

The Quest 831

Chapter 831: Water Prison Technique (3)

"I waited for several days before a First-grade Formation Master was willing to accept the task."

"And, our share of the Merit Points isn't much

The man, unable to help it, said, "Indeed, just over a hundred points

For Second Rank Formation Masters, earning those points was just a matter of drawing a few formations, without going out, without running about, and even more so, without taking any risks...

"It's just not known if this person is reliable

"First Grade... I guess it's hardly reliable

...

"Let's just make do, as things stand now, there's no choice left

"Then let's wait," the man in a golden-red Taoist robe sighed, then looking up at the sky, added,

"The hour is getting late, I wonder when that Formation Master will arrive

"I'm here!"

A crisp voice suddenly sounded.

All three turned in surprise to look to the side and saw a young cultivator, with a frown on his small face, displeased, saying,

"I've been here for a while!"

And I heard you badmouthing me behind my back!

All three wore a look of astonishment, the gentle-looking woman exclaimed in surprise, “You, you are

Mo Hua said, “I am Mo Hua!”

The man was startled for a moment, “Mo Hua?”

The woman smiled bitterly, “That’s the name of the Formation Master who accepted the task, but I didn’t expect

To her surprise, it was such a Junior Brother.

At the initial stage of Foundation Establishment, with low cultivation, and being so obviously youthful and apparently newly initiated...

The man, with a gentle voice, asked,

"Young man, are you... new to the sect?"

Mo Hua nodded.

Somewhat shocked, the man turned to the gentle woman and asked, “Has Taixu Gate changed its rules? Can the newly initiated also accept tasks?”

The woman, puzzled, said, “I haven’t heard of any changes

"Then this

All three turned their gaze towards Mo Hua.

Mo Hua said, “Elder Master Xun told me to take this task.”

Mo Hua had once again brought up “Elder Master Xun.”

But he didn’t say that Elder Master Xun had only allowed him to take on those entry-level tasks, such as “sweeping the steps, watching the mountain gate, drawing formations,” and did not allow him to get involved in these more dangerous tasks of “tracking down Sin Cultivators.”

"Elder Master Xun?"

The man was somewhat taken aback, it was the woman from Taixu Gate, who came to a realization.

"It's Elder Master Xun

No wonder...

If Elder Master Xun was willing to let this Junior Brother take a shortcut, having granted him access to the Taixu Token capabilities ahead of time, it meant that this child, indeed, had an extraordinary background.

At the very least, he had a close relationship with Elder Master Xun.

It was not good to ask too deeply about such affairs.

But...

The gentle woman was somewhat troubled.

Such a young Junior Brother, with low cultivation, weak foundation, and little experience, even if he had some formation skills... how could they take him on such a dangerous task?

Besides, did he really know formations...

The woman, slowly, asked, “Junior Brother, you... know formations?”

Mo Hua saw that they seemed reluctant to take him along for “fun,” knowing he had to demonstrate his abilities himself to seize the opportunity, then corrected her by saying,

"Not just ‘know,’ but ‘am skilled at’!”

The other three were dumbfounded.

How could such a young cultivator dare to say he was “skilled at” formations...

Mo Hua said, “Don’t believe me? Test me?”

It would be best to test me with some complex formation that I haven’t learned before.

The man in the golden-red Taoist robe pondered for a moment then nodded, “Alright, I’ll test you a bit.”

"Um-hum.”

Mo Hua was full of anticipation, but then he was disappointed again.

The tests given by the man in the golden-red robe were only about First-grade formation knowledge, which, for Mo Hua, was extremely simple, and occasionally touched on Second-Grade formations, but were still rather superficial, not truly reflecting how formidable he was, nor did he “profit” any new techniques without any effort.

Mo Hua easily answered the man’s questions, and seeing that the man did not speak, asked again,

"Is there anything harder?”

"Or, could you find a very, very difficult formation to test me with?”

The man was slightly stunned and said with resignation,

"That's all I can test you with

He was mainly a Sword Cultivation practitioner; formations were something he was not very proficient in, learning a bit just to cope with Sect assessments without investing much effort.

But passing his test at least showed that Mo Hua had a solid foundation in formations.

And on this mission, they indeed needed a Formation Master.

The man said, "Alright, I'll take you for a try."

Mo Hua was pleased inside, but before he had a chance to say anything, he heard the gentle-looking senior sister shake her head and say,

"No!"

Mo Hua was taken aback.

"It's too dangerous," the gentle senior sister said to Mo Hua, "Although with our cultivation, capturing the Sin Cultivator this time isn't difficult, the Cultivation World is unpredictable, and there could always be complications we might not be able to protect you from."

She softened her tone, trying to persuade Mo Hua,

"Junior Brother, listen to your senior sister, go back to the Sect and cultivate properly, when you're older, then undertake these dangerous tasks

This senior sister, she too was kind.

Mo Hua silently noted.

But he was definitely going to partake in the task!

He had already spent over two hundred Merit Points to exchange for the spell of the Second-Grade Water Prison Technique; not making some return on that would indeed be a huge loss!

This trip could only be a success, failure was not an option!

Thinking it over, Mo Hua's eyes brightened as he said,

"If I don't go, won't you be short a Formation Master?"

"I will find someone else the gentle woman said.

"Senior Sister, you just said no one was accepting the task, I heard you!"

The woman was taken aback.

"Don't worry," Mo Hua said, "I know the Concealment Technique; I can protect myself."

"Concealment

The woman thought for a moment, still not entirely reassured, her heart wavering with indecision.

Just then, another man came from afar, full of apologies, "Sorry, I'm late

Chapter 832: Water Prison Technique (4)

And then, he greeted everyone one by one:

"Senior Brother Feng, Junior Sister Qian, Senior Sister Murong

Finally, he saw Mo Hua and was taken aback, his mouth agape, "Mo Hua? How come you're here too?"

Mo Hua was also surprised.

There was an acquaintance among this group of five!

This person was Senior Brother Shangguan Xu, the one who had led him into the sect.

...

At this moment, Mo Hua didn't care why Shangguan Xu happened to be there, he quickly said, "Senior Brother Xu, take me with you!"

He then hurriedly gave Shangguan Xu a look, implying:

Speak some good words for me, let them take me along for the fun!

Shangguan Xu gave a wry smile, "This... what's going on?"

The gentle woman explained the situation, surprised, "You know each other?"

Shangguan Xu nodded, "Junior Brother Mo, has some connections... with my Shangguan Family."

He did not elaborate, as the matter concerning Young Master Yu, was not suitable for disclosure to outsiders.

But then Shangguan Xu was troubled once more.

It would be a bit dangerous to take Mo Hua along, but not taking him would mean failing to heed his aunt's instruction.

In the end, all he could say was,

"Junior Brother Mo... knows restraint in his actions and is quite resourceful, Senior Sister Murong, maybe we should take him with us

The gentle woman frowned in thought. Seeing that the sky was already darkening and any further delays would mean insufficient time, she finally sighed and said,

"Alright, but you must be very careful. Junior Brother Shangguan, please look after Junior Brother Mo

Shangguan Xu nodded his head.

Mo Hua then assured, "Don't worry, my Formation Skill is quite impressive, I won't hold you back!"

The gentle woman felt somewhat helpless.

Very impressive Formation Skill?

A novice cultivator at the initial stage of Foundation Establishment, no matter how impressive, could only be so capable...

However, this mission did not require any highly advanced Formation Skills.

The gentle woman nodded, "Let's set off."

Mo Hua nodded repeatedly.

Thus, two senior brothers and two senior sisters, with him as the junior tagalong, set off from Taixu Mountain, traveling via Qingzhou City, toward the Second Grade Diancang State Boundary.

Along the way, Mo Hua subtly inquired and learned the identities of the others.

