's gaze slightly darkened, "As long as you can win, even if the matter is exposed, Ancestor over there will cover for you."

"Don't forget, you are the direct lineage of the Jin family, with the Jin family and the Sever Gold Sect, sharing glory and loss together! How can Ancestor and the others not know?"

Jin Yicai suddenly understood and completely put his mind at ease.

"Alright, cousin, I will listen to you in everything."

The black-clad Leader slightly nodded, then opened the demon skin paper, saying:

"This set of items still needs a demon skill or demon magic as a foundation."

"In my opinion, it is best to paint a Monster Pattern. Here at the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons, Monster Patterns are complete, various bone and blood materials are of superior quality."

"The Monster Patterns in this diagram encompass fierce beasts like Bear Pi, tigers, leopards, or fierce birds like the golden eagles and falcons. Choose one, and I will tattoo it on you..."

The black-clad Leader unfolded the Formation Diagram on the demon skin.

Jin Yicai looked at them one by one, feeling none were quite to his liking.

His gaze swept down, suddenly his eyes lit up, pointing at a Monster Pattern, saying: "Cousin, tattoo this Dog Pattern on me."

The black-clad Leader was clearly stunned, "What?"

"Dog Pattern."

Jin Yicai repeated again.

The black-clad Leader nearly thought he had misheard.

Jin Yicai chuckled, with a hint of sinister evil in his smile:

"Cousin, to be honest, these days, there have been too many female cultivators sneaking into my cave mansion in the middle of the night, those bitches are quite annoying, yet they're so youthful and enticing, they itch my heart, I must properly deal with them."

"It's said, Dog Demon..."

Jin Yicai showed a look that could only be understood but not described.

The black-clad Leader's expression was stunned, for a time somewhat incredulous.

Then his face sank like water, his heart both disdainful and enraged.

Indeed, spoiling creates useless brats!

In this world, even a running dog harbors the heart of tigers and wolves.

This young master born with a silver spoon, in his bones, is just a lustful wild dog?!

The black-clad Leader's forehead twitched, suppressing his anger, he said:

"Are you sure?"

Jin Yicai was completely unaware of the Leader's disdain, still looking self-satisfied, saying:

"Cousin, I'm sure. In this world, there are so many who sell their lives, taking risks, charging into battle, such things don't need me to do, as long as I live comfortably and happily myself, that is enough."

The black-clad Leader was silent for a long time, then finally said indifferently:

"Fine."

Jin Yicai showed a look of joy, "Thank you, cousin!"

The black-clad Leader's expression showed neither joy nor anger, only speaking in a deep voice:
"You chose this yourself."

"Of course."

Jin Yicai looked expectant, he could almost envision himself indulging in nightly revelry, fighting tirelessly.

"Good!"

The black-clad Leader said indifferently.

Then he silently took out the pen and ink, following the line on the demon skin paper, drawing a Four Symbols Canine Pattern Formation on Jin Yicai's back.

He used a Bone Pen, dipped in human blood, to draw the Monster Pattern.

This was a process of an Evil Formation, accompanied by sinister pain.

Jin Yicai grimaced in pain, several times trying to struggle to get up, shouting in a hoarse voice.

The black-clad Leader, however, ignored him, like slaughtering a pig, pinning Jin Yicai down on the table, his wrist steady, the pen like a knife, dripping with blood until a Four Symbols Canine Pattern Formation was completed.

After it was drawn, Jin Yicai was soaked in cold sweat, slumped on the ground, panting heavily, intermittently saying:

"Cousin... It's just drawing a Formation, why is it so painful? It's as if my flesh and the Formation Patterns are forcefully sewn together..."

The black-clad Leader's expression remained unchanged, but his gaze grew more disdainful.

If he can't endure this little pain, what kind of cultivator can he be?

How does he expect to achieve anything?

But he did not speak it out, instead simply saying:

"This Four Symbols Formation is quite special, emphasizing the fusion of Formation and flesh. You have been negligent in Body Refinement, naturally, you feel pain, but it will get better afterward."

Jin Yicai's face was somewhat pale, "Cousin, this Formation only has to be drawn once, right..."

This pain, he did not want to experience a second time.

The black-clad Leader nodded, "Yes."

Jin Yicai breathed a sigh of relief.

Then he thought of having the Formation tattooed and soon being able to "exert his might", indulging in pleasures, and his displeasure quickly dissipated.

Enduring some suffering was not unacceptable.

Jin Yicai then asked: "When can I leave the Valley?"

Mo Hua, who was eavesdropping, stirred with this remark.

Leave the Valley?

The black-clad Leader replied: "Not for now, wait for the next opening."

Jin Yicai nodded.

Although he was eager to immediately return to his cave mansion in the Sever Gold Sect — no matter how small his cave mansion, it's still better than the Valley of Ten Thousand Demons.

But there are priorities, and he wasn't really that brainless.

The black-clad Leader said: "You go back first, wait for the Four Symbols Formation on your body to integrate with your flesh, then come again, the key part will come afterward."

Jin Yicai hesitated, "Then..."

The black-clad Leader understood his concern, snorted coldly in his heart, indifferently said: "The formations to be used afterward are different, not as bloody and painful."

Jin Yicai felt relieved, cupped his hands and said: "Cousin, I'll let you get back to your work, I won't disturb you further."

With that said, he turned and left.

After Jin Yicai left, the black-clad Leader looked at his departing back, stood there for a while, then couldn't help but sneer:

"Relying on this kind of character, it's a wonder that the Sever Gold Sect hasn't declined..."

"Constantly chasing fame and fortune, soaking in honey, fed with Heavenly Materials and Earthly Treasures... only to teach generation after generation of... what kind of things are these."

The black-clad Leader's gaze grew colder.

Afterward, he walked to the center of the hall, continued to look at the Formation Diagram on the demon skin paper, seemingly studying something.

For a moment, the hall fell quiet.

Amidst the flickering lights, only the sound of paper shuffling could be heard.

No one was chatting, so Mo Hua had nothing to eavesdrop on.

Hiding behind the statue, he couldn't do anything else, momentarily feeling bored.

He had no idea how much time had passed, just as Mo Hua felt idle, the black-clad Leader suddenly started moving again.

He glanced at the Sundial Plate on the table, closed the demon skin paper, and murmured softly: "The hour has come..."

Mo Hua paused.

The hour has come?

What hour has come?

Just then, as he wondered, he noticed the black-clad Leader suddenly walking towards him.

Mo Hua's heart was slightly startled, but upon taking a closer look, realized that the black-clad Leader hadn't noticed him after all, but walked straight to the statue of the Sheep-Horned Demon Monster, and slowly knelt down.

He knelt very devoutly.

At the same time, he mumbled solemnly: "Boundless Wilderness, Supreme Divinity..."

"Its life immortal, its longevity infinite..."

"Seek blessings from Divine Lord, grant me great Divine Thought..."

"Seek guidance from Gentleman, grant me the essence of Formations Dao."

...

Yet Mo Hua listened, feeling increasingly uneasy, then at this moment, that black-clad Leader kowtowed three times before the Demon Monster statue.

After the three kowtows, a mystical and sinister Divine Thought Aura arose from his body.

On his shoulder and head, a blood-red silhouette slowly emerged.

This blood-red silhouette had an eerie and frightening aura, looking like a Gentleman, but the blood was blurry, unable to see the face clearly.

Mo Hua's pupils suddenly contracted.

A familiar name slowly floated into his mind:

"Mr. Tu!"