

## The Quest 671

Chapter 671: Who is the Taoist (4)

And the deaths were strange, cruel, without warning, utterly unpredictable.

On the Saint Heir's face, there was no longer any arrogance or indifference, only endless fear.

"I... I am the Saint Heir... you can't kill me!"

"Please, not Planting Devil in Taoist Heart!"

"Don't plant the devil!"

"I don't want to become something neither human nor ghost!"

But Gui Tao's people simply didn't listen. Within a few steps, they had approached the Saint Heir, and a pair of slender, pale hands smeared with blood slowly stretched towards him.

The Saint Heir felt as if his liver and gallbladder were splitting. He racked his brains, desperately begging for his life:

"Please, don't kill me!"

"I am the Saint Heir, I might become the Demon Monarch in the future!"

"My father is the master of the Ghost King Sect, my mother is the Blood Jade Rakshasa

...

But these words couldn't stop Gui Tao's people.

Just then, the Saint Heir yelled, "I have the bloodline of the Blood Taoist, I am a descendant of the Blood Taoist

Gui Tao's people's hands stopped.

Mo Hua's gaze grew sharp at this moment.

He heard another Taoist's name:

"Blood" Taoist.

Perhaps because of the Blood Taoist, Gui Tao's people lowered their hand and spared the Saint Heir.

After the ordeal, the Saint Heir gasped for air, only then realizing that his whole body was soaked in cold sweat.

Gui Tao's people had brought him an unprecedented sense of oppression and fear.

And now, these crises had passed.

The Saint Heir also deeply understood the weight of the two words "Taoist".

He secretly glanced up, looking at Gui Tao's people with fear. Although his voice was still shaky, he respectfully said:

"The Blood Taoist is my ancestor, an ancient grand Demon Cultivator, and you also bear the Taoist title. Therefore, should I respectfully call you 'Ancestor Uncle'?"

Gui Tao's people completely ignored him.

They turned their head, looking towards Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi. In their pitch-black pupils, a flicker of unusual emotion appeared.

Then, they took step by step, walking towards Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi.

Their voice, although somewhat intermittent and stiff, had lost its strangeness and had become normal:

"Are you the disciples of my junior brother?"

"Or... the children of my junior sister

"I need you to lead the way, take me to see... my junior brother."

Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi turned pale.

Aunt Xue was even more terrified.

She knew that this was by no means as simple as "leading the way".

Gui Tao's people were after Zisheng and Zixi, to use them as bargaining chips!

Gui Tao's people's actions were unpredictable and ruthlessly brutal.

They would not care even for a shred of past affection.

Once taken by Gui Tao's people, one's fate would be uncertain, fortune or disaster would be hard to guess, and more likely than not, they would never return...

Even if they did, they would probably have been subjected to Planting Devil in Taoist Heart, dominated, and life would be worse than death...

Aunt Xue felt agony in her heart and was extremely anxious, "Elder

But quickly, she found she could no longer speak, she couldn't even move a finger.

Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi, too, were unable to move.

Gui Tao's people steadily approached them, their expression indifferent, reaching out their long and bloody palms, attempting to grasp the two of them in their hands...

In her extreme anxiety, Aunt Xue couldn't help but spit out blood.

The surroundings were as silent as death.

Just then, a crisp, albeit abrupt voice rang out:

"Uncle

This voice broke the deadly silence.

Gui Tao's people turned around, only to discover that not far away stood a young Cultivator, his demeanor tranquil, his gaze clear, with a hint of depth.

"I'll take you," Mo Hua said.

Gui Tao's people looked at Mo Hua, their gaze cold, and uninterested.

Suddenly, they felt a jolt in their heart.

Uninterested...

How could I... not care?

How could I... just... overlook this little one?

Watching Mo Hua closely, after calculating, the fog seemed to clear, the chaos of cause and effect sorted, and a small figure gradually emerged in their mind.

"This is... someone my junior brother has hidden

Gui Tao's people's pitch-black eyes trembled slightly.

"Good A lively yet strange expression appeared on Gui Tao's people's face, "Come with me

Having you is enough...

Mo Hua nodded.

"Junior brother!" Bai Zisheng exclaimed in urgency.

Bai Zixi also shook with emotion, calling out urgently, "Mo Hua!"

Aunt Xue bit her lip, powerless.

Mo Hua smiled gently at them, waving his hand and said:

"Junior brother, junior sister, you go back first. I will go with Uncle to see Master

Gui Tao's people looked at Mo Hua with a surprised gaze, then turned around and began to walk forward, swaying from side to side.

Mo Hua followed behind.

The sun had set.

Two figures, one large, one small, one eerie, one innocent, step by step, walking back the way they had come...

Chapter 672: - Peer (1)

Dawn had broken.

Amidst the verdant mountains and rivers.

The sky was azure and vast, the forests lush like a screen.

A brook babbled along.

Two figures, one leading the other, walked onward.

The person in front, tall and thin, wore an ill-fitting Taoist robe stained with blood, moving stiffly and oddly like a marionette pulled by strings.

The one behind, petite with picturesque eyebrows and eyes, stepped lightly.

These two were none other than Gui Tao's people and Mo Hua.

They had been walking all night and now into the morning.

Gui Tao walked slowly, seemingly in no hurry.

Mo Hua had no choice but to follow at his pace, calmly and steadily.

He was following Gui Tao...

Gui Tao was cruel and unpredictable.

Deeply scheming, adept at beguiling the hearts of men.

The Big Demon, Feng Xi from Tongxian City, and the Corpse King, the Taoist Demon from South Yue City, both stemmed from Gui Tao's plotting.

Just now, twenty Golden Core Demon Cultivators had also fallen to his "Planting Devil in Taoist Heart," slaughtered to the last man.

Mo Hua followed behind him, initially tense and uneasy at heart.

But after half a day and a night of walking, he had grown numb, found relief, and gradually adapted.

He thought about it and felt that he should be safe, at least for the moment.

Although uncertain of Gui Tao's intentions, as long as he intended to bring him to his master, it was inevitable that he wouldn't kill him before they met.

Moreover, it seemed unlikely that he would be subject to "Planting Devil in Taoist Heart."

If he were, his master would surely detect it, knowing he was no longer his little disciple, leaving Gui Tao without leverage.

Mo Hua breathed a sigh of relief.

At least before he saw his master, he should remain "unharméd."

As for what might happen after that... well, that was yet to be seen...

But first, he must meet his master.

Mo Hua heaved a long sigh.

He wished to see his master one more time; otherwise, he feared he might never see him in this lifetime...

But he didn't know what secret burdened his master, how many people, how many powers, were plotting against him.

Now the Demon Sect had laid out a killing scheme.

An old ancestor from the Feather Transformation Realm had taken action.

The Golden Cores, once thought unattainable, now cropped up everywhere like leeks.

His “Uncle,” Gui Tao, had reaped over twenty with “Planting Devil in Taoist Heart.”

In such a situation, those at Foundation Establishment were mere ants.

