

The Quest 581

Chapter 581: Si Water (2)

But this threshold seemed like a chasm in the heavens.

Relying on Drawing Formation to cultivate Divine Sense every day was like a cup of water.

This cup of water, upon entering the chasm, would instantly disappear without a trace.

To fill up this heavenly chasm and break through the bottleneck, who knew how many years and months it would take...

The Ultimate Formation with twelve stripes offered only limited enhancement of Divine Sense.

Even if one learned the Formation with thirteen stripes, it probably wouldn't be much better.

Mr. Zhuang's gaze became focused as he spoke slowly,

"The enhancement of Divine Sense is just one aspect..."

"Even if your Divine Sense cannot be enhanced to fourteen stripes, building your Foundation Establishment with the thirteen stripes Divine Sense, this set of Formation, is something you must learn!"

Mr. Zhuang's tone was solemn, his expression serious.

Mo Hua felt a slight chill in his heart, "Master, is there something special about this set of Formation?"

Mr. Zhuang did not answer directly but instead asked,

"Mo Hua, what do you think sets you apart from Zisheng and Zixi?"

Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi were both somewhat astonished, then looked at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua scratched his head.

The differences between him and his Junior Brother and Junior Sister were too many to count.

The only similarity might be that they were all Mr. Zhuang's disciples.

"Junior Brother and Junior Sister come from Noble Clans, with good talent, good Spiritual Roots, and good inheritance?"

Mo Hua said meekly.

Mr. Zhuang nodded and sighed,

"You might not feel it deeply now, but when you venture into the broader Cultivation World, you will understand that family background, Spiritual Roots, and inheritance are all cold and cruel barriers that separate the upper Noble Clans from the lower Loose Cultivators."

"There are some things Noble Family Descendants can do, but Loose Cultivators cannot."

"Paths they can walk are inaccessible to you."

"They are born with good Spiritual Roots, without worries for food and clothing, abundant Spirit Stones, rich in Spiritual Objects, only needing to cultivate, with others handling any troubles that arise, and someone to plan their Tao Cultivation path."

Mr. Zhuang looked at Mo Hua, his gaze warm but tinged with pity,

"But you can't, you must walk your future path on your own; earn your Spirit Stones on your own; if you offend others, there's no one to back you up; if you encounter trouble, you have to resolve it by yourself..."

"However, your talent in Formation is extremely good, and your comprehension is also very high. In the future, you will inevitably intersect with the many Proud Sons of Heaven from the Great Clans, Great Sects, and even the Central Tao Court, and perhaps even have a decisive contest."

"When the Proud Sons of Heaven contend, not having a Clan or a Sect is your greatest disadvantage."

"And you can't even do body refinement, the dangers you will encounter in the future are immense..."

...

Mo Hua's expression grew solemn.

Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi looked at Mo Hua, worry in their eyes.

Bai Zisheng thought for a moment, made a silent resolution, and said,

"Master, don't worry, as the Junior Brother, I will definitely protect our Junior Brother! He is my disciple brother and is also considered a member of our Bai Family; I won't let anyone bully him!"

Mr. Zhuang was slightly startled, looking at Bai Zisheng with both surprise and relief.

The Bai Family... could actually raise such a child...

It is indeed rare.

Mr. Zhuang patted Bai Zisheng's shoulder, "It's good that you have this intention..."

Mr. Zhuang's words were implicit, as there were some things he did not say outright.

Because the Noble Clans have always been devoid of warmth.

And the Bai Family was no exception.

In the future, it's possible that both children, Zisheng and Zixi, may struggle for self-preservation...

Mr. Zhuang's gaze was complex, his heart sighing.

But these worries, of course, lay with the children's mother to be concerned about; he couldn't manage so much.

Mr. Zhuang then turned his gaze back to Mo Hua.

Mo Hua frowned in thought, his clear, large eyes blinking, then suddenly brightened as he looked at Mr. Zhuang and asked,

"Master, are you saying all this because it's related to the Formation I'm going to learn next?"

Mr. Zhuang felt a pang of emotion.

What a bright child, he grasped it instantly.

He nodded, "Correct."

Outside the window, the Si Water roared incessantly, meandering off into the distance.

Mr. Zhuang said, "The Proud Sons of Heaven of the Cultivation World's Nine States are as numerous as fish crossing a river..."

"Without exception, they all cultivate their own techniques, study their own Taoist Skills, all their abilities geared towards enhancing their own prowess in combat."

"They contend with each other, each wanting to rely on their own strength, to surpass the many geniuses, to be unrivaled."

"This is extremely difficult."

"It requires exceptional Spiritual Roots, a profound family background, unique opportunities, to cultivate a deep foundation, strong Taoist Skills, and superior Spiritual Artifacts, to outshine fellow cultivators and become a Proud Son of Heaven..."

Mr. Zhuang paused for a moment and glanced at Mo Hua,

"But you can't do this."

Mr. Zhuang enumerated Mo Hua's shortcomings once again,

"Your Spiritual Roots are lacking, your background inadequate, natural frailty, simple Spiritual Artifacts; although your Cultivation Technique is special, it doesn't enhance Spiritual Power, only your Formation is stronger than theirs."

"You have no advantage in direct contention."

"And some extremely rare Cultivation resources can only be obtained through direct contention."

"Therefore, you can't follow the same path as them, when contesting for opportunities, you can't rely on your own combat abilities like they do."

"You need methods of combat, but you can't focus mainly on offense."

"You can't rely on your own strength to overpower the Proud Sons of Heaven."

"So you must take a different path, not focusing on offense but assisting it..."

"Assisting offense?"

Mo Hua was stunned, not quite understanding.

Mr. Zhuang explained, "To put it simply, it means enhancing the power of others' Taoist Skills."

Mo Hua started to understand, but was still not entirely clear.

Main offense, assisting offense, what's the difference?

Chapter 582: Chapter Si Water (3)

Mr. Zhuang smiled faintly, his words carrying profound meaning:

"If you mainly cultivate in slaughter, you are competing with the Proud Sons of Heaven. You become their enemy, and they won't treat you kindly."

"But if you assist in slaughter, you can help them compete with other Proud Sons of Heaven, and then they will have to regard your opinion."

"The stronger your methods in assisting slaughter, the more they will hesitate to offend you."

"In this way, even though you lack a Noble Clan for support, any Noble Clan can become your assistance; and without a Sect for backing, any Sect can become your background."

"Among the utilitarian and power-driven forces of Tao Cultivation, and amidst the many exceptional cultivators with outstanding Spiritual Roots, Cultivation Techniques, and Taoist Skills, you too will have a place!"

Mr. Zhuang sighed.

"The first beam exposed to the weather rots first."

"You can't stand out, nor do you need to."

"Learn to hide in the shadows, learn to ride the currents of power. Only by navigating smoothly through the forces of Cultivation, where barriers are strict, interests clash, and competition is fierce, can you truly go far, progressively refining your Cultivation, mastering Formations, and seeking the true Great Dao..."

Having finished, Mr. Zhuang looked somewhat emotional.

When he was young, he simply hadn't grasped this concept.

