

Immortality 1191

Chapter 1191: Myriad of Evils (2)

The black of Tricky Calculation, the white of Calculation, and the gold of deity intertwined and merged in his eyes, becoming one.

All the evil and ghosts lurking indoors had nowhere to hide.

The patterns of Heavenly secret emerged, half filthy and half bloody. The intertwining of black and red, like chains of sin, evolved from the void.

At first glance, these patterns looked like chains.

Now, upon another look, they resembled more the branches of a tree imbued with strange and perverse Laws.

Divine Authority Tree!

Moreover, the patterns of causality this time were even clearer and more real, clearly involving a more revered divine authority than before.

Thus, the summoned Demon Monsters were also stronger.

The Divine Authority's Tree of Causality, transcending the recognition of Divine Thought of ordinary Cultivators, starts branching out within the room, spreading bit by bit.

On those branches, dark liquid congeals without blossoming, "fructifying."

Clumps of black water, like the "amniotic fluid" of sin, condense into embryos of Evil Demons, pulsating like hearts.

Then the embryos burst open, hatching a mix of deformed terror—Demons with human hands, cow hooves, and horse faces.

On the branches of the Divine Authority Tree, more and more Demon Monster fruits appear.

The hatched Evil Spirits grow stronger and stronger.

They are legion, twisting their limbs, inverting their heads, dangling from the ceiling, drooling their stinking saliva, staring at Yu Er with their crimson eyes, fixedly and dead.

Yu Er felt a tinge of unease, frowning slightly, muttering something in her dream.

As Mo Hua's Divine Thought stirs, a faint light arises, protecting Yu Er within it, isolating her from the sinister atmosphere and the cold Evil Spirits.

The path into the dream was sealed by the Divine Tao Array.

The pathways of the Demon Monsters were blocked.

They roared in anger, their eyes suddenly fierce, their aura savage, and then, they all turned their gaze towards Mo Hua, who ruined their scheme.

The Evil God's Tree descends.

A pair of blood-red eyes fixedly stared at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua's gaze was calm, with a slight, provoking smile at the corner of his mouth.

"Come and eat me, you beasts..."

The Divine Authority Tree trembled, the Demon Monsters raged, and then, stretching their claws, they turned into thick black and red evil smoke, surging forward to Mo Hua's Sea of Consciousness, one after another.

...

Meanwhile.

Within a majestic and vast Great Sect in the Qianxue State Boundary, resembling a white jade palace from the heavens, replete with starry pavilions.

Mr. Tu, garbed in human skin and with the appearance of a scholarly and gentle Confucian, was meditating and resting, when he suddenly awoke with a start.

His expression horrified, "Who... has invoked the Divine Lord's authority?!"

"How is this possible?!"

Mr. Tu was filled with disbelief.

And in the Taixu Gate's Back Hill Forbidden Area.

At the very moment when numerous Demon Monsters and Evil Spirits appeared, an elder with a long beard, sitting in meditation in the Sword Tomb and heavily sealed by layers of Formations, abruptly opened his eyes, a flash of cold light within.

"Evil spawn..."

No...

His gaze widened, filled with rage, his teeth coldly chattering, "Evil... God?!"

He sensed the authority of the Evil God...

Clearer, stronger, more malevolent than ever, and closer to the origin of the Divine Authority Tree, has descended upon Taixu Gate!

When the Evil Spirits previously attacked, he slashed with one Sword, cutting down a Taoist Demon and paying a price. Since then, he remained wary.

After a period of calm from the Evil Spirits, with some occasional minor ghosts emerging, he simply watched silently, refraining from taking action.

But unexpectedly, in Taixu Gate's Mountain Gate today, he sensed the presence of the Evil God's Sinful Authority Tree!

This is the Evil God, blatantly commanding legions of demons to invade Taixu Gate.

What outrageous audacity!

How the world of the grand Qian State has declined!

The Taixu Gate, with its technique of Divine Thought into Sword, couldn't even seal it properly for a few hundred years, and now an Evil God dares to emerge so brazenly to trespass our Mountain Gate?!

The elder's eyes, filled with Sword Intent, were filled with murderous air, and all the Sword Weapons in the vast Sword Tomb trembled slightly, their Sword Qi reaching the heavens.

"Even if my lifespan is diminished, and my foundation is not solid, today I must cut down this Sinful Authority Tree..."

The elder's rising Sword Intent suddenly halted.

He paused, slightly puzzled.

Because the presence of the Evil Spirits had already disappeared.

In but a moment's time, all had vanished, as if they never existed...

The elder with the long beard slowly put down the broken sword in his hand, but before completely setting it down, the Divine Authority Tree spread out again, and the presence of Evil Spirits returned.

Just as the old man was about to grow angry, all the evil aura disappeared once more.

As if inside Taixu Gate, a great abyssal mouth swallowed up some Demon Monsters and Evil Spirits entirely...

The long-bearded elder sat silently for a long while, sharp eyes flashing with shock and confusion, and a trace of disbelief.

"What exactly did I nurture within my Taixu Gate..."

...

Inside the Sea of Consciousness, Mo Hua opened his mouth wide, inhaling all the Demon Monsters which had just been slain and then refined into white smoke.

Mo Hua smacked his lips, feeling somewhat unsatisfied.

This was already the second round.

Although they were just ordinary Demon Monsters, as "appetizers" to fill the stomach, they weren't bad.

And after eating two rounds, Mo Hua clearly felt his Divine Sense progressing towards the Realm of Seventeen Patterns.

"Just a little more!"

Mo Hua's eyes brightened, elated.

Soon, the next round arrived.

Within the Sea of Consciousness, evil energy converged, dark waters filled the space, and from within the Evil Thoughts, two Demon Monsters with sheep horns and pitch-black bodies hatched.

These were two Sheep-Horned Enforcers.

The Sheep-Horned Enforcers, within the hierarchy of demons under the Evil God, obviously held a higher status.

Arrogant in demeanor, they sneered as soon as they appeared.

But before they could even speak, Mo Hua grasped their sheep horns, pressed them to the ground, and with a flash of Golden Light and a swift slash of the Sword, beheaded the sheep heads.

Chapter 1192: Thousands of Evils (3)

Two Sheep-Horned Enforcers died without ever knowing how they died.

After chopping off their sheep heads, Mo Hua used Divine Thought into sword to hack for a long time before he could split open the sheep bones. Then, with a simple use of Robbery Thunder to neutralize the poison, he sucked out all the pale golden Divine Marrow inside.

Just like that, simply, he devoured two sheep heads.

Unfortunately, by now, the level of the Sheep-Horned Enforcers had become somewhat low, and there wasn't much Divine Marrow inside them. Mo Hua smacked his lips, feeling that he hadn't even savored the taste before it was gone.

And beyond that, there were not many Evil Thoughts.

Mo Hua could only wait for the next "dish."

Soon, with the thick Filthy Qi infusing the Sea of Consciousness, a corpulent, vast, and ferocious pig head with gleaming fangs appeared.

As soon as the Pig Head Demon made its appearance, it fiercely roared.

Before it could finish its cry, Mo Hua leapt up onto the pig head and clenched his fists, striking down fiercely.

With this blow, carrying the power of a deity, he directly cracked open the Pig Head Demon's skull. The ferocious roar of the Pig Head Demon turned into a fearful wail.

Mo Hua "clang clang" continued to pound a few more times, directly twisting and deforming the massive Pig Head Demon into bits and pieces, eventually turning into a puddle of black blood.

Mo Hua manifested Flame Formation, incinerated the black fluid, and refined the pure Divine Thought to devour the massive Pig Head Demon.

However, time was limited, and there was no time to refine it.

Moments later, pink mist spread out, accompanied by delicate sounds and a sweet fragrance wafted over.

Mo Hua was taken aback and suddenly found many extremely beautiful and graceful women in his Sea of Consciousness.

They were barely covered with light gauze, with slender waists and shadows, looking at Mo Hua with eyes full of tender affection, their every frown and smile exuding indescribable charm and passion.

Occasionally, a woman would shed all her robes, revealing a brilliant display of beauty in an instant.

Mo Hua blushed slightly.