The tall and handsome brother, with a gentle composure and wearing a gold-red Taoist Robe, was a disciple of Tai'a Sect, named Ouyang Feng.

The woman in the Taixu Gate Taoist Robe, named Murong Caiyun, was a senior sister from Taixu Gate.

The woman dressed in golden-pink, brocade-embroidered Taoist Robe, named Hua Qianqian, was a senior sister from Hundred Flowers Sect.

The Hundred Flowers Sect, located within the Qian Xue State Boundary, was one of the Twelve Streams. All of its sect disciples were female cultivators, and the sect's inheritance focused on Cultivation Techniques and Taoist Skills suited for women.

Everyone was seven or eight years older than Mo Hua. Although they did not all belong to the same sect, sect disciple interactions were frequent in the Qian Xue State Boundary; hence, they respectfully addressed each other as “senior” siblings.

As for why disciples from other sects were involved in a Taixu Gate mission,

Mo Hua had asked about this too.

The bounty for wanted Sin Cultivators was usually issued by the Taoist Court, not just to Taixu Gate but also to nearby sects that might accept the bounty.

After completing the mission, the reward would be distributed by the Taoist Court to the sect,

Which in turn would convert it into Merit Points to give to the disciples.

As they traveled, Mo Hua covertly observed the senior brothers and sisters and discovered they all had deep cultivation, almost certainly Top-Grade Cultivation Techniques, and they were also experienced – clearly, they were seasoned veterans in “bounty hunting.”

Mo Hua nodded to himself, firmly deciding that he must impress them with his “great skill” during this mission.

Only if they witnessed his prowess, would they bring him along for more “fun” in the future!

Only then could he tag along on more missions and earn more Merit Points!

To “mix” in on missions, one definitely needed “connections.”

And that included not only Taixu Gate but getting to know other senior brothers and sisters from the Eight Great Gates, the Twelve Streams, and the Qian State Hundred Doors was important.

Even constructing a Large Formation would require the help of many cultivators to complete.

In this age, having good relationships made things easier.

As for the “Four Great Sects best leave that be for now.

He figured they were out of his league.

...

All sects have the same rest days every 10 days: two days off.

Given the tight schedule, everyone had to travel day and night, using their movement techniques, which took them more than ten hours to arrive at the Second Grade Diancang State Boundary.

Diancang State Boundary was a small state boundary within Qian State.

At the heart of the state boundary was Mount Diancang.

The Sin Cultivator they were seeking refuge in Mount Diancang.

Mo Hua had inquired about this Sin Cultivator, whose real name was unknown; he was wanted under the alias “Bald Eagle,” with Mid-Stage Foundation Establishment Cultivation. He was known for his agility and considerable Array Formation Skill.

Bald Eagle had a lengthy criminal record at the Taoist Court.

He had forcibly taken energy from female disciples and committed murders, and even acted as a human trafficker, selling young cultivators as “sustenance” for Demon Cultivators.

The order from the Taoist Court was:

If possible, capture and send to the Taoist Prison to be executed by the Water Prison Technique. If too difficult to capture, execute on sight!

Chapter 833: Bald Head

Mount Diancang was vast and desolate, poor in resources for Tao cultivation, rarely frequented by people, making it a suitable hideout for Sin Cultivators.

Mo Hua followed several senior brothers and sisters to Mount Diancang.

Mountains towered majestically, shrouded in clouds and mist, the pale yellow miasma obscuring all directions.

Murong Caiyun said, “I accepted a reward from the Sect. There’s a tip that the Bald Eagle is hiding alone in a cave thirty miles from here.”

"However, this person is vigilant and skilled in Formation, and will surely set up formations along the way to guard against pursuit

"These formations might not be very sophisticated, but they are extremely covert and hard to detect, requiring a skilled Formation Master to inspect along the way

...

"We must be meticulous and not overlook anything

"Otherwise, we risk startling the ‘Bald Eagle’ and letting him escape

Murong Caiyun glanced at Mo Hua, “Junior Brother Mo, can you handle it?”

Mo Hua nodded, “I can do it!”

Seeing Mo Hua's confidence, Murong Caiyun did not feel relieved but rather more worried.

Ouyang Feng, fearing that Mo Hua would feel pressured, then said,

"Junior Brother Mo, just do your best and don't be nervous

"This task isn't just one person's responsibility. Along the way, we will also keep an eye out and cover any gaps, as the Bald Eagle is extremely cunning and difficult to deal with, and the formations he sets are very tricky

"Mm-hm," Mo Hua expressed his gratitude. "Thank you, Senior Brother Feng!"

Thus, the group moved forward, and as they walked, Mo Hua suddenly paused, pointing at a freshly turned patch of soil at the roadside,

"Is that the formation?"

The others, upon hearing this, looked at each other and then nodded.

Murong Caiyun let out a slight sigh of relief, "Correct."

Only then did Mo Hua realize that everyone had noticed but had kept silent to "test" him.

They really didn't trust him...

Mo Hua muttered in his heart.

Hua Qianqian walked up to the turned soil, took out a golden compass, placed it on the ground, and as the compass spun, a flash of light occurred, and the Formation Patterns hidden beneath the soil disappeared.

Mo Hua was stunned, "What is this compass...?"

Murong Caiyun was taken aback, “You don’t know?”

Mo Hua honestly nodded.

To know as knowing, not knowing as not knowing is knowing.

With all his seniors around, he, being a junior brother, saw no need to pretend.

Murong Caiyun sighed, “This is called a Compass for Breaking Arrays. Some simple formations can be countered with this kind of compass.”

"Does it work on all formations?" Mo Hua asked.

Murong Caiyun shook her head, “Different formations require different Types of Compass for Breaking Arrays, like those of the Five Elements, Eight Trigrams, directions; they must match to undo them, and the Formation Patterns can’t be too complex.”

"Oh, oh."

Mo Hua learned something new and quietly took note.

"So there are things like a Compass for Breaking Arrays

He had always relied on himself to solve formations and had never used such “lazy” methods.

He wondered what the principles behind it were...

Mo Hua grew curious.

Using the Compass for Breaking Arrays, Hua Qianqian dissolved the hidden formation, then with a flick of her hands, dispersed spiritual power, swept away the soil, and revealed a small stone disk buried underneath, etched with Formation Patterns.

The patterns looked familiar yet somewhat unfamiliar, probably a variant of regular Formation Patterns.

Unable to recognize them, Mo Hua humbly asked,

"Senior Sister Murong, what formation is this on the stone disk...?"

Murong Caiyun paused.

The others also placed their hands on their foreheads, somewhat helplessly.

Shangguan Xu even had a bittersweet expression.

Not knowing such a simple formation, "being skilled" in formations wasn't exactly being "skilled

Murong Caiyun sighed and reluctantly explained,

"This is called the Small Yuan Magnetic Formation, a First-grade Formation, utilizing the magnetic properties within the patterns to attract induction forces for surveillance and defense

"Small Yuan Magnetic Formation

Mo Hua silently memorized it.

He had not expected that he was so proficient in First-grade Formations and had learned so much, yet some still "slipped through the net

Indeed, he needed to get out more.

The Cultivation World was vast and boundless, perhaps filled with formations everywhere, waiting for him to learn!

"Small Yuan Magnetic Formation

Mo Hua silently recited, then said, "Senior Sister Murong, wait a moment, I'll learn it."

Murong Caiyun fell silent.

This junior brother, encountering a formation, even had to learn it on the spot...

She didn't know what to say.

Fortunately, it didn't take Mo Hua long to memorize the Formation Patterns of the Small Yuan Magnetic Formation, and then the group set off again.

As they walked, Mo Hua pondered quietly.

Small Yuan Magnetic Formation...

A First Grade Nine Pattern Formation, its function and the "Compass Parent-Child Compound Formation" he had used were somewhat similar, both for setting up formations to survey and monitor the terrain.