Let alone him, a mere Qi Refinement cultivator.

With Demon Sect cultivators everywhere in Dali Mountain, he, on his own, couldn’t go back to Li Mountain City, break the Soul Refining Banner, enter the Five Elements Mountain Guarding Formation, and see his master.

Only by following Gui Tao could he sneak in.

Mo Hua nodded slightly.

Gui Tao wanted him to lead the way and find his master.

He, too, wished to have this “Uncle” “protect” him as he went back to see his master once more.

Although his Uncle might also kill him,

As it stood, as long as he stayed by his side, no one else could harm him.

After all, he was a “Taoist” of the Demon Sect who could nurture a Taoist Demon...

The thought of seeing his master again

Made Mo Hua’s steps considerably lighter.



The Gui Tao walking ahead, however, narrowed his eyes slightly.

He didn't know what Mo Hua was thinking.

Initially, there had been a trace of insecurity in Mo Hua's expression.

But after walking a while, he seemed to come to some realization, easing into a relaxed demeanor, swaggering behind him.

As if... he was on his way to make a casual visit?

This youngster... quite bold...

Didn't he know who he was dealing with?

Gui Tao remained silent, continuing to lead the way.

Mo Hua, with hands clasped behind his back, followed.

Walking along, Mo Hua began to feel bored.

His "Uncle" was limping, walking too slowly...

At this rate, getting to Li Mountain City would take forever.

Mo Hua wanted to ask but didn't quite dare; he feared provoking his Uncle's ire.

Yet, after some time, he could no longer restrain himself and moved closer, whispering:

"Uncle, aren't you in a hurry?"

"Aren't you walking, just a bit too slow...?"

"At this rate, my master will end up caught by those Demon Heads

"Won't you walk a bit faster?"

...

Gui Tao's pace faltered, but he did not respond, simply continuing forward.

Seeing no reaction but no anger either, Mo Hua felt reassured and grew bolder.

"Probably I haven't struck the right chord, so my Uncle couldn't be bothered to answer

Mo Hua then picked some other topics to inquire about:

"Uncle, what do you want to do when you find my master?"

"Uncle, are you on bad terms with my master?"

"Uncle, are Taoists really powerful?"

"Uncle, does everyone who undergoes 'Planting Devil in Taoist Heart' surely die?"

"Uncle

...

Chattering non-stop like a little chatterbox, Mo Hua talked incessantly.

At last, Gui Tao couldn't stand it anymore, stopped in his tracks, turned his head, and looked at Mo Hua with his pitch-black pupils.

Mo Hua immediately fell silent.

Afterward, the remainder of the journey was silent; they passed through a small mountain village.

The village was sparsely populated, usually inhabited by poor Loose Cultivators living off Spirit Plants, secluded and undisturbed.

On the right-hand side of the road, there was a small noodle shop.

Amidst the green mountains and rivers, the aroma of noodles wafted out.

Mo Hua halted.

Gui Tao walked on, then noticing Mo Hua had stopped, turned back with a vacant and cold gaze.

"I'm hungry, I can't go any further Mo Hua stated truthfully.

He had been walking for a day and a night now.

He was not a Body Cultivator, and with little strength, he had sustained himself on the tension of the journey and hadn't felt fatigued.

But now that he had relaxed and smelled the enticing fragrance, he felt ravenously hungry and couldn't walk another step.

Gui Tao looked at Mo Hua, his expression becoming complex.

Chapter 673: Chapter Peer (2)

Kill... but cannot kill...

To plant the devil in the Taoist heart... also cannot do...

If he doesn't eat his fill, he won't be able to move on...

Gui Tao's person stood desolate for a long while. There wasn't any facial expression or movement, but it seemed as if he indeed sighed. Then he turned around and began to walk towards the small noodle shop.

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, and he immediately followed with a beaming smile.

The small noodle shop was run by a couple who were Qi Cultivation Loose Practitioners.

With their low cultivation, they ran a noodle shop by the road to make a living for themselves.

Mo Hua had previously swept the place with his Divine Sense, confirming that it was simply an ordinary noodle shop, and the couple were merely ordinary cultivators.

There were a few patrons, mostly Loose Cultivators from nearby, nothing unusual.

Mo Hua and his companion entered.

The store owner, plain-looking and dressed in coarse clothing, came up to greet them enthusiastically and asked,

"What would the two honored guests like to eat?"

After he finished speaking, just about to glance at Gui Tao's person,

Mo Hua quickly stepped forward, waved his small hand to draw his attention, preventing him from looking at Gui Tao's person. Then he took out two Spirit Stones and said with a clear voice,

"Two bowls of noodles, and quick, please!"

Mo Hua had thought it through.

The Spirit Stones for the noodles had to be paid by himself.

With Uncle in this state, it was unlikely he would offer to pay...

He also dared not let Uncle pay...

Uncle's moods were unpredictable.

If he accidentally angered him and he gave in to planting devil in the Taoist Heart, killing everyone in the small shop, then it would be his own fault.

Seeing the Spirit Stones, the shopkeeper's eyes brightened, but he also looked a bit troubled:

"Young brother, two Spirit Stones are a bit much, two bowls of noodles don't cost that much

"It's fine Mo Hua waved his hand. "Just add some extra toppings."

With that, the store owner happily accepted with a thousand thanks.

Watching the shopkeeper's expression, Mo Hua felt inexplicably emotional.

To him now, two Spirit Stones really weren't much, but for these low-level Loose Cultivators, it might represent a whole day's earnings...

In this world, some people are so rich in Spirit Stones that they squander without a second thought.

Others pinch and scrape, carefully living day by day...

Mo Hua sighed.

Gui Tao's person's expression shifted slightly, casting a surprised look at Mo Hua.

Afterward, the two of them took their seats.

A few more patrons were scattered inside the shop.

Mo Hua deliberately chose a secluded corner and even used his small body to block Gui Tao's person so that he wouldn't watch others and they couldn't see him.

Gui Tao's person appeared indifferent, seemingly unconcerned.

These Loose Cultivators were like ants, not worth his attention.

Soon, the shopkeeper brought their noodles over.

The portion of noodles was hearty, and the toppings plentiful—with even two slices of meat.

It looked like Monster Beast meat rather than Spiritual Meat, slightly gamey but not overpowering, not too tender but edible.

Of course, it couldn't compare with what mother used to make.

But the flavor was good, the noodles aromatic, the soup robust.

Mo Hua was never picky, and famished, he held the bowl and slurped the steaming hot noodles.

After eating for a while, Mo Hua looked up to find that Gui Tao's person hadn't touched his chopsticks.

Mo Hua continued to eat the noodles while pondering...

This "Uncle" of his, who planted devil in the Taoist Heart and is using someone else's body, should be considered a "dead man."

Of course, a dead man doesn't need to eat.

Mo Hua frowned, his mind turning to other questions...

Uncle... where was he residing before?

Was he following the traces of my master?