But in the blink of an eye, the cold and ethereal face of his senior sister, as if slightly annoyed or tender, and her eyes shimmering like water light, flashed through Mo Hua's mind.

Mo Hua shook violently and immediately came back to his senses.

A flash of Golden Light in his eyes, he surveyed the surroundings, seeking their true forms, and his expression turned icy.

"Red beauties, white bones, decaying skin and rotting flesh, Fox Demons and evil creatures, disturbing my Taoist Heart!"

Mo Hua snorted coldly, his small hand making a gesture, and the grand Li Mountain Fire Cremation Formation rose from the ground. Mountains turned into prisons and seas of fire raged violently.

The alluring beauties screamed as the fire engulfed them.

They lost their seductive charm, their expressions twisted as they stripped away their beautiful outer shells revealing their hideous true forms.

Some revealed hollow-eyed skeletal corpses from graves.

Others showed their rotting flesh teeming with maggots.

Or human bodies with fox faces, degenerating into monstrous vermin.

Mo Hua showed no mercy, slaying them all with the Fire Formation, slaughtering all these illusion-disguised demon monsters, and then devoured them completely.

Ghosts and Specters, Fox Demons, were exterminated.

After that, a sudden thick black smoke emerged, the malevolent aura sharpened, and the atmosphere abruptly became oppressive. Faint sounds of war horses neighing could be heard.

Mo Hua felt a chill in his heart, and from the midst of the black mist, there emerged a towering figure clad in White Bone armor, holding a blood-red Long Halberd, topped with a pair of sheep horns—a very powerful Demon Monster general.

Sheep-Horned General!

And he was the one and only "tough dish" on the menu.

It was estimated that even the Evil God would have to put in a lot of effort to refine such a formidable Evil Spirit.

Mo Hua gazed at the majestic and formidable Demon Monster general, exuding terrifying authority, and felt a burgeoning desire to battle, somewhat eager to test his strength.

The Sheep-Horned Enforcer's blood-red pupils glanced at Mo Hua.

Even though Mo Hua's Divine Thought incarnation appeared as a mere "tiny speck," the battle-hardened Demon Monster general, accustomed to slaughter on the battlefield, still perceived a significant threat.

The Demon Monster mount let out a fierce roar.

With the speed of the wind, the Sheep-Horned Enforcer swung the Long Halberd, creating a trail of blood light, and charged directly at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua clenched his small hand, and Golden Light coalesced into a small Sword, rushing forward to engage in battle with the Enforcer.

For a time, evil aura overflowed, and Golden Light spread.

Sword and halberd intersected, Divine Thought reverberated.

The Sheep-Horned Enforcer, specifically crafted for slaughter, was very strong, but unfortunately, it was up against Mo Hua.

No matter how powerful the Demon Monster, it was still just a Demon Monster.

And Mo Hua was like a godlike child.

Moreover, he was a "deity" that was adept in Formation knowledge and had learned Divine Thought into sword.

In just over a dozen exchanges, the formidable Sheep-Horned Demon Monster general was slain by Mo Hua's Divine Thought into sword at the foot of his mount.

"What a worthy opponent!"

"Truly a spirited and satisfying battle!"

Mo Hua, not particularly exhausted, wiped the non-existent sweat from his forehead as a sign of respect, and then, as usual, chopped off the head of the Sheep-Horned Enforcer.

Another sheep head.

Still another large one.

Mo Hua used the Golden Sword to chisel for quite a while before finally creating a small hole in the sheep's head, then detoxified it, extracted the Divine Marrow, and also devoured a large amount of Evil Thoughts.

This time he had eaten too much and was already feeling quite full.

The bottleneck of Mo Hua's Divine Sense also began to stir with eagerness.

But Mo Hua still suppressed his Realm, waiting for the matters here to be resolved, to "eat" his fill at the metaphorical flowing banquet before slowly digesting and calmly achieving a Breakthrough in his Divine Sense.

Subsequently, more Demon Monsters, enveloped in thick black fog, swarmed forth in quick succession.

With weird and bizarre appearances, profound Evil Thoughts, and methods that were either tricky, ruthlessly cold, venomously cruel, or violently fierce...

But none were a match for Mo Hua.

Despite the legions of Evil Spirits, Mo Hua would slash each one with a sword and devour them in one gulp.

First kill, then eat!

He was like a small Evil God transformed from a voracious beast...

Outside the Sea of Consciousness, Wenren Wei's expression was one of shock, his mind fluctuating.

He could sense wave after wave of some Evil Spirit-like presence, incessantly assailing like a tide.

The sinister aura inside the room was growing stronger with each wave, to the point where even he, a Golden Core Cultivator, felt a creeping sense of dread.

The endpoint where these tide-like Evil Spirits gathered was the frail and helpless young master Yu Er.

And Mo Hua stood between them.

Despite being just a slender, small body, he stood like a fortress impregnable as gold, an imposing city wall blocking all invading Demon Monsters and Ghosts and Specters.

One man guards the pass, and ten thousand Evils cannot open it.

Wenren Wei's gaze trembled, and even his fingers quivered slightly.

Chapter 1193: Loophole

Demon Monsters surged like a tide, coming in waves without end.

The aura of Evil Spirits was also ceaselessly emanating.

The chill within the room piled up layer upon layer, rich with numerous variations—be it violent, tricky, sinister, or majestic—as if the types of Evil Spirits were also endless, and their offensive onslaught resembled the ocean itself.

In such a raging sea of Demon Monsters, Mo Hua's tiny body remained unmoved.

Wenren Wei's gaze was filled with anxiety, his palms already sweating coldly.

He was worried for Mo Hua, and for Yu Er as well.

After an unknown amount of time, just when Wenren Wei was extremely anxious, all the aberrant auras suddenly vanished.

The inexplicable chill receded, the gloomy pressure abruptly lightened, and Wenren Wei looked around once more; although he still saw nothing, he felt as if all the Evil Spirits no longer existed.

Wenren Wei immediately looked towards the inner chamber and saw that Mo Hua had already opened his eyes.

The Divine Authority Tree ceased its drumming, and the army of Demon Monsters was devoured to near extinction.

Mo Hua took a slow breath, his eyes brightening.

Wenren Wei cautiously glanced at Mo Hua, seeing his gaze was clear and righteous, his expression normal with no trace of strangeness or madness, and he finally breathed a sigh of relief, but still tentatively asked:

"Young Master, are you..."

Mo Hua brightened with a radiant smile, "I'm fine."

Wenren Wei felt as if a weight had been lifted off his shoulders, and he bowed respectfully:

"Thank you for your efforts, Young Master."

Mo Hua, who was not one for formalities, nodded and said:

"Yu Er is fine now, and it's getting late; I should go back to rest."

Wenren Wei paid his respects to Mo Hua once again.

Compared to before, his attitude was much more reverent.

"Many thanks, Young Master Mo!"

Mo Hua also politely returned the gesture, then got up and left with light steps.

After Mo Hua left, Wenren Wei lifted his head to survey the walls of the room, feeling shaken.

Truly... there was nothing left.

It was as if all the previous oppressive gloom and Evil aura had been merely an illusion in a fleeting moment.

Wenren Wei then looked at Yu Er.

Yu Er was still lying in bed, breathing gently, mouth slightly open, occasionally smacking her lips as if eating something in her dreams.

Throughout it all, she slept soundly and sweetly.

Remembering Wenren Wan's words, Wenren Wei's gaze filled with relief and he couldn't help but sigh:

"Miss Wan was right, young master Yu Er, he truly has met a noble benefactor..."

...

Elsewhere, as soon as Mo Hua returned to his room, he immediately sat on the bed to meditate, his Divine Sense delving into the Sea of Consciousness.

After a "feast," having "swallowed" too many Demon Monsters, his Sea of Consciousness was bloated, and he urgently needed to "digest" them.

Furthermore, his Divine Sense Realm could not be contained anymore.

Within the Sea of Consciousness, with focused concentration, Mo Hua began to re-refine the numerous Evil Thoughts swallowed in haste without digestion, purifying them, taking their essence while discarding the impurities, and then absorbing them one by one to strengthen himself.

