

Transmigrated into a Grandpa, Embracing the Laid-Back Life

- Chapter 293: Old Stories from the Camp Market

Chapter 293: Old Stories from the Camp Market

[1,441 words]

On the evening of the third day, Su Ming returned to the Spirit Pivot Hall carrying a jade slip densely carved with data.

"Elder Mo, this disciple has a solution."

Su Ming wasted no time on pleasantries, directly sketching a new formation diagram in the air.

He hadn't altered any of the core runes of that old hub, not even touching the outer shell.

He had simply connected a strange device, only the size of a palm, in parallel downstream of the hub, which was the necessary path for the spiritual energy's return flow.

The interior of that device was carved with dense, intricate spiral patterns, like a miniature whirlpool.

"What is this?" Elder Mo narrowed his eyes.

"This disciple calls it a 'Spirit Vortex Stabilizing Stone'," Su Ming pointed at the whirlpool. "Since the main hub cannot withstand excessive spiritual pressure impacts, we add a 'force dissipation point' behind it. When the spiritual pressure becomes too high, the excess spiritual energy will automatically flow into this vortex, where its kinetic energy is consumed through high-speed rotation, becoming docile, before flowing back into the main channel."

"It's like... digging a reservoir beside a turbulent river channel."

Elder Mo stared at the diagram for a long time without speaking.

His fingers tapped lightly on the table, the rhythm growing faster and faster. As a master who had immersed himself in the path of formations for a century, he saw the brilliance

of this solution at a glance—extremely low risk, extremely low cost, not touching the foundation, yet cleverly resolving the stubborn ailment.

"Go and test it." Elder Mo's voice carried a barely perceptible tremor.

Half an hour later.

When that rather unremarkable "Spirit Vortex Stabilizing Stone" was installed in place and the formation began operating again, the heavy, rumbling sound from the old hub gradually became soft and smooth.

On the nearby spiritual pressure monitor, the needle that had long hovered near the red line steadily dropped back into the safe zone.

Efficiency increased by twenty percent, risk almost reduced to zero.

Elder Mo stood before the formation hub, reaching out to stroke the cold metal shell, sensing the smooth flow of spiritual energy within. After a long while, he let out a deep sigh.

"The younger generation is truly formidable."

"Elder Mo praises me too highly. This disciple merely used a clever trick," Su Ming said, bowing his head.

"A clever trick?" Elder Mo shook his head, his expression turning solemn. "Do you know what the highest realm of the formation path is?"

Su Ming thought for a moment, then tentatively offered, "Act according to the momentum, guide the beneficial and transform the harmful?"

"That is merely technique, not the true path."

Elder Mo clasped his hands behind his back, his gaze piercing through the dome of the Spirit Pivot Hall as if looking into the endless void. "This old man has devoted a lifetime of study and only glimpsed the surface. The true path of formations is: 'See the formation as a long river, do not seek its source, but observe its momentum. Knowing its momentum, one can then guide its benefits and control its harms.'"

"Do not seek its source, but observe its momentum..." Su Ming murmured the words, feeling as if a bolt of lightning had flashed through his mind.

All along, whether repairing formation plates or deciphering broken formations, he had been trying to trace the origins and destinations of every line, attempting to fix every error.

But Elder Mo's words had opened a new door for him.

Since this formation was like a surging river, since all things in this world had their own momentum, why must one stubbornly obsess over the clarity or turbidity of the source? As long as one could see the direction of its flow, a gentle push at the critical point could borrow force to strike force, transforming decay into wonder.

Within the Consciousness Sea, Lin Yu was also uncharacteristically silent for a moment before chuckling lightly. "This old man has some substance. Disciple, you must carve these words into your bones. This is the highest form of the 'Way of Survival'—not fighting head-on against the great momentum, but riding on its neck."

Su Ming felt his Spiritual Platform become utterly clear. The understanding of formations that had been stuck at a bottleneck shattered completely in this moment.

Seeing the gradually brightening light in Su Ming's eyes, Elder Mo nodded with satisfaction.

Elder Mo paused, then said, "For this improvement, five thousand Military Merit will be recorded."

Su Ming took a deep breath and saluted solemnly. "Thank you for Elder Mo's guidance."

