



人渣反派

自救系統

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Chapter 1 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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<<Proud Immortal Demon Way>> was a male fantasy of a stallion novel.

To be more specific, <<Proud Immortal Demon Way>> was a mob-grinding, escapist cultivation novel, with a ridiculous and incomparable length, a heaven-defying golden finger, and a harem in the three-digit range, where every single female character fell for the protagonist.

This year’s hottest stallion novel; there was no other!

The male lead of this novel, Luo Binghe, was neither the heroic, invincible-out-of-the-gate type, nor the loser, without-redeeming-qualities type, yet had managed to trend with tens of thousands of readers on Zhongdian Literature, influencing countless male fantasy novels afterwards to follow in its footsteps.

He was the dark, vicious type.

But before his darkening, he was the miserably-suffering type.

Next, let a veteran reader of this novel, Shen Yuan, omit the countless fanservicey details, and concisely summarize this million-word epic for everyone...

Immediately after his birth, Luo Binghe was abandoned by his parents, swaddled in white cloth and put in a wooden basin, then lowered into the water.

Those were the coldest days of the year, and it was only thanks to the river’s fishermen pulling him out that he hadn’t frozen to death as a baby.

Because he'd been drifting along the Luo River, and it was the season when it was filled with thin ice, he was given that name.

Luo Binghe spent his early years wandering the streets, hungry and dressed in rags; it was a dreary childhood. A washerwoman who worked for a wealthy family took pity on him, and since she had no children of her own, adopted and raised him as her own son. Mother and son were poor, and suffered humiliation at the hands of their rich patrons.

Having grown up in such an unhealthy environment, this became the source of Luo Binghe's future twisted personality post-darkening, including his tendencies to fight over every scrap, to seek revenge for the smallest of grievances, and to hide murderous intent behind a smile.

For a bowl of lukewarm meat congee, he'd withstood the beatings of the family's young masters; in the end, he was still too late, and failed to give his adopted mother even a single taste before she died.

By complete coincidence, he was selected by one of the cultivation world's four great sects, Cang Qiong Mountain Sect, and apprenticed under the "Xiu Ya sword" Shen Qingqiu.

He'd thought that he could finally start down the proper path, but he hadn't expected that Shen Qingqiu was fair without but foul within, trash of the lowest caliber. He was jealous of Luo Binghe's unparalleled and exceptional talent, and secretly feared this disciple whose cultivation improved by leaps and bounds every day, always finding all sorts of ways to taunt and demean him, even enlisting fellow disciples to belittle him.

Throughout the years of studying, he endured the humiliation; it was another heart-wrenching story filled with blood and tears.

Under much difficulty, Luo Binghe managed to turn seventeen, when he finally encountered the ceremony the cultivation world held once every four years—the Immortal Alliance Conference. Here at the conference, Luo Binghe fell victim to Shen Qingqiu's scheming, and fell into a crack in the boundary between the demon and human realms—the Endless Abyss.

That's right, only now did the story truly begin!

Not only did Luo Binghe survive, within the Endless Abyss, he even found the peerless mystical sword meant to be his, "Xin Mo," and there, learned about his origins.

As it turned out, Luo Binghe had been born to the demon realm's Saintly Ruler and a human realm woman; within his veins flowed both the blood of ancient, heaven-fallen demons, as well as that of the human race. His birth father, Tianlang-Jun, had been sealed beneath a great mountain, trapped for all eternity. His birth mother was a disciple from a righteous cultivation sect; that year, suspected of having secret ties to demons, she was expelled, and died from postpartum hemorrhage after giving birth to Luo Binghe. Prior to her death, she let her son off the lone ship she'd birthed him on, and only in this way, left Luo Binghe a chance of survival.

Luo Binghe used Xin Mo to release his body's seal on his demonic blood, and within the dark abyss, cultivated single-mindedly and enlightened himself on otherworldly techniques, before heading back to Cang Qiong Mountain Sect.

From here on, Luo Binghe steadily headed down the path of darkening, never looking back.

Every single one of his old enemies suffered great torment and died horrible deaths by his hand. With his steadily improving acting and scheming skills, Luo Binghe slowly won the trust of many people, feigning compliance while secretly plotting against them. He seized power and rose in position, beginning a reign of terror. As the story unfolded, Luo Binghe darkened further and further. He returned to the demon realm and inherited the position of Saintly Ruler, but still unsatisfied, began to massacre each one of the the human realm's great righteous sects, bathing them in blood, eradicating all voices of opposition.

In the end, Luo Binghe became a generation-spanning legend among immortals and demons, who talked about his unification of the three realms, the uncountable size of his harem, and his boundless number of descendants!

“Stupid author stupid novel!”

With his dying breath, Shen Yuan spat this final curse.

Who could have imagined that an upstanding young man like him, who’d properly purchased VIP currency and read the official version, who’d managed to persistently follow the work to its end, had ended up finishing a novel so stallion it left him speechless with rage, a money-swindling, overly-padded mess; how could he not curse?

<<Proud Immortal Demon Way>>, author: Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky.

Just looking at this ID would assault you with a dirty feeling. Grade-school-level writing, the suspension of disbelief broken everywhere. Shen Yuan couldn’t even bear to call that incoherent mess of a setting a cultivation setting.

Have you seen a cultivation world where people used horses and carriages all day? Have you seen a cultivation world where after achieving inedia, people still needed to eat and sleep? Have you seen a cultivation world where the author occasionally mixed up even the Foundation Establishment and Nascent Soul stages?

Every single person, when in front of the protagonist, would act like his immense douchebag aura had devoured their brain cells. Especially Luo Binghe’s master, that Shen Qingqiu, basically an idiot among idiots, scum among scum! His only purpose was to dig his own grave, and when he didn’t manage to finish, get killed by the protagonist.

Then why did Shen Yuan read this book, and even read to the very end?

Don’t misunderstand, Shen Yuan wasn’t a masochist. The reason, also caused him the most ball-ache.

This novel had an incredible amount of foreshadowing, dangling plotlines everywhere, mystery after mystery, layer upon layer of red herrings. And at the very end—not a single one paid off!

It was enough to make him to puke a fountain of blood.

Why were priceless herbs, spirit elixirs, and peerless beauties everywhere, like they didn't cost a cent? Why were the villains' speeches and poses as they dug their own graves and got offed all exactly the same?

The many girls we barely caught a glance of, who'd agreed to enter the harem, what happened to them...alright let's skip that for the moment—The many atrocities, who were the culprits? The giant list of characters hyped up as being awesome without equal, exactly what was their purpose; why was nothing of them shown, even at the very end?!

Towards-the-Sky bro, Airplane bro, Great God, can we have a discussion, wrap! up! Plotlines! Okay!

Shen Yuan felt like he could come back to life from sheer rage.

In the endless darkness, a mechanical voice sounded by his ear.

[Activation code: "Stupid author stupid novel." System automatically triggered.]

"Who is this?" The tone was similar to Google Translate.

Shen Yuan looked around: it seemed like he was floating in a virtual void, so dark he couldn't see his hand before him, the voice coming from all directions.

[Welcome to the System. This System operates in line with the design concept 'YOU CAN YOU UP, NO CAN NO BB'; we hope to provide you with the best possible experience. It is our sincere wish that during your experience, you can fulfill your desire, and according to your wishes, transform a stupid work into a high-quality, magnificent, first-rate classic. We hope you enjoy.]

In the midst of the vertigo, a man's voice asked lightly beside his ear, "... Shidi? Shidi, can you hear me?"

Shen Yuan shuddered and settled his mind, forcibly peeling open his eyes, the scene before him a flurried blur; it took awhile for his vision to finally focus and clear.

He lay on a bed.

Looking up: a white, gauzy canopy, with finely-crafted perfume pouches hanging from the four corners.

Looking down: he wore a white robe, ancient in its styling. Next to the pillow lay a paper fan.

Looking to his left: a handsome and elegant young man dressed in traditional black robes sat by his bedside, looking at him with concern.

Shen Yuan closed his eyes, then sharply reached for that folding fan, opening it with a snap; he lightly waved it, fanning away the cold sweat pouring down his face.

The man's eyes lit up with joy, and he warmly asked, "Shidi finally woke up; is there any discomfort?"

Shen Yuan reservedly said, "Nothing too bad."

The information overload was a bit much; he dazedly tried to sit up. Seeing this, the man quickly reached out to support his back, letting him lean against the headboard.

Having read many of Zhongdian's transmigration novels, Shen Yuan had long resolved that, if one day he woke up to find himself lying in a strange place, before he understood what was happening, he definitely wouldn't giggle carefreely and say, "Are you filming a movie? The props look so real; your crew's really giving their all!" the words of a person slow-wittedly trying to ground themselves. He concentrated only on acting like he'd just woken up, expression absent-minded: "I...where is this?"

The man startled and said, "Did you sleep yourself into a daze? This is your Qing Jing Peak."

Internally, Shen Yuan was shocked, but continued to act muddled, “I... why was I asleep for so long?”

The man said, “That’s what I wanted to ask you. You were in perfect health, how did you suddenly come down with a high fever? I know that with the Immortal Alliance Conference approaching, you’ve been training your disciples, and are anxious for results. But with Cang Qiong Mountain Sect’s foundations and renown today, even if someone didn’t attend this time, no one would dare question us; why concern yourself with those empty words.”

The more Shen Yuan listened, the more something felt off. Why did these lines sound so familiar?

No, why did this set-up sound so familiar?

Next, a single earnest sentence from that man confirmed all his suspicions.

“Qingqiu-shidi, are you listening to shixiong?”

At this moment, something dinged, and the mechanical, Google-Translate-like voice from the dreamscape sounded again.

[The System was successfully activated! Role bound: Luo Binghe’s master, Cang Qiong Mountain Sect’s Qing Jing Peak Peak Lord, ‘Shen Qingqiu.’ Weapon: the sword Xiu Ya. Starting B-points: one hundred.]

“F***k f***k f***k what bulls**t is this? How come you’re speaking directly into my brain? Does Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky know you’re plagiarizing <<Proud Immortal Demon Way>>’s set-up like this?!” Of course, Shen Yuan didn’t say this out loud, but that voice quickly responded.

[You have touched the System’s command execution, and have been bound to the account ‘Shen Qingqiu.’]

[As the plot progresses, many different types of points will gradually become available, please ensure that none of these points fall below 0. Otherwise the System will automatically dole out punishment.]

Stop. Enough. Shen Yuan was sure now. He'd hit the jackpot; he'd transmigrated!

Transmigrated into something he'd just finished, and it was a dark-type stallion novel he'd hated, even came with some kind of s**tty system. As a 21st century veteran VIP reader of Zhongdian Literature, he'd read through various types of do-over and transmigration male fantasy novels year in and year out, so originally, Shen Yuan could have happily and easily accepted this fact. But of all people, the shell he borrowed just happened to be the male lead's scum villain shizun Shen Qingqiu's. This...uh, made the situation rather complicated.

The good-natured-looking elder-brotherly type next to him was Cang Qiong Mountain Sect's current Sect Leader, Shen Qingqiu's shixiong, the "Xuan Su sword" Yue Qingyuan. F***k.

There was a very important reason Shen Yuan had specially gone "f***k" at Yue Qingyuan—in the original work, Yue Qingyuan's death had been caused by his good shidi Shen Qingqiu, okay!

And what a horrific death it was.

Tens of thousands of arrows had pierced him, until not even bones remained!

And at this moment, this victim was facing his own "murderer," showering him with concern; the pressure was immense.

But looking again now, the story hadn't progressed to that point yet. Yue Qingyuan was still in perfect health, meaning at this time Shen Qingqiu had yet to reveal himself as a hypocrite, and his reputation was still unruined.

Yue Qingyuan was a bleeding heart, nothing to be afraid of. Though this character ended up suffering quite a bit, during his read, Shen Yuan had

been rather fond of him. He relaxed a little, when a string of words floated eerily to the forefront of his mind.

“...Within the dark, gloomy room, a metal chain hung from a beam. At the end of the chain dangled a ring. The ring was fastened around a person’s waist. If that could still be considered a ‘person.’ This ‘person’s’ appearance was filthy and disheveled, like that of a madman. The most frightening thing was, all four of his limbs had been severed. His shoulders and thighs were only four bare knobs of flesh. When touched, he would let out a hoarse, ‘ahhh’ sound. His tongue had been torn out too, rendering him unable to form complete words.”

— <<Proud Immortal Demon Way>>, a featured paragraph on Shen Qingqiu’s fate.

Shen Yuan, ah no, Shen Qingqiu rested his forehead on his hand.

He wasn’t in any position to lament how horrific other people’s deaths were; the most horrific death was his, okay!

Must avoid any serious errors!

Snuff out any sign of a mistake✓

From now on, cling madly to the male lead’s thighs✓

Be a good teacher and helpful friend who is earnest and gentle in teaching; meticulously shower him with concern✓

He’d just had these thoughts, when Shen Qingqiu’s mind suddenly erupted with a long string of alarms, as if one hundred police cars carrying one hundred shrieking beasts were zooming past, so cacophonous he shuddered, clutching his head in pain.

Yue Qingyuan said worriedly, “Shidi, does your head still hurt?”

Teeth clenched, Shen Qingqiu didn’t answer.

The system shrilly alerted, [Warning. Your plan just now was incredibly dangerous, and qualified as an act of violation; please do not attempt, or the system will automatically dole out punishment.]

“How was that a violation?”

[Currently, you’re in the starting stage, and the OOC feature is frozen. You’ll need to complete starting-stage missions to unfreeze. Before unfreezing, doing anything that violates the original ‘Shen Qingqiu’ character’s settings will result in a fixed number of B-points being deducted.]

As a semi-otaku, Shen Qingqiu had occasionally seen several fanwork-related terms, you understand; of course he knew what OOC meant: the abbreviation for ‘out of character,’ defined as breaking character, acting in a way that was inconsistent with the original character’s personality.

“...In other words, before that whatever-feature gets unfrozen, my manner and actions can’t differ from what ‘Shen Qingqiu’ would do?”

[Correct.]

It’d already let him transmigrate into Shen Qingqiu’s shell, replacing him, but still cared about a detail like OOC?

Shen Qingqiu asked again, “You just said, something like...that the points can’t fall below 0, if they do, what happens?”

[You will automatically be deported back to the original world.]

Original world? But in the original world, Shen Yuan’s body was already dead.

In other words, if he lost all his B-or-whatever points, what awaited him was: death.

Then if I just ignore the male lead and avoid doing anything, things should be fine, right?

He raised his head and swept his gaze around, but didn't see anyone that matched Luo Binghe's appearance among the disciples waiting on him by his side. Acting unconcerned, he said, "Where is Luo Binghe?"

Yue Qingyuan halted, and gave him a strange look.

Shen Qingqiu remained straight-faced, but was secretly filled with glee. Could it be that time wasn't ripe, and the male lead had yet to apprentice and enter Cang Qiong Mountain Sect?

Yue Qingyuan said, "Shidi, don't be angry."

An ominous premonition stirred in Shen Qingqiu's heart.

Yue Qingyuan sighed and said, "I know you don't like him. But that child's already worked hard enough, and he hasn't made any large mistakes. Don't punish him anymore, alright."

Hearing this, Shen Qingqiu's lips went dry; he licked them and said, "... Out with it, where is he?"

Yue Qingyuan was silent for a moment, then said, "Whenever you finish stringing him up and beating him, haven't you always shut him in the woodshed?"

Shen Qingqiu's vision went dark.



Notes:

- This chapter is by Fae of BC Novels and <http://faelicy.tumblr.com/>.
- The old chapter one at Cnoveluv is a translation of the old version of Scum Villain. Fae is currently translating the newest, edited version of the story which is the same version that BC Novels is using.

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Scum Villain System: Chapter 2

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Chapter 2

Note: Our male lead Luo Binghe shows up in this chapter! Still a lot of footnotes but less than in Chapter 1. Preliminary edit completed.

Shen Yuan had never been able to understand why this extreme scum villain, Shen Qingqiu, had this kind of do-or-die attitude. For what?

The original Shen Qingqiu's family was well-off and he could at least be considered a small wealthy second generation offspring. He had two older brothers who would inherit the family business in the future and a younger sister that he loved. Their feelings were very good.

He already knew that even if he didn't amount to much in life, he wouldn't lack a mouthful of rice [1]. But perhaps it was because his growing environment was so easy and lacking in competition that as long as the competitors numbered more than ten, getting ranked within the first ten was considered a good result to him.

Thus, he had never shared a common language with those who wanted to dominate the world.

This original Shen Qingqiu had some skill and qualifications. He also pretended to have more than he had. No shortage of reputation, no need to worry about money as a member of the world's number one sect; why did he have to keep picking a fight with the grassroots protagonist, his brain working all day to calculate how to insult the protagonist and incite others to join in?

Even if Luo Binghe was a heaven-sent genius and incredibly powerful, to compare himself to..... there was no need to be jealous to this degree, right?

Still, you couldn't blame this scum villain for being so crummy. In the novel, this kind of crummy scum villain was like carp in the river, proliferating everywhere. He was only one of many.

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What was there to do? This novel's biggest BOSS was the protagonist himself. How could a firefly's light shine like the sun and the moon?

He won respect in the cultivation world because of his 'Xiu Ya Sword,' so his natural talent couldn't be considered too bad.

For now, Shen Qingqiu looked left and right, pleased even though his complexion was like the color of porridge in the bronze mirror.

This person's appearance was neat with two black eyebrows and thin lips, born to look like a scholar. Plus his trim and long legs, he could be considered a good-looking man. Though his actual age didn't bear thinking of [2], this was a cultivation novel; Shen Qingqiu cultivated his inner strength and so he had perfectly maintained the looks of a youth. When he was reading books to fill his mind, the quality of his looks multiplied [3].

Though there was no way to compare to Luo Binghe.

Once he thought of Luo Binghe, Shen Qingqiu's brain felt extreme pain.

He wanted to take a look right now at the Luo Binghe who's currently shut up in the woodshed, but before he could take a step, another alarm sounded in his mind.

Warning! OOC warning! 'Shen Qingqiu' would not take the initiative to see Luo Binghe.

Shen Qingqiu angrily said: 'Fine. Then I'll send someone to bring him over, this much should be okay.'

He thought for a moment, then called out: "Ming Fan!"

From outside the door a boy of around sixteen years of age darted in, tall and thin, and said: “This disciple is here. What is *Shifu*’s command?”

Shen Qingqiu couldn’t help taking another look at him. He could be counted as decent-looking, just had a bit of a wretched appearance [4]. In his heart he lamented: Turns out he’s a piece of cannon fodder [5].

This was the original Shen Qingqiu’s top disciple, Luo Binghe’s senior martial brother Ming Fan.

This was the legendary lowest level of cannon fodder!

Needless to say about shutting Luo Binghe out of the dorms overnight or deliberately giving him the wrong entry passwords, these kinds of things he all had a hand in. Whenever Shen Qingqiu felt a deep grudge and wanted to torture Luo Binghe, the most trustworthy and eager assistant was Ming Fan.

Knowing this person’s final ending, Shen Qingqiu looked at this child and felt quite a bit of empathy with him since they were in the same boat: “Go bring Binghe here.”

Ming Fan’s heart thought: Why is *Shifu* calling him Luo Binghe, he always calls him ‘that small beast,’ ‘bastard,’ ‘mixed blood,’ ‘sprout,’ [6] and uses these names quite often. How come he’s suddenly calling him so intimately?

But naturally he didn’t dare to question his *shifu*’s commands, so he promptly jogged to the woodshed and kicked the door, yelling: “Come out! *Shizun* [7] is calling you!”

Shen Qingqiu paced in the room, fully examining the system in his mind.

The system diligently answered him.

Points are the grading method used. The higher your points are, the better the work is.

Then, how would I raise points?

1. Change the weak plot and fix the errors of the scum villain and other supporting characters; 2. Avoid mines; 3. Ensure the protagonist's coolness; 4. Unravel secret scenarios.

Shen Qingqiu analyzed everything deeply, one by one.

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That is to say: He not only had to whip the ass of the rotten piece of work that was the original Shen Qingqiu into shape, but also make sure the other characters didn't make a mess either;

He didn't even know if he could keep his own precious little life, but he still must ensure that the coolness points for the protagonist and his girls weren't lacking;

Not only were the plot holes made by the author unfilled, he must personally shovel and top off those holes himself.

Hehe.

As Airplane Towards The Sky said, this novel "Proud Immortal Demon Way" had a very clear goal. Every word that was written was for one purpose, and that was coolness.

Perhaps it was after the male protagonist was blackened that he started playing innocent, pretending to be the pig to eat the tiger [\[8\]](#), guarding against machinations of bitches, and becoming cool enough to overturn the heavens. That's why the work became popular, increasingly long to the point the book was longer than its binding.

So Shen Qingqiu thought, but his task to clean up the plot made the pressure on him very great. Mines were buried all over, he couldn't be certain that he would be able to avoid every single one!

Shen Qingqiu: 'What kind of plot is considered not bad?'

There is no standard, it depends upon the subjective feelings of the reader.

‘This poor piece of writing still has a reader.’ Shen Qingqiu snorted, completely forgetting that he himself was someone who’d spent V currency on the novel and finished reading while pinching the bridge of his nose, that he was that kind of ‘faithful’ reader.....

Pausing, Shen Qingqiu then asked: ‘Then how many points need to be collected for the beginning stage to start?’

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System: It will be dictated by the specific circumstances. When the requirements have been met, you will automatically be notified.

Going through the problem and its analysis was truly applying balm.[\[9\]](#)

Shen Qingqiu sneered. Hearing the door, he stepped back and saw a boy walk through.

Despite being uneasy, he still managed to stand straight and say: “*Shizun.*”

Shen Qingqiu formed three-quarters of a smile before he stiffened.

Going to die! Towards this person who will meet and harm an eighty-something years old woman holding a girl-child, as the person who so greatly damaged the male protagonist’s face like this, he was totally going to die!

But, though he’d gone through such abuse, that damaged face of the protagonist proved that he was still worthy of being called the protagonist!

Luo Binghe’s pair of eyes were bright like morning stars. A good, fresh and tender little handsome embryo;

That firm and humble look, showing his noble and unyielding character;

That straight and tall stature, that would rather break than bend!

Suddenly met with this sight, Shen Qingqiu's heart broke up the words he was going to say, scrambled all his rhetoric and caused countless words to fall over each other in his mind, so much that he almost blurted them all out!

Thankfully, Shen Qingqiu was at the precipice but his mind cried out at the sheer drop. This protagonist was too excellent, he almost could not hold it in!

He watched Luo Binghe slowly limp through the door, struggling to kneel. The corner of Sheng Qingqiu's mouth twitched. Inside, he thought that this old lady can't afford to accept your bow [\[10\]](#). If you bow to me today, some day in the future my kneecaps are going to be finished off by you! So he immediately stopped him and said: "No need."

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He withdrew his hand and brought out a small bottle: "This is medicine." He ended his words with a sarcastic tone: "Don't let others see and think that my Qing Jing Peak abuses disciples."

Shen Qingqiu entered his role very quickly. He had great guts to attempt the action of giving the medicine to him, but made sure he chose to use a nasty attitude in line with the original Shen Qingqiu's hypocritical character.

As expected, the system didn't let out an OOC notification. Shen Qingqiu let out a breath in relief.

Luo Binghe thought that *Shizun* had called him over to follow up with more 'teaching.' He didn't think it was to give him medicine. Surprised for a moment, he then held up his hands in a gesture of respect, sincerely grateful: "Thank you for the medicine, *Shizun*."

Luo Binghe's voice was filled with childishness, his smile full of sincerity, just like the warm sun breaking over the horizon.

Shen Qingqiu stared for a moment, then turned his face away.

This male protagonist before being blackened was truly the model of a good boy, brilliant like the sun. He was the kind of person who if you gave him one point he'd guarantee to return you ten points. It wouldn't be wrong to say he was a small sheep.

Luo Binghe happily said: "This disciple will redouble his efforts in the future, won't let *Shizun* be disappointed."

Eh, but, if you redouble your efforts then your original *Shizun* will be the one truly disappointed.....

If Shen Qingqiu hadn't read "Proud Immortal Demon Way" and seen this scene, his heart would ache for Luo Binghe and he'd shed sympathetic tears.

However, he had read the novel from beginning to end and was privy to all of Luo Binghe's mental activities after his blackening. On the surface his face was that of a modest gentleman but deep inside he was thinking about how to pull off his skin and bones to expose reality.

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Luo Binghe smiled a little and said: 'What shame this disciple suffered in the past, he will return to you now eight times greater. For hurting my hand, I will grind your four limbs into dust.

↑ <<Proud Immortal Demon Way>> Selected paragraph, the 2nd.

Afterwards, he really cut Shen Qingqiu into a human stick.[\[11\]](#)

Say he wanted to do something to you, he'd do it. Couldn't plead for life, couldn't plead for death. This kind of character was like the domineering and cool king he became in later years. The essence of it could be summed up in a few words: "Hehe, you stupid sucker."

That's why even though Luo Binghe's current situation was sympathetic, Shen Qingqiu could only think more about his own future fate.

To sum it up, no matter how sad Luo Binghe was right now, he was also the one in the future whose foot was stepping on his head and laughing ferociously.

Shen Qingqiu sat in the sandalwood chair, choosing to speak in a careless tone: "Binghe, how is your progress in cultivation?"

Hearing "Binghe" coming out of his mouth gave even him goosebumps. Luo Binghe's back also noticeably shook, but he still showed a shy smile: "This disciple is stupid, and..... missed the point."

Shen Qingqiu hated him; heaven knew he wants to take a loudspeaker and roar next to Luo Binghe's ear: You false-hearted person, it's already pretty good if you don't go crazy [\[12\]](#). Being able to do the basics is already not bad! Are you messing with me, kid! Let this teacher point you in the right direction!

That demonic alert sounded again. Shen Qingqiu inwardly shouted to the system: 'I'm just thinking, can't I do even that?! Of course I know this is a violation!'

He casually said: "Today I punished you because I was anxious. Time flies. Come to think of it, you've been apprenticed under me for quite some time. How old are you this year?"

Luo Binghe obediently said: "This disciple is fourteen."

Oh. Fourteen.

Shen Qingqiu's 'help.'

That is to say, all this time that Shen Qingqiu had been mentoring Luo Binghe, he had already experienced the punished to kneel at the gate incident, Qing Jing disciples brawl incident, being 'contrary' to *Shizun*

incident, breaking the device and sentenced to hard work incident..... and so on, on this kind of glorious track.

—End Chapter 2—

[1] Mouthful of rice: Meaning he won't starve.

[2] Actual age: All immortals will look the same age as when they reached immortality, barring taking pills or some other factor. Shen Qingqiu cultivated into an Immortal fairly early so he looks like a young man. His actual age... is probably quite a bit older than what he looks like.

[3] Quality of his looks multiplies: Basically, Shen Qingqiu is one of those people who looks extra cool doing scholarly things compared to whatever he normally does.

[4] Wretched appearance (): Literally saying he's got a mouth that sticks out and a chin like an ape's, but the meaning is the one I used.

[5] Cannon fodder: If you're familiar with the kind of 'protagonist dominates the world' genre in wuxia/xuanhuan/xianxia novels then you know what this means. You'll also know what this means if you read novels based on otome games. 'Cannon fodder' characters are collateral damage and often used as stepping stones for the protagonist to level up or proceed along their way.

[6] Small beast, bastard, mixed blood, sprout (): All insulting names. The direct translations are a bit awkward to translate to English so I'm using what MTL's given. It's close enough. In Chinese calling someone by name, especially their 'first name' (which would be Binghe in our ML's case) is something only those close to you would do. In the case of a normal master-disciple relationship, it wouldn't be unusual to use a first name so casually.

[7] *Shizun* (): Used the same way as *shifu* and also means 'master' or 'teacher.' I think it's more formal though, more like 'respected master.' Luo Binghe will use this a lot so remember this!

[8] Pretending to be the pig to eat the tiger: Pretend to be weak to win over a stronger person.

[9] Balm: Original words are *wan jin you* () which refer to a traditional Chinese balm called Tiger Balm. It's used for a variety of ailments.

[10] This old lady...: Shen Qingqiu is making fun of himself. In those old palace historical dramas full of schemes, old ladies with high status are terrifying and generally have scores of people bowing down/kowtowing to them.

[11] Human stick: Just a reminder that this is a form of torture. The person's four limbs are removed, leaving only the head and torso.

[12] Go crazy: The actual Chinese words used (pinyin: *zhou huo ru mo*) tends to apply to people 'going crazy' by cultivating incorrectly. You might be more familiar with the term 'qi deviation.' It's probably also referring to the unusual Demon cultivation path that Luo Binghe is going follow in the future.

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Scum Villain System: Chapter 3

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Chapter 3

Note: Thanks for the reviews and encouragement everyone! You've inspired me to pump out another chapter ahead of schedule. (๑˘˘) o:
◇*: ◇*

Preliminary edit completed.

Shen Qingqiu was an easily satisfied person.

Since he had already transmigrated into “Proud Immortal Demon Way” and in his original world had □□ or died and flipped his braid [1], he might as well muddle along and live here.

He'd come to this cultivation world into a body with fairly good cultivation and sword skills, someone who was even in a well-known Righteous sect. If he wanted to be in the limelight, he could be in the limelight. If he wanted to shrink back he could do as he liked at Cang Qiong Mountain sect's Qing Jing Peak without anyone asking. There was nothing bad with this kind of situation.

The only difficulty was finding a sister. [2]

This YY stallion novel, as soon as a sister arrived, she became the male lead's. Everyone knew this.

However, Shen Qingqiu didn't have any high requirements. He'd be content to just while away his time here and wait to die. At any rate, it wasn't much different from his previous life. [3]

But so long as Luo Binghe was present, he couldn't even speak of being in the limelight. As long as he remained in this piece of messy, dog-shit writing's original path, even if he retired to some idyllic place; after Luo Binghe rose to power he had the ability to pluck him out of hiding and slice him into a human stick.

He could forgive being transmigrated into a stallion novel, but why not as the protagonist?!

He could forgive being transmigrated as cannon fodder, but why must it be as the person who abused the protagonist and for the transmigration to happen after all the abuse had occurred?!

'It's not like I don't want to hug this main character's thighs, but who let this fucking man be so black. The revenge that needs to be taken is some thousands of deeds!'

Shen Qingqiu cursed the creator of this pitch-black protagonist Luo Binghe, *Airplane Towards The Sky*: If you're going to write a stallion novel, then you should write a good one and not spin off some damned unconventional thing!

In short, he could only try to communicate more with the system and figure out how to increase his points, advance through stages, and unfreeze the OOC function.

If the situation didn't look good, it was still not too late for him to find another way out.

For the first step, he intended to explore and familiarize himself with the surroundings.

The Tian Gong Twelve Peaks [4] were like twelve imposing swords that had sprung up between heaven and earth pointing straight towards the sky, piercing through the clouds.

Shen Qingqiu occupied Qing Jing Peak, which was not the tallest among them but was certainly the most quiet, green, and comfortably shaded;

perfect for scholars. Additionally, most all of Shen Qingqiu's disciples must learn some *qin qi shu hua* [5] and the like. Often sounds would drift by like someone reading out loud or playing the *qin*; truly a wonderful place for youths to indulge in the liberal arts. It perfectly matched the original Shen Qingqiu's characteristics and was a good start for earning points.

Some disciples passed by Shen Qingqiu and respectfully greeted him while he attempted to grasp the original Shen Qingqiu's mannerisms; his face cold, a slight nod, moving actively but withdrawing his inner self. Like this, he managed to pass even though inside, his head ached at how he was going to reconcile the character in the novel with the person alive right now.

But these matters still weren't the most urgent for Shen Qingqiu to solve right now. If he wanted to save himself, he first needed to get the original's martial arts and sword techniques.

If he hadn't remembered wrong, before Luo Binghe was blackened, Cang Qiong Mountain sect encountered some big events: some attempted demon realm invasion, Immortal Alliance Conference, all these required him to fight in person. If he only wore the appearance without any real ability, he's doomed! Don't even speak about proceeding in the plot, the protagonist wouldn't even have to act for some nobody *yao* or *guai* [6] to play him to death!

Shen Qingqiu entered deep into the forest without anyone's notice. He made sure no one was around before he slowly drew the sword at his side with his right hand, his left hand on the scabbard.

This Xiu Ya Sword was Shen Qingqiu's proof of fame as both a technique and the sword at his side. The sword light flashed snow-white and clear without being too bright; definitely high-quality goods. Originally it was written that if your own aura [7] was poured into the weapon, it would emit a glowing light.

Shen Qingqiu wanted to figure out how to insert his aura into the sword when the sword in his hand immediately emitted a shimmering white light.

It seemed like the original's martial abilities and techniques were automatically inherited. He could use his skills without needing to think too much. The sword light was emitted without much direction from him.

Shen Qingqiu wanted to see how strong he was so he carelessly slashed in front of him.

Who knew this careless slash was enough to scare people; the sword light shone dazzlingly and swept out in front of him, forcing him to close his eyes. When he opened them again, the ground looked as though it had been ravaged by lightning, a deep ditch lying before him.

‘Fuck.....!!!’

Shen Qingqiu was expressionless, but his heart was about to burst inside.

It's even more aggressive than he imagined! Worthy of a Peak Lord! With this martial ability and technique, plus some diligent practice, even if he must face off against Luo Binghe in the future he'd have a chance to flee!

Right. To be able to flee is enough to make Shen Qingqiu laugh for three days straight. His needs truly weren't high, he'd be happy just to keep his life.....

He wanted to practice more so he could advance his plans sooner. But then he heard someone stepping on and breaking branches underfoot.

Truthfully that sound was very far away, but his five senses were too keen. It wasn't difficult at all for him to figure out where. Shen Qingqiu looked at the deep ditch in the ground and slid his sword back into the scabbard, retreating into the deep green of the forest unseen.

The sound of footsteps drew closer before Shen Qingqiu could hear that it was not only one person. Sure enough, after a moment there appeared Luo Binghe's soft bright face and a fresh delicate girl's voice in the clearing.

“Ah Luo, Ah Luo [8], look, there’s a very large ditch here in the ground!”

Hearing this method of addressing him, Shen Qingqiu who hid in the darkness almost stumbled.

The system helpfully explained: New character: Shen Qingqiu’s youngest female disciple, Ning Yingying

‘Shut up, don’t need you to introduce. Those who call Luo Binghe like that won’t be just the one, this old man knows.’ Shen Qingqiu’s face was expressionless.

Following behind Luo Binghe was a pretty girl who seemed to be a little younger than him, her braided hair bound with orange ribbons, innocent and lovely. Every standard cultivation novel must have an adorable little apprentice-sister.

And this little apprentice-sister gave Shen Qingqiu some complex feelings.

This is because he had designs on Ning Yingying. No wait, it should be that the original Shen Qingqiu had designs on Ning Yingying.

Shen Qingqiu was a hypocrite. Since outwardly he seemed fair and it appeared to be a pure and selfless love, inside he must be shameless, dirty, and despicable. He was a teacher, but had dirty thoughts towards his lively and well-behaved disciples. Several times he tried to lay hands on them and almost succeeded at that.

To dare lay hands on the male protagonist’s woman, you can imagine the result yourself!

When Shen Qingqiu was reading the novel, he felt it was a bit strange. Why didn’t Luo Binghe castrate him? He even went to the reader comments section and joined the group in writing ‘Please castrate! If you don’t castrate you’ll anger the readers!’ these kinds of comments.

If at that time they had succeeded..... hehe.

He would cut off the hand that had written such things!

Luo Binghe looked at it but wasn't interested, only smiled warmly. Ning Yingying wanted to keep his attention on her but had no words to say: "Which martial brother do you think it was who cut this sword scar during practice?"

Luo Binghe held an axe and began to cut down a tree, said: "Impossible. Among the cultivators on Qing Jing Peak, there's only *Shizun* who's capable."

Shen Qingqiu mentally coughed twice: Young boy, you sure know your stuff.

Ning Yingying sat on a slanted slab of limestone, resting her head against a hand: "Oh. Then that crevice was created from being struck by lightning."

Luo Binghe didn't pay attention to her anymore, focusing all his attention on his hands and continued to honestly cut down trees.

These tree trunks weren't weak and thin. The axe was half-rusted. Luo Binghe was only fourteen years old so cutting down the trees was extremely tiring. It wasn't long before his forehead was covered in sweat. Ning Yingying was bored again and entreated him, spoiled: "Ah Luo, Ah Luo, come play with me!"

Even with a face full of sweat, Luo Binghe didn't rub it off and continued to chop trees. He said: "It won't do. Martial brother instructed me. After taking care of today's firewood I still have to jump in the water [\[9\]](#). If I finish chopping wood faster, I'll have time to cultivate some more."

Ning Yingying said: "The martial brothers are sure bad! It's always you doing this and that. The way I see it, they're purposefully bullying you. Humph, I'll go back and tell *Shizun* about this; guaranteed to let them not dare to bully you again."

Shen Qingqiu was frightened and his face changed color. *No, no, no, you had better never tell me! What should I do! Which side should I teach a lesson to in the end like this!*

At this time, though Luo Binghe's age was small, he had tasted all kinds of bitterness in life. Still, he managed to preserve a heart as pure as a white lotus. Towards Ning Yingying, he earnestly said: "Please do not. I don't want *Shizun* to be troubled over these small things. The martial brothers don't mean to be malicious and just see that my age is small. They're just giving me more opportunities to practice hard."

Shen Qingqiu was truly about to have his heart moved by this child: You say, how good it would be to have a child so sensible!

In the middle of Ning Yingying's chatter, Luo Binghe finished cutting enough firewood for his task. After putting things in order, he also sat down on the limestone slab, cross-legged, and began to cultivate.

Shen Qingqiu let out a long sigh in his heart.

Truthfully, the protagonist's lack of cultivation in the earliest, bitterest scenes of the novel was partly for this reason. It was obvious that Ming Fan gave him a false technique to practice with when he joined in the beginning. The more he sought to cultivate, the more dog-shit difference there was between him and the others. It was only because Luo Binghe was such a heavenly talent and had the support of the demonic blood hidden within his body that he managed to feel out and grasp his own cultivation practicing method..... way too unscientific!

Even as he sighed, he heard the chaotic sound of many footsteps.

Shen Qingqiu immediately knew it was nothing good and something bad would happen.

Ming Fan brought some low-level disciples with him. At the sight of Ning Yingying, he immediately went up to take her hand: "Little martial sister! Little martial sister, I've been looking for you, you know. How come you never want to drop by our place? The back of the mountains is so large,

what'll you do when night falls and poisonous snakes emerge? This older apprentice-brother has some fun stuff for you to see.”

He naturally saw the mutely cultivating Luo Binghe treating him as though he was air. Luo Binghe is quite mannerly and opened his eyes to greet him as a martial brother.

Ning Yingying laughed: “I’m not afraid of any poisonous snakes. Besides, there’s Ah Luo here to stay with me, right?”

Ming Fan slanted his eyes towards Luo Binghe and let out a humph.

—End Chapter 3—

[1] Flipped his braid: A funny saying meaning that someone is dead. Probably comes from around Qing Dynasty times – the hairstyle for men was a long braid down the back and if your braid ‘flips,’ you’re dead. The little emotes are supposed to be two whited eyeballs I think. XD

[2] Difficulty is finding a sister: He means it’s hard to pick up girls. LOL

[3] Previous life: Bit of a subtle hint that our main character probably had a terminal illness or something that would have taken his life in time.

[4] Tian Gong Twelve Peaks (): Roughly, ‘Sky Temple Twelve Peaks.’ Tian Gong is the name of the mountain range where Cang Qiong sect is and an alternate name for the sect. The mountain range is made up of twelve peaks, each with a Peak Lord. Shen Qingqiu’s Qing Jing Peak is one of the twelve.

[5] *Qin qi shu hua*: I left this in the original pinyin for effect. These are the four fundamental classic accomplishments for a Chinese scholar to have – ability to play qin (a stringed traditional Chinese instrument), play qi (or chess; you might be more familiar with Japanese name ‘go’), write calligraphy and compose poetry (shu includes both of these), and the ability to paint (hua).

[6] Yao and guai: In ancient Chinese culture, the species existing in the

world can be divided into *shen*, *mo*, *xian*, *yao*, *ren*, and *yin* (or Heaven, Demon, Fairy, Spirit, Human, and Yin if you want really want a translation). Mo, yao, and yin are generally considered ‘evil’ or ‘guai’ (literally strange/weird) and therefore unorthodox. Our MC is worried about getting done in by the opposing unorthodox side because he himself belongs to an orthodox (AKA Righteous) sect.

[7] Aura: The term used in pinyin is ‘*ling qi*.’

[8] Ah Luo: Nickname used for Luo Binghe. Another cutesy way to address a person (only with people familiar with you, mind) is to add “Ah” in front. So for instance using Shen Qingqiu’s name, it would be “Ah Shen” if using his last name.

[9] Jump in the water: I assume Luo Binghe’s saying he still needs to take a bath after chopping up firewood. Instead of boiling water to the perfect toasty temperature, he’s going to jump straight into freezing mountain water instead. What a hardcore guy, but I guess his method saves time.

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Scum Villain System: Chapter 4

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Chapter 4

*TN: Thank you for the encouragement, everyone! *hugs* Just to be on the safe side, I'm going to warn that there's one line in this chapter that **might** make our MC seem misogynistic. But he's really not, it's more that he's complaining about template harem female leads from his position as an all-knowing reader of the novel.*

Preliminary edit completed.

Shen Qingqiu was very clear about what was going on in Ming Fan's head. He must have heard Ning Yingying calling Luo Binghe so affectionately and thought that this hateful apprentice-brother had become too dazzling. The original work's cannon fodder held an inexplicable hatred towards the protagonist that was only fueled by Shen Qingqiu, forever unchanged.

Ning Yingying was still only a little girl with a little girl's heart, so she slanted her head and asked: "What's the fun thing that big martial brother has? Quick, take it out and let me see."

Ming Fan's face suddenly became all smiles and he untied a pure green jade pendant from his belt, dangling it in front of him: "Junior martial sister, this time I went to my relatives to maintain relations. They gave me a lot of useful and interesting things. I thought this was particularly beautiful; I'm giving it to you!"

Ning Yingying took it, holding it up against the gap between the leafy canopy to shine against the sunlight. Ming Fan warmly asked: "How is it? Do you like it or not?"

Peeping, Shen Qingqiu suddenly remembered. This scene!

Not good, he shouldn't have come here. It was dangerous!

You couldn't blame him for not remembering clearly. If a damned stupid writer wrote stupid words for four years to create a novel that seemed to span two hundred years, who could remember what happened at the very beginning? It took him twenty days to finish reading, he'd entirely forgotten that scene of pure abuse!

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Sure enough, Ning Yingying completely couldn't tell its quality, casually looking at it before throwing the jade pendant back. Ming Fan's smile stiffened on his face. Ning Yingying wrinkled her nose and said: "What thing, this color is ugly to death and not as good as the one Ah Luo has."

This time, it was not only the color of Ming Fan's face that was bad. Luo Binghe's determination to appear to be not here completely disappeared, his body jolting once and he opened his eyes.

Ming Fan let out a few words between his gritted teeth: ".....Martial brother has a jade pendant?"

Luo Binghe hesitated and hadn't answered yet when Ning Yingying hastily answered before him: "Of course he has one. He always wears it around his neck. It's his treasure, he doesn't even let me look at it."

As calm as Luo Binghe was, his color also changed and he clutched unconsciously at the jade Guanyin [\[1\]](#) hidden beneath his clothes.

The intelligence of the female leads in this novel made Shen Qingqiu drunk [\[2\]](#) with disbelief.

Ning Yingying's words completely didn't give any thought to the consequences of saying them, only focusing on the fact that Luo Binghe wore a jade Guanyin pendant that never left his body.

Towards the things their sweethearts have, all girls would want to get them into their own hands. Only Luo Binghe stubbornly refused to give his.

She only raised the issue because she was unhappy.

Of course he's not willing to give it to you!!! That was Luo Binghe's deceased washerwoman mother's present to him, a present that she spent the greater part of her life savings on just to procure for him! This was the tiniest bit of warmth during Luo Binghe's darkest time; even when he was entirely washed black later, he could still think back to this warmth and become a little more human. How could he carelessly give it to people!

Ming Fan felt jealousy boiling up from his gut. In the end, it was still Ning Yingying's words that caused his anger to rise to the peak and gain the upper hand. He strode forward a step, snapped: "Martial Brother Luo is sure generous, even little martial sister Ning Yingying can't take a look at that jade pendant of yours. If this goes on, you won't even give a hand to your own fellow disciples when we're facing against a strong enemy!"

Dangerous! These two sentences and this scene were dangerous!

Ning Yingying also didn't think it would become like this, hurriedly calling: "It's fine if he doesn't want to. Martial brother, don't bully him!"

How could Luo Binghe fight against Ming Fan? With a leg hooked below and a push, blocked by the disciples that Ming Fan brought, that beautiful jade Guanyin around his neck soon came into Ming Fan's hands. He raised it up for a look, suddenly bursting into laughter with a 'haha.'

Ning Yingying asked curiously: "You..... why are you laughing?"

Ming Fan threw that beautiful jade Guanyin into Ning Yingying's hands and delightedly said: "I thought it was some kind of precious treasure for him to protect it so fiercely. Martial sister, guess what? It's Northwest goods [3], hahahaha....."

Ning Yingying said confusedly: "Northwest goods? Fake?"

Luo Binghe fists slowly clenched, a deep current surging in the depths of his eyes. He enunciated each word: "Give it back."

Shen Qingqiu's fingers also flexed unconsciously a couple times.

He naturally knew that jade Guanyin was fake goods, and that it was Luo Binghe's greatest point of anger.

That year the washerwoman lived a frugal life. Because she had little experience, she was easily tricked and bought fake goods for a high price. Heartbroken, her body quickly deteriorating afterward: this was a pain that would never dissolve in Luo Binghe's life. This was the only point that Luo Binghe could not tolerate!

As a bystander, Shen Qingqiu truly wanted to make a move and beat up Ming Fan, returning the jade pendant to Luo Binghe.

Also, maybe if he did so, Ming Fan wouldn't completely offend Luo Binghe and in later days would be able to keep his small life.

Ming Fan took back the jade pendant from Ning Yingying's hands, twirling it disgustedly: "If you just want it back then I'll give it. Don't know from what kind of street vendor [4] this kind of cheap thing was bought; if it's given to martial sister, I'm afraid it'll dirty her hands." So he said, but clearly his hands didn't carry through with the action.

Luo Binghe's face was taut. Suddenly he raised his fists, hitting the disciples restraining him.

When enraged, his fists and feet didn't have any techniques or tricks. It all came from the waves of anger in his heart. At first he managed to scare those disciples, but then they found his weak points. Ming Fan easily walked closer and taunted: "What are you enduring for? For daring to use your fists and feet against this senior martial brother, teach him what it means to respect your elders!" They all regained their courage and renewed their assault against Luo Binghe.

Ning Yingying was stunned, then yelled: "Senior martial brother! How can you do this! Quickly, tell them to stop, or..... or I'll never pay attention to you anymore!"

Ming Fan panicked: “Martial sister, don’t be angry, I’ll tell them to not to beat that guy is all.....” He hadn’t finished his words before Luo Binghe threw off those grasping hands and feet and leaped forward, punching Ming Fan right in the nose.

“Aiyo! [5]” he cried loudly. Two bright red rivers of blood ran from Ming Fan’s nostrils.

Ning Yingying’s face was full of tears about to overflow but at this sight, she couldn’t refrain from laughing and let out a *puchi*. [6]

Shen Qingqiu:.....Little sister, do you like Luo Binghe or do you want to kill him!

Originally Ming Fan was able to let go of Luo Binghe but now that he was disgraced in front of his crush, there was no way for him to just forget about this!

Looking at the two people fighting in front of him, twisted into a ball, no matter how talented Luo Binghe was he’s still too young. Additionally, he hadn’t cultivated correctly so there was an obvious difference in the force of their blows. Even so, Luo Binghe’s teeth were clenched and he didn’t let out a sound. Shen Qingqiu wanted to act. The system let out a burst of skull-rattling alarms: Serious OOC! Serious OOC! Serious OOC! Important things must be said three times! Under these conditions, ‘Shen Qingqiu’ will choose to remain a bystander!

Shen Qingqiu didn’t know what the consequences of going against the system were so he couldn’t take this risk. Anxious, he suddenly had an idea, a kind of compromise.

Cang Qiong Mountain sect has a kind of spell named ‘Plucked Leaves Flying Flowers [7]’ that wasn’t very impressive and only looked good. The original writing noted that Luo Binghe easily captured the hearts of N numbers of women using this spell. Shen Qingqiu who had been filling himself with all kinds of cheats these days [8] also knew about this little spell.

He readily plucked a leaf and inserted a bit of spiritual power [9]. The first time, he used too much and the leaf couldn't withstand the power and split apart. The second try succeeded and he held it gently between his fingers, breathing out, then throwing it. The leaf flew like a knife in Ming Fan's direction!

Hearing Ming Fan's tragic scream, Shen Qingqiu shook his hand out and wiped a drop of sweat from his forehead.

No wonder they said that if a master made his move, even a flower could hurt people. He shouldn't have killed Ming Fan with that shot, right.....

Luo Binghe suffered many fists and kicks before suddenly feeling Ming Fan pushing him away. Raising his head, blood ran down his forehead into his eyes. But strangely, Ming Fan held out his hand and there was also fresh blood there.

Ming Fan couldn't help but anxiously accuse: "How dare you use a knife to harm me?!"

Ning Yingying earlier saw them fighting so furiously that she didn't dare draw near, but now she inserted herself between them: "No, no, Ah Luo didn't use a knife. He didn't give you that injury!"

Luo Binghe also didn't know what was going on, his lips pressed tight. He wiped away the blood on his forehead. Fresh blood emerged from Ming Fan's back, a cut that looked like a sword had made it. He faced the other disciples and asked: "Did you see clearly earlier? Did he hold a knife?"

The disciples all looked at each other. Some shook their heads, some nodded. Everyone was confused.

Ming Fan this spoiled young nobleman had never endured this kind of physical pain. Seeing fresh blood all over his body, his heart trembled. Puzzled, everyone saw that there was no weapon on the ground or on Luo Binghe's body. It shouldn't have been missing.

Shen Qingqiu held his breath. In front of him there was a suddenly a mass of red as the system wrote in crimson.

Violation: OOC. -10 Points. Points remaining after deduction: 90 Points.

Shen Qingqiu was suddenly able to breathe. He originally thought that he'd lose around 50 points for his actions or perhaps all of them. Only taking away 10 points, that was a lot better than he'd thought. A little deduction now wasn't much, there would be opportunities to gain it back later. But he hadn't finished breathing out for long when Ming Fan pointed at Luo Binghe and yelled: "Beat him for me!"

Shen Qingqiu almost vomited a mouthful of this old man's blood.

Numerous disciples listened to his command and piled forward. Shen Qingqiu unconsciously pulled out a bunch of leaves and sent them whizzing into the air.

Out of his hands and he immediately felt regret.

What am I doing? Luo Binghe is that excellent male protagonist, it's not like he hasn't been ganged up on before. Can he even be killed?!

Does he need you to fucking worry about him?!

Earlier he could muddle his way through but it's great now, no one can avoid noticing that something's wrong!

All the disciples stopped, not daring to surround Luo Binghe. Surprised and uncertain, they huddled around Ming Fan: "Senior martial brother! What's going on?" "Senior martial brother, I seem to have been cut by a knife!"

Ming Fan's face turned green and white, taking a long moment before he threw out these words: "Go!" and everyone retreated with bare asses but great vim and vigor. They came like the wind but also left like the wind.

Left behind, Ning Yingying dazedly stood up and said: “Ah Luo, were you the one who beat them into running away earlier?”

Gloomily, Luo Binghe shook his head. He was barely able to stand upright but with a tense expression, he bent his head and waist to look for something on the ground. Even though his pants were all over mud, he continued to search diligently.

Shen Qingqiu knew what he was looking for. It was naturally the jade pendant that had been lost in the melee and confusion.

As the bystander, he saw clearly. At the beginning of the fight, Ming Fan extended his arm and threw out that pendant. The pendant's red string hooked onto a tall tree above their heads. It wasn't something he could mention. Plus, after throwing out that bunch of leaves earlier, he heard the system's alarms again: Violation: OOC. -10×6 Points. Points remaining after deduction: 30 Points.

Instantly down by a lot!

A leaf's feelings count as 10 points? Don't make the math so crude!

Ning Yingying didn't dare to speak either. After all, she was the cause of such a big incident. If it weren't for her big mouth, Luo Binghe wouldn't have lost that jade pendant and gotten beaten up. She also helped Luo Binghe search.

But they searched until the sky was getting dark and still there were no results.

Luo Binghe stood still and looked at the messy ground. A great tract of dirt had been turned over by them but they still hadn't found it.

Ning Yingying saw his distraction and was a little frightened. She pulled at his hand: “Ah Luo, if we can't find it then it can't be found. I'm sorry, I'll pay you back later, okay?”

Luo Binghe didn't pay attention to her and slowly pulled his hand back. With his head hanging low, he walked towards the path out of the forest. Ning Yingying quickly followed.

Shen Qingqiu really admired himself. These two children searched for an entire evening but he also watched for an entire evening..... other than idly looking to have his balls ache, is there any other explanation?

Only after he was completely sure they had left did he emerge from the darkness. Raising his head, he looked above. As his foot tapped the ground and sent him flying up, he experienced what was called 'lithe as a swallow' and the jade pendant hanging above was easily picked up by him.

Shen Qingqiu wanted to give it directly to Luo Binghe, but he had this pissy system that would definitely consider it an erroneous act. He didn't have extra points to splurge.

Thinking it over, Shen Qingqiu guessed that he could keep it for now.

It may be that later this jade pendant would have its use. For instance, in a critical moment it might be used to trade for his life? Shen Qingqiu seriously pondered this possibility.

But the system's three-dimensional text popped up in front of his eyes.

Congratulations! You have received a key prop: False Jade Guanyin x 1. For changing the scene, 'Shen Qingqiu' will receive +100 Points for Intelligence. Current points: 130 Points. Please continue your efforts!

The points that were just deducted weren't only back, but had even increased!

Plus this jade Guanyin definitely had a high effect on Luo Binghe, definitely a high-grade prop and suitable for saving his life!

Really an unexpected surprise!

Shen Qingqiu's entire body was sore. He squatted down in the shade to hide for an entire evening without a bit of illumination, but now even the

system's ugly Google Translate-sounding voice was sweet to hear!

Outside the forest and already exiting the back of the mountain, Luo Binghe slowly opened his fist.

In the middle of his palm lay some green leaves. The edges of the leaves were sharp and stained with blood.

—End Chapter 4—

[1] Guanyin: A popular motif for jade pendants is the Bodhisattva Guanyin (or Goddess of Mercy). It's kind of like hanging a cross around your neck for protection and/or luck among Christians.

[2] made... drunk: A funny saying that expresses how utterly unimpressed you are. So if someone touches a hot stove and complains about the heat, the bystander can be said to be 'drunk' at how stupid that person is. Not-so-serious-but-maybe warning: Please do not touch a hot stove with your bare hands. unless you're Superman

[3] Northwest goods (pinyin: *xi bei huo*): Don't ask me lol. Apparently this place is infamous for producing knock-offs or something. What they're getting at is that the pendant is not made of real jade.

[4] Street vendor: Actual words in Chinese specify that Ming Fan is talking about the kind of vendors who can't set up a booth. I.e. the ones who lay out a rug on which to place their goods and hawk the wares right there on the ground.

[5] Aiyo: In this instance, a cry of pain.

[6] *Puchi*: Snorted laughter SFX.

[7] 'Plucked Leaves Flying Flowers' (pinyin: *zai ye fei hua*): A literal translation. Didn't think any context would be lost if I left this translated vs in original pinyin.

[8] All kinds of cheats these days: Not very clear, but meaning is that our MC has been researching and studying ahead with foreknowledge of what is to come. Good thing he's the Peak Lord of the literary Qing Jing Peak, eh?

[9] Spiritual power: Pinyin is *ling li*.

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Scum Villain System: Chapter 5

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Chapter 5

TN: I realize that some of what's happened might be a little difficult to understand (esp. the details about the system), so I've made a Chapter 1-5 summary available [here](#). Hopefully it'll clear things up if anyone's confused. Or you can just ask me. XD

Made a page for Chinese fanart I found for this novel [here](#). Also, there's a lot of sarcasm in this chapter courtesy of Shen Qingqiu. LOL

Preliminary edit completed.

Ever since Shen Qingqiu woke up from that high fever that emerged out of nowhere, Yue Qingyuan had come by to visit him several times during these days of 'recuperation.' Touted as the world's number one cultivation sect's main faction head, the things he must take care of were complex and many. Yet he still had the time to take this junior martial brother's matters to heart. Shen Qingqiu almost felt moved.

Perhaps the original would still be able to betray this kind of person without regret or mercy, showing just how much of a scumbag he was.

Yue Qingyuan carried a snowy white porcelain tea set inside Shen Qingqiu's bamboo house, his eyes brimming with concern: "How is junior martial brother's body after recuperating these days?"

Shen Qingqiu lightly waved his fan, integrating well into this atmosphere of brotherly affection: "Qingqiu has never had any problems. I've made senior martial brother worry again."

Yue Qingyuan: "That means martial brother is ready to go down the mountain. Is there anything you need?"

The hand that was holding the fan wavered: “Down the mountain?”

Yue Qingyuan said: “Did martial brother’s illness this time make you forget? Didn’t you tell me at that time that you would deal with the problem at Shuang Hu City, using it as an opportunity for your disciples to gain experience?”

So it was a problem passed down by the original goods.

Shen Qingqiu truly wanted to find an excuse to avoid this problem. He still hadn’t completely familiarized himself with his spiritual power and techniques; how could he bring his disciples to gain experience like this!

But he hadn’t even thickened his skin enough to say that his body wasn’t well enough to go when an alert sounded next to his ear. The system coldly announced:

Beginning stage checkpoint mission [\[1\]](#) assigned. Destination: Shuang Hu City. Mission: Finish disciples’ experience opportunity. Please click to accept.

So this was the mission required to transition from the beginning stage to the next! It seemed that he had no choice but to go. Shen Qingqiu wanted to ask how he was supposed to accept when he was immediately confronted with the mission profile and two selections at the bottom. On the left was ‘Accept’ and on the right side ‘Decline.’

He paused over the ‘Accept’ option for a while. It gradually turned green and a ‘ding’ sounded. The system announced: Mission successfully accepted. Please read the file carefully for mission details and make appropriate preparations. We wish you success.

Shen Qingqiu turned back towards Yue Qingyuan and said: “I remember, naturally. It’s just that these days I’ve been lazy and almost forgotten about this matter. I’ll depart soon.”

Yue Qingyuan nodded: “If it is inconvenient for you, please don’t be courteous. Getting your disciples to gain experience isn’t something that

needs to be hurried. Actually, you don't even need to supervise them yourself."

Shen Qingqiu smiled but in his heart complained: 'Senior martial brother, you..... don't you know you're exactly like that mission-giving NPC?'

It had been mentioned by the original Shen Qingqiu in the novel that he passed all his matters to Ming Fan to carry out, no matter how big or small. As long as it wasn't related to the protagonist, this child's efficiency and intelligence were high. On the second day, Shen Qingqiu was already able to set out.

Before leaving Qing Jing Peak, Shen Qingqiu inspected his image again. He was dressed in white robes with a blue [2] waistband and belt, a sword hanging at the left side of his waist while his right hand held a fan. He was exactly the picture of refined and tasteful elegance.

Absolutely not OOC, perfect!

The white stone steps leading down to the mountain gate were hundreds of steps long. At the foot of the stairs were a horse-drawn carriage prepared for Shen Qingqiu and many riding horses for his disciples.

Shen Qingqiu: 'System, are you teasing me? If it's for a cultivation setting, why aren't we using flying swords to move out?'

The system coldly replied: Even if it is in a world with a setting like Harry Potter, not every wizard would go outside riding a broom. Too high-profile.

Shen Qingqiu: 'You seem to know a lot about this? In the past, were you assigned to Harry Potter's world?'

The system responded with a big line of

Ever since the system was in service for so many years, Shen Qingqiu was the first person to pull off this kind of bullshit.

However, after thinking it over, the system was right. This time they were going down the mountain for experience. These disciples were mostly young and inexperienced. They hadn't found their own 'sword' yet [3]. From the very beginning under Cang Qiong Mountain sect's guidance, the disciples must cultivate to a certain stage before they could enter the central area of the Twelve Peaks to pick a 'sword' suitable for them.

It's said that a person chooses the sword but in reality, it was the sword who chose the person. If a person completely didn't have any sort of talent but persisted in stubbornly taking a top-grade Heaven and Earth Spiritual Power Condensation sort of technique [4], not only was it like a beautiful woman getting hitched with someone ugly, it was also tantamount to a beautiful flower being inserted into cow dung [5]. Think about it. Even if the desire was there, the sword might not agree.

Luo Binghe's golden finger [6] started coming into play when he found his own unique sword 'Xin Mo.'

Shen Qingqiu entered the horse carriage. The carriage's exterior was generous without being ornate. Inside it was spacious enough to lounge comfortably with a fragrant little incense burner lazily wisping smoke. After sitting for a moment, he felt there was something wrong. He lifted the window curtain with his fan and looked outside.

No wonder he felt there was something familiar about this carriage. The little figure darting back and forth getting called by others to do things, who'd also cleaned this carriage; it was the handyman Luo Binghe!

Luo Binghe finally placed the last item on the carriage – a white jade chest that Shen Qingqiu always brought every time he went out. When he raised his head and met Shen Qingqiu's complex gaze, he was surprised but still respectfully greeted: "*Shizun.*"

The injuries he'd received from the previous Shen Qingqiu's 'lesson' had just about healed, the bruises on his face gone. Though he was young and his worldview hadn't opened up, it didn't detract from his capable and noble appearance. With a straight back and that air of action, it was as though he hadn't been beaten and suppressed on Qing Jing Peak for years.

Though he was doing rough work, his attitude was meticulous and that seriousness of his made it difficult for anyone not to like him.

Perhaps Shen Qingqiu had some good feelings towards the protagonist because he originally held an interest in him. He was decisive when killing and differentiated clearly between those he should show gratitude or resentment towards, which Shen Qingqiu liked.

Shen Qingqiu looked at him for a while, then said “Mm.” He drew back his fan, letting the curtains fall down again. It had to be said, the protagonist was truly the protagonist. Though this kid had fallen from grace so tragically without any kind of prospects or background, he also had a big bunch of Woman 1, Woman 2, Woman 3, Woman 4, and so on hugging him front and back. This principle was that the person who looks best is the one who stands last!

Of course, this also explained why his fellow brother disciples didn’t find him pleasing to the eye and wanted to smite him into a pig’s head.

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He turned his thoughts over in his head once, then again: Not right. If the total number of disciples leaving the mountain including Luo Binghe number ten, then why did he only see nine horses? There was still one horse missing.

Well, even his toes knew who must have done it.

Sure enough, there was a snicker. Ming Fan’s delighted voice penetrated the carriage from a long distance: “There’s truly a shortage of horses. We can only impose on you this time, martial brother. Since your basic foundation is lacking, it’s also a good opportunity for you to practice.”

It was complete bullshit that there wasn’t enough horses. As the number one cultivation sect in the world these years, Cang Qiong Mountain sect was practically overflowing with wealth. Could they lack even a single horse?

Ming Fan was truly well-versed in being a piece of cannon fodder. After a moment, he also said: “What? What kind of expression is that? You’re unsatisfied?”

Luo Binghe evenly replied with two words: “Don’t dare.”

Only, a young girl’s laughter rang out like bells. Ning Yingying said, “Senior martial brother, what are you talking about?”

Really, you always arrive at just the right time, young girl!

Shen Qingqiu knew that Ning Yingying’s presence acted as the worst sort of evil catalyst between Ming Fan and Luo Binghe’s interactions. As long as she appeared, Luo Binghe would always have a hard time.

Shen Qingqiu ventured to lift his window curtain up a little. True enough, he saw Ning Yingying excitedly wave her hand: “Ah Luo, are there not enough horses? Come and ride with me!”

.....Really bringing a lot of hatred onto Luo Binghe.

Even Shen Qingqiu could imagine the sight of Ming Fan’s jaw dropping to the ground. This protagonist getting the beauty was a common scene and very cool, only it would easily increase the pressure put upon him by the malicious and envious. If Luo Binghe accepted Ning Yingying’s offer, he shouldn’t even think of being left in peace by the others.

Sitting in the horse-carriage, Shen Qingqiu said from within: “Don’t be noisy, men and women shouldn’t be in contact with each other [Z]. There should be a limit to the affection between you and your martial brother. Ming Fan, why have you tarried so long? Why haven’t we set out already?”

Ming Fan was overjoyed and in his heart thought that *Shizun* truly had the same thoughts as him! He immediately pushed for everyone to start out. This small farce set aside, Shen Qingqiu retreated into his own thoughts. He opened the door of the carriage a little to check that they were moving out.

The expedition this time was not only the first ‘going down the mountain’ scene but also significant because this was a chance for Shen Qingqiu to see if he could undo the OOC freeze. He must treat this opportunity seriously.

The contents of the mission file concerned a small city dozens of miles away from Cang Qiong sect. A series of murders emerged recently. Nine people in succession had already been killed.

Every deceased person had a similarity: each one had all their skin perfectly removed. From head to toe, the expertise of the killer was so high that it seemed like the body had never grown skin to begin with. Therefore, the murderer was called “The Skinner.”

The officials had no way to deal with someone who successively killed nine people. All the common people were panicking and there were even some rumors that it was the work of a ghost – how else would this killer be untraceable?!

A few big families held a meeting before finally deciding to invite Immortal cultivators from Cang Qiong Mountain sect for help.

He’d already read and reread this information countless times. However, no matter how often he reread it there was not a single bit of help.

What kind of thing was this Skinner?! He hadn’t even heard of it before! Was this some kind of added scene or an original part of the plot?! Wasn’t it dangerous?! Didn’t it require a high level of strength?! Could he even face this thing?! It was totally different from what they agreed on!

When he was asking himself these questions, the system said: What difference is there? Previously you were a novel critic. You should know that the novel is a kind of artistic creation and an artistic creation will have its slight differences. And you have already become a part of this world. Naturally, you must personally experience the scenes of the plot and complete the originally omitted scenes to finish the story.

Shen Qingqiu was helpless. He knew it was unavoidable. He could only practice with increased effort to get accustomed to his Xiu Ya Sword

technique as soon as possible before they descended the mountain, familiarize himself with all kinds of skills to prevent being himself from being played around with and killed by whatever obscure ghost or spirit he might encounter.

The compartments in the horse-carriage had all kinds of things. Wordless, Shen Qingqiu was even able to find five or six tea sets. He could still be counted as a rich little second-generation kid [8] in his past life, but even then there wasn't this kind of attention to detail and sheer wealth.

Luo Binghe was still outside. He had never let up his vigilance a single bit, always on the watch for movement. Outside the horse carriage a trace of laughter seemed to travel through the air from time to time. Shen Qingqiu glanced outside.

Luo Binghe walked alone at the end of the procession, sometimes breaking into a run. Horses circled him, purposely made to kick up a wave of dirt and make him dusty.

This was only a novel. Everyone was a fictional character made and acting out a plot created by imagination; everything could be blamed on that stupid author for making the protagonist suffer, suffer, suffer, suffer, suffer, and freaking suffer your sister!

But once this scene played out in real time in front of him like this, if you don't want him to be unmoved it's too unrealistic.

Ning Yingying tried to discourage the others to no avail. Anxious, she directed her horse closer to the carriage and called: "*Shizun!* Look at senior martial brother and the rest!"

Shen Qingqiu's heart was moved but it didn't show on his face. Without much expression, he said: "What about them?"

Her voice carried a deep sense of grievance when she said: "They're bullying people like this but you aren't telling them off. If this goes on..... *Shizun*, what are you teaching disciples for!"

This can be considered lodging a public complaint. But Ming Fan and the others didn't feel pressured because the past Shen Qingqiu habitually allowed their behavior. The more they bullied Luo Binghe, the more *Shizun* would be happy; where was the conflict?

Ming Fan was the happiest. That day behind the mountain must have been the result of a crooked spell or skill that Luo Binghe somehow learned. Today *Shizun* was here so Luo Binghe was doomed.

Shen Qingqiu let out an "Oh," and said one sentence: "Luo Binghe, you come over."

Luo Binghe's face was dull and he seemed accustomed to this treatment. He said a single "Yes," and approached.

Everyone had a sense of schadenfreude and thought that Luo Binghe was going to be beaten and disciplined again. But they didn't think that today they would be frightened into self-destruction on three fronts.

Because Shen Qingqiu pulled open the door curtains, Luo Binghe proudly raised his head and looked inside the carriage. He didn't speak but his gesture spoke for itself.

Ning Yingying happily said: "Ah Luo, quickly get on the carriage, *Shizun* is letting you ride with him!"

Lightning striking from clear skies!

If it wasn't because they had been with *Shizun* so many years, Ming Fan and the others would have suspected that Shen Qingqiu was possessed by a demon!

Luo Binghe was also completely stunned. But he reacted quickly and didn't hesitate long. He replied: "Many thanks, *Shizun*." He leaped onto the carriage, honestly and self-consciously huddling in a corner, his hands and feet tucked in as though afraid of dirtying the carriage chamber.

System: Warning.....

Shen Qingqiu: 'Warning what? I wasn't OOC.'

System: It is impossible for 'Shen Qingqiu' to commit this act of solving Luo Binghe's difficulties. Judgment: OOC Level 100%.

Shen Qingqiu said: 'If it was only for solving Luo Binghe's problems, then of course it's impossible. But right now, my motive is to not disappoint Ning Yingying's expectations of me as her *Shizun*. Imagine, how could I be cold-hearted and let my dear little disciple be disappointed?'

System:

Shen Qingqiu: 'Therefore my actions are completely in line with the logic of 'Shen Qingqiu's' character. You can't deduct points.'

Through this exchange, he has already figured out some loopholes.

The system follows rules, but they weren't dead rules. Since the rules were alive, then it was in the realm of bargaining. As expected, the system hadn't thought of coping strategies. Shen Qingqiu felt so cool that he couldn't help letting out a laugh.

Originally he had been sitting quietly in the carriage and meditating, seeming to have fallen into a trance. But suddenly hearing a laugh, Luo Binghe couldn't resist looking over.

Honestly speaking, it would be false to say Luo Binghe wasn't surprised. Although he respected Shen Qingqiu, *Shizun* didn't care for him, didn't even appear to care for him. This he knew.

Shen Qingqiu probably called him onto the carriage earlier because he had something worse planned. Luo Binghe prepared himself inside but didn't think that Shen Qingqiu would forget about him and start meditating.

Luo Binghe thought that he'd never been this close before. He carefully looked over Shen Qingqiu.

On the surface, Shen Qingqiu's appearance was nothing to talk about.

Maybe he wasn't a first-class, number one handsome man, but he was undeniably good-looking and good to look at [9]. His face half in light and shadow seemed to be worn by soft-flowing water, easily pleasing to behold. If he took up his famous sword in one hand, he would be picture of cultivated elegance.

Shen Qingqiu opened his eyes and saw Luo Binghe observing him. The male protagonist at that moment saw his 'eyes like stars, a wide smile, a greeting filled with laughter [10].' It was light and warm.

Having been caught in the act, Luo Binghe truly didn't know how to best proceed. But then Shen Qingqiu smiled.

This smile was purely unconscious. It was as though Luo Binghe had been pricked by that smile, immediately withdrawing his eyes and unable to figure out what that feeling was.

Very soon, Shen Qingqiu wasn't able to smile anymore.

The system announced: Violation: OOC. -5 Points. Current points: 165 Points.

Shen Qingqiu: '.....Just smiling once causes a point deduction?'

The system said righteously: OOC is OOC.

—End Chapter 5—

[1] Beginning stage checkpoint mission: There are multiple stages (or story arcs) in the plot. Right now he's still in what's considered the beginning of the story (sort of like a prologue) so he needs to complete certain checkpoint missions to proceed in the plot.

[2] Blue (): Pinyin is *qing*. This is a very confusing color word that can mean blue or green. I'll probably switch between blue and green as I go, though I'll admit that I have a preference for the MC in blue due to a piece of fanart I saw.

[3] 'Sword': To add to the explanation later in this translation, this world seems to mostly consist of sword cultivators (the type for whom their 'sword' is directly tied to their own spiritual power/energy). Cultivation seems to work like this: after cultivating to a certain level, the cultivator then needs to embark on a kind of self-reflection to find the 'sword' or technique suited for them. They go into seclusion to form a bond with the sword. Just substitute the word 'sword' for 'dao' and this part is like any other cultivation novel out there.

[4] Heaven and Earth Spiritual Power Condensation...technique (): Um, kinda translated this because it's way too confusing in the original Chinese. But you can kinda guess this is an impressive thing that a noob cultivator shouldn't touch.

[5] Beautiful flower being inserted into cow dung: Kept this phrase close to the original Chinese because it's funny. It means something great or beautiful being wasted by getting attached to something useless and disgusting. The hilarious part is that this saying is usually used regarding a beautiful woman or man being married to someone who's completely unworthy. It's like Shen Qingqiu is repeating his previous description all over again. Over-emphasis much? XD

[6] Golden finger: Someone who is lucky AF. The complete opposite of someone who is unlucky or a 'black hand' when it comes to loot. Someone who hits the one-in-a-googleplex lottery jackpot. You get the idea.

[7] Men and women shouldn't be in contact with each other (): A saying that means the boundaries between men and woman shouldn't be crossed for the sake of propriety. Rather traditional but a common attitude. LOL I get the feeling that Shen Qingqiu's turning into an overprotective papa.

[8] Second generation kid: An uncomplimentary way of referring to the second generation of a nouveau riche family. I.e. some wealthy and irresponsible noble brat.

[9] Good to look at: This sounds so much nicer in the original Chinese. This phrase means that Shen Qingqiu is one of those people you won't get tired of looking at.

[10] 'Eyes like stars, a wide smile, a greeting filled with laughter' (): THIS FREAKING LINE SLAUGHTERED MY ATTEMPTS AT TRANSLATION. I'm pretty sure it's from some ancient Chinese poem but I think I got the gist of the meaning. I think.

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Scum Villain System: Chapter 6

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Chapter 6

*TN: In case you missed the news, Luen's going to be our editor! Welcome and thank you! *throws confetti and candy**

We find out more about the Skinner in this chapter. Plot ball's going to start rolling, rolling, rolling~ :3

Having learned his lesson, Shen Qingqiu was more careful afterwards. His expression was a frown the rest of the way because he wished for a peaceful and uneventful trip. Finally, they arrived at Shuang Hu City.

The city wasn't large but could be considered quite bustling. After entering, they visited the city's richest man, the same Old Master Chen who had led the others in pleading for help from Cang Qiong Mountain sect. Old Master Chen's two beloved little concubines had both died tragically under the Skinner's hands. With Shen Qingqiu's arrival, he was filled with hope.

He touched the white jade hands of the third beautiful concubine. With mournful sighs and groans, the old man's tears dripped down.

"You cultivators must make the decision for us! I don't dare let Butterfly¹ leave my side for fear that if she loses her way by even a single step, she will be killed by that unnatural creature² the very same day."

Such an important mission NPC, yet he was making Shen Qingqiu's face twitch.

He didn't like looking at an old man in his sixties and a teenage girl fondling each other in front of him at all!

The good part was that Shen Qingqiu was a lofty expert. After briefly meeting them, he could coldly turn around and leave. Only Ming Fan was left behind to greet Old Master Chen. Lofty people had special privileges; towards experts, the regular people beside them couldn't say anything. The loftier they were, the colder they were even as the people around them watched with admiring eyes.

Ning Yingying knocked on the door and entered. Sweetly, she said: “*Shizun*, Ying-er³ is going to go out for a turn in the market. *Shizun*, do you want to come with me?”

Shen Qingqiu's back faced her. Putting on a perfectly intellectual appearance, he lightly said: “If Ying-er wants to go out for a turn, find some apprentice-brothers to accompany you. I still have some things to do before we face the Skinner.”

Who she would bring with her, how could Shen Qingqiu not know?

Shen Qingqiu felt bitter to death. Didn't he want to go out and play too? Before this he was cooped up in Qing Jing Peak's bamboo house compound and daily pretended to be that highly-educated *Shizun*. When he could finally go down the mountain for once, he had met with the system's beginning stage checkpoint for ‘Shen Qingqiu’ and holed up in his room without meeting anyone. He didn't even want to pretend to cultivate, he just laid on his bed and pretended to be dead for a while. Then he truly started to think about how to deal with this Skinner.

According to the information gathered from the nine victims, the Skinner picked young and beautiful girls. So those in Shuang Hu city with beautiful daughters, wives, and concubines all closed their doors when night fell. But even this failed to stop the Skinner from coming and going.

After sunset, Ming Fan entered his room to report what he learned.

Finally, there was someone to talk with. Shen Qingqiu's half a day's worth of loneliness finally dissolved: “Did you visit the coroner?”

Ming Fan said: “Yes. This disciple interrogated the coroner and carefully inspected the bodies.” Here, he stopped speaking. His expression was solemn as he offered something over.

Shen Qingqiu didn’t receive it in his hands. Examining closely, there were two stacks of yellow paper written on with cinnabar. The surface of the papers had already become a rotten black color.

He nodded and said: “You used these papers to test the evil energy⁴ of the deceased?”

Ming Fan said: “*Shizun* is insightful. These yellow papers were used by this disciple in two places. The first place was in the dirt at the grave of a woman who had already been buried. The second place was at the coroner’s among the deceased who hadn’t been buried yet.”

If even the grave dirt had been saturated with evil energy like this, they could confirm that the Skinner’s identity was that of a demon. Finally, he knew what he was up against.

Shen Qingqiu hmped coldly: “They dare to intrude upon Cang Qiong Mountain sect’s hundreds of *li*⁵ span of territory, cruelly harming and killing the common people. These puny demons hit our door⁶ so they can’t blame me for sending my disciples up to punish them in Heaven’s place.”

Believe him, he really didn’t want to speak these dramatic actor’s lines. But if he didn’t say them, there would be OOC!

Ming Fan looked at him with a face full of admiration: “*Shizun* is wise! If *Shizun* acts, the monster will definitely be brought in for the common people’s justice!”

“.....” Looks like this master-disciple relationship was built on the ‘you dictate, I worship’ model. Cooperation was a very happy thing.

To tell the truth, Shen Qingqiu was quite satisfied. Speaking from Shen Qingqiu’s point of view, this disciple Ming Fan wasn’t bad. Though he was a rich family’s young master and used to being arrogant, he dared not reveal

a bit of that arrogance in front of his *shifu*. Instead, he was reverent and respectful.

Men will never think of the lives of those who worship them. Ming Fan's ability to carry out tasks was precise, figuring out major stops along the road and arranging things in a timely manner; all of it was taken care of by him. If he hadn't met the protagonist and found him displeasing to look at, experiencing a sharp drop in intelligence, he wouldn't be a small evil school tyrant. He would be a good little seedling!

And facing this cannon fodder who was thrown by Luo Binghe into a pit filled with tens of thousands of ants and bitten to death alive, Shen Qingqiu shared the common feeling of being in the same boat.....

"Descending the mountain this time is for the sake of gaining experience. This teacher will not be able to help you. Ming Fan, as the head disciple, you will need to vigilantly prepare so the demon won't harm your fellow disciples."

"Yes! This disciple has already laid out strategies. If the demon....."

Ming Fan hadn't finished speaking when a person burst through the door and interrupted.

Luo Binghe's face was pale as he cried: "*Shizun!*"

Shen Qingqiu's heart thumped though his expression was still cold and calm: "What matter is there to shout so loudly, or be in such a panic?"

Luo Binghe said: "Apprentice-sister Ning Yingying and this disciple went outside during the day to go to the city's market. I urged her to come back but she refused. I don't know how, after turning around she disappeared. This disciple searched the entire street but couldn't find her, and so came back to ask for *Shizun's* help."

To be missing at this critical moment, it wasn't a joke. Ming Fan listened and somehow restrained himself from leaping up: "Luo Binghe! You....."

Shen Qingqiu waved his sleeve, exploding the teacup sitting on the writing desk. Not only did he avoid OOC, he also temporarily stalled Ming Fan's impending death.

Putting on an angry appearance, he said: "Since things have already happened, more words are of no use. Luo Binghe, come with me. Ming Fan, you bring along some fellow apprentice-brothers to ask the Chen family for their assistance to go search for your apprentice-sister."

After responding, Ming Fan hurriedly rushed out. Luo Binghe's head hung low, not saying a single word.

Shen Qingqiu knew this wasn't his fault because Ning Yingying was always this kind of almost-dying female character. In the original work, at least fifty chapters were dedicated to Ning Yingying getting lost or sticking out her neck⁷. Sometimes, Shen Qingqiu quite admired Luo Binghe for tolerating and accepting such a troublesome woman into his harem. He also admired how he hadn't been gnawed to death; most people couldn't endure. It could only be said that the protagonist's powerful halo extended to his cock⁸.

Luo Binghe originally thought Shen Qingqiu had kept him back to yell and beat him, so he lowered his head and said: "This matter is all this disciple's fault. If *Shizun* wants to punish, this disciple will have no regrets and only wants to peacefully find apprentice-sister Ning Yingying."

Shen Qingqiu looked at his pitifully obedient appearance and wanted to pat his head, but had to restrain himself because of the system. He coldly said: "Come over here. Bring me to where you last were before the disappearance."

Luo Binghe and Ning Yingying were near the bustling market when she was lost.

Shen Qingqiu stood there and closed his eyes, feeling for traces of evil energy. He walked and followed that almost breaking strand of evil energy to the end. When he opened his eyes again, Shen Qingqiu found he was standing at the entrance of a rouge shop⁹.

Shen Qingqiu: “.....”

Could it be that the murderer be someone from the rouge shop?

But after entering the rouge shop, the thread of evil energy broke and completely dissipated.

“Could it be that the murder isn’t hidden in the rouge shop but had only come here before? Entering the rouge shop..... could the murderer be a woman?” Shen Qingqiu murmured.

This sort of mission getting assigned to him without being able to reference any scene in the original work; his brain cells seriously weren’t strong enough!

Just when Shen Qingqiu was bitterly thinking back to the detective novels he read or deductive reasoning games he had played in the past, the system urgently reminded him: Upon encountering difficulties, would you like to pay 100 Points and activate Easy Mode?

Shen Qingqiu: ‘Fuck, if there’s an Easy Mode why didn’t you say so earlier! Activate activate activate!’

His gaze focused on the ‘Yes’ option for three seconds. It turned green and disappeared. Then something caused goosebumps to rise all along his back.

Strong, what strong evil energy!

It was as though someone was afraid the target couldn’t be found!

Easy Mode truly isn’t bullying me!

Shen Qingqiu wasn’t ashamed at all in using Easy Mode, elatedly and slowly proceeding towards the evil energy. After five hundred steps, the path deviated sharply from the city area and he arrived at an abandoned and deserted house.

It's really here! Look at that pale lantern, look at that poor and dilapidated front gate! It's totally a haunted house, you can't deny it!

Shen Qingqiu adjusted his expression, focusing on the silently following Luo Binghe: "Return to the Chen estate. Contact Ming Fan and tell him to bring all the sutras and apprentice-brothers to come here together."

Luo Binghe was about to open his mouth and reply when suddenly, his pupils shrank. Shen Qingqiu saw him staring straight behind him. He knew it couldn't be good, but it was too late. A gust of *yin* wind blew and the front gates slammed open.

"*Shizun*, *Shizun*, quickly wake up!"

Shen Qingqiu woke up.

After waking, he saw Luo Binghe's anxious expression. He was tied to the opposite side. Before, he seemed to have been staring at the sleeping Shen Qingqiu.

Seeing Shen Qingqiu wake up, Luo Binghe let out a breath in relief and his eyes brightened. He called him *Shizun* again.

Ning Yingying was tied together with him and with a crying face, also called: "*Shizun*."

Shen Qingqiu felt a bit dizzy and didn't know if whatever freaking thing the demon sprayed had any bad side effects.

His mood was very bad.

This Easy Mode was very simple and brutal! It delivered him straight to the mini-BOSS's mouth!

The worst thing was, Qing Jing Peak's lord was a mini-BOSS to his disciples but was knocked down in front of them! And just when he awoke, the system harshly said: OOC: -50 Points.

Earlier he'd opened Easy Mode and paid 100 Points. In the blink of an eye, another 50 Points had gone. How could his heart not hurt. Originally, the original Shen Qingqiu's strength was in dealing with demons. It was like killing chickens with a master's hand. But the shameful thing was that in this instance, the master's hand didn't manage to kill the chicken!

Very quickly, he found something that made his mood even worse.

He felt there was something wrong with his body. It was a bit cold and there was slight pain. Lowering his head, a 'fuck' almost blurted out from his mouth.

He! Had! Been! Stripped! Bare!

—End Chapter 6—

¹Butterfly (name): Pinyin used for her name is *Die-er*. Pretty sure that this is kind of a coarse, slutty name in Chinese when written this way. You'd expect a prostitute to be named this rather than a high-ranking or wealthy man's concubine. LOL

²Unnatural creature: Pinyin is *yaomoguiguai*. It's a term referring to a wide variety of evil, unnatural supernatural beings including malicious ghosts and the like.

³Ying-er: Cute version of Ning Yingying's name. The '-er' suffix again lol. Normally it denotes cuteness, affection, and familiarity.

⁴Evil energy (): Pinyin is *mo qi*.

⁵hundreds of *li*: *Li* is an old measure of distance. How long a li is has changed a lot over time, but the modern *li* is around 0.5 km or about 1/3 of a mile.

⁶Hit our door: Literally hitting the door. The meaning is similar to the 'kicking a steel plate' phrase you see a lot in Chinese action novels. Imagine a stupid burglar walking up to a door and prying it open. Then he finds out

he just broke the front door of a mafia boss. Now just put Shen Qingqiu (or Cang Qiong sect) in the place of the mafia boss. XD

⁷Sticking out her neck: Revealing a weak spot and asking for death lol. Shen Qingqiu is observing that Ning Yingying was created as the stereotypical damsel in distress who always needs rescuing. XD

⁸Protagonist's powerful halo extends to his cock: Okay, this line contained some slang I think. I kept getting a nonsense line about the protagonist's halo frying the skies but I tried another MTL and got 'cock'... Considering the preceding line about his harem, I'll assume that they mean the protagonist has amazing stamina to keep up with all the women in his harem.

⁹Rouge shop: In ancient China, a rouge shop is the equivalent of a make-up shop. Rouge = blush in terms of modern make-up.

Chinese Profanity 101, continued:

So... *Kao* () can also mean 'fuck.' LOL

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Scum Villain System: Chapter 7

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Chapter 7

TN: From now on, you'll experience a peculiarity unique to novels. Sometimes you'll see an "I" perspective thought smushed together with a more third-person POV. Luen and I decided to italicize the 1st/2nd person POV bits for clarity.

Also, don't forget to click 'next' and read Chapter 8! No need for cliffies, mwahahahaha~

Even though it was only his top half that was stripped bare, it was already horrifying enough.

Whether good or bad, Shen Qingqiu was still an important master! This upper body revealing two red fruits¹, wearing only pants and a pair of white boots, having his limbs tied tightly together and lying fallen on the ground – an image! Like! This! It's like a tender-skinned pretty boy in a bedroom rape scene; no wonder the system deducted so many points!

Shen Qingqiu's face flushed red and white. He wanted to use his sword to dig a hole in the ground and bury himself, but he didn't know where his sword had flown to.

No wonder Luo Binghe looked a little embarrassed earlier. He must have been thinking that he'd seen Shen Qingqiu in such an awkward position that he had had enough revenge and that he wouldn't need to beat him up as severely in the future.

Ning Yingying weepily said: "*Shizun*, you've finally woken up. Yingying is very scared....."

Scared? If you're scared then don't run around like this, little sister²! Shen Qingqiu was helpless.

At this time, a burst of weird laughter came from behind him.

A black silhouette jumped out from the darkness.

"Cang Qiong Mountain sect's great and lofty expert is nothing great after all. It seems like the world's number one big sect, Cang Qiong Mountain sect, is only to this standard and the Demon Realm's rise is just around the corner." Another burst of loud laughter sounded.

The other person's face and head were all covered in black veils, the voice coarse and unpleasant just like an opium addict's.

Shen Qingqiu squinted, "The Skinner?"

"Hehe, the famous Xiu Ya Sword has fallen into my hands, I'm so happy! Shen Qingqiu, Shen Qingqiu, even if you break open your head you won't be able to guess who I am!"

Shen Qingqiu said: "What's so hard to guess?"

The Skinner: "....."

Shen Qingqiu: "You are Butterfly."

The Skinner: "....." She drew aside the black veils and said irritably: "Impossible! How could you guess!"

Shen Qingqiu was speechless.

Could he say, do you think I'm blind? Can't tell by the body shape? The first thing men take note of is the body, looking at a person's prospects comes after. The waist is small, so it must be a woman. And this sort of nouveau riche decoration can't be seen just anywhere; did you think I didn't know that I've already been shipped back to the Chen estate? Though the women in the Chen estate are many, I've happened to meet just a few and only know Butterfly's name. If you want me to guess, of course I can only

guess 'Butterfly.' I don't even know the names of the others, how can I guess? Who knew I guessed right on the first try? Who knew you were so temperamental and couldn't even deny it, directly drawing aside those mysterious veils!

Could he say that? Could he?!

If he spoke aloud about the deductive reasoning and thought process detailed above, he'd surely be judged OOC. So, he couldn't breathe a word and could only hide his pain in his heart and secretly curse 'fuck' endlessly.

Butterfly – or rather the Skinner, quickly readjusted herself and put on the face of Old Master Chen's beloved concubine again. Her expression was incomparably tender and proud as she smiled: "Not bad, it's really me! Shen Qingqiu, even if you broke your head thinking you wouldn't have thought it would be a soft and weak woman like me, right?"

Shen Qingqiu straightened his body and shifted into a more comfortable position.

Every BOSS traditionally had a confession time. He couldn't avoid giving this face.³

Butterfly didn't need his encouragement and continued herself: "The Skinner is untraceable not because I have exceedingly high ability, but because every time after I killed someone I switched to a new skin. Wearing the skins of those women and imitating their behavior, I passed unnoticed in the confusion to search for the next target."

Shen Qingqiu was a bit doubtful: "Wrong."

Butterfly's face was frighteningly gloomy: "Where is it wrong?"

Shen Qingqiu said: "Even if you switched skins after killing someone every time – for example, after killing Butterfly – donning her skin, you become 'Butterfly' but there's still her skinned body left over. Won't someone find it strange for there to be two Butterflies?"

He thought for a bit, then suddenly realized.

This world didn't have DNA analysis. After pulling off the skin, only the bloody mess of flesh would be left over. It would be very difficult to figure out who it was.

Butterfly said: "Seems like you've realized. Not bad. I use the next woman's body to substitute the previous woman's body. For instance, regarding killing Butterfly this time: I wore Xiang-er's skin and everyone still believed that Xiang-er was still alive. After I killed Butterfly, Butterfly's body was disguised by me to look like Xiang-er's body. So it was 'Xiang-er's' body that was found by the others."⁴

Luo Binghe was listening silently this entire time, a glint of anger simmering in his eyes. His juvenile sense of justice was stirred up by this perverse demon's poisonous actions. Ning Yingying completely couldn't understand what was being said but didn't dare interrupt.

Shen Qingqiu sincerely respected these villains; they truly had professional skills. Not only did they have to expose their psychological activities, they also needed to explain in detail their plans and actions. To be frank, their standards.....were even more stringent than that of the teachers who make the college entrance examination!⁵

Shen Qingqiu said: "Every set period you must change into a new skin; is it for the pleasure of it or for another reason?"

Butterfly coldly laughed and said: "Do you think I'll tell you?"

You've already told me a lot, all right, big sister (or is it big brother)? You won't be missing anything by telling me!

Butterfly looked towards the bound Ning Yingying and Luo Binghe, walking towards them. Luo Binghe was still as calm and composed as before, but Ning Yingying loudly cried: "Demon! Don't come over here! *Shizun*, save me!"

Butterfly laughed mischievously: “Your *shizun* is bound with my ‘Binding Immortal Cable’ and the spiritual power in his body can’t circulate. It’ll be difficult for him to preserve his own life, how can he come save you?”

No wonder Shen Qingqiu’s earlier effort to feel for his spiritual power only resulted in a weak pulse.

Butterfly entered into a soliloquizing mode: “How hateful; if my demonic cultivation hadn’t suffered damage, I wouldn’t need to keep switching skins. This little girl’s skin is tender like water and she also has a lot of fellow disciples. I can probably use her for quite a while. After your skin is sucked dry by me, it’ll be your *shifu*’s turn. To be able to use the Xiu Ya Sword will count as a second life for me.”

Luo Binghe: “.....”

Shen Qingqiu: “.....”

What did you say earlier? ‘Do you think I’ll tell you,’ right?

Not only have you told me right now, you seem to have said something out of the question and even revealed your future plans!

The intelligence of the villains in this world was beyond saving. Shen Qingqiu’s heart suddenly felt very tired. He just wanted to add some points, why was it such a bumpy and difficult task!

Shen Qingqiu spoke with the system: ‘Dearly beloved, if I make a mistake during the mission and die, will I have the opportunity to try again?’

System: An undying golden body is the protagonist’s privilege.

Damn it. That means my life is completely without a guarantee of preservation. If things aren’t done well, I’ll die first.

Villains always gave ‘excellent quality’ answers. Shen Qingqiu wanted to delay for time and threw out a question to Butterfly: “Don’t you always

only target young and beautiful girls?”

“I never said I only choose to target young and beautiful women. If their skin is smooth and exquisite, I’ll always target them. It’s only that most men don’t have skin as good as a woman’s and an older person’s skin is never as good as a young person’s.” As expected, Butterfly’s words surged forth without her awareness. Suddenly, her two eyes flashed green and an envious expression appeared on her face. She stretched her crimson-painted hands and rubbed them over Shen Qingqiu’s upper body: “However, an immortal cultivator is truly different. Even though you’re a man, you have such smooth and delicate skin. It’s..... been a long time since I’ve used a man’s skin.....”

Shen Qingqiu broke out into goosebumps after having been felt up by her hands but still had to put on an icy and unassailable appearance. He was disgusted on one hand, sympathetic on the other.

This demon was a bit pitiful. It seemed it used to be male, but for the sake of furthering its cultivation had to keep using women’s skins. After all this time, he was afraid its psychological state had become abnormal.....

Nevertheless, he was staring at a bewitchingly charming woman’s smiling face. Getting touched here and there like this, Shen Qingqiu’s face revealed some embarrassment and he unconsciously shrank back slightly.

In Luo Binghe’s eyes, this appearance was not his usual one and made a huge impact.

In the past, he’d seen much of the Shen Qingqiu who was high and unreachable, cold and biting sarcasm. This time, he was met with a Shen Qingqiu who had an uncontrollable flush spreading, an attitude of retreat in his gaze, and two □□ on his upper body.⁶ The unbreakable Binding Immortal Cable left red marks and his jet-black hair scattered down, as though to cover him but failing. Luo Binghe’s heart was full of an indescribable sense of entanglement.

If you asked Shen Qingqiu to find a metaphor for this kind of feeling: it would be like a man watching a movie only to find out the protagonist was

the person who kept calling on him to answer in class, who beat him up and punished him to the third degree if he couldn't answer correctly. It is that very same English teacher. A remarkably subtle mood!

Shen Qingqiu suddenly smiled.

Butterfly guardedly said: "What are you smiling for?"

Shen Qingqiu said very slowly and leisurely: "I'm laughing at you for keeping the glittering casket and giving up the pearls.⁷ There are three people here, yet you still don't seem to have noticed the best choice for your next skin."

Luo Binghe heard his words and his face changed.

He didn't think he would be inexplicably dunked in cold water!

Shen Qingqiu wasn't speaking irresponsibly. What kind of person is Luo Binghe? His real identity was that of a descendant of the ancient demons, an up-and-coming figure in the Demon Realm in the future, with the highest pedigree blood. If most demons got his body, don't even speak about repairing damage from cultivating incorrectly; they might even end up taking over the world!

Butterfly looked up and down at Luo Binghe. His appearance was calm, but at heart he was at a loss for what to do. Even if he broke his head wondering why, he wouldn't know why the focus had shifted to him.

Butterfly said: "Even if you want to trick me, you should have used a more believable lie. Even though this little guy's skin hangs on his bones better and is more tender, how can it compare with that of a cultivator who has a consolidated *jin dan*?"⁸

Shen Qingqiu tilted his head and laughed: "With your eyesight, no wonder your cultivation has never had the proper environment. Haven't you considered what sort of person that I, Shen Qingqiu, am? If this child is only good on the surface, then why would I want to accept him as one of my disciples? If I only wanted a disciple who looked good on the surface,

there are enough people wanting to enter Cang Qiong Mountain sect every year that they almost reach the skies. You think there aren't enough for me to choose from? What mysterious process is used to choose from them naturally can't be revealed to outsiders."

Butterfly was immediately moved. Very good, this villain's intelligence is quite low; she put on a very convincing appearance of having considered this already.

Shen Qingqiu struck while the iron was hot: "If you're skeptical, it's easy to check. I'll tell you something that'll prove my words are right. Go over and hit him on the crown of his head and you'll see that I haven't deceived you."

Luo Binghe's face went deathly white.

No matter how mature, he was still only a child. Even if it was an adult facing death, there were very few people who would be able to maintain an unchanging expression. Not to mention, he was only fourteen years old.

Shen Qingqiu tried not to look at him, in his heart repeatedly apologizing and thinking that he'd definitely turn the tables around in the future and rescue him!

Ning Yingying was scared to death: "*Shi..... Shizun*, you..... you aren't saying this for real, right?"

Shen Qingqiu's heart was stretched tight like a string and he couldn't bother to care for her. He could only face Butterfly and smile slightly, saying: "Whether or not it's true, you'll know once you try. It's only striking a little child's head; even if I'm deceiving you, you wouldn't be at a loss right? Or is it that you're worried what I said is true, so you're afraid to hit and see?"

Even if someone unrelated were to look at this situation, they would think that this was pushing Luo Binghe on the road to death.

Luo Binghe couldn't believe it; inside he asked, could Shen Qingqiu's hatred for him have reached this degree?

He couldn't help rising with all his strength, the ropes bound around him drawing taut. Behind him, Ning Yingying felt pain but didn't dare say anything.

Shen Qingqiu's words and tone were very persuasive. Butterfly thought for a while and agreed with his judgment. She'd already killed so many, how could she be afraid of making a single strike!

She snorted: "I really have to see what kind of thing you are." Speaking up to this point, she advanced towards Luo Binghe and sent a palm striking down!

—End Chapter 7—

¹Red fruits: Referring to his nipples lol.

²Little sister: Just a reminder that in Chinese, you can call people 'brother' and 'sister' without any blood relations. It's just a measure of closeness. In Shen Qingqiu's case, it's also a slang-ish sort of way to express his annoyance with her.

³Every BOSS traditionally had a confession time...: Referring to the long monologues that villains go into about their plans. Shen Qingqiu is saying that he should at least respect them enough to let them monologue uninterrupted. LOLLOLOL

⁴Xiang-er (name): You can assume this is the name of the previous victim.

⁵College entrance examination: In China, this is even more serious than the SATs taken by students in the US. All education from preschool to high school is geared towards scoring well on this test and the test covers ALL SUBJECTS studied within that time span. The college entrance exam is nation-wide and can only be taken once. That means no retakes. Cheating is a big no-no and means an eternal black mark. If one of the teachers who

create the exam make a mistake, it's also a huge no-no (but less than cheating).

⁶Two 奶 on his upper body: Referring to his nipples again. XD

⁷Keeping the glittering casket and giving up the pearls (): A saying meaning someone has bad judgment.

⁸Cultivator with a consolidated *jin dan* (): Had trouble translating this. It's another cultivation-specific term. I assume they're talking about the final step in cultivation to become an Immortal. Shen Qingqiu has cultivated enough to make that final step into becoming an Immortal (and therefore has eternal youth, a better body, etc. than your average cultivator).

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Scum Villain System: Chapter 8

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Chapter 8

TN: More sarcasm this chapter. LOL. Also, changed a term. That false 'cultivation technique' Ming Fan gave to Luo Binghe will now be called 'cultivation manual.' I think it's a more accurate translation. And the 'Immortal Assembly Conference' will now be 'Immortal Alliance Conference' instead.

An opportunity only lasts for a moment! Shen Qingqiu's pupils contracted!

Just when that palm was striking down, an unexpected occurrence like the doings of gods and ghosts occurred: a ceiling beam broke.....

If Shen Qingqiu were still only a reader of "Proud Immortal Demon Way," after reading to here, he would throw down his cell phone and curse up a torrent of abuse like dog's blood.

The system already stated that the eternal, iron-clad rule was that the protagonist wouldn't die. That was to say, if anything threatened the protagonist's life, a death flag would be triggered!

Shen Qingqiu purposefully instigated Butterfly to attack Luo Binghe just to utilize this iron-clad rule and borrow a knife to kill someone. Though doing things this way wasn't very upright, Luo Binghe wouldn't be in any danger at all. Even if something happened, Shen Qingqiu would take responsibility and fix things himself. Currently he was dropping Luo Binghe into a hole, but if he took the long-term view, there were still opportunities in the future to regain good favor.

But.

Airplane Towards The Sky, what are you treating the intelligence of your readers as! How can a perfectly magnificent new mansion suddenly experience a broken ceiling beam!

Even if it's to let the protagonist escape with his life, this turn of events is too stiff and unnatural! Bad writing!

That almost entirely new ceiling beam was unbiased and just happened to smash onto Butterfly, almost laying her flat on the ground, unable to get up. It also just happened to bring down the pillar that Luo Binghe and Ning Yingying were tied to.

Ning Yingying had already been scared dizzy earlier. Luo Binghe struggled and the bindings miraculously loosened. On the other hand, Shen Qingqiu was still bound by the Binding Immortal Cable, watching Luo Binghe stand near the fallen Butterfly in silence.....

Just like this..... things are concluded?

Even as he thought this, Butterfly flipped the ceiling beam and sprang up.

She furiously said: "Shen Qingqiu! Cang Qiong Mountain sect's people are truly base and shameless, full of schemes! What kind of twisted method did you use to harm me from behind?"

Shen Qingqiu was very innocent. This wasn't his business, truly. The person who suffered the most was probably Luo Binghe.

Butterfly unforgivingly said: "So you were purposefully tricking me, trying to divert my attention and sneak-attack. How else would a perfectly good ceiling beam like this fall down, and right on top of me too?"

You've also noticed the unreasonable execution of events; doesn't this mean your intelligence can still be saved? Shen Qingqiu's heart was a little hopeful.

Butterfly laughed coldly: "You think something like this is enough to stop me? Dream on. Unless it's cut with an immortal treasure sword,

Binding Immortal Cable won't break. Normal means won't open it."

.....Just praised you and you said something stupid again. Please don't talk about how to release your enemy! Also, are you afraid I'll miss seeing where you put the Xiu Ya sword? You even took special care to pull back your cloak and show where it's sticking out from your waist, patting it!

Shen Qingqiu couldn't stand it anymore. He took some time to talk with the system: 'That stupid.....I have to ask, do all the villains walk this kind of path?'

The system said: To ensure that you will smoothly pass this beginning checkpoint mission after activating Easy Mode, the villain's intelligence level has been set below average.

Shen Qingqiu strongly approved: 'Hah, thanks. I want to say that your Easy Mode's design is really too easy to use. Good product, good product.'

Butterfly gritted her teeth and said: "This time no matter what you say, I won't listen anymore! Accept your death, Shen Qingqiu!"

Shen Qingqiu shouted: "Last word!"

Under the might of Easy Mode, Butterfly stopped to listen: "What else did you want to say?"

Shen Qingqiu thought for a moment, then asked: "How's the taste of sleeping with an old man in his sixties?"

"....." While Butterfly's face twisted, her entire body trembling, Luo Binghe suddenly advanced from behind!

He divested Butterfly of the Xiu Ya sword hanging at her waist, drawing the sword and illuminating the room with snow-white light. A silver shadow passed and the Binding Immortal Cable on Shen Qingqiu was broken.

Really can only blame this mini-BOSS's intelligence under Easy Mode for being below average; Luo Binghe was standing right behind her. She was sure to die.

Butterfly exclaimed: “This is impossible – ”

Enough! I don’t want to listen! I don’t want to listen to the BOSS’s final words before dying! Shen Qingqiu pulled at his spiritual power, summoning it in his right hand and struck out his palm, hitting Butterfly’s chest. She flew out like a broken-stringed kite.

This was Shen Qingqiu’s first time making a move to ‘kill.’ But he didn’t hesitate at all. Because firstly, this is a novel; secondly, this was a demon that had killed countless people; thirdly, if he didn’t make a move then he would have been the one to die.

Shen Qingqiu looked at ‘Butterfly’s’ twisted limbs, a horrible sight as blood flowed from all seven apertures, overly beaten. He used the three reasons listed above to clear his mind and brainwash himself.

Luo Binghe’s childish face was mostly white.

Shen Qingqiu calmed himself and slowly stood up, gaining composure and posed as he turned to Luo Binghe: “Your first time seeing this ‘demon extermination defense,’¹ are you scared stiff?”

Pausing, he continued: “If you want to ‘defend,’ you must ‘exterminate.’”

Luo Binghe gritted his teeth and blurted out: “Earlier.....”

Shen Qingqiu said: “You want to ask what I planned to do if the ceiling beam hadn’t suddenly fallen down earlier?”

Shen Qingqiu had no choice but to suffer in silence. He really wanted to tell Luo Binghe to rest his heart, he definitely wouldn’t die. The ceiling beam would definitely fall down. But could he?!

He could only pretend to be lofty and mysterious: “This can be counted as blaming this master?”

Luo Binghe shook his head and sincerely said: “No. If I can give up my life for *Shizun*, it would be an honor for this disciple.”

.....Shen Qingqiu was shocked at how much he was like a pure white lotus!²

Shen Qingqiu thought for a while, choosing a more beautiful phrasing.

“Then this master will also tell you. Even if something does happen, nothing will happen to you.”

This was a big truth. Even if Shen Qingqiu died hundreds upon hundreds of times, the golden-bodied protagonist Luo Binghe would still be able to live perfectly well!

His expression calm and certain, unperturbed without the slightest false appearance. His voice was sonorous as he said: “This fact is definitely not false.”

Luo Binghe listened to his words. It was as though he’d been lit up with new vitality. The slightly drooping sunflower from earlier gained a new lease on life. With both hands, he raised the sword and respectfully offered it up to Shen Qingqiu: “*Shizun*. Your sword!”

Shen Qingqiu took it over.

This child’s heart right now was truly honest. Though earlier he was dropped so far in a pit that his spirit had flown right out, another turn of events and he was fully revived with his blood pumping. *If you are always like this, then how good that would be!*

Afterwards, he listened to the system’s notices – just like a succession of cannon fire – and felt cool enough to overturn the skies.

Ning Yingying’s good feelings towards you have increased.
Protagonist’s coolness level: +50 Points.

Gained high-level equipment ‘Binding Immortal Cable.’ Villain’s strength: +50 Points.

Completion of beginning checkpoint mission: +200 Points. OOC function is unfrozen. From now on, you have full control of the ‘Shen Qingqiu’ account. Congratulations! Please continue your efforts.

Shen Qingqiu was almost in love with this kind of feeling; it was just like gambling with high stakes.

From now on, he can formally embark on the great and glorious career of hugging the male protagonist’s thighs!

The first task for him after returning to Cang Qiong Mountain sect was to go to the sect’s main headquarters at Qiong Ding Peak³ and report to Yue Qingyuan.

On the way, Shen Qingqiu once again felt that this senior apprentice-brother and sect head’s existence was exactly like that of a mission-giving NPC. However, this kind of feeling faded without a trace right after he entered the gates.

He hadn’t even stepped into the lobby when Yue Qingyuan immediately swept over with his Qiong Ding Peak disciples. They had both just met when his right hand immediately took Shen Qingqiu’s pulse.⁴ Shen Qingqiu was surprised, but then saw Yue Qingyuan hadn’t made any other moves and his expression was entirely focused. Immersed in low-level spiritual power, he knew that he was only inspecting his internal state and spiritual flow and calmed down.

After seeing that the circulation of his spiritual power was correct and uninjured, Yue Qingyuan let out a breath and smiled. He walked into the main lobby with Shen Qingqiu and asked: “How was their strength?”

He was just like the eternal big brother back home in behavior and tone, which let Shen Qingqiu’s heart feel warm. Even the word he had to speak next didn’t feel quite so painful: “Unsatisfactory.”

The disciples hadn’t even seen a shadow of that demon ‘Skinner’ and everything had been resolved by Shen Qingqiu. From the viewpoint of

letting the disciples gain experience, it truly was unsatisfactory and not up to expectations.

Yue Qingyuan said: “It doesn’t need to be rushed.”

Shen Qingqiu nodded and suddenly changed the subject: “Brother sect head, I want to enter seclusion in Qiong Ding Peak’s spirit caves⁵ behind the mountain.”

Qiong Ding Peak was considered the first among the Twelve Peaks and naturally had the greatest accumulation of energies from heaven and earth. And the spirit caves at Qiong Ding Peak were the best place to cultivate, requiring less effort. Therefore, only the more senior sect members or exceptionally talented young disciples could apply to enter the caves for cultivation. Their application to enter could only succeed if they had the sect head’s permission.

If Shen Qingqiu wanted to enter seclusion and cultivate in the spirit caves, of course Yue Qingyuan would accept. He asked: “This is to prepare for the Immortal Alliance Conference?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “Just so.”

Truthfully, it was not only because he needed real strength to get by during the Immortal Alliance Conference scenario. There were other, more complex reasons.

The recent incident with the Skinner had let him become acquainted with the importance of cultivating well. In this world, it was only after attaining strength that he could have the right to think of future events.

Also, he really had no words for Yue Qingyuan’s behavior towards him. Even if he wanted to reverse the original ending of Shen Qingqiu directly killing Yue Qingyuan, Shen Qingqiu still had to carefully consider his life afterwards.

In the future, he had to use a more proactive approach to control the plot.

Before seclusion, Shen Qingqiu called Luo Binghe over and gave him the correct entry-level cultivation manual.

Luo Binghe received the cultivation manual but still asked: “*Shizun*, why do you have to give this disciple an entirely different cultivation manual?”

Shen Qingqiu calmly said a bunch of nonsense: “Your constitution is somewhat different. You can’t cultivate with the regular cultivation manual.”

He didn’t want to reveal the truth of Ming Fan giving Luo Binghe a false cultivation manual so quickly. Even though it would come out sooner or later, he could still delay it a bit.

Towards the image of Shen Qingqiu’s back, Luo Binghe held the cultivation manual. His heart was greatly shaken.

This was a cultivation manual that *Shizun* specially gave to him!

Shen Qingqiu was completely unaware that Luo Binghe had such a huge misunderstanding.....

—End Chapter 8—

¹Demon extermination defense (): Pretty much just translated the characters literally.

²Pure white lotus: A person referred to as a ‘white lotus’ is said to be pure and innocent, just like a lotus. This is the traditional meaning of the term and the one used in this novel (not to be confused with the slang version meaning someone’s a two-faced broad with good acting skills).

³Qiong Ding Peak (): Meaning is ‘dome peak.’

⁴[taking]... pulse: This is a cultivation/traditional Chinese medicine thing. If you’re good enough, you can gauge someone’s health by taking their pulse.

⁵...spirit caves (): This sentence gave me fits. Not sure if I translated it right. Shen Qingqiu implies that he wants to enter a spirit cave to cultivate and improve his spiritual power. Spirit cave = .

Extra note:

The *shi* () character in *shifu*, *shizun*, and the like are all the same. It means teacher/master. Shen Qingqiu often refers to himself as ‘this teacher/master’ using the *shi* character. Ex. ‘*wei shi*’ = ‘I master/teacher.’

Also, isn’t Luo Binghe the cutest? He just got noticed by senpai and his heart went doki-doki.

is stabbed

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Scum Villain System: Chapter 9

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Chapter 9

TN: In case you missed it, Luen and I finished fine-combing [Chapter 1](#) so it's 120% more accurate now. One of the major things changed was 'B Points' (which is some netizen value for douchebag points LOL). We highly advise re-reading any fine-combed chapters we release in case something was missed first time around in translations.

Also, we're using 'qi deviation' instead of cultivation madness now (more info in footnotes). Yay for an official term!

Enjoy!

The spirit caves were labyrinthine and deep, hundreds of turning paths and thousands of steps turning backwards without wind or moonlight, though there was a faraway and almost unnoticeable feeling of coolness. Large and small limestone rocks emerged from the landscape, revealing many beds of natural rock. At the center, there was even a pool of clear reflective water that seemed to reveal another world.

This was only one among many caves, but Shen Qingqiu was very satisfied and didn't plan to look for another spot.

Shen Qingqiu wanted to achieve a new understanding in his techniques. He sat on the stone bed and began to cultivate.

However, perhaps Old Man Heaven didn't want him to cultivate honestly and well. He hadn't meditated for long when he heard a strange noise.

It was the sound of someone wheezing painfully.

Not only did it sound strange to his keen ears, his body's spiritual power seemed to also experience a strange and almost violent burst of energy fluctuations.

Fine. Shen Qingqiu knew something had happened. In these spiritual caves, naturally there had to be other people who gained entry to cultivate in seclusion aside from him. Not only were there other people cultivating here as well..... it seemed someone had cultivated into qi deviation.¹ This was a critical moment.

I! Only! Want! To! Cultivate! In! Seclusion! And! Increase! Martial! Power! Couldn't he do this? Couldn't! He!

Shen Qingqiu opened his eyes suddenly and decided to investigate. He followed the noise and the fluctuations in spiritual power. Walking in that direction along seven turns and eight bends, the disruption grew larger and larger.

Finally, he entered another spiritual cave. Once he entered, he saw a white-clothed back facing him and a sword fallen on the ground.

The interior of the cave was filled with traces of spiritual power-filled sword slashes and fresh blood as though from a murder scene involving a sword. Even the white-clothed person's body had bloody marks on it.

Looks like this qi deviation is quite tragic!

Shen Qingqiu pondered over whether lending the other person some of his own high level spiritual power would be helpful or more likely to harm him to death. At that moment, he glanced at the sword fallen on the ground.

The sword was currently slim in shape, probably because its owner's spiritual power was running rampant. Its whole body emitted a harsh silver light, a strange dark incantation and engravings inscribed along the blade.

Seeing this sword, Shen Qingqiu knew at once which sword this was and whose it was.

Damn!²

If he sought a good death, he shouldn't be meeting this person!

If earlier he still thought of helping out, right now he had the thought to run for his life. But it was already too late. That white-clothed person suddenly turned around; he'd already found him out!

Shen Qingqiu was in no mood to applaud this 'handsome man!' This handsome man's two eyes were blood red, his forehead bulging with blue veins, intent on making him kneel!

He flapped his sleeves and ran for it. That man hit a palm onto the stone wall, stone shards flew everywhere; the long, fallen sword on the ground flew up and just happened to block Shen Qingqiu's route of retreat through the limestone entrance. The white-clothed man who'd lost all reason advanced like a gunshot.

Shen Qingqiu saw it was too late to run and toughened his scalp for the upcoming fight. He gathered spiritual power in his right hand, staking everything on that one hit and slapped his palm onto his opponent's chest.

If this person was really like what was said about him in rumors, he had a vitality comparable to that of the protagonist and this hit certainly wouldn't be of any damn use. Not only would it not be of any damn use, perhaps Shen Qingqiu would even be knocked flying three *zhang*³ out while coughing up blood.

However, it turned out to have an effect after all. The one who was knocked flying three *chi*⁴ out while coughing up blood wasn't Shen Qingqiu, but his opponent!

At that instant, Shen Qingqiu raised his right hand and looked at the white-clothed person he'd personally knocked down by the palm strike. He deeply felt: how can this brother be such a dick!

Actually, though someone who had cultivated into qi deviation was very frightening, they were also very fragile. If your luck was good, chances

were that your single strike would be the one to break their last standing straw of support.

Shen Qingqiu's expression was tangled as he watched him painfully move into a half-kneeling position on the ground. He tried to forcefully stand up but could only fall onto his knees again. Finally, Shen Qingqiu could only sigh and walk over, putting his hand on his back.

"I'll make this clear." Shen Qingqiu didn't care if he was listening or not, saying it for himself: "I'm not familiar with this move; if I really make you dead, I still tried my best so you shouldn't blame me."

It was unknown how much time had passed. Shen Qingqiu felt the spiritual power inside the man return to a calm and natural state. Only then could he lay down his worries and retract his hand.

The white-clothed man's head drooped down, not quite conscious yet.

To tell the truth, Shen Qingqiu had already guessed this man's identity, but the system's alert confirmed it for him.

Congratulations! The system's notice: Changed the scene 'Liu Qingge's death,' the death and hatred values for the villain 'Shen Qingqiu' have decreased, B Points: +200!

Sure enough. This was his fellow sect brother, also yet another victim who wrongly died under the original Shen Qingqiu's hands.

Cang Qiong Mountain sect, Twelve Peaks' Bai Zhan Peak's Peak Lord, Liu Qingge.⁵

Liu Qingge was a very NB⁶ character.

Each one of Cang Qiong's Twelve Peaks had their own merits and distinctive features. For instance, Qiong Ding Peak led everyone and oversaw general affairs; Shen Qingqiu's Qing Jing Peak was the favorite of intellectual and literary youths; Wan Jian Peak since ancient times had produced famous swordmasters; what Ku Xing Peak⁷ did was obvious by

its name, even if you whipped Shen Qingqiu he wouldn't want to go there.....

Among the Twelve Peaks, Xian Shu Peak⁸ is an incredibly coveted existence.

Because this Peak only accepts female disciples. Also, there were very high standards for accepted disciples, the beautiful women like clouds. WS⁹ readers in an endless stream wrote YY reviews and let a hundred flowers bloom freely, expressing all kinds of styles. Among them were "The Overbearing Xian Shu Fell In Love With Me," "My Days While Possessing Xian Shu Peak"; these kinds of works were considered masterpieces of lasciviousness. Their popularity could even compare to that of the original work.

But the Peak the youths loved the most, revered most, and would like to enter most: it would definitely be the Bai Zhan Peak commanded by Liu Qingge!

This was Cang Qiong Mountain sect's great war division, also the one with the greatest fighting strength.

The history of Bai Zhan Peak was filled with innumerable outstanding figures, victorious in hundreds of battles, full of undefeated myths, positively hot-blooded and bold!

Therefore, Shen Yuan was quite fascinated by this character. Men always admired the strong. Even though the original work didn't describe his appearance, Shen Qingqiu's image of Liu Qingge was that of a sharp man's face. A god of war!

Shen Qingqiu lowered his head and looked at that face like a beautiful woman's, feeling the image he held in his mind shatter.

The invincible Bai Zhan Peak's Lord, why did he have to grow this kind of elegant young prince's face?

But thinking it over, Liu Qingge was the big brother of one of the female leads, the peerless beauty Liu Mingyan. The quality of the male protagonist's wives was as strong as steel; the strength of genetics was also very great, very scientific!

Ever-victorious, his character rampantly arrogant, plus a good appearance; no wonder the author wrote him into an early death.

Aside from the protagonist, who dared be so arrogant? You'd die in minutes! Damn, he didn't think deeply about this earlier. Would rescuing this person affect Luo Binghe's coolness?

This flashy character didn't show up much. Other than being used to display a warlike prowess enough to make people piss their pants, he had one other important reason for existing: to set off the scumbag Shen Qingqiu.

Liu Qingge and Shen Qingqiu were brothers in the same sect but had discord between them.

This was also why Shen Qingqiu wanted to run away earlier. They never got along well to begin with. Adding qi deviation to the equation: either he chased Shen Qingqiu and killed him or like the original Shen Qingqiu, Shen Qingqiu was the one to kill him.

Though it was unknown what deep hatred was between them, the fact that the original Shen Qingqiu was Liu Qingge's murderer was a hard truth. Once this event was exposed, it was also the (number one) reason pushing towards Shen Qingqiu's loss of standing and reputation. The original Shen Qingqiu said "in his cultivation I saw a divergent path, that was the only reason I could steel my heart and kill my junior apprentice-brother." Thinking on it now, he had probably made his move here.....

Shen Qingqiu killed the female lead's only relative. Of course Luo Binghe would take revenge for his wife.

Come to speak of it, the hatred towards the character Shen Qingqiu was really not of an average intensity!

Shen Qingqiu was still worrying about his future when Liu Qingge finished vomiting blood and finally turned around.

Liu Qingge opened his eyes and immediately saw Shen Qingqiu sitting nearby, looking busy. Tilting his head, no matter how he looked Shen Qingqiu didn't seem to have good intentions. His instincts ringing, he silently tried to sit up. However, he'd suffered an impact on his internal organs and was still scrambled up inside. Blood sprayed out again.

Nearby, Shen Qingqiu coolly said: "Ai, don't be so excited. You're still Bai Zhan Peak's Lord, how can you come to look so terrible. Do you have the face to look like this? Come, come, wipe." As he spoke, he passed over a handkerchief.

Liu Qingge spoke as he vomited blood: "Shen..... what kind of thing are you up to now....."

Shen Qingqiu saw how difficult it was for him and laid a palm on his back. Originally, Liu Qingge thought he wanted to harm him but was unable to dodge; only when the palm connected did he feel a stream of clear and smooth spiritual power channeling into him, straightening out his meridians and his spiritual power. At this, Liu Qingge was even more aghast at Shen Qingqiu than he had been earlier.

Shen Qingqiu had a hand on his back while speaking to him: "Junior apprentice-brother Liu, this senior brother has recently gained some insights while in seclusion recently. Thinking of past events, this senior brother feels a little ashamed."

Liu Qingge seemed to vomit even more severely.

Shen Qingqiu pondered: "How about this, leave past events in the past. From now on, let's join hands in respect and be a pair of model apprentice-brothers. What do you think, junior brother?"

Since he hadn't killed Liu Qingge, that hatred in the plot had been avoided. Why couldn't he be even more thorough and just establish good relations with Liu Qingge, perhaps even making him become his back-up?!

Liu Qingge: “.....Are you serious?”

Shen Qingqiu: “Serious. I cannot be more serious. Look at this senior brother’s two eyes, are you moved?”

Shen Qingqiu always felt that after unfreezing the OOC function, he had no more worries and had proceeded without turning back.....

Liu Qingge’s face was ugly as he looked into Shen Qingqiu’s eyes for a moment, as he wished. Finally, he seemed to be driven beyond the limits of endurance and said: “You, walk farther away.”

Shen Qingqiu expressed understanding.

After all, they had been in mutual disgust for so many years. A good impression couldn’t be brushed up so suddenly and could only come along slowly.

He nodded his head and was as good as his word. As he walked along, he waved back without turning his head and said: “If junior brother encounters some trouble while practicing, there’s no need to be shy, you can call this senior brother to come help. All us brothers are close and have to take care of each other.”

Liu Qingge thought that if he had to listen to two more words from him, he would start vomiting blood again. His gaze was terrible.

Shen Qingqiu shut his mouth and left. Liu Qingge was left alone inside the spirit cave.

They were two people who didn’t get along well. When they were less familiar with each other, Shen Qingqiu was the person who Liu Qingge found the most disgusting. Both extremely abhorred each other.

This kind of hatred wasn’t like an argument between a loving but quarrelsome couple. It was the kind of like-minded hatred that turned to violence. What was strange was that Shen Qingqiu didn’t take the

opportunity to drop stones on someone stranded in a well,¹⁰ not to mention helped him?!

However, with the truth placed in front of him, Liu Qingge's expression twisted slightly.

He knew from memory that his cultivation had gone out of control earlier. But now his spiritual flow was smooth and he definitely could not have broken through the frenzy by himself. There must have been outside help.

Could it be that Shen Qingqiu had truly helped him?

Once he thought that there truly was this kind of possibility, Liu Qingge felt as disgusted as though he'd eaten shit.

—End Chapter 9—

¹Qi deviation (走火入魔): Pinyin is *zhou huo ru mo*. I've called it 'cultivation madness' or 'madness' in the past (thanks to Luen for the official term! Cultivation shifu!). It's also known as qigong deviation and it's a state when the cultivation base is unstable, causing internal damage and/or psychosis. It happens when people cultivate or practice incorrectly, succumb to internal/heart demons, or rashly use forbidden arts.

²Damn (ma dan) (骂蛋): Literally translates into 'mother's egg.' It's a curse word meaning something like 'damn it' or 'screw it.'

³Zhang (丈): A unit of measurement equal to 3 1/3 meters.

⁴Chi (尺): Another unit of measurement... Equal to 1/3 of a meter and considered the Chinese version of a 'foot' of measurement.

⁵Bai Zhan Peak (百战峰)... Liu Qingge (清歌): Literally 'Hundred Battles/War Peak.' Qingge's name means 'clear song.'

⁶NB (niu bi): In this positive context, it means someone who's "confident, daring, impressive, amazing, awesome person. "Badass" or

“hardcore” may be suitable English equivalents.” Thank you Luen and readerz!

⁷Ku Xing Peak (): ‘Ascetic’ Peak. LOOOL.

⁸Xian Shu Peak (): ‘Immortal Lovely Lady’ Peak. Guess who’s interested. XD

⁹WS (): *Wei suo* in pinyin and means wretched/vulgar.

¹⁰Drop stones on someone stranded in a well: Meaning to hit someone when they’re down or in a bad situation.

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Chapter 10

TN: Next week should be a double release if all goes well to avoid the Chapter 11 cliffie. :3

Happy Father's Day! 😊

Though he was hurried away by the person whose life he'd saved with great effort, Shen Qingqiu was very satisfied.

The Liu Qingge who died by his hands in the original work was accidentally saved by him instead.

If he could have good relations with this person, Shen Qingqiu wouldn't be afraid of anyone even if all of his enemies showed up together at his front door!

Even if he took it a step back and his plan to develop his good disciple Luo Binghe was unsuccessful, as the Bai Zhan Peak Lord, Liu Qingge at least had the strength to fight against the protagonist for a round!

Why didn't the system have a Strategy or an Intelligence value? He could have used those points.

System: The system expressed its unwillingness to communicate with this person.

In the caves, there was neither sun nor moon. Shen Qingqiu didn't feel like he'd done much before the day came for him to exit the spirit caves.

His eyes closed, Shen Qingqiu sat cross-legged on the stone platform. He waited until the last of the spirit power circulated through his limbs and

bones before he opened them.

He had devoted himself to cultivating for several months and was now able to freely use the spirit power in his body, even improving his cultivation foundation by another level.

This state increased the amount of control he had over his body to one hundred percent, even solving his awkwardness. The brilliance of his eyes was greatly different. Shen Qingqiu jumped down from the stone table, feeling that his body was very light and easy. It was just as though his four limbs were like a light breeze, his body positively old and awkward in the past.

Of course, this could also just be his own subjective feelings. The time he was in seclusion had felt like pressing fast-forward on a video. If it were in a novel, it would be finished in a chapter.

Before leaving, he felt that he should greet the big brother next door. He pried open the stone door.

Shen Qingqiu cleared his throat and said: “Apprentice-brother, you are aware of the situation? This senior brother has already finished advancing in cultivation and is going to go up.”

His voice wasn’t very loud but was definitely enough for a cultivator like Liu Qingge to hear, echoing in the empty cave.

Since there wasn’t any response from that end, Shen Qingqiu didn’t care. Expressing his good intentions (?) was enough. In accordance to his will, a strong wind under his feet carried him out of the spirit caves into the upcoming storm.

That was right. Storm. Calculating the days, it was about time for this incident. The scene to follow was very important and could be considered one of the foremost little □□ in “Proud Immortal Demon Way.”

Demon evildoers had managed to infiltrate into Cang Qiong Mountain sect, triggering a chaotic commotion between humans and demons.

And the book's two important female leads would also appear in this commotion and start to notice Luo Binghe.

The spirit caves were separated from the outside world. Inside the caves was peace and quiet; once he exited the caves, he was met with Qiong Ding Peak set aflame. All around were disciples in a messy confusion, alarms ringing everywhere.

