

The Quest 376

Chapter 376: First Grade (2)

"If we really give him first-grade, others will definitely say we have something fishy going on..."

One examiner nodded, "Without others saying it, I myself feel there's a fishy business."

"It's a pity... The formation painting is truly well done, I am simply in awe..."

Everyone felt somewhat regretful.

Yet, the examiner surnamed Zhao said in a deep voice, "Let's give him first-grade."

The other Formation Masters were taken aback.

The middle-aged examiners frowned and said:

"If we give him first-grade, we will surely be doubted and provoke criticism, and if Heaven Shu Pavilion investigates, we will be in trouble."

"Besides, he's too young; there will be plenty of opportunities for him in the future, there's no need to rush this moment."

However, the examiner surnamed Zhao said, "Not giving him first-grade will bring us even bigger trouble."

The middle-aged examiners frowned, "Brother Zhao, what do you mean by this?"

The examiner surnamed Zhao slowly said, "As everyone knows, to learn formation methods, one must have a mentor. Without a famous mentor guiding, one will surely find it difficult to make any progress."

"At thirteen, to be at a first-grade level, he must have been taught by a master."

"Who this master is, we do not know, but their identity and background, their expertise in formations, must be very profound; we can't afford to offend them..."

"That is just one thing," the examiner surnamed Zhao held up a finger.

"Secondly," he continued, raising a second finger and sighed, "This child, we also cannot afford to offend."

Everyone was startled, then gradually came to understand.

At thirteen, to have a first-grade formation level, he was extraordinarily gifted.

If one day he became a Second Grade, or even higher grade formation master, remembered their enmity, dug up their past actions, and pursued their responsibility, who could endure that?

"Moreover, there's another point."

The examiner surnamed Zhao added, "The talent of this child in formations is even more frightening than you now believe."

Everyone frowned, not understanding.

The examiner surnamed Zhao was silent for a long time, and with a bitter sigh, he said:

"During the examination, he spent most of his time sleeping..."

All the examiners were astonished in their expressions.

"Sleeping?"

"Inconceivable, he actually slept during the examination?"

Seeing that they didn't understand, the examiner surnamed Zhao said helplessly:

"Which is to say, the first-grade formations he needed for the assessment, he completed in a very short period of time; then, out of sheer boredom, he slept until the end of the exam..." **raNÖBES**

As the examiners pondered carefully and grasped the implication, they all felt their hearts clench and a chill ran through them.

What kind of person was this?

Was this even humanly possible?

Where did this evil monster pop up from?

"Therefore," the examiner surnamed Zhao looked around and said in a deep voice, "we must, award him first-grade!"

The examiners looked at each other, all speechless and silent, with nothing to say.

By now, this first-grade, it had to be given whether they liked it or not.

An examiner sighed and murmured:

"Thirteen years old, he's probably the youngest first-grade formation master in the Black Mountain State Boundary in a thousand years..."

...

The next day when the results were released, Mo Hua saw his own name on the first-grade list.

Mo Hua felt a surge of joy in his heart.

"Tongxian City, Mo Hua, first-grade formation master."

The list only showed the place of origin and name, without other information.

Mo Hua didn't shout "I've passed!" either.

Therefore, the formation masters around him didn't know that he had passed the assessment and become a first-grade formation master.

After the initial elation, Mo Hua felt it was unexpected, yet after some thought, not unexpected at all.

What was unexpected was that there really wasn't any foul play.

Unsurprisingly, the test was indeed too simple; becoming a first-grade Formation Master was truly not difficult for him now.

His father, Mo Shan, was genuinely overjoyed from the bottom of his heart.

Although he had long known that Mo Hua had the ability of a first-grade Formation Master, receiving official recognition from the Taoist Court held a different significance.

Mo Shan then hosted a banquet at the Food Building in Azure Mountain City for several Enforcement Leaders he knew, both in gratitude and celebration.

The Enforcement Leaders were honored to participate.

