

The Quest 781

Chapter 781: Mr. Tu (2)

Mo Hua saw such extravagantly luxurious meals for the first time, not understanding the fuss but seeing they looked very expensive.

The table was full of dishes, none of which he recognized.

Because they were so pricey, the feeling in his mouth as he ate was very subtle.

Mo Hua didn't know if the food was actually tasty or not.

He only felt like he was chewing on "Spirit Stones" instead of food...

However, luckily he wasn't picky and ate very happily.

Yu Er sat beside Mo Hua, not feeling hungry, but seeing Mo Hua eating happily, he followed suit like a clever little student, eating whatever Mo Hua ate.

Wenren Wan watched Yu Er intently, afraid that if she blinked, her child would disappear again.

She still felt like she was dreaming.

Initially, in despair, she had held onto a sliver of hope. Yet she hadn't expected that by simply stepping out the door, she would indeed find the child she had thought about day and night.

Wenren Wan found it somewhat inconceivable.

Shangguan Yi was even more incredulous.

Upon hearing that Yu Er had been found, he rushed over. Upon truly seeing Yu Er, he was delighted and shocked but also very puzzled, murmuring to himself,

"This can't be possible..."

This went against the heavenly secret, against cause and effect, things simply shouldn't, and couldn't, be this way...

Wenren Wan did not give him a warm welcome.

Shangguan Yi knew to withdraw tactfully, and he did not stay long.

With his son and wife safe, the weight in his heart lifted. As for his relationship with his wife, he would mend it slowly over time.

Shangguan Yi thanked Mo Hua and said, "Young friend, if you ever need anything in the future, just say the word. The Shangguan Family..."

"I'm not interested," Wenren Wan coldly cut him off. "Leave quickly, your presence spoils my appetite."

Shangguan Yi gave a wry smile, helpless, and took his leave, but just before leaving, he cast a thoughtful glance at Mo Hua, wondering something to himself.

Aside from Shangguan Yi, Mo Hua also met a gentleman from the Gu family.

Exceptionally handsome, he carried a paper fan and exuded a certain grace, though he seemed a bit too proud.

Wenren Wan said, "This is my cousin, Gu by surname, Changhuai by name."

Mo Hua politely said, "Hello, Uncle Gu."

Gu Changhuai was greatly surprised, yet all he offered were words of gratitude. Beyond that, he asked nothing. After staying a while, he bid farewell.

When he left, he also glanced at Mo Hua.

In his haughty gaze was deep skepticism.

Mo Hua quietly asked Wenren Wan, "Aunt Wan, is this Uncle Gu someone who isn't well-liked? His way of looking at people is a bit odd..."

Wenren Wan was startled and then couldn't help but laugh, saying,

"Don't mind him, Changhuai is kind-hearted. He's just youthful and arrogant."

"And since it's his first time meeting you, he might have been a bit uncomfortable, thus seeming distant. Don't take it to heart."

"Okay," Mo Hua nodded.

"By the way," Mo Hua asked again, "that uncle who looked handsome and seemed mild-mannered, is he Yu Er's father?"

Wenren Wan spoke with slight disdain, "Yes..."

She briefly explained Yu Er's identity to Mo Hua.

Yu Er was a child of a union between the Shangguan and Wenren Noble Clans, possessing the purest lineage of both families, which is why his full name was "Shang Guanyu."

Mo Hua continued eating what seemed like a chicken leg, but he didn't know from which Spirit Beast or bird it came. He looked calm, even somewhat clueless.

"Do you know about the Wenren Family?" Wenren Wan asked out of the blue.

Stay tuned to

Mo Hua shook his head.

"How about the Shangguan Family?"

Mo Hua still shook his head.

Being from a small place like Tongxian City, he was almost completely ignorant about the matters of the noble families in Qian State.

The map he had of Qian State, though it marked some noble clans, hadn't caught his interest that much...

His attention was focused on the major Sects of the Qian Learning State Boundary.

And these noble clans were a confusing mess.

Everyone talked about their depth of history and lineage, the vastness of their power, some lasting thousands or even tens of thousands of years...

Mo Hua simply couldn't distinguish who was who...

Wenren Wan was somewhat surprised; she hadn't expected Mo Hua to truly know nothing.

"You... aren't a Cultivator from Qian State, are you..." Wenren Wan asked tactfully.

"Yeah," Mo Hua nodded, "I'm a Loose Cultivator; my family resides in Li State. We're from a Second Grade Little Immortal City, and my parents are both in the Qi Refinement stage..."

Wenren Wan's mouth dropped open in shock, "Then how... did you come to Qian State?"

"I came here to learn!"

"By yourself?"

"Yes, my parents are very busy. And since they are just at the Qi Refinement stage, the journey would be too dangerous. I didn't feel comfortable with them coming, so I came alone..."

Wenren Wan didn't know what to say, feeling that the roles of the child and the parents seemed reversed...

She then sighed silently, reflecting deeply.

No wonder they say the child of a poor family must become a householder early on.

From Li State to Qian State, the road was so long, traveling alone over mountains and rivers, exposed to the elements, not to mention Monster Beasts and various treacherous Cultivators...

It was not just a matter of Cultivation, but also of rich experience, exceptional ingenuity, steadfast determination, and an unyielding will...

And Mo Hua looked merely like a child of about ten.

At his age, the children of Noble Clans were usually carefree in their cultivation, unaware of life's hardships, and oblivious to the malice in people's hearts...

Wenren Wan looked at Mo Hua and felt an inexplicable sense of compassion.

She instructed Yu Er, "You must learn more from your brother Mo in the future..."

"Okay!" Yu Er nodded repeatedly.

Wenren Wan affectionately rubbed Yu Er's head then, struck by a puzzling thought as she gazed at Mo Hua, hesitated for a moment before asking:

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"Then... how did you manage to rescue Yu Er?"

Mo Hua was Yu Er's savior, and out of courtesy, Wenren Wan refrained from scrutinizing him too closely with her Divine Sense.

But from what could be observed on the surface, Mo Hua's Cultivation was only at the Foundation Establishment level.

His Blood Qi was very weak, his Spiritual Power not particularly strong, and, being a Loose Cultivator, he seemingly came from an impoverished background and likely didn't possess any remarkable Spiritual Artifacts.

Even if he had a superior Spiritual Artifact, with his level of Spiritual Power, he probably couldn't unleash its full potential.

How did such a junior cultivator manage to rescue his own Yu Er?

It couldn't be that he alone defeated more than a dozen traffickers, could it...

Mo Hua said with a bashful tone, "I was just lucky, happened to be passing by, and for some reason, all those traffickers were dead, and Yu Er was locked in a box, so I 'picked' him up and took him to Qingzhou City..."

Mo Hua stuck with the same story as before.

He was just a passerby, a kind young man.

Just a bit lucky.

The death of the traffickers had nothing to do with him.

Upon hearing this, Wenren Wan was somewhat astonished, but she couldn't help harboring doubts.

Everything seemed too coincidental...

How could the traffickers just die out of the blue?

And how could he have just happened to find Yu Er?

There was something fishy...

Seeing that Wenren Wan didn't quite believe him, Mo Hua thought for a moment then sighed, revealing an expression of "after-fear":

"To speak truthfully, it's also because of Yu Er's great luck and strong fate."

"If my luck had been just a bit worse and I hadn't come across him, and he really had been picked up by someone else, that would have been troublesome..."

