The Quest 541

Chapter 541: Escape (3)

Several corpse cultivators commanded an iron corpse and about ten walking corpses, besieging them from all directions.

Bai Zisheng guarded the rear, swinging his long spear, fending off the zombies.

Mo Hua and Bai Zixi, each using spells and sword qi to restrain, the three of them did not fancy the fight, retreating while battling.

Later, other cultivators came to aid them, and after fighting a chaotic battle for two hours, they finally escaped from the corpse mine and withdrew to a cave where they had set up camp.

Inside the cave, Yang Jiashan, Young Master Yun, a withered old man, a middle-aged cultivator, and the other cultivators were all inside, discussing the eradication of the corpse mine.

On the way there, Mo Hua had already asked and understood the situation.

He learned that it was the Taoist Court that had ordered the suppression of the corpse mine and the eradication of the Corpse King, which was why so many cultivators had gathered.

Therefore, seeing so many people didn't surprise him.

A Taoist Soldier took Mo Hua and the other two to Yang Jiashan.

Yang Jiashan, upon seeing Mo Hua and learning of his identity, was clearly surprised.

He had heard from Bai Zisheng that it was his "Junior Disciple" who had obtained the information on the corpse mine and relayed it out.

Since he was a Junior Disciple, he was naturally expected to be young.

But he never could have imagined he would be this young.

Mo Hua's tender face still held traces of childishness.

He looked not much older than those newly initiated disciples in his Clan's cultivation enlightenment.

Could such a child have been used by Lu Chengyun? Could he have been confined to the corpse mine?

And was he able to gather intelligence while inside and then send it out from the heavily guarded corpse mine?

How did he achieve this?

Yang Jiashan's eyebrows knitted into the character "川".

The other cultivators, upon seeing Mo Hua, also had complex expressions, unsure of what to say.

The cave became momentarily silent...

However, Mo Hua was looking at Yang Jiashan, looking here and there, finding him somewhat familiar, and couldn't help but ask:

"Commander, do you know an uncle named Yang Jiyong?"

Yang Jiashan was taken aback, "You know my fifth brother?"

Mo Hua nodded, "A little acquainted. Uncle Yang even told me to visit the Yang Family when I have time..." Discover more stories at empire

Yang Jiashan frowned, muttering "Mo Hua" twice, then suddenly his eyes brightened as he said:

"Mo Hua! I knew this name sounded familiar. Before the year's end, my fifth brother mentioned meeting a very talented Junior Formation Master..."

Very talented
Yang Jiashan thought again.
Back then, his fifth brother had said something different.
With a serious face and taking the matter seriously, he said that he had met a Junior Formation Master with "terrifying talent"
When he asked how the talent was terrifying, he didn't elaborate, only saying that he had to keep it confidential.
Yang Jiashan didn't take it to heart then.
Yang Jiyong and he were equally matched in Formation knowledge; what distinction could he make about whose talents were superior? So at the time, he only listened casually to Yang Jiyong's words and didn't pay much attention.
Upon arriving in South Yue City, hearing the name Mo Hua struck him as familiar.
Now that Mo Hua mentioned Yang Jiyong, he suddenly remembered.
Yang Jiashan's attitude immediately warmed.
Although he couldn't discern the degree of talent in Formation, he remembered his fifth brother also saying that upon meeting this Junior Formation Master, he should say thanks on his behalf and treat him well, and it would be best if he could persuade him to join the Yang Family.
His fifth brother had a somewhat foul temper and a bit of pride, but he was generous in spirit and valued loyalty. It wasn't often he praised someone so highly.
If this young cultivator was held in high esteem by his fifth brother, regardless of anything else, at least his character must be excellent.

Moreover, being so young and already a Formation Master. Even if his talent wasn't considered "terrifying", it was certainly quite remarkable. On top of that, he risked his life to gather information about the corpse mine, which was a great help. Yang Jiashan immediately said amicably: "I'm sorry for the fright you've experienced, young friend. I will have someone prepare some drinks and Spiritual Meat. Eat your fill and have a good rest." Mo Hua smiled, "Thank you, Commander!" Yang Jiashan waved his hand, "No need for such formalities. You're familiar with my fifth brother, just call me Uncle Yang." Following his cues, Mo Hua cheerfully called out: "Uncle Yang!" Yang Jiashan nodded with a smile. The others looked on, somewhat stupefied. How had they established a relationship so quickly without many words spoken...? He entered as "Leader Yang," and in less than the time it takes to finish a cup of tea, he became "Uncle Yang"... The normally right-angled and stern-faced Yang Jiashan was now all smiles, as if basking in the spring breeze.

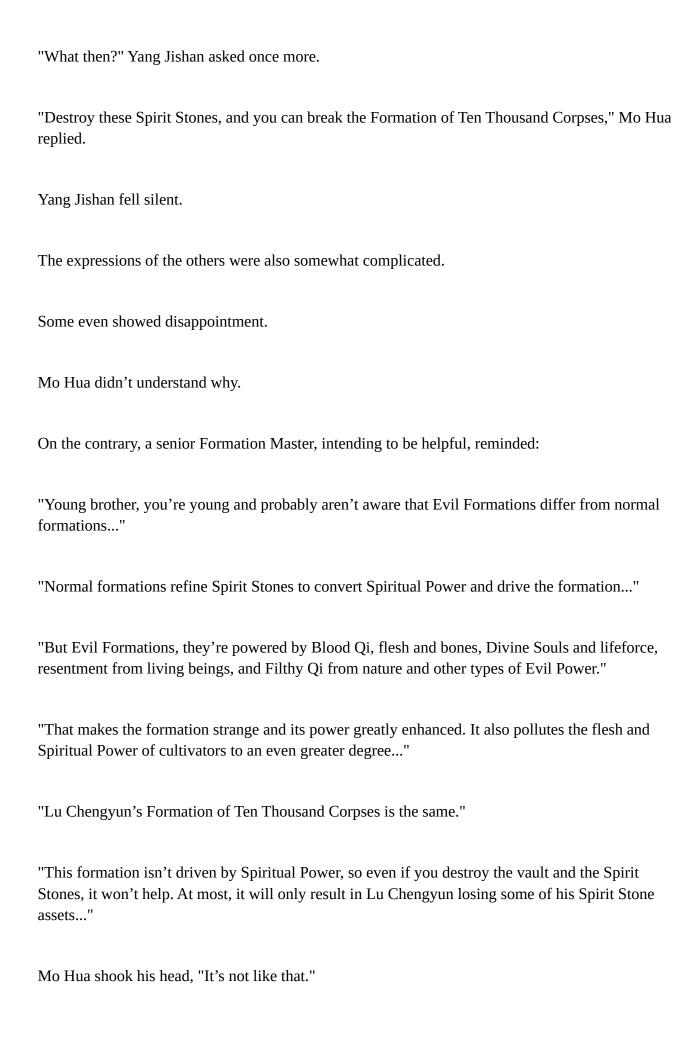


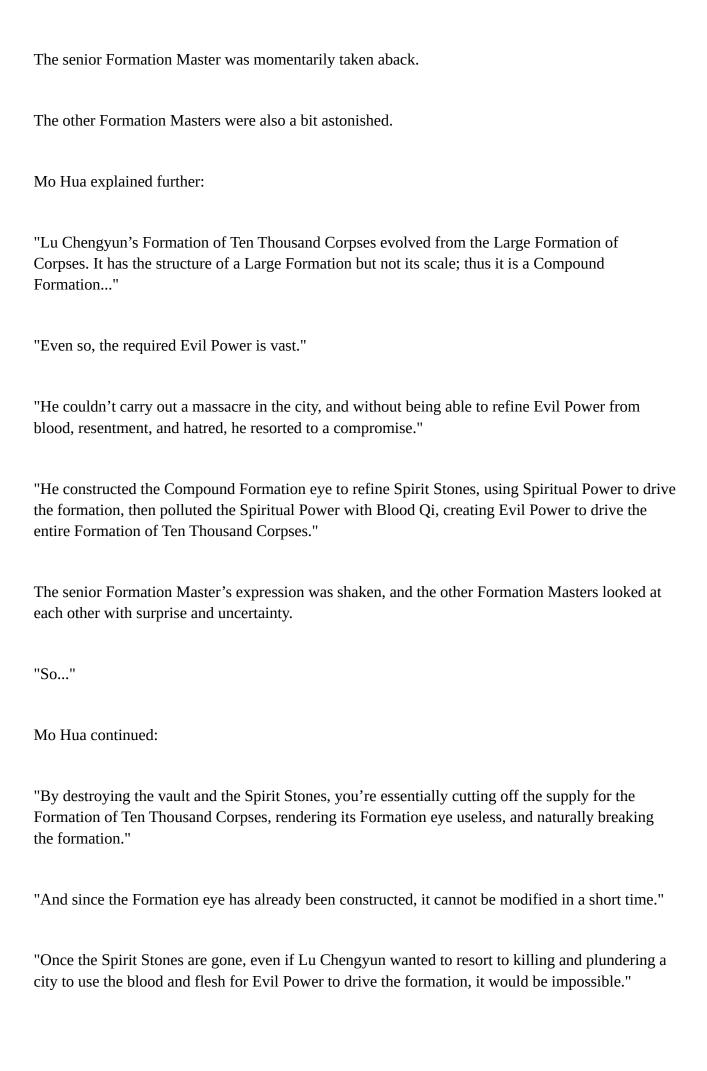
Mo Hua hesitated for a moment, then turned back and asked: "Uncle Yang, are you discussing the Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses?" Yang Jiashan's expression was one of astonishment as he asked: "Young friend, do you know about the 'Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses'?" Mo Hua nodded his head. Yang Jiashan was taken aback, then he remembered that Mo Hua was the one who sent out the intelligence, so it wasn't odd that he knew about the Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses. "So, are you familiar with this Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses?" Yang Jiashan asked with a glint of hope in his eyes, anticipating an affirmative answer. Mo Hua hesitated slightly, then slowly said: "I'm fairly... familiar with it." How could he say that the central Formation eye of the Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses was crafted by him... Chapter 542: Breaking the Formation (1) "Am I familiar with it?" Yang Jishan couldn't understand what level of 'familiar' was being implied. He probed further, asking:

"Then, young brother, do you know how to break the Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses?"

