

The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 621

What was the most satisfying thing in life?

Everyone had a different answer to this question.

But the answer was the most intense desire in that person's heart.

And qu Zui's greatest desire was "wine."

He enjoyed the carefreeness of the wine when it entered his throat, and was intoxicated by the hazy beauty of the wine. At the moment of intoxication, his thoughts and vision were blurred, as if there was nothing else but happiness.

Wine could bring benefits, but it could also bring many disadvantages.

However, one thing remained unchanged. At the moment when one's mind was intoxicated, the drunk person would definitely throw away all the burdens on their body and become their true self.

This was a form of emotional release. In such a state, good and evil were unpredictable!

That was why the debate over wine had never stopped since ancient times.

Some people said that it was a bad thing that caused people to fall, and later there was the saying that drunk people made mistakes.

However, there were also people who said that it was a good thing. Most of those ancient scholars and calligraphers had left behind ancient poems in their intoxication. They had a long history and added a rich and colorful stroke to history and culture.

However, whether it was getting drunk to resolve a thousand worries or getting drunk to make one's worries worse, the difference between good and bad was never determined by one person's point of view.

As a descendant of the qu clan, "qu Zui" had his own point of view, and that was the point of view of others was nothing!

There was only one simple reason for him to drink: It's delicious!

In qu Zui's opinion, there was only one reason for those drunken mistakes or sudden inspiration.

He didn't drink enough!

As an experienced drunkard, he was in a state of intoxication all year round, so he knew very well what a real drunk person was like.

In this state, lying drunk on the battlefield, or lighting a lamp in a drunken state, or asking the blue sky about wine and so on, were all fleeting clouds.

At that moment, the thoughts in his mind would become very simple:

"Who am I? where the F * ck am I?"

In qu Zui's eyes, this was true drunkenness. It could not disturb others, let alone give rise to inspiration.

As for adding good or bad definitions to the "wine," it was meaningless in his opinion!

Those people weren't drinking wine, they were purely drinking wine as a guide to achieve their goals!

To qu Zui, drinking for profit at the wine table, drinking for desire in the bar, and so on ... All of these were f * cking perverts!

Qu Zui was a person who truly loved drinking.

He had been in contact with wine since he was young. The first time he drank was when he had stolen the new wine from his father's wine jar. That was the first time he got drunk. He slept until late at night and even forgot to go to school. His parents and teachers were so scared that they searched for him all day.

That was also the first time he had been beaten up because of 'wine'.

However, after tasting the wine, qu Zui couldn't let it go. From time to time, he would think of ways to steal his father's and other elders' wine.

Therefore, his concept of wine had been very simple since he was a child. It was just that it tasted good and he wanted to drink it.

Even now, this concept was still qu Zui's most direct definition of wine.

The reason why he did not touch a single drop of wine during the three years he spent brewing the "immortal Spring Wine" was so that he could drink the "wine" that the qu clan called the best after the Age of Chaos.

Therefore, he didn't drink for profit, fame, or anything else. He drank simply and happily!

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But now ...

Looking at the red-hot iron pot, qu Zui's eyes were listless, feeling as if his body had been hollowed out.

This feeling was like a collector spending a lot of money and energy to buy the incomplete parts of a rare treasure, only to lose them when they were collecting all the fragments ...

That kind of heartache was indescribable, but it was enough to suffocate people.

At the very least, that was what qu Zui was feeling right now. He found it difficult to breathe as he lay limply on the ground. He even had the thought of dying.

"Immortal spring, immortal spring, I've been waiting for you for three years, but you're gone. My heart hurts!"

Qu Zui mumbled like a child as he looked at the metal pot, as if he had lost his most beloved toy.

In fact, he had wanted to brew a pot of immortal Spring Wine himself 20 years ago. However, he could not help but drink after less than a month. In the end, he failed.

After that, he tried a few more times, but all of them ended in failure.

In the end, it was because he was too obsessed with alcohol.

To qu Zui, he could go a day without eating, but he could not go a day without drinking.

In fact, that was what he did.

Because the wine he brewed was rich in nutrients, his body would not feel any discomfort even if he did not eat. Instead, he relied on the wine brewed with a special technique to nourish his body, which was still strong and healthy.

In the past three years, in order to make the immortal Spring Wine, qu Zui restrained his drinking behavior. He ate wild fruits in the mountains and occasionally went down the mountain to eat a good meal in the modern city.

And three years ago, qu Zui had treated wine as food.

Therefore, for qu Zui, he had spent a lot of effort in brewing the immortal Spring Wine for the past three years.

The more he thought about it, the more his heart ached. Quzui trembled as he got up and staggered to the side. He picked up one of the wine gourds from the floor and shook it twice. After confirming that there was wine inside, he pulled the stopper off and took a big gulp.

As the wine entered his throat, qu Zui's body finally stopped trembling from the sadness. The drunkenness that had not subsided in his body grew again as the new wine was poured in, and his vision gradually became hazy at this moment.

The wine he brewed wasn't strong, but it was intoxicating. Even with qu Zui's physique, he couldn't take it after a few mouthfuls. He staggered two steps and fell heavily to the ground.