Wenren Wan's heart jolted.

Indeed!

If Yu Er had been "picked up" by another cultivator with ulterior motives, or one who schemed with great deliberation, then Yu Er would have been in danger!

She thought it through carefully once more and the more she thought about it, the more reasonable Mo Hua's words seemed.

Shangguan Yi had told her before that Yu Er had been ensnared in a scheme by a powerhouse, manipulated behind the scenes, and taken from place to place, with little chance for escape...

But man's calculations are no match for those of heaven.

By a stroke of fate and opportunity, Yu Er was instead rescued by this child, Mo Hua.

Isn't this evidence that Yu Er's fortunate destiny and good opportunities?

As a mother, who wouldn't wish for their child to have a profound fate?

Wenren Wan's heart felt comforted.

Of course, this child, Mo Hua, had "good luck" as well.

Shouldn't she feel relieved that Mo Hua was lucky?

If he hadn't been lucky, he wouldn't have been able to rescue Yu Er, and she might never have seen Yu Er again...

The more Wenren Wan thought, the more convinced she became, and she found herself nodding in agreement.

Mo Hua was right! Discover stories with

Yu Er was truly fortunate!

If Yu Er could have such good fortune, why couldn't Mo Hua be lucky too?

A lucky child saving a child with good fate, what could be wrong with that?

Realizing this, Wenren Wan felt assured, believed him to a great extent, and the more she looked at Mo Hua, the more she took a liking to him; her heart filled with gratitude, she sincerely said:

"Mo Hua, you have done a great service for both the Shangguan and the Wenren families. What do you wish for?"

Mo Hua was taken aback and felt somewhat embarrassed.

Saving Yu Er had been a convenient act for him, and asking for a reward now seemed a bit like... trading favor for gain?

And he had grown quite fond of Yu Er.

Aunt Wan, from the Wenren Family, had also been kind to him, even treating him to good food.

After a moment's thought, Mo Hua decided to forego a reward, just asking them for a little help would suffice.

"Aunt Wan, can you send me to the Qian Taoist Sect?"

Although they were in the Qian Xue State Boundary, they were on the edge of the state boundary, and Qian Xue State was a fifth-grade state boundary with vast territories; it would take some time for him to get there.

If there was a delay and he was late, missing the chance to join the sect, that would be a problem.

Wenren Wan, however, misunderstood, feeling somewhat ashamed and distressed as she replied:

"The Qian Taoist Sect is one of the 'Four Great Sects'; its threshold is extremely high, and relying on the Wenren Family's influence might be a bit difficult..."

Mo Hua was startled, then shook his head and said, "Aunt Wan, you just need to take me there..."

Wenren Wan was puzzled, "Take you there?"

"Yes."

After thinking it over, Mo Hua felt that since Yu Er was kindhearted and Aunt Wan was very good, and because the Wenren Family was also a great noble clan, there seemed to be no need to keep secrets. So he continued:

"I have a Sect-Entering Order..."

Wenren Wan gasped, her voice trembling, "You have a Sect-Entering Order from... the Qian Taoist Sect?!"

Chapter 783: Qian Taoist Sect (1)

Mo Hua was also taken aback.

The reaction of Wenren Wan was somewhat unexpected to him.

"Is the Sect-Entering Order from Qian Taoist Sect really... that valuable?"

Yu Er, who was eating beside them, looked confusedly at her mother.

Wenren Wan sighed and said, "The Sect-Entering Order signifies 'exemption from entrance exams.' In the Qian Learning State Boundary, from the largest to the smallest, any sect's Sect-Entering Order is very valuable, especially one from a top-tier sect like the Qian Taoist Sect."

"Top-tier?" Mo Hua was slightly startled, then remembered Wenren Wan's earlier comment, "The Four Great Sects?"

"Yes," Wenren Wan nodded slightly, "In Qian Learning State Boundary, a fifth-rank region with numerous Taoist orders, the sects—whether big or small—number in the thousands if not tens of thousands."

"Among them, the esteemed upper-echelon sects include 'The Four Great Sects', 'Eight Great Gates', 'Twelve Streams'..."

"Besides these are sects that aren't weak but slightly lack depth, and all these sects are collectively known as the 'Qian Learning Hundred Gates'..."

"The Four Great Sects, Eight Great Gates, Twelve Streams, Qian Learning Hundred Gates..." Mo Hua silently repeated them, committing them to memory.

Wenren Wan continued:

"Among all the sects in Qian Learning State Boundary, if we talk about traditional lineage, the Four Great Sects are the strongest, with the Eight Great Gates next in line..."

"The Twelve Streams can compare with the Eight Great Gates, but each specializes in a particular field, somewhat skewed. For example, Sever Gold Sect practices Sword Control, Myriad Magic Gate studies spells, and others specialize in Formations, Pill, Artifact, Rune, beast control, Martial Way, and so on..."

"And among them, Qian Taoist Sect is one of the top most sects in the Qian Learning State Boundary's Four Great Sects."

"One of the top most..."

Mo Hua was somewhat doubtful, "So, is it the first, or the second then?"

Wenren Wan's expression became somewhat complicated, and she whispered:

"That..."

"Each of the Four Great Sects claims to be the first and refuses to be second. So, all of the Four Great Sects are among the top most, but it's not clear-cut who exactly ranks first or second..."

Mo Hua's mouth fell open.

So there could be such "scheming"...

"Therefore," Wenren Wan said earnestly, "as one of the top-tier 'Four Great Sects' in the fifth-rank Qian Xue State, the requirements for entry are extremely stringent. Naturally, a Sect-Entering Order granting exemption from the entrance exams is extremely precious..."

"Even for noble clans like the Shangguan and Wenren, it's exceedingly rare."

Wenren Wan sighed.

Mo Hua was somewhat disheartened.

He had not expected that what his master had left him was such a valuable item.

After Wenren Wan finished speaking, she suddenly remembered something and cautioned:

"Keep this Sect-Entering Order safe and don't tell anyone about it."

"Yes!" Mo Hua nodded.

Seeing Mo Hua's composed demeanor and the treasured token in his possession without panic, Wenren Wan secretly nodded in approval, but she was immediately struck by curiosity:

"Where did you get this token from?"

"I found it!" Mo Hua said.

Wenren Wan was taken aback, "Found... found it?"

A Sect-Entering Order from the Qian Taoist Sect... could be found just like that?

This was an excuse Mo Hua had practically blurted out without thinking:

"Back when I was in the Li State, in a mountain while monster hunting, by a fluke, I found a storage bag. In the bag, there was a token with the words 'Qian Taoist Sect' on it."

"I made some inquiries and found out that this was a Sect-Entering Order for the Qian Learning State Boundary."

"Qian Learning State Boundary is very far from Li State, but I thought since I found it, it was a stroke of destiny that shouldn't be wasted. So, I crossed mountains and rivers to come to Qian State, hoping to be admitted into a sect and learn Tao cultivation..."

This was a simple, unadorned tale of seeking the Tao.

Half-true, half-false.

It sounded rough-hewn, yet without any flaws.

Wenren Wan was somewhat skeptical but after thinking it over, she realized some people are born with good fortune—that wasn't anything out of the ordinary.

Moreover, the person saying this was Mo Hua, who had just saved her child.

Wenren Wan chose to believe it for the time being.

However, Mo Hua had some concerns: "Aunt Wan, with this Sect-Entering Order, can I really be exempt from the entrance exams?"

