

## The Quest 211

### Chapter 211: Ambush

The small array master among the demon hunters was that First Grade array master.

Following this lead, Qian Hong ordered Qian Shunzhi to investigate further. After a few days, they had some clues.

Qian Shunzhi found out Mo Hua's name, address, parents' details, and even had a portrait of him.

Now, this portrait was placed before Qian Hong.

The portrait depicted a boy of about eleven or twelve years old, with a delicate and handsome face, eyes clear as water, and a smile as radiant as the morning sun.

Qian Hong felt both shocked and fearful.

He was shocked at such a young age having the skills of a First Grade array master, and fearful that if this child grew up and advanced further in array techniques, the Qian family might have no place to stand.

Among all the paths of cultivation, array techniques were the most widely used and had the greatest impact.

Now Mo Hua could only create First Grade arrays, making it hard for the Qian family to cope. If he advanced to the Second Grade, they wouldn't need to take action themselves; a single word from him could spell disaster for the Qian family.

Qian Hong's heart turned murderous.

Master Qian still wanted to negotiate first and advised Qian Hong not to act rashly.

A First Grade array master at such a young age would be a great loss if killed.

Master Qian knew the hardships of studying array techniques and becoming an array master, so he did not suggest Qian Hong to go to extremes.

Qian Hong thought for a moment and said, "Master Qian makes sense. I will consider it carefully."

Master Qian nodded and breathed a sigh of relief.

After sending off Master Qian, Qian Hong immediately ordered Qian Shunzhi, "Find some Qian family disciples at the ninth level of Qi refining and find a way to kill this little array master!"

Qian Shunzhi was somewhat surprised, "What about Master Qian..."

"Master Qian is obsessed with array techniques and doesn't understand these matters."

Qian Hong's gaze turned cold as he continued, "That Mo Hua comes from a wandering cultivator background, his father is a demon hunter, and all his relatives and friends are also wandering cultivators. He is highly valued by Yu Changlin, making it absolutely impossible for him to ally with our Qian family!"

Qian Shunzhi bowed his head and agreed, then added, "If the Dao Court finds out..."

"If the Dao Court pursues this, I will try my best to protect you. If I can't, using a few lives to exchange for a First Grade array master's life is still worth it."

Qian Hong looked at Qian Shunzhi and said, "Try not to get involved yourself; let others take action. They will bear the blame. I value you, so don't get yourself into trouble. Keep your hands clean."

Qian Shunzhi felt a chill in his heart.

He finally understood why Qian Hong could become the head of the family.

This cold and ruthless heart, combined with such thick and black methods, was something worth learning.

Qian Shunzhi respectfully accepted the order and then followed Qian Hong's instructions, finding some unfamiliar ninth-level Qi refining cultivators in the family. He told them that the family head had ordered them to kill someone, and if successful, they would receive a direct descendant's spot.

If they met misfortune, the family head would also provide generous compensation for their children.

Seeking wealth amid danger, none of the cultivators refused.

They disguised themselves as traveling merchants and sat in a teahouse on South Street, listening to storytelling and drinking tea while keeping an eye on Mo Hua.

This was a path Mo Hua had to take on his way home.

They were well-prepared, even carrying expensive jade talismans, aiming to kill in one strike without leaving any loose ends.

Qian Shunzhi sat farther away, pretending to drink tea, but his peripheral vision kept scanning the entrance, searching for Mo Hua based on the portrait in his mind.

Soon, he spotted a small cultivator with rosy lips and white teeth carrying a storage bag appearing at the entrance.

It was Mo Hua.

Qian Shunzhi coughed to signal.

The Qian family cultivators remained composed, continuing to eat, drink, and listen to the storytelling, but their hands were ready.

Some were touching their knives, some were holding their swords, and some reached into their robes, ready to use talismans.

They were well-disguised, showing no signs of their intentions, preparing to strike as soon as Mo Hua got close and then swiftly retreat.

However, as Mo Hua walked, he suddenly stopped, his gaze filled with slight confusion as he looked at the teahouse and spotted Qian Shunzhi and the others.

“These people want to kill me?” Mo Hua was stunned for a moment.

He sensed the spiritual power of these cultivators already circulating, a sign of preparing to act.

Moreover, since his appearance, their spiritual senses had been vaguely probing him, carrying obvious malice.

They were all at the ninth level of Qi refining, their spiritual senses far weaker than Mo Hua's. They thought they were being discreet, but to Mo Hua, it was as clear as day.

“What should I do?”

Mo Hua reached into his storage bag, felt a few arrays, secretly took them out, and slipped them into his sleeve.

He first prepared the arrays.

If he could escape, he would; if not, he would find an opportunity to set up the arrays and blow them up.

A First Grade Earth Fire Array might not kill them, but it could at least temporarily block them.

Then, Mo Hua could rely on the Passing Water Step to escape.

He was currently at the sixth level of Qi refining, and it wasn't wise to entangle with these ninth-level body cultivators. Escaping was the best option.

With his mind made up, Mo Hua turned to leave.

Qian Shunzhi and the others also sensed something was wrong. Their intentions seemed to have been discovered.

Without delay, they all stood up, ready to take action.

Suddenly, a pair of large hands pressed on Qian Shunzhi's shoulders, pushing him back into his seat.

Qian Shunzhi looked up and saw an unfamiliar demon hunter, at the ninth level of Qi refining, with a thick and solid aura.

He glanced around and saw that his companions were also restrained, surrounded by several demon hunters.

"You stole my things," the demon hunter said.

Qian Shunzhi's eyelids twitched as he denied, "I didn't steal anything."

"No, you stole!"

Qian Shunzhi sneered, "What did I steal from you?"

"Oh, I was mistaken," the demon hunter said, "You are trying to rob me!"

"Release—"

Before Qian Shunzhi could finish, the demon hunter punched him in the stomach.

A wave of pain surged, and Qian Shunzhi knew the plan had failed. Enduring the pain, he drew his knife and slashed at the demon hunter.

The other Qian family cultivators also began to fight.

The demon hunters and the Qian family cultivators clashed, blood qi surging, and spiritual power fluctuating.

The scene became chaotic for a while. After more than twenty rounds of fighting, the numerous demon hunters finally subdued the Qian family cultivators and tied them up.

Mo Hua was stunned for a moment before he understood.

This was South Street, the demon hunters' territory, and it was essentially his "territory" as well.

The street was filled with demon hunters he was familiar with.

Mo Hua suddenly felt his confidence grow.

The Qian family came looking for trouble, naturally, the demon hunter uncles and aunts would deal with them.

He didn't even need to run, nor did he need to waste his arrays.

Seeing them all tied up, Mo Hua went over to take a look and asked, "Uncle Zhao, what should we do with these people?"

The lead demon hunter was Old Zhao.

He had previously been hunted by the Qian family, hanging on a cliff's branch, barely alive. It was Mo Hua who found him, allowing everyone to save him.

Old Zhao had been seriously injured and had been recuperating for a while. Now, he had mostly recovered.

Old Zhao smiled at Mo Hua, "Beat them up first, then send them to the Dao Court, claiming they attempted murder."

Mo Hua nodded, "They indeed tried to kill me. Thank you, Uncle Zhao."

“Don’t mention it,” Old Zhao smiled, “If anyone should thank someone, it should be me thanking you. Without you, I might not have survived.”

Mo Hua smiled, “It was nothing, no need to thank me.”

Old Zhao rummaged through the storage bags of the Qian family cultivators and took out a few jade talismans, tossing them to Mo Hua, “Take these talismans and play with them.”