

## The Quest 176

### Chapter 176: Fortune Making

The next day, Mo Hua went to visit Mr. Zhuang. After all, he was Mr. Zhuang's disciple, and he felt a bit guilty for not visiting him while being stuck in the spirit mine for so long.

Mr. Zhuang was still sleeping, so Mo Hua played a game of Five Elements Chess with Elder Gui.

After all this time, their chess skills were still mediocre, with hardly any improvement.

However, the simplicity of Five Elements Chess made it interesting without too much mental strain, making the game more enjoyable.

Mo Hua and Elder Gui were well-matched opponents, exchanging moves with difficulty to determine a winner.

When Mr. Zhuang finally woke up, Mo Hua reluctantly ended the game and went to pay his respects to Mr. Zhuang.

Mr. Zhuang had always let Mo Hua learn independently and only asked questions if he had any, so he didn't say much.

Before leaving, Mr. Zhuang praised him, "Well done."

Mo Hua was overjoyed, squinting his eyes with a smile.

However, after leaving Mr. Zhuang's bamboo room, Mo Hua felt puzzled.

He hadn't told Mr. Zhuang anything, yet Mr. Zhuang seemed to know everything...

And even praised him for doing well.

Mo Hua frowned. How did Mr. Zhuang know?

Feeling perplexed, Mo Hua thought that Mr. Zhuang might have some divine insight or perhaps it was natural for him to know given the commotion with the Qian family. It was not unusual for Mr. Zhuang to be aware.

Mo Hua nodded to himself and didn't dwell on it.

He then went to see Bai Zisheng and his sister.

Bai Zisheng's eyes lit up upon seeing Mo Hua and immediately complained, asking where he had been all this time.

Mo Hua explained the situation with the spirit mine.

Bai Zisheng listened with enthusiasm and envy.

Bai Zixi, who was pretending to read, was also engrossed, her eyes sparkling, and she didn't notice the book in her hand was askew.

"Next time something like this happens, you must call me. I'll help you!" Bai Zisheng said energetically.

"It's no use calling you; Aunt Xue wouldn't let you go," Mo Hua replied nonchalantly.

Mo Hua's words were like a bucket of cold water, dousing Bai Zisheng's enthusiasm.

Bai Zisheng instantly deflated, lying on the ground like a wilted eggplant, feeling that life had become much gloomier.

Mo Hua sighed, "I'll bring you something to eat tomorrow."

Bai Zisheng immediately sat up straight, "Make it spicy!"

"Alright, alright," Mo Hua replied helplessly, then noticed Bai Zixi also looking at him with sparkling eyes.

Mo Hua thought for a moment and said, “My mother is making Jade Crisp Cakes. I haven’t tasted them yet, but they smell wonderful. I’ll bring some for you to try tomorrow.”

Bai Zixi nodded gently, looking quite relaxed.

The next day, Mo Hua brought the promised food.

Bai Zisheng ate heartily, while Bai Zixi nibbled on the jade-like fragrant cakes, her eyes narrowing like a contented kitten.

Seeing them enjoy the food, Mo Hua couldn’t help but smile with squinted eyes.

A few days later, Elder Yu asked Mo Hua to collect spirit stones from the Demon Hunter Hall’s warehouse.

A lot of spirit stones had been mined, and distributing them all at once would lead to waste or theft, causing many problems.

The Demon Hunter Hall needed to reserve a batch of spirit stones for emergencies.

Therefore, the spirit stones in the warehouse were distributed in batches according to merit, ensuring a steady and sustainable use.

Mo Hua queued outside the warehouse and soon received a storage bag containing about three hundred spirit stones, feeling the heavy weight in his arms.

Three hundred spirit stones!

That would last a long time, eliminating any worries about spirit stones for the foreseeable future.

And this was just the first batch; there should be more in the future.

Mo Hua was extremely happy.

Not only Mo Hua, but all the demon hunters receiving spirit stones wore smiles. Some were in disbelief and even cried with joy.

For those struggling to make a living, such a large number of spirit stones was unprecedented.

With these spirit stones, children wouldn't go hungry, and their cultivation needs were met without desperate measures to earn spirit stones.

Under such heavy pressure, they finally breathed a sigh of relief.

