

The Herb King

#Chapter 1 - Read The Herb King Chapter 1

Chapter 1: The Golden Fruit

Crackle! Crackle!

The sky was dark and gloomy, but the flashes of lightning illuminated this seemingly pitch-black airspace.

In that brief moment of light, the tiny silhouette of a person can be seen scaling through a tall mountain. His figure looked weak and feeble, but he still steadily marched forward.

Cough! Cough! Cough!

The violent coughing of an old man can be heard amidst the ear-splitting roars of thunder.

This old man wearing worn-out clothing beneath his washed-out hood was unsteadily ascending the tall mountain. His eyes were a bit murky, but his clear pupils contained a profound sense of wisdom.

He continued to press forward, but his aged knees were nearing their limits. He was already breathing heavily, so he decided to stop.

The old man glanced at the peak of the mountain that was just a little less than fifty meters away from him. It felt like thousands of meters in his eyes, making him almost choose to give up.

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However, something within him was telling him to continue marching forward. This mysterious feeling gave him an odd strength that allowed him to resume his ascent.

The old man took out a small worn-out book hidden inside his pocket. The strange thing was that the book actually remained dry even after being in contact with the heavy rain!

The old man opened the book and flipped through the pages. He then stopped to the page that he had folded.

“According to this book, the Tree of Rebirth will be born at the peak of Mt. Bargan when the blood-red moon will illuminate the dark sky.” The old man’s aged voice can be heard as he gazed towards the bloody moon above the sky.

It was breathtakingly beautiful, but it was also a dreadful sight to behold.

The old man removed his gaze from the blood-red moon and kept the small book inside his trouser's pocket.

"I already have one foot at the grave. It is my last wish in life to see this mysterious tree being reborn! I must continue forward!" He encouraged himself as he tread onward. His voice was already weak, but the mysterious strength inside of him wasn't weakening, and this gave him the opportunity to ascend the peak of Mt. Bargan.

Rumble! Rumble!

Flashes of lightning webbed through the skies like serpents crawling out of the firmament. The light coming from the lightning allowed the old man to clearly see his path, making his ascent a little less troublesome.

After more than twenty minutes, he finally reached the top of the mountain.

The old man's knees caved in as the mysterious strength inside of him slowly vanished. He knelt on the ground with a weary look, but when he moved his gaze forward, he saw something that immediately caught his attention.

A tree! That's right! What caught his attention was a seemingly ordinary-looking tree. Its appearance might have been ordinary, but since it was the only tree around, the old man was certain that it was no ordinary tree!

"Th-That... Co-Could it be..." The old man could hardly speak because of the extreme coldness in the surroundings. If not for the herbs that he had smeared on his body before his trip, he would have already fallen dead because of hypothermia.

The old man hastily took out the small book in his pocket and compared the tree drawn on the book to the one in front of him.

The more he looked, the more his eyes shone with excitement.

"To think that it's actually real..." The old man stood up with great difficulty and walked slowly towards the tree.

This tree looked no different from those common trees found in the forest, but how could an ordinary tree be able to remain so leafy and green in this kind of freezing temperature? Definitely not!

The old man cried emotionally as he stared at his life-long dream. It was full of vitality. Just as the book described it to be.

He removed his thick gloves and touched the trunk of the tree and felt its warmth. It was refreshing and calming.

The old man closed his eyes as he gently caressed the tree. He then moved his gaze upwards and stared at its abundant leaves with a smile.

However, a small round fruit captured his attention. It was golden in color and it looked like a ball of light in this dark place.

It wasn't located far from him, so he was able to pluck it from its branch.

A delicate wave of fragrance assailed his nostrils when he plucked the fruit. This heavenly aroma immediately made his stomach churn.

"A fruit after a long trek. Not too bad a reward for this old man." He muttered delightfully as he took a big bite of the fruit.

Crunch.

'It is juicy and sweet.' The old man muttered in his heart as he enjoyed the fruit's delicious flavor.

The soft texture of the fruit made it easier for his brittle set of teeth. He even felt that it was almost as soft as tofu...

The old man smiled contentedly after finishing the whole fruit. He then sat beneath the shade of the tree and felt himself slowly losing his consciousness.

"I feel sleepy." He muttered as he gently laid on the cold wet ground.