

The Quest 280

Chapter 280: Old Acquaintance

The battle inside the room continued.

The fat cultivator did not intend to leave, nor did he think of calling for help.

The tiger demon had been starved for a long time and had a lot of blood drawn, severely weakening its strength. He thought he could subdue the tiger demon with his own cultivation.

Being new here, if people found out he made a mistake and let the tiger demon break free from its chains, he would certainly be blamed and scolded.

So, not alerting others and subduing the tiger demon was the best approach.

But as the fight dragged on, the fat cultivator realized that if this continued, it would be good enough if he didn't fall prey to the tiger, let alone subdue it.

The tiger demon was much stronger than he had anticipated.

A doubt arose in the fat cultivator's heart.

Why was the tiger demon's blood energy still so strong after being starved for so long?

After a few more exchanges, the tiger demon not only showed no signs of fatigue but became even more ferocious. The fat cultivator suddenly realized:

"Something's wrong!"

"Someone fed the tiger demon!"

A chill surged up from the fat cultivator's heart. Who could have fed the tiger demon right under his nose?

After thinking for a moment, the fat cultivator felt a cold sweat break out.

He remembered the missing pastries from the kitchen and the dried meat that had disappeared.

Someone had stolen the pastries, fed the tiger demon, and even unlocked its chains.

And this person was invisible to him!

Was it a highly skilled concealment technique?

The fat cultivator glanced at the chains binding the demon, his heart pounding.

When he had entered the room, the chains were still intact. In just a short while, they had been unlocked.

And he hadn't noticed a thing.

This meant that the invisible cultivator's skills were extremely profound, their spiritual sense unfathomable, and their methods elusive.

And right now, this terrifying cultivator was in the room!

Perhaps watching him fight the tiger demon with a mocking expression.

Cold sweat poured down the fat cultivator's face.

He had to run!

If he didn't run, he would surely die!

The fat cultivator made a swift decision, dodged the tiger demon's claws, and retreated, sprinting towards the door.

But it was already too late.

An evil little hand extended from the Mo Hua in the corner, making a gentle grasping motion towards him.

Spiritual power instantly gathered, forming several chains that bound him tightly in layers, trapping him completely!

The fat cultivator felt as if he had fallen into an ice cellar, his face turning pale.

What kind of spell was this?!

What in the world was this spell?!

Before he could think further, the tiger demon pounced, biting his shoulder.

The fat cultivator struggled desperately, still trying to run towards the door.

But the second Water Prison Technique locked him in place again, making him unable to move.

The tiger demon opened its mouth again, biting through his neck.

The fat cultivator knew he was doomed.

A formidable enemy lay in ambush, a fierce tiger fought openly, and at this moment, he had fallen into the tiger's jaws.

In his life, he had always deceived others, but this was the first time he had been tricked.

But just this one time, and it cost him his life.

He turned his head laboriously, looking towards the corner of the room, wanting to know who had tricked him.

But the corner was empty, not a single shadow.

He knew someone was there, but he just couldn't see them.

The fat cultivator spat out a mouthful of blood and died with his eyes open in disbelief.

Until his death, he did not know who had trapped him, nor did he know what the person who had killed him looked like.

The tiger demon, having killed the fat cultivator, took a few more bites to ensure he was completely dead, then discarded him disdainfully.

The tiger demon not only did not eat the fat cultivator's flesh but even spat out the blood in its mouth.

Mo Hua found this curious.

This big tiger demon did not eat humans?

Was it because the fat cultivator tasted bad, or was it because his heart was evil, so his meat was also unclean?

Mo Hua pondered for a moment but couldn't figure it out, so he decided to ignore it and focus on the important matters.

He concealed himself and walked up to the fat cultivator, opening his storage bag and taking out the jade pendant given to him by Kong Sheng.

To avoid being discovered, Mo Hua took nothing else.

But this jade pendant was only known to Kong Sheng and the fat cultivator, so even if Mo Hua took it, no one would know.

Mo Hua put the jade pendant into his storage bag.

