

The Quest 238

Chapter 238: Settlement

Mo Hua asked Ji Qingbai, "Uncle Ji, do you have a place to stay?"

Ji Qingbai finally came to his senses, but his heart remained unsettled for a long time.

He had only heard that Tongxian City was no longer what it used to be and was flourishing day by day, but he hadn't expected it to thrive to such an extent.

His heart was both shocked and envious.

Hearing Mo Hua's words, Ji Qingbai was slightly stunned and thought for a moment, then said, "There is an old senior who was a close friend of my father. I can temporarily stay at his place."

Mo Hua nodded, "If you encounter any difficulties, you can find my father."

Ji Qingbai's eyes showed gratitude, "Thank you for your care along the way."

"It's nothing," Mo Hua replied.

He had just scared people a bit, led the way, and it was only a small effort. It wasn't much trouble.

Everyone being safe and sound was good.

The young female cultivator named Fu Lan, who had taken the pill, had recovered somewhat. Although her face was still pale and her movements were difficult, she still made a special effort to salute Mo Hua and said gratefully, "Thank you, little brother!"

Seeing that although she was a woman, alone and with many hardships, seriously injured but still resolute, Mo Hua secretly admired her and asked, "Sister, do you know how to cook?"

Mo Hua's question was peculiar, and Fu Lan was stunned for a while before she came back to her senses and said, "My mother ran a tofu shop, so I can cook some dishes."

"Tofu!"

Mo Hua's eyes lit up and he said, "When you recover, if you have nothing else to do, you can go to Fushan Tower on the south side of the street and make some tofu to earn some spirit stones."

Fu Lan was slightly stunned, her heart warmed, and she said softly, "Thank you, but Fushan Tower is a big place, they may not take me in."

"Don't worry," Mo Hua said confidently, "Just mention my name."

After all, Fushan Tower was half his.

Mo Hua spoke with a tone of grandeur, which made Fu Lan dumbfounded.

Mo Hua didn't say anything more and waved goodbye to them.

They had been running around and were still injured, so the most urgent thing was to find a place to settle down.

After saying goodbye, Mo Hua walked alongside Yu Chengyi into the city.

After a while, Yu Chengyi frowned and asked, "Why are you following me?"

"I'm not following you; I'm just going to see Elder Yu."

Yu Chengyi was stunned and thought it was impossible.

Mo Hua being familiar with those demon hunters was one thing, but could he also be familiar with his father?

But Mo Hua really did walk with him all the way to Elder Yu's house.

Yu Chengyi pushed open the door, and Mo Hua followed him in, as if he were at home, very familiar and not at all restrained.

Elder Yu was drinking tea in the living room. When he saw the two of them, his eyes lit up, and he came out to greet them.

After more than a year, Yu Chengyi's emotions fluctuated upon seeing his father, and he was about to greet him, but saw Elder Yu bypass him directly and start chatting with Mo Hua.

"Mo Hua, is there something you need?"

Mo Hua nodded, "Yes, there is..."

Mo Hua recounted the things he encountered on the road.

More and more outside cultivators were coming, their identities unknown and unmanageable, making demon hunting more dangerous.

For now, they did not dare to target local demon hunters.

But if this continues, disputes and incidents will be inevitable.

Robbing prey and killing for goods are likely to become more frequent.

The more conflicts, the more it affects Mo Hua's collection of demon blood for spirit ink.

With less spirit ink, fewer arrays can be drawn, slowing down the growth of Mo Hua's spiritual sense and delaying his foundation building progress.

Elder Yu nodded, "I heard about this before and have talked with the Dao Court's overseer. They should come up with a solution in a few days..."

After talking with Elder Yu for a while and getting his response, Mo Hua took his leave.

Elder Yu personally saw Mo Hua off at the door, reminding him to be careful on the road.

Yu Chengyi, who had been standing aside for a long time, finally couldn't help but say, "Father, I'm back!"

Elder Yu glanced at him and frowned, "You're back, so what? It's not like I didn't see you."

Yu Chengyi was speechless.

After a while, he asked softly, "Father, am I your son?"

Elder Yu's eyes widened at his words, and he immediately scolded, "What nonsense are you talking about? If you're not my son, did I pick you up?"

Thinking of the kind tone his father used when talking to Mo Hua and comparing it to the current attitude, Yu Chengyi felt a bit tired.

But he also breathed a sigh of relief.

This grumpy temper and scolding tone were familiar and endearing. It was indeed his father, and he wasn't dreaming.

"Finally, I'm home."

Yu Chengyi felt a bit emotional.

Mo Hua went to the south city artifact crafting shop and found Master Chen, who was forging iron, and said, "Master Chen, please craft a spiritual tool for me."

"Have you decided what kind of spiritual tool you want?"

"Yes."

Master Chen, halfway through forging a knife, handed it over to Da Zhu and walked to the side, took a sip of water, and asked Mo Hua, "What do you want to craft?"

Mo Hua gestured with his hands, "A wolf-fang club this long!"

Master Chen choked on his water and couldn't help but ask, "What do you want a wolf-fang club for?"

"A wolf-fang club is handy for knocking people out and doesn't have a blade, so it won't hurt me."

Mo Hua had thought it through. If he chose a knife or sword, he might accidentally cut himself due to his lack of strength.

A club was just right. Even if he slipped up, hitting himself wouldn't be a big deal.

"Also, the wolf-fang club shouldn't have any fangs," Mo Hua added.

The fangs were sharp and dangerous.

"If it doesn't have fangs, can it still be called a wolf-fang club?" Master Chen was stunned.

"Then it won't be called a wolf-fang club. I'll give it a new name," Mo Hua said.

"Fine, whatever you say. After all, it's for your use." Master Chen said, and then worriedly asked, "Isn't a wolf-fang club very heavy? Can you handle it?"

"Don't make it too heavy, just sturdy and durable."

"Then what's the use of this... club?" Master Chen was puzzled.

Without fangs and not heavy, wouldn't hitting someone be like scratching an itch?

Mo Hua said, "I'll draw an array on it."

An array?

Master Chen understood. A regular club might be useless, but with an array, it would be different.

"As long as you know what you want."

Master Chen nodded. He didn't ask about the array, as he wouldn't understand even if he did.

"I have some crafting blueprints for clubs. You can look through them and pick one as a model. I'll modify it according to your ideas."

"Thank you, Master Chen!"

Mo Hua took the blueprints and looked through them one by one, finding a spiritual tool that matched his idea. It was about four to five feet long, forged from refined iron, just the right length, and not too heavy.

"This one, but remove the nails on it."

Mo Hua showed it to Master Chen and drew a sketch, marking a few positions, saying, "I'll draw arrays in these places."

Master Chen glanced over it and nodded, "No problem, come back in five or six days."

"Great!" Mo Hua said happily.

After returning home, Mo Hua told Mo Shan about Ji Qingbai's situation.

Mo Shan sighed and shook his head, "I didn't expect the situation for wandering cultivators in Qingxuan City to be so dire."

Mo Hua asked, "Are all wandering cultivators oppressed by families?"

"Even if they aren't oppressed by families, there are sects and the Dao Court."

"Is it because wandering cultivators are too weak?"

Mo Shan nodded, "That's right. The strong oppress the weak; it's human nature. Moreover, some families or sects directly compete with wandering cultivators for benefits. They need these benefits to grow."

"Many benefits in this world are not created out of thin air but are taken from one group of cultivators and concentrated in another."

Mo Hua nodded thoughtfully.