

The Quest 921

Chapter 921: Fireball

Mo Hua first went to the Merit Pavilion to find the Merit Elder for materials for the Second Grade Formation.

The Merit Elder treated other disciples with an official and businesslike demeanor, yet whenever he saw Mo Hua, he always felt a sense of novelty and couldn't help but take an extra look.

He glanced at Mo Hua's Taixu Token and asked, surprised, "You are now... qualified to take on a Second Grade Primary Rank Formation?"

Mo Hua nodded, but thought to himself: I could have taken it on long ago! Not just Second Grade Primary Rank, but Middle-level Formations too—I'm capable of those as well! It's just you won't let me take them! The necessity of himself "stooping," "condescending," to paint the mere Ten Patterns of the Second Grade Formations, Mo Hua still felt slight discontent.

However, the Merit Elder couldn't help marveling, "That's incredible Even within the Taixu Gate, where there was no shortage of Formation geniuses, the ability to undertake Second Grade Formation tasks so soon after joining, even if it was just Ten Patterns, wasn't easy.

Moreover, Mo Hua was young and looked even younger.

"But that's not right the Merit Elder frowned again, "You haven't had your assessment yet The assessment for becoming a Formation Master was, after all, a big deal. It benefitted the Sect as well, as it could improve the Sect's ranking and, in turn, affect the Taixu Gate's share of the Spiritual mines within the Qianxue State Boundary.

The Merit Elder was puzzled. The names of disciples who passed the Formation Master assessment were supposed to be sent to the Merit Pavilion—he should have seen them, yet he had no recollection of Mo Hua's name on the list. Because Elder Master Xun had changed his permissions, Mo Hua stood tall, unafraid of being scrutinized. Even if there were to be blame, it would first be cast upon Elder Master Xun.

Mo Hua honestly replied, "No."

"Then this The Merit Elder frowned, and then he suddenly had a realization and asked, "Is this another backdoor opened by Elder Master Xun for you?"

Mo Hua nodded, "Yes!" The Merit Elder sighed. It was complete lawlessness, disregarding the Sect's rules entirely—how could such changes be made so arbitrarily? But considering it was Elder Master Xun who made the change... It was hard to argue whether this truly went against the Sect's rules...

The Merit Elder felt helpless and inwardly complained about Elder Master Xun's favoritism, feeling he was too indulgent with this child. Without an assessment, he had given him the title and let him take on Second Grade tasks. This would invariably do more harm than good to the child, akin to pulling up seedlings to help them grow... The Merit Elder couldn't help but grumble internally.

Mo Hua observed him for a while and then softly asked, "Elder, what are you pondering?" Hand over the Formation materials to me already... Why are you daydreaming...

The Merit Elder then came to his senses, hesitated for a moment, but still let out a sigh and gave Mo Hua the ink and Formation Diagrams he needed, thinking to himself: Well, I can't concern myself with Elder Master Xun's plans... But Second Grade Formations aren't so easy to draw. Without an assessment, taking on Second Grade Formation tasks could lead to trouble sooner or later. I hope this child won't fail to complete the task and become a laughingstock...

However, he soon thought that, for a young man full of vigor, enduring some hardship would be beneficial—it could temper his character and let him realize that Formations are not that simple... Having this thought, the Merit Elder was put at ease.

Mo Hua, with the materials in hand, went back and started on the painting. He could draw a First Grade Fireworks Formation with his eyes closed. But this Fireworks Formation seemed a bit different; the Formation Patterns had been changed, with some variations added. Although they were simple and rough, it was evident that the person who modified the Formation had limited skill but had done so with great care.

According to the attached notes, the Fireworks Formation was meant for a lantern. As the lantern ascended, the Formation would be activated, bursting into dazzling fireworks, like thousands upon thousands of pear trees in full bloom—a sight too beautiful for words. There were also words on it—some romantic poetry.

Mo Hua understood that this was a lantern specifically designed by some male disciple within the Sect to woo a female disciple.

Mo Hua snorted, "Quite the romantic setup Such a Formation was entry-level for Second Grade, rarely used, and those who were certified Second Grade Formation Masters disdained to draw it for a mere seven or eight Merit Points. Mo Hua felt the same disdain. But with no choice, being under the eaves, he had to bow his head and start from the lowest level of Formations.

Fortunately, the Formation was far too simple. In his spare time, Mo Hua quickly finished drawing and didn't waste much time. At dusk, he submitted the Formation to the Merit Pavilion. The Merit Elder saw Mo Hua and appeared taken aback, worriedly asking, "What happened, did you make a mistake?" You've come back so soon. Did you mess up and have come for more paper and ink? It couldn't possibly be that you've already finished in such a short time...

Mo Hua was somewhat speechless, "Elder, can't you have a little faith in me It was just a Second Grade Ten Patterns Formation. Mo Hua couldn't think of how he would have screwed up unless he had gotten drunk on fruit wine... But there was very little alcohol in fruit wine, and he couldn't get drunk from it. "I've finished!" Standing on tiptoe at the slightly high counter, Mo Hua looked up and puffed out his chest.

The Merit Elder looked surprised. He finished? He opened Mo Hua's Storage Bag and checked the Formation within, finding everything done without the slightest error, with the handwriting dignified and the Formation Patterns beautiful, clearly done with great care and not at all as if done hastily or carelessly...

The Merit Elder looked at Mo Hua suspiciously, "Did you paint this yourself?"

"Not exactly," Mo Hua shook his head, "I used Merit Points to hire some senior brothers and sisters to help me paint." The Merit Elder was taken aback, and he actually gave serious consideration to whether what Mo Hua had said was true...

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Afterward, he finally couldn't restrain himself and rubbed Mo Hua's hair.

"You little kid, are you having fun at my expense...?"

Mo Hua covered his head, his face a picture of helplessness, "Isn't it because I was afraid if I spoke seriously, you wouldn't believe me

The Merit Elder replied with annoyance, "As if you're one to talk, with all your craftiness!"

Mo Hua chuckled.

The Merit Elder verified the Formation and then awarded the Merit Points for the Fireworks Formation to Mo Hua.

Not many, just nine points.

Because although the Fireworks Formation was a Second Grade Formation, it was ultimately too simple.

But at least it marked a good beginning.

After that, Mo Hua continued to search for Formation tasks within the Taixu Token.

Formations from eleven patterns to thirteen patterns, he wanted to take them all, but others didn't consent, so he had no choice but to select those with ten patterns.

To Mo Hua's surprise, batch after batch of Second Grade, ten-pattern Fireworks Formation tasks suddenly appeared in the Merit Scroll.

Perhaps imitating the act of releasing lanterns to pursue one's admired female disciple had worked, attracting quite a few male disciples to follow suit.

It even seemed as though some female disciples were imitating it, presenting them to their fellow brothers and sisters.

Mo Hua shook his head and accepted them all with a laugh.

He painted quickly and he painted well, so it wasn't long before some disciples contacted him through the Taixu Token, asking him to help paint the Fireworks Formation.

Mo Hua certainly didn't refuse any comers.

Yet he couldn't help but scornfully think:

These disciples aren't focusing on Cultivation, always caught up in sentimental love, which is just too disgraceful.

At the same time, he also secretly despised their low technical content, thinking their lantern designs were too poor.

If only his Senior Sister Murong were here, he would certainly make her a grand, resplendent lantern, putting all others to shame...

In this way, the number of ten-pattern Fireworks Formations Mo Hua painted gradually increased.

Because he painted well and with variety, some disciples added extra requirements, like using Formation Patterns to display colorful words.

These words, apparently added with Magnetic Patterns and a touch of "secrecy," were rather concealed, as if they were afraid of being discovered.

But such petty tricks could never deceive Mo Hua.

Without even doing any deductions, simply by "reading" the Formation Patterns, he could tell what words they wanted to leave behind.

