

## The Quest 387

### Chapter 387: Suppression

Sun Ze chuckled dismissively, “Kid, you’ve got quite the tough talk. I’d advise you not to meddle in matters that don’t concern you.”

Mo Hua replied calmly,

“By Drawing Formation for these Loose Cultivators, am I interfering with the Sun Family’s affairs?”

Sun Ze sneered, looking up and proclaiming loudly,

“This Thousand Lamps Town belongs to my Sun Family. Without my family’s permission, no one is allowed to Draw Formations for these Loose Cultivators!”

His words seemed to be directed both at Mo Hua and at the Spirit Farmers of the surrounding Thousand Families Town.

Sun Ze then glanced coldly at Mo Hua:

“Our Sun Family has treated you kindly, yet you show no appreciation, and instead, you overstep your bounds.”

“Drawing a single Formation for these people would be fine. We could turn a blind eye, pretend we do not see.”

“But I never expected you to overstep even further, meddling in our affairs.”

“A single Formation costs ten Spirit Stones. By Drawing so many Formations for them, our Sun Family has lost hundreds of Spirit Stones. How should this account be settled?”

Mo Hua glanced at the Formation Patterns on the field edges, “To Draw a single Formation, the cost is less than one Spirit Stone. Your Sun Family actually charges ten?”

“What do you know? This is the work of a Formation Master!” Sun Ze said arrogantly.

“Do you know the status of a Formation Master? These people could not afford one in their wildest dreams!”

“Our Sun Family is willing to Draw Formations for these Spirit Farmers, and it is an honor for them. Charging only ten Spirit Stones, they should be grateful! What else could they possibly be dissatisfied with?”

Mo Hua looked calmly at Sun Ze, and there was an underlying sense of superiority:

“Someone like you deems himself worthy of the title Formation Master?”

Sun Ze paused, taken aback, then his expression turned sinister, his eyes filled with menace.

Mo Hua’s words had hit a sore spot.

He could only Draw four Formation Patterns, and strictly speaking, he was not even a Formation Master.

Although he was too lazy to learn and Draw Formations and was poor at it, he would not tolerate others ridiculing him for not being a Formation Master.

Especially when the one mocking him was a mere teenage Cultivator.

Sun Ze’s expression shifted, and after a moment of resolve, he smirked maliciously,

“Kid, you’ve got some nerve. But you’re young, inexperienced, and unaware of how treacherous the Cultivation World can be, how unpredictable the human heart is.”

“Today I’m feeling particularly charitable, so I’ll teach you a lesson on being sensible, as well as on how to conduct yourself!”

Sun Ze’s gaze turned icy as he signaled to several Cultivators at his side.

Several tall and burly Cultivators of the Sun Family started to advance toward Mo Hua.

Halfway there, however, they were stopped by a burly man.

The burly man said, “Sun Ze, if you have an issue, take it up with us, don’t hassle the young Gentleman.”

After saying this, he covertly signaled to Mo Hua, urging him to leave.

But Mo Hua paid no heed.

Sun Ze disdainfully said, “Ding Da Chuan, don’t stick your nose where it doesn’t belong.”

Ding Da Chuan replied, “Sun Ze, don’t think we’re easy targets.”

The other Spirit Farmers also gathered around, intending to block the Sun Family Cultivators.

Sun Ze raised an eyebrow, “Thinking of rebelling?”

“Don’t push us too far, Sun Family!”

“That’s right, picking on us is one thing, but the young Gentleman kindly helped us Draw Formations and you Sun Family even refuse that.”

“By acting this way, you’re courting retribution.”

...

The Spirit Farmers were abuzz with discussion.

Sun Ze clicked his tongue in annoyance and cursed,

“A bunch of worthless bones that won’t fall in line without a beating!”

The tall, strong Cultivators of the Sun Family went straight to using force.

Since Spirit Farmers only tended to the land and were not skilled in Taoist Skills, and given that most were elderly, they stood no chance against the Sun Family’s Cultivators.

Only Ding Da Chuan could hold them off for a while, but he too was soon beaten to the ground.

Ding Da Chuan felt a bitter helplessness and urgently shouted,

“Young Gentleman, run!”

It was a great favor already that Mo Hua was willing to Draw Formations for them, and naturally, they did not want their own conflict with the Sun Family to drag Mo Hua into trouble.

However, Mo Hua stood still, his expression calm, merely watching Sun Ze thoughtfully.

A few Cultivators from the Sun Family broke through the crowd and approached Mo Hua, closing to within a few yards.

Mo Hua’s gaze sharpened. Just as he was about to raise his hand, he suddenly paused.

He noticed that Ding Miao, who was supposed to be behind him, had positioned himself in front of him, spreading his small arms as if to protect him.

Whether it was because Mo Hua had Drawn a Formation for his grandfather, had given him chicken to eat, or had provided him with pastries,

Despite shaking with fear, Ding Miao still tensed his little face and stood in front of Mo Hua.

“What a good child...”

Mo Hua thought to himself with a slight smile.

The leading burly man from the Sun Family, seeing the trembling yet defiant Ding Miao, sneered and reached out to grab him.

But in the blink of an eye, he grabbed at air.

Mo Hua had already pulled Miao back, gliding several steps away.

