

## The Quest 82

Chapter 82: doesn't exist.

A disciple from the Qian family recognized Da Zhu and shouted, "Chen Da Zhu, just focus on swinging your hammer and stop meddling!"

Da Zhu sneered, "None of your business!"

Mo Hua, with his extraordinary spiritual awareness, noticed that Da Zhu had already positioned himself behind him when the Qian family disciple threw a punch, so he didn't dodge.

Of course, he couldn't dodge even if he wanted to.

The punch from the sixth-level Qi Cultivation body cultivator was quite fast, and Mo Hua's powerful spiritual awareness gave him ample reaction time. However, his frail physique was not strong enough to respond.

Fortunately, Da Zhu took the punch for him.

The Da Zhu that Mo Hua remembered was always the simple, smiling figure, generous and kind, who loved to eat noodles at his home. Now, Da Zhu's expression was cold, with a hint of ruthlessness.

"Chen Da Zhu, get out of the way!" threatened the Qian family disciple.

Da Zhu not only refused to move but also pulled Mo Hua behind him, shielding him with his body, unconcerned, "I won't move!"

Da Zhu, ten years older and much taller than Mo Hua, stood in front of him, effectively hiding Mo Hua from view. The Qian family members couldn't even see Mo Hua's shadow.

Seeing Chen Da Zhu standing firm, another disciple tried to persuade, "Chen Da Zhu, this kid is neither your kin nor kith. Why bother showing off for him?"

"I like it, none of your business!"

Da Zhu, not eloquent, wanted to curse more but couldn't find the words, and felt his momentum weakening, so he sneakily glanced at Mo Hua.

Understanding the cue, Mo Hua leaned forward and said, "Kin or not, you're all like dogs to Qian Xing. He treats you like dogs anyway!"

Da Zhu quickly nodded in agreement, "Exactly! Treats you like dogs!"

The group of Qian family disciples blushed, unable to refute.

Qian Xing, realizing the situation was against him, coldly said, "You want to oppose the Qian family?"

Just as Da Zhu was about to retort, Mo Hua tugged at his sleeve, signaling him to stay quiet, and he complied.

Mo Hua continued, "Qian Xing, if your father knew you were bullying others under your family's name and tarnishing the Qian family's reputation, do you think he'd regret having you? Are you sure he's your real father, or did he just find you somewhere? Maybe he's not your dad, and she's not your mom?"

Qian Xing understood the insult—calling him a bastard, not even of the Qian lineage.

Accustomed to a life of privilege, Qian Xing felt he had never been so humiliated. He waved to his followers and said menacingly, "Beat them to death! Flay them! Strip their tendons! I'll handle things with the Dao Court; you needn't worry!"

Seeing Qian Xing's enraged eyes, Mo Hua whispered to Da Zhu, "Brother Da Zhu, they have more people; we should run."

Da Zhu, fearless, replied, "It's okay, we're not lacking in numbers either."

No sooner had he spoken than a commotion arose behind them. A group of youths arrived, carrying sticks and hammers, standing behind Da Zhu.

"Brother Zhu, we've got the tools!" a young man shouted loudly.

Mo Hua noticed most were apprentices from Chen's Artifact Crafting, naturally wielding hammers and other such makeshift weapons. Some even glowed red as if freshly drawn from the forge.

With everyone standing behind Da Zhu, Mo Hua was safely encircled in the middle.

A few of the Qian family disciples grew timid, their cultivation mostly at the sixth and seventh levels of Qi Cultivation. Although their cultivation was higher, they were used to bullying the weak and feared real confrontation.

Facing the imposing figures from the artifact crafting school, burly as blacksmiths with fists like casserole pots, they didn't want to experience the consequences of a direct hit.

Moreover, these low-level cultivators were known for their recklessness, which the Qian family disciples dared not match.

"Sir, the situation isn't favorable, maybe we should retreat and trouble them another day," suggested someone to Qian Xing in a low voice.

"What did you say?" demanded Qian Xing, his eyes blazing.

The disciple trembled, "We... we're concerned for your safety, sir. If something were to happen during the fight, we couldn't explain it to the family head..."

"I support you, not my father. You should think about how you'll explain to me," Qian Xing said, patting the disciple's face. "Killing that kid is the best explanation you could give! If not, think about how you'll explain it to me."

The Qian family disciples broke out in a cold sweat.

Qian Xing continued, "Don't worry, I've already called for backup. Just hold them off for a while. Once this is over, each of you will get a hundred spirit stones. And whoever kills Mo Hua, I'll speak to my father and secure him a direct lineage position in the Qian family."

The disciples exchanged looks—such a position was tempting enough to risk everything.

One of the Qian family disciples gritted his teeth and declared, "I'll share your troubles, young master!"

He then turned to Da Zhu and called out, "Da Zhu, I need to talk to you," and walked towards him. As he approached, he suddenly drew a knife, swirling with green spiritual energy and a chilling aura, and slashed at Da Zhu.

Da Zhu raised an eyebrow and snorted. His body surged with vitality as he lifted his large hammer to meet the attack.

But the disciple's knife swiftly shifted direction, bypassing the hammer and aiming for Mo Hua behind Da Zhu.

He had calculated it: enduring Da Zhu's hammer might severely injure him, but not kill him, while a direct hit on Mo Hua would surely be fatal. Trading a severe injury for a direct lineage position was a profitable exchange.

Though the attack was sudden, Mo Hua had already sensed the trajectory of the spiritual energy of the knife. However, the attack was too quick for him to speak or dodge with his current physical conditioning.

Just as the knife was about to strike him, an apprentice pulled at his collar, narrowly causing the knife to miss. Mo Hua could even feel the slight pain from the pressure of the spiritual energy passing dangerously close to his forehead.

Da Zhu, seeing the disciple's initial strike and the sudden change in target, was too slow to redirect his heavy hammer. Internally panicking, he was relieved when Mo Hua narrowly avoided the attack.

Relieved but furious, Da Zhu no longer held back. He channeled all his vitality into the hammer and smashed it down hard.

The disciple was struck in the back, crashing to the ground with a mouthful of blood surging up his throat, accompanied by the cracking sound of his own bones breaking.

He had anticipated injury but not to such a devastating extent. As his consciousness blurred, he felt himself being kicked away, then crashing down, losing consciousness soon after.

"Scoundrel, using underhanded tactics!"

"Even the rats in the sewers aren't as dirty as him!"

"Beat them up!"

The apprentice artifact crafters, filled with righteous indignation, raised their sticks and swung their hammers, charging at the Qian family disciples. Left with no choice, the disciples had to fight back.

On the empty street, cultivators on both sides clashed fiercely.