Always striving to suppress his peers, arrogant and disdainful of the world, he was too rigid and eventually suffered a great loss...

Mo Hua suddenly saw the light.

Assisting in slaughter, avoiding the limelight, hiding in the shadows, learning to leverage.

Only by doing so could one secure a foothold in the closely guarded, interest-conflicted, fiercely competitive world of Cultivation forces.

His master had truly considered his future so far ahead...

Moved in his heart, Mo Hua was extremely grateful.

But all these seemed premature for him.

He hadn't even begun to establish his Foundation, let alone compete with the Proud Sons of Heaven.

Mulling things over, Mo Hua asked:

"Master, is the Five Element Ultimate Formation at the Li Mountain State Boundary an auxiliary formation for slaughter?"

Mr. Zhuang nodded, "At its core, the Five Element Ultimate Formation is a means to intensify the Five Elements Spiritual Power."

Five Elements Spiritual Power Intensification!

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, eager to ask more specifics, but Mr. Zhuang just smiled faintly, playing coy:

"You'll know when the time comes."

Mo Hua pouted.

But he didn't dare to reproach Mr. Zhuang in his heart.

If he did, Mr. Zhuang would know for certain and would knock on his little head.

Mo Hua could only ask other things:

"Master, what grade is the Dali Mountain State Boundary?"

"Third-Grade."

Mo Hua was astonished, it was actually Third-Grade!

"Doesn't that mean there will be Golden Core Cultivators?"

Mr. Zhuang nodded, "There are some, but not many. Dali Mountain is a rather remote area within the Third-Grade State Boundaries. The resources for Tao Cultivation are not abundant, and although it is ranked as Third-Grade, it cannot sustain many Golden Cores..."

"Only some larger Clans and Sects have Golden Core Cultivators at their helm."

"For ordinary cultivators, Foundation Establishment and Qi Refinement are still the main focus."

"Oh," Mo Hua nodded in understanding.

He wanted to ask more about the Five Element Ultimate Formation and the Dali Mountain State Boundary, but noticed Mr. Zhuang's weary expression, seemingly tired, so he said with concern:

"Master, you should rest for a while."

Looking outside, Mr. Zhuang appeared reflective:

"It's alright, maybe later, there's a Dragon Spring Waterfall up ahead that I want to see."

"Master, have you been here before?" Mo Hua couldn't help but ask.

Mr. Zhuang nodded, his expression turning somewhat wistful and nostalgic: "I have, but it was... a very long time ago..."

A very long time...

Just how long ago was that?

His master didn't seem that old...

Mo Hua thought to himself.

Looking up again, he saw Mr. Zhuang appeared fatigued, his gaze somewhat forlorn, lost in thought.

"Master, how much longer until we reach the Dragon Spring Waterfall?"

Mo Hua asked softly.

Mr. Zhuang came back to his senses and contemplated:

"I estimate, another two hours or so..."

After considering for a moment, Mo Hua suggested: "Then Master, you should sleep for a bit. When it's time, I'll wake you."

Mr. Zhuang looked surprised, then his expression softened with reassurance, and he acquiesced:

"Alright."

Mr. Zhuang closed his eyes peacefully and fell into a steady sleep.

Mo Hua sat upright, calculating the time while looking out the window.

He too wanted to see what Mr. Zhuang's described Dragon Spring Waterfall was like.

The carriage was quiet inside, while outside the Si Water was bustling.

The horse-drawn carriage followed the rushing water, heading south along the road, moving ever forward...

Chapter 583: Nine Layers (1)

Two hours later, Mo Hua caught sight of the Dragon Spring Waterfall.

Si Water cleaves the landscape, with green mountains and black cliffs.

The turbulent river water, like white silk ribbons, cascades and hangs inverted, forming the waterfall, which is then torn by rocks, spilling down like scattered silk.

Exquisitely spectacular.

Mo Hua and his two companions stared in amazement, their eyes shining brightly.

Tongxian City is relatively dry, with more mountains and fewer rivers.

Mo Hua had never seen such a large waterfall before.

Although Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi came from noble clans, they were raised within their families as children, and when they went out, they took main roads and traveled quickly, so they rarely saw such natural wonders.

Water droplets splashed on the rocks from the waterfall, round and smooth like jade.

The clouds between the mountains and the mist from the waterfall blurred into one, interweaving the sunlight into a gorgeous spectrum of colors.

Mo Hua was mesmerized, but soon a question arose:

"Master, why is this waterfall called the Dragon Spring Waterfall?"

It was just a waterfall, with neither dragons nor springs to be seen.

And it didn't look like a dragon, either.

Mr. Zhuang's gaze skimmed across the waterfall, looking towards the colorful mists, his expression somewhat wistful:

"There was once a sword hidden here, named Dragon Spring, so the waterfall was called after it."

"The Dragon Spring Sword..."

Mo Hua quietly repeated the name to himself and then asked, "Is it a good sword?"

Mr. Zhuang was momentarily startled, his gaze inscrutable as he murmured:

"It is a good sword, well suited to its master..."

It seemed he was recalling some past events, his gaze filled with both distant longing and unspeakable regret.

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, instantly understanding.

There must be a story here!

But he didn't ask; even if he did, his master certainly wouldn't tell.

"The Dragon Spring Sword..."

Mo Hua silently noted down the name of the sword.

...

After passing Dragon Spring Waterfall, the group continued southward.

The Dali Mountain State boundary was still far away.

The Cultivation World was vast, divided into the Nine States.

Each of the Nine States was expansive, stretching as far as the eye could see.

Within the Nine States, boundaries were also delineated according to ranks.

Each state boundary had different mountains and rivers, and cultivators built cities according to the terrain, their diets and customs varying, each with its own characteristics.

As Mo Hua traveled, he broadened his horizons and increased his knowledge.

When encountering some special ingredients, Mo Hua would buy them, ask the local cultivators how to prepare them, and then try cooking some dishes for Mr. Zhuang and his senior fellow disciples to taste.

Though not all were delicious, they certainly had distinct flavors and were quite special to eat.

Old Kui didn't like these meals.

He only enjoyed nuts like pine nuts and hazelnuts.

Sometimes, when Mo Hua found them, he would buy some and roast them for Old Kui.

Or, if Mo encountered unknown pine nuts, seeds, or fruits on some ancient trees in the mountains that weren't poisonous, he would pick some and roast them for Old Kui to taste.

In return, Old Kui often gave Mo Hua pointers on his spells:

"Your Fireball Technique is well-learned, and you use it well, but it's a bit impure."

Mo Hua also had this question.

The Fireball Technique he used in the real world was dark red, showing signs of becoming denser.

But the Fireball Technique he visualized in his Sea of Consciousness was bright red, with the Spiritual Power like threads, layered upon each other, forming a flame tangle intertwined with Spiritual Threads.

After explaining this to Old Kui, Mo Hua asked:

"Grandpa Gui, which direction should I choose for my cultivation?"

Whether to deepen his Spiritual Power or pursue Spiritual Power Silkification.

Old Kui shook his head:

"When two choices are presented before you, don't rush to pick one. Instead, consider if you can choose both."

"If you can choose both, then do so."

"If you can't, then make a choice."

