

The Quest 278

Chapter 278: Young Master Kong

Young Master Kong from the Kong family—could it be that Kong Sheng isn't dead yet?

Mo Hua, curious, quietly followed the fat cultivator out, treading lightly behind him.

The fat cultivator, unaware of his shadow, carried a food box and grumbled in a low voice all the way.

"I went through so much trouble to get into this Heishan Stronghold, and now I'm just delivering meals."

"Not letting me learn demonic techniques is one thing, but they don't even let me do proper tasks. Every day it's just delivering food to these useless folks."

"Damn it, a bunch of unappreciative fools..."

"I had quite a reputation outside..."

Mo Hua understood that this fat cultivator felt he was being wasted, believing that Heishan Stronghold didn't recognize his talents. They didn't let him learn demonic techniques, kill, or plunder, just made him deliver food, which made him resentful.

Mo Hua silently smirked. As expected, a hopeless case. You can't get ivory from a dog's mouth, nor can you carve rotten wood.

He does nothing proper, only thinks about harming others.

The fat cultivator kept cursing under his breath as he walked through several paths, rounding a few corners until he reached a secluded house. He knocked on the iron door.

"Young Master Kong, dinner's here."

The fat cultivator said, then dumped the food into a large bowl in front of the door like feeding a pig and pushed the bowl through the door's gap.

He was about to leave when a sharp voice came from inside.

"Don't go!"

The fat cultivator frowned. Other demonic cultivators might yell at him, but this young master, a mere piglet, dared to talk to him like this?

The fat cultivator forced a smile, "Does Young Master Kong have something to say?"

Kong Sheng quickly asked, "Has there been any word from my father?"

"That, I wouldn't know."

"It's been so long; he can't possibly not ransom me."

Through the iron door, Kong Sheng's voice sounded anxious.

"Is it that the spirit stones aren't enough? I can increase it—six thousand... no, eight thousand!"

"As long as you let me out and give me a way to live."

"Any amount of spirit stones, my father will definitely give you!"

The mention of spirit stones made the fat cultivator's eyes light up, "Is Young Master Kong serious?"

"Absolutely! Absolutely!" Inside, Kong Sheng seemed to be nodding repeatedly, "Just let me out!"

After a pause, as if recalling something, Kong Sheng asked, "Are you new here?"

The voice of the food-delivering cultivator sounded unfamiliar to him.

The fat cultivator's eyes narrowed slightly, "Yes."

Kong Sheng thought he understood. Since he was new and delivering food, he must be low-ranked, like a servant in his household.

Kong Sheng said, "Secretly send a message to my father, and he will reward you generously."

The word "reward" made the fat cultivator very unhappy.

He preferred to "take" rather than be "rewarded."

"Does Young Master have proof?"

Kong Sheng pushed a jade pendant through the door gap, "This jade pendant, given by my father, is worth five hundred spirit stones. Show it to him, and he'll understand."

The fat cultivator took the jade pendant, satisfied, and asked, "What message does Young Master want me to deliver?"

Kong Sheng lowered his voice, "My father is a Foundation Building cultivator! Tell him to secretly bring people to annihilate this stronghold and kill them all. Once it's done, you can join the Kong family. I'll have my father grant you the Kong surname; you can become a steward, no, an elder!"

Not only Mo Hua but even the fat cultivator was shocked.

Could someone truly be this foolish?

What on earth did his father teach him?

Did he really think his Kong family was invincible and he could act with impunity for life?

The fat cultivator tucked the jade pendant into his robe, flattering, "Rest assured, Young Master, I'll definitely deliver the message."

"Good! Good!" Kong Sheng was overjoyed.

The fat cultivator sneered, but Kong Sheng couldn't see it through the door.

"Young Master Kong, stay put here. Before it's done, don't even think about escaping; the demonic cultivators here will surely kill you if they get angry."

The fat cultivator hypocritically reminded.

Kong Sheng replied, "Don't worry, I won't run. You go quickly."

The fat cultivator sneered, turned, and walked away, spitting at the door midway and muttering:

"What a fool, damn it!"

Mo Hua watched him, knowing he would pocket the jade pendant and do nothing, gaining five hundred spirit stones for free.

Mo Hua shook his head, climbed the wall silently, and, seeing no one around, disabled the array on the roof, removed a tile, and peeked inside.

The room was simple and shabby.

At the door stood a young cultivator, dressed in luxurious but now tattered clothes, looking like he had been through a lot.

This must be Kong Sheng, the young master of the Kong family.

Mo Hua couldn't help but mutter:

"Good people don't live long; mischief lasts for a thousand years. How does this Kong Sheng have such luck, being so foolish yet surviving among demonic cultivators?"

Then he sighed, wondering what the Kong family taught him, for his mind to be so muddled?

Still thinking of bribing demonic cultivators with spirit stones to make them do his bidding.

They were kind enough to give him food and keep him alive.

Mo Hua murmured, watching Kong Sheng suddenly throw a fit.

Kong Sheng picked up the food bowl, ate a few bites, then pretended to vomit but forced it down.

Then a surge of anger and frustration overtook him.

He started smashing and throwing things, lashing out with fists and feet, his face contorted in rage, cursing:

"All should die! Damn it, they all should die!"

"What are they, stepping on my head? I still have to ask them for help? Damn it!"

He seemed to recall the numerous humiliations, the times he knelt and begged for mercy, proclaiming himself the young master of the Kong family, seeking their pity.

Remembering the mocking and ridicule from the demonic cultivators.

Kong Sheng's eyes reddened, growling:

"It's all that Ji bastard father and son!"

"If you hadn't provoked me, I wouldn't have sought revenge, wouldn't have left the city, wouldn't be in this mess!"

"And that slut Fu Lan, just a pretty face! Acting pure! How dare she defy me!"

"Once I have you, I'll make you wish you were dead!"

"These demonic cultivators too, humiliating me like this, looking down on me—you all will die!"

"You all will die!"

Kong Sheng's expression was hysterical.

Mo Hua listened, frowning gradually.

Clearly, he had done wrong himself, yet he always blamed others.

And his vengeful nature, such malice.

"Seems before leaving, I should find a way to keep Kong Sheng here in Heishan Stronghold forever."

Mo Hua silently pondered.

Evil should stay where evil belongs.

Kong Sheng and Heishan Stronghold were quite a match.

But first, he needed to finish drawing the map.

Two days later, with most of the map completed, Mo Hua felt a bit hungry and went to the stronghold's kitchen to eat.

While eating, he heard the old cook scolding the fat cultivator.

"The pastries for the third master were stolen... you were supposed to watch them, but you didn't. Can't even handle such a small task, what use are you?"

Third master's pastries?

Mo Hua paused, looking at the half-eaten pastry in his hand.

These were for the third master?

No wonder...

He found them not as bad as usual and ate a bit more.

Meanwhile, the old cook kept scolding.

He was seasoned and grumpy, his harsh words making the fat cultivator's head spin.

The fat cultivator didn't dare argue back.

The old cook, after finishing his tirade, left with a cold snort.

The fat cultivator stood there, his eyes twitching with anger, cursing:

"Whoever stole, if I catch you, I'll make you wish you were dead!"

Mo Hua, still eating the pastry, paused and then slowly licked his lips, a cold glint in his eyes.

A bastard?

Wishing me dead?

"Not only cursing me but wanting me dead?"

Mo Hua silently watched the fat cultivator, his mind racing, contemplating whether to kill this fat man first.