

## The Quest 295

### Chapter 295: Unfathomable

After Mo Hua left, and after the time it takes to drink a cup of tea, the Third Leader couldn't sense Mo Hua's spiritual awareness. He then returned to that remote grove.

Blood was everywhere, the place a complete mess.

Those evil cultivators were indeed eaten, thoroughly consumed, leaving the ground drenched in blood.

"How could a child's body devour people so completely, yet leave such a mess?"

The Third Leader mused to himself.

He noticed something odd: there were many claw marks, bite marks, and even blood-stained fur on the ground.

The Third Leader was taken aback, his brow furrowing slightly.

These evil cultivators, torn to pieces, weren't eaten by a person, but by a demonic beast.

And the child who had been possessed was nowhere to be seen.

The Third Leader's eyes narrowed as he sensed something amiss.

Were these people not eaten by that little demon?

Or perhaps, that little demon wasn't an old monster possessing a child's body, but a demonic beast wearing human skin.

But that didn't make sense either. If it wasn't possession, how could a mere Qi refining cultivator have the spiritual awareness of a Foundation Building cultivator?

Heaven has its rules; everything has its limits.

No matter how strong a Qi refining cultivator's spiritual awareness is, it cannot exceed the limits and be comparable to Foundation Building.

The Third Leader couldn't understand, then suddenly remembered something important:

The Visualization Diagram!

That little demon was meditating on his mat, and underneath that mat was the Visualization Diagram he had stolen from the sect!

The Third Leader moved like the wind, rushing back to the alchemy room at Heishan Stronghold.

When he arrived, he lifted the mat and found the secret compartment had been opened, and it was empty.

The Third Leader felt a chill in his heart, and in his panic, thinking the Visualization Diagram had been stolen, he saw a scroll not far away, its texture like skin or paper, depicting Qingyan Stream, precisely his Visualization Diagram.

Recovered, the Third Leader was ecstatic.

Someone had opened his secret compartment, found his Visualization Diagram, but failed to recognize its value and discarded it aside.

This was the Visualization Diagram!

A treasure countless array masters dream of.

The Third Leader sighed with relief, carefully opened the Visualization Diagram, but his smile quickly froze.

The diagram was the same, the mountains the same, the stones the same, even the moss on the stones and the stream beside them, all exactly the same.

But the little Daoist boy was gone!

The Third Leader's hands trembled. He quickly sat down cross-legged, trying to visualize the diagram.

But no matter how many times he visualized, he could no longer connect with the essence within, nor did his spiritual awareness increase at all.

The Third Leader was both shocked and furious.

The Visualization Diagram was ruined! It could no longer enhance his spiritual awareness.

The Third Leader's face gradually lost color.

Without the ability to enhance his spiritual awareness, his progress in array formations would be difficult.

Originally, he was just a step away from becoming a Second Grade Array Master, but now that step seemed insurmountable.

"Who ruined my Visualization Diagram?!"

The Third Leader was enraged, and in his bewilderment, he thought of Mo Hua.

"Did that little demon destroy it?"

But how did he destroy the Visualization Diagram?

The Third Leader pondered carefully.

The scenery in the diagram was the same, only the Daoist boy was missing. Why did the boy disappear? Where did he go?

The Third Leader recalled Mo Hua's clear face and innocent smile, an unbelievable guess forming in his mind.

"Could that little demon be the Daoist boy in the Visualization Diagram..."

"No, that's impossible!"

The Third Leader shook his head repeatedly.

But the more he thought about it, the more it seemed plausible, especially their smiles, both innocent yet subtly sinister.

A chill ran through the Third Leader, and he grew wary.

He could no longer fathom that little demon.

Was he a human or a ghost, an old monster possessing a body, or a demonic beast in human skin, the Daoist boy in the Visualization Diagram, or just an illusion?

"I must capture that little demon and find out the truth, see who he really is..."

The Third Leader thought silently.

Unfathomable individuals are best kept at a distance.

But with the Visualization Diagram ruined, the reason likely lay with that little demon. He had to find that little demon and get to the bottom of it.

Without the Visualization Diagram, his spiritual awareness would grow slowly, making it difficult to make any breakthroughs in array formations and become a Second Grade Array Master.

The Third Leader frowned.

His innate talent for array formations wasn't high, and he was unwilling to toil day and night like other array masters.

He considered such behavior foolish.

Array formations adhere to the Dao of Heaven, relying on comprehension, not mindless practice.

Even though he took a crooked path, using an evil Visualization Diagram to enhance his spiritual awareness, his progress in arrays was faster than most.

Hard practice was a dead end.

The Third Leader was convinced of this.

So the Visualization Diagram's failure severed his spiritual awareness growth and blocked his path to array mastery advancement.

"I must find that little demon!"

