

The Quest 215

Chapter 215: Supervisor

Mo Hua's life had recently become much more interesting.

There were always cultivators from the Qian family, or those hired by the Qian family, trying to cause him trouble, but their every move was always observed by Mo Hua.

Most of the time, just when they were about to take action, they would be discovered by demon hunters and get a good beating.

In rare instances, when they managed to hide well enough to avoid the nearby demon hunters, they still couldn't escape Mo Hua's spiritual awareness.

Mo Hua would call over a few demon hunter uncles, point them out one by one, and they would inevitably receive another beating.

Mo Hua watched the show from the side.

This made his days of practicing cultivation techniques and learning arrays much less boring.

One day, Mo Hua was chewing on wild fruits given by Aunt Jiang while chatting with An Xiaofu at a food stall.

Ever since Mo Hua had treated An Xiaofu to a meal that day, An Xiaofu had been coming over every three or two days.

Mo Hua was puzzled, "Doesn't your family have a meal tower?"

"I'm tired of eating there. It's not as good as here, and it's more lively here," An Xiaofu said.

The first few times he came, An Xiaofu was a bit reserved.

The other cultivators saw that he dressed differently and didn't talk to him.

Later, as he came more often and got familiar, and because he was Mo Hua's friend, the other cultivators started chatting with him.

An Xiaofu talked about food in great detail and listened with interest to stories about Dahei Mountain or the neighborhood.

Over time, An Xiaofu became less reserved.

Occasionally, he would bring some wine brewed by the An family to share, and others would offer him wild fruits, pastries, and the like.

The taste wasn't always great, but it was unique, and the sentiment was genuine.

An Xiaofu enjoyed coming here even more.

At home with the An family, he always felt a bit stifled.

It was better to come to the food stall, chat with ordinary cultivators, drink some wine, and live leisurely.

Seeing him enjoying himself, Mo Hua also felt relieved.

An Xiaofu would tell Mo Hua some strange and interesting stories, sometimes embellishing or exaggerating them, and regardless of their truth, Mo Hua found them entertaining.

As it grew late, An Xiaofu reluctantly headed home.

Mo Hua saw him off and turned to see Zhang Lan walking over from the other side of the stone path.

"Uncle Zhang? Why are you here now?"

Zhang Lan sighed, "Busy, just found some time."

Mo Hua didn't believe him.

Zhang Lan sighed helplessly, "Go, get me some food. I'll talk to you later."

"Anything specific you want?"

"Just order as you like."

Mo Hua didn't order anything too expensive, just some slightly pricier dishes that he liked but didn't eat often.

There was a kind of mutton, slightly gamy but deliciously chewy.

And a kind of dog meat, spicy and tasty.

Both were grass-eating demonic beasts, though they killed people, they didn't eat them, so their blood was relatively clean.

There were also some seasonal vegetables and cut fruits.

There were four or five plates in total, both meat and vegetables, looking colorful, set on Zhang Lan's table.

Zhang Lan handed a pair of chopsticks to Mo Hua, "Sit down and eat too."

Mo Hua didn't stand on ceremony, took the chopsticks, and started eating.

The food was delicious, both because his mother made it and because he ordered it.

After a few bites, Mo Hua couldn't help but squint his eyes in satisfaction, but thinking Zhang Lan had to pay for it, he generously said:

"I'll give you a 20% discount!"

Zhang Lan couldn't help but laugh, "Alright, 20% off! Thank you, little shopkeeper!"

"You're welcome."

Mo Hua smiled, took another bite of the mutton, and asked:

"You said you had something to talk to me about. What is it?"

Zhang Lan got straight to the point, "The Supervisor wants to see you."

Mo Hua was stunned, "The Supervisor? The Supervisor of your Dao Court?"

"Yes." Zhang Lan nodded after tasting some meat and continued, "He heard you draw arrays well and wants to meet you."

"Just because of that?"

Zhang Lan sighed.

It wasn't just that he drew arrays well, but that he drew them exceptionally well.

He didn't even know when Mo Hua had started being able to draw even First Grade arrays. When the Supervisor mentioned it, he was taken aback.

"Drawing arrays well is respectable in itself, especially since you're so young. The Supervisor definitely wants to meet you."

"There's another reason." Zhang Lan added, "It's because you helped build the artifact crafting shop and the alchemy shop in the south of the city, which are the biggest cultivation industries in Tongxian City."

"What does that have to do with the Supervisor?" Mo Hua asked, puzzled.

"The Dao Court also values merits. Stability under their rule, spirit stone taxes, and the construction of cultivation projects are all considered merits. The biggest artifact crafting and alchemy shops in Tongxian City were built under his jurisdiction, so naturally, these are counted as his merits."

Mo Hua suddenly understood.

Zhang Lan took a sip of wine and continued, "The old Supervisor worked diligently in his youth but didn't achieve much. Now that he's older and wants to retire, he unexpectedly gained such significant merits."

Zhang Lan shook his head, laughing, "It's a blessing. The old Supervisor is very grateful to you."

Mo Hua smiled modestly, "I didn't do much, just drew some arrays."

Zhang Lan rolled his eyes at him, "That's enough. Too much humility is arrogance."

Is that "drawing some arrays"?

From architecture to the refining furnaces and alchemy furnaces, the arrays were all drawn by you.

Thinking of this, Zhang Lan couldn't help but sigh again.

He didn't know how Mo Hua's little brain worked, how it could have such powerful spiritual awareness.

The entire artifact crafting shop and alchemy shop, so many arrays, all drawn by him alone...

Mo Hua, on the other hand, was worried, "Is there anything I should be mindful of when meeting the Supervisor? Any taboos?"

Zhang Lan shook his head.

Mo Hua asked again, "By the way, the Supervisor's surname isn't Fu, right?"

Zhang Lan was puzzled, "What's wrong with the surname Fu?"

"If his surname is 'Fu,' he would be demoted a rank, becoming a Deputy Supervisor, so if his surname is Fu, he could only be called the Supervisor, not the Deputy Supervisor."

Zhang Lan was exasperated, "Where do you hear all these things?"

"This is cultivation experience, don't worry about where I heard it."

Zhang Lan said helplessly, "The Supervisor's surname is Zhou, he's a good person, with no particular taboos. You're young, even if you say something inappropriate, he won't blame you, don't worry."

"Okay." Mo Hua nodded.

Two days later, Mo Hua followed Zhang Lan to the Dao Court to meet Supervisor Zhou.

The Dao Court was quite imposing, but evidently old, with some rooms tightly shut, the contents unknown.

The accessible rooms were mostly offices for Dao Court cultivators, decorated solemnly, not luxurious, filled with various cultivation texts and records, as well as jade slips of different shapes.

It looked a bit dull, different from Mo Hua's imagination.

This was the upper building; supposedly, there was a Dao Prison underground.

The so-called Dao Prison was a prison for cultivators who violated the Dao Laws.

Mo Hua wanted to see it to broaden his knowledge, but Zhang Lan wouldn't let him.