When did he start tracking the master's location and begin to plan?

And...

His appearance on Dali Mountain was just too coincidental...

When did he pin down the whereabouts of Junior Brother and Sister?

After a few bites, Mo Hua couldn't help it and stealthily glanced at Gui Tao's person, whispering:

"Uncle

"Back on Dali Mountain, were you already nearby?"

"Then watched as that Saint Heir surrounded us?"

"Waiting until Junior Sister and Junior Brother shattered their special Eternal Life Runes, losing their means of protection, before you acted

"Is it that, even you couldn't do anything about the Eternal Life Runes?"

...

As Mo Hua spoke, he nodded, feeling his conjectures were fairly reasonable.

Finally, Gui Tao's person couldn't bear it any longer. His pitch-black eyes gazed at Mo Hua and uttered his first words of the journey:

"Eat your noodles

His voice was flat and indifferent, seemingly a bit displeased...

"Oh."

Mo Hua obediently lowered his head and continued eating his bowl of noodles.

Until all the noodles in his bowl were finished, Mo Hua did not speak again.

Then he looked up at Gui Tao's person, and involuntarily glanced at the untouched bowl of noodles in front of him, licking his lips.

Every grain and drop should be appreciated for its hard-won journey.

It must not be wasted.

Mo Hua silently reached out with his small hand, shifted Gui Tao's noodles to his side, and then buried his head and huff, huff, huffed them down...

Gui Tao's person's usually expressionless face stiffened for a moment.

His pitch-black eyes watched Mo Hua, somewhat in disbelief...

...

After finishing two bowls of noodles, the two set off again.

Mo Hua felt slightly stuffed, his belly round and full, so he walked ahead, strolling to aid digestion.

Gui Tao's person followed behind, looking puzzled at Mo Hua's retreating figure.



This little thing... is quite strange...

He found it somewhat inscrutable.

It seemed as though his junior brother had laid some trick, hidden some secret, obscured some cause and effect...

What exactly had his junior brother hidden in this child?

What consequence had he obscured?

And why had he hidden the child so preciously, covered him up so thoroughly, keeping it all from him...

Chapter 674: Peers (3)

If it had not been for him stepping forward, I wouldn't have even realized that my junior brother had actually taken in such a young disciple...

Gui Tao's people took another look at Mo Hua and couldn't help frowning.

Spiritual Root very poor, physical body extremely poor.

No special bloodline either.

Divine Sense... though obscured by something, hazy and not clear, but barely passable.

Beyond that, there is a certain cleverness, and indeed the actions are somewhat...

Unexpected...

With such aptitude, what exactly did junior brother see in him?

Moreover, the most peculiar thing is...

I always feel the aura on this child is both foreign and familiar...

It seems that this should be the first time we've met, but it also feels like I've dealt with him many times before, as if there are many ties of karma...

A hint of confusion flashed through Gui Tao's people's hollow eyes.

What dealings could I possibly have had with a mere Qi-refining junior cultivator?

What ties of karma?

Gui Tao's people looked at Mo Hua, their pupils darkening a few shades.

"It doesn't matter anymore

"Once I see junior brother, everything will become clear

...

On the road outside Li Mountain City, the two of them were still walking.

They walked slowly, but step by step, they were getting closer to Li Mountain City.

The closer they got to Li Mountain City, the thicker the Demonic Qi became.

Outside Li Mountain City, there were hardly any local cultivators left.

Most of them were Demon Cultivators.

Besides them, there were some very unfamiliar faces, dressed in fine clothes with unique Spiritual Artifacts, diverse Cultivation Techniques, and rare and superior Taoist Skills, all coming from Taoist Court's Noble Clans and Sects.

These cultivators were definitely from out of town.

Possibly, they came directly from the central Taoist State where the Taoist Court headquarters is located.

There were many of them, and their realms were high.

If they were not at Foundation Establishment, they were at Golden Core, with not a single Qi Refinement practitioner among them.

The whole Dali Mountain, seemed to have turned into a chess game, and all the cultivators still here were like pieces on the board.

Mo Hua couldn't help frowning.

"Is the secret on master's person really that momentous?"

What exactly do they want to get from my master?

Mo Hua shook his head.

All of this, he knew nothing about.

He also remembered what his master had admonished:

"I have a great fortune, and a shocking secret... but these, I cannot pass on to you, nor can I tell you."

"Passing them on to you would bring you a calamity of epic proportions."

"Even knowing them would entangle you in karma."

"So you shouldn't know anything, and you don't need to know anything

Not knowing, then, is just fine.

Seeing master again will be enough...

Mo Hua silently told himself.

But as they approached Li Mountain City, the journey started to get treacherous.

The outer cultivators were still restraining themselves.

However, the closer we got, the heavier the killing intent.

Mo Hua, following Gui Tao, saw nothing but bloodshed and chaos, countless cultivators engaged in deadly battles.

On the surface, it was mostly Taoist Court cultivators slaughtering Demon Sect cultivators.

In secret, there were also Demon Cultivators brutally killing each other.

And among those from the Taoist Court, some, because of benefits or past grudges, took the opportunity to plot against each other.

After killing, they would fabricate the scene, pinning the blame on Demon Cultivators.

This was a scene he had never witnessed before.

The Righteous Dao is upright, and the Demon Path is demonic, but at this moment, there seems to be little difference between righteousness and demonism...

Mo Hua watched and shook his head.

The human heart is indeed very complex...

And his own situation was also becoming delicate.

Because he was following Gui Tao.

Gui Tao's aura was gloomy and strange, and without looking, it was clear that he was a Demon Cultivator.

Mo Hua was a child, innocent and naïve in appearance, but in this place of blood and gore, following a bizarre-looking Taoist around, it was plainly abnormal.

Virtually no one among the present righteous and demonic forces recognized Mo Hua.

He was just a minor Qi Refinement cultivator after all.

No one cared about his allegiance, no one cared about his stance, and certainly, no one cared about whether he lived or died.

So along the way, every now and then, someone would try to kill Mo Hua.

The Righteous Dao was better, after all, they followed some rules and wouldn't easily commit murder.

But the Demon Path was different.

There were those who saw Mo Hua's tender skin and wanted to devour him;

Those who saw something off about Mo Hua and wanted to eliminate him swiftly;

Those who saw Mo Hua as a child and wanted to use him for Alchemy;

Even shameless female Demon Cultivators, finding Mo Hua handsome and cute, wishing to replenish from him...

At such times, Mo Hua would immediately hide behind Gui Tao, seeking protection from Uncle.

And Gui Tao refused no one.

Any cultivator who dared stand before him, righteous or demonic, was subjected to Planting Devil in Taoist Heart by him, leading to mental collapse, either committing suicide or turning on each other...

Mo Hua just hid behind and watched.

These scenes might have been bloody, might have been cruel.

But as a Monster Hunter by origin, he had seen many a gruesome hunt, so he was not afraid.

