

The Quest 398

Chapter 398: Formation (1)

Bai Zisheng led the Spirit Farmers on their daily patrols with great enthusiasm, while Mo Hua quietly sat on the ridge, diligently painting the Cultivating Soil Formation.

Bai Zixi was also helping Mo Hua with the Formation Painting.

She crouched next to Mo Hua, her fair hand holding the brush, her posture elegant and her demeanor serene, the Formation Patterns she drew were graceful and beautiful.

Mo Hua stole several glances, greatly astonished, and couldn't help but exclaim,

"Junior Sister, the Formation you paint is really beautiful!"

"Beautiful?"

A hint of doubt flashed in Bai Zixi's beautiful eyes.

"Yes," Mo Hua nodded.

Bai Zixi glanced at the Formation she had painted, then at the one Mo Hua had done, and curiously said,

"Isn't it almost the same?"

The Formations were the same, and the Patterns in them looked quite similar at first glance.

But Mo Hua shook his head, "It's different."

His own Formation Painting, due to excessive familiarity, was orderly and done with a composed brushstroke.

However, his Junior Sister's painting was delicate and elegant, and the ink was perfectly balanced between thick and thin.

Mo Hua took another covert glance at Bai Zixi and thought to himself, the saying goes, "the style is the man," could it also be that a Formation reflects the person?

If a person is beautiful, does that mean the Formation they paint is also beautiful?

Seeing Mo Hua's eyes blinking and unaware of his thoughts, Bai Zixi asked,

"What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing..."

Bai Zixi felt that Mo Hua was keeping something from her; her gaze flickered, and she said nothing.

Then she stared at Mo Hua for a few moments before suddenly pointing at her own pale cheek.

Mo Hua was puzzled, not understanding her meaning.

Bai Zixi said, "There's something dirty on your face."

"Dirty?" Mo Hua was slightly stunned, "Is it ink?"

He wiped his face a few times, looked at his palm, and said in confusion,

"It's not dirty..."

"It's dirty," Bai Zixi asserted.

"It's okay, I'll wash it later," Mo Hua said.

Bai Zixi shook her head, "I am your Senior Sister, let me help you clean it."

After saying this, she reached out her small hand and wiped Mo Hua's cheek.

Her movements were a blend of pinching, wiping, and massaging...

Her fingers were icily cool and tenderly soft.

After rubbing Mo Hua's right cheek, Bai Zixi started on the left cheek.

Mo Hua was bewildered, "Is the left cheek dirty too?"

"It's dirty!" Bai Zixi nodded.

Mo Hua, helpless, let her continue rubbing his face.

After a while, Bai Zixi finished and nodded, "All clean now!"

Mo Hua was skeptical, "Really?"

Bai Zixi pursed her lips, her gaze calm, and said,

"I am your Senior Sister, I wouldn't lie to you."

Mo Hua nodded, without any suspicion, and resumed painting the Formation seriously.

However, while he painted, he felt that his Junior Sister was occasionally glancing at him; although her expression was as usual, a hint of a smile sometimes peeked through her gaze.

Mo Hua thought he must have been mistaken.

His Junior Sister was usually calm, rarely showing her emotions.

Mo Hua was puzzled for a moment, but since he had to focus on painting the Formation, he quickly pushed the thoughts to the back of his mind.

It wasn't until he returned home in the evening that Mo Hua sensed something was amiss.

Mr. Zhuang saw him and couldn't help but laugh.

Bai Zisheng was even more exaggerated, holding his stomach and laughing non-stop, nearly tears of laughter streaming from his eyes.

"What's wrong?" Mo Hua still didn't understand.

Still laughing, Bai Zisheng managed to say in between chuckles,

"Haha, big... big painted face!"

Mo Hua found a mirror, took a look, and then was stupefied.

Both his left and right cheeks were covered in ink, making him look like a big spotted cat.

Mo Hua was stunned.

Who did this?

Who could deceive his Divine Sense, and under his watch, paint his face?

Then, in a flash of insight, he turned his head and looked at Bai Zixi.

His Junior Sister was the one who had rubbed his face!

Bai Zixi pretended to be composed, but her lips were tightly pressed, obviously trying to hold back laughter.

Mo Hua was shocked.

He had never imagined that Bai Zixi, his Junior Sister, would be capable of such a prank!

Bai Zixi was usually elegant and serene, with a calm demeanor, and he hadn't expected her to play such a mischievous trick.

"Junior Sister!"

Mo Hua was somewhat angry, his eyebrows shooting up, which, paired with his big painted face, made him resemble an angry kitty.

Finally, Bai Zixi could no longer hold it in and burst out laughing.

This smile, was like the splendid blooming of a night-blooming cereus.

Even though his features had changed, there remained an ethereal beauty that was both clear and absolute.

The eyes brimming with laughter were like hibiscus carrying the morning dew, and like the sparkling translucence of colored glaze, shimmering with flowing light.

Mr. Zhuang showed a slight hint of surprise.

Mo Hua was somewhat startled.

This was the first time he'd ever seen Bai Zixi smile like that.

Bai Zisheng paused, then felt a wistful pain. His heart held a mix of comfort yet also a twinge of heartache.

His sister, how long had it been since she had last smiled this way...

