

The Quest 197

Chapter 197: Wisdom

Mo Hua understood.

"The tree that stands out in the forest is sure to be toppled by the wind."

He had originally been torn about whether to spend effort on determining his rank, but now that Mr. Zhuang had said so, he decided to hold off.

Mr. Zhuang had seen much of the world. If he advised against rushing to determine rank, it must mean the timing wasn't right.

As an independent cultivator with low cultivation, drawing too much attention by determining rank at the Dao Court might not be wise.

An array master's foundation is their proficiency in arrays. As long as one masters the arrays, everything else follows naturally; there's no need to rush.

Seeing Mo Hua's understanding expression, Mr. Zhuang nodded secretly.

Mo Hua's temperament was commendable. At his age, not every array master could focus solely and wholeheartedly on learning arrays.

Moreover, he was only at the sixth level of Qi Refining. If he went to determine his rank and succeeded, how would the elder array masters feel?

Too much talent invites envy.

Mr. Zhuang sighed and said, "Wait until you reach the eighth or ninth level of Qi Refining before determining your rank."

"Yes, sir," Mo Hua nodded.

After bidding farewell to Mr. Zhuang, Mo Hua devoted himself to arrays, building a solid foundation, learning various array formations, pondering deeply, and practicing diligently.

As Mr. Zhuang said, he needed to "settle down."

Currently, the most important task for Mo Hua was to draw the composite array on the refining furnace.

The first-grade Molten Fire Spirit Control Composite Array was complex, including two first-grade arrays and several other types of arrays, along with a special array hub for controlling spiritual power.

Mo Hua had to integrate these into one composite array and ensure it matched the internal structure of the large refining furnace, which was a challenging task.

At midnight, the ancient and profound Dao Stele emerged in the void of his sea of consciousness.

Mo Hua began learning the composite array from the Dao Stele.

The hardest part of this composite array was the array hub.

This array hub had to accommodate two first-grade arrays, requiring a higher level of spiritual awareness and containing special functionalities for opening and controlling spiritual power, which Mo Hua had never encountered before.

The array hubs Mo Hua previously drew were simpler, merely linking single arrays. The current task was more complex, and so was the array hub.

Mo Hua began drawing the array hub on the Dao Stele.

He failed the first two times because his spiritual awareness wasn't strong enough to complete the array hub.

Mo Hua sighed.

Spiritual awareness is always the first hurdle; without sufficient strength, it's impossible to draw the array.

Mo Hua had to use his old method: erase the array hub, restore his spiritual awareness, and start over.

Mo Hua drew over and over again, familiarizing himself with the structure of the array hub and using the Dao Stele and array practice to enhance his spiritual awareness.

Currently, Mo Hua's spiritual awareness was enough for most first-grade arrays and simple composite arrays.

Experiencing the deficiency in his spiritual awareness and needing to use the Dao Stele to practice continuously was something Mo Hua hadn't encountered in a long time.

Mo Hua even felt a bit nostalgic.

He remembered Mr. Zhuang's words: as long as you keep drawing, you will improve, and you will master the arrays.

It's a simple truth, but the hardest to practice.

Mo Hua calmed his mind, focused, and began practicing the array hub of the first-grade Molten Fire Spirit Control Composite Array repeatedly.

If he made a mistake, he would erase it and start over. If his spiritual awareness was insufficient, he would erase it and start over.

The night passed like this. Mo Hua gained a deeper understanding but had not yet fully mastered it.

Mo Hua was not in a hurry. If something couldn't be accomplished in one go, one had to have the perseverance to keep at it, without arrogance or impatience.

Mo Hua also considered using a simpler first-grade Molten Fire Composite Array but decided against it.

The key to running an artifact crafting shop was the refining furnace, which was crucial to the shop's success and even to the livelihood of the demon hunters and all independent cultivators in Tongxian City. It had to be done perfectly.

Moreover, in the future, Mo Hua would encounter many hurdles in learning arrays. The first-grade Molten Fire Composite Array was just one of them. If he retreated now, it would foster a habit of giving up.

Elder Yu saw that Mo Hua still needed time to learn the arrays, so he began constructing the second phase of the pill refining shop.

The pill refining shop was built adjacent to the artifact crafting shop, with similar architecture and layout. With the experience from the artifact crafting shop, the construction of the pill refining shop proceeded much faster, and the workflow and personnel arrangements were more efficient.

As for the arrays, they would be added later when Mo Hua was available.

Meanwhile, in the Qian family.

Master Qian had drawn the first-grade Molten Fire Array on three first-grade refining furnaces.

As soon as Master Qian finished, Qian Hong immediately ordered the furnaces to be sent to the Qian family's artifact crafting shop and instructed the disciples to have the artifact crafters work overtime to produce spiritual tools quickly.

He had to stockpile a large number of standard spiritual tools before the demon hunters' refining furnace was completed and put into operation, to gain the upper hand in competition with Yu Changlin.

The Qian family's artifact crafters worked tirelessly, forging refined iron, day and night, to produce spiritual tools.

One after another, the spiritual tool embryos were thrown into the refining furnaces, heated until red-hot, then taken out and meticulously crafted by the artifact crafters, undergoing special

processes for shaping, cooling, and polishing, eventually forming complete spiritual tools, neatly arranged in the courtyard.

The artifact crafters were drenched in sweat, yet tireless. Qian Hong was very pleased.

With these three first-grade refining furnaces inscribed with the first-grade Molten Fire Array, and the relentless efforts of the artifact crafters, the output of spiritual tools was considerable.

Even if Yu Changlin's refining shop was completed, it wouldn't be able to compete with his.

Besides, the demon hunters might not even be able to buy first-grade refining furnaces. Even if they did, they wouldn't have the first-grade Molten Fire Array.

The refining furnace was the core of the refining shop's production. If the refining furnace was inferior, there would be no basis for competition and only a slow decline.

The Qian family's refining shop was bustling, but the artifact crafters were exhausted.

Most of these artifact crafters were ordinary independent cultivators hired by the Qian family, with only a few being the Qian family's distant relatives.

These independent cultivators had learned the craft of refining but couldn't afford refining furnaces or start their own refining shops, so they had to work under the Qian family to make a living.

However, this livelihood was hard to secure.

A steward suggested to Qian Hong, "The weather is scorching, and the furnace heat is unbearable. The artifact crafters are overly fatigued. Why not let them rest a bit?"

Qian Hong was unmoved.

The steward persisted, "Please reconsider, Master."

Qian Hong coldly glanced at the steward, "If they don't work hard, how can our Qian family prosper? If they don't suffer, should our Qian family suffer? Our current prosperity relies on their effort and toil."

The steward was silent for a moment and then said, "I fear they might become resentful and difficult to manage."

"No worries," Qian Hong said indifferently, "Tell them this: whoever produces the most spiritual tools this month will receive an additional three hundred spirit stones. They will work hard despite the fatigue, willingly. It won't be our fault."

The steward thought for a moment and then bowed, "Master, you are wise!"