

## The Quest 111

### Chapter 111: Delivery

The small Demon Cat practiced agility techniques with Mo Hua, repaying the life-saving grace Mo Hua had shown it, thus settling their debts.

Mo Hua had achieved initial mastery in agility techniques and was planning to spar with Bai Zisheng when he happened upon some Demon Hunters wearing rattan armor on the street, which made his heart skip a beat.

Rattan armor?

A chill went through Mo Hua's heart.

He had forgotten!

He had promised Elder Yu to complete the Iron Armor Array, but it wasn't finished...

He had managed to draw a few diagrams each day, expecting to finish within a month. However, since Zhang Lan taught him the Passing Water Step, all his attention had been devoted to mastering this agility technique.

Initially dodging wild fruits falling from trees and later sparring with Bai Zisheng and engaging the small Demon Cat had distracted him.

Now, more than a month had passed, and while he had mastered the Passing Water Step, he had completed only over thirty of the Iron Armor Arrays...

In haste, Mo Hua rushed home, fetched the rattan armor, spread out the Spirit Ink, and feverishly began to draw.

Over the next several days, Mo Hua secluded himself in his house, dedicating himself to drawing the Iron Armor Array.

The sunlight streamed through the window into the room, and Mo Hua would lean over the small desk, meticulously drawing the Iron Armor Array on the rattan armor. His hand movements were

swift, and with each flex of his wrist, intricate array patterns emerged vividly on the armor, interlocking and combining into a mysterious formation.

When his Spiritual Awareness was depleted, Mo Hua would use Meditation Techniques to restore it.

Once replenished, he continued drawing.

Five days later, he finally completed all one hundred Iron Armor Arrays.

Mo Hua handed over the completed Iron Armor Array rattan armors to his father, Mo Shan, to deliver to Elder Yu.

Mo Hua had no personal acquaintance with Elder Yu, nor knew how to find the busy Foundation Building cultivator, the only one among the Demon Hunters.

He had taken longer than the planned month, hoping Elder Yu wouldn't take offense...

Mo Hua silently thought to himself.

When Mo Shan visited Elder Yu, he found him discussing matters in his study and deemed it improper to disturb. Thus, he handed the storage bag to Elder Yu's eldest son, asking him to pass it on.

Elder Yu's eldest son, Yu Chengyi, a ninth-level Qi cultivator and one of the top Demon Hunters in Tongxian City, was second only to his Foundation Building stage father and was quite influential among the Demon Hunters.

Yet, the one person Yu Chengyi truly feared was his father.

Yu Chengyi secured the storage bag, went to find Elder Yu, who was still meeting with several aged Demon Hunters, and seemed in a foul mood:

"How come that old coot from the Qian family isn't struck by lightning? Always brooding and scheming against me, if I'm about to die, I'd drag him down with me, even in death, he'd be my stepping stone!"

“That Qian Hong, head of his house, is nothing but a weakling, never does good, just full of malice like his undying father...”

“Blood-suckers, always pressing us down, here a spirit stone less, there a spiritual weapon short, to hell with them...”

“If this continues, none of us can live well, I wonder how far the Qian family can go...”

...

Elder Yu ranted about the Qian family at length.

Demon Hunters earned their livelihood by hunting demons, and their gains were often sold to the Qian family, who had built their fortune thus, but instead exploited the Demon Hunters for more profit from spirit stones.

Naturally, Elder Yu, who supported the Demon Hunters, had numerous conflicts with the Qian family.

Elder Yu was known for his bad temper, hardened and stubborn from years of hardships, often directly targeted by the Qian family, sometimes through lowly means, which infuriated him enough to curse them openly.

The study, supposedly for discussing matters, spent more than half of the year as a venue for cursing the Qian family.

Yu Chengyi was used to it by now.

But indeed, the Qian family was despicable.

He lacked his father's cultivation and backbone; otherwise, he would have joined in the cursing.

After a long tirade, Elder Yu finally stopped, chatted briefly with the old Demon Hunters, and then they dispersed.

After the meeting, still simmering, Elder Yu poured himself a cup of tea and slowly sipped it.

Yu Chengyi quietly approached, "Father."