Shen Qingqiu understood that the demon realm's evildoers had already advanced on the mountain.

He really arrived at such a coincidental time. Just when he got this idea, he got caught up with this riot.

Some disciples under who knows what master saw him and immediately piled over: "Martial Uncle Shen! Martial Uncle Shen, you've finally come out! There's big trouble, the Demon Realm's people have gone up Qiong Ding Peak and hurt many of our apprentice-brothers!"

Shen Qingqiu touched one with his hand and was unperturbed as he said: "Calm down. Where is the sect head?"

Disciple A cried: "The sect head went down the mountain outside to do something. If it wasn't for this, the Demon Realm's people wouldn't take the opportunity to attack us!"

Disciple B angrily said: "Demon Realm people are really despicable! Not only did they swoop in, they even want to break the Rainbow Bridge linking the Twelve Peaks. Qiong Ding Peak completely has no way to get support from other Peaks!"

Shen Qingqiu already knew and was only asking. Right now he was genuinely real goods at a fair price,¹ his body full of power and energy. With a heroic air that seemed to break through the skies, he said: "No need to panic. My Cang Qiong Peak is a strong and large division. If we deal with them, I'm afraid not even a remnant will be left of these Demon Realm people." Once he finished speaking, he rushed towards the path.

The disciples suddenly felt like they'd found their backbones and followed behind Shen Qingqiu like a train. Along the way, the headless flies buzzing around also followed them. They didn't know what happened but followed along anyway. In the end, the line grew longer and longer until they arrived in front of Qiong Ding Peak's audience hall.

At the entrance of Qiong Ding Peak's gate, Cang Qiong Mountain sect guards encircled and suppressed the invading Demons. Because of the scene, all of Qing Jing Peak's disciples 'coincidentally' all gathered on Qiong Ding Peak and met the Shen Qingqiu who had recently left seclusion. Shen Qingqiu's first glance was to look for Luo Binghe's figure. As expected, he was standing in the middle of the crowd, looking solemn.

Having not seen him for a while, he'd grown a lot taller. His young man's stature was like bamboo, giving off a fresh and elegant feeling, very eye-catching.

Seeing that the protagonist had arrived, Shen Qingqiu could calm down and turn his attention towards the enemy.

In front of the resplendent and magnificent Qiong Ding hall, more than a hundred clusters of demonic energy were emitted.

The leader of the demon invasion this time was clearly only a fifteen-year-old girl.

In his heart, Shen Qingqiu laughed excitedly: 'She's come out! She's finally come out!'

Even though the demonic style of dress is bizarre and exotic, this young girl's style is exceptionally unusual. She had a full head of black hair combed into tiny braids, a white complexion, rich and bold eye makeup, and bright crimson lips. Though her age was small, it was easy to see hints of her future glamorous and compelling beauty. Because the day was hot, she wore light clothes that were practically just a few bolts of red veils wrapped around her body. Around her wrists and ankles were silver rings, every movement giving rise to the jingling of small bells.

Her bare, snow-white feet touched the ground. Shen Qingqiu couldn't restrain himself from taking a second look at her.

It's not out of lecherous hoodlum behavior, but..... traveling on bare feet all these tens of thousands of *li* from the Demon Realm over mountains and waters, young miss..... don't your feet hurt?

Wrong. That wasn't the main point!

The main point was that this was the (number one) popular heroine in the novel "Proud Immortal Demon Way" – Demon Saint, Sha Hualing.²

Sha Hualing was a pure-blooded demon, cruel and ruthless, cunning and artful, but fell irrevocably for Luo Binghe. After getting together with Luo Binghe, don't even speak about killing for him; she even dared to do an outrageous thing like betraying the demons for him.

Although this brainlessly infatuated sister invited criticism, nothing could be done. Such a passionately devoted woman was difficult for a man to dislike.

Unfortunately, such a spicy hot sister was destined to fall into someone else's lap. Shen Qingqiu couldn't resist anymore and glanced towards Luo Binghe. Just then, Luo Binghe's eyes also swept over unintentionally and their gazes met. Their eyes suddenly widened. Luo Binghe seemed about to speak but hesitated, excited. Shen Qingqiu nodded his head at him.

At this moment, the Rainbow Bridge linking the Twelve Peaks was cut apart. All the other Peak Lords were not on the scene but Shen Qingqiu this Elder was here, his presence undoubtedly emboldened the disciples. Ming Fan shouted: "Demon girl! My *Shifu* is already here, see you if you dare to be arrogant anymore!"

People gathered more and more, many hundreds of angry disciples in uniform circling in formation and trapping the invaders in the hall. A few demons wanted to take the opportunity to break through, but Shen Qingqiu's two hands flashed, raising them up and throwing them back to Sha Hualing's feet.

Sha Hualing was very clever and resourceful. She was arrogant earlier and bullied Qiong Ding Peak disciples because there were no Elders on the scene. Now, the situation didn't seem good and she quickly changed her tune: "My purpose coming up the mountain this time originally wasn't to fight. I only wanted to compete skills with Cang Qiong Mountain sect's many talents. My family was curious and wanted to come up the mountains to exchange pointers³ to see what would happen."

Shen Qingqiu waved his fan and said: "Well said, well said. Though you explain your manner as seeking to exchange pointers, why do you have to choose to do it while our sect head's away? Why must you cut apart our Rainbow Bridge? What need is there to wound so many of our sect's disciples? I've never seen such a way to seek pointers."

Sha Hualing bit her lips and pulled out her own young girl's weapon.

She lifted a stray hair from her cheek and slowly said: "This person must be that Elder 'Xiu Ya Sword' Shen Qingqiu who moved the world. Sure enough, seeing is believing. This Ling-er is young and has failed to control her subordinates. If she has offended you, may this immortal master be magnanimous and forgiving."

Though her language was soft, Shen Qingqiu wasn't one bit moved. He was more clear about the sequence of events than anyone.

The Demon Realm's invasion this time was because Sha Hualing had just been appointed as the demon race's Saint. Her ambition was as high as the skies but she couldn't ground herself in reality. She wanted to enter Cang Qiong Mountain sect's first peak in one fell swoop and seize Qiong Ding Peak's engraved sign, bringing it back to the Demon Realm as spoils of war and proof of her achievement. At the same time, she would use it as a demonstration to the Immortal Realm.

Shen Qingqiu said: "Can this young miss say her judgment now?"

Unwilling to submit, Sha Hualing said: "Although right now my family is weak, that is only because you have many people. That's why Ling-er doesn't dare make a judgment."

Shen Qingqiu put on the airs of an Elder as smoothly as a fish back in water and said: “Oh?”

With red lips and shining teeth, Sha Hualing offered a way that seemed fair and just.

“Why don’t we each choose three representatives and hold three matches here right now?”

In the original work, this section was considered a small major plot point so Shen Qingqiu could remember it fairly clearly.

The first trial was Shen Qingqiu vs. the demons’ single-armed elder. In order to highlight Shen Qingqiu’s scum qualities, he used despicable methods to win. Comparing him to Luo Binghe’s open and aboveboard behavior in the third match resulted in a strong contrast.

And here, Shen Qingqiu won’t so easily discredit his own image!

The single-armed elder was a purple-black color all over his body, silent. He listened to Sha Hualing’s direction and walked forward to a spot of open ground.

Shen Qingqiu’s own division disciples at the outskirts cheered him on. He knows this single-armed elder had some weight. He gave a small smile: “You only have one arm. Even if I win like this, it is still not an honest victory.”

“Oh? Then what do you want to do?”

Shen Qingqiu smiled slightly, spreading his fan open with a shake. He waved it twice: “I don’t need even a single hand.”

—End Chapter 10—

¹Real goods at a fair price: A pretty self-evident saying meaning that something or someone’s the real deal.

²Sha Hualing (): *Hua ling* means ‘magnificent/splendid bell.’

³Compete skill...to exchange pointers: Going to explain this in case anyone’s confused. In the Jianghu or martial arts world, it’s common to ask for a fight and compare skills. It can also be called exchanging pointers (*qie cuo* or). If done right, it’s a good learning opportunity for the participants and sometimes spectators as well. Of course, this is just BS Sha Hualing is spitting out. XD

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Chapter 11

TN: There's a bolded word in the text – it was actually in English in the raws lol, just like BOSS. Also, Elder Du Bi = the elder with the single arm. Figured out a bit late that it was actually his name and not just a description of him , though it's definitely that too. XD

Keep in mind this is a 3 chapter release! After Chapter 11 you can hit the Forward button to Chapters 12 & 13. Special thanks to Luen for rescuing me from headdesking due to translation difficulties. :3

Once these words were spoken, everyone was in an uproar. In the crowd, Luo Binghe was also shocked.

He doesn't need even a single hand?

Sha Hualing snorted and thought that Shen Qingqiu was being self-important and conceited, but at the same time felt happy. How could he win so easily, so why not accept? She hurriedly said: "Since Elder Shen has said so, then let's start!"

Many people on the sides felt that this girl's skin was very thick and wanted to take advantage of others, so there were boos everywhere. Shen Qingqiu was the sort of reader who felt that reading was like watching a play. Right now as a character in the story, there was another kind of feeling and he couldn't stand Sha Hualing's style of doing things. However, he saw that she was young, sweet, and charming and therefore treated her as a cute loli.

In the middle of attention, Shen Qingqiu truly did not draw his sword and instead played with the paper fan in his left hand, a small smile on his face as he faced the single-armed elder.

Elder Du Bi only had one arm but it didn't affect him as he picked up his ghost head knife.¹ But his blade passed, whistling through the air and didn't hit his target. He turned around and saw Shen Qingqiu already stood at another location, shaking his fan and laughing at him.

However, the Xiu Ya sword had already exited its scabbard. Shen Qingqiu didn't draw the sword with his hands, only secretly held his hand in a sword seal to manipulate his Xiu Ya sword to fly through the air. The snow-white sword light was painful and harmed the Elder Du Bi's eyes, so he raised his sword and increased his attacks! The knife and sword clashed, *ding dang* sounds without end as sparks danced.

Everyone watched with rapt attention. This competition was truly 'good to see' and 'beautiful.'² The first 'good to see' referred to the strength of both parties and their martial skill. The second 'beautiful' referred to the visual effect, which was extremely gorgeous. It was particularly so for Shen Qingqiu: his ease of movement as his sword whirled into afterimages of sword light in the air all while shaking his fan leisurely, every seven steps giving rise to a poem to send forth, this sort of stunning style!

Luo Binghe watched and felt his heart sway. He knew Shen Qingqiu was powerful, but he didn't think that he was powerful to this degree.

So strong!

In the middle of the cheers of the disciples, Shen Qingqiu took the victory for the first trial.

At this moment, Shen Qingqiu could understand a little of the original goods' do-or-die drive to be a pretentious prick.

Because it was really too cool!

All the disciples had stars in their eyes. Shen Qingqiu felt very inspiring!

A scum villain could also have a soul seeking prestige!

At the same time, the system sent good news:

Demon invasion of the immortal mountain, First trial, Shen Qingqiu's victory, Strength value: +50. B Points: +50.

The smile in Shen Qingqiu's heart didn't last long when the system's next piece of news slapped him in the face.

Urgent warning: If Luo Binghe does not participate in the competition, the protagonist's degree of coolness will be deducted by 1000.

'What?!' The Shen Qingqiu whose heart wasn't prepared received a big shock and changed color.

The coolness level that he puffed and blew and worked so hard for all this time was still only a bit over 300. This one time will deduct 1000?!

System, are you trying to kill people?!

The competition this time was an important scene in the plot. At the same time, it was a prelude to little □□ or the two female protagonists' debut, receiving the little brother, receiving cheats, and other important roles.

If Luo Binghe couldn't make an appearance here, he wouldn't be able to emerge in the limelight and attract the attention of everyone – so his coolness -1000.

But if he was allowed to be a representative of the sect and fight, then what would the Shen Qingqiu who did this be?

The original goods was able to push Luo Binghe onto the stage because he was shameless! He didn't even care about his own sect's honor! He hated Luo Binghe to the bone, enough to borrow the hands of the demons to abuse him!

But right now, Shen Qingqiu didn't meet any of these three points!

In the end, he still had to blame this completely unscientific system!

When speaking about the protagonist's coolness, why does it have to be based on the efforts of others!

Shen Qingqiu was still angry about how unscientific the system was when the second round was about to begin.

Sha Hualing was afraid of Shen Qingqiu bailing out and slowly said: “If in the following trials only one person goes up each time, then there wouldn’t be the meaning of receiving pointers. My family’s representative for the second trial will be me.”

For her to take the stage, she was firstly confident in her own strength, secondly because she felt that Shen Qingqiu probably wouldn’t use his Elder’s authority to press her junior’s authority. Shen Qingqiu expressed a complete unwillingness to mind these small matters; even if he originally had the intention to bail out using his power and prestige, it withered upon hearing the system’s notice.

But the second round could also be considered very exciting from another point of view.

Shen Qingqiu lazily said: “You all heard her words. Who is willing to take this responsibility?”

Though he was asking all the disciples, his eyes fell on a certain area.

That area was full of graceful female disciples; no doubt they’re all Xian Shu Peak disciples. Within this stuffed-to-bursting area of beautiful white Xian Shu Peak MM,³ there was someone who stuck out and wore a veil.

After Shen Qingqiu asked, this person slowly stood out.

Shen Qingqiu felt a burst of hard-to-conceal excitement.

Come! She has come! The novel’s two big female leads were about to PK⁵ for the first time!

Liu Mingyan⁴ was a big beauty. A heaven-and-earth shocking, making ghosts and gods weep kind of big beauty. Even if the beauties from the ancient generation of Xian Shu Peak were brought out, she would still stand out from them.

Her older brother was Bai Zhan Peak's Peak Lord. She only became one of Xian Shu Peak's later generation disciples because her age was small and she entered late.

Because she was overly beautiful, enough to steal a soul, she had to wear a veil to cover her face all year round. She was like a flower high up and unattainable.

In short, in order to write this character's appearance, Airplane Shooting Towards The Sky probably used all the idioms he learned from primary school to high school; it must have been really tough on him.

Shen Qingqiu really liked this female protagonist. The reason was not only because Liu Mingyan's appearance was the highest. It was also because she had great tolerance, great style, understood the overall situation, and was just and upright. In Luo Binghe's enormous harem, it was difficult to find such an intelligent wife with good character.

Another point. Liu Mingyan was the only female lead that Airplane Shooting Towards The Sky didn't describe in detail with his pen to the point of being knocked over. Though this arrangement made many readers dissatisfied enough to spray blood like skyscrapers, this gave Liu Mingyan something that the other women didn't have: a character as pure as jade and chaste as ice!⁶

Nothing can be done, can't achieve this matter's best $\gamma(\nabla)$.

The thing to watch in this battle were the words. If there is an Evil path Demon girl then naturally there must be a Righteous path Immortal girl. Every man had a dream to be sandwiched between and troubled by angels and demons, seeing them jealously fight for him one moment and give their lives for him the next; it's a male creature's most lofty YY canon scene. The beauty of an Evil demon girl's wild and unrestrained behavior can make him drunk; the Righteous saint girl wavering between abstinence and desire letting people's hearts itch.

Having thought to here, Shen Qingqiu cried some bitter tears for himself and couldn't help but look towards Luo Binghe again.

It was hard for Luo Binghe not to notice all the glances he was getting. Why did Shen Qingqiu notice him so much? *Can it be that Shizun really..... looks favorably on me?*

However, under Great God Airplane Towards the Sky's pen, the fights between female characters – unless it was ripping [BEEP—] off for men,⁷ there wasn't anything particularly interesting to see. After a time equitable to the burning of a few sticks of incense, Liu Mingyan was defeated. She hadn't found her sword at Wan Jian Peak⁸ yet after all, her techniques were all basic swordplay while Sha Hualing was already the Demon sect's Demon Saint; there was naturally a difference in strength between these two.

Liu Mingyan walked in front of Shen Qingqiu, "This disciple has lost and disgraced the mission, I request that Martial Uncle Shen punish me."

Shen Qingqiu said: "You undertook this responsibility and burden; it was not easy on you. Having lost this time, pay attention to your martial arts and just win back another day."

Having won a round, Sha Hualing was radiant and coquettishly said: "This third trial will determine the victory! Don't know who Elder Shen will send up for the next trial? This time, you had better choose carefully."

Shen Qingqiu supported himself with a hand and stood. He said with deep meaning: "No need for Young Miss to trouble herself. This Shen has a person in mind who he can guarantee will not only win, but will be your nemesis."

Sha Hualing acted as though he was just speaking words to frighten her and clapped her hands. She said: "Which brave warrior volunteers for the third trial?"

In the middle of the numerous demons, a giant elder slowly walked out.

He was called a giant because he was really too tall.

He was definitely over ten *zhang* [feet] high!

A back like a tiger's and a waist like a bear, his hair loose and shaggy, from top to bottom wearing thorny armor, and dragging a fine iron sledgehammer. With every step he took, Shen Qingqiu felt the ground shake a little.

Sha Hualing delightedly said: "I'll give everyone on the immortal mountain a warning first. The spikes on Elder Tian Chui's⁹ armor are covered with my family's strong poison. This kind of poison has no effect on demons but if a human is pierced, there is no cure."

The first feeling Shen Qingqiu got after hearing these words was: Damned Great God Airplane Towards the Sky, don't choose a name so carefreely and so easily!

A person with a single arm is called Elder Du Bi [Single Arm]; his weapon's a big hammer so he's called Elder Tian Chui [Sky Hammer]. Does he dare choose a name diligently?!

The people on the sidelines were all enraged.

"Stinking demon girl! Competing is competing; using strong poison, what fairness is there!"

Sha Hualing retorted: "I didn't hide this point. If you feel anything's unfair, or if you're afraid of getting poisoned and losing your life, the custom is to cede the trial and there would be no more need to compete. We demons won't laugh at you since we cherish life. It's only human."

The demons's loud laughter and the angry condemnations of the disciples sounded. Shen Qingqiu's heart already didn't have many good feelings towards the original Sha Hualing and now it reached a new **low**.

A type of woman like Sha Hualing: when the reader takes the view of the YY protagonist she can be given ten thousand likes. But when standing by her side in reality, Shen Qingqiu didn't believe there would be anyone who would be able to like her!

It wasn't because there were differences compared to what was described in the book; in truth, the worst thing was: she was too much like the original!

A fierce and spicy hot character, plus too brainlessly in love. If it wasn't because she was one of the protagonist's people, she would have gone to the other side earlier. Once you threaten her or any bit of Luo Binghe's interests, she would want to take your dog life first even if you were her real father. In the original work, in order to deliver up the Demon Realm seat to Luo Binghe, didn't she defraud her own birth father.....

Luo Binghe, you're going to have to suffer a little for now.

Towards Sha Hualing's provocation, Shen Qingqiu was indifferent and left a space of blank time. It gave the Demon Realm people pressure (as well as keeping people in suspense) for a time, until he finally turned around and fixed his eyes firmly in someone's direction.

"Luo Binghe, you come out."

—End Chapter 11—

¹Ghost head knife (): Not sure I translated this right lol. I assume they're talking about a sort of sabre rather than 'knife.' In Chinese, the character for 'knife' is included in the word for sabre.

² 'Good to see' ... 'beautiful': In Chinese, the characters used for these phrases are the same (*hao kan*) but have different meanings because of the context.

³MM: Slang for 'mei mei' or little sister. In this context, our MC's calling the Xian Shu Peak disciples a bunch of babes. XD

⁴Liu Mingyan (): '*Ming yan*' means 'sea/drizzle mist.'

⁵PK: Gaming slang for PVP (person vs person) killing. **Player Kill**, hence PK.

⁶Pure as jade... chaste as ice: Meaning someone with a pure and noble character.

⁷Ripping [BEEP–] off for men: Meaning girls ripping clothes off in a catfight for men to see.

⁸Wan Jian Peak (万剑峰): ‘Ten Thousand Sword’ Peak. This is where disciples go to find their ‘sword.’

⁹Elder Tian Chui (天锤): Elder Sky Hammer.

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Chapter 12

All the Qing Jing Peak disciples were suddenly in an uproar.

The disciples of other divisions were not as bad because they weren't familiar with Qing Jing Peak's situation. They still thought the person who would be sent out must be Shen Qingqiu's eldest disciple. Only with a minimum of thirty years of cultivation would a person be able to confront this Demon Elder who at a glance could be seen to have at least several hundred years on him. Only, the strange thing was that they had never heard of this person. How could Qing Jing Peak disciples not know what Luo Binghe's cultivation was?

Ming Fan's face was white as he stuttered: "*Shizun.....* sending out this kid..... sending out junior brother Luo onto the stage, perhaps it's not too suitable?" Although he was anxious and didn't want to go on stage, would gladly let Luo Binghe go up and get abused, he still cared about their own division's honor!

Ning Yingying's even more anxious tears came out and she shamelessly hugged Luo Binghe's arm while stamping her foot and shouting: "Don't want, don't want, don't want!"

Luo Binghe didn't have much combat experience. That demon Elder was covered with thorns all over his body and his sledgehammer must have been at least several hundred *jin*¹; it would be strange if he wasn't killed!

Do you all think I want him to go on stage? I'm also being helplessly forced!

Shen Qingqiu raised his eyebrows and snapped: "I said to let him go up so he should go up. Are you unsatisfied with this master's judgment? Ying-

er, let him go.”

Met with *Shifu*’s scowling face, Ning Yingying knew that nothing could be done.

Luo Binghe patted her comfortingly even though his face was shock white. He said firmly: “Apprentice-sister, don’t be worried. I won’t be of any serious use but since *Shizun* has assigned me to go out, I will definitely use all my strength. Even if my life is forfeit, I won’t lose our division’s face.”

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Ning Yingying rubbed away her tears and let go of Luo Binghe’s arm. She couldn’t bear seeing her sweetheart get hit by others and in a few footsteps, she had run away.

Shen Qingqiu was overjoyed. Well run; if Ning Yingying ran then the trouble that she caused after this scene would also be gone. What a good darling child you are, so sensible!

Though the teenager who stood out from the crowd of people seemed like a clear and upright god, a good seedling with a good foundation, it was also apparent at first sight he was a young disciple with shallow cultivation.

In contrast, the Demon sect’s Elder had a sledgehammer and a build with a tiger’s back and a bear’s waist. No matter where he stood, when compared with Luo Binghe’s still-developing body, there was a sense of oppression. Black wisps of demonic energy exuded from all over the Elder’s body. Everybody hesitated and some speculated that perhaps he had hidden his strength and was only waiting for the fight to begin. Everyone had no words to say.

What hidden strength! He really couldn’t beat him!

How was this a competition, he was being completely beaten by the other party!

Ever since Luo Binghe began the trial, he didn't have any opportunity to make a move. That Demon elder had matchless strength and a swing of his sledgehammer sent out a shockwave. Even though Luo Binghe persisted in advancing and trying to find a chance to attack, the sledgehammer continued to land on his body from time to time.

Not only was the Cang Qiong Mountain sect side dumbstruck, the demon side was also speechless: This was too tragic.....

Someone spoke in a small voice: "Isn't this a sure loss..... what is there to compete?"

Big Hammer, or no, Elder Tian Chui laughed loud and long towards the sky, his voice audible through the entire area: "You've said it right! This little doll had better admit defeat soon and get off the stage, this old man can still leave you a life."

Shen Qingqiu quietly said: "He will win."

Nonsense. Putting the protagonist in a rough spot like this, of course he would win. Only, it would be a very difficult win.

His voice was neither high nor low. However, it was just enough to carry into the center stage where the competition was.

Luo Binghe had suffered a direct frontal hit and suppressed a few mouthfuls of blood in his chest when such confident words traveled to his ears. Somehow, he was able to swallow down the blood.

Will win... right?

Did *Shizun* really believe he would win, and so passed the opportunity to participate in this trial to him?

The demons all laughed loudly and booed. They clamored for him to quickly admit defeat.

However, Luo Binghe didn't accede to their wishes. He was hit several times in succession but instead calmed down and turned a deaf ear to the

jeers of the outside world. His footsteps became increasingly lighter. Elder Tian Chui's giant sledgehammer came down nine times and nine times was not able to even hit his side.

The only spots on Elder Tian Chui that weren't wrapped in poisonous spikes were his face and his fists. This wasn't any good news. This meant that even though these two spots weren't protected by poisonous spikes, he could still go home without losing out.

But at the same time, it was very possibly the only breakthrough point!

Luo Binghe breathed slowly and carefully concentrated.

Shizun chose him to go on stage. While it looked like it was to make things difficult for him, if looking on flipside, losing this trial meant that not only Luo Binghe would lose face. He would bring along the entire sect and the entire Human Realm, dragging in even the Shen Qingqiu who chose him to go on stage.

Shizun must be very convinced that he would win to choose him to go on stage and compete!

In Student Luo Binghe's rich brain, he successfully started a system that seemed to fill the sky with mist.

There had never been anyone who believed in him like this.

Even if it's only for the sake of this trust in him, he must win a victory for everyone to see!

That sledgehammer came whistling down once again. Luo Binghe's pupils shrank. He circulated power in his palm and it condensed into a technique!

Everyone's attention was grabbed by this persistent teenager. Though Luo Binghe didn't have an opening to act, he didn't give up searching for an opportunity to fight back and didn't admit defeat. And at this moment,

the time for the counterattack had come, the tail end of opportunity was firmly and accurately captured in Luo Binghe's hands.

After persisting for half an hour, the third trial finally had a result.

Other than Shen Qingqiu, no one had expected this result.

An Elder Tian Chui with several hundred years of cultivation and was covered in poisonous thorns was actually defeated by a fifteen-year-old boy!

As expected, Liu Mingyan and Sha Hualing were attracted to Luo Binghe. Four beautiful eyes stared in the direction of Luo Binghe's figure, unwilling to withdraw their gazes.

Gained Liu Mingyan & Sha Hualing's attention; Fame during Cang Qiong Mountain sect's invasion by the demons; Protagonist's coolness level: + 500.

Shen Qingqiu was very angry.

For what! It was 1000 for a deduction and only 500 for an addition. What a black-hearted system, it shouldn't have such a serious double standard!

However, it's not an issue. Right now everyone's heart thought about the same thing.

Luo Binghe was really a youth to be regarded with respect!

Shen Qingqiu was really unfathomable!

Sha Hualing held back for a long while before finally squeezing out: "The Central Plains people of the Human Realm have talents as expected, for such a young hero to come out. Ling-er really admires."

Shen Qingqiu said: "Well said, well said. Since the competition has a result, may Miss withdraw her family? Forgive Cang Qiong Mountain sect for being unable to receive guests; as you can see we are in a muddle."

The meaning underneath..... there wasn't any meaning underneath, he was directly and clearly ordering the guests to leave.

Sha Hualing was angry but had nowhere to vent. Her fingers twisted in the red veil on her body and she suddenly exploded.

Her hand reached out and suddenly slapped Elder Tian Chui's face quickly and viciously. She angrily shouted: "To lose to such a young disciple under Elder Shen in a fight and in such an ugly manner, you've lost face for all demons!"

Elder Tian Chui was also pitiful. The Demon Realm was a hierarchy and Sha Hualing from birth was a noble Saint. Even after being hit, he was submissive and didn't dare resist. He only dared to say, unsatisfied: "This one is incompetent, asking the Saint to punish!"

Shen Qingqiu wasn't able to watch any longer. Without being loud or quiet, he said: "Miss Sha, if you want to discipline your followers, please move to another location. Qiong Ding Peak is not a place for nobility to establish their supremacy."

Sha Hualing shed her anger with a hit and finally vented some foul words. Once she turned around, her face was full of smiles again as she said: "Elder Shen's words are right. Ling-er only saw your division's talented young gentleman and seeing the waste under her own command, her heart was disappointed and lost control for a moment. Elder Shen, please don't laugh."

She changed her face again towards Elder Tian Chui, as cold as ice and □□: "Elder Du Bi fighting and losing to Elder Shen is a matter of course. For you to also lose a trial, you don't need me to say. You can see to yourself."

What "You can see to yourself" meant; of course Tian Chui was clear about.

Half his heart went cold on the spot. He originally felt that Shen Qingqiu showing up on Qiong Ding Peak was like a big laughable dolly, the

disciples were low in cultivation, and he wanted easy pickings. Only then did he believe the Saint's invitation. Only, he didn't think that he would take a great fall here and that even his life was not guaranteed. In the blink of an eye, he saw Luo Binghe surrounded by people, his well-being inquired about by others. Malicious intentions arose.

Tian Chui did not dare make a move on Shen Qingqiu. The little dolly who had harmed him so tragically; he wanted to drag him with him to die as his funeral bed!

Shen Qingqiu paid attention to the demons' every action and emotion. Tian Chui's eyes flashing with evil light was not missed, of course. But the demons were really an unrestrained race. Once they decided to act, they acted. There wasn't even any buffer time. Only in the previous second did he have this intention, yet in the next second he'd raised up his sledgehammer and charged forward!

Elder Tian Chui's build was large and he approached quickly, just like a mountain of metal flying over. Luo Binghe's hands were not light and quick; he was slow and his eyes watched as he was going to be smashed. But he heard Shen Qingqiu scoff coldly, suddenly appearing before him, his paper fan hitting Elder Tian Chui behind the knees.

Elder Tian Chui knelt on the spot.

He really knelt! His whole body crashed on the ground, unconscious. That big hammer was also easily picked up by Shen Qingqiu and held in his hand for a moment; it truly had some weight to it. But for someone with such an elegant temperament and appearance to hold such a giant hammer wasn't very beautiful. Shen Qingqiu immediately threw it far away and said: "Losing the competition and you want to kill? My division's disciple isn't for you to bully!"

These righteous and awe-inspiring words didn't just make the demons speechless; in his heart, even Shen Qingqiu's own old face turned dark red.

Please, you sent up your own disciple for others to abuse all right!

Luo Binghe saw the blue-clothed back blocking in front of him and even forgot to thank *Shizun*. He only knew that *Shizun* saved him once again.

Shizun was always like this. He appeared to be harsh towards him, but always in the most critical moment would block in front of him.

Shen Qingqiu turned his head around and glanced at him: “Nothing wrong?” He should engender some good feelings.....

Luo Binghe slowly said: “This disciple is all right! Many thanks to *Shizun* for saving me.”

This child was so silly and sweet that Shen Qingqiu was a little embarrassed. Shen Qingqiu’s old face almost turned red and he quickly turned around and switched to a lofty and cold expression. Towards Sha Hualing: “Miss Sha, you should discipline well your own followers. If you can’t afford defeat, then why did you have to set three trials?”

Sha Hualing didn’t expect there would be a scene like what had just occurred and felt awkward. She really wanted to say some words for the situation but who knew that just at that moment, things changed again.

The Elder Tian Chui who was lying dead and unmoving on the ground suddenly jumped up and rushed towards Luo Binghe again!

—End Chapter 12—

¹*Jin*: Unit of measurement for weight. 1 *jin* = 0.5 kg = 1.1023 lb.

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Chapter 13

TN: Finally found a good cultivating reference for translation. Jindan = golden core/pellet/dan = Core Formation. LOL. Ling mai () = spirit veins. Also the spirit cave that Liu Qingge was in is called Ling Xi Cave.

His hammer had already been taken away by Shen Qingqiu, but couldn't he use his body to crush Luo Binghe to death?

Seeing him open his arms as though to embrace Luo Binghe, it was as though lightning had struck in Shen Qingqiu's mind and cleared a few bends in thought. He broke out in cold sweat!

Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me! He was still wearing the poison-spiked armor!

At this moment, Shen Qingqiu completely forgot about Luo Binghe's golden body and the rule of the undying protagonist. Putting himself in peril, he unconsciously chose to move over and block again.

The Xiu Ya sword exited its scabbard and the snow-white sword light pierced Elder Tian Chui and gave him a critical injury. But Tian Chui relied on his brute force and viciousness to move forward, unwilling to retreat even if a hole was bored through him. Instead, he was overjoyed and charged forward, letting the Xiu Ya sword pierce out through his back. A grim smile stretched across his face as he changed his direction towards Shen Qingqiu.

Shen Qingqiu promptly made a decision and let go, but it was already too late.

His right hand felt the pain of getting pierced. Suddenly, he felt a wave of cold from his heart to the bottom of his feet.

Tian Chui collapsed on the ground and spit out a mouthful of blood. He laughed crazily: “Shen Qingqiu was made by me into funerary goods, hahahaha. Worth! Worth it!”

“*Shizun!*” Luo Binghe suddenly caught Shen Qingqiu’s right hand. His eyes were red: “Shizun, you..... were pierced by the spike?!”

Shen Qingqiu opened his hand and said: “It’s nothing. I didn’t get pierced. Don’t listen to him exaggerate just to alarm people.” As he spoke, he glanced down. In his mind and heart there was a string of scrolling fuck fuck fuck fuck brushed all over the screen.

From the back of his hand to his arm, there were rows of small pinholes! They were already starting to turn red!

Good thing that he didn’t have an intense phobia. Rather, it was Luo Binghe whose face turned completely white after seeing it.

Who could hear the raging waves and stormy seas in Shen Qingqiu’s heart? *Damn, how many times have I been dropped into a pit by the protagonist! It’s already been said he won’t die, he won’t die! You specially went up and hurried to rescue his life for what, ah fuck, fuck, fuck!*

Elder Tian Chui had finally dragged someone with him to be his funeral bed and it was even a funeral bed of decent weight. He wasn’t depressed anymore and happily said: “This old man never says things just to alarm people. If I say this poison has no cure then there is no cure. Peak Lord Shen, peacefully wait for death!”

Sword light flashed. Luo Binghe drew the Xiu Ya sword and held it against Tian Chui’s neck, his movement so quick and smooth that Shen Qingqiu almost didn’t see it.

It was as though Luo Binghe had become another person. Angrily, he said: “Impossible! There must be a way, only you’re unwilling to give out

the cure.”

Sha Hualing suddenly said: “Tian Chui truly didn’t lie to this young gentleman. This poison is called ‘Without A Cure.’¹ Towards humans, it truly is without cure. He is already going to die, how can he be afraid of you using his death to bargain with him?”

‘Without A Cure’!

In this life, he hasn’t heard of a poison whose name was given as little thought as this one!

Although he read the original work and already knew there was such a strong poison, there was still no way to stop Shen Qingqiu from cursing Great God Airplane Towards the Sky’s pragmatism in choosing names!

Light flashed in Sha Hualing’s gaze. She saw that the circumstances had obviously changed and was considering the good idea of making a comeback. But how could Shen Qingqiu be unclear about her pissy character? He cycled spiritual power and ceaselessly suppressed the needle-like pain and vacuum-like feeling in his right hand at the same time. Wearing a small smile on his lips, he pretended to be relaxed and said: “Saying words like these isn’t bad. But Miss Sha, have you forgotten how many years I have? Does Middle-Stage Core Formation still count as mortal?”

Sha Hualing’s expression changed, but then she quickly calmed down and laughed: “Whether or not you’re mortal, I don’t know. However, I know a way to prove whether Elder Shen is really poisoned. If someone has been affected by ‘Without A Cure’: starting from the wound, their spiritual power circulation will be interrupted; slowly it will spread to the entire body; finally, not only spiritual power but even blood will stagnate and cause the person to die. I nvite Elder Shen to use his right hand to try a strong spiritual power attack. You will be able to see the outcome.”

A strong spiritual power attack, as the name suggests, is to take a great amount of spiritual power and circulate it to a certain point and then letting it suddenly explode. It uses the violent shock of the spiritual power’s

explosion to produce an attacking effect. The result is similar to flipping down a switch and launching a missile or throwing out a detonator. The strength is determined by the person's cultivation.

Shen Qingqiu privately tried before and was able to reach the level of throwing out a grenade. But now, his right hand was just like an intricate robot that had part of an electrical circuit removed. He used all his effort and strength but the circulation of spiritual power was completely blocked.

Damn, this old man shouldn't be wasted just like this right!

Luo Binghe heard the description of 'Without A Cure' and his lips trembled.

At this moment, he forgot Shen Qingqiu's bad treatment of him in the past. It was completely erased from his heart.

He was only very clear that *Shizun*'s cultivation had been harmed by the demons to the point that his cultivation might be wasted, to the extent that he might be killed!

And all of this, was all for him.....

Shen Qingqiu saw his expression change and readily touched his head: "No need to worry."

Raising his eyes, Shen Qingqiu laughed eccentrically: "It won't hurt to give it a try. But this matter can't be tried without anything in return. Miss Sha, you entered and created chaos in Qiong Ding Peak and this Shen always kept his forbearance. Now I've changed my mind; you can't just come and go as you please. How can I let my Cang Qiong Mountain sect be laughed at by others? Why don't we compare a few attacks and make it a life-and-death match; if there are any injuries we have only ourselves to blame. Whatever happens next, no one will pursue. How is it?"

He cannot show weakness now!

Everyone on the entire Qiong Ding Peak relied on him as the sole Elder present to prop them up. Once he fell down, according to Sha Hualing's calculations, the clear result would be the demons lighting fire and burning down all of Qiong Ding Peak, watching the sect sign be carried away by them back to the Demon Realm, and the sect's prestige dropping sharply thereafter; if serious, the entire mountain would be massacred!

Don't doubt; this woman definitely dared to do this kind of thing.

Better to make a bet quickly and gamble!

Shen Qingqiu didn't notice that unknowingly, he already didn't consider any of these anxious, steadfast, indignant, or guarding disciples as the mob characters talked about in the novel.

Sha Hualing bit her lips and felt tangled.

If Shen Qingqiu really had an extraordinary human body, that poison would have no effect on him. Were the two of them to fight, judging by pure strength of their spiritual power, she would die without knowing it. But if he was only standing weakly and immediately dying afterwards or making an empty show of strength, after this trial there would be the great opportunity of Qiong Ding Peak. Wouldn't she regret it for life?

Shen Qingqiu calmly looked at her and waited for her decision as though he wasn't expecting an answer.

Luo Binghe pulled at his sleeve and said in a low voice: "*Shizun*, this disciple is willing to receive the attack in your stead."

Shen Qingqiu's expression didn't change as he pulled back his sleeve and said: "Since when is there the reasoning that a disciple should stand in the stead of the *shifu*?"

Luo Binghe said: "*Shizun* was injured because of this disciple....."

Shen Qingqiu glared at him: "Since you know this injury is because of you, you should properly protect your own life!"

Luo Binghe's mouth opened but he couldn't speak. His eyes became even more red.

In the end, Sha Hualing gritted her teeth: "Then Elder Shen, please forgive Ling-er for being rude!"

Shen Qingqiu said: "I won't be merciful."

Sha Hualing's heart beat rapidly and didn't even dare to speak back. A shadow of red flame rose with her snow-white hand, accompanied by an overbearing demonic energy. She attacked!

With one foot, Shen Qingqiu kicked Luo Binghe clear. Preparation done, he was willing to use his fleshly body to meet this palm!

However, he had neither been sent flying by this strike of Sha Hualing's nor had vomited a burst of blood and died.

Full of killing aura, once his sword exited the scabbard he saw Bai Zhan Peak's lord dissolve Sha Hualing's attack without moving a finger. He simply used the force of a burst of spiritual power emanating from his body.

After a moment of silence, Qiong Ding Peak seemed to fly up to the sky.

"Martial Uncle Liu!" "Martial Uncle Liu exited seclusion!" "Bai Zhan Peak's War God has exited seclusion, see if you demons dare to be arrogant anymore!"

Shen Qingqiu said in his heart: *What kind of rubbish is this playing cool! Would you die if you came out earlier! I damn well thought I was going to have to report back to my original world!*

This was indeed a blameworthy stupid author's stallion novel. After Sha Hualing's attack was mitigated, in addition to a soft scream, the red veils that originally covered her body broke into pieces. It caused a spate of exclamations.

She used a beautiful posture to tumble and buffer the attack, rolling up with a palm to the ground. As expected, demons really had a bold and

unrestrained demeanor. Almost her entire body was a mosaic² but she still wasn't shy and only viciously pulled over a subordinate's cloak. She carelessly said: "Everyone, today was my miscalculation. There will be time for goodbyes in the future! Let's go!"

Liu Qingge laughed coldly: "Coming and going as you please. What big face you have. What the opposite of beauty in thought!"

Once he reached back and the Cheng Luan sword³ behind his back flew into the sky, hundreds upon hundreds of bright tangible sword energies arrayed in the sky. They rained down like hail and pierced down on the demons.

Sha Hualing had to lead and take care of her subordinates as she ran while at the same time making the red veil in her hand into a piece of red cloud and launching it into the sky. However, it completely couldn't block the spiritual swords and quickly the red veil was pierced full of holes all over. Additionally, Cang Qiong Mountain sect's disciples blocked their way and a good half of the demons died, were injured, or taken prisoner. They could only closely follow Sha Hualing's faithful subordinates killing a bloody path to escape down the mountain.

Liu Qingge returned his sword to its scabbard, scowling as he turned around and searched Shen Qingqiu's hand for the wound with his gaze. Qing Jing Peak disciples also surrounded them. Tens of faces were all pale and tense.

Shen Qingqiu grinned: "It looks like making the decision to send someone to imitate Aunt Snow⁴ to slap the wall of Ling Xi Cave and howl for you to come out, was an extremely correct decision."

Liu Qingge: "Who's Aunt Snow?"

Shen Qingqiu: "Not who. How am I?"

Liu Qingge snorted: "You won't die for now."

Though he'd carelessly said those words, his left hand sent spiritual power into Shen Qingqiu's body without ceasing and his expression turned serious. He specially clarified: "What I owe you back in the spirit caves, I'll return to you!"

Die proudly!

Shen Qingqiu felt that his plan to pull Liu Qingge to his side seemed very promising and was very satisfied. But the spirit veins all over his body seemed to spasm and twitch from time to time and made him unable to smile.

Luo Binghe suddenly said: "Martial Uncle Liu, this strong poison 'Without A Cure,' is it truly without a cure?"

Liu Qingge glanced at him and hadn't yet replied when Shen Qingqiu's knees suddenly softened and he knelt down. Fortunately, Luo Binghe was always supporting him. However, Shen Qingqiu really couldn't stand any longer. He gestured with his hand and said: "Let me lie down..... let me lie down for a while."

Luo Binghe had never seen a Shen Qingqiu appear so weak. His eyes red, he knelt at Shen Qingqiu's side and couldn't speak. He could only choke back his misery and call out: "*Shizun*."

Shen Qingqiu raised an arm with great difficulty and rubbed his head. The mouthful of blood that he had suppressed for an entire day had finally come out as he quivered, but he persisted in finishing the key words to promote good feelings.

"I knew..... you would definitely win."

Hearing these words, Luo Binghe's entire body startled.

Shen Qingqiu expressed his understanding.

Luo Binghe must have decided that this person was a mental case + schizophrenic..... Truly, if taken from Heaven's point of view, Shen

Qingqiu himself wouldn't be able to tolerate and would throw down the book and curse: *This is what kind of TM⁵ role, one moment fighting and one moment saving; are you sick!*

At this time, the system delivered its notices.

Complexity of the role of "Shen Qingqiu" +20, Literary and philosophical depth +20, Choosing to fight a trial +10, Total gained B Points: +50.

.....Shen Qingqiu was horrified. The role's philosophical depth could be calculated like this?

Plus, don't carelessly open such a strange value, thank you!

The view in his two eyes darkening, Shen Qingqiu raised his head and thought that he might have seen Luo Binghe's tears well up in his eyes and fall down.

It had to have been a mistake.

This was his last thought before he lost consciousness.

—End Chapter 13—

¹ 'Without A Cure' (): No point leaving it untranslated. 100% literal translation is more like 'No Solution.' Pinyin is *Wu Ke Jie*.

²Body a mosaic: Basically saying that her body is censored. XD

³Cheng Luan sword (): 'Riding Luan' sword. Luan () is a kind of mythical bird related to the phoenix. Edited after **aliced**'s suggestion. :3

⁴Aunt Snow: The nickname of Chinese actress Wang Lin. She got the name after starring in the 2001 movie "Romance in the Rain." Neither Luen nor I have watched the movie but I think you can assume that this "Aunt Snow" had a scene involving hands slapping the door and a lot of howling.

⁵TM: It's short for *ta ma de* or 'damn/fuck.' Our MC is cursing it as 'what kind of damn/fucking role...'

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Chapter 14

*TN: Apologies for the late chapter, been busy this week and weekend. >.
<*

Changed “porridge” and “rice porridge” to “congee.” I forgot that was the official term used lol.

After falling unconscious, Shen Qingqiu woke up like someone half-dead.

He opened his eyes to see a pure white canopy above his head and knew he was in his own quarters at Qing Jing Peak. The chaos caused by the demons should have already been calmed down. He took a breath and wanted to yawn and stretch when suddenly, the door opened and someone came in.

Ming Fan was carrying a tray and seeing that he was awake, flung the tray to his left and howled.

“*Shifu*, you’ve finally woken up!”

There was still another person standing outside the door. Luo Binghe stood at the door. It seemed like he wanted to come in but was uncertain and unsure.

After howling, Ming Fan turned around and saw him. He reprimanded: “How come you’re still standing here?” Then he turned back to Shen Qingqiu: “Don’t know what kind of disease this kid has that he insists on standing here like a stick. Don’t you know that *Shizun* is annoyed once he sees you? I reminded him but he still doesn’t go.”

Shen Qingqiu weakly held up a hand: “.....Might as well. Up to him.”

Ming Fan said: “Bai Zhan Peak’s Martial Uncle Liu said to tell him when you woke up. I-I’ll go call Martial Uncle Liu, Elder Martial Uncle Mu, and the Sect Head!” After finishing, he rushed up and out the door.

Seems like he’d truly slept for a long time..... Yue Qingyuan had already returned to Cang Qiong Mountain sect. As for “Elder Martial Uncle Mu,” that must be Qian Cao Peak’s Mu Qingfang.¹ Qian Cao Peak specializes in medical skill and medicine production, so it’s necessary for him to be on the scene.

Luo Binghe moved and made way so that the path was clear. He was far away but refused to leave, his attention focused inside the room.

Shen Qingqiu slowly sat up and said: “Do you have anything to say? If so, then come in.”

Luo Binghe walked inside the room and with a thump, suddenly kneeled down.

Shen Qingqiu: “.....!!!”

System, wait a moment? What’s going on? I only slept for a while, how come it became like this just after I woke up? How long did I really sleep? Have ten years passed already?

After Luo Binghe knelt, he raised his head. His eyes were hot with tears and guilt: “Asking Shizun to forgive this disciple’s past ignorance.”

This word ‘ignorance’; no matter who it was put with, it couldn’t be put with Luo Binghe!

“This disciple originally thought that *Shizun* didn’t care about me. Only in the third trial did I realize *Shizun*’s troubles in the past.”

Shen Qingqiu: *No, no, no. Your original Shizun really didn’t care about you, he’d rather you died, really..... However, what troubles of mine did*

you realize? You should say more; I'm also very curious!

Luo Binghe didn't continue speaking down that line and only sincerely said: "From now on, this disciple will definitely wait upon *Shizun* with all his heart, obey all your commands and instructions."

Shen Qingqiu looked at him with a complicated expression.

This child's heart at this moment, was truly..... very kind and honest!

Saved him once and all of the past verbal and physical abuse was completely forgotten?!

If this continued, would he still be able to steel himself and viciously push him into the Endless Abyss?

Shen Qingqiu was silent for a moment, then said: "As long as you understand, it's good. You get up first."

Though he didn't understand at all, what did Luo Binghe comprehend in the end?

He saw Luo Binghe slowly rise but still refuse to leave, a little bashful like there was still something he wanted to say. Shen Qingqiu asked: "Is there anything else?"

Luo Binghe said: "*Shizun* slept for many days and just woke up. I don't know if *Shizun* has an appetite?"

Shen Qingqiu only just noticed that he was so hungry that it felt like his front had stuck to his back. Once he heard that there was food, his eyes turned green with desire and he hurriedly said: "Very much. You bring it up, then."

Luo Binghe immediately ran to the kitchen. The congee that he remade every hour these days finally came of use. He braved holding the congee that was still wafting steam and brought it over, helping Shen Qingqiu sit up properly from the bed. Eagerly attentive to a fault, he almost fed it straight to Shen Qingqiu's mouth. Goosebumps emerged on Shen Qingqiu's

arms and he took the spoon himself, eating a few mouthfuls before he saw that Luo Binghe was still standing beside the bed and closely watching him.

Shen Qingqiu thought for moment, then suddenly realized and said lightly: “The taste isn’t bad.”

Though he said the taste wasn’t bad, Shen Qingqiu almost had a face full of tears sort of feeling.

Qing Jing Peak’s core customs walked the path of the fresh and light. Even the cook’s style was along those lines so no matter how he ate, the taste in Shen Qingqiu’s mouth was so light that it was like a bird taking flight. But though the bowl in his hands was also congee – perhaps it was a problem regarding the ingredients or technique – it was on a completely different standard compared to that bowl of light watery soup congee.

Snowy white congee, lightly watery with some green onion garnish, delicious and beautiful-looking shredded meat, and just the right amount of ginger sliced into thin strips.² It was comparable to what Shen Yuan’s own home’s head chef made back in his original world!

Hearing his exaggeration, Luo Binghe’s two eyes shone and he said: “If *Shizun* likes it, how about having this disciple make new things for you every day?”

Shen Qingqiu choked on the spot.

Luo Binghe attentively patted him on the back. Shen Qingqiu waved a hand to express he was fine. He was just a little horrified.

Luo Binghe’s good cooking was the number one weapon to ‘kill’ sisters. He really didn’t think he would have the privilege to eat the dishes created by Luo Binghe that only a few select countable-on-one-hand harem sisters could eat.

Even more horrifying were his lines, his lines. This sentence “make new things (dishes) for you every day,” wasn’t it used by Luo Binghe to make

those select noble eldest Misses let go of their anger and willingly enter his harem?

Things can be eaten carelessly, but words cannot be said carelessly!

Seeing Shen Qingqiu's strange expression, Luo Binghe was a little uneasy and asked: "Shizun, do you not like it?"

Shen Qingqiu thought for a while. *What does it have to do with me? Since he's already done so for me, I would be a fool not to take it. Speaking of that, the male protagonist being a free cook for me is something worth showing off!*

He immediately put on a kind and genial expression as he said: "This Master really likes it. These duties will be given to your care from now on."

He finally won't have to continue eating that light watery soup congee anymore! This Master was also able to open and lead a tiny cafeteria!

Having received confirmation, Luo Binghe's entire body gave out an aura like a flower blossoming during the warm spring. Shen Qingqiu saw his appearance like that and didn't know why he suddenly felt like he wanted to rub his head.

After sending away the (made into a coolie child in vain) open and brightly smiling Luo Binghe, Shen Qingqiu knocked on the system.

'System, I want to ask you some things.' He thought for bit, 'The Endless Abyss scene..... is it unavoidable?'

System: If Luo Binghe misses the "Endless Abyss" storyline, coolness level -10000.

Shen Qingqiu heard the last number clearly and had a habitual mouthful of blood coming up. Forget it, vomiting is vomiting and he had already become used to it.

Actually, he'd already thought about what would happen afterwards and reached a conclusion. If he wasn't able to banish Luo Binghe into the

Endless Abyss, then Luo Binghe wouldn't be able to activate his golden finger. If the protagonist was left hanging, how would there be any coolness?

Therefore, the path of the Endless Abyss scene must be walked. And the most wretched part of this book was that this mission fell on the head of the number one scum villain.

He still didn't want to give up and asked again, though with a bit of a sad sigh. The current Luo Binghe who was like a little sun had to descend into becoming that shadowy and cold-blooded BOSS of the book. Even someone like him who had transmigrated was unable to change this fact.

He was destined to strike the protagonist into the Endless Abyss, opening the path for him to become a legend for generations kind of man!

Shen Qingqiu was even more worried about his own future.

If he didn't do it, his coolness level would drop by 10000. He really couldn't die any more thoroughly.

Too bad Luo Binghe's hands after being blackened definitely wouldn't let him off.

What kind of thing is this!

Luo Binghe hadn't walked off for long when Shen Qingqiu's apprentice-brothers approached to inspect his illness.

Shen Qingqiu laid on the bed, his hand holding up a book, when he was met with Yue Qingyuan entering first. He wanted to get off the bed but Yue Qingyuan hurriedly stopped him: "Qingqiu, don't move carelessly. Don't attempt to get down only to fall on the ground. It's better to lie down, there's no need to care about things like manners." From another direction behind him was Mu Qingfang: "Martial brother Mu, come and take a look at Qingqiu again."

While he was unconscious, Mu Qingfang already gave a diagnosis for Shen Qingqiu. Right now would probably count as a follow-up consultation. Shen Qingqiu offered his wrist to him and politely said: “I will be troubling martial brother Mu.”

Mu Qingfang nodded and sat at the bedside, his fingers took his pulse. For Qian Cao Peak’s Peak Lord’s medical knowledge, all kinds of difficult miscellaneous diseases only needed a short moment’s inspection to make a judgment and determine a countermeasure. However, he still seriously took his pulse for a long while before he withdrew his fingers.

Yue Qingyuan asked: “How is it?”

Shen Qingqiu wasn’t reserved and straightforwardly asked: “Can this poison be cured?”

Liu Qingge’s shook his sleeves straight and sat down beside the table, snorting: “This poison is called Without A Cure, what do you say?”

Shen Qingqiu sighed: “Then martial brother Mu, simply say how many years I have left to live? How many months? Or is it how many days?”

Mu Qingfang shook his head and said: “Though it’s without a cure, it can be repressed.”

His voice was even, neither light nor heavy, but Shen Qingqiu felt that he’d gotten a turn of fortune.

Though this poison was called “Without A Cure,” it was actually curable.

Because in the original work, at the beginning of that □□ Immortal Alliance Conference, there was a demure and graceful little apprentice-sister from another sect who had contracted this demonic poison.

The key point was, she was the protagonist’s girl.

Have you met a stallion novel’s male protagonist who let his own girl die from poison?

If you have, then it must be a subpar stallion novel author's protagonist!

It would be a tens of thousands of years failure of a stallion novel!

The cure was very simple! Let us go back and look at the development in the original work.

Because of the irresistible force of the scene, the graceful little apprentice-sister had contracted the poison from a demon spirit in order to save the male protagonist. Luo Binghe felt he had an unshirkable responsibility and took up the task of finding a cure for the graceful little apprentice-sister.

Coincidentally, in the mountain forest at the Immortal Alliance Conference, there grew a thousand-year miracle flower – sorry, Shen Qingqiu forgot it was called what flower or what grass because in “Proud Immortal Demon Way” there were at least fifty-something kinds of those miracle flowers, and each one was at least thousands of years old and could be counted as a miraculous flower or shrub. The numbers were definitely over three digits and who the heck could remember all those names.

Great God Airplane Towards The Sky, you think miracle flowers are like Chinese cabbages on sale? Give these miracle plants a little dignity, all right!

Luo Binghe thought this miracle flower from the tales would definitely cure the poison in the graceful little apprentice-sister's body. Not only did he struggle bitterly to pick it for her, he also wasted three days. These three days he searched for the flower while fighting monsters and both of them came to develop feelings for each other. The graceful little apprentice-sister's poison became more and more serious, her entire body weak when Luo Binghe was finally able to pick the flower. The two people were overjoyed and quickly the graceful little apprentice-sister ate the flower raw (.....).

But, it didn't work! The poison wasn't cured!

The hearts of both people went cold. The girl felt that she was going to die and thought she must leave behind an unforgettable memory so her existence wouldn't be forgotten, so she took the opportunity while she was still weak to push down Luo Binghe.....

Luo Binghe made a show of resistance but thought afterward 'she's doing it all for me. I can't be coldhearted and refuse her last wish.' And after a show of reluctance, he yielded and obeyed.....

Then, the poison, how was it cured?

After doing *pa pa pa* [sex], the girl's poison was naturally cured!

Tired? Vulgar? Farfetched? But it's very cool, right! Cool thunder, cool thunder, hahahaha.....

It's because Luo Binghe was of mixed demon and human blood. Also, the demon side of his bloodline was that of the demons' number one Sacred Ruler's ancient heavenly demon blood! Such a tiny little demon poison was not even enough to stuff between the gaps of his teeth. During the process of the two people having sex, it had already been sucked over by Luo Binghe and digested away. At the same time, even the nutrients of the miracle flower that the girl had eaten raw earlier were absorbed by him, giving him a big boost in cultivation!

—End Chapter 14—

¹Qiancao Peak (千草峰)... Mu Qingfang (穆清芳): Qiancao Peak means 'Thousand Grasses' Peak. The name suggests it's the medical division of Cang Qiong Mountain sect even without the explanation later. Qingfang means 'clear fragrance.'

²Snowy white congee...: A lot more appetizing than it sounds. Here's what it looks like:



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Chapter 15

TN: I 'm trying switch to WordPress page jump for footnotes so you can click and go to the footnote, then click it again to go back to where you were while reading. It's a WIP, hope it's working right. :3

Two chapter release, so remember to click 'Forward' on to Chapter 16.

Edit: Corrected CP in footnotes.

The so-called protagonist's treatment was that even if he stepped on dog shit, he'd still find a cheat or elixir of life hidden inside.

Shen Qingqiu's memories of this caused his face to change unpredictably. He even ignored the people beside him and Yue Qingyuan had to call him several times before he returned to himself: "What?"

Mu Qingfang passed over a piece of paper to him: "Every month continue to take these four medicinal herbs while circulating your spiritual power strongly. This poison shouldn't affect you seriously." After a moment, he said: "Only, I'm afraid elder apprentice-brother Shen will occasionally encounter a blockage in using or circulating spiritual power in the future.

The other three people in the room all paid close attention to his expression.

For cultivators, encountering a blockage in circulating spiritual power was a very terrifying problem. It was especially so during a duel between two master cultivators; one mistake could take a life. Though as everyone knew, Shen Qingqiu was already very satisfied with this result.

For someone with a scum villain role like him, encountering an odd poison like Without A Cure but still being able to live afterwards was already giving him a lot of face!

Even if he knew that he only needed to *pa pa pa* with the protagonist to cure the poison, could he? Could he? Hahahaha.....

Yue Qingyuan sighed: “If I had known, I wouldn’t have gone down the mountain to personally arrange the Immortal Alliance Conference. Even bothering Qingqiu.....”

Shen Qingqiu slowly said: “The Immortal Alliance Conference was already a big matter that all the sect heads were supposed to arrange. Elder apprentice-brother, how could you not go? This time we can only blame the Demon Realm people for being despicable and cunning, and myself for not being careful. Elder apprentice-brother, you should never blame yourself.”

If he didn’t make things clear now and things went wrong, according to Yue Qingyuan’s character, he might never go down the mountain again. Even the fall of Cang Qiong Mountain sect was a possibility. Who knew that on the other end, Mu Qingfang said guiltily: “No, it’s my wrong. If it wasn’t because I failed to discover the Demon Realm people’s invasion and wasn’t able to accompany martial brother Shen, it wouldn’t come to this.”

Shen Qingqiu felt his head swell even more at this troublesome matter. All three people were in a complete muddle and doing their utmost to say that they were the one wrong. Liu Qingge was expressionless as he faced towards the window and looked outside. He waited until they finished laying blame on themselves to drink a mouthful of tea and say: “This matter shouldn’t be said to anyone else outside the Twelve Peak Lords.”

As the number one sect and one of the Twelve Peak Lords, it would not be good if this fatal weakness were to be known by others. All three people naturally understood.

Yue Qingyuan was still worried and asked: “Qingqiu, will you feel that the burden of a Peak Lord will be too heavy?”

If it were the original Shen Qingqiu, he would be eighty percent suspicious of what □□ Yue Qingyuan wanted to do. But now, Shen Qingqiu understood that he was truthfully worried that he would be overly pressured and wouldn't attend to his own health. He held up a hand and said: "Sect head elder brother, you don't need to worry about me. I won't waste away to that degree." He smiled, then continued: "Right now I am able to steadily get better and cultivate even if the poison is still there. I am very satisfied."

They also talked about the problem of the demon invasion. Yue Qingyuan and Mu Qingfang were the first to step away and leave. The former had a rare angry expression and was preparing a large-scale plan for the Human Realm to suppress the demons, looking for major sects to participate. The latter continued to think about a way to solve the poison. Silently sending them off, Shen Qingqiu found them quite funny but also felt warm and happy.

These Cang Qiong Mountain sect fellow members, although everyone had different characters and there were those who got along well and those who got along badly, they all had a united heart. Though separated into Twelve Peaks, if something happened, they were truly a dependable family. The original goods really had a brain drowned in water [\[1\]](#) to perversely slaughter his own sect members.

His happy mood didn't last for long before Liu Qingge put down his long-cooled tea. Lightly, he said: "If it wasn't because you don't have ghostly *qi* on your body, I would definitely suspect that you are possessed."

Leaving behind these words, it sounded like they just wouldn't get along.

To some extent, your guess would be very accurate.....however, these words would require Shen Qingqiu to have eight hundred points of courage to say out loud, so he could only laugh wordlessly.

Liu Qingge continued: "Saving me in the Ling Xi Cave was already incredible. As for the matter of the Demon Realm attack this time, you almost got killed saving a nameless disciple. Suffering damage from strong poison and blocking your spirit power should have made you angry, but you

are indifferent instead. Doing these things is not strange, except that you have been the one to do them. It doesn't make sense."

Shen Qingqiu didn't want to talk with him at all about the problem of his own OOC character. He called Ming Fan inside to switch to new tea and leaned back, smiling: "Nameless? That's only for now. You watch, Luo Binghe will make you shocked."

Liu Qingge remembered Luo Binghe's name and said: "It's that young boy? His foundation [2] is quite excellent. But someone with this kind of good qualification is picked by the big sects in the hundreds if not thousands every year. There's not a single one who can stand out among others to the end."

That's why I say you don't understand! You haven't opened your eyes! There's no way for you to understand the high sense of superiority set by the plot!

Shen Qingqiu kindly advised him: "Believe me, he is definitely different. I dare to say that Luo Binghe will definitely have great achievements in the future. I hope that apprentice-brother will guide him if he has the opportunity in the future. It's absolutely not a trade that'll lose you money." [3]

What if Liu Qingge became a stumbling block in Luo Binghe's path and they faced off? What if he was chopped *ka ca* [4] and KO-ed!

For everyone's good, it was necessary to remind Liu Qingge.

The Shen Qingqiu of the past didn't have many words and was absolutely cold. Whenever he had to open his mouth, he was cultured and sourly envious, his wording matching as though in poetry and carefully neat. But ever since Shen Qingqiu unfroze the OOC function, all kinds of vernacular words would slip out from time to time. Even the Liu Qingge who didn't know what OOC was couldn't listen any further. He swept his sleeves out and left.

Ming Fan was half-dead with depression. He had only gone to change tea

yet was forced to hear good words being spoken about Luo Binghe by Shen Qingqiu, who was the person who shared his enmity. His heart felt stuffy to the point it was as though ‘the person we cursed as a little bitch and whose home we happily wrecked, you suddenly became a CP.’ [5] With an evil heart he decided to do evil things to others. Energetically, Ming Fan found the Luo Binghe who was pondering over what to make for Shen Qingqiu to eat tomorrow morning. He was suddenly right in Luo Binghe’s face and shouted and scolded loudly, then commanded: “Go chop firewood for me! Chop eighty bundles! Fill the woodshed! Go fetch water! The water jars in your apprentice-brothers’ rooms are all empty, are you blind and can’t see?!”

Luo Binghe was puzzled: “But, apprentice-brother, where do I sleep if the woodshed is full?”

Ming Fan’s foot stomped the ground and his spittle flew: “Isn’t there flat ground right here? Can’t you sleep here?!”

“Apprentice-brother, I just filled the water jars in the rooms today.....”

“The water isn’t fresh, redo it!”

If it had been in the past, Luo Binghe’s heart would have felt a little wronged or had some grievances. But now his heart was much different.

In his eyes, all these things were training experiences for him.

He already had such a good *Shizun* who, for his sake, could even give up his own life (.....). What kind of experience couldn’t he accept? What kind of bitterness wouldn’t he be able to eat?

Luo Binghe didn’t say anything else and immediately turned his head around to do his tasks.

Ming Fan saw him like this and didn’t feel any happiness from bullying, instead feeling even more stuffiness in his heart. While walking, he cursed: “I really don’t know what part of this stinking brat came into *Shizun*’s eyes, for *Shizun* to treat him with such special interest. What great achievements,

what dog shit difference from others! Even if *Shizun* has been blinded by this stinking brat, Martial Uncle Liu won't guide him. *Pei.....*"[6]

Though he walked while muttering curses, his voice wasn't loud. However, of course the Luo Binghe whose cultivation improved rapidly and whose five senses were naturally good would hear. Although Ming Fan's words were broken up, most of the key words could be caught. Luo Binghe immediately could clearly guess most of it.

So it turned out that *Shizun* talked about him like this in front of Martial Uncle Liu.....

In a place where he couldn't see, there was someone who looked so well upon him. This kind of feeling was very wonderful.

A current of warmth suddenly coursed through his heart, surging stronger and stronger, gradually wrapping his entire body.

Luo Binghe felt a firm resolve rise from the bottom of his heart and sprout. The two hands holding onto heavy wooden buckets increased in power.

For this matter, Luo Binghe not only had no feeling of being harassed, he'd even revealed a kind of happy and satisfied expression.

If Shen Qingqiu were here, he definitely would have suspected that Luo Binghe was a trembling M inside.....[7]

However, even if he were beaten to death, Shen Qingqiu wouldn't know. Because God assisted pigs and because of Student Ming Fan, Luo Binghe's favorability towards him had reached a new high. So he was very pleased with himself and laid down.

Today, the always high and cold Qing Jing Peak almost had even its threshold collapse. Each Peak Lord brought their disciples with them to express their sympathies and to visit the afflicted patient.

Since the Rainbow Bridge had been cut away during the Demon Realm invasion, they were unable to immediately hurry to the scene. The fierce fight was all left to Shen Qingqiu alone to oversee as the sole Elder. The good thing was that they were able to preserve Cang Qiong Mountain sect from demon hands. It didn't matter whether their relations were good or bad in the past, they all had to come and express their appreciation once. Shen Qingqiu took this opportunity to memorize the faces of the Peak Lords he hadn't met before and to establish good relations with them.

At night, he thought to himself: *I can finally have a good and peaceful sleep.*

After two hours.

.....Peaceful sleep my ass!

Shen Qingqiu stood in the middle of a chaotic space of nothingness and looked towards the disappearing horizon in the distance.

Before, he had been smiling inside as he comfortably slipped into dreams on his bed. Who could explain why he had been dragged into this space?!

Shen Qingqiu really wished he could get a gong and ring it to get the system to come out. He wouldn't need to raise his voice in his mind and shout: 'System? Are you online?'

System: The system provides you with 24-hour service.

Shen Qingqiu: 'Where is this? What is the situation?'

System: This is a dream realm.

Shen Qingqiu: 'Of course I know this is inside a dream. Would I be able to see such an abstract scene in reality? I'm asking why I'm here.'

Please, don't let it be what he thought.

But the god of this world really didn't give him any face. He just thought *no no* and the next second, he saw a figure he couldn't be more familiar

with.

Luo Binghe stood in the middle of the wilderness, at a loss.

He also didn't seem to know at all why he would appear here. After a moment of stupefaction, he suddenly saw Shen Qingqiu's figure. In a moment, he quickly became a baby chick seeing a mother hen (what freaking metaphor) and happily ran over.

“*Shizun!*” He had already been trapped in this world for a long time. Seeing Shen Qingqiu appear, he became excited and called him multiple times.

Once Shen Qingqiu saw him, he knew what this place and scene was.

His mind crazily clamored that it was unscientific! With a calm expression, he said: “I heard, you don't need to call so many times.”

Luo Binghe hurriedly said: “Yes. *Shizun*. How come you're here too? Do you know where this is?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “Of course I know. This is a dream realm.” He lazily copied the words of the system.

Luo Binghe asked again: “A dream realm..... then why am I here?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “It would be strange for anyone to be here. Only your presence here is normal. This is inside your dream.”

—End Chapter 15—

[1] Brain drowned in water (): Literally ‘brain in water’ and another way of saying someone's stupid or witless.

[2] Foundation is quite excellent: Actual characters used are “ ” or *gen gu*. Literal meaning is “roots bones.” Closest approximation I can find is *ling gen* or spiritual roots but that's a different set of characters so I'll use ‘foundation’ for now.

[3] Not a trade that'll lose you money (): Sorta what it sounds like.
Means that Binghe's a sure bet.

[4] *ka ca*: Pronounced 'kah-cha' and is SFX for chopping sound. Usually it implies someone's head getting cut off.

[5] ...Became a CP: CP = couple, not Communist Party as I thought.
Thanks to Nam Ng for the correction! XD

[6] *Pei*: An expression of disgust. Actual characters were “ ” which is more like “I *pei*/pooh” or “I curse.”

[7] M: M as in masochist. LOL.

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Chapter 16

Luo Binghe was stunned: “My.....” He took a step back and looked at the boundless and desolate heaven and earth and murmured: “My dream realm, it’s actually.....like this?”

The mindset framed how the world was seen. Though at such a young age, he had experienced many feelings.

Shen Qingqiu dully said: “This isn’t a normal dream realm. I’m afraid you were interfered with by someone while unaware. The spirit power inside this dream realm is strong and unstable. This master was unknowingly pulled in by you.”

Luo Binghe’s face showed a guilty expression: “This disciple is useless and involved *Shizun*.” He thought: “Who would interfere with my dream realm?”

Shen Qingqiu fully experienced what it was like to spoil someone else’s fun and straightforwardly got to the point: “You don’t need to think further. There is demonic energy around the edges of the dream realm. This kind of move must be from a demon.”

Luo Binghe heard this and wasn’t excited. Instead, it aroused his hatred towards demons. He said: “Demon realm people are truly poisonous at heart.”

He really didn’t know what kind of expression Luo Binghe would have after discovering his own mixed demon blood heritage and thinking back to these words that he himself had said.....

Shen Qingqiu smiled and said: “Poisonous and shameless; it could be that others have an opposite feeling.”

From Shen Qingqiu’s godly point of view, his words were directed towards the person who interfered with Luo Binghe’s dream realm, that very Sha Hualing.

Of course, there were thoughts of harming others. But what there were more thoughts of, everyone knew – naturally it’s a young girl’s secretly moved heart.

Why else would she not harm others and only harm him? In the eyes of this demon girl, the person she likes should be brought over and viciously bullied ㄗ (▽) ㄚ . However, this was only in the beginning; wait for her to be brought into the harem by Luo Binghe. She could only be submissive and docile then.

Luo Binghe didn’t understand the meaning of these words he said, but he smiled and thought it was profound. It was flighty and slightly frivolous but was also able to make people feel a bit of adventurousness.

“This dream realm isn’t simple. An ordinary nightmare wouldn’t be able to stop me and changing my belief would be able to break through this dream. But this dream realm was made very exquisitely. I’m afraid destroying the core of the illusion would cause no one to be able to get out.”

“That is to say, we’ll be forever trapped inside this dream realm?” Luo Binghe apologized: “It’s all this disciple’s fault.”

Shen Qingqiu said: “For things to have reached this stage, words are of no use. It’s better to act early and break through the enchantment as soon as possible.”

Luo Binghe silently nodded and followed behind Shen Qingqiu, walking towards the edge of the dream.

Shen Qingqiu’s external appearance looked serene, but inside his brain there were great tempestuous waves as he conversed with the system.

System: System warning: You are currently entering an important plot branch: DreamDream Demon Enchantment. Please ensure that during this plot branch you support Luo Binghe so he attains victory over Dream Demon's illusion. Otherwise, you will be deducted 1000 coolness points.

It came again. It's deducting coolness points again. Every time there was this kind of number that let people get a heart attack. *I industriously and conscientiously work hard for some points of coolness and you deduct 1000 at one go, is this really good?! As a person..... no, as a system you shouldn't be so extreme!*

However, this wasn't the key point. The key point was – the plot was a mess.

The premise of this section in the original book was that Luo Binghe was pulled into Dream Demon's attack range. Before getting attacked, as an unconscious measure of self-protection, he instinctively pulled the person he trusted most with him into the enchantment.

Shen Qingqiu urgently hit the system: 'Great one, darling, great god! Are you sure there isn't a **Bug**? This part is supposed to be Luo Binghe steeping with a sister [1]. Also, the sister is responsible for helping him unravel the tangles in his heart and using love to help him overcome heart demons [2].

How come I'm given this role?! What about the good emotions and spiritual communion leading to acceptance into the harem scene? What about the little apprentice-sister intending to never abandon him in either life or death?!

System: Self-inspection did not reveal a **Bug**. The system is running normally.

No **Bug**. That is to say, this scene is do right or die.

Shen Qingqiu experienced the power of the butterfly effect for the first time.

In the original work, the one pulled into the dream alongside Luo Binghe was Ning Yingying. At this early stage, she was recently the person he trusted the most on Qing Jing Peak. This checkpoint + increasing intimacy task plainly should have fallen to her.

What was going on now?

‘The most trustworthy’ and most trusted person, how did this hat inexplicably get buckled onto Shen Qingqiu’s head?

Shen Qingqiu was extremely flattered by this unexpected favor but he didn’t want to wear this hat at all!

Luo Binghe saw Shen Qingqiu’s unfathomable expression and asked concernedly: “*Shizun*, what’s the matter?”

Shen Qingqiu immediately recovered and calmly said: “Nothing. This master is thinking, dream monsters usually attack the weakest part of a person’s heart. You should make preparations.”

Luo Binghe nodded. With a decisive expression, he said: “This disciple won’t let *Shifu* be implicated again.”

This was too much suffering to take. Not only was he immersed in a dangerous scene, he was also afraid that, if he hadn’t guessed wrong, he would need to take on the sister’s responsibilities.

Shen Qingqiu didn’t want to block knife and gun for the protagonist and follow him through mountains and seas to face fearful heart demons and dream demons and other big things at all, ah QAQ!

What kind of muddled luck was it to reach this level.....

Earlier he’d complained about this world’s god. Thinking it over, God was also very innocent. Wasn’t the person who created this world Airplane Towards The Sky? As a red-blooded stallion novel writer, he definitely wouldn’t be willing for this kind of situation to occur in his writing. A perfectly good sister was switched to a scum villain, how bad was that?

The two people walked forward for a while. Above their heads, the clouds in the sky and the scenery around them was like a kaleidoscope. Sometimes it stretched and twisted, sometimes it broke into many pieces, unpredictable. Walking in this realm, it was like they were drawn by Da Vinci and the background by Picasso. The styles were completely different and the sense of disharmony was very strong.

Suddenly, a city appeared from the black clouds in front of them.

Shen Qingqiu solemnly said: “Counter soldiers with arms, water with earth [3]. Enter.”

Walking to the city gate, Luo Binghe raised his head and revealed a slightly confused expression.

Shen Qingqiu knew it. He thought this city looked very familiar.

Of course it was familiar, this was the city that Luo Binghe wandered as a beggar in his childhood.

Naturally, the city gate didn't have guards and they slowly opened it themselves. Shen Qingqiu led him inside.

This dream was truly terrible, so abstract it was a muddle of colored blocks and there was no delineation between time and reality. The road inside the city, the market, and the houses were all undoubtedly intricately crafted. The lights brightly lit with people coming and going, they watched the people bustle in the crowd from far away. But after walking closer for a better look, even if Shen Qingqiu had prepared himself better, his heart would still have received a shock.

These bustling ‘people,’ none of them had a face.

Their faces were just vague, unclear impressions. There wasn't any sound either. They weren't like living people at all, but still busily walked around in the city as silent as the dead, giving rise to a kind of strange feeling.

Luo Binghe had never encountered this kind of horrifying scene before. He was scared but said: “*Shizun*, what are these?”

Shen Qingqiu was a little panicked but still took the responsibility of explaining like a little Baike [encyclopedia]. [\[4\]](#)

“This is a city built by using dreams. Houses and such are made from dead things and can be created like this in a dream. Live people cannot be created and at most can only be made into these strange and indescribable things without noses or faces. However, someone with the ability to immediately create a city on such a large scale – I’m afraid there’s only one person.”

Luo Binghe humbly asked: “Which person?”

Shen Qingqiu: “Dream Demon.”

DDream DeDmon was this dream’s BOSS.

Dream Demon’s true identity was that of one of the demon race’s outstanding and famous senior experts. He had lost his corporal body in a tribulation several hundred years ago. His powerful primordial spirit on the other hand, was left undamaged. From then on, he lived off of other people’s dream realms. He relied upon absorbing spiritual power and refined energy to survive.

At the same time, he was actually one of the protagonist’s *shifus*.

It was the one who in typical cliché fashion took a liking to the protagonist Luo Binghe after he broke through the enchantment. It took all its body’s worth of lost knowledge and passed it into his hands, also coming out with a plan from time to time to give him a hand.

Luo Binghe’s experience was not deep, so of course he didn’t understand this person had come. He was still thinking about asking some more questions when his eyes swept across the crowd and he froze.

Shen Qingqiu asked despite already knowing the answer: “What’s the matter?”

Luo Binghe said: “*Shizun*, I don’t know whether I saw wrong. Earlier, I think I saw people with faces in the crowd.”

Shen Qingqiu shook his sleeves, walked towards the direction he pointed and concisely said: “Chase.”

The two people blended into the crowd, taking seven turns and eight bends [5] before finally stopping in front of a small alley.

There were five people with faces in total. All their faces were clear rather than a vague mess. They looked like they were still in their teens. Four of them stood and held the advantage while one sat on the ground. The sound of cursing was unceasing, some “small mixed-breed” and “bastard” flew around. They were so absorbed in cursing that they didn’t notice the two people arriving behind them.

Luo Binghe said: “They don’t seem like they can see us.”

He looked at Shen Qingqiu as though asking, didn’t you say DDream Demon has no way of creating people with facial features?

It was time to start the cruel treatment again.

Shen Qingqiu sighed in his heart. He said: “Dream Demon truly cannot use the dream to create people, but these people weren’t created by it. Luo Binghe, look closer at these people.”

Luo Binghe slowly moved his gaze towards them and looked for a while before suddenly receiving a shock.

Shen Qingqiu said: “These aren’t illusions created by Dream Demon. They are actually projections of real people existing in your memories. Dream Demon is only using a small trick to take these images sleeping in the depths of your heart and wake them up.”

It was as though Luo Binghe was already unable to hear his words, raising his hands and holding it to his temples, nerves spasming.

Shen Qingqiu knew that Luo Binghe's heart demon had already come.

These four slimy teenagers surrounded a boy sitting on the ground who looked to be around fifteen years old, punching and kicking him. That shabbily-dressed child whose hands were holding his head, curled up on the ground, silently getting beaten; it really let people worry that such a small child would be beaten to death by them!

“This mixed-breed kid who hasn't grown eyes dares to come to this brother's turf to get a job!”

“Tired of living!”

“Step on him to death. Isn't he pitiful, doesn't he have nothing to eat and is hungry? If he's beaten to death he won't have nothing to eat anymore!”

Luo Binghe's head hurt as though it would split. It seemed he could only see the tragic and weak little figure on the ground. That was the him in years past, from the loose and messy hair to the face full of blood that revealed two eyes like stars. Like two sharp swords, those eyes met his.

Luo Binghe couldn't move his gaze at all.

Shen Qingqiu whispered: “Binghe, this is only an illusion.”

—End Chapter 16—

[1] Steeping with a sister: Actual word used is *pao* (). Basically ‘steeping’ or soaking with a sister/babe like a tea bag. LOL.

[2] Heart demons: Pinyin is *xin mo* () just like the name of Binghe's future, endgame sword. I'm using the literal translation instead of the more common term ‘internal demons’ because I think it fits better with this story. Heart demons are negative emotions and other mental barriers that hinder

practitioners in their cultivation or training. They can attack a cultivator from the inside and cause them to suffer harm and/or qi deviation. If you've played Kingdom Hearts, it's like the darkness in your heart. *is whacked by a Keyblade*

[3] Counter soldiers with arms, water with earth (): A saying meaning to adopt measures appropriate for the situation.

[4] Baike (): A reference to Baidu Baike/Baike Baidu which is like an online encyclopedia made by the Chinese equivalent of Google, Baidu.

[5] Taking seven turns and eight bends: Meaning to take a convoluted path.

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However, this was the Dream Demon's illusion. It was the best at using the feelings in the depths of people's hearts. Bringing out their most ancient terrors or rages or bitterness, it could then break down their psychological defenses. Therefore, all these countless hundreds of years, there had been no one (known) to break free.

Shen Qingqiu always wanted to tsukkomi [\[1\]](#) this point in the original work. It was said very plainly, yet for Luo Binghe and Ning Yingying these two medium-sized children to pull around bitterly for a while and break through; Great God Airplane Towards The Sky, please give the demon Elder more face!

Luo Binghe suddenly charged forward, seeming to want to beat aside the people who beat him in his younger self's beggar days, but his fists went through their bodies. There was completely no way to dispel the illusion. Fists and feet continued to rain down on that small body.

Shen Qingqiu quickly caught Luo Binghe's fist and stabilized his body. Calmly, he said: "See? You can't touch them. This is only the Dream Demon's trap."

If it were the Luo Binghe after activating his cheats, ten thousand Dream Demons altogether would be nothing more than tiny tricks in his eyes. But the Luo Binghe right now: the demon blood inside his body hadn't woken yet and was sleeping dormant in the dark depths of his memories and dreams. What he could see was only his helplessness.

Suddenly, the small illusion the two people were in twisted and became another scene.

Shen Qingqiu's heart cried 'not good', he had been caught unprepared for the following attack!

This was a dilapidated cottage. Inside the cottage, there was only one bed and one crooked little table. On the table was a dim oil lamp and there was a small bench to the side.

On the bed lay a brittle old woman striving to support herself and sit up, not far from death. From outside the door, a small figure rushed in who was just ten years old with a soft and childish face. Luo Binghe supported the old woman as she sat up. Around his neck he still wore that jade pendant. He hurriedly said: "Mother, how come you want to get up again? Didn't you say you'd get better if you rested?"

The woman coughed and said: "Lying down doesn't get anything done. It would be better to rise from bed and get the clothes washed."

Little Luo Binghe said: "I've already finished mother's work. Mother, lie down and wait for me to stew your medicine. Eat medicine, after your body gets better you can do work."

Shen Qingqiu already knew there was this scene, but when it played out in front of his eyes in reality, there was no way to be unmoved.

That woman's face was grayish white, the disease beyond cure; she was at death's door. She smiled and touched the top of Luo Binghe's head: "Binghe, you're really obedient."

Little Luo Binghe raised his face, his entire face strongly smiling: "Mother, what do you want to eat?"

The woman said: "Right now, I have less and less of an appetite. Last time, our estate's young master poured out that white congee. I'm inclined to have a try, but I don't know whether the kitchens have any left over."

Little Luo Binghe vigorously bent his head and said: "I'll go ask for mother!"

“Just asking will be fine. If there’s none left over, just any other regular light and watery dish to fill the stomach will do.”

Little Luo Binghe ran *da da da* outside like a gust of wind. The woman lay down for a moment, then pulled out needle and thread from beneath her pillow again and began her women’s work.

The light inside the cottage grew dimmer and dimmer. Luo Binghe’s figure wasn’t clear. He reached out a hand to grab something. Shen Qingqiu grabbed his hand and forcefully said: “Luo Binghe! Look clearly, this isn’t your mother, you aren’t that weak child unable to fight back anymore!”

The dream’s killing power was based on handicapping the person’s emotions. The more they felt, the greater the damage they received. Like Luo Binghe right now, his instability was a great threat to his life.

Secondly, it was necessary to be careful. The ‘people’ in the dream definitely could not be attacked.

All these ‘people’ in the dream were from the dreamer’s own consciousness and heart. Attacking them actually meant attacking your own brain. There were many people who didn’t understand this point, or couldn’t control their own emotions, and in the dream, attacked and grievously harmed their own ‘people.’ From then on, they entered eternal sleep.

According to the current situation, if Luo Binghe entered into eternal sleep, Shen Qingqiu would also accompany him and be trapped in the dream.

The surrounding scenery changed unpredictably. The scene changed to little Luo Binghe begging a wealthy young master to give his mother a bowl of congee to eat; another scene change shifted to the time when he just entered Qing Jing Peak, all his apprentice-brothers excluding and making things difficult for him; a small figure struggling to wield a rusty axe; watching a figure carry water buckets up the stairs more and more slowly; his sole treasured jade pendant getting stolen, unable to be found ever again.....

The chaos of the scenes continued to unceasingly pile up. At this moment, these scattered pictures and memories made Luo Binghe unable to see anything or hear anything. There was only the resentment, despair, pain, helplessness, fury, and other emotions tangled in a mess churning in his chest and his mind.

This dream was the collection of ups and downs of this young boy's short ten years of life. Luo Binghe already completely entered into it! His breathing was unsteady and his two eyes were unnaturally red.

Shen Qingqiu felt that standing at his side was very dangerous!

The only way to break the dream was to resolve the tangles in your own heart, then the dream would defeat itself. Luo Binghe's fist was tightly clenched, his bones resounding *ka ka*, spiritual power circulating throughout his whole body.

Shen Qingqiu saw his desire to attack rising and sternly said: "Calm your heart! Don't attack the illusions! Hitting them will only hurt yourself!"

But Luo Binghe was already unable to hear any of his words. His right hand raised, spiritual power surged in his palm and flew out, cutting straight towards the people laughing boisterously in the illusion!

In his heart, Shen Qingqiu let out a cry of grief for himself. No matter how painful, his body still cleverly went up and took the initiative to move forward in front of the illusion, using his body to block this fierce attack.

At this time, Luo Binghe was shorter than him by only a little and coincidentally hit him in the lower abdomen.

Suddenly, Shen Qingqiu felt as though he'd been kicked by an elephant's leg, his eyes growing dark. If this wasn't a dream, he was afraid he'd be spraying out a mouthful of blood.....

He was indeed the protagonist!

Shen Qingqiu's face was full of tears. He was obviously only a little disciple, why could he attack with such a powerful hit..... it seemed that since he opened the OOC function, not only was there not much contribution, he instead had to block knife and block knife and still block knife and continuously sacrifice his own interests for someone else as a good meat shield!

With this attack by Luo Binghe, the surrounding illusion was broken. The figures of the people and objects all cracked into pieces like shards of glass. The place where they exited was a piece of remote, wild forest. A cold, ancient moon hung above their heads, the sky dark blue.

Once the illusion was scattered, Luo Binghe was suddenly sober. First, he looked at the unable-to-stand, kneeling on the ground and wordless Shen Qingqiu. Then he looked down at his own fist, a trace of spiritual power still remaining and vaguely recalled what he did earlier. His face immediately paled.

Luo Binghe flew to Shen Qingqiu's side and supported him, anxious and regretful: "*Shizun!* You, why didn't you hit back!"

With Shen Qingqiu's spiritual power, it was completely within his ability to harm him. With both of their spiritual powers attacking each other, not only could he dissolve Luo Binghe's attack, he could also turn the attack back to him.

Shen Qingqiu said some words from the heart: "Silly child." He smiled weakly: ".....The original purpose was for you not to get hurt. If I hit back and hurt you, would there be any meaning?"

Luo Binghe listened to *Shifu*'s weak voice and even thought of taking a palm to his own chest and killing himself, "But the one hurt right now is *Shizun*..... this disciple should be dead ten thousand times over!"

The matter of the Demon Realm's three trials hadn't been over for long and he had already let *Shizun* get hurt because of himself, this time even hit by him directly!

Shen Qingqiu saw the child's face overflowing with self-blaming agony and softened for a rare moment, comforting: "This master's cultivation is strong, being hit a few times doesn't matter."

Luo Binghe would rather Shen Qingqiu viciously beat and scold him with biting sarcasm as he had in the past. His heart would feel a little more comfortable. But Shen Qingqiu was so warm and his words so soft that he was struck dumb and unable to speak, his heart somehow feeling even more helpless.

After a long while, Luo Binghe said in a low voice: "It's all my fault."

N-n-n-n-no, it's not your fault. Truly at this early stage you are walking the route of the crippled, adorable, warm and soft little white flower. How can you be blamed?

Shen Qingqiu thought Luo Binghe had fallen into a tangle of self-reflection and taken the matter to heart. Patiently, he said: "It's not your business. Demon Realm people have despicable methods that cannot be avoided. However, if don't want to have something similar happen in the future, you can only become strong."

This was a 'the weak are the prey of the strong' world. Becoming strong was the only guaranteed method against going with the current and becoming cannon fodder!

Luo Binghe's heart was moved and he didn't speak. He suddenly raised his head and his two eyes stared firmly at Shen Qingqiu.

Shen Qingqiu's heart thumped.

Luo Binghe's obsidian-black eyes held a light more brilliant than the moon and the stars.

This.....this kind of gaze!

This filled with 'determined conviction' and burning morale emanating from the protagonist's gaze!

Could it be..... I already became the protagonist's motivational star?!

Luo Binghe knelt by Shen Qingqiu's body and with a resounding voice said: "I understand."

Shen Qingqiu: Wait a moment, what did you understand this time? Could you not leave things half-said every time? Tell me the rest!

He didn't notice that as these words left Luo Binghe's mouth, he didn't call himself "this disciple." [2] Luo Binghe firmly clenched his fists and opened his mouth again, enunciating every word: "From now on, these things..... I definitely won't let them happen a second time."

Letting *Shizun* protect his weak self, letting *Shizun* suffer injury for him..... these things, will absolutely never happen again!

Shen Qingqiu was unalarmed by the rising wave of emotions and responded with an, "Mm."

.....What's going on. Suddenly there's a feeling of 'getting covered in the protagonist's reassurance,' what's the matter with this?!

Reassurance my ass, this person is going to slice you into a human stick in the future; wake and sober up a little, Shen Qingqiu!

Becoming the protagonist's life teacher [3] was a **Max** vanity that Shen Qingqiu was very satisfied with, though it wasn't quite right in flavor.

Fuck. Originally, the belief for 'becoming strong to protect his important people' should have happened when the protagonist was confronted with the pitiable and charming female lead who helped him and got hurt for his sake. Afterwards there was a model scene of tender gasps opened. According to this meaning; system, aren't you piling all the female protagonists' scenes onto me?

—End Chapter 17—

[1] Tsukkomi: Using this Japanese term because it's probably more familiar to you and the Chinese term used is a transliteration of it. Meaning is “to question or comment creatively on something ironic/funny” and is often oversimplified to mean “complain, grumble.”

[2] “This disciple”: In Chinese, the most formal way of speaking makes you refer to yourself as ‘this disciple’ or ‘this master’ and etc. according to your station and who you happen to speak with. Luo Binghe not referring to himself as ‘this disciple’ with Shen Qingqiu takes away that social barrier. XD

[3] Life teacher (): Literally ‘life’s path’s teacher’ or ‘teacher for life’ but I’m using this form to differentiate it from regular teacher. This specifically refers to someone who teaches you how to live – like your parents, grandparents, etc.

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Chapter 18

TN: Unedited again. ~~Freaking first two lines making me have a fit, aaaaaaahhhh. I've added the original Chinese beneath the footnotes at the end of this chapter if anyone wants a go at them. Need to fix this chapter to reflect advice everyone gave me, thanks for the tips! ☺~~

Do you dare add an extra act and make it come with a boxed lunch too?

Shouldering the protagonist's annoyingly long actor's lines, taking on an opera *longtao* role and getting paid minimum wage. [1] This is exploiting a laborer, you can't deny it!

Out of selfishness, Shen Qingqiu managed with some effort to raise his hand and touch Luo Binghe's head. Luo Binghe's originally stubborn and unbending gaze cooled, as though a handful of clear spring water doused his anger.

Shen Qingqiu smiled and said: "However, you don't need to dwell on it too much. If you have no way of becoming strong, I'll be by your side and protect you."

Letting Luo Binghe become that future monstrously big Immortal Demon BOSS of the Three Realms wasn't as good as letting him remain as a sympathetic little white flower. Shen Qingqiu didn't mind at all taking him under his wing and taking care of him for a lifetime.

His thoughts were simple and pure like this, though if it reached the ears of other people then it immediately might not be the same case. Luo Binghe was already completely stunned.

There had never been someone who had expressed such a straightforward and warm commitment towards him before.

Though the world was large, how many people could say ‘you don’t need to become strong, I’m here and naturally won’t let you be bullied?’

And they weren’t empty words. Shen Qingqiu saying he would achieve it meant he would achieve it. Several times, he had already proven with his actions that he’d rather be injured himself than let Luo Binghe receive the slightest harm.

Moreover, the affection in these words seemed too much. After the tide of warm feelings slightly subsided, a hot sensation quickly climbed up Luo Binghe’s face.

Shen Qingqiu coughed for a moment. He painfully found out that he couldn’t cough blood in the dream and held up his arm: “Well. First, help me up.”

Luo Binghe felt the place where his wrist was held felt different, as though a trailing tingling feeling was left behind. Immediately, he realized he was thinking too much and scolded himself in his heart. He was really being disrespectful to *Shizun*. He hurriedly readjusted his thoughts.

Suddenly, a voice abruptly rang out. That old-sounding voice cried “Hey,” and interestedly said: “This brat was actually able to break this old man’s enchantment. Definitely not a simple person.”

That voice seemed to come from within the valley, reverberating. It surrounded the two people and they were unable to tell it came from which direction. Shen Qingqiu was elated: This stage’s BOSS had finally shown up! That is to say, if the good relations scene was finished, he could get off work! Quick, quick, quickly come BOSS, quickly take away the protagonist!

Luo Binghe hadn’t fully helped up Shen Qingqiu when his gaze flashed with vigilance. The Dream Demon showing up when Shen Qingqiu was injured made the situation greatly unfavorable. He made up his mind: if the

Dream Demon wanted to make a move to kill, even if his own strength was weak, he still must have the strength to delay the other side and strive to leave a slim chance of survival for *Shizun*.

He had only just made up his mind when that voice continued: “You, come over. Let this old man take a look and see what kind of young hero has this kind of skill.”

Luo Binghe watched Shen Qingqiu. Before the master spoke, the disciple should not take the initiative to speak. Shen Qingqiu’s mood wasn’t bad and he had the intention of baiting him a little: “The other person is asking this young hero. What is your response?”

Luo Binghe’s face was entirely red. He turned and said: “Breaking through Elder’s enchantment is all due to relying on my *Shizun*’s power. I don’t dare to be called a young hero.”

The voice snorted and seemed to be disdainful.

Shen Qingqiu knew why he snorted. This was Luo Binghe’s dream, so Luo Binghe could only rely on his own strength. Though he blocked a hit for Luo Binghe, at the end he still had to rely on Luo Binghe quickly regaining sanity for the enchantment to break.

However, Shen Qingqiu was too lazy to explain and already knew how things would develop from here. He asked: “Is Your Excellency Elder Dream Demon?”

The voice said: “This old man will allow this brat to come over, but I don’t want this common Cang Qiong Mountain sect cultivator to come over. Let him sleep first.”

As expected, the situation was exactly the same as it was with Ning Yingying in the original work. Other than this person Luo Binghe, they would all be pushed out by the Dream Demon.

Shen Qingqiu suddenly felt his head hurt, and he collapsed.

Luo Binghe was extremely shocked. He hurriedly supported him and called: “*Shizun*?”

The Dream Demon said: “No need to worry. This old man only sent him into a dream within a dream, letting him sleep deeper. You, come over quickly!” This time, it could clearly be heard that the voice came from a dark cave in the west.

Luo Binghe couldn’t wake Shen Qingqiu. He laid him lightly on the ground, then turned towards the voice: “I will call this Elder *Shizun* as a mark of courtesy, so please do not make things difficult for my *Shizun*.”

The Dream Demon smiled and said: “Brat, I saw your memories. This *Shifu* doesn’t treat you well. Why don’t you let me just get rid of him? This is me helping you.”

Most of the memories he saw were interactions between the original goods ‘Shen Qingqiu’ and Luo Binghe. Those memories truly made up the majority of the total memories though.....

Luo Binghe shook his head: “*Shizun* isn’t like what Elder thinks. If nothing else can be said, *Shizun* is *Shizun*, he can treat me however he wants. As a disciple, I cannot disrespect this.”

If Shen Qingqiu could still hear at this time, he would need to roar in his heart: Luo-ge, I hope after you’re blackened you will still remember these words you said! [2]

The Dream Demon snorted: “Pedantic! The Human Realm’s Righteous path is always this kind of hypocrisy. Who cares whether he is your master or not, whether you respect him or not. Once someone angers me or harms me, I kill them! He clearly knew your cultivation wasn’t enough to deal with Tian Chui and still sent you out. This kind of intention, can it be you can’t see clearly?”

Luo Binghe said indifferently: “At that time, even I didn’t believe I would be able to win. *Shizun* believed in me and not only gave me the

opportunity, but also encouraged me during the fight. At the end, I truly did win.”

There was another sentence he only said silently to himself in his heart: To save me, *Shizun* blocked two attacks for me. He truly treats me well.

The Dream Demon also looked at some memory fragments. He did not understand Shen Qingqiu this person, and didn't want to dwell overlong on this problem. But towards Luo Binghe, his attitude was very satisfied: “Brat. You're a man of strong passions and strong will.”

Luo Binghe said: “Not as good as *Shizun* treats me, ten thousand times over.”

If the Dream Demon had a mouth, it would have long since started twitching. He decided to change the subject.

Undecided for a moment, the Dream Demon said: “This old man feels that on your body, there is something very extraordinary. I don't know what it can be.”

Luo Binghe was slightly surprised: “There's something on me? Even you can't see it?”

The Dream Demon laughed mischievously: “I can recite my ancestral line right here, but for someone even more outstanding than this old man to seal something in your body is not an impossibility.”

Luo Binghe was shocked.

The Dream Demon wouldn't throw away the face gained from many centuries just to run over here and trick a young boy in his first decade like him. He couldn't help but say, disbelieving: “This Elder's meaning is that what is on my body..... is related to demons?”

The Dream Demon laughed: “How is it? Unsatisfied? Are you in a hurry to make a clean split from demons?”

Luo Binghe's shock didn't last too long. His thoughts revolved very quickly. He was silent for a moment, then strongly said: "Demon Realm people do many evil things and have harmed my *Shizun* many times. Naturally, I cannot have a relationship with them."

The Dream Demon said gloomily: "Brat, do you dare say three words without mentioning that *Shizun* of yours? This old man guesses that your next sentence will be to ask this Elder if there's a way to get him out of here?"

Luo Binghe smiled wryly: "Even if I ask, will Elder tell me?"

The Dream Demon laughed *ha ha*: "It isn't that this old man isn't willing to tell you. It's that this old man really doesn't have the power. If you can't even discern reality, why talk about getting out? If it wasn't because I couldn't figure you out, brat, I would have already killed both of you. There wouldn't be this dragging things on for half a day business. Do you think this old man is very leisurely?"

Luo Binghe didn't speak.

What he thought was: If you don't even have substance anymore and are only a bunch of shadows acting as a parasite on other people's dreams; if you aren't leisurely, who's leisurely?

Though his natural disposition was warm, this was a fact.....

The Dream Demon didn't know that Luo Binghe was criticizing him in his mind and spoke again: "I said I am powerless, however, that doesn't mean I don't have a way."

Luo Binghe was surprised. He probingly asked: "Elder, are you willing to tell the way?"

The Dream Demon lectured: "This old man can not only teach you how to suppress him, but can also teach you even more things."

Luo Binghe understood.

His heart fell. His voice had cooled when he spoke: “You want me to cultivate in the demonic path?”

“What’s wrong with cultivating the demonic path? If you can cultivate the demonic path, that thing layered on your body will bring you great benefit. Cultivating at a pace as rapid as a thousand *li* a day and standing above over ten thousand peoples; these things are not only words. Even becoming a supreme Immortal Demon is nothing difficult!”

Hearing his last sentence, Luo Binghe’s heart moved.

Cultivating at a pace as rapid as a thousand *li* a day, becoming a supreme Immortal Demon. That..... should be the strongest existence?

Very quickly, he immediately rejected that idea.

Shizun loathed demons the most; if he wasn’t able to resist the Dream Demon’s temptation and fell into a crooked path, how would he be able to face *Shizun*?

Whether Shen Qingqiu is heartbroken or angry like thunder, neither of those things are what he wants to see himself.

“No.” Luo Binghe flatly refused.

The Dream Demon smiled coldly: “If you aren’t willing to learn from me, I’m afraid you won’t be able to suppress the demon energy on your body. Right now, it’s hidden deeply and it can’t be seen, so it’s all good. But this old man can feel that seal on your body has become weak. Wait until one day the seal is broken, the evil comes out, and a band of demon slayers surround you including your good *shifu*; how will he treat you?”

Mentioning the things that Luo Binghe had the most misgivings about, his face sank: “Elder Dream Demon, I am only a minor cultivator. Why must you force me to cultivate the demonic path?”

This question was really on point. Other than the author, no one was clear exactly why all the outstanding and high-level experts were all crying for

the protagonist to become their disciple/inheritor/son-in-law.

No, actually, probably a great number of authors also had no way of knowing the answer to this eternal mystery.

“Brat, you don’t know how to appreciate a favor! This old man sees that you are peculiar, not even wanting my lost body of knowledge by taking advantage of my vanished fleshly body, vanished like smoke and dispersed like clouds. How many people would beg for this kind of opportunity and it wouldn’t come even if they begged!”

Luo Binghe’s face was expressionless. The Dream Demon saw that he didn’t he respond and was suddenly filled with an ominous feeling.

Sure enough, when Luo Binghe opened his mouth, there was a hint of an unfathomable smile.

He leisurely said: “Why is this Elder so anxious to teach me? I’m afraid it’s not only because you aren’t willing for your lost body of knowledge to be without a successor?”

The Dream Demon secretly shouted, not good!

—End Chapter 18—

[1] Opera *longtao* (): *Longtao* can be used to refer to a specific kind of Chinese opera costume or to an opera actor playing a walk-on role. The *longtao* costume has dragon designs and is usually worn by soldiers or attendants.

[2] Luo-ge: The suffix ‘-ge’ means ‘elder brother/brother.’ Can be used between actual brothers, good friends/acquaintances, or in some cases as a matter of politeness. I’m keeping this part as is because it really sounds better in Pinyin as opposed to the translation. Plus, there’s an extra at the end of the novel in which it’s important because ‘Luo Binghe’ gets called ‘Bing-ge’ vs ‘Bing-mei.’ The suffix ‘-mei’ means ‘younger sister/sister.’

TN (because I couldn't resist): Um... Binghe. You do know that you really can't go a paragraph without mentioning Shizun at least once, right? Right?

Anyway, here're the two confuzzling lines I mentioned in the original Chinese:

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Chapter 19

TN: Unedited because RL. Sadly, Chapter 18 isn't edited either. I'll go back and fix them when I have time. You'll know they're edited once these annoying TNs disappear. (▽) y*

Luo Binghe said: "Parasiting on others' dreams and frequently changing hosts, the spiritual power of your soul weakens with each change. However, if you can latch onto a fixed host long-term, you can recharge your reserves and recover your soul's original state."

He paused, then said: "Can it be that Elder Dream Demon must have reached the limit of his lifespan to insist on picking me as a host to develop?"

Having been seen through by him, the Dream Demon didn't deny it and wasn't angry. Instead, he generously admitted: "Not bad! I didn't think a brat like you had such a wide knowledge and powerful memory to even know this point."

Luo Binghe wasn't going to tell him that the words he said earlier was just his blind guess.

The Dream Demon saw his calm and collected expression and couldn't figure out this brat's mind. He continued: "However, you shouldn't assume that this old man must have you for a host no matter what. Talented people among the demons are in the thousands upon thousands and they would kneel down for this honor! But you, you should carefully weigh your choices and think about whether you can pass up this opportunity."

In fact, all these years had weakened his soul. Originally living in demonic energy, he was living well and after cultivating for maybe eighty

years, he would become as doughty as a dragon and lively as a tiger. However, he couldn't understand why Sha Hualing would muddleheadedly use the demonic energy as a weapon and secretly hide it on Luo Binghe's body. He already didn't have the energy to search for another host.

But after reaching a dead end, he found a new place to live. On this brat's body, there was a weak and almost hidden powerful strength. He was endlessly ecstatic. How could he let this go?

Once he made up his mind, he didn't care how strongly Luo Binghe refused. He coaxed and pestered and coerced and tempted, using all kinds of methods to persuade him to practice the demonic path like himself. All to let his flesh and soul to become even more suitable for him to live off.

The Dream Demon said: "This old man will give you time. You should think it through thoroughly. Otherwise, you and your *Shizun*'s souls will be lost and trapped forever in this dream. This point, this old man can still achieve!"

Luo Binghe suddenly looked up. At that moment, Elder Dream Demon was shocked to a halt by the cold light flashing in the young boy's eyes.

Luo Binghe spoke calmly and deferentially, but his voice was ice-cold: "Right now, you are negotiating terms with me and you can talk about anything. But if you talk about hurting *Shizun*, I won't let you off!"

The Dream Demon was startled for a long while before he recovered himself, shocked that he had actually been frightened by the imposing manner of such a small, low-cultivation Human Realm practitioner. All these hundreds of years across the length and breadth of the Three Realms – even at the bitter moment when his body was destroyed, he had never been pressured by that powerful expert into feeling this kind of pressure.

Of course, he wouldn't know that this kind of miracle was called (the protagonist's exclusive) overbearing aura!

Suddenly, a burst of laughter sounded from the cave.

“You brat, you really thought I meant it!”

After that old voice finished saying these words, Luo Binghe suddenly felt his limbs grow heavy. His surroundings blurred and spun, then all was dark.

Luo Binghe woke in the woodshed, alert and breaking out into a cold sweat. Even his vest was completely soaked.

At the same time, Shen Qingqiu sat up dizzily from his bed.

Only after violently gasping for tens of breaths was he finally able to let out a sigh of relief.

Tragic beyond compare!

For what! In the original work, Ning Yingying was also thrown into a dream inside a dream by the Dream Demon; for what did she get a dream of warm childhood memories of Daddy and Mommy, picking flowers and riding horses and the like; for what did he get a dream of getting surrounded and beaten up by four people, running like mad in a narrow wood path while chased by a huge fireball from behind!

The most frightening thing was towards the end of the dream within a dream. The Dream Demon also pointed out what he was frightened of the most!

In a dark and damp dungeon, he was suspended in the air by a ring around his waist. He couldn't feel his four limbs. Opening his mouth, he wasn't able make a sound and could only helplessly scream. His entire body was burning pain.

He didn't know how long he was in the dream before he heard the sound of door opening from outside. Unhurried footsteps gradually approached and a human shadow was projected onto the floor in front of him.

An inky black robe embroidered with silver thread in beautiful but simple designs. From that person, an ice-cold majesty emanated, more breathtaking

than the lack of air in the dungeons.

Shen Qingqiu couldn't see the person's face. But he was clear who that person was!

The Dream Demon was worthy of being the legendary figure of demon legend. This dream was made much too realistically. Even the humid smell of rot seemed to still dwell in his nose, making people vomit.

Shen Qingqiu grudgingly sat for a while, then rolled off the bed and started to vomit.

Ding dong. The undying system chose this moment to pop up with a notice: Congratulations for completing the 'Dream Demon Enchantment' plotline! The system awards you with 500 Coolness! Please continue your efforts!

Shen Qingqiu exploded: 'Fuck your mom [\[1\]](#), when you threatened to take away points, wasn't it also 500? Is setting all those penalties really good? Also, I already walked through the dream within a dream plotline, how come you aren't giving this to me as other income? System, don't play dead, we should sign a new contract!'

At this moment, a person burst through the bamboo doors like a gust of wind.

"Shizun!"

Once he heard this voice, he knew who it was. Shen Qingqiu painfully rolled his eyes. Right now, he really didn't want to see this face! He already had trauma! [\[2\]](#)

Sure enough, Luo Binghe had already flung himself to his side, worriedly asking: "*Shizun*, how are you? Is there discomfort anywhere?"

I'm all right! If you were to move away from me a little more, I'd be even better!

Shen Qingqiu listlessly put on a fresh face and stood up by himself: “All is fine with this master.....”

Luo Binghe originally wanted to help him up, but had his hand pushed away and couldn’t help feeling shocked.

Shen Qingqiu truly hadn’t noticed these small changes in his expression. After neatly rearranging his clothes and confirming that his appearance wasn’t lost, he asked: “Did that Dream Demon give you any difficulties?”

Difficulties? The Dream Demon could kneel to Luo Binghe and treat him like the heavens and still think he wasn’t fast enough. Shen Qingqiu knew it, but still had to ask. Luo Binghe hesitated for a moment, then replied: “That demon Elder didn’t have enough spirit power Afterwards, this disciple was angered out of the dream. *Shizun*, did you encounter anything in the dream within a dream?”

Shen Qingqiu shamelessly boasted: “Even if anything was encountered, there’s nothing this master can’t deal with!”

Sorry _(:□)∠)_. Truthfully, he really couldn’t deal with it!

Right now, he was still dwelling on the trauma from earlier. Luo Binghe being so close to him gave him goosebumps all over, even his gaze was strange and evasive. Luo Binghe was unclear about why he was like this, but seeing his odd expression and evasive eyes, his heart was a bit anxious and apprehensive. He wanted to put his head forward, face-to-face, and ask what to do to make things better.

Fortunately, Shen Qingqiu regained his composure very quickly and remembered what he should do as a teacher at this time. In the next moment, he reached out his hand to grasp Luo Binghe’s wrist, slightly surprising the other.

Shen Qingqiu sternly said: “A Demon Realm spirit invading your mind is not a joke. Binghe, relax, this master is going to inspect you. This Dream Demon’s interest isn’t good.”

Seeing *Shifu* willing to be straight with him, Luo Binghe was able to relax his heart a little and obediently say: “Yes.”

His heart felt strung up in tension. What if Shen Qingqiu getting pulled out of the dream realm exposed the demon seal on his body.....

Fortunately, though Shen Qingqiu was very diligent in checking him over, he didn't find any abnormalities. Of course the inspection wouldn't reveal anything. The power accumulated by the Dream Demon for many hundreds of years was a famous name and meant water-tight skills. But over time, this would pass of course.

Shen Qingqiu's inspection had no results, but he still focused on Luo Binghe. If anything happened, he should immediately report to him.

Luo Binghe asked: “Shizun, the demons..... are they all unpardonably evil and should be absolutely killed?”

Even without looking at his expression, Shen Qingqiu knew that right now, Luo Binghe must be wavering over matters such as the human and demon separation and the inability of good and evil to coexist. It was time for him to teach again.

Shen Qingqiu thought, then said: “It might not be the case. Just as humans are separated into good and evil people, the demons also have these differences. We can only see the Demon Realm people persecuting humans, but it could be that from that corner, there are also humans who harm innocent demons. Many times, these are only racial views that let the divide between both sides become deeper and deeper.”

For example, the truth behind the persecution of Luo Binghe's father and mother that year. Truthfully, it was only two young people who wanted to fall in love, but weren't careful and were too high-profile to the point that everybody panicked.

This was a reason so old that it couldn't be any older. In modern times, all kinds of combinations of ancient, wuxia, and xianxia dramas all concerned this hidden truth. However, this human and demon grudge was

deeper than the sea and from ancient times to present all kinds of battles were fought over this. They were too unorthodox and earned the condemnation of the world.

This was Luo Binghe's first time hearing a master-level personage speak like this. He was shocked to a stop, his heart beating *peng peng*. Forcibly calm, he said: "*Shizun's* meaning is that even though there are relations with demons, it might not be evil, correct?"

Shen Qingqiu saw that he was a little excited and a little nervous waiting for his answer, and smiled: "As long as nothing deliberately wrong is done, as long as the heart is righteous, there can be friends on that side. Dividing lines such as evil are never decided by one race or Realm. Moreover, demons are naturally born with strong spiritual power, far more than humans. On this point, this master fully admires them. If their strength can be put to good use, used for righteousness, how can this be anything other than good?"

The Demon race had an excellent natural talent for cultivation and at ten years, could definitely suppress that of the Human Realm's. With different races, their strengths would differ as well. The Human race relied on spiritual energy and the Demon race relied on demonic energy; Shen Qingqiu felt that they should be mostly the same thing, just the color and feeling weren't really the same. He also didn't know if the Demon Realm *fengshui* was good or what, but a great number of demons were born full of demonic energy. At three years old, they could tear a live person apart; at eight years old, they could split mountains and crack stone.....cough, cough, this was exaggerating a little.

However, the truth of the matter was, many of the Central Plains people could cultivate for ten years but only reach the level of a smiling baby. Even more people were like dry ponds; their spiritual power might as well be a zero egg [3]..... it couldn't be any worse. If it wasn't because humans proliferated like a spreading seeds and scattering leaves, the Demon race people rare, the Human Realm would have long since been colonized by the Demon Realm..... otherwise the plan to bully others wouldn't have been handled so strictly.

These words said, Luo Binghe's eyes gradually lit up, shining.

Although his heart was just, he wasn't a pedantic man. Since it couldn't be eliminated, it would be better to use it. Perhaps, he could even become strong!

Strong enough that he could protect *Shizun* from anyone with his own hands. Strong enough that *Shizun* wouldn't suffer any bit of harm.

The system carried a notice: The protagonist decided to practice demonic cultivation, Coolness level +50!

Coolness level only 50..... After Luo Binghe learned demonic cultivation with the Dream Demon, his strength increased by at least ten times. Ever since, for a long he mounted girls and everything went successfully; you're telling me the coolness level is only 50?

Shen Qingqiu already didn't want to argue with the system anymore. Anyway, this was a coincidence. He originally only wanted to experience the pleasure of saying words like these. After all, there were too many dramas that would have at least one person who would have this kind of wise and farsighted role, saying these kinds of profound things.

After being preoccupied about this heaven-and-earth shaking feat for a while, Shen Qingqiu had two dark circles appear from being unable to sleep through the night. He waved his hand: "It's late at night. Since there isn't anything else, quickly go on and rest." Luo Binghe obediently retired.

But he hadn't walked out for many steps before he heard Shen Qingqiu call out behind him: "Come back."

—End Chapter 19—

[1] Fuck your mom: I think this is slang and a pun working off the characters for the word 'paralyze' () which sound pretty similar to the very rude curse 'ma bi' AKA 'fuck your mom.'

[2] Trauma: Actual characters used are which literally mean ‘shadow.’
But that sounds confusing and vague in English so I’m using ‘trauma.’

[3] Zero egg: Because the numerical ‘0’ looks like an egg, right? I love
Chinese jokes sometimes.

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Chapter 20

*TN: Unedited. But at least this is ♥ chapter. ^_^*

He immediately turned around: “*Shizun*, are there any other orders?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “The rooms are over there. Why are you walking in the opposite direction?”

Whether it’s the disciples’ dormitory or the woodshed, the exit is to the left. However, Luo Binghe went straight to the right.

Luo Binghe said: “This disciple wants to go to the kitchens and prepare for *Shizun*’s breakfast tomorrow.”

Shen Qingqiu felt a bit difficult.

He really wanted to eat the breakfast that Luo Binghe made, but letting a child stay up through most of the night without sleeping to make food for him was like Cinderella with her stepmother..... however it was put, it wasn’t humane.

In the end, conscience prevailed over appetite. He coughed once: “Nonsense. What do you mean by making a meal in the middle of the night? Go back and sleep.” [\[1\]](#)

Luo Binghe knew that he was worried that he wouldn’t rest well. He smiled, but didn’t plan to sleep. He was prepared to turn back and secretly go to the kitchens to ponder.

Shen Qingqiu originally wanted to ask him whether he was still sleeping in the woodshed. Young people have some pride and self-respect, so asking

directly wouldn't sound good. On the other hand, even if Luo Binghe was allowed to sleep in the disciples' dormitory, he would only be excluded by the others under Ming Fan's command. He felt he was strangely pitiful.

Shen Qingqiu thought for a moment, then said: "Tomorrow, gather your things and come over here."

Luo Binghe didn't understand what he meant: "? *Shizun?*"

Shen Qingqiu said: "Outside my bamboo house is a room to the side. Starting from tomorrow, move over there to live."

If he lived a bit closer, making breakfast for him and cleaning the rooms would be more convenient..... Shen Qingqiu felt that his own self-adjustment ability broke through the skies a bit. Earlier he faced Luo Binghe with serious trauma, but now he even dared to secretly rub his hands and plot to let the protagonist readily carry tea and serve water for him. *Is it really fine like this?!*

His imagination went wild in these flights of fancy and he didn't notice the other person's reaction. Suddenly, Luo Binghe leapt over and firmly hugged him.

Caught off guard, Shen Qingqiu was first shocked, then his old face turned red.

In the years left to him, he was finally given a bear hug and the result wasn't a warm and fragrant jade-like sister but a young teenager with an overbearing aura, ahhh —

Luo Binghe was ecstatic, his arms wrapped around his neck and refused to let go, continuously calling by his ear: "*Shifu! Shifu!*"

Shen Qingqiu held up his hand and didn't where to put it. Tangled for a while, he laid it on Luo Binghe's head and rubbed his hair: "All right. Aren't you embarrassed, you've already become so big and aren't a ten-year-old child anymore, what kind of appearance is this?" [2]

Originally, Luo Binghe wasn't very aware. But after he said things like this, he was suddenly embarrassed. If he hadn't been so happy and excited, how would he dare to be like this to the usually high and unattainable *Shizun*? Quickly but reluctantly, he peeled himself off from Shen Qingqiu's body, his face completely red: "Yes, this disciple went beyond himself."

Towards the matter of seeking to be hugged, a child under ten years old doing this kind of thing would be considered adorable. For the fifteen-year-old Luo Binghe to do this..... it was still adorable!

A small handsome boy with a face as tender as a still-growing stalk of young green onion, he would be adorable no matter what he did!

Luo Binghe was nervous and flustered for a while but suddenly realized that the color of Shen Qingqiu's face wasn't very good.

Even for an immortal body, having old injuries and strong poison present, followed by his involvement in the Dream Demon's dream because of him, not resting well, and holding on despite being unable to, it was natural for Shen Qingqiu's appearance to be somewhat wan and pallid. Luo Binghe didn't dare to tarry Shen Qingqiu's rest any longer and withdrew. He still didn't return to the woodshed and specially went around to the kitchens.

He made up his mind: For a long time, he must pay great attention to *Shizun*'s recovery through nutritional meals!

Luo Binghe had just stepped out from the room when the system sounded a notice.

Protagonist's Coolness level +50!

Shen Qingqiu was baffled.

How come another 50 was added? Is the system delayed? Or did the system suddenly discover mercy and feel that it gave me too little earlier?

Forget it, he was too sleepy and deprived of strength to consider the reason why points were added. Anyway, it's impossible that getting a hug

caused this old man to be given more points, hahahahaha.....

The next day, Shen Qingqiu hadn't fully slept until he woke up naturally when he was woken up by the light and delicious smell of fish and rice intermingling. Outside the bamboo house, Luo Binghe had already prepared the food. That fragrance wafted endlessly and drifted over to the Qing Jing Peak disciples who had only eaten plain meals, spying on the other side.

Ming Fan and the others were so angry that they were spying while biting the hems of their robes, especially when they saw Shen Qingqiu sitting to the left and lovingly praising Luo Binghe's heartfelt handiwork, both of them smiling and their relations joyous and harmonious. Their aggrieved feelings reached the highest point.

Too shameless! So it was through these strange, despicable, and heretically clever schemes that he attracted *Shizun's* happiness!

And after waiting till dusk, they saw Luo Binghe move to the shed outside Shen Qingqiu's bamboo house. It struck like lightning from clear skies, striking the Qing Jing Peak disciples who'd grown used to bullying Luo Binghe into a field of corpses.

It was called "moving," but only Luo Binghe the person actually moved over. Because he had nothing much to begin with.

Pillow? Bundling up the straw in the woodshed made for a pillow. Blanket? The outer robe he took off was enough to cover him..... and these things, Shen Qingqiu would naturally prepare for him.

Shen Qingqiu always felt that Luo Binghe's life was filled with too much suffering, all of it a history of child abuse. Cang Qiong Mountain, whether good or bad, was also a large cultivation sect and wouldn't be so blackhearted or lacking in resources to that degree.

That night was the first time in Luo Binghe's life lying on a regular bed.

In the past, he had slept in a wood basin floating in the icy river, slept on the damp and cold ground, the loud and noisy streets, and even lain down in

a mountain cave in a move of eating the wind and sleeping in the dew. [3]
Right now, lying down in a soft and neat and large bed, his body felt buoyant all over and it felt unreal.

Especially when he thought of Shen Qingqiu sleeping just beyond a single wall.

The entire night, it could be that he thought too much. The Dream Demon did not appear in his dream.

Luo Binghe's expression didn't change. He patiently sat and waited. After a few days passed, the Dream Demon appeared again.

This time, the Dream Demon didn't bother with whatever mysterious dream enchantment or concealment. He directly appeared in Luo Binghe's dream.....although he was in the form of a mass of black mist.

In front of Luo Binghe's eyes, this mass of black mist gathered together, changing, and that old man's voice came from inside: "Brat, how did you decide after these three days?"

Luo Binghe asked back: "How I've decided, can Elder Dream Demon not know?"

The Dream Demon laughed *hei hei*: "You've decided on something you definitely won't regret. Brat, remember this day well. Today is the beginning of your meteoric rise!"

That young teenager didn't have the dream of a meteoric rise. No matter how happily he said it, Luo Binghe wasn't moved and only cupped his fist ceremonially and said: "This younger generation has one more request."

"What else is there, it's all been discussed! Quickly finish talking so you can pledge me as master." The Dream Demon was still urging, but didn't know that what he imagined was too beautiful.....

Luo Binghe said: "What this younger generation requests is indeed regarding the matter of a master. *Shizun*'s grace to me is heavy as a

mountain. I truly cannot disrespect his discipline and acknowledge someone else as a master.....”

He hadn't finished when the Dream Demon immediately spoke, driven beyond the limits of endurance: “Fine, fine, fine! This old man doesn't want the disciple's title, will that do?!”

Was there a high and mighty expert who had made more of a loss than him? Going forward to teach someone his own techniques and even letting that person not even call him *shifu* once. It was just as tragic as not being able to get the daughter-in-law who'd crossed the family threshold! [4]

Luo Binghe was satisfied: “Then many thanks to this Elder.”

He wasn't in the least willing to call anyone other than Shen Qingqiu his *shifu*.

The Dream Demon saw his appearance: if he still had his body, he would have been so furious his nose turned crooked.

This Luo Binghe; in front of his *Shizun*, he was well-behaved and obedient, even more like a small white flower. How come in front of other people, he became so difficult to deal with! Completely two different impressions, just like becoming a different person!

Really going to anger this old man to death!

Time flew like an arrow, the sun and moon shuttling back and forth.

.....Shen Qingqiu truly didn't want to use such a terrible and widely known common saying, but other than these words, he really couldn't find a more suitable phrase.

Every day at Qing Jing Peak, he played the *qin*, read books, wrote calligraphy, painted paintings, practiced martial arts, was picky about Luo Binghe not making a meal delicious enough, and even more occasionally bickered with Liu Qingge. Whether he went to Yue Qingyuan's place to

report for work, the days flew by and were very much in line with his life goal to ‘while away life and wait for death.’

Until the time came for the Immortal Alliance Conference.

This day finally came. His days were too leisurely to the point that Shen Qingqiu almost forgot this first great climax in the novel.

Left hanging as Luo Binghe climbed to the apex of life, married (countless) white beauties, also the first step towards the unremovable blackening..... he was actually able to forget it!

Therefore, upon receiving the bronze invitation, Shen Qingqiu was startled for a good while.

The Immortal Alliance Conference was the first climax and resolution in “Proud Immortal Demon Way.” At the same time, it was also a turning point in the book.

For four years, the Immortal Alliance Conference was a rookie selection offering great opportunities for fame and fortune. The form differed every year according to the major sect heads’ discussions, but there would definitely be a gold list.

Regardless of originating from which sect or from the Jianghu [\[5\]](#), as long as you performed well in the Conference, your name would be on the gold list and made famous throughout the world.

Previously, “Proud Immortal Demon Way” didn’t have a warm or hot reception. But with the Immortal Alliance Conference installment, the book’s reviews and subscriptions increased greatly, immediately soaring!

The reason for the rise didn’t just start from here. Great God Airplane Towards the Sky abandoned what original moral integrity he had left and sent up like a surging tide to readers a steel-wrought protagonist and sisters as graceful as water, great segments of presentable writing and all kinds of descriptions that let your face turn red in excitement, and also one important

reason. It was also the important reason why Shen Qingqiu stuck through reading to the end.

That was the confusing setting!

Great God Airplane Towards the Sky, as a person who hadn't even researched how to set up a cultivation world properly and who frequently couldn't even get the Qi Refining or Nascent Soul periods straight, truly didn't get a tsukkomi from most people for this because that wasn't his novel's selling point.

“Proud Immortal Demon Way” was a book that could be called a ‘cultivation’ novel, but would be better called a ‘supernatural’ novel. Most of the supernatural contents completely steamrolled over the ‘cultivation’ parts. As a cultivation text, it was a model novel to the letter, but it was also quite interesting as a supernatural novel.

That is to say, very soon, Shen Qingqiu would have to face all the different kinds of extremely fierce and cruel supernatural creatures described in the book.

More importantly, very soon, it would be time for him to personally handle the Luo Binghe who revealed his demonic heritage and cruelly strike him down into the Endless Abyss.

The wheel of fate (plot) had already started to slowly turn.....

—End Chapter 20—

[1] Making a meal in the middle of the night...: I translated *san geng* () as ‘middle of the night,’ but it’s an old phrasing for referring to the time between 11:00 PM and 1:00 AM. Before the invention of electric lights, people generally went to sleep at sundown and rose at sunrise... meaning 5:00-6:00 AM. Luo Binghe wouldn’t be getting much sleep (if he even got any) by staying up to prepare food.

[2] “All right. Aren’t you embarrassed...”: I can’t translate all the Chinese

implications well to English, but Shen Qingqiu's tone is actually very warm to Luo Binghe despite the meaning. It's the sort of thing you'd expect your parents to say to you when they're scolding you but being very fluffy about it. It's like: 'Look at you, you're so big already but you're still clinging onto me like this, how do you think this looks?'

[3] Eating the wind and sleeping in the dew: A saying meaning to 'endure the hardships of an arduous journey.' Or basically someone who just went through a lot of suffering.

[4] Daughter-in-law who'd entered the family gate...: Not sure if I translated this quite right. Original sentence is:

[5] Jianghu: Literally 'rivers and lakes,' but refers to the martial arts world. Note that there is a difference between the cultivation world (with immortals and such) and the martial arts world. Cultivators are considered an entire cut above regular martial artists and often look down on regular Jianghu people.

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Chapter 21

TN: Unedited. Pretty long chapter to translate (from my standpoint), but there are some LOL moments that made me have to stop translating and breathe.

Shen Qingqiu was silent for a long time before throwing the metal plate to Ming Fan's chest, letting him take it. Ming Fan secretly peeked at *Shizun*'s expression and found that it wasn't very good. He thought of that stinky brat Luo Binghe; after he went down the mountain, *Shizun* was picky about the food from the kitchens in every possible way. He hadn't eaten well these days, so Ming Fan asked: "*Shizun*, should this disciple prepare some snacks?"

Every day, Luo Binghe was taught seriously by the Dream Demon in his dreams and progressed amazingly quickly. He could have taken responsibility long ago; Shen Qingqiu often handed over some of Cang Qiong Mountain sect's trivial internal affairs for him to carry out. After he grew up a little more and went down the mountain to exterminate demons, the Peak Lord's support tasks were also thrown to him. It was to prevent him from loitering about at Shen Qingqiu's side every day. Though he was serviced very comfortably every day, he didn't know if this child had grown crooked or what, sticking to him a little too strongly..... Shen Qingqiu would sometimes reflect on this, whether it was because he had doted on him a little too much. If this continued, when the time came, he would have no way to be ruthless and strike him down into the Endless Abyss.

Shen Qingqiu truly didn't have an appetite. He raised his hand: "No need. You can go down."

Ming Fan didn't dare say more and honestly left. In his heart, his face was full of tears. This brat Luo Binghe, in these years he had already become a

dearly loved person in *Shizun*'s heart. Other people had no way of letting *Shizun* drink even a mouthful of congee!

Of course, he hadn't considered the possibility that it was a problem regarding the cook.