Phrases like "Endless love, forever true," "To hold your hand, and grow old with you," "Wishing to carry your thoughts like black hair, without hate, regret, or looking back

And some slightly less refined ones, "To grow old with you, taking no vain steps in this world

Mo Hua felt incredibly awkward.

Still, he took note of these sweet nothings, thinking that perhaps one day he might have use for them.

After painting ten-pattern Formations for half a month, Mo Hua had accumulated more than two hundred Merit Points.

His credentials as a Second-grade Junior Formation Master also had some solid foundations, and the descriptions on his record became more elaborate.

Finally, he was permitted to take on eleven-pattern tasks.

Mo Hua was overjoyed.

Eleven-pattern Formations were not difficult either.

After accepting them, Mo Hua quickly completed the paintings, as always, both fast and fine.

With the first success, there were fifteenth, and soon other disciples started accepting his task “applications.”

He had applications for ten and eleven patterns alike.

It was like throwing pebbles into a deep pond, creating ripples upon ripples.

The name “Formation Master Mo Hua” was also slowly gaining recognition among the disciples connected by the Taixu Token.

Some disciples began to acknowledge Mo Hua’s proficiency in Formation.

There were also disciples who would especially “invite” Mo Hua to take on their reward “tasks.”

Mo Hua was quite pleased, feeling that his fellow disciples indeed had insight, worthy of being his brothers and sisters in the sect.

During his period of leisure, Mo Hua would still team up with Senior Sister Murong on tasks.

On regular days, he continued to undertake Formation tasks.

The number of his Formation tasks grew more and more, his résumé grew thicker, and the difficulty of these Formation tasks gradually increased.

From ten patterns to eleven, then twelve, and finally thirteen patterns...

Thirteen patterns were the most difficult for a Second Grade Junior Formation Master.

Even so, Mo Hua had never made a mistake, even painting better than some certified Formation Masters.

Gradually, Mo Hua gained a certain level of fame.

Some disciples, unaware of his exact identity, would address him respectfully as “Brother Mo” and spoke very courteously.

Sometimes, when Mo Hua was busy, they were even willing to wait for him.

To have Mo Hua paint the Formation personally, they would specifically add a few Merit Points—not much, but it was a form of recognition.

Later, when Mo Hua inquired, he learned that some Second Grade Formation Masters “outsourced” when they took on tasks.

They would initially accept a task, and if they couldn’t manage it, they would hire some junior brothers and sisters with roughly the strength to paint eleven or twelve patterns to do it for them.

Then, they would share the earned Merit Points proportionally.

That’s why some people added Merit Points to have Mo Hua “personally” paint the Formation.

They were afraid that after Mo Hua accepted the task, he might “outsource” it to someone else.

Mo Hua shook his head.

Taking on Formation tasks was akin to others providing him with ink and paper to practice his Formation skills.

He didn't even have enough time for his own practice, so why would he ever paint for someone else...

From ten patterns up to thirteen.

The Merit Elder of the Merit Pavilion saw it all.

When he finally saw Mo Hua pick up a set of ink and paper for a thirteen-pattern Formation and then, the next day, perfectly complete this Formation and hand it to him...

The Merit Elder's expression changed dramatically.

Looking at Mo Hua, he could not help the trembling of his eyelids.

He now realized that this unassuming little kid, who seemed obedient, was truly a genuine Second Grade Junior Formation Master!

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Foundation Establishment Initial Stage, Second-grade Junior Formation Master...

The Merit Elder inwardly marveled.

No wonder... Elder Master Xun valued this child so highly, even going so far as to bend the rules and grant him special access...

With such astonishing talent in Formation, he indeed deserved cultivation.

Moreover, he was neither arrogant nor impetuous and worked hard on his tasks.

Even though he had taken a backdoor and had special privileges granted, the Formations were all drawn by his own hand, and the Merit Points were all earned by himself.

The Merit Elder nodded, his attitude toward Mo Hua becoming increasingly amiable, and his gaze filled with growing admiration.

Even at times, he would spare Mo Hua some of the more tedious formalities.

Thus, Mo Hua found accepting and completing tasks increasingly convenient.

Typically, a Thirteen Patterns Formation would earn about twenty Merit Points per task.

Such tasks were not always available, but whenever they were, Mo Hua could complete them within half a day; hence, his Merit Points accumulated like a rising tide.

With the Merit Points hoarded, Mo Hua exchanged them for many sets of Sixteen Patterns Formations.

Now his Merit Points were plentiful, nearly enough for him to be self-sufficient in learning the various types of Eight Trigrams Formation archived by the Taixu Gate, and he even had a surplus.

The types of Formations that Mo Hua knew grew increasingly numerous, and his Divine Sense likewise became stronger.

Moreover, as the number of captured Sin Cultivators increased, the Spells confiscated were also not few, and Mo Hua, picking and choosing, learned several new Spells.

Such as the Golden Blade Technique, Wood Poison Art, Quicksand Skill, and so on.

These Spells, while all of lower rank, were nevertheless closely guarded by various Sects within the Qianxue State boundary, refined of their dross and kept in their purest essence... they encompassed the essential subtleties of the Spells.

So, in a sense, they could be considered an exceptional legacy.

Moreover, because they were lower-tier Spells, Mo Hua could use them boldly and without fear of causing trouble.

The only issue was that these Spells weren't very powerful.

They were even weaker than Mo Hua's original Fireball Technique.

Lower-tier Spells were not known for their power—Mo Hua understood this, but it still left him disappointed.

Now, he seemed to lack any Spells with significant destructive power.

Techniques like dismantling a Large Formation were too cumbersome, with too much power and too many restrictions, and far too conspicuous to be used as a regular means of attack.

Divine Sense controlling the ink to lay out a Killing Formation...

It required the right opportunity, an element of surprise, and deliberate design—after all, it was a somewhat slow process.

Furthermore, this method of laying out Formations was quite distinctive and far too attention-grabbing; it wasn't discreet.

Creating a Formation also consumed Spiritual Ink and burned Spirit Stones.

Using it occasionally was manageable, but frequent use would lead to "bankruptcy"...

"It would be best to learn a Spell with decent power, one that is not of a high tier, doesn't consume too much Spiritual Power, casts quickly, can be used openly, and doesn't fear being displayed in front of others..."

Mo Hua pondered for a long time but came up with no ideas.

One evening, after dinner, Mo Hua lay down with Yu Er on the grass, watching the splendor of the twilight, like splattered ink, over Taixu Mountain.

Mo Hua was still thinking about Spells.

Unknowingly, as evening deepened and the twilight dimmed, the sun set behind the mountains.

As it receded and lost its brilliance, in the last moment, it seemed as though a myriad of flames intertwined within it, and the glow of the sunset suddenly brightened before fading away into darkness.

Flames intertwining... the sunset...

A flicker passed through Mo Hua's eyes as a long-buried memory suddenly resurfaced in his mind.

It was a memory from his wandering days, by the side of Si Water, when he had sought spell instruction from Grandpa Gui...

Grandpa Gui spread open his palm, and a Fireball appeared...

The Fireball manifested as a pale red gaseous form, and then, guided by Divine Sense, the Spiritual Power compressed inward, solidifying into a deep red fiery thread.

This fiery thread contained astonishing Spiritual Power, floating in the air.

Then, in Grandpa Gui's palm, another Fireball formed, which he also condensed into a fiery thread.

Again, he turned a Fireball into a fiery thread...

After about ten such repetitions, Grandpa Gui's palm no longer held Fireballs, instead, there were over a dozen deep red, intensely hot threads.

These threads finally intertwined into a small Fireball.

This Fireball Technique, with Spiritual Threads interwoven, was less like a Fireball and more like a ball of Spiritual Power threads woven from flame.

Multiple compressions, restructured Spiritual Power.

