

## The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 620

The Dragon Kingdom, intoxicating Spring Mountain.

It was already night time, and the bright moon hung high in the sky, shedding down bright moonlight through the lush leaves and branches on the ground. A gust of wind blew, and the leaves swayed, making rustling sounds.

“Bang!” At this time, a black shadow fell from a hundred-year-old tree, followed by the sound of a heavy object falling to the ground, which broke the quiet atmosphere of the mountain and startled several Turtledove.

A moment later, the figure slowly stood up from the tree.

He first raised his head to look at the bright moon above his head, and then looked at his surroundings. With a dumbfounded expression, he muttered,

“Where am I? I ... Who the F \* ck am I!”

“Burp!” As he spoke, the man suddenly hiccuped, and the thick smell of alcohol came out of his mouth.

Under the moonlight, one could see that this man’s face was completely red. He had clearly drunk too much, and had even forgotten who he was and where he was.

After standing in place and thinking for a moment, the man scratched his head and found that he still couldn’t remember any useful information.

He tried to feel around his body and found that there was nothing else other than the clothes he was wearing and the wine gourd hanging on his waist.

So he reached out and took the wine gourd hanging on his waist, shaking it. Immediately, the sound of liquid splashing rang out, arousing the desire in his heart.

Next, he pulled out the stopper, sniffed it, and then couldn’t help but gulp down a few mouthfuls.

As the thick wine entered his throat, he felt as if all the blood in his body had been ignited. It surged through his body, and then he fell back down magnificently. He snored as if he was tired, and he forgot everything ...

At noon the next day, the chirping of birds woke up the man who had been sleeping for a long time. He sat up, opened his eyes, and ruffled his messy hair. His expression was still blank, and it was obvious that he had not woken up.

Just like last night, he first muttered “who am I, where am I”, then began to observe himself, and then his attention fell on the wine pot.

However, this time, there was no more wine in the wine pot, so the man failed to drink it.

Just like that, as he sat there quietly, his eyes regained a trace of clarity, and he gradually remembered who he was.

“So my name is qu Zui, what a good name, hehe!” Qu Zui, who had yet to sober up, muttered with a smile.

After sitting still for a while, his memories came back. It was at this moment that his expression suddenly changed. Then, he got up from the ground decisively and hurriedly walked up the mountain road to the side, running wildly towards the top of the mountain.

“Oh no, oh no, my wine!”

Although qu Zui looked like he was in his forties or fifties, he was able to stride up the mountain as if he was flying. Every time he stomped his feet, he would be able to cross three or four steps as he quickly made his way to the top of the mountain.

After a full half an hour of rushing, qu Zui suddenly changed direction when he neared the peak of the mountain and rushed towards the waterfall at the side.

When he arrived at the edge of the cliff, he stomped his feet and his body flew up like a swallow. He went straight through the waterfall and crashed into the back of the waterfall.

The scene of him crashing into a cliff did not happen. What appeared before qu Zui's eyes was a cave with a water curtain. The inside was covered with moss and vines, and there were flowers under his feet. The inside was full of life.

After entering the Water Curtain Cave, qu Zui hurriedly ran forward. After turning a few corners, he came to an open space.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhh! My wine!”

When he saw the red-hot iron pot on the ground, qu Zui let out a hysterical scream.

Holding on to the one-in-a-million possibility, qu Zui hurriedly approached the iron pot, lowered his head and widened his eyes to look into the iron pot, as if hoping that there was still some wine that had not evaporated.

However, the truth was that there was not a single drop of liquid left in his red-hot iron pot.

At this moment, it was like a bolt of lightning on a clear day.

To qu Zui, this was a fatal blow that he couldn't bear. He subconsciously sat on the ground in a dispirited manner, feeling that there was no more hope in life.

He had brewed this pot of wine for three years. Three years!

During the process, it went through repeated fermentation, mixing, distillation, pouring into the mountain spring, flame refining, and other steps. The procedures were complicated. It could be said that qu Zui had spent all his energy in the past three years to brew this pot of wine.

During the brewing process, qu Zui had searched the entire intoxicating Spring Mountain to find all kinds of rare herbs to mix with the wine. It could be said that he had taken great pains.

However, at this moment, all of it had turned into bubbles ...

Thinking of what he had experienced a few days ago, qu Zui couldn't help but want to give himself two tight slaps.

Just three days ago, when this new pot of wine was about to be successfully brewed, he was so happy that he was ready to drink two mouthfuls of wine to celebrate.

In the end, he couldn't stop drinking.

During this period, qu Zui got drunk three times and woke up three times. He was in a state of confusion the entire time, an endless loop.

At this moment, if the wine in the wine pot had not been finished, qu Zui felt that he might be able to continue this endless cycle ...

In fact, he knew that he was an alcoholic. Therefore, in order to brew this pot of 'spirit Spring Wine', he had not touched a single drop of wine for three years. He did not want to make a mistake.

He just hung a wine gourd on his waist every day to satisfy his eyes.

Such restraint was not because he had strong self-control, but because the spirit Spring Wine was his lifelong dream. It was a special wine-making method that the qu family had been trying for generations.

According to the records, the qu family was once a member of the cultivation world and had brewed countless famous spirit wines.

Even though it was an Age of Chaos and spiritual energy was running low, the qu clan had not declined. Instead, they had found a new path and made themselves extraordinary in this Age of Chaos.

Hundred Flowers health wine, tiger blood bones wine, turtle longevity wine, and so on ...

Even though the spirit Qi was exhausted, the qu family still managed to create a wine-making technique that was used during the Dharma ending age.

In fact, although qu Zui looked like he was in his forties or fifties, his actual age was already close to a hundred years old. All of this was due to the miraculous effects of the special wine.

The spirit Spring Wine that he had brewed this time was the best wine in the qu family, except for those that required spirit Qi. After drinking this wine, not only would one's lifespan be extended by more than ten years, but one's physical fitness would also be refined, and one would be immune to all diseases.

Therefore, to qu Zui, for the sake of this pot of good wine, what was the harm in tolerating him for three years?

During his three years of winemaking, although qu Zui had thought of giving up countless times, he had gritted his teeth and pulled through in the end.

However, just three days ago, when his dream was about to come true, qu Zui had the urge to drink two mouthfuls to celebrate.

Moreover, he felt that he had been holding back for three years. Although he had not stopped drinking, three years had passed. At the very least, he could control himself when he drank.

Therefore, it was not a big problem.

However, the truth was the complete opposite. The moment his tongue touched the wine, it was the sublimation of his soul.

At that moment, qu Zui was so carried away that he threw everything to the back of his mind. There was only one thought in his mind.

Drink, drink to your heart's content, if there's wine today, I'll get drunk today, who cares about what's right or wrong tomorrow!

What was wine? it could solve a thousand worries when one was drunk. If one was not fascinated, how could one be drunk and happy?

Qu Zui felt that his idea at that time was not bad. It was very nice and in line with the thoughts of the descendants of the qu family when they drank. There was no doubt that he was a legitimate descendant.

But now, he wanted to smash his own head!

He slept for three days, and he had suffered for three years. The “spirit Spring Wine” that was about to be successfully brewed had burst into bubbles, not even a drop was left. He did not even taste it.

At the thought of this, he fell to the ground dispiritedly, his eyes gradually losing spirit.

There was nothing to live for ...