

The Quest 761

Chapter 761: Human Trafficker (4)

"Boss, why bring this kid along?"

"He knows Formation, and the price is good..."

A cultivator said, "His Spiritual Root is too poor, a bit useless..."

Boss Jiang said, "What do you know? A single talent can cover a hundred flaws. Knowing Formation is enough; we're not picking and choosing for a Sect..."

"Before coming, the Gentlemen calculated, not allowing us to add any unnecessary complications..."

Someone expressed their concern.

"Just this one deal won't hurt. Selling one is selling, two is the same..." Boss Jiang said in a low voice, "After this transaction, it won't be easy to do business in the future, so grab as much profit as possible..."

"Moreover, Qian State is so vast, with complex and intertwined powers."

"Mentors at the Golden Core Stage aren't considered much..."

"Once a person is lost, it's like they've sunk to the bottom of the sea, never to be found for a lifetime..."

...

Boss Jiang and his men were speaking in hushed tones.

The "sleeping" Mo Hua silently opened one eye and grasped the situation.

These cultivators were "human traffickers"!

They were engaged in the business of kidnapping cultivators.

They looked kind-faced, but their consciences were thoroughly rotten!

In learning states like Qian State, crowded with Sects, most of those kidnapped were young cultivators about his age.

Some were held for ransom, others sold.

Young cultivators with good Spiritual Roots and talents, whether for ransom or for sale, could fetch a large amount of Spirit Stones.

There were some cultivators, who turned to the Demon Path, using the flesh, Qi Sea, and Spiritual Roots of cultivators as guiding pills for Alchemy.

The Qian Family's ancestor used human lives to refine the Lifespan Transformation Elixir.

And talented young cultivators with pure bloodlines were undoubtedly the best "guiding pills."

Selling to Demon Cultivators could naturally earn a large amount.

After pondering, Mo Hua slowly closed his eyes again, continuing to feign sleep.

The desolate mountain was deep in the night, silent and serene.

Until dawn.

Find adventures on

"Little brother, little brother..."

Someone woke Mo Hua.

Mo Hua groggily "woke up," rubbing his eyes with a small hand.

Boss Jiang's face wore a smile, and he said kindly, "It's dawn, time to hit the road. We will take you to find your master..."

To find the master...

Mo Hua had a moment of clarity, complex emotions surfacing, but he still smiled and said, "Okay!"

The group packed their bags, ready to leave.

At that moment, a low whisper came from the clay statue:

"Little Gentlemen, be careful, none of them are good people..."

It was a Divine Thought, and only Mo Hua could hear it.

"I know..." Mo Hua nodded and then waved to the clay statue on the main hall of the dilapidated temple, "I'm leaving now. When I'm free in the future, I'll come back to see you..."

The other cultivators, seeing this, were somewhat puzzled.

But thinking that Mo Hua was just a child, and some children have such temperaments, they didn't give it much thought.

On top of the clay statue, white smoke formed the visage of Lord Yellow Mountain.

He gave Mo Hua a sheepish smile.

But he couldn't express the sadness in his heart:

"Don't... don't come back to see me; I don't want to see you again..."

Everything packed, Mo Hua followed Boss Jiang and his group out of the dilapidated temple, walking towards Qingzhou City in the glow of the dawn.

This was also the necessary route to the Qian Learning State Boundary, and Mo Hua happened to be headed that way as well.

Lord Yellow Mountain watched them leave, filled with worry.

"These more than ten cultivators, bearing evil karma, are no good sort..."

"That little cultivator, I hope he'll be all right..."

Lord Yellow Mountain furrowed his brow, then abruptly his expression changed.

The cultivators might be no good, but this little cultivator seemed... even less so?

What kind of cultivator thinks of "eating" a Mountain God?!

Lord Yellow Mountain watched silently, his stone face reflecting the complexity of emotions as Mo Hua confidently walked among the "kidnappers," leaving him unsure who he should really be worried about...

Chapter 762: Sending Big Brother On His Way (1)

Having crossed the deep mountains, there were still hundreds of miles to go before reaching Qingzhou City.

Arriving at Qingzhou City was tantamount to stepping halfway into the Qian Xue State Boundary.

The Qian Xue State Boundary boasted a vibrant scholastic atmosphere and was relatively safer.

After that, he would follow the Map to find the Qian Taoist Sect and, with the Sect-Entering Order, he could formally join the Sect.

"Joining the Sect..."

Mo Hua's face was filled with anticipation.

On this journey, his spirits were lifted, his step light, as he followed Boss Jiang and the others without any guard up.

He freeloaded meals and drinks along the way.

At night, they would stay in dilapidated temples or abandoned houses in the wilderness; Mo Hua would wrap himself in his small blanket after a full meal and sleep soundly.

Boss Jiang and his men were gathered around a fire.

One of them cast a glance at Mo Hua and scoffed, "This kid's such a dreamer, dumb as a doorknob, clueless about everything..."

Boss Jiang gave him a stern look, "Watch your mouth!"

The man was reprimanded and lowered his head, but he still muttered, "The dumb kid can't hear us anyway..."

Another shook his head, "This child seems clever enough, but he lacks street smarts..."

"What street smarts? Even at your age, you're probably no better than him..."

"If he was really wily, wouldn't that spell trouble for us?"

"Enough!" Boss Jiang frowned.

The others fell silent.

All around, there was stillness, only the crackling of the campfire breaking the silence.

As the night grew colder with the mountain wind, the men huddled around the fire to drink and keep warm.

Someone stood guard at the perimeter, their Divine Sense sweeping the area from time to time, wary of any disturbances.

As midnight approached, the quiet deepened.

Mo Hua slept even more soundly, occasionally smacking his lips, as if savoring something delicious in his dreams.

A burly man glanced at Mo Hua and said to Boss Jiang:

"It's good that this kid is a bit simple. Having him with us makes us less suspicious on the road."

Boss Jiang nodded slightly.

After some thought, the man's face showed a trace of doubt, "Boss, do you think we can pull it off without a hitch?"

Boss Jiang's brow furrowed, and he lowered his voice, "We're all that's left; we have to make it work..."

The man pressed on, "But with our current state..."

Boss Jiang glanced at Mo Hua out of the corner of his eye and saw that he was sleeping soundly. Only then did he say:

"The darkest place is right under the lamp..."

"This time, several groups of us, including the strongest team with eight cultivators at the latter stage of Foundation Establishment wielding Evil Artifacts and practicing Demon Path Skills, were sniffed out by the Taoist Court Officials and got slaughtered without a survivor."

"The remaining groups either got caught by the Gu Family or have been put on the wanted list by the Taoist Court Officials..."

"Now, the Taoist Court Officials are on our heels, and if we're not careful, we could all end up dead..."

The man exploded in anger, "Damn Taoist Court Officials!"

Then, puzzled, he asked, "Those Taoist Court Officials, with their bloated ranks and idleness, why have they become such a thorn in our side this time?"

Boss Jiang gave him a look, "Anyone who rises to the Taoist Court Officials isn't a true 'good-for-nothing.' It's just that without benefits, they're unwilling to take action..."

"Once their own interests are at stake, if there's profit to be made, they become the real 'Hawk Dogs'..."

"The stakes for this deal are high. Since the Taoist Court Officials are involved and there's plenty to gain, they naturally put in all their effort..."

The man spoke quietly, "Our group is only at the initial stage of Foundation Establishment. We're no match for the Taoist Court Officials or the Gu Family..."

Boss Jiang looked at him coldly, "Even if you were at the initial stage of Golden Core, you still wouldn't stand a chance against them."

The man was at a loss for words.

Boss Jiang sighed, "That's why we picked the Second Grade state boundary and traveled this difficult path..."

"Thank goodness, we're merely at the initial stage of Foundation Establishment. If our cultivation were any higher, it would attract attention, and we might get exposed and slaughtered by the Taoist Court Officials or the Gu Family halfway through our journey..."

The man shuddered at the thought.

Find your next read on

The path of cultivation truly depended on fate.

Sometimes, higher cultivation isn't better. The higher your cultivation, the quicker you might die...

"Boss, can we really make it on this trip?"