But this formation was somewhat special.

After pondering for a long time, Mo Hua suddenly realized that this formation was actually a variation of the Bagua Formation Method, simplifying the complex patterns into a simple "variation."

Mo Hua silently calculated in his mind and was suddenly startled.

He discovered that this Small Yuan Magnetic Formation, tracing back to its origin, its fundamental patterns could actually be traced back to the "Thunder Pattern."

Thunder Pattern?

That wasn't right...

Mo Hua was utterly baffled.

In his memory, the "Thunder Formation" was on top of the Heavenly Dao Formation, containing the Law that eradicated with the terrifying "Immortal Pattern", able to subdue all living beings.

But what did "thunder" have to do with "Original Magnet"?

Why would the Small Yuan Magnetic Formation's pattern, changing inversely, evolve into the Thunder Pattern and be classified under the "Thunder Trigram" Formation Method?

Mo Hua was filled with questions.

But at that moment, still tasked with a "mission," he had no time for further consideration. Mo Hua decided to keep these doubts in his heart and planned to ponder them carefully when he got back to see if he could comprehend anything.

Chapter 834: Bald (2)

"A mere First-grade Formation isn't difficult if one knows it."

After a single glance, Mo Hua had the Small Yuan Magnetic Formation Patterns completely in hand.

When he looked towards the mountainside again, those formations woven into the vegetation and stone were clearly visible.

With a sweep of his Divine Sense, Mo Hua saw everything.

"There is a formation behind that large rock

"In the middle of the mountain path ahead, about thirty feet away, there is another one

...

"Underneath the bark, there is also a Small Yuan Magnetic Formation

"To the left in the woods, a Monster Beast is hiding, its right leg wounded, and on the embedded blade under its flesh, a Small Yuan Magnetic Formation is also drawn

...

As Mo Hua walked, he pointed everything out.

Murong Caiyun and the others began to grow a bit astonished.

Obvious formations were no surprise for them to see Mo Hua spotting, but he was also pinpointing every single intricate and hard-to-find formation without fail.

Even those formations that were cunningly set in remote spots, which they hadn't noticed or were too far away for them to see in time, could not escape Mo Hua's Divine Sense.

By now, they somewhat believed that Mo Hua truly had some capabilities.

"Skilled in" formation might have been an exaggeration,

But his talent for formations was definitely impressive.

Everyone relaxed and looked at Mo Hua with much warmer eyes.

On a Sect mission filled with dangers, they did not wish to bring along a "burden," although this burden was adorable-looking.

Two hours later, the group arrived at a hillside.

It looked ordinary, but hidden beneath the vegetation was a secret cave entrance.

Inside the cave, the fugitive known as "Bald Eagle" was hiding.

The group hid behind some rocks and discussed their capture plan.

But these matters were irrelevant to Mo Hua.

His role primarily involved unraveling formations; having come this far, he had completed most of his task, the rest did not require his involvement.

As Senior Sister Murong had put it,

"Stay hidden, do not show yourself, protect yourself well, and flee if necessary

It was both out of concern for Mo Hua and to prevent him from inadvertently sabotaging their plans.

Should he be captured by the Bald Eagle and used as a hostage, the situation would become extremely dire.

Mo Hua nodded repeatedly, "Sister, don't worry."

He was quite adept at preserving his own life.

However, thinking that if his seniors acted quickly and killed the "Bald Eagle," he wouldn't get a chance to show his "amazing skills," and then they might not include him in future bounties...

Mo Hua thought to himself that he should still make himself useful...

The woods were desolate, the hillside silent.

Weeds and stones were chaotic, with no trace of human activity.

Mo Hua's Divine Sense flickered subtly, sweeping the surroundings, his eyes shimmering as he whispered:

"A hundred and fifty feet west from here, there is a Trap Gold Formation, Second-grade Eleven-pattern;"

"One hundred and fifty feet to the east, there is a Trapped Mountain Formation, a Bagua Mountain trapping Formation, Second-grade Fourteen-pattern

"At the entrance of the cave, there's a Gen Mountain Formation, Second-grade

"Outside the cave, ten feet away, there's a... Small Yuan Magnetic Formation? But it's also Second-grade

...

Mo Hua listed all the nearby formations without missing a single one, virtually seeing through the lair of the "Bald Eagle."

Not only Murong Caiyun but even Ouyang Feng and the others were somewhat astonished.

"Have you... studied Second-grade Formations?"

Mo Hua modestly replied, "A little bit

Everyone was slightly shocked, exchanging looks, realizing that they had vastly underestimated this innocently faced Junior Brother.

He had seen through every formation laid by others without missing any.

Such profound skill and understanding of formations must be extremely deep.

Indeed, no mediocrity could enter the Eight Great Gates.

Their "Formation Master" was not hired in vain.

Ouyang Feng released his Divine Sense, confirming what Mo Hua had said; without Mo Hua pointing them out, he wouldn't have noticed these formations at all, nodding in appreciation,

"Not bad, thanks to Junior Brother Mo. This makes it much easier for us to capture Bald Eagle."

"Let's proceed with the plan and lure out Bald Eagle

Mo Hua was smilingly about to say something when his expression suddenly changed, and he sighed,

"No need

Everyone was startled.

Mo Hua whispered, "Bald Eagle has noticed us."

The faces of Ouyang Feng and others darkened, and they focused intently, indeed noticing that a deep and chilling Divine Sense had filled the surroundings without them realizing when it had appeared.

In an instant, Mo Hua identified:

"Sixteen-Pattern Divine Consciousness!"

"Peak of the Middle Phase of Foundation Establishment!"

"And... not just one person

Ouyang Feng looked slightly stunned; Murong Caiyun and the others were also somewhat dazed.

They hadn't noticed anything yet; how did this Junior Brother know it all?

But with a great enemy at hand, there was no time to inquire.

Ouyang Feng's gaze hardened with decisiveness, "Kill!"

Then killing intent suddenly descended.

A dense surge of Sword Qi, imbued with a hint of strangeness, tore through the air and smashed the giant rock where they were hiding, but Ouyang Feng promptly drew his sword and countered them all.

Dust and stone chips flew as the dust settled.

Ouyang Feng, holding a Red Gold Yellow Maple Sword, stood before the rest, his towering stance and sharp features exuding an extraordinary aura.

Shangguan Xu drew a Streamer Giant Sword with a backhand, his demeanor formidable.

Hua Qianqian's dainty hand extended, dozens of Hundred Flowers Spirit Needles floating in front of her.

Murong Caiyun's fingers formed spells, and the hairpin in her hair shone brightly, emitting multicolored light; her fingertips were also gathering magic...

Chapter 835: Bald (3)

"Time to fight!"

Mo Hua sensed trouble and immediately ran off far, deploying a Concealment Technique, draped in a little cloak, found a large stone pit, lay down, and hid himself.

For now, the fight did not concern him.

With so many senior brothers and sisters, he could stay out of the way.

Murong Caiyun noticed Mo Hua, seeing his quick wits; before the enemy's Sword Qi even reached, he sensed it and early on retreated behind everyone, hiding by himself, making her nod in approval.

Everyone else breathed a sigh of relief,

...

Especially Shangguan Xu.

He was entrusted by Wenren Wan to look after Mo Hua.

If anything happened to Mo Hua, Auntie Wan'er would surely blame him.

Now that Mo Hua sensed danger and hid far away, and he could even conceal himself, vaguely without knowing exactly where, he felt at ease.

At that moment, at the entrance of Kushan Cave, several cultivators emerged.

The one in front, wearing a brown robe, narrow-eyed and hawk-nosed, of middle age, had a sinister look.

Behind him followed five cultivators, all dressed in black, not appearing to be good characters.