It seemed to be a simple Fireball Technique, yet it hinted at something more devious.

With a casual flick, Grandpa Gui sent the Fireball flying swiftly into the river, causing the surface of the water to boil instantly.

A large river, a vast expanse of water, was evaporated by the mere Fireball Technique, creating a massive hole.

Surrounding water Qi formed mist and steam rose.

Moments later, the river water rushed back.

A huge whirlpool now formed on the previously calm surface of the river...

...

This sequence of events played over and over in Mo Hua's mind.

Simultaneously, Grandpa Gui's words echoed in his ears: "Complex principles of Spells often hide in the simplest, most common things..."

Multiple compressions, restructured Spiritual Power, condensed into a Fireball, containing immense power...

Mo Hua was astounded:

"What kind of Fireball Technique is this..."

Chapter 924: Fireball Technique?

Old Kui's "Fireball Technique" appeared before him.

Mo Hua pondered silently...

With the help of Divine Sense, one by one, he compressed the Fireball Technique into threads, reconstructing it in a weaving and fitting format, condensing and combining it into a new Fireball Skill Pattern within a limited space, unleashing extremely powerful might...

This was what Grandpa Gui had demonstrated, containing profound skill theory within ordinary things.

After complex changes, even a simple Fireball Technique could produce mutations and derive powerful lethality...

It was somewhat like Formation, but the specific form was somewhat different.

After all, Spell was still different from Formation.

Mo Hua had not yet reached the realm of returning to simplicity, where various laws diverge and the Great Dao converges. In his current understanding of Tao Cultivation, these two were still vastly different.

But how could this kind of Fireball Technique be cultivated?

"Compress, reconstruct..."

"Powerful Fireball Technique..."

Mo Hua had some clues in his heart, but when it came to the specific Skill Pattern, he still felt confused and found it elusive.

He then gazed at the setting sun, lost in contemplation.

Beside him, Yu Er, who had finished her homework early, was rolling on the soft grass. After getting bored, she glanced back and saw Mo Hua frowning, seemingly pondering something.

Yu Er was somewhat confused but did not disturb Mo Hua, quietly lying down beside him.

The sun completely set, and suddenly it grew dark.

The pitch-black night enveloped them.

Yu Er shivered involuntarily, her eyes filled with lingering unease and fear.

This was the instinct lingering from deep-night nightmares, fear of the darkness and night.

Yu Er's little face crumpled together, hugging her knees, trembling.

It seemed that in the surrounding darkness, countless lustful Demon Monsters with inexhaustible unknown Evil Spirits lurked.

Yu Er's little face turned pale.

At some unknown moment, a warm hand touched Yu Er's head.

Yu Er looked up and saw Mo Hua looking at her kindly.

"It's dark, let's go back."

Yu Er paused, then showed a relieved smile.

"Yes!"

And so, Mo Hua led Yu Er along the narrow mountain path, walking from the deepening night towards the Disciple's Residence, lit with warm yellow lights.

Yu Er's small hand held by Mo Hua, walking behind him, suddenly felt courage surge through her body, dispelling all unease and fear.

Be it the dark night or Demon Monsters, there was nothing to be afraid of.

A happy smile slowly spread across Yu Er's little face.

...

After returning to the Disciple's Residence, Mo Hua stayed with Yu Er for a while. After Yu Er had fallen asleep, he briefly drew a few Formations, then resumed pondering the Fireball Technique...

If, within the Five Elements Spell, he had to choose one attack-type Spell, he would definitely choose the Fireball Technique.

After all, the Fireball Technique had been with him for a long time; he needed to be devoted and unwavering.

Even if he would learn Swordsmanship, Sword Control, or Divine Thought into Sword in the future, he must not get carried away by new interests and cast aside the Fireball Technique.

He needed to perfect the Fireball Technique to the extreme!

He wanted not only to be a Spell Master but a Fireball Technique Master as well!

Besides, whether it's Swordsmanship or Divine Thought into Sword, they were still far off; currently, he could only rely on the Fireball Technique.

Mo Hua revisited Old Kui's demonstration of the Fireball Technique multiple times, pondering over and over, but still made little progress.

Spell was not like Formation.

With Formation, he had the Taoist Stele, allowing him to practice continuously and deduce constantly.

But with Spell, it was different.

Mo Hua thought it over and decided that he needed to find a place where he could personally handle and try various changes to the Fireball Technique.

The next day, Mo Hua found time to visit the Dao Room.

The Dao Room, as the name implies, apart from teaching the Dao, also had dedicated residences for Disciples to practice Spells on their own.

Inside, there was a Formation for protection.

There was also a Spell dummy for Disciples to practice Spells and test the potency of Spells.

Outside the Dao Room, there was also a Pill Master on duty.

Whenever some Disciples had mishaps while practicing Spells, injuring themselves, the Pill Master would come forward to treat them with Spiritual Medicine or stabilize them with Pills to prevent their conditions from worsening.

Such incidents were common.

After all, no one could guarantee perfection in the practice of Cultivation.

Since becoming involved in chasing Sin Cultivators and paying his inheritance fees, Mo Hua occasionally rented the Dao Room to practice Spells.

His Divine Sense was strong, and his Spell control was extremely precise; to date, he had never mishandled or been injured by his own Spells!

Mo Hua blinked, unable to think of any situation where he would be injured by his own Spell...

Renting the Dao Room required some Spirit Stones and registration with the Elder of Daoist Law.

Mo Hua was quite familiar with the Elder of Daoist Law.

Even though his grades in Daoist Skills were only "Grade C," this was because his Spiritual Root was limited, preventing him from learning Superior Skills—no helping it.

The Elder, teaching Daoist Law, was very understanding and thus didn't mind that Mo Hua attended his classes but could only achieve "Grade C."

While Mo Hua could not cultivate Superior Skills, he was well-versed in low-level Spells and had a unique approach to Spells.

This suited the Elder's tastes a lot.

The Elder of Daoist Law, bored of playing chess with a Danshi Elder, greeted Mo Hua amiably and cautioned him with a "Be careful, don't hurt yourself" before letting him in.

Entering the single-person Dao Room, Mo Hua couldn't wait to start improving his own Fireball Technique.

First was the compression of the Fireball Technique.

Mo Hua tried, following Grandpa Gui's demonstration, to forcefully compress the Fireball Technique into threads using Divine Sense.

Chapter 925: Fireball Technique? (2)

But he failed.

His Divine Sense was not strong enough, or perhaps, his Cultivation was still far from sufficient, and his control over Spiritual Power wasn't delicate yet...

Mo Hua could only compress the large Fireball into a smaller Fireball.

The size of a fist, a little darker in color, indeed a bit more powerful, but not very useful.

Mo Hua tried using a spell puppet.

The Foundation Establishment Initial Stage spell puppet was scorched with a deeper burn mark by his small Fireball, but it gradually recovered.

The spell puppet, using special materials and painted with a Formation inside, could heal itself.

When Mo Hua first saw it, he was very surprised, especially curious about the Formation inside; he even tried to dismantle the spell puppet to see the Formation...

But the spell puppet "alerted" and summoned the Elder of Daoist Law, who stopped Mo Hua's "impolite" behavior.

Mo Hua gave up.

Now, when Mo Hua hit the spell puppet with the compressed "small Fireball," it was indeed seen that the power of the spell had improved.

But this improvement was not significant.

Moreover, as this "compression" took some time, the Fireball Technique became slower, and in actual combat, it seemed too "clumsy" and basically unusable.

And this fist-sized "small Fireball" was now the limit of Mo Hua's compression ability.

Mo Hua sighed.

"Too far off..."

His mastery of spells was worlds apart from Grandpa Gui.

But on second thoughts, this was normal.

Grandpa Gui's Cultivation was heaven-high compared to his own.