When he walked out of the Spirit Pivot Hall, the wind and snow outside seemed to have lessened somewhat. Su Ming gripped the cold token in his hand, yet his heart was burning. He knew that from this moment on, at Iron Wall Pass, he was no longer just a transient visitor doing repairs, but had truly obtained a ticket to the higher echelons.

"Five thousand Military Merit..." Lin Yu rubbed his hands together within the Consciousness Sea. "One step closer to the Earth Vein Spirit Milk. But disciple, that 'sudden enlightenment' expression you just put on was quite well-acted. Even I almost believed it."

A slight smile touched the corner of Su Ming's mouth. He gathered his sleeves and quickly merged into the wind and snow.

"Master, that wasn't an act."

"I truly understood."

.....

There was no true marketplace within Iron Wall Pass, only this wind-sheltered slope located behind the side of the supply camp, which cultivators had tacitly trampled into a trading ground.

There were no shouts here, only hushed conversations and the occasional clang of metal.

The cold wind whipped sand and grit against the worn tent cloth, producing crisp crackling sounds. The stalls were mostly crude, often just an animal skin spread on the ground, and the items displayed carried a distinct air of bloodshed—broken fragments of magic swords, shriveled eyeballs of unknown demon beasts, inner armor that hadn't yet been cleaned.

Here, while spirit stones were still hard currency, they were far less sought-after than life-preserving talismans and elixirs.

Su Ming tightened his gray robe around himself, lowering his head as he moved through the crowd.

He had just traded twenty self-made "Water Shield Talismans" with a Pill Cauldron Peak disciple attached to the army for three blank medium-grade formation plates.

He continued forward, his gaze sweeping over the various stalls.

Reaching a corner, an utterly inconspicuous stall caught his attention.

The stall owner was an old man with hair and beard as messy as withered grass. His left arm was severed, the empty sleeve fluttering in the wind. He hadn't displayed any magical implements or elixirs in front of him, only a pile of yellowed, brittle old papers and a few broken stone slab rubbings.

Most of the surrounding cultivators ignored it entirely. Occasionally, someone would stop, flip through a couple of items, then toss them down disdainfully, muttering "old, outdated junk."

But Su Ming stopped.

"Young man, if you're not buying, don't rummage around. The paper is brittle, can't take the rough handling." The old man lifted his eyelids, his murky eyes exuding a cold, unwelcoming aura.

Su Ming crouched down, gently picking up a stone slab rubbing.

The patterns on the rubbing were already blurred and indistinct, but one could vaguely make out that it was an ancient type of prospecting formation line. The lines were bold and rugged, completely different from the refined style popular nowadays.

"What formation is this?" Su Ming asked in a low voice, his fingertips tracing the intermittent lines.

The old man's half-closed eyes snapped open, a flash of sharpness piercing through the murkiness before quickly dimming again. He scoffed, "Some eye you have. Young people these days only know how to use ready-made formation plates. Few recognize these clumsy methods passed down from the ancestors."

"Clumsy methods aren't necessarily useless." Su Ming put down the rubbing, his gaze falling on a sheepskin scroll tied with animal sinew beside it. "This scroll is also...?"

"That's a prospecting field journal. Not sold separately." The old man waved his lone arm impatiently, but his body suddenly began to tremble uncontrollably. A rasping, wheezing sound like a bellows came from his throat, and his face instantly turned a purplish-red.

This was an old ailment left by "soul oscillation," a common occupational disease among many old formation masters.

Seeing this, Su Ming flicked his wrist, and a small oil paper package appeared in his palm.

Gently peeling back a corner, a clear, elegant fragrance instantly spread through the air, thick with the smells of sweat and blood.

It was his "Heart-Clearing Incense Cake," made primarily from Silver-Spotted Heart-Clearing Orchids, remarkably effective for soothing the soul.

The old man's wheezing abruptly stopped.

His nose twitched twice, his gaze fixed intently on the oil paper package in Su Ming's hand. His Adam's apple bobbed with difficulty. "This is... high-grade Soul-Calming Incense?"

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Chapter 294: The New Formation of the Array Plate Shows Initial Signs of Power

[1,415 words]

"Are these old papers enough to exchange for this?" Su Ming extended the incense cake forward.

The old man's single remaining hand shot out, snatching the incense cake as if afraid Su Ming would change his mind, stuffing it into his robe and taking a deep breath. The pain on his face visibly eased considerably.

