

The Quest 300

Chapter 300: Demons

Mo Hua bade farewell to Mr. Zhuang, walked through the bamboo forest, crossed the grassland, and passed the pond until he reached the large locust tree.

Under the large locust tree, Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi were reading books.

When Bai Zisheng saw Mo Hua, his eyes lit up, and he quickly threw down the book in his hand and asked:

“Where have you been? I haven't seen you recently.”

Mo Hua opened the food box and shared the beef and pastries his mother had prepared with Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi.

“I was delayed by something.”

Bai Zisheng nodded and didn't ask any more questions, focusing on eating the beef.

His mind was simple; if he had meat to eat, he usually didn't think about anything else.

Mo Hua thought for a while and asked him, “Zisheng, when do you plan to start Foundation Building?”

Bai Zisheng corrected him, “You have to call me Brother Bai!”

Mo Hua ignored him.

Bai Zisheng, eating Mo Hua's meat, couldn't refuse to answer, so he said:

“There is still some time. The foundation needs to be solid before I can start Foundation Building.”

Mo Hua nodded.

It seems Mr. Zhuang was right; disciples from noble families or sects, if they want to go far on the path of cultivation, will not be greedy for quick success. They start honing their realms and laying a solid foundation from the Qi Refining stage.

Bai Zisheng then asked Mo Hua, “Are you planning to start Foundation Building?”

“Yes, I am at the seventh level of Qi Refining and need to start planning early.”

Bai Zixi, taking small bites of the pastries, glanced at Mo Hua, then suddenly froze, frowned, and said:

“Your spiritual awareness...”

Bai Zisheng, hearing this, also looked at Mo Hua and was startled, “Mo Hua, what happened to your spiritual awareness?”

“Oh, my spiritual awareness has reached the Foundation Building stage.”

Mo Hua pretended to be calm, but there was still a hint of pride in his eyes.

Bai Zisheng's mouth gaped open, and Bai Zixi stared at him, forgetting to eat her pastry.

“Impossible!” Bai Zisheng said.

“Why not?”

“A Qi Refining cultivator can't have spiritual awareness at the Foundation Building stage.”

“Oh, then just consider it so.” Mo Hua said nonchalantly.

Bai Zisheng scrutinized Mo Hua from head to toe, still not daring to believe it, “Did your spiritual awareness really reach the Foundation Building stage?”

“Didn’t you say it’s impossible?”

Bai Zisheng scratched his head, muttering:

“It shouldn’t be. I’ve never heard of spiritual awareness reaching the Foundation Building stage first...”

Mo Hua picked up a piece of pastry and put it in his mouth, chewing with a smile.

“How did your spiritual awareness reach the Foundation Building stage?” Bai Zisheng couldn’t help but ask again.

“Brother!” Bai Zixi’s voice was crisp, with a hint of reproach.

Bai Zisheng then remembered and apologized:

“I shouldn’t have asked. Cultivators have their own opportunities, usually not shared with others.”

“It’s okay.” Mo Hua waved his hand, “But I can’t tell you now. If there’s a chance in the future, I’ll let you know.”

The matter of the visualization diagram, he had only told Mr. Zhuang about, because it involved the sea of consciousness, and he had a Dao Stele in his sea of consciousness. So, the fewer people who knew, the better.

At least, for now, he couldn’t tell Bai Zisheng.

Bai Zisheng, seeing Mo Hua’s frankness, nodded and said, “Alright!”

Mo Hua smiled.

Seeing Mo Hua’s smile, Bai Zisheng was suddenly startled and couldn’t help but ask:

“Why did you suddenly smile so eerily, with a hint of evil?”

Mo Hua was slightly stunned, then remembered it should be the evil thoughts of the Blue-faced Demon occasionally surfacing. When he smiled, he looked like the Blue-faced Demon, with a sinister aura.

Mo Hua rubbed his cheeks, “It's nothing, I ate something bad, it will pass soon.”

Bai Zisheng was confused but didn't delve deeper. Instead, he curiously asked:

“What have you been doing lately?”

Mo Hua thought for a moment. He couldn't talk about the visualization diagram, but he could tell Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi about the Heishan Stronghold.

