

The Quest 386

Chapter 386: Provocation

Sun Ze exclaimed in shock, “Our Sun Family actually has such a legacy?”

Sun Yi glared at him, “Otherwise, what do you think our Sun Family’s fortune comes from?”

“Our ancestor was a distinguished Second Rank Formation Master, how could he only pass down such little?”

Sun Ze frowned, “But where is this legacy?”

From childhood to adulthood, he had neither seen nor heard of such a top-secret Formation within the Sun Family.

Sun Yi’s eyelids twitched as he sighed,

“I don’t know either...”

“Our ancestor passed away mysteriously, without having the opportunity to make arrangements. Some of the Formation inheritances are also scattered and fragmentary.”

“Now, the foundation of our Sun Family is pieced together bit by bit from the scraps left in the old ancestor’s manuscripts by your great-grandfather and grandfather.”

“There are a few Second-Grade Formations, but we can’t learn them. Even among the First-grade Formations, they are all common Formations and nothing special...”

Sun Ze couldn’t help but sneer,

“Are we descendants really born from the old ancestor?”

Sun Yi’s face turned cold as he rebuked,

“If you utter such disrespectful words again, go kneel in the ancestral hall for three days!”

Sun Ze mumbled a few words, but dared not say it out loud again.

Sun Yi’s gaze became sharp.

This thought, he had indeed doubted himself as well.

The old ancestor’s death came suddenly.

But even then, he should have made some early preparations, organized some Formation inheritances to leave behind for his descendants.

It shouldn’t be like now, where they can only pick up scraps from the legacy left by their ancestors.

Although they live comfortably by relying on these Formations and exploiting the Spirit Farmers, the way of Formation is vast and profound.

Who wouldn’t want to advance further?

Let alone becoming a Second Rank Formation Master, even just getting an assessment to become a First-grade Formation Master, his current status would’ve been drastically different.

In the nearby Shangtai City, a First-grade Formation Master, even if only at the Qi Refinement stage, holds a status not much different from his as a Foundation Building Cultivator.

The old ancestor didn’t leave any Formation inheritance for their descendants.

Could it really be because the descendants of the Sun Family do not actually bear the surname “Sun,” and the blood flowing in them is not that of the old ancestor’s lineage?

But these speculations, Sun Yi only dared to ponder secretly.

The Sun Family standing in Thousand Families Town and invoking authority is firstly relying on the Formations, and secondly on the grace from the Sun family ancestors.

The grace of the ancestors gives them legitimate righteousness, which even resentful Loose Cultivators have to endure.

If not for this, should real trouble arise, drawing public fury, their Sun Family might not expect any good outcome.

Sun Ze thought for a moment, then said,

“If that kid really has his sights on our Sun Family’s Formation that is not passed on outside, not even inside, not even passed on to anyone, what should we do?”

Sun Yi sneered,

“Such a legacy, is it something a little brat can covet?”

“The utmost secret inheritance of a Second Rank Formation Master, even if placed in front of him, he wouldn’t be able to comprehend.”

“Simply overestimating his own ability!”

Sun Yi said disdainfully.

He is a Formation Master; although not yet First-grade, he has deeply experienced the difficulty of learning Formations and the hardship of studying them.

If he, a Foundation Building Cultivator, finds it so difficult to comprehend Formations, let alone that milk-fed little brat who is only at the Qi Refining Seventh Level.

Sun Ze, who could only draw four Formation Patterns up until now, nodded his head in agreement.

Indeed, it is difficult to learn Formation.

Then he said, “The kid might not understand, but what about his master?”

Sun Yi was taken aback, thinking of the handsome and noble Mr. Zhuang. He furrowed his brows,

“His master...”

He simply couldn’t see through him.

Whether that man had Blood Qi, any Cultivation, or even Divine Sense, he knew nothing.

If it was all just an act of mystique, then he was nothing more than a swindler without much Cultivation.

