

## The Quest 148

Chapter 148: Golden Armor

The Kui Wood Wolf, who had feigned death, suddenly opened its eyes.

The blood energy around its body thickened, and its demonic power began to circulate.

The demon hunter, who had his back turned to the Kui Wood Wolf, felt a sudden chill and quickly dodged to the side.

He managed to dodge, but not completely.

The Kui Wood Wolf's sharp claws slashed down his left side, leaving a bloody gash on his arm. The faint green demonic power seeped into his meridians through the wound, making his arm numb and causing blood to flow uncontrollably.

Cold sweat broke out on the man's forehead.

With a fierce look in its eyes, the Kui Wood Wolf's second claw came down viciously towards his head.

"There's no way to dodge this!"

Injured and with his movements slowed by the demonic power, the man's eyes filled with despair.

At that moment, Mo Shan appeared, kicking the man away and saving him.

The Kui Wood Wolf's claw missed again.

After landing, the man felt a burning pain where Mo Shan had kicked him, and his blood churned.

He knew Mo Shan hadn't held back to save him, using full force in that kick.

That kick indeed saved his life.

But the pain was real.

The man couldn't help but say, "Mo Shan, you..."

Looking up, his face changed dramatically as he saw the Kui Wood Wolf's claws raised high, targeting Mo Shan.

Mo Shan, still in the motion of his kick, couldn't evade.

"Mo Shan!" the man shouted urgently.

Mo Shan frowned but showed no panic; he had anticipated this.

He knew that saving the man would expose him to the Kui Wood Wolf's attack.

However, he had calculated the wolf demon's strike. The claw, coming from above, would only injure his back and not be fatal.

A minor injury to save a brother's life was worth it.

The other demon hunters saw this too, but they weren't as agile as Mo Shan and couldn't reach him in time.

They could only watch as the Kui Wood Wolf's claw, reeking of blood, slashed at Mo Shan's back.

But then they were stunned.

The wolf demon's claw didn't tear flesh, didn't break skin, not even the rattan armor.

A faint golden light flashed across the rattan armor, blocking the Kui Wood Wolf's claw.

Mo Shan was sent flying by the blow, spitting blood upon landing, but there was no wound, and he wasn't contaminated by demonic power, only shaken by the beast's force, which wasn't a major issue.

But this was a late-stage Grade 1 demon beast; how could there be no wound?

Everyone was momentarily stunned before realizing now wasn't the time for contemplation.

Recalling the close calls both the man and Mo Shan had just faced, they furiously attacked the wolf demon with their knives, chopping it to death.

Mo Shan wanted to stop them, but it was too late; he could only sigh silently:

Well, now the pelt is ruined.

As they skinned the Kui Wood Wolf, they found the hide torn to shreds, like ragged cloth strips, with no intact pieces.

Mo Shan sighed again.

Unable to stay in the inner mountains long, they cleaned up the wolf demon's carcass and retreated to an outer mountain camp for a temporary rest.

On the way, the demon hunter's arm throbbed with pain, and he couldn't help but curse:

"Damn these demon beasts, each playing dead differently, I got fooled this time, really let my guard down."

Another demon hunter said, "Alright, count yourself lucky this time. Without Brother Mo, you would've been dead."

The man thanked Mo Shan, "Thanks, brother."

Mo Shan waved his hand, "We're comrades in arms, no need to be so formal."

In the same demon hunting team, they were all brothers risking their lives together. Today you save me, tomorrow I save you, it's all as it should be.

The man stopped being pretentious and didn't say anything more.

As they walked, he glanced at Mo Shan's rattan armor and couldn't help but ask:

"I say, what's your rattan armor made of, how can it be so tough?"

A late-stage Grade 1 demon beast's claw couldn't even scratch it.

The other demon hunters, hearing this, also looked over.

Such a tough rattan armor, they had never seen before.

Mo Shan frowned, "It should be mixed with refined iron..."

"Impossible," the man shook his head, "If that's the case, I'd eat my own rattan armor."

A demon hunter approached Mo Shan, examined the rattan armor closely, and said to the man:

"You can eat it now, it is indeed mixed with refined iron."

The man said, "Nonsense! My rattan armor is also mixed with refined iron, and a demon beast's claw turned it into strips."

The other demon hunters laughed, "You probably bought fake goods."

"What you mixed in wasn't refined iron, but sand."

"Shut up!" The man's face turned red with anger.

Mo Shan couldn't help but smile.

But he also wanted to know why this rattan armor was so tough.

"Could it be that Hua-er inscribed some array?"

Mo Shan wondered.

After walking for half an hour, they finally reached the camp.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, and the man collapsed on the ground, took out a pill, swallowed it, then crushed a few more and sprinkled them on his wound before bandaging it.

The man sighed, "I'll have to bother Mr. Feng again."

"Be content. Without Mo Shan's kick, you wouldn't even have a chance to bother Mr. Feng."

Thinking of the Kui Wood Wolf's claw glowing green, the man shuddered.

If that claw had struck his head, he'd be dead.

With this thought, the man felt grateful again, took out a storage bag, and tossed it to Mo Shan:

"Old Mo, let me treat you to a drink."

"Come on, you're treating him to a drink? You just want him to treat you to some meat."

The man kicked the demon hunter, "Shut up, if you don't want to eat, then don't!"

"Whether I eat or not is none of your business!"

The two started bickering.

Mo Shan shook his head.

Every time they went into the mountains, Liu Ruhua would pack him some dry food and beef. He ate well himself and shared some with the other demon hunters.

Mo Shan took out the beef and shared it with everyone, then distributed the bottles of wine from the man's storage bag.

The other demon hunters also took out their storage bags.

There were wild fruits, dry food, snacks, and other flavors of wine.

With food and drink, the camp became lively.

Mo Shan ate a few slices of meat, drank some wine, and took off his rattan armor, remembering something, and couldn't help but take it apart for a look.

The other demon hunters crowded around.

"It's an array!"

"What kind of array?"

"How would I know?"

A demon hunter looked up at Mo Shan and asked, "What kind of array is it?"

Mo Shan shook his head.

"Your son drew it, you don't know?"

"My son drew it, not me, how would I know?"

The man, envious and jealous, said, "Old Mo, did you worship some immortal before your son was born? I should go and worship too, maybe my son will be as smart."

"Give it up. You're not smart yourself, how can you expect your son to be?"

"How would you know if you don't try?"

"This array isn't the Iron Armor Array, is it?" A demon hunter asked.

"Definitely not, it's obviously much more complex."

Under the camp's light, they saw the array inside the rattan armor, its intricate lines and profound patterns glowing faintly gold, clearly not simple.

They also noticed the craftsmanship of the rattan armor, which was meticulously made.

Knowing it was a gift from Mo Shan's son, everyone felt a twinge of envy.

Just then, Mo Shan suddenly said, "Oh no!"

The other demon hunters became tense, "What's wrong?"

Mo Shan touched the rattan armor, heartbroken:

"It's scratched."

The demon hunters looked at him in silence for a long time.