

The Quest 133

Chapter 133: Disappearance

Mo Hua was preparing to formally draw the Si Nan Zimu Array.

He went to Master Chen to refine a simple compass and dozens of stone needles.

The mother array of the Si Nan Zimu Array was only one, drawn on the compass. The sub-arrays could be many, drawn on the stone needles.

The sub-arrays were not interconnected, only sensing each other with the mother array. Although there seemed to be many sub-arrays, the actual control through the array hub was only a pair of single arrays.

Therefore, the Si Nan Zimu Array could only be considered a composite array containing two single arrays.

Mo Hua spent half a day drawing the array.

Afterwards, he prepared to test the effect.

Mo Hua entered Dahei Mountain, set up traps and arrays, and placed the stone needles at intervals of several feet. He had Da Hu and the others watch nearby while he ran far away holding the mother array compass.

After walking for more than half an hour, Mo Hua stopped, crouched in a bush, and stared at the compass in his hand.

He waited and waited, feeling a bit drowsy.

Suddenly, a dot on the compass lit up.

The lit dot corresponded to the stone needle Mo Hua had placed.

Mo Hua's spirits lifted, and he immediately ran back.

By the time he arrived, the demonic beast had been killed by Da Hu and the others, lying on the ground with blood still fresh.

Mo Hua approached, pressed his fingers on the demonic beast's vital pulse, and found the blood still active. Using his spiritual sense, he could manipulate it, so he took out a jade bottle and used the Blood Drawing Technique to extract the demonic blood.

He filled about eight or nine bottles before stopping.

He then checked the stone needle, finding it intact and undamaged, which made him smile.

"Mo Hua, is it done?"

"Yes, it's done!"

Da Hu and the others didn't understand what Mo Hua was doing with the compass, but guessed it was related to arrays.

They didn't know much about arrays, so they didn't ask. Seeing Mo Hua complete his task successfully, they couldn't help but smile along.

As usual, they skinned and deboned the drained demonic beast, putting it in their storage bags.

They would sell the spirit stones and deliver them to Mo Hua's home in the evening.

Mo Hua waved goodbye to Da Hu and the others and continued to wander around Dahei Mountain, placing stone needles with the Si Nan Zimu sub-array.

The locations for the stone needles were mostly on paths, mountain trails, and forest areas frequented by demonic beasts or demon hunters, suitable for setting traps.

Mo Hua spent three or four days placing all the stone needles.

Now, the outer mountain was basically under Mo Hua's control.

Not to the extent of sensing every movement, but at least he would be the first to know if there were any cultivator fights or demonic beast clashes causing spiritual power fluctuations.

In the following days, Mo Hua ran around the outer mountain holding the compass, busily enjoying himself.

Whenever a light spot appeared on the compass, it meant a fight was happening.

Mostly, it was due to the Earth Fire Array exploding, causing fluctuations from novice demon hunters besieging demonic beasts.

By the time Mo Hua arrived, the fight was usually ending. He would wait for the demonic beast to die and then go up to draw blood.

Sometimes, other demon hunters were besieging demonic beasts.

Technically, a demon hunter team's prey wouldn't allow others to interfere.

But Mo Hua was a familiar face, very familiar.

Most demon hunters had asked Mo Hua to draw arrays before and received benefits from him. Some hadn't, but wanted to build a relationship with him for future array needs.

So, generally, demon hunter teams didn't mind Mo Hua drawing a bit of blood from the demonic beasts they killed.

After all, they didn't need the demonic blood.

Sometimes, it was due to demonic beasts fighting each other, causing demonic power fluctuations.

Demonic beasts fought for mating, food, hunting, and territory, causing clashes.

Approaching demonic beast fights recklessly was too risky.

Mo Hua could only observe from afar, gaining knowledge, observing the habits or characteristics of demonic beasts, and recording some special demonic power abilities or their rage states.

As a Qi cultivator, Mo Hua's spiritual sense was already very strong, allowing him to observe from afar and even spy on the demonic power states in demonic beasts' meridians without being noticed.

In this way, Mo Hua's cultivation gradually increased, nearing the barrier of the sixth level of Qi cultivation.

He also accumulated a lot of demonic blood, filling several hundred bottles.

Mo Hua was well-prepared, planning to break through the realm and strive to become a Nine Pattern First-Class Array Master.

In the following days, Mo Hua focused on cultivating and learning arrays.

A few days later, at dusk, Mo Hua and Liu Ruhua were at home, waiting for Mo Shan to come back for dinner.

Suddenly, it started pouring rain, which lasted for a little over half an hour.

After the rain, Mo Shan returned, but his expression was serious. He ate a few bites of food, took some dry rations, and was about to leave again.

Mo Hua couldn't help but ask, "Dad, what happened?"

Mo Shan initially didn't want to say, but then he remembered that Mo Hua could now survive in Dahei Mountain alone and was no longer the weak child he used to be. He solemnly said:

"Old Zhao is missing."

Mo Hua was slightly stunned, “Is it that medium-built Zhao Uncle with thick eyebrows who knows the Mountain Splitting Palm?”

Mo Shan was surprised, “You know him?”

“Yes.” Mo Hua nodded.

That day when he borrowed someone from Uncle Yu, Uncle Yu called “Old Zhao” and had him take care of Mo Hua, who was a late-stage Qi cultivator.

Mo Shan nodded, “Yes.”

“Where did he go missing?”

“Dahei Mountain.”

“I’ll go take a look too.”

Mo Shan was about to refuse, but after thinking, he said, “Follow me and don’t get separated.”

“Okay.”

Liu Ruhua prepared some more food for them to take, and anxiously reminded, “Be careful on the road.”

Mo Shan took Mo Hua out, not directly to Dahei Mountain but to Elder Yu’s house first.

Elder Yu’s house was spacious but simply furnished, with many demon hunters standing inside.

Elder Yu glanced at Mo Shan and noticed Mo Hua beside him. He was slightly surprised but still nodded kindly at Mo Hua and smiled warmly.

Then, he said gravely, “Old Zhao is missing. I’ve already sent Chengyi and others to search, but there’s no news yet.”

“Could it be that he’s just blocked by the rain in the mountain, found a camp to shelter, and will come down tomorrow morning?” a demon hunter speculated.

Elder Yu shook his head, “Old Zhao’s wife came by, saying her husband is missing.”

Elder Yu explained the situation.

Old Zhao’s wife was pregnant, five or six months along.

Old Zhao heard from an alchemist that a herb called Baizhu Ginseng could nourish and stabilize the fetus. He found one in the mountain and picked it, planning to bring it down to his wife.

But the demonic beast he hunted was tricky, delaying him. When he came down, he found his storage bag torn and the Baizhu Ginseng lost.

Old Zhao guessed it was lost during the fight with the demonic beast and told his wife he would go back to find it and be back soon.

As soon as Old Zhao entered the mountain, it started pouring rain, and he didn’t return after the rain stopped.

Normally, it was common for demon hunters to stay overnight in the mountain when they had tasks.

But Old Zhao’s wife felt an inexplicable fear and palpitations, as if she would never see her husband again.

She couldn’t explain this fear, but it was incredibly strong, so she had no choice but to ask Elder Yu for help, pleading for him to send people to search the mountain.

Elder Yu sighed, “Better safe than sorry. It’s better to be a little tired than for Old Zhao to lose his life. How would his wife and child survive then?”