"Take them, take them all," the old man pointed at the stall on the ground, his tone still somewhat stiff but noticeably softened. "They're just worthless scrap paper nobody wants anyway. Keeping them would just attract bugs."

Su Ming didn't stand on ceremony, pocketing the scroll of parchment notes and several rubbing fragments.

Just as he was about to stand up and leave, the old man suddenly spoke. "Those notes... they record our exploration work outside the pass about a hundred li back then. I was still young back in those days, full of pride and ambition..."

Perhaps the incense cake had taken effect, or perhaps it had been too long since anyone was willing to listen to a crippled old man speak, but a crack had opened in the old man's floodgates of memory.

"Back then, deep underground in the 'Withered Stone Valley,' we discovered a strange spiritual energy void."

Su Ming's hands, which had been packing his things, paused slightly. "A spiritual energy void?"

"That's right." The old man narrowed his eyes, seemingly lost in recollection. "In normal spiritual veins, spiritual energy flows. But there, it was as if the spiritual energy had been swallowed up by something out of thin air. Our chief elder back then used a high-grade detection disk to measure for three days and three nights, finally concluding it was an ancient remnant 'Insect Nest.'"

Su Ming's heartbeat skipped a beat.

"Insect Nest?" He tried to keep his voice sounding calm. "Then why wasn't it reported for cleanup?"

"It was reported." The old man curled his lip, revealing a mouthful of broken yellow teeth, his face full of mockery. "After the big shots above sent people to investigate, they said the insect swarm was in deep dormancy, and the rate at which it consumed the earth veins was extremely slow. The conclusion was: no cause for concern within three hundred years."

"Three hundred years..." Su Ming murmured in repetition.

A chill ran up Su Ming's spine.

"Many thanks for informing me, Elder." Su Ming cupped his hands in salute, then turned and melted into the crowd.

...

The Iron Wall Pass's logistics camp warehouse was less like a storage facility and more like a graveyard burying magical implements.

A scorched smell permeated the air year-round—the unique scent left behind after spiritual energy overload, mixed with the stale odor of blood and the cold hardness of iron.

Thousands of damaged formation plates were haphazardly piled into mountains. Some had missing corners, some were fractured, and some had their central formation hubs completely melted, resembling unblinking, dead single eyes.

Su Ming had cleared out a roughly ten-foot square space in a corner of the warehouse.

A mottled, long rectangular table stood in the middle. What lay upon it wasn't any precious artifact-forging furnace or cauldron, but rather a row of clay pots of varying sizes, several homemade wolf-hair spirit brushes, and an inkstone filled with freshly ground, specially prepared spiritual ink that shimmered with a dark blue luster.

Su Ming's left hand held a void grip. A "Heavy Earth Shield" formation plate, riddled with cracks, hovered above his palm. He didn't rush to begin repairs with the brush. Instead, his five fingers moved rhythmically, threads of dark blue spiritual energy seeping from his fingertips like a fine drizzle, permeating the cracks in the formation plate.

This was precisely the "Water Refining Method" he had devised while at the Repair Hall.

Ordinary repairs required fire refining to melt and recast the materials; the slightest deviation in heat control could damage the foundation of the formation lines. Su Ming's "Water Refining Method," drawing on the concepts of permeation and containment from the *Like Water Art*, used water spiritual energy to carry the repair materials, "flowing" them along the cracks before slowly solidifying.

While lacking the fierce intensity of fire refining, it excelled in delicacy and gentleness, not harming the foundation.

Within his Consciousness Sea, Lin Yu was lounging with his legs crossed, watching Su Ming's movements flit about like a butterfly weaving through flowers, lazily commenting, "This is what they call 'nothing but practice makes perfect.' Your current precision in spiritual energy control has improved by at least thirty percent compared to when you first arrived. However, disciple, you're repairing these too quickly. Be careful of 'the bird that sticks its head out gets shot.'"

"That's why I'm holding back."

The corner of Su Ming's mouth twitched slightly, but his hands never stopped moving.

As the spiritual energy permeated, the cracks on the formation plate visibly healed at a speed discernible to the naked eye. The originally dim, earthen-yellow glow reignited.

However, he didn't repair it to a brand-new state. Instead, he deliberately left a few inconsequential scorch marks along the edges, making it look like a "repaired piece" rather than a "new product."