Even his Uncle was very wary of Grandpa Gui and didn't dare to act personally, having to rely on the Blood of Destruction Path from the Blood Taoist to restrain him.

Mo Hua thought for a long time before he remembered that name:

Blood of Destruction Path...

Blood of Destruction Path...

"Grandpa Gui... should be okay..."

Mo Hua remembered the day Grandpa Gui told his Uncle, "Don't let me see you again, or I will kill you..."

This meant that the one who had been with him all this time was a clone or a puppet, not the real Grandpa Gui.

Mo Hua breathed a sigh of relief but also felt a bit worried.

He wondered how Grandpa Gui really was...

Where he might be...

And that 'Blood Taoist'...

Mo Hua had heard this name twice now.

The first time was when the Saint Heir blocked his path and, out of fear, pleaded for mercy by claiming the identity of the "Blood Taoist's" descendant, which spared him from his Uncle.

The second time was when his Uncle used the Blood of Destruction Path from the "Blood Taoist" to restrain Grandpa Gui...

Since he was a "Taoist," his Uncle had to show respect and even borrow his blood, he must be a fearsome Demon Head...

But now it was still early to consider these; it was beyond his capability; he'd think about it later...

Mo Hua silently noted down the name "Blood Taoist."

Then he refocused and continued studying the Fireball Technique.

He couldn't reach the level of Grandpa Gui, but the thought process of casting spells was still worth referring to.

Spell silk transformed, compressing reconstruction.

If he couldn't reach Grandpa Gui's standard... then simplify it, even if he only learned a fraction, maybe a tenth or twentieth, the power might not be bad.

Without spell silk, just compress into a ball.

Unable to "weave" reconstruction, then... blend them together?

"Merge two Fireball Techniques into one?"

Mo Hua's eyes brightened.

He began to try casting two Fireball Techniques and then blending the two Fireballs...

But as soon as he tried, he failed again.

He then remembered some popular spell theorems learned in the Daoist Skill class:

A person cannot cast two spells at the same time.

Even if the two spells were identical, they must be cast consecutively.

Mo Hua's previous Fireball Technique was also like this; even if cast rapidly, they actually had a sequence.

He must first condense the first Fireball Technique, release it, then condense the second.

Even if quick, there was still a sequence.

For continuous spells like the Golden Body Technique or Golden Bell Shield.

First, cast Golden Body Technique, then control the Sword;

First, defend oneself with the Golden Bell Shield, then cast other spells...

It seemed like two spells were active simultaneously, but casting was still sequenced.

Mo Hua stroked his chin, pondering:

"The Fireball Technique Grandpa Gui showed was also balls condensed one by one, then unified into one pattern..."

But such a high-difficulty pattern was beyond his ability...

"Need to change the approach..."

Mo Hua frowned, thinking hard.

Now, he was no longer a Loose Cultivator without a legacy.

Having entered the Taixu Gate, learning Cultivation daily in class, accepting the orthodox legacy of Taixu Gate, his knowledge in Tao Cultivation had enriched considerably.

Some "foundations" of spells, soaked up through exposure, he knew quite a bit.

People couldn't cast two spells at the same time because human Divine Sense is singular and cannot multitask.

"Can't multitask..."

Mo Hua raised his eyebrows.

"Heavenly Secret Tricky Calculation!"

His Divine Sense might be singular.

But like his Uncle, by utilizing Heavenly Secret Tricky Calculation, it could be split...

After splitting, with two Divine Thoughts, wouldn't it be possible to break the conventional spell theories, casting spells simultaneously?

Casting spells simultaneously, couldn't he try spell fusion?

Mo Hua's spirits lifted, and then his pupils deepened, his Divine Sense split into Wily Minds, creating double visions, multitasking, he started trying to condense two spells simultaneously.

But many attempts failed.

He hadn't tried splitting Wily Minds and casting simultaneously before, so he was very unfamiliar at the start.

Either his Divine Sense was unstable, his Spiritual Power mistook its path, or the spells were not fully condensed...

Chapter 926: Fireball Technique? (3)

But Mo Hua became too adept at the Fireball Technique. After trying multiple times, his mysterious spiritual consciousness became gradually stable, spiritual power flowed, and the spell formed into a complete skill pattern...

Time passed, and a spark of inspiration flashed in Mo Hua's mind, his eyes brightened, and he stretched out both hands.

On his left hand, there was a Fireball Technique.

On his right hand, he also condensed a Fireball Technique.

Dual casting with mystical consciousness, deploying both spells at once!

Mo Hua was overjoyed.

Then he realized a problem, with dual casting, the power should be even greater, and it seemed he didn't need to study a more complicated Fireball Technique...

Mo Hua decided to give it a try. He stretched out both hands, and two fireballs instantly flew out, tracing two arcs of flame, hitting the spell puppet.

Two scorch marks appeared on the puppet, which then recovered as before.

Mo Hua shook his head.

"Not quite right..."

With a divided consciousness, deploying two Fireball Techniques at the same time, the power of each had diminished...

One reason was that his technique was still not skilled enough;

Another reason would be that his spiritual power was not abundant, the amount of spiritual power in his meridians was insufficient to support casting two Fireball Techniques at the same time without a decline in power...

All things considered, it would be better to deploy the fireballs in succession, one after the other.

His casting was fast, and the interval between the two Fireball Techniques was very short, and their power would not diminish.

Unless...

Mo Hua pondered.

Unless there was a need for a spell "barrage," to rapidly release a large quantity of Fireball Techniques within a short period.

In that case, dual casting would be highly effective.

However, such an action would cause spiritual consciousness and spiritual power to pour out like a flood.

His spiritual consciousness could handle it, but his spiritual power definitely could not sustain it.

This was not a method he could use at present...

Mo Hua felt a bit of regret.

Dual casting wasn't effective in terms of power, so he still needed to research spell fusion...

Mo Hua nodded to himself, then his pupils darkened, he once again divided his consciousness, and with dual casting, condensed a fireball in each hand.

Mo Hua furrowed his brows, somewhat strained, as he slowly brought his hands together, trying to fuse the two Fireball Techniques...

But the two Fireball Techniques, like poles of the same magnet, repelled each other.

The closer they got, the stronger the repulsive force.

Soon, Mo Hua could no longer maintain it, the spells dissipated, and the fireballs extinguished.

Mo Hua gasped for air, sighing in his mind:

"It seems it still doesn't work..."

"The Fireballs repel each other; they cannot fuse together..."

"Why is that?"

Mo Hua pondered for a while, then took out his "The Essentials of the Tai Xu Arts" from his storage bag, searching for an answer within some of the documented magical theories.

After the time it takes to drink a cup of tea, Mo Hua flipped to the "Skill Pattern Structure" page and recalled the knowledge taught in the Elder's class before having an epiphany.

Inside each spell, there is a certain skill pattern structure.

This structure is stable, standardized, created by the summation work of generations of cultivators, and is a "paradigm" that determines the essence of the spell.

The skill pattern structure is also the structure of the spiritual power, containing the circulation and change of the spell's spiritual power.

Similarly, different spells have their skill pattern structures that naturally repel each other.

Thus, when spiritual cultivators battle with spells, victories in spell confrontations are decided by their respective skill pattern structures.

In confrontations, a top-grade spell, with a stable skill pattern structure, powerful spiritual power, will crush a low-grade spell, causing the latter's spell to collapse and spiritual power to disseminate, leading to defeat.

If the power of the two opposing spells is close, neither can overcome the other, and due to the repelling skill pattern structures, both will disintegrate simultaneously, creating a spiritual power explosion...

Mo Hua nodded, but then he paused, perplexed.

"Spells colliding, disintegrating at the same time, creating a spiritual power explosion..."

"But when my two Fireball Techniques were squeezed together, there was no explosion..."

"Why?"

