

## The Quest 287

### Chapter 287: Devoured

The mere trace of the aura spreading out caused the blue-faced ghost to tremble violently, overwhelmed by a profound terror of its very essence being eradicated.

This trace of aura seemed to be a rejection from the Dao of Heaven.

The Dao of Heaven suppresses all malevolent spirits.

Simultaneously, a burning agony emanated from the blue-faced ghost's body.

It looked down and saw that, unknowingly, its hands, feet, and body seemed to be gradually burning away, as if scorched by molten fire.

Its form also began to shrink, gradually revealing its original shape, transforming back into the small blue-faced, fanged imp.

"Must escape, or surely die!"

Terrified, the blue-faced imp shrieked, struggling desperately, trying to flee from Mo Hua's sea of consciousness.

Naturally, Mo Hua wouldn't let it escape.

His eyes brightened, seizing the opportunity to perform the Passing Water Step, moving swiftly to the imp and grabbing it firmly.

Previously, the imp's aura was too strong for Mo Hua to approach.

But now, after being bombarded by Mo Hua's Earth Fire Array and scorched by the Dao Stele's aura, it had reverted to its original form, and its remaining consciousness was significantly weakened.

Mo Hua easily subdued it.

The blue-faced imp continued to struggle, screaming, "Let me go! Let me go!"

Mo Hua didn't release it, instead asking, "What exactly are you?"

The imp didn't answer, its expression turning ferocious as it threatened, "Release me... or one day, I will eat you!"

Mo Hua's eyes narrowed, his face stern.

Even on the brink of death, it dares to threaten me?

He tightened his grip on the imp's throat, coldly saying, "If you keep being arrogant, I'll eat you first!"

Mo Hua was merely threatening, but unexpectedly, the imp's face suddenly showed fear.

"Don't... don't say 'eat'..."

The blue-faced imp was both terrified and frightened.

But it was too late. As soon as Mo Hua finished speaking, an even more overwhelming aura emanated from the Dao Stele, directly incinerating the imp into a phantom.

The phantom screamed, twisted, and struggled, but to no avail. It was shredded by the Dao Stele's aura, soon being refined into strands of green energy.

These strands of green energy then directly entered Mo Hua's mouth, swallowed into his stomach.

In an instant, the blue-faced imp was "eaten" by Mo Hua.

Mo Hua was stunned.

He had only said it casually, how did he actually "eat" the imp?

He didn't really intend to eat it...

Thinking of the imp's fierce, fanged face, Mo Hua couldn't help but mutter, "It won't upset my stomach... no, my mind, right?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Mo Hua's expression changed.

He felt as if a kaleidoscope had exploded in his mind, filled with numerous images.

In the deep mountains, a young novice followed a Daoist priest to learn cultivation.

The Daoist priest was reading a strange book, and the novice followed suit. As they read, their smiles grew eerie, and they both developed a craving for human flesh.

The novice and the priest conspired to deceive wandering cultivators and started eating people.

As they ate, they lost their human forms.

One turned into a red-faced, fanged demon, the other into a blue-faced, fanged imp.

Later, a swordsman in white appeared, slashing the red-faced demon with one strike, while the blue-faced imp managed to escape, hiding in a painting and sealing itself in a Daoist temple.

Later, many cultivators obtained this painting.

Those with shallow knowledge, unaware of its true nature, said it was a novice under a high master.

Those with profound spiritual awareness, seeing through its true nature, called it an evil creature.

Some, ignorant of its origins, used the painting for visualization, borrowing its spiritual awareness.

But borrowing always comes with a price.

It gradually devoured the spiritual awareness of these people.

Until an elder of a sect sealed it, keeping it out of sight, starving for a long time.

Later, a disciple of the sect stole it.

This disciple, with a youthful face and ambitious eyes, was none other than the third leader of Heishan Stronghold...

Various images and experiences flooded Mo Hua's mind.

His thoughts were chaotic, unable to distinguish them clearly, but an overwhelming urge soon arose in his heart.

He wanted to eat people!

Mo Hua was shocked.

Simultaneously, thoughts of slaughter, greed, and evil surged forth.

