

Reverend Insanity Novel Chapter 11 To 15

Chapter 11 Reverend Insanity

Henry Fang 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 Lana Shen 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 Henry Fang, 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.

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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 Henry Fang'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 Henry Fang's chest, acting like a timid and lovable woman, whispering in his ear.

“Young master Henry Fang, 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 Henry Fang's earlobe.

Because she was sitting on his lap, Henry Fang 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.” Lana Shen picked up the wine cup, raising her head and taking a sip.

Then her eyes fixated on Henry Fang, her small cherry lips a little opened, slowly leaning over to his mouth.

Henry Fang's expression was indifferent, as if what was on his lap was not a young maiden, but a block of sculpture. When she saw Henry Fang's expression, Lana Shen felt a little uneasy at first.

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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 Henry Fang scoffed, his tone disdainful.

“So it's just a power play (1).” Lana Shen's face became stiff and she swallowed the wine in her mouth, trying to pull false flattery.

“Young master Henry Fang, what are you saying...” Henry Fang's eyes were emitting cold light.

He stared into Lana Shen's eyes, placing his right hand on her snowy white neck at the same time, slowly pressing it with force.

Lana Shen's pupils shrank and her voice was full of panic.

“Young master, you're hurting me.” Henry Fang did not answer, but his hold on her neck grew stronger.

“Young master Henry Fang, your servant is a little scared!” Lana Shen already had difficulty breathing; she was looking flustered.

A soft pair of hands subconsciously grasped at Henry Fang’s hand, trying to pry his hand away.

But Henry Fang’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.” Henry Fang 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; Lana Shen’s eyes were round and wide-opened.

The pain was so great that her eyes were full of tears.

She wanted to scream, but Henry Fang 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, Henry Fang slowly relaxed his grip.

Lana Shen immediately opened her mouth and gulped in air greedily.

Her breathing was too eager – resulting in a series of violent coughs.

Henry Fang laughed lightly, stretching out his palm.

He gently stroked her cheek, his tone carefree as he spoke, “Lana Shen, do you think I can kill you, or not?” If Henry Fang roared at her with an evil and loud voice, Lana Shen might actually fiercely retaliate.

But when Henry Fang smiled and spoke in a shallow manner, his soft voice asking if he could kill her or not, Lana Shen felt a deep fear from the bottom of her heart.

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

At this instance, Lana Shen 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 horrifying beast.

Under the gaze of these eyes, Lana Shen 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?! Lana Shen'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." Henry Fang retracted his smile and patted her cheek, his tone plain like water. With a sigh, he finally said — "You can leave." Lana Shen 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 Henry Fang.

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

"They actually arranged such a beautiful trap, its even more innovative than my previous life.

Hehe, Aunt and Uncle, this kindness of yours I will remember deeply!" Not long after Lana Shen left, Henry Fang 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?” Henry Fang 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, 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 Henry Fang.

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.

Henry Fang 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?” Henry Fang 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.

Henry Fang 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 Fu I would need to borrow primeval stones.

If my luck is good and this Moonlight Fu 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.” Fu 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 Fu 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 6 primeval stones on me, but I gave 2 to the innkeeper so I'm left with 4 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 1 piece of essence stone in a month.

But when it came to a Fu master, the consumption of primeval stones was greater.

Take Henry Fang for example; just by refining Fu alone he would need an average of 7 primeval stones or so.

And this is just on a Moonlight Fu, if he really did find the Liquor worm, just to refine it with Henry Fang'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 Fu 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 Fu master's cultivation?

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"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?" Henry Fang frowned and racked his brains.

It was like putting food into his mouth, but still not knowing how it tasted (1).

Suddenly there was a loud noise, interrupting his thoughts.

Henry Fang looked at the direction of the sound, realizing that the 6 hunters seated around the table at 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 2 pieces of primeval stones!" The hunters were stunned. 2 primeval stones was definitely not cheap – It was the sum of 2 months of the normal average household monthly expenses.

Even though hunters earn more from hunting when compared to ordinary mortals, like how some times 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 2 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.