"My worries are gone, my worries are gone ..." He mumbled, and his eyelids became heavy.

In his drunken stupor, qu Zui gradually forgot about his current troubles.

When the wine entered her sorrow, it turned into tears of lovesickness.

As for who he missed, the immortal Spring Wine ...

A moment later, thunderous snores could be heard in the cave. Qu Zui, who had just woken up, fell asleep again.

In the dream, he drank the “immortal Spring Wine” and tasted the spirit Qi wine brewed by countless ancestors. At that moment, he felt very happy. The only regret was that the wine did not seem to have any taste ...

In the blink of an eye, the next day arrived. After waking up, qu Zui once again fell into a state of confusion.

After smacking his lips twice, qu Zui asked three philosophical questions.

Who am I? Where did it come from? To where?

Eh, there’s a gourd here, and it looks so familiar ...

Qu Zui’s “drunken infinite loop law” was activated at this moment.

However, the side effect was that his concept of time would become very vague.

When she woke up again, another day had passed.

In his daze after waking up, qu Zui wanted to grab the wine gourd in front of him again, but at this moment, a pair of hands stretched out and took the wine gourd away.

Immediately, qu Zui felt his head being patted. A penetrating chill spread from the top of his head to the rest of his body, causing him to shiver uncontrollably. The drunkenness in his body instantly subsided by half.

The moment his eyes regained their clarity, qu Zui found a white-haired man with a kind face standing in front of him. This man's entire body exuded a transcendent aura, like a human immortal, and he couldn't help but stare blankly.

As he gradually regained consciousness, qu Zui suddenly remembered who this person was.

On the peak of fengxue mountain, the hidden Daoist master of the ghost fate sect: Seven!

He was familiar with this person. He was one of his good friends when his father was still alive.

"Seventh chief, is that you?" At the thought of this, qu Zui asked in a low voice.

"It is!" The seven of them smiled indifferently.

Upon hearing the Seven's answer, qu Zui revealed an expression that said 'I knew it'.

In fact, it had been a long time since their last meeting. Qu Zui had long forgotten about it, but it had been at least more than ten years. However, in qu Zui's eyes, the sect master's appearance had not changed even after so many years. He was truly amazed.

"Seventh chief, is there anything you need from me? I heard that you're at the peak of the snow Mountain and that you won't come out unless you understand the true meaning of cultivation.

When the seven heard this, they didn't answer directly. Instead, they said,"

"It's been more than 20 years since we last met. I hope you've been well since then. I'm here today because I have something I need your help with!" He said.

When qu Zui heard this, he was even more confused.

"You want my help? are you serious?"

Qu Zui was very clear about his own capabilities. Apart from his wine-making skills, he was completely useless. He couldn't compare to the 'real person' in anything, so he didn't understand why the real person wanted to find him.

When the seven heard this, they smiled and nodded,”

“It's like this. There's going to be a wine brewing competition soon, and the prizes will be of great help to my cultivation. So, I would like to ask you to come out of the mountain and help me win this championship. I know you have the strength!”

“Wine brewing competition? Since when did this thing exist in our cultivation world?” Qu Zui was very surprised.

She suddenly wondered if she had slept for too long and had become muddled.

As a wine-brewing family, he had never heard of a wine-brewing competition. In the world of cultivation, only the qu family was qualified to hold such a competition. No one else was qualified!

In the cultivation world, only the qu family was a wine-brewing family!

As if they could see qu Zui's confusion, the seven of them immediately explained.

When the seven of them were explaining, qu Zui was initially listening very attentively, but he was soon dumbfounded.

War? A game? The wine brewing competition in the game!

After listening to the Seven's story, qu Zui couldn't help but Mutter,

“Seventh chief, you are already so old and I am not young anymore. Don't joke with me. I am not in a good mood now and I can't smile!”

Qu Zui's reaction was actually within the Seven's expectations. Hence, he immediately said,

“No amount of explanation is better than trying it yourself. Let’s go, I’ll treat you to some good wine!”

When he heard the word “good wine,” the depressed qu Zui suddenly became excited.

“Seventh chief, are you serious, what kind of good wine is it!”

“Wood spirit wine!”

“What kind of wine is this? why have I never heard of it before?” Qu Zui was stunned.

“Good wine from the game!”

“Seventh chief, I still have something to do, so I won’t go!” When he heard that it was in-game wine, qu Zui’s enthusiasm faded and he suddenly felt dull.

In his opinion, he was already over 90 years old. Why would he still play games? it was simply childish.

Moreover, he really couldn’t understand why the seven of them, who had such a firm belief in cultivation, would play Mortal Games. Had they gone mad from cultivation?

At this thought, qu Zui cast a pitiful look at the seven of them.

“Qu Zui, if you trust me, then come with me. I won’t let you down. You’re a winemaker, so that place is very suitable for you. I also believe that your wine-making skills will definitely shine there!” Looking at the uninterested qu Zui, the seven of them could not help but try to persuade him again.

When he heard the seven of them say that they were winemakers, qu Zui couldn’t help but glance at the metal pot at the side. His expression instantly became lifeless.

“I’m just an alcoholic. I’m not a winemaker. I’m not worthy!”