Boss Jiang spoke gravely, "Mr. Tu has calculated everything. As long as we follow his instructions, this journey will be startling but not dangerous..."

The name "Mr. Tu" seemed to carry significant weight.

The man was somewhat reassured.

Boss Jiang continued, "After this deal is closed, we will earn a large sum of Spirit Stones. Then, the brothers can buy some Pills and Spiritual Objects to cultivate in seclusion. At the very least, they could increase their realm by one or two levels."

"Once the heat dies down, we can resume our old business..."

The man's eyes lit up at the mention, but he grinned sheepishly, "With so many Spirit Stones, cultivating in seclusion seems painfully tedious..."

Boss Jiang saw through his thoughts and kicked him, scolding, "Spend less time in the brothels, you worthless lot..."

The man grinned sheepishly, somewhat unconvinced, then glanced at Mo Hua and asked:

"So what about this kid? Are we selling him too?"

Boss Jiang nodded, "I've got it figured out. There are a few rendezvous points outside Qingzhou City. We'll sell him there along with the others. We'll take whatever we can get..."

...

The two talked until the deep of the night beckoned them with fatigue, and they both closed their eyes to rest.

Within the Sea of Consciousness, Mo Hua, who was practicing the Formation while secretly eavesdropping on the "story," furrowed his brow.

"Several groups..."

"Mr. Tu..."

"The deal..."

It seemed these human traffickers were not just from one group but perhaps part of a larger gang.

And there were even Demon Cultivators involved...

He just didn't know if the groups of Demon Cultivators he had encountered on his journey were also engaged in "abducting Cultivators."

And this "Mr. Tu"...

Who was this person?

"Calculated" a journey that's startling but not dangerous?

How did he calculate it?

Did he also know the Calculation Method akin to the Heavenly Secret, or did he possess treasures like the Heavenly Secret Lock?

Mo Hua was troubled:

"What should I do now?"

"Shall I bust this ring of human traffickers who 'trade Cultivators' in one fell swoop?"

Chapter 763: Sending Big Brother Off (2)

Mo Hua shook his head.

Being only at the initial stage of Foundation Establishment, he didn't have such capability...

Moreover, this was Qian State, not the Second Grade Big Black Mountain State Boundary where high-ranking cultivators were as common as clouds.

Without any power, background, or acquaintances, no one would cover for him.

He had no right to meddle in these affairs.

"Forget it, better ensure my own safety first..."

When near Qingzhou City, he would find a chance to slip away secretly.

The urgent matter at hand was to join a sect.

This was the priority, he couldn't afford to waste time on other things.

At most, after arriving in Qingzhou City, he could report to the Taoist Court and let the Taoist Court Officials worry about the rest. As a minor Foundation Establishment cultivator, he couldn't manage that much...

But that calculative "Mr. Tu," he might need to keep an eye on him...

Mo Hua remembered the name "Mr. Tu," then continued practicing formations on the Taoist Stele.

The next day, after waking up, Mo Hua continued on the road with everyone.

After traveling for several days, Qingzhou City was less than a hundred miles away.

Mo Hua felt it was time to make his move; it was time for him to slip away.

The vast world was his to explore, but entering a sect was paramount.

He no longer had time to play with them.

However, when they arrived at a mountain forest to take a short rest, Boss Jiang suddenly pulled out an iron bracelet and handed it to Mo Hua, saying coldly:

"Put it on."

Mo Hua was stunned, "What is this?"

"Don't ask, just put it on."

Boss Jiang's tone was indifferent.

The other cultivators also looked towards Mo Hua, their smiles sinister.

Mo Hua said "fearfully," "I... I won't put it on..."

A burly man sneered, "That's not up to you..."

"Aren't you... supposed to be taking me to find my master?"

Mo Hua stammered, while quietly releasing his Divine Sense, preparing to find a corner to escape unnoticed by utilizing the Water Passing Step and then conceal himself in the underbrush with the Concealment Technique.

The First Grade Concealment Technique had slightly poorer effects.

But he was small in stature, and with the help of the underbrush to blur the line of sight, it would be enough to shake off these people.

The slave traders were unaware of Mo Hua's thoughts.

Boss Jiang smiled faintly, yet it seemed fake, as if he was grinning without really smiling:

"If you wear this bracelet, we will take you to find your master..."

"Really?"

Mo Hua's face showed naivety, but he had already secretly begun to channel his energy, with the heels of his feet slightly lifting off the ground.

Boss Jiang was about to say something when suddenly, a big man in the crowd scoffed:

"Find your master?"

"You naive fool!"

"Who would be so bored as to actually take you to find your master who's whereabouts are unknown..."

The surroundings fell silent for a moment.

The expression on Mo Hua's face gradually faded, and his eyes turned cold, with a trace of pitch-black shadow surfacing in their depths.

However, these changes were fleeting, gone in an instant, and went unnoticed by anyone.

Boss Jiang's gaze was sharp like a sword as he suddenly looked towards the big man.

The big man closed his mouth in discontent.

Boss Jiang turned to Mo Hua, saying gently:

"Young brother, don't mind their words..."

"We do intend to take you to your master."

"This bracelet is a Spiritual Artifact; it is both to protect you and to prevent you from getting lost, making it impossible for us to find you. You should wear it... it's for your own good..."

Boss Jiang's tone was gentle, but his gaze was cold and uncompromising.

Mo Hua thought for a moment, nodded, and said, "Okay!"

Mo Hua took the bracelet and wore it on his delicate wrist.

Boss Jiang felt relieved, looking at Mo Hua as one would look at a lamb.

"Let's go..."

Boss Jiang took the lead, and with a sinister chuckle, the rest followed.

Mo Hua walked behind, silently observing them, as though he were looking at a bunch of dead men.

...

Afterward, Mo Hua behaved perfectly well along the way.

Boss Jiang found it odd, but considering that the iron bracelet was put on, he figured this small cultivator couldn't cause any trouble and didn't pay much attention to it.

After traveling another hundred miles or so, they arrived at an eatery as dusk fell.

This place was only a few dozen miles from Qingzhou City.

The eatery, with its thatched roof and wooden eaves, was quite spacious, yet there were no diners.

The eatery had a chubby proprietor and a thin waiter, who, upon seeing Boss Jiang and his group, focused their gaze and asked with a smile:

"Gentlemen, what would you like to eat?"

Boss Jiang spoke in a deep voice, "Nothing."

The proprietor asked, "Then how about lodging?"

Boss Jiang replied, "Can people even stay here?"

The proprietor breathed a sigh of relief, smiled, and said:

"Important people can't, but minor ones can."

Boss Jiang nodded, "Then we won't stay, just serve some wine and meat."

The proprietor responded, "Alright!"

The exchange between the two was somewhat strange.

Mo Hua thought for a moment and realized these people were part of the same group.

The proprietor was also a human trafficker, disguised and lying in wait here to liaise with cultivators like Boss Jiang, selling small cultivators like himself.

The group took their seats at the eatery.

The proprietor served them wine and dishes, and then, toasting to Boss Jiang, asked in a low voice:

"Did you succeed?"

Boss Jiang nodded.

The proprietor glanced at Mo Hua, frowning, "Is that him? He doesn't seem to be the right age..."

Boss Jiang shook his head, "No, that's just an extra catch we found along the way. The important 'merchandise' wouldn't possibly be brought here with us..."

"...rest assured, everything is in order..."

The proprietor then felt relieved, "That's good..."

Boss Jiang then asked, "When will the people arrive?"

"In two hours..."

"And the people from the Gu Family?"

"They've left the city..."

"The Taoist Court Officials..."

"Someone's keeping an eye out; within a ten to twenty miles radius, there are none of those dogs..."

Boss Jiang sighed in relief and nodded, "Good!"

The others also relaxed considerably.

After a journey of eating in the wind and sleeping outdoors, always fearful and anxious, this business deal was finally about to be concluded. They would earn plenty of Spirit Stones and live a good life for a few years, or maybe even more than a decade.

Chapter 764: Sending Big Brother on His Way (3)

The shopkeeper served wine and meat.

After having been hungry for the entire journey, everyone ate heartily, but they exercised more restraint with the wine.

