

## The Quest 75

Chapter 75: The Man in Cyan

After returning, Mo Hua continued to practice his cultivation while painting arrays.

According to Mr. Zhuang, after learning the Heavenly Proliferation Technique, Mo Hua's spiritual awareness became stronger, and his recovery speed improved as he also learned the Meditation Techniques.

This resulted in Mo Hua being able to paint arrays faster during the day, with quicker recovery of his spiritual awareness, allowing him to paint more arrays daily and easily feel fatigue.

Occasionally, when tired from painting arrays, he would take out the "Introduction to Composite Arrays" given by Mr. Zhuang as a diversion to relieve the weariness.

One day, as Mo Hua was perusing the array book at a table in the courtyard of an eatery, a man dressed in a cyan robe entered. The man ordered a pot of wine, a plate of beef, and two dishes of fruits and vegetables, and began to eat.

As it was not yet lunchtime, the eatery had only a few cultivators who were local workers, either demon hunters or petty traders, all dressed quite ordinarily.

The man in the spotless cyan robe stood out among them.

Mo Hua glanced at him and noticed that the man was handsome, probably in his thirties, but appeared much younger due to his well-kept appearance. The man wore a jade pendant, and his clothes, primarily cyan, were simple yet made of expensive materials, with array patterns faintly visible on them.

The materials used for Taoist robes are soft and not typically used as array mediums; those that can serve as array mediums are not cheap.

The man in cyan might have felt someone watching him as he looked up and saw a plainly dressed but picturesque young boy with strikingly clear eyes observing him.

The man smiled slightly and beckoned Mo Hua over.

Mo Hua closed his book and approached. The man spoke softly, "Young friend, what would you like to eat? It's on me."

Mo Hua shook his head, "This is my family's place, I can treat you."

The man paused, then laughed after glancing at the sign at the entrance, "Is your surname Liu?"

Mo Hua, seeing no malice in the man, replied, "My surname is Mo; my mother's surname is Liu."

The man nodded, then noticing the book in Mo Hua's hand, asked, "What are you reading? If you have any questions, I can teach you."

Mo Hua eyed the seemingly idle man in cyan and asked, "You know about arrays?"

"Of course. Arrays are involved in all aspects of cultivation; even if one doesn't pursue the path of an array master, the basics are necessary. While I don't claim to be an expert, I certainly know more than a young child," the man said.

Mo Hua, sensing the man's confidence wasn't false, handed him the "Introduction to Composite Arrays."

The man in cyan's eyelids twitched involuntarily when he saw the cover.

Mo Hua looked at him skeptically, "Do you really know this?"

"Of course."

The man in cyan confidently said, gripping the book slightly tremblingly, inwardly cursing:

"This is about composite arrays! Which idle adult gave such a book to a child? Aren't they afraid of exhausting their spiritual awareness?"

Nevertheless, he couldn't lose face in front of the child, so he bravely opened the "Introduction to Composite Arrays."

"The kid is probably just looking casually; he likely doesn't understand, so I can just appease him a bit," the man in cyan thought, then flipped the first couple of pages and asked, "Where don't you understand, just ask."

Unexpectedly, Mo Hua didn't look but flipped forward a couple of pages, pointing to a section and asked, "'Gather array patterns to form a basic array, gather basic arrays to form a composite array'—why not just accumulate array patterns to enhance the array's effect, rather than reconfiguring basic arrays into composite arrays? Isn't that redundant?"

The man in cyan's heart tightened, recalling his clan tutor's teachings.

Fortunately, he had been attentive in his studies, and those teachings hadn't faded.

"Within the same realm, a cultivator's spiritual awareness is limited, as is the number of array patterns a single-tier array can contain. Once the number of array patterns exceeds a certain amount, if a cultivator's spiritual awareness is insufficient, they cannot complete the array, and may even exhaust their sea of consciousness to death..."

"To break the limitation of array patterns, one must recombine basic arrays, forming composite arrays. This not only enhances the power of the arrays but also allows different arrays to interact, producing more varied effects..."

"Oh, I see..." Mo Hua nodded unconsciously.

The man in cyan wiped a cold sweat from his brow.

Before he could relax, Mo Hua's pale little hand swiftly turned several pages more, pointing to another paragraph

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"'The array hub of a basic array is simple, the array hub of a composite array is complex,' should there be any difference between the hubs of basic and composite arrays? Array patterns are arranged

according to the array hub to form a basic array; basic arrays are arranged according to the hub to form a composite array, the differences between the two types of hubs shouldn't be that significant, right?"

"Cough, well... that's a long story, just as beasts differ from beasts, and cultivators differ from cultivators, so too do array hubs differ from each other. You can't assume they're the same just because they're both hubs..."

As the man spoke these irrelevant words, his mind raced, then he said:

"Basic array hubs are simple, mainly used to connect various array patterns; but composite array hubs are more complicated, not only do they connect basic arrays, sometimes they also modulate the opening and closing... and strength of spiritual forces, smooth out conflicts between different attributes of spiritual forces, and stabilize the entire structure of the composite array..."

The man searched his memory to finish this statement.

Books prove their worth in times of need!

He had lived so long, only to be compelled by a young cultivator to relearn this lesson today!

"Oh, right."

Mo Hua nodded, then his little hand reached out to turn more pages.

With each page turned, the man's heartbeat accelerated, and he almost wanted to grab Mo Hua's hand to stop him. If he continued, he might really not be able to answer.

Finally, Mo Hua stopped, his fingertip settling on an array diagram.

The man's heart sank.

That's it, an array diagram.

He knew some theory but had never actually painted one. Besides those cultivators who dedicated themselves to becoming array masters, who would bother with these things?

"Cough, this array diagram... isn't something you should be painting at your age," the man in cyan said diplomatically.

Mo Hua said, "I tried drawing it, but for some reason, the composite array doesn't activate..."

The man's vision darkened.

You tried drawing it?

What do you mean?

What realm are you in, what cultivation level, how profound is your spiritual awareness, how bold are you, to dare draw a composite array?! Who gave you the courage?!

Mo Hua pulled out a paper from his storage bag; it was clearly freshly drawn, though not activated, but had all the necessary array patterns, not missing a single stroke.

The man in cyan was speechless.

After calming himself a bit, he closely examined the array Mo Hua held, and a moment of elation came over him.

"Although it's a composite array, I recognize each basic array within it, and they're all simple, only containing two or three array patterns, well within my level of understanding."

The young man regained his composure, cleared his throat with a cough, and spoke with some assurance:

"Theory is one thing, but actually taking up the brush to paint is not so simple. The problem here is with the array hub; you've used a basic array's hub for a composite array, naturally, the array can't activate..."

Mo Hua had an epiphany, nodding repeatedly, thinking he had underestimated the man in cyan, then...

He reached out to turn more pages.

The man's composure melted like snow in soup, instantly disintegrating.

Please, no more turning...

Fortunately, Mo Hua turned one page, found that he hadn't read beyond there either, and stopped turning. He then closed the book, speaking with admiration, "Uncle, you really know a lot."

The man in cyan breathed a sigh of relief.

Mo Hua pointed to the pot of wine on the table, saying, "This pot of wine is my treat to you."

The man finally relaxed completely, unable to resist drinking a cup of wine to calm his nerves.

The moment the wine touched his lips, refreshing his heart and spleen, the man felt he had never tasted such crisp and sweet wine in his life.