Though Mo Hua hid far away, he was sharp-eared and observant; he clearly saw these people's faces and guessed in his mind that the brown-robed cultivator must be the infamous "Bald Eagle" who had done many evil deeds.

But he couldn't help wondering:

"Bald Eagle, Bald Eagle... why isn't he bald?"

"Could it be that he's wearing a wig?"

That couldn't be...

Logically, there are mistaken names, but nicknames are never wrong.

If he wasn't "bald," why would they call him "Bald Eagle"?

Mo Hua was somewhat puzzled.

Meanwhile, the fierce battle was on the brink of breaking out.

One side were sect disciples tasked by the Taoist Court to earn Merit Points by pursuing sin cultivators.

The other side consisted of sin cultivators wanted by the Taoist Court, having committed heinous crimes.

Both sides had no intention to stop fighting, and with barely any words exchanged, the battle to the death began immediately.

Spiritual Power surged, Five Elements Spells flew about as well as some strange Spiritual Artifacts and Sword Qi, interweaving...

Mo Hua secretly lay in the bushes, poked out his head, and observed the fight, his mind calculating an estimate of both sides' strength.

There were five people on his side.

But since he was "crouching" in the bushes, only four took the field, all with Mid-Stage Foundation Establishment Cultivation.

There were six on the opposite side.

Only one was in the Initial Stage Foundation Establishment.

The other five were in the Mid-Stage.

Among them, the highest in cultivation was the hawk-nosed “Bald Eagle” at the peak of Mid-Stage Foundation Establishment, and his Divine Sense had Sixteen Patterns.

His fellow senior brothers and sisters, being disciples of the Great Sect, deep in cultivation, with remarkable spiritual artifacts and Taoist Skills, and experienced in combat, coordinated flawlessly.

Even outnumbered four to six, they were not at a disadvantage.

Mo Hua nodded slightly.

True to the cultivators of the Qian Xue State Boundary from various great sects.

In the future, he would keep up with them!

But Mo Hua was a bit worried.

The situation was currently at a standstill.

This stalemate definitely wasn't a solution.

Especially the “Bald Eagle,” having a cultivation advantage, holding a silver long sword, was sparring with Ouyang Feng, looking relaxed and clearly keeping some moves in reserve.

In this situation...

Mo Hua pondered for a moment.

"They should first kill the other sin cultivators, then join forces and gang up on the lead ‘Bald Eagle

The situation on the field was much as Mo Hua had anticipated.

Clearly, Ouyang Feng and the others were thinking the same.

First, the sin cultivator in the Early Stage Foundation Establishment was found flawed by Shangguan Xu, who swiftly closed the distance and knocked him down in a matter of moments.

Hua Qianqian took the opportunity to shoot several Spirit Needles.

The Early Stage Foundation Establishment cultivator was thus settled.

Mo Hua shook his head, thinking:

"This fool, with no self-awareness, rashly engaging in a melee at Mid-Stage Foundation Establishment, didn't keep a vigilant eye nor try to escape, deserved to be the first to die

It then became four against five.

Mo Hua didn't rush to take action; he wanted to observe first.

Know the enemy and know yourself, and you will never be defeated.

First off, the combat of Ouyang Feng and his senior brothers and sisters was systematic and coordinated.

Their cooperation was similar to that between Monster Hunters.

It was simply close combat binding with Sword Qi and long-range suppression with Spells, cooperating with each other to watch for the enemy's flaws, increase their injuries, and take their lives.

They didn't use any Superior Technique.

Neither Gold Body Technique for protection nor building up Spiritual Power for Sword Control killing moves.

The opposing sin cultivators' means were similar, except their Spiritual Artifacts were poisoned, their Spiritual Power carried some oddity, and their Taoist Skill moves were rare and exotic.

Mo Hua watched for a long while, familiarizing himself with both sides' moves and attacking habits, understanding every action and movement of the enemy, then he slightly nodded.

"It's time to make a move

If he didn't show his hand now, they wouldn't know his "strength!"

His learned Spells would be wasted.

The distant battle continued...

Rocks scattered, Spells surged, and in body cultivation, moves were exchanged.

At that moment, as Shangguan Xu's Giant Sword pressed down, forcing a sin cultivator in black to retreat clumsily, exposing a flaw.

Murong Caiyun, spotting this, focused her eyes, pinched a technique, and a streak of Five-colored Spirit Light shot forth, striking the sin cultivator's shoulder.

The Spirit Light pierced through the clothes, perforated the skin, drew out a trail of blood, and instantly dried the blood, leaving behind a scar.

The sin cultivator staggered, beads of cold sweat on his forehead, cursed in pain, saw the danger, and turned to flee.

Shangguan Xu chopped down with his sword, trying to block him, but the Giant Sword was too slow and failed to detain him.

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Murong Caiyun solidified the spell, aiming to pursue victory and seize the opportunity to slaughter the Sin Cultivator.

But the spell was ultimately too slow by a step, merely scratching his arm without stopping the Sin Cultivator.

The Sin Cultivator looked back, glared at Murong Caiyun venomously, and cursed viciously,

"Bitch!"

He memorized these individuals and, activating his movement technique, planned to slip away, recover somewhere, then return to find trouble for these Sect Disciples.

But as he took a step, he felt a chill at the bottom of his heart.

...

It seemed someone had set their sights on him.

Before he could think further, a pale blue water light appeared out of nowhere, forming a cage and imprisoning him securely!

At the same time, a suffocating sensation of “drowning” overwhelmed him.

The Sin Cultivator couldn't move; he felt stifled and nauseous, and his face turned pale with alarm.

What kind of spell was this?!

Meanwhile, Shangguan Xu and Murong Caiyun were also momentarily stunned, but realizing the fleeting nature of combat, they quickly regained their composure and seized the opportunity.

Shangguan Xu's sword movement swept across, blocking several Sin Cultivators who were trying to come to aid.

Murong Caiyun, with a flick of her delicate hand, formed a spell, constructing a brighter Five-colored Spirit Light spell.

Trapped by the Water Prison Technique, the Sin Cultivator struggled repeatedly and finally broke free.

He had a Mid-Stage Foundation Establishment cultivation,

While Mo Hua was only at the Initial Stage Foundation Establishment and had weaker Spiritual Roots and less Spiritual Power; his spells, although fast, were slightly less effective.

But the few breaths of time he was trapped by the Water Prison Technique had been enough.

Just as the Sin Cultivator broke free from the Water Prison and looked up, a Spirit Light, carelessly appearing, pierced through his chest. Although not fatal, it inflicted severe injuries.

Ouyang Feng, on the side, tangled with the Sin Cultivator Bald Eagle.

Hua Qianqian, with a delicate heart, watching the battle from the sidelines, took the opportunity to throw two Spirit Needles, hitting the Sin Cultivator's Heart Meridian.

In just a few moments, the Sin Cultivator, trapped by the Water Prison Technique, pierced by the Five Elements Spirit Light, and struck by the Hundred Flowers Spirit Needle, had no escape and died on the spot.

This turn of events occurred in an instant, drastically changing the situation.

Four against four.

And one Mo Hua concealed in the shadows, watching intently.

One in the Initial Stage Foundation Establishment and one in the Mid-Stage Foundation Establishment, two Sin Cultivators died.

The expression on Bald Eagle's face lost its composure.

With a cold and ominous glare, he scanned the surroundings and spoke chillingly,

"Which coward dares to ambush?"

Ouyang Feng's expression showed surprise.

Murong Caiyun and the others came to the realization but were shocked inside.

It was Mo Hua...

They hadn't expected that Mo Hua, this "Junior Formation Master," would know such a tricky and peculiar spell, deploying it so quickly and seizing the timing so precisely.

Most importantly, he was very skilled...

As if he often engaged in such activities...

There were no echoes around.

Bald Eagle's gaze, dark and sweeping everywhere, kept scanning with his Divine Sense.

