

The Quest 250

Chapter 250: Bamboo Rice

“Doesn't this show that this spell is powerful?”

“It's not that powerful,” Bai Zisheng raised an eyebrow confidently, “It can only trap me for about two breaths. Once I activate my spiritual power, I can break free in no time.”

Mo Hua replied, “In a life-and-death battle, every second counts. These two breaths can determine victory or death.”

Hearing this, Bai Zisheng frowned, thought for a moment, and admitted, “You're right.”

If caught off guard and tricked, these two breaths of time could indeed decide life or death.

Mo Hua reminded, “Be careful in the future, don't get caught by such obscure spells.”

Bai Zisheng nodded solemnly.

Then he thought, there aren't many cultivators in this world with such strong spiritual senses, quick moves, and obscure spells like Mo Hua.

Bai Zisheng felt a strange sense of relief.

Opportunities are rare; not all cultivators know such obscure spells. Bai Zisheng wanted to spar with Mo Hua a bit more, but if he continued, he wouldn't be able to finish his tasks.

Reluctantly, Bai Zisheng returned to his tasks.

After practicing the Water Prison Spell, Mo Hua was about to leave when Bai Zixi suddenly called out to him.

Turning around, Mo Hua saw Bai Zixi take a book from her storage bag embroidered with elegant pale gold phoenix patterns and hand it to him.

“What book is this?”

“A recipe book.”

Mo Hua took it and examined it closely. It was indeed a recipe book, recording various gourmet dishes and cooking techniques from the cultivation world.

The dish names were dazzling, such as "Golden Splendor," "Jade Blossom," "Plum Flower Reflecting Snow," "Dew Hibiscus," "Only Envy Mandarin Ducks," "Immortal Dew Pearls," and so on.

Mo Hua was stunned, “For me?”

Bai Zixi glanced at him, “For Aunt Liu.”

“Oh.”

Mo Hua nodded, thinking it made sense. He wasn't a chef, so a recipe book wouldn't be of much use to him.

“Consider it a thank you gift,” Bai Zixi said crisply.

Mo Hua smiled, “Thank you, my mother will be very happy.”

Bai Zixi also smiled slightly, her eyebrows like new moons, her eyes like ephemeral flowers, clear and stunning.

Mo Hua sighed inwardly, “Why be so beautiful?”

On his way back, Mo Hua flipped through the recipe book, looking at the delicious dishes. As he looked, he got hungry.

After returning home, Mo Hua handed the recipe book to Liu Ruhua, “Mother, Zixi asked me to give this to you.”

Liu Ruhua took it, glanced at it, and smiled happily, “Thank Zixi for me.”

“Mm.” Mo Hua nodded, then pointed to a dish called “Jade Bamboo Rice” and smiled, “Mother, I want to eat this.”

Jade Bamboo Rice involves cutting a section of jade bamboo, filling it with fragrant rice, adding some green plums, fruit, and sweet spring water, and roasting it over a fire.

When it's done, the green color of the bamboo fades, and the rice is cooked.

Splitting open the bamboo, the aroma of the bamboo, the slight acidity of the green plums, and the fragrance of the rice mix together, making it fragrant and soft, with perfect color, aroma, and taste.

The method is not difficult, and the ingredients are simple, not particularly rare, with some rare ingredients having substitutes.

Mo Hua had chosen this after much consideration.

Liu Ruhua fondly patted Mo Hua’s head, “Alright, Mother will make it for you.”

The next day, Liu Ruhua prepared the ingredients and tried making it a few times. Soon, the Jade Bamboo Rice was successfully made.

Mo Hua took a bite, feeling the soft and fragrant taste, and couldn’t help but squint his eyes, “Mother, it’s delicious!”

Seeing Mo Hua eat happily, Liu Ruhua’s eyes were also filled with joy.

In the next two days, Liu Ruhua made more and asked Mo Hua to send some to Mr. Zhuang and the Bai siblings.

