

## The Quest 257

Chapter 257: Blood Grass

Lu Hui was actually struck by him, something Guang Toutuo never expected.

He couldn't understand why Lu Hui, halfway through dodging, suddenly stopped evading.

Was it arrogance, deliberately not avoiding his blade?

But the opportunity was rare. Guang Toutuo hesitated for a moment before regaining his composure and striking again, aiming for Lu Hui's lower body.

Lu Hui's chest was in severe pain. Seeing Guang Toutuo's cunning strike made his heart tremble with cold. He struggled to break free from the Water Prison Technique, retreating backward.

However, due to the constraints of the Water Prison Technique, he was half a beat too slow, and his thigh was still struck by Guang Toutuo.

Furious, Lu Hui endured the pain and struck back with his sword. The attack was swift and fierce, piercing Guang Toutuo's right chest.

Guang Toutuo's eyes gradually lost focus as he collapsed to the ground.

Lu Hui, covered in blood, also slowly fell.

In a remote forest, the two fought to the death, blood flowing freely, ultimately wounding each other and collapsing under each other's blades.

This scene perfectly matched the scenario that Mo Hua had pre-designed in his mind.

Mo Hua nodded in satisfaction.

Zhang Lan, on the other hand, was stunned.

What kind of spell was this? Where did this kid Mo Hua learn it from?

It was truly a deadly trap...

Seeing Mo Hua's confident demeanor, Zhang Lan knew he had a way to deal with Lu Hui but didn't expect it to be so surprising.

Using minor spells to kill with borrowed knives, effortlessly leading to Lu Hui's demise.

Lu Hui and Guang Toutuo perishing together made perfect sense, with no flaws at all.

"Shall we go take a look?" Mo Hua asked.

Zhang Lan snapped out of his daze and nodded but delayed for a while, waiting for Lu Hui to bleed more before heading toward the fallen two with Mo Shan.

Mo Hua followed behind them.

The three reached Lu Hui and Guang Toutuo, carefully checking their breaths, exchanging glances with regret.

Guang Toutuo wasn't dead. Lu Hui had pierced his right chest, not damaging his heart, leaving him with a breath of life.

Lu Hui, due to excessive blood loss, was temporarily unconscious, but the chest wound wasn't fatal, so he hadn't died either.

"Why do bad guys have such tough lives..." Mo Hua couldn't help but say.

What to do next?

Lu Hui was, after all, an official of the Dao Court. Should they save him or not?

Mo Shan and Mo Hua both looked at Zhang Lan.

Zhang Lan sighed and said, "I'm so tired."

Then he found a place to sit leisurely, "The scenery here is nice, let's take a break."

Mo Hua looked around. The forest was remote, surrounded by dead trees and fallen leaves, with no scenery to speak of.

But Mo Hua nodded, "The scenery is indeed good."

Then he sat down on the ground, took out wine, meat, and pastries from his storage bag, and the three began to eat cheerfully.

Lu Hui bled alone beside them.

After a while, Lu Hui still didn't die. Not only that, but he gradually regained consciousness, mumbling in pain.

His right hand trembled as he took out a pill from his storage bag and swallowed it. After refining its power, the bleeding in his chest gradually stopped.

Mo Shan drew his sword, intending to finish him off, but Zhang Lan stopped him.

Zhang Lan shook his head, "Don't dirty your hands."

Lu Hui struggled to get up, seeing Zhang Lan and the others, his expression changed, filled with both hatred for their inaction and fear of them killing him.

Zhang Lan feigned concern, "Director Lu, are you alright?"

Lu Hui forced a smile, "Thanks to Director Zhang, I'm not dead yet."

"That's good. I'm quite worried about your severe injuries."

Lu Hui smiled sarcastically, "Thank you for your concern, Director Zhang."

Inwardly, however, he cursed, "Concern? Concerned I won't die?"

A sinister look flashed in Lu Hui's eyes.

He remembered this debt and would settle it later.

But he didn't dare show his hatred, fearing that Zhang Lan and Mo Shan would kill him.