"Cultivators who think about choosing one or the other from the start are blockheads."

Mo Hua opened his mouth in surprise.

He hadn't expected Old Kui, who was usually so serious, to say something like that.

"What if I can't choose either?" Mo Hua asked quietly.

"Then there's no use in dwelling on it. Things that can't be chosen, even if you consider them, are meaningless and just waste time," Old Kui replied.

Mo Hua nodded, finding these words to be very true.

He then remembered something else and frowned:

"Grandpa Gui, what if someone forces me to make a difficult choice?"

Old Kui replied straightforwardly: "Then you just kill that person!"

Mo Hua was stunned.

Old Kui continued: "Kill that person, and no one will force you to choose, and then you can have it all."

"What if I can't beat him, what if I can't kill him?"

"Then you can only blame your own incompetence," Old Kui said hoarsely, "In such a situation, being forced into it, it really doesn't matter how you choose."

Mo Hua nodded, "So you really need to be strong, that way you can choose what you want in the future..."

After pondering deeply for a moment, Mo Hua suddenly realized he had strayed off-topic and brought the conversation back to the matter of spells:

"Grandpa Gui, can I choose both forms of the Fireball Technique?"

Old Kui nodded, "A deep red fireball represents the state of Spiritual Power, and a thread-like fireball represents the form of Spiritual Power. They are not in conflict and can both be chosen, but..."

Old Kui glanced at Mo Hua, "it's difficult."

Mo Hua asked, "What should I do?"

Old Kui was hesitant; he didn't want to say much initially, but considering the empty pine nut shells he had cracked, he felt a bit obliged and said:

"It's a bit early for you to learn this, but you can start getting an idea."

Mo Hua immediately sat up straight, listening attentively.

But instead of speaking, Old Kui took out a tuft of cotton from nowhere.

This tuft of cotton was just ordinary cotton.

With a clench of Old Kui's palm, the cotton was pressured, compressing and twisting on its own into a cotton thread.

Chapter 584: Nine Layers (2)

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, as if in deep thought.

After creating the wad of cotton, Old Kui took out another bunch of cotton and processed it the same way, compressing it before twisting it into another cotton thread...

Until he had formed more than a dozen threads.

Old Kui's gaze turned cold, and his Divine Sense made a move.

The dozen or so cotton threads twisted and tangled instantly, seemingly chaotic yet rhythmically coming together, weaving into a ball of thread.

This ball of thread was the same size as the previous wad of cotton.

But the inner structure was completely different.

Old Kui looked at Mo Hua and asked, "Do you understand now?"

Mo Hua frowned and honestly said:

"I understand... a little bit..."

"No matter, remember what you've seen," he responded.

Old Kui raised his hand, and the freshly twisted ball of thread instantly vanished into ash, leaving no trace in his palm.

"The principles of complex spells often hide in the simplest, most mundane things."

"Like this ball of thread."

"And like every mountain and river, every cloud and rain, every grass and tree in this world..."

Mo Hua nodded and said frankly:

"Grandpa Gui, I'll remember it, but I don't quite understand it yet..."

Old Kui's mouth curled slightly into a smile that didn't quite look like a smile, "Don't worry, observe more, learn more, think more, and the day you understand will come."

"Yes!" Mo Hua nodded seriously.

Old Kui thought for a moment and then said:

"I'll demonstrate this spell technique just once, watch carefully."

Mo Hua's spirits lifted.

Old Kui spread his palm open, and a fireball appeared, gaseous and pale red in color. Then, as Old Kui guided with his Divine Sense, the Spiritual Power compressed inward, solidifying into a strand of deep red fire.

The fire strand, containing astonishing Spiritual Power, hovered in midair.

Then another fireball formed in Old Kui's palm.

And again, the fireball solidified into a fire strand.

After more than ten rounds, Old Kui's palm no longer held fireballs but instead bore over a dozen deep red, fiercely hot fire strands.

Old Kui's gaze deepened, and his Divine Thought took action.

The fire strands entwined together, condensing into a small fireball.

This Fireball Technique, woven with fire strands, looked less like a fireball and more like a Spiritual Power ball woven from flames.

Multiple compressions, reconstruction of Spiritual Power.

It seemed like a simple Fireball Technique, yet it emanated an astonishing aura.

With a casual flick, Old Kui sent the fireball flying swiftly into the raging river nearby.

An ear-piercing noise erupted.

Like cold water poured into hot oil, the surface of the river boiled over immediately.

Mo Hua looked in the direction of the sound, his mouth agape.

A large river, the vast surface of the water, was evaporated by the tiny Fireball Technique, creating a huge cavity.

Mists formed around it from the evaporated water, and steam billowed.

After a short while, the river water rushed back in.

The sound of surging tides broke out.

The river poured into the void, and a massive whirlpool formed on the previously calm surface.

Mo Hua's mood, like the river water, couldn't calm down for a long time.

The Spiritual Power Old Kui had just used was merely Qi Refinement, and the Spell he wielded was only a first-grade Fireball Technique.

But could a Fireball Technique really produce such immense destructive power?

Mo Hua looked at Old Kui, his expression full of shock and admiration.

Old Kui appeared comfortable, but his expression remained indifferent.

He patted Mo Hua's shoulder, "Remember this, practice and learn more."

Mo Hua nodded somewhat dazedly.

Old Kui left contentedly.

Aside, Mr. Zhuang complained to him, "Why teach him such a thing?"

"If he can learn, why shouldn't I teach him?"

"You're teaching him even though he doesn't know what this is?"

Old Kui didn't speak for a while but finally said quietly:

"I'm afraid if I don't teach him now, I won't have the chance later..."

Old Kui turned his head to look at Mr. Zhuang again, "Don't you think the same?"

Mr. Zhuang paused at these words, staying silent for a long time before letting out a helpless sigh.

...

Yet Mo Hua's expression was exhilarated.

Such a powerful Fireball Technique!

This power completely exceeded his understanding.

Eager to try it himself, Mo Hua immediately attempted to reproduce it but found that he couldn't do it at all.

The principle seemed simple: Spiritual Power was like cotton, first condensing Spiritual Power into fine threads, then weaving those threads into a ball...

But in reality, it was not the case.

Mo Hua's Divine Sense was already very strong, at the pinnacle of the Foundation Establishment with Thirteen Stripes, having cultivated the Heaven Yan Jue and learned the Spiritual Pivot Formation; even his control over Spiritual Power was not weak.

However, even with such strong Divine Sense and such intricate control, he couldn't even turn Spiritual Power into a thin thread.

Mo Hua was somewhat surprised, somewhat disappointed.

But after thinking about it, he felt it was normal.

If a spell of such great power could be learned so easily, that would truly be daydreaming.

Mo Hua imprinted every detail of Old Kui's spellcasting completely in his mind.

Whenever he had free time, he pondered over it, hoping that one day he too could wield a Fireball Technique with such terrifying power...

Mo Hua looked forward with expectation.

Whether it was Formation or Spell.

There was still so much he had to learn.

As long as he continued to study, one day he would be able to integrate everything, master profound Formations, and control powerful Spells.

...

The rest of the journey passed mostly without incident.

