

The Quest 771

Chapter 771: Conspiracy (1)

Mo Hua looked at the little child even smaller than himself, sighed, and then felt somewhat angry.

Such a young cultivator being trafficked...

Boss Jiang and his gang really deserved to die.

He should have fed them a few more Fireball Techniques...

The eatery was in ruins, charred marks everywhere.

The child looked around and grew more frightened, his little face deathly pale, tears glistening in his eyes, but he still tried his best not to cry.

Mo Hua asked softly, "Are you alright..."

The child sneaked a glance at Mo Hua and slowly nodded.

Mo Hua asked, "What's your name?"

The child was about to speak but opened his mouth, seemed to remember something, then shook his head and didn't say it.

Mo Hua paused, then understood.

This child probably didn't dare to reveal his surname.

By revealing his surname, others would know his identity; he might even be exploited by those with ulterior motives to extort his parents.

For such a young child, it was good to be cautious. Mo Hua didn't mind.

He then asked, "What shall I call you then?"

The child thought for a moment, saw Mo Hua's clear gaze, his eyebrows and eyes friendly. Although he was older than the child, he wasn't much older.

Better than those fierce and scary bad people...

Only then did he timidly say, "Daddy and Mommy call me 'Yu Er'..."

"Yu Er?"

Like fine jade.

Choosing this name was probably in the hopes that their child would grow up to be as gentle as jade.

Mo Hua then asked, "Where are your daddy and mommy?"

Yu Er looked dejected and shook his head.

A trafficked child not knowing where his parents were was not unusual...

This child's complexion was pale, clearly having been scared out of his wits in recent days.

Mo Hua felt compassion, thought for a moment, then said, "I will take you to find your daddy and mommy then..."

The sorrow in Yu Er's eyes suddenly brightened, carrying a slightly humble hope as he stared at Mo Hua:

"Really..."

He seemed afraid that Mo Hua would deceive him, and in his gaze hid a fragile yearning.

Probably having been hurt by the malice of others after being trafficked, he no longer dared to trust anyone...

"Hmm, if they can't find you, your daddy and mommy will definitely be heartbroken..."

Mo Hua said warmly.

Yu Er's tears then fell like pearls, "I... I miss Mommy..."

"Let's go," Mo Hua said.

"Hmm." Yu Er wiped his tears and nodded.

Mo Hua lifted him out of the box.

Yu Er saw the surroundings clearly, seeing a group of cultivators dead in tragic states, his little face grew even paler as he looked at Mo Hua:

"These bad people... were...?"

Mo Hua said gravely, "I don't know who killed them..."

Yu Er was stunned.

Mo Hua pondered a little then began to bluster with all seriousness, "I was passing through to Qian State to study, and when I wanted to find an eatery to fill my stomach, I encountered this scene..."

Stay updated with

"Someone had killed this group of cultivators, so clean and so thoroughly..."

"I noticed there was something strange about the box and that's how I opened it and rescued you..."

...

Mo Hua made it sound as if it had nothing to do with him.

He was just a passing, unknown, kind-hearted brother.

But Yu Er looked at Mo Hua suspiciously:

"Really?"

Mo Hua nodded earnestly.

Yu Er glanced at Mo Hua, then again at the corpses strewn on the ground, and everything seemed strange to him.

This child was quite shrewd...

Mo Hua then said, "Let's hurry up and go, otherwise your daddy and mommy will definitely be worried about you..."

This diverted Yu Er's attention back.

"Hmm, hmm." Yu Er nodded repeatedly.

Mo Hua took out a cloak from his storage bag and draped it over Yu Er.

It was a cloak used for concealment, which he and his senior brother and sister had used for covert surveillance in South Yue City.

It had a Concealment Formation drawn by Mo Hua himself.

Although it was only first-grade, with the sky slowly darkening, it was sufficient for hiding from view.

Considering more of those traffickers might arrive, being cautious was always better.

"This is..."

Yu Er, covered by the cloak, was puzzled.

"Don't ask for now, just wear it," Mo Hua instructed.

"Oh."

Yu Er obediently nodded and clumsily wrapped the too-large cloak around himself.

Suddenly, he looked around with a sorrowful expression, as if he couldn't bear it.

Mo Hua asked in confusion, "What's wrong?"

Yu Er glanced at the corpses that littered the ground and said softly, "These people, they had parents too, right? Now that they are dead, won't their parents... never see them again..."

"Won't they... be very heartbroken too..."

Mo Hua was taken aback.

He hadn't expected this child to be so pure-hearted and kind...

Even though Boss Jiang and the others had trafficked him...

Mo Hua thought for a moment and felt that being ignorant of the evil in human hearts and being too good-natured might not be a good thing, yet being pure-hearted at such a young age of four or five was better.

If the world can harbor so many evil people, and so many selfish individuals,

Why couldn't it make room for one kind-hearted child?

So Mo Hua "kindly" said, "Don't worry, these people had no fathers or mothers."

Yu Er was stunned, then shocked:

"Can people really have no fathers or mothers?"

Mo Hua said, "Most people do, but some people are different, they have no fathers or mothers."

This turned Yu Er's understanding upside down; he didn't come back to his senses for a long time, but after thinking it over, the passing, kind-hearted brother who had saved him didn't seem to have a reason to lie to him.

Yu Er felt a bit better.

If they had no fathers or mothers, then no one would be heartbroken over their deaths...

Chapter 772: Conspiracy (2)

This could be considered a good thing...

Yu Er nodded her head, silently thinking to herself:

"It's really great that these bad people don't have parents!"

After reassuring Yu Er, Mo Hua took another look around, erased all the Formation Patterns he had just deduced, inferred, and listed, as well as the traces of breaking the Formation.

The boxes...

Mo Hua thought for a moment, disassembled the boxes into planks, and placed them into his Storage Bag.

Those planks had remnants of unknown Formations on them.

He needed to keep them for a thorough study when he had the time.

Then, Mo Hua pointed with his finger, casting the Fireball Technique, completely destroying the remaining two storage boxes, burning all the scattered wood chips into charred remains and mixing them together.

Continue your adventure at

Mo Hua's movements were clean and brisk, and he took no more than about ten breaths' time in total.

Yu Er blinked and couldn't help but ask:

"Brother, how come you are so skilled at this..."

Mo Hua was taken aback for a moment but then, without changing his expression, taught him:

"I also learned it from a kind-hearted uncle. This is the experience of being out in the world..."

"So, children must study hard, otherwise, they will suffer great losses when they travel in the Cultivation World!"

Yu Er was somewhat puzzled but still nodded earnestly.

Everything was packed up, and all traces were covered.

Time to slip away.

Mo Hua took Yu Er by the hand, hiding their figures, and left the eatery.

A young Cultivator in his tens and an even younger Cultivator walked hand in hand towards Qingzhou City in the distance...

Just that the sky was gloomy, and their figures were hidden; no one saw them...

...

After Mo Hua left, within the time it took to brew a pot of tea, four or five Black-Clothed Cultivators arrived at the eatery.

Their faces were covered with black cloth, vague and indistinct, only the eyes that were exposed conveyed a hint of indifference and grimness.

However, this indifference and grimness turned into astonishment and shock upon seeing the current state of the eatery.

"Where are the people?"

"All dead?!"

The Black-Clothed Cultivators each inhaled a breath of cold air.

"Who did this?"

"I don't know..."

"The 'goods'?"

The Black-Clothed Cultivators released their Divine Senses, probing the surroundings. Moments later, they found the debris of the storage boxes in the corner of the eatery.

"Were they... extorted?"

Everyone found it somewhat unbelievable.

"No...," one of the Black-Clothed Cultivators frowned, "there's no remnant of flesh and blood..."

"The boxes are wrong too..."

"Where is Mr. Tu's box?"

"Was it dismantled by someone? Or destroyed?"

"The box had Mr. Tu's Formation on it; who could dismantle it? If the box is intact, the person is alive; if the box is destroyed, the person is dead..."

"Not necessarily. Qian State has no shortage of capable people; nothing's impossible..."

The men argued among themselves.

Suddenly, someone asked, "Boss, what do we do?"