This trip could indeed be said to have been a fruitful one.

Freeloading meals, enjoying a trip, and successfully completing the assessment to become a first-grade Formation Master.

After settling matters at Azure Cloud Sect, he could go home.

Before departing, Mo Hua unexpectedly encountered the examiner who had proctored his test.

Mo Hua approached, performed a respectful bow, and just as he was unsure how to address the other, the examiner said,

"My surname is Zhao, I am a study official at Heaven Shu Pavilion."

Mo Hua didn't know what a study official at Heaven Shu Pavilion did, but still respectfully said, "Study official, sir."

Zhao, the study official, said frankly, "I have an undue request."

"Please speak, study official."

"Follow me."

Zhao, the study official, took Mo Hua to an empty hall, laid out Formation Paper, took out brush and ink, and said to Mo Hua, "Could you draw another Melting Fire Formation for me to see?"

Mo Hua asked in confusion, "Is this a follow-up assessment for a first-grade Formation Master?"

Zhao, the study official, shook his head, "No, it's a personal request."

Mo Hua felt relieved, nodded, and then with a small hand gripping the brush, he painted effortlessly, swiftly completing the Melting Fire Formation.

Although Zhao, the study official, had expectations, he was still profoundly moved.

That day, this child's brush had danced like dragons and serpents, truly in the act of Drawing Formation...

Only, his brushwork was too skilled, so natural, and he was so young, that it looked as if a child was scribbling randomly.

An effortless creation, this is the manifestation of a first-grade Formation Method reaching perfection.

How high was this child's comprehension, and how many times had he painted Formation Methods...

Emotions surged within Zhao, the study official, and in the end, he could only sigh inwardly,

"There are heavens beyond this heaven, people beyond these people..."

The demeanor of Zhao, the study official, suddenly became much more solemn and held a hint of respect as he clasped his hands and said,

"Thank you, young friend!"

Mo Hua didn't know what he was being thanked for but just habitually waved his hand and said, "You're too kind, study official."

Zhao, the study official, nodded lightly, his eyes showing admiration, and then said,

"After this departure, if fate allows, we shall meet again!"

Mo Hua also clasped his hands in farewell, then together with his father, Mo Shan, boarded the Taoist Court's carriage and slowly left Azure Cloud Sect, starting the journey home.

Zhao, the study official, stood on the peak of Azure Cloud Sect, watching Mo Hua's carriage move away into the distance, his thoughts unknown.

After a while, a disciple from Heaven Shu Pavilion arrived to invite Zhao, the study official, to Wenxian Palace for a meeting.

Zhao, the study official, nodded, but did not move.

The disciple was puzzled and, following the study official's gaze, saw the carriage about to disappear into the green mountains and asked somewhat in doubt,

"Study official, is this Mo surname junior Formation Master really that remarkable?"

This disciple was surnamed Zhao as well, related by clan to Zhao, the study official, who had brought him along for this assessment to gain experience.

Zhao, the study official, nodded and said, "He is the most talented Formation Master I have ever seen up to this point."

The disciple was startled, frowned and said, "It can't be possible that he has more talent than our Zhao Family's Seventh Young Master..."

The disciple was somewhat unconvinced, "The Seventh Young Master might have been assessed as first-grade at the age of twenty, but if the old ancestor hadn't asked him to consolidate his learning, he could have gone for the assessment earlier; not at thirteen, but at least by fifteen, he could have become a first-grade Formation Master."

"And our Zhao Family has a deep foundation in Formation Study; the Seventh Young Master had to learn many things from childhood, which is what slowed his progress in the assessment."

"When it comes to talent and prospects in Formation Method, this Brother Mo might not match our family's Seventh Young Master, right..."

"You don't understand," Zhao, the study official, shook his head.

The disciple was puzzled, "What don't I understand?"

Zhao, the study official, looked into the distance again, sighed, and slowly said,

"The Seventh Young Master became a first-grade because he could, but this child became a first-grade because we, could only assess him as that..."