

The Quest 371

Chapter 371: Descent

After bidding Master Luo farewell, Mo Hua felt at ease.

Cultivation makes cultivators powerful, yet it does not involve production, and cannot make more cultivators wealthy.

Only formations can make life somewhat better for loose cultivators.

In Tongxian City, Mo Hua was the only one among the loose cultivators who knew about formations. Once he left, with no one to draw formation patterns for them, the lives of the loose cultivators might sink back into hardship in a few years, or perhaps a decade.

Self-sufficiency brings ample food and clothing.

Only if more formation masters who understand formations emerge among the loose cultivators.

These formation masters also make a vow to learn formations and benefit the loose cultivators.

This is the only way to truly improve the situation of loose cultivators.

No matter how strong Mo Hua's formation abilities are, he is still just one person, capable of changing only the immediate circumstances.

But the legacy of formations can be passed on to many people.

Passed down from generation to generation, it can change the lives of loose cultivators for a very long time.

Mo Hua didn't want Tongxian City to revert to the old state of "loose cultivators without a formation master" after he left. He hoped that when he returned, more loose cultivators would have learned formations and that everyone could live better lives.

Once the matter of passing on formation techniques was resolved, Mo Hua had many farewells to say to acquaintances.

The first was Leader Yang.

With the Taoist soldiers Court's mission completed and the Big Demon subdued, it was time for him to return and report back.

Before leaving, Leader Yang patted Mo Hua on the shoulder, repeatedly admonishing,

"If you ever want to join the Taoist soldiers Court, be sure to find me. No matter what happens, the Yang Family will protect you!"

"If you don't wish to join the Taoist soldiers Court, then you must stay firm in your Taoist Heart, act cautiously, never stray onto the wrong path, and certainly do not fall into the Demon Path..."

Leader Yang had witnessed the terror of the Five Elements Slaughter Demon Great Formation up close and had felt it personally.

In his life thus far, he had not seen another Trapping and Killing Formation with such a strong killing aura.

Let alone the self-destruction of the Large Formation later on, the strange and horrifying phenomena generated by the change in spiritual power.

Though a formation master's personal strength may not be formidable, once they complete a formation or construct a large formation, they can truly wield the power to change the heavens and earth or even destroy them.

This was something he had not fully grasped before seeing Mo Hua.

Only after seeing the Trapping and Killing Formation laid by Mo Hua and witnessing the deadly force produced by the destruction of the formation did Leader Yang truly realize the power and the terror of a formation master.

So, he was truly worried about Mo Hua making a misstep.

At only thirteen years of age, Mo Hua was already capable of constructing large formations on his own, confining Feng Xi.

Given time, who knows what level his formation skills will reach.

If he were to truly take the wrong path and build large formations to slaughter cultivators, it would undoubtedly bring calamity to a city, a realm, or even a whole state. R N B S

Leader Yang was very afraid of witnessing that scene and could not bear to face Mo Hua in a battle.

Mo Hua then reassured him, “Uncle Yang, don’t worry. I’m a serious cultivator and won’t do such bad things.”

The world is full of changes; who can be certain about the future?

Leader Yang remained worried but could do nothing more as his mission was complete and it was time for him to leave.

Before departing, he also went to Mo Hua’s food business and took away more than fifty pounds of beef.

It was the first time he had tried this beef. After sampling it once at Mo Hua’s, he couldn’t forget about it, so he bought a lot before leaving, planning to enjoy it with wine on the road.

After the Taoist soldiers set out, Leader Yang left along Big Black Mountain.

Mo Hua waved his small hand, bidding farewell to Leader Yang.

After Leader Yang left, Zhang Lan found Mo Hua, telling him he would also be leaving soon.

Mo Hua asked, “Is it because you’ve succeeded in Foundation Establishment that you’re returning to your clan?”

Zhang Lan sighed, his expression forlorn, “Yes.”

Mo Hua patted his shoulder, comforting,

"Just going back for a blind date isn't so bad. What if you meet someone suitable? It could be a kind of fate."

Zhang Lan's face darkened again, "What are you talking about? You're still so young, is it appropriate for you to say such things?"

Mo Hua earnestly replied, "I may be young, but I've heard a lot of things."

