

The Quest 218

Chapter 218: Prosperity

Fushan Tower occupied a large area. To show goodwill to Mo Hua, Old Master An bought three buildings, connected them, and converted them into the dining tower.

The location was excellent, with traffic flowing north and south, teeming with people.

Since it was on South Street, the land was cheap, so the expenditure in spirit stones was not much, at least for the An family.

Fushan Tower had two floors. The second floor was for private rooms, and the first floor was a large hall, with some tables and chairs set outside.

The entire Fushan Tower could accommodate many diners, and it also offered some meat snacks for takeaway.

The recipes used in the dining tower were provided by Liu Ruhua, containing various methods for cooking demonic beast meat. After Liu Ruhua's long research and improvement, the flavors were rich and unique.

The stove in the dining tower was a first-grade stove, large in size, painted with a first-grade composite array. The fire was strong and controllable, able to cook many ingredients simultaneously.

Therefore, many of the dishes in the dining tower were priced cheaply.

This was Mo Hua's initial intention: to use the large stove to reduce costs and increase cooking efficiency.

In this way, most of the independent cultivators in Tongxian City could spend fewer spirit stones to eat better dishes.

Cheap and delicious, it naturally attracted many customers, and the foot traffic was large.

The dining tower could also achieve thin profit margins with large sales volumes, earning a lot of spirit stones.

Since the dining tower was large, it needed a lot of people to help.

Some injured demon hunters, or independent female cultivators not adept at Dao techniques, could have a job to earn some spirit stones to supplement their household income.

With everything ready, Fushan Tower chose an auspicious day to open.

After opening, Fushan Tower was continuously crowded, with excellent business.

Seeing this, Mo Hua felt happy and relieved.

But An Xiaofu felt nervous.

A whole dining tower with so many diners bustling about, he didn't know what to do.

The key was that he was the assistant manager. According to Mo Hua, he would have to manage everything in the future.

An Xiaofu felt overwhelmed.

Although there were people in the An family who could help him, they could help for a while, but not forever. He still had to learn and do it himself.

But he didn't know where to start learning and doing.

Mo Hua said, "You don't have to think of yourself as the assistant manager. Just consider it like being in a food shop, eating and chatting with the diners. Don't be too rigid."

With Mo Hua's words, An Xiaofu relaxed.

He could then run up and down, greet familiar demon hunters, offer a drink, send some snacks, and introduce the dining tower's signature dishes.

He loved eating, and talking about these things came naturally and fluently.

When he had nothing to do, he liked to join a table, listen to others talk about Daoist experiences or strange stories. If someone told a good story, he would give a pot of wine.

Sometimes the dining tower invited storytellers to tell stories.

If the stories were too old, An Xiaofu would compile some stories based on what he had heard and have the storytellers tell them, often receiving applause from the audience.

Gradually, An Xiaofu got to know more diners, talked more, and became more cheerful.

Old Master An and An Yonglu also came to see him, seeing him running up and down, sweating but full of energy.

This was completely different from how he was at home.

An Yonglu sighed, feeling gratified.

Old Master An glanced at him with a look of helplessness.

He originally didn't want the An family to continue running the dining tower, but it seemed both his son and grandson were only capable of running the dining tower.

They didn't have the ambition to open an artifact crafting shop or an alchemy hall.

They also lacked the means to contend openly and covertly with the Qian family.

At this rate, the An family might only run a dining tower for the rest of their lives...

But An Xiaofu didn't think running a dining tower was bad.

He could fill his own stomach and others', and make everyone eat well.

But he sometimes hesitated and asked Mo Hua:

"If I run the dining tower for a lifetime, will people look down on me..."

Mo Hua thought for a moment and said, "In the Daoist world, each occupation has its own strengths. Doing anything to the extreme is remarkable. If you can open dining towers all over the Nine Regions, so everyone can eat meat, who would dare look down on you?"

An Xiaofu was stunned. He hadn't thought that far.

"The Nine Regions are so big, can we really open them everywhere?" An Xiaofu doubted.

"Probably not," Mo Hua said. "But how will you know if you don't try?"

An Xiaofu nodded, silently determined.

Although he was of low cultivation and the dining tower was just one, he would strive to open many dining towers, so everyone could eat meat and drink happily!

After Fushan Tower opened, it gradually got on track, and a month later, it was the New Year.

Half a month before the New Year, the alchemy hall was completely finished.

Master Ban settled the payment of spirit stones, and the craftsmen could happily go home for the New Year.

Before leaving, Master Ban, with some leading craftsmen, visited Mo Hua, bringing some New Year's gifts to show their gratitude.

Without Mo Hua's quick and good array drawings, such a large Daoist building would have been finished after the New Year.

Otherwise, they couldn't go home for the New Year or go back without spirit stones, making it a hard year.

Master Ban praised Mo Hua, and Mo Shan and Liu Ruhua were also happy, so they invited Master Ban and the others for a meal.

They had a lively meal and drank a lot of wine.

After the meal, Master Ban and his team were about to set off.

Before leaving, Master Ban specifically told Mo Hua that if he needed craftsmen, just look for him, and he guaranteed not to cut corners and to satisfy Mo Hua.

He also invited Mo Hua to visit Qingxuan City next door when he had time, showing him around to experience the local customs.

Mo Hua nodded, waving goodbye to Master Ban.

The group of craftsmen gradually went far away.

They carried storage bags on their backs, pushed small wooden carts, with old storage boxes on them. Tools that couldn't fit in the boxes were piled on the sides.

Step by step, they walked on the bluestone streets, out of Tongxian City's gate, and onto the dusty road home.

Mo Hua stood at the door, watching them go, waving goodbye again.

He hoped they could go home safely and have a good New Year.

He also hoped that every year after, they could go home safely and happily for the New Year.

Ten days passed, and every household in Tongxian City was preparing for the New Year.

The streets were decorated with lanterns and festoons, bustling with joy.

This was probably the richest and liveliest New Year for ordinary independent cultivators in Tongxian City in the past century or even centuries.

The basic Daoist industries were complete.

The artifact crafting shop refined spiritual tools, the alchemy hall refined pills, and Fushan Tower cooked meat.

With spiritual tools, demon hunters could get fewer injuries. With pills, low-level independent cultivators could have fewer illnesses. With the dining tower, everyone's diet could improve.

Moreover, whether it was the artifact crafting shop, the alchemy hall, or Fushan Tower, they could help independent cultivators make a living or earn spirit stones.

Whether demon hunters, artifact crafters, alchemists, dining tower chefs, or just ordinary independent cultivators, they could have a stable job and earn spirit stones for living and cultivation.

Life's essentials were better than before.

So this New Year was particularly prosperous and lively.

The streets were crowded with cultivators.

Markets were everywhere, with goods of all sorts, dazzling, and everything for eating, drinking, and entertainment.

There were many ingenious toys, uniquely flavored snacks, fragrant wine, and colorful performances.

Affected by this lively atmosphere, Mo Hua also felt happy.

Cultivating Dao was hard, making a living was tough.

There wasn't much else Mo Hua could do. What he could do was to make the lives of independent cultivators in Tongxian City better within his ability.

He had grown up receiving a lot of care from neighbors and uncles and aunts.

Now that he had learned array formations, he naturally wanted to help everyone.

Thinking of this, Mo Hua couldn't help but feel grateful.

Fortunately, he had the Dao Stele in his sea of consciousness, and fortunately, he learned array formations.

Array formations adhered to the Dao of Heaven. Only array formations could help so many cultivators.