

The Quest 344

Chapter 344: Decision

"Where should I go?"

Mo Hua was uncertain, sitting in a restaurant, watching the coming and going cultivators, observing the entire Tongxian City.

Tongxian City was no longer bustling; instead, it had a sense of impending storm.

There were fewer cultivators on the streets.

Those who could find a way out were seeking one, while the scattered cultivators who couldn't find a way out had only one path:

Migrate with the large group of scattered cultivators to the impoverished wilderness, reclaim and build a place to live anew.

With the appearance of the great demon, even some powerful cultivation factions had no power to resist, let alone scattered cultivators.

They had no choice.

They had no status, no background, no connections, and no one willing to take them in. To survive, they had to find another way, struggling bit by bit through their hard work.

Mo Hua sighed.

Perhaps it had always been this way in the world.

In any disaster, upper-level cultivators always found a way to escape.

In the end, it was the lower-level cultivators who faced all the difficulties and bore all the pain.

Even if this disaster was completely undeserved.

Mo Hua went to see Elder Yu again.

Elder Yu was going to migrate with the scattered cultivators.

He was a Foundation Building cultivator and could have escaped.

But because he was a Foundation Building cultivator, the only one among the scattered cultivators, he had to protect them during the southward migration.

Without a Foundation Building cultivator holding the line, who knew how many would die or be injured on the way.

"You shouldn't go."

Elder Yu had been busy day and night these past few days, looking tired. Seeing Mo Hua, he spoke directly.

Before Mo Hua could respond, Elder Yu continued, "We are migrating, not building a city. Even if we reach the other side, it's all barren land, and there's no immediate need for you to draw arrays."

Mo Hua understood Elder Yu's intentions and couldn't find words to say.

Elder Yu looked at Mo Hua, speaking gently, "You should have a better future, learn more array techniques, and do more in the future. There's no need to suffer with us."

Mo Hua whispered, "This journey will be dangerous, right?"

"Everything has its risks, but we can't avoid doing things because of danger. This concerns the lives of an entire city of scattered cultivators," Elder Yu sighed.

"How about... I go too," Mo Hua suggested.

Elder Yu glared at him, "What trouble are you trying to stir? Even if you go, it won't change anything. The most important thing for you is to learn arrays well, not to suffer with us."

Elder Yu was stubborn, and Mo Hua knew he couldn't argue with him.

Mo Hua turned and glanced at the large artifact crafting shop and alchemy hall, feeling a bit dejected, "Will these be abandoned too?"

Elder Yu sighed helplessly and nodded, "We can't take such large artifact crafting and alchemy shops with us..."

"Are they to be sold?"

Elder Yu nodded, "I have contacted Chief Supervisor Zhou. The array furnaces you drew on are valuable, and the Dao Court will compensate us with spirit stones. After all, spirit stones are the hard currency needed for migration and reclamation."

"Oh, right," Elder Yu remembered something and handed a jade token to Mo Hua, "This is the identity jade token for the storeroom. There are more than ten thousand spirit stones in it, all for you. You can collect them when you have time."

Mo Hua was stunned, "More than ten thousand... all for me?"

Elder Yu nodded, "These are for your Foundation Building."

Elder Yu looked at Mo Hua with some regret, "I should have given you more. Without your arrays, the scattered cultivators of Tongxian City wouldn't have had a good life, and Heishan Stronghold wouldn't have been eliminated. But now, with the migration, the spirit stones are mostly consumed, so I can only give you this much..."

Mo Hua shook his head, "It's already a lot."

Mo Hua took the jade token, feeling its weight, and was about to say something when Elder Yu interrupted him again:

"Don't say you don't want it. Whoever receives spirit stones should take them. Only a fool would refuse."

Mo Hua held the jade token, feeling inexplicably guilty.

Elder Yu patted his shoulder, "No matter what you choose, just stand tall and do it honestly. You owe nothing to anyone!"

Mo Hua nodded slightly and walked away, filled with thoughts.

Watching Mo Hua's departing figure, Elder Yu felt reluctant but could only sigh helplessly.

Mo Hua had already helped them a lot; they couldn't drag this child down any further.