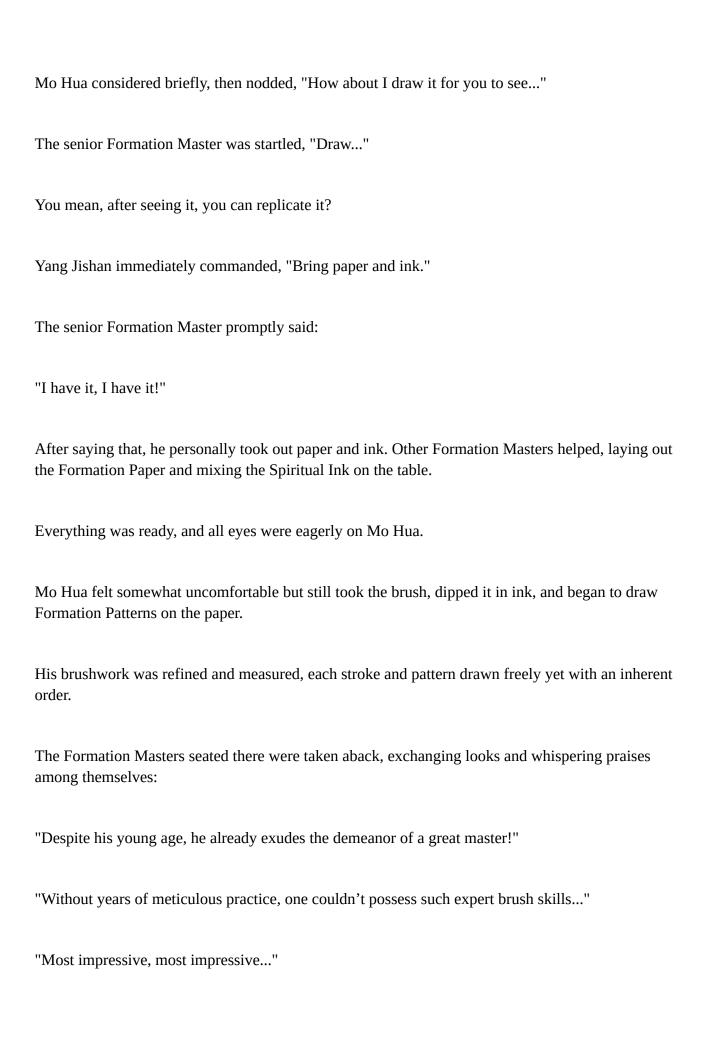
All the cultivators present turned their gaze towards Mo Hua.







After Mo Hua finished, everyone's expressions changed, but they remained silent. Ordinary cultivators, either not understanding formations or only having a rudimentary grasp, couldn't fully comprehend. The few Formation Masters who did understand, after Mo Hua's explanation, felt that he made a lot of sense. Still, they were somewhat uncertain... This matter concerned the orders of the Taoist Court, the suppressing of the Corpse Mine, the extermination of the Corpse King, and the eradication of the Taoist Demon. Such matters were no trifling affair. They dared not be careless. The senior Formation Master carefully asked: "Young brother... Gentleman, how do you know this?" Because I drew the Formation eye... Explore stories at empire Of course, Mo Hua couldn't say that out loud. Instead, he vaguely responded, "I was detained by Lu Chengyun in the Corpse Mine. By chance, I happened to see the Formation Diagram for the Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses..." Formation Diagram for the Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses? The senior Formation Master trembled inwardly, "Really?" Knowing the Formation Diagram would change everything.



Even Young Master Yun, observing Mo Hua, had a continuous glimmer of admiration in his clear eyes.

Of course, Mo Hua didn't draw the entire Formation Diagram of Ten Thousand Corpses.

He merely outlined the movements of the Formation Pivot to make it easier for everyone to understand the flow of Spiritual Power.

He also sketched the core of the Formation eye so that everyone could see how Spiritual Power passed through the Formation eye, connected with the Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses, and then mixed with Blood Qi and Filthy Qi to form Evil Power...

Before he finished, Mo Hua stopped drawing.

The group of Formation Masters, left wanting more, saw Mo Hua put down his brush and urged:

"Continue drawing, why have you stopped?"

Chapter 543: Break the Array (2)

Mo Hua scratched his head, feeling guilty:

"That's all I remember..."

He couldn't keep painting, for if he went on, he would reveal the entire formation eye...

Everyone looked left and right, scrutinizing Mo Hua's sketch of the Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses, and they all frowned.

A Formation Master sighed:

"Lu Chengyun, indeed, is quite talented..."

Someone snorted coldly, "So what if he has talent? Isn't he still a heartless scoundrel?"

"I wasn't saying he wasn't..."

"Without talent and virtue, one is merely mediocre, but with talent and no virtue, that's often the greater disaster."

"As long as one's character is corrupt, no matter how talented, they should be condemned!"

"It's a pity that Lu Chengyun, with all his talent, hasn't used it on the right path, this formation eye is extremely exquisite..."

The old Formation Master shook his head, "This formation eye might not have been constructed by Lu Chengyun..."

"Not by Lu Chengyun?" The crowd was astonished.

The old Formation Master nodded and said:

"Although this is a First Grade formation eye, it uses the framework of a Large Formation, and its underlying pattern employs the Five Elements in an orderly fashion; this is indeed a method deeply rooted in the authentic and righteous Dao of formations..."

"With such an understanding of formations, one would disdain to learn Evil Formations and sully themselves with the likes of Lu Chengyun."

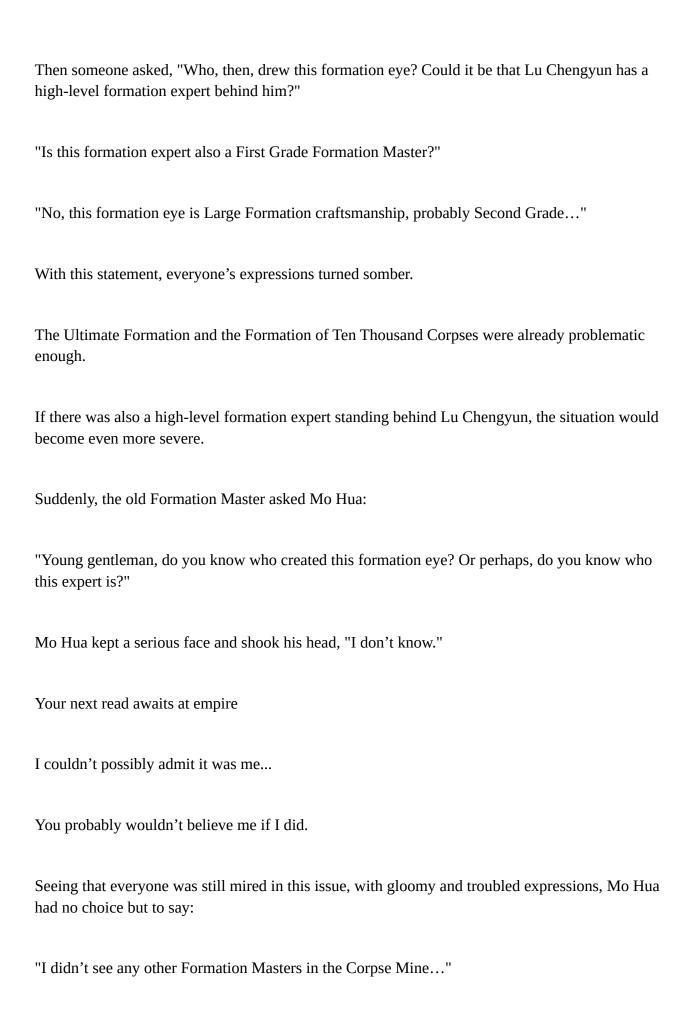
"Therefore, this Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses might have been built by Lu Chengyun, but this formation eye may have been made by someone else..."

Mo Hua listened with a hint of surprise in his heart.

This old gentleman with a beard, though also just a First Grade Formation Master, had such a sharp eye.