In the current situation, this sly attacker, no matter who they were or their level of cultivation, was inevitably a hidden danger.

Ouyang Feng, fearing Bald Eagle might discover where Mo Hua was hiding, abruptly hardened his gaze and intensified his Sword Qi, accelerating his attacks and declared sternly,

"Scum, prepare to die!"

Bald Eagle frowned and clicked his tongue in slight anger but had to gather his spirits to handle Ouyang Feng.

Murong Caiyun and the others, realizing the rare opportunity, also went all out, holding nothing back, planning to eliminate the remaining Sin Cultivators before collectively attacking the leading Bald Eagle.

Mo Hua was much more at ease; he lay in the grass, humming a tune, watching the fight, and then, seizing the opportunity, used the Water Prison Technique to control the enemy.

When he made a move, it was certain that a Sin Cultivator would be hit.

Another move, and a Sin Cultivator would lose their life.

Murong Caiyun and the others, standout disciples of their Sect, wouldn't miss such an opportunity.

After deploying six or seven Water Prison Techniques, among the Sin Cultivators present, the dead were dead, the severely wounded were severely wounded, only Bald Eagle was still struggling.

Now he began to panic, shouting angrily,

"Cowardly curs, what kind of skill is it to harm someone with secret arrows?"

Mo Hua initially did not want to engage with him, planning to "coldly" kill him or leave him severely injured and on the verge of death before stepping forward to speak, hoping to perhaps "anger" him to death.

But as he watched, Mo Hua realized something was amiss with the Bald Eagle.

He simply revealed himself, walked forward, and stood next to Senior Sister Murong.

Upon seeing Mo Hua, the Bald Eagle's expression shook.

He hadn't expected the one who had been hiding in the dark, using sinister spells to kill his brethren, to be a little brat still carrying traces of youth on his face!

However, the next moment, his eyes reddened, and he stared fixedly at Mo Hua.

These mid-stage Foundation Establishment sect disciples were not easy to deal with, and he could seek revenge later.

But this low-cultivation, cunning little ghost must die here today!

He must be torn to pieces to quell the hatred in his heart!

The Bald Eagle's eyes were filled with murderous intent.

Ouyang Feng noticed the murderous look in the Bald Eagle's eyes and his gaze darkened.

Murong Caiyun also furrowed her brows, worriedly saying, "Why have you come out?"

Mo Hua pointed at the Bald Eagle and declared firmly,

"He has a problem!"

Everyone was stunned.

Murong Caiyun couldn't help asking, "What's wrong with him?"

"His head has a problem!" Mo Hua asserted confidently.

"Head... what's the problem

With a crisp voice and self-assured manner, Mo Hua said,

"He is bald!"

The atmosphere instantly tensed up.

All the cultivators present were also dumbstruck.

Murong Caiyun and the others didn't know what to say for a moment...

Seething with rage, not only were the Bald Eagle's eyes bloodshot, but his face also turned red with anger.

Yet at the same time, feeling slightly vulnerable as if his secret was discovered, he turned around and attempted to flee.

Seeing this, Ouyang Feng immediately intervened and blocked him.

But Mo Hua shouted, "Shave off his hair!"

The Bald Eagle furious, yelled, "You little brat, you!"

But he couldn't finish his sentence as Ouyang Feng's sword moves interrupted him.

Ouyang Feng felt somewhat helpless, but subconsciously did as Mo Hua suggested. The Yellow Maple Longsword in his hand, sharp with Sword Qi, aimed blow after blow at the Bald Eagle's hair.

The Bald Eagle furiously struggled, awkwardly defending, but his moves were somewhat odd.

Ignoring minor injuries and dodging deadly Sword Qi, he stubbornly protected his scalp.

It seemed he would go to any lengths to keep his hair intact.

Even if his body was injured, even if his skin split and flesh burst, not a single hair could fall!

After a brief struggle, Shangguan Xu also joined to assist.

He wielded a Giant Sword, and if he really started shaving, each swing would take off a large swath.

The Bald Eagle panicked, fighting while retreating, thinking of leaving, but Mo Hua was still there, pointing a finger as the Water Prison Technique emerged, restraining him in place.

Finally, after dozens of rounds, Murong Caiyun could no longer bear to watch and took the opportunity to condense a Five-colored Spirit Light, pointing her delicate hand, the Spirit Light shot out, hitting the Bald Eagle who was left and right blocked, unable to dodge, making him stagger.

Shangguan Xu, quick to act, swung his Giant Sword at the Bald Eagle's neck.

In a life-threatening moment, the Bald Eagle had no choice but to duck his head to dodge the sword. Though his neck was saved, his hair was not; a large chunk was shaved off directly.

The remaining "wig" also fell off by itself, revealing a bald head.

Mo Hua's eyes brightened, and he nodded confidently.

As he had expected, this middle-aged cultivator was indeed bald!

Moreover, not just ordinarily bald.

On his bald head, as with "tattoos", were drawn various patterns.

Mo Hua squinted and thought to himself, just as expected.

What was patterned on the Bald Eagle's bald head was indeed a Formation, and moreover, its Formation Patterns were extremely special, carved with eagle claws and eyes, resembling Beast Patterns.

Elder Master Xun had once said,

Beasts, akin to monsters.

Such formations were passed down through generations by those Savage tribe cultivators in the lands south of Nine State, across the Barbaric Wilderness...

The Four Symbols Monster Pattern Formation!

Chapter 837: The Golden Origin Formation

Mo Hua stared at Bald Eagle, his eyes shimmering with light.

While he had been hiding and secretly observing earlier, his Divine Sense faintly perceived something amiss—the head of this Bald Eagle seemed to have traces of Formation Patterns.

Furthermore, the aura was unfamiliar.

That indicated there was a Formation hidden on Bald Eagle's head.

And it was a Formation he had never seen or studied before.

Indeed, he had guessed correctly!

...

It was the rare Four Symbols Formation!

According to Elder Master Xun, this kind of Formation had patterns resembling Beast Patterns and was related to Monster Beasts.

If the foundation in the Five Elements and Eight Trigrams was not deep, rashly learning it could lead to a loss of humanity.

The Formation had flaws, so Taixu Gate probably didn't teach the disciples the Four Symbols Formation...

Even if it had flaws, a Formation was still a Formation.

Mo Hua still very much wanted to see it and learn from it.

But if Taixu Gate wouldn't teach it, then this bald one might be the only way he could learn about the Four Symbols kind of Formations for now.

He definitely couldn't let him get away!

Mo Hua's gaze intensely fixed on Bald Eagle.

Ouyang Feng and the others were somewhat surprised.

When Mo Hua shouted about shaving Bald Eagle's head, they thought he was just being "childishly impulsive," but they hadn't expected that there really was something strange about Bald Eagle's head.

"Four Symbols Array Pattern

Murong Caiyun silently glanced at Mo Hua, inwardly shocked.

This Junior Brother surnamed Mo had such keen perception of Formations...

On the other hand, Bald Eagle's expression was ferocious; his anger uncontrollable, and his heart palpitated with fear.

The Formation on his head was not to be revealed, and he could not leave any clues behind. Otherwise, if someone discerning observed, it could ruin his grand plans.

When he first started out, he hadn't hidden it because of his baldness, he had forged the Four Symbols Hawk Claw Formation, which led to the nickname "Bald Eagle."

Later, when he realized the gravity of it, he disguised and restrained himself, concealed his baldness, and covered the Pattern.

Most of those who knew his true face had been killed.

For a long time, no one had discovered it.

Although others still called him “Bald Eagle,” they merely took it as a nickname and didn’t bother about whether he was actually bald.

But he had never imagined that this little ghost would take it so seriously.

Hearing his name “Bald Eagle,” he immediately concluded that he must be bald!

