

The Quest 319

Chapter 319: The Present is Different from the Past

Qian family disciples looked terrified, but Mo Hua remained calm.

With his Foundation Building spiritual awareness, Concealment Technique, and Passing Water Step, he could easily advance or retreat against ordinary Qi refining cultivators, ensuring his invincibility.

Moreover, he possessed spells and arrays.

The current him was no longer the little array master who couldn't practice martial arts or spells and struggled to escape.

Thus, when Qian Xing sought trouble, he didn't even need to call for help; he could handle it himself.

They were just some bullies from the Qian family who preyed on the weak and feared the strong.

They weren't bloodthirsty criminal cultivators or demonic cultivators with malicious intent, nor did they have any coordination in their attacks, making it easy for Mo Hua to deal with them.

Mo Hua also wanted to test the power of his Fireball Technique.

Since learning the Fireball Technique, he had never used it in actual combat.

Now, having tried it, the power was quite impressive.

Mo Hua nodded slightly, feeling very satisfied.

However, Mo Hua reconsidered and thought the Fireball Technique's power shouldn't be this great.

The Qian family fool at the ninth level of Qi refining didn't dodge or evade, instead receiving the special Fireball Technique directly in his chest, leading to his severe injury and collapse.

Mo Hua had held back, not taking his life.

He didn't want to cause a fatality, avoiding trouble for Zhang Lan and himself.

But these Qian family disciples were no good either.

Today they bullied him, a little cultivator, and tomorrow they might be causing trouble elsewhere.

Even if he didn't kill them, they still needed to be taught a lesson.

Mo Hua raised his hand and pointed, beginning to condense the Fireball Technique again.

His spell casting was fast, and in no time, fireballs flew out one after another.

Some Qian family disciples, not understanding what had happened, were knocked down by Mo Hua's Fireball Technique;

Others realized what was happening and tried to run but were too late, being hit by fireballs and falling unconscious;

Some tried to fight back desperately, charging at Mo Hua, but their speed was no match for Mo Hua's, and they were knocked down by fireballs;

Some had already run far but were immobilized by Mo Hua's Water Prison Technique, followed by a fireball, collapsing directly...

Fireballs flew, and cries of pain echoed, with Qian family disciples falling one after another.

In an instant, only Qian Xing was left standing.

Qian Xing stood there dumbfounded, as if he was in a nightmare.

What had just happened?

Mo Hua stood still, only raising his hand a few times to cast Fireball Techniques, and all the family cultivators he brought were down one by one.

They couldn't get close! They couldn't escape!

Qian Xing's expression changed dramatically.

When did Mo Hua become so terrifying?!

"Am I still crazy, not fully awake, and what I saw just now was just an illusion?"

"Is this in front of me not Mo Hua but a monster in human skin?"

Qian Xing's pupils dilated, falling into deep self-doubt.

In a daze, Qian Xing looked up and saw Mo Hua smiling at him from a distance.

That smile was innocent and pure, yet carried a hint of malice, making it strangely frightening.

Qian Xing screamed, fell to the ground, and crawled a few times without getting up.

When he finally struggled to his feet, he found that Mo Hua was already standing silently in front of him.

Qian Xing trembled, "Don't come near me! Don't eat me!"

Mo Hua was taken aback.

It seemed Qian Xing's madness had somewhat improved but wasn't completely cured, occasionally suffering from delusions. The lingering fear from his dreams sometimes blurred with reality.

Mo Hua was about to say something when he frowned, took out the Qianjun Stick, and swung it down "with the force of a thousand pounds."

The stick hit Qian Xing's arm, breaking his forearm and knocking the talisman from his hand.

"Playing tricks in front of me?"

Mo Hua looked at Qian Xing with a half-smile.

Qian Xing gritted his teeth, sweating coldly, and tremblingly asked, "Are you... Mo Hua?"

He couldn't believe it!

He had been mad for just a few years, and upon waking, he found Mo Hua to be a completely different person from the one he knew.

The little boy he used to strangle was now manipulating him effortlessly!

He couldn't beat Mo Hua, his disciples couldn't beat Mo Hua, and even his little schemes were seen through by Mo Hua.

How was this possible?

Mo Hua looked at Qian Xing in confusion, "Didn't your father tell you not to mess with me?"

Qian Xing was furious, his face turning blue and then purple.

His father had indeed told him.

The first thing his father said upon his waking was to warn him:

Don't mess with Mo Hua!

Instead of dissuading him, this intensified his hatred.

He was the legitimate son of the Qian family, his father the head of the Qian family. In this part of Tongxian City, he had always done whatever he wanted.

Now, repeatedly falling into the hands of a low-born independent cultivator.

Even worse, his father, Qian family head Qian Hong, not only refused to seek justice for him but also warned him not to cause trouble.

This baffled Qian Xing.

They were the Qian family, how had they ever suffered such indignities?

The more his father forbade him to provoke Mo Hua, the more Qian Xing wanted to kill Mo Hua to vent his anger.

Now, Qian Xing finally understood why his father warned him.

Because he truly couldn't afford to provoke Mo Hua...

Mo Hua's expression was unreadable, and his methods instilled fear in Qian Xing.

Especially that innocent yet slightly malicious smile, which sent chills down Qian Xing's spine.

Mo Hua, holding the Qianjun Stick, sized up Qian Xing, contemplating something.

Qian Xing's face turned pale, and he threatened loudly, "I am the legitimate son of the Qian family, you can't kill me!"

"Really?"

Qian Xing struggled to retreat, disregarding the pain in his broken arm, muttering, "Don't come closer!"

Mo Hua pretended to be sinister, "I will ask you a few questions. If you answer honestly, I won't kill you."

