

## The Quest 431

Chapter 431: Hundred Flower Tower (1)

Mo Hua had made up his mind.

Since Hundred Flower Tower was equipped with the Expose Dust Formation, hiding oneself would reveal flaws, then why not just not hide at all and go in openly and aboveboard?

Only, given his young age, others might not let him enter.

In that case, he needed to find a leader.

In South Yue City, the person he was most familiar with was Situ Fang.

But he couldn't possibly go to Sister Situ and ask her to take him into a brothel.

She would definitely refuse.

Moreover, she would probably think that he had been led astray, damaging his reputation.

Though he was young, he was already a first-grade Formation Master, considered to be a reputable Cultivator, so the reputation was still very important.

Apart from that, the one who was most familiar with Mo Hua was Elder Su, whom he often drank tea with.

Also, whenever Elder Su talked about brothels, it was always in a jovial manner as if he was quite familiar with them; it was likely that he often visited them in private.

Asking him was definitely the right move.

Mo Hua watched Elder Su with a bright and intent gaze.

Elder Su stiffened.

Mo Hua's simple and direct response allowed all of Elder Su's conjectures about secretive schemes to collapse.

This wasn't what he had expected...

He had thought that Mo Hua was calculating, aiming for something secretive, unwilling to be known by others, and unspeakable.

Yet, this matter turned out to be about going to a brothel—how should he approach this...

It was actually reasonable...

Elder Su was momentarily stunned and stroked his beard, then thought about it again.

Seemingly... there were no problems with it.

It indeed was something secret, unwilling to be known by others, unspeakable, and required subtle inquiries...

Only, this...

Elder Su looked at Mo Hua, whose eyes were clear and innocent, and said tactfully,

"Isn't this matter a bit too 'early' for you...?"

Mo Hua's face remained stern as he solemnly said,

"I have serious business."

Elder Su felt somewhat distressed.

You say such a serious matter with such a serious face, it's hard for me to remain serious too...

Elder Su thought for a moment then said, "Why don't you look through the genealogy that Lu Family Head gave you, see if there's any girl that catches your eye, secretly tell me, and I'll go speak with Lu Family Head for you, to set an engagement early?"

Mo Hua furrowed his brow, "I really have serious business!"

Elder Su was taken aback, "Really?"

"Yes," Mo Hua earnestly nodded.

Elder Su felt a bit embarrassed and quietly asked,

"Can you tell me what the matter is? Of course, this is a private matter, you don't have to say."

Mo Hua thought for a moment and then said,

"Wasn't I asking you to help me find a Gentleman with the last name 'Yan'?"

Elder Su was surprised, "Is he into that sort of thing too?"

Mo Hua silently looked at Elder Su.

Realizing his slip of the tongue, Elder Su became somewhat flustered and quickly corrected himself,

"This Mr. Yan, is he also a fellow practitioner?"

Mo Hua's gaze towards him grew even more complex.

Elder Su lightly tapped his mouth, realizing the more he spoke, the more mistakes he made, so he simply stopped talking about it and instead asked,

"Is there really a clue about this Mr. Yan in the brothels on Jinhua Street?"

Mo Hua wasn't too sure himself; there might be clues, but then again, there might not be.

Mr. Yan had gone missing without a trace, and he didn't have any clues yet.

Mo Hua's main purpose this time was to look for that gray-clothed Cultivator who had hired someone to kill and buy corpses.

Mr. Yan had disappeared in the mines, and those mines were connected to the gray-clothed Cultivator.

There could be a connection between the two.

Of course, these things were not appropriate to mention plainly.

So Mo Hua simply said, "There should be."

"I see..."

Elder Su looked at Mo Hua and gradually felt relieved.

So he was worried about his mentor and looking for clues.

He really had misunderstood the kid before...

Then Elder Su said, "No problem, I've got this covered. I'll take you there!"

Mo Hua said, "And my elder martial brothers and sisters that you've met."

Elder Su hesitated for a moment but then also nodded,

"No problem."

"Thank you, Elder Su!" Mo Hua said with a smile and then added with some concern, "We're young, so there's no problem with you taking us there, right?"

Elder Su laughed and said, "It's alright, a brothel isn't only for romantic affairs, there are also performers; listening to songs and watching dances are quite enjoyable too."

Mo Hua nodded his head in agreement, feeling grateful in his heart.

Elder Su had really helped a lot this time.

Mo Hua pondered for a moment, then decided to repay Elder Su's kindness, and whispered to him:

"Elder Su, the Formation you drew before had a slight issue, which I didn't mention to you, fearing you would feel embarrassed. However, acknowledging mistakes allows for improvement in Formation, so I will now secretly tell you where you went wrong..."

Elder Su was stunned, his emotions incredibly complex, uncertain of how to react.

He listened with a mix of amusement and disbelief as Mo Hua pointed out the problems with his Formation.

As he listened, Elder Su's expression grew serious.

Every word from Mo Hua was accurate; he had indeed made a mistake.

Elder Su frowned slightly.

But the issue was that the Formation he drew seemed to have been given only a fleeting glance by Mo Hua, who had not looked at it in detail.

Just a glance, and the problem was found?

Elder Su couldn't help feeling secretly alarmed.

How profound must this young gentleman's mastery of Formations be...

...

After Mo Hua left, he shared about the favor Elder Su had promised to him with Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi.

"We'll dress up as scholar boys and accompany Elder Su to the Hundred Flower Tower."

"Alright."

Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi nodded in agreement.

Three nights later, as the lanterns were first lit, Jinhua Street glowed brightly.

Mo Hua and his companions followed Elder Su to the Hundred Flower Tower.

All three of them were dressed in the light cyan clothes of scholar boys.

Mo Hua was delicately good-looking, Bai Zisheng tall and heroic, while Bai Zixi tied up her long hair, donning the guise of a young boy.

Her complexion was fair, and while her appearance was more subdued than before, it was still exquisite. With a cool temperament and slender eyes, there was a captivating beauty to her nobility.

Both Mo Hua and Bai Zisheng watched her with admiration.

Elder Su was also momentarily taken aback, inwardly certain that Mo Hua's fellow disciples must have remarkable backgrounds.

Such appearance and poise could not be ordinary.

Elder Su treated them with much more respect.

Jinhua Street bustled with opulence and indulgence.

The trio followed closely behind Elder Su along Jinhua Street towards the Hundred Flower Tower.

There was more than one brothel on Jinhua Street.

Whenever they passed other establishments like Red Happy Courtyard, Yicui Tower, or similar places, there were always female cultivators smiling flirtatiously at Elder Su, exclaiming:

"Elder Su, it has been so long since you've graced this one with your presence."

Elder Su felt excruciatingly embarrassed, wishing he could hide his face.

It would have been one thing normally, but now he was in the company of these three youngsters; if he tainted his image in Mo Hua's eyes, it would be disastrous.

All the way, Elder Su tried to appear composed, but his old face reddened with embarrassment.

However, the lights of the street were also red, casting everyone's faces in a rosy glow, so Elder Su's discomfort went unnoticed.

After a torturous walk, Elder Su finally brought Mo Hua and his companions to the grand entrance of the Hundred Flower Tower.

Indeed, a thinly-clad woman came out to meet them, frowning woefully:

"Elder Su, you haven't visited in so long..."

Elder Su coughed, "Today, I'm just here to listen to music and watch the dance."

Upon hearing this, the woman quickly composed herself and greeted them with a pleasant smile:

"Very well, this way please, Elder Su."

Elder Su handed over a pouch of Spirit Stones, "Prepare a pot of the best State Color Fragrant Wine, brew a furnace of fresh Emergent-Lotus Tea, and a box of the finest assortment of pastries from Hundred Flowers..."

The woman beamed with joy, "Certainly."

Elder Su glanced at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua nodded in acknowledgment.

Elder Su then led Mo Hua to a spacious and refined private seat in front of the flower hall, separated by a Shuixian and Hibiscus screen.

Once they were seated, Mo Hua couldn't help complimenting him:

"Elder Su, you're quite adept at this."

Elder Su smiled and was about to nod, but halfway through, he realized what he was doing and immediately shook his head:

"I'm not, really not, this is only my first... second time coming here."

He was too embarrassed to exaggerate too much.

"Oh."

Mo Hua clearly didn't believe him.



Under Mo Hua's gaze, Elder Su felt as if he were sitting on pins and needles and tried to change the subject, saying:

"Young gentleman, weren't you looking for someone? You could ask the ladies here."

Mo Hua nodded and questioned:

"How should I go about it?"

Elder Su coughed a few times, and a woman approached, smiling and bowing respectfully:

"Does the Elder have any instructions?"

"Summon some ladies who are well-mannered, discreet, lightly made-up without excessive powder, not too flamboyant, and younger..."

Elder Su ordered with practiced ease, and the woman went to carry out his command.

Composed and nodding, Elder Su turned to Mo Hua and saw a look of awe on his face, with those big eyes blinking admiringly.

Just as Mo Hua was about to speak, Elder Su hastily said:

"I heard... heard it from someone else, I'm really not familiar, not at all..."

Chapter 432: Female Cultivator (1)

...

Elder Su had even become skilled at saying "I'm not familiar."

Mo Hua expressed understanding and nodded, saying,

"Don't worry, Elder Su, I understand."

Elder Su sighed helplessly, feeling as if he had no way to defend himself.

Fortunately, it wasn't long before a group of young female cultivators fluttered in like a flock of swallows.

Elder Su breathed a sigh of relief.

It was good to have young girls around.

With young girls present, Mo Hua wouldn't keep staring at him.

Elder Su then asked Mo Hua with a smile, "What do you think?"

Mo Hua began to size up the group of female cultivators.

Indeed, as per Elder Su's instructions, they were all young, their makeup faint, with no pretense or coquettish gestures, standing in a row prim and proper.

As Mo Hua sized them up, the group of young girls was also taking in Mo Hua and his companions.

They were used to seeing Elder Su, nothing out of the ordinary there.

What surprised them were the three little cultivators with Mo Hua.

Their eyes shimmered as they looked at Mo Hua and the others.

Mo Hua's features were picturesque, Bai Zisheng had sharp brows and starry eyes, and Bai Zixi possessed stunningly beautiful phoenix eyebrows.

The female cultivators' gaze towards Mo Hua was filled with affection; towards Bai Zisheng, it held admiration;

But when they looked at Bai Zixi, their faces would blush, and they even lowered their eyes, not daring to look directly, only casting furtive, rippling glances at her.

This baffled Mo Hua.

Mo Hua also stole a glance at Bai Zixi.

Bai Zixi sensed it and turned to look at Mo Hua, asking with confusion,

"What's wrong?"

Mo Hua frowned and muttered,

"Something's not right..."

Despite wearing men's clothes and possessing an androgynous allure, one could still tell she was a woman from her eyebrows and eyes.

Why were these female cultivators staring at their junior sister so intently?

And even blushing at that.

Mo Hua didn't understand.

Bai Zixi saw Mo Hua frowning, thinking he felt unwell, so she moved closer. Side by side, Bai Zixi reached out her delicate hand and touched Mo Hua's forehead. After a moment, she said with slight concern,

"Your forehead is a bit hot."

Upon looking down, she asked in confusion, "Why is your face also red?"

Mo Hua's fair cheeks were flushed.

"It's... a bit stuffy," Mo Hua replied evasively.

Bai Zixi glanced around at the lush surroundings, thinking Mo Hua was overwhelmed by the scent of rouge, and said,

"We shouldn't come to such places next time."

"Mhm," Mo Hua nodded softly in response.

The sight of Mo Hua's blushing face was witnessed by Elder Su.

Elder Su was pleased to nod his head.

That was more like it.

That was the way a young boy should look.

Mo Hua, this little gentleman, was usually too shrewd, his speech watertight, his eyes lively and profound, making him inscrutable.

Being stared at by him, even Elder Su felt a bit guilty.

Now this shy and blushing appearance was much more comfortable to look at.

Then again, Elder Su recalled that he, too, had been flustered and even redder than Mo Hua when he first came here.

As Elder Su reminisced about the past and felt nostalgic, he remembered something and asked,

"Young Master, didn't you want to ask about something?"

Mo Hua then remembered, stealthily took a sip of tea to calm his nerves, and began to speak,

"Ladies, I'm trying to inquire about someone."

The female cultivators looked at each other.

Those who come here are guests, and according to the rules of the establishment, they couldn't reveal the identities of guests.

Elder Su said, "If he asks, you just tell him, it won't cause any trouble."

After speaking, Elder Su placed a jade bracelet on the table and said, "Whoever answers correctly will get this bracelet."

The bracelet was luxurious and exquisitely smooth, with the flow of spiritual energy around it, clearly a fine item.

The eyes of the female cultivators lit up, and they all nodded their heads.

