

The Quest 240

Chapter 240: Techniques

Mo Hua named the Qianjun Stick and carefully placed it into his storage bag.

In the following days, he practiced whenever he had time and developed two simple yet practical techniques:

One technique involved smashing downwards, and the other was a horizontal swing.

He tried the downward smash and found it quite easy to use.

The horizontal swing was more troublesome. It required him to first swing the Qianjun Stick, and during the swing, inject spiritual power to activate the array, causing the iron stick to instantly increase in weight. Following the momentum, he would swing it horizontally.

Controlling both the spiritual power and the force was challenging.

If he hit the target, the impact would make his hand ache.

If he missed, he had to let go of the Qianjun Stick; otherwise, his arm would dislocate.

This was the helplessness of having a weak constitution and being unable to train as a body cultivator.

However, after a few practices, Mo Hua became much more familiar with it and at least avoided dislocating his arm.

Mo Hua also gave these two techniques resounding names: the downward smash he called "Force Like a Thousand Juns," and the horizontal sweep he named "Sweeping Across a Thousand Juns."

The names sounded imposing, but they were just for emergencies. After all, he wasn't a body cultivator and couldn't rely on them for direct combat, at most using them for sneak attacks.

But anyway, it was another means of defense.

In his spare time, he went to Fushan Tower and found Fu Lan to help make tofu.

It was his first time eating tofu in the cultivation world.

It wasn't particularly white, with a faint yellowish hue, but the bean fragrance was rich.

Whether fried, stir-fried into dishes, or made into sweet tofu pudding, it was delicious.

Mo Hua also shared some with his parents, Mr. Zhuang, and the siblings Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi.

He didn't give any to Elder Gui, who preferred crunchy foods that made noise when chewed; tofu was not his favorite.

As for the inner mountains of Tongxian City, even though more visiting cultivators made it more dangerous, Mo Hua still needed to go.

He was an array master and couldn't lack spirit ink.

Moreover, the amount of spirit ink he required was probably several times that of an ordinary first-grade array master.

So, demon blood was naturally the more the better.

Now that he was at the seventh level of Qi refining and proficient in the Passing Water Step, ordinary Qi refining cultivators couldn't do anything to him except Foundation Building cultivators. Even against Foundation Building cultivators, if he was cautious and discovered them early, he had a high chance of escaping.

On this day, he went into the mountains and collected sixteen or seventeen bottles of demon blood. Satisfied, he found a cool spot under a large tree, sat down, and started eating wild fruit.

After a while, his spiritual sense stirred, sensing someone nearby with a somewhat familiar aura. He looked up quietly and saw Yu Chengyi and a few other demon hunters.

They were walking along a secluded path, seemingly looking for something.

Mo Hua stood up and greeted them from afar.

Yu Chengyi noticed Mo Hua and couldn't help frowning.

From such a distance, his spiritual sense couldn't detect Mo Hua, so how did Mo Hua spot them?

Mo Hua used the Passing Water Step, lightly leaping a few times from the mountain top and landing gracefully in front of Yu Chengyi.

Yu Chengyi was stunned.

What kind of movement technique was this?

Previously, Mo Hua hadn't used any movement techniques while traveling with them, so Yu Chengyi thought he didn't know any. Unexpectedly, Mo Hua's movement technique was so proficient.

Even more impressive than some veteran demon hunters...

No wonder he dared to wander the inner mountains alone.

Mo Hua sized up Yu Chengyi and curiously asked, "You're not here to hunt demons?"

They weren't wearing iron or rattan armor, and their swords were put away, dressed like ordinary wandering cultivators, posing as outsiders.

Yu Chengyi replied, "We're here to capture someone."

"Who?"

"The cultivators who ambushed me last time." Yu Chengyi's eyes flashed with cold light as he said hatefully, "A bunch of scoundrels. They dared to ambush me; I won't let them go."

Mo Hua asked in confusion, "You know who they are now?"

"Not yet."

"Then how will you find them?"

"They didn't dare enter the city, so they must be hiding in the mountains. If we search, we'll surely find them."

Mo Hua nodded.

Not finding these cultivators would always be a hidden danger. If demon hunters were ambushed while hunting demons, it would be dangerous.

"Go ahead, then," Mo Hua waved his hand.

He didn't want to get involved in this matter; he had more important things to do, like gathering more demon blood.

"If I encounter them, I'll set off fireworks to alert you," Mo Hua added.

Yu Chengyi was slightly taken aback, then nodded, "Good idea. But be careful yourself."

"Don't worry."

Mo Hua parted ways with Yu Chengyi and wandered the inner mountains for most of the day. As he descended the mountain at dusk, he encountered them again.

Yu Chengyi and the others were injured, bleeding, but the wounds didn't seem too severe.

They were escorting two cultivators in black, their hands and feet bound with iron chains, covered in wounds. One had a broken arm, and the other limped.

It was obvious they had been captured after a fierce battle and then severely beaten.

The two cultivators looked exhausted, but there was resentment in their eyes.

Mo Hua recognized their faces and thought for a moment. They were indeed two of the seven cultivators who had ambushed them that day.

"You actually caught them?" Mo Hua was surprised.

"Of course, we're demon hunters. No one knows Dahei Mountain better than us."

Yu Chengyi kicked one of them, "These scoundrels thought they could hide well, but with so many traces left while eating, drinking, and camping in the mountains, how could we not find them?"

"Only these two?"

"The others probably went out to rob, leaving these two to guard the camp."

"Are you going to kill them?" Mo Hua asked curiously.

Yu Chengyi hesitated and said, "Not yet. We'll take them back first and beat them up some more, see if we can get any information. As for their camp, we've already alerted them, so we probably can't catch the others."

Mo Hua nodded and then scanned the two black-clad cultivators with his spiritual sense, frowning.

These two looked miserable, but their spiritual power was still quite abundant, which was risky.

"Better break their legs first," Mo Hua suggested kindly.

Yu Chengyi hesitated.

"They have abundant spiritual power," Mo Hua said.

Abundant spiritual power posed a risk.

Yu Chengyi thought for a moment and nodded, "Break their legs."

The demon hunters were about to act when Mo Hua called, "Wait."

He pondered for a moment and said, "Better break their arms. If their legs are broken, they can't walk, and we'll have to carry them."

Breaking their arms would disable them from fighting despite their spiritual power.

Yu Chengyi nodded, and the demon hunters immediately twisted the arms of the two black-clad cultivators, breaking them.

The two cultivators screamed, their faces filled with hatred, glaring at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua raised an eyebrow, "Still dare to glare at me?"

The demon hunters kicked them again, making them wince in pain, but their eyes only grew more venomous.

Mo Hua sighed and said to Yu Chengyi:

"Maybe blind them too? They keep glaring at me."

The two cultivators instantly broke into cold sweat, lowering their gaze, not daring to look at Mo Hua.

Yu Chengyi felt a bit helpless.

This kid had a good heart at times, but when he was mean, he was truly mean.

He could think of the most malicious ideas.

But he thought it was good this way.

One must not show mercy to bad people, or they'd end up suffering.

These two had committed numerous murders and robberies; killing them now would be letting them off easy.