

The Quest 126

Chapter 126: Yu Chengyi

Mo Hua, after familiarizing himself with the outer mountain under Mo Shan's guidance, took it upon himself to draw a map of the area.

This map, a necessity for demon hunters, detailed the mountainous terrain, streams, rivers, toxic miasmas, and areas frequented by demonic beasts.

Mo Shan also possessed a map, albeit a rudimentary one that barely outlined some trails, offering little else.

For seasoned demon hunters, maps were not drawn on paper but memorized, ingrained in their minds.

After all, one couldn't possibly afford to stop and consult a map while being chased by a demonic beast to figure out an escape route...

However, Mo Hua, not yet a seasoned demon hunter, sought to create a more detailed map.

Starting from the old map Mo Shan provided, he meticulously marked everything from mountainous terrain to streams and key points along the route.

After traversing the outer mountain several more times with Mo Shan, Mo Hua gradually enriched the map until both the terrain and the map were etched into his mind.

Mo Shan casually tested Mo Hui with a few questions—

Locations of toxic miasmas, areas where demonic beasts prowled, campsites, and emergency hideouts.

Mo Hua responded with ease, his answers even clearer than those of some veteran hunters.

Mo Shan sighed in relief and subsequently relaxed his supervision over Mo Hua.

Then, Mo Hua joined Da Hu and his brothers on a mountain expedition.

Da Hu and his siblings hunted demonic beasts, Mo Hua drew their blood, and together they shared the spirit stones.

A clear division of labor—simple and efficient.

"But, Uncle Mo really let you into the mountain..." Little Hu was still in disbelief.

"Aren't you guys in the mountain too? I can be here as well."

As Mo Hua drew blood from a boar-like demonic beast, he conversed.

"It's not the same..."

"Indeed, the other day when that Hyena Flame Hound charged at you, I sweated bullets out of sheer terror..."

"Thankfully, your agility saved the day, or it would have been truly frightening."

Reflecting on the incident, they were still visibly shaken.

"But Mo Hua, your agility is truly remarkable!"

Shuang Hu couldn't help but praise.

He had never seen such agility before—fluid like water, elusive like a butterfly, darting unpredictably left and right.

Even the furiously snapping Hyena Flame Hound failed to even graze his clothes.

Mo Hua blushed modestly, "Thanks to that kind passerby uncle... But I've only learned a little."

After securely storing a jade bottle filled with demonic blood, Mo Hua continued:

"I've finished drawing blood; you guys can start skinning. This pig is huge; it should fetch a good price in spirit stones."

Energized, Da Hu and his brothers began skinning and deboning the demonic pig, preparing to sell it for spirit stones.

Mo Hua, with nothing else to do, checked his storage bag, which now contained dozens of bottles of demonic blood.

But he felt it wasn't enough.

The Nine Array Patterns are a significant hurdle for any array master.

And beyond the sixth level of Qi cultivation, solving arrays to break through the bottleneck of the Heavenly Proliferation Technique is another considerable hurdle.

Both require extensive use of arrays, and naturally, an abundance of spirit ink is beneficial.

It's always good to stock up on demonic blood.

But how to increase the stockpile?

Da Hu and his brothers, only sixth-level Qi cultivators, managed to kill one demonic beast per day, which was commendable.

Mo Hua, relying solely on his agility and Fireball Technique, found it challenging to kill even a dying beast. The technique's power was limited, especially against thick-skinned or fire-elemental demonic beasts.

Killing a dying beast required several shots of the Fireball Technique.

Mo Hua practiced the Fireball Technique whenever he had the chance; it was now both accurate and quick, allowing him to strike before the demonic beasts.

However, even if he could kill ten beasts with the Fireball Technique, any slip could put him in danger.

The risk was hardly worth the reward of ten bottles of demonic blood and some spirit stones.

After several days, Mo Hua still hadn't found a better method.

That changed the day he was updating his map on the outer mountain and encountered Yu Chengyi leading a demon hunting expedition.

Yu Chengyi, the esteemed eldest son of Elder Yu, was a ninth-level Qi cultivator with considerable prestige among demon hunters.

Usually, he led teams hunting in the inner mountain, but recent news of a particularly troublesome mid-tier demonic beast in the outer mountain had brought him here.

Fully alert, Yu Chengyi and several hunters were tracking the beast when he heard a call, the voice surprisingly youthful.

Startled, Yu Chengyi looked up to see a young cultivator waving at him from

a distant rock.

His jaw nearly dropped.

A child here? In Dahei Mountain? How did he get in? Wasn't he afraid of being devoured by demonic beasts?

Upon recognizing Mo Hua, Yu Chengyi's heart skipped a beat, and he exclaimed in shock, "Mo Hua?!"

He remembered Mo Hua well.

The son of Mo Shan, young and with an innocent face, proficient in array drawing, his father had asked him to keep an eye on the boy.

Chilled to the bone, Yu Chengyi shuddered at the thought of such a loss.

With a swift move, he rushed to Mo Hua, lifted him from the rock, and set him down on the ground.

"Uncle Yu, your agility is impressive!" Mo Hua complimented as he landed.

"It's alright," Yu Chengyi replied modestly, then paused, realizing this wasn't the time for such talk.

He looked at Mo Hua, then surveyed the surroundings, and couldn't help but ask, "Where's your father?"

"In the inner mountain."

"No, I mean... isn't he with you?"

"I can't go to the inner mountain." Mo Hua said.

Mo Shan had instructed him to play in the outer mountain and adamantly forbidden him from venturing into the inner mountain—a decree Mo Hua strictly followed.

Yu Chengyi pressed, "You mean your father isn't with you?"

"Right, he's hunting in the inner mountain. He can't stay with me all the time."

Stunned, Yu Chengyi blurted, "You mean Mo Shan brought you into the mountain and left you in the outer mountain?"

Had Mo Shan lost his mind?

"Not exactly," Mo Hua explained, "I came with Da Hu and his brothers. My dad just told me to stay in the outer mountain and not to go into the inner mountain."

Yu Chengyi, pausing between each word, asked slowly, "You mean, Mo Shan allowed you into the outer mountain?"

Mo Hua nodded.

Frustrated, Yu Chengyi exclaimed, "What a joke! The outer mountain is still part of Dahei Mountain! It's filled with poison, miasma, and demonic beasts!

Don't underestimate the outer mountain!"

It took a long while for Yu Chengyi to calm down.

"Forget about that," Mo Hua said, "Uncle Yu, could you do me a favor?"

Yu Chengyi asked a few trivial questions, disrupting Mo Hua's train of thought, almost making him forget his initial purpose.

"A favor?" Yu Chengyi paused, "Find someone to take you back?"

"No," Mo Hua waved his hand dismissively, "I've just entered the mountain; why go back now?"

Mo Hua glanced surreptitiously at the demon hunters behind Yu Chengyi and whispered:

"Could I borrow a few people from you?"