"Please ask, Young Master, if we know, we will surely tell you," they responded.

Mo Hua then asked, "Have you seen a gentleman who looks like a Formation Master among your patrons at the Hundred Flower Tower before?"

The female cultivators paused, then all silently turned their gaze towards Elder Su.

Elder Su exclaimed angrily, "It wasn't me!"

The female cultivators looked away bashfully.

After reflecting quietly, a female cultivator in green spoke up,

"Although there are not many cultivators like that, there are still a considerable number. Does the Young Master have any other clues?"

Mo Hua gave a brief description of Instructor Yan's appearance and demeanor.

"...His expression is serious, somewhat rigid, but conscientious and responsible."

The female cultivators all shook their heads.

Mo Hua frowned and glanced at Elder Su again, apologizing as he spoke,

"Elder Su, may I ask them some questions alone?"

Elder Su was slightly taken aback, realizing that there might be some secrets that required his absence, and nodded, saying,

"All right, I'll go next door to listen to some music. Take your time asking."

Mo Hua smiled and said, "Thank you, Elder Su."

Elder Su got up and left.

Mo Hua then wanted to inquire about the grey-robed cultivator, and began to say,

"You... "

...

Halfway through his questioning, Mo Hua sensed something and suddenly stopped. He rose to his feet, ran over to the screen, poked his little head around it, and called out to the room next door:

"Elder Su, no eavesdropping."

Elder Su was shocked. "How did you know that?"

He had been preparing to eavesdrop, but after having heard just two words, he was discovered by Mo Hua.

He himself was a Foundation Building Cultivator, with a Divine Sense adequate for Foundation Establishment. Could it really be that even a brief instance of eavesdropping would be detected by Mo Hua?

That Divine Sense of yours is somewhat outrageous, isn't it...

Or does Mo Hua have other methods?

Nonetheless, being caught eavesdropping was quite embarrassing.

Elder Su's face turned red, and too embarrassed to deny it, he coughed and said sheepishly:

"Go ahead and ask, I'm not listening anymore."

Mo Hua nodded in satisfaction.

After returning to his seat and confirming that Elder Su was no longer eavesdropping, and that no other cultivators were either, Mo Hua then asked:

"Have you seen any strange cultivators at the Hundred Flower Tower?"

The female cultivators were all somewhat startled.

"What do you mean by strange?"

The cultivators who frequented brothels varied widely, and although some might be considered strange compared to ordinary cultivators, within the brothel, such oddities were not particularly unusual.

After all, this kind of place harbored all kinds of filth and degeneracy, so peculiar and bizarre cultivators were hardly a rare sight.

Mo Hua thought for a moment, then said:

"One with a strange scent."

"What kind of strange scent?"

Mo Hua's gaze tightened, "Cold, faint, like rot, as if...the smell of a dead person."

Hearing this, the crowd of female cultivators jumped in alarm.

They hadn't expected that Mo Hua, at such a young age, would ask such a strange and eerie question.

But a cold scent of decay, the smell of death...

What kind of cultivator was this?

The female cultivators all furrowed their brows but shook their heads one after another.

Mo Hua looked somewhat disappointed and said:

"Thank you, sisters. You can go now."

Afterward, he warned them, "But don't talk about our conversation with anyone else, okay? It would be very dangerous."

The female cultivators' hearts chilled, and they all nodded their heads.

Mo Hua then gave each of them a Spirit Stone.

They couldn't help but smile warmly, thanking him in unison: "Thank you, Young Master," and then filed out.

As the female cultivators left, Mo Hua stopped the one dressed in green.



"Sister, could you brew a pot of tea for me?"

Mo Hua asked with a smile.

The woman in green was taken aback, but then she also smiled and said:

"I dare not refuse a command from the Young Master."

So the woman in green sat at the table, lit the fire, started the stove, poured the water, steeped the tea, and gently simmered it.

Mo Hua then quietly asked her:

"You know about that cultivator, don't you?"

The woman's expression turned frantic, then she composed herself and said with a smile:

"Young Master must be joking."

Mo Hua whispered, "It's just us here, no one is eavesdropping, and your sisters don't know what you've said. You can just tell me quietly."

The woman in green hesitated.

Mo Hua then stuffed Elder Su's jade bracelet into her hand, "This is for you."

The woman in green was startled, her face lighting up with happiness, and then she struggled with her emotions. After a moment of hesitation and a determined look in her eyes, she nodded and said:

"Alright."

"Sister, what's your name?"

"Qinglan."

Mo Hua asked, "Sister Qinglan, have you ever seen that cold, rot-smelling cultivator?"

Qinglan's expression became solemn, and she nodded.

Mo Hua waited for her to continue.

Qinglan then said, "That person is a regular at the Hundred Flower Tower, always dressed in grey, often with his face covered, his features unclear..."

"He stays here often but vanishes like a ghost; I don't know when he comes in, nor when he leaves."

"He carries an odd odor with him. At first, I only found it strange and couldn't identify it, but now that you've mentioned it, Young Master, I realize that the scent does resemble...the smell of the dead..."

Qinglan's face showed both fear and panic.

Mo Hua poured her a cup of hot tea.

After drinking the tea, Qinglan felt somewhat better.

Mo Hua pressed on, "How did you come to know him?"

Qinglan stammered, "I'm close to Sister Yulan, and he used to stay with her. I've seen him several times."

"But he's somewhat eerie, so I was afraid and didn't interact with him much."

Mo Hua asked further, "Does he always stay with Sister Yulan each time?"

Qinglan nodded, "He used to."

"He used to?"

Qinglan lowered her head, gripping her clothes tightly, her fingers turning white, "Yes."

Mo Hua furrowed his brows, "Did something happen?"

Qinglan pursed her lips, trying to hold back, but tears still ran down her cheeks, "Sister Yulan... she's dead..."

Mo Hua was taken aback, "Dead?"

Qinglan turned pale, "Not just Sister Yulan. It's said that all the sisters who once served him died mysteriously in the end..."

"Sister Yulan is dead..."

"And next, it'll be my turn..."

Chapter 433: Lonely (1)

"Why did it fall to you?"

Qinglan hesitated for a moment, then slowly said,

"I went to see Sister Yulan, and he saw me. He stared at me for a long time, with eyes like a venomous snake, sticky and disgusting..."

"I guess he harbors ill intentions."

"And after Sister Yulan died, Mother also told me..."

"Mother?" Mo Hua was slightly startled.

Qinglan looked around, and seeing no one else, she whispered, "It's the female brothel keeper."

Mo Hua nodded.

The female brothel keeper is the old matron of the brothel, whose girls she raises, referred to as "Mother".

Qinglan continued, "Mother also told me that there's a client who specifically asked for me... I inquired who this client was, and Mother gave a smile that wasn't quite a smile and didn't clarify."

"I asked her over and over, and Mother got angry, hit me, scolded me, saying that I've grown too bold to question her like this, and even said I was a financial loss, that it would serve me right even if I died..."

Mo Hua frowned and said, "Your Mother is really mean."

Qinglan dared not speak ill of the female brothel keeper and just nodded slightly.

"What happened next?" Mo Hua asked.

Qinglan said, "Then, I guessed that he must want me to accompany that man in gray."

"After Sister Yulan died, there have been some other sisters who didn't survive either."

"I, I..."

Qinglan couldn't go on and silently wiped away her tears.

Mo Hua poured her another cup of tea and comforted her softly,

"Don't worry, nothing will happen to you."

With tears on her cheeks, Qinglan clung to a lifeline, her eyes full of hope,

"I won't die...?"

"Everyone has to die," Mo Hua said matter-of-factly.

Qinglan: "..."

Mo Hua set her small face firmly, "But before he harms you, he will definitely die first!"

Although Qinglan felt that the words were somewhat ambiguous, she still felt comforted and slowly let out a sigh of relief.

She didn't know the origin of this young gentleman, but seeing his young age and how even Elder Su respected him greatly, she assumed his status was extraordinary and a hint of hope grew in her heart.

"Have you told these things to anyone else?" Mo Hua asked curiously.

Qinglan shook her head and said bitterly,

"Who would I tell? Sister Yulan is dead, the other sisters are living on borrowed time, and who knows when they'll displease a client and get beaten till they can't leave their bed, and Mother is... not of a good temper..."

Mo Hua listened with a frown, "Is there no one in charge here?"

Qinglan gave a bitter smile, "We lowly people are only used for others' entertainment; who would care if we live or die?"

Mo Hua felt uncomfortable hearing this, "What about your parents?"

Qinglan's eyes dimmed, "I was sold here by my parents."

At this, Mo Hua was momentarily taken aback, and Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi looked at her with sympathy.

Mo Hua was silent for a while, then quietly asked,

"Do you hate your parents?"

Qinglan shook her head, "I don't. They're already dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes." Qinglan nodded, "They died of starvation."

With tears glistening in her eyes and a bit of a choke in her voice, Qinglan said,

"My parents... sold me to the brothel so that I wouldn't starve to death. Even the Spirit Stone they got for selling me... they secretly gave it to me, so that I could survive..."

Hearing this, Mo Hua felt a pang of sorrow, "Were they Mining Cultivators?"

Qinglan nodded, "Yes. My father mined for the Lu Family, and when the mine collapsed, he broke a leg and was invaded by Filthy Qi into his heart meridians, unable to mine anymore..."

"My mother struggled to support the family, toiled too hard, fell seriously ill. Both of them knew they wouldn't live long, so they sold me to the brothel, as a last resort to keep me alive..."

Mo Hua's gaze hardened, "Is this brothel owned by the Lu Family?"

"Yes," Qinglan said, "Not just this brothel, but most of Jinhua Street, the business of food, drink, prostitution, gambling, mostly belongs to the Lu Family..."

"Then do you want to leave the brothel?"

Qinglan gave a sorrowful shake of her head, "There's no way out."

Mo Hua frowned, deep in thought, murmuring to herself,

"The Lu Family, huh..."

Bai Zisheng whispered to Mo Hua, "This Lu Family doesn't seem like good news either."

He pondered, "Qian Family, Sun Family, Lu Family... these families, none seem to be good..."

Bai Zisheng suddenly startled, "Our Bai Family wouldn't also be bad, would it..."

Bai Zixi's beautiful eyes were sharp as she glanced at him.

Mo Hua wasn't sure what to say to him.

Bai Zisheng scratched his head, muttering, "That's really hard to say..."

Mo Hua shook her head and then asked,

"Sister Qinglan, do you know what level of Cultivation that gray-clothed Cultivator is?"

Qinglan furrowed her brow, "I'm not entirely sure."

"Not being sure is also okay."

After hesitating, Qinglan then said, "I guess he might be a Foundation Building Cultivator..."

"That's what Sister Yulan told me. She said his Cultivation was profound. Sister Yulan was in the later stages of Qi Refinement, so he must be at the Foundation Establishment level..."

Mo Hua shook her head slightly.

If he's at Foundation Building... that would be somewhat problematic.

"When does he usually come to the brothel?"

"He comes on the fourth and fourteenth of every month, then the duration of his stay varies."

"I understand."

Mo Hua nodded. She pointed to the jade bracelet in Qinglan's hand, "Keep this bracelet safe. Don't let anyone see it. On the fourth, I'll come claiming you stole Elder Su's jade bracelet, and we'll come questioning you."

"That way, whether we succeed or not, it won't implicate you."

Qinglan looked at Mo Hua and asked in a low voice,

"What are you guys planning to do?"

"You don't need to worry about that."

Qinglan nodded, looking at Mo Hua and the other two, her worries still evident,

"You are young; don't get caught up in that gray-clothed man's schemes in an attempt to rescue me. He's somber and sinister, likely devious in his actions..."

Bai Zisheng said, "Don't worry."

He pointed to Mo Hua, "You might not think much of him because of his age, but he's got no less cunning in his belly than anyone else..."

Mo Hua was displeased, "Who has a belly full of bad tricks?"

Bai Zisheng looked skyward, pretending he hadn't said anything.



Mo Hua muttered, "A belly full of bad tricks is still better than being a fool..."

"Oh, you're calling your senior brother a fool again?"

"And you were saying your junior brother is full of mischief?"

...

The two bickered in hushed tones.

Bai Zixi, helpless, slapped each of them on the back.

The slap on Bai Zisheng was harder, while that on Mo Hua was gentler due to his frailty.

Bai Zisheng grimaced in pain and said:

"Zixi, you're biased!"

Bai Zixi ignored him and simply said to Mo Hua, "Let's focus on the matter at hand, head back earlier."

"Mm-hmm."

Mo Hua acknowledged.

Afterward, Mo Hua inquired about some details, then instructed Qinglan:

"Sister Qinglan, you go back first, don't talk about this to anyone, and don't show any signs. We will come looking for you in a few days."

