

The Quest 161

Chapter 161: Swift and Accurate

The surroundings fell silent for a moment.

“I know spells,” Mo Hua emphasized.

Elder Yu gathered his thoughts and first praised him, “Not bad, you’re a spiritual cultivator. Study spells well, and you’ll have a bright future.”

These words were somewhat insincere.

After the compliment, Elder Yu continued, “But your current level is low, and your spiritual power is weak. Even if you know spells, it’s not suitable to engage in battles, especially in such chaotic situations.”

Elder Yu was afraid that Mo Hua would impulsively rush out to fight with the Qian family cultivators.

In such chaotic battles, without strict protection, spiritual cultivators are very vulnerable.

Yu Chengyi also nodded quickly; he too feared that something might happen to Mo Hua.

Mo Shan, however, looked at Mo Hua thoughtfully.

Mo Hua pondered for a moment and said, “I think I can still help a bit.”

Elder Yu was slightly stunned, “How will you help?”

“I can’t handle chaotic battles, but I can deal with those spiritual cultivators,” Mo Hua explained.

Elder Yu frowned.

Mo Hua elaborated, "I'm only at the sixth level of Qi Refinement, so my spells aren't very powerful. I might not be able to kill them, but interrupting their spells shouldn't be a problem."

"What if they use spells against you?" Yu Chengyi asked.

Mo Hua chuckled, "They can't hit me."

Yu Chengyi was taken aback, "Why?"

Mo Hua replied, "Their spiritual awareness isn't as strong as mine. I can stand outside their range, and if their spiritual awareness can't touch me, their spells won't hit me either."

Yu Chengyi suddenly understood and exchanged a glance with Elder Yu.

Elder Yu decided, "Alright, we'll try it tomorrow. But you stay inside the mine and don't go out."

"Okay," Mo Hua agreed with a nod.

The next day, the battle resumed.

The Qian family used the same strategy, with body cultivators holding the front line and spiritual cultivators attacking with spells, slowly wearing down the demon hunters.

The demon hunters, following Elder Yu's secret instructions, didn't forcefully charge but dodged the spells to avoid getting hurt.

Some agile demon hunters pretended to circle around to attack the Qian family's spiritual cultivators, distracting the Qian family's body cultivators and spreading them thin.

With this maneuvering, the Qian family's spiritual cultivators became exposed to Mo Hua's sight.

Mo Hua cast spells without looking, only needing to lock on with his spiritual awareness.

The purpose of spreading the Qian family's body cultivators was to prevent them from blocking the Fireball Technique.

Elder Yu stood behind Mo Hua.

He wouldn't interfere in the fight but would protect Mo Hua if necessary.

If Mo Hua were really in danger, Elder Yu wouldn't stand by and watch.

Hitting the Dao Court's face was one thing; apologizing to the master was another, but he could handle that, given his thick skin.

A ten-year-old who had already reached the threshold of a first-grade array master and came from their wandering cultivators was too valuable to risk.

Elder Yu measured the position of the Qian family's spiritual cultivators and whispered to Mo Hua, "Isn't it a bit far? Can you hit them?"

Elder Yu knew Mo Hua had strong spiritual awareness, but strong spiritual awareness didn't necessarily mean accurate spellcasting. Hitting from such a distance wouldn't be easy.

Mo Hua wasn't sure, "I think I can."

It was worth a try.

As the chaotic battle ensued, the Qian family's spiritual cultivators began chanting incantations.

Elder Yu's eyes narrowed, knowing it was time.

He then saw Mo Hua raise a hand, join his fingers, and a fireball shot out.

Elder Yu was shocked, "So fast?"

Before he could even notice Mo Hua's movements, a fireball was already cast and flying out.

The fireball drew an arc and hit a Qian family spiritual cultivator.

Caught off guard while channeling energy, the Qian family spiritual cultivator's spell was interrupted by the Fireball Technique.

It hit!