The cultivator addressed as "Boss" was also dressed in black. From his attire, there was nothing special, but his eyes held a sharp gleam—looking around, he had the demeanor of an eagle or a wolf.

The Black-Clothed "Boss" surveyed the surroundings and said hoarsely:

"Looks like Boss Jiang and the others... were ambushed and wiped out cleanly..."

"This time our 'goods', along with the people, have all been robbed..."

"An inside job?" someone asked doubtfully.

Others said angrily, "We gave notice beforehand, who on the streets has the guts to steal our 'goods'?"

"People die for wealth, and birds die for food; this 'goods' was too lucrative, there's nothing they wouldn't dare do..."

"Even if it's an inside job, who is capable of pulling it off?"

The Black-Clothed Boss's gaze grew heavy, moving across the faces of those present as he pondered:

"The ground is still warm and charred black; these are the traces of a Formation..."

"Formations are powerful but complex to set up..."

"This means that someone had advance knowledge of the situation and set up a Formation here beforehand, then used the power of the Formation to ambush and kill everyone including Boss Jiang, a total of twelve people!"

"And snatch our 'goods' out from under our noses!"

"Mr. Tu has made his calculations; there should be no error unless..." his gaze sharply intensified, "... there's a traitor among us, leaking the information!"

Upon these words being spoken, the colors drained from their faces.

"Boss, you know my loyalty..."

"Boss, I am wholeheartedly loyal to you!"

"Boss, my life was given by you; I have even betrayed my ancestral teachings..."

"Boss..."

One by one, they passionately spoke to prove their loyalty.

The Black-Clothed Boss saw their sincere expressions, frowned slightly, withdrew his gaze, and said coldly:

"We'll discuss this matter later, the priority now is to get the 'goods' back..."

"The Formation still has residual warmth, and Sword Qi hasn't completely dissipated, indicating the battle ended not long ago; they might not have gone far..."

The Black-Clothed Leader thought deeply for a moment, furrowing his brow:

"On the way here, did you see any suspicious people? Or a child?"

The others looked at each other in confusion.

To avoid detection, they had disguised themselves, coming from different directions, converging nearby only after each journeyed separately.

On the way, they were too focused on hurrying to their destination to spare attention for suspicious people...

The Black-Clothed Boss cursed softly, "A bunch of useless!"

His eyes were as fierce as an eagle's or a wolf's as he imprinted the surrounding scenes in his memory, nearly grinding his teeth in frustration.

So close!!

Just a bit more and that Young Master with the special bloodline would have been in their grasp!

Once delivered to Mr. Tu, and used as a Blood Sacrifice for the Divine Lord, he would have secured great merit, and even a change of fate wouldn't be impossible!

Snatching victory from the jaws of a dragon, and smuggling goods in plain sight.

Mr. Tu had calculated everything!

He had arranged everything!

Just fuckin' that close!

The eyes of the Black-Clothed Boss gradually turned blood red, with veins like fractures, terrifyingly sinister, and his voice was so hoarse it barely sounded human:

Chapter 773: Conspiracy (3)

"Let me find out who ruined my plans, and I shall devour your flesh alive, drink your blood..."

"Curse you, and may you die a horrible death, I will devour all your relatives and friends clean!"

The Black-Clothed Leader's voice was suppressed and husky, as if he couldn't contain the brutal killing intent in his chest.

The other Black-Clothed Cultivators all bowed their heads with pale faces, trembling and daring not to speak.

A deadly silence thickened in the air, even exuding a strong scent of blood.

The Black-Clothed Leader's face contorted, his hands trembling as he took out a wine gourd, took a big gulp, wiped the fresh blood from the corner of his mouth, and then he felt somewhat calmer.

"Chase!"

The Black-Clothed Leader ordered.

Everyone sighed in relief, hurriedly bowing as they said, "Yes!"

The crowd chased outside.

One of the Black-Clothed Cultivators stepped out, but as he reached the doorway, the wind suddenly picked up, sharp as a knife, slicing him into pieces, with blood spilling everywhere.

A suave young master, his hand holding a folding fan, with a face as cold as frost, appeared inside the tavern.

"Where's the child?"

His gaze was cold as a knife.

The Black-Clothed Leader looked at him and sneered, muttering:

"Young Master Gu..."

At the same time, dozens of cultivators dressed in Taoist robes appeared, surrounding the entire decrepit tavern.

The Black-Clothed Leader looked around with disdain in his eyes, "Taoist Court's Hawk Dogs..."

Young Master Gu looked at the Black-Clothed Leader and, smelling the blood on him, said coldly:

"You demon-tainted abomination, whose skin are you really wearing?"

The Black-Clothed Leader looked at Young Master Gu and laughed:

"People of this world wear the skin of hypocrisy, harboring evil thoughts in their hearts. Aren't you the same? I am merely wearing a skin of hypocrisy that is a bit more than yours and hiding an evil that is a bit more real..."

Young Master Gu, not wishing to argue, demanded:

"Where is the child?"

The Black-Clothed Leader pointed towards the tavern, "You saw for yourself. When I arrived, it was already like this. The child you want to save... someone else took him away..."

"It's even possible..."

The Black-Clothed Leader smiled ominously, "that he's already been torn apart..."

Young Master Gu angrily said, "Fine, fine, then leave your life here to accompany the child in death!"

The Black-Clothed Leader sneered, "With your Gu Family, and these running dogs of the Taoist Court, you still cannot hurt me..."

With no agreement between the two sides, a big battle was on the verge of breaking out.

Young Master Gu wielded the folding fan in his hand, sending out Wind Blades with each flick—sharp, dense, and deadly.

The Black-Clothed Leader, seeming unwilling to reveal his trump card, relied only on his flesh and the filthy Blood Qi around him to engage with Young Master Gu's Wind Blades and the many cultivators from the Taoist Court.

As they fought, they intentionally avoided the tavern, as if neither wanted to destroy the clues within it.

It was a fierce battle, and neither side showed any mercy.

However, because this was only a Second-Grade Prefecture Border, Young Master Gu and the Black-Clothed Leader couldn't go all out, making it difficult to fight to the death.

The fierce battle lasted for half an hour.

In the end, the Black-Clothed Leader, severely injured, escaped.

Young Master Gu's breath was weak; he too had suffered serious injuries.

The rest of the Black-Clothed Cultivators, however, all died.

Young Master Gu instructed, "Record the appearances of these people; I will settle accounts later."

An Enforcement Leader went to do so, but after a moment, he reported back:

"Young Master, it's not clear..."

Young Master Gu went forward to look, and that's when he discovered that these Black-Clothed Cultivators had been poisoned with demonic toxin; after death, the Demonic Qi destroyed their flesh, contaminated their meridians, and Spiritual Roots, leaving only black, stinking piles of flesh and blood that made it impossible to distinguish their identities.

Young Master Gu cursed, "A bunch of cowards, scum!"

"Shrinking back at every turn!" Stay tuned to

"Dare to turn to demons, but don't dare to leave their faces behind!"

This way, they could only investigate under the pretense of "missing cultivators" at various Great Sects and Clans.

But that was virtually impossible to track.

Cultivators go missing for many reasons.

Some are delayed too long on a mission;

Some are assassinated by cultivators with nefarious intentions;

Some become trapped in secret realms while out adventuring;

And others simply grow rebellious at heart, dissatisfied with their clan arrangements and run away from home...

The causes are numerous and far too complex.

It is impossible to conclude that a cultivator has gone rogue just because they have disappeared.

And whether it's a Sect or a family, for the sake of Taoist cultivation interests, along with the reputation of both the Sect and the family, admitting such a thing is out of the question, let alone conducting an investigation.

Young Master Gu became more infuriated as he thought about it, and with a casual wave of his hand, he obliterated a black-clothed cultivator.

But anger did him no good; at the moment, the whereabouts of the young master were of utmost importance.

He had also examined the scene and the conclusions he reached were not much different from those of the group of black-clothed cultivators.

Boss Jiang and others were either killed or seriously injured by the Second-grade Earth Fire Formation.