At this critical juncture, they clearly didn't want to cause any trouble.

Mo Hua received a small bowl of Spiritual Meat, nibbling on it while deep in thought.

"Two hours..."

"Who's coming?"

"If it's a Golden Core, I guess I won't be able to get away; if it's Foundation Establishment, it'll also be quite troublesome once their numbers increase..."

"It seems I need to start planning ahead..."

Mo Hua took a bite of the meat, then slammed the bowl down and frowned, "This tastes terrible..."

The other Cultivators all turned to look, their gazes unfriendly.

"Kid, what are you making a fuss about?"

Mo Hua said, "The meat tastes terrible, it's poorly made, not even as good as what I can make..."

The stout shopkeeper was furious, "Nonsense, this is a skill passed down from my ancestors!"

Mo Hua replied disdainfully, "Then your ancestors weren't very impressive..."

"You..."

The stout shopkeeper's face reddened with anger, but Boss Jiang held him back, signaling him to keep calm, "What's the point of fussing with a child..."

At times like this, it's better to avoid trouble than to create it.

Boss Jiang looked at Mo Hua, "If it doesn't suit your taste, go and cook for yourself."

After all, it was going to be their last meal, so letting the kid do as he wished and enjoy something tasty didn't seem like a big deal.

Boss Jiang silently thought to himself.

Mo Hua eagerly said, "Okay!" and then he got up and headed to the kitchen.

Boss Jiang silently watched Mo Hua go.

The kitchen was enclosed within the eatery, and with Mo Hua still wearing iron shackles, it was impossible for him to escape, especially with more than ten people watching.

However, to prevent any mishaps, Boss Jiang continued to eat and drink, all while extending a sliver of his Divine Sense to keep an eye on any movements in the kitchen.

Mo Hua was truly stewing the meat.

The ingredients in this eatery were all Spiritual Meat; although there were fewer varieties, the quality of the meat was good.

It seemed that this group was engaged in unscrupulous deeds but living an indulgent life.

Spiritual Meat was expensive, and Mo Hua didn't eat it often, nor did he want to indulge too freely, but now there was no need for politeness...

Mo Hua picked some of the best pieces of meat, placed them in the pot to cook, and then, following the recipes his mother taught him, he controlled the heat, added spices, and brought out the flavor of the meat, blending it with the aroma of the spices...

Boss Jiang's scrutiny with his Divine Sense did not go unnoticed by Mo Hua.

But with his level of Divine Sense, it would be strange if he could keep tabs on Mo Hua.

After adjusting the seasoning, Mo Hua turned down the heat to let the meat simmer slowly.

He then took out several vials of Spiritual Ink from his Storage Ring.

His Storage Bag had been "confiscated" by Boss Jiang, who claimed to be holding onto it for him temporarily.

Mo Hua didn't care.

The key items were all stored in the Storage Ring given to him by his master, which others couldn't see, making it very secure.

His first task now was to remove the iron bracelet from his wrist.

Mo Hua took out the Spiritual Ink, and with a touch of his finger, he used Divine Consciousness Control Ink to solidify Formation Patterns on the bracelet, releasing the iron bracelet that was locked on his wrist.

This bracelet had the effects of suppressing spiritual power and tracking.

The Taoist Court also had similar Spiritual Artifacts for imprisoning Sin Cultivators.

The trouble with this bracelet was that it had Formation Patterns inscribed on it.

But to Mo Hua, as long as it involved Formation Patterns, it wasn't a problem.

That's why he willingly put on the bracelet in the first place.

"Thinking that such a Formation could trap me is rather akin to 'bringing an axe to the hall of Lu Ban'..."

Mo Hua hummed softly in his heart.

Once the Formation on the iron bracelet was unlocked, it ceased to have any effect.

What followed was the real business...

Mo Hua's eyes glimmered faintly, shimmering with phantoms, the pupils pitch black. Atop the Divine Sense Incarnation within his Sea of Consciousness, an eerie "Taoist Robe" also draped itself.

His Divine Sense poured out like the tide.

And the Spiritual Ink rose from the bottle, condensing into lines that fell to the ground, merged with the earth, and like thin threads or blood serpents, they secretly, snakily, spread out layer upon layer...

The sky grew dim, and dusk enveloped everything.

The people were unaware that something terrifying was creeping on the ground, weaving together like a spider spins its web, interlinking layer upon layer, gradually taking form...

...

The Spiritual Meat was tender, requiring little time to cook.

Soon, Mo Hua had finished boiling the meat.

He served it in a bowl as big as his face, bringing it outside to eat alone, savoring both the meat and the soup with evident delight.

The others watched him silently.

They were surprised that this youngster truly could cook, and they were also somewhat astonished that the dishes he made smelled quite appetizing.

But they all refrained from disturbing Mo Hua.

As if no matter how well Mo Hua ate, his meal was still a "last supper."

The sold children, unaware of who the buyers were or what they were bought for...

Whether to be raised, enslaved, or used for Alchemy, Refining Rune, or Artifact Refining...

Whether they lived or died was another matter.

So to call it a "last supper" was not inappropriate.

Mo Hua finished the entire bowl of meat, his belly round and full. After drinking the soup, he felt warm and content. Stay updated through

He then poured himself a cup of wine from the table, held it with both hands, and walked over to Boss Jiang, offering him a toast.

Boss Jiang was somewhat surprised.

Mo Hua, holding the wine bowl, said earnestly:

"Thank you, big brothers, for looking after me along the way. I toast to you all, to send the big brothers on your journey!"

Mo Hua lifted his bowl and drank it down in one gulp.

Boss Jiang couldn't help but to smile, though internally he sneered. Still, he lifted his bowl of wine. But halfway through his drink, he suddenly realized that something was off with Mo Hua's words...

Send the big brothers on their journey?

On what journey?

Boss Jiang was taken aback.

And while Mo Hua took advantage of the moment while he was toasting to attract everyone's attention, he quietly shattered a Storage Bag of Spirit Stones, and with his Divine Thought, activated the Formation.

Ripples of Spiritual Power spread out.

Boss Jiang knew something was wrong. His expression turned fierce as he sharply turned to Mo Hua.

He reached out to grab Mo Hua, but suddenly Mo Hua was enveloped in a mist of water, formless and elusive, drifting uncertainly.

When Boss Jiang tried to grasp him, it was as if he tried to catch a handful of mist, palpable yet containing nothing.

When he looked again, Mo Hua had already floated away, now standing in a corner.

Graceful as a startled swan, fleeting as a passing river, simultaneously real and illusionary.

"What kind of movement technique is this?!"

Boss Jiang was shocked and wanted to pursue. But then, out of the corner of his eye, he caught a sight that made his temples twitch.

Without them knowing when, the ground had suddenly sprouted an intricate web of vivid red Patterns. Against the twilight, they were strikingly bright. Spiritual Power flowed within them like streams of lava, encircling each and every one of them!

"A Killing Formation?!!"

Boss Jiang's heart shook violently, and he looked on in horror.

Chapter 765: Sword Control (1)

Second-grade Thirteen Stripes Earth Fire Formation!

The Formation Patterns were burning, red as fresh blood and hot as magma!

In the blink of an eye, they suddenly exploded.

The boiling Fire Elemental Spiritual Power surged wildly, intertwining recklessly like Fire Pythons, thoroughly engulfing a group of cultivators.

As the Spiritual Power dissipated, the area was left in complete disarray.

When the dust settled, it revealed Boss Jiang's disheveled figure.

In front of him was a Golden Bell Spiritual Artifact, which he had activated with all his might, enveloping his body. However, it failed to protect his entire body...

His left arm and leg were charred black by the Earth Fire Formation, and even the bloodstains were burnt crisp.

The right side of his body, although protected by the Spiritual Artifact, still endured the impact of the explosion, causing his internal organs to ache and blood to spurt from his mouth.

The Golden Bell Spiritual Artifact was also covered in cracks, clearly rendered useless.

As the leader, Boss Jiang was experienced in the business of trafficking cultivators and often walked by the river, his head tied to his belt, both suspicious and shrewd by nature.

