

The Quest 290

Chapter 290: Wrapping Up

Scarface was pretending to be dead, but he didn't expect Mo Hua to suddenly hit him with the Qianjun Stick, causing him to grunt in pain.

However, he had been severely wounded by the Third Master's claw, leaving him gravely injured and his breath weak. Facing Mo Hua, he had no strength to resist. Even if he forcefully endured the blow from the Qianjun Stick, he could only suffer through it.

"You brat, how did you see through it?"

Scarface asked through clenched teeth, his heart filled with confusion.

His Turtle Breath Technique, which allowed him to feign death, was something he had stolen from an old demonic cultivator.

That old demonic cultivator had relied on this technique to escape danger throughout his life, surviving numerous close calls and living to an old age.

The Turtle Breath Technique was quite obscure, and few cultivators could see through it. Even the Third Master hadn't noticed it immediately.

Scarface couldn't understand how this young brat, who seemed inexperienced, could tell he was faking death.

Mo Hua snorted coldly but didn't answer.

With his spiritual awareness now at the Foundation Building stage, Scarface's slow but not stagnant flow of spiritual power was evident to Mo Hua's senses. Such subtle movements couldn't fool him. Besides, he was a Demon Hunter.

A Demon Hunter's essential training included seeing through a beast's feigned death. How could Scarface's crude Turtle Breath Technique deceive him?

As for the Third Master, he hadn't detected Scarface's feigned death because his focus was entirely on Mo Hua, and he was confident that his attack had killed Scarface.

The most important reason was that he wasn't a Demon Hunter and lacked experience in identifying feigned death.

Mo Hua didn't respond to Scarface's question but instead raised the Qianjun Stick, activated an array, and broke all of Scarface's limbs one by one.

Scarface screamed in agony and cursed, "You brat, we have no grievances. Why do you insist on killing me?"

"No grievances?" Mo Hua raised an eyebrow and struck him again. "What about the women you drained to death and the cultivators you slashed? Did they have any grudges against you? Didn't you also kill them without mercy?"

Scarface sneered through his pain, "Whether I drained or killed, what does it have to do with you?"

"Take a guess."

Scarface's eyelid twitched. This brat spoke in an unpredictable manner, making it impossible to guess what he was thinking or planning. He couldn't even sense any killing intent.

But he knew that this brat was surely going to kill him!

Why?

He should have had no dealings or grudges with this brat.

Scarface couldn't understand and gritted his teeth, "What did I ever do to offend you? Speak clearly so I can die understandingly."

"I prefer to let people die without understanding, it saves trouble," Mo Hua replied.

His unyielding attitude left Scarface helpless.

Scarface's mind raced, and he suddenly sneered, "Are you trying to play the hero?"

Mo Hua ignored him and began contemplating something.

Scarface mocked, "In this world of cultivation, it's survival of the fittest. You are so naive and childish. You won't survive in the cultivation world. You will die without a place to be buried..."

Seeing Scarface still babbling despite his impending death, Mo Hua struck him in the face again.

"What nonsense are you spouting?"

Mo Hua thought for a moment, took out a handful of Blood Grass from his storage bag, squeezed out its juice, and dripped it on Scarface while continuing, "Survival of the fittest is a lie..."

"When you are strong and want to oppress the weak, you say 'survival of the fittest'; when you are weak and oppressed by the strong, you say 'Heaven's justice'."

"In the end, it's just a selfish excuse."

After squeezing out the juice, Mo Hua threw the remaining Blood Grass on Scarface and said, "And now, the one who will die without a place to be buried is you..."

Scarface smelled the foul odor on his body and panicked, "What are you going to do?"

"This is Blood Grass. Its stench will attract demonic beasts to eat you."

"Didn't you say 'survival of the fittest'? I'll let you experience what it's like to be a 'weak' prey. Let's see if you still say that after..."

Scarface's eyes widened in fear.

"Oh, right," Mo Hua remembered, "you won't have a next time... maybe in your next life, if you reincarnate as a human again."

Scarface's eyes bulged with rage, "You little brat, you're so vicious!"

"Vicious?" Mo Hua snorted, "When you harmed others, you didn't think you were vicious. Now that others harm you, you call them vicious. It's unfair to be biased."

Scarface knew he was at death's door and was filled with fear. He quickly tried to plead, "Little brother... no, Daoist, spare me, and I will change."

"Change what?" Mo Hua asked casually as he began drawing an array on the ground.

"I will do good deeds and avoid evil in the future!" Scarface hurriedly promised.

"Really?"

"I swear, if I break this oath, may Heaven strike me down!" Scarface vowed.

Mo Hua showed hesitation, "Are you sure?"

Seeing a glimmer of hope, Scarface quickly said, "Yes! I will definitely eat vegetarian and do good deeds, not doing anything against Heaven's justice."

Mo Hua thought for a moment, then nodded in apparent approval, "Knowing one's mistakes and correcting them is great."

Scarface was overjoyed, "Then can you spare my life?"

Mo Hua smiled brightly, "No."

Scarface was stunned.

"I was lying. 'Knowing one's mistakes and correcting them' is also nonsense. How easy do you think it is to change mistakes? Even a dog can't stop eating shit."

Scarface was furious.

This brat was mocking him!

He struggled to get up, but suddenly realized that Mo Hua had already set up an array around him, trapping him in place.

This brat had been distracting him to lower his guard and set up an array, making his death inevitable!

Now, even the bit of spiritual power he had recovered was useless.

Once the demonic beasts came, he would surely die!

Scarface was filled with despair and glared at Mo Hua with a ferocious and resentful expression, "You little bastard, even if I become a ghost, I won't let you go!"

Mo Hua ignored him.

He had already "eaten" real ghosts; why would he fear a fake ghost who couldn't even become one?

Before Scarface could curse more, Mo Hua finished his work and was out of patience.

"Remember this..."

Mo Hua stood over Scarface, holding the Qianjun Stick high, "If you are human, I'll make sure you die without a complete corpse. If you become a ghost, I'll scatter your soul!"

"Just wait for your death!"

Without waiting for a response, Mo Hua brought the Qianjun Stick down heavily.

The blow knocked Scarface out completely.

Mo Hua put away the Qianjun Stick and nodded slightly.

Scarface was unconscious now. When he woke up, he would likely see himself being eaten by demonic beasts, truly experiencing "survival of the fittest".

Mo Hua had knocked him out to prevent him from screaming and suffering before death.

After all, waiting for death was the most painful part.

Mo Hua "considerately" thought.

After finishing everything, Mo Hua sighed, feeling a bit low.

He thought of the woman who had committed suicide in the night.

Living was full of torment, and even wanting to die was a luxury.

The torment and despair she experienced before death, Scarface was now going to feel.

But with his limited cultivation and ability, this was all Mo Hua could do for now.

Not far away, a few nocturnal demonic beasts, attracted by the smell of Blood Grass and human blood, were greedily heading toward the forest.

Mo Hua had already sensed these demonic beasts.

He calmly used the Concealment Technique to hide himself and then used the Passing Water Step to head in a direction without demonic beasts or the Third Master.

After staying at Heishan Stronghold for so long and going through so many twists and turns, he finally finished his business and could go home.

Moreover, on this journey, he no longer had to worry.

He had seen through the Visualization Diagram, consumed the Blue-Faced Ghost, and refined his spiritual sense.

Now, Mo Hua's spiritual awareness was comparable to that of a Foundation Building cultivator, and no one in the deep mountains could see through his Concealment Technique.

Once he left Heishan Stronghold, he would be like a fish in the sea.

Those demonic cultivators could no longer find him.