

## The Quest 255

### Chapter 255: Trapped

The bald monk moved like the wind, fleeing into the distance, with Lu Hui and Zhang Lan in hot pursuit.

Mo Hua stayed behind.

The battle in the valley was nearing its end. The criminal cultivators were either dead or subdued, with minimal casualties on the Dao Court's side.

After a while, Mo Shan and Ji Qingbai appeared at the valley's entrance. They intended to chase after the bald monk but were stopped by Mo Hua.

"Father, I'll go with you. Uncle Ji doesn't need to go."

Ji Qingbai quickly responded, "How can that be?"

Mo Shan glanced at Mo Hua, seemingly understanding, and said, "Brother Ji, you don't need to go."

"This matter started because of me..."

Mo Shan shook his head. "The Kong family bullies others. This is because of the Kong family, not because of you. The fault lies with them."

Ji Qingbai frowned. "But..."

Mo Hua smiled mysteriously and said, "Uncle Ji, don't worry."

Ji Qingbai wanted to insist further, but Mo Shan and Mo Hua had already set off to chase the bald monk.

Ji Qingbai remained in place, contemplating Mo Hua's smile and feeling puzzled. "What is Mo Hua up to?"

Mo Hua and Mo Shan moved swiftly, occasionally stopping to check the Sima Compass to determine the general direction.

The bald monk, being chased by Zhang Lan and Lu Hui, had to use all his strength to flee, inevitably causing spiritual fluctuations that left clear traces on the Sima Compass.

Soon, Mo Hua's spiritual sense detected the residual traces of the bald monk's spiritual energy.

With wind spiritual roots, his spiritual energy was a pale white, making it easy to identify.

The bald monk was hiding cautiously in a forest, with no sign of Zhang Lan and Lu Hui around.

He had likely used his superior movement techniques to temporarily shake them off.

"Father, over there," Mo Hua pointed out the bald monk's location.

Mo Shan's spiritual sense wasn't as strong as Mo Hua's, but his eyesight was excellent. Following Mo Hua's direction, he quickly spotted the bald monk crouching in the bushes.

In a flash, Mo Shan dashed towards the bald monk.

At the same time, the bald monk noticed Mo Shan's figure. He cursed and had to activate his spiritual power to flee again.

The bald monk cursed inwardly. He had already fooled Zhang Lan and Lu Hui, intending to rest and recover his spiritual power, but now he was discovered again.

However, he was confident in his movement techniques. Over the years, he had relied on his wind escape technique to survive and thrive.

As a criminal cultivator, no matter how strong his cultivation was, it was no match for being fast.

As long as he could run fast enough, he wouldn't be caught by his enemies or the Dao Court.

Over the years, those stronger than him had either died or been crippled.

Only he survived, thanks to his movement techniques, and eventually became a leader!

He had been chased many times over the years, and this situation was nothing new.

But gradually, he felt something was wrong.

His movement techniques were faster than the demon hunter chasing him, but whenever he stopped to rest, the demon hunter quickly caught up.

It was as if an invisible eye was constantly watching him.

"What's going on?" The bald monk felt a chill in his heart.

He carefully observed himself and found a faint trace of spiritual sense clinging to him like a parasite.

If he hadn't been fully focused, he would have missed it.

The more concealed the spiritual sense, the stronger it was!

Cold sweat dripped down the bald monk's back. "Whose spiritual sense is this?"

Could it be a Foundation Building cultivator watching me?

The bald monk panicked, losing his composure, allowing Mo Shan to spot an opening. In a flash, Mo Shan closed in and swung a blazing knife.

The blade glowed like flames, surging with red spiritual energy.

The bald monk's heart sank. He tried to dodge but was a fraction too slow, the blade slicing his arm, causing a burning pain and blood to flow.

He had to stop and deal with Mo Shan.

Mo Shan didn't waste words, attacking directly.

The bald monk wanted to delay with words but saw Mo Shan giving no opportunity and had to fight head-on.

Their weapons clashed, wind and fire spiritual energies colliding, force exploding around them.

After a few exchanges, the bald monk realized he was no match for Mo Shan. Defeat was inevitable.

Knowing this, he decided to act quickly.

After a few more exchanges, he suddenly retreated and raised his right hand, revealing several talismans.

Mo Shan was startled and stopped advancing.

The bald monk activated the talismans, and the ground erupted with dust. Waves of earth spiritual energy surged towards Mo Shan, forcing him to retreat.

The bald monk's eyes focused, and he turned to flee.

The talisman was called the Earth Tremor Talisman, which he had found in the storage bag of a family of three he had killed.

He activated it to repel Mo Shan and escape.

Once he used his movement techniques again, it wouldn't be easy for Mo Shan to catch up.

Of all movement techniques, wind escape was the fastest!

In this Great Black Mountain, he had killed countless people and robbed them. No one had managed to capture him so far.

A smile appeared on the bald monk's lips. Wind spiritual energy swirled around him as he turned to leave, casting a contemptuous glance at Mo Shan.

But as he took a step, something felt wrong.

He seemed to be locked in place, unable to move!

The bald monk looked down and his pupils shrank.

Out of nowhere, chains of water vapor had formed around him, binding him tightly in place!

"Not good!"

The bald monk was shocked. Looking up, he saw Mo Shan's blade coming down like fire.

The bald monk struggled with all his might, breaking free from the spell just before Mo Shan's blade reached him.

He quickly raised his weapon to block Mo Shan's attack.

He broke free from the spell and blocked the blade, but the chance to escape was lost.

The bald monk was furious. While fighting Mo Shan, he shouted, "Who is plotting against me?"

His angry voice echoed around.

But Mo Hua, hidden in the forest, naturally didn't respond. A plot was meant to be concealed. Revealing oneself would defeat the purpose.

Mo Hua leisurely sat on a large tree branch, holding a freshly picked wild fruit in his left hand and raising his right hand, his spiritual sense locked onto the bald monk.

A cat-and-mouse expression of interest appeared on Mo Hua's face.

He was right; the Water Prison Technique was indeed effective against cultivators skilled in movement techniques, even more so than he had expected.

Whenever the bald monk tried to run, he would cast the Water Prison Technique, pinning him in place.

The Water Prison Technique could bind him for about two breaths. In those two breaths, there was no way the bald monk could escape from the experienced Mo Shan.

The bald monk tried several times but couldn't break free.

Every time he had a chance, the mysterious technique would bind him.

It was quick, precise, and unavoidable.

The bald monk grew increasingly alarmed and disheartened.

His movement technique, which had allowed him to dominate the Great Black Mountain, was completely countered by this unknown, eerie technique!

If this continued, he would surely meet his end here today.