

# REVEREND INSANITY

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# Chapter 1: The heart of a demon never has regret even in death

"Fang Yuan, quietly hand over the Spring Autumn Cicada and I'll give you a quick death!"

"Old bastard Fang, stop attempting to resist anymore, today all of the major factions of justice have combined together just to destroy your devil lair. This place is already covered in inescapable nets, this time you will definitely be decapitated!"

"Fang Yuan you damn demon, just because you wanted to cultivate the Spring Autumn Cicada, you've gone and killed thousands of people. You've committed too many unforgivable, heinous sins!"

"Demon, 300 years ago you insulted me, took away my body's purity, killed my entire family and executed my nine generations. From that moment onwards, I hated you with a burning passion! Today, I want you to die!"

...

Fang Yuan was in deep green robes that had been torn to shreds. His hair was disheveled and his entire body was covered in blood. He looked around.

The bloody robes waved lightly in the mountain breeze like a war flag.

Fresh blood flowed from the numerous wounds on the body. Just by standing there for a short while, Fang Yuan had already accumulated a large pool of blood beneath his feet.

Enemies surrounded him all around; there was already no way out.

It was a foregone conclusion that he would die here.

Fang Yuan understood his situation clearly, but even in the face of death his expression did not change, it was calm.

His gaze was limpid, his eyes like deep pools of water in a well, so deep that there seemed to be no end.

The major factions of justice that had surrounded him were not just the experienced elders, but also young and talented heroes. Around the heavily surrounded Fang Yuan, some were roaring, some were sneering; there were eyes that were gleaming with light, some holding onto their wounds while looking on fearfully.

They did not move; everyone was wary of Fang Yuan's final attack.

For six hours, this tense moment went on until the evening came, the sun casting its rays upon the side of the mountain. In that moment, it was as if the place was on fire.

Fang Yuan, who had been silent as a sculpture the entire time, slowly turned his body.

The group of warriors was suddenly alerted and they all took a big step backwards.

By now the gray mountain rock beneath Fang Yuan's feet had long been stained a deep red. Due to the massive loss of blood, his face had become deathly pale; in the afterglow of the sunset, it suddenly had a brilliant luster upon it.

Looking at the setting sun, Fang Yuan lightly laughed. "The sun sets above the blue mountain, the autumn moon with the wind of spring. The morning is fine like hair and night is like snow, whether you succeed or fail when you look back there's nothing left."

As he said this, memories of his previous life on Earth emerged before his eyes.

He was originally a Chinese scholar on Earth who chanced upon this world. He endured a hard life for 300 years and went through another 200 years; over 500 years of his life flew by in the blink of an eye.

So many memories that were buried deep inside the heart begun to relive themselves, sprouting into life before his eyes.

"I failed in the end." Fang Yuan sighed in his heart emotionally, yet there were no regrets.

This end result was something he had foreseen. When he made his decision in the beginning, he had prepared himself for this.

To be a demon is to be merciless and cruel, a murderer and destroyer. There is no place in heaven or earth for such a thing—turning into an enemy to the world, still having to face the consequences.

"If the Spring Autumn Cicada that I have just cultivated is effective, I shall still be a demon in my next life!" With this thought, Fang Yuan couldn't help but let out a laugh.

"Wicked demon, what are you laughing about?"

"Be careful everyone, the demon is going to attack before his final moments!"

"Hurry up and surrender the Spring Autumn Cicada!!"

The group of warlords surged forward; at this moment, with a loud bang, Fang Yuan was engulfed in a blinding surge of energy.

...

The spring rain quietly rained down on Qing Mao Mountain.

It was already late in the night, a slight breeze blowing with the light rain.

Yet Qing Mao Mountain was not covered in darkness; from the side down to the foot of the mountain, dozens of tiny lights shone like a bright band.

These lights shone from tall buildings, even though it could not be said to match up to ten thousand lights, yet it was still a few thousand in number.

Situated on the mountain was Gu Yue[1] Village, giving the vast lonely mountain a rich touch of human civilization.

In the middle of the Gu Yue Village was a magnificent pavilion. A grand ceremony was being held at this moment, and the lights were even brighter than ever, radiating with glory.

"Ancestors, please bless us! We pray that this ceremony will bring many young men of outstanding talent and intelligence, bringing their families new blood and hopes!" The head of the Gu Yue clan had a middle-aged appearance, his sideburns were graying and he was clothed in ceremonial white robes, kneeling on the brownish yellow floor. His body was straight with his hands held together, eyes tightly shut as he prayed sincerely.

He was facing a tall black case; there were three layers on the case, all housing memorial tablets of ancestors. On both sides of the tablets was copper incense, the smoke rising.

Behind him were over 10 people kneeling in a similar fashion as him. They wore loose white ceremonial garments, and were all the clan's elders, important members, and those who had much authority.

After the prayers, the Gu Yue clan head bent his waist with his two hands pressing against the floor and kowtowed. As his forehead struck the brownish yellow floor, light thuds could be heard.

Behind him, the elders and important clan members solemnly and quietly followed suit.

With this, the hall was filled with light thuds as the heads knocked against the floor.

When the ceremony was over, the crowd of people slowly got up from the ground and silently walked out of the sacred temple.

In the hallway, sighs of relief were heard from the crowd of elders and the atmosphere loosened up. The noise of discussion slowly rose.

"Time flies too quickly, in the blink of an eye, a year has gone by."

"The previous ceremony feels like it just happened yesterday, I can still recall it vividly."

"Tomorrow is the beginning of the annual grand ceremony, I wonder what new blood will show up this year for the clan?"

"Ah, I hope that some highly talented youths will appear. The Gu Yue clan hasn't seen a genius emerge for three years now."

"Agreed. The Bai Village, Xiong Village these few years all had some talented geniuses appear. Especially that Bai Ning Bing from the Bai clan, his natural talent is quite terrifying."

It was unclear who had brought up the name Bai Ning Bing, but the faces of the elders started to show worry.

The boy's qualifications were splendid; in just a short period of two years worth of training, he had already reached the level of a level three Gu Master.

Among the younger generation, he could be said to be the most outstanding one. It was to the point that even the older generation could feel pressured from the promising youth.

In time, he would inevitably become the pillar of the Bai clan. At the very least he would also be an independently strong warrior. No one ever doubted this fact.

"But for this year's youths that will be participating in the ceremony, not all hope is lost."

"You're right, Fang Zhi's side has appeared a young genius. Able to start talking after three months, able to walk after four. At five years of age he was able to recite poetry, seems exceptionally intelligent, especially

talented. What a pity that his parents died early, now he is being raised by his uncle and aunt."

"Yes, this one has wisdom at a young age, also harboring big ambitions. In recent years I have heard his creations 'Jiang Jing Jiu', 'Yong Mei' and 'Jiang Cheng Zi', what a genius!"

The Gu Yue clan head was the last to walk out of the ancestral temple. After slowly closing the door, he heard the discussions that were going on in the corridor among the clan elders.

He knew at once that the elders were discussing about the youth known as Gu Yue Fang Yuan at that moment.

As the head of the clan, it is natural to pay attention to the outstanding and prominent young ones. And it so happens that Gu Yue Fang Yuan was the most eye-catching one amongst the juniors.

Experience has shown that those who have photographic memory at a young age, or those who possess strength that could rival an adult, or had other great inborn talents, all had outstanding cultivation qualifications.

If this child shows A grade potential, with great care he could even compete against Bai Ning Bing. Even if it is B grade, in future he could also become a banner of the Gu Yue Clan. But with this sort of early intelligence, the chances of B grade isn't that high, and it's highly possible to be an A grade. With this thought, the Gu Yue clan head curled his lips slowly into a smile.

At once, with a cough he faced the clan elders and said, "Everyone, it's late. All of you should rest well tonight for tomorrow's opening ceremony so as to ensure sufficient energy levels."

At his words, the elders looked startled. They looked at each other with a hint of caution in their eyes.

The clan head's words meant well, but everyone knew what he was aiming to convey.

Every year to compete for these young geniuses, the elders would fight among themselves to the point of reddened ears and bleeding heads.

They needed to stay well rested and replenish themselves until tomorrow comes where the competition begins.

Especially with that Gu Yue Fang Yuan, whose A grade potential was extremely huge. Not counting the fact that both his parents were deceased, and also that he was one of the two only descendants of Fang Zhi's bloodline left. If one was able to get their hands on and bring him into their own family line, with great care and training, one could secure himself a hundred years of prosperity!

"However, I'm going to go ahead and say what needs to be said first. When you compete, do it fair and square; no tricks and conspiracies are allowed, or damage to the clan's unity. Please keep this in mind, all of you!" the clan head strictly instructed.

"We wouldn't dare, we wouldn't dare."

"We'll keep it in mind."

"Then I shall bid you goodnight, please take care."

The clan elders slowly dispersed with deep thoughts.

Not long after that, the long corridor became quiet. The wind from the spring rain breezed through the window, and the clan head lightly walked towards the window.

Immediately, he breathed in the fresh moist air of the mountain, how refreshing it felt.

This was the third floor of the garret; the clan head looked out of the window. He could see half of the entire Gu Yue Village.

Even if it was late in the night, most of the homes in the village still had lights on, which was unusual.



Tomorrow was the opening ceremony, and it affected everyone's best interests. A kind of excited yet tense atmosphere had enveloped the hearts of the people of the clan, and thus naturally many people couldn't sleep well.

"This is the hopes for the clan's future." With the many lights dancing in his eyes, the clan head sighed.

At the very same moment, a pair of clear eyes quietly looked at the same lights sparkling in the night, full of complex feelings inside.

"Gu Yue Village, this is 500 years ago?! Looks like the Spring Autumn Cicada really worked..." Fang Yuan quietly gazed, standing by the window, letting the rain from the wind hit his body.

The use of the Spring Autumn Cicada was to reverse time. In the Ten Big Mystical Gu rankings, the Spring Autumn Cicada managed to be ranked seven; naturally it was no mere creature.

In short, it was the ability to be reborn.

"With the use of the Spring Autumn Cicada I have been reborn, going back to the time of 500 years ago!" Fang Yuan stretched out his hand, his sight fixated on his own young and soft, pale palms, then slowly clenched them, embracing the truth of this reality with all his might.

The sound of the drizzling rain hitting softly against the window sill filling his ears, he slowly closed his eyes, opening them after a long while. He said with a sigh, "500 years of experience, it really feels like a dream."

But he knew it clearly: This was definitely not a dream.

[1] Gu Yue: It means Ancient Moon in direct translation. The clan has an affinity with moon things. The 'Gu' used here is a different Chinese character from the mystical Gu insects. [Back](#)

## Chapter 2: Going back in time with 500 years of knowledge

It was said in legend that a river of time existed in this world. It supported the world's time flow and circulation. And by using the Spring Autumn Cicada's power, one could travel back upstream and return to the past.

There had been much conflicting opinion on this mythical tale. Many did not believe in it, and some were skeptical to the truth.

Few people actually dared to believe it.

Because every time one used the Spring Autumn Cicada, one had to pay with their life, letting their entire body and cultivation be the driving force to use its very power.

Such a price was just too great, and the thing that people just couldn't accept was the fact that after paying with one's life, one didn't even know what the outcome would be.

So even if someone had the Spring Autumn Cicada, they wouldn't dare use it so indiscriminately. What if the rumors were fake, and if it was just a scam?

If Fang Yuan were not cornered into such a state, he wouldn't have used it so hurriedly either. But now, Fang Yuan was thoroughly convinced—the reality of the truth had been laid before his eyes and there was no denying it. He had really been reborn!

It's just a pity... From the start I had wasted an absurd amount of effort, killing hundreds of thousands of people, making even the heavens furious and attracting the vengeance of people. I went through suffering and multiple hardships to finally attain and refine this good Gu... Fang Yuan

thought with a sigh. Even though he had been reborn, the Spring Autumn Cicada didn't come with him.

Humans were the greatest among thousands of creatures; but Gu were the essence of heaven and earth.

Gu came in thousands of shapes and sizes of strange and mysterious variety—there were too many to count. Some Gu after being used once, twice or even thrice would completely dissipate. And some Gu could be reused again and again as long as it wasn't used over its limits.

That said, it was probable that the Spring Autumn Cicada was one of those types that could only be used once before disappearing for good.

"But even if its gone, I can still refine another. I have done it in my previous life, why can't I do it in this life?" After the thoughts of pity were put aside, Fang Yuan's heart burst forth ambitious and determined feelings.

To be able to be reborn made the loss of the Spring Autumn Cicada entirely acceptable.

Not to mention he had something precious with him, so it's not like he had lost everything.

This precious treasure was his 500 years worth of memories and experience.

In his memories were a multitude of all kinds of treasures and precious items that no one had opened yet in this time. He could easily grasp all the big events and incidents by the veins of history. There were a countless number of figures: some predecessors of hidden levels; some geniuses, and some were not even born yet. Also in those 500 years were memories of painstaking cultivation and rich combat experience.

With all these memories and experiences, he had undeniably grasped the overall situation and upcoming opportunities. With good planning and execution, he could empower the situation with great fierceness and

elegance. It was not a problem now that he could take a step ahead of others, breaking the higher boundaries!

"So how do I go about this hmmm..." Fang Yuan was incredibly sensible. He collected himself together and faced the night rain outside the window, pondering. With this thought, things started to feel complicated. After thinking for a moment, his brows wrinkled deeper.

500 years of time was a rather long period. Ignoring those long muddled memories that couldn't be recalled, even remembering the hidden locations of treasures or special encounters of people was demanding, but the main issue was that the locations were separated among a long distance and had to be accessed or visited at certain periods of time.

"The most important thing is cultivation. The present me has not even opened my Primeval Sea, hasn't stepped on the path to be a Gu Master. I'm just a mortal! I have to hurry and cultivate, catching up to history and seize the opportunities with the best advantage."

Not to forget, many of these hidden locations of treasures were useless without proper foundation. Instead it would just be walking into a wolf's den, looking for death.

The problem in front of Fang Yuan right now was cultivation.

He had to increase the level of his foundation as fast as possible. If he were slow like his previous life, he would just be too late.

"To cultivate as fast as possible, I would have to borrow the resources from the clan. With the state I am right now, I have no power or ability to travel back and forth across the dangerous mountains. Even an ordinary mountain boar can take my life. If I can reach the cultivation of a Third level Gu Master, I'd have the means to protect myself and leave the mountain."

Through the eyes of a 500-year-old person who had cultivated in the demonic path, Qing Mao Mountain was just way too small, Gu Yue Village even felt like a cage.

But while the cage restricted freedom, the sturdy bars of the cage also brought about a certain kind of safety.

"Hmm, in this short period of time, I'll just stay in this cage. As long as I can reach Third level Gu Master, I can leave this poor mountain. Luckily tomorrow is the Awakening Ceremony, I'll be able to start training as a Gu Master soon after."

When he thought about the Awakening Ceremony, old memories that had long been buried away in his heart resurfaced themselves.

"Talent huh..." He sneered, his gaze focused out the window.

At this moment, the door to his room was lightly pushed open and a young teenager walked in.

"Brother, why are you standing in the rain by the window side ?"

The youth was thin, slightly shorter than Fang Yuan. His face resembled Fang Yuan's features greatly. As Fang Yuan turned his head to look at this young man, a complicated look flickered across his face.

"It's you huh, my twin little brother." He raised his eyebrows, his expression returning to that of cold indifference. Fang Zheng lowered his head and looked at his own toes; this is his signature stance.

"Brother, I saw that your window wasn't shut, so I thought I'd come in here and close it. Tomorrow is the Awakening Ceremony, it's so late and you haven't gone to bed yet. If Uncle and Auntie knew, they would probably be worried."

Fang Zheng was not surprised at Fang Yuan's coldness. Ever since he was a little child, his older brother had always been like that. Sometimes he would wonder, perhaps a genius was just like that, being rather different from ordinary people. Even though he had the same looks as his older brother, he felt that he was ordinary akin to an ant.

They were born from the same womb at the same time, and yet why were the heavens so unfair? His older brother had been endowed with gleaming talent, while he himself was as ordinary as a stone.