Mo Hua then watched Gui Tao, standing against the wind, with eyes dark and cold, not lifting a finger, yet playing those ferocious and overbearing Demon Cultivators to their deaths, utter slaughter...

No matter how many times he saw it, Mo Hua found it tremendously shocking.

But as he watched, he couldn't help but ask himself a question:

"This Planting Devil in Taoist Heart is so powerful

"Can I learn it?"

Chapter 675: Planting Devil in Taoist Heart (1)

Can I learn it?

Mo Hua pondered for a moment and shook his head.

No, it's probably not possible...

"Planting Devil in Taoist Heart It sounds like a technique from the Demon Path.

I am a Serious Cultivator, I cannot stray into crooked and evil ways, learning unethical Demon Sect Taoist Skills.

What if I master it, lose myself, fall into the Demon Path, and become a little Demon Head... What then?

"However, just because I can't learn it, does that mean I can't study it?"

At this thought, Mo Hua reconsidered.

He also remembered his master's warning about "Gui Tao's people" on the night they parted:

"He has already become a demon, and what he cultivates is the Technique of 'Gui Tao

"His nature is indifferent, his methods are extremely strong, and he is an extremely arrogant person; but he is proficient in Divine Thought Technique, and his use of Divine Sense has reached the pinnacle

"If you encounter him in the future, you must be very careful

...

Be very careful if I encounter him in the future...

Mo Hua furrowed his brow.

Did his master's words carry another, deeper meaning?

Did his master anticipate, or perhaps foresee, that I would encounter Gui Tao's people, and that's why he told me to be careful?

But how should I guard against him?

Mo Hua thought for a moment, then uncertainly said to himself:

"Know yourself and know your enemy?"

Only by understanding "Planting Devil in Taoist Heart" can I guard against "Planting Devil in Taoist Heart."

If I know nothing of "Planting Devil in Taoist Heart," I might be ensnared by the "Uncle's" scheme in the future and become his puppet, out of control and oblivious to it.

Moreover, my master said that Gui Tao's people had "reached the pinnacle in the use of Divine Sense...."

If even my master said "reaching the pinnacle," then Gui Tao's people's Divine Sense technique must be extremely refined and frighteningly powerful.

I need to at least take a good look and learn what I can from it.

As for the Righteous Dao and Demon Path...

Mo Hua stroked his chin, deeply contemplating.

The so-called Righteous and the so-called Demon are both manifestations of the "Dao," expressions of the Great Dao.

Like with Formation.

Evil Formation and Righteous Dao formations appear to be distinctly different, but they both conform to the fundamental principles and framework of Formation.



However, Righteous Dao formations aim to comprehend the Heavenly Dao, to grasp the essence of the operation of Spiritual Power.

Demon Formations seek quick success and pursue potency, hence they are quickly established by using human blood as ink, human bones as pivots, skin and flesh as media, and oceans of Blood Qi and Qi Sea as focal points.

Existence and nonexistence generate each other, difficulty and ease complete each other, and righteousness and evil are contrary yet also validating each other.

Could it be the same with “Planting Devil in Taoist Heart”?

Learn its techniques, understand its principles, discern its path.

Even if I cannot use the technique of “Planting Devil in Taoist Heart,” by analogy, I can understand the principles of using Divine Sense and learn the methods of its application.

At the very least, I can also know myself and the enemy, in order to guard against the “Uncle” harming me in the future.

However, I must maintain my Taoist Heart, not lose my true nature.

It’s easy to go from the Righteous to the Demon, but to change from Demon to Righteous is difficult...

Mo Hua nodded reflexively.

I must not be beguiled by “Planting Devil in Taoist Heart.”

I cannot become a little Demon Head!

Determined, Mo Hua began to follow Gui Tao’s people, peeping out with his little head, spying on how Gui Tao’s people used “Planting Devil in Taoist Heart” to manipulate people and slaughter Cultivators...

Gui Tao's people acted without restraint, killing widely, and frequently used "Planting Devil in Taoist Heart."

Having seen it many times, Mo Hua, with his understanding of Divine Sense and experience in Divine Thought Slaughter, also gained a rough grasp of "Planting Devil in Taoist Heart."

This was a technique that sounded ordinary, looked peculiar, seemed horrifying upon reflection, and was executed with a cold and cruel efficiency that made it nearly unsolvable—it was a Demon Path Divine Thought technique.

Blood Qi harms the flesh.

Spiritual Power harms the meridians.

But "Planting Devil in Taoist Heart" damages the Divine Sense itself.

It is about turning one's own Divine Sense into Demon Thought, and after differentiation, spreading like an epidemic, residing in other people's Sea of Consciousness.

It is similar to the hauntings in the Contemplation Map, but far more powerful.

The hauntings parasitize, slowly consuming the Sea of Consciousness with many limitations and taking effect slowly.

"Planting Devil in Taoist Heart," however, takes effect rapidly, and Cultivators "seeded" with Devil by Gui Tao's people can hardly extricate themselves after a few moments, as the Demon Thought is deeply implanted.

The hauntings are an external evil invasion.

But "seeded Devil" is more like an internal contamination, directly causing the Cultivator's Taoist Heart to deteriorate and demonize.

It is not that Gui Tao's people control them.

It's more like they themselves can't control their own Demon Thoughts.

Even though they are being controlled by someone else, it's as if they are acting according to their own wishes and desires.

Planting Demon Thought within the Taoist Heart...

From this perspective, what "Planting Devil in Taoist Heart" erodes and damages is actually the Taoist Heart!

Mo Hua felt a chill in his heart, but then a suspicion surfaced as he observed Gui Tao's people:

"Planting Devil in Taoist Heart, Demonic Thought Differentiation... But where is the true 'Gui Tao's people,' or rather, the original Demon Thought of Gui Tao's people?"

"If that Demon Thought is not killed, does that mean Gui Tao's people will not die?"

"Is it even possible that, unless all the Demon Thoughts are erased, even if the original Demon Thought is killed, 'Gui Tao's people' might not die?"

"Doesn't that mean they would be truly... immortal?!"

Mo Hua was deeply shaken.

This "Uncle" of mine seems to be far more terrifying than I thought...

Upon this thought, Mo Hua considered further:

"With such a terrifying Uncle, such a powerful 'Planting Devil in Taoist Heart,' I must study it closely

Compelled by his thoughts, Mo Hua involuntarily nodded his little head and then continued to stealthily observe Gui Tao's people.

Only this time, he watched even more carefully, discovering even more...

Firstly, “Planting Devil in Taoist Heart” requires a medium.

Eyes, ears, nose, tongue, body, and mind—all can be mediums.

Form, sound, smell, taste, touch, and phenomena—all are the pathways.

Some Cultivators were “seeded” just by giving Gui Tao’s people a glance; others by hearing them speak;

Some by smelling the blood scent emanating from Gui Tao’s people; others by tasting their blood;

Chapter 676: Planting Demon in Taoist Heart (2)

Some had fought Gui Tao’s people and came into contact with their deathly pale, slightly decomposing flesh, which caused their Taoist Heart to collapse, turning them into puppets.

