

# The Quest for Immortality

## #Chapter 284: Pill Room - Read The Quest for Immortality

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Feeding pigs?

Mo Hua was slightly taken aback, his eyebrows slowly furrowing.

He had roamed around Black Mountain Stronghold for so long, but he couldn't recall where he had seen any pigs...

Moreover, what would these evil cultivators want with raising pigs?

It couldn't possibly be for eating their meat...

And what exactly were these pigs?

Were they monster beasts?

For some reason, Mo Hua suddenly cared a great deal.

He felt that within Black Mountain Stronghold, the phrase "feeding pigs" seemed particularly odd.

"Should I take a look?"

Mo Hua looked up at the sky, night had just fallen, somewhat dark and murky.

It was still early, he would just take a look and then take advantage of the deep night to sneak back.

He couldn't stay in Black Mountain Stronghold any longer.

Mo Hua made up his mind, and then, concealing his form, quietly followed after Scarface.

Scarface had stuffed Kong Sheng into a hemp sack, carrying it with one hand, leaving a trail of blood all the way to the back of the stronghold's gate.

Scarface pushed the door and went inside.

Mo Hua's gaze sharpened, his brow furrowed.

So it was in the back of the stronghold, no wonder he hadn't seen it.

"Should I go in?"

The third and fourth Household members were Foundation Building evil cultivators living in the back of the stronghold, Mo Hua's concealment could deceive their Divine Sense for a moment, but a slip-up could easily give him away.

Just then, he heard Scarface talking with another old evil cultivator, saying:

"Is the third Household member here? I've brought something."

Kong Sheng's body was merely "something," not even considered human.

Or perhaps, to the evil cultivators, all the cultivators who died in Black Mountain Stronghold were merely "things," not humans.

The old evil cultivator's hoarse voice said, "The third Household member just went out, and the fourth Household member is not here either, but I have the keys, so I'll open the door for you."

Mo Hua was stunned for a moment, then a flicker of realization brightened his eyes.

If neither Household member was there, he would be able to enter the back of the stronghold.

He had always wanted to know what was in the back of Black Mountain Stronghold, and now was the perfect opportunity to take a look.

The old evil cultivator led Scarface deep inside, eventually stopping in front of a large door forged from bronze, with a beast face and sharp teeth, somber and oppressive.

The old evil cultivator took out a white skull from his chest and stuffed it into the mouth part of the bronze door.

Above the door, bloody Formation Patterns lit up one by one, with a crimson glow circulating and converging inward, focusing into the mouth of the beast.

It was as if fresh blood flowed into the mouth of a monster beast.

And as the monster beast drank its fill of fresh blood, it opened its mouth wide and the door thunderously swung open.

Mo Hua watched with his eyelids twitching.

This Formation!

It was not a regular Five Elements Formation or any other orthodox Taoist Court Formation.

It was a truly Evil Formation!

Those red lights were not monster blood, but human blood;

The skull was not from a monster, but from a human.

Studying Evil Formations and practicing Evil Skills was strictly forbidden by the Taoist Court, and upon discovery, one was sentenced to death without exception.

The door guarded by an Evil Formation led to what, exactly?

Could it hide the true secrets of Black Mountain Stronghold?

Mo Hua had long harbored doubts. Did this group of evil cultivators gather here merely to find a place to lodge?

The Householder built Black Mountain Stronghold and gathered so many evil cultivators; could there be another purpose?

Could this purpose be concealed behind the door?

Mo Hua suddenly felt a surge of nervousness.

The old evil cultivator pushed the door open, speaking to Scarface: “Go on in.”

Scarface, seemingly not his first time here, nodded, and with the hemp sack in his grip, he entered the bronze door.

The old evil cultivator didn’t go inside but stood guard outside.

With only the power of the Qi Refining Ninth Level, he couldn’t see through Mo Hua’s Concealment Technique.

As long as the Foundation Building Cultivator wasn’t there, these Qi Refinement Realm evil cultivators were essentially “blind with eyes open” to Mo Hua.

Mo Hua first quietly released his Divine Sense, peering into the doorway.

There was only the life force of Scarface behind the door; no other trap-like Formations were present.

Mo Hua was slightly reassured, and then, taking advantage of the old evil cultivator’s inattentiveness, he stealthily, without making a sound, carefully entered through the door.

As soon as he stepped through the door, a stench of blood rushed toward him.

A faint blood mist floated in the air, carrying a dull stench of decay and a nauseating odd smell.

Behind the door was this odor, which did not surprise Mo Hua.