Mo Hua grew more bewildered as he thought, and couldn't help but exclaim:

Formations are profound and complex, and spells are not simple either.

Once you delve into learning them, you realize that there is too much complicated and esoteric knowledge...

Mo Hua could only consider from his own perspective.

His two Fireball Techniques, even though they had divided wily minds, were from the same root and the same source. In essence, they were from the same divine sense, the same kind of spiritual power, the same skill pattern structure, deployed at the same time.

It was like a "replica," where both were shadows of each other.

Therefore, the two spells, being of similar origins, were naturally compatible.

But since they were different spells, they had, though the same in form, their independently structured skill patterns.

And skill pattern structures are bound to repel each other.

Therefore, these two fireballs, originating from a similar source, were able to approach each other, yet due to their independent skill patterns, they repelled one another...

They were contradictory to each other, with spiritual power entangling endlessly.

Mo Hua's head started to ache a bit.

Since they shared the same origin, it meant that "fusion" was possible...

But their skill patterns were unique and repelled each other, which obviously made "fusion" impossible...

Mo Hua was somewhat puzzled, yet not discouraged.

Over the next few days, he thought of many ways to try to execute this double-casting, attempting to "fuse" the two fireball techniques that shared the same roots.

For instance, using his Divine Sense, he pressed the fireballs bit by bit, forcing them to merge;

Or, in a "spiral" form, he made the two fireballs rotate around each other, seeking a mutual fit...

But no matter what he tried, he couldn't succeed.

Mo Hua furrowed his brows, reflecting:

"Could it be... too gentle...?"

These methods of pressing, spiraling, and fitting for the spell "fusion" were all done with great care, but the two fireballs were "mischievous" and completely disobedient.

Should he be more "forceful"?

But how?

Mo Hua recalled the scenes of spells clashing that he had seen so far, when he suddenly had a flash of inspiration and muttered to himself:

"Collision?"

"The two fireballs, colliding against each other?"

His Divine Sense was strong enough to forcibly propel the two fireballs to collide quickly, and perhaps, this could combine the two?

Could relying on the powerful Divine Sense create a miracle?

Mo Hua was a bit hesitant, but after some thought, since there seemed to be no other options, he decided to give it a try.

Anyway, in the Dao Room, there were Elders guarding, and they were just two little fireballs, so there shouldn't be any issues...

Mo Hua nodded to himself.

Then he began to repeat his previous technique, his pupils black as night, his wily minds diverging, his left and right hands each condensing a fireball technique.

This time, Mo Hua didn't try little by little but instead focused intensely, and in a split second, he pushed his Sixteen Patterns Quality Changed Divine Sense to the extreme, applying an instantaneous strong pressure...

And then the spells transformed abruptly!

The ultimate Divine Sense suddenly generated a tremendous pressure, causing the fireballs to tremble violently.

Subsequently, the two fireballs moved from static to dynamic in an instant, drawing two blinding trails of fire, and with great speed, they hurtled towards each other, creating a collision that could collapse their skill patterns...

This all happened in an instant.

A moment later, Mo Hua felt dizzy and his ears rang, and his eyes were blinded by the bright firelight...

All he felt was a muffled explosion.

And then all the sounds seemed to be drawn in, swallowed up, into absolute silence...

The only trace of clarity in his Divine Sense made Mo Hua realize...

His spiritual power had completely spiraled out of control...

Out of nowhere, the Fireball Technique had birthed a rampaging spiritual power, like an unruly dragon roaring and bellowing, fighting to break free from his control, to devour everything...

Mo Hua exhausted the last bit of his Divine Sense to place a "rein" on this surge of spiritual power, pulling it forward to blast out...

After which, his eyes closed, and he slowly collapsed to the ground, falling into unconsciousness.

...

The Elder of Daoist Law, who was playing chess outside, suddenly felt a violent palpitation. He looked down and saw on the central Jade Slip of the Dao Room, a red alarm flashing so brightly it hurt his eyes.

At the same time, a wave of spiritual power that was odd and twisted, though at the Foundation Establishment Stage, emanated with a hint of terrifying force.

The Elder of Daoist Law's heart trembled, and in a flash, he hurried to the Dao Room on his right.

From the outside, the Dao Room appeared undamaged.

The Elder of Daoist Law's right hand trembled slightly as he opened the door...

What he saw was devastation, with cracks everywhere.

There was a ferocious scorch mark on the floor, spreading into the distance, the overwhelming spiritual power pressing against the walls, shaking the protective Third Grade Formation to reveal itself.

The Formation was intact, but the wall's surface had melted, exposing the Formation Patterns.

It looked as though the surroundings were blasted with mottled cracks.

At the start of the scorch mark lay a small Cultivator.

He lay unconscious on the ground, his left hand charred, his right hand cracked, with blood at the corners of his mouth.

At the end of the scorch mark was a spell puppet.

Or rather, where there should have been a spell puppet.

But now, the spell puppet used for testing spell strength, of the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage, had been blasted so thoroughly that not even scraps remained...

The Elder of Daoist Law's mouth gaped open, involuntarily gasping a breath of cold air...

"What the hell is this..."

"Fireball Technique?!"

Chapter 927: Injuries

However, moments later, another elder, donning a Taixu Taoist robe but with an emblem of a Pill Furnace embroidered on his lapel, arrived. Seeing the charred ground and the full wall of Formation Patterns, he couldn't help but draw a sharp breath.

Then, he saw Mo Hua lying on the ground.

"Don't just stand there, save him first."

The two hurried forward to examine Mo Hua's injuries and then both exhaled in relief.

Mo Hua looked miserable, his injuries were not light, but nothing was life-threatening.

The Danshi Elder took out a bottle of Spiritual Liquid and sprinkled it on Mo Hua's wounds, neutralizing the lingering fire toxin, cleaning the charred bloodstains, and simultaneously stopping the bleeding.

Afterward, he took out a pill and administered it to Mo Hua.

Then with his hand on Mo Hua's chest, he continuously directed his energy, nourishing Mo Hua's meridians with thick and pure Wood-series Spiritual Power to treat his injuries...

Some time later, color gradually returned to Mo Hua's pale face, and his breath also steadied.

Only his physical body was too weak, which slowed down the healing of his wounds, leaving him still unconscious for the time being.

The Danshi Elder, feeling relieved, said, "That should do it

"Fortunately, it was just a minor involvement of magical spiritual power

"A half-month's injury, with proper care, won't be a big issue. However, his hand is injured and his meridians are also damaged. For the time being, he cannot use his Spiritual Power

The Danshi Elder felt somewhat fortunate, yet shook his head:

"Just that, his constitution is really too poor

"Fragile and delicate, he gets hurt upon the slightest knock, and the injuries aren't easy to heal

The Danshi Elder looked at the unconscious Mo Hua with a bit of heartache, then turned to reprimand the Elder of Daoist Law:

"You, being the Elder of Daoist Law, should have at least taught him some Body Refinement. I'm not expecting great achievements, but at least to strengthen his physique. If he's injured, he would recover faster

The Elder of Daoist Law gave a bitter smile, "How could I not know that?"

"But it's not that simple. If he could really practice, I would have had him do it long ago

"Learning those superficial things, they're useless in a real fight."

"He's still going to get hurt with the slightest knock, fatally wounded with a slice. It's better to spend more time learning a movement technique to avoid getting hurt at all

"Moreover, the Cultivation Techniques for Body Refinement are robust and powerful, not easy to learn at all."

"With his poor foundations, if he practiced too much, his flesh might wither, his Blood Qi could burst in reverse, and he could end up harming himself

Hearing this, the Danshi Elder shook his head helplessly and said:

"Then I will refine a few batches of pills to nourish his Blood Qi

Although the effects might not be significant, it was better than nothing.