Even though they traveled day and night, enduring wind and dew, it was not too harsh.

Mo Hua used what was available locally, making a variety of meals; his culinary skills improved daily, and the food he made became more and more delicious.

The carriage moved leisurely along.

Mr. Zhuang rested on the carriage, while Mo Hua and the other three gathered around a small table, either Drawing Formation, reading books, or doing various Tao Cultivation exercises.

Occasionally, during a rest, when they had ample time, Mo Hua would play a few games of chess with Old Kui.

Chapter 585: 522

They still played the simple game of Five Elements Chess.

The two played joyfully.

Although Mr. Zhuang had seen it all before, he was still somewhat surprised. He hadn't expected that Mo Hua could really engage in a game of chess with Old Kui.

Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi, however, were somewhat confused.

Sometimes, when Mo Hua went shopping for vegetables, walked Big White, or was looking for Formation materials, they too played several games with Old Kui.

But without exception, they were all scorned by Old Kui.

Old Kui found Bai Zixi too clever. When playing Five Elements Chess, she was also extremely cunning, never giving up a single piece.

He found fault with Bai Zisheng for being too rash.

It was fine that he ate every day, but when it came to playing Five Elements Chess, he only knew how to "capture" without any true skill.

Mo Hua, on the other hand, was different.

When he played chess, it was a natural process.

He neither deliberately overthought each move, nor was he recklessly greedy.

Of course, the main reason was that both their skills in chess were "evenly matched," without the desire for profit or victory, playing purely for fun.

Mo Hua played chess with Old Kui.

And Old Kui would carve some puppets for Mo Hua.

At first, it was just small and large tigers, but as Old Kui's cough got worse, he began to accept Mo Hua's various requests.

All sorts of strange and unusual Monster Beasts—wolves, insects, tigers, leopards.

Whenever Mo Hua saw one, he would pester Old Kui to carve one for him.

After the carving was done, Mo Hua would then draw the Spiritual Pivot Formation on them.

Then he could control a bunch of Monster Beast puppets, chasing, frolicking, and play-fighting on the grass, both novel and lively.

Since Old Kui had carved for Mo Hua, he felt it wouldn't be right to favor one over another.

He also carved some puppets for Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi.

For Bai Zisheng, it was an Azure Dragon; magnificent, yet unable to fly. Even with the Spiritual Pivot Formation, it could only crawl on the ground.

For Bai Zixi, it was a colorful phoenix.

Besides the Spiritual Pivot Formation, the phoenix's wings were also adorned with the Five-Color Formation by Mo Hua.

Once the feathers were spread out, it resembled a peacock's splendid tail—vibrant and glittering with spiritual light, and very gorgeous...

Afterward, whenever they were idle, Bai Zisheng would frolic on the grass with Mo Hua, controlling his Azure Dragon, engaging in a fierce battle with Mo Hua's control of small and large tigers and numerous Monster Beasts.

Bai Zixi, on the other hand, would hold the beautiful phoenix to the side, watching Mo Hua and Bai Zisheng play happily, her eyes clear like autumn water, cupping a shallow smile...

...

And so, the group continued on their way.

They crossed mountains, forded streams, witnessed the sunrise and sunset, and watched the clouds roll by.

Along the way, they also encountered many people and events.

Some were shortsighted Bandit Cultivators, vicious Sin Cultivators, and those who did not follow the Righteous Dao, the Evil Cultivators.

But most of them were not highly Cultivated, nor were their Taoist Skills strong.

Bai Zisheng, alone with his spear, could hold them off.

Mo Hua watched from the sidelines, occasionally controlling the scene with the Water Prison Technique or supplementing with the Fireball Technique, easily defeating them.

Mostly, though, were the poor and distressed Loose Cultivators.

Just like in Tongxian City, South Yue City, and the other ordinary Little Immortal Cities.

The life of a Loose Cultivator was often not easy.

Those standing at the top only see beautiful and splendid views.

Only those who truly set foot on the ground know how fickle the world can be and how much suffering the people endure.

A Formation Master should comprehend the Heavenly Dao and benefit all beings.

Mo Hua kept these words in mind, and when he encountered people in poverty and suffering, he did what he could, drawing Formations to help them.

Through the long journey, with the steady pace of horse hooves.

Half a year later, Mo Hua finally arrived at the Dali Mountain State Boundary of the Third Grade.

By this time, Mo Hua was fourteen years old, and his Cultivation, through cumulative practice, had reached the Qi Refining Ninth Level.

He was only a step away from Foundation Establishment.

Chapter 586: Li Mountain City (1)

At fourteen, Qi Refinement Ninth Level, Divine Sense with Thirteen Stripes.

From Qi Refining Eighth Level to Ninth Level, although his realm broke through and his Divine Sense also grew a bit,

This kind of growth, after all, was only within the Qi-refining Realm. In front of a Foundation Establishment Divine Sense, it seemed rather unimpressive.

It was tasteless, but too precious to discard.

It was also insufficient to break through the bottleneck and reach the Fourteen Stripes of Foundation Establishment.

Mo Hua's Divine Sense still peaked at Thirteen Stripes.

It wasn't even much stronger than the previous peak at Thirteen Stripes.

Inside the carriage, Mo Hua sighed.

It seemed this bottleneck was yet another tough threshold.

Similar to the threshold from Qi Refinement to Foundation Establishment, from Thirteen to Fourteen Stripes was the barrier from the Initial Stage of Foundation Establishment to the Middle Stage. It appeared to be a difference of only one Stripe, but the gap between them was unfathomably deep.

Mo Hua couldn't see the bottom.

So tough at Foundation Establishment, then what about the Golden Core Realm?

Mo Hua poked his head out and glanced at the sky.

The territory he was currently in was the Third-Grade Dali Mountain State Boundary.

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In the Third-Grade State Boundary, the upper limit of Cultivation that a cultivator could utilize was the Golden Core Realm!

"The Third-Grade State Boundary, huh..."

Mo Hua muttered to himself.

This was the first time he had come to a state boundary above Second Grade.

Mo Hua took a deep breath and felt that the atmosphere around him was different — the earth was more expansive, and the sky seemed higher.

Of course, it could be that the Third-Grade State Boundary was indeed larger.

Or it might just be his own illusion...

Mo Hua looked up at the sky again.

Although he couldn't see it now, there was a Large Formation in the heavens.

When he obliterated Feng Xi, he had seen it with his own eyes: blood-red lightning descended, frighteningly enigmatic, roaming above his head, and then gradually dissipated.

As the lightning faded, within the clouds, there were inconceivable Formation Patterns.

One of these Patterns he had memorized onto a Taoist Stele.

This Pattern was an Immortal Pattern.

Far beyond what Mo Hua's current realm could comprehend.

Mo Hua hadn't even dared to look at it, fearful that a single glance would drain his Divine Sense, crack his Sea of Consciousness, and bring endless trouble.

Furthermore, this was an Immortal Pattern from the lightning tribulation, containing the Laws of annihilation.

Laws are unreasonable.

If he looked too much and triggered the Immortal Pattern, getting annihilated on the spot, even his master, no matter how powerful, would probably be unable to save him...

