

The Quest 248

Chapter 248: Water Prison Technique

Water Prison Technique? Mo Hua had never heard of this spell before.

He had once owned a book titled "Qi Refining Techniques Compendium," which recorded some common spells during the Qi refining stage, but it did not mention the Water Prison Technique.

This spell must be well-hidden by Diao Laosan, likely as rare as the Concealment Technique.

Mo Hua asked Diao Laosan, "What kind of spell is the Water Prison Technique?"

Diao Laosan replied, "I don't know."

Mo Hua looked at him indifferently, his gaze somewhat malicious.

Seeing this, Diao Laosan felt a chill in his heart, fearing that Mo Hua might torment him again if he didn't answer. He hurriedly said, "I really don't know."

"Then how did this spell end up in your hands?"

Diao Laosan said, "Years ago, I accidentally killed a heavily injured cultivator from the Water Gate Sect and found these two spells in his storage bag. One was the Concealment Technique, and the other was this Water Prison Technique."

"The Water Gate Sect?"

"It's a relatively low-profile sect in the Black Mountain region, with few members but a long heritage."

Mo Hua nodded, "And then?"

Diao Laosan continued, "I have a single water spiritual root, which is just right for learning the Concealment Technique. I thought it was my fate, so I learned it, moved to another place, and started doing some business to make a living..."

Yu Chengyi kicked him and spat, "What business? The business of lives, right!"

Diao Laosan dared not speak out in anger.

Mo Hua asked again, "So you learned the Concealment Technique but didn't learn the Water Prison Technique?"

"I couldn't learn it," Diao Laosan sighed, "The Water Prison Technique is very difficult to master. It's hard to control the spiritual power when casting it, and even after casting, it's hard to hit the target. It only traps people and has no offensive power. I thought it was somewhat useless, so I didn't spend much time on it."

"And I'm a body cultivator, not relying on spells. Although this spell is rare, it's useless to me. I just kept it for now, hoping to exchange it for other martial arts or Dao techniques."

"But this spell is so niche that I haven't been able to exchange it until now..."

Diao Laosan spilled everything like beans.

Mo Hua roughly understood and asked Diao Laosan again, "The two escaped criminal cultivators, one with one eye and the other bald, which one is your boss?"

Diao Laosan didn't want to say but had to, "The bald one..."

"What's his name?"

Diao Laosan shook his head, "I don't know his real name. We just call him 'Boss,' and the cultivators in the underworld call him 'Bald Monk.'"

"Bald Monk?"

Mo Hua nodded, thinking the name was fitting and easy to remember.

"How many bosses do you have?" Mo Hua asked again.

"Just him at the moment..."

"At the moment?"

"The boss position is rotated. When one dies or is captured, another takes over. As long as someone survives long enough, they all have a chance to be the boss..." Diao Laosan said silently.

"Really a case of shallow waters and many turtles, full of bosses everywhere..." Mo Hua muttered.

The interrogation over, Mo Hua took the two spell books and returned the storage bag to Yu Chengyi.

Yu Chengyi also acknowledged that the two spells belonged to Mo Hua. After all, there weren't many spiritual cultivators among the demon hunters. Even if Mo Hua didn't ask for it, he would have given it to him.

After that, the demon hunters escorted all the criminal cultivators down the mountain and handed them over to Elder Yu.

These criminal cultivators were interrogated again, suffered a bit, provided some information, and were then sent to the Dao Court.

Yu Chengyi personally escorted them, explained the situation, completed some paperwork, and locked these criminals in the Dao Prison.

An hour later, Yu Chengyi returned to find Mo Hua sitting in the living room, drinking tea with Elder Yu.

Elder Yu looked up and saw Yu Chengyi, asking:

"All done?"

Yu Chengyi nodded, "All done, and I have informed the Chief Justice. The Chief Justice is very pleased."

Elder Yu laughed, "That old guy, gaining merit for nothing, of course, he's pleased."

"Will those criminal cultivators be sentenced to death?" Mo Hua asked curiously while holding a teacup.

