
Chapter 15: History is written by the victorious

In this secret cave, someone's voice loomed behind all of a sudden.

Even when it came to Fang Yuan he could feel the hairs on the back of his neck standing, his scalp numb.

He had been followed!

Could it be that him repeatedly going out these few days had aroused the suspicion and attention of people?

Or was it someone sent by his uncle?

In his mind he even thought of the Rank one Gu Master that he encountered in the inn, the young man called Jiang Ya.

In that short moment his mind flashed countless ideas and guesses, in addition to thinking of a solution.

Fang Yuan could feel that in the short sentence, it was full of deep murderous intent. This made him secretly groan – He was only a Rank one initial stage right now, and he did not even have a vital Gu. To a Gu Master this was the equivalent of having zero fighting ability, how was he supposed to fight?

"Too weak, too weak!" He roared in his head.

"You have already been poisoned by my Single Gate Poison Gu. Without my other Gu that acts as the counterpart to it, after seven days you will turn into pus and blood and die," the voice said behind him.

Fang Yuan gritted his teeth, his expression cold. He said in a low tone, "You want the Liquor worm? I can give it to you."

He slowly stood up, his actions careful. But at this moment, another voice appeared. This voice was full of fear, and said in a tremble, "I'll give it, I can give you anything, please just spare my life, O Flower Wine Monk!"

"Wait a minute, this is..." Fang Yuan frowned and suddenly turned around in realization. He was met with the sight of light and shadow changing and fluctuating on the wall in front of him, a picture emerging.

A lean and threatening Gu Master was standing at the top of a mountain; there was another Gu Master prostrating before him. Around the two Gu Masters was a collapsed pit, fragments and chunks of stone littering the area, showing the obvious scene of a fierce battle that just ended.

Not far away from them was a group of old onlookers, their faces filled with anger and fear.

In the middle of the scene, the victorious Gu Master lifted his head upwards and laughed loudly. "Ha ha ha, Gu Yue's hero, cultivating to Rank five at such a young age. I thought you were quite something at first, but I didn't expect you to be so unbearable. Hmph!"

The laughing Gu Master had long and thin eyes. He was dressed in long pink robes, his huge and wide sleeves swaying with the wind. The area where his robes intersected around his neck was loose and wide open, revealing his

strong and pale chest muscles. The most eye-catching part of him was his bald head, shining without a single strand of hair.

"The Flower Wine Monk!" Fang Yuan immediately recognized the identity of this Gu Master.

"To compare myself to Sir Flower Wine, I'm just a fart! I must have been unwell in the head, to actually not recognize such a great person and offended Sir Flower Wine. Sir Flower Wine, please remember my clan's generous hospitality earlier and spare my life!" The Gu Master prostrating on the ground was shaking, cold sweat all over, tears and mucus mixing as he begged for mercy.

Fang Yuan narrowed his eyes and carefully distinguished the two, realizing that the other Gu Master was wearing the Gu Yue clan head uniform. Looking at the appearance, it was clear that this person was the fourth generation clan leader!

As for those aged onlookers, they were probably the clan elders of that generation.

"Hehe, generous hospitality? You sure have the guts to say it! I was actually sincere in coming to trade with you, using primeval stones to buy your clan's moon orchids with a fair price. It was you who was harboring evil intentions, pretending to greet and take me in, telling me to take a seat at your banquet, intending to lace my liquor with a poisonous Gu. You all have been looking down on me way too much, I have made a living under the sky with the name of Flower Wine, how could I possibly be poisoned this way?"

The Flower Wine Monk pointed at the kneeling fourth generation clan leader, sneering, "If you cooperated fairly none of this would have happened. In the end you just wanted to use my head to raise your reputation and fame, you only have yourself to blame for dying!"

"Sir, please spare my worthless life!" The fourth generation clan head shouted in dismay, his knees scraping against the ground, he quickly crawled over to the Flower Wine Monk's feet and hugged against his thigh.

