

The Quest 380

Chapter 380: Ultimate Formation

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Supreme Divine Sense, Achieving the Great Dao...

Mo Hua slightly lost his focus.

He had not expected Mr. Zhuang to have such deep expectations for him, planning so far ahead.

Originally, he would have been satisfied with just achieving Foundation Establishment, and he had not yet considered anything beyond that...

Mo Hua nodded his head, saying earnestly,

"Master, I've remembered it all!"

His train of thought also became clearer.

He would keep learning profound Formation methods, honing a stronger Divine Sense, becoming a higher-grade Formation Master, cultivating to even higher realms, and seeking the longer paths of the Great Dao.

Mr. Zhuang's eyes revealed his gratification.

After a brief thought, Mo Hua asked,

"Master, where then should I go to learn the Ultimate Formation?"

Mr. Zhuang paused, his gaze showing a hint of regret,

"I originally had some inheritances of Ultimate Formations, but due to unexpected events, most have been lost. Therefore, if you want to learn the Ultimate Formations, you have to learn to find them yourself."

Mo Hua was taken aback and asked humbly, "How should I look for them...?"

Mr. Zhuang said, "The vast majority of Formation inheritances in this world are monopolized by the Taoist Court, Noble Clans, and Sects, and this includes Ultimate Formations as well."

"It's practically impossible to learn from them directly; even if you could, the price would be extremely high."

"So if you want to learn Ultimate Formations, you can only search for those secret Formation methods lost in various corners of the Nine State, unknown to others."

Mo Hua expressed his confusion, "If it's an Ultimate Formation, it must be valuable. If it's valuable, how could it be unknown to others?"

"Because ordinary people don't understand Formation Patterns, and even if they do, Formation Masters without the pertinent inheritance cannot probe the mysteries of Ultimate Formations."

Mo Hua suddenly understood but couldn't help being curious,

"Then wouldn't the Taoist Court and the Family Sects and Clans collect these Ultimate Formations?"

"They do," Mr. Zhuang nodded. "But the world is vast, and the intricacies of Formations are profound; no matter how much they collect, there are always some that will slip through."

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"Besides, some Ultimate Formations are so exquisite and subtle, they can't be recognized by ordinary Cultivators with mere fleshly eyes."

"Even those born into the Taoist Court or those with inheritances from Family Sects and Clans, most of them are merely booksmart, unable to understand or even conceive of things that transcend their grade of learning."

Mr. Zhuang's expression bore a trace of disdain.

Looking at him with great admiration, Mo Hua asked stealthily,

"Master, what grade have you achieved?"

Mr. Zhuang turned around, saw Mo Hua's shining eyes, and couldn't help but tap his forehead, speaking in a gentle tone, "Don't ask questions recklessly."

"Oh," Mo Hua covered his forehead, thought for a moment, then asked again,

"So next, we are going to look for the Ultimate Formation?"

"That's one way to put it," Mr. Zhuang's eyes conveyed a mix of emotions,

"I'm going to visit a Sect, meet some old friends, have you learn their Formations, and en route, incidentally search for some Ultimate Formations."

Sect? Old friends? Formations?

Mo Hua was startled, "Master, which Sect is it?"

Mr. Zhuang did not answer, only saying,

"You will know when the time comes."

Mo Hua was still curious and couldn't help but ask,

"Then what Formations are we going to learn?"

Mr. Zhuang's expression stalled, tinged with a hint of melancholy, and he said slowly,

"It's a Formation that I, too, failed to learn back then..."

Mo Hua looked shocked, "Master, even you didn't learn it?"

Mr. Zhuang smiled faintly, "Your teacher is only human, not yet an Immortal, naturally, there are things I have not learned."

Mo Hua said uncertainly, "If even Master couldn't learn it, can I?"

Mr. Zhuang looked at Mo Hua with a gentle gaze, "You should be fine."

Mo Hua felt a surge of joy but also some worry,

"If Master couldn't learn it, can I really learn it?"

If he couldn't learn it, wouldn't he let down his Master's expectations and lose face for his Master...