This was most certainly a premeditated, well-designed and pre-arranged ambush.

It was impossible for someone to spontaneously decide and set up such a formation to kill these traffickers...

If a cultivator was truly capable, they wouldn't use such a complicated method; they could probably wipe out all these cultivators with a flick of their finger.

Moreover, most of the traffickers died from the minor Second-grade Fireball Technique.

This was surely to divert attention, to not reveal one's own Taoist skills, using such a common Fireball Technique to commit murder...

No cultivator would truly spend so much effort perfecting such a trifling technique.

And then, the young master was gone...

It seemed that the group of black-clothed cultivators didn't lie.

They were beaten to the punch by someone unknown...

Young Master Gu furrowed his brows.

"A turf war?"

"Or is there some other scheme..."

"The young master is the union of two Great Clans; just which power, which cultivator, has the audacity to target him..."

"And who would dare to snatch him away midway, 'kidnapping' the young master?"

"And not fear the consequences, triggering the Heavenly secret?"

The hardest part of this case was that the Heavenly secret was obscured, hiding the cause and effect, impeding foresight...

Who could have done this?

Young Master Gu was in utter turmoil.

A moment later, he thought of his cousin, how distraught and anguished she looked after the child's disappearance, and it pained him even more.

Young Master Gu's eyes grew colder, and despite his injuries, he ordered, "Those with severe injuries may rest; those with light injuries, continue the pursuit with me."

"The Spiritual Power in the area hasn't dissipated for long; we should still be able to track them..."

A Supervisor hesitantly said, "Young Master, shall we continue the pursuit..."

They had been chasing for several days without food or drink, utterly exhausted and having just weathered a fierce battle, which overwhelmed them, typically lax and prone to taking the easy way out.

They were from the Taoist Court, and even if the Gu family had great sway, they couldn't simply be commanded at will.

Young Master Gu's gaze became sharp, and he said with a cold laugh, "Don't blame me for not warning you—if anything happens to that young master, you and all your brothers will be flayed alive!"

The Supervisor's heart skipped a beat.

Only then did he realize that the rumors he had heard before were incorrect.

That young master wasn't the Gu family's young master!

If he wasn't the Gu family's young master, then he was...

The Supervisor felt as if he had been doused with cold water, and couldn't help but shiver.

"Rest assured, Young Master Gu, we will make every effort to find the young master!"

He then scanned the group, "Quickly consume the Pills; as soon as your injuries improve a bit, we depart at once!"

Though the people were dissatisfied and somewhat confused, they understood the gravity of the situation and did not dare delay, hastily taking time to heal their wounds...

But Young Master Gu's gaze was fixed on the distance, his expression shadowed by a veil of gloom.

"This child Yu Er... whose hands has he fallen into..."

Chapter 774: Nightmare (1)

"Falling" into Mo Hua's hands, Yu Er was following this kind passerby brother, step by step towards Qingzhou City.

The sky had darkened, and the surroundings were desolate.

The night shrouded the mountains and forests.

But after a while, the noise picked up again, as if there were always cultivators crisscrossing in the shadows.

Mo Hua could sense the traces of these people with his Divine Sense, clear and distinct, but since he did not know the identities or origins of these cultivators, he did not reveal any reaction.

These cultivators were leaving, and the closer they got to Qingzhou City, the quieter it became.

Approaching midnight, they were still twenty miles from Qingzhou City.

Yu Er had walked for several hours, his complexion slightly pale, worn out, his little legs heavy as if filled with lead, finding it hard to take another step. But it seemed he feared being kidnapped again, or perhaps he wished to see his parents sooner, to ease their worries, so he kept on enduring the pain.

Mo Hua expanded his Divine Sense to survey their surroundings, then touched Yu Er's small head:

"Let's rest here for the night, and enter the city early tomorrow..."

Yu Er said softly, "Yu Er is not tired..."

Mo Hua said, "It's too late, the city gate may not be open. Get a good night's sleep first, save your energy."

In the Cultivation World, there are many Immortal Cities.

Different state boundaries, different Immortal Cities, have different curfews.

From Mo Hua's past experiences traveling abroad, he knew that some Immortal Cities had night curfews.

Some didn't, but in the event of major incidents, they would close the city gates at night and seal them with a Formation, forbidding cultivators from entering or leaving.

If Qingzhou City had a night curfew, then the two of them would have to spend the night outside the city gate.

Outside the city gate there would be many cultivators, stopping for the night, waiting to enter the city come morning.

With many people outside the city, the place was bustling with noise. Among the cultivators spending the night, there was a mix of good and bad, hard to distinguish. For safety's sake, it was better to steer clear.

For Mo Hua, it didn't matter much, but Yu Er was different.

He was a child who had been "sold".

After all, Yu Er was just a child, unable to endure much longer. He obediently nodded his head.

Outside Qingzhou City lay vast mountains and forests.

Mo Hua found a secluded and safe corner nearby, sheltered by encircling rocks and covered by trees. He pointed his finger down at the ground and drew a Warm Fire Formation.

Find adventures at

A warm yellow light spread out, dispelling the oppressiveness of the nighttime and the chill of the mountain wind. It also made Yu Er's little face blush.

Yu Er's eyes sparkled, seemingly forgetting his exhaustion, looking at Mo Hua, he opened his mouth wide:

"Brother, you can draw a Formation like that!"

Not using a brush, not using paper, just a touch of the finger, and a Formation was drawn on the ground...

So composed, so cool.

The image of an expert!

He had never seen anyone draw a Formation this way before.

Yu Er was full of admiration.

Mo Hua felt a tad smug and said, "When you're older, I'll teach you to draw like this!"

"Mhm! Mhm!"

Yu Er nodded again and again, full of anticipation.

The night air was slightly cold, the mountain wind howling.

Mo Hua took out a small blanket and draped it over Yu Er.

Yu Er wrapped his entire body in the blanket, his small form warmed significantly, but then he furrowed his brow and sneaked a glance at Mo Hua, yet pursed his lips and said nothing.

However, Mo Hua saw through his thoughts and smiled, "Are you hungry?"

Yu Er's little face turned slightly red as he whispered:

"Yes..."

After being kidnapped, he had hardly eaten anything. Having been rescued by Mo Hua, they were then rushing on their way. Now, having rested for a moment and warmed up, he felt his stomach rumble with hunger.

Mo Hua laughed softly and effortlessly took out some jerked meat, mountain yams, and a variety of wild fruits and nuts, roasting them over the Warm Fire Formation.

The heat from the fire penetrated the food.

The fragrance spread along with the warmth.

Yu Er resembled a kitten eyeing dried fish, unable to look away.

The two roasted food by the fire, eating the grilled meat, mountain yams, and various wild-flavored dried fruits and nuts.

Yu Er was overjoyed as he ate.

After eating, Mo Hua took out some fruit brew for Yu Er to drink.

The fruit brew was sweet and mellow with a lingering richness, carrying a slight hint of alcohol, it drove away the weariness and hardships of the road.

"Delicious!"

After finishing, Yu Er, copying Mo Hua, licked his lips.

Having eaten their fill, they wrapped up in blankets around the Warm Fire Formation and went to sleep.

Though Mo Hua lay down as if to "sleep," he was actually painting Formations in his Sea of Consciousness, while keeping his Divine Sense alert, guarding against any Monster Beasts or other cultivators with malicious intentions.

After a while, Mo Hua suddenly tensed.

He noticed Yu Er's small body curled up.

Mo Hua opened his eyes to see Yu Er with his eyes tightly closed, his little face pale as if he was encountering something terrifying in his dream, both frightened and scared, tears streaking down his cheeks, helpless and trembling involuntarily.

Mo Hua sighed.

"Yu Er..."

Mo Hua quietly called out, infusing his voice with Divine Sense Power, reaching Yu Er's ears.

Yu Er slowly opened his eyes, bleary with tears.

Mo Hua gestured to him and said warmly, "Cold, aren't you? Come here."

Yu Er hesitated for a while, wiped his tears, and wrapped in his small blanket, ran to Mo Hua's side.

Mo Hua shared part of his own blanket to wrap Yu Er in it as well and then stroked his head, "Don't think too much, when it's light you'll see your parents..."