Therefore, the moment he sensed something amiss in Mo Hua's words, he became wary.

At a critical juncture, he drew out his life-saving Spiritual Artifact, and this is how he survived, though grievously wounded.

But his subordinates, the other eleven "traffickers," were not so lucky.

For cultivators in the initial stage of Foundation Establishment, a Second-grade Formation with Thirteen Stripes was akin to a "heavy killing weapon."

They had never imagined that someone would silently lay such a Killing Formation on the ground.

Caught completely off guard, they were directly consumed by the flames of the Earth Fire Formation and blasted by Fire-series Spiritual Power, suffering severe damage to their meridians, and one by one, they fell to the ground.

Some died instantly, and those who were still alive were left with just a breath.

Without taking some pills to hang onto life, they probably wouldn't survive.

Heart bleeding, Boss Jiang couldn't bear it.

These were his brothers!

Surviving in the Cultivation World relied not just on one's own strength, but also on brotherly support.

These brothers were the backbone he had painstakingly built over the years, living through burning, killing, kidnapping, and shared meals of meat and drinks.

Now, with this one explosion, he wasn't sure how many would survive.

Ignoring his injuries, Boss Jiang turned his head in great anger, his eyes nearly bursting with rage.

He saw that damned brat, calmly "finishing off" those who were not yet dead!?!?

Just like a little Yama, whomever he saw still breathing, he stepped forward and delivered a Fireball Technique to end it.

This Fireball Technique was no small force.

Those who had but a breath left, once struck by the Fireball Technique, also breathed their last.

Boss Jiang's eyes were bloodshot as he shouted angrily, Read new chapters at

"You brat, what are you doing?!"

Mo Hua turned around and sighed,

"I saw they were suffering too much, lingering on without dying peacefully, so I helped them find release..."

Before he could finish, he pointed his finger, and another Fireball Technique claimed the life of another struggling "trafficker."

Boss Jiang felt rage surge up, a mouthful of blood stuck in his chest which he spat out with a "puhh" sound.

Mo Hua, however, didn't bother with him, continuing his "finishing moves" on his own.

They had more numbers, and he couldn't beat them on his own.

He had to strike first, with lightning-fast moves, setting up the Second-grade Earth Fire Formation and killing whoever he could.

Afterward, those who were severely injured couldn't be spared either.

Even those who seemed to have breathed their last had to be hit again with a Fireball Technique, to make their death "solid" and "thorough," preventing any surprise attacks or unforeseen complications that could turn the situation on its head.

As for the remaining Boss Jiang, he was still breathing heavily, showing strong resilience. Mo Hua would take his time to "play" with him.

In just over a few breaths' time, Mo Hua had finished off more than a dozen traffickers.

Boss Jiang's anger had now turned into a chill.

He knew he had fallen into a trap.

Appearances can be deceiving.

He should not have underestimated this young cultivator for his youthful appearance, innocent face, and occasional naivety.

This was not a simpleton but a little Evil Ghost!

It took just the time it takes to drink a cup of tea for him, with his sole strength, a mere Formation, and a few Fireballs, to kill all the brothers he had accumulated over the years...

And now, his own situation looked rather grim...

Secretly taking a pill, Boss Jiang began healing while simmering with questions, he asked,

"You little demon, when exactly did you set up the Formation?"

Mo Hua smiled without answering.

Boss Jiang's gaze darkened as he continued to ask,

"Why were you also in the midst of the Formation, but after it exploded, you were unharmed?"

Mo Hua smiled again, keeping silent.

He wasn't stupid.

Explaining how he "Drawing Ground into Formation" and calculated the "Life-gate" was pointless; he didn't bother telling Boss Jiang, who wouldn't understand his knowledge of Formations anyway.

It would be like playing the lute to a cow.

Mo Hua checked the surroundings once more and nodded.

Now that all the traffickers had been "taken care of" by him, only Boss Jiang, the leader, remained.

Mo Hua's face was smiling, but his heart had already begun to calculate how to slaughter Boss Jiang...

For human trafficking...

This dark business surely had deep roots and intertwined interests. If it had lasted this long, the forces behind it were probably not small.

Offending Boss Jiang would guarantee a grudge.

Indeed, there could be retaliation from his backing forces.

Therefore, he had to ensure complete eradication!

Otherwise, as a frail cultivator in the initial stages of Foundation Establishment, his future would be in great danger...

Watching Mo Hua, Boss Jiang's mind shifted, and he suddenly said in a deep voice,

"Young brother, you might not believe me, but this is all a misunderstanding. I trafficked you, but you also killed my eleven brothers — we're even now..."

"Let me leave, and I won't seek revenge on you..."

"From now on, we won't interfere with each other's affairs. What do you think?"

Mo Hua knew Boss Jiang was talking nonsense, but when it came to talking nonsense, he was no less skilled than anyone else.

Chapter 766: Sword Control (2)

Mo Hua nodded and said:

"Alright, I've only killed eleven of your brothers, but now that the misunderstanding is cleared up, enemies should reconcile rather than fall out. I'll let bygones be bygones..."

Boss Jiang was taken aback and couldn't help but become angry, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

He had never imagined that this kid could be so shameless, with such thick skin that he could say such things without blushing.

But... killed your eleven brothers...

But!!

Boss Jiang inwardly seethed.

This kid might look simple and naive on the surface, but his scheming was vicious and his actions despicable to the extreme!!

Boss Jiang's face twitched with anger.

But it didn't matter anymore...

This was a fight to the death from the start.

And he was determined to kill this kid, to avenge his brothers...

Boss Jiang's gaze turned cold and his expression fierce.

His pale complexion slowly regained its color, the scars on his body formed scabs, and his energy gradually recovered.

Boss Jiang cast a side glance at Mo Hua, let out a cold laugh and said, "I've been talking nonsense with you to buy time and wait for my injuries to heal. What are you waiting for? Waiting to die?"

Mo Hua smiled brightly, "I'm waiting for the Formation!"

Boss Jiang was startled and suddenly felt a sense of alarm. He hurriedly looked down and saw that the ground was unknowingly covered with several golden Formation Patterns.

These Patterns, layered upon each other, intertwined to form what looked like double lotuses.

A First-Grade Triple Lotus Gold Lock Compound Formation!

Once the Formation was complete, it materialized golden light and formed golden locks that restrained Boss Jiang.

At the same time, Mo Hua's eyes brightened, and he pointed forward, forcefully urging his Spiritual Power. The Second-grade Fireball Technique fired rapidly, one after another, fiercely shooting towards Boss Jiang.

Boss Jiang was caught off guard, trapped by the golden locks of the Compound Formation, and couldn't dodge in time, taking six or seven Fireball Techniques directly.

The Blood Qi that had just recovered was now entirely depleted, and his injuries turned even worse.

Moreover, Mo Hua specialized in hitting the face when beating someone, and the Fireball Technique was aimed at Boss Jiang's face, so he looked even more pitiful than before.

Boss Jiang, summoning all his strength, finally broke free from the Triple Lotus Gold Lock Compound Formation.

Mo Hua felt a bit regretful seeing this.

The Second-grade Earth Fire Formation was too draining to use for now.

The Triple Lotus Gold Lock Compound Formation, although a Compound Formation, was only First-Grade and couldn't trap Boss Jiang for long.

If it were a Second-Grade Trapping Formation, he could have locked Boss Jiang down, turning him into a "live target" and worn him out with the Fireball Technique.

However, the Second-order Thorn Formation wasn't very handy.

He didn't know any other Second-Grade Trapping Formations, and his Divine Sense was also not quite sufficient for now...

"It seems my Divine Sense and Formation skills are still not strong enough..."

"I need to get started and learn more about Second-Grade Formations as soon as possible..."

Mo Hua thought to himself.

After Boss Jiang broke free from the Triple Lotus Gold Lock Compound Formation, he hastily swallowed a Pill, his eyes filled with shock as he looked at Mo Hua, his expression one of disbelief.

How did this kid lay the Formation just now?!

Without using a brush, drawing the ground into a Formation?

Which Sect or Clan's heritage did this come from?