Mo Hua frowned, suddenly realizing.

By "eating" the imp, his mind was now filled with these evil thoughts.

Over time, he would undoubtedly be consumed by these thoughts and truly start eating people.

Enduring the pain, Mo Hua quickly sat in front of the Dao Stele, using the meditation techniques taught by Mr. Zhuang, focusing his mind and dispelling the distracting thoughts.

The evil thoughts surfaced in his mind, only to be dispelled one by one, rising and falling, circulating endlessly.

Simultaneously, Mo Hua remembered Mr. Zhuang's words.

Keep a natural mind, and do not deceive yourself.

Even if evil thoughts arise, do not fear, do not deceive yourself. Visualize with a clear mind, free your thoughts, and wander boundlessly.

Worldly thoughts are nothing, the mind like a clear mirror, untouched by dust.

Strands of green energy mixed with evil thoughts emanated from Mo Hua, only to be completely crushed and dispersed by the Dao Stele's aura.

After an unknown amount of time, Mo Hua finally opened his eyes.

The evil thoughts that had surfaced were completely dispelled, his mind clear and his spiritual awareness thorough.

Mo Hua breathed a sigh of relief, just about to stand up when suddenly, an extremely pure spiritual awareness surged into his mind.

This spiritual awareness was the purified remnant of the imp's consciousness, a pure force of spiritual awareness.

This pure spiritual awareness filled Mo Hua's mind.

The imp's spiritual awareness was originally stronger than Mo Hua's. Now, after being refined, its power was even more immense.

Mo Hua was at a loss.

He had never encountered such a situation in his cultivation books or Mr. Zhuang's teachings.

As he hesitated, the pure spiritual awareness grew, like a tide, flooding into Mo Hua's mind, impacting his mental barriers.

His mind ached, even showing signs of splitting.

"Not good!"

Mo Hua was alarmed.

This spiritual awareness was too much, it would break his mind.

Enduring the pain, Mo Hua quickly began drawing arrays on the Dao Stele.

Drawing arrays consumed a lot of spiritual awareness, and Mo Hua hoped to use this method to expend the excess spiritual awareness, preventing his mind from breaking.

Using his finger as a brush, Mo Hua frantically drew.

Various Five Elements Arrays, Sima Compass Composite Arrays, First Grade Molten Fire Arrays, Concealment Arrays, and more.

Mo Hua didn't think, he just drew whatever came to mind.

He moved quickly, his finger a blur, spiritual awareness pouring out, array after array layering on the Dao Stele.

But no matter how fast he drew, he couldn't keep up with the growing spiritual awareness.

At this moment, Mo Hua thought of the Reverse Spirit Array.

A First Grade Ten-Pattern Reverse Spirit Array, which he couldn't fully draw with his current spiritual awareness.

But this also meant that drawing it would consume a lot of spiritual awareness.

Mo Hua began recalling the patterns of the Reverse Spirit Array, then attempted to draw it on the Dao Stele.

The first attempt failed.

The second attempt also failed.

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Mo Hua persisted, drawing again and again.

Meanwhile, the rate at which he consumed spiritual awareness finally matched the rate of its growth.

The pressure on his mind eased, and the pain gradually subsided.

Mo Hua felt a bit better, his spirits lifted, and he continued to consume the spiritual awareness, focusing on practicing the Reverse Spirit Array.

He drew repeatedly.

The arrays he drew on the Dao Stele layered upon each other, countless times.

Each time he drew, he added a bit more, consumed a bit more spiritual awareness, and his spiritual awareness grew stronger.

Gradually, the trickle of a stream turned into a river.

Finally, with the last stroke, the Reverse Spirit Array glowed with a profound light.

The array patterns lit up, the array activated.

This meant that Mo Hua had successfully drawn the Reverse Spirit Array in its entirety.

An extraordinary feat, beyond ordinary understanding, a First Grade Ten-Pattern Reverse Spirit Array!

By a stroke of luck, Mo Hua had used the spiritual awareness from the painting to draw an array that an ordinary First Grade Array Master couldn't comprehend.