

The Quest 302

Chapter 302: Progress

Mo Hua considered for a moment and then sighed.

His cultivation was currently low, and his understanding of arrays was limited. Even if Mr. Zhuang had difficulties, he couldn't help.

"Better to cultivate well and study arrays diligently. In the future, when my cultivation is successful, I will repay Mr. Zhuang for his teachings."

Mo Hua nodded and saw that it was already midnight. He submerged his consciousness into his sea of consciousness, using the Dao Stele to meticulously practice the Reverse Spirit Array.

The days passed calmly, with Mo Hua continuing his cultivation and array practice as usual.

Besides that, Mo Hua was also very concerned about the matters of Heishan Stronghold, but he didn't know the progress made by the Dao Court.

A few days later, at noon, Mo Hua visited Mr. Feng and received some daily use pills. On his way home, he saw Zhang Lan.

Mo Hua quickly greeted Zhang Lan.

Zhang Lan, walking with his head down, heard a child's voice calling "Uncle Zhang." Without looking, he knew it was Mo Hua.

Mo Hua walked up to Zhang Lan, lowered his voice, and asked secretly, "How is it?"

Mo Hua was naturally referring to the matter of the Dao soldiers.

Being a confidential matter, Mo Hua was very cautious not to speak openly.

Zhang Lan looked around and said, "There are too many people here. Let's talk at the restaurant."

The two arrived at the restaurant and sat in their usual spot. Jiang Yun served some wine and dishes.

Seeing that the surrounding customers were regulars, mostly demon hunters who were drinking happily and wouldn't pay attention to their corner, Zhang Lan softly said to Mo Hua, "I have reported the details to the Chief Supervisor. The Chief Supervisor has already reported to the Dao Court. Now we just need to wait for the Dao Court's approval. If they agree, it won't be long before they dispatch Dao soldiers to eliminate Heishan Stronghold."

"Will it take long?"

"If the Dao Court agrees, it won't take long."

"What if the Dao Court doesn't agree?" Mo Hua asked.

Zhang Lan took a sip of wine and pondered, "If what you saw is true, that there are five or six hundred demonic cultivators in Heishan Stronghold, killing people to refine human pills, the Dao Court cannot let demonic cultivators run rampant. They will definitely send Dao soldiers. Don't worry."

Mo Hua nodded, visibly relieved.

Zhang Lan glanced at Mo Hua but sighed inwardly.

This matter wasn't that simple. The hardest part was proving that there was indeed a stronghold deep in the mountains with five or six hundred demonic cultivators refining human longevity pills.

So far, these were only Mo Hua's words.

The only evidence was two maps drawn by Mo Hua: one showing the path through the fog forest and the other the topography of Heishan Stronghold.

There were no other witnesses or physical evidence.

They believed Mo Hua, but the Dao Court wouldn't trust a young cultivator in his teens.

Moreover, Mo Hua didn't have the rank of a first-grade array master.

Chief Supervisor Zhou was also in a difficult position.

He was old, looking forward to a peaceful retirement. Now, with the issue of Heishan Stronghold, he was torn.

Reporting to the Dao Court, if Mo Hua's information was incorrect and there was no stronghold or demonic cultivators, Chief Supervisor Zhou would be held responsible. While it wouldn't lead to imprisonment, he would lose his position.

Not reporting would allow the demonic cultivators to grow stronger, potentially bringing great disaster to all cultivators in Tongxian City.

Choosing between personal safety and the peace of Tongxian City wasn't easy.

In the end, Chief Supervisor Zhou chose to report the matter to the Dao Court.

Zhang Lan remembered Chief Supervisor Zhou's words:

"I have been a Chief Supervisor for most of my life, always playing it safe without any notable achievements. Later, the independent cultivators built the artifact crafting shop and the alchemy hall, bringing me merits. Honestly, I feel guilty..."

"Now that there is danger lurking in Tongxian City, as the Chief Supervisor, I share its fate. I cannot stand by and do nothing."

"The worst outcome is being dismissed by the Dao Court and living a leisurely life afterward."

"The report on the elimination of Heishan Stronghold must be submitted to the Dao Court!"

Chief Supervisor Zhou's expression was very determined.

Zhang Lan knew that being dismissed by the Dao Court and retiring honorably were vastly different in reputation and treatment. Chief Supervisor Zhou wouldn't take this lightly.

Looking at Mo Hua, who was eating, Zhang Lan speculated that Chief Supervisor Zhou made this decision partly because of Mo Hua.

If it were anyone else, even if they gathered this information, the Dao Court wouldn't believe it, and Chief Supervisor Zhou wouldn't risk his position to report it...

Mo Hua noticed Zhang Lan watching him and asked, "Uncle Zhang, aren't you eating?"

Zhang Lan snapped back to reality and smiled, "No rush, I'll have some wine."

Mo Hua offered a piece of meat to Zhang Lan, "Uncle Zhang, you should eat more!"

Zhang Lan looked much more haggard, probably from running around for the Heishan Stronghold matter, making him appear thinner.

Zhang Lan was slightly startled and felt touched.

Mo Hua then said, "Uncle Zhang, you look more proper now, like a typical Dao Court official."

Zhang Lan's face darkened, his earlier sentiment gone.

"What do you mean 'more proper now'? I've always been a proper cultivator, not just now but always, a dignified and upright cultivator!"

"Yes, yes." Mo Hua replied nonchalantly while eating beef.

Zhang Lan felt indignant and uncertain, so he asked Mo Hua, "What did I look like before?"

Mo Hua recalled his first impression of Zhang Lan and tried to describe, "A little bit like an idle, unproductive young master..."

Seeing Zhang Lan displeased, Mo Hua added, "Just a little bit."

Zhang Lan was speechless.

How was he idle and unproductive?

Before, he drank here in his spare time to "understand the cultivators' sentiments," which couldn't be considered idle.

A little bit? If I were really an idle young master, it wouldn't just be a little bit...

Zhang Lan sulkily drank a mouthful of wine.

Mo Hua's eyes lit up, and he asked, "Uncle Zhang, what are you like in your family?"

He shouldn't be this lazy...

"In the family?" Zhang Lan recalled, "Dashing, charming, admired by many young female cultivators who competed to be my Dao companions..."

Mo Hua whispered, "Uncle Zhang, you don't have to lie to me. We're close enough."

Zhang Lan choked on his wine and couldn't help but retort, "Who's lying?"

Mo Hua silently watched him.

Zhang Lan sighed, "Next time, I won't eat with you. I'll be full from anger before I'm full from food."

Mo Hua offered him another piece of meat, "Uncle Zhang, hurry and eat, or you'll be too full from anger to eat."

Zhang Lan, both amused and exasperated, shook his head, "You kid..."

The two continued chatting and eating.

After bickering with Mo Hua, Zhang Lan felt better and less tired.

Recently, due to the Heishan Stronghold issue, he had been busy and worried, with few cultivators in Tongxian City to talk to.

After eating and drinking, Zhang Lan was about to leave when Mo Hua stopped him and asked, "If the Dao Court sends Dao soldiers, can I go see?"

Mo Hua's eyes sparkled. He had long wanted to see what Dao soldiers looked like.

Zhang Lan thought for a moment and shook his head, "No."