

The Quest 84

Chapter 84: Earth Fire

Disciples of the artifact refining and the Qian family were embroiled in a fierce melee, the scene momentarily descending into chaos.

In Tongxian City, it is generally believed that once a cultivator reaches the middle stage of Qi cultivation, around the fifth to sixth level, they can begin learning offensive Dao techniques.

There are two types of Dao techniques used by cultivators: the physical techniques learned by body cultivators, which rely on a robust physical body to channel spiritual power for close combat; and the spell techniques learned by spirit cultivators, which involve using spiritual awareness to control spiritual power to condense spells for ranged attacks.

There are also cultivators who practice both physical and spirit techniques, but such cultivators require two exceptionally favorable conditions:

First, they must possess outstanding talent, including top-grade spiritual roots and excellent physical refining qualities; second, they need a strong familial background with a profound Daoist heritage that can mitigate conflicts between physical and spiritual cultivation techniques. Additionally, it's best if their family owns several spirit mines, ensuring an inexhaustible supply of spirit stones...

Dual cultivation of spirit and body is rare among cultivators, with some large clans unable to produce even one dual cultivator over several generations, let alone in the remote Tongxian City.

Whether independent cultivators or those from smaller clans, most must choose to specialize in one path: either focusing on physical cultivation to become body cultivators or concentrating on spell techniques to become spirit cultivators.

During the Qi cultivation phase, body cultivators have a significant advantage over spirit cultivators, unless one is born with particularly poor physical constitution—like Mo Hua, who would choose the path of physical cultivation, becoming a body cultivator.

Thus, the current battle was predominantly a melee among body cultivators.

A few disciples from the Qian family were spirit cultivators, but before they could cast their spells, they were rushed and knocked down with a punch.

The melee among the body cultivators was a spectacle of fists and feet colliding, punches landing with the flesh, accompanied by multicolored spiritual energy that made the scene look quite dashing.

This was Mo Hua's first time witnessing such a large-scale battle among cultivators; he was so mesmerized that he momentarily forgot what he should be doing.

What should he do?

Mo Hua thought it over and realized there was only one thing he could do—run!

A melee among body cultivators; with his slender arms and legs, escaping unharmed would be an achievement. Not burdening others was his greatest contribution!

As Mo Hua prepared to flee, he had only taken a few steps when someone grabbed his shoulder. Mo Hua struggled, but not only did he fail to break free, but a pair of icy hands also clasped around his neck.

Turning his head, Mo Hua saw Qian Xing staring at him coldly.

As if he were his father's murderer.

"Stop!" Qian Xing shouted menacingly.

Everyone halted their actions and split to either side, the Qian family's disciples clutching their arms and wiping blood, standing disgracefully behind Qian Xing, while Da Zhu and his group stood in front of them, confronting them.

Seeing this scene, Mo Hua felt a chill in his heart: "It's over, the worst possible situation has occurred!"

Initially, Da Zhu and his group had the upper hand, but now that he was captured, everyone hesitated, and the situation turned grim.

Da Zhu looked at Qian Xing with an expressionless face and said, "Let him go! Or you're dead!"

"Playing dirty because you can't win, coward!"

"If you're capable, fight again..."

The other disciples of artifact refining also shouted angrily.

Qian Xing sneered, "All you know is how to fight and kill, destined to be lowly all your lives. I've already gone to call for help. Soon, the family's guards will arrive, and none of you will escape."

"What do you want?" Da Zhu demanded.

"What do I want?" Qian Xing smirked, tightening his grip on Mo Hua's neck, "Don't worry, I won't kill him now. Killing him would dirty my hands. Although I'm not afraid of the Dao Court, it would still be troublesome. I just need to take him up the mountain, hang him on a tree, and let a few demonic beasts slowly eat his flesh, letting him die in agony. Even if the Dao Court wants to investigate, they can't trace it back to me since it was the beasts that ate him."

Da Zhu's eyes reddened with anger: "Bastard, you dare!"

"You dare to curse me, bastard? What are you?" Qian Xing laughed bitterly in anger, "Alright, then kneel before me, slap yourselves, and end it on your own. I won't kill him then, how about that? You like to stand out, so I'm giving you this chance."

Qian Xing, still clutching Mo Hua's neck, threatened, "Kneel, or I'll kill him right now!"

Da Zhu and the others were in a dilemma, feeling both furious and humiliated.

Mo Hua, with a flash of sharpness in his gaze, said hoarsely, "Qian Xing... don't overstep!"

"Overstep? I've been nice and polite to you, but you refused to comply, turning things into this mess, and you blame me for overstepping?" Qian Xing replied. "Today, I've lost so much face. It's only reasonable to take a few lives to restore my reputation, right?"

Mo Hua's youthful voice carried a chilling tone:

"That means you're asking for death!"

Qian Xing laughed off the threat, "You, a mere fourth level Qi cultivator who knows neither martial arts nor spells, what can you do to me? Saying I'm seeking death, fine, I'd like to see how you..."

He didn't finish his sentence, as he suddenly saw a splash of bright red ink thrown at his face. In a rush, he could only lift his right hand to block, but it was too late; streaks of ink splattered on his eyes, seeping into his eyeballs, causing an intense burning pain.

It was the Fire Elemental Spirit Ink used for drawing arrays!

Enraged, Qian Xing, enduring the pain in his right eye, tightened his left hand, intending to strangle Mo Hua. But due to the sudden pain, his grip loosened momentarily, allowing Mo Hua to break free.

Qian Xing reached out again to grab him, but knowing he couldn't escape, Mo Hua suddenly turned around and kicked at Qian Xing's body.

However, the kick landed on Qian Xing without moving him an inch, nor did he feel any pain. Instead, it was Mo Hua who was sent flying backward by the rebound.

Mo Hua used the momentum to roll back and ended up on the ground, then quickly rolled several times before lying face down, hands covering his head.

Seeing him in this state, Qian Xing couldn't help but laugh, "Now you know who's the useless one?"

He continued moving forward, intending to catch Mo Hua before Da Zhu could intervene.

But just as he took a step forward, Qian Xing suddenly felt a burning sensation on his chest. Looking down, he saw a piece of paper tucked into his robe. The paper was marked with seven

array patterns, drawn in bright red ink, and the red of the ink grew increasingly glaring, even glowing brightly.

Was this... an array?

Before Qian Xing could understand what was happening, a thunderous explosion sounded.

An array had detonated.

Without warning, a strong surge of spiritual power erupted in front of Qian Xing, accompanied by a searing burn and heart-wrenching pain, engulfing him completely.

His Dao robe instantly turned to ash, and the spiritual protector amulet on his chest cracked. The fiery blast surged upwards, scorching his face beyond recognition, and the explosive aftermath hurled his body through the air, crashing through several stalls before coming to a stop.

The street fell silent instantly.

Several of the Qian family's disciples caught in the blast lay on the ground, wailing in pain.

Da Zhu and the other cultivators stood in shock, staring at Mo Hua, who was crouching and covering his head on the ground, appearing somewhat disheveled, and at the other side, Qian Xing, whose body was charred and disfigured. For a moment, they were at a loss for words.

The sound of the explosion and the resultant surge of spiritual power had also alarmed nearby cultivators, and more and more of them were rushing towards the scene.