He should go to a broader world, learn more advanced array techniques, and seek a longer path.

Not stay with them, the struggling scattered cultivators, with no future.

The great demon's emergence happened to be a turning point.

Elder Yu turned to look at the empty artifact crafting and alchemy shops, feeling a wave of bewilderment.

All this seemed like a dream.

Attacking the spirit mine, building the artifact crafting and alchemy shops, improving the lives of scattered cultivators, seemed like a dream.

Eliminating Heishan Stronghold, removing the threat of demonic cultivators, even digging out the roots and catching the Qian family's patriarch, removing the greatest worry, was another dream.

Everything was improving, their days were getting better...

But now, it was all gone.

Like a dream.

When they woke up, they had to leave their homes. Tongxian City might no longer exist.

Elder Yu sighed deeply, his expression bitter.

The life of scattered cultivators was hard...

They didn't even dare to dream of immortality, just to live well and peacefully for one or two hundred years. Why was it so difficult?

...

Mo Hua walked around, visiting familiar people, then returned home and sat silently in the courtyard.

Everyone was leaving.

Elder Yu, Uncle Yu Chengyi, and Uncle Yu Chengwu, along with other familiar demon hunters and uncles;

Uncle Ji's family, Uncle Meng's family, Uncle Chu's family;

Master Chen of the artifact crafting shop, who had no children, would also migrate with them;

Mr. Feng, though elderly and highly respected, had been saving lives through alchemy for many years. Many people remembered his kindness, so he had other ways out;

But he worried about the scattered cultivators' migration, fearing how many would die from poisonous miasma and injuries without an alchemist, so he planned to go along, and no one dared persuade him otherwise;

The three who grew up with Mo Hua, the ones who fought for him, would leave with their parents too...

His parents might stay with him, but everyone else, those familiar to Mo Hua;

Those who grew up with him or watched him grow up;

People Mo Hua had helped and those who had protected him.

They would all leave Tongxian City, walking an unknown path to a strange place, starting a hard life anew.

Maybe facing the elements, suffering from hunger and cold, perhaps being oppressed by some family, sect, or the Dao Court.

And he probably wouldn't go with them.

He would take a path entirely different from theirs.

Mo Hua pondered silently.

With no bottleneck in spiritual awareness and enough spirit stones, he could soon build his foundation.

He could choose a family or sect, or even the Dao Court or Dao Soldiers to rely on, training steadily until Foundation Building, then aspiring to Golden Core, step by step, learning higher array techniques, seeking greater realms...

The path of scattered cultivators was full of thorns, while his path was filled with flowers.

...

But was this really what he wanted?

Mo Hua couldn't help but ask himself.

Why did he study arrays?

He had changed some things, but in the end, it seemed like nothing had changed.

In the face of disaster, he could protect himself this time, but what about next time?

Would he always protect himself every time he faced difficulties?

"Will I become numb and indifferent over time?"

"Will I forget my original intention, lose my true self, and become a selfish person?"

Could such a self really achieve immortality? Could he really ask the Dao?

Could he truly seek the true essence of arrays and comprehend the ultimate Dao?

If he lost his Dao heart, could he truly find immortality even with success and fame?

Mo Hua couldn't figure it out for a while, so he lay in the courtyard, looking up at the sky.

"What is my Dao heart?"

"What Dao am I seeking?"

"What should I do?"

...

The sky was vast, the clouds boundless, seemingly full of endless vitality and truths.

If there was Dao, then the sky was its manifestation.

If there was a grand array, then the Heavenly Dao Array was the ultimate array.

And this was what an array master should pursue!

Mo Hua's eyes gradually brightened.

"A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step."

"I can't lay down such a grand array that encompasses heaven and earth, using heavenly laws to balance all cultivators and let the cultivation world thrive endlessly."

"Then I'll start with the simplest First Grade array, figure out how to lay the first First Grade array, eliminate a local disaster, and protect the peace of a region!"

Mo Hua suddenly understood, his expression gradually firm, his eyes shining like stars.

He lay in the courtyard, reaching out to the sky.

His small palm seemed to grasp the entire sky.