Lu Hui said, "I will remember your kindness. After meditating and resting for a while, shall we continue our journey?"

Zhang Lan nodded, "Alright."

So Lu Hui continued to meditate and heal his wounds.

Mo Shan and Zhang Lan used chains to bind the still-breathing Guang Toutuo.

Mo Hua glanced at Guang Toutuo with disdain.

Guang Toutuo was useless, failing to kill even Lu Hui despite the good opportunity provided.

Lu Hui was also lucky. The blade hadn't hit a vital spot, so he survived.

But Mo Hua wasn't in a hurry. This was Dahei Mountain, the territory of demon hunters, essentially his territory.

Lu Hui had no chance of walking out alive.

After Lu Hui's wounds had healed enough for him to move temporarily, they set off, escorting Guang Toutuo, and walked along the mountain path.

At a fork, Mo Hua suddenly quickened his pace and turned into a narrow path on the left.

Mo Shan's eyes flashed with understanding and followed Mo Hua.

Zhang Lan, unfamiliar with the mountain paths, naturally followed Mo Hua.

Lu Hui, from Qingxuan City and unfamiliar with Dahei Mountain, despite his caution, didn't know what was wrong with this path and naturally followed.

This path, though narrow and remote, had nothing unusual about it.

The fog wasn't heavy, and the miasma wasn't particularly dense.

Lu Hui suspected nothing, but as he walked, he suddenly smelled a pungent stench.

He looked around and found the smell coming from a plant in Mo Hua's hand.

Lu Hui frowned and asked, "Little brother, what kind of grass is that?"

Mo Hua didn't hide it, "It's Blood Grass."

"What is it used for?"

Seeing that he didn't recognize it, Mo Hua explained, "There are many demonic beasts in the mountains. This grass has a pungent stench that can drive them away."

Lu Hui, not a demon hunter, found nothing suspicious.

"Can I take a look?"

"Sure."

Mo Hua readily handed the Blood Grass to Lu Hui.

Lu Hui examined it carefully and found nothing unusual about the grass, no tampering, just an exceptionally pungent smell.

Did this kid really carry this grass just to drive away demonic beasts?

Lu Hui pondered as he walked, suddenly noticing that Mo Hua and the others had moved ahead, now ten steps away.

Lu Hui was startled, but before he could think further, he felt a cold sensation behind him.

He turned slowly and saw two demonic beasts in the forest, one with red skin and fangs, drooling, the other with white fur and horns, red-eyed.

Both beasts stared intently at him.

Lu Hui was terrified, suddenly understanding.

Blood Grass, Blood Grass, pungent and rotten.

Cultivators disliked it, but demonic beasts liked it. How could it drive them away?

The Blood Grass was meant to attract demonic beasts!

And now, this Blood Grass was in his hand.

"Damn it, that kid tricked me!"

Lu Hui was furious, quickly throwing away the Blood Grass, but it was too late. The demonic beasts had already set their sights on him, charging.

Despite his injuries, Lu Hui had no choice.

He mustered his spiritual power, blood surging, and ran with all his strength.

If caught by the demonic beasts, he would surely be devoured today. At this life-and-death moment, even as his wounds tore and blood oozed, he couldn't care less.

Lu Hui pushed his speed to the limit, indeed outpacing the demonic beasts slightly, feeling less pressure behind him.

Just then, he saw Mo Hua ahead, turning back with a smile.

"Why is this kid smiling?"

Lu Hui was puzzled, then saw Mo Hua raise his small hand, making a grasping motion and then a gentle squeeze.

Mysterious and eerie spiritual power appeared, forming water chains that instantly bound him!

In a flash, Lu Hui understood everything.

Why Guang Toutuo, despite his speed, couldn't escape, why he couldn't dodge that blade.

"It was this sinister kid?!"

Lu Hui understood, but it was too late.

The Water Prison Technique had him tightly bound.

In less than two breaths, the demonic beasts caught up, their jaws tearing into his shoulder.