Qinglan pursed her lips, nodded solemnly, and then left.

Mo Hua went to seek out Elder Su.

Elder Su was leisurely drinking wine, listening to music, and watching the female cultivators dance gracefully on stage.

Upon seeing Mo Hua, Elder Su queried:

"Are you done asking?"

Mo Hua nodded.

"Good." Elder Su didn't probe further, as these matters were considered the private affairs of cultivators, and inquiring rashly was impolite.

"Little gentleman, will you stay to play for a while, or..."

"It's getting late, I should head home," Mo Hua said.

This statement made perfect sense coming from Mo Hua, but hearing it in a brothel at that time felt rather odd.

Elder Su expressed his regret, "Alright then."

Mo Hua saw the look of unfulfilled desire on his face and whispered:

"How about this, we head back first, and Elder Su, you can stay a while longer?"

Elder Su seemed tempted but hurriedly shook his head:

"No, no, no, what kind of person do you take me for? I'm not familiar with this place and there's nothing... no real fun to be had here..."

Elder Su said insincerely.

Mo Hua looked at Elder Su with a smile that was not quite a smile.

Feeling Mo Hua's gaze, Elder Su felt somewhat sheepish.

Soon, the group left Hundred Flower Tower, with Elder Su looking a bit downcast along the way.

This was his first experience of such "virtuous conduct," passing through fields of flowers untouched.

To thank Elder Su, Mo Hua presented him with some rare Formation Diagrams.

Elder Su was somewhat shocked, "Is this for me?"

Mo Hua nodded. "It's the least I can do."

Only then did Elder Su cheer up, forgetting all about the flirtatious beauties as he flipped through the Formation Diagrams, unable to put them down.

As they walked, Mo Hua suddenly asked Elder Su:

"Elder, the girls in Hundred Flower Tower, are they all pretty miserable?"

Elder Su paused, and the smile on his face gradually faded.

He sighed. "Yes, they are."

"Most of them come from the mines, sold into the brothel, lives adrift like duckweed, rarely meeting a good end. Even if one wanted to help, it's not feasible..."

Curious, Mo Hua asked, "Have you thought about helping them?"

Elder Su nodded and then looked rather embarrassed, "Although I do have personal desires and occasionally linger here, it's always consensual, and I cannot bear to see them treated so poorly."

"But I cannot help them."

"Even if I could, I might only help one or two. With so many brothels on Jinhua Street and so many female cultivators, I can't help everyone..."

"Besides, even if I could help them, it would be futile."

Elder Su sighed again.

"Why is that?" Mo Hua queried.

Elder Su pointed to the dark mines in the distance, his tone grave:

"The root of these brothels is not on this street but in the mines."

"As long as the Mining Cultivators in the mines remain impoverished, forced to sell their sons and daughters, these brothels will stand forever, never lacking female cultivators..."

"Of course, there are those who have fallen willingly, who do not cherish themselves, but they are a minority."

"The majority of female cultivators abhor this life, not wishing to spend their days in such a quagmire..."

Elder Su took a deep breath, sounding somewhat powerless:

"But this isn't a problem Foundation Building Cultivators can resolve."

Mo Hua's gaze flickered as if contemplating something.

Then he praised, "Elder Su, you are a good man."

Elder Su smiled and nodded, but after a moment, he paused, then quickly shook his head:

"No, no, it's not that, it has nothing to do with me, all this is something I heard from a 'Taoist Friend'..."

Mo Hua said, "This 'Taoist Friend' you spoke of..."

Elder Su waved his hand, "It's not me, not me..."

...

The issue of the brothel couldn't be solved for now, and Mo Hua decided to focus on tracking down the grey-clothed cultivator.

After parting with Elder Su, Mo Hua and the three gathered in their cave dwelling to discuss.

"Should we slaughter that grey-clothed cultivator?" Bai Zisheng asked.

Mo Hua clenched his small hand, "Capture first, interrogate next, then execute!"

"It's difficult to capture a Foundation Establishment, isn't it?"

Mo Hua nodded, "It's a bit tricky, just the three of us."

"So what do you plan to do?" Bai Zisheng asked.

Mo Hua thought for a moment, then whispered conspiratorially, "We report it to the Taoist Court Official..."

"Report?"

"Yes." Mo Hua said assertively, "This man hires killers and traffics bodies, violating the Taoist Law, utterly sinful. It's natural to report it to the Taoist Court Official. They'll capture him; why should we exert the effort?"

Bai Zisheng said, "But if the Taoist Court Official catches him, won't we be unable to find out the information?"

"We won't," Mo Hua said mysteriously, "The Taoist Court has our people!"

Bai Zixi was somewhat puzzled, "Our people... do you mean Sister Situ? She can't really be considered 'our people'..."

"Whether she is or not doesn't matter; the result is the same."

As long as the Court Officials can extract the information, by asking Situ Fang, he would surely know everything clearly.

With their good relationship, Situ Fang would definitely not hide anything from him.

So, ending up in the hands of the Court is as good as being caught by them.

Bai Zisheng then asked, "What if the Taoist Court Official can't capture him?"

Mo Hua said in a low voice, "Then we'll just have to let the snipe and the clam fight, and reap the benefits like the fisherman..."

#### Chapter 434: Taking Action (1)

The next day, Mo Hua went to the Taoist Court to make an accusation.

He found Situ Fang and recounted how the grey-clothed cultivator hired an assassin to commit murder, hid in the brothel, and even caused the death of a female cultivator from the brothel.

Situ Fang stared at Mo Hua in shock, "How do you know so much?"

The Taoist Court hadn't uncovered anything yet.

Mo Hua said, "I went to the brothel, and by chance, I accidentally happened to overhear..."

Situ Fang's eyes widened, "You went to the brothel?!"

"Just to listen to the music, watch the dancing. It got late, so I went home..." Mo Hua said, a bit guiltily.

Situ Fang's gaze grew stern, "You can't go there again!"

Walking by the river often leads to wet shoes. Situ Fang feared Mo Hua would pick up bad habits.

Mo Hua nodded repeatedly, "Don't worry, I was there on serious business. Who would go to the brothel for no reason? I am very busy."

He had to cultivate, learn formations, cook for his master and fellow disciples, fry pine nuts for Old Kui, and indeed, he also had to feed grass to Big White.

He was indeed very busy.

Situ Fang sighed, "Fine, as long as you are aware of what you're doing."

Mo Hua then asked, "Have you thought about how to capture that grey-clothed cultivator?"

Situ Fang frowned, "The Taoist Court will figure out a way to handle this, you don't need to..."

"Is the Taoist Court really up to the task?"

Mo Hua's gaze was somewhat profound.

Situ Fang paused, thought it over with patience, and seemed unsure.

The grey-clothed cultivator had been hiring murderers and trafficking in bodies for decades. What was his identity, what background did he have, and what was his connection to the Taoist Court? She was not certain either.

If there were any collusion with the internal members of the Taoist Court, reporting to the Court Leader would be like startling the snake in the grass. Even if they acted meticulously, it would likely be a case of wasted effort, bringing no fruitful result.

After pondering for a moment, Situ Fang said, "I will call over some people from my clan."

"From the clan?"

Situ Fang nodded, "The Situ Family has a Foundation Building Cultivator in South Yue City. I'll ask him to make a move, and then report to the Taoist Court afterwards, to take action first and report later."

Mo Hua then felt at ease.

He was a bit skeptical of the Taoist Court in South Yue City, but he trusted Situ Fang.

Mo Hua relayed all the information about Qinglan to Situ Fang without missing a single detail and then discussed the timing, location, and method of the capture.

After everything was agreed upon, Situ Fang thought for a moment and said to Mo Hua:

"On the fourth day of the month, you'd better not go."

Mo Hua shook his head, "I need to be there, and besides, how would you contact Sister Qinglan without me?"

Situ Fang hesitated, "But the other party is after all at Foundation Establishment..."

"Don't worry," said Mo Hua confidently, "Even if he is at Foundation Establishment, he might not discover me. I could still escape if I wanted to, and besides, I have my fellow disciples."



"Your fellow disciples are also just Qi Refinement, aren't they..."

"Although they are at Qi Refinement, they are very powerful."

Thinking of the profound spiritual power within Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi, Situ Fang let out a sigh and conceded:

"Alright then."

When Mo Hua made up his mind, all she could do is offer advice.

The child's capabilities now seemed to surpass her own, at least in terms of formations.

If he wanted to go, he must have a plan in mind.

When the time came, she would just need to remind the Elder of the Situ Family to keep an eye on Mo Hua and prevent him from getting hurt.

Even if there was a battle at Foundation Establishment, as long as Mo Hua kept his distance, he should be safe.

And Mo Hua was very good at keeping out of harm's way.

She had a profound memory of this from their time in Big Black Mountain.

...

After finalizing the plan, Situ Fang began to deploy her people and arranged some Enforcement Leaders to scout out the Hundred Flower Tower in advance.

These cultivators were all trusted by her, and some were even from the Situ Family.

At the same time, she also paid a visit to South Yue Sect and called out the Elder from the Situ Family who was a guest there.

Meanwhile, Mo Hua continued cultivating and practicing formations.

And he specifically prepared a set of the unique Compass Parent-Child Formation.

This formation would serve a great purpose for him.

When the fourth day arrived and night fell, Mo Hua met with Situ Fang and they entered the Hundred Flower Tower together.

The Enforcement Leaders of the Taoist Court had already infiltrated the place.

The Elder from the Situ Family was already there, drinking wine inside the brothel.

No sooner had Situ Fang entered than she was stopped.

The one who stopped her was a middle-aged to elderly female cultivator, heavily made up, dressed in bold reds and greens, with a smiling face but sharp eyes, possibly over a hundred years old.

This female cultivator was the female brothel keeper of the Hundred Flower Tower.

The brothel keeper detained Situ Fang with polite manners, yet there was a sarcastic tone in her voice:

"Oh, isn't this the Supervisor from the Taoist Court, Situ Fang? What brings you to our Hundred Flower Tower?"

The brothel keeper then pretended to be surprised:

"But... aren't you a maiden? Oh, now I see, perhaps you are... that kind..."

She drew out the last word, then covered her face with a lover's fan and let out a few unkind laughs.

Situ Fang's expression was stern, "I am here on official business."

The laughter from the brothel keeper ceased, and her gaze turned hostile as she said:

"What official business?"

Situ Fang glanced at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua then stepped forward, acting arrogantly and imposingly, "Someone from your Hundred Flower Tower has stolen my belongings!"

Theft...

The female brothel keeper breathed a slight sigh of relief and said with a forced smile:

"Our Hundred Flower Tower conducts legitimate business, and the girls are all very proper. How could they steal anything? Does the Young Master have any evidence for such an accusation?"

Situ Fang, standing to one side, felt her eyebrows twitching with irritation.

Legitimate business? Proper girls?

She wanted to tear the female brothel keeper's nonsense-spouting mouth to shreds.

Mo Hua let out a cold huff, "Isn't there a girl named Qinglan in your establishment?"

The female brothel keeper was slightly taken aback but smiled:

"Yes, there is such a girl."

"That's right," Mo Hua raised his eyebrows, "She stole my jade bracelet, which was a gift from Elder Su!"

"Elder Su..."

The female brothel keeper paused for a moment.

She remembered that Elder Su from the South Yue Sect had indeed visited a few days ago, and this Young Master seemed to have been accompanying Elder Su at that time.

And indeed, Elder Su had chosen Qinglan.

The female brothel keeper frowned slightly, beginning to believe the accusation to some extent.

These girls, accustomed to poverty and unfit for the public eye, might indeed take things that weren't theirs when they saw something valuable.

The female brothel keeper cursed inwardly: "This wretched girl has really caused me trouble!"

However...

The female brothel keeper was somewhat troubled, "Qinglan is currently attending to a client and it is not convenient. I will interrogate her later; if she really took the Young Master's belongings, I will make sure she returns them..."

"This little wretch, ignorant of her place, will be severely reprimanded and taught a lesson..."

The female brothel keeper gritted her teeth, her expression turning rather ugly.

Mo Hua listened with a chill in his gaze, but his tone only grew more unyielding:

"That's unacceptable. How do I know you won't protect her? Call her over right now for an on-the-spot confrontation."

The female brothel keeper hesitated.

Mo Hua sneered, "That jade bracelet is extremely valuable. If it goes missing, you won't be able to bear the responsibility!"

Having said that, Mo Hua added:

"I have asked Supervisor Situ to come as a witness. If your Hundred Flower Tower is protecting Qinglan and has embezzled my jade bracelet, then I will have no choice but to report to the Daoist Court and seek justice."

"This..."

The female brothel keeper felt cornered.

She did not wish to offend Elder Su, and with this Young Master's connection to Elder Su, she couldn't afford to offend him either.