After finishing, the Danshi Elder looked sympathetically at the Elder of Daoist Law, "Be careful, Elder Xun will definitely be looking for you."

The Elder of Daoist Law's scalp went numb.

"Why on earth did you teach the kid a Superior Skill for no good reason?" asked the Danshi Elder, puzzled.

"I didn't teach

"Do you think I believe that?"

The Elder of Daoist Law tasted bitterness in his mouth, "I really didn't teach

The Danshi Elder was taken aback. Seeing that he did not seem to be lying and looking around, his expression changed slightly, "Then what is this

"It's a spell

"You're stating the obvious, aren't you? If it's not a spell, could it be a Formation? The question is, what kind of spell is it?"

The Elder of Daoist Law pondered, "From the looks of it, it seems to be... Fireball Technique

The Danshi Elder's face remained expressionless, "Very impressive... What Fireball Technique, could you teach me, let me broaden my horizons?"

The Elder of Daoist Law ran out of words to say.

The Danshi Elder pointed towards the place where the practice wooden puppet was originally situated:

"This puppet, although it's for Foundation Establishment Initial Stage, was created initially to withstand spells, hence its high magical defense. Usually, even disciples in the Foundation Building Middle Stage can't break it, let alone now

The Danshi Elder's eyelids twitched, "It's been blown into ashes

And this kid, is just a beginner who has not yet completed one year of Foundation Establishment Initial Stage.

The Danshi Elder took another look at Mo Hua, feeling shocked in his heart.

The Elder of Daoist Law also had suspicions in his mind.

He didn't remember teaching Mo Hua any powerful spells.

Moreover, even if such spells existed, with Mo Hua's grade of Spiritual Root, and the Circulation of Spiritual Power in his Qi Sea, he wouldn't be able to learn or use them...

Unless...

The Elder of Daoist Law felt the surrounding residual heat and the abnormal spiritual power, his expression growing more serious.

The Danshi Elder asked, "What have you figured out?"

The Elder of Daoist Law furrowed his brow and said, "This is not simple. It's not just the power of the spell, but rather it seems like

"Like what?"

The Elder of Daoist Law shook his head, not voicing his thoughts, but considering Mo Hua's age and cultivation, he found it hard to believe and muttered:

"It shouldn't... be possible

...

When Mo Hua awakened, he felt dizzy, and his hand was in pain; his meridians were still somewhat blocked.

Looking around, he realized he was lying in a pristine white, soft bed, in a clean space with Spirit-Concentrating Incense burning and a faint, bitter scent of pills lingering in the air.

By his side was a woman in a Taixu Elder's robe, elegant and dignified with a hint of allure, silently watching him.

Mo Hua was taken aback, "Murong... Elder?"

His voice was hoarse and weak as if retaining the trauma from the fire spiritual power, making speaking difficult.

Murong Elder nodded slightly, "Elder Master Xun feared your injury would worsen, so he sent you here to me."

Mo Hua was startled, only then realizing that Murong Elder was actually a Pill Master.

Murong Elder moved closer to Mo Hua, her fingers white and slender as she gently touched his forehead, her voice as gentle as the evening breeze:

"You're not badly hurt

"But the burn on your left hand has damaged your meridians; you cannot use your Spiritual Power for half a month. Your right hand has a flesh wound, and you shouldn't hold a pen for seven days

Chapter 928: Injury (2)

"I'll give you a few bottles of pills. Take one every morning and evening."

"Okay." Mo Hua nodded with some difficulty, "Thank you, Elder Murong

Elder Murong smiled faintly.

After that, other cultivators started to visit Mo Hua in succession.

First came Yu Er.

Seeing Mo Hua injured, he stayed by Mo Hua's side, his little brows furrowed, eyes moist, refusing to be sent away.

Elder Murong had no choice but to prepare a small bed for him, along with a little blanket, letting him sleep nearby.

Yu Er was quiet and not troublesome. When he woke up, the first thing he did was to check on Mo Hua.

Mo Hua woke to find Yu Er's eyes shining brightly, filled with happiness.

But since Mo Hua needed to recover, Yu Er only stayed for a while before he had to return to the Disciple's Residence to do his homework.

Murong Caiyun came once too, bringing some pills and nourishing supplements.

Seeing that Mo Hua was alright, she was relieved. She only admonished Mo Hua to be more careful when practicing spells so that he wouldn't injure himself again.

Mo Hua nodded honestly.

He had also learned something:

He heard Senior Sister Murong call Elder Murong "auntie," clearly indicating a relationship between the two.

Shangguan Xu came to visit him too. Besides the recovery pills, he brought a lot of delicious food.

"These are from Aunt Wan; she asked me to bring them to you

"This is within Taixu Gate, and it's not convenient for her to come in. Still, she wants you to visit the Gu Family after you recover. She'll then request the Pill Master of the Shangguan Family to regulate your condition, making sure you're left with no complications

Mo Hua nodded and expressed his gratitude:

"Thank you, Senior Brother Xu, and please convey my thanks to Aunt Wan as well."

In addition, some fellow disciples from the same sect came to visit their “Junior Brother.”

Seeing that Mo Hua’s complexion was fairly good and there were no serious issues, they felt reassured. They gathered around Mo Hua, chattering away:

"Mo Hua, did we hear right that you got injured practicing a spell?"

"Is that true?"

"What spell were you practicing, exactly?"

"It wasn't the Fireball Technique, was it

"How could it be?"

"Why couldn't it be

"Mo Hua can only use the Fireball Technique

"Mo Hua, once we leave Taixu Gate, we'll pretend we don't know you

"Don't ever tell anyone you're our 'Junior Brother

"What kind of Junior Brother gets hurt by a Fireball Technique

Mo Hua gave them a disdainful look, saying displeasedly:

"What's wrong with the Fireball Technique? Just wait until I've perfected it. I'll make you cry with just a Fireball Technique!"

"I don't believe it!"

"Don't just talk big without backing it up

"Just a mere Fireball Technique

...

Mo Hua argued with them playfully, and the atmosphere grew livelier.

Elder Murong, however, said calmly, "This is the Pill Room where you need to recuperate quietly. All of you should go to your classes."

"Yes... Elder."

The disciples, who had been thinking of skipping class, now respectfully bowed and left the room, looking dejected.

Only Cheng Mo stayed behind, reluctantly gripping Mo Hua's hand and urging him:

"Mo Hua, heal quickly and come back to teach us about Formation

Elder Master Xun is too strict, his lessons too advanced, and he assigns too many tasks. They were simply too much to handle...

Junior Brother Mo was much better.

...

Elder Master Xun also came to check on Mo Hua.

He was stern-faced and didn't say much, only admonishing Mo Hua to heal well. But as he left, he couldn't help himself and whispered reassuringly:

"There's no need to excel in combat spells if they don't suit you

"You don't have a strong foundation; there's no need to force yourself to learn such aggressive spells like others

"Just master Formation well enough to stand on your own in the Cultivation World, and no one will dare to bully you."

"If you face difficulties or someone causes you trouble, just speak up, and the Sect will support you."

"There's no need to strain yourself trying to learn these spells

"And don't injure yourself again

...

Mo Hua felt touched and quickly nodded, "I understand, thank you, Elder Master!"

Elder Master Xun wasn't sure if Mo Hua had taken his words to heart, but he nodded anyway and left.

...

As evening approached, the Elder of Daoist Law also quietly visited Mo Hua.

He was responsible for teaching Daoist Skills and, although he wasn't the direct cause of the disciple's injury, as an Elder, he felt he should bear some responsibility.

Seeing Mo Hua sitting on the bed, his left hand wrapped in bandages, his face pale but his eyes lively and breathing steady, the Elder of Daoist Law finally eased his mind.

The Elder of Daoist Law exchanged a few pleasantries, hesitated for a moment, and then asked in a low voice:

"Mo Hua, what spell were you using in the Dao Room

He not only taught spells but also studied them, hence his curiosity about the unknown spell.

