

The Quest 301

Chapter 301: Reluctance

Mo Hua was a bit surprised but then thought it wasn't a big deal:

"Just asking about the differences in demonic arrays doesn't mean I'll learn it right away..."

Bai Zisheng thought for a moment, then shook his head firmly:

"Others might not, but you definitely will!"

Whether it's an evil array or a demonic array, they inherently go against the Dao, relying on opportunistic and deceitful methods.

Orthodox arrays are very difficult to learn. To master them, one must proceed step by step, strengthening their spiritual sense bit by bit, practicing arrays repeatedly until achieving success through years of hard work.

However, some impatient demonic cultivators, unwilling to put in the effort but eager to make quick progress, would resort to harmful and unscrupulous methods to forcibly enhance the power of arrays.

Evil and demonic arrays are easier to learn. The two are opposites and often counter each other. A typical array master might not be able to decipher them, but someone as talented as Mo Hua would grasp them quickly.

Despite Bai Zisheng's reluctance to admit it, Mo Hua was the most gifted array master of his age group he had ever seen.

He learned orthodox arrays quickly, so learning those demonic arrays would be even easier.

Even if Mr. Zhuang just mentioned a few principles, Mo Hua might figure out the demonic array on his own.

Once he fell into demonic ways, there would be no turning back.

Bai Zisheng looked at Mo Hua and quickly reminded him:

"Don't ask Mr. Zhuang about this, or you will definitely make him angry! These demonic arrays are unworthy of mention and should be avoided."

"Really?" Mo Hua was doubtful.

He didn't actually want to learn demonic arrays, just to be prepared if he encountered them again, so he wouldn't be caught off guard and fall into a desperate situation.

"Really!" Bai Zisheng said seriously.

"Alright."

Listening to others' advice fills the belly. Since both Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi said so, he would leave it for now and talk about it later if the opportunity arose.

"By the way, how did you get out of Heishan Stronghold after entering?" Bai Zisheng asked curiously.

Mo Hua then recounted his "heroic" act of having the third leader lead the way and walking out of Heishan Stronghold's main gate openly and proudly.

Bai Zisheng was stunned and said, "You're bragging!"

"Believe it or not."

Mo Hua's expression was genuine, causing Bai Zisheng some conflict, and he asked, "Then what happened?"

Mo Hua then briefly recounted the subsequent events, including tricking several demonic cultivators to their deaths.

Bai Zisheng's expression turned serious, and after a long period of contemplation, he made a decision, saying solemnly:

"With your courage and actions, I've decided, I won't take you as my little brother."

"What?"

"You can be promoted to my junior brother!"

Mo Hua, uninterested, pouted, "I'm not interested."

Bai Zisheng was shocked, "You don't even want to be my junior brother?"

"What's so special about that?"

"This is being my junior brother! Even if it were members of the Zhao family, Li family, or the direct descendants of the Situ family wanting to be my junior brother, I wouldn't care."

Bai Zisheng tried hard to persuade Mo Hua.

Mo Hua thought for a moment and asked, "We are all registered disciples of Mr. Zhuang, so we shouldn't be considered the same sect brothers, right?"

"A registered disciple is also a disciple!" Bai Zisheng insisted.

"That's not right. I joined first, so by logic, I should be the senior brother, and you should be my junior brother."

Bai Zisheng was stunned, then jumped up, "Impossible!"

Failing to become the "big brother" was one thing, but barely becoming a "senior brother" was acceptable. Now he couldn't even be the senior brother and might end up as the junior brother!

Bai Zisheng couldn't accept this!

"I'm older than you, so I'm the senior brother!"

"I joined first, you should call me senior brother!"

...

Bai Zixi, watching them argue, picked up her book again, reading elegantly and quietly.

Under the large locust tree, the clear voices were noisy, both lively and peaceful.

As evening fell, everyone went home, and the mountain dwelling fell into quietness.

The night was tranquil, with the moonlight casting a thin layer of silver over the mountain scenery and bamboo forest.

In the bamboo house, Mr. Zhuang slowly opened his eyes, staring at the moonlit mountains, lost in thought.

Unnoticed, Elder Gui appeared silently, his voice as dry and hoarse as ever:

"Your injuries have worsened."

"They've always been this bad," Mr. Zhuang replied calmly, without showing any emotion.

Elder Gui remained silent for a moment, then said indifferently:

"When the injuries worsen, it's time to leave."

Mr. Zhuang didn't respond.

"Are you reluctant?" Elder Gui asked woodenly.

Mr. Zhuang stretched lazily and smiled nonchalantly, "Yes, the scenery here is nice, the days are leisurely, there's food and drink, it's hard to leave."

"Is that what you're reluctant about?"

Mr. Zhuang still looked at the dark mountains, not speaking.

"Don't get too deeply involved in karma," Elder Gui reminded again.

"Let's wait a bit longer," Mr. Zhuang pondered for a moment, sighing, "I don't feel at ease leaving without teaching everything."

Elder Gui frowned, "Staying in one place too long, you'll be found, and then life and death will be uncertain."

"I know, there's still time," Mr. Zhuang remained composed.

