

The Quest 234

Chapter 234: Saving Lives

Outside of Tongxian City, the number of wandering cultivators increased gradually.

Two months later, Mo Hua sat on a rock in the inner mountains, frowning as he looked at the compass in his hand.

Previously, when the compass lit up, it often indicated Demon Hunters hunting demonic beasts or beasts fighting over territory, rarely involving cultivators battling each other.

Occasionally, there were unfamiliar Demon Hunters with different clothing styles, different Dao techniques, and different spiritual tools from those in Tongxian City, likely from elsewhere, but their numbers were few and they rarely encountered each other.

But now, things were different.

Mo Hua often saw unfamiliar faces in the inner mountains of Dahei Mountain.

When the compass lit up, there were more battles, mostly involving foreign cultivators.

Cultivator skirmishes had also increased suddenly.

Some were fighting over demonic beasts, some were quarreling, and some cultivators clearly intended to cause trouble.

Worse yet, there were blatant acts of murder and robbery!

Mo Hua had seen a cart with its goods missing, surrounded by bloodstains and scattered cultivator limbs.

From the tracks nearby, it was clear that a group of merchants had been ambushed by cultivators, their goods stolen, and they themselves killed.

Afterwards, demonic beasts, attracted by the smell of blood, came and devoured the bodies.

The scene was chaotic, the deaths tragic.

Mo Hua felt uncomfortable, his heart heavy with sympathy, unable to stop sighing.

It seemed that the inner mountains would not be peaceful in the days to come.

Fortunately, the Demon Hunters in Tongxian City had gradually grown stronger, with more manpower, most clad in iron armor and wielding First Grade weapons. Among the nearby immortal cities, their strength was unrivaled.

These foreign cultivators dared not easily provoke the local Demon Hunters.

But the future was uncertain.

Anyway, he would let Elder Yu worry about these things. He needed to accumulate some spiritual ink, practice arrays, and enhance his spiritual awareness, hoping to reach the Foundation Building stage.

Mo Hua set aside his worries, ate some dried meat, and drank some wild fruit juice.

This juice had been chilled with a cold array, making it sour, sweet, and icy.

Mo Hua felt much better.

After a while, the compass lit up again. Mo Hua packed his things and, using the Passing Water Step, moved lightly through the forest and rocks towards the source.

From a distance, Mo Hua extended his spiritual awareness for a quick scan, feeling somewhat disappointed.

Another cultivator fight.

Mo Hua sighed.

Generally, Mo Hua did not intervene in cultivator fights.

He was only at the seventh level of Qi Refining, with only the Fireball Technique as his attack method. Though he was very proficient in the Passing Water Step and had no problem protecting himself, he did not want to get into trouble.

Moreover, the conflicts between cultivators were often hard to judge. Just passing by and taking a look usually did not clarify right from wrong.

The weaker party was not necessarily good, and the stronger party was not necessarily evil.

Those with fierce appearances were not necessarily bad people, and those who looked kind were not necessarily good.

One could only see the exterior, not the heart; people could not be judged by appearance alone.

Mo Hua decided to do as usual, sneak a glance, since he had nothing else to do.

With his spiritual awareness, Qi Refining cultivators would not notice him.

Mo Hua climbed a rock, concealed his presence, and, using the vegetation for cover, peeked out.

On a narrow, rugged mountain path, two groups of cultivators were fighting.

Both groups were mostly in the late stages of Qi Refining.

One group, consisting of three men and one woman, was at a disadvantage, desperately defending a few boxes of luggage.

The other group had seven people, each dressed differently and unfamiliar in appearance, attacking the four.

The attack was becoming more aggressive, and the four cultivators would not hold out much longer.

Robbery?

Mo Hua frowned and continued watching, then realized something was wrong.

He seemed to recognize those four cultivators.

An older cultivator with faint scars on his face had a good relationship with his father, Mo Shan, and had visited Mo Hua's home before.

Mo Hua remembered his name was Ji Qingbai, whom he called Uncle Ji.

Beside him, a young and refined cultivator was Ji Qingbai's son, Ji Li.

Both were Demon Hunters but not from Tongxian City; they were from Qingxuan City nearby.

Qingxuan City was quite far from Tongxian City, with the inner mountains of Dahei Mountain in between, so the cultivators of the two cities rarely interacted.

Another robust cultivator, with a wolf pelt around his waist and wielding a spiked wolf-fang mace, had once intervened in a conflict between Mo Hua and Qian Xing, stopping a Qi Refining ninth-level cultivator from the Qian family.

Mo Hua remembered this sturdy man as skilled, with a sharp tongue.

Now, he was fighting three enemies alone, showing no sign of falling behind. His wolf-fang mace, enveloped in earthy spiritual power, created gusts of wind as he swung it, indicating his strength.

Meanwhile, he was cursing loudly, calling his enemies "scum," "sneaky cowards," and "worthless bullies."

Of the four, the only one Mo Hua did not recognize was the female cultivator.

She seemed about Ji Li's age, was injured, had the lowest cultivation level, and was struggling the most. Fortunately, Ji Li was looking out for her.

However, her entire sleeve was soaked in blood, and if this continued, she would not last much longer.

From Mo Hua's experience in observing battles in the inner mountains, the man with the wolf-fang mace could probably escape, and Uncle Ji might also have a chance if not pursued. But if pursued, their chances were slim.

Ji Li would not escape. Though at the eighth level of Qi Refining, his lack of combat experience and the number of enemies left him no way out.

As for the female cultivator, she was almost certainly doomed.

Perhaps death would be the best outcome...

Mo Hua sighed inwardly.

What to do?

There were seven enemies, too many to save them all, even if he joined the fight.

Mo Hua could escape, but Ji Li and the female cultivator could not.

Ji Li could not escape, and Uncle Ji would not abandon his son.

The sturdy man seemed loyal and righteous and would likely fight to the end.

"Saving lives is the priority."

Mo Hua made up his mind, took out a red bamboo tube with a Firework Array drawn inside.

These bamboo tubes were simple to make, and the Firework Array was specially drawn by Mo Hua. Most Demon Hunters who ventured into the mountains had one.

In case of an emergency, activating the array would release fireworks, summoning nearby Demon Hunters for help.

Mo Hua activated the Firework Array with his spiritual power, sending a beam of light into the sky.

Both sides in the mountain path fight were startled by the fireworks.

Mo Hua then used the Passing Water Step to quickly run far away, activated another firework, and then ran to a different mountain top, setting off another firework.

This created the illusion of three groups of Demon Hunters coming to help.

"Are those the Demon Hunters from Tongxian City?" one foreign cultivator exclaimed.

"What should we do, boss?" another asked.

"They have more people and iron armor; we're no match," the leader hesitated.

They were so close...

They had fought for half a day, almost killing the cultivators and taking their goods, ready to capture the female cultivator.

If they retreated now, it would be all for nothing!

Seeing they were not leaving, Mo Hua raised his right hand and released a Fireball.

The Fireball was quick and accurate, hitting one of the foreign cultivators, who stumbled and fell, screaming from the burn.

A Qi Refining seventh-level spell might not be much against demonic beasts, but it was significant against cultivators.

"A spell?!" the leader was shocked.