"Hmm." Yu Er nodded his small head.

"Sleep now..."

Mo Hua's voice was soft but also warm and firm.

Yu Er felt the fear that had been troubling him gradually settle down, his body no longer shivering with fright.

The inside of the blanket was much warmer too.

Yu Er secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

He sneakily looked up at Mo Hua, and seeing that Mo Hua had his eyes closed in meditation and didn't notice him, he stealthily moved closer to Mo Hua's side.

Chapter 775: Nightmare (2)

Mo Hua's presence exuded a clear and tranquil aura.

With satisfaction, Yu Er gradually closed his eyes and fell into a deep sleep.

This time he slept soundly.

In his dreams, there were no memories of fear from being trafficked.

No greedy, unsightly faces of adults.

No heart stung by the malice of the world.

No terror or despair.

And none of...

Those nightmares that had occasionally surfaced in his dreams since his earliest memories...

In the Barbaric Mountains, where living people were sacrificed, flesh and blood were fodder, and countless lives mere chattel, filled with pure malice, bloodthirsty and cruel, bizarre and varied, nourishing the evil spirits of the world...

...

The night was still.

Yu Er slept undisturbed.

At dawn the next day, Mo Hua took Yu Er and arrived at Qingzhou City.

Outside Qingzhou City, an Enforcement Leader from the Taoist Court was on patrol.

Mo Hua wanted to enter the city but was stopped.

Mainly because he was too young, and it was very peculiar for someone his size to be leading a child even younger among a group of cultivators.

The Enforcement Leader couldn't help but ask:

"How... old are you?"

"Fifteen..."

"What are you doing entering the city..."

"Going to the Qian Learning State Boundary to study..."

"Just you?"

"I have my younger brother too!" Mo Hua patted Yu Er.

Yu Er immediately stood up straight, puffed out his chest, nodded continuously, showing the Enforcement Leader that what his brother Mo Hua said was correct.

The Enforcement Leader was somewhat troubled. Discover stories with

The command he had received was, "Any cultivator leading young cultivators and appearing suspicious must be thoroughly investigated."

But could a young cultivator leading another young cultivator be considered suspicious?

He had heard rumors that a young master from the Gu Family had been kidnapped by child traffickers.

But curiously, the portrait of this young master could not be disclosed.

They could only search by age...

The Enforcement Leader glanced at Yu Er, "This little boy does look like a young master."

He then looked at Mo Hua and started to wonder.

Child traffickers... surely wouldn't be so young, right?

Moreover, if he were a trafficker, he would be trying to leave the city, not making such a grand entrance...

"It seems I was too concerned..."

Seeing the Enforcement Leader muttering to himself, Mo Hua asked, "Is there... something going on?"

"Mm, the Gu Family..."

The Enforcement Leader nodded, started to say something, then realized he had slipped up and promptly set his face in a stern expression:

"Child, don't ask what you shouldn't!"

"Oh..."

"Go on in!"

"Oh!"

And so, Mo Hua pulled Yu Er through the city gate and into Qingzhou City with dignity.

Qingzhou City was full of life.

Reaching Qingzhou City was akin to having one foot already in the Qian Xue State Boundary.

He could find a way to visit the Qian Taoist Sect and pay his respects.

But before that, he needed to safely place Yu Er, this "little burden," into his parents' hands, or he wouldn't be at ease.

Qingzhou City was rather bustling.

The streets were noisy, with people coming and going, and stalls on both sides offered medicine, talismans, equipment, and an array of goods, dazzling to the eyes.

Mo Hua and Yu Er walked and browsed at the same time.

Yu Er looked around curiously.

But Mo Hua was pondering:

"How to find Yu Er's parents?"

"The Gu Family..."

Mo Hua had heard several people mention the "Gu Family" along the way...

The traffickers, including Boss Jiang, had mentioned it, and the Enforcement Leader before entering the city, too...

Could Yu Er be the young master of the Gu Family?

Mo Hua asked Yu Er, "Yu Er, is your last name Gu?"

Yu Er's gaze drifted from the string of candied hawthorns on the side of the road, and after some thought, he replied after a pause:

"I'm not surnamed Gu."

"Then is your mother surnamed Gu?"

Yu Er shook his head.

Mo Hua frowned.

If he's not surnamed Gu, then there is no connection with the Gu Family...

Seeing Mo Hua, Yu Er said with a look of remorse, "Brother, I'm sorry, my mother told me not to disclose our last name..."

"It's alright." Mo Hua reassured him with a smile, "When you are out and about, you must be vigilant, even with me."

Yu Er still felt guilty.

Mo Hua then bought Yu Er a string of candied hawthorns.

Yu Er immediately cheered up, biting and chewing, his little mouth turned red.

"First time eating it?"

"Mhm." Yu Er nodded, "Mother won't let me eat it."

Mo Hua sighed.

He was getting confused.

Who exactly were Yu Er's parents?

Not allowing him to eat candied hawthorns...

Was it because the family was too poor to afford it, or too rich and worried about him getting sick from it?

"Yu Er, is your house big?"

"Mhm!" Yu Er stretched out his tiny arms, making a big circle, "Very big, very big!"

Mo Hua nodded, "Then he must be a child from a large noble clan..."

But that didn't seem certain either...

A child's perception of big is different from an adult's.

When he was little, he thought Tongxian City was very large, and the road from the south to the north of the city seemed long...

But now that "very long" road, he could finish walking in half an hour...

"Do you have any recollection of Qingzhou City?"

Mo Hua asked again.

Yu Er, licking his candied hawthorn, tried hard to recall and then shook his head, "I don't know, I think they're all pretty much the same..."

Mo Hua was taken aback, then nodded.

That indeed was true.

After seeing many large and small Immortal Cities, they did seem all quite similar.

But this made things difficult...

Without any clues, it was hard to search...

Yu Er thought for a moment, then his eyes lit up, "Brother! I remember now! I have relatives in Qingzhou City, my mother said she brought me here to look for relatives!"

"What sort of relatives?"

Yu Er shook his head.

"What's their last name?"

Yu Er still shook his head.

Mo Hua sighed.

Well, at least it was a clue.

Afterwards, Mo Hua inquired further and soon found a noodle shop at the entrance of Qingzhou City to sit down.

He had asked around, and the Gu Family was the most powerful clan in Qingzhou City, no, and even in several other cities around the Qian Xue State Boundary.

Chapter 776: Nightmare (3)

It's a fifth-rank noble family!

According to rumors swirling around the city, a young master from the Gu Family, of which branch remains unknown, was abducted by human traffickers and his whereabouts are still unknown to this day.

As for the young master's full name and appearance, the Gu Family has not disclosed any information to the public.

Perhaps it's because of his special status and certain taboos.

The Gu Family only announced that any information regarding missing cultivator children under ten years of age can be reported to them, and if the information is verified to be true, the Gu Family will offer a generous reward.

They could even provide a spot at the Qian Learning State Boundary...

A spot at the learning institution...

Mo Hua already had a Sect-Entering Order, so he had no need for such.

And as for that young master from the Gu Family, he had no idea where he might be.

What he needed to do now was to make sure Yu Er, the young master, was well taken care of and to find his family.

"Go directly to the Taoist Court?"

Mo Hua thought about it and shook his head.

He wasn't familiar with the Taoist Court in Qingzhou City.

Moreover, given the current uproar surrounding the Gu Family's situation, the majority of the Enforcement Leaders and Supervisors at the Taoist Court were preoccupied with searching for the missing Gu young master—it was unlikely that they would prioritize Yu Er's case.

But that wasn't the main issue.

Mo Hua suspected that within the Taoist Court, there likely were some cultivators who were colluding with the human traffickers...

This was something Uncle Zhang Lan had cautioned him about.

The Taoist Court wasn't so clean; the web of interests within the various regional Taoist Courts was incredibly complex.

One can never peer into another's heart; it was not the myriad possibilities he feared, but the one-in-ten-thousand chance.

All outsiders were deemed unreliable.

It would be best to hand over Yu Er to his biological parents.

