

## The Quest 85

Chapter 85: Confrontation

"Is this... a spell?" stuttered an apprentice artifact-crafter.

Da Zhu shook his head, equally confused about what had just occurred.

He had only seen Mo Hua throw Spirit ink at Qian Xing, who, pained, reached to grab Mo Hua. Mo Hua kicked Qian Xing in return, but ended up being blown away himself. Then, Qian Xing exploded...

"Right, Mo Hua!"

Given the loud explosion, Da Zhu was unsure whether Mo Hua was injured. Mo Hua was not a body cultivator; an explosion would mean serious danger.

Da Zhu and the others hurried towards Mo Hua, but halfway there, they saw him standing up, casually dusting off his clothes. Seeing them, he asked with concern:

"Brother Da Zhu, are you all okay...?"

Everyone: "..."

"Mo Hua, are you alright?" Da Zhu asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just some scrapes and a bit of neck pain." Mo Hua rubbed his neck, where Qian Xing had choked him, leaving bruises.

"Where's Qian Xing?"

After searching for a while, Mo Hua found Qian Xing, charred and bloody, his condition unknown.

The power of the Earth Fire Array was stronger than Mo Hua had anticipated; it didn't seem so when exploding trees, but the effect on humans was clearly devastating.

"Mo Hua, what exactly happened..." Da Zhu asked quietly.

Before Mo Hua could answer, a middle-aged cultivator rushed over, arriving beside Qian Xing in a blink. His eyebrows furrowed, he checked Qian Xing's breath, then slightly relaxed.

The middle-aged cultivator administered some pills to Qian Xing, then his gaze swept around sharply, his voice chilling, "Who did this?"

His voice, infused with spiritual power, made Mo Hua's ears buzz.

A cultivator of the Ninth Level of Qi Refinement!

Mo Hua's scalp tingled. Just as he was about to step forward, Da Zhu pulled him back, whispering, "Leave the matters of the Ninth Level to others."

Sure enough, a burly man wrapped in wolf pelt stepped forward, shouting, "Kids will be kids. Why are you, Qian Zhongli, such an old man joining in?"

Qian Zhongli sneered, "Your kid plays like this?"

The burly man laughed loudly, "If he had such skills, I'd let him be!"

Qian Zhongli retorted, "Don't try to fool me here. Hand over the person responsible, or you'll regret it."

The burly man's laughter ceased, his face suddenly stern, "Qian Zhongli, you bastard, am I giving you too much face? Being polite was out of respect, don't push it!"

"I'll say it again, hand him over! Don't think I won't dare to act!"

Qian Zhongli, suppressing his anger, said.

"I'm also saying it again, if I tell you to scram, you better scram. What if you do act? I'm not scared?"

The burly man retorted sharply.

Though Qian Zhongli said so, he was genuinely wary of the burly man and dared not act rashly, merely threatening, "Elders from the Qian family will be here soon, don't escalate things; it won't end well for anyone."

"What, relying on the Qian family's power to bully us solitary cultivators?" the burly man scoffed, impervious to threats.

"You really want to lead this?"

"Today you're here to arrest someone, tomorrow you could be crapping on our heads. You know what your young master is like. I don't care if he bullies people, but if he gets himself killed doing it, he damn well deserved it, and you can't do a thing about it!"

"The Qian family does have Foundation Building cultivators..."

"So what? Only your Qian family has Foundation Builders? What about it, picking on younger Qi Refinement cultivators? At your age, you've cultivated straight to the guts of a dog?" the burly man cursed. "All those shady deeds your Qian family pulled to get established, need I spell them out?"

Qian Zhongli, unable to outtalk him, and fearing the burly man might spill more unsavory truths, finally said:

"Alright, I won't press for the person now, but tell me, what exactly happened here? Who used what means to injure the third young master?"

"Isn't it obvious?" the burly man scoffed lightly. "Your precious young master tried to use a spell to bully someone and botched it. The spell backfired and blew him into this sorry state! Can't you see that, or are your eyes just for decoration?"

The

burly man closed his eyes, blatantly spinning a tale, leaving Qian Zhongli speechless.

