

The Quest 165

Chapter 165: Who Was It?

After Mo Shan was ambushed, he remained vigilant.

He vaguely guessed that among the Qian family's hired cultivators, there was one adept at concealment, secretly attacking, so he became more cautious in his moves, trying not to leave any flaws.

At the same time, he kept an eye on the battlefield, hoping to find some trace of this cultivator.

However, although Mo Shan's observation was sharp, his spiritual awareness was not strong, so he couldn't see through the concealment technique.

Just then, he saw a Fireball Technique!

With just one glance, he recognized it as the Fireball Technique used by his son, Mo Hua.

As the Fireball Technique was unleashed, it exploded a short, black-clad cultivator from what was originally an empty space.

"Mo Hua's spiritual sense can detect this adept at concealment!"

Mo Shan's spirit was lifted. While fighting the Qian family's cultivators, he also kept an eye on the Fireball Technique.

Sure enough, every time the Fireball Technique flew by, the black-clad cultivator's ambush would be interrupted, and he would briefly appear.

Mo Shan watched silently, waiting for the black-clad cultivator to expose a flaw.

Just now, the black-clad cultivator's state of mind suddenly became unstable, and his spiritual power became chaotic, revealing his form.

Mo Shan seized the opportunity, grabbing his shoulder and throwing the black-clad cultivator harshly to the ground.

The black-clad cultivator, skilled in concealment and ambush with vicious attacks, was not physically strong. With this throw, his bones shattered, and he spat blood, feeling a chill in his heart.

For a cultivator skilled in concealment techniques, being discovered meant impending disaster!

Especially on a battlefield with such chaos.

Enduring the excruciating pain, the black-clad cultivator tried to use his spiritual power to perform the concealment technique again.

Yu Chengyi seized the chance, striding over and kicking him hard in the abdomen.

The black-clad cultivator felt his internal organs shift, his body curled up, and he was kicked far away, landing right among a group of demon hunters.

The demon hunters, already fuming with anger, immediately raised their blades and attacked the black-clad cultivator.

By the time the Qian family's cultivators arrived to rescue him, he was already covered in knife wounds, barely clinging to life.

Elder Yu watched with satisfaction, laughing heartily.

Without this concealed cultivator, the Qian family would be slowly consumed.

Elder Yu couldn't help but glance at Mo Hua again.

He thought to himself that Mo Hua's Fireball Technique was masterful—quick and precise. In the future, he might really become an exceptional spiritual cultivator.

Right now, he was still young, his cultivation level low, and his spiritual power not strong. Thus, the Fireball Technique was only tricky and used to disrupt or disturb the battle.

But when he advanced in cultivation, the Fireball Technique's power would increase. Unexpectedly targeting your heart or Qi Sea...

And you wouldn't even know where he was.

Elder Yu put himself in that situation and found it troublesome just thinking about it.

Meanwhile, Qian Zhongxuan was furious.

Again with the Fireball Technique!

He had been watching the show, seeing the black-clad cultivator toy with the demon hunters, watching them fall one by one, imagining Yu Changlin's helpless and furious face.

In the blink of an eye, he became the one helpless and furious!

Qian Zhongxuan's gaze turned cold, and his spiritual sense suddenly spread out. He wanted to see who was using the Fireball Technique!

Just as his spiritual sense was about to reach Mo Hua, Elder Yu suddenly appeared, blocking Mo Hua.

Qian Zhongxuan felt his spiritual sense obstructed. Looking closely, it was that old face of Yu Changlin again!

Elder Yu looked at him with a mocking smile. Qian Zhongxuan felt something was wrong and immediately shouted, "Retreat!"

Qian Zhongxuan had grown quite practiced at shouting "retreat."

Seeing Qian Zhongxuan retreat without using his spiritual sense, Elder Yu then picked up Mo Hua and leapt into the mine.

"In the future, be more careful. Avoid taking risks. If you can avoid action, do so," Elder Yu instructed.

He feared that if Mo Hua acted and the Qian family noticed, given Qian Zhongxuan's petty nature, he would certainly target Mo Hua.

"Mm, mm," Mo Hua nodded with his small head, "If I act, I'll take the opponent's life!"

Mo Hua's childish voice spoke harsh words.

Elder Yu couldn't help but laugh, "Who taught you that?"

"My dad taught me!"

Elder Yu nodded and smiled, "Well said! The cultivation world is treacherous. If you act, don't hold back. Your dad taught you well!"

Proud of his father's praise, Mo Hua nodded earnestly.

The black-clad cultivator was crippled, Qian Zhongxuan had called the retreat, and the Qian family's cultivators slunk away. During their retreat, they were ambushed by demon hunters, losing many men.

Qian Zhongxuan was utterly defeated, losing both money and men. The spirit mine seemed out of reach now.

In the family, he couldn't hold his head high anymore.

Qian Zhongxuan was furious!

He hated Yu Changlin, the old bastard, blamed the hired cultivators' carelessness, and despised his subordinates' incompetence.

But what concerned him most was who was helping the demon hunters with arrays and who was secretly using techniques.

Which array master would lower themselves to help these impoverished demon hunters?

Which cultivator would use such low-power but tricky Fireball Techniques?

Without the arrays and Fireball Techniques, he would have taken the spirit mine long ago.

Unable to figure it out, Qian Zhongxuan vented his anger on Qian Zhuang, scolding him harshly.

If it weren't for his incompetence, none of this would have happened!

Originally, he had negotiated with the family head to get more spirit stones by capturing the spirit mine. Now, even an extra share couldn't compensate for his losses.

The more Qian Zhongxuan thought about it, the angrier he became.

Qian Zhuang quietly asked, "Elder, what do we do next?"

He wanted to change the subject so Qian Zhongxuan wouldn't keep scolding him.

Qian Zhongxuan frowned, still undecided when they heard cries from outside the camp.

It was the injured Qian family cultivators and hired cultivators.

Qian Zhongxuan sighed, waved his sleeve, and said helplessly, "Let's save them first."

Outside the camp, the wounded lay everywhere, groaning in pain.

The black-clad cultivator was also being treated.

The Qian family's alchemist fed him pills, applied herbs, and slowly cleared the residual spiritual power from his body, even trimming his singed hair.

The black-clad cultivator's injuries stabilized, and after a long time, he slowly regained consciousness.

The pain left him blank, but memories of the day's events gradually returned.

Amid the chaos, many faces flashed by—those who threw him, kicked him, and hacked him with knives.

And, of course, the one using the Fireball Technique!

Hatred surged in the black-clad cultivator's heart.

He had survived in the Black Mountain State for over a century, rarely failing. Now, he was ambushed by a Fireball Technique and ended up in such a miserable state.

That elementary Fireball Technique, with mid-stage Qi Refinement power!

Ambushed by a Fireball Technique!

A century-old cultivator, ambushed by a Fireball Technique!

It was a disgrace beyond words!

Alongside his hatred, the black-clad cultivator was deeply puzzled.

How had he been ambushed, how was his concealment technique seen through, who was using the Fireball Technique, and how could it hit him every time?

No matter how he thought, he couldn't figure it out. The frustration built up, and he spat blood, shouting in anger:

"Who the hell was using the Fireball Technique?!"

With that, his anger overwhelmed him, his wounds reopened, and he fainted again.