He would leave it for later, when his realm was higher and his Divine Sense stronger, to cautiously comprehend.

Mo Hua looked down at his little hand again.

Now, flowing within his body was the Spiritual Power of Qi Refinement Ninth Level!

At Qi Refinement Ninth Level, the Spiritual Power had deepened a bit.

At the same time, his Spell's power had also grown stronger.

Even relying solely on "Divine Sense compression", with the "Only speed is unbeatable" Fireball Technique, he could generally defeat other cultivators at the Qi Refinement Ninth Level.

Of course, that excluded his Junior Brother and Junior Sister.

They could hold their own against those in Foundation Establishment.

Currently, Mo Hua was no match for Foundation Building Cultivators.

Unless he utilized the Formation Collapse...

Otherwise, it'd be a fifty-fifty chance.

And it's the kind of fifty-fifty where "one stands on invincible ground".

He couldn't kill them, they couldn't chase, catch, or even see him...

"Just not sure if after my Foundation Establishment, when my Divine Sense improves further and my spells become stronger, can I face off against other Foundation Building Cultivators directly..."

Mo Hua couldn't help but ponder it in his heart.

His facial expression changed by the moment—sometimes happy, sometimes expectant, sometimes worried, and sometimes frowning in deep thought...

Mr. Zhuang watched with interest and smiled gently,

"Thinking about Foundation Establishment again?"

Mo Hua came back to his senses and nodded with a smile.

"There's no need to rush," Mr. Zhuang nodded slightly, "Cultivate a bit deeper, reach Nine-layer perfection, and then you can attempt Foundation Establishment. As for the Divine Sense, don't force it — let it be..."

Looking at it now, a Qi-refining Cultivator reaching Fourteen Stripes of Divine Sense was indeed too difficult.

Even Mo Hua might find it somewhat impossible...

After a moment of contemplation, Mr. Zhuang continued, "If it really doesn't work out, peak Thirteen Stripes at Foundation Establishment is also acceptable."

Mo Hua felt a bit regretful and worried,

"Won't that be less powerful?"

Mr. Zhuang hesitated for a moment, looking at Mo Hua with a complex gaze,

"You're currently at Qi Refinement Ninth Level with peak Thirteen Stripes of Divine Sense, which is very... impressive already..."

Which family's Qi-refining Cultivator could have the Divine Sense of the peak of the Initial Stage of Foundation Establishment?

It's Divine Sense, after all, which is elusive and difficult to cultivate, strengthen, and enhance...

Not simply nurtured by Spirit Stones like Spiritual Power.

To have Divine Sense advance by a whole realm is already inconceivable.

"Oh." Mo Hua scratched his head.

If master says it's impressive, then it should be okay.

Then, he thought of another question,

"Master, shouldn't I polish my realm?"

Mo Hua glanced at Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi, "Like my Junior Brother and Junior Sister..."

He had heard from Zhang Lan that descendants of Noble Clans need to lay a solid foundation before Foundation Establishment so that their Cultivation is stable and they can go further in the future.

Zhang Lan himself had taken a long time to refine his foundation in the Qi-refining Realm.

Despite being from a noble clan, he was of such age and still only at Qi Refinement Ninth Level; only later, for the sake of battling the Big Demon and being safe, did he break through to Foundation Establishment.

Of course, Mo Hua figured that he probably had a falling out with his clan and was a bit rebellious, hence he deliberately stagnated, otherwise he wouldn't have waited so long to establish his Foundation.

But for his Junior Brother and Junior Sister, it was a different story.

The three of them spent their days together.

Mo Hua watched them cultivate every day; each time they practiced, their Spiritual Power became more condensed, their Cultivation deeper, their auras stronger.

Accumulating day by day, though their realms hadn't increased, their Cultivation was exceptionally solid.

It was even comparable to Foundation Establishment...

Mo Hua reminisced for a moment.

Chapter 587: Li Mountain City 2

When we first met, I was only at the Qi Refinement third level, while they were already in the later stages. Now I've reached the Qi Refining Ninth Level, and they are still at the same level.

"The talent of my fellow disciples is so strong, yet they have suppressed their realm for such a long time."

"With my poor Spiritual Root, not suppressing at all... is that not quite right...?"

Mo Hua looked at Mr. Zhuang somewhat puzzled.

Mr. Zhuang's expression then became subtle.

After some thought, he decided to tell the truth:

"This... you don't need to suppress..."

"Your senior brothers and sisters, they have Heavenly... top-grade Spiritual Roots, the Cultivation Techniques they practice are high-grade ones that cycle perfectly through the meridians, and the Taoist Skills they learn are the ultimate techniques passed down by their Noble Clan's Sect Protecting Faction..."

"For a Noble Clan like the Bai Family, there's not much difference between Foundation Establishment and Qi Refining..."

"The Clan's expectations of them are not merely to reach Foundation Establishment, but to ensure a solid foundation to break through to higher levels of Cultivation."

"The Clan's heritage is enough to support their Cultivation."

"Once they reach the perfection in Qi Refinement and have built a solid foundation, the quality transformation of their fully cycled Spiritual Power will lay the foundation for the Great Dao."

"In the future, they'll have sufficient Spiritual Power to wield powerful high-grade Taoist Skills and enough foundation to seek higher realms..."

"That is the path of the Noble Clans' Proud Sons of Heaven; they have to refine their realm..."

Mr. Zhuang glanced at Mo Hua, "For you, it doesn't matter..."

Trying to be tactful, Mr. Zhuang still said somewhat painfully:

"Your Spiritual Root is somewhat poor, your physique rather weak, and you can't compare to them in terms of inheritance, so you don't need to worry about that. Whether or not you refine your realm, it doesn't really make a difference..."

"Just keep cultivating, and break through when you can. Even though you have less Spiritual Power and weaker Blood Qi, at least your Divine Sense is strong..."

"A single excellence can cover many faults..."

"As long as your Divine Sense is strong, everything else can be managed..."

...

Mo Hua's expression was complex.

For a moment, he didn't know if his master was praising him or belittling him...

Mo Hua sighed and then thought that maybe this was for the best. There was no need to painstakingly refine his cultivation level, which would save him worry, effort, and Spirit Stones.

After all, his Spiritual Root was what it was, and the situation was just so; it couldn't be changed. So, make do with what he had, and being able to achieve Foundation Establishment would be good enough...

Mo Hua leveled his frame of mind.

No matter how good others were, that was their fortune.

It had nothing to do with oneself.

Just cultivate your own Tao.

Mo Hua's gaze became serene, and he nodded slightly.

Seeing Mo Hua's expression, Mr. Zhuang was slightly taken aback, then nodded gently, and thought to himself:

"This child, his temperament is truly good..."

...

The carriage traveled on, journeying over ten more days. They finally passed through the mountain roads of the Dali Mountain State Boundary and arrived at Li Mountain City.

Li Mountain City, a Third Grade Immortal City, was picturesque, with its city walls grand and awe-inspiring. The city's caves and buildings glowed with gold, displaying a kind of air.

Most Cultivators in the city were of the Qi Refinement and Foundation Establishment stages, with some at the Golden Core, though not many.