Everyone around him would say, "This is Fang Yuan's younger brother—" when they mentioned him. His aunt and uncle would constantly tell him to learn from his older brother. Even when he looked into the mirror sometimes, he would feel disgusted as he saw his own face!

These thoughts had been ongoing for many years, accumulating day and night deeply into his heart. Like a giant stone pressing against his heart, Fang Zheng's head lowered more and more over the years, and he also grew quieter.

"Worried..." At the thought of his aunt and uncle, Fang Yuan laughed silently. He could still remember clearly how his parents of this world had both lost their lives in one of the clan missions. When he was only three years old, he and his little brother had become orphans.

In the name of upbringing, his aunt and uncle grabbed hold of the inheritance left behind by his parents while inflicting harsh treatment against his younger brother and himself.

He originally planned on simply being a normal person, even planning to conceal his abilities and bide his time. However his life was difficult, making Fang Yuan have no choice but to choose to expose some of his talents.

The so-called talent was merely but a mature and intellect soul that carried a few of Earth's popular ancient poems.

With this he managed to startle people and capture attention. Because of pressure from the outside world, the young Fang Yuan made a decision to keep a cold indifferent expression to protect himself, reducing the possibility of revealing any secrets. Over time the coldness became a habit that he was accustomed to expressing.

Thus, his aunt and uncle were no longer harsh on him and his younger brother. As the years passed and they got older, the future became more optimistic and he received better treatment. This was not love, but a type of investment.

It's hilarious how his little brother never saw the truth; not only was he deceived by their aunt and uncle, but he also started burying his resentments inside. Although he looked like a good-natured and honest boy now, in Fang Yuan's memories when his brother was found out to be an A grade talent, the clan spent much effort in raising him with all they had. After that, all the buried resentment and jealous and hate inside was released, and many a time Fang Zheng would target, suppress, and make life difficult for his own older brother.

As for his own grade, it was only C grade talent.

Fate loved to play a joke.

A pair of twins—the older one only had C grade talent, but had been known as a genius for a dozen years. The younger one who was always overlooked was the one with A grade talent instead.

The results of the Awakening Ceremony had left the clan shocked. The treatment of the two brothers suddenly reversed after that.

The younger brother was like a dragon that rose up to the heavens; the older brother was like a phoenix that fell down to the earth.

After that came the many hardships and troubles from his own younger brother, the cold eyes of his aunt and uncle, and the contempt of the clan.

Did he hate it?

Fang Yuan hated it in his previous life. He hated his own lack of talent, he hated how heartless the clan was, hated how fate was so unfair. But now, with his 500 years of life experiences, using this to retrospect, his heart was actually calm without a shred of hatred.

What was there to be gained from resentment?

Thinking about it from another point of view, he could understand his younger brother, aunt and uncle, even those enemies from 500 years later who attacked him.

The strong ate the weak—survival of the fittest; these had always been the rules of this world. Everyone had their ambitions, always struggling to grasp the opportunities presented before them. Among all the war and killing, what was there not to be understood?

500 years of life experience had long allowed him to understand all of this, with a heart that wanted to gain immortality.

If someone tried to prevent this pursuit of his—no matter who it was—he would kill and live through it. The aspirations in his heart were too big. Taking this path ensured he made the world his enemy, and he was destined to be alone, and destined to kill.

This was the conclusion from having lived 500 years.

"Revenge is not my intention, the demonic path does not compromise." With that he couldn't help but laugh and gave his younger brother a faint glance. "You may leave."

Fang Zheng's heart shook as he felt that his brother's eyes were incisive like an ice blade, seemingly penetrating the deepest parts of his heart.

Under such a gaze, he felt like he was naked in the snow, unable to hold any secrets.

"Then I'll see you tomorrow." Not daring to say anymore, Fang Zheng slowly closed the door and left.



# Chapter 3: Please go aside and scram

Bang, Bang, Bang.

The patrolling night watchman banged his wooden clappers in a rhythm.

The sound spread into the high pillar houses; Fang Yuan opened his dry eyelids while his heart silently thought, It's already the hour before dawn.

He had been lying in bed thinking for a long time last night. He thought up a lot of plans. He probably only slept for a little over two hours. This body has not started cultivating, his energy is not so vigorous and thus his body and mind were still shrouded in exhaustion.

However with 500 years of experience Fang Yuan had long build up deep steel-like determination. This sort of sleep-deprived exhaustion is nothing to him.

Immediately he shoved away the thin silk blanket and got up neatly. He opened the window and found that the spring rain had stopped.

The mix of fragrance of the earth, trees and wild flowers greeted him. Fang Yuan felt his head clear, the sleepiness washing away cleanly. Right now the sun had yet risen, the sky still a deep dark blue, not dark yet not bright.

Looking around, the tall houses made of green bamboo and wood contrasting with the mountain, was a sea of pale green colour.

The tall houses had at least two floors; it was the mountain folk's unique structure of a house. Due to the mountain's uneven terrain, the first floor is massive wooden stakes; the second floor is where the people reside. Fang Yuan and his brother Fang Zhen stayed on the second floor.

"Young Master Fang Yuan, you're awake. I will go upstairs and wait for you to wash up." At this moment, a maiden's voice floated up from downstairs.

Looking down, Fang Yuan saw his own personal servant—Shen Cui.

Her looks were only slightly above average, but she dressed up well. Shen Cui wore a green robe with long sleeves and trousers, had embroidered shoes on her feet and her black hair had a pearl hairpin. Her body from head to toe radiated youthful vitality.

She looked happily at Fang Yuan while carrying a basin of water, and walked upstairs. The water was at the right warm temperature and was used to wash the face. After rinsing his mouth, he used a willow twig with snow salt to clean his teeth.

Shen Cui waited gently, her face wearing a smile and her eyes lively as spring. After he was done she helped Fang Yuan dress, her plump breasts rubbing against his elbow or his back a few times during the process.

Fang Yuan's face showed no expression; his heart was calm as water.

This servant girl was nothing but his aunt and uncle's watcheye and was a vain heartless girl. In his previous life she enraptured him, but after the Awakening Ceremony when his status plummeted she quickly turned away her head and gave him countless disdainful looks.

When Fang Zheng came over he was in time to see Shen Cui smoothing the creases on the clothing of Fang Yuan's chest. His eyes had a flicker of jealousy.

These years living together with his older brother, under the care of Fang Yuan he also had a servant waiting on him. However his servant was not a youthful girl like Shen Cui but a fat and wide old woman.

"I wonder which day can Shen Cui wait on me like this, wonder what it feels like?" Fang Zheng thought inside his heart, yet he did not dare to.

His aunt and uncle's biased love to Fang Yuan was no secret to everyone. Originally he did not even have a servant to wait on him. It was Fang Yuan who decided to take the initiative and ask for one for Fang Zheng.

Although there was the status difference between master and servant, but usually Fang Zheng did not dare underestimate Shen Cui. That was because her mother was the Matron Shen who stood beside his aunt and uncle. Matron Shen was the caretaker of the entire household—having full trust of his aunt and uncle, she had considerable authority.

"Alright, no need to tidy up." Fang Yuan impatiently brushed away Shen Cui's soft small hands. His clothing had long been tidy; she was just trying to seduce him.

To Shen Cui and the brightness of her future, Fang Yuan's possibility of having an A grade talent was huge. If she could be his concubine she would be able to elevate from servant status into master—it was quite a big step.

In his previous life Fang Yuan was deceived by her and had feelings for Shen Cui. After his rebirth he was clear as a blazing fire, his heart as cold as ice.

"You can leave." Fang Yuan did not even look at Shen Cui as he tidied up his own sleeve cuffs. Shen Cui pouted slightly, feeling that today Fang Yuan's puzzling behavior was rather odd and upsetting. She wanted to reply in a spoiled way but being scared by his cold and confusing nature, her mouth opened and closed a few times before she ended up saying 'yes' and retreating obediently.

"Are you ready?" Fang Yuan asked Fang Zheng.

His younger brother stood at the doorway, his head bowed down to look at his toes. He muttered a light 'yes'. Fang Zheng had actually been awake since the fourth watch, too nervous to fall back asleep. He quietly got out of bed and got ready a long time ago, his eyes having black circles.

Fang Yuan nodded. In his previous life he was not clear about his younger brother's thoughts, but in this life, how could he not understand? But right

now it was meaningless to him, and he lightly said, "Then let's go."

So the two brothers left the house. On the way they bumped into many youths of similar age, all in groups of twos and threes, quite clearly heading to the same destination.

"Look guys, those are the Fang brothers." Their ears could pick up the small cautious talk. "The one walking in front is Fang Yuan, he's the Fang Yuan who created the poems," some of them emphasized.

"So that's him. His face is expressionless as if he had no regard for others, just like the rumors say." Someone said in a sour tone filled with jealousy and envy.

"Hmph, if you were like him then you can also act like that!" Someone coldly replied against the person, hiding a sort of dissatisfaction.

Fang Zheng listened expressionlessly. He had long been accustomed to this kind of discussion. His head low, he followed quietly behind his older brother.

By now the light of dawn had peeked over the horizon, casting Fang Yuan's shadow over his face. The sun rose gradually, but Fang Yuan suddenly felt like he was walking into darkness.

This darkness was coming from his older brother. Maybe in this life, he would never be able to escape from the imprisoning huge shadow of his brother.

He felt a burst of pressure on his chest making his breathing difficult. This damned feeling was even making him think of the word 'suffocate'!

"Hmph, this talk is a good example of the saying: 'those who of outstanding talent easily bring about jealous from others'," Fang Yuan thought with a sneer as he listened to the gossip around.

No wonder when it was announced that he had C grade talent, he would be surrounded by enemies and suffer harsh, disdainful coldness for a long

time.

Behind him, Fang Zheng's breathing got dreary and tried to stop listening.

What Fang Yuan did not manage to realize in his previous life, he could perceive with the finest detail in this life. This was the ability of keen insight that he had gained from 500 years worth of life experiences.

He suddenly thought of his aunt and uncle and how scheming they were. Giving him Shen Cui to monitor him and passing his younger brother an old wet nurse, not including other things in life that were different among them. All these actions had intentions—They wanted to cause unhappiness in his younger brother's heart and instigate a rift among the brothers.

People are not worried about whether they receive less; people worry about whether whatever they received is undistributed well.

In his previous life his experiences were too little, while his younger brother was too foolish and too naïve, thus his aunt and uncle successfully instigated a riff among them.

After being reborn with the Awakening Ceremony before him, it seemed like the situation was difficult to change. But with Fang Yuan's evil way of means and wisdom, it's not like the situation cannot be changed.

His younger brother can be suppressed entirely, that young Shen Cui he could turn into a concubine early on. Not forgetting his aunt and uncle and the clan elders—he had at least several hundred ways of beating them.

"But, I don't feel like doing that..." Fang Yuan sighed carefreely.

So what if it was his own younger brother? Without the blood relation his younger brother was just an outsider, he could easily give him up anytime.

So what if Shen Cui grew any prettier? Without love and loyalty she was just a heap of flesh of a body. Keep her as a concubine? She's not worthy.

So what if it was his aunt and uncle, or the clan elders? They're just passers-by in life, why waste effort and energy to beat these people?

Hehe.

As long as you don't get in my way, then you can go aside and scram, I don't need to care about you.

## Chapter 4: Gu Yue Fang Yuan

The sun rose, its rays brilliant. The mountain fog wasn't very thick that allowed the penetrating rays to easily pass through.

Over a hundred 15 year-old youths gathered in front of the clan pavilion. The clan pavilion was in the middle of the village, reaching five storeys and having sharp tilted roofs; it was heavily guarded. Before the pavilion was the square, and in the pavilion was the shrine of the Gu Yue ancestor memorial tablets. Every generation of clan head had lived in the pavilion. With every major ceremony or big incident, the clan elders would gather and discuss meetings here as well. This was the entire village's authority central.

"Good, all of you are punctual. Today is the Awakening Ceremony; it is your life's great turning point. I won't say much, just come with me." The one responsible at the moment was the elder of the academy. His beard and hair were white and he was in high spirits as he led the young teenagers into the pavilion. However they did not go up, but were led downstairs after going through the entrance of a great hall. Following down a constructed stone ladder, they went into an underground cave.

The group of youths made surprised and amazed noises. The underground cave was beautiful, stalactites sparkling with the colors of the rainbow. This light shone on the youth's faces, the neon hues gorgeous.

Fang Yuan was mixed into the crowd, quietly observing everything that was happening. In his heart, he thought: Hundreds of years ago, the Gu Yue clan came to Qing Mao Mountain and settled down after migrating from the central lands to the South Border. It was when they found a spirit spring in this underground cave. This spirit spring produces a large number of primeval stones—It could be said that this was the foundation of the Gu Yue village.

They walked several hundred steps. It got darker and the sounds of water were faintly heard. After turning around a corner, a 30 feet wide underground river greeted them. By now the colorful lights of the stalactites had disappeared completely, yet in the darkness the river emitted a faint blue light. It was like a star river of the night sky.

The river flowed from the dark depths of the cave. Inside the crystal clear waters, one could see fish, aquatic plants and even the sand beneath the river. Opposite the river was a sea of flowers.

This was the Gu Yue Clan's closely cultivated moon orchids. The beautiful blue and pink colored petals were shaped like a crescent moon; the flower stems were like jade, the center of the flower shining like the sort of warm brilliance that radiates from pearls under the light. At first glance, in the dark background the flower sea looks like a huge piece of land covered in bluish green carpet dotted with countless pearls.

The moon orchid is food for a lot of Gu. This flower sea could be said as the clan's biggest cultivation medium, Fang Yuan thought knowingly to himself.

"Wow, so pretty!"

"It really is beautiful!"

The new sight opened the young teenagers' eyes. Each one of them had a light radiating from their gaze with excited and anxious feelings.

"Alright, listen as I call your names. Those who are called must walk through this river to the opposite bank. Walk as far as you can, of course, the further you go, the better it is. Are all of you clear on that?" The elder said.

"Yes," the youths replied. Actually before they came here, they had all heard their family members or seniors talk about it. It is known that the further you can walk, the better your talent is. Your future will also become brighter.



"Gu Yue Chen Bo." The elder held the name list and called out the first person.

The river was wide but not deep—it covered up to a youth's kneecaps. Chen Bo's face was full of seriousness as he stepped into the flower sea ashore. As he did so, he could feel an invisible pressure as if there was a wall in front of him that he could not see, blocking him from walking forward. During this moment, the flowers at his feet suddenly gave off a weak white light. The light gathered around Chen Bo and entered his body. For a moment, Chen Bo felt the pressure drop; the invisible wall blocking him suddenly felt softer. With this, Chen Bo gritted his teeth and mustered his strength, walking forward. He tried to force his way in stiffly, yet after three steps the wall in front of him hardened again back to the state before. Thus he could not walk any further.

As he watched this the elder sighed. While recording what happened, he said, "Gu Yue Chen Bo, 3 steps, no talent to become a Gu Master. Next, Gu Yue Zao Xie!"

Chen Bo was deathly pale as he walked past the river and back to the youths, clenching his teeth. Without the endowed talent he could live as a normal human, holding the lowest position in the clan.

His stature was shaky; it was a huge blow to him, as if reality had killed all his hopes. Many people threw him pitiful gazes, while even more had fixated stares at the second person crossing the river.

It was a pity that this youth could only walk four steps forward—he did not have talent either.

Not everyone has the natural talent to be a Gu Master. Generally speaking, it is not bad if five out of ten people have talent. In the Gu Clan, this ratio is higher, reaching six people. This is because the Gu Yue clan's ancestor—The first generation clan leader was a famous, legendary and powerful man. Due to cultivation reasons his bloodline carried powerful genes, thus the average quality of talent in the Gu Yue clan was generally higher as they carried his blood in their veins.

With two consecutive failures, the other elders observing the scene in the dark started making ugly expressions. Even the clan head was frowning slightly. The next moment, the academy elder called out the third name: Gu Yue Mo Bei.