And even shaved off his wig, causing him to reveal the Formation on his head.

Bald Eagle felt deeply humiliated, grinding his teeth in hatred.

"Good! Good!"

His gaze was chilling as he looked around, especially when he saw Mo Hua—his bright eyes and white teeth, curiously examining his bald appearance made him burn with rage.

The Four Symbols Hawk Claw Formation had been seen.

Then they all had to die!

Otherwise, he wouldn’t be able to explain himself to the “Gentleman

He couldn’t bear the anger of the Gentleman.

Fear flickered in Bald Eagle’s eyes, followed by a murderous intent, his pupils densely webbed with blood vessels.

"Kill!"

Suddenly, the Formation Pattern atop Bald Eagle’s head seemed to come alive.

The “Totemic” Pattern emitted a dark green color. The lines of the Pattern trembled, merged, and transformed, resembling a poisoned hawk with exposed sharp talons, extremely vicious.

From within the Eagle Pattern, a weird demonic power infiltrated, from Bald Eagle's skin into his meridians, flowing through his blood throughout his body, merging with his flesh.

Bald Eagle clenched his teeth, seemingly enduring immense pain.

The Eagle Pattern gradually spread throughout his body.

A bizarre and ominous aura slowly permeated the area.

Ouyang Feng's eyes shook, sensing trouble, he immediately pointed his sword tip, Sword Qi shot out like a rainbow, directly targeting Bald Eagle's Heart Meridian, intending to interrupt Bald Eagle's absorption of the Four Symbols Formation's power.

The others also took action.

Hundred Flowers Spirit Needle, Golden Brilliance Heavy Sword, Five-colored Spirit Light, all rushed towards Bald Eagle.

Mo Hua also supplemented with a Water Prison Technique.

But Bald Eagle, having absorbed the power of the Formation, moved like the wind, dodging all these sword moves and spells.

Only Ouyang Feng's Sword Qi scratched his chest, slashing a long blood mark.

Bald Eagle stood firmly at a distance and sneered.

"Taia Sword Technique, nothing more than that."

The blood on his chest gradually dried, the wound slowly healed as if new, resembling an injured Monster Beast that, powered by strong Blood Qi, regenerated its flesh.

And the pattern on Bald Eagle's head also stopped wriggling.

The Four Symbols Hawk Claw Formation, fully activated.

Bald Eagle's entire being, emitted a strong Monster Qi, although appearing human, resembled a hawk-type Monster Beast wrapped in human skin.

Ouyang Feng frowned, his expression darkened, "Untrained in demon techniques, yet possesses demonic power

"This isn't just a simple Four Symbols Formation

"What exactly is the Formation inscribed on you?"

Bald Eagle sneered, "The universe is boundless, the Formations profound and vast

"How could you, Noble Family Descendants, confined to self-interest, calling yourselves 'geniuses', with narrow minds, possibly comprehend my Formation?"

After Bald Eagle said this, he sneered coldly, raised his hands, and his fingertips surprisingly condensed into sharp, poisoned blood-dipped talons.

"I've activated the Formation

"Today, you all are going to die here!"

Ouyang Feng warned in a deep voice, "Be careful!"

Meanwhile, Mo Hua had already fled.

Upon seeing Bald Eagle absorb the power of the Four Symbols Formation, his body covered in tattoos, looking terrifying, he immediately ran far away to hide and simultaneously used Concealment to hide his presence and form.

Just as Bald Eagle was moving to kill, wanting to axe Mo Hua first, he discovered that Mo Hua had disappeared without a trace, almost making him spit blood in frustration.

"Coward!"

"Scaredy-cat!"

Bald Eagle cursed furiously.

Mo Hua didn't care.

Fine, I'm a scaredy-cat, what can you possibly do to me?

Chapter 838: Jin Yuan Formation (2)

Bald Eagle really had no way to deal with Mo Hua.

His power had increased substantially, but it wasn't his Divine Sense that had increased; since he couldn't find Mo Hua before, he still couldn't find him now.

Bald Eagle cursed again and then his gaze turned sinister.

"Fine, let's see how long you can hide

"I'll kill these few senior brothers first and violate your two senior sisters, and you can just hide and watch."

Ouyang Feng's eyes brimmed with murderous intent, and both Shangguan Xu and Hua Qianqian were furious.

...

Murong Caiyun had a frosty expression but still said steadily,

"Stabilize your minds, don't be provoked, let's kill him together."

Before her words ended, Bald Eagle suddenly burst forth, his claws sharp, slashing a green light directly at Murong Caiyun's throat.

Murong Caiyun frowned and executed a movement technique to retreat.

Ouyang Feng stepped forward, his sword horizontal, blocking Bald Eagle and shielding Murong Caiyun behind him.

Bald Eagle swung his claw, and demonic power surged, clashing with Ouyang Feng in a move.

Ouyang Feng only felt a numbness in his tiger's mouth, a sharp demonic power piercing his arm causing pain, and his body was also forced back several steps.

"This demonic power is so strong

Ouyang Feng's heart chilled slightly, focusing even more to prepare for Bald Eagle's next move, yet when he looked up, his expression suddenly changed, shouting,

"Junior Brother Shangguan, be careful!"

It turned out that after forcing Ouyang Feng back with one move, Bald Eagle did not pursue the advantage but suddenly turned direction, his claws swift as wind, grasping at the other side where Shangguan Xu was.

Shangguan Xu saw Bald Eagle exchanging blows with Ouyang Feng and thought to assist, but just as he made a move, his heavy sword only cleaved halfway before seeing Bald Eagle abandon Ouyang Feng and charge directly at him.

Bald Eagle was fast in movement and faster in his attacks.

But Shangguan Xu, having mingled in the Qian Learning State Boundary for years, had ample combat experience. He knew not to use all his strength recklessly but to reserve some energy for contingency.

Thus, even though the Heavy Sword moves were slow, he could still change moves spontaneously to deal with Bald Eagle's sudden strikes.

But at that moment, a red light flashed in the eyes of Bald Eagle.

The aura on his body surged tremendously in an instant.

Within the Formation, the demonic power he had deliberately stored and not fully absorbed filled his limbs in an instant.

With the enhancement of demonic power, Bald Eagle's physical body became even stronger, his Blood Qi more vigorous, his moves sharper, and his figure quicker by a notch.

And his power, with the support of the Formation, was nearing...

The Late Stage of Foundation Establishment!

Everyone's expressions changed in shock.

At this point, they all understood.

Bald Eagle had been holding back!

He had deliberately concealed some strength, intending to burst forth suddenly during the battle to turn the tides.

Shangguan Xu's face paled, his situation perilous.

Ouyang Feng raised his sword, Murong Caiyun condensed a spell, and Hua Qianqian maneuvered Spirit Needles, but they were all too slow, unable to stop the immensely empowered Sin Cultivator Bald Eagle.

Just then, a flash of water light, and a watery prison cage appeared out of nowhere, enveloping Bald Eagle.

Bald Eagle snorted coldly, his body like an eagled hawk, suddenly accelerating, breaking free from the lock of the Water Prison Technique, and then raised his poison-dripped claws, striking at Shangguan Xu's heart meridian.

But Mo Hua's Water Prison Technique, though it didn't trap Bald Eagle, forced him to change his movement technique, ultimately delaying him for a brief moment.

During this critical moment, Shangguan Xu stepped back.

Bald Eagle's claw didn't tear too deeply, and the Taixu Daoist Robe also had protective effects. Although it was torn with bloodstains and bleeding heavily, it hadn't touched his life.

Before Shangguan Xu could catch his breath,

Bald Eagle pursued the victory, intending to kill Shangguan Xu first.

With one less Heavy Sword Cultivator to contend with, it would be much easier to kill the others, especially those two, female disciples maneuvering spells and Spiritual Artifacts from a distance.

