

The Quest 92

Chapter 92: Harsh Words

Many things occurred behind the scenes that Mo Hua was unaware of. His parents thought they had kept things well-hidden.

It was only days later, when Mo Shan and his wife prepared some gifts to bring to Master Chen, that Mo Hua realized he hadn't kept things hidden after all.

"Rain leaves traces, geese leave sounds. Uncle Zhang was right, once something happens, traces are bound to be left. If you don't know about them, others will," Mo Hua sighed silently.

Mo Shan didn't blame Mo Hua; he felt that a man should act with responsibility and keep secrets when necessary, not sharing everything openly.

Despite his young age, Mo Hua was able to handle crises on his own and remained calm afterward, showing both courage and responsibility. Mo Shan felt a sense of relief thinking about this.

Liu Ruhua was both worried and heartbroken, and although she felt some resentment, she did not voice any reproach. Instead, she pinched Mo Hua's cheeks firmly as if to vent her frustration.

The family of three delivered the gifts to the artifact crafting shop.

Among the gifts were large chunks of wild mountain ox meat, freshly slaughtered by Mo Shan from two demonic oxen, specifically the thigh meat which was then stewed and marinated by Liu Ruhua over several days.

The meat of the wild mountain ox was not expensive; what was costly was the effort of marinating and the spiritual stones spent on stewing it in a stove. If one were to buy it with spiritual stones, it wouldn't come cheap, and Master Chen certainly wouldn't want to spend his precious spiritual stones on it, as he had many other uses for them.

With so much wild mountain ox meat, even the hearty appetites of the young men at the crafting shop would be satisfied for over a month.

Da Zhu and the others were astounded, having never seen so much meat in their lives. Their mouths watered so much they couldn't wipe it away fast enough.

Master Chen received a large vat of wine and smiled from ear to ear.

He also enjoyed drinking but was usually too thrifty, counting each cup he drank. Now, with this vat of wine, he could afford to sip a little longer.

Two months of calm passed before Zhang Lan found Mo Hua again, saying, "Qian Xing's injuries have healed."

"Healed?"

"The pill masters of Tongxian City were unwilling to treat Qian Xing. The Qian family spent a substantial amount of spiritual stones to hire several top-tier pill masters from outside, taking two months to heal him. It's said that dozens of furnaces of pills were refined, consuming countless spiritual herbs," Zhang Lan remarked with a tsk.

"So many spiritual stones..." Mo Hua lamented, thinking it a waste to use so many just to save Qian Xing.

"Be careful," Zhang Lan warned.

Mo Hua thought for a moment, "Does Qian Xing know it was me who injured him? Will he still cause me trouble?"

"You rejected his request, which infuriated him, leading to his explosive injuries and a two-month bedridden recovery. He spent a fortune on spiritual stones for his treatment, and most importantly, he's lost a great deal of face. Regardless of who injured him, you initiated it, and he will ultimately blame you," Zhang Lan explained.

"He was the one who troubled me first. If anyone started it, it was him. Doesn't he ever consider his own faults?" Mo Hua said discontentedly.

"Family heirs, pampered from a young age, tend to be extreme in their views. He will never think he is at fault; others are always to blame. I've seen many such people..."

Zhang Lan played with his cup, "Worse still, if he wants your life and you refuse, he'll see it as defiance and become even more enraged."

Mo Hua was astounded, "Are there really people like that?"

"You'll encounter them sooner or later," said Zhang Lan. "In this world, not everyone is treated as a human."

Zhang Lan drained his cup and stood up, "I'm leaving. Don't worry too much about this. With so many eyes watching, the Qian family wouldn't dare make a move. But be aware, Qian Xing is spoiled and somewhat malicious. Just be cautious, just in case."

So many eyes watching... What did that mean? Who was watching?

Mo Hua wanted to ask, but Zhang Lan had already left.

Mo Hua frowned and felt inside his storage bag for a stack of array patterns, along with spirit liquids and spirit stones prepared under Zhang Lan's guidance to erase and confuse traces, thinking to himself, Qian Xing, you better not come looking for trouble, or your parents might never see you again.

Afterward, Mo Hua went to Mr. Zhuang to study array formations, to help people

repair array patterns, or to shop in the market. On his repeated journeys, he always felt the gaze of some cultivators.

They thought Mo Hua hadn't noticed, but having drawn array formations for so long, his spiritual awareness was far deeper than cultivators of the same realm. He could clearly distinguish between those who spied on him openly and those who did so discreetly.

Some gazes carried malice, like venomous snakes lurking in the grass, their eyes filled with venom. Others seemed to be just following orders, watching Mo Hua to keep track of his movements.

Then there were those whose scrutiny was cold and subtle, which Mo Hua could only faintly sense, not quite clearly.

This indicated that these cultivators' spiritual awareness might be stronger than Mo Hua's, suggesting they were likely in the later stages of Qi cultivation.

Some gazes were benevolent and unhidden. When Mo Hua looked their way, these familiar faces greeted him warmly. Whether they were neighbors or diners at eateries, or fellow demon hunters in the hunting teams.

Although not close to all, Mo Hua had seen some of them a time or two. There were also some he didn't recognize, but they seemed to know him and would smile and nod when he looked their way.

Zhang Lan's remark about "so many eyes watching" finally made sense...

Mo Hua felt both wary and warmed by this realization.

The cultivators who were watching Mo Hua did not act, and just when Mo Hua began to doubt their intentions, Qian Xing found him himself.

As Mo Hua left Mr. Zhuang's and was about to head home, he encountered Qian Xing at the foot of the mountain.

Months had passed, and Qian Xing looked unwell—naturally, anyone who had been blasted by a ground fire array would not look good.

Some parts of his body were still bandaged, and his face was disfigured. He no longer carried the golden fan that he used to flaunt, and his expression was one of sheer hatred.

"Don't think you're safe just because you have protectors. The humiliation I suffered, I will make you pay back a hundredfold. When the time comes, you won't even wish for a quick death!"

"Then take care of your health, so you don't die first," Mo Hua responded, unable to resist as he observed Qian Xing's pitiful state.

Qian Xing's expression twisted again.

Mo Hua sighed internally, having faced life and death situations, yet still seeing such a poor attitude in others, where even a single word could enrage them so.

Qian Xing was angry but dared not act. Although they were at the foot of the mountain, it was still a place frequented by cultivators, most of whom were demon hunters.

As they spoke, several demon hunters nearby turned their sharp gazes towards Qian Xing.

Knowing his limits, Qian Xing said in a low, vicious voice, "You wait." He then left with several Qian family disciples.

Mo Hua shook his head, seeing that Qian Xing was set on a path of no return.

Isn't it better to enjoy the life of a spoiled young master, indulging in food, drink, and leisure, without worrying about livelihood or spiritual stones? Indeed, when life is too easy, people think about tempting fate.

Mo Hua bowed to the nearby demon hunters, thanking them, and received friendly responses before heading home.

At that moment, behind him on the mountain path, Bai Zixi watched Mo Hua's retreating figure, her brow slightly furrowed. After a moment, her white teeth gently parted, and she softly said, "Aunt Xue, check what happened."

Aunt Xue, standing behind Bai Zixi, nodded.