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Wenren Wan started to answer but suddenly stopped, furrowing her brows with some hesitation.

Normally, holding the token meant you could join the sect, and there was no issue with that.

The issuance of Sect-Entering Orders was highly strict, not something just anyone could issue or receive.

When entering the sect, the sect would make a Calculation of cause and effect.

Any person holding a Sect-Entering Order, as long as their origins were proper, without bad causes, without bad effects, not obtained by "killing and robbing," stealing opportunities, or harboring ill intentions, would face no issues.

Even those who "found" the token were considered to have received a fateful opportunity from the Heavenly Dao; the sect would not refuse them.

But...

Mo Hua's case was a bit special.

The Qian Taoist Sect was too vast, with each spot extremely precious.

And Mo Hua was a Loose Cultivator, with no background, what's more critical was his Spiritual Root...

Wenren Wan whispered, "Mo Hua, your Spiritual Root..."

"A mid to lower-tier Small Five Elements Spiritual Root," Mo Hua replied.

Just as expected...

Wenren Wan sighed.

This Spiritual Root was far too inferior, barely reaching the threshold for entry...

But Wenren Wan didn't want to dishearten Mo Hua, so she said, "Qian Taoist Sect is a Great Sect that values its word, and should accept you."

Mo Hua knew Wenren Wan was trying to comfort him, and smiled, "Thank you, Aunt Wan!"

But he also had some expectations.

The Qian Taoist Sect was even larger than he had imagined, and the threshold even higher.

He reckoned that gaining entry to the Qian Taoist Sect might not be that easy...

However, there's always a solution to a problem; he would still have to try his luck.

Wenren Wan also said, "Finish your meal, rest for the night, and tomorrow I will have the Wenren Family's carriage safely take you to the Qian Taoist Sect..."

Mo Hua thanked her with a smile, then thinking of something else, whispered:

Chapter 784: Qian Taoist Sect (2)

"Aunt Wan, there's one more thing..." Find your next read at

Wenren Wan said, "Just speak your mind!"

Mo Hua whispered, "Is it possible not to tell anyone else about me saving Yu Er?"

Wenren Wan was startled, but then she understood.

To calculate against the Shangguan Family and the legitimate descendants of the Wenren Family, as well as to obscure the heavenly secrets so that the two great Noble Clans could not divine cause and effect,

The power behind this act must be immensely formidable.

Their scheming must also be profound.

Mo Hua was just lucky, saving Yu Er by chance.

But if those people knew that it was Mo Hua, this child, who spoiled their plans, then this good fortune would turn into calamity.

Mo Hua was still only a child, moreover, a Loose Cultivator with weak cultivation, powerless and without influence, lacking any background; he would probably...

Have nowhere to lay his corpse upon his death!

Wenren Wan's heart trembled, feeling a sourness within.

She knew the pain of losing a child.

Mo Hua had parents too. If Mo Hua were to lose his life because he saved Yu Er, how heartbroken his parents would be.

She would also feel guilty for the rest of her life...

Wenren Wan said earnestly, "Don't worry, I will ensure that everyone who knows about this keeps it to themselves, not leaking a whisper of it!"

Mo Hua smiled brightly, "Thank you, Aunt Wan!"

Seeing Mo Hua's clear and pure smile, Wenren Wan felt somewhat reassured.

Afterward, Mo Hua rested in Qingzhou City for a night, played with Yu Er for a while, and the next day rode in the Wenren Family's carriage, heading north beyond the Qian Xue State boundary...

The Qian Xue State boundary, a prosperous land for seeking knowledge.

Countless Sects lined the journey.

Amidst the swirling clouds and mist, Taoist temples stood tall, their majestic air presenting a spectacular sight.

Radiant light bathed the mountains, and Spirit Beasts chirped clearly, creating a scene akin to paradise.

Cultivators wearing various Sect Taoist robes came and went, their escape lights crisscrossing.

Mo Hua was deeply moved.

"This is... the Qian Xue State boundary..."

"This is... the largest place in Qian State for questioning the Dao and pursuing studies..."

All along the way, numerous beautiful scenes unfolded so rapidly Mo Hua hardly had time to gaze at them all; sticking his little head out the carriage window, he watched the whole way, full of emotion.

The steady sound of horse hooves.

The mountain road shrouded in mist.

The journey was like riding on clouds.

Two days later, the carriage arrived at the Qian Taoist Sect.

From a distance, a massive mountain peak could be seen standing tall against the sky, with palaces arrayed among the mountains, observatories like stars scattered in the vastness, majestic and lofty. The clouds and mists gave it an ethereal feel, as if it were the White Jade Capital in the heavens.

"The Qian Taoist Sect..."

Mo Hua felt a bit nervous but also excited, and his heart couldn't help fluttering.

The carriage stopped at the foot of the mountain.

A guard from the Wenren Family apologized with a fist salute, "Young Master Mo, the rules of the Qian Taoist Sect are strict, they do not allow carriages up the mountain. I'm terribly sorry; this is as far as we can take you."

"It's okay."

Mo Hua waved his hand, thanked the guard, and then walked directly up the tall steps toward the mountain gate of the Qian Taoist Sect.

Up close, it was even more magnificent, as if it were steeped in immortal aura.

Along the way, other students also dismounted from their carriages and walked up the mountain; they seemed to want to join the Qian Taoist Sect as well.

However, they were dressed in finer robes, their demeanor more arrogant, surrounded by family elders' protection and escorts from their guards.

In contrast, Mo Hua was dressed modestly, all alone.

Fortunately, he was accustomed to it.

Walking alone, Mo Hua soon reached the gate of the Qian Taoist Sect.

In front of the gate, there was a towering threshold, almost taller than Mo Hua himself, separating those going up the mountain and also separating Mo Hua.

A few disciples of the Qian Taoist Sect were guarding the gate. When they saw Mo Hua, they stopped him and asked his purpose.

Their tone was polite, but underneath, there was a hint of contempt and arrogance.

"I have a Sect-Entering Order, and I wish to join the sect..."

Mo Hua presented his Sect-Entering Order.

The disciples appeared astonished and exchanged glances. One disciple said,

"Please wait here for a moment, I need to report this and consult an Elder for a decision."

Then he added, "Please fill out the record of your Cultivator's background and history..."

Mo Hua looked at the so-called "record of background and history," which was a form to state one's place of origin, family background, and the nature of one's Spiritual Root.

Mo Hua filled it out truthfully.

The disciple took the entered information and produced a sealed box to store the Sect-Entering Order. Then he entered the mountain gate and walked along the broad jade road for the time it takes to brew tea. When he reached a hall,

Several Elders of the Qian Taoist Sect were in the midst of discussion.

The disciple presented the sealed box and explained the situation.

The Elders all showed surprise. "A Sect-Entering Order?"

They looked to the presiding Elder and asked, "Elder Shen, how do you see this?"

The one seated in the highest seat, Elder Shen, had deep wrinkles and his Taoist robe was adorned with four golden Patterns, clearly of high status.

On hearing the report, Elder Shen took the Sect-Entering Order and, upon seeing the inscription, he furrowed his brows.

"Elder Shen, is there something amiss?" asked an Elder observing his reaction.

Elder Shen shook his head and handed the order to the others, "Take a look for yourselves..."

Other Elders accepted it with some confusion and after reading it, they too paused in surprise.