"This is called 'hiding clumsiness within skill,'" Su Ming said, gently placing the repaired formation plate into a wooden crate on his left. It already held twenty neatly stacked plates. "If I repaired them to look like new, the Vessel Hall would come looking for trouble. This way, they're usable yet inconspicuous."

In just two hours, he had already repaired thirty formation plates.

This speed would likely shock any ordinary assistant cultivator who saw it.

An ordinary Formation Master could repair five plates a day at most, and even that would consume immense mental effort.

Su Ming relied not just on practiced skill, but also on his unique understanding of formation structures—he didn't aim for perfect restoration, only for unblocking the spiritual energy circuits.

Just like Yu the Great taming the floods, blocking was inferior to guiding.

"That's about enough."

Su Ming rubbed his slightly sore wrist, his gaze falling on the pile of small, black discs on the other side of the table.

Those were the standard-issue "Warning Discs" issued to patrol squads. Their function was singular: they could only sense spiritual energy fluctuations within a ten-zhang radius and were extremely prone to damage.

Zhao Tiji's Third Squad was scheduled for another rotation tomorrow to the most dangerous flank position at the "Celestial Pivot Position."

Su Ming pondered for a moment, then picked up a wolf-hair spirit brush. Dipping its tip into the dark blue spiritual ink, he began swiftly sketching on the backs of those Warning Discs.

This time, he wasn't drawing repair runes, but an entirely new framework.

"You're going to inscribe the 'Minor Heavenly Cycle Water Rhythm Formation' onto these?" Lin Yu raised an eyebrow. "That's your home-protection formation. Even a simplified version far surpasses these common goods."

"Just borrowing the concept of its 'Water Rhythm.'"

Su Ming's brush danced like a dragon, spiritual energy flowing along the brush tip, leaving subtle water ripple patterns on the black formation discs. "The original Warning Discs are too rigid. They shriek at every rustle of grass, yet react sluggishly when beasts truly lie in ambush. Adding this layer of 'Water Ripple Lines' can expand the detection range by thirty percent and filter out environmental noise."

"More importantly..."

Su Ming paused, the final stroke landing. A faint layer of mist rippled across the disc's surface before vanishing. "...it can generate a faint resonance with my spiritual energy. If Brother Zhao and the others encounter danger, I can sense it immediately."

This was his "Way of Survival" philosophy—protecting his teammates meant protecting himself.

On this meat-grinder of a battlefield, Su Ming understood clearly that as a mere Qi Refining stage cultivator, no matter how high his formation attainments, once isolated, he was dead meat. Zhao Tiji and the Third Squad were his best human shields.

Reinforcing those shields was taking responsibility for his own life.

Su Ming modified all twelve portable formation discs in one go.

He picked up one and infused it with a thread of spiritual energy.

Hum—

The disc didn't emit a piercing shriek. Instead, it rippled out an invisible wave, like a stone dropped into a deep pool. This wave swept over the warehouse walls, clearly feeding back the texture and grain of the rock within the walls.

"Not bad." Su Ming nodded in satisfaction. "Sensitivity is increased, yet energy consumption is actually reduced."

Just then, the light at the warehouse doorway suddenly dimmed.

A faint, almost imperceptible pressure washed over the threshold like a tide.

Su Ming's heart skipped a beat. Instinctively, he flipped the disc in his hand face-down on the table and turned to bow.

"Disciple Su Ming pays his respects to Elder Mo."

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Chapter 295: The Living River

[1,634 words]

The person who arrived was none other than the Grandmaster of the Path of Formations at Iron Wall Pass, Elder Mo.

The old man was still wearing that plain, faded robe, his hands clasped behind his back. His gaze swept across the warehouse before finally settling on Su Ming's workbench.

"How many have been repaired?" Elder Mo's voice was somewhat hoarse, betraying no emotion.

"Reporting to Elder Mo, today I have repaired thirty-two 'Earthen Shield' formation plates, fifteen 'Blazing Fire Cone' formation plates, and additionally modified twelve warning plates," Su Ming lowered his head and reported truthfully.

Elder Mo's cloudy old eyes narrowed slightly as he slowly walked over to the wooden crate.

He casually picked up one of the 'Earthen Shield' plates repaired by Su Ming, his rough fingertips gently rubbing over the healed cracks on the surface of the formation plate.

A moment later, the old man's eyebrows twitched.