If he were human, possessing Foundation Building spiritual awareness at the Qi refining stage, there must be a secret method to enhance spiritual awareness, and he had to obtain it;

If he were the Daoist boy in the Visualization Diagram, he only needed to seal him back in the diagram to restore it. He could still use it to enhance his spiritual awareness and step into the realm of a Second Grade Array Master.

The Third Leader's eyes gleamed coldly, then turned blank:

"Where is that little demon now..."

The one on the Third Leader's mind, Mo Hua, was now at home, heartily eating the food his mother made for him.

The table was full of dishes, all looking and smelling wonderful.

He held a big bun in his left hand, a large chicken leg in his right, his cheeks bulging, eyes squinted into crescents, thinking:

"Home-cooked meals are the best."

The food at Heishan Stronghold was terrible; he would never eat there again.

The Third Leader probably noticed something and was targeting him, but Mo Hua had no intention of returning to Heishan Stronghold.

Unless the Dao Court wiped out Heishan Stronghold, he wouldn't go just to watch the excitement.

But in the short term, breaking through Heishan Stronghold was impossible, so Mo Hua naturally wouldn't venture into the deep mountains again.

If the Third Leader wanted to wait by the tree for a rabbit, he could keep waiting.

Once he successfully built his foundation and became a Second Grade Array Master, he wouldn't need to play tricks to deal with him.

Mo Hua's next goal was Foundation Building!

He had saved enough spirit stones.

He had shares in the artifact and alchemy shops in the southern city, dividends from the Fushan Tower, and could fleece some benefits from the Dao Court when needed.

However, he could save the benefits from the Dao Court for urgent needs later, as suggested by Zhang Lan.

Zhang Lan was an “internal cultivator” in the Dao Court and knew more than him, so his advice was worth following.

Mo Hua had mid-low-grade spiritual roots, practicing an ancient technique called Tianyan Jue, which was also mid-low-grade. The spiritual power cycles he cultivated were slightly below average.

His spiritual power wasn’t much, so the spirit stones needed for a breakthrough weren’t particularly many. The ones he had now were enough.

The bottleneck of Tianyan Jue was in spiritual awareness, and Mo Hua’s current Foundation Building level spiritual awareness far exceeded expectations, so it should suffice.

Now, all was ready except for the crucial moment.

As soon as he reached the peak of the ninth layer of Qi refining, he could make the leap to Foundation Building!

Foundation Building...

There were only a few Foundation Building cultivators in Tongxian City, let alone among the independent cultivators. For years, they relied on Elder Yu Changlin, a single Foundation Building cultivator, to stand against the Qian family and seek justice for independent cultivators.

Now, Mo Hua could become a Foundation Building cultivator.

He had imagined this day before, but never thought it would come so soon, so vividly and tangibly...

Mo Hua was lost in thought.

Liu Ruhua patted his head gently and said softly, “Focus on eating.”

Mo Hua snapped back to reality, smiled at his mother, and began earnestly tackling the feast before him.

Seeing him devour the food ravenously, Liu Ruhua thought of the hardships he must have endured in the deep mountains and felt a pang of heartache. She added another large chicken leg to his plate, urging:

“Eat more.”

Mo Hua nodded repeatedly, “Mother, you don’t know, the food at Heishan Stronghold was awful.”

“How bad could it be?”

“As bad as you can imagine.”

Liu Ruhua laughed, “But you still ate it?”

“When you’re hungry, you eat whatever’s there.”

Liu Ruhua frowned, “Was it dangerous in Heishan Stronghold this time?”

Mo Hua was about to nod but didn’t want to worry his mother, so he said: “It was alright. I have Concealment Techniques; I can eavesdrop, spy, and steal food without them noticing...”

Then he hesitated, remembering his mother’s advice, and whispered:

“They’re all bad people. Stealing a bit from them shouldn’t count as doing something bad, right?”

Liu Ruhua smiled, “No, it doesn’t.”

Mo Hua started telling other stories.

But unlike those told to Elder Yu Changlin, these were more “interesting” little tales.

For instance,

a fat man being fed was unexpectedly bitten to death by a tiger.

Two night watchmen killed each other in a misunderstanding.

The Third Leader, though a Foundation Building cultivator, drew arrays worse than him. He secretly sabotaged many formations, and the Third Leader might still be unaware...

Liu Ruhua listened attentively, her mood lightened considerably.

Mo Shan, on the other hand, had a complex expression.

He knew these stories sounded “interesting,” but they were actually fraught with danger.

When he used to hunt demons in the Dahei Mountain, he also omitted the dangers, telling Mo Hua only the “interesting” parts.

Now, Mo Hua, to keep his parents from worrying, was doing the same, telling these “interesting” stories.

Mo Shan felt both wistful and gratified.