"Here!" A horse-faced youth dressed in linen robes lightly called as he came forth. He was tall in build, looking much sturdier than his peers. There was a brave aura about him. He crossed the river in a few steps and reached the opposite bank. 10 steps, 20 steps, 30 steps; one after another small lights entered his body. He walked until he reached 36 steps before he could finally go no further.

The youths at the riverbank watched with wide opened eyes, shocked. The academy elder happily exclaimed, "Good, Gu Yue Mo Bei, B grade talent! Come here, let me see your Primeval Sea."

Gu Yue Mo Bei walked back to the academy elder's side. The latter stretched out his hand and put it on the juvenile's shoulder, closing his eyes as he checked with focus. Then he retracted his hand and nodded, recording down on the paper: Gu Yue Mo Bei, Primeval Sea measuring six by six, could be vigorously trained.

This special talent could be measured by four grades—A grade to D grade. A D grade talent youth who was nurtured for 3 years would be able to become a rank one senior Gu Master, becoming the foundation of a family. A C grade talent youth after two years of cultivation was usually able to become a rank two senior Gu Master, becoming the clan's backbone. A B grade talent had to be taken care for. They often became a future clan elder, and with 6–7 years of training they could become rank three Gu Masters.

And when it comes to A grade, even if it was just one, would bring great luck to the entire clan. Great care must be given; with this talent in about 10 years they can become a rank four Gu Master. At that moment they would be able to compete for the position of the head of the clan!

In other words, as long as this Gu Yue Mo Bei grew to his full potential, he would eventually become one of the elders of the Gu Yue clan. That was why the academy elder laughed happily; the elders watching in the darkness

also sighed in relief, then they all turned to look at one of the elders amongst them with jealousy.

This elder was also horse-faced. He was Gu Yue Mo Bei's grandfather, Gu Yue Mo Chen. His face was already smiling. He gave his old nemesis a provocative look and said, "What do you think? My grandson isn't bad huh, Gu Yue Chi Lian."

Gu Yue Chi Lian had a head full of red hair. He harrumphed in annoyance and didn't reply. It was apparent that he wore a livid expression.

One hour later, half of the youths had already walked through the flower sea. There were quite a number of C and D grade talents among them, while half of those youths had no talent at all.

"Sigh, the bloodline is getting thinner. These few years the clan hasn't had any rank four masters to strengthen the bloodline. The fourth generation clan head was the only rank five master, but in the end he perished together with the Flower Wine monk and did not leave behind any descendants. The Gu Yue clan's later generation talents are getting weaker and weaker," the clan head said with a deep sigh.

At this moment, the academy elder shouted, "Gu Yue Chi Chen!"

On hearing this name all the elders looked at Gu Yue Chi Lian; this was Gu Yue Chi Lian's grandson.

Gu Yue Chi Lian had a small and short build with a face full of pockmarks. He was clenching his fist, his entire face sweating. It was evident that he was incredibly nervous.

As he walked onto the opposite bank, the little lights entered his body; after walking straight for 36 steps he stopped.

"Another B grade!" the academy elder yelled.

The youths started a commotion, sending Gu Yue Chi Chen envious stares.

"Hahaha, 36 steps, 36 steps!" Gu Yue Chi Lian shouted, proudly staring at Gu Yue Mo Bei. This time it was Gu Yue Mo Chen's turn to have a sour face.

"Gu Yue Chi Chen, huh..." In the midst of the crowd, Fang Yuan stroked his chin thoughtfully. In his memories, the clan heavily punished Gu Yue Chi Chen because he cheated during the Awakening Ceremony. In reality Chi Chen only had C grade talent, but because his grandfather Gu Yue Chi Lian helped him fake the results, he appeared to have B grade talent.

To be honest if he wanted to cheat, Fang Yuan had a countless number of ways to do so, some ways even more perfect than Gu Yue Chi Chen's method. If a B grade or A grade talent appeared, they would receive the clan's utmost care.

But firstly, Fang Yuan had only just been reborn. It was hard to prepare the cheating method with such conditions. Secondly, even if he had managed to cheat, he would not be able to fake his cultivation speed. He would be exposed by then. However Gu Yue Chi Chen was different; his grandfather was Gu Yue Chi Lian—one of the two elders with the most authority within the clan. With this Chi Lian would be able to cover up for his grandson.

"Gu Yue Chi Lian was always hostile towards Gu Yue Mo Chen, these two elders are the clan's two biggest influential authorities. To suppress his opponent he would need his own grandson to have an outstanding talent. It is also because he was helping from behind, Gu Yue Chi Chen was able to conceal the truth for a time. In my memories, if it were not for that incident, the truth would never have been exposed."

Fang Yuan's eyes shone with light, his mind thinking up ways to use this knowledge to his advantage.

If he exposed the matter on the spot, he would receive a bit of reward from the clan, but then he would offend the highly powerful Gu Yue Chi Lian. This was not advisable.

He also could not blackmail them within such a short period of time. Due to his low status, it would just backfire on him.

As he pondered, he suddenly heard the academy elder call out his name:  
"Gu Yue Fang Yuan!"

# Chapter 5: The First Human and 3 Gu, Hopes Awakening

In that moment his surroundings went quiet. Countless numbers of eyes were on him.

It's getting more and more exciting, Fang Yuan thought to himself with a laugh. Under the gazes of the masses, he walked across the river and reached the opposite bank.

He could feel a layer of pressure on him. This pressure came from the spirit spring deep in the flower sea. The spirit spring produced primeval qi—because the qi was too rich in here, it caused the pressure.

But very quickly from the flowers below Fang Yuan's feet, little lights made their way up. These dots of light enveloped his entire body before finally entering him.

These are the Hope Gu, mused Fang Yuan. The person in charge did not tell them, but he knew it very clearly. Every spot of light is a Gu, known as the Hope Gu.

One of the oldest legends talk about the Hope Gu. In the legend, when the world was just formed it was a land of savagery. Among the wild beasts that walked the earth, the first man appeared. He was known as Ren Zu<sup>[1]</sup>, eating raw meat and drinking blood, living a difficult life.

In particular was a group of wild beasts called Predicament. These wild beasts loved the taste of Ren Zu and longed to eat him.

Ren Zu did not have a body as strong as mountain rock, nor did he have the sharp teeth and claws of a wild beast. How could he fight with the Predicaments? His source of food was unstable and he had to hide all day. He was at the bottom of nature's food chain, and could barely survive.

At this moment, there were 3 Gu that came up to him and said, "As long as you use your life to provide us, we will help you through this difficulty." Ren Zu had nowhere to go, so he could only agree to these 3 Gu.

He first gave his youth away to the biggest Gu among the three. That Gu then granted him strength.

With strength, Ren Zu's life began to change. He started to have a stable source of food and was able to protect himself. He fought bravely and ruthlessly, defeating many Predicaments. But soon he suffered and finally realized that strength was not everything. It needed to heal and be cultivated, not spent freely at his will. Not to mention when facing the entire group of Predicaments, his strength alone was too small.

Ren Zu reflected over this lesson bitterly and decided to give his prime middle years to the most beautiful Gu among the three. And thus, the second Gu gave him wisdom.

With wisdom, Ren Zu was able to learn how to think and reflect. He began to accumulate experience and found out that many times when he used wisdom, it was more effective than using strength. By relying on wisdom and strength was he able to conquer all the goals that he formerly could not, and killed many Predicaments. He ate the meat of Predicaments and drank the blood of Predicaments, surviving with tenacity.

But good things do not last and Ren Zu was old, and would only grow older and older. This is because he gave away his youth and middle years to keep the strength and wisdom Gu. When a man is old, his muscles deteriorate and his brain slows down.

"Human, what else can you give us? You don't have anything else left to provide to us," the strength and wisdom Gu said as they realized this. They left him.

Without wisdom and strength, Ren Zu was once surrounded by Predicaments. He was old and could not run, his teeth had fallen out and could not even chew wild fruits and plants.

As he fell weakly onto the ground surrounded by Predicaments, his heart was filled with desperation. It was at this time the third Gu said to him, "Human, take me up. I will help you escape Predicament."

Ren Zu tearfully replied, "Gu, I don't have anything else left. See, the strength and wisdom Gu have abandoned me. I only have my old age left! While it is not as worth my youth and middle age, but if I give you my old age, my life would immediately end. Even though I am surrounded by Predicaments right now, but I will not die immediately. I wish to live a little longer, even if just a second more. So you should leave, I have nothing else to provide to you."

But the Gu said, "Among the three I have the smallest needs. Human, if you just give me your heart, it will be enough."

"Then I will give you my heart," Ren Zu said. "But Gu, what can you give me in return? In this situation, even if the strength and wisdom Gu returned to my side, it would change nothing."

When compared to the strength Gu, this Gu looked frail and was just a tiny ball of light. When compared to the wisdom Gu, this one was only able to give out a dim white light, not beautiful in any way.

But when Ren Zu gave it his heart, this Gu suddenly gave out endless light. In this light, the Predicaments screamed in horror: "This is the Hope Gu, withdraw! We Predicaments are most afraid of hope!"

The Predicaments retreated suddenly. Ren Zu was speechless, and from that day onwards whenever he faced a predicament, he would give his heart to hope.

At this moment, the Hope Gu converged into a stream of light and had already entered Fang Yuan's body. Due to the outside pressure they quickly gathered into his abdomen and collected into a group spontaneously, three inches under his navel.

Fang Yuan suddenly felt the pressure lessen. He began to walk forward. With every step he took, one after another the Hope Gu would fly out from



the sea of flowers and enter his body, joining the ball of light. The ball of light grew brighter and brighter, but the person in charge opposite the riverbank frowned.

"This number of Hope Gu is lesser than expected." Many elders watching Fang Yuan in the dark thought this as they saw the sight. The clan head frowned as well. This was definitely not the sign of an A grade talent!

Fang Yuan withstood the pressure, continuing to walk forward. "Below 10 steps it means that there is no cultivation talent. 10-20 steps means D grade talent. 20-30 steps would be C grade talent, 30-40 steps is a B grade talent. And 40-50 steps would mean A grade talent. Up till now, I have walked 23 steps."

24, 25, 26... 27.

Fang Yuan counted in his heart; when he walked the 27th step he could hear a bang and in between his two kidneys the ball of light reached its limit and suddenly exploded.

This burst of energy only happened inside his body; outsiders cannot see it. Only Fang Yuan alone could feel at that moment, an earthshaking reaction. Instantly the fine hairs on his body stood up, his pores shut tight, his mind stretched to a tense limit.

Soon after, his mind went blank, his entire body becoming soft as if he fell into some clouds. His heart relaxed, his fine hair flattening and his pores re-opened again.

In a short while his entire body was perspiring.

This entire process felt long, but it actually happened in a short time. The feeling went away as fast as it came.

Fang Yuan blanked out for a short moment before he returned to his senses. He secretly focused his attention into his body and found that below his navel and in between his two kidneys, an aperture had formed out of thin air.

The Awakening Ceremony was a success!

This was the hope to immortality!

[1] Ren Zu (人祖)—Ren is human, Zu is ancestor. He is the first human, like the Adam from Adam & Eve. [Back](#)

## Chapter 6: The road to the future will be interesting

The aperture was mysterious and unusual. Although it was located inside Fang Yuan's body, it was at the same time, not sharing the same space with his internal organs. You could say that it was endlessly huge, yet at the same time infinitely small.

Some call it the Purple Prefecture; some call it the Chinese Pool. However many know it as the Primeval Sea Aperture. The entire body is spherical and the surface of it is covered in flowing white light, like a thin layer of light coating. It was the layer of light from the Hope Gu that previously exploded.

This thin membrane of light supported the aperture so it would not collapse, and inside the aperture was naturally, the Primeval Sea. The sea waters were smooth like a mirror, showing a greenish blue color, yet the water was dense and brought about a copper luster. Only Rank one Gu Masters can form this green coppery primeval essence, known as the green copper sea.

The height of the sea surface was not up to half of the aperture—it was only up to 44%. This was also the limitation of a C grade talent. Every drop of seawater was pure primeval essence, representing the condensation of Fang Yuan's essence, vitality and soul. It was also the accumulation of his life potential over the past 15 years.

This primeval essence is used by Gu Masters to raise Gu. This also means that from now onwards, Fang Yuan has formally entered the route of a Rank one Gu Master. Since the aperture opened, no more Hope Gu entered Fang Yuan's body.

Fang Yuan gathered himself and felt that the pressure before him was as thick as a wall; he could no longer walk another step forward. "Just like my previous life," he smiled indifferently at this result.

"You can't go any further?" The academy elder shouted across the river, holding onto a small thread of hope. Fang Yuan turned around and walked back, answering with his actions.

At this moment even the young teenagers started reacting. The crowd suddenly buzzed with chatter.

"What? Fang Yuan walked 27 steps?"

"So he was just a C grade talent?!"

"Unbelievable, only a C grade for such a genius like him?"

A great disturbance erupted from the crowd.

"Brother..." Among them, Gu Yue Fang Zheng looked up, watching with shock as Fang Yuan returned across the river. He could not dare to believe it, his own brother was only a C grade?

He had always thought that his older brother would be an A grade talent. No, not just him, even his aunt and uncle and so many people among the clan thought the same too.

But now, the result was unexpectedly the opposite!

"Damn, he was only a C grade!" The Gu Yue clan head clenched both his fists, drawing a deep breath, disappointment in his voice.

The elders watching from the darkness had mixed reactions. Some were frowning, some lowering their head in discussion, some looking up with a sigh.

"Could the results be wrong?"

"How can that be? This method is accurate beyond reasoning, not to add that we were watching the entire time, even cheating is hard."

"But all his actions and intelligence previously, how do you explain those?"

"Youths with higher quality of Primeval Sea would indeed display characteristics that surpass the ordinary man. Such as intelligence, perception, memory, strength, agility and so on. On the other hand, these characteristics do not mean that the primeval talent is definitely high. Everything will still be determined by the results."

"Sigh, the bigger your hopes the bigger the disappointment. The Gu Yue clan's generation now is no longer like the first generation."

—

His socks were soaked with the icy cold waters from the river, the coldness piercing into his bones.

Fang Yuan walked with the same emotionless face, his distance getting closer and closer towards the crowd. He could clearly see the academy elder's heavy expression, and was aware of the stares thrown at him from over a hundred youths.

These glares were mixed with amazement, shock, gloat, and some taking pleasure at this unfortunate event, some indifferent.

It was the same situation, making Fang Yuan unwillingly remember his previous life.

During that time he felt as if the sky had fallen. When he crossed the cold river he lost his footing and fell, soaking his entire body in the water, feeling so lost. No one came forward to help him up.

Those disappointed, cold expressions and gazes were like sharp knives, piercing into his very own heart. His mind was in chaos, his chest searing with pain. It was as if he had fallen from the clouds, down to the ground. The higher you stand, the harder you fall.

But in this life, as the same scene replayed itself, Fang Yuan's heart was calm. He thought of the legend: When Predicaments come, give your heart to Hope.

And today that hope is inside of him. Even though it was not big, but it was better than those people who had totally no primeval talent.

If others feel disappointed, then let them be disappointed. What else can they do?

What does the disappointment others have have to do with me? The most important thing is to carry hope inside my heart!

500 years of living had led him to understand that the interesting things that happen in a person's life, happens during the process when one chases after his own dreams. There is no need to ask others around you to not be disappointed or make them like it.

Walk on your own path, let others be disappointed and unhappy however they please!

"Sigh..." The academy elder let out a deep breath and shouted, "Next, Gu Yue Fang Zheng!"

But no answer came.

"Gu Yue Fang Zheng!" The elder yelled again, the sound of his voice reverberating inside the cave.

"Ah? I'm here, I'm here!" Fang Zheng snapped out of his shock and ran out hurriedly. Unfortunately he tripped over his own feet and fell, hitting his head with a groan and tumbling into the river.

Instantly the entire cave was filled with huge laughter.

"The Fang brothers, nothing special." The Gu Yue clan head scoffed, feeling a sort of annoyed boredom towards Fang Zheng.

