

The Quest 275

Chapter 275: Visualization

Mo Hua was startled and immediately lay flat on the beam, motionless.

At the same time, a divine sense swept over him but failed to penetrate his concealment.

The burly man retracted his divine sense, finding nothing, and shouted angrily, "Who's there, sneaking around?"

The middle-aged cultivator frowned and also released his divine sense to scan the surroundings.

A significantly deeper divine sense passed through the beam and focused on Mo Hua, penetrating the first layer of his concealment array.

But beneath the array, there was another layer of concealment technique.

It was nighttime, and the beams were dark. Even a half-baked concealment technique was hard to detect.

The middle-aged cultivator penetrated one layer of concealment but still didn't find Mo Hua. After a moment's hesitation, he retracted his divine sense and said lightly:

"There's no one here. Don't be paranoid."

The burly man said, "Impossible, someone is watching me!"

The middle-aged cultivator glanced at him, "Nonsense, I am looking at you, aren't I?"

The burly man did not argue, but his expression remained fierce, "No, someone is watching me from the dark!"

Mo Hua felt a chill in his heart, tense.

The middle-aged cultivator asked, "You mean someone infiltrated here?"

"It's not impossible," the burly man replied.

The middle-aged cultivator sneered, "Do you know where this is?"

Before the burly man could answer, the middle-aged cultivator continued with a cold smile:

"This is the deep mountains of Dahei Mountain, our lair as evil cultivators!"

"The entrance is protected by my concealment array, and every wall and tile is inscribed with my arrays."

"Which ordinary cultivator can discover this lair, dare to come here, and even dare to spy under our noses?"

Mo Hua was shocked.

This middle-aged cultivator was the array master and also a Foundation Building cultivator!

Even with the middle-aged cultivator's assurance, the burly man was not willing to let it go, still trusting his intuition.

"Someone is definitely spying!"

The middle-aged cultivator's expression turned cold, "Are you doubting my arrays or mocking my divine sense?"

The burly man fell silent.

In terms of seniority, he was a step below the middle-aged cultivator; in terms of arrays, he knew nothing; in terms of divine sense, he was far inferior.

If the middle-aged cultivator said no one was there, then there should be no one.

The bloodshot in the burly man's eyes gradually faded, his fierceness diminished, and he cupped his hands in apology:

"Third Brother, forgive me. I was too rash."

The middle-aged array master's expression softened slightly. He nodded and didn't pursue the matter further, asking instead:

"Didn't drink blood tonight?"

The burly man nodded, "No, I had some wine, felt a bit restless."

As he spoke, the bloodshot in his eyes began to reappear.

Bloodthirsty and restless, prone to suspicion and paranoia.

The middle-aged array master understood, his gaze darkened, "Take some time to drink some blood. Don't let it disturb your mind and ruin important matters."

The burly man nodded, feeling his throat getting parched. The more he drank, the thirstier he felt, and he was agitated, constantly feeling someone was watching him.

This feeling was extremely uncomfortable.

His eyes grew bloodier, almost red. He stood up and cupped his hands, "I'll be going now."

The middle-aged array master asked, "Human blood may not be enough, should you drink demon blood? Need my help?"

"No need, Third Brother is busy, I won't bother you."

With that, the burly man left. The middle-aged array master sat for a while, finished his wine, and also went deeper into the lair.

Mo Hua waited another hour, ensuring both had indeed left and were not pretending. He finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Elder Yu was right, the effect of these two layers of concealment is that as long as you stay still, even Foundation Building cultivators may not find you."

Especially the middle-aged cultivator, an array master, had failed to discover Mo Hua's concealment.

It showed just how effective Mo Hua's concealment methods were.

However, Mo Hua didn't dare to be arrogant.

Eavesdropping under the noses of Foundation Building evil cultivators was highly dangerous. Even if they couldn't discover him, it was best not to take such risks again.

Mo Hua reminded himself.

If his concealment was really breached, even with the Passing Water Step, he might not escape from a Foundation Building cultivator.

It seemed he should avoid the back of the lair in the future.

Especially these two Foundation Building evil cultivators, best to avoid them.

Mo Hua spent another two days studying the behavior patterns of these two Foundation Building cultivators.

The burly man usually cultivated in the back lair during the day but would leave the lair alone at night.

Mo Hua guessed he was going to drink blood.

This burly man practiced evil arts, needing to drink human blood, but since he was at Foundation Building stage, human blood wasn't enough, so he had to drink demon beast blood.

Some demon beasts eat human flesh and drink human blood.

So drinking demon blood was similar to drinking human blood.

As for the array master, he was likely an evil array master, staying deep in the lair daily, doing who knows what.

