

The Quest 80

Chapter 80: A Bustling Scene

As dusk fell, just as the hour of You arrived, Mo Hua reached the large tree on West Street.

Bai Zisheng hadn't arrived yet, and out of boredom, Mo Hua picked up a stick and began drawing array patterns in the dirt for fun.

The array pattern Mo Hua was practicing was the Earth-Fire Array, which, being an offensive type, required more time to master and perfect.

Just when Mo Hua thought Bai Zisheng wouldn't show, he looked up to see Aunt Xue arriving with Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi.

Mo Hua waved his hand politely and said, "Aunt Xue, long time no see!"

"It has been a long time!" Aunt Xue replied, her pale hands instinctively touching Mo Hua's head, which he somewhat reluctantly allowed.

"It's been tough for Zisheng and Zixi with their cultivation," Aunt Xue said in a gentle voice. "Today is also a festival day, so let them relax a bit. We'll need your help to show us around."

"No trouble at all," Mo Hua replied, shaking his head before gesturing, "Follow me. Today is the last day of the Demon Hunter Festival, and it's very lively!"

Bai Zisheng exclaimed softly and then ran up to Mo Hua, looking around curiously and asking about every novel thing he saw.

The cultivation world is vast and varied, and with the strict control of their families, there were many things Bai Zisheng had never seen before.

Bai Zixi, on the other hand, quietly followed Aunt Xue, wearing a similar but much smaller bamboo hat, her beautiful face mostly hidden behind white gauze, revealing only a glimpse of her delicate chin. She didn't talk much, but listened intently to the conversation between Bai Zisheng and Mo Hua.

The street was ablaze with lights; it wasn't exactly bustling but certainly lively with the essence of worldly life.

On both sides of the street, stalls were set up selling pills, spiritual tools, jewelry, snacks, array patterns, miscellaneous items, toys, herbs, spirit ink, and even the pelts, bones, and cores of demonic beasts, offering a dazzling array of goods.

The crowd moved slowly along the stalls, their shadows flickering in the light, stretching off into the unseen distance.

Even Aunt Xue, who came from a prominent family and had seen more prosperous immortal cities, was momentarily stunned by the lively and noisy streets and markets. It seemed that these cultivators were truly alive.

Following the lively crowd, even those who normally transcended worldly concerns could feel the joys of the secular world.

Bai Zisheng enjoyed his walk, buying many things, such as a fire-breathing bull, a blinking monkey, and a tail-wagging dog, all made of wood and painted vividly, likely containing simple array patterns that would animate with a touch of spiritual power.

Among other things, he also bought an extravagant sword, flashy and ornate, shining with multicolored light, which, despite its appearance, was not even a real spiritual tool. But Bai Zisheng loved it immensely.

Mo Hua ended up holding a bunch of things Bai Zisheng bought, and he could choose something he liked later on.

Bai Zixi received a tiny white rabbit, only the size of a fingernail, which scampered around in her palm. Mo Hua had bought it for her because she had been staring at it at a stall but hadn't said anything. Feeling like he was taking advantage of Bai Zisheng's generosity, Mo Hua spent a spirit stone to buy the rabbit for Bai Zixi.

Bai Zixi merely thanked him simply, her expression unreadable, but whenever she had a chance, she would open her palm and watch the little rabbit hopping about.

Besides shopping, Bai Zisheng also enjoyed watching performances.

One was a shadow puppet show, with a large screen displaying the shadows. The puppets included various characters—men, women, the old, and the young—as well as all kinds of demons and beasts. Cultivators controlled the puppets with their spiritual power, performing various actions, while other cultivators narrated the stories.

The stories in the shadow puppet shows involved both humans and demons, typically featuring a male cultivator heroically rescuing a beautiful female cultivator, leading to a sworn lifetime commitment.

In one story, despite opposition from his sect and elders, the man elopes with the woman, who then strips off her clothes in a secluded area, transforms into a demonic beast, and devours him.

Mo Hua found this story particularly meaningful and never tired of it.

However, Bai Zisheng preferred the simpler and more lively beast-fighting plays.

These plays depicted Demon Hunters hunting demonic beasts. They set up a large stage where some cultivators played Demon Hunters—some

might not even need to act, being hunters themselves—while others hid inside puppets made of demonic beast bones and fur, playing the beasts. The demonic beasts would breathe fire, and the cultivators would use spells, making for an exciting show.

Mo Hua found it somewhat fake, as Mo Shan, a Demon Hunter, had told him that real hunts were tense and dangerous, even when facing weak beasts, as one could get seriously injured or even killed if careless.

But such performances were just for fun—well, except for Bai Zisheng, who dreamed of going up the mountain to fight a beast one-on-one, which Aunt Xue would never allow.

As they continued their stroll, they ran into Zhang Lan.

Zhang Lan was walking with a group of older cultivators, all with little hair but clearly of high status, likely senior members of the Dao Court and elders from several families in Tongxian City.

A procession of cultivators marched grandly, with cultivators in Dao Court robes clearing the way in front and a group of young cultivators respectfully following behind.

These young cultivators, highly regarded within their families and performing well in the Tongxian Sect, were allowed to accompany the elders on their outing.

Zhang Lan, conspicuously out of place among the white-haired cultivators and sporting a forced smile, seemed to be awkwardly making conversation.

Mo Hua spotted Zhang Lan, but Zhang Lan, busy socializing, probably didn't see him.

Suddenly, Zhang Lan said something to an elder with particularly white and sparse hair, bowed, and quietly excused himself. When Mo Hua turned around, he found Zhang Lan not far away, waving at him.

"Aren't you supposed to be with them? Those are all important people from the city..." Mo Hua couldn't help but ask.

"Don't even mention it, I was actually on leave, sneaking out for a stroll, but I got caught by the head of the court and had to spend half the day accompanying these family heads and elders."

"Oh, I thought you were not serious about your duties, but I didn't expect you to handle those elders quite well, even if it was a bit superficial," Mo Hua admitted, somewhat impressed.

Zhang Lan casually ruffled Mo Hua's hair, "What do you know, kid? It's all just for show; I'm lazy, not stupid."

Mo Hua was slightly disdainful.

"Oh, well, I still have things to do, you go enjoy yourself," Mo Hua dismissed him.

Zhang Lan chuckled, "What could you possibly have to do?" then turned and noticed Bai Zisheng and Bai Zixi, both young but of extraordinary appearance, and behind them the distinguished but face-obscured Aunt Xue.