Mr. Zhuang, reading Mo Hua's thoughts, shifted his gaze and smiled slightly,

"I didn't learn it back then and suffered their contempt. This time, taking you there is to have you avenge this old grudge for your teacher."

Upon hearing this, Mo Hua was momentarily stunned.

Contempt?

They dared to show contempt towards my Master?

Mo Hua's face set in a stern expression, and his fighting spirit soared.

He patted his chest, promising earnestly,

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"Master, rest assured, I will definitely master the Formation, slap them in the face, and then infuriate them to death!"

Mr. Zhuang was momentarily stunned, then couldn't help but laugh:

"Good, infuriate them to death..."

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Afterward, Mr. Zhuang entrusted Mo Hua with a few more words and pointed out some difficulties related to Formations, before showing signs of fatigue.

Seeing this, Mo Hua stood up to take his leave and gently closed the door behind him.

After Mo Hua left, walking through the corridor, his mind was filled with doubts.

Why Mr. Zhuang had left Tongxian City and became an itinerant cultivator was something he hadn't known before.

But it seemed that it was for the sake of teaching him Formation?

A warmth filled Mo Hua's heart, followed by more doubts.

Learning Formation was true, but there must be more to it than that...

He remembered Mr. Zhuang mentioning that bizarre Taoist that he shouldn't talk about, think about, or better yet, forget about.

And there was Feng Xi who returned from death, his face covered with overlapping faces, including one that resembled the appearance of a Taoist.

Mo Hua vaguely recalled, as he looked directly into Feng Xi's cavernous eyes, the voice of the Taoist saying:

"Your aura?"

"Quite bold..."

"So familiar..."

"Who are you?"

...

These words, spoken by different speakers, in different voices, came out all at once, chaotic and eerie.

But put together, they meant:

"Your aura... is so familiar... Who are you?"

He had never met this Taoist before, so what about his aura made the Taoist feel it was familiar?

Mo Hua thought it over and felt that it probably had something to do with Mr. Zhuang.

Being a disciple of Mr. Zhuang, constantly in contact with him, and being taught Formation by him, as well as the Five Elements Formation he laid out, which was also provided by Mr. Zhuang, it was natural that he carried Mr. Zhuang's aura.

And that Taoist said his aura was "very familiar..."

In other words, he was familiar with Mr. Zhuang.

The mysterious Taoist and Mr. Zhuang must have some kind of old grudge.

Moreover, it was certainly not a good one.

The Taoist was undoubtedly not a good person, and his methods were strange and unpredictable. With Mo Hua's experience in Tao cultivation, he had no clue about the Taoist's realm, cultivation, or the spells he used.

He was somewhat worried for Mr. Zhuang.

Nowadays, Mr. Zhuang was weak in vitality, his Divine Sense ethereal. If he had a grudge with the Taoist and was being hunted, then he would be in danger...

And in such a situation, it seemed he, too, had no means to deal with that mysterious Taoist...

He couldn't possibly just collapse another Large Formation, could he?

The key was, even if he wanted to, there was no Large Formation available for him to collapse.

With his mind heavy with concerns, Mo Hua walked along the inn's corridor. As he walked, he looked up and saw a pretty little girl approaching from the opposite direction.

Her face was somewhat unfamiliar, yet her aura felt recognizable.

As they passed by one another, Mo Hua paused, then turned his head to test:

"Zixi?"

The little girl turned her head, lifted her fair little finger, and corrected:

"You should call me senior sister."

Mo Hua was taken aback and slowly said, "Little senior sister..."

Bai Zixi nodded in satisfaction.

Mo Hua asked, “How did you change your appearance like this?”

"I used an Illusion Technique to change my appearance to avoid trouble," Bai Zixi said.

"Oh," Mo Hua nodded.

Bai Zixi's looks were outstanding; wherever she went, she drew crowds of onlookers, which could easily lead to trouble.

Her current appearance, although still pretty, was just “normally” pretty, not unbelievably so.

"How did you know it was me?" Bai Zixi was also curious.

"I guessed..."

Mo Hua admitted truthfully.

Bai Zixi looked at Mo Hua skeptically but said nothing further.

Still, she wondered how Mo Hua had recognized her now that her appearance was so greatly altered.