The destination of this trip was the largest and the only Third Grade Sect in the entire Li Mountain City:

The Five Elements Sect.

Before heading to the Five Elements Sect, Mo Hua and his companions checked into an inn for a brief rest.

Mo Hua first made sure Big White was settled, instructing the innkeeper to feed it top-grade fodder. Watching it eat contentedly, he patted Big White's mane before leaving.

He then ordered some dried fruits, refreshments, and tea, bringing them to Mr. Zhuang's room.

Old Kui was nowhere to be found.

Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi sat respectfully, listening to Mr. Zhuang speak of something.

Mo Hua placed the meals on the table.

These dishes were all personally selected by Mo Hua.

The way they were prepared and the flavors were all based on Mo Hua's instructions.

Food that the Master, fellow disciples, and Old Kui all enjoyed.

Famished from a day's travel, Bai Zisheng smelled the fragrance of the dishes and couldn't help but take a glance, then quickly composed himself again and listened attentively to Mr. Zhuang.

Mr. Zhuang couldn't help but smile slightly, and then said:

"Let's eat first."

Bai Zisheng's eyes lit up, his respect mixed with excitement as he said:

"Yes, Master!"

While eating, Mo Hua chatted with his fellow disciples about their observations in the city.

They talked about the various distinctive Cultivators they had seen, the different local customs, and the Market Town where all sorts of eye-catching Spiritual Artifacts, Pills, and Formation Books were displayed.

Mo Hua marveled inwardly.

Sure enough, a Third Grade Immortal City was different.

On the streets, he saw many Foundation Building Cultivators.

The Spiritual Artifacts and Pills displayed in the Market Town included not a few of Second Grade quality, and Mo Hua even saw a Second Grade Formation Book.

He wanted to flip through it, but the stall owner wouldn't allow it.

The owner even said things like, "What's a child doing looking at Formation Books? These books aren't for you to read, don't exhaust your Divine Sense..."

Mo Hua harbored no ill will, letting the matter go.

He was indeed not at the level to learn Second Grade Formations, perusing would be futile. Enjoy new tales from

What's more, these Second Grade Formation Books were quite expensive, and the formations recorded inside, just by their names, were all rather common and not worth the waste of Spirit Stones.

He was nearing Foundation Establishment, and needed to conserve his Spirit Stones...

However, Mo Hua also noticed something odd.

It seemed like most of Li Mountain City was occupied by Cultivators running stores, Market Towns, and market stalls selling various items for Tao Cultivation.

Most Loose Cultivators were also traders.

There weren't those Loose Cultivators engaged in labor, earning Spirit Stones as Spirit Farmers, Mining Cultivators, Monster Hunters, or Craftsmen.

Mo Hua found it somewhat puzzling and asked Mr. Zhuang about it.

Mr. Zhuang said: "That's the nature of a Formation Sect..."

"The Five Elements Sect?"

"Correct," Mr. Zhuang nodded, "The Five Elements Sect is an orthodox Sect founded on Formations. Most Cultivators within the Sect are Formation Masters."

Chapter 588: Li Mountain City (3)

"The Cultivation World esteemed Formations."

"While Cultivation emphasizes slaughter, only empowering oneself, Formations, on the other hand, can influence thousands of Cultivators."

"This is even more so for those Cultivation clans with significant strength and a multitude of Cultivators."

"Five Elements Sect, skilled in Formations, settled here, drawing numerous Cultivators, clans, and Sects to seek Formations, with some Cultivators even choosing to reside here permanently."

"Some Cultivation powers, in order to curry favor with Five Elements Sect, would station an Elder here, presenting gifts and paying visits during holidays and festivals."

"As interactions increased, the price of the residences here soared."

Mr. Zhuang spoke with some emotion, "Don't be fooled by its remoteness; the caves in this city are really beyond what ordinary Cultivators can afford."

"The high cost of caves leads to soaring prices for everything else."

"The Loose Cultivators of Li Mountain City rely on the blessings of their ancestors, barely scraping by in shelters, barely getting by; otherwise, they would not survive."

"In the long run, the number of Cultivators in the whole Li Mountain City has dwindled..."

Mo Hua expressed his doubts, "I see the streets bustling though."

Mr. Zhuang shook his head, "Cultivators live long lives, so one shouldn't just look at the present but must take a longer view."

"Hundreds of years ago, I came here, and there were many more Cultivators than now."

"These days, the number of Cultivators is fewer..."

"The bustling pavilions and towers are only surface-level prosperity; without people, they are ultimately just as fleeting as the moon reflected in water or flowers in a mirror."

Mo Hua nodded thoughtfully. [Explore more stories with](#)

Then he asked, "But all this has nothing to do with Five Elements Sect, right? They can't control others buying caves at high prices..."

Mr. Zhuang shook his head, "Five Elements Sect has been fanning the flames..."

"Fanning the flames?" Mo Hua didn't quite understand.

Mr. Zhuang explained, "Hundreds of years ago, Five Elements Sect had fallen into decline. It was the founder of Five Elements Sect who, wanting to revitalize the Sect, moved the Sect to the remote Li Mountain City."

"Li Mountain City is remote and free from disturbances."

"The founder of Five Elements Sect wanted the disciples to focus on their studies of Formations without distraction and also attract other Formation Masters to exchange and study Formation knowledge, making Li Mountain City a place for Formation Masters to pursue their studies, truly a city of Formation Study."

"Indeed, this move had a significant effect."

"Five Elements Sect steadily grew stronger, the atmosphere of Formation Study intensified, and Li Mountain City flourished, becoming a favored place among Formation Masters."

Mr. Zhuang sighed, "But later on, it was no longer so..."

"As Formation Masters gathered, the value of residences skyrocketed, and Li Mountain City became worth its weight in gold."

"Their founder's painstaking efforts ultimately proved of less importance than real Spirit Stones..."

"The later generations of Five Elements Sect disciples began to have other ideas; they tore down buildings that were once for the use of Formation Masters to study and exchange ideas, and built luxurious caves instead, which they sold and rented out at high prices to make enormous sums of Spirit Stones."

"They didn't have to do anything, Spirit Stones simply rolled into their accounts."

"This abundance of easily acquired Spirit Stones led the Sect's disciples to become indolent and indulgent, no longer devoted to studying Formations or seeking the truths of the Heavenly Dao."

"However, while Five Elements Sect seemed to profit immensely from this, that wealth was bought with the hardships of their ancestors and their prospects for the future."

"The lifework of their ancestors was also lost in the process."

"Caves became too expensive, ordinary Cultivators couldn't afford them, and gradually left."

"And the talented Formation Masters from modest backgrounds who couldn't afford such expensive residences had no choice but to leave as well."

"The disciples of Five Elements Sect, being all too rich in Spirit Stones and indulging in luxury, also stopped bothering to learn Formations."

"The Formation atmosphere in the entirety of Li Mountain City thinned as well."

"The standard of Formations at Five Elements Sect declined time and again, and some Formations were lost..."

Mr. Zhuang's expression turned grave as he remarked:

"Whether it's Formation Masters or Formation Sects, in the end, they must root themselves in Formations and not be short-sighted in the pursuit of profit; otherwise, once prosperity fades, what remains is desolation."

