

## The Quest 333

### Chapter 333: Unexpected Changes

Outside a gloomy and eerie Grade-2 demonic beast lair, Mo Hua sat cross-legged with his eyes closed, extending his spiritual sense to its limits to sense the spiritual energy traces within the lair.

After a cup of tea's time, Mo Hua opened his eyes and shook his head, "Nothing."

Several Foundation Building cultivators surrounded Mo Hua and, following the map, moved to the next demonic beast lair.

After searching several lairs, Zhang Lan couldn't hold back anymore. He lowered his voice and quietly asked Commander Yang:

"How can you tell?"

Zhang Lan had also come along.

Although he was a Qi Refining cultivator, he was a Registrar of the Dao Court and came from an influential family. Even if he encountered a Grade-2 demonic beast, he had some means of self-preservation, so he followed along.

"How else would you tell?" Commander Yang also whispered, "Of course, using spiritual sense."

"That's obvious. Do you even need to say that?" Zhang Lan said, displeased. "I'm asking how spiritual sense can detect the traces of formations?"

"As long as the spiritual sense is strong enough."

"What do you mean by strong enough?"

"Foundation Building level... this kid's spiritual sense has already reached Foundation Building, hasn't it?"

"You also have Foundation Building spiritual sense. Can you see it?" Zhang Lan questioned.

"Of course..." Commander Yang said, feeling guilty.

Zhang Lan glanced at him, "Liars will stay single forever."

Commander Yang was stunned and couldn't help but say, "You're so vicious! How can you say such a thing?"

"Can you really see it?" Zhang Lan asked again.

Commander Yang hesitated for a long time, weighing it in his heart. Compared to a lifelong commitment, it wasn't worth losing face in front of Zhang Lan.

Commander Yang truthfully said, "I can't see it..."

Zhang Lan looked at him with disdain.

Commander Yang returned the disdainful look, "You can't see it either."

"I'm at Qi Refining, it's normal not to see it. But you're at Foundation Building, it's shameful that you can't see it!" Zhang Lan said confidently.

"Just a Qi Refining cultivator, and yet you're proud of it? You're truly shameless, Zhang Lan!" Commander Yang mocked.

Such ridicule no longer had any effect on Zhang Lan.

Zhang Lan remained calm and then wondered:

"If it's not because of spiritual sense, what else could it be?"

Commander Yang also touched his chin, thought for a moment, and slowly said, "Because Mo Hua is an array master?"

Because he was an array master, constantly dealing with formations and drawing array patterns every day, it was normal for his spiritual sense to detect the traces of formations.

Zhang Lan nodded slightly, feeling it made some sense.

"But," Commander Yang himself was puzzled:

"Can other array masters really sense it?"

This was a demonic beast lair, filled with demonic energy, mixed with various blood and demonic powers, enough to mask all spiritual energy traces.

Even with his Foundation Building spiritual sense, he couldn't distinguish what was in the lair.

Other array masters, even if slightly stronger, shouldn't be that much stronger.

But Mo Hua was different. His certainty about the presence of formations in the lair was very confident, even resolute.

This indicated that his spiritual sense perceived the lair very clearly, and his perception of the formation's existence was also very clear.

Zhang Lan frowned, thinking for a moment but still couldn't understand, so he simply stopped thinking about it and muttered:

"He must have learned some strange things..."

Zhang Lan was already used to it.

Especially in terms of formations, at the beginning, he could still "instruct" Mo Hua a bit, but now compared to Mo Hua, he was already an "illiterate" in formations...

Since he was illiterate, Yang Jiyong must be a big illiterate.

Two formation "illiterates" considering such issues was indeed overestimating themselves.

Zhang Lan belittled Yang Jiyong in his heart again, feeling a bit better.

After searching a few more lairs, they came to a remote cave. Mo Hua released his spiritual sense and suddenly paused.

Everyone's expressions became serious, "Did you find something?"

Mo Hua raised his head, his eyes slightly bright, "There's a formation!"

There really was one!

Everyone was delighted and asked, "What kind of formation?"

"Wait a moment," Mo Hua said, "Let me see."

Then Mo Hua began to release his spiritual sense, following the formation's spiritual energy traces, deducing the formation patterns, sketching the complete formation pattern in the blank space of his sea of consciousness to determine the type of formation.

After an hour, Mo Hua opened his eyes again, took out paper and pen, and simply drew a few passages inside the cave and the formations laid on them.

"Time is limited, I didn't calculate everything. The formation should still have some flaws, but you can use this as a reference."

Elder Yu and the others, who didn't understand formations, didn't think much of it, only feeling that Mo Hua was reliable and could solve any formation problem.

Zhang Lan and Commander Yang, however, exchanged a glance, both showing some suspicion.

"What does 'calculate' mean?"

They had never heard that formations could be "calculated"?

How to calculate it?

Although their formation studies were poor, they had family heritage and had been exposed to some formation knowledge since childhood.

But from childhood to adulthood, having encountered so many array masters, whether from families, sects, or wandering cultivators.

