

The Quest 139

Chapter 139: The Battle

Zhang Lan and the other two began to surround and kill the old camp.

Before long, a white-robed cultivator rushed out of the camp.

His Dao robe was luxurious in style and looked expensive, but after half a month of fleeing, it was now covered in mud and tattered.

His appearance was similar to the portrait Mo Hua had seen, but much older, with peeling, decayed skin.

It seemed that due to lack of cultivation resources, the evil technique had backfired, causing his appearance to age and decay.

Indeed, he was the evil cultivator who had practiced the harvesting technique.

After confirming this, Zhang Lan and the others wasted no words and attacked without mercy.

The evil cultivator cursed and began to fight back.

The battle erupted instantly.

Mo Hua hid far away, watching them fight secretly.

Zhang Lan was a spiritual cultivator, skilled in water-based spells with considerable power. From a distance, he summoned water sword energy, continuously attacking the evil cultivator.

Situ Fang and Situ Xiu were both body cultivators, skilled in sword techniques.

Situ Fang's sword was thin and light, infused with faint green spiritual energy, moving swiftly and precisely. Situ Xiu's style was more forceful, using spiritual energy to enhance his body, emitting a faint golden glow.

The two engaged in close combat, keeping the evil cultivator busy.

The evil cultivator, also a body cultivator, had a powerful blood energy and wielded an iron fan decorated with delicate, almost transparent, beauties.

When the iron fan was swung, it emitted pink spiritual energy waves.

No wonder he was an evil cultivator, even the color of his spiritual energy was inappropriate...

Mo Hua thought silently.

The evil cultivator's cultivation was at the ninth level of Qi refining, no match for Zhang Lan and the others, but his agility allowed him to maneuver under Situ Fang and Situ Xiu's attacks while evading Zhang Lan's water sword energy.

But no matter how agile he was, he could not withstand the three-person siege for long.

Each hit from the water sword deepened his injuries, and every slash from Situ Fang caused him to bleed more.

Moreover, the faint green spiritual energy on the wounds prevented them from healing.

After a while, the evil cultivator was hit by one of Zhang Lan's sword energies, fell to the ground, and stopped moving.

Mo Hua didn't act rashly until he saw Zhang Lan use shackles to lock up the evil cultivator, then he came out.

"Is he dead?" Mo Hua asked.

"No, this beast has a tough life."

Mo Hua scanned with his spiritual sense and found that the evil cultivator's spiritual energy was still flowing inside.

"Are all evil cultivators this tough?" Mo Hua asked.

Zhang Lan replied, "Not all, but most are quite troublesome. Evil cultivation techniques have great drawbacks, but they are also powerful. Otherwise, many wouldn't fall into the evil path."

Mo Hua nodded.

With the evil cultivator captured, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Situ Xiu asked, "What next?"

Zhang Lan kicked the evil cultivator, "Take this beast back to the Dao Court, interrogate him, and sentence him according to the law. We also need to report to Master An."

"Master An?" Mo Hua glanced at Zhang Lan.

Realizing he had misspoken, Zhang Lan looked up at the sky, pretending he hadn't said anything.

Situ Fang and Situ Xiu cut down some trees, made a raft, and placed the evil cultivator on it, ready to drag him back.

Mo Hua stared at the evil cultivator for a long time, then kindly reminded:

"You need to break his legs."

"Huh?" Situ Fang was stunned.

"And destroy his meridians and shatter his Qi sea!"

Situ Fang was dumbfounded.

This kid, how could he say such terrifying things with such an innocent face...

Zhang Lan thought for a moment, "Makes sense."

Situ Fang hesitated, "We've already captured him, he can't resist, isn't this excessive..."

"We're just temporarily restraining him, not capturing him yet," Mo Hua corrected.

"Is this okay..." Situ Fang was hesitant.

Zhang Lan already drew his sword, intending to sever the evil cultivator's meridians.

Previously, Mo Hua didn't understand why Zhang Lan, a spiritual cultivator, carried a sword. He thought it was just for show.

