

## The Quest 336

### Chapter 336: Divergent Paths

The Qian family patriarch was suddenly enlightened but still found it hard to believe:

"How could it be you? You're so young..."

Mo Hua stubbornly denied, "It's not me."

But his denial was futile.

The Qian family patriarch looked at Mo Hua with a determined gaze, yet he didn't seem angry.

Mo Hua felt both nervous and puzzled.

He had tricked Heishan Stronghold and the Qian family patriarch, yet the patriarch's eyes showed no hatred. Did he have such a good temper?

"Are you wondering why I'm not angry?" the Qian family patriarch asked.

Mo Hua nodded.

The patriarch's gaze deepened, "If you were an ordinary cultivator, whether a demon hunter, a Dao Court cultivator, or a family cultivator, having destroyed my century-long efforts, I would have torn you into pieces."

"But you are different." The patriarch's eyes showed a hint of surprise, "You're just a kid of about ten, yet you accomplished all this. Your courage and wisdom are extraordinary, far beyond my expectations."

"More importantly, you are an array master, and your array skills are much more profound than the Third Head at the Foundation Building stage..."

"Unfortunately, you are not a member of my Qian family..."

The patriarch's tone carried a faint regret.

"What difference would it make if I were?" Mo Hua asked in confusion.

The patriarch's gaze sharpened, "If you were a member of my Qian family, even a branch member with just a trace of Qian blood, I would make you an elder..."

"Even if you wanted, I could make you the head of the Qian family against all opposition!"

Mo Hua sneered, "You should at least make up some believable lies."

The patriarch replied, "Everything in the Qian family is decided by me. If I make you the head, then you will be the head!"

"Being the head isn't a good thing." Mo Hua pointed at Qian Hong lying on the ground:

"This head was killed by you..."

The patriarch was slightly stunned, then shook his head, "You are different from him!"

The patriarch's gaze darkened, "Hong'er was inferior in talent, character, and methods. His only value was his bloodline, for he carried my blood."

"So he was just the right ingredient for your elixir?" Mo Hua sarcastically retorted.

The patriarch didn't get angry but smiled faintly, "Everyone has their uses."

Even your own grandson is just a tool to you...

Mo Hua looked at the patriarch with even more disdain.

The patriarch frowned in thought, then his eyes brightened, "No, it doesn't matter if you're not a Qian family member. With your skills, bloodline is irrelevant."

The patriarch looked at Mo Hua, "You can pledge allegiance to me, work for me, and we can rebuild Heishan Stronghold. I'll make you the Grand Elder of the new Heishan Stronghold!"

"I won't show my face, and you'll be the leader above ten thousand others. Those demonic cultivators will all follow your orders!"

Mo Hua opened his mouth but couldn't speak.

This Qian family patriarch sure had grand plans...

"Heishan Stronghold is gone," Mo Hua reminded him.

"That's just the Heishan Stronghold on Dahei Mountain," the patriarch's gaze grew sharp, "But there isn't just one Dahei Mountain, nor just one Heishan Stronghold in this world."

"Anywhere can become Dahei Mountain, and as long as there are people, there can be a Heishan Stronghold."

"The name is just for show."

Mo Hua felt a chill in his heart.

This patriarch's ambitions were bigger than he thought, and his schemes were deep and far-reaching. He didn't care about temporary gains and losses and could let go of past grudges.

If he succeeded, he would surely become a powerful demonic overlord.

Mo Hua didn't want to waste time with him and decisively said, "I will never join you!"

"Why not?"

Mo Hua thought for a moment and found a heroic-sounding excuse:

"Our paths are different; we cannot work together!"

The patriarch sneered, "You're so young; do you even understand what a path is?"

"No matter what it is, it's not the same as yours," Mo Hua replied.

The patriarch's expression gradually turned cold, "When you grow up, leave Tongxian City, see the world's suffering, witness its chaos, and taste the despair of cultivating, you'll understand that I am right..."

"That will have to wait until I see it," Mo Hua didn't believe the patriarch's rhetoric, "How can one know without seeing it firsthand?"

The patriarch realized he couldn't persuade Mo Hua and took a step back.

"You can think about these things later. For now, you can work for me, and I'll give you whatever you want."

The patriarch sincerely said.

