

The Quest 164

Chapter 164: Fireball Technique

"Elder, find two people to protect me!"

Mo Hua spoke to Elder Yu, then lightly leaped and jumped down from the entrance of the mine.

Elder Yu didn't know what Mo Hua was up to, but after a brief thought, he called two demon hunters to follow and protect Mo Hua.

He also kept his own spiritual sense on Mo Hua to guard against any danger.

Mo Hua didn't enter the center of the battlefield but instead found a concealed spot on the edge and carefully hid.

The two demon hunters guarded around Mo Hua.

Mo Hua held his breath, focused his mind, and closed his eyes, pushing his spiritual sense to the extreme.

The chaotic and mixed battlefield suddenly turned into a void, with the battling cultivators appearing one by one in their spiritual energy forms within Mo Hua's spiritual sense.

After a long time, Mo Hua finally found a strange figure.

The figure was faintly light blue, wandering the battlefield, moving like a ghost, elusive.

If Mo Hua hadn't pushed his spiritual sense to the extreme, he wouldn't have noticed this figure at all.

Mo Hua tried to lock onto it with his spiritual sense.

But the figure was erratic and barely present, making it difficult to lock onto with spiritual sense.

Seeing more and more demon hunters falling, Mo Hua took a deep breath, forced himself to calm down, and entered a state of meditation where he forgot himself and everything around him.

Mo Hua did his best to capture the light blue figure with his spiritual sense. After an unknown amount of time, Mo Hua's eyes suddenly opened, gleaming slightly.

Locked on!

The light blue figure appeared faintly in Mo Hua's spiritual sense, but its trajectory was clear.

Mo Hua brought two fingers together and pointed forward. A Fireball Technique shot out with a whoosh.

The Fireball Technique flew towards an open space on the battlefield.

Near the open space, a demon hunter wearing iron armor was entangled in a fight.

Suddenly, the demon hunter felt a warning, sensing danger nearby, but his hands were tied with his sword and blade, making it impossible to move.

At that moment, a dagger suddenly appeared in the gap beside the demon hunter, with a tricky angle, aiming straight for his eyes.

The demon hunter had no way to avoid it and showed a look of despair.

Just then, a fireball whistled over, hitting the cultivator who was ambushing him.

The moment the Fireball Technique exploded, flames spread, interrupting the ambush.

The ambushing cultivator briefly revealed his form.

He was a short, ordinary-looking cultivator in black clothes with venomous eyes.

The demon hunter seized the moment to catch his breath, swung his blade, and attacked the black-clothed cultivator.

The black-clothed cultivator cursed, performed a body technique, retreated, and weaved through the crowd at the edge of the battlefield, gradually disappearing.

The demon hunter felt regret but also relief. Luckily, there was that Fireball Technique; otherwise, his life would have ended here.

It was a pity he didn't capture and kill the black-clothed cultivator!

The black-clothed cultivator weaved through the crowd, hiding his form again, continuing to roam the battlefield, but he couldn't help but wonder:

"Where did that Fireball Technique come from?"

Demon hunters were mostly body cultivators, rarely skilled in spells.

The spell just now was both tricky and precise; the caster must be an expert.

Fortunately, its power wasn't great, only interrupting his attack without causing any injury.

But then the black-clothed cultivator thought it over and felt something was wrong. An expert's Fireball Technique couldn't be this weak.

Was it just a coincidence?

In a chaotic battle, getting hit by stray spells wasn't unusual. It must have been bad luck that he got hit just now.

He didn't believe anyone could lock onto him with a spell in such a chaotic battle.

The black-clothed cultivator calmed himself, regained his confidence, and continued prowling for opportunities.

A demon hunter exposed a flaw, and the black-clothed cultivator was about to strike when another Fireball Technique flew over, interrupting his ambush again!

Once might be a coincidence, but twice was definitely not.

The black-clothed cultivator was slightly annoyed, his eyes scanning around quickly.

Cultivators casting spells needed to gather Qi and raise their hands, and with his rich experience in combat, he could spot it at a glance.

But none of the surrounding demon hunters showed any signs of casting spells.

The black-clothed cultivator lightly scanned the surroundings with his spiritual sense but found nothing, his expression bewildered:

"Who is casting the Fireball Technique?"

He didn't dare extend his spiritual sense too far or scan for too long.

If he diverted his spiritual sense for too long, he'd expose himself to danger.

Mo Hua hid far behind a large stone, first locking on with his spiritual sense, then popping out to cast a Fireball Technique before hiding back again.

The black-clothed cultivator couldn't see him with his eyes, and being at a distance, couldn't sense him with his spiritual sense either.

With the repeated spiritual sense locking and Fireball Techniques, Mo Hua's technique became increasingly proficient.

The hidden figure in his spiritual sense became clearer.

The black-clothed cultivator sensed something amiss.

It seemed he was being watched by someone's spiritual sense!

In the chaotic battlefield with mixed spiritual energy, he hadn't noticed it before.

But after being hit by Fireball Techniques twice, he realized that indeed, a spiritual sense had been following him, lingering like a shadow.

Foundation Building cultivator?!

"No, impossible," the black-clothed cultivator thought, "If it were a Foundation Building cultivator, I wouldn't have noticed."

Then it must be another Qi Refinement ninth level cultivator with a stronger spiritual sense than his!

But how could a Qi Refinement ninth level cultivator's spell be so weak?

The black-clothed cultivator's thoughts were in chaos.

He had to find the cultivator casting the Fireball Technique! Otherwise, every time he struck, he'd be hindered, putting him in a precarious position.

With growing apprehension, the black-clothed cultivator didn't make any rash moves and just roamed the battlefield, patiently looking for clues to find Mo Hua.

The enemy doesn't move, I don't move.

The black-clothed cultivator didn't act, so Mo Hua had no reason to.

Mo Hua leisurely hid behind the big stone, even taking out a sweet and sour wild fruit to eat with relish.

But with the black-clothed cultivator not making a move, the demon hunters felt the pressure ease, and they fought more freely.

The Qian family cultivators felt the increasing pressure, struggling to hold their ground.

Seeing the unfavorable situation, the black-clothed cultivator had to act again.

But each time he did, Mo Hua's Fireball Technique interrupted him.

The black-clothed cultivator pretended to make a move, trying to see where the Fireball Technique came from. At first, he figured out the general direction, but the second time, he couldn't.

Because the subsequent Fireball Techniques exploded directly on his face.

Mo Hua sensed his intent and guessed his plan, so he aimed the Fireball Techniques right at his face, blinding him.

With the repeated spiritual sense locking, the black-clothed cultivator's movements became clearer, and Mo Hua's aim became more precise.

The black-clothed cultivator felt like spitting blood.

How could he keep getting more accurate?

Hitting the face every time?

Feeling infuriated, the black-clothed cultivator's anger affected his spiritual energy flow, causing his Concealment technique to falter for a moment.

Mo Shan, who had been watching for an opportunity, seized this flaw, flashed before the black-clothed cultivator, grabbed his shoulder, and forcefully threw him down.

The sound of bones cracking echoed.

The black-clothed cultivator was heavily slammed to the ground, spitting blood!