This jade pendant was valuable. According to Kong Sheng, it was worth more than five hundred spirit stones.

But Mo Hua didn't plan to exchange it for spirit stones.

This jade pendant was something Kong Sheng carried close to him, with the character "Kong" engraved on it. It was an item of the Kong family's direct lineage. Mo Hua intended to keep it, thinking it might be useful in the future.

After securing the jade pendant, Mo Hua noticed the tiger demon looking at him.

Or perhaps not looking.

The tiger demon couldn't see through Mo Hua's concealment technique, only sensing his presence, so it stared at his position.

And it seemed to have no malice.

Mo Hua was puzzled.

Could it be that the tiger demon was grateful for the food he had given it?

But this didn't seem like something a demonic beast would do.

According to veteran demon hunters, demonic beasts were naturally hostile to humans, even if they didn't eat people, they would still want to kill them.

Mo Hua stared at the demonic beast's eyes for a while, suddenly realizing:

"Could it be recognizing me?"

Mo Hua released his spiritual sense, ensuring there was no one else around, and revealed himself briefly.

The tiger demon's eyes lit up when it saw him, letting out a low growl.

This growl sounded like both a "roar" and a "meow," resembling both a tiger and a cat.

A cat?

Mo Hua was stunned, then examined the tiger demon more closely, feeling increasingly familiar, finally realizing:

"Could it be that little cat demon..."

Uncle Chu once caught a young cat demon in a trap. Mo Hua had fed it dried fish, used it to practice his body techniques, and eventually released it back into the Dahei Mountain, reminding it "not to eat humans."

He never expected that the little cat demon would turn out to be a tiger demon.

And it had grown so big, looking like a full-grown tiger now.

But what kind of tiger demon was this? It looked strange, like a mix between a tiger and a cat. Mo Hua had never seen anything like it in Dahei Mountain before.

Mo Hua wanted to reminisce, but suddenly remembered that this was a demonic beast, probably unable to understand what he was saying.

And demonic beasts were hard to tame. Even if it appeared docile now, it might one day lose its temper and eat him in one bite.

Mo Hua sighed, thought for a moment, took out a few pieces of dried meat from his storage bag, and threw them to the tiger demon as a "greeting gift."

The tiger demon held the dried meat, chewing loudly.

Demonic beasts shouldn't understand human language. Whether it remembered Mo Hua's "reminder" or had a special disposition, it wasn't eating human flesh now.

Mo Hua was about to say something when he sensed someone approaching.

The fat cultivator was dead, but the noise from his fight with the tiger demon seemed to have attracted the attention of the evil cultivators.

Several evil cultivators were heading this way.

Mo Hua quickly used his concealment technique, walked up the wall in a few steps, and quietly lay on the beam.

The tiger demon also sensed the movement, quickly finished the dried meat, walked back to its original spot, and even put its paw back into the chains.

Then it lowered its head, lying on the ground, looking listless.

Mo Hua was shocked.

Had this tiger demon gained enlightenment?

How could it be so clever? It was even better at acting than he was!

Before long, two evil cultivators, one tall and one short, entered the room.

As soon as they entered, they saw the bloodstains on the ground and the fat cultivator's body nearby.

The short evil cultivator said, "No problem, just a dead man."

The tall evil cultivator walked up, kicked the fat cultivator's body, and said in confusion, "How could he be bitten to death by a tiger?"

"Newcomer, probably careless."

"Useless trash."

The tall evil cultivator looked around, puzzled, "Something's not right. This tiger demon was chained up, unable to move. How did the fat guy die so far away?"

"Probably got bitten while feeding it, then crawled away, leaving blood everywhere."

"Damn it, can't even die properly, making such a mess for us to clean."

The tall evil cultivator cursed, then asked, "What now? Should we kill the demon beast?"

The short evil cultivator sneered, "Do you dare?"

"What? This demon beast can't be killed?" The tall evil cultivator was surprised.

The short evil cultivator glanced at him, saying calmly:

"This demon beast has a special bloodline. The fourth master is keeping it for its blood. If you kill it, the fourth master will kill you."