Mo Hua couldn't guess and didn't dare to look.

Occasionally, the evil array master would go out at night.

Mo Hua guessed he was drawing arrays deep in the mountains.

But it was just a guess; he didn't dare to follow, as it would be courting death.

Mo Hua gradually understood the routines of these two Foundation Building evil cultivators.

As long as he avoided meeting them, he had nothing to fear in this Heishan Lair.

After all, if the Foundation Building array master and burly man couldn't find him, let alone these Qi Refining stage evil cultivators.

Moreover, the array master himself said it was impossible for anyone to infiltrate Heishan Lair and eavesdrop under their noses.

The other evil cultivators likely believed even less that anyone could infiltrate.

Mo Hua thought for a while and decided to stay a few more days.

First, to draw a complete map of Heishan Lair, and second, to gather more intelligence on Heishan Lair.

Know yourself and the enemy, a hundred battles without defeat.

Heishan Lair's power was too great. Without knowing the details, they were no match.

But he had to minimize risks and avoid encounters with Foundation Building evil cultivators.

Evil array master's strong divine sense and the burly man's keen instincts were not to be trifled with.

Then Mo Hua became curious.

How many Foundation Building evil cultivators were in Heishan Lair?

Mo Hua began to eavesdrop everywhere to figure it out.

Finally, one night, two evil cultivators were on night watch, drinking and chatting about the "master" of Heishan Lair.

These two evil cultivators, one strong and scarred, the other pale and thin like a noodle.

Mo Hua didn't know their names, so he called one "Scarface" and the other "Pale Man."

Night watch, as Mo Hua understood it.

Meant guarding the mountain gate at midnight.

If a sin cultivator threw in a head, seeking to join, they would open the gate and welcome him.

If something unexpected happened or a cultivator tried to escape, they could warn others.

Night watch was dull and boring.

The mountain wind at night was chilly. They sat around a fire, eating hard dried meat, drinking cheap wine, and chatting.

Mo Hua sat on the roof behind them, listening intently.

Pale Man, warming himself by the fire, muttered, “Heishan Lair has a curfew, but the Fourth Master goes out every night.”

Mo Hua’s expression shifted.

Fourth Master?

It should be the bloodshot-eyed, bloodthirsty burly man.

Mo Hua pondered for a moment, then was startled.

The “master” should be the leaders of Heishan Lair.

The burly man was a Foundation Building cultivator, ranking fourth, the Fourth Master, meaning there were at least four Foundation Building evil cultivators in Heishan Lair!

Mo Hua broke into a cold sweat.

Four Foundation Building evil cultivators and hundreds of murderous evil cultivators.

Even if all the demon hunters and Dao Court members from Tongxian City came, they wouldn’t be a match.

The old master of Dao Court was aged and not good at fighting, and Elder Yu, though powerful, couldn’t defeat four Foundation Building evil cultivators.

If Foundation Building cultivators were defeated, it would be a one-sided massacre.

Mo Hua, sweating profusely, calmed himself and continued to listen, hoping to gather more information.

Scarface heard Pale Man's words and coldly said:

"If you were the master, you wouldn't need to follow these rules."

Pale Man smiled sheepishly, dissatisfied.

Then he curiously asked, "What do you think the Third Master is doing in the back lair every day?"

"He's an array master, what else?"

Pale Man didn't believe it, "Array drawing is so dull, what's there to practice? How does the Third Master not get bored?"

"That's why the Third Master is an array master and the master, and you can only guard the gate at night." Scarface said disdainfully.

Pale Man sneered, "Aren't you also guarding the gate with me?"

Scarface's expression turned cold, "Are you seeking death?"

Pale

Man was displeased, and they were on the verge of a fight, but didn't really do it.

Evil cultivators were violent but knew restraint.

After a moment, they calmed down, Pale Man found it boring, and suddenly laughed lewdly:

“Do you think the Third Master has a woman hidden in the back lair, enjoying every night?”

Scarface glanced at him coldly and snorted, “Nonsense.”

“How do you know?” Pale Man asked, disappointed.

“I’ve seen.”

“You’ve been to the back lair?”

“I’ve delivered things to the Third Master a few times.”

“What did you see?”

Scarface frowned, thought for a moment, and said, “The Third Master in the back lair was either drawing arrays or looking at a diagram...”

Mo Hua, listening closely, suddenly felt a jolt.

A diagram?

What diagram?

The Third Master was an array master, drawing arrays at night. Could it be a rare array diagram?

“Not impossible...”

Mo Hua nodded, then froze as a word popped into his mind.

“Could it be... a visualization diagram?”