

The Quest 349

Chapter 349: Eleven Patterns

Mo Hua pondered for a moment and then calmed down again.

Although he had drawn the complete array hub, he still felt uneasy.

Was this a coincidence?

He erased the hub and redrew it, sighing as he did.

Indeed, it was only due to a moment of inspiration and perfect concentration that he managed to draw it. When he tried again without the same level of focus and clarity, he failed.

However, he wasn't far off. He just needed to be more meticulous and have a deeper understanding.

Where there is one success, there must be a second.

Since he succeeded once, he could certainly do it again.

Mo Hua concentrated and continued drawing.

Time passed slowly. By the fourth attempt, he finally drew the array hub of the Five Elements Demon-Slaying Array completely and perfectly.

Mo Hua exhaled a long breath.

He withdrew his spiritual awareness from his sea of consciousness.

The sky was still dark, and the night was deep.

Mo Hua felt a wave of exhaustion from a month of tireless effort and fell asleep sprawled out on the bed.

He slept until noon, awakened by the smell of food.

The room was filled with dishes.

Liu Ruhua, seeing that he had lost weight and his cheeks were no longer round, felt distressed and prepared a table full of delicious food for him.

Mo Hua's mood instantly brightened.

He ate heartily and then continued drawing the array hub.

This time, unlike in his sea of consciousness, he needed to redraw the hub on paper.

The hub in his sea of consciousness was essentially a formation condensed from his spiritual awareness; the real hub was drawn on paper using spirit ink, forming a tangible array.

Drawing an array in the sea of consciousness was easier;

Drawing it on paper was relatively harder;

And actually constructing the array, drawing it on a special array medium, would consume even more spiritual energy and be more difficult.

Therefore, Mo Hua needed to draw it on paper first.

He had to present the array hub from his sea of consciousness onto real array paper before constructing the array in the world.

The array hub was large, and the paper used as the medium was even larger.

Mo Hua laid out a piece of paper several times larger than himself in the courtyard and began to draw the hub stroke by stroke.

Mo Shan and Liu Ruhua watched him, helping to lay out the paper, hand him brushes, mix ink, wipe his sweat, and serve him tea.

They didn't know exactly what Mo Hua was drawing.

But watching the ten-year-old child drawing such a complex, profound, and large-scale array with meticulous and serious strokes, Mo Shan and Liu Ruhua felt a mix of shock and pride.

Mo Hua drew all afternoon, ruining two pieces of paper before finally completing a drawing of the array hub by nightfall.

He asked his parents to help store the array paper in his storage bag, then ran excitedly to find Mr. Zhuang.

The sky was dusky, and the mountain shadows deepened.

Mr. Zhuang was sitting in his room, examining the blood aura of the deep mountain demon, his fingers gently pinching the air as if calculating something.

Seeing Mo Hua, Mr. Zhuang was a bit surprised.

It was rare for Mo Hua to come and disturb him at this hour.

Mr. Zhuang was about to speak when he noticed a hint of surprise in his eyes. "You... learned it?"

The panting Mo Hua nodded.

He carefully took out the array paper from his storage bag and laid it out on the ground.

A complete First Grade array hub slowly unfolded before Mr. Zhuang.

Mr. Zhuang took a deep breath, suppressing his emotions.

He stood up slowly, examining the hub meticulously, feeling a wave of shock.

This was what he had expected.

But when it actually happened, he was still astonished.

Although he had taught it and instructed Mo Hua to draw it, was this something a ten-year-old novice cultivator could actually achieve?

Mr. Zhuang looked at Mo Hua, a hint of doubt in his heart.

The cultivation world of the Nine Regions was vast and boundless.

He had settled in a remote little immortal city by chance.

By coincidence, he accepted this seemingly average child with decent array comprehension and agility as a nominal disciple.

But this disciple was somewhat unexpected.

He had extraordinary spiritual awareness, learned arrays quickly, used the Heavenly Proliferation Technique to decipher arrays, built his spiritual foundation with visualization diagrams, and even mastered array calculations...

Now, despite being only at the Qi Refining stage with a First Grade array level, he had learned and drawn the array hub in a month.

This array comprehension and learning speed were... astonishing.

Mr. Zhuang felt a growing sense of mystery:

The cultivation world might indeed have such naturally talented individuals.

But why did he happen to encounter this disciple?

Why had he, who had decided never to take another disciple, suddenly changed his mind?

Was this truly a coincidence?

