

The Quest 109

Chapter 109: The Demon Cat

"What kind is it?"

"It looks like a cat, just born not long ago, only about two to three feet long, its fur patterns aren't fully developed yet..." Aunt Jiang said.

"Can you give it to me? I'll buy it with spirit stones!" Mo Hua eagerly said.

Aunt Jiang waved her hand, "If you want it, I'll have Old Chu bring it to you tomorrow, no need for the spirit stones."

Mo Hua insisted on paying with spirit stones.

Aunt Jiang firmly refused, "Sister Liu has helped me a lot, and you even helped our family set up an array. I absolutely cannot take the spirit stones..."

Aunt Jiang, often shy and introverted, could sometimes be the most stubborn.

Mo Hua had no choice but to agree not to give the spirit stones but thought of mentioning it to his mother to give Aunt Jiang a bit more salary this month.

"However, what do you want this demon beast for? Demon beasts can't be kept."

After a while, Aunt Jiang curiously asked.

All demon beasts inherently harbor malice towards cultivators.

Some demon beasts, carnivorous by nature, hunt cultivators and devour their flesh and blood.

Even those not carnivorous may still hunt those weaker than themselves, ripping open cultivators and then striding away.

Young demon beasts share this nature, hence they cannot be raised by cultivators.

Some cultivators in Tongxian City had once raised demon beasts.

When young, demon beasts are manageable, weak, and do not threaten their master. But as they grow and taste human blood, they seize the opportunity to kill their master and devour their flesh.

Many cultivators have perished in the bellies of their pets.

Thinking Mo Hua was young and unaware of the nature of demon beasts, Aunt Jiang worriedly said, "Keeping a demon beast is very dangerous..."

"Aunt Jiang, don't worry, I'm not keeping it." Mo Hua explained.

Aunt Jiang nodded, knowing she would discuss the matter with Mo Hua's parents. Mo Shan, a demon hunter, was familiar with demon beasts and would likely manage any issues.

The next day, Aunt Jiang brought the demon cat.

This was Mo Hua's first encounter with a young demon beast, and he couldn't help but observe it several times.

The demon cat was thin and small, its fur wrinkled, primarily white with dark patterns mixed in, but appearing very dull due to mud stains.

Despite its small size, the demon cat had sharp claws and two slender fangs beside its mouth. Its eyes were alert, hiding a fierce wildness.

Last night, Mo Hua had spoken to his parents about the demon cat, so today when Aunt Jiang brought it, Mo Shan was standing by.

The demon cat was confined in an iron cage with scratch marks on the bars.

Perhaps because Mo Shan was a demon hunter, often stained with the blood of beasts, the demon cat, though fierce-eyed, only laid its head down, not daring to act rashly.

Mo Shan frowned at the demon cat.

"Dad, what kind of demon beast is this? A cat?" Mo Hua asked.

"It's too young to tell. Some demon beasts look very different when they grow up. But by the looks of it, it could be a Night Cat or a Fluorescent Cat." Mo Shan pondered.

"Are demon cats known for their speed?"

Mo Shan nodded, "Indeed, cat-type demon beasts aren't very strong physically, but they are quick and elusive, making them troublesome to deal with."

Mo Shan moved the demon cat in the iron cage to a side room in their house.

This room was originally used for storage, but Mo Hua wanted to use it, so Mo Shan temporarily cleared it out.

Mo Hua shared his plans with Mo Shan; he wanted to use the demon beast to practice his physical techniques.

Mo Shan had some reservations but agreed.

A young demon beast was ideal for practicing physical techniques; otherwise, facing an adult demon beast unprepared could be deadly.

Still, Mo Shan cautioned, "Even young demon beasts can have troublesome innate demonic powers and are often cunning. Do not take it lightly."

"Understood." Mo Hua nodded, took out some beef, and threw it to the demon cat.

The demon cat warily glanced at Mo Hua, sniffed the beef, then gobbled it down ravenously.

Uncle Chu had caught the demon cat, planning to kill it eventually, so he hadn't fed it.

After eating the beef, the demon cat looked healthier.

"You practice first, I'll watch," Mo Shan said, still concerned for Mo Hua's safety.

Mo Hua gently opened the iron cage.

The moment the cage door opened, the originally weak demon cat's eyes suddenly flashed fiercely, and it disappeared from in front of Mo Hua, reappearing with its claws lunging towards Mo Hua's eyes.

"Truly

cunning and vicious!" Mo Hua was inwardly startled, but this was still within his expectations.

Mo Hua, at the fifth level of Qi cultivation, had a spiritual sense beyond ordinary people. While the demon cat was young, only a tier-one beginner, its movements, ghostly and swift, were all clear in Mo Hua's spiritual sense.

Mo Hua tilted his head back, dodging the demon cat's claws.

While the demon cat was still in the air, it adjusted its posture. As soon as it landed, it charged at Mo Hua like an arrow.

Mo Hua's gaze sharpened, and with a hand support on the ground, his body lightly flipped in the air, evading the demon cat below.

But then, the demon cat suddenly vanished.

Mo Hua's pupils constricted, focusing his spiritual sense. Two breaths later, he sensed a presence behind him.

Mo Hua turned to dodge, but it was a fraction too slow. A claw streaked a white light, tearing his sleeve and leaving a shallow trail of blood.

The demon cat landed, licked Mo Hua's blood off its claws, its eyes gleaming even fiercer.

"Seeking death!" Mo Shan roared, his right hand forming a fist, flames igniting, ready to crush the demon cat.

"Dad!" Mo Hua quickly intervened, "It's just a minor injury, it's fine."

Mo Shan's hand was already raised, he shook his head, "This beast has tasted human blood, we can't keep it."

"Dad, just one month." Mo Hua insisted.

After all, young demon beasts were not easy to find. Most cultivators would kill any demon beast they encountered, regardless of age. Some even killed their own young to prevent them from falling into cultivator's hands.

Mo Shan frowned for a moment, looked at Mo Hua's determined eyes, sighed, and lowered his hand, "Alright, then keep it for a month."

Then Mo Shan turned to the demon cat, his gaze sharp as a sword, "But if it harms you again, I'll crush it right away."

The demon cat, intimidated by Mo Shan's aura, curled up in a corner, trembling.

Mo Hua breathed a sigh of relief and smiled, "Dad, don't worry, I was just careless just now."

Then, he said to the demon cat, "Be good this month, accompany me to practice my physical techniques, and after a month, I'll let you go."

Mo Shan, hearing this, couldn't help but say, "Kid, demon beasts don't understand human speech."

"What if it does?"

"Alright..." Seeing Mo Hua's childlike nature, Mo Shan let it be.

"Put on the vine armor, be wary of the demon beast's innate demonic powers, and if this demon cat shows any signs of craving human blood or losing control, kill it sooner."

Mo Shan cautioned further.

Mo Hua listened carefully, committing it to memory, then nodded repeatedly.