"I have relatives in Qingzhou City..."

"Should I go door-to-door asking?"

Mo Hua shook his head again.

That wouldn't work either.

Those who have established themselves in Qian State come from significant backgrounds and standing; he might not even be granted entry.

And it would be a great waste of time.

Similarly, if someone claimed to be Yu Er's "relative" and acted affectionately, with Yu Er being so young, it would be very unlikely for him to discern whether they were true kin or harbor ulterior motives...

Deep down, Mo Hua felt that both methods were flawed.

Any involvement from strangers could lead to mishaps.

Ever since he learned the Heavenly Secret Calculation, fleeting warnings would sometimes emerge in his mind—though still faint and not always clear, they proved to be surprisingly effective as reference points when making decisions.

After much thought, Mo Hua finally decided to use the simplest, most foolish, but also the most direct method:

Stake out the main gate!

Entering and exiting Qingzhou City, the main gate was an inevitable passage.

Qingzhou City was the hub connecting Qian State to the Academic World.

Yu Er's parents, should they wish to find him, would sooner or later pass through Qingzhou City and show up at the city gates.

As Mo Hua contemplated this approach, his heart suddenly leaped as if the cause-and-effect he anticipated in his mind would follow a certain divine pattern, becoming reality in the foreseeable future...

Mo Hua's heart trembled.

Was this...

The actual Heavenly Secret Calculation?

No, or rather, was it the rudiment of the true Heavenly Secret Calculation...

In Mo Hua's mind, the figure of Mr. Zhuang surfaced; he imitated his master, twirling his fingers in spell points, closing his eyes in meditation, engaging his Divine Sense...

A moment later...

Nothing happened...

Mo Hua touched his chin.

He started to suspect that his master's hand-twirling spell points during calculations were just for show, giving the impression of a "transcendent Taoist aura," but in reality, they were of no use.

Now, trying to imitate his master, his mind was blank and he couldn't calculate anything.

Or perhaps, it was because what he had learned was only "Divine Sense Calculation," which was far from reaching the level of "Heavenly Secret Calculation."

It was just that with more Calculations, a tiny inkling of divine premonitions occasionally arose in his Sea of Consciousness.

After all, his master had never taught him how to "Calculate the Heavenly Secret"...

Mo Hua sighed.

What exactly was the Heavenly Secret, he was still not sure.

How to calculate it, he was completely clueless.

"Heavenly Secret Calculation..."

"If we encounter any other Heavenly secret spell points in the future, try to get them for study. See if we can draw parallels to gain an understanding of the real 'Heavenly secret Calculation'..."

Mo Hua nodded.

You cannot only be calculated by others.

Sometimes, you also need to make calculations about others...

Mo Hua turned his head and glanced at Yu Er before instructing,

"We'll wait here. Keep an eye on the main gate. If you see anyone you know: your parents, relatives, teachers, or your family's carriages—let me know..."

"Mm!" Yu Er nodded.

Then the owner served up two bowls of noodles, one large and one small.

As Mo Hua ate, he pondered the matter of "Heavenly secret Calculation" in his heart.

Yu Er, imitating Mo Hua, "huffed" as she ate her noodles. Occasionally, she would lift her head, see Mo Hua by her side, feel a bit more at ease, and then continue to eat her noodles.

It seemed that as long as she was with Mo Hua, those bloody, cruel, and nightmarish demons would gradually fade away...

Thus, the two of them continued to squat at the main gate.

Qingzhou City's gate was bustling, filled with a stream of carriages and horses and all kinds of cultivators coming and going.

But after crouching there for several days and having eaten noodles for five or six days, there was still not a single clue.

Mo Hua even started to doubt whether he had made a wrong guess...

"It shouldn't be wrong..."

Mo Hua frowned, concentrating on his thoughts. In his mind's eye, a carriage and a face started taking shape, leaving faint traces...

...

Meanwhile, in Qingzhou City, the Gu Family.

Inside a quiet yet lavish hall,

A regally attired woman with striking features swept her hand, and the richly furnished tables, chairs, porcelain, and screens in the room shattered to pieces. Even the Formation-reinforced walls began to show fine cracks.

The maids outside the room turned pale, lowered their heads, and quietly retreated.

Across from the woman sat a very handsome man in luxurious clothing, smiling bitterly.

"Wan'er, don't be angry..."

Her beautiful eyes reddening with anger, the woman retorted, "How can I not be angry? The great Shangguan Family... A direct descendant has been kidnapped? Do you take me for a fool?"

The man tried to soothe her, "Wan'er, no one wanted..."

"Shangguan Yi!" the woman said with hatred, "Yu Er is my child, and even if you don't cherish him, I do. He's so young and well-behaved... he's my life!"

Sorrow entered the handsome man's eyes, "Yu Er is also my flesh and blood; how could I not care..."

"Then what has the Shangguan Family done?" the woman asked sharply.

The man responded bitterly, "Wan'er, you are now part of the Shangguan Family, don't speak like that. If father finds out..."

"So what if he finds out? He never approved of our marriage in the first place, and he has always looked down on me..."

The woman's eyes, which once held affection for the man, had turned icy and filled with deep hatred.

"He doesn't like me; therefore, he doesn't like his grandson Yu Er either."

"Let me tell you, if something happens to Yu Er, I will hate the Shangguan Family for the rest of my life!"

Her voice trembling slightly, she displayed both determination and the pain of severing ties with a loved one:

"Including you... Shangguan Yi!"

The man felt an ache in his heart, "Wan'er..."

The woman demanded sharply, "Tell me the truth now. Who kidnapped Yu Er? What have you found out? Where is Yu Er?"

The man sighed, his face filled with worry.

He knew his wife was passionate and loved their son dearly. He hadn't dared tell her the truth previously, fearing it would break her heart, so he concealed everything from her, claiming they knew the whereabouts of Yu Er and would find him soon.

But now he couldn't hide it anymore and had to tell the truth:

"On the surface, this matter seems... merely a coincidence..."

"Yu Er went out to see the lanterns; there were so many people watching him, but in the blink of an eye, Yu Er was gone..."

"We investigated, but the Heavenly secret is like water, leaving no traces..."

"We have no idea who kidnapped Yu Er, or why. However, we were able to vaguely ascertain that after Yu Er was abducted, someone was transporting him out..."

"It was a gang of kidnappers..."

"They split into several groups and left Qingzhou City, seemingly to take Yu Er outside of Qian State to an unknown destination..."

"During these days, the Shangguan Family, the Gu Family, and the Taoist Court have mobilized many cultivators to carry out searches."

"The Shangguan Family worked in the shadows, while the Gu Family and the Taoist Court worked openly. We would find a group and eliminate them, then another, and another... No matter how many we killed, some insignificant ones would always slip through, somehow managing to transport Yu Er out bit by bit..." Enjoy new stories from

"It's as if... everything has been calculated with precision..."

"So, the Elders speculate..." A chill surged through the man, and he said painfully, "That there's an entity with complete insight into the Heavenly secret, cunning and inscrutable, secretly orchestrating a grand scheme to..."

He paused, taking a deep breath, his voice shaking.

"Kidnap Yu Er, the child born from the first direct union in a thousand years between the Shangguan and Wenren Noble Clans..."

Chapter 777: Calculating Accurately (1)

The Shangguan Family and the Wenren Family, for a thousand years, the first direct descendants to unite in marriage...

My own child, clearly backed by the two great noble clans of Qian State, yet still subjected to schemes, has to endure such immense peril.

A trace of desolation flitted through the eyes of the woman in palace attire, as if overwhelmed by sorrow, her meridian breath somewhat disordered.

The man's heart ached, he reached out to support her but was pushed away by her.

"And then?" the woman in palace attire asked coldly, "What else have you found?"

The man withdrew his arm helplessly and sighed:

"It was Gu... Changhuai who found a clue to Yu Er. Following the clue, they went dozens of miles outside of the city to dine at a restaurant; there, they found a group of human traffickers with only Foundation Establishment Initial Stage cultivation..."

"But..."

The man shook his head, his voice bitter, "Yu Er was kidnapped again..."

