

The Quest 388

Chapter 388: Clue

Sun Ze tugged at the corner of his mouth, angrily said,

“You little devil, my Sun Family won’t let this go...”

Mo Hua showed no mercy, striking his head with a stick.

Sun Ze only felt a buzzing in his forehead.

“Think carefully before you speak,” Mo Hua reminded him.

Clenching his teeth and hardening his heart, Sun Ze thought a wise man does not eat loss at hand and begged for mercy,

“Young brother, I was wrong, I was foolish, I don’t dare tell you what to do, please be magnanimous and let me go.”

Mo Hua naturally didn’t believe his words, but he didn’t care and instead said,

“I will ask you a few questions, if you can answer them, I’ll let you go. Otherwise, just have your father birth another son...”

Mo Hua was just intimidating Sun Ze.

Sun Ze, however, broke out in a cold sweat, his father didn’t need to have another, as he already had two more sons.

Being the legitimate eldest son, if he died, the second son would just take his place as the Family Head in due order.

And since the second brother’s Formation skills were better than his, his father would certainly be happy to see it happen and would just shed some crocodile tears at most.

Sun Ze hurriedly said, “Young master, please ask, I’ll tell you everything!”

Mo Hua looked at Sun Ze suspiciously, thinking how could this man’s spine be so soft?

He hadn’t even hit him with the Thousand Jun Stick a few times before he became so compliant.

“Then I’ll ask you, does your Sun Family possess ancestral Formations?”

A jolt went through Sun Ze’s heart, this little devil was indeed after the Sun Family’s ancestral Formation secrets.

Sun Ze quickly nodded and said, “Yes!”

“Where?”

Sun Ze shook his head again, “No!”

Mo Hua hit him once more, “Which is it, do you have it or not?”

Sun Ze, enduring the pain, said,

“According to my father, the Sun Family does have this heritage, but also according to my father, the Sun Family has no clues to the Formation, and we can’t find it...”

Mo Hua, puzzled, said, “Didn’t your old ancestor pass it on to you?”

Sun Ze didn’t know how to respond.

Mo Hua then suddenly said, “Oh, right, even if he passed it on to you, you wouldn’t be worthy.”

Monopolizing Formations, exploiting Spirit Farmers, and bullying others on the strength of their position.

Moreover, with limited Formation skills, the Sun Family doesn't even have a first-class Formation Master. Even if they found the Ultimate Formation, they wouldn't be able to learn it; it would be just a waste of heaven's gifts.

Sun Ze felt ashamed and annoyed in his heart, but he didn't dare to retort. His eyes shifted as he asked,

"Young master, what kind of Formation are you looking for?"

Mo Hua stared at Sun Ze, seeing right through his thoughts, "You think I would tell you if you tried to probe for clues? Do you think I would tell you?"

Sun Ze laughed sheepishly, "I wouldn't dare, I wouldn't dare."

Yet in his heart, he cursed, this little devil was as cunning as a ghost...

Before he could finish his curse, he received another blow to his head.

Mo Hua's eyebrows raised slightly as he said coldly,

"Are you cursing me in your head?"

Sun Ze's head was in pain, his mouth twitched, and he hurriedly said,

"Not at all, I wouldn't dare!"

"Then what else do you know about this Formation?" Mo Hua asked again, weighing the Thousand Jun Stick in his hand, threateningly saying,

"You'd better be honest with your explanation. If I find out you're hiding anything, you'll suffer for it. If your answers satisfy me, I'll let you go."

Mo Hua exercised both the carrot and the stick, giving Sun Ze a glimmer of hope.

This interrogation method was something Mo Hua had already practiced several times.

He had extracted from Diao Laosi the whereabouts of the Concealment Technique and from Qian Xing the scheming of the Patriarch of the Qian Family.

When to strike, what to ask at what time, and when to give a glimmer of hope—Mo Hua was already quite adept at managing the rhythm of these elements.

Sun Ze heard that Mo Hua was going to let him go, he didn't quite believe it, but he didn't dare disbelieve either.

If he didn't believe it, who knows, Mo Hua might decide to send him to heaven with the Fireball Technique.

He still had to become the Family Head of the Sun Family in the future, and he had many blessings to enjoy. He had no wish to hand over all that wealth and status to his second brother.

So Sun Ze spilled everything he knew about the Old Ancestor of the Sun Family and the traditions passed down to the younger generations like pouring beans from a bamboo tube.

Sun Ze didn't know much, and Mo Hua didn't hear many additional clues, but at least it confirmed his suspicions.

Old Ancestor of the Sun Family had indeed hidden the Ultimate Formation in the Spirit Field.

And he hadn't left the Formation with the Sun Family or passed it on to the descendants of the Sun Family.

The specifics of where exactly the Old Ancestor of the Sun Family hid the Ultimate Formation, how it was hidden, and which Formation methods were used, however, remained unknown...

Mo Hua flipped through some items and interrogated Sun Ze several times over.

Sun Ze, dizzy and perplexed, struggled to answer.

Though some details were missing here and there, for the most part, there was no contradiction, suggesting that he was likely telling the truth.

Mo Hua decided not to make it harder for him.

Sun Ze was the legitimate eldest son of the Sun Family.