Threads of refined Divine Thoughts merged into the embodiment of Mo Hua's Divine Thought.

Mo Hua's Divine Sense ascended rapidly.

In just a moment, after purification, the Telekinesis of the Demon Monsters filled the rifts within the Divine Sense Realm, breaking through the bottleneck that had been held back for a long time.

Like a river bursting its banks, it surged powerfully, unstoppable.

Mo Hua's Divine Sense finally took another step forward, breaking through the bottleneck between the sixteen Patterns of the Foundation Building Middle Stage to the Foundation Establishment Late Stage, successfully advancing to Seventeen Patterns!

Foundation Establishment Early Stage Cultivation, Seventeen Patterns Foundation Establishment Late Stage Divine Sense!

At that instant, Divine Thought became unimpeded.

Mo Hua felt as if his Sea of Consciousness had expanded even further, his Divine Sense growing deeper and more profound.

The distance that Divine Sense could reach externally had also significantly increased.

With the Divine Sense Realm as the foundation and the quantity of Divine Sense for support, his Calculation and Tricky Calculations also became more effortless than before.

More importantly, it was about the Formation!

He could finally learn Seventeen Patterns Formation now!

Foundation Establishment Early Stage, learning High-level Second Grade Formation!

Although it's only Second Grade Seventeen Patterns Formation and hasn't reached Nineteen Patterns, not truly "High-Rank."

But at least it's an entry into the High-Rank Formation.

Seventeen Patterns Formation, even when facing ordinary Foundation Establishment Late Stage Cultivators, still possesses impressive killing power.

Mo Hua felt his backbone had stiffened considerably.

As long as he gets the chance to set up Formation, even Foundation Establishment Late Stage Cultivators would find themselves in trouble!

However, the matter of Formation must be put aside for now.

Because Mo Hua found that this round of "takeout" was not yet fully consumed.

The number of Demon Monsters he "ate" this time was even more than he had expected.

His Divine Sense had already reached Seventeen Patterns, even slightly stronger than that.

But still, the purified Telekinesis of the Demon Monsters kept coming, one after another integrating into the incarnation of his Divine Thought.

Mo Hua's Divine Sense continued to grow...

"Could it be... it'll proceed directly to Eighteen Patterns?"

The bottleneck from Seventeen to Eighteen Patterns is a minor one, not as significant as from Sixteen to Seventeen Patterns.

Mo Hua's heart quivered, and then he couldn't help but wear a smile of anticipation.

Eighteen Patterns!

Ascending two grades in one step!

Mo Hua was elated, and then immediately calmed his emotions to continue sitting in meditation, absorbing Telekinesis, enhancing Divine Sense.

As he desired, his Divine Sense visibly and gradually grew stronger step by step.

Finally, he was just a hair's breadth from reaching the Eighteen Patterns Realm...

Even more, Mo Hua could clearly sense the bottleneck of the Eighteen Patterns Divine Sense breaking and disintegrating bit by bit...

A smile bloomed on Mo Hua's face.

But just at that moment, everything came to an abrupt halt.

In the unknown, something seemed to tremble slightly.

This feeling was somewhat similar to the Taoist Stele, it was like...

Heavenly Dao?

Mo Hua was startled in his heart, and then vaguely felt as though some supreme will glanced over him from among the myriad things of heaven and earth, took a glimpse at him, and found that he seemed...

Chapter 1194: Flaw (2)

There's a problem.

Then, a spontaneously generated Law descended upon Mo Hua.

His Divine Sense was still increasing, but the bottleneck remained unyielding, and all the increased Divine Sense had inexplicably flowed to some unknown place, directly sinking without a trace.

The realm of his Divine Sense also ceased to rise.

Mo Hua was dumbfounded.

"What's going on...?"

"Where is my Eighteen Patterns Divine Sense?"

"I was so close..."

Mo Hua looked around and found that at some point, a strange crack had appeared out of thin air in his Sea of Consciousness.

This crack was pitch black and deep, carrying a profound golden hue.

It was as if some kind of tangible embodiment of the Dao Laws had manifested.

This Law, created out of nothing, integrated seamlessly with his Sea of Consciousness.

And all the Divine Thought growth from Refining Demon Monsters and devouring telekinesis had been swallowed by this crack.

It was as if the Heavenly Dao did not allow his Divine Sense to grow any stronger, so it added a Law temporarily to patch up the loophole...

This Law manifested as a crack of darkness with golden hues within the emptiness.

The moment Mo Hua's Divine Sense increased, it would "confiscate" the growth to suppress the strengthening of his Divine Sense.

It confined his Divine Sense within certain limits, preventing it from breaking through a certain extreme...

Mo Hua was stunned.

What does this mean?

Am I a "loophole" in the Heavenly Dao now?

So the Heavenly Dao added a Law temporarily to fix this "loophole" in me?

That's hardly likely...

Mo Hua couldn't help feeling a bit resentful.

As a mere Foundation Building Cultivator, surely I'm not being "targeted" like this...

It seems like this is the second time.

Mo Hua remembered when he initially broke through to Foundation Establishment, his Divine Sense soared swiftly, but it seemed to exceed the limits later and was counter-pressed by some Heavenly Dao Laws.

Moreover, with the intervention of Heaven Yan Jue and Mysterious Heaven Great Formation to reconstruct his Divine Sense, it had to change from "quantity" to being suppressed into "quality."

Now it's the same situation again...

Just one step away, on the verge of Eighteen Patterns, and now suddenly restricted by a Law.

Mo Hua couldn't help but curl his lips and muttered:

"The Heavenly Dao is really petty..."

After the muttering, Mo Hua sighed.

The "composition" of his Sea of Consciousness has become quite complicated now.

The Sea of Consciousness belonged to him, with his own Divine Thought incarnation within it.

In addition, there was the mysterious Taoist Stele, the devastating Thunder Pattern, and now, an inexplicable Law of the Heavenly Dao had joined.

Especially this Heavenly Dao Law...

Mo Hua's head ached a bit.

He absorbed Demon Thoughts again, expended his Divine Sense, and manifested the Formation to test several times, getting a rough idea of the purpose of this Law.

This Law was there to deduct Divine Sense.

His Divine Sense could be used normally, expended normally, and restored normally, but it could no longer "increase."

Once it increased, it would be "deducted" by this Law that resembled a void crack.

Mo Hua felt worried.

Deducting a bit of Divine Sense didn't matter much, but when would it end?

It surely can't deduct for a lifetime...

Or perhaps when his Cultivation catches up and the Realm balances with the Divine Sense—or at least isn't so far-fetched—this Law will disappear on its own?

Or is it when the deducted Divine Sense reaches a certain limit, it will then vanish?

The Dao is aloof, the Laws silent; no one could tell Mo Hua the answer.

Mo Hua sighed deeply.

"Let's leave it at that for now..."

A contented heart is an everlasting feast.

Seventeen Patterns it is, then.

And his Divine Sense should be considered the peak of Seventeen Patterns, just a hair away from Eighteen Patterns...

This level of Divine Sense is "barely" sufficient for his current Realm.

As for the future,

Mo Hua pondered and felt it didn't matter how long this Law intended to "withhold," since there was nothing he could do about it...

And who could be sure about the affairs of Dao Laws?

Since that's the case, he may as well proceed step by step, faithfully continue his Cultivation, and keep refining his Divine Sense as always.

With higher Cultivation or sufficient Divine Sense, he would eventually lift the restriction of this Law.

Mo Hua then gazed again at the Dao Law that resembled a void crack in his Sea of Consciousness and suddenly felt puzzled.

"What exactly is a Law?"

"Why does a Law manifest in this form?"

"Blackness with golden hues, like a rift in the void... Why can it devour Divine Sense?"

"The void, a rift... Could it be related to the regulations of the 'Heaven Void Realm'?"

Mo Hua suddenly felt profound.

He decided to study this "Law" when he had the chance, to see if he could uncover some principles and learn something.

Since this "uninvited guest" came out of nowhere to his Sea of Consciousness, he had to figure out a way to benefit from it, or else it would be too wasteful.

Thinking this way, Mo Hua's mood instantly improved.