Moreover, they were Bai family disciples, well-versed in family knowledge, and might know some other clues.

So, Mo Hua narrated the events of the Heishan Stronghold to Bai Zisheng.

From the hidden mountain path between cliffs, to the foggy forest filled with Fog Arrays, to the midnight encounters with fat and thin cultivators asking for directions, and finally, the blood-colored alchemy room and the Bone Pill Furnace...

Mo Hua told them everything he could, except for matters related to the visualization diagram.

Bai Zisheng listened with a mix of suspense and indignation.

Sometimes he worried for Mo Hua, other times he was furious at the evil cultivators' deeds, wishing he could storm into Heishan Stronghold and slaughter the demons.

In Mo Hua's impression, noble family disciples were either strictly disciplined and followed rules or were pampered and lawless.

Bai Zisheng's righteous and chivalrous personality was truly unexpected.

Bai Zixi was also listening intently, the book in her hand had fallen to the ground without her noticing.

Mo Hua thought for a moment and asked:

"Do you know the difference between evil cultivators and demonic cultivators?"

The third leader of Heishan Stronghold regarded him as a demon possessing the body of an old monster. In theory, demonic cultivators should be stronger and more terrifying than evil cultivators.

But Mo Hua had never understood the difference between them. When he asked Elder Yu, he was vague, probably because he had never encountered them and didn't know much.

After all, if Mo Hua hadn't entered Heishan Stronghold, he would only have encountered one evil cultivator—the flower thief he and Zhang Lan caught, who had one leg broken by Mo Hua.

As for the term "demonic cultivator," Mo Hua had rarely heard of it.

"I know this!" Bai Zisheng said with a hint of pride, showing off his knowledge in front of Bai Zixi:

"Both evil cultivators and demonic cultivators are not good. They practice evil demonic methods, and generally, it doesn't matter if they are called evil or demonic cultivators."

"To be specific, evil cultivators usually refer to those who fell into evil ways halfway, while demonic cultivators have orthodox demonic inheritance and practice demonic techniques and Dao laws."

"Demonic cultivators have a more orthodox inheritance, while evil cultivators are self-taught, so demonic cultivators are generally stronger. Of course, in the evil demonic path, the more evil you are, the stronger you are, and the more you deserve to die."

Bai Zisheng explained in detail.

Mo Hua suddenly understood but then became puzzled, “How do you know so much?”

Bai Zisheng said righteously, “A cultivator who slays demons and monsters is a good cultivator! If so, how can we slay demons without knowing our enemies?”

Mo Hua sighed, “Alright.”

So, that’s his intention.

Mo Hua then asked, “What about evil arrays? How are they different from ordinary arrays?”

When it came to arrays, especially in front of Mo Hua, Bai Zisheng felt a bit intimidated.

He was well aware of Mo Hua’s proficiency in arrays, far surpassing any ordinary Qi Refining stage array master.

Bai Zisheng didn’t dare to talk nonsense. If he said something wrong and embarrassed himself in front of Mo Hua, he couldn’t shamelessly consider himself Mo Hua’s “big brother” anymore.

Although Mo Hua never acknowledged him as a “big brother”...

Bai Zisheng sneaked a glance at his sister Bai Zixi.

Bai Zixi, a bit helpless, said:

“Evil arrays and demonic arrays are strictly forbidden by the elders of our clan and are not mentioned by the instructors. But I saw some mentions in a book...”

Bai Zixi’s long black eyelashes fluttered, and her autumn-water-like eyes showed a look of contemplation. After a moment, she recalled the book’s content and continued:

“Evil arrays and demonic arrays generally use flesh and blood as the array medium, draw array patterns with evil thoughts, use the anti-Dao as the array hub, and refine human lives as the array eye.”

“As for the specifics, the book didn’t elaborate. I’m also unclear about the differences between evil and demonic arrays.”

Mo Hua nodded.

Bai Zisheng whispered, “Why don’t you ask Mr. Zhuang?”

Mo Hua had the same thought, but Bai Zixi shook her head and said:

“Mr. Zhuang won’t tell you.”

Mo Hua was taken aback and asked, “Why?”

Bai Zixi replied, “Because you are too smart. Mr. Zhuang is afraid you will learn it too quickly.”