With the Third Head imprisoned in Dao Prison, he needed an array master.

Compared to Mo Hua, the Third Head's array skills were much inferior.

If Mo Hua could help him, the Third Head's life or death wouldn't matter to him.

"What if I refuse?" Mo Hua coldly asked.

"That won't be up to you," the patriarch said calmly.

Mo Hua's gaze sharpened, "You want to kill me?"

"I won't kill you," the patriarch said, "But you must have parents and friends."

Mo Hua's eyebrow twitched, "You dare!"

The patriarch didn't want to anger Mo Hua or make him resentful. He wanted Mo Hua to willingly help him, so he softly said:

"As long as you help me, I won't trouble them."

Mo Hua sneered internally.

"Don't believe me?" the patriarch asked.

Mo Hua gave him a disdainful look, "What do you think?"

He killed even his own flesh and blood, showing no affection. His words were nonsense, not a single word could be trusted.

Even if Mo Hua helped him, he would just become the second Third Head.

Useful when needed, discarded when not.

Seeing that Mo Hua was unmoved, the patriarch lost interest in persuading him.

Once he broke through in cultivation, he could use Mo Hua's parents to threaten him. He didn't believe Mo Hua wouldn't obey.

With Mo Hua's array skills, rebuilding Heishan Stronghold wouldn't be difficult.

It would just take some time.

Time would erode Mo Hua's resolve; at his young age, his Dao heart couldn't be that firm.

Everyone had great desires.

He just needed to find a way to lure Mo Hua into the demonic path. Once he took that first step, there would be no turning back.

Then, Mo Hua would willingly work for him.

He could rebuild Heishan Stronghold, nurture demonic cultivators, and use arrays to hide.

With Mo Hua's array skills, the new Heishan Stronghold would be stronger and undetectable.

After all, there couldn't be another small cultivator like Mo Hua, skilled in concealment and arrays, daring to infiltrate Heishan Stronghold and eavesdrop on secrets in the dark.

Mo Hua understood the patriarch's thoughts and said displeased:

"Those who do evil will meet their end. Be careful of retribution."

The patriarch found Mo Hua naive and sneered:

"If retribution existed, I would have faced it long ago and wouldn't be alive now."

Mo Hua wanted to say more but saw the patriarch smiling faintly:

"Are you still trying to buy time?"

Mo Hua responded confidently, "I've always been stalling for time."

The patriarch looked at Mo Hua with admiration and a hint of interest, "Do you think I'm refining the elixir right now?"

Mo Hua was stunned, releasing his spiritual sense, and his heart shook.

The patriarch's aura was growing stronger!

The patriarch said calmly:

"I know you rang the bell to call for help, but this lair is complex. By the time they arrive, I'll have refined the elixir, broken through to the late Foundation Building stage, and then I can wipe them out and avenge the previous attack."

Mo Hua was shocked; everything had been part of the patriarch's plan.

He had been refining the Life-Transforming Elixir all along, and talking to Mo Hua was just a game!

Mo Hua felt a chill in his heart, panic rising.

He forced himself to calm down, searching for any possible solution.

But his thoughts were chaotic, and he couldn't come up with any ideas.

Just when he was at a loss, Mo Hua suddenly froze, then showed a terrified expression, looking behind the patriarch as if seeing something horrifying.

The patriarch thought Mo Hua was acting and didn't care.

But Mo Hua really did see something terrifying!

The dead pig had silently stood up!

It was dead, its eyes white, so it had no aura.

The patriarch didn't notice at all.

The pig, exuding a deathly aura, silently moved behind the patriarch.

The patriarch still didn't notice, but he sensed something was wrong because Mo Hua's fear seemed genuine.

The patriarch thought of turning to look, but it was too late.

The pig demon, with white eyes, opened its bloody mouth and bit off half of the patriarch's right side.

The patriarch's shocked expression froze on his face, not understanding what had happened.

As he struggled to turn his head, he saw the dead pig looking at him with cold, empty eyes.

"How could this be..."

The patriarch murmured.

The pig demon chewed a few times, swallowing half of the patriarch's body.

Before the patriarch could say anything else, the bloody mouth opened again.

This second bite swallowed the scheming patriarch whole!

The one who fed pigs with people was finally fed to the pig.