If he was one who had returned to simplicity by following the Great Dao, then he was an unfathomable master.

Sun Yi was puzzled and asked,

“These past few days, following those siblings, what have you discovered?”

Sun Ze said helplessly, “Those two are exceptionally talented and knowledgeable with outstanding appearances, and both are very astute. No matter how indirectly I probe, I can’t figure out their identities...”

“However, if they were truly Noble Family Descendants, in a Second-Grade Prefecture Border, there must be Foundation Building cultivators accompanying them.”

“If there are no Foundation Building cultivators with them, it means they are not Noble Family Descendants, and even if they are, they can only be destitute Noble Family Descendants...”

“A fallen phoenix is not a threat,” he continued.

Sun Ze then asked, “Father, have you figured out who among them is at Foundation Establishment? And whose was the Divine Sense you sensed that day?”

Sun Yi’s brows knitted even tighter.

These past few days, despite careful observation, he still hadn’t found the source of that Divine Sense.

The Cultivator with the surname Zhuang had never used Divine Sense.

The old servant named Old Kui seemed as insensible as wood.

Those two Noble Family Descendants, full of Blood Qi and Spiritual Power, already at the Qi Refining Ninth Level, had strong Divine Sense, but not strong enough to rival Foundation Building.

As for that kid who ran to the Spirit Field every day, he was so young that Sun Yi didn’t even bother to give him a second glance...

“Could it be that I was mistaken?”

“Or perhaps, this Divine Sense came from another Cultivator, unrelated to this group?”

Sun Yi was racking his brains.

Sun Ze glanced at his father indifferently, criticizing him internally, but dared not voice anything. He then changed the subject with a slightly stirred gaze,

“So, what should we do next?”

Sun Yi frowned, pondered for a long while, and then said,

“Let’s wait and see, clarify the full picture before making a move...”

“If they really have substantial backing, we still should treat them courteously.”

“If it’s just mere pretense, without even a Foundation Building among them, then let’s show them that our Sun Family’s meal is not so easy to feast on.”

Sun Yi spoke more quietly,

“After all, we’re far from Shangtai City and unless anything major happens, the Taoist Court won’t interfere.”

“By then I’ll be the knife and they will be the fish on the cutting board.”

Sun Yi’s eyes flashed with a chilling glint.

“And that kid?” Sun Ze asked again, “He runs to the Spirit Fields for no reason and keeps Drawing Formations for those rustic peasants, causing a lot of trouble.”

“Daring to cut off the Sun Family’s fortune...”

Sun Yi sneered coldly, “Keep an eye on him, see if he understands how things work. If he’s sensible, we won’t make it hard for him, but if he’s not...”

Sun Yi’s gaze turned frosty, “Then teach him to be sensible.”

“What about his master?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Sun Yi said indifferently, “If he meddles in the affairs of our Sun Family, we are the ones in the right.”

“We can also take this opportunity to probe their depths.”

Sun Yi’s expression was meaningful.

Sun Ze let out a sinister smile, “Father, I understand.”

...

Mo Hua still went to the Spirit Fields whenever he had the chance.

His feelings were becoming clearer and clearer.

The Ultimate Formation was hidden within the Spirit Fields.

But where exactly, he still had no clue.

Even with Divine Sense Calculation, he couldn’t pinpoint its exact location.

Mo Hua sighed in his heart:

“It seems I still need to practice the Calculation Method more; if only I could calculate the location of the Formation just by thinking about it like Master, it wouldn’t be this troublesome.”

Ding Miao followed Mo Hua around like a little shadow.

Mo Hua went down to the fields, he followed; Mo Hua observed the Spirit Rice, he widened his eyes and watched too; Mo Hua began Drawing Formation Patterns, he grabbed clumps of grass and tried to imitate by drawing on the ground.

Of course, he was doodling ineffectively, unable to comprehend, often moving from trying to Draw Formations to drawing buffaloes and chickens.

Mo Hua asked him some questions.

