

## The Quest 81

Chapter 81: Qian Xing

Observing the distinguished presence of Aunt Xue, Zhang Lan couldn't tear his gaze away.

Mo Hua looked even more disdainful at his expression.

Zhang Lan coughed, adjusted his appearance, and faced Aunt Xue with a serious yet slightly sycophantic tone:

"May I know who this esteemed Daoist is?" he asked.

Aunt Xue ignored him completely, speaking to Mo Hua instead: "Mo Hua, we'll wait up ahead for you." After saying this, she walked away with Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi, leaving Zhang Lan standing there, his sycophantic look still frozen on his face.

Mo Hua looked at Zhang Lan with a hint of sympathy. He wanted to pat Zhang Lan's shoulder, but he wasn't tall enough, so he settled for patting his waist, saying:

"Everyone faces setbacks, Uncle Zhang, try to see the bigger picture..."

The comfort meant to be offered through his childish voice did little to soothe.

Zhang Lan remained puzzled: "I'm well-groomed, my cultivation is not low, and I carry myself with the manners of a noble family's disciple. Why won't she speak even a word to me?"

Mo Hua found his narcissistic demeanor annoying but conceded that he had a point.

"Perhaps Aunt Xue heard your name as 'worthless man', so she avoided you. Why don't you try changing your name?" suggested Mo Hua.

Zhang Lan looked speechless at Mo Hua.

After a few more comforting words, Zhang Lan managed to put the incident behind him. After a few more exchanges, he left with a look of regret.

Mo Hua then met up with Aunt Xue and the others, and they continued their stroll through the market. When it was nearly midnight, they each headed home.

Bai Zisheng returned home full of purchases, pushing many unusual items into Mo Hua's hands, which he couldn't refuse even if he wanted to.

Mo Hua also bought gifts for his parents, including a Fire-Resisting Hairpin for Liu Ruhua, crafted far better than the one he bought two days earlier.

The array inside the hairpin had been erased by Mo Hua, who then drew a new, more intricate array.

For this, he had specifically sought Master Chen's help to dismantle the hairpin and after redrawing the array, had it reassembled by Master Chen.

The gift for Mo Shan was a jade pendant, within which Mo Hua had drawn a Clear Plague Array that, once activated, could alleviate the mountain's poisonous vapors to some extent, though its range was limited.

Both Mo Shan and Liu Ruhua were delighted not only by the gifts but because they contained arrays personally drawn by Mo Hua.

After the noise of the Hunting Festival, Tongxian City quieted down, with cultivators living their usual lives.

Mo Hua was no exception; he had many arrays to learn and his cultivation to improve.

One day, as he was returning home from Mr. Zhuang's teachings, pondering the arrays he still needed to master, he was suddenly blocked by a group of people.

Looking up, Mo Hua saw a dandy young master in luxurious clothes, fluttering a golden fan, with frivolous eyes and brows.

"Young Master Qian?"

Qian Xing, the youngest son of the Qian family patriarch.

The Qian family was the most influential and affluent in Tongxian City. As the patriarch's son and part of the direct lineage, Qian Xing, being the youngest, was most doted upon.

He wasn't concerned with inheriting family business, hence focused only on enjoying life. Mo Hua's interactions with him were limited to occasionally helping him with array homework at the Tongxian Sect.

"Is there something you need?"

Qian Xing smiled amiably, "Indeed, I need a favor."

"What is it?" Mo Hua sensed he was up to no good.

Qian Xing coughed lightly, "The night of the Hunting Festival, I happened to see you with a young lady wearing a veil. Do you know her?"

The veiled young lady? Was he talking about Bai Zixi?

"I suppose I know her..."

Qian Xing's eyes sparkled with excitement, "Call her out, let's get acquainted, become friends."

That evening, from among his family's disciples, Qian Xing had caught a glimpse of the young lady behind Mo Hua. Despite her young age and veiled face, her ethereal demeanor was unforgettable.

He had people inquire about her background, but to no avail. Thus, he decided to approach through Mo Hua, and had been seeking him out with his attendants for days, finally catching him.

"Not close enough to call her out," Mo Hua responded dismissively.

Qian Xing replied, “You were together at the market, saying you're not close doesn't make sense to me. Rest assured, if you agree, I'll make it worth your while. Do you want spirit stones or a spiritual weapon?”

Mo Hua calmly responded, “What if I don't agree?”

The smile on Qian Xing's face slowly faded, “I'm offering you face here.”

Your face isn't worth much, no one would pick it up if it were dropped on the ground...

Mo Hua didn't intend to engage further, simply stating, “I need to get home, can you let me through?”

“Let you through?”

Qian Xing was momentarily stunned, then scoffed coldly, “Ask around in Tongxian City. Everyone else makes way for me, no one has ever dared to ask me to step aside!”

Qian Xing's demeanor darkened:

“I'll say it again, call that young lady out so I can meet her. I won't hold your earlier offense against you. Otherwise, I'll make your parents regret bringing you into this world, making you suffer for nothing!”

Mo Hua's eyes also began to harden, dismissively retorting:

“Your father should be the one with regrets, for having birthed such a useless person, shaming himself before the world!”

Insulting, isn't it? If Qian Xing could start it, Mo Hua wasn't about to be polite.

To Mo Hua, it was just an ordinary insult, but Qian Xing's reaction was unexpectedly intense.

Qian Xing turned pale, his expression twisting grotesquely.

The surrounding area also quieted down considerably.

The minions behind Qian Xing were momentarily dazed, accustomed to their young master's swagger; it was their first time seeing someone publicly rebuke him so boldly.

Mo Hua was somewhat taken aback as well.

He hadn't said much, yet why did that break Qian Xing's composure?

Such fragile pride, then what would happen if he unleashed the harsher words brewing in his stomach? Would Qian Xing simply keel over?

Truly, those pampered from birth tend to have a fragile spirit...

Qian Xing, overwhelmed with rage, his eyes bloodshot with visible veins, his fingers trembling as he pointed at Mo Hua, bellowed venomously:

"I want him dead! He must die!"

Mo Hua frowned, just a few harsh words and he resorts to murder?

Qian Xing, driven to madness, commanded his followers, "He dies, or you die. Choose!"

They were mostly bastards of the Qian family or affiliates, following Qian Xing for scraps of benefit. Angering him meant being discarded from the Qian family like dead dogs.

Though they had done their share of dirty work, they felt no guilt.

One of the Qian family disciples smirked malevolently, "Kid, you're out of luck. Better watch out in your next life." With that, he aimed a vicious punch straight at Mo Hua's forehead.

This punch was both sneaky and deadly.

However, just when the fist was still a few feet from Mo Hua, it was suddenly grabbed.

The Qian disciple struggled to free his fist but couldn't; instead, he felt his bones creaking. Before he could cry out in pain, he was struck in the face by a powerful punch, blood spurting from his nose as the force drove him back, and he collapsed like a rag doll against the wall, knocked out cold.

The others were momentarily shocked, looking up only to see a robust young man who had appeared behind Mo Hua.

It was Da Zhu, the apprentice of Master Chen from the artifact crafting shop.

Normally good-natured and simple, Da Zhu now stood expressionless, his muscular arms like iron, exuding a calm but imposing aura, silently supporting Mo Hua.

Mo Hua appeared unfazed.

On this southern street of Tongxian City, if a fight broke out, his "connections" were quite extensive.