

## The Quest 137

Chapter 137: Pursuit

Mo Hua led Zhang Lan and the other two as they set out for Lone Cloud Peak.

Mo Hua was extraordinarily familiar with the mountain paths, to an extent that left Zhang Lan astounded.

He knew exactly where there were paths, where there was water, where there was poison, and where there was fog.

Sometimes, when it seemed there was no path, he would lead them left and right through the forest, and suddenly a path would appear.

Whenever they encountered demonic beasts, Mo Hua would guide them to avoid them long before the beasts noticed them.

He even picked wild fruits and dug up medicinal herbs along the way...

His leisurely demeanor made it seem as though they were not hunting a dangerous criminal, but merely taking a stroll in the mountains...

Zhang Lan found it hard to believe.

How could the outer areas of Dahei Mountain be like Mo Hua's own backyard?

This was not the Dahei Mountain he remembered.

Even a late-stage Qi cultivator should tread carefully here, right?

While Zhang Lan was internally shocked, Si Tu Fang was unaware of the specifics, only feeling that their journey was much smoother than she had anticipated.

Situ Xiu, on the other hand, wore a mocking expression and said to Zhang Lan, "Didn't you say Dahei Mountain was dangerous? Why has there been nothing along the way?"

Zhang Lan looked at him as if he were a fool.

This idiot has no clue, even with someone guiding him. Is his brain full of water...

After a while, Mo Hua suddenly stopped and said, "There are demonic beasts ahead. We need to take a detour."

Situ Xiu, feeling bored from the smooth journey, said, "We're in a hurry. Taking a detour is too troublesome. It's just a demonic beast, we can kill it."

His voice was a bit loud, and he hadn't concealed his presence. Just after he finished speaking, a pair of blood-red eyes stared at them from not far away.

They were discovered!

Zhang Lan frowned and cursed "idiot" under his breath.

The demonic beast resembled a sheep, with red eyes and curled horns, white fur, and sharp teeth. Standing up, it was as tall as a person, its body enveloped in a bloody aura, exuding a faint sense of oppression.

Seeing Zhang Lan and the others, a bloodthirsty gleam flashed in its eyes, and it charged at them.

Zhang Lan and the other two had no choice but to brace themselves for battle.

Fortunately, all three of them were late-stage Qi cultivators, so handling a single Red-Eyed Sheep demon was not too difficult.

Situ Xiu, despite being of average skill, grew bolder as the fight went on and shouted, "It's just a mere demonic beast!"

Just as he finished speaking, another demonic beast emerged from the bushes.

This one had dark red fur and reeked of blood, a Split-Claw Demonic Wolf.

Zhang Lan felt bitter and wished he could slap Situ Xiu's mouth crooked!

One demonic beast was manageable, but two made things much harder.

Situ Xiu was injured, his wounds burning painfully, and he dared not be arrogant anymore.

After a tough battle, they managed to kill the Split-Claw, and the sheep demon fled wounded.

Only then did the three get a chance to catch their breath.

Zhang Lan's back was soaked in sweat. After a moment's rest, he realized Mo Hua was missing.

He looked around but saw no sign of Mo Hua. Just as he was about to call out, he heard Mo Hua's concerned voice beside him:

"Uncle Zhang, are you all okay?"

Mo Hua had appeared out of nowhere, holding a bottle, and ran excitedly to the fallen demonic beast, doing something unknown...

During the fight, Mo Hua had no presence at all. Now, he reappeared as if by magic.

Zhang Lan thought to himself that they could get lost in the mountains and Mo Hua would still be fine.

Si Tu Fang, curious, asked, "What are you doing?"

"I'm collecting demonic blood," Mo Hua replied.

"Demonic blood? For what?" Si Tu Fang asked.

"For mixing spirit ink and drawing arrays," Mo Hua explained.

Si Tu Fang was surprised, "You know how to use arrays?"

Mo Hua, a bit embarrassed, modestly said, "I know a little."

"Oh," Si Tu Fang nodded.

Zhang Lan looked up at the sky, speechless.

He says he knows a little, and you believe him...

After collecting the demonic blood, Mo Hua said, "We need to hurry, or we won't make it before dark."

Then, with a bit of blame in his voice, he added, "Fighting demonic beasts wasted a lot of time."

Si Tu Fang felt a bit ashamed and asked, "You knew the demonic beasts were troublesome, so you wanted us to avoid them?"

Mo Hua nodded.

Situ Xiu, unconvinced, said, "We were just unlucky to encounter two..."

Mo Hua replied, "If it were just one, would I have told you to avoid it?"

Situ Xiu was at a loss for words.

Si Tu Fang was also shocked.

Mo Hua had known there were two demonic beasts all along, while they only realized it after the second one appeared...

After collecting the demonic blood and seeing that Zhang Lan and the others were ready to move, Mo Hua said, "We need to hurry."

The three nodded.

Mo Hua walked a few steps ahead, then turned back and reminded them, "You must listen to me, or it will be very dangerous."

Si Tu Fang felt a bit embarrassed, and the heavily injured Situ Xiu also lowered his head.

After that, the three followed Mo Hua quietly. The journey was relatively smooth, but it was getting late, and they would probably have to spend the night in the mountains.

Mo Hua found a passing demon hunter and said, "Uncle Zhou, when you go back, please tell my mother I won't be home for dinner. I'll return tomorrow."

"Are you okay on your own?" the demon hunter asked.

"Yes, I'm with some officials from the Dao Court," Mo Hua replied.

"Alright, be careful then."

Mo Hua waved goodbye to the demon hunter, then turned and said, "Let's find a place to spend the night. We can only reach Lone Cloud Peak tomorrow."

Zhang Lan frowned, "Can't we go at night?"

"You want to catch someone, right? It's harder to do that at night, and there are more demonic beasts."

Zhang Lan nodded, "I guess we have no choice."

Mo Hua found a small campsite nearby, lit some lamps, and took out some meat from his storage bag, offering it to Zhang Lan and the others.

Si Tu Fang took a bite and his eyes lit up, "This is delicious! Did your family make this?"

Mo Hua proudly said, "My mother made it!"

Si Tu Fang ate a few more bites and said, "It's a pity this meat has no spiritual energy."

"Independent cultivators can't afford spirit meat," Mo Hua replied.

Si Tu Fang apologized, "I didn't mean it wasn't good."

To show her apology, she took out some pastries from her storage bag and offered them to Mo Hua.

Situ Xiu, though silent, also offered Mo Hua some wine.

But the wine was too strong, and after one sip, Mo Hua choked and didn't drink anymore.

Zhang Lan, however, ate and drank everything without fuss.

After they had eaten their fill, they lay down to sleep in their clothes.

Mo Hua couldn't sleep. He had to enter his sea of consciousness at midnight to draw arrays. Seeing Zhang Lan lying there with his eyes open, clearly not sleepy either, he scooted over and whispered:

"Uncle Zhang, tell me about the flower thief?"

Zhang Lan raised an eyebrow, "Do you want to be a flower thief?"

Mo Hua rolled his eyes at him.

Zhang Lan chuckled, "What do you want to know?"

Mo Hua thought for a moment and said, "The Dao Court issued the 'Dao Law,' prohibiting wanton killing, robbery, and plundering. It equates plundering with wanton killing and robbery. Is plundering a serious crime?"

Zhang Lan's expression turned serious, and he asked back, "Do you know what plundering means?"