After an indeterminable amount of time passed, there was the sound of footsteps approaching again.

Shen Qingqiu said: "Didn't I say it's not needed?"

A young man's voice carrying a hint of grievance said: "This disciple came running back from over thousands of *li* away. *Shizun*, are you going to refuse me without even seeing me once?"

This voice was elegant and clear without losing any of a youth's vitality. Hearing it, Shen Qingqiu almost overturned and tumbled onto the ground with his chair. He quickly turned back.

A seventeen-year-old teenager stood like pure jade, dressed in white robes. A hint of a smile lurked at the corners of his lips, his eyes sparkling at him.

Across his back, he carried a precious sword he received from Wan Jian Peak called "Zheng Yang" [1]. The immortal sword was manifested from Luo Binghe's qi and its body was filled with spiritual energy. This was a good, top-grade sword pulled out by Luo Binghe from the rock wall and attracted his fellow disciples' exclamations and praise. But compared to the sword that truly belonged to Luo Binghe, it wasn't in the same league at all.

Shen Qingqiu resettled himself, then smiled and said: "How come you've come back so fast this time?"

Luo Binghe sat beside him and steadily poured a cup of tea, then pushed it next to Shen Qingqiu's hand: "It wasn't some troublesome calamity. Also, missing *Shizun* urgently, I rode the horse back without stopping."

These words sounded very smooth. However, as the male protagonist, Luo Binghe must have some ability to make such smooth words come out with sincerity and skill. Regarding this, Shen Qingqiu..... found it very useful!

Shen Qingqiu took up the cup of tea and drank a mouthful. He hadn't fully tasted the excellent snowy mountain tea [2] when he said: "The Immortal Alliance Conference is about to begin."

Luo Binghe already knew about this. He asked: "Do you need this disciple to pass to you a copy of the list of participating disciples from Qing Jing Peak for *Shizun* to see?"

These years, these things whether big or small, were all thrown by Shen Qingqiu to Luo Binghe to handle. Anyway, Luo Binghe right now was very cute, obedient and useful, carrying out tasks accurately and precisely. Shen Qingqiu really couldn't think of a reason why he must do them himself..... before making the final decision, Luo Binghe always conscientiously asked Shen Qingqiu to look over them again and see if there was anything wrong. Shen Qingqiu always wanted to say, *actually, you don't need to give it to me to check anymore, truly, your ability to work is stronger than mine by a lot!*

Shen Qingqiu said: "It would be better to report straight to the sect head from now on."

Luo Binghe nodded his head. He still wanted to say something, but it suddenly gave birth to a kind of strange feeling.

Today's Shen Qingqiu seemed to pay special attention to him. He couldn't help smiling: "*Shizun*, why do you keep looking at me? Unless *Shizun* also misses this disciple after having gone down the mountain so many days?"

Shen Qingqiu coolly said: "Can't I look at what I raised?"

Luo Binghe laughingly said: "Naturally you're allowed to. Does *Shizun* find me pleasing to the eyes?"

Shen Qingqiu laughed *hehe*.

After a moment of silence, he sought for words, then asked: "Binghe."

Luo Binghe found that Shen Qingqiu was different from usual. He must have important words to say, so he said seriously: "Yes?"

Shen Qingqiu stared at him with both eyes and said: “Do you want to become strong? Strong enough to be peerless, to the point that no one under the heavens dares to fight you?”

Luo Binghe had an answer to this question since a long time ago.

He solemnly sat and without hesitation, directly replied: “Yes!”

Seeing him answer so decisively, Shen Qingqiu’s heart let out a breath. With urgency in every word, he continued: “For example, if before that, you have to undergo a lot of painful torture, suffer countless hardships, your physical and mental state approaching collapse, would you still want to be a supremely strong person?”

Luo Binghe slowly said: “Towards painful bitterness and hardships, Binghe is fearless and only asks to be strong enough to protect his important people!”

Having received this answer, Shen Qingqiu’s heart was finally able to stabilize.

Right. Luo Binghe, for the sake of your future of becoming a person holding a harem of three thousand jade-like flowers, you must become strong!

Although his heart still couldn’t bear it, thinking of how this was necessary for the protagonist to experience – just like the process of a butterfly emerging from a cocoon – Shen Qingqiu prepared to readjust his mind and heart for the upcoming inhumane action.

After three days, according to the list, the disciples of Cang Qiong Mountain’s Twelve Peaks went to the Conference.

This time the Immortal Alliance Conference was held in complex terrain rising into a thickly forested mountain range. It was called Jue Di Gorge. [3]

Those who had already made a name for themselves definitely wouldn’t go and participate in the Immortal Alliance Conference again to compete with their juniors. There was no need to fight for scraps. Therefore, the Twelve

Peak Lords and martial seniors wouldn't participate, but every head could choose at most ten disciples to participate. Since there were so many who had become immortals, the more the better. Hence once everyone was equipped and ready to set out, there were one hundred people who'd already come. So many flying swords would be too high-profile, so they still set out with carriages. It was a cultivation novel, yet they were riding in horse carriages all the time!

A great number of people chose to ride horses and looked valiant. But since Shen Qingqiu wasn't good at riding and didn't want to fall and break his neck, and secondly because he thought exposing his face to the wind and rain of the mountains wasn't leisurely enough, he drilled his way into the horse carriage with everybody watching.

Finding a seat inside the carriage was first come, first served. Once a fan was seen lifting up the door curtain and a person going in, someone said rudely: "A great big man like you, and you're coming in to steal my spot!"

This woman with the beautiful eyebrows and a full and high chest was indeed the Peak Lord of Xian Shu Peak, Qi Qingqi. [\[4\]](#)

In the original work, Qi Qingqi and Shen Qingqiu didn't have much friendly relations or deal with each other much. But these years, Shen Qingqiu would occasionally work with her and liked her frank, outspoken forcefulness. They got along pretty well. Shen Qingqiu used his paper fan to make a spot for her while he spoke with perfect composure: "I am a sick patient."

Qi Qingqi made some room for him but her mouth still didn't let him off: "You've been pampered and spoiled! The strength of a spoiled baby like you, how is it like a Core Formation immortal cultivator! If you wait awhile, is someone going to come along and serve you refreshments?"

Shen Qingqiu said: "Not wrong. You reminded me." The handle of the fan knocked on an arm of the horse carriage.

Soon after, the carriage's curtain was raised. Luo Binghe smiled and asked: "*Shizun*, refreshments, water, or is your waist sore?"

He was riding on a strong and tall horse. Just as spirited as the heavenly white horse, the teenager was handsome and extraordinary. Under the bright rays of the sun, he shone in people's eyes.

Shen Qingqiu said: "Your martial aunt Qi would like to eat refreshments."

Luo Binghe quickly took from his waist a package of delicately wrapped and exquisite refreshments, offering it. It seemed like he'd been long since prepared. He said: "*Shizun*, if there's anything else, please call for me." Only then did he let down the curtain.

Liu Qingge plied a riding crop as he rode his horse past, grunting out a strong *hmp* once.

Shen Qingqiu said: "Naturally." He lowered his head and opened the package, "Long Xu Su [5]. Not bad." He turned around and passed the refreshments to Qi Qingqi: "Want to eat?"

.....Qi Qingqi had a hard time describing what she felt at this moment.

She felt that this feeling was probably indignation. How come such a good disciple who was both intimate and strong in spiritual power came from Shen Qingqiu's tutelage?

In fact, she just didn't know that there was a phrase to describe that kind of feeling. It was called 'a flash of blind dog eyes.'

Qi Qingqi didn't look at or eat the Long Xu Su from Shen Qingqiu. She was still struggling to the death, "Even Mingyan is riding a horse!"

As long as she could make Shen Qingqiu feel even a bit of shame, it was victory!

Shen Qingqiu didn't say anything and looked out. Sure enough, Liu Mingyan with her veiled face and carrying her 'Shui Se' sword [6] was sitting on a horse. With every breeze, her veil fluttered slightly and gave off the feeling of a floating immortal state.

This picture was too pleasing to the eyes and mind.

Shen Qingqiu couldn't help taking another look for a moment, then sighed: "Truly too beautiful to take in at once."

Qi Qingqi expressed a *pei* at his face. "Rest your desires to covet my disciple!"

These two sentences traveled into Luo Binghe's ears. His face turned dark at once.

But Shen Qingqiu completely didn't notice his expression at all. He just ate pastries while looking towards that side. His attitude was that of the sort of person who before the start of the movie, ate popcorn and drank Coke while waiting for the credits to end and the movie to officially start [Z]. That was Liu Mingyan! The male protagonist and the female protagonist were in the same setting, how would it be possible that they wouldn't rub off some sparks with each other!

Seeing *Shizun* continuing to focus on Liu Mingyan without stopping, Luo Binghe's heart felt extremely stuffy.

'Too beautiful to take in at once?' Her face isn't even clearly revealed! No matter how beautiful, surely she can't be as good-looking as me?

Luo Binghe truly wasn't narcissistic. He was only very clear about his own looks. He was neither complacent nor hypocritically belittling himself.

Half a day had gone by and Shen Qingqiu still hadn't shown any intention of retracting his gaze. Luo Binghe truly couldn't take it anymore. He lightly cracked his whip and the white horse quickly trotted forward to walk alongside Liu Mingyan. Luo Binghe smiled slightly and greeted: "Martial Sister Liu."

Liu Mingyan was surprised for a moment, then nodded shallowly. She replied: "Martial Brother Luo."

Ohhh! Ohhh! It's started!

Shen Qingqiu really didn't think there would be a day that he would see with his own eyes this scene from the novel of the handsome man and beauty

riding alongside each other. He was secretly excited.

Luo Binghe's gaze swept over and he saw that Shen Qingqiu not only hadn't shifted his gaze, but was even more actively fixing his gaze this way. With a face full of black lines [8], his heart increasingly stuffy and his teeth itching to grit together, he brightly laughed with Liu Mingyan while secretly making their horses walk increasingly faster without anyone knowing better. In the end, they were far away enough that Shen Qingqiu couldn't see them unless his entire upper body stuck out of the carriage. Only then did Shen Qingqiu let go and sit back.

Damn, how did he forget: the moments when the male and female protagonist were billing and cooing at each other, their love was never in the fashion of a lightbulb shedding light among the masses. =.=

—End Chapter 21—

[1] Zheng Yang () sword: *Zheng* meaning 'upright/righteous' and *Yang* is the same character used in yin-yang. Yang generally means positive/masculine energy or refers to the sun. Fits this sunshine cutie-pie Luo Binghe pretty well, huh?

[2] Snowy mountain tea: I assume this is a type of tea? Not one I've heard of though. Phrase used was “.”

[3] Jue Di Gorge (): Meaning of the name is 'despairing/hopeless land gorge.' Ominous, huh? Can't believe MTL translated this as Jedi Valley. LOL.

[4] Qi Qingqi (): Her name means something like 'clear luxury.'

[5] Long Xu Su (): Literally 'Dragon Whisker Pastry.' It's a light, sweet pastry that's little like cotton candy but tons healthier. Sometimes you can wrap some crumbly nuts inside. Here's an image:



[6] ‘Shui Se’ (水色) sword: Literally ‘water color’ sword.

[7] ...movie to officially start: In everywhere in the world except the US, movie credits roll first before the film actually begins.

[8] Face full of black lines: You’ve seen it in manga/manhua. It looks like this:



TN: Anyone else get strong courting vibes from Luo Binghe? XD

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Chapter 22

TN: Unedited. Also, I found myself confused over whether they're sitting in a tower or on platforms in this chapter. The word tai () is used a lot and it's hard to tell. @.@

*Also, had to check up on a lot of terminology used, etc. (this is #1 reason why I've released this chapter a bit late). I think I got it right, but please correct me if I'm wrong. ^^*

Jue Di Gorge.

Jue Di Gorge covered the span of seven mountains in a chain, rising and falling and all covered with verdant growth. Among them were secret undercurrents, waterfalls and strange rocks, quiet and deep secluded valleys with tall peaks in disorderly confusion. As its name suggested, the terrain brought a feeling of being 'pressed to an impasse,' but in the next moment letting someone see a road that showed that the heavens wouldn't seal off all exits.

In Shen Qingqiu's view, even if it wasn't being used as the Immortal Alliance Conference's opening venue, everyone would deem that it was a dangerous place to live.

The main force was the big four cultivation sects. Cang Qiong Mountain sect was in the lead, followed by Zhao Hua Temple, Tian Yi Overlook, and lastly Huan Hua Palace. [1]

Among the four sects, Cang Qiong Mountain sect was the most comprehensive. Each of its twelve peaks had their specialties, a multi-pronged approach forming a hodge-podge. The Temple and Overlook

naturally were monastic and Daoist sects respectively; Huan Hua Palace was more complex, the sect's guidance leaning more towards the militaristic school of thought and good at divination [2]. They were also the ones who had the most contact with the world, the strength of their techniques unclear. However, they were without a doubt the richest. Huan Hua Palace took out the most money for the Immortal Alliance Conference every time.

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Additionally, there were uncountable and numerous other small to middle-sized sects. Therefore, the total number of people who registered and gathered at Jue Di Gorge in the end would definitely be above ten thousand.

The formerly silent and cold entrance to the gorge was suddenly filled with an influx of thousands of people. The mountain animals who had never seen people were surprised out. On all sides, there was a sense of liveliness and activity.

The rookie cultivators of the Alliance were preparing to stand neatly in an array. Surrounding the mountain gorge was an immense natural stone platform.

There had long since been a high tower put up at the gorge's entrance for the cultivators who weren't participating in the Conference to observe everything, the colorful flags representing each sect high up on the roof, open and fluttering. The first-class spot reserved for sect leaders was on the highest floor; since Yue Qingyuan was the sect head of Cang Qiong Mountain sect, he led the group to sit at the highest floor.

Shen Qingqiu sat behind. Close to his left sat a poised and magnanimous old man with hair as white as a crane [3] who'd given care towards everyone from Cang Qiong Mountain sect in the past. He also greeted him: "Immortal Master Chen." [4]

The old head of Huan Hua Palace was also the *shifu* of Luo Binghe's birth mother. Shen Qingqiu viewed him as something like a member of

royalty as he paid his respects.

Soon, a member of Huan Hua Palace stepped onto the stone platform. Since they spent the most money, letting the major stockholder monopolize control of the ceremonies wasn't a big deal. The people below down in front of him gradually became quiet and attentive as they listened to him read the Conference's rules and arrangements.

This person's basic skills foundation was deep, his breath full and lasting a long time. From the gorge entrance to the highest level of the tower, all were able to hear his voice very clearly.

"The Conference will be held for seven days. After everyone enters the gorge, a large enchantment will cover the entire Jue Di Gorge. Within seven days, all participants who have entered into Jue Di Gorge will have cut off all communication to the outside world. They will be unaware of the situation outside, but onlookers can freely soar through the skies of the gorge on spirit eagles to see the situation inside the field.

"Hundreds of kinds of monsters have already been placed inside the gorge. There are nearly five thousand in total. With every monster taken down, a bead can be obtained from the body [5]. With the different levels of monsters, there will be a corresponding level of difference in the spiritual energy contained in the bead. Is everyone wearing a gold wire on their wrist?"

Everyone below the platform immediately revealed their wrists, showing the gold wires on them. It looked quite spectacular.

The master of ceremonies continued to speak: "After getting a bead and stringing it onto the gold wire, your grade will automatically be sorted on the ranking boards here.

The ranking boards hung opposite the high tower. Although there were eight boards, people were not interested in first or second place; rather, everyone's interest naturally focused on the first 100 names on the first ranking board. In particular, they focused on the first ten names. This was the reason for not caring about first or second place.

Finally, that Huan Hua sect person stressed severely: “It is strictly forbidden for there to be fights between sects for beads! If a secret fight is found and despicable means used to snatch other people’s beads discovered, you will be immediately be stripped of your rights to participate in this Conference and will be banned from participating for three periods!”

Three periods meant twelve years.

Among these new cultivators, there were many young people who hadn’t experienced the world but the number of experienced old fritters [6] wasn’t lacking either. They were afraid that some people would be shameless and things become a mess of unscrupulous bullying, crooked fishes and honest dragons mixed together. If there was no ban, he was afraid that this entire Conference would become extremely chaotic to the point that even human lives would be lost. Therefore, this stipulation was very necessary.

At this time, near the front there were a few female sect heads who were speaking as though they were secretively discussing their private desires.

“Which sect is that disciple from? He’s exceedingly handsome.”

“That one in the white clothes, when compared, doesn’t lose out to Senior Martial Brother Gongyi.”

“The spiritual power of Senior Martial Brother Gongyi is very strong, how can you compare them?”

At one glance, Shen Qingqiu saw clearly that the white-clothed figure in the crowd that they were talking about was the clearly outstanding and out-of-this-world Luo Binghe.

In fact, it wasn’t only them who were secretly looking and discussing. Even among the disciples participating in the Conference situated below the platform, there was no lack of young girls who were secretly paying attention to Luo Binghe, their two cheeks flaming crimson.

Though sounds were suppressed very low, all of those who were sitting were all capable cultivators and their five senses were extremely clear. How

could they not hear? These young women were too young to take care and their words were heard by others. Fortunately, everyone was very polite and pretended that they didn't hear anything, their gazes not straying.

Some people, in order to break away from the embarrassment, coughed twice and smiled: "Everyone has come from all different directions; let's calculate whether there are any new outstanding cultivators for this time's Immortal Alliance Conference?"

Shen Qingqiu's spirits were immediately lifted by this topic!

The 'calculate' mentioned wasn't really talking about any old calculations, but – gambling!

To say it bluntly, it was laying a bet on the young cultivator you looked favorably on.

Cultivators also needed a little entertainment. Moreover, they didn't stop at betting with tacky things like gold and silver. They bet with things like treasured cultivation techniques, spirit stones, and sending a disciple to the other person's sect for training and boosting their reputation. They also wouldn't bet in earnest with important items, but it was still a traditional and fun event of the Immortal Alliance Conference.

Slightly older sect leaders like those of Yue Qingyuan's generation wouldn't play with things like this, but naturally there would be people willing to join the fun. Not even a moment had passed when the viewing platform was bustling with activity. There was no lack of people laying down bets for their own sect or division's promising disciples. For example, Qi Qingqi laid a bet down for Liu Mingyan.

Shen Qingqiu didn't need to consider anything at all and straightforwardly laid a bet of 1000 spirit stones on Luo Binghe!

This overly large move shocked everyone around.

Fellow sect members were all in their hearts muttering how they hadn't heard of this name Luo Binghe before. Actually, they couldn't be blamed.

Luo Binghe's temperament right now was rather modest and low-key. He wasn't willing to claim credit for himself and always did some good deed and silently left. His reputation just wouldn't grow, so that was why he didn't shine. The bystanders were unclear what kind of reason would let Shen Qingqiu be like a colorful painting and so inspired about his disciple.

And below the highest level, the master of ceremonies with great energy and breath concluded the details of the Conference, after letting all the new cultivators be sworn in and officially starting admissions.

Because there were so many people, they went in through twelve different exits in groups regardless of which sect they were from. The participating rookie cultivators all nervously stepped into the bounds of Jue Di Gorge. The event begun, the already famous and successful elders on the highest floor remained calm and unruffled in the chaos while idly chatting or eating melon seeds.

How did the people outside know the circumstances inside Jue Di Gorge then?

There were many hundreds of spirit eagles inside the enchantment. The spirit eagles were controlled by special staff to watch. On their claws were silver rings inlaid with a special crystal. When soaring, the entire panorama below was within their view and uploaded to the many crystal screens set in front of the high platform. There wasn't much difference compared to modern surveillance equipment.

Some people beamed radiantly: "Sure enough, the opening ceremony is number one!"

On the red announcement, the names of the top ten were all in brilliant gold. At this moment, the name in first place had already become the characters for "Gongyi Xiao." It was followed afterward by the number "Twelve."

That is to say, within the short span of half a *shichen* [1 hour], he had already gotten rid of twelve monsters and gotten twelve beads!

Following close behind in second place was Liu Mingyan, who had gotten rid of monsters and attained six beads, a distance between them of twice the number.

The crystal screen reflected a handsome and light-spirited young teenager, his natural and unrestrained demeanor like drifting clouds and flowing water. When he made a move, it was like lightning. In a moment, the extremely sad spirits who came in front of him were chopped, vanishing like smoke and dispersing like clouds.

Why are you like this!

Shen Qingqiu smiled but didn't speak.

This Gongyi Xiao looked like he was positively leaking with a domineering aura, but *hehe*, he was actually cannon fodder on par with himself.

He was that sort of representative for 'looks handsome, good family, high talent, liked by sisters, high-spirited and vigorous, successful young man. But unfortunately, the protagonist is here. You must become cannon fodder for the protagonist.' Despite being the person that the majority of those present thought would become first on the list, he sadly and unfortunately wouldn't be able to be in the lead for long before Luo Binghe kicked him down.

Luo Binghe's name was now ranked in the middle, the second digit was only a 'one.'

Shen Qingqiu wasn't worried in the slightest.

He knew that when night arrived, there wouldn't be anyone able to ward off Luo Binghe's unstoppable force on the list.

At that moment, a profoundly affecting big □□ riot, a frightening plot, was about to have its curtains drawn open!

The Immortal Alliance Conference, the first day, only a few minutes away and drawing near the time of *jin* [11:00PM-1:00AM].

The sky was dark blue, a round full moon hanging high in the sky. The high platform was ablaze with lights.

Shen Qingqiu always had his mouth closed without a word, pretending to be meditating but actually conserving strength and storing up energy. Then he finally opened his eyes. Within the myriad crystal screens, he finally found a mirror that reflected out Luo Binghe's situation at the moment.

Luo Binghe was slowly proceeding in the forest, carrying his sword across his back, his body spotless, looking completely unwearied. His eyes were like stars and seemed like they could pierce straight through the crystal screen.

However, he wasn't alone.

A great number of people moved alone or partnered with someone they were familiar with. At most there were three disciples in a group. Of course, there were also very powerful female cultivators but speaking of the whole, their raw physical and psychological strength were not enough. Often, they needed to be helped by other people. In this group, they were all elder and younger martial sisters with good relations. All along the road, they seemed like a huge joke and didn't fit the situation at all. Also, there were too many people and their individual strengths indeterminable; how would the bead be split between them? This was also a complicated question.

On Luo Binghe's side, seven or eight people followed. If they weren't weak women then they were very young disciples. This scene was very attention-grabbing. Immediately, some people even left off watching Gongyi Xiao's figure and turned around to look at the sight of this strangely bloated team.

Among them, the one who walked closest to Luo Binghe was a figure in light yellow clothes, a Huan Hua Palace disciple holding up a Night Pearl [7].

—End Chapter 22—

[1] Cang Qiong Mountain sect... Zhao Hua Temple, Tian Yi Overlook, and Huan Hua Palace: I've mentioned what Cang Qiong Mountain's name means in Chinese, so I'll move onto the other three. Zhao Hua Temple () = 'Clear Flower' Temple ('temple' as in the monastery sense). Tian Yi Overlook () = 'One Heaven' Overlook but literally 'sky/heaven one look.' Huan Hua Palace () = 'Imaginary Flower' Palace.'

[2] Divination (): Pinyin: Qimendunshu. I... have no idea what this is other than some kind of ancient Chinese divination tradition. I think. This is the closest thing I could find in my dictionary. Edited after a kind commenter's tips . Thanks!

[3] Hair as white as a crane: Just what it sounds like. He's a white-haired old man. Thanks to **losttalez** for pointing this out!

[4] Immortal Master Chen (): 'Chen' is the old man's surname. 'Immortal Master' (*xianshi*) is something like Immortal Master/Master Immortal and a respectful way to call a high-ranking cultivator. I was tempted to use the pinyin 'Chen *xianshi*' but went with 'Immortal Master Chen.' If you prefer the pinyin version, drop me a comment and let me know. I'll change it if enough people vote for it, otherwise I'll assume what I've done is fine.

[5] Monsters () and beads (): I was very tempted to translate this as 'demonic/magic creature', but Google-sensei threw me 'monster.' And the character 'wu' () threw me for a loop because it means 'matter,' 'thing,' or 'object' and that's not what you call something that can chew on you. I'll be using 'monster' for now though. It seems to fit best. As for beads () or *nianzhu*, I'm assuming this is NOT a beast core; like the literal translation 'prayer bead,' it's referring to something probably artificially made for the Conference and put on the monsters for the kiddy cultivators to collect.

[6] Experienced old fritters: Meaning experienced people, but I wanted to keep the funny common language used here at least in feeling. Actual term used is *lao you tiao* () which literally refers to these yummy fried dough

stick things. They're usually on the salty side and if you leave them out too long, they tend to get chewy (but still delicious). Here's what they look like:

[Z] Night Pearl (): Some kind of pearl that's supposed to glow in the dark. They're using it as a flashlight here.

Also: Gongyi Xiao () resulted in yet another edit lol. His name means 'public ceremony' and the last part 'mournful/sad.' What an ominous name...

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Chapter 23

*TN: Unedited. Um... sorry for the cliffie? *ducks**

This girl's appearance was comely and elegant, though she walked with a limp. It seemed like she'd twisted her foot when facing off against the monsters.

Her voice carried an apology as she said: "Martial Brother Luo, I'm really sorry. Earlier I was saved by you, but I still have to trouble you now. If it wasn't for the sake of protecting us, you would have long since proceeded ahead..... it's our fault for dragging you behind."

Luo Binghe was very sincere in his response: "As fellow cultivators, taking care of each other is also a must."

Towards the early stage Luo Binghe's Holy Mother kind of beneficence, Shen Qingqiu had already gotten used to it and found nothing strange.

He was battling creatures on one side and bringing along these weak women and children on the other, which led to his ranking not being high. Otherwise according to his current strength, he'd have no pressure at all competing with Gongyi Xiao for the top! It must be known that even Ming Fan's ranking wasn't bad..... but no matter, Luo Binghe had a lot of reserves to make a comeback!

Shen Qingqiu completely didn't think about reflecting on his own 'My disciple is the strongest, if it isn't because he's such a good and generous and easy person to bully, then you'd all better not even think of competing with him' feelings and didn't think to wonder whether there was anything strange about this attitude.

Yue Qingyuan laughingly said: “Qingqiu, this small disciple of yours has a good character.”

Shen Qingqiu opened his fan and smiled, peacefully secure of himself.

Whether it was from the reader’s perspective or *Shizun*’s perspective, the early stage Luo Binghe’s white lotus level [1] indeed met the standard.

Qi Qingqi snorted: “Since he’s like that, it’s like he didn’t come from his tutelage.”

There were bystanders who also passed along words of praise. However, they might not be sincere. What use was there in having a good heart? What the Immortal Alliance Conference paid attention to was strength. In their eyes, Luo Binghe’s move was somewhat stubbornly pedantic.

The Huan Hua Palace sect head elder sitting next to Shen Qingqiu, upon seeing Luo Binghe’s face in the crystal screen, inadvertently let out a ‘yi.’ [2]

Shen Qingqiu’s gaze didn’t stray sideways, but in his heart he secretly laughed: *Luo Binghe’s appearance is handsome, resembling his birth mother. Certainly, this old sect head must see this face and think he coincidentally looks like a certain younger generation person, missing his own proud disciple of that time and sighing a little.* As everyone knew, Luo Binghe was truly the child of his beloved disciple.

And on the other side, inside Jue Di Gorge, Luo Binghe was already thinking in his mind about a safe way to solve the problem and get rid of the current situation.

Morally speaking, he couldn’t throw away these Huan Hua Palace disciples who hadn’t entered the sect for long, but he also didn’t want to let slip the opportunity to put on an excellent performance at the Immortal Alliance Conference and not let *Shizun* be disappointed.

On this side, Luo Binghe was coolly pondering how to settle down these small and weak disciples while Shen Qingqiu actually thought he was

rubbing sparks with a sister.

This was the first sister who rolled in the sheets with Luo Binghe!

Qin Wanyue [3]. Shen Qingqiu's impression of this sister wasn't bad.

Though she wasn't much help to the protagonist's undertaking of killing and dominating the Three Realms, she was a warm and gentle person who didn't like infighting in the harem. What man wouldn't like such a sister?

Shen Qingqiu wouldn't say: Sha Hualing and Luo Binghe's main wife living together, all the day contending for his affections and scheming, harming this person and framing another; he'd seen enough several tens of chapters of these kinds of scenes to annoy him to death. *Shua shua shua* and he directly turned the pages over.

The labor of reading was meant for a supernatural novel, not a pretty woman's biography!

I'd rather watch you spend a hundred thousand words to describe how the ghost-headed spider is bred than watch how Sha Hualing made Qin Wanyue have a miscarriage. Thank you!

These people solemnly treated Luo Binghe as their savior, following behind him.

Luo Binghe was helpless, but was unable to be cold and chase them away.

Shen Qingqiu's heart was very happy. The Luo Binghe right now was warm and honest but not easy to fool. Among these closely-following disciples in rank and file, some at this moment were not suited for battle since their developmental conditions weren't good. At the least, after some adjustment, there would be no problem. But there were also some who had neither learning nor skill, yet were unwilling to withdraw from the competition. They wanted to hug onto Luo Binghe's thighs to muddle along and win some beads and prestige.

If it were the late-stage Luo Binghe, you could die at his hands any second and he wouldn't hesitate! [4]

After walking for a while, the small monsters that came during the night were mostly resolved just by Luo Binghe moving a finger. His sword didn't even need to leave its scabbard. Still, people were unable to pick up speed.

The reason?

A Huan Hua Palace female disciple close to Qin Wanyue started crying loudly: "Big Sister Wanyue, my feet hurt so much."

At the front, Luo Binghe didn't turn around but his feet stopped. His head lowered and he massaged his temples.

Qin Wanyue was suddenly anxious. She lowered her head and quietly said to that young girl: "Little Sister Wanrong, can you please endure? We need to walk a little faster."

Little Sister Wanrong quietly sobbed: "But my feet truly hurt and I can't walk anymore! And we walked an entire day without a place to bathe. My body feels so uncomfortable."

In the team, many were unseasoned disciples even if they claimed otherwise. If Shen Qingqiu had the privilege to pass judgment directly, he would have long since invalidated their qualifications to enter the Conference and kicked them out of Jue Di Gorge.

If they cried so easily about their feet hurting, then why did they register for something like the Immortal Alliance Conference? Registration could be forgiven, but why did they have drag people behind? Look at Liu Mingyan, this gap wasn't just a little bit. No wonder she was the number one female lead!

However, he had no way to deal with this Qin Wanrong. After all, Qin Wanyue and Qin Wanrong this pair of sisters were flowers in Luo Binghe's harem. They would be the only ones who wouldn't die even if they died a 'big death'.....

A strange sense of irritation filled Shen Qingqiu's heart.

Binghe ah, you... in the future when you start accepting your harem, could you also consider the problem of quality..... don't just see that a sister doesn't look bad and take her into your arms. Seeing the quality of your harem so uneven really brings heartache!

Qin Wanyue took another look at Luo Binghe's back, then whispered: "Little sister, we've already given Senior Martial Brother Luo so much trouble....."

Qin Wanrong innocently said: "Senior Martial Brother Luo is such a good person that he won't mind. Isn't that right, Martial Brother Luo?"

Luo Binghe finally turned around. There was still a little smile on his face, handsome without friendliness, unassailably flawless. He didn't speak. Qin Wanyue didn't know why, but she secretly shivered. But Qin Wanrong had cotton for brains. Seeing him smile, she took it as his agreement. 'La la la' like a sudden breeze, she dashed to a little riverbend nearby.

It came! Shen Qingqiu's gaze was filled with urgency.

Luo Binghe was shocked. Connecting with her words earlier, he thought she was going to bathe. Fortunately, this junior martial sister wasn't an exotic flower [5] to that level. She just shucked off her shoes and socks, her feet stepping like in the river water.

This was the upper reaches of the river, what if someone downriver wanted to drink water.....

Shen Qingqiu secretly lit a candle in his heart for the disciples downriver.

Having led the way like this, many other people followed her example. A group of people just like this began to laugh and make merry.

Luo Binghe, seeing the situation, couldn't do anything about it and also couldn't draw near. He could only say from far away: "Wading into the

water is not safe. It's still better for fellow martial brothers and sisters to quickly come up."

Shen Qingqiu felt it was a little strange. In the original work, Luo Binghe shouldn't have stood so far away? He shouldn't be wrong. Luo Binghe should have let go of his worries (or it came from Great God Airplane Towards the Sky's unkillable secret desires), going with them to the rivulet and then enjoying an erotic footbath scene (.....). The same kind of service that was given just before!

The happy laughter and cheers of those people even traveled over to this side: "It's okay! Martial Brother Luo, you come too!"

Even the sect leaders in front of the crystal screens were speechless.

Though he was given an immunity shot in the form of the original work, when this scene actually happened in front of his eyes, Shen Qingqiu was also drunk with disbelief.

With an expressionless face, he asked in his heart: Luo Binghe! You still aren't going to go over? If you still don't go over, you won't be able to catch the scene in time!

Qin Wanyue wanted to conscientiously apologize to Luo Binghe: "Senior Martial Brother Luo, I'm sorry. My junior apprentice sister and them, it's their first time participating in the Immortal Alliance Conference....." She knew her own family's little sister was behaving like quite an exotic flower. She bit her lips, looking very pitiable.

Luo Binghe hadn't responded yet when suddenly, ear-piercing and sharp screams rose from beside the rivulet.

Ohhh, it's finally come!

Young people, don't forget, the number one cool point among the cool points of "Proud Immortal Demon Way": Those who are going to be made dead, will definitely die!

Only this time, Shen Qingqiu would have never expected that the Qin Wanrong little sister who became part of the protagonist's harem would! Make! Herself! Dead! Like! This!

Hearing sharp screams, Luo Binghe's expression changed. He left behind the flowerlike Qin Wanyue, dashing over to the riverside.

At the same time, the faces of the sect leaders who were in front of the crystal screens were also horrified.

Luo Binghe held his sword out horizontally in front of him, lowering his body in a guard position as he said: "What's going on!"

The river originally held five to six disciples who were leisurely bathing their feet, but now two had disappeared. One of them included Qin Wanrong.

Shen Qingqiu in his heart: You see! Didn't I tell you to go there earlier?

It's great now, your first wife is gone just like that! You prodigal son –

The big scene of the future 3[beep—] [6], with the flower bouquet of the two Qin sisters, how's it going to be done now!

A disciple shrilly screamed: "Just earlier, I don't know what happened, suddenly the depths of the water turned black and martial sister and them were somehow sucked into the water!"

With one hand, Luo Binghe pulled up some people who were still floating in the water, stunned. It was better to get them out of danger before anything else. But just when he reached out his hand to pull the last person out, that person's feet slipped and the person fell. Their head hadn't even gone completely under the river water when they disappeared right in front of Luo Binghe!

At the same time, a dark energy churned in the middle of the river water. Separating the crystal screen out from the others and focusing, Shen Qingqiu saw a woman's countless black hairs just like black silk threads. In

the midst of the black silk threads emerged fresh scarlet blood. It had been diluted by the flow of river water, but the thick growth was even more disgusting than Sadako's hair!

Shocked, Yue Qingyuan exclaimed: "*Nu yuan chan!*" [7]

And inside Jue Di Gorge, Luo Binghe quickly determined what kind of creature was in the river water. His sword energy entered the water and he shouted: "Move away from the water! It's a Demon Realm *nu yuan chan!*"

That demon, like a large tract of hair strands, stirred under the water for a while, then suddenly erupted into a burst of hiccups. With a *gu lu lu* sound, it 'spit out' something from the midst of the black strands.

The three had already been sucked dry of blood and flesh, leaving only skinny wet corpses made of skin and bone!

The pores on the corpses appeared unusually large because there were still quite a lot of hairs attached to the skin, inserted through the pores to hungrily to draw human flesh, blood, and vital energy.

The ability to get in through any opening was the most frightening specialty of the *nu yuan chan*.

The disciples by the river were so terrified by the horrific scene that they seemed to have been scared dumb. From the forest, a wailing cry came as someone threw themselves over almost to Luo Binghe's back. Qin Wanyue almost fainted after seeing her little sister's corpse in such a miserable state.

Fortunately, she was very smart and hadn't been actually shocked into fainting. Otherwise in this kind of scene full of chaos and turmoil, who could actually bring her along with them as they ran away!

—End Chapter 23—

[1] White lotus: This is a Chinese term (usually for women lol) that's traditionally used to describe someone who's pure and innocent and

absolutely good. So ‘white lotus level’ is referring to just how much of a white lotus Luo Binghe is.

For those curious, the *modern* meaning of the same ‘white lotus’ term may be used to refer to a two-faced bitch (yanno, the kind that looks good but has the moral integrity of a pile of trash). This story doesn’t use the modern meaning though – so when I use ‘white lotus’ in translation, we’re talking about the traditional meaning of cute white bun.

[2] Yi: A sound someone can make when surprised after seeing something. Sort of SFX, I guess.

[3] Qin Wanyue (): *Wan* meaning gentle/beautiful/elegant, *yue* meaning... well, it can mean something like ‘agreement’ as a noun. The name of her sister, ‘Wanrong,’ has a similar meaning.

[4] “...die at his hands any second”: Some pinyin mixed in here. Might be slang... Original Chinese was: neng !

[5] ...exotic flower (): Meaning she’s not a ‘marvel’ in the sarcastic sense to that level. In ancient times, a woman revealing her feet to the opposite sex is considered not done even if it’s not as bad as stripping naked. This is why Luo Binghe’s standing so far away despite it only being a scene of pretty sisters having a footbath – he’s being a gentleman. FYI: Among cultivators and Jianghu people, propriety is more lax which explains why some martial brothers are mixed in with the sisters.

[6] 3[beep—]: This is a censored version of the term 3P. 3P = 3 party = threesome. Future Luo Binghe has a threesome with these sisters... at least in the original work. LOL.

[7] *Nu yuan chan* (): Wasn’t sure how to translate this. It’s a kind of supernatural monster. Direct translation of name is something like ‘female resentment enwrapping’ so I guess I could have called it Enwrapping Female Resentment? But then it sounds less like an actual monster lol. If someone feels strongly about this one way or another, drop a comment.

TN: ...Binghe, your mind truly is filled with nothing but ‘*Shizun*.’ Even when there’s a hot sister right next to you, you’re still thinking about him. Also, RIP Qin Wanrong... *clasps hands together and prays*

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Chapter 24

*TN: Soo... cliffy? *runs and hides**

Unedited. Kept 'nu yuan chan' for the hairy female grudge demon spirit. 'Ghoul' just didn't sound quite right to me.

Warning for gore, if some of you are sensitive to that kind of thing.

Nu yuan chan was able to move by water and by land. After sucking the three people dry underwater, it couldn't wait to climb ashore to look for new targets. Luo Binghe wasn't so easy to handle however, his appearance towering and piercingly cold. He snapped his fingers and fire appeared at his fingertips, his spiritual power acting as the catalyst. He threw it at the sneaky monster. Once it came in contact with the hair, the flames quickly grew and fanned into a huge blaze, forcing the black strands of hair to quickly retreat back into the water, afraid to go ashore.

The entire set of moves was carried through smoothly and successfully in one go at full power, without room for hesitation.

In his heart, Shen Qingqiu was satisfied and he raised a placard: Luo Binghe, 10 Points!

Luo Binghe picked up Qin Wanyue's Night Pearl that had fallen to the ground and raised it high, as though it were a beacon. It awakened those who had frozen in place. He shouted: "Martial brothers and sisters, don't wander and get lost. Gather in one place and move together!" Afterwards, he pulled out the standard Immortal Alliance Conference item that everyone received, the emergency firework [\[1\]](#), and launched it towards the sky.

The emergency fireworks were given to the disciples to use in case they came across monsters they had no way to confront. Generally, the Immortal Alliance Conference wouldn't release monsters that were too dangerous. Using it three times also resulted in an automatic waive. It was therefore used as a last resort during the Immortal Alliance Conference; hardly anyone would use it. But at this moment, many bright fireworks bloomed over the entire sky of Jue Di Gorge, one after another. In the original work, this was a very beautiful scene. But now, these fireworks were not only far from being splendid. Instead, they made people feel as though their livers and gallbladders were being torn apart in grief and horror.

Because every firework rising into bloom represented a disciple who was confronted with an extremely terrible monster, his or her life in danger!

“The crystal screens! Quickly look at the crystal screens!”

Tragic screaming and shouting broadcasted from the crystal screens without end. Some disciples had already died on the scene across rows of the crystal screens. Some disciples were still bathed in blood from fighting in close quarters, their eyes full of fear and dread: “Why? Why does this place have... it shouldn't be like this!”

“People, come and help! Poison Dragon Python [2]! *Shifu*, save me! Elder Martial Brother, save...”

Suddenly, from within a crystal screen came a hoarse cry, the spirit eagles calling sadly and shrilly, then the surface turned entirely black.

Everyone said: “What's going on?”

Shen Qingqiu felt his scalp turning numb, the tips of his fingertips ice-cold.

That hoarse cry must be the Demon Realm's Bone Eagle [3]! It was a type of fierce and bloodthirsty flying monster.

He was afraid that these spirit eagles had been torn apart by them and thrown onto the ground, likewise shattering the crystal screens on them into

pieces.

Swimming in the water, walking on land, or flying in the air; all were invaded by these frightening demonic creatures!

Facing this kind of grand and chaotic scene, he truly didn't have a way to act as he originally planned and treat it as a realistic play □□, remaining calm.

And outside Jue Di Gorge, atop the high tower, it was as though a pot had exploded. The Daoists [4] of Tian Yi Overlook snapped: "What's going on? The approved monsters for the Immortal Alliance Conference have all been chosen according to the strictest standards. How could a purely demonic thing like *nu yuan chan* get mixed in!"

Several Huan Hua Palace disciples had already died. The old Palace head suddenly got up and in a trembling voice said word by word: "Open the enchantment!"

The great enchantment encompassing Jue Di Gorge was supported by several hundreds of Zhao Hua Temple monks. The Zhao Hua Temple abbot was quickly about to use the Thousand Li Transmitter to notify the monks to remove the enchantment. Who knew that Yue Qingyuan would suddenly say: "It cannot be opened!"

The old Palace head was stunned: "Sect Head Yue, what is the meaning of this?"

In Jue Di Gorge, there were many hundreds of Cang Qiong sect disciples who participated in the Immortal Alliance Conference, yet Yue Qingyuan stopped them from opening the enchantment and letting the disciples trapped inside escape with their lives. Naturally, he had very important reasons for this.

Shen Qingqiu said: "Once the enchantment is opened, it's true that the disciples can escape. But the monsters originally trapped inside will also immediately flee. Within some *li* of distance, you can see smoke from human villages in this place. At that time, the situation would be even more

grave. Our sect disciples have at least some ability to confront monsters. As for those normal, common people who don't have spiritual power flowing through their meridians?"

This remark made every one of the famous sect heads on the high platform unable to say anything in reply and made them all silent.

At a time like this, no matter how much of a great Core Formation or Nascent Soul cultivator you were, you were still helpless against this kind of uncontrollable situation.

Some people from Huan Hua Palace seemed to have taken leave of their six senses and were at a loss: "If the enchantment can't be opened to let them out, then.....then what should be done?"

Shen Qingqiu said: "If exiting is impossible, then there can only be entering."

Among Cang Qiong Mountain sect members, many people met gazes in silent agreement. Yue Qingyuan said in a clear voice: "All fellow Daoists, today's events must be the intentional move of someone intending to borrow Demon Realm hands to eliminate our young cultivators and future pillars in one fell swoop. Because of their stratagem, we can only let the enchantment continue. Are there fellow Daoists who are willing to come along with my Cang Qiong Mountain sect to enter the gorge to exterminate monsters and save the participating disciples?"

To kill a bloody path and clean up all the monsters required not only strength, but great courage.

Huan Hua Palace's old head was the first to respond: "Huan Hua Palace is duty-bound to assist."

In the Immortal Alliance Conference this time, Huan Hua Palace had the most participants and invested the most. They were the party most unable to bear it. With someone taking the lead, other people immediately followed closely behind and volunteered for the dangerous task. Even if there were

those in the minority who were originally timid, they were now shocked awake as well: Their own talented baby disciples were in there, after all!

Shen Qingqiu took one step forward and was just about to enter the queue of supporters when Liu Qingge blocked his path with his scabbard.

Shen Qingqiu's expression didn't change as he used two fingers to push aside the scabbard: "What's the meaning of this?"

Liu Qingge concisely and comprehensively said: "Your poison."

Yue Qingyuan also used a voice only they could hear [5] to say: "Correct. Qingqiu. You shouldn't forget, the remainder of the 'Without A Cure' poison still hasn't been cleaned from your body. Give the safety of the Qing Jing Peak disciples to us to handle." There was one more sentence he hadn't spoken: what if after he entered Jue Di Gorge, he encountered an outbreak of the poison and his spiritual power was obstructed? Surrounded by many monsters, that would truly be like shouting every day without even an echo to answer for it.

Shen Qingqiu shook his head and said: "With disciples who have encountered difficulties, how can the *shifu* hide on the high platform and relax? Since when is there this kind of reasoning? If I'm unable to protect my own disciples, then I don't need to be the Peak Lord of my Qing Jing Peak anymore."

Also, he was an important person for triggering the key scene. If he doesn't arrive at the scene, there's no way for things to proceed.

Ding dong, the system alerted: Through establishing a positive image early, making the villain a three-dimensional character, B points +30!

In his heart, Shen Qingqiu rolled his eyes: 'This counts as giving me sugar or morphine before stabbing me with a knife.'

Yue Qingyuan's advice for him not to go had no effect, so he could only reluctantly say: "Then you have to be careful. In the case you can't confront

something, immediately contact us through the auditory technique so we can support you.”

Shen Qingqiu wasn't as pessimistic about his own ability to deal with monsters as they were. Other than his confidence in his cultivation level and spiritual power, he also had one other additional bonus.

Towards the monsters in “Proud Immortal Demon Way,” Shen Qingqiu had a far greater interest in them than the different kinds of sisters.

He might not be able to remember that female protagonist encountering a small grievance and going with Luo Binghe to watch stars somewhere, that female protagonist's special ‘flavor’ when doing the *pa pa pa*, or would sometimes even forget to match the name with the person, but he definitely remembered the properties and weaknesses of every monster absolutely clearly!

If you really had to find something on him to hold up as a ‘golden finger’ then there was only this point!

In Jue Di Gorge, Luo Binghe was settling and calming down martial sisters and brothers whose souls seemed to have left their bodies and scattered, holding their ground. At a time like this, they absolutely couldn't scurry around in case a new monster emerged or people got lost again. It would only make the situation even worse.

The night wind blew strongly. On four sides and from eight directions came the ghostly, indeterminable sounds of humans or demonic creatures crying. Those who were less brave were already hugging their heads and weeping bitterly. Qin Wanyue's face was pale, but upon seeing Luo Binghe leaning against a tree with his Zheng Yang sword propped up in his lap, vigilant and calm as he helped block the invasion of the dark for those by him, she couldn't help feeling warm honeyed sweetness threading into her heart.

If Shen Qingqiu were here, he would be very excited: Sister, you've fallen in love with him! Gossiper's soul is burning!

At this moment, a *xi xi suo suo* sound poured from the woods. Luo Binghe's gaze turned cold. Spiritual power gathered in the middle of his palm, ready to be used.

From the underbrush, louder and louder, came the sound of something moving. As it came closer, people's hearts came up to their throats. Perhaps it was because they were already terrified to the limit, but no one cried out.

Suddenly, there was a booming *dong* sound, like someone fell to the ground. Then, a round rolling thing rolled its way out of the underbrush.

That was a human head.

Both eyes in the head were closed, the face covered with blood, the hair as messy as a chicken's nest. This picture in the original novel was very frightening. But at a time like this, a dead person's head without any killing power was still better than a man-eating monster. Many people were relieved and let out their breaths.

Qin Wanyue quaveringly said: ".....This.....this martial brother, does anyone know what sect he comes from?"

Every disciple present drew close to identify the head, and all let out a breath in relief: "He isn't one of ours." "Have never seen him before."

Luo Binghe looked towards the dark, black forest. In his mind, he thought: The head's here and the body must be nearby. I should go see his clothes and figure out which sect's disciple he is. He increased the spiritual power in his palm and walked towards the darkness.

As expected, a stiff corpse lay behind the dark woods, wearing watery blue robes. It must be a Tian Yi Overlook disciple. Luo Binghe only saw the bottom hem of his robes [6] before he sighed. This kind of disciple must have entered the Immortal Alliance Conference to gain experience, only he wouldn't have thought he'd encounter an unexpected accident and give up his life.

He continued looking upwards and was stricken with terror.

Above this corpse's neck, there was still a perfectly good head attached!

Then the head from earlier, where did it come from?

Luo Binghe rapidly returned, Zheng Yang exiting its scabbard, white light like a flood as he shouted: "Get away from that head!"

Those words had just been spoken when the head that had been peacefully lying crooked on the ground suddenly opened its eyes!

Its angry eyes were round and beheld the many people. From somewhere below the neck, eight long, thin, articulated and barbed spider legs emerged. It jumped up!

It was too late for the closest person to avoid it, and it jumped onto his head. He yelled crazily and pulled out his sword and swung it wildly, as other people busily tried to avoid it. Luo Binghe didn't dare to use his sword without a thought, in case he pierced not the creature but that person's head. The consequences would be disastrous. With such a frightening thing crawling all over his head, almost suffocating him, he was desperate and swung the sword around his own head, stabbing.

But he hadn't even raised his hand when those eight slim and narrow spider legs found their positions, inserting straight into his temples!

That person's body immediately turned rigid. Even his tongue seemed to be tied into a knot, making him unable to shout a word. Under the human head, beneath the neck, the spider legs were inserted in deeper and deeper, causing the whole body to twitch.

After a while, the eight spider legs pulled out, leaving behind only two empty holes at that person's temples. Inside the cranial cavity, everything had been sucked away cleanly, absolutely empty.

This scene was appalling. Even Luo Binghe wasn't able to recover himself for a moment. That human headed-spider [Z] creature, seeming to have sucked its fill of brain fluids, climbed up and down the body while emitting a shrill whistle, like a baby crying.

Just at this moment, a light arrow condensed from spiritual power flew over, piercing through the mouth that was letting out long wails, beating this child that had forgotten itself in joy through to the correct answer! [8]

In the abrupt silence and dazed shock of the people, Shen Qingqiu rubbed the ears that faintly hurt from all its shouting, adjusting his sleeves and appeared at the scene, low-key.

Spreading his paper fan with a shake and holding it so that it covered his half his face, Shen Qingqiu said with mild dislike: “How noisy!”

—End Chapter 24—

[1] Emergency firework: Original translation would have been literally something like ‘help/call for help’ firework. I thought about calling it ‘emergency flare’ but that’s not accurate because they don’t have flare guns lol.

[2] Poison Dragon Python (): Translated this monster name literally. I think I got it right.

[3] Bone Eagle (): *Gu ying* in pinyin. Translated this literally.

[4] Daoist: In case you don’t know, ‘daoist’ is another way to call or address someone who’s a cultivator.

[5] Voice only they could hear: High-level cultivators can speak telepathically, to an extent. I call this the ‘auditory technique’ later. It’s literally a technique (). LOL.

[6] Bottom hem of his robes...: In case you don’t know, sects (especially for disciples) have distinctive coloring/styles for robes. They’re like uniforms that double as company and job ID. And in this case, we can assume that disciple ranks (like outer vs. inner) can be determined by the color of the robe lining. If you’ve read History’s Number One Senior Brother, it’s like the system set up in Yan Zhaoge’s sect.

[7] Human-headed spider (): Guessing this is species name. Pinyin is *ren tou zhizhu*. I'll leave it as 'human-headed spider.'

[8] Beating this child that had forgotten itself in joy...: Referring to the baby spider. Yes, it's a baby spider. I think I translated this right but this line gave me stitches. Original Chinese:

*TN: PFFFT HOW IS THAT LOW-KEY, SHEN QINGQIU?!?! *smacks desk while laughing like a loon**

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Scum Villain System: Chapter 25

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Chapter 25

TN: Unedited. Also, I changed Dream Demon's name to the pinyin version, 'Meng Mo.' It sounds more like a name than the sadsack literal translation lol. It's also in the translation notes below in case you forget. :3

Using 'miraculous flower' and 'treasure flower' interchangeably. 'Treasure flower' is the more literal translation.

Edit: Fixed that line I was confused about from the footnotes. Thank you, abbyfff!

“Shizun!”

Upon first seeing Shen Qingqiu, Luo Binghe was completely surprised and overjoyed.

After all, from the beginning of the chaos, he'd already known (in his heart) Shen Qingqiu's character, and guessed that he would be worried and personally come inside the gorge to save them.

After Shen Qingqiu coolly finished his kill and glided to a stop, he was met with several disciples ringing around him. He asked: “Is anyone hurt?”

Luo Binghe said: “Other than at the riverbank.....those few martial sisters and the martial brother who was sucked to death, at this moment there are no losses.”

Shen Qingqiu let out an “Oh,” and said, “it's been tiring for you.”

Luo Binghe smiled slightly, his eyes brightening: “This disciple is only doing his duty.”

Shen Qingqiu looked at the still red-eyed Qin Wanyue. In his heart, he said: you're still smiling, smiling! Don't you know you just lost a wife?!

Upon meeting with a powerful elder coming out to rescue them, it was as though all the disciples had met their own real mother. They almost hugged his thighs and cried freely. Shen Qingqiu said: "You all do not need to be so alarmed and frightened. The sect heads outside already know the situation inside. There is also a great number of elders who have entered the enchantment to support you. All you need to do is protect yourselves. It won't be long before we'll be able to kill our way out of the heavy encirclement."

His words were not only worked like a calming pill, but were also 'eaten' with great effect by a group of little girls frightened out of their wits, and let them set their hearts at rest. Luo Binghe said: "*Shizun*, what was that thing earlier?" He'd never seen such a strange thing before.

If bringing up the topic of the monsters of "Proud Immortal Demon Way," then he really asked the right person. With a familiarity as great as if he were naming off his own family's treasures, Shen Qingqiu said: "It's no wonder you haven't seen one before, this thing is called a Ghost Head Spider. Its temperament is irritable, it has hideous features, and uses its babylike cry to attract prey. Once prey draws near, the suckers beneath the head will firmly attach itself to the top of the prey's head. Its eight legs are sharp and can be directly inserted through the skull to suck at a living creature's brain fluids."

This segment of science was completely copied from the original work. Listening to him speak with such expertise, Luo Binghe was both admiring and amazed: "So the Demon Realm has such evil and vicious creatures. This disciple is ignorant and ill-informed."

Ever since Luo Binghe took Meng Mo [\[1\]](#) as his master, the things that Shen Qingqiu could guide him in terms of cultivation became less and less. This was a rare opportunity for him to show off in front of his disciple. Shen Qingqiu was happy enough to overturn the heavens. He smiled a little: "These things are of demonic origin and unused to the earth and waters of the Human Realm. It's already been many years since anyone has seen

them. Next time if you meet one again, remember to strike directly at the temples. The spider from earlier was only a male spider. Thankfully we didn't encounter a female spider, or it would be even more terrifying."

The two people hadn't spoken more than a few words when from above the heads of the crowd, in the leafy canopy, came a rustling sound.

Several upside-down heads on white spider silk threads emerged from the trees!

Shen Qingqiu's expression changed dramatically.

Fuck, how did he forget that this thing's cry would attract a large group of similar things that would encircle them!

The folded fan in his hands opened, sending out a strong wind that cut apart dozens of spiders to death and made the Ghost Head Spiders just like overripe fruit, falling *putong putong* [2] and smashing onto the ground. Shen Qingqiu shouted: "Go!"

Luo Binghe neatly responded an affirmative. Shen Qingqiu took advantage of when the Ghost Head Spiders were thrown dizzy and concussed to run with them. One was at the front opening a path, one bringing up the rear, and a bloated group was sandwiched in the middle. Both ends slaughtered with such carnage that there was a foul wind and bloody rain. Those Ghost Head Spiders' movements were nimble with strong jumping abilities, flying around and jumping in midair, but the disciples beat them until they were full of holes like a sieve. [3]

Once he knew how to confront the enemy, Luo Binghe was like God lending a hand. Even if he closed his eyes, he would still be able to pierce over two spiders at once. Overhead was a piece of carnage, filled with grieving cries and strange shouts.

Still, the numbers were still too many. It would be difficult to deal with even if there was more time. Shen Qingqiu was truly worried over when that damnably strange poison would act out when his spiritual power felt sluggish and his attack struck empty.

Really speaking of something and having it come! [4]

Shen Qingqiu busily turned his technique into a physical attack, folding his fan and cutting the body of the Ghost Head Spider that lunged at him into two halves.

Luo Binghe paid attention to the situation at his side at any moment. Once he saw there was an abnormality, he asked: “*Shizun?*”

Shen Qingqiu said: “It’s nothing.”

Fortunately, they had already been led by Shen Qingqiu into a special zone. The Ghost Head Spiders seemed to encounter a formless barrier and didn’t dare to continue approaching again. Instead, they clamored loudly while continuously retreating until they reached the shrubbery and canopy of the forest and disappeared.

Shen Qingqiu released his breath.

Qin Wanyue looked delicate and tender as she panted heavily at the side while wondering aloud: “Elder Shen, why are the monsters unwilling to advance further after we came here?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “You’ve all forgotten; what kind of miraculous flower is growing in the midst of Jue Di Gorge?”

In fact, the person who’d forgotten was himself.

Forgive him for truly not being able to remember what the name of that flower was!

Luo Binghe very thoughtfully remembered it for him. In an instance, he spoke: “Thousand Leaf Cleansing Snow Lotus!” [5]

Shen Qingqiu finally knew why he couldn’t remember the name of this miraculous flower before.

‘XX Snow XX,’ or ‘XX Lotus,’ treasure flowers with those sorts of names were so many that they far exceeded the memory capacities of everyone. It would be strange if you could remember it!

Shen Qingqiu: “.....Not bad, indeed it is the Thousand Leaf Cleansing Snow Lotus. This flower has long abided in the depths of Jue Di Gorge for thousands of years, full of spiritual energy. It is also a natural nemesis towards demonic types. Thus, it has also become a protective barrier to make monsters withdraw. As long as you are within range of its barrier, you will not suffer too many attacks from monsters.”

Luo Binghe suddenly followed up and said: “A natural nemesis towards demonic types?”

He had been listening raptly the entire time. When Shen Qingqiu saw that a cluster of starry fire seemed to have been lit in his eyes, a concealed light flashing, his heart felt strange: “That’s correct?”

Luo Binghe said: “Then, *Shizun*. This Thousand Leaf Cleansing Snow Lotus, would it be able to solve..... strong demonic poison?”

Shen Qingqiu was absolutely terrified.

This state of affairs, Luo Binghe wouldn’t.....be thinking about plucking the Thousand Leaf Cleansing Lotus for him, right?

Wait a moment! The Qin Wanyue that he plucked the flower for in the original work was right at his side here! *Right now, right in front of her, you’re going to pluck a flower (and a man at that)?* [\[6\]](#)

Give your wife some face, all right?!

Shen Qingqiu quickly said: “You don’t need to take notice of those things. Currently, we need to first deal with the crisis in front of our eyes.”

Luo Binghe was unwilling to let it go, “Inviting *Shizun* to inform this disciple.”

Shen Qingqiu shook his head and said: “That thing is no use.”

Luo Binghe persevered: “How can *Shizun* know without at least giving it a try? This disciple knows *Shizun* doesn’t want to let this disciple encounter danger, but if this danger isn’t risked, then this disciple’s heart will never be at peace!”

This truly isn’t!!!

Why do you have to you have to concern yourself with an old person like me at this juncture!!!

This old man can’t tell you that the poison can’t be cured unless he does the *pa pa pa* with you?!

Shen Qingqiu couldn’t tell it to him clearly. His face turned cold: “Has this master indulged you too often normally, that you can be wayward at a time like this?”

The simple, crude point was telling him to shut up.

To tell the truth, these years, he had never said any heavier words to this disciple. After Luo Binghe listened to these words, he was first startled, then obediently closed his mouth. But his gaze was still strongly stubborn, and he still refused to sheathe his Zheng Yang sword in its scabbard, obviously without the intention of retreating.

Just when the two were deadlocked, some movements shook the field of rank silvergrass at the side. Out from the grass came a person bringing disciples behind him who were in an extremely sorry plight, battered and exhausted, who’d gone through blood and slaughter.

Shen Qingqiu vigilantly moved his gaze away. After coming across him, he felt like the heavens had dropped a hammer on his temples.

In fact, this person’s appearance could also be considered averagely handsome. Only a tiny bit of his humble origins lingered in his demeanor, impossible to get rid of. After he saw Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe, he

smiled and returned his shining, bared sword into its scabbard. “So it’s Elder Martial Brother Shen. Since we’ve met up with you all, my heart can be reassured.”

Shen Qingqiu made a *hehe* sound.

Reassured. Reassured your ass! You being here isn’t reassuring at all!

The person in front of him was the chief culprit of the chaos!

Shang Qinghua [7], this was the person that Shen Qingqiu did a tsukkomi over in his heart before, taking the role of: ‘Shang Qinghua, *hehe*, I’ve even entered Beida University.’ He was An Ding Peak’s Peak Lord.

At the same time, he had another status – a mole during the Immortal Alliance Conference, a sleeper cell seeded by the Demon Realm for thousands of years.

Originally, Shang Qinghua was only just another one of An Ding Peak’s nameless little disciples. Caught by Demon Realm spirits, he was forced to do undercover work.

Ah, no. He wasn’t forced that much, he merrily undertook the task of going undercover without much pressure.

With the demons as his secret backing, Shang Qinghua experienced favorable winds and favorable waters, making a meteoric rise all the way up until he finally sat upon the seat of An Ding Peak’s Peak Lord.

However, he was still unsatisfied. Why?

Because it was An Ding Peak!

Just by hearing this name, you’d know it wasn’t some kind of ambitious place. This mountain peak’s tradition and specialty was the completely the same style as its name – logistics work.

As a matter of course, the Peak Lord also became a piece of brick who moved wherever he was needed. Today delivering some hard work here,

tomorrow bringing support supplies there.

This kind of Peak Lord, was it prestigious? Was it imposing? Did it provide arrogance and swagger?

Did it have the dignity of a Peak Lord?

Even a gifted little disciple had more prestige!

So, Shang Qinghua was duty-bound to become a Demon Realm lapdog. Once he appointed himself as the helper for the Demon Realm to dominate the Human realm, he did bad things.

Shen Qingqiu coldly and proudly lifted his chin: “Martial Brother Shang. Having come here, did you meet a large type of monster in the vicinity?”

Shang Qinghua was surprised and said: “A large type of monster? As for this, there wasn’t.”

Shen Qingqiu’s heart beat loudly. There wasn’t?

A ‘large type of monster’ here, was also one of the key (plot) props of the story. In the original work, Luo Binghe’s Ancient Heavenly Demon blood was exposed because during the Immortal Alliance Conference, a purple-black Moon Python Rhinoceros [8] was let inside.

For the sake of protecting everyone, Luo Binghe risked his life to fight. The black Moon Python Rhinoceros’ lethality was the same as its size. Of course he wouldn’t be able to succeed in fighting it. If his fighting ability was not enough, what then? His blood exploded into action and was revealed.

As a result, Luo Binghe’s blood was revealed in front of Shen Qingqiu.

It was because things happened like this that Shen Qingqiu had the excuse to ‘place righteousness above loyalty’ and with one strike, hit him down.

Since a while ago, Shen Qingqiu never felt the Moon Python Rhinoceros' demonic energy, much less heard the legendary 'both a python and a rhinoceros' howl. Now, Shang Qinghua also said that he hadn't encountered it. He couldn't help becoming vigilant.

If there wasn't this key scene, then he couldn't suddenly kick Luo Binghe down with no reason.

He couldn't restrain himself from taking a glance at the silent Luo Binghe. This child was still trying to solve the poison, thinking about the fight over picking the flower and the near death scenario. In the midst of his stubborn gaze, there was a bit of grievance.

You're feeling grievance over taking a risk while I'm doing this for your own good! It's fine if you pick a flower, but don't mix up the person you're giving the flower to, thank you!

Truly, asking a scum villain like me to teach the male protagonist people relations is enough to make me drunk with disbelief!

Shang Qinghua bitterly said: "Those who let the monsters in are really vicious. Along the way, not a few sects' disciples were lost. Those were the future of the cultivation world!"

Shen Qingqiu just *hehe*-ed. *What are you pretending for, my ass! Those monsters were all let in by you, all right* – the tsukkomi hadn't finished when suddenly, the earth shook without warning!

Everyone wobbled east and west, overwhelmed by panic, questions flying everywhere. Shen Qingqiu pupils abruptly shrank.

This kind of 7.5 quake was unmistakable.

The Endless Abyss had finally been opened!

—End Chapter 25—

[1] Meng Mo: Pinyin for Dream Demon. I'm using the pinyin now because

‘Dream Demon’ is a lame name lol. We should all blame Proud Immortal Demon Way’s author for being so lazy with naming. XD

[2] *Putong putong*: SFX for something falling onto the ground in succession. Pronounced more like ‘pooh-tong, pooh-tong.’

[3] IThose Ghost Head Spiders’ movements were nimble with strong jumping abilities...: Fixed this line to correct meaning. Thank you **abbyfff**! Original Chinese for those interested:

[4] Really speaking of something and having it come: I translated this literally, but the meaning is the same as the phrase, ‘speak of the devil.’

[5] Thousand Leaf Cleansing Snow Lotus (): Pinyin is *Qian Ye Jing Xue Hua Lian*. Tried to translate this as literally as possible. Yes, this freaking long descriptive name only takes up like 5 Chinese characters. Yes, it’s still freaking long.

[6] Right now, right in front of her, you’re going to pluck a flower (and a man at that)?: ‘Plucking a flower’ is a euphemism for taking someone’s virginity in Chinese. This sentence is a play on words, playing on the literal meaning of plucking a flower (the treasure flower in this case) vs. the euphemism. LOL. It’s even funnier if you consider that Binghe probably plucked the flower and immediately followed up with sexing up the sister in the original work... so Shen Qingqiu doesn’t want to trigger any flags... (too late, bro, you passed Go ages ago XD)

[7] Shang Qinghua ():...: Those of you who have read the NU spoiler thread know who this guy is. LOL. His name translates to something like ‘qing’ meaning clear + ‘hua’ as in... flower. Also, Beida (Big North) University is one of the top universities in China. You might know it better as Beijing University. An Ding Peak translates literally to ‘peaceful peak.’

[8] Moon Python Rhinoceros (): In pinyin, it’s ‘Yue Mang Xi.’ Looks something like a chimera.

TN: LOL at SQQ. You were so busy being happy at being able to show off in front of your disciple that you forgot about where you were... namely a monster invasion... PFFFFT

Also, be ready for heartbreak in like 2 chapters. Just saying.

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Scum Villain System: Chapter 26

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Chapter 26

TN: Unedited. Next chapter will make you sad. And the one after that one will also make you sad in a slightly different way. But it adds flavor to what comes later so hang on to your skirts (or britches) everyone~ Your hankies too~

Footnotes galore because we get introduced to a new character.

The so-called Endless Abyss was an empty space at the junction between the Human Realm and the Demon Realm.

As a transitional space, the Endless Abyss was full of the dangerous and unknown, full of twisted and rent spatial whirlpools and fiery magma.

The disciples present all along this road had already expended a great deal of energy. After the previous exertion, most had collapsed. The only ones left standing were Shen Qingqiu, Luo Binghe, and Shang Qinghua.

Since the Endless Abyss was opened, it meant that there would be demonic things coming out from that side.

The three people held their breaths, vigilant, and calmly waited.

From the darkness, the figure of a tall man walked out.

Once he saw that face as cold as ice and that aura of a godly figure repelling others for thousands of *li*, Shen Qingqiu immediately knew who he was.

He swept a glance sideways to the pale Shang Qinghua, wanting to laugh but unable to actually laugh.

Why did this future subordinate of Luo Binghe's who did all kinds of evil things at command, committing murder and arson, the jet fuel to his flame, appear here right now!

Mo Beijun [1] was a pure-blooded, legitimate second generation offspring of the demons who inherited his family's territory in the northern boundary of the Demon Realm and succeeded the Demon Lord seat. He came and went like a shadow all the time with nothing to do, heeding no one. Such a maverick character, after being fiercely beaten by the lynched Luo Binghe of that time, inexplicably bowed his head and vowed his allegiance, appointing himself to be at his beck and call. From henceforth, Luo Binghe had yet another errand-runner (.....).

However.....clearly, according to the original development, there should be at least five hundred chapters before it's your turn to make an appearance, all right Great One?! [2].

Messed up, messed up, everything's messed up!

Shang Qinghua advanced a step forward, questioning sternly: "Who are you? Why are you here?"

Shen Qingqiu: Hehe, continuing to pretend?

Isn't that your true direct boss? Letting dangerous creatures into the Immortal Alliance Conference was an order he gave you! You continue pretending!

Mo Beijun slightly inclined towards the side, his handsome and masculine face half submerged in darkness. It let people's hearts feel a deep chill. Shang Qinghua stepped forward another step. He had only just raised his hand when a fierce force lifted him into the air, like hitting and breaking a piece of ancient wood. He fainted, unable to stop spewing out blood straight at Shen Qingqiu, who was unable to stop the admiration in his heart:

Brother, you really go all out for the sake of your job!

In his heart, Shen Qingqiu sighed and groaned in sympathy.

All right, he knew it would still be up to him to make an appearance in the end.

He blocked in front of Mo Beijun's path, holding his sword horizontally in front of him. Neither haughty nor humble, he said: "Is Your Excellency [\[3\]](#) a Demon Realm mediator?"

This was a load of rubbish. If you couldn't see that black mass of demonic energy, then you were blind.

A silver-white light flashed. Luo Binghe actually didn't say a word, blocking in front of Shen Qingqiu.

Earlier he had still been angry and argumentative, but now in the presence of a strong enemy, he blocked in front of him without any hesitation. If you were to say that Shen Qingqiu hadn't been moved at all, it would be false.

Only, he felt more and more that what he was going to have to do to Luo Binghe in a while was really inexcusable. He said: "Binghe, stand down."

Luo Binghe didn't reply or respond. He stood off directly with Mo Beijun, actually unmoved by his power and momentum.

Mo Beijun let out an 'yi,' as though he'd discovered some little thing able to stir up his interest.

Shen Qingqiu raised his voice: "Running wild! Since when does a disciple block in front of the master?"

Mo Beijun said: "You are a Cang Qiong Mountain sect disciple?"

Luo Binghe responded: "Cang Qiong Mountain sect's Qing Jing Peak disciple, Luo Binghe, greeting Your Excellency."

Mo Beijun suddenly smiled coldly: "Immortal, yet not immortal. Demonic, yet not demonic. Interesting."

Hearing these words, Shen Qingqiu suddenly had a feeling of seeing the light.

Could it be..... Mo Beijun's reason in appearing here..... was to take the place of the Black Moon Python Rhinoceros in progressing the plot?

"Immortal, yet not immortal," should be speaking of that Shang Qinghua lying at the side, who didn't forget to vomit blood even while playing dead. Clearly, he was an immortal cultivator, but still worked as hard as a bull or horse for the demons [4]. As for "demonic," there was Luo Binghe present at the scene; who else could it be? After all, Luo Binghe's pair of fiery and discerning eyes [5] revealed at a glance that his bloodline was different from others.

Shen Qingqiu couldn't confirm it, but he also didn't dare take a risk. With a cold voice he ordered: "Binghe, this master's words, will you listen or not? Right now, I want you to quickly leave and bring all the other sect elders nearby to here. Will you go or not?"

Luo Binghe fixed his gaze on that unknown demon man: "*Shizun*, he won't let any of us leave. We might as well pit our strength together and do battle."

Shen Qingqiu said: "Staying here is only vainly giving up your life."

Luo Binghe said: "Whether it's dying for *Shizun*, or dying with *Shizun*, this disciple is perfectly happy to do."

Is that any way to speak, you bear child!

Mo Beijun disdainfully said: "Do battle with me?" The 'don't know the heavens come first and the earth after' [6] phrase, he was polite enough not to say out loud. In his heart, Shen Qingqiu thought, *thankfully you didn't say it out loud. It won't even take three years for Luo Binghe to smite you until you can't get up. If you don't honestly become his minion, you'll be hitting your own face!*

Mo Beijun spoke again: “That’s also good. Then let me see whether your worth is in *jin* or *liang* [Z] to be able to do battle with me!”

The sounds of his words had hardly landed when a murderous aura expanded in the air.

Shen Qingqiu’s steps moved unpredictably. In a moment, he flashed in front of Luo Binghe, his left hand sheathing the Xiu Ya sword. Regardless of whether it was of any use, he blocked first and asked later. His right hand was like an eagle picking up a small chicken, picking up Luo Binghe and throwing him out, sending him outside the range of Mo Beijun’s demonic energy. Turning around, he confronted Mo Beijun’s palm strike!

Both people’s palms met. In Shen Qingqiu’s chest, blood rose and churned just as though he’d been struck by someone there. His entire body’s spiritual power seemed to be boiling excitedly without end. Though his cultivation wasn’t low, this Demon Lord’s inheritance had a cheat-like arrangement: the new Demon Lord could directly inherit the previous Demon Lords’ collective powers, accumulated generation by generation. As one could imagine, a Core Formation cultivator was nothing to look at in front of Mo Beijun.

But he must try his best!

Facing this kind of odd-tempered, fiercely ambitious person required fighting to the death without any regard for life. That was the only viable method to survive. According to Shen Qingqiu’s decades of experience reading all kinds of novels, this type of person would have at least a smidgen of respect for someone who fought a bloody battle to the end and had such hard bones they wouldn’t bend in the slightest. Towards a soft-footed, shrimpy-hearted coward, he would definitely have no mercy!

Luo Binghe had been sent out by Shen Qingqiu for a certain distance. On his own initiative, he drew Zheng Yang from its scabbard. Mo Beijun took it away with his hand, sending the dazzling white sword into the shadows with a flick. The body of the sword was unable to bear the demonic energy pouring in like the sea. In a burst of white light, it broke on the spot into pieces.

Mo Beijun's palms opposed Shen Qingqiu's two palms, overwhelmingly holding the upper hand. When he lost interest, he used his power to open up a space between him and Shen Qingqiu. He said: "Aptitude is poor. Foundation and techniques are inflexible. Scram."

Shen Qingqiu: "....."

If it were the original goods hearing these words, he would definitely vomit three liters of blood.

Shen Qingqiu himself in the Human Realm couldn't be said to be an unmatched genius, but he could at least be said to be a first-rate talent within thousands of *li*. Cang Qiong Mountain sect's foundational techniques couldn't be called inflexible; it was called orthodox! In Mo Beijun's mouth, it became a bunch of rubbish.....

Luo Binghe's sword had broken, but he didn't pay it any mind. But when he saw that Shen Qingqiu had been shaken by the power of the palm strike until his internal organs suffered harm, gritting his teeth and swallowing the blood down into his stomach, his gaze suddenly became gloomy and cold.

The aura around his entire body instantly changed!

Mo Beijun perceived this startling change. His two eyes radiated an excited, bloodthirsty, and cold light: "First I'll finish off this meddling *shifu* of yours, then fight again!"

Suddenly, a completely black ice sword coalesced in the air. One birthed two, two birthed four, four birthed eight. The sword split into an ice sword array of hundreds, surrounding and shooting from all directions towards Shen Qingqiu!

These ice swords couldn't be defended by normal methods at all, because they were formed from the purest demonic energy. Shen Qingqiu's spiritual power was now nearly exhausted. If they were to confront each other, it would be like facing off against starfire and monstrous waves as high as the sky. The result of this kind of disparity went without saying.

Against a sword array pouring down like rain, in that moment, Shen Qingqiu roared like thunder in his heart.

How much hatred was there, that he couldn't even die a better-looking death and had to be defeated by many hundreds of black swords stuck through his body, until he was pierced into a sieve?! Could you see?!

However, he waited for a long while but didn't feel the pain of swords piercing through his heart.

At this kind of time, if it wasn't Mo Beijun suddenly changing his mind like the wind and withdrawing his sword array, then there was only one person and one possibility that could withstand this wave of murderous attacks.

Shen Qingqiu opened his eyes without any expression on his face.

Sure enough.

In all directions in the air, the dense and countless sword arrays were smashed to pieces. Smashed into pieces very thoroughly, until it was as though they had disappeared without a trace and there was only a sky full of black ice crystals reflecting the moonlight, falling down little by little.

This kind of scene could be described as beautiful.

Sure enough, he stood in the middle of the scene. In Luo Binghe's body and in his eyes, there seemed to be a blizzard gathering around him that could only be described as 'terrifying.'

Introducing Shen Qingqiu this scum villain; whether it was by morality or ability, how could he cause the male protagonist explode forth and block swords for him?!

This was an inhuman battle.

Shen Qingqiu sat next to a large tree, swallowing blood down into his stomach while circulating energy to recover his injuries and watching this mountain-splitting, world-wrecking demon king battle.

The seal on Luo Binghe's demon blood hadn't yet been lifted. Mo Beijun was also only testing him, yet still they fought until it seemed like the heavens and earth were in darkness without the light of the sun or moon. Both people were like stormy seas overflowing with demonic energy, almost like clouds covering the day.

This area was where the Thousand Leaf Cleansing Snow Flower..... this thing is called this name, right?! Right, the essence of the Thousand Leaf Cleansing Flower and its range, demonic creatures completely didn't dare get near. But after getting inundated by the overflowing demonic energy that was like blotting out the sky and covering the earth, the abundant spiritual energy of the Snow Lotus withered and went into necrosis to its roots. Those creatures that lurked and hid in the black shadows all crawled out, greedily picking out the scents that interested them.

Shen Qingqiu saw some Ghost Head Spiders sneakily climbing onto the bodies of a few Cang Qiong sect disciples, their hairy legs about to ☐☐ into their temples. His spiritual power was just about exhausted, so he couldn't use a technique. He could only directly grab their filthy, tangled hair and throw them to the side.

He'd made sure of where he was aiming before throwing. He took care to throw in the direction of this traitor Shang Qinghua's body!

And on that side, Mo Beijun had just about tested and gotten a feel for Luo Binghe's depths, planning on closing in and making a final hit.

His fingers flicked and sent a bright red light into Luo Binghe's forehead.

That light streamed over and made contact with Luo Binghe's forehead, immediately entering his skin, melting into a fiery red seal [8]. Luo Binghe who had gone berserk with the need to kill, didn't know what it was. He only knew that he had a strong headache, almost making him kneel on the ground. His entire body churned with a savage impulse he had no way to expend. Conveniently, with a toss, the demonic energy exploded as though from the barrel of a cannon towards Mo Beijun.

This time the power was extremely strong. Mo Beijun raised his hand and slashed it apart, slightly surprised as he praised: “Not bad.”

He also didn’t care whether Luo Binghe’s consciousness now was clear or not as he speculated to himself: “The Human Realm is not where you should stay. Why do you not return to your origins?”

Now, Shen Qingqiu could finally confirm with one hundred percent certainty.

Yes, Mo Beijun’s sudden appearance, was for the purpose of taking the place of the Black Moon Python Rhinoceros!

Only compared to the original, Mo Beijun had done things more thoroughly. He-he-he, he actually directly opened the seal suppressing Luo Binghe’s demon blood.

—End Chapter 26—

[1] Mo Beijun (): Another poor guy who got saddled with a very literal name, courtesy of Airplane Towards the Sky. His name translates directly to his lineage, i.e. *Mo* (Desert) *Bei* (North) *Jun* (Gentleman/Lord/Monarch). So Northern Desert Lord/Monarch is the closest approximation.

[2] Great One (): Not sure if this means ‘dad’ or ‘great one.’ But meaning is pretty much the same.

[3] “Is this gentleman...”: The term used is *gexia* () which is a rather formal way of speaking. My trusty little dictionary says it translates to ‘Your Excellency.’

[4] Worked hard as a bull or horse (): A saying mean to slave away for someone or something. In this context, it’s referring to how bulls and horses are farm animals for hard labor.

[5] ...fiery and discerning eyes (): This was hard to translate. Literally, it’s saying that Binghe’s got torchlike/fiery eyes. *Huo yan jin jin*

() is more complicated, translating more literally to ‘fiery eyes and diamond pupils.’ The meaning however, is more like he’s got piercing/discerning eyes.

[6] ‘Don’t know the heavens come first and the earth after’ (): A phrase meaning someone not knowing their place, in my interpretation. My dictionary’s giving me ‘high as the heavens and deep as the earth’ meaning ‘complexity of things.’

[7] ...Worth is in *jin* or *liang*...: *Jin* () and *liang* () are units of weight. Mo Beijun is basically saying that he’s going to see if Binghe is all talk or has the strength to back it up.

[8] Fiery red seal (): *Wen zhang* translates to ‘coat-of-arms,’ but I think it sounds better as ‘seal.’ From my understanding, this ‘seal’ is both a leftover of the seal locking his blood and an identifier for his demon bloodline. In Chinese culture, seal stamps are important little things that might be only a couple Chinese characters long at most (or a single one) but can be personalized to an individual or to a specific family/clan/what-have-you. You can just imagine a single red Chinese character glowing on his forehead if it helps.

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Chapter 27

TN: Unedited. Bold words were in English from the start lol, not Chinese.

Edit: Fixed the coughing SFX. Apparently in pinyin it's 'hai hai' but is actually read 'ke ke.'

Shen Qingqiu was shocked by this straightforward style to the point of being unable to speak. He saw Mo Beijun just turn around and leave!

Finished his mission and left..... this **NPC** really did things thoroughly and to the point, briskly..... he came from the darkness, he also returned to the darkness. He came mysteriously and he also went mysteriously. However, he was originally a mysterious character. Wherever Luo Binghe needed him, he would without logic appear there, so this kind of arrangement couldn't be considered far-fetched.

What was far-fetched was only what Shen Qingqiu had to face doing next, an extremely important trial.

Experiencing a fierce battle, half-kneeling in the midst of ruins, Luo Binghe's two eyes looked blank but about to tear apart anything at any moment. Pondering for a moment, the inside of his brain now was like a volcano dormant for twelve years suddenly erupting all at once, the blood flowing through his blood vessels like magma. Even thinking about it hurt. Even Shen Qingqiu's head started to ache a little.

The system issued an unprecedentedly sharp tip:

Warning! Important new mission: Endless Abyss and Endless Hatred, has officially opened! If unable to be completed, the protagonist's coolness level -20,000!

Wait a moment.

Yesterday I confirmed with you, and didn't you say it was 10,000?

Only a few days have passed, and yet it's multiplied several times?

System, fuck your mother until she explodes (#') !

Shen Qingqiu's own injuries hadn't recovered. He weakly wobbled over to the side of Luo Binghe, who was still and half-mad. *Pa pa pa* a few strikes on his back [1], he inserted a few strands of remnant spiritual energy into his body.

Did you think that it was that simple for it to take effect?

Luo Binghe not only hadn't become conscious again, the demonic energy inside his body rebounded out instead, pushing Shen Qingqiu to spit out a mouthful of the blood he'd repressed for so long on the spot.

At this moment, Luo Binghe finally awakened slightly.

Shizun..... was in front of him.....

.....blood..... suffered an injury?

He slowly pulled away from his chaotic state, able to piece together a few blurry words said to him. That familiar face also gradually became clear.

Shen Qingqiu saw that he finally regained clarity. He rubbed away the blood at the corner of his mouth.

Calmly, he said: "Awake?"

Pausing for a moment, he also said: "If awake, we can have a good talk."

Shen Qingqiu said: "Luo Binghe, tell the truth, how long have you been cultivating demonic techniques?"

Once these words were spoken out loud, Luo Binghe felt as though he'd dropped from a high altitude into a bone-chilling pond. Even if he didn't want to be conscious, there was no way.

He saw Shen Qingqiu's face cold as ice and frost, his heart dropping straight down.

In the past, Shen Qingqiu would always call him Binghe, and wouldn't directly call his full name.

He whispered: "*Shizun*, this disciple can explain."

Although Luo Binghe was still an adolescent, he was always composed and calm, with an old head on his young shoulders. This time, an expression of alarm and bewilderment could actually be seen on his face as he hurriedly wanted to explain, but didn't know where to start. The dignified male protagonist had fallen low like this. Shen Qingqiu saw it and couldn't stand to watch it any longer, his heart unable to bear it. He rushed ahead and snapped: "Shut your mouth!"

Seeing him speechless, he felt that he hadn't had a good grasp on things and was overly harsh. Luo Binghe had also been scared by him into falling down, just like a child that had been struck, confused and ignorant. His dark black eyes just stared at him like that, his mouth obediently shut.

Shen Qingqiu relentlessly fixed his gaze on him without softening, dully enunciating his words: "From when did you start?"

".....Two years ago."

Shen Qingqiu was silent. He wondered if it was necessary to ask this child. He was so honest, he truly must have been scared silly.

But he didn't know that Luo Binghe would automatically interpret his silence as: 'Very good. You treacherous disciple, you actually hid this from me for so long!'

Shen Qingqiu softly said: “Two years. No wonder you advanced by leaps and bounds to this degree. Luo Binghe, Luo Binghe, you are worthy enough. You truly have a natural talent.”

In truth, these words were expressing his heartfelt feelings of admiration. Originally, as the male protagonist, he indeed had a good natural talent..... but if pressed to ask if there were other feelings, there would be envy plus a smidgen of jealousy.

But in Luo Binghe’s ears, the meaning was completely different.

In an instant, he directly knelt down in front of Shen Qingqiu.

Shen Qingqiu in his heart was scared into a **CRY**. *Fuck me, from the first time I met you, you knelt; how come we’ve come to this day and you’re still kneeling to me?! This boy has yellow gold under his knees. Once the male protagonist kneels, my life is gone; this old lady truly can’t afford to endure it!* He waved his sleeve and shouted: “Don’t kneel to me!”

Luo Binghe was forced by the movement of his sleeve to retreat some steps, stunned as though his six vital organs had trouble working.

Did he not even have the privilege of kneeling to *Shizun* and asking for forgiveness anymore?

He mumbled, “But *Shizun*, you’ve said before that people can be good or evil, and that demons can also be good or evil.”

Have I said it before? Shen Qingqiu seriously thought for a while.

It seemed like he truly did say so before!

If he were to change his mind and refute it right now, would it be a little too shameless?

“You are not an ordinary demon.” Shen Qingqiu calmly related: “You are an ancient Heavenly Demon. This family has always killed countless people in the Human Realm. They have caused countless sins, no matter how

things are said. They cannot be mentioned in the same breath as other demons.”

Personally hearing Shen Qingqiu speak like this broke his hopes. Luo Binghe’s eyes turned red.

He tremblingly said: “But you’ve said it before.”

I’ve said a lot of words before. Back then, I also stated that Shen Qingqiu should be castrated, enough to cover several hundred-story buildings in shining red words!

.....It wasn’t funny at all.

Shen Qingqiu, who was always good at doing tsukkomis and adjusting himself, couldn’t relax.

He could only once again brainwash himself with this reason: The pain and suffering Luo Binghe undergoes right now are all necessary experiences for his wish to become a person above all others in the future.

Shen Qingqiu silently lifted his head and held his hand in a sword mnemonic, retrieving the Xiu Ya sword, holding it in his hand.

The hand holding his sword shook, subtle veins appearing with the faint force exerted. Luo Binghe unbelievably said: “*Shizun*, you really want to kill me?”

Shen Qingqiu’s gaze went straight through his figure: “I don’t want to kill you.”

In Luo Binghe’s memories, he had never before seen Shen Qingqiu use such a cold and resolute expression towards himself. Even it was back when he had first entered Cang Qiong Mountain sect and he wasn’t in *Shizun*’s eyes, his gaze when he looked at him had never been so hollow, as if nothing was there.

He felt that Shen Qingqiu’s towering gaze was no different from when he directed his judgment at those demons in the past, whether they were evil or

not. There was not a trace of warmth.

Shen Qingqiu said: “Only, what that person said earlier wasn’t wrong. The Human Realm is not where you should be. You should return to your place of origin.”

He walked forward a step, Luo Binghe retreated a step, until both people pushed onwards before the Endless Abyss.

With a turn of the head, it was possible to see the tumultuous demonic energy roiling in the ravine endlessly, tens of thousands of wails, thousands of pairs of deformed arms stretching out from the crack facing towards the Human Realm, seeking blood and flesh. The places deeper in the depths were concealed by ominous black fog and crimson ghostlight.

Shen Qingqiu pointed the Xiu Ya sword diagonally down at the Abyss and said: “Will you go down yourself, or do you need me to make a move?”

Actually, he selfishly hoped that Luo Binghe would go down himself. Though this treatment was too cruel to him, it would still be better than being hit down by Shen Qingqiu.

But Luo Binghe didn’t give up.

There was no way for him to believe that the *Shizun* who treated him so well would really push him down.

Even though the Xiu Ya sword stabbed at his chest, he was still holding onto that last thread of hope.

Shen Qingqiu didn’t want to stab him. Truly. He only wanted to wave his sword around and scare him so that Luo Binghe, for the sake of dodging, would retreat a step and naturally fall down. But he hadn’t guessed that Luo Binghe would stand there so calmly and receive his sword upfront.

Dead. Originally, he’d only fallen down. Now there was an extra stab added!

On the contrary, Luo Binghe held the sword edge, though without force. He only held it lightly, as though saying that if Shen Qingqiu wanted to use more force, the Xiu Ya sword would be able to continue to pierce until it went through his chest.

Luo Binghe's throat quivered slightly, without saying a word. Though the sword had clearly not yet pierced the heart, Shen Qingqiu felt like he could feel his heartbeat through his sword to his hand, his arm, and to his own heart.

Shen Qingqiu silently withdrew the sword.

Because of this action, Luo Binghe's body shook a little but quickly regained stability. Seeing that Shen Qingqiu hadn't pierced through, his originally dim eyes flashed faintly with light just like how after a fire, there were embers in the ashes.

Yet afterwards, Shen Qingqiu had to use his last blow and extinguish the last hint of light in his eyes.

He knew that Luo Binghe definitely wouldn't counterattack.

He knew even more definitely that he was afraid that he would never forget that desperate gaze of Luo Binghe's as he fell down.

One strike to send him down!

By the time Cang Qiong Mountain sect, Huan Hua Palace, and Tian Yi Overlook cultivators had finished cleaning up the monsters and arrived, the rent space of the Endless Abyss had already closed.

Shen Qingqiu had properly treated the wounds of all the disciples that had fainted and lay on the ground (aside from the pretending-to-be-unconscious Shang Qinghua). He hadn't taken care of himself, his clothes spotted all over with blood. His face was emotionless, his expression pale. He looked extremely sorry and embarrassing. Yue Qingyuan went forward to take his pulse and his brows wrinkled as he frowned. He let the expert Mu Qingfang come over to take a look. Each sect went to the disordered

mass of people on the ground to find their own, then lifting them up and taking them away for further treatment.

Liu Qingge suddenly found there was one less person and asked: “What about that disciple of yours?”

Shen Qingqiu didn’t answer, picking up the shattered sword fragments on the ground.

Qing Jing Peak’s disciples rushed over. The sharp-eyed Ming Fan saw that sword and supportively said: “*Shizun*, that sword, isn’t that.....”

At the beginning, he had thought about the Zheng Yang sword on Wan Jian Peak for many years. After it had been pulled out by Luo Binghe, his heart burned with jealousy and he had spent countless nights tossing and turning. Naturally he wouldn’t admit it.

Ning Yingying suddenly started crying with a ‘wa’ sound: “*Shizun*, you-you, don’t you scare me. Isn’t this... is this Ah Luo’s Zheng Yang?”

Four bursts of whispers: “Zheng Yang sword?” “You’re talking about Peak Lord Shen’s beloved disciple?” “If the sword is here, then the person is here. This sword is broken, where’s the person?” “He couldn’t have also..... *ke ke*.” [2]

Someone exclaimed: “If so, then it’s really a pity. Young hero Luo all down this path has become the leader on the Immortal Alliance Conference’s gold ranking board!” “Heaven envies genius, Heaven envies genius!” [3]

Among these people, there were those who sighed, who were astonished, who were sad, and those who were just joining in.

Ning Yingying started crying on the spot.

Although Ming Fan hated Luo Binghe, he never really wanted him to die. Also, thinking of how *Shizun* came to be so fond of him, and how this stinky fellow had now died without even bones left; *Shizun* must be very sad, his spirits unable to be lifted. The entire Qing Jing Peak was covered

by a cloud of gloom. Xian Shu Peak's Qi Qingqi received Liu Mingyan, but they were also moved.

Liu Qingge was bad at words. He patted Shen Qingqiu's shoulder: "Your disciple is gone, but you can still accept another."

Though he knew he had intended to comfort him, Shen Qingqiu still wanted to send him a feeble glare. Anyone who hadn't thrown their own male protagonist and division disciple down into the Endless Abyss were all people who were talking without feeling back pain! [4]

Forget it, forget it. Everything was a forgone conclusion.

Shen Qingqiu said slowly: "Qing Jing Peak's disciple, Luo Binghe, was harmed by demons and died."

—End Chapter 27—

[1] *Pa pa pa* a few strikes on his back...: Qingqiu's pressing some important acupoints as well as transferring energy via his palms. It's a thing okay, acupoints help with that stuff since they're important spots on meridians. XD

[2] *Ke ke...*: SFX for coughing.

[3] Heaven envies genius...: Usually a saying used in cultivation novels. It's like the saying that good people die young, only it's 'genius dies young' in this case.

[4] Talking without feeling back pain (): I'm guessing this means that they're all people who are talking/offering condolences despite having not felt the pain themselves.

*TN: Misunderstandings galore, am I right? *clutches hankie**

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Chapter 28

*TN: Unedited & will probably come back and fix the flow of the language more, because it feels clunky. Alternating between calling the ranking board the 'gold ranking board' and 'gold list' because the literal translation 'gold board' is way too unspecific. Also, **bold** words are how they were in the original raws. LEL, mixing in English.*

The Immortal Alliance Conference this time was the most casualty and injury-laden one since its inception.

The new cultivators from all the participating sects numbered 1,313 people total. Among them, Huan Hua Palace lost 140 people and Tian Yi Overlook lost 90 people. Apart from the people who didn't participate in the Conference, the diligently-working Zhao Hua Temple that held up the enchantment was spared. Among the three great sects, Cang Qiong Mountain sect suffered the lightest casualties: only 39 people.

As for the miscellaneous other sects, those new cultivators who had mediocre martial powers and techniques almost all made up the majority. They were the true sufferers who felt the losses most deeply.

Originally, being on the gold ranking board was a joyous thing. But another look revealed that nearly a quarter of the names on the gold list had all perished in Jue Di Gorge. In particular, there was the name hanging high above at first place: Cang Qiong Mountain sect, belonging to Qing Jing Peak, Shen Qingqiu's beloved disciple Luo Binghe. His sword was broken and his person perished; how could his heart not ache?

And these things didn't even take into account the cultivators who'd entered after everything occurred, and been lost inside.

After this battle, each sect could be said to have been wounded deeply.

Qing Jing Peak was sent a crimson proclamation list.

On that crimson paper, the first name at the very top was ‘Luo Binghe,’ golden and eye-catching.

Ming Fan entered, and reported: “*Shizun*, there are three thousand spirit stones that have been delivered up here. How should they be settled?”

Three thousand spirit stones? Where did they come from? Shen Qingqiu blankly said: “For what reason are there suddenly so many spirit stones delivered here?”

Ming Fan said carefully: “*Shizun*, you forgot? During the Immortal Alliance Conference, *Shizun* bet one thousand spirit stones on.....”

Shen Qingqiu remembered. It was the bet he placed on Luo Binghe. Luo Binghe really did prove worthy, showing his hand in spades during the demon invasion and directly leaping over the first-place Gongyi Xiao and second-place Liu Mingyan. On that high ranking board, he’d turned things around and regained his place twice over.

But he didn’t know why; at the time he’d clung onto that mentality of ‘earning a fortune at a stroke of the pen’ [\[1\]](#), but now, he actually was somehow a little overwhelmed.

In the past, these things he all gave to Luo Binghe to handle, things that should go to the warehouse, or the things used to do other things. With things completed like this, there was no need for him to care for them. Now it came to Ming Fan to ask him how these things should be handled.

Shen Qingqiu thought for a while, and said: “First receive them, then.”

“.....” Ming Fan actually wanted to ask in more detail about how to receive them, but *Shizun*’s expression was truly so far from good that he

didn't dare ask further. He judged it was a good decision to stuff his heart in storage and quickly retreated.

For several days, the disciples of Qing Jing Peak were all cautious as though avoiding a thunder strike, afraid of touching that most painful thread in *Shizun*'s heart. They all thought that after some days had passed, there would be a gradual change. Who knew that, after over half a month had passed and Shen Qingqiu seemed to be returning to normal, one day near the house for a moment, they would suddenly hear Shen Qingqiu in the bamboo house call Luo Binghe's name twice.

Ning Yingying charged in *deng deng deng* [2], scaring Shen Qingqiu: "What are you doing, suddenly rushing in here? A young lady so energetic, what kind of appearance is this?"

Ning Yingying's eyes were red like a little rabbit: "*Shizun*, you.....what do you want to eat? I'll make it for you."

Shen Qingqiu coughed dryly: "No need. Go outside to play."

Ning Yingying stamped her feet and said: "*Shizun*! Even if you don't have Ah Luo, you still..... you still have us other disciples. You, like this..... so distracted like you've lost your soul, disciples, all us disciples are all about to be worried to death!"

That this phrase 'distracted like you've lost your soul' would be used on him, Shen Qingqiu hadn't thought of even in his previous life. Truthfully, at Shen Qingqiu's cultivation level, whether he ate or not didn't matter. He only had a craving and suddenly wanted to eat refreshments. Plus, he just happened not to be careful and forgot that Luo Binghe had already been kicked by him into the Endless Abyss. How could this change into 'distracted like you've lost your soul'?!

Shen Qingqiu opened his mouth, at a loss for how to justify himself, when he saw Ning Yingying so anxious that she was almost crying. Hurrying over to console her, she only started to stop when he truthfully vowed that it just happened to be a slip of the mouth earlier.

After he'd coaxed her out, Shen Qingqiu let out a deep breath. Suddenly, he felt that this little girl who was always spoiled and flighty in the novel, dragging behind the hind legs others, actually grew up a lot.

You know, she was part of Luo Binghe's harem. She was supposed to be the one most whiny and willful, yet she actually knew to come and comfort her shifu.

Did this count as his teaching methods bearing results?

In short, this couldn't go on!

Obviously he was the one who dragged up and beat the little white sheep male protagonist, but how come now it was as though the male protagonist had captivated him. It had only been some days since he hadn't seen him and he was displaying a face as though he was a widow whose husband had died, frightening who!

Not correct, *pei*! Shen Qingqiu gave himself a slap in his heart.

Who had a widow's face! Whose husband died! To say these fucking words like they could be said carelessly, this was really living backwards, a dog's mouth wouldn't spit out ivory, ought to hit!

However, with Luo Binghe gone, he truly was a little lonely. Especially when he thought of how after five years, at the time of reunion, what was once a warm relationship between master and disciple (.....) would then become gentle speech and laughter hiding murderous intent.

The ruined Zheng Yang was brought back by Shen Qingqiu. He casually dug a hole in the dirt at Qing Jing Peak behind the bamboo house, erected a sign, and created a sword mound [3]. Other people, seeing him in a trance in front of the hollow monument, thought he missed and was thinking about his beloved disciple, the sad sigh an expression of his deep and true feelings for his disciple as he created the grave himself. Only he knew, in the midst of a sad sigh, that the person buried inside the sword mound, that pleasantly warm and bright young boy, would never return again.

Also, what truly transformed him into a wind-worn and disordered fossil was that, after the system calculated the score, it sent a heart-destroying notice.

Congratulations! You have successfully completed the important mission ‘Beginning of the Legend: Luo Binghe’s Fall and Rebirth.’ Rewarding Protagonist’s Coolness level 10,000.

Once Shen Qingqiu heard this, he was very happy: It’s got some mercy, after all.

Then.

But also due to special circumstances, the new calculated score: Luo Binghe’s Heartbreak level. Because the heartbreak value is too high, the protagonist’s coolness is cleared to 0. Please continue your efforts!

.....Cleared to 0..... Cleared to 0..... Cleared to 0.....

These three big words endlessly revolved in the sea of Shen Qingqiu’s mind.....

What kind of freaking thing is this so-called heartbreak level! Didn’t I tell you not to not to calculate strange data figures?! Go scram! Is Luo Binghe being treated as his own son for him to have even an individual heartbreak score!

He worked hard as cattle or a horse for thirty years, but in one night he’d returned to the time before his liberation. Shen Qingqiu’s heart felt as stifled as though it’d been suppressed by the Pacific Ocean.

Since he wasn’t happy himself, of course he had to find someone else’s unhappiness.

As a result, Shen Qingqiu let Ming Fan run an errand obediently, inviting Shang Qinghua to the bamboo house.

Shan Qinghua lay down the snowy porcelain teacup and smiled: “Senior

martial brother Shen's Qing Jing Peak is truly quiet and elegant. Even a tiny teacup is so exquisite. This degree of elegance really makes Qinghua feel ashamed of his inferiority." [4]

In the past, Qing Jing Peak and An Ding Peak never infringed upon each other, just like how well water and river water didn't mix. Their relations were neither cold nor warm. Especially since Shen Qingqiu's attitude was lofty and cold, they never took the initiative to please him. But this time, he'd sent his disciple to An Ding Peak to draw relations closer. Shang Qinghua couldn't get a feel for his depths, but since no one hit a person who had a smiling face [5], he first delivered up some pleasing words. There was no way that would go wrong.

Shen Qingqiu's disciples having retreated, he closed the door and sighed: "Junior martial brother, having said it like this, I have to clear up the matter. This Qing Jing Peak's every grass and every tree, every cup and every plate, everything was personally arranged by that disciple of mine."

"....." Shang Qinghua followed him in sighing: "Ai, martial nephew Luo was a person of outstanding ability. It's truly a pity. Those demons left us with heavy devastation, truly hateful. The entire world commiserates with senior martial brother Shen restraining his grief."

Shen Qingqiu tranquilly said: "Junior martial brother Shang, if you truly felt it was a pity, then there wouldn't be such a devastating event."

Upon hearing this, Shang Qinghua suddenly turned stiff.

After a moment, his smile curved up without a mark or trace of anything wrong: "Senior martial brother Shen, what's the meaning of these words? Unless you are blaming my An Ding Peak for not being strong enough? If this is the case, then this junior brother is truly guilty this time and apologizes."

Shen Qingqiu continued to give him a cup of tea and said: "Where is there a lack of strength? Clearly, too much strength was used. Even monsters such as the Ghost Head Spider, *nu yuan chan*, and Bone Eagle that have never actively come into the Human Realm have been found and

used. How can this senior martial brother blame you for not having enough strength?”

Shang Qinghua suddenly stood up, his facial expression complex and turning colors [6]: “Peak Lord Shen, your words cannot be too excessive!”

Shen Qingqiu put his hand on Shang Qinghua’s shoulder and solemnly asked: “Junior martial brother Shang, why are you so overly excited? Let’s sit down and talk. If I call on you, do you dare to promise?”

Shang Qinghua smiled coldly and pulled off his hand: “What is there that I dare not do? I have a clear heart and blameless conscience. How can I be afraid of your forceful and faulty accusation of wrongdoing?”

Shen Qingqiu: “Airplane Towards the Sky?”

Suddenly, there seemed to be godly lightning striking from the Ninth Heaven [7] directly on top of Shang Qinghua’s head, striking him so that he could not say a word.

A moment later, he trembled and whispered: “You..... how do you know this **ID**?”

Shen Qingqiu saw his reaction and was dumbstruck, also stricken by lightning.

After three seconds, Shen Qingqiu patted his shoulder. His hand pressed down forcefully as he smiled lightly: “It’s really you? This old man finished that book of yours, how can I not know that **ID** of yours? If Mo Beijun hadn’t come out and you were careless enough for me to hear you let slip a word, I truly wouldn’t know it was you, Great God!”

At that moment, in the split second when Shang Qinghua met Mo Beijun, he unintentionally spit out “**WTF**!”

At the time, Shen Qingqiu hadn’t heard it very clearly. That was why he didn’t pay attention, though later the more he thought about it, the more he had suspicions.

As an evil black hand (of logistics) hidden behind the scenes, Shang Qinghua hadn't let loose the Black Moon Python Rhinoceros that he did in the original work. But if this explanation could be taken as something to halt the development of the plot, to cut off the root cause of Luo Binghe getting pushed down the Endless Abyss, then it made sense.

As for why he guessed it was Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky.....of course there was still only one reason -- of those he knew, other than the people he knew about that were uninvolved in the scene, there was only the original author. That was why there was only one option for him to guess!

This kind of foolish guessing hitting the mark every time wasn't his fault!

Both people were relatively silent, both sides competing their skill at diplomacy.

A long while later, Shen Qingqiu said: "Unfilled plot holes! Foreshadowing made useless! Lightning striking everywhere! A grade-schooler's writing! If you're going to write a stallion novel, you should properly write a stallion novel. Why mess around with this mental and physical abuse?! [8]"

Shang Qinghua: ".....I am also a victim. I am the author, can't I be considered as the god who created this world? Even if I transmigrate, I should transmigrate into the protagonist. Who knew that after plugging in a socket and getting electrocuted, the system randomly assigned a role and matched me with a cannon fodder."

Shen Qingqiu smiled coldly: "It's still better than me. Our identities directly revealed to Mo Beijun means he'll kill us off. We can only wish for a happy death. Meanwhile, I was personally cut by Luo Binghe into. A. Human. Stick." The emphasis of each word indicated a rather deep resentment.

Shang Qinghua: "How many years have you been transmigrated? Immediately transmigrated and you're already at a master's level? I transmigrated over since infancy. Impoverished and struggling to maturity, the period of suffering as an outer disciple; do you have more experience than me?"

The two people compared tragedies without a clear winner. The final judgment was that everyone suffered the same, as little difference as a half *jin* versus eight *liang* [9]. Shang Qinghua sighed emotionally: “I actually met a reader. It can also count as fate. What’s your reader’s ID on Zhongdian? We may be old acquaintances.”

Shen Qingqiu said: “Peerless Cucumber.” [*Jueshi Huanggua*] [10]

Shang Qinghua thought for a while: “There’s a little impression. That one time, are you that one who shouted particularly fiercely among those shouting for the villain to be castrated? It was after, *cough cough*, the original Shen Qingqiu was obscene and unsuccessfully tried to be licentious towards Ning Yingying.”

“.....” Shen Qingqiu: “Past events should be laid to rest.”

With a positive expression, he said: “Our introductions have finished and extraneous words ended. Today, I have sought you for a talk because after the Immortal Alliance Conference, I suddenly thought of a solution that will solve the common problem we share.”

Shang Qinghua was surprised: “Really?”

Shen Qingqiu shook his fan: “Is joking about this kind of thing very funny? My solution will be able to secure the root of the problem if the secret is not leaked. Even in the most desperate straits, you’ll be able to return.”

Only, there were still two little conditions missing.

Success or failure depended on one action. He would see if Shang Qinghua, this fellow countryman, would be of help.

—End Chapter 28—

[1] Earning a fortune at the stroke of a pen (): So, uh. This had me

stumped. Hopefully I got the translation and meaning right.

[2] *Deng deng deng*: SFX for footsteps.

[3] Sword mound (): Translated it literally. It's like a grave you make for someone when you don't have a body.

[4] Qinghua feel ashamed...: Yup, he refers to himself in the third person. It's a formal way of speaking.

[5] No one hit a person who had a smiling face (): Pretty self-evident. You're not going to hit someone being nice to you, are you?

[1] His facial expression complex and turning colors: The original sentence was difficult to translate so I just used the general meaning here. Actual words used were . Facial color turning green, red, black, and white. XD

[7] Godly lightning striking from the Ninth Heaven: Uh. Translated this a bit literally, but in cases you're confused, just imagine a bolt of lightning striking him in an expression of cartoon shock. Ninth Heaven is considered the highest Heaven.

[8] Why mess around with this mental and physical abuse?!: Referring to Luo Binghe's tragic history. Yanno, the one filled with child abuse and betrayal.

[9] Everyone suffered the same, as little difference as a half *jin* versus eight *liang* (): Just what it sounds like. $\frac{1}{2}$ *jin* of weight = 8 *liang* of weight. Meaning is that they're two of a kind.

[10] Peerless Cucumber (): *Jueshi Huangua* in pinyin, as I've put above too. It might be just me having a dirty mind, but I feel like this might be slang for 'peerless cock.' If someone can confirm or deny this for me, that would be great. XD

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Chapter 29

TN: Preliminary edit. Also, the third person in our traveling group talks in such annoyingly formal language, ughhhhh.

*05/06/18: Made corrections (grammatical and translation errors), thanks to readers and to **eik**. All of you deserve hugs~*

07/14/18: Fixed page jumps. YAY

Shen Qingqiu said: “Do you remember a kind of rare organism you created that appears only once every thousand years?”

“.....” Shang Qinghua was speechless: “Your range is too broad. The things I’ve created that fit such a criteria number in the eight hundreds if not thousands, okay.”

You know it yourself, too!

Shen Qingqiu sighed, and said five words next to his ear.

Shang Qinghua heard it and was frightened. A moment later, the gaze with which he looked at Shen Qingqiu was a lot more profound.

Shen Qingqiu: “.....Why are you looking at me?”

“Nothing.” Shang Qinghua said: “It’s just that I feel like you’re a loyal reader of mine after all. You were actually able to dig out the creations that I’d forgotten and lost a long time ago from a corner somewhere. I feel a little moved.”

“.....” Shen Qingqiu said: “Tomorrow, come with me for a trip down the mountain to its origin to search for it.”

Shang Qinghua: “Tomorrow? This.....isn’t this a little rushed?” He stammered: “Actually, I.....can’t recall where its designated location is. The entire text spans nearly twenty million words and it’s mentioned only in one instance. Let me think it over slowly, then I’ll tell you.”

Shen Qingqiu said very sincerely: “Then we’ll wait until Luo Binghe kills his way back, receives Mo Beijun as a follower, kills me, and kills you. It won’t be too late for you to remember then.”

Shang Qinghua: “.....Okay. I’ll definitely remember it by tomorrow!”

Anyway, on An Ding Peak, the Peak Lord didn’t necessarily have to care of trivialities like the allocation of rooms or customization of uniforms for the various new disciples.

Shang Qinghua returned and bitterly thought for an entire night, wracking his brains like overturning seas and rivers [\[1\]](#) until finally, in the darkness before dawn, he was illuminated and circled a spot on the map.

Seeing the map, Shen Qingqiu slapped the table and they set off at once down the mountain. Eating and drinking part of the way, playing and having fun part of the way, defending against attacks part of the way, and traveling by carriage part of the way. It should have been very pleasant.

There was one very tiny, unpleasant exception. Shang Qinghua sat in the driver’s seat of the carriage and groaned.

“Why is the person paying for all meals and accommodations me? Why is the person sitting here and driving the carriage also me?”

From inside the carriage, Shen Qingqiu said: “Aren’t you ashamed of yourself? These funds are given by senior brother Sect Head as a public expense. You only took the money out from the pouch at your waist.”

Thinking of how earnestly Yue Qingyuan looked at him just before they left, Shang Qinghua felt heartsore for himself.

What would you call, “Martial brother Shang, I will have to give Qingqiu to your care during the pleasure trip. He has poison in his body, so please look after him.”

You’re even calling him by name so intimately! [2]It was only that the places they cultivated at when they were young were a little far away, or they’d really be childhood sweethearts! [3].

Compared to these inner disciples who were carefully cultivated by Peak Lords from the start, the outer disciples who had to scheme their way to climb up just had no human rights.

That was why there was really no future in logistics.

As the author, he had originally expended all his energy into molding Shang Qinghua into an extreme lowlife, but Great God Airplane Towards the Sky finally realized the pain of his characters.

Shang Qinghua said: “You have hands and feet, why don’t you.....Fuck, fuck!”

Shen Qingqiu felt the carriage slam forward and Shang Qinghua reining in the horse afterwards. He drew up the curtains and said warily: “What’s the matter?”

The horse carriage was traveling through a thick forest.

In the midst of ancient trees towering toward the sky and numerous falling leaves, sunlight was blocked by the layers upon layers of leaves. Even a spot of light was hard to see.

Shen Qingqiu saw there was nothing going on, but still didn’t relax his guard. He said: “What were you screeching about earlier?”

Shang Qinghua was still shocked and his spirits hadn’t yet recovered: “Earlier, I saw a woman crawling over on the ground like a snake! If the carriage hadn’t stopped, it would have smushed right over!”

It sounded a bit weird. “That truly is worth screeching about.”

It was quiet in the forest, and there hadn’t yet been anything strange. Shen Qingqiu did not dare take things lightly. He didn’t return to sitting in the carriage and instead sat with Shang Qinghua in the driver’s seat, one hand held in a sword seal [4] while secretly surveying the surroundings. With his other hand, he reached into the bag of snacks and pulled out a bunch of melon seeds. He shoved them to Shang Qinghua: “Hush, go inside. Gnaw on melon seeds and play.” [5]

Shang Qinghua’s abilities at ordering people about and doing odd jobs were decent, but when brought to fight against the supernatural were truly not of much use. Knowing his own level was like that, he honestly and obediently took over the melon seeds and started cracking them. With every step the horse carriage advanced, he gnawed on one.

So, after the time it took to burn a stick of incense [6], they finally..... discovered a very serious problem.

Two people looked silently at the familiar melon seed hulls on the ground.

Shang Qinghua said: “Mm, there’s no need to doubt. Cang Qiong Mountain sect’s Qian Cao Peak’s fragrant *longgu* melon seeds are cooked red on the outside and golden yellow inside. It’s definitely the pile I gnawed on earlier.”

Shen Qingqiu: “I know peddling melon seeds is one of your An Ding Peak’s side businesses. Enough.”

Then, the question. How did they come around to their original position?

Both people looked at each other.

Gui da qiang[7], a traditional and classic scenario, was now placed in front of them.

Shang Qinghua thought of a folk method: “Why don’t we try using a virgin’s urine and drenching the horse’s eyes with it?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “.....The good horse also has its self-respect. Why throw excretions into its eyes? Also, on this wild and remote mountain, where do you want me to go to find a virgin’s urine?”

Once these words were uttered, he found that Shang Qinghua was regarding him very seriously.

Shen Qingqiu: “What are you looking at me for? I, myself.....Let’s not talk about that for now. Shen Qingqiu’s original character is of a high and lofty outer appearance and inner dissoluteness, going on all day about harmony until his being burns with it but carrying on clandestine affairs with adolescents. Young people can look for chickens, but do you think I’m still a virgin?”

Actually, Shang Qinghua’s character seems about right.

Shen Qingqiu’s brows wrinkled for a moment, then he slapped his thigh.

He turned around and burrowed into the carriage. Suddenly, he heard Shang Qinghua who was still outside wail like a ghost and howl like a wolf.

Shen Qingqiu took what he went to find and came out, shouting: “What is it?”

Shang Qinghua was so frightened that he spoke without proper punctuation: “Once you went inside I felt a furry thing on my neck once I raised my head I saw it was a bunch of hair behind the hair was a big white face I didn’t see it clearly fuck!”

Shen Qingqiu raised his head. Naturally, he didn’t see anything. In his heart, he thought it didn’t matter what this thing was. It was quite clever and knew to pinch a soft persimmon [8], only daring to play around with the softer-looking Shang Qinghua and didn’t dare bait him.

He patted his shoulder again: “No matter how horrifying it is, it’s still something you wrote. What are you afraid of!”

Shen Qingqiu opened his palm. What he went to fetch was actually a map.

Shang Qinghua said: “Big bro, I thought you were so powerful that you could find a map to make sense of this Bailu Forest [9], but look clearly. This is a map of the mainland. The entire continent is at the top. Even if Bailu Forest is on there, it would only be about the size of a dot. You won’t be able to find the way while holding that.”

Shen Qingqiu said: “Look for yourself, this place.”

He pointed towards the lower part of the map.

Cang Qiong Mountain sect was towards the east, Tian Yi Overlook close to the center, and towards the south, it was the territory of Huan Hua Palace.

The spot that Bailu Forest occupied was just on the border of the site of Huan Hua Palace.

Shang Qinghua suddenly realized: “Huan Hua Palace also drew Bailu Forest as part of its territory? So what we’ve entered isn’t a *gui da qiang*, we’ve entered their protective formation?”

Every large sect had their own formation to prevent various unscrupulous people from causing trouble. For instance, Cang Qiong sect’s Ascending Heaven Ladder – if you were a mortal who didn’t know the way, you would climb yourself half to death on the over 13,000 stairs, forever unable to reach the top. You could only wait for the guard disciples to send you down.

Stuck here without anyone to guide them, they could only keep going in circles on the same spot.

Shen Qingqiu knocked on the door: ‘System? You there?’

He paused. There was no reply. He knocked again: “Didn’t you say you would give 24/7 hours of service? If you don’t come out, I’ll give a bad review!”

System: Hello, the system has entered hibernation mode. Right now there is only automated service. If you require service, please help yourself.

Shen Qingqiu: ‘.....What, hibernating?’

He suddenly remembered that the system truly hadn’t given him scores of B points and other kinds of odd values lately.

Automated service: The system’s connection to the main energy source ‘Luo Binghe’ has broken. It is undergoing maintenance and upgrades in the background. Once the connection is reestablished, the system will be activated. I hope you will find using the self-service a pleasant experience. Thank you.

You’re already making my balls hurt so much in this version, is the next version going to straightaway crush my balls – incorrect, the main point is that it seems that Luo Binghe is still the fucking main source of energy!

Shen Qingqiu was going to pursue with further questions, when he discovered this kind of service only gave these two sentences.

What sort of freaking automated service, isn’t this the same as the QQ automated response [\[10\]](#)? Aren’t you embarrassed to add the two words ‘self-service’ in front!

Shen Qingqiu smacked Shang Qinghua: “Look at your family’s system, see if it’s still online?”

Shang Qinghua blinked, then after a moment: “It says it’s in the middle of maintenance.”

So Luo Binghe actually wasn’t the power source for just one system! Once he dropped offline, all the systems followed him down! What a big

kill!

This matter was serious, but also wasn't that serious, not unless Luo Binghe was unable to cultivate some levels in hell and get B points. Thinking about it, it was pretty good. If he couldn't get points, then they wouldn't meet. It would be as though there were no taboos and nothing was forbidden!

Shen Qingqiu was consoling himself in this way when suddenly, a bush moved.

Shen Qingqiu hit with a ringing sound, shouting: "Come out!" From his waist, the Xiu Ya sword came out of its scabbard, following the commands of the sword seal formed by Shen Qingqiu's hand. It revolved and slashed, but that thing was like a fish, hiding in the bush like a slippery loach. Not even one in a hundred stabs met their mark.

Suddenly, in front of Shen Qingqiu's eyes, an eye-piercingly strong light passed by. That thing shouted shrilly, rapidly slammed back several feet. The bush had already been hacked into pieces here and there and was unable to hide anything. That playful thing had long since fled, and there was no more movement.

Didn't he just make a big move? It appeared that it only reflected a moment's worth of light.

Shang Qinghua took the advantage to come over: "Can it be that it's afraid of light?"

Shen Qingqiu: "Fuck, it truly is a female ghost!"

Both were about to have a discussion when suddenly, the faint sound of footsteps carried over. This person's technique was very good. If it wasn't for Shen Qingqiu's cultivation being not bad, then he almost wouldn't have heard it. From within the depths of the forest, a white-clothed young man was revealed.

The young man originally held his sword out from its scabbard, his entire face vigilant. But after he saw them clearly, his face changed and he hurriedly withdrew his sword.

“This junior was investigating a change in the surroundings and specially rushed here, but didn’t know it was Immortal Master Shen and Immortal Master Shang here, who are of the Nascent Soul stage.”

Shen Qingqiu saw he was quite handsome, just with eyes that were a little green with inexperience. He politely said: “And this young hero is?”

The young man’s feet slipped.

Shang Qinghua spoke next to his ear in a low voice: “.....You really don’t remember a person’s face or give them face. This is Gongyi Xiao.”

Gongyi Xiao was a little depressed. Even though he was cast down from the gold ranking board by Luo Binghe rushing up, he was still second place and had a very good score. Plus, he was previously regarded as the person with the highest chance of getting the honors, and met many high-level leaders in events alongside the old Palace Lord. For Shen Qingqiu not to recognize him was truly unexpected to him.

Shen Qingqiu: “Truly a young hero.”

Gongyi Xiao said: “I don’t dare. For these two Peak Lords to come to Huan Hua Palace’s borders, why didn’t you send notice ahead of time? We’ve truly delayed you elders and given you difficulties.”

This was really treating Bailu Forest as their territory.

Shen Qingqiu said: “We have no plan to pay respects to Huan Hua Palace; we’ve only come to deal with a situation in Bailu Forest.”

Blank, Gongyi Xiao was about to ask them what situation it was. But his brain moved quickly and he kept quiet.

Shen Qingqiu had preemptively put forward that he had come to Bailu

Forest to deal with matters, yet didn't clearly state his purpose. There was no need for further discussion. No matter how curious, he didn't dare to arbitrarily ask questions to his elders. After all, he was the old Palace Lord's First Disciple for many years and couldn't be that **ky**[\[11\]](#). It was too inappropriate for someone of the younger generation to directly ask about an elder's thoughts.

Considering the situation from another perspective: what if they wanted to figure out why there were suddenly two Cang Qiong Mountain sect Peak Lords here and sneaking around their territory borders and what their plans were? What if they felt that 'if it stands in my home's backyard, then of course it belongs to my home' and 'if it's standing on my home's fence, then it's also one of my home's things'? The logic was just that simple.

Shen Qingqiu originally wanted to say a few words and send him away. However, Gongyi Xiao hesitated a moment: "What the elders are going to do, this junior won't guess at but would please ask to be of assistance to them."

Shen Qingqiu's face carried a faint smile and his lips almost didn't move. Lowly, he muttered: "Why don't we bring him along, he can fight enemies."

The one who was unable to fight enemies, Shang Qinghua also muttered: "What if he doesn't let us take away the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed [\[12\]](#), then what do we do?"

Shen Qingqiu was very shameless: "Are you stupid? When the time comes, just take it and go. He can't use force to take it back. Returning to his old master to report is something to be handled later. At that time, we just need to stand up early, pat our trousers and leave. What are we waiting for them for?"

Shang Qinghua: "What if the two sects antagonize each other?"

"You call this freaking tiny matter antagonizing? What's more, Sun And Moon Dew Flower Seed is a lifesaver. Your old life or political relations, which do you choose?"

Shang Qinghua unhesitatingly said: “Take it and go!”

Shen Qingqiu raised his head and resolutely said to Gongyi Xiao: “Let’s go!”

As a result, the hard work of driving was handed over to the younger generation.

While controlling the reins, he curiously asked: “Elder Shen, this junior has a problem he can’t solve.”

Shen Qingqiu: “Please speak.”

Gongyi Xiao said: “According to Elder’s cultivation strength, breaking through my sect’s formation wouldn’t even take a moment and also would be achieved without our knowing why. Why did it result in such a large fluctuation of spiritual power?”

Cough, cough. The reason was very simple. It was like memorizing your formulas completely thoroughly, yet not necessarily being able to do the problems.

Shen Qingqiu spoke half truthfully and half falsely: “That fluctuation wasn’t created when the formation was broken. It was generated when confronting a strange monster.”

Gongyi Xiao was stunned for a moment: “A strange monster?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “Actually, it’s difficult to tell whether it was a monster, but its appearance seemed evil and unlike a normal human being.”

Gongyi Xiao said: “Near Bailu Forest, there are signs of human smoke within ten *li*. There has never been anything regarding monster invasions. There aren’t even wild tigers and beasts.”

Shen Qingqiu said solemnly: “Then what can it be? Loose hair spread all over, bone frame all over the place, and even the face swollen like a hungry corpse.”

Gongyi Xiao sincerely said: “Whatever it is, it would be best if it never appeared again. If it appears, there is no need to bother you elders to move your hands. It is enough for this junior to handle it.”

The respect within these words was not false. Though he didn’t have much of an understanding towards this Elder Xiu Ya Sword, only having seen his face once from far away long ago, he’d participated in the Immortal Alliance Conference and Shen Qingqiu’s own direct disciple had exceeded him and snatched the ranking board’s first place. He’d also saved not a few Huan Hua Palace disciples and so was, truthfully speaking, truly worthy of special respect.

Shen Qingqiu saw that his bearing suited the occasion, not lacking in the humility he should have, and also that his appearance was of the same mold as Luo Binghe’s. It belonged to the kind that was warm and full of feelings, his features and smile handsome, making it hard to cause others to feel displeased.

Of course, he completely didn’t notice that these kinds of feelings could be described with one sentence: Love the house and its crow. [13]

He only lamented: Luo Binghe, ah, Luo Binghe. This day and age, running east and west, it was all because he was afraid of Luo Binghe!

—End Chapter 29—

[1] Like overturning seas and rivers: It’s a saying meaning ‘overwhelming’ or ‘earth-shattering.’ So it’s just expressing how hard he’s thinking. LOL.

[2] ...calling him by name so intimately: You don’t see this in English, but in Chinese, you get suffixes and certain terms of address to denote familiarity with a person. For a sect head, Yue Qingyuan is calling Shen Qingqiu very informally – using only his first name ‘Qingqiu.’ These two characters (I mean the original Shen Qingqiu and Yue Qingyuan) have a backstory you’ll learn about later. *winks*

[3] ...they’d really be childhood sweethearts!: So I got this one wrong; apparently it doesn’t actually mean ‘hobby horse’ in the sense I thought. It’s

actually referring to ‘childhood sweethearts’ in reference to toys kids play with when they’re young and innocent. But since we’re talking about two guys rather than a guy and a girl (), it becomes . Thank you tons, **eik!**

[4] One hand held in a sword seal: I think I might have mentioned this before, but it never hurts to recap. When we’re talking about ‘seals’ made with hands, it’s referring to a hand pose – kinda like how you see Naruto moving through different hand seals to make his kage-bunshin/shadow clone.

[5] “Hush, go inside...”: This cracked me up so hard. Hopefully I got this across in English, but the words Shen Qingqiu uses are spot-on for what you’d hear a parent telling their kid. The term *guai* in Chinese literally means ‘obedient/obey’ or ‘be obedient.’ Methinks Shen Qingqiu’s too used to being a *shifu* talking to a bunch of little bun disciples. No dignity for the author. RIP author’s dignity.

[6] Time it took to burn a stick of incense: This is an old way of measuring time. It’s a short time period ranging from 5-30 minutes.

[7] *Gui da qiang* (): Literally ‘ghost hitting wall.’ It’s referring to the phenomenon of walking in circles (TY **readerz**, you saved my bum on this one)

[8] Pinch a soft persimmon: A saying meaning to bully the weak. Poor author never gets a break. LOL.

[9] Bailu Forest (): Literally *bai* (white/clear/blank) *lu* (road) *lin* (forest).

[10] QQ automated response: QQ is a popular messenger platform in China. It’s like WeChat.

[11] KY: Abbreviation of a Japanese term (*kuuki ga yomenai*), meaning someone who can’t read the atmosphere. So in context of this sentence, Shen Qingqiu means that Gongyi Xiao is someone who *can* read the atmosphere.

[12] Sun And Moon Dew Flower Seed (): I kid you not, this is the name of this freaking plant. Pinyin is *ri yue lu hua zhi*.

[13] Love the house and its crow (): A saying equivalent to the English one of 'love me, love my dog.' I.e. to love everything about a person, even the bad bits.

So...anyone else think that Shen Qingqiu's judging everyone by the Luo BingheTM standard? Poor Gongyi Xiao, *shifu* only has Binghe in his eyes. XD

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Chapter 30

TN: Page jumps added.

Under Gongyi Xiao's guidance, the three of them quickly broke through Huan Hua Palace's formation and neared the position of their target.

In the original work, the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed wasn't described much. There was only a slight reference that it 'appeared in a grotto covered by thick forest greenery.' After all, this thing didn't have much relation with the male protagonist (and his harem members). It was arranged instead as one of the props for Luo Binghe's opponent to use. In order to think of such a point in the story, Shang Qinghua really pitted his life to the utmost.

