

The Quest 149

Chapter 149: Turbulence

"Old Mo... Mo Shan, no, Brother Mo!" A demon hunter placed his hand on Mo Shan's shoulder.

"Tell me, with our friendship, if I shamelessly beg your son to draw an array for me, will he agree?"

Before Mo Shan could respond, another demon hunter nearby said:

"Do you think your face is that valuable?"

"At your age, stop relying on your face to get by."

Others laughed and chimed in.

"Mo Shan, just tell us, how many spirit stones would it take to draw this array? Let me at least have a sense of it."

Mo Shan smiled wryly, "I need to ask my son. This array isn't easy to draw."

Everyone thought about it and nodded.

An array that could withstand a late-stage first-rank demon beast's attack was indeed not easy to draw.

Another demon hunter secretly whispered to Mo Shan, "Is your son still single?"

Mo Shan nodded, "He's still young."

"Not that young. It's something to consider early."

"What are you scheming?"

The demon hunter laughed, "I have a daughter, very pretty. How about we become in-laws?"

"Mo Shan, don't listen to his nonsense. My niece is the real beauty."

"Brother Mo, this kind of thing shouldn't be rushed. I'd say wait a bit. Next year, my daughter will be born..."

"How old is your daughter? Have some decency!"

Mo Shan looked at their bickering and smiled helplessly.

Despite some complications, the demon hunt was generally smooth and didn't take much time.

After descending the mountain, they sold the demon beasts, divided the spirit stones, and each went home.

As evening approached, the streetlights gradually lit up.

Mo Shan walked through familiar streets, pushed open the familiar courtyard door, and returned home.

Liu Ruhua had already prepared the meal. On the table were green vegetables, beef, and steaming rice porridge.

During the meal, Mo Shan asked Mo Hua, "Did you draw an array on the rattan armor?"

"Yes." Mo Hua, holding a white bun in one hand and with a mouthful of meat, nodded and said, "I drew the Golden Armor Array!"

"The Golden Armor Array? Is it of a higher grade than the Iron Armor Array?"

"Yes, its effect is significantly better."

Mo Shan thought for a moment and then asked, "Some uncles in your demon hunting team also want you to help draw this array."

"No problem, but they need to wait a bit."

Mo Hua needed time to study a new first-rank array. Once his array skills were stable, he would draw the Golden Armor Array again to improve his proficiency.

Mo Hua thought for a moment and added, "To draw the Golden Armor Array, they need to prepare some metal-based ink and give some spirit stones as a token of appreciation. After all, wandering cultivators aren't usually wealthy."

Mo Shan felt relieved and smiled, "I'll let them prepare first. When you have time later, you can help them draw it."

"Alright!" Mo Hua agreed, then curiously asked, "Dad, how effective is the Golden Armor Array on the rattan armor?"

He wanted to know the effectiveness of the first-rank Golden Armor Array.

Mo Shan was about to say "very effective," as the late-stage first-rank Kuimu Wolf couldn't tear through the rattan armor.

In his life, he had never worn a more durable armor.

But as the words reached his mouth, Mo Shan hesitated.

Saying "very effective" would imply he encountered danger in the mountains.

To avoid worrying his wife and children, Mo Shan had never mentioned the dangers he faced.

After a moment of hesitation, Mo Shan said, "It should be effective, but today's hunt was smooth, without any danger. We'll see next time."

Mo Hua nodded, a bit disappointed.

But then he thought that not encountering danger was always a good thing.

Whether the rattan armor or the Golden Armor Array, both were meant to reduce danger. Yet, no matter how much the danger was reduced, it still existed.

The best situation was not encountering danger at all.

Thinking this way, Mo Hua felt relieved and happily continued eating.

While eating, Mo Hua suddenly remembered, "Dad, how's Uncle Zhao?"

Mo Shan frowned, "Not very well, still hasn't woken up."

Old Zhao, while escaping from an unknown cultivator in the mountains, fell off a cliff, got entangled in branches, and was found by Mo Hua using his spiritual sense.

Old Zhao, on the brink of death, survived thanks to Mo Hua's timely discovery. Otherwise, he would have likely perished.

"Was it the Qian family?"

"No conclusive evidence, but it's very likely."

Mo Hua thought for a moment and asked, "Did the Qian family chase Uncle Zhao out of spite, or were they covering something up?"

"Elder Yu is investigating, but there are no leads. Once Uncle Zhao wakes up, things might become clear," Mo Shan sighed.

Mo Hua was worried, "When will Uncle Zhao wake up?"

Mo Shan patted Mo Hua's head, "Don't worry. Mr. Feng said it would be within the next couple of days. You can visit him if you have time."

"Okay." Mo Hua nodded.

The next day, Mo Hua visited Xinglin Medical Hall.

The severely injured and comatose Old Zhao was placed in a side room there.

Old Zhao's wife was pregnant and couldn't exert herself, so she could only visit her husband occasionally.

Elder Yu often came by and arranged for people to help take care of Old Zhao. Although Old Zhao's life was not in danger, he hadn't regained consciousness.

When Mo Hua arrived, he found Elder Yu there as well.

Elder Yu, usually stern, softened his expression upon seeing Mo Hua, "Mo Hua, you're here."

"Yes, I came to see Uncle Zhao."

Mo Hua walked to the bedside and saw Uncle Zhao still lying there, his face as pale as paper. He felt worried and quietly asked Elder Yu, "Elder, has there been any progress on the Qian family matter?"

Elder Yu hesitated for a moment and lowered his voice, "I had people investigate. Over the past month, the Qian family has been sneaking into Dahei Mountain, acting suspiciously. It's unclear what they're up to."

Mo Hua frowned, "I also went into the mountain but didn't encounter them."

"They mostly go at night, sneaking around. Once they enter the mountain, they disappear. Naturally, you wouldn't encounter them. Not just you, other demon hunters haven't noticed them either," Elder Yu explained.

Mo Hua thought for a moment, then asked, "Did Uncle Zhao run into them?"

Elder Yu nodded, "He went up the mountain in the evening and likely encountered the Qian family. He probably knew what they were up to, so they tried to kill him to silence him..."

Kill to silence!

Mo Hua's heart skipped a beat.

What was the Qian family doing in Dahei Mountain that they needed to kill to cover their tracks?

At this moment, Mr. Feng entered, and Elder Yu and Mo Hua stopped their conversation.

Mr. Feng carried a tray with pills, acupuncture needles, and a small steaming furnace.

"Grandpa Feng, what are you going to do?" Mo Hua asked.

"I'll use acupuncture to clear his meridians and activate the medicine's power. He should wake up soon."

"Oh." Mo Hua nodded repeatedly, watching curiously.

Mr. Feng used the furnace to heat the medicine, extracting its essence, then dipped golden needles into the medicine and inserted them into Old Zhao's acupoints.

Old Zhao's skin gradually turned red, blood oozed out, and the chaotic spiritual energy within him began to stabilize. Suddenly, he opened his eyes.

Everyone was overjoyed.

Elder Yu's expression softened. Just as he was about to comfort Old Zhao, telling him to rest well, Old Zhao suddenly grabbed his arm tightly.

Old Zhao, struggling to breathe, couldn't speak.

But he gripped Elder Yu's arm tightly, gritting his teeth and using all his strength to say:

"Dahei Mountain... has a spirit mine!"

Elder Yu's pupils dilated upon hearing this.