Dao Laws!

He had never encountered them before.

Or to say, this was not something a Foundation Building Cultivator, or even an ordinary Cultivator, could come into contact with.

Now a clear and distinct Dao Law had materialized and stayed in his Sea of Consciousness, constantly deducting his Divine Sense.

Though it deducted Divine Sense and restricted its growth, it also gave him an opportunity to witness with his own eyes the manifestation and operation of a Dao Law.

In every situation, misfortune and fortune depend on each other, and advantages coexist with disadvantages.

Mo Hua nodded and felt spirited.

For the time being, he had no time to study, as he had to finish "eating" the Demon Monsters.

The "takeout" from the Demon Monsters he ordered on the altar still had plenty left, and couldn't be wasted.

Mo Hua continued to "eat" Demon Thoughts.

But this time, he ate with a certain "flavorlessness."

Chapter 1195: Loophole (3)

Because of these evil thoughts, they couldn't truly be "ingested" by him, they were all deducted by the Heavenly Dao.

Mo Hua felt a bit aggrieved inside, but adhering to the principle of not wasting, still devoured these demon evil thoughts.

After finishing, Mo Hua could clearly feel that the restrictions of the Heavenly Dao Laws in his Sea of Consciousness seemed to have loosened somewhat.

It also felt a bit "full."

"Indeed..."

Mo Hua sighed, and his heart became even more determined to fleece the Heavenly Dao more in the future to vent the resentment of "snatching food."

His "snacks" were not so easy to take!

Mo Hua hummed softly, then calmed his mind and began to review the Formation Patterns on the Taoist Stele.

He needed to prepare.

In the following days, he would formally start learning the Seventeen Patterns Formation!

...

Taixu Gate, Back Hill Forbidden Area.

A Void Rift appeared out of nowhere.

Elder Master Xun, with his white hair, stepped out from the void.

At the Elder's Residence, he discarded external matters and devoted himself to deducing cause and effect, yet suddenly sensed a strong fluctuation of Sword Intent, unavoidable to notice.

But just as he was halfway through calculating, the compass wouldn't stop.

Elder Master Xun had to be patient, finishing the derivation with the compass, and then immediately rushed over to check the situation.

Within the Sword Tomb, an old man with a long beard sat vacantly in his original spot.

Elder Master Xun did not know what had happened, looked around solemnly, and said:

"Senior brother, did you wield your sword again?"

The bearded old man touched the broken sword beside him, shaken, shook his head slightly.

"Halfway..."

Elder Master Xun frowned.

What does halfway mean?

Unsheathe the sword, but did not complete the slash?

Seeing the old man's distracted mind, seemingly burdened with thoughts, Elder Master Xun grew slightly apprehensive and asked:

"Senior brother, what has happened?"

The bearded old man's sharp gaze revealed some contemplation, then suddenly asked a strange question:

"Have we, at Taixu Gate, raised a Divine Beast?"

"A Divine Beast?"

Elder Master Xun was stunned, filled with confusion.

Why would his senior brother suddenly ask such an out-of-tune question?

Could it be...?

Elder Master Xun's gaze sharpened.

Evil thoughts contamination, backlash from Sword Intent, worsening injuries, now disturbing the Sea of Consciousness, muddling his thoughts?

Elder Master Xun remained silent.

Looking at his senior brother who, for the sake of Taixu Gate, had expended all his energies and efforts throughout his life, and now broken in mind and body, had to live in solitude, guarding the Sword Tomb, surrounded by a mountain of broken swords and iron, his heart ached.

Elder Master Xun deeply sighed, suppressing the sorrow in his heart, and shook his head gently with a sigh:

"A Divine Beast, such things... where would they still exist nowadays..."

Unaware of Elder Master Xun's thoughts, the bearded old man continued pondering, "Recently, has any expert sought lodging in our Taixu Gate?"

Elder Master Xun recalled briefly, shaking his head:

"No."

While there were lodgers, none that senior brother would call an "expert."

The bearded elder furrowed his brows, pondered for a moment, and slowly asked:

"Has our Taixu Gate taken in any disciples with exceptional talents in recent years?"

Exceptional talents?

Elder Master Xun was somewhat surprised, and pondered briefly.

There have indeed been disciples with high talents over the years, and this batch includes quite a few disciples with Superior-Grade Spiritual Roots and excellent aptitudes.

But although their Spiritual Roots are good, they might not necessarily catch the eye of my senior brother.

At my senior brother's realm, almost at the limit of a cultivator, the "exceptional talents" he speaks of definitely wouldn't be in the ordinary sense.

It must be someone extraordinary even among the geniuses, truly dazzling.

Elder Master Xun's thoughts stirred, and he suddenly thought of Mo Hua.

This child, Mo Hua...

His Formation talents could indeed be considered extraordinary, but apart from Formations, he is mediocre at everything else...

He is extremely specialized to the extreme.

Moreover, Formations... have nothing to do with my senior brother.

My senior brother does not specialize in Formations and presumably does not care about a talent in Formations.

However, just in case, Elder Master Xun still asked, "Exceptional talents... what kind of 'talent' are you referring to?"

The bearded elder showed a contemplative look.

If it's a disciple from our sect... then this person must have extremely strong Divine Thought Slaughter...

The bearded elder spoke, "Is there any disciple with a natural connection to the Sword Dao, innate Sword Intent, or one who's naturally skilled in Divine Thought Manifestation and excels in combat..."

Innate Sword Intent, Divine Thought in combat...

Elder Master Xun slightly nodded.

Then that has nothing to do with Mo Hua.

That child is a Formation Master, not a Sword Cultivator. He struggles even with wielding a sword, and being mild and frail, how could he engage in combat with others.

None of the other disciples seem to fit either...

Taixu Gate has sealed Divine Thought into Sword as a Forbidden Technique.

No other Swordsmanship is considered very superior.

If there were really seeds with innate Sword Intent, they wouldn't have joined Taixu Gate to pursue these mediocre Sword Dao Heritages.

In Qianxue State Boundary, there are plenty of Sword Dao Sects to choose from.

And even if Divine Thought into Sword wasn't sealed, they wouldn't dare let such a good candidate with "innate Sword Intent" practice unless his life is incredibly tough, unable to die even if he wanted to.

"No."

Elder Master Xun declared emphatically.

The bearded elder closed his eyes and sighed, somewhat disappointed.

Elder Master Xun frowned, "Senior brother, what's the reason behind your questioning?"

The bearded elder opened his eyes, glanced at his junior brother who was concerned about the sect, his hair gray, and recalling the image of his younger self who was gentle, elegant, and spirited, he ultimately couldn't bear to worry him further.

"It's nothing, just asking casually." the bearded elder said indifferently.

Elder Master Xun didn't believe it, but seeing that his senior brother had already closed his eyes to rest, showing a reluctance to continue the conversation, he sighed helplessly.

Stubborn for a lifetime, now halfway into the grave, yet his temper remains unchanged.

Elder Master Xun shook his head, somewhat resentfully reminding, "Leave some energy, don't draw your sword anymore..."

Then he turned and with a flick of his finger, opened a Void Rift and left on his own.

After Elder Master Xun had left, the bearded elder slowly opened his eyes again, turned his head to take in the entirety of the ancient and majestic Taixu Mountain, murmured with a frown,

"Who could it really be..."

Taixu Mountain, vast and lush, concealed everything beneath it.

The bearded elder's eyes glinted sharply, "Next time I make a move, I will definitely capture you..."

Chapter 1196: Battle of the Gods

Several days later, in the secret chamber of the forbidden grounds.

Having shed the cultured and elegant human skin, Mr. Tu, revealing his true form, kneeled in panic before the ram-horned divine statue, his gaunt face deathly pale.

His body was lacerated, limbs twisted, prostrated on the ground.

His Divine Sense sank into the boundless Great Wilderness Purgatory, enduring tortures like tongue extraction, finger clipping, chest piercing, and steaming.

In agonizing pain, he was on the brink of despair.

This was Divine Punishment.

It was the Divine Punishment from the Master of the Great Wilderness, for his failure in carrying out his duties.