But it was only because of this that Shen Qingqiu dared to act. If it was something related to the main plot, like the strange and miraculous herbs that were given to Luo Binghe to use, then he didn't have the guts to grab it.

Grabbing the things belonging to the male protagonist's enemies should be no problem!

Duking out resources with the male protagonist didn't guarantee an ending as easy as the person who tried luring a chicken only to lose a handful of grain! [1]

Although the location wasn't clear, the good part was that however large Bailu Forest was, there was only the one grotto.

Shen Qingqiu snapped his fingers and a bright yellow flame leapt from his fingertip. With another flick, the flame wafted round behind them, opening up a path ahead into the dark, wet grotto.

At the beginning, the stone path could accommodate three people walking side by side. But towards the end, the stone path was narrow, and required each person to walk sideways to proceed forward. The path was also complicated, winding around just like a beast's intestines.

Light was dim. It was dark even with Shen Qingqiu's flame. He lit a few more, coalescing them into fireballs following after them. Gongyi Xiao was at the rear; Shang Qinghua originally wanted to wait outside the grotto but was kicked inside by Shen Qingqiu. Shen Qingqiu didn't know if he was afraid or what, but when his arm touched Shen Qingqiu's from time to time, he felt raised goosebumps on his skin.

In the end, Shen Qingqiu was unable to tolerate it anymore. Because there was still an outsider around, he spoke in a low voice: "Can you stop clutching at me?"

There was no response. But there wasn't any more touching. Shen Qingqiu continued to feel his way forward, but who knew that Shang Qinghua would kick him in the calf.

Shen Qingqiu couldn't help himself and spit out: "Fuck!"

From far behind, Shang Qinghua's voice carried over: "Senior – Martial – Brother – Shen! What – did – you – say?"

His voice reverberated in the twisted rock passageway, stretching from a long way.

As it turned out, Shen Qingqiu unconsciously walked faster and faster while the slow-going Shang Qinghua lagged behind, blocking Gongyi Xiao's way at the rear and keeping him from walking quickly. He had already left both people behind by quite a long distance.

If it wasn't Shang Qinghua, then who kept touching him back then?

Or that was to say, what was the thing that touched him?

Shen Qingqiu suddenly stopped.

Expressionlessly, Shen Qingqiu patted his arms in an attempt to shake off the goosebumps on them.

Several balls of fire still hovered in the air, burning faintly.

The enemy is in the dark, I am in the light. [2]

Shen Qingqiu flipped over his left hand and pulled out a few spell talismans from his sleeve while his right hand slowly drew the Xiu Ya sword.

The sword light slowly became clear. Whether from the front or the back, it was all shadowy black rock exuding a damp smell.

He suddenly remembered, that moment when his calf was hit, it didn't feel like a kick from a foot. Rather, it was more like..... a headbutt!

Shen Qingqiu silently lowered his head, just happening to illuminate a pale and bloated face on the ground!

Shen Qingqiu's left hand threw spell talismans towards that face and in that moment, the narrow and rocky path was lit with a mess of lightning and fiery light. Originally, he wanted to use his right hand to draw the sword but the space was too small. He hadn't even drawn it halfway out before his arm and even the hilt struck rock, making a banging sound.

That thing was soft and boneless, gliding on the ground like a giant snake, fast as a flash. Even at such a close distance, he still couldn't land a hit, instead still moving a step slower. Shen Qingqiu pulled at his sword two times before he managed to draw it and was late by only a step as he watched it turn and swish away. That direction was where Shang Qinghua and Gongyi Xiao were following up. He shouted loudly: "There's something coming over! Look out!"

Shang Qinghua heard his words and quickly ducked his head: "Young hero, quick! Let's go back!" As someone who worked in logistics, how could he stand at the forefront and charge forward?

Gongyi Xiao listened to his words but that stone path was so narrow that it was enough to make people bristle in anger. Even sideways, there was only the width of a fist between the body and the walls. He couldn't pass by at all. Shang Qinghua heard Shen Qingqiu hollering again from over there: "The ground! Look at the ground! It's crawling on the ground!" Turning around again, he saw a human snake sliding over with a *chilui chilui* sound.

Shang Qinghua made a prompt decision and quickly lay down!

Gongyi Xiao had also never encountered such a strange creature and was shocked for a moment. Upon suddenly seeing Elder Shang being scared enough to fall over, he was given a fright. But after getting over it and recovering, he said: "Excuse me!" and passed over him with a leap.....

No matter how ugly the process, logistics and the vanguard finally exchanged positions.....

Shen Qingqiu shouted again: "Don't pull out your sword....." He hadn't finished saying the word 'sword' before Gongyi Xiao hastily pulled out his sword and made the same mistake. The sword was drawn halfway and the hilt struck the rock wall.

Shen Qingqiu rushed over with his sword, shouting in his heart: 'Ai, how stupid!'

Gongyi Xiao was very wronged.

Actually, Shen Qingqiu was very clear that it could only be said that he reacted too quickly. He hadn't finished hearing his words before acting; even if it were someone else, there would be the same result. However, he forgot because when he sometimes joined hands with Luo Binghe and acted in the past, the words didn't even need to leave his mouth for Luo Binghe to tacitly understand and respond perfectly. Comparing these two like this, Shen Qingqiu thought longingly once again of that worriless disciple.

This stone path was full of twists and turns, both damp and dark. It suited the movements of that thing. By the time Shen Qingqiu held another handful of spell talismans, it had already crawled away without a trace.

Gongyi Xiao was incredulous and said: “Elder Shen, was that thing just now the demonic creature you encountered before in Bailu Forest?”

Shen Qingqiu nodded: “It is. I don’t know how this thing slipped away with both sides pincering it in.”

Shang Qinghua’s face didn’t change expression as he climbed up from the ground and patted at the gray dirt on his clothes. He said: “It climbed over me.”

Gongyi Xiao: “.....”

Shen Qingqiu: “.....Let’s go. This time, follow closely.”

There was no need for him to say. This time, even if he died, Shang Qinghua wasn’t willing for there to be as much as two *chi* [\[3\]](#) of distance between them!

Wandering until their heads almost went dizzy, three people finally exited the stone passage. In the depths of the grotto, the path suddenly opened up in front of them.

At the time, Shen Qingqiu always couldn’t figure out how something like the ‘Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed’ could grow in a place like the deep depths of this grotto with neither sunlight nor moonlight. Upon first hearing the name, you could immediately tell that it was something formed from the evolution of the essential spiritual energy formed by heaven and earth as well as sunlight and moonlight. Finally, he understood why.

It turned out that at the very top of the grotto, there was a big opening revealing the sky. Both sunlight and moonlight passed directly through this opening down below, just like a spotlight shining onto the heart of the lake in the middle of the cave. And the land at that point was naturally where the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed grew.

That small piece of land was surrounded by a glittering, resplendent, and jade-like lake.

Shang Qinghua let out a “Wu,” sound and said decisively: “Lushui Lake [4]. That’s right.”

Only he could make a final judgment on the settings he made.

Even if it was the color of grass, as the writer, he wouldn’t make a mistake.

Having received his judgement, only now could Shen Qingqiu release his breath in relief. It seemed like they found the right place.

This wasn’t any ordinary lake water. It was water without a tributary made from morning dew.

Water without a tributary + morning dew that was full of spiritual energy nourished the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed. And after the flesh matured, it needed to be immersed in the water and the soil even more in order to nourish the morning dew in an endless cycle so that the spiritual energy was boundless and inexhaustible.

Gongyi Xiao sighed and finally realized the reason why Cang Qiong Sect sent these two Peak Lords on a trip.

But he didn’t understand what the significance of this thing was to them, so he instead felt that it was strange. Cang Qiong Mountain Sect was one of the best sects and collected many unusual and miraculous herbs every day. There would only be excess and no dearth of them. The Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed was a seldom seen and exquisite herb, but it didn’t deserve the high regard of needing two Peak Lords to personally pick it themselves.

In Shen Qingqiu’s eyes, there was now only that fleshy white bud on the piece of land in the middle of the lake.

This was his hope for survival!

With a sweep of the lower hem of his robes, he went into the lake. The water in the Lushui Lake was good stuff; being in it was even healthier!

After walking some tens of steps, he submersed in the water until it was over his waist. It was neither cold nor warm. It soaked into his skin as though it could directly moisten his heart, making him happy. Shen Qingqiu looked at the tens of small and tender white beans on the little piece of land in front of him. Taking a deep breath, Shen Qingqiu reached out. Carefully, he pulled up each bean with a bit of soil, putting it directly into his sleeves.

Infinite spatial storage sleeve [5], a must-have product for a cultivator away from home. Courtesy of Cang Qiong Mountain sect head Yue Qingyuan. I won't tell anyone!

Although these Dew Seeds were still small, they would only make the cut if they grew more sprouts. If he waited until he found a place where spiritual power and fengshui combined and planted it there, growing it according to plan, then they were life-saving straws!

Shen Qingqiu was really afraid of touching and breaking these little things that looked like they would melt if he put them in his mouth.

He hesitated a moment when he was about to pull them out. After all, these Dew Seeds grew here originally and also counted as a vital organ in the ecosystem. If they were all pulled out, it didn't seem very moral. His thoughts entangled, he thought again. He didn't even know if this method would work or not; what if it was handled incorrectly and ruined? A few more sprouts would remedy the situation. He could only make sure that nothing would go wrong and take them. Preserving his life came first.

The last Dew Seed was held in his hands and hadn't yet been tossed into his sleeve when Shen Qingqiu suddenly heard the sound of a sword drawn behind him.

When he turned his head around to look, Gongyi Xiao held a sword in hand. With Shang Qinghua, they came closer and focused their stares on him.

Shen Qingqiu held his breath. Suddenly, a long and large thing like a giant fish came from behind, heading directly towards Shen Qingqiu. A

pale, stiff face flew over from the darkness. It really was that thing that had always been following them along the road!

At the same time, Gongyi Xiao's hand formed a sword seal, his long sword flying towards that thing as swift as the wind and as quick as lightning. But it was sly and agile. Once its attempt to attack Shen Qingqiu missed, it submersed into the lake and didn't come up. It stirred up the sand and dirt that had settled for many years at the bottom of the lake, turning it into a cloudy mess. Gongyi Xiao retrieved his immortal sword and said: "Elder Shen, quickly come up!"

Shen Qingqiu actually smiled: "No need to panic. I'm going to catch some fish to play with."

He stood still in place and didn't move, slowly pulling out a paper spell talisman.

Gongyi Xiao said: "Confronting this thing with a single spell talisman doesn't seem....."

That word 'enough' hadn't left his mouth before he saw Shen Qingqiu's fingers pinch and that one spell talisman become a stack of them.

Gongyi Xiao: "....."

Shen Qingqiu held that stack of spell talismans and hit them into the water with one blow. One, two, three.

At his count, there was a tremendous noise!

The surface of the lake blasted open waves that were over twelve *zhang* [\[6\]](#) high!

The snake man that was originally hiding at the bottom of the lake had also been blasted flying out the water, thrown high up and falling heavily on the ground beside Shang Qinghua's feet.

Shen Qingqiu came dripping onto the shore. The dew water bath was so refreshing that he didn't hurry himself. He crossed his arms and said: "Take a look. What is this plaything?"

Gongyi Xiao turned over that thing.

Once it was turned over, all three people were stunned.

After a long while, Shen Qingqiu finally turned his head around and asked Shang Qinghua: "What is this?"

Shang Qinghua squeezed out three words: ".....I don't know!"

He really didn't know. According to their observations, this organism was covered with a head of dirty hair, the entire body soft-boned, moreover its skin coarse and spread over with scales and in patches. There wasn't a single even spot, like its scales were scraped off uncleanly all over.

Although earlier Shen Qingqiu thought it was a female ghost, after taking a closer look at that face, it could be seen that it was a man's face even though it was swollen.

Shang Qinghua waved his hand and said: "I definitely haven't....." written about this kind of creature.

Shen Qingqiu said: ".....I believe you."

If the original work described this kind of creature using over 50 words, there was no reason why he wouldn't remember!

Gongyi Xiao couldn't understand what his elders were saying, so he spoke his own guess: "Take a look, Elders. This creature; maybe it was born like this."

Shen Qingqiu thought it was reasonable. Looking at its grotesque shape that was completely unlike a normal creature, it looked more like it was deformed or a hybrid species.

He muttered: “Heavenly punishment, a curse, or a failure in cultivation.”
[7]

The three possibilities listed above were most likely to result in this kind of strange creature.

It kept staring at Shen Qingqiu’s sleeve. Even though this thing’s appearance was hideous and frightful, making people want to vomit, the eyes in that head of messy hair were very clear, just like the Lushui Lake.

Shen Qingqiu suddenly saw the light and said: “No wonder it wanted to attack us.”

The other two people looked blank. Shen Qingqiu said: “This thing was born from the dew water of Lushui Lake. You take a look.” He pointed: “The brightness of its eyes is definitely something that developed from drinking the dew water. On its scales, some red and green moss is also growing. It’s identical to what’s growing on the rocky walls. It must have lurked in this grotto for a very long time.”

This made sense. If it let Shen Qingqiu and his group pull up all of the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seeds, it wouldn’t only destroy the cycle of spiritual energy. Over time, Lushui Lake would also be unable to function and become a pool of waste water, completely exhausted. That was why that thing would follow them all the way and wait for an opportunity to attack.

In his hand, he held that tender and beautiful Dew Seed to prove his point, swinging it about. Sure enough, that creature’s eyes brightened. It anxiously raised its head and revealed a mouthful of white teeth.

Gongyi Xiao shouted: “Looking for death!” His hand turned over and held his sword hilt, his movement made with a hint of killing intent.

That snake man struggled to crawl on the ground. Shen Qingqiu looked at it and thought it was a bit pitiful. He turned around and said: “Wait.”

Gongyi Xiao stopped, but didn’t understand: “Elder?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “The fact that the local inhabitants around Bailu Forest have been safe and sound for so many years indicates that.....this snake man has never done any evil things. There’s no need to exterminate it.”

These words were not false. If this thing had truly killed people before, Huan Hua Palace would have already discovered it and eradicated it to the roots. Because it had never done evil things, it hadn’t died. Speaking of this matter, it went every day into this grotto to take dew water, so Shen Qingqiu and his group entering had disturbed its daily routine.

Since he spoke up for it, Gongyi Xiao thought for a bit and withdrew his sword into its scabbard. Only, Shen Qingqiu and those Zhao Hua Temple masters [8] belonged to the compassionate side. That being known, Shen Qingqiu always had a soft spot for these unusual animals. He’d long since said that was always interested in these mysterious creatures, far more than those sisters who were like a hundred flowers contending in beauty. One could well imagine that he used this kind of loving (.....) vision, to look upon the soft crawling creature on the ground.

But no one noticed that the creature on the ground was currently trembling slightly.

The malformed body secretly pressed down on a thin Dew Seed sprout. That pair of bright eyes incompatible to its body contained a turbulent ecstasy.

After leaving the cave, Gongyi Xiao actively sat on the driver’s seat of the carriage.

He asked: “Elder Shen, this junior doesn’t understand something. Why did that.....snake man never take those Dew Seeds, and only take the dew water from the lake?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “When you just entered, did you see the ray of light shining down from the ceiling of the cave? When we were in Bailu Forest before, we were entangled with the creature all along the road. One of those times, it was burned by the light reflected off the sword and only retreated

because of that. My guess is, that thing cannot meet light, especially sunlight and moonlight. That's why it can only move freely in the shadows of the forest and the grotto. The Dew Seed is covered by sunlight or moonlight all day, so of course it cannot come close."

Compared to a theoretical education like Baiké [9], Huan Hua Palace focused more on actual combat. Gongyi Xiao didn't understand much but complimented him: "So it's like that. Elder Shen is not only compassionate, but also possesses wide learning and a powerful memory. This junior still has a lot to learn."

Shen Qingqiu laughed a few times to express his modesty. It was clear that the person who spoke hadn't said anything very constructive, but Gongyi Xiao strangely still had to express his personal admiration, serving as a foil to the other's high intelligence. This kind of scene really made people's balls hurt. Even if he wanted to be conceited, he couldn't bring himself to feel conceited. There was only a deep sense of powerlessness.
=. =

After exiting Bailu Forest, Gongyi Xiao still wanted them to stay. He invited them to rest at Huan Hua Palace and greet the old sect head. Shen Qingqiu returned with: "Things having finished with your assistance, it's not good to disturb you further."

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Are you joking? What are we going up to Huan Hua Palace for? To show you the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed we just got in our hands? What if your higher-ups couldn't let it go and just had to argue about its ownership rights?"

Shen Qingqiu smiled and said: "Although this trip was made in a hurry, young gentleman Gongyi must visit our Cang Qiong Mountain in the future. Qing Jing Peak will be waiting."

Shang Qinghua said: "Right. An Ding Peak doesn't have anything fun. If you go to Qing Jing Peak, your Elder Shen will definitely take good care of you."

Gongyi Xiao was overjoyed at this unexpected gain. He knew of Qing Jing Peak's reputation, which was the same as its name. It was peaceful and quiet and normally didn't like outside guests to intrude. With a face wreathed in smiles, he said: "Elder Shen, I will remember these words. I'll be bothering you in the future."

When he said these words, the arch of his eyebrows and his smile was so like Luo Binghe's that Shen Qingqiu couldn't help being stunned for a moment. He slowly said: "That's only natural."

After separating from Gongyi Xiao, Shang Qinghua sighed at the side: "Similar, he's really a little similar."

Shen Qingqiu kicked him neither lightly nor heavily: "Woolgathering?"

Shang Qinghua said: "Your own heart is clear who I'm talking about. I've observed you for a long time. There are some words that if I suppress in my heart and don't say, I'll feel uncomfortable. Did you really care for Luo Binghe as that obedient and treasured darling disciple of your heart?"

Shen Qingqiu rolled his eyes and pulled his ears.

Shang Qinghua really didn't know whether he wanted to live or die. He continued to analyze reasonably: "Hearing your Qing Jing Peak disciples speak, Senior Brother Shen spent every day like he'd lost his soul and it'd ascended to the heavens those days after returning from the Immortal Alliance Conference. Several times you'd call out Luo Binghe's name. You even uttered sighs while arranging his sword grave. You.....do you really have a bit of a tendency towards being a trembling M?"

This is the second time there are these words 'lost his soul'! Are these words going to become a black stain in this old man's life?!

Every one of my Qing Jing Peak disciples walk the path of having their bellies stuffed with poetry and books. When did they become such lovers of gossip, how could these words be said carelessly everywhere, completely losing your Shizun's image?!

Shen Qingqiu suddenly felt a cold chill on his back.

Great God Airplane Towards the Sky chasing him with these questions was just like high schoolers from the same dormitory gossiping nonsensically: ‘Say! Do you have a secret crush on XXX!’ ‘Don’t twist words~ Don’t be embarrassed O(∩_∩)O, haha~’ It was that kind of pink scene..... he was going to go insane!

Sticking this on two big men was truly very disgusting!

Shang Qinghua was very innocent. Actually, he was being very serious and straightforward in expressing his doubts. It was Shen Qingqiu’s own heart that was having too many strange thoughts.

Shen Qingqiu interrupted impatiently: “Why aren’t you moving?”

Shang Qinghua was stunned: “What?”

Shen Qingqiu looked at him and stuffed the horse whip in his hands: “Gongyi Xiao has left, there must be a carriage driver.”

“.....Why haven’t you driven even once?”

“You want to try a heavily-poisoned patient?”

What damn patient!

Who just played around at taking care of that creature and bombed it with spell talismans so happily!

Have some face!

Shen Qingqiu lay inside the carriage and settled his sleeves.

These things were his last resort for preserving his life. Calculating the time, there was still five years before Luo Binghe came out from the Endless Abyss back into the Human Realm, enough to complete a masterpiece.

His only miscalculation was only for one thing.

That was that Luo Binghe would come back so quickly.

—End Chapter 30—

TN: *GASP*... Did Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe have the legendary unspoken communication ability that only the closest married couples have?

is sliced by Xiu Ya sword

Spell Talisman 101: Can also be translated as ‘charm,’ but I think ‘spell talisman’ sounds nicer (). These things are slips of paper that are drawn with special ink and infused with spiritual power. They’re basically portable, insta-cast spells that can be thrown. The Japanese equivalent would be ofuda.

[1] The person who tried luring a chicken only to lose a handful of grain (): This is a saying in Chinese meaning someone who tries to gain an advantage but only ends up worse off than before (failing to lure the chicken and losing the grain as well). So Shen Qingqiu is saying that duking it out with the protagonist will end with a result worse than simply ‘coming off worse’ – likely indicating *someone*’s old life is going to be thrown out the window. XD

[2] The enemy is in the dark, I am in the light (): This is a saying meaning that you don’t know the enemy’s position but the enemy knows where you are/what your circumstances are.

[3] Two *chi*: *Chi* () is a unit of measurement and is the Chinese version of the foot, approximately 33 cm.

[4] Lushui Lake: Lushui () means ‘dew. So that’s where the ‘Dew’ from Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed comes from.

[5] Infinite spatial storage sleeve (): You’ll see ‘spatial storage’ items

a lot in ‘high fantasy’ cultivation novels. You can think of these as portable storage items – lower-ranked items tend to have a limit on how much you can store within them. An ‘infinite’ storage item is rarer. The funniest thing is the appearance of the storage item (this is a cultivation novel), it’s the fact that his storage space is his sleeve..... Typical storage items range from rings to pouches and other accessories, but I don’t think I’ve ever seen a sleeve show up, LOL. (though in ancient China, sleeves were like extra pockets)

[6] Twelve *zhang*: *Zhang* () is a unit of measurement.

[7] Heavenly punishment, a curse, or a failure in cultivation: These three things feature in cultivation novels a lot, especially the first and the last of the three. Heavenly punishment is exactly as it sounds (it has nothing to do with religion). The heavens are associated with fate/destiny or the natural way of the world in Chinese culture. Cultivation is something that’s regarded as going ‘against’ the world, so that incurs heavenly punishment. Someone who doesn’t make it through all right ends up badly off (usually dead), which is why Shen Qingqiu speculates that the creature may have had this happen to him. A curse is... a curse. Very simple. Failure in cultivation is like qi deviation (frequently associated with it, in fact). Just know that it can also end very badly, just like a run-in with heavenly punishment.

[8] Zhao Hua Temple masters: It’s not very noticeable in English, but the Chinese term used indicates that Zhao Hua Temple consists of monks. In other words, Buddhist monks. Can’t escape from them in cultivation novels. LOL

[9] Baike: In case you forgot, this is referring to Baike Baidu, which is the Chinese equivalent of Wikipedia. XD

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Chapter 31: Countdown to the Protagonist's Return (Revised)

TN: Translated by **readerz**, shower her with love~

Edit: Some words were missing because comments in Gdoc messed up copy-paste. LOL. It should be fixed now, but let me know if anything's still missing.

In the blink of an eye, three years passed.

During those three years, except for the times when Liu Qingge helped him clear his meridians of the toxin or Mu Qingfang made medicine for him, Shen Qingqiu assigned some disciples to supervise the training on Qing Jing Peak and spent most of his time roaming around outside.

In his last life he spent most of his time at home playing video games and reading novels. When he was reborn in this place, all of the these computer-related entertainments were gone. Thus, his interest in tourism was ignited. His days were carefree until he suddenly received a message talisman from Yue Qingyuan, summoning him back to Cang Qiong Mountain.

He had been gone such a long time that even his shadow couldn't be seen, so this time when he returned to the sect, the Qing Jing Peak disciples gathered in front of the sect to welcome their master back. Seeing Shen Qingqiu slowly climbing up, they all cheered and rushed to surround him.

Head disciple Ming Fan was already a tall young man. Although he wasn't handsome, at least he didn't look like a sharp-faced monkey with a petty cannon fodder character's face. Ning Yingying had grown up to become a lovely young maiden with a graceful figure. She had also picked up her own immortal sword from Wan Jian Peak. When she saw Shen Qingqiu, she rushed over and hugged his arm as they walked up.

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Although the sweet little girl liked to put her arms around him, Shen Qingqiu couldn't bear it since Ning Yingying's body had developed nicely. She was no longer a cute little loli. Her chest occasionally touched him by accident, making Shen Qingqiu's expressionless face break out in a cold sweat.

This is Luo Binghe's wife! I wouldn't dare!

Ning Yingying complained like a spoiled child: "*Shizun*, you are always away from Qing Jing Peak, your disciples all miss you so much."

Shen Qingqiu said indulgently: "Your teacher also missed ... you."

Wait, this is not right. You should be thinking of Luo Binghe, not missing a scum villain!

Were the original Shen Qingqiu and Ning Yingying this close? It seemed like Ning Yingying grew up to be a sensible girl. The original Shen Qingqiu probably drooled over her in a one-sided way.

And you, as one of Luo Binghe's wives, shouldn't you be broken-hearted, suffering five years of sleepless nights, growing thin from barely being able to choke down food in your grief?

How come, contrary to expectations, you've actually grown plump and healthy?

The disciples swarmed around Shen Qingqiu as he made his way to Qiong Ding Peak. There, Yue Qingyuan was waiting outside the hall to welcome him back. The two fellow apprentices entered the hall hand in hand.

Inside the Qiong Ding hall, the Peak Lords had already taken their seats while behind them were one or two of their most direct disciples.

Liu Qingge was the only exception.

That was because traditionally, training at Bai Zhan Peak was like setting a herd of sheep loose in a pasture, free and unrestrained. Every one of them were allowed to practice their skills as they pleased. Apart from occasionally beating up a few disciples, the Peak Lord didn't teach anything until a disciple could beat him. Then the position of Peak Lord could be handed over to that disciple. So of course he had no direct disciples.

Shen Qingqiu greeted the others then sat down on the Qing Jing Peak's seat, with Ming Fan and Ning Yingying standing behind him. Opposite him were Qi Qingqi and Liu Mingyan of Xian Shu Peak.

He didn't know how, but a thought popped up in Shen Qingqiu's brain: If Luo Binghe were still here, he would be the only one standing behind my chair.

Stop!

It's so annoying, please don't keep popping out to remind me of your existence, protagonist. [waves hand bye-bye]

Yue Qingyuan was the first to speak: "You were all summoned to return to the sect because of an urgent problem. Do any of you know Jinlan City?"

Shang Qinghua said: "Jinlan City? I've heard of it. That's a city in the Central Plains that's located at the place where two major rivers, the Luo and Heng rivers, meet. There's a lot of trade going on there and the city is quite prosperous."

Yue Qingyuan nodded: "Yes. People come from all over to trade at Jinlan City. It's always been a center of trade but two months ago, Jinlan City closed its gates."

After a pause, he added: "Not only are the city gates closed, no one is allowed to go in or out and messages cannot be delivered either." A well-established trading center suddenly closed itself off from the outside. There was definitely something very wrong.

Shen Qingqiu lifted his teacup and blew on the surface of the tea, saying: “Jinlan City is closest to Zhao Hua Temple. They have a lot of dealings with each other. If something happened, the masters of the temple should be aware of any anomalies.”

Yue Qingyuan said: “Yes, twenty days ago, a Jinlan city merchant escaped from the city by waterway and went to Zhao Hua Temple for help.”

He used the word “escape” and it seemed that the situation was very serious. Everyone listened solemnly.

Yue Qingyuan continued: “That merchant was owner of Jinlan city’s top weapon shop. Every year he went to Zhao Hua Temple to light candles and burn incense so many of the monks knew him. When he arrived at Zhao Hua Temple he was all wrapped up in black cloth, with only half of his face exposed. He collapsed at the steps of the temple while he kept repeating that there was a terrible plague in the city. The monks immediately carried him to the hall and reported to the elders. However, by the time the elders came out, it was too late.

Dead?

Yue Qingyuan said slowly: “That merchant had turned into a skeleton.” Shen Qingqiu was terrified.

He just said that the man was tired when he arrived at the temple doorway, how did he suddenly turn into a skeleton?

Shen Qingqiu said: “Elder martial brother just said the merchant’s body was wrapped in black cloth? From head to toe?”

Yue Qingyuan said: “Exactly. During that time, the monks tried to help him remove the black cloth but he cried out in pain so they dared not pull it off by force.”

Listening to these words, it might have been like tearing his skin off.

Yue Qingyuan went on: “The abbot of Zhao Hua Temple was deeply disturbed. After some discussion, that very night they sent masters Wu Chen, Wu Huan, and Wu Nian to investigate. So far none of them have returned.”

Compared to Shen Qingqiu’s generation, the “Wu” generation were of higher seniority, therefore their cultivation shouldn’t be worse than his.

Shen Qingqiu said in a slightly surprised way: “No one came back?”

Yue Qingyuan a nod solemnly and said: “Huan Hua Palace and Tian Yi Overlook also sent more than 10 disciples. None of them returned either.”

Three of the four great sects had all been dragged down into this mess.

Shen Qingqiu suddenly realized why they had been summoned today.

Sure enough, Yue Qingyuan said: “Our friends sent a message to Cang Qiong Mountain Sect asking for our help. We must certainly send help. This matter is urgent and I fear that some ‘others’ who like to stir up trouble might be behind this. Some of us have to go and some of us to stay behind.”

The “others,” needless to say, referred to the demons. Liu Qingge was the first to speak: “Bai Zhan Peak’s sense of honor will not allow me to shirk this duty. I would like to escort junior martial brother Mu.”

Since the city was suffering from a plague, then the Lord of Qian Cao Peak, Mu Qingfang must be sent to help.

Shen Qingqiu saw that of the two people who wanted to go, one was the person responsible for making his medicine while the other was the one who assisted him in clearing his meridians of the poison. They didn’t have the protagonist’s halo, so anything could happen to them. This was too worrying. What if they should meet with some misfortune? He said: “Qingqiu would like to go with them.”

Yue Qingyuan hesitated: “I intended to ask you to stay behind to protect the sect.”

Shen Qingqiu still didn't know how to deal with him. All he could do was insist: "Elder brother Sect Master, why do you think I'm so fragile? Even though I am not so talented, if it really is the demons, I know a little about them that will be of help."

A walking demon encyclopedia – whether it was the original Shen Qingqiu or him, both of them could definitely be given this title. For hundreds of years, Qing Jing Peak had accumulated this knowledge. If the Peak Lord didn't read all those books then he would be buried behind the back of the bamboo house... Yue Qingyuan considered this and in the end he let him go with Liu Qingge and Mu Qingfang since it would be easy for them to suppress the demon poison in his body. Also, the Lord of Bai Zhan Peak can protect them. It was decided that they would be divided into three groups. Liu, Mu, and Shen would go first to check out what was happening in the city. The second group would stay outside the city and make a move whenever they were needed. The third group would stay behind to protect the Cang Qiong Mountain sect.

The situation was urgent, which meant they couldn't spare the time to use boats, carriages, and other vehicles. Shen Qingqiu wasn't used to using just his flying sword to travel and he was a little bit scared of heights, too, but he knew that this time he must match his companions' speed. Three people set off on their flying swords. After half a day, Shen Qingqiu, with his robes fluttering in the wind, looked down from the clouds and shouted to his fellow sect brothers: "Below us is the place where the Luo and Heng rivers meet!"

From high above, they looked at the two rivers that crossed each other. They looked like two silvery, long, and slender ribbons glittering in the sunlight, as if they were silver scales dancing chaotically.

One of those was the river where Luo Binghe was found floating on an ice floe right after he was born. His surname was based on that river.

The trio chose an open, flat hill as a landing point. From there they could see the upturned eaves of the houses in Jinlan City as well as its closed gates and bridges.

Shen Qingqiu lowered the hand that he had been using to shade his eyes from the sunlight: “Why don’t we fly straight into the city?”

Mu Qingfang explained: “Zhao Hua Temple was asked by Jinlan City to give create a giant formation in the sky. Flying swords or anything with spiritual power that flies over it will be forced to veer off its course.”

As Shen Qingqiu saw at the Immortal Sword Congress, Zhao Hua Temple was very skilled at formations. If they were ranked in second place regarding formations, then no one would dare to aim for first place. Shen Qingqiu asked no more questions. He thought that if this was not a normal plague, but something spread by someone with ulterior motives who wanted to create mischief, then that person must have openly walked into the city through one of its gates. Since that person couldn’t fly or enter through a gate, there must be another way inside. Just as he had expected, Mu Qingfang, who had been given detailed instructions by Yue Qingyuan, led the other two people into a forest. In the shade of the trees, there came the gurgling sound of water.

The sound of water was coming from a subterranean cave. Mu Qingfang urged his two companions over, saying: “There is an underground river here that leads to the city.”

Shen Qingqiu understood what he was saying: “That weapons merchant escaped from here?”

Mu Qingfang nodded: “Some merchants who make covert business transactions use this place to meet or transport goods. Not many people know this place, but the weapons merchant was good friends with some of the Zhao Hua Temple monks and confided the secret to them.”

The entrance of the cave was full of vines that were chest high. The three Peak Lords had to bend down to go in. After they had walked for a while, Shen Qingqiu’s waist ached but there was finally some space over his head. The gurgling sound of water had turned into the sound of rushing water. Beside the river bed floated a few tattered, solitary ships.

Shen Qingqiu picked a boat that was a little bit better than the others. At least it didn't leak. With a flick of his fingertips, he lighted the lamp that was hanging from the bow.

There was only one paddle. Shen Qingqiu made an "as you please" gesture and said to Liu Qingge: "We will be moving against the current. The strongest of us will have to row us into the city. Junior brother, please?"

With a black face, Liu Qingge took the slender paddle and began rowing. With each stroke, the boat leaped forward a great distance. The lamp at the bow shook back and forth in confusion.

Shen Qingqiu pulled Mu Qingfang to sit down comfortably. He looked at the water beside the boat and saw a few fishes happily swimming in the river. He said: "The water is clear."

He had just finished saying this when he saw that there was something bigger following the fish.

It was a corpse drifting face down in the water.

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Chapter 32: Reunion



Shen Qingqiu sat upright.

A corpse, f*** f*** f***!

I'd just thought "the water's so clear" and you give me a floating corpse? Don't slap my face so heavily, okay!

Liu Qingge used a pole to hook the corpse closer and turn it over. It was actually a complete skeleton. Because it had been wrapped in black cloth

from head to toe with the face sunk underwater, it had escaped his notice earlier.

Shen Qingqiu asked, “Junior apprentice brother Mu, do you know what kind of plague will instantly turn an entire body into a skeleton?”

Mu Qingfang slowly shook his head. “I’ve never heard of anything like this before.”

A boat rowing upstream would fall back if it stopped moving forward. Since they’d stopped for a while, the small boat had retreated a short distance. Liu Qingge lifted his pole again and said to those behind him, “There’s more ahead.”

Sure enough, five or six corpses floated over. Just like the first one, all of them were skeletons clothed in black.

While Shen Qingqiu was lost in his thoughts, Liu Qingge suddenly stabbed the pole into the rock wall beside them. The thin, brittle bamboo pole was thus inserted into the smooth, seamless stone. Once fixed in place, the boat stopped where it was.

Shen Qingqiu also noticed there was something different and stood up. “Who is it?”

In the depths of the darkness ahead came a rush of rapid breathing. The light at the hull of the boat dimly illuminated a person’s figure. They heard a boy’s voice: “Who are you people? Why are you entering the city through the hidden river?”

Shen Qingqiu said, “That’s what I’d like to ask you.”

Even though he was standing on a small and shabby boat, he appeared elegant and refined. With his green clothes, black hair, and long sword hanging from his waist, every movement was like that of an immortal. Additionally, Shen Qingqiu was now very experienced at acting cool and was able to incorporate some of his own style to bluff. As expected, the

young man was stunned by his airs and blanked out for a moment, before he shouted, "Leave! Right now entry into the city is not allowed!"

Liu Qingge snorted. "Who are you to stop anyone?"

The boy said, "There's a plague in the city. If you don't want to die, then scram!"

Mu Qingfang warmly said, "Little brother, we're precisely here for that reason....."

Seeing that they weren't leaving, the boy said angrily, "Do you not understand human speech? Leave quickly! Scram, scram, scram! If you don't, don't blame me for being impolite!" He had barely finished talking when a spear gun came piercing over, vigorous enough to be frightening. Liu Qingge laughed coldly and pulled out the bamboo pole from the wall. With a single rising stroke, the opponent was sent flying into the water. Hearing the teenager's curses while splashing in the river, Shen Qingqiu asked, "Shall we fish him up or not?"

Liu Qingge said, "He's got plenty of breath and energy, why should we bother fishing him out? Let's just enter the city." Pulling out the bamboo pole, he continued rowing the boat.

The three of them emerged from the dark river, and the illegal boat floated on the currents back into the darkness. The exit was in the most barren area of the city, in the middle of a shallow swamp. Not a single person was around. They walked towards the center of the city for a while when the tap, tap, tap of someone's footsteps came chasing behind them.

Drenched like a chicken prepared for soup, the young man from earlier rushed towards them and exclaimed, "Why did you enter the city? There's no use in coming in! Before, there were a lot of people who came and said they'd fix the plague. Some monks, some Taoists, some Hua Palace. Each and every one of them came in and couldn't leave! You're all looking for an early death!"

So it turned out that the young man hid and waited to ambush them for their own good. Shen Qingqiu tolerantly smiled. “What do you think we should do since we’ve already entered?”

The boy said, “What else can you do? Follow me and don’t run around! I’ll take you to the senior monk.”

Shen Qingqiu saw the other two didn’t object. They were all unfamiliar with Jinlan City so it would be best if someone from the city guided them. He gave a small nod and asked, “Little brother, what is your name?”

The young man puffed up his chest. “I’m called Yang Yixuan. I’m the son of the boss of the Finely-Crafted Weapons shop.”

So he was the son of the weapons shop owner who had braved death to ask for help from Zhao Hua Temple?

Liu Qingge saw Shen Qingqiu continuously sizing up the young man and asked, “What is it?”

Shen Qingqiu whispered, “This child can stand up after one of your attacks and has a good heart. Both of these things are hard to come by—he’s a moldable talent.”

Liu Qingge said, “Moldable talents are still useless. I don’t accept disciples. Too troublesome.”

As they walked into the main city, the number of pedestrians gradually increased. But this “increase” was only in comparison to the emptiness from before. A single street had at most three to four pedestrians, buried head to foot in black cloth. They walked hastily, acting like birds frightened by the hissing of a bowstring or fish that narrowly escaped the net. Yang Yixuan led them to his house. The weapons-shop was quite large, situated on the widest main road and occupying four lots in a row. Connected together for a single family to use, it had an inner garden, an inner hall, and a basement.

Great Master Wu Chen was in the basement, lying in bed with a blanket covering his lower half. Upon seeing the group from Cangqiong Mountain sect, he greeted them with an “A-mi-to-fo” (Merciful Buddha).

Shen Qingqiu said, “Great Master, the situation is desperate so we won’t dwell on the rest. What kind of plague has emerged in Jinlan City? Why did the Great Master stay in town and not send a single message out? Also, why does everyone need to be covered in black cloth?”

Great Master Wu Chen smiled bitterly. “What immortal Shen asks is really all the same question.”

With that said, he pulled back the blanket covering his lower half. Shen Qingqiu stiffened.

Underneath the blanket was only a pair of thighs. There was nothing below the knee. The calves had completely vanished.

Liu Qingge said coldly, “Who did this?”

Wu Chen shook his head. “Nobody did this.”

Shen Qingqiu was puzzled. “If nobody did this, then did your legs vanish by themselves?”

Unexpectedly, Wu Chen nodded. “It truly is so. My legs vanished by themselves.”

Above his knees, his legs were wrapped in black cloth. Wu Chen reached out a hand and exerted great effort to pull off the cloth. Mu Qingfang hurriedly assisted him. Wu Chen said, “This might make everyone feel slightly uncomfortable.”

The black cloth was unwrapped layer by layer, revealing what was left of his legs. Shen Qingqiu’s breathing hitched.

Great Master, you call this “slightly uncomfortable”?!

His thighs were rotting and festering, gangrenous flesh spreading from his stumps. When the black cloth loosened, a putrid stench wafted out in waves.

Shen Qingqiu asked, "This is the plague of Jinlan City?"

Wu Chen said, "That's right. In the beginning stages of this sickness, only a small area is affected by a red rash. This stage lasts from 3 to 5 days, up to half a month. After this, the rash will spread and start rotting. After another month, it will rot to the bone. Only by wrapping the body with black cloth to reduce exposure to the open air can you delay its progression."

No wonder every person in the city wrapped themselves like a black mummy.

Shen Qingqiu said, "If it takes one month, why did Mister Yang, who informed Zhao Hua Temple, rot to mere bones in an instant?"

Wu Chen's face showed grief. "I'm ashamed to admit this, but it was only later that I realized that if the infected person stays inside Jinlan City, they can live up to a month or so. But if they travel a certain distance from Jinlan City, it will rapidly progress. My two junior disciple brothers rashly left the town to go back to the monastery, and the disease killed them on the spot."

So that's why people could not enter or leave!

Liu Qingge asked, "What's the origin of this disease? How does it spread?"

Wu Chen only sighed. "This old monk is ashamed. We have spent many days in this town, but have made no progress towards finding anything about the disease. We don't know where the plague started and we don't know how it spreads. We don't even know whether it is infectious or not."

Mu Qingfang stared blankly, "What do you mean?"

Shen Qingqiu had a slight suspicion. “We’ve all seen the weapon-shop family’s son. He has personally looked after Master Wu Chen for so long, but no part of his body is covered by black fabric. You can clearly see his skin is unblemished—it’s healthy. If it really is a plague, isn’t it strange that Wu Chen didn’t infect him?”

Wu Chen said, “Exactly that meaning. The old monk is truly apologetic to have bothered everyone by being trapped here.”

Shen Qingqiu said, “You mustn’t say that. You intended to save people.” He saw Mu Qingfang examining the rotten part Wu Chen’s leg with rapt attention as if he couldn’t smell a whiff of the putrid stench. He asked, “Has junior apprentice brother Mu discovered anything? Do you know a cure?”

Mu Qingfang shook his head. “This doesn’t look like a plague; it actually looks like...” He looked at the others. “I must see some more infected people before I dare make a judgment.”

Shen Qingqiu left the basement and saw the weapon seller’s son walking back, furiously gripping a long knife. Smiling, he asked, “Young master, what’s wrong?”

Yang Yixuan angrily said, “Another person entered the town. Those something-something Hua people are the most useless of them all—they’re all racing to their deaths!”

Huan Hua Palace probably sent more helping hands (cannon fodder). Shen Qingqiu saw that his face was swollen like a meat bun and had the heart to tease him. “Little brother, I see your skills are quite remarkable. Did someone teach you?”

Yang Yixuan ignored him. Shen Qingqiu said again, “Find that big brother who sent you flying into the water earlier today. He’s incredibly strong, so fighting with him a few more times will be more useful than if you learnt with anyone else.”

Upon hearing these words, Yang Yixuan immediately abandoned him and ran off. Shen Qingqiu had found a way to annoy Liu Qingge by siccing a

clingy person on him—he was delighted by this discovery.

He had just walked around a corner but, upon seeing the scene ahead, stopped in his tracks.

A heavy atmosphere hung over the whole town, and the doors of every household were closed tight. Quite a few homeless people couldn't find anywhere to go and gathered at the corner of the street. In the past, when the street was filled with people coming and going in an endless stream of carriages and horses, they didn't dare stick their head out and show their faces. But now, the street was completely empty. Having no more scruples, they had set up a large iron pot with a pile of firewood beneath it. They boiled water and plucked a few stolen chickens procured from who knows where. Each of them was swaddled so tight in black cloth that not a breeze could whisper through. They were not at all surprised by the presence of Shen Qingqiu, who looked out of place. Instead, they looked at him as if he was a dead person. After all, these past days, they'd seen far too many impressive-looking cultivators enter the town saying they'd save them. Were they any good? Those newcomers died even faster than the residents!

The cook struck the iron pot. "Soup's ready! Come fill up, come fill up!"

Many tramps lying nearby who had been picking at lice scrambled to their feet and went forward, carrying bowls in their hands.

The plague had disturbed the lifestyle of the entire city. This spontaneously organized communal kitchen could save lives.

He had to quickly find the root of the plague. Shen Qingqiu secretly affirmed his resolve. As he turned to leave, someone walked directly towards him. That person looked like an old woman; she leaned on a walking stick, her body stooped, and her hands shook so much it looked like they were about to fall off her wrists.

Seeing the situation, he was about to move out of the way. But because she was perhaps too old and frail or hungry to the point of fainting, she stumbled into Shen Qingqiu.

Shen Qingqiu supported her with a hand. The old woman mumbled, “I’m sorry... I’m sorry... my old age has made me confused...” Saying this, she hurriedly passed him, probably concerned there would be no more food left.

Shen Qingqiu took two steps forward, then suddenly stopped.

Something wasn’t right.

The old lady looked as frail as a candle in the wind, appearing as if she would fall over at a mere breeze. But at that moment when she collided with him, why did she feel even heavier than a man in his prime?!

He abruptly turned back. Amongst the crowd fighting over the soup pot, he couldn’t see a trace of that “old woman.”

To his left was the entrance to the red-light district. Shen Qingqiu chased behind and fortuitously saw a bent-over shadow flash past the end of the alley.

F***, isn’t this speed similar to a 100-meter hurdle sprint? What “old woman”?! He must have been blind back then!

Shen Qingqiu broke into a run, chasing that figure. Though this old woman looked suspicious, he couldn’t be blamed for not immediately realizing something was off because everyone was this type of “swaddled in black cloth, walking shrunk into themselves, suspicious-looking” figure in Jinlan Town!

In the middle of the chase, he suddenly felt an itch on the back of his hand and raised it to take a look.

This hand really was plagued with misfortune: the same one that was pierced full of holes by the Sky Hammer Elder and had now been contaminated with a growing red rash!

Come to think of it, it was also this misbehaving hand that opened [Proud Immortal Demon Way] back then! I really want to cut off this hand aahhhhh!!!

With his attention divided, Shen Qingqiu's footsteps slowed. Sensing an oncoming sword attack from above his head, he spread open his folding fan, prepared to counter with a wind blade. He shouted, "Who is it?!"

The assailant swiftly descended to the ground from the nearby roof eaves. The two of them came face-to-face with each other and Shen Qingqiu blurted out, "Gongyi Xiao?"

The youth immediately withdrew his sword, his surprise greater than his joy. "Elder Shen?"

Shen Qingqiu said, "It is I. How come you've come too?" He remembered that Yang Yixuan had mentioned that Huan Hua Palace disciples had entered the town from the secret river. Presumably, those were the same people who came with Gongyi Xiao. He asked, "Huan Hua Palace asked you to lead a group inside the city to investigate?"

Gongyi Xiao said, "This junior indeed received the command to investigate the town, but ... the leader of the group isn't me."

Shen Qingqiu was surprised. Gongyi Xiao was the most favored disciple of Huan Hua Palace's old Palace Master. Before Luo Binghe's appearance, it was universally acknowledged that Gongyi Xiao would be the leader of the next generation. The old Palace Master's only daughter was in love with him, and whenever the disciples of his generation formed a team, he had to be the one to lead them. Apart from Luo Binghe using the protagonist's halo to defeat him, who could steal his place?

But there wasn't enough time to think in more detail right now. Shen Qingqiu said, "Let's chase it together!"

Gongyi Xiao affirmed loud and clear, and both of them leaped out together.

The hunched over silhouette ran into a three-story building. Just standing outside this building would assail your senses with the scent of face powder and the sight of gorgeously dressed women on stage. It seemed that in the past this was a place of pleasure, but now the laughter and flirtatious banter

were long gone. Prosperity had fled this place. The front door was open to reveal the main hall on the first floor shrouded in a heavy and dense air.

The two of them held their breath, attentive, then stepped over the doorsill.

In the main hall, tables and chairs were toppled over messily. Shen Qingqiu looked at Gongyi Xiao. "Let's separate and take a look. You look in the private rooms on the left; I'll take care of the right side."

He used the folding fan to push open the closest door. He could indistinctly make out a person lying on a bed. He first felt his heart lift in hope, but then it immediately fell.

It was only a skeleton wearing an intricate and elaborately designed garment, head adorned with beads and jade. It lay there in a serene posture. It was probably one of the women of the house who, knowing her end was upon her, had groomed and dressed herself in her best clothes and passed away in her sleep. Even in death, she assumed only the most beautiful posture; it was probably in a woman's nature. Shen Qingqiu let out a forlorn sigh. He exited the room and closed the door again.

The next several rooms in a row were all the skeletons of women in decorative clothing. It seemed the entire brothel had completely succumbed. Shen Qingqiu was just about to push open the sixth room when the sounds of people and movement came from the second floor.

The two of them flew up towards the second floor, Shen Qingqiu seizing the position in front as they ascended the stairs. Suddenly, they heard a young and gentle voice. "It's no trouble."

It was only three words, but upon hearing this voice, Shen Qingqiu felt as though he had been struck by lightning. His hand squeezed the folding fan until it emitted a ka cha snapping sound. In an instant, it was as if all breathing stopped.

Frozen stiff, he was stuck in the staircase, but he could already see the elegant women's chamber at the end of the corridor on the second floor. A

crowd of disciples wearing the colors of Huan Hua Palace were surrounding a person in their midst.

There was a youth wearing black clothing, carrying an unadorned long sword on his back. His face was like jade, and his eyes like cold stars glittering in two deep pools as he strolled closer.

He had grown a lot and his temperament was also substantially different compared to before, but... this face that could grace the cover of a romance novel from any angle... even if he was beaten to death, Shen Qingqiu would never mistake it!

At the same time, a familiar, mechanical voice that sounded a lot like a Google Translate that gathered dust exploded in his mind in rapid-fire succession into a series of notifications:

[Hello. System has successfully activated.]

[Activation password: Luo Binghe]

[Self-check: Energy source operating as usual, status is normal.]

[Hibernation mode discontinued. Standard mode launched.]

[Updates downloaded and installation complete.]

*****! Wait a moment, you really updated?!

[Thank you once again for using the System.]

Customer service, can I send this item back and get a refund?

Notes:

- Translated by Scriptor and Wenq.
- I've got enough editors now, thanks.
- LOL the troll System is back! LBH appeared...

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Chapter 33: Reunion (Version 2.0)

Looking at the young man who seemed familiar yet strange, Shen Qingqiu's limbs felt stiff and his throat dry.

Wasn't he supposed to return after five years?

Shouldn't Luo Binghe be in the abyss cutting his way through thistles and thorns, leveling up his sword skills? Why did he suddenly appear inside the Huan Hua Palace's barrier?!

Why did he appear two years ahead of schedule? If one levels too fast, one's safety can't be guaranteed, Luo-ge!

Shen Qingqiu felt the urge to turn around, run down the stairs, run right out of Jinlan City, and not stop running until he had left this damned world behind. He had only recoiled one step back when he was blocked by Gongyi Xiao who asked: "Elder Shen? Why did you suddenly retreat?"

...Please use your eyes. Look at the expression on my face and read the atmosphere, Lord Gongyi Xiao!

Behind him, a low and soft voice came: "Shizun?"

Shen Qingqiu's neck felt stiff as he slowly turned his head. Luo Binghe's face was the most frightening thing he had ever seen.

The scariest thing about it was that the expression on his face was not cold at all. His smile wasn't sharp like a knife. Rather, it showed a kind of bone-deep gentleness and amiability.

I'm going to go, you don't have to be so scary!

The more tender Luo Binghe's smile became, the more his opponent's soul was crushed. This was definitely not a joke.

Shen Qingqiu was frozen in the stairway, stuck midway, his back covered with goosebumps.

Luo Binghe slowly approached and whispered: "It really is Shizun."

His voice was light as a feather and every word that fell from his lips was clear. The sound of his footsteps made Shen Qingqiu's heart jump as though he was going high-altitude bungee-jumping after an ice-bucket challenge.

His head was already on the guillotine so why shouldn't he go up? Shen Qingqiu gathered his composure and summoned up his courage. The knuckles of his right hand that was holding his fan tightened, turning white and making the blue veins stand out. His left hand swept up the hem of his green robe as he lifted his foot one step, finally setting foot on the second floor.

Just one step and he already almost in tears.

When Luo Binghe participated in the Immortal Alliance Conference, he could still look down on him, but now Shen Qingqiu had to tilt his head up slightly to look at him. The imposing manner he wanted to present was somewhat undercut by this.

Fortunately, Shen Qingqiu has been putting on a cold, noble air for years and has a lot of experience in it. No matter how he feels inside, he can always put on a calm expression. After a long time, he managed to squeeze out a stern sentence from his tight throat: "...What on earth is going on here?"

Luo Binghe smiled slightly and seemed to have no intention of answering.

However, behind him the group of Huan Hua Palace's disciples noisy chatter stopped abruptly.

Shen Qingqiu saw that these disciples' attitude was very wrong.

Shen Qingqiu was a great scholar respected for learning and integrity whose fame had spread throughout the cultivation world in his early years, not to mention, he was revered by the younger generation. Even if he were to meet with his peers, there were few people who wouldn't be respectful. However, the Huan Hua Palace disciples seemed to be full of hostility. They looked at him with unfriendly eyes and some of them had already drawn their weapons. In addition, Luo Binghe didn't speak and just stood there. The group of disciples from a well-known righteous sect looked like a raid party ready to rush forward to kill a boss, like a bunch of evil henchmen about to kill and burn...

Young men, you've made a mistake! Don't recklessly rush forward to guard someone. You want to protect that person behind you?! The fact that he didn't attack someone is already good. The person who really needs to be protected is me!

Gongyi Xiao saw that the atmosphere was wrong. He walked forward between them and whispered: "Put your swords away! What scandalous behavior!"

Everyone then exercised some restraint. Those who had drawn their swords reluctantly sheathed them but their hostility towards Shen Qingqiu did not decrease.

No wonder. No wonder these people wouldn't take notice of Gongyi Xiao. In the past, Gongyi Xiao was one of the top disciples. Which of his fellow disciples would have dared to not give him face? But now there was Luo Binghe who, after his blackening, has topnotch brainwashing skills. Now he is the absolute central authority. Even after ten thousand years, it would be impossible for anyone else to be the leader.

Shen Qingqiu was shocked and can't understand it. When did Luo Binghe get involved with Huan Hua Palace? According to the original novel's plot, it should be two years later!

The two groups stood stiffly for a while. Suddenly, a young maiden in a yellow jacket appeared on one side and cried: “You’re thinking about that at a time like this? Lord Luo, he... was harmed by that evildoer! Can’t you think about that first?”

Shen Qingqiu noticed that there was a human-shaped figure in the corner. It was that fake old lady.

He looked at Luo Binghe again. This time he noticed that a portion of his sleeve had been cut by a sword, exposing a small part of his wrist. Luo Binghe was quite pale and there were a few red spots on his wrist.

He subconsciously blurted out: “Are you infected?”

Luo Binghe glanced at him then shook his head sincerely: “It’s not important. Everyone is out of danger.”

Such a selfless and considerate attitude! For a moment, Shen Qingqiu could almost imagine that he was a cute and harmless little sheep grazing on the grass and playfully nudging Shen Qingqiu’s knees, bleating, “baa baa.”

Alas, the Huan Hua Palace disciples broke the mood by pouring cold water, mysteriously saying: “If Lord Luo has been infected with this place, Elder Shen would be very happy?”

... Shen Qingqiu began to seriously wonder what crime he had committed against the entire Huan Hua Palace.

Gongyi Xiao looked at Shen Qingqiu’s face and was very embarrassed. He reprimanded the disciples, saying, “Shut up, all of you!”

Shen Qingqiu looked indifferent. As an elder with a lot of experience, it was beneath him to argue with the youngsters who had been brainwashed by the protagonist. He simply lowered his hand. His sleeves naturally covered the back of his hand that had a red spot after encountering the fake old lady.

The disciple who had spoken, who had pock marks on half of his face, shut up but he still looked angry and unconvinced. Qin Wanyue said with a sigh: “It’s all our fault. If you hadn’t been protecting us, you wouldn’t have...”

Shen Qingqiu already had a rough idea of what this thing that was spreading in the city was. He really wanted to take a megaphone and shout in her ear: Girl, wake up! This isn’t a plague at all!

Shen Qingqiu dared to use his years of reading more than 20 million words of webnovels to fucking guarantee this: First of all! This thing was almost as painless to Luo Binghe as saline solution or glucose. Secondly! If Luo Binghe was hurt protecting others, there’s no need to worry over it since that was definitely his plan! Don’t you know that it’s the easiest way to raise someone’s favorable feelings?

Shen Qingqiu couldn’t bear the atmosphere of mourning at Huan Hua Palace. Of course, what he couldn’t bear the most was that he and Luo Binghe were silently watching each other, as if they were both waiting for the other person to open his mouth first.

He steeled himself and bit the bullet. Looking neither left nor right, he walked over to the fake old lady’s body. Drawing Xiu Ya, he cut the black cloth, revealing the body inside.

Sure enough, this “person” looked normal. Its body looked no different from that of an ordinary human. But that wasn’t the point.

The point was that it was red all over as though it had been scalded with boiling water from head to toe. However, the body wasn’t burned.

Shen Qingqiu said: “It’s a sower.”

A sower was a type of demon. Basically, Shen Qingqiu knew that in the demon world, a sower was similar to a peasant, farmer or, possibly, a wholesale distributor of food for the demon world.

Due to geographical and racial reasons, many creatures in the demon world, including some of the more sadistic demons, have peculiar physiological needs. Specifically, they like to eat rotten things. The more rotten it was, the more nutritious it was for the demons.

But where could one find many rotten things to eat?

That's why the sower profession was needed. There was once a certain place in the demon world that was a popular feeding spot: The lord of that place would cross over to the human world to grab hundreds of living people at a time, then put them in an enclosed place like cattle. Then he would set the sowers loose inside. In less than seven days, the lord could open the door because the food would be rotten and ready. He could choose to take the people out to eat them or walk in and eat there.

This type of exotic eating habit is quite disgusting. Fortunately, the ancient demons, the elite nobles among the demons who have the most potent demon bloodlines and who cannot be compared to ordinary demons, do not seek this type of exotic flavor in their food. Otherwise, even if Luo Binghe grew up to be extraordinarily handsome, Shen Qingqiu feared that psychologically, it would be too hard for him to accept this type of weird setting. If he was that type of half-demon, the girls who kissed him would have to be very brave indeed, hahaha!

In the past, because this kind of profession was too anti-human, it aroused the anger of the cultivators, who launched a campaign to suppress the sowers. Many unsung heroes risked being infected and died. Within ten years, the sowers were almost extinct. Now they were hardly ever seen so it was normal for ordinary cultivators to not know of them. As for Shen Qingqiu, whenever he was idle, he liked to take out the messily piled up old books at Qing Jing Peak, thus he knew of them.

He made a very clear judgment, but unfortunately, he wasn't taken seriously. Only Qin Wanyue was polite enough to gracefully reply: "What the Elder has said, Lord Luo already guessed. Just now, he told us all about the sowers in detail." After that, the disciples of Huan Hua Palace looked up at Luo Binghe with admiration and longing, as if his face was bathed in a pure golden light.

It appeared! This was the legendary protagonist's "overpowering wisdom halo" that had the "no matter what the protagonist says, his words will make people will feel as though their IQ was being crushed" effect!

Luo Binghe looked at Shen Qingqiu and said softly: "Everything I know was taught by Shizun."

...The terrible thing was that Shen Qingqiu really felt as though his face was bathed by a soft light.

Damn. In the end, the villain isn't even allowed to look cool. Is this the right time for the protagonist to show off? [waves bye bye]

Shen Qingqiu really can't afford to waste his time in this strange atmosphere. In fact, the sowers were killed by the people of Huan Hua Palace, therefore they had the right to dispose of them. Shen Qingqiu said: "In that case, can I borrow this body for a look? Perhaps Mu Shidi will be able to discover something. It would be good to find a way to prevent the epidemic as soon as possible."

Luo Binghe nodded. "Shizun's every command will be obeyed. Disciple will deliver the body."

Being called "Shizun" by him made every hair on Shen Qingqiu's body stand on end. He finally knew how the original Shen Qingqiu must have felt when he faced Luo Binghe, who uttered honeyed words but hid a dagger up his sleeve because he didn't know what Luo Binghe wanted to do!

With a flick of his sleeves, he stormed off. When he left the abandoned building, Shen Qingqiu was still in a very bad state. As he walked, he felt confused and disoriented. He could feel an evil influence coming from the soles of his feet. Gongyi Xiao caught up with him and, seeing that Shen Qingqiu was pale, he looked distracted and said apprehensively: "Elder Shen, I'm very sorry. In fact, I always knew but master ordered that everything concerning Lord Luo must be kept strictly confidential. Those who speak of this to outsiders will be expelled, so I dared not tell the truth."

Shen Qingqiu: “I only ask one question of you. How did he end up here?”

Gongyi Xiao said, “It was Qin Shimei who rescued Lord Luo Gong who was seriously injured in Luo Chuan last year.”

Last year. In just one year, Gongyi Xiao supplanted as the Huan Hua Palace leader’s most trusted disciple. It seems that Luo Binghe’s invasion of Huan Hua Palace was not only earlier than the original timeline, but his efficiency was also improved. Indeed, Gongyi Xiao is a true cannon fodder who gets constantly kicked down from every first place position by the protagonist!

Shen Qingqiu said: “After being saved, why didn’t he go back to Cang Qiong Mountain sect?”

Gongyi Xiao watched Shen Qingqiu’s face, then said carefully: “After being rescued, Lord Luo seemed to be reluctant to talk about the past. When he was saying farewell he confided that... he won’t be returning to Cang Qiong Mountain sect and hoped that Huan Hua Palace can keep his whereabouts a secret. It seems that he intends to wander around the world. Master likes him very much and continues to detain him. Although, strictly speaking, they don’t have a formal master and disciple relationship, he is already being treated like a personal succeeding disciple.”

I see.

Luo Binghe’s act was the standard “white lotus silently endures suffering.” It was easy for people to guess why he didn’t go back. Maybe it’s Cang Qiong Mountain sect, especially Shen Qingqiu, sorry. At the time of the Immortal Sword Congress, there must have been some unspeakable secrets.

No wonder the disciples of Huan Hua Palace had been hostile to him just now. It wasn’t just Luo Binghe’s brainwashing skill. They were just following his lead since they knew Luo Binghe’s status in Huan Hua Palace.

A disciple of faction A went to faction B group then all the people from faction B, from the highest to the lowest-ranked, cried and asked him to stay, all the while hiding secrets so that no one would know about it – how unscientific and irrational! But this kind of thing was completely logical in the light of the protagonist halo!

Shen Qingqiu was silent. Gongyi Xiao thought he was sad and disappointed. His beloved disciple wasn't dead, but he preferred to wander outside rather than go back to see him. He said, "Elder Shen doesn't have to mind it too much. Lord Luo might just need to temporarily resolve some problem on his heart. In the past, he never left Huan Hua Palace but this time he volunteered to come. However, my fellow junior disciples... they must have some misunderstanding about Elder. I hope you won't take offense."

Shen Qingqiu's heart was broken into tiny pieces.

He had painstakingly worked for many years to build a positive reputation but, as expected, the protagonist was still able to paint it a beautiful black!

Wrong! In fact, he wasn't painted black at all because he wasn't being wronged at all. In the end, he really did kick a person down into the abyss!

I shouldn't think of excuses for my action!

Shen Qingqiu said: "What about you? Why didn't you misunderstand?"

Gongyi Xiao was shocked and immediately said, "Although I don't know what happened in the Juedi Valley, I believe that Elder isn't the sort of person who would murder his disciple."

Okay, let me tell you why... Because you and I are cannon fodder on the opposite side of the protagonist, we can understand and sympathize with each other's situation.

Later the group of Huan Hua Palace disciples followed. Shen Qingqiu inadvertently looked back, only to see Luo Binghe looking at them. His

clasped his hands together and looked at them with the cool eye of a bystander.

When Shen Qingqiu saw him, his heart felt unsteady and weak, like a boat caught in a storm. Right now, though Luo Binghe was not very close to him and kept a decent smile on his face, his dark eyes were so cool and penetrating that Shen Qingqiu suddenly felt his heart grow cold.

Big brother, uncle! What's the matter with you – two cannon fodder characters conversed and hugged each other to warm up, why are you offended?!

When they arrived at the Gold Weapon Shop, they found that the noise inside was so loud that it was almost enough to blow the roof off. This was all Liu Qingge's doing. He was responsible for the most difficult task. After they had split up, Liu Qingge went off to capture some experimental subjects. The people in the city weren't willing to cooperate so at this time, there wasn't anything they could do except to solve the problem by force. What's more, Liu Qingge was not a patient and reasonable person. His style was very consistent with the tradition of Bai Zhan Peak. He simply went out, grabbed more than a dozen burly men, then tied them to forging platform behind the lobby. Now it has become a research site for Mu Qingfang. A group of burly men was cursing and crying, as loud as a bunch of women.

Shen Qingqiu went to the underground treasury and explained the series of events to the others. He didn't mention that he himself had been infected.

Great Master Wu Chen once again prayed to Buddha to preserve them and said: "Thanks to the Cang Qiong Mountain sect friends, things are finally getting better."

Shen Qingqiu said: "I'm afraid it's not that simple. The infected people couldn't have infected each other. As recorded in the ancient books of Qing Jing Peak, the largest group of people affected by a sower is only three hundred. If the infected area in the whole city is so large then there is certainly more than one sower."

Liu Qingge put his hand on the hilt and stood up. Shen Qingqiu knew that he was a man of action. He wanted to leave right away to find the other sowers and kill them. Shen Qingqiu said, “Slow down! I have something else to say.”

Mu Qingfang: “Shixiong, please speak.”

Shen Qingqiu didn’t know how to say it. He hesitated for a moment and then said, “Luo Binghe is back.”

The others’ reaction wasn’t much. Among the three of them, Great Master Wu Chen of the Zhao Hua Temple didn’t even know who Luo Binghe was. Mu Qingfang didn’t care much about anything except for medicine right now. Liu Qingge frowned, startled: “Your disciple? Didn’t he die at the hands of the demons at the Immortal Sword Conference?”

Shen Qingqiu found it increasingly more difficult to explain: “...he’s not dead. He came back alive.” Annoyed, he said, “You and I will go to patrol the city first. When we come back, we’ll talk.”

Mu Qingfang: “Yes. I dealt with the remaining sowers earlier. Fewer people should suffer now. I should also go and have a look at those patients.”

When he said that, Shen Qingqiu remembered Mu Qingfang’s set of shining silver surgical instruments. He had a complete set of scalpels and needles all spread out as though to carry out an autopsy. There were also hundreds of bottles and jars in his infinite storage space, all properly labeled with the description of their contents and effects. It was enough to make people turn pale or be scared out of their wits. He expected that when the group of burly men tied down to the forging platform saw that, they would really scream loud enough to blow the roof off.

Shen Qingqiu gave a dry laugh and was about to follow Liu Qingge out of the cellar. Suddenly, without warning, the sound of his own heartbeat seemed to become hundreds of times louder. Immediately afterward, his movements became sluggish.

Liu Qingge immediately noticed the abnormality and asked, “What happened?”

Shen Qingqiu didn’t answer. A spiritual force surged in his right hand but only a weak flow of spiritual energy passed through his body, unable to cause a spark.

I’m at such a critical juncture, but now you act up?!

Mu Qingfang whispered: “Without A Cure.”

Liu Qingge checked his pulse, paused for a moment, then decisively pressing him back: “Sit. Wait.”

Wait for what?! Wait for Luo Binghe knock on the door?! Shen Qingqiu stood up: “I’ll go with you.”

Liu Qingge: “Don’t get in the way.”

You’re the great master of Bai Zhan Peak. If you fly with me, who would be able to hinder us?

Mu Qingfang said: “Shen Shixiong, have you taken your medicine today?”

Shen Qingqiu really wanted to look up to the sky and shout, “I haven’t given up treatment!”

I obviously took my medicine on time this month! I also asked Liu to help clear my meridians of the poison in time. So why is it inexplicably acting up now like a bolt from the blue?! How confusing!

Right at that moment, a System notification sounded: [Protagonist Cool Points +100]

Scram!

Do you mean to say that “Shen Qingqiu is out of luck; the protagonist is very cool”?!

Don't you dare be so vague! System, explain why you suddenly added points!

Mu Qingfang said: "Shen Shixiong mustn't overexert himself. Liu Shixiong is only thinking of your own good. It would do great harm to your body if you run around during a poison flare up. Stay here and rest. I will go get medicine. Wait for Liu Shixiong to return and use his spiritual energy to help you get through the attack."

Shen Qingqiu stood up three times and was pressed back by Liu Qingge each time. Mu Qingfang's tone was like that of an adult scolding a naughty child. Shen Qingqiu said: "Very well. Liu Shidi, listen to me. The sower has scarlet skin and is very infectious. If you encounter a suspicious thing that looks like it, don't rush towards it. Attack from a distance. When you return you must come to my room. I have something important to discuss with you."

The last sentence was the most important. Shen Qingqiu deliberately placed emphasis on those words.

Train an army for a thousand days to use it for one morning! Liu, you must protect me!

After two people left the cellar, Great Master Wu Chen said: "Shen Xianshi, don't you think this is strange? The demon world has been silent for a long time, but in recent years, it has become active again. At the last Immortal Conference, many rare monsters came out again. And this time a sower that hasn't appeared for a hundred years appeared in Jinlan City. I'm afraid it's not a good sign."

Not just that, these sowers have obviously been strengthened. Originally, there was no such stipulation that the infected people couldn't move away a certain distance from the sower. Shen Qingqiu shared the same feeling: "The Great Master's misgivings are why I can't be at ease."

Yes. Luo Binghe should have stayed in the abyss for another two years, but he was released in advance. This special circumstance can't possibly be a good omen of things to come!

After the Great Master Wu Chen was infected, he suffered great damage to his body and Qi. Soon after their conversation, he became tired. Shen Qingqiu helped him lie down then tried to quietly sneak out of the cellar. Wu Chen hid in the cellar because he couldn't be seen outside. Shen Qingqiu's room was on the second floor of the weapons shop. Liu Qingge hadn't come back yet so he couldn't go to sleep yet. He just sat at the table in a daze. He thought wistfully of a little sheep, Luo Binghe, who would call out "Shizun" all day long. He even wished this was a different story. Then he thought about the black lotus Luo Binghe who made people feel uneasy from head to toe. He almost wanted to pull out his hair.

After a while, someone knocked on the door. The knock was neither light nor heavy.

Shen Qingqiu stood up from the table and said: "Liu Shidi? I've been waiting for you in the middle of the night, come in!"

Both sides of the door were suddenly slammed open.

Luo Binghe stood at the door of the room, backed by a boundless darkness, standing with his hands on his back, his lips curled slightly. His eyes were like cold pools thousands of fathoms deep.

He narrowed his eyes and said: "Shizun, good evening."

—End Chapter 33—

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Chapter 34 – This Sadist



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Oh sh**!

In a flash, Shen Qingqiu's brain seemed to heat up until it was boiling hot.

This was exactly like that part in the movies when the midnight bell starts tolling ominously!

He grabbed his folding fan, turned around, and nimbly escaped through the wooden window.

That gooseflesh-inducing disguise from earlier in the day was finally ripped off. Luo Binghe's true nature was exposed, and he's now come to settle accounts with Shen Qingqiu!

His escape was completely driven by his subconscious mind. Years of habit made him act gracefully and elegantly even though he was running away. After landing fluidly, he used the sole of his foot to spring up and his body flew off like a wild goose.

Like a cold wind, Luo Binghe's voice was clear and penetrating. His tone bore the semblance of a smile, transmitting directly to Shen Qingqiu's ear as he said : "During the day Shizun converses with Gongyi Xiao tenderly and intimately. Then in the evening, he lights lamps and trims candles as he waits for Liu Shishu with sincere affection until very late into the night. But when this disciple appears, two people are so estranged?"

****! Every time you finish speaking a sentence, the distance between us is halved! This speed is unscientific!

Shen Qingqiu took a deep breath. He thought to himself that no matter what, he should first find a helping hand, so he used the energy from his Dantian to amplify his voice: "Liu Qingge!"

Luo Binghe's voice came again, but this time it was not so gentle. He said with a sneer in his voice: "Liu Shishu is busy fighting. I am afraid he is not at leisure to come. Shizun, if you have orders, why don't you tell me?"

I dare not accept your offer!

Shen Qingqiu knew that Liu Qingge had been dragged into a fight by Luo Binghe so he couldn't count on him. Thus, he poured his entire body's spiritual energy into his legs, expecting a burst of speed.

But he was so desperate that he had forgotten one thing: the poison in his body had just flared up!

It was too late for him to react. For a moment, all the blood in Shen Qingqiu's body seemed to stop flowing and his body suddenly sank down.

In the next moment, his throat was grabbed and his back slammed into a cold stone wall, making his spine hurt and his head swim.

Luo Binghe was very close.

Shen Qingqiu was slammed against the wall by one hand. The impact on the back of his head made him dizzy and it took a long time for him to regain his sight.

The moonlight shone down on him, making Luo Binghe's outline appear more and more like that of a jade ice sculpture, peerlessly beautiful.

He leaned very close and whispered softly, "Separated for many years, yet upon meeting each other under the golden evening wind and amongst the pure white early morning dew... Shizun only calls other people's names. This disciple is a little sad."

Though he said he was sad, his lips were curled up in a smile and the expression in his eyes was murderous. Anyone could see that his words were clearly a lie!

Shen Qingqiu felt as though his throat had been caught by an iron hoop. His throat was being choked and it was difficult to even breathe, let alone speak.

Contrary to what one might expect, with some effort, he could manage to form the finger sign to summon his sword, but because his spiritual power

was stagnant due to the poison, it wouldn't be of any use. Even with the perfect finger sign, the Xiu Ya Sword wouldn't move.

Moreover, Luo Binghe's hand was gradually exerting more and more strength, slowly tightening.

Suddenly, Shen Qingqiu's field of vision lit up and a huge dialogue box popped up.

This dialogue box was completely different from before. It previously was like an XP system error message prompt box, but now some subtle changes made it look more luxurious... wait, one should focus on its contents! System Hint: [Do you wish to view the System's tips to address the minor problem you are facing at the moment?]

You call this a "minor problem"?!

Shen Qingqiu screamed inside his mind, "Do it! Is there an easy mode? Activate easy mode!"

System: [Permission requested to activate: Do you wish to enable key items to survive?]

Shen Qingqiu was already choked to the point where his eyes were turning green. "There are key items?! How many B Points do I need to buy some?!"

System: [The item is already in your equipment storage. Do you wish to use the "Fake Jade Guanyin" to remove Luo Binghe's 100 anger points?]

****! That was the only thing Luo Binghe had left from his foster-mother: the fake jade Guanyin!

When he first arrived in this world, he got this life-saving key item and some advanced equipment. How could he have forgotten about it? He was currently begging for food while holding a golden rice bowl—System, you finally gave a reminder of this!

Shen Qingqiu: “Use it!” His Adam’s apple had almost been broken into two!

System: [Please Note: The key item can only be used once and can remove a maximum of 5000 of Luo Binghe’s anger points.]

Shen Qingqiu managed to rein in the horse at the very edge of the precipice: “Hold it—— !!!”

Luo Binghe only had 100 anger points right now? Are you kidding me?! If this is what he looks like at 100 anger points, then I can’t even imagine what a beautiful sight he must be at 5000 anger points! The important point here is: to use an item that can wipe out 5000 anger points just to deal with 100 anger points, especially when it can’t be used again... even though his life was at stake now, Shen Qingqiu still needed a little time to deal with his distress and confusion.

He wasn’t going to die of suffocation, he was going to die of a crushed throat.

Just when Shen Qingqiu steeled himself to use the life-saving key item, the hand on his neck suddenly relaxed.

Running away was not possible, so the only thing he could do was to continue to act cool. Shen Qingqiu leaned against the wall and was barely able to stand. After a while, he fell to his knees with a plop.

Luo Binghe, who had almost choked him to death, only smiled and helped him up the same way he used to help him get out of a carriage or give him a snack. Dazed, Shen Qingqiu temporarily forgot to break free and felt that this solicitous behavior was extremely creepy.

Luo Binghe sighed. “Why did Shizun run away so quickly just now? This disciple almost couldn’t catch up.”

Couldn’t catch up my foot! Who was the one so calm and unruffled in the midst of chaos? Who was the one playing a game of cat and mouse for a long time without even breaking a sweat?

Shen Qingqiu gasped for breath for a while. When he finally opened his mouth, his voice was a bit unsteady. “You’ve got a lot of guts to come back openly. Aren’t you afraid of others discovering your true identity?”

Luo Binghe’s eyes flashed as he said, “Is Shizun concerned or worried about this?”

Shen Qingqiu thought that these words were quite interesting. What was the difference between “concerned” and “worried”?

He couldn’t help but ask, “Do you think that I won’t tell other people?”

Luo Binghe looked at him and, in a tone as though he pitied Shen Qingqiu, said: “Shizun, your words would have to be trusted by them.”

Shen Qingqiu’s heart started thumping wildly.

Does that mean he intended to ruin Shen Qingqiu’s reputation just like he did with the original, then slowly, step by step, force him down the road to his own destruction, killing him slowly and painfully?

The original Shen Qingqiu had two major scum points: 1 – trying to get involved with many girls and women; 2 – killing many cultivators from the same sect as well as cultivators from other sects.

However, when he took control of this body, he absolutely did not inherit the original’s hobbies and ambitions. Could Luo Binghe still ruin his reputation and social status?

System: [Friendly Answer: Of course.]

Shen Qingqiu: “Shut up, OK? You don’t have to remind me of this fact. Thank you.”

System: [You’re welcome. This answer did not cost any B Points.]

Shen Qingqiu immediately x-ed out of the pop-up dialogue box.

He rubbed his throat and stood for a moment. Unexpectedly, he found that Luo Binghe was simply staring at him intently with no intention to continue.

Still looking?

It's been a few years since we parted, are you trying to make up for it?

System: [Protagonist Cool Points +50]

Shen Qingqiu: "You've been upgraded. How can you omit the reason for the points? Don't say that I got some points. I didn't do anything but the cool points increased? And can you not show up for a while?"

After a long time, Shen Qingqiu said, "Now that you're back, what exactly do you intend to do?"

Luo Binghe said, "I missed the way Shizun treated me so well. I've returned to see him."

Shen Qingqiu immediately understood that he had come back to settle some old scores.

He'd asked one question of Luo Binghe and received one answer; their interaction was actually quite harmonious. Shen Qingqiu gradually became more courageous. Not batting an eyelid, he moved his fingers to the top of his sword hilt and said, "Just to kill me? What about the plague in Jinlan city? It can't be that all the residents of this city have all 'treated you well.'"

Who would have thought that the moment he finished speaking, it seemed as though he had hit a nerve? In an instant, Luo Binghe's eyes turned cold, as though they were two stars that had fallen from the sky and froze. The faint smile on his face disappeared without a trace.

Luo Binghe sneered. "Shizun really abhors the demon race." There was a trace of intense, suppressed anger in his tone.

Nothing of the sort, actually.

Luo Binghe gnashed his teeth. “No. It would be more correct to say that he abhors me.”

You see, you do understand... What, what, what? Shen Qingqiu was unable to speak in his own defense: I never said that!

Luo Binghe suddenly stepped closer to him; Shen Qingqiu stepped back in response. Right behind him was the wall, leaving him no way to retreat further.

Sparks seemed to fly when their eyes met. Luo Binghe seemed to realize that he was acting too anxious and closed his eyes. It was a while before he opened them again.

“Does Shizun really think that because of half of my bloodline... sooner or later I will be doing such things as murder, arson, massacring everyone in a captured city, and destroying countries?

Shen Qingqiu could only remain silent.

If he had a physical copy of <<Proud Immortal Demon Way>> in his hand, he would have slapped his face with the book a long time ago.

Where there's smoke, there's fire! There were twenty million characters that could be used as evidence. Not only did he commit murder, arson, massacre everyone in a captured city, and destroy countries—it was impossible to exaggerate Luo Binghe's misdeeds.

When Luo Binghe saw that Shen Qingqiu remained silent and his eyelashes swept down to veil his eyes, he took it as agreement. He sneered. “In that case, why did you say that I shouldn't care about someone's race? Why did you say such pompous words as ‘There is no one on this world who is intolerable by both heaven and earth’?

Suddenly, the expression on his face turned gloomy. Scowling angrily, he shouted, “You're such a hypocrite!”

Shen Qingqiu had already been on the alert for some time, so he was quick to retreat and narrowly avoided the danger. He looked back to see that the wall he had just been leaning on had been smashed into pieces by Luo Binghe's strike.

Although he had known that Luo Binghe's temperament would change when he returned from the abyss, he hadn't expected that it would change this much. Saying that he had become extremely moody would be an understatement.

It was one thing to know the outcome based on his knowledge of the book, but it was another thing entirely to see this change in a once-familiar person—especially since this was the result of his own actions.

Luo Binghe didn't seem to truly want to hit him. After that sudden outburst, he appeared to have let off some steam. He turned his head and moved to grab him, but Shen Qingqiu suddenly pulled out Xiu Ya.

He hadn't manually unsheathed his sword for a long time. In the past, he preferred to use his spiritual energy to summon it, but now he had no spiritual energy and could only operate it manually. There was nothing he could do, he couldn't let himself get caught. At least at this time, he couldn't sit idly by.

He'd made a huge mistake. He had thought that Luo Binghe would have to cultivate for five years before climbing out of the abyss. Who would have imagined that his (protagonist's cheat) talent was so amazing and growing ever better every day? Luo Binghe actually finished his task in half the time! Shen Qingqiu's life-saving trump card, the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed, was not yet ready.

Seeing the current situation, Luo Binghe slowly raised his hand to reveal the swirling purple and red demonic energy in the palm of his hand. He said slowly, "Shizun, guess: if I caught Xiu Ya, how long would it take for the sword to be corroded until its spiritual power is exhausted?"

No need to guess, I bet 50 cents it will only take one try for Luo Binghe to break Xiu Yao! Shen Qingqiu felt even more miserable in his heart.

Luo Binghe stepped closer; Shen Qingqiu had no choice but to use his sword.

He had already mentally prepared himself for Xiu Ya to turn into scrap metal, but to his shock, Luo Binghe seemed to suddenly realize something. He froze for a moment and suddenly removed the demonic energy from his palm, directly intercepting the edge of the sword with his hand.

Shen Qingqiu didn't think the sword would actually pierce him. This was already the second time! As Shen Qingqiu stared blankly in shock, Luo Binghe chopped down on Shen Qingqiu's wrist. The pain made Shen Qingqiu's grip loosen. The sword fell to the ground and was kicked away by Luo Binghe.

Luo Binghe held Shen Qingqiu's wrist tightly in one hand. Fresh blood flowed down from his palm, soaking Shen Qingqiu's sleeve. The blood kept on flowing down continuously, filling his heart with panic. In the midst of this confusing situation, Luo Binghe turned his hand over: "You've been infected?"

Shen Qingqiu's wrist had a few more scattered little red spots compared to earlier in the day.

Luo Binghe's long slender fingers swept over the red spots. Under his fingertips, the spots began to fade away like ink being washed away by water.

Sure enough, for Luo Binghe, this little thing was not a threat at all.

The expression on Luo Binghe's face relaxed a bit. He said, "This hand of Shizun's is really plagued with misfortune."

The two of them unexpectedly had the same thought. Sheng Qingqiu looked at his now smooth and clean hand, confused by the way Luo Binghe's mind worked. Perhaps the current situation had reminded him of friendlier times when this hand had blocked those poisoned barbs for him and brought up some old feelings of affection?

He was still speculating about this when, suddenly, he was punched in the stomach.

Luo Binghe smiled and said, “What’s done is done. Shizun must reap what he has sown. Shizun must properly compensate me for the wound that he made.”

Shen Qingqiu still thought he was using symbolic metaphors to express the trauma from that wound back in the day when he felt a pain in his scalp. His head was pulled back and Luo Binghe put his hand on Shen Qingqiu’s lips, pouring blood into his mouth.

Shen Qingqiu’s eyes suddenly opened wide in shock.

He realized that the “wound” that Luo Binghe was referring to was the wound on his hand that Shen Qingqiu had just made with Xiu Ya!

****! He absolutely mustn’t drink, mustn’t drink, definitely mustn’t drink this stuff!

He suddenly swatted that hand away, bent his head over, and vomited out a few mouthfuls of fresh blood. However, Luo Binghe forcefully picked him up from the ground and continued to feed him his blood.

Luo Binghe tore the wound in his hand wider, making even more hot blood flow out. This actually seemed to raise his spirits. “Shizun, don’t spit it out. The blood of Heavenly Demons is dirty but it won’t necessarily kill you if you drink it, right?”

It won’t kill you, but death would be preferable!

Translator’s Notes:

- Thanks to everyone who helped me with this chapter. Chapter 32 was skipped due to the translator’s illness but it has now been released. [Click here to read chapter 32.](#)

- I just picked this up recently and need help. If you would like to help translate then please email me at iamoliviamorin@gmail.com.
- Aws @SQQ running away like a scared little rabbit. Violent “kabedon” by LBH... and blood drinking?!

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Chapter 35 – Blackened Reputation

Shen Qingqiu didn't know how he made it back to the Gold Weapon shop. He went upstairs to his room, still dazed, and fell onto his bed. All he could think about was how the blood that had been poured into his stomach was now flowing around his entire body. He tossed and turned all night long.

When an ancient demon's blood leaves their body it can still be manipulated by the heirs of that bloodline. If someone drinks it, death was not the only possible consequence. In fact, among the many possibilities, death wasn't even the worst.

For example, in the original novel, Luo Binghe was able to easily manipulate his blood in a variety of ways, including using it as a poison, tracker, brainwashing and s** tool, human parasitic blood mites, and so on.

Shen Qingqiu was covered in cold sweat, half-awake and half-asleep, until he finally fell into a deep sleep at dawn. He hadn't slept for long when he was awakened by the sound of earthshakingly loud cheering. He stumbled out of bed. Since he had fallen into bed with all his clothes on, he didn't need to dress himself. Just as he was about to open the door, it shot open and an excited teenager bounced his way in.

Yang Yixuan said excitedly, "The city gate is open! The city gate is open!"

Shen Qingqiu: "What?"

Yang Yixuan shouted, "Those red monsters have all been caught! The gates are open! Jinlan City is finally saved!" The thought of his father's sacrifice brought tears to his eyes. Shen Qingqiu had a splitting headache but he still tried to comfort the teenager. He thought to himself, So fast! They were all caught in just one night?

The moment the gates were opened, various cultivators who had been watching from the sidelines a few miles outside of the city swarmed inside, gathering at the city's plaza where Mu Qingfang was distributing the pills he had prepared. The formerly lifeless Jinlan City residents were now full of joy. A total of seven sowers had been captured alive. They were currently being kept isolated in an enchanted barrier set by Zhao Hua Temple.

Shen Qingqiu saw Liu Qingge, who seemed absorbed in thought. Shen Qingqiu went up to him and clapped him on the back: "What happened last night?"

Liu Qingge glanced at him and said darkly: “What happened to your disciple?”

Shen Qingqiu: “What did he do?”

Liu Qingge said slowly: “Last night, he caught five, and I caught two.” He looked at Shen Qingqiu: “What happened during the years of Luo Binghe’s disappearance?”

For someone to fight for kills with the Bai Zhan Peak Lord, and for this suicidal upstart to actually win, was something that could really shatter the worldview of Bai Zhan Peak’s disciples! It’s extraordinarily shameful and humiliating!

Regarding those two’s power rankings, the data is clear. The current situation is this – Luo Binghe: Liu Qingge = 5: 2...

Suddenly, the noisy crowd of disciples simultaneously hushed and parted, consciously making room for a group of people. Not far away from them, a group of leaders slowly walked forward. Yue Qingyuan and the Old Palace Master of Huan Hua Palace walked side by side while the head cultivators of the Tian Yi Monastery and Zhao Hua Temple walked closely behind them.

Luo Binghe stood next to the Old Palace Master.

In the early morning sunlight, Luo Binghe looked refreshed and in high spirits. Shen Qingqiu compared Luo Binghe’s appearance to his own sorry state and felt depressed. Even Yue Qingyuan noticed. When the sect master approached, he looked at Shen Qingqiu for a while and said worriedly, “You look horrible. I shouldn’t have let you come.”

Shen Qingqiu forced himself to smile: “It’s just that Mu Qingfang’s patients kept me awake last night with their crying and wailing.”

When Mu Qingfang returned from distributing the pills, he was also surprised. “Senior apprentice brother, how could that be? No matter how

much noise I made over there, you couldn't have become like this overnight. Did you take the medicine I put in your room?"

Shen Qingqiu said brusquely: "I took it. I took it." Don't ask me to take any more medicine today!

There was a sudden racket at the other end of the square. Sheng Qingqiu turned his head to look then suddenly felt the urge to put a hand on his forehead. He saw a middle-aged man in mourning clothes leading a large group of men and women to kneel in front of Luo Binghe. It was the lord of Jinlan City.

He was beside himself with excitement: "The immortals sacrificed their lives to save this insignificant little city! There's no way that we could ever repay your grace. In the future, if there's ever anything you need, we will do it even if we have to die for it!"

The corners of Shen Qingqiu's twitched. This was truly the standard novel plot. After capturing all of the demons, the protagonist collects followers and the rewards. At this time, the protagonist alone steals the spotlight, while the rest who helped are regarded as mere background scenery. Even if Shen Qingqiu himself didn't contribute much, two of the demons had been caught by Liu Qingge—and what about Mu Qingfang who had been totally focused on distributing medicine just now?

Luo Binghe's response was also in line with the usual plot. He said modestly: "City Lord, please, you do me too much honor. Jinlan City survived this disaster thanks to the concerted efforts of cultivators from different sects. It wasn't accomplished due to one man's efforts."

He spoke and behaved with sincerity and propriety, without upsetting other people. He himself didn't lose face, but the other sects were also placated. The City Lord once again burst out with more compliments: "Last night, with my own eyes I saw this young lord capture those sinister demons. What an outstanding sight! Truly a young hero! A great teacher produces an outstanding disciple! Old Palace Master, your lordship's successor is undoubtedly well-qualified."

When Luo Binghe heard the words “a great teacher produces an outstanding disciple,” his smile deepened and, perhaps unintentionally, his gaze flittered to someone. For one fleeting moment, his gaze landed on Shen Qingqiu’s face as lightly as a dragonfly touching water,[note] - the dragonfly touches the water lightly[/note] but the latter spread his fan to avoid his gaze.

The leader of Huan Hua Palace looked at Luo Binghe with admiration and fatherly affection in his eyes. Other people may not understand the meaning of that fond gaze but Shen Qingqiu knew very well that this was the proud look of a teacher looking at his future successor + son-in-law.

The seven so-called sowers who were surrounded by a group of cultivators were shouting cruel comments quite noisily, making the crowd anxious. Someone asked: “How should we handle these dirty things?”

Yue Qingyuan said: “Junior apprentice brother, do you have any ideas?”

Shen Qingqiu muttered to himself irresolutely: “Qingqiu has read some ancient books related to this matter. The sowers are afraid of high temperatures. It seems that fire can burn away the corrosive quality of their bodies.”

Everyone understood that he meant that disinfection must be carried out at high temperatures. A shocked cultivator exclaimed: “This... even if it is feasible, how can such a method that is as brutal and cruel as the demons’ be used?”

His voice was quickly drowned out by the angry shouting of Jinlan City’s surviving citizens.

In the days when the plague was rampant, countless innocent lives were lost and there was the ever-present spectacle, too horrible to endure, of the infected victims’ bodies rotting away. A wealthy and bustling center of commerce had become a deserted ghost town. Therefore, expressing sympathy towards the sowers or upholding humanitarian principles on their behalf was unacceptable to the Jinlan City survivors. The monks were

quickly surrounded by many people shouting “burn them!” and “anyone who objects should also be burned!”

Most of the seven sowers inside the enchanted barrier were baring their fangs and smiling cruelly, not showing any fear or weakness. Sheng Qingqiu figured that they probably considered themselves heroes who created a good harvest for the sake of the demon race. Only the smallest sower was weeping disconsolately.

Upon seeing it, some people began to sympathize. Qin Wanyue bit her lip and approached Luo Binghe: “Senior apprentice brother Luo, that little sower looks pitiful.”

“They look pitiful”—alas, where is the pity for those who contracted a mysterious plague, suffered, and died?

Luo Binghe smiled at her but didn’t answer.

In Shen Qingqiu’s opinion, Luo Binghe’s reaction to the girl was really perfunctory. It could be considered a failure! Based on the original novel’s content, shouldn’t he take this opportunity to warmly express his feelings to her at this time? Has Luo Binghe improved his leveling up speed at the cost of his harem master skills?

How could she deal with her family’s head disciple whose face, no matter from which angle one viewed it, always looked gentle as jade, confident, relaxed, and elegant? Qin Wanyue was dazzled. Forgetting the words she had just said, she was content to watch the crowd.

It was then that something far more unexpected occurred.

The little sower leaped up and slammed into the edge of the barrier. Its scarlet face became more and more ferocious because of its howling. It shouted, “Immortal Master Shen, don’t let them burn me to death. I beg you, Immortal Master Shen, please save me!”

In that instant, Shen Qingqiu felt as though something in his brain had snapped.

... Who are you?!!!

How can you casually approach and call me Immortal Master Shen when I don't even know you?!!

From all over the square, thousands of eyes turned to Shen Qingqiu.

The sower continued to wail: "All we did was listen to your instructions but we never agreed to be burned to death!"

...What the ****!!!

What a simple and crude accusation! What kind of godly plot development is this?

Shen Qingqiu felt like he needed a drink. What made him crave a drink and the comfort of intoxication even more was the Old Palace Master's words: "The words that came out of this thing's mouth, shouldn't Immortal Master Shen explain them?"

Such a low-level technique and there was a person who actually believed it?!

Immediately someone else echoed: "Yes! Give us an explanation."

And there was more than one person!

The twelve peaks were always banded together in solidarity in the face of outside threats. When these accusations were made, many Cang Qiong Mountain sect cultivators' faces became angry. Yue Qingyuan's expression turned cold.

Qi Qingqi scoffed: "Anyone with a brain can see that this thing isn't reconciled to dying alone and wants to bring down someone to share its fate. It's simply trying to frame him! Demons are all the same, they have no moral integrity. How could people take the bait like this? Don't make me laugh, this is ridiculous!"

Old Palace Master said softly: “Why doesn’t it falsely accuse others? It singled out Immortal Master Shen. It’s worthwhile to think about that.”

Shen Qingqiu was overwhelmed by his logic. Based on this type of thinking, so long as a person was singled out, others would need to think carefully about whether or not that person was innocent. The cost of framing people was also sufficiently low.

Luo Binghe didn’t say a word, staring at the scene with rapt attention. Maybe it was just his imagination, but Shen Qingqiu always felt that his pitch-black eyes were like stars, and his smiling expression was full of satisfaction.

In the original novel, Shen Qingqiu was hated because of his unforgivable crime of murdering his own sect brother, killing Liu Qingge with his own hands. But now, Liu Qingge was standing beside him. If anyone tried to beat Shen Qingqiu up, perhaps Liu Qingge would protect him. That charge won’t hold water!

Could it be that since the stain on his reputation wasn’t big enough, false accusations will pool together until his reputation is sufficiently tarnished?

Based on Luo Binghe’s character after he blackened... it’s not unthinkable.

Suddenly, a Huan Hua Palace disciple with a pockmarked face stood up. It was the disciple who had sneered at Shen Qingqiu in the abandoned building that day. He bowed and said: “Palace Master, this disciple discovered something but didn’t know whether it would be inappropriate to speak.”

Shen Qingqiu face was expressionless as he said: “You say you ‘didn’t know whether it would be inappropriate to speak’ yet you’ve already spoken. Isn’t it hypocritical to say that?” As a matter of fact, isn’t this the same as slapping yourself on the face?

The disciple probably hadn’t expected that a senior cultivator would scold him. His face changed colors to red then white until the pockmarks on

his face stood out, but he dared not scold him back. He had no alternative but to glare at Shen Qingqiu ferociously, saying: “Yesterday, this disciple and a few senior apprentice brothers and sisters saw that there were some marks of the sowers’ infection on Elder Shen’s arm. We all saw it, but today those marks have already completely disappeared!”

“Cang Qiong Mountain sect sent Senior Mu to announce that the pills that were distributed in the city were created in a rush. It takes the pills twenty-four hours to take effect and they might not even work. Senior apprentice brother Luo took the pill in front of us, but the marks of infection on him have not disappeared. How come only Elder Shen has recovered so fast that the marks of his infection have faded? In any case, this disciple thought this point was very suspicious.”

Shen Qingqiu silently sighed in his heart. He should have known that Luo Binghe wouldn’t be so kind as to remove the infection out of the goodness of his heart.

Yue Qingyuan spoke in a calm and measured way: “My junior apprentice brother is in charge of Qing Jing Peak. As a Peak Lord, he has always been a good role model, a person of noble and unblemished moral character. In the sect, everyone knows everything, we do not keep secrets from each other. You are too easily provoked by such credulous nonsense.”

Even though Shen Qingqiu was thick-skinned, his face was about to turn red. Senior apprentice brother, don’t say that! Are you serious? If you must act against your conscience this much in order to speak up and protect me, I’ll really feel bad about it! Whether it’s the original or the current Shen Qingqiu, neither one of them could possibly touch even the edges of the phrase “noble and unblemished moral character.” Oh no, the original character can touch the third word.

The Old Palace Master said, “Really? That’s quite different from what I heard.”

Shen Qingqiu’s heart sank.

It seems that today he has to be dragged down into the gutter.

Translator's Notes:

- This chapter is by Reika (me).
- The title is – I understand that means false charges/falsely accused but what does the part mean? Perhaps it's wordplay with the idiom which literally means "to take the yellow gown (of the emperor)." In context, this title should mean "to be covered in false accusations." Edit: I've received feedback that it's literally "False Accusations Piling Up" which is very close to what I thought when I put "Blackened Reputation."
- "Has Luo Binghe improved his leveling up speed at the cost of his harem master skills." -Context: LBH was supposed to emerge from the abyss in 5 years but he did it in 3. Also, SQQ noticed that LBH basically never shows interest in girls. Original novel's LBH slowly but surely improved all his skills, eventually maxing out all stats. On the other hand, our little sheep LBH was too impatient in the abyss and leveled up quickly... while making "romance" his dump stat! LBH, you need to work on your "courting my aloof, tall, rich, and handsome master" skill!

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Chapter 36 – Blackened Reputation 2

Shen Qingqiu narrowed his eyes and said, “As for what Cang Qiong Mountain Sect Qing Jing Peak successor’s character may be like, since when did other sects start jumping to conclusions based on a mere rumor?”

The old palace master said, “If it were just rumor and hearsay, then naturally we wouldn’t have believed it so easily. It’s just that these words were spread precisely from people of your respectable sect.” He surveyed his surroundings and continued, “Everyone here knows and would agree that it is common for disciples to have good relations with one another. It is also inevitable for some gossip and slander to spread. It’s only this matter of Peak Lord Shen deliberately suppressing how he beat and harmed his disciples, which makes him unworthy of being described as “a noble and unblemished moral character.”

Upon hearing this, Shen Qingqiu was incredulous.

Harming his disciples?

That was indeed the truth. When Luo Binghe was growing up, Shen Qingqiu would abuse him in every possible way, using him for child labor and the like. All those bygone days could be written into a tragedy novel of its own. As for the rest of the disciples who were outstanding enough to be picked on, treated harshly, or evicted by Shen Qingqiu... they were so numerous they could form their own gymnastics team. Only, the perpetrator of this cruel treatment wasn’t him, but the original goods!

Yue Qingyuan said solemnly, “Since you know they were just rumor and hearsay, then how can you not know there’s no benefit in dwelling on the subject? Admittedly, my younger sect brother does not habitually pamper his disciples, but to say he abuses them is crossing the line.”

Suddenly, a tender voice spoke up. Qin Wanyue could no longer resist the need to speak up for her crush: “If my humble self may be so bold to ask Sect Leader Yue... Ordering a teenage youth to fight against a demonic sect elder with hundreds of years of experience and armor bristling with poisoned spikes—could this not be counted as persecution and abuse?”

This time, Shen Qingqiu could not continue to stand by like a quiet wallflower.

Neither spiteful nor mild, he said, “Whether it is or not, I don’t know. But what I do know is, if a master pushed their disciple out of the way of the poisoned spike armor and blocked it with his own body, this probably can’t be counted as persecution. What do you think, Luo Binghe?”

Hearing this name, the faces of many cultivators present flickered in astonishment, especially those from Cang Qiong Mountain sect. Some had originally held some suspicions upon seeing his face, such as Qi Qingqi, and were now shocked by the reveal. As for those group leaders who had only just arrived at Jinlan City and been brought to their knees upon meeting Luo Binghe... they had already weathered the hail and storm and were now, in fact, calm and collected.

In the past, because Shen Qingqiu frequently punished Luo Binghe, Yue Qingyuan had also seen Luo Binghe a few times, but that was during Luo Binghe’s youth. Later, when Shen Qingqiu started putting Luo Binghe to good use, he would often be absent from Qing Jing Peak running various errands, making it even harder to meet him. During the Immortal Alliance Conference, he’d glimpsed Luo Binghe’s face in the crystal mirror, but only for a brief moment and through the mirror’s murky surface no less. Thus, this whole time he had not recognized that this handsome, commanding youth beside Huan Hua Palace’s Palace Master was, in fact, Shen Qingqiu’s “dearest disciple” from back then. Before this, Yue Qingyuan had heard that the Palace Master thought highly of his most senior disciple, so he had

mistaken Luo Binghe for Gongyi Xiao this entire time. Now with Shen Qingqiu revealing this, he was also stunned.

Amongst the crowd, Luo Binghe stared at Shen Qingqiu, gaze fixed. Shen Qingqiu tilted his head, spread open his folding fan, and unexpectedly had the impulse to return a smile—though, the small curl of his lips probably would have been seen as a taunt or provocation.

To say he wasn't angry at all was bullsh*t. Shen Qingqiu admittedly often worried about his own small life, so he was always overthinking everything when it came to Luo Binghe. But when he blocked that attack for Luo Binghe, he was acting on his own instinct. ...Although Luo Binghe probably didn't need any help from others to solve the crisis. No matter how you looked at it, in the three rounds of fighting, the person who had suffered the most damage was him. To go so far as to use even this matter to slander him (drench him in dirty water) incensed Shen Qingqiu.

Luo Binghe said slowly, “Shizun placed his life on the line to protect me; this grace I will never forget.”

Qi Qingqi incredulously said, “It's really you? Shen Qingqiu, didn't you say he died?” She looked at Luo Binghe again. “Since you're alive, why didn't you return to Qing Jing Peak? Don't you know, for your sake, your Shizun was distracted...”

Shen Qingqiu burst into a fit of dry coughing, distracting enough that Qi Qingqi had no choice but to stop and glare at him.

Shen Qingqiu wanted to bow to her. He had a premonition that her next words would be “distracted like he lost his soul.” He never wanted to hear those ****ed words again! A sudden rush of goosebumps rose on his skin. If Luo Binghe heard this, he would laugh so hard his perfect male protagonist face would crack!

The old palace master persisted on the subject. “That's precisely the point that puzzles people the most. He clearly didn't die, so why insist he's dead? And why is it that he clearly could return, but isn't willing to?”

Shen Qingqiu was thoroughly annoyed by his insinuating tone. “If he isn’t willing to return, then I can’t do anything about it. He comes peacefully, he leaves freely, however it pleases him. If the old palace master wants to say something, please say it straight.”

The old palace master laughed. “What I want to say, Peak Lord Shen, you are already well aware. Those here with clear minds will also understand. These sower demons should be incinerated, but if there was someone operating behind the scenes—someone adding fuel to the fire—they should not be spared. No matter what, all of Jinlan City is owed an explanation.”

With just that, he succeeded in igniting the enmity of the Jinlan City survivors at the scene. They had just suffered through a big disaster; with their mood already sullen and terrified, they were itching for a target to take their anger out on. Quite a few people responded with hooting and jeering.

Luo Binghe said, “Shizun abhors evil. When it comes to demons, he can’t help but kill them on sight and rejoice afterward. How could he collude with them?”

These words seemed to absolve Shen Qingqiu of wrongdoing, except, of those present, only he could understand the hidden meaning behind the words “couldn’t help but kill them on sight and rejoice afterward.”

Now that the cat was out of the bag, Shen Qingqiu might as well come out with it and ask: “Luo Binghe, right now are you a disciple of Qing Jing Peak or a member of Huan Hua Palace?”

The old palace master sneered. “After all this, Peak Lord Shen, you’re willing to recognize this disciple of yours again?”

Shen Qingqiu said, “I never evicted him from the sect. If he is still calling me Shizun, I assume he’s willing to be recognized as my disciple.”

His words were said purely to annoy Luo Binghe’s psyche; however, it seemed he didn’t succeed. Luo Binghe’s eyes flickered. Shen Qingqiu

didn't know if it was his imagination, but the expression in Luo Binghe's eyes appeared to clear.

In a moment, the two opposing factions were clear—standing opposite one another, distinctly separated. It was as if sparks collided, emitting an aura of hostility—swords drawn, bows bent. As for the sower demon who had triggered this conflict, he was forgotten to one side. No one cared to deal with him.

Suddenly, a coquettish female voice asked, “Shen Jiu? ...Are you Shen Jiu?”

As soon as he heard this name, Shen Qingqiu's unperturbed countenance was almost cracked into the Great African rift valley.

To hell with it all!

Is it heaven's intention to kill me today?!

It's over. It's this woman. It's Qiu Haitang!

In the original work, Qiu Haitang's appearance signified only one thing: Shen Qingqiu's complete fall from grace.

Though Qiu Haitang was no longer a young girl in the spring of her life, her face was as fair as a magnolia, painted gorgeously with makeup. Her body was slim, her bosom ample—her appearance was truly extraordinary. And because her appearance was extraordinary, she naturally could not escape the fate of becoming part of Luo Binghe's harem.

The problem was, she once had a relationship with Shen Qingqiu.

Congratulations! To be involved in ambiguous relationships with two wives of a stallion novel protagonist, the original Shen Qingqiu was truly one of a kind!

At least from all the stallion novels Shen Yuan had read, he couldn't find a second such character!

But thinking back, this revelation must have been the thing that sparked the second wave of the readers' comments saying "Cut off Shen Qingqiu's 'family jewels'! If you don't, I'll quit reading!"

Shen Qingqiu's heart broke into a barrage of endless "***** ... " in response to this perilous situation. Qiu Haitang drew her sword and leveled it horizontally before her chest with an attitude of: if all comes to worst, she'd kill him then herself. "I am asking you a question! Why do you not dare to look at me?"

Big sister, how can I dare look at you? You're coming after my life!

Qiu Haitang's expression was full of sorrow. "I was saying it was no wonder—no wonder I searched for so many years and never saw you again. It turns out—turns out you had long reached a higher place in life and became this lofty Qing Jing Peak Lord. Ha ha, how impressive!"

Shen Qingqiu truly didn't know where to look or what to say. Consequently, he gazed steadily forward and did his best to school his expression into detached apathy.

The crowd was whispering amongst each other. Yue Qingyuan whispered, "Qingqiu, this young lady and you... are truly old acquaintances?"

Shen Qingqiu's tears watered the fields of his heart. Shixiong... don't ask...

On that side, Qiu Haitang spoke again in a distressed tone: "Old acquaintances? Not only were we acquaintances, I and this sanctimonious man were childhood sweethearts... I'm his fiancée!"

Hearing this, Luo Binghe's brows twitched wildly.

No!

You're obviously Luo Binghe's wife! Hurry and wake up!

Shang Qinghua exclaimed, “Huh? Is this true? How come I’ve never heard Shen Shixiong mention this before?”

Shen Qingqiu pulled at the corner of his lips and gave him a fake smile: Could you please not add fuel to the fire?

This melodramatic and hated part that painted him as a scum villain... who made it up again? And someone even had the nerve to stand there enjoying the show!

And these bystanders, aren’t they cultivators? How come they all love watching gossip— Everyone leave, leave, get out get out get out!

Qiu Haitang gave a bitter smile. “This person is a beast in human form, a refined-looking scoundrel. Naturally, he doesn’t dare to mention things that would give him a guilty conscience.”

Great Master Wu Chen had interacted with the three people of Cang Qiong sect for a period of time and received Shen Qingqiu’s care, so he had good feelings towards the latter. During Cang Qiong Mountain sect’s dispute with Huan Hua Palace, he didn’t have the opportunity to interject. This time, he opened his mouth and said, “A-mi-to-fo (merciful Buddha), whatever words this lady benefactor has to say, she should say them properly and clearly. Blind denouncements do not inspire trust.”

Shen Qingqiu’s heart streamed with tears. Great Master... I know you’re doing this for my own good, but I’ll actually suffer if she speaks her words clearly. This truly is the saying “not frightened of doing a shameful deed, just afraid the ghost (consequences) will come knocking”!

At this moment, Qiu Haitang became the focus of everyone’s attention. She was so excited that her face flushed. She puffed out her chest and shouted, “If there is half a phrase of a lie in the following words I, Qiu Haitang, will say... then let me be pierced by ten-thousand of the demons’ poisoned arrows and die a horrible death!” She pointed straight at Shen Qingqiu, flames of fury raging in her eyes. “This person right now is Cang Qiong Mountain Peak Lord Shen Qingqiu, the famous and reputed Xiu Ya sword. But no one knows what kind of thing he used to be!”

Her words were rather offensive; Qi Qingqi's elegant brows furrowed. "Watch your words!"

Qiu Haitang right now was the hall master of some miscellaneous small sect. Reprimanded by one of the leaders of the large and influential Cang Qiong Mountain Sect, she subconsciously retreated a step. But the old palace master said, "Peak Lady Qi, there's no need to be angry. Why not let this young lady finish speaking? You can't block a person's mouth, after all."

Qiu Haitang looked at him and gritted her teeth. The hatred in her eyes concealed the fear. Her voice rose again: "When he was twelve, he was nothing more than a slave my family bought from a foreign human trafficker. Because he was the ninth (Jiu), he was called little Jiu. My parents, seeing he was mistreated by the slave-dealer, really pitied him. They took him back home, taught him to recognize words and study, gave him the means for food and clothing until he was full and warm without any concerns. My brothers looked after him like a part of the family. When he was fifteen, my parents passed away and my elder brother became chief of the household. He removed the slave title from him and considered him as a foster-brother. As for me, because I grew up with him, I was deceived by him ... going as far as to truly think... we complemented each other (we were each other's sunshine) ... and as a result, set up an engagement."

Shen Qingqiu was standing right there, forced to listen to "his own" black history along with several thousand other people. The countless unspoken words in his heart were completely changed into tearful silence.

Tears surfaced in her eyes. "When my elder brother was nineteen, a wandering cultivator came into town and settled there because of its nurturing spiritual energy. At the town gate, he set up a platform where young girls and boys under the age of eighteen could come and test their spiritual prowess. He wanted to choose an outstanding talent to become his disciple. That cultivator had a body full of immortal techniques—not a single towns person didn't exclaim with admiration and praise. Shen Jiu also went to the spirit testing platform. His aptitude was good so he was picked by that cultivator. Overjoyed, he ran home, wanting to leave my household."

“My older brother naturally didn’t agree. In his eyes, cultivating immortality was an affair full of uncertainty. Besides, he was already engaged with me, how could he suddenly abandon his home and leave? He got into a big argument with my brother. At that time he was morose and cheerless. We thought it was just a temporary mood—we waited for him to understand and naturally accept matters.”

Her expression suddenly changed. “Who would have known, that very night, his true beastly nature would be revealed? He went berserk, killed my brother and many other household servants—the corpses littered the grounds of our home. Under the cover of night, he left the town with that cultivator!

“With this huge change in my family, I was only a weak little girl who was powerless to support the household. Such a big family and all the property—destroyed. I painfully searched for this person (object of my grudge) for so many years, always without finding any trace of him. The cultivator who took him under his wing back then had long died a violent death. From then on, the trail was even more broken... If not for today’s chance coming to Jinlan City, I’m afraid that for my entire lifetime I would not have been able to know that this villain, who bit the hand that fed him and back-stabbed his benefactors... was somehow climbing up in the world this entire time, and even climbed up to the position of a Peak Lord of the biggest sect under heaven! Even though he’s very different from the past... but this face, this face—even if it was turned to ash, I would never mistake it! I’m not afraid to name that cultivator who incited him to commit such a violent crime either. He was registered in the wanted list for many years, the one whose hands took innumerable lives—Wu Yanzi!”

This Wu Yanzi could be said to be notorious, with countless criminal records. Suddenly bursting out that one of the twelve Peak Lords was one of his disciples, the crowd couldn’t help but be terrified. But amongst the wide expanse of gasps, Shen Qingqiu instead calmed down.

His heart was actually faintly doubtful. At first glance, the experience Qiu Haitang relayed was full of eventful ups and downs. But it was not without its holes. It wasn’t that Shen Qingqiu discriminated against the original goods, but the original work had devoted lots of energy to Shen

Qingqiu's unpleasant personality: his repulsiveness and rigidity, narrow-mindedness and pettiness, impoliteness and lack of communication, inability to know how to win favors, aloofness, and vanity. This kind of personality made it hard to believe that the young Shen Qingqiu would be so lovable that a person with no blood relationship would see him as kin.

But when others interpreted these words, they could not catch these details.

Originally, Shen Qingqiu was most afraid of this part of the plot, but he was not extremely fearful. This kind of old event of bygone years didn't have any definitive evidence. If the accusation relied solely on Qiu Haitang, he could convince Qiu Haitang that she recognized the wrong person as long as he bit fast and refused to confess. So in the end, it would just be a questionable, faint stain on Shen Qingqiu's character vitae.

There was no choice. Shen Qingqiu truly did feel sorry for Qiu Haitang, but that was the original Shen Qingqiu! He really didn't want to carry this black pot (carry this blame)! He much preferred to make it up to Qiu Haitang using other means. He didn't kill Liu Qingge, didn't molest Ning Yingying. No matter what, this shouldn't go as far as to make his "sturdy as a thousand foot tall building" reputation collapse in a single night, muddling his way until everyone yelled to beat him up.

But right now it really was different.

The situation was bad because all these questionable, insignificant stains had amassed together. First, the sowers' control. Then, the Old Palace master following close behind. Now, Qiu Haitang's accusations could actually become the proof for his improper character. A scum man abusing a woman and then throwing her away, a traitor colluding with the Demons, a disciple of a wanted criminal... it was like adding extra flowers to an already perfectly configured brocade.

They were beautiful coincidences, each agreeing with the other. As a result, people wouldn't find them to be mere coincidences anymore.

The Old Palace Master said, “Sect Master Yue, when taking care of these affairs, being swayed by personal convictions is unacceptable. Otherwise, if word gets out that this grand magnificent Cang Qiong Mountain sect covered up a person whose record is full of notorious stains... How can this be an outcome that’ll satisfy everyone?”

Yue Qingyuan’s tone was indifferent. “So the Palace Master means...?”

“In my opinion, it would be best to have Shen Qingqiu relocated to Huan Hua Palace for the time being. Wait until we’ve ascertained the truth before we come to a decision—how about it?”

Everyone knew the true meaning of “relocated.”

Beneath one of Huan Hua Palace’s temporary imperial residences lay an underground water prison. With complex terrain, coupled with Huan Hua Palace’s Labyrinth Formation, this “shoving to the bottom of the trunk” kind of method was not on the same level as those protective arrays only used to stop non-cultivators. The interior of the water prison was densely guarded, the equipment of the torture chambers comprehensive, specialized without compare. All those imprisoned inside were the cultivation world’s most heinous and reprehensible cultivators, their hands having been stained with blood or having violated prohibitions.

To put it briefly, Huan Hua Palace’s water prison was the cultivation world’s public prison.

Apart from this, if a place was needed to temporarily keep custody of cultivators suspected of endangering the human world while they were investigated, those cultivators would also be sent to this place. After the four sects held a joint trial, the punishment would then be meted out.

Liu Qingge sneered. “Said enough?”

After he had controlled his temper to listen to this nonsense for so long, his heart had long harbored fire. He turned his hand and grabbed the Cheng Luan sword behind his back, poised for a fight. Opposite him, Huan Hua

Palace's disciples each drew their swords and leveled them in front, glares meeting.

Yue Qingyuan said, "Junior apprentice brother Liu, stand down."

Though Liu Qingge was not pleased or willing, if he had to listen to one person, he could only accept Yue Qingyuan's words and so reluctantly let go of the sword handle.

Seeing him withdraw, Yue Qingyue nodded. "This sort of accusation cannot be supported by mere words."

The long sword at his waist, its hilt as black as ink, suddenly sprung from the scabbard to reveal an inch of blinding white blade.

In an instant, it was as if a giant formless net was cast above the entire grounds. Within the net, spiritual energy undulated like the tide, rolling and rushing without pause.

The cry of the sword seemed to drone in the ear without respite. Quite a few relatively younger disciples inadvertently covered their ears, their hearts wildly pounding nonstop.

Xuan Su sword!

The people of various sects on the grounds were bowled over because of this.

Yue Qingyuan told Liu Qingge to stand down because he was going to enter the conflict himself?! Has the world turned upside down?!

It was said that since Yue Qingyuan took up the position of Cang Qiong Mountain's highest peak lord, he had only drawn his sword twice. One time was the ceremony of receiving his office, the other time was in the battle with the descendant of the Heavenly Demon's lineage (Luo Binghe's father).

Though Xuan Su sword only emerged an inch from the scabbard, everyone suddenly understood.

To be able to sit on Qiong Ding hall's highest place definitely needed more than just a mild and unflustered temperament!

The Old Palace Master said, "Lay formations!"

Was this the rhythm of war? The demonic clan hadn't even fought their way here yet when humans began fighting first. Shen Qingqiu saw this situation was wrong. He hurried to grab his sword and threw it out in front. Xiu Ya sword flew straight and stuck into the ground in front of Huan Hua Palace's Palace Master.

To throw away a sword was the same as surrender, indicating he'd comply with his sentence. The Old Palace Master immediately retrieved the sword. He waved his hands to make his sect's people return to their places.

Yue Qingyuan said quietly, "Shidi!"

Shen Qingqiu said, "Shixiong, you don't need to say more, the truth will speak for itself. Qingqiu is willing to be restrained."

This Old Palace Master was like an old and confused person—biting fast and not letting go. Combining forces with the additional sower and Qiu Haitang, being imprisoned was an inevitability (final nail to the coffin). In any case, the original work also had this happen. He thought he had managed to avoid it, but didn't anticipate he would still wind up traveling the fixed route of the original plot. There was no need to harm Cang Qiong Mountain and Huan Hua Palace to make two sects fall out (ripping their faces). Shen Qingqiu insisted, "Discussing any more is pointless. I offer myself up freely."

After saying this, he didn't look to see Yue Qingyuan's expression but instead swept Luo Binghe a quick glance.

Neither happiness nor anger could be seen on his face. He stood steadily in his original place, a clear-cut contrast to the surrounding cultivators who had their ears covered while their heads spun.

After a long pause, Yue Qingyuan finally resheathed his sword. It was as if an invisible net was removed from the air.

Shen Qingqiu turned towards Yue Qingyuan and gave a deep bow. With all said and done, he had given this Shixiong a lot of trouble; it really was embarrassing.

Qiu Haitang was still sobbing. When Qin Wangyue walked past her, she consoled her: “Young lady Qiu, whatever the situation turns out to be, the three sects will give you proper retribution.” She said three sects, pointedly leaving out Cang Qiong Mountain to make her position clear. Qiu Haitang’s expression was moved, eyes brimming with tears, and raised her head to thank her. Upon catching sight of Luo Binghe standing to one side, both of her cheeks couldn’t help but flush.

Shen Qingqiu internally rolled his eyes. On that topic, he’d just been NTR’d right in front of his face, so why is it he didn’t feel unhappy at all!

Gongyi Xiao led some Huan Hua Palace disciples to walk up, and the thing he held in his hands was very familiar.

Hello Immortal-Binding Cable; goodbye Immortal-Binding Cable [wave bye-bye].

Gongyi Xiao’s tone was apologetic. “Elder Shen, please excuse me. This junior should treat you with respect. Before the truth comes to light, I will definitely not let Elder suffer the smallest slight.”

Shen Qingqiu nodded, said four words: “Thanks for your trouble.”

What good is it if only you treat me with respect? Looking at the expressions of all the Huan Hua Palace disciples present, he could tell that each one of them wanted to eat him raw. After all, back then during the Immortal Alliance Conference, the worst casualties were suffered by Huan Hua Palace; they had endured a great offense.

Once the Immortal-Binding Cable was looped around him and securely tied, Shen Qingqiu felt his body sink. Before, whenever the Without a Cure

poison flared up intermittently, he would only feel a blockage of spiritual energy, like a remote control with a bad connection that barely worked when hitting it. As soon as the Immortal-Binding Cable was on his body, it thoroughly cut off his spiritual energy, directly reducing him to an ordinary, physical body.

The Old Palace Master said, “What does everyone think about setting the date of the public trial to one month hence?”

Liu Qingge said, “Five days.”

The longer one was imprisoned in the water prison, the more one would suffer. Liu Qingge saying “five days” was to compress the course of the public trial preparation to the shortest time. Of course, the old palace master wouldn’t agree. “With this speed, I’m afraid much will be overlooked.”

Mediation was Zhao Hua Temple’s specialty. An abbot suggested, “Why not make it ten days?”

Yue Qingyuan said, “Seven days. No further delay is possible.”

The haggling of a crowd of sect leaders could be mistaken as a vegetable market. Shen Qingqiu had his own considerations and hurriedly said, “No need to say more. Listen to the palace master’s arrangements. One month.”

Any further delay would actually be favorable to the growth of the Dew Grass. Out of the corner of his eye, he looked at Shang Qinghua and wriggled his eyebrows. Shang Qinghua understood tacitly, two hands hanging in front of his body, secretly giving a “no worries, let me handle it” gesture.

The only problem was... could he even survive in the Huan Hua Palace that was completely controlled by Luo Binghe?

Reika’s Notes

- This chapter is by Wenq and Stella. You might have noticed that it's double the length of the usual chapters. In the future, there will be many longer chapters.
- If you've forgotten who is who, check out the [character list](#).
- What do you think will happen to Shen Qingqiu?

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Chapter 37 – Labyrinth Water Prison



“Elder Shen, please wear this.”

When Shen Qingqiu bowed his head, a strip of black cloth covered his eyes.

Actually, this was purely superfluous. Given the myriad mysterious patterns in Huan Hua Palace’s labyrinth formation, even if Shen Qingqiu

recorded the entire journey with a video camera, he would still have trouble remembering how to enter and exit.

The water prison was humid, the ground somewhat slippery. With both eyes blindfolded, he could only rely on the escorting disciples to lead the way.

Shen Qingqiu said: “Gongyi Xiao.”

Gongyi Xiao had been continuously following behind him, and hastened to answer: “Elder Shen?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “While waiting for the trial held by the four factions, can I contact people from the outside world?”

Gongyi Xiao said: “Only those who hold the Huan Hua Palace passage waist card can enter the water prison unobstructed.”

In this case, it would be a bit of a hassle for Shang Qinghua to visit him in prison to discuss the use of the Dew Seed. Shen Qingqiu thought for a bit and asked: “How were those sowers dealt with?”

Gongyi Xiao answered all his questions: “After they were incinerated, the great masters of Zhaohua Temple took the remains back to perform ceremonies for their souls.”

From the side came a dissatisfied voice: “Senior brother, why are you talking to him so much? After entering the water prison, does he actually want to try to leave?”

This familiar voice, it was yet again that pocked-face disciple with a grudge against him!

Gongyi Xiao scolded: “Don’t be rude!”

Shen Qingqiu smiled and said: “At this moment, I am indeed a prisoner. There is no need to reproach him. You may all do as you please.”

Just as he said this, they arrived at the location where he was to be temporarily held in custody. The black cloth strip was removed from his eyes and his line of sight faintly lit up, only to see they were standing in front of a huge stone cave.

Below was the surface of a dark lake. Dim yellow torches were placed at irregular intervals on the four walls. The firelight was reflected on the water's surface, dancing wildly in the rippling waves. A man-made white stone platform rose from the center of the lake, glittering and translucent in its jade-like color—it was definitely made from a special material.

Gongyi Xiao took out a string of keys and touched an area of the stone. After performing some operation, the mechanical sound of rolling gears came from the bottom of the lake. A stone path rose up that led to the stone platform in the lake's center.

Gongyi Xiao said: "Elder Shen, please."

The pocked-face disciple picked up an ordinary stone and said: "Watch!"

He threw the pebble into the lake water, which actually floated on the water's surface instead of sinking. After a moment, numerous bubbles rose to the water's surface, sizzling like a piece of fried meat on a hot iron grill. The pebble was swiftly corroded and dissolved without a trace.

The pocked-face disciple proudly said: "This water prison doesn't get to be used often. Whoever wants to escape or abduct someone kept inside is deluding themselves with wishful thinking!"

Shen Qingqiu was shocked by the destructiveness of this liquid.

If someone rolled into this lake, even their bones probably wouldn't leave a trace.

Isn't the Huan Hua Palace a famous righteous sect?! Where did they get so much of this obviously illegal destructive liquid?!

Shen Qingqiu followed the stone path, walking extraordinarily carefully. If he slipped on the stone, what happened next would not be fun. When he reached the stone platform in the center of the lake, Gongyi Xiao turned the key once again, and the small path sank back into the lakebed.

Shen Qingqiu sat on the ground of the stone platform. He took in his surroundings, secretly debating with himself if he would be able to fly over the water with his sword, which would make the corrosive water pointless. He was just thinking this over when he saw Gongyi Xiao turn a mechanism next to the keyhole.

After that, the sound of flowing water came from overhead. Shen Qingqiu looked up and saw dark and cloudy water descending from the sky in all directions, forming an air-tight curtain of water that encircled him on the 20 meter square stone platform.

.....I was wrong! Don't mention humans, even a fly wouldn't be able to escape!

The Huan Hua Palace Water Prison really does deserve its reputation. No wonder all the sects unanimously elected it as the public jail!

Shen Qingqiu knew there would definitely be people coming to trouble him, but he did not expect it to happen so fast.

He was awakened from being splashed by a basin of cold water.

The freezing cold made Shen Qingqiu shiver, and at first, he thought that he had somehow dozed off and fallen into the lake. He shook his head and labored to blink against the extremely uncomfortable sensation of ice-cold water in his eyes. Only then did he confirm it was only normal water.

The 108 Immortal-Binding Cables wrapped around his body were extremely thin, but still firmly locked down his spiritual veins and even restricted his blood flow. With his ability to resist cold greatly reduced, he could not help but shiver.

The water curtain on all sides was cut off, and the path connecting the stone platform to the outside world also rose.

His line of sight gradually became clear. Looking up, he first saw a pair of exquisitely embroidered shoes. Looking up even further, he saw a pink skirt.

Standing there was a young girl dressed entirely in pink, richly bejeweled. She arched her willowy eyebrows and glared at him with almond-shaped eyes, as she held a metal whip.

Shen Qingqiu secretly rolled his eyes.

Luo Binghe was of course far too good at tormenting people, and these wives of his were truly enough to test anyone's limits. They kept rapidly appearing one after another, like glancing at flowers while on horseback, and one after another they all gave him trouble. Don't show up anymore—this Shen Qingqiu is not the original goods and simply has no interest in lewd beautiful women, okay?!

The little girl's whip pointed directly at him: "If you're awake, stop pretending to be dead. This palace master has something to ask you!"

Given her (lack of) generation and strength, no matter how discomposed Shen Qingqiu was right now, it still wasn't her place to come interrogate him.

Shen Qingqiu said: "This does not seem to be the kind of matter the little palace mistress should be handling."

This apple of the old palace master's eye, this belligerent head of Luo Binghe's harem, said without a trace of politeness: "Cease your chatter! Since you know who I am, then you should know the purpose of my visit!"

Her eyes reddened and she gnashed her teeth: "You are such a despicable villain, colluding with the Demon world and betraying your fellows! You will get your comeuppance! Today you have fallen into this palace master's hands—I'm going to teach you a lesson!"

Shen Qingqiu: “I don’t seem to remember admitting to colluding with the Demon world.”