In his free time, he would often go to the Fulu Building to play with Xiaofu.

Xiaofu enjoyed gossip and even spiced up the stories, commissioned storytellers to perform them in the Food Building. The place was always packed, popular among diners.

Mo Hua had heard quite a bit.

He especially liked stories about defeating demons or bizarre tales.

He didn't have much taste for romance stories, but he wasn't picky and would listen when they were told.

In those stories, noble family descendants like Zhang Lan, who were initially averse to blind dates, would go reluctantly, but upon meeting a beautiful girl, they would instantly become eager and start pursuing her...

Mo Hua thought Zhang Lan seemed like the type who could do something like that.

Zhang Lan listened with a headache ensuing.

"That's just a tale, embellished and not to be taken seriously."

Mo Hua insisted, “‘When the fake is used as the real, the real also becomes fake.’ How can you be sure that what’s told in the stories isn’t true?”

"Alright then..." Zhang Lan said helplessly.

Mo Hua was quick-witted, and Zhang Lan indeed could not outtalk him.

However, thinking that once he left Immortal City, he might not have a child as interesting as Mo Hua to banter and chat with anymore, Zhang Lan felt a pang of loss.

Mo Hua then comforted, “We will meet again if it’s destined. Perhaps one day, we’ll meet again.”

Zhang Lan considered it and nodded, “You’re right, if it’s fated, we’ll meet again.”

"If you ever pass through Kan State and reach the Zhang Family’s domain, make sure to visit. Mention my name, and I’ll host you properly and treat you well,” Zhang Lan said with a buoyant and confident expression.

Mo Hua asked quietly, “Uncle Zhang, do you hold a high position in your clan?”

Zhang Lan didn’t elaborate much, only saying, “It’s decent enough. As long as you come, you won’t be disappointed. I’ll treat you to some good food.”

Mo Hua’s eyes lit up and he quickly agreed, “Okay!”

Seeing this, Zhang Lan couldn’t help but smile. Then, he suddenly remembered something important and lowered his voice,

"There’s something most important to remember..."

Mo Hua looked puzzled.

"The Water Passing Step..." Zhang Lan reminded.

Suddenly understanding, Mo Hua also spoke in a low, serious voice:

"Water Passing Step wasn't taught by you, Uncle Zhang. Rest assured, no matter what, I won't sell you out..."

Zhang Lan's expression was complex.

Mo Hua's silence was naturally a good thing.

But the way you used the word "sell out" makes it sound like we're colluding in disgrace, doing something nefarious...

Zhang Lan had to hand things over to the Taoist Court, which would probably take about two months.

During this time, if he was free, he would also come to drink and chat with Mo Hua.

There was laughter and conversation, but there was already a faint air of parting.

...

Additionally, Mo Hua took some time to see Manager Mo.

It was from Manager Mo that Mo Hua, by drawing Formation Patterns, made his first sum of Spirit Stones and took his first step to becoming a Formation Master.

Without Manager Mo, Instructor Yan might not have discovered his talent in formations, might not have recommended him to Mr. Zhuang, and he wouldn't have become a recorded disciple of Mr. Zhuang, nor would he have taken Mr. Zhuang as his master today.

Manager Mo's business had improved a lot.

The sign hanging in front of his door was the old one, bearing the three characters for “Fated Gathering,” but the entire entrance and interior decorations had been completely renewed.

Manager Mo also looked more spirited.

When he saw Mo Hua, he was both surprised and delighted, quickly inviting Mo Hua into the house and pouring him a cup of tea.

Mo Hua waved his hand and said, “Manager Mo, there’s no need for such courtesy.”

“You are an honored guest now; it is only right to observe the proper formalities.”

Manager Mo watched Mo Hua sipping tea, feeling a wave of emotion in his heart.

Once, the young Cultivator who pretended to be his older brother to draw Formation Patterns for Spirit Stones, had now become a Great Formation Master known throughout the city.

He remembered Mo Hua’s first visit, a young boy standing beneath the counter, poking his little head out.

Now, he seemed not much taller, and his appearance was still cute and lovely, but his look and demeanor were completely different.

The aura around him was even more inscrutable.

The first time Manager Mo saw Mo Hua, he could only draw three Formation Patterns for the Bright Fire Formation. Two or three years had passed, and now he could create a top-grade Large Formation.