And the Daoist Court was something she wanted to provoke even less.

Though the Hundred Flower Tower had been able to operate for so long by bribing the Daoist Court in South Yue City.

But the higher-ups in the Daoist Court were a pack of insatiable wolves.

Once alarmed, they would surely demand a hefty bribe. It would cost her not only Spirit Stones, but her girls would also be wearied for no gain.

The female brothel keeper bit her lip, "Fine, Young Master, wait a moment, and I will bring that wretched Qinglan here to find out the truth!"

The female brothel keeper stomped off, swaying with feigned indignation.

A short while later, a trembling Qinglan was brought before them.

Mo Hua looked at Qinglan and noticed she had been freshly groomed, with damp hair, a pale complexion, trembling fingers, and faint whip marks on her neck.

Mo Hua let out a cold laugh, pointing at Qinglan:

"You, come here. I have a question for you."

Hope flickered in Qinglan's pained eyes as she slowly made her way to Mo Hua.

Mo Hua's gaze sharpened, and he spoke gravely:

"I ask you, is that 'jade bracelet' with you?"

Qinglan pursed her pale lips and nodded earnestly:

"It is!"

Mo Hua breathed a small sigh of relief and glanced at Situ Fang.

Situ Fang caught the signal and picked up a wine pot from the table, throwing it to the ground in anger:

"This is outrageous!"

The shattering of the wine pot echoed up to the floors above.

The female brothel keeper frowned slightly, sensing something off in their conversation but, at that moment, couldn't pinpoint what it was.

While she was pondering, a powerful wave of Spiritual Power suddenly erupted from the back courtyard's upper floor.

The female brothel keeper's face turned pale.

Guests all stirred, rising in alarm and confusion.

"A Foundation Building Cultivator?!"

A Foundation Building Cultivator was making a move in Hundred Flower Tower!

The hall instantly fell into a clamor and chaos.

In the midst of the chaos, Mo Hua gently pulled the shivering Qinglan behind him, while Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi stood on either side to shield her.

Situ Fang's eyes glinted coldly as she drew her sword and said:

"Someone dares to cause trouble in Hundred Flower Tower? Follow me to quell this disturbance!"

Hidden among the guests, the enforcement leaders of the Daoist Court stood up one after another, brandishing their gleaming blades and leaping toward the upstairs.

The female brothel keeper's jaw dropped at the sight, a chill running through her.

It was over; she had been outmaneuvered!

Chapter 435: Corpse Blood Pill (1)

Situ Fang led the Enforcement Leaders of the Taoist Court into the back courtyard of Hundred Flower Tower.

Moments later, Spiritual Power overflowed, the sounds of battle, cries of alarm, shouts, and the crashing of buildings were all intermingled.

Mo Hua was curious. After thinking for a moment, he said to Qinglan:

"Find somewhere to hide and don't come out, no matter what."

Qinglan was a bit nervous, but still nodded her head.

Afterward, Mo Hua and two others also used their movement techniques to reach the second floor and looked out toward the back courtyard through a window.

Hundred Flower Tower had a front and a back building, with a courtyard in between.

The front building was the main hall, used for hosting banquets and where female cultivators sang and danced, while the back building contained private rooms for the brothel's business.

In the center of the back building was a courtyard with mountains and water, full of blooming flowers.

The courtyard was spacious and the scenery pleasant.

Behind the courtyard was the back building. Three-story buildings surrounded the courtyard on three sides.

The upper levels were connected by corridors, with exquisite rooms, red lanterns hanging in the passageways, and pink curtains; the heavy scent of makeup was overpowering.

Various Formations were laid out between the corridors: there were reinforcing ones, soundproofing ones, dust-exposing ones, and even illuminating ones.

The light pink glow illuminated the entire back building, casting an enchanting and romantic atmosphere.

This made Mo Hua quite unhappy.

In the mines, Mining Cultivators faced grueling work, with life and death hanging in the balance, yet the Formations painted there were exceedingly simple.

Yet, here in Hundred Flower Tower, a place indulgent in pleasure, the Formations were so well established.



They even used Formations to enhance the ambiance and romantic mood.

It was indeed excessive.

Suddenly, a surge of Spiritual Power erupted, bricks shattered, and sawdust flew about.

Mo Hua looked toward the source of the commotion.

He saw that on a second-floor room far away, the doors and windows had been completely smashed, and the surrounding Formations had also been utterly destroyed.

On the corridor, two Foundation Establishment Cultivators were engaged in combat.

One wore black garments, the other gray.

The black-clothed Cultivator was a Foundation Establishment Elder of the Situ Family, named Situ Jin.

And that masked figure in gray, with an aura that was dark and gloomy, was likely the person behind the scenes buying corpses in the mine that Mo Hua was looking for.

Situ Fang, with the Enforcement Leaders from the Taoist Court of South Yue City, surrounded the area to prevent the gray-clothed Cultivator from escaping.

They were all Qi Refinement Cultivators, unable to match the power of Foundation Establishment, but if they formed a battle array, they could trade a blow or two with a Foundation Establishment opponent and delay them briefly.

The Taoist Court cultivators stood ready for combat.

And on the corridor, Situ Jin exchanged a series of blows with the person in gray.

After watching for a while, Mo Hua frowned.

Bai Zisheng whispered:

"This gray-clothed Cultivator seems a bit weak..."

Mo Hua couldn't help but nod, "He is quite weak..."

His moves were deceitful, and his Spiritual Power was also very soft, but his cultivation was truly weak, even among ordinary cultivators at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage, he was at the bottom.

Of all the Foundation Establishment Cultivators that Mo Hua had seen, this gray-clothed one was the weakest.

Even in Tongxian City, the aged Court Leader Zhou and Old Master An, who was not skilled in Taoist Skills, were stronger when they made a move.

The gray-clothed Cultivator was a Body Cultivator, but his vital energy was not strong, and the martial skills he knew were also quite common.

Besides, he seemed to have learned a spell or two.

It looked like the Earth Poison Technique, but he clearly was not a Spiritual Cultivator, and while this spell could deal with Qi Refinement Cultivators, it really wasn't enough against peers of the same stage.

From head to toe, the gray-clothed Cultivator exuded a half-baked air.

Mo Hua's brows furrowed even tighter.

How could he be so weak?

Even he could hardly bear to watch anymore.

The situation on the field was the same, with Situ Jin's palm strikes like a wind, constantly overpowering the gray-clothed Cultivator.

The gray-clothed Cultivator struggled to cope and barely managed to hold on.

He wanted to escape, but the surrounding Enforcement Leaders were blocking him. Every time he tried to break through, he was delayed and then entangled again by Situ Jin.

After dozens more exchanges, the gray-clothed Cultivator, seeing that he was about to be defeated, leaped from the upper floor into the garden below. A gray light flashed around his body, and he suddenly disappeared.

Situ Jin landed afterward, looking around with furrowed brows.

Mo Hua was also surprised and turned to ask:

"What Taoist Skill is this?"

Bai Zisheng hesitated and said, "Is this... an Escape Technique?"

Bai Zixi nodded, "It's the Earth Escape Technique from the Five Elements Escape Techniques."

"Escape Technique?" Mo Hua blinked.

Bai Zixi explained:

"An Escape Technique is actually a type of movement technique, but it's specifically for fleeing. When activated, Spiritual Power envelops the body and merges with the Five Elements of the world, thereby hiding their presence and escaping to safety."

The gray-clothed Cultivator left it until the last moment to use Earth Escape, just to avoid revealing his trump card.

Once an Escape Technique is known, it's much easier for others to be on their guard and counter it.

Mo Hua understood and sincerely praised:

"Junior Sister, you know so much!"

"It's quite simple."

Bai Zixi said indifferently, with her slender eyebrows slightly raised and a faint pride in her eyes.

Bai Zisheng couldn't help but say:

"Mo Hua, you're really good at flattery."

Mo Hua said displeased:

"Telling the truth is not flattery. Besides, why don't I flatter you? It's because you don't know, isn't it?"

Bai Zisheng was at a loss for words.

In terms of knowledge in Tao Cultivation, he indeed could not compare to his younger sister Zixi.

Not just in the knowledge of Tao Cultivation, in fact, he couldn't compare to her in many aspects...  
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Bai Zisheng didn't argue with Mo Hua anymore but frowned and said, "Now that he has used an Escape Technique, is that guy going to escape?"

Mo Hua said with a grin, "He won't get away."

The Divine Sense of the gray-clothed Cultivator was only at ten Patterns.

But Mo Hua's Divine Sense was at twelve Patterns!

Mo Hua's expression became solemn, he closed his eyes, concentrated fully, and projected his Divine Sense to its utmost reach.

In a vision of pure white Divine Sense, he searched for traces of the gray-clothed Cultivator.

After a moment, Mo Hua opened his eyes, and with a flick of his fingers, a ball of fire condensed at the tip.

Chapter 436: Corpse Blood Pill (2)

Then, with a casual gesture, the fireball soared into the garden in an instant, exploding on a patch of grass and turning the vegetation to flying ash.

As the grass turned to ash, a blackened face emerged from the scorched earth.

The monk in grey robes looked confused.

Where did that Fireball Technique come from, and how did it hit him?

This Fireball Technique also caught the attention of Situ Jin.

With that, he also spotted the movements of the monk in grey robes.

Situ Jin, who had been searching to no avail, was invigorated and summoned his Spiritual Power to strike at the monk with a palm.

The monk in grey robes was too slow to dodge and was hit by the palm, revealing his tattered clothes and a face covered in black ash.

Although Mo Hua's Fireball Technique was quite powerful, it wasn't a significant threat to someone at the Foundation Establishment Stage, it merely made his movements appear disheveled.

The monk in grey robes cursed and retreated several steps, then dove into the ground, disappearing from sight.

Situ Jin frowned deeply as he once again could not find his quarry.

Just then, another swift fireball flew through the air, landing in the garden and exploding a bush, forcing the monk in grey robes' movements to be revealed again.

Situ Jin was stunned and looked up at Mo Hua, eyes filled with disbelief.

How could this junior cultivator see through an Earth Escape Technique?

Even as a cultivator at the Foundation Establishment Stage, he couldn't detect the monk's whereabouts.

How did he do it?

But now was not the time for astonishment.

Situ Jin once again employed his movement technique, leapt forward, and attacked the monk in grey robes.

Forced to show himself, the monk looked up and naturally saw Mo Hua standing on the building above.

He was both shocked and enraged and exploded with a curse:

"Damn brat, spoiling my plans, I'll slaughter you..."

But before he could finish, he was interrupted by Situ Jin.

Situ Jin delivered a palm strike, saying coldly,

"Thief, meet your death!"

The monk in grey robes resisted the blow but staggered backward, coughing up blood, and hastily took out a pill to swallow, stabilizing his breath before once again employing the Escape Technique to vanish into the ground.

However, time after time, he was still hit by the Fireball Technique.

Learning from experience, Situ Jin decided not to search on his own and instead struck wherever the Fireball Technique indicated.

The monk in grey robes, like a mole, had just burrowed down when he was mercilessly forced to come back up, filled with extreme frustration.

He almost coughed up blood in his heart.

What was with this kid?

How could he see through his Escape Technique?

After being hit by a few more Fireball Techniques, the monk in grey robes had a sudden realization.

It was Divine Sense!

Had this little brat locked onto him using Divine Sense?!

The monk in grey robes found the concept inconceivable.

A cultivator at the Foundation Establishment Stage was being tracked by a little brat in the Qi Refinement Realm using Divine Sense?

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He didn't have time to be astonished; just confused for a brief moment, he was distracted, and a fireball struck him in the face.

The monk in grey robes felt intense pain all over his face and cursed in hatred.

That damned brat was getting more accurate with every shot...

If this continued, he would fall here.

At the same time, Situ Jin attacked with another palm strike, this time hitting the monk's left shoulder, tearing through his clothes with the force of the wind while also ripping off the black cloth covering his face.

Below the black cloth was a chilling, pale face with no trace of color.

Furious, the monk roared with a hoarse voice:

"You motherfuckers are asking for death!"

He then took out a strange-looking bronze vial with blood patterns on it and fiercely poured the pills inside into his mouth.

"Not good!"

As soon as he produced the vial, Situ Jin knew something was wrong and immediately acted, striking with a palm.

Although he didn't know what the pill was, he had to prevent the monk from swallowing it.

His palm struck the monk's chest, Spiritual Power tearing through flesh and the force flinging him backward, but it failed to stop the monk from ingesting the blood-colored pills.

The monk lay on the ground like a dead body, motionless for a long time.

For a moment, the scene fell silent.

Situ Jin's gaze grew solemn, and he dared not act rashly, his expression wary.



After a short time, a sudden change occurred.

