

The Quest 140

Chapter 140: Severed Leg

The dark cultivator's pale right hand reached for Mo Hua's nape.

Everything had been going according to his plan.

He had feigned defeat, conserved his spiritual power, and waited for the Dao Court officers to lower their guard. Then, he would suddenly strike, killing the two men and capturing the woman to restore his energy and spiritual power by draining her essence until death.

His appearance would also be restored.

With his youthful and handsome facade, he could easily deceive an innocent young girl, slowly drain her essence while temporarily hiding and avoiding pursuit.

Once the heat died down, he would remain free and unrestrained.

If not for that brat!

Talking about breaking his legs, crippling his meridians, and shattering his Qi Sea!

His plan might have succeeded already.

When the Dao Court cultivators moved to cripple his meridians, he couldn't just stand by. Even with his exceptional skills, if his meridians were crippled and his spiritual power lost, he wouldn't be able to stir any trouble.

He had to act preemptively.

The two cultivators wielding knives were manageable, but the one with the sword was problematic.

He had expected it to be challenging, but he hadn't anticipated it would be this challenging.

His relied-upon body technique was ineffective.

The swordsman remained uninjured and unfazed by his sinister spiritual power.

Moreover, his own injuries had accumulated, leaving him exhausted and on the brink of collapse. Dragging it out any longer would lead to his death.

Even if he managed to escape, in the wilderness of Dahei Mountain, without clothes or food, and no female cultivator to drain, he would eventually die.

So he had no choice but to seize the brat to threaten the swordsman for a chance at survival.

The dark cultivator's hand reached for Mo Hua's nape.

To him, this brat was inescapable.

Not to mention a ten-year-old kid, even a late-stage Qi cultivator caught off guard couldn't avoid this...

But he missed.

Mo Hua seemed to have sensed it beforehand, ducking his head, crouching down, and rolling to the side, ending up several meters away.

Leaving the dark cultivator standing foolishly in place...

Mo Hua dodged, and Zhang Lan breathed a sigh of relief.

If Mo Hua had been captured, he would have been utterly helpless, and the situation would have turned deadly.

Either some would die, or everyone would perish together.

Fortunately, Mo Hua was quick-witted.

In such a short time, he sensed danger and dodged nimbly.

Zhang Lan felt a lingering fear but then his gaze turned cold as he directed his sword energy towards the dark cultivator.

He needed to kill this beast quickly to prevent further trouble.

The dark cultivator snapped back to his senses, looking at Mo Hua in the distance, his eyes cold.

"Brat, lucky you."

He didn't believe Mo Hua had avoided his strike; he thought it was just luck.

Mo Hua stood in the distance and sighed:

"It seems I have to cripple your meridians, shatter your Qi Sea, and break your legs, or you'll keep causing trouble."

Mo Hua thought for a moment and added:

"All three legs."

Zhang Lan's expression froze, and he hurriedly said, "Don't provoke him!"

He turned his head and saw the dark cultivator's eyes were blood-red with rage.

The dark cultivator, enraged, had never been humiliated by a brat before.

With a flash, the dark cultivator, eyes filled with venom, charged at Mo Hua.

Zhang Lan's heart sank.

Damn it, this is a ninth-level Qi cultivator; Mo Hua can't handle this.

He had just been relieved that Mo Hua dodged the danger, thinking he would be safe if he ran farther.

Then he could use his spells to repel the dark cultivator and they could plan further.

But Mo Hua's taunts provoked the dark cultivator, who was already planning to use him as a threat. Now, humiliated and enraged, the dark cultivator wouldn't let it go.

Zhang Lan, anxious, hurriedly directed his sword energy, hoping the dark cultivator would retreat.

But he was far from Mo Hua, and the dark cultivator was close.

Casting spells took time, so his sword energy, once released, was hard to hit the dark cultivator, only delaying him.

The dark cultivator, with an eerie movement, dodged several sword energies and reached for Mo Hua.

Again, he missed.

Mo Hua gently floated back, dodging the grasp.

The dark cultivator, disbelieving, lunged again, his left hand swiping upwards towards Mo Hua.

Mo Hua nimbly backflipped, seeming to float like a leaf in the wind, slipping through the dark cultivator's fingers.

The dark cultivator kept grabbing, but each time he missed by a hair, Mo Hua always slipping away.

His movement technique was fluid, adapting to the situation, unpredictable.

It seemed close yet far.

The dark cultivator almost spat blood.

He was a master thief, relying on his agility!

Losing to the Dao Court officer was one thing, but now even a little kid was toying with him?

And worse, he couldn't even catch this kid!

Each time he thought he had him, he missed.

The more he attacked, the more relaxed Mo Hua's movements became.

Suddenly, Mo Hua distanced himself and focused his energy.

The dark cultivator hesitated, "What's he doing? Using a spell? Foolish!"

At this distance, he could kill Mo Hua before he finished casting.

The dark cultivator sneered, lunging forward.

Before he reached Mo Hua, a fireball formed and hit his face.

The dark cultivator, shocked, felt his face burn and his mind reel.

"How could it be so fast?!"

Though the fireball's power wasn't high, it caused searing pain and dizziness.

The dark cultivator's body froze.

At that moment, Zhang Lan seized the opportunity, sending a water-formed sword energy striking the dark cultivator's heart.

The dark cultivator's eyes lost focus, and he collapsed.

The forest grew silent.

Zhang Lan, having felled the dark cultivator, stood in a daze, emotions surging.

What had he just seen?

A ninth-level Qi cultivator's attack, evaded by Mo Hua?

Ninth-level Qi cultivator? All dodged?

And what was that movement technique?

Fluid, unpredictable, elusive...

Who taught him that?

Zhang Lan stood, memories stirring, then remembered.

Oh right, it seemed to be the Passing Water Step!

Wait, did I teach him that...?

Mo Hua glanced at the fallen dark cultivator, scanning with his spiritual sense, then called:

"Uncle Zhang, come quickly, he's not dead yet."

Zhang Lan snapped out of it, hurried to the dark cultivator's side.

He checked the wounds, "Not dead yet, but out of spiritual power and blood, he can't do much."

His sword energy had pierced the dark cultivator's heart, but slightly off-center, so he wasn't dead.

The dark cultivator groaned in pain, eyes full of hatred.

"Tough life," Mo Hua remarked.

Zhang Lan gave pills to Situ Fang and Situ Xiu, who meditated and recovered, then prepared to drag the dark cultivator back to the Dao Court.

"Wait," Mo Hua said.

They turned, puzzled, looking at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua walked to Zhang Lan, struggling to pull out the sword at his waist.

He held the sword with both hands, walked to the dark cultivator, and said:

"Yes, I'm the one who said I'd break your legs!"

Then, with a swing, he severed the dark cultivator's leg.