Therefore, one must not look, listen, smell, touch, or even think.

Otherwise, it would create a medium for planting the devil, and unconsciously, the Sea of Consciousness would be impregnated with the embryo of Demon Thought, becoming the soil for its proliferation, thus dying under the “Planting devil in the Taoist Heart

And those cultivators who died under the Planting Devil in the Taoist Heart each met different fates.

For cultivators with low realms, just one glance could taint their Taoist Heart, leading them to slaughter each other.

The insignificant demon cultivators along the way were all killed by Uncle this way;

Those of higher realms would have the Demon Thought parasitize through close contact.

Like those more than twenty Golden Cores that were killed earlier,

They were impregnated with Demon Thought, desiring to become “Taoists,” and died slaughtering each other;

For even higher realms, like the old man beside the Saint Heir, who manifested a bell, wore a blood robe, and held a black demon sword, his nature was firm, and his cultivation was high, making him not easy to deal with.

Uncle had no choice but to speak.

With words, he disturbed his mind, broke his defenses, destroyed his Taoist Heart, and unleashed his demonic desires.

Unable to bear it, the old man brought about his own demise...

But what if there are those with even higher cultivation?

With the Demon Thought Uncle now harbors, is there really nothing he can do?

Mo Hua thought about it but couldn't understand.

The blood-robed old man in the Late Jindan Stage was the highest realm cultivator Mo Hua had seen die under the Planting Devil in the Taoist Heart.

He had not yet seen Uncle take action against cultivators of higher realms.

With no reference, he could not analyze further.

However, this was too far removed from him, so Mo Hua didn't dwell on it.

The pressing matter was to start from the basics and examples, and analyze the Planting Devil in the Taoist Heart little by little.

Having seen much, Mo Hua gradually became more acquainted with the methods of using the Planting Devil in the Taoist Heart.

Although its outward appearance was complicated and unpredictable,

Its essence was still the manipulation of Divine Sense.

Mo Hua experienced a moment of clarity but still felt vaguely that he had not crossed that threshold, not having fully grasped the concept of Planting Devil in the Taoist Heart.

He needed to observe more, learn more, think more...

Every time Gui Tao's people killed someone with the Planting Devil in the Taoist Heart, Mo Hua's understanding of it deepened.

Initially, Gui Tao's people were completely unaware.

Only later, after using the Planting Devil in the Taoist Heart to kill a few demon cultivators and noticing Mo Hua's unusual silence, did they turn around to find Mo Hua, with his wide eyes staring intently at them.

Seemingly taking notes, calculating, learning, and summarizing something...

At first thoughtful, then gradually enlightened, his eyes becoming brighter and brighter...

Gui Tao's pitch-black pupils trembled, thoroughly shocked.

What on earth was this little creature stealthily learning??!

Stealth learning the Planting Devil in the Taoist Heart?

Where on earth did his junior find such a crazily vicious little disciple?!

The expression on Gui Tao's wooden face changed, but eventually, it calmed down again.

He said nothing, but from then on, he became much more restrained in his actions.

No longer killing recklessly.

The Planting Devil in the Taoist Heart was also used very sparingly.

Even when used, only the simplest and most rudimentary methods were employed.

Mo Hua noticed this and tentatively asked,

"Uncle, these demon cultivators are after the Master, aren't you going to kill them?"

But Gui Tao's people were indifferent, completely ignoring him.

Mo Hua sighed, understanding that Gui Tao's people were guarding against him.

Hiding it away, not letting him see!

Mo Hua felt a little put out and grumbled to himself, "Uncle is really stingy

How could they not let him see?

He hadn't fully understood yet...

But there was nothing Mo Hua could do.

"If they won't let me see, then they won't

He could only commit to memory the scenes of the Planting Devil in the Taoist Heart he had witnessed, and when he had nothing else to do, he would turn them over and over in his mind,

meticulously speculating, trying to discern some Divine Sense manipulation spell points from the “Reaching the Pinnacle” methods of their Uncle, learning just the rudiments...

...

The two were still on the road to Li Mountain City.

A few days later, one evening.

Mo Hua followed Gui Tao’s people to an old temple.

No one knew whom this temple was dedicated to; it was long neglected and in ruins, with broken doors and windows.

And for some reason, Gui Tao’s people were insistent on staying in this dilapidated temple for the night.

As the evening approached, the moonlight was cool and clear.

When the mountain breeze passed, it carried a chilling coolness.

Mo Hua drew a Warm Fire Formation on the ground to bake a fire for warmth and also to roast wild sweet potatoes, wild yams, and a few fish he had caught along the way on it.

While roasting, he heard several footsteps.

Apparently, a few people were approaching the temple.

At the same time, there were some indistinct voices:

might as well go back

are you willing?”



"No choice

"Near Dali Mountain, the situation is chaotic. It's no longer a place we can stay, and besides, Young Master Yun can't afford any mishaps

Young Master Yun?

Mo Hua was startled.

The voices of those people got closer.

Mo Hua recognized them somewhat, one elderly, one middle-aged, and one youthful.

It seemed to be the same three people he had encountered in South Yue City, accompanying Young Master Yun.

"Senior, you don't have to worry about me, I

"What are you talking about? Your father entrusted you to my care. How will I explain to him if you lose your life

"In my opinion, if we act cautiously, we might still have an opportunity

That was the middle-aged cultivator's voice.

"Can't you just calculate our way out of danger?"

"If I wasn't capable of calculation, I wouldn't want to stay here."

Chapter 677: Planting Devil in Taoist Heart (3)

"These days, I've been feeling nervous and jittery, as if a great disaster is about to occur. I've been unable to sleep at night, which is why I wanted to leave

"After departing, we would lose the opportunity

"Don't indulge in wishful thinking, here in Dali Mountain, the real Demon Head hasn't arrived yet

"Isn't it that our Taoist Court has no Great cultivators?"

"It's not the same, you

While they were talking, they walked into the dilapidated temple, and just as they looked up, they were startled to see Mo Hua and another person.

Gui Tao's people sat in the shadows, indistinct and unclear.

Mo Hua was drawing a Warm Fire Formation, roasting by the fire, his small face lit by the firelight, flushed red, with sweet potatoes stuffed in his mouth and his cheeks puffed.

The gaunt old man, Mo Hua remembered, seemed to be surnamed Wen. Upon seeing Mo Hua and his companion, he clasped his hands in greeting after his moment of surprise:

"We were passing through and hoped to stay for the night. We apologize for the intrusion!"

After speaking, the gaunt old man glanced at Mo Hua, somewhat puzzled.

He couldn't help feeling—the night was dark and windy, the lamp dim, the temple broken. Mo Hua, this child, seemed eerie roasting his food, eating nonchalantly.

Yet at the same time, he felt that Mo Hua looked somewhat familiar.

It seemed he had seen him somewhere before, and the impression should have been very deep.

