

The Quest 121

Chapter 121: Demon Hunting

Dahei Mountain looms, its vast dark depths unknown.

In Tongxian City, the elder Demon Hunters typically divide Dahei Mountain into three areas: the outer, inner, and deep mountains.

The outer mountain is where most Demon Hunters hunt demonic beasts. The toxicity is minimal here, and the miasma is faint. Although the terrain is treacherous, it is not exceedingly perilous.

In the outer mountain, the demonic beasts are primarily of the first-grade mid-stage, with occasional sightings of late first-grade beasts, though rare.

The inner mountain, however, is a different story—dangerously rife with poison, thick with miasma, and shrouded in mind-confounding toxic fog.

Here, the demonic beasts are mainly of the late first-stage, with the occasional second-grade beast.

For a Qi Cultivation stage cultivator, encountering a second-grade beast typically means a slim chance of survival unless they can avoid it beforehand. Thus, only a few hunters venture into the inner mountain.

As for the deep mountain of Dahei, it is strictly off-limits to all cultivators.

Mo Hua has never heard of a hunter daring to enter the deep mountain. Mo Shan also told him that entering it guarantees death.

Aware of his modest capabilities, Mo Hua would not even glance at such a forbidden zone. He wouldn't step into the perilous inner mountain either.

Only the outer mountain, particularly its very edges, is where Mo Hua limits his activities.

Mo Hua, along with Da Hu and three others, entered Dahei Mountain, stopping at the edge of the outer region.

The surrounding forest was dense, and the mountain paths rugged. The deep mountains hid unknown dangers, and eerie sounds occasionally pierced through.

The air was tinged with a faint miasma, mixed with the mountain breeze and an indistinct stench, creating a discomforting aroma.

A faint demonic aura lingered in the secluded corners of the mountains.

Even at the edge of the outer mountain, Mo Hua already felt an inexplicable oppression.

He dared not even imagine what the inner or deep mountains would be like.

"What shall we do next?" Shuang Hu whispered.

All eyes turned to Mo Hui.

"Leave it to me," Mo Hua said confidently, his plan already formulated.

He deduced the route of the demonic beasts through tracks on the ground, hairs rubbed off on trees, bloodstains on rocks, and the faint demonic aura lingering in the air.

At a narrow mountain fissure along the predicted route, Mo Hua set a trap.

The trap, armed with a Wood Binding Array, could briefly hold a mid-first-grade demonic beast for about ten breaths.

Around the trap, five Earth Fire Arrays were set, each embedded with a spirit stone.

Mo Hua covered the trap with broken rocks, placed several stalks of Blood Grass on top, and splashed it with blood water.

The Blood Grass was gathered by Aunt Jiang, and the blood water was leftover from cooking demonic meat at a restaurant.

With everything in place, Mo Hua and the others hid behind some nearby rocks.

"Will this work?" Little Hu asked tentatively.

"Let's try," Mo Hua replied with a try-and-see attitude.

He had meticulously planned everything—the trap, the Blood Grass, the blood water, and every subsequent detail.

Demon hunting was fraught with peril, and no detail could be overlooked.

This was Mo Hua's first time participating in a hunt, so he had prepared thoroughly.

They waited behind the rocks.

From dawn, when a thin mist hung in the air, to midday, when the fog had fully dissipated. Yet, no demonic beasts appeared.

"Could it be that no demonic beasts will come?" Little Hu grew restless.

"Shh," Mo Hua hushed with a finger to his lips, echoing the advice of Uncle Chu: "Setting traps requires care and patience. We can't rush."

This seemed reasonable to them, and they nodded in agreement.

Another hour passed, and amidst the rustling trees, a beast emerged.

It was a Split-Claw Demonic Wolf, its crimson fur, sharp fangs, and drooling mouth indicating its mid-first-grade strength.

For Mo Hua, it was a perfect match.

His spirits lifted, and Da Hu and the others were also on full alert.

The Split-Claw was not easy to handle; they had learned this the hard way.

The beast prowled, its fierce eyes scanning cautiously, occasionally rubbing against tree bark or licking its dark red claws.

It approached the trap, attracted by the scent of the Blood Grass and the stench of the blood water, greedy yet wary, circling the trap a few times before finally stepping inside.

The trap sprung, and pale green spirit shackles, formed by the Wood Binding Array, bound the Split-Claw in place.

The beast struggled fiercely, and it seemed that it would soon break free.

Mo Hua peeked out from behind the rocks and, with a flick of his fingers, conjured a fireball. The fireball arced through the air, missing the Split-Claw but exploding right beneath its feet.

"Didn't hit?" Da Hu and the others were surprised to see Mo Hua use the Fireball Technique.

Though the fireball didn't hit as they expected, there was a hint of disappointment.

"No, it hit," Mo Hua calmly stated.

He wasn't aiming for the Split-Claw, but rather the spirit stone beneath it.

The spirit stone shattered under the impact of the fireball, releasing spiritual energy that charged into the Earth Fire Arrays buried below.

The arrays lit up with a flash of red, and within three breaths, the five arrays exploded.

The blast shattered rocks and sent them all reeling from the shock, their ears ringing.

As the smoke cleared, the ground was littered with rubble and scorched marks.

The Split-Claw lay grievously wounded, half its fur charred, its gaze malevolent but its breaths faint.

Now was the time to strike while it was weakened.

Mo Hua waved his hand, signaling, "Go!"

Da Hu and the others, snapping out of their shock from the explosion, charged at the command, positioning themselves around the Split-Claw in a strategic formation.

Mo Hua stayed behind the rocks, merely peeking out.

He wasn't a body cultivator, nor was he skilled in close combat or melee, so he wouldn't add to the chaos.

Da Hu, with his talent in physical cultivation, had honed his martial arts through numerous hunts. He used boxing techniques, while Shuang Hu wielded blades and Little Hu employed kicks.

The trio moved precisely, their punches thunderous, kicks like wind, and blades casting multiple shadows.

Fire and earth spiritual powers interwoven with the dark red demonic energy of the Split-Claw.

After dozens of exchanges, the already severely injured beast could no longer hold on and was fatally slashed in the flank by Shuang Hu, ending its life.

The trio bore scars, blood-stained but not critically.

They stood their ground, somewhat in disbelief.

This Split-Claw had just perished?

Usually, to hunt a mid-first-grade Split-Claw Demonic Wolf, their hunting team would need one or two late-stage Qi Cultivators to lead, with about five or six mid-stage Qi Cultivators continuously engaging the beast.

Additionally, a few cultivators would be stationed on the perimeter to prevent the beast from escaping.

Only after several difficulties, under normal circumstances, would they be able to kill a Split-Claw.

Now, Mo Hua had simply set a trap, arranged a few arrays, thrown a fireball, and the Split-Claw was severely wounded.

They had surrounded and easily subdued a grievously injured beast...

It had been much easier than they had anticipated.

Da Hu and the others looked at Mo Hua, remembering the explosive power of the Earth Fire Arrays, and felt a residual fear.

A mid-first-grade beast, with such a robust body, had been brought to the brink of death...

Unbeknownst to them, Mo Hua had grown capable of setting such powerful arrays!

Their gazes towards Mo Hua shifted slightly.

Mo Hua peeked out from behind the rocks, glanced at the Split-Claw, and asked, "Is it dead?"

The three snapped back to the present.

Da Hu nodded, "It's dead!"

"Good!" Mo Hua's spirits lifted, and he clutched a jade vial as he emerged from behind the rocks.

He was ready to use the Blood Drawing Technique.