After a bout of laughter, Bai Zixi personally helped Mo Hua to wash his face clean.

Mo Hua, facing the mirror, checked over and over again until he finally nodded in confirmation.

Bai Zixi whispered softly, "I'm sorry..."

But the corners of her mouth still carried a brimming smile.

Mo Hua couldn't help but sigh, feeling somewhat helpless in his heart.

Afterward, Bai Zixi kept smiling all day long, unable to hold back a purse-lipped smile every time she saw Mo Hua and thought of his cat-like painted face.

Another day passed before it got somewhat better, and her expression returned to normal.

Although her brows and eyes remained gently composed, they were much more open than before, and her gaze had softened a great deal.

For some reason, Mo Hua also felt a sense of relief.

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The Cultivating Soil Formation was simple, and Mo Hua was extremely quick at drawing it. With Bai Zixi's help, a few days later, he completed the formation for the entire Spirit Field.

The layout of the overall Spirit Field, thanks to the relentless labor of the Spirit Farmers night and day, complemented the Thick Earth Formation perfectly.

After completing the Cultivating Soil Formation, the next step was to outline the Formation Patterns of the Thick Earth Formation.

Mo Hua needed to use Spiritual Ink to connect all the field ridges, activating the Formation Patterns of the entire Thick Earth Formation.

A hundred acres of Spirit Field formed a colossal Thick Earth Formation when connected.

The Formation Pen required a large brush, consuming a great deal of Spiritual Ink. However, the consumption of Divine Sense was actually not much different from that of a small-scale Thick Earth Formation.

The consumption of Divine Sense by a Formation is related only to the formation's complexity—that is, the number of Formation Patterns.

The overall scale of the formation has an effect on Divine Sense consumption, but the impact is not significant.

Therefore, the greatest challenge of truly connecting the Formation Patterns with Spiritual Ink to activate the Thick Earth Formation on the Spirit Field was not Divine Sense for Mo Hua, but rather physical strength and Spiritual Power.

A Formation Painting requires seamless execution, a continuous stream of Divine Thought.

Thus, when connecting the Thick Earth Formation, Mo Hua also had to traverse all of the Spirit Field's ridges in one go, simultaneously infusing Spiritual Power into the Spiritual Ink and drawing it along the ridges to create the Formation Patterns in one continuous flow.

Looking at the vast expanse of the Spirit Field in front of him, Mo Hua couldn't help but sigh.

This method was rather crude.

To paint in such a manner was too ungainly, completely lacking the grace of a Formation Master.

But he had no other way.

With his Qi Refinement Realm cultivation and current abilities, he could only use this clumsy method to connect a large-scale Single Formation.

"I wonder if after reaching a higher realm in Qi Refinement, there will be other, more convenient methods of drawing formations..."

Lost in thought, Mo Hua sighed again.

Later, with focused concentration, Mo Hua started to paint the Thick Earth Formation in the Spirit Field according to plan.

Carrying a large pen soaked in Spiritual Ink, he traced along the field ridges, drawing the Formation Patterns of the Thick Earth Formation from his Sea of Consciousness, connecting the whole Spirit Field.

This process was rather lengthy and couldn't afford mistakes; otherwise, he would have to start all over again, which was time-consuming and laborious.

Luckily, Mo Hua had rehearsed beforehand.

He had also repeatedly practiced the route.

He had considered the potential problems in advance and thought of ways to solve them.

So overall, it went smoothly.

Bai Zisheng, Bai Zixi, Miao'er, and all the other Spirit Farmers from East Mountain Village gathered around the edge of the field, watching Mo Hua draw the Formation Painting.

Mo Hua did not stop, walking from morning to night, then from night to morning again.

With each step, he left behind a long, winding trace of clear ink marks on the ridges, filled with an enigmatic meaning and coursing with Spiritual Power.

As Mo Hua traversed each ridge, he left stroke after stroke of Formation Patterns.

With each ridge he covered, the number of Formation Patterns grew, linking more and more of the Spirit Field...

By the time Mo Hua finally finished drawing, his physical strength and Spiritual Power were nearly depleted. He sat beside the field like a fish out of water, gasping for breath.

At the same moment, a flash of light emerged from within the Spirit Field.

A rich aura of vitality unfurled.

The entire Spirit Field seemed unified, the Formation Patterns resonating from afar.

From within the Spirit Field surged a continuous stream of the earth's essence, nurturing the land, nourishing the rice seedlings.

All the Spirit Rice in the field, seemingly refreshed by the earth's essence, visibly started to thrive with vigor, their color turning a jade-like green.

...

All the Spirit Farmers gathered around the field were stunned into silence.

They knew the Formation was not simple, but they had not envisioned it to be mystically effective to such an extent.

Was this the handiwork of the Old Ancestor of Sun Family from years past...

The Elder of East Mountain Village, feeling the aura of the Spirit Field and observing the rice seedlings, was momentarily dazed, then overwhelmed to tears.

Such a fertile Spirit Field, if preserved, could ensure their descendants would never starve again...

Meanwhile, at the Sun Family household.

The Family Head of the Sun Family, who was browsing through Formation Books, also vaguely sensed a strong surge of vitality, quickly standing up and looking towards the distant Spirit Field, his eyes filled with shock.

"Is this... a Formation?"

"Impossible..."