

The Quest 97

Chapter 97: The Young Array Master

Ten days later, thanks to the healing pills provided by Elder Feng, the injuries of Meng Xiao Hu and Meng Da Hu had healed, and they ventured back into the mountains to hunt demonic beasts.

For demon hunters, injuries and bloodshed were inevitable. Meng Da Hu and his brothers were young and inexperienced, but from the moment they donned their Hunting Tokens and entered the mountains, they began to acclimate to the life of a demon hunter.

In Tongxian City, this was the usual path for demon hunters—daily ventures into the mountains, monthly injuries, and annual deaths in the wilderness.

Mo Hua could only silently wish them good luck in his heart.

Unfortunately, Mo Hua's wishes did not seem to take effect. Half a month later, Meng Da Hu was carried out of the mountains, his body drenched in blood.

Mo Hua was at home working on array formations when he heard the commotion. Upon investigating, he learned that Meng Da Hu had been severely injured while hunting and was on the brink of death.

Mo Hua felt as if cold water had been splashed over him, chilling him to the bone.

He rushed to the Xinglin Medical Hall and saw Elder Feng, his expression grave, treating Meng Da Hu's wounds.

Meng Da Hu lay on the bed, his eyes tightly shut, his face pale as paper, and it was uncertain whether he was still breathing. His chest was covered in a large pool of blood, which stained his clothes bright red.

Mo Hua's heart raced with fear.

Elder Feng, upon seeing Mo Hua, picked up a blood-soaked rattan armor and asked with a serious tone, "Did you draw this array on it?"

The rattan armor was also bloody, with a hole on one side that looked like it had been pierced by the fangs or claws of a demonic beast, and some array patterns were drawn inside it.

Mo Hua nodded.

Elder Feng was silent for a moment, then let out a long sigh of relief. "Thankfully he had this rattan armor; otherwise, this young man might have lost his life..."

Mo Hua was stunned for a moment, then also breathed a sigh of relief, feeling as if a weight had been lifted from his heart.

Elder Feng's words meant that Meng Da Hu should be out of danger, and being alive was all that mattered.

Growing up together and always standing in front of Mo Hua in fights, the thought of losing a friend was unbearable.

Meng Xiao Hu and Meng Shuang Hu rushed over in tears, and upon hearing that Meng Da Hu was not in grave danger, they quietly wiped their tears away.

Uncle Meng had also been hunting in the mountains and hurried back when he heard of Meng Da Hu's accident. His expression was relatively calm, but his hands trembled slightly.

Aunt Meng was originally helping out on the eastern side of the street. The family was short on spirit stones, and she had become busier than before. Hearing about Meng Da Hu's accident, she rushed over as well.

Aunt Meng stood hesitantly at the door, biting her lip, and staggered inside. When she heard Meng Da Hu was not in life-threatening danger, she collapsed on the floor, burying her face in her sleeves, sobbing.

Elder Feng said it was thanks to the rattan armor Mo Hua had provided that Meng Da Hu's life was saved.

Today, they were hunting a Split-Claw Demonic Wolf when suddenly, a Long-Tail Demonic Beast emerged from the bushes.

Meng Da Hu shielded his younger brothers and faced the Long-Tail Demonic Beast head-on. However, with his current level of cultivation, he was no match for the beast. The beast's tail, sharp and fast, was tipped with spikes, and in a flash, it aimed for Meng Da Hu's heart. Meng Da Hu could not dodge in time and was struck in the chest.

Fortunately, the rattan armor on Meng Da Hu's chest was reinforced with an Iron Armor Array, tougher than regular armor, and it was not pierced through. Although Meng Da Hu did not evade the attack, he slightly turned his body, causing the beast's tail spike to skew slightly. As the tail spike pierced the rattan armor and entered Meng Da Hu's chest, it did not damage his vital meridians.

Meng Da Hu was stabbed in the chest and bled profusely, but his vital meridians were undamaged, so his life was not at risk. Elder Feng's timely treatment meant that even though he was temporarily unconscious, he would gradually regain consciousness after some time.