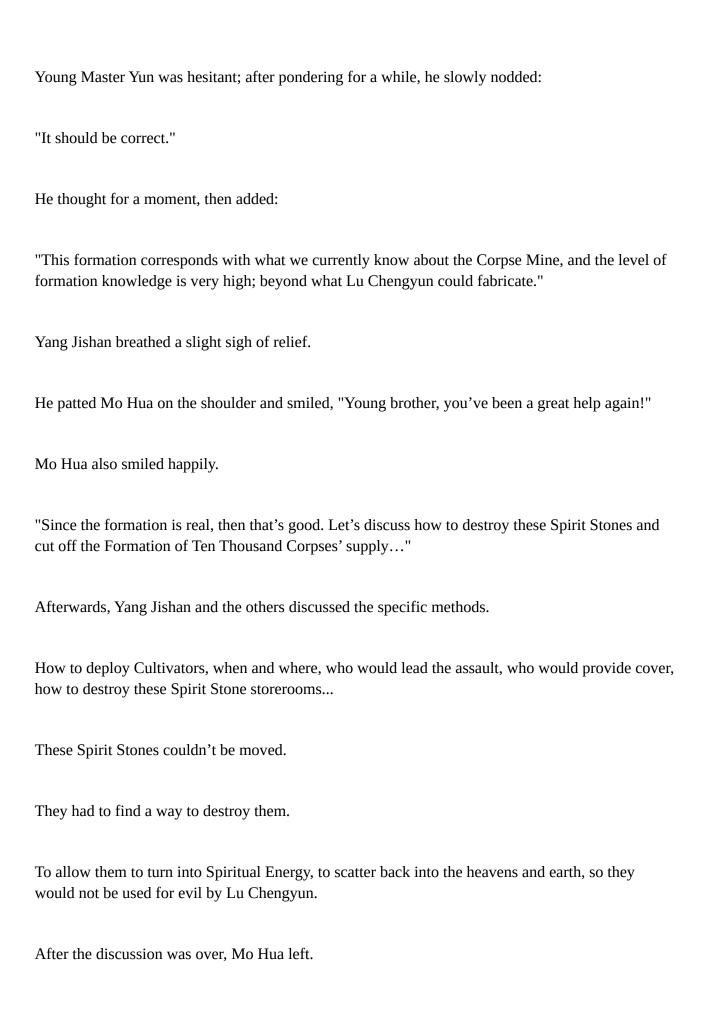
He could actually discern this...

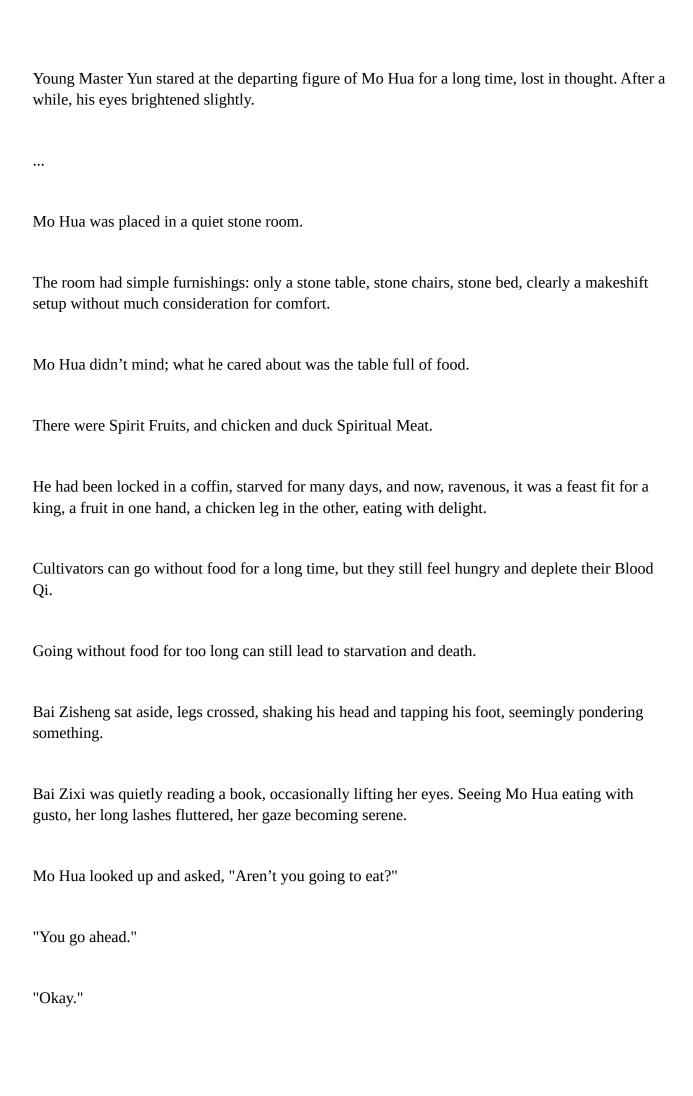
Hearing this, the other Formation Masters also nodded their heads.



"Perhaps this Formation Master was threatened by Lu Chengyun, forced to complete the formation, and then 'disposed of after use'." Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi both silently glanced at Mo Hua. The old Formation Master was taken aback, then nodded in agreement. Lu Chengyun was highly suspicious; such a thing wasn't beyond possibility. He sighed, "If that's true, it would be such a pity..." Seeing that they had been discussing for so long and still seemed confused, Yang Jishan decisively asked. "Gentlemen, can this Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses be broken?" The old Formation Master hesitated for a moment, then slowly said, "If the formation eye is indeed as such, then this strategy might indeed be viable." "Is this formation eye genuine?" Yang Jishan asked further. The old Formation Master remained silent and hesitant. The other Formation Masters also frowned, saying nothing. They believed it to be genuine, but the formation knowledge involved exceeded their mastery; they dared not make a definitive judgment. If the reality proved different, they could not bear the responsibility.

Yang Jishan then turned to look at Young Master Yun.





Mo Hua made no fuss and, after eating his fill, lay comfortably on the bed, patting his full belly contentedly.

Chapter 544: Break the Array (3)

Bai Zisheng said, "You should take a walk after eating to aid digestion, don't just lie down."

"Oh."

Mo Hua responded with a somewhat lazy tone, but still remained lying down without moving.

Bai Zisheng shook his head. After a moment, he seemed to remember something and asked,

"Are you going to see your master again?"

Mo Hua blinked and replied, "After sorting out the matters here, then I'll go back to see Master!"

Bai Zisheng's eyes brightened, "Are you going to take out Lu Chengyun?"

He couldn't stand those who were sanctimonious, bullied with their power, practiced Demon Skills, murdered, and bullied his sister and little junior brother.

And Lu Chengyun had nearly all these traits.

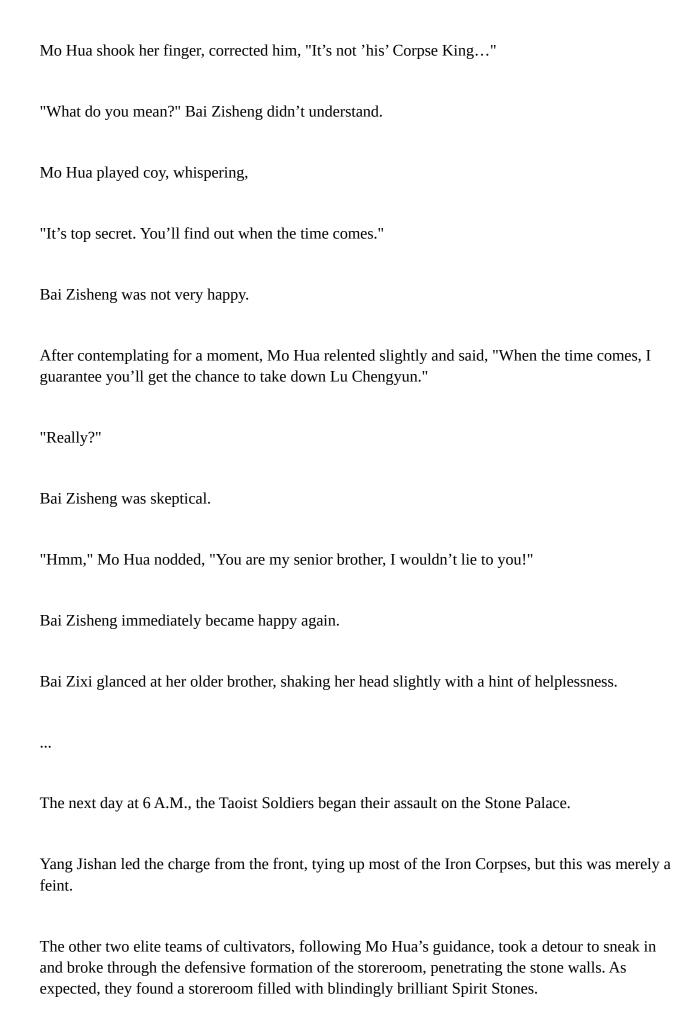
"Hmm." Mo Hua nodded.

Bai Zisheng thought for a while, then frowned slightly, "It's not easy to make a move, is it? There are so many Walking Corpses, Iron Corpses, and the Corpse King..."

Mo Hua sat up and said in a low voice,

"Step by step. First, we will weaken Lu Chengyun's power, push him into a tight spot, and then get close to that Corpse King... and he will be doomed!"

"Corpse King?" Bai Zisheng was taken aback, "Did you do something to his Corpse King?"