Mo Hua also felt a chill in his heart.

A place where Formation Masters converged to study... What kind of scene that must have been...

Mo Hua both longed for and regretted it, prompting him to ask:

"Teacher, didn't Five Elements Sect think about changing?"

A Sect that large, with so many Formation Masters—you'd think that while some may be profit-driven, there would still be those who could see the bigger picture.

Mr. Zhuang sighed:

"It's too late to turn back now..."

"The entire Sect, accustomed to making Spirit Stones with ease, from top to bottom, is entrenched in their interests; whoever thinks about change, faces the opposition of the whole Sect."

"They lack both the courage and the ability to do so."

"Even if there is someone with the ability to change, they might not wish to, because those with the power to make a change are likely those who have profited the most..."

Changing longstanding habits is a painful process that starts with oneself.

Mo Hua couldn't help but sigh.

The affairs of this world are indeed complex.

Still, one matter weighed on his mind.

Mo Hua inquired, "Teacher, you mentioned that Five Elements Sect was in decline, and it was the old founder who moved the Sect to Li Mountain City..."

"What was Five Elements Sect like before its decline?"

Mr. Zhuang's demeanor became solemn as he reflected:

"That was thousands of years ago..."

"Back then, even if Five Elements Sect wasn't considered the top Sect, it was still one of the paramount Formation Sects in the entire Cultivation World."

Mo Hua's mouth hung open in surprise.

He had never imagined that the ancestry of Five Elements Sect was so illustrious!

A premier Formation Sect in the entire Cultivation World.

That level of prestige...

"Was their inheritance that formidable?" Mo Hua asked in amazement.

"Indeed," Mr. Zhuang nodded:

"What Five Elements Sect was best known for, and what they relied upon, was a complete set of Formations ranging from low to high grade, capable of amplifying the Spiritual Power of the Five Elements!"

Mr. Zhuang looked at Mo Hua with a grave expression:

"And it is precisely the set of first-grade Thirteen Patterns Five Element Ultimate Formation that you must go learn and master."

Chapter 589: Five Elements Sect (1)

"Teacher, with this Five Element Ultimate Formation being so important, will they really let me learn it?"

Mo Hua asked with worry.

Mr. Zhuang calmly said, "They wouldn't dare not to let you learn!"

Mo Hua was startled and couldn't help asking,

"Teacher, do you have some kind of connection with the Five Elements Sect?"

Mr. Zhuang's gaze seemed distant, "Let's say there is..."

Mo Hua's face was filled with curiosity.

Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi were also looking at Mr. Zhuang. Experience tales at

After a moment of contemplation, Mr. Zhuang nodded and said, "There's no harm in telling you..."

"Precisely speaking, it's not just me who has a connection with them, but our entire sect has some connections with the Five Elements Sect..."

"Our sect?"

Mo Hua was somewhat astonished, then asked softly, "Teacher, do we still have a sect?"

"Yes."

"What is it?" Mo Hua was very curious.

Mr. Zhuang hesitated for a moment, speaking with a cryptic look, "It's declined, better left unsaid."

Mo Hua sighed, feeling somewhat disappointed.

Mr. Zhuang's eyes hid different emotions as he continued,

"The ancestors of the Five Elements Sect had a deep connection with our lineage."

"Our sect's Ancestral Master once saved the Five Elements Sect from a desperate situation."

"Out of gratitude for this debt, they imparted the Ultimate Formation of the Five Elements Sect to us."

"Since then, each generation of disciples from our sect has been able to study the Five Element Ultimate Formation at the Five Elements Sect, but the time was limited to only seven days."

"Moreover, this formation is the foundation of the Five Elements Sect's creation; the Ancestral Master also didn't wish to take advantage of them and thus decreed that only Qi Refinement disciples could comprehend this formation..."

Listening, Mo Hua nodded again and again, "Our Ancestral Master and the elders of the Five Elements Sect were both righteous, making concessions and not taking undue advantage."

Mr. Zhuang spoke with a smile that wasn't quite a smile, "That's only the surface."

Mo Hua was taken aback, "The surface?"

Mr. Zhuang nodded, "This story, I heard it from my master. At first, I had no doubts, but after coming into contact with the Five Elements Sect, I realized that things weren't as they seemed."

"In fact, this was a transaction."

"A transaction..."

Mo Hua opened his mouth slightly, thought for a moment, and then realized, expressing disbelief, "Could it be that our Ancestral Master wanted the Ultimate Formation of the Five Elements Sect and used this as leverage to save them?" RAN BĒS

"And the Five Elements Sect, for the survival of their sect, had no choice but to agree?"

Mr. Zhuang nodded, "Indeed, it was a transaction, the Five Elements Sect's exchange of the Ultimate Formation for survival."

Mr. Zhuang then cautioned Mo Hua,

"The affairs of the world are hard to distinguish between truth and falsehood, and one shouldn't completely believe the words of one side, even if the speaker is the Ancestral Master of our Sect."

"The Ancestral Master also had personal desires and would speak favorably for themselves."

"This matter, in the Five Elements Sect, is told in another way."

"In the eyes of the Five Elements Sect, it was our Ancestral Master who took advantage of their plight to make an excessive demand, and only then did they have to hand over their Sect Protecting Ultimate Formation."

"The Five Elements Sect was dissatisfied with this."

"Therefore, the Five Elements Sect also made a condition..."

Mo Hua's eyes shone slightly, "Is it that one can only learn it during the Qi Refinement state?"

Mr. Zhuang nodded, "Yes."

"At the Qi-refining Realm, one can at most become a first-grade Formation Master; even if one learns it, they can only reach first-grade. If a first-grade Ultimate Formation were leaked, it would have some impact but not be too serious."

"Without this restriction, any number of high-grade Formation Masters from the ancestors of our Sect could easily unveil the entire foundation of the Five Elements Sect."

"Moreover, this Five Elements Formation, with its Thirteen Stripes at first-grade, is extremely difficult to learn."

"Foundation Establishment might still have a chance to master it, but at the Qi Refinement level, it is almost impossible."

"With these conditions, the Five Elements Sect would reluctantly agree to the Ancestral Master's demands."

"The Ancestral Master didn't think too much about it."

"Being able to learn the Sect Protecting Ultimate Formation was good enough; the Five Elements Sect having these conditions was reasonable, so he didn't haggle."

"In the Ancestral Master's estimation, our faction, priding itself on Formations, had innumerable geniuses. To find a disciple in the Qi-refining Realm who could master the Five Element Ultimate Formation shouldn't be too easy, but neither should it be too hard..."

"But..."

Mr. Zhuang's expression became subtle.

"The Ancestral Master was mistaken."

"This was no ordinary first-grade Ultimate Formation."

"Thirteen Stripes at first-grade far exceed the nine Divine Sense patterns typical of the Qi-refining Realm."

"In reality, when one goes to study, the Five Elements Sect would also create all sorts of obstacles."

"Thus, to this day, none of the Proud Sons of Heaven from our lineage have managed to learn this Five Element Ultimate Formation from the Five Elements Sect..."