"As long as you know. After all, it's your life," Elder Gui said indifferently, then fell silent.

The bamboo house returned to silence.

The night deepened, and the moonlight grew colder.

After a long while, Mr. Zhuang spoke again:

"Elder Gui, how much longer do you think I can hide?"

The room remained silent.

Elder Gui was nowhere to be seen, either absent and couldn't hear, or heard but didn't know how to answer, so remained silent.

Mr. Zhuang's gaze deepened, and he smiled self-deprecatingly.

Mo Hua returned home, had dinner, and went back to his room, lying on his small desk, beginning to draw the Reverse Spirit Array.

He had already learned this array, and practicing it now was to refine his spiritual sense and improve his proficiency to better master the array.

The first-grade ten-pattern Reverse Spirit Array was hard to learn and equally difficult to practice.

Mo Hua could barely draw it, his strokes unfamiliar, the array patterns unclear, his understanding of the array hub shallow, and his spiritual sense barely sufficient. Thus, there were many areas to practice and many repetitions needed for mastery.

Mo Hua lay on his desk, concentrating, his small hand holding the pen, drawing the Reverse Spirit Array with some difficulty.

After completing one, his spiritual sense nearly exhausted, he meditated to recover.

Meanwhile, evil thoughts would emerge, constantly growing, disturbing Mo Hua's mind.

Mo Hua followed Mr. Zhuang's teachings, using the evil thoughts to refine his mind.

When evil thoughts arose, he did not fear or evade, his heart like a clear mirror, reflecting on himself, dispelling the evil while steadily affirming his true heart amidst the chaos.

After a while of meditation, the evil thoughts gradually faded, and Mo Hua's spiritual sense filled up.

He practiced the Reverse Spirit Array again, rested a bit, and began planning his foundation establishment.

Previously, he only thought about establishing the foundation without knowing how or what to prepare.

After consulting Mr. Zhuang, his understanding became clearer.

In short, before establishing the foundation, one's spiritual sense must be as strong as possible. After foundation establishment, the spiritual sense would multiply, laying a strong foundation for future Dao attainment.

The first task was to cultivate until the ninth level of Qi Refining.

Before, Mo Hua was impatient to establish the foundation, so his mindset was anxious. Now, he needed to temper his state, solidify his spiritual sense, and take his time.

Maintain a normal mind, practice daily without interruption, and let things naturally come to fruition without rushing.

Besides cultivation, the most important aspect was spiritual sense.

He was now at the seventh level of Qi Refining, with two small breakthroughs left. Each breakthrough would enhance his spiritual sense.

Learning the Reverse Spirit Array and practicing with the Dao Stele would steadily increase his spiritual sense.

Once mastering the Reverse Spirit Array, Mr. Zhuang said he would teach him other things.

Mo Hua speculated that it would involve how to use the Reverse Spirit Array to cause array collapse.

He remembered Mr. Zhuang saying:

"When an array collapses, spiritual power within the array framework disrupts and conflicts in the form of array patterns, creating strong spiritual fluctuations with extreme and extraordinary power..."

Mo Hua was deeply impressed and curious about the power of array collapse, wondering how strong it could be to astonish Mr. Zhuang.

After learning this, Mr. Zhuang would probably find other Dao anomalies for him to study.

Mo Hua wanted to know if other Dao anomaly arrays also surpassed the capabilities of ordinary cultivators.

How did these arrays compare with the Reverse Spirit Array and other first-grade arrays?

Lastly, there was the Visualization Diagram.

If the divine thoughts in the diagram weren't too strong, could he really enhance his spiritual sense by "eating the diagram"?

Eating diagrams to refine the mind, using evil thoughts to refine the heart.

With the Dao Stele's suppression, the risk shouldn't be as high as imagined.

But eating diagrams was only a

backup option; visualization diagrams were rare, and Mo Hua didn't know where to find them.

Also, if he couldn't see through the essence, he wouldn't know if the divine thoughts in the diagram were evil or ghosts, strong or weak, making it risky to act rashly.

"Visualization diagrams can wait..."

Even without relying on visualization diagrams, completing the tasks would sufficiently refine his spiritual sense beyond the foundation establishment stage.

With strong spiritual sense, learning second-grade arrays would be easier, and becoming a second-grade array master would be just a matter of time.

What effects would second-grade arrays have?

If he mastered second-grade arrays, would he be the youngest second-grade array master?

The cultivation world was vast with countless geniuses. Even if he wasn't the youngest second-grade array master, he should be among the youngest.

Mo Hua felt some anticipation, grateful to Mr. Zhuang.

Without Mr. Zhuang's guidance, he wouldn't have learned arrays so well and so quickly, let alone become a first-grade array master or learn arrays beyond first-grade.

Thinking of this, Mo Hua unconsciously frowned.

Mr. Zhuang seemed a bit off recently.

He seemed sleepier, more easily tired than before, perhaps due to some problem in his cultivation...

Although he still appeared lazy and carefree as usual.

But Mo Hua, being observant and spending so much time with Mr. Zhuang, noticed something amiss.

"Mr. Zhuang... is he alright..."

Mo Hua felt a bit worried.