

The Quest 279

Chapter 279: The Tiger Demon

Kong Sheng wasn't in a hurry, knowing that the other wouldn't be able to escape.

The fat cultivator was keeping a close watch on the kitchen. Now that he was on guard, it was difficult for Mo Hua to sneak in for food.

Moreover, Kong Sheng wanted that jade pendant. However, he needed to be discreet and thorough in his actions, ensuring no loose ends.

Mo Hua began observing the fat cultivator for a day, quickly formulating a plan.

The fat cultivator was delivering food to both the demonic cultivators and a demonic beast.

This beast was a tiger demon, at the late stage of First Grade, kept in a separate room and restrained by chains.

The chains were inscribed with an array, immobilizing the tiger demon.

Tigers were among the most powerful demonic beasts on Dahei Mountain. Without the array, they were extremely dangerous.

This particular tiger demon was unique, with a mix of black and white stripes and a distinctive "king" pattern on its forehead.

Its unusual bloodline was likely why the demonic cultivators had captured and locked it in Heishan Stronghold.

Mo Hua wasn't sure what the tiger demon was being used for.

Every noon, the fat cultivator fed the tiger demon.

However, the portions were always small, likely to prevent the tiger demon from regaining its strength and breaking free.

Seeing this, Mo Hua smiled, thinking, "If they won't feed it, I will."

He picked some jerky from the kitchen, stuffed it into his storage bag, and sneaked into the tiger demon's cell.

The starving tiger demon lay weakly on the ground. Seeing the pieces of meat appear out of nowhere, though dry and hard, it couldn't resist tearing into them.

After finishing the meat quickly, it licked its fangs, unsatisfied.

Mo Hua tossed more meat in front of it.

The tiger demon stared ahead, sensing a cultivator's presence but seeing no one.

Driven by hunger, it ate all the meat.

Then it noticed the cultivator's presence vanish.

The tiger demon let out a low growl.

Now partially full, its strength began to return, though still bound by the chains and array.

Its eyes flashed with a sharp light, but it lay back down, pretending to be weak.

From a distance, Mo Hua couldn't help but admire the tiger demon's intelligence.

The next day, the fat cultivator returned to feed it, looking displeased.

He had been scolded again.

First, it was the pastries that went missing, now even the meat was gone.

The fat cultivator couldn't understand who dared steal food in Heishan Stronghold.

Despite his thorough investigation, he found no clues.

Besides himself and the old man, there was no one else in the kitchen.

No one stole, so was it a ghost?

The fat cultivator sneered but then frowned, a thought crossing his mind.

"Could it be Concealment Technique?"

The only way to avoid detection would be using Concealment Technique.

But he shook his head.

Learning Concealment Technique wasn't easy, and it was unlikely anyone in Heishan Stronghold could master it.

Even if they did, a cultivator using Concealment Technique couldn't completely hide from spiritual sense.

He had encountered hidden cultivators before; while they could escape the eyes, they couldn't evade spiritual sense. With his combat experience, he could quickly expose and kill them.

The fat cultivator was confident that no one using Concealment Technique could evade his spiritual sense and steal food under his nose.

So what was happening? Who was stealing from the kitchen?

As he fed the tiger demon, he pondered over the mystery.

He failed to notice a small white hand in the shadows, meticulously dismantling the array patterns on the binding chains.

The fat cultivator didn't sense it, but the tiger demon's spirit lifted. It felt the array weakening, and its peripheral vision caught sight of new patterns forming on the chains, signaling the array's impending failure.

The tiger demon's eyes gleamed, but it kept its head down, pretending to be feeble while eating the meager food.

The fat cultivator was still mulling over the puzzle.

The more he thought, the more frustrated he became.

"Damn it!" he cursed, slapping the tiger demon's head in anger. "Serving people is one thing, but now I have to serve you too!"

He often vented his frustrations on the tiger demon.

Since it was bound by the array, it couldn't fight back, so he felt it was harmless to hit it.

As he turned to leave, he noticed something was off.

The ground beneath his feet seemed shadowed, and a fierce, ominous aura emanated from behind him.

The fat cultivator's eyes widened.

He glanced back and saw the tiger demon, now standing, opening its jaws towards his head.

His heart pounded in terror.

"How did this beast break free?!"

Fearful, the fat cultivator activated his movement technique, sprinting forward.

The tiger demon's bite missed, its limbs stiff from long confinement, giving the fat cultivator a chance to escape.

Relieved, the fat cultivator steadied himself.

But the tiger demon, enraged, charged at him, swiping its paw.

Prepared now, the fat cultivator narrowly dodged, engaging in a fierce battle.

As a demonic cultivator, he was skilled in evasion.

After a few exchanges, he regained his composure.

Both he and the tiger demon were at the late stage of First Grade.

Even if he couldn't defeat it, he could certainly hold his own for a while.

Moreover, the tiger demon had been weakened from long hunger and confinement.

With this realization, the fat cultivator felt more confident, smirking, "Beast, I'll make you suffer for this later!"

Even if the tiger demon escaped the chains, it couldn't leave Heishan Stronghold. It would fall into his hands eventually.

Then, he wouldn't be so kind.

The tiger demon's fury intensified its attacks, but the fat cultivator became more composed.

Observing from the shadows, Mo Hua assessed the fat cultivator's strength.

His cultivation was at the ninth level of Qi Refining, close to the peak, with exceptional movement skills. He practiced a First Grade technique called Golden Light Fist.

As a demonic cultivator with years of battle experience, he was formidable.

Though weaker than Mo Shan, he was stronger than most Qi Refining demon hunters.

The fat cultivator wasn't underestimated for his lack of trust and new arrival.

In terms of cultivation, he was above average among demonic cultivators.

Mo Hua nodded silently.

This implied that demonic cultivators, on average, were stronger than demon hunters.

But demon hunters had First Grade iron armor and broadswords, making them evenly matched in combat.

Satisfied with his analysis, Mo Hua decided the fat cultivator was no longer useful.

Extending his small hand, he prepared to use Water Prison Technique to restrain the fat cultivator, giving the tiger demon a feast.