"The Water Refining Method?" Elder Mo looked at Su Ming, a flash of surprise in his eyes. "No alchemical fire was used, but water spiritual energy was used to permeate and fuse. This technique..."

"This disciple's spiritual root is water, my fire techniques are not proficient, so I could only find an alternative path," Su Ming said respectfully. "Although it is not as sturdy as fire refining, it has the advantage of not damaging the veins of the formation lines, and... it's somewhat faster."

"Somewhat faster? It's more than just that."

Elder Mo put down the formation plate, a note of appreciation entering his tone. "Fire refining is rigid, but it easily makes materials brittle, unable to withstand a second impact. Your water refining method preserves the material's toughness. On the battlefield, toughness is often more important than hardness."

Having said that, Elder Mo's gaze fell upon the pile of modified warning plates.

He picked one up and gently exhaled a wisp of spiritual energy.

A circle of gentle, watery ripples spread out, instantly covering the entire warehouse.

Elder Mo's expression finally changed.

He looked deeply at Su Ming, as if trying to see through this seemingly ordinary Qi Refining stage disciple.

"Integrating the circulation principle of the 'Minor Heavenly Cycle' into such a low-grade magical implement, transforming rigidity into fluidity." Elder Mo slowly nodded, a faint smile appearing at the corner of his mouth. "Su Ming, this old man indeed did not misjudge you. What you said that day, 'do not seek its source, only observe its momentum,' was not empty talk."

Su Ming felt a slight relief in his heart, knowing he had passed this hurdle.

"This disciple only wished to give his comrades one more chance at survival," Su Ming appropriately expressed a hint of "comradeship."

"A fine sentiment, 'one more chance at survival.'"

Elder Mo took out a cyan jade token from his sleeve and lightly tossed it onto the workbench with a crisp 'clack.'

"Since you have such intentions and such talent, this old man cannot be too stingy. This token grants you access to the side hall of the Spiritual Hub Hall, allowing you to peruse the formation diagrams on the 'Yi'-numbered bookshelf. There are some insights into intermediate formations there, perhaps useful to you."

Su Ming's pupils contracted sharply, and his heart skipped a beat.

The side hall of the Spiritual Hub Hall!

What was stored there wasn't the common goods found outside, but the practical essence left behind by generations of formation masters at Iron Wall Pass, even touching upon the core structures of some intermediate formations.

"Many thanks for Elder Mo's guidance!" Su Ming bowed deeply. This time, he was sincere.

Elder Mo waved his hand dismissively, turned, and walked out. His retreating figure seemed somewhat desolate yet also straight and tall.

"Work hard. The formations of this Iron Wall Pass need a change of blood."

Only after Elder Mo had gone far did Su Ming straighten up, snatch the jade token, his knuckles turning slightly white from the force of his grip.

"Master, with this, I can look up deeper geomancy monitoring formation diagrams," Su Ming lowered his voice, unable to hide the excitement in his tone.

"Don't rejoice too soon," Lin Yu poured a bucket of cold water on him. "That old man is shrewd. Giving you access to the diagrams is also a way to squeeze every last bit of labor out of you. But it's fine, it's mutually beneficial. Go quickly, see if there's anything good that can strengthen your 'Earth Hearing.'"

...

The side hall of the Spiritual Hub Hall.

It was much smaller than the main hall, but also much quieter.

Su Ming, holding the jade token, passed through layer after layer of restrictions and headed straight for the 'Yi'-numbered bookshelf.

His goal was clear—to find formation diagrams related to 'spiritual energy fluctuation conduction' and 'microscopic resonance.'

There weren't many jade slips on the bookshelf, only a few dozen. Su Ming extended his divine sense, rapidly filtering through them one by one.

'Theory of Spiritual Pressure Conduction in the Wind Howl Formation'... too chaotic.

'Geomagnetic Traction Technique'... too heavy.

'Deconstruction of the Cloud and Mist Maze Formation'... too abstract.

Time passed bit by bit, and fine beads of sweat appeared on Su Ming's forehead. It wasn't until his divine sense touched a gray jade slip covered in dust in a corner that a strange fluctuation made him stop.

'Spiritual Resonance Resonance Fragmentary Manuscript.'

Su Ming's heart stirred, and his divine sense instantly sank into it.

This was a fragmented manual about the combination of ancient 'Sound Cultivators' and formations. It discussed how to use specific runes to make two completely different spiritual energy frequencies resonate, thereby achieving the effect of 'locating by sound, sensing across space.'