The altar had been occupied, the divine authority usurped, and the demon monster army had suffered heavy losses.

The wrath of the Divine Lord was unprecedented.

As Mr. Tu endured the suffering of purgatory, the thunderous roar of the Divine Lord echoed in his mind, trembling within his heart.

After a lengthened torment, the torture finally ceased.

Mr. Tu's Divine Sense was redeemed from the Great Wilderness Purgatory, no longer enduring the excruciating pain of despair.

His blood began to flow again, and his flesh slowly restored.

But the agony of Divine Punishment, like a glowing hot iron brand, was deeply imprinted in Mr. Tu's Sea of Consciousness, unforgettable for this life and the next.

Struggling, Mr. Tu fell to his knees, breath faint like a thread, devoutly saying:

"Thunder and dew are all graces of the Divine Lord..."

"Thankful for the Divine Lord's chastisement..."

In the secret chamber, the oppressive and malicious evil thoughts slightly subdued.

Mr. Tu took a deep breath, his voice trembling weakly as he murmured:

"The deity's dignity is like the heavens, human lives are as insignificant as ants..."

"Man... cannot fathom deity, cannot covet the Divine Position, let alone usurp the divine authority..."

"For... it's impossible for anyone..."

Mr. Tu spoke fearfully to himself.

He could think of no one, could not conceive any method that would enable a mere mortal to steal the deity's esteemed position, to wield the Divine Lord's authority.

Any person, any method, was impossible!

Even the phrase "usurping the divine authority" was a tremendous disrespect to the Divine Lord. It wasn't just about doing it, but even thinking about it was taking a huge risk, it was "Desecrating God"!

Yet the authority of the Divine Lord had indeed been stolen.

The dignity of the Divine Lord had been violated indeed.

The servants of the Divine Lord had also suffered heavy casualties.

Therefore, Mr. Tu made a bold guess.

He knelt on the ground, grinding his teeth yet trembling with dread, he said:

"Humans' absolutely cannot commit such a heinous act!"

"All this is not manipulated by 'humans' behind the scenes, scheming nefariously."

"It is a deity, no, very likely, an 'Evil God'!"

"This Evil God is the enemy of the Divine Lord, coveting the Divine Lord's esteemed position in the shadows, desecrating the Divine Lord's altar, occupying the Divine Lord's authority!"

"Only a deity can contend with a deity!"

"This 'Evil God' is the true Hidden Hand!"

The evil thoughts in the room surged suddenly.

An angry and brutal will engulfed the surroundings.

Mr. Tu lay prostrate, not daring to speak or move an inch, only his fingers trembling slightly.

After a moment, the brutality dissipated, and the atmosphere calmed down.

The Divine Lord did not rebuke Mr. Tu.

It seemed that He, too, acknowledged Mr. Tu's conjecture.

Since the Hidden Hand was an Evil God, all these were the machinations of another Evil God.

Mr. Tu, a mere mortal, no matter how high his cultivation or deep his faith, could not possibly be an adversary to an 'Evil God'.

Nor could he anticipate the various evil methods of another 'Evil God'.

As Mr. Tu trembled with fear, suddenly he felt, that a strong evil thought poured into his Sea of Consciousness.

His Divine Sense, though bloodier, weirder, more chaotic, became stronger.

And within it, there also seemed to be some even more profound knowledge of formations.

This was Formation heritage forcefully stripped from the minds of other Formation Masters!

Mr. Tu's eyes shuddered.

This was the Divine Lord's blessing!

The Divine Lord had slumbered, not yet awakened, so much still relied on himself to handle.

Especially now, facing what could be another 'Evil God', the Heavenly secret was unpredictable.

So, He bestowed great power, imparted the heritage, to ensure nothing goes wrong.

The grand plans of the Divine Lord could not afford a single slip!

With tears of gratitude, Mr. Tu paid his respects and then slowly raised his head, his gaze profound and said:

"Taixu Gate are the followers of the Evil God."

"Gu Family, Gu Changhuai, are the claws and teeth of the Evil God."

"This must be a 'Divine War' forged by the flesh and blood of mortals!"

"The Divine Lord's authority must start from the Great Wilderness and descend upon Qian State!"

...

Meanwhile, Mo Hua whom Mr. Tu regarded as the 'Evil God', was lazily basking in the sun on the grass.

Yu Er had finished her homework and was cheerfully rolling around by his side.

A large swath of the Demon Monsters of the Great Wilderness had been consumed by Mo Hua.

The pressure in Yu Er's nightmares had also lessened, she slept better at night and her personality had become increasingly cheerful.

Mo Hua, while playing with Yu Er, flipped through the Taixu Token.

He wanted to find a few Second Grade Seventeen Patterns Formations to study within the Taixu Token.

Preferably, the ones he was most familiar with, the Five Elements Eight Trigrams Array Formations; it would be easier to start with, and convenient to progress step by step learning other High-Rank Second Grade formations.

Mo Hua lay on the soft grass, picked for a while, couldn't help but shake his head and sighed.

"Too expensive..."

A typical Second Grade Seventeen Patterns formation would cost four to five hundred Merit Points.

Mo Hua's current Merit Points were at two thousand, which was already quite a lot for a Foundation Establishment Early Stage Disciple who had just started.

He had actually saved up even more.

By creating Formation Paintings, accepting rewards, and occasionally accomplishing tasks for the Taoist Court, mixing some Merit Points from Uncle Gu.

His means of earning Merit Points were much more than the average Disciple.

But his expenditure on learning formations was also large, hence he painted a lot as well.

Those two thousand points might look substantial but could exchange for only four or five Seventeen Patterns Formations; not abundant, but not scarce either.

Chapter 1197: Divine Battle (2)

And indeed it is possible to exchange, but after the exchange, there won't be many Merit Points left.

Mo Hua comes from a humble background, and inside the Taixu Token, not keeping over a thousand Merit Points always feels insecure.

"Merit Points..."

Suddenly, Mo Hua remembered that at the Dao Court, there was still a sum of Merit Points due to him.

It was the Merit Points promised by Uncle Gu for helping to arrest the Fire Buddha.

This sum of Merit Points is still going through the cumbersome process at the Dao Court.

It's really too slow...

Mo Hua sighed.

Before, he had enough Merit Points and wasn't in a rush, but now he could learn the Formation with Seventeen Patterns, and the consumption of Merit Points would be even greater.

Now somewhat in a tight spot, he urgently needed those Merit Points to address the pressing matter. Mo Hua decided to prompt them.

During the day, Uncle Gu was busy with Dao Court affairs, which were quite hectic, so it would be inconvenient to disturb him.

After class at night, Mo Hua sent him a message:

"Uncle Gu, what about my Merit Points, haven't they arrived yet?"

It took about 30 minutes for Gu Changhuai to respond, not knowing what he was busy with. It seemed he finally found time to reply:

"What Merit Points?"

Mo Hua's face darkened, "The Merit Points for capturing the Fire Buddha!"

"Oh."

It's only then that Gu Changhuai remembered.

"It should be soon. I'll go and urge them tomorrow. It's estimated they will be approved in a couple of days and then transferred to Taixu Gate."

Mo Hua was delighted inside and quickly changed his tone, "Thank you, Uncle Gu."

"Hmm."

Gu Changhuai said indifferently.

"By the way," Mo Hua thought for a moment and then asked: "What about that Mr. Jin matter?"

Gu Changhuai was silent for a while.

Mo Hua said: "Just tell me a little bit..."

Some matters, especially at the Dao Court, needed to be kept secret and not disclosed to the public, Mo Hua was also clear about this.

Gu Changhuai sighed, "Telling you a bit won't hurt..."

Mo Hua did have the main meritorious contribution in capturing Mr. Jin and his group.

Gu Changhuai said: "Xie Liu is temporarily detained in the Taoist Prison, charged with attacking the Department of Ceremonies at the Dao Court, other charges have yet to be substantiated..."

"The other disciples of Sever Gold Sect are also in custody. The Sever Gold Sect is trying to bail them out, but the operation is still in the shadows, and the result is unknown."

"As for that Mr. Jin, the Dao Court has issued an order, and he has already been released..."