An Elder slowly read, "The bearer of this order may not be refused entry..."

"This character... is it not right..."

"Shouldn't it read 'He who bears this order should be respectfully admitted'?"

"Yes, why does it have the tone of an imperial edict?"

"Is this Sect-Entering Order counterfeit?"

Elder Shen shook his head, "It's real, just, 'old'..."

"Old?"

The Elders were taken aback.

Elder Shen nodded, "This is an edict from the old rules of our Sect..."

With a hint of emotion, Elder Shen added:

"This is from a batch of 'Sect-Entering Orders' that's quite ancient. At that time, the Qian Taoist Sect was in decline, with insufficient strength. We had to act subserviently to others, which is why the Sect-Entering Orders from that period have the tone of an edict..."

"Not to be refused, meaning our Qian Taoist Sect could not resist..."

Chapter 785: Qian Taoist Sect (3)

"But!"

Elder Shen's gaze was piercing, his voice lifted: "Following the footsteps of the past Sect Leaders of our Qian Taoist Sect, who governed with vigor and diligence, over generations our cultivators have aspired to grow stronger. United in spirit, we toiled tirelessly, expanding our might to this day..."

"Our Qian Taoist Sect is now beyond compare with its former self!"

"All our disciples are prodigies, with top-grade talents!"

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"Today, we stand at the forefront of the four major sects! We are the greatest sect within the Qian Xue State boundary!"

"Therefore, this Sect-Entering Order has been changed in both format and wording."

"No longer does it read 'not to be refused,' but 'earnestly hoped to be accepted!'"

"It is others who beg us to 'accept' them into our sect, not us being 'commanded' to take in disciples!"

Elder Shen's words resounded with authority.

The other elders felt their spirits rise, sharing in the glory.

An elder spoke up: "Then this Sect-Entering Order, being an old matter and somewhat dishonorable, shall we... refuse it?"

Elder Shen pondered for a moment before shaking his head:

"No need to be so hasty, one must consider all things carefully..."

"These past events, though not glorious, are unchangeable facts."

"We cultivators must remember past humiliations, engrain them into our hearts so that we might carry the weight of our resolve and continue to grow stronger, ensuring our Qian Taoist Sect stands tall for thousands of years!"

The others flattered him:

"Worthy of being Elder Shen!"

"Far-sighted and visionary!"

"Grand in scope and extraordinary in tolerance!"

...

Elder Shen gestured modestly, a thought occurring to him, and he asked:

"This disciple seeking admission, what is the nature of his talent?"

Someone passed up a record of "native place."

With just a glance, Elder Shen's brows knotted.

"A Loose Cultivator..."

"And from the remote areas of Li State at that..."

"A middling to low-grade Small Five Elements Spiritual Root..."

Elder Shen found it barely worth a glance.

The other elders also looked over the record, and one couldn't help but chuckle: "In the special skills section, it says... Formation?"

The rest were taken aback and then burst into laughter.

"He really dares to claim that..."

"Probably has nothing else to write..."

"Formation..." an elder shook his head, "My own five-times-great-grandson has an exceptional talent for formations, and I dare not let him pursue that path nor claim to be proficient..."

"Truly... ignorance is bliss..."

"After all, cultivators from small places might feel grand after learning a few formations, not knowing the vastness of the world, that there are skies beyond skies..."

An elder joked: "Why not ask him just how many formations he knows?"

"You really have too much free time..."

"What's the use of asking? Could he possibly create a Second Grade formation?"

"Do not underestimate the cultivators of the world..."

"That may be so, but this is Qian State, the Qian Xue State boundary, where the geniuses of the Cultivation World converge. We lack not for a 'formation genius'..."

...

After discussing for a while, someone curiously asked:

"How did he come by this Sect-Entering Order?"

"Well, about that..."

"An ancient 'Sect-Entering Order' could he have picked it up?"

"Where is it that easy to pick up? Couldn't it be that he... resorted to killing and robbing for it?"

"Or perhaps, he's someone's chess piece?"

Elder Shen shook his head, "Just now I made some quick calculations and while it's a bit unclear, presumably clean and without issues, no signs of 'Evil Cause and Evil Effect.' Most likely he indeed found it by chance..."

An elder clicked his tongue in admiration: "What luck..."

"Indeed, even a Sect-Entering Order could be found..."

Elder Shen nodded: "Some people in this world do indeed encounter extraordinary fortunes..."

"Since this boy has such fortune, then..." an elder probed Elder Shen's intention.

Elder Shen mused for a moment and slowly said: "Having fortune is one thing, but..."

Elder Shen's expression became slightly haughty as he reflected:

"Our Qian Taoist Sect offers such a grand opportunity; he simply cannot bear it!"

The elders were startled, and they exclaimed in admiration:

"Elder Shen speaks wisely!"

"A fortune too great can also be a misfortune..."

"A person of light fortune cannot withstand such overwhelming wealth..."

"This is also for his own good..."

...

"But..." some elders were concerned, "if we refuse, will that not damage the prestige of our Qian Taoist Sect?"

After all, those holding the Sect-Entering Order were generally not refused.

If they were refused, they might be labeled as "untrustworthy," and that would sound bad if it got out...

Elder Shen frowned, pondering before he spoke with weighty consideration:

"It's not 'refusal,' it's 'under deliberation'..."

The crowd was taken aback.

"Under deliberation?"

Elder Shen nodded, "It's not rejection, merely that this matter is special and requires thorough discussion..."

Thorough discussion.

As for how long they will deliberate, be it a month, a year, or more than a decade, whether or not a decision is reached, and what that might be...

That was the concern of the Qian Taoist Sect and no one else's business.

Elder Shen did not articulate this, but everyone understood.

The others nodded:

"This is for the best..."

"Such a significant matter indeed requires thorough discussion..."

"Indeed, Elder Shen handles matters fittingly, measuring every action with perfect discretion..."

...

"So how shall we deal with this Sect-Entering Order?" someone else asked.

Elder Shen said indifferently:

"Just enter it into the record of cultivators."

The Sect-Entering Order was precious, one per person. Once entered into the records, if returned, it could not be used by others again.

And once "under deliberation," the matter of the order-holder's admission into the sect was effectively stalled.

Thus, the matter was properly dealt with.

Elder Shen nodded slightly.

The light of the Sect-Entering Order flashed momentarily as it was recorded.

Elder Shen annotated "under deliberation" on the record, then tossed it aside, burying it under a pile of documents where it began to gather dust in silence.

As he discarded it, his glance fell once more on the name atop the record.

"Mo Hua..."

The name was swiftly forgotten by Elder Shen, who didn't deem it to be of any significance...

Chapter 786: Genius (1)

Afterward, Elder Shen began to discuss other matters.

The Sect-Entering Order, which was recorded in the annals and set aside as "to be discussed", effectively becoming "voided", was returned.

The disciple handed the Sect-Entering Order to Mo Hua.

"As for the matter of joining the Sect, further discussion is needed..."

"How long will the discussion take?" Mo Hua asked.

The disciple, polite yet with a touch of indifference, said, "The Elders' deliberation is not something we disciples can inquire about. I do not know either. Just let it be..."

Mo Hua understood the situation in his heart.

To accept is to accept, to reject is to reject.

Even with a Sect-Entering Order in hand, they still prevaricated with discussions.

It was probably a polite refusal...

