

The Quest 367

Chapter 367: Immortal Pattern

The Great Formation collapsed, and the Big Demon perished.

The Feng Xi, birthed by Black Mountain Stronghold, died atop the Five Elements Slaughter Demon Great Formation constructed above the Black Mountain Stronghold, and with the collapse of the formation, both were annihilated together.

Tongxian City also gradually recovered.

The Refinery Shop and the Alchemist's Business remained, the Refining Furnace and the Alchemy Furnace stayed intact, and other trades within the city were also unaffected.

The deep mountains were almost destroyed in an instant, but the influences on the Outer Mountain and the Inner Mountain were minimal.

Monster Hunters could still go into the mountains to hunt monster beasts.

Monster Hunters hunted monsters, Artifact Refiners refined artifacts, Alchemists concocted pills, and then carried out trade...

Soon everything returned to normal operation.

Moreover, within Big Black Mountain, there was now a wide and convenient mountain road.

This road was forged by all cultivators in order to build the Great Formation.

With this mountain road, not only was it convenient for the cultivators of Tongxian City to enter and exit the mountains, but it also facilitated the traveling merchants to enter Tongxian City for trade.

Gradually, Tongxian City recovered its vitality.

The streets became more lively, and the number of cultivators coming and going increased.

In the near future, perhaps it would become even more prosperous...

...

Elder Yu was very busy, as he had to attend to the reconstruction of Tongxian City, the revival of Tao cultivation production, and the aftermath of the Feng Xi incident.

Some places within the city also required the use of formations.

But due to Mo Hua's injured Sea of Consciousness, he temporarily could not use his Divine Sense, and even less could he paint formations.

Thus, other Formation Masters helped with the areas that required formations, with Mo Hua guiding them from the side.

Where they drew correctly and where they did not, Mo Hua would tell them.

If they had any difficulties with the formations, Mo Hua would also give them guidance.

The other Formation Masters called Mo Hua "Little Gentleman" and showed him half the respect due to a disciple, treating him with utmost respect and reverence. ٩ANÖBEs

They knew the Great Formation was the work of the "Little Gentleman" before them.

Moreover, even as the Great Formation self-destructed, this Little Gentleman remained unharmed. Such a mastery of formations was simply unimaginable to them.

Mo Hua was kind and approachable, without any air of superiority. They asked and he would most often answer.

A few simple pieces of advice from him could enlighten them instantly.

This was the grace of "imparting knowledge, guiding a disciple, and resolving doubts."

It also filled them with immense gratitude.

With his hands behind his back, Mo Hua “guided” everyone in painting formations, but these formations were too simple, and he found it somewhat uninteresting.

He wanted to paint some more difficult, more profound formations.

A few days later, Mo Hua’s Divine Sense had mostly healed.

Although he could not overuse it in the short term and could not paint formations incessantly like before,

If he controlled the consumption of his Divine Sense, he could begin trying to paint some complex formations properly.

During the day, Mo Hua painted a few Reversed Spirit Formations for a light review.

At night, at 1 a.m., Mo Hua could hardly wait to immerse his Divine Sense into his Sea of Consciousness, arriving before the Taoist Stele.

On this stele was the Formation Pattern Mo Hua had long been contemplating.

It was the Immortal Pattern from the Heavenly Dao Formation that he glimpsed amidst the Annihilation Tribulation Thunder!

Mo Hua wanted to try to see if he could learn this Immortal Pattern.

The Heavenly Dao Formation was too profound, too magnificent, and with Mo Hua’s low cultivation level, he could not understand it at all, but he could try to begin comprehending it starting from a single Formation Pattern.

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

One Formation Pattern, one Formation, one Formation Painting, one Compound Formation, progressively advancing to grasp the entire Great Formation...

Mo Hua's thoughts were high, but reality poured cold water on him.

Let alone comprehend, he couldn't even look at this Immortal Pattern.

Though Mo Hua had recorded the Immortal Pattern on the Taoist Stele, he wasn't even looking at it directly. Merely sensing it briefly like skimming the surface, his Divine Sense rushed out, rapidly depleting.

Mo Hua was stunned and couldn't help but complain:

"I haven't even started looking yet, and it's already deducting my Divine Sense, how stingy!"

Then he sighed again, realizing that even just a single Immortal Pattern was still an "Immortal" Pattern.

It encompassed the creation of heaven and earth, and it was simply not something a Qi Refinement cultivator like him could grasp.

If he forced himself to look, he feared his Sea of Consciousness would be injured again.

Though protected by the Taoist Stele, the Sea of Consciousness would not collapse, but it would still be damaged, and over time, there might even be lingering effects.

The Sea of Consciousness of someone at the Qi Refinement stage was still too fragile.

The Dao of formations that the Formation Master seeks lay right before him, yet he could not learn it, he could not even look.

Mo Hua sighed helplessly.

It seemed he could only set it aside for now and wait to ponder over it once his cultivation improved.

"I must cultivate diligently and establish my foundation as soon as possible!"