"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, its 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.

Henry Fang was moved.

This inn waiter was really not boasting.

In the Spring Village there were 3 taverns.

The wine sold there were the common rice wine, muddy wine and other similar common wine.

In order for Henry Fang to attract the Liquor worm, he continuously bought wine for 7 days; it was naturally 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 strong smile, "Damn, this wine is good! Brothers please, drink all you want.

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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 on 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 Fu 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 Fu master! "Didn't you want to fight me? Come on then, hit me." The young Fu 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 Fu 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 cold sweat, and they felt restless, too afraid to even breathe heavily.

The young Fu 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 Fu 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 2 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 Fu 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 Fu 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 Fu master's gaze. Only Henry Fang watched quietly, void of hesitation.

The clothing that this young Fu master was wearing was the uniform that only formal Fu Masters could wear, so Henry Fang was not qualified to wear it.

Henry Fang 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 Fu master was to indicate his position as a Rank one Fu 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 Fu master was only of D grade talent, which was a grade worse than Henry Fang.

There was a high possibility that this man was only a logistics Fu master, not even counted as a battle Fu 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 Fu master and a mortal human.

“With power, one can be at the top.

This is the nature of this world. No, actually any world is also the same, the big fish eats the small fish and the small fish eats the shrimp.

It’s just that this world shows it even more openly,” Henry Fang 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 Fu 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 2 primeval stones on this wine, yet he never got to drink even one mouthful! Henry Fang 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 2 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 Fu 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 Henry Fang wanted the wine.

This was like specially stepping over him and slapping him in the face.

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

Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang’s body.

After realizing Henry Fang’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 Henry Fang changed. No wonder this young teenager was not one bit afraid of a Fu master, it was because he was also one.

Even though he was still attending the academy, his position was already different.

“Lord Fu master, your wine!” The waiter scurried over, smiling all over his face.

Henry Fang nodded at the young Fu master and took a jar of wine and walked out of the inn.

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Around 300 years ago, an incredible genius appeared in the Spring Clan.

He was very talented and had already cultivated to the point of a Rank five Fu 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 Spring 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 Fu 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 Spring clan.

However Henry Fang 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 Fu 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 Fu 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 Fu 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 Henry Fang's memories, the story of the Fu 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 Henry Fang 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 Fu 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.

Henry Fang 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.

Henry Fang 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 Fu 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 Henry Fang, 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 Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang'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.

Henry Fang opened the jar seal, releasing a thick wine aroma instantly. Green bamboo wine could be said as the Spring Village's number one wine.

This was the third reason for Henry Fang's confidence tonight.

"With these three big reasons gathering together, if I want to succeed it has to be tonight!" Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang 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.

Henry Fang 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 drips of wine and waiting at 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,” Henry Fang 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.

Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang’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 Fu.

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.

Henry Fang 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,” Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang's body.

Henry Fang 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 in the night.

Their bodies emitted 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, Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang her immense beauty at this moment.

Henry Fang 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 dreges of wine over trembled gently in the wind, remaining empty.

Henry Fang 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.

Henry Fang'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 Reverend Insanity

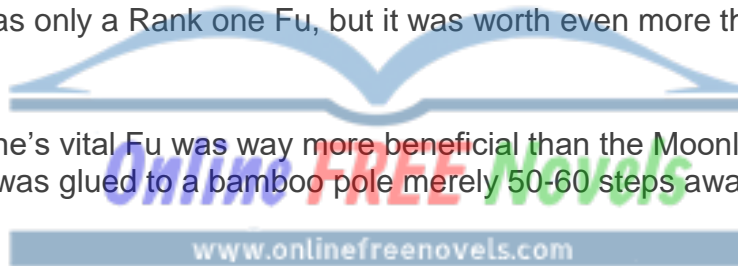
The Liquor worm was shaped like a silkworm, its entire body giving out pearl white light.

It was a little chubby and had a cute appearance.

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 Fu, but it was worth even more than a few Rank two Fu.

