

The Quest 244

Chapter 244: Delays

The Fireball Technique exploded, changing the situation, and both sides temporarily stopped fighting.

The concealed cultivator was momentarily stunned, then became furious.

Some unbearable and humiliating memories surfaced.

"Fireball Technique again!"

The concealed cultivator moved slightly, retreated to a distance, looked around, and angrily shouted, "Who is using the Fireball Technique?"

The surroundings were silent.

The one-eyed convict leader scolded, "Diao Lao San, don't worry about anything else, kill that Ji guy first!"

Mo Hua, hiding in the shadows, focused his gaze.

This black-clad, small-built, sinister-looking, and stealthy cultivator was actually called Diao Lao San.

He silently remembered the name.

Diao Lao San looked around again and released his divine sense to scan, still seeing no one, and couldn't help but feel uneasy.

The feeling of being ambushed without knowing by whom resurfaced.

The one-eyed convict frowned, "It's just a Fireball Technique, are you that scared?"

The convict's cultivation was deeper than a typical Qi Refining ninth layer, while Ji Qingbai had been at the ninth layer for years, matching his level, which allowed them to stalemate for so long.

Originally, the convict wanted to use the concealed cultivator's sneak attack to kill Ji Qingbai and his group quickly so they could retreat calmly.

Now it seemed Ji Qingbai and his group couldn't hold on any longer.

But unexpectedly, Diao Lao San was so fearful of a Fireball Technique.

Diao Lao San didn't want to admit it but had to reluctantly say, "The person using the Fireball Technique can see through my Concealment Technique. I fell into his hands last time."

The one-eyed convict sneered, "Didn't you say that your Concealment Technique can't be seen through by anyone below the Foundation Building stage?"

Diao Lao San's withered old face turned red.

Seeing this, the one-eyed convict stopped dwelling on it and asked, "Are you sure the cultivator using the Fireball Technique is the same person who saw through your Concealment Technique last time?"

Diao Lao San pondered for a moment, suddenly feeling uncertain.

That familiar feeling was identical.

It was as if a divine sense was sticking to him like a bone-attached maggot, impossible to shake off.

This made Diao Lao San convinced that the person using the Fireball Technique was the same as before.

But the power of the Fireball Technique had increased significantly.

Previously, it was only at the mid-Qi Refining stage, but now it had the power of a late-Qi Refining spell, though at most only at the seventh or eighth layer.

Could it be that this person's cultivation had improved, hence the increased power of the Fireball Technique?

But if that were the case, how could a divine sense at such a cultivation level see through his Concealment Technique?

Diao Lao San was hesitant.

Seeing his hesitation, the one-eyed convict cursed, "Stop hesitating and do what you need to do. Leave that cultivator to me."

Diao Lao San's eyes darkened, then he disappeared, and the other convicts simultaneously attacked Ji Qingbai and the other two demon hunters, forcing them to expose a flaw.

Diao Lao San also found a flaw and slashed at a demon hunter's throat with his dagger.

But he was cautious, wary of the Fireball Technique.

Sure enough, the Fireball Technique flew over again.

Diao Lao San quickly stepped back, dodging the Fireball Technique, which missed its target.

The one-eyed convict, who had been watching the surroundings, suddenly had a sharp glint in his eyes.

He turned and charged toward the source of the Fireball Technique, where Mo Hua was hiding.

"Come out, you coward!"

The one-eyed convict shouted, and with a few flashes, he reached behind a large tree and found Mo Hua hiding there.

Small in stature, with a young face and clear eyes, Mo Hua even smiled at him.

"A kid?"

The one-eyed convict was stunned but didn't stop his actions, reaching out to grab Mo Hua's neck.

Mo Hua used the Passing Water Step to easily evade the convict's grasp.

The one-eyed convict exclaimed in surprise and continued to reach out.

Mo Hua flipped away, his feet infused with spiritual power, and walked vertically up the tree trunk.

The one-eyed convict drew his sword and slashed at Mo Hua.

