

## The Quest 365

### Chapter 365: Rest

Mo Hua noted down this Immortal Pattern, and afterwards, his Divine Sense was completely exhausted, and he collapsed to the ground.

At the moment he lost consciousness, he vaguely felt many Cultivators shouting his name, rushing toward him.

Their voices were incredibly anxious.

There was his father Mo Shan, Zhang Lan, Elder Yu, Leader Yang, and many other familiar people.

After that, he slipped into unconsciousness, fainting away.

...

Zhang Lan and Mo Shan, among others, rushed to Mo Hua's side, saw the blood traces at the corners of his eyes, his faint breath, but stable pulse and smooth Blood Qi, all breathed a sigh of relief.

Afterwards, everyone took Mo Hua for treatment to Old Mr. Feng's place.

Meanwhile, Mr. Zhuang still stood outside the bamboo room on the corridor, watching the deep mountain's sky, silently reflecting.

In that patch of sky, once there were Feng Xi's soaring Blood Qi, the Large Formation's majestic Spiritual Power, the collapsing Power of Silence, and also the terrifying power of Robbery Thunder. But now, everything had disappeared, the horizon was broad, and it was as if nothing had ever been.

This is the sky, this is the Dao.

Even if the world stirs dramatically, in a blink, it all becomes fleeting clouds; those departed thus leave not a trace.

Mr. Zhuang gazed at the horizon, dazed, not knowing what he was thinking about.

From dusk, he watched until deep into the night.

Old Kui couldn't stand it anymore and said coldly, "If you don't rest, you will die."

"Who will not die?"

"Then at least choose a more dramatic way to die, not so blandly."

Mr. Zhuang didn't speak again, still silently reflecting.

Old Kui was somewhat surprised, and fearing that he might really seek death, asked:

"What are you thinking about, thinking for so long?"

"I am thinking..." Mr. Zhuang said faintly, "How long I can actually hide?"

"How long you can hide, just hide that long, haven't you always been doing that, muddling through?" Old Kui said coldly.

Mr. Zhuang sighed, "But what's the point in that?"

Old Kui furrowed his brows.

Mr. Zhuang continued, "Living like this, living one more day or one less day, makes absolutely no difference..."

Old Kui's gaze slightly hardened, "What do you want to do?"

Mr. Zhuang didn't answer, still silently watching the horizon.

There was once the figure of Mo Hua.

The Large Formation collapsed, the Robbery Thunder dissipated, the figure of Mo Hua standing atop Big Black Mountain, deeply imprinted in Mr. Zhuang's mind. ⓂⓐⓃⓈⓈⓂⓂⓈ

The sky grew darker, and the night deepened.

Mr. Zhuang's body was swallowed by the night, yet his eyes shone like starlight, burning with hope.

...

When Mo Hua groggily woke up, he realized there was someone beside him, it was his mother, Liu Ruhua.

Liu Ruhua's eyes were marked with tear stains, her hand clenching Mo Hua's small hand unwillingly, seemingly having been taking care of him all along, but due to excessive exhaustion, she had fallen asleep beside Mo Hua.

Mo Hua felt warmth in his heart, and a bit of heartache, stretched out his small hand, and gently wiped the tear stains from Liu Ruhua's eyes.

Liu Ruhua woke up startled, suddenly opened her eyes, and seeing Mo Hua's smiling face, gradually let her mind ease.

She took a long breath, feeling a heavy weight lifted from her heart, and tenderly said:

"You're awake, what would you like to eat? Mom will make it for you."

Mo Hua's eyes brightened, and he listed a bunch of food he wanted to eat.

Liu Ruhua paused, then chuckled, "Still so greedy."

Then she cautioned, “Old Mr. Feng said your Sea of Consciousness was damaged, but it’s not severe, just rest well for a few days.”

"But your eyes, I don’t know what you saw, they were hurt, and during this period, there may be occasions when you might be temporarily blind, unable to see clearly, you must be a bit more careful.”