"This is such a huge embarrassment!" Fang Zheng struggled and splashed in the water. The bottom of the river was just too slippery; he couldn't get up properly. Trying his best only made him look more stupid and clumsy. His heart increasingly flustered as the sounds of laughter filled his ears.

But right at this moment, he suddenly felt a strong pull lifting him up. His head finally left the water surface and his body found balance again.

He wiped his face in a panic and focused his sight. It was actually his older brother Fang Yuan who had grasped his collar and pulled him up.

"Brother..." He opened his mouth to say. But instead he started choking on water, ending up triggering a violent cough.

"Haha, the difficult older and younger brother of the Fang family!" Someone laughed at the riverbank. The laughter grew louder, yet the academy elder did not come out and stop it. He was deeply frowning, disappointment filling his heart.

Fang Zheng was completely at a loss on what to do, and then he heard his brother say to him, "Go on. The road to the future will be interesting."

Fang Zheng could not help but open his mouth in surprise. Fang Yuan's back was facing the crowd so they could not see properly, but Fang Zheng could clearly feel the calmness radiating from Fang Yuan. As his older brother spoke the corners of his mouth were slightly raised, revealing a deep and thoughtful smile.

It was obviously only a C grade talent, yet how can brother be so calm? Fang Zhen could not help but wonder, his heart full of doubt. Yet Fang Yuan did not say any more. He patted Fang Zheng on the back, and turned and walked away.

Fang Zheng wore a stupefied expression as he walked towards the flower sea. "I never thought brother would actually be so calm. If it was me, I'd..."

He lowered his head, walking forward absent-mindedly. Yet he did not know that he was playing out a miraculous scene. When he finally snapped out of his reverie, he was already deep in the sea of flowers, standing in a distance that no one else had reached before him.

43 steps!

"Oh my god, A grade talent!" The academy elder screamed, seeming to have lost his mind.

"A grade, really an A grade!?"

"It's been 3 years, an A grade talented genius has finally appeared in the Gu Yue clan!"

The clan elders that were watching in the darkness were also screaming out at the same time, losing their composure.

"Well, the Fang bloodline originated from us Chi bloodline. So we Chi family will adopt in this Gue Yue Fang Zheng," Gue Yue Chi Lian immediately announced.

"How is that possible? You old bag Chi Lian, your morals and abilities are out of order, but you're definitely good at misleading young boys. It's better to pass this kid to I, Gu Yue Mo Chen to raise!" Gu Yue Mo Chen roared back instantly.

"Stop arguing. No one is more qualified to raise this child than the current clan leader. Whoever has any objections is to go against me, Gu Yue Bo!" The Gu Yue clan head had gone crazy and swept his fiery red gaze over the disappointed and discouraged looks.



# **Chapter 7: A Gu Master has 9 ranks, Flower Wine leaves behind treasure**

Soon a week passed.

"Humans are above all creatures, Gu are the essence of heaven and earth. In this world there are thousands of species, countless number of Gu. They live everywhere around us—In the soil, in the bushes, even on the bodies of wild beasts."

"As humans continue to propagate and grow, the scholars of the past gradually uncovered the mysteries of the Gu. Those who have opened the aperture, using their own primeval essence to feed, refine and manipulate these Gu—people who have achieved these various purposes are what we call Gu Masters."

"And all of you have successfully opened your aperture in the Awakening Ceremony 7 days ago. With the coagulation of the Primeval Sea, right now you are all Rank one Gu Masters."

In the village academy, the academy elder talked with confidence and composure. In front of him were 57 students, seated and listening attentively.

The mystery and strength of a Gu Master had been deeply rooted in the hearts of the youths a long time ago. Thus everything that the elder taught and said, the students were very interested in.

At this moment a young teen raised his hand. With the elder's permission he stood up and asked, "Elder sir, I've known this since I was small. There are Rank one Gu Masters, Rank two and so on, can you explain in more detail to us?"

The Gu Yue teacher nodded and waved his hand to ask the young man to sit down. "Gu Masters have 9 ranks, from bottom to top—Rank one, Rank two, Rank three all the way up to Rank nine. Every rank is considered a big realm, and it is divided into 4 small realms—initial stage, middle stage, upper stage and peak stage. You have all just become Gu Masters, so all of you are Rank one initial stage."

"If you all work hard in your cultivation, your cultivation base will naturally advance to rank two, even rank three. Of course, the higher your talent the bigger your chance of promoting."

"For D grade talent, the Primeval Sea takes up about 2-3 layers of the aperture, the highest promotion reachable is Rank one to Rank two. For C grade talent, the Primeval Sea is 4-5 layers of the aperture. Usually the progress stops at Rank two, but with luck a small percentage of people can advance to Rank 3 initial stage. B grade talents have a Primeval Sea that takes up 6-7 layers of the aperture, they are able to cultivate to Rank 3, even as far as Rank 4. As for A grade talent, the Primeval Sea is plenty; it takes up 8-9 layers of the aperture. This kind of talent in a person is naturally the most gifted and the most suitable for a Gu Master's cultivation, being able to reach Rank 5."

"As for Gu Masters who are Rank 6 and above, they are all legends. I am not clear about the specifics either. In the Gu Yue clan, there has never been the appearance of a Rank 6 Gu Master, but Rank 4 and Rank 5 Gu Masters we have had before."

The teenagers' ears all pricked up, their eyes shining brightly as they listened.

Many of them couldn't help but look at Gu Yue Fang Zheng who was sitting rigidly at the first row. He was an A grade talent after all. Their eyes were filled with feelings of envy and jealousy. At the same time there were some who stared at the corner at the last row of the classroom.

Leaning against the window at the corner was Gu Yue Fang Yuan, who was bent over the desk sleeping soundly.

"Look, he's still sleeping," someone whispered.

"He's been sleeping continuously for a week, yet he's still not awake?"  
Someone cut in.

"There's more. I heard that he was up all night, wandering about at the edge of the village."

"There's been people who've seen it more than once, apparently he holds a wine-jar at night, dead drunk outside. Luckily these few years the village surroundings have been cleared clean, so it's safer." The fellow schoolmates whisper here and there, letting all kinds of small gossip spreading around quickly.

"Ah well, the blow was just too big. Someone hailed as a genius for so many years unexpectedly ending up to be a C-grade talent in the end, hehe."

"If only it was just the case. Of all the people his own little brother was pronounced an A grade, right now being the center of attention, enjoying the best treatment. The younger brother soars up into the sky, while the older brother falls to the ground, tut tut..."

As the discussion amongst the students got louder and louder, the academy elder's brow deepened into a frown. In the whole classroom all the teenagers were sitting respectfully, showing liveliness. This made Fang Yuan who was sleeping on his table stand out so much that it hurt the eyes.

"It's already been a week, yet he's still so dispirited. Hmph, initially I must have been mistaken by him, how could someone like this be a genius!" The elder thought disgruntledly. He had spoken many times to Fang Yuan regarding this matter, but to no effect—Fang Yuan still did whatever he liked. He would sleep through every class, making the elder in charge of teaching have a very frustrated headache.

"Forget it, he's just a C grade. If he can't even withstand this sort of blow, fostering him with that kind of temperament will just end up wasting the clan's resources, nothing good will come out of it." The elder's heart was filled with disappointment towards Fang Yuan.

Fang Yuan was just a C grade, compared to his younger brother Fang Zheng, who was an A grade talent, now this was someone worth the clan spending an amount of effort on raising!

While the academy elder thought about all this, he was also replying to the latest question. "In the clan history, there have been many strong masters. For Rank five masters there were two. One of them is the first generation clan head, our ancestor. He was the one who established Gu Yue Village. Another one was the fourth clan head. He had remarkable talent, and managed to cultivate all the way to the realm of a Rank five Gu Master. If it wasn't for that despicable shameless demon Flower Wine Monk's sneak attack, he might have been able to achieve Rank six, but who knows..."

As he said this he heaved a deep sigh. Below the platform, the youths started shouting in a rage.

"It's all because of that Flower Wine Monk, he was too sinister and cunning!"

"What a pity that our fourth clan leader was softhearted and benevolent, and died at a young age."

"If only I was born a few hundred years earlier! If I saw that demon I would have torn off his ugly face."

The fourth clan head and the Flower Wine Monk's story is something that the entire Gu Yue clan knows.

The Flower Wine Monk was also a Rank five Gu Master, famous among the Demon faction in his time for his many years as a big flower thief. A few hundred years ago he travelled to Qing Mao Mountain. He attempted to commit crimes in Gu Yue Village, but was found out by the fourth generation clan leader in the end. After an earthshaking huge battle, the Flower Wine monk was beaten to the point he had to beg for mercy on his knees. The fourth clan head was merciful and kind, intending to spare his life. Yet the Flower Wink Monk suddenly launched a sneak attack, successfully inflicting heavy wounds on the fourth clan head. The clan head

flew into a rage, killing the Flower Wine Monk on the spot. However his heavy injuries were not curable and thus, he died.

Therefore in the hearts of the Gu Yue clansmen, the fourth generation clan head was a great hero who sacrificed his life for the village.

"Flower Wine Monk huh..." Awoken by the classroom's noisy chatter, Fang Yuan opened his sleepy eyes.

He stretched his body and thought with resentment in his heart, this Flower Wine Monk, where did he die? Why is it that I still can't find his legacy after searching around the entire village?

In his memories, there was a Gu Master from the clan who was brokenhearted and started drinking a lot. About two months from now, the man was heavily drunk as he lay down outside the village, his heavy wine aroma unknowingly attracting a Liquor worm.

The Gu Master was ecstatic, fully intent on catching it. The Liquor worm hurriedly fled, and as the Gu Master was in hot pursuit after it, he followed the Liquor worm's trail and discovered an underground hole entrance and went in.

The Liquor worm was a very precious and expensive type of Gu. The half drunk Gu Master decided to risk it and enter the hole, finding himself in a secret underground cave. After that he discovered the bones of the Flower Wine Monk and the inheritance he left behind.

When the Gu Master returned to the village, he reported his discoveries and immediately caused a big stir among the entire clan. Later on that Gu Master benefitted much from it, his cultivation base suddenly becoming outstanding. His lover who had once abandoned him before was attracted to him again, and he became the talk of the clan for a while.

"Sadly I only heard bits and pieces about this piece of news, so I don't know where the accurate location is. It wasn't like I knew I would be reborn again to this day. Flower Wine Monk, where in the world did you die off to?"

These few days he had been buying a lot of wine, wandering around the village as soon as night arrived. He wanted to use the aroma of liquor to attract the Liquor worm. Unfortunately he never saw the Liquor worm appear, making him feel very disappointed.

"If I could find that Liquor worm and refine it into my vital Gu, that would be so much better than the clan's Moonlight Gu. In the blink of an eye it's already April, there's not much time left." Fang Yuan heaved a sigh and gazed out of the window.

Under the blue sky and white clouds, verdant mountains stretched into the distance. In the vicinity was a bamboo grove. This was Qing Mao Mountain's unique spear bamboo, each bamboo stick as straight as a line, the ends of the bamboo exceptionally sharp like the tip of a spear.

Not too far away, the woods were already turning green. The tender shoots sprouted in a sea of yellow green color. Every now and then, beautiful and colorful sparrows would perch on the branches. The wind of spring blew, wrapping up the freshness of the mountains and rivers, and dispersing it into the world.

Without knowing it, the class was almost over. The academy elder finally informed them, "This week I have taught you all how to contemplate and check your own aperture's Primeval Sea, and how to meditate and shift around the primeval essence inside your body. Now is the time for you all to refine your vital Gu. After this class ends, you will all go to the academy's Gu room and pick a Guworm. After choosing your Gu, please go home and focus on refining it. When you have finally refined your Gu, then you can come back to the academy and continue attending class. At the same time, this is your first assessment. Whoever can finish this assessment first will be rewarded a generous sum of 20 primeval stones."

# Chapter 8: Things will always be things, but humans will change

Beside the academy was a Gu room. The Gu room was not big; it was only 60 meters<sup>2</sup> in size.

In a Gu Master's road to cultivation, a Gu is the key to strength.

At the end of class, the excited teenagers rushed towards the Gu room.

"Form a line, enter one by one," some voices suddenly yelled; it was natural that there were guards outside the Gu room. The youths went in one at a time and came out. Finally it was Fang Yuan's turn to enter the Gu room.

This room was a mysterious room. The four walls all had holes; in each one of these embedded square holes were another square hole. Each of the holes differed in size, some big and some small. The bigger ones were no bigger than a an earthenware cooking pot, the smaller holes no smaller than a fist.

In the many square holes were all kinds of containers—there were grey stone basins, verdant jade dishes, exquisite grass cages, earthen stoves etc. These containers kept in all kinds of variety of Gu.

Some Gu were silent, while some Gu made a lot of noises, creating chirping, clucking, rustling sounds and so on. All these noises combined together to create a sort of life symphony.

"Gu are also divided into 9 big levels, following the same concept of the 9 rank realms of Gu Masters. All the Gu in this room are Rank one Gu." Fang Yuan glanced around, immediately aware of this.

Generally speaking, Rank one Gu Masters can only use Rank one Gu. If they used higher level Gu, these masters would need to pay an extremely heavy price. In addition, Gu need to be fed. The high cost of feeding higher level Gu was often not something lower ranked Gu Masters could afford.

Thus to Gu Masters who were newcomers, they would always pick a Rank one Gu worm as their first refined Gu unless under a special situation.

There is great significance to the first Gu that a Gu Master refines—It will become their vital Gu, interconnecting their lives together. If it dies, the Gu master will suffer a huge blow.

"Alas, my original wish was to get my hands on the Flower Wine Monk's Liquor worm and refine it as my vital Gu. But right now there are still no leads on my search for the Flower Wine Monk's skeleton. I don't even know when will I be able to find it, or when someone else does. Just to be safe I'll pick a Moonlight Gu first." Fang Yuan sighed inwardly as he walked straight along the wall on his left.

One of the top layers of the holes in this wall had a row of silver plates. In every plate was a Gu.

These Gu were crystalline and shaped like a crescent; it was like a piece of blue quartz. Against the backdrop of the silver dish, the Gu gave off a quiet and beautiful feeling.

Known as the Moonlight Gu, this variety of Gu was the local Gu of the Gu Yue clan and many of the clansmen would choose the Moonlight Gu as their vital Gu. The Moonlight Gu was not a Gu of nature; it was a breed that was cultivated with a secret method by the Gu Yue clan. The Moonlight Gu could not be found anywhere else; it could be said that this Gu was a symbol of the Gu Yue clan.

Since it was all Rank one Moonlight Gu, there was very little difference among one another. Fang Yuan casually chose one and took it. The Moonlight Gu was very light, comparable to the weight of a piece of paper. The insect occupied a small area of his palm; it was roughly the size of a common jade pendant. As Fang Yuan put it on his hand, he could see through it and gaze at the lines on his palm.

With one last look and finding nothing wrong with it, Fang Yuan put the Moonlight Gu into his pocket and walked out of the Gu room. Outside the



Gu room, the queue was still quite long. As soon as the next person in line saw Fang Yuan leave, he went into the room hurriedly with excitement.

If it were others, when they got their Gu the first thing they would do, would be to take it home and quickly refine it. But Fang Yuan was not in a hurry to do so, for his mind was still thinking about the Liquor worm.

The Liquor Worm was more precious compared to the Moonlight Gu, although the Moonlight Gu was a specialty of the Gu Yue village, it did not help a Gu Master as much as a Liquor Worm.

After he left the Gu room, Fang Yuan headed straight for the tavern.

"Shopkeeper, two jars of aged wine!" Fang Yuan fished around his pockets and drew out the remaining primeval stone pieces, putting them onto the counter.

These few days he would come here and buy wine, then go around the village border and scout, intending to attract the Liquor worm so it would appear. The shopkeeper was a short and fat middle-aged man, his face oily. After these few days he had already remembered Fang Yuan.

"Sir, you've come." While he greeted Fang Yuan, he stretched out a thick and short chubby hand and skillfully swiped away the primeval stone pieces. As he put them onto his palm he shifted his hand up and down and felt that the weight was correct. With this the shopkeeper's smile deepened.

