

The Quest 335

Chapter 335: Confrontation

Qian Family's Old Patriarch spoke eloquently.

Mo Hua listened, feeling both a sense of reason and confusion, unable to fully comprehend.

Suddenly, he felt something strange.

Those with deep intentions tend to speak less.

The Qian Family's Old Patriarch shouldn't be one to talk much, yet he had been rambling on for so long?

Moreover, up until now, it had been only the Old Patriarch speaking non-stop, while Qian Hong had not said a single word?

How odd...

Mo Hua sneaked another glance, this time for a bit longer and clearer. What he saw made his pupils dilate.

Qian Hong had his eyes closed, his face as pale as death.

Blood-red array patterns were painted on his chest, with all his blood seemingly converging toward his heart through the array.

But his blood was black and stale.

His entire skin was as pale as his face, devoid of any life.

Qian Hong was already dead!

Mo Hua was startled.

The Old Patriarch had been talking to a corpse all along.

A dead person wouldn't respond, which was why only the Old Patriarch had been speaking.

It seemed the Old Patriarch was waiting for Qian Hong's blood to coagulate and form an evil array.

In the meantime, he had the leisure to talk so much.

Looking at Qian Hong, the Old Patriarch said indifferently:

"The Life-Transforming Elixir has a flaw. Using different people's blood for refining results in a complex mixture..."

"It requires the heart of someone with a close blood relation as a medium to harmonize the differing bloodlines in the elixir, ensuring its potency is not rejected when consumed."

"I initially chose Xing'er, but he was disappointing, so now it falls to you, his father."

"I had high hopes for you as the family head, but unfortunately, while you have many qualities, each is slightly lacking. Not ruthless, selfish, or patient enough... You even defied my orders out of concern for the family's survival, which is laughably foolish."

"In this world, everyone else is an outsider, even close blood relatives. You never grasped this truth..."

Mo Hua was shocked. Qian Hong must have had some dispute with the Old Patriarch, leading to this tragic end.

As he pondered, he noticed the evil light emanating from Qian Hong's chest.

The evil array was forming!

Before Mo Hua could react, the Old Patriarch mercilessly thrust his hand through Qian Hong's chest, extracting his heart and tossing it to a pig demon.

The pig demon foolishly swallowed the heart, its aura surging as blood marks glowed and oozed, releasing an evil demonic power through the array.

The evil array forcibly activated, causing the pig demon's blood to reverse flow, accompanied by more piercing and heart-wrenching screams.

Mo Hua felt his eardrums vibrating and head spinning, quickly squatting down and covering his ears.

Yet the screams penetrated his ears, harrowing and gradually eerie, mixed with human voices, as if countless cultivators were crying and struggling in endless hell.

Mo Hua endured the pain and discomfort, unsure how long it lasted, before the pig demon's screams ceased.

In its place was the Old Patriarch's sinister laughter.

Mo Hua calmed himself and peeked again.

Qian Hong's eyes were tightly shut, his chest wide open, skin dried and pale, even more lifeless than before.

The pig demon lay on the ground, seemingly lifeless, but through its flesh, a faint red glow was visible in its chest, as if a heart was trembling madly with evil.

Even from a distance, Mo Hua could hear the pig demon's heartbeat.

Each throb made his heart palpitate.

At this moment, the Old Patriarch no longer had his composed demeanor, his expression twisted as he laughed wildly:

"The Life-Transforming Elixir, over a hundred years of effort, has finally succeeded!"

Before the words fell, the Old Patriarch's hand, like a sharp claw, swiftly tore through the pig demon's chest, extracting its heart.

Mo Hua was horrified.

This heart was the Life-Transforming Elixir!

The Old Patriarch opened his mouth and directly swallowed the bloody elixir.

Things took a drastic turn, and Mo Hua's heart sank.

The Old Patriarch ingested the elixir, his aura gradually growing violent as he began refining its power. Once refined, he would break through to the late Foundation Building stage.

By then, the cultivators of Tongxian City would be powerless against him.

Moreover, everyone in this lair would likely perish at his hands!

What to do?

Mo Hua forced himself to calm down, starting to devise a plan.

At this moment, he had to interrupt him, preventing him from peacefully refining the Life-Transforming Elixir.

Mo Hua took out the First Grade Earth Fire Composite Array.

This array was something he had meticulously calculated and drawn on an array plate, easy to set up, with a Reverse Spirit Array already inscribed on the array hub.

