

The Quest 289

Chapter 289: Leaving the Stronghold

Mo Hua finished speaking and licked his lips.

His lips were red and glossy, appearing somewhat sinister under the crimson light in the room.

The Third Leader's heart skipped a beat.

As expected, he was an old monster!

These demonic cultivators at most absorbed essence, spiritual energy, and drank blood, but had never actually practiced cannibalism.

In other words, techniques that relied on eating people were not simple techniques but genuine demonic arts, which were beyond the reach of these demonic cultivators who had taken up the path halfway.

Then the Third Leader thought of another problem.

This old monster wanted to eat people, but there was only one person in the room. If he wanted to eat, it would be him...

The Third Leader broke out in a cold sweat, his mind racing with thoughts and calculations.

He couldn't sit still and wait for death, but if he made a move, he didn't know what kind of methods this eerie old monster had.

Even a demonic old monster with low cultivation was insidious and dangerous.

The Third Leader, deeply wary, stiffened and asked:

"May I know what kind of person the senior wants to eat?"

Mo Hua licked his lips again, “Anyone will do. I’m very hungry and not picky.”

The Third Leader breathed a sigh of relief.

As long as it wasn’t him.

“Is there anything the junior can do to assist?” the Third Leader cupped his hands and asked.

“Oh?” Mo Hua raised his eyebrows, nodded slightly, and said, “Then pick a few for me.”

Pick a few for what?

Mo Hua didn't explicitly say, but the Third Leader understood—it was to pick a few people for him to eat.

In the Heishan Stronghold, besides him, there were other demonic cultivators and imprisoned cultivators.

The imprisoned cultivators had either had their spiritual energy drained or essence absorbed, and their foundations were already destroyed, making them weak.

Giving these people to the old monster to eat would be disrespectful.

If it angered the old monster, their Heishan Stronghold would be in big trouble.

That left only the demonic cultivators in the stronghold as viable options.

The Third Leader, having thought it through, cupped his hands and said:

“May I know the senior's preferences? Perhaps I can lead the way, and the senior can pick for himself.”

The Third Leader wanted to lead the old monster out, let him eat his fill, and then send him off from the Heishan Stronghold.

Losing a few demonic cultivators to gain favor with the old monster was a worthwhile trade.

He didn't expect the demonic old monster to offer any guidance or help.

This kind of old monster, who had lived for a long time and mastered such forbidden techniques, was capricious and unpredictable. If he wanted to toy with them, it would be effortless.

They were absolutely no match for this old monster.

He just hoped the old monster would appreciate the favor, not cause them trouble, and leave quietly after eating his fill.

Lead the way?

Mo Hua's heart skipped a beat but pretended to hesitate. After a brief thought, he nodded slightly and said:

"Alright."

"Please."

So the Third Leader led the way, personally unsealing the blood array and opening the beast gate, leading Mo Hua out.

Mo Hua followed the Third Leader openly, walking out of the crimson alchemy room.

The night was pitch black, and dawn had not yet broken.

The two walked along the small path of Heishan Stronghold, both silent.

The Third Leader wanted to send him away.

Mo Hua also wanted to leave the Heishan Stronghold.

Their goals were aligned, and they tacitly understood each other.

But they still needed a pretext, and someone to “eat” had to be chosen.

Mo Hua followed the Third Leader calmly, pointing out some familiar, notorious demonic cultivators along the way.

He usually hid and gathered intelligence, witnessing many evil deeds and recognizing many notorious demonic cultivators, but lacked the power to kill them.

Now, encountering them by chance, Mo Hua didn’t mind “eating” them.

The Third Leader called over the demonic cultivators Mo Hua pointed out one by one.

These demonic cultivators were baffled but didn’t dare disobey the Third Leader’s orders, and since he didn’t explain, they didn’t dare ask, silently following along.

By the time they reached the bonfire near the main gate of Heishan Stronghold, Mo Hua had already selected four demonic cultivators.

If he picked too few, it wouldn’t be enough to “eat.” If he picked too many, he feared the Third Leader would get suspicious.

Soon they reached the bonfire by the main gate of Heishan Stronghold. Mo Hua’s eyes flashed as he saw the night guard with a scarred face.

This was a demonic cultivator who practiced essence extraction, had killed countless people, and whom Mo Hua wanted to kill but hadn’t been able to.

Mo Hua extended his small hand and pointed at the scar-faced man.

The Third Leader nodded slightly and called over the scar-faced man. Seeing his ferocious, ugly appearance, he silently thought to himself:

“The senior really has a heavy taste, able to eat even this. He’s truly not picky...”

