

## The Quest 245

### Chapter 245: Return

The one-eyed cultivator's face was filled with disbelief.

If Zhao Hu wasn't severely injured or dead, his storage bag would never have fallen into someone else's hands.

Initially, he had planned to have Zhao Hu kill that kid named Ji and then come back to help, so they could slaughter all these cultivators together.

But now, not only did Zhao Hu fail to kill anyone, he might have been killed instead.

The one-eyed criminal cultivator cursed.

In the current situation, he had no time to think about who might have defeated Zhao Hu.

If they delayed any longer and the demon hunters arrived, they would be the ones to die.

The one-eyed criminal cultivator hesitated for a moment, then gritted his teeth and said, "Retreat!"

The other criminal cultivators were reluctant, but they knew they were powerless in the current situation and had no choice but to retreat with venomous glares.

Mo Hua saw their intention to retreat and his eyes flickered before he spoke:

"Hey, shorty, are you called Diao Laosan?"

The short, hidden cultivator stopped in his tracks, his eyes cold.

He had been mingling in the cultivation world for a hundred years; when had he ever been yelled at by a little brat like this?

Mo Hua feigned concern and said, "Your concealment technique is terrible; I saw through it at a glance. Next time you see me, you'd better hide, or you'll embarrass yourself again."

Diao Laosan's anger surged.

Mo Hua continued mockingly, "Why don't you change your name from Diao Laosan to Diao Wei? That way, when you see me, you can tuck your tail and run."

Diao Laosan was so enraged he nearly broke his teeth from clenching them, feeling a rush of blood to his throat, almost making him vomit.

The one-eyed criminal cultivator said coldly, "Don't let him provoke you. We'll deal with him later."

Diao Laosan glared at Mo Hua, seeming to imprint his appearance in his memory.

Afterward, the criminal cultivators said no more, retreating into the dense forest until their figures disappeared.

Ji Qingbai and the other two let out long sighs of relief.

Mo Hua, however, felt a bit regretful that he couldn't keep the hidden cultivator Diao Laosan.

In his divine sense, he had already sensed the presence of demon hunters; they would be here to support them soon.

Uncle Ji and the other two were injured and couldn't chase after them recklessly, and Mo Hua couldn't hold back those criminal cultivators alone.

But fortunately, everyone was safe, which was a relief for Mo Hua.

Mo Hua distributed the pills refined by Elder Feng to the three of them.

The two demon hunters thanked him, took the pills, and began to meditate to heal.

Ji Qingbai, however, looked worriedly at Mo Hua, wanting to say something but hesitating.

Mo Hua said, "Brother Ji is indeed still alive, but his injuries are severe. You should heal quickly so you can go see him sooner."

Ji Qingbai nodded hastily, swallowed the pill, and began to meditate and heal.

After a while, the demon hunters arrived.

Earlier, a sudden fog had disoriented them, causing some to get separated.

Now that the fog had cleared, those who saw the signal fire could come to support.

Meanwhile, the one-eyed criminal cultivator, Diao Laosan, and the others followed a rugged mountain path to a forest.

The one-eyed cultivator suddenly looked up and saw someone ahead. He instructed everyone to scatter and hide in the bushes on both sides.

After a while, over a dozen cultivators, all dressed in black with unfriendly appearances, approached.

Seeing them, the one-eyed cultivator heaved a sigh of relief, stepped out, and cupped his fists, "Big brother!"

The criminal cultivator called 'big brother' was bald, at the ninth level of Qi refining, of medium build, with eagle-like eyes and sharp ears. He frowned and asked:

"How did it go?"

The one-eyed cultivator looked ashamed, "We failed."

"How did you fail? Where's Zhao Hu?"

The one-eyed criminal cultivator couldn't speak.

How did they fail?

Could he say that he had been toyed with by a young brat using body techniques, wasting time and failing to kill Ji Qingbai,

and Zhao Hu's whereabouts were unknown, whether he was dead or alive?

He couldn't afford to lose face in front of so many people.

The one-eyed criminal cultivator gritted his teeth and said, "The demon hunters arrived quickly; Brother Zhao's fate is unknown."

The bald-headed 'big brother' cultivator's eyes turned cold.

Diao Laosan glanced at the number of criminal cultivators, his eyes shifting, and cupped his hands, saying:

"Big brother, we have the advantage in numbers now. We should turn back and catch them off guard!"