Mo Hua silently thought to himself, following which he became a little puzzled.

Just what level, and how profound must one's Divine Sense be, to comprehend these Immortal Patterns?

Foundation Establishment? Golden Core? Or an even higher realm?

And what good would it do to master this Immortal Pattern?

Mo Hua furrowed his brows.

He hadn't considered this question until now. After mulling it over carefully for a while, he suddenly felt a chill.

This Immortal Pattern was related to the scarlet-colored Tribulation Thunder.

If one could truly master the Immortal Pattern, could they then control the Annihilation Tribulation Thunder and gain the power to erase all existence?

Tribulation Thunder...

Mo Hua remembered the blinding crimson, terrifying aura, and the silent deaths of all living things from the thunderstorms he saw that day, sending a shiver down his spine.

At that time, his mind was consumed with the Great Formation Dissolution; the thunderstorm came and went, and the impression was fleeting.

Now that he thought about it, he was frightened by his delayed reaction.

A sudden feeling of relief washed over Mo Hua:

"It's a good thing my realm is low and my cultivation weak, or perhaps I would've been directly erased by the Tribulation Thunder..."

Such terrifying Tribulation Thunder, Mo Hua did not wish to witness a second time.

Of course, if there was a Tribulation Thunder that he could draw himself and control, then naturally, it would be a different matter.

Mo Hua's heart suddenly filled with anticipation...

Unfortunately, when it came to Immortal Patterns, Mo Hua still had no clue.

What exactly is different about Immortal Patterns, whether they can be learned, and if so, how...

Even if Immortal Patterns are profound, Mr. Zhuang, with his knowledge, should at least know something.

But since this involves the Taoist Stele, and according to what Mr. Zhuang said, no one should be told, including himself, so Mo Hua couldn't ask him.

Not just with Immortal Patterns, in the future, he probably wouldn't be able to ask Mr. Zhuang any questions he encountered.

Mo Hua's mood began to sink again.

Mr. Zhuang was about to leave.

Mo Hua feared that one day, when he visited Mr. Zhuang's mountain residence, he would find it empty and perhaps never see Mr. Zhuang again for the rest of his Tao cultivation life.

Mo Hua was a bit scared.

Therefore, he visited Mr. Zhuang's place every day.

Mo Shan's couple also learned that Mr. Zhuang was about to leave, filled with regret.

They had never met Mr. Zhuang, but deep down, they were ever grateful to him.

Liu Ruhua said to Mo Hua, "Mr. Zhuang took you as an honorary disciple and taught you about Formations. He has shown great kindness to our family. We must find a way to repay this kindness in the future."

Mo Hua nodded gravely, "Mm!"

Liu Ruhua also wanted to show her gratitude, but Mr. Zhuang lacked nothing, not Spirit Stones, and certainly not rank-one items like Spiritual Artifacts and Pills. After much thought, she decided to prepare some food and offer it to Mr. Zhuang to taste.

Liu Ruhua studied the recipes that Zixi had given her and selected a few dishes.

Mo Shan went hunting Monster Beasts in the mountains and asked other Monster Hunter friends to kill at least one of every type of Monster Beast they could find. Afterwards, he picked the tenderest and most flavorful parts to bring back for his wife.

Liu Ruhua ended up preparing a "Full Monster Feast" from Big Black Mountain.

Chicken, duck, fish, beef, mutton, and dog—there was meat from all kinds of edible Monster Beasts, each with a unique flavor.

Some were fresh, some were fragrant, some were numbing, and some were spicy... a feast for the senses.

Mo Hua was dumbfounded.

After that, every day when he went to visit Mr. Zhuang, he would take some food with him, offering it for the gentleman to taste as a small gesture of his feelings.

Mr. Zhuang initially thought to decline the bother, but upon further thought, he started to eat with a sense of rightful enjoyment.

Besides Mr. Zhuang, Bai Zisheng was the happiest.

In his life, he had eaten many finer things, but he had never tasted so many delicious foods at once.

Especially since the variety of dishes and flavors were so numerous, and there were no duplicates.

Bai Zisheng was immensely shocked, so he broached an old topic again, whispering to Mo Hua:

"Mo Hua, when you go back, could you ask Aunt Liu if she's lacking a foster son?"

Mo Hua was speechless and shot him a look.

Bai Zixi's crystal-clear eyes showed slight annoyance as she also glared at Bai Zisheng.

Within the bamboo residence on the mountain.

Mr. Zhuang lay in the bamboo chair, savoring meat and wine as he watched the rosy glow suffuse the ink-adorned forest, feeling all his worries and contemplations dissipating into nothingness.

Old Kui asked him, "Have you made up your mind?"

Mr. Zhuang nodded, "I have, but there's one problem..."

Old Kui's gaze turned serious as he asked, "What's the problem?"

"All this meat..." Mr. Zhuang glanced at the meat and wine on the table, touched his face, and remarked with a sigh, "I've gotten fat from eating..."

Old Kui: "..."