

The Quest 125

Chapter 125: Entering the Mountain

"Hunting demons is perilous. I originally didn't want you to get involved in this, but since you've learned some techniques and can defend yourself, I'll teach you all there is to know about demon hunting."

Mo Shan gazed at Mo Hua and said, "These are the lessons learned from thousands of years of demon hunters, using their lives and blood as the price. Learn them well. Even if you don't become a demon hunter, this knowledge will still be useful."

Mo Hua's small face was serious as he nodded solemnly.

"The first rule of demon hunting is not about killing the beasts but familiarizing yourself with the mountain terrain."

"Dahei Mountain has a complex landscape filled with tangled slopes. You need to first familiarize yourself with the paths, know where the peaks are, where the cliffs lie, where the caves are, where the beasts roam, where the toxic miasmas are dense, and which spirit herbs are poisonous..."

"If you know these things, when danger arises, even if your cultivation isn't enough, you'll know how to avoid death."

"Conversely, if you don't know the terrain, don't understand the geography, you might inhale toxic miasma, eat poisonous plants, or accidentally enter a demon's lair; even with high cultivation, it would be difficult to leave Dahei Mountain alive."

"I'll take you around the outer mountain, and you need to remember the terrain and the locations of small streams, miasmas, poison marshes, and dense forests..."

After saying this, Mo Shan began walking along the mountain path.

Mo Hua followed closely behind, memorizing the path underfoot and the features along the way. At particularly dangerous spots, Mo Shan would stop and explain them to Mo Hua in detail.

For instance, where the miasma was light and where it was dense—places with intense miasma should not be stayed in for more than half an hour, or the miasma would seep into the body, causing confusion and dizziness.

Some dense forests generated thick fog. If one accidentally entered, they might lose their way, only able to escape when the midday sun dissipated the fog.

There were also poison marshes home to venomous demonic beasts that changed color with their environment, requiring vigilance.

And there were certain peaks where great demons roamed, with signs of their presence...

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From morning till evening, they only covered a small part of Dahei Mountain's outer mountain.

As dusk fell, Mo Shan brought Mo Hua to a small campsite on the mountainside.

The camp was a simple cave, hidden with vegetation and sealed with an iron door, on which a basic array was drawn to prevent attacks from demonic beasts.

The camp was not large but had some dry food, weeds, and a few crude stone beds.

"This is a temporary rest spot or overnight camp for demon hunters. It's rudimentary but sufficient for shelter."

Mo Shan then pointed at the iron door and said, "There's an array on the door; it's not the best, but it works. If you're chased by demonic beasts with nowhere to go, you can hide in here, activate the array, and most beasts won't be able to enter."

Mo Hua nodded.

The father and son spent the night in the camp.

The next morning, as dawn was breaking, they got up and continued along the mountain path.

Mo Shan walked and lectured along the way.

In this manner, they spent seven full days and nights in Dahei Mountain's outer mountain, with Mo Shan finally taking Mo Hua through all of it.

After returning home, Mo Hua was sore all over, his calves swollen, and his head throbbed from inhaling too much miasma. Despite taking pills to ward off the miasma, his forehead still ached faintly.

Liu Ruhua asked Mr. Feng to prepare a Spirit-Clearing Decoction for Mo Hua, applied swelling-reducing herbs on his body, and seeing his pale face, felt very distressed, scolding Mo Shan:

"You could have taught him slowly, no need to stay in the mountains for seven days and suffer so much."

Mo Shan, seeing his wife angry, also explained softly, "These hardships are inevitable, better to endure them now and have an easier time later."

Liu Ruhua knew this, but still felt angry and served Mo Shan only clear porridge and steamed buns at night, not even a dish of pickles.

Mo Shan couldn't help but laugh and cry.

Two days later, Mo Hua recovered, having no major issues.

Thinking that it had been nearly ten days since he had been to the Sit and Forget Abode, Mo Hua took some wine and meat to pay his respects to Mr. Zhuang and explained his recent activities.

Mr. Zhuang, seeing Mo Hua's still pale face, told

him to rest and not to worry about formalities here.

Mo Hua also brought some crispy pastries and pine nuts to Elder Gui, and then brought some food and fruit wine to the Bai siblings.

Bai Zisheng, hearing that Mo Hua could now hunt demons in Dahei Mountain, was extremely envious.

He was strictly supervised by Aunt Xue and hardly got to go out, let alone hunt demons.

Mo Hua sympathetically patted his shoulder, helpless to assist.

A few days later, Mo Shan took Mo Hua back into Dahei Mountain.

This time, they didn't need to explain everything in detail, just familiarize themselves with the terrain, so they completed the outer mountain in just three or four days.

After that, whenever Mo Shan had time, he would take Mo Hua up the mountain for a walk.

Mo Hua became more and more familiar with the outer areas of Dahei Mountain.

Mo Shan felt it was about time and took Mo Hua to a cliff on the outer mountain.

The cliff was steep, with bizarre rocks, and offered an unobstructed view of the mountainside below.

After ensuring the area was safe, Mo Shan said to Mo Hua, "You're familiar enough with the outer mountain now, I'll now teach you what to pay attention to when dealing with demonic beasts."

Mo Hua sat cross-legged on the rock, listening intently.

"The principles of a demon hunter are twofold: know yourself and know your enemy, and be prepared in advance."

"To 'know yourself and your enemy' means to recognize your own strength. Whether your cultivation is profound, what spells, martial arts, and spiritual weapons you have at your disposal.

You also need to know about the demonic beasts, including their realm, vitality, demonic power, and habits. Where are they strong, where are they weak, are they treacherous, do they feign death, and so on."

"Then, weigh each other's strength. If you can kill it, then act. If not, don't rush into action."

"If, during a fight, the situation changes, and the beast you thought you could kill is now unbeatable, you need to plan ahead and retreat timely. Otherwise, once your spiritual power is exhausted, you will be the one to die."

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"What 'being prepared in advance' entails is to plan ahead thoroughly for everything. Especially when facing powerful demonic beasts, whether you can kill them, how you will kill them, what to do if something goes wrong—all these must be considered beforehand."

"If you don't plan ahead and act rashly, once a mistake happens, casualties are inevitable."

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Mo Shan explained carefully in great detail.

Mo Hua listened intently, absorbing the knowledge.

"Listen for now; you'll understand more as you fight more demonic beasts."

Mo Hua nodded.

"Another thing to remember," Mo Shan cautioned, "is to avoid initiating conflict whenever possible, but if you must act, be ruthless!"

"Ruthless?" Mo Hua was a bit surprised.

"As a demon hunter, your enemy is the demonic beast. If you're not ruthless, the beast will be. If you don't kill the beast, then it will kill you."

"So, what does being ruthless entail?"

Mo Shan's brow quirked as he said:

"When not acting, don't show any intent to kill. When it's time to act, don't hesitate at all."

"As soon as the enemy shows a flaw, strike first to gain the upper hand, aiming to kill in one blow, not giving the opponent a chance to act."

"The opponent who doesn't strike is the best opponent!"

Mo Hua was somewhat shocked to hear such words from his burly father.

After a moment's hesitation, he couldn't help but ask, "Isn't that a bit... unsportsmanlike?"

Mo Shan's expression turned solemn as he said seriously, "In demon hunting, there is no winning or losing, only life and death. Winning unsportingly is still surviving; losing honorably is still death."

After finishing his explanation, Mo Shan patted Mo Hua on the head:

"Life as an independent cultivator is not easy; try your best to stay alive."