But he couldn't recall where.

Mo Hua was also a bit astonished.

These three didn't recognize him.

But it didn't matter anymore. Under the circumstances, pretending not to recognize each other was better.

Mo Hua didn't speak; he just nodded slightly.

The gaunt old man clasped his hands in thanks again, while the middle-aged cultivator haughtily seated himself.

As for Young Master Yun, he too looked confusedly at Mo Hua, but after a brief gaze, still not recognizing him, he ended up giving a polite bow as a way of expressing his thanks.

Mo Hua remembered Young Master Yun quite clearly.

A Second Grade Formation Master, thin-skinned and somewhat shy, but kindhearted and enthusiastic, open about his formation skills.

They had a good relationship.

Mo Hua turned his head and stole a glance at Gui Tao's people, feeling a bit worried.

"Could my 'uncle' intend to kill these people?"

He held the sweet potato, not eating it, instead carefully observing Gui Tao's people, checking if his aura was stable, managing his presence and senses in a subdued state, showing no signs of initiating Planting Devil in Taoist Heart. He finally relaxed a bit.

Mo Hua, seizing the moment, finished his sweet potato and then dimmed the light of the Warm Fire Formation slightly.

The darkness deepened, shrouding Gui Tao's figure even more obscurely.

Mo Hua nodded subtly.

Now, Young Master Yun and the others couldn't see "uncle's" figure.

On the other side, Young Master Yun and the others found a clean spot, sat down, and began talking softly.

It seemed they were wary of Mo Hua overhearing, so they kept their voices low, and their words were veiled.

With his superior Divine Sense, Mo Hua managed to catch a bit of the conversation, though it was quite muffled.

It seemed the gaunt old man wanted to leave, the middle-aged cultivator disagreed, and Young Master Yun wavered, wanting to leave yet hesitating over something, seeming reluctant.

The middle-aged cultivator then mocked the gaunt old man, "The older one gets, the more cowardly."

The gaunt old man retorted, "It's precisely because of being cautious that I've lived so long."

He glanced at the middle-aged cultivator and scoffed, "You may not live to my age

The two argued briefly, then shifted to discussing the matters of the Taoist Court and the Demon Sect, saying a great deal which seemed critical, but Mo Hua, with limited knowledge, didn't recognize the titles.

Something about a Venerable, some Fairy, some Rakshasa, some Valley Master, some old ancestors...

Who these people were, what their statuses were, and what grievances they had.

They chattered on for quite a while.

To Mo Hua, unaware of these people and hearing such talk—mostly about family marriages, clan promotions, ancestor commemorations, burials—it all seemed so mundane, and he began to doze off.

Half-asleep, Mo Hua suddenly heard them mention:

"That person... What does he really have on him?"

Mo Hua snapped to awareness in a jolt.

That person...

Were they talking about... Master?

Mo Hua looked up covertly.

The gaunt old man's expression was grave, his words hesitant.

The middle-aged cultivator's eyes narrowed, "You actually know?"

The gaunt old man remained silent.

The middle-aged cultivator became impatient, "It's come to this, just speak up

Young Master Yun also seemed curious.

After struggling internally for a long time, the gaunt old man finally sighed, "I... also heard it. You all know it now, but do not mention it to outsiders

The middle-aged cultivator assured, "Don't worry."

The gaunt old man sighed, then continued:

"Our sect's former leader, an expert in Calculation, highly experienced, sadly suffered from mental decline before his death, hence sometimes his words were...unconsidered

He didn't want to disrespect his predecessor, so he spoke very euphemistically.

"One day, he inadvertently revealed something, which I happened to overhear

"He said, the secret that person carries... involves the... Back Ruins Heaven Burial

Back Ruins Heaven Burial?

What did that mean?

Mo Hua frowned.

Suddenly the atmosphere around changed; Mo Hua startled, turned towards Gui Tao's people, and his expression was one of shock.

Under the darkness of the night, Gui Tao's people had opened their eyes, their pupils were deeper than the darkness itself, fluctuations in their aura, and a mutation had occurred in the Six Dusts.

He... harbored a killing intent!

Chapter 678: Ten Thousand Demons (1)

The gaunt old man suddenly felt a pang of inexplicable panic.

But soon after, the panic dissipated without a trace, as if it were just a momentary illusion on his part.

The old man set his heart at ease, feeling a sudden onset of fatigue, and considering that dusk had fallen and the morrow would undoubtedly require an exhausting round of intense thought and complication, he decided to squint his eyes and nap for a while.

However, as he drifted between wakefulness and sleep, just as he was about to doze off, he suddenly felt hungry and couldn't help but take out several Fasting Pills from his storage bag and chew them...

But Mo Hua, watching from the side, grew increasingly shocked.

Because he could see clearly that what the gaunt old man was chewing on was not Fasting Pills, but his own fingers!

He was chewing on his fingers, putting them into his own mouth!

Blood was already dripping from the corners of his mouth.

The bones were showing through on his chewed fingers.

Meanwhile, the middle-aged cultivator was distracted, drawing a knife and placing it against his own neck.

Young Master Yun took out his sword to stab at his own chest.

It was the Planting Devil in Taoist Heart!

"Uncle wants to kill these three!"

In his hurry, Mo Hua's thoughts raced as he recalled everything he had learned about "Planting Devil in Taoist Heart" these past few days, and with a grave look, he swiftly made a few strokes, altering the Formation Patterns of the Warm Fire Formation on the ground.

Once the Warm Fire Formation Pattern was altered, it immediately conflicted and self-destructed in an instant.

With a "boom," the formation exploded, emitting a piercing sound.

At the same time, flames soared, spreading a bright crimson glow in the darkness of the night, strikingly glaring and obstructing Gui Tao's people's line of sight, distracting him.

It also broke his Planting Devil in Taoist Heart.

Startled by the commotion, the three gaunt old men came to their senses, all appearing somewhat dazed.

The gaunt old man felt a sharp pain in his hand and, upon glancing down, saw his fingers bloody and mangled, with stark white bones showing, causing a surge of panic in his heart.

"What's going on? What happened?"

He looked around, just in time to see the child across from him looking at them with slight urgency, his little mouth opening and closing, apparently saying something without making a sound, as if wary of something.

Despite the pain, the gaunt old man concentrated, furrowing his brow as he watched for a while, and then made out from the child's lip movements what he was saying.

He was saying two words:

"Leave quickly!"

"Leave quickly!"

Leave quickly?

The gaunt old man was initially startled, then his eyes widened.

He recognized him!

This child was the Junior Formation Master from South Yue City!

That is, Mr. Zhuang's little disciple!



Now with an urgent look, he was silently signaling them... to leave quickly?!

A shiver ran through the gaunt old man's heart, and a chill surged up like a tide. He immediately thought of the Taoist hidden in the shadows upon entering the door.

He wanted to turn his head to look, but forcibly restrained himself.

A cultivated intuition from years of Calculation whispered that this person was insidious and must not be looked at!