The array's collapse was his only means of threatening the Old Patriarch at the moment.

Mo Hua set up the array in front of him, then mustered his courage and shouted:

"Old bastard!"

The crisp curse reached the Old Patriarch's ears, causing him to pause.

The Old Patriarch turned and saw the somewhat nervous but resolute Mo Hua.

Mo Hua pointed at him and said, "Old bastard, you're finished!"

He then shook the Dao Court's copper bell, emitting a faint spiritual power fluctuation.

Meanwhile, Yang Jiyong and others searching the lair sensed the bell's unusual sound and solemnly headed towards Mo Hua.

The copper bell was a standard spiritual tool of the Dao Court, used for mutual communication.

Before entering the lair, everyone was given one.

After ringing the bell, Mo Hua felt slightly relieved and cautiously watched the Old Patriarch.

He considered a few possibilities:

If the Old Patriarch remained unmoved, continuing to refine the elixir, he would imitate Elder Yu's tactic, cursing the Old Patriarch's ancestors to disturb his meditation and delay the refining process;

If the Old Patriarch flew into a rage and tried to kill him, he would flee, leading the Old Patriarch into the First Grade Earth Fire Composite Array.

The array's collapse, if not killing the Old Patriarch, would at least severely injure him or delay him long enough for Mo Hua to escape.

He just needed to stall the Old Patriarch from refining the elixir and breaking through to the late Foundation Building stage until Elder Yu and Commander Yang arrived with reinforcements to take him down.

But the Old Patriarch defied Mo Hua's expectations.

Even when Mo Hua, a junior, cursed him "old bastard" to his face, the Old Patriarch showed no anger.

Instead, he quietly observed Mo Hua.

"Is it you?" The Old Patriarch recognized Mo Hua, surprisingly asking, "How did you get in without me noticing?"

Mo Hua snorted coldly.

The Old Patriarch frowned, pondering briefly before suddenly realizing, "You learned the Concealment Technique?"

Mo Hua's eyes narrowed, suddenly feeling a sense of danger.

Someone was probing him with spiritual sense.

It was the Old Patriarch!

The spiritual sense came swiftly and retreated just as fast, barely noticeable.

Meanwhile, the Old Patriarch, retracting his spiritual sense, murmured in surprise:

"Such profound spiritual sense, I can barely see through it..."

Mo Hua frowned.

The Old Patriarch's cultivation was deep and cunning; dragging this out would be playing into his hands.

Mo Hua decided to provoke him, recalling Elder Yu's words when cursing, he said:

"Old bastard, you've lost all conscience, even killing your own grandson."

The Old Patriarch's grandson was Qian Hong.

Qian Hong was used as a medium for the elixir, which meant the Old Patriarch had personally killed him.

The Old Patriarch remained unfazed, instead looking at Mo Hua with interest:

"You curse me, hoping I'll kill you and fall into your trap?"

Mo Hua's plan being exposed made him panic inwardly, but he maintained a facade of calm.

The Old Patriarch, curious, asked:

"What array did you set that could threaten a Foundation Building cultivator?"

"Why don't you try?" Mo Hua replied.

The Old Patriarch pondered for a moment, shaking his head, "A lion fights a rabbit with all its strength. Even if you're just a Qi Refining cultivator, I won't underestimate you."

Mo Hua frowned, feeling disappointed.

The Old Patriarch was too difficult to deal with.

He thought a mid-Foundation Building cultivator would underestimate him just a bit.

If he didn't come over, the array would be wasted.

Seeing through Mo Hua's thoughts, the Old Patriarch smiled slightly but then suddenly became serious, saying:

"No, something's not right!"

His gaze at Mo Hua grew more intense, "It's you!"

Mo Hua's heart skipped a beat, feigning ignorance, denying, "It's not me!"

"No, it's you!" The Old Patriarch shook his head, "You're the one who infiltrated Heishan Stronghold, broke the arrays, summoned Dao soldiers to besiege Heishan Stronghold, and discovered my identity."

"Yes, that's it!"

The Old Patriarch gradually pieced it together.

"You know Concealment Technique, arrays, have strong spiritual sense, and... you knocked out Xing'er, definitely extracting information from him and knocking him out to avoid detection..."

"Yes, it all makes sense now."

The Old Patriarch, frowning and mumbling, connected all the dots.

Mo Hua felt a chill in his heart.

It was over. In a blink, the Old Patriarch had figured everything out.