Mr. Zhuang enjoyed the fresh taste, nodding in satisfaction.

Although Bai Zisheng liked it, he preferred spicy demon meat.

The one who liked it the most was Bai Zixi. She sat under the big locust tree, eating bite after bite, elegantly and delicately, but continuously, quickly finishing three or four sections.

“Is it that good?” Mo Hua was puzzled.

Bai Zixi looked up, picked up a section, and handed it to Mo Hua.

As Mo Hua ate, he felt it was indeed tastier than what he had eaten the other day. He finished a section and wanted more.

So, under the big locust tree, the two of them ate the bamboo sections like little pandas.

With the matter of the rogue cultivators settled, Mo Hua continued his tasks within the mountain, making it easier to draw blood from demonic beasts.

The remaining time, Mo Hua continued to practice, drawing arrays, and studying array-solving and the Reverse Spirit Array.

First, he learned the basic composite arrays, drawing them on paper, and then solving them himself.

Mo Hua continued this self-practice, and if he got bored, he practiced the nine-and-a-half-pattern Reverse Spirit Array.

The progress in array solving was smooth, with each successful solve enhancing his ability.

But the progress in the Reverse Spirit Array was slow.

A complete Reverse Spirit Array has ten patterns, and the spiritual sense required is comparable to the Foundation Building stage. Mo Hua's spiritual sense was far from enough, so he couldn't draw a complete Reverse Spirit Array.

Even the incomplete nine-and-a-half-pattern array was increasingly difficult for him to draw.

Each additional stroke in the tenth pattern above nine patterns consumed as much spiritual sense as a whole pattern previously.

Mo Hua had doubts.

At this rate, could he really have spiritual sense comparable to the Foundation Building stage before reaching it...

Even if he could have such spiritual sense before Foundation Building, how many years of practice would it take?

Decades?

Mo Hua felt a faint worry, then thought:

“I wonder if there's another way to enhance spiritual sense...”

Mo Hua thought for a moment and felt it was unlikely. Among the cultivators around him, his spiritual sense growth was the fastest.

Even Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi, though their spiritual roots were better and their cultivation higher, had inferior spiritual senses compared to his.

The Bai family was a prominent family, and Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi were among the best. This indicated that Mo Hua's current spiritual sense was among the best, even in prominent families or large sects.

It seemed there was no better way.

Mo Hua sighed, calmed his mind, and stopped thinking about it.

Since he could only rely on arrays for now, he persisted in drawing them.

One day, his spiritual sense would grow to be comparable to the Foundation Building stage. It was just a matter of time.

About ten days later, Mo Hua met Yu Chengyi, noticing his serious expression, and couldn't help but ask, "Uncle Yu, did something happen?"

Yu Chengyi, deep in thought, looked up at Mo Hua, thought for a moment, and then said:

"Yes, something happened. Those rogue cultivators struck again."

"That bald guy?"

Yu Chengyi nodded, "Yes."

Mo Hua was shocked, "Did he rob and kill again?"

"This time, he attacked a caravan. Over twenty cultivators disappeared without a trace, not even bodies, only some blood at the scene."

Mo Hua's heart skipped a beat, feeling uneasy, then puzzled, "There should have been other caravans robbed before. What's different this time?"

Yu Chengyi's expression was very serious, which was rare.

"It is different." Yu Chengyi sighed, "First, the number of cultivators robbed this time is quite large, and none seem to have survived. Second, one of the cultivators in this caravan had a special identity."

"A big shot?" Mo Hua was curious.

"Not exactly," Yu Chengyi said, asking Mo Hua, "Do you remember the Kong family?"

“The Kong family of Qingxuan City?”

“Yes.”

Mo Hua naturally remembered the Kong family, who forced Uncle Ji and his son into exile, destroyed Fu Lan’s family, bribed the Qingxuan City Dao Court, and oppressed scattered cultivators.

“There was a young master from the Kong family, Kong Sheng, in this caravan.”