

## The Quest 124

### Chapter 124: Sparring

Mo Shan was momentarily taken aback.

"I too wish to stay by Hua'er's side, to see him marry and have children, a house full of descendants..." Liu Ruhua said, her eyes brimming with longing. "But who can be certain of the future?"

Mo Shan comforted his wife, "Don't worry."

Liu Ruhua shook her head. "I'm not worried. I know you are concerned about Hua'er facing dangers, but how can a cultivator's life be without peril?"

Mo Shan pondered for a moment and then nodded in agreement.

The life of a cultivator, even if smooth, is inevitably marred by several twists and fraught with dangers. Especially for them, wandering cultivators who literally gamble their lives to survive.

Liu Ruhua continued, "As the saying goes, the love of a parent for their child involves making long-term plans. We are only Qi cultivators and cannot shield him from all dangers, so we can only teach him to face them."

Mo Shan remained silent, caressing his wife's long hair, his expression one of resignation.

"You're right. The path of cultivation is long; we can't look after him forever. We can only teach him to take care of himself."

The following evening, Mo Shan called Mo Hua into the courtyard and asked:

"How well have you mastered your bodily movements?"

Mo Hua, thinking his father was about to reprimand him, was momentarily stunned before replying:

"I've learned quite a bit."

Mo Shan nodded, "Let me test you."

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, "Alright!"

He was curious to see if his father, a late-stage Qi cultivator, could counter his Passing Water Step.

Mo Hua moved ten paces away, turned to face Mo Shan, and said:

"Father, I am ready."

"Good, pay attention."

As soon as Mo Shan's words fell, his figure blurred into an afterimage, rushing forward.

So fast!

Mo Hua was startled, released his spiritual awareness, and mobilized his spiritual power, his body drifting backwards.

Halfway through his retreat, Mo Hua lost sight of his father, and then felt a faint pressure from behind. His heart tightened, his body lightly twisted, and he drifted to the left.

Mo Shan, who had appeared behind Mo Hua at an unknown time, grasped at empty air, his expression slightly surprised. He then flashed again, his right hand reaching towards Mo Hua.

Mo Hua's expression was grave.

Mo Shan was too fast. His many years of battling demon beasts had given him a wealth of experience, and his movements were sometimes solid, sometimes ethereal. Mo Hua's spiritual awareness could hardly detect Mo Shan's presence.

And when he did perceive him, Mo Shan was usually already beside him.

Mo Shan's spiritual awareness was not much stronger than Mo Hua's. The reason Mo Hua could not detect him was purely due to Mo Shan's speed and decisive actions, which made it difficult for Mo Hua to judge.

Mo Hua could not help but sigh, realizing how far behind he was in combat experience.

The two sparred a few more times, with Mo Hua dodging awkwardly but still managing to hold his ground.

As the rounds of pursuit went on, Mo Shan's movements became clearer in Mo Hua's spiritual awareness and easier to recognize.

Mo Hua's dodging gradually became more methodical.

Mo Shan would feint to the east and strike to the west, attacking unexpectedly. Mo Hua also learned to blend reality with illusion, catching his opponent off-guard.

The more they exchanged blows, the more composed Mo Hua's movements became.

Just when Mo Hua's techniques were reaching their peak, Mo Shan suddenly grabbed him without a trace, clutching his collar and lifting him up.

Mo Hua was dumbfounded, "Dad, you could catch me like that!"

Mo Shan snorted, "You still need to practice your techniques."

Though he said this, Mo Shan was still inwardly shaken.

Mo Hua's techniques were far stronger than he had expected. Even cultivators at the same stage might not have been able to dodge every attack as Mo Hua had. Not only had he dodged them, but he also seemed quite at ease. After some initial panic, he became more and more composed, his steps graceful, advancing and retreating with precision, not unlike some veteran demon hunters.

Moreover, this technique was formless and traceless, with no obvious signs of force application, leveraging, or force retraction.

Judged against ordinary physical techniques, it was completely unpredictable.

Mo Shan had not deciphered this technique; he had merely guessed where Mo Hua might appear based on his many years of life-and-death battles and his familiarity with his son.

If not for this, the sparring might have continued for dozens more rounds, waiting for Mo Hua to tire and reveal a flaw before capturing him.

Mo Shan felt a surge of emotions.

Mo Hua was only at the fifth level of Qi cultivation...

Seeing his father standing silently, his expression neutral and seemingly lost in thought, Mo Hua asked, "Dad?"

Mo Shan snapped back to reality, looked at Mo Hua, and after a moment said:

"Your technique is adequate, but you must still practice diligently. Do not slack off!"

"Oh." Mo Hua nodded.

But considering this was also a form of praise, he felt somewhat pleased.

"Dad, have you also learned this technique?" Mo Hua asked.

Mo Shan shook his head, "What I use is not really a technique, just something I've realized on my own while fighting demon beasts to avoid injuries, combined with watching others and piecing together bits and pieces."

"Purely practical then?" Mo Hua asked with respect.

"You could say that."

Mo Hua's eyes sparkled, "Can you teach me?"

Mo Shan hesitated, "Haven't you learned a technique already? Don't mix them up; master one first."

"I'll just reference it..." Mo Hua said.

Mo Shan thought for a moment and nodded, "Alright."

Mo Shan then demonstrated a few basic movements to Mo Hua.

Some resembled the Passing Water Step but with slight differences, some were simply straightforward advancing and retreating steps, and others were miscellaneous techniques from other methods, which ultimately formed a streamlined and forceful set of movements.

Though it seemed like a patchwork of techniques, Mo Hua did not underestimate it.

This was currently the most threatening set of movements to him, and he could not think of how to counter it.

Simple, efficient, with no unnecessary movements, it emphasized adaptability and winning without a move.

It could be said to be full of flaws, but if used well, it could also be said to be flawless.

If these movements were broken down and mixed into the Passing Water Step, could the Passing Water Step become even more powerful?

Mo Hua was invigorated, seriously memorizing all these techniques, planning to practice them more when he had time.

Mo Shan thought about the technique Mo Hua had used just now and still found it unbelievable, asking:

"Did Uncle Zhang teach you this technique?"

"Uncle Zhang told me not to say."

"Hmm." Mo Shan nodded, then couldn't help but think, that's pretty much the same as telling me...

"Dad, you're not angry anymore?" Mo Hua whispered.

Mo Shan glared at him, "You know I would be angry?"

Mo Hua chuckled.

"Get up early tomorrow morning." Mo Shan said.

"Tomorrow morning?" Mo Hua was puzzled.

Mo Shan said no more and turned away.

The next day at dawn, Mo Hua got up and went to the courtyard, only to see his father Mo Shan already there.

"Your mother made breakfast, eat something first." Mo Shan said.

After father and son had eaten, Mo Shan led Mo Hua out of the house.

They walked through the streets in the early morning and stepped out of the city gates of Tongxian City, onto the mountain paths beyond.

"Dad, where are we going?" Mo Hua couldn't help but ask.

Mo Shan paused for a moment, then said, "I'm taking you into Dahei Mountain!"

