

## The Quest 96

### Chapter 96: Vine Armor

"We followed Uncle Zhou and the others up the mountain to hunt demons, encountering a Split-Claw Demonic Wolf that stood two men tall, its fur a deep red, with fangs three feet long and claws curved like hooks. Its prowess was roughly mid-tier rank one, not yet at the later stages, manageable for our squad. Uncle Zhou and the others engaged it in combat, tasking us with support from the outside, ensuring it couldn't escape..."

"After a prolonged battle, Uncle Zhou and his team were wounded, and the Split-Claw was nearing its end. Unexpectedly, it burst forth, charging at the three of us. Da Hu and I remembered Uncle Zhou's instructions and did not act rashly. Xiao Hu, in his urgency, slashed at the Split-Claw."

"His blade struck the Split-Claw, only slicing its fur. Taking advantage of Xiao Hu's opening, the Split-Claw circled to his back and with a swipe tore through Xiao Hu's vine armor, his skin split open and blood flowed unstoppably..."

Twin Hu wiped away tears with his sleeve, his voice choked up:

"Uncle Zhou said that the claws of the Split-Claw are wrapped in demonic power. Once they tear the flesh, the blood flows incessantly. Many cultivators have died from such wounds, bleeding out after being torn apart..."

Tears also welled up in Da Hu's eyes, filled with remorse, "I should have shielded him; I'm stronger than Xiao Hu and wouldn't have been hurt as badly."

The brothers were both sorrowful and regretful.

"Old Master Feng's pill-concocting skills are formidable, Xiao Hu will be alright," Mo Hua tried to console them with teary eyes.

Mo Hua examined Xiao Hu's wounds carefully; although they still bled, the blood at the wound site was slowly clotting, likely due to the medicine administered by Old Master Feng.

Mo Hua sighed in relief.

Using his spiritual awareness, Mo Hua noticed a faint red aura swirling around Xiao Hu's wound, which was probably the demonic energy often mentioned by demon hunters, a chaotic spiritual energy acquired by demonic beasts from their prey, mixed with their own blood and spirit.

Not only humans can draw power from the great Dao of heaven and earth; demonic beasts can too.

Mo Hua comforted Da Hu and Twin Hu a bit more, then handed over the items Liu Ruhua had sent him to deliver to Aunt Meng.

Aunt Meng was secretly wiping away tears on the side. Seeing Mo Hua, she tried to muster her spirits, "Please thank your mother for me; she has been a great help over the years. Also, do stay for lunch..."

But considering the scant food at home and the high cost of Xiao Hu's healing requiring a considerable amount of spirit stones, she didn't know where the spirit stones would come from...

Aunt Meng's heart ached, and though she forced a smile, tears rolled down her cheeks again.

Mo Hua pretended not to notice, saying, "No need, Aunt Meng, my mother asked me to return early. Take good care of Xiao Hu, and once he's better, I'll visit again."

Aunt Meng, choked up, nodded her head.

Mo Hua added, "I've just checked; Xiao Hu's wound is healing, and the demonic energy is much weaker. He should recover slowly over a few days. Don't worry about the spirit stones; once Da Hu and the others can stand on their own, things will gradually improve..."

"Mmm," Aunt Meng touched Mo Hua's head.

Despite his young age, Mo Hua was sensible and knew much, bringing an inexplicable comfort to Aunt Meng's heart.

Mo Hua handed over the food box to Aunt Meng and then took his leave.

"Be careful on the way."

Aunt Meng saw Mo Hua out, then opened the food box to find some steamed buns and dried meat, a small pot of nourishing soup, and several bottles of healing pills.

Underneath the pills was a small cloth bag, heavy. Opening it, Aunt Meng found it filled with more than a dozen spirit stones.

Staring at the spirit stones, Aunt Meng was momentarily stunned, then tears flowed again.

After returning home, Mo Hua felt rather down.

