

The Quest 283

Chapter 283: Feeding the Pigs

The scar-faced man killed decisively, but Mo Hua found it troublesome to watch.

Although spirit cultivators are at a disadvantage when close to body cultivators, this pale-faced man was too weak.

Couldn't he sense the obvious killing intent from the scar-faced man? And he was a demonic cultivator, supposedly more experienced than a child like Mo Hua.

Mo Hua sighed. He initially intended to use the storage bag to provoke a fight between the two, allowing him to reap the benefits.

Even if they didn't kill each other, at least they would both be severely injured, allowing Mo Hua to swoop in for the final blow.

But he didn't expect the pale-faced man to be so useless, easily allowing the scar-faced man to get close and kill him.

With such low vigilance, what kind of spirit cultivator was he?

Mo Hua couldn't help but grumble inwardly.

After killing the pale-faced man, the scar-faced man took the book on the Extraction Technique from his body, tossed him into the house, spat, and left.

Mo Hua's eyes lit up; the scar-faced man didn't take the pale-faced man's storage bag?

Could it be that the demonic fire had clouded his mind?

"If you don't take it, I won't be polite," Mo Hua thought.

He sneaked into the house and put the pale-faced man's storage bag into his own. Inside was the Fireball Technique manual he had been yearning for.

With this manual, his Fireball Technique might become even more powerful.

It wasn't a total loss.

Mo Hua stored the bag and quickly climbed onto the beam.

After a while, the scar-faced man returned, searched the pale-faced man's body but couldn't find the storage bag.

"Did I remember wrong? He clearly had it on him..." The scar-faced man frowned, pondered for a moment, then grew impatient and said, "Forget it, there's nothing valuable anyway."

He turned around and ransacked the house, collecting some spirit stones and tools before leaving, leaving the pale-faced man dead on the floor.

Mo Hua sighed, "What's the use of being a demonic cultivator? No one even takes care of your corpse when you die."

But it was his own fault, so Mo Hua didn't sympathize with him.

"This scar-faced man is really hard to kill," Mo Hua thought again.

He had plotted twice, yet the scar-faced man remained unscathed, proving he was indeed a seasoned demonic cultivator.

Facing him directly, Mo Hua had no confidence.

Mo Hua sat cross-legged on the beam, thinking for a while, then remembered Kong Sheng.

Kong Sheng was also someone he had to deal with eventually.

Mo Hua thought for a while, then stealthily moved to the house where Kong Sheng was imprisoned.

Kong Sheng was still mad, occasionally throwing fits, growling about killing this person and that.

Mo Hua sat on the roof, patiently waiting for the scar-faced man to pass by.

The roads in Heishan Stronghold crisscrossed and seemed complicated, but there were intersections.

The scar-faced man, on his night watch, would inevitably pass this road.

After waiting for a long time, as night fell, Mo Hua sensed the scar-faced man's presence in the distance.

After killing the pale-faced man, the scar-faced man had to guard alone tonight.

Mo Hua wasn't sure if Heishan Stronghold had any rules, whether the scar-faced man would be punished for killing the pale-faced man.

But now wasn't the time to think about that.

Mo Hua concealed himself and entered Kong Sheng's house.

Kong Sheng's eyes were filled with venom, muttering, "I'll kill you all eventually..."

Mo Hua quietly approached from behind, raised the Qianjun Stick, activated the array, and struck him hard.

Kong Sheng, with only a seventh-level Qi refining stage and weak cultivation, was knocked out with one blow.

Mo Hua then unlocked the array on the door, opened the iron door, took out a Flame Talisman, tied it with a string, and fastened it to Kong Sheng's wrist, hiding it in his sleeve.

This Flame Talisman was one of three he had taken from the Qian family cultivators; he had used one, and two remained.

After making all the preparations, Mo Hua slapped Kong Sheng awake and disappeared.

Kong Sheng woke up groggy, feeling pain in his head and face, and cursed, "Who the hell..."

