

The Quest 247

Chapter 247: Interrogation

Concealment Technique!

Mo Hua had coveted this technique for a long time.

The first time he saw Old Third Diao use this technique, Mo Hua wanted to learn it.

Although Elder Yu said he was a small Five Elements spiritual root, not suitable for this technique, how could he know without trying?

Previously, he thought that the hidden cultivator had been hacked to death, which was a bit regrettable.

But now, unexpectedly, he appeared again. This was a pleasant surprise.

Since he appeared, he shouldn't think of running away.

Mo Hua must get the method of the Concealment Technique out of him.

Now that he had reached the seventh level of Qi refining, his movement skills were sufficient for the time being, but he only knew one spell, the Fireball Technique.

Its power was mediocre, neither too weak nor too strong, just average.

But Mo Hua's spiritual root wasn't good, and his techniques didn't enhance his spiritual power, so the spell's power wouldn't be strong. Even if he learned another attack spell, it wouldn't be meaningful.

Mo Hua wanted to learn some more practical spells.

The Concealment Technique was quite suitable.

With strong spiritual sense, he could conceal his aura, making it difficult for others to detect him, and the Concealment Technique could hide his figure, making him invisible.

Mo Hua had a strong spiritual sense, and learning the Concealment Technique would ensure his safety.

Cultivating the Dao to seek longevity meant staying alive first.

Old Third Diao had his arm twisted off by Yu Chengyi, causing him to sweat profusely from the pain. He angrily said, "Don't even think about it!"

Having been repeatedly bested by this little ghost, he wanted to kill him, so how could he possibly hand over the Concealment Technique?

Mo Hua snorted, "Don't refuse a toast only to drink a forfeit!"

But Old Third Diao gritted his teeth and refused to speak.

Mo Hua looked at him and suddenly brightened, asking Yu Chengyi, "Uncle Yu, where's his storage bag?"

When a criminal cultivator was captured, whether alive or dead, their storage bags were taken and marked.

Yu Chengyi searched and found a storage bag with blue water patterns, throwing it to Mo Hua.

Mo Hua poured out the contents of the storage bag.

There were two spare daggers, one a First Grade spiritual tool, the other not, probably just a temporary substitute.

Several bottles of poison with labels indicating their names, meant to be smeared on the daggers.

There were also a few antidotes, though unlabeled, but the colors matched the poisons.

There were several books on cultivation and Dao techniques, but Mo Hua glanced at them and found them to be common stuff.

There was no manual for the Concealment Technique.

Mo Hua frowned, "Where did you hide the manual?"

Old Third Diao gritted his teeth, "You little bastard, I won't tell you!"

"Still cursing at me?" Mo Hua raised an eyebrow, drew out his Qianjun Stick, and angrily said, "Watch me smash your mouth!"

Yu Chengyi quickly stopped him, "No need for you to do it, don't tire yourself out."

Mo Hua wasn't a body cultivator and wasn't good at physical cultivation, so he might hurt himself.

Besides, there were plenty of demon hunters around, no need for him to act.

Several demon hunters, having guarded spirit mines and seen many companions fall to Old Third Diao's poisonous daggers, were filled with anger and took the opportunity to beat him.

When they had almost finished, Yu Chengyi called a halt.

Mo Hua continued, "Will you talk now?"

Old Third Diao spat out a mouthful of blood and softened, "If I talk, will you spare my life?"

Mo Hua coldly snorted, "Dreaming!"

He raised two small fingers and continued, "You have two choices: tell us honestly, and we'll send you to the Dao Court. Whether you live or die depends on their judgment..."

"The second choice, if you don't talk, we'll hack you to death right now. You're just a criminal cultivator, dying is meaningless."

Old Third Diao coldly replied, "I'm dead either way, why should I talk?"

He knew the crimes he had committed would surely lead to death at the Dao Court.

"One is a possible death, the other is immediate death, there's a big difference."

Mo Hua explained, "If you enter the Dao Court, you might bribe the authorities and avoid the death penalty, or even be released. At worst, you might bribe the guards and escape..."

Old Third Diao rolled his eyes. If he had such ability to bribe officials, he wouldn't have ended up as a bandit.

He would have become a clan leader or sect master, at the very least an elder.

Old Third Diao sneered internally, still refusing to speak.

Mo Hua, seeing this, regretted, "Then you can die peacefully."

These criminal cultivators deserved death. Once dead, it would be quiet, and he could find another way for the technique, it didn't have to be the Concealment Technique.

Mo Hua glanced at Yu Chengyi, who nodded and ordered, "Drag him aside and hack him to death."

A demon hunter came over, grabbed the chain, and dragged Old Third Diao to a small grove.

Halfway there, Old Third Diao realized, "I'm really going to die!"

Having lived for over a hundred years, he had thought about his death many times but had never taken it seriously.

Now, facing death for real, he felt the fear of extinction.

The boundless fear swallowed him, breaking his resolve, his will crumbled.

In that moment, he only thought of living, even just another day or an hour.

As long as he didn't die now, even dying tomorrow or in the next hour was better.

Dying in the Dao Court was better than being hacked to death and fed to demonic beasts.

Old Third Diao hurriedly shouted, "I'll talk! I'll talk!"

Mo Hua's spirit lifted, "Wait!"

The demon hunter dragged him back and threw him before Mo Hua.

Old Third Diao was already weak, barely breathing.

Mo Hua, puzzled, said, "You should have talked earlier, why make it hard on yourself, taking a beating for nothing..."

Old Third Diao, furious, spat out more blood.

Yu Chengyi whispered to Mo Hua, "Speak less, don't anger him to death."

"Oh, oh." Mo Hua nodded repeatedly, asking, "Where is the Concealment Technique manual?"

Old Third Diao, completely subdued, having faced death's fear, honestly said, "In those Dao technique books, there's a 'Blazing Fist,' from page nineteen to fifty-four, it records... the Concealment Technique."

Mo Hua rummaged through the storage bag's contents, found a well-thumbed 'Blazing Fist,' and opened it to the nineteenth page. The text indeed changed abruptly.

From body refinement fire techniques, it suddenly became secretive water cultivation techniques.

And between the lines was a small inscription:

Concealment Technique.

Mo Hua was overjoyed, glancing at Old Third Diao, thinking he was indeed cunning, hiding the precious technique in a common body refinement book.

Naturally, it wouldn't be easily discovered.

Mo Hua, satisfied, put the 'Blazing Fist' containing the Concealment Technique manual into his own storage bag. Suddenly, he frowned and thought:

If he hid the Concealment Technique in the 'Blazing Fist,' could there be other techniques hidden in other books?

Mo Hua began flipping through the other Dao technique books, page by page, until he found something unusual.

In a book titled 'Flowing Sand Palm,' he found another technique he hadn't heard of:

Water Prison Technique.

Mo Hua raised an eyebrow, it was a bonus!