Mr. Zhuang remained silent.

Mo Hua, seeing Mr. Zhuang deep in thought, worriedly asked, "Sir, did I draw it incorrectly?"

Mr. Zhuang snapped out of his thoughts and glanced at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua's eyes were clear and bright, like a pristine lake without a trace of impurity.

Seeing Mo Hua's eyes, Mr. Zhuang's doubts faded.

He had misjudged people and accepted poor disciples all his life.

Perhaps this nominal disciple was a gift from heaven, a bright and clever child.

Why bother with coincidences, schemes, or hidden meanings?

Having embarked on the path of cultivation, he should live freely. At his age, what was there to fear?

Mr. Zhuang felt enlightened, looked at the array hub again, and said with satisfaction, "No, it's very good!"

Mo Hua sighed in relief, smiling with eyes like crescent moons.

Mr. Zhuang, feeling inexplicably relieved, also smiled faintly.

Suddenly, Mr. Zhuang was taken aback.

He realized something!

Mo Hua, as his nominal disciple, could indeed construct a First Grade array hub with some effort.

A Qi Refining stage First Grade array master could construct a First Grade array.

And this array master was his nominal disciple...

Mr. Zhuang straightened up, feeling a sense of pride.

He had never taught any outstanding disciples.

Now, as a mere instructor with a nominal disciple, he had achieved such "great achievements."

Mr. Zhuang's expression remained calm, but he felt proud.

However, he also felt a sense of regret.

He had fallen on hard times.

Old acquaintances, brilliant rivals, and close friends were now out of reach, unlikely to meet again.

Otherwise, showcasing this achievement would surely be unrivaled, commanding respect everywhere.

The more Mr. Zhuang thought, the more he regretted, lamenting, "What a pity..."

"Pity for what?" Mo Hua asked curiously.

"Pity... nothing," Mr. Zhuang muttered.

Boasting couldn't be told to Mo Hua, as it might mislead him and tarnish his image.

Unaware of Mr. Zhuang's thoughts, Mo Hua asked anxiously, "Sir, can I start preparing the array now?"

The foundation of preparing an array was knowing how to draw it, with the key being the array hub.

Mo Hua, unfamiliar with arrays, had drawn the hub but lacked confidence and sought confirmation from Mr. Zhuang.

Mr. Zhuang, hearing this, thoughtfully considered the array and hub Mo Hua had drawn, then nodded approvingly, "You can."

Mo Hua's eyes lit up.

Mr. Zhuang, with a gentle gaze, said, "You can start preparing the array."

Mo Hua gratefully said, "Thank you, sir!"

"No need to thank me."

Mr. Zhuang shook his head; it was your own hard work...

Mr. Zhuang thought for a moment and reminded, "But don't get too excited. Preparing an array might be harder than drawing it."

"I told you before, constructing an array requires a lot of manpower and resources, and operating it needs a large number of spirit stones, which are real cultivation resources, not easy to gather..."

"Taking people's money is like taking their lives; it's not something that can be easily handed over."

"You need to think clearly and be prepared."

Mo Hua nodded, "Sir, I have thought it through!"

Mr. Zhuang smiled, "Good, it's good to have a plan."

He then gave a few more tips on gathering resources, manpower, array connections, and compatibility.

Mo Hua remembered them and then respectfully took his leave.

Mr. Zhuang watched his small, determined figure and couldn't help but smile and shake his head.

In the dark night, the quiet bamboo room suddenly revealed the aged face of Elder Gui.

Mr. Zhuang's smile faded, and he couldn't help but complain, "Can you appear more naturally and not so sinisterly..."

Elder Gui ignored him, looking at the blood aura in the deep mountain, and said, "The blood aura is stronger, and there's a presence of death."

Mr. Zhuang was silent for a moment, sighing, "Yes."

With the presence of death, it was more troublesome...

"Can a First Grade Ten-Pattern Array really trap and kill this demon?" Elder Gui asked doubtfully.

"No," Mr. Zhuang said calmly.

Elder Gui was stunned, then his gaze sharpened, looking at Mr. Zhuang, thinking he had heard wrong:

"No?"

"No," Mr. Zhuang repeated.

Elder Gui frowned, "Then why..."

"A ten-pattern array can't," Mr. Zhuang paused, his calm gaze turning sharp, and said slowly:

"So, I gave him not a ten-pattern... but an eleven-pattern Demon-Slaying Array!"

Elder Gui's heart trembled, showing disbelief.