"Released?!" Mo Hua was startled.

Gu Changhuai sighed: "That Mr. Jin, named Jin Yicai, is from the Direct Lineage of the Direct Lineage of Sever Gold Sect. Indeed, as he claimed, his great-grandfather was once the Sect Leader of Sever Gold Sect, his grandfather is the Chief Elder, his father is the Vice Sect Leader, and his mother is the True Transmission Elder of Sever Gold Sect..."

"His father's line has always held high positions within Sever Gold Sect through generations; his mother's line is connected with the Central Dao Court Seven Chambers, and is rather prominent within the Taoist State."

"Jin Yicai is the child of a marriage between two powerful families..."

Gu Changhuai said sarcastically: "But the marriage between two powerful families has produced such a brute. From an early age, he was arrogant and despised everyone, and now he is lawless..."

Mo Hua frowned, "But this...Jin Yicai, after all, has violated the Taoist Law, right? Trafficking cultivators, refining Human Pills, things have gotten this far, yet the Dao Court does nothing?"

"That's exactly the problem..."

Gu Changhuai sighed, "He shoved off all the blame. Claiming he knew nothing about the trafficking of cultivators, and the private refining of Human Pills had nothing to do with him."

"His father used Sever Gold Sect's network to intercede with the Dao Court."

"His mother used her maternal family's connections, applying pressure secretly through Central Taoist State to the Qianxue State border."

"She even personally visited the Dao Court once, saying Jin Yicai 'is young and ignorant, just a child, what could he possibly know? If he ever did something wrong, someone must have framed him, or there might be someone inciting him behind his back...'

She also said 'This child, I watched him grow up from a young age, he has good character, cultivates diligently, is filial and respects his elders, his maternal grandfather, and various ancestors in the state also speak highly of him...'"

Gu Changhuai's expression was sarcastic, ultimately turning into helplessness.

"Sever Gold Sect is one of the Twelve Streams of Qianxue, to some extent, it represents the face of Qianxue State border; such a scandal cannot be exposed."

"The Dao Court is constrained by many sides, and with many considerations, this case is also very difficult to proceed."

Mo Hua had a complicated expression.

This Jin Yicai, whether genuine or pretending, might be a "child with good character and respectful to elders" in front of his parents and relatives.

But in the eyes of other cultivators, he was a thorough brute.

Such a big matter could actually be suppressed.

Everyone in the Dao Court could be bailed out.

For a moment, Mo Hua couldn't distinguish, whether the real "evil" was the "Evil God" or the "human heart."

"Be careful. Jin Yicai holds grudges, and he has met you. He may not let this humiliation go and could seek retribution against you," Gu Changhuai advised, his heart filled with remorse.

If it were possible to deal with Jin Yicai within the Dao Court, Mo Hua would not have to face these risks.

Unfortunately, he was just a Supervisor, not a Court Leader.

If he were a Court Leader, possessing enough authority, he would have dealt with that little brute Jin Yicai without hesitation!

"Mm, don't worry, Uncle Gu," Mo Hua reassured.

He was not afraid of Jin Yicai.

Once he learned the Formation with Seventeen Patterns, he would be even less afraid.

He just needed to be cautious of Sever Gold Sect's lackeys.

But that was also manageable.

In the future, he would either stay in his Sect or only visit the Second Grade State Border. Being careful in the Second Grade State Border, the Sever Gold Sect couldn't do anything to him.

On the contrary, it was Uncle Gu who might be disliked by Jin Yicai, and even by the Jin family and most of the Sever Gold Sect, possibly even targeted by other Evil God's minions.

"Uncle Gu, you be careful as well," Mo Hua reminded.

"Hmm," Gu Changhuai replied indifferently.

Mo Hua wasn't sure if Gu knew the severity of the situation.

But anyway, Uncle Gu was a Golden Core cultivator, and also the Supervisor of the Dao Court. It was not up to him, a mere Foundation Establishment Disciple, to worry.

Chapter 1198: Divine Battle (3)

After chatting with Gu Changhuai, Mo Hua devoted himself to learning Formation.

From the Taixu Token, he specifically chose a Second Grade Seventeen Patterns "Gold-breaking Formation" to study.

This is a formation for restraining the Five Elements Qi.

Gold-breaking Formation, as the name implies, is used to suppress the circulation of Gold-series Spiritual Power, weaken Gold-series Spells, or the power of Swordsmanship.

"Let's start with something simple, learn this Gold-breaking Formation as a precaution..."

"If Sever Gold Sect ever dares to provoke me, then I'll learn even more, maybe even a whole set specifically designed to counteract Gold-series Swordsmanship!"

Mo Hua silently vowed to himself.

After 1 p.m., Mo Hua's Divine Sense sank into the Sea of Consciousness, and on the Taoist Stele, he practiced the "Gold-breaking Formation" over and over again.

This was also the first high-level Second Grade Formation that Mo Hua had learned.

The Gold-breaking Formation was quite difficult, Mo Hua couldn't master it in one night.

The next day, after class, just as he was preparing to continue practicing, a disciple suddenly came looking for him, "Mo Hua, I just passed by the Merit Pavilion, the Merit Elder wants you to see him."

"Merit Elder?"

Mo Hua was startled, then his eyes lit up.

Could it be the Merit Points for the Fire Buddha have been credited!

"Thank you!" Mo Hua thanked the disciple and immediately ran off to the Merit Pavilion, elated.

The Elder of the Merit Pavilion was waiting especially for Mo Hua.

Seeing Mo Hua enter, the Merit Elder looked at him skeptically and asked, "What exactly did you do for the Taoist Court, what Formation did you draw?"

Mo Hua was stunned for a moment, but then he understood.

Uncle Gu is indeed very thorough, to avoid causing trouble for me, he still used the pretext of that Drawing Formation.

"Many, many Formations," Mo Hua said.

The Merit Elder snorted, "Nonsense, even with many Formations, you couldn't earn this many Merit Points."

"How many?"

Mo Hua asked excitedly.

The Merit Elder glanced at Mo Hua and sighed, "Eight thousand."

Eight thousand?!

Mo Hua's eyes widened in shock.

That's so many!

The Fire Buddha is indeed worth a fortune!

A smile blossomed across Mo Hua's fair face.

The Merit Elder explained, "This reward wasn't normally issued, it was specially allocated by the Taoist Court, so it had to be confirmed by the Sect before being transferred to you."

"Mhm, mhm!"

Mo Hua nodded repeatedly.

However, the details of this process didn't concern him, as long as the Merit Points were given to him, that was all that mattered.

The Merit Elder hesitated, but ultimately didn't say much else, and proceeded with the formalities, allowing Mo Hua to sign and seal his name, and then transferred the Merit Points to his Taixu Token.

After signing, sealing, and receiving the Merit Points, Mo Hua bid farewell to the Merit Elder and left with a joyous expression and a spring in his step.

The Merit Elder watched Mo Hua's departing figure but fell into silent contemplation.

Eight thousand Merit Points...

Even to some Inner Sect Disciples, it's a "huge sum," let alone for a disciple like Mo Hua who has been in the Sect for less than two years.

Making Merit Points in the Sect is not easy.

Logically speaking, no matter the origin, these Merit Points, having passed through the Taoist Court legitimately, should at least appear "clean" on the surface.

There was no need for him to dig deeper and pry into the disciple's privacy.

Yet the Merit Elder was still full of doubts.

What exactly had Mo Hua done to earn these eight thousand Merit Points?

He's just a disciple in the early stages of Foundation Establishment, what kind of task did he complete, what kind of reward did he achieve that he could earn eight thousand Merit Points in one go?!

This was extremely unusual.

Having served as the Merit Elder for hundreds of years, this was the first time he'd encountered such a situation.

The Merit Elder flipped through the paperwork from the Taoist Court.

It was vague and sketched out, simply stating, "Taixu Sect Disciple Mo Hua, proficient in Formation, assisted the Taoist Court in solving cases meritoriously, and is hereby awarded eight thousand Merit Points as an encouragement."

It can't be this simple...

The Merit Elder furrowed his brows in contemplation.