Mr. Zhuang looked at Mo Hua, "So, this burden has fallen on your shoulders."

Mo Hua instantly felt the weight on his slight shoulders.

He said weakly, "Teacher, what if I also fail to learn it?"

Mr. Zhuang said, "This formation is crucial to you, and of course, you must learn it if you can."

"However, if you really can't learn it, there's nothing to be done."

Mr. Zhuang consoled, "Do your best, and if you can't learn it, don't worry—there will always be a way..."

"Hmm..." Mo Hua nodded.

Having said this, Mo Hua frowned and lowered his head, lost in thought.

Mr. Zhuang asked, "What are you thinking about now?"

Mo Hua carefully thought about his wording,

"Was our Ancestral Master, in doing so, taking advantage of a disaster? Surely the Five Elements Sect held some grudges..."

Coveting their Ultimate Formation, seizing the opportunity during the Five Elements Sect's crisis to make demands, thus forcing the Five Elements Sect to agree to the transaction, using the Sect Protecting Ultimate Formation to negotiate for a chance at survival.

Chapter 590: Five Elements Sect (2)

Even so, there was a possibility:

The crisis the Five Elements Sect faced back then, could it have been instigated by the Ancestral Master behind the scenes...

Even if not actively manipulating, could he at least have turned a blind eye?

Mr. Zhuang gently touched Mo Hua's head and said kindly,

"These are the grudges of our predecessors, you don't need to concern yourself with them."

"The matters of the past are so distant; it's hard to clarify righteousness and grudges."

"Even if the Ancestral Master had his biases, the fact that he saved the Five Elements Sect stands true."

"The safety of the Sect and the importance of inheritance, weighing which is more significant, the Five Elements Sect has already made its choice and struck a deal."

"You don't need to have any concerns."

"And because of these grudges, the Five Elements Sect won't be friendly towards us, so you don't need to be polite either. Go ahead and learn boldly and confidently."

"If you truly manage to learn all of the Five Elements Sect's secrets, that would be a testament to your skills, and they wouldn't dare to say anything..."

Mo Hua whispered, "They have Golden Core cultivators in their Sect, don't they..."

"If I really do learn, they surely won't become anxious and prevent me from leaving, will they..."

Mr. Zhuang looked down and said, "They wouldn't dare."

Mo Hua was startled and felt much more at ease.

"By the way, Master, what is the name of this Formation?" Mo Hua asked again.

Mr. Zhuang paused for a moment, then slowly said,

"Five Elements Spirit Formation."

"Five Elements Spirit Formation..." Mo Hua repeated, mumbling, "The name sounds a bit common..."

Mr. Zhuang shook his head and said,

"You don't understand the principle behind it, which is why you find it common..."

"A Spirit Formation, containing the word 'spirit', signifies that such Formation is related to the essence or the characteristics of Spiritual Power."

"The Gathering Spirit Formation, although simple, is an essential part of the Formation eye, the driving force of a Formation."

"The Inverse Spirit Formation is an Ultimate Formation, involving the reversal and collapse of Spiritual Power; the Spirit Axis Formation is also an Ultimate Formation, dealing with the central control of Spiritual Power."

"The Five Elements Spirit Formation is no different."

"What it involves is the amplification of the Five Elements Spiritual Power."

"A set of five parts, encompassing the Five Elements, includes the Gold Spirit Formation, Wood Spirit Formation, Water Spirit Formation, Fire Spirit Formation, and Earth Spirit Formation. It's catered to amplify and strengthen the power of corresponding elemental Spiritual Power..."

...

Mo Hua listened intently, thoroughly engrossed.

However, Mr. Zhuang suddenly stopped.

Mo Hua said, "Master, please continue."

Mr. Zhuang shook his head, "I can't say any more; you need to figure out the rest on your own..."

If he had continued, there would be no challenge left.

Mo Hua felt a bit disappointed, but could only say,

"Alright, Master."

Mr. Zhuang looked at Mo Hua and then added,

"This set of Five Elements Spirit Formation of the Five Elements Sect is arranged from low to high grade, a complete set of Five Element Ultimate Formations."

"But the higher-grade portions have most likely been lost. What remains in the Five Elements Sect nowadays is probably only Second or Third Grade Formations..."

"Nonetheless, having Second or Third Grade is sufficient."

"An Ultimate Formation like this must be learned from the basics, starting with the lower grades."

"One leads to two, and two leads to three..."

"Master the First Grade, establish a solid foundation, and then you can progressively understand the subsequent Formations step by step..."

Mr. Zhuang's words faltered, silently adding, Read new adventures at

"However, the subsequent Formations, you'll have to find on your own..."

Mr. Zhuang looked at Mo Hua, his gaze filled with a touch of melancholy and reluctance, but these emotions quickly disappeared.

Mr. Zhuang's gaze returned to being gentle as water.

Mo Hua frowned, still contemplating the Ultimate Formation, and for the moment didn't notice this slight change.

...

After a night's rest, Mr. Zhuang imparted some words of advice.

The next day, the group set out, officially heading towards the Five Elements Sect.

In half an hour, the carriage reached the entrance of the Five Elements Sect.

The Five Elements Sect had towering pavilions that were splendid and magnificent. Aside from the Formation Pavilion, there were the Alchemy Room, Artifact Refining Room, Cultivation Hall, Tao Discussion Room, and Spirit Steaming Tower— they had built quite a lot of everything.

There was an abundance of construction, suggesting no shortage of Spirit Stones.

The entrance to the Five Elements Sect was forbiddingly high, with tall, long steps.

At the gate were several disciples wearing the Taoist Robes of the Five Elements Sect.

The carriage was stopped by these gatekeeper disciples.

They were cold and arrogant, saying without courtesy,

"Which Cultivator is this? Don't you know that carriages are not allowed inside the Five Elements Sect?"

Mo Hua lifted the carriage curtain, hopped down, and in the astonished gaze of the gatekeeper disciples, presented a Jade Slip.

One of the disciples frowned, "Who are you? And what is this Jade Slip?"

Mo Hua's face was also cold.

He had a temper too.

He would be polite only if others were polite to him.

These gatekeeper disciples, all snooty, Mo Hua couldn't be bothered with them and simply lifted his head high, instructing,

"Give it to your Sect Leader, he'll know what it is when he sees it."

The gatekeeper disciples all wore unpleasant expressions.

In Li Mountain City, few Cultivators dared to be so disrespectful at the entrance of the Five Elements Sect, and even in their tone, there was no reverence for their Sect Leader.

Especially when the person was just a green young kid.

One of the disciples sneered,

"Kid, open your eyes and look around, where do you think you are?"

"This is the Third Grade Sect, the Five Elements Sect!"

"Our Sect Leader of the Five Elements Sect is not someone you can meet whenever you wish!"

Mo Hua did not reply, but merely extended his right hand and flipped his thumb up.

On the thumb, there was a large-sized ring made of jade, with a nine-star radiance engraved on it, exquisite and luxurious.

In a Sect that established itself with Formation knowledge and had many Formation Masters, even if these disciples were not the sharpest, they could recognize that this was a symbol of a Formation Master's status, the rare First Grade Heaven Shu Ring.