The woman in palace attire was shocked, "Again?"

The man said hoarsely, "By another group of people..."

"Ambushed with Formation, murdered with spells..."

"The Formation was secretive, its power great yet unexpected, and the spells used were the most common Fireball Technique—executed cleanly and neatly, leaving no trace to follow...

"And among the traffickers, one of them knew Sever Gold Sword Jue..."

"Sever Gold Sect..." the woman bit out.

The man gave a wry smile, "It's got nothing to do with Sever Gold Sect, likely a renegade disciple. Sever Gold Sect wouldn't have the guts, nor be so foolish, to use such an obvious, sect-protecting sword move..."

"I don't care!" the woman said angrily, "If we don't find Yu Er, Sever Gold Sect will still pay the price!"

"All right..." It was all the man could agree to, knowing that reason was of no use at that moment.

The man in fancy robes exhaled deeply and continued:

"Sever Gold Sword Jue is a Golden Series Sword Controlling Method, focusing on offensive and killing power, immensely powerful... Obviously, the traffickers met a formidable enemy. In a life or death situation, they desperately revealed this sword technique..."

"But..."

The man in fancy robes' pupils shrank slightly, "This extremely powerful sword technique from the Foundation Establishment Realm didn't injure the enemy in the slightest..."

"Not a trace of Blood Qi was found on the sword; the opponent didn't even suffer a scratch on their skin..."

"This suggests that the enemy's cultivation is much higher than these traffickers..."

"Golden Core, or perhaps even... Feather Transformation..."

The woman scoffed coldly, "Nice, there are indeed many who covet Yu Er, but he's just a four- or five-year-old child. What virtues and abilities does he possess to be the target of so many people's attention...

"Earlier, it was the great figures who grasp the Heavenly Secret making their plans, and what about this time? Could it still be some expert knowledgeable in heavenly calculations intercepting halfway?

The woman in palace attire asked her husband with a hint of mockery.

The man was questioned by his wife, bowed his head, and said helplessly, "This time... it seems so."

The woman was stunned, then furiously said, "Shangguan Yi, do you think I'm a foolish woman who knows nothing?"

"Heavenly secret Calculation, when did it become so cheap?"

"This one's a powerful figure; that one's an expert. Can there be that many experts?"

Stay tuned to

"How many cultivators in this world truly master the Heavenly Secret Calculation? Have they nothing better to do than to scheme against my Yu Er?!"

The man gave a bitter smile, "Wan'er, I'm not lying to you, I asked Elder Mei of Mystery Valley, who is skilled in calculations...

The woman in palace attire asked coldly, "And what did he calculate?"

"He..." the man said hesitantly, "...he went mad..."

The woman was taken aback.

The man lamented, "Elder Mei... went to calculate the person who 'kidnapped' Yu Er. At first, he couldn't calculate anything, claimed the heavenly secret was hidden, completely in the dark, without a trace to follow..."

"After my repeated pleas..."

"Elder Mei couldn't refuse and spent his vital energy, using the Mystery Calculation passed down in Mystery Valley to deduce a little further..."

"At first, he indeed parted the fog and saw a blurry figure, misty like water..."

"But when he tried to look again, he just..."

The man paused for a moment.

The woman angrily demanded, "Then what happened?"

The man sighed, "He just... wore a horrified expression, vomited fresh blood, ice cold all over, his mind began acting abnormally, and he suddenly went mad..."

"He kept muttering to himself, speaking of the terrifying karma, Corpse Mountain Sin, and said he was bitten by 'Corpse Sin,' that he was about to turn into a zombie himself, shivering non-stop..."

The woman's expression shifted. After pondering for a while, she grew angry again:

"What is all this nonsensical talk—Corpse Mountain, Corpse Sin? Can you believe such absurd and ridiculous words?"

"What does this have to do with Yu Er?"

The man found himself at a loss for words.

He didn't understand how Yu Er could be entangled with such karma, but the matter of Elder Mei was undeniably true.

He was indeed mad...

"Was that Elder Mei really from Mystery Valley?" the woman questioned again.

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"Elder Mei... his mind has gone mad, seems to have damaged his Sea of Consciousness. He's been sent back to Mystery Valley for treatment..."

The woman's brows suddenly furrowed tightly, and she said coldly:

"So, with no solid evidence, nor witnesses, you are deceiving me with this groundless Elder Mei!"

The man said softly, "Wan'er, when have I ever lied to you..."

His words carried a hint of entreaty.

"Fine, then I'll find Yu Er myself!"

The woman in palace attire declared decisively, turning to leave.

The man panicked inside, immediately grabbing her, "You can't leave Qingzhou City!"

The woman took a deep breath, suppressed her anger, and asked, "Why?"

"I'm worried about you..."

"Worried about what?"

The man's voice grew cold, "Marrying you as my wife, I broke some of the rules of the noble clans, went against the ancestral teachings of the Shangguan family, many people are watching us..."

Chapter 778: Accurate Calculation (2)

"They might target Yu Er, and it's also possible that they could harm you..."

"Now that Yu Er has disappeared, I fear losing you too..."

The woman said coldly, "Is staying in Qingzhou City really safe?"

The man insisted, "Qingzhou City is within the Qian Xue State Boundary, our ancestors have set up Formations here. The Heavenly Secret is clear and bright, but once you leave Qingzhou City, the Heavenly Secret becomes a piece of Chaos, and anything could happen..."

The man's expression was extremely grave.

There are great horrors in the Cultivation World.

Some truly fearsome Cultivators comprehend the Great Dao, possessing many unpredictable, heaven-defying methods.

There are even those who would set up intricate schemes to cultivate Taoist Demons.

The closer one gets to the pinnacle of Tao Cultivation, the more one understands the reality of this world, the more terrifying they find the nature of humanity.

"So what?" The woman replied indifferently, "You want me to hide in this city, to forget about my child..."

"Wan'er, do not interfere..." The man spoke gently and nearly begged, "This matter... the cause and effect are too significant..."

And too terrifying...

The one who arranged Yu Er's abduction was proficient in the mysteries of Heavenly Secrets, leaving no traces...

The person who kidnapped Yu Er was enshrouded with an immense murderous intent in the web of cause and effect.

This was not something an ordinary Cultivator could do.

The Dao of Formation, Divine Sense Calculation, Heavenly Secret Cause and Effect... all of these are exceedingly profound and complex matters.

Though Wan'er had studied Formations, she had only learned them to an average extent.

Deemed a proud daughter of heaven, she received accolades and admiration; this was merely the "good" of the mundane world...

It was the "good" within man-made norms.

She had no idea how truly profound the world's real intricate Formations were, what profound Divine Sense was like at all.

Those Formations that surpassed the understanding of ordinary Cultivators, the unpredictable laws of heaven that broke through ranks, the Great Dao unrestrained by human norms, just how deep and horrifying they could be...

The woman in imperial garments didn't understand these things. She just looked at her husband, her eyes shifting from anger to a deep sense of desolation.

"Did you... already make preparations?"

The man remained silent.

"If..." The woman paused, holding back pain and enunciating each word, "Yu Er can't be found, what do you plan to do?"

The man dared not meet the woman's eyes, looking away as he spoke softly,

"Father's idea is that we... have another one..."

The woman's complexion turned pale, her body shaking, her eyes filled with endless grief and hatred.

She hated her husband, and she hated herself.

"Shangguan Yi, your heart is truly ruthless!"

The woman said with tears, "Fine! If you want another child, find some other woman to bear it!"

"I, Wenren Wan, will only have Yu Er as my child in this life!"

Discover exclusive content at

"Yu Er, he... was so good-natured, so kind, how could he possibly..."

Yu Er's smiling face emerged in the woman's mind, her heart ached as if pricked by needles; suddenly, she shivered, as if deep within, she could feel that Yu Er was somewhere waiting for her...

Her own child, waiting for her...

The woman felt unbearable pain, she disregarded everything, turned, and left.

"Wan'er, it's too dangerous..." The man still wanted to stop her.

The woman's eyes were icy, "If you won't go look for him, I will. If I can't find him, I'll search for a lifetime!"