Elder Yu was delighted but saw Mo Hua looking displeased, mumbling, "Missed..."

"Didn't it hit?" Elder Yu couldn't help asking.

Mo Hua regretfully said, "No, I aimed for the heart but hit the wrist."

Elder Yu opened his mouth but didn't know what to say.

Hitting from this distance was already impressive, and he expected to hit the heart?

"Alright then..."

To avoid appearing ignorant, Elder Yu suppressed his shock and calmly said, "It's fine, hitting is good enough. Just aim better next time."

"Got it!"

Mo Hua joined his fingers, and in a blink, another fireball shot out.

This time Elder Yu watched carefully.

It was indeed too fast!

Elder Yu was astonished, “I wonder who taught this kid spells. It’s just a regular Fireball Technique, yet it looks so extraordinary...”

The second fireball hit a Qian family spiritual cultivator’s shoulder.

Mo Hua sighed regretfully, then adjusted his mindset, held his breath, concentrated his spiritual awareness, and continued casting Fireball Technique.

Fortunately, the third and fourth fireballs were quite accurate.

One of them indeed hit a spiritual cultivator’s heart, causing him to collapse immediately, not dead but unable to get up for a while.

The other exploded in a spiritual cultivator’s face, scorching his hair and leaving him disfigured.

Elder Yu watched silently, his eyelid twitching.

Is this really Fireball Technique?

Can it be this accurate?

This was ridiculous...

In a chaotic battle, one or two fireballs might not be noticeable, but three or four made a significant impact.

Especially with one collapsing and another disfigured.

Even a fool would realize something was wrong!

“Spells?!”

“There are spiritual cultivators on the other side!”

The Qian family cultivators looked towards Mo Hua, who quickly lay flat on the ground, hidden entirely by thick bushes.

Many spiritual awarenesses scanned Mo Hua's direction but found nothing.

Mo Hua's position was beyond the reach of a typical ninth-level Qi Refinement cultivator's spiritual awareness.

Unwilling to give up, the Qian family's spiritual cultivators cast spells towards Mo Hua's direction.

Fireballs, water arrows, wind blades, and golden rays flew in but dissipated as they lost control without reaching Mo Hua.

Mo Hua was completely relieved.

Since the Qian family's spiritual cultivators couldn't hit him and their body cultivators couldn't reach him, he could act without restraint.

Mo Hua poked his head out, casting Fireball Technique one after another.

Fireballs flew over the grass and rocks, hitting the Qian family's spiritual cultivators.

Though the sixth-level Fireball Technique wasn't very powerful, getting hit still hurt, especially when hitting vital points.

Spiritual cultivators weren't good at physical cultivation. Getting hit by Fireball Technique, they were injured even if not severely, some were even burned with their hair gone.

Being suppressed by Mo Hua's Fireball Technique, they couldn't cast their spells.

With the Qian family's spiritual cultivators unable to cast spells, the demon hunters were no longer hindered.

Yu Chengyi's eyes lit up, and he shouted, "Kill!"

The demon hunters responded loudly, their shouts shaking the air.

Spiritual power surged, and bloodlust burst forth. The demon hunters slashed their blades, charging at the Qian family cultivators.

The Qian family cultivators were stunned.

Originally, they had a clear division of roles, with spiritual cultivators attacking and body cultivators defending, mutually supporting and suppressing the demon hunters.

Now, with the spiritual cultivators unable to attack, the body cultivators couldn't defend without their spells.

Under the fierce assault of the demon hunters, the Qian family was once again forced to retreat.

Qian Zhongxuan's face turned ashen.

"Where did these spells come from?"

He extended his spiritual awareness towards Mo Hua's direction, but Elder Yu suddenly appeared, blocking his scan.

Qian Zhongxuan's eyes widened, seeing Elder Yu's mocking and disdainful gaze.

Just as Elder Yu was about to start cursing, Qian Zhongxuan made a swift decision, "Retreat!"