The little palace mistress stomped her feet: “You think just because you won’t admit it, I can’t punish you? You’re so unjust, you’ve long been a famous senior but you treated Big Brother Luo with such heartlessness and viciousness—naturally, you’d do things like colluding with the Demon race.”

The power of heredity is indeed really strong, this logic is absolutely trueborn from the old palace master!

Shen Qingqiu was speechless for a moment before he said: “He truly said that I treated him heartlessly and viciously?”

The little palace mistress spoke with a beautiful song and deep feeling: “Big Brother Luo is such a good person, of course, he would not say so. The injuries he suffered are all hidden deep within his heart. He will not let anyone touch them, he will not let anyone see... But did you think that just because he did not say anything out loud, I cannot see the wounds on his soul? Are you saying I have no eyes and no heart?”

.....

These true feelings and honest emotions..... Shen Qingqiu’s entire person didn’t feel good!

Is this a f***ing poetry recitation contest?!

He really didn’t know whether to thump the ground and laugh hysterically or to let his eyes brim over with warm tears. I’m sorry! I know that it’s really rude to laugh at a sister who is sincerely revealing her deep love! But this is truly too humiliating! Simply erotically humiliating!

Although Luo Binghe’s harem was immense, it really was a tremendous mess, with all possible types. This was the result of him biting off more than he could chew, going for quantity over quality. It was also the result of Airplane Towards the Sky insisting on writing a stallion novel despite being

an eternal virgin who had barely touched a woman's hand a few times—serves you right hahaha!

The little palace mistress was suddenly suspicious: “What's that expression on your face?”

Shen Qingqiu at once curbed his mirth, checking whether his face had just been stretched. Offending this girl would not lead to a happy ending. Sure enough, the little palace mistress flew into an agitated rage: “Were you laughing at me just now?!”

The little palace mistress was originally enamored with her childhood friend Gongyi Xiao. After Luo Binghe's appearance, all her ardent love surged towards the male protagonist. There was nothing that could be done. From ancient times to the present, whenever the childhood friend battles the newly appeared fated love rival, the fated rival always wins without a doubt. This kind of “shifting one's affections to fall in love with someone else” set-up is actually very common in stallion novels, because there are always many NTR enthusiasts in the world. Whether NTRing someone else or being NTRed, they can all obtain peculiar pleasure from this kind of story.

The one who shifts their affections, of course, thinks they are pursuing their true love and haven't done anything wrong, but in the end, they possess a guilty conscience. If they see another person looking at them with a strange expression, they will feel that the other person is laughing at themselves. The little palace mistress thus became furious from embarrassment, and with a wave of her arm, the long whip came cracking over!

The whip surged over menacingly, piercing the air with an extremely shrill sound. The Immortal-Binding Cables restricted Shen Qingqiu's circulation of spiritual power, but his physical skill had not degraded. He rolled to the side just as the whip smashed down not a meter from his feet.

When the stone platform was smashed, stone chips and shattered dust flew everywhere. Shen Qingqiu knelt on one knee and steadied his body.

What the f***, why is a young girl using this kind of barbed iron whip!!! This style is just wrong!!!

What's even more wrong is that in the original book, the little palace mistress's fine iron whip was especially used to hit love rivals!!! An equipment used for tearing clothes while fighting over a man! It's only ever hit beautiful women who Luo Binghe stared at for a little too long, so why is it now being used to hit a man?!!! It's weeping, can't you hear?!

I've really had enough, can you stop shoving this kind of script onto me?!!!

After the little palace mistress missed this blow, her rage grew stronger. With a whip crack sound, the whip returned with more force. No matter the size of the stone platform or the speed of Shen Qingqiu's reaction time, he had still been tied up, so he was inevitably scraped by the whip wind. His clothes ripped in a few places, though his flesh was still unharmed.

But as he continued to dodge and evade, he soon retreated to the edge of the stone platform. Seeing he could not retreat any further, he could only harshly receive the next lash. Shen Qingqiu resolved to grit his teeth and close his eyes, awaiting the painful strike!

But despite waiting for a long while, he still didn't feel any pain stinging his flesh.

He abruptly opened his eyes, and his heart immediately sank.

Luo Binghe grasped the whiplash with his bare hands. There seemed to be two pitch-black ghost fires burning in his eyes, cold and terrifying.

He spoke one word at a time, his voice cold enough to freeze one's heart: "What are you doing?"

The little palace mistress did not know when he had arrived and was frightened by his sudden appearance. But what truly frightened her was the frigid expression on his face that she had never seen before. She couldn't help but shiver.

Ever since they became acquainted, Luo Binghe had always been sincerely gentle and soft, very good at cheering others up. When had he ever looked at her with this violent and murderous gaze? The little palace mistress could not help but take several steps back, and hesitantly said: “I... I... I asked Dad for a waist card to come and interrogate him...”

Luo Binghe said coldly: “The joint trial of the four sects is after one month.”

The little palace mistress suddenly felt wronged. She shouted: “He has hurt so many of my disciple-brothers and sisters, so many! And he treated you badly! What’s wrong with me teaching him a lesson?!”

Luo Binghe snatched the entirety of her whip, disregarding the sharp barbs like they did not exist. His hand did not appear to use any force, but when his five fingers loosened, the segmented fine iron whip had actually turned into a pile of broken and crushed iron.

Luo Binghe indifferently said: “Go back.”

The little palace mistress watched with wide eyes as her beloved weapon turned into a pile of slag just like that. She let out an “Ah” in sheer disbelief.

She tearfully pointed at Shen Qingqiu, then pointed at Luo Binghe: “You, you are treating me like this? I am venting your anger for you, but you are not letting me touch him?”

Luo Binghe did not say anything, only threw the iron whip debris in his hand into the lake. The sizzling and hissing sound of corrosion lingered in their ears.

Watching this, the little palace mistress’s lips trembled.

In that instant, she suddenly felt that what Luo Binghe wanted to crush inch by inch and then throw into the corrosive lake... was her. That wasn’t a joke at all.

Full of grief and indignation, the little palace mistress yelled: “I am obviously doing this for your own good!” After yelling this, she turned around, crying as she darted away.

Shen Qingqiu roared in his heart: “This script is not right, f***—— where did it go wrong——”

He hadn’t finished roaring when Luo Binghe’s gaze shifted to him.

Shen Qingqiu’s entire body began to ache. At this time, he would rather the little palace mistress whipped him with one hundred and eighty lashes. At most that would be just pain in the flesh, far better than having pain all over his body from being alone with Luo Binghe in a confined space!

The two of them faced each other in silence for a long time. Luo Binghe took one step closer.

Shen Qingqiu subconsciously preserved the distance between them.

Luo Binghe’s extended hand froze in the air for a while and withdrew back.

He humphed: “Why does Shizun need to be this vigilant? If I wanted to do anything to you, I wouldn’t need to touch you at all.”

That was a great truth. Even one drop of Heavenly Demon blood entering the abdomen was akin to burying a ticking time bomb in the body, with infinite possibilities for suffering. All Luo Binghe had to do was think, and a hook of his finger could make Shen Qingqiu’s intestines rearrange and his stomach rot, so excruciating as to make him beg for death.

Shen Qingqiu sat back into the posture of meditation, raising his eyes to meet Luo Binghe’s gaze.

One month.

No matter what, he had to hold on for one month. After holding on, he would be as free as a fish in the ocean, as liberated as a bird in the sky. I won’t have to care about all these stupid things!!!

The two of them were silent for a while. Shen Qingqiu considered for a moment and said: “If you wish to do anything to me, there is no need to rush. After the end of the four sects’ joint trial, I will be completely disgraced and my reputation ruined, with utterly no hope of salvation. Wouldn’t settling the ledger at that time give you just cause to be even more overjoyed?”

These words of his were entirely based on the original Luo Binghe’s type of mindset. Reasonably speaking, they should fit Luo Binghe’s taste exceedingly well. What was unexpected was that Luo Binghe’s expression did not clear up, but instead became even more chilly and ice-cold.

He narrowed his eyes: “Why is Shizun so certain that the joint trial will find you guilty?”

Shen Qingqiu: “I should be asking you this, shouldn’t I?”

Luo Binghe repeated back: “Asking me?”

He sneered: “Me again.”

Shen Qingqiu was speechless.

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter was translated by Attica.
- I’m so annoyed at that girl! The prisoner hasn’t even been judged guilty yet she wants to punish him already?

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Chapter 37 – Labyrinth Water Prison



This story arc in Jinlan City was a new addition. According to the timeline of the original book, Luo Binghe was still leveling up underground at this time and never appeared at all. Shen Qingqiu was not able to take advantage of his omniscient perspective. But Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky had signed off on one thing: After Luo Binghe finished leveling up and returned to the surface, all the slaughters and conspiracies that followed

were inextricably tied to him. No matter how one looked at it, the biggest suspect was Luo Binghe.

Luo Binghe's face was gloomy. His hands behind his back, he paced back and forth a few times. Suddenly, he turned back and harshly said: "May I ask Shizun, are all the murders and crimes committed by demons in this world entirely my fault?"

Shen Qingqiu's brows tightened.

Seeing that he did not answer, Luo Binghe slowly clenched his fists and said: "You once clearly trusted me to such an extent, but now at every turn you doubt my motives to be unfathomable. Are the differences between races really so significant as to completely change your attitude towards a person?"

Shen Qingqiu couldn't help himself any longer, and mustered up his courage: "In that case, I have something to ask you."

Luo Binghe inclined his head: "This disciple is listening respectfully."

Shen Qingqiu said: "You deny having any unfathomable motives for assimilating into Huan Hua Palace, but then what, exactly, are your true motives for doing so?"

Why did the male protagonist himself actually not follow the original story? After suffering enough coercion from both the System and the plot, Shen Qingqiu had to ask the question on his mind.

Upon hearing this, Luo Binghe was startled. His lips moved and he seemed to want to say something, but he ultimately hesitated and didn't speak.

Shen Qingqiu was actually a little surprised: "You can't answer?"

What happened to the original work's persuasiveness that could single-handedly take on Cang Qiong Mountain with his sheer eloquence? Could this be the price he paid for going through the Infinite Abyss instance too

fast and neglecting to practice his cheats? Perhaps he didn't raise his "Persuasion" skill enough...

Luo Binghe said: "Shizun will not believe me anyhow. What difference does it make if I answer or not?"

The glow off the water and the light of the torches quivered together in the dim dungeon. Shen Qingqiu's heart seemed to tremble with them.

Both of them remained silent for a long while. Luo Binghe suddenly said: "But I hope that Shizun can sincerely answer one question of mine."

He pursed his lips and stiffly added: "Just one question."

Shen Qingqiu said: "Speak."

Luo Binghe softly inhaled.

He whispered: "Do you regret it?"

Shen Qingqiu sealed his lips and did not speak. His eyes turned to evaluate Luo Binghe from head to toe.

The full meaning of this "Do you regret it" was not spelled out, but it should be referring to whether he regrets kicking Luo Binghe into the Infinite Abyss.

You don't say. Of course, he regrets it, he regrets it to death. But what is the meaning of Luo Binghe asking this question in the first place?

Shen Qingqiu's temples pulsed, when suddenly an enormous pop-up window jumped out in front of him.

System: [Please choose an answer from this multiple choice question:

Option A: I regret it. This teacher has long since regretted it. The last few years, I have spent every moment uselessly repenting.

Option B: (sneer) Seeing what you've become today, you know there's no reason for me to regret it!

Option C: Keep silent.]

.....

Fuck off——

What the hell, your upgrade was originally for this sort of thing?——

What's this bullshit inside the bracket?! Even the tone and expression are pre-set for me. Do you think this is a GALGAME?——

This isn't even as good as the original low-level version. Someone hurry and give me an installation package for the System 1.0—I'll thank him and his whole family!

Shen Qingqiu had a face full of black lines: "A is way too fake! If I was Luo Binghe, I wouldn't believe it, and would even find it disgusting. And what's with B? Do you resent that he didn't choke me to death last time?"

System: [Please make a selection.]

Shen Qingqiu: "CCC!"

System: [Literary and philosophical depth +10.]

Shen Qingqiu: "Can anyone tell me how exactly this 'literary and philosophical depth' is calculated?"

Just like that, he looked steadily forward and kept his silence.

Luo Binghe didn't receive any answer, and his clenched fist slowly loosened. He self-deprecatingly said: "I already clearly knew the answer, yet I still asked Shizun this question. I really am stupid."

If he didn't know Luo Binghe was the total power source of all this world's Systems, Shen Qingqiu would have definitely suspected he had

transmigrated too.

If he didn't have an omniscient perspective that gave him insight into the plot, Shen Qingqiu would have definitely suspected that... Luo Binghe probably truly was... a little sad.

Silence is golden. The more you talk, the more mistakes you make. Shen Qingqiu closed his eyes and sat cross-legged in quiet meditation.

All was still and silent for a while. Then Luo Binghe's cold and soft voice came again.

"Shizun, you have always been reticent and taciturn. Before, you would at least speak a few more sentences to me—Now you are not willing to do even that."

After a pause, his tone unexpectedly changed. He grinned maliciously: "Well, it doesn't matter. I have plenty of ways to make you speak."

After he finished the last sentence, Shen Qingqiu suddenly opened his eyes.

A wave of slight stabbing pain came from deep in his lower abdomen.

You're not happy when I speak, you're not happy when I don't speak. Why are you bothering with this, what did I do wrong?!

After a moment, the stabbing pain disappeared. In its place came the uncanny sensation of something crawling in his blood vessels.

After hibernating for many days, the Heavenly Demon blood had already fully adapted to the environment of the host body. At this time, called by its original master, it condensed into insect form and began to probe all over the internal organs of the body.

Luo Binghe leisurely said: "Spleen, kidney, liver, lungs."

Every time he named an area, there came an extremely bizarre itchy pain in that area. It truly was both itchy and painful, like dense rows of tiny teeth

gnawing and biting, accompanied by a burning sensation.

Although the pain could not be considered excruciating, it was hitting the limits of his tolerance.

Shen Qingqiu could no longer sit still. He couldn't help but bend over, resisting the urge to curl up into a ball. Following the not yet dried water droplets on his jaw, his cold sweat trickled and fell.

Luo Binghe's style was finally correct, but now it was his turn to suffer. Damn, my stomach really fucking hurts. Is this how girls feel when going through period pain?

Luo Binghe warmly said: "Shizun, where do you want it to exit?"

I don't want it anywhere!

Speaking of that, it hasn't exited yet?! Then what would the sensation of it exiting be like?!!!

Shen Qingqiu slapped the System box: "Think of a solution, will you? Don't I still count as your client?!"

System: [Do you wish to enable the key item: Fake Jade Guanyin?
Friendly Tip: This item can only be used once.]

Shen Qingqiu: "What is Luo Binghe's anger level right now?"

System: [30 points.]

Shen Qingqiu: "Why so low? Are you sure you didn't calculate wrong?! This is completely unscientific!"

Using a magic artifact that can eliminate 5000 points to deal with 30 points, he absolutely can't!

Shen Qingqiu: "Are there any other options? What is the second highest rated program in the industry?"

System: [Do you wish to use the “Small Scenario Pusher”?]

...This name doesn't sound too high-grade. But since it is the second highest rated program in the industry, might as well use it. Shen Qingqiu decisively pressed the button!

Luo Binghe sneered: “Refusing to look at me or talk with me, do you think I'm filthy?” Saying so, he abruptly stepped forward and humphed: “In that case, I'll do the opposite of your wish!” He stretched his hand out to grab Shen Qingqiu's shoulder.

Seeing his movement, Shen Qingqiu subconsciously dodged aside. Luo Binghe grasped empty air, only catching a piece of clothing.

This robe had originally been shredded into a hideous mess by the little palace mistress's whip wind. Now with this tear, most of his robe was directly ripped off his shoulder.

This kind of development was beyond everyone's expectations. Both of them stared blankly, petrified.

Shen Qingqiu's face and head had recently been splashed with ice water, and up till now, his dripping wet clothes and hair still stuck to his lily-white flesh. The Immortal-Binding Cables wrapped and bound his body, as thin as a red string. Even though the expression on his face could not be any more honestly dumbfounded, his entire person looked extremely... undignified.

Luo Binghe's eyes suddenly widened.

After a while, he abruptly broke out of his daze. Reacting like he was just burned by a soldering iron, Luo Binghe immediately flung his hand off and turned around!

With this evasive movement, the blood insects originally ready for action in Shen Qingqiu's internal organs seemed to startle. They scattered like frightened beasts and fowl, and the sensation of blockage in his blood vessels immediately dissipated.

Shen Qingqiu breathed a sigh of relief and shed tears of joy in his heart: finally fucking gone!

So how does this “Small Scenario Pusher” operate after all? Is it just making his clothing burst apart? Might as well call it “Small Clothing Burster.” What principle is it based on? Using Luo Binghe’s physiological revulsion at seeing a half-naked man?!

For a while, Luo Binghe stood stiffly with his back to him, as if he didn’t know where to put his limbs. All of a sudden, he took off his robe at lightning speed and tossed it backward.

The robe was plastered onto Shen Qingqiu’s face.

Shen Qingqiu: “...”

What’s this supposed to mean?

This scene, this action... Why does it inexplicably make him uneasy? He couldn’t help but think of the classic vulgar scene: “After the devastated girl is rescued from her suffering, her boyfriend drapes his warm coat over her”...

Shen Qingqiu’s blood ran cold and his hair stood on end at the thought. With a tip of his arm, he let the ink-colored robe slide off his shoulder.

The soft-textured and exquisite robe fell to the ground, a silver halo following the thin streamlined dusky patterns. Luo Binghe heard the rustling sound and looked back to see the robe cast aside on the ground. Shen Qingqiu even cautiously pushed it back towards him twice.

In actuality, Shen Qingqiu was just considering whether to fold it for Luo Binghe. He was in the midst of considering it and had yet to act, when he raised his head to see Luo Binghe had already turned back towards him. Harsh flames were reflected in Luo Binghe’s eyes, and it seemed like his fury had swelled. The blue veins on the back of his hand popped and he flexed his knuckles a few times. As if venting his rage, he ferociously let out a few violent strikes.

These few strikes were actually a combination of attacks, not aimed accurately at all. A few of the blows hit the lake surface, bursting into huge splashes in the distance. Another one exploded against the wall of the cave, creating a large hole. Pieces of stone tumbled down. The torches shuddered and trembled, falling into the lake. They actually did not go out, but instead floated on the water's surface, continuing to blaze and burn. The firelight made Luo Binghe's face rapidly flicker light and dark, his ghastly aura filling the air.

He slowly withdrew his hand and said: "I almost forgot—Shizun surely hates anything tainted by the touch of Demons."

A dignified and formidable male protagonist, actually throwing a messy and unreasonable tantrum with complete disregard for his image. What difference is there between this and a dissatisfied child angrily kicking his toy building blocks? This is cheapening out, truly cheapening out.

A perfectly good cave had to be smashed full of holes and pits before Luo Binghe finally let out enough of his anger.

When Luo Binghe turned around, Shen Qingqiu still had the casual attitude of an onlooker, as if nothing had just happened. Luo Binghe's temple seemed to throb a few times. He grit his teeth: "... I want to see with my own eyes how in one month, you will be completely disgraced and your reputation ruined!"

Throwing down this last sentence, he stormed out. When he left the cave, he brutally smashed the mechanism. After a booming rumble, the water curtain flowed down once again. Shen Qingqiu sat in his original place, looking up in complete puzzlement. He had already been reduced to a prisoner in Luo Binghe's grasp, so where did Luo Binghe's anger come from?

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Attica.

- Argh! I'm sooo angry at Binghe for torturing Shizun!
- "Small Scenario Pusher" is clearly a fujoshi device that activates BL plot developments, hahaha! (Just my idea, don't take it seriously.)
- I made [a fanart page for this chapter](#). For obvious reasons, it's one of the fan artists' favorite scenes. The fanart page has no spoilers and it's SFW, of course.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 39 – Escape from the Water Prison

The inside of the cave was dark and gloomy. Whenever the cold wind blew, Shen Qingqiu’s wet clothes would stick to his skin, making him shiver violently.

To one side, Luo Binghe’s outer robe still lay tossed on the ground.



Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but get caught up in a bout of nostalgia. Even though Luo Binghe never got angry during the time that he trained Qing Jing Peak, unlike his current explosive temper, just then the way he looked when he retreated in a rage after Shen Qingqiu threw off his robe unexpectedly made Shen Qingqiu see a shadow of the little sheep he used to be.

After his bout of nostalgia, a vicious burst of cold made him want to sneeze. Shen Qingqiu didn't have a better option, so he might as well grab that black robe and slowly pull it over his body.

There was nothing that could be done. After all, by refusing Luo Binghe's robe he was not expressing self-righteous distaste—he simply couldn't do this sort of thing in front of Luo Binghe.

In the original work, didn't Luo Binghe give girls this very robe each time after sex?

What sort of indignity would this be in front of the protagonist!

Shen Qingqiu discovered that every time he sat to meditate, there would always be some form of outside interference. It happened that time at Ling Xi cave, and again now in the water dungeon.

The stone path rose and the water curtain stopped flowing. Gongyi Xiao hurriedly ran over the path, only managing to glance at Shen Qingqiu before his feet slipped under him.

He stammered, "S...s.. Elder Shen, you..."

Shen Qingqiu didn't notice anything strange. "What about me?"

Gongyi Xiao had a strange look on his face like he didn't know whether or not he should turn around and retreat. He hesitated outside of the stone platform and didn't continue to advance. Following his gaze, Shen Qingqiu looked down.

Gongyi Xiao said, hesitantly, "Those clothes, aren't they..."

Shen Qingqiu sighed. Luo Binghe's outer robes.

Gongyi Xiao finally reacted. He hurriedly coughed, then asked, "How has Elder Shen been these past two days?"

Shen Qingqiu replied, "Satisfactory." You don't need to pay this much attention to me! Within the space of two days, three people had already visited. During this temporary detainment, he had been receiving such luxurious treatment. Huan Hua Temple must have upgraded their water dungeon recently to include such exceptional hospitality!

Gongyi Xiao said, "I heard that last night Luo Shixiong... was in a terrible rage when he left, so this junior was worried that he might have done something to Elder Shen..." As he spoke, his eyes couldn't help but linger on the black outer robe.

Under his stare, Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but pull the robe tighter over his chest.

What could he do? Luo Binghe had only thrown a tantrum and knocked holes all over the place, knocking over half the cave. What's with that look in your eye!

Shen Qingqiu sighed. "Luo Binghe is really like a fish back in water at Huan Hua Temple."

Gongyi Xiao laughed bitterly. "Not only that, but Luo Shixiong's spiritual power is outstanding, his conduct is unwavering, and his actions swift and decisive. Other people are left in the dust—it's no wonder Shizun regards him so highly. If he weren't so insistent on not becoming a formal disciple, I'm afraid it would never be my turn to take the place of the head disciple."

Seeing the look on his face, Shen Qingqiu could sincerely sympathize.

Gongyi Xiao resolutely said, "This junior came to see you for an important matter. This morning, Peak Lord Shang requested a passage waist card from my master but was delayed by other matters and didn't know

when he could slip away. He seemed like he had some pressing business and let this junior bring in a letter.”

He reached into his bosom, where a letter was nestled.

Not only was the letter just hastily folded twice, but it also didn’t have a wax seal or a seal spell.

Shang Qinghua, how courageous!

Gongyi Xiao said, “Please relax, Elder, I’ve already looked through this letter.”

Relax my ass!

Gongyi Xiao continued, “However, I couldn’t understand what it was saying.”

Shen Qingqiu inwardly released a held breath. Good, it looked like he misread the situation. Shang Qinghua wouldn’t f*** up this badly. He most likely used some sort of secret code in the letter, so there was nothing to fear even if someone had intercepted it.

Shen Qingqiu shook open the paper with two fingers. After skimming it, his face turned green. After reading two lines, his face turned white. All sorts of colors bloomed on his face and crisscrossed with each other in a lively show.

Shen Qingqiu: “...”

This letter was written in English.

Not only that, it was written in horrible Chinglish that was full of errors.

The grammar was entirely Chinese, and uncommon words were just replaced by their Pinyin equivalents.

Great author Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky, did you not consider the possibility that I can’t understand your toilet-tier English?

After putting together the pieces of the puzzle to guess the meaning of this message, Shen Qingqiu directed his energy to his hand. The paper broke into fragments and floated to the floor like snow in June—just like his mental state after enduring the rollercoaster of events that occurred the past few days.

As it turns out, it was him who underestimated Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky.

For Peerless Cucumber's eyes only:

(Translator's Note: Shen Qingqiu's reader ID is Peerless Cucumber)

Everything is set, all the appropriate preparations have been made. The place has not changed. There was only a small mishap with the time. In order to let the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed mature as soon as possible, I got a little something to help it ripen but accidentally overdid it. Right now, it's as ripe as it will ever get and will rot in no more than a week, so I hope you can leave Huan Hua Temple's water prison as soon as possible. Don't worry, it was only something like chemical fertilizer, there shouldn't be any difference when using it. I hope.

What do you mean a little deviation from the plan? Was there even anything close to a plan in this person's head?

You dare use chemical fertilizer to ripen that green plant that could be harmed by the pure sky? Just to ripen it! "There shouldn't be any difference when using it"—this sort of guarantee is as trustworthy as the producers of powdered milk to enlarge your baby's head!

Gongyi Xiao looked around and said, "Elder, are you done reading? If you have, please toss the letter into the lake to destroy it. In fact, last night Luo Shixiong issued an order that allowed no one but him to enter the prison. This junior must leave as early as possible in order to avoid being discovered.

Shen Qingqiu grabbed Gongyi Xiao and said, "Do me a favor."

Gongyi Xiao responded, "Please ask, as long as I..."

Shen Qingqiu didn't wait for him to finish with "can do it," and sincerely asked, "Let me out."

"..." Gongyi Xiao said with difficulty, "Elder, this is really out of the question."

Shen Qingqiu said solemnly, "I have a reason to insist on leaving. I absolutely am not thinking of escaping trial by the four sects. After finishing my affairs, I will return to the water prison myself to await judgment. If you don't believe me, we can establish a blood oath."

One could not renege on a blood oath, but it didn't really matter whether or not Shen Qingqiu returned to Huan Hua Temple's water prison after completing his affairs. So, he was playing an immoral trick on Gongyi Xiao.

Gongyi Xiao said awkwardly, "I certainly believe you, but isn't it of primary concern for Elder to stay detained in the water prison? What sort of thing is critical enough that you absolutely have to leave? If Elder Shen is willing to explain, I could inform everyone participating in the investigation...."

Shen Qingqiu had some second thoughts. Gongyi Xiao was a Huan Hua Sect disciple, and to be involved in the escape of a prisoner was no small sin on anyone's head. This was a pretty upstanding youngster, and it wouldn't be kind to defraud him. Within the limit of seven days, there were bound to be additional opportunities.

Consequently, he changed his tone and said, "You had better not. It wasn't any worst-case scenario anyway."

As he spoke, he collected all the paper fragments on the ground with difficulty, tossing them into the lake to destroy the evidence.

Because most of his body was wrapped by the Immortal-Binding Cables, movement was extremely difficult. Before having shifted twice, the black

robe had slid off his body.

Gongyi Xiao had originally bent down to help, but after seeing that black robe cast aside to the ground, he unintentionally raised his head to take a look. His arms and legs went rigid at the scene.

Shen Qingqiu: “.....?”

The white garment on his body had been neatly ripped from his shoulder. It was obvious from a glance that someone had violently ripped it open with their bare hands. In addition, there were fragments of material left hanging, looking like they had been pulled out by a whip. On the fair skin left exposed by the damage, there were more than a few pale red scrapes. If one looked closely, there were also faint traces on his neck which had not yet faded.

Gongyi Xiao’s worldview received a devastating shock.

He said in a trembling voice, “Elder, you....are you sure it’s nothing urgent?”

No wonder Luo Binghe had ordered that no one but him was allowed to enter—even if they had the passage waist card—and blocked even Peak Lord Shang’s attempts.

So it’s like this!

Simply a rebellious disciple!

Devoid of conscience!

Worse than a beast!

Gongyi Xiao inwardly cried tears of blood for Elder Shen. Shen Qingqiu himself said, vacantly, “It’s nothing urgent?”

Gongyi Xiao was secretly moved. How....how can Elder Shen show this kind of indifferent expression even in this kind of moment!

Sheng Qingqiu finished tossing all the paper fragments into the lake and said, “You don’t need to take the words I said just now to heart. You....”

Gongyi Xiao suddenly stood up, turned around, then left!

Shen Qingqiu’s expression turned gloomy. I just said you don’t need to take me seriously and you just immediately leave? Isn’t this a bit too blunt?

Who knew that before an hour had passed, Gongyi Xiao would return with an object in his hand. He walked over to Shen Qingqiu, undid the seals binding it, and waved it in a slanted motion.

With the flash of a white blade, the bindings around Shen Qingqiu’s body abruptly loosened, feeling similar to an electric circuit had suddenly been connected. Stretching his fingers, his spiritual energy was unmistakably back in operation and flowing smoothly. Last time it had mysteriously been blocked by the poison, but after being bound by Immortal-Binding Cables for two days the poison had unexpectedly been suppressed again. Could it have been a fighting fire with fire, two negatives make a positive kind of principle?

The Immortal-Binding Cables dropped to the ground in pieces. Gongyi Xiao tossed over the thing in his hands, and Shen Qingqiu reached out his hand to catch it.

The Xiu Ya Sword!

Holding the sword, Shen Qingqiu was overjoyed and astonished. Looking at Gongyi Xiao, he said, “I thought this was supposed to be with the Old Palace Master.”

Gongyi Xiao said in an apprehensive tone, “Even if I risk being punished by my master, this junior could not sit aloof while Senior is disgraced. I believe Senior Shen, please follow me!”

Shen Qingqiu involuntarily felt a sense of helplessness.

That....I keep feeling like....he seems to have misunderstood something significant....

But....forget about it....this is fine....

Shen Qingqiu said decisively, “Good!”

Although the demonic blood in his body was still dormant, Luo Binghe would be able to know where he had gone no matter where he ran.

However, it didn’t matter if he knew where he was as long as Luo Binghe couldn’t chase him there!

Gongyi Xiao said, deeply worried, “Senior, you... can you walk? Do you need me to carry....”

Shen Qingqiu’s face darkened and he took a step, quickly moving his body to prove that he could in fact walk, and walk very quickly at that!

Gongyi Xiao startled, then promptly followed close behind. Unexpectedly, when the two stepped outside the limit of the stone platform and onto the path, the water curtain which had just been raised started spraying water with a boom.

Shen Qingqiu ran but stopped quickly, or else he would have been caught head-on by the water. The two stepped back onto the stone platform, and the water curtain retreated again.

It was like something was deliberately preventing them from leaving. Isn’t this a bit too well-designed?!

Gongyi Xiao suddenly said, “I forgot, once the water prison has been activated, there must be someone on the stone platform; if this person leaves and there isn’t enough weight on the platform, the water curtain will automatically reactivate even if the mechanism has shut off.”

He didn’t have the experience of helping a prisoner escape, so it was natural that he did not remember this sort of matter.

Shen Qingqiu said, “In other words, there has to be one person left on the stone platform before the others can leave?”

Gongyi Xiao nodded. Shen Qingqiu said, “Then you stay here.”

Gongyi Xiao: “....”

After saying this, he flicked his sleeves and headed towards the outside. Behind, Gongyi Xiao weakly raised his hand and said, “Senior Shen, even though junior is very willing to help—but, if you don’t have me to lead the way, I’m afraid you won’t be able to escape....ah....”

Shen Qingqiu looked back and added, “Wait for me to come back.”

Gongyi Xiao blankly stood in the same place. He had half a mind to follow but was hindered by the fact that he had no way of leaving the limits of the stone platform and had no alternative but to wait quietly. In a short amount of time, he heard a muffled sound from outside. Shen Qingqiu walked in dragging a person by the back of his neck.

Shen Qingqiu dragged the still unconscious pocked-face disciple onto the stone platform, patted Gongyi Xiao on the shoulder, and said, “I happened to see this one on patrol and borrowed him for a bit. Let’s go!”

In reality, he didn’t just “happen” to see him. There were four people on patrol, and Shen Qingqiu had hidden in a dark place and carefully selected this mouthy disciple!

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter was translated by Lily.
- “Worse than a beast!” – Did Gongyi Xiao think Binghe whipped him? Or did he think Binghe had taken advantage of his own master?

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Chapter 40: Escaping Death at Huayue

Just then, Gongyi Xiao had also thought of grabbing a random disciple and using them as a weight, but it was only a fleeting idea. Since Shen Qingqiu went ahead and did it on his own, Gongyi Xiao breathed a sigh of relief for not having to knock out someone from his own sect. The two of them walked out together. Seeing Shen Qingqiu gather the black robe closer around himself again, Gongyi Xiao felt as if there was a lump in his throat.

Gongyi Xiao couldn’t help but feel sorry for him. Though Shen Qingqiu was a Peak Lord, there was nothing he could do about being imprisoned and disgraced. Not only that, he could only cover himself up with the clothing of the same person who humiliated him. It really made people sigh with regret and pity!

Shen Qingqiu saw that Gongyi Xiao’s eyes seemed to flicker with sympathy and something like grief and indignation. He could only react by remaining expressionless.

Suddenly, Gongyi Xiao said, “Elder, please take it off!”

Shen Qingqiu: “...”

What?!

Without waiting for him to recover, Gongyi Xiao already started to take off his own outer robe. Shen Qingqiu was considering whether or not he should throw a critical hit at him to wake him up, but Gongyi Xiao had

already taken off his outer robe and presented it to him with both hands. He said, "Please wear this one!"

Shen Qingqiu suddenly saw the light.

Oh, so this is what he meant. Even though Luo Binghe's clothes were black, the clothing was similar to the person. It had the same low-key extravagant connotation that the protagonist himself did, and all in all, it was still very conspicuous if he wore it. If he changed into a common white robe, it would be quite beneficial to his escape, right? Gongyi Xiao was too thoughtful.

He resolutely took off Luo Binghe's outer robe and changed into Gongyi Xiao's. Before he left, he thought a bit and folded Luo Binghe's clothes neatly before placing it onto the floor...

After leaving the water dungeon, he initially felt that the path wasn't all that difficult to walk. But the further they walked, the more he felt that Huan Hua Palace's maze was indeed very terrifying. It was all one cave connected to the next, one path interlocked with the next, circling nine times with every three steps, circling around until it made someone's head spin. Gongyi Xiao's back was clearly right in front of him, but he only narrowly avoided losing him on several occasions. If it weren't for the fact that Gongyi Xiao knew the distribution of the water dungeon's guards and their daily schedule like the back of his hand, who knew how many teams of patrolling disciples they would have run into by now?

Half an hour later, the two of them finally made it out of the underground water dungeon. They walked quite a few kilometers without stopping until they entered Bailu Forest. Even though they were about to leave Huan Hua Palace's territory, the water dungeon's alarm bell still hadn't sounded, which meant that up to now they still hadn't discovered that the prisoner escaped. Luo Binghe's command that nobody else besides him could investigate the water dungeon had, in actuality, greatly helped Shen Qingqiu's escape.

After resting for a moment, Shen Qingqiu said, "Lord Gongyi, there's no need to accompany me any further. You should take advantage of the fact

that we haven't been discovered yet and go back quickly." He paused a little before adding, "In seven days, if you go to Huayue City, you will definitely be able to find me there."

Gongyi Xiao said, "Since it's like this, I won't escort you any further. Although Elder knows what to do even after what happened today, please be extremely careful. And regarding the trial that will be held by the four factions in a month, please don't worry, Elder. As you said, innocent people will naturally be cleared. The lords and the rest will definitely clear your name of injustice."

Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but laugh. First of all, his dark past was final and couldn't be washed off. Second, he didn't give a damn about the trial that was going to be held by the four factions in a month hahaha.... Immediately, yet leisurely, he cupped his hands in respect. "We'll meet again."

The path from the edge of Huan Hua Palace's territory to Huayue City went straight through the region of the Central Plains, where the population was the densest and the economy was the most prosperous. This also meant that there was an extremely large number of cultivating sects and clans in the region.

The cultivators of this world greatly valued air defense. Just like Jinlan City, they would often create defensive formations in the sky above their territories. If a flying sword or spiritual weapon went over the speed limit as it flew across, it would undoubtedly be discovered, and the higher authorities of the sect would be notified as well.

As one could imagine, it would be like broadcasting his escape route with a megaphone set at full volume.

Shen Qingqiu flew part of the way and then walked without stopping to rest. Finally, he made it to Huayue City the next night.



He came at an extremely unfortunate time. It just happened to be the festival celebrating the establishment of Huayue City, and festive lanterns decorated with garlands were kept brightly lit throughout the entire night. The streets were filled with flying dragons and lion dances, the music thunderous. People and vendors carrying their wares were squeezed together. Almost everyone had come out from their homes.

What was even more unlucky: when he arrived, dark clouds were covering the moon.

Without the support of moonlight or sunlight, the probability of failure would increase greatly. Shen Qingqiu felt that it was impossible, and he decided that for now, it would be better to wait, at most, one more day. If the clouds still didn't disperse within a day, he couldn't afford to care that much and wait any longer. If the probability of failure would increase, then it would just have to increase. In any case, it would be better than hugging an overripe Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed and crying over it. He

suspected that even if he made a dish out of it and served it with wine, it would still have a strong chemical taste.

Shen Qingqiu walked along slowly, and he frequently ran into some family's rambunctious children as they played. He brushed past laughing groups of young women and he felt a little bit of regret. If he wasn't currently fleeing desperately, then he could sight-see and stroll along in the city as well.

Suddenly, several men carrying long swords on their backs walked towards him, all wearing clothes of the same style and color. They all walked with their heads held high and chests puffed out, and with one glance he could tell that they were arrogant disciples from a mixture of sects.

It was strange to say, but the smaller the sects that the disciples were from, the more they feared that others wouldn't know that they were cultivators. They might as well have embroidered the word enormously onto their clothes. Shen Qingqiu turned naturally and conveniently picked up a demon mask from the side of the road before placing it on his face, calmly walking past them. Six out of every ten visitors at the festival were wearing masks, so he didn't fear being too conspicuous when he was mixed among them. He heard one of the men ask, "Shixiong, is the Xiu Ya sword really in the city where someone could just come and grab it?"

The leader of the group berated, "This is the bounty that the alliance of the four factions sent out— how could it be fake? Didn't you see that a lot of the sects have sent people over here to surround the place? Look, you guys also saw the reward that Huan Hua Palace posted. Don't you want it?"

Thousands of thoughts flew around in Shen Qingqiu's head. In the end, he had also unwittingly become a wanted man.

"It's no wonder that Huan Hua Palace put down such a big investment. If we're gonna talk about them, then it's also tragic enough..."

Shen Qingqiu thought, At the most, all I did was knock out one lowly disciple from Huan Hua Palace. I didn't even do anything else, so how did

Huan Hua Palace become such a miserable victim? He wanted to continue listening, but those people walked further and further away until they were separated by the rush of people and he had to give up. Just when he was wondering whether he should find an abandoned house to rest at for a bit, one of his legs suddenly felt heavy. He looked down only to see a small child hugging his thigh.

The child slowly raised his head. His face was pallid as if he was malnourished but his eyes were big and bright as he stared straight up at Shen Qingqiu, hugging his thigh and refusing to let go.

Shen Qingqiu patted his head. “Which family are you from? Did you get lost?”

The small child nodded, and when he opened his mouth, his voice was soft and meek. “Got lost.”

Shen Qingqiu thought he was cute and looked a little familiar, so he bent down and lifted him up, letting him sit in the crook of his arm. “Who brought you out here?”

The little boy hugged his neck and pressed his lips together. “With Shizun...”

Could he be a young disciple from some sect? If an adult came looking for him, then it would be a problem. But for some reason, the child’s sad appearance as he said “Shizun” especially pulled at Shen Qingqiu’s heartstrings. He couldn’t harden his heart and just throw him onto the side of the road so that he could continue to squat there pitifully. He patted his soft little butt and said, “Shizun didn’t take care of you well; his conscience must be extremely bad. Do you remember where you got lost?”

The small child giggled next to his ear. “I remember. Shizun personally shoved me down with one strike—how do you not remember?”

Immediately, half of Shen Qingqiu’s body became cold.

He felt as if what he was holding in his arms wasn't a young child, but rather a poisonous snake—an enormous snake that was coiled around his neck, baring its fangs. It could bite down at any moment and inject venom into him!

He fiercely threw the person in his arms away from him and turned, goosebumps forming all over his back. In an instant, all of the fine hairs on his body stood straight up.

All of the people on the street were looking at him.

The ones wearing a mask and the ones not wearing a mask all seemed to be frozen in that second, holding their breaths as they watched him.

Of the ones wearing a mask, the demon masks on their faces were ferocious and frightening; as for the ones without a mask, they were even more panic-inducing—none of them had a face!

Shen Qingqiu's first instinct was to place his hand on the Xiu Ya sword, but he instantly recovered. He couldn't attack!

This was what he had originally taught Luo Binghe. In the Dream Demon's formation, if he attacked the "people" in the dream, it would be the same as attacking his own soul in reality.

Cold sweat covered Shen Qingqiu's forehead. He didn't know when he had actually entered the scope of the formation, though people naturally wouldn't be able to remember when or how the "dream" had started. It couldn't be that his nerves had become so frayed that as he ran and ran, he had just fallen asleep on the side of the road, right?

Behind him, a young and tender voice said, "Shizun."

Back then, when the voice was next to his ear, it had clearly been incomparably soft and sweet—but when he heard it now, it unexpectedly contained an unexplainable, sinister intent.

Child Luo Binghe was behind him, and he said distantly, “Why don’t you want me anymore?”

Shen Qingqiu resolutely didn’t look back and started walking away immediately!

Though all of these faceless people were looking at him—no, it couldn’t be called ‘looking,’ considering they didn’t even have eyes, but all of their faces were turned in Shen Qingqiu’s direction. He could certainly feel countless gazes on him.

Shen Qingqiu pretended he couldn’t see them at all and charged forward abruptly. If there was anyone blocking his way, he shoved them aside. Suddenly, a hand cut off his strike. When he turned his head, he saw that although the hand was slender, it was so strong that it was scary; it was like an iron hoop.

A fourteen-year-old Luo Binghe grasped his wrist tightly, and besides the bruising on his face that was often there year-round, his expression was full of dejection. Those pitch-black eyes stared closely at him.

You’re still coming!

Shen Qingqiu shook his arm three times before he broke free, pushing through the crowd as he ran. The first time was a child, the second time was a teenager. If an adult version came along, then he really wouldn’t be able to bear it anymore!

But the street seemed to go on forever and he’d never reach the end. After the small stalls on both sides of the street appeared for the second time, along with the faceless children playing around and the young women wearing demon masks, Shen Qingqiu was finally sure that this road inside the dream was looping continuously. It was impossible to leave it by walking forward!

Since going forwards or backward was useless, he would just have to find a new path. Shen Qingqiu looked left and right before moving quickly to the front of a wine shop.

The big red lanterns were hung high in front of the wine shop's door, the red light dim and alluring. The wooden doors were tightly closed, but Shen Qingqiu pulled them open and stepped inside. It was only when he completely stepped through that the two wooden doors slammed shut on their own.

The inside of the room was pitch black and a cold wind brushed past him. It didn't seem as if he was inside a wine shop, but instead a mountain cave.

Shen Qingqiu didn't find it unexpected though. You couldn't use common sense to evaluate a dream. Every door held the possibility to lead to anywhere in the world.

At that moment, he heard a series of strange sounds.

There was a voice that seemed to belong to someone whose lungs had been punctured. They were continuously gasping for breath with extreme difficulty and utter agony.

Moreover, it seemed that it wasn't just one person!

Shen Qingqiu snapped his fingers and a flame leaped out from the tips of his fingers, shooting towards the place where the strange sound had come from.

The light of the fire completely illuminated the scene, and his pupils instantly shrank in shock.

Liu Qingge held the Cheng Luan sword in his hand and pointed the blade at himself before plunging it into his own chest.

Reika's Notes:



Warning: video contains massive spoilers. [Eng subtitled video](#)

- This chapter is by Yan.
- The child and the teenager... were just dream phantoms in Shen Qingqiu's mind and not the real Luo Binghe, right??? I guess it could be our dear little sheep going full yandere...
- Now all of the cultivators are looking for Shen Qingqiu, a wanted man who was imprisoned for helping the demons spread a plague. Poor guy, his reputation has been well and truly blackened!

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Chapter 41: Escaping Death at Huayue (2)

His entire figure was soaked with the ghastly crimson color of blood. Innumerable injuries could be seen all over his body, and even more blood leaked from the corner of his mouth. He seemed to have forgotten how many swords had been directed towards him already. A deranged anger covered his face, and it was clear that he had long let go of sanity, devolving into qi deviation.

This scene, under the brilliant, dizzying illumination of the fire, was terrifying beyond measure. For a moment, Shen Qingqiu forgot that he was within the Dream Realm, and threw himself towards Liu Qingge to pull out Cheng Luan.

The sword had already pierced through Liu Qingge’s heart. Shen Qingqiu gently nudged it, only to be met with a spray of blood. Seeing this shocking sight, he slightly sobered up, retreating two steps back and bumping into another person.

He jerked around violently. Yue Qingyuan faced him, his head lowered.

Although they were facing each other, Yue Qingyuan’s eyes were empty of any light. From his neck to his chest, through all four limbs and his abdomen... he was punctured with black arrows.

Ten-thousand arrows had pierced through his body.

Shen Qingqiu suddenly realized what he was seeing in front of him—these were their original deaths!

The deaths that the original Shen Qingqiu had caused with his own hands!

Shen Qingqiu could not bear looking at the sight any longer. He would have rather been surrounded by a crowd of the faceless figures outside than to continue looking on at this kind of scene!



He retreated towards the direction where he had first entered. Unexpectedly, he was still able to find the sliding wood door. Shen Qingqiu

ran like a man who had just been granted amnesty, speeding away from the door as soon as he stepped foot outside. This time his mind was unstable, his thoughts a scrambled mess. As he staggered along the street, he couldn't help but stumble over himself a few times, cutting a sorry figure.

The "people" on the street stared at him. The surroundings were deathly silent.

When he had been running for who knows how long, he suddenly ran head-on into the chest of a passerby.

This person's reaction was to immediately envelop him into an embrace filled with heavy emotions.

The other person was taller than him by quite a bit, with a slim and lanky build. He was clothed entirely in black, except for a small exposed area around his neck. Above that, he was wearing a ferocious ghost mask.

Shen Qingqiu hadn't even been able to say anything before he heard an amused voice come from above:

"Shizun, be careful."

He didn't need to look under the mask to know who the person behind it was.

Shen Qingqiu suddenly fought against the other's embrace. The other person didn't attempt to suppress him, and struggling free wasn't hard. Only after he had retreated enough footsteps to guarantee his safety did he look at the figure.

Shen Qingqiu asked, "Did you make this city?"

Luo Binghe slowly removed his mask. The expression on his face almost looked like he regretted the "ghost-chasing-human" game didn't last longer. "Not bad. What does Shizun think?"

Shen Qingqiu slowly nodded his head. "You really are worthy of being called the Dream Demon's prized disciple."

To be able to craft an illusion at such a meticulous level was an impressive task. Compared to the one that the Dream Demon had trapped them in so long ago, this one wasn't lacking.

Furthermore, this illusion had managed to accurately grasp on to his greatest fear.

Originally, Luo Binghe's mood had been somewhat good. Hearing this statement, however, his smile vanished. "I'm not the Dream Demon's disciple."

Shen Qingqiu found this somewhat strange. "Didn't you pay your respects to him as your teacher?"

Luo Binghe choked, then indignantly replied, "No!"

Alright. No meant no. Shen Qingqiu didn't feel like lingering on this question.

Luo Binghe said, "Shizun, if you're willing to come back on your own, you can negotiate any terms."

Shen Qingqiu replied, "Can this be considered 'lenient sentencing'?"

Luo Binghe said, "As long as I don't remove my blood from your body, any attempts to flee are futile."

Shen Qingqiu said, "Oh. Is that it?"

He laughed. "Then, right now, why aren't you trying to grab me?"

Luo Binghe stiffened, a flash of light flickering in his pupils.

Seeing this expression, Shen Qingqiu's heart suddenly sunk.

Slowly, he asked, "That sword of yours, is something wrong with it?"

Heavens help me, ah!

When Luo Binghe had fallen into the Endless Abyss, he had found, inside the corpse of an ancient creature, a strange sword that a master Devil master forged using his own heart blood.

This sword was known as Heart Devil.

Hearing this name was enough for one to know that this was a dangerous item, right?!

That was, of course, a must! The more powerful a spirit weapon was, the more difficult it was to control. From the eons of time between the ancient era and now, the Heart Devil sword had gone through hundreds of owners. All of them were formidable geniuses within their sects—yet, despite this, there wasn't a single one that was able to escape the fate of dying by their own sword.

The Heart Devil sword fought against all that wielded it. If one could force the spirit to acknowledge you, it would serve as a formidable weapon; yet, if there was a day in the future where one was unable to suppress the sword's evil nature, then they were nothing more than a sacrificial sheep being led to the slaughter.

The original Luo Binghe had first suffered the side effects only after entering the Demonic Secret Realm and narrowly escaped being devoured by the sword. In order to resolve this problem, a 500 chapter side plot had occurred, where Luo Binghe had then collected eight or nine more little sisters.

But now, the entire plot of the story was in shambles. The plot event of the sword's counterattack was now occurring too far ahead of schedule!

The Heart Devil sword's counterattack was not at all easy to deal with. It was no wonder that Luo Binghe had been unable to chase him. Being so preoccupied with finding the remedy, of course, he could not catch Shen Qingqiu himself!

Suddenly, Luo Binghe grabbed one of his shoulders, forcefully pulling at his robe.

Oh.

Why was he back?

Luo Binghe's expression looked as dark as the burnt base of a pot. Slowly, one word at a time, he spat out, "Even if I can't personally come right now, Shizun shouldn't celebrate too much."

Still, don't rip my clothes! Shen Qingqiu grabbed at the remaining cloth, angrily shouting, "What are you doing?! Is this the only way you know how to humiliate someone?"

Luo Binghe replied, "It was clearly Shizun that first humiliated me!"

System: Coolness +50 .

This could also add points? It was too abnormal! Why did he feel like this was too abnormal?

Luo Binghe's hand exerted force, instantly crushing the white fabric into small pieces that disappeared with the wind. He moved forward, his expression not quite hateful yet, and pressed towards Shen Qingqiu's direction. Seeing Luo Binghe's eyes, Shen Qingqiu felt at once a violent dread form inside him.

Although he had never known that Luo Binghe possessed a tendency to rip up clothes, he wasn't about to sit around and wait for death. He aimed a dozen attacks towards Luo Binghe, then quickly tried to make his escape.

Luo Binghe was clearly capable of gaining the upper hand, and yet preferred to play cat-and-mouse, patiently playing around with him.

Shen Qingqiu's speed was extremely fast, but in Luo Binghe's eyes, he was always a beat slower than him. Whenever Shen Qingqiu attempted to strike him, he was able to step aside calmly, then symbolically return an attack. Combined with the annoying people commenting on the System, and with the protagonist's coolness constantly going up 20, 30, 50 times incessantly, it really was enough to drive someone crazy!

After a few back and forths, Shen Qingqiu's face blackened.

Where are you trying to hit?! Are you playing around with me?! Isn't the objective of a fight to knock the opponent down?!

How was this a fight! This couldn't even be considered exchanging pointers—it was practically assault!

When he thought of this, Shen Qingqiu became distracted and accidentally went too fast, crashing towards Luo Binghe.

Luo Binghe unexpectedly did not even cower, allowing Shen Qingqiu to crash into his embrace. His voice spoke, amused and cheerful: "This maneuver Shizun used was something that he personally taught me. Of course, using it has its pros and cons, the greatest disadvantage being that the lower body becomes unstable. How has Shizun forgotten it?"

At this moment, Shen Qingqiu's mind became filled with a colorful array of "you little *****" emotes.

F***! This maneuver really was something that he had taught to Luo Binghe!

His memory went back to the time when Luo Binghe had just moved out of the firewood room. At that time, with his extraordinary Heaven-gifted talent, Luo Binghe had managed to tentatively develop his own style of fighting. However, other than the few moves that all the disciples were taught, everything else he had learned was worth dog sh**.

Shen Qingqiu, seeing him practice a set of sword, foot, and palm exercises, couldn't help but facepalm. Luo Binghe, at the side, waited for his verdict.

At a time like this, Shen Qingqiu couldn't bear to strike him down. After a while, he finally squeezed out a line: "It's very flexible."

In order to correct Luo Binghe's painful-to-look-at form, Shen Qingqiu painstakingly went to great lengths to give him daily personal training.

However, for whatever reason, this smart and perceptive child performed extremely poorly. Luo Binghe, who should have been able to pick up on lessons easily without being instructed twice, in reality forgot what he was taught almost immediately. He would frequently use too much force, crashing into Shen Qingqiu's arms for who knows how many times, until eventually Shen Qingqiu reached his breaking point.

Are you doing this on purpose?!

He couldn't help but firmly slap Luo Binghe's forehead, yelling, "Is this how you fight your opponents? You're practically throwing yourself into their laps!"

After this, the red-faced Luo Binghe finally began to learn properly, not daring to make any more mistakes.

However, today, Shen Qingqiu had unexpectedly been lectured by Luo Binghe on his incorrect posture.

What kind of world was this!

Shen Qingqiu felt like his pride as a teacher had suffered a great blow.

While he was distracted, Luo Binghe's hands began to trail down his back, causing a line of goosebumps to form on Shen Qingqiu's skin.

Shen Qingqiu gritted his teeth. "Luo Binghe!"

System: Coolness +100! Congratulations!

Congratulations my a**!

Luo Binghe tore off another fragment of the white robe, remarking, "When I see Shizun wear this robe, my heart becomes ten times unhappier. It's better to take it all off."

Was he implying that he wouldn't be happy until Shen Qingqiu was naked?

Shen Qingqiu said, “If you hate me, don’t take it out on the robe. It belongs to Gongyi Xiao!”

Luo Binghe’s expression deepened. “Shizun is the one who hates me. You even rejected a robe because I wore it.”

Why? Why were two grown men debating a robe in the midst of a faceless audience? Luo Binghe, were you really the type to have such delicate feelings?

I even brushed it clean and folded it for you, what else do you want? Did you really expect me to hand-wash it and then personally return it to you?!

Shen Qingqiu’s expression changed erratically. Seeing this, Luo Binghe inquired, “Shizun, what are you thinking?”

Coldly, he added, “If it’s Gongyi Xiao, I advise Shizun to stop thinking about him.”

Shen Qingqiu’s heart became filled with an ominous premonition. Heavily, he asked, “...What is it about Gongyi Xiao?”

According to the original plotline, Gongyi Xiao’s banishment into the prospectless border as a patrol guard followed after Luo Binghe and the Young Palace Mistress tumbled together in bed.

But now that the plot had devolved into a mess that not even Airplane Shooting Towards The Sky could recognize it, anything could happen.

But before Luo Binghe could answer, the faceless people around Shen Qingqiu suddenly began to move.

Before, they had either stared blankly like mentally handicapped people or busied themselves with whatever they were doing. Now, however, they began to condense towards Shen Qingqiu, forcing him into the middle. Unable to force them apart, he sent a look at Luo Binghe.

Luo Binghe’s eyebrows were tightly knitted together, with one hand was pressed against his forehead. He seemed to be preoccupied with something,

as if he was resisting some kind of force invading his head.

Shen Qingqiu was suddenly brought back to his senses. This reaction must have been caused by the Heart Devil sword counterattacking and invading Luo Binghe's mind. Unable to produce enough energy to maintain the illusion, the dreamscape was starting to collapse.

If he didn't leave now, then when?

Since Luo Binghe was currently unable to distract or hinder him, then, according to his experience, he should be able to destroy this weakening dreamscape as long as he could overcome his heart's greatest fear.

Shen Qingqiu, having decided to leave, left. Luo Binghe's splitting headache prevented him from moving. He could only helplessly yell, "If you dare to take even one more step, see what happens!"

Shen Qingqiu immediately walked ten or so steps. Afterwards, he turned around, asking, "What?"

Seeing this, Luo Binghe was angered to the point of spitting up blood. Word by word, he spat out, "...Wait and see!"

Shen Qingqiu didn't turn around. Coldly and loftily, he replied, "Goodbye!"

Do you think if you tell me to wait I'll wait? I'm not an idiot!

Shen Qingqiu looked around at one of the nearby shops. Kicking the door open, he entered the store.

No matter what was waiting for him inside, Shen Qingqiu had resolved to confront it with absolute calmness.

At the very least, his chances were higher here than facing off against Luo Binghe!

As soon as the door closed, the clamorous sounds from outside were cut as if by a sharp knife, enveloping the room in a deathly stillness.

Shen Qingqiu held his breath, silently waiting.

After a while, as if someone had lit a candle, the surroundings gradually lit up. Shen Qingqiu lowered his head, just in time to lock eyes with a foreign, yet familiar face.

A thin boy knelt in front of him.

He was clothed in a coarse cloth garment. In his kneeling position, he gave off the impression of a crestfallen figure. Behind him, his hands were tightly tied together with rope. Although his face was deathly pale, however, his two pupils were filled with life.

Shen Qingqiu was unable to tear his eyes off of him.

This scene was absolutely not in his memory. However, this face really did resemble him. Only the polish of time and cultivation were missing, and there was a youth to the boy's face that was no longer present now.

This was Shen Qingqiu, and yet it wasn't Shen Qingqiu.

What must be made certain was—this was Shen Jiu!

Shen Qingqiu suddenly sat up from the floorboards.

After waking up, he looked around, realizing that he was lying inside an abandoned building. The sky was bright, daylight spilling in from the shabby window frames and the small cracks in the rice-paper walls.

The memories came flooding back. Yesterday, during the festival, he had randomly wandered around until he found an abandoned building. His original plan had only been to rest for a while; however, Luo Binghe dragged him into the Dream Realm once he was asleep.

Thinking back to the dreamscape before its collapse, Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but become pensive.

Although the original goods and him were two completely different people, they shared one flesh body. Inevitably, he would suffer some

influence. What he saw yesterday should have been the original Shen Jiu's childhood memories.

This could be considered as cheating. The current Shen Qingqiu suffered no trauma from watching these memories, so naturally the illusion had been easy to dissipate.

However, in retrospect, Shen Qingqiu felt doubt creeping his mind. In the dream, Shen Jiu had been tied up. He had originally thought that this time period was when Shen Jiu was still in the hands of the slave traffickers, yet the room had a soft carpet, all sorts of valuables, and calligraphy scrolls and paintings hanging from the walls. This noble room, instead of a traffickers' hideout, was more like a rich man's study...

It seemed like in the Qiu family, Shen Jiu had not received the love and affection that Qiu Haitang claimed he had.

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Cheryl aka Hiohbye.
- Thanks for reading and please leave a comment if you can. I love comments.

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Chapter 42 – Quarrel at the Wine Shop

Shen Qingqiu jumped from the bare wooden floor and, under the influence of his subconscious mind, patted his body. His clothes were still all there.

However, even though his clothes were actually intact, he didn’t want to wear them any longer since he now felt as though they could be torn off at any time!



Shen Qingqiu decided to “borrow” someone else’s clothes to wear. Who would have thought that just as he finished “borrowing” and jumped down from the eaves, he would find several people staring at him wide-eyed when he turned around?

The enemies he met on this narrow road were actually the same disciples he had seen last night when the festival was in full swing. He did not say a word. The man who was the leader of the other group immediately drew his weapon and shouted in a frenzy: “Shen Qingqiu, you really were in this city! Today, my sect’s iron-fisted disciples will enforce justice on behalf of heaven!”

It really was the standard script but why was there now a part about “enforcing justice on behalf of heaven?” Yesterday, weren’t they talking about the reward from Huan Hua Palace? Was it fun to say one thing behind a person’s back and another when they were face-to-face with each other?

By the way, what is this “iron-fisted” thing about? I’ve never heard of it!

Shen Qingqiu was too lazy to bother with them. He flung a few freshly made talismans that pasted themselves onto the cultivators’ foreheads. Their limbs went stiff and none of them had the chance to block the talismans.

Shen Qingqiu was in a bad mood. After he finished sticking the talismans on those people, he slowly made a gesture as though he was tearing something.

The next moment, the disciples discovered that they had no control over their bodies and were moving by themselves.

“What are you doing?! Why are you tearing up my clothes?!”

“Aren’t you tearing my clothes off, too?!”

“Senior apprentice brother! Sorry! But I can’t control my hands!”

Shen Qingqiu changed into new, plain, and simple white clothes and didn’t look back as he walked away.

After walking a few steps, Sheng Qingqiu saw that there were many people who had come to Huayue City, drawn by the search for the wanted man.

Even if a lot of the cultivators took off their uniforms and wore regular clothes, pretending to be ordinary people sitting at the roadside stalls, their manner was just too different from ordinary people. Shen Qingqiu felt that it would be impossible to go on like this. He smeared some yellow makeup on his face and carelessly pasted on a beard. When everything was ready, he slowly walked back to the street.

Looking up at the sky, he saw that the clouds were thin and wispy. They seemed like they were gradually dispersing. If no unexpected mishap occurred, noon today would be the best time.

When Shen Qingqiu lowered his head, he saw a snow-white, slender figure flash past, his movements both fast and light. His face was extremely handsome.

Liu Qingge!

The hatchet man has arrived! Shen Qingqiu's eyes lit up. He was just about to catch up with that figure when, suddenly, he heard a lovely voice scolding someone from inside a wine shop: "What did you say with that filthy mouth of yours?!"

The voice was delicate and melodious. It sounded very familiar so Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but stop. His eyes were drawn towards the source. Suddenly, there came the sound of things crashing and the passers-by started watching the commotion.

At this time, another girl snorted and said: "Hmph, why shouldn't people say it? No wonder this piece of scum, Sheng Qingqiu, came out of Cang Qiong Mountain sect! All of you, especially the people from Qing Jing Peak, are naturally anxious to cover up your shame! Ha! Unfortunately, the whole world already knows what kind of person he is. You think you can cover it up?!"

Her voice was full of resentment. The girl who had spoken earlier immediately retorted, “Shizun is absolutely not the type of person who would do such a thing. Don’t you dare slander him!”

Who else would speak so well of him now if not Ning Yingying?

Ming Fan’s voice was also heard: “We’re only being polite to you to give the Old Palace Master some face, so watch your mouth and speak politely, too!”

Although the most important thing for Shen Qingqiu right now was to find Liu Qingge, looking at the atmosphere here, things were not right. He paused for a while, afraid that the Qing Jing Peak disciples might suffer losses. He decided to stay for the time being in case things went sideways. It was better to wait and see.

The first floor of the wine shop was clearly divided into two factions.

On one side were the two leaders, Ming Fan and Ning Yingying, while behind them was a group of Qing Jing Peak disciples. Each and every one of them had an angry expression on their faces. On the other side was the Young Palace Mistress, standing in front of the others with her hands on her hips. The Huan Hua Palace disciples behind her had already drawn their weapons and the expressions on their faces were more resentful.

Two young girls, both with refined, delicate figures and each with a different type of beauty. Both stood gracefully, convinced of their own righteousness. Even though the air was full of crackling and burning sparks, this scene was also very eye-catching.

Luo Binghe, once again there’s a fire in your backyard – no, the Qing Jing Peak disciples had come to this place and they clashed with the people from Huan Hua Palace. This situation truly embodied the saying “enemies meet on a narrow road.”

Shen Qingqiu ventured to imagine that if he were to leave now, Qing Jing Peak would definitely suffer a big loss. You know, this Young Palace Mistress is so arrogant that there is no one that she dared not fight, except

for Luo Binghe! Brutally beating people up was nothing out of the ordinary for her!

The Young Palace Mistress snorted. “Not that type of person? Then tell me! Why did he flee to escape his punishment? And he also... also ... also did that sort of thing!” Her voice was heavy with hate as she gritted her teeth and her eyes grew red.

Ning Yingying retorted: “Shizun hasn’t been convicted. What do you mean by ‘fleeing to escape punishment’? It’s not yet clear who did it. We Cang Qiong Mountain sect haven’t blamed you Huan Hua Palace people for being overly credulous and suspicious. You insisted on locking up the Lord of Qing Jing Peak in your water prison. If that hadn’t occurred then things wouldn’t have gone this far!”

The reason for all the ****ing problems was actually not the protagonist but him?

Sheng Qingqiu’s hands started sweating and a certain Shen’s heart was humbled.

At the same time, the dark clouds in his heart also became even thicker.

Looking at these people’s attitude, something must have happened at Huan Hua Palace after he left. Now the new grudge was added to all of the old grudges, and all of it was on his head.

The Young Place Mistress was furious —— indeed, Shen Qingqiu thought that her default state was one of great fury: “So you’re saying that Huan Hua Palace is to blame for courting disaster?! Well, well! Cang Qiong Mountain sect is really amazing at throwing its weight around arrogantly. Instead of apologizing, you act wildly in front of the victim’s family! With this type of moral integrity, unexpectedly you still dare to boast of being the number one cultivation sect in the world! How absurd!”

Ning Yingying’s mouth twitched and she said: “Cang Qiong Mountain sect is widely recognized as the number one sect in the world. You admitted it yourself. But whether you admit it or not doesn’t matter. Besides, who is

the one who acted wildly first? We disciples of Qing Jing Peak were having a meal in this shop. You're inverting logic and reason since you were the ones who started shouting abuse at us as soon as you entered, saying that our entire Cang Qiong Mountain sect should be buried along with the dead——who the hell can say something that outrageous? Huayue City isn't your Huan Hua Palace's backyard! Or do you think that the whole world is your territory?"

Shen Qingqiu was stunned to hear her speech, which was said in a lovely and clear voice. How could the words of the innocent, unaffected, silly Yingying unexpectedly be so cutting? Why was the Young Palace Mistress acting like a rabid dog just let out of its cage, ready to bite?

Ning Yingying added: "My Qing Jing Peak has always been known for its courtesy and Shizun has taught us well. One shouldn't argue with children with dirty mouths. That's why we have tolerated your behavior until now. Have you finished cursing? If you're done, then leave! Don't interfere with our mealtime. I don't feel like eating anymore after I've seen you." Then she picked up a cup of tea from the table and poured it on the other person's feet.

The Young Palace Mistress dodged but a few drops of tea splashed onto the edge of her skirt. She said, "You, you bitch!"

This time, Ming Fan quit eating. Throwing down his chopsticks, he laughed grimly and said: "Don't think that just because you're the Old Palace Master's daughter that we're afraid of you. Anyway, you're nothing but a spoiled daddy's girl and you're not even of the same generation. Bitch? I don't think anyone here is more of a bitch than you. Huan Hua Palace is losing face because of you!"

Shen Qingqiu was shocked.

In the past, Qing Jing Peak's disciples were always obedient and submissive in front of him. They didn't even dare to fart. When he told them to feed the chickens, they dared not walk the dog. When he told them to cook for him, they dared not boil porridge. But it turns out, they liked to run their mouths off when they went to play outside.

The Young Palace Mistress's face turned pale with anger. In addition, she had heard from Qin Wanyue that this soft-looking little witch in front of her had been fellow disciples with Luo Binghe for many years. The two of them were childhood playmates who became childhood sweethearts! Envy and hatred mingled together and the Young Palace Mistress suddenly raised her hand. A dark shadow like a poisonous snake slithered out of her sleeve.

****! It was a new whip!

Seeing that a fight was finally about to start, the customers who had been sitting inside the wine shop were quickly and efficiently hustled out. As they passed by Shen Qingqiu, he noticed that they all looked strangely calm. It seems as though the people of Huayue City were used to this sort of thing. In fact, with incomparable skill, the waiter even managed to finish totaling up everyone's bill.

The Young Palace Mistress, as the Old Palace Master's beloved daughter, had received a lot of hands-on martial arts training. Her weapon was also extraordinary so the whip's strikes were very fierce. As for Ning Yingying, she was the little junior apprentice sister that everyone at Qing Jing Peak doted on. She rarely encountered dangerous situations and had almost no actual combat experience. Her sword swung left and right but it was evident that soon she wouldn't be able to fend off the strikes. Ming Fan wanted to help but how could he enter the circle of the high-grade iron whip's dance? He could only watch the fight anxiously. When Shen Qingqiu saw how things were going, he picked up a green leaf from the flower bed at his feet and flung it out.

The soft green leaf, filled with spiritual power, collided with the high-grade iron whip. Unexpectedly, they all heard the ear-piercing sound of two hard objects striking each other. The Young Palace Mistress hadn't noticed anything strange but she felt the place between her thumb and forefinger had become numb. Her grip on the whip loosened and it flew off.

Ning Yingying was also confused. She was just about to swing her sword when she saw that the Young Palace Mistress no longer had a weapon to block her strike. Fearful that she might stab the Young Palace Mistress with her sword, Ning Yingying quickly withdrew her sword. The Young Palace

Mistress, however, was very quick to react. After her weapon flew out of her grasp, she used the momentum of her arm to slap Ning Yingying.

With the loud sound of a hand hitting flesh, one side of Ning Yingying's face was slapped.

Damn!!!

Looking at the five fingerprints on Ning Yingying's face and how half of her face was swollen, one could clearly see how vicious her opponent's hand had been. Shen Qingqiu's heart was in pain.

I've never struck my disciple but you dare to beat her up?!

Ning Yingying's beautiful face was now asymmetrical – flat on one side and swollen on the other side. It looked quite ugly. The Young Palace Mistress's attitude was full of malicious pride as she rubbed her wrist, raised her chin, and laughed: "Since your Shizun hasn't taught you, then this Palace Master will teach you. The first thing you need to learn is that when people talk, they should observe proper behavior and speech."

Who the **** do you think you are to lecture my disciples in my place?!

Ming Fan drew his sword and shouted, "Bitch! That's going too far! Let's fight them!"

The other Qing Jing disciples had long been unable to endure the insults. Now that their little junior apprentice sister was beaten up, how could they bear it any longer?! The others shouted and unsheathed their swords. Their weapons were dazzlingly bright.

Shen Qingqiu thoughts raced as he tried to think of a way to take care of the Young Palace Mistress without causing bloodshed or revealing his whereabouts. Suddenly, he noticed that one of Huan Hua Palace's disciples was behaving strangely. His appearance was one hundred percent fishy.

Shen Qingqiu stared at the man for just two seconds before his heart started beating wildly, crying out that something was very wrong.

I'm afraid it won't be easy to get out of here.

At first glance, the disciple actually looked very ordinary. He was in the midst of a group of Huan Hua Palace disciples but he was cowering and refusing to meet anyone's eyes.

Shen Qingqiu noticed him because his face was one color, his neck was another color, and his left and right hands were also two different colors. In addition, in the midst of a situation where everyone was lively, he didn't draw his sword, shout, or look at anyone angrily. He just kept his head lowered among the crowd of Huan Hua Palace disciples as though he was a pickpocket waiting for an opportunity.

As far as Shen Qingqiu knew, there was only one kind of person who would behave like this.

Ming Fan was busily fighting people when he turned back and shouted: "Little junior apprentice sister! How are you doing?"

Ning Yingying was in a daze for some time, as though she had been beaten silly before she came to her senses. Her face turned red then white, both angry and tearful, as she fought using her sword. She had suffered an insult when she was being too softhearted. This time, she didn't show any mercy.

Outside, among the crowd of onlookers, Shen Qingqiu saw an old cat with its tail curled up in the air, lazily licking his fur and basking in the sun. He picked it up and threw it inside the wine shop. The old cat was frightened and yowled loudly as it fled between two groups of people. Shen Qingqiu kept his head low as he followed in its wake, sneaking into the field of battle.

When a person inexplicably entered the room, both sides were startled. Ning Yingying was afraid of injuring an innocent person and was slightly hesitant to continue. On the other hand, the Young Palace Mistress didn't hesitate at all. She retrieved her whip and started fighting. Shen Qingqiu chased the old cat around, shouting out a name that he had just given it. Ning Yingying didn't dare to make a move in the midst of this chaos.

Strangely, she felt as though her elbow was being supported by something and her shoulders were being pushed. Her sword was moving with almost no input from her as it danced and flashed with a silvery light.

Suddenly, there was the loud sound a hand hitting flesh twice. The Young Palace Mistress covered her face, struck dumb and frozen in place.

These two sounds were louder and clearer than when she had slapped Ning Yingying earlier.

Just now everyone in both groups saw how Ning Yingying moved her arms, slapping the Young Palace Mistress with one hand then the other, in quick succession. At that moment, everyone stopped fighting as though by mutual agreement.

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Reika (me).
- “Liu Qingge! The hatchet man has arrived!” – (dǎ shǒu) meaning “goon; hired roughneck; bully; ruffian.” I thought this was weird but that’s what the raw said. I guess it’s because LQG is the one they send when they need to bully the other sects... since some of the other sects are full of idiots. I almost wanted to change it to “The War God has arrived” but that would change the original too much.
- “Luo Binghe, once again there’s a fire in your backyard.” – (hòu yuàn qǐ huǒ) a fire in one’s backyard; conflict close to home. I think Shen Qingqiu is talking about Luo Binghe’s so-called “harem members” causing trouble again.
- “The two of them were childhood playmates who became childhood sweethearts!” – (qīng méi zhú mǎ) lit. “green plums and hobby-horse” meaning childhood sweethearts. (liǎng xiǎo wú cāi) innocent playmates.
- “In the past, Qing Jing Peak’s disciples were always obedient and submissive in front of him.” – (wěi wěi nuò nuò) literally “to be a yes-man.”

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Chapter 43: The Protagonist Dies, Everything Ends

Ming Fan cheered, “Little apprentice-sister, great hit!”

Ning Yingying said weakly, “...no, it actually wasn’t me...”



Ming Fan encouraged, “Don’t be afraid—if you hit her then you hit her! Everyone saw that she started it. Even though other people haven’t hurt her

out of the kindness of their hearts, she still launched a sneak attack on them. Serves her right!” All of the Qing Jing Peak disciples chimed in.

Glistening teardrops glimmered in the Young Palace Mistress’ eyes. “You... you guys... how dare you hit me... my dad hasn’t even hit me before!”

Ning Yingying, “No, it really wasn’t me...”

Ming Fan cut her off and spat, “You’re the one who hit her! Remember, if the Qing Jing Peak’s disciples are being bullied, we must return it twofold! If we don’t, we’re unworthy of Shizun’s teachings!”

Shen Qingqiu cheered in his mind with the rest of the disciples: this child Ming Fan really took his teachings to heart. Right right right, it was exactly like this: an eye for an eye!

Shen Qingqiu stealthily slipped into the crowd of Huan Hua Palace disciples and finally caught that howling, shrieking old cat. No matter how stupid they were, they should still be able to tell that something wasn’t right. The Young Palace Mistress cupped her big red cheeks, which looked to be extremely cumbersome, and stared at him with a surge of resentment. “Hey! Who exactly are you? You have the audacity to make fun of me like this?”

The Huan Hua Palace disciples encircled him completely and shouted, “Palace Mistress is asking you a question!”

Shen Qingqiu bent down and released the cat. When he straightened, he pointed at the disciple that was hunched over, lurking in the very back. He said, “Why aren’t you guys asking who that is?”

Everyone’s eyes instantly focused on that person.

The Young Palace Mistress was currently in a fit of anger, and at first, only glanced at the disciple. Unexpectedly, the more she looked, the more she felt something wasn’t quite right and couldn’t be bothered with Shen Qingqiu for the moment. She looked over and said suspiciously, “... who

are you? Why do you look like that? Are you really from the Huan Hua Palace? Why have I never seen you before?”

This disciple faltered and didn't speak. She turned towards her subordinates next. “What about you guys? Who knows him?”

That disciple saw that things weren't looking too good and let out a strange cry. Everyone pointed their swords at him. Shen Qingqiu sucked in a deep breath and shouted, “Don't get close to him!” At the same time, he picked up another green leaf and flicked it over with a flip of his wrist.

This time, Ming Fan also saw the force behind this leaf, not just Ning Yingying, and was stunned. The green leaf cleaved through the air with the glow of a sword's spiritual energy and sliced open the disciple's outer robe, exposing the skin and flesh inside.

This time, everyone looked as if they had seen a ghost, and they kept backing away. Some of them even squawked and immediately ran out of the wine shop.

Scarlet skin!

It was exactly what Shen Qingqiu had guessed. Based on what he knew, there was only one kind of person who would carry themselves like that: a sower who had disguised itself as an ordinary human!

Since it only painted its exposed limbs the same color as human skin and didn't bother with the rest of its body, its identity was revealed on the spot. The sower decided that it basically had nothing to lose and charged forward with a loud yell and bloodshot eyes. Most of these disciples were young juniors that hadn't gone to Jinlan City last time. They had only heard of this strange creature, but they had never seen it before. Yet at that moment, it actually appeared in front of them and, moreover, madly lunged at anyone in sight, scaring everyone out of their minds. Shen Qingqiu saw that the sower was about to throw itself onto a Qing Jing Peak disciple and flashed in front of it, smashing his foot into its chest. The kick sent the thing flying into two tables, violently spewing fresh blood. He looked back and shouted, “Why aren't you leaving!”

Ning Yingying was both crying and laughing at the same time. “Shizun, are you Shizun?”

It can’t be—you can recognize me even with a yellowish-brown beard stuck all over my face? Even though he was a tiny bit touched, if she didn’t leave during a time like this and stayed behind to drag him down instead, even revealing his true identity underneath his disguise—sure enough, her IQ was still low!

When he saw that the sower was about to stubbornly rush over again, Shen Qingqiu used one hand to push Ning Yingying out warmly and gently while using his other hand to send out a fire attack coldly and severely.

It didn’t hit.

No, it was never sent out!

The mouthful of blood that concealed itself in Shen Qingqiu’s body for many years rose sluggishly in his throat again. He really had enough of this ‘Without A Cure’ poison that liked to screw him over in critical moments!

He snapped numerous times in a row, but not even a single spark appeared. It was just like a lighter that had run out of fuel, and no matter how many times he snapped, he just couldn’t ignite any sparks. Shen Qingqiu was flustered and exasperated, but the sower had already rushed over and latched onto his thigh.

Shen Qingqiu, “...”

He subconsciously raised his plagued-with-misfortune right hand. Indeed, three red spots appeared and started cheerfully spreading at a speed visible to the naked eye.

This was unfair. Why did it infect him so fast every time!

Maybe with his grief and indignation serving as fuel, his last snap finally caused an explosive ball of fire to kindle between his fingers. Shen Qingqiu

sent the sower that was hugging his thigh flying with a kick before he cleaved downwards with the flaming fireball in his hand!

The sower's body was obliterated amidst the flames and sounds of shrieking. Ning Yingying and Ming Fan tearfully rushed forward, one on his right and one on his left. "Shizun!"

The other Qing Jing Peak disciples also wanted to join in on the fun, but they were quickly forced to retreat by Shizun's "go outside and run five hundred laps" gaze.

Since his disguise was already ruined, Shen Qingqiu scrubbed his face with his hands and regained his original appearance. He asked, "Was anyone infected?" Then he sincerely and earnestly said the lines that he had always wanted to say to someone else: "Quickly, take medicine. You must not stop taking medicine!"

A female voice and a male voice, one high and one low, sobbed into his ears. "Shizun, we finally found you." "Shizun, this disciple has missed you so much!"

Shen Qingqiu had yet to respond when his back suddenly grew cold. He pushed aside the two disciples as the Xiu Ya sword flew out from his robes and blocked the Young Palace Mistress' iron whip with a clang.

If the Young Palace Mistress could be described as being in a fit of fury during her previous dispute with the Qing Jing Peak, this time, her actions truly carried the intent to kill. In her hands was a short whip that could slice like a dagger and cut like an ax, vicious and threatening.

Shen Qingqiu asked bluntly, "Are you crazy? Where do you get such vigorous anger from every day?" He had wanted to ask this question for a long time now!

The Young Palace Mistress shouted loudly, "Traitor! Return my Shixiong and Shijie's lives!"

At first, Shen Qingqiu thought that she was crying about the Huan Hua Palace disciples who were killed or injured during the Immortal Alliance Conference again. Who knew that next, the Young Palace Mistress would scream, “All Ma Shixiong did was say something that wasn’t very nice when he was imprisoning you, yet you just... you just... he died so tragically, so tragically...”

Who was Ma Shixiong? Could it be that bitter and sarcastic pockmarked fellow? Shen Qingqiu said, “When I left Huan Hua Palace, I did not take a single person’s life. What’s the significance of you telling me that he died tragically?” He looked back and asked quietly, “...he really died? How tragically?”

Ming Fan also answered softly, “He really died, very, very tragically. His whole body was blue and rotten, and they say that he was infected by the demon race’s poison.”

‘The demon race’s poison really did sound like something Luo Binghe would do.

The Young Palace Mistress said, “There’s no use arguing! Today, I’ll make you pay for the death of my Huan Hua Palace’s disciples with your life!”

Shen Qingqiu said, “All my life, I have never been good at using poison. There are thousands upon thousands of ways to kill your Huan Hua Palace’s disciples, so why would I select the most troublesome method? It’s true that I was escaping from prison, but who can prove that I killed someone?”

A Huan Hua Palace disciple yelled, “Then who can prove that you didn’t kill someone?”

If this knot wasn’t untangled now, he was afraid that the two great sects wouldn’t be able to let matters rest in the future. Shen Qingqiu deliberated for a moment before probing, “What does head disciple Gongyi Xiao have to say about this matter?”

The Young Palace Mistress' eyes opened wide, and the tears that she had originally held back started to fall from her eyes again. "You still dare to mention Gongyi Shixiong?"

She pointed her whip straight at Shen Qingqiu. "Do you think that just because he's dead and there's no evidence left, you can just make up whatever you want about him now?"

Shen Qingqiu felt like he was struck by a thunderbolt.

He caught the edge of her whip with two fingers and suspected that he'd heard something wrong. "What did you say? Gongyi Xiao died? When did that happen? Who did it?"

Even in the original work, wasn't the most tragic thing that happened to Gongyi Xiao the fact that he was assigned to go to Huan Hua Palace's most remote region to do some trivial labor?

The Young Palace Mistress said viciously, "Who did it? You still have the nerve to ask who did it!"

All of the Huan Hua Palace disciples rushed forward at once, and she commanded, "Kill this despicable traitor, and get revenge for Gongyi Shixiong and the Shixiong and Shijie who were guarding the water dungeon!"

Shen Qingqiu's heart went cold. Did Luo Binghe kill all the disciples guarding the water dungeon, including Gongyi Xiao, without sparing anyone?

Could these hundred plus human lives all be placed on his head?

Ning Yingying said angrily, "We can't ever explain things clearly to you, you stupid girl. Can't you see that my Shizun also didn't know about this?" The Qing Jing Peak disciples immediately entered into the fray as well. There were countless swords, and it was too late for Shen Qingqiu to think carefully. When he saw that only endless fighting would ensue if things continued like this, he leaped out of the wine shop and lightly called,

“Come out!” Indeed, both sides couldn’t be bothered to keep fighting, and they scrambled to squeeze out of the shop.

Once he landed on the street, Shen Qingqiu was speechless.

A large group of cultivators who were all wearing different styles of clothing stood in a line, combat ready, glaring at him menacingly.

Alright. After all, they had caused too much chaos inside of the wine shop just now, so it didn’t make much sense if people weren’t drawn over, right...

With a tap of his foot, Shen Qingqiu leaped onto the roof before flipping over and standing on the upturned eaves. He sucked in a deep breath of air before shouting from his core, “Liu—Qing—ge!”

Someone flew up on his sword and furiously rebuked, “Shen Qingqiu, you’re so evil. Did you purposefully run here and draw all of the manpower from various sects in a single place just so you could collude with the demon race and round up everyone in one fell swoop? Do you want to re-enact the tragedy of the Immortal Alliance Conference? My Ba Qi Clan won’t let you get your way!”

They could just blame whatever they wanted onto him at this rate, couldn’t they?!

Shen Qingqiu wasn’t even in the mood to strike back. The sharp whistling sound of sword energy came from the east, and a person in white flew over on his sword as fast as lightning. He had too much momentum, and he needlessly created a strong gust of wind to the point that it threw the criticizing person off his own sword.

Liu Qingge stood steadily on Cheng Luan, arms crossed. “What is it?”

Too reliable, Renowned Master Liu!

Shen Qingqiu said sincerely, “Take me away.”

Liu Qingge, “...”

Shen Qingqiu said, “My poison flared up again, so I can’t activate the energy to fly on my sword. If you don’t take me, I can only fall down from the sky.”

Liu Qingge sighed. “Come up.”

The crowd watching from below continued to endlessly denounce him with things like ‘the Cang Qiong Mountain sect is a pit of wickedness’ or ‘the Bai Zhan Peak and the Qing Jing Peak are partners in crime’, but both of them acted as if they couldn’t hear anything. The Cheng Luan sword shot towards the sky, the wind whistling in their ears, as they left the rest of the people on their flying swords far behind.

Liu Qingge said, “Go where?”

Shen Qingqiu said, “The roof of the tallest building in this town. Please help me keep these people away in a bit.”

Liu Qingge said, “What on earth is up with you? If you didn’t want to go into the dungeon, why didn’t you say so earlier instead of making things so troublesome? Even if the Cang Qiong Mountain sect doesn’t know how to navigate the water dungeon, did you think we wouldn’t know how to tear it apart?”

Shen Qingqiu said, “That... there’s no need to tear the water dungeon apart...”

Liu Qingge said, “Get off.”

Shen Qingqiu, “I only said that there was no need for it anymore, but actually, I’m still grateful for your good intentions. It isn’t necessary to throw me off, is it?”

Liu Qingge, “Something’s coming.”

Shen Qingqiu didn’t say anything else and instantly jumped down.

The tips of his feet landed on the tiles, and he stood on the eaves of a roof. Cheng Luan’s momentum was extremely strong, so Liu Qingge did a

dazzling backflip on his sword in the air before finally coming to a stop. He looked attentively off into the distance, and Shen Qingqiu followed his gaze to look over as well.

But then, he heard a sneer come from behind him. “Where are you looking?”

Shen Qingqiu narrowly avoided staggering off the roof on the spot.

That ‘wait and see!’ unexpectedly wasn’t just lip service.

That also made sense. Since when was Luo Binghe someone who gave lip service?

Despite bearing the risk of the Heart Devil Sword’s counterattack, Luo Binghe actually still came to catch him... what a deep resentment.

Luo Binghe stared unwaveringly at them, his expression gloomy. He slowly reached out a hand towards Shen Qingqiu and said, “Come with me.”

Shen Qingqiu said, “Gongyi Xiao died.”

Luo Binghe froze.

Shen Qingqiu continued, “The disciples guarding the water dungeon also died.

“Luo Binghe, was it really worth it to exchange over a hundred Huan Hua Palace lives just so that I would be hated by everyone?”

Red flashed through Luo Binghe’s eyes.

He said coldly, “You won’t trust anything I say regardless, so there’s no need for this nonsense! I’ll ask you one more time—are you going to come over or not?”

He stubbornly refused to retract that hand. Shen Qingqiu still hadn’t answered yet when ten or so people suddenly appeared in the air around

him on flying swords, completely surrounding them.

The one in lead was that man from the Ba Qi Clan. This time, his body seemed to be a little lower, as if he was using the horse stance on his sword to prevent himself from being thrown off again. He yelled, “Shen Qingqiu is ours! No one else should even think about touching...”

Luo Binghe violently turned his head and shouted, “Beat it!”

He didn’t even unsheathe his sword before a powerful wave of energy burst out of him, and there seemed to be a high-pitched whistling noise in everyone’s ears. This time, all ten or so people were thrown several meters away, swords and all. Half of them even crashed into a wall or pillar, causing fresh blood to spurt from their mouths.

The Ba Qi Clan encountered a truly powerful and overbearing aura and were completely wiped out. The observers left behind were all terrified: this black-clothed youth’s cultivation was extremely exceptional, so why had very few heard of his name before?

Liu Qingge pushed Shen Qingqiu. “Go. Do what you have to do!”

Shen Qingqiu said, “Can you handle him by yourself?!” 5:2, ah, 5:2, he hadn’t forgotten this score. He had called over Liu Qingge only because he wanted him to help take care of some of the small fries and conveniently give him a lift along the way. He didn’t want to bring misfortune on his head!

But these two were both characters who absolutely wouldn’t obediently listen to someone else. With some disagreement—no, without a single word, they both started fighting. The Cheng Luan sword was extremely powerful, but Luo Binghe didn’t draw his sword. Instead, spiritual energy began to gather in his hand, and he faced the attack head-on, using his palm as a blade!

Shen Qingqiu knew why he couldn’t draw his sword. There was no room for a single mistake during a duel between two masters, and this was the kind of moment where it was the easiest to be sucked into the void by the

Heart Devil Sword. If the demonic energy invaded and seized his mind with killing intent while everyone was watching, then it wouldn't be worth it. Luo Binghe actually had two cultivation systems in his body; one set was for spiritual energy, and the other was for demonic energy. Since his mixed blood had blended successfully enough, the two cultivation systems coexisted peacefully and worked well on their own. If needed, he could even use two different attacks in his right and left hands respectively and combine them to show off. But right now, first of all, he couldn't draw his sword, and second, it wasn't convenient for him to use demonic energy. There was no way to hold back its destructive power, and so, unexpectedly, he was on the same level as Liu Qingge.

A burst of enormous noise shook the roof, and the white rainbow of spiritual energy exploded together. They were fighting too intensely, so the cultivators below who were from the various sects didn't dare to just rashly rush in. Even a brainless rookie who had never experienced such a thing before could see that if they even barely touched the two's murderous auras, they wouldn't need cultivation to instantly fly away!

They fought so fiercely that Shen Qingqiu also felt an itch in his heart. If it weren't for Without A Cure activating at such an inconvenient moment, he truly would have also wanted to go up and fight a bit too. Unfortunately, time was about to be up. He narrowed his eyes and stared at the sky before leaping onto the tallest floor of the building.

The wind whistled past him as he stood on the roof as if it could blow him right off.

Luo Binghe looked at him from afar and suddenly felt a burst of impatience. He was in no mood to continue fighting, and ruthlessness rose sharply in his eyes as he placed his hand on the hilt of the long sword on his back.

He actually dared to draw his sword here?!

Shen Qingqiu said hastily, "Luo Binghe, don't be impulsive!"

Luo Binghe said severely, “Too late!” With a flick of his wrist, the Heart Devil Sword slid out, surrounded by visible, seething black energy!

Cheng Luan stabbed straight towards him, and Luo Binghe lightly tapped the edge of the Heart Devil Sword, which was as thin as a cicada’s wing. It seemed as if waves and waves of terrifying intent slowly oozed from the center of the sword, and Cheng Luan came to a complete stop in mid-air.

Cheng Luan wasn’t obeying his command. Liu Qingge had never once encountered this kind of situation before, and his momentary shock was hard to conceal. But Shen Qingqiu knew that the situation was serious.

If Luo Binghe was actually counterattacked by the Heart Devil Sword right now, then the people here in Huayue City and within a hundred kilometers all wouldn’t need to live anymore!

As a last resort, the Xiu Ya sword left its sheath, and Shen Qingqiu said, “Luo Binghe, come here. We should settle things today.”

Luo Binghe raised his head and looked at him darkly. In the next moment, he flashed to about three feet in front of him before raising his hand to create a formation that covered the entire upper half of the roof, cutting them off from everyone else.

He laughed with a twisted expression. “Settle things? How do you want to settle things? Shizun, can you and I still settle things cleanly by now?”

How could they not settle things cleanly?

Shen Qingqiu drew in a light breath of air. Even though he was holding his sword in his hand, he had no intention of crossing blades. In reality, he couldn’t do much right now even with this sword.

He said sincerely, “As matters stand, I have nothing much to say. As expected, even if every trick is used, it is difficult to disobey destiny.”

Luo Binghe sneered, “Destiny? What’s destiny? Is it allowing a four-year-old child to be bullied and humiliated without anyone lending a

helping hand? Is it letting an innocent old woman die from anger and starvation?"

With every sentence, he took a step closer aggressively. "Or is it letting me fight with a dog over a scrap of food? Or is it allowing the person who I wholeheartedly, genuinely admired to deceive me, abandon me, betray me, and personally push me down into a place worse than purgatory?!"

He said, "Shizun, look. Am I strong enough the way I am now?"

"Do you know how I spent those three years underground?"

"During those three years in that endless abyss, all I did was spend every moment, every second, thinking about Shizun.

"Thinking about why Shizun would treat me like this, why you wouldn't even give me a chance to explain or beg for mercy.

"You want me to acknowledge that this is the destiny that the heavens assigned me?"

"I thought about it for so long, and I finally understand now."

In Luo Binghe's smile, there was a hint of savagery.

"None of that is important, it's enough if I do what I want to do. Destiny doesn't exist at all, or if it does, then it's something that should be trampled underneath my feet!"

The scorching sun was directly overhead, and the last of the clouds also vanished without a trace. Sunlight flooded the entire city, causing everything to glow radiantly as if pure gold had been spilled all over the land.

Shen Qingqiu looked away from the sky. Because he had been looking directly at the sun, it seemed as if there were some tears glistening in his eyes.

Even though there had been no other alternative, he truly had played a large role for Luo Binghe to reach this point today, turning him into a dark youth who was vindictive against society. His original intention had been to prevent Luo Binghe from going to the extremes, but everything he did not only failed to achieve any real purpose, but also carved Luo Binghe's hatred and resentment even deeper into him.

When Luo Binghe saw his expression, he suddenly softened and couldn't help but be a little dazed. But simultaneously, a fierce, sharp headache pierced his head. He clenched his teeth and gripped the Heart Devil Sword tightly, which was attempting to struggle free.

Not good. At the very least, he couldn't be counterattacked by it here!

Suddenly, Shen Qingqiu said in a soft voice, "Don't let it suppress your heart."

When he heard this voice, he was suddenly taken back to his years at Qing Jing Peak.

It was even more difficult for Luo Binghe to control himself. It felt as if there was a sharp knife churning his mind, and the black flames surrounding the Heart Devil Sword abruptly surged out.

This time, it pressed down on him violently, and Luo Binghe was struggling to endure the severe pain when he suddenly felt someone gently embrace him.

Like the collapse of a vast dam, a burst of spiritual energy flooded into Luo Binghe's body, bringing a relief akin to a torrential rainstorm after a long drought. In an instant, it extinguished the evil energy of the Heart Devil sword that he was currently in a deadlock with.

Luo Binghe's breathing evened out and everything returned to normal, but immediately, his heart went cold.

Self-destruction!

Some of the people below the roof were already gasping and shouting, “Shen Qingqiu self-destructed!”

Shen Qingqiu let Luo Binghe go and slowly moved backward, staggering once.

The Xiu Ya sword fell first. Its master had already self-destructed his spiritual energy, and a sword was only there if its master was. It broke into numerous pieces in midair.

Shen Qingqiu always had the bad habit of swallowing his blood back down his throat, but at that moment, he couldn’t swallow it down anymore.

After his spiritual energy destructed completely, he was now a good-for-nothing that was even worse off than an ordinary, common person. His voice was light and buoyant, and most of it was blown away by the wind, but Luo Binghe still heard it clearly.

What he said was: “Everything that’s happened in the past, I’ll repay it all to you today.”

It could be considered a final act of kindness.

Afterward, he toppled backward and fell from the roof.

At first, Luo Binghe only stared blankly at him, and it was as if everything had been slowed down several times for him in that second. Even the moment where Shen Qingqiu fell was so slow that it was incomparably clear.

The body that was falling in mid-air was like a bloodstained paper kite. It was only when Luo Binghe’s body started to move on its own, fighting to catch Shen Qingqiu before he hit the ground, that he discovered Shen Qingqiu’s chest was light and flimsy—his entire body was empty of spiritual energy. He truly seemed like a paper kite that would break with one tear.

He didn’t even need to tear anything. It was already broken.

He still didn't dare believe it.

Didn't Shizun loathe his kind the most?

Wasn't he always unwilling to get close to him? Didn't he draw a clear line between them?

Then why would he tell him to control his heart so gently, as gently as back then, at the last moment?

... why did he not hesitate to self-destruct his soul and help Luo Binghe suppress the Heart Devil Sword's counterattack?!

It seemed that there were people shouting things like 'execute the demon' and 'righteousness above loyalty' all around him. The inside of Luo Binghe's head was a muddled mess, and he could only hold onto Shen Qingqiu and murmur, "Shizun?"

The Qing Jing Peak disciples and Huan Hua Palace disciples fought each other the entire way over before they finally reached them. Ning Yingying had long since heard that Luo Binghe wasn't dead, and she was both surprised and happy to be reunited with him, but then she saw Shen Qingqiu, whose eyes were already closed peacefully. The words she was about to say suddenly changed, and she said, trembling, "A-Luo... Shizun... what's wrong with him?"

Liu Qingge walked over. There was still a trace of blood next to his lips, and he said with a heavy expression, "He's dead!"

All the disciples were dumbstruck.

Suddenly, Ming Fan shouted, "Who killed him?!"

Everyone's eyes landed on Luo Binghe.

Even though, strictly speaking, Luo Binghe couldn't really be regarded as the one who killed him, but Shen Qingqiu indeed self-destructed and died in front of him.

Ming Fan and the crowd of disciples behind him all drew their swords, ready to strike. Liu Qingge said, “You all cannot defeat him.”

Ming Fan’s eyes bled crimson. “Liu Shishu! Then Liu Shishu can kill him and get revenge for Shizun, right?!”

Liu Qingge said evenly, “I also cannot defeat him.”

Ming Fan choked.

Liu Qingge wiped away the traces of blood next to his lips and said, “He didn’t kill Shen Qingqiu.

“But although he was not killed by him, he did die for him,” Liu Qingge said, one word at a time, like a sharp sword being drawn, “The Cang Qiong Mountain sect must avenge this wrongdoing!”

Luo Binghe turned a deaf ear to everything else, greatly agitated and at a loss of what to do. He was still holding Shen Qingqiu’s body, which was rapidly cooling down. It seemed like he wanted to call for him loudly and forcefully shake him awake, yet he didn’t dare to, as if he was afraid of being scolded. He said slowly, “Shizun?”

Ming Fan shouted, “Stop calling him Shizun already, he can’t bear the responsibility of being called your Shizun! My fellow Shidi, who cares if we can’t defeat him? At the most, we’ll just be beaten to death by him!”

Ning Yingying raised a hand to stop him. Ming Fan was seized by an outburst of anger, and he thought that Ning Yingying was still recalling her former affection for Luo Binghe. He accused, “Little apprentice-sister, it has already reached this point. Why are you still being childish?!”

Ning Yingying said, “Shut up. Even if you rush up and court death, would Shizun know? What would he say if he knew? Shizun would rather himself be infected before letting us suffer or be taken advantage of. This is how little you treasure your life?”

For so many years, Ning Yingying always had the charming attitude of a young maiden. When she suddenly grew unyielding at that moment, Ming Fan was completely stunned.

After a long pause, tears abruptly started to fall from his eyes.

He sniffled and sobbed as he said miserably, “But... if it’s like this, Shizun was wronged too much...”

“Clearly, he didn’t do it, yet everyone said that he colluded with the demon race, that he killed people, that he’s scum, so they shut him in the water dungeon... he didn’t even have a chance to clear his name.”

He was choked with sobs. “Clearly, he liked this brat so much... he even bet five thousand spirit stones on him during the Immortal Alliance Conference, carrying such high expectations for him. He was so happy when other people praised him... afterward he wasn’t willing to return the Zheng Yang sword to Wan Jian Feng, insisting on keeping it and making a sword mound behind the mountain... he was heartbroken for such a long time... and in the end, this is the kind of fate that he meets!”

Luo Binghe listened faintly as if he was half in a dream and half in reality.

Was that how it was?

Back then, Shizun was also actually... very heartbroken?

Ning Yingying took a step forward, and though the rims of her eyes bright red, the tone of her voice was steady. She said, “A-Luo, even though we weren’t there during the debacle at Jinlan City, we all heard about it. I don’t know why you didn’t return to Cang Qiong Mountain sect or the Qing Jing Peak even though you didn’t die, and I also don’t know why you didn’t speak up for Shizun. I know even less about what exactly happened at the Immortal Alliance Conference. But at the very least, Shizun’s kindness to raise you and train you throughout the years, as well as his tender affection for you and his desire to protect you, were not fake. Everyone knew this naturally.”

After a pause, she continued, “If you feel that Shizun wasn’t good to you a very long time ago, then think of the day you lost your jade pendant. Shixiong and the rest were inexplicably beaten back, and you must have also thought that something wasn’t quite right. There isn’t another person on Qing Jing Peak who would pick leaves and send them flying as weapons to teach others a small lesson.”

Luo Binghe involuntarily held Shen Qingqiu closer.

He said in a small voice, “I was wrong, Shizun, I really... know that I was wrong.

“I... I didn’t want to kill you...”

Ning Yingying said loudly, “Everything that needs to be said has already been said. Even if there was once a time that Shizun was unfair to you or there’s some grudge that you can’t let go of in your heart, today everything can be considered to have been repaid to you, right? From today onwards, you...”

When she reached this part, she still couldn’t bear it and looked away. “I ask that you... do not call him Shizun anymore.”

“Repay”?

Yes. It seemed that Shizun had said he would “repay it all” to him just then.

Could it be that he was referring to... when he struck him down into the abyss in the past, so today, he would fall from a high building for him?

Luo Binghe panicked.

“I don’t need you to repay me. I... I just couldn’t control my anger,” he said out loud to himself. “I just couldn’t control my anger, since you acted as if you saw a ghost every time you saw me. You went on talking and laughing with other people as if nothing had happened. You were like that only with me in the past, but now you aren’t even willing to speak to me,

always suspecting me... I was wrong.” He stammered and stuttered, wiping the blood off of Shen Qingqiu’s face as he spoke.

“You don’t like the fact that I’m part of the demon race, so I was afraid that if I went straight back to the Cang Qiong Mountain sect, you would chase me out. I thought that if I could seize the Huan Hua Palace and become a peak lord of the righteous path like you, maybe that would make you happy...”

Luo Binghe said in a trembling voice, “Shizun... I... I really...”

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by Yan. Yan asked if we ought to not put the chapter title up there but I was like, “Ummm the author put that there, we only translate, we don’t censor the author.... only the crab does that.” So yeah, massive spoiler in the chapter title.
- Farewell, dearest cannon fodder Gongyi Xiao.
- I cry every time I read this chapter. The comments are open, go ahead and let it all out!

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Chapter 44: Manual Rebirth

At the border.

The night breeze was swift as it whistled through the tiny town between its scattered houses.



Along the entire street, only one small teahouse leaked warm light, giving it a bit of life.

The so-called 'border' wasn't the boundary between two countries or two cities, but rather the demon world and human world.

The two races were separated into different worlds. Originally, there was still a space-rending Endless Abyss that served as a partition in the middle, but there were always a few weak spots in the formation that kept the two

worlds apart, causing time and space to be in disorder. One could often find residents of both worlds passing through those spots to run away, and things like maliciously sneaking across the border was a common occurrence as well.

No normal person would want to live in a place where the demon race came and went like shadows, stealing things one day before committing murder and arson the next. Therefore, the population at the border became more and more scarce. Even though it used to be a flourishing metropolis, many people moved away once the space between the different worlds started to blur together. Only the disciples of the sects that came to mend the boundary stayed behind to guard the border.

Lu Liu poured a bowl of hot wine for the newcomer, exchanging greetings with him and a few other people as they surrounded the stove. “Brother, where did you come from?”

“From the south.”

“Oh, from there?” The people glanced at each other before making understanding expressions. “It isn’t easy to cross that area right now, is it?”

The newcomer held up his bowl of wine and frowned. “Who said it is? There’s a fight almost every day. Nobody can handle this kind of suffering.”

Someone chipped in from the corner, “Cang Qiong Mountain and Huan Hua Palace can both be considered one of the four big sects, so why have they stirred up so much trouble these past few years? Disciples from either side can’t go a day without fighting if they see each other. Why don’t the two Sect Masters do something about it?”

Lu Liu said, “How many years have you stayed in this cursed, god-forsaken place? You’ve been gone for too long. These disciples only fight so furiously because those two Sect Masters tacitly agreed to it!”

“Why’s that? Brother Liu, you should explain it a bit.”

Lu Liu cleared his throat and said, "This is complicated to explain. Do you guys know who the current head of the Huan Hua Palace is?"

"I heard that it's a young brat."

Lu Liu laughed coldly. "If Luo Binghe can be called a young brat, then both you and I don't need to live anymore. It's no simple task if we're going to talk about this Luo Binghe. He came from Cang Qiong Mountain sect and was Qing Jing Peak's Shen Qingqiu's head disciple. Back then, during the Immortal Alliance Conference, he topped the rankings by a large margin. That was truly impressive."

Someone else said, unconvinced, "If he came from Cang Qiong Mountain sect, then how can he be the head of Huan Hua Palace?"

"After the Immortal Alliance Conference, Luo Binghe went missing for three years, and nobody knew where he went or what he did during those three years. At that time, Shen Qingqiu said that he had passed away, so everyone believed that he was already dead. Who would've thought that, three years later, he would make a comeback as a key figure in Huan Hua Palace? He forced Shen Qingqiu to self-destruct then and there at Huayue City."

The newcomer said, "I never could understand that. Was this Shen Qingqiu wronged, or did he deserve to die?"

Lu Liu said, "Who can say. The Cang Qiong Mountain sect has definitely been united in their treatment towards outsiders: they beat up whoever mentions it. Their sect has been like that all along; they recognize family, not logic. They don't even allow other people to gossip about something resolute and final like An Ding Peak's Shang Qinghua defecting to the demon world. Not long after what happened at Huayue City, Huan Hua Palace's peak position changed hands. The Old Palace Master retired, and now you can't even find his shadow anymore. Luo Binghe became the dominant authority, and if anyone brought it up, he'd kill them."

Someone muttered, "Just because of a dead person."

Lu Liu said, “The disturbance that this dead person created wasn’t small. Shen Qingqiu was someone from Cang Qiong Mountain sect, and he also used to be the Second Peak’s Peak Lord. His body definitely should have been sent back to Qing Jing Peak to be buried with the previous Peak Lords—but the problem is, Luo Binghe refused to return the body.”

Everyone thought of Luo Binghe doing something like whipping the corpse and putting it on display, and the hairs on their bodies stood on end. “If he refuses to return it, wouldn’t Cang Qiong Mountain sect forcefully steal it back? Bai Zhan Peak’s Peak Lord is still here.”

Lu Liu shrugged. “He can’t defeat him.”

“What?!” Everyone’s worldviews were destroyed. In the common people’s minds, Bai Zhan Peak’s Lord had always been like an undefeatable battle god. “He can’t defeat him” was something that was ... truly unacceptable.

Lu Liu said, “You guys don’t know? After Huayue City, Bai Zhan Peak’s Liu Qingge fought countless times with Luo Binghe, but he never won once! That’s not the end of it either. When Luo Binghe brought Shen Qingqiu’s body back to Huan Hua Palace, only a few days passed before he personally abducted Qian Cao Peak’s Mu Qingfang.”

Someone said, “Qian Cao Peak has always disregarded worldly affairs, healing the wounded and rescuing the dying. How did he provoke this tyrant?”

Lu Liu said, “Luo Binghe dragged him to Huan Hua Palace and told him to revive Shen Qingqiu.” He sighed as he said, “His corpse had already stiffened. What was there to revive?”

The newcomer said, “When I saw the two sides fighting, Cang Qiong Mountain sect always liked to call Huan Hua Palace ‘the demon race’s lackey.’ Why do they say that?”

Lu Liu said, “That’s because the entire Cang Qiong Mountain sect, for some reason, continues to insist that Luo Binghe is associated with the

demon race. Even though countless Zhao Hua Temple elders personally inspected him and found that the spiritual energy in Luo Binghe's body works normally, Cang Qiong Mountain sect still persistently calls him that... they continue to seek revenge on each other, and the hatred between the two sects just keeps growing and growing. In my opinion, there'll be a day when everything boils over and nobody will need to live anymore." When he got to the end, he didn't forget to console them a bit. "It can also be considered a good thing that we were sent to guard the border, leisurely and idly."

The person in the corner said, confused, "I still don't understand what happened between this pair of master and disciple and the two sects."

"One explanation is a hatred as deep as the sea. But there's still another explanation that I, Old Lu, find more believable. Let me tell you guys..." Lu Liu was about to happily continue speaking when, suddenly, the sound of knocking came from the door.

Everyone in the room was instantly on alert, and their previous exhaustion and sluggishness was swept away at once as they each readied their own weapons.

The population at the border was scarce, and it was extremely bleak and desolate. They were the only team that was permanently stationed in the town to guard the border, and those on patrol outside wouldn't return so fast. The few remaining residents even more so wouldn't come out seeking death in the middle of the night to stroll around.

Nobody answered from inside the room. After a long pause, there were two more raps on the door.

Lu Liu said severely, "Who is it!"

Suddenly, a cold wind blew across, extinguishing the oil lamp and the candles on the table. The room was instantly plunged into pitch darkness, leaving only the dim red light of the coals in the stove to burn faintly.

The shadow of a man carrying a sword on his back reflected against the paper window of the door. The person said in a loud and clear voice, “Brother Liu, it’s me. It was too cold today, so I came back first. Let me in quickly so I can drink a cup of wine to warm myself up.”

All the other people let out the breaths they were holding and berated him. “Do you want to die, Old Qin? Just knocking on the door without saying anything—if we didn’t know better we would’ve thought that you were eaten by a ghost!”

The person outside the door chuckled. Lu Liu felt that something wasn’t quite right but couldn’t pinpoint just what it was, so he said, “Come on in!” and opened the door.

A gust of cold wind blew directly in from outside. It was completely empty.

Lu Liu slammed the door shut. “Light the lamp! Light the lamp, light the lamp!”

The newcomer turned and struck up a flame with his slightly shaking fingers, and the trembling light of the fire cast their shadows. He hadn’t lit the candle yet before he turned around again. He stuttered, “Brother Liu, I... I want to ask you something.”

Lu Liu said impatiently, “What are you wasting time for?”

The newcomer said, “There were only six people in this room before, right?”

“But when I look around now, why ... does it seem like there are seven?”

Dead silence.

Suddenly, there was an explosion of noise. It was unclear who moved first, but the sound of screaming and weapons clashing against each other mixed together, high and low. Lu Liu shouted, “Light! Light!” Everyone hastily created flames, but their movements were too chaotic, and the

flames swayed wildly as their shadows shook violently, swaying to the point that it made their eyes dizzy. The more light there was, the less they were able to discern who was who. Everyone was afraid of hurting someone on their side, so they didn't dare to act ruthlessly, allowing the thing that had wormed its way in to reap the benefits from their confusion. There was a claw here, a knife there, and Lu Liu was currently resenting everything when something suddenly gripped his neck.

His eyes rolled upwards as his feet slowly left the ground, unable to see what was choking him. Just when he thought that his life would end right then and there, the door abruptly burst open and a fierce wind rolled in. A human figure rushed inside.

Without seeing him make any particular movements, Lu Liu heard a strange shriek next to his ear, which seemed to come from the thing that was choking him. Afterward, its grip around his throat loosened.

The six people inside the room were still badly shaken, and there were some that were already lying on the ground. The person snapped, and all the oil lamps inside the room lit up at the same time.

He bent down to inspect the ones on the floor for a moment before standing up and saying, "Unharmful. They just fainted."

This person was covered in black mud, and he looked exactly as if he had just crawled out of a grave. Furthermore, his face was covered with a beard, densely concealing his features. His figure was clearly thin, but his face made it seem as if he was a big burly man with sideburns. Lu Liu finally managed to stop coughing, and he looked him up and down for a moment before he cupped his hands and said, "Many – many thanks to Your Excellency for chasing away that demon just now!"

The person placed a hand on his shoulder. "I have something I wish to ask."

Lu Liu, "Please do."

The other said, "What year is it now?"

When Shen Qingqiu rolled and crawled down from the mountain, covered completely in mud, he really wanted to destroy Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky ten thousand times over. Destroying his soul, or destroying his backdoor, either was fine.

Back then, the life-saving method that he had considered the most was actually faking his death.

But what was the point of faking his death? He could find a puppet or someone who looked like him to die in his stead so he could slip away and escape, but the dramas had already overused that trope!

So, the method he used was to actually die.

That day, he had honestly, genuinely self-destructed, and he had done a good deed on his way out, drawing out a large portion of the out-of-control berserk energy from Luo Binghe's body. To say that his spiritual veins had been ground into dust wouldn't even be an overstatement.

When faced with death, he could only fight to survive.

The Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed's nickname "Flesh Seed" represented its literal meaning. Even though this seed wasn't much use for cultivating, it was still grown from the synthesis of the spiritual energy from the world and the essence of the sun and moon. If its seedling was planted and cultivated in a place abundant with spiritual energy, meticulously molded and vigorously watered, it would be able to grow a living human body by the time it matured. Though the human body could be grown, there was no way to create a soul using this method. In other words, what was grown was a soulless, empty shell, and it couldn't be any more suited to be a vessel.

It was no longer just a dream to "plant a small Shen in the spring and reap a big Shen in the fall"!

But it wasn't as if the Dew Flower Seed was a big white cabbage that could be raised if you just sprinkled some fertilizer on it. Shen Qingqiu had

ruined several Flesh Seed sprouts before he finally grew one that wasn't crooked.

He and Shang Qinghua had calculated various coordinates well in advance and implemented remote operations. They set up a transportation array underneath Huayue City's tallest building, and when the sunlight was at its strongest, Shang Qinghua set up a propelling array at Cang Qiong Mountain. Once Shen Qingqiu's soul left its body, he would be transported to the matured Dew Seed that they had long since buried deep in the mountains at the border.

Three locations, three arrays. When they were connected, they would form the most stable equilateral triangle shape. It should've been completely stable, completely reliable.

The only flaw rested with a certain someone.

Great God Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky was much too reliable.

Even though the mistakes Shen Qingqiu was worried about happening didn't occur, like 'his arms and legs didn't finish growing' or 'a key part of his body forgot to grow,' a Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed that had been forced to ripen too early using chemical fertilizer indeed had some side effects.

When he first woke up, Shen Qingqiu waited quietly for a while, but he didn't hear that abominable Google Translate beep.

His heart went wild with joy: The System didn't come out, hahaha the System didn't come out! I changed my hardware, I'm not going to install your virus software again hahaha! Even though he was only temporarily set at ease, he still couldn't help but dance for joy... dance for joy, his ass.

His whole body was still buried in the mud, unable to move!

He was buried for a whole day, storing up strength first from his fingers all the way up to the point that he could control his limbs. Only then did Shen Qingqiu climb out shakily.

The moment he broke free from the dirt, he had yet to revel in the pure and fresh air of freedom before he fell down face-first. Ah, his body wasn't listening to him again. He laid on the ground.

For an entire day, he did warm-up exercises as he walked, and only then did Shen Qingqiu's walking posture seem like that of a normal person by the time it was night. At any rate, he was no longer walking with the same arm and foot forward anymore.

He based this body on the appearance that he, Shen Yuan, originally had in his past life. It wasn't as good as Shen Qingqiu's immortal demeanor, but it could still be considered a pretty good body. The only thing was that it gave off a bit of a dispirited feeling like he was a pretty boy sitting around waiting to die. But because they had used a bit of his blood when they were raising the Dew Seed, it would still have some effect no matter what. When Shen Qingqiu rolled to the edge of the stream and used the sharp edge of a rock to shave his beard and take a look, this face still looked thirty-to-forty percent similar to Shen Qingqiu's. He silently picked up the beard again and stuck it back on his face.

After that, he finally managed to get down the mountain and grab someone on the side of the road to ask—holy sh*t, five years had already passed!

He could understand that the reason his body was uncoordinated or occasionally wouldn't move when he first woke up was because it needed a certain amount of time to adapt and reconfigure itself, but to be buried for five years before waking up—how did that happen?!

He had complaint after complaint, but in the end, this body... was simply overflowing with spiritual energy!

If the original Shen Qingqiu's body didn't have Without A Cure occasionally causing trouble, then it could also be considered as having abundant spiritual energy. The only thing was that if he compared it to the feeling he had now, it would be like comparing two bars of battery (still enough to use) to a full bar of battery (just unplugged after it had finished charging). Or, in other words, he could just be called a generator!

Could this be considered casting off one's old self and completely remolding it?

Was this a sign that his life as a protagonist was also about to begin?!

After many years, this was the first time that Shen Qingqiu felt like he had gained a little bit of dignity as a reincarnator, the first time he felt like the incompetent him was no longer dragging down the long line of seniors who had reincarnated before him!

When he refocused again, Lu Liu was still talking endlessly. "The problem of the demon race invading these past few years has become more and more serious. All kinds of monsters have come pouring into the human realm, and I'm afraid that a huge battle is about... oh, I still haven't asked for Your Excellency's name?"

Shen Qingqiu's 'haha I am Shen Qingqiu of the Xiu Ya sword from the Central Plains' Cang Qiong Mountain sect's Qing Jing Peak' didn't even reach his throat before it made a sharp u-turn. Close call, close call, he almost used his old name. He momentarily couldn't think of another name, and he hesitated for a second before resolutely spitting out two words, "Peerless Cucumber."

His past vanished like smoke. From today onwards, he would walk off the beaten path, and he would use this ID that had swept through book review sites for countless years.

After he finished speaking, Shen Qingqiu glided away, leaving behind a room full of frozen people.

A long pause later, the newcomer murmured, "Did he just say... Peerless... what was it?"

Lu Liu guessed, "Peerless... Chrysanthemum?" (t/n: /huang hua sounds like /huang gua/cucumber in Chinese)

"Wasn't it Peerless Crown?" (t/n: /huang guan, same thing)

“No no no, it seems like it was Peerless Wild Flower!” (t/n: /kuang hua, they’re just getting further and further away at this point lol)

Shen Qingqiu had walked several meters away when his feet nearly slipped out from under him.

Perhaps he should rethink it later and change it to a different name...

Naturally, the first step towards the start of his new life had to begin with the item that Shen Qingqiu was the most familiar with. The first prop he needed was a folding fan.

A fan with a white silk base and an ink-splashed landscape on it.

Shen Qingqiu opened the fan with a swish, fanning it in front of his chest, sending his long hair and beard flying. He probably didn’t look very good, as he didn’t really match his prop, but it didn’t matter. With a folding fan in his hand, he now had the tool he needed to seem pretentious.

Shen Qingqiu placed one foot on the mountain rock and said, “Spill it. What exactly are your intentions for sneaking into the human world?”

Reika’s Notes:

- Chapter translated by Yan.
- This chapter marks the birth of a brand-new character, Peerless Cucumber! As you know, this name is an innuendo since “cucumber” is one of the euphemisms for... *cough* you know.
- Oh, no! It seems that Shen Qingqiu’s reputation has definitely suffered even after he sacrificed himself. Hmph, I would have thought Luo Binghe would want to cleanse his poor Shizun’s reputation.
- There have been so many people reading Scum Villain that this website went over the website hosting bandwidth limits. I had to pay the bill prematurely and when the hosting has to be renewed in February I will have to get a more expensive one.

- This is because BC Novels is now getting more than 500,000 views per month. It's around 18,000-20,000 per day now.
- If you would like to donate then you can use either [Ko Fi](#) or [Patreon](#). Please note that I do not offer advance chapters of Scum Villain on Patreon. I'm happy that all of BC Novels' projects are popular so if you can't donate then please don't worry or apologize for it.

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Chapter 45 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 45 – Demon Culture

A pile of trembling people were squeezed in front of him... ah no, not people, they were demons. Although, just by looking at their appearance, there wasn't much of a difference.

The one in front shook with fear. “We usually just ... steal some small trinkets from the human world and take it back to exchange for some things.”



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The demonic race didn't have a common currency and mostly bartered. If something looked pleasing to the eye then they'd exchange for it—if not, then they would leave it. As for the demon race's level of craftsmanship and art, a piece of ordinary embroidery was equivalent to high-quality handiwork, so the various little trinkets of the human world were

enthusiastically received. The things of least value were the various special crystals that were thought to be tacky and omnipresent in the demon world.

But what the demon world considered tacky and omnipresent was well received in the human world!

Shen Qingqiu snapped closed his fan. He said seriously, “This poor, remote, godforsaken place, producing ability is backward, the economy is not flourishing, and the people’s happiness is lower than the average level. Despite this, you take advantage of others’ misfortune and commit thievery—truly, this is something that should not be done.”

The little demon was greatly confused.

How come he remembered when he was captured, this... great person was also in the middle of stealing... ah no, borrowing some clothes to wear?

And this folding fan that was happily waved around was the same.

Shen Qingqiu thought, I was forced by the circumstances—surely he should not have to keep wearing clothes dug from the ground, wandering around like a savage?

But this opened up a new avenue of thought. If you can give the little demons, previously only petty thieves, a means to acquire these small goods, could this possibly set up a prosperous and peaceful farming community, giving them new ground in a society based around cultivators fighting demons?

Shen Qingqiu, like an irresponsible YY novel character, thought that if he were to take some underlings under his wing, then he must first understand the opposing side’s life. He asked amiably, “Do you eat rotten flesh?”

All the little demons shook their heads. Shen Qingqiu was just about to give a relieved sigh when he heard the leading little demon say resoundingly, “My father said only rich people can afford to eat rotten meat...”

Shen Qingqiu interrupted. “Enough.”

It’s hardly an economic question, ok! Luo Binghe, after he ascended to his position in the demon world, is enough of a big person, right? How come he’s never seen him enjoy eating this type of thing!

A pause. He changed the question. “What is your name?”

The first one replied, “Six Balls.”

Shen Qingqiu asked, “What does that mean?”

Six Balls said, “When I was born, my father held me and said I weighed six balls.”

Shen Qingqiu: “...”

What kind of ball? Shot-put or ping-pong ball?! This kind of name is completely senseless.

The rest of them fought to not be the last to announce their name. None of them could endure being the last heard. It seemed they regarded this as quite an honor.

Are all the names given to ordinary demons of this practical/pragmatic type!

Family names didn’t exist in demon culture and the names they chose were incredibly unrestrained and imaginative, brazen and bold. Those generals whose titles render people speechless—for example, the Sky Hammer Elder or Single-Arm Elder—anyone could tell that they’d climbed there from loser stage in a glance. But if born a noble—for example, Mo Bei-Jun, Sha Hualing, or Luo Binghe’s father Tian Lang-Jun—their situation was slightly better.

Shen Qingqiu suddenly had a thought. It was fortunate Luo Binghe hadn’t been thrown into the demon world and adopted from there. If he were raised by ordinary folk of the demon race, according to this style, he

would probably be given a name that seemed as if his parents bore him a grudge.

What would he be called?

Jade Face Little Lang-Jun?

No, no, no, it should probably be more impressive—thunderous to crack stones and startle the heavens. Remembering in the original work that a young lady had shyly expressed how Luo Binghe in “that respect” is so etc. The harem 3000 nights... even after a thousand centuries the golden spear didn’t fall and remained robust as ever. In fact, the name Peerless Cucumber suited Luo Binghe quite well, but since Shen Qingqiu was already using it, then Luo Binghe might as well be called... Heavenly-Pillar Lord?

Hahaha, holy f***, Luo Heavenly Pillar hahahahahaha how sick but invigorating!

Shen Qingqiu had just begun laughing when he suddenly gave himself a slap.

You’re f***ing crazy!

Are you really so pleased with yourself that you start thinking vulgar jokes in your head?

What is there to laugh about? Did you figure out who you should be making wretched?!

All the little demons, who saw this great person laugh until he fell to the ground and furiously slap himself in the next moment, were in a puzzled fog, but they didn’t even dare breathe. Suddenly, Shen Qingqiu’s smile froze. His fan pressed down on Six Ball’s shoulders and pulled him over.

Shen Qingqiu took a sword tassel from his waist. “Where’d you get this from?”

This was a sword tassel, but it wasn’t an ordinary tassel.

This is the primary female protagonist Liu Mingyan's sword Shui Se's sword tassel!

This is the male and female protagonist's token of love, do you understand? Back then, at Cang Qiong Mountain, Shen Qingqiu had paid special attention to it—there didn't need to be a lot of distinguishing features for him to recognize it. How did this thing end up in this random little demon's hands?

Six Balls whimpered, "Th-th-this isn't stolen, this was picked up..."

You go to a random street and pick up another tassel again for me to see. Shen Qingqiu asked, "Where did you find it?"

Six Balls said, "Th-th-these past days, there are great people occupying the road at night, ordering their subordinates to come and clear the way. We were a bit curious, so we hid next to the road, and picked this up off the road afterward."

The great people the little demon spoke of were, without a doubt, the demon society's nobles. This type usually wouldn't appear much in frontier zones, thus catching the attention of many people. Rather, the environment here usually didn't suit them. What kind of important person would have the audacity to parade around and occupy the road, even leaving behind Liu Mingyan's item that's always kept close to her?

The first person Shen Qingqiu thought of was, naturally, a certain someone.

He asked, "The great person you speak of, is it... a not bad-looking youth?"

After a moment of thinking, he decided against concealing his thoughts, changed tactics, and said, "He isn't just not bad-looking, he's really quite attractive. Very attractive. White skin, charming face, tall, doesn't smile much, but when he does it is quite dark."

Six Balls shook his head, his face suddenly reddening.

What is he blushing for? Shen Qingqiu interrogated him further, but couldn't get a word out of him. He mulled it over and thought it probably wasn't Luo Binghe.

Luo Binghe had the Heart Demon sword, which was an OP item defied the natural order, could at will slash apart the space between the two worlds, and, with just a slash, flick aside an opening to step into the demon world. He would never use up this much energy to run over to this remote area and dutifully walk the smuggler's road instead.

In that case, questions arise. If the demon sect passed through this area and left behind Liu Mingyan's things, could it be that Liu MingYan slipped up and was captured?

He couldn't remember a moment in the original work where the primary female protagonist Liu Mingyan was subject to this treatment. What kind of rustic little bandit dared to touch Luo Binghe's wife?

Though the Liu brother and sister pair usually stayed in their respective Peaks and cultivated independently, the original work mentioned they had a good relationship with each other. It was probably because neither of them were the clingy type that it seemed the brother-sister relationship was distant. But no matter if it was Liu Qingge's little sister or Qi Qingqi's beloved disciple, Shen Qingqiu couldn't ignore Liu Mingyan and not interfere.

Moreover, at this time, the system was (or should be) unable to threaten him (for now). He also didn't need to fear limitations or a flurry of deducting B points etc. Why not go over and have a look?

Shen Qingqiu asked, "The break/fissure between worlds—where is it?"

At midnight, Shen Qingqiu hid in the treetops, concealed all traces of his presence, and watched below.

He didn't know how long he waited when a patch of air suddenly became distorted enough for the naked eye to see.

Shen Qingqiu's eyes lit up as he held his breath, attentive. He saw only a single black-robed youth leap out.

The distance between them was quite far, but Shen Qingqiu's eyes were exceptionally keen and saw him clearly. This youth was approximately seventeen years old, a strained expression upon his sharp, handsome face. Shen Qingqiu was quite familiar with this face, but he just couldn't recall where he'd seen it before—he was, regardless, sure he'd seen it before.

Suddenly, the silence of the night was broken by a ringing female voice, sweet and cold, echoing in the forest. “As expected, Bai Zhan Peak's disciples are exceptional—a hundred Immortal Binding Cables tied around the body, yet still able to beat my numerous subordinates to the ground and escape for this long. There really is not a single moment of laziness!”

Upon hearing this voice, Shen Qingqiu suddenly realized something.

Beautiful, noble, had subordinates, a demon who little demons would blush upon mentioning—so it's Sha Hualing.

Apologies, this girl is one of the female protagonists. With that said, it's been too long since we were reminded of her existence and more or less forgot about her!

If Liu Mingyan fell into her hands—what happened next would make people even more concerned. His face paled.

No wonder this youth's running posture wasn't right, like his body was particularly heavy. Shen Qingqiu had only looked at his face, but now that he moved his gaze down, he could see that there were numerous thin silver strands wound around his body. Seeing the color of his robes, he could tell he was someone from Bai Zhan Peak, but he had no impression of seeing such a young disciple at Bai Zhan Peak before.

