

## **GREED 57**

Chapter 57 Guntu The Artist.

And so the three little ones were born and their life began. The end of Mihila's pregnancy and the successful delivery of her children soon spread throughout the upper echelon. People were curious about the children and what made them special but they couldn't get access to the babies or information about them.

So as time went by people slowly forgot Mihila and Ghoto. But some people didn't forget, the direct descendants didn't forget. The three babies will turn out to be their competitors soon, so they paid attention to Ghoto and his little family. It was only those who were paying attention that was able to discover that Mihila had disappeared shortly after childbirth only to return some time later as a titan of law.

Although this development was still largely unknown to most of the populace of the ancestral city because of the information lockdown around Ghoto's family, those that were aware of her breakthrough were shocked by her transformation. It had even pushed the Origin patriarchs to seek advice from their predecessors.

The three current patriarchs of the family decided to inform their higher-ups about this development. Their call for assistance was answered immediately because a particular ancestor of theirs was available. They went out to greet the great ancestor that was sent to get the full picture of what was going on.

"Welcome great ancestor" the three of them bowed in greeting.

The three of them may be origin gods, the same realm of strength as the visitor but they remained humble because of seniority and because they knew this person could still beat them, and without much effort at that. The same realm didn't equate to the same battle prowess.

The visitor that descended from the upper realm was another battle sage monkey. His black fur looked shaggy and unkempt. He was wearing a simple black cloak with torn trousers to cover his loins and had a gourd strapped to his back. The gourd is black as night and also significantly bigger than the person wearing it. Everything he wore was black and made him look like a reaper or a homeless drunk.

His friends call him Guntu the drunkard, his enemies call him Guntu the destroyer, while his acquaintances call him Guntu the eye of destruction to be polite to him. He doesn't like people calling him a destroyer.

He would say "I am not a destroyer. How could I be a destroyer? I am just an artist that appreciates the beauty of wine and maybe a troublemaker."

"Hahaha" Guntu laughed. "You don't have to be so stiff around me," he said as he followed them to the lodgings for visiting ancestors. He sat down without a care.

The face he revealed under his shawl was quite handsome and didn't go well with his raggedy outfit but the origin gods didn't mind that. Guntu's tail undid the strap of his gourd. As soon as he uncorked the gourd, the temperature of the room increased and it seemed like space was about to fold and melt. He drank from the gourd, then offered it to the timid three "Do you want a drink?"

"No, we're good."

"No thanks."

"We wouldn't want to impose."

"Come on, have a drink." he asked again, but they refused and even became wary "I promise you it is wine not whatever you're thinking. It won't set you on fire this time, I promise." he tried to convince them.

"We know ancestor. We trust you."

"We just aren't interested. Our minds need to be somber to lead the family."

"It is still early in the morning for me." the trio gave one excuse after another.

"Suit yourself. You don't know what you're missing. You don't know that people would line up to take a drink from my gourd." he sounded hurt but the three of them were not deceived, they did not fall for his antics, they had learned their lesson. Guntu was that troublesome uncle that liked to prank his nieces and nephews

"So what is this about a mutant?" He asked when he noticed they weren't moved even after his show.

"A female of our family got pregnant. She is the wife of a member of the family with distant blood relations. His bloodline is thin and she had none. But her pregnancy lasted for 52 years." the one talking stopped when he noticed Guntu wasn't listening, he was picking his nose and scratching his fur. The three of them shook their heads helplessly. "Why can't they send a normal person" they moaned, but they didn't dare disrespect this weird ancestor of theirs.

One of them coughed, only then did Guntu's attention return. He sighed and said "I was thinking about this fine alcohol that your father put out for his last birthday celebration. It was glorious. Too bad you weren't there. You missed a lot but don't worry, I'll tell you all about it"

When they noticed they were about to lose him to his ramblings they had to stop him.

"That can wait for a while ancestor. We still have the matter of the mutant."