The Sun Family's large man was taken aback.

Mo Hua set Miao down, patted his head, and then looked over at the arrogantly strutting Cultivators of the Sun Family with a mild tone but eyes gleaming coldly,

"It's been a while since I've taken action. My skills may be a little rusty, and I may not control my force very well. Please forgive me if I go too far."

Sun Ze laughed lightly and said,

"You little devil, spouting nonsense even as death approaches?"

The burly man of the Sun Family also sneered and then forcefully stepped on the ground, borrowing the momentum to charge towards Mo Hua.

Mo Hua's gaze remained calm as he gently raised his hand.

In an instant, a deep red fireball condensed, even emitting a faint sound of scorching.

With a slight movement of Mo Hua's divine sense, the fireball howled as it flew out, its speed extremely fast, tracing a dim line of fire in the air before forcefully striking the burly man's chest.

Flames exploded, shredding the burly man's clothes and charring his flesh.

The momentum of the burly man came to an abrupt halt.

It was as if he had encountered a tremendous blow of spiritual power mid-charge, leaving him feeling a burning tightness in his chest.

Amid the spreading glow of the fire, the burly man's eyes rolled back, and like a deflated ball, he slowly fell down.

Suddenly, there was a dead silence all around.

Sun Ze couldn't help but be utterly shaken.

What the hell is this? Fireball Technique?!

Several cultivators from the Sun Family sweated coldly on their backs, each turning their heads to glance at Sun Ze, asking with their eyes what to do next.

In a moment of desperate ingenuity, Sun Ze quickly said,

“Fireball Technique! He is a Spiritual Cultivator!”

“Charge together and subdue him at close range, don't give him a chance to cast spells!”

The cultivators of the Sun Family nodded and obeyed, splitting in five or six directions, from front and rear, simultaneously surrounding Mo Hua to kill him.

Mo Hua still stood composedly, gently raising his hand, firing off Fireball Techniques one after another.

The deep red fireballs, without exception, hit their mark.

Each fireball inevitably struck a cultivator from the Sun Family and would surely cause serious injury.

With divine sense at the Foundation Establishment level and the compressed, condensed Fireball Technique, even a Qi Refinement practitioner of the first rank was not to be underestimated.

The fireballs howled; the flames exploded.

Cultivators from the Sun Family dropped one after another.

In the end, only two cultivators managed to reach Mo Hua.

The two of them were overjoyed, but before they could make a move, the sight before their eyes blurred, and Mo Hua vanished.

Looking again, Mo Hua was already five or six zhang away from them.

What's this?

A movement technique?

The two of them stood there in a daze.

But they didn't dare to keep charging forward.

This distance of five or six zhang was enough for Mo Hua to cast five or six Fireball Techniques.

Enough for them to fall five or six times over.

They also didn't dare to flee, as that would leave their backs exposed to Mo Hua.

So for a moment, the two of them were at a loss.

Mo Hua, however, did not bother being polite with them, and with a little wave of his hand, whoosh, two Fireball Techniques took them down as well.

Then Mo Hua felt it wasn't safe enough, and gave each person an additional shot for good measure.

In the blink of an eye, only Sun Ze was left alone in the Spirit Field.

Sun Ze stood pretty much by himself in the Spirit Field, surrounded by Sun Family cultivators lying scattered about.

A sense of absurd fear bubbled up in his heart.

What's going on?

How could a mere seventh layer Qi Refinement cultivator take down so many of the Sun Family's cultivators?

And what exactly is this Fireball Technique?

So fast, so accurate, and so powerfully explosive?

Is this really a spell a person can use?

Sun Ze felt it was utterly ridiculous.

All of a sudden, Sun Ze snapped back to reality, realizing that Mo Hua was watching him, his eyes sparkling and clear, with an indescribable meaning.

He once thought this gaze was childish, but now, he found it terrifying.

Sun Ze turned and ran, but after only a few steps, he twisted his body, lunging towards Ding Miao, who had witnessed the Fireball Technique and had her mouth agape with shock.

He had figured it out; he couldn't escape.



At this moment, he might as well fight with all he had left.

It seemed this little brat had some relationship with Mo Hua; he could take her hostage to use as leverage, and it could also help him make an escape.

But every move he made, every glance, every intention, was clearly perceptible within Mo Hua's divine sense.

Before he could reach Miao, Mo Hua simply grabbed out with an empty hand from afar.

Pale blue water-shaped spiritual power appeared out of nowhere, instantly solidified into chains, and tightly bound Sun Ze.

Sun Ze was like a fish caught in a net, struggling desperately.

When he finally broke free from the Water Prison Technique, a fireball flew at him from the corner of his eye and arrived in front of his face in an instant.

Sun Ze had just enough time to cross his arms in front of his face before he heard a loud bang, felt dizzy and faint, and then he too collapsed, unconscious.

Before passing out, his hazy thoughts lingered on,

“So this is what it feels like to be hit by a Fireball Technique...”

“Damn, it hurts...”

...

When Sun Ze opened his eyes again, he saw a pale, delicate face, yet one that caused him deep trepidation.

Mo Hua held the Thousand Jun Stick in her hand, standing before his head, and spoke with a clear voice,

“I heard, you were going to teach me a lesson?”