Now he understood, even for a spiritual cultivator, having a sword for emergencies was useful.

At least for cutting meridians, it made things much easier.

But before Zhang Lan's sword could descend, the evil cultivator suddenly opened his eyes, shook his hands, and the chains fell off.

Zhang Lan's gaze sharpened, and his sword sped up.

The evil cultivator twisted his body, dodging the vital strike, and the sword only grazed his skin.

"Be careful!" Zhang Lan shouted.

The moment the evil cultivator opened his eyes, Mo Hua had already retreated several feet away.

When scanning with his spiritual sense earlier, Mo Hua had found the evil cultivator's spiritual energy fluctuations strange.

But he didn't expect the evil cultivator to be so cunning and resilient. Despite being severely injured, he still had the strength to resist.

Dodging Zhang Lan's sword, the evil cultivator struck at Zhang Lan's face with his palm.

Zhang Lan's expression tightened, he retreated to dodge, having no time to cast spells, he could only counter with his sword.

The evil cultivator, however, did not take the bait, his figure flickering, appearing beside Situ Xiu, who was ready to strike.

Situ Xiu had intended to attack from behind, but the evil cultivator had already noticed, using his strange movement technique to appear by his side.

Failed in his sneak attack, Situ Xiu was counter-attacked, hit in the ribs by the evil cultivator's palm, spitting blood and flying to the side.

The palm strike was excruciating, the strange spiritual energy seeping into his organs with the force.

Only then did Situ Xiu realize that the evil cultivator had not been using his full strength earlier!

But he realized it too late, he was already out of the fight.

Situ Fang also drew his sword, slashing at the evil cultivator. After a few moves, he suddenly felt weak, his meridians corroded by the pink spiritual energy, unable to circulate his own spiritual energy.

The evil cultivator's spiritual energy was poisonous!

It hadn't been noticeable during the fight, but after a while, the poison began to take effect.

Situ Fang forced his energy, but suddenly spat out blood, glaring at the evil cultivator with resentment.

The evil cultivator licked his lips, looking at Situ Fang, "Not bad!"

He hadn't harvested in a month.

He needed to vent his evil fire and replenish his spiritual energy.

As he looked at Situ Fang, his mind wavered, and in that moment of distraction, a light blue sword energy pierced through his shoulder.

Furious, the evil cultivator turned, blood seeping from the corner of his mouth, glaring.

Not far away, Zhang Lan was pointing his fingers like a sword, staring coldly.

Another tough opponent.

The evil cultivator gathered his thoughts, he needed to deal with Zhang Lan to escape.

Even if he ran now, he wouldn't survive long in the dangerous Dahei Mountain.

With his body weakened and evil fire growing, he needed to harvest.

If he could kill Zhang Lan...

The evil cultivator's eyes flashed with determination, he rushed at Zhang Lan.

Zhang Lan's heart tightened, such speed!

This evil cultivator's movement technique was even faster and more bizarre than before, indeed he had been holding back...

"Fine, let me face you!"

Zhang Lan's gaze focused, he used the Falling Flower Step, creating multiple shadows, as graceful as falling flowers.

The evil cultivator was surprised.

This Dao Court cultivator's movement technique was no less than his own.

He was a flower thief, relying on his movement technique for survival!

Caught in a dilemma, the evil cultivator had to fight, exchanging ten moves with Zhang Lan without landing a hit.

Zhang Lan had seen through his tricks, advancing and retreating with ease, still having time to condense sword energy to intimidate him.

Just as Zhang Lan was about to seize the opportunity to finish him with sword energy, the evil cultivator suddenly disappeared.

Zhang Lan extended his spiritual sense but found nothing.

Suddenly he felt a warning, looking at Mo Hua in the distance, he shouted urgently, "Be careful!"

At the same time, a shadow flickered behind Mo Hua, the evil cultivator appeared, voice hoarse and fierce:

"Kid, you want to break my legs?"