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!" 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?"



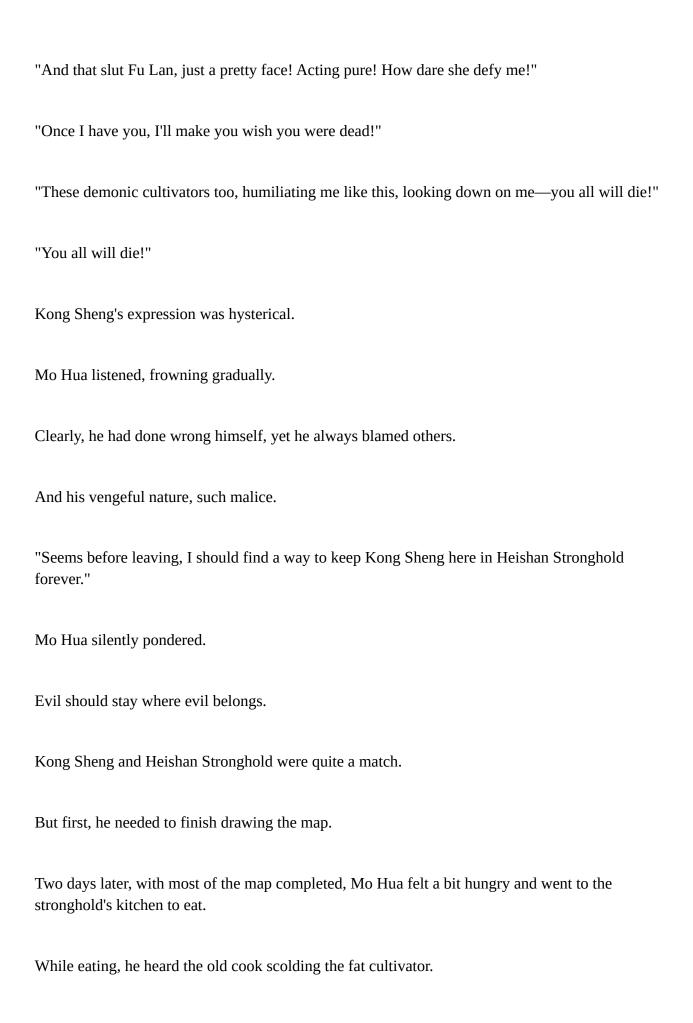


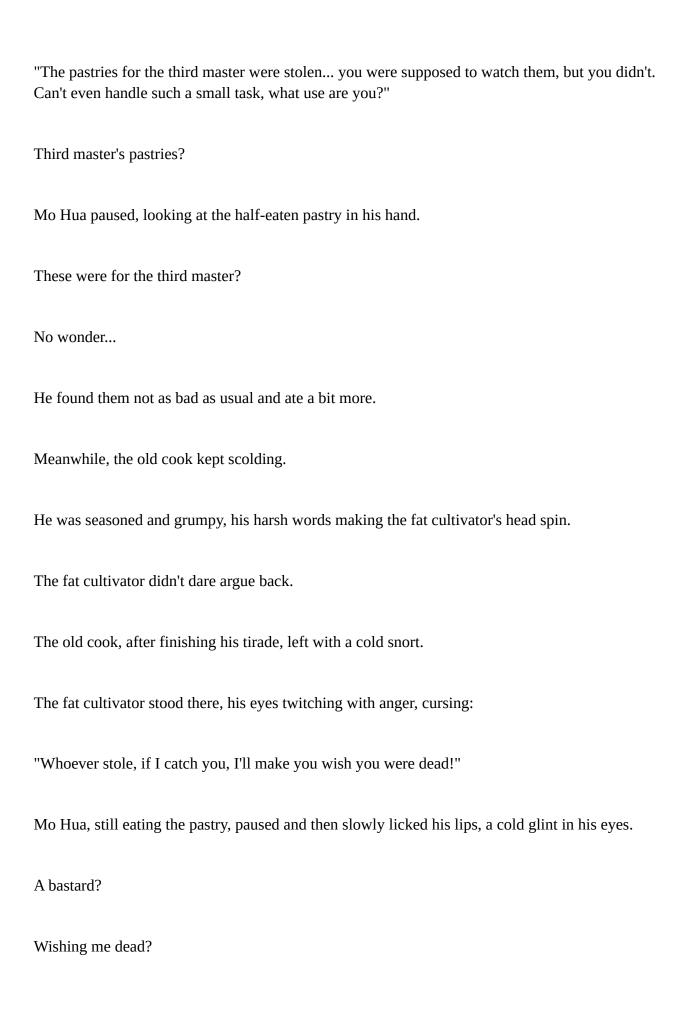
Mo Hua couldn't help but mutter:

"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!"





"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.