

The Quest 128

Chapter 128: Night Drinking

As night fell on the outskirts of Dahei Mountain.

Yu Chengyi exerted the strength of "nine oxen and two tigers" to slay the demonic beast before him.

It took more effort than he had initially anticipated.

This beast was not particularly strong, but it was exceedingly cunning and fast. Even with severe injuries, it still managed a few escapes from his grasp.

Normally, with more hands, they could have surrounded and trapped the beast, preventing any escape. However, having lent a few men to Mo Hua, their encirclement was flawed.

The beast took these opportunities to escape several times, until Yu Chengyi relentlessly pursued it to death by nightfall.

Others in his group were also injured, albeit only with superficial wounds, which were not of much concern.

After dealing with the demonic beast, they retreated to a nearby hunter's camp to rest.

With night deepening and the day's fatigue upon them, they decided against traveling further and opted to rest for a while.

A few demon hunters lit lamps, and the dim yellow glow brought a warm ambiance to the cramped campsite.

Yu Chengyi pulled out several bottles of strong liquor and poured for everyone.

They raised their cups and downed the drinks in one go. The strong liquor banished much of their fatigue.

Yu Chengyi smacked his lips and said, "It's a pity, we have liquor but no meat."

One of the hunters coughed and pulled out a paper-wrapped package from his storage bag. Inside were several pounds of sliced wild ox demon meat.

The meat was a rich maroon, spiced with pungent and spicy seasonings that filled the air.

Yu Chengyi cursed, “Why didn’t you bring this out sooner? I’ve already had a few drinks.”

The man retorted, “Then don’t eat, I didn’t even want to bring it out!”

Amidst laughter and teasing, they began to feast on the meat and drink more liquor.

“Is this beef from the Mo Shan family?” someone asked.

“Of course, who else could provide such delicious meat?”

“You could try the Spirit Meal Tower on North Street; their spiritual meat is top-notch!”

“Too expensive, not worth it.”

“Next time, I’ll try to get closer to Mo Shan, maybe he’ll send some over...”

“Dream on!”

...

As they ate and chatted, Yu Chengyi’s brow furrowed, his thoughts turning to Mo Hua, his son.

He wondered how Mo Hua was doing and if he had encountered any danger.

Just then, Yu Chengyi suddenly tensed up, his expression grave, “There’s a disturbance!”

The hunters quickly set down their cups, crouched, and gripped their weapons, vigilantly watching the camp entrance. One of them stepped to the doorway, peered out, and relaxed, turning back, "It's just Old Zhao."

Everyone relaxed and resumed their seats, lifting their drinks again.

Old Zhao entered, seeing them at ease with food and drink, and couldn't help but scold, "I rush here through the night, and you lot are comfortably enjoying yourselves!"

"We thought you wouldn't be back."

"Your wife is pregnant, we figured you'd gone home."

"That's your loss..."

Everyone laughed.

Yu Chengyi poured a cup for Old Zhao and invited him to sit.

Without ceremony, Old Zhao, tired and thirsty from the journey, downed the drink. It was spicy, but it brought much relief.

Unable to hold back, Yu Chengyi asked, "Mo Hua is alright, isn't he?"

Old Zhao's expression turned complex.

Yu Chengyi's heart skipped, "What, something happened?"

Old Zhao shook his head, "No, he went home."

"That's good," Yu Chengyi sighed in relief, then scolded, "Can't you speak more clearly? You gave me a scare!"

Yu Chengyi took a sip of his drink, then casually inquired:

“What’s Mo Hua up to?”

“Nothing much, hunting demonic beasts...”

Yu Chengyi spit out his drink, “What?”

Old Zhao reluctantly repeated, “Hunting demonic beasts.”

“First-grade middle phase?”

“First-grade middle phase.”

Yu Chengyi was stunned, “How did he manage it?”

Old Zhao sighed, and Yu Chengyi’s expression cleared as he patted Old Zhao’s shoulder:

“Old Zhao, you’ve done well, tough it was!”

After a pause, he seemed puzzled, “But you’re not injured, doesn’t seem like you did the killing.”

“It wasn’t me...” Old Zhao said, “At least, not exactly.”

Yu Chengyi frowned, “What do you mean by not exactly? Stop beating around the bush, out with it!”

Old Zhao organized his words, “Mo Hua set a trap, laid out an array, and when the beast stepped into the trap, he ignited the array with a Fireball Technique, severely injuring

the beast...”

“Then the rest of us, actually, the few Qi cultivators in the mid-phase were enough, finished off the nearly dead beast...”

Yu Chengyi furrowed his brow.

The other hunters interjected, “Old Zhao, you must be drunk, what are you babbling about?”

“Could that beast really be first-grade middle phase?”

“You haven’t drunk that much, is your tolerance slipping?”

“Get lost!” Old Zhao was done arguing with them.

Yu Chengyi, however, believed some of it and asked, “What array?”

“How should I know?”

“Couldn’t you have asked?” Yu Chengyi said.

“I was too shocked to think of it.”

“What happened next?”

“Then he drained the beast’s blood, we sold the beast, and I... got eight spirit stones...”

Yu Chengyi looked at him with disdain, “Taking advantage of a kid.”

Old Zhao’s face reddened, “I tried to refuse, but couldn’t!”

“How can you keep those spirit stones with a clear conscience?”

“Tomorrow, take them to his family’s restaurant, buy some meat, and share it with everyone...”

“You’re uneasy, let us share the burden.”

“You guys...”

The hunters laughed heartily.

But Yu Chengyi remained frowning.

“What’s wrong?” Old Zhao asked, seeing his expression.

“Are you sure, that array, could really injure a first-grade middle-phase demonic beast to such an extent?” Yu Chengyi asked seriously.

Old Zhao’s demeanor turned solemn, “I saw it with my own eyes!”

“What kind of beast?”

“A Red-Eyed Sheep, over ten feet tall, with twisted horns, white fur, and red eyes, fond of viscera, with a mouth still bloody from its last meal.” Old Zhao finished, opening his storage bag, and pulled out a blood-stained hoof, “This is the sheep demon’s hoof, not valuable, so I didn’t sell it.”

Seeing the hoof, as thick as a cultivator’s thigh and with a tip darkened by blood, the jovial atmosphere vanished.

“It’s definitely first-grade middle phase, and in its prime, having devoured much flesh.”

A hunter hesitated, “Mo Shan’s son, he’s only at the fifth or sixth level of Qi cultivation, right? Could he really draw such a powerful array?”

“I don’t think it’s likely.”

“It’s hard to say, the Iron Armor Array on my son’s vine armor was drawn by him. I can’t understand it, but it’s indeed well-done!” another hunter said.

“If you can’t understand it, how do you know it’s good or not?”

“I’ve never eaten pork, but I’ve seen pigs run!”

...

The group debated boisterously.

Yu Chengyi pondered for a moment, then said, “You go ask tomorrow... never mind, I’ll go. Let’s see what array it was, if it could really hurt a first-grade middle-phase demonic beast.”

Old Zhao nodded, “But tomorrow, aren’t we supposed to go into the inner mountains?”

“We’ll delay it by a day, go the day after.”

Everyone paused, “Is this array that important? To make a team wait a day...”

Yu Chengyi nodded, “It’s not crucial for us, but it’s very important for novice demon hunters.”

“How so?”

Yu Chengyi thought for a moment, then slowly explained, “With this array, couldn’t three or four mid-phase Qi cultivators kill a first-grade middle-phase demonic beast?”

The hunters looked at each other, a realization dawning on them all.