Among them, a complex rune named 'Spiritual Resonance Resonance' caught Su Ming's attention.

The structure of this rune wasn't as square and rigorous as traditional formation lines. Instead, like sound waves, it presented a form that spiraled outward.

"Marvelous..."

Brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes, and he couldn't help but inwardly praise. "The core logic of this rune is to amplify weak vibration signals thousands of times through spiritual energy resonance!"

He had been troubled by the fact that although the 'Wood Demon Core Fragments' buried underground were sensitive, the signals they transmitted back were too weak and blurry due to the excessive distance, making it impossible to accurately locate the specific numbers and digging paths of those 'Earth-Devouring Moles.'

If he could carve this 'Spiritual Resonance Resonance' rune into the core fragments...

"Master, I have a way!"

Su Ming suddenly opened his eyes. Not bothering to wipe his sweat, he quickly committed the structure of the rune firmly to memory, then turned and left the side hall.

...

Late at night, all was quiet.

Stone House Number Seven, Sector C.

Su Ming sat cross-legged on the floor. The stone slab in front of him had been pried open, revealing the hidden compartment buried deep underground.

Inside the compartment, the fingernail-sized Wood Demon Core Fragment was emitting a faint green light, its glow flickering bright and dim along with the vibrations underground.

"Ready?" Lin Yu's figure floated in mid-air, his expression also turning serious. "This is delicate work. Wood demon cores are fragile. If you mess up the carving, this only 'ear' will be ruined."

"Don't worry, I know my limits."

Su Ming took a deep breath, adjusted his breathing, calming his mind until it was as still as water.

He extended the index finger of his right hand, a drop of intensely compressed dark blue water coalescing at its tip. This was his original spiritual liquid refined using the 'Like Water Art,' pure to the extreme.

"Begin!"

Su Ming let out a low shout, his fingertip touching the Wood Demon Core Fragment.

He didn't start carving directly. Instead, he first enveloped the fragment with water spiritual energy, sensing the faint pulse of vitality within it.

That was the pulse of the wood element.

What he had to do was use his own water element spiritual energy as a bridge to 'plant' the 'Spiritual Resonance Resonance' rune into it. Water nourishes wood, allowing the two to perfectly fuse.

This was an extremely mentally taxing process.

Veins bulged on Su Ming's forehead, his eyes fixed intently on his fingertip.

In his 'Observation Micro State' vision, the internal texture of the wood demon core was like a complex maze. He had to control that wisp of spiritual energy, navigate through the maze, avoid all obstacles, and construct a spiral-shaped resonance corridor.

One breath, two breaths, three breaths...

Time seemed to freeze.

Lin Yu didn't dare to even breathe heavily, afraid of disturbing Su Ming.

Finally, as Su Ming's finger trembled slightly, the final stroke of the rune closed.

Hum—

The Wood Demon Core Fragment trembled violently. Its originally faint green light instantly surged, then rapidly contracted, turning into a deep, ink-like green.

An invisible wave of fluctuation, following the fragment, madly spread deep underground.

Su Ming only felt a 'boom' in his mind. The previously blurry underground world instantly became clear.

It was like cotton stuffed in his ears being suddenly pulled out.

Shasha...

Zhi zhi...

Crack crack...

Countless subtle sounds flooded into his Consciousness Sea like a tide.

That was the sound of rocks being gnawed, the sound of sharp claws scratching at soil, and even the roar formed by the convergence of countless tiny heartbeats.

Su Ming's face instantly turned deathly pale, his body trembling uncontrollably.

"What's wrong?" Lin Yu asked urgently.

Su Ming slowly raised his head, his eyes filled with unconcealable shock. He opened his mouth, his voice as dry as a traveler who had walked in the desert for three days and three nights.

"Master..."

Su Ming pointed at the ground beneath his feet, his finger trembling violently.

"It's not rats... not a few hundred of them..."

"Down there... is a river."

"A river composed of Earth-Devouring Insects... a living river."

In his perception, those densely packed red dots were flowing along the direction of the earth veins like black blood, madly flowing and gnawing beneath the very foundations of Iron Wall Pass.

And the direction of that flow was precisely aimed at the most critical 'Heavenly Pivot Position' of the pass.

Compared to this, the ground collapse in Sector D three years ago was nothing but a minor incident.

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