Although ignorant and oppressive towards Spirit Farmers, it was not good to kill him now.

Otherwise, the Sun Family would certainly become desperate.

The Family Head of the Sun Family was a Foundation Building Cultivator, and since they were currently on the Sun Family's territory, it was better not to utterly sever relations.

"You may go,"

Mo Hua kicked Sun Ze away.

Sun Ze forgot his shame and anger, instead asking in confusion, "You're really letting me go?"

"What, you don't want to leave?" Mo Hua's eyebrows raised, "Or would you like to stay and take another beating?"

Startled, Sun Ze hastily replied,

"I'll go, I'll go!"

Without waiting for Mo Hua to say anything more, he scrambled up and limped away, running back the way he came.

He didn't even glance at the other Sun Family cultivators.

This aspect was very much like the profligate young master of the Qian Family, Qian Xing.

A friend in the dao would rather die than let a fellow daoist face poverty alone.

Even if that “fellow daoist” was a cultivator from their own family.

As Sun Ze ran, his peripheral vision caught a glimpse of the waters in the Spirit Field.

In the water, his disheveled reflection could be seen.

One part of his face was blackened and another charred, with both arms completely burned, looking utterly pitiful.

Sun Ze could hardly believe it.

What kind of Fireball Technique was this kid using?

How could it be so incredibly powerful?

What was more infuriating, this Fireball Technique had nearly exploded directly on his face, potentially ruining his visage.

Sun Ze thought about cursing out Mo Hua in his heart, but felt a chill and forcefully suppressed the impulse to insult others, pushing it down deep.

He mustn't curse!

If he cursed and that brat perceived it, dealing with him straight away with a Fireball Technique, then he would truly be at a loss.

Impatience could spoil great plans.

He had to rush back and tell his father about the incident.

His father was at the Foundation Establishment level.

The kid was only a Qi Refinement cultivator, his Fireball Technique may be sharp, but he surely wasn't a match for a Foundation Building Cultivator.

Having thought it through, Sun Ze ran even faster, wishing he could use his arms as extra legs.

Mo Hua guessed that Sun Ze would definitely go looking for his father, Sun Yi.

Sun Yi was a Foundation Building Cultivator.

But Mo Hua had the Concealment Technique, even if he couldn't beat them, he could always escape.

If the Sun Family truly went too far and angered him, he could just sneak into the Sun Family estate, secretly set up a Compound Formation, and use the Reversed Spirit Formation to collapse it, turning their Family Head to dust and ashes.

But it hadn't come to that point yet.

Mo Hua furrowed his brows again.

His master, Old Kui, and his Junior Brother and Sister were all at the Sun Family's place.

If he broke off relations with the Sun Family now, he didn't know how his master would handle it.

While Mo Hua was pondering, he saw a carriage slowly approaching from afar.

Old Kui was driving the carriage, and Big White was pulling it.

Mo Hua breathed a sigh of relief.

It seemed that nothing could be hidden from his master.

Or perhaps, all of this was within his master's expectations.

Seeing Mo Hua from a distance, Big White neighed.

Mo Hua immediately went up to him and hugged Big White's neck.

Then, seeing Mr. Zhuang, he recounted how Sun Ze had come looking for trouble, and how he had beaten him up, as well as laid out seven or eight cultivators from the Sun Family.

Mr. Zhuang said indifferently, "A trivial matter, no harm done."

In a quiet voice, Mo Hua asked, "Master, don't you think my actions were rash, and lacking forbearance?"

Mr. Zhuang replied, "Showing forbearance when powerless is being cautious. Showing forbearance when capable is simply being cowardly."

"I don't recall ever teaching you not to fight back when attacked, or not to retort when insulted."

Mo Hua felt relieved and smiled.

Looking at Mo Hua, Mr. Zhuang spoke in a gentle tone:

"I brought you all on this journey for experience, and generally, I will not interfere in affairs, you must rely on yourselves."

"But if you are truly in danger, even if the sky falls, your master will cover for you. Rest easy and do what you think is right."

"Yes, master!"

Mo Hua nodded with a smile.

Bai Zisheng, standing by, looked at the Sun Family cultivators sprawled haphazardly across the Spirit Field, feeling both regret and a sense of loss.

Regret that he, as a senior brother, had not been able to protect his Junior Brother in time.

A sense of loss that such a good fight had come and gone, and he had arrived too late to participate.

Bai Zixi glanced at Mo Hua several times, noting his considerable expenditure of spiritual power, but seeing no serious injuries and a good complexion, with rosy cheeks, she slightly nodded.

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At the Sun Family mansion.

Mr. Zhuang had excused himself to Sun Yi ahead of time, claiming he wanted to visit Thousand Families Town, and Sun Yi had no suspicions.

It wasn't until Mr. Zhuang left and Sun Ze returned with a face covered in dirt that Sun Yi realized why Mr. Zhuang had departed...

Sun Ze didn't dare to hide anything, recounting everything that happened in detail.

As soon as he finished, Sun Yi was shocked and angered.

"What did you say?!"

He smashed the table to pieces, eyes bulging:

"Eight or nine Sun Family cultivators were beaten into submission by a wet-behind-the-ears kid?"