This youth knew he couldn't outrun his opponent and suddenly halted, intensity streaming from his forehead. "If you want to fight then fight!"

A flash of red cloth, Sha Hualing sauntered over with swaying hips, emphasizing her figure. With a full-bodied laugh, she said, "I spent so much effort catching you, how could I fight you? Quick, why don't you just come back with me?"

This youth's temper was explosive, and he spat in contempt. Sha Hualing said, "Not willing? Though I won't harm your soul, chopping off an arm or leg or something wouldn't affect your usability."

Saying this, she stretched out her right hand to grab that youth but hadn't been able to make contact. From her fingertips, she felt an unusual tremor. Sha Hualing thought the youth retaliated, retrieved her hand in haste, raised it to look, and saw that her five painted scarlet fingernails were cut off to a shorter length.

Though it was just the fingernails and didn't hurt at all, Sha Hualing still felt her hair-raising. She shouted, "Who's there?!"

If there was someone else here who could effortlessly sever her fingernail, then they could effortlessly sever her neck.

Shen Qingqiu, content, returned the tree branch leaves to their original place.

He just wanted to scare Sha Hualing, but at the same time, letting her nails grow so long was no good, really. Every time he sees it he would worry it'll break, which made him feel awful. Also, it would frequently rake Luo Binghe's back to the point of making it bleed... Even if Airplane Shooting Towards The Sky enjoyed this kind of hardcore thing, even if Luo Binghe's rejuvenation ability was inhuman—it didn't mean it was a proper and healthy way of living, right?

Sha Hualing's killing intent rose, swirling her red sash, and a ball of imposing demonic energy gathered around her five claws, which was then sent flying over to smother that youth. This young lady wasn't scared stiff;

conversely, she was scared angry. She really was a character. Shen Qingqiu, helpless, leaped down from the treetops, appearing to drop out of thin air between the two people. He gathered strength in a single hand and released a sudden assault that collided with Sha Hualing.

He knew this body's spiritual energy was full to bursting but didn't think it was full to this degree. Their two palms had not yet made contact when Sha Hualing was sent flying away as if she was a repelled magnet—at the same time, those clothes that barely covered her once again ripped apart...

Though it was a bonus, Shen Qingqiu always insisted on following a “don't look at a woman who has an above average face in this world” doctrine, so he conscientiously pixelated her himself. Sha Hualing was direct: last time she was about to let loose ruthless words—this time she just measured her strength and, not speaking a single line for the occasion, skipped straight to roll away, rolled right into that distorted air, and vanished in an instant.

Shen Qingqiu tossed his fan back and forth between his hands, infused spiritual energy, and transformed the fan into a blade. With a flip of a hand he chopped, and the Immortal Binding Cable broke into a hundred or so pieces. The youth, with great form and decorum, cupped his fists respectfully said, “Many thanks to senior for saving me!”

Shen Qingqiu, also with form and decorum, asked, “You are a Bai Zhan Peak disciple?”

“That is correct.”

“Under who?”

“My master is the Bai Zhan Peak Lord, Liu Qingge.”

Shen Qingqiu was astounded.

Liu Qingge never took disciples. At his Bai Zhan Peak, there were, at most, only his contemporaries—otherwise, there would be the disciples of

his contemporaries, but he himself had no interest in teaching disciples. Though Bai Zhan Peak claims to teach, they really just pick on people...

Shen Qingqiu was suspicious. "What's your name?"

That youth answered clearly, "Yang Yixuan."

I was saying he looked familiar so I must have met him somewhere before, right?

Five years was more than enough for a child to grow up. Shen Qingqiu gave Yang Yixuan an evaluating glance up and down.

Yang Yixuan said, "Elder?"

Shen Qingqiu inquired, "Your Shizun—how has he been these past few years?"

Losing to Luo Binghe at Hua Yue City would have been quite a blow for Liu Qingge. Shen Qingqiu felt a duty to ask after his Shidi's situation.

Yang Yixuan answered sincerely, "Defeated in every battle."

Shen Qingqiu: "..."

"Defeated in every battle"—these words became associated with the Bai Zhan Peak Lord. It truly made one's courage fail.

Shen Qingqiu asked, "Who is he fighting against? Luo Binghe?"

Yang Yixuan groused, "Apart from that little bas***, who else could it be?"

Shen Qingqiu's expression faintly twisted. Yang Yixuan himself was much younger than Luo Binghe, but called him a "little bas***" Who did he learn this from?

He doesn't know, but the entire Cang Qiong Mountain sect had taken to calling Luo Binghe—if not "little bas***"—"evil demon" "white-eyed

wolf,” or addressed him without his honorific title. Calling him a “bas***” was considered to be courteous.

Shen Qingqiu said, “How did you fall into this witch’s hands? I heard what she just said and thought it was strange. What does ‘how could I’ mean?”

Yang Yixuan promptly flushed. “If not for this witch using treacherous methods—first pretending to be a lady in distress, and after I became skeptical she all of a sudden took... took off... I’d never be trapped and caught by her!”

He understood in a flash. Shen Qingqiu lectured, “Look at yourself. Do you look like someone from Bai Zhan Peak? Even if you don’t interact with women, doesn’t mean you should dread interacting with them. What’s the matter with undressing? What’s the matter with a girl undressing in front of you? Your Shizun, back in the day, fought female demons in an entire cave full of naked ones!” Of course, with that said, when they were together at that time, he was suspicious Liu Qingge was either frigid or had some physiological issues...

Yang Yixuan’s entire face was full of longing admiration. “An entire cave? He truly is Shizun!” and followed up with a puzzled question, “Elder is familiar with Master? Otherwise, how could you know that my Shizun fought the female demons?”

Shen Qingqiu sighed. “Old affairs, old affairs.”

They changed the topic of their conversation to more pressing matters. Sha Hualing not only caught Yang Yixuan, but she most likely also caught Liu Mingyan and brazenly seized Cang Qiong Mountain Peak’s disciples—there can be only one reason.

Something was wrong with Luo Binghe.

Luo Binghe’s system of practice is an extremely unscientific system. Born of the demon and human worlds, the two types of energy would

normally mutually reject each other when they were in one body. Thus, his spiritual energy and demon energy needed to balance each other.

However, the involvement of the Heart Demon sword would make demonic energy surge, disrupt the balance, and cause the energies to no longer work in harmony.

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Wenq.
- Thanks to all those who joined my [Patreon](#) and donated via [Ko-Fi](#)! In November the website got 591,741 views. Wow! Thanks for reading this.
- I notice that people are actually sharing this translation on Twitter and Facebook. That's great... but many fans are actually linking to the aggregate sites that steal content instead of this site. *sad face* I guess they just don't know any better.

Release Schedule December

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Chapter 46 – Commotion in the Devil's Nest

To resolve this issue, Luo Binghe employed a method of using human vessels to draw out the demonic energy. Every month on the full moon, he would seek out someone with strong spiritual energy and transfer the excess demonic energy from his own body out to them. In exchange, he would absorb the greater part of the other's spiritual energy. Using this method, he would naturally be able to maintain equilibrium.

However, because Luo Binghe's demonic energy was excessively overbearing, the human vessel would be crippled after the energy transfer. Basically, each human extraction vessel could only be used once.



Luo Binghe certainly wouldn't do the demanding work of catching human vessels himself. Without much persuasion, Sha Hualing was, of course, willing to store people in cages for him to pick from as he pleased.

On the night of the full moon, Luo Binghe would only need to use the Xin Mo sword to cleave open a passage into the Demon Realm and grab a person to use.

The sad thing was, in the original work, Luo Binghe married three of her personally selected female priests from the Tian Yi Monastery after Sha Hualing went through all that trouble. As one can well imagine, Sha Hualing went mad with anger!

Shen Qingqiu asked, “Did you see anyone else when you were caught? Where were you held?”

Yang Yixuan shook his head. “After we entered the rift between the worlds, we were in the lair of that demon woman, Chi Yun cave. I was shut in a solitary cell and didn’t see anyone else.”

Shen Qingqiu tossed Liu Mingyan’s sword tassel and said, “I think it wasn’t you alone who was captured.”

He thought a bit and decided it was best to go and take a look. In any case, tonight was not the full moon, not the time for the extraction. Luo Binghe was busy stirring up havoc and sowing dissension in the human realm, so he shouldn’t come looking to meet with Sha Hualing.

Shen Qingqiu asked, “You’re not scared she’ll take off her clothes?”

Yang Yixuan said disdainfully, “I’m by no means scared. Besides, during this whole journey, she took them off dozens of times. It’s not a rare occurrence anymore.”

Shen Qingqiu turned, speechless. Turns out she shut you in a solitary cell so she could strip for you to see—this good fortune is unbelievable. Young man, if you continue along these lines, the male protagonist will absolutely put you to death. It’s so worrying that this is indeed Liu Qingge’s sole disciple!

Passing through the rift between worlds felt like passing through a sheet of warm flowing water. After they re-emerged, they were in the territory of the Demon Realm.

On the human side, it was already past midnight, but on the demon side, twilight had only just fallen. The air was particularly arid. After standing there for a moment, Shen Qingqiu felt a bit dizzy, like he was suffering from altitude sickness. As far as the eye could see, there seemed to be little difference from the Human Realm—only the trees were a bit more sparse. Looks like the reforestation efforts weren’t going too well.

Yang Yixuan led the way. Passing through craggy stones, they quickly

found the opening of Chi Yun cave. It's an honor to see you at last, this cultural landmark of the demon race. Seeing it with one's own eyes, sure enough, it's... remarkably uncommon.

The demon race had an aesthetic preference for darkness. For the most part, both their permanent and temporary residences were all built underground. The entirety of the entrance appeared to be an exceptionally splendid mausoleum.

Shen Qingqiu thought, you're telling me, a big pile of stone with a stone sign erected in front and three letters in red calligraphy on top—what is this, a tombstone?

He cupped a handful of spiritual energy, ready to roast the face of any enemy who might appear at any time. Yet, descending the tomb passage—no, the entrance—he didn't encounter any guards. Thinking over it, this seemed reasonable. It was always demons stowing away to the human realm to abuse people—what sort of human would run to this side to court death? There was simply no need to arrange a guard.

The two slinked into the depths. Passing through stone corridors, they arrived at a large hall.

Spread throughout the hall were intact skins of all kinds of strange beasts, appearing to still be alive at first glance. Sha Hualing was currently barefoot, treading on a huge tiger skin spread on the floor of the hall.

Shen Qingqiu was worried that Yang Yixuan would recklessly make a sound and alert their opponent. Just as he was about to remind him, he saw that the boy had taken the initiative to shut his mouth securely. Feeling reassured, he turned back around.

On both sides of the hall were several cages of trussed cultivators, each wearing differently colored uniforms. Looking around, some were extremely young, some were old, some were drowsily nodding off, and some were glowering with righteous fury.

Sha Hualing walked over to one of the cages and said, with her arms crossed, "You Cang Qiong Mountain sect people are truly troublesome and annoying! It was hard enough to capture two of you, and one even escaped before they were put in a cage."

She clenched her teeth and said, "If not for, if not for... I'm really itching to break all your legs!"

In this cage, Liu Mingyan sat with closed eyes and crossed legs, a veil covering her face, not reacting to outside disturbances.

Sha Hualing saw that she was being ignored and, smiling coldly, said, “That thing on your face, don’t you ever take it off? Oh, I see, don’t tell me your face is just too ugly and you don’t dare take it off because you’re self-conscious?”

Shen Qingqiu: Sister... are you aware who you will be most jealous of in the future? Saying she’s ugly is indeed just hitting yourself in the face! Her women’s intuition causing mischief, the more Sha Hualing looked at Liu Mingyan the more displeasing she looked. Opening the cage, she dragged Liu Mingyan out and yelled, “Kneel!”

Liu Mingyan was naturally unwilling to kneel. Though she had no spiritual energy, she still stood firm. Sha Hualing pushed and shoved, but was simply unable to make her knees bend even a little. Spouting smoke through the seven orifices, she hauled off the veil on her face.

In that instant, Sha Hualing’s snow-pale face became even more snow-pale. Shen Qingqiu roared internally: Turn around! Turn around! I want to see! Quickly, let me see what sort of appearance the book’s most beautiful woman has!!!

These years, he was careful to maintain his dignified persona and couldn’t say, “Hi, martial niece, I heard you’re very pretty so I want to look at your face. Can I?” This sounded like sexual harassment from a vulgar man. Not being able to see Liu Mingyan’s face this whole time—he was almost stifled to death!

But before Liu Mingyan turned and before he could experience the joy of seeing her face for the first time, an ominous glint flashed through Sha Hualing’s eyes. Her five fingers forming a claw, her hand shot towards Liu Mingyan’s face.

Consequently, Sha Hualing was shocked when she found herself flying a second time this night. She finally couldn’t bear it, spitting out a sullen mouthful of blood. A reassuring thought suddenly flashed through her mind: At least this time my clothes weren’t damaged. I don’t need to change again, right....

Although Shen Qingqiu had sent her flying, she still scratched five gashes in his sleeve. Frightened, he said internally: Didn’t I cut these fingernails off an hour ago? Is it possible that even her fingernails have unlimited regeneration?

After hitting Sha Hualing, he promptly turned his head to look at Liu Mingyan, but his feet slid out from under him as soon as he saw her. In this short a time, she had unexpectedly put her veil back on right away—how about letting me take a peek?!

Yang YiXuan had found his sword sticking out of a seam in the rock and started to chop the chains on the cage doors with matchless speed. The freed cultivators huddled in a mass. Shen Qingqiu saw, out of the corner of his eye, the blue silhouettes of San Mayou and said with great alarm, “Stop, stop! Don’t do anything impulsive!”

Yang Yixuan, worried about his shout, turned back to look: “Is there some sort of problem, Elder?”

Before he finished speaking, he saw which cage he had just broken open. From within, three dainty Daoist nuns, looking like they had been cast from the same mold, rushed out of Chi Yun Cave like three whirlwinds.

Buddy, going through and randomly releasing everyone like this—you’ve released some people who really shouldn’t leave!

The three sisters responsible for absorbing Luo Binghe’s demonic energy long-term had been released!

This blunder had already been set in stone. Even if he watered his heart with his tears, he couldn’t chase them down and stuff them back in the cages. There was no other way. He could only join in releasing people. As he started freeing people, he sighed in despair. We’re dead. He managed to spoil the ‘first meeting between the male protagonist and three members of the harem’ plot thread. A freak accident managed to disturb the ‘fooling around and cultivating’ storyline. He could only attach himself to the hope that the hardworking employee Sha Hualing could fight them by enormous force of will and recapture them to present to Luo Binghe next time. What a crime, what a crime!

Shen Qingqiu was still wallowing in remorse when, lowering his head—his heart gave a thump—he suddenly found himself looking at a familiar face. Not good, not good. It sure is an unlucky year, meeting enemies on a narrow road.

Qiu Haitang was huddled in the cage, staring at him with a bewildered expression.

Shen Qingqiu froze for a couple of seconds and decided to feign ignorance, motioning to her to come out, then nonchalantly turned around. In his current body, no one (should) recognize him. In addition, five years ago countless pairs of eyes had witnessed the scene of Shen Qingqiu's self-destruction. There was no good reason to have a guilty conscience. After spitting out blood, Sha Hualing dizzily lay on the floor for a while before finally struggling to a seated position with great difficulty. Staring at Shen Qingqiu, she said in a stern voice, "It's you? Who the hell are you? You even dare to chase me over here—you really have some guts!" Yang Yixuan looked like he had suddenly thought of this question as well, blurting out a sentence while setting people free: "Oh right, Elder, who are you?"

'Oh, right'—you're kidding me. Young man, this reaction time really is too long!

Also, what's with you carelessly asking this in passing! Shen Qingqiu was considering whether to announce himself with the title of Peerless Cucumber again, when Sha Hualing humphed, "Whatever, if you came then don't think you'll be able to leave." She clapped her hands, bells jingling around her wrists. After a moment, Chi Yun Cave's guard regiment finally flooded into the hall. Chi Yun Cave was Sha Hualing's official private residence so her standard underlings weren't here. The shrimp soldiers and crab generals were nothing to be afraid of. Those minor demons circled around them as they raised and lowered their arms, looking exactly like they were doing a sorcerer's dance. Shen Qingqiu was mystified by this sight. In a twitchy state of mind, he prepared to send them flying with his fan when suddenly he felt like his body was bound with countless strands of hair.

Immortal-Binding Cables.

Even though those mixed troops didn't have much fighting strength, they were clearly well-trained. Holding a strip of hair-thin Immortal-Binding Cable, they around circled him non-stop, winding him into a giant ball of string, fully wrapped with Immortal-Binding Cables. Sha Hualing hadn't managed to cheer in victory before Shen Qingqiu laughed, then violently stomped on the floor. The air filled with the sound

of snapping strings.

They burst. The Immortal-Binding Cables had indeed been filled to bursting by this person's spiritual energy!

Almost everyone on the scene was so terrified that they completely forgot the task at hand. This was truly the first time they had seen someone who could use spiritual energy to simply burst the Immortal-Binding Cables.

What a simple and brutal method of freeing oneself!

Shen Qingqiu yelled, "Run first!"

The freed cultivators didn't need any more encouragement—most of them were already long gone. Yang Yixuan and Liu Mingyan had struggled free of the Immortal-Binding Cables not long ago, but the circulation of their spiritual energy was still unstable. Knowing they would only get in the way if they stayed and seeing that they shouldn't inconvenience Shen Qingqiu with a reply, they crisply retreated, leaving only a "take care of yourself."

Seeing this, Sha Hualing's underlings didn't know whether or not to chase them and stood stricken in their original places, waiting for their superior's orders. Sha Hualing's eyes lit up. She pointed at Shen Qingqiu and shouted, "Catch him! Don't worry about the others! Just him—get him even if you have to die first!"

Shen Qingqiu sent the few mixed soldiers who threw themselves at him flying with his fan when suddenly something heavy pushed down on the top of his head.

A giant net!

Countless strands of Immortal-Binding Cable that were as thick a pinky finger were woven into a giant net, pelting down onto his head. When it fell onto his body, the weight of the net alone made Shen Qingqiu soft in the knees, nearly tossing him to the ground.

So it's this sort of unnatural prop. For every strand of cable to be this thick—are you trying to use it to bind 'immortals' or elephants?!

Sha Hualing waited a while, and, after confirming that Shen Qingqiu couldn't struggle free this time, slowly approached.

The difficult situation freshly swept away, Sha Hualing felt that she had performed a great service. Perfectly contented, her reprimands took on a coquettish tone. She said, chuckling, "If a hundred Immortal-Binding Cables can't tie you up, then why wouldn't I use a thousand, or ten thousand? This Immortal-Binding Net originally wasn't prepared for you,

so you should feel extremely honored that it was used on you. Don't flail about! I'll go easier on you if you're well-behaved.

Shen Qingqiu said, "If you're talking about going easy on me, can I trouble you to withdraw this net?"

The demon race's star employee Sha Hualing started her grand missionary speech. Crouching down, she said as if talking to herself, "It looks like you were endowed with extraordinary innate skill. If you were to pledge allegiance to my banner, you could easily obtain splendid power and influence. Of course, it doesn't really matter if you're not willing to pledge allegiance. What has to be done has to be done, and suffering for your actions is unavoidable. You should carefully consider your options."

No wonder Sha Hualing had ignored the others just now and concentrated all her firepower on him. Luo Binghe needed human vessels with rich and powerful spiritual energy. Of all the cultivators she had captured, none could compare to his current level of spiritual power. It seems like this girl was planning on offering him to Luo Binghe as a human vessel!

Releasing the three beautiful flowers was a thoughtless mistake, pure and simple. But Shen Qingqiu certainly never planned on making up for the shortfall himself. This feeling of accidentally picking up the wrong script made him vaguely wish that fraudulent System was still there. While he was still pondering plans to escape, Sha Hualing suddenly neaten her slightly messy hair, and, with a swing of her hips, forged ahead out of the hall.

Far away, Shen Qingqiu heard the sound of her docile laughter. "My lord, today isn't the night of the full moon. Why did you think to visit this subordinate? But you came at just the right time. As it turns out, I've prepared a special gift for you—it's already here."

In a split second, a flood of hot blood surged to Shen Qingqiu's head even as he broke out into a cold sweat.

Not knowing where he got the burst of explosive energy, he grabbed the side of the net, willing the bottomless pools of spiritual energy in his body to emerge as explosive power.

"Bang!"

A giant sound boomed. Sha Hualing's smile suddenly froze stiff on her face. She hurried back into the inner hall in a panic, immediately staring tongue-tied at the sight.

In the middle of the hall, Chi Yun Cave's minor demons all swayed

unsteadily, laid out on the floor in disorder. There was an immense hole in the center of the Immortal-Binding Net, edges still sizzling with flashing sparks, wisps of white smoke drifting through the air.

This person is truly too formidable. He even blew a hole in this Immortal-Binding Net with brute force. He's gone!

The person behind gained on her, unhurriedly stepping into the hall. Chi Yun Cave was lightless and dim, and one could only see a straight and slender silhouette dressed in black robes faintly patterned with reflective silver thread.

After a moment, Luo Binghe spoke in a tone that was neither pleased nor angered.

"This is your special gift?"

Sha Hualing said hatefully, "... A momentary miscalculation, he got away!" Her distressed heart was dripping blood. When used against Cang Qiong Mountain sect's loathsome cultivators, an Immortal-Binding Net woven from over a thousand Immortal-Binding Cables got blown a giant hole just like that. This isn't the sort of thing that could be sewn up by a needle and thread and be reused!

Luo Binghe, with his back facing her, lowered his head and looked over the wreckage. He said, coldly, "I seem to have told you Cang Qiong Mountain sect's people were off-limits?"

Drops of cold sweat dripped down Sha Hualing's forehead. Luo Binghe had indeed told her such, but the spiritual energy of Cang Qiong Mountain sect's disciples was universally stronger than the spiritual energy of the disciples of other sects by a chunk—they made the best human extraction vessels. Holding on to wishful thinking, she had still captured a few, thinking that maybe she could switch their clothes and slip them through undetected. She didn't expect that through some unknown method, Luo Binghe would still be able to tell what sort of people she had captured even after they had all escaped. Internally, she couldn't help but feel her blood run cold, and said hurriedly, "Don't be angry, my lord, I had accidentally captured two of them, but I soon let them go. This time, this subordinate found an exceptional individual. I had never before seen a cultivator with more abundant spiritual energy. With that one person, you'll never need to switch to a new human vessel every month."

She bit her lip and continued, “As long as you’ll give me... a certain thing.”

After waiting for a moment, she suddenly extended her hand to catch the certain object tossed her way. Securely grasping it in her palm, she showed a determined smile.

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Chapter 47 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 47 Jianghu Gossip

At that time, countless reasons had already appeared for Shen Qingqiu to be all torn up about his situation.

These reasons were not that he had just made an explosive escape under Luo Binghe’s eyes, but because in that split second he had heard an extremely familiar and hateful sound.
A voice with a mechanical accent like Google Translate.



I thought I had already scrubbed this clean. I thought I established that switching the hardware would get rid of the virus?! That since turning over a new leaf I could melt into the sea of people and have the freedom to fly like a bird through the broad skies?

Blocking his ears like the bell thief with covered ears, Shen Qingqiu rushed from the demon realm to the human realm as fast as lightning, running like a hurricane all the way from Huang Ling to the outer borders. That devilish sound continuously poured into his mind like it was setting up camp in his psyche.

.....Activating.....Activating.....Soul binding.....

.....Debugging.....Contacting customer service.....

Was it because of this ‘soul binding’ that the System reactivated after running into Luo Binghe?

Did the connection break after switching bodies, so you needed to contact customer service to debug the program?

Luo Binghe is truly the devilish guiding star of his life! Fortunately, aside from repeating those few keywords in a half-dead manner, at least the System could not speak in complete sentences. Shen Qingqiu had been smacking his head the entire way back, but after seeing signs of human habitation appearing ahead and considering his appearance, he slowed his steps and walked back to the garrison town. This small border town seemed more alive in the day than during the night. It couldn’t be called flourishing—the streets were neither wide nor bordered with homes and pedestrians were neither many nor few—but with the storefronts open it could be called thriving in its own right. Next to the tea shop, sign flag fluttering in the wind, a young man and woman stood gazing into the distance, swords in hand. Shen Qingqiu walked over and asked, “Why have you still not returned to Cang Qiong Mountain?” Liu Mingyan sent him a small salute. Yang Yixuan hastily said, “The disciples from the other sects have already gone back. Seeing that Elder has managed to escape, we won’t have to worry anymore either.”

Shen Qingqiu went along with them into the tea shop, finding a table to sit down. To the side, some people who were originally chatting idly, suddenly cried out in alarm after getting a glimpse of him. “Ah, it’s... it’s...”

Shen Qingqiu turned around to look. It turns out it was those border guard disciples he had saved the night he had just crawled out of the ground. The person who had first seen him stammered, unable to call out a name. Lu Liu hurriedly said, “It’s you, Mister Peerless...!”

He had said the last two characters of the name after “Peerless,” but it sounded extremely vague, becoming too ambiguous after being pressed under his tongue. The others, a bit hurriedly, followed his lead one after the another: “It’s you, Elder Peerless...!”

Shen Qingqiu nodded his greetings, internally deciding that he must take

another title, brooking no delay. Yang Yixuan blankly said, “Elder, is your last name Huang (Yellow)? Huang Hua (Yellow Flower)? Guang Hua (Magnificent Light)?”

Shen Qingqiu sighed, twice, and also said vaguely, “It’s...” After using this ID for so many years, he finally felt a bit ashamed for the first time.

He put on a stern expression and said, “Last night, you disciples from various sects saw me in Chi Yun Cave. I couldn’t conceal myself there, so if other people ask about me, say as little about me as possible. It would be best if you could keep your mouths shut entirely.”

Yang Yixuan said, “Why? Elder, aren’t you familiar with my master?”

“Uh, we are indeed quite familiar...”

Shen Qingqiu still didn’t know what to say when the table to the side continued their conversation. One person asked while spitting out melon seed shells, “Liu-ge, why don’t you elaborate—what sort of alternate explanation could there be?”

Lu Liu said, “That alternate explanation is very interesting. This opinion seems to have spread from people on the inside. This Luo Binghe and Shen Qingqiu...”

Upon hearing these two names, Shen Qingqiu’s heart gave a thump. Involuntarily, he straightened his posture, pricking up his ears to listen. The waving of the fan in his hands slowed. The two from Cang Qiong Mountain sect also could not resist looking over.

Lu Liu drank a mouthful of tea and said, “This Luo Binghe and Shen Qingqiu were master and disciple, right? This Luo Binghe came from a poor and humble family and suffered the hardships of the world since he was young. After becoming a disciple of Cang Qiong Mountain sect he was still underappreciated for a while and was beaten down and humiliated by his peers. Fortunately, Shen Qingqiu treated him with generosity and deep affection.”

He spoke with grandeur and musical inflection, vibrantly acting out each word, giving professional storytellers a run for their money. Shen Qingqiu subtly nodded. Right, before he had kicked Luo Binghe down into the Endless Abyss, you bet he was quite kindhearted.

Yang Yixuan snorted and said, “What use did that generosity and affection have? It still wasn’t...”

One person said, flabbergasted, “Isn’t this version of events the complete

opposite of the rumor that Shen Qingqiu oppressed his disciples?”

Lu Liu said, “You’re already astonished at this? Then what are you going to do when I continue to explain the rumors that this pair of master and disciple were together day and night with sincere emotion born in secret?”

The three people at Shen Qingqiu’s table had taken a mouthful of tea, but upon hearing this sentence, Shen Qingqiu and Yang Yixuan simultaneously spat it out. Though Liu Mingyan didn’t spit out her mouthful, her hand shook, tilting her teacup and spilling tea all over the table.

The whole table sucked in a breath here and there: “There’s this sort of rumor?!”

Lu Liu said, “That’s right! But, strictly speaking, it was Luo Binghe harboring one-sided impure thoughts towards Shen Qingqiu, his own wishful thinking.”

His own wishful thinking? His own wishful thinking?!

“What sort of person was Shen Qingqiu? Qing Jing Peak’s Peak Lord. What was the way of Qing Jing Peak? Tranquility of heart and forsaking of desire, setting one’s heart on throwing oneself into the lawful path of cultivation. Shen Qingqiu saw through the mortal world and didn’t get tangled in the foolish sentiments of normal people. It was because that Luo Binghe sought something he failed to get that hate was born from love!” Blue veins popped up on Shen Qingqiu’s forehead and the backs of his hands.

Yang Yixuan said, astonished, “H-hate born from love?”

Lu Liu continued, “Thinking of it this way, it’s very easy to explain everything else. The whole sequence of events at the Immortal Alliance Conference was definitely like this:

“Luo Binghe, as Qing Jing Peak’s head disciple, was sent to compete. Because of his remarkable performance, he was filled with confidence in himself. It just happened that at that time, demons ran loose within the sealed mountain and Shen Qingqiu entered Jue Di Gorge to provide backup. Luo Binghe was caught up in the moment and seized the opportunity to confess his true feelings to his Shizun.”

Shen Qingqiu facepalmed in pain.

Why, why does it always seem like for this person, out of every ten sentences there are nine that are not bad, but it’s always the last one that sounds so strange?

In addition, it's exactly this sentence that changes the meaning of the whole incident into something so strange!

Lu Liu said solemnly, "Shen Qingqiu had a noble and unsullied character and naturally gave a firm rejection."

Shen Qingqiu was faintly moved. Other than his Zhangmen Shixiong, he never expected to find an outsider willing to apply the phrase "noble and unsullied character" to his person. Who would have thought that immediately afterward the storyline would take a dramatic turn? Lu Liu said with a voice full of emotion, "Who could have guessed that after being rejected, Luo Binghe would become desperate? Overflowing with evil intent, he even lost his mind and went berserk. In a disgraceful and unfilial act, his desire led him to try and make Shen Qingqiu submit by force!" Shen Qingqiu sunk his fingers into his head of messy hair, sunk in deep despair.

Yang Yixuan was already speechless. The gates of a whole new world had just been opened for that young man, and he was being battered by new perspectives. Liu Mingyan, on the other hand, just let out a soft "Ah." She only carefully said, "So it was like that."

'So it was like that' what?!

Which 'that' is 'that' referring to?!

Don't think I won't fight you just because you're the female protagonist! Before they had noticed, a crowd of spectators had congregated at Lu Liu's table to listen to the gossip, melon seeds and wooden benches covering the floor. Listening with rapt attention, they all sighed at this point, "What a beast of a person—"

"Not only a beast, simply worse than a beast—"

In the sound of these sighs, all seemed to have satisfied a matchless interest. Big Brother, are you the captain of the border patrol squad or the gossip squad?!

Lu Liu abruptly slammed his teacup down like a gavel.

"There's no way Shen Qingqiu would be willing to submit! The master and disciple crossed swords. The end result was that the Shifu won an extra chip and Luo Binghe retreated in defeat, sadly making his exit.

"Even though they had an acrimonious falling-out and tore into each other, Shen Qingqiu still couldn't bear to ruin the reputation of his beloved

disciple. It wouldn't do to explain things clearly, so he used the excuse that Luo Binghe had met his death at the hands of the Demon Race. Though he did preserve the reputation of this disciple, he wasn't willing to go to extremes.

"So, this is the truth behind Luo Binghe's years-long disappearance after the Immortal Alliance Conference and why he did not return to the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect even though he was not dead.

"It's not that he didn't want to see, it's that he didn't have the face to see his Shizun!"

On that end, his story was in full swing. On his end, Shen Qingqiu was watering his heart with tears.

What an intense storyline!

Who are these two—the assaulter and the white lotus flower Virgin Mary!? The key is whether he was able to succeed in forcing himself or not—this is really dampening the point of a dam**d urgent issue. How could this happen to Luo Binghe? If he wanted to force himself on someone, who wouldn't obediently spread their legs?!

Lu Liu said, "After the frustrating emotional affairs of the Immortal Alliance Conference, Luo Binghe had another fortuitous meeting. He trained until he gained exceptional achievements from head to toe, and even gained the favor of Huan Hua Temple's Old Palace Master. But, he was still unwilling to give up on Shen Qingqiu. Returning in a swirl of dust, then occurred the events of Hua Yue City.

"Doesn't Cang Qiong Mountain Sect all flatly insist that Luo Binghe is of the Demon Race? The way I see it, it's not necessarily wind from an empty cave. Most likely, they discovered tiny hints that he was colluding with the Demon Race to slander Shen Qingqiu's reputation. Shen Qingqiu was aloof and untouchable and Luo Binghe couldn't come into his sight, so he wanted to pull Shen Qingqiu off his high horse. A complete bodily defeat and fall from grace would destroy his haughtiness!"

Shen Qingqiu didn't know what he had let go of. In short, he suddenly felt his body and mind relax. He didn't want to listen to anything or care about anything.

He said with a pleasant countenance to the other two, "Let's order our dishes."

Lu Liu took the chance to say, "Mister Peerless... you can count your table

on my tab.”

Then turning back around, he continued with a tone full of grief and lament: “Luo Binghe thought of every possible means to shut Shen Qingqiu in Huan Hua Temple’s water prison. You ask what he was up to? His rapacious designs were clear to see. Huan Hua Temple had long been in his pocket so he could command wind and cloud with a wave of his hand. They claimed to be keeping Shen Qingqiu in temporary custody pending the four sects’ joint investigation, but there was little difference from keeping a lamb in a tiger’s den. In those few days shut in the water prison, Shen Qingqiu was bound with Immortal-Binding Cables. Completely without spiritual energy, who knew what this perverse disciple did to him?!”

The crowd, in one voice, interjected in disgust, “What a perverse disciple!” “Raising a tiger invites calamity!”

Shen Qingqiu threw aside his menu. “How about we go somewhere else.” Lu Liu said, “Shen Qingqiu couldn’t bear this humiliation, and gathered up all his strength to escape. Who knew that he would be cut off in Hua Yue City by the search party that Luo Binghe sent? Cang Qiong Mountain Sect was of one heart, and Bai Zhan Peak’s Peak Lord Liu Qingge naturally went ahead to provide assistance. This attempt at assistance was met head-on by Luo Binghe.

“Luo Binghe’s seas of jealousy could overturn the heavens. Not allowing any explanation, he knocked Liu Qingge head over heels, hand raised for a ruthless killing stroke. Shen Qingqiu, with no other way out, could only self-destruct on the scene....henceforth....”

He didn’t continue on after that, profoundly leaving a blank space in his work, inviting a chorus of sighs from his audience.

Finally, Lu Liu arrived at his conclusion. “This is precisely the secretly spread alternate explanation. Even though it sounds a bit absurd and could be regarded as complete nonsense by some people, it does contain many details which give one something to consider. Gentlemen, remember at all costs that official histories are often whitewashed or embellished by official scribes, the actual facts being concealed, and that in many cases popular history is taken as official!”

The particulars are not even a little reliable, okay!

‘Official history’ your sister!

Big brother, even if I suffered a worse tragedy than not getting any sisters

for twenty years I wouldn't resort to becoming a cut-sleeve! Let alone hooking up with the male protagonist!

After the young waitress gracefully wove her way up to deliver the dishes, Yang Yixuan and Liu Mingyan were still staring blankly into the distance. Shen Qingqiu reprimanded, "Hurry up and eat. After you finish you should return without delay."

Staying any longer in this sort of dangerous place—who knows what kind of attacks these two children would suffer against their lives, their worldviews, and their values!

After escorting the two juniors out of the borderlands, Shen Qingqiu picked a direction opposite to theirs.

Walking until the moon was high in the sky, his extremely keen hearing focused on an indistinct peal of demonic bells.

Shen Qingqiu said, not even turning his head, "You truly are the spirit that doesn't disperse after death."

Her whereabouts having been discovered, Sha Hualing didn't plan on staying in hiding. Confidently strolling into view, red muslin at her wrists, she smiled. "Who taught you to make Ling-er so curious, sire? To treat those two so attentively, what sort of relationship does your distinguished self have with Cang Qiong Mountain?"

Shen Qingqiu turned around and said, waving his finger, "I'm not going to fight with you, and you shouldn't get any ideas about fighting with me."

Weighing Sha Hualing's current importance, she couldn't defeat him. He was just thinking about giving her a scare when suddenly, his whole body gave a jolt. It felt like a thousand-legged centipede was boring its way through his organs.

Sha Hualing's smiling expression took on a crafty bent. "Yes, I am no match for you, but do you think that means there's no way to control you?"

Shen Qingqiu felt his legs go soft for a while but still stood firm. He clenched his teeth and said, "When did you make me eat it?"

Sha Hualing said coquettishly, "How was the food and drinks you had today? Were the waitress sisters pretty? Fortunately, you did eat it—if you were in a high state and fasting, refusing to let anything enter your mouth, it would really have given Ling-er a headache."

Careless. At the time, his complete attention had been drawn in by the gossip squad captain's lively and emotional performance. Gossip kills

people, ah!

She circled a loop around Shen Qingqiu and said, immensely self-satisfied, “Do you know what’s currently in your body? This is certainly no ordinary poison.”

No kidding! This elder is more familiar with it than you. I’ve already eaten Heavenly Demons’ blood two times, two times!

Normally you eat it once and die once. Who won this lottery more times than me!

Other than the original master, no one can control the Heavenly Demons’ blood, and now the blood parasites were beginning to stir in his body. That could only mean one thing.

Sha Hualing suddenly bowed to something behind Shen Qingqiu, saying, “This subordinate did not fail you. I have captured this person just now.”

Shen Qingqiu stiffly turned his head.

Dark lightning had split in the air, creating a rift that was slowly closing. A tall and slender silhouette stood behind him. As Shen Qingqiu turned his head, they finally met face-to-face.

Luo Binghe towered above him. Though his gaze was expressionless, under the gaze of those eyes like two cold pools, even another layer of facial hair or a mask would be like no disguise at all.

Shen Qingqiu fixed his gaze on him.

The former Luo Binghe, while cold, was like the reflection of warm sunlight on fresh snow. Even in Jin Lan City and the water prison, he had some traces of humanity, some faint facial expressions, and would lose control in anger. But this young man—his expression looked as if it had been frozen for a thousand years, directly conveying the fields of snow and glaciers in his core, and made others’ insides freeze over with fear.

Despite this, Shen Qingqiu’s current state of mind was not like what he had expected. It was difficult to explain since all sorts of emotions were tangled up in his mind, but the one emotion that most would have experienced was missing: fear.

Maybe it was because the best plan he had didn’t succeed in hiding him and that the stars had aligned to return them to their original places, but a state of tranquility and indifference settled over him.

A puzzled expression flashed across Luo Binghe's face for a split second, making his face soften a bit. But quickly, this trace of softness dissipated, leaving no trace. His pupils suddenly contracted and an intricate red mark flickered on the center of his forehead.

Before his sleeves had finished a swing, Sha Hualing was suddenly hoisted into the air, coughing painfully like an incorporeal hand had snatched her by the neck.

At the same time, that drop of Heavenly Demon's blood in Shen Qingqiu's inner organs frantically split into thousands of threads, boring through his insides. Cold sweat soaked his back.

Luo Binghe said, lightly, "You've certainly got some guts."

Though his tone was light, anyone could feel the violent rage hidden beneath the surface.

You've got some guts? Who is he speaking to—him or Sha Hualing?

Shen Qingqiu's brain shifted into high gear. Luo Binghe shouldn't have recognized him, even if this current face had a bit of resemblance to Shen Qingqiu's original. Even if Luo Binghe's perception was so meticulous that he could easily recognize minute differences through a layer of whiskers. It seems like he had recognized his resemblance to another....though this line of thinking bore no fruit. It would certainly be disastrous if he was recognized, but not being recognized didn't lead anywhere good either!

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Lily.
- *gasp* The System is back!
- Everyone just refuses to remember the "Peerless Cucumber" name!
- "...the rumors that this pair of master and disciple were together day and night with sincere emotion born in secret?" I hope it's clear enough what this "sincere emotion" is. Throughout the entire narration, Lu Liu speaks in a very G-rated but *suggestive* way.
- That spicy gossip about a Peak Lord and his disciple... rofl. Is it me or can everyone (except for Shen Qingqiu) tell that Luo Binghe is madly in love? I love how the others just nodded their heads and were like "I see!"

- Many thanks to everyone who donated via Ko-fi (<http://ko-fi.com/bcnovels>) and those who became my Patron (<https://www.patreon.com/join/bcnovels?>).
- Please leave a comment if you can. I would loooove to know your reaction! I obsessively read and reread all the comments, btw.

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Chapter 48 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 48 – Not knowing they’ve met by chance

Sha Hualing didn’t understand why Luo Binghe would suddenly react with such fury. Though she struggled to hold back her tears, they escaped in rapid currents down her face, blurring her vision.

As she tried to figure out what she had done to be punished, she happened to look at Shen Qingqiu’s face. Suddenly, her expression looked as if she had seen a ghost.



Terrified, she shrieked, “My lord, forgive me! This subordinate knows her wrong, but this subordinate swears that it was all a coincidence! My lord, forgive me, it really wasn’t me who did this!”

Sha Hualing’s heart was extremely bitter since she already had a black mark on her record. Back when she was first recruited by Luo Binghe to serve under him, she had seen the way that he treated Shen Qingqiu’s body and had a vague impression of what it meant to him. Thus, fancying herself clever, she managed to find someone who looked around fifty-percent similar to Shen Qingqiu. Using one of the demon race’s techniques, she eventually managed to make the fake look exactly like the real, to the point where it was almost a perfect copy. She proudly presented the copy to Luo Binghe, not expecting that not only was he not pleased, he also went into a rage and almost destroyed the entire cave.

Sha Hualing would never forget that moment and naturally didn’t want to see Luo Binghe with that expression ever again. From then on she was always cautious, never daring to broach the topic in any way. Who knew that the vessel she was eyeing now would actually resemble Shen Qingqiu by quite a bit? This no doubt enraged Luo Binghe’s wrath!

Luo Binghe said, “Didn’t I warn you not to get any ideas about using this face?”

Sha Hualing was suspended in the air. Her face turned red from the lack of oxygen, and she could only make choking noises again and again. With great difficulty, she managed to say, “...this time...it really wasn’t this subordinate’s plan...”

Although Shen Qingqiu wasn’t very clear on the details, he could guess that the matter had something to do with that face of his. He closed his mouth, thinking to himself: He has been dead for five years, and yet Luo Binghe still becomes angry when he sees someone who resembles him. It looks like I deeply traumatized Luo Binghe that time.

Suddenly, Shen Qingqiu felt a sharp pain in his stomach. It was as if a thousand needles were threading through his internal organs. Even if he had an abundant amount of spiritual energy now, it was useless. His eyesight darkened as he spat out a warm mouthful of bright red blood. The air pressure around Luo Binghe’s body was extremely heavy. He looked at Shen Qingqiu as if he were staring down at a dead animal.

The Heart Devil sword on his waist began to shudder with excitement, buzzing without end, as if it would tumble out of its scabbard at any moment. With one hand, Luo Binghe forcefully pressed down on the sword hilt, his eyes overflowing with a blood red color.

Shen Qingqiu wiped away the blood on the sides of his face, staring at the scene blankly.

In the original course of events, Luo Binghe should have adjusted to a relatively balanced mental state after entering the demonic world. Every month he would absorb the cultivation of one or two people, only taking in more for the purpose of strengthening himself. But why did Shen Qingqiu feel that Luo Binghe's current state of being was becoming increasingly worse? It was even more violent than when he had so helpfully detonated his soul to suppress the Heart Devil sword's influence.

Sha Hualing was being hoisted higher and higher into the air. Seeing Shen Qingqiu spit out blood, she knew that Luo Binghe had steeled his heart and was currently manipulating his body's Heavenly Demon blood. With all her might, she yelled, "My lord... you must not kill him... today is the full moon. He will definitely be useful—there is no one more suitable than him..."

Of course, she wasn't actually concerned about Shen Qingqiu living or dying. Rather, if she allowed Luo Binghe to lose himself in his fury and take this strange person's life, she would definitely suffer even if he didn't lose himself to his demon side. Thinking about this, Sha Hualing felt that she must have been born under an ill star.

As sincerely as she could, she hoarsely shouted, "Even if you don't care about this person, or about me, at least think about... think about that..." She used all her effort to raise her voice on the final phrase: "Think about the Holy Mausoleum!"

Hearing the last two words, Luo Binghe's movements instantly became sluggish.

The Holy Mausoleum was the eternal resting place of the demon race's elders. No one was allowed to enter except for the current ruler; any violators were met with death.

As generations passed, all sorts of magic weapons and spirit tools were buried as funerary objects within the mausoleum. Not only were they

countless in number, but the quality was of a rare sort unable to found anywhere else, enough to make anyone drool at the thought.

It was also rumored that within the mausoleum, there was an item that was able to raise a person from the dead. The original Luo Binghe, with Sha Hualing's help, achieved the premier position and entered the Holy Mausoleum. There was no question as to whose bag all those rare items ended up in.

By bringing up the Holy Mausoleum, wasn't Sha Hualing reminding Luo Binghe that he couldn't dispose of her yet?

In any case, she was clearly on the right track. Hearing the last two words, Luo Binghe's eyes flashed with a red light. Sha Hualing's body slammed downwards until her toes were barely touching the ground.

"You've reminded me." Luo Binghe's fingers gently stroked the Heart Devil sword, comforting the restless blade. Lowering his voice, he said, "That's right, there's still the Holy Mausoleum."

Sha Hualing was finally about to breathe when she heard Luo Binghe ask, "So you're threatening me?"

Her soul nearly flew out of her body in terror. "This subordinate doesn't dare!"

...too tragic. How had one of the two domineering female leads of the Proud Immortal Demon Way, ranking top three for the most popular (female) character for years on end, been reduced to this state! Shen Qingqiu didn't even have a chance to lament before he felt someone grab his chest, dragging his body forward.

His eyes became blurry. A sudden freezing feeling emanated over his upper torso. When he lowered his head to look, one of Luo Bing's hands were pressing against the left side of his chest.

It felt like he had been shot in the chest, the ammunition being the sinister demonic energy. After entering his body, the energy spread through his veins and extended to all four of his limbs.

The system's sudden, lucid beep distracted him from the pain. Touch verification successful!

The power source has been connected. Storing power!
System self-evaluation: all system operations normal. Thank you for your continued usage!

Wasn't this system inspection a bit too advanced?!

The original spirit energy in Shen Qingqiu was akin to a full pond. This time, a good amount had been sucked away by Luo Binghe. But this emptiness lasted only for a second. The body formed from the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed quickly began to gather spiritual energy, replacing the missing energy taken away by Luo Binghe.

Shen Qingqiu felt that his current body was like a powerbank.

Inwardly, he roared: So maybe in my previous life I might have been too excessive with some of my novel reviews, but the things I blasted were all about Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky's writing ability, and never anything against the actual male lead! So why is Luo Binghe always getting involved with me?!

Luo Binghe made an exclamation of surprise, withdrawing his hand. This meat vessel was unlike any of the vessels he had used before. Though he had already extracted most of the spiritual energy away and infused it with a huge volume of demonic energy, it appeared that it was able to regenerate quickly. It looked like Sha Hualing's insistence on capturing this person had its merits.

Sha Hualing fell onto the floor with a loud bang. She knew she had made the right decision in capturing this person and probably escaped death by a narrow margin, passing by a great tribulation. Still, she was extremely terrified, unable to stop her knees from shaking. She hurriedly attempted to straighten her posture as she knelt on one knee.

Luo Binghe said, "I don't care if this really was something that you did. But remember that I don't want to ever see him using this face."

Sha Hualing hurriedly lowered her head. "As you say!"

Luo Binghe raised his hand and sliced open a rift in the space in front of him, stepping through it. His arrogant way of leaving was enough to make most people furious. The two of them were left behind inside of the barren wasteland just like that as if Luo Binghe didn't care if Shen Qingqiu tried to

run away or not.

But then again, there was no need for him to worry. Shen Qingqiu had already ingested his blood, so if he tried to flee, Luo Binghe only had to flick a finger to find Shen Qingqiu's whereabouts and cause him a pain worse than death.

Shen Qingqiu had a sudden thought: so... he could be considered to be this Big Brother Bing's follower?

Of course, Luo Binghe hadn't officially acknowledged him. But if he played his cards right, did that mean that it was possible his future prospects were looking hopeful?

Wasn't it only a once-a-month matter? After a while, he would basically be accustomed to it!

As his thoughts whirled about in frenetic chaos, Sha Hualing suddenly grabbed at his face. Shen Qingqiu extended two fingers, blocking her.

"What are you trying to do?"

Sha Hualing gnashed her teeth. "Didn't you hear him? He just said that he didn't want to see your face!"

Shen Qingqiu stared at her blankly. Out of the blue, he reached out an arm and tore a piece of muslin off of her robe.

Sha Hualing shrieked, "Why are you tearing at my robes?!"

Then Qingqiu tore two holes through the fabric, pressing it against his face so that it revealed only his eyes. "My robes have too many holes, so I can only use yours. Do you only know how to tear apart a person's face? Using a piece of fabric is enough. There's no need for disfigurement."

If it wasn't for the fact that Luo Binghe needed to use this person once a month, meaning that every hair on his head was to remain intact, Sha Hualing would have long hacked him into mincemeat. But then again, just because Luo Binghe despised seeing fake versions of that face didn't mean that he would enjoy seeing a shredded, bloody appearance either. Sha Hualing could only swallow her anger, yelling, "Let's go!"

If they were going then they were going. Either way, wherever they ended up in didn't matter; it wasn't worth calculating every step. Shen Qingqiu deduced that after Luo Binghe successfully suppressed the Heart Devil sword, there would be no need for him anymore. At that point, he could say goodbye to the cultivation world, which probably wouldn't be an event too far into the future. As long as he was careful, it would be fine as long as Luo Binghe didn't realize that his soul had escaped into the Sun and Moon

Dew Flower Seed's fake body.

Shen Qingqiu's adaptation to his new role was fairly quick. He followed after Luo Binghe into the crack, and with Sha Hualing bringing up the rear, the crack slowly disappearing afterward. The adjustment speed of the Demon race's most outstanding general could also be considered quite excellent; after a few breaths, Sha Hualing was completely calm.

She asked, "What's your name?"

The other side of the crack led to a long hallway. On both walls, complicated engravings could be seen, with all kinds of patterns carved into them. It was just that the lighting was a bit too dim.

Shen Qingqiu felt that this place was somewhat familiar. Without thinking, he replied, "Peerless Cucumber."

Sha Hualing muttered, "Peerless Cucumber?" Soon after, she angrily demanded, "Are you making fun of me?"

The more Shen Qingqiu stared at the carvings, the more he was sure that even if he had never personally seen the patterns before, it was possible to deduce where he was from a previous description of it.

In the process, he completely ignored Sha Hualing. Seeing that she was met with no response, Sha Hualing furiously threatened him, "No matter what your previous history was since you've drunk the Heavenly Demon's blood you are one of the lord's people now. If you have any contrary thoughts about him, dying without an intact corpse can be considered a light punishment!"

When he turned a corner, which revealed several followers dressed in familiar yellow robes, Shen Qingqiu finally realized where he was: the Huan Hua Palace, Luo Binghe's headquarters in the human realm. But this place was too different from the Huan Hua Palace that he recognized. The Huan Hua Palace was supposed to be majestic and splendorous, dazzling the eyes with luxury. Every wooden plank and stone was made from the most lavish materials.

But the building in front of his eyes could be described with one word: Lifeless.

The rulers of the previous dynasties had always loved extravagance and Luo Binghe was no exception. However, the supposed luxury was now a bleak dimness. Even the lanterns that lined the corridor flickered as if they would be extinguished any moment.

In a moment, Sha Hualing had changed into the same robes as the rest of the Huan Hua Palace followers. Unable to release demonic energy, she looked the same as any other good-looking human girl.

Luo Binghe passed through the halls, taking a seat inside a large palace chamber. Shen Qingqiu had originally wanted to wander somewhere else, only to be stopped by Sha Hualing: “Where are you going? Don’t wander away. Stay with me!”

Shen Qingqiu didn’t want to go against her, and could only reluctantly stand rigidly beside her with the other followers, arranged in straight lines. Shortly after, a follower stood up to deliver his report. Several other followers also followed suit, paying respects and deferentially reporting current events. Shen Qingqiu absentmindedly listened to what was being spoken, until the mention of a familiar name pricked into him.

A follower said, “Palace Lord, when you left, that Liu Qingge came over two times. Seeing that you weren’t here, he smashed all of the water caltrop blossoms.”

Hearing this, Shen Qingqiu’s heart became anxious and his teeth ached slightly.

Liu Qingge, he... was he trying to take revenge for him?

Luo Binghe’s face was filled with a “Who cares, this old man has plenty of money” kind of security. “Let him smash them. What else?”

The follower looked at him, wiping away his cold sweat. Cautiously, he added, “Also... the Young Palace Mistress... wants to meet with you.”

Originally, Shen Qingqiu had thought that Luo Binghe would wear a tender and affectionate expression as he declared his love to his concubine to the entire palace hall. Who knew that instead, a cold and standoffish expression appeared instead. As if he was too exhausted to even speak, he waved his hand, rejecting the subject.

That follower was put in a hard situation. “But...”

“But I’ve already arrived!”

When he heard this voice, Shen Qingqiu's teeth and skin ached. Faster than could be said, the Young Palace Mistress's fiery temper shone through as she charged into the palace. By her side, in a similar yellow robe, was a slightly older beauty. Her eyes were hazy, as if tears would spill out any moment. This person was none other than Qin Wanyue.

Shen Qingqiu stared at the two of them, feeling that this development was rather unexpected.

These two girls should have been in the blossoming stages of their youth, yet they both looked pale and haggard. It was especially evident on the Young Palace Mistress, whose unevenly distributed red patches on her cheeks were most likely artificially created through cosmetics.

Why was it that she didn't even look half like a young mistress spoiled with luxury by her lover?

The Young Palace Mistress lifted her head to look at Luo Binghe. "You've returned."

Luo Binghe stared at her, silent. Qin Wanyue quietly said, "Young Palace Mistress, let's go back."

The Young Palace Mistress sharply said to her, "Do you think I don't know who you think about day and night? The reason you endure by my side, why you'll do anything, isn't it all to catch a glimpse of him? Why is it then when you actually see him you pretend to be lovable and pitiable? Why was it that before I came here you made no efforts to stop me, and yet only advise me now?"

Qin Wanyue lowered her head, not daring to say anything else. Her ears flushed a dark red.

The Young Palace Mistress once again turned to the palace hall. "Have you found my father yet?"

Luo Binghe said, "The Old Palace Master has disappeared into the clouds. There's no trace of him anymore."

This reply was really too insincere. In Shen Qingqiu's impression, gleaned from several television dramas and webnovels, the "I don't know his whereabouts" person who typically said that line that was almost certainly the chief culprit who had orchestrated the former leader's disappearance.

The Young Palace Mistress coldly sneered, "It's this phrase again. Could it be you don't even have the energy to think of a new excuse to give me?"

Alright, I won't mention Father. Let's talk about me."

She shrilly demanded, "If I didn't come and find you, would you have looked for me?"

Was Luo Binghe the kind of brute who would go around push around a sister? Don't insult his dignity as the male lead of a stallion novel! But it was a pity that Luo Binghe had apparently forsaken this dignity. A few Huan Hua Palace followers appeared onto the palace steps, looking as if they were going to console her, only to forcibly push the Young Palace Mistress outside. As she was dragged out she continuously screamed and yelled, Qin Wanyue awkwardly following her at the side. From time to time she would cast a teary glance at Luo Binghe, as if expecting something.

Sha Hualing, who had previously been standing straight and at full attention, now wrinkled her eyebrows and followed them outside. Standing on the veranda, she berated them, "What are you guys doing? When I told you to watch her you consider this your job done?"

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Cheryl aka Hiohbye.
- In case you forgot, Qin Wanyue is someone from Huan Hua Palace that Luo Binghe saved during the Immortal Alliance Conference.
- Old Palace Master disappeared, huh? What do you think happened to him???
- Peerless Cucumber became one of Luo Binghe's followers (and powerbank)! I'm surprised that he doesn't even seem to mind it, lol. Or does he?
- Thanks for reading and happy holidays!

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Chapter 49 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 49 – True Disposition

Shen Qingqiu had always kept himself at a respectful distance when it came to the tussles and catfights between the female characters. But when he saw what was happening, he felt the gap between his expectations and reality was too great, so he hurriedly followed to continue spectating.

Qin Wanyue held back her tears: “I’m sorry, I neglected my duty and did not stop the Little Palace Mistress...”



Sha Hualing immediately interrupted her: “It was your fault in the first place! I heard that women of the human realm are particularly modest and moral, but how many times have you failed to seduce the lord yet still refuse to leave? If you don’t leave that’s fine, but you’re incapable of looking after even a single person. Her cultivation isn’t even as high as yours. You’re her senior martial sister. You didn’t stop her early and didn’t stop her late. All you did was to let her make this unreasonable scene in front of the lord. Who are you putting on this pitiful and wronged appearance for?”

Hearing Sha Hualing point out all her weaknesses in front of her face, Qin Wanyue was so ashamed she wanted to die. Back in the original novel, Sha Hualing held an extreme hatred for Qin Wanyue and always found ways to quarrel with her. It seemed that although the two had not entered the harem together this time, their relationship had not improved by the slightest. Sha Hualing turned away and changed the expression on her face, now looking at the Little Palace Mistress with a face full of smiles: “The

Little Palace Mistress has been living a life of luxury all these years just like before. Aside from being occasionally grounded, it seems you have never suffered any mistreatment, right? Why are you now so aggrieved?”

The Little Palace Mistress ferociously replied: “And what the hell are you? A seductive wild fox of a demon who came from who-knows-where, actually daring to talk to me like this in the Huan Hua Palace?! What’s the difference between how he treats me and how he’d raise a pig?!”

Sha Hualing stuck out her lip: “Then why doesn’t the Little Palace Mistress tell us: besides eating and sleeping like the animal you mentioned, what else can you do?”

Qin Wanyue wept: “Little Palace Mistress, let’s hurry and leave. Everything... has long since changed...”

The Little Palace Mistress became completely hysterical: “Why should I leave?! This is my Huan Hua Palace, mine! All of you, get lost! Everything’s reversed from how it should be!”

The scene was one of utter turmoil and warfare. Shen Qingqiu had discovered an incredibly shocking fact. He used his fingers to carefully calculate:

Sha Hualing: Not received as a wife, but as a subordinate instead. Slaving away, working herself to death with all the overtime. Her salary and working conditions were also inhumane. The boss’s attitude suggests that he does not want to engage in office romance ×

Liu Mingyan: Even the love token sword tassels were not exchanged ×

Ning Yingying: After puberty, no longer shows the same passionate love for the male protagonist like she did when she was young and ignorant. Lovesick brain seems to have been cured ×

Little Palace Mistress: Aggrieved woman confined at home. Even said herself that Luo Binghe only treats her like a pig to raise ×

Qin Wanyue: Aggrieved woman confined at home #2. Numerous attempts at devoting her life and body have all failed. Now a part-time nursemaid for the Little Palace Mistress ×

Qiu Haitang: Didn't we already establish that after dragging Shen Qingqiu down, she would happily go NTRing with Luo Binghe? How come she's still wandering around outside, travel-worn? ×

Three Taoist nuns: Cameos as short-lived as the night-blooming cactus, hello goodbye ×××

.....

Looking at it from this perspective, Luo Binghe really... is doing quite miserably!

Dignified Stallion novel male protagonist, are you still okay in that department?

A perfectly good harem, tormented by him into complete pandemonium. If this was a novel, how could coolness points even be in the conversation without having received even a single wife?! Shen Qingqiu hurriedly knocked on the System to check all the various values. But he suddenly discovered: the B points and coolness value had not only not been reduced, but instead had actually shot up to more than 900!

Since many of these values were added during the sleep and offline states, he had not received any notifications for them. Shen Qingqiu poked open all the narrow windows that he didn't know when he had received. Lined up inside was a pile of historical records.

[Ning Yingying: Reversed the female character's brainless pursuit. B points +100]

[Ming Fan: Reversed the supporting character's illogical mental retardation. B points +50]

[Liu Mingyan: Reversed the female character's inexplicable pursuit. B points +150]

.....

The ubiquitous pursuing female characters and mentally retarded cannon fodder—these two constituted the classic elements of Stallion novels and the like. Now the female characters did not pursue the male protagonist and the supporting characters' IQ seemed to have improved, so the B points naturally increased. This Shen Qingqiu understood just fine.

But even though Luo Binghe had not hooked up with a single girl, the system did not deduct any of his coolness points—this was unscientific!

Could it be that the male protagonist's coolness level was now no longer tied to him? Or in other words, was the male protagonist's "coolness" no longer here?

This... Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but look up at the gloomy Luo Binghe, and suddenly felt like he couldn't stare straight.

Oh no, could it be that he has committed a sin by raising a perfectly good Stallion novel protagonist... into an asexual?!

With a complicated mood, Shen Qingqiu closed the window. He suddenly realized his location wasn't quite right.

He had clearly just been curiously onlooking in the Huan Hua Palace. How did he unknowingly walk into a bamboo forest? And no matter how he looked at it, it was a quite familiar bamboo forest....

The bamboo forest rustled in the gentle serene wind.

Shen Qingqiu did not have any doubt. Even if he could see only a small corner of this place, he would be able to tell where this was.

Cang Qiong Mountain, Qing Jing Peak.

This place where he had lived in for so long... how could he be unfamiliar with it?

System: [Your current location: Luo Binghe's dreamscape.]

When Luo Binghe's consciousness was unstable and wildly fluctuating, bystanders would often be affected. They would be sucked into this dreamscape as immense as a deep-sea whirlpool. In other words, they would get screwed by falling into his immeasurably vast "brain hole." See the beginning of the original Dream Demon encounter transcript for details.

Shen Qingqiu had previously walked with Luo Binghe through the Dream Demon encounter. This was the so-called "acquired taste." It was the same as how, after connecting to a WiFi network once, you don't need to enter the password again when connecting the second time.

Shen Qingqiu quickly touched his face and found he had been restored to his original appearance in the dreamscape. His face was no longer bearded, leaving him with no sense of security at all. He was just about to look for a place to hide and wait for Luo Binghe to wake on his own when some disciples came walking along the road in twos and threes. Shen Qingqiu froze in place, and even forget where he had been going to hide.

Even though these passersby disciples had slightly wooden and slow expressions, they really did have noses and eyes, their facial features complete. Many of them Shen Qingqiu could even name.

Even Dream Demon had no way to support such a huge enchantment while also ensuring the facial features of the creatures inside. Yet Luo Binghe was actually already able to do so and had even shaped their features in such refined detail. Even though he had long since known that Luo Binghe had the talent to cover the heavens and earth, Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but let out a sigh of awe.

Outside of the small bamboo forest was the Qing Jing bamboo house. Spring water flowed between the staggered bamboo eaves, reflecting the sunlight into seven colors, jingling peacefully and orderly. Shen Qingqiu worried that Luo Binghe was inside, so he stopped his steps and did not go forward. He had passed through this bamboo forest who knows how many times to pass the time, so he routinely found a concealed spot in the shadows to rest.

Suddenly, light footsteps sounded on the fallen leaves. From the alternately hidden and visible bamboo emerged a fifteen-year-old white-clothed teenager.

This young boy's complexion was fair, and he seemed to have run all the way over here. His forehead was covered with a thin layer of sweat and his cheeks were flushed red, overall appearing very cute. The lines of his eyes and brows were clear yet not sharp, giving the air of inexperienced freshness.

Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but lament: It's been a long time since he last saw such a little fresh sunshine youth Luo Binghe.

During his time cultivating at Qing Jing Peak, he liked to wear white clothes. Then after rebelling, the devil king in human form Luo Binghe only wore black clothes, almost completely reversed from before. This kind of fresh and tender appearance, in particular, could no longer be seen at all.

As he strode over, Luo Binghe called out in high spirits: "Shizun!"

Shen Qingqiu was hidden in the dark, so this was naturally not directed at him. He turned his gaze and indeed saw someone wearing a green robe standing at the end of the stone-paved road.

The "Shen Qingqiu" derived from the dreamscape memories stood amidst the lush green bamboo. His figure was lean and thin, resembling a spiritual bamboo himself. His expression was calm, suffused with the cold and clear air of an immortal. Just looking like this, he really did possess some bearing of gracefulness and unworldliness. As a bystander, the current Shen Qingqiu tried to nit-pick himself and still could not help but be convinced.

This acting cool had actually acted all the way to this level, it was truly too tasteful!

In the meantime, Luo Binghe was truly worthy of being Dream Demon's direct heir, to be able to restore every detail to such perfection!

That other Shen Qingqiu in the bamboo forest seemed to be in a trance, but then tilted his head: “Finished running?”

Luo Binghe nodded his head: “Ten laps... all finished.”

Shen Qingqiu finally remembered what event this was.

The “ten laps” mentioned by Luo Binghe referred to running ten laps around the fence boundary of Qing Jing Peak. Shen Qingqiu had personally given him this task.

This wasn’t because he had the sick sense of humor to punish the great male protagonist, but because he couldn’t take it anymore. Ever since he took over Luo Binghe’s education, he had mulled it over: as the teacher figure, Shen Qingqiu had to somehow teach something real so that when the two of them had their falling-out, he could at least bring up the phrase “affection between teacher and apprentice, grace for bequeathing teachings” without first blushing from shame. According to the general teaching outline, the first step was to correct Luo Binghe’s messy walking position and body technique.

As for the results of these teachings... they were mentioned earlier. The biggest achievement was that Luo Binghe rammed into his arms for half a month.

Shen Qingqiu said: “Again. If you don’t get it right this time, it won’t be just ten laps.”

Luo Binghe obediently tried again. As a result, this time Luo Binghe did not ram into him. Instead, with a slip of his feet, he directly hugged Shen Qingqiu’s waist.

Shen Qingqiu: “.....”

Luo Binghe bashfully said: “Shizun, this disciple is useless. After running ten laps, my feet are too soft.”

Shen Qingqiu sighed.

Luo Binghe self-consciously said: “This disciple knows. Twenty laps.”

Shen Qingqiu said: “What do you mean, more laps? Go back to your room and rest.” He didn’t have any hobby of child abuse. At that time he had truly given up on himself, doing whatever he felt like doing.

He’s not gonna teach anymore, he didn’t get any sense of accomplishment at all, he’s throwing away the textbooks!

Luo Binghe totally did not feel he was being avoided, and even became elated: “Thank you, Shizun! This disciple will definitely make up the twenty laps tomorrow. What do you want to eat tonight?”

On the side, Shen Qingqiu rubbed his forehead.

Luo Binghe back then.....was really too silly, sweet, and naive.

Enduring labor, resentment, beatings, scoldings; getting taken advantage of, getting kicked, and getting sentenced to making food..... cough cough, of course, Shen Qingqiu had not done most of these things.

He watched this artificial master-apprentice pair leave, one tall and one short, the two of them still chatting. Shen Qingqiu then left his hiding place and began to wonder.

In the dreamscape enchantment that Luo Binghe created for himself, he would certainly only choose memories he felt were the most beautiful. If the memories of Qing Jing Peak could occupy a place here, they should be related to Ning Yingying. Why would there be this section?

Dreamscapes were the most direct reflection of the truest side of a person’s heart, and would not have any false disguises. A thought was spontaneously born in Shen Qingqiu’s mind, one that he had never considered before.

Thinking like this seemed a little vain, but..... probably... perhaps... just maybe... this section of master-disciple affection was placed a bit higher in Luo Binghe’s heart than Shen Qingqiu had imagined?

At the very least, he had still given Luo Binghe some moments that could be reminisced upon. Those times weren't so bad as to be completely ignored out of disgust.

Although... was Luo Binghe a little masochistic? It wasn't that Shen Qingqiu wanted to badmouth him, but... In general, the memory of getting punished to run ten laps and twenty laps didn't have any connection to the word "beautiful" no matter how you looked at it, right?!

Suddenly, a thread of chilly air crept up Shen Qingqiu's neck, as if there was a both cold and hot line of sight climbing up along his spine.

He subconsciously turned his head back. A black-clothed Luo Binghe leaned against a green bamboo, arms crossed and eyes looking directly at him.

The two faced each other without words.

.....the man himself?

The man himself!

Shen Qingqiu's first reaction wasn't to take to his heels and start sprinting for it, but to stay in place and adjust his facial expression to his most natural.

It wasn't that he had been scared stupid to the point where his legs turned soft and he couldn't run. Instead, it was because he had long since made the psychological preparations for this kind of situation. "Running" could not solve the problem at all. This enchantment was Luo Binghe's home court, so no matter how fast Shen Qingqiu ran it would be useless.

That both cold and hot line of sight just now wasn't an illusion or a mistake in his description. Luo Binghe's gaze was truly like ice and fire, with both gloomy frigidity and blazing heat. These two temperatures were bizarrely mixed and condensed in his eyes, and firmly locked onto Shen Qingqiu's body.

Shen Qingqiu braced himself and met his gaze.

After a long while, it was Luo Binghe who first sighed.

He murmured: “Being able to dream... is still nice.”

Hearing this sentence, Shen Qingqiu knew his desperate move had succeeded—he had successfully passed himself off.

He had mustered up his courage and actually won the gamble. At this moment, the entranced and absent-minded Luo Binghe thought he was a creation in his own dreamscape.

Seeing him leaning against the bamboo and staring blankly, Shen Qingqiu remembered his dazed appearance on the head seat during the day, all alone. Then upon comparing this version of him with the impressive commanding splendor of the original work, Shen Qingqiu couldn’t help but feel a little sad.

Luo Binghe didn’t have a single wife by his side to treat his injuries and care for his well-being. As his teacher, how could Shen Qingqiu not feel sad for him? A dignified Stallion novel protagonist had actually fallen to this point. What man could bear to see this?

Luo Binghe said: “I wonder if Shizun could have a word with me.”

Shen Qingqiu’s heart was currently filled with sympathy for Luo Binghe, so he pleasantly and amiably replied: “Okay. What do you want to talk about?”

He didn’t expect that after he spoke up, Luo Binghe instead froze. He instantly stood up straight and left the bamboo, a trace of disbelief showing on his face.

Oops. Shen Qingqiu thought: Does he think this reaction isn’t right?

But since the performance had already started, he had to play it to the end—he absolutely could not abandon it halfway. Awkwardness was just a

small matter, but giving the game away was a big deal. Shen Qingqiu smiled slightly and said: “Didn’t you let this teacher talk with you?”

His tone of voice was the same that he had always used when living with Luo Binghe in the past. The corner of Luo Binghe’s mouth twitched, and he slowly walked on over. Shen Qingqiu did not change expression. He slowly opened and closed the folding fan in his hands, using these light and small movements to ease his tension.

After remaining silent for a while, Luo Binghe spoke up: “In the past, Shizun never even bothered to look at me, just walked off on his own, don’t even mention talking with me. Perhaps my imagination today is a little too beautiful.”

Shen Qingqiu’s heart stirred.

Even though he felt there was something a little strange about this, these words truly did sound a bit pitiful. Could it be that Luo Binghe had always previously imagined “Shen Qingqiu” as treating him with this aloof, elegant, and noble indifference?

He probably does actually have some masochistic tendencies...

As Shen Qingqiu was thinking this, in his distraction his hand subconsciously moved on its own, systematically patting Luo Binghe’s head. He had performed this action countless times before: people always said you shouldn’t touch the head of a man or the waist of a woman, but on the contrary, this action being forbidden made one even more tempted. Shen Qingqiu especially loved to pat people’s heads, but regrettably, as an adult, he couldn’t act so impolitely and hadn’t had anyone willing to let him touch. Fortunately, Luo Binghe previously did not mind having Shen Qingqiu’s hand placed on his head at all. Shen Qingqiu had patted him when bored to the point where he’d actually made a habit out of it, and he did the same action now.

He had barely patted twice when all of a sudden, Luo Binghe raised his arm, his left hand gripping Shen Qingqiu’s left wrist.

Shen Qingqiu's expression solidified as he thought: Isn't this a bit too close?

Immediately afterward, his right wrist was also firmly grasped. Suddenly looking up, Shen Qingqiu felt his vision blur.

As if gently touched by feathers, his cheeks were swept. A strange sensation came from his lips, both soft and slightly cool.

His eyes opened wide, meeting Luo Binghe's dark pupils. His throat bobbed with difficulty.

He wanted to speak but had no way to open his mouth. Because his mouth was bitten.

Luo Binghe closed his eyes, his long black eyelashes casting curved shadows on his cheeks. He looked very well-behaved, but his mouth and hands were the exact opposite. He bit Shen Qingqiu's lips with a hint of resentment and indignation, carrying a little childlike hatred. His right hand loosened the hold on Shen Qingqiu's stiff arm, instead supporting his waist and pressing him into his arms. Their two figures clearly weren't much different in stature, but his embracing posture took Shen Qingqiu into his arms.

Shen Qingqiu's worldview blitzed through a continuous cycle of destruction and reconstruction at the speed of light.

What ultimately breached his state of complete breakdown was a system reminder accompanied by its own celebratory BGM: [Coolness Points +500! Congratulations! Congratulations! Congratulations! Important things must be said three times!]

Shen Qingqiu: "What. The. F***—————?!?!"

He finally understood why Luo Binghe had not pushed down a single girl to the point where not a single shadow of the 3000 harem beauties had been seen, yet the coolness points had never decreased.

Because he had used Shen Qingqiu to make up for the coolness points
aaaaaaahhhh!!!

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Attica.
 - (3) What a great chapter! I'm sure this one is a fan favorite.
 - Happy New Year, everyone!
-

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Chapter 50 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

T/N: Amusingly, the mini-description for this chapter is just a row of “”, which is slang for a stream of “f**k”s.

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Chapter 50 – Completely Shattered Worldviews

Upon abruptly realizing the truth, Shen Qingqiu was half horrified and agitated, half aggrieved and indignant. He immediately raised his foot for a kick!



Luo Binghe did not evade or dodge. He received the kick straight-on, yet he did not retreat a single step. He even refused to let go and kept holding Shen Qingqiu, looking both angry and wronged as he asked: “I can’t do it even in a dream?”

Hurry and wake up! Even though you’re dreaming, I’m not something you made while dreaming, okay?!!!

I can’t slap him awake, but I can’t let him continue this muddled sleepwalking either!!!

This is what’s truly called being stuck between the hammer and the anvil!!!

Shen Qingqiu had yet to think of anything to roar to calm down his mood when, caught off guard, his back slammed into the green bamboo and was pushed onto it. Luo Binghe bowed his head and pressed down again.

It wasn’t Shen Qingqiu’s first time being kissed, but this was his first time feeling the very real threat that the other party could go crazy and bite off his lips at any moment. In the interval of their chaotic breathing, Luo Binghe whispered: “Shizun, I was wrong...”

Shen Qingqiu finally managed to pull out a hand and press it against Luo Binghe’s chest. He really didn’t want to make the same posture as “a woman from a good family resisting a ruffian,” but did Luo Binghe’s appearance f***ing seem like someone who understood he was in the wrong?!

Shen Qingqiu was the one who was wrong, truly wrong, completely and utterly wrong. What “wind from an empty cave”? Jianghu gossip was all based on scientific evidence. Every single gossip must have been an angel who could see the essence of reality through appearances in their past life!

He didn’t raise the male protagonist into an asexual, and it wasn’t a problem of him being masochistic either. The truth was far more terrible than those options: he had raised the male protagonist into being gay
aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!

No wonder he hadn't received a single wife and his harem was in such an awful state. Women were already incapable of attracting his interest and couldn't be linked to his coolness level!

What the f***!

Shen Qingqiu refused to submit, sparing no effort to struggle and stubbornly resist. Just as he was considering which fate would be more miserable between self-detonating himself again vs. kicking Luo Binghe's key area... Luo Binghe suddenly let him go. He looked up at the swirling vortex of clouds in the sky above them and his face unexpectedly turned gloomy.

In an instant, the scenes and figures before Shen Qingqiu's eyes collapsed and disappeared, shattering into thousands of pieces. At the same time, Shen Qingqiu leaped onto the roof of the Huan Hua Palace's main hall.

This was the true real world!

Shen Qingqiu took vigorous breaths for a while. After finally settling his mind with much difficulty, he was surprised to see flames lighting up the entire main hall area. The ringing of various alarm bells blended together. He poked his head out, his clothes continuously furling in the night wind. From top to bottom, countless lanterns converged toward this side—Huan Hua Palace's various departments of disciples were currently flooding here from all directions.

"To your stations! All departments listen to orders, to your stations!"

Someone cursed: "Broke in again? How many invasions has this been? Has there been one successful prevention?"

Shen Qingqiu was overjoyed. An invasion was the best situation for him to take advantage of the chaos to escape. Who cares about that "Heavenly Demon Blood" stuff? How could it compare to the importance of integrity? I'm leaving first, we can talk later, goodbye! He had not yet flown two steps when he heard someone shouting:

“He went towards Huan Hua Pavilion—lay formations to stop Liu Qingge!”

Shen Qingqiu’s feet slipped, and he immediately turned around to come back.

Dammit. Liu Qingge just had to come at this time. There was no way Shen Qingqiu could throw him to the completely broken down Luo Binghe who was in the middle of throwing a fit, right?

The Huan Hua Pavilion was the place where previous dynasties of palace masters cultivated and resided, and wasn’t far from his current location. Shen Qingqiu jumped off the roof in a couple steps and mixed into the large army rushing over. Before they even entered the Huan Hua Pavilion, forceful waves of chilly air greeted them face-on. From within came a shout of rage full of killing intent.

“Get lost!”

When the crowd heard the alarm bells, some unaware disciples had broken in the door. Dozens of people in the front row of the crowd were all sent flying out by a wave of extremely powerful energy. Shen Qingqiu, who was in the next group of people, managed to perfectly dodge this attack and pick a good position. Fishing in troubled waters, he fished his way inside. Just as he entered the door, goosebumps rose on his skin from the freezing chill.

The entire Huan Hua Pavilion seemed to have become an enormous ice cave. Just taking one step inside was like stepping into a frozen world of ice and snow. Cold air flowed into Shen Qingqiu’s sleeves and robes, and the cold sweat on his forehead and the back of his hand rapidly froze into a layer of thin ice. You can imagine the sheer extent of the cold in the room.

Not only was the temperature extremely low, but the walls on all sides were also tightly sealed and the doors and windows were all airtight. The entire chamber was both cold and dark. If it weren’t for the intruder (i.e. Liu Qingge, director of the Cang Qiong Mountain Demolition Office) forcibly smashing open a large gap, the entire place would resemble a coffin of ice.

On the seating table at the center of the pavilion, a curtain was half drawn back. A few black and white outer robes were messily piled up on the side of the table.

Luo Binghe himself was only wearing his inner clothes, looking like he had just gotten up from his bed. His black hair was scattered and loose, his clothes disorganized, his neckline crooked and open. His face was pale white but his lips carried a touch of bloody red. Cold light flashed in his eyes, the ghastly energy exerting immense pressure. The cutting edge of his sword was exposed and his posture was one of preparation for battle.

Seven steps away, precisely facing him, the bones of Liu Qingge's sword hand protruded explosively from his grip. His whole face was green and blue.

Liu Qingge stared at the calm and composed Luo Binghe sitting on the table. He enunciated every syllable: "You bastard."

On the Cheng Luan sword, spiritual energy and killing intent rose with scathing violence. Shen Qingqiu vigilantly glanced back and forth between the two sides. However, just taking one look in the direction that Liu Qingge's sword was pointing, in his mind he could hear the noise of the very last shred of his desperately resisting worldviews completely shattering.

Luo Binghe's right hand was placed on the Xin Mo sword that never left his side, and the snow-white blade had already left its sheath by half; on the other side, his left hand held a person.

Instead of saying it was a person, it would be better to say it was "a body": completely lifeless, head hanging down, limbs weak, but very soft. It was wearing a thin layer of inner clothes. The collar had slipped below the shoulders, revealing half of a back as white as paper.

Liu Qingge said: "What have you done?"

He truly would never be able to forget the scene just now. When the Cheng Luan sword had cut open a gap, the room was empty aside from the

overlapping shadows among the curtains on the seating table. Liu Qingge knew that Luo Binghe must be inside, but he could never have imagined that it was not just him inside!

Luo Binghe raised his eyebrows and tugged the soft body in his left hand up further into his arms: “What do you say I have done?”

Shen Qingqiu was completely speechless. Two people—to be specific a living person and a dead person—who were not wearing covering clothes as they rolled down from a place similar to a bed and hugged into a ball——no matter how one looked at it, it didn’t seem like anything positive!

Liu Qingge did not speak a word, and Cheng Luan stabbed out. Xin Mo sword was still not completely out of its sheath. Only using the scabbard, Luo Binghe blocked Cheng Luan’s sharp edge. As the fierce sword energy approached, he leaned slightly sideways. He blocked the biting cold sword energy while protecting the body in his hand behind himself, anger showing on his face.

Liu Qingge also discovered that activating Cheng Luan in such a narrow room also carried the risk of sharp sword energy damaging that corpse. He immediately called his sword back into its sheath and began to fight Luo Binghe using spiritual energy.

During their rough and tumble duel, that body’s clothes loosened and slid down to the waist, and Luo Binghe’s palm directly attached to the fair flesh. Liu Qingge’s eyes turned completely bloodshot: “Brute, no matter what, he is your Shizun!”

Luo Binghe calmly said: “If it were someone else, do you think I would do this?”

The encircling Huan Hua Palace disciples were utterly dumbstruck and slack-jawed. Luo Binghe did not pay any attention to them either, entirely focused on dealing with Liu Qingge. In the air around both men’s bodies, spiritual energy roiled like boiling water, shooting in all directions. The expressions on their faces grew more horrible with each passing moment.

No one dared to step inside the Huan Hua Pavilion for fear of adding to the chaos.

Shen Qingqiu wasn't afraid of adding to the chaos. He was simply unable to look directly at this sight.

.....too hardcore. Way too f***ing hardcore!

His brain was as full of holes as the surface of the moon, but he had never once imagined there would come a day where he became one of the main characters in this hardcore PLAY. The one held in Luo Binghe's arms.....was indeed dead, right? Absolutely correct, because that was his corpse, alright?!

This was no longer something "horrible once one carefully thought it over." Even without carefully thinking it over, this was a clearly horrible predicament!

Although he couldn't look directly, he still hadn't forgotten why he came back.

Shen Qingqiu flashed behind Liu Qingge's back. The latter raised his guard, thinking it was a sneak attacker. He sneered and prepared to use his spiritual power to shock this other party away. However, a hand was placed on his back and a gentle but firm stream of power began flowing into his spiritual circulation.

With Liu Qingge receiving this aid, Luo Binghe was now the one being slightly suppressed. Liu Qingge still did not dare to act carelessly and slightly tilted his head. Looking behind himself out of the corner of his eyes, he could only see a blurred face that seemed to be using something to cover its appearance. Liu Qingge whispered: "Who's there?"

Shen Qingqiu did not answer, while his hand used more force. The two peerlessly strong streams of spiritual power merged into one. Although Luo Binghe managed to bear it straight-on, this wave of aggressive spiritual power would inevitably follow his body and transmit into the corpse in his hands. He was capable of dispelling this energy, but the dead person in his

arms could not. If he didn't let go, the body would most likely be badly shocked to the point of explosively bursting. Luo Binghe was not willing to damage the corpse, so he could only loosen his hand. The body was immediately bounced away by the boiling spiritual energy and flew out.

Even after Luo Binghe was forced to let go, his line of sight remained firmly stuck on that body, and his face showed unwillingness and helplessness. Seeing his expression, Shen Qingqiu abruptly could not bear it. Using this method to force him to let go felt a little bit like they were bullying him.

A few disciples with no appreciation for the gravity of this situation wanted to act, but Luo Binghe yelled: "Don't touch!" As he waved his sleeves in the distance, screams rose from that side. Shen Qingqiu removed the stream of spiritual power applied to Liu Qingge's back. With a flick of his soles, he leaped forward and carefully caught that body in his arms.

The sensation of holding your own corpse truly was a one-of-a-kind strange experience. Shen Qingqiu roughly glanced himself over. His former body still had a very rosy complexion and soft limbs, no different from a living person in a deep sleep except for the tightly closed eyes and lack of breath.

Upon death from self-detonation, one's spiritual power would dissipate. There would not be any remaining cultivation preventing the corpse from rotting. Five years after death, just freezing it in ice would not be able to preserve the body to this extent. There was no herbal scent on the body, so it should not have been treated with any chemical preservatives. It was unclear what method Luo Binghe had used.

Shen Qingqiu dodged a spiritual burst powerful enough to split mountains and crack stone. He looked up to see Luo Binghe's gaze completely fixed on him, his expression savage and ferocious. Only then did Shen Qingqiu discover that the corpse's clothes had slipped down from its upper body, bones and flesh exposed as he held it in his arms. Added to how he was touching and looking at it.... It was overall an extremely unhealthy and rather provocative sight.

He hurriedly pulled up the corpse's clothes and sent this hot potato towards Liu Qingge: "Catch!"

Luo Binghe wanted to seize it, but he was caught up in Shen Qingqiu's entanglement. Shen Qingqiu was originally worried that Luo Binghe would activate the Heavenly Demon blood parasite, but whether because he had been overwhelmed by killing intent or been struck silly by his anxiety, Luo Binghe actually did not think to use this trump card. Liu Qingge caught the body with one hand and called Cheng Luan with the other, easily beating back the siege of the Huan Hua Palace disciples. After being tossed back and forth by them, the corpse's clothes had completely split off its upper body. Liu Qingge had just touched it when he felt his palm sticking to smooth skin, both fine and cool. The area he touched seemed to have a slight electrical current crawling over it, and his entire body froze. No matter where he held it, everywhere seemed unsuitable, and he almost pushed it away from himself. In the end, he managed to resist this impulse. He took off his outer robe, the white clothes spreading wide like wings, and wrapped the body in his arms up. Cheng Luan flew back to him and steadily floated before his feet.

Luo Binghe's pupils had completely turned bright red. The entire Huan Hua Pavilion was akin to a sealed box with a bomb placed inside. When the bomb exploded, all the walls collapsed with a roaring crash.

Along with the flying sand and hurtling stones, aside from all the numerous people, there were two items that made a resounding metallic clang when they hit the ground. Shen Qingqiu focused his vision and saw these were actually two swords.

Zheng Yang, Xiu Ya.

These two broken swords had once shared a common destiny and been shattered in countless pieces. It was unclear how they had been repaired, tied together, and placed in the Huan Hua Pavilion. Only with the pavilion's collapse did they once again see the sky and sun.

Seeing these two swords once again, Shen Qingqiu felt an unclear taste rising in his heart and looked at Luo Binghe. His clothes had originally

been untidy in the first place, and now after this wave of bombardments, his well-defined clavicle and chest were all exposed. On his chest wall, a hideous sword scar approached his heart.

Luo Binghe's self-regeneration ability was extremely strong. Even if his limbs were cut off, he could seamlessly re-attach them, and even re-grow them without a problem. Unless he deliberately chose not to heal them, there were no wounds he couldn't completely recover without even leaving a scar.

Luo Binghe fiercely shouted: "Liu Qingge, for Shizun's sake I have spared your life time and time again. If you insist on seeking death, then don't blame me!"

His sudden outburst of spiritual power and murderousness quaked Shen Qingqiu to the point where he almost changed positions. He knew Luo Binghe's temper had flared up, so he hurriedly yelled at Liu Qingge: "Still not leaving?!"

It felt like ever since he came to this side, he was frequently making these selfless sacrifices to cover others' retreat! Liu Qingge glanced at him and indeed did not do a sloppy job—he left straight away, carrying that body under his arms as he leaped onto his sword to exit as quick as lightning.

Luo Binghe originally wanted to attack, but he unexpectedly felt his heart quake—the backlash of the Xin Mo sword came out of the blue and slowed him down by a hair. Just from this missing hair, he could only look on helplessly as Liu Qingge left with Shen Qingqiu's corpse under his arm.

In a daze, Luo Binghe stood in place as if the sky had fallen, even forgetting to counterattack. For an instant, blankness appeared on his face, like a child who had his most beloved thing in the world taken away from him. Shen Qingqiu had been planning to take advantage of his daze to fish in troubled waters and slip away. But when he saw this situation, for some unknown reason, his heel stuck to the ground and that flash of unbearableness grew more and more intense.

But even if he couldn't bear it, there was nothing he could do. If he continued to let Luo Binghe hold that corpse, it was unclear what horrifying sinful developments would happen!

The problem came with this untimely softening of his heart. He had not successfully snuck away when Luo Binghe suddenly turned his head, those two violent red eyes fixated directly on him.

The Xin Mo sword trembled in its sheath with joy and maliciousness. Luo Binghe's eyes very clearly told Shen Qingqiu that he would definitely become mincemeat in just a little bit. Seeing his furious and grieving gaze, Shen Qingqiu took two steps back. All of a sudden, as if his reason had been bewitched, he wanted to tell Luo Binghe the truth.

He wanted to tell him: "Don't be this sad, Shizun is not dead."

Just as he moved his lips, a black shadow flashed out from the crowd of Huan Hua Palace disciples.

The figure moved with remarkable swiftness, wrapping up Shen Qingqiu and leaving like a whirlwind. Even with Luo Binghe's superb eyesight and reaction speed, the explosive shot he made actually failed to hit.

He stood in the same place, staring coldly at the remaining ruins of the Huan Hua Pavilion, dilapidated and crawling with forces. The crowd of Huan Hua Palace disciples had been continuously unable to get involved, but they understood Luo Binghe was ill at ease tonight after these unexpected defeats and would inevitably erupt in a thunderstorm. The masses of disciples hurried to kneel down. At this time, Sha Hualing finally managed to make it over and quickly rushed to the front. The moment she arrived, she was sent flying backward by Luo Binghe and vomited three liters of blood.

She had long since known him to be capricious and temperamental, and she did not know what had angered him again. She could only say in a terrified tone of voice: "Lord, quell your anger. Lord, quell your anger!"

Luo Binghe spoke: "The person you brought back was truly not bad."

This “not bad” was even more terrifying than if she heard Luo Binghe order her execution on the spot. Sha Hualing’s soul almost left her body as she hurried to say: “This subordinate has a matter to report! When the intrusion occurred, this subordinate had detected the invasion and acted to deal with it. But Liu Qingge was not the only intruder! This Bai Zhan Peak Lord had previously scouted inside the palace at night, but he was unable to break the maze formation. This time someone else first destroyed the maze formation, and that is why Liu Qingge was able to successfully break through.”

Luo Binghe stared in the direction that Liu Qingge had disappeared on his sword. He slowly clenched his fists, his knuckles cracking.

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by Attica.
- Ahem, we are [looking for more translators to join our team](#). If you’re interested in joining, please click on that link for the details.
- The bill for the website hosting is due on February 20, 2019. I just got the invoice and it is for \$228. If you would like to help out then you can either [donate at Ko-fi](#) or [become my patron](#).
- My goodness, this chapter is so amazing! I’m like... that happened?! Then it was like “wow, there’s more?!” Then I was just completely speechless...
- Please let me know if there are any errors.

Thanks for reading and the schedule for January is:

January (a release every Sunday)

6 – chapter 50

13 – chapter 51

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Chapter 51 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 51: This Dream is Pitiful

Sha Hualing thought that Luo Binghe definitely didn’t care who the other invader was. He most likely only cared about Shen Qingqiu’s corpse, which had been stolen away, so she hastily changed her tone and said, “Liu Qingge can’t get very far carrying that... that... by himself! This subordinate will take people and chase after him at once!”

Luo Binghe said, “No need.”



Sha Hualing trembled, her heart ice cold as a vague premonition welled up in it.

Only to hear Luo Binghe say coldly, "I'll go myself. You call over Mo Bei."

This time, Shen Qingqiu finally knew just how gentle Luo Binghe had been in the past while controlling the blood parasites in his body.

If Luo Binghe truly wanted to kill someone using his ancient demon blood, then there was no way that it would just be pain to the degree of period cramps. He could make you wish that you were dead rather than alive, where you would be in so much pain that you couldn't even stand straight or speak. You could only roll around on the floor, and after you finished rolling around, you could only lie there like a corpse, but the agony in your body wouldn't lessen a single bit. There was no way you could wait for the pain to dull or get used to it.

After the fury from the fighting passed, Luo Binghe finally remembered that he still had something like the ancient demon blood.

The person who had taken advantage of the chaos and dragged him out just then had most likely already brought him to a safe place. He slowed down and supported him as they walked. Shen Qingqiu wanted to sit, not walk, but he no longer had the strength to speak. He was dragged along for a while, more dead than alive, before that person finally discovered that something wasn't quite right.

He placed Shen Qingqiu on the ground. His voice was both gentle and refreshing, and he talked a little slowly. He seemed to be a young man, and he asked in deep concern, "How are you? Did you get hurt just now?"

Shen Qingqiu moved his lips a little, but he still didn't have the strength to say a single word. Right now, it felt as if there were millions and millions of parasite worms having a carnival inside his blood vessels, biting and expanding, wriggling and twisting. It felt both disgusting and agonizing.

This made it seem like when Luo Binghe was controlling the blood parasites in his body in the past, he didn't have any malice whatsoever. Instead, he was basically being extremely tender, as if he was just teasing him a bit.

Shen Qingqiu rapidly flipped through all the various achievements and honourable accomplishments that he had gained under the coercion of the system during these past few years, and he truly felt that this was absurd and comical. Just what part of the story went wrong, causing Luo Binghe to be like this towards him?! Shen Qingqiu knew that he himself was an unmistakably straight man ever since he was born. There should be no need to doubt Luo Binghe's sexual orientation either. Then whose fault was it exactly?

There was no need to think about it anymore. If the characters crumbled, then it was definitely the author's problem. It was all Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky's fault!

Shen Qingqiu had just laughed dryly before he was instantly wracked by more intense pain, and Shen Qingqiu really did roll a few times on the ground. It seemed like it could relieve the pain a little this way.

He didn't manage to roll around for very long before he was restrained by that person, who touched Shen Qingqiu's forehead and cheeks. His sparse beard had already pretty much fallen off completely by now, and he was covered in cold sweat. The person continued to stroke downwards until he touched Shen Qingqiu's chest and abdomen.

For some reason, the places that he touched would all feel a little more bearable. Shen Qingqiu caught his breath and couldn't help but say, "Uh, my dear friend, where... are you touching?"

If this was the past, he really wouldn't have cared about where other people (referring particularly to those of the same sex) touched him. They could touch him wherever they wanted to, please do as you wish. But ever since Luo Binghe had opened a series of doors to a whole new world for him, the worldview that Shen Qingqiu had formed during his past twenty or so years had received a heavy blow. From now on, he would have to use an entirely new outlook and sensitive attitude to view this world.

Especially the problem of making friends with those of the same sex!

That person made an 'ah' noise and hastily let go. He apologized, "I'm sorry. I... didn't do it on purpose."

Shen Qingqiu said, "No no no! Go ahead and touch! Please continue! Thank you!"

It wasn't a mistake. When this person let go, Shen Qingqiu instantly started to hurt again. It seemed that this person... could truly placate the ancient demon blood!

Shen Qingqiu turned his head. Underneath the moonlight, he couldn't make out the other person's features very clearly, but it was more or less the outline of someone with bright and delicate features. His eyes were

extremely limpid, overlapping and reflecting Shen Qingqiu's figure and the clear, shining moonlight like dew.

Shen Qingqiu looked at those eyes and faintly remembered something, but before he could think about it more deeply, his head suddenly felt as if it had exploded. It hurt so much that he let out a low moan before he buried his head downwards and slammed his fist violently onto the ground.

All of a sudden, Shen Qingqiu felt someone lift him by the back of his robe. There was a pain in his lower jaw as his mouth was forced open and a liquid was poured in. His tongue felt numb from the acid reflux from his stomach, and he couldn't taste what the flavor of the liquid was, but it shouldn't be anything that tasted good. He choked and wanted to spit it out, but that person covered his mouth. Though his movements were forceful, his tone was extremely gentle, and he coaxed, "Swallow it."

Shen Qingqiu's throat bobbed violently, and in a moment of haste, he actually swallowed that liquid. A bit of the unknown fluid trickled from the corner of his mouth, and he lowered his head as he coughed violently. That man stood to the side and patted his back, helping him calm down.

Shockingly, after this liquid entered his mouth and stomach, the agony from the blood worms' biting, which had tormented him the entire way, swiftly disappeared.

Shen Qingqiu's body felt better, but his heart grew tight instead. He grabbed the clothing at that person's chest with one hand. "What did you give me to drink?"

The other person uncurled Shen Qingqiu's hand, finger by finger, and took it away from his chest. He smiled slightly and said, "Does it still hurt?"

It didn't hurt anymore. It really didn't hurt anymore. But the reason it was scary was because it didn't hurt anymore. He had never heard of something like ancient demon blood having an antidote!

As his sense of taste slowly returned to his tongue, Shen Qingqiu felt the scent of blood in his mouth grow even stronger. Strong to the point that he almost wanted to vomit. The original work said it very clearly: there was no medicine that would be effective against ancient demon blood.

Only ancient demon blood could keep the ancient demon blood in check.

F*ck.

Not only did he drink it twice, he drank the ancient demon blood of two different people.

Shen Qingqiu felt that he could really f*cking be considered someone with neither predecessors nor successors in this world.

After thinking this, Shen Qingqiu let out a cheerful sigh and toppled over.

The sound of flesh being ripped apart.

Also accompanied by the distant and hoarse sound of miserable screaming.

Shen Qingqiu pressed a hand against his temples, and the scene before his eyes slowly cleared.

An ocean of blood. A mountain of corpses.

Luo Binghe stood woodenly in this purgatory-like environment. He wore all black, so it couldn't be dyed with the color of blood, but half of his face was splashed with spots of dark red. The sword in his hand rose and fell callously like a machine.

Originally, when Shen Qingqiu saw Luo Binghe, the image of him hugging his own corpse and rolling off the bed with it should have surfaced on its own in his mind, and it should've been hard to look straight at him. But right now, Luo Binghe was actually massacring the things that he had

created in his own dreamscape. This was the same thing as him taking a knife and using it to stab his brain. What was the difference?

If he wasn't intellectually disabled and didn't know better, then only a lunatic would do something like this!

Even though Shen Qingqiu always liked to say that Luo Binghe was a masochist and loved to torture himself, there was no way Shen Qingqiu could squeeze out a few dry laughs and find the time to roast him if he tortured himself to this degree.

Luo Binghe lifted his head and looked at him with hazy eyes, seeming as if his mind was unclear. But the moment his eyes reflected Shen Qingqiu's figure, they lit up instantly, and he threw his long sword far, far away. He hid his bloodstained hands behind his back and called in a quiet voice, "Shizun."

Afterwards, he suddenly remembered that his face was also bloody and used his sleeves to wipe at the traces of blood on half of his face, as if he was trying to save himself. But the more he wiped, the dirtier it became, and he grew more and more uneasy like a child who was caught red-handed for stealing something.

It was difficult the first time, but easy the second. Shen Qingqiu now had experience pretending to be the product of artificial intelligence, so he felt quite calm. When he spoke, he couldn't help but make his voice gentle. "What are you doing?"

Luo Binghe said quietly, "Shizun, I... I lost you again. This disciple is useless. He can't even protect your body."

When he heard this response, Shen Qingqiu's expression and state of mind were similarly complicated.

So, just then, when he was brutally killing the things he had created in his dreamscape, it could be considered that he was... disciplining himself?

Looking at how skilled Luo Binghe was at this, Shen Qingqiu was afraid that this was not the first time he had done so. No wonder Luo Binghe was unable to even differentiate if he was a figment of his imagination or an intruder from the outside world last time.

Shen Qingqiu sighed and deliberated for a bit before he comforted him softly, “It’s fine if you lost it. I don’t blame you.”

Luo Binghe stared blankly at him. “... but right now, that’s all I have left.”

Shen Qingqiu suddenly didn’t dare to look directly into his eyes. Could Luo Binghe have really hugged his empty shell of a corpse, which Shen Qingqiu didn’t even want anymore, for five years?

Luo Binghe’s voice suddenly cooled down. “After Huayue City, I swore that I would never lose Shizun in this life again. But I still let someone else snatch you away.”

The resentment and dark red color in his eyes were similarly turbulent and ingrained. The sword that he had tossed away flew up into the air from his summoning, and it pierced through the chests of several ‘people’ who were dying and struggling. The sound of screaming filled his ears, and Shen Qingqiu hastily restrained him and reprimanded, “Don’t be reckless. Even if it’s just a dream, this is the same thing as harming yourself. Don’t tell me you forgot!”

Of course Luo Binghe wouldn’t have forgotten. He stared straight at Shen Qingqiu before gripping the back of his hand. He said only after a long pause, “I know that I’m in a dream. Only in a dream would you scold me like this, Shizun.”

When he heard this, Shen Qingqiu suddenly woke up to reality. Not good. Wrong.

He couldn’t treat Luo Binghe like this. If you didn’t have that kind of intention towards someone, then you shouldn’t give him hope. The bigger

his hopes, the bigger his disappointment. He would continue to be delirious, and the probability of him going crazy would also increase.

Even if it was in a dream, he still shouldn't drag things on fussily like this. He had to make a firm decision or else if their relationship continued to be ambiguous, then it would only lead to misfortune. Shen Qingqiu firmly withdrew his hand and adjusted the look on his face, adopting his best aloof and unapproachable expression before turning and walking away.

When Luo Binghe was thrown off, he was stunned for a moment before he instantly caught back up to him. "Shizun, I know that I was wrong."

Shen Qingqiu said coldly, "If you know that you were wrong, then don't follow me."

Luo Binghe said anxiously, "I've long since regretted it, but I just never knew how to tell you. Are you still mad that I forced you to self-destruct your soul? I've already completely repaired the spiritual network in Shizun's body, I'm not trying to trick you at all! As long as I can enter the Mausoleum, I will definitely find a way to wake you up again."

Shen Qingqiu didn't answer, hesitating over whether or not he should say something a little crueller so he would forget this idea. But Luo Binghe suddenly rushed over and hugged him from behind, embracing him firmly, and he refused to let go even if he rolled on the ground screaming. Shen Qingqiu's entire body went stiff when he was embraced and felt as if he was brushed by something feathery, making all his fine hairs stand straight up. He collected energy in his hand but still didn't strike out in the end. He gritted his teeth and forced out one word: "Scram!"

He said that after the blackening, they wouldn't go down the tragedy path! Don't push and pull back and forth!

Luo Binghe acted as if he couldn't hear him. "Or is Shizun angry over what happened at Jinlan City?"

Shen Qingqiu said, "Correct."

Luo Binghe still refused to let go and murmured, “When I first returned from the Endless Abyss, I knew that Shizun declared to the outside world that I was killed by the demon race. At first I thought that Shizun was being tender-hearted and still had some lingering sentiment for me, and that you didn’t want me to lose my reputation. Unexpectedly, after we met and I saw Shizun’s attitude, I became afraid that it was just my wishful thinking again. I was scared that the reason Shizun covered up the truth for me was only because you felt that it would stain your name if others found out you brought up a demon.”

He spoke pathetically, sentences tumbling one after another out of his mouth as if he was afraid that Shen Qingqiu would rudely cut him off and not let him continue. “I’m really not the one who arranged for the sowers. At the time, I was just so angry that I grew confused, and so I allowed Shizun to be locked in the water dungeon... I’ve known for a long time that I was wrong.”

If this was the Luo Binghe from reality, there might never be a time when he would pour out his words so steadily, disregarding his image. It was likely he would only ever dare to ramble so much in a dream that he created. If Shen Qingqiu pushed him aside now, it would be just like giving a tearful, trembling, heartbroken young maiden who finally worked up the courage to call her Chicken Soup for the Soul ‘big sister’ a slap right in the face. It was truly a bit too cruel.

Shen Qingqiu felt empathetic and greatly moved, but he also felt that this was all extremely ridiculous. What was more ridiculous than finding out that the person you did everything you could to run away from during the past few years didn’t even want to kill you, but wanted to do you instead? But no matter if it was killing or f*cking, the end result was still the same. Shen Qingqiu would still run away as fast as he could.

One person wanted to see the other but couldn’t, so he hugged a corpse for five years. The other person wanted to do all he could to avoid the first person, but he still felt like he saw him too much.

Shen Qingqiu’s hands were stiff. He raised them before lowering them again, clenching them into fists before relaxing. Finally, he ended up

sighing and patting that head which was even taller than him.

He thought, “Heavens, I’ve really lost!”

Never mind his harem, a perfectly fine dark stallion protagonist didn’t have anyone else and was still a virgin. He had made himself like this, so if Shen Qingqiu continued to strike back, it seemed a little too unkind. Shen Qingqiu still lost to Luo Binghe, who had single-handedly made himself very tragic, as well as his own sympathy.

Luo Binghe instantly seized his hand tightly. Shen Qingqiu felt that the skin of Luo Binghe’s palm was slightly uneven against the back of his hand, and when he looked closely, he discovered that it was a sword wound.

At first, Shen Qingqiu didn’t understand how he got so many scars on his body, but at that moment, he suddenly remembered. During their night rendezvous at Jinlan City, Luo Binghe had played a game of cat and mouse with him the entire way. When he finally caught him, Shen Qingqiu had stabbed him. At that time, Luo Binghe had caught the edge of the Xiu Ya sword directly with his own hand.

As for the wound on Luo Binghe’s chest near his heart, Shen Qingqiu even more so shouldn’t have forgotten that one. That was the injury from when he had accidentally stabbed him when he was forcing him down into the abyss during the Immortal Alliance Conference.

It seemed like every time he had gone to stab Luo Binghe, he had never once dodged. He never avoided or evaded it, but caught it head on, letting Shen Qingqiu stab him, allowing him to pierce him. This was exactly why Shen Qingqiu had struck him, even though both times Shen Qingqiu didn’t actually want to stab him. After being stabbed, Luo Binghe didn’t even go to treat his wounds. Instead, he deliberately preserved them.

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by Yan.

- Some people have been complaining about “missing parts.” There are no missing parts. We use the latest official text from JJWXC. The author changed some parts but mostly only moved things around. For example, what used to be the last part of a chapter could be in the next chapter in the newly edited version. There’s nothing missing.
- Who is this mysterious person who gave his blood to Shen Qingqiu?
- At last Luo Binghe took the opportunity to show his remorse apologize and explain himself. What do you think? Are you satisfied with his apology?
- Thank you for reading!

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Chapter 52 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 52 – Eternal Regret of the Chunshan

(TN: Chunshan means “Spring (time) Mountain.”)<

Not long ago, Shen Qingqiu would still have been able to believe that Luo Binghe was naturally still holding a grudge and kept the scars so he could remind himself of his hatred at any time. But now, Shen Qingqiu could not deceive himself any more about the meaning of these actions.



After reading that long a novel, even after raising him from childhood, he had never discovered that Luo Binghe was actually a pure-hearted young man. This deeply emotional stallion protagonist, after becoming a cut-sleeve, went so far as to completely drop the ‘stallion’ part of his character. This Luo Binghe, who he had raised bent to who knows where, had a heart more delicate than a young maiden—both a masochist and easy to harm.

Or maybe it wasn’t that he had never discovered it, but that he had never thought to find out. When all was said and done, Shen Qingqiu had still regarded Luo Binghe as the protagonist in a novel and himself as an observer from afar, occasionally playing around for his own amusement. Most of the time he had kept himself at a distance. In his eyes, he had superimposed an image of the original Luo Binghe who had the strongest presence onto reality, attaching the most importance to that model of behavior.

Even though Shen Qingqiu felt that this kind of Luo Binghe was extremely inconvenient to deal with, he was really at a loss for what to do.

He was still wracking his brain for solutions and, from this angle, couldn’t see the wisp of a twisted smile that tilted the corner of Luo Binghe’s mouth.

After waking, Shen Qingqiu opened his eyes and saw a snow-white muslin veil above him. Someone pushed open the door and walked in. Lightly closing the door behind them, they said, “You’re awake?”

Shen Qingqiu rotated his neck and looked at the other out of the corner of his eye.

Under the light of lanterns and the warm moon, that man was indeed born with a good face. The corner of his mouth held in a smile, and he was clearly of incomparable intelligence and talent. His eyes, especially, exhibited a kind of warm and quick-witted air.

He knew this pair of eyes. Eyes that had risen from Lushui Lake.

Shen Qingqiu rolled to a seated position and an ice bag fell from his forehead. The man stooped to retrieve it and placed it on the table, replacing it with a new one.

Upon seeing this, Shen Qingqiu would be embarrassed to say the flood of “Who are you”s and “What do you want”s piling up under his tongue. Coughing once, he said with a reserved tone, “Many thanks to your distinguished self for your assistance in escaping Huan Hua Palace.”

That young man stood up by the table and said, smiling, “Humans have a saying, a drop of kindness is repaid as a gushing spring. Besides, the kindness that Master Shen offered me far surpassed a drop.”

First of all, this young master was indeed that snake man from Bai Lu Forest.

Second of all, this young master knew that the person under this shell was Shen Qingqiu.

Shen Qingqiu sounded out a name. “Tianlang-Jun?”

The reason why the ancient line of Heavenly Demons was called “Heavenly” was because, according to legend, their bloodline had chosen to fall from grace and leave the heavenly realm to become demons. Only a Heavenly Demon with a lineage purer than Luo Binghe’s could suppress the Heavenly Demon’s blood within Shen Qingqiu’s body. In that case, a problem arose. Of the Heavenly Demon lineage, Shen Qingqiu knew, the original work had only named two: Luo Binghe, and his father. Who else could it be?

But he couldn’t strike gold more than three times. Shen Qingqiu’s genius riddle-solving method, which had succeeded every time to date, finally hit a wall here.

The man shook his head and said, “Master Shen, treating me as Junshang is really an excessive honor.”

Hearing these two characters “Junshang,” Shen Qingqiu finally knew which character this person was.

At the opening of the original work, Tianlang-Jun had already been suppressed under a high mountain. As for this war of many years past, Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky only roughly covered the matter because it had little to do with the protagonist’s slaughtering and stallion habits. He merely said that Tianlang-Jun was “no match for a siege by the combined powers of the cultivator magnates of the Human Realm, he was suppressed under XX mountain, eternally unable to turn around, separated from his trusted general and confidant by death or injury.”

Which mountain was XX mountain, exactly? Shen Qingqiu had never properly considered this question. But after his curiosity was piqued, he finally recalled what XX mountain was.

Bailu Mountain!

Bailu Forest on Bailu Mountain!

Shen Qingqiu looked the man up and down. So this was Luo Binghe’s father’s “trusted general and confidant!”

Looking at him now, he already could see no trace of his snake-like deformities. Shen Qingqiu swallowed and said, “May I venture to ask you, sire... what is your distinguished name?”

The man said, courteously, “Tianlang-Jun’s second-in-command, Zhuzhi-Lang.”

His words had only just left his mouth when the System gave a notification: Repaired completeness of storyline and unlocked secret character, B points +300. Activated plot hole filling event, B points + 100!

A burst of uncontrollable excitement suddenly welled up in Shen Qingqiu.

“Plot hole filling” definitely referred to those behind-the-scenes deceitful massacres and assassinations with unclear explanations or setup bugs in the original work. This was the number one reason for Shen Yuan’s disdain for Proud Immortal Demon Way . It was also a big reason for him beating his chest and stomping his feet, gnashing his teeth in anger and resentment after finishing the novel.

Now, he had drawn out a character that had never directly appeared on stage, and the System had opened a plot hole filling event. Could it be that, next, he would finally uncover the truth behind those giant plot holes ripping through the sky?!

Shen Qingqiu said, “I saved you once, you also saved me once—we’re even now.”

The “saved you once” he spoke of was referring to that time he kept Gongyi Xiao from killing the snake man. But Zhu Zhilang shook his head and said, “More than that. If not for Master Shen, I’m afraid my humble self would not have been able to approach the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed for many more years. How could you say we’re even already?”

Shen Qingqiu understood his reasoning. “Okay, we can discuss this. Can’t you immediately extract these two things from my blood? Do you have to keep them in?”

This was like if you had a parasite in your body and the doctor’s treatment method was to put in another parasite to fight it. No matter how you think about it, the situation is even more terrible!

Zhuzhi-Lang said, “En... this was the first time my humble self utilized Heavenly Demon’s Blood. Before this I really have never heard of any means of dispelling it.”

Though the answer dampened his spirits, Shen Qingqiu still expressed his understanding. After the blood entered the body and dissolved without a trace, it truly would not be reasonable to separate it again. Zhuzhi-Lang said, “Though it cannot be dispelled, so long as my blood is also in Master Shen’s body, that person’s Heavenly Demon’s Blood cannot be activated.

After going to the Demon Realm, there will be no trail to follow and there will be no way he can torment you any more.”

Wait.

Shen Qingqiu said, “Hold on. When did I say that I wanted to go to the Demon Realm?”

Zhuzhi-Lang said, “We’re going very soon.”

Shen Qingqiu examined his expression and said, “The ‘repayment’ you spoke of—it wouldn’t happen to be taking me to the Demon Realm?”

What were they going to do in the Demon Realm? It was short in supplies and natural resources, the culture and custom were incompatible, and he would not be acclimatized to the environment. In addition, there was a whole pile of more urgent worries right under his eyes. Before, while his brain was scared into meltdown by Luo Binghe’s near-necrophiliac behavior, he had let Liu Qingge get away with his original body. Would Luo Binghe clear out Cang Qiong Mountain in anger?!

He had to return and clear the air between everyone involved. Shen Qingqiu immediately tossed the quilt aside, planning to run away. Who knew that just as he started to move, he would feel something both smooth and sticky, soft and ice cold crawl up his leg?

A jade-green snake slowly stretched its head out from the quilt, flicking a scarlet tongue towards Shen Qingqiu with a hiss.

This snake was three fingers thick and, at first glance, was similar to the venomous Chinese green tree viper of the Human Realm. The eye sockets were extremely large and the pupils were extremely small, and the contrast shocked the eye and astonished the heart. But Shen Qingqiu did not fear this type of soft-bodied animal. Looking at it with a cool glance, he stealthily collected spiritual power in the palm of his hand, planning on catching it off guard and snapping off seven inches. Suddenly, the jade-green snake reared back, red mouth gaping open.

To the eye it was merely a snake, but from its mouth it issued an ear-piercing shriek that could have come from a human throat. At the same time, thickly packed green darts exploded from behind its head like a blossoming flower. The sharp tips were suffused with scarlet red; it was obvious to see that they were extremely poisonous. The snake's body inflated several times like it had been pumped up with air. Just a moment ago it could have been said to be a dainty and cute ornamental snake, but now it was some sort of f***ing monster.

The Demon Realm variety was certainly savage. Shen Qingqiu immediately dispelled any intention of touching it with his bare hands.

Zhuzhi-Lang poured out a cup of tea. Placing it on the table, he said cordially, "Master Shen, why do you try to leave as soon as I finish my explanation? I sincerely wish to repay your kind assistance from Bailu Forest."

Shen Qingqiu bit at his lip. "You want me to go to the Demon Realm, and if I don't go you'll put this kind of thing in my bed. Is this your 'repayment'?"

Zhuzhi-Lang smiled and said, "Not only in your bed."

Another small snake that was as thick as a thumb slid out from Shen Qingqiu's clothes.

This snake had been coiled in his clothes all along, and having been warmed by his body temperature was nesting comfortably, not moving a bit. Shen Qingqiu didn't even notice its presence. With an unceasing hiss, a flood of countless green snakes, some thick some thin, crawled out from under the bed, carpeting the whole floor.

Shen Qingqiu stayed taciturn for a while, then said, "The Snake Race?"

Zhuzhi-Lang said calmly, "My father was from the southern border."

No wonder he was called this name.

The Demon Race attached very much importance to social class and lineage. Common demons or demons with lowly lineages could not take the title “Jun.” Shen Qingqiu thought it over—this part of his name was a suffix representing his social status, like how one must not encroach upon the taboo name of the emperor.

Luo Binghe’s time occupying the top seat had not gone smoothly, and this was because the demon Juns had much to say about the human portion of his mixed blood. As for the characters with the kind of name “XX-Lang,” Luo Binghe had killed more than a few in the early stages of the Demon Realm plotline. So, Shen Qingqiu concluded, those with this character weren’t all slumming it in caves, but at least were not of extraordinary origin.

Zhuzhi-Lang undoubtedly belonged to the Heavenly Demon bloodline, but couldn’t take the title of Jun. The issue was definitely mixed blood.

The Snake Race lived in a community on the southern border of the Demon Realm. Strictly speaking, they still counted as part of the Demon Race, but their bodies took the form of giant snakes. They were born like this, and with increasing age and cultivation very few transformed to take a human appearance, shedding their scales. Most of them stayed in snake form their entire lives.

Shen Qingqiu said, “Who is your honored mother?”

Zhuzhi-Lang said, “Tianlang-Jun’s younger sister.”

In any case, Tianlang-Jun’s younger sister counted as something like a princess of the Demon Realm. How much can you fret over it, that out of everyone, she had to have a child with a snake—this kink is too f**king hardcore!

Shen Qingqiu endured those two snakes dawdling on his leg and stomach and said, “So, you are technically Luo Binghe’s cousin? ... I say, can’t you tell them not to... crawl into my clothes?”

Zhuzhi-Lang said, “Only speaking of seniority, that certainly can be said. They seem to be very fond of Master Shen; there’s nothing my humble self can do.”

Who would believe there’s nothing you can do!

Shen Qingqiu endured it and asked, “Why would you go to Huan Hua Temple?”

Zhuzhi-Lang said with much patience, “I originally went to take care of official business. I never thought I’d see Master Shen.”

Shen Qingqiu’s heart gave a jump. “Official business? This official business you speak of, does it have to do with Luo Binghe?”

Linking hands to declare themselves tyrant? Conflicts within the Demon Realm? Or was it a situation of “moving the sky and the ground, a deeply emotional demon family reunion after many years of separation, crying on each other’s shoulders”?

This time, Zhuzhi-Lang smiled and did not answer. Shen Qingqiu said, “I’m afraid it wasn’t a touching situation of visiting new in-laws after a marriage kind of official business.”

Zhuzhi-Lang said, unhurriedly, “I was only obeying my lord’s orders.”

Shen Qingqiu asked, “This body, was it molded from the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed?”

If he had used it for himself, that was not a problem. But if he had not used the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed on himself, then it was probable that he used it to create a body for Tianlang-Jun. Tianlang-Jun had been suppressed under the mountain, propping himself up on a single breath for this many years. His original body was likely long ruined. But, if he could make like a cicada shedding its carapace, Shen Qingqiu really didn’t know what wind and waves would arrive. Shen Qingqiu had a not-entirely-wonderful premonition, that this careless flap of a butterfly’s wings had released an impressive monster. Not having received a reply, his mind could

not be put to rest. He continued, “Taking me to the Demon Realm, was that another one of your lord’s orders?”

Whenever his questions touched upon the topic of Tianlang-Jun, Zhuzhi-Lang clammed up and refused to answer, only giving a polite smile which made others choke with resentment. Only when Shen Qingqiu finally withdrew in defeat, he opened his mouth, still with his typical refined and courteous manner. “Rest well, Master Shen. If you have any needs please say and I will definitely handle them for you. We can depart for the borderlands tomorrow at the latest.”

Shen Qingqiu said with a dry mouth and tongue, “Do you have money?”

Zhuzhi-Lang responded, “I do.”

Shen Qingqiu: “Can I use it?”

Zhuzhi-Lang: “As you wish.”

Shen Qingqiu: “I want women.”

Zhuzhi-Lang stared blankly.

Shen Qingqiu repeated, “Wasn’t it you who said if I had a need I should bring it up, feel free to do as I wish? I want women. Get rid of the snakes.”

A slight crack finally split open Zhuzhi-Lang’s smiling expression. After quite a while, he did as instructed. Shen Qingqiu hummed a laugh and turned to get off the bed. Putting on his outer jacket, his outfit was complete. Zhuzhi-Lang seemed to hesitate for some time, considering whether to follow. In the next moment, Shen Qingqiu strode out the door and he followed behind like his back leg.

Before, as Qing Jing Peak’s Peak Lord, he had to be mindful of his image, and though a thousand curiosities grabbed at his mind and itched his liver, he had persevered in that brothels were not to be entered. But now, he had the opportunity. Shen Qingqiu treated Zhuzhi-Lang, following behind,

as if he were nothing. Strolling a lap around the town, he picked the intimate-looking “Warm Red Pavilion” and stepped in, completely at ease.

Before long, Shen Qingqiu was beside brightly colored decorations as his nostrils were assailed by the scent of talcum powder. Zhuzhi-Lang took a seat beside the round table, unmoving like Mt. Tai.

Shen Qingqiu said, “What’s that look on your face?”

Zhuzhi-Lang averted his eyes and said, “It’s just... I’m rather astonished. Master Shen would even have an interest in this place of prostitution.”

Shen Qingqiu said, “In a moment you’ll see what I have an interest in.”

Just as he was speaking, a new songstress leisurely approached. She was slightly older and the cosmetics she wore were somewhat colorful. Hugging a pipa to her bosom, she sat on the floral bench. Meeting eyes with Shen Qingqiu, she seemed startled.

Shen Qingqiu didn’t know the reason, and nodded at her. “Young lady?”

The songstress snapped out of it and said with an easy smile, “Don’t be apprehensive, mister, you have a very good appearance and it reminded this servant of an old acquaintance—my eyes were deceived.”

After speaking, she lowered her head and did not bring it up again. After a few clangs and skritches, she started to sing.

Shen Qingqiu was originally whispering in the ears of the girls next to him, not caring to listen to the music. But, after hearing two phrases, he suddenly felt that he had heard two very unbelievable things. Calling for the songstress to stop, he said, “Young lady, what is this you’re singing?”

The woman said with a tender voice, “This servant is singing the new popular ballad Resentment of Chunshan .”

Shen Qingqiu said, face full of black lines, “That’s strange—just now I seem to have heard you singing of two names? Could you repeat those?”

The pipa player smiled behind her sleeve and said, “What’s strange about it? Could it be that Mister never heard? The leading roles of Resentment of Chunshan , it goes without saying, are those two Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe, ah.”

.....

.....

.....

When did they f***ing get made into a popular ballad?!

Zhuzhi-Lang was declining all service, quietly sitting to the side and pretending to be empty air. What a pity that he exposed himself when his shoulders faintly shook. Shen Qingqiu said, “Uh... could I ask, this... eternal regret of whatever mountain, what story does it tell?”

The women next to him said in a chorus of chirping voices, “Mister, you don’t even know this? The Resentment of Chunshan tells of the lingering sorrow of unspoken desire between Shen Qingqiu and his beloved disciple Luo Binghe, the forbidden and taboo...”

Shen Qingqiu persevered and listened to the story in a petrified state from head to tail.

To clear up the plot, in short, this was a shameless master-disciple couple, spending all day on some nameless mountain ignoring their duties to papapa, going down the mountain to fight monsters and papapa, using papapa to settle misunderstandings, still needing a round of papapa before dying, continuing to papapa after death, continuing to papapa as before after resurrection..... story.

The pipa player sighed faintly, plucking a string with her fingertip. “Never having understood the affection in the other’s heart in life and laying with the body after death, this level of deep love is truly matchless in this age.”

All the women followed with incessant sighs and sobs, not to mention, had already begun to shed tears of emotion.

Shen Qingqiu buried his head deeply in his hands.

How damnable, is this some f***ing por*?

Reika's notes:

Here is a picture of a Pipa being played.



[Link](#)

- This chapter is by Lily.
- How tragic is it when a man goes to a place to buy some female companionship, only to find that they are all fujoshis who are fans of your love story with your wayward disciple?
- Regarding the title, spring is the time for romance. For example, chūnxiāo means “spring night” but it’s also used to refer to a night of papapa. In the title, it’s a “spring mountain.”
- Papapa – the onomatopoeia of flesh on flesh.
- “...the title of Jun.” (jūn) means monarch; lord; gentleman; ruler.
- It seems like Tianlang-Jun is a title given to the lords or kings of the demon realm with ancient/heavenly demon blood. Tian – heavenly. Lang – onomatopoeia of jade, meaning some precious. Jun – lord.
- “Junshang” – – same as the Jun above and shang means “high” or “exalted.” So it’s something like “the great lord.”

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Chapter 53 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 53: Master and Disciple Meet Again

Who wrote this ballad? What mountain was Chunshan referring to?

Qing Jing Peak?

Cang Qiong Mountain?

The Cang Qiong Mountain sect can wipe out your entire family, okay?!

Just why did the gossip spread everywhere, including the border territory, to the point that even the flowery love songs on the streets used them as material? It was as if he and Luo Binghe had been caught having sex in front of everyone in the entire world!

Zhuzhi-Lang burst out laughing. He turned around and said, “Is Master Shen ... very interested ... in this ballad?”

Shen Qingqiu looked at him coldly. Zhuzhi-Lang hastily adjusted his expression, but it was still hard for him to hold back. “It... it’s best if my humble self withdraws for a moment...”

However, he was just about to stand up when his body suddenly stalled, and he stiffened on his stool.

Shen Qingqiu snuck a look at his expression before laughing a bit. He asked, “What? Does your body finally feel out of sorts?”

He stood up and shook out his clothes. The green snakes that were lounging in his lap fell onto the floor with a patter, tumbling around and

revealing their yellow underbellies. The women in the hall started to shriek out of fear, and the woman playing the pipa immediately threw it down.

Zhuzhi-Lang placed a hand on his forehead and stood up using the support of the table, swaying. He stared at Shen Qingqiu and lifted his right hand, grabbing a handful of small snakes which slipped out of his sleeve, but they all just wound themselves around his fingers, no strength to attack whatsoever. Zhuzhi-Lang shook his head and said weakly, "...realgar."

Somehow, the entire extravagant building had long since been soaked in the scent of realgar wine.

(TN: Realgar wine is wine mixed with powdered realgar, a yellow-orange arsenic sulfide mineral that is supposed to be effective against disease, snakes, and evil spirits.)

Shen Qingqiu praised, "Top-quality realgar wine. Also, might I mention that it was all bought with your money."

Nothing came for free. Looking for women was fake, looking for assistants was real. The assistants didn't necessarily need to know how to fly or burrow into the ground; with a whisper in their ears, the girls in the building took the money and secretly bought all the realgar wine in the town. They surrounded the Warm Red Pavilion and fanned the wine as they boiled it for an entire night. If Zhuzhi-Lang didn't faint from the fragrance, then he wouldn't be part of the Snake Race. It wasn't that Zhuzhi-Lang wasn't on guard; it was only that he was on guard against Shen Qingqiu contacting other cultivators, not the girls in the building. In the end, he had been careless.

Zhuzhi-Lang lifted his head. The whites of his eyes had already turned gold, and his pupils were lengthening and sharpening at a speed visible to the naked eye. His face was also starting to change shape. Shen Qingqiu quickly opened the door, and he asked the maidens squeezed next to the door, "Are you going or not?"

The girls immediately scrambled to get outside, the woman playing the pipa at the very end. Shen Qingqiu adeptly stuffed a bag of coins into her

pocket; it could be considered compensation for her pipa. He closed the door with a flip of his hand, and when he looked back again, an enormous, jade green snake whose width was so large that three people wouldn't be able to encircle it with their arms, was now coiled where Zhuzhi-Lang had been standing. This enormous snake's head was huge and triangular, its eyes bronze-yellow, its pupils an extremely thin line. It seemed to be dizzy, as if its slender neck couldn't support its heavy head, which drooped from time to time.

The effect of the realgar wine was beyond expectations. It actually made Zhuzhi-Lang reveal his original shape, which made Shen Qingqiu's head hurt a little. He picked up a folding fan from nearby that somebody had left behind before opening it and fanning it. The enormous snake slunk towards him and wound two circles around him, as if it wanted to bind him in place. Shen Qingqiu leaped out easily.

The snake rolled over and twisted together before breaking out of the building, as if it were drunk. It crashed into the middle of the street, causing the passersby to shriek and flee in all directions. Shen Qingqiu also followed after him and jumped down from the building, shouting, "It's no use if you come outside either. This entire town is full of the scent of realgar wine!"

