

## The Quest 134

Chapter 134: Searching for Someone

Elder Yu finished speaking and led the group into Dahei Mountain.

At a camp near the outer mountain entrance, they met up with Yu Chengyi.

Elder Yu asked, "How is it?"

Yu Chengyi's clothes were soaked with rain and his face was pale, frowning deeply:

"The rain was too heavy. After the downpour, all traces in the mountain were washed away. We have no idea where he went."

Elder Yu sighed deeply, "This is going to be troublesome."

Dahei Mountain was vast. Even the outer mountain would take seven or eight days to traverse. A thorough search would take even longer.

It would be fine if Old Zhao was safe, but if something had happened to him, the outcome could be dire.

The demon hunters in the camp all wore worried expressions.

"Where did Uncle Zhao enter the mountain from?"

A clear, childish voice sounded from the crowd.

Everyone turned to see Mo Hua following behind Mo Shan.

Though young, Mo Hua was well-acquainted with most of the demon hunters, who all called him "Little Array Master," so no one ignored him because of his age.

Yu Chengyi quickly called Mo Hua over, spread out a map, and pointed to a mountain path:

"Old Zhao entered the mountain from this entrance at dusk."

Mo Hua glanced at it, then closed the map and took out his own hand-drawn map from his storage bag.

When Mo Hua spread out his map, everyone was stunned.

The map was incredibly detailed, marking not only mountain paths, poisonous swamps, and miasma zones, but also locations of various spices, spiritual herbs, and minerals.

At a glance, it was densely packed. If not for space limitations, Mo Hua would have probably noted down every tree and its appearance in the mountain.

Mo Hua pointed to a location on his map, "Is it here?"

Yu Chengyi nodded.

Mo Hua compared the map and found the nearest stone needle, then took out the compass with the mother array and checked it. His brows gradually furrowed.

Yu Chengyi tensed and asked, "What's wrong?"

Mo Hua pointed to several spots on the map, "There's been a spiritual power fluctuation here."

"What does that mean?"

"It means someone has fought here!"

Everyone exchanged looks, all a bit stunned.

"You can tell?" a demon hunter couldn't help but ask.

Mo Hua nodded, "This is the Si Nan Mother-Child Array. I placed stone needles in the mountain. If there's a spiritual power fluctuation nearby, it will show on this compass."

Everyone was shocked and looked at Mo Hua with more respect.

Elder Yu's expression lightened slightly, "We can't delay, let's go now!"

Without further delay, everyone set off immediately. Mo Shan reminded, "Be careful," and silently followed behind Mo Hua.

A cup of tea later, they arrived at the location Mo Hua mentioned.

It was a small hill, with a narrow mountain path below, a forest above, and a cliff to the right.

Mo Hua found the stone needle and noticed the array patterns on it were dim and twisted, a sign of strong spiritual power fluctuations.

"How is it?" Yu Chengyi asked nervously.

Mo Hua nodded, "Someone fought here, and their cultivation level wasn't low. There should be traces nearby."

Yu Chengyi ordered, "Spread out and search the area."

Soon, someone shouted, "Over here!"

Everyone rushed over to find the ground's stones cracked and trees broken. On the nearby stone wall was a slanted palm print with faint traces of earth element spiritual power.

Yu Chengyi looked at it and said, "Mountain-Splitting Palm, it's Old Zhao."

Mo Shan stepped forward, wiped the stone wall, sniffed it, and his eyes turned cold, "There are blood traces, washed away by the rain."

Everyone's expressions turned serious.

Elder Yu asked Mo Hua, "Any other traces?"

Mo Hua checked the compass and found many spots dim or disappeared. He shook his head, "It's been too long. The spiritual power fluctuations are very weak, hard to distinguish."

The Si Nan Mother-Child Array had a time limit. Spiritual power fluctuations were bright initially, but dimmed and disappeared over time.

Elder Yu and the others frowned.

Mo Hua was also anxious, then suddenly had an idea, "Uncle Yu, when did Uncle Zhao enter the mountain?"

Yu Chengyi thought for a moment, "Around the middle of the You hour, about an hour ago."

Mo Hua's eyes brightened. Array masters had excellent memories. He had glanced at the compass before eating and, though not focused, had a lingering impression.

He spread out the map and marked several points.

"These spots showed signs of battle after the You hour. It might not be Uncle Zhao, but other cultivators or demon beasts. And the points may not be precise..."

"No matter," Elder Yu said, "Having a direction is better than searching aimlessly."

Elder Yu patted Mo Hua's shoulder, "You've done your best. If we can't find him, it's just Old Zhao's bad luck."

Mo Hua nodded, feeling a bit down.

"Any other clues?" Elder Yu asked.

Mo Hua checked the map again and drew a few lines.

"These paths showed continuous spiritual power fluctuations. We can search them thoroughly."

Elder Yu's eyes sharpened, and the demon hunters' spirits rose.

Continuous spiritual power fluctuations meant ongoing battles, indicating someone was being chased.

Were they chased by a demon beast or another cultivator?

Elder Yu's expression turned serious, and he decisively ordered, "Split into teams, small teams of three, large teams of five. Each path with at least ten people. Be careful and signal with a whistle if you find anything."

The demon hunters acted swiftly, scattering in all directions.

Elder Yu reminded Mo Hua, "Stay with your father, don't get separated."

"Okay," Mo Hua nodded.

Night fell as they searched the rain-soaked Dahei Mountain for the missing demon hunter.

An hour later, they found more battle traces, even fragments of vine armor, but still no person.

Mo Hua marked all the battle points on his map.

Looking at the map, he frowned in thought.

With battle traces and being chased, the person would be heavily injured and unable to go far. They should be near these mountain paths.

But why hadn't they found him?

Alive, they should find the person, dead, they should find the body...

Confused, Mo Hua asked Mo Shan, "Dad, how do you search for people?"

"How?"

"Do you use spiritual sense?"

Mo Shan thought for a moment, "We look for traces with our eyes, listen for sounds, smell for blood, and use spiritual sense for basic perception."

This method seemed fine...

Mo Hua nodded, then suddenly thought, what if he used only spiritual sense, abandoning other senses?

Mo Hua's eyes brightened. He closed his eyes and released his spiritual sense.

Everything around him turned into a vague white void.

The night-colored mountains, trees, streams, and cultivators all turned into faint spiritual power silhouettes.

In his spiritual sense, the world's outlines were clear.

Mo Hua pushed his spiritual sense to the limit, expanding the boundaries and clarifying the spiritual power silhouettes.

"Nothing..."

Mo Hua opened his eyes, moved to the next path, and closed his eyes again, releasing his spiritual sense.

Mo Shan didn't know what Mo Hua was doing, but didn't disturb him, silently following his son.

"Nothing."

"Nothing..."

Mo Hua continued moving, releasing his spiritual sense. After crossing several cliffs, Mo Hua suddenly stopped.

Mo Shan tensed, seeing Mo Hua abruptly open his eyes and point to a cliff not far away:

"There's someone there!"

Mo Shan and the nearby demon hunters quickly rushed over, pushed aside the foliage, and illuminated the area with torches.

Hanging on the cliff, entangled in branches, was the barely breathing Old Zhao!