

## The Quest 382

### Chapter 382: Sun Family

As Mo Hua released his Divine Sense to probe, within the most luxurious residence in Thousand Families Town, a middle-aged cultivator with a harsh face and a lean figure suddenly opened his eyes, his expression slightly startled.

He furrowed his brows and instructed:

“Call Zer here.”

The servant complied and left. Shortly after, a frivolous-looking young man entered and casually said:

“Dad, what’s up?”

The middle-aged cultivator’s name was Sun Yi, and he was the Sun Family head.

This young man was named Sun Ze, the legitimate eldest son of the Sun Family.

Family head Sun Yi with a frown said, “A cultivator is probing with Divine Sense.”

Surprised, Sun Ze asked, “A Foundation Establishment cultivator?”

Sun Yi nodded, “This Divine Sense is extremely subtle and profound. It simply swept by; had I not been engrossed in comprehending a Formation, focusing my Divine Sense, I might not have noticed it at all.”

“This person is undoubtedly a Foundation Establishment cultivator!” Sun Yi declared with certainty.

Sun Ze also furrowed his brows:

“What would a Foundation Establishment cultivator be doing in Thousand Families Town?”

Sun Yi pondered for a moment before speaking slowly:

“Whatever he’s up to, we will treat him with hospitality. If we can avoid provoking him, we should. The sooner we send him on his way, the better.”

Then he instructed, “This Foundation Establishment cultivator, using Divine Sense to find the way, must be a cultivator from outside.”

“There’s only one road leading to Thousand Families Town from outside.”

“You take some people to greet him, invite them as guests, and make sure not to offend them.”

Dissatisfied, Sun Ze said, “Why go through such trouble? If he wants to come, let him come; if he wants to go, let him go. Why should we care about him?”

Sun Yi chided, “What do you know? Not all Foundation Establishment cultivators are equal. Our Sun Family lives in a remote location, it is natural for us to make connections with other cultivators. Even if we don’t make connections, we need to understand what he came for and avoid offending him.”

“Besides, this Foundation Establishment cultivator might not be someone to be taken lightly.”

This Divine Sense made him feel a deep sense of wariness.

Chastised by Sun Yi, Sun Ze had no choice but to comply:

“Fine, dad, I’ll listen to you.”

After Sun Ze left, Sun Yi still knitted his brows with a troubled mind, and his gaze gradually turned cold, “I hope he’s not here to cause trouble...”

...

In Thousand Lamps Town.

Old Kui was cracking pine nuts, driving a horse carriage.

Big White was pulling the carriage, slowly moving along the streets of Thousand Lamps Town.

Mo Hua leaned out, surveying the various Formations around him.

However, the surrounding houses were low, and the Formations crude; there was not much to look at.

After a while, several cultivators appeared ahead on the road.

The one leading was a young cultivator dressed in brocade, with a frivolous face, but trying to look dignified.

Old Kui stopped the carriage.

The young cultivator smiled and greeted with clasped hands:

“We have not gone afar to welcome our distinguished guests.”

Old Kui’s expression was wooden as he replied indifferently, “Who are you?”

The voice was grating like dry wood, clearly a human voice yet not quite like one.

A shiver ran through the hearts of the Sun Family members.

Sun Ze hurriedly said, “I am Sun Ze, the eldest son of the Sun Family from Thousand Families Town.”

Old Kui asked again blandly, “What is the matter?”

The hoarse voice made Sun Ze somewhat uncomfortable and also slightly resentful.

Usually, it was he who asked others questions, and he was rarely addressed with such a cool tone.

But his father had already spoken, and he dared not contravene.

Just an old carter appeared so enigmatic; the cultivator sitting in the carriage must be even more extraordinary.

If there was really a Foundation Establishment cultivator, then he was someone Sun Ze could not afford to offend.

Thus, Sun Ze said respectfully, "Thousand Families Town is modest, and we fear we may offend our distinguished guests. If our guests do not mind, may they please step over to the Sun Family, so that we may offer the modest hospitality of the host."

Old Kui remained silent.

Inside the carriage, Mo Hua's three disciples looked at each other before all turning to Mr. Zhuang.

Mr. Zhuang nodded slightly.

Outside, Old Kui then nodded and said, "That would be acceptable."

For some reason, Sun Ze felt relieved.

This seemingly wooden carter consistently gave him a subtle sense of oppression.

It also made him curious about who exactly was riding in the carriage.

Leading the way, Sun Ze headed to the Sun Family's grand entrance with Old Kui driving the carriage, under the astonished eyes of the passerby, they slowly entered the Sun Family's magnificent gates.

The carriage stopped.

The Sun Family head, Sun Yi, personally welcomed them.

But the cultivators that came out of the carriage surprised them all.

First was a young boy with eyebrows like painted swords and stars for eyes, followed by a cute-faced young girl.