Primeval stones were the currency used in this world, used to measure the value of all commodities. At the same time it was also a condensed matter of the world's essence, usable on oneself, and is important in helping a GuMaster in his cultivation.

As it has monetary attributes as well as usable properties, it was similar to the gold on Earth. Earth has a gold currency standard system, and in this world it was replaced with primeval stones. Compared to gold, the purchasing power of primeval stones is even more astonishing. However with Fang Yuan's continued spending like this, no matter how many primeval stones he had it would not be enough.

"Two jars of wine everyday, and it has been 7 full days already. The initial savings I had are already almost all spent," Fang Yuan frowned slightly as he walked out of the tavern with two jars of wine.

Once someone becomes a Gu Master, he would be able to extract primeval essence straight from a primeval stone to replenish the Primeval Sea in his aperture. Thus to Gu Masters, primeval stones were not just a form of currency, but also a supplement in their cultivation. With sufficient primeval stones, the rate of cultivation will increase greatly; this can make up for the disadvantages of those with lower talent grade.

"I won't have primeval stones to buy wine anymore tomorrow, yet the Liquor worm just doesn't want to appear. Do I really have to take the Moonlight Gu and refine it as my vital Gu?" Fang Yuan felt rather unsatisfied.

As he walked with the two jars of wine in his hand, he started to wonder. "Academy elder said, the first person who manages to refine his vital Gu will get a reward of 20 primeval stones. Right now I guess a lot of them are at home trying their best to refine their Gu and compete for the first position. A pity, refining the vital Gu is more of a test of one's talent. Those with better primeval talent will have better advantage. With my C grade talent, without any special means I have totally no chance of winning."

It was at this moment, the voice of Gu Yue Fang Zheng called out to him from behind. "Brother, you really did go to the tavern and buy alcohol! Follow me, aunt and uncle want to see you."

Fang Yuan stopped in his tracks and turned around. He found his younger brother was no longer like before, always lowering his head as he spoke. Right now the two brothers gazed at each other face to face.

A gust of wind blew, lifting up the older brother's messy short hair, the lower hem of the younger brother's robes swishing around.

Just a short period of one month has gone by, yet humans change.

A week after the Awakening Ceremony, a huge change came upon the older brother and younger brother. The older brother Fang Yuan fell from the clouds, the title of genius mercilessly destroyed. And the younger brother began to bloom with radiance, slowly rising up like a new star.

To the younger brother Fang Zheng, this sort of change was earthshaking to his world. He finally tasted the feelings that his older brother used to have—the feelings of people pinning their hopes on him, the feelings when people use envious and jealous looks to gaze at him. He felt like he was suddenly dragged out from a dark corner and placed into a heaven filled with light. Everyday when he woke up, he felt like he was having a very sweet dream. The difference of how he was being treated from before and now was like day and night, making him somewhat unable to believe his reality even until now, but at the same time also strongly unaccustomed to it.

It was hard to adapt.

In a short while from being unknown to someone who was closely watched, people pointing at him all the time. Sometimes when Fang Zheng walked on the road, he would hear people around him talking about himself, voices praising him. His face would heat up and he would feel completely at a loss of what to do, his eyes trying to avoid gazes, he even almost forgot how to walk properly!

The first ten days or so, Gu Yue Fang Zheng became thinner yet his energy became more vigorous. From the inner depths of his heart, something called 'self-confidence' began to manifest.

"This is what brother had always been feeling before, how beautiful and painful at the same time!"

He could not stop thinking about his older brother Gu Yue Fang Yuan; facing such attention and discussion, how did his older brother deal with it?

He subconsciously started to imitate Fang Yuan, pretending to look expressionless all the time, but quickly found that he was not fit for this kind of style. Sometimes during class, a girl's shout could easily send him

red-faced. On the roads, all the flirting from older women even caused him to flee in a hurry many times.

He was like a toddler learning how to walk, stumbling and falling as he tried to get used to his new life. During this entire process, he was unable to avoid hearing about his older brother—falling into depression, becoming a drunkard, not going home at night, sleeping soundly in class.

He felt very shocked at this. His own older brother, once a strong entity and hailed as a being of great genius, suddenly becoming like this?!

But slowly he started to sort of understand. His brother was also a normal man after all. Encountering this kind of setback and huge blow would send anyone into depression. Along with this understanding, Fang Zheng secretly felt an indescribable happiness inside. This feeling was something he was terribly unwilling to admit, but yet it definitely existed.

His older brother who was hailed as a genius and always covering him in shadow, acting so depressed and dispirited right now. From a reverse angle, it was a testimony to his own growth, wasn't it?

He was the outstanding one, this was the real truth!

Hence when he saw Fang Yuan holding the wine jars, his hair messy and clothes untidy, Gu Yue Fang Zheng felt relieved, his breathing also becoming a lot easier. But yet he said, "rother, you have to stop drinking, you cannot go on like this! You have no idea how worried the people who care about you are, you need to wake up!"

Fang Yuan was emotionless; he did not say anything. The two brothers gazed at each other.

Younger brother Gu Yue Fang Zheng's eyes were shining, giving off a sharp and keen feel. And the older brother Gu Yue Fang Yuan's two orbs were a deep black, faintly resembling a deep ancient pool. These eyes could not help but make Fang Zheng feel a strange oppression. Not long after he subconsciously turned away his gaze and looked somewhere else.

But when he realized it, he felt a sudden rise of anger. It was an anger that was directed at himself.

What's wrong with you? Can't even muster the courage to look directly at your brother?

I've changed, I've completely changed!

With these thoughts his eyes shifted back their sharpness and he shot his gaze at his brother again. But Fang Yuan was already not looking at him. Holding a jar of wine in each hand, he walked past Fang Zheng and said in a dull voice, "What else are you gawking at? Let's go."

Fang Zheng's breathing became disoriented, the strength that had accumulated inside his heart no longer able to be released. This made him experience a depression that was hard to describe.

Seeing that his older brother had walked far ahead, he could only quicken his pace to catch up. But this time his head was no longer lowered, but rose to meet the sun. His gaze was fixed on his own feet that was stepping on his older brother Fang Yuan's shadow.

## Chapter 9: Two people who start on the same road, gradually becoming distant

The sunset was a red hue setting over the east.

The sky was still bright, but everything seemed to be covered by a shade of gray. Overlooking the window, the mountains in the distance were gradually drawing towards a heavy black color.

The light in the living room was dim. Aunt and Uncle sat high in their chairs, their faces enveloped in shadow, their expressions hard to discern.

As he saw Fang Yuan carrying the two jars of wine, his Uncle Gu Yue Dong Tu's eyebrows twisted into a knot. He opened his mouth and spoke, "In the blink of an eye, you are both 15 years old now. Since you both have the talents of a Gu Master, especially Fang Zheng, your aunt and I are proud of the both of you. I will give you both 6 pieces of primeval stones, take it. Refining your Gu consumes a lot of primeval essence, so you'll need these primeval stones."

As he said this, some servants came over and passed Fang Yuan and Fang Zheng each a small bag.

Fang Yuan took his bag silently.

Fang Zheng immediately opened his bag and looked inside to see 6 pieces of oval shaped, greyish white primeval stones. His face lit up with gratitude at once and he stood up from his seat, facing his aunt and uncle. "Thank you Aunt and Uncle, your nephew does need primeval stones to replenish my primeval essence! You have both raised me until today, this gratitude is engraved into my heart, I shall not forget it forever!"

Uncle smiled and nodded. Aunt hurriedly waved her hands and said warmly, "Sit down, sit down! Although you both are not our children directly, we have always raised you as our own. You both are able to gain a future, and we are proud of that. Alas we do not have children of our own, and sometimes we thought that if you both could really become our children it would be the best."

Her words brought deep meaning. Fang Zheng did not understand it, but Fang Yuan frowned a little.

Uncle cut in and said, "I have discussed this with your aunt. We thought of adopting you both and become a genuine, real family. Fang Zheng, I wonder if you are willing?"

Fang Zheng was stunned for a second, but the look on his face quickly emerged a joyful smile and he said, "To be honest, every since both my parents died I have longed very much for a family of my own. To be able to become a family with Aunt and Uncle, this is too good to be true!"

Aunt's expression loosened and she laughed, "Then you are our good son, shouldn't you stop calling us Aunt and Uncle?"

"Father, Mother." Fang Zheng in a state of realization changed his statement.

Aunt and Uncle laughed heartily. "What a good son, not a waste of us husband and wife to raise you since you were five years old. And we have raised you for ten whole years," Aunt wiped her tears.

Uncle looked at the silent Fang Yuan and said gently, "Fang Yuan, how about you?"

Fang Yuan shook his head without saying a word.

"Brother." Gu Yue Fang Zheng was about to advise him, but Uncle, whose tone was unchanged, stopped him. "If that's the case, Fang Yuan my nephew, we won't force you. Since you are already 15 years old, you need to start being independent, this way you will also easily carry on your Fang

bloodline. Uncle here has prepared 200 primeval stones for you as financial support."

"200 primeval stones!" Fang Zheng's eyes opened wide; he had never seen so many primeval stones in his life. He couldn't help but reveal a jealous expression.

But Fang Yuan still shook his head.

Fang Zheng was puzzled, while Uncle's expression changed slightly. Aunt's face had also turned cloudy.

"Aunt and Uncle. If there is nothing else, then your nephew will take his leave," Fang Yuan did not give them any chance to speak again. After he finished his sentence he took his wine jars and left the hall immediately.

Fang Zheng rose from his seat and said, "Father, Mother. Brother is not thinking straight, how about you let me advise him?"

Uncle waved his hand and deliberately sighed, "Alas this matter cannot be forced. Since you have the heart, as your father I am already very content. Servants, take care of Young Master Fang Zheng treat him well. "

"Then your son will take his leave," Fang Zheng retreated, and the living room fell into silence.

The sun set below the mountain, and the living room became darker. In a while from the darkness Uncle's cold voice emerged. "Looks like this brat Fang Yuan has seen through our plot."

Among the regulations of the Gu Yue clan it was clearly stipulated that the eldest son at 16 years of age would have the qualifications to inherit the family property. Fang Yuan's parents had passed away, leaving behind a fortune. It was being 'taken care' of by Aunt and Uncle. This inheritance was not something a measly sum of 200 essence stones could compare to. If Fang Yuan had also agreed to be adopted by Aunt and Uncle, then he would lose the right to inherit this fortune. If Fang Yuan at this year's age of 15



decided to be independent, he would also not conform to the clan's regulations.

"Luckily we managed to win over Fang Zheng, and Fang Yuan only has C grade talent," Uncle heaved a sigh, feeling joyful.

"Then husband, if Fang Yuan decides to go independent at 16 years of age, what do we do?" Aunt's tone was hysterical as she thought about the inheritance.

"Hmph, since he is acting undisciplined, then he can't blame us. As long as we catch him committing a huge mistake before he leaves us and expel him from our family, it will be counted as snatching away his right to inherit the legacy," Uncle explained coldly.

"But the brat is very clever, how would he make a mistake?" Aunt asked, puzzled.

Uncle rolled his eyes immediately and whispered angrily, "You are really stupid! If he won't make a mistake, can't we frame him instead? Just let Shen Cui seduce Fang Yuan and scream assault, we catch him on the spot, fabricate a story about him acting wild while he was drunk. Surely we can expel Fang Yuan?"

"Husband you really have a way, what an ingenious plan!" Aunt was overjoyed at that moment.

The thick colors of the night covered the sky, and the stars that blanketed the sky were mostly covered away by floating dark clouds. Each of the households in the village gradually lit up with lights.

Gu Yue Fang Zheng was ushered into a room.

"Young Master Fang Zheng, the old master personally had me tidy up this room specially for you," Matron Shen said with a hospitable tone. She bowed her waist, her face having a flattering smile.

Fang Zheng looked around with a glance, his eyes shining. This room was at least bigger by two times compared to his previous room. The middle of the room was a spacious bed; beside the window was a rosewood desk with a delicate set of ink and paper. The walls were decorated with exquisite ornaments, and beneath his feet was not an ordinary floor, but covered in a layer of soft handmade carpet.

From his childhood until now, Fang Zheng had never stayed in such a room. He immediately nodded his head continuously and said, "This is very good, it really isn't bad, thank you Matron Shen."

Matron Shen was Aunt and Uncle's most highly valued person; she was in charge of all the slaves in the house and was a housekeeper who lived up to her reputation. The girl Shen Cui who served Fang Yuan was her daughter.

Matron Shen laughed. "Young Master, I am not deserving of your gratitude. It is my duty, my duty! Young Master, do not hesitate to eat well and sleep well. Whatever you want, just shake the bell beside your bed, somebody will attend to you immediately. Old master has already instructed us, so in these few days please do put all your attention on cultivating, Young Master. Just leave all the other chores to us."

Fang Zheng felt a gush of gratitude in his heart. He did not say anything, but deep down inside he decided, this time I must get number one and not let Aunt and Uncle down!

The dark clouds in the sky were getting heavier, and the night was getting darker. In the night sky most of the stars were covered by the clouds, leaving a few shining with faint light, blinking away in the sky.

"Aunt and Uncle must be plotting on how to expel me from the house right now. In my previous life they secretly instigated the servants to provoke me, and then framed me. Then they expelled me from the family; I wonder if there will be any changes in this life." Fang Yuan sneered in his heart as he walked along the streets.

He had long seen clearly the true colors of his Aunt and Uncle. But he could also understand it.

Men would throw away their lives in pursuit of wealth. No matter whether on Earth or in this world, there would always be many people who would be willing to trample over kinship, friendly and love for their own self-interests and benefits.

In fact kinship did not exist. In the beginning when Aunt and Uncle took in Fang Yuan and Fang Zheng, their only purpose was to seek the heritage. It was just so that the two brothers repeatedly surprised them.

"All things are difficult before they are easy. To me this is even more so. Firstly, I do not have outstanding talent; secondly, I do not have the care of a teacher. It is equivalent to raising a family from nothing, but with my parent's legacy it can be said to be a huge advantage for me. In my previous life Aunt and Uncle stole away the heritage, and because of that I had to waste two full years to be able to cultivate to Rank One peak stage. In this life I cannot afford to make the same mistake."

Fang Yuan pondered in his mind as he walked.

Instead of staying home, he held the two jars of wine and walked towards the outskirts of the village.

The night deepened and the dark clouds obscured the star light, the mountain breeze blew, growing stronger gradually.

The mountain rain was coming. But he still had to search; to get ahold of his parent's inheritance, he would need to wait until he was sixteen. And the Flower Wine Monk's treasure was the only thing that he could get his hands on in the short run.

There were not many people on the streets. The houses along the road showed a dim light. Some small rubbish and leaves were blown away by the wind, drifting about.

Fang Yuan's thin clothing could not stop the mountain wind, and he could not help but feel a cold chill. He simply opened the wine jar, drinking a small mouthful of wine. Although it was turbid wine, but after swallowing it he felt a warm feeling rising up.

This was the first time that he actually drank wine in these few days.

The further he walked out of the village, the lesser the houses beside the road, and the dimmer the lights became. In front of him it was even darker. The wind blew heavily against the mountain forest, the branches swaying in the night, making a whistling noise that sounded like a herd of beasts roaring.

Fang Yuan's pace did not slow down. He walked out of the huge entrance of the village and out into the darkness, going further as he walked. And behind him were the bright and brilliant lights of tens of thousands of houses. In these lights there was a warm corner.

The younger brother Fang Zheng was seated at his desk, reviewing the notes that he had taken down during class. The lights in the house were shining brightly, and the solid wall blocked away the cold winds. Beside his hand was a cup of warm ginseng tea, the steam rising up from the cup.

"Young Master Fang Zheng, the hot bathing water has been prepared for you."

Outside the door, Shen Cui's voice softly drifted through.

Fang Zheng's heart jolted. "Then bring it in please."

Shen Cui walked into the room with her waist bowed, her expression pleased.