He wanted to help Xiao Hu and the others, but couldn't think of how. He lacked magical abilities and physical training, his cultivation wasn't high, and his own spirit stones were long spent.

After pondering, he realized he could only resort to drawing array patterns. Mo Hua hastily finished his lunch and then hurried to Chen's Artifact Crafting Shop, hoping Master Chen would provide a new set of vine armor.

Without any spirit stones, Mo Hua had intended to ask for credit, but Master Chen, without a word, gave him three sets instead.

"Vine armor, if you were to buy it, would cost spirit stones, but here at our shop, it's practically worthless. Crafting vine armor doesn't require much fine iron or spirit liquid. Just soak the vine grass, roast it with a fierce fire using a special technique, and it won't even use up much furnace time. It's mostly just a bit of effort, so you can just take these three sets for yourself..."

Afterward, Mo Hua drew several array patterns for Master Chen without asking for spirit stones. Master Chen felt indebted and was eager for Mo Hua to ask for more items.

"If it were precious spirit weapons, he might need to think twice, but vine armor, something even an apprentice could craft, he gave away without a second thought."

Mo Hua thanked him, and once back home, he drew Iron Armor Arrays on all three sets of vine armor.

Such vine armor was something Mo Hua had in his storage bag, prepared for self-defense against Qian Xing when he went mad, but since Qian Xing was gone, the vine armor was of no practical use.

However, what Mo Hua couldn't use, Da Hu and the others certainly could.

Demon hunters constantly battle with demonic beasts, a perilously dangerous endeavor, especially for those who focus on physical cultivation.

Veteran demon hunters fare better, with rich experience and familiarity with demonic beasts, managing risks well even amidst danger.

But it's different for novice demon hunters. Lacking experience, they can't handle emergencies effectively. Any oversight can be exploited by a demonic beast, resulting in injury or even death.

Many young cultivators with great potential, who could have become outstanding demon hunters, lost their lives to unforeseen accidents, forfeiting their futures.

Such tragedies happen all too often, something Mo Shan and Liu Ruhua lamented during their chats, which Mo Hua had overheard.

In such situations, having sufficiently sturdy armor could be lifesaving.

Unfortunately, most demon hunters can't afford expensive armor and have to settle for cheap vine armor.

If Xiao Hu's vine armor had been tougher during the Split-Claw's surprise attack, he might not have been injured, or at least, the wounds would have been less severe.

The vine armor with Iron Armor Arrays was significantly more robust than before, and Mo Hua hoped that wearing it would mean Da Hu and the others suffered fewer injuries during their hunts.

Mo Hua thought to himself silently.

A few days later, Mo Hua visited Xiao Hu, whose injuries had significantly improved, and his complexion was much better.

Mo Hua took out the three sets of vine armor and presented them to them. Da Hu and Twin Hu's vine armor was still functional, only showing some cracks from battling demonic beasts. Xiao Hu's vine armor, however, had been directly torn apart by the demonic wolf and was no longer usable.

Aunt Meng looked at the vine armor in Mo Hua's hands, hesitating to speak.

Reading Aunt Meng's thoughts, Mo Hua said, "These sets of vine armor were given to me by Master Chen, and I don't need them. They're perfect for Da Hu and his brothers. The arrays I drew on them make them much tougher than ordinary vine armor, making them less likely to get injured during hunts, and even if they do, the injuries should be less severe."

Aunt Meng, initially reluctant to accept, couldn't refuse after hearing Mo Hua's explanation about their enhanced durability. Her eyes turned red, feeling somewhat ashamed.

Mo Hua, tugging at Aunt Meng's sleeve, added, "In the future, if I need help, I will call on Da Hu and his brothers. They better not be lazy and refuse to help me."

Aunt Meng nodded vigorously, "Yes, yes, whatever you need, you just ask them. If those three dare to refuse, I'll break their legs!"

Aunt Meng's spirits brightened, and Da Hu and the brothers also laughed heartily, holding the vine armor.