Before he finished cursing, he noticed the iron door was open.

What's going on?

Kong Sheng was stunned for a moment, then realized.

It must have been that chubby cultivator who delivered food!

"He must have given the jade pendant to my father, and now my Foundation Building stage father has brought the Kong family cultivators to rescue me!"

But why knock me out?

No time to think about details now; the most important thing was that he could escape.

Kong Sheng was ecstatic.

He quickly got up and ran out the door.

He had had enough of this place, didn't want to eat the awful food anymore, didn't want to endure the cold stares and ridicule of the demonic cultivators.

Once he got out, he would still be the young master of the Kong family in Qingxuan City.

He could do as he pleased in Qingxuan City, and no one would dare to stop him!

And the hatred towards the Ji family father and son, and that little bitch Fu Lan, he could finally avenge!

The more Kong Sheng thought about it, the more excited he became, but as he reached the door, he saw a tall, burly figure with a terrifying scar on his face.

It was the scar-faced man.

The scar-faced man sneered, "Trying to escape?"

Seeing the scar-faced man's sinister smile and the cold killing intent emanating from him, Kong Sheng's limbs went weak. He stammered, "I...I didn't..."

The scar-faced man looked around and asked, "Who opened the iron door?"

"I...I don't know."

The scar-faced man sneered, "You must have been told, any prisoner of Heishan Stronghold who dares to escape will die."

Kong Sheng, terrified, quickly waved his hand, "I didn't escape..."

But in his heart, he was thinking, "Why hasn't my father come? Once he arrives, he can kill all these bastards!"

In his panic, he didn't notice the talisman exposed in his sleeve.

Kong Sheng, in his haste, didn't realize, but the scar-faced man saw it.

The talisman's grade was obviously high. The young master of the Kong family hid it in his sleeve, pretending to be scared, waiting for a chance to strike and ambush him.

The scar-faced man was instantly enraged, "Even a little bastard like you dares to plot against me?"

In a flash, he approached Kong Sheng and, with a lightning-fast move, cut him down.

Kong Sheng, a seventh-level Qi refining stage cultivator who had always lived in comfort and bullied others, had no chance to resist and died at the scar-faced man's hands.

After a while, an old demonic cultivator came over and scolded the scar-faced man, "What madness is this? Killing one in the daytime wasn't enough, you even killed the hostage?"

The scar-faced man bowed his head and said, "He tried to escape."

The old demonic cultivator snorted, "Don't make excuses. This time, you're given a major demerit. From now on, you'll guard the night alone. If anything goes wrong, you'll be held accountable!"

The scar-faced man could only agree.

Mo Hua sighed.

He didn't expect the punishment for demonic cultivators in Heishan Stronghold to be so light.

The scar-faced man killed the pale-faced man and then Kong Sheng, yet he only received a major demerit and was assigned to guard the night alone, with no other penalties.

He had hoped that if the scar-faced man received a heavy punishment or was seriously injured, it would make it easier for him to kill him.

Mo Hua still remembered the tragic sight of that female cultivator in the night.

He was determined to kill the scar-faced man.

But now it seemed it wouldn't be possible in the short term.

Having set up two deaths, he had already left many traces.

The pale-faced man's storage bag, the open iron door in Kong Sheng's room, and the talisman in his sleeve.

Anyone with a keen eye could spot the clues and deduce that someone was behind this.

He couldn't stay in Heishan Stronghold for long.

As expected, the scar-faced man said to the old demonic cultivator, "The iron door of Kong Sheng's room was open. Someone must have released him."

The old demonic cultivator frowned.

The two talked for a while but found no clues, so they temporarily set the matter aside.

But Mo Hua knew they were suspicious.

Anomalies are always suspicious.

It was already quite an achievement for Mo Hua to remain hidden with his concealment technique for this long.

"Should I go home now? Father and mother must be worried," Mo Hua thought silently.

Just then, he heard the old demonic cultivator say to the scar-faced man, "Drag this young master of the Kong family to feed the pigs."