

The Quest 94

Chapter 94: Limits

Zhang Lan observed the cunning thoughts of Mo Hua and hummed, "Although I am not skilled in illusion techniques, the spells I do know are not inferior."

"Wow, Uncle Zhang, you're so amazing," Mo Hua said perfunctorily.

Zhang Lan didn't take offense and returned to the main topic. "Do you know who might be using illusion techniques?"

"How would I know?"

Mo Hua shook his head, though as he said this, the veiled figure of Aunt Xue flashed through his mind.

Having encountered only a few high-level cultivators, Mo Hua thought Aunt Xue was the most likely candidate, especially since the illusions matched the impression she had left on him.

"Have you guessed it?" Zhang Lan, with a raised eyebrow, looked at Mo Hua's expression.

Zhang Lan truly belonged to the Dao Court; despite appearing lethargic, his observational skills were sharp.

Mo Hua thought to himself, then asked Zhang Lan, "What does the Dao Court plan to do about this?"

"We won't do much," Zhang Lan casually sipped his wine. "Cultivators capable of using illusions are not ordinary. The Qian family wouldn't dare to make this public or pursue it further. Since the Qian family isn't speaking out, the Dao Court prefers peace, so there's no need to intervene."

"Can the Qian family just let this go?" Mo Hua was skeptical.

"The Qian family does have a Foundation Building cultivator stationed, yet someone managed to cast illusions on their young master without leaving any trace. That alone is enough to frighten them..."

Zhang Lan seemed to take some pleasure in their misfortune, continuing, "This person used an illusion to drive Qian Xing mad, but could have easily used other spells to kill him. Using illusions was merely to intimidate, warning the Qian family to tread carefully. If they can't understand that, they wouldn't have become the leading clan in Tongxian City."

"After all, the Qian family is only a first-class family, ranking lowest among the established clans, nowhere near the true noble clans."

Mo Hua suddenly understood—the importance of family hierarchy. Zhang Lan, born into a noble clan, knew much about these intricacies.

"That settles it then. Even if Qian Xing recovers from his ordeal, after these upheavals, he won't dare to cause more trouble. Just focus on your cultivation and learning about arrays," Zhang Lan said with a lighter tone.

"Thank you, Uncle Zhang." Mo Hua expressed his gratitude.

With Zhang Lan's laid-back nature, seeking Mo Hua for a chat was not only to relieve boredom but also showed his care, something Mo Hua could appreciate.

Zhang Lan gave Mo Hua one last look, thinking how well-liked the lad was.

Not to mention the demon hunter, even that young man named Da Zhu who stood up to Qian Xing did something commendable, along with many fellow cultivators in the neighborhood who were quite friendly toward Mo Hua.

As for the cultivator who used illusions, it was unlikely they had no connection to Mo Hua at all.

Who would go out of their way to terrorize a member of an unrelated clan?

Zhang Lan shook his head and bid Mo Hua farewell, "Take care, Uncle Zhang!" Mo Hua waved his little hand as Zhang Lan walked away.

After Zhang Lan left, Mo Hua sat at the table, rifling through his storage bag filled with array diagrams, feeling somewhat regretful.

It was a pity that Qian Xing no longer sought trouble, rendering these array diagrams useless.

And that illusion—could it have been Aunt Xue's doing?

Mo Hua pondered with doubt.

The next day, Mo Hua went to consult Mr. Zhuang about array formations, then visited the Bai siblings.

Bai Zisheng was dozing off, while Bai Zixi was engrossed in her book.

Mo Hua quietly watched Bai Zixi, trying to discern if she knew anything. However, Bai Zixi's face revealed nothing beyond her beauty.

Feeling Mo Hua's gaze, Bai Zixi turned her head and curiously looked back at him.

Their eyes met, and Mo Hua whispered, "Was Aunt Xue at home three nights ago?"

Bai Zixi paused, then with a half-smile, replied, "It seems she was not."

"Oh," Mo Hua acknowledged, deciding not to probe further.

After a moment, he whispered again, "My family made some osmanthus cakes. Would you like some?"

Bai Zixi nodded, and Mo Hua, smiling with narrowed eyes, focused back on his book without further conversation.

With Qian Xing's matter resolved, Mo Hua could now concentrate on his cultivation.

He aimed to reach the fifth layer of Qi cultivation soon

so he could learn more spells.

Mo Hua was particularly excited about spellcasting, though he dismissed the idea of mastering illusion techniques like Zhang Lan's, considering simpler spells like igniting a flame or conducting electricity manageable.

However, cultivation was a gradual process—daily absorption of spiritual energy and conversion into spiritual power had its limits, dependent on routine practice. Wishing to speed it up or slow it down wasn't much of an option.

Based on his current progress, reaching the fifth layer of Qi cultivation seemed a ways off.

In terms of array formation, Mo Hua could now design arrays containing up to seven array patterns, but eight patterns remained out of reach.

His spiritual sense might not be strong enough, which made learning somewhat forced, as eight patterns were generally the limit for ordinary array masters. Mo Hua, already capable of drawing seven patterns, was genuinely a proficient junior array master.

And beyond eight patterns was the ninth—the entry point to becoming a first-class array master!

Reaching nine patterns would qualify him for the rigorous, stringent assessment reserved for first-class array masters.

Mo Hua had heard that the array master's examination was among the most demanding and difficult in all cultivation practices.

"I wonder what kind of arrays will be tested?"

Mo Hua felt nervous yet excited.

Becoming a first-class array master meant earning spiritual stones monthly without any active duties. Even if an accident made further cultivation impossible, he wouldn't starve, thanks to the basic support provided.

Mo Hua envied this greatly.

But in the entire Tongxian City, including all clans and sects, few could pass the assessment to become a first-class array master, especially someone from a humble background like a wandering cultivator, showing how challenging the array master assessment truly was.

Mo Hua could draw eight array patterns, and though just one step from nine seemed close, it felt infinitely far.

Previously, he practiced array formations day and night, feeling his spiritual sense steadily growing. But now, as the arrays became more complex and frequent, the growth of his spiritual sense felt less noticeable.

How long it would take to reach nine patterns was uncertain.

Mo Hua consulted Mr. Zhuang about this issue.

Mr. Zhuang looked complicated, and for the first time, Mo Hua saw such an expression on his face.

"Aren't you aware that your realm is too low?"

Mr. Zhuang silently observed Mo Hua, "No matter how strong your spiritual sense, its foundation is ultimately your cultivation realm."

Mo Hua realized he had asked a foolish question.

A cultivator's physical body and spiritual power are limited, naturally dependent on their cultivation realm. Without breaking through to a higher realm, neither strength nor physical capabilities would improve.

Cultivators work on their bodies and spiritual power, but not on spiritual sense, something Mo Hua momentarily forgot.

"Thank you for your guidance, Mr. Zhuang."

Mo Hua, slightly embarrassed, asked a few more questions before standing to leave.

"Spiritual sense is limited..." Mr. Zhuang watched Mo Hua's small figure disappear around the corner of the path, pondering for a long time before chuckling to himself, "I've taught so many cultivators, but it seems I've never said this before..."

After a moment, Mr. Zhuang looked toward Mo Hua, who was drawing arrays under the large locust tree, his gaze profound, "Is spiritual sense really limited..."