"Sir, my clan has a spirit spring which produces primeval stones, we also planted huge numbers of moon orchids in an underground cave. I am willing to take in your Enslavement Gu and become your servant, my life and death are at a whim, I am willing to devote a lifelong servitude to you sir!"

Fang Yuan watched speechlessly, while the few elders in the picture looked even more uncertain.

The Flower Wine Monk narrowed his eyes, his anger had already calmed down. His eyes flashed and he said, "Hmph, the Enslavement Gu is precious beyond reasoning, it is a Rank five Gu, do you really think I would have one? However you have been infected by my Single Gate Poison Gu, only I can cure the poison so I'm not afraid of you disobeying. Since that is the case, your clan has to give me 3,000 stalks of moon orchids every week, also 3,000 primeval stones. I will come around every now and then to pick up the goods and temporarily cure your poison, sparing your useless life."

"Thank you so much for your mercy, sir! Thank you so much for your mercy, sir!" The fourth generation clan head cried repeatedly, kowtowing non-stop. His head bled continuously as it bumped against the mountain rock.

"Hmph, stop kowtowing, I despise groveling people like you the most! What so called Gu Yue genius, strong Rank five fighter, how unworthy of your name. You better serve me properly. This is also regarding your life... Urgh!" The Flower Wine Monk suddenly cried out, his face making a horrified expression.

He kicked away the fourth generation clan head with his leg, his body swaying. He frantically backtracked a few big steps, yelling at the fourth generation clan head, "How do you still have Gu?"

The fourth generation clan head was kicked at the pit of his stomach and he spat out a mouthful of blood. He got up with a painstaking effort, his face revealing a scheming smile. "Heh heh heh, anybody has the right to punish people of the Demonic Faction! This Gu is called Moonshadow, it is the best at hiding. Even though it is only Rank four, but it has the ability to restrict the usage of the primeval sea and primeval essence. Demon, you and I have been fighting fiercely, you don't have many Gu on you anymore, how could you possibly restrain the Moonshadow Gu? Just obediently surrender and become my servant, as long as you serve me until I am happy, you will still have a chance to live!"

The Flower Wine Monk flew into a rage and roared, "To hell with you!!"

His voice had barely faltered away when his body surged forward like a bolt of electricity, a punch landing onto the fourth generation clan head's heart.

The fourth generation clan leader did not expect the Flower Wine Monk to be so radical; even if his primeval sea was threatened, the Flower Wine Monk was unwilling to compromise. A huge force came and he flew into the air, his body falling onto the ground like a broken sack.

Thump.

He spouted out a huge mouthful of fresh blood, the red liquid mingled with countless bits of internal organs.

"Have you gone mad, we could have totally settled this over a discussion..." He stared daggers at the Flower Wine Monk, his lips moving with great

effort. His sentence went unfinished, for his legs gave way and his head crooked to the side. He died.

“Clan head!”

“Men of the Demonic path are all insane.”

“Kill him, kill this demon. Avenge the clan leader!”

“He has been inflicted by the Moonshadow Gu, he can’t just simply use his primeval essence anymore, over a time even his primeval essence will be threatened.”

The elders who were watching at the sidelines all roared in fury and swarmed the area.

“Ha ha ha, all those who are looking for death, come!” The Flower Wine Monk cried into the air. Facing the elders charging at him, he rushed at them headfirst.

A fierce battle ensued and the Flower Wine Monk quickly had the upper hand. Very soon all the elders had collapsed onto the ground, some of them injured and the rest dead. Just as the Flower Wine Monk was about to finish off the surviving elders, his facial expression suddenly changed and he covered a hand over his abdomen. “Damn!”

“I’ll come back in future to deal with you lot,” said the Flower Wine Monk. He stared daggers at a few of the elders and his body moved like electricity as he fled into the mountain woods, disappearing without a trace in the blink of an eye.