Under military orders, they did not hesitate. Using Spiritual Artifacts, Runes, and Taoist Skills, they destroyed the large store of Spirit Stones within the storeroom.

The destroyed Spirit Stones turned into a vast surge of Spiritual Energy that spilled out from the Corpse Mine, pervading the surroundings before returning to nature.

Even outside the Corpse Mine, Mo Hua could sense this thick presence of spiritual power.

"So this is Spiritual Energy..."

Mo Hua murmured pensively, her mind slightly stirred.

It's said that over twenty thousand years ago, nature was teeming with dense Spiritual Energy.

However, once the Taoist Court united the Cultivation World, the rapid development led to the reckless extraction of Spiritual Energy, which gradually depleted its presence in nature.

Only Spirit Stones mined from the spiritual mines below ground remained.

Cultivators relied on Spirit Stones to practice cultivation.

Places with remnants of nature's spiritual energy, like secret mountain sanctuaries, were rare, the stuff of legends. They were occupied by the Cultivation World's powerful forces.

It was the same situation with Spirit Stones.

Over the twenty thousand plus years of the Taoist Calendar, nearly all of the Cultivation World's spiritual mines had been carved up and seized by the Taoist Court, the Noble Clans, and the Great Sects.

The vast majority of Spirit Stones also ended up in their hands.

The majority of the lower-class cultivators actually had access to very few Spirit Stones.

Let alone breathing in the real nature's spiritual energy... Now the Spiritual Energy that overflowed from the Corpse Mine, although dense, was ephemeral, dissipating in mere moments. Although it was Spiritual Energy, it was not quite the real thing. After it dissipated, the world was still left dry and barren of Spiritual Energy. Mo Hua felt somewhat moved. She looked up at the sky, silently pondering, "I wonder if there will ever be a day when this world sees the revival of Spiritual Energy..." As the storeroom was blasted open, the Spirit Stones destroyed, and the Spiritual Energy diffused into the world, Lu Chengyun felt it too. His heart ached sharply as if pricked by needles. These were Spirit Stones! Collected through hard labor, enslaving Mining Cultivators, controlling zombies, mining, and his accumulated wealth! With these Spirit Stones, he could bribe officials of the Taoist Court, buy support from various powers, strengthen the Lu Family, obtain various Cultivation World resources, and elevate his own cultivation level! Yet now, they were all destroyed! What was even harder for him to accept was the situation with the Formation of Ten Thousand

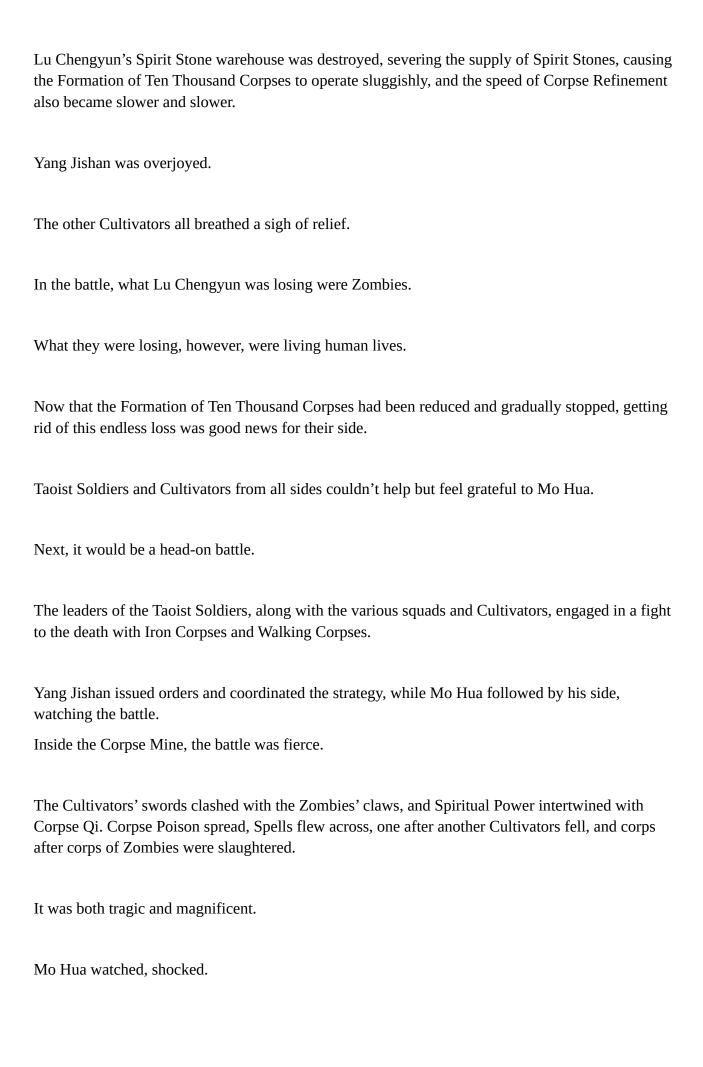
Corpses!

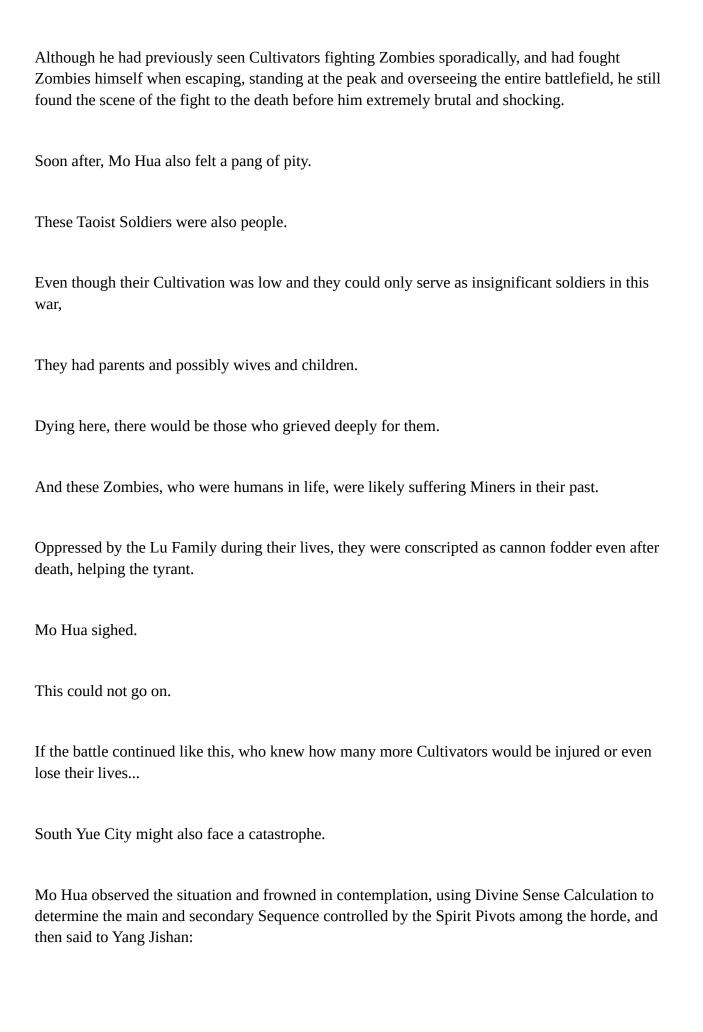
With the Spirit Stones destroyed, the Formation eye of the Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses would be cut off from its supply. Although it could still barely operate on the remaining Evil Power, within ten days, as the Evil Power was exhausted, the Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses would halt. Without the Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses running to continuously refine zombies, how could be contend with the Taoist Soldiers? Lu Chengyun's gaze turned icy. "It looks like I need to find another solution..." Stay tuned for updates on empire But then he was puzzled. How did the Taoist Court figure out that he powered his Evil Formation with Spiritual Power? And how did they learn that his Spirit Stones were hidden in the secret storeroom? Was there a traitor within the Corpse Mine who leaked all its secrets? "Impossible..." Lu Chengyun shook his head. Those in the know had either been killed by him or sacrificed by him. The rest were just Corpse Cultivators.

These Corpse Cultivators had been with him for a long time, killing and refining corpses, with

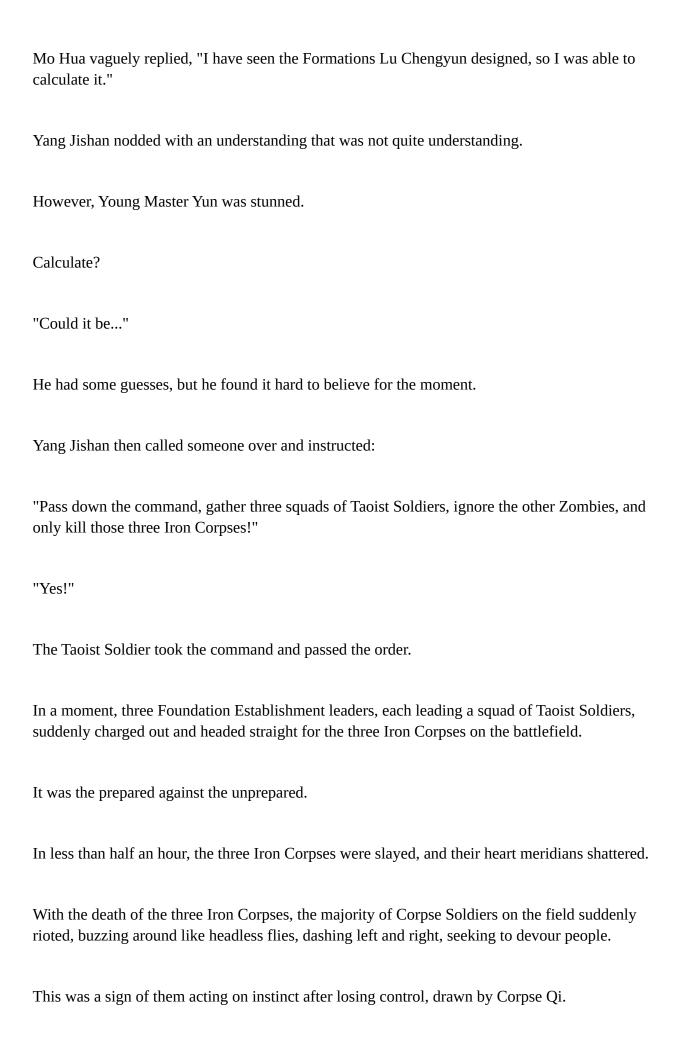
blood-stained hands.