He had once studied in the Qian Learning State Boundary and, though not proficient in Formations, had seen many talented Formation Masters. He had never seen a Formation Master who could lay a Formation without a brush or paper during battle.

Boss Jiang said with a serious expression:

"What exactly is your identity? And who is your master?"

Mo Hua laughed and replied, "I'll tell you after you die. Otherwise, I'm afraid you'll tell someone else."

Discover more content at

Hatred rose in Boss Jiang's heart.

This kid, just like an old hand who was impervious to oil and salt...

All nonsense from his mouth, not giving away any hints.

But now in a fight to the death situation, he had no other choice but to fight with everything he had.

Boss Jiang's gaze turned frosty, his mind made up.

This kid was skilled in spells, extremely good at Formations, and his techniques for laying Formations were concealed, tricky, and swift.

In that case, he could only suppress him at close range, not giving him time to cast spells or set up Formations, or he would surely be "played" to death by him...

"Young brother, I admit defeat. Let's talk this over..."

Boss Jiang suddenly softened.

"You..."

Just as Mo Hua began to speak, he suddenly paused, only to see Boss Jiang, like a vicious wolf, charging at him, his long sword swinging in a bright arc, aiming for his heart.

Mo Hua spoke angrily, "Shameless!"

Then he took a step back, surrounded by a light blue current of water, which gently carried his body, flowing effortlessly backwards.

When executing the Second-Grade Water Passing Step, the movements weren't the same as First Grade—the actions were all encircled by water currents, allowing for more composed advances and retreats.

Boss Jiang's thrust missed, and he turned around for another downward slash, seemingly intent on cleaving Mo Hua in half.

Mo Hua floated in the air, his body flipping lightly, like water returning to a river, surging and turning, again easily avoiding the strike.

Boss Jiang frowned, his attacks became more aggressive, Sword Qi swirling around, one slash after another, aimed at Mo Hua, leaving no chance for Mo Hua to cast any Spell or concentrate on a Formation.

Mo Hua indeed felt pressure, able only to maneuver with his movement technique and not able to counterattack for the time being.

But Boss Jiang became more and more fearful as the battle progressed.

He had felt that this movement technique, seemingly as erratic as flowing water, was very strange.

Now facing it at close range and after a brief struggle, he hadn't even managed to touch the hem of Mo Hua's clothing, and this made him realize:

"An Ultimate Technique Body Skill?!"

This must be an Ultimate Technique Body Skill from one of the Great Sects or powerful Clans!

Otherwise, it would be impossible for a Spiritual Cultivator, relying on a movement technique alone, to contend with him for so long...

This is bad...

Boss Jiang was already injured and putting up a strong front to suppress closely, wishing for a quick resolution, but he didn't expect close range combat to be so ineffective.

If this struggle continued, the situation would become dire.

Or rather, it was already dire...

Boss Jiang could feel his Spiritual Power weakening, and the speed of his sword strikes becoming slower and slower with each attack.

Chapter 767: Sword Control (3)

Yet, this bit of change did not escape the keen perception of the little devil.

He could even see a glimmer light up in the little devil's eyes, a smile hung on his lips that was both adorable and extremely annoying.

Next, he tasted the magic of the Fireball Technique again.

He had slowed down, but the little devil had not.

The gaps he left were sufficient for the little devil to dodge with ease, then bring his fingers together, gather energy, and form the Fireball Technique.

It was exceedingly fast.

In almost an instant, it was conjured, and in a flash, it came whistling toward him.

Boss Jiang had never seen such a fast Fireball Technique in his life.

It was, again, aimed at his face.

Boss Jiang shielded his face with his arms, blocking the fireball, but his arms were scaldingly hot, a wave of intense pain surged, and his figure staggered a few steps.

When he looked up again, he saw Mo Hua had already pulled away and was once more bringing his fingers together to form the Fireball Technique...

A hint of despair arose in Boss Jiang's heart.

It was an utterly ordinary Fireball Technique, but combined with a movement technique and swift casting speed, it seemed it had not a single flaw.

He couldn't find any opportunity...

He suddenly realized that even if he hadn't been wounded by the Earth Fire Formation, he might not be able to defeat this little devil purely with his Taoist Skill...

Boss Jiang was stunned.

"I actually... can't defeat this little devil?"

As this thought emerged, he felt both shame and anger.

As a Foundation Building Cultivator and a minor faction leader who had roamed the Tao Cultivation World of Qian State for over a hundred years, having survived countless covert and overt battles, he actually...

Couldn't handle a child in his teens?!

A crack appeared in Boss Jiang's Taoist Heart, he took a deep breath, stared at Mo Hua with a chilling hatred in his eyes.

Then he withdrew, increasing the distance between himself and Mo Hua.

Mo Hua, who was in the middle of forming a fireball, was somewhat astonished.

What does this mean?

He's given up?

If he increases the distance, wouldn't he just be a sitting duck for the Fireball Technique?

"Could it be that hitting him in the face with the fireball accidentally damaged his brain?"

Mo Hua murmured to himself. Your adventure continues at

Suddenly, he too was startled, his gaze turned stern as he looked at Boss Jiang.

Out of nowhere, Boss Jiang had pulled out a Jade Talisman, activated it, and a layer of golden light enveloped his body, as if he had been "plated" in gold.

Then, from his storage, he retrieved another sword.

This sword, the length of a forearm, etched with golden patterns, was extremely lavish and its Sword Qi was formidable.

Mo Hua came to a realization with a bit of shock.

This Boss Jiang was actually a true Sword Cultivator!

Previously, when he was in close combat, using the sword to attack, all his moves were martial arts based, and Mo Hua thought he was just a "Body Cultivator" pretending to wield a sword.

But now, Mo Hua realized that this Boss Jiang indeed seemed to be a Sword Cultivator who knew the Sword Control Technique!

Boss Jiang let out a cold laugh, then channeling his Spiritual Power, he activated the Sever Gold Sword.

The Sever Gold Sword shone brightly with golden light, accumulating astonishing Sword Qi.

Boss Jiang's gaze turned fierce.

This was his trump card technique.

It was also the sword technique he never revealed to others!

Once the sword moved, he must kill all witnesses, leaving no survivors!

Otherwise, his identity would be exposed.

He was once a disciple of the Sever Gold Sect at the Qian Learning State boundary, and what he learned was the sect's Sect Protecting Sword technique, the Sever Gold Sword Control Jue!

This Sword technique was purloined by him.

If the sect ever found out that he had learned the Sect Protecting Sword technique and used it for the business of "trading Cultivators", he would become a disgrace to the sect, shaming it.

He would sure be pursued relentlessly by the Sever Gold Sect!

He could not withstand the wrath of the Sever Gold Sect.

That's why over the years, he seldom used his sword.

Once he did, he had to be thorough in his killing, leaving no survivors!

But at this life-and-death moment, he must employ all his trump cards to kill the boy before him, otherwise his chances were grim!

Boss Jiang stepped forward, chanted the incantations, and gathered the Sword Qi, its formidable presence showing the enormity of the sword's power.

But great power meant a longer time to accumulate energy.

Mo Hua would not give him this opportunity.

With a light tap of his fingers, a Fireball Technique flew out in an instant, hitting Boss Jiang squarely in the chest.

However, a flash of golden light on Boss Jiang's body seemed to have absorbed some of the power of the Fireball Technique.

Although Boss Jiang was slightly injured, his Sword Qi continued to accumulate.

Mo Hua frowned and then cast another Water Prison Technique.

The First-Grade Water Prison Technique could only bind a Foundation Building Cultivator for a moment, interrupting their spellcasting.

But this Water Prison Technique was mitigated by that golden light as well.

Boss Jiang's sword controlling was not interrupted.

Mo Hua was a bit perplexed; he then remembered that Boss Jiang had activated a Jade Talisman earlier, plating his body with a golden light.

This golden light fortified him with a "metal body".

It seemed to buffer part of the force of the spells and also immunize against some controls so that spells wouldn't interrupt his techniques...

This allowed him to focus on charging his energy, unleashing this remarkably powerful Sword Control Technique.

Mo Hua was amazed in his heart.

You can play like this?

Having come from the Second-Grade Prefecture Border, Mo Hua was seeing such a spell and Jade Talisman effect for the first time...

This Boss Jiang was a master!

"What should we do?"

"Should we run?"

"Drag out the time on this 'Golden Body' and then come back to kill him?"

Mo Hua pondered in his heart.

But... could he escape?

Mo Hua frowned.

He didn't know just how fast this Sword Control Technique was...

If the speed of the Sword Qi was faster than his Water Passing Step, he reckoned he wouldn't be able to dodge it...

Just then, Mo Hua felt a Divine Sense sticking to him, as if it was trying to "lock" him in place...

Divine Sense Lock?

Mo Hua was startled, his expression turning subtle...

On the other side, within just a few breaths, Boss Jiang had finished accumulating the Sword Qi of the "Sever Gold Sword Control Jue".

The Sever Gold Sword shone with dazzling golden light, its power terrifying.

Once this sword was unsheathed, anyone at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage was doomed!

That brat was no exception!

As long as he used his Divine Sense to lock onto that brat, the Sever Gold Sword would automatically seek the enemy. The sword light would hunt for souls, chasing a thousand zhang to completely obliterate that despicable, detestable little brat!

As long as he used his Divine Sense to lock on...

Lock with Divine Sense...

Lock...

Boss Jiang "locked on" for quite a while, then suddenly looked stunned, his eyes widening in shock.

Couldn't... lock on???

A sense of ludicrous absurdity washed over him, leaving Boss Jiang in utter shock.

Divine Sense... can't lock on?!

What the hell... is this a joke?!

He looked intently and there stood little Mo Hua, just ten zhang away in front of him, motionless.

But in his Divine Sense, there was nothing.

Not a trace of the little cultivator could be found!

"Why?"

Boss Jiang briefly pondered, his pupils contracting.

His Divine Sense... had it been crushed?!

By this brat... crushed?!

Boss Jiang's face filled with horror.

Utter nonsense! How could the Divine Sense of this whelp, a greenhorn cultivator, overpower his own, a cultivator who had been cultivating for over a hundred years within the Foundation Establishment Realm?!

On what basis?

Beyond belief, Boss Jiang then remembered another, more severe issue:

What to do with his "Sever Gold Sword Control Jue" that was fully charged with Spiritual Power?

Not striking would lead to backlash.

But... how to strike?

How could he make a move if the Divine Sense couldn't lock onto the target?

Then... aim with eyes?

Boss Jiang found the idea preposterous.

Since when did Sword Cultivators need to rely on their eyes to strike down an enemy with their swords?

There are myriad phenomena in the world, bizarre and varied, and Spells are even more numerous and changeable. The least reliable thing for a cultivator is their own eyes.

Control the sword with Divine Sense, seek the enemy with gaze, wouldn't that be the height of folly?

But if he couldn't trust his eyes, what could he trust...

Trust Divine Sense?

There was nothing in his own Divine Sense... what to trust then?

Boss Jiang looked around with Sword Control, feeling listless in his heart.

Mo Hua watched Boss Jiang with "sympathy".

When Boss Jiang met Mo Hua's gaze, he grew even more furious.

However, as the Sword Qi had been building up for too long, his meridians began to ache slightly, and if he didn't act soon, the Sword Qi would backfire, and he would undoubtedly die!

Boss Jiang gritted his teeth.

Forget it, life and death are determined by fate, the killing and sparing by heaven!

If not by Divine Sense, then by eyes!

"The arrow is on the string; it must be sent."

If Divine Sense couldn't lock on, then he'd use his eyes to see and bet it all on this one sword strike!

Boss Jiang's spirits lifted as he gathered all his strength to wield the Sever Gold Sword, sending a torrent of Sword Qi toward Mo Hua's current position with a fierce thrust!

But the very moment he made his move...

Mo Hua had already initiated the Water Passing Step, slipping away without a trace...

Boss Jiang stood dumbfounded, only to watch helplessly as his powerful Sword Control attack, "locked" by gaze, unable to change direction or turn, struck a deserted eatery, splitting it in two...

...

The Sever Gold Sword Control Jue chopped down an empty hut...

Boss Jiang's face turned ashen, utterly hopeless.

The moment he took action, he knew... he was already a dead man...

Only then did he understand what Mr. Tu meant by "not to complicate matters"...

Not to complicate matters, so as not to encounter troubles.

And so as not to run into such a scheming, malevolent little monster with astonishing Formation skills, whose Divine Sense was even too terrifying to lock onto...

Chapter 768: Unboxing (1)

Having exhausted all his strength in his sword technique, Boss Jiang knew he was out of spiritual power and death was certain.

And Mo Hua, true to form, didn't give him the slightest chance, nor showed any mercy, casting the Fireball Technique frequently until the weakly Boss Jiang was finished.

With this, the entire group of human traffickers was annihilated.

The surroundings were a complete mess, charred and blackened, the thatched cottage destroyed by sword control, and grass clippings scattered everywhere.

Mo Hua nodded to himself, deciding it was time to slip away.

Based on the conversation between Boss Jiang and the chubby shopkeeper, other accomplices were expected to arrive in an hour.

If he were to bump into them, things could get dicey.

However, there was still a bit of time, and Mo Hua had some "cleaning up" to do.

First, he needed to partially erase the traces of the formation, and even though he couldn't completely eliminate them, he had to confuse the evidence, obscuring the techniques of "Divine Consciousness Control Ink" and "Drawing Ground into Formation".

Not all Formation Masters could use the ground as a medium to lay out a formation.

Such clues must not be left behind.

The traces of the spells... didn't really matter.

The Second Grade Fireball Technique was a common skill; as long as one had a Fire-series Spiritual Root, anyone could learn it and use it.

No one would be too suspicious.

Of course, the main reason was that the traces of the fireball were too obvious.

The ten or so traffickers either had been finished off by Mo Hua's fireball or had been bombarded by it until they were riddled with wounds.

Even if Mo Hua wanted to cover it up, it was impossible to hide.

After checking everything else, Mo Hua made sure no other traces were left.

Then, he began to rummage through their storage bags.

A horse cannot get fat without being fed at night, and a person does not become wealthy without coming across unexpected wealth.

It's wrong to casually go through someone else's storage bag.

Mo Hua was a proper little cultivator and didn't want to engage in "robbery and murder", but these traffickers were not good people, and they were fat sheep that had delivered themselves to his door. It would be embarrassing not to take something substantial.

Moreover, to kill them, he had wasted Second Grade Spiritual Ink and also used up over a hundred Spirit Stones. These costs had to be recuperated from their pockets.

As a minor cultivator, earning Spirit Stones wasn't easy.

"It's not about getting rich; it's just about breaking even!"

Mo Hua nodded to himself, and then started eagerly searching through the traffickers' storage bags.

Inside these bags, there was everything, from Spiritual Artifacts used for killing, sinister Runes, and some common pills, as well as some indecent pills whose intended use was unknown.

Mo Hua originally wanted to take everything.

But after thinking it over, he hesitated.

"Most of these are probably stolen goods, and even if they aren't, they're mostly unclean..."

If he were to take them, could he possibly leave a trail...

Could others "use the map to find the clues" to track, investigate, or even hunt him down...

And besides, if they were indeed stolen goods, what use would they be to him?

Most of the stolen items were secondhand and would be hard to offload once he reached the Qian Learning State Boundary.

If he were in Tongxian City, with the backing of Court Leader Zhou and Elder Yu's support, even if not sold, Monster Hunters could circulate them within their own ranks.

However, in the Qian State, where he was unfamiliar, it was a different story...

Greedy for small advantages might lead to greater losses.

"As a mature cultivator, I must learn to restrain my desires..."

Mo Hua thought to himself and decided to leave the Spiritual Artifacts, pills, and Runes in their storage bags, not pocketing them.

But Spirit Stones were different.

Spirit Stones were clean.

It's the cultivators who are dirty.

He would need a lot of Spirit Stones for the upcoming school term...

Mo Hua put the traffickers' Spirit Stones into his own storage bag, but then he hesitated. Your journey continues at

That still wasn't prudent...

Leaving behind the Spiritual Artifacts, Runes, and pills, but taking all the Spirit Stones, that looked suspicious.