It permeated Black Mountain Stronghold everywhere; it was just denser here.

What surprised Mo Hua was the layout and setup of this place.

In front of the hall stood a huge Alchemy Furnace.

The Alchemy Furnace was white, as if made of bone.

Below, a ghastly green ghost fire burned, flickering eerily, the flames licking at the pill furnace, inside which something unknown was being refined, hissing and crackling.

Around it were various kinds of medicinal herbs, strange in shape and vivid in color.

Some of the herbs even seemed alive, with stalks eerily writhing and leaves opening and closing, occasionally even emitting screams.

The entire room resembled an alchemy room.

An alchemy room where some unknown, bloody, and eerie pills were being concocted.

Just observing it made Mo Hua feel uneasy in body and mind.

"What pills are these evil cultivators refining, exactly?"

Mo Hua frowned in thought.

Suddenly, he heard Scarface's voice, "This pig's eating habits are truly disgusting!"

Mo Hua followed the sound, and sure enough, on the other side of the pill furnace, he saw Scarface, and before him, a gigantic pig monster.

The pig was as tall as four men, its eyes blood-red, its drool like blood water, and its body also covered in mottled bloodstains.

It looked both ferocious and deformed, as well as strange.

Scarface was feeding it the corpse of Kong Sheng.

The pig looked foolish and simple, seemingly only knowing to eat.

Mo Hua was somewhat bewildered.

Refining pills was one thing, but why raise a pig in the alchemy room?

And what exactly was this pig for?

Before he could figure it out, Mo Hua's heart suddenly leapt.

He sensed someone approaching through his divine sense.

The person's presence was obscure and unfathomable, and it was the third Householder!

Mo Hua immediately executed the Water Passing Step, taking three steps in quick succession to flip up onto the beam, lying flat and real on the broad roof beam, holding his breath and focusing his spirit, not daring to let out the slightest breath.

In just a moment, the third Householder walked in.

Upon seeing the third Householder, Scarface looked reverent, and respectfully said, "Householder."

The third Householder saw him feeding the pig, nodded, and said, "You may leave."

"Yes."

Scarface respectfully acknowledged, bowed, and then left.

The pill room was now left with only the third Householder and Mo Hua, secretly lying on the roof beam.

Mo Hua lay on the roof beam, not daring to move, and couldn't help thinking:

"Didn't the third Householder go out? Why has he come back again?"

Could it be that he just went out on a temporary errand, and now that he's finished, he has returned?

If the third Householder stays here all the time, am I unable to get out?

A chill ran through Mo Hua's heart.

After a while, there was no more movement in the room, and Mo Hua cautiously stretched out his head to peek down.

His gaze swept over the pill furnace and the pig monster and then spotted the third Householder.

Mo Hua was startled and quickly retracted his gaze, burying his little head, no longer stirring.

After a bit, the third Householder showed no reaction.

"He hasn't noticed my gaze?"

Mo Hua pondered with suspicion.

He stuck his head out again and stealthily glanced at the third Householder, then quickly withdrew it.

The third Householder still had no reaction.

Mo Hua thought for a moment and then understood.

Among Black Mountain Stronghold's two Householders, the fourth Householder had weak divine senses, but keen perceptions, such that even a glance from him would be instinctively noticed.

The third Householder was the opposite, with strong divine senses but not those nearly monstrous keen perceptions.

So when Mo Hua sneakily watched him, as long as there was no malice or killing intent, he would not notice.

Mo Hua quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

It was good that he hadn't been detected.

Otherwise, his situation would have been even more dangerous.

He then grew curious; what exactly was the third Householder doing in the alchemy room so late?

Mo Hua stuck out his small head again, quietly observing.

The third Householder sat on a meditation cushion, focusing his mind and meditating in thought.

This was usual for him.

The third Householder meditated, composed and leisurely.

It just so happened that he was unaware that in the seemingly impregnable Black Mountain Stronghold, in this mysterious bloody pill room, a little cultivator had secretly slipped in.

And at this moment, this little cultivator was curiously peeking at him, sticking out his small head.

After meditating for a while, feeling peaceful in spirit and clear in divine sense, the third Householder took out a map from his storage bag and spread it out before him.

The third Householder picked up a gesture with his hand, sat cross-legged, eyes fixed on the map, focusing his mind in contemplation.

Blocked by the beam, Mo Hua could see what the third Householder was doing, but he couldn't see the content on the map.

Even so, Mo Hua was still profoundly shocked.

Did the third Householder really possess a Contemplation Map?

His current behavior, could it be that he was comprehending the Contemplation Map?!