His voice was filled with hatred.

He wanted to kill that young cultivator who used the Fireball Technique!

He had suffered several major losses at that brat's hands.

When he left, that brat had even mocked and ridiculed him. Thinking about those words still made him furious and aggrieved.

When had he ever been humiliated like this?

The key issue was that his concealment technique and all his skills were completely countered by that brat.

If he didn't get rid of that brat, he would fall into his hands sooner or later!

Unless, as the brat said, he tucked his tail and ran whenever he saw him.

But if he really did that, he would lose all his face and never be able to show himself in Heishan Prefecture again.

That would be worse than killing him!

Diao Laosan continued, "They must not have gone far. If we turn back now, that guy named Ji will surely die, and we can kill the other demon hunters too!"

Especially that damned young cultivator. If he didn't grind that brat's bones to dust, he wouldn't be satisfied.

The one-eyed criminal cultivator's eyes lit up at this suggestion:

"Big brother, this plan could work. We have the numbers now and can end this quickly."

The bald-headed cultivator pondered for a moment before slowly saying:

"Kill the one named Ji, and the Kong family will pay the remaining spirit stones. Let's move quickly, kill them, and retreat!"

The criminal cultivators all shouted in unison, then their figures flickered as they headed toward the small hill.

On the small hill, Mo Hua was still there, and demon hunters were gradually arriving, increasing in number.

This surprised Mo Hua.

The inner mountain was vast, and even though he had set off several signal flares, he didn't expect so many demon hunters to arrive.

After asking about the situation, Mo Hua was somewhat stunned.

Previously, many demon hunters had been scattered due to the sudden fog.

Typically, when fog rises, it's best to stay in place, but this was the inner mountain, where danger lurked everywhere. There were always unexpected situations.

They could encounter demonic beasts, poisonous swamps, or be attacked by cultivators, forcing them to continue searching through the fog and inevitably getting separated.

Once the fog cleared, the demon hunters regrouped in small numbers.

Those who saw the signal fire came to support, spreading the word.

Some demon hunters who knew Mo Hua said, "Someone's injured, and Mo Hua is here too."

This message spread quickly, becoming "Mo Hua is injured."

Hearing this, the demon hunters were incensed.

Mo Hua injured? That wouldn't do!

Upon hearing this news, demon hunters rushed over from all directions.

Some were chasing wounded demonic beasts, some were skinning and butchering them, and some were packing up their storage bags, ready to descend the mountain. But hearing this news, they dropped everything and hurried over.

So the small hill was now crowded with nearly a hundred demon hunters...

After learning the reason, Mo Hua felt both touched and amused.

After a while, Yu Chengyi also arrived.

He had been hunting demonic beasts on the other side, far away. Gasping for breath, he hurried over and asked upon seeing Mo Hua, "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine."

Mo Hua had already said this dozens of times.

Yu Chengyi finally sighed in relief, "Good to hear."

Then he looked puzzled and asked, "But I heard someone say you were injured?"

Mo Hua said helplessly, "Someone is injured, but it's not me."

"That's good." Yu Chengyi nodded, then became angry and ordered:

"Tell everyone Mo Hua is fine, no more spreading false information."

If this continued, his father, Elder Yu, might come up the mountain himself.

Yu Chengyi looked around and then asked, "What happened?"

Mo Hua briefly explained how Ji Li was pursued and how Ji Qingbai and the two demon hunters were surrounded.

Yu Chengyi was furious, "These bastards are a scourge in the mountain. We should kill them all!"

Mo Hua also felt a bit regretful.

If the inner mountain wasn't so large, if the demon hunters had arrived a bit earlier, or if the criminal cultivators had been provoked longer, they could have captured them all.

Mo Hua released his divine sense again, scanning the area, but was disappointed.

"That hidden technique guy is really patient. I insulted him so much, yet he doesn't want to come back for revenge?"

Were they all like Qian Hong, turtles?

Mo Hua thought silently.

After a while, Ji Qingbai finished healing and was anxious to check on Ji Li's injuries, so everyone prepared to descend the mountain.

Suddenly, Mo Hua's divine sense tingled, and his eyes lit up. He quickly said, "Wait."

The demon hunters stopped, looking at him in confusion.

Mo Hua

held his breath, extending his divine sense to the limit, then opened his eyes and smiled:

"The big fish has taken the bait."