Aunt Meng thanked Elder Feng profusely and then tightly grasped Mo Hua's hand, grateful yet choked with emotion, unable to speak a word...

A life is full of hardships, and some endure more than others.

Mo Hua looked at the haggard Aunt Meng, feeling a bitter ache in his heart.

Fortunately, the Iron Armor Array Mo Hua had inscribed was effective, and Meng Da Hu's life was not in danger, which eased Mo Hua's worries slightly.

Ten days later, Meng Da Hu's injuries had healed, and he was ready to head back into the mountains with his brothers to hunt demonic beasts. Mo Hua made a special trip to see them off.

Meng Da Hu's complexion was still poor, but his eyes were determined. Meng Xiao Hu and Meng Shuang Hu looked solemn but showed no fear.

Despite having bled so much and suffered such severe injuries, and even nearly losing their lives, the three brothers did not hesitate or show any fear, ready to return to the mountains as soon as their wounds healed.

"Our parents treated our injuries, and we owe so many spirit stones; we need to pay them back soon."

"I don't want Mom to suffer anymore."

"Me neither..."

With these words, they bid farewell to Mo Hua and walked down the path towards the mountains.

Mo Hua watched as their figures grew smaller and eventually disappeared into the vast expanse of Dahei Mountain.

In the following days, Mo Hua lived frugally.

At night, on the Dao Stele in his Sea of Consciousness, he could draw array formations without restraint. During the day, he was meticulous with every drop of spirit ink he used.

For the array formations he already knew well, he refused to use spirit ink because it would be wasteful; for those he had yet to master, he also refused to use spirit ink for the same reason.

For those half-mastered array formations, Mo Hua would carefully select only those with rare attributes or unusual array hubs. Only then would he consider opening his ink bottle, dotting out the spirit ink, and painstakingly tracing and contemplating the patterns.

After some time had passed, one evening at dinner, Mo Shan spoke up unexpectedly to Mo Hua:

"Mo'er, someone has asked me to have you draw a few array formations..."

Mo Hua was somewhat taken aback, and Mo Shan's expression was subtly complex.

Mo Shan usually didn't interfere much with Mo Hua's dealings with array formations.

Firstly, because hunting demons was hard enough, and Mo Shan, as the leader of the hunting team, was preoccupied with leading a team of cultivators into the mountains to hunt demonic beasts and

ensure their safety. The earnings from these hunts were to be distributed according to the rules, a task both dangerous and busy. Previously, the Mo family had mainly relied on Mo Shan's earnings from hunting for spirit stones, leaving little time for other concerns.

Secondly, Mo Shan wasn't very knowledgeable about array formations. His understanding of arrays was limited to recognizing a few common ones or detecting traps set by cultivators. He wasn't familiar with the intricacies of being an array master, so he wouldn't know what questions to ask.

Thirdly, because Mo Hua was responsible, whether it was cultivation or array formations, he handled everything well without needing much oversight from Mo Shan, who didn't want to burden Mo Hua with unnecessary pressure.

Mo Hua was still young and his cultivation was not high. Even though he was talented, it would still take time to achieve something significant with array formations.

Becoming an array master is extremely difficult, a fact Mo Shan was well aware of. Even those slightly renowned array masters in Tongxian City were often elderly, some with white hair, and others nearly bald.

At this point, if Mo Hua could become a basic array master by the age of thirty and make a living from it, even if he didn't achieve a high rank, Mo Shan would be satisfied.

All he needed was to be a bit more cautious and not end up in the belly of a beast before Mo Hua grew up.

It was only yesterday that a demon hunter approached Mo Shan, formally requesting Mo Hua to draw a few array formations, speaking very politely and without a hint of doubt about Mo Hua's ability.

That was when Mo Shan realized something was amiss.

Being sought after to draw array formations was a treatment reserved for an array master.

Could it be that Mo'er has already become an array master...