Then came a little cultivator with clear eyes and well-defined features, who was helping a celestial-looking white-robed cultivator with no sense of energy on him, not even appearing like a cultivator.

Sun Yi was momentarily at a loss.

Among these people, who was the Foundation Establishment?

Whose Divine Sense was that, probing in?

Sun Yi frowned.

Logically speaking, this white-robed cultivator looked most like a Foundation Establishment, but if he were in the Foundation Establishment stage, it wouldn't be possible for him to conceal his presence to the point of being undetectable.

Unless he was above Foundation Establishment, a Great Cultivator of the Golden Core Realm.

However, a cultivator of the Golden Core Realm wouldn't likely visit the remote and minor place of Second Grade state boundary.

"Could it be that I was mistaken?"

Was there actually no Foundation Establishment cultivator spying?

Sun Yi muttered to himself with some doubts.

But now that the guests had been welcomed inside, it was impossible to turn them away, and it was also not appropriate to admit to his mistake.

He could only pluck up the courage to say, “May I inquire the esteemed name of this Taoist Friend...?”

Mr. Zhuang said indifferently, “Surname Zhuang.”

Sun Yi was taken aback. It was an unusual surname, sparing with words, and carried the demeanor of a noble expert.

It just wasn’t clear if it could be a fake.

Still, there was no point in dwelling on these things now.

Sun Yi bowed his hands and said, “What brings our honored guest here?”

Mr. Zhuang’s tone was still indifferent:

“Passing through your land, I will rest for a few days.”

Sun Yi didn’t quite believe it, but still smiled and said:

“Encounters are fate, and those who come from afar are guests. If you don’t mind, please stay at my Sun Family residence for several days so that I may show a token of my hospitality.”

Mr. Zhuang revealed a trace of a faint smile:

“Then I shall impose.”

“There is no need for courtesy,” Sun Yi said with a bow of his hands.

Afterward, Sun Yi arranged for them to settle in and warmly said:

“If there is anything you need, just let the servants know. My Sun Family will do our best to fulfill it.”

Once Mr. Zhuang and his party were settled, the smile on Sun Yi’s face gradually faded once he returned to the living room.

Sun Ze asked him, “Dad, who is at the Foundation Establishment stage?”

Sun Yi shook his head, “I haven’t figured it out yet.”

Sun Ze was not satisfied, “If there is no one at the Foundation Establishment stage, then weren’t we busy for nothing? And you were so humble and obliging, do they even deserve it?”

“Say less of such ignorant remarks!” Sun Yi rebuked with a frown, “A true man can bend and stretch. What’s wrong with being humble and obliging?”

The Sun Family living room was decorated regally.

Sun Yi sat down, a beautiful maid came forward to offer tea, and after he took a sip, he pondered for a moment before slowly saying:

“Among this group of cultivators, even if there is no one at the Foundation Establishment stage, their identities must not be ordinary...”

Sun Ze’s gaze, reluctantly moving away from the maid’s waist, nodded in agreement and said:

“That’s right, that old man driving the cart, the young lad with an impressive bearing, and that pretty young girl, they all have an extraordinary temperament...”

“And that Mr. Zhuang, either he is a true expert with an air of immortality, or he’s a real big fraud...”

Sun Ze counted them all, but only Mo Hua was left out.

To Sun Ze, Mo Hua only looked a bit more clever, not worthy of his attention.

“Dad,” Sun Ze leaned in and whispered:

“What are we going to do next?”

Sun Yi’s eyebrows raised, he put down the tea cup and said in a calm voice:

“Observe for a few days. If they are beyond our reach, we treat them with courtesy...”

“What if they are within our reach?”

Sun Yi looked at Sun Ze, his gaze somewhat secretive, “... then we must still treat them well.”

Sun Ze also smiled.

...

The Sun Family prepared two large guest rooms for Mo Hua and the others.

One for Mr. Zhuang and Old Kui to stay in, and the other for the three children including Mo Hua.

Although called large guest rooms, they were also exquisitely arranged with complete sets of porcelain, folding screens, and the burning of sandalwood, with smoke curling upwards.

There were five or six beds placed side by side, each bed covered with soft blankets.

Bai Zixi sat cross-legged, elegant and calm as she meditated.

The two brothers of Mo Hua were lying on the beds, whispering to each other.



“That Sun surname doesn’t look like a good guy.”

“Which Sun surname?”

“Is there any other Sun surname?”

“One father, one son...”

“Both don’t look like good people.”

“Exactly, their smiles are too fake.”

“A smile that doesn’t reach the eyes.”

“Too enthusiastic, they must be harboring ulterior motives.”

“No good deed goes unoffered without a hidden agenda...”

...

As the two murmured among themselves, Bai Zixi found it impossible to continue her cultivation and could only open her eyes, wide as autumn waters, and look at them helplessly.