As long as they practiced Corpse Path cultivation techniques, they would have fallen into the Demon Path, and it was impossible for them to switch allegiance to the Taoist Court.
Even if they did switch sides, it would be a death sentence.
They couldn't have leaked secrets
"So, someone at the Taoist Court saw through the bluff of the Corpse Mine and also through the Formation I laid out?"
A cultivator with such capabilities and Formation attainments must be a remarkable person.
But who could this person be?
When did they set their sights on him?
Lu Chengyun furrowed his brow.
A sudden premonition came over him.
It was as if someone had long ago spun a web around him, tightly ensnaring him, and was now watching him eagerly, closing in step by step
Who was this person?
And what exactly was this web?
Lu Chengyun was confused.
Behind him, the fierce and majestic Corpse King remained silently loyal. Chapter 545: Pursuit (1)









To ordinary Cultivators, out-of-control Zombies were quite tricky. But in such a battle among Cultivators, Zombies losing control was like loose sand. Even if they were violent and bloodthirsty, their threat was greatly diminished in the face of well-coordinated Taoist Soldiers. Yang Jishan's spirit was lifted. "It's really effective!" He immediately waved the command banner and ordered the Taoist Soldiers to form an array, grinding away as they slaughted the disordered horde of Zombies. Once the Walking Corpses were slain, the remaining Iron Corpses posed no threat in the face of the team of Taoist Soldiers. A general without his soldiers was no longer a general. And an Iron Corpse without Corpse Soldiers was just a common Iron Corpse. The Taoist Soldiers were like mowing scythes, charging through the battlefield, reaping Walking Corpses one after another.

The Taoist Court's advantage became increasingly apparent, while the loss of Corpse Soldiers grew

It didn't take long for Lu Chengyun to order the mass of Zombies to retreat.

The situation soon became clear.

The siege on the Corpse Mine was protracted.

heavier.

This was merely one of many battles over the days, and also one clear victory among the many outcomes.
But this victory was the most definitive of them all.
Yang Jishan heaved a long sigh of relief.
In the subsequent battles, Yang Jishan always took Mo Hua with him.
Mo Hua released his Divine Sense, scanned the battlefield, and after a moment's Calculation, told Yang Jishan which Walking Corpses were controlled by which Iron Corpses, and killing which Iron Corpse would cause which Zombies to disperse. Continue your saga on empire
Not just that.
Some troublesome Corpse Cultivators, what techniques they were using.
Some intense Corpse Poisons, how to counteract them.
Some nefarious Formations, how to break them.
Mo Hua recited them as if they were common knowledge, explaining them one by one.
Chapter 546: Pursuit (2)
Anything related to Formation, he could see through at a glance;
As for the Corpse Mine, it was during his concealment, eavesdropped secretly;
And regarding Corpse Refinement, some knowledge was gained from books on corpse refinement, while others, were summarized through combat with the Ancestral Master of the Zhang Family, along with the successive Elders

The more Yang Jishan listened, the more shocked he became.
He almost suspected that Mo Hua had built the Corpse Mine himself, that the Formations were drawn by him, that he had recruited these corpse cultivators, and that these zombies were refined by him and under his control
Even Mo Hua himself was like a little Demon Head of Corpse Path
Otherwise how could he be so familiar?
Of course, Yang Jishan was just pondering, he knew it was impossible.
"Probably figured it out while in the Corpse Mine"
Yang Jishan marveled inwardly. Now he finally understood why his fifth brother Yang Jiyong held this little brother in such high esteem.
Proficient in Formations, brave and resourceful, with a pure Taoist Heart.
And he could gather such detailed intelligence without anyone knowing
Wasn't that precisely the talent that the Taoist Soldiers Court needed most?
Yang Jishan looked at Mo Hua with eyes full of vitality, wishing he could snatch Mo Hua back to the Yang Family

On the other hand, Lu Chengyun's face was overcast with clouds.
Explore more at empire

He had never imagined that the situation would take such a sharp downturn in just a few days.
It seemed as if all his secrets had been laid bare.
The layout of the Stone Palace, the arrangement of Corpse Soldiers, the operation of the Formations
The enemy was also seizing flaws, nibbling away at him bit by bit.
Lu Chengyun felt the pressure, even a trace of suffocation.
It was as if the net he had woven early on was gradually tightening, becoming tighter and tighter. Once it closed completely and trapped him, he would end up on the chopping block, left to be slaughtered at will.
"The Corpse Mine can't last much longer"
To persist would be pointless.
He who hesitates is lost.
Lu Chengyun harbored thoughts of retreat:
"Need to find a way to slip away unnoticed and look for another way out."
"As long as I escape, there's still a chance."
"To flee, change my name, and then find a new Clan or Sect to rely on"
"Although I'm not young, this face shows no signs of aging, still looks gentle and refined"
"With my abilities, if I can marry into one family, I can do it a second time."

"Worst comes to worst, I'll marry someone older..." "With so many foolish women in this world who judge by appearances, I can surely deceive another." "If the Corpse soldiers are reduced, I can refine more." "If the Formation of Ten Thousand Corpses is gone, I can rebuild it." "As long as the Corpse King is still under my command, I can always make a comeback with a new identity!" Lu Chengyun's expression darkened, his eyes gleamed with a cold light. After that, the offensive by the Corpse troops intensified. They pushed back desperately, seemingly determined to go down together. Yang Jishan furrowed his brows and said, "Lu Chengyun, is he fighting to the death?" Mo Hua, however, shook his head, "No, he's trying to escape." He understood Lu Chengyun well. Such a self-serving person would definitely prioritize his own life; how could he choose to die with the Corpse Mine? The Minor Hidden Spirit Sect of the past, the Lu Family now, he never took them to heart.

Even if the Lu Family were annihilated and the Corpse Mine destroyed, Lu Chengyun would still

slip away unnoticed and find another power to leech onto.

And sure enough, a few days later during a chaotic battle,

Mo Hua suddenly sensed a familiar presence among the corpse cultivators.

The presence was very subtle, but it didn't escape the peak Divine Sense of Mo Hua's Thirteen Stripes.

There were Mid Foundation Establishment Cultivators present whose Divine Sense was stronger than Mo Hua's, but they were not familiar with Lu Chengyun, so they did not notice.

Mo Hua followed this presence and saw,

Indeed, a corpse cultivator with a covered face, looking familiar yet acting sneakily.

With one glance, Mo Hua knew it was Lu Chengyun.

Mo Hua pointed his little hand and quickly shouted:

"Uncle Yang, that person is Lu Chengyun, he's trying to run!"

Yang Jishan was stunned, then his expression changed. With a wave of the command flag, pointing at Lu Chengyun, he shouted harshly:

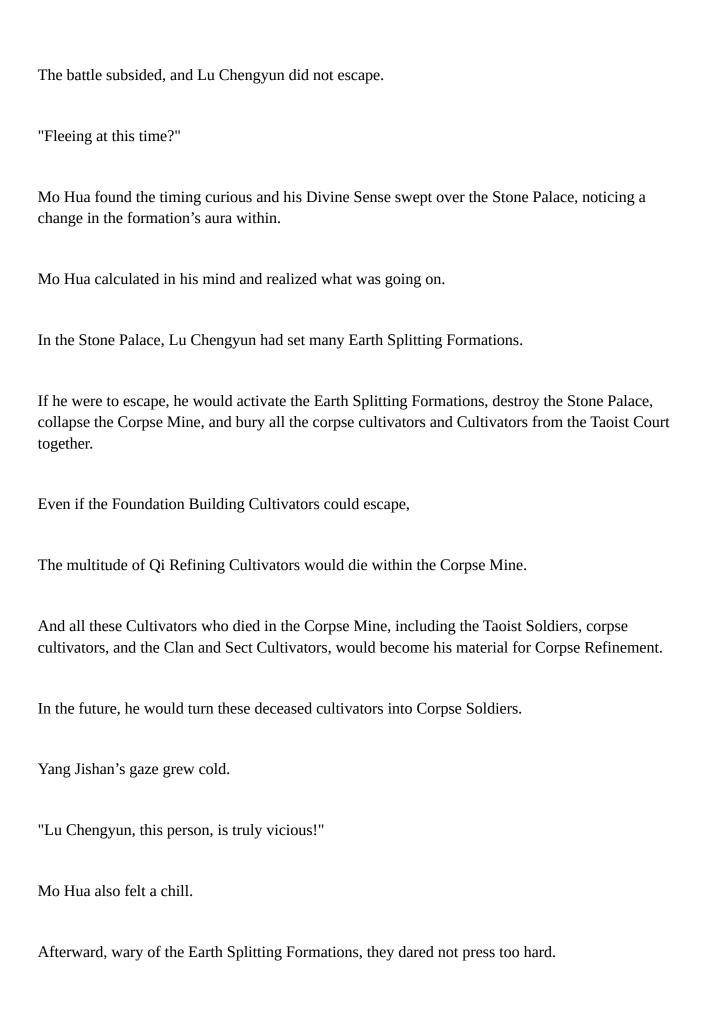
"Catch him!"