He thought through everything related to Mo Hua, and suddenly, a flash of inspiration struck him, leading to a sudden realization.

Mo Hua, Taoist Court, Formation...

Elder Master Xun!

The Merit Elder figured it out.

It must have been Elder Master Xun, he pulled some strings, used his connections, and allocated these 8,000 merit points from Taoist Court to Mo Hua, allowing the child to study Formation!

Elder Master Xun is an ancestor-level figure, although on the surface, he's just a meticulous "Instructor".

But he has a long life, a revered status, and a very extensive network throughout the Qianxue State Boundary.

Only Elder Master Xun could have the capability to go through the proper channels at Taoist Court and transfer merit points to Taixu Gate.

However, no matter how venerable, one cannot do such a thing!

The Merit Elder became somewhat angry.

8,000 merit points, it's no small number.

Even if he's really fond of Mo Hua, the child, he can't spoil him to this extent, can't be encouraging such reckless growth.

He is just a disciple of Taixu Gate, not your own great-grandson!

Even if it were your great-grandson, it wouldn't be acceptable!

The Sect has its own rules, other places might occasionally turn a blind eye, no harm done, but merit points? They're vital to the Sect's order and system, how can you play with them so carelessly?

The Merit Elder huffily went to find Elder Master Xun.

Upon arriving at the Elder's Residence, he knocked directly on Elder Master Xun's door and after being let in by a Taoist Child, sat down to drink some sullen tea.

After an hour, Elder Master Xun came out from an inner chamber, still deep in thought with a frown, and as he lifted his gaze, he saw the displeased Merit Elder.

Elder Master Xun's expression turned to surprise, "Why have you come?"

The Merit Elder said helplessly:

"Ancestor Uncle, your affection for a disciple should have its limits, some rules can be bent, but some must never be crossed..."

"Without rules, there cannot be a circle."

"What you are doing is not showing affection for your disciple, but harming him..."

Elder Master Xun frowned and asked, "Have you been practicing so hard that you've lost your mind? What are you on about, coming here all flustered and confused?"

The Merit Elder sighed, "You're still playing dumb with me."

He laid a letter sealed with the Taoist Court's spirit imprint on the table, "Isn't this merit allocation something you got those old Court Leaders you're well-acquainted with at the Taoist Court to specially approve?"

Elder Master Xun slowly picked up the letter, gave it a glance, and was taken aback.

Mo Hua?

8,000 merit points?

A special approval from Taoist Court?

Elder Master Xun blinked, read it over again to confirm he was not mistaken, and felt a surge of emotions.

Taoist Court... why would they allocate 8,000 merit points to Mo Hua, that child?

What exactly did Mo Hua do?

Or rather, what exactly is Taoist Court doing?

Seeing Elder Master Xun's astonished expression and without a word, the Merit Elder felt a "thump" in his heart, and instantly realized he might have been too rash.

The Merit Elder grew uneasy, slowly stood up, and tentatively asked:

"Ancestor Uncle... this merit allocation, it wasn't you using your connections... "

Elder Master Xun gave him a faint look.

The Merit Elder immediately offered an apologetic smile, "I was impetuous, I shouldn't suspect you, an elderly man of high morals and judicial integrity..."

Elder Master Xun said, "Next time you act without thinking, go to the back hills and sweep the Sword Tomb for your Ancestor Uncle. Your position as Elder of the Merit Pavilion will be taken over by your junior sister."

The Merit Elder broke out in a cold sweat, hurriedly saying:

"Ancestor Uncle, spare me, the Merit Pavilion is very busy, I won't disturb your quiet cultivation anymore..."

After saying this, he immediately stood up, hastily paid his respects, and slipped away as quickly as he could.

Elder Master Xun shook his head, then with a concentrated look, he turned his attention back to the letter in his hand, pondering to himself.

Mo Hua, this child, seems to be a bit different from what I remember...

Chapter 1199: Junior Brother

Elder Master Xun opened the letter once again to glance over it, fell into deep thought for a moment, took out a Jade Slip, his Divine Thought moved, and he wrote a message. Then he summoned a little Taoist Child.

"Deliver this Jade Slip to the Taoist Court's Elder Liang, the Court Leader, and have him find someone to look into it,"

"Yes, Ancestor."

The Taoist Child received the Jade Slip with both hands and respectfully withdrew.

In less than a day, a Jade Slip was sent back. The Taoist Child respectfully offered it to Elder Master Xun.

Elder Master Xun took a glance at the Jade Slip and knowing that it was the handwriting of Elder Liang, who had already retired from the Taoist Court, he let his Divine Sense sink into it.

Just one look, and Elder Master Xun's heart trembled.

Fire Buddha?!

The Great Demon Cultivator who had rampaged through the Second Grade State Boundary for a hundred years, at the Peak of Foundation Establishment, practicing the Meteor Fire Forbidden Art, annihilating the whole Xie family, commanding numerous Demon Cultivators, and killing people like cutting grass?!

Elder Master Xun took in a cold breath.

No wonder the reward was eight thousand Merit Points!

Mo Hua, this kid, by capturing Fire Buddha for the Taoist Court with his Drawing Formation, had performed a great merit, and it was reported by the Supervisor Gu Changhuai of the Taoist Court.

That's why the Taoist Court made an exception and allocated these eight thousand Merit Points.

Put this way, these eight thousand Merit Points... aren't considered much...

But...

To capture Fire Buddha?

Elder Master Xun frowned.

The soft and clever appearance of Mo Hua flashed in his mind.

Elder Master Xun couldn't understand how a Disciple with such a low cultivation level, as frail as Mo Hua, managed to capture a Demon Head at the Peak of Foundation Establishment with a filled record of evil deeds?

With the help of formations?

Even if his formations are good, it's still too dangerous.

Elder Master Xun was both scared afterwards and angry.

This kid Mo Hua is too bold.

Dealing with such brutal and cruel Demon Cultivators, if one is not careful, they are likely to die without a trace left.

Really, daring to get involved in anything.

And...

Elder Master Xun continued to read onward, his gaze became more focused, "Fire Buddha... was killed..."

It was written above that it was all credited to Gu Changhuai alone.

But at that time, Mo Hua was also there.

Without any need to guess, one would know that there must have been something fishy.

Elder Master Xun sighed.

Who would have thought...

Having lived for so many years, encountered so many events, seen so many people, and now in his old age, to be fooled by a little kid.

Elder Master Xun pondered for a moment, then ordered someone to check the Merit Pavilion for Mo Hua's records to see what kinds of tasks he usually did.

He originally thought that with Mo Hua's ability, he could at most draw formations, and could only draw formations.

So he didn't think to delve deeper.

Now it seems, things might not be as they appeared at all...

The records from the Merit Pavilion were quickly brought over.

Elder Master Xun looked at them and felt his scalp go numb.

Apart from a large number of First and Second Grade Array tasks, the majority of the rest were rewards for capturing, pursuing, encircling, and hunting Sin Cultivators, Evil Cultivators, and even Demon Cultivators.

And the success rate was outrageously high, nearly never failing.

The Disciples teamed up with him varied.

But the most frequent were the little girl from the Murong family, and that lad from the Tai'a Sect of the Ouyang Family. A large portion of the others, amazingly, were senior brothers and sisters one generation above him.

These senior brothers and sisters had much higher cultivation levels than him, each of them a Heavenly Pride from prestigious families. They met by chance and were actually willing to bring him along?

Elder Master Xun found it hard to believe.

Was this kid Mo Hua really that good at socializing?

This information was not only entirely different from what he had previously imagined, it was not even remotely the same...

Elder Master Xun could not help but sigh.

His Heavenly Secret Calculation really was not effective. Having exhausted his thoughts and studied it for hundreds of years, after all the calculations, it turned out there was such a "blind spot" right beside him, which he failed to perceive at all.

Elder Master Xun reviewed the contents of the Jade Slip again, becoming increasingly angry.

Absolutely reckless!

Such a talented formation genius, not knowing how to cherish it, gallivanting outside the Sect almost daily, undertaking extremely dangerous bounties.

It's a good thing he's safe and sound.

