

The Quest 242

Chapter 242: Flame Talisman

The burly man sensed something was wrong and tried to retreat, but it was too late.

The three Level One Earth Fire Arrays activated, unleashing a powerful surge of spiritual energy. Amidst the explosive roar, the crimson flames engulfed the man.

When the flames subsided, his disheveled figure emerged.

His clothes were tattered, covered in scorch marks. His right side remained intact, but his left side was severely injured, with his arm blasted to a bloody mess.

In a life-and-death moment, the man in black relied on his years of combat instincts to avoid the center of the Earth Fire Array explosion.

At the cost of one arm, he preserved his life.

Otherwise, even if he survived, he would have been severely wounded.

“You little brat, I'll make you wish you were dead!”

The man in black was furious but also shocked.

An array?

There were only a handful of rogue cultivators who knew arrays. Where did this array come from?

“Could it have been drawn by his elders to protect him? It can't be his own work...”

The man in black was wary. Although angry, he didn't dare to recklessly pursue Mo Hua.

This young cultivator seemed a bit tricky and was quite good at acting. He couldn't figure out the truth for a moment and dared not act rashly.

He was also afraid there might be other arrays on the ground.

Mo Hua regretted that the array didn't kill him.

Three Level One Earth Fire Arrays could severely injure a demon beast. It seemed that cultivators who roamed the cultivation world were still more alert to the methods of other cultivators.

Mo Hua secretly released his spiritual sense to observe the man's condition.

The man looked miserable, but most of his spiritual energy remained.

His aura was deep, his body strong, a peak ninth-layer Qi refining body cultivator. Judging by his disregard for human life, he was likely a criminal cultivator, experienced in combat.

Though injured by the Earth Fire Array, with one arm crippled, the other arm was unharmed.

Dealing with him would still be very troublesome.

Both were wary, eyeing each other for a while. The man dared not pursue, and Mo Hua, after some thought, fled in a panic, his steps disordered and flustered.

“Trying to run?”

The man's eyes turned cold. Suffering such a loss, he wouldn't let Mo Hua go.

He wanted to chase but was unsure what other tricks this young cultivator might have, hesitating to make a decision.

Just then, Mo Hua stepped on a stone, slipped, and fell to the ground.

Seeing this, the man's face twisted in a sinister grin.

He concluded that the brat was truly panicking!

The man in black leaped out, following the path Mo Hua took. With a few strides, he was in front of Mo Hua.

“Brat, where do you think you're going?”

The man reached out to grab Mo Hua.

But Mo Hua, who had fallen, moved like water, flowing along the ground, disappearing from the man's sight in an instant, reappearing behind him.

The man's grasp found empty air, startling him.

“Body technique?!”

This brat had learned a body technique?!

Cold sweat broke out on the man's back as he barely turned his head to see Mo Hua standing behind him, holding a jade talisman between his fingers.

The man's pupils dilated, “A talisman?”

Mo Hua activated the talisman with his spiritual energy. A flash of red light appeared on it, spiritual energy surged, and flames burst forth, engulfing the man in black.

This talisman was one Zhao had taken from a Qian family cultivator and given to Mo Hua for self-defense.

Named the Flame Talisman, it was a Level One talisman containing a ninth-layer Qi refining spell—Flame Technique.

Mo Hua pretended to flee, slipping and falling to deceive the black-robed cultivator into lowering his guard.

Then, in an instant, he used the Passing Water Step to get behind the man. In a situation where the man couldn't react, he activated the Flame Talisman.

Talismans were expensive, so they couldn't be wasted. Timing was crucial to maximize their effectiveness.

Caught off guard, the man was hit by the full force of a ninth-layer Qi refining spell. His entire body felt scorched, his meridians burning with pain.

Meanwhile, Mo Hua drew the Qianjun Stick from his storage bag.

Taking advantage of the man's severe injuries and dizziness, Mo Hua raised the Qianjun Stick, infused it with spiritual energy, and activated the Thousand-Jin Array.

With a flash of gray light, the stick became as heavy as a thousand jins, carried by the wind, and smashed down hard.

“Clang!”

The stick hit the man's head.

The man's scalp burned with pain.

Mo Hua's hands trembled from the impact.

“No wonder he's a body cultivator, his head is really hard.”

Mo Hua thought, then raised the stick again, smashing it down on the man's head.

The man's mind grew muddled, his senses dulling.

Mo Hua kept up the momentum, delivering another blow.

After the hit, he realized he hadn't called out the name of the move, losing some of its momentum, so he added another strike, shouting:

“Thousand-Jin Force!”

The man in black finally couldn't hold on. His eyes rolled back, his body swaying, finally collapsing face down to the ground.

Mo Hua released his spiritual sense, examining the man's spiritual energy.

He found the man's meridians' spiritual energy scattered, uncontrolled, slowly flowing.

This meant the man had lost consciousness.

Mo Hua, still wary, added a Fireball Technique for good measure, then laboriously broke the man's limbs with the Qianjun Stick, finally feeling relieved.

Mo Hua was panting heavily.

He wasn't a body cultivator. Even with the array's help, swinging the Qianjun Stick several times made his arms ache.

But the goal was achieved.

The once fierce man in black now lay on the ground, his spiritual energy in chaos, his blood energy weak, and his limbs useless.

Mo Hua confirmed the man couldn't cause trouble for a while and rushed to Ji Li.

Ji Li was still bleeding.

Mo Hua's expression grew serious. He quickly fed Ji Li a Small Life-Saving Pill, crushed several Hemostatic Pills, sprinkling the powder on Ji Li's wounds, then gave him two Blood Qi Pills.

The Small Life-Saving Pill was to sustain life, the Hemostatic Pill to stop bleeding, and the Blood Qi Pill to replenish blood energy.

These were taught by Mr. Feng, useful in emergencies to save lives.

Mo Hua then observed Ji Li's meridians with his spiritual sense, finally relaxing.

Though Ji Li's aura was weak, his spiritual energy was still flowing, and his wounds were gradually healing.

"As long as he's not dead."

Mo Hua ignited fireworks, sending a signal.

Although he temporarily saved Ji Li's life, he needed to be treated by Mr. Feng quickly, or the situation could still be dire.

Mo Hua alone couldn't carry Ji Li down the mountain.

Moreover, Ji Li, covered in blood, could attract demon beasts. Dealing with late-stage Level One demon beasts would be even more troublesome.

He could only hope nearby demon hunters would see the signal and come to help, giving Ji Li a chance to survive.

Ji Li lay on the ground, bleeding heavily. After a while, his fingers twitched, showing some reaction.

"Brother Ji! Brother Ji!" Mo Hua called out.

Ji Li seemed to hear, slowly opening his eyes. Seeing Mo Hua was safe, he seemed to relax, then his eyes lost focus, and he closed them again.

This was a sign of spiritual sense dispersal.

Mo Hua was startled, knowing this was bad. Once a cultivator's spiritual sense scattered, even if their body was saved, it was as good as dead.

To live, there had to be a strong will.

Mo Hua thought and said, "Brother Ji, if you die, what will happen to Sister Fu Lan?"

Ji Li's eyelids twitched.

Mo Hua continued, "Uncle Ji is still waiting to drink your wedding wine."

Ji Li didn't open his eyes, but tears flowed from the corners.