He didn't think that, as a mere Foundation Establishment cultivator, he was worth the Qian Taoist Sect, a fifth-rank Sect, to deliberate over for ten days and a half a month.

Most likely, it would come to nothing.

Mo Hua shook his head.

He hadn't expected that after traversing mountains and rivers to get here, he wouldn't even enter the gates of the Qian Taoist Sect...

Looking at the threshold in front of the Sect's entrance, he couldn't help but sigh inwardly:

"The threshold of the Qian Taoist Sect is indeed high..."

Mo Hua put away the Sect-Entering Order.

Although the order was now useless, it was, after all, something his master had left him and could be kept as a keepsake.

If you're not family, you don't enter the family's door.

A Sect so grand and luxurious, with a high threshold, accepting only "geniuses" was indeed not suitable for him...

The Qian Xue State Boundary was so vast; he could simply look for another Sect!

"If this place won't keep me, there will be another that will!"

Mo Hua invigorated his spirit. The slight disappointment in his heart instantly vanished as he looked up and puffed out his chest, leaving the gates of the Qian Taoist Sect with a proud and defiant air.

However, as he descended the mountain, he brushed past a cultivator donning the Taoist robe of a Qian Taoist Sect Elder, with half-white hair and a stern face and eyes.

One ascending the mountain, the other descending.

The two passed by each other without taking notice.

This stern-faced Elder of the Qian Taoist Sect had four golden patterns on his robe.

Wearing an aura of authority, he strode directly into the Sect's entrance.

Along the way, disciples greeted him with clasped hands, and he responded with a slight nod before entering the hall where the Sect deliberated, only then frowning slightly.

Elder Shen looked up and saw him, saying indifferently:

"Elder Zheng, you are late." Discover more content at

Elder Zheng took his seat as if it were a matter of course, snorted and said, "It's all the same whether I'm early or late."

The atmosphere grew somewhat stiff.

Elder Shen chuckled, unperturbed, and said:

"Let's continue discussing... the recent approach of disciple admission brings many tasks. They should be dealt with promptly to avoid delay. Finishing the discussions earlier will make it easier for everyone..."

The others echoed in agreement.

The atmosphere returned to normal.

One by one, the various affairs were brought up, involving matters from disciple enrollment to improvements in Sect governance, rewards and punishments for instructors, and matters related to the Elders' treatment...

The gathering of Elders put forth their suggestions, then looked for Elder Shen's reaction, and ultimately reached a consensus.

Only Elder Zheng, either silent or, when he spoke, with sharp words, added some tension to the atmosphere.

But he was only one man with one vote, and he couldn't change much.

In most cases, he could only turn a blind eye and reluctantly "agree".

However, an hour later, when a certain matter was discussed, Elder Zheng's attitude became stubborn, even angry.

"Only the highest-grade Spiritual Roots are allowed to enroll?"

Elder Zheng banged the table furiously, "What kind of nonsense is that?!"

Elder Shen's composure twitched slightly, but he still managed to contain his anger and said indifferently:

"Elder Zheng, as an instructor, you should not speak foul language and forget your manners..."

Elder Zheng retorted angrily, "Enough with the pretense, what manners? You're ready to lose your own face, so what manners do I need to uphold?"

Elder Shen, growing angry, said, "Elder Zheng!"

He took a deep breath, "Only the highest-grade Spiritual Roots are allowed to enroll; this is what all the Elders agreed upon after discussion..."

Elder Zheng scoffed, "Agreed upon? Isn't it all about following your lead?"

This statement made the other Elders at the scene uncomfortable.

Elder Shen said coldly, "Are you implying that I, Shen, run a one-man show?"

"It's not you, Shen, it's your Shen Family!" Elder Zheng sneered and spoke bluntly:

"What are you counting for? Just a Feather Transformation. Why should others give you face?"

"The respect is for your Shen Family at your back, a colossal entity, a noble clan established for ten thousand years, deeply rooted! You're nothing more than a human 'messenger talisman' for your Shen Family..."

Elder Shen flew into a rage, "Presumptuous!"

The other Elders in the hall were also somewhat taken aback.

Elder Zheng sneered without a word.

Elder Shen continued coldly, "Elder Zheng, your unfounded accusations are not only disparaging me but the Shen Family as well!"

"Whether it's slander or not, you know it in your heart. What is the ethos of this Qian Taoist Sect? Needless for me to elaborate?"

Elder Zheng sneered again, "I heard that even Great cultivators of the Heaven Void Realm wishing to take a post in the Qian Taoist Sect have to bend down and toast you, Elder Shen?"

Elder Shen still only said, "Nonsensical talk!"

Elder Zheng proceeded to air his own grievances, "How many spots have you covertly skimmed off over the years? Who exactly have those spots gone to?"

"To the Shen Family?"

"Or sold at a high price to noble clans in cahoots with the Shen Family?"

"Do you want the Qian Taoist Sect to change its allegiance and surname?!"

...

This statement was extremely grave, causing all the Elders present to change their expressions.

Elder Shen settled down instead, waved his hand to the others, "Everyone, please disperse. We will discuss this matter later. Elder Zheng... he has encountered some deviations in his cultivation and injured his Sea of Consciousness, occasionally speaking nonsense. Please be understanding..."

The gathered Elders, as if pardoned, clasped their hands and dispersed.

In the now empty hall, only Elder Zheng and Elder Shen were left.

Chapter 787: Genius (2)

Elder Shen remained silent, his expression solemn as he spoke indifferently:

"Our Qian Taoist Sect has developed from a minor sect into what it is today by virtue of our sect's Taoist lineage and many disciples of extraordinary talent."

"Spiritual Roots determine the talent of a disciple, the upper limit of their Tao cultivation..."

"A fine horse deserves a fine saddle, a precious sword belongs to the hero."

"As Qian Taoist Sect is a top-tier sect, naturally, we also need disciples of top-tier talent."

"Only the prodigies with superior grade Spiritual Roots are worthy of Qian Taoist Sect."

"I do not understand what impropriety there is in this action that has caused Elder Zheng such distress, to utter such 'heretical and perverse' words?"

Elder Zheng sneered and retorted, "How many of our Qian Taoist Sect's ancestors possessed superior grade Spiritual Roots?"

"Upper-middle, lower-upper, and even lower-middle grade ones existed..."

"By that logic, do our Qian Taoist Sect's ancestors also not qualify to be disciples of our sect?"

Elder Shen frowned, "You're twisting the facts to suit your argument!"

He paced back and forth in anger before he finally said:

"Times were different then, the Great Dao evolves, what was cannot be compared to what is now, nowadays, cultivators with upper-grade Spiritual Roots are commonplace, so why can't we..."

Elder Zheng questioned, "Commonplace? Who is commonplace?"

Elder Shen was taken aback.

Elder Zheng's gaze was sharp, "Upper-grade Spiritual Roots are commonplace among Noble Clans, among ancestral families! Not among all cultivators of the world!"

Elder Zheng uttered word by word, "Not among all cultivators of the world!"

"You've forgotten your roots!"

Elder Shen's gaze flickered, and he remained silent.

Elder Zheng, though agitated, gradually calmed himself and slowly began:

"Our Qian Taoist Sect's ancestors, when they established our sect amidst hardships, was it just for its expansion?"

"Yes!"

"But after its expansion, for what purpose?"

"To make us seek fame and profit, to rest on our laurels?"

"No!"

