

The Quest 222

Chapter 222: Patrol

Mo Hua returned home, took out the gifts from the storage bag, and handed them to his parents for safekeeping.

Mo Shan and Liu Ruhua exchanged a glance, both somewhat stunned.

They didn't know when it started, but Mo Hua had made so many friends among cultivators, most of whom were influential figures in Tongxian City—supervisors, managers, family heads, elders, and array masters...

Even during the New Year, he received so many gifts.

Whenever Mo Hua went out, he would bring gifts back. If he didn't go out, people would deliver gifts to his home.

The gifts, both big and small, piled up until there was almost no room left in the house.

Mo Hua put down the storage bag, slumped into a chair like a little adult, and sighed, "So busy!"

Liu Ruhua couldn't help but laugh.

Mo Hua then said, "Mom, I'm hungry."

"Save some room for dinner. I'll get you some osmanthus cake. Just have a little."

"Okay." Mo Hua nodded.

Liu Ruhua brought the osmanthus cake to Mo Hua and poured a cup of tea, asking, "Have you thanked everyone who sent the gifts?"

Mo Hua thought for a moment, counted in his heart, and said, "I've thanked those who needed to be thanked. I can relax for the New Year."

After that, Mo Hua had more peace and didn't have to run around. He stayed at home and waited for the New Year.

Every day, Mo Hua still got up early, meditated, practiced for a while, drew a few arrays, read some array books, and practiced the array formations on the Dao stele in the evening.

The rest of the time, Mo Hua spent with his parents.

On New Year's Eve, the family had a joyful reunion dinner.

Liu Ruhua made a lot of delicious food, and as expected, Mo Hua ate too much. He sighed and took out two digestive pills given by Mr. Feng.

"As expected of Grandpa Feng, he really has foresight."

Mo Hua thought with emotion.

The next day, they started visiting for New Year greetings, and in the evening, they attended the New Year festival, which lasted until the Lantern Festival. The entire Tongxian City was bustling with festivities in the evenings.

Usually, the festival wouldn't last this long, but this year was special. With the discovery of a spirit mine, the establishment of the Artifact Crafting Shop and Alchemy Hall, and the opening of the Fushan Tower, the lives of independent cultivators improved, and they had more spirit stones, so the celebration lasted longer.

They didn't have to start working hard for their livelihood right after the New Year as they did before.

Mo Hua also took it easy, occasionally wandering around the streets, and visited Fushan Tower to see An Xiaofu.

During the New Year's period, Fushan Tower was crowded, and An Xiaofu was busy non-stop.

When Mo Hua saw him, he was sitting in the hall, gulping down tea from a teapot.

Although he was exhausted, he seemed much more spirited and cheerful.

However, he was still chubby and hadn't lost much weight.

Maybe, despite being busy, he also ate a lot.

After leaving Fushan Tower, Mo Hua ran into Zhang Lan on the street.

Zhang Lan, a family disciple, didn't take leave to go home for the New Year.

He knew some people here, but not many friends. Mo Hua was one of the few he could really talk to, so he was quite happy to see Mo Hua and pulled him along to stroll around.

"See if there's anything good to eat or fun to play with. It's on me!" Zhang Lan said generously.

"Thank you, Uncle Zhang," Mo Hua said, then added with some confusion, "Uncle Zhang, you're not that young anymore. Isn't it improper for you to hang out with a kid like me instead of starting a family?"

"This is called maintaining a child's heart," Zhang Lan said.

"Keeping a child's heart?"

Zhang Lan ruffled Mo Hua's hair. "Everything you say sounds different."

Mo Hua covered his head, a bit dissatisfied. "You're just being touchy."

"Alright, I can't argue with you," Zhang Lan said helplessly, then sighed, "What's good about starting a family?"

Mo Hua's eyes turned, and he thought for a moment, then said, "Are you avoiding marriage?"

Zhang Lan was stunned. "Why do you say that?"

"Xiaofu told me that in family marriages, spiritual roots are matched, and strong pairs... no, forced marriages are arranged by the family."

Mo Hua looked at Zhang Lan and said, "You probably came this far to avoid a marriage arranged by the family, marrying someone you don't like and living a depressed life."

After speaking, Mo Hua nodded, feeling his guess was reasonable.

Zhang Lan sighed. "You're somewhat right, but not entirely. I just don't want to go back to the family."

"Not even for the New Year?"

Zhang Lan said seriously, "I'm now a supervisor at the Dao Court, and I should maintain the peace in Tongxian City. Such an important time like New Year's, how could I go back?"

"Is the Dao Court not busy? Can they let you wander around like this?"

Zhang Lan said unhappily, "I'm on duty, not wandering. The head supervisor knows and wouldn't mind."

"Really?" Mo Hua didn't believe it.

"Of course."

Mo Hua responded with an "oh," then pointed behind Zhang Lan, "It seems the head supervisor is calling you over. He doesn't seem to know you're 'on duty.'"

Zhang Lan's body immediately stiffened. He slowly turned his head and saw the head supervisor waving at him with a half-smiling expression.

Supervisors patrolling was a routine of the Dao Court.

During such major festivals, the head supervisor had to lead by example, patrolling everywhere to prevent any incidents among the gathered cultivators.

Caught while slacking off, Zhang Lan could only smile stiffly.

Mo Hua was a bit schadenfreude, ready to slip away, but Zhang Lan grabbed him, "You're coming with me."

"Why should I go? I'm not part of the Dao Court."

"You'll accompany the head supervisor on patrol with me," Zhang Lan didn't want to let Mo Hua escape.

"I'm not going."

"Many cultivators in Tongxian City dream of this opportunity. You should feel honored to accompany the head supervisor at such a young age."

"Then you can feel honored yourself."

He knew the head supervisor and had given him gifts during the New Year, so there was no need to stick around now.

Moreover, accompanying the head supervisor on patrol was dull and restrictive, not as free as wandering on his own.

But before Mo Hua could run away, he saw the head supervisor also waving at him.

Now Mo Hua couldn't escape. He could only sigh inwardly and follow Zhang Lan to greet the head supervisor.

Supervisor Zhou also found the patrols boring. Most of his companions were family elders or sect elders, fake smiles and hollow compliments.

It was dull and tiresome.

He had grown used to it over the years, but seeing Zhang Lan and Mo Hua having fun and chatting freely from a distance, he felt a bit envious.

So he waved them over, letting them accompany him on the patrol.

Joy could be shared, and dullness could be alleviated.

With Zhang Lan and Mo Hua accompanying him, the patrol became much more interesting, at least not as dull as before.

Mo Hua looked at Zhang Lan resentfully. If he hadn't pulled him, he would've escaped.

Zhang Lan winked at Mo Hua, indicating he'd make it up to him next time.

Mo Hua had no choice but to follow the head supervisor on patrol.

Supervisor Zhou occasionally asked Mo Hua about various things, like cultivator customs, demonic beast materials, and snacks.

Mo Hua answered them all.

In this way, Mo Hua was forced to spend a day patrolling with Zhang Lan, accompanying Supervisor Zhou around the city without incident.

Supervisor Zhou was very satisfied, but Mo Hua could only sigh inwardly.