Several squads of Taoist Soldiers formed a line and charged towards Lu Chengyun.

Lu Chengyun was startled, cursing under his breath.

But he was also secretly shocked. Having concealed his cultivation, he appeared to only be at the Qi Refining Ninth Level on the surface. How had he been recognized?

Lu Chengyun didn't understand, but now that he had been discovered, he couldn't escape, so he had to withdraw back into the Stone Palace.



Mo Hua also spent some time deducing the position of the Earth Crack Formations, marking them one by one and passing the information to Yang Jishan.

Whenever the Taoist Soldiers gained the upper hand and repelled the Corpse Soldiers, someone was sent to destroy part of the Earth Splitting Formations.

The Earth Splitting Formations were slowly reduced in number.

Frustrated, Lu Chengyun launched the remaining Earth Splitting Formations one night when the Taoist Soldiers had withdrawn, causing the Corpse Mine to tremble.

Chapter 547: Pursuit (3)

The Earth Crack Formation had its limitations; it wasn't very powerful but it did trigger chaos.

Then, with the Corpse King and the Iron Corpse as his escorts, Lu Chengyun fought his way out of the Corpse Mine.

Groups of Walking Corpses, recklessly fearless of death, formed a Corpse Tide to cover the retreat of Lu Chengyun.

Yang Jishan, leading his Taoist Soldiers and cultivators from various factions, pursued them relentlessly.

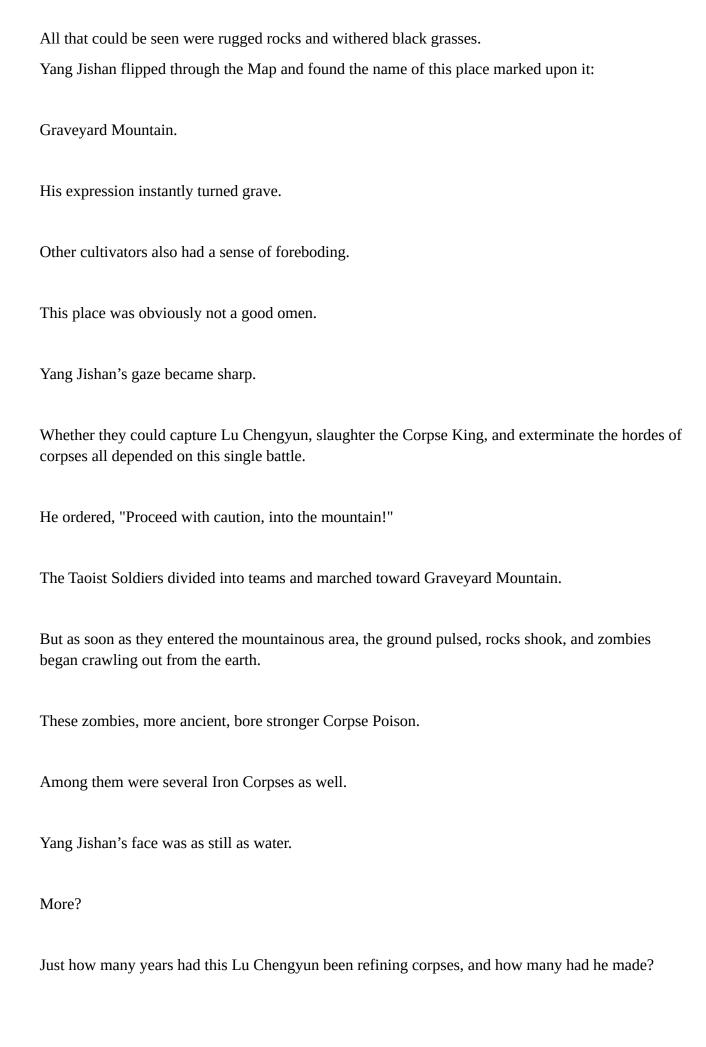
The battle moved from below the Corpse Mine to above the Corpse Mountain.

Across the mountains and fields, cultivators and zombies engaged in a fight to the death.

Many zombies, having lost control, became Walking Corpses, wandering throughout the mountains...

The battle continued for an entire day, until at last Lu Chengyun fled to a desolate and gloomy mountaintop a hundred miles away from South Yue City.

The mountaintop was desolate and vast, devoid of human life.



Could it be that Graveyard Mountain, like the Corpse Mine, was another of his Corpse Refinement facilities?
Yang Jishan frowned deeply.
The Taoist Soldiers had been chasing for a long time and were growing weary. Just as they were about to catch up with Lu Chengyun, new zombies emerged.
It seemed never-ending
Lu Chengyun's scheming was indeed profound.
Yang Jishan had no choice but to station the group outside Graveyard Mountain to keep a constant watch on the movements inside, to prevent his escape.
The group discussed what to do next.
"The problem now is, how many zombies are there exactly inside Graveyard Mountain?"
One middle-aged cultivator sighed.
"If there are too many, we will undoubtedly be no match for them."
"Not knowing their number, we will surely fall into an ambush"
"We don't have enough hands"
Yang Jishan furrowed his brow, his expression stern.
They had already lost many soldiers in battle.

Most of the remaining cultivators were injured, and some had to use Serum Pills to suppress the Corpse Poison, rendering them incapable of fighting.

The strength that remained was now less than one-third of its original.

And it was still unknown how many zombies Lu Chengyun had at his disposal.

If Lu Chengyun was only feigning defeat to lure them into a deep chase for an ambush, they would surely suffer a significant loss.

But Graveyard Mountain was lonely and eerie, with a toxic miasma permeating the air.

How could they find out exactly how many zombies were inside?

After some thought, Mo Hua said, "Capture a Walking Corpse, then capture an Iron Corpse."

Yang Jishan looked slightly startled.

Mo Hua continued, "Let me take a look at the Formation Patterns on their bodies, and I can estimate roughly how many Zombies Lu Chengyun still controls."

Yang Jishan was somewhat stunned.

The other Formation Masters were also exchanging glances.

Yet Young Master Yun's gaze became focused, as if deep in thought.

"You can estimate that?" Yang Jishan asked uncertainly.

"Mhm," Mo Hua nodded.

Yang Jishan didn't quite understand, but considering there were no better options, he pondered for a moment and nodded, saying,

"Alright." He took action personally, along with a few leaders of the Taoist Soldiers, capturing three Walking Corpses and one Iron Corpse and restraining them with iron chains. The Zombies were howling and struggling. Corpse Poison, like blood, flowed from the Zombies, soaking into the iron chains and emitting a pungent, rotten smell. These Zombies were noticeably more violent and toxic. Bai Zisheng stood in front of Mo Hua to prevent the Zombies from getting out of control and hurting Mo Hua. Bai Zixi, on the other hand, was behind Mo Hua, her fair fingertips condensing Sword Qi, quietly on alert. Mo Hua said, "Uncle Yang, cut open the chest." Yang Jishan nodded. This was something he had done once before, so he went about it quite efficiently. Shortly after, the outer layer of the Zombie's cardiac vessels was cut open, revealing the Formation patterns connected to the flesh and blood within. Mo Hua took out paper and pen, traced the Formation, and after briefly differentiating, identified a

The Spiritual Pivot Formation uses Sequential Formation Patterns to "code" the Zombies.

few special Sequential Formation Patterns.

By deducing the Sequential Formation Patterns, one can reverse-engineer the "coding" to find the total number of sequences in the entire Spiritual Pivot Formation system, in other words, the total number of Zombies.

Mo Hua had not been able to do this before.

Because such a Calculation was rather complex, it not only consumed Divine Sense but also tested one's understanding of Formation technique.

But ever since assimilating the Contemplation Map and reaching the peak of Thirteen Stripes with his Divine Sense, and after drawing the Spiritual Pivot Formation hundreds of times, Mo Hua's Divine Sense had grown powerful, and his understanding of the Spiritual Pivot Formation was crystal clear. Thus, he could attempt such a Calculation.

Mo Hua looked at the Sequential Formation Patterns with furrowed brows, deeply engrossed in the Calculation.

Yang Jishan and the others, watching Mo Hua fully concentrated, couldn't help feeling anxious, not even daring to let out a breath.

After an indeterminate amount of time, Mo Hua finally came back to his senses, taking a long breath and looking slightly pale.

Yang Jishan asked anxiously, "How is it?"