To make it into one's vital Fu was way more beneficial than the Moonlight Fu. Right now the Liquor worm was glued to a bamboo pole merely 50-60 steps away from Henry Fang.



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 Fu master who just opened the primeval aperture like him. You could say, there was totally no hope of success.

Henry Fang's 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 Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang.

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At this moment, Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang was only ten steps away, its tail started wagging and swinging with a cheerful rhythm.

It was totally drunk! Seeing this made Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang'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 Henry Fang'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.

Henry Fang 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, Henry Fang 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.

Henry Fang'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 Henry Fang.

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 Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang 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.

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Henry Fang 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.

Henry Fang'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 (1). 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 Bao Clan Village, a clan with powerful influence that was comparable to the Spring village.

The waterfall branched out to many smaller branches, and it was apparent that Henry Fang 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, Henry Fang'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 Henry Fang, who was merely a 15-year-old teenage boy? Once he rushed in, the rapid currents pressured down on Henry Fang's body.

At the same time the cold water quickly drenched him from head to toe.

Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang 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.

Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang 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 spirit.

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 80meters² 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.

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

“These are Wine Sack Flower Fu, and Rice Pouch Grass Fu.” Suddenly a thought had crossed his mind and he was able to recognize these withering stems and vines. Fu came in many shapes and forms.

Some were like mineral rocks such as the blue crystal form of the Moonlight Fu.

Some came in the forms of worms, such as the silkworm-like Liquor worm.

There were also flowery grassy types, just like the Wine Sack Flower Fu and the Rice Pouch Grass Fu before Henry Fang.

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These two types of Fu were Rank one natural Fu. 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.

Henry Fang 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.

Henry Fang 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 Henry Fang.

Chapter 15 Reverend Insanity

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

Even when it came to Henry Fang 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 Fu 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.

Henry Fang 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 Fu.

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To a Fu 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 Fu. Without my other Fu that acts as the counterpart to it, after seven days you will turn into pus and blood and die,” the voice said behind him.

Henry Fang gritted his teeth, his expression cold.

He said in a low tone, “You want the Liquor worm? I can give it to you.” He slowly stood up, his actions careful.

But at this moment, another voice appeared.

This voice was full of fear, and said in a tremble, “ I’ll give it, I can give you anything, please just spare my life, O Flower Wine Monk!” “Wait a minute, this is...” Henry Fang 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 Fu master was standing at the top of a mountain; there was another Fu master prostrating before him.

Around the two Fu 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 Fu master lifted his head upwards and laughed loudly.

“Ha ha ha, Spring’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 Fu 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.

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

“The Flower Wine Monk!” Henry Fang immediately recognized the identity of this Fu 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 Fu master prostrating on the ground was shaking, cold sweat all over, tears and mucus mixing as he begged for mercy.

Henry Fang narrowed his eyes and carefully distinguished the two, realizing that the other Fu master was wearing the Spring 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 Fu. 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 Fu and become your servant, my life and death are at a whim, I am willing to devote a lifelong servitude to you sir!” Henry Fang watched speechlessly, while the few elders in the picture looked even more uncertain.

The Flower Wine Monk narrowed his eyes, his anger had already calmed down.

His eyes flashed and he said, “Hmph, the Enslavement Fu is precious beyond reasoning, it is a Rank five Fu, do you really think I would have one? However you have been infected by my Single Gate Poison Fu, 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 Spring 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 Fu?" 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 Fu 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 Fu on you anymore, how could you possibly restrain the Moonshadow Fu? 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 Fu, he can’t just simply use his primeval essence anymore, over a time even his primeval essence will be threatened.” The elders who were watching at the sidelines all roared in fury and swarmed the area.

“Ha ha ha, all those who are looking for death, come!” The Flower Wine Monk cried into the air.

Facing the elders charging at him, he rushed at them headfirst.

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

“Damn!” “I’ll come back in future to deal with you lot,” said the Flower Wine Monk.

He stared daggers at a few of the elders and his body moved like electricity as he fled into the mountain woods, disappearing without a trace in the blink of an eye.

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