"Your servant greets Young Master." Her eyes sent amorous glances at Fang Zheng. Fang Yuan was only a C grade talent, but Fang Zheng was an A grade talent! To be able to get ahold of him, was truly the biggest fortune!

# Chapter 10: A storm may arise from a clear sky, refining Gu is full of hardships

Pitter patter...

Big, heavy raindrops fell to the earth, battering the roof of the verdant bamboo house, making brittle sounds.

The surface of the pond in front of the building was full of ripples as the rain fell, the fish in the water swimming lively around, the aquatic plants swaying about at the bottom of the pond. The sky was overcast; a thick rain curtain obscured the field of vision as far as the eye could see.

In the somewhat dim room the window was open, and Fang Yuan quietly watched the heavy rainfall, sighing.

"It has already been 3 days and 3 nights."

On the night 3 days ago he had walked out of the village with two jars of wine, searching around the surroundings. But when it was late into the night it started pouring rain. Put aside him being drenched to the bones, the main point was that in the situation he could not go about searching anymore.

The rainwater would quickly wash away the wine fragrance. At the same time if he forced himself to search under such conditions, it might arouse suspicions. Although previously he pretended to become a depressed drunk person to cover up his real motives, but he knew never to underestimate the intelligence of others around him. Only a fool would think others were stupid.

Thus under this helplessness, Fang Yuan could only stop his search.

Not too mention that the moment it started raining, the rain had went on continuously. Sometimes it became heavier and sometimes lighter, but it never stopped.

"I guess in this way, I won't be able to find the Liquor worm for a short period of time. To be safe I can only choose to start refining the Moonlight Gu. While I refine it, if I can find the Liquor worm during the process it would be the best, but if I can't then this would have to do. But this matter is very common; a storm may arise from a clear sky, something unexpected may happen anytime. In this world who can do everything without obstacles in his way, having a perfect journey?"

Fang Yuan's thoughts were very calm; his 500 years of experience had long washed away the impulsiveness that he rarely had in the first place.

He closed the door and window and sat cross-legged on his bed. He closed his eyes slowly and after breathing a few times, he calmed his state of mind.

In the next moment the vision of his primeval aperture appeared in his mind. The aperture may be positioned inside his body but it was mysteriously unusual, limitlessly big and yet infinitely small. The outer layer of the aperture was a layer of light. The white light gave a thin impression, but it still supported the aperture well.

In the aperture was a sea of primeval essence. The seawater was a green copper color, the surface of the sea clear and calm as a mirror. The water level was about half the height of the aperture. The entire volume of the sea occupied 44% of the aperture.

This was the green copper Primeval Sea of a Rank one Gu Master, and every drop of seawater was primeval essence. It was Fang Yuan's life elementary force and the condensation of his essence, vitality and soul.

Every drop of primeval essence was precious, because it was the root of a Gu Master, and was the source of power. Gu Masters need to rely on primeval essence to refine and use Gu.

As he retreated his mind from the Primeval Sea, Fang Yuan opened his eyes retrieved the Moonlight Gu. The Moonlight Gu quietly sat in the middle of his palm, resembling a curved blue moon, small and crystalline.

With a simple thought, the Primeval Sea in his aperture tumbled and a jet of primeval essence broke from the sea surface and transferred out of the body, finally rushing into the Moonlight Gu. The Moonlight Gu suddenly radiated fiercely in blue light, slightly trembling in Fang Yuan's palm, resisting the influx of primeval essence.

Gu are the essence of heaven and earth, carrying the secrets of the world, the bearers of the law of nature. They are living creatures that live freely under the sky, each born with a will of its own. Right now with Fang Yuan trying to refine it, it would mean wiping out its will. Feeling the danger looming, the Moonlight Gu naturally resisted.

The process of refining is a very difficult one.

The Moonlight Gu was like a curved crescent moon. As the green copper primeval essence poured into the crescent, the two pointed ends of the crescent turned green. Slowly this green copper essence began to spread to the middle of the crescent moon.

In less than three minutes, Fang Yuan's face had become pale. A huge volume of primeval essence continuously poured into the Moonlight Gu, making him feel a weakness that rapidly attacked his heart.

1%, 2%, 3%... 8%, 9%, 10%.

Ten minutes later, Fang Yuan's Primeval Sea had used away 10% of primeval essence. Yet on the blue crystalline Moonlight Gu's surface, the points of green copper essence on the two tips of the crescent only expanded a tiny little area towards the center.

The resistance of the Moonlight Gu was immensely strong. Fortunately Fang Yuan had anticipated this earlier and did not feel surprised. He persisted and poured in more essence into the Moonlight Gu.

1%, 2%, 3%...

After another twenty minutes, the Primeval Sea in Fang Yuan's body was only left with 14%. The green copper essence on the Moonlight Gu had expanded slightly, the two slivers of green essence adding up together covering the surface of the Moonlight Gu by about 1/12. The rest of the Moonlight Gu's surface was still the original color of light blue.

"Refining a Gu is so hard," Fang Yuan sighed as he looked at it. He broke the influx of primeval essence, stopping the refining process.

Up until now, he had been refining for half an hour, the Primeval Sea in his aperture consumed over more than half, with only 14% of primeval essence left. And the Moonlight Gu was only refined by 1/12 of it.

To make matters worse the Moonlight Gu was still emitting its faint blue halo. Even though Fang Yuan had stopped refining, the Moonlight Gu did not stop resisting; it was still driving out Fang Yuan's green coppery primeval essence.

Fang Yuan could clearly feel that the primeval essence that he poured into the Moonlight Gu was being pushed out, bit by bit by the Moonlight Gu out of its body. On its surface, the green copper essence at the two tips of the moon crescent was slowly shrinking.

Based on this speed of reduction, in about six hours later the Moonlight Gu would be able to completely expel all of Fang Yuan's primeval essence. At that time when he needed to refine this Gu it would make no difference from starting over again.

"Every time when refining Gu, it is just like a fight between two armies, a battle of positional warfare, or war of attrition. Even though I refined 1/12 of the Gu, I wasted three quarters of my primeval essence. When refining Gu, a Gu Master has to replenish his Primeval Sea while continuously engaging the refinement process, consolidating his victory. The refinement of a Gu is a test of one's skill in shifting his primeval essence and the patience of an enduring battle."



Fang Yuan took out a piece of primeval stone from his money bag as he pondered.

A Gu Master had two ways to replenish the consumed primeval essence. The first way was natural recovery. After a period of time the Primeval Sea would naturally replenish the primeval essence. In the case of a C grade talent like Fang Yuan, it would take about one hour to replenish 4% of primeval essence. In six hours it could recover 24% points of the total quantity primeval essence.

The second way was to absorb the natural essence directly from a primeval stone.

The primeval stone is a treasure from nature itself. As condensed natural primeval essence, while absorbing it the water level of the Primeval Sea was rising with a continuous speed that could be seen with the naked eye.

After about half an hour the Primeval Sea had been replenished back to its original volume of 44%. At this level the rising water level of the sea stopped abruptly. Even though there was still space inside the aperture, Fang Yuan could not store any more primeval essence. This was the limit of his C grade talent.

Thus from here one can see the significance of the grade of one's cultivation talent. The higher the talent, the more primeval essence the aperture can hold, and the faster the natural recovery of the primeval essence will be.

In Fang Yuan's case to refine a Gu and solidify his results, he would have to absorb primeval stones because his primeval essence natural recovery rate cannot defeat the rate of the Moonlight Gu expelling it out.

However in the case of the A grade talent Fang Zheng, he could replenish 8% of primeval essence every hour. In six hours he would recover 48% of primeval essence, and in the same time frame the Moonlight Gu could only expel away 3% points of primeval essence. Fang Zheng did not require the external help of a primeval stone. He could go on refining with a few rests in the process and successfully refine the Moonlight Gu in a few days.

That was why Fang Yuan knew from the beginning that in this test, to refine the Moonlight Gu he never had the chance to obtain the first position. It had nothing to do with a person's actual strength, as the first factor was the grade of talent.

The second factor would be primeval stones. If there was an abundance of primeval stones, without hesitation to consume, a B grade talent could also surpass an A grade talent and obtain the first position.

"In my hands are six pieces of primeval stones. I cannot compare to Gu Yue Mo Bei or Gu Yue Chi Chen, these kinds of people who have their elder family members supporting them from behind. My talent is on C grade, and cannot be compared to Fang Zheng who has an A grade talent. I never had a chance of winning in this test. Why not divert my energy and go look for the Liquor worm? If I can make the Liquor Worm into my vital Gu it would be so much better than the Moonlight Gu. Hmm? The sound of rain outside the window has gotten lighter, there seems to be a sign of ceasing. The rain has been ongoing for three days and three nights, it should be time it stopped."

Fang Yuan kept the Moonlight Gu and got down from his bed. As he was about to open the window, there was a knock on the door.

Outside the door came his servant Shen Cui's voice, "Young Master Fang Yuan, its me. It has been raining straight for three days, so I brought you some food and wine. Young Master can eat and drink and ease some depressed feelings."

# Chapter 11: It's just power play

Fang Yuan frowned slightly. Based on intuition and 500 years' worth of life experience, he could smell a conspiracy.

His eyes flashed and he relaxed his brows. "I'm a little hungry right now, you came at the right time. Come in," he said.

Outside the door, while carrying the food box Shen Cui smiled coldly as she heard his reply. But when she pushed open the door, her face was left with a gentle and meek expression.

"Young Master Fang Yuan, the food and wine smells really good. I can smell it as I hold the box." Her voice was sweet and had a hint of longing and flattery. She put the food box on a small table and took out the dishes, arranging them nicely. The food was indeed very fragrant and tasty. After that she took out two wine cups and poured the wine.

"Come, Young Master. Sit down. Your servant mustered her courage today and wants to accompany Young Master for a drink." She smiled like a flower, walking to Fang Yuan's side. Boldly she took him by the hand and pulled him over to sit at the chair by the table.

Then she sat on his thigh and leaned her gentle body against Fang Yuan's chest, acting like a timid and lovable woman, whispering in his ear. "Young Master Fang Yuan, your servant has always liked you. It doesn't matter what grade you are, I will always wish to be beside you, rely on you, and comfort you. Tonight your servant would like to give her body to you."

She really dressed up today.

She put on blusher, her lips like cherry powder. When she whispered in his ear, a delicate and youthful breath teased at Fang Yuan's earlobe. Because she was sitting on his lap, Fang Yuan could feel her well-shaped figure easily. Her elastic thighs, her slender little waist and her soft chest.

"Young Master, let me feed you wine myself." Shen Cui picked up the wine cup, raising her head and taking a sip. Then her eyes fixated on Fang Yuan, her small cherry lips a little opened, slowly leaning over to his mouth.

Fang Yuan's expression was indifferent, as if what was on his lap was not a young maiden, but a block of sculpture.

When she saw Fang Yuan's expression, Shen Cui felt a little uneasy at first. But when her lips were just an inch away from his, she was assured, sneering in her heart. You're still pretending, she mused.

Just at this moment Fang Yuan scoffed, his tone disdainful. "So it's just a power play<sup>[1]</sup>."

Shen Cui's face became stiff and she swallowed the wine in her mouth, trying to pull false flattery. "Young Master Fang Yuan, what are you saying..."

Fang Yuan's eyes were emitting cold light. He stared into Shen Cui's eyes, placing his right hand on her snowy white neck at the same time, slowly pressing it with force. Shen Cui's pupils shrank and her voice was full of panic. "Young Master, you're hurting me."

Fang Yuan did not answer, but his hold on her neck grew stronger.

"Young Master Fang Yuan, your servant is a little scared!" Shen Cui already had difficulty breathing; she was looking flustered. A soft pair of hands subconsciously grasped at Fang Yuan's hand, trying to pry his hand away. But Fang Yuan's hand was strong like iron, unable to be pulled away.

"Looks like Uncle and Aunt let you come over to seduce me and frame me? This must mean that there are already people arranged downstairs, huh." Fang Yuan laughed coldly, adding, "But who do you think you are, coming to use tactics on me, with the two piles of garbage of rotten flesh on your chest?"

As he said this, his left hand climbed up her chest and ruthlessly grabbed her soft breasts, making it incredibly deformed all of a sudden.

Intense pain flared from her chest; Shen Cui's eyes were round and wide-opened.

The pain was so great that her eyes were full of tears. She wanted to scream, but Fang Yuan gripped her throat so strongly that in the end she could only sob for a few times. Then she started resisting strongly, for she really was going to suffocate!

But at this moment, Fang Yuan slowly relaxed his grip.

Shen Cui immediately opened her mouth and gulped in air greedily. Her breathing was too eager—resulting in a series of violent coughs. Fang Yuan laughed lightly, stretching out his palm. He gently stroked her cheek, his tone carefree as he spoke, "Shen Cui, do you think I can kill you, or not?"

If Fang Yuan roared at her with an evil and loud voice, Shen Cui might actually fiercely retaliate. But when Fang Yuan smiled and spoke in a shallow manner, his soft voice asking if he could kill her or not, Shen Cui felt a deep fear from the bottom of her heart.

She was scared!

She looked at Fang Yuan with terror on her face, seeing this young man smiling all over his face as he gazed at her.

At this instance, Shen Cui vowed to herself that she would never forget his eyes for the rest of her life. This pair of eyes were not mixed with the slightest emotion, dark and profound, resembling a deep ancient pool that was hiding a terrifying beast.

Under the gaze of these eyes, Shen Cui felt like she was naked in the midst of ice and snow!

The person before me, definitely dares to kill me, is able to kill me...

Oh heavens! Why did I come and provoke this kind of devil?!

Shen Cui's heart was full of remorse. At this moment she longed to turn and flee. But right now she was still on his lap; she did not dare to run away, not

even able to pluck the courage to do any action.

The muscles on her entire body were tense, her gentle stature trembling. Her face was as pale as white paper and she could not utter a single word.

"Since you as a personal servant girl, have been serving me for so many years, I won't kill you this time. Since you want to escape from slavery, go and find my little brother, he's stupid and naïve." Fang Yuan retracted his smile and patted her cheek, his tone plain like water.

With a sigh, he finally said —

"You can leave."

Shen Cui was as dumb as a piece of wood as she walked out obediently. She was afraid out of her wits, and did not know how she managed to leave the side of the devil called Fang Yuan.

The men hidden in the shadows looked confused when they saw Shen Cui come out looking so shaken.

"They actually arranged such a beautiful trap, it's even more innovative than my previous life. Hehe, Aunt and Uncle, this kindness of yours I will remember deeply!"

Not long after Shen Cui left, Fang Yuan stood up and left as well. No matter what, he could not stay at this residence anymore. A wise man sees and mitigates foreseen risks, what more to say for a devil? When there is insufficient strength, only a fool would put himself in danger.

"Innkeeper, do you have any rooms available?" Fang Yuan came to the only inn in the village and asked for the price.

"Yes, yes. There is room on the second floor and third floor. Not only is it cheap, but the rooms are also tidy and clean. The first floor is the cafeteria; guests of the inn can come here and eat. There is also service for asking the inn workers to bring up food to your room." The innkeeper was full of hospitality as he entertained Fang Yuan.

This inn was the only one in the village, but the business was not very good. In fact it was somewhat deserted. Only when the annual merchant caravan came by to trade on Qing Mao Mountain, the inn would be full of people.

Fang Yuan was a little hungry, so he passed 2 full round pieces of primeval stones to the innkeeper. "Give me a good room for me to stay in, and prepare 2 jars of wine, 3-4 different dishes, return me any excess balance."

"Done." The innkeeper took the 2 pieces of primeval stone and asked, "Would you like to eat in your room, or dine in the hall?"

Fang Yuan looked at the sky. The rain had stopped and it was nearing evening. He could simply eat in the lobby and set out straight for the outskirts of the village when he was done, continuing his search for the treasure of the Flower Wine Monk. Thus he replied, "I'll eat in the hall."

The inn had a dining hall; there were a dozen square tables, four long benches surrounded each table. In between the tables were huge and thick pillars that were supporting the inn. The floor was covered with big tiles of marble, but it was wet; it was hard to conceal the moisture of the mountain.