The monk lying on the ground began to convulse irregularly, his limbs deforming and twisting, his body gradually swelling, veins bulging, and he finally stood up in an odd posture, straight as a rod.

His skin turned an ashen blue, his body robust, eyes showing only whites, resembling a corpse as a deathly aura surrounded him.

Situ Jin inhaled a breath of cold air.

The surrounding Enforcement Leaders also turned pale with fright.

Just then, the grey-clothed Cultivator, who resembled a corpse, took a step forward and was instantly before Situ Jin, throwing a punch at his chest.

Situ Jin gathered all his strength and used palm-energy to catch the punch.

The spiritual power of the Foundation Establishment Stage oscillated, pulverizing the surrounding grass, trees, and rocks into dust.

Situ Jin was no match for the grey-clothed Cultivator, and the punch sent him staggering seven or eight steps backwards, until he finally had to half-kneel on the ground, spitting fresh blood.

Just as the grey-clothed Cultivator wanted to press forward and pursue his victory, a Fireball Technique suddenly appeared and struck the back of his head.

The spiritual power exploded, making him stagger.

The power was not great, but the humiliation was profound.

The grey-clothed Cultivator slowly turned his head, his dead white gaze directed at the building above.

Upstairs, Mo Hua made a mocking face at him.

This face almost blew up the grey-clothed Cultivator, who had become like a corpse.

In that instant, the grey-clothed Cultivator had only one thought.

He must kill this brat, no matter what!

He left Situ Jin behind and strode towards Mo Hua.

Situ Fang was shocked and tried to block him, but the grey-clothed Cultivator knocked her flying with a punch.

The other few Qi Refining Enforcers were also no match for him.

The grey-clothed Cultivator arrived in front of Mo Hua.

Mo Hua stood on the second floor, looking down at him from above.

The grey-clothed Cultivator, with a face as dark as iron, emitted a strange roar and then leaped up to the second floor.

Bai Zisheng's gaze turned cold, and he stepped forward to meet him. His hands crossed and clenched together, and a silver-white spear appeared. His body moved like the wind, while the spear struck like a dragon, with a brilliant golden glow. He attacked the corpse-like grey-clothed Cultivator.

The skin of the grey-clothed Cultivator was dark green and his veins bulged, nearly impenetrable as an Iron Corpse. He countered Bai Zisheng's spear with just his body.

Bai Zisheng's spear could not penetrate his skin or flesh, and could not harm him.

Despite his fierce momentum, he was still at a disadvantage.

After all, no matter how gifted he was, he was still only at the Qi Refinement level.

At that moment, Bai Zixi's eyes, clear as crystal, sparkled, and her fingertips condensed a sword pattern, blazing with snow-white flames.

Her fair and slender hand pointed out, releasing several beams of sword light, each with a biting chill, breaking through the grey-clothed Cultivator's body. The snow-white flames also scorched his wounds.

The grey-clothed Cultivator, in pain, let out an inhuman, bizarre howl.

But that was all.

The flesh torn by the golden light slowly healed.

The snow-white flames gradually died out, leaving only a few charred scars.

The grey-clothed Cultivator's expression turned fierce again, but he couldn't help but feel a surge of fear in his heart.

What were these two young Cultivators capable of?

He had taken a Corpse Blood Pill, his cultivation greatly increased, making his body as tough as an Iron Corpse and impervious to blades or spears.

Yet, they were still within the Qi-refining Realm and could fight him alone.

And they could break through his body with a spell?

The grey-clothed Cultivator's heart chilled.

He couldn't allow the battle to drag on, because once the power of the Corpse Blood Pill was exhausted, and he suffered from its backlash, he would be in trouble.

Kill that brat to vent his anger, and then withdraw immediately!

The grey-clothed Cultivator's mind was made up. He glanced around, and on that corpse-like, ferocious face, a sudden blankness appeared...

Where was that brat?

How did he vanish?

Where had he gone?

Had he turned invisible?

The grey-clothed Cultivator's dead white eyes widened; he couldn't see anyone.

He released his Divine Sense but detected no trace...

A surge of anger swelled in the grey-clothed Cultivator's chest.

That brat...

He had seen through his Escape Technique, been ambushed by him, humiliated by him, even mocked by his taunting face, and now, he couldn't even see a trace of him...

Not being able to see him, how was he supposed to kill him?

It was like punching into cotton.

And he hadn't even managed to hit the cotton.

As time went by, the power of the pill was close to running out.

The grey-clothed Cultivator, filled with rage yet nowhere to vent it, shook all over with fury. Gritting his teeth and with a hoarse voice, he roared to the sky:

"Come out!"

"You come out right now!!"

This impotent fury was filled with frustration.

Chapter 437: Can't Look (1)

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He took drugs, he became stronger, but Mo Hua turned invisible.

The gray-clothed cultivator didn't stand a chance.

Once the drug effects of the Corpse Blood Pill faded, he wouldn't be able to leave.

The gray-clothed cultivator howled ferociously a few times. Despite his reluctance, he could no longer stay there.

The humiliation and mockery from that brat could be avenged another day.

He threw a punch to hold Bai Zisheng off, then quickly dashed toward the corridor, smashing through the walls and disappearing into the rooms at the back of the building.

There was chaos in the room, with the sound of cultivators' screams piercing the air.

Using his Concealment Technique, Mo Hua had delayed the gray-clothed cultivator until the effects of the drugs had worn off, seizing the chance to escape, before he slowly reappeared.

Bai Zisheng asked him, "Should we pursue?"

Mo Hua thought for a moment, then nodded, "Chase him a bit, but don't be too hasty, lest he becomes cornered and lashes out."

"Okay."

The three of them followed the path the gray-clothed cultivator had created by smashing through the walls.

The gray-clothed cultivator fled towards the back building, frantically barging into rooms just like a headless fly, battering through the walls, leaving the entire back building riddled with holes.

Having ingested pills, his physical body was strong and his power much enhanced. The Formation used by the Hundred Flower Tower was only average, so it couldn't withstand his assaults.

As Mo Hua and the others pursued, they found themselves facing a scene of ruined doors and windows as well as damaged walls.

They had no idea where the gray-clothed cultivator had escaped to.

Mo Hua released his Divine Sense, his brow slightly furrowed.

Even with his Divine Sense, he could not detect anything.

Could there be a hidden passage in this Hundred Flower Tower?

Mo Hua remembered what Qinglan had said; she had mentioned that this gray-clothed cultivator "often stayed here, appearing and disappearing mysteriously, no one knew when he entered or left..."

In that case, as his drug effects waned, he could only think of escaping.

And escaping would surely mean a hidden passage.

Cultivators do have the ability to teleport, but such high-level techniques, involving spatial transitions, were clearly not within the power of Qi-refining and Foundation Establishment cultivators.

After contemplating for a short while, Mo Hua turned to Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi and said:

"Let's split up and look, see if there's any mechanism or hidden passage."

Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi nodded.

Bai Zixi said, "Be careful."

"Mhmm."

Mo Hua nodded and then, having used the Concealment Technique to hide his presence, he moved towards the center.

Bai Zisheng went left, Bai Zixi went right.

While Mo Hua searched for traces of the gray-clothed cultivator, he kept his Divine Sense alert to Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi's movements, afraid they would encounter danger.

As he walked, he noticed Bai Zixi had stopped in front of a room.

Mo Hua was slightly startled.

Had the junior martial sister found something?

He then turned back and headed towards where Bai Zixi was.

As Bai Zixi looked at the scene before her, she frowned.

There, a bed was forcibly broken through, revealing a dark hole beneath.

This hole was probably the entrance to a secret passage.

And under the bed lay a dead male cultivator, whose chest had a gaping bloody cavity, as if his chest had been pierced forcibly by an arm, destroying his heart and killing him.

The handiwork was likely that of the gray-clothed cultivator.

Beside the man, there were a few female cultivators shivering naked, without a thread on their bodies.

Bai Zixi was considering whether to check the secret passage, when she heard Mo Hua's footsteps.

Mo Hua's steps were light and familiar.

"Junior martial sister?"

Mo Hua called out and was about to step into the room.

Bai Zixi glanced at the unclothed females in the room, suddenly realized something, and quickly walked to the door, stretching out her delicate hand to cover Mo Hua's eyes.

"You can't look!"

Mo Hua felt the soft and delicate hands covering his eyes, with the breath of his junior martial sister close in front, and his face turned slightly red.

Yet, he still asked in a low voice, puzzled,

"Why can't I look?"

Bai Zixi crisply said, "Just because you can't!"

"Alright then..."

Mo Hua obediently let her cover his eyes.

After a while, Bai Zisheng also arrived, about to say something.



Bai Zixi gave him a gentle glare, "No looking allowed!"

"Oh..."

Bai Zisheng silently covered his own eyes.

The female cultivators in the room, having regained their composure, grabbed some silk and covered their bodies, then quickly threw on some clothes, albeit haphazardly.

They were still a bit exposed, but at least presentable.

Only then did Bai Zixi let go of her hand.

Mo Hua glanced at them and roughly understood, then asked,

"Was there a strange, corpse-like cultivator who came through here?"

The female cultivators nodded, stammering,

"We were just loosening our clothes, prepared to serve Young Master Zhao..."

"Young Master Zhao?"

One female cultivator pointed to the man lying on the ground with the chest wound and continued,

"Unexpectedly, that monster suddenly burst in..."

"Young Master Zhao lost his mood, spoke harshly in protest, and was then pierced through the chest by that monster with one claw."

"After killing Young Master Zhao, the monster punched through the bedboard and crawled into the hole beneath the bed, disappearing somewhere..."

"Whose room is this?" Mo Hua inquired.

The female cultivators looked at each other, and finally one spoke up,

"It's Sister Yulan's room."

"This Young Master Zhao, he was once a client of Sister Yulan, drank a bit of alcohol, who knows how, but he suddenly remembered Sister Yulan who had passed away, then stubbornly dragged us here..."

They hesitated to continue in front of Mo Hua.

Mo Hua nodded.

He checked the hole under the bed, which was pitch black.

After probing with his Divine Sense, Mo Hua shook his head.

"What's wrong?" Bai Zisheng asked.

Mo Hua replied, "It's been blocked."

...

"Can it be pierced through?"

Mo Hua shook his head, "There's a mechanism inside. Once activated, the formation will self-destruct and the earth and stones will completely block the passage. It seems to be designed for escaping and cutting off any pursuit."

"Then what should we do?"

Mo Hua asked, "The needles I gave you, did you leave them in his body?"

Bai Zisheng nodded, "Three of them. One in his hair, one on his sleeve, and another one—after Zixi's Sword Qi tore through his flesh, I took the opportunity to drive it into his wound, melding it into his flesh and blood. From the looks of it, he shouldn't be able to detect it for a short period of time."

Mo Hua smiled, "That's good then."

After a while, Situ Jin and Situ Fang came in with several Enforcement Leaders.

They had all sustained injuries of varying degrees and had just taken their Pills, after a brief period of recuperation.

Situ Jin, with grateful eyes, said to Mo Hua:

"Thank you, young brother."

If it wasn't for Mo Hua on the upper floor, attracting the grey-clothed cultivator's attention with the Fireball Technique and delaying him with tactics, sapping both time and the strange power of his medicine,

That would have allowed the gray-clothed cultivator to wreak havoc. The loss on this mission would have been disastrous.

Even he might have ended up severely injured.

Situ Jin then looked at Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi with admiration in his eyes, full of praise.

These are the true scions of a Great Clan.

With only Qi-refining Realm cultivation, they could confront Foundation Building Cultivators head-on and even injure the gray-clothed cultivator who, after taking the medicine, had his strength vastly increased and was like a living corpse.

What would happen once they established their Foundation?

"Indeed, worthy of being the legitimate descendants of a Noble Clan..."

Situ Jin silently reflected.

The Situ Family's power wasn't small, but there was much surplus when comparing downward, yet far from sufficient when looking upward, especially when compared to the Bai Family, a Great Clan.

This was reflected in the strength of the clan's disciples.

Mo Hua and the others exchanged a few courteous words, saying things like "No need to be so polite" and "It's what we should do."

Of course, Mo Hua did most of the talking.

Bai Zixi was cold by nature, and Bai Zisheng was slightly arrogant.

Such matters were better left to Mo Hua.

Mo Hua also thanked Situ Jin and then asked:

"Elder Situ, what will the Taoist Court do next?"

Situ Jin glanced at Situ Fang, who thought for a moment and then said:

"We now know what the grey-clothed cultivator looks like. Next, we will report to the court, verify his portrait, and retrieve his native information to ascertain his identity."

Mo Hua was somewhat surprised, "He's a bad guy though, can he still be found out?"

Situ Fang said, "Even bad guys aren't born bad."

"Many Sin Cultivators and Heretical Demons were Serious Cultivators at first, but due to personal desires or mistakes, they strayed from the right path."