"Even if it means death, I want to be with Yu Er."

"You just wait to be the Shangguan Family Head, find any woman... to bear you another child."

After the woman spoke, her eyes filled with tears, she swept away, leaving the room.

The man wanted to hold her back, but when he extended his hand, he grasped nothing.

His complexion was pale, and he sighed.

After a moment, a servant entered the room, saying respectfully, "Young Master, the Family Head requests your presence..."

The man was distracted for a long while before responding weakly, "I understand..."

He was the Shangguan Family's Young Master, the next in line to be the Family Head.

But he felt less like a "Master" and more like a "servant" trapped within difficult choices, unsure in the immense Noble Clan who exactly he was the "servant" of.

Shangguan Yi deeply sighed and went to a study in the Gu Family residence. He stood respectfully for a while before he heard a deep voice from inside.

"Come in."

Shangguan Yi entered the room and greeted, "Father."

The study was elegant and luxurious.

Sitting in the center was a Cultivator with a profound presence and imposing dignity. His appearance was august, with slight graying at the temples and faint crow's feet at the corners of his eyes but one could see he had been exceptionally handsome in his youth.

This man was Shangguan Yi's father and the true Family Head of the Shangguan Family—Shang Che.

"In a few days, I shall be leaving. The matters here will be your responsibility," Shang Che said as he wrote something, his tone low and mild.

"Yes," Shangguan Yi responded respectfully.

Shang Che looked up at his son and said calmly, "You should not have married Wenren Wan."

"She is too impulsive, acts rashly without thinking things through."

"She's a legitimate daughter after all; I don't know what the Wenren Family taught her..."

"Noble Clan daughters can be somewhat capricious before marriage, but once married, they represent the face of the Clan and must look after the Clan's interests. They should act appropriately. Even if it's hard, they must endure..."

"Father..."

Shangguan Yi raised his voice slightly, interrupting Shang Che.

"Wan'er is... a good wife. Yu Er's disappearance has left her extremely distraught. Her rudeness is understandable..."

Shang Che looked at his son, neither agreeing nor disagreeing, and after a pause slowly said:

"How's Yu Er doing?"

"We are still searching."

Shang Che sighed, "Yu Er... he has a pure heart, he is a good child, but, he's not cut out to be a good Family Head..."

Shangguan Yi interjected, "Father, I only have Yu Er as my son."

Chapter 779: Accurate Calculations (3)

Shang Che's gaze was slightly cold, "I've told you before, if..."

Shangguan Yi said, "Then the next Family Head will inevitably be my child with Wan'er..."

Shang Che sneered, "She might not be willing..."

"I will wait until she changes her mind..."

Shangguan Yi, with his head lowered and body bowed, spoke with a resolute tone that brooked no doubt.

Shang Che's brow twitched slightly, but in the end, he said nothing, only speaking indifferently, "I understand..."

The atmosphere in the study was somewhat stiff.

Shangguan Yi did not wish to stay long, so he stood up to leave.

"Yi'er..."

Shang Che called out to Shangguan Yi, hesitated for a moment, and his tone softened a little.

"You must understand, it's not easy being the Family Head..."

"In a Tao Cultivation Noble Clan, one bases on the clan, must understand pros and cons, calculating losses and gains. Being indecisive and overly sentimental will not do."

"A Cultivator's life is very long, no matter how deep the fondness, over time, love will fade, and people's hearts will change..."

"As the Family Head, you must know what is the most enduring, what is the most advantageous."

"You must also be resolute, make tough decisions, only then can I convince the ancestors to entrust the millennia-old Shangguan aristocratic family into your hands..."

Shangguan Yi said silently, "Father, I understand."

Shang Che glanced once and knew his son didn't understand it at all.

He felt somewhat irritable, but, deeply cunning as he was, he only suppressed his feelings, sighing:

"Think about it more. Yu Er is your child, a legitimate descendant, but he is also just one among the many disciples of the Shangguan Family. You need to weigh what is more important."

Shangguan Yi's face showed pain, but he said nothing, performed a respectful salute, and withdrew respectfully.

Shang Che looked down at the Jade Slip and after a long time, raised his head, gazing at the spot where Shangguan Yi had stood, reflecting on his troubled expression, feeling a mix of anger and frustration at his lack of competitive spirit:

"All my life I've been a ladies' man, passing through a sea of flowers without a single leaf touching my heart, yet the son I produced... how could he be... such a lovesick fool..."

"He looks like a talent, but he's so lacking in ambition, thinking only of his wife and child every day..."

Shang Che's brows were deeply furrowed, filled with dissatisfaction.

After a long time, he sighed and spread out a Map.

On the Map was the entire Qian State.

Now a series of routes had been outlined, after Calculation with the Compass, they turned into profound Heavenly secret Patterns, yet they had no beginning or end, unknowable where they started or where they led to.

Only a trace of savage, ancient aura remained.

This was the handiwork of those who had taken Yu Er away.

Shang Che's gaze turned solemn, his expression as still as water, muttering to himself:

"From arranged marriage, birth, to death... all calculated, eh..."

"Who has such a grand strategy?"

"To deceive our ancestors, to use the only legitimate heirs of the two great Noble Clans, Shangguan and Wenren, as a sacrifice..."

"What... do they want to offer sacrifice to, what life and death do they want to defy?"

Shang Che felt a chill deep in his bones...

...

In the Gu Family compound.

Dressed in palace attire, Wenren Wan was preoccupied with thoughts of Yu Er, but once she stepped out of the door, she was again lost.

"Search... how to search, where to search?"

Yu Er had been abducted, and it was very likely that he was no longer in this state boundary, perhaps not even in Qian State...

Hopelessness grasped her heart, along with profound powerlessness.

Explore more adventures at

The Cultivation World is vast and boundless.

She didn't know how to perform Calculations, nor understood the Heavenly Secrets. Finding Yu Er was like looking for a needle in the ocean.

She also deeply despised herself, regretting why she hadn't pleaded with the old ancestors to learn the complex and abstruse spell points of Tao Cultivation.

If that were the case, she might now be able to calculate Yu Er's fate on her own...

Even if her Divine Sense exhausted, even if her Sea of Consciousness ran dry, even if...

Wenren Wan stood silently for a long while before coming back to her senses. She looked around disconsolately, pondered for a moment, then called the Wenren Family's guards and asked them to drive a carriage and take her out of the city.

No matter what, she would talk after leaving Qingzhou City...

Outside the city, she might be able to find some traces of Yu Er...

Wenren Wan silently made up her mind.

If she couldn't find him in a month, she would search for a month.

If not in a year, then for a year.

If a year wasn't enough, she would search for ten years, a hundred years, until her lifespan was exhausted.

"I must find Yu Er, alive and well..."

The last four words she dared not even consider, she was afraid of seeing Yu Er's cold, lifeless little face, afraid to know that the child she cherished was no more...

This was even more unbearable than suffering death herself as a mother.

Wenren Wan only felt a piercing pain in her chest.

The carriage left the Gu Family, passed through the main streets, went by the market town, and after two hours, it neared the city gate.

Wenren Wan was so intent on heading out of the city that she didn't notice, by the city gate, at a noodle stall, two little Cultivators were slurping noodles with gusto.

And Mo Hua and Yu Er, who had waited for several days, hungry and tired, busy eating their noodles, also didn't notice that a low-key yet luxurious carriage was silently making its way towards the city gate...

Noise at the city gate was ceaseless, with an endless stream of carriages and horses.

As they crossed paths and each went their separate ways, Wenren Wan suddenly felt a jolt.

For an instant, as if connected by mother and child, she felt that her son was near, even very close to her...

But she knew that Yu Er was no longer by her side...

Her sensible, well-behaved son, now in the hands of who knew whom, his fate between life and death unknown, and it was uncertain whether he suffered mistreatment and torment.

Wenren Wan's heart ached even more.

The carriage continued towards the outskirts of the city.

But as the carriage moved further away, Wenren Wan's heart grew increasingly uneasy, and at times, she had a premonition.

It was as if with every passing moment she was getting further away from Yu Er, and once she passed through this city gate...

