

## The Quest 153

### Chapter 153: Mediation

After the battle ended, the demon hunters began to clean up the battlefield.

The injured demon hunters received treatment.

The cultivators from the Qian family were stripped of their storage bags and spiritual artifacts and thrown outside. Whether they lived or died depended on whether the Qian family would come to save them.

Additionally, all seized spoils had to be handed in, categorized uniformly, and then distributed according to merit and need.

In the mine, Elder Yu found a large stone to sit on.

The demon hunters approached one after another, handing over their captured storage bags to Elder Yu.

Mo Hua, with his arms full of storage bags, walked up to Elder Yu, ready to hand them in.

Elder Yu was startled, "What are you doing?"

"Handing them in."

Elder Yu glared at him slightly, "Kid, don't join in the fun, keep them for yourself."

"Oh." Mo Hua sat down to the side.

After a while, Elder Yu couldn't help but ask curiously:

"Where did you get all these storage bags?"

Mo Hua replied somewhat embarrassedly, "I picked them up at the foot of the mountain."

"Picked them up?"

"Yes." Mo Hua explained, "If I saw a lone Qian family cultivator escaping, I would take them down and then take their storage bag."

Elder Yu stared at him, thinking, what are you talking about?

Even if a Qian family cultivator was alone, they were still a proper late-stage Qi cultivator. How could a ten-year-old kid deal with them?

And he said it so casually, like eating candied hawthorn...

Elder Yu frowned and then asked, "Did you learn any techniques?"

"Yes, I learned Fireball Technique."

"Oh."

Elder Yu nodded. That made more sense.

But then he frowned again.

No, Fireball Technique shouldn't be that easy to deal with either.

To cast a spell, one needed to concentrate their Qi. If they weren't proficient, hitting the target could still be a problem...

Elder Yu wanted to ask more, but other demon hunters had come up to hand in their storage bags, so he didn't ask further.

"Elder Yu, do I really not need to hand these in?" Mo Hua asked secretly.

"Stuff picked up outside the mine is considered your own skill. Besides, we aren't so stingy as to take things from a child."

"Thank you, Elder Yu!"

Mo Hua accepted this with a clear conscience.

After the mine was tidied up, Elder Yu assigned people to guard it and sent the injured demon hunters back to recuperate.

Mo Shan also went back, though he wasn't injured. Wearing a rattan armor inscribed with a top-grade Iron Armor Array, not even the demonic beasts could tear it apart, let alone the swords of ordinary Qi cultivators.

He was going to send Mo Hua back home, as Mo Hua now had a "fortune in his hands."

Once home, Mo Hua closed the door and threw the storage bags on the table, opening them one by one.

Mo Shan watched with a complex expression.

He didn't know how his son managed to pick up so many storage bags...

There were about ten storage bags, filled with various items.

Mostly spirit stones, spiritual artifacts, pills, dao robes, and some miscellaneous items of little value.

There were also a few colorful booklets depicting coquettish female cultivators doing strange things.

Mo Hua had just opened one when Mo Shan took it away.

Mo Hua was a bit disappointed, "I wonder what those pictures are about..."

The ten storage bags were quickly sorted.

There were about three to four hundred spirit stones, plus some raw spiritual minerals, and with the pills and spiritual artifacts, it was estimated to be worth five to six hundred spirit stones in total.

Five to six hundred spirit stones!

Mo Hua couldn't help but be amazed.

No wonder people often said, "A horse grows fat without night grass, and a man becomes wealthy without windfalls."

However, this kind of business should be avoided if possible.

Mo Hua still wanted to be a law-abiding cultivator.

Unless some foolish and evil Qian family member ran into his hands...

Mo Shan gave Mo Hua the spirit stones from the storage bags for his cultivation and to learn array techniques. The other spiritual artifacts, pills, dao robes, and rattan armor were taken by Mo Shan.

This time, the Qian family suffered a huge loss and would not let it go easily.

In the coming days, they would likely face a furious counterattack from the Qian family. These spiritual artifacts and pills would come in handy.

But before the Qian family could retaliate, the Dao Court came knocking.

After all, the conflict between the demon hunters and the Qian family had caused considerable casualties. Both emotionally and rationally, the Dao Court could not stand by.

The head of the Dao Court personally sought out Elder Yu.

Mo Hua heard about it and followed his father to join in the excitement.

Elder Yu and the head of the Dao Court talked in the room for a long time. No one knew what they discussed, but when they came out, both looked unhappy.

It seemed they had parted on bad terms.

What did they talk about?

Mo Hua was very curious, but he knew Elder Yu wouldn't tell him.

At that moment, he saw Zhang Lan following the head of the Dao Court.

Zhang Lan was a Dao Court registrar, holding a high position and a member of a prominent family, so his presence at such an important occasion was to be expected.

As Zhang Lan walked, he noticed a familiar gaze upon him.

He turned his head and sure enough, it was Mo Hua.

Mo Hua winked at him.

Zhang Lan sighed inwardly, pretended not to see, and turned away.

In the afternoon, he found some free time and went to Mo Hua's family restaurant to drink.

Mo Hua personally poured him a drink, looking at him eagerly.

Zhang Lan helplessly said, "Go ahead, ask what you want to know."

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, "What did Elder Yu and your head talk about this morning?"

Zhang Lan coughed, lowered his voice, and said:

"You know about the spirit mine, right?"

Mo Hua nodded.

Though he expected it, Zhang Lan was still a bit surprised, "How much do you know?"

"Everything I should know. I was there when we captured the spirit mine."

And picked up ten storage bags...

Of course, Mo Hua didn't say that.

After all, Zhang Lan was a Dao Court cultivator with his own stance, and he didn't want to make things difficult for him.

Mo Hua "considerately" thought of Zhang Lan.

Zhang Lan sighed, "You really have guts."

A kid daring to intervene in a battle between cultivators.

Zhang Lan said, "Since you already know, I won't beat around the bush. With such a big incident, both sides suffered casualties. The head wants to resolve the matter peacefully, and the Qian family agrees, but their condition is for you to hand over the spirit mine, and they won't pursue further..."

Mo Hua snorted, "Wishful thinking!"

"That's what Elder Yu said too," Zhang Lan replied.

Of course, along with a lot of swearing. Some curses were so crude, Zhang Lan had never even heard of them.

Zhang Lan had seen many Foundation Building cultivators, but Elder Yu wasn't the highest in cultivation, though he was the best at cursing.

"What happens next?" Mo Hua asked.

Zhang Lan sighed, "Nothing. At this point, the Dao Court can't intervene."

"Huh?"

Mo Hua looked puzzled.

You mean the Dao Court is this useless?

Zhang Lan explained helplessly, "The Dao Court only has so many cultivators. Maintaining Dao Law and catching a few criminals is manageable, but conflicts between two forces are beyond our capability."

He added, "At least the Dao Court in Tongxian City can't handle it. We can only mediate and ensure both sides follow common rules."

Mo Hua asked again, "What are 'common' rules?"

Zhang Lan's expression grew serious as he lowered his voice:

"The common rule is to use the Nameless Peak where the spirit mine is located as the boundary. Outside the Nameless Peak, you can't kill without reason, but on the Nameless Peak, you fight as needed until both sides have had enough..."

"Deaths on the peak remain unknown to others, and the Dao Court will turn a blind eye, not reporting it."

Brutal and barbaric.

Hearing this, Mo Hua's eyes also sharpened.

This meant the real battle was just beginning...