A sharp hiss came from the enormous snake's mouth, and it shook its head and thrashed its tail in the street. Shen Qingqiu decided to draw him away from places where there were a lot of people, and he quickly leaped lightly onto its head. As long as the snake went in the wrong direction or was about to crash into pedestrians or houses, Shen Qingqiu would jab the fan into the side of its head. The snake's scales were like armor, creating an enormous rumbling noise as it crawled along the floor. Shen Qingqiu often had to pour large amounts of spiritual energy into the fan to make it change direction, and so he forcefully drove the snake outside of the town.

After the girls in the building received the money, they went all out. He didn't know how much realgar wine they boiled, but the scent was scattered far away by the wind. With great difficulty, they arrived at the foot of a mountain, and the scent was still floating steadily down from uphill. The enormous snake was overwhelmed with discomfort from the smell, and it

had also been prodded and stabbed by Shen Qingqiu the entire way here. It was extremely exhausted, and it couldn't crawl any further.

Shen Qingqiu saw that they were already far away from the town, and he finally jumped down. The enormous snake was weak and powerless, its head drooping down as it curled up across the mountain path several times. Shen Qingqiu said, "Even though I'm very interested in filling plot holes, I'm not interested in immigrating to the Demon Realm. Also, I'm under a lot of pressure right now. Since you can't remove the ancient demon blood either, there's no need to repay the debt of gratitude. Xizhi-Lang, goodbye!"

He was afraid that after the aroma of the wine wore off, Zhuzhi-Lang would return to his original shape and release another pile of snakes to annoy him, so he ran away extremely quickly. At the next slightly larger city, he found a very reliable chain store and rented a flying sword.

No, you didn't read that wrong. He indeed rented it. Just like renting a car, flying swords could be rented as well. Moreover, the price was extremely fair and cost-effective!

In the end, he still used Zhuzhi-Lang's money. Shen Qingqiu placed his palms together and thanked his dear friend before he sped off on the flying sword towards Cang Qiong Mountain.

About half a day later, twelve verdant green mountain peaks of varying heights appeared from the sea of clouds and mist, rising and falling along the mountain range.

It had been a long time. Cang Qiong Mountain.

Shen Qingqiu silently crossed out the word 'Chunshan' that had just appeared in his mind.

There was an air defense formation set up outside of the Cang Qiong Mountain sect, and flying swords that weren't from the sect couldn't enter without advance notice. If one entered without permission, they would be knocked off course, so Shen Qingqiu stopped at the bottom of the mountain

and sent the flying sword back. Along the way, he changed into a different outfit and found a bamboo hat to wear.

There were often cultivators passing through the small town at the bottom of the mountain, but today he didn't see very many. Shen Qingqiu was just thinking that it was a little strange when somebody asked, "This Immortal Master, do you... want to go up to the Cang Qiong Mountain sect?"

Shen Qingqiu nodded. The person spoke again. "It's probably not very good to go now, right?"

Shen Qingqiu's heart tightened, and he asked, "Why is it not very good?"

The person shared a glance with the others around him. "Do you not know? This mountain has already been surrounded for two days."

After passing through the sect gate and climbing the stairs up the mountain, Shen Qingqiu unexpectedly didn't see a single disciple guarding the Peak. The ominous feeling in Shen Qingqiu's mind grew stronger and stronger, and he leaped up several stairs at once, rushing up the mountain. The further up he went, the more clearly he could see that much of the sky around Qiong Ding Peak was covered with thick, roiling smoke, mixed with flashes of lightning and the sound of rolling thunder.

At the summit of Qiong Ding Peak, everything was a mess. Fire burned through the forest, and ice was scattered all over the floor, the edges of the roof collapsed and destroyed; it seemed like several fierce battles had occurred here. Outside of Qiong Ding Hall, the two factions were clearly facing off against each other. One side consisted of cultivators from the Human Realm, some standing and some lying down, as Mu Qingfang bustled among them. The other side consisted of soldiers from the demon race, draped in black armor, dark and intimidating. Even though it seemed like they had ceased fire temporarily, as long as somebody's sword left its sheath by an inch, it would undoubtedly reignite the spark in the air.

It seemed like Luo Binghe already felt that it wasn't worth hiding his identity anymore. Shen Qingqiu wasn't surprised. The original Luo Binghe

had exposed his own lineage at around the same time. His influence as the one at the top of the demon race was already solidified, and he had also brainwashed Huan Hua Palace from the inside out, so it was docile and obedient under his control. With a solid foothold, he naturally wouldn't need to continue concealing his identity. The only thing was that the general summary of the scene where he revealed himself was different, that's all.

Even though the disciples of the Peak all had to wear uniforms, there were also quite a few famous cultivators who weren't subject to this restriction. Shen Qingqiu's unsuitable attire didn't really attract that much attention, and he squeezed to the front of the hall, peering in.

Yue Qingyuan sat with his eyes closed, Liu Qingge behind him with his hand on Yue Qingyuan's back. The spiritual energy fluctuating around their bodies seemed to be somewhat unsteady; most likely, both of their situations weren't too good. When he looked at his Sect Master senior apprentice brother and unlucky junior apprentice brother and saw how it seemed like they had reached this point only because he had screwed them over, Shen Qingqiu felt a twinge of guilt. He turned his head away once more, and his breathing stilled.

Luo Binghe stood darkly at the other side of the hall.

He wore all black, which contrasted against his skin, making it seem so pale that it glowed. His eyes were extremely black, but also extremely bright. His expression was cold, and the aura around him made people feel anxious and uneasy. Mobei-Jun stood behind him, and although it was the position of a deputy, he still held his head slightly higher, just like an arrogant ice sculpture who naturally belonged there.

Yue Qingyuan suddenly opened his eyes. Qi Qingqi said hastily, "Sect Master senior apprentice brother, are you... well?"

Yue Qingyuan shook his head and looked at Luo Binghe. "In the past, when the demon race attacked the Cang Qiong Mountain sect, Your Excellency served as part of the resistance force that met the demon race head on. Your Shizun even more so protected the entire Qiong Ding Peak

with his entire being. Unexpectedly, today, you're also the one leading the demon race, forcing Qiong Ding Peak to this state."

Luo Binghe said indifferently, "If it wasn't for your sect going too far, I wouldn't want to do this either."

Qi Qingqi burst out laughing from rage. "Ha, ha! 'The Cang Qiong Mountain sect going too far' is really something that everyone should hear. You're an ungrateful traitor who betrayed your master. It's one thing if you bite the hand that fed you, but you forced your own Shizun to self-destruct in front of you, and afterwards, you wouldn't let him go even though he died. Who knows what secret, shameful things you did with his corpse? Now you're making a false accusation? Just who is going too far?!"

Luo Binghe acted as if he couldn't hear her sneering. He said apathetically, "Who's next? I'm going to remove this engraved sign."

Shen Qingqiu was startled, and he lifted his head up to look. The engraved sign Luo Binghe was referring to was the one currently in the middle of Qiong Ding Palace, suspended high in the air on a horizontal board. The two words on it, 'Cang Qiong,' were personally handwritten by one of the Cang Qiong Mountain sect founders. It was extremely old and unusually significant, and it was equivalent to being part of Cang Qiong Mountain's face. If somebody removed this sign, it would be the same thing as slapping Cang Qiong Mountain right in the face. Back then, when Sha Hualing rashly led a bunch of warriors to surround Qiong Ding Peak, her idea was precisely to remove the engraved sign and take it back to the Demon Realm to show off.

Qi Qingqi said, "If you're going to fight, then fight. First you burn a cave here, then you destroy a gate there, and now you want to remove this engraved sign—what's the meaning of that? Torturing us in bits and pieces, unwilling to be straightforward about it?"

Yue Qingyuan said, "Junior apprentice sister Qi, stay calm." He stood up. Even though they were at a disadvantage, his expression was extremely steady, so it wouldn't ruin their morale. "Junior apprentice brother Qingqiu's immortal body has already been settled inside the palace. He's

someone from my Cang Qiong Mountain sect's Qing Jing Peak. After he passed, he inevitably must be buried in the Qing Jing Peak tomb with the other past Peak Lords, so he may be at peace. Unless Your Excellency completely obliterates Cang Qiong Mountain, no matter how much time you waste, junior apprentice brother Qingqiu's body will never be handed over to you, as long as someone from my sect still has breath remaining in them."

Numerous people at the scene chorused together, "That's exactly how it is!"

Shen Qingqiu just knew that they would have this attitude. It was precisely because Cang Qiong Mountain would definitely do all that it could to protect his body that Shen Qingqiu had to come back.

The corner of Luo Binghe's mouth tugged, his smile ice-cold. He lowered his head and said unhurriedly, "I will not personally act against Cang Qiong Mountain. Nor will I kill a single member from the Cang Qiong Mountain sect. But what I do have is time that I can slowly waste."

Those two words, 'slowly waste,' smashed crisply into Shen Qingqiu's ears. Suddenly, his entire heart sunk.

Luo Binghe absolutely wasn't somebody who would fight a battle of words with you this politely. With the pressure of unconditional strength, he had no inclination of feigning civility. If he wanted something from a particular sect, he would use the most direct and effective method to do so: bloodbath, massacre, and then take it away. But for Luo Binghe to actually waste two entire days so patiently like this—it didn't seem like he was in a leisurely and carefree mood, but rather as if he was waiting for something.

Such as, waiting for Shen Qingqiu himself to come out.

Shen Qingqiu's fists tightened.

Luo Binghe: "Go."

Mobei-Jun made an 'oh' noise and took a step forward before he suddenly said, "I already went many times."

The piles of exploded ice shards, and the floor and walls filled with holes outside of the hall, were all part of his masterpiece. Luo Binghe said, "Then pick someone to fight on your behalf."

Mobei-Jun nodded. He stuck his hand out behind him and fished out a quaking person.

He lifted this person out like he was carrying a baby chick before he threw him with a thud onto the stretch of empty ground between the two sides. Shang Qinghua climbed up, terror-stricken. When the Cang Qiong Mountain sect's people saw him, their eyes looked like they were about to shoot out fire.

It wasn't just them, Shen Qingqiu was also about to spew raging fire from his own eyes and mouth: the deceptive Great God Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky ah fck fck f*ck!

Qi Qingqi drew her sword at once and shouted, "Traitor!"

Shang Qinghua smiled apologetically. "Junior apprentice sister Qi, if you have something to say, then say it nicely. Don't dance around with your sword. You're so beautiful, if you just act a little gentler then..." Qi Qingqi had already long since struck out with her sword, and she said furiously, "Who's your junior apprentice sister!" Shang Qinghua hastily evaded her and went to hide behind Mobei-Jun. Mobei-Jun ruthlessly kicked him back. Shang Qinghua said bitterly, "I didn't have any other choices either, don't be like this. It'll make other people laugh at us if they see fellow disciples fighting each other."

Shen Qingqiu was stupefied. Shang Qinghua was really even more lacking in morals than he had imagined. He could still say something like that at this kind of moment—this... was indeed a little shameless...

Qi Qingqi cursed, "Who's your fellow disciple? At the Immortal Alliance Conference, when you let demons in, did you think of the Cang Qiong

Mountain sect disciples who died or were injured as your fellow disciples? As a traitor who was reduced to the demon race's lackey, did you think of us as your fellow disciples? Today you fight your way up the mountain with this world-wrecking demon king, and you still have the face to call yourself our fellow disciple?!"

The two of them chased each other around the palace, and it was truly a chaotic scene. Shen Qingqiu watched from the side, emotions surging through his mind: "Cut him, cut him, cut him... f*ck, just off by a bit! Qi Qingqi, cut off his [BEEP]! Use effort!"

Liu Qingge removed the hand that was on Yue Qingyuan's back sending him spiritual energy. He had finished calming down, and he stood up. Cheng Luan shuddered incessantly in its sheath, continuously buzzing and ringing. Yang Yixuan clenched his fists and said, "Shizun, you fought that demon for a whole day already!"

Liu Qingge lowered his voice. "Step back."

Luo Binghe glanced at him and chuckled before he said quietly, "My defeated opponent."

He didn't speak very loudly, but his enunciation was clear and melodious. The end of his sentence lilted upwards, and everyone in the entire palace could hear it. The hand that Liu Qingge used to hold his sword tightened, lightning flashing through his eyes. There was nothing that could make Bai Zhan Peak's Peak Lord feel more humiliated than the words 'my defeated opponent.' Yang Yixuan's temper spiked, and he immediately counterattacked, "Demon Realm bast***!"

Luo Binghe was unconcerned. "Yes. I'm a bast***. The entire Cang Qiong Mountain was stirred up by a bast***, isn't that glorious? Not just Qiong Ding Peak, I can stir up each and every one of the other Peaks as well and let the whole world know that the eminent Cang Qiong Mountain sect of the Righteous path was attacked by a bast*** to the point that they didn't have the ability to fight back. How's that?"

Ning Yingying said, distressed, “Luo... Luo Binghe, will you only be happy if you burn down Qing Jing Peak as well?”

Luo Binghe didn't even think before he replied instantly, “Of course not.” He frowned. “If anybody dares to destroy a plant or tree, bamboo or house, on Qing Jing Peak, I will not let them off lightly.”

Liu Qingge snorted through his nose. “What a pretense.”

Cheng Luan surged out, and the sword energy swept past Luo Binghe's cheek, sending his hair flying. Luo Binghe placed his hand on the sword hanging from his waist, and he said in retaliation, “You're overestimating yourself.”

However, in the end, the two swords did not cross blades again.

Shen Qingqiu stood in between the two of them. Both of their sword energies swept up and collided, instantly slicing the bamboo hat that he was originally wearing just for show into two halves. He caught Cheng Luan's sword edge between two fingertips of his left hand, not allowing Liu Qingge to advance a single inch; his right hand firmly restrained the hand that Luo Binghe had already placed on the Heart Devil sword's hilt, not allowing him to draw the sword.

“It's only a corpse, everyone, it's only a corpse. There's no need to be like this, is there!”

Shen Qingqiu looked to the left before he looked to the right. He didn't have a chance to say that line yet when Luo Binghe suddenly flipped over his hand and grabbed Shen Qingqiu's wrist, and it felt as if an icy band was wrapped sturdily around his wrist. The smile on his face was near distorted, and he said, one word at a time, “Caught you. Shizun.”

Even though Shen Qingqiu had long since mentally prepared himself, he still couldn't resist feeling his blood run cold when he saw this face up close.

After a beat of dead silence, a huge racket surged up in the hall immediately. Yue Qingyuan was extremely astonished, and his voice shook slightly. “But... junior apprentice brother Qingqiu?”

Qi Qingqi even forgot to hack at Shang Qinghua, and he hastily seized the chance to roll back behind Mobei-Jun. Ning Yingying grabbed Ming Fan, who had a bloody nose and a swollen face, and muttered, “Senior apprentice brother, did you hear that? A-Luo and Sect Master senior apprentice brother said that person is... Shizun?”

Ming Fan: “How come he seems like he is... but he also seems like he isn’t?”

Yang Yixuan had an extremely different point of view. He said in shock, “Isn’t this Peerless Huang... Elder Huang?! Huang... Elder Huang is Shen Shibo?”

(TN: – Peerless Cucumber. Huáng guā means cucumber but he only used “Huang” which is a common surname. Shibo is a respectful way of calling your teacher’s senior brother.)

Thank you for not saying the entire ID out loud!

Liu Qingge’s eyes suddenly widened, and his usual unruffled calm was so disturbed that it spilled over onto his face. He said, “...you didn’t die?”

Shen Qingqiu’s originally guilty but grateful emotions were smashed into pieces. He couldn’t accept it, and said, “Junior apprentice brother Liu, what kind of expression is this? You’re not happy that your senior apprentice brother didn’t die?”

The color of Liu Qingge’s face first went green and then black, black and then white, all sorts of colors, very unimpressive. Quite a few people were more or less the same as him. Shen Qingqiu didn’t get to continue speaking before a hand turned his face away.

Luo Binghe said, “You’re finally willing to come out now?”

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Yan.
 - OMG, he rented a flying sword!? I burst out laughing at that part.
 - Thank you for reading and please let me know if there are any errors.
- The new release schedule is:

January (added more chapters)

6 – chapter 50

13 – chapter 51

20- chapter 52

24 – chapter 53

27 – chapter 54

31 – chapter 55

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Chapter 54 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 54 – Unhappy Reunion

Shen Qingqiu was grabbed so hard that his bones were almost broken. Now only his legs could move but he didn’t want to publicly knee Luo Binghe in the groin. Thinking back on everything that had happened, he felt a faint flame of anger rising.

Shen Qingqiu said: “You did this on purpose.”

Luo Binghe asked, “What does Shizun mean?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “You didn’t immediately slaughter everyone in the sect. Instead, you delayed matters for a long time just to draw me out.

Luo Binghe smiled bitterly: “It seems that Shizun can occasionally guess his disciple’s thoughts correctly. This disciple is truly wild with joy. I wish I could beat my chest and stamp my feet to engrave this moment in my memory forever.”

Liu Qingge withdrew his sword. He swayed and seemed to be somewhat dizzy. Pointing at Luo Binghe, he said, “You, let him go.”

Luo Binghe dragged Shen Qingqiu into his arms and said impatiently, “What did you say?”

His attitude as he did this was unyielding, causing Shen Qingqiu’s depression, which he had been suppressing, to shoot three feet high.

Shen Qingqiu silently took a deep breath and said: “When did you realize that it was me in your dreams?”

If Luo Binghe hadn’t discovered that Shen Qingqiu hadn’t died, would Luo Binghe have waited at Cang Qiong Mountain sect like a hunter trying to flush out his prey?

Luo Binghe said, “Shizun looks down on me too much. Even if I didn’t notice the first time, I would be really stupid if I didn’t notice it the second time.”

Shen Qingqiu suddenly felt a pain in his knee. Silently, he thought: You’re not stupid; I’m the one who’s stupid.

It was only Shen Qingqiu who knew how Luo Binghe cultivated and manipulated his dream abilities to superb effect but Shen Qingqiu thought he was really out of his mind and wouldn’t be able to differentiate between hallucinations and people who invaded his dreamland.

Shen Qingqiu asked, “Why didn’t you end the dream when you discovered an anomaly?” Is it fun to act out a “teacher’s devoted and obedient disciple” play?

Luo Binghe looked at him. Unexpectedly, he said: “Why would I want to do that? Was Shizun not happy to be coaxed by me?”

... Happy?

At that time Shen Qingqiu wasn’t happy at all because he was worried about Luo Binghe’s psychological state. However, the facts have proved that everything, including his worries, was under Luo Binghe’s control. After all, this was Luo Binghe, the protagonist. How could he have made such a big mistake, thinking that Luo Binghe had turned over a new leaf and mended his ways, becoming just a lovely, pitiful little white flower?

Shen Qingqiu was the type of person who was amenable to coaxing but not to coercion. However, now he felt as though his face had been slapped twice when he realized that Luo Binghe had only been pretending.

Qi Qingqi involuntarily cried out: “Slow down, what’s going on?” She pointed inside the Qiong Ding’s palace hall: “The one lying inside... Isn’t that Shen Qingqiu? Why is there another one?”

Luo Binghe seemed to be in a good mood as he said: “Why don’t you ask the former An Ding Peak Lord?”

Shen Qingqiu: ...****! He knew that the only thing Shang Qinghua could be given credit for was having no backbone or moral integrity.

Shang Qinghua chuckled but immediately stepped forward when Mobei Jun gave him a sidelong look. Head high, chest puffed out, he gathered his wits, and said clearly: “A few years ago senior apprentice brother Shen accidentally found a place that held a treasure, the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed. This spirit plant can be molded into the shape of a body. It was with the help of this treasure that senior apprentice brother Shen was able to shed his mortal body at Huayue City. The corpse inside is his but it’s only an empty shell. The one here outside is him, too. Both are him!”

This was a succinct summary, very concise and understandable. Several pairs of eyes suddenly turned towards Shen Qingqiu. Liu Qingge immediately pointed Cheng Luan at Shen Qingqiu. The murderous look on Liu Qingge’s face was worse than when he was looking at Luo Binghe earlier.

Yue Qingyuan whispered, “In that case, why has there been absolutely no news of you for the past five years? Why did you sever all connections with the Twelve Peaks? Is it because, in your heart, your fellow sect members are unworthy of your trust?”

Shen Qingqiu felt guilty at his lack of confidence: “That, senior apprentice brother, listen to me...”

Qi Qingqi sighed: “Shen Qingqiu, you... you’re actually that kind of person! Do you know how badly they were hurt by you, senior apprentice brother? Do you know how much your disciples cried? All day long Qing Jing Peak was filled with the sound of weeping! For one entire year, no one

wanted to visit the Peak because it was shrouded in gloom, with everyone wearing mourning clothes! The position of Peak Lord was left vacant while you were happily playing outside, free and unfettered!”

The thing Shen Qingqiu was most afraid of was the shrewish Qi Qingqi pointing a finger at him and giving him a scolding. Shen Qingqiu hurriedly said: “I really didn’t mean to do that. I wasn’t happily playing freely outside at all. I’ve been buried in the soil for five years. I just woke up a few days ago. That person who was running around outside free and unfettered, it was all his doing!”

When Shang Qinghua saw that the spearhead was pointing at him again, he felt even more wronged: “Why blame me again? Didn’t you say you wanted it to mature as soon as possible?”

Liu Qingge pressed his fingers against his temple: “Shut up!”

Shang Qinghua shut up. They were a noisy group. In fact, if you looked at this scene a certain way, it probably looked quite funny but Shen Qingqiu thought that the entertainment factor was lost because of the timing.

Fires had sprung up all over Qiong Ding Peak and its buildings were scorched black. After two days of fighting and siege, it no longer had its usual majestic and dignified look. Inside and outside the palace hall, there were people with bloodstained faces holding on to another disciple’s hand to stand. The disciples of the younger generation around him seemed panic-stricken. They were exhausted, like an arrow at the end of its flight. On the other hand, the black-armored demon generals and fighters that had half-surrounded the Cang Qiong Mountain sect disciples looked like newly sharpened swords. The demons’ bright eyes were staring at the disciples like tigers watching their prey.

Shen Qingqiu turned around to look at the person behind him and said, “Luo Binghe, you said you came to Cang Qiong Mountain Sect to catch me.”

Luo Binghe said: “Correct.”

Shen Qingqiu said, "You've caught me." Your goal has been achieved. It's time to withdraw.

Luo Binghe looked at him and said, "You won't run away?"

"..." Shen Qingqiu nodded slowly: "I won't run away."

The corners of Luo Binghe's mouth turned up in a humorless smile. For the first time, his face showed an expression that was devoid of mockery. He whispered: "So many times, I've believed in Shizun so much."

Liu Qingge suddenly said, "Shen Qingqiu, what do you mean?"

He looked at Shen Qingqiu as though Shen Qingqiu's words had just subjected him to extraordinary shame and humiliation: "Bai Zhan Peak's Lord is here. You're right in front of me but you intend to sacrifice yourself by surrendering your body to him?"

Junior apprentice brother, I can understand that as Bai Zhan Peak's Lord, you feel that your dignity has been violated, but could you change the words you use? What the devil do you mean by "surrendering your body"? Please change this way of referring to it, thank you!

Liu Qingge said: "You're afraid of being a burden on Cang Qiong Mountain sect but Cang Qiong Mountain sect isn't necessarily afraid of this burden."

Luo Binghe sneered: "How many unbroken ribs do you have left?"

When Yue Qingyuan's hand grasped Xuan Su's hilt, Mu Qingfang, who was beside him, said nervously: "Senior apprentice brother sect leader, you forcefully pulled out of closed-door cultivation and sustained grievous injuries at the hands of the enemy. Now you're barely able to draw your sword. I'm afraid that it will really harm your body..."

A burst of black qi suddenly rose to Yue Qingyuan's face but was forced down again. His voice was strained when he said: "No, impossible. Junior

apprentice brother already died once. We weren't able to protect him then. Do I really have to watch him die again?"

Shen Qingqiu's mind was in turmoil when he heard those words. If one were to list all of the people Shen Qingqiu admired and respected most in the world, Yue Qingyuan would rank first. Not only did he have a powerful, sincere, and earnest desire to protect, but he always did his utmost for the sect as a whole. Shen Qingqiu found it too embarrassing to ask the Cang Qiong Mountain's sect master to clear up Shen Qingqiu's mess and pay the bill for him. The one who had courted death was him alone, therefore he should take on this burden alone. Shen Qingqiu said: "I alone can take responsibility for the disciple that I taught. Senior apprentice brother, as the sect master, the well-being of all the disciples of the sect rests on your shoulders. You should know what choice to make."

The hall was silent. Yue Qingyuan's face was stiff and his knuckles were white. Shen Qingqiu was reminding him that, as the leader of a sect that was in a very perilous situation, the proper choice was easy to see.

As every Peak Lord was considering this, Ning Yingying rushed forward, grabbed Shen Qingqiu's arm, and shouted: "I disagree!"

Shen Qingqiu said: "Ming Fan, take care of your junior apprentice sister."

Ning Yingying said: "I'm not a child anymore! I don't need someone to take care of me. During the altercation at Jinlan City and Huan Hua Palace, Shizun, you came forward to solve the problem. Why does it have to be you again this time? Why does it have to be Shizun who suffers each time?"

Because I'm the one courting disaster. But at least he managed to raise a normal and filial girl. Shen Qingqiu had been very worried but now he felt somewhat relieved: "It's not seemly for an adult to weep endlessly like this. Your teacher isn't going to die." In his heart, he added the word: Probably...

The next moment, Ming Fan, with a face full of grief and indignation, said: "Shizun, wouldn't death be better than giving yourself to this devil for

Cang Qiong Mountain sect's sake? Who has ever heard of a gentleman who gives his own life to feed a devil?"

What are you saying? Ming Fan, you little brat, can you speak human?!

This long delay made Luo Binghe impatient. He grabbed Shen Qingqiu's hand, put his other hand on the Heart Devil's hilt, and said: "I'll be taking Shizun's immortal body, too."

Another Peak Lord said indignantly: "That's going too far! Isn't it enough for you to take one person away? What are you going to do with a corpse?"

Luo Binghe didn't answer. Instead, he gestured to Mobei Jun then gave him instructions. Seeing this, with great reluctance, Shen Qingqiu decided to compromise. One wrong word and another dispute could arise. To prevent this, Shen Qingqiu wanted to pull on Luo Binghe's arm but felt too embarrassed to do that. Instead, he pulled on Luo Binghe's sleeve. He hesitated for a while then summoned up all his courage and said: "I'm going to accompany you so why do you have to do this?"

When he said that, Shen Qingqiu felt extremely humiliated.

He was a man but in front of so many other people, he had to whisper "accompany you" in a conciliatory tone. The fact that this person was once his disciple made him feel even more resentful. This situation was disgraceful.

However, showing one's weak side had a certain effect on men. The expression on Luo Binghe's face visibly became sunny and cloudless. Not only did his grip on Shen Qingqiu loosen, but even his tone of voice also softened. Nonetheless, even though his tone was soft, his words were still as harsh as before: "Shizun's original body is still very important. After all, if Shizun's soul leaves his current body again like a cicada casting off its skin, this disciple wouldn't know what to do."

As soon as Luo Binghe turned his head away from Shen Qingqiu, his voice became cold: "Take it away."

Before Mobei Jun could move, Qi Qingqi, who had been listening to Liu Mingyan quietly whispering to her in the upper hall, first looked surprised then became calm and said: “Stop arguing!”

She raised her head and said: “Luo Binghe, there’s no need to argue over this now. Even if we were to allow you to take it away, your wish can’t be fulfilled.”

Shen Qingqiu knew she was hot-tempered and didn’t know if she might say something extremely infuriating to provoke Luo Binghe. Shen Qingqiu had a bad feeling about this but, unexpectedly, she motioned Liu Mingyan to forward: “Mingyan, tell them.”

Liu Mingyan: “Shen Shishu’s immortal body is missing.”

She stepped aside after she finished speaking and from behind her a few disciples were carried out. These were the disciples who had been at the ceremonial platform guarding the corpse. The disciples were all unconscious and their bodies from their faces to their fingertips were a strange bluish black color.

There was an uproar in the hall. Yue Qingyuan’s facial expression changed and Luo Binghe raised his eyebrows. Qi Qingqi said calmly, “Luo Binghe, you needn’t give me that look. I really wanted to hide it but, unfortunately, I had just told Mingyan to go to the hall, only to find that the platform was empty. The corpse that we placed on it and preserved, as was appropriate, has disappeared.”

She seemed delighted and spoke cheerfully. Unexpectedly, she would rather the corpse sprout wings and fly away than be carried off by Luo Binghe. Mu Qingfang examined the disciples and said: “They are unconscious but their lives are not in danger. It’s poison.”

Yue Qingyuan said: “Which poison is it?”

Mu Qingfang said: “I can’t tell right now. They have no wounds. Let me take a sample of their blood to test.”

Qi Qingqi said: “If this was poison from the human world, junior apprentice brother Mu would be able to identify it with a glance. Since he is unable to, is this something you did?”

Luo Binghe said indifferently: “I don’t like to use poison.”

It’s true, Luo Binghe rarely uses poison to kill people. Moreover, he had no need to lie since he was currently in an overwhelmingly superior position.

This meant that while the two sides were gathered in the hall, bickering with each other, some unknown person or persons had secretly sneaked inside past all of their defenses, and stolen Shen Qingqi’s corpse right from under the noses of the leaders of the human cultivators and demons. What a scary thought!

Shen Qingqiu wondered: What’s up with people trying to steal his corpse? How come when he was alive no one wanted him but when he was dead he was in high demand?

Luo Binghe saw that it would do no good to stay here and talk about it. Frowning, he said: “Never mind, no matter who took it, I will always be able to find it.”

Black qi rose up in the air when Luo Binghe drew the Heart Devil sword. A slash of his sword cleaved space and a portal opened. Shen Qingqiu reminded him: “Remove the encirclement.”

Luo Binghe looked at him then said brusquely: “As Shizun wishes.”

The tip of Liu Qingge’s sword Cheng Luan was pointed down. Liu Qingge looked up and his hand clenched so tightly on the sword’s hilt that his palm was cut and blood dripped down the blade.

He stood there frozen for a long time but could only spit out a single phrase: “Just wait!”

This word was thrown out like an icy dart yet full of fury and an overpowering desire to fight.

Luo Binghe sheathed the Heart Devil sword and smiled grimly: “Go ahead!”

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by Reika (me).
- To be honest, the dialogue is quite funny but I like that Shen Qingqiu makes the point that it’s actually very *unfunny* given the state that the sect is in.
- Please let me know if there are any errors.

You don’t really need to read this stuff but if you’re interested, here are some notes about the translation:

- The dialogue throughout this chapter is actually full of innuendo that’s super hard to translate but I did my best to make it sound full of double meanings in English.
- “...he didn’t want to publicly knee Luo Binghe in the groin.” – Because it would ruin his “cold and elegant” image.
- “This disciple is truly wild with joy.” – Pfft, Luo Binghe seems to be pretending this is sarcastic but I’m pretty sure he truly is ecstatic that his Shizun is alive.
- “...you intend to sacrifice yourself by surrendering your body to him.” – Everyone seems to think that Peak Lord Shen is going to have to let the Demon Lord burst his chrysanthemum. Shen Qingqiu complains about Liu Qingge’s word choice because this phrase “surrendering your body” is *wěi shēn* which means “give oneself wholly to” or “give one’s body to; marry.” I think it’s just a thinly veiled phrase for “doing it.” Some people seem to think that Shen Qingqiu is sacrificing his chastity for the sect.
- “A burst of black qi...” – I think is 100% literal. I imagine black energy rising up. This should be the sign of a backlash if you are a righteous cultivator, right? But for demons, black qi should be normal.

- “Remove the encirclement” – I’m told this should be “lift the siege.”
Yes, I am aware it means both “siege” and “encirclement.”
Encirclement is a military term for the situation when a force or target is isolated and surrounded by enemy forces. I think a general would be more likely to say “remove the encirclement” rather than “lift the siege.” It’s simply a stylistic choice.

Let me know if you have any suggestions or if there are any errors.
Thanks for reading!

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Chapter 55 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 55 – Life Under House Arrest

Linking the rift between the two realms was a wide stone corridor. Pairs of torches marched endlessly into the distance, and the depths were as dark as a dense forest at night. Looking at the style of murals to the sides of the corridor, there was a strong yin ambiance, and it was clear to see this was Luo Binghe’s headquarters in the Demon Realm.

After the breach sealed, Luo Binghe didn’t continue to restrain Shen Qingqiu, slowly releasing his hands. Shen Qingqiu stood up straight and dusted off his sleeves, not saying a word.



The two both had nothing to say, not giving each other a sideways glance. One in front and one behind, their footsteps made no breath of sound. The atmosphere was stiff and cold.

The forks in the corridor of the underground palace did not make Luo Binghe slow by a hairsbreadth. After strolling a twisted path through the complex for some time, the scene suddenly opened up before their eyes. Architecture in the Demon Realm was mostly entrenched underground in excavated subterranean caves, not seeing sun or moon throughout the year, but this part pierced through the ground at the top, allowing sunlight to shoot in and add more than a little bit of human character.

Pushing open the door and entering, the furnishings and arrangement of the

room were quite familiar-looking. In fact, it was quite similar to the bamboo house on Qing Jing Peak.

Shen Qingqiu felt a mysterious sense of resentment.

He really wanted to ask Luo Binghe, “What is the meaning of this?”

Arranging up the scene and props like we’re on a theater set, rounding up the players, pretending like nothing ever happened—do you want to continue that daily little play of a loving master and disciple relationship from your dreamscape?

Now acting like a miserable child and throwing tantrums, making his heart overflow with sympathy. Now again hitting his face and telling him it was all an act. Real or fake, his eyes weren’t sharp enough to clearly see autumn feathers and see through Luo Binghe’s heart to understand what he was really thinking, some parts truth and some parts hypocrisy.

While he was still brooding over these thoughts, Luo Binghe walked a step closer to him.

If it were a few days earlier, Shen Qingqiu definitely wouldn’t have hesitated to flee, retreating three steps for every one step closer. But now, he obviously didn’t want to make this kind of move. That would look too much like he was a woman from a good family kidnapped by bandits, way too unnatural. Even as a dragon swimming shallow waters or a tiger dropped into the plains, he could still scrounge up his last drop of courage to maintain graceful and prudent affectation. By no means would he sink to a thoroughly unsightly appearance.

But he was still inevitably tense, his heart stretched taut as a bowstring, his eyelids jumping and fingertips curled.

How was Luo Binghe so perceptive? He advanced another step.

“Shizun, what do you think I’m going to do to you?”

Shen Qingqiu said sincerely, “I cannot guess.”

He would never again dare to wantonly guess Luo Binghe’s intentions. The facts were clear, each time he was light-years off the mark!

Luo Binghe reached out his right hand. Shen Qingqiu didn’t make a sound or movement, but his gaze couldn’t help but stick to his fingertips, following them as they reached out.

That hand was neat and slender. It didn’t look like the hand of a Demon Race young master who had already taken countless lives, but rather one which was born to pluck strings, a hand to burn incense and bathe in snow. It slid shyly over his cheek, faintly brushing his skin.

And then it landed on his throat.

He didn't know whether or not it was on accident, but this hand had landed exactly on one of the major arteries of his neck. Shen Qingqiu's throat bobbed imperceptibly.

Luo Binghe retracted his hand. The next time he opened his mouth, it was impossible to tell if he was happy, angry, sorrowful, or joyful. "My blood, it's not responding to my beckoning."

So when he had touched his skin just now, it was to probe the suppressed Heavenly Demon's blood in Shen Qingqiu's body.

Luo Binghe said, "It looks like in these short few days, Shizun has had another fortuitous meeting."

Shen Qingqiu said, "Well, what can you do about it? Make me drink it again?"

Luo Binghe said, "You'll run if you drink it, you'll run if you don't, both options are the same. I had better not make Shizun add another layer of loathing for me in his heart."

In front of others, he had left not a bit of face for Shen Qingqiu, but in private, he suddenly became polite and courteous. Shen Qingqiu felt a bit conflicted.

"Shizun, please stay here for the time being. If you would like, the inside of the underground palace is free for you to wander." Luo Binghe continued, "I have left servants outside, they will not enter the room. If you need anything, simply send a summons."

Shen Qingqiu said, "How thoughtful."

Luo Binghe fixed his gaze on him for a time, then said, "Is there anything you desire?"

Shen Qingqiu said, "Anything is acceptable?"

Luo Binghe nodded. A sudden malicious sentiment arising from his gut, Shen Qingqiu bluntly said, "I want to see you as little as possible. Best if I never see you at all."

Luo Binghe looked like he never expected Shen Qingqiu to make this sort of request, his face paling.

Seeing this, Shen Qingqiu felt a flash of schadenfreude but also felt like he had been pricked by a needle, maybe because he had never said anything so vitriolic and merciless to anyone in the past.

The blood slowly returned to Luo Binghe's face. He said, "Shizun once

asked me if I wanted to become strong.”

Shen Qingqiu said, “That time I asked you that question, I seem to remember I also told you that the purpose of becoming strong is protecting people, not plundering and slaughtering them.”

Luo Binghe said coldly, “No. You had it wrong. What Shizun taught, not necessarily every point was correct. Only after becoming the strongest can one keep the people they want to have securely in their palms. I finally understand—it wouldn’t do to wait for Shizun to come over himself.”

He clenched his fist, forcefully ripping a vicious smile onto his face. “So, now that I’ve captured you this time, Shizun had better not think of escaping ever again!”

After the devil incarnate had exited the scene, Shen Qingqiu knocked on the System. “2.0, are you there?”

The System responded: The System provides comprehensive 24-hour support and lifelike online support.

Shen Qingqiu said, “Uh, comprehensive is enough, forget about the lifelike. What are my current point values?”

The System: B points 1330, Proud Immortal Demon Way successfully removed “Landmines Raining Down Like Lightning” tag, reached “Rather Many Tsukkomi Points” stage, encouraging you to continue connecting and striving, looking forward to your next mystery achievement unlock.

Coolness points 3840, Anger points 1500, Heartbreak points 4500. Great effort still needed to improve.

Very good. Through his great effort (looking for death), this rotten stallion novel finally saw some improvement in B points. Though “Rather Many Tsukkomi Points” wasn’t any favorable evaluation, it was certainly a few points stronger than “Landmines Raining Down Like Lightning.” The anger points weren’t as heaven-defying as he had thought, but instead, the heartbreak points were high enough that he felt he had been pricked by another needle.

Diverting his gaze, Shen Qingqiu said, “With this many coolness points, can I exchange them for something?”

The System: You can exchange for a System feature upgrade.

Shen Qingqiu said cheerfully, “Okay. Do the upgrade.”

With a ringing notification sound, the System quietly began to download the upgrade package. Shen Qingqiu had a sudden thought and asked,

“Right, what is the name of this feature upgrade?”

The System: Small Scenario Pusher Luxury Edition.

Shen Qingqiu decisively jabbed at the cancel button on the download window.

****, it's already done downloading, and it took ****ing 3000 coolness points. Zero-star rating!

Aggrievedly spamming the System with a pile of complaints, Shen Qingqiu started his life under house arrest.

Luo Binghe was busy uniting the Northern Border tribes on Mobei-Jun's territory and Sha Hualing seemed to be officially starting her great cheating undertaking—in the literal sense. In short, in the near future, Luo Binghe had many targets to obliterate or rope in. With many official duties to attend to, perhaps unable to extricate himself, all along he had not shown his face. ...or maybe that day, his glass heart had been shattered by Shen Qingqiu's harsh words, and he didn't dare to appear.

Shen Qingqiu tore his thoughts away from that latter path with great difficulty.

In short, if Luo Binghe continues to leave him alone, this sort of lifestyle, isn't it his long-awaited goal of days spent “muddling around, eating food, awaiting death, and enjoying one's later years?”

Furthermore, Luo Binghe didn't act like the characters in the books his younger sister liked to read in his previous life and shackle him with chains, blindfolded and gagged, stripped and beaten. He might as well be content with whatever he has and make himself at home wherever he is.

Bull****t!

For Shen Qingqiu to attempt to comfort himself with these words, there must be sh*t in his brains! He wasn't some sort of Stockholm syndrome patient, feeling deep gratitude for being fattened in captivity. Don't you understand, you need to bring about a fortunate lifestyle yourself, not by relying on others' charity?!

Having defeated his own brainwashing, Shen Qingqiu exerted his strength, a page from a book splitting open in his hands. At the same time, a loud sound of bamboo cracking resounded from outside the window. He lifted the curtain, seeing a group of young Demon Realm servants hurrying about. Poking his head outside, he asked, “What are you doing?”

“Master Shen, why did you come out?”

The servant had an extremely enthusiastic and deferential attitude, completely unlike someone speaking to a person under house arrest. He smiled and said, "We're planting bamboo over here."

Shen Qingqiu stared. "Bamboo?"

"En. You should recognize this Human Realm plant. It's hard to plant here in the Demon Realm and won't mature properly, but Junshang is determined to get it planted here, so everyone just has to figure out a way."

Seeing his strength and the way he moved, Shen Qingqiu knew this definitely was not an ordinary manual laborer. He was afraid that all the demons Luo Binghe had found were all the cream of the crop. To make these experts do odd jobs for him—what a waste of resources!

And that wasn't the end of it. For the first two days, Shen Qingqiu had been apathetic and had no appetite, but on the third day he abandoned his interest in fasting and said a few aloof words to (flirted with) the pale-skinned and busty pretty maid, calling for a meal to be delivered. Before he even picked up his chopsticks twice, he didn't have the stomach to continue.

The maid tilted her head, asking in a laughing voice, "What is it, Master Shen, is the flavor not good?"

The taste is good, very good. It's just that it's too good, a very familiar good taste, it's been many years since Shen Qingqiu had tasted this, and that's why he could not continue.

He put down his chopsticks and probed, "Was it you who made this?"

The maid chuckled, "How could that be? I only know how to kill and eat fresh or wait for the meat to rot before eating. I don't know these human recipes, with all the fire and a ton of rice and condiments—it would trouble me to death."

...****, turns out this clear-voiced beautiful demon with breath like orchids was a rotten flesh lover. Shen Qingqiu had long been able to see, making this girl clean tables and sweep the floor every day was debasing her too much. Considering her strength, she was more suited to wielding a pair of broad axes into battle to cut up enemies rather than chopping melons and slicing vegetables, and it was very likely she used to have this exact job. Shen Qingqiu said with a suppressed tone and no change of expression, "Then who made it?"

The maid said, "Aiyo, this I dare not say. Junshang would definitely kill me if I did."

Dare not say? Would he not be able to taste it if she just didn't say?

Shen Qingqiu wavered between putting down and picking up that pair of chopsticks. What was that saying? The hand that has received is hesitant, the mouth that been fed is soft. Shen Qingqiu very much worried if, after finishing this meal, he could still forcefully take a righteous stance against Luo Binghe. But, in the end, the cook was too familiar with his taste and eating habits, and while he was worrying he had unconsciously cleaned his plate...

The maid cleared the dishes and left with a swing of her hips, covering a smirk with her hand. Not long after she left, the curtain lifted and a person wobbled their way in. Seeing this face, a vicious feeling sprang from Shen Qingqiu's gut. Meeting him with a violent strike, he yelled, "Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky, I—"

Shang Qinghua frantically raised his hands to block, a sword shooting out of its scabbard to slash across the space between them, taking an offensive stance. He said, "Ai ai ai, don't, please don't. Shen-dada, you really can't **** with people as you please. If you mess with me, admittedly I don't have any impressive skills, but don't think that this one will let you get off easy."

Shen Qingqiu roared, "You sold me out. What about fellowship? Camaraderie from having a common origin?!"

Shang Qinghua retorted, "What fellowship is there between us unless it was truly love disguised as hate all along? Ah, don't treat me like this, that really hurts... what could I have done other than selling you out? It was Great God Luo, even if I didn't sell you out he had pretty much figured you out already. Why would I look for a beating for no reason? This doesn't mean anything, I just chose to confess and take the easy path."

This reply was so textbook shameless, Shen Qingqiu was a little astonished. After letting his guard down for a moment, Shang Qinghua had already stepped over and sat down beside the table. He set the sword in his hand on the table with a bang and said, "Let's not talk about this anymore. I was ordered to deliver something to you."

Taking a better look at that sword, Shen Qingqiu's hand already reached out to caress the blade. It was the very sword which had been shattered into many broken pieces by his destroyed spiritual energy when he had self-destructed. The unfortunate Xiu Ya Sword.

Shen Qingqiu still had an emotional attachment to Xiu Ya, and as soon as he had the sword in hand, he had no more attention to devote to beating up

Shang Qinghua. Drawing the blade from its sheath, it was as pure white and snow-bright as it had ever been, slender and elegant. Its broken pieces were reconnected as seamlessly as heavenly clothes, overflowing with spiritual energy, not a hairline split to be seen.

On the other side, Shang Qinghua laughed nervously and rubbed his hands, clicking his tongue and saying, "Aiyah, I really, really never thought... the storyline would bend so far out of shape. Remarkable, really remarkable."

Shen Qingqiu: "The stallion novel protagonist you wrote turned into a cut-sleeve, shouldn't you be angry?"

Shang Qinghua said sincerely, "It doesn't matter. Either way, the one he fell for wasn't me."

Shen Qingqiu gave him a cordial middle finger, lowering his head to polish his sword. Shang Qinghua gave him a thumbs-up. "Really, you don't need to be so pessimistic. You have good prospects for the future, quite good prospects. These golden thighs, they're strong, reliable!"

Shen Qingqiu said, "Take your ****ing golden thighs. If I have to hug those thighs, where do you think they'll take me? Between the legs!"

Shang Qinghua: "Between the legs is even better, ah. Between the legs is a man's most important place."

If not for the fact that Xiu Ya had only just returned to his hands and he couldn't bear to use it for filthy things, Shen Qingqiu really had a mind to slice off a chunk of that place between his legs. Not in the mood for this buffoonery, he straightened his expression and asked, "Since we're being frank with each other, I'll ask you: did you ever make any plans for Tianlang-Jun?"

Shang Qinghua: "What are you going to do with information about Bing-ge's dad?"

Shen Qingqiu said, "It's not that I want to do something with the information, I just thought it was strange how you didn't make a fuss about the protagonist's dad. I know for a fact that you can write a million words just to add a wife; you could definitely go on for three years to add a father."

Shang Qinghua started. "You really have some good eyes, truly a faithful reader of mine. I'll tell you, originally, I planned on unfolding the framework of the plot to set Bing-ge's dad as the BOSS, but as I was writing, my computer died and I lost my outline, and a ton of the details

were lost. And at the time the reviews section all wanted a different plotline, the battle of Bing-ge invading a hundred flowers, you understand. A whole hundred sacred flower spirits who had never seen a man since birth, and he dealt with all of them. Cucumber bro, you know how much I suffered to write the hundred flower buds blooming in concert section, but you still roast me...”

“...” At long last Shen Qingqiu knew the true origin of all those plot holes. “So you just went to write the harem plotline, and might as well leave the more serious Bing-ge’s dad plotline full of holes?”

Shang Qinghua said, “Actually leaving it full of holes is no big deal. The main issue is making it cool for the readers. All the sisters who should have been pushed down were pushed down, all the cannon fodder that should have been killed were killed. Writing a plotline everyone might not be interested in is just spending extra effort for no reward. I just wanted to scrape up a living. If all the subscribers jump ship, I won’t have any food to eat, Cucumber bro.”

Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky, you’re really having too much fun chopping down those outlines, but the System’s strict requirements are making me fill all the holes you dug with your malpractice!

Shang Qinghua continued, “In fact, I wasn’t completely unwilling to part with it. In my original plans, TianLang-Jun had purer blood than Bing-ge, his martial power was stronger, he earned his fame earlier—his character was just more decked out than Bing-ge. Rising far above the filth of the ordinary world to laugh arrogantly over the Three Realms, and he even had a deeply moving tragic backstory to make one sing or cry, very Jack Sue, right? What would I do if by any chance the readers think he’s stealing Bing-ge’s spotlight and start to protest? You know Bing-ge has to be fierce in appearance, fierce in combat, and fierce in giving rewards.”

Shen Qingqiu let his head drop to his hands. Hearing this confession from Boss Airplane, he was starting to worry. If TianLang-Jun really had been released, would Luo Binghe even be able to defeat him?

But, looking at it from another angle, maybe it’s possible to curb the son by using the father? Shen Qingqiu immediately snuffed out that dangerous line of thought. Regarding a completely unknown opponent who could be righteous or nefarious, a vain attempt to use them might lead to you not even knowing how you’re going to die in the end. So, the conclusion still will never change in ten thousand years: Boss Airplane Flying Toward the

Sky really is a genius, setting the standards of literature for the generation! Shen Qingqiu slapped the table. "You better be straight with me, list out everything you had planned but didn't write when you changed the outline. The important things first!"

Shang Qinghua stammered, "Important or not I don't know, but there is a segment to do with you... or more precisely it has to do with Shen Jiu. Before I was always too ashamed to say..."

Hearing this, the hair on the back of his neck stood up in anticipation. Knowing Airplane Flying Toward the Sky's tendencies, it'd be a wonder if he had given him some normal backstory!

Shen Qingqiu said, holding his head in his hands, "Just tell me. I can bear it."

Shang Qinghua started an impassioned explanation of his writing process. "I had a lot of ideas for this character Shen Qingqiu. I had hoped to mold him into a well rounded, three-dimensional character; he's scum, he's wretched, but he had reason to be scum and a not scummy side. But, the readers didn't really buy into it, as soon as I started showing signs of this development they started griping in the reviews. So, I saw the winds weren't blowing the right way and immediately turned him into a one-dimensional wretched villain. But really he..."

Shen Qingqiu had turned his full attention to the explanation when suddenly, the maids outside the room chorused in a respectful tone, "Junshang."

This is really the worst time you could have come!

Hearing this, Shang Qinghua's expression transformed and he jumped a meter off the ground like his butt had been lit on fire. Rushing towards the back door, he shouted over his shoulder, "That man of yours is here. I'll tell you later, no, in the future!"

Don't go! Shen Qingqiu stretched out an Erkang hand. Take your "I'll tell you in the future"! Cutting it off at this point is harder to bear than that mushy cliché scene of "witnessing with your own eyes someone on death's door saying 'my killer was... was...' and then spitting out a mouthful of blood and dying"!

The green curtain lifted, and Luo Binghe stooped to enter the room. Shen Qingqiu immediately put on an unruffled expression. Because his very important discussion had been cut off, he didn't have a good look on his face. Luo Binghe's gaze first alighted on Xiu Ya in his hand before shifting

upwards.

After a brief silence, it was Luo Binghe who took the initiative and opened his mouth. "These past few days, it seems that Shizun hasn't taken a moment to rest."

Speaking of rest, Shen Qingqiu immediately thought of dreams; and speaking of dreams, he couldn't help but remember all the embarrassing moves he made in the dream realm to console Luo Binghe. Shen Qingqiu rubbed his forehead and said, "If I could do it without dreaming, I'd be happy to rest."

Luo Binghe's eyelashes drooped. After standing for a bit, it seemed he had come to a major decision. He said stiffly, "Even though those earlier events happened in a dream realm, I took advantage of Shizun. But the feelings I revealed to you then, those were not false."

Shen Qingqiu sighed and said truthfully, "Luo Binghe, right now I really don't know which of your words are true and which are false. Therefore, don't bother saying things like this."

The Luo Binghe in that dream was truly much cuter. Even though the male protagonist was still the male protagonist, he was wretched and miserable, making one's guts twist a hundred times, and his face was not bad. Even a straight guy like Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but take pity on him. It's just that the more pity he felt at the time, the more pain his face was in after the fact. Luo Binghe had said that the events in Jinlan City were not his doing, and at the time Shen Qingqiu believed him about nine-tenths of the way, but now he didn't dare put in even a tenth of rash hope.

The blood rushed back into Luo Binghe's face, pinkening his cheeks. Lifting his eyelids, he said coldly, "Shizun is concerned only with my trickery, but if I hadn't done so I'm afraid I still wouldn't be able to speak a word to you."

His fingers unconsciously clenched tighter and tighter on Xin Mo's hilt until his knuckles went white with the strain. Not only his pupils, but his eye sockets themselves began to glow faintly red. "Since when did Shizun never deceive me? You said you did not approve of attaching too much importance to the difference between races, but in the blink of an eye, you refuse to admit it. After your bodily death at Huayue City, I called for your soul hundreds of thousands of times, trying then failing then trying then failing again, never letting my heart fall to ash and my thoughts grow cold. Despite this, I never suspected that Shizun would scorn me to this extent,

looking at me with a detached gaze and madly playing dumb after returning to stand before my eyes.”

At the end of his tirade, his final syllables were somewhat unsteady, the tones rising in both fury and exasperation. “Now Shizun certainly has abundant reason to denounce me as a devil incarnate, I bring disaster wherever I go. But this time I haven’t done anything at all, but you still scorn me like snakes and scorpions? You’ve tricked me twice, I’ve tricked you twice, aren’t we equal?”

Even though he felt this “one is one, two is two” logic was not a fraction off the mark, Shen Qingqiu couldn’t help revealing his true feelings. “You really hold your grudges.”

Luo Binghe sneered, “I’m afraid Shizun has never seen what I’m like when I really hold a grudge against someone.”

His face gradually settled into a gloomy expression from his sneer. Drawing closer the distance between the two, he said, “But what if I said, that towards Shizun, I only remember, not hate, most likely I wouldn’t be believed.”

Seeing the shadow his figure cast increasing in size, Shen Qingqiu hurriedly said, “Compose yourself.” If you want to talk then talk properly, don’t suddenly change your face, don’t get this close!

Luo Binghe said in a low voice, “Shizun you could always compose yourself, but I can’t compose myself any longer.”

Shen Qingqiu hadn’t fully processed this when with a clunk, his back began to hurt. The next thing he knew, the two of them had already rolled onto the bed.

...It’s been so long since I’ve slept on this bamboo bed, why is it so bumpy! Shen Qingqiu yelled, “What’s wrong with you!”

Luo Binghe pursed his lips and refused to answer. Just as Shen Qingqiu thought to kick him away, goosebumps erupted over him from head to foot. A hand suddenly reached into his inner robe from the hem.

You’ve got to be kidding me!

He violently heaved up a knee, but Luo Binghe caught it with a single hand, pressing it down to the side of his body.

Shen Qingqiu internally yelled “*****” a hundred times, he didn’t want to be forced into this position with his legs spread wide open, lying under

another person! He immediately rushed up with his upper body, and with a well-timed burst of energy and a twist of his waist reversed their positions like a shift of the stars in the sky, pinning Luo Binghe under him. He unsheathed three inches of Xiu Ya, coldly pressing it against Luo Binghe's throat. This was the first time in his life Shen Qingqiu had been pushed over by someone, and he had been pushed into a rage. With a violent grin, he sneered, "So you're playing at forcing yourself upon your Shizun? En? How filial!" The accusations that had been turned upon him were true, but don't think he would just quietly submit!

Luo Binghe's escape routes and the vital point of his neck had all been blocked off, but he had a dazzling light in his eyes. Not fearing the sharp blade at his neck in the slightest, he grabbed Shen Qingqiu's wrist with one hand, the other propping himself up on the ground. With a vigorous attack, he reversed their positions again. Of course, Shen Qingqiu wouldn't let him do as he wishes, jabbing towards a vulnerable point with Xiu Ya's hilt. After a few such exchanges, the two were tangled in a lump. They rolled off the bed, turning the whole way, white flashes and sparks exploding every which way, spiritual energy and demonic energy mixing into a confused fog, violent attacks flying at random. After so long spent hiding behind a mask, Shen Qingqiu didn't know how long it had been since he had fought in such a crude manner. After the battle had reached this level of intensity, Shen Qingqiu suddenly realized.

That's not right, this is a cultivation novel, why the **** should I be fighting with my bare hands? What sort of dumbass has a cannon and doesn't use it!?

He immediately raised his hand, pumping it full of spiritual energy, sending an earth-shattering punch towards Luo Binghe's lower abdomen.

Reika's Notes:

Regarding the "Erkang hand," it's referring to this meme:



- This chapter is by Lily.
- The author calls Luo Binghe “Bing-ge.” The “ge” suffix literally means “big brother” but they obviously aren’t brothers. It’s just a casual way of calling someone. Note that the demons call Luo Binghe “my lord” or something formal.
- The System’s scenario pusher was used during the Water Dungeon and all it seemed to do was make Luo Binghe (accidentally) partially tear Shen Qingqiu’s clothes off. The upgraded version... what do you think it can do?
- Next chapter will be released on Feb. 5.
- This chapter is one of the really popular ones, for obvious reasons. Here’s a screencap from a Chinese fanvid depicting their fight. I particularly like the big smile on the face of this Shizun fanboy, lol!



Please let me know if there are any errors. And no, there is no “missing part” in this chapter. If you think there is, that’s because you read the old version. We are using the newest, edited version of the story. The part you’re looking for is in the next chapter.

I’m absolutely dying to know what everyone thinks of this chapter so please leave a comment if you can. Thanks for reading!

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Chapter 56 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 56: The Person in the Coffin

Luo Binghe withstood it completely without making a single sound.

“...” Honestly speaking, Shen Qingqiu didn’t think that he would actually hit him. But that didn’t stop him from punching him extremely hard as if he was slamming all the suppressed anger from these past few days with it. Suddenly, the System beeped and announced:



★ °.☆\ (▽)/\$.:°★ Congratulations~ Cool points +500!

Shen Qingqiu: "..."

Luo Binghe truly... fully deserved to be called a masochist! If he wasn't being abused, he wasn't happy. Hitting him one time actually gave 500 cool points, and the System's announcement even changed into flashy, youthful emoticons. It also used a tilde (~) for the first time ever. In all his years of living, he had never seen something so bizarre, especially since this bizarre thing was raised by him!

Shen Qingqiu was just lamenting over the failed results of his teaching method when Luo Binghe stopped playing along with him. With a push of his right hand, Shen Qingqiu accidentally released a burst of spiritual energy that he was suppressing in his palm, and the ceiling shook as he smashed a uniformly shaped dent into it. The dust pattered down, and Luo Binghe covered him with his body, both of his hands grabbing onto Shen Qingqiu's outer robe. He easily ripped it and laughed loudly. "Go ahead and hit me, in any case, I won't die! This disciple will gladly endure Shizun's teachings!"

His smile seemed to conceal a trace of faint misery. Shen Qingqiu even forgot about his clothes being ripped as his heart twinged, and he couldn't help but stop moving. But Luo Binghe didn't give him any more time to consider tender affection; instead, he suddenly ripped apart Shen Qingqiu's inner robe with one hand before he groped his waist, skin against skin.

Shen Qingqiu melted for a moment on the spot, before he immediately knocked Luo Binghe on the head with the hilt of his sword. He scolded, "You animal!"

Luo Binghe said with resignation, "In any case, I'm not even as good as an animal in Shizun's eyes, so I might as well act like one."

Shen Qingqiu was so angry that he wanted to laugh, but his vision blurred abruptly, and his body tilted as the Xiu Ya sword clattered onto the ground.

A kind of pulling force so strong that it felt as if his entire soul was about to be dragged out of his body attacked him. He could only stiffen his body,

and Luo Binghe also stopped moving, somewhat bewildered. In the blink of an eye, Shen Qingqiu's head was already hurting so much that it felt like it was about to explode.

Countless fragments of scenes flashed swiftly before his eyes. Sometimes it was a white expanse of blank space, sometimes it was pitch black darkness, and sometimes he seemed to see indistinct human figures. There was a sharp ringing that painfully pierced his eardrums.

Luo Binghe couldn't afford to be wary any longer and hastily sat up before reaching out a hand to hold him down. Unexpectedly, he couldn't restrain Shen Qingqiu. Shen Qingqiu hugged his head as he rolled around on the floor, struggling, feeling as if there was a pair of huge hands roughly dragging his soul and mind out of his body.

There was something screaming, and as it shrieked, it felt like hands were reaching out at him from all directions, tearing at his soul.

Luo Binghe said in a panic, "Shizun, I... I was only trying to scare you just then. Don't take it seriously! What's wrong?"

Shen Qingqiu's body thrashed and flipped around in his arms. Luo Binghe half-held him as he quickly used his spiritual energy to sweep through the inside of Shen Qingqiu's body. There were clearly no abnormalities, but the sound of Shen Qingqiu's screaming was indescribably mournful and terrifying, as if burning red brand had been shoved deep inside his brain. Luo Binghe used every method he knew, but still, nothing worked.

As Shen Qingqiu's pulse grew weaker and weaker, Luo Binghe started to shake slightly before his trembling grew stronger and stronger. Finally, he couldn't prop himself up any longer, and he half-kneeled and half-fell onto his knees.

He roared, "Everyone! Everyone get in here!"

Shen Qingqiu suddenly opened his eyes.

Everything was pitch-black.

His heart was thumping wildly, and his eardrums seemed to be throbbing in time with it. In order to see whether or not it was just too dark, or whether he had gone blind, Shen Qingqiu really did reach out his hand.

He hadn't extended it fully yet before his fingers bumped into a solid barrier. Shen Qingqiu slowly started to fumble around.

After feeling about for a while, he had a guess in mind. He was currently inside something narrow, as if he was placed inside a long stone box. He patted the stone wall lightly, and it was ice cold, the texture fine and smooth; he estimated that it was made of something like marble. The walls didn't feel thick, and they should be about four inches wide, he found after using his spiritual energy to probe around.

He fumbled around for a bit before he held his breath and suddenly used force. His spiritual energy spiked, and he slammed a palm with a bang against the middle of the stone lid. He hit it three times in a row before the darkness fell apart, along with the enormous sound of stone crumbling.

Large amounts of fresh oxygen poured in, and Shen Qingqiu sat up abruptly, forcefully sucking in a few breaths. Only then did he discover that it wasn't actually that fresh and felt more like the air hadn't circulated underground for many years. Furthermore, it was extremely thin. When he lowered his head to take another look, he saw that he was actually lying inside of a coffin.

This long, stone box was unexpectedly a delicately carved stone coffin, its entire body glistening white like jade.

He pushed down lightly against the edge of the coffin and leaped out. When he looked around, he saw that he was currently standing in a weakly lit stone room. The coffin, which had its lid blown off, was lying on the altar in the middle of the room. Dusty objects were piled irregularly in the corners; there was everything from weapons and gems to scrolls, bottles, and jars. The cold light of swords and spears, along with the luster of gems and jewels, glimmered faintly beneath a layer of thick dust. After looking

around in a circle, he saw that the walls were covered with paintings of demons dancing wildly, encircling him heavily in all directions.

The demon race's Holy Mausoleum. Shen Qingqiu arrived at this conclusion.

He hadn't digested this information yet when he unconsciously lowered his head and was hit by another piece of news.

His body was no longer the corporeal body molded from the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed. This was Shen Qingqiu's original body!

The Holy Mausoleum had a way to call back those from the dead; this truly wasn't something said to deceive others. Judging from the circumstances, it seemed like someone had smuggled Shen Qingqiu's corpse into the Holy Mausoleum before activating the soul recall array. It had dragged him completely out of his new body and back into this one.

The Holy Mausoleum was the demon race's forbidden area, and it was also the place where the past supreme rulers rested peacefully after death. If one didn't reach this high of a position, they would die upon entering. But when Shen Qingqiu was sent in, he was a dead person, and his soul had repossessed his body afterward. He slipped in through a loophole, which gave him this chance to sightsee.

Shen Qingqiu tested out his spiritual energy, and it flowed smoothly and easily. Luo Binghe said that he spent five years restoring this body's meridian system, which had actually been the truth. As for the toxicity of "Without A Cure," he didn't feel like his spiritual energy was sluggish for the time being, but he didn't know if the poison had been dissolved or not.

Once a soul occupied and was removed from the corporeal body molded from the Dew Flower Seed, it would swiftly wither and necrotize. He didn't know what kind of expression Luo Binghe had right now while facing that withered, wilted body of his...

His train of thought didn't wander very far before the System issued information with a 'trill':

Please note You have now entered the high level instance “Holy Mausoleum.” The “Plot Hole Filling” mission has already been assigned. Please attack it eagerly and take initiative of your own accord.

Shen Qingqiu made an ‘oh’ noise and continued to squat on the ground.

The System: Please attack it eagerly and take initiative of your own accord.

Shen Qingqiu didn’t move. The System: Warning: Please att...

Shen Qingqiu: “I get it, I get it! I’m going!”

Shen Qingqiu felt his balls hurt incessantly as he walked outside of the tomb room. As he walked, he recalled the original version of the Holy Mausoleum. The houses in the Demon Realm were sheltered underground, but the Mausoleum was built above ground. In short, its customs were the complete opposite of the Human Realm’s. Not only were there many traps inside the Mausoleum, but it was also treacherous and full of countless demonic creatures that guarded the tombs, hidden in the darkness.

If it weren’t for the System’s evil voice passing through his mind, he would have to be dragged before he would run out into the tomb passageway and wander around blindly!

The tomb passageway was overwhelmingly dark, but Shen Qingqiu didn’t make a snap of fire. He held his breath and walked forward in absolute silence.

Not long after, the sound of rough, prolonged breathing emerged next to his ear.

It could be called breathing, but in reality, it was more like someone’s dying gasps. Shen Qingqiu stood firmly.

Didn’t they come much too fast?

A thin and weak figure slowly appeared from the darkness. It was closely followed by a second and third figure, floating closer very sluggishly like

wandering souls.

These figures swayed with each step they took, and they walked nearer and nearer. Shen Qingqiu's expression didn't change as he slanted his body and adjusted the frequency of his breathing to the absolute slowest it could go.

This was the lowest-level demonic creature, and one of the guards most likely met in the Mausoleum: the Blind Corpse.

The Blind Corpse's name had the word "blind" in it, but it wasn't actually lacking any eyes. In fact, it had several more pairs than other monsters, grotesquely squeezed onto its face. Those with trypophobia would definitely detest it.

However, even though it had many eyes, they were essentially useless. Most of the time, the Blind Corpse's eyes were pointless, and it roamed about the Holy Mausoleum patrolling all day, its efficiency unusually low. Its eyes were both numerous and large, but they degenerated to a terrible state. However, its ability to perceive light was very strong, and even if the light was merely a weak reflection, it could quickly seize it.

Once it caught something, it would unexpectedly change and instinctively attack the origin of the light ferociously. When that time came, it no longer moved at this speed where it wandered slowly through the tomb passageways in a line. This kind of monster wasn't scary on its own; what was scary was what often appeared with it.

As Shen Qingqiu thought, a Blind Corpse stumbled closer, and he slipped to the side. Unexpectedly, a faint flame ignited in the darkness.

This flame was dark green and grew brighter and brighter, illuminating the tomb passageway into a bright green. Those Blind Corpses, which were about to brush past him, all abruptly turned their heads. Each and every face was embedded with four or five pairs of enormous, bloodshot eyeballs as they stared straight at Shen Qingqiu, who was in close proximity.

Last Breath Candle!

Shen Qingqiu was extremely fast, and in the next second, he had flashed to the end of the passageway. But no matter where he dodged, a stretch of faint green light would ignite with him so that there was no way to hide his figure. He was fast, but the Blind Corpses that had been provoked by the light were even faster!

Shen Qingqiu sent several Blind Corpses that had thrown themselves over flying. The Last Breath Candles used a living person's breaths as fuel, and as long as something or someone alive went near it, it would light up by itself. It sounded like a toy that could be used to avoid the swindlers and cheaters that roamed about the streets, but when it was paired with the Blind Corpses, the results were simply unimaginably savage. Just imagine: if an intruder slipped inside the Holy Mausoleum, no matter where he went, he would still have to breathe. When he breathed, the Last Breath Candle would ignite, unable to be extinguished or pinched out. The Last Breath Candle array could be set up in any corner of the Holy Mausoleum. A large horde of Blind Corpses would all throw themselves over, and only when the intruder died would the candle flame gradually dim. Last breath, last breath, the Last Breath Candle was really a great name for it!

For example, right now, more and more light-sensitive Blind Corpses had arrived, and they had already stuffed the entire tomb passageway full!

Shen Qingqiu rushed out of the tomb passageway and scrambled inside of a room. It was very spacious and imposing, and there was a coffin sitting in the middle of it. He vaulted up to it and tried to lift the lid, but it didn't move. He then hit it, which created a heavy noise, but it still didn't budge a single inch. The material this coffin was made of was actually much more solid than the one that he was just lying in. Shen Qingqiu thought, Could there be someone inside? He knocked against the lid of the coffin. "May I borrow this to hide in temporarily?"

He was originally just blurting something out, but unexpectedly, after he knocked twice, a voice actually responded from inside.

The voice was clearly coming from inside the coffin, but it was as crisp as if it was right next to his ears, not muffled in the slightest. It seemed to carry the hint of a laugh. "Please help yourself."

Holy ****. A real reanimated corpse!!!

Shen Qingqiu was terrified. With a sweep of his leg, he swept off several Blind Corpses that threw themselves onto the stone coffin. He leaped off of the stone coffin with two steps before sending several explosive attacks towards the ceiling. Crushed rock crumbled down. Shen Qingqiu saw that it was softening as he hit it, so he continued to attack it furiously. It would be best if he could make the ceiling collapse so he could take advantage of the chaos to run away, burying all the Blind Corpses and the reanimated corpse underneath the rubble. But amidst the melee, the sound of dark hissing suddenly came from outside of the mausoleum hall.

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Yan.
- Happy Chinese New Year!
- "... this bizarre thing was raised by him! " (qí pā) literally means "exotic flower" but in this context means "crackpot" or "weirdo." So if one translated this more literally it would read: "In all my years, I've never seen such an exotic flower, especially an exotic flower that I myself raised." I only mention it because Shen Qingqiu often compares Luo Binghe to a flower.
- Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading.
- The schedule for this month:

February

5 – chapter 56
9 – chapter 57
12- chapter 58
16 – chapter 59
19 – chapter 60
23 – chapter 61
26 – chapter 62

~Chapters are scheduled twice a week, every Tuesday and Saturday. Not sure if I can add some more bonus chapters.

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Chapter 57 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Shen Qingqiu raised his head. It was as if two bright yellow lanterns had appeared outside the palace hall, the pair of piercing golden eyes staring wide-eyed at the scene. In the middle of each eye was a vertical pupil, which appeared to be unusually sinister.

The crowd of blind corpses, upon hearing this sound, seemed to be intimidated by some invisible force. They no longer resumed with their tearing and pouncing; instead, they withdrew into themselves, lowering their heads and shrinking back their shoulders. Eventually, they retreated into a tight huddle, trembling.



That pair of large lantern-like eyes stared straight at Shen Qingqiu for a moment, until they suddenly looked away. After a while, a figure emerged outside of the palace hall. Shen Qingqiu, identifying the new visitor, wasn't surprised.

He called out pleasantly, "Xizhi-Lang."

Zhuzhi-Lang slipped mid-step.

He rubbed his nose. Although he was depressed, he wasn't one to be rude. Smiling, he said, "Since Master Shen is willing to address me like this, then please feel free to continue to do so."

Shen Qingqiu said, "The person who stole the corpse from the Palace Hall vault really was you."

The bluish-black poison that covered the entire body was most likely the venom of the jade serpent. The reason why Mu Qingfan's cursory inspection had been unable to find a wound was probably because the snake's fangs were too small to leave a visible mark. If one were to examine the bodies more closely, they would find small tooth marks on the fingertips or the bottom of the heels.

Zhuzhi-Lang said, "The situation happened too quickly. I had no choice but to continue on to the next stage of the plan. I hope Master Shen will be magnanimous enough to forgive me."

Shen Qingqiu coughed dryly. "The situation happened too quickly"; no matter how you considered it, this "situation" was caused entirely by him when he had fumigated realgar wine to subdue Zhuzhi-Lang, turning the other party back into their original form. Not only that but adding insult to injury, he had furthermore ridden Zhuzhi-Lang's snake form for an entire stretch of the road.

He said, "You summoned me from the Holy Mausoleum, which can be said to have solved one of my... difficulties. Before, you wanted me to go to the Demon Realm. Now that I'm here, can you finally tell me your purpose?"

Zhuzhi-Lang said, “Reason number one, I’ve already explained to Master Shen. Since you’ve helped me, I will repay the favor many times over. As for the second reason, Master Shen wasn’t exactly summoned by the humble me... it’s better to ask Junshang directly.”

Shen Qingqiu said, “Alright. Where is Tianlang-Jun, then?”

Zhuzhi-Lang stared blankly, before saying, “I thought that Master Shen and Junshang had already met.”

Already met?

Shen Qingqiu lowered his head and stared at the stone sarcophagus.

Could it be that the corpse inside... was Tianlang-Jun?

Strictly speaking, this couldn’t even be called “meeting,” okay?!

The coffin lid that he had just spent some time on trying to open without budging suddenly began to shake, opening by itself. Inside, a person slowly sat up.

This person set an elbow against the edge of the coffin, a faint smile appearing on his face. He said, “Qing Jing Peak Lord, I have long awaited the honor of meeting you.”

Shen Qingqiu was stunned.

.....This whole family’s interests were wide and extensive, but it seemed eventually all of their hobbies were the same kind of eccentric. The son enjoyed hugging corpses, the father enjoyed lying inside a coffin.

If one were to look at Luo Binghe’s overall appearance, he resembled his mother, Su Xiyan. However, it was still possible to see some of his father’s genes. For example, his eyes.

Tianlang-Jun’s eyes were large and profound, his tapered eyebrows emphasizing his brave and outstanding appearance. His black pupils were

like two impossibly deep voids, a feature that Luo Binghe shared identically.

The original Luo Binghe was a pretty boy. If he had received his mother's eyes, his appearance would be considered excessively feminine and soft, which wasn't good.

Another similarity could be seen in their smiles. The smiling expressions of this father and son pair made Shen Qingqiu feel a hard-to-describe emotion... it was a feeling that was anything but reassuring.

Shen Qingqiu cautiously said, "I haven't been a Peak Lord for many years."

Tianlang-Jun crinkled his eyes as he smiled. "But I've been fascinated with the Peak Lord for quite a while."

Shen Qingqiu knew profoundly from experience that presence was something taught from childhood and family background.

Not accounting for anything else, if someone were to sit this pair of father and son inside a coffin and have them strike the exact same pose, Tianlang-Jun's regal presence could transform sitting in a coffin into sitting on the Dragon Throne. On the other hand, though Luo Binghe was undoubtedly handsome... eh, it would probably still look like he was sitting in a coffin.

No wonder Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky had felt that Tianlang-Jun was a threat, and decisively cut him out of the plot.

To be sitting in the presence of two Heavenly Demons, and in a space where he was surrounded by the decomposing bodies of the demon race's elders, Shen Qingqiu felt that the pressure on him was extremely huge.

He put on a fake smile, saying, "I don't dare to accept this praise. And since your honor has been observing me for so long, why haven't you come out... come out to meet me?"

No matter how much Tianlang-Jun put up a front, spending all of his time inside a coffin was really too outrageous. Unless—

He couldn't stand up.

Tianlang-Jun's finger slowly tapped against the edge of the coffin, his pupils reflecting the throbbing green flames within the mausoleum. He cheerfully said, "Alright. Is it possible to ask Peak Lord to assist me, then?"

Being scammed really made one reluctant. Shen Qingqiu slowly sighed, and then reached out to him. "Please."

Tianlang-Jun gladly took hold of his hand and stood up. So sitting in a coffin wasn't because he was concealing some kind of weakness. Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but feel some disappointment.

And then, he was pulling at nothing.

But he was still clearly grabbing Tianlang-Jun's wrist. Shen Qingqiu glanced downwards, lowering his head. He indeed was still holding onto it, except all that remained was an arm.

Shen Qingqiu's face lost all expression.

Tianlang-Jun, having lost an arm, his sleeve half-empty, was still very polite. "Ah. It broke again. Can I inconvenience Peak Lord to pick it up for me again?"

Shen Qingqiu: "..."

Despite how violent a shock his soul had suffered, Shen Qingqiu still managed to calmly pass that arm back to Tianlang-Jun. Behind them, Zhuzhi-Lang, wearing an expression of having seen this scene many times, with a ka-cha sound (really, a ka-cha sound!) reattached the hand.

Reattached it!

Are you a d*mned doll? Can your joints be attached and detached at will?!

After careful scrutiny, Shen Qingqiu realized that there were many scars on Tianlang-Jun's arm. All over, the muscles, tendons, and arteries had turned black, a sight made especially shocking when contrasted against Tianlang-Jun's stark white skin. Even below the collars of his robes, small black scars could be seen snaking out.

Shen Qingqiu decided resolutely not to say anything.

This was like the flap of a butterfly's wings causing a tsunami. He had guessed earlier that Zhuzhi-Lang had taken the Sun and Moon Flower Seed to create a new body for Tianlang-Jun, a conjecture that now appeared to be correct. It was just that Tianlang-Jun did not seem to be very compatible with this new body.

The reason why Shen Qingqiu's soul and the flower seed body had good synchronization was because, one, the flower seed was something that was born out of his own blood and vital breath; and two, the flower seed was a plant made of spiritual energy, something Shen Qingqiu also used to advance his own cultivation. Therefore, with these two reasons, it was no wonder they had fit so well with each other.

However, Tianlang-Jun's situation was different.

He was a demon, and thus his foundation was built on demonic energy. Naturally, the seed would attempt to reject him. As a result, the quality of the body wasn't guaranteed, and it was even possible to have circumstances when the body began to corrode.

Tianlang-Jun moved his reattached parts, smiling as he said, "I've incurred ridicule. Speaking of it, it's possible for us to leave Bailu Mountain. That's how we were able to witness Peak Lord Shen's merit."

Shen Qingqiu cast a glance at Zhuzhi-Lang, who was standing to the side. Originally, when they had first met in the Bailu Forest, that human-snake form was really... too horrible to look at. But even so, through all the years when Tianlang-Jun had been suppressed in the mountains, he had never left Bailu Forest. Afterward, when he received the Lotus seed, he did

not use it on himself but rather without hesitation used it to mold a body for his master.

What a loyal subordinate!

Shen Qingqiu's eyes swept across the murals on the Palace Hall, perfunctorily saying, "Much merit to Xi... to Zhuzhi-Lang. To live in seclusion in Bailu Mountain and wait for so many years for an opportunity; having such a capable subordinate, Tianlang-Jun really causes others to feel envy."

Tianlang-Jun said, "Have you not heard of my nephew's motto?"

Shen Qingqiu said: "I've heard it. A favor given is paid back many times over."

Zhuzhi-Lang's red face looked extremely weird underneath the mossy green candlelight. He said, "Lord and Master Shen are teasing me."

Shen Qingqiu did not intend to tease him; he was exerting all of his attention on studying a mural instead.

This mural's colors were bright and gaudy, and the brush strokes mad and frenzied. Still, it was possible to discern that the image directly facing the Mausoleum's entrance way was the large face of a woman. Her eyes were crinkled into crescents and the corners of her lips pointed upwards as if she was unable to suppress her joy. This section of the mausoleum was definitely the "Hall of Delight" of the Holy Mausoleum's three "Delight, Fury, and Sorrow" temples.

Tianlang-Jun had not sensed anything strange yet. He said, "He's just like this. His mind can only think straight-forwardly. That's why he's always begged me to take you to the Demon World."

Shen Qingqiu had never understood this kind of reasoning. Turning around slightly, he looked at Zhuzhi-Lang. "What does bringing me to the Demon World and returning a favor have to do with each other?"

Tianlang-Jun calmly said, “Of course it’s connected. The four great sects cannot be allowed to remain. As Peak Lord Shen is still with the Cang Qiong Sect and thus falls into this scope, Zhuzhi-Lang naturally doesn’t want you to stay in that place.”

Shen Qingqiu didn’t know how to respond.

He had initially thought that Tianlang-Jun was relatively reasonable. However, after conversing with him, he now discovered that this man was virtually indistinguishable from any of those ambitious “destroy the world, kill the good” kind of BOSSes!

But if one were to consider it, an idealistic, expectant youth of a noble bloodline had been suppressed by members of a different race under a mountain for so many years. A deep-rooted resentment was entirely to be expected.

Shen Qingqiu paused, then asked, “Is the next step extinguishing all of humanity?”

Tianlang-Jun seemed confused. “Why would you think like that? Of course not. I like humans, just not the four great sects.”

He smiled, then continued: “In contrary, I have a gift to give to the human race.”

Although he didn’t know what this so-called gift was, it definitely wasn’t some ribbon-wrapped object that would bring humanity great joy! Shen Qingqiu had just begun to spit out a rather out-of-practice “f**k” when suddenly, the mausoleum began to shake.

The gravel on the ground quaked. Shen Qingqiu’s two feet were steady against the ground, but his body couldn’t help but sway wildly. In the distance, he could even faintly hear an earth-shaking yelling noise.

Cautiously, he asked, “What is it?”

Tianlang-Jun listened carefully for a moment. “They’ve arrived a lot faster than I thought.” He turned towards Zhuzhi-Lang. “How many?”

Zhuzhi-Lang said, “At least two hundred.”

Tianlang-Jun smiled: “Just catching ten is extremely difficult, this must be hard for him.”

Shen Qingqiu couldn’t understand what they were talking about, but it seemed that they had no intention of enlightening him. Tianlang-Jun brushed off a wisp of sand from his shoulder then said: “Peak Lord Shen, since five years ago my nephew has been trying force you to make a clean break with Cang Qiong Mountain sect. What do you think of this? Would you like to go with him?”

You’ve practically already brought the person into ancestral tombs and you’re still asking this useless question—wait a second... five years ago? Making a clean break?

Shen Qingqiu’s heart lurched. He blurted out: “The Jinlan City sowers. Was that part of your plan to make me leave Cang Qiong Mountain sect?”

Now that he thought about it, the reason that he couldn’t return to the sect was because of everything that had started in Jinlan City.

Shen Qingqiu asked: “The sower who pointed his finger at me, that was your doing?”

Zhuzhi-Lang lowered his head. Tianlang-Jun patted his shoulder as if encouraging him. “Originally, that was just an experiment to solve the southern devil tribes’ food deficiency problems. It just happened that Peak Lord Shen was present. Zhuzhi-Lang only wanted Peak Lord Shen to sever any desire to return to humanity, that’s all.”

Shen Qingqiu immediately glared at Zhuzhi-Lang. So this so-called repayment was getting a sower to defame him, wasn’t this too fraudulent?! A snake’s favor really wasn’t reliable!

Zhuzhi-Lang said softly, “Master Shen, Junshang said that he wanted to eliminate all of the four great sects, without leaving a single person alive... this humble person sincerely didn’t want, at that time...”

Shen Qingqiu suppressed his anger, saying: “Qiu Haitang was also your doing?”

Tianlang-Jun said, “I don’t recognize the name.” He looked at Zhuzhi-Lang, who turned to look at Shen Qingqiu.

Zhuzhi-Lang said, “That woman really isn’t someone that I found.”

The suddenly-appearing Qiu Haitang and sower people attacking Shen Qingqiu left-right in a pincer attack, forcing him to surrender to the Huan Hua Palace and become imprisoned in the water prison, really was just a coincidence? Forget it. Now that things had come to this, it no longer mattered.

Shen Qingqiu said, “What’s the other reason?”

Tianlang-Jun calmly replied, “Summoning Peak Lord Shen here was also because of my own selfishness.”

He sighed. “That son of mine, to raise him for so many years really has been an inconvenience for Peak Lord Shen.”

Although he had long suspected that this matter had to do with Luo Binghe, hearing his name still made Shen Qingqiu’s heart tremble. He begrudgingly tried to pump himself up, before asking: “Luo Binghe? What does this have to do with him?”

Tianlang-Jun snorted, lowering his head. “How do I say this? I’ve noticed that towards Peak Lord Shen, he’s extremely...”

Although his words were vague and unclear, dodging the question entirely, Shen Qingqiu still did not have any difficulty stringing together a theory.

As the time Tianlang-Jun possessed this body for increased, as his demonic energy became more vigorous and his cultivation began to recover, the body he used would begin to fall apart more and more, requiring touch-ups all over. Sooner or later, he would require a new body. This body would work best if it was someone related to him, a similar heavenly demon. If this body happened to be a hybrid and was capable of using two separate cultivation systems, it would only be even better.

Whose body was more suitable than Luo Binghe's?

Shen Qingqiu narrowed his eyes. "So the reason why you called back my soul was to draw him to the Holy Mausoleum?"

Tianlang-Jun said, "Peak Lord Shen is a perceptive person."

Shen Qingqiu warned him, "Luo Binghe hasn't taken over your original position yet. He can't enter the Holy Mausoleum, even if he wanted to."

Tianlang-Jun looked at him confidently. "As long as he wants to, he'll definitely be able to come."

Shen Qingqiu slowly said, "No matter what you want to do, this is your son."

Tianlang-Jun said, "Indeed."

"Yours and Su Xiyan's son."

Tianlang-Jun said, "So?"

Hearing these words, Shen Qingqiu was finally convinced.

In the few sentences that Tianlang-Jun mentioned Luo Binghe, although his smiling expression remained the same, his words and expressions were all cold.

That image of a loving and fair Tianlang-Jun in Shen Qingqiu's mind immediately disappeared. Now, he realized that whenever Tianlang-Jun spoke about Su Xiyan, his tone never wavered. He fondly referred to Luo

Binghe as “this son of mine,” but one would hardly think that they shared any father-son relationship.

Not only was Tianlang-Jun not a pacifist, but he was no romantic either. This completely subverted Shen Qingqiu’s long-held (and perhaps wishful) thinking.

Actually, this was normal. The demon clan looked at emotions with cold contempt, much preferring good food, influence, and power. It was just that seeing this “couldn’t care less” attitude in person, Shen Qingqiu couldn’t but feel uncomfortable.

Luo Binghe really was... an unloved child.

Shen Qingqiu had always used that blackened pot of Jinlan City to smash against Luo Binghe’s head. This child, wearing such a face of aggrievement for so long, had tried to defend himself for so many times, but to no avail. Not long ago when they separated, Shen Qingqiu had even used harsh words to rebuke him.

He was extremely resentful against Tianlang-Jun. However, if one were to consider it, he himself was not much better. He had hurt Luo Binghe deeply.

The tomb had just fallen into a deathly silence when the second wave of animals roaring and battle descended. This time it was even more vicious, the sounds of upheaval drawing closer by the moment.

At this point, Shen Qingqiu was unable to stand for any longer. Gripping onto the coffin, he asked, “Can someone explain to me what exactly is going on?”

Before he could finish the “what,” all of the precious stones embedded on the mausoleum began to drop off. All three of the people inside the palace hall had quick reactions, quickly stepping far out of the way. With a sudden crash, an extremely heavy object smashed through the roof of the palace hall, landing in the middle of the room. The smoke and dust intermingled with the rays of light from above, revealing a black figure.

Luo Binghe stood on the head of a pitch-black giant beast, his black robes billowing wildly in the dust. The Xin Mo sword lay unsheathed on his back. A pair of eyes glinted red in the light, overlooking the scene with ferocious killing intent.

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Cheryl aka Hiohbye.
 - Last month BC Novels had 802,902 views. I expect this will be higher this month since there are more releases. Thankfully, I've been able to pay the year's website hosting fee. I paid more this time to get more bandwidth because the traffic to this website has been climbing.
 - Now the truth has been revealed! In fact, Luo Binghe wasn't the one responsible for the sowers.
 - Please let me know if there are any errors so I can fix them.
 - Thanks for reading.
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Chapter 58 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

Chapter 58 -Hall of Delight, Hall of Fury, Hall of Sorrow

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At first glance, the great beast appeared to be some sort of rhinoceros, a single horn curved like the crescent moon atop its head. But, opening its mouth and trumpeting, it spat out a giant scarlet python from its blood-red maw. The rhinoceros’ call mingled with the snake’s hissing cry, creating an especially shocking clamor.

Really? Black! Moon! Rhinoceros! Python!



Black + Moon + Rhinoceros + Python. Turns out the Black Moon Rhinoceros Python was really just the simple combination of these four elements. Great God Airplane Shooting Toward the Sky, your naming style is as dependable as always!

Zhuzhi-Lang diligently moved to stand in front of Tianlang-Jun, conveniently covering Shen Qingqiu as well. Upon seeing Luo Binghe, Shen Qingqiu had subconsciously moved closer to Zhuzhi-Lang's back. It wasn't that he was still fleeing Luo Binghe at every opportunity, but that he had a guilty conscience and no face to see him. He didn't dare think what sort of mood Luo Binghe would be in after seeing him breathe his last breath before his eyes for the second time. He could only subconsciously act like the bell thief who plugged his ears up, pretending that if the eyes could not see, the heart would not be disturbed.

Tianlang-Jun raised an eyebrow, this expression also bearing a remarkable resemblance to Luo Binghe. "And he wouldn't hesitate to capture two hundred Black Moon Rhinoceros Pythons to break the wards around the Holy Mausoleum. Peak Lord Shen, this son of mine really does hold some extraordinary feelings towards you."

Shen Qingqiu had no retort to that. This was the demonic beast which, in the original work, could render even the Endless Abyss with its call. And for breaking into the Holy Mausoleum, Luo Binghe had captured two hundred of them for a single-time use.

After the dust settled, Shen Qingqiu could finally see clearly—Luo Binghe had indeed single-handedly broken into the Holy Mausoleum. The Holy Mausoleum was both sacred land for the Demon Race and a forbidden area. Any native of the Demon Race would cherish and revere it, not daring to violate the grounds. This was a question of faith—no one would dare come with him, so of course, he would be alone.

Tianlang-Jun closed his eyes for a spell. Opening them again, he said, "Your courage is commendable. It's just that while you yourself coming here is no big deal, you should not have brought along these two strays."

Luo Binghe calmly leaped from the Rhinoceros Python's head. The great beast had exhausted the last of its energy and, unable to continue any longer, fell to the ground with a loud bang. He fixed an unwavering glare on Shen Qingqiu, sparks bursting in his eyes, looking like he was both boiling with anger and about to cry. Shen Qingqiu suddenly had a delayed reaction. Just now he had dodged behind Zhuzhi-Lang—it looked too much like he was avoiding Luo Binghe again!

But now it was too late for any explanation. The one standing here was the male protagonist's dad, the one the author stamped with the all-around strength to crush the protagonist into a paste! Shen Qingqiu finally found his voice to yell, "Go back!"

Luo Binghe didn't reply. He raised his hand, tossing over Xiu Ya. Only after seeing Shen Qingqiu catch the sword did he turn towards the other two people standing in the mausoleum hall. Collecting two fiercely roiling balls of demonic energy in his palms, he shot straight over, not bothering to dodge.

You're starting to trade blows already?

Luo Binghe's left hand smashed into Zhuzhi-Lang's abdomen, sending him flying without the least concern for his welfare. His right hand flew out to hit Tianlang-Jun. Shen Qingqiu was tense from head to toe, watching from the sidelines with rapt attention.

And Tianlang-Jun caught the blow! Not retreating a single step, he smoothly turned his hand, sliding through Luo Binghe's defenses to brush against his shoulder.

Shen Qingqiu swore, at that moment he heard Luo Binghe's bones cracking inside his body.

As if to validate this point, Luo Binghe blinked, and without warning, spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

The entirety of his chin, neck, and chest was dyed a field of red, and the blood was still dripping down. Luo Binghe wiped the corner of his mouth, looking like he was still at a loss.

To speak the truth, it had already been very long since he had experienced a physical injury serious enough to make him spit blood.

Wasn't! The! Protagonist's! Halo! An! Unbreakable! Golden! Body! Laid! Down! In! Law!?

Are you just picking on the son now that you're not picking on the dad! Tianlang-Jun had only given Luo Binghe a light pat on the shoulder, but

that arm broke off again. Tianlang-Jun wrinkled his brows, and Zhuzhi-Lang immediately picked it up for him, presenting it with both hands. Luo Binghe didn't bother to wipe off all of the blood. An ominous glint flashing through his eyes, he reached to grab Xin Mo from its place on his back. Tianlang-Jun said, "The sword is a good sword. It's a pity your technique is a hideous mess."

Luo Binghe called to Shen Qingqiu in a low voice, "Come with me!"

Zhuzhi-Lang said, "It's too late, two hundred Black Moon Rhinoceros Pythons are only enough to hold open the Holy Mausoleum's wards for an instant, just enough to let you in."

Luo Binghe growled, "Then I'll use you two as blood sacrifices and open it one more time!"

Who could have expected, before Xin Mo completely left the sheath, it was suddenly pushed back in. He didn't know when Tianlang-Jun had moved to stand behind Luo Binghe, pressing the sword back into the sheath with one hand, actually keeping him from drawing the sword and causing trouble.

Luo Binghe reacted in a flash, turning to face the attack. Who would have thought that, no matter how fast he was, the Heart Devil sword could only be drawn three inches at the most before it was immediately pressed back down? After a few rounds of this back and forth exchange, Tianlang-Jun seemed to have lost interest in playing with him. With a flick of his wrist, he stopped minding the Heart Devil sword and went to directly push down the top of his head.

Luo Binghe's eyes snapped open. A rich cloud of purple-black energy spun around the top of his head. Tianlang-Jun lifted his hand. Giving a look at Luo Binghe's snow-pale face, he commented impartially, "Looks like his mother."

A cold voice came from one side, "The eyes look like yours."

Tianlang-Jun slowly turned his head. Xiu Ya, glittering like frost and snow, was pressed across Zhuzhi-Lang's neck.

Shen Qingqiu smiled faintly. "This good a subordinate, this close a nephew—there's nothing that's not worthwhile. Tianlang-Jun, shouldn't you reconsider your choices?"

Zhuzhi-Lang said in a low voice, "Junshang, this subordinate had a moment of carelessness."

This 'moment of carelessness' was hard enough to get, Shen Qingqiu had to spend a good amount of effort just to restrain him. Even when he wasn't in

snake form, this man was just as slippery!

Tianlang-Jun said faintly, “Zhuzhi-Lang is a bit foolish, his character is very weak. If you do this to him, he’ll be broken-hearted.”

Zhuzhi-lang said weakly, “Junshang, I... I didn’t...”

Shen Qingqiu said, half-sincerely, “My heart is not weak at all, but I’m broken-hearted that you’re doing this to my disciple. You release my disciple, I’ll release your nephew. How about that?”

Tianlang-Jun spread out his hand. “I’m just afraid I won’t be given the opportunity.”

In fact, Shen Qingqiu’s palm was clammy with cold sweat, only his voice was cool and collected when he said, “I’m giving you the opportunity right now.”

Tianlang-Jun said, “I mean, Zhuzhi-Lang won’t give me the opportunity.” Before his words had fallen, Zhuzhi-Lang suddenly threw himself at the point of Shen Qingqiu’s sword!

He had put extraordinary strength into this movement, really going all out with no regard for his life. Shen Qingqiu never suspected it could be a temporary feint. Startling, he subconsciously withdrew his sword. Just as he pulled back the tip of his sword, Zhuzhi-Lang seized the opportunity to escape, flashing back to Tianlang-Jun’s side.

Tianlang-Jun made a “see” gesture, smiling, “I told you, Zhuzhi-Lang is a bit foolish. If someone tries to blackmail me by threatening him, he’ll seek death himself. Peak Lord Shen must never underestimate him by all means.”

Shen Qingqiu almost spat blood. As a hostage, Zhuzhi-Lang really had no value to speak of. Not only was he hard to pin down, after he had been seized with great difficulty there was no sense of achievement at all!

Tianlang-Jun said, “Since my nephew has suffered this little grievance, it’s only fair to recoup it on Peak Lord Shen’s disciple.”

While speaking, his five fingers subtly curled. Luo Binghe gave a stifled groan, fresh blood flowing from the corners of his eyes, but he still turned his gaze towards Shen Qingqiu with great difficulty. Clenching his teeth against the blood foaming from his mouth, he gritted out, “...Go... anywhere is fine... just don’t stay here!”

Shen Qingqiu snapped up his head, Xiu Ya flying out to the front. Like white lightning streaking across the room, it stabbed towards Tianlang-Jun. He barely tilted his head and the blade brushed past his cheek, pinning itself into a mural far behind him with a clank.

Tianlang-Jun said, "Your aim isn't very good."

Shen Qingqiu slowly retracted his hand, a corner of his mouth curling up. "It's accurate. I hit the bull's eye."

Tianlang-Jun startled slightly, turning his head at once only to see Xiu Ya neatly pierced through the eye of a smiling woman in the mural. The gem which had been inlaid in her pupil shattered, falling from the stone wall in numerous twinkling pieces.

That woman was undoubtedly just a face painted on the wall, but the corner of her mouth curved higher and higher like she was breaking into a happier smile. A corner of the grin slashed into her face split up to her ear, her bloody mouth wide open like a sacrificial bowl.

Suddenly, an incomparably piercing sound of laughter erupted in the middle of the mausoleum hall.

And this laughter, it was coming from the mouth of the woman painted on the wall!

The Hall of Delight had anti-theft measures. The wall was full of inlaid gems, but if you try to pry one out for yourself, just wait to be laughed to death by the auditory weapon of its demon sorceress!

It was clear that this laughter was especially effective against the Demon Race. After all, its main purpose was, of course, to guard against wandering tomb raiders within the Demon Race. It's not like there were any humans who were bored enough or courageous enough to go tomb raiding in the Demon Realm. After the sound entered your ears, the heart and brains would madly pulse without end, there would be a wave of acute pain, the sky and earth spinning around you, flowers bursting in your eyes. Zhuzhi-Lang couldn't help but cover his ears, and Tianlang-Jun also pulled away one hand to press against his temple. Shen Qingqiu was long prepared for this turn of events. Taking advantage of this split second of opportunity, he swiftly flitted across the hall. Raising his left hand, Xiu Ya responded and

jumped back to its scabbard. His right hand grabbed Luo Binghe and he ran!

Charging into another hall of the mausoleum, the first thing Shen Qingqiu did was to lower the sluice gate, and shut it tight! The heavy stone door crashed to the ground, stirring up a cloud of dust. He could only find the mechanism to close the door, not the one to open it. Either way, it's best if he can't open the door, but just as he was thinking this, finally able to relax after all this struggle, he turned his head to look and fell to his knees on the spot.

Zhuzhi-Lang, one hand held tightly in his, blinked his eyes.

What sort of disaster has he set up this time—he managed to leave that father-son pair currently engaged in one-sided domestic violence in the Hall of Delight. This is too big an offense; there's going to be a criminal investigation, ah! Shen Qingqiu shook off his hand, turning to strike at the stone door, when Zhuzhi-Lang grabbed on to him again. “Master Shen, don't bother going back. Facing Junshang, he has no chance of succeeding.”

Shen Qingqiu was going to fall apart. He was that close. How could he have gotten the wrong person? It's all because the laughing attack of the mural woman in the Hall of Delight was too strong, and in the faint twilight of flickering green candles, all three of them looked about the same at first glance in their black clothes. Was it because they were related that they all had the same sense of style?

Zhuzhi-Lang said, “It's not that you grabbed the wrong person, Master Shen, it's that I swapped the hand you grabbed.”

This was the last straw for Shen Qingqiu, and he smashed a fist into the stone door. “I wanted to be together with Luo Binghe in the first place!”

Zhuzhi-Lang started, then said, “Master Shen, weren't you and he... already together long before?”

“...” With these people, it's really hard to say!
Shen Qingqiu raised a hand to signal him to shut up. Turning and walking a

few steps, he suddenly felt that the floor under his feet was not entirely flat. Zhuzhi-Lang had followed him over, and he hurriedly made a gesture for him to stop. “Don’t move!”

A huge woman’s face was spread across the floor of the grand hall. Right now, they were standing on its ear.

It was not the same woman as the one in the Hall of Delight. This face had none of that flirtatious beauty. Instead, it was fierce and fiendish, eye sockets split in greed, with thin eyes and a broad nose. It seemed that being ugly to the point of repulsion was its forte, looking like an ugly witch.

Shen Qingqiu cautioned, “Don’t step on the face.”

Zhuzhi-Lang: “...”

This whole floor was its face, if you can’t step on the face where would you step...

Delight, Fury, Sorrow—these three halls were layered one after another.

After passing through the first layer of the Hall of Delight, the one immediately following should be the “Hall of Fury.”

When the original Luo Binghe had visited (plundered) the Holy Mausoleum and cleared this level, he had used a special step pattern to cross.

Unfortunately, Shen Qingqiu couldn’t clearly remember which steps he had taken. If they carelessly misstepped, the anti-theft measures in the Hall of Fury would launch. They couldn’t get around the puzzle by flying on their swords, since passing directly above the floor would count as a step.

That said, of course having your face stepped on would make you angry—no wonder this was the Hall of Fury!

He dared to rush in here because he thought the one he had grabbed was Luo Binghe, who must have known the step pattern. But, who knew that this snake would be slippery enough to swap out people in a split second!

The ground underneath their feet grew hotter and hotter. At first, the woman’s face on the ground had been scarlet, but as the temperature rose it gradually deepened to crimson. Shen Qingqiu squatted to test the temperature and immediately withdrew his hand as soon as it brushed the ground. It was hot, as if there was a fire blazing under the floor; as if even just standing on the floor would roast you like meat on a hot plate. It seems that he had already unwittingly stepped on the face a few times just now.

Shen Qingqiu retreated a few steps, drawing as close to the side of the room as possible.

Suddenly, a boiling-bright golden-red liquid burst from the ground like a

fountain.

Zhuzhi-Lang transformed into his original form in an instant, a yellow-eyed green snake coiled on the ground with scales flashing in the light. Rearing his upper body and letting out a hissing cry, he was as tall as four men. He rolled Shen Qingqiu into a ball, securely wrapped inside a layer of scaly armor. His thick forest of white fangs pressed close to Shen Qingqiu's head. Looking at the huge golden eyes from up close, they were even more fierce and strange.

Tianlang-Jun was certainly right, Zhuzhi-Lang was indeed a bit foolish. Didn't he remember that time he was fumed up by realgar wine until he was shedding tears into the wind? And just now, didn't he remember being held at swordpoint? In this sort of situation, he still put his heart into shielding him like this—it was simply making Shen Qingqiu feel sorry for picking on him.

Suddenly, with a huge rumbling sound, one of the side walls of the Hall of Fury toppled over in one piece.

Through the cloud of smoke pervading the air, Tianlang-Jun worked his wrist while walking down the pile of rubble from the overturned wall. Stepping into the Hall of Fury, he said, "I don't know if this is just my misperception, but it seems Peak Lord Shen is more familiar with the Holy Mausoleum than even me."

Zhuzhi-Lang changed back to human form, crying out, "Junshang, don't come in!"

Before Tianlang-Jun had shown a questioning expression, he had already walked six or seven steps across the woman's face on the ground.

Shen Qingqiu: "..."

Zhuzhi-Lang: "..."

A pillar of magma thick enough to enclose four men shot towards the sky, instantly engulfing Tianlang-Jun in a raging blaze.
Hahahahahahahahahahaha!

Shen Qingqiu was internally howling with laughter. See what happens when you don't let people finish talking! Let you beat up your dear son! Go ahead and show off, even if you pretend, pride comes before the fall!

But soon, he couldn't laugh anymore. Luo Binghe staggered along close behind him, also rushing into the hall. One of his arms hung slack at his side like it had been completely broken, blood poured from his head without end, and one of his eyes wouldn't open anymore.

How cruel. This wretched a state, Luo Binghe had been beaten into an even worse state by the original goods since the last time he saw him. What is up with Luo Binghe's constitution? Why is this elder so fond of using force to educate him? This isn't Bai Zhan Peak!

Zhuzhi-Lang ran frantic circles around that fiery pillar, too busy to care about the others. Luo Binghe carefully took in the scene in the hall and, lowering his head again to look, jumped off the pile of rubble, taking a few steps to arrive at Shen Qingqiu's side in a flash.

This isn't scientific at all! How did he manage to know where to step to avoid triggering the mechanism at first glance?

Luo Binghe seemed to have guessed what he was thinking, explaining concisely, "Step on the acupuncture points."

While speaking, the two had already crossed through the Hall of Fury, entering the next level. After the stone door was locked down, Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but take two more looks at Luo Binghe to make sure he hadn't gotten the wrong person this time.

Shen Qingqiu stood at the periphery of the mausoleum hall, not daring to make a hasty move. The demon sorceress presiding over the "Hall of Sorrow" perched at the zenith of the hall. Raising his head to look, sure enough, a woman's face was painted on the ceiling, eyebrows drawn high and tight-knit, mellow and in deep lamentation. Sensing the presence of intruders, the face's eyes opened. Its features twisting into motion, the expression grew increasingly miserable. First, a few drops of water seeped from its eyes and pattered to the ground, and before long, a thick drizzle floated down from the high ceiling.

He was just going to call a warning not to let this ghostly rain touch their bodies when Luo Binghe raised an arm to cover him, rushing directly across with the two of them shielded that way. In one moment of inattention, Shen Qingqiu had already been dragged through this level at top speed.

The original Luo Binghe walked the path of exacting technique, but this matter right now, this method is really too simple and crude!

Delight, Fury, and Sorrow, these three-layered halls were a side story that dragged out for two hundred thousand words, but counting up the events just now, it wasn't even enough for one chapter?! At least the Hall of Sorrow should have been dragged out for ten chapters before it finished, but now? Was it even enough for three lines?!

The System chirped out a notification: Cut down on filler plot, refined storyline, B Points + 100

But this is really too much cutting!

After exiting the three holy halls, there was a dark and still tomb passage.

As soon as the two left the Hall of Sorrow, the green firelight gradually brightened, row after row stretching endlessly out into the distance.

The anti-theft measures of the Holy Mausoleum were thorough to an insane degree, and Last Breath candles were piled up everywhere like they grew on trees. Blind drooling corpses, which had been wandering mindlessly in the tomb passage, shuffled over as they entered. With a cold and impatient look, Luo Binghe raised one hand, and they unwittingly let out a low chorus of hisses, a wheezing puff of breath filling their throats, before they retreated back into the shadows with lowered heads.

Without sparing a glance at Shen Qingqiu, Luo Binghe retracted his hand and said, "Let's go."

Shen Qingqiu noticed a fierce redness on Luo Binghe's face, glaringly obvious under the dark green candlelight. It seemed that it was definitely not out of embarrassment. Before, every time Luo Binghe caught Shen Qingqiu, he would fix a fierce and rigid glare on him, but this time he didn't even look. Seeing Shen Qingqiu's gaze, he even avoided his eyes, subconsciously using his unbroken left hand to wipe away the bloodstains by his eyes.

Shen Qingqiu suspected that he had been poisoned, or that he had suffered too serious a knock on the head, but Luo Binghe's gait was still steady so it didn't seem to be that sort of issue.

He was just planning to open his mouth and ask about the situation when Luo Binghe rushed to get in his words first. “This body, are the spiritual veins working well?”

Shen Qingqiu never would have anticipated this to be the first thing he said. Startling, he replied, “They’re normal.”

It seemed that every time they sunk into silence, the one to take initiative and break it was Luo Binghe. He recalled that Luo Binghe had spent five years’ time restoring this body’s spiritual veins bit by bit.

Luo Binghe nodded and said, “That’s good. The other body, I preserved it for a few days, but it still withered in the end. If there were also problems with this body, that would not have been good.”

As soon as the soul left a body created by the Sun and Moon Dew Flower Seed, it would die at once, withering and disappearing in a moment. For Luo Binghe to have sustained it for several days, he didn’t know how much spiritual energy he had wasted on this meaningless endeavor, and he still dared to storm the Holy Mausoleum alone right afterward. Shen Qingqiu’s chest felt a bit stuffy, and he scrambled to find a topic of conversation with his thoughts in a scattered mess. Just now, Tianlang-Jun seemed to have said that Luo Binghe “brought along these two strays.” Shen Qingqiu asked, “Who else did you bring?”

Luo Binghe finally gave him a glance and said, “I came alone.”

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by Lily of BC Novels.
- I cheered Shen Qingqiu when he did the whole “hero saves the beauty” routine, only to laugh when he found out that he had rescued the wrong person! Shizun, ≠ a snake is not the same as a sheep!
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 59 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 59: Ice Disappears, Snow Melts

After a pause, he continued, “Those two people from just then aren’t easy to deal with. Even if Shizun doesn’t want to stay at my place, I still hope that you will not go with them.”

It sounded as if this wasn’t the first time Luo Binghe had run into the two of them. Shen Qingqiu said, “Have you met them before?”



Luo Binghe said indifferently, "I've met that snake at Nan Jiang before. We exchanged a few blows and I almost lost. I've never seen the other one before, but I cannot defeat him."

Zhuzhi-Lang was born in Nan Jiang, so if someone ran around over there, they would naturally have to be a little more diligent. Tianlang-Jun also said before that the original purpose of the plague at Jinlan City was to resolve the food shortage at Nan Jiang. It was to be expected that Luo Binghe got in a few fights with Zhuzhi-Lang at Nan Jiang.

But Zhuzhi-Lang didn't seem to have told Luo Binghe what his identity was and didn't treat Luo Binghe as his young master. It didn't look like Tianlang-Jun had any intention of telling him either.

Judging from this, neither father nor cousin had any intent to acknowledge him.

Even though Luo Binghe's pace was steady, he was still limping very faintly. However, he continued to walk with a straight back, not even supporting himself with the wall. When Shen Qingqiu saw this, he was full of mixed feelings, and he awkwardly hesitated for a moment before he suddenly hardened his resolve and took a step forward. He was about to go support Luo Binghe when the candlelight suddenly flickered.

The tomb passage dimmed a little, and Luo Binghe's body pressed towards him.

But this time, Luo Binghe didn't forcefully hug him, nor did he grope around. Instead, he completely toppled onto Shen Qingqiu before he stopped moving at all.

After being tossed around for half a day, Shen Qingqiu was also feeling extremely exhausted. He couldn't bear the weight of two people, and he fell against the wall with a thud. Luo Binghe was slumped on top of him, soft and boneless, and his head knocked against the wall, creating a resounding noise upon impact. When Shen Qingqiu heard that, his heart also jumped along with it, his teeth aching.

He hastily stood up straight and held Luo Binghe. After fumbling around for a bit, he managed to reach behind him. The clothes on Luo Binghe's back, which had been drenched by the ghostly rain in the Hall of Sorrow, were tattered. He probed inside of his clothing. The skin underneath his fingers felt strange as if there were marks of festering. It had also already started to emit a fishy scent.

After all, the ghostly rain wasn't anything good.

If nobody else was present, the way Shen Qingqiu liked to wake other people up was to first go up and give them a small slap on either side of their face. But now, he hadn't even reached out a hand yet when he felt like he couldn't do it, so as a result, he changed it to lightly patting Luo Binghe's cheek a few times. His voice also involuntarily softened. "Luo Binghe? Luo Binghe?"

Luo Binghe's eyes were closed heavily. His eyelashes didn't even flutter, and the color of his face grew increasingly and abnormally red.

Shen Qingqiu reached out a hand and touched him. His forehead and cheeks were both scalding hot like he had a fever. But there was no way that the concept of a 'fever' would exist in Luo Binghe's body. Even if there were times when he would occasionally find himself in tough situations, it wouldn't last for very long, and it especially wouldn't reach the point where he lost consciousness. Shen Qingqiu touched his hands, but they were ice cold. It was as if Luo Binghe's head was in the microwave and his body was in the freezer.

Shen Qingqiu placed a hand behind Luo Binghe's head and massaged the area that had just knocked against the wall.

"Binghe, can you hear me?"

No response.

Shen Qingqiu calculated a little. In order to protect his flesh body and not let it rot, Luo Binghe had used up several days' worth of spiritual energy, and in the end he still hadn't been able to protect it; he went through great pains running around blindly to catch Black Moon Rhinoceros Pythons; after arriving at the Holy Mausoleum, he was first beaten up by Tianlang-Jun, then attacked head-on by the sound waves in the Hall of Delight, continued to be beaten up by Tianlang-Jun, before he was finally drenched by the ghostly rain.

No matter how you thought about it, it should be much more serious than getting a fever.

After Luo Binghe passed out, his oppressive aura lost its ability to intimidate. The Blind Corpses that had shrunk into the darkness just then started to stir restlessly again, hissing as they surrounded them.

Shen Qingqiu held Luo Binghe, who had toppled over, with one hand, while he gripped the Xiu Ya sword with the other. With a violent shake, the sword flew out from its sheath like a flying arrow and immediately pierced through more than a dozen of them. However, the dazzling blade of the sword reflected light extremely intensely. When the green light from the Last Breath Candles reflected against the sword, it grew even harsher. The Blind Corpses were very skilled at chasing after the light and also dodged quickly, so if he tried the same thing again, it wouldn't work. Shen Qingqiu had just sheathed his sword and returned it to his waist when several withered hands already reached near him. There was even one that stretched straight for Luo Binghe's eyes. Shen Qingqiu sent out an explosive blow with his palm, making the insolent Blind Corpse's head explode.

However, even though explosive blows were easy to use, he couldn't use them constantly. It used up too much spiritual energy, and he would run out after a while. Moreover, Shen Qingqiu was back in the mode where he only had two bars' worth of spiritual energy so he couldn't be worry-free like he had been before. After sending out twenty or so blows, he started to feel weaker than he would've liked. The Blind Corpses pushed and shoved in the tomb passage, and he had no choice but to kick each one away as they came. Even though these monsters were low level, there was never an end to them, and he still had to hold onto an unconscious Luo Binghe. He stumbled once and momentarily failed to hold him steady, causing Luo Binghe's head to knock against the wall once more.

The 'bang' sounded extremely painful. Troubled, Shen Qingqiu used his hand to cushion Luo Binghe's head. He felt around again, and he couldn't help but feel as if a large bump had swollen up. Shen Qingqiu better not knock this child's head so hard that he ends up with brain problems, with this fever and being thrown around!

Small demons were troublesome. If they continued to stay in this tomb passage that was full of Last Breath Candles, they would only attract an unending stream of Blind Corpses. He changed positions and lifted one of

Luo Binghe's arms over his shoulder, hauling him forward with large strides. The Blind Corpses were flung several meters behind, but the Last Breath Candles continued to light up with his urgent breaths, illuminating their shadows so that there was nowhere to hide. Even though the Blind Corpses couldn't catch up, he couldn't shake them off either as they continued to pursue him and Luo Binghe relentlessly, all the way up until he turned a corner and passed a small tomb room.

This was most likely also a preparation room. The coffins inside were strewn about extremely messily, and the covers on some of them were even overturned onto the ground. It didn't seem dignified or noble at all. Shen Qingqiu hastily dragged Luo Binghe inside, checking each one in turn. Some had dried corpses lying in strange positions inside, but there were also some that were completely empty.

The wheezing noises from outside the tomb room grew closer and closer, and the elongated and messy shadows on the floor intertwined chaotically. Shen Qingqiu saw that the situation was desperate and jumped inside a stone coffin. He originally wanted to stuff Luo Binghe inside a different coffin, but he didn't have time for that anymore. Hugging Luo Binghe tightly, Shen Qingqiu flipped the two of them over and they tumbled simultaneously into a stone coffin.

Even though there was something soft cushioning the bottom, Shen Qingqiu still landed so hard that he saw stars. Luo Binghe was on top, Shen Qingqiu on the bottom. He was squashed heavily, and he nearly couldn't catch his breath.

What did this child eat while growing up! He looked fairly skinny, so why was he so heavy!

Half of the coffin lid wasn't sealed properly. Shen Qingqiu was about to reach out a hand to close it when the faint green light from outside swayed and numerous crooked shadows reflected against the ceiling.

The Blind Corpses had come inside.

They walked slowly into the tomb room. The occasional sound of light knocking floated over, as well as the noise made from sharp fingernails scratching across the surface of the stone coffins, making Shen Qingqiu's blood run cold.

But if there was one place that Last Breath Candles absolutely wouldn't be hidden in, it was in a coffin. As long as there wasn't a source of light, these blind creatures wouldn't be able to catch them.

Shen Qingqiu remained calm, lying on his back. Luo Binghe pressed down on top of him, face-down, his head buried in the hollow of Shen Qingqiu's shoulder. The heat spread onto Shen Qingqiu's neck, so hot that it was uncomfortable. Even he felt uncomfortable, so Luo Binghe must naturally be even more uncomfortable.

Luckily Luo Binghe's hands were cold and his head was hot. He might as well use his own hand to lower the temperature of his forehead. Shen Qingqiu thought that this was a good idea, and he was about to grab Luo Binghe's wrist and lift it up when his body suddenly stiffened.

Five withered, bony fingers with oddly long fingernails appeared above the coffin.

Why did they have to search so carefully and thoroughly! Weren't the Blind Corpses supposed to have very low IQs! Didn't they simply ignore everything that didn't emit light!!!

Shen Qingqiu suddenly discovered that there actually was something emitting a faint red light next to his cheek.

He glanced to the side. Even though Luo Binghe's eyes were closed, the Demonic Mark on his forehead had already materialized. The scarlet pattern on his forehead was currently brightening and fading in time with his breathing. The red light subsequently dimmed and glowed.

Even though he knew that this mark was the symbol of Luo Binghe's bloodline, it didn't have to shine so conspicuously, did it! Why did it look so similar to how Ultraman would start to flash light every time he reached

the last critical moment while fighting a monster and didn't have enough energy left!

He couldn't free his hand to cover that disastrous mark. He subconsciously turned his head abruptly and pressed his lips against Luo Binghe's bright and clean forehead.

It actually looked sort of like he was kissing Luo Binghe's forehead. However, there was no need to care about such trivial details during unusual circumstances like this! Their lives were more important!

That withered and dried hand, with fingernails full of filth and several strands of hair wrapped around it, trembled as it slowly reached into the stone coffin, groping around. The space inside the coffin was narrow, but it was very deep. As long as the Blind Corpse continued to maintain this range while fumbling around, it still wouldn't be able to touch the two people at the bottom.

But this hand didn't retreat in the slightest. As its hand moved lower and lower, Shen Qingqiu grew tenser and tenser. It was about to touch Luo Binghe's back when Shen Qingqiu gritted his teeth and extracted his right hand, which had almost gone numb, and pressed down on an area of Luo Binghe's back that was still fairly intact.

With this push, Luo Binghe's upper half pressed completely against him. Originally, there was still a small space between them, but now the two of them were basically one person, chest against chest, stomach against stomach.

The stomach should naturally be the human body's softest area, but Luo Binghe's abdomen jabbed terribly hard into Shen Qingqiu's. The more he pressed down, the more he was convinced that Luo Binghe definitely had an eight pack. It was hard enough to kill someone.

Even though the hand stopped a hair away from Luo Binghe's back, it changed direction instead and started moving to the side.

When Shen Qingqiu saw that it was about to touch Luo Binghe's calf, he hardened his heart and parted his legs, allowing Luo Binghe's left leg to land between his.

He had already compressed the space that they took up to its absolute minimum, he really couldn't compress it any further!

The Blind Corpse shakily felt around for a long while. It didn't touch anything, and it withdrew very slowly.

Shen Qingqiu only released a breath of relief when the Blind Corpses left the tomb room, grumbling with dissatisfaction, and the entire crowd wandered away.

Their position right now was truly too unseemly. If someone poked their head over and saw them, they would think that Shen Qingqiu was someone burning with desire for sure, holding onto Luo Binghe firmly without any intention of letting go like he was doing all he could to squeeze him into his embrace. He was about to support Luo Binghe and sit up when a voice suddenly resounded inside the tomb room.

"Relaxing so early, isn't this really much too soon."

The voice was elderly, its tone sneering. Shen Qingqiu immediately picked up the Xiu Ya sword and flipped over, pressing Luo Binghe beneath him. He sat up, holding his sword in front of him, full of wariness. "Who!"

The Blind Corpses had already long since gone far away. The tomb room was completely empty, full of nothing but ice cold stone coffins.

... don't tell him it was another reanimated corpse from some coffin. He just checked—they were basically all dried corpses!

The voice spoke again. "If I don't want you to see me, then you don't have any hope of seeing me even if you overturn the entire Holy Mausoleum."

When Shen Qingqiu heard that, he felt that this voice was very familiar. He had definitely heard it somewhere before, and not just once. With a flash of spiritual light, he sheathed his sword and said, “Since it’s just the Dream Demon Elder, there’s no need to put on a show.”

He had just finished speaking when an old man suddenly appeared in the middle of the room in luxurious clothing, his eyes like that of a hawk. He sat cross-legged on top of a coffin and looked down loftily at Shen Qingqiu. “You actually still remember me.”

Shen Qingqiu: “Since the Dream Demon Elder has appeared in front of me, then I must be dreaming right now.”

Before, the Dream Demon could only appear as a ball of black fog in the dreamscape, but now, he could transform into a human shape. It seemed like he had recovered quite well after borrowing Luo Binghe’s body. When Shen Qingqiu saw that the newcomer was an old gramps who would definitely stand on Luo Binghe’s side, he actually relaxed.

The Dream Demon sniffed. “However, the predicament that you two are in right now isn’t a dream.”

Shen Qingqiu: “Is it possible to request the Dream Demon Elder’s assistance in entering Luo Binghe’s dreamscape and waking him?”

The Dream Demon said, “I cannot wake him.”

“Ah?” Shen Qingqiu grew a little panicked and he nearly blurted out, “Why not!” Was Luo Binghe’s brain already damaged from the fever?

The Dream Demon said indifferently, “I can’t enter. This brat’s primordial spirit is currently in chaos. It’s completely blank with layers of heavy fog, and he’s fallen into a dream that he cannot wake from. I’ve only ever encountered this kind of situation in two types of people’s dreams before. One of them were those who were on the brink of death from serious illness.”

It seemed like he wasn't about to say something good. But if the first kind was already on the brink of death from serious illness, the second kind couldn't be even worse. Shen Qingqiu asked patiently, "Then the other type?"

"The intellectually disabled."

"....."

The Dream Demon rambled, "Serves this brat right. In the past five years, he wastes his energy summoning the soul all day long and recklessly slaughters his own creations in his dreamscape at night. I've long since instructed him that doing so would be the same thing as destroying his own primordial spirit. Sooner or later, this day would come. In order to preserve your flesh Seed body during these past few days, he wasted his spiritual energy, and that demon sword was just waiting for an opportunity to revolt. What's more, he forcefully broke into the Holy Mausoleum, and faced off directly against the most gifted descendant that the demon race has seen for generations."

Shen Qingqiu gripped Xiu Ya sword so tightly that it hurt. He looked back at Luo Binghe, who was lying unconscious in the coffin, and said, "... Elder has no way of awakening him either?"

"I cannot do anything."

Shen Qingqiu cupped his hands in respect towards him and laid silently back down in the coffin.

The Dream Demon lifted an eyebrow. "What are you doing?"

Shen Qingqiu answered, "Sleeping. Until I wake up."

The veins in the Dream Demon's head bulged. "You dare to ignore me?"

Shen Qingqiu closed his eyes. "Since Elder already said that he cannot do anything, of course, I can only wait until I can wake up and safely send him out."

The Dream Demon snorted. “My clan’s forbidden area, the Holy Mausoleum, is extremely dangerous. There are also two troublesome characters waiting for you. You alone cannot protect him.”

That was true, very true.

Shen Qingqiu opened his eyes and sighed. “But right now, besides me, his Shizun, who else can protect—or should I say, will protect Luo Binghe?”

Chaotic emotions came thick and fast. Shen Qingqiu’s thoughts were in turmoil, but he was very clear about one thing: no matter what, he couldn’t leave Luo Binghe to die here.

The Dream Demon said coldly, “After so many years, you’re finally willing to acknowledge once more that this brat is your disciple and that you are his Shizun?”

Shen Qingqiu: “It has indeed been a very long time.”

He was still waiting for the Dream Demon to continue ridiculing him mysteriously, but that old man suddenly gave a sigh. He said, “If this brat could wake up and hear what you just said, I wonder how happy he would be.”

Gramps, can you not talk so gloomily with every sentence!

Shen Qingqiu’s face was full of black lines. What did he mean, “if he could wake up”? This kind of uncertain-about-life-or-death tone just made him even more uneasy, okay!

The Dream Demon’s anger suddenly surged up, and he shouted loudly, “I’m clearly this brat’s Shifu, how many things have I taught him?! Ah?! The ability to know everything under the sky, the method to control people’s hearts! But he refuses to call me Shifu; all he ever says is ‘Elder,’ ‘Elder’! You’re just some average cultivator that taught him a few superficial fighting moves and one or two coarse mental cultivation methods, yet he chases after you crying and calling for Shizun! It’s infuriating!”

He had long since suppressed his anger, and now when he saw the two of them lying in the same coffin, he found the scene more and more offensive. His old eyes were about to go blind from it, and he was extremely unhappy, so he was very grouchy. Shen Qingqiu wasn't happy either. He was irritated just from the Dream Demon calling Cang Qiong Mountain's sword techniques superficial fighting moves. He was about to fight back when the Dream Demon started to walk back and forth across the coffin, hands behind his back, saying with agitation, "If I had secretly eliminated you back then in the dreamscape, this kind of incident wouldn't have happened today. This brat was originally a talent with great prospects ahead of him, but the moment he met you he became this good-for-nothing that only makes people angry. He stubbornly continues to put on an act in front of you too, pretending not to feel anything! If it were up to me, he should either just kill you or do you. Putting up such a fuss, wavering in between—it really makes someone mad when they see it!!"

Shen Qingqiu really wanted to just cover his ears and seal the other's mouth. He glanced at Luo Binghe's peacefully sleeping face, and an image of Luo Binghe crying flashed across his mind briefly before he immediately looked away. He couldn't help but say, "It isn't very good to say this kind of thing in front of me, Elder, is it? Are you done scolding now? If you are, can you let me wake up?"

The Dream Demon still had grievances. "Wake up? Even if you wake up you don't know how to get out. The entrance that he opened has already closed."

Shen Qingqiu: "Why can't I just open it again? May I please request that Elder tells me what direction to go in to get to where Luo Binghe broke through the barrier using the Black Moon Rhinoceros Pythons."

His gaze landed on the Heart Devil sword at Luo Binghe's waist. The entrance that had just been opened up would inevitably still be weak. If he used the Xin Mo sword to slice through it again, perhaps he could open it again once more. The Dream Demon followed his gaze. He clearly understood but wasn't convinced. "This sword may not necessarily allow you to use it."

Of course, Shen Qingqiu also knew this. He silently clenched his teeth and said heavily, “There’s no other choice. I still have to try.”

When he woke up, he was still lying in the stone coffin, and Luo Binghe was also still lying obediently on top of him, held tightly against him.

Thank heavens, that bothersome old Dream Demon spirit finally agreed to let him go. Shen Qingqiu was about to sit up in a single movement when his right leg suddenly seemed to brush against something that poked stiffly into his inner thigh.

Shen Qingqiu thought it was a sword hilt at first and absent-mindedly stretched out a hand to go push it aside. He had just touched it when the System’s announcement suddenly exploded:

YOOOOOOOO~Cool points +1000 𐀀(𐀀^q^𐀀~ Congratulations for obtaining the achievement “Physical Relationship Development”!!!

Immediately, Shen Qingqiu’s body also stiffened into a dried corpse.

“Physical Relationship Development”? The hell was that?

He looked down again. Only then did he find out that this “sword hilt” was truly something remarkable.

Sky pillar ah!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! It was the sky pillar ah!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Shen Qingqiu wanted to kill somebody and then kill himself!

After flailing around in confusion for a while, he slapped a hand against his face, comforting himself in his mind: there was no distinguishing between day or night in the Holy Mausoleum, so maybe it was morning outside right now?! It was a regular phenomenon, a regular physiological phenomenon!

It would go away on its own right?! Generally speaking, that’s how things worked!

But ignoring it like this also seemed too pitiful!!!

Even if it was pitiful, nothing could be done. It's not like he could help him rub it in this kind of circumstance, right?!?!?

If he pretended like he didn't see it, he should be forgiven, right?!?!?!?

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Yan of BC Novels. (bcnovels d⊕† ç⊕m)
- Another exciting chapter!!! OMG, someone got a stiffie!
- I love how the Dream Demon was speaking like a grumpy old grandpa to Shen Qingqiu yet it seemed to me like he was actually trying to help.
- I mean, telling Shen Qingqiu that Luo Binghe has always been pining after him and is just pretending to be all cold and unfeeling while inside he's always crying after his Shizun... is it just me or is the Dream Demon not-so-subtly telling Shen Qingqiu to take responsibility for Luo Binghe?
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 60 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 60 – Huan Hua Palace Master

Ah, that’s right! After all, at the end of the day, a master is not obligated to help his disciple quench his fire. Even if he was the one who accidentally rubbed against it and stoked the fire, it’s all the same!!!