"It was to establish our sect and spread Taoist teachings, to disseminate Taoist skills across the world — this is the 'Qian Dao'!"

Elder Zheng's voice trembled, "The foundation of our Qian Taoist Sect is 'to establish the sect and spread the teachings' ah..."

"To whom do we spread the teachings? To all cultivators of the world!"

"Only when we disseminate our teachings to all can Qian Taoist Sect have a foundation and a future; otherwise, merely expanding and pursuing private interests, no matter how wealthy and powerful our Qian Taoist Sect becomes, it will just be a tree without roots, a castle in the sky!"

Elder Shen was impassive, "Elder Zheng, what you're saying doesn't contradict what I am doing..."

Elder Zheng looked at him, his gaze filled with extreme disappointment.

Elder Shen continued, "The crux of the matter is, our Qian Taoist Sect can only teach a portion of cultivators, it's not truly possible to spread the teachings to all cultivators of the world..."

"Since that's the case, we should first teach the geniuses, then expand outward, seeking the welfare of the world."

"Superior grade Spiritual Roots, that's what constitutes a genius..."

Elder Zheng's gaze was penetrating, "What is a genius?"

Elder Shen was again startled.

Elder Zheng scoffed, "Superior grade Spiritual Roots make a genius? What utter nonsense!"

"The truly talented are those who harbor aspirations for the world!"

"What kind of people is our Qian Taoist Sect fostering?"

"Geniuses who are cold and arrogant, seeking benefits only for themselves?"

"Kindered spirit with the world? Do they understand that; do they even know what the world is? Do they know the life cultivators of the world lead?"

"Their eyes only look to the skies, only caring for themselves; will they notice the dust at their feet?"

Elder Shen frowned, "This has nothing to do with Spiritual Roots..."

Elder Zheng nodded, "Indeed, originally this has nothing to do with Spiritual Roots, but..."

He pointed at Elder Shen and said, "Are you not clear on what the Noble Clans have been doing?"

Elder Shen's face twitched, a hint of ferocity showing through.

Yet Elder Zheng continued:

"What a scheme of Spiritual Root inheritance..."

"Noble Clans intermarry, their Spiritual Roots improving generation by generation."

"Those of the lower echelons, to merely find sustenance and survive is already difficult, let alone Spiritual Roots?"

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"Give it a few hundred or a thousand years, the descendants of Noble Clans will all have upper or even superior grade Spiritual Roots."

"The lower cultivators will only be fit to have middle-grade, or even inferior grade Spiritual Roots."

"Quite the tactic..."

Elder Zheng's voice carried a bone-chilling coldness, "Then, we sects, with our Spiritual Root gatekeeping, all future admissions will be upper-grade Spiritual Root holders, all will be descendants of Noble Clans!"

"Those lower-class cultivators, born in poverty, they do not deserve to study, do not deserve inheritance!"

"In this world where cultivation is pursued for eternal life, they are only fit to toil away their hundred years of life!"

Elder Shen was furious, "Nonsense!"

His gaze grew sharp, his tone cold, "Are you implying, Elder Zheng, that those of Noble Clan descent are all selfish and self-serving, lacking in a sense of duty toward the world?"

"As I recall, you yourself, Elder Zheng, are also of Noble Clan descent, aren't you?"

Elder Zheng replied, "Human nature is independent of one's background..."

"Of Noble Clan descent, naturally, there are those who bear aspirations for the world;"

"Of lower-class background, there are also those who are opportunistic and sycophantic;"

"But this nature of good and evil is disconnected from the cold reality of social stratification. While there may be some variations, the fundamentals do not change."

"Those of Noble Clan descent naturally protect the interests of their clans;"

"Only those from the lower echelons, who have tasted hardship and witnessed the suffering of Loose Cultivators, might possibly think of protecting the interests of the world, of those without influence among the Loose Cultivators."

"Today, our grand Qian Taoist Sect, a convergence of the world's Taoist heritage, seeks private interests for Noble Clans and families, monopolizing Taoist knowledge, betraying the founding principles of the sect, failing the teachings of our ancestors!"

Elder Shen was unmoved, deflecting the issue, "Elder Zheng, you are causing unnecessary alarm; the growth of Qian Taoist Sect until now shows that our dissemination of teachings is effective..."

"Effective?" Elder Zheng's face showed anger, "Our Qian Taoist Sect, no, the whole Qian Xue State Boundary, what are we teaching now?"

Chapter 788: Genius (3)

"Our predecessors established the discussions and sword trials to unite disciples, to consolidate their hearts and strength, and to improve their cultivation and Taoist skills!"

"But now, what has it become?"

"What discussions, what sword trials? They've degenerated into a means of comparisons and profiteering!"

"Noble Clans, to make noise for their so-called 'Pride of Heaven', engage in deceit, empty displays, and grand posturing..."

"Even Sects add fuel to the flames, allowing the effort of one to be touted as the achievement of all!"

"If this continues, the disciples taught will all be selfish, arrogant, and look down on others!"

"They may have cultivation, but they lack the Taoist Heart!"

"And the Cultivators from other, less prominent Noble Clans? They will become nothing more than the Noble Clans' Hawk Dogs, the claws and teeth of the powerful!"

"Is this considered proper transmission of the Taoist Way?"

"Is this the kind of disciple we produce in the Qian Taoist Sect?"

"These disciples, selfish and profit-driven, may have high cultivation, but they are heavy with personal desires. With their prominent positions, they scheme for their own interests and those of their Clans, holding themselves aloof, sucking the blood of Cultivators across the Nine State. If this continues, what will become of the multitudes within the Cultivation World?"

Elder Shen's expression changed, his tone sarcastic, "Elder Zheng is overreacting. Isn't Qian State still thriving as such?"

Elder Zheng's gaze was sharp as a sword, "Qian State is thriving, but it's the Noble Clans that are thriving."

"The Noble Clans are splendid and colorful, but have you not seen? The entire Nine State is riddled with wounds..."

"The Qian Taoist Sect is 'Helping the tyrant,' assisting the Noble Clans in monopolizing power, ruling supreme over all, seizing the profits of the world for themselves. This is the injustice of the Great Dao..."

Elder Shen was indifferent, as if he had heard nothing.

Elder Zheng became furiously indignant, then after a moment, spoke lightly:

"The Heavenly Dao takes from the excess to supplement the insufficient..."

"When the ways of man are unjust, the Heavenly Dao will... forcefully transform..."

Elder Shen felt a chill rushing to his crown, shivering uncontrollably, and with his eyes wide open, he screamed, "How daring!"

"You..."

Pointing at Elder Zheng with trembling fingers, he thundered, "Arrogance!"

"Ignorance!"

"Absurdity!"

"Your words... are worthy of death!"

Elder Zheng was expressionless.

Elder Shen calmed his rage and shock, looking coldly at Elder Zheng, "Elder Zheng, please watch your words. Continue with such nonsense, and our Qian Taoist Sect may not tolerate such an extreme Elder like you..."

Elder Zheng snorted coldly, his bearing stern and unmoved.

...

Outside the Qian Taoist Sect.

Mo Hua began his own plan to seek learning.

Since the Qian Taoist Sect would not accept him, he would have to find a way to be accepted by another Sect.

Mo Hua specifically bought a clearer Map.

The boundary of Qian Xue State was vast; there were many Sects, and around those Sects, there were quite a few small and large Immortal Cities dependent on them.

These Immortal Cities, adjacent to the Sects, rose by depending on them.