Where would Qian Xing know any spells? Even if he did, he was only a mid-stage Qi Refinement cultivator; what kind of spell could cause such a ruckus?

"Don't spout nonsense!" Qian Zhongli shouted.

"Then you tell me, among these people, can you find a cultivator capable of such a spell?"

The burly man pointed towards Mo Hua, "If you can find one, I'll let you take them without a word!"

Qian Zhongli found himself speechless.

Among these cultivators, the highest was only the Sixth Level of Qi Refinement; none had sufficient spiritual power to wield such spells. Although a few had the necessary cultivation level, it was clear they were body cultivators. The martial arts of body cultivators were completely different from the spells of spirit cultivators.

Qian Zhongli scanned with his spiritual awareness over and over, even beginning to doubt himself—could it be that the one who injured Young Master Qian wasn't here at all? None of these cultivators seemed capable of such spells.

Among the crowd, Mo Hua ducked his head. No spell users here, but there was one who knew about arrays...

Yet, the Fourth Level Qi Refinement Mo Hua wasn't even considered by Qian Zhongli.

"How about that? Nothing to say now, huh?" the burly man sneered.

Qian Zhongli frowned, "Regardless, I need an explanation."

The burly man's temper flared, "Need an explanation from your mom! You looking for trouble? Then let's talk with our cultivation levels; let's see whether today I beat you crying for daddy, or you get beaten so bad you're picking up your teeth from the ground!"

The burly man pulled out a menacing mace, its tips stained with dark red blood, exuding a sinister demonic aura. It was clear that many a demonic beast had perished under this mace.

Qian Zhongli didn't want to fight, but now there was no choice. He drew his sword, his entire body's spiritual power surging, appearing stronger, but facing the mace-wielding burly man's cold laughter, he lacked any real confidence.

Just then, someone shouted to stop. A cultivator dressed in the robes of the Dao Court approached. Mo Hua looked closely—it was Zhang Lan.

Zhang Lan was usually idle, but now, dressed in the Dao Court's robes, he indeed looked quite authoritative.

"This matter will be handled by the Dao Court," Zhang Lan announced formally.

"Dao Court Officer Zhang, this matter..."

Qian Zhongli tried to say something but was silenced by Zhang Lan's raised hand. "I've said, this matter is under the Dao Court's jurisdiction, all irrelevant parties withdraw!"

Qian Zhongli was reluctant to leave, and the burly man was fearless; for a moment, they stood at an impasse.

Zhang Lan's gaze hardened slightly as he looked at the burly man wrapped in wolf pelt, "We shouldn't make a big fuss," then turning to Qian Zhongli, "and don't tarnish your family's reputation."

Qian Zhongli gritted his teeth, bowed, and said, "I'll abide by the Officer's decision!"

The burly man also bowed his head, then glanced at Mo Hua, waving dismissively, "Kid, what are you looking at? Get going!"

Mo Hua and the others prudently slipped away.

Da Zhu and his group had fought a battle and were more or less injured; Mo Hua led them to Mr. Feng to treat their wounds. Qian Zhongli took the severely injured Qian Xing away, not even glancing at the other Qian family disciples.

The burly man watched and sneered, then sauntered off.

Soon after, several Dao Court cultivators arrived, and under Zhang Lan's direction, they began cleaning up the scene.

Zhang Lan had been slacking nearby and only rushed over upon hearing the explosion, catching the confrontation between Qian Zhongli and the burly man, but as for what had really happened, he was also unclear.

However, he was an officer of the Dao Court after all, and couldn't completely ignore his duties. When it was time to put on a show, he still had to do so.

Zhang Lan searched the scene thoroughly, then looking at the ground strewn with Spirit ink and the nearly burnt-to-ash array papers, murmured, "Could it be an array?"

Who would use such an array?

Arrays weren't something every cultivator could learn, especially not in a small place like Tongxian City.

Zhang Lan recalled Mo Hua's curious face, which had flashed through the crowd earlier.

He had thought Mo Hua was just there to watch the

excitement, but now, a somewhat absurd thought suddenly crossed his mind, and Zhang Lan's eyelid uncontrollably twitched.

"No way, this kid couldn't be that uncanny, could he..."