But if there was the slightest mishap, with so many Sin Cultivators and Evil Cultivators around, his frail arms and legs could not withstand anyone's killing blow.

If an accident had occurred, wouldn't a promising Array seedling be wasted?

Upon this thought, Elder Master Xun regretted deeply, the more he thought, the more frightened he became, and then with a stern face, he instructed the Taoist Child:

"Go summon Mo Hua!"

The Taoist Child replied respectfully, "Yes."

After leaving the Elder's Residence, the Taoist Child went to find Mo Hua.

Mo Hua was in class and was somewhat surprised upon hearing the news. Elder Master Xun rarely called for him during class time.

The Taoist Child whispered, "Be careful, the Elder Master seems very angry."

Mo Hua, often visiting the Elder's Residence, was quite familiar with this Taoist Child.

Mo Hua was startled, "Angry at whom?"

The Taoist Child shook his head, "How would I know..."

Mo Hua murmured to himself.

Why does Elder Master Xun's anger have anything to do with me?

I've been quite well-behaved recently, drawing formations in the Sect every day.

Upon arriving at the Elder's Residence and entering Elder Master Xun's room, Mo Hua indeed felt the atmosphere was off. Elder Master Xun had a solemn expression, looking very stern.

Mo Hua lowered his eyebrows and eyes, with an innocent face, looking very obedient.

Just as Elder Master Xun was about to reprimand, upon seeing Mo Hua's appearance, his heart softened by several degrees.

Although the things he did were dangerous...

But capturing Heretical Demons is the duty of Cultivators, a good deed in the service of justice. He shouldn't be too reproachful, lest it harm the child's upright nature and will to fight evil and uphold the Dao.

However, risking one's life like this should not be encouraged.

He is still young, like a blank slate; how could he know of the maliciousness in people's hearts, the dangers of the Cultivation World?

He must be sternly admonished, to teach him a lesson and make sure he does not dare to undertake such dangerous tasks again!

Chapter 1200: Junior Brother (2)

Elder Master Xun's expression turned grave again, as he was about to reprimand, but before the words came out, he suddenly paused.

He stared at Mo Hua for a long time, then frowned and asked:

"Your Divine Sense, has it... become a bit stronger?"

Mo Hua nodded timidly but modestly, "Yes, it's gotten a little bit stronger, seventeen patterns..."

Elder Master Xun's eyes widened slightly.

Seventeen patterns...

Foundation Establishment Early Stage, seventeen patterns...

Foundation Establishment Early Stage realm, with Divine Sense of Foundation Establishment Late Stage?!

Elder Master Xun fell silent, his mind as tumultuous as a sudden storm, at a loss for words for a long time.

"Elder Master?" Mo Hua said weakly.

Only then did Elder Master Xun come back to his senses, looking at Mo Hua with incredulity filling his heart.

After a moment, Elder Master Xun's expression returned to normal and he said lightly:

"It's nothing, you can go back now."

Mo Hua was taken aback.

Elder Master Xun waved his hand, no longer angry, and his voice softened a lot, "Go back to class."

"Oh..." Mo Hua was a bit puzzled, then bowed and said, "Then, disciple takes his leave."

"Hmm." Elder Master Xun nodded slightly.

Mo Hua left in a daze.

After Mo Hua left, Elder Master Xun pondered for a long time before slowly rising, using the Void Escape Skill to tear through the void and directly entering the back mountain.

In the back mountain, there was a shrine.

The shrine was solemn and magnificent, very imposing, with ancestral tablets of dark base and white patterns as well as portraits of all the past Taixu Ancestral Masters.

The white-haired Elder Master Xun offered incense with reverence.

But his hands, they could not stop trembling slightly.

From the simple incense burner, wispy blue smoke rose.

Elder Master Xun, his emotions surging, unable to calm down, his voice carrying a slight tremble, said:

"Blessings be upon our lineage..."

"Our Taixu Sect has truly encountered a great fortune!"

"The slim chance of survival within the enigma of the Heavenly secret... should indeed be embodied in this child!"

The incense smoke, like mist, ascended, enveloping the portraits of the lineage of the Taixu Sect, pure and enduring without end.

Elder Master Xun let out a long breath.

...

The next day, Elder Master Xun went to find the Taixu Sect Master.

The Taixu Sect Master had a dignified and kind manner, an extraordinary aura, specializing in cultivating character, with long and thick black hair.

He was of noble birth with his own heritage, and his forte was Swordsmanship, his cultivation was noteworthy, holding a special status within the Taixu Sect.

However, even the Taixu Sect Master looked somewhat grave at this moment.

Though he did not cultivate Divine Thought or understand divination, at his level of cultivation, he could vaguely sense the shifts and omens of Heavenly Secrets.

The peaceful years of the Taixu Sect seemed over, as though a storm was brewing in the distance.

Yet, the specific omens of calamity he could not discern.

In front of the elegant rosewood desk, the Taixu Sect Master and Elder Master Xun sat opposite each other. After the water boiled and the tea was fragrant, the Taixu Sect Master personally stooped to pour a cup of tea for Elder Master Xun, then sighed and said:

"Taixu, Tai'a, Chongxu, though the Sword Dao has split into three and became three different Sects, we ultimately share common ancestry, same alliance..."

"I've spoken to their Sect Leaders, but they don't believe me."

"The Tai'a Sect is strong and seems to aspire to go further, to claim supremacy among the Eight Great Gates."

"The Chongxu Sect is a mid-tier faction but also aims to be among the top ranks."

The Taixu Sect Master chuckled self-deprecatingly, "Ironically, it's our Taixu Sect that lags behind, contented without ambition."

Elder Master Xun took a sip of tea, but remained silent.

The Taixu Sect Master sighed, with a hint of lamentation, and continued:

"The Tai'a Sect has been gathering Heavenly Prides in recent years, especially the Ouyang Family; that young man named Ouyang Feng, seemingly inconspicuous but he has deeply cultivated the Sect Protecting Swordsmanship, is composed, does not show off his brilliance, a talent truly worth employing."

"In the Chongxu Sect, it seems this generation has a Sword Dao Genius with exceptional talent. Not long after joining, he sensed the Chongxu Sword Tomb, cultivating Chongxu Sword Qi, regarded as the disciple with the highest talent in the past five hundred years within the Chongxu Sect."

"As for our Taixu Sect, we're just lacking somewhat... We have those with good Spiritual Roots and those who cultivate Swordsmanship, but in the end, we're 'Median', compared to these true Heavenly Prides, still one step behind."

The Taixu Sect Master shook his head, his expression resigned:

"No wonder the Tai'a Sect and Chongxu Sect aren't too enthusiastic about associating with our Taixu Sect."

"They don't take my words seriously; they are probably afraid that our Taixu Sect will hold them back."

Elder Master Xun frowned slightly.

Although the three Sects are of the same alliance, they indeed have gone their separate ways, each to their own destiny, unable to intervene in the affairs of others.

The Taixu Sect Master glanced at Elder Master Xun, his expression turning grave, and asked in a low voice:

"Elder Master, what... has actually happened?"

Elder Master Xun sighed, "I am not quite sure myself."

The Taixu Sect Master's expression grew serious.

"In any case," Elder Master Xun said, "from now on, instruct the Sect Disciples to be cautious in their words and deeds, and keep some of the Sect's arrangements conservative, avoid rash actions..."

The Taixu Sect Master nodded.

Resigned to maintain health, he's familiar with that.

Elder Master Xun said, "The days ahead might not be peaceful, just keep a low profile, protect the foundation, survive through it all."

"Being uneventful is an achievement in itself, no need to compete with others; if they want fame and fortune, let them fight for it."

Elder Master Xun's expression was indifferent.

"Elder Master speaks wisely." The Taixu Sect Master agreed.

Afterward, the two continued to drink tea, discussing some Sect affairs, then Elder Master Xun said, "However, there's a small rule that needs to be changed."

The Taixu Sect Master was startled.

Elder Master Xun said, "Starting with this cohort, during the large Formation class, all Disciples of the same generation will attend the Formation class together."

The Taixu Sect Master, puzzled, frowned and asked:

"Elder Master, forgive my ignorance, but does this action... have some deeper meaning?"