The cities were well-equipped, catering to Cultivators for buying and selling, dining, accommodation, and some Cultivators lived there too.

These Immortal Cities appeared similar to the Li State City outside the Five Elements Sect but were much more formal. They prohibited extensive Earth and Wood construction to avoid complicating interests and disturbing the peace of the Sects.

To reach various Sects, one necessarily had to pass through the Immortal Cities outside them.

Within the cities, there were also some large carriages that followed set routes, passing by the Immortal Cities on the outskirts of each Sect.

The carriage fees were somewhat expensive but within Mo Hua's means.

Mo Hua began carefully planning his route.

After planning, he proceeded systematically, applying to all of the "Four Great Sects" except for the Qian Taoist Sect, submitting his place of origin and resume.

Though the prospects were dim, one must always try.

Starting with the best, Mo Hua planned to send applications one after another.

It was just a matter of whether he could luck into an opportunity.

But his resume, without exception, was rejected by all.

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This was within Mo Hua's expectations.

He was slightly disheartened for a moment, starting to target the "Eight Great Gates" that came after the "Four Great Sects".

The Eight Great Gates were indeed many, totaling eight.

And they were somewhat far apart; unable to cover them all in one route, Mo Hua could only choose a few to tentatively submit applications to, just to test the waters.

And as expected, they were also all rejected.

The reasons, without exception, were the same—"Unfit Spiritual Root"...

The Four Great Sects and the Eight Great Gates all required at least a Superior Spiritual Root.

A few of the Four Great Sects were already asking for "Superior to Middle Grade" Spiritual Roots.

"In a few years, they probably won't accept anything less than the 'Superior Superior Grade'..." Mo Hua muttered resentfully to himself.

The "Eight Great Gates" were a bit more lenient but still demanded at least both superior and inferior Spiritual Roots, which were beyond Mo Hua's reach.

If the "Eight Great Gates" weren't an option, then it had to be the "Twelve Streams"...

Mo Hua thought silently to himself.

Among the Twelve Streams, there had to be a few Sects that specialized in Formation, right?

With his level of expertise in Formation, he should have some hope.

What Mo Hua didn't expect, however, was that he was still being refused...

"Young Master, your Spiritual Root... is still lacking..."

An Instructor in charge of welcoming new members at the Ten Thousand Formations Sect told Mo Hua with a tinge of regret.

He felt such a pity deep down.

Just now, he had asked Mo Hua several questions about Formation, and Mo Hua had answered them all smoothly. Not only that but some of his insights were astonishing.

He then had Mo Hua draw a few Formation Patterns.

Those masterful Formation Patterns, his effortless arrangement, the composure of his strokes, and that air, vaguely reminiscent of a Formation Master Elder, almost made him doubt his eyes.

Such an air could only be possessed by a Formation Master Elder within the Sect.

Yet Mo Hua looked youthful, his demeanor genuine, appearing to be only about fifteen or sixteen years old.

The Instructor found it highly improbable yet extremely regretful.

"Our Ten Thousand Formations Sect also requires a Superior Spiritual Root for admission. If one is a first-grade Formation Master, we could relax the requirements to a Superior to Middle Grade Spiritual Root..."

Chapter 789: Genius (4)

"But..."

The Instructor sighed.

Mo Hua's talents were only mediocre to inferior, far from the intermediate and superior level.

"There are no exceptions?" Mo Hua asked in confusion.

The Instructor regretfully said, "None..."

The rules were set by the Sect Leader and the Elders; they were rigid, and he, a mere Instructor, had no authority to change them.

Without rules, there can be no standards.

For years, the Ten Thousand Formations Sect had not made any exceptions to the entry requirements.

Only those with sufficiently powerful backgrounds could take shortcuts.

But in such cases, entry requirements didn't matter anymore.

Mo Hua then asked in confusion, "Is Spiritual Root so important to a Formation Sect, too?"

Since the Instructor rather liked Mo Hua, he patiently explained, "Spiritual Root determines your Cultivation Technique, which in turn determines your Cultivation; naturally, it's important."

"The higher your Cultivation, the stronger your Divine Sense will be, allowing you to become a higher-ranked Formation Master..."

"Otherwise, no matter how well you learn Formation, if your Cultivation is only at the Foundation Establishment, at most you'll become a Second Grade Formation Master. And you'll never be able to learn the techniques above Second Grade for your entire life..."

"That being said, Spiritual Root isn't as crucial for Formation as it might seem..."

"The reason the requirements are getting stricter..."

The Instructor pointed upwards as he explained, "is because the Four Great Sects are doing the same. They set the precedent, and the Eight Great Gates, Twelve Streams, and even the Qian Learning Hundred Gates have no choice but to follow suit."

"After all, if others have disciples of superior and high-intermediate grade, and your own Sect has only high-inferior and a few mediocre ones, it's embarrassing..."

"Moreover, there are too many Cultivators nowadays, especially those with Superior Spiritual Roots. There's simply no shortage of them..."

"So, the threshold has been raised step by step..."

The Instructor shook his head, somewhat helpless.

He truly wanted to accept Mo Hua, but it was impossible; being insignificant, his words carried little weight.

He also didn't dare to ask the Elders for advice.

Because on several occasions before, when he encountered disciples with decent Formation talents but inferior Spiritual Roots whom he wished to take under his wing, he asked the Elders, only to be rejected every time.

In the words of the Elder, "We of the Ten Thousand Formations Sect are a Formation Sect. Three-legged toads are hard to find, but two-legged Formation Masters? Aren't they plentiful?"

"Rules are rules. Having one or two more Second Grade Formation Masters makes no difference; it's not worth breaking the rules for."

Mo Hua sighed, resigning himself to abandon the idea.

He had to face reality and once again lower his standards, looking among the "Qian State Hundred Doors."

The entry standards of the Qian State Hundred Doors mostly required a "Superior" Spiritual Root, but some special demands, like talents in Alchemy, Artifact Refining, Refining Rune, or Drawing Formation, could lead to a relaxation of requirements.

They didn't compare with the Four Great Sects, Eight Great Gates, or Twelve Streams, and they knew their place, so they were not as strict.

And indeed, there were Sects within the Qian State Hundred Doors willing to accept Mo Hua.

They were willing to lower the Spiritual Root standard for entry to "mediocre to inferior."

But Mo Hua couldn't go there.

Because...

It was too expensive...

The Spirit Stone Donation, the entry fee for the Qian State Hundred Doors, was several times more expensive than that of the Four Great Sects, Eight Great Gates, or Twelve Streams!

Although they lowered the Spiritual Root standards, they did not lower the cost of the Donation.

Mo Hua couldn't afford the Donation, so he still couldn't gain entry...

The worse the Sect, the more expensive the Donation absurdly was!

Mo Hua sighed deeply, feeling somewhat helpless.

Qian State was not as it seemed on the surface.

And it was completely different from what he had imagined before.

It seemed that this was not a place merely for the "pursuit of learning"...

"What to do now?"

Mo Hua thought hard, but couldn't come up with any good solutions. In the end, he decided to find a place to mix in and see how things would turn out.

If all else failed, he would just study Formation on his own, try to pass the test for a Second Grade Initial Stage Formation Master, then in the various Immortal Cities within the Qian Xue State Boundary, he would draw Formations to earn Spirit Stones, and look for other opportunities...

...

A few days later, Wenren Wan learned of Mo Hua's situation as well.

