

The Quest 86

Chapter 86: Healing Wounds

Zhang Lan furrowed his brows.

He didn't want to admit it, but the more he denied it, the more likely it seemed to be true.

Could it be Mo Hua who drew that array? Was he also responsible for its explosion?

Although Mo Hua was only at the fourth level of Qi Cultivation, his skill in Composite Arrays was not to be underestimated. For him, drawing an array capable of causing an explosion was hardly a challenge.

After pondering, Zhang Lan erased all traces of the array, thinking about when to visit Mo Hua for a drink and to clarify the matter.

He harbored no guilt over this personal favor.

Born into a prominent family, he had seen his fair share of wasteful heirs. Thus, he held in low regard those like Qian Xing, who abused their family's reputation to bully others and flaunt their power, believing they not only squandered their family's resources but also tarnished its reputation.

He only regretted that the array wasn't powerful enough to eliminate that young scion of the Qian family.

"Mo Hua, the lad is still lacking in his craft..." Zhang Lan muttered to himself.

At Xinglin Medical Hall, Old Master Feng treated Da Zhu and the others.

Old Master Feng disliked troublemakers and initially hesitated to treat them, but Mo Hua explained that he was bullied, and it was only because Da Zhu and the others came to his aid that they were injured.

Of course, the supposedly bullied Mo Hua was lively and only slightly bruised, while those who bullied him were blasted beyond recognition... This was a detail best left unshared with Old Master Feng.

Old Master Feng, who had watched Mo Hua grow up, was somewhat biased. Hearing Mo Hua's account, he softened his approach, mixing some herbal remedies for them to apply on their wounds and also provided them with pills to improve their blood circulation and remove blood stasis.

Da Zhu whispered, "Mo Hua, you really have a way with Old Master Feng. I've been injured in fights before and, regardless of the reason, I never dared to seek help from Old Master Feng, fearing his rebuke."

"Old Master Feng is kind-hearted; he would definitely help if it were serious. If he doesn't treat you, it means he knows your injuries are minor," Mo Hua replied.

Da Zhu nodded, albeit skeptically, but he would never have dared to seek out Old Master Feng if not for Mo Hua's presence.

After examining their wounds, Old Master Feng also checked on Mo Hua and, seeing that he had only superficial injuries, was finally at ease.

"You were born frail; it's not suitable for you to engage in fights. If unavoidable, better to think of an escape to avoid risking your life," Old Master Feng advised.

"I tried to run, but I didn't make it," Mo Hua replied helplessly.

Old Master Feng frowned, "In Tongxian City, who would be so unreasonable as to bully a child?"

"It's nothing serious, it's all in the past now," Mo Hua chuckled.

Seeing that Mo Hua was reluctant to speak further, Old Master Feng did not press. He simply cautioned, "I may still have some influence here in Tongxian City. If someone really bullies you and you can't defend yourself, you must tell me."

"Thank you, Grandfather Feng!" Mo Hua gratefully responded, touching his neck to find the ointment given by Old Master Feng cool and soothing. He then bid farewell, "It's getting late, I should head home. Next time, I'll bring you some osmanthus wine my mother brews to try!"

Old Master Feng waved his hand, “Head back early, don’t worry your mother.”

Mo Hua and Da Zhu said their goodbyes. Seeing Da Zhu and the others looking troubled, Mo Hua asked, “Are your injuries severe?”

“They’re not severe, but we’re all marked up, and it won’t heal in a day or two. There’s no way to hide it from our master,” Da Zhu replied dejectedly.

“Master Chen?” Mo Hua asked.

“Yes, our master repeatedly warns us not to seek trouble or get into fights. Fighting leads to injuries, and healing them costs spirit stones, not to mention compensating others with spirit stones...”

“That’s why, regardless of whether we are right or wrong, our master always punishes us after a fight,” the disciples chimed in.

Mo Hua felt somewhat guilty; Da Zhu and the others had fought because they were helping him. If not for Qian Xing's aggressive behavior, the fight would not have happened.

“Qian Xing uses his power to bully others; you fought because you were helping me. Master Chen is reasonable; he shouldn’t blame you,” Mo Hua reassured them.

“Hmm.” Da Zhu nodded, though still

a bit uneasy.

“If Master Chen still blames you, tell him that whenever the artifact crafting shop needs any arrays drawn, I can help as long as they aren’t too difficult.”

“Really?” Da Zhu’s eyes lit up. Commissioning someone to draw arrays was costly, and every time their master would be distressed. If Mo Hua could help in the future, their master would surely be pleased.

“But,” Da Zhu hesitated, “won’t you be at a disadvantage?”

“My father always says that neighbors and friends should look out for each other. You helped me, and I help you; how could that be a loss?” Mo Hua patted his chest, echoing the philosophy his father Mo Shan often shared, who also believed that the harsh life of lower-level wandering cultivators was made bearable by mutual support.

Mo Hua's family had experienced hardships before, receiving much care from others.

Da Zhu was thrilled, “If that little bastard Qian Xing troubles you again, we’ll help you beat him up!”

“Right, beat him up!” the disciples agreed.

After parting ways, Mo Hua returned home, had dinner, and chatted with his mother before returning to his room to continue studying arrays.

He didn’t mention Qian Xing to avoid worrying his mother.

The Qian family's influence was vast, and it was best to avoid them if possible. Fortunately, they were unaware that it was Mo Hua who had used the array to injure Qian Xing; they were unlikely to trouble Mo Hua anytime soon.

Liu Ruhua sat alone, sewing under the lamp, her mind heavy with thoughts, waiting for Mo Shan to return. She then shared her concerns with her husband:

“Hua’er was injured. He didn’t mention it and covered his wounds, not wanting me to see, but how could I, his mother, not notice...”

Mo Shan comforted his wife, “Mo Hua is a boy; it’s right for him to be responsible. If he doesn’t mention it, it means he can handle it. It’s probably nothing serious, so don’t ask him about it.”

“Hmm,” Liu Ruhua nodded, still a bit worried, “Mo Hua is usually well-behaved and unlikely to get into conflicts.”

“I’ll ask around tomorrow to find out exactly what happened. Don’t worry, even if something did happen, I’m here.”

Mo Shan spoke gently, reassuring his wife, but a sharp gleam flickered in his eyes.

Meanwhile, at Chen's Artifact Crafting Shop, Da Zhu and the others were kneeling in front of the hall, being punished by Master Chen.

Master Chen held a stick in his hand, his expression as grim as water.

“So, you've grown bold and hardened, even stirring up trouble with others and alerting the Dao Court itself. Had I not heard about this from someone else, you would have kept me in the dark. Do you no longer respect me as your master?”