Shen Qingqiu pushed Luo Binghe up abruptly, placed a palm on his chest, and sent in a few waves of spiritual energy. Although it didn’t amount to much, it was all he could afford to give. Everything else can be ignored! Ignored!



Exiting the stone sarcophagus and following Dream Demon's directions, he dragged and pulled Luo Binghe all the way to "The East End." After a while, the walls of the tomb gradually grew damp, the soles of his feet became slippery, and the moss was thicker. It was not easy to keep steady. Shen Qingqiu slowed down to avoid slipping.

As they continued, weeds and wildflowers bloomed among the moss as the tomb gradually widened. Trees of varied heights rose on both sides. Not only was the ground slippery, but the gnarled and twisted old tree roots also

threatened to trip them from time to time. Insects flew by, and the chirping calls of birds could be heard. A blue-and-black zenith suddenly rose up high above them. Inlaid with flashing white crystals, it resembled a curtain of a starlit night.

Despite the illusion of being in a jungle, they have not left the Holy Mausoleum but only arrived at one of the special crypts within it.

Each crypt in the Holy Mausoleum was designed by the nobles of the past generations for their own use. Its designs were strange and varied. Similar to an apartment, the tenants move in bringing only what they have, and decorate the rest of the house in accordance to their preferences. Experts in the field of mechanisms unduly favor the Qimen Dunjia ancient divination tradition. Demon beast tamers prefer to use guardian beasts. Herbalists cultivate poisonous flowers and grasses.

The owner of this tomb was obviously the last type. The trees and flowers here seemed ordinary, but Shen Qingqiu was determined not to touch them. He removed his robe and covered both their heads. Pressing his hand against Luo Binghe's waist, he took a cautious step forward.

The grass and leaves rustled.

Suddenly, a piercing sound accompanied by a flash of cold white light shattered the stillness of the air.

Shen Qingqiu's hand snapped down sharply, the Xiu Ya sword at his waist flew out and slammed in a cross to block the sudden attack. The force of strength from both sides did not relent.

This obstacle had not been resolved before a second flash of white light struck. This time, it directly stabbed at Luo Binghe's throat. The Xiu Ya sword was blocking the first sword and couldn't be recalled; neither could he throw Luo Binghe aside. If he fell amongst those treacherous flowers and plants, he would be done for!

He raised his arm and seized the edge of the sword with his bare hand.

The blade cut deeply into his palm, but he could still hold it firmly, and it did not advance another half inch. Blood did not drip—it poured out. It spilled over Shen Qingqiu's clothes and dyed the grass on the ground bright red.

He finally realized how painful it must have been when Luo Binghe had previously grabbed at his blade.

Shen Qingqiu's eyes reddened. He jerked his head and his pupils shrank.

I never imagined that the “strays” Tianlang-Jun spoke of was actually referring to these two people.

Two people emerged from within the shadows of the gnarled old trees.

To be precise, only one person stepped out; the other one was pushed on a wheelchair-like contraption.

The one standing was a beautiful woman with a slender waist and full bosom. The one being wheeled forward was wrapped in a rough felt blanket from the neck down, but the exposed head was not unfamiliar to Shen Qingqiu.

The flying sword still strove to move forward. Shen Qingqiu could not loosen his grip. The force was strong, and the blade was close to slicing his palm in half.

His expression did not change except for the addition of a fake smile: “Lady Qiu, Old Palace Master, I trust you’ve been well.”

Qiu Haitang's eyes were filled with resentment. The Old Palace Master's head moved agitatedly, and his voice was hoarse: “Peak Lord Shen, look at me. Do I look well?”

The word “well”—it's just used as a casual greeting and not meant to be taken literally. Shen Qingqiu gave a dry laugh.

Upon careful observation, he found that the use of the word “well” was indeed greatly ironic at this point. In the past, the Old Palace Master was a

prominent figure in the cultivation world. During their first meeting at the Immortal Alliance Conference and during the unrest at Jinlan City, his bearing and appearance were faultless. But now, the previously meticulously kept snow white beard had become dirty and tangled, his face was so lined that soil filled the creases, and the wrinkles piled up were denser than the aged trees behind him.

The Old Palace Master said darkly: “You must find my current appearance strange.”

Shen Qingqiu thought, would you let us go if I say I don’t find it strange at all? What his mouth said: “I heard that the Old Palace Master had retired from general affairs to go back to his native place and live in seclusion or was roaming around without a care in the world.”

The Old Palace Master sneered: “Retired or roaming the world? Did you really believe that? In the entire Huan Hua Palace, the entire world, how many people actually believe it? If you want the truth, ask your good disciple.”

He didn’t know what was going on, but they seemed to be looking to settle a score with Luo Binghe. Shen Qingqiu did not bat an eyelid. He shifted Luo Binghe to his back and shielded him.

Qiu Haitang seethed with hatred: “Shen Jiu, I have said before that I would recognize you even if you have turned to ashes. I have long known your act of self-destruction at Huayue City was fake. Committing suicide as a form of atonement? Hehe, you’re not that kind of person. In the Demon Realm, I caught sight of you. You really were still alive!”

You recognized only my body, but not my soul. What’s the use of it... Shen Qingqiu lamented helplessly.

On the day he was captured by Sha Hualing at the Chi Yun cave, Shen Qingqiu rescued the various factions and she caught a glimpse of him. It roused her doubts, and from thereon she became suspicious. Unfortunately, after he returned to Cang Qiong Mountain sect and was subsequently snatched away by Luo Binghe, Qiu Haitang also crossed the border and

followed them into the Demon Realm. Luo Binghe had been busy rounding up a large number of Black Moon Rhinoceros Pythons to break the sacred enchantment. He was bound to be overwhelmed and distracted, and so did not notice that someone had secretly snuck in.

To summarise: A woman's hatred cannot be underestimated. It's just that, for these two people to be allied, it had never occurred to Shen Qingqiu. Nor does he know when they had started conspiring together.

Thinking of this, a thought occurred to Shen Qingqiu: "Back when Lady Qiu suddenly appeared in Jinlan City, was it thanks to the Old Palace Master?"

Since Zhuzhi-Lang has denied involvement in this, it stands to reason that others had a hand in it. How else could Qiu Haitang, who had no standing to speak of, have obtained the chance to come forward and denounce him?

The Old Palace Master smiled coldly, neither confirming nor denying.

Fluffy white dandelion seeds swayed and drifted in the air before them. Shen Qingqiu said: "I wonder if I have ever offended the Old Palace Master..."

The Old Palace Master: "Since it has come to this, there is no need to hide it from you."

His voice rasped as if there was something lodged in his throat: "When Luo Binghe first came to my Huan Hua Palace, I nurtured him carefully and gave him all my support. But he refused to acknowledge me as his master and wouldn't hear of marrying my daughter. It was clear he still had you on his mind. Naturally, I wanted to know what kind of excellent person Peak Lord Shen was. Who would have guessed the type of history that would be revealed to me instead? Regarding your background, I know everything. Who you were apprenticed with, the things you did, how you managed to enter Cang Qiong Mountain sect—it really was extraordinary. Even if there had been no sowers on the scene, you would have been guaranteed a spot in

the water dungeon. Although it wasn't part of the plan, it mattered not to me."

It would seem that back then, the Huan Hua Palace disciples' antagonism towards him was not instigated by Luo Binghe, but rather the deliberate influence of the Old Palace Master. Shen Qingqiu couldn't help shooting a glance at Luo Binghe. This child, if he had been less pig-headed and accepted other people as his master, a lot of grief could have been avoided. But Shen Qingqiu could not begrudge him his brainless willfulness.

He had to sigh: "This youngster was truly cherished by Old Palace Master. But pardon my skepticism, trying to skewer him with two swords is very much at odds with your words."

The Old Palace Master: "That was then, this is now. Peak Lord Shen, please step aside. Where you want to go, what you wish to do, I no longer care. I just want to settle things with this brat."

Shen Qingqiu: "If I step aside, the Palace Master will kill him and let me off?"

Qiu Haitang sneered: "He may let you off, but I am still here!"

Originally, her weak fighting prowess meant she can be overlooked, but now this situation was truly getting out of hand.

The Old Palace Master: "This thankless wretch, ruining me to this extent—I won't rest till he's dead."

Shen Qingqiu said: "If he really was as ungrateful as you say, he would not have left you and your daughter alive. To completely destroy something, one must destroy root and branch. This, I'm sure, you understand better than I do."

He never thought there would come a day when he had to speak up in Luo Binghe's defense. Hearing this, the Old Palace Master gave a peculiar laugh. Qiu Haitang jerked off the rough felt blanket covering his body, and Shen Qingqiu forgot to breathe.

Beneath the blanket lay a strangely square torso. All four limbs were missing.

The Old Palace Master was actually sliced into a human stick! A great leader of his generation reduced to such a miserable state, barely considered human and more miserable than a ghost. Bedraggled and filthy, with only the head being able to turn about. The original Shen Qingqiu's fate has been transferred to the Old Palace Master!

This grudge was too heavy, it definitely can't be placated with just a few quotes about enlightenment and compassion from Chicken Soup for the Soul!

The Old Palace Master sneered: "Your good disciple's handiwork. Seen enough? He might as well have destroyed root and branch."

Shen Qingqiu gravely agreed. Why didn't you destroy root and branch!

These two little fish, one wants to kill Luo Binghe, one wants to kill Shen Qingqiu. Qiu Haitang isn't skilled enough to take him down by herself; the Old Palace Master may have been crippled but he was much more powerful than her. The body of a starved camel is still bigger than a horse. In spite of everything, he had once been the great leader of a sect. He may no longer have the use of his four limbs, but his spiritual power remains undiminished. Men and women who work side by side will not tire. This pair complement each other's strengths and weaknesses, like a blind man carrying a cripple.

Shen Qingqiu snapped the blade with his bare hands and threw it into the grass, staring at the two people facing him.

Actually, he could take a gamble.

When facing Tianlang-Jun, a character whose data had not existed previously, Luo Binghe's plot armor was useless. But the Old Palace Master did play a role in the original work, and hence should be subjected to the same laws dictating the protagonist's golden undying body. This effect should still be in place. He could try standing back, let the Old Palace

Master hack at Luo Binghe, and like back at Shuang Hu City, see who ends up dead instead.

The Old Palace Master slowly said: “I will ask once more, will you stand aside, or not?”

Shen Qingqiu lowered his arm, the blood flowing from his palm had slowed to a trickle. He formed his reply.

He looked up and said coldly: “Just like the Old Palace Master has said, he is my good disciple. You tell me, would I stand aside?”

Can’t be helped, things have changed. Now it’s no longer the same as it was back then.

In any case, he couldn’t bring himself to do it, to spectate from the sidelines as others chopped at Luo Binghe while he speculated on who would be the winner.

At this stage, if he could still gamble with Luo Binghe’s life, he would be no different from the original scum villain!

The Old Palace Master’s pupils suddenly narrowed and seemed to flee from the expanding whites of his eyes. He gave an earth-shaking roar.

His four limbs were gone, so he poured his spiritual power into his roar instead. With every bellow, Shen Qingqiu felt a powerful stream of spiritual energy condensed into sharp blades sweep at him, and the attacks were not trifling. The grass swayed and leaves were sent flying. Shen Qingqiu gripped the scabbard with his still bleeding right hand and blocked a few times. The excruciating pain on his right palm made him tremble, but he did not dare switch to his other hand. Without the use of his left hand to hold onto Luo Binghe, he was afraid he would lose his grip!

Despite having been sliced into a human stick, the Old Palace Master still retained his powerful spiritual force. It is no wonder Qiu Haitang still stuck with him. He had just thought of this when the Old Palace Master suddenly gave a drawn-out roar. A faint crack sounded from the scabbard of the Xiu

Ya sword—it could not block the attack. The violent strike came, and Shen Qingqiu fell over backward. On the way down, he twisted around and used himself as a meat shield, not letting Luo Binghe hit the ground. He ended up squashed by the full weight of his body and saw stars.

The Old Palace Master finally stopped howling, and Qiu Haitang wheeled him over slowly. He seemed to calm down for a while as he stared down at Shen Qingqiu holding onto Luo Binghe: “Even while falling, you would still protect him.”

Qiu Haitang ground her teeth: “Fake, it’s all fake. This man.... at this time, just who are you putting on this show for!”

The Old Palace Master: “Why didn’t you use spiritual force to fight back?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “Naturally, it’s because I’m exhausted.”

Fine wispy threads of white floated over, about to land on Luo Binghe’s pale cheeks. Shen Qingqiu gently puffed at it, and the white fluff scattered away. The Old Palace Master assumed he had resigned himself to his fate, and stopped paying attention to him. He turned to focus his stare on Luo Binghe’s quietly sleeping face.

The madness he had displayed earlier while bellowing his attacks was wiped clean from his face, replaced with unnerving intensity.

Shen Qingqiu: “.....”

This expression..... doesn’t seem right.

The Old Palace Master gazed at him for a long while then sighed: “When you close your eyes, you resemble her the most. And also when you’re being cold.”

His eyes traveled over Luo Binghe’s face greedily. If he still had hands, he would have reached out to fondle as well. Shen Qingqiu felt ill. He

couldn't help clasping Luo Binghe's head and pulling him closer into his arms.

The two were now in a position where Luo Binghe was cozily snuggled against him with his head resting on Shen Qingqiu's chest. Shen Qingqiu's voice was low: "Open your eyes, he isn't Su Xiyan."

The name roused the Old Palace Master from his daze, and he began swearing in rage: "Why didn't you heed my orders? Why won't you obey! Did I not treat you well? Didn't you want the Huan Hua Palace and my position? I know you've always wanted it! If you had been loyal to me, there's nothing I would not have given to you! But first her, then you—both of you are ingrates! Ingrates!"

He raved and ranted, pouring his malice into a vicious diatribe against Tianlang-Jun and Shen Qingqiu, before continuing to snarl about ungratefulness. Suddenly, he turned his head, his twisted expression softening. He spoke in a coaxing manner: "Xiyan.... come over here.... Shizun has something nice for you, drink this...."

The Old Palace Master sank into a confused state again, saliva dribbling from the corners of his mouth. Qiu Haitang backed away slowly, disgust brimming in her eyes. Shen Qingqiu's heart felt frozen in his chest as his nausea grew.

Unable to tolerate the Old Palace Master leering at him, Shen Qingqiu lifted the back of Luo Binghe's head with his hand and pressed his face to his chest. Fed up, he snapped: "That's enough!"

With Luo Binghe's face hidden from sight, the Old Palace Master's features went slack, the facial muscles twitching for a bit. Eyes filling with resentment, he opened his mouth.

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by the new translators Syeki and Chirpy of BC Novels.

- Some fans have probably been thinking that Shen Qingqiu is too harsh and suspicious. In this chapter, we see that, in fact, our cute little sheep/Demon Lord is ruthless enough to use the “human stick” punishment on someone. Why do you think Luo Binghe did that to the Huan Hua Palace Master?
 - I love how Shen Qingqiu decided to defend Luo Binghe even though he knows for a fact that the protagonist still has his “plot armor” and won’t die. He’s so heroic in this chapter! OMG, I’m fangirling sooooo much!
 - Thanks for reading.
-

Important News: A teaser of the Scum Villain animation has been released! Before watching, please note that it is 3D and please lower your expectations a little bit. Please leave a comment below, I’m very eager to know what you think!

Watch it here – <https://m.weibo.cn/6779326896/4341433059829258>

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Chapter 61 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 61 – For the Single People (Part 1)

But he did not make a sound. With his two eyeballs protruding out, his whole body was frozen like a stone statue.

Shen Qingqiu held his breath. Gurgling sounds could be heard from the Old Palace Master’s throat and bloodshot veins crawled up his eyes.



But he could not move a single step.

Finally!

Hahahahahahaha!

Was he so stupid and saintly that when beaten he would not fight back?!

Treating him like he's so weak he can't slap you back in the face while dragging another person?!

Qiu Haitang exclaimed, "What's wrong?"

She moved to draw her sword but Shen Qingqiu interrupted, "Lady Qiu, I advise that you do not draw your sword in vain—unless, of course, you want to end up like him."

Suspicious, Qiu Haitang spun around to face the Old Master and screamed.

Between the deep folds of his wrinkles, the Old Master's face was mottled with green pustules and contorted in unbearable pain.

Qiu Haitang trembled. "Shen Jiu.. you... what have you done?"

"I didn't do anything," Shen Qingqiu said. "Did you forget that we are in someone else's tomb? Do you think the Demons will not have any protection?"

In fact, floating in the air like a blown dandelion were the spores of a demonic plant, 'QingSi.' This plant uses the bodies of living beings to germinate and is attracted to people who radiate Qi, be it spiritual energy or demonic energy. This was also why Shen Qingqiu used martial arts instead of his Qi techniques earlier.

QingSi embeds itself into the bodies of its victims without any pain—except just maybe a slight itch. However, once it sprouts, it tears the flesh and digs into the blood vessels. The faster the Qi circulates, the faster it grows. If a cultivator unleashes his peak energy, it could germinate in an instant.

The Old Palace Master had been attacking with his roars, focusing his Qi around his head and throat. Not just his face, it was likely that the insides of his mouth and throat passages were choked with the sprouts of this demonic plant, with its fur-like surface tendrils and the roots sinking under the skin, reaching down deep into the nerves.

Shen Qingqiu tutted, “The Old Palace Master must not yell again. Otherwise, it will grow without stopping until it reaches your brain; then truly, you will be dead.”

Facing this terrifying and disgusting scene, Qiu Haitang clamped down on her mouth and tried to resist her dizziness but failed. Her eyes rolled into her skull and she fell into a dead faint.

With one person immobilized and the other knocked unconscious, this was truly a victory!

Shen Qingqiu sighed in relief and struggled to stand up with Luo Binghe in his arms. Muscles straining and through clenched teeth, the Old Palace Master vaguely said, “Don’t rejoice too early, you are no better off.” His face twisted in pain and the sprouts on his face trembled as he said these few words.

Shen Qingqiu just huffed in reply.

From his right arm to right across his shoulders, a deep hysterical pain mercilessly stabbed his flesh and nerves. To block the two swords earlier, he was forced to use his Qi cultivation and now the spores were germinating.

But fortunately, and at the very least, Luo Binghe was safe.

Seeing Shen Qingqiu half dragging half carrying Luo Binghe away, the Old Palace Master choked out his cries and toppled down from the wheelchair in his urgency, dragging his limbless body through the flowers and grasses on the ground—a piteous and terrifying scene.

The Old Palace Master wheezed: “Don’t go.... Don’t go..... Don’t leave.”

Shen Qingqiu hastened his steps but who knew that the Old Palace Master's face would suddenly turn violent and open his mouth to let out a roar?

He wanted to bring them down together with him to the grave!

Shen Qingqiu could not figure out if the Old Palace Master was unwilling to let them leave or if he just refused to let Luo Binghe live. Shen Qingqiu used the old scabbard to barely block the blow. His right hand trembled as pain ripped through his body from this movement which aggravated the blistering pustules, all the while shielding Luo Binghe protectively. In the agonizing haze, he turned towards the Old Palace Master and his blood surged, killing intention blazing in his eyes.

With just that one roar, even more pustules started to sprout from the Old Palace Master's skin, extending even to the corners of his eyes. However, he no longer seemed to feel pain as he laughed wildly, rolling on the ground like a pork sausage until he reached Qiu Haitang. Shouting loudly into her ear like a mad man, he said, "Don't you want to kill Shen Qingqiu? He is right in front of your eyes! Quick, get up! Kill him! Kill them all!"

Qiu Haitang groggily awoke after the Old Palace Master shouted at her. Opening her eyes to a face like a withered orange peel mottled with an unknown monstrosity, her blood drained. Screaming hysterically, she slashed down with her sword. Shen Qingqiu, afraid that she might agitate her Qi further, thus attracting the lingering spores, yelled: "Calm down!"

Undeterred, the Old Palace Master shouted, "Quickly! Quickly! Did you not ask me to help? He is unable to hold on any longer—do it now!"

Qiu Haitang met Shen Qingqiu's eyes, their gaze steady and unwavering. All in all, Shen Qingqiu did not hold any enmity for Qiu Haitang. She was after all the original Shen Qingqiu's victim. But if she insisted on blocking his way, he would not hesitate to retaliate.

Surprisingly, Qiu Haitang was not the indiscriminate killing machine of the past. Glancing between Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe who was held in his arms, she not only did not advance but retreated a few steps.

Her lips quivering, she said, “It is not possible..... it is impossible....This is fake! It is all fake! This is not my brother. My brother is never wrong, it’s not big brother. You lied to me!”

What’s going on?

She cried and screamed, “I don’t know. I didn’t know it was like this. I didn’t do anything, so just why did I have to endure so many years of suffering?!”

Shen Qingqiu was astonished. Qiu Haitang had only fainted for a short while, so why was it that when she woke up, it was almost as if she was a different person?

Or maybe, it was because she saw something she couldn’t accept and was terrified to the point where she went crazy.

Shen Qingqiu thought that there was something amiss and sternly said, “Don’t move.”

Old Palace Master shouted, “What are you waiting for?!”

Qiu Haitang, having lost her sanity, held her head as she screamed at Shen Qingqiu, “Exactly how do you feel when you look at me? Do you hate me? Pity me? Why do you want to torture me by keeping me in this world? Why didn’t you kill me? Why don’t you kill me?!”

After being randomly screamed at, Shen Qingqiu was confused enough that Qiu Haitang seized the chance to run away. He called out at her back, “Come back! If you run about in the Holy Mausoleum, you will definitely die!”

But she had already run off into the distance and he did not have the time to chase after her. Shen Qingqiu inexplicably felt a sense of loss. In his heart, he lit a candlelight vigil for her and continued forward.

The Old Palace Master could only watch as she ran off into the distance. As Shen Qingqiu started to walk away too, the Old Palace Master’s last

shred of hope disappeared without a trace. He was on the ground, dazed, before he suddenly buried his head into the grass surrounding him and tore off a mouthful of vegetation.

The Old Palace Master continued to laugh uncontrollably. As he laughed, the sprouts on top of his head started to grow faster, longer, and denser. In an instant, his whole head looked as if it was wrapped up with vines. Not long afterward, he wasn't able to laugh anymore. Shen Qingqiu could almost hear the sounds of his skull being squeezed.

The Old Palace Master exhaled a few shaky breaths before his head crashed heavily onto the ground. He wouldn't ever lift it again.

Even though he was the head of a clan, he died in such a gruesome, horrifying way. It was enough to make people sigh with pity.

Before Shen Qingqiu was able to take more than a few steps, an echoing voice sounded next to his ear. It seemed to come from every direction. Tianlang-Jun's voice held traces of amusement: "Peak Master Shen was able to play such a great game of hide-and-seek. Why don't you guess how long it would take until we meet again?"

Shen Qingqiu broke out in cold sweat as he reached down to run his hand against his leg and encountered a foreign object. The QingSi had already followed the blood vessels to grow on his legs.

Tianlang-Jun's voice was sent over again: "You have been heading east the whole time. Is it because you want to go back to the hole in the protective barrier to escape the Holy Mausoleum?"

This bastard actually knows where he's heading. Shen Qingqiu tried to suppress his shock before lowering his head to look at his leg. If he let the QingSi on his legs take root, when the time came, he wouldn't be able to leave even if he wanted to. Shen Qingqiu gritted his teeth and took a glance at Luo Binghe. Then he hardened his heart, ripped open the helm on his robes, grabbed a handful of sprouts, and viciously yanked.

His brain seemed to have conjured up several dozens of seconds of blankness. The pain felt like he was tearing out a part of his flesh.

Shen Qingqiu gave a series of labored pants and slowly came back to himself before he realized that the sounds that he made as he panted was like he was trying to choke down sobs.

At the moment, he wasn't able to even reach up to wipe his face. There was just no way. This really...hurt way too fucking much!

Although his blood was flowing like a river, at least he could finally walk again. Before, he thought that Luo Binghe looked to be in a pitiful state. Now, who could have thought that his appearance at the moment is what really should be considered 120% miserable?

Since Tianlang-Jun knew where he was, he would definitely go where Shen Qingqiu was. If he continued to bring Luo Binghe with him and head east, they would definitely directly meet Luo Binghe's 'nice relatives.' Shen Qingqiu left the ancient forest-esque tomb and went past a couple of other rooms in the tombs. Swiftly, he picked a stone coffin that could be considered clean and comfortable and, protecting Luo Binghe's head, carefully placed his unconscious disciple inside. He reached up and placed the back of his hand against Luo Binghe's forehead. It was still hot enough to burn his hand. At the center of Luo Binghe's forehead, the Demon Mark emitted a bright red light.

Shen Qingqiu placed the Heart Devil sword under Luo Binghe's hands. He gathered his composure before finally sealing the coffin.

Tianlang-Jun walked unhurriedly in the front while Zhuzhi-Lang followed closely behind. As the stone road turned, they saw Shen Qingqiu standing in the middle of a tomb with the Xiu Ya sword in his hand. He was watching them coldly, looking as if he had been waiting for their arrival for a while.

Half of his light green robes was dyed scarlet. Blood flowed over the dried blood tracks on his left hand and dripped onto the floor. His lips seemed as pale as his face. Tianlang-Jun was astonished. "It has only been a

short while since our previous interaction. How is it that Peak Master Shen is this battered?”

Shen Qingqiu looked back at him. He was clearly swallowed whole by a flaming magma pillar in that Anger Tomb. But now, you couldn't even smell the scent of roasted mushrooms from Tianlang-Jun's body. The only sign of the adversity was the burned crisp at the edge of his black clothes. Where was the logic?

Tianlang-Jun asked, “Where is Peak Master Shen's beloved disciple?”

Shen Qingqiu said, “He left.”

Tianlang-Jun laughed, “If Peak Master Shen is still here, how is it possible that he would leave?”

Shen Qingqiu also started to laugh with him. As they continued to laugh with one another, Tianlang-Jun suddenly wasn't able to laugh anymore.

Because he realized that he wasn't able to take another step forward.

He lowered his head to see the obstacle. He hadn't noticed that he was frozen by a thick, solid layer of crystalline ice from the soles of his feet to his waist. The area that it was covering continued to climb up his body. Zhuzhi-Lang was in a worse condition than him. Both of his legs and one of his arms was already frozen in place.

Tianlang-Jun finally noticed that the tomb he was in was extremely cold. He sullenly said, “Mobei-Jun.”

This tomb hall really was created by Mobei-Jun's ancestors. They have a natural, unique affinity towards controlling ice in the demon race. Therefore, the tomb hall behind them was also inextricably linked to ice.

In the Holy Mausoleum, there were arenas and props everywhere to be used. Even if he didn't personally engage in conflict, there were other things that could be used to contain the opponent. Shen Qingqiu remembered that in the original novel, as soon as there was something with

a temperature higher than the air in the tomb hall, it would immediately be frozen into an ice sculpture. After 2-3 days, it would then shatter into ice shards. So, before he went inside, he circulated his spiritual energy to decrease his own body temperature as low as possible. That was why he appeared to be so pale.

In the effort it took to say a single sentence, the solid ice had already climbed up to Tianlang-Jun's chest. His expression didn't change. Even with his hand covered in demonic energy, he still wasn't able to break the ice crystal that covered his fist. The effect that it had was minimal. Even if the ice was not able to freeze him in place forever, it could at least buy around an hour's worth of time.

Tianlang-Jun said, "It looks like it wasn't my misperception. Peak Master Shen really does seem to know the demon's forbidden area like the back of his hands."

Shen Qingqiu didn't reply. He gave them a wave before he turned and walked away. Tianlang-Jun gave Zhuzhi-Lang a glance and calmly said, "I told you before, if you really intend to bring Peak Master Shen to the Demon Realm, you have to promise that he won't cause any problems. You know what you should do.

Zhuzhi-Lang quietly said, "This subordinate understands."

After listening to their interaction, Shen Qingqiu suddenly felt as if he forgot or didn't take something very important into account.

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by our new translators Natchmusic and Windyday of BC Novels. The others in our team also do some translation checking and editing on every chapter since this is a group project.
- Please only read the novel at BC Novels where you can also find the latest news, fan gossip, and information about the Scum Villain animation (donghua).

- – this the title but I have no idea how it relates to the content of the chapter. Edit: Thanks to the comment from Liu Minge! Apparently, this chapter was originally released on 11.11 which is Single's Day in China. So this chapter is dedicated to all the single people! I've changed the title to "For the Single People" for simplicity's sake. Is "Dedicated to the Single People" better?
- Shen Qingqiu continues to heroically protect his ~~per~~ wayward disciple. Poor guy did *not* come out unscathed. Ouch!
- I have added Cloudflare, a content delivery cloud network, to this website. Um, it should make the website faster if everything works as it should. Please let me know if you encounter any website errors.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 62 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 62 – For the Single People (Part 2)

Zhuzhi-Lang said, “Master Shen, please pardon me.”

Don’t! A thousand times don’t! I got into this miserable state when you wanted to thank me, now that you’re apologizing, can I even hope to live!?



Shen Qingqiu had just been walking perfectly fine, but suddenly his whole body tilted, holding on to the stone wall for support.

It seemed that something was struggling to escape from his stomach, squirming towards the countless veins running through his body. Feeling this familiar awful sensation, Shen Qingqiu nearly busted out a “motherf***er” on the spot.

Luo Binghe was still sleeping in that coffin, so the blood wreaking havoc in his body could only belong to someone else. Tianlang-Jun said, “Peak Lord, this shouldn’t be the first time you’ve drank Heavenly Demon’s blood, how come you’re still not used to it?”

Shen Qingqiu suppressed the urge to retch. “...When did you make me drink it.”

Tianlang-Jun said in a vaguely mocking tone, “Peak Lord Shen, don’t forget, your immortal body was in our hands for more than a brief period of time. There really are too many things we could have done.”

No wonder it was so easy for them to determine where he was heading. Shen Qingqiu paused, then continued walking forward. The more he walked the sharper the pain in his stomach grew, but he walked faster instead of slowing down. It was partly because he had an increased pain tolerance, but more importantly, he knew he absolutely could not collapse now.

While these two were frozen, there was still the opportunity to escape. If he dawdled until they thawed, don’t think of stalling them again!

The faster he walked, the more fiercely Zhuzhi-Lang urged the blood into action. Though he clearly knew the risks, Shen Qingqiu couldn’t resist turning to shoot a fierce glare at Zhuzhi-Lang. Is this how you’re repaying a kindness, by making these blood parasites lay eggs, nest, and have a family reunion in his stomach?

Tianlang-Jun sighed, “Even in this state you can walk so many steps, Peak Lord Shen is willful and resolute, truly an extraordinary person. I should say, you’re even willing to throw away your own life for my son?”

Suddenly, Zhuzhi-Lang said, “My lord, I... this subordinate can’t keep holding on.”

Before his words had fallen, Shen Qingqiu felt the pain suddenly dissolve, his whole body lightening. Right away, he broke into a frantic run. Seeing that he was suddenly able to run away, Tianlang-Jun said, astonished, “Isn’t your blood able to restrain him?”

Zhuzhi-Lang was also at a loss. “Before, I was able to restrain him. But this time I can’t, I don’t know the reason!”

Shen Qingqiu couldn’t hear clearly through the buzzing in his ears and his sight was blurred, but he knew he had to drag Luo Binghe to the entrance and throw him through. Supporting himself on the wall, he continued to jog forwards. He tripped over something under his feet, making his whole body sway. After carrying on for this long, he was already approaching his body’s limits, lingering on the fringe of collapse, his knees turning to jelly. However, he didn’t fall to his knees but was firmly supported by a hand, half carried and half held up.

His head dizzy and his eyes blurred, his gaze focused upwards.

In the murky darkness of the stone corridor, it was impossible to see the face, but a pair of eyes burning with fury and a shining scarlet demon mark shone clearly through the gloom.

Tianlang-Jun and Zhuzhi-Lang were already frozen from ankle to neck, posed standing in the center of two ice sculptures coiled with black energy. After Luo Binghe strode into the hall, threads of ice-cold white energy crawled up along his black boots, but were mercilessly trodden into pieces. He rushed those two ice structures, giving each a strike. Cracks snaked along the surface of the solid ice.

Half-leaning on the stone wall, Shen Qingqiu said, “It’s no use, it’s not an easy task to break crystal ice after it’s already formed. Also, you won’t be able to harm the people inside by hitting it this way. We better take advantage of this opportunity and escape the Holy Mausoleum while they’re sealed up.”

Luo Binghe suddenly turned, walking towards him again.

Suddenly seeing Luo Binghe again, Shen Qingqiu was both alarmed and happy. He was planning on going back to the stone coffin to fetch him, but he never thought he'd already be awake. He was just going to blurt out a "How are you feeling", when he discovered that Luo Binghe seemed to be in quite a fit of anger.

Luo Binghe said in a stern voice, "Didn't I tell you not to associate with them?!"

This sentence was spoken in almost a roar. Shen Qingqiu was already dizzy, and being yelled at until his eardrums ached was like a basin of cold water to the face. After standing there dumbly for a moment, he suddenly felt a mysterious wisp of fire erupt in his heart.

He said, blandly, "Are you alright?"

Luo Binghe's tone was still somewhat uncharitable. "Alright? What alright?"

Seeing him full of vitality, he was most likely fine. This being the case, he'd, at last, managed to repay a little favor to Luo Binghe. Shen Qingqiu nodded. "Then that's good."

Turning around, he picked a random direction and walked off. Actually, he didn't know where he was going either. To exit the Holy Mausoleum, the Xin Mo sword and Luo Binghe were both indispensable, without either one you could only randomly wander around the inside. But, he had risked his life to drag him this far and got a faceful of yelling as a result. It would be pointless to stay there and sulk.

He hadn't walked a few steps when the energy-draining candles suddenly lit up. The faint candlelight illuminated his side profile. Luo Binghe suddenly reached out to pull on him. "Are you crying?"

Shen Qingqiu stared blankly.

Is he crying?

Is he crying?

How is that possible?!!

Shen Qingqiu raised his left hand to check his face. Earlier on, this one intact hand was occupied keeping a firm hold on Luo Binghe, and only now

did was there an opportunity to use it for something else. Upon feeling his face, at some time he really had unknowingly begun to cry, his cheeks streaming with tears.

Shen Qingqiu suddenly realized, these were the tears of pain he cried when he had pulled the QingSi from his leg.

How unsightly.

The anger that had just been in Luo Binghe's voice disappeared without a trace. He said tensely, "So to say, when I heard Shizun crying earlier, it wasn't fake?"

Shen Qingqiu flew into a rage out of humiliation. "Crying, what crying, I don't know!"

He shook him off and walked away right after he finished speaking. Luo Binghe hurriedly grabbed him from behind. D*mn it, he just happened to grab the right arm where the QingSi had taken root. Shen Qingqiu managed to keep himself from shrieking, but still let out a stifled groan. Luo Binghe let go immediately, only leading him by his left hand and inspecting him under the candlelight.

The more he looked, the more apprehensive his expression grew. Right now there wasn't any place on Shen Qingqiu's body that was safe to look at. He was nothing but a lump of wounds and blood, seriously a spectacle too horrible to endure. Luo Binghe remembered that before he lost consciousness, Shen Qingqiu was clearly in perfect condition. His voice shook. "This... was all for... me?"

Shen Qingqiu was going to start spitting blood. If not him, then who?

He couldn't say this sort of thing, and he always disliked making a big deal of bestowing affection and showing scars in the past, so he could only spit out four words: "Your hand, let go."

Luo Binghe changed his face in the blink of an eye, softening. "I won't let go. Shizun, don't be mad, I was wrong."

How many times has he said this!

Shen Qingqiu waved him aside. Hurry up and go go go, the blind corpses are already encircling us, what are we doing here blocking the path. Having been sent off, Luo Binghe once again latched on to him like sticky candy,

you couldn't even pry him off. "Shizun, why don't you hit me? You can beat me up to vent your anger, how about that?"

Someone come help me, there's an incurable M here, who can come lock him up—

They flew across the ground, but Luo Binghe was wrapped around him the whole way. Shen Qingqiu was already familiar with Luo Binghe's set of moves, he knew he was open to coaxing but not coercion. After wearing him down for quite a while, Shen Qingqiu said helplessly, "...You've always been like this, crying and admitting your faults but you'll die before you change your ways. What use is it?"

At this point, Luo Binghe was almost sobbing. "Won't it be enough if I change my ways? Shizun, don't abandon me."

Seeing him in this good-for-nothing state, if not for the fact that he was still worrying about the bumps he left earlier Shen Qingqiu really wanted to give him a few smacks on the head. Was there something wrong with his teaching methods? How did he raise a crybaby? Luo Binghe, the demon king incarnate, likes to hang on to his Shizun's clothes and wail when there's no one around – if he were to tell about this who would f***ing believe it!?

Ning Yingying wasn't even this much of a crybaby!

Shen Qingqiu almost couldn't bear it. "Who's abandoning you? Ah?"

Luo Binghe said, "After I lost consciousness, I still had a remnant of awareness left, I was fighting with all my might to wake up. But just when I managed to wake, I found myself lying in a coffin, and Shizun had run off to who knows where. I lost myself to anger for a while and I thought I had been abandoned, Shizun I thought you would rather go with them and didn't want to pay attention to me..."

Waking up to find you'd been "abandoned" in a coffin, this feeling indeed would not be very good. Shen Qingqiu sighed, weighing his guilty conscience.

Luo Binghe continued, "Just now, I didn't do it on purpose. I don't know why, obviously I didn't actually believe it, I didn't want to say that sort of thing, but in front of Shizun, I never could control myself. I know I'm being embarrassing and losing face, but knowing that Shizun never threw me

away but was protecting me all along, that I wasn't just dreaming this whole time, I'm so happy..."

Who is it that's being embarrassing and losing face?

Two grown men, rolled into a ball wiping snot and drying tears, both are being embarrassing, both are losing face, don't you know!?

Likely because he was too happy and couldn't get out any more flowery language, Luo Binghe could only keep repeating "happy", "glad", these two simple words. Shen Qingqiu's face twitched a couple of times. Rubbing his temples, he heaved a long deep sigh.

Whatever. This wouldn't be the first time. The Dream Demon even said that this kid would pull exactly this sort of disgusting behavior, acting like a cool blackened demon lord in front of your face then twisting handkerchiefs and crying behind your back, even arguing with him over things.

That said, he himself was also senseless enough, just then he inexplicably got angry over this small a misunderstanding. There's not much of a difference between him and this mental case of an unfortunate child, how unlike a proper elder.

He slowed down and said, "Then, you really are alright now?"

Luo Binghe promptly nodded. "I'm alright."

Just then you were burned so severely, but now you're completely fine?

Shen Qingqiu was quite skeptical and pressed his hand to his forehead, turns out it really was cool and smooth. Shen Qingqiu wanted to retract his hand, but Luo Binghe covered his hand with his own, refusing to let him pull away. His eyes gleamed below their folded palms.

This expression was too familiar. This was precisely that look he saw on that perfect little sheep following him around and eating grass every day on Qing Jing Peak, the young ray of sunlight Luo Binghe.

Shen Qingqiu's face was going to turn red under his stare, but he couldn't bear to tear his hand away by force. Doing such a thing when the other was so happy and colored in excitement would really be giving him a slap on the face.

He said, "You're really completely fine? No dizziness? Your spiritual energy and demonic energy are circulating effectively?"

Luo Binghe said, "Quite effective. Very effective. Even more effective than before?"

While they were talking, they had already reached a room on the east side of the mausoleum. Luo Binghe pulled his sword and slashed across the screen wall, cutting open a pitch-black rift in space. His broken arm had miraculously healed, his leg was no longer lame, the blood on his face had been wiped neat and clean, the always disobedient Xin Mo sword had been tamed into docile submission. The protagonist's halo was still that protagonist's halo, the male protagonist was still that male protagonist. Shen Qingqiu didn't want to say another word and took the lead through the rift with a "let's go let's go" type of gesture.

Outside of the Mausoleum, the scene was bathed in light. Without prompting, Luo Binghe reached out a hand to support Shen Qingqiu. As a matter of fact, it really had been a long time since they had had this sort of normal interaction.

After this sigh of regret in the bottom of his heart, Shen Qingqiu couldn't resist shooting a glance at Luo Binghe. He looked very satisfied with himself, looks like he really is "very well". Fancy that he staked his old life to protect him from everything, but in the end not a trifle of it stuck to Luo Binghe. Turns out the whole time he spent sleeping was to recharge his cheat halo [Wave Bye-Bye].

Luo Binghe suddenly said, "But, other than hearing Shizun cry..."

Shen Qingqiu smiled faintly. "En? Who was crying?"

Luo Binghe immediately changed his tune. "Other than hearing someone cry, there was also this strange feeling."

Hearing this, Shen Qingqiu began to feel a bit worried again. Turns out there really were some lingering repercussions? He said quietly, "What sort of feeling?"

Luo Binghe shook his head. "... I can't say."

"Does it hurt?"

"It doesn't hurt, it's very..."

He hadn't finished speaking, his face showing a bewildered expression, looking down at himself.

Shen Qingqiu: "..."

Sky pillar hello, sky pillar goodbye!

This topic couldn't continue anymore, and they let it drop. TianLang-Jun's voice drifted up like a deceased soul refusing to disperse. "Peak Lord Shen,

why are you so eager to leave? You two nearly overturned this race's holy land, isn't leaving like this without leaving anything behind really inexcusable?"

With every word, his voice got quite a bit closer. Before long, his figure appeared over the horizon. Shen Qingqiu rolled his eyes. But, it was fortunate enough that the Mo Bei clan's hundred thousand-year-old ice enchantment would be able to delay those two until they exited the Holy Mausoleum.

Earlier, Luo Binghe was not quite pleased when he was not able to shatter them into pieces, but now that they had delivered themselves on a silver platter he was quite satisfied. His knuckles cracking, he fixed a glare on Zhuzhi-Lang, growling, "You dare feed my Shizun your blood."

Zhuzhi-Lang peeked at Shen Qingqiu, an embarrassed look on his face. Tianlang-Jun looked at him and said, "Hey, you really can't say these words with that sort of expression on your face. Didn't you also feed Peak Lord Shen your blood? Otherwise, who's the master of the other set of blood parasites in Peak Lord Shen's body?"

Hearing this, Luo Binghe stiffened, clenching his fists. Shen Qingqiu had just raised the hand holding the Xiu Ya sword when Luo Binghe said softly, "Shizun you don't need to fight, I'm enough by myself."

And the battle begins!

Three pillars of black energy soared churning into the sky like storm winds. Watching the battle as a spectator, Shen Qingqiu was ever more deeply appreciative of the difference between demons and humans.

The difference in destructive ability is really too big!

In addition, Luo Binghe had not only refilled his cheat halo but also leveled up. A couple of hours ago, he had been viciously beaten up, powerless to return a blow, but now it seems the protagonist's halo is still securely affixed to his head!

As he was watching, a scarlet red bone eagle began to circle the battlefield, lowering its wings, looking for an opportunity to rush into the battle. Luo Binghe, fighting one on two, seemed to not have noticed this newcomer obviously harboring malicious intentions, but Shen Qingqiu could see everything clearly. Just as he was going to call out a warning, the bone eagle suddenly swooped down, charging towards the top of Luo Binghe's head.

A sneak attack?

Shen Qingqiu held Xiu Ya backward in his hand, and, squinting to take aim, fiercely threw it at his target. The snow-white blade shot out like an arrow, piercing lightning-fast towards the bone eagle.

Who would have thought that before he could heave a sigh of relief, the bone eagle's body didn't drop, but instead dispersed into a thousand pearls and ten thousand drops, flying towards Shen Qingqiu.

On that side, Tianlang-Jun suddenly pulled back, jumping out of the battle with a laugh. Luo Binghe, seeing the bloody pearls scattering through the air, let a panic-stricken expression flash across his face.

Shen Qingqiu suddenly realized, Tianlang-Jun had used his own blood to create this bone eagle. He had intentionally sent it to sneak attack Luo Binghe, but the real intent was to draw Shen Qingqiu into playing his hand and shooting it down!

Just when he discovered this, he got a faceful of bloody rain. Tianlang-Jun smiled faintly, raising his hand to make a sigil in the air. Shen Qingqiu felt his heart slow, like he really had been grabbed in the palm of a giant hand and maliciously squeezed.

There was just too much blood, even though he had shut his lips tight a faint taste of rust still appeared on his tongue.

Who else but him would be drinking Heavenly Demon's blood like Red Bull? Who else but him would have drunk three different Heavenly Demons' blood?

Luo Binghe's eyes were already red with tension, but TianLang-Jun's blood was already in Shen Qingqiu's body. He didn't dare make a rash move, fearing that he would activate the blood parasites. He could only clench his teeth and yell, "Stop!"

Zhuzhi-Lang, seeing Shen Qingqiu's face turn green and then white in succession, couldn't help but start, "My lord, please forgive this

subordinate...”

Tianlang-Jun shrugged his shoulders. “Then we’ll have to see what our other young friend will do next.”

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by Lily of BC Novels.
 - Finally! They (more or less) reconciled.
 - I felt super bad for our heroic Shizun when he got yelled at after everything he went through to protect his disciple. But then they quickly resolved their quarrel! That was great. Sometimes these misunderstandings drag on for chapter after chapter so I’m glad this was fast.
 - “Luo Binghe could only keep repeating “happy”, “glad”, these two simple words” <— OMG, I cried!
 - “...there’s an M here, who can come lock him up” – M meaning masochist. Do I need to put a footnote for that or do people understand it? The raw said “ M” where means “trembling” or “shaking” but I think it should be translated as either “extreme masochist” or “incurable M” (masochist). Thoughts?
 - Let me know if there are any errors or if you have any suggestions. Thanks for reading!
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Chapter 63 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 63: A Trip to the South

The three different types of ancient demon blood were storms colliding within Shen Qingqiu’s body, locked together in a tangled web that was impossible to separate. Among them, Luo Binghe’s blood was holding together Shen Qingqiu’s five organs and protecting the veins connecting them. It suppressed Zhuzhi-Lang’s blood, while just barely managing to contend with Tianlang-Jun’s. Alone, it tried to cover all three duties, facing off against its two enemies. This all inevitably took a great toll upon it. It would actually be best to let go of Tianlang-Jun’s poisonous blood, for there was absolutely nothing he could do.

He turned to Luo Binghe and spoke. “Think carefully about this. If it continues like this, who do you think is going to fall first?”



Luo Binghe's eyes shone with a deep set worry, but a sense of helplessness began growing more and more. Finally, he backed off and replied, "You leave first!"

Tianlang-Jun didn't have the slightest intention of graciously stepping aside for the younger man before him and said instead, "You first."

Luo Binghe instantly replied. "Fine."

Tianlang-Jun wore an inscrutable smile as he spoke. "Sure enough..." He turned towards Zhuzhi-Lang and said, "What to do...I don't know why

whenever I see them, there's always this extremely unpleasant feeling that fills my heart."

Zhuzhi-Lang nodded silently.

Shen Qingqiu knew this wouldn't end well for him, but he didn't want to drag anyone else down with him. His whole life, he'd always hated the kind of characters that just ended up becoming bargaining chips for others. If that was the kind of flimsy, delicate character role he was forced to play, he'd rather die.

He clutched his hand over his heart and forced his face to remain neutral as he spoke. "Whatever Your Excellency would like to do to me, please, feel free. As you've said, after being forced to drink so many times, I should be getting used to it. But don't even think about seeking the flesh of Luo Binghe. Luo Binghe, if you agree to him, I will strike you down myself with the force of the heavens."

Luo Binghe protested, angrily but helplessly. "Shizun..."

"You shut up," Shen Qingqiu said.

Tianlang-Jun stared at him strangely. "Who said I wanted his flesh?"

Shen Qingqiu was left speechless.

Tianlang-Jun continued. "He can't compare to my own noble, handsome figure, so why would I want his flesh?"

.....
.....

Who said you were more handsome than him?

Who put their seal of approval on this?

As penned by Airplane Shooting Towards The Sky himself, from heaven to hell, throughout every age known to man, there was none that could ever compare to Luo Binghe. Whether young or old, everyone universally agreed on this number one most handsome man, okay!?

Shen Qingqiu's entire expression sunk in exasperation. "Then what exactly do you want?"

Zhuzhi-Lang replied, "Junshang desires that sword."

Tianlang-Jun confirmed, "That's correct. I would like to present a gift to the human world, but I won't be able to without that sword."

Heh, so you want the protagonist's golden finger? Shen Qingqiu's entire mind was filled with thoughts of "keep dreaming" and "you overestimate your own strength." He could only watch on as Luo Binghe raised his hand and Zhuzhi-Lang lifted his arm in response. In that instant, the exchange was complete. It passed over like a storm, swiftly and decisively, without the slightest hesitation!

Luo Binghe demanded. "Now hand him over!"

Zhuzhi-Lang immediately transformed into a serpent and caught Shen Qingqiu in his massive mouth. Tianlang-Jun leaped up gracefully, laughing loudly as he rose. "You really believed that? Hahahahahaha."

The way he was acting right now was truly shameless. It was like an adult making a promise to trade with a child, taking away their toys, then turning around and pretending no such thing happened. Shen Qingqiu suddenly felt quite indignant on behalf of Luo Binghe, who was clearly being bullied. Even with the threat of a sharp fang right next to him, he couldn't help but ask pointedly, "You do know you're the adult here, right?"

Tianlang-Jun sat straight on Zhuzhi-Lang's head and replied in that refined tone. "I know that I am a demon. I'm afraid that Peak Lord Shen's disciple tarried far too long in the human realm and forgot that we demons have never committed to keeping our promises. Of course, most of the time you guys don't do much more than pay some lip service to it either."

With that final sentence, Tianlang-Jun's smile vanished from his lips. Shen Qingqiu's vision went dark. Something hot and red pulsed about, pressing in on him from all sides, as if trapping him inside a tiny pocket.

He was swallowed by Zhuzhi-Lang.

When he woke, the air around him was dry and his throat felt scratchy.

As Shen Qingqiu rolled and sat up, he saw a dark-skinned demon girl next to him. When she noticed him waking, she shouted loudly in a heavily accented voice, “He’s awake!”

Tianlang-Jun lifted the curtains with one hand and peered in. He lifted his eyebrows. “Peak Lord Shen has certainly slept long enough.”

Shen Qingqiu kept his expression carefully blank as he wiped his face, making sure that there was no trace of reptile stomach juices remaining on him. The dry wind blowing outside made the curtains wave about wildly, allowing glimpses of the scenery outside of the carriage.

He was now lying on top of a massive, black-scaled snake. This massive snake was carrying a pavilion on its back as it slithered smoothly across the ground. Surrounding them were many beasts, large and small, as well as many demons with half-beastly forms. Together, these creatures merged into a chaotic but grand-scale army as they marched forwards.

Shen Qingqiu determined this was most likely the southern part of the demon world.

The north once belonged to Mobei-Jun but was now Luo Binghe’s territory. There, most of the demons had humanoid forms. The most beastly demons and half-beast hybrids were only common in the south, like some kind of animal kingdom. He didn’t know where Tianlang-Jun was planning to lead this group of demons. Or what he was planning to do.

After he finished observing his surroundings, Shen Qingqiu suddenly realized that the right side of his chest and his entire arm were still throbbing painfully and seemed to be moving rather sluggishly.

He took a deep breath and mentally prepared himself so that he was 120% ready for whatever he might see. Then he looked down.

.....The problem was even more serious than he thought.

Like a prosthetic limb made of leaves and branches, every inch of his right arm was covered in green, fleshy leaves and sprouts, trembling slightly along the limb with every motion. All five fingers were completely numb, and he couldn't even curl them.

After only a glance, he couldn't bear to look at it any longer. The Xiu Ya sword was right beside him, and he was sorely tempted to just pick it up and hack the arm off entirely. Just then, Zhuzhi-Lang approached, holding a small, steaming gold stove. Shen Qingqiu jumped as if he'd seen a ghost, instantly on high alert. "What are you doing!?"

Zhuzhi-Lang froze in place. "This subordinate just wanted to help Master Shen....."

Shen Qingqiu immediately began pointing towards his own mouth. This was the type of thing he was most scared of hearing from Zhuzhi-Lang. He'd already had his taste of a snake's gratitude—he was so grateful that he swallowed him whole in the end. Zhuzhi-Lang raised his trailing sleeves towards his face in a rather embarrassed gesture, as if trying to cover his own mouth.

He then quickly put them down and tried to persuade Shen Qingqiu in the most heartfelt manner. "Master Shen, you have to believe me. If the QingSi is not removed at least seven times a day, the roots will be buried deep inside your flesh. But they've only been plucked three times today. It's the most critical moment right now. If we do not remove them now, then I'm afraid we will not be able to save Master Shen's arm."

When he heard that he'd be in danger of losing a limb, Shen Qingqiu couldn't hesitate any longer no matter what shadows of reservation he was still holding in his heart. He immediately placed his arm out. Zhuzhi-Lang took out a burning red lump of coal from the stove. Then, holding it in his bare hands, he pressed it right up against Shen Qingqiu's chest.

"....." Shen Qingqiu was silent.

He knew he shouldn't have expected Zhuzhi-Lang's "help" to be anything normal or sensible.

The piece of coal pressed against the QingSi sprouts on his chest, causing them to wither and curl as they burned to their roots. It was so horrifying Shen Qingqiu had to resist the urge to grimace at the sight. Only when Zhuzhi-Lang finally managed to burn off all the green shoots, one by one, could he finally stand to look at his arm again.

Zhuzhi-Lang withdrew the piece of coal and said. "In the afternoon and evening, they'll need to be burned three more times."

Shen Qingqiu pulled his robes back over his shoulders. Zhuzhi-Lang unconsciously glanced up, then quickly turned his gaze down again. Outside, Tianlang-Jun laughed. "Silly child, what are you embarrassed about?"

He's right, Shen Qingqiu thought to himself. What do you have to be embarrassed about? Seeing this chest that was just covered in fleshy sprouts all over? Seeing this being that you just swallowed whole? What is there left to be embarrassed about?

Zhuzhi-Lang answered completely seriously. "My lord, please don't mock this subordinate. I do not have the slightest of intentions towards Master Shen."

He looked towards Shen Qingqiu and re-emphasized, "Absolutely none of Luo Binghe's intentions."

Why are you emphasizing that at me!?

Zhuzhi-Lang quickly took his stove and leaped off the snake's back, returning down below to direct the troops marching about. Shen Qingqiu's mind was a mess, his eyes beginning to dart quickly about, searching desperately. The Heart Devil sword...where was it...where was the Heart Devil sword?

Oh, it was outside, lying next to Tianlang-Jun's seat. Thrown right down next to his feet.

Shen Qingqiu was about to roll over in laughter.

This was the number one, most infamous sword of the "Proud Immortal Demon Way," the ultimate trump weapon on both heaven and earth. Was it something that should be thrown about so carelessly like this!?

Tianlang-Jun was resting his chin in his hand, observing the scene in the distance. When he noticed Shen Qingqiu's expression, he asked, "Peak Lord Shen, what are you looking at?" He followed his gaze downwards. "At this sword of mine?"

Shen Qingqiu answered calmly, "That is Luo Binghe's sword."

Tianlang-Jun laughed it away easily and said, "Peak Lord Shen, there's something I've always wanted to ask you."

Shen Qingqiu replied, "Please."

You can ask whatever you want, and I'll just answer randomly.

Tianlang-Jun asked, "You and my son, have the two of you cultivated as partners?"

Shen Qingqiu was sure he heard wrong. "What did you say?"

Tianlang-Jun patiently repeated himself, "I was asking Peak Lord Shen whether you and Luo Binghe....."

Shen Qingqiu's face twitched several times and he immediately put up his hand in a gesture to "stop." Tianlang-Jun continued. "Or perhaps Peak Lord Shen doesn't understand what I mean by cultivating as partners? It means that..."

Shen Qingqiu interrupted. "That's enough."

Could you have some sense of shame at least!?

Shen Qingqiu forced himself to remain calm. “Why would you believe that he and I have...cultivated together?”

Tianlang-Jun replied. “To be honest, I’ve always yearned to know more about the culture and customs of the human world.”

“So?”

How did yearning for human culture have anything to do with the question?

Tianlang-Jun held out a finger and shook it a few times to silence him. Then he hummed out a soft, charming little melody.

Shen Qingqiu was proud to hold himself as a proper gentleman, always in total control of his expressions. But the longer Tianlang-Jun continued humming, the harder it became to maintain his cold, dignified front.

God! D**n! Resentment! Of! Chunshan!

How did it become popular even in the Demon Realm!!!

Tianlang-Jun hummed a full two verses before he was finally satisfied but still seemed to want to continue. “Only the illustrious spirit of the human world could produce such a stunning masterpiece. The boldly audacious plotline, the deep romanticism in each phrase, these are truly worthy of the highest praise. Especially at the end of every verse—it leaves you with a teaser, making it impossible for you to put down and leaving you eagerly awaiting more.”

Oh wow, the d*mn thing was still being serialized!

Shen Qingqiu suddenly realized, “.....Wait. Back when we first met in the Holy Mausoleum, you said ‘I have long awaited the honor of meeting you.’” Could it be that this was the “long awaited honor” he was referring to? It was a reference to this bawdy love song?

Tianlang-Jun replied with joy, “Indeed, that’s exactly what I was referring to.”

System: [Chatting with the BOSS about interests and hobbies, increasing the villain's depth of character, B-points +150!]

This was the most f**king absurd excuse for interests and hobbies!

While the two of them continued to stare at each other, the young dark-skinned demon girl that had been looking after Shen Qingqiu suddenly leaped up cheerfully like an antelope. Shen Qingqiu turned to her and found that she really did have a pair of antelope legs. The girl jumped about, looked up and shouted cheerfully. "My lord! Is the new place we're going to very nice?"

Tianlang-Jun smiled and waved back at her. "Naturally, it will be the best place."

The young girl asked rather innocently, "Is there a lot of water there?"

Tianlang-Jun replied. "The rivers flow freely across every plain and mountain, covering all the lands beneath the open sky."

The girl cheered and leaped off into the distance. Shen Qingqiu watched as she left, contemplating the rather uneasy feeling he was getting. "Where are you taking them to?"

Tianlang-Jun replied in his unhurried manner, "Peak Lord Shen has already drawn his own conclusions, no? Why ask for what you already know?"

Rivers through plains and mountains...these clearly weren't landforms belonging to the Demon Realm. This "nice place" was undoubtedly the human world. Shen Qingqiu spoke, "Judging by the numbers alone, at least 20% of the demons of the south must be traveling in this group right now. Your Excellency, do you think such a group of such massive size will be able to simply cross the border without the cultivators noticing?"

Tianlang-Jun replied, "Who said I was planning to cross over the border?"

He straightened up and gave him a disdainful laugh. “What do you think I wanted this sword for?”

Shen Qingqiu replied, “You’re planning to use the Heart Devil sword to open a crack between the two worlds?”

Tianlang-Jun corrected him. “To be accurate, it will be a merging of the two worlds.”

Merging the Human and Demon Realms!

Translator’s Notes:

“You do know you’re the adult here, right?” – The word I’ve translated as “adult” here is “ ” (zhang bei) in Chinese. It more literally translates to “one of the previous generation” and is more of a cultural concept than just a literal statement of age. When used, it specifically denotes an expectation of mentorship or at least setting an example for the younger generation.

Usually, it’d be more appropriate to translate it as “elder” since that term carries a more similar connotation in English, but I’ve used “adult” for flow and to make it sound like a more natural scolding.

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by satellite.
- Tianlang-Jun is a BingQiu fan?! Unexpected fudanshi? Or do demons not care about gender?
- Correction: The title of a previous chapter is (Eternal Regret of Chunshan). However, the song title is (Resentment of Chunshan).
- Please let me know if you spot any errors. Thanks for reading.

BC Novels’ tentative release schedule for next month is:

March 2019

5 – chapter 64
10 – chapter 65
15 – chapter 66
20 – chapter 67
25 – chapter 68
30 – chapter 69

That is the current projected output for next month but there might be a few bonus chapters added if more chapters are translated. (´▽`)/ =

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Chapter 64 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 64 – Rendezvous in Enemy Camp

Wasn’t this the same as crushing all the alternate dimensions together into one giant mass?

Shen Qingqiu didn’t think such an idea was inconceivable. On the contrary, he was certain that, so long as one held the Heart Devil sword, this seemingly preposterous notion was absolutely possible. Because this was the basis of the original work!



In the finale, the merging of two worlds was exactly what Luo Binghe achieved, as a way to finally unify the realm of demons and cultivation by his own demented design. Before, Shen Qingqiu had always believed that this original “Luo Binghe” was the one he was most familiar with.

But thinking on it now, somehow that character seemed very strange and distant. That “Luo Binghe” cared not of the devastation such a plan would leave in its wake. His only reasoning was that two separate realms were rather unfavorable to his regime. Furthermore, the resources were rather unevenly distributed which caused all the demon wives and kids to make such a ruckus every day, annoying him to no end. Finally, he decided he was done with it and just merged everything to make managing it all more convenient.

Shen Qingqiu’s voice dropped low. “So this was the ‘present’ you wanted to send? Don’t you think it’s a bit too malicious on your part?”

Tianlang-Jun rubbed his chin in contemplation, then spoke in that cultured tone of his. “I really harbor no ill will towards them at all—I love the human world very much, and it’s long been a long-cherished wish of mine for deeper communication between the two races.”

Shen Qingqiu raised an eyebrow. “Has Tianlang-Jun truly never considered the consequences? Or perhaps you simply don’t care? Even if the demons can adapt to living in the human world, how many non-cultivating humans do you think can adapt to living among demons? Or, in other words,” he chose his next words carefully, “even if you ‘love’ humankind, can you guarantee that all demons agree? The two worlds have been separated since ancient times, but even so, we have had countless disputes. If they were to suddenly merge, I’m afraid that there will not be a single day of peace ahead.”

Tianlang-Jun answered rather grudgingly, “Peak Lord Shen is truly one from the Four Great Sects—all of you sing along to the same tune. Perhaps it seems a bit rash, but that is not at all my intention. With failure so close at hand, I must see this through until the end. We will merge first and deal with the aftermath slowly as it comes. In the face of unchangeable

circumstances, even those that cannot adapt will eventually learn to accept it.”

There really was some kind of law that every BOSS needed to have a bad case of chuunibyou syndrome. But Tianlang-Jun was a bit of a special case. Perhaps he was once the young, naive type of chuuni who imagined himself to be the savior of the world, the one destined to forge love and peace between the two races. But after being crushed beneath Bailu Peak for so many years, he was now the type of chuuni that carried a deep, undying resentment in his heart. Actions that could break heaven and earth were merely “a bit rash.”

And that last bit was exactly the kind of logic rapists use: assuming that your partner will relent in the end so you might as well force yourself on them, take what you want, and deal with the consequences later.

Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but ask, “You and Su Xiyan...could it be that the two of you were just another part of this ‘deeper communication between races’?”

When he heard this name, the smooth, easy smile on Tianlang-Jun's face began sliding off.

He turned so that Shen Qingqiu could no longer see his expression. He could only hear him sigh quietly. “Ah Xiyan, she really was...”

She really was...what?

Shen Qingqiu pondered over that subtle tone of his. Sweet and gentle? Pure and kind?

Tianlang-Jun continued, “Cold and ruthless. That was what I loved about her.”

Shen Qingqiu was about to roll over with laughter. Tianlang-Jun waved his hand and said, “But it doesn't matter now—she's already dead.”

So he didn't miss her even a bit?

Unfortunately, it seemed that a demon's "love" was rather shallow and cold.

Shen Qingqiu remained silent for a moment, then asked, "How do you really feel about Luo Binghe?"

Tianlang-Jun glanced over at him. "I...feel rather sorry for him?"

Shen Qingqiu could only smile back emptily, unable to reply.

Although Luo Binghe had never mentioned a word, Shen Qingqiu knew that deep inside, he often dreamed about what his birth parents would be like. He knew that he was born of a distinguished young woman and a powerful demon noble, but he could never put names or faces to them. So he always secretly imagined how it would be if they were still there...how tender and warm they would be, and how they would protect him from anyone that looked down on him.

If Luo Binghe knew that his birth father was this type of man...one who, on account of his human blood, might not even bother to spare him a glance...then those dreams of his would truly become just laughable figments of his imagination.

As night fell, the troops and the billows of smoke surrounding them came to a halt. Upon a wide expanse of grassland, they began setting up camp.

The only ones that really needed to set up camp were the few humanoid demons. The beastly ones could get by just fine in the wild. They could sleep in a ditch, in the treetops, on the grass...anywhere at all.

Shen Qingqiu had a white tent that was quite spacious and comfortable. Though it looked rather simple from the outside, it had everything he could need within. Zhuzhi-Lang came by personally to make sure all was arranged accordingly and led Shen Qingqiu into the tent. As soon as that demon girl that had been following him the entire time left, Shen Qingqiu immediately collapsed onto his bed in relief. He closed his eyes and waited for the dreamscape to descend.

He didn't know how much time had passed before he suddenly felt the moonlight quiver. Shen Qingqiu opened his eyes and saw Luo Binghe half-kneeling before his bed.

"Luo Binghe, listen to me, there's something very important here—" Shen Qingqiu had just begun speaking when Luo Binghe immediately tackled him.

He threw himself over Shen Qingqiu, who fell back onto the bed, his mouth sealed shut by a soft warmth on top of him. He couldn't make the slightest sound and was forced to stare helplessly as his face grew furiously more red by the moment. Luo Binghe had no sense of restraint, and his kisses grew deeper and deeper like he was a small beast trying to devour his prey.

Shen Qingqiu finally managed to catch his breath and commanded, ".....Luo Binghe, kneel properly now!"

Luo Binghe lifted the hems of his robes and immediately fell into a perfect kneeling posture.

"Do you know why you're kneeling right now?" Shen Qingqiu asked.

Luo Binghe's back was as straight as a board as he replied. "This one is but a lowly disciple, and yet assaulted Shizun....."

Shen Qingqiu chastised him. "Who told you to say that! This master will settle the matter with you later. Tianlang-Jun told you to hand over the Heart Devil sword and you just went ahead and gave it to him? I don't remember teaching you to be such a....." Such a naive little girl!

Luo Binghe replied, "I had no choice. Besides, it wasn't anything particularly important, so why not hand it over?"

Wasn't anything particularly important? This all-powerful treasure that most could cry and sob for but never even glimpse at! Even a mountain of riches couldn't stand up to the prodigal son.

Shen Qingqiu spoke, “Did you stop to think about what he might want the Heart Devil sword for? From the northern reaches of the country to the southern borders, for Cang Qiong Peak and Huan Hua Palace alike, did you consider the type of threat he could pose?”

Luo Binghe replied, “Is Shizun is angry at me for handing over the Heart Devil sword out of concern for all these places? Or perhaps it’s just because you’re afraid of involving Cang Qiong Peak?”

His tone was rather like that of a petulant young woman, one who was always clinging onto her partner asking, “Do you really love me? Do you love your career more than you love me?” Shen Qingqiu was just about to scold him again on the degree of danger at hand and force him back onto the main topic, but he quickly choked down his words.

Through the screen, they could see flickers of torchlight as a patrol of demon guards passed by. And they could hear the howling of the wolves, the rustling of cattle, and the low, angry murmurs of voices.

Somehow it seemed like.....this wasn’t a dream?

That meant...Luo Binghe was standing in his tent, and not just in his dreamscapes.

The one in front of him was the man himself!

He no longer held the Heart Devil sword that could open a door to anywhere. Crossing the entire northern country to arrive here had to be well over a thousand miles. Even if Shen Qingqiu wanted to give him a good strike to the back of the head with his fan, the mere thought of his journey here was enough to make him hesitate.

Luo Binghe took advantage of his hesitation to press one leg up onto his bedside. Shen Qingqiu could almost taste the blood rising into his mouth, but he needed to maintain his dignity as Shizun. “Luo Binghe, ah Luo Binghe. Don’t you think you’re being too arrogant, far too conceited in your audacity? You’ve served yourself up on a silver platter. At least twenty

percent of demons of the South are here, not to mention two powerful elders of your bloodline. If you're discovered, you're as good as dead!"

Luo Binghe replied, "Shizun, I couldn't bear to stand by as you were stolen away. I was afraid he would activate the demonic blood within you. You can't tell me to just sit there and wait. Shizun, please stop scolding me for this; I truly couldn't hold back any longer."

Shen Qingqiu kept pushing his head away, trying his best to maintain a serious composure. "When you came in, did you run into anyone?"

Luo Binghe replied, "How would that be possible? If I want to get inside, there's no one that could catch sight of me. There's just one thing that I'm worried about..."

He hadn't said exactly what he meant when suddenly a cough sounded from outside the tent.

Zhuzhi-Lang's voice carried in. "Master Shen? Have you turned in already?"

As soon as he heard this, Luo Binghe's eyes suddenly took on a murderous light as he turned towards the sound with an ice-cold glare. Shen Qingqiu was busy holding him down, giving him a stern look that told him not to be rash.

He didn't know what was happening, but Luo Binghe's face blushed quite red under that look, sending a shiver down his spine. Outside the tent, the demon army was patrolling, and inside the tent, there was nowhere to hide. With little other choice, he lifted the covers and Luo Binghe readily slid in.

Outside, Zhuzhi-Lang murmured to himself, "Turning in so early?"

There was a moment of silence outside, and Shen Qingqiu, thinking he had left, was about to let out a sigh of relief. Then Zhuzhi-Lang spoke, "Then...this servant will have to disturb your rest."

So regardless of whether I was sleeping or not you were going to come in anyway?

Why even bother asking!

Luo Binghe peeked out and asked suspiciously, “Why is that snake coming inside while Shizun is sleeping?”

Just hide yourself, you little brat! Shen Qingqiu shoved his head back under the covers, leaped out of bed, and called out, “Don’t come in!”

Zhuzhi-Lang indeed stopped before coming in and sounded rather perplexed. “So you weren’t sleeping after all? Why did Master Shen not answer before?”

Shen Qingqiu replied, “I was sleepy, and didn’t want to reply. Xizhi-Lang, you should go now.”

Zhuzhi-Lang was taken aback. “Didn’t we already agree during the day?”

Shit. Shit, shit, shit. They had indeed agreed earlier in the day that Zhuzhi-Lang would come by in the evening to help him burn out any remaining trace of QingSi on him!

Luo Binghe poked his head out again and questioned him quietly, “What did you agree to?”

Shen Qingqiu just managed to stack a second blanket on top of him and drop the drapes around the bed when Zhuzhi-Lang’s foot stepped into the tent. He said, “I apologize for disturbing you so late at night, but please understand. It’s just that if these QingSi are not removed, I fear they may only give rise to greater incidents in the future.”

Letting him in or kicking him out were both equally troublesome. Besides, for some reason, Zhuzhi-Lang didn’t dare to meet his eyes for long so he would have to just tread carefully. Shen Qingqiu stepped in front of the drapes, blocking it off from view, then smiled. “Alright, then I’m afraid I’ll have to trouble you.”

Zhuzhi-Lang responded politely, "It is only right that I do so. Master Shen, why not use the bed....." He hadn't even taken a single step forward before Shen Qingqiu moved in front of him, caught his hand, and turned him around.

Only after Zhuzhi-Lang's back had been turned towards the drapes did Shen Qingqiu finally speak. "Not on the bed. Right here is fine."

Having been spun around by the hand for no apparent reason, Zhuzhi-Lang found that he had no good way of asking. After he had recovered his senses, he asked good-naturedly, "Standing up?"

Shen Qingqiu replied decisively, "I'll stand."

Zhuzhi-Lang asked, "Master Shen, will you be okay?"

Behind him, Luo Binghe suddenly tore off the blankets, his entire face full of rage. Shen Qingqiu expression didn't change the slightest. "I'm used to it."

Zhuzhi-Lang nodded, then turned and placed a golden stove on the small table beside them. Taking advantage of the moment, Shen Qingqiu waved a hand and forced Luo Binghe back under the blankets, covering him in an instant. By the time Zhuzhi-Lang turned back around, he was already back to standing as usual, not a single hair out of place. Zhuzhi-Lang took one of the burning red coals out and said, "Master Shen, please remove your overclothes."

Shen Qingqiu lowered his head and began slowly untying his waist sash. He was afraid of moving too quickly. If he actually took it all off, Luo Binghe would likely tear down the bed and Zhuzhi-Lang along with it. He moved slow enough to drive even the most patient man to frustration. After waiting for a long while, Zhuzhi-Lang finally couldn't help but glance towards him. "Perhaps Master Shen's fingers are having trouble? Would this one be able to help?"

Shen Qingqiu saw his gaze lifting towards him, and hurriedly pulled at the lapels of his robes, the outermost garment sliding easily off his

shoulders.

By pulling like this, the garment slid down to his feet. He then moved his arm under Zhuzhi-Lang's gaze, and the man immediately focused all his attention on it, studying it carefully. After an entire day of trying to remove the QingSi, it finally began showing signs of receding. It was no longer covering half of Shen Qingqiu's chest and arm in thick leaves like it was when he first woke this morning. Now only a few small sprouts remained.

Luo Binghe silently threw his palm forwards, sending a massive wave of black Qi towards Zhuzhi-Lang's back. Shen Qingqiu suddenly waved his hand and smacked the piece of coal right out of Zhuzhi-Lang's grasp.

The coal rolled across the ground and out of the tent. Zhuzhi-Lang, who was smacked for absolutely no reason, was left at a complete loss. Shen Qingqiu explained apologetically, "My hand slipped."

Zhuzhi-Lang accepted this explanation with little inner turmoil and left the tent to go pick it up. He walked about for quite a while, wondering, "Where did it roll to?"

Shen Qingqiu immediately leaped onto the bed. Luo Binghe whispered, "Shizun, what kind of life have you been living under them!?"

The kind where you have nothing to do but wait around helplessly until you die!

Shen Qingqiu whispered back, "Don't mess around. If you're discovered, we'll both be in trouble." After saying that, his hand rose and fell, shoving Luo Binghe back under the blankets.

Luo Binghe was not at all placated by this and stewed sullenly. He thought that he could probably put up a fight against Tianlang-Jun now, but each day the demonic blood remained within Shizun was another day he was forced to hold back. He beckoned with his finger and the fallen garment flew into his hand. He threw it onto Shen Qingqiu's shoulders. "Put it on!"

Outside, it seemed that another lowly patrolling demon passed by the tent and greeted Zhuzhi-Lang. “General!”

Zhuzhi-Lang hummed in acknowledgment, then said, “Just in time. Help me find something.” His tone and stature were completely different compared to how he held himself in front of Tianlang-Jun and Shen Qingqiu. It was truly befitting of an army general.

Shen Qingqiu spoke, “Why? I’m going to need to take it off anyway.”

Luo Binghe replied angrily, “...Why is it that Shizun has to take off your clothes and let him stare at you?”

No matter how much he was pressed or scolded, he just wouldn’t stay down. It was a waste of energy for Shen Qingqiu. Just then, Zhuzhi-Lang suddenly returned. It was too late to get back into place, so he immediately turned and sat upright in the center of the bed. Zhuzhi-Lang asked, “Master Shen, didn’t you just say ‘not on the bed’?”

Shen Qingqiu smiled a little. “Oh? Really? Did I say that?”

Having to cover it up in a rush, he had accidentally sat right on top of Luo Binghe.....

But sitting like this was actually not bad—Luo Binghe finally obediently stopped moving. Zhuzhi-Lang walked over and, seeing the mess of blankets, asked casually, “Is Master Shen not hot?”

Shen Qingqiu just wanted to get this over with as soon as possible. He grabbed Zhuzhi-Lang’s hand and pressed the bright red coal right up against his chest. In the midst of the hissing sound, he calmly stated, “It’s not hot.”

Zhuzhi-Lang replied, “Then, Master Shen, doesn’t it...hurt?”

“It doesn’t hurt,” Shen Qingqiu replied.

Zhuzhi-Lang’s voice was gratified. “Several times before, Master Shen always seemed extremely reluctant. Tonight you’ve finally taken the initiative, as it should be.”

Shen Qingqiu wasn't really listening to what he was saying at all, his entire mind focused solely on getting this over with as soon as possible so he could chase him out. He asked, "Is this enough?"

Zhuzhi-Lang took back the piece of coal and replied, "Yes, this is fine."

Shen Qingqiu was overjoyed. Luo Binghe was probably approaching his limit too. But who knew that Zhuzhi-Lang wasn't quite done speaking yet. "Junshang has just said that tonight, he too wanted to stop by..."

He hadn't even finished his sentence when Luo Binghe finally couldn't take it anymore and stood up violently.

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by satellite of BC Novels.
- I was supposed to publish this tomorrow but I will be busy then so I released it a few hours early.
- Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading!

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Chapter 65 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 65: This Friend Circle is Really a Mess

Without clearly seeing how he was attacked, Zhuzhi-Lang knelt onto the ground on one knee and coughed out a mouthful of blood. When he lifted his head again, there was another person on the bed. Luo Binghe had one arm wrapped around Shen Qingqiu and was currently glaring at him. First Zhuzhi-Lang was shocked, but then it quickly changed into a flash of realization. “You? Master Shen? You two!”

Shen Qingqiu buried his forehead into his palms. He didn’t want to talk. Luo Binghe raised his other hand and made a clenching movement in the air. Several dark fingerprints appeared on Zhuzhi-Lang’s throat as his body was abruptly hoisted up into the air.



Shen Qingqiu said, “Don’t kill him. It’ll cause no end of trouble. Moreover, things aren’t what you’re imagining...”

Luo Binghe’s mouth was shut tightly, and the veins on the back of his hand bulged as his hand folded closed. Zhuzhi-Lang’s face slowly turned blue, but he still stubbornly didn’t reveal any trace of pain.

At that moment, another voice came from outside.

“Peak Lord Shen, can I come in?”

Why was it so lively tonight?! Speak of the devil indeed, so many visitors!

The faces of the three people in the tent, with one person being choked while the others watched on, all darkened. Shen Qingqiu first pointed at Zhuzhi-Lang, who was being choked as he dangled in the air, before pointing at Luo Binghe. He made a slicing motion at his throat before

crossing his arms into an 'X' shape, everything a complete mess. He didn't know if Luo Binghe understood or not because he shook his head before shaking it again. Under this kind of circumstance, of course, nobody would answer the person outside the door. After a second of silence, Tianlang-Jun said, "I'm coming in."

Just like his nephew—both were the type to ask before coming in anyway just for appearances!

As a result, when Tianlang-Jun came inside, what he saw was exactly this scene.

Zhuzhi-Lang and Shen Qingqiu tussled and rolled around on the bed, while the pile of blankets behind them was piled both high and messily. When they saw him come in, they both suddenly turned their heads, two pairs of eyes and two faces holding the same expression of fear, their paling skin intermingled with red blushes. Shen Qingqiu's upper half of his robe was still hooked around his elbows, leaving him half-undressed.

Even though Tianlang-Jun was a weirdo, when he saw this scene, his smile also froze for a while.

After a long pause, he finally said softly, "... I really didn't expect this."

Zhuzhi-Lang blushed with shame. "My lord, things are a little complicated, but in any case, it's not what you're imagining..."

His body was blocking the blankets that Luo Binghe was hiding in, and Shen Qingqiu was half on top of him, completely covering Luo Binghe's hand, which was gripping Zhuzhi-Lang's vital gate tightly. Such a chaotic position, coupled with the floating curtains around the bed, really made it difficult to tell that there was a third person there, at least for a short while.

Tianlang-Jun nodded his head and said, "No need to explain, I understand. I understand everything."

With his love for listening to Resentment of Chunshan and his slow way of thinking about things, when he said he "understood," that meant that

Shen Qingqiu definitely had to explain!

Shen Qingqiu said, “For what reason did Your Excellency come to pay a visit so late at night? If something is the matter, please say it clearly, or else I will go rest, thank you.”

Tianlang-Jun said, “Actually, it’s not anything serious. A small disturbance happened over on my end, that’s all. I didn’t know where Zhuzhi-Lang disappeared off to either, so I first came over here to take a look. However, I seem to have come at the wrong time. No matter, please continue. I don’t care.”

Zhuzhi-Lang, “My lord...”

If he said one word too much, Luo Binghe added pressure;

If he moved his leg slightly, Luo Binghe added pressure;

If he adjusted his position, Luo Binghe added pressure;

Adding pressure and adding pressure as the surging demonic energy poured scathingly straight into Zhuzhi-Lang’s vital gate to the point that Shen Qingqiu’s mouth tasted bitter.

Zhuzhi-Lang didn’t know what was suffocating him, only that he was indeed experiencing a stifling feeling in his chest.

Shen Qingqiu: “Okay, many thanks for your kindness. In that case, we’ll continue. Please do as you wish.”

But Tianlang-Jun didn’t seem to have any intention of leaving. Instead, he found a stool and sat down.

He said leisurely, “Why does Peak Lord Shen not pursue the matter and ask me what exactly that ‘small disturbance’ is? This is vastly different from your previous curious and passionate attitude.”

It seemed like he wouldn’t be sent away so easily. Shen Qingqiu felt as if his troubles were never-ending, but instead, he calmed down and smiled. “If

Tianlang-Jun likes to observe, there's no harm in talking and spicing things up. Please go ahead."

Tianlang-Jun then "spiced things up." "Not long before this, the Heart Devil sword that was settled at my side suddenly flew up and suspended itself in the air, vibrating ceaselessly. Clearly, nobody was controlling it, but this kind of phenomenon truly is a little hard to miss."

Shen Qingqiu immediately understood. Just then, when Luo Binghe didn't finish his sentence about how there was "only one thing to be worried about," he was referring to the Heart Devil sword. After all, it was his sword that had been at his side for many years. If the original owner appeared nearby, it would have some response.

Shen Qingqiu said, "That is indeed strange. However, I'm afraid it doesn't make much sense for Tianlang-Jun to come find me to talk about that."

Tianlang-Jun stood up slowly. "Of course it doesn't make much sense to talk with Peak Lord Shen about this. But if a naughty child came over to find Peak Lord Shen, then it would make a lot of sense."

He split a short two sentences into quite a few segments. Every half a sentence, he took another step closer to the bed.

Zhuzhi-Lang was clearly being restrained by Shen Qingqiu, while Luo Binghe secretly clamped down on his vital gate. As Tianlang-Jun came closer and closer, step by step, this pair of disciple and master clenched tighter and tighter. Zhuzhi-Lang was truly... extremely innocent, and very unlucky.

Just when Tianlang-Jun raised his hand and was about to brush aside the curtain, the sound of wild beasts howling shrilly suddenly resounded from outside the tent. He abruptly withdrew his hand and turned to look.

Outside of the white tent, flames shot towards the sky. Flitting black shadows threw themselves over from all directions as the long howls of wild beasts mixed with hoarse and exhausted shouts.

“There’s an invader!”

“Surround him! Surround him! Everyone surround him!”

“Don’t let him get away!”

“—he killed someone—!”

Blades struck each other as arrows ripped through the sky, blending with the sound of teeth and claws ripping into flesh. Tianlang-Jun didn’t have time to say a single word before he flashed outside of the tent. Shen Qingqiu’s tense and anxious mood settled again. This invader came at such an appropriate time!

Luo Binghe flipped off the bed and steadied Shen Qingqiu, while Zhuzhi-Lang was tossed onto the floor and was still temporarily unable to move. Shen Qingqiu lowered his head and said, “Many thanks for just then.”

With his degree of loyalty, for Zhuzhi-Lang not to have pointed at them and shouted, “My lord! It’s them! It’s those two!” without any regard for his personal safety, it could be taken as him deliberately helping Shen Qingqiu. When Zhuzhi-Lang heard this, he sighed and said, “This subordinate can understand.”

Shen Qingqiu, “Understand what?”

Luo Binghe said impatiently, “Why are you wasting time talking to him?”

Zhuzhi-Lang lifted his head and said sincerely, “In order for Master Shen to lessen the pain of lovesickness, you two had to meet secretly in the middle of the night. Even though it would inevitably tarnish your reputation, it is still excusable.”

Shen Qingqiu: “...”

Sure enough, he shouldn’t have wasted time talking to him!

The disciple and master slipped out from the tent only to see a dense and dark mass of Nan Jiang demon race troops surrounding something nearby in the wilderness. Two snow-white, glowing figures seemed especially dazzling among the crowd. One was the figure of a sword, chilly and relentless; the other was the figure of a human, and they wiped out and demolished everything they passed. The encirclement was continuously attacked, but it was also continuously refilled by new demon race soldiers.

Tianlang-Jun's heartfelt exclamations of admiration floated over with the night wind. "Great sword technique. Great spiritual energy!"

The newcomer stood on an enormous wolf head that was draped in armor, one that he had beheaded with his bare hands. His white clothes were pristine with only a single bloodstain that seemed to have splashed onto his cheek.

This kind of showy, simple, rough, attack-when-I-say-to-attack fighting style, as if afraid that nobody in the enemy camp would know that he had graciously arrived, really lived up to Bai Zhan Peak's aggressive and warlike famous reputation.

It was Liu Qingge.

Two snow-white wargs flashed through the crowd of beasts and crouched at Tianlang-Jun's feet. One of them lifted its head, and a human voice came out from its mouth. "My lord, it's Bai Zhan Peak's Peak Lord Liu Qingge from Cang Qiong Mountain!"

Tianlang-Jun nodded. "I see. No wonder the sword technique and spiritual energy were so stunning. Only, I'm not sure why Bai Zhan Peak's Peak Lord would suddenly honor Nan Jiang with his presence?"

Liu Qingge moved to the side slightly and the Cheng Luan sword flew back to his hand. He flicked off a drop of blood from the sword tip and said coldly, "Is Shen Qingqiu here?"

Shen Qingqiu felt extremely flattered. What, did Renowned Master Liu come to save him?

Luo Binghe shot a glance at the expression on his face and pressed his lips together.

Tianlang-Jun suddenly saw the light. “So you came to find Peak Lord Shen. He is indeed here with me.”

Liu Qingge said, “Tell him to come out.”

Tianlang-Jun said with an ambiguous tone, “I’m afraid that it’s not very convenient for him to see you right now. Even if you saw him, he most likely won’t want to go back to Cang Qiong Mountain with you anyway.”

Shen Qingqiu actually didn’t know what he should complain about. Liu Qingge narrowed his eyes. One of the wargs at Tianlang-Jun’s feet said, “What Bai Zhan Peak? From what I can see, that’s not necessarily true. I heard that this Liu Qingge fought with that brat Luo Binghe before and lost countless times; he’s long since been undeserving of this name. It should be called ‘Ninety-Nine Battle Peak’ at this rate.”

(T/N: Bai Zhan Peak is literally “100 Battle Peak” but is in reference to an idiom meaning “always victorious” but here the warg is saying that it should be called 99 battle peak () not 100 because he’s been losing so much to LBH)

Another warg continued, “No, he should be called Peak Lord of ‘Ninety-Eight Battle Peak.’ If he faces our lord, he will undoubtedly be defeated as well!”

These two beasts were so sarcastic. Both flattering and sarcastic!

Whenever they disagreed with each other, just fight instead.

With a light tap of his foot, Liu Qingge’s figure shot out like white lightning. Tianlang-Jun was in no hurry to meet him in battle. He carelessly flicked his hand, and fresh blood flew out from his fingers. When the blood droplets landed on the ground, they didn’t seep into the dirt. Instead, they condensed into solid shapes and immediately transformed into six blood

wolves with scarlet fur, completely surrounding Liu Qingge, biting and attacking him as they circled around him just like rings of fire.

Liu Qingge was more than up for the challenge. Cheng Luan swept out, and all of the six wolves' heads flew off as they transformed back into liquid. But when the sword spun around, the blood wolves quickly congealed once again and continued to bare their fangs and claw at him. Even though his attacks were precise and powerful to a fault, they didn't produce any real results. Tianlang-Jun didn't withdraw his hand either, which was still leaking blood. As he extended it lazily, the blood drops fell, and new wild beasts emerged endlessly.

After losing so much blood, Tianlang-Jun's face didn't grow paler in the slightest. Was he a portable blood bank?!

For better or worse, Liu Qingge had come to save him so Shen Qingqiu couldn't continue watching indifferently. He was about to move when Luo Binghe flashed out, one step ahead of him.

Tianlang-Jun stared at him. "As expected, you came."

Luo Binghe said coldly, "Shizun is here, how could I not?"

Tianlang-Jun laughed. "Zhuzhi-Lang, look at his face. Looking at his cold scowling expression really makes me happy... hm? Zhuzhi-Lang?" Only then did he discover that Zhuzhi-Lang still hadn't come out yet, and he revealed a disappointed expression. When enemies met face to face, they would inevitably be extremely furious. Liu Qingge was about to speak from the side when he suddenly spotted Shen Qingqiu. He forgot everything he was about to criticize and was frozen on the spot. He shouted, "Hey!"

Shen Qingqiu waved at him. Tianlang-Jun's astounded expression didn't recede; on the contrary, it grew even stronger. He said to Luo Binghe, "So... just then... you guys... inside... three people?"

Just one sentence, eight words, but Shen Qingqiu still understood clearly what he was trying to imply.

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Yan of BC Novels.
- I almost died laughing when Tianlang-Jun walked in on them. Not to mention his belated realization at the end of the chapter that there were actually three people at that time.
- So Zhuzhi-Lang understands the pain of lovesickness?
- Liu Qingge arrived! I'm so excited!
- Please let me know if there are errors. Thanks for reading!

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Chapter 66 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 66 – Circle of Nobles, Wanton Disorder

He didn’t know if Luo Binghe understood, but he forged ahead, his face darkening.

This wilderness battlefield amidst the crowd of beasts immediately became a three-way brawl. Tianlang-Jun was fighting two, Liu Qingge was also fighting two, Luo Binghe was fighting one and ignoring one, while still bearing two people’s worth of attacks. Black energy and white light exploded across the scene, sword shrieks and beast hisses rushing into the sky.



Liu Qingge came to rescue Shen Qingqiu, but the ring encircling him grew thicker and thicker. Cheng Luan whirled like a miniature tornado, and the dozen blood beasts mixed in the crowd splattered into thousands of droplets of blood. Shen Qingqiu yelled, “Close your mouth! Don’t swallow them!”

Liu Qingge didn’t need to close his mouth at all—those droplets couldn’t even moisten his sleeves. Tianlang-Jun, however, smiled. “I seem to have forgotten that Peak Lord Shen is still here.”

He wished he had been forgotten... once Tianlang-Jun remembered he was here, life would get much more difficult for him. A griping pain crawled up thickly in his stomach. At first, Luo Binghe was the fiercest of the three fighters, each strike directed precisely at Tianlang-Jun, but now his offense suddenly slowed, his heart divided. Shen Qingqiu yelled, “Keep fighting. Don’t mind me!”

He didn't shout or cry out, pretending he couldn't feel anything at all. Returning to the tent, he dragged out Zhuzhi-Lang, his smile twisted into a sneer. "You won't be able to throw yourself under my sword this time, right?"

Zhuzhi-Lang said helplessly, "I owe a heavy debt of kindness to both Peak Lord Shen and my lord. Why must you always make things difficult for me?"

A cold sweat broke out on Shen Qingqiu's pained back. He idly threw back a response to distract himself. "You really keep a clear record of your gratitudes and grudges."

The demon race's officials were truly each as dedicated to their profession as Sha Hualing, preaching their grand mission at every possible opportunity. Zhuzhi-Lang, under the point of his sword, continued to admonish him. "That's right. So, because the four great sects overpowered my lord with base tricks many years ago, one day, they will pay. Cang Qiong Mountain, Zhao Hua Temple, Huan Hua Palace, Tian Yi Overlook—my lord said not one will be left behind, so it's certain that not one will be left behind."

Hearing him bring up Huan Hua Palace, Shen Qingqiu's heartstrings tightened.

After he had escaped from Huan Hua Palace's water prison into Hua Yue City, he had heard that the disciples guarding the water prison had all been killed. Even Gongyi Xiao was not lucky enough to escape. This black pot had been thrown on his head at the time, and he had pressed it on Luo Binghe's head in turn. But, while rushing about until today, he never had the chance to determine who had actually killed them.

Zhuzhi-Lang was good to him now because he had stopped Gongyi Xiao from killing him that time, becoming a benefactor in his eyes. Then, accordingly, Gongyi Xiao should be an enemy. Shen Qingqiu said, "Do you remember Gongyi Xiao?"

Zhuzhi-Lang thought for a while and said, “That disciple from Hua Hua Palace?”

Sure enough, he remembered.

“That time when I went to the water prison to meet Master Shen, at first I mistook him for Luo Binghe.”

Shen Qingqiu could understand. From the back, Gongyi Xiao really did resemble Luo Binghe. If someone only took a quick look, their features also had some subtle similarities. So for a time, he felt especially attached to Gongyi Xiao.

Zhuzhi-Lang continued, “Afterwards, I found out he was precisely that Huan Hua Palace senior disciple who entered the dew cave in Bai Lu Forest with Master Shen. So, I killed him in passing.”

Killed him in passing.

Zhuzhi-Lang really was a very simple demon. As his uncle said, he was “a little foolish.” Tianlang-Jun had supported him so he would follow him until death. Shen Qingqiu had inadvertently saved him, so he was paying him back in his own way all along.

For the same reason, every small grievance must be avenged.

It’s just that Gongyi Xiao’s death was rather too unjust. He had only moved to kill, but he didn’t actually kill him!

Shen Qingqiu heard Gongyi Xiao’s parting words, “If we meet again, Elder Shen must fulfill his promise to take me to visit Qing Jing Peak. I’ll always be waiting...” as if he was speaking right beside Shen Qingqiu’s ear. Shen Qingqiu simply didn’t know what to say.

He watched Zhuzhi-Lang’s gaze grow more and more complicated, but his former effortless ease was already long gone. Just as the latter noticed this change, Shen Qingqiu stood up, walking forwards.

Zhuzhi-Lang started. “Where are you going?”

Shen Qingqiu said, “Anywhere is fine, as long as it’s far away.”

These Heavenly Demons were all mental cases. Going with one mental case would at least be better than going with two. At worst, that one would still listen to him!

Zhuzhi-Lang looked like he had been stung. In a flash, he said, “I only wanted to be good to the people who helped me. Is there anything wrong with that?”

Shen Qingqiu said, “The problem is, you think the things you do are good for me, but I don’t feel the same.”

With every step, he felt his veins twist, like thousands of worms were squirming and chewing his insides. Luo Binghe repeatedly turned his head to look at him, many times narrowly avoiding an attack.

Zhuzhi-Lang couldn’t understand. “Even if Master Shen couldn’t achieve a peaceful end, why are you determined on staying with him all the way?”

Shen Qingqiu didn’t answer, continuing to walk forward.

Zhuzhi-Lang said in a low voice, “I understand.”

Before his words had fallen, the stagnant pain in Shen Qingqiu’s body completely disappeared. Tianlang-Jun’s voice entered the scene, with a tone of slight indignation. “What are you doing?”

Of the people on the scene, only those of the Heavenly Demon lineage knew what was happening. At first, there were three sets of blood parasites in Shen Qingqiu’s body. Luo Binghe fought one on two, so he was at a slight disadvantage. But, just now, Zhuzhi-Lang stopped urging his blood parasites against Luo Binghe but turned sides to join with Luo Binghe in suppressing Tianlang-Jun’s blood.

Without the pain, what was there to fear? Shen Qingqiu drew Xiu Ya, vaulting onto the sword. “Liu Shidi, let’s go!”

Seeing him fly over on his sword, Liu Qingge also flipped onto Cheng Luan. Tianlang-Jun finally stopped playing with his blood, a palm full of demonic energy sweeping over to attack, but was blocked by Luo Binghe. Shen Qingqiu passed by, reaching down as Luo Binghe raised his arm. Their movements strung together like seamless heavenly clothes, two hands joining right on target. With a pull, he took Luo Binghe along on Xiu Ya. The two sword glares disappeared into the sky in a flash.

The sky above the wilderness filled with howls. Tianlang-Jun snapped his fingers, and the remaining dozen blood beasts lost their vigor, fur and fangs rapidly melting. Before long, they transformed into a spatter of blood droplets, quickly dissolving into the ground.

He looked at Zhuzhi-Lang. “You’re letting them go just like that?”

Zhuzhi-Lang didn’t say a word in reply, going down on one knee.

Tianlang-Jun had excellent self-restraint. His anger would only persist for a moment, and he had long gone over to say, “Ah you, think it through carefully. He doesn’t appreciate your kindness at all, he’s just wholeheartedly rushing down the road to disaster. Zhuzhi-Lang, you’re already this old. How do you not know your head’s turned around a bend?”

He gestured for Zhuzhi-Lang to get up and said off-handedly, “But you don’t need to be so sad. Peak Lord Shen will understand you’re acting for his own good one day. It’s not far off.”

Zhuzhi-Lang knew in his heart that that would be the day the four great sects were extinguished.

Tianlang-Jun sent another glance to the sky, muttering, “But, I truly never would have thought. Peak Lord Shen likes there to be more people. Does there have to be at least three people every time?”

“...”

The changing fields of Zhuzhi-Lang’s mind grew barren in a flash, as if a sudden gale had blown through.

His lord had probably been reading those strange illustrated pamphlets spread from the human realm again.

The three had flown several kilometers on their swords, heading straight for the borderlands.

Liu Qingge didn't think Shen Qingqiu would bring Luo Binghe with them. "What are you dragging him along for? Why are you together with him?!"

Liu Qingge and Luo Binghe held a deeply ingrained resentment towards each other, and Shen Qingqiu couldn't explain on the spot. He said vaguely, "This, I have a reason for..."

Hearing that he didn't refute the word "together," Luo Binghe's eyes curved, the corner of his mouth also curling up. Liu Qingge, seeing him break out into a full smile for no reason, formed a seal in his hand, spiritual energy sizzling between his fingers. He warned, "Shen Qingqiu, you come over here."

Luo Binghe changed faces faster than flipping the pages of a book. He was warm and tender one moment but full of mockery the next, holding onto Shen Qingqiu's waist tighter. He was already holding on tight, and with this extra force Shen Qingqiu nearly couldn't breathe. Slapping his hand away, he said, "Liu Shidi, this explanation is a bit complicated. Let's escape first, then I can tell you slowly later. Just trust me for now."

Liu Qingge said, "I trust you. But I don't trust him."

Shen Qingqiu said without thinking, "I trust him."

Liu Qingge's expression hardened. He said solemnly, "You trusted him before, and what was the result?"

Luo Binghe's smile was like a needle concealed in silk floss. His tone was neither hostile nor friendly as he said, "Shizun already said he trusts me. Why are you still wasting your words?"

Are you not done fighting yet?!

Shen Qingqiu said, “How are you speaking to your Shishu?”

Liu Qingge was already so short-spoken, so where were these wasted words? Indeed, he didn’t have any more to say and threw out a ball of explosive power.

We’re traveling at high altitudes—is it that fun to fight while riding swords?! Be careful, safety is number one!

Shen Qingqiu tilted his course for a bit. He should have dodged the attack, but he heard a smothered groan from Luo Binghe behind him.

Shen Qingqiu turned his head to ask, “What is it?”

Was he really hit?

Luo Binghe shook his head and said, “It’s nothing. It doesn’t hurt.”

Usually, even if he was hit, he’s fine, right? Shen Qingqiu looked him over carefully and saw a wisp of dark energy between his eyebrows. He muttered, “Your face doesn’t look very good.”

Luo Binghe’s voice softened, saying warmly, “When I was fighting that old demon, my head was a bit dizzy. Just now, it was dizzier. But it’s nothing, just an explosive attack, that’s all.”

Each of Liu Qingge’s bloody battles with him was more violent than the last. How many times had they fought? Now he’s dizzy from one explosive attack?

He said, “Shen Qingqiu, you get out of the way.”

Shen Qingqiu hurriedly gave an apologetic smile. “Liu Shidi, he was injured before and just recovered. By all means, don’t lower yourself to his level. He isn’t sensible; if he offended you, I’ll apologize in his place.”

Liu Qingge's expression didn't improve, but Shen Qingqiu continued. "He has made many mistakes before, but he won't from now on. I'll definitely discipline him well..."

Liu Qingge's face finally cleared. "You really trust him?"

Shen Qingqiu wasn't as confident as he sounded. Luo Binghe was still holding his waist, with that look of anxious anticipation on his face again, like he was waiting for his reply. To speak the truth, he had never truly trusted Luo Binghe before, and he was unintentionally hurting him all along. Things having reached this stage...

Shen Qingqiu forced a smile. "It's better to believe than not."

In a home, if the kids weren't sensible, the adults don't have it easy. Shen Qingqiu finished his apology and gave some kind words. "It's been some time since we've seen each other, and Liu Shidi's cultivation has advanced even more."

Liu Qingge raised his chin. "I just exited seclusion."

When Luo Binghe surrounded Cang Qiong Mountain, Liu Qingge said to "Wait!" Turns out he really did enter seclusion to cultivate. He had come to save him right after exiting seclusion; Shen Qingqiu felt that a simple word of thanks wouldn't be enough. He rubbed his nose and said off-handedly, "How did you know to look for me in the Southern border?"

After Liu Qingge first exited seclusion, he had rushed to Luo Binghe's territory in the Northern border at top speed, storming his way in and almost upturning the whole area. But, in the end, Shen Qingqiu wasn't there. Luo Binghe wasn't there either and had reportedly retreated like he was running back for a confession. He first captured that demon woman Sha whatever to interrogate her. However, Bai Zhan Peak's preferred interrogation method was beating up the suspect. At best, it was beating up the suspect to different levels of severity. Liu-juju certainly couldn't beat up a woman, and since Sha Hualing was especially hard to deal with, he didn't get anything out of her.

Luckily, he had run into that eating-his-fill-all-day, wandering-idly-with-nothing-to-do Shang Qinghua.

Liu Qingge couldn't tolerate these goods in the least. But, just as he had raised his fist, Shang Qinghua started confessing everything in an unceasing torrent of chatter, including how Shen Qingqiu's meals were in the demon realm, his daily activities to amuse himself and pass the time, as well as the important news about how he had been taken away to the Southern border.

After getting the information out of him, Liu Qingge planned to execute this traitor on the spot, but Shang Qinghua started to hug his thighs and wail to wake the dead, promising over and over that he didn't want to do it and he would turn over a new leaf. His howls had drawn out Mobei-Jun. The two fought, toppling much of Luo Binghe's underground palace, which had delayed him for some time.

These rhythmical ups and downs, this thing full of scenes of violence, was precisely the story of Liu-juju's journey these last few days.

Troubling his heart and strength like this... Liu Qingge is truly a man more reliable than a blood brother!

After reservedly expressing his tears of gratitude, he changed the topic and said firmly, "Liu Shidi, I have official business I need to tell you."

Liu Qingge said, "Go on."

Shen Qingqiu said, "Do you know of Tianlang-Jun?"

Of the famous figures in the cultivation world, this name could be described as legendary.

Many years ago, in the battle where Tianlang-Jun had been suppressed under Bai Lu Mountain, the four great sects had turned out in full strength. Though Cang Qiong Mountain was the main force, those that had fought in the war were all the former generation of Peak Lords. Of the current Peak Lords of Cang Qiong Mountain, only Yue Qingyuan had gone to war as Qiong Ding Peak's head disciple. Furthermore, he had shown his brilliance

using Xuan Su and took on a crucial role. Liu Qingge naturally wouldn't be unaware of these things. "The demon race's last demon saint? His corporeal body has been destroyed for some years."

Shen Qingqiu said, "The destruction of a corporeal body doesn't necessarily mean death. He might have shed his shell."

Liu Qingge raised one eyebrow. "Like you?"

Shen Qingqiu sighed in shame. "Exactly."

Liu Qingge didn't chase that line of conversation. "He escaped, then what?"

Shen Qingqiu said, "Tianlang-Jun has plans of merging the demon realm and the human realm."

"Does that mean he plans to attack the human realm?"

Shen Qingqiu knew it would be very easy for a normal person to confuse these two concepts. This "merging" he spoke of, many people would take it as just "unification." In fact, it was not so. What Tianlang-Jun planned to do with the Heart Devil sword was indeed a "merging" in the literal sense.

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Lily of BC Novels.
- Since we have many translators, it can be difficult to reconcile differences. I've decided to just keep some of the Shidi, Shixiong, etc. for those who like that. It should be fine since this is already chapter 66 which means that readers already know the relationships between all the major characters.
- Shidi = junior martial brother; Shixiong = senior martial brother
- Shishu = martial uncle (lit. "teacher father's elder brother" / "teacher father's younger brother" [source](#)). Liu Qingge is Shen Qingqiu's Shidi so Luo Binghe is not of the same generation and should address Liu Qingge as Shishu.

- Tianlang-Jun: So Shen Qingqiu's really into 3P? Or maybe even more than 3 at a time? <— hahahahahaha!
- Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading!

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Chapter 67 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 67—A Three-Man Journey

The demon world and the human world were like two sides of a sheet of paper, existing in two different dimensions. If someone were to draw a line on one side of the paper, no matter how long they extended that line, it would never reach the other side.

However, the Heart Devil sword was able to meld these two different sides of paper into one surface.



For example, the human continent had the Luochuan River, while the demon world had the Maigu Mountains. These two locations existed in completely different spaces. However, the original Luo Binghe had used the Heart Devil sword to connect these two worlds together. Afterward, the Maigu Mountains had been “pierced” into the middle of the Luochuan River, forming an island.

He explained a simplified version of the story to Liu Qingge. Liu Qingge furrowed his brows. “These things can really be done?”

Of course, it could be done. After all, the original Luo Binghe had succeeded! Shen Qingqiu solemnly nodded.

Liu Qingge thought for a while before finally saying, “This is no small matter. You still need evidence before you can convince everyone else.”

If he wanted proof, then there really wasn’t any. Shen Qingqiu felt his head begin to ache.

At this time, the previously silent Luo Binghe asked: “Shizun, why didn’t you ask me?”

Shen Qingqiu didn’t have a chance to respond when Liu Qingge suddenly stepped forwards, giving a cold snort.

The reasoning behind the snort was obvious. Luo Binghe was of demon blood, and had fallen out with the other sects long ago; his evil reputation spread far and wide. Under his hands, Huan Hua Palace had been transformed into an evil organization. Although the Palace was strong and flourishing under his leadership, the four great sects had long refused to acknowledge him as an ally. It had turned into a “the name remained, but the prestige had long disappeared” kind of situation.

Therefore, it was natural that he would be unable to help.

Asking him would probably make no difference...

Shen Qingqiu was naturally aware of this, but he didn’t linger on the subject. Otherwise, Luo Binghe’s fragile glass heart would probably shatter. He forced a laugh, but before he could finish, he was aware of a new weight on his shoulder.

Luo Binghe’s head lightly rested against his left shoulder.

Shen Qingqiu thought that this was another tantrum, and shook his shoulder. However, after careful observation, he realized that Luo Binghe’s

eyes were tightly closed, the perfect image of peaceful sleep.

He could even sleep while standing. Wasn't he awake and talking a moment ago?!

Shen Qingqiu reached out a hand to grasp his arm, preventing him from falling off the flying sword. Quietly, he asked: "Luo Binghe?"

There was no reaction. Pausing, Shen Qingqiu changed his voice into a lower and more gentle sound: "...Binghe?"

It was only after his name was called two times did Luo Binghe slowly open his eyes. Shen Qingqiu stared at his dazed eyes, unable to stop himself from asking, "Are you tired?"

It had only been a few days since they left the Holy Mausoleum. During that time, Luo Binghe had suffered a great number of wounds. Although he had recovered quickly, it was possible that there were side-effects. Dizziness was perhaps one of them.

Luo Binghe shook his head. "No."

Shen Qingqiu thought for a moment before turning around to face Liu Qingge, who was holding his hands together and coldly watching the scene. "Liu-shidi, when we pass the border, how about you first go ahead and return to Cang Qiong Sect? Go with our shixionsgs and call together all of the other sects for a discussion."

Liu Qingge's two eyes widened slightly. "What about you?"

Shen Qingqiu said, "I may return a little later. Luo... Binghe, in his current state, may need a few days to recuperate to return safely."

Liu Qingge inhaled. "I came to bring you back."

Shen Qingqiu hesitated, while Luo Binghe remained silent. He lowered his head, looking extremely lovable and obedient.

Shen Qingqiu spoke again. "Just one night."

Liu Qingge stared at Luo Binghe, who had nested himself behind Shen Qingqiu. Strictly, he said, “One night is also not allowed.”

Then what are we supposed to do?

One shichen later, the three of them passed the border and stopped in front of the doors of the largest tavern in the city.

This tavern was far from the central plains, with many people originating from a miscellaneous mix of small sects. It was rare for them to see one graceful, god-like cultivator, much less three at once who were each as handsome as the next.

Liu Qingge, grasping onto Cheng Luan, took the initiative to strut confidently through the doorstep.

The lobby was extremely beautiful, its spacious walls gleaming with light. As they entered, there was a man who immediately arrived to greet them.

Shen Qingqiu asked, “Liu-shidi, are you sure you want to accompany us?”

He had always thought of Liu Qingge as someone who placed himself above all others, who didn’t need sleep to function. Even if he were to sleep, it would be curled up within the clouds while cultivating.

Liu Qingge grasped onto his sword, coldly saying: “I wouldn’t feel at ease otherwise.”

He looked up just in time to meet eyes with Luo Binghe, who was standing behind Shen Qingqiu. Silently Luo Binghe snorted twice, his eyes looking away and his lips twisting into a smile of contempt. Liu Qingge immediately became enraged, his grip tightening on Cheng Luan until his veins turned blue.

Seeing this, Shen Qingqiu hurriedly said, “If there’s anything you have to say, say it. Don’t be angry.”

He turned around. Luo Binghe innocently blinked at him, his lips still starkly pale.

The tavern assistant smiled. “How many customers are looking for accommodation here?”

Liu Qingge ignored him and Luo Binghe looked like he would collapse at any moment. Shen Qingqiu could only step out by himself. “Yes.”

The assistant: “How many rooms are you looking for?”

Shen Qingqiu: “Three...”

Luo Binghe: “Two rooms.”

Liu Qingge’s expression was that of seeing a vicious criminal, hateful and deserving to be put to death.

Luo Binghe amicably said, “I’ll trouble you to prepare two rooms, thank you.”

Liu Qingge said, “Three rooms.”

Luo Binghe smiled, replying, “Excuse me, but who is paying?”

Shen Qingqiu and Liu Qingge both froze.

Shen Qingqiu’s position was obvious; he had just escaped from the heart of the demon world, so why would he carry such unnecessary items with him? Liu Qingge was even more out of the question. Someone as removed from the mortal world as him, who had only fought and killed the entire journey, would not be the kind to remember to bring money.

Luo Binghe leisurely said, “It’s me. I didn’t bring enough money. Therefore, two rooms.”

Shen Qingqiu: “...Liu-shidi, don’t argue with him.”

This kind of problem really didn't have any other solutions. If they didn't have enough money, it wasn't like they could sell off Xiu Ya or Cheng Luan...

One did not know if Luo Binghe was doing this on purpose. Right now, Shen Qingqiu didn't dare to find out the truth. With the room tablets in hand, they ascended the stairs, with Liu Qingge at the forefront and Shen Qingqiu in the middle.

Shen Qingqiu turned around, helplessly saying, "The next time you anger your shishu like this, I'll sell you off to recompense the debt."

Luo Binghe raised his head. "Shizun, you always treat me so heartlessly."

In front of them, Liu Qingge glanced back to look at them. He wrinkled his nose, feeling the growing urge to hack them both to death. One to bury on the mountain summit and one to scatter at the bottom of the ocean.

The two rooms were adjacent to each other. The room distribution was the solemn question at hand.

Liu Qingge was having a serious dilemma. This Luo Binghe's conduct was unimaginably freakish and his evil influence was extremely strong to the point of hugging a corpse for five years straight. Right now, the man himself was in front of his eyes. Could he let him have his way?

It was as if sparks were colliding in the air.

Shen Qingqiu calmly opened the door, turned around, and shut the door.

After the door was closed, he suddenly opened it again a fraction. His tone was dignified. "Then, you two have a good rest."

The sparks suddenly froze over.

Liu Qingge: "...Hey!"

A black cloud seemed to form over Luo Binghe. "Shizun, he's going to kill me."

Shen Qingqiu pointed at Liu Qingge. “You can fight. Just don’t beat him to death.”

What a joke. He didn’t dare to share a room with Luo Binghe. A straight and a gay man sharing a room at night—wouldn’t that be the same as seeking death?

That’s right, Shen Qingqiu still considered himself to be straight! To read a stallion novel like Proud Immortal Demon Way was the very proof of his sexuality!

He also didn’t dare to share a room with Liu Qingge. It was true that Liu Qingge was, since the beginning of time, the world’s first straight man, as straight as the reflection of the sun and moon or the day and night. However, if Luo Binghe, this demon Vinegar King were to flip over his jar, the situation would be even harder to handle.

Shen Qingqiu cheerfully said, “It’s been decided like this then.”

Luo Binghe wept and sobbed as he accused Shen Qingqiu: “Shizun, you really have a heart of steel.”

Shen Qingqiu laughed, but firmly closed the door. The two people outside were left petrified. The outside was burnt, but the inside was tender.

They had only stopped over here to rest because of Luo Binghe’s poor health. But now, looking at it, didn’t his complexion look perfectly healthy?

So he had worried all for nothing!

After he took a bath, Shen Qingqiu changed into clean clothing. At leisure with nothing to do, he found a few thin booklets stacked by the window. While the cover was extremely gaudy—he was unable to make out the large characters in its title—he recognized the “One,” “Two,” “Three,” and so on. Grabbing a booklet, Shen Qingqiu leaned against the headboard to read.

From a cursory glance at a few lines, he found that this booklet was filled with numerous words. The rhetoric was beautifully written, the narrative touching, all of which were accompanied by extremely beautiful illustrations. Shen Qingqiu wanted to read the book more carefully when suddenly, the semi-forgotten sound of the system popped up.

System: Hello. Notice 1: Coolness level exceeds the set value, the key item drop prerequisite has been met. Please prepare to receive the item; if the host cannot collect the item when it drops, then the item will become invalid.

A key item. Was it that fake Guanyin jade that was capable of nullifying 5000 points of anger?

Shen Qingqiu threw the booklet in his hands to the side. “Wait a minute. ‘Coolness level exceeds the set value, the key item drop prerequisite has been met’—does that mean that before my Coolness level met the required value, that key item wasn’t able to be used?”

System: That is correct.

But before, when he was having a crisis, didn’t the System ask him if he wanted to use the item or not? To be able to use it before meeting the prerequisites, wasn’t this the same as using a scenario advancer?

Furthermore, this crucial item wasn’t that useful to him. Shen Qingqiu believed that right now, even if he didn’t “get involved” with Luo Binghe, the male lead’s anger would not rise as long as he didn’t “get involved” with anyone else. Even if he pressed Luo Binghe to the ground and beat him half to death, the only thing that would go up would be his Coolness level.

System: Notice 2: Action scene ahead. An important assignment is about to occur at Zhao Hua Temple. Please prepare to receive the assignment. Wishing you a pleasant day.

2.0 even had the ability to warn about action scenes ahead!

To tell the truth, recently some of Luo Binghe's actions had been overly intimate, but the Coolness level hadn't increased. Shen Qingqiu held some doubt towards this. He wasn't being narcissistic, but hitting, scolding, or even looking at Luo Binghe that masochist had always caused his Coolness level to go up. Now, hearing no reaction, it was really too unscientific. Could it be that he hadn't heard the notification, missing the System announcements altogether?

But opening the database, he found that his Coolness level really hadn't increased that much.

He asked the question to the System. The System replied: Because the host's Coolness level has increased too much recently, in order to save the System's resources, all Coolness point increases will be calculated at the end of each month. Wishing you a pleasant day.

Calculated at the end of each month?

Shen Qingqiu had a premonition that it would be an extremely frightening number...

He was just about to try to remember what the original plot of Zhao Hua Temple was when, suddenly, several loud knocks sounded on the wooden door of his room.

Shen Qingqiu's initial thoughts were that it was definitely Luo Binghe. But when he went to open the door, only then did he realize that he had thought too highly of himself.

The person who walked inside was Liu Qingge.

But wasn't Liu Qingge the type to kick down a door and barge into a room? Since when did he learn to knock?

A straight man could be let inside! Shen Qingqiu moved aside to let him in before closing the door. Without thinking, he asked, "Liu-shidi, why are you here so late? Where's Luo Binghe?"

Liu Qingge's face was wooden. "I don't know!"

His expression was clearly written on his face: he would rather sleep on the roof than share a room with that bastard.

Inwardly, Shen Qingqiu laughed a little desperately. Liu Qingge glanced at him before reaching inside his robes and pulling out an object, which he threw towards Shen Qingqiu. Catching it, Shen Qingqiu realized that it was one of the folding fans he had left behind in Qing Jing Peak.

Shen Qingqiu was unable to restrain his emotions. Unfolding it, he allowed the cool air to blow against his face, creating the cool and noble image of a deity. The folding fan really was the most powerful bullsh***ing weapon. He could already feel his bulls**t level increasing!

He felt a bit emotional. "Shidi... you remembered to bring this for me."

Liu Qingge obviously did not come just to give him the folding fan. Pulling out a chair, he sat down upright and still with only an arm resting against the table. Solemnly, he said, "I need to talk to you."

Shen Qingqiu was affected by this mood. He corrected his posture, straightening his back stiffly. Just as solemnly, he replied, "Alright, speak."

Liu Qingge said, "You and Luo Binghe, what happened between you two?"

The Peak Leader of Bai Zhan Peak would definitely not ask this question out of a need for gossip. Shen Qingqiu pondered for a moment, before sincerely saying, "I... also do not understand what happened. The situation had already turned into this before I could react."

Liu Qingge said, "Do you really believe that he turned over a new leaf?"

Shen Qingqiu said, "It isn't that he's turned over a new leaf. It's that I've always misunderstood him."

Liu Qingge laughed coldly. "Misunderstood? He forced you to self detonate, tormented Huan Hua Palace, besieged Cang Qiong Mountain,

smashed the roof of the Palace Hall, injured our Shixiong, the Sect Master—are these all misunderstandings?”

Hearing the last phrase, Shen Qingqiu asked, “Is the Sect Master alright? He suffered injuries last time. Did Mu-shidi heal them? Was it really Luo Binghe who injured him?”

Liu Qingge indignantly said, “Who else could it be? You’re still looking for excuses for him? You really are stupid.”

No. He wasn’t looking for an excuse for Luo Binghe. He was just unable to believe that it really was Luo Binghe who had injured Yue Qingyuan.

One must keep in mind that in the original Proud Immortal Demon Way, Luo BingHe had clashed with Yue QingYuan quite a few times, but never once did he ever gain the upperhand against the Sect Leader. It was only through exploiting the original Shen QingQiu that he could kill the Sect Leader so brutally with ten thousand arrows through the heart.

Speaking of which, no matter if it was the original world or this world, Yue Qingyuan’s treatment of Shen Qingqiu was really too generous. Back when Shen Qingqiu was reading Proud Immortal Demon Way, he had been upset how such an upright and morally righteous sect leader had treated a trash villain in such a kind manner. Could it be that these two had some kind of hidden relationship?

Would it fill in one of the novel’s plot holes?

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by Cheryl aka Hiohbye.
- Shizun was so happy when he got one of his own fans back. Liu Qingge really knows him well.
- I feel like the Vinegar Jar Demon King will be upset that his Shizun is secretly meeting another man in his bedroom.
- Please let me know if there are any errors.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 68 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 68 – In Zhao Hua Temple

He had lowered his head in contemplation, but Liu Qingge thought he was ashamed after the scolding. His expression relaxed and his tone became less severe. “All our comrades don’t understand why you insist on being so good to him.”

Liu Qingge leaned slightly forwards and the bright candlelight painted a layer of warmth onto his snow-pale face. He asked tightly, “Or to say, those rumors, are they all true?”



He really had been too naive and innocent to believe that Liu-juju would turn up his nose to that gossip. Shen Qingqiu's grip tightened on his fan. "So even Liu-shidi would believe those nonsense rumors."

Liu Qingge sat straight again. "I don't believe them. But you have been wholeheartedly shielding that thankless wretch."

Shen Qingqiu said helplessly, "I haven't been shielding him. I just don't want to misunderstand him again."

Liu Qingge said coldly, "I don't understand the things between you two. It's easier to shift the mountains and rivers than to change one's essential character. Luo Binghe is absolutely not the benevolent type, you take good care."

He finished, rose, and walked out. Naturally, Shen Qingqiu also knew Luo Binghe was absolutely not the benevolent type. But, up until now he still could not determine whether or not he was the wicked type—still such a

headache. Liu Qingge was almost out the door when he gave the small table a glimpse as he passed by and seemed to have seen something unbelievable, his foot stepping on air.

Raising his head, Shen Qingqiu saw that Liu Qingge still had not left the room. He sensed that something was off. “What?”

Liu Qingge stiffly turned his head, looking him up and down with the complex gaze of someone regarding something they had never seen before. After a while, he shook his head and finally opened the door to leave. In those short few steps, he seemed to have tripped over the door sill.

What is it?!

Shen Qingqiu slept soundly that night.

Early in the morning the next day, when he was still half in a dream, he sensed someone else in the room.

This person was quiet and light-footed, moving about every corner of the room. Shen Qingqiu lifted an eyelid to look and froze, staring on spot.

The only one who’d be interested in slipping into his room first thing in the morning, of course, it would be Luo Binghe.

But, this was a very different Luo Binghe.

He had changed into a set of white clothes, black hair also bound up in an orderly fashion with a light-colored ribbon. He hurried about the room with a relaxed and contented expression.

This attire and this look were entirely identical to the Luo Binghe from before the Immortal Alliance Conference. A model of a pure and busy disciple from a major sect (cross that out), the image of a diligent and competent young charming maiden (cross that out), it’s really... it really is...

Luo Binghe turned his head. Seeing him propping himself up on one arm, he reached out a hand and said, all smiles, “Shizun is awake? The morning

meal is on the table.”

Shen Qingqiu propped up his forehead on one hand, but his body responded on its own and took Luo Binghe’s hand, getting off the bed.

The strange thing was, this sort of morning ritual was the exact same type of service he received every morning long ago on Qing Jing Peak. Getting up, getting dressed, washing up, sitting down, eating breakfast—the whole set was done automatically under Luo Binghe’s careful service.

If the setting was swapped for the bamboo house on Qing Jing Peak, there really would be a frightful illusion of time flowing backward!

Luo Binghe said, “This guest house’s breakfast really is unpalatable. I’ve wronged Shizun.”

If the object of comparison was Luo Binghe’s handiwork, this evaluation was very polite. Shen Qingqiu sighed deeply and asked, “Where is your shishu?”

Luo Binghe said with a smile, “I don’t know.”

Whenever one mentioned one of those two to the other, it would always be those simple and rough three words. Shen Qingqiu figured he had gone as far down that path of inquiry as he could; asking him would be wasting his words. In a lively flash, Luo Binghe had gone to make his bed.

This devil incarnate was making his bed! This scene was too satisfying, but Shen Qingqiu didn’t dare to look. Suddenly, Luo Binghe’s voice rose again. “But, since Shizun is willing to let me call Liu Qingge Shishu, this is to say, you still acknowledge me as a disciple of Qing Jing Peak.”

No kidding?

How many times have you chased me yelling Shizun this, Shizun that?

Shen Qingqiu said, “When has this teacher said you’re not my disciple?”

Luo Binghe said in a low voice, “I always thought Shizun had long tacitly driven me from his door. I always chased you yelling Shizun, but in fact, I was very much afraid it was just my one-sided wishful thinking.”

... He couldn't take it.

Shen Qingqiu facepalmed. Have some backbone, won't you? Bing-ge!

You're the one who stood up in front of the harem and said, “I have this many women and there's only going to be more and more—take it or get lost.” This type of tyrannical and callous declaration was from a peerless stallion protagonist.

This pure-hearted young man, bringing tea, fetching water, washing clothes, and making beds while bashfully only speaking when his back is turned—who is he?

Ah?

Who's possessing your body?

Shen Qingqiu finally had another opportunity to instruct his disciple. He drank a mouthful of tea and said, “It's very good that you think this way. Since you know you are still a disciple of Qing Jing Peak, then from now on you cannot be this rude to your shishu and shibo. Especially when we return to Cang Qiong Mountain today, you must obediently apologize for the last time you encircled the mountain and smashed their halls.”

Of course, the apology would not only be a verbal apology. You have to compensate for the original cost of construction of every building you broke. This was the minimum amount of good faith you could afford.

While efficiently storing away the breakfast dishes, Luo Binghe said carelessly, “We don't need to return to Cang Qiong Mountain today.”

Shen Qingqiu: “En. En? What are you talking about?”

Luo Binghe said, "I'm saying, if Shizun really wants to see all... my shishu and shibo, we need not return to Cang Qiong Mountain. We can just make a turn and proceed directly towards Zhao Hua Temple."

As soon as those three words "Zhao Hua Temple" left his mouth, the System sent a notification:

The "Zhao Hua Temple" mission has been officially assigned! Assigner: Luo Binghe. Please select whether or not to accept!

Accept Gladly Accept reluctantly Refuse

Luo Binghe himself initiated this mission. Shen Qingqiu squinted. "How did you know?"

Luo Binghe said, "Won't Shizun know if he goes? Let's go while Liu... Liu-shishu hasn't returned."

Before his words had fallen, Liu Qingge returned, kicking the door open with a bang. Though the door had been kicked over, Shen Qingqiu felt that this was the style and entrance method the normal Liu Qingge should have, so his expression did not change. Liu Qingge didn't spare Luo Binghe a glance as he said to Shen Qingqiu, "Change of plans. We're not returning to Cang Qiong Mountain today; we're going to Zhao Hua Temple."

Shen Qingqiu stood up. "Did something happen?"

Liu Qingge said severely, "Something happened. The news came midnight last night. Today, many sects are going to discuss at Zhao Hua Temple on the head cultivator's invitation. Cang Qiong Mountain Sect is included. This city's cultivator clan just got ready to set off."

On the way to Zhao Hua Temple, they passed through Jinlan City.

In those few years, this formerly flourishing merchant capital had undergone some unknown calamity to be the way it was today. If they weren't hurrying on an urgent journey, Shen Qingqiu would definitely fly that thick layer of cloud to go take a look.

Not long after they passed Jinlan City, they reached Zhao Hua Temple.

The treasured temple was dignified and stately, nestled at the waist of an ancient verdant mountain. It was usually a quiet and secluded temple, but now it was a boiling cauldron of voices, silhouettes darting back and forth, an unceasing parade of troops on flying swords sailing in and out of the mountain's waist.

The three stopped at the foot of the layers upon layers of stone steps to the Hall of Great Strength. Liu Qingge said to Shen Qingqiu, "Come with me to go see Zhangmen Shixiong."

Shen Qingqiu was just about to nod when Luo Binghe followed behind. His status was unusual and his appearance in this context would cause a sensitive situation. Shen Qingqiu said, "You go hide first; don't let all the sect heads point their spears at you."

Luo Binghe said indifferently, "If they want to point then let them point. Of course, I have to go with Shizun."

This one really wouldn't listen to advice. If he actually followed and someone recognized him, it would add a lot of unnecessary annoyances. Shen Qingqiu said, "Liu-shidi, you go ahead. I'll come soon after."

Liu Qingge shot them a cold glance and flew up the steps, going to rendezvous with Cang Qiong Mountain.

As long as he meticulously curbed his energy and adjusted his expression, Luo Binghe could make himself look like a harmless stock character and slip into the bustling crowd. He really did look like a fine youth from a normal sect—it's just that his face was a bit excessively good-looking and it was hard to avoid drawing people's attention. As for Shen Qingqiu, aside from that one not-quite-splendid time he showed his face in Jinlan City, he had been buried in the dirt, not showing his face for many years. The chance of being recognized was even lower.

Spectators, packed into layers, encircled the temple hall and plaza in a wall of humanity. In the past, the most numerous and the most high and

mighty definitely would have been Huan Hua Palace's disciples. But, now that Huan Hua Palace had become a demonic cult, they were naturally excluded. They had not even received an invitation, and not one of them was in sight.

Several Zhao Hua Temple abbots presided over the conference in the center of the Hall of Great Strength. Even Great Master Wu Chen was standing among them. Only after looking closer was Shen Qingqiu able to discover that both his lower legs were wooden prosthetics. With these, he would be able to stand and walk as normal.

Cang Qiong Mountain, with Yue Qingyuan as head, sat at the side of the hall, