

The Quest 114

Chapter 114: Fireball

"Is this magic?"

Mo Hua's eyes widened in astonishment.

It was simply a matter of channeling spiritual power along specific meridians and, with spiritual awareness, propelling it outward to form spells of various attributes, resulting in power that surpassed Mo Hua's expectations.

After a disturbance, the pond returned to tranquility.

Only the mottled water stains on the shore and the charred remains of the aquatic plants indicated that something had occurred.

Elder Gui nodded, "Not bad."

Mo Hua scratched his head, "Elder Gui, what should I practice next?"

"Continue with this."

"Continue with this?"

"Yes," Elder Gui said, "Practice it a hundred times, get a feel for it."

"What should I feel?" Mo Hua asked, puzzled.

"You wouldn't understand even if I told you. After a hundred times, you will feel it," Elder Gui explained.

Mo Hua was somewhat confused.

Elder Gui added, "It's similar to when you practice array formations. Practice makes perfect. The more you draw, the more some things will naturally become clear to you, but these things are hard to convey in words."

"Oh." Mo Hua nodded, understanding a bit.

"Can I practice here?"

Mo Hua asked somewhat sheepishly.

He couldn't possibly practice at home; what if he burned the house down with a fireball?

Practicing alone in the mountains was equally risky.

"It's fine," Elder Gui said nonchalantly.

Mo Hua hesitated, "What if I damage the pond or these flowers and plants, is that okay?"

Elder Gui glanced at Mo Hua and then, with a gentle wave of his sleeve.

Mo Hua didn't even know what happened; in the blink of an eye, the water stains by the pond had disappeared, the charred plants restored, and fish leisurely swam in the pond again.

As if nothing had happened, as if Mo Hua had never cast that fireball.

Mo Hua stood dumbfounded.

"It's fine," Elder Gui said calmly.

In the following days, Mo Hua often visited Mr. Zhuang's place.

If Mr. Zhuang was awake, he would go greet him and ask some questions. If Mr. Zhuang was asleep, he would just go to the pond by the bamboo grove to practice his fireball spell.

Mo Hua had come to understand the principles of the fireball spell and, after several days of practice, was getting the hang of using it.

However, the power of the fireball spell, the speed of its casting, and the accuracy of its hits all varied slightly each time.

These indeed, as Elder Gui had said, required personal practice to fully grasp, and were hard to articulate.

Over these days, Mo Hua practiced the fireball spell by the pond.

Each fireball exploded in the pond, disturbing the tranquility of the spring water, sending aquatic plants flying, and the fish scurrying in panic.

Fortunately, every day after Mo Hua left, Elder Gui would restore the pond.

Otherwise, the pond's water would have been blasted dry by Mo Hua...

Today, as Mo Hua was practicing the fireball spell by the pond, he saw a little head stealthily peeping over.

"Bai Zisheng?"

Seeing that it was only Mo Hua, Bai Zisheng sneaked over, curiously asking, "What are you playing with?"

"I'm not playing; I'm practicing magic," Mo Hua corrected.

Bai Zisheng's eyes lit up, "You're learning magic? Show me one!"

Mo Hua cast another fireball into the pond.

With a loud boom, water splashed everywhere.

Bai Zisheng watched, then suddenly lost interest, pouting, "Just a fireball spell..."

"What's wrong with the fireball spell?" Mo Hua challenged.

"It's okay, I guess. I thought you'd learn something more powerful."

"Like what?"

"Well... oh, right, you wouldn't be able to use it anyway since your spiritual power is low," Bai Zisheng said.

Mo Hua glared at him, "Have you finished your homework?"

"Not yet," Bai Zisheng suddenly became downcast, "I heard some noise over here, so I snuck over. I need to go back soon."

Bai Zisheng then asked, "Practicing the fireball spell here, aren't you disturbing Mr. Zhuang?"

Mo Hua shook his head, "I asked Elder Gui, and he said it wouldn't. Mr. Zhuang's place is far and very quiet."

Bai Zisheng nodded, looking enviously at Mo Hua, "Mr. Zhuang is really good to you..."

"Mr. Zhuang is also nice to you guys, and you have some connections with him, don't you?" Mo Hua questioned.

Bai Zish

eng waved his hand, "You don't understand..." He paused, then said no more.

He and Bai Zixi respected Mr. Zhuang; though they would consult him if they had problems, they generally wouldn't dare to disturb him casually. Like Mo Hua, running to ask the teacher questions and even using the fireball spell to blast the pond in Mr. Zhuang's courtyard, they would never dare.

"Are you planning something against the teacher, having a guilty conscience, so you're afraid of him?"

Mo Hua looked suspiciously at Bai Zisheng.

Bai Zisheng pouted, "I'd need to be capable of that first."

"That's true," Mo Hua nodded.

Bai Zisheng, curious again, asked, "Did Elder Gui teach you this fireball spell?"

"Yes."

"Elder Gui only taught you the fireball spell?"

"You don't understand, the right one is the best."

Mo Hua, imitating Elder Gui, adopted an experienced look.

Bai Zisheng thought about it, then nodded, "That's true."

Mo Hua counterasked, "Is Elder Gui very powerful?"

"He should be," Bai Zisheng said uncertainly.

"So you don't know either."

Bai Zisheng laughed awkwardly.

Mo Hua then shooed him, "Go do your homework, don't disturb me while I'm practicing magic."

Bai Zisheng didn't really want to leave; homework was too boring.

"You practice, I can give you some pointers."

"What can you point out? You don't even know magic," Mo Hua was stunned.

Bai Zisheng was displeased, "Haven't eaten pork, but haven't you seen a pig run? Although I practice martial arts, I still know some powerful spells."

That was true, after all, the Bai family had a rich heritage.

"Use the fireball spell again for me to see," Bai Zisheng said.

"Oh." Mo Hua cast the fireball spell again.

The pond was blasted once more.

"Hmm... the power is a bit small," Bai Zisheng said.

"Is it because my spiritual power is too weak?"

"Not entirely. The power of a spell is related to your proficiency in it. The more skilled you are with the spell, the greater its power. Even if the amount of spiritual power you use remains the same, the power will increase if you've mastered the spell," Bai Zisheng patiently explained.

Mo Hua nodded repeatedly, "So what specifically does this proficiency entail?"

"Do you have a meridian diagram for the fireball spell?"

Mo Hua opened the meridian diagram for the fireball spell.

Bai Zisheng pointed at the diagram and said:

"Simply put, it's about the precision of your spiritual power flow. If you can pass through these meridians and acupoints without deviation every time you channel your spiritual power, then the power of your spell will definitely increase."

"Of course, absolute precision isn't really possible; after all, humans are not puppets, it's enough to be approximately accurate," Bai Zisheng added.

Mo Hua had an epiphany and asked Bai Zisheng a few more questions.

Bai Zisheng, rarely having the chance to show off in front of Mo Hua, was excitedly giving advice for a long time.

Suddenly, a paper ball came flying from nowhere, hitting Bai Zisheng right on the head.

Mo Hua picked up the paper ball and unfolded it, finding a simple face drawn with a brush.

The face was simple, with just a few lines and two dots, and it seemed unhappy.

Bai Zisheng, holding his head, looked at the note in surprise:

"Oh no, Zixi is angry. I told her I was coming to play with you for a while, but I ended up staying too long."

Bai Zisheng hastily got up, leaving with the words "You practice some more," and dashed off.

Mo Hua was stunned for a moment, then couldn't help but laugh.

Afterward, Mo Hua, following Bai Zisheng's advice, tried to channel his spiritual power with precision every time, and indeed, the power of his fireball spell increased somewhat.

When Mo Hua had practiced a hundred times, he had become quite proficient with the fireball spell.

He then went to find Elder Gui, "Elder Gui, I've practiced a hundred times!"

"Have you learned it?"

"I have."

"Good," Elder Gui nodded approvingly: "Now I'll officially start teaching you."

"Ah?"

Mo Hua was stunned, "Haven't you already taught me?"

Elder Gui said calmly:

"I haven't started teaching yet. What's there to teach about a fireball spell?"