He wanted to know what kind of spell Mo Hua had cast that could create such immense power, blowing up a perfectly fine spell puppet...

Mo Hua was stunned, his eyes lighting up.

Since waking up, whenever he had the chance, he pondered over the "spell fusion" matter.

But no matter how much he thought about it, he couldn't understand why the fusion of two Fireball Techniques, forcibly joined by Divine Sense, resulted in such formidable power.

If he hadn't reversed the direction of the spell with his Divine Sense at the last moment, allowing the Spiritual Power of the spell to lose control...

He feared not only would his hands have suffered, but his very life would have been at risk...

Mo Hua didn't comprehend it.

The mere fusion of two Fireball Techniques shouldn't have been capable of such force.

Not to mention that even the slightest aftershock had caused him such serious injuries...

This defied common sense.

So when the Elder of Daoist Law asked him, he too had many questions he wanted to consult with the Elder of Daoist Law.

Chapter 929: Injury (3)

Mo Hua pondered for a moment, then answered:

"I felt that the power of a single Fireball Technique wasn't sufficient, so I wanted to 'fuse' two Fireball Techniques together to enhance the power, and then... it exploded..."

The Elder of Daoist Law frowned, "Nonsense, who does 'fusion' like that?"

Mo Hua replied humbly, "Then how should one fuse them?"

"You've misunderstood," the Elder of Daoist Law shook his head. "So-called spell 'fusion' isn't about mixing two spells together like dough..."

"Spell fusion is essentially the fusion of skill patterns."

"Moreover, it's not about fusing after casting; rather, it's about having a 'fused' skill pattern before even casting. It just appears as if it's 'fusing'..."

Mo Hua had an epiphany.

He remembered how Grandpa Gui showed him the Fireball Technique, consecutively condensing the fire threads and then weaving them to form the spell.

Essentially, it wasn't about merging several Fireball Techniques.

Rather, it was in itself a complete, separate spell.

He had practiced according to Grandpa Gui's method, but because of working behind closed doors, he had gotten a bit sidetracked amidst the confusion...

Even though he'd veered off course, the power seemed very strong...

It was even stronger than he had imagined...

Why was that?

Mo Hua blinked and glanced at the Elder of Daoist Law.

The Elder of Daoist Law felt a bit uneasy under Mo Hua's gaze, wondering what schemes the boy was concocting in his mind...

"Elder..." Mo Hua spoke softly, "Suppose there is a possibility..."

"That there are two 'twin' Cultivators, with identical Divine Sense and Spiritual Root, casting the exact same spell..."

"There are no such 'twin' Cultivators..." the Elder of Daoist Law said.

"I mean suppose..."

Mo Hua said earnestly, "...If there were, what would happen when their spells collided? Would they fuse?"

Mo Hua was full of curiosity.

The Elder of Daoist Law felt a headache coming on; he dreaded encountering disciples with such wild imaginations and bizarre questions.

Their questions had some logic to them.

But to answer them was truly taxing on Divine Sense.

The Elder of Daoist Law massaged his forehead and, following Mo Hua's train of thought, pondered for a moment before slowly speaking:

"If their Divine Sense and Spiritual Root are identical, then those two spells might not be exactly the same due to the sequence in time..."

"For a Cultivator, time is also a kind of Law."

"The moment of spellcasting, like the configuration of the spell's Spiritual Power, is an inherent characteristic. It's just that most Cultivators completely overlook this point..."

"Then let's say the timing of the spellcasting is also exactly the same..." Mo Hua said.

"In that case..." the Elder of Daoist Law murmured, "then these two spells would be nearly identical, sharing the same origin. If they came into contact..."

"There would be two possibilities..."

The Elder of Daoist Law speculated based on the principles of spells:

"Either they would instantly 'fuse' into a large fireball..."

"Or they would be in a state where they are close to each other, not exploding, yet not fusing, a sort of 'attraction and repulsion'..."

"Like the Taixu's Eryi, coexisting yet repelling each other..."

Mo Hua's eyes sparkled with admiration.

As expected of the Elder of Daoist Law from the Taixu Gate, able to deduce the reality with just the theory of spells.

"What if these two fireballs are 'attracting and repelling' each other but not fusing?" Mo Hua asked again.

"Well..." the Elder of Daoist Law had barely started speaking when he suddenly paused, "How do you know?"

Because I've tried it!

And I hurt myself in the process!

Mo Hua silently said to himself.

But it was not the sort of thing he could openly discuss, so he equivocated, "I guessed..."

Before the Elder of Daoist Law could regain his composure, Mo Hua continued to press with his questions, "If that's the case, why would there be repulsion?"

Indeed, the Elder of Daoist Law continued down the path of Mo Hua's line of thought...

"Because the essence of their skill patterns is different."

"The structure of the skill pattern is the structure of the spell's Spiritual Power; it's the essence of the spell."

"Skill patterns naturally repel one another."

"Generally, even if the same Cultivator casts the same spell, the structures of the skill patterns are similar, yet each is distinct and independent."

"It's like the creation of Standard Spiritual Weapons; all weapons use the same 'template.' When forged, they seem identical, but in reality, each Spiritual Artifact is a different entity..."

"Your mentioned 'twin' fireballs are the same—they may be identical in every other way, but their fundamental 'skill pattern structures' are independently separate..."

Mo Hua nodded.

Unquestionably, the Elder of Daoist Law had reached the same conclusion as Mo Hua had!

Mo had also guessed that the repulsion between fireballs was an intrinsic issue with the spell's skill pattern structure.

Then Mo Hua asked another question, "Can these two 'twin' fireballs form a 'fusion' with different spells?"

The Elder of Daoist Law shook his head, "Impossible, the structure of the skill patterns repels each other. They can't merge together..."

"Is there a way to make them merge?"

The Elder of Daoist Law actually gave it some serious thought before shaking his head again.

Mo Hua blinked, "Suppose..."

"By using brute force, with a mighty Divine Sense to control the fireballs for a rapid collision, would that result in a fusion..."

"Collision?" The Elder of Daoist Law shook his head again, "It still probably wouldn't lead to a fusion..."

"At most, it would be considered an 'aggregation,' but this kind of aggregation is very risky as it jeopardizes the stability of the spell's skill pattern..."

"With the Divine Sense exerting sudden pressure to force the fireballs to aggregate, a powerful repulsion would instantly be generated, causing the intrinsic structure of the skill patterns in both fireballs to collapse, the Spiritual Power to lose its constraints, resulting in a mutation, the internal potency is released, and thereby..."

As the Elder of Daoist Law was speaking, his voice became softer and softer, then suddenly, he paused, his eyes showing astonishment.

He looked at Mo Hua, too shocked to speak, "You didn't... "

You couldn't have actually used the collision of fireballs, causing the skill pattern structure to collapse, thus creating a powerful destructive force to destroy the spell puppet...

Then he became puzzled, "How did you..."

How did you manage to do it?

"Twin" fireballs of the same essence...

Divine Sense forcefully controlling, aggregating the fireballs...

Is that even possible at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage?

Mo Hua spoke softly, "I was just thinking wildly, just asking casually..."

The Elder of Daoist Law silently looked at Mo Hua, thinking to himself, I'll believe you when hell freezes over.

At the same time, he also reflected inwardly.

Truly worthy of Elder Master Xun.

Such a keen eye for talent!

The disciple he valued not only had talent in Formation,

But also could blaze new trails in spells, with such in-depth research...

However... since this was a disciple valued by Elder Master Xun, it wasn't his place to inquire further.

The Elder of Daoist Law thought for a moment, his gaze growing intense as if he had made up his mind, then shared with Mo Hua the "Principles of Spells," something originally not to be imparted:

"Spiritual Power radiates outward to form a spell, which is the garment of Spiritual Power."