So many array masters, regardless of their rank or expertise, never mentioned "calculating".

They never thought that such an obscure formation term would come from the mouth of Mo Hua, who was only at the seventh level of Qi Refining, had only First Grade formation skills, and was just a teenager.

Who had Mo Hua been following, and what had he been learning?!

Zhang Lan and Commander Yang remained calm on the surface, but their hearts were in turmoil.

For the first time, they felt the unfathomable depth of the person who guided Mo Hua in formations.

At the same time, in their eyes, the little Mo Hua also became somewhat unfathomable...

But now was not the time for such sentiments.

Capturing the Qian family patriarch was the priority.

Chief Supervisor Zhou pointed to the map Mo Hua had drawn and said, "These passages lead to the lair's depths. The Qian family patriarch should be hiding inside..."

"We'll split up and search. If you encounter anything unusual, don't act rashly, send a signal, and the others will come to join you. Once together, we'll act together."

Everyone nodded, each choosing a path. Before leaving, Elder Yu turned back and gently reminded Mo Hua:

"Hide yourself well and be careful."

"Mm." Mo Hua nodded, looking at Elder Yu's arm with concern, "Elder, your injury, is it serious?"

Previously, Elder Yu had been injured by the Qian family patriarch during an ambush, losing an arm. Although Mr. Feng had treated it, it still left residual problems, making movement difficult.

Not only Elder Yu, but everyone had more or less been injured while besieging the Qian family patriarch.

The Qian family patriarch's strength was unknown. If encountered again, it could be disastrous.

Elder Yu laughed freely, "I've opposed the Qian family for so many years, never dreamed of pushing the Qian family patriarch to this extent. As long as we can kill him, even if both arms are broken or this old life is lost, it's worth it."

Mo Hua's worry deepened.

Elder Yu lightly patted his shoulder and sighed:

"Don't worry, I know my limits."

Mo Hua nodded, anxiously watching everyone head into the lair's depths, disappearing into the darkness.

Even knowing the danger ahead, everyone remained undeterred.

"Hope everything goes well..."

Mo Hua concealed himself and hid quietly to the side, sighing silently and hoping in his heart.

Meanwhile, at Sit and Forget Abode on Nanshan.

Mr. Zhuang was not resting on the bamboo chair as usual but was sitting elegantly at the table, organizing some books and jade slips.

"Are these for Mo Hua?"

Elder Gui appeared silently, speaking in a wooden voice.

"Yes." Mr. Zhuang didn't lift his head, still looking at the book in his hand, "Organizing some formation insights for him. After I leave, he'll have to rely on himself to study formations..."

Mr. Zhuang's tone was calm but carried a hint of melancholy.

"You've never been this attentive to your direct disciples," Elder Gui said lightly.

Mr. Zhuang was slightly stunned, memories surfacing, a bitter smile appearing on his lips:

"I was never a qualified teacher..."

Mr. Zhuang then self-deprecatingly said:

"Not only unfit to be a teacher, but unfit to be a disciple, otherwise, it wouldn't have ended up like this..."

Mr. Zhuang didn't continue, but his expression became more forlorn.

Elder Gui remained silent.

"Forget it, old matters are like passing clouds, no use dwelling on them now."

Mr. Zhuang put away the books and jade slips into a storage bag and leisurely lay down.

"What about the two Bai family children?" Elder Gui asked.

Mr. Zhuang thought for a moment and sighed:

"They're good children."

He was somewhat surprised, "I didn't expect my selfish junior sister to raise such a pair of children."

"Will you take them as disciples?" Elder Gui asked.

"No!" Mr. Zhuang shook his head firmly:

"Not much time left, before I'm buried, I want some peace, less entanglements,

and fewer worries."

"They may not give up."

"What if they don't?" Mr. Zhuang looked expressionlessly across the courtyard, beyond the mountains, to the distant horizon, and said calmly:

"The sky is high and the water is vast, meeting again won't be easy. It's not always possible to have such fate..."

Nor is it always possible to have a little disciple like Mo Hua...

Mr. Zhuang silently thought.

Seeing Mr. Zhuang's decision, Elder Gui said no more.

They fell into silence. Mr. Zhuang slowly closed his eyes, intending to rest.



Suddenly, his brow furrowed, and he opened his eyes, looking at the sky for a long time.

"What's wrong?" Elder Gui asked.

Mr. Zhuang's brow gradually furrowed, speaking seriously:

"Why is the aura of the Dao so turbid?"

Elder Gui was slightly stunned, also looking at the sky, his expression changing.

"This is..."

Mr. Zhuang couldn't help but stand up, calculating with his fingers, his expression becoming incredulous.

"The Dao of Heaven is changing?"

Mr. Zhuang's heart trembled, calculating again, his expression more and more astonished.

"How is this possible..." Mr. Zhuang muttered to himself, losing focus:

"This place is just a corner of the Nine Regions, how could it, produce a change in the Dao of Heaven?"