

The Quest 243

Chapter 243: Familiarity

Mo Hua painted some arrays around him, then guarded Ji Li, wary of other demons and cultivators.

After a while, Mo Hua's spiritual sense twitched, sensing the approach of a cultivator.

He extended his spiritual sense to investigate, relaxed, and then shouted, "Uncle Zhou, over here!"

Not far away were three demon hunters, led by Zhou Cheng, Zhou Da Ping's father.

They followed the traces of fireworks to come for support. Hearing the shout, they rushed over and saw Ji Li lying on the ground, covered in blood.

Zhou Cheng was startled and quickly asked, "How's the injury?"

"Temporarily stabilized, but he needs to be taken down the mountain quickly for Elder Feng to treat him," Mo Hua said.

Zhou Cheng nodded and asked Mo Hua, "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," Mo Hua shook his head.

Zhou Cheng breathed a sigh of relief, "That's good."

Rescuing Ji Li was urgent. Zhou Cheng didn't say more and called a few people to carry Ji Li on a stretcher down the mountain.

Mo Hua waved goodbye to them, silently praying, "I hope we make it in time."

Uncle Ji only had one son, Ji Li.

Mo Hua didn't follow them down the mountain; he had other things to do.

The burly man in black was still lying on the side, looking miserable and unconscious, but seemingly not dead.

Mo Hua had no time to deal with him now. He would wait for other demon hunters to arrive and then take the man back to see if they could extract any information.

"Right, the storage bag."

Mo Hua suddenly remembered, running to the man's side, and retrieved the half-destroyed storage bag.

Without time to examine it, Mo Hua kept the storage bag and then took out the Sima Compass Composite Array, calculating:

"Brother Ji came into the mountain with Uncle Ji. Since Brother Ji was being chased, Uncle Ji must be in danger too."

"Moreover, this burly man has profound cultivation and seems to be a ruthless killer. His accomplices must be formidable as well."

Mo Hua found his position on the Sima Compass, indeed discovering a bright spot not far to the south.

This indicated that the battle was still ongoing.

Mo Hua's eyes turned cold. He put away the compass and headed south.

The bright spot to the south was a small hill.

The surroundings were overgrown with bushes, fallen leaves piled underfoot, scattered large trees spread their branches and leaves, shading the sunlight, making the area appear deep and secluded.

When Mo Hua arrived, he found Ji Qingbai and two other demon hunters engaged in combat.

Their opponents were also three black-clad rogue cultivators.

In the alternating light and shadow, blades flashed, spiritual power surged, and both sides were body cultivators engaged in close combat, fighting fiercely.

The black-clad rogue cultivators had the upper hand, leaving Ji Qingbai's side struggling and in a dire situation, barely holding on.

Mo Hua frowned.

Something was off.

The difference in cultivation and techniques between both sides wasn't significant. Moreover, two demon hunters were wearing iron armor.

Logically, even if they were outmatched, they shouldn't be in such a dire state.

At this moment, Mo Hua saw a shadow appear beside Ji Qingbai, a blade flashing by.

In a split second, Ji Qingbai sensed the danger and barely dodged, but his arm was still slashed, bleeding profusely.

The figure, after the attack, quickly retreated, gradually blending into the shadows.

Ji Qingbai frowned, his expression growing more serious.

Mo Hua, however, was slightly taken aback.

Despite the brief moment, he saw it clearly.

The attacker was a black-clad figure, short and with a sinister look.

Moreover, they were skilled in concealment...

Mo Hua had a guess, extending his spiritual sense, revealing the remnants of spiritual power in the world.

Behind a large tree, a faint blue figure appeared.

This figure was very familiar.

Mo Hua pondered briefly, his eyes lighting up, "So it's you!"

Previously, when the demon hunters guarded the spirit mine, the Qian family hired cultivators to harass them. Among them, a cultivator skilled in concealment caused significant trouble for the demon hunters.

Unexpectedly, they encountered him here again.

Mo Hua was a bit surprised, "He's not dead?"

He thought this concealed cultivator had been killed by the demon hunters' chaotic blades.

But even if he survived, he seemed heavily injured.

This cultivator's current attacks lacked the decisiveness and fierceness of before, and his movements were sluggish.

His concealment technique was also greatly reduced, needing to rely on the cover of large trees and the interplay of light and shadow to better hide.

Ji Qingbai and his two companions, facing three opponents, shouldn't have been at such a disadvantage.

But with this concealed cultivator lurking nearby, the situation changed completely.

They had to engage their opponents while guarding against the concealed cultivator's ambushes. Once injured, they became more vulnerable.

Moreover, an ordinary ninth-level Qi Refining cultivator's spiritual sense couldn't detect the concealed technique, making it impossible to counter this hidden cultivator.

But this was nothing to Mo Hua.

In Mo Hua's spiritual sense, this hidden cultivator was as clear as day, with no place to hide.

During the battle for the spirit mine, he fell into Mo Hua's hands. Now that Mo Hua's spiritual sense had strengthened, the hidden technique was even more futile.

Previously, he escaped the demon hunters' blades by luck.

But this time, Mo Hua didn't intend to let him go.

However, the priority was to save Uncle Ji and the others.

Mo Hua hid in a spot beyond their spiritual senses, took out a bamboo tube, and ignited a firework.

Then he moved to two other positions, each time releasing a firework.

Mo Hua repeated the trick, hoping to make them retreat.

The fireworks in the sky attracted the attention of the rogue cultivators, causing both sides to pause.

But the rogue cultivators seemed unfazed.

One of them said, "These demon hunters already used fireworks to call for help before. If reinforcements were coming, they would have arrived. Now, this person is hiding without showing themselves, probably bluffing. Let's finish this quickly and kill them."

The other rogue cultivators nodded.

Ji Qingbai, enduring his injuries, gritted his teeth, "We have no personal grudge. Why must you kill us all?"

The rogue cultivator replied, "The Kong family paid spirit stones for your heads. Your son's head is likely already collected; now, it's your turn."

Ji Qingbai's face turned sorrowful upon hearing this.

"No more talking, kill them quickly!" the leader, a one-eyed rogue cultivator, said coldly.

Both sides stopped talking and resumed their fight, their attacks even more fierce and relentless.

Mo Hua was somewhat helpless; these rogue cultivators weren't falling for the trick.

In that case, he had to intervene and find a way to buy time.

There should still be many demon hunters nearby. If they saw the fireworks, they should come to support.

Mo Hua only needed to delay the rogue cultivators until then.

On the small hill, shielded by trees, Ji Qingbai and the two demon hunters continued to struggle.

Meanwhile, the hidden black-clad cultivator found another opportunity to strike.

Using the forest as cover, he silently approached Ji Qingbai.

Ji Qingbai, thinking his son was likely dead, fought desperately, exposing more openings.

The hidden cultivator, with a sinister look, seized the moment and thrust a dagger at Ji Qingbai.

The dagger flashed coldly, but just before it reached Ji Qingbai, a fireball appeared.

The fireball struck the hidden cultivator's arm before the dagger could reach Ji Qingbai, interrupting the attack.

The fireball exploded, turning into flames that scorched his arm, spreading burning pain.

The hidden cultivator, in pain, was suddenly dazed.

This scene was so familiar.