Could this indicate that the cultivator who killed these traffickers was a "little money-grubber"?

"There's still a bit of risk..."

He couldn't leave them untouched, but he also couldn't take everything...

Mo Hua frowned, thought for a moment, and in the end, with a heavy heart, left half of the Spirit Stones.

Taking only half of the Spirit Stones was the most cautious approach.

But since these traffickers were all Foundation Building Cultivators, engaged in a life-and-death trade, they carried quite a lot of Spirit Stones. Even taking only half, Mo Hua managed to amass nearly five thousand Spirit Stones.

Five thousand Spirit Stones was not a small amount.

Mo Hua felt a bit better.

Finally, it was time to check Boss Jiang's storage bag.

Mo Hua's eyes lit up.

He turned Boss Jiang's storage bag inside out, finding three Spirit Swords, five bottles of pills, several Secret Manuals, and two Jade Slips.

Spirit Swords...

Even though Mo Hua was greedy for them, he couldn't keep them. Holding on to them would be a disaster.

He also had no use for the pills.

Regarding the Secret Manuals...

Mo Hua flipped through them and found they were Body Refinement and Taoist Skills, which he also couldn't use and likewise couldn't take with him.

Mo Hua felt a bit of regret but also wondered.

What about the Sword Controlling Technique?

The one Boss Jiang used, whose name was unknown, but when used, it was mighty and gleaming with golden light, splitting the thatched cottage in two - where was that Sword Controlling Technique?

He didn't truly want to learn it...

Some sword techniques required matching specific Cultivation Techniques, as well as profound Swordsmanship, and expensive Spirit Swords, consuming a large amount of Spiritual Power, to wield their full destructive power.

Even if Mo Hua got the technique, he might not be able to learn it, let alone afford a Spirit Sword.

But not studying it didn't mean he couldn't research it.

Knowing oneself and the enemy, studying the principles and the spell point of "Sword Control" could be beneficial.

If he encountered another Sword Cultivator in the future, he would be prepared.

Mo Hua searched again and finally focused on the two Jade Slips.

Both Jade Slips were sealed, impervious to Divine Sense, obviously indicating the content inside was extremely precious.

"I wonder if inside, there lies the Sword Controlling Technique..."

Chapter 769: Unboxing (2)

"To take or not to take..."

Mo Hua was somewhat conflicted.

After pondering for a while, he decided to secretly "pocket" the two Jade Slips.

Such objects, unlike Spiritual Artifacts and Pills, were commonplace and usually involved secrets and spell points that no one would investigate.

It was normal for a Cultivator's Storage Bag to contain Jade Slips, and not strange for it to lack them.

If he took them without showing them to others, there wouldn't be a problem.

Hiding the two Jade Slips in the "Storage Ring" his master gave him, which could also isolate their aura, was very safe.

Besides, Mo Hua really wanted to know if the sword control spell named "Golden Flash" was hidden within these two Jade Slips.

With his mind made up, Mo Hua moved his hand slightly, and the two Jade Slips were collected into the Storage Ring.

Then he tidied up various miscellaneous items, returned them to Boss Jiang's Storage Bag, and, restoring everything to its original place, he stuffed the Storage Bag back into Boss Jiang's embrace.

Mo Hua even applied a Fireball Technique to make the Storage Bag look like a "battle-damaged" version.

After completing all these actions, Mo Hua clapped his hands, nodded his head, and felt thoroughly satisfied.

The bad man was killed.

The Spirit Stones were earned.

And he also acquired two Jade Slips, contents unknown.

Time to slip away...

Mo Hua performed another check, ensuring there were no oversights, then released his Divine Sense, examining the scene from the perspective of a bystander.

He confirmed that none of the deaths of these ten plus people had anything to do with him.

Nor could it lead anyone to associate them with him.

Only then did Mo Hua feel at ease, and a feeling of gratitude emerged.

"Thanks to Uncle Zhang Lan..."

"It was the Taoist Court Official, Uncle Zhang Lan, who taught me not... No, he taught me how to conceal my tracks!"

I didn't let Uncle Zhang Lan's teachings go to waste!

Mo Hua nodded his head.

He then withdrew his Divine Sense and turned to leave, but as soon as he did, he suddenly hesitated.

He felt as though he had overlooked something...

Mo Hua furrowed his brow and carefully recollected the journey's every little detail, growing more perplexed, and he suddenly recalled that this group of Cultivators had been pushing a cart with several storage chests on it...

Where were those storage chests?

Mo Hua's gaze became focused, and with a sweep of his Divine Sense, he let out a surprised sound.

His Divine Sense... couldn't detect them?

"No, it's not that my Divine Sense can't detect them, but the aura of these chests has been concealed, making them very hard to be sensed by Divine Sense..."

"There's a problem..."

Mo Hua's eyes gradually lit up.

He extended his Divine Sense to its limit, even employing the Calculation Method his master taught to detect traces of Spiritual Power.

Finally, after a short while, Mo Hua's Divine Sense flickered, and he located the storage chests.

The storage chests were still inside the eatery.

Boss Jiang had placed them in a corner, so they were not affected when the Earth Fire Formation exploded, and afterwards, when the eatery was split by Sword Qi, the thatch and beams scattered, covering up these few storage chests.

Mo Hua had failed to notice them at first.

From a corner of the eatery, Mo Hua flipped out the storage chests somewhat laboriously.

These chests, carried by Boss Jiang all the way and even concealed through special means, had almost eluded Mo Hua's notice.

There definitely was a major issue...

"What exactly is inside the chests?"

Could it be Boss Jiang and his group's real family fortune?

Mo Hua perked up.

The chests were locked and engraved with Formations, but they weren't difficult, especially not for Mo Hua.

Releasing his Divine Sense, Mo Hua confirmed there were no traps like hidden weapons in the storage chest before carefully breaking the Formation Patterns and opening the chest.

As the storage chest opened, Mo Hua looked inside and suddenly froze.

"Empty?"

There was nothing inside...

What's going on?

Mo Hua frowned; his fingertip touched a spot, revealing a Pattern as he opened another storage chest.

But it was also empty inside...

Mo Hua then directed his gaze to the third storage chest.

But just as he was about to break the Formation Patterns, Mo Hua hesitated, his expression somewhat astonished.

"This... isn't a storage chest..."

Although it looked exactly the same, the material and structure were completely different.

This was a seemingly ordinary chest secluded by a Formation...

Mo Hua's eyes slightly shimmered.

Storage chests, like Storage Bags, contain Void Power that is profound in principle but applied in a very rudimentary way, capable of holding numerous times more than its own space.

But this kind of space is repelled by a "Living Soul."

Storage chests cannot contain people or any other living things.

All the strange remarks made by Boss Jiang along the way resurfaced in Mo Hua's mind.

"Complications..."

"Whether it's one or two, they're both for sale..."

"Sell off that brat along with them..."

Initially, Mo Hua thought they had already trafficked other Cultivators and were merely taking him along opportunely.

But there was no sign of trafficked Cultivators along the way.

And their luggage was storage chests, which cannot hold living people.

So Mo Hua was not suspicious.

He had even assumed that Boss Jiang's group was responsible for "receiving the goods."

Other Cultivators did the trafficking; they handled the "transportation" and "transfer."

They hadn't yet received the "goods" for their journey...

But now, their "luggage" included a chest that wasn't a "storage chest."

And it was specially blended to deceive and distract others.

Could it be that what this chest contained was...

Mo Hua's heart skipped.

He examined the chest more closely and found that it was engraved with Second-Grade Formations, and not just one set.

There were defensive formations to prevent the chest from being damaged;

Concealment formations to prevent peeping;

And lock-type formations to seal the chest, keeping it from being opened...

Chapter 770: Unboxing (3)

...

Too "professional"...

This "box," could it be specifically customized for the kidnapping of Cultivators?

With such elaborate efforts, who exactly are they abducting?

Mo Hua frowned and sighed.

What a nuisance...

What should I do now?

Inside the box, there might be a living Cultivator who has been kidnapped.

On the box, a Formation is sealed.