"Old Mr. Feng has already refined a few Pills for you to take every day, after some time, ask Old Mr. Feng to check again...”

Liu Ruhua chattered on and on.

Mo Hua listened quietly, nodding repeatedly.

After a while, Mo Shan also came in, and seeing that Mo Hua was awake, his face brightened.

But his deep concern was hidden in his heart, he didn’t know how to start talking, he just asked dryly, “Are you alright...”

Mo Hua nodded, “Hmm!”

Mo Shan also sighed with relief, as if a heavy burden had been lifted.

What had happened in the deep mountains, what Mo Hua had done, neither Mo Shan understood, nor did they ask in detail, as long as Mo Hua was fine.

Liu Ruhua frowned and said, “Don’t take such risks in the future...”

Mo Hua reassured her, “Mother, don’t worry, I’ve calculated everything, nothing will go wrong, it just looks a bit dangerous...”

Listening on the side, Mo Shan’s heart was helpless:

Causing such a terrifying commotion, Feng Xi blown to ashes, Robbery Thunder even drawn, calling it “just looks a bit dangerous”...

Liu Ruhua also didn't quite believe it, skeptically asking, “Really calculated?”

"Really!" Mo Hua nodded, “The Formation doesn't lie, life is life, death is death, I left the Life-gate, so I definitely won't die.”

Liu Ruhua didn't understand at all, but seeing Mo Hua so confident and assertive, she couldn't help but pinch Mo Hua's cheek, smiling gently:

"Alright, mother believes you.”

Mo Hua also smiled, eyes crinkling like crescent moons.

Beside them, Mo Shan watched his wife and child, his gaze becoming tender.

Afterward, Zhang Lan, Elder Yu, Court Leader Zhou, and others came to see Mo Hua, bringing many gifts, mostly food, some nourishing blood, some calming nerves, some invigorating...

Mo Hua was very grateful and very satisfied.

When they asked about the collapse of the Large Formation, Mo Hua didn't use the obscure term ‘collapse,’ just said he found a way to make the Large Formation “self-destruct.”

The collapse is a secret heritage of the Formation, it's still better not to mention it casually.

As for how it self-destructed, Mo Hua's explanation was ambiguous, mentioning some terminologies about Formation Pivot and Formation Patterns.

Seeing Mo Hua speak as if he knew what he was talking about, everyone believed him.

After all, whether Mo Hua was telling the truth or not, they couldn't understand either way.

For a Formation Master, the Large Formation was already complex enough, let alone its collapse.

And for non-Formation Master Cultivators, even ordinary formations were completely puzzling, let alone the Large Formation and its collapse.

As long as they knew, the Large Formation self-destructed, the Big Demon was slain, Mo Hua was safe, that was enough.

At this thought, everyone's hearts were moved, especially Elder Yu.

He hadn't expected that when everyone united, they would actually manage to kill a Big Demon.

This hadn't happened in Tongxian City for thousands of years.

Much of this achievement was due to Mo Hua.

Mo Hua had helped Tongxian City, and them...

Elder Yu and others held this silently in their hearts.

Later, in order not to disturb Mo Hua's rest, everyone left.

Mo Hua's injuries weren't that severe, after resting for a few days at Old Mr. Feng's place, he went home a few days later.

His Sea of Consciousness was slowly healing, and for a short time, he couldn't paint Formations, use Divine Sense sparingly, so Mo Hua could just be lazy and rest for a few more days.

Aside from that, his eyes would occasionally go blind.

It was like he had seen something he shouldn't have seen, viewed patterns containing the profound truths of the universe.

So now, when he looked at other things, the visions would occasionally be illusory, like a layer of white, void-like phantoms overlaying reality, uncertainly true or false, hard to distinguish.

Old Mr. Feng didn't know what Mo Hua saw, only gave advice based on the injuries, pragmatically saying:

"Your eyes have been burned by something, occasionally not seeing clearly is normal, it will get better after some rest."

Mo Hua was then reassured, he certainly did not want to be half-blind.