

## The Quest 378

### Chapter 378: Wandering

To the south of Tongxian City, on the mountain road outside Shangtai City, a horse-drawn carriage rolled along leisurely.

Mo Hua, who was thirteen years old, sat in this carriage.

Besides Mo Hua, there were also Mr. Zhuang, Old Kui, and his Junior Brother Bai Zisheng and Junior Sister Bai Zixi.

Aunt Xue did not receive Mr. Zhuang's permission, so she did not follow.

This carriage belonged to the Bai Family.

It appeared ordinary on the outside, but it was exceptionally sturdy. Inside, it was not luxurious but comfortable, and quite spacious, able to accommodate five or six people.

Since Mo Hua and the other two were still young and didn't take up much space, the interior of the carriage seemed even more roomy.

However, they could only sit cross-legged and not lie down to sleep.

Old Kui drove the carriage from the front, Mr. Zhuang drank tea inside, and Mo Hua and the other two leaned over a small desk, doing the coursework set by Mr. Zhuang.

The coursework mainly concentrated on Formation, along with some secrets of cultivation.

Occasionally, after traveling for a while, they would stop to rest.

Mo Hua would then run down from the carriage, to a nearby hilltop, and pick some grass to feed the horses.

This horse was also from the Bai Family, and it was a Spirit Beast with a gentle nature. Even when encountering Monster Beasts, it would not get frightened.

According to Bai Zisheng, although the horse looked ordinary and its fur wasn't particularly white, it had a special bloodline, and it also had a very cool name that was something Cloud, something Dragon, something Steed...

Mo Hua found it too much of a tongue twister, so he renamed the horse "Big White."

Bai Zisheng was not satisfied with this name, thinking it weakened the animal's imposing manner and lacked dignity.

But the horse seemed to like it very much; whenever Mo Hua called it "Big White," it would affectionately nuzzle Mo Hua with its head.

Mo Hua grew increasingly fond of Big White. Consequently, whenever they stopped to rest, he thought about what to find for Big White to eat, and released his Divine Sense to search for grass to feed to the horse. 莫华释放了他的神识去寻找喂马的草。

Big White was not picky, eating whatever Mo Hua fed it.

At that moment, as it neared noon, Old Kui stopped the carriage for a rest.

Mo Hua, while feeding Big White, looked back at the overlapping mountains and the distant paths. They were far from Tongxian City now, and he couldn't help but sigh softly.

It had been more than half a month since he had left.

Mo Hua had gradually adapted to the itinerant lifestyle.

Contrary to what he had previously thought, wandering was not about having an ethereal aura, traveling all around, but rather about sleeping outdoors and enduring the hardships of travel.

Fortunately, they had Big White to pull the carriage; otherwise, the journey would have been even more arduous.

Cultivators in the Qi Refinement Realm weren't able to fly; thus, wandering thousands of miles meant traveling on foot.

Mo Hua hadn't even seen a cultivator who could fly.

It was probably because the state boundary he was in belonged to a Second-Grade Prefecture, where the highest cultivation level was only at Foundation Establishment.

Flying was likely an ability of cultivators at the Golden Core Realm or above.

If they were to fly in the Second-Grade Prefecture Border, they'd fear using their cultivation; as they ascended, they would be struck down by thunderbolts in a flash, truly "ascending to the heavens"...

Flying in the sky...

Mo Hua silently chanted to himself, filled with longing. Would there come a day when he could attain the Golden Core and travel through the skies and earth?

Alas, the Golden Core was still far away; he hadn't even reached the Foundation Establishment yet.

Mo Hua felt somewhat melancholic.

As these thoughts crossed his mind, he got hungry.

But thinking about what they had to eat for lunch, Mo Hua couldn't muster any enthusiasm.

Along the road, they mostly ate Fasting Pills.

Fasting Pills were straightforward and convenient for cultivators to stave off hunger, but eating them for an extended time inevitably became monotonous, and one's Blood Qi would not flow smoothly.

However, given that they were on an expedition, they didn't fuss too much over this.

Mo Hua could tolerate this bit of hardship.

Besides Fasting Pills, Mo Hua actually had other food.

Before departing, Liu Ruhua had made many pieces of dried meat, stored in the Storage Bag for him to take along.

But Mo Hua couldn't bear to eat these.

Only when he was sick of Fasting Pills would he take them out to eat, or on occasions when he missed home, he would have a piece.

It was personally made by his mother, and as he wandered around, unable to return home, every piece he ate was one piece fewer; once it was gone, there would be no more...

Mo Hua sighed again.

Ahead, there was no village; behind, there was no shop.

Thus, for lunch that day, everyone once again ate Fasting Pills.

Bai Zisheng wore a gloomy expression.

It's difficult to shift from luxury to frugality; having been used to the spicy flavors of beef, it was indeed hard to endure eating Fasting Pills every day.

Bai Zixi's face was expressionless, but she didn't look happy either.

Mr. Zhuang furrowed his brow and suddenly said,

"Don't you think about making something to eat yourselves?"

All three of them, Mo Hua included, were taken aback before looking towards Old Kui.

Mr. Zhuang looked at him too.

Normally, it seemed that Old Kui should be the one cooking.

Old Kui said indifferently, "I don't mind, as long as you don't mind."

Mo Hua, Bai Zisheng, and Bai Zixi looked at each other, not understanding what they should mind.

The following midday, when Old Kui served up a pot of meat, they understood.

Just the appearance of it was quite concerning...

Out of politeness, they tried a bite, but could not bring themselves to eat any more of it.

Mr. Zhuang also sighed and said,

"The food I used to eat... was actually like this..."