"As long as one is a Serious Cultivator, the Taoist Court will record their native information."

Mo Hua asked, "Do I have native information too?"

Situ Fang said helplessly, "Are you a Serious Cultivator?"

Mo Hua nodded, "I'm very serious."

"Then naturally, you do. However, the native information of a general cultivator is quite simple and usually, the Taoist Court can check it," said Situ Fang.

"Doesn't that mean one's background can easily be checked by others?"

Mo Hua frowned.

In his memory, the Taoist Court was very easy to bribe.

Once bribed, wouldn't anyone be able to check his background?

"It's like that for general cultivators."

Situ Fang said, and then she looked at Mo Hua with a smile and continued:

"However, if your cultivation becomes high in the future, if you are successful with formations, and if your status becomes noteworthy, the Central Tao Court will encrypt your native information, and the general Taoist Court will no longer have the authority to view it."

"Also, each cultivator who inquires about your native information will be required to state a reason and will be recorded."

Mo Hua nodded and then asked:

"After the grey-clothed cultivator's identity is confirmed, how will the Taoist Court capture him?"

Situ Fang sighed, "That's going to require some effort..."

"Generally, a wanted notice will be issued, a reward will be offered, and based on his identity, related cultivators will be sought out for investigation to unravel the truth layer by layer..."

Situ Fang continued, but suddenly paused and looked at Mo Hua skeptically:

"Why do you ask these things?"

Mo Hua smiled shyly, "I'm just learning."

Situ Fang laughed at this and shook her head, "You can't learn everything... Leave the pursuit to the Taoist Court, and you all head back first."

"Alright," Mo Hua agreed, and then he seemed to remember something and asked:

"What about Sister Qinglan?"

"You mean that young girl?"

Mo Hua nodded.

He was worried that the brothel keeper would hold a grudge and take revenge on Qinglan.

Women in the brothel often had lives as unstable as floating weeds.

Since Qinglan had helped him, Mo Hua also wanted to consider her well-being and provide her with a way out.

Situ Fang thought for a moment and then said:

"Leave it to me. I'll go to the brothel keeper, obtain her deed of sale, and take her away."

"Will the brothel keeper agree?"

Situ Fang sneered, "She has to agree even if she doesn't want to. I'll just say that Qinglan, this little girl, was colluding with the Sin Cultivator, and her Hundred Flower Tower is also under suspicion."

"In order to absolve herself of suspicion, the brothel keeper will definitely toss Qinglan, this hot potato, over to me, and she wouldn't dare to keep the deed."

Mo Hua smiled, "Then thank you, Sister Situ."

After that, the matters were concluded by Situ Fang and the Taoist Court.

Mo Hua and the others then left the Hundred Flower Tower.

Before their arrival tonight, the Hundred Flower Tower was a world of lavish splendor but upon departure, it was left in a state of disarray.

Mo Hua looked back at the Hundred Flower Tower, and suddenly, a trace of doubt surfaced in his mind.

He remembered that the Hundred Flower Tower was guarded by a Foundation Building Cultivator.

With such commotion, the Lu Family's Foundation Establishment had never intervened.

Were they not aware, and thus did not get involved, or did they know everything but pretended to be unaware?

Mo Hua's brow furrowed again.

The mine, the Ultimate Formation, the deceased Mining Cultivators, the Lu Family, the Hundred Flower Tower, the grey-clothed cultivator...

And the missing Instructor Yan.

Could there be a connection among these...?

Mo Hua's brows knitted tighter for a moment.

Chapter 438: Zhang Quan (1)

Mo Hua felt that this matter was shrouded in deep suspicion; despite much thought, he found no clue.

If only he could catch the gray-robed cultivator.

Then everything could break through.

After the battle at Hundred Flower Tower, Mo Hua had almost figured out the gray-robed cultivator's trump cards.

It would be a lot easier to trap him next time.

On the way back, Mo Hua pondered over his worries, and then he sighed.

These days, his routine cultivation had resulted in a steady increase in cultivation.

But the enhancement of Divine Sense had halted at Thirteen Stripes, proving difficult to make any further progress.

First, it was because there were no formations of Thirteen Stripes for him to learn, which slowed the growth of Divine Sense;

Second, it was because of the Taoist Stele.



Ever since Mo Hua used the Taoist Stele to comprehend the Taoist Meaning, the stele had overloaded, and it had not fully recovered even now.

The amount of formation practice Mo Hua did every day was greatly reduced, and the growth of Divine Sense was also negligible.

At this rate, it was possible that Divine Sense wouldn't break through Thirteen Stripes by the time of Foundation Establishment.

The slow recovery of the Taoist Stele and the scarcity of First Grade, Thirteen Stripes formations made them hard to find.

Mo Hua had searched for so long yet had come up empty-handed.

Currently, his only lead was to find Instructor Yan.

But where exactly was Instructor Yan?

Mo Hua sighed again.

Bai Zisheng appeared somewhat surprised and asked,

"Mo Hua, are you troubled by something?"

Mo Hua nodded, "The growth of Divine Sense is too slow..."

Without finding Instructor Yan, he couldn't find the Ultimate Formation; without the Ultimate Formation, he couldn't temper Divine Sense. And without tempering Divine Sense, he couldn't Prove the Dao with Divine Sense as Mr. Zhuang had said.

To cultivate the ultimate Divine Sense, to exhaust the possibilities of formations, to aspire to dominate the Great Dao.

Mo Hua's current Divine Sense was still far from the standard given by Mr. Zhuang.

"How much is your Divine Sense now?"

Bai Zisheng curiously asked.

He only knew that Mo Hua's Divine Sense was strong, up to the standard of Foundation Establishment, but he had never asked how strong it was.

The Ultimate Formations that Mo Hua studied were ones he had not studied, nor could he possibly learn or even hope to understand.

Mo Hua muttered, "Just twelve stripes..."

Bai Zisheng was taken aback, "How many?"

"Twelve..."

Bai Zisheng fell silent.

Just twelve stripes...

This was almost at the limit of Divine Sense for the early stage of Foundation Establishment.

Generally, with ten stripes of Divine Sense, Formation Masters at the realm of Foundation Establishment can attempt to learn Second-Grade formations.

Most Second Rank Formation Masters also start with Divine Sense around eleven or twelve stripes.

This was the first time Bai Zisheng had heard of a Qi Refinement cultivator managing to possess twelve stripes of Divine Sense.

And it seemed Mo Hua was quite displeased with it.

He acted reluctantly and unsatisfied.

Lucky and still acting coy!

Bai Zisheng felt so annoyed that he couldn't help but scratch Mo Hua's head.

Even Bai Zixi, standing by, couldn't restrain herself and joined Bai Zisheng in ruffling Mo Hua's hair.

Mo Hua felt somewhat helpless.

But after all, since he was the junior brother, he decided not to fuss over it with his junior brother and junior sister.

After the group returned to the cave dwelling,

Mo Hua took out a Compass Mother Formation Disk.

This disk depicted a Compass Mother Formation.

And the corresponding Compass Child Formations, Mo Hua had inscribed with a technique of fine carving on fine needles made of refined iron.

Mo Hua had given these needles to Bai Zisheng in advance, instructing him to imperceptibly stick them into the gray-robed cultivator's clothing, or on his body, during their fight. Explore more at [empire](#)

In this way, by referencing the Compass Mother Formation, he could determine the child formation's position, which would allow him to track down the gray-robed cultivator's whereabouts.

This gray-robed cultivator, who had hired assassins to kill mining cultivators and then bought their corpses, was surely up to no good.

The Pill that he consumed today to transform and increase his strength, which was bloody and maleficent, was likely refined from those corpses.

Over these years, who knows how many mining cultivators have died because of this.

Not to mention how many mining cultivator families had been torn apart because of it.

Mining cultivators already lived a tough life, earning a living was not easy, and yet they fell victim to such twisted and evil schemes, dying without a whole corpse.

Mo Hua's face went cold.

So this gray-robed cultivator, he must be slaughtered!

But before slaughtering him, Mo Hua wanted to ask if he knew about Instructor Yan's whereabouts.

Instructor Yan had disappeared in the mines.

The worst-case scenario was that he had been killed by people like Wang Lai, and his body sold to the gray-robed cultivator.

There was also a possibility that Instructor Yan had discovered something, and by following the trail, had investigated further...

If so, Instructor Yan likely had some interactions with the gray-robed cultivator.

Regardless of the circumstances, Mo Hua needed confirmation.

However, on the Compass Mother Formation Disk, there was no light indicating the gray-robed cultivator's presence.

"Is it broken?"

Bai Zisheng furrowed his brows.

Mo Hua checked the formation and shook his head, "It's not broken."

"So, that means... he discovered your Compass Child Formation Needles?"

"Even if he did discover them, if the needles were discarded or damaged, the compass would have shown some reaction."

Bai Zixi thought for a moment and then slowly said,

"Because of the Escape Technique?"

Mo Hua was startled and then understood.

The gray-clothed cultivator knew the Escape Technique and could burrow into the ground, shielding the aura of the Formation and affecting the connection between the Compass Mother and Child Formations.

If nothing appeared on the Mother Formation, it meant he was either still in the tunnels and hadn't come out,

Or the gray-clothed cultivator had used the Escape Technique and was somewhere underground.

Mo Hua thought for a while and then said,

"Let's wait."

As a Monster Hunter, hunting prey required ample patience.

This was something his father Mo Shan had taught him.

Two days later, Situ Fang came over and told Mo Hua that the Taoist Court had identified the gray-clothed cultivator's identity.

"This man is named Zhang Quan, a cultivator from South Yue City. His family has been in the longevity material business for generations..."

"Longevity material?" Mo Hua was slightly startled.

"That's coffins."

"Oh," Mo Hua understood.

Being in the coffin business...

It did match the image, temperament, and actions of the gray-clothed cultivator quite well.

Situ Fang continued,

"Thirty years ago, Zhang Quan's parents died, and he took over the coffin shop alone..."

"Zhang Quan's aura is somewhat gloomy; he does not converse with fellow cultivators, but since he's in the business of death, everyone has come to accept it as normal."

"Zhang Quan occasionally gambles and frequents brothels..."

"I asked a few female cultivators from the Hundred Flower Tower, and from what they say, Zhang Quan often stays at brothels but rarely shows his true face."

"Cultivators who knew Zhang Quan also had no idea that he actually was a Foundation Building Cultivator."

Mo Hua asked, "Have you been to Zhang Quan's residence?"

Situ Fang nodded, "We have. The shop was closed. We broke in and found that all the coffins inside had been burned, and other objects had been destroyed as well."

"It's uncertain whether he did it himself or if he has an accomplice helping him destroy evidence of his crimes."

"The current question is, what exactly is he using the corpses he buys for?"

"Is the pill he took that day made from those corpses?"

"If so, where did he refine it, where is the pill furnace, how did he get the pill recipe, through what channels did he purchase the herbs for refining Evil Pills?"

"Did he refine them himself, or is someone helping him do it?"

"Besides, does he have any other unspeakable purposes..."

...

After Situ Fang finished explaining everything, she sighed,

"The Taoist Court has issued a warrant. If we catch him, these things should come to light."

Then she looked at Mo Hua, still a bit worried,

"Be careful these days."

"That day at the Hundred Flower Tower, he tried everything he could to kill you. Now that he has escaped to the shadows, he might make a move against you..."

Mo Hua nodded, "Mhm, I am aware."

Still, Situ Fang felt uneasy.

Mo Hua then said, "Don't worry, I'm with my Senior Brother and Sister; they'll protect me."

Relieved, Situ Fang chatted for a moment, drank a few cups of tea, and then left.

But Mo Hua's gaze grew sharp.

His own Divine Sense was strong, and he knew the Concealment Technique; it was impossible for Zhang Quan to find him.

And now, it wasn't him looking for Mo Hua, but Mo Hua who was searching for him.

Young Mo Hua was the hunter, and this Foundation Establishment Stage Zhang Quan was the prey.

In the following days, whenever Mo Hua had time, he would take out the Compass Disk and check for any movements.

Three days later in the afternoon, lights finally appeared on the compass.

Two light points shone together, but another was somewhat dim.

It seemed that Zhang Quan had found a needle, so he twisted it off and threw it away.

The other two needles, he had not found, so they should still be on his person.

Mo Hua's spirits lifted.

Finally, he had made a mistake...

Mo Hua then took out a map of South Yue City and saw that the location of the lights was in a deserted mine outside the city.

There were many mines outside South Yue City.



Some belonged to the Lu Family, some to South Yue Sect, some to the Taoist Court, and others were occupied by deceased individuals or various other clans and sects.

Some mines were actively being extracted from; some had not been mined due to various reasons;

And some mines were exhausted and abandoned.