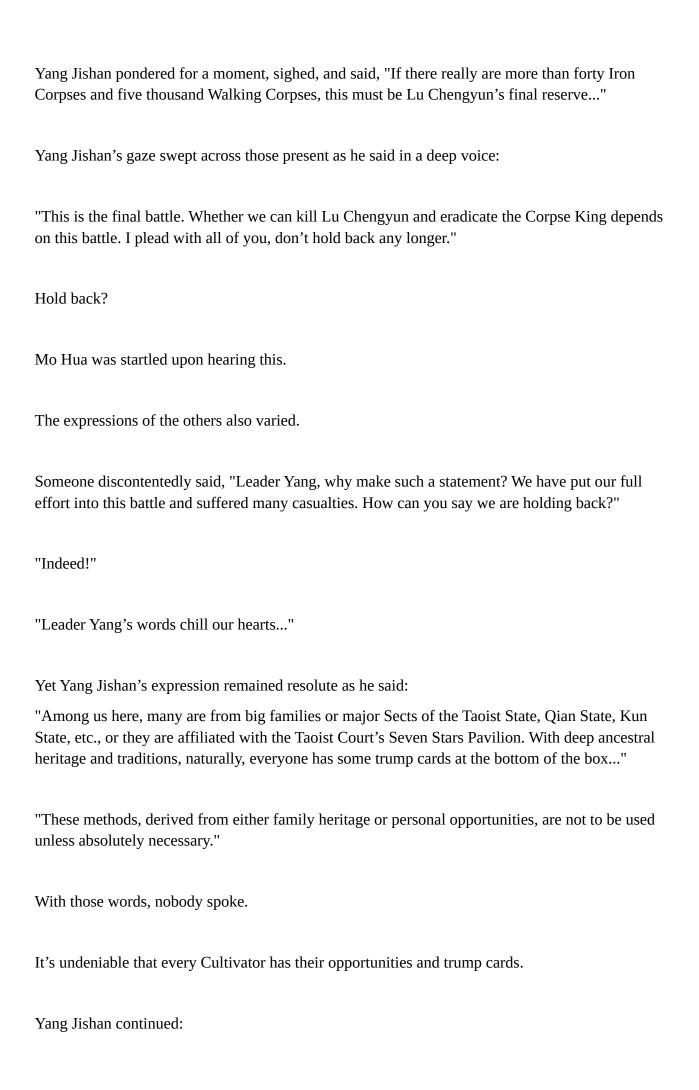
Mo Hua pondered before saying,

"I can only roughly estimate, it's not particularly precise..."

"It's fine, it's fine," Yang Jishan said.

Mo Hua then continued, "...Based on the Sequential Formation Patterns, there are roughly over forty Iron Corpses and five thousand Walking Corpses inside this graveyard, under the control of the Corpse King."

Yang Jishan nodded and furrowed his brows.
The situation was quite severe.
The Walking Corpses were manageable, but the over forty Iron Corpses were indeed beyond his expectation and not easy to handle.
However, Yang Jishan was more curious about another matter:
"How exactly did you calculate this?"
Mo Hua scratched his head and, pointing to a Pattern, said,
"These Patterns are interconnected and have an intrinsic sequence. With a bit of Divine Sense, you can calculate it out"
Yang Jishan didn't understand.
He turned his head to look at the other Formation Masters and realized they were just as confused.
Only Young Master Yun stood there in a daze, murmuring to himself,
"Calculation"
Was this a Divine Sense Calculation technique that only the ancient forebear of the Yun Family's Formation Masters knew?
So young, and he's already capable of Calculation?
Was this something a person of his age should be able to learn?
Watching Mo Hua, with his childlike face, Young Master Yun's thoughts were turbulent. Chapter 548: Signs of What's to Come (1)



"Now, killing the Corpse King has reached a critical juncture."

"If we win this battle, we will all rejoice."

"But if we lose, letting Lu Chengyun escape and the Corpse King survive, and the Taoist Court holds us accountable, I, Yang, will naturally be the first to bear the brunt and face the Taoist Court Officials' punishment. But everyone present here..."

Yang Jishan looked around, "I'm afraid will not escape responsibility either!"

Yang Jishan's gaze darkened, "...if the Taoist Court assigns blame, the Noble Clans and Sects, their advancement in ranks for the next century, will be significantly delayed."

"And among you, some who hail from the Taoist State and have connections to the Heaven Shu Pavilion should know what it truly means if the Corpse King survives."

"If the situation fails, the responsibility will be great. The families of all present will be pursued by the Taoist Court!"

"Would your clan vent their anger on you, remove you as Elders, reduce your treatment, and strip your rights?"

Yang Jishan's gaze turned solemn, his tone icy, "And that's not even the worst-case scenario..."

"The worst-case scenario is that Lu Chengyun, driven mad, lets the Corpse King run wild, triggering a real, large-scale Corpse Tide that wipes out South Yue City and even the entire state boundary."

"By that time, should the state boundary become a domain of corpses, all living creatures would perish..."

"And within the Corpse Tide, if several Iron Corpses coincidentally transform into Copper Corpses, I'm afraid not many among us could leave the Minor Wilderness State Boundary alive!"

Yang Jishan said coldly, "At that time, your trump cards will only serve to press down the bottom of your coffins..." "And you might not even have coffins, either devoured alive, leaving no bones behind, or reduced to Walking Corpses, which would be worse than having no remains..." Yang Jishan's speech turned everyone's faces pale. Although his words were somewhat alarmist. Yet looking at the current situation, these things were not impossible... "Leader Yang, what do you intend to do?" an old Cultivator among them asked. He was very old, with white hair, but he was not concerned for himself, but for the younger generations of his clan. If they won this battle, his merits would pave the way for the clan's advancement within a century. Your journey continues at empire This group of Disciples would certainly be valued. But if they lost and the Taoist Court sought accountability, causing a decline in their ranking, the efforts of three generations of Cultivators over several hundred years would have been in vain. And the future prospects of the younger Disciples of this group would no longer be valued by the clan. So even if he died, this battle had to be won!

Yang Jishan said with firm conviction:

"Relying on the resources of Noble Clans, no longer hiding our cards, bringing out all our trumps, we will directly kill Lu Chengyun, eradicate the Corpse King, and quell the corpse menace!"

As he finished speaking, he took out a long spear from his storage bag.

This spear was golden and shimmering, with gold-patterned grooves; Spiritual Power condensed around it, faintly emitting an imposing aura.

As soon as the spear appeared, Cultivators in the know changed their expressions.

Yang Jishan said, "This is my Yang Family's Second Grade superior Spiritual Artifact, the Sunset Spear!"

"This spear is precious, made through a special forging process, and extremely powerful. Used in conjunction with Yang Family Spear Technique, a single strike holds the power of the peak of Foundation Establishment, but it is easily worn out and can only be used three times."

Yang Jishan looked at the golden spear, seemingly reluctant, but still said solemnly:

"This Sunset Spear was bestowed by my grandfather for the purpose of saving my life, not to be used unless in a life-and-death situation."

"But in this battle where victory and defeat decide life and death, I will use this spear to execute Lu Chengyun and kill the Corpse King!"

The crowd was somewhat moved.

Mo Hua was also surprised; though he didn't know the backstory of the Sunset Spear, seeing the expressions of the others, he understood the spear was no small matter.

It was very likely that even if they won this battle, the merits gained might not be worth as much as the spear.

Yang Jishan set an example, and other Cultivators also fell into thought.

Yang Jishan, coming from the Yang Family and leading the Taoist Soldiers, was proficient in warfare and knew well how Cultivators fought.

If he had to use his trump card, it meant that unless they took swift and decisive action, they would face tremendous peril!

When it was not the time to economize, one must not skimp at all.

Otherwise, one might even economize one's life away...

After some Cultivators reflected, one spoke up:

"Since Leader Yang has put it this way, I will not hide my cards either..."

With a flip of his hand, he took out a black jade box, proudly saying:

"I come from the Tang Family, possessing a set of Second Grade Spiritual Artifacts known as the Rainstorm Pear Blossom Needles. The box hides the needles, which, once released, rain down with Spiritual Power like showers, piercing like pear blossoms. It may be somewhat lacking against strong enemies, but thrown into a horde of corpses, its lethal force is immense..."

Chapter 549: Omen (2)

Once someone started, the rest of the cultivators all went with the flow.

Even those who initially claimed they had no secrets revealed their trump cards.

"I hail from the Han Family and possess a Spirit Enhancement Pill. After consumption, my cultivation will increase to the Middle Phase of Foundation Establishment within the time it takes to drink a cup of tea..."

"Zhang Family, Zhang Zifan, my ancestor gave me a Fiery Flame Burning Sky Formation..."

"Dou Family, Dou Changbao, I have a Second-Grade Spirit Binding Net that can hold four Iron Corpses at the same time..."

"I come from a humble clan, merely chanced upon a High-Grade Second Rank Spirit Explosion Jade Rune by coincidence, which possesses the power of a Foundation Establishment Late Stage cultivator's spell..."