But Mo Hua was quicker, casting another Water Prison Technique to trap him in place.

Bald Eagle frowned and forcefully propelled his movement technique, dodging this confining move.

Then, Hua Qianqian, clad in a Bai Hua Jinxiu Daoist Robe, maneuvered Spirit Needles, attacking Bald Eagle.

Bald Eagle, repeatedly blocked, was furious. The Formation Patterns on his body writhed, his muscles bulged, and a dark green demonic power enshrouded his claws, tearing violently, raising a bloody wind.

The potent demonic power swept through, destroying all of Hua Qianqian's Hundred Flowers Spirit Needles.

Hua Qianqian's Divine Sense ached, her face turned pale, but she still gritted her teeth, taking the opportunity to move Shangguan Xu farther away.

Shangguan Xu had three bloodstains on his chest, bleeding continuously, also poisoned, which had to be healed quickly to avoid endless troubles.

Shangguan Xu immediately took Pills to heal.

Hua Qianqian took out a backup Spirit Needle from her Storage Bag, protecting Shangguan Xu in front of him.

But this kind of Spirit Needle, being a backup, was far less effective than the previous Hundred Flowers Spirit Needle, posing no threat to Bald Eagle, only serving as a defense and protecting Shangguan Xu while he healed properly.

In an instant, two out of the four had lost their fighting capabilities.

Bald Eagle, having held back in secret and suddenly burst forth, reaped great benefits and couldn't help but sneer coldly.

Currently, the only threats to him were Ouyang Feng and Murong Caiyun.

Bald Eagle didn't give the two a chance to breathe, his gaze fierce, eagle-eyed and wolfish, he attacked Murong Caiyun again in a brief oversight.

And Ouyang Feng, although at a disadvantage in terms of cultivation, also had to grit his teeth and contend with Bald Eagle.

From the same state boundary, their Sects were allied.

Cultivators, even if from different Sects, had more or less some friendship.

He couldn't bear to see his junior brothers and sisters suffer at the hands of Bald Eagle, otherwise he would forever bear guilt and regret.

Ouyang Feng's expression was resolute, his gaze sharp.

The situation suddenly became tense.

Bald Eagle then showed a playful look, curious to see how long these two could last against him.

Chapter 839: Golden Origin Formation (3)

Once they lost...

Bald Eagle licked his lips, his gaze sweeping across Murong Caiyun and Hua Qianqian with lustful eyes.

Having been trapped in Mount Diancang for so long, it had been a while since he had been close to a woman.

Desire stirred within Bald Eagle.

Suddenly, a blue light formed into a cage, enveloping him.

Caught off guard, Bald Eagle's movement technique slowed by a step; he failed to dodge and was tightly imprisoned by the icy Water Prison.

...

Though it lasted only a few moments, he experienced the discomfort of feeling dizzy as if drowning in water.

His heart was instantly rid of lascivious thoughts, replaced only by a deep sense of disgust.

"Damn it!"

"Stinking little ghost!"

Bald Eagle was furious.

He had been careless and hadn't dodged, allowing that little ghost to take him by surprise.

Meanwhile, Ouyang Feng took the opportunity to sweep his sword across Bald Eagle's throat, not deeply, just breaking the skin.

Murong Caiyun's Five Elements Spirit Light, although slightly off target and not hitting Bald Eagle's forehead, had scorched half of his ear.

With his injury, Bald Eagle felt a chill in his heart.

"It's not the right time yet

"I need to focus, decide the battle quickly, and subdue these two people

"Then I'll deal with that little ghost's trouble

Hate flashed in Bald Eagle's eyes; his demonic power was unleashed without reservation, his moves becoming even more ferocious towards Ouyang Feng.

At the same time, he was also on guard against Mo Hua's Water Prison Technique.

Whenever there was a sign of being locked onto by Divine Sense, or a faint fluctuation of Water-Type Spiritual Power around him, he would quickly dodge using his movement technique, to avoid falling prey to that little ghost's schemes.

With Bald Eagle fully on guard, he managed to avoid the Water Prison Technique again.

Meanwhile, he calmed down and allocated a portion of his Divine Sense to scan the surroundings.

He wanted to find any trace of that little ghost.

But the area was empty, the blank Divine Sense vision revealed no traces of anyone.

Bald Eagle frowned.

This little ghost... was quite elusive...

Truly not a trace to be seen.

Why?

Did he possess a Concealment Spiritual Artifact, or was his Concealment Technique too sophisticated, or perhaps his Divine Sense was too strong?

Bald Eagle shook his head inwardly.

No matter how strong the Divine Sense... it shouldn't be possible for him to not notice at all.

If he hadn't been careless, that little ghost's Water Prison Technique wouldn't have been able to lock onto him, which meant that his Divine Sense was not stronger than his own.

That made sense, as that little ghost was at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage.

And he was at the peak of the Qi Foundation Middle Stage.

His Divine Sense, how could it be stronger than his own.

The reason he hid so well must be that he possessed some treasure or some legacy...

A Concealment treasure?

That would be a great find...

Bald Eagle's eyes sparkled with excitement.

"If that's the case, then my great fortune has arrived!"

"After this, catch that little ghost and find out everything

The smile on Bald Eagle's face was sinister.

...

Lying in the bushes, Mo Hua suddenly felt a premonition.

As if a fierce hawk was targeting him...

Mo Hua narrowed his eyes.

Daring to covet him...

This Bald Eagle must not be left alive...

He was just a low-profile disciple of Taixu Gate, cultivating peacefully and earnestly learning about Formation; he didn't want to be targeted by a villain like "Bald Eagle."

Moreover, he had to prove himself as "capable" in front of his senior brothers and sisters.

This was related to his future plans to "mix" on missions and earn Merit Points.

And there was also the issue with the Four Symbols Formation.

The Four Symbols Formation seemed somewhat sinister at the moment, not seeming like a proper formation, but whether it was proper or not, he would know only after reviewing and studying it.

One should not be too hasty.

This formation deserved a chance...

What if it could “return to the right path”?

Then he’d be able to study it openly!

Even if he couldn’t study it, researching it would still be good for defense in the future.

Mo Hua found another opportunity and casually cast a few Water Prison Techniques; Bald Eagle dodged them all, and his face showed increasingly evident scorn and disdain.

Mo Hua nodded.

"This Bald Eagle is definitely dying today!"

But the timing wasn’t right yet, he had to wait a little longer.

Mo Hua waited a while longer, until Shangguan Xu’s injuries had improved somewhat, and Hua Qianqian had taken Pills to replenish her Spiritual Power too. Both were gritting their teeth and participating in the encirclement of Bald Eagle when he knew the opportunity had come.

This was when their side was at its strongest.

And Bald Eagle had also depleted a lot of Spiritual Power.

If they couldn’t take him down now, and he found an opportunity to counter-kill his senior brothers and sisters, that would be problematic.

Or if he realized that the situation was hopeless and ran away secretly, that wouldn’t be good either.

Mo Hua sneaked next to Murong Caiyun and whispered,

"Senior sister

Murong Caiyun, who was fully engaged in casting her Spell and restricting Bald Eagle, was startled when she heard him but relaxed when she saw it was Mo Hua.

However, her eyebrows soon furrowed tightly, her expression solemn, she sighed,

"Junior Brother Mo... you should leave first

Continuing the fight, the outcome was uncertain, and she could not guarantee Mo Hua's safety.

But Mo Hua shook his head, asking,

"Senior sister, do you know that kind of Superior Technique that is very powerful?"

Murong Caiyun was taken aback, then slowly nodded, "Yes, I do know one, but

Under these circumstances, using such a Technique was very risky.

Moreover, it might not even hit the target.

Even if it did, it might not kill Bald Eagle, who had his physical body strengthened by the formation to nearly the level of the Foundation Establishment Late Stage, with one blow.