But no matter how swiftly he slashed, Mo Hua always dodged at the last moment.

The one-eyed convict thought the next strike would hit, but each time he was just a bit off.

After several rounds, he suddenly understood.

"This kid is playing with me! He's stalling for time!"

"Damn it!"

The one-eyed convict was furious but helpless, realizing the kid's movement techniques were far superior.

He couldn't even touch the kid's clothes.

Such a young age, truly uncanny.

The one-eyed convict cursed and turned to find Ji Qingbai again, shouting, "Kill that Ji guy first!"

Killing the Ji family father and son would earn them spirit stones from the Kong family.

Spirit stones were the most important.

As for the demon hunters and the kid, they could settle with them later.

But as he tried to run, Mo Hua disagreed, throwing another Fireball Technique at the convict's back.

Though not fatal, it was painful, and the meridians burned by the fire caused considerable damage.

The one-eyed convict, furious, charged at Mo Hua again, but couldn't catch him.

Whenever he tried to run, Mo Hua threw another Fireball Technique.

Mo Hua's Fireball Techniques were fast and accurate, leaving the convict no choice but to endure them.

After several rounds, the convict's clothes were nearly burned off.

Feeling extremely aggrieved, the convict couldn't catch or escape from Mo Hua.

Finally, Diao Lao San and the other two convicts came to support, and Mo Hua stopped.

But this gave Ji Qingbai and the other two demon hunters a chance to catch their breath.

The situation stalemated again.

Mo Hua wanted to delay time, and the stalemate was the best outcome.

The convicts wanted to kill, but if they delayed, the demon hunters' reinforcements would arrive, making it impossible to kill anyone.

But with Mo Hua's intervention, it was four against four, and no winner could be determined in a short time.

Especially Diao Lao San, whose physical cultivation was mediocre, making him no match for the demon hunters in a direct fight.

He could only rely on his Concealment Technique for surprise attacks.

Now that his Concealment Technique was seen through by Mo Hua, he was almost useless.

All the cultivators present were watching Mo Hua.

The convicts were angry, while Ji Qingbai was incredulous.

He never expected that Mo Hua, with only a seventh-layer Qi Refining cultivation, could single-handedly restrain the powerful one-eyed convict.

Moreover, the stealthy and ghostly cultivator was also seen through by him.

And his mastery of the Fireball Technique was impressive.

Indeed, like father, like son. Although his skills differed from Mo Shan, not following the body refining path, he was still remarkable.

Seeing the situation turning unfavorable, the one-eyed convict sarcastically said to Ji Qingbai, "That kid isn't your son, right? Oh, right, your son is dead, his body probably discarded somewhere, being eaten by wild wolves."

Ji Qingbai's heart ached upon hearing this, his face pale, his fingers trembling, barely able to hold his sword.

Mo Hua said to Ji Qingbai, "Brother Ji isn't dead."

Ji Qingbai looked up sharply, his eyes red, filled with hope, "Really?"

"Yes." Mo Hua nodded earnestly.

Mo Hua's gaze was very sincere.

Ji Qingbai suddenly regained his spirit, his body filled with boundless strength, gripping his sword tightly again.

The one-eyed convict sneered, "Impossible, that Ji kid is definitely dead!"

Mo Hua looked at him, "How do you know?"

The one-eyed convict coldly replied, "Zhao Hu chased him. How could he survive? He'd be lucky not to be torn apart."

"Zhao Hu, the big guy?"

The one-eyed convict's remaining eye narrowed, "You've seen him?"

Mo Hua nodded.

The one-eyed convict scoffed, "Impossible! If you had seen him, you'd be dead too!"

Mo Hua said, "I'm not dead, but whether he is dead or not, I can't say."

The one-eyed convict snorted, "You lying brat!"

Mo Hua smiled, pulling out a half-burned storage bag and shaking it in front of him without saying anything.

The one-eyed convict's pupils shrank.

That storage bag belonged to Zhao Hu!