The chasm between then and now was vast as a rift in the earth.

He had no idea how Mo Hua had learned so much.

Manager Mo shook his head, his heart full of wonder.

After a while, he remembered something, stood up, went to the counter, and took out a maroon food box, setting it in front of Mo Hua.

Inside the food box were an assortment of exquisite pastries.

"These were given to me by someone, very precious pastries. Have a taste."

Mo Hua didn't stand on ceremony, taking a bite. Soft, sticky, and sweet, his eyes lit up as he said, "Thank you, Manager!"

Seeing that Mo Hua enjoyed the pastries, Manager Mo also started smiling.

Such pastries had never been sent to him before.

After receiving Master Luo's patronage, some Formation Masters were willing to draw formations for his store. With more formations in the store, more customers came, improving his business, and naturally, the gifts he received became more luxurious.

Master Luo wouldn't help him for no reason; it must have been for Mo Hua's sake.

He didn't say this, but he understood it in his heart.

After they had tea for a while, Manager Mo asked,

"You didn't come just to have tea with me, did you?"

Swallowing his pastry and taking a sip of tea, Mo Hua nodded and said,

"I am going to leave Tongxian City and go traveling."

Manager Mo was slightly stunned but not surprised.

Young Cultivators always needed to go out and see the world, seek opportunities, witness the vastness of the Cultivation World, meet all sorts of Cultivators, and explore some unknown inheritances...

However, for Mo Hua to go traveling at his age was somewhat early.

But an extraordinary Cultivator does extraordinary things.

Mo Hua continued, "I came here, firstly, to see you and express my gratitude."

After all, if Manager Mo hadn't allowed him to earn Spirit Stones by drawing formations back then, his formation skills might not have reached this level.

He also told Master Luo to continue looking after Manager Mo's business in the future.

"There's another matter," Mo Hua's expression turned solemn, "I want to ask about Instructor Yan's whereabouts."

Manager Mo was a bit startled, but also touched, "You still remember him..."

Mo Hua nodded his head.

Instructor Yan had bestowed upon him the kindness of enlightenment, and his opportunity to take Mr. Zhuang as his master was also thanks to Instructor Yan's recommendation.

A drop of water should be reciprocated with a gushing spring.

Now that his own mastery of formations showed slight success, he naturally wanted to inquire about Instructor Yan's whereabouts within the scope of his ability, to see if there was anything he could do to help Instructor Yan.

Manager Mo sighed in his heart: What a good child.

After a long hesitation, he still decided to lay out the truth:

"Actually, the matter is pretty simple. I and Instructor Yan are essentially fellow disciples from the same Sect. He entered the Sect earlier than I did, and we had some acquaintance, but since I joined the Sect not long before it encountered turmoil and was dissolved, I didn't learn much, so our relationship isn't that deep."

"Turmoil?"

Manager Mo nodded and said with a sad expression, "Our master was an old Formation Master who treated his disciples kindly and taught tirelessly."

"But he misjudged someone, taking in a disciple with wolfish ambitions who coveted the Sect's Sect Protecting Faction Formation. That person actually..."

Manager Mo took a sip of tea to suppress the anger in his heart before continuing,

"He committed the act of murdering his master, stole the formation, and fled the Sect..."

"Our Sect was originally a small one with not many people. Those who came to our master, they just wanted to learn formations to make a living. Once the master died, things naturally fell apart, and the whole Sect was gone..."

Manager Mo had a look of bitterness on his face.

"He's truly a disgrace to all Formation Masters."

Mo Hua's brows furrowed as he listened, feeling somewhat angry, and asked,

"When Instructor Yan left, did he say he had personal matters to attend to, to seek out this disgrace's whereabouts?"

"Yes," Manager Mo said with some emotion, "He entered the Sect early and had a deep bond with our master, so he couldn't accept it. He wanted to bring that traitor to justice to appease our master's spirit in heaven and also to retrieve the Sect Protecting Faction Formation..."

Looking at Mo Hua, Manager Mo's eyes flickered, and he spoke slowly,

"That formation is known as the Spiritual Pivot Formation, a formation considered impossible for any Formation Master to learn—a first-grade... twelve-pattern formation!"