The Third Leader instructed the scar-faced man, “Follow me out, there’s something to do.”

“Yes.” The scar-faced man respectfully agreed, feeling a bit excited.

The Third Leader’s personal order must be something important. Perhaps it was killing someone or robbing spirit stones, or maybe even capturing a female cultivator.

He lacked a furnace, and his demonic fire was raging. He urgently needed a female cultivator to absorb essence.

And if he performed well and impressed the Third Leader, he would certainly be valued by him in the future.

The scar-faced man was secretly thrilled.

Then he noticed Mo Hua and was taken aback.

Why was there a kid?

What was this kid doing?

He glanced around and noticed that although the Third Leader was in front, it seemed he was leading the way for this child.

The scar-faced man was shocked.

What was the identity of this child to have the Third Leader lead the way?

The scar-faced man couldn't figure it out but didn't dare to ask.

In Heishan Stronghold, being nosy might not necessarily kill you, but it would certainly make you die sooner than others.

"Open the gate," the Third Leader ordered.

"Eating people" naturally required a quiet, desolate place.

Such places were generally deep in the Dahei Mountain, which meant outside the Heishan Stronghold.

The Third Leader naturally led the old monster Mo Hua outside, and Mo Hua was secretly pleased, following the Third Leader's intentions without a word.

As long as he left the Heishan Stronghold and the Third Leader's sight, he could activate his concealment technique, and these demonic cultivators wouldn't be able to do anything to him.

With his current spiritual sense, deep in Dahei Mountain, no cultivator could see through his concealment technique.

The scar-faced man activated the mechanism, revealing the gate of Heishan Stronghold, which opened with a creak.

The Third Leader led the way in front, followed by the other demonic cultivators, with Mo Hua in the middle.

A group of people walked through the gate of Heishan Stronghold.

Mo Hua, who had snuck into Heishan Stronghold, now left grandly, surrounded by demonic cultivators.

Once outside Heishan Stronghold, the fog suddenly thickened, but the smell of blood diminished, and the atmosphere was less oppressive.

The Third Leader led the group, choosing a secluded path, winding left and right, until they reached a quiet mountain forest deep in the mountains.

The surroundings were desolate, shrouded in fog, with shrubs and rugged rocks everywhere.

The Third Leader glanced at Mo Hua, seeking his opinion.

Mo Hua nodded slightly, indicating that the place was suitable.

The Third Leader then asked, “Is there anything else the senior commands?”

The demonic cultivators exchanged glances, deeply shocked.

The Third Leader actually asked this child for “commands”?

Who was this child to have such a high status?

Mo Hua said calmly, “How do you eat them alive?”

The Third Leader understood.

The demonic cultivators exchanged glances, still confused.

Eat them alive? What did that mean?

But soon they understood.

Because the Third Leader suddenly struck, his hand like a claw, spiritual energy condensed like mercury, killing each of the demonic cultivators by ripping their hearts out one by one.

The scar-faced man was the most alert. When Mo Hua said “how do you eat them alive,” he thought of running.

But he was only at the ninth level of Qi refining, unable to escape from the Third Leader, who was at the Foundation Building stage.

The Third Leader's claw pierced through his chest from behind.

The scar-faced man spat blood, dying in confusion.

"Is the senior satisfied?"

Mo Hua nodded repeatedly.

With the demonic cultivators dead, he was naturally satisfied.

He then kindly invited the Third Leader, "Would you like to eat together?"

The Third Leader hesitated.

Although he was a demonic cultivator, practicing evil arts and drawing evil arrays, he had never actually eaten a person and couldn't bring himself to do it.

The Third Leader said, "I appreciate the senior's kindness, but please enjoy it alone."

Mo Hua said with a faint smile, "Do you want to watch me eat?"

The Third Leader's heart skipped a beat, finally understanding.

Eating people to cultivate must be a special demonic art.

Since it was a demonic art, it couldn't be known by outsiders.

Staying here was offending the old monster's taboo.

The Third Leader immediately

cupped his hands and said, “Enjoy, senior. I won’t disturb you.”

He hurriedly turned and left.

As he left, he felt a subtle spiritual sense following him, faintly lingering.

The Third Leader’s heart skipped a beat, knowing that the old monster was guarding against him, watching him.

It was both a precaution and a warning.

The Third Leader quickened his pace, only relaxing when he reached the edge of the forest, no longer sensing Mo Hua’s spiritual sense.

Mo Hua, seeing that the Third Leader had gone far, took out the Qianjun Stick from his storage bag, walked over to the scar-faced man, and smashed it on his head.

“Pretending to be dead in front of me?”