She would be eternally separated from her son.

She might never see him again in this lifetime!

A Cultivator's premonitions do not arise without reason.

Wenren Wan's heart was seized with panic.

She immediately said, "Stop the carriage!"

The carriage halted, and she quickly got out, looking around in confusion. After a long while, her peripheral vision caught a glimpse of a noodle stall in the distance...

Wenren Wan felt as if she had been struck by lightning.

At the noodle stall, there were two little Cultivators.

One was a bit older, with eyebrows like paintings, his demeanor pure and gentle.

The other was very young, about four or five years old, bearing a strong resemblance to her own Yu Er...

Wenren Wan's heart trembled, and she almost couldn't catch her breath.

She wanted to speak, but she was so overwhelmed with emotion that she could not find her voice...

Mo Hua, who was eating noodles, suddenly felt a shift in his Divine Sense and realized he was being watched. He looked up and saw a beautiful and elegant woman in the distance, her face streaked with tears, looking at him incredulously.

This woman was both strange and somehow familiar to him.

Mo Hua had never met her but had some vague impressions in the recesses of karma.

Mo Hua had a sudden realization, then patted Yu Er, who sat beside him.

Yu Er, mimicking Mo Hua, was burying his head in noodles when Mo Hua's gesture caught his attention. Looking into the distance, his little face froze, and his chopsticks clattered to the ground.

Yu Er's eyes also filled with tears in an instant.

"Mother..."

The surroundings were noisy, but that call of "Mother" was clearly heard by Wenren Wan.

The immense joy of regaining what was lost made it hard for her to breathe.

Her tears blurred her vision, preventing her from seeing Yu Er clearly, but she still ran towards Yu Er without a second thought.

She seemed to forget she was a Golden Core Realm Cultivator, that she possessed cultivation. She only remembered that she was the mother of a child.

Yu Er, with tears streaming down his face, moved his short legs towards her...

The two embraced each other.

Even though her eyes were filled with tears and she couldn't see Yu Er's face clearly, Wenren Wan still held Yu Er tightly in her arms without reservation.

She was afraid to let go.

She feared that once she let go, her child would vanish again.

Even in a dream, she wished it could last longer so that her child could stay in her embrace a little more...

...

Yu Er and his mother embraced each other, both crying.

Mo Hua nodded contentedly.

Although it was a combination of luck and calculated guesses, it seems his "calculations" were quite accurate.

Now that Yu Er had found his mother, he should be safe.

Mo Hua felt at ease.

Next, he could head to the Qian Learning State Boundary to pay his respects at the Qian Taoist Sect!

Chapter 780: Mr. Tu (1)

Qian State, a certain forbidden land.

Underground chamber, dark and ominous.

Within the chamber, an altar was set, on which rested a vast white skull with a human face and ram horns, ferocious fangs, and bloodstains all over.

Mr. Tu knelt before the skull.

His complexion was pale, tinged with a greenish hue; his fingers were slender, as if soaked too long in blood, cracking with blood seeping in.

Mr. Tu's pupils were hollow, as if something had parasitized him. He hoarsely muttered words, as if speaking to someone or perhaps to himself:

"That person is dead, his Taoist bones stripped, the gates of Back Ruins will open sooner or later..."

"The living shall die, and the dead shall live..."

"The thousand-year plan is about to make its move..."

"Everything was calculated perfectly..."

"That child... must be taken into our hands. Goodness is the breeding ground for evil; his blood, his flesh, his Sea of Consciousness, are the finest offerings; his Divine Sense, is the best 'Divine Fetus'..."

"But... he was 'snatched' away..."

Mr. Tu's numb expression suddenly twisted into pain and anger, and blood seeped through his eyes.

As if he had received rebuke, his heart was in a state of terrified guilt and hatred.

"It's not my fault, not my fault..."

He trembled and said, taking a long time to settle, before he continued:

"That child is gone, vanished to who knows where. To search again would be like divining the heavenly secrets and searching for a needle in the ocean..."

"But the child, he still has a mother, and a father..."

"They can breed again..."

"With the Four Symbols Demon Formation, Feather Transformation Demon Embryo, Karmic Impurity, as soon as his mother leaves Qingzhou City, we can obscure the heavenly secrets and capture her..."

"This action will infuriate the Taoist Court, offend the Shangguan Family and the Wenren Family, destroying the millennia of strategic planning, leaving the Demon Children of Qian State dead or severely injured..."

"But..."

"To die for the Divine Lord is their honor."

"Capturing the child's mother is worth everything..."

"With her, we can control Shangguan Yi..."

Mr. Tu let out a cold scoff.

"Shangguan Che is deep and dispassionate, yet his son, deeply emotional, has obvious weaknesses, easily manipulated..."

"...forcing them to bring another child into this world."

"This child, bearing the legitimate bloodlines of both Shangguan and Wenren, will be in our grasp from birth, the perfect substitute."

"But..."

Mr. Tu coughed out a mouthful of blood, "...another miscalculation..."

"Someone has disrupted our cause and effect!"

Mr. Tu said angrily.

His eyes suddenly turned blood-red and his voice became shrill and crazed, no longer human:
"Who? Who is it?!"

The inhuman voice echoed in the chamber.

Long after, Mr. Tu coughed several times and regained his calm:

"I don't know..."

"I can't calculate it..."

"No," Mr. Tu said through clenched teeth, "I dare not calculate..."

"I see endless fog concealing the heavenly secrets, a mountain of corpses, a sea of dead bodies, a pair of bloody, merciless eyes, the abyss of exploitation, the anomaly of the Great Dao..."

"This is the breath of a Taoist Demon..."

"I..."

Mr. Tu's eyes showed terror, his teeth chattering, "I... dare not calculate..."

"I would be contaminated..."

"I dare not..."

Mr. Tu shuddered intensely, pounding his head to the ground, bloodying his forehead, constantly muttering "I dare not"...

But just then, fresh blood oozed from atop the human-faced ram-horned skull.

An evil thought invaded Mr. Tu's Sea of Consciousness.

Mr. Tu came to his senses abruptly, his gaze gradually calming.

"Yes... that's right."

"It's impossible..."

Mr. Tu murmured to himself: "This... can't be real... Taoist Demons are but illusions, a means to deceive the heavenly secrets."

"If the person truly reared a Taoist Demon... I would be a dead man by now..."

"This person is a deceit..."

"He has deceived me."

"Who on earth is he?"

Mr. Tu frowned, questioning and answering in his own mind:

"I disguised myself in 'human skin' and personally visited that restaurant... My Formation was broken, leaving traces behind, but the method used to break it was clumsy, unpolished..."

"It must have been deliberate..."

"He's mocking me, deceiving me!" Continue reading at

"The clumsy method would normally not be able to break the Formation. Someone capable of breaking it wouldn't be this unrefined..."

"This person... has deep cunningness, craftiness..."

"An extremely adept Formation Master..."

"Certainly an old monster too..."

"I wonder what he looks like..."

Mr. Tu began to construct an image of this person in his mind...

Above middle-age, or perhaps an old man, centuries-old cultivation, a hooked nose, defined wrinkles, a shrewd and reclusive gaze, possibly outwardly gentle, but with a smile that is sinister and vicious...

Mr. Tu felt this wasn't far off.

He took a deep breath, his gaze full of malice.

"Disrupting the Divine Lord's grand plan..."

"Someday, I will pull this person out..."

"Feed his flesh and blood as sacrifice, nurture Demon Monsters; offer up his Living Soul as tribute, worship the Divine Lord..."

"Let him sink into the Desolate Mountain of Purgatory, forever unable to transcend..."

"Let him know, the majesty of the Divine Lord cannot be violated, the ruler of the Great Wilderness, immortal and undying!"

Mr. Tu's expression was fervent, fearless...

...

Meanwhile, "man-eating" Mo Hua, unaware that someone also wanted to "consume" him as an offering.

He was presently eating.

And what he was eating were genuine "delicacies of mountains and seas."

As a token of gratitude to Mo Hua, Wenren Wan treated him to an extravagant meal at the largest and most expensive Food Building in Qingzhou City!