

The Quest 235

Chapter 235: Old Acquaintance

The fireball technique was executed with great skill and considerable power, clearly the work of a spirit cultivator.

Spirit cultivators were rare among demon hunters. If a spirit cultivator entered the mountains, they would follow a demon hunting team and never act alone.

A demon hunting team typically consisted of five to six people, sometimes up to ten or more, all well-armed with fine weapons and armor. This group stood no chance against such a team.

Once surrounded by demon hunters, escape would be impossible.

Those in this line of work knew their lives were always on the line; they couldn't risk their lives over a moment of greed.

The leader of the cultivators panicked and decisively ordered, "Retreat quickly!"

The seven foreign cultivators hastily retreated.

Seeing this, Ji Qingbai and his companions, who had been struggling to hold on, breathed a sigh of relief and put down their weapons, leaning against their storage chests to catch their breath.

Ji Qingbai felt a sense of relief and gratitude for surviving the ordeal.

This was an exceptionally dangerous situation. If he and his father had fallen here, it would have been a tragic end for their family.

With this thought, Ji Qingbai felt grateful and cupped his hands towards the mountain peak, calling out:

"Thank you! Which brother from the demon hunting team helped us?"

The others followed Ji Qingbai's gaze.

Among the rugged rocks and shaking shrubs on the mountain, the small figure of Mo Hua appeared.

Mo Hua scratched his head, embarrassed, and said:

"Wrong generation, Uncle Ji."

Ji Qingbai's father and Mo Hua's father were close friends, so Mo Hua couldn't accept being called "brother."

Ji Qingbai was taken aback. How could it be a child?

Looking closely, he found the child somewhat familiar.

His features were delicate and handsome, looking very much like Mo Shan's child.

Ji Qingbai had met Mo Hua before and had a deep impression of him.

"Are you... Mo Hua?" Ji Qingbai asked incredulously.

"Yes," Mo Hua nodded.

"What are you doing here?" Ji Qingbai looked around, "Are you alone? Where's your father?"

The other three also looked at each other in confusion.

Mo Hua replied, "Let's talk later. This isn't the time."

"Then now..." Ji Qingbai was somewhat puzzled.

Mo Hua said, "Run quickly..."

The inner mountains were vast, and there might not be other demon hunters nearby. Even if someone saw the fireworks, they might not come to help in time.

If those seven cultivators came to their senses and returned, they would be in big trouble.

Ji Qingbai instantly understood and stopped chatting, immediately starting to pack up for departure.

He was reluctant to leave the large storage chests behind, as they contained all their belongings.

Mo Hua saw this and said, "Take them with you."

Ji Qingbai was surprised and hesitated, "What if those people catch up?"

"If they catch up, I'll warn you in advance. You can throw them away then," Mo Hua said.

Ji Qingbai was stunned. How could he know in advance?

Mo Hua looked calm.

Even if those cultivators pursued them, with his spiritual awareness, he could sense them early and have enough time to respond.

As long as they had time to prepare and set up arrays, even if more enemies came, Mo Hua could make sure they suffered.

"And if we take the chests, they might not dare to chase us. If we leave them behind, it will show our fear, and they will definitely come after us," Mo Hua added.

Ji Qingbai nodded immediately, "Alright!"

They put the storage chests on a wheelbarrow, with Ji Qingbai and the big man taking turns pulling it, Ji Li supporting the injured female cultivator, and Mo Hua leading the way.

As they walked along the mountain path, Mo Hua occasionally took out a compass to check their direction before choosing a new path.

Ji Qingbai and his companions didn't understand but followed Mo Hua's confident lead without hesitation.

They were all amazed at how familiar Mo Hua was with the inner mountain paths.

Mo Hua led them to a campsite and said, "Let's rest here and treat our injuries."

Ji Qingbai and the others nodded. They had fought hard and were all wounded, only holding on through sheer willpower. Now, they had no strength left.

They rested at the campsite.

Mo Hua distributed hemostatic pills and other healing medicines to everyone.

Ji Qingbai took the pills and, after smelling them, exclaimed, "These pills are of such high quality!"

Mo Hua nodded, "They were made by Grandpa Feng."

These pills were specially made for him by Mr. Feng.

Mr. Feng was an extraordinary alchemist, using the finest grade-one furnace with a grade-one array inside, producing pure fire for refining. The quality of his pills was naturally superior.

Mo Hua had kept these emergency pills for a long time, never having been injured in the inner mountains. Now, they were finally useful.

"Mr. Feng from Xinglin Medical Hall?" Ji Qingbai was slightly surprised, then nodded, "No wonder."

Mr. Feng was a renowned first-grade alchemist who had saved countless lives and was well-respected even in Qingxuan City.

Ji Qingbai took two pills and gave the rest to Ji Li and the injured young female cultivator.

The female cultivator had the most severe injuries, losing a lot of blood. After taking the pills, she relaxed and soon fell unconscious.

Ji Li stayed by her side, looking both worried and tender.

Mo Hua glanced at the female cultivator, then at Ji Li, and curiously asked, "Brother Ji, are you Dao companions?"

Ji Li's face turned red.

"No... no... not yet."

"Not yet? Does that mean you're almost there?" Mo Hua pressed on, eyes shining with curiosity, "If you get married, can I come to your wedding?"

He had never attended a wedding before.

Ji Li's face turned even redder.

Ji Qingbai, seeing this, smiled and said, "If you don't mind, we'll definitely invite you."

"It's a deal," Mo Hua smiled.

The atmosphere in the campsite became a bit more relaxed.

Ji Qingbai then asked, "By the way, why are you alone in the mountains? It's very dangerous here. Where's your father?"

"I'm fine alone. My father has other things to do," Mo Hua replied.

Ji Qingbai looked at Mo Hua, feeling both shocked and regretful.

At such a young age, Mo Hua had already reached the seventh level of Qi Refining and could navigate the inner mountains alone, familiar with the paths and calmly handling crises.

Indeed, like father, like son. Mo Hua had the same talent for demon hunting as his father.

But it was a pity that he had become a demon hunter.

Ji Qingbai noticed the demon hunting token hanging around Mo Hua's neck and sighed inwardly.

Becoming a demon hunter made it difficult to focus on studying arrays.

Ji Qingbai still hoped Mo Hua would follow the path of an array master rather than just being an excellent demon hunter.

Among independent cultivators, demon hunters were common, but array masters were exceedingly rare.

With Mo Hua's talent, it would be a shame if he didn't study arrays and become an array master.

Ji Qingbai felt deep regret.

Mo Hua noticed Ji Qingbai seemed preoccupied and asked, "Uncle Ji, did you come to Tongxian City for something?"

Ji Qingbai was slightly taken aback, then smiled bitterly, "We couldn't survive in Qingxuan City, so we came here to make a living."