

The Quest 239

Chapter 239: The Thousand-Jin Rod

"Is there any family or sect that doesn't oppress wandering cultivators?"

"Naturally, there are." Mo Shan explained, "Some families uphold strict principles, and some sects have rigorous rules, so they don't do anything out of line. Or perhaps their cultivation industries don't compete with wandering cultivators, so there's no need to mistreat lower-level cultivators."

"But these are the minority. As long as you're weak, you will be oppressed; it's only a matter of time."

Mo Shan sighed again and continued:

"Our Tongxian City is relatively good. In some places, the life of a wandering cultivator is truly harsh. Not to mention some high-tier state borders, where families and sects have existed for thousands of years, dominating one region like giants. Those wandering cultivators oppressed by them truly have no hope of ever turning their lives around..."

Hearing this, Mo Hua also felt somewhat heavy-hearted.

Seeing Mo Hua's downcast expression, Mo Shan patted his head and smiled to comfort him:

"Let's just focus on our own affairs. We can't manage these things anyway. If you really have the ability to reach the heavens in the future, then consider these issues."

"Yes!" Mo Hua nodded.

"And your Uncle Ji, he's new here. If there's anything you can help with, do so as much as you can. Big Brother Ji is righteous and helpful; back in the day, our family was in trouble, and we received a lot of help from him."

"I understand, Dad."

After that, Mo Shan was busy with demon hunting. A few days later, when he had some free time, he prepared some gifts, including wine, meat, pills, and some daily items, and visited Ji Qingbai.

Mo Shan and Ji Qingbai chatted about old times. Before leaving, Mo Shan handed him a bag of spirit stones, saying, "Big Brother Ji, keep these for emergencies."

Ji Qingbai declined, but Mo Shan said, "As brothers, we should support each other. Back when my family was in trouble, you helped us out a lot, so please don't refuse."

Only then did Ji Qingbai reluctantly accept.

After leaving Qingxuan City and traveling all the way, his savings were nearly depleted.

When he arrived in Tongxian City, it wasn't proper to stay with his old friends for too long, so he rented a small courtyard. It wasn't big or expensive but enough to live in.

After buying some necessary items, the few spirit stones he had left quickly ran out.

Mo Shan's gift was like timely help in his hour of need.

Before, he wouldn't have accepted it, but now, with his financial difficulties, he could only accept it with gratitude.

Once he recovered, he could go hunting demons with Ji Li, earn spirit stones, and repay Mo Shan.

In the evening, Ji Qingbai and Ji Li discussed going into the mountains to hunt demons, when Fu Lan came in from outside.

These past few days, her injuries had improved a lot. Although not fully recovered, she could move around.

Fu Lan, being a wandering cultivator from a young age, had endured hardships. She thought about earning some spirit stones to alleviate their immediate needs and not burden Uncle Ji and Big Brother Ji too much.

Remembering the Fushan Tower mentioned by Mo Hua, she went to inquire and just returned.

"Your injuries haven't fully healed. You should rest more." Ji Qingbai, seeing her still pale face, expressed concern.

Ji Li helped her sit down and poured her a cup of tea.

Fu Lan's pale face flushed slightly.

Ji Qingbai, seeing the two of them like this, remained expressionless but felt comforted inside.

After a while, he remembered to ask, "Did you visit Fushan Tower?"

Fu Lan nodded, "They accepted me, and the spirit stones they offer each month are quite a lot."

Ji Qingbai breathed a sigh of relief, "That's good."

"But..." Fu Lan seemed puzzled.

"But what?"

"But when they heard I was an out-of-town cultivator, they initially didn't want to accept me. Later, when I mentioned that young man's name, they accepted me without another word." Fu Lan said.

Ji Qingbai was stunned, "Mo Hua?"

Fu Lan nodded.

Ji Qingbai was surprised, "That kid Mo Hua has such influence..."

A large establishment like Fushan Tower respected his name.

Moreover, he learned during the day that Mo Hua was also a junior array master, and many of the arrays among wandering cultivators were created by Mo Hua.

This shocked Ji Qingbai.

Before coming here, he thought Mo Hua had given up on arrays, which made him feel regretful.

Unexpectedly, Mo Hua had already become a genuine array master.

Ji Qingbai solemnly said, "Anyway, we owe him a huge favor. We must find a way to repay him properly in the future. Especially Mo Hua, we can't let anything happen to him."

An array master among wandering cultivators, with such a good heart, must not suffer any harm.

Ji Li and Fu Lan both nodded seriously.

Ji Qingbai felt relieved and sighed, "These past few days, I've looked around, and Tongxian City is truly different. If we can settle here, it would be a good life."

He had been busy all his life, just seeking to live peacefully. After experiencing many hardships, he finally found a place to settle down.

Looking at Ji Li and Fu Lan, he felt comforted and smiled:

"If you don't mind, just start a family here. In some time, I'll arrange your marriage and make you Dao companions."

The two of them were taken aback, their faces turning red, and they quietly glanced at each other, then lowered their heads.

The night was dark, and in the small courtyard, the weak light gradually became warm.

Two days later, Mo Hua was practicing dismantling arrays at the eatery.

He would first draw a composite array himself and then dismantle it.

This way, a piece of paper was used to practice the array twice, both drawing and dismantling, though it did waste some spirit ink.

As Mo Hua was drawing, Da Zhu ran over, saying that his wolf-toothless wolf-tooth club was ready.

Mo Hua, excited, left the unfinished array and went with Da Zhu to the artifact crafting shop.

Master Chen handed an iron rod to Mo Hua:

"I made it as you requested, without wolf teeth. The positions for the arrays are left, and it's wrapped in iron skin outside, very solid. Inside, it's made of hard wood, so it won't be too heavy."

"Thank you, Master Chen!"

Mo Hua happily took the iron rod and examined it carefully.

The iron rod was silver-white, with a tough exterior, thicker than both of Mo Hua's arms, and felt heavy in his hands.

Mo Hua tested it and found it a bit heavy, but that was his problem, not the rod's.

Mo Hua was very satisfied with the rod and praised, "Excellent work, Master Chen!"

Master Chen beamed with pride.

Mo Hua found time to draw a first-grade array on the rod, named "Thousand-Jin Array."

The Thousand-Jin Array was a first-grade earth-element array. Once infused with spirit power, the inscribed array on the artifact would instantly make it weigh a thousand jins.

Of course, the claim of a thousand jins was an exaggeration.

Mo Hua himself didn't believe it.

Many cultivators gave exaggerated names to their techniques and arrays; you should take them with a grain of salt.

Mo Hua didn't know the exact weight, and it varied with the amount of spirit power infused.

But regardless, it was certainly very heavy, enough to smash people effectively.

Mo Hua's idea was to lift the rod first, then activate the array, making the rod instantly heavy and smashing it down.

Even though he wasn't a body cultivator and his physical strength wasn't great, the rod would have enough force.

It would be enough for sneak attacks and finishing blows.

The Thousand-Jin Array was simple, and Mo Hua learned it in two nights.

Drawing the array wasn't difficult; Mo Hua finished it in half an hour.

Mo Hua went to Dahei Mountain and found a large rock to test it.

He lifted the rod high, then infused it with spirit power. The gray-brown array pattern flashed, and the rod fell heavily.

The rock shattered into pieces, and Mo Hua's hand was numbed by the impact.

Despite the numbness, Mo Hua was very satisfied.

He gave the rod a name he had long thought of:

The Thousand-Jin Rod!