Old Kui shot him a glance, "You've developed a fastidious taste now. How is that my fault? Either way, that's the flavor it's supposed to be. Whether you like it or don't, that's up to you."

Naturally, Mr. Zhuang couldn't stomach it. After pondering for a moment, he turned his eyes toward Mo Hua.

Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi, their eyes lighting up, also turned to Mo Hua.

Even Old Kui was looking at him.

Mo Hua was startled, "I'm not really good at it either..."

Mr. Zhuang stroked his chin, “Normally, cooking skills should be hereditary, right? Your mother’s cooking is so good, you shouldn’t be too bad either.”

Mr. Zhuang offered a word of encouragement.

Seeing everyone’s expectant looks, Mo Hua reluctantly nodded.

Afterward, Mo Hua recalled how his mother used to cook and tried making a meat soup.

Mr. Zhuang tasted it and nodded slightly.

Bai Zixi tried it and also nodded lightly.

Bai Zisheng wolfed it down and shook his head, “It’s still not as good as Aunt Liu’s.”

“Then why did you eat it so clean?”

Bai Zisheng honestly said, “I was hungry...”

Although it wasn’t particularly delicious, it was the best among the choices, so cooking naturally fell onto Mo Hua, the junior brother.

Perhaps he really inherited Liu Ruhua’s culinary talents, for Mo Hua learned cooking rather quickly.

A few days later, his dishes already looked quite professional.

But it’s hard to satisfy everyone’s tastes, and there were still a bunch of problems.

Mr. Zhuang’s blood qi was weak, so he wanted something light; Old Kui wanted something crunchy, something that made noise when chewed; Bai Zisheng wanted something spicy, preferably meat; Bai Zixi wanted something sweet, preferably pastries...

Mo Hua scratched his head as he listened.

Eventually, he came up with a solution, which was to build a separate stove.

He created four formations, for four separate stove tops.

One for steaming, one for dry frying, one for boiling, and one for steaming pastries.

Mo Hua drew up the blueprints and designed the formations, then, passing through a little Immortal City, stayed a few days longer, spent some extra spirit stones, and commissioned an Artifact Refiner to forge the stove into being.

After it was forged, the Artifact Refiner was puzzled:

"Young man, I can make this stove for you, but no one here can draw the formation for you."

Mo Hua said nonchalantly, "No problem, I'll draw it myself."

And so, Mo Hua actually drew the formation right in front of him.

The Artifact Refiner was greatly shocked.

Even after Mo Hua had paid the spirit stones and left the Refinery Shop with the stove, he remained in awe...

The formations on the stove were drawn by Mo Hua, but the spirit stones for its creation were merely fronted by him; it was Bai Zisheng who'd paid for them in the end.

Once the stove was ready, Mo Hua tried to use it four ways at once.

He made a dish of steamed fish.

The fish was from a spirit beast, otherwise, it couldn't be steamed properly and would remain tough.

He fried a pan of pine nuts.

The pine nuts were prepared for Old Kui, who enjoyed cracking them for their sound; he could skip meals, but not pine nuts.

He boiled a pot of beef.

This beef was monster meat, quite cheap, but took a while to stew, using many spices and having a strong spicy flavor.

He also steamed a pot of pastries.

Soft, glutinous, sweet...

Not only Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi, but even Mr. Zhuang and Old Kui were deeply impressed.

Mr. Zhuang couldn't help but wonder if teaching Mo Hua about formations had hindered his development in culinary skills...

Bai Zisheng still finished every last bite, then sadly said, "Still not as good as Aunt Liu."

Mo Hua didn't indulge him this time and snorted coldly, "Then why don't you cook?"

Bai Zisheng said boldly, "I will cook!"

He felt that even though he hadn't eaten pork before, he'd seen pigs run.

Besides, having eaten a lot of meat and seen Mo Hua's cooking process, he thought such a task should be nothing for someone with his aptitude.

So Bai Zisheng tried to cook a pot of meat himself.

But the meat he cooked turned out dry and stringy, flavorless, tough to chew, and even had a gamey taste.

Bai Zisheng tasted it and his whole face scrunched up.

Curious, Bai Zixi also tried to knead some dough, but it wasn't steamed thoroughly, limp like a clump of white mud...

Both of them could only look longingly at Mo Hua.

Mo Hua sighed and had to cook for them again.

After some effort, Bai Zisheng, again eating the dishes made by Mo Hua, was moved almost to tears, especially when compared to his own attempt.

Bai Zixi nibbled on the pastries, her eyes gleaming with delight.

And so, as the carriage trundled along, unknowingly, another half a month passed by.

During the day, they traveled and learned about formations from Mr. Zhuang on the carriage.

When it came to mealtimes, Mo Hua cooked.

If by night they hadn't come across an Immortal City, a small town, or some wild temples and small sects nestled in the mountains, they would have to camp out.

The carriage was naturally reserved for Mr. Zhuang.

As the master for the three of them, respecting and valuing the teacher was only natural.

Moreover, since leaving Tongxian City, Mr. Zhuang's complexion had improved somewhat, but his breath was still somewhat weak.

Mo Hua also hoped Mr. Zhuang could rest well.

The three disciples would camp outside.

Before camping, Mo Hua would set up stone formations around the perimeter and lay an Early Warning Formation to guard against monster beasts or bandits.

Then, Mo Hua, Bai Zisheng, and Bai Zixi would each cover themselves with a blanket and lie down on the ground.

These blankets were also from the Bai Family, but Mo Hua had redrawn formations on them.

They could warm up and let air through, cozy and not stuffy, very comfortable to cover with.

The night fell, and the mountain moon shone coldly.

Wrapped in their blankets, the three resembled little caterpillars, bathed in moonlight, sleeping quietly.