

The Quest 318

Chapter 318: Seeking Trouble

The Qian family exerted pressure, forcing Instructor Yan to leave, and Tongxian Sect ceased teaching arrays.

In this way, the Qian family could monopolize the arrays, and Heishan Stronghold could use them to cover their evil deeds.

The independent cultivators of Tongxian City, unable to understand arrays, would never know what the demonic cultivators did with them...

The more Mo Hua thought about it, the colder his heart became, and he felt hesitant.

Could the Qian family's conspiracy really be so far-reaching?

As Mo Shan walked, he saw Mo Hua suddenly stop, as if thinking of something. His expression grew increasingly grave, even showing a hint of fear. Mo Shan asked worriedly:

"What's wrong, Hua'er?"

Mo Hua snapped back to reality, thought for a moment, and solemnly said, "Father, we need to find Elder Yu."

Mo Shan didn't know what Mo Hua had thought of, but he guessed it must be something important, so he nodded:

"Alright."

Mo Hua followed Mo Shan to the Yu family.

Elder Yu had just returned and was leisurely drinking tea in the hall. Hearing that Mo Hua had come, he stood up with a smile. Just as he was about to speak, he saw Mo Hua's grave expression, with Mo Shan also looking serious.

Elder Yu's smile gradually faded as he asked:

"What happened?"

After a brief consideration, Mo Hua shared his suspicions.

The Qian family forced Instructor Yan to leave, stopping Tongxian Sect from teaching arrays. This allowed Heishan Stronghold to hide in the deep mountains, committing numerous crimes without being discovered.

Elder Yu frowned, his thin fingers tapping the table. After a long contemplation, he slowly said:

"It's very possible, but somewhat far-fetched..."

The Qian family monopolizing arrays could simply be for profit, not necessarily to cover for Heishan Stronghold.

This was just a clue, not solid evidence.

Mo Hua nodded, "I know it's a bit far-fetched, which is why I came to ask you."

Elder Yu asked, "What do you want to know?"

"That day when we attacked Heishan Stronghold, you fought with the demonic cultivators. Were there really no Qian family cultivators among them?" Mo Hua asked.

Elder Yu's gaze sharpened. After thinking carefully, he shook his head:

"At least, those leaders weren't from the Qian family."

Mo Shan added, "Among the other demonic cultivators at the Qi refining stage, I didn't find any from the Qian family either."

"What about the main leader? Do you know his identity?"

Elder Yu shook his head, "He was masked with a black cloth, so I couldn't see his face. But his aura was very unfamiliar, not even like a local foundation building cultivator from Tongxian City."

Mo Hua scratched his head, feeling uncertain again, "Could I be wrong?"

"That's the problem."

Elder Yu sighed, "If the Qian family is truly behind this, and has ties with Heishan Stronghold, there would definitely be Qian family cultivators among the demonic ones, especially among the leaders. There would certainly be a foundation building cultivator from the Qian family."

"No exceptions?" Mo Hua asked.

Elder Yu sighed, "I've dealt with the Qian family for many years and know their style very well. If they were collaborating with Heishan Stronghold, they would certainly try to infiltrate it, gradually taking over.

"And if Heishan Stronghold was established by the Qian family, the main leader, even if not Qian Hong, would be one of the Qian family elders."

Mo Hua asked, "Could it be disguise or something like that?"

Elder Yu shook his head, "No matter how they disguise themselves, their spiritual energy aura doesn't change. I'm very familiar with the foundation building cultivators of the Qian family. As soon as they speak, I can recognize them. There's no way I'd mistake them."

Mo Hua felt a bit dejected. He thought he had found a connection between the Qian family and Heishan Stronghold...

Elder Yu patted his shoulder, encouraging him:

"Your thinking is good, but more evidence is needed. I'll have people keep a closer eye on the Qian family to see if there's anything unusual."

"Alright." Mo Hua nodded.

On the way home, Mo Hua asked Mo Shan:

"Father, do you think it's the Qian family?"

Mo Shan nodded, "It seems likely."

"But, there really aren't any clues..." Mo Hua felt a bit discouraged.

Mo Shan pondered, "Paper can't wrap fire, and there's no wall without a crack. If the Qian family is really involved with Heishan Stronghold, they'll eventually leave traces."

He patted Mo Hua's head, gently saying:

"Some things can't be figured out immediately. Just keep an eye out, and eventually, you'll understand."

Mo Hua felt a bit better and nodded silently.