The place where Zhang Quan was hiding was one such abandoned mine.

Mo Hua and his two companions, cloaked and concealed, left South Yue City and headed to the mine where Zhang Quan was hiding.

It was a small and unkempt mine.

Being abandoned, it lacked any sign of life.

Instead, the area was permeated with the stale stench of death.

With a sweep of his Divine Sense, Mo Hua's gaze grew cold.

Inside the mine, there were several sinister auras.

Perhaps the corpses of the mining cultivators that Zhang Quan had purchased were hidden here.

Chapter 439: Kidnapping (1)

Bai Zisheng asked, "Shall we just make a move?"

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

"Although that Zhang Quan is injured and has suffered the backlash from pills, which greatly reduced his strength, this is his lair. We still need to make some preparations, to be as thorough as possible."

After speaking, Mo Hua took out several Array Plates.

On the Array Plates were the Earth Prison Formations that Mo Hua had already drawn in advance.

Ever since witnessing Zhang Quan's Earth Escape Technique, Mo Hua went back and pondered how to counter this kind of Escape Technique.

His forte was formations, so naturally, he started from there.

This Earth Prison Formation was something he had learned in the past few days, and then he took the time to draw some on the Array Plates, specifically to break Zhang Quan's Earth Escape Technique.

Zhang Quan was a Foundation Building Cultivator.

The Earth Prison Formation was only of the first grade, so the effect for trapping enemies would be greatly diminished.

But in this kind of encirclement battle, if one can delay just for a few moments, it could be enough to tip the balance of the fight.

Though the mine was not large, to seal it with formations, the Array Plates were clearly not enough.

Mo Hua then personally drew several Earth Prison Formations on the ground.

These Formations had a special technique; Spiritual Ink seeped into the soil and rocks, and the Formation Patterns integrated with the earth, a method Mo Hua learned after contemplating the Earth Dao Meaning using the Thick Earth Formation.

Using the ground as the Formation media, he drew the ground into formation.

These several Earth Prison Formations, being one with the earth, were more concealed and their effects were somewhat stronger.

After the preparations were complete, Mo Hua discussed with Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi the points of attention for dealing with Zhang Quan:

"We can't let him consume pills."

"The moment he takes out a pill, we must interrupt him immediately."

"Without consuming pills, Zhang Quan's physical body and spells are quite weak."

"Be wary of his Earth Escape."

"If he burrows into the ground, try to corner him in the direction of the Earth Prison Formation..."

"The Earth Prison Formation can trap him for a few moments; during this opportunity, beat him mercilessly!"

"Tao cultivation is treacherous; we can't be too reckless..."

"If the situation turns bad, we'll run and plan again from there..."

...

After discussing, Mo Hua said,

"I'll go in first to have a look."

His Divine Sense was strong, and so was his stealth; Zhang Quan wouldn't detect him.

But for Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi, although their Divine Sense was not weak, they were still within the Qi Refinement Realm, and relying solely on the cloak's stealth, they could easily be discovered by Zhang Quan's Divine Sense.

Bai Zisheng nodded.

Bai Zixi whispered with caution, "Be careful."

"Mm."

Mo Hua then concealed himself, restrained his footsteps, and tiptoed into the abandoned mine.

The outside of the mine was chaotic, but it was even more so on the inside.

Abandoned mining tunnels, scrap iron, rusty mine carts, and stones scattered all over the place.

The smell of rust, mustiness, and Filthy Qi intertwined with the aura of death.

Mo Hua frowned slightly.

This place — Zhang Quan could actually bear to stay here...

Was it truly like being in an abalone shop, where one becomes accustomed to the stench over time?

This mine was small, and the mine shafts were not deep.

As Mo Hua walked a little while, he found at the end of the mine shaft, in a semi-sealed stone room, Zhang Quan — pale-faced, as if "adding frost to snow" — was cultivating to regulate his breath, seemingly severely injured.

Mo Hua touched his chin thoughtfully.

Should he strike directly?

But it's a bit risky inside the mine.

And since this was where Zhang Quan had hidden, in the rush, Mo Hua had not thoroughly investigated and did not know what arrangements he had made.

Mo Hua pondered for a moment, then quietly retreated a little.

...

Then he began setting up some Earth Fire Formations around the stone walls of the mine.

The Earth Fire Formation was quite useful; ever since the monster hunting at Big Black Mountain, Mo Hua had been using it regularly and had become quite adept.

It was considered essential for home, travel, setting traps, ambushes, and designing enemy killings.

Whenever he had nothing else to do, he would prepare some and keep them in his storage bag.

Now, they just happened to come in handy.

Mo Hua wanted to force Zhang Quan out.

Or perhaps, cause the mine to collapse and bury Zhang Quan directly?

"A cultivator in the Foundation Establishment Stage, no matter how weak, shouldn't be buried alive, right..."

Mo Hua then thought about using Zhang Quan as a test.

After he had set up the Earth Fire Formation, he sneaked out of the mine and whispered to Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi:

"We should run far away."

Bai Zisheng looked at him suspiciously, "What did you do?"

Mo Hua chuckled slyly:

"I've prepared a welcoming gift for Zhang Quan!"

The three of them ran far away and hid behind a large boulder.

Mo Hua covered his ears, and Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi, though puzzled, did the same.

Soon after, there was a thunderous explosion, and the mine collapsed.

The noise was tremendous.

But fortunately, this place was remote, and it was in a mining area where blasting was common, so it did not attract the attention of other cultivators.

The collapse of the mine raised a thick cloud of dust.

When the dust settled, the entrance was blocked by large stones.

Mo Hua was somewhat surprised.

Possibly due to the uniqueness of the mine, with its mixed aura and dangers, the Earth Fire Formation was more powerful than he had anticipated.

Bai Zisheng said, "He hasn't been blasted to death, has he?"

Mo Hua was not sure either, "He shouldn't have. It's just a first-grade Earth Fire Formation, and the mine isn't that deep..."

Before he finished speaking, there was a disturbance at the mine entrance.

The noise grew louder and soon, the rocks blocking the entrance were shattered, and a cultivator with a dirt-smudged face and rags hanging off his body emerged.

He bellowed angrily:

"Who? Who is it?"

"Who the fuck is it?"

"Who dares to plot against me?!"

This person was indeed the Foundation Establishment Stage Zhang Quan.

The moment the Earth Fire Formation exploded, he had realized it, and then he ran desperately to get out, but was still blocked by the huge rocks.

The Earth Fire Formation's power had greatly increased inside the mine tunnel. Although not fatal, it had blasted him until his skin was charred, he felt a thud in his head and ringing in his ears, and he was in a sorry state.

This mining area was his hiding place.

Under the rage of Zhang Quan, he couldn't think of anyone who could find him or who would dare to calculate against him like this.

And moreover, using a formation!

Formations were not something ordinary cultivators could learn.

Just then, Zhang Quan was startled.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of a flash of golden light.

This speck of golden light was all too familiar.

Zhang Quan hastily turned around, only to see a young boy in white, and at the same time, his long spear, as well as the dazzling golden light at the tip of the spear.

A golden streak arrived first, followed by the thrust of the spear like a dragon.

Bai Zisheng's spear was fierce, aiming straight for Zhang Quan's throat.

Zhang Quan was terrified.

It was the young boy from the Hundred Flower Tower!

He panicked.

Back then in the Hundred Flower Tower, he had taken a Corpse Blood Pill, and his cultivation had increased, allowing him just barely to suppress this young cultivator in white.

...

He was severely injured and suffering from the backlash of medicinal power, undoubtedly no match for this young boy.

Zhang Quan used his arm to block the spear.

A bloodstain was immediately drawn on his hand, leaving a trickle of blood.

Zhang Quan gritted his teeth and used the Earth Escape Technique, vanishing into the ground.

Just moments after his disappearance, a fireball, with the speed of lightning that one couldn't cover one's ears in time, struck a pile of rubble.

Bai Zisheng and Mo Hua were fellow disciples, having spent a long time together; even though they occasionally quibbled, they were extremely in sync.

The moment Mo Hua's Fireball Technique flew out, Bai Zisheng's gaze shifted.



As the Fireball Technique hit the rubble, Bai Zisheng also made his move, thrusting his spear forward.

Blood seeped from the ground.

Then, a few mottled furrows appeared and spread outward, revealing Zhang Quan's disheveled figure.

He covered his bleeding shoulder, his eyes red with rage.

This Fireball Technique, he knew it all too well!

That damned, sneaky little devil!

Zhang Quan looked around and indeed saw Mo Hua sitting cross-legged on a large rock in the distance, watching him with a mocking expression on his face.

"It's you!!"

Zhang Quan's eyes were about to split with fury.

Mo Hua nodded, "Yes, it's me!"

Zhang Quan clenched his teeth, but suddenly felt a tremor in his heart, and with a change of expression, asked:

"That needle, was it your doing?"

Mo Hua asked in confusion, "How did you figure that out?"

Zhang Quan remained silent.

He had discovered the needle on his clothes only after he had left the secret passage and changed his attire.

He couldn't understand the purpose of this needle.

But his years of experience in Tao cultivation told him that such things must not be kept, so he destroyed the needle and discarded it.

And now, he had hidden in this remote mine, so well-concealed, and yet he had been discovered.

Considering this, the needle must have been for tracking.

Those who tracked him down were these three young cultivators.

So, this needle had to be the work of these three young cultivators.

Among these three, this youngest looking, seemingly innocent but most cunning little cultivator must be the instigator behind the needle.

Zhang Quan ground his teeth in hatred.

He wanted to rush over and slaughter Mo Hua right then and there.

But then, he caught sight of Bai Zixi beside Mo Hua.

That beautiful young girl with a cool demeanor, her sword emitting a brilliant glow and entwined with white flames.

Back at the Hundred Flower Tower, that golden sword light had pierced his Iron Corpse shell.

Zhang Quan, wary, couldn't help but curse:

"Shameless little devil, you bully others with your power! If you have the guts, come over and fight me head-on, instead of skulking around!"

Mo Hua said, shocked:

"You're such an old cultivator, how can you have no shame, asking me, a little cultivator barely in my teens, to duel you one-on-one..."

"You think I'm as foolish as you?"

Zhang Quan angrily retorted, "Sharp-tongued!"

At that moment, Bai Zisheng stabbed with his spear again.

Zhang Quan parried clumsily, and after a few exchanges, he began to struggle.

With his injuries not yet healed, he would surely lose if this continued.

Exerting all his strength, Zhang Quan took a hit from Bai Zisheng, shook him off with a palm strike, and then fled into the earth, attempting to escape outside.

But he hadn't gotten far when he realized that the soil beneath him had changed, forming bars and creating a prison that trapped him.

Zhang Quan was shocked.

What was this thing?

The Earth Prison Formation trapped Zhang Quan, who struggled fiercely. After a few moments, he broke the formation and escaped.

But Bai Zisheng also rushed over, entangling him.

Zhang Quan tried to flee, was trapped again, and was caught up with by Bai Zisheng.

After several attempts, Zhang Quan understood.

It was a formation!

There were array plates laid on the ground around this area.

They used the formation to counter his Earth Escape Technique.

Indeed, it was a good strategy!

Zhang Quan's heart felt a chill, but he was not particularly nervous.

Now that he knew it was a formation, there was a way to deal with it.

Though he did not understand formations, this did not mean he lacked experience in dealing with them.

Moreover, he often dealt with Formation Masters.

The nearby Earth Series formations used the array plates as formation media, and the array plates on the ground were visible. As long as he avoided the array plates, he would avoid the formation.

Zhang Quan burrowed into the ground, choosing a direction without array plates, and escaped.

However, unexpectedly, he was trapped again.

And this time, the Earth Series formation that trapped him was somewhat stronger, and it held him for even longer.

This formation seemed to merge with the Earth, its presence profound.

It was as if the will of this expanse of land wanted to imprison him.

Zhang Quan's expression suddenly changed.

What kind of tactics were these?

How could such a formation be laid out?

Who laid out this formation, and how did they merge it with the Earth?

Zhang Quan was completely baffled.

While he was stunned, Bai Zisheng stabbed him in the back with a spear once again.

Zhang Quan's heart turned cold, and he endured the pain, his embarrassment quickly turning into rage.

He was a Foundation Establishment cultivator. When had he ever been so humiliated, chased by a few Qi Refinement Realm juniors like a mangy dog, scurrying around in disgrace?

Zhang Quan revealed his figure, bleeding profusely.

His expression was full of gloom and ferocity.

"I must kill you all!"

Zhang Quan took out a blood-patterned bronze medicine bottle.

Even if he suffered from the backlash of the medicine or went mad from it, he wanted to kill these junior cultivators! Your next journey awaits at empire

But Bai Zisheng had been waiting for this moment. Seeing him take out the medicine bottle, preparing to take pills, Bai Zisheng immediately made a move, his spear slicing Zhang Quan's palm open and knocking the medicine bottle away.

