

## The Quest 142

### Chapter 142: Inviting Guests

After parting ways, Mo Hua returned home and found Elder Yu the next day to tell him about the matter.

When Elder Yu heard "silver-white Dao robe," he was furious.

"It must be those dogs from the Qian family!"

Elder Yu, hands on his hips, stood in the room and cursed the Qian family from top to bottom, from old to young, with coarse language and without repetition, making Mo Hua marvel at his eloquence...

After venting his anger, Elder Yu noticed Mo Hua beside him, staring at him with wide, shiny eyes.

Elder Yu felt a bit embarrassed and silently thought, "I got carried away with anger and forgot that Mo Hua is still here. I need to be more careful next time and not set a bad example for this good kid..."

Elder Yu coughed and said, "Forget what you just heard."

"Okay," Mo Hua nodded, but in his heart, he memorized Elder Yu's cursing words for future reference.

Cursing wasn't good, but if he had to, he couldn't lose.

"Elder, has the Qian family done a lot of bad things?" Mo Hua asked again.

Elder Yu was about to speak but stopped, saying, "That's an adult matter; you don't need to worry about it."

He then muttered under his breath, "The upper beam is not straight, and the lower beam is crooked. The Qian family's ancestor is a scoundrel, and there aren't many good ones below... really a nest of rats in a stinking ditch..."

As he spoke, Elder Yu unconsciously started cursing again.

Mo Hua was amused.

Indeed, the people of the Qian family all wore silver-white Dao robes, but that didn't mean everyone in a silver-white Dao robe was a Qian family cultivator.

This matter was left for Elder Yu to investigate; Mo Hua didn't meddle further.

Two days later, Zhang Lan finished dealing with the evil cultivator's affairs and treated Mo Hua to a meal at the Spirit Meal Tower on North Street. Situ Fang was also there.

The Spirit Meal Tower was run by the An family. Mo Hua had some acquaintance with the young master of the An family, An Xiaopang, having helped him with array assignments before. He had been there to ask about the method of making the stove but hadn't eaten there yet.

After all, the meals at the Spirit Meal Tower were infused with spiritual energy and were very expensive.

However, Zhang Lan wasn't short of spirit stones, so Mo Hua didn't stand on ceremony.

"This time, you did a great job catching that evil cultivator. Eat more," Zhang Lan pointed to the full table of dishes and said.

Situ Fang nodded repeatedly, "Eat more; if it's not enough, we can order more."

Mo Hua's cheeks were stuffed, and he asked, "Where's the big brother named Situ Xiu?"

"He went back to report."

"Oh," Mo Hua responded, not really caring; he was just asking casually.

Mo Hua ate voraciously while Zhang Lan leisurely drank wine, barely touching his chopsticks.

He had grown tired of these spirit meals since childhood. Although they were rich in spiritual energy, their taste was mediocre, and he didn't particularly like them.

In his heart, he still preferred the wild ox demon meat from Mo Hua's house, fragrant and spicy, much more flavorful.

Situ Fang found Mo Hua's way of eating with puffed cheeks particularly delicate and cute, so she just propped her chin and watched him eat.

The table full of chicken, duck, and fish from unknown spirit beasts was only being eaten by Mo Hua.

Mo Hua actually didn't think it was as good as his mother's cooking, but these meals were too expensive to waste.

But even after filling his stomach, there were still many dishes left on the table.

Zhang Lan said, "I'll ask the shopkeeper to pack them up for you to take home."

He then took out a storage bag and handed it to Mo Hua, saying, "There are a hundred spirit stones inside, for you."

Mo Hua was delighted and was about to take it when he frowned and whispered, "Food and a gift... Are you bribing me because you need something from me?"

"What are you thinking?" Zhang Lan sighed helplessly, "Treating you to a meal is indeed because you helped a lot. These spirit stones are the reward from the Dao Court Division."

"I see."

Mo Hua accepted it contentedly.

Zhang Lan added, "I mentioned it to the supervisor. Originally, the Dao Court Division would also give you other rewards, but those rewards are mostly in name only, flashy but impractical, and might even cause trouble."

Mo Hua was curious, "What kind of trouble?"

"These evil cultivators might not be alone. Some have companions, some have fellow disciples, and some even have sects. Once the Dao Court Division rewards you openly, they might come for revenge."

Zhang Lan took a sip of wine, "So, the merit is credited to the Dao Court Division, and I got them to give you more spirit stones instead. After all, spirit stones are more practical for you."

Mo Hua nodded in agreement, "Yes, making a fortune in silence is the best!"

Zhang Lan thought for a moment and said, "There's another matter. The old master of the An family wants to see you."

"The old master of the An family?"

Mo Hua frowned, then suddenly understood and whispered to Zhang Lan, "Did the evil cultivator use the Extraction Method on the An family's daughter?"

Zhang Lan gasped, "How do you know?"

"You let it slip that day, saying it was hard to explain to the An family..."

Zhang Lan interrupted, "I didn't say that!"

Mo Hua gave him a meaningful look, and Zhang Lan was headache-ridden under his gaze.

This matter couldn't be leaked...

Situ Fang saw the two whispering and frowned, "What are you two muttering about?"

Zhang Lan immediately said, "Nothing," and gave Mo Hua a look, "I'll treat you to another meal next time."

Mo Hua also said, "Uncle Zhang didn't say anything."

Situ Fang glanced at Mo Hua, then suspiciously at Zhang Lan.

Zhang Lan felt uneasy under her gaze and stood up, starting to pack the food for Mo Hua.

Afterwards, the two took Mo Hua to the An family.

The An family was in the business of spirit meals, emphasizing color, aroma, taste, and a welcoming atmosphere.

The An family wasn't as arrogant as the Qian family. The pavilions and towers within their clan were luxurious yet understated, elegant without being ostentatious.

Mo Hua looked around along the way.

He wasn't interested in the An family's decorations, only in the arrays they had set up.

Since entering the gate, he had been studying the various arrays on the walls and floors.

Some arrays were obvious, easy to recognize at a glance; others were more obscure or complex, requiring him to deduce based on array patterns or spiritual energy characteristics.

Mo Hua watched with great interest, while the accompanying An family guards were nervous.

They felt Mo Hua wasn't here as a guest but as a scout.

Scout during the day, come to steal at night.

The key was that although Mo Hua was young, his gaze was clear and somewhat profound, as if he could see through the walls and stones, perceiving the arrays within.

He even muttered to himself, saying things like "Earth Solidification Array," "Gold Stone Array," "Blazing Fire Array"...

He named all the arrays on the An family's walls, floors, and ceilings...

What kind of guest is this!

The An family guards felt bitter.

But a guest is a guest, and they couldn't say anything.

Fortunately, after a while, Mo Hua reached the guest hall.

The guards breathed a sigh of relief, saluted an old man in the hall, and respectfully withdrew.

In the elegant guest hall, an old man sat upright.

Mo Hua glanced at him secretly. Seeing his white hair and beard, ruddy complexion, and somewhat stern face but friendly expression, he guessed this must be the old master of the An family, also the actual head of the family.