"For murder and robbery, most of them have criminal records. According to the law, they will be sentenced to death. Even if not, being locked in the dark Dao Prison until death is almost the same as a death sentence," Yu Chengyi said.

"That's good, so they won't harm others again," Mo Hua was greatly relieved.

Yu Chengyi sat next to Mo Hua, and Mo Hua poured him a cup of tea. Then, Mo Hua remembered something and asked:

"That blind cultivator said they accepted spirit stones from the Kong family to kill Uncle Ji and Brother Ji. Can the Dao Court handle this?"

Yu Chengyi shook his head, "Words alone are not enough to convict. Moreover, the Kong family is from Qingxuan City, and the Dao Court in Tongxian City can only question but not directly intervene.

The Dao Court in Qingxuan City has been bribed by the family, so they will definitely not hold the Kong family accountable.

Even if there is evidence, it will likely end without resolution."

Mo Hua felt some regret.

Yu Chengyi then explained the background and reasons for this group of criminal cultivators.

Most of these criminals were cultivators from the Black Mountain region, with different backgrounds, including family members, sect members, and some wandering cultivators.

Most of them had blood on their hands and were wanted by the Dao Court, so they wandered around.

As Tongxian City gradually prospered and more cultivators traveled through, they gathered on Dahei Mountain to murder and rob for spirit stones.

They would kidnap cultivators for ransom or kill and rob, discarding the bodies in the wilderness for demonic beasts to devour.

Ji Qingbai and his son, along with Fu Lan, fled from Qingxuan City, pursued by the Kong family cultivators. When the pursuit failed, they encountered these criminals and paid them spirit stones to continue the pursuit.

According to the Kong family's young master, Ji Qingbai and his son hit him, so he wanted their lives.

Fu Lan disobeyed him, so he wanted her to be a slave.

After success, he would give the criminals a thousand spirit stones.

Elder Yu couldn't help but curse, "That little bastard, may he die a horrible death!"

Yu Chengyi, also feeling furious, continued:

"We have had some conflicts with these criminals as they have been watching us for a long time. Today, a sudden fog provided them the opportunity to act."

"Unfortunately, we didn't catch them all. Two escaped," Mo Hua frowned.

Yu Chengyi said, "It's already good enough. With fewer people, they can't cause much trouble in a short time."

"Can they be caught?"

"I've already asked the demon hunters to keep an eye out, but the inner mountain is vast, and it won't be easy to catch them quickly."

"Alright," Mo Hua nodded.

However, Mo Hua remembered the bald head. Next time, he wouldn't let him escape.

"By the way," Yu Chengyi said to Mo Hua, "there is a reward for capturing criminals from the Dao Court. In a few days, I'll bring it to you."

"Does everyone get it?" Mo Hua asked.

Yu Chengyi nodded, "Everyone."

Mo Hua smiled, "Thank you, Uncle Yu!"

After chatting and drinking tea for a while, Mo Hua got up to leave.

Then, Mo Hua went to see Mr. Feng and check on Ji Li.

Ji Li had been safely brought back. Mr. Feng had performed acupuncture, given him pills, and used wood spiritual power to clear his meridians, saving his life.

Although still unconscious, with proper care, he would recover in time.

Fu Lan's eyes were red as she stayed by Ji Li's side.

Ji Qingbai looked serious but finally felt relieved.

Being alive was better than anything...

Seeing that Ji Li was out of danger, Mo Hua felt at ease.

Mr. Feng, seeing Mo Hua, was very pleased and praised:

"The pills I gave you were used well. Otherwise, saving Ji Li's life wouldn't have been so easy."

Fu Lan got up and bowed sincerely to Mo Hua.

Ji Qingbai also cupped his hands towards Mo Hua and said, "Great kindness cannot be thanked enough!"

They were so serious that Mo Hua felt a bit embarrassed, scratching his head and smiling:

"Then invite me to your wedding banquet!"

Ji Qingbai was momentarily stunned, then felt comforted and smiled, "Alright!"