

## The Quest 237

Chapter 237: Yu Chengwu

Yu Chengwu was slightly taken aback, feeling somewhat annoyed.

However, upon further thought, he realized that Mo Hua had a point. No matter how much he disliked Mo Shan, it was beneath him to argue with Mo Hua.

Moreover, quarreling with Mo Shan's son would be lowering himself in terms of demeanor.

"Alright, you're right. I won't argue with you."

Mo Hua then asked, "Do you have a wolf-tooth club?"

Yu Chengwu nodded, "That's correct."

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, "Can I take a look at it?"

Yu Chengwu was a bit reluctant, but seeing Mo Hua's curious and eager eyes, he couldn't bear to refuse. After thinking for a moment, he took the wolf-tooth club out from his storage bag and placed it on the ground for Mo Hua to see.

The wolf-tooth club was about five or six feet long, with sharp spikes, forged from fine iron, resembling wolf teeth, and stained with dark, dried blood.

The bloodstains likely belonged to both demonic beasts and cultivators.

Mo Hua tried to lift it but found it completely immovable.

He pushed with both hands, but the club remained still.

"So heavy," Mo Hua couldn't help but remark.

A trace of pride flashed in Yu Chengwu's eyes, "Naturally."

"Was it made this heavy on purpose?" Mo Hua asked earnestly.

"Yes," Yu Chengwu nodded, "The heavier the spiritual tool, the greater the force, and the more lethal it becomes when swung."

"Oh," Mo Hua nodded.

Yu Chengwu suddenly became curious, "Why are you asking about this?"

"I want one too."

Yu Chengwu was stunned, "Want one of what?"

Mo Hua pointed to the wolf-tooth club on the ground, "This club."

Yu Chengwu looked at Mo Hua, with his delicate skin and small limbs, not looking like a body cultivator at all, and asked:

"You're not a body cultivator, why do you need this?"

Mo Hua blinked, "I have my ways."

Yu Chengwu couldn't help but frown.

Mo Shan was cunning, but his son was even craftier, full of ideas, but who knew what he was planning.

"I'll treat you to a drink!"

Seeing the wolf-tooth club, Mo Hua had a plan and decided to reciprocate by treating Yu Chengwu to a drink.

"Your injuries are not severe, you can drink a little," Mo Hua said.

Yu Chengwu hesitated but took the drink Mo Hua handed over, took a sip, and frowned.

It was sour and sweet, with a faint taste of alcohol, like something for children.

But given the current situation, having any drink at all was a luxury, so he didn't complain.

Yu Chengwu sighed, took a few more sips to relieve his fatigue, but then realized that he had never drunk with Mo Shan despite their differences.

Yet now he was drinking a child's drink with Mo Shan's son.

Yu Chengwu's feelings became complicated.

After resting and stabilizing their injuries, they continued on their way.

After walking for a while, Mo Hua scanned the surroundings with his spiritual sense, sighed in relief, and said:

"We can take it slow now, no need to rush."

According to his spiritual sense, there were many demon hunters around.

To Mo Hua, having demon hunters nearby meant they were in his territory. Any outsider cultivators who dared to chase them now would be seeking death.

Ji Qingbai didn't understand why Mo Hua said that, but he inexplicably trusted Mo Hua's words and also sighed in relief.

As they continued, they indeed encountered more and more demon hunters.

No matter if they were familiar with Yu Chengwu or not, all the demon hunters would greet them.

At first, Yu Chengwu didn't notice, but gradually he felt something was off.

All these demon hunters greeted Mo Hua first and then him.

If it was just one or two, that was fine, but this happened with every group of demon hunters they encountered, four or five groups already.

He even felt that these demon hunters were here for Mo Hua, greeting him just as an afterthought.

Yu Chengwu frowned, "Something's not right."

Mo Hua was only a seventh-level Qi refining cultivator, though talented, he shouldn't have such good relations.

These people must be greeting Mo Hua out of respect for his father, Mo Shan.

But even Mo Shan's face wasn't this influential.

Unless... Mo Shan had successfully built his foundation...

If Mo Shan had built his foundation, making Mo Hua the son of a Foundation Building cultivator, then naturally, others would show him respect.

Yu Chengwu silently pondered, but then realized this didn't make sense.

His father, Yu Changlin, was also a Foundation Building cultivator, making him the son of a Foundation Building cultivator, but he never received such respect.

Yu Chengwu was puzzled, but what puzzled him more was the iron armor.

Among the groups of demon hunters they encountered, not everyone wore it, but most of them did.

This was iron armor! Where did they get it from?

Yu Chengwu frowned deeply.

He was on a mission from his father, Elder Yu, but an accident delayed him for over a year, and he was only now returning.

Passing through Qingxuan City, he met Ji Qingbai, and due to their acquaintance and his disdain for bullies, he helped out and traveled with them to Tongxian City.

Returning now, after just over a year away, it felt like everything had changed.

Ji Qingbai and Ji Li were also amazed by the demon hunters.

In Qingxuan City, demon hunters with iron armor were rare, but in Tongxian City, it seemed everywhere.

The Ji father and son were equally puzzled.

The group encountered no trouble, exiting Dahei Mountain and entering Tongxian City through the south gate. They were greeted by the sight of a massive artifact refining and pill refining establishment.

The area was vast, the specifications grand, with tall outer walls and strict arrays, looking magnificent and imposing.

The clear sound of metalwork and the rich aroma of pills wafted out from within.

Yu Chengwu and his companions were stunned.

Not just Tongxian City, but the surrounding immortal cities combined couldn't match this scale of cultivation industry.

Yu Chengwu couldn't believe it, "Could this be the Qian family's?"

In just over a year, the Qian family had grown this powerful?

Would they ever see better days?

Mo Hua shook his head, "No, it's everyone's!"

"Everyone?" Yu Chengwu didn't understand.

Mo Hua pointed with his small hand, encompassing the entire southern part of the city, "Everyone."

Yu Chengwu understood but still found it unbelievable, thinking to himself, "Am I dreaming..."

In his daze, he felt like this was just a dream during his wanderings, half-awake and half-asleep.

In the dream, he traveled far and wide, finally returning to Tongxian City.

He saw the demon hunters wearing iron armor, saw the rogue cultivators building artifact refining and pill refining establishments, saw the abundant spirit stones, and the smiles on everyone's faces.

These were things he had thought about before, but only in his dreams.

The scene before him seemed like just that dream.

Mo Hua noticed his distraction and called out to him, "Second Uncle Yu?"

Yu Chengwu snapped back to reality but still found everything hard to believe, thinking:

"Is this a dream, or an illusion?"

Seeing his changing expressions, Mo Hua thought he was homesick and emotional, so he didn't bother him.