Although he hadn't intended to kill Qian Xing, just to scare him and ask a few questions.

Qian Xing gritted his teeth and nodded, "Okay!"

Mo Hua thought for a moment and asked, "Can outsiders enter your Qian family?"

"What kind of outsiders?"

"People who aren't part of the Qian family."

Qian Xing replied, "As long as they have blood ties or distant relations, but they won't be treated well and are usually categorized as collateral branches."

Collateral branches were basically the marginalized cultivators of the family.

"Have you seen any strangers in your family?" Mo Hua asked again.

"The Qian family is large, I can't possibly know everyone."

"Any cultivators who look like they don't belong to your family?"

Qian Xing frowned, "Why are you asking this?"

Mo Hua coldly glanced at Qian Xing, "Are you questioning me?"

Qian Xing felt a chill in his heart, realizing his life was in Mo Hua's hands, he was in no position to ask questions.

Qian Xing reluctantly said, "No."

Mo Hua's gaze sharpened, "You just said you can't know everyone in the Qian family, so how can you be sure there are no outsiders?"

Qian Xing explained honestly, "Appearance might be hard to distinguish, but behavior and conformity to family rules can be observed. Even if outsiders wear Qian family clothes, their actions will be out of place..."

Mo Hua remained expressionless, but felt a bit disappointed.

If Qian Xing wasn't lying, then the Qian family rarely had outsiders, meaning there likely weren't any demonic cultivators infiltrating the Qian family, at least not openly.

"Do any of your family cultivators practice strange techniques?" Mo Hua asked.

"Strange techniques?"

"Techniques that absorb spiritual power, blood, or are like the extraction method..."

Qian Xing sneered, "Even I know these are demonic techniques prohibited by the Dao Court. How could the Qian family practice them?"

Qian Xing's tone was a bit sarcastic.

Mo Hua knocked him on the head with the stick, displeased, "Watch your tone!"

Mo Hua didn't activate the array, so the blow wasn't strong, just a bit painful.

Qian Xing gritted his teeth, still a bit defiant, but his tone became more respectful, "The Qian family rules prohibit practicing demonic techniques. Violators are removed from the family records, stripped of the surname, and permanently exiled."

Mo Hua was surprised; this didn't seem like something the Qian family would do...

But it could be a public display to comply with the Dao Court's prohibition, while secretly doing otherwise.

Mo Hua asked, "Has the Qian family done any bad things..."

Mo Hua realized halfway through the question that it was pointless.

The Qian family did bad things all the time.

Not doing bad things would be strange.

Mo Hua then asked several indirect questions, which Qian Xing answered truthfully, seemingly not lying.

But Mo Hua still found nothing, unable to prove demonic cultivators had infiltrated the Qian family, nor that Qian family members had been to Heishan Stronghold.

Mo Hua sighed inwardly, realizing he wouldn't get anything useful.

It made sense; though Qian Xing was a legitimate son, he was still a playboy. Even if the Qian family had dealings with Heishan Strong

hold, they wouldn't tell Qian Xing.

Since he couldn't get any information, Mo Hua decided to let Qian Xing go, threatening, "I'll let you go this time. If you bother me again, watch your life!"

Qian Xing was overjoyed, not expecting Mo Hua to actually let him go.

Qian Xing nodded quickly, then disregarded his injuries and the Qian family disciples lying on the ground, running towards Tongxian City.

Mo Hua shook his head at Qian Xing's retreating figure.

Qian Xing really didn't consider others as people.

Not only did he disregard outsiders, but he also didn't care for the Qian family disciples.

These disciples worked for him, now seriously injured and unconscious, yet he didn't spare them a glance, only caring for his own escape.

He was a bully, but a coward.

How did the Qian family produce such a waste?

Mo Hua pondered, recalling Qian Xing's words back then:

"If I take him to the mountain... let the demon beasts eat his flesh piece by piece, making him die in pain..."

Mo Hua frowned.

The Dahei Mountain was dangerous, and Qian Xing didn't seem like the type to dare enter it.

Moreover, the Qian family wasn't demon hunters; they killed people, but feeding people to demon beasts wasn't their style.

Qian Xing ran desperately, but suddenly found himself unable to move.

Blue chains formed around him, completely binding him. Mo Hua appeared before him with a few quick steps.

Qian Xing shouted, "You said you'd let me go!"

"I have one last question..."

Mo Hua's gaze darkened, "Back then, did you say you would take me to the mountain to feed me to demon beasts?"

Qian Xing's expression changed, but he gritted his teeth and said, "Yes!"

"Have you done this before?"

Qian Xing hesitated, "No."

Mo Hua was surprised, "Then someone else in the Qian family has done it?"

Qian Xing shook his head, eyes avoiding Mo Hua's.

Mo Hua's gaze sharpened, "You've seen Qian family members do it!"

Qian Xing tried to stay calm, "No, I haven't!"

But his guilty look gave him away.

Mo Hua's eyes narrowed, "Who is feeding people to demon beasts?"

Qian Xing avoided Mo Hua's gaze, mumbling "No" repeatedly. Even when Mo Hua threatened to kill him, he didn't reveal anything.

Unable to get an answer, Mo Hua thought and stepped back, "You don't have to tell me who, but tell me what kind of demon beast."

Qian Xing was panicked. He didn't dare say who, but feared Mo Hua might kill him if he said nothing.

This secluded place was convenient for Mo Hua to kill him.

After a long hesitation, fear of death won out, and Qian Xing stammered, "It's... it's a pig."

Mo Hua's eyes gleamed, "What kind of pig?"

Qian Xing stuttered for a while, unable to describe.

Mo Hua calmly asked, "Is it a fat, large pig with scars all over?"

Qian Xing's face showed shock, "How do you know?!"