These Formations are Second-Grade, and while they seem solvable, I estimate it will take some time. I wonder if there's enough...

If I don't solve it...

The kidnapped Cultivator will remain locked inside the box.

The box is heavy and conspicuous; I can't take it with me.

If ignored, in less than an hour, another group of traffickers will come and take the box away...

If they are only seeking ransom, that wouldn't be too bad. Paying off the debt could avert disaster.

But if sold to some Evil Cultivators or Demon Cultivators, turned into a pill, used as medicine, for practicing Evil Skills or refining Evil Artifacts...

The child's parents and relatives will never see their child again, not even knowing if their child lives or dies, left with dim hope, in pain and despair...

Mo Hua's heart softened.

"Forget it, let's give it a try..."

Within two, no, three quarters of an hour, if I can solve it, I'll rescue this child. If not, there's nothing I can do...

Mo Hua began by sitting in meditation to recover some of his Divine Sense, then focused on unravelling the Formations on the box.

There were four sets of Formations on the box.

Out of these, three sets were the Five Elements Formation that Mo Hua was familiar with.

However, the ones he knew were First-Grade, while those on the box were Second-Grade.

But they were all under thirteen Patterns, which was still relatively simple.

By guessing, deducing, and calculating, Mo Hua managed to solve these three sets of Formations in just a quarter of an hour.

Mo Hua admitted there was an element of luck involved.

But luck is also part of a Formation Master's strength.

Now, only the last Formation remained...

After examining the Formation, Mo Hua furrowed his brow.

This is... a type of Formation he had never seen before...

He could only guess, based on the direction of the Pattern and the pivot of the Formation, that it was a special type of "locking" Formation.

But as for what kind of Formation it was, or under which system it fell, Mo Hua had no clue whatsoever.

Mo Hua scratched his head.

"What to do..."

Without rice, even the cleverest housewife cannot cook a meal.

With no understanding of this type of Formation, not knowing the Patterns, the pivot, or the principles, how was he to solve it?

Mo Hua grew anxious, but he tried his best to calm down and began to think step by step...

To be able to solve a Formation, one must first know how to draw a Formation...

To draw a Formation, one must first have the Formation Diagram...

Formation Diagram...

Calculation...

Mo Hua was stunned; deducing the specific Patterns from the Spirit Traces of a Formation was the Divine Sense Calculation Method that his master had taught him, which was also...

The basis of the Heavenly Secret Calculation.

Now, as for the Spirit Traces of the "locking" Formation, his Divine Sense could perceive them, so next...

Should I first deduce the Patterns of this Formation?

Learn the Patterns now, solve the Formation now?

Mo Hua hesitated, "Is that even possible...?"

He looked again at the box in front of him, thinking of the little Cultivator inside with an unknown fate, his parents frantically worried...

Mo Hua felt helpless.

"Let's give it a shot..."

Mo Hua sat cross-legged, concentrated his mind, and started to use the Calculation Method of Heavenly Secret Calculation to deduce the Patterns of the "locking" Formation based on its Spirit Traces...

It was somewhat clumsy at first.

Because all the deduced Patterns were unfamiliar.

Mo Hua tried his best to ignore the external form of the Patterns and delve into the underlying rules of Spiritual Power. Gradually, the Patterns began to appear familiar and vivid in his eyes.

These lines seemed no longer to be strange markings, but the remnants of the movement of the Great Dao...

This was true for the Five-elements Formation Methods...

True for the Ultimate Formation...

And possibly true for all categories of Formations...

Mo Hua had a revelation, but his Divine Sense kept working faster and faster, and the Patterns materialized little by little in his Sea of Consciousness.

But still, it wasn't fast enough...

I need to calculate faster...

Mo Hua frowned, and then suddenly had an epiphany. If he employed "Heavenly secret Tricky Calculation" to enhance the "Heavenly secret Calculation," splitting his Divine Sense to calculate simultaneously, would it be faster...

Mo Hua pondered for a while, but given the urgency of the situation, he didn't have time to hesitate.

He would just have to try it...

Using his Uncle's Heavenly secret Tricky Calculation to strengthen his master's Heavenly secret Calculation!

Mo Hua's pupils darkened, his Divine Sense shadowed, draped in a "Taoist Robe." Under the influence of Gui Tao, he used the spell point of Heavenly secret Calculation to deduce the Formation Patterns of the unknown lock Formation.

But as soon as he began the Calculation, his Sea of Consciousness throbbed painfully.

It was as if the two methods repelled each other, creating serrated edges, sawing back and forth, slicing and tearing apart his Divine Sense bit by bit.

Fortunately, Mo Hua's Divine Consciousness had undergone a Transformation, condensed like mercury. Despite the repulsion of the two Calculation methods and the fragmentation of his Divine Thought, his spirit remained intact, and his core was not injured.

This kind of intense pain was something Mo Hua could still endure.

Compared to this, the speed at which the Formation Patterns were being deduced had greatly accelerated, much faster than before.

Mo Hua was overjoyed and gradually the pain in his Divine Sense began to fade.

An hour later, Mo Hua had finally deduced the entire Formation Patterns of this unfamiliar Formation.

But his Divine Sense was almost completely exhausted.

Pain still lingered in his Sea of Consciousness.

While the Heavenly secret Tricky Calculation was useful, the consumption of Divine Sense it required was still too great...

At this moment, Mo Hua could not afford to reflect on this.

He had to hurry and break the Formation.

Mo Hua canceled the "Heavenly secret Tricky Calculation." The tricky shadows at the bottom of his eyes gradually receded, and the Taoist Robe on his Divine Sense also faded away.

But as the "Taoist Robe" dissipated, ephemeral splits emerged on its ghostly afterimage...

Like the Dao Laws had been torn apart...

However, Mo Hua, who was deep in thought, did not notice these splits...

All his attention was focused on the Formation before him.

Before him was a Second-grade Thirteen Stripes, an unknown category of Formation.

It was like a brand new door to Formation methods.

"The Formation is indeed profound and intricate..."

Mo Hua sighed and then put aside his thoughts.

Now, he had a Formation to break.

But in reality, he couldn't "break" it either.

Even if he knew the Formation Patterns, he couldn't learn them in a short time, let alone talk about breaking them.

What he had to do was still a "guess."

Mo Hua had rich experience in "breaking Formations," and based on past experiences, not all breaking of Formations required an extremely profound knowledge of the Formation methods.

Sometimes "guessing" could work.

But it had to be an educated guess.

Based on the Formation principle.

Not a wild guess.

Mo Hua took the complete lock Formation, broke it down, and viewed the Formation Patterns separately, using his experience and intuition to categorize the repelling Formation Patterns.

Then he drew a few rough sketches on the ground and tested them.

Some guesses were right, some were wrong.

He retained the correct guesses and retried the wrong ones.

After several attempts, he discerned several sets of Formation Patterns with constructive and destructive relationships.

There were also a few Formation Patterns for which Mo Hua could not find the constructive and destructive relationship.

It was very likely that their corresponding "constructive and destructive Formation Patterns" were not included in this Formation itself.

But this was enough.

Mo Hua gauged the time and estimated there was just over a quarter of an hour left, with no time for him to study it thoroughly and perfectly.

Mo Hua first broke the Formation Patterns.

He unraveled all the Formation Patterns that had a constructive and destructive relationship.

The lock Formation dimmed a bit, but did not disable.

Mo Hua then looked at the Formation Pivot and, guided by intuition, adjusted it slightly; based on the Formation eye, he reversed some of the Spiritual Power circulation; then he turned back to tinker with the Formation Patterns...

After doing this several times, Mo Hua, relying on his exceptional intuition for Formation methods, managed to accidentally and somewhat "clumsily" damage the special "lock" Formation.

The Formation on the box completely dimmed.

The box was no longer "locked."

Mo Hua immediately opened the box.

Inside the box was indeed a small figure.

Much smaller than Mo Hua.

A little boy, probably only four or five years old, clean and neat, with delicate features, dressed in understated but luxurious brocade clothes.

Perhaps it was the noise of opening the box or the sounds of the earlier battle that awoke him.

The child, with watery eyes, looked at Mo Hua somewhat fearfully.