

The Quest 141

Chapter 141: Inquiry

As the evil cultivator's cries of pain filled the air, Zhang Lan and the others looked at Mo Hua with increasingly complex expressions.

Mo Hua wiped Zhang Lan's sword on the ground, but the bloodstains remained.

Zhang Lan sighed helplessly, took the sword back, and sheathed it.

"Alright, we're done here. Let's go back."

With Mo Hua leading the way, Zhang Lan and the others took turns dragging the evil cultivator down the mountain path.

They didn't care whether the evil cultivator would die from the jostling. If he survived, it was his fate; if he didn't, he deserved it.

Situ Fang couldn't help but praise:

"Mo Hua, your movement technique is amazing!"

She had been watching from the side, sweating profusely in fear.

Seeing Mo Hua dodge the evil cultivator's attacks every time, she breathed a sigh of relief and couldn't help but feel admiration.

Mo Hua felt delighted inside but remained modest:

"Not really, just average."

"Who taught you?" Situ Fang asked.

Zhang Lan coughed a few times.

Mo Hua glanced at him and said seriously, "A kind uncle who passed by taught me..."

Situ Fang was puzzled, "Is there really such a person?"

She thought for a moment and then whispered to Zhang Lan, "Why does it look so much like your Zhang family's Passing Water Step?"

Zhang Lan choked and coughed a few times before finally recovering, exclaiming:

"Don't slander me! What Passing Water Step? How does it look like that?"

Situ Fang nodded, "It does seem a bit different. Your Zhang family's Passing Water Step isn't that impressive."

Zhang Lan was indignant, "How is our Zhang family's Passing Water Step not impressive? It's..."

Situ Fang looked at him.

Zhang Lan's tone weakened, "It is... slightly less impressive than this."

Zhang Lan was confused.

The Zhang family had two movement techniques: Falling Flower Step and Passing Water Step.

He mainly practiced Falling Flower Step but also knew Passing Water Step and had seen other Zhang family members who specialized in it. However, none of them used it as effortlessly, mysteriously, and intriguingly as Mo Hua.

"How did I teach him again?"

Zhang Lan frowned, trying to recall, and muttered to himself:

"Did I teach him Passing Water Step? It should be, right?"

While Zhang Lan's mind was in chaos, Mo Hua heard a faint "Thank you."

He turned to see Situ Xiu's eyes flashing, but his face was stubborn.

Clearly wanting to thank him but feeling embarrassed, his voice was as soft as a mosquito's buzz.

He had been confident and arrogant on the way up the mountain, but after getting injured and bleeding a few times, he seemed much more composed now.

Mo Hua nodded, feeling a bit gratified.

Indeed, a youth who has faced setbacks will grow.

He forgot that he himself was even younger, not even a teenager.

As they walked down the mountain path, Zhang Lan was still troubled by the Passing Water Step.

He replayed the scenes of Mo Hua dodging the evil cultivator over and over in his mind.

Carefully comparing Mo Hua's Passing Water Step with his impression of it, he noticed the basic steps were the same, but the movements were more detailed and some unnecessary actions were omitted. It seemed Mo Hua had learned something from someone else...

Why was it that the movements were similar, but the impression was completely different?

Zhang Lan thought for a moment and suddenly realized, "Is it because of spiritual awareness?"

With strong spiritual awareness, one could control spiritual power more precisely, making the movement technique more agile and detailed.

The Zhang family members weren't skilled in array formations, so their spiritual awareness wasn't strong. They hadn't grasped the essence of the movement technique, making it seem mediocre.

"Great!" Zhang Lan's heart sank.

When he taught Mo Hua the movement technique, he thought Mo Hua would only learn it superficially, not mastering it well.

Even if Mo Hua used it, people would forget it after a glance.

A naturally weak child couldn't master the technique well, right?

Unexpectedly, Mo Hua not only mastered it but did so to an absurd degree, even better than the Zhang family members...

If Mo Hua made a name for himself in the future, people would say:

"That's the Zhang family's Passing Water Step, used better than the Zhang family!"

Where would the Zhang family put their face?

Unintentionally, Zhang Lan had added to the family's potential disgrace.

Zhang Lan's scalp tingled.

He didn't mind being punished, but shaming the family was more than just kneeling in the ancestral hall or being confined.

Zhang Lan, while Situ Fang and Situ Xiu were not paying attention, quietly tugged Mo Hua's sleeve and said solemnly:

"Don't ever! Don't ever! Don't ever say I taught you!"

Mo Hua also put on a serious face and assured:

"Don't worry, I won't rat you out!"

Zhang Lan nodded, then realized something was off.

What did he mean by "rat out"... it sounded like they were accomplices in a crime...

The group stopped halfway on a small hillside to rest for a while.

Mo Hua took out some beef and distributed it.

The evil cultivator got none; he wasn't worthy of eating what his mother made.

Zhang Lan, eating the beef, which was tender and flavorful, couldn't help but sigh:

"Mo Hua's family's beef is truly excellent, tender yet chewy, and the cooking is perfect..."

Then Zhang Lan was stunned, suddenly recalling that Mo Hua had used a Fireball Technique earlier.

The power was average, but the speed was quite fast...

At least faster than his spells.

Zhang Lan gave Mo Hua a meaningful look.

He had thought Mo Hua's spiritual power wasn't strong and that his spells wouldn't be proficient, but now it seemed otherwise...

Passing Water Step combined with such a fast and accurate Fireball Technique made Zhang Lan feel a headache just thinking about it.

After eating, they continued on their way.

Before evening, they reached the foot of Dahei Mountain.

Mo Hua remembered something and approached the evil cultivator, who was awake, and asked:

"Did you chase a demon hunter in the mountains a few days ago?"

The evil cultivator snorted and didn't answer.

"I'm asking you."

The evil cultivator looked at Mo Hua with contempt.

Mo Hua's temper flared, and he turned to draw Zhang Lan's sword again.

Zhang Lan was startled and quickly stopped him, "What are you doing?"

Mo Hua said, "He's stubborn. I'll break another leg!"

Situ Fang softly advised, "That's enough. You've already broken one of his legs."

Mo Hua replied, "One leg down, two more to go!"

Situ Fang was troubled, "If you break them all, he'll probably die."

Mo Hua regretted, "Then it's just his bad luck."

Hearing this, the evil cultivator immediately said:

"What do you want to know? I'll tell you!"

Mo Hua was taken aback.

Why was the evil cultivator suddenly so cooperative?

The evil cultivator, on the other hand, was trembling.

He wasn't afraid of death.

He could be killed by an enemy, die from extraction, be sentenced to death by the Dao Court, or be killed by any means by a cultivator. He didn't care.

But he couldn't die at the hands of a ten-year-old kid!

Being killed by a mere fifth-stage Qi cultivator was unbearable humiliation!

"Then speak," Mo Hua said.

"It wasn't me who chased him."

"And then?"

"That's it."

Mo Hua said slowly, "You said it wasn't you, meaning you saw someone else chasing him."

The evil cultivator fell silent.

Mo Hua was about to draw his sword again, and the evil cultivator quickly said:

"There were a few cultivators chasing him."

"What did they look like?"

"I couldn't see their faces, but they wore silver-white Dao robes."

Mo Hua's eyes narrowed, silver-white...