There were 3 tables seated with people. Seated by the window, an old man was drinking wine, gazing outside at the sunset, being all alone. In the middle of the cafeteria was a table seated with 5-6 hunters. They were discussing about their hunting experiences in loud voices, and at their feet were a pile of different kinds of mountain prey, like pheasants and hares.

In another corner was a table with 2 young people, seemingly discussing in secret. Their figures were hidden in the darkness, it was hard to see them, and harder to know their gender.

Fang Yuan decided to sit by the table nearest to the door. Soon after, the dishes were served on the table.

"With my C grade talent, to refine the Moonlight Gu I would need to borrow primeval stones. If my luck is good and this Moonlight Gu does not have a strong will, I would only need 5 pieces. But if it is stubborn that I'd be in trouble, probably need around at least 8 pieces."

Gu are living creatures, so it is natural for them to have the will to survive.

Some have a strong will and would always resist the refinement process; some Gu have weak will, all throughout refining they helplessly surrender; once there was no resisting, the refining process would become relaxing.

"Right now I only have six primeval stones on me, but I gave two to the innkeeper so I'm left with four pieces. There's not enough."

In this world primeval stones are the local currency, and the buying power is very strong. A normal family of three would spend at most one piece of essence stone in a month. But when it came to a Gu Master, the consumption of primeval stones was greater. Take Fang Yuan for example; just by refining Gu alone he would need an average of seven primeval stones or so. And this is just on a Moonlight Gu, if he really did find the Liquor worm, just to refine it with Fang Yuan's grade talent, he would need at least a dozen more!

"In other words, right now my situation is—Even if I find the Liquor worm, I don't necessarily have the primeval stones to refine it. However I still need to search around, because there is a huge possibility that the Flower Wine Monk's treasure has a huge abundance of primeval stones."

This was not a difficult deduction. The Flower Wine Monk was a Rank five Gu Master after all. For such a famous strong warrior of the Demonic Faction, how could he not have primeval stones, which are the must-have item in a Gu Master's cultivation?

[1] Power play – tactics exhibiting or intended to increase a person's power or influence. [Back](#)



## Chapter 12: Green Bamboo Wine is fragrant, Gu Master flaunts power

"Right now everything comes down to the Flower Wine Monk's treasure. If I can find it, all my problems will be solved. If I don't find it, all these issues will greatly slow down my speed of cultivation. If that happens I'll lose out to people at my age in cultivating. I don't understand! I've spent more than a week trying to attract the Liquor worm to appear, why do I still not see it?"

Fang Yuan frowned and racked his brains. It was like putting food into his mouth, but still not knowing how it tasted<sup>[1]</sup>.

Suddenly there was a loud noise, interrupting his thoughts. Fang Yuan looked at the direction of the sound, realizing that the 6 hunters seated around the table in the middle of the hall were heavily drunk. The atmosphere around them was fiery and their faces were all red.

"Brother Zhang, come, drink another cup!"

"Old brother Feng, we brothers admire your abilities! You took down a black skinned wild boar alone, what a man! This cup of wine you must drink, or else you'll be disrespecting us!"

"Thank you brothers for your sincerity, but I really can't drink anymore."

"Brother Feng can't drink anymore, perhaps you dislike this wine because it's not good enough? Waiter, come over! Give me some good wine!"

The noise was becoming louder; it was obvious that the group had drunk a lot. The waiter hurriedly went over and said, "Well good sirs, we do have good wine, but it is quite expensive."

"What, you're afraid we won't pay up?!" When the hunters heard the waiter, quite a few of them stood up and stared at the waiter. They were either big

and tall or thick and burly in stature, capable and vigorous in a threatening manner, each having the courage that mountain men possessed.

The waiter quickly said, "I would not dare to look down on you brave men, it's just that these wine is really expensive, one jar costs two pieces of primeval stones!"

The hunters were stunned. Two primeval stones was definitely not cheap—It was the sum of two months of the normal average household monthly expenses. Even though hunters earn more from hunting when compared to ordinary mortals, like how sometimes a black skinned wild pig could be worth half a primeval stone. However hunting was risky and a mistake could turn the hunter into prey.

To the hunters, using two primeval stones just to drink a jar of wine was just not worth it.

"Is there really such an expensive wine?"

"Boy, you aren't trying to lie to us right?"

The hunters were shouting about, but their voices felt a little timid, unable to back out of the situation with grace. The waiter kept telling them he wouldn't dare.

The hunter called brother Feng saw that the scene was not right, and he hurriedly said, "My brothers, let's not spend anymore. I can't drink anymore, let us drink this wine another day."

"What, you can't say that brother!"

"This is..."

The rest of the hunters were still shouting, but their voices started to fade away. One by one they sat back in their seats. The waiter was also a shrewd person. When he saw this, he knew that he was not able to sell the wine any more. However this situation hardly surprised him. As he was about to retreat, a young man's voice came from the table at the dark corner. "Hehe,

hilarious. Each one of them blindly shouting for nothing. If you can't afford to buy wine, you should just obediently keep your mouths shut and go to the side!"

When the hunters heard this, one of them immediately retorted in anger, "Who said we can't afford it? Waiter, bring over that jar of wine, I'll give you the stones, two pieces of it!"

"Oh, give me a moment sir, I'll get it!" The waiter did not expect such a turn of events. He hurriedly replied and turned to grab a wine jar and brought it over. This wine jar was as big as the common jar of wine, but the moment it was uncorked, in that very instant a refreshing and mellow fragrance filled the entire cafeteria. Even the old man sitting alone at the window could not help but turn his head over when he smelled the wine aroma, and he gazed at the jar of wine.

It was definitely good wine.

"Dear guests, it's not bragging. This is the green bamboo wine; the entire village only has one inn, which is us. Smell the fragrance!" The waiter inhaled deeply as he said this, his facial expression full of satisfaction and enjoyment.

Fang Yuan was moved. This inn waiter was really not boasting.

In the Gu Yue Village there were 3 taverns. The wine sold there were the common rice wine, muddy wine and other similar common wine. In order for Fang Yuan to attract the Liquor worm, he continuously bought wine for 7 days; it was natural that he was aware of the prices.

Several of the hunters looked at the wine jar before them. They were consumed by alcohol addiction. Each of them twitched their noses and swallowed. As for the hunter who bought the wine in a moment of anger, his expression was even more interesting; a layer of remorse and anger appeared on his face.

After all this jar of wine was the value of two primeval stones!

"I was too rash and bought the wine by impulse. This waiter is not too typical. He immediately brought the wine, now the cork is unsealed. Even if I want to return the goods it is too late."

The more the hunter pondered, the more distressed he felt. He wanted to return it back, yet he was unable to do so in fear of being humiliated. At last he could only bang on the table and said with a smile, "Damn, this wine is good! Brothers please, drink all you want. Today this wine is on me!"

At this moment the young man at the table in the corner hissed, "How is this small jar of wine enough for six? If you have the guts then go buy a few more jars."

The hunter was furious when he heard this and stood up in a rage, his eyes fixed on the young man who spoke. "Brat, you sure have a lot of words. Come, stand up and fight me!"

"Oh? Then I will stand up." The young man got up from his seat as he heard the hunter's remark, grinning as he walked out from the shadows. His body figure was tall and thin, his skin pale. He was dressed in navy battle robes, and looked clean and neat. His head wore a blue headband; his upper body had a jacket that showed his thin and weak shoulders. The lower body had long pants, the feet were covered in bamboo sandals and the calves were tied.

The most important thing about him was the green belt around his waist. The middle of the belt was a shiny piece of copper; on the copper plate was a black "One" word.

"It's a Rank One Gu Master?!" The hunter clearly understood what this manner of clothing represented. He drew in a deep breath, the anger on his face dissipating, replaced by alarm.

He had never imagined that he actually provoked a Gu Master!

"Didn't you want to fight me? Come on then, hit me." The young Gu Master walked slowly towards the man, a playful smile on his face. But the hunter

who had challenged him earlier had become frozen like a sculpture, unable to move from his spot.

"Maybe you guys can all come at me together, that works too." The young Gu Master slowly walked to the hunter's table, casually speaking.

The expressions on their faces had changed. Some of the hunters who had drunken red faces had gone pale suddenly. Each of their foreheads was drenched in a cold sweat, and they felt restless, too afraid to even breathe heavily.

The young Gu Master stretched out a hand, picking up the green bamboo wine jar. He put it under his nose and sniffed, smiling. He said, "It sure smells good..."

"If my lord likes it, then please feel free to take and drink it. It is an apology from me for offending my lord," the hunter who provoked him earlier hurriedly replied and cupped his hands together before his chest, pushing a smile to his face.

Unexpectedly the young man's facial expression changed fiercely; with a loud crack the jar fell into pieces on the ground. The Gu Master looked cold as ice, his gaze sharp like a sword. He hissed angrily, "You think you have the right to apologize to me? You bunch of hunters must be really rich, even richer than me, since you guys spent two primeval stones to drink wine?! Do you have any idea how upset I am over primeval stones right now! You actually dare to show off your wealth in front of me at this time! You mortals can even compare to me?!"

"We wouldn't dare, we wouldn't dare!"

"To offend my lord, it is a heinous crime!"

"We mortals did not mean to offend you, these are our primeval stones, please accept lord Gu Master."

The hunters quickly got on their feet and took out the primeval stones they had. But how could these mortals have money, all they pulled out was just

bits and fragments of primeval stones, the biggest fragment piece was no bigger than a quarter of a primeval stone.

The Gu Master did not accept these primeval stones, but he did not stop sneering. He used his hawk-like gaze and swept past the entire cafeteria. The hunters that he scanned over lowered their heads. The old man who sat at the window watching the scene also quickly turned his head to avoid the Gu Master's gaze.

Only Fang Yuan watched quietly, void of hesitation.

The clothing that this young Gu Master was wearing was the uniform that only formal Gu Masters could wear, so Fang Yuan was not qualified to wear it. Fang Yuan would only receive it from the clan after he graduated from the academy.

The word 'One' on the copper piece on the belt of the young Gu Master was to indicate his position as a Rank one Gu Master. However he was already around 20 years or so, and the aura of primeval essence that his body emitted seemed to indicate that he was Rank one upper stage.

Starting cultivation at 15 years of age and only reaching Rank one upper stage at around 20 years of age, this showed that the young Gu Master was only of D grade talent, which was a grade worse than Fang Yuan. There was a high possibility that this man was only a logistics Gu Master, not even counted as a battle Gu Master.

However even if that was the case, when facing these six brawny hunters it was more than sufficient.

This was the gap of power between a Gu Master and a mortal human.

"With power, one can be at the top. This is the nature of this world. No, actually every world is the same, the big fish eat the small fish and small fish eat the shrimp. It's just that this world shows it even more openly," Fang Yuan mused secretly.

"Alright Jiang Ya, you already taught them a lesson. Let's not further embarrass these mortals. If it gets out, even if you are not embarrassed, I would be," the other young person sitting in the corner voiced out.

When everyone heard the voice speak, they realized that this young person was a woman.

The young Gu Master called Jiang Ya stopped sneering as his female companion chided him. He did not even bother looking at the fragments of primeval stones that the hunters had taken out; these stones were not even the sum of two primeval stones, he was definitely not interested in it.

He flicked his sleeve and walked back to his original table. As he strode back he said maliciously, "If you think you have the guts to continue drinking, then go and drink green bamboo wine. I want to see, who still dares to drink this wine?"

The hunters all lowered their heads, acting like six obedient sons after being scolded.

The strong aroma of wine filled the entire cafeteria. The hunter who bought the wine felt his heart aching as he smelled the fragrance. After all he had spent two primeval stones on this wine, yet he never got to drink even one mouthful!

Fang Yuan put down his chopsticks; he had eaten enough. As he sniffed in the wine aroma his eyes flashed for a moment, then he took out two primeval stones and put them on the table. "Waiter, give me a jar of green bamboo wine," he said indifferently.

The whole scene froze.

The young Gu Master called Jiang Ya instantly stopped in his footsteps. The corners of his mouth twitched and he exhaled. He had just finished his warning, yet right after he was done Fang Yuan wanted the wine. This was especially stepping over him and slapping him in the face.

He turned around and narrowed his eyes, shooting a cold glare at Fang Yuan.

Fang Yuan calmly stared back, his face indifferent and void of fear.

Jiang Ya's eyes flashed and the coldness in his gaze slowly disappeared; he felt the aura of primeval essence on Fang Yuan's body. After realizing Fang Yuan's identity, he lit up with a smile and said warmly, "Ah, it's a junior brother."

Everyone else came to the realization and the looks they shot at Fang Yuan changed.

No wonder this young teenager was not one bit afraid of a Gu Master, it was because he was also one. Even though he was still attending the academy, his position was already different.

"Lord Gu Master, your wine!" The waiter scurried over, smiling all over his face. Fang Yuan nodded at the young Gu Master and took a jar of wine and walked out of the inn.

[1] It means that he is putting in effort, yet he cannot see the results. [Back](#)



# Chapter 13: The bamboo forest under the moon, a bead of snow

Around 300 years ago, an incredible genius appeared in the Gu Yue Clan. He was very talented and had already cultivated to the point of a Rank five Gu Master at a young age, and even had the possibility of going further. He was famous throughout Qing Mao Mountain, had a bright future and was the pinnacle of hope and responsibility in the clan's eyes.

In the history of the Gu Yue clan, everyone spoke of him the most—the fourth clan head.

Unfortunately he sacrificed himself to protect his people and fought the equally powerful Rank five Gu Master, the demonic Flower Wine Monk. Even though he defeated the Flower Wine Monk after a fierce battle, he let the devil get on his knees and beg for mercy.

In the end he was careless and got caught by the Flower Wine Monk's sneak attack. The fourth head angrily executed the Flower Wine Monk, but due to his own heavy injuries he died an untimely death.

This tragic incident had long since circulated until today, becoming a popular story among the Gu Yue clan. However Fang Yuan knew that this story was not to be believed, because it had a very large loophole.

In his previous life, a month later from now, a drunken Gu Master who had been rejected by his lover lay down outside the village, so drunk he was like a fish. In the end because of the overflowing smell of wine, it ended up attracting a Liquor worm.

The Gu Master chased after the Liquor worm and found the remains of the Flower Wine Monk in a secret underground cave, also finding the Flower Wine Monk's inheritance. This Gu Master quickly hurried back to the clan and told them of the matter, causing a huge stir.

As the storm gradually subsided he also gained benefit from it—He obtained the Liquor worm, his cultivation increased, the girl friend who once abandoned him went back to his side and he became the talk of the village for a while.

When stories are passed down generation by generation, it is normal to change along the way. But in Fang Yuan's memories, the story of the Gu Master discovering the treasure seemed quite authentic, yet he had a feeling that the story was hiding other truths.

"I was not aware of it at first, but in these few days while I searched and analyzed on the side, I feel that something feels out of place." The night grew dark, and as Fang Yuan walked in the bamboo forest that grew around the village, he reviewed through the clues he had so far in his head.

"If I put myself in his shoes and think about it, when I discover the Flower Wine Monk's treasure why would I not take it all for myself, but go and notify the clan instead? Don't even mention sense of clan honor, everyone has greed in their hearts. What is it that would make that Gu Master betray the greediness in his heart, even going as far as to be willing to abandon all interest and profit, and report this finding to the clan's top brass?"

The truth is always hidden inside the fog of history. Fang Yuan racked his brains but he could not get the result. After all the clues he had were too few. The only two clues he had could easily be true or false, so it could not be fully relied upon.

Fang Yuan could not help but think of himself. "No matter what, after buying this jar of green bamboo wine I only have 2 primeval stones left on me. If I can't find the treasure then I'll be in grave trouble. Today shall be considered the final gamble, it's all or nothing!"

However he didn't have enough primeval stones to refine a Gu worm in the first place. So why not invest it in this wine and increase the chances of success?

If it were in the case of other people, most of them would probably play it safe and save up the primeval stones. But in the case of Fang Yuan, the

efficiency of doing so was too low. He would rather take the risk and gamble.

You see, the people of the Demonic Faction love to take risks.