And this relief would last ten years!

Mo Hua felt gratified but then his thoughts turned heavy.

What about ten years later?

Mo Hua frowned.

After ten years, when the spirit stones were used up, wouldn't they return to their old lives of licking blood off the blade, enduring hardship and suffering?

Mo Hua thought of Meng Dame, Aunt Jiang, Da Hu and the other familiar demon hunters.

He thought of their tears in life, their bloodshed in demon hunting, their suffering, and lives on the edge.

Mo Hua's heart grew heavier.

Was there a way to extend these good days for everyone?

This thought lingered in Mo Hua's mind.

He thought about it while eating, while cultivating, and even while drawing arrays.

One day, while flipping through array books, an idea struck Mo Hua.

He ran to the Demon Hunter Hall's warehouse and found Elder Yu.

Elder Yu, worried about the large stockpile of spirit stones, had been personally guarding the warehouse.

Mo Hua asked, "Elder Yu, how did the Qian family become wealthy?"

Elder Yu was slightly surprised but then thought and said, "The Qian family's ancestor was also a demon hunter. After saving a batch of spirit stones, he stopped demon hunting and started artifact crafting and pill refining..."

"Demon hunters sold him materials at low prices, and he hired cultivators to refine them into spirit tools and pills, which he sold at high prices to demon hunters."

"Gradually, his business grew, buying materials cheaper, hiring cultivators for longer, and selling tools and pills at higher prices, making the Qian family wealthier."

Mo Hua asked, "Didn't anyone compete with them?"

"They couldn't compete," Elder Yu shook his head. "They didn't have the Qian family's ruthlessness and tactics."

Mo Hua said, "I heard the Qian family started from scratch."

Elder Yu sneered, "That's just the Qian family boasting."

"Isn't it true?"

Elder Yu scanned the surroundings with his spiritual sense, ensuring there were no eavesdroppers, then sat down, drank tea, and began to speak:

“As I said, the Qian family’s ancestor saved a batch of spirit stones. Guess how he did it?”

Mo Hua thought for a moment and was suddenly startled.

Elder Yu raised an eyebrow, “Why could he save spirit stones when other demon hunters couldn’t? The spirit stones needed to start an artifact or pill business aren’t a small amount, something a regular demon hunter couldn’t save in a lifetime...”

Mo Hua’s eyes narrowed, “What did he do?”

Elder Yu said, “Old demon hunters told me that the Qian family’s ancestor was unscrupulous from a young age, betraying and killing comrades to monopolize demon cores. He even disguised as a bandit in Dahei Mountain, robbing others, doing anything for spirit stones. That’s how he saved his first batch of spirit stones...”

Elder Yu sneered again, “No one gets rich without dirty deeds. There’s no such thing as starting from scratch.”

Mo Hua was secretly shocked.

Elder Yu finished his gossip, drank tea to soothe his throat, and then remembered something, “You didn’t come to chat with me. What’s the matter?”

Mo Hua’s eyes lit up, “Elder Yu, let’s start an artifact and pill business to earn spirit stones!”

Elder Yu laughed, “Silly child, the Qian family got rich through robbery and deceit. We don’t have that kind of capital...”

Mo Hua smiled, “We don’t need to rob or deceive; we already have the capital.”

Elder Yu shook his head, about to speak, but suddenly his heart jumped, and he turned towards the warehouse.

The warehouse was filled with a dense pile of spirit stones, freshly mined and exchanged from the Dao Court!

“But... artifact crafting and pill refining aren’t easy.”

“There are many cultivators skilled in these arts among the wanderers. If we lack manpower, we can hire them with spirit stones.”

Elder Yu frowned in thought, “The main difficulty is the refining furnaces, especially large, high-quality ones needed for a big business.”

“Are refining furnaces hard to make?”

“Crafting them requires extensive manpower, resources, and fine iron, but the trickiest part, the core, is the inside of the furnace...”

Elder Yu’s heart skipped a beat, and he looked at Mo Hua.

The core of the furnace was... the array!

Linking everything together, Elder Yu’s thoughts became clear.

Everything was ready! They lacked nothing!

They had spirit stones, manpower, and the crucial arrays... they had Mo Hua.

Elder Yu was momentarily incredulous.