He would answer with his immature voice.

He didn't understand complicated matters, nor was he aware of past events, but he was clear on some things he had witnessed in the fields.

Mo Hua would also offer him pastries to eat.

Ding Miao would symbolically refuse a few times but ultimately couldn't resist, crisply saying, "Thank you, brother!"

Then he politely accepted the pastry, clenched it in both hands, put it in his mouth, and ate slowly, his eyes beaming with delight.

On this day, Mo Hua visited the Spirit Fields again, and just as usual, Ding Miao followed, hopping and skipping behind him.

But what was different from usual was that many people were standing at the crossroads, seemingly waiting for him.

These people were all Spirit Farmers from East Mountain Village.

They were somewhat restrained, but still bowed to Mo Hua in unison.

Then a burly man clasped his hands and said:

"Could I ask the young gentleman... to Draw some Formations for us?"

After speaking, the Spirit Farmers put the baskets and Storage Bags they had brought in front of Mo Hua.

Some contained a few Spirit Stones, some offered bags of Spirit Paddy, some brought a chicken, while others had items like Jade Pendants...

The burly man said, somewhat ashamed:

"The gifts are humble, I hope the young gentleman... won't look down on them."

After saying that, the crowd bowed to Mo Hua again in unison.

In this group of Cultivators, there were old and young, men and women.

Some were in the twilight of their years, their hair white; some were in the prime of life, tall and strong; but without exception, all of them were bowing their heads to Mo Hua, pleading earnestly.

And Mo Hua was just a thirteen-year-old little Cultivator.

Life's pressures forced them to bow their heads to a much younger Cultivator.

Or perhaps, they had to bow their heads to life itself.

Mo Hua sighed silently in his heart and then nodded:

“Okay, I’ll Draw them for you.”

The burly man raised his head, seemingly not expecting Mo Hua to agree so quickly. His eyes first showed shock and then immense gratitude as he solemnly clasped his fists and said:

“Thank you, young gentleman!”

The rest of the crowd also appeared overjoyed and thanked him in unison:

“Thank you, young gentleman!”

...

Among them, some had offended the Sun Family and had the Formations in their Spirit Fields destroyed, yielding very little harvest of Spirit Rice;

Some were too stubborn and would rather starve than ask for help from the Sun Family;

The majority, like Old Ding, had repaired their Formations again and again, accruing debts to the Sun Family they could not repay...

But without the Sun Family Drawing Formations, no one else would do it for them.

Among the Spirit Farmers, there was simply no one who could draw Formations.

Even if they wanted to learn, there was nowhere to go to learn.

The burly man respectfully led the way in front.

Following him, Mo Hua went to each family's Spirit Field, Drawing one Formation after another.

These Formations that left them utterly helpless were but child's play for Mo Hua.

Mo Hua's small hand held the brush, almost effortlessly, with just a few strokes, he outlined the Formations with ease.

A crowd of Spirit Farmers watched in amazement.

This was the first time they had seen someone draw Formations like this.

Moreover, the one Drawing the Formations was a boy in his early teens.

Ding Miao also gazed at Mo Hua's figure, her large eyes filled with admiration.

Mo Hua was focused on Drawing the Formation Patterns, and the previously incomplete Formations in the Spirit Fields were gradually made whole by him.

As he was Drawing, a commotion arose in the distance.

Mo Hua turned to look and saw a group of haughty Cultivators striding arrogantly his way.

As they walked, they shoved aside the Spirit Farmers in their path, carelessly destroyed the ridges, and ruined the Formation Patterns Mo Hua had just finished drawing, one after another.

The leader of the Cultivators, dressed in brocaded clothes, with a flippant look on his face, was none other than Sun Ze.

He approached Mo Hua and sneered:

“You little brat, you don’t know what’s good for you.”

Mo Hua slowly stood up, his clear eyes shimmering with a hint of sharpness:

“The one who doesn’t know what’s good for him is you.”