Right now, the night grew thicker, the spring moon shaped like a bow. Clouds obscured the moonlight, as if coating the crescent moon with a thin sheet of gossamer.

Because it just finished raining continuously for three days and three nights, the turbid energy between the mountains had been washed away clean, leaving behind the purest of freshness. This fresh air was pure like a piece of white paper, and was more effective in spreading the wine aroma around. That was the first reason why Fang Yuan was full of confidence tonight.

The previous seven days of searching was not without gain. At least it proved that the Flower Wine Monk did not die in those places. This was the second reason for Fang Yuan's confidence.

In the bamboo forest, the grass was luxuriant, the white flowers endless, and the green spear bamboo straight like a pencil, the forest resembling a clump of jade rods.

Fang Yuan opened the jar seal, releasing a thick wine aroma instantly. Green bamboo wine could be said as the Gu Yue Village's number one wine. This was the third reason for Fang Yuan's confidence tonight.

"With these three big reasons gathering together, if I want to succeed it has to be tonight!" Fang Yuan cheered in his heart as he slowly tilted the wine jar, pouring a small stream of wine, dripping it onto a stone. If those bunch of hunters saw this sight, they would have probably become insanely distressed. This wine is worth 2 whole primeval stones after all...

But Fang Yuan was indifferent.

The fragrant aroma quickly spread out into the night. The breeze was gentle, the faint aroma floating about and contaminating the bamboo forest.

Fang Yuan stood at his spot, smelling the aroma. He waited for a while, yet he did not see any movement.

All he heard was a nightingale crying in the near distance, its sound like a string of bells. His gaze was silent. He did not feel surprised, and he moved away, walking to a spot a few hundred meters away.

In this place he did the same, pouring out a few drops of wine and waiting on the spot.

He did the same thing over and over again, moving away to a few other different locations, dripping wine a few times. After all that the green bamboo wine in the jar was only left with a bit.

"This is the last time," Fang Yuan sighed. He tipped the wine jar over, the bottom facing the sky. All the remaining wine left in the jar flowed out. The wine sprinkled over the grass, letting the green grass sway about. The wild flowers were stained with wine, slightly lowering their heads.

Fang Yuan stood with the last shred of hope in his bosom, and gazed around.

Right now the night was already very deep. A thick cloud had obscured the moonlight. The dark shadows were like a curtain, covering the bamboo grove. It was deadly silent all around, each strand of green spear bamboo standing alone, leaving a trail of lines that were straight up and down in Fang Yuan's pupils.

He quietly stood at the spot, listening to his own clear breathing. Then he felt the small hope that he carried in his chest, slowly dissipating away, becoming nothing.

"It failed after all." His heart muttered, "Today I had three great advantages gathered together, yet I still failed, not even seeing the shadow of the Liquor worm. This means that in future the rate of success will be lower. Right now I only have two primeval stones left, and I still need to refine the Moonlight Gu. I can't risk it anymore."

The end result of taking a risk was often unsatisfactory. But when the result was ideal, the profit would be impressive. Fang Yuan liked taking risks, but he was not a gambling addict, and he was not someone who was bent on gambling back what he lost. He had his own limit, he was clear about his own capabilities.

Right now, the five hundred years of life experience was telling him, it was time to stop.

Sometimes life was like this. Often it was that there was that one goal that seemed so perfect, filled with temptation. It seemed so near yet with so many twists and turns, the goal was constantly unfulfilled. It made people restless, thinking about it night and day.

"This is the helplessness of life, but it's also the charm of living," Fang Yuan laughed bitterly, turning to walk away.

It was at this moment.

A gust of wind blew, like a gentle arm, lightly brushing away the clouds in the night sky. The clouds floated away to reveal the hidden moon. The crescent shaped moon hanging in the sky was like a white jade lamp, pouring moonlight that was clear as water down onto the earth. The moonlight spilled over the bamboo forest, spilled onto the mountain rock, bathing onto the rivers and streams in the mountain, shedding onto Fang Yuan's body.

Fang Yuan was dressed in plain clothing; under the gentle touch of the moonlight, his young face became fairer. The darkness seemed to fade away in a flash, and taking its place was a field of snowy frost flowers. As if it was infected by the moonlight, the nightingale began to sing once more, but this time it was not just one, but many. Scattered among the bamboo grove, they all tweeted in response.

At the same time, a type of insect that inhabited huge mountains, the Dragonpill crickets that were active under moonlight started singing a rustling song of life. They were critters that only came out at night. Their

bodies emitted a faint red light; at this moment they jumped out in droves, each of their bodies flashing with the brilliance of a red agate.

At first glance, Fang Yuan thought that these Dragonpill crickets were like jets of crimson water bouncing about, landing on the green grass and wild flowers, prancing under the moonlight in the bamboo grove.

The bamboo forest was like a conscious pond, under the moonlight the green jade colors of the spear bamboo flashed in the brilliance of light and smooth jade. The enchanting sight of the dense trees and bright flowers in spring, Mother Nature was showing Fang Yuan her immense beauty at this moment.

Fang Yuan unconsciously stopped in his footsteps, feeling as if he was in a heavenly land. He was already about to depart, but at this moment he subconsciously looked around.

The clump of wild flowers and grass that he had poured the last dredges of wine over trembled gently in the wind, remaining empty. Fang Yuan laughed at himself and took back his line of sight.

However.

Unexpectedly in the process of turning away, he saw a dot of white snow.

This bead of snow was glued to a spear bamboo pole not far away. Under the moonlight it was like a suspended round pearl.

Fang Yuan's two pupils expanded fiercely, his body trembling slightly. His heart dropped and started pumping faster each second.

It was the Liquor worm!

# Chapter 14: In the mountain crevice hides a profound theory

The Liquor worm was shaped like a silkworm, its entire body giving out pearl white light. It was a little chubby and cute.

The Liquor worm fed on wine and could fly. When it flew around, it would curl up into a ball, and its speed was very fast. Even though it was only a Rank one Gu, but it was worth even more than a few Rank two Gu.

To make it into one's vital Gu was way more beneficial than the Moonlight Gu.

Right now the Liquor worm was glued to a bamboo pole merely 50-60 steps away from Fang Yuan. He held his breath, not closing in rashly, but slowly walking backwards.

He knew his distance was very near, but to really catch a Liquor worm directly it was an incredibly difficult task for a Gu Master who just opened the primeval aperture like him. You could say, there was no hope of success.

Fang Yuan was unable to see the Liquor worm clearly, but in the darkness he could feel the Liquor worm directing its vigilance at him. He slowly backed away gently, trying his best not to disturb the Liquor worm.

He knew that if the Liquor worm was to fly away, he could never catch up with his own speed. He needed to wait until the Liquor worm drank until it was drunk, and then with its flying speed slowed down he would have a chance to catch it.

Seeing Fang Yuan retreated further away, the Liquor worm crawling on the bamboo pole stirred. The strong aroma of wine before it was so tempting, so attracting, making the worm lost in a reverie. If it had saliva, it would have long been drooling a pool of saliva around it.

But the Liquor worm was incredibly wary and vigilant. Only after Fang Yuan retreated 200 steps back did it shrink a little and bounced into the air. When it fluttered high in the air, its body curled up into a ball, looking like a small and white rice dumpling. The little dumpling swept across the air in a round arc, floating down onto the grass that was sprinkled with green bamboo wine earlier.

With delicious food right before its eyes, the Liquor worm dropped its guard. It impatiently climbed onto a flower bud filled with some wine and popped its little head in, only leaving a chubby tail on the outside.

The Liquor worm was ravenous, and the green bamboo wine was so delicious. It opened its mouth wide and inhaled, very quickly lost in the deliciousness of its food, totally forgetting about Fang Yuan.

At this moment, Fang Yuan started to approach cautiously. He could see the tail of the Liquor worm outside the flower bud. This tail was just like a silkworm's tail, chubby and rounded. The light it emitted made people think of a pearl.

At first the Liquor worm's tail was hanging outside, unmoving. Then after a while this tail started to curl upwards, showing that it was drinking really happily. At the end when Fang Yuan was only ten steps away, its tail started wagging and swinging with a cheerful rhythm.

It was totally drunk!

Seeing this made Fang Yuan nearly laugh out. He did not continue walking forward, but patiently waited. If he rushed over right now he would definitely have a huge chance on catching the Liquor worm, but Fang Yuan's intention was to have this Liquor worm guide him to the Flower Wine Monk's remains.

In a moment the Liquor worm withdrew from the flower bud. Its body was fatter and its head swayed about, resembling a drunken man. Unexpectedly it did not realize Fang Yuan's presence. It climbed up onto another bright yellow flower and perched on the stamen, feeding heartily on the wine droplets there.



This time after it had finished drinking, it finally felt full. Its body slowly shrank into a round ball and slowly flew up. When it was 1.5 meters above the ground, it leisurely flew in the direction of the deeper part of the bamboo forest.

Fang Yuan quickly followed after its trail.

The Liquor worm was already heavily drunk, making it fly slower by half of its usual speed. Even though this was the case, Fang Yuan still had to run with all his might to follow after its shadow.

The night was washing past his vision as the young teenager ran in the bamboo forest, chasing after a small bead of snow not far ahead.

The moonlight was gentle, the breeze slow and steady. In the bamboo forest that was like a clear pond, the stalks of green spear bamboo flashed past before his eyes, quickly falling behind him. The ground was a green carpet of grass, riddled with blossoming wild flowers. There were small stones with moss growing, and the yellow shoots of bamboo.

Fang Yuan's faint shadow was also speeding ahead on the ground, passing through the shadows that each stalk of bamboo cast on the earth like a black line. He tightly kept his sight on the bead of snow, gulping in huge amounts of fresh mountain air, ordering his legs to catch up in the midst of faint wine aroma in the air.

Because of his speed, the moonlight looked like water to his eyes. Light and shadow moved frequently, like he was galloping in water filled with seaweed.

The Liquor worm flew out of the bamboo forest, and so did Fang Yuan. A sea of white flowers with a yellow spot in the middle borrowed the wind from his feet, scattering their petals. A group of Dragonpill crickets resembling a flowing poem just so happened to move to the front; as Fang Yuan dashed through there was a swoosh and a red cloud bloomed before him, dispersing about a sea of red star fireflies that emerged from the cloud.

A quiet mountain stream paved with pebbles, the gurgling water surface reflecting the spring moon in the night sky; with a few splashes Fang Yuan waded across, creating thousands of silver coloured ripples.

It was a pity that this stream, after so many ages, had its beautiful and precious stones trampled upon and broken.

Fang Yuan was in hot pursuit, firmly following behind the Liquor worm. Going upward the mountain stream, he could already hear the sound of a waterfall. After he turned around a sparse forest, he saw the Liquor worm fly into a crevice in the middle of a boulder.

Fang Yuan's eyes lit up and he stopped in his tracks.

"So it's here." He panted heavily, his heart beating against his chest like mad. With this one stop he could feel his entire body covered in sweat, hot air surging throughout his body accompanying his accelerating blood flow.

Looking around, he found that this place was a shallow benchland<sup>[1]</sup>.

Pebbles of various sizes covered the ground, the river surface barely covering over the small stones. There were also blocks of gray boulders scattered freely in the area.

Behind Qing Mao Mountain was a huge waterfall. The flow of the waterfall varied with the weather; it plummeted down to the earth, pounding out a deep pool. Beside the deep pool was the Bai Clan Village, a clan with powerful influence that was comparable to the Gu Yue village.

The waterfall branched out to many smaller branches, and it was apparent that Fang Yuan was facing one of the many branches of a branch. On normal occasions this benchland was dry, but due to the recent heavy rainfall that went on for three days and three nights, a shallow stream formed here.

The source of the flowing stream was from the huge boulder that the Liquor worm had entered into earlier.

The boulder leaned against a vertical mountain wall. Small waterfalls that branched away from the main waterfall were like silver pythons that flowed down the mountain wall, hitting onto the boulder. After a considerably long time the middle of this huge boulder had eroded away and formed a crevice.

At this time as the waterfall washed down, the water current gently roared. It was like a white curtain, completely obstructing the gap in the boulder.

After observing his surroundings, Fang Yuan's breathing was no longer anxious. His eyes flashed with a hint of resolve; he walked to the boulder and took in a deep breath, and then he rushed in headfirst.

The boulder gap was rather large, and two adult humans could walk side by side in it with no problems. What more to say with Fang Yuan, who was merely a 15-year-old teenage boy?

Once he rushed in, the rapid currents pressured down on Fang Yuan's body. At the same time the cold water quickly drenched him from head to toe. Fang Yuan battled against the water pressure, moving in quick steps forward. As he walked a few dozen steps, the water pressure started to lessen.

But the space in the fissure also began to shrink, and Fang Yuan could only walk sideways. His ears were filled with the roaring of the water, the top of his head was a sheet of white, and deeper into the boulder was a black darkness.

What was hiding in the darkness?

It could be a poisonous serpent, but it could also be a poisonous gecko. Perhaps it was a trap set by the Flower Wine Monk, or perhaps it was empty.

Fang Yuan could only continue forward by walking sideways, slowly edging into the darkness. The water no longer washed over his head; the stone walls were covered in moss, grazing against his skin, feeling slippery. Soon he was swallowed by the darkness, and the stone crevice became

narrower, squeezing around him. Gradually even his skull could not rotate freely. Still Fang Yuan gritted his teeth and continued forward.

After walking another twenty more steps, he realized that there was a red shade of light in the darkness. At first, he thought it was an illusion. But when he blinked and focused, he began to confirm that this was indeed light!

This realization made him renew his spirits.

He continued walking for another fifty to sixty steps, the red light growing brighter. In his eyes the light slowly expanded into a long, vertical and fine seam.

He stretched out his left arm, suddenly feeling that the wall in front had bent away. Instantly he rejoiced, knowing that there was an enclosed space inside the huge boulder. With another few steps he finally rushed into this light seam.

His eyes were greeted with the sight of an approximately 80meters<sup>2</sup> wide enclosure.

"I have been walking for so long. With this distance I'd have long passed the boulder, so I should be in the heart of the mountain cliff right now." As he sized up this hidden space, he moved his hands and legs about, stretching his limbs.

The entire room was filled with dim red light, but he could not tell where the light was coming from. The stone walls were damp and covered in moss, but the air here was very dry. On the walls there was also a few withering vines. The vines intertwined with each other, weaving across half of the wall surface. There were even a few withering flowers growing on the vines.

Fang Yuan looked at the remnants of these flowers and leaves, feeling somewhat familiar.

"These are Wine Sack Flower Gu, and Rice Pouch Grass Gu." Suddenly a thought crossed his mind and he was able to recognize these withering stems and vines.

Gu came in many shapes and forms. Some were like mineral rocks such as the blue crystal form of the Moonlight Gu. Some came in the form of worms, such as the silkworm-like Liquor worm. There were also flowery grassy types, just like the Wine Sack Flower Gu and the Rice Pouch Grass Gu before Fang Yuan.

These two types of Gu were Rank one natural Gu. Just with pouring in primeval essence would they be able to grow. After growing up the middle of the flower would secrete flower nectar wine, and the grass pouch would grow out fragrant rice.

Fang Yuan moved his line of sight along the vines, and sure enough he discovered a heap of withered roots gathered into a ball-shaped clump at a corner. The Liquor worm was resting on the clump of dead roots, sleeping soundly. It was already within easy reach.

Fang Yuan walked over and took the Liquor worm into his arms. Then he got onto his knees and pulled the dead vines apart, discovering a pile of skeleton bones bundled inside.

"I've finally found you, Flower Wine Monk." There was a smile on his lips as he saw this.

Just as he was about to reach his hand out and strip away the remaining vines, suddenly-

"Try touching it?" A voice full of murderous intent suddenly sounded behind Fang Yuan.

[1] Benchland: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bench\\_\(geology\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bench_(geology)) [Back](#)

# 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 Guy that acts as a 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 cautious. But at this moment, another voice sounded. 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, speechless, 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 time even his primeval essence will be threatened."

The elders who were watching by 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 the 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.