He had thought these clan cultivators, if not totally inept, were at least somewhat mediocre.
Only now did he understand why:
First, battles involving groups of cultivators are indeed different from solo combat, and many techniques are hard to utilize.
Second, they all had their own little calculations, and they didn't plan on using their good items for the extermination of the Corpse Mine.
Mo Hua's eyes sparkled.
This was like reaping wool, as long as you were willing to reap, there would always be rewards.
These matters, if not mentioned by Leader Yang, he himself would have no knowledge of them.
Mo Hua felt as if his knowledge had grown
The cultivators present had various trump cards.
There were Spiritual Artifacts, Pills, Runes, Formations, Spells, and more.
Yang Jishan categorized them and coordinated arrangements.
He was determined to employ these methods precisely, to swiftly eradicate the horde of the undead and suppress the Corpse King!
Once everything was settled, Yang Jishan's next task was to understand the topography of the Graveyard Mountain.

Several cultivators from the Taoist Court with powerful Divine Senses began to scan the mountain with their Divine Senses.

However, after scanning for a long time, they still couldn't uncover much.

Just like the mines, the Graveyard Mountain was heavy with Filthy Qi, which hindered the Divine Sense.

Furthermore, there were Formations everywhere.

The auras of these Formations were obscure and intertwined with the Filthy Qi of the mountains, making them difficult to distinguish.

Thus, the map that was drawn was quite rudimentary.

It could only roughly outline the topography, indicate where the Corpse Qi was dense, where there might be Formations, and the likely type of Formation, etc...

These vague details weren't very helpful.

Yang Jishan furrowed his brows and suddenly thought of Mo Hua. He approached Mo Hua with the map and asked:

"Little brother, can you discern what kinds of Formations are present within this Graveyard Mountain?"

"Let me see..."

Mo Hua took the map, then looked towards the distant, gloomy and dark Graveyard Mountain, his Divine Sense stirring slightly as he began to calculate.

As he calculated, he muttered to himself and then commenced drawing on a piece of paper, altering and correcting his work.

He drew things that Yang Jishan couldn't understand.

Yang Jishan didn't dare interrupt Mo Hua, so he silently watched from the side.

After an unknown amount of time, Mo Hua's gaze brightened as he started to make marks on the map.

His markings noted the names of Formations, as well as the Formation Method Classification, Formation Patterns, and the important details about the Formation eye, Formation Pivot, and Formation media used.

He even roughly indicated the numbers of Iron Corpses and Walking Corpses in areas with dense Corpse Qi.

The entire Graveyard Mountain was clear at a glance.

Yang Jishan was stunned.

He really wanted to ask Mo Hua how he managed to figure it out, but on second thought, asking such questions made him, the leader, seem rather inept.

And even if Mo Hua explained, would he understand it?

At least he hadn't understood a thing Mo Hua said before...

Let it be, distrust those you do not employ, and trust those you do.

Yang Jishan sighed, feeling a sense of relief.

It was fortunate that on this journey, they had this young cultivator; otherwise, the eradication of the Corpse Mine might not have gone so smoothly.

After Yang Jishan left, Mo Hua furrowed his brows.

There was something that puzzled him.

With the Graveyard Mountain full of Zombies, setting aside the Walking Corpses, how did those Iron Corpses come to be?

Several neighboring state boundaries were all Second Grade. Stay tuned for updates on empire

In a Second-Grade Prefecture, cultivators at the Foundation Establishment stage were the limit.

From where did Lu Chengyun obtain these dozens of Foundation Building bodies to refine into Iron Corpses?

Furthermore, these Iron Corpses were clearly refined a long time ago.

The older the year, the more potent the Corpse Poison.

Mo Hua frowned and pondered, suddenly a thought struck him.

Minor Hidden Spirit Sect!

He remembered Instructor Yan mentioning that the Minor Hidden Spirit Sect was once a quite powerful Formation Sect in the region, having produced many Foundation Building Cultivators, but gradually fell into decline.

Until later, when Lu Chengyun betrayed the Sect, murdered his master, and stole the Formation, causing the Sect to disband.

But even after disbanding, the Sect's graveyard remained.

Within it lay the bodies of generations of Foundation Building Cultivators from the Sect.

Thinking this, Mo Hua felt a chill.

During his observations of the past few days, he noticed that besides the intense Corpse Qi, the physical bodies of the Iron Corpses in the Graveyard Mountain were not particularly strong. Moreover, their arms were symmetrical, and their fingers slender.

Apparently, most of them had been Formation Masters in life...

It could be that Lu Chengyun's act of killing his master was not an impulsive one but had been premeditated for a long time.

Chapter 550: Omen (3)

This scheme included not only the Spiritual Pivot Formation but also involved the fall of the Sect and the dispersion of its disciples. It even called for the use of the Sect Leader's and Elders' corpses, left un-worshipped in their graves, from the Minor Hidden Spirit Sect.

To slay the master and extinguish the ancestors, to bring the Sect to ruin, and to refine corpses from the Sect's predecessors...

In Mo Hua's deep gaze, a cold light slowly began to gather:

"Lu Chengyun... courting death!"

•••

Yang Jishan had acquired the detailed Cemetery Map and the Formation Diagram, so he began to make comprehensive plans, hoping to accomplish his task in one fell swoop by eradicating the Corpse King and putting an end to the zombie menace.

Everything was ready, and suddenly Mo Hua sought out Yang Jishan and said:

"Uncle Yang, let me come along too."

Yang Jishan was somewhat astonished, "What would you do there?"

"I want to help out," said Mo Hua.

Yang Jishan was slightly taken aback, then felt warmth in his heart.

Such a good child, with great capabilities and a kind heart, no wonder my fifth brother speaks so highly of him. But Yang Jishan still shook his head: "I would like you to come, but this battle is a matter of life and death. We'll be facing the Corpse King, and there are so many Iron Corpses, it's too dangerous. Even I might be more likely to face misfortune than luck, I can't guarantee your safety..." Mo Hua said, "Uncle Yang, don't worry, my Junior Brother and Junior Sister will protect me." Yang Jishan hesitated, "Your Junior Brother, Junior Sister, they are only Qi Refiners, aren't they...?" "Although they are Qi Refiners, their cultivation is very strong," Mo Hua declared proudly. Still, Yang Jishan disagreed, "This is a fight to the death, a messy battle against zombies, it's different..." Mo Hua replied, "If it really doesn't work out, I'll use my Concealment Technique to escape..." Concealment... Yang Jishan was startled by these words. No wonder! No wonder he was able to fish in troubled waters within the Corpse Mine, gathering intelligence. So he had a method of concealment. This was something Mo Hua had not mentioned before, so Yang Jishan was unaware.

Yang Jishan looked at Mo Hua with shining eyes.

Concealment... what a skill... truly wonderful... Then he was struck by a question, "You're only at the level of Qi Refinement, how did you manage to conceal yourself from Lu Chengyun?" Mo Hua smiled with narrowed eyes but did not respond. Yang Jishan then realized his impropriety. Such sensitive details about a cultivator's abilities should not be discussed carelessly. Yang Jishan promptly said, "Sorry, it was impertinent of me to ask." And so Mo Hua asked, "So, can I go?" "This..." Yang Jishan was still reluctant; he suddenly paused, then asked with suspicion: "Your visit to the cemetery, does it have another purpose?" Mo Hua did not hide it and nodded, asserting directly: "I have a personal grudge with Lu Chengyun, I want to see him die!" Yang Jishan was stunned. A personal grudge? Was it a grudge formed when he was locked up in the Corpse Mine, or was there another reason? Yang Jishan's gaze became somber.

Regardless of the reason, he was reluctant to let Mo Hua, a young cultivator of such an age, risk his life. In fact, he was considering whether to have someone take Mo Hua out of South Yue City first, so that if the battle failed and South Yue City fell, Mo Hua would not be in danger. Eradicating Corpse Sin was a decree from the Taoist Court and the duty of Taoist Soldiers, and it had nothing to do with Mo Hua. Mo Hua was knowledgeable in formations and had a good nature; he was a promising young cultivator who should not be exposed to such risks! Yang Jishan nodded to himself. But just as Yang Jishan was resolute in his decision and about to voice his refusal, a sudden premonition shook his heart. In his Sea of Consciousness, an image emerged out of nowhere: The sky in the image was dyed red with blood. Lu Chengyun was dead. But all the cultivators present were also dead. And he himself had lost an arm, pinned beneath the foot of a zombie with eyes full of despair. This zombie was huge, with blood-colored pupils that faintly glimmered dark gold, and its aura was terrifying. It raised its arm and let out a roaring howl.

All around the mountains and fields, countless zombies bowed in submission...

In an instant, everything disappeared.
Yang Jishan's back was soaked with cold sweat, and he was filled with immense terror:
"Just now what was that?"
Was it the intuition honed from many years on the battlefield?
A sign from the unseen world?
Or had someone allowed me to see this scene
Yang Jishan's face was pale, his eyes full of fear and uncertainty.
"Uncle Yang?"
A young voice brought Yang Jishan back to his senses.
Yang Jishan looked up to find Mo Hua's concerned face.
"Uncle Yang, what's wrong?" Mo Hua asked with worry.
After a moment of contemplation, Yang Jishan forced a smile, "Nothing, I'm just a bit tired"
Feeling apologetic, Mo Hua then said:
"Then you should rest well, Uncle Yang, I won't bother you any longer."
Yang Jishan nodded slightly, and just as Mo Hua was about to leave, he suddenly called Mo Hua back.

•••