Expending so much energy on such a powerful Spell, if they failed to kill him, they would be in danger.

Mo Hua patted his chest confidently,

"Senior sister, don't worry, just cast your Spell, leave the rest to me!"

Murong Caiyun was astonished, "Leave it to you?"

"I know a Formation that can amplify the power of the Five Elements. If you use a Superior Technique with the amplified power, you could kill that 'Bald Eagle' in one move."

Chapter 840: Jin Yuan Formation (4)

Mo Hua nodded.

Murong Caiyun opened her mouth, "You... you also know this Formation?"

Amplifying the power of the Five Elements...

Formation contains the Great Dao, profound and expansive; it would not be surprising for there to be all kinds of unimaginable Formations.

But what surprised Murong Caiyun was, how could Mo Hua possibly know such an extremely rare Formation?

Where on earth did he learn it from?

...

And how was he able to master it?

Mo Hua waved his hand, "These are trifles

Murong Caiyun blinked in surprise, then nodded her head.

Time was limited, indeed she had no time to dwell on these matters now.

After pondering for a moment, Murong Caiyun decided, "Alright, I'll give it a try!"

Hesitation breeds chaos.

In such moments, if one were to hesitate, they would likely lose the opportunity for victory.

Moreover, along the way, Mo Hua, this Junior Brother, though young and not highly cultivated, was very astute and his understanding of Formation Patterns was profound.

The Spells he knew were obscure, but his technique was impeccable.

Furthermore, Mo Hua's gaze was clear and pure; he must be an extremely upright and sincere child who would not hatch any sinister plots.

His words could be trusted.

Murong Caiyun made up her mind and said, "That Formation

"Sister, just cast your Spell, don't worry about the rest," Mo Hua said.

Murong Caiyun was taken aback but still put her trust in Mo Hua. After a brief contemplation, she said to Ouyang Feng:

"Senior Brother Feng, please delay him."

Ouyang Feng was slightly stunned upon hearing this, but after a moment he guessed what Murong Caiyun was planning. He frowned slightly, but after contemplation, he did not refuse.

Since Senior Sister Murong wanted to employ a Superior Technique to kill the enemy, she must have her reasons.

Dragging things out was already an act of desperation.

Ouyang Feng, with cutting Sword Qi, joined forces with Shangguan Xu and Hua Qianqian to contain the Bald Eagle.

At this time, there was an unspoken agreement among them all.

Mo Hua nodded his head.

Disciples of the Noble Clans, if possible, would always learn some Superior Daoist Magic.

But given the current situation, with Ouyang Feng's profound cultivation, he was needed to contain the Bald Eagle, who was quick in both body and movement, and possessed a formidable physical strength.

Senior Brother Xu was injured.

And Senior Sister Hua's strength mostly depended on her Spiritual Artifact.

Therefore, Senior Sister Murong, who was adept in the Five Elements Spell, was the best choice.

Mo Hua also wanted to see just how powerful the Superior Five Elements Spell would be after being amplified by the Five Elements Source Formation.

Ouyang Feng and the others did their best to grapple with the Bald Eagle.

Without delay, Murong Caiyun also started to Condense Qi and cast her Spell.

Strong and dazzling five-colored lights emanated from her body, gathering around her like clouds in the sky, making her shine with a crystal radiance, like a fairy among the clouds.

Five Elements Radiant Jue.

This was a genuine transmission of the Taixu Gate, a Superior Technique that combined all Five Elements.

However, among these lights, only one was a dazzling gold.

This was because the Five Elements Radiant Jue was exceedingly profound, and Murong Caiyun had so far only learned the Golden Series of this spell, unable to combine all Five Elements as one.

Even so, during the Foundation Establishment Stage, the power of this Technique was already quite remarkable.

The Bald Eagle also noticed the commotion.

He was startled for a moment and then sneered inwardly.

"Fool!"

"Trying to kill me with a Superior Daoist Magic in one move?"

"Are all Sect Disciples fools from their constant debates over swords? Only learning those grandiose but useless moves."

In a real fight for survival, there are no frivolous flourishes; it's about straightforward effectiveness.

If a chaotic blade can kill, then forget the formalities and kill with a chaotic blade. Do not add unnecessary moves, or you might be the one to die.

Superior Technique?

Bald Eagle looked at Murong Caiyun and snorted coldly.

Not to mention, whether the power of this technique could kill him.

Even if it could, it was still questionable whether Divine Sense could lock him down firmly.

Once it missed, this spell dissipated into nothing, and then, the ones facing death... would be you all...

Bald Eagle's eyes were sinister, but he remained unafraid with ease.

Murong Caiyun's Spiritual Power continued to rise, and her aura gradually climbed higher, but even such powerful might only made Bald Eagle wary for a moment.

Just then, Mo Hua pointed a tiny hand toward the ground.

A Pattern of pure gold color, enriched with the Origin Power of the Five Elements, meandered and surfaced, coalescing into a Formation.

First Grade, Thirteen Stripes, Ultimate Formation.

Murong Caiyun, who was casting a spell, suddenly narrowed her pupils.

"This is

"Ultimate Formation?!"

And...

Murong Caiyun's face was filled with disbelief.

How did this Junior Brother just draw the Formation?

A simple finger point on the ground, and the Formation appeared?!

In a daze, she felt as if her common sense was in disarray.

Since when were Formations drawn like this...

And the moment Mo Hua infused Divine Sense and completed the Drawing Formation of the Ultimate Formation, a mysterious and clear Golden Light soared up instantly, covering Murong Caiyun.

Standing upon the Ultimate Formation, Murong Caiyun felt a slight pain in her meridians, her Spiritual Power circulation intensified, and her Gold Series Spiritual Power became restless as if infused with the Source Power of the Five Elements, and it was constantly...

Boiling.

Spiritual Power boiling?

Murong Caiyun's gaze shook.

Then, as the spell condensed completely, her Gold Series Five Elements Radiant Jue became refined, like scalding molten gold, its splendor vast, surging mightily.

This Ultimate Formation seemed to forcibly elevate her Superior Technique up a Grade!

Far away, Bald Eagle's expression changed drastically, his pupils shocked.

What's happening?

How did the power of this technique suddenly become so much stronger?

Without a second thought, he turned and bolted.

Witnessing the astonishing power of the Five Elements Radiant Jue, Ouyang Feng and the others snapped back to their senses and took action one after another, attempting to keep Bald Eagle from escaping.

Murong Caiyun had already locked on Bald Eagle with her Divine Sense.

With a flick of her delicate hand, bolstered by the Ultimate Formation, a vast expanse of golden light swept across the sky, enveloping everything on its way to Bald Eagle.

Bald Eagle's eyes flashed with green light, and the Formation Patterns on his body flickered intermittently; his aura became somewhat elusive.

At the same time, Monster Qi suddenly intensified around him, blurring the perception of Divine Sense.

Murong Caiyun's face paled in an instant, "Divine Sense lock-on has gone inaccurate!"

The sky full of radiant light, dazzling and beautiful yet filled with lethal intent, whirled toward Bald Eagle, but at the last moment, it seemed to lose its target and could not change its trajectory.

Bald Eagle's face showed both panic and relief.

As expected of the Four Symbols Formation of the Great Wilderness Lineage...

It had saved his life once again.

Bald Eagle let out a cold laugh and turned to escape from the radiant light.

But just then, Mo Hua also gave a faint smile and reached out with an evil little hand.

His Spiritual Power was pushed to the extreme.

Peculiar dark Patterns emerged in his pupils.

His Divine Sense, strong and resilient, like numerous chains, pierced through the mist of the Four Symbols Formation and locked down Bald Eagle, who was trying to flee!

A powerful Divine Thought descended.

Bald Eagle felt it and his smile froze instantly, his face turning deathly pale.