Elder Yu raised an eyebrow, "What is it?"

"Brother Mo Shan was here earlier, he asked me to give you this storage bag."

Yu Chengyi said, handing over the storage bag.

"Mo Shan?"

Elder Yu furrowed his brow, then relaxed and said, "Let's see."

Elder Yu's expression carried a hint of anticipation as he opened the storage bag and found it indeed contained a set of rattan armor, intricately drawn with array patterns.

Elder Yu couldn't help but rejoice.

Yu Chengyi watched in surprise; his father, usually prone to displaying his emotions—mostly anger or a stern demeanor—it was rare to see him this visibly pleased.

"Father, what's in the storage bag?"

Yu Chengyi couldn't help but ask.

"Rattan armor," Elder Yu replied casually.

"Rattan armor?"

"Yes, rattan armor with the Iron Armor Array drawn on it."

"For Big Brother and Second Brother?" Yu Chengyi inquired.

Big Brother and Second Brother were his sons, and as the saying goes, grandparents are often fond of their grandchildren. Elder Yu was strict with Yu Chengyi but doted on his two grandsons.

"Yes, but not only for them," Elder Yu sighed, "You group of Demon Hunters, all seasoned and tough-skinned, a few bites from a demonic beast won't hurt much..."

Being bitten by a demonic beast still hurt, though...

Yu Chengyi thought to himself. No cultivator could withstand a demonic beast's bite, but he dared not contradict, only silently listening.

"...but it's different for the new Demon Hunters. Though they've learned the Dao, they are still kids. If anything were to happen to them, I'd feel it deeply. The future of the Demon Hunters depends on them," Elder Yu continued.

Yu Chengyi nodded, then couldn't help asking, "Father, which Array Master did you ask to draw these arrays?"

"He's young, not sure if he counts as an Array Master."

Elder Yu, recalling Mo Hua's obedient and charming demeanor, felt even more pleased, "It's Mo Shan's son, named Mo Hua."

"Mo Hua..." Yu Chengyi nodded, having heard of him through other familiar Demon Hunters—Mo Shan had a son quite talented in array arts.

But he had one more question:

"How much are you paying him per piece?"

Elder Yu, weathered by life's storms, blushed slightly, "Ahem... just three spirit stones..."

Yu Chengyi meekly said, "Father, isn't that a bit inappropriate..."

Elder Yu immediately scowled, "What do you mean inappropriate? We low-level cultivators should support each other, and I see great potential in Mo Hua, more so than you."

Yu Chengyi fell silent.

Elder Yu thought for a moment, then sighed, "You're right, I am indeed taking advantage of him. If his family needs anything in the future, I'll lend a hand."

Yu Chengyi was internally shocked; it was rare for his father, who often had a thick skin about such matters, to acknowledge owing a favor.

"Iron Armor Arrays aren't simple, can that kid Mo Hua really draw them?" Yu Chengyi then asked.

"Why wouldn't he be able to? Here they are."

Elder Yu patted the rattan armor in his hand, where the pale golden array patterns were meticulously and elegantly drawn, complex yet graceful, with a subtle mysterious aura flowing through them.

Yu Chengyi also couldn't help but be impressed, "Father, you weren't wrong, these arrays are excellently drawn!"

"Of course! I personally sought him out!" Elder Yu said proudly.

"How many did you ask him to draw?"

"One hundred."

"One hundred?" Yu Chengyi was taken aback, "All done?"

"How could that be? He's just a kid, how could he draw so fast."

Elder Yu hadn't expected Mo Hua to finish all at once; getting most of them done was sufficient, considering Mo Hua's young age and lower cultivation level probably didn't allow for enough Spiritual Awareness to draw so many arrays.

Having about seventy to eighty would be temporarily sufficient.

"Inside here there are just..."

Elder Yu looked relaxed, scanning with his Spiritual Awareness, and counted roughly: "Thirty... Fifty... Eighty..."

Was there more?

Elder Yu's expression then stiffened as he counted again, "Forty... Seventy... Ninety... One hundred!"

A hundred?!

Elder Yu silently drew a breath of cold air, incredulously muttering, "Finished?!"