Instinctively, the gaunt old man reached for the Three Talents Divination Copper Coins in his storage bag, but upon touching them, he felt them scattered and fragmented, and upon closer examination, his pupils dilated in shock.

Broken?!

The Three Talents Divination Copper Coins... completely shattered?!

Had this life-and-death crisis been so severe that even the Three Talents Divination Copper Coins could not withstand it?

"Leave quickly!"

The gaunt old man, with trembling hands, firmly grabbed the middle-aged cultivator and Young Master Yun, still with undeclared terror in his eyes.

Young Master Yun and the middle-aged cultivator, not understanding what was happening, just when they were about to ask, the gaunt old man shook his head at them.

Startled, they realized that their behavior had been abnormal and that there was danger and eeriness in this dilapidated temple; thus, they solemnly nodded in agreement.

Without delay, the three of them restrained their energy and hurriedly got up. Without making a sound, they discreetly left.

Gui Tao's eyes flickered slightly, but even after the three had left, no more peculiarities occurred; he merely glanced meaningfully at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua scratched his head and gave a sheepish smile, "Uncle, I didn't master the formation well, it was a slip of the hand

Gui Tao's face was indifferent, clearly not believing Mo Hua's nonsense.

But he didn't say anything else and closed his eyes to continue his meditation.

Seeing this, Mo Hua breathed a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, Uncle was wary of him, using only the simplest and most superficial "Planting Devil in Taoist Heart". The effect on Young Master Yun and the others was not deep.

If he had used a more profound "Devil Planting" technique, that would have been troublesome.

Even if he wanted to save them, it would have been beyond his ability.

Seeing that the three of them had walked far away, Mo Hua also felt relieved, but then he remembered what the old man had said...

"Back Ruins Heaven Burial

What place is Back Ruins?

What does Heaven Burial mean?

Does it relate to an enormous opportunity, some ancient secret, a legacy, a Cultivation Technique, or perhaps...

A Formation?

Mo Hua shook his head, puzzled.

"Forget it, it's best not to aim too high

His master had said that such opportunities involved vast karma, and a moment's carelessness could lead to fatal trouble; it was better for him not to know for now.

Mo Hua nodded to himself.

He then looked down at the remains of the Warm Fire Formation with regret.

The self-destruction of the formation had also meant the burning of his roasted sweet potatoes, potatoes, wild fruit, and even a big fish, all turned to charcoal...

The big fish was almost ready, and he could already smell its fragrance. After cooking for so long, he didn't get a single bite...

"My fish

Mo Hua felt a little heartbroken and couldn't help but sigh.

He then drew a new Warm Fire Formation and took out the remaining sweet potatoes from his storage bag, unbothered, and continued to roast them...

...

The trio of gaunt old men left the broken temple in a hurry, disregarding the darkness of the night, and walked for two hours, stopping only when they were sufficiently far away.

Chapter 679: Demon Among Thousands (2)

The emaciated elder's back was soaked in cold sweat.

The middle-aged cultivator took a breath and asked, "What exactly happened?"

Blood was still dripping from the elder's hand.

He took out some medicinal powder, sprinkled it on his hand, and swallowed some pills. Only then did his complexion improve a bit.

Recalling the events at the dilapidated temple still sent shivers down his spine. He turned to look at the two men and said in a trembling voice,

"The Three Talents Divination Copper Coin shattered

"The three of us... nearly died

Young Master Yun was startled.

The middle-aged cultivator furrowed his brows and said, "It can't be that sinister

"Do you remember the child warming himself by the fire in the broken temple?"

"The child warming himself by the fire?"

The middle-aged cultivator paused, his brows knitting together as he thought, then his expression changed as he remembered:

"He... He's the Junior Formation Master?!"

Young Master Yun also remembered, his eyes lighting up, "That's Brother Little Mo!"

Then he muttered to himself, "Strange... why couldn't I remember before?"

The emaciated elder sighed:

"This child is very likely to be his disciple. Despite his young age, he is certainly extraordinary

"In the broken temple, we were unwittingly afflicted by a heart demon

"It was this child who made an unusual noise, waking us up."

"Later, it was also him who reminded us to 'run fast

"Otherwise, this time, it would probably have been... more bad luck than good

...

The middle-aged cultivator was somewhat skeptical, "What kind of danger was there in that broken temple?"

The emaciated elder was also full of doubts.

What was the danger?

Why were they afflicted with a heart demon?

Was it a trap set by that Taoist?

Why were they completely unaware?

The elder racked his brain and suddenly felt a jolt, recalling the Taoist sitting in the corner of the temple, hidden in the shadow, not clearly visible.

A taboo title emerged in his mind.

The emaciated elder trembled like a sieve.

"It's

"What is it?" the middle-aged cultivator asked curiously.

The elder swallowed the words "Gui Tao's people" in his throat, only saying, "That person... is a Taoist

"A Taoist?!"

The Demon Sect's "Taoist" is no ordinary individual.

Every single one of them is indeed a truly vicious Demon Head!

The middle-aged cultivator looked solemn, but inwardly he was still very curious, "Exactly which Taoist is it?"

The emaciated elder glanced at him coldly, "If I speak his name, all three of us will die, and the death will surely be very ugly!"

The scenes in the broken temple once again floated in his mind.

The middle-aged cultivator attempted to commit suicide with his sword, Young Master Yun tried to kill himself with a sword, and the emaciated elder bit his own flesh...

Just the thought of it made all three a bit pale.

The middle-aged cultivator dared not ask any further.

The emaciated elder frowned in thought, then suddenly as if struck by a revelation, he exclaimed, "That's it!"

The middle-aged cultivator was taken aback, "What is it?"

The elder's emotions fluctuated as he quickly said, "Do you remember, when we entered South Yue City and sensed the Corpse Qi over the hills, after my divination, what I said?"

The middle-aged cultivator thought for a while and then shook his head:

"You rambled on and on, talking about gods and ghosts, you said so much, how could I remember which words you're referring to?"

However, Young Master Yun seemed thoughtful, "Senior Wen, are you talking about... a good deed?"

He vaguely remembered the elder's words:

"These days, I occasionally feel a terrifying premonition

"It seems like there is great terror ahead, extremely dangerous, with unpredictable life and death."

"Yet, if we can suppress the Corpse Mine, save the city of South Yue City, even the cultivators across the state boundary, perhaps we can accumulate a good deed. That might give us a glimmer of hope when facing a life or death situation

The elder's gaze sharpened, "Now it seems, this cause and effect, has manifested through this child!"

"Had we not offered our help in South Yue City, calmed the chaos, and earned this good deed, not known this child

"Then today, without this child's rescue

"We would have died without a place to bury our bodies!"

The middle-aged cultivator and Young Master Yun were greatly shaken.

The elder felt somewhat emotional, "The workings of cause and effect, and good and evil, are like eating and drinking. Mr. Zhuang gave us a chance to choose then, and it was also a lifeline for us

Mr. Zhuang...