In the following days, Mo Hua continued his cultivation and array practice, always thinking about this issue, but made no progress.

He didn't get discouraged, keeping his father's words in mind, knowing that if he stayed alert, he'd eventually find a clue.

One day, Zhang Lan came to find Mo Hua, immediately saying:

"Be careful these days."

Mo Hua was taken aback, "Why?"

"Someone might be looking for trouble with you."

Mo Hua frowned, "The Qian family?"

Could it be that his suspicion of the Qian family had been discovered, and they were coming after him?

"Not exactly the Qian family... but also the Qian family..."

Zhang Lan's words were vague.

Mo Hua looked at him suspiciously, "Uncle Zhang, are you drunk? Why are you speaking so confusingly?"

"Don't talk nonsense, I haven't had a drink yet!"

Zhang Lan glared at Mo Hua, then gulped down a large bowl of wine before speaking, "It's Qian Xing."

"Qian Xing?"

Mo Hua was surprised. He hadn't heard any news about Qian Xing for a long time.

"Wasn't Qian Xing crazy?"

"Crazy for a while, but not for life," Zhang Lan said. "And since he's the legitimate son, the Qian family has been seeking a cure for him. After all this time, he's finally been cured."

Mo Hua rested his chin on his hand, pondering, "He shouldn't come looking for trouble with me, right?"

Zhang Lan gave Mo Hua a half-smiling look, "What do you think?"

Mo Hua frowned.

It seemed... it was hard to say.

Qian Xing had always been a bully, vengeful and petty. He might really not let him off.

Such a spoiled brat typically had a temper but no brains.

Mo Hua thought for a moment, his eyes brightening as he whispered, "If I kill him..."

Zhang Lan coughed, looking complicated, "I'm a supervisor of the Dao Court. Is it appropriate for you to tell me this?"

"I was just saying 'if.'"

"'If' is not okay either."

Mo Hua sighed, "Uncle Zhang, you've changed. When you guided me to harm Qian Xing back then..."

Zhang Lan quickly covered Mo Hua's mouth, "I never guided you!"

"Alright, let's say you didn't."

Zhang Lan had no choice but to sigh:

"If he really causes trouble, just find someone to beat him up. Just don't kill him, or it'll be hard to explain to the Qian family."

Mo Hua nodded, "Got it!"

In the following days, Mo Hua started waiting for Qian Xing to come.

If his guess was right, Qian Xing would definitely come for him.

And Qian Xing didn't disappoint him. One evening, at the foot of a mountain, on a side path, Qian Xing, accompanied by a few lackeys, blocked Mo Hua's way.

It had been a long time since they'd seen each other, and Qian Xing had lost a lot of weight.

His face was paler, cheekbones more pronounced, with a sinister and somewhat crazed aura.

He had changed quite a bit, but what remained unchanged was the hatred in his eyes.

Without a word, Qian Xing ordered his lackeys:

"Get him! Cripple him first!"

To ensure success this time, he brought five lackeys.

One at the ninth level of Qi refining, four at the eighth level, plus himself. Dealing with Mo Hua, who was at the seventh level of Qi refining, was more than enough.

Moreover, he had chosen a secluded place without demon hunters or other independent cultivators.

This time, he wanted to wash away his shame and make Mo Hua beg for mercy.

As soon as Qian Xing gave the order, the Qian family disciples attacked, with the one at the ninth level of Qi refining leading the charge, rushing straight at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua stood still, expressionless, raising his hand to cast a fireball technique.

The fireball was dark red, not large, but extremely fast.

The ninth-level Qi refining disciple didn't have time to dodge, but he didn't care to dodge either.

Just a mere fireball technique.

He was a body cultivator with earth spiritual roots, thick-skinned and tough, unafraid of such a small fireball technique. At most, he'd suffer a minor injury.

Moreover, with Young Master Qian watching, this was a good opportunity to show his bravery and leave a good impression.

So he took the fireball head-on with his chest.

The dark red fireball exploded with a strange wave.

The scorching and twisting spiritual power shattered his chest armor, pierced his chest, and evaporated the blood near his heart.

Unbearable pain hit him.

Caught off guard, the ninth-level Qi refining disciple's eyes rolled back,

and he fell with a thud.

He rushed fast and fell even faster.

The other Qian family disciples stopped in their tracks, terrified and incredulous.

What the hell... was that fireball technique?

A single fireball knocked him down?

The once bustling mountainside fell silent.