She was busy taking care of Yu Er and had the Pill Master of the Wenren Family check whether Yu Er was injured, had hidden sicknesses, or was possessed by evil spirits.

Shangguan Yi also hired someone to calculate the consequences for Yu Er, to see if there were any signs of misfortune.

A few days later, Yu Er was safe and sound.

Wenren Wan breathed a sigh of relief and naturally thought of Mo Hua.

Mo Hua had made it clear that he wanted no repayment, but Wenren Wan felt somewhat guilty, so she had someone secretly protect Mo Hua and see what he was up to.

When she heard that Qian Taoist Sect had not accepted Mo Hua, Wenren Wan angrily said,

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"He is Yu Er's savior; by what right do they refuse him?!"

Upon hearing that Mo Hua had applied to many places but had been rejected every time, Wenren Wan became even angrier:

"Blind as bats!"

"Such a good child like Mo Hua, and they refuse to accept him!"

Shangguan Yi, standing nearby, didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

What does one have to do with the other...

Sects select disciples based on Spiritual Root, lineage, and background. What does that have to do with whether or not he saved Yu Er or if he's a good kid...

Isn't this making a fuss over nothing...

But Shangguan Yi dared not voice the words "making a fuss over nothing." Once spoken, he would be done for, doomed to sleep in the study for months to come...

All Shangguan Yi could do was nod and say, "Indeed, indeed..."

Shangguan Yi knew his wife's temperament, her sense of loyalty and righteousness. Usually, she was very clever, but when it concerned people she cared about, she could be a little impulsive and protective.

He himself had once been the person she cared about the most. But ever since they had a son, he had been pushed to the sidelines...

Shangguan Yi felt somewhat helpless.

Chapter 790: Sect (1)

"The Qian Taoist Sect must think Mo Hua, being a Loose Cultivator with no status, no backing, and no one to support him, is easy to bully. It's just too much!"

Wenren Wan said furiously, "I will support him!"

Shangguan Yi gave a wry smile, "He's neither from the Wenren Family nor the Shangguan Family, how can you support him?"

"He saved Yu Er, he has done a favor for both of our families!"

Wenren Wan insisted.

Shangguan Yi said helplessly, "Didn't you say that this matter shouldn't be publicized, that we shouldn't tell outsiders? Then how would others know that he has done our families a favor?"

"If you go to the Qian Taoist Sect without any reason, seeking justice for him, won't others see it as deliberately picking a fight and making an enemy of the Qian Taoist Sect?"

"The Qian Taoist Sect is a top-tier sect..."

"Even our Shangguan Family cannot afford to offend them lightly."

Shangguan Yi advised earnestly.

Wenren Wan furrowed her brows and asked Shangguan Yi, "Then what do we do?"

Shangguan Yi felt a slight joy in his heart, but on the surface, he still pretended to be troubled. He pondered for a moment before saying:

"What if... we pull some strings and find a sect for Mo Hua among the Qian State Hundred Doors? That could be considered repaying the debt to Yu Er."

"No way!"

Wenren Wan immediately shook her head, questioning, "Is Yu Er's life worth only a spot in the Qian State Hundred Doors? You agree, but I don't!"

Shangguan Yi was taken aback, he sighed, "The four great sects, although we can get a spot, the barrier of the Spiritual Root is insurmountable..."

"Then the Eight Great Gates!" Wenren Wan said, "It can't be any lower!"

"The Twelve Streams..."

Shangguan Yi hadn't finished speaking when he was interrupted by Wenren Wan:

"No, the cultivation of the Twelve Streams is too biased. Even if one specializes in one path, one must be aware of the other categories, or else if your experience is limited, your vision narrow, you may stumble over something trivial later on."

"My father said, this is the scholastic barrier in Tao Cultivation."

"Some things might be superficial, but knowing is knowing, and not knowing is not knowing."

"These superficial things may seem like common sense, and once you know them, they seem trivial..."

"But if you don't know them, no matter how talented you are or how good your understanding is, you could spend your whole life racking your brain and still not figure it out."

"Mo Hua is a Loose Cultivator with a weak foundation; he must not join these 'Twelve Streams' sects, or he will face insurmountable barriers on his path."

"He must enter a Taoist Sect with a long heritage and a full spectrum of categories!"

"If the four great sects are truly too difficult to enter, then so be it. At the very least, the Eight Great Gates!"

Wenren Wan stated decisively.

Shangguan Yi was surprised; he had not expected his wife to have such insight, nor that she would think so far ahead for Mo Hua.

People who are sincere and emotional might act recklessly, but they are genuinely caring and considerate towards others...

Shangguan Yi sighed, "But entering the Eight Great Gates... is also not easy..."

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The quality of his Spiritual Root was too inferior.

Not to mention, coming from a Loose Cultivator background, poor inheritance, and the shallow foundation of Blood Qi, Spiritual Power, and the Taoist Foundation he had built.

Wenren Wan insisted:

"If not by the Shangguan Family, then the Wenren Family; if not by the Wenren Family, then both the Shangguan Family and the Wenren Family combined should have enough influence..."

Shangguan Yi said quietly, "Isn't that making too much of a fuss..."

Wenren Wan only said, "Just tell me if you will help or not!"

Shangguan Yi hesitated, unable to speak.

To help would involve owing too great a debt of gratitude.

Not to help would be unacceptable to his wife.

And the matter of Yu Er truly was a significant favor owed...

Shangguan Yi was in a dilemma, but seeing his wife's beautiful face and her deep, affectionate eyes, he finally sighed and said:

"I'll try..."

Wenren Wan's heart leapt with joy, and her face began to smile, but halfway through she remembered she was still angry with her husband, so she restrained herself and said:

"Then I'll talk to my father."

"Are you sure that's a good idea..."

"What's wrong with that? Even if I'm married, am I not still his daughter?"

Wenren Wan thought for a moment, then patted Shangguan Yi on the shoulder, "I'll be waiting for your good news..."

After saying this, she gracefully left.

Shangguan Yi sighed again.

This was no small matter...

To insert a minor cultivator with a mediocre Spiritual Root, no background, and a hasty Foundation Establishment into one of the superior Eight Great Gates within the Qian Xue State Boundary would come at no small cost.

But, having promised his wife, he could not go back on his word.

And moreover...

The vague and elusive figure of Mo Hua once again floated in his mind.

Obviously, just a minor cultivator...

Why did he have the feeling that Mo Hua was not entirely see-through?

Shangguan Yi was somewhat preoccupied and sought out Gu Changhuai, asking:

"When Yu Er was 'abducted,' no, when she was rescued, were there any other suspicious traces in that restaurant?"

Gu Changhuai frowned, "What do you mean?"

Shangguan Yi thought for a moment, then spoke the truth:

"I suspect that this child, Mo Hua, may not be as simple as he seems; there may be some special fate about him..."

Gu Changhuai was slightly stunned, "Fate?"

Shangguan Yi considered, then said:

"The fact that he rescued Yu Er might not be a coincidence."

"In this world, there's a reason for everything, this might be an opportunity given to him by somebody else..."

Gu Changhuai's gaze became focused, "You're suggesting..."

Shangguan Yi weighed his words, "My guess... is that there is a cultivator well-versed in the Heavenly Secret Calculation with a profound and unpredictable prowess. He rescued Yu Er and then passed this opportunity to this child named 'Mo Hua'..."