All three felt both wonder and complexity in their hearts.

A moment later, Young Master Yun remembered something and suddenly said urgently,

"If that Taoist is a Demon Head, then Brother Little Mo

The elder shook his head and said with a bitter smile, "Forget it, we can hardly protect ourselves, let alone think about saving that child

Young Master Yun showed a look of shame.

Then the elder comforted him:

"Don't worry, he is Mr. Zhuang's disciple, he should be fine

In the broken temple, Mo Hua's eyes were bright and shiny, his little face flushed as he roasted fish and sweet potatoes, that scene reemerged in their minds.

The elder sighed in his heart.

He is indeed Mr. Zhuang's disciple, with such a strong nature...

To be traveling with a Demon Head like that Taoist and still have the leisure to roast things to eat...

And even though they had offended that "Taoist," saving themselves, that "Taoist" didn't get angry and even let them go...

The elder found it somewhat incredulous.

Their lineage, proficient in the divination of heavenly secrets, had long heard of that Taoist's notorious cruelty.



That Taoist was never easy to deal with.

He had never seen him be so “tolerant,” or so “indulgent” to anyone...

The elder sighed, “The righteous may have the protection of the heavens. We should... just return from here.”

Chapter 680: Ten Thousand Demons (3)

Young Master Yun was still burdened with heavy worries.

The middle-aged cultivator was startled, “Go back? Back where?”

The skinny elder said annoyed, “Go back the way we came!”

The middle-aged cultivator was anxious, “What about the opportunity? You don’t want it anymore? After all the trouble we’ve gone through

The skinny elder sneered, “Don’t you understand? This matter is no longer within our reach

“Or rather, it was never within our reach in the first place!”

“We were just pawns sent to gather information, and now that the news has been sent back, naturally, those above us will plan the next move.”

“The territory of Dali Mountain will sooner or later turn into a slaughterhouse.”

“If we stay any longer, we really won’t have a single path to life left!”

The middle-aged cultivator frowned, “Because of Mystery Demon Ancestor?”

The skinny elder sighed, “Not only that

He turned to glance at the dilapidated temple, his gaze covered with a layer of gloom and fear.

"The presence of Taoists means that the real Demon Heads of the Demon Path are also coming

Although the Demon Sect was suppressed by the Taoist Court and lay dormant for many years, its power was profound; it certainly wasn't limited to just one Feather Transformation Realm old demon like Mystery Demon Ancestor.

All three of them understood this.

Yet, faced with the opportunity, the middle-aged cultivator was still somewhat hesitant.

The skinny elder snorted coldly, "Whether you leave or not, I don't care, but I am leaving."

The middle-aged cultivator was taken aback, then frowned, "How can you leave? We had an agreement, and I gave you a lot of Spirit Stones

"I'll give the Spirit Stones back to you."

The middle-aged cultivator wore a conflicted expression, struggling inwardly for a long time, before he finally sighed, "It's not that I'm reluctant to part with the Spirit Stones

"Forget it, let's go."

He knew that with the elder's divination, they had been able to turn danger into safety along the way.

Without the elder, he wasn't sure he could make it out of Dali Mountain alive on his own.

He didn't want the Spirit Stones either; he thought of it as establishing good karma.

The middle-aged cultivator was somewhat dejected, "I originally thought I could get an opportunity to change my fate, but now... sigh, I might as well return to Qian State and be my disciplined Instructor

He then followed behind the elder, heading back.

After a few steps, the skinny elder suddenly stopped, turned to look at the dilapidated temple, and bowed deeply with a solemn expression, sincerely praying in his heart,

"May the young friend turn danger into safety, and have an immeasurable path!"

"If there is a chance one day, I must repay this life-saving grace!"

Young Master Yun also bowed sincerely.

The middle-aged cultivator sighed and, although somewhat reluctant, still reverently performed a bow.

Afterward, the three of them gradually moved further away, leaving Dali Mountain and the place of controversy...

...

Mo Hua was just the opposite.

He not only couldn't leave but had to follow Gui Tao's people step by step towards Li Mountain City, entering deeper into the bloody storm.

After leaving the broken temple, it took another dozen of days before Mo Hua finally arrived in front of Li Mountain City.

He was still tens of miles away from the city, and from a distance, he could see the sky-obscuring blood flags and the towering sea of blood.

Just like the scene he had seen when he left Li Mountain City that day.

"Master

Mo Hua felt worried and turned to ask Gui Tao, "Uncle, are we going to enter the city now?"

Gui Tao looked impassive.

Mo Hua wasn't surprised; he had grown accustomed to his Uncle's reticence, especially when it came to talking to him.

Mo Hua didn't mind.

When you can't change another person, you have to learn to adapt to them.

He had learned to somewhat understand what his Uncle wanted to say from his hollow and indifferent expression, and those pitch-dark eyes.

Like now, Uncle's face was dark, and he looked displeased, which meant,

"Not entering the city."

Mo Hua then asked, "Not entering the city? Where are we going then?"

Gui Tao's pitch-black eyes glanced at Mo Hua.

"Into the mountains?" Mo Hua guessed.

Gui Tao's expression paused.

Mo Hua then asked, "What are we doing in the mountains?"

Gui Tao's pupils darkened, and his expression grew even darker.

Mo Hua understood.

Uncle wanted him to be silent.

Mo Hua nodded obediently and quietly followed behind him without saying anything more.

Indeed, Gui Tao led him into the mountains, to a cliff.

This cliff was outside of Li Mountain City.

The surrounding rocks were rugged, and the vegetation was withered.

Mo Hua reviewed the Map and discovered that according to the markings on it, this place was called “Dry Wood Cliff.”

Although the surroundings were lush with green mountains and grass, this particular spot was barren of vegetation.

Mo Hua released his Divine Sense to investigate the surroundings and found that the energy here was isolated, as though it hid a sinister force, which was why the rocks were bare and devoid of life.

"Why has Uncle brought me here?"

Mo Hua turned to look at Gui Tao.

Gui Tao paid him no mind but walked straight to the edge of the cliff.

Mo Hua was startled, “Does Uncle intend to jump off the cliff?”

He then saw Gui Tao step forward, the world turned upside down, and the mountains and rivers flipped.

What was originally the ground beneath his feet suddenly twisted and floated in the sky, forming a massive Stone Palace with stern buildings and looming demon shadows.

Mo Hua was shocked, “Is this an Illusion Array?”

And it was almost indistinguishable from reality, surely a Second Grade, or perhaps a Third Grade Formation.

Was this Illusion Array concealing a Demon Palace?

Was this a lair for Demon Cultivators?

Moreover, it seemed that the Demon Palace had been there for quite some time; it appeared that someone had established this Demon’s Cave on Dry Wood Cliff outside the Five Elements Sect long ago.

Gui Tao glanced at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua realized that Uncle meant “Follow me

Mo Hua nodded obediently and followed Gui Tao up the stone steps and into the Demon Palace.