"But within the Spiritual Power itself, its intrinsic nature changes, which also contains powerful potency..."

"Ordinary spells are made with Spiritual Power forming the skill patterns to establish the spell, thereby possessing the Power of Killing..."

"But conversely..."

The Elder of Daoist Law's gaze sharpened, his voice grew heavy:

"Through a spell, provoking changes in the structure of the skill pattern will result in a mutation of the Spiritual Power, releasing a great amount of unstable spiritual force, similarly causing extremely strong destructive power..."

Mo Hua's eyes widened in realization.

Could this not be...

Formation Collapse!

Though the methods differed, one used Formation and the other used spells, and even the mutations in Spiritual Power varied—one disintegrating and the other aggregating,

Their underlying principles were the same!

Seeing how quickly Mo Hua understood, the Elder of Daoist Law was a bit stunned.

This child... he might have done this sort of thing before...

Why did it feel like he grasped it immediately?

The Elder of Daoist Law felt it wasn't right to continue on this topic and coughed before standing up, "It's getting late, I should be going back..."

Mo Hua responded with the utmost politeness, "Elder, please take care."

But there was one thing he was very curious about, that he had thought over and over again, yet couldn't resist asking.

"Oh, one more thing, Elder..."

Mo Hua asked softly, "...What is your esteemed surname?"

On hearing this, the Elder of Daoist Law appeared as if he had been struck by lightning, completely stunned.

He was somewhat angry, but also somewhat incredulous and sad, "After all this time, you don't even know my surname?!"

Mo Hua felt rather embarrassed.

There was no helping it; there were too many Sect Elders, including substitute teachers who occasionally changed, and there were some Elders he only recognized by face but couldn't recall by name.

Mo Hua gave an awkward smile.

The Elder of Daoist Law helplessly said, "My surname is Yi..."

Chapter 930: Forbidden Technique

"Yi?"

Mo Hua was taken aback, recalling what he read on the Water Prison Technique Secret Manual, "... This technique has been compiled into a volume by True Man Yi, archived within Taixu Gate..."

"The Water Prison Technique in the Merit Scroll, was it you who collected it?"

Elder Yi was startled, "You've learned the Water Prison Technique as well?"

"Yes!" Mo Hua nodded.

Elder Yi was somewhat surprised.

The Water Prison Technique is easy to learn but hard to master; it's also quite difficult to use...

But he still shook his head, "It wasn't me. It was a predecessor of our Yi family who collected that technique..."

"Predecessor?"

"Yes," Elder Yi nodded, "Our Yi family is a family of spell crafters, and most of the elder disciples are Spiritual Cultivators who are proficient in spells; we also like to collect some unique and strange skills..."

"Oh..."

Mo Hua nodded in understanding.

Elder Yi glanced at the sky and said, "Alright, I'll be going. If you have questions about spells, you can ask me again."

"Thank you, Elder Yi!"

Mo Hua said obediently.

Hearing this "Elder Yi," Elder Yi finally felt more comfortable. He turned to leave, but then, as if recalling something that made him somewhat embarrassed, he said,

"Mo Hua..."

"About your injury, I indeed was somewhat negligent. But, well, about Elder Master Xun...",

Mo Hua immediately understood.

"Elder Yi, please rest assured. I will explain clearly to the elder. It was my mishap this time, not your fault!"

This matter was not Elder Yi's fault to begin with.

Furthermore, Elder Yi had shared such important principles of spellcrafting with him; he couldn't possibly blame him.

Seeing Mo Hua's intelligence and sense of reason, Elder Yi felt greatly relieved and didn't mind that Mo Hua had been studying spells with him for so long without even knowing his surname or name.

"Alright, do take care while recovering."

Elder Yi left with a relieved expression.

"Elder, take care."

After Elder Yi had left, Mo Hua, with his left hand bandaged, lay on the bed and thought to himself:

Twin Fireball Skill... Divine Sense guiding the collision... Skill Pattern structure collapse... The might of Spiritual Power Fusion...

A spell technique like "collapse" is powerful but unstable and prone to losing control.

If he tried to ponder and experiment, once it went out of control, he could easily get hurt; the risk was substantial.

This time he was lucky. Although the spell lost control, he managed to forcefully restrain the unruly Spiritual Power with his Divine Sense and wasn't directly affected...

Moreover, at Taixu Gate, there were many skilled Danshi Elders dedicated to healing, so he didn't suffer too severe injuries. After some rest, there wouldn't be any lasting effects.

But if there were a next time, it wouldn't be so certain.

He was a "delicate" individual...

The Fireball's clash and forced collision, the Skill Pattern structure's collapse, and the innate power of Spiritual Power Fusion were like a Formation Collapse, embodying certain Dao Laws with astonishing lethality.

A slip of the hand and he could have bitten the dust...

But if he didn't study it further...

Mo Hua couldn't quite resign himself to that.

As a Spiritual Cultivator, casting spells swiftly and with precise target locking offered a tremendous advantage.

However, if the innate power of the spells was limited, impacting the target with as much effect as a tickle, then this advantage was greatly diminished.

Great power that missed its target was useless.

Conversely, perfect aim that lacked power wasn't much better...

Previously, in the Second Grade State Border, he encountered opponents who were mostly Loose Cultivators or the scions of small families lacking strong heritage.

Using his strong Divine Sense, his special Fireball Technique was quite powerful.

But upon reaching the Qianxue State Border, with its many prominent Sects and the disciples from exceptional backgrounds possessing Top-Grade Spiritual Roots, the number was beyond counting.

Even some of those who had fallen from grace and were wanted by the Taoist Court had solid foundations, with Spiritual Roots far better than his own.

Among these disciples, some had even inherited Superior Daoist Magic.

Suddenly, the Fireball Technique didn't seem so impressive anymore.

This aggregate Fireball Technique still demanded further research...

Mo Hua considered it for a moment, and combining the "guidance" of Elder Yi, he roughly figured out the principle behind this spell's damage:

Ordinary spell theories involve Spiritual Power moving from inside to outside, to structure the Skill Pattern, forming the spell.

The power of a spell is determined by the strength of the Spiritual Power.

The most representative of these is Superior Skill: high consumption of Spiritual Power, strong Skill Pattern structure, and astonishing power.

But with his weak Spiritual Power, he couldn't cultivate Superior Skills, so he had to take a different approach.

Relying on the variability of spells, reversing the Skill Pattern structure and causing internal changes in Spiritual Power to trigger a massive release of spiritual energy.

The spell is merely a primer.

A fuse.

By using the spell to initiate something similar to a reverse resolution of a Formation, it causes an essential abnormality in Spiritual Power.

In this way, a small amount of Spiritual Power can result in enormous destructive power.

This process requires Heavenly secret Tricky Calculation, splitting Divine Thoughts, and casting dual spells simultaneously.

It also needs strong Divine Sense for high-speed, instantaneous control of spells, which also consumes a lot of Divine Sense.

But Mo Hua's Divine Sense is strong, though his Spiritual Power is weak.

Such a reverse approach to spellcrafting perfectly played to his strengths and skirted his weaknesses, utilizing his powerful Divine Sense and avoiding the pitfalls of weak Spiritual Power...

Mo Hua nodded, resolved to fully research this type of Fireball Technique with fusion.

He already understood the principle behind the spells.

The only problem with the current Fireball Technique was its instability.

Skill Pattern collapse and Spiritual Power Fusion are prone to spiraling out of control. You might hurt yourself before your opponents.

"I need to think of a stable, controllable method for Skill Pattern collapse and Fireball fusion," Mo Hua said to himself silently.

...

The next day, Mo Hua went to class.

His injuries, treated by several Danshi Elders designated by Elder Master Xun, had basically healed. He just needed a bit more rest.