"You're right. We can always talk and catch up later. When we are done with this, I'll tell you about the party and my recent adventures. You are in for a treat, we'll probably need months for it."

They groaned inwardly but continued reporting the details of their conundrum.

"The pregnancy was examined 31 years into it according to preventive protocol and it was discovered the unborn children had full bloodline awakening in two of them and the mutant was suspected of possessing the Origin source of a new bloodline. It could be said that he was a different species just like an origin god."

"Hmm" Guntu grunted to indicate he was listening. But he wasn't listening, that special alcohol had been brewed for over 100 origin cycles. It was as expensive as it was truly memorable. He couldn't stop thinking about it.

"We had sovereigns sent to the ancestral city secretly to monitor the couple. We wanted to determine if there was something special about them and also to protect them. The mutant might be useful to our plans when the era of conquest comes."

Guntu snorted at this. The patriarchs continued

"The mutant was successfully delivered and he was examined. We found out that he had an active eye ability and he could use it as soon as he was born"

"That's impossible," Guntu said. He sobered up and became serious. "There is no way he could use his active ability that early even if he has one."

"He did and we have been able to confirm it." They showed him the transmission from the sovereigns they sent.

"Interesting. This is interesting. I thought I would be bored silly but this is actually interesting." Guntu said. "Continue."

"Yes, ancestor. We haven't been able to determine what his eyes can do or identify the effect of his bloodline. We only know he has golden fur and multicolored eyes. We decided to let him grow up normally so we can monitor him but then his mother became a titan soon after and we found out that she also has a full-bloodline awakening. Her body of law was not created by her concept but by a very pure bloodline as if she were a direct descendant. Her Bloodline has such purity that it would certainly push her to the level of Sovereign."

"Even more interesting. You are thinking that the mutant is the cause of the bloodline awakening not only for the mother but the siblings too."

"Yes, ancestor. What do you think we should do with the mutant?"

Guntu turned silent and thought for while before saying "Let the mutant be. It will be mighty presumptuous of us to rely on him during the era of conquest. The higher the hope, the larger the

disappointment. We should just do it like everyone else and work together with the race. Even if we decide to rely on him he might not become an origin god in the short amount of time we have."

The three nodded and agreed, "Yes ancestor. You are probably right."

"Of course I am right." Guntu puffed out his chest, his scrawny frame made him look funny but they didn't laugh. "Don't be so gloomy. It is just our hope for survival when the universe ends. Let me tell you about that wine. It is sure to cheer you up".

The three origin god patriarchs groaned, then one of them said. "Ancestor, can I still have that drink."

Guntu clapped in excitement "I knew you would change your mind. You have a cultured mind, do you know that. Not like these two." He uncocked the gourd and offered it "Go on. Have a drink." The sullen origin god took the gourd, he looked like he had been asked to die, but he drank from it and lost consciousness.

The gourd is a top-grade origin artifact, it contains sealed stars. The drink within it is liquid fire, but its destructive ability has been mellowed with some treatment to affect the soul. The wine within it will target the consciousness of whoever drinks it. It is the drink for the strong, those that can't withstand it will have their consciousness shatter to pieces. If taken by an origin god, the effect could range between instant combustion or delirium depending on the amount taken and the resistance to the laws within the flames.

The gourd is used by Guntu for drinking and as a weapon, it is the crowning achievement of his life. Guntu can handle the flames because he trains in destructive concepts.

"What a true man," Guntu said in admiration.

"Now then. There I was, mouth wide open, saliva dripping, shocked in body and soul. I was fooling around with that temptress Dame Khokhar, ah, she is a fine and incredible battle sage. So anyway, I was fooling around with her but I dropped her as soon as I perceived the divinity that was that wine. How could Dame Khokhar compare to such a wine? After all, I am an artist before anything else. In fact, I received the inspiration for a poem at that instant. You must listen to it, it will change your lives...."