

The Quest 110

Chapter 110: Minor Success

Beasts are incapable of understanding human speech.

Mo Hua had come to clearly understand this fact.

Over the next two days, the demon cat seemed to have been frightened by Mo Shan, always shrinking back within its iron cage, refusing to come out, let alone attack Mo Hua.

No matter what Mo Hua said, the demon simply could not understand and would stare at him with a fierce yet somewhat timid gaze.

Only when Mo Hua fed it meat would its gaze soften slightly.

This situation made practicing the Passing Water Step impossible.

What to do?

After pondering for two days, Mo Hua finally devised a plan.

He starved the demon cat for two days, until its eyes glowed green with hunger, then fed it dried fish specially prepared by Liu Ruhua.

These dried fish, also demonic beasts in their own right, had poor meat quality and a strong fishy smell; cultivators would not eat them, but the fish-loving demon cat relished them.

Mo Hua then strung several dried fish on a rope around his neck, gesturing first at the dried fish and then at the demon cat.

The implied meaning was: "If you want to eat, come and snatch it yourself."

This was similar to the rules during his previous sparring with Bai Zisheng, only now, his opponent had changed from Bai Zisheng to the little demon cat.

Even if the demon cat could not understand human language, it now grasped the situation.

Thus, the previously timid demon cat, in a bid to satiate its hunger, began to snatch the dried fish from around Mo Hua's neck.

But the piercing gaze of Mo Shan, it remembered clearly, thus it dared not harm Mo Hua, focusing only on the dried fish around his neck.

In this way, in the secluded wing room, human and demon shadows intertwined in a chase.

After several days of "sparring" with the demon cat, Mo Hua could not help but remark that indeed, demonic beasts were much stronger than cultivators.

This demon cat was only at the early stage of the first rank, not known for its strength, but its speed was extremely fast, its movements exceptionally agile, even surpassing an average sixth level Qi-refining cultivator.

The demon cat's methods of attack were richer than those of cultivators, reaching a level of trickiness bordering on bizarre.

For physical cultivators, their attacks were primarily punches and kicks; for spiritual cultivators, they predominantly used long-range spells, with predictable movements.

The demon cat, however, could attack with its teeth, claws, and tail, from tricky angles and unexpectedly.

Furthermore, the demon cat possessed innate demonic powers that could blur its figure temporarily, nearly impossible to discern with the naked eye. Only by pushing his spiritual sense to its limits could Mo Hua barely perceive the demon cat's position.

And this was only an early first rank; if it were mid or late first rank, its speed would be unimaginable.

No wonder a demon hunter team typically required about ten members.

If it encountered a second rank demonic beast, comparable to a Foundation Building cultivator, how formidable would it be?

A normal cultivator, wouldn't they be annihilated at first contact?

Mo Hua involuntarily shivered.

"I must master the Passing Water Step well, so that even if I can't defeat them, at least I can run."

Mo Hua thought silently.

Sparring with a demonic beast was also a process of practice makes perfect.

Initially unfamiliar with the demon cat's techniques, Mo Hua's dried fish would soon end up in the mouth of the demon cat.

The demon cat would then lie in the iron cage, leisurely chewing on the dried fish while licking its paws, occasionally casting a glance at Mo Hua, its eyes carrying a hint of pride and scorn.

As Mo Hua gradually became familiar with the attack habits of the demon cat, he could vaguely predict whether the demon cat would swipe with its claws, bite with its teeth, or lash out with its tail studded with needles.

The demon cat's innate talents, initially unpredictable, became more manageable as he saw them more often and began to anticipate them. Mo Hua gradually managed to see through its movements with his spiritual sense.

The demon cat's fish-eating process then became increasingly difficult.

Sometimes, if Mo Hua was careless, it could snatch one or two, enough to fill its belly.

If Mo Hua was fully attentive, the demon cat could not get a single fish and would only stand by the wall, staring fiercely at Mo Hua.

But this fierceness was somewhat hollow and ineffective.

Knowing the unpleasantness of hunger, Mo Hua would sometimes pretend to be careless, allowing it to eat a few dried fish.

In this manner, a month passed. Although the demon cat was not fully fed, it did not starve either and grew significantly larger, now five feet long.

Mo Hua knew that the time

had come; this demon cat could no longer be raised. If it were allowed to grow larger, there might come a day when it could potentially eat him if he was not careful.

The nature of a demonic beast is not so easily changed.

Mo Hua did not plan to kill it but intended to honor the agreement and set it free.

Though the demon cat did not understand human speech and was unaware of this agreement.

One evening, Mo Hua placed the demon cat in an iron cage covered with black cloth and took it outside Tongxian City, to the nearest foot of Dahei Mountain.

Living creatures like demonic beasts cannot be stored in storage bags, only in iron cages.

Mo Hua covered it with black cloth specifically to prevent it from being discovered by other demon hunters, who might kill it on sight.

Seeing no one around, Mo Hua uncovered the black cloth, opened the cage door, and released the demon cat.

The demon cat, upon seeing the surrounding mountains and forests, paused for a moment, then its eyes gleamed with joy.

Yet, it did not leave but watched Mo Hua cautiously.

Mo Hua said to it, "I'm keeping my promise and letting you go. But remember, it's best not to eat people. If we meet again, I'll definitely have to kill you, and if not me, other demon hunters will."

"People aren't that tasty anyway. You might as well eat more fish; it won't do you any harm."

"If you don't provoke cultivators, with your innate abilities, you should be able to survive longer..."

Mo Hua didn't care whether it could understand or not, he still gave it a lengthy lecture. Then, he waved his hand and said, "Go."

The demon cat looked at Mo Hua puzzledly, moved a few steps to test the reaction, and seeing Mo Hua nod affirmatively, it mustered the courage to head towards Dahei Mountain. As it was about to enter the forest, it suddenly sped up and dashed into Dahei Mountain.

Mo Hua breathed a sigh of relief.

This way, both were satisfied; his Passing Water Step had reached a minor stage of accomplishment, enough to cope with cultivators of the same realm or to fend off demonic beasts.

And the demon cat had been released into the forest.

Dahei Mountain was vast; they were unlikely to encounter each other again. Even if they did, the demon cat had grown and changed its appearance, making it hard for Mo Hua to recognize.

He only hoped it wouldn't kill other cultivators, and ideally, it wouldn't die at the hands of other demon hunters.

But that was beyond Mo Hua's control.

Relieved, Mo Hua strolled home, whistling lightly.

Meanwhile, in the forests of Dahei Mountain, the demon cat had not gone far but lay in the grass, stealthily watching Mo Hua.

After watching Mo Hua leave, a flicker of confusion appeared in its vertical pupils. Moments later, its pupils dilated, memorizing Mo Hua's retreating figure, then it looked around cautiously and walked deeper into Dahei Mountain.

The demon cat crossed the forest, skirted a poison marsh, climbed the rocks, and reached a small creek between the mountains.

Seeing no cultivators or other demonic beasts around, the demon cat leaped into the creek, using the stream to wash off the dust. After a moment, it climbed ashore, shook off the water droplets, its black stripes deepening and its white fur becoming even more lustrous.

Simultaneously, the pattern on the demon cat's forehead became clearer, gradually revealing a "king" character.