Zhang Quan was both shocked and furious, disbelief written all over his face.

You bastards, won't you give me even a slight chance?! Escape techniques, Corpse Blood Pills, every tactic I've used has been thwarted!

Bai Zisheng, clad in white, majestic and tall, pointed his spear at Zhang Quan and said loudly:

"Use whatever means you have left!"

These words were Mo Hua's idea for him to say.

He was also told to strike an imposing and arrogant pose while speaking, to appear handsome and dismissive.

Zhang Quan's complexion turned even paler, but his eyes began to show a dense network of blood vessels.

Driven to desperation, he no longer needed to hide anything.

"These things, I never wanted any living person to see..."

Zhang Quan's voice was laced with bone-chilling venom.

Bai Zisheng frowned slightly, and Mo Hua also had a concentrated look in her eyes.

Just then, in the dead silence of the mines, a horrifying bell sound suddenly rang out.

With the ringing of the bell, a chill wind blew by.

The surrounding rocks trembled and fell away, revealing dozens of black coffins hidden among the rubble.

From within the coffins came the sound of nails scraping.

It was as if something had awakened...

Chapter 440: Capturing the Corpse (1)

The pitch-black coffin was gradually pried open.

The corpses inside crawled out one by one.

With hollow, lifeless eyes and decaying, festering skin, they stood densely packed on the mining grounds—dozens of them, an ominous presence.

Corpse Refinement!

Mo Hua's gaze grew cold as he looked at Zhang Quan and said icily,

"Have you turned to Demon Path?"

Corpse Refinement is a truly demonic practice, unacceptable to the Cultivation World and contrary to Taoist Law.

Cultivators who practiced Corpse Refinement would be executed by the Taoist Court.

The Sects or Clans that practiced Corpse Refinement would also be obliterated by the Taoist Court.

Thinking of these Walking Corpses, most of which were Mining Cultivators from the mountain.

After a lifetime of hardship, they had died in vain, only to have their corpses refined into Zombies to be used for evil deeds.

Mo Hua noted this in his mind about Zhang Quan.

Once this affair was settled, he was determined to find a way to ensure that Zhang Quan would meet a horrific end.

Zhang Quan sneered, "So what if I have? I'm a lone man with nobody to care for me. As long as I can achieve enlightenment, what does turning to Demon Path matter to me?"

Mo Hua looked disdainful, "You've turned to Demon Path and still dream of enlightenment? Keep dreaming."

"What would a brat like you know?"

"You're being chased around by a brat like a rat scurrying for cover, and you think you understand better?"

A surge of blood rushed to Zhang Quan's throat, which he forcefully suppressed to avoid spitting it out.

He raged, "Fine, fine, you have a glib tongue; I can't outtalk you. But once I've killed you and torn your mouth apart to feed these Walking Corpses, let's see if you can still be so tough!"

Mo Hua snorted,

"Forget it, you can't even catch me when you've become a corpse yourself, and you're counting on these stupid Walking Corpses?"

After that, Mo Hua quietly asked Bai Zixi, "Senior Sister, what's a Walking Corpse?"

Bai Zixi replied, "They are low-level Zombies."

"Oh, oh."

Mo Hua's heart settled, and he nodded repeatedly. Then, he lifted his head with an air of disdain,



"Nothing but low-level Zombies. All you, a Foundation Building Cultivator, have are these petty tricks. You'd better crawl back into the womb and avoid embarrassing yourself in the outside world..."

Mo Hua shouted loudly.

Having come from a background of Monster Hunting, and having trained under Elder Yu, even if Mo Hua didn't know how to curse someone himself, he could recite the curses taught by Elder Yu.

However, since his Junior Brother and Sister were there, he felt embarrassed to utter the more vulgar insults.

Worried about spoiling his own image,

He instead opted for some rather "friendly" terms to test Zhang Quan.

But Zhang Quan was finding it somewhat intolerable.

He would normally ignore any insults from brats, knowing he could cut them down with a backward swipe.

But Mo Hua, he couldn't kill.

No matter how Mo Hua insulted him, he had to tolerate it, completely powerless against him.

And all his moves were flawlessly defended against, leaving him indeed with nothing but these Walking Corpses.

Zhang Quan glared at Mo Hua intently.

If stares could kill, Mo Hua would have died by his glance ten times over.

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Mo Hua remained unabashed, hands on his hips, looking at Zhang Quan and saying,

"What's with the evil eye, little man? You think glaring with those tiny eyes will make me afraid?"

Zhang Quan's scalp tingled with anger.

His right hand trembled as he shook the Blood Rope Marked Copper Bell, shouting hoarsely,

"I'll kill you!"

The dozens of Walking Corpses, drawn by the bell, bared their fangs, claws like knives, and lunged madly towards Mo Hua and the others, emitting guttural breaths.

Bai Zixi's delicate hands waved, and several streaks of Sword Qi flew out, severing the legs of a few Walking Corpses.

Yet more of the Walking Corpses continued to advance relentlessly.

Even those that had fallen, their legs chopped off, continued crawling towards Mo Hua, mindless of their condition.

Mo Hua focused and conjured the Fireball Technique.

One Fireball Technique after another flew out, burning the arms of a few Walking Corpses into charred stumps, turning them to ash.

But as long as any limbs remained, the Walking Corpses would still struggle toward Mo Hua.

Mo Hua furrowed his brows.

A Rank-One Walking Corpse only had the strength of the Qi Refinement Realm, nothing to fear, but in large numbers, they were relentless and fearless of death—for they were already dead.

As long as their limbs were intact, they would voraciously crave flesh and blood and kill on command.

Indeed, they were somewhat bothersome.

Soon the Zombies were upon Mo Hua.

Zhang Quan's eyes gleamed with excitement.

He wanted to see Mo Hua torn apart and devoured by the Walking Corpses.

But with a few unhurried steps, Mo Hua evaded the Zombies' claws and drifted back gracefully.

A few more Walking Corpses appeared behind Mo Hua, snapping at him.

But they too were narrowly dodged by Mo Hua.

Zhang Quan's brows furrowed.

He knows movement technique...

This damn kid is so hard to kill!

Zhang Quan smirked, "Fine, keep dodging. I want to see how long you can last relying on that movement technique."

The Spiritual Power of the Qi Refinement Realm will eventually run out. Just one slip or when the Spiritual Power is exhausted, he would become food for these Walking Corpses.

Zhang Quan chuckled sinisterly, but out of the corner of his eye, he noticed a flash of golden light.

Startled, he hastily shook the copper bell.

A few Walking Corpses positioned themselves in front of him, only to be pierced through by Bai Zisheng's spear.

Zhang Quan quickly retreated.

Bai Zisheng sent a few Zombies flying with his spear and then stepped forward, thrusting his spear again.

Zhang Quan had no choice but to retreat further, calling for the Zombies to block the spears.

Bai Zisheng fended off another attack, and launched his spear once more!

After several exchanges, Zhang Quan was forced to continuously retreat, without a moment to ring his bell. The movements of the walking corpses also began to slow down.

Some even stood still in front of Mo Hua, motionless.

The walking corpses were stationary, and so was Mo Hua, who curiously eyed the zombies in front of him.

He wanted to discern exactly how these zombies were being controlled.

Pushed into a corner by Bai Zisheng's relentless assault, Zhang Quan had no choice but to muster all his spiritual power and use the Earth Escape technique to flee beneath a dilapidated shack in the mine.

There was nothing under the shack.

Zhang Quan stamped his foot, causing the rocks and stones to shift and dust to rise gradually.

Afterward, an iron coffin appeared before him.

Feeling that something was not right, Mo Hua shouted:

"Senior Brother!"

Without needing a reminder from Mo Hua, Bai Zisheng harnessed his spiritual power and thrust his spear at Zhang Quan.

Just then, the lid of the iron coffin flipped open, and a stiff hand suddenly shot out, grasping the tip of Bai Zisheng's spear.

Bai Zisheng raised an eyebrow, his spiritual power surged forth in a burst of golden light, grappling with the hand.

The iron-blue palm, struck by the golden spiritual power, began to crack and its grip loosened slightly.

Bai Zisheng's spear broke free as well.

After freeing his spear, Bai Zisheng did not strike again, but instead his gaze sharpened, focusing on the iron coffin.

A moment later, a zombie crawled out of the iron coffin.

This zombie was different from the other walking corpses.

Its skin had not rotted away; instead, it was a blackish-green, seeming as hard as iron.

Its fangs were longer, its fingers sharper, and the aura around its body was all the more formidable.

Mo Hua quickly whispered to Bai Zixi, "Junior Sister, what is this thing?"

When you don't understand something, you ask.

And asking your junior sister certainly isn't shameful.

Most of Mo Hua's knowledge in Taoist cultivation was concentrated on formations; his understanding of other areas was far inferior to Bai Zixi's.

Even less than Bai Zisheng's.

Bai Zixi said, "It's an Iron Corpse, one rank higher than a walking corpse."

Mo Hua nodded vigorously, then lifted his head and said disdainfully to Zhang Quan:

"Just an Iron Corpse, do you have the ability to produce a Copper Corpse or a Golden Corpse?"

After he finished talking, Mo Hua suddenly realized something and discreetly asked Bai Zixi:

"Junior Sister, there are Copper Corpses and Golden Corpses, right..."

The Copper Corpse and Golden Corpse were something he had just blurted out.

He didn't even know if they existed.

Mo Hua was worried he might have exposed his lack of knowledge and be looked down upon by Zhang Quan.

Bai Zixi nodded, "They exist."

Mo Hua relaxed.

Zhang Quan, upon hearing this, was greatly shocked.

This kid knew so much, he must be from a Great Clan, a Great Sect.

And from the way he spoke, were Copper Corpses and Golden Corpses nothing remarkable to him?

Zhang Quan had to know, the effort it had taken him to refine this half-step Iron Corpse, capable of matching a Foundation Building Cultivator, was enormous.

Until now, those who had seen this Iron Corpse all changed color in fear.

Not many cultivators who had seen this Iron Corpse lived to tell the tale.

Zhang Quan had not expected that not only was this kid not afraid, he actually looked down upon it.

Zhang Quan was taken aback.

Meanwhile, Bai Zisheng, with great enthusiasm, was already locked in a tight battle with the Iron Corpse.

This Iron Corpse was not yet fully refined, so it could only be considered a half-step Iron Corpse.

Its strength was a bit less than that of an average cultivator in the initial stage of Foundation Establishment, but its flesh was as tough as iron, and in a real fight, it was slightly stronger than an average Foundation Building Cultivator.

At least stronger than Zhang Quan, who didn't rely on drugs.

Bai Zisheng was somewhat at a disadvantage but fought more vigorously as the battle went on.

Previously, Aunt Xue kept close watch, strictly prohibiting him from taking any action, so Bai Zisheng, despite being capable, had no opportunity to show his true abilities, only able to spar with Mo Hua.

Now, after having traveled outside and engaged in several battles, Bai Zisheng's Taoist skills had become increasingly refined, and his experience in fighting to the death was also growing.

But as the fight continued, Bai Zisheng was gradually becoming exhausted.

Because not only the Iron Corpse, but the other walking corpses as well, were desperately attacking him.

Even if the walking corpses were pierced by his spear or their limbs were cut off, they still disregarded everything, clinging onto Bai Zisheng.

Bai Zisheng couldn't help mumbling:

"So annoying."

Just then, as Bai Zisheng dodged a strike from the Iron Corpse and impaled another walking corpse through the chest, his eyes lit up and he yelled:

"Mo Hua, the walking corpses have formation patterns on them!"

Mo Hua was slightly stunned, then his palms moved in a gesture, casting the Water Prison Technique to immobilize a walking corpse.

Bai Zixi's Sword Qi swept through, shredding the clothes on the chest of the walking corpse.

The chest of the walking corpse was rotten, with patches of decay, but there were no traces of formation patterns.

Mo Hua said, "Junior Sister, peel off the skin!"

Bai Zixi nodded, her slender hand moving, and Sword Qi swirling, slicing open the skin of the walking corpse.

The flesh underneath the skin was stiffened, within which hidden blood patterns were visible, and the breath of a concealed formation rippled out.

Mo Hua paused, then his expression became shocked, followed by great joy, his eyes sparkling as he said to Bai Zisheng:



"Senior Brother, help me catch zombies!!"

The blood-colored formation carved upon this zombie was an Ultimate Formation!

And at the very least, it was an Ultimate Formation of the first rank with more than eleven patterns!

Catch zombies?

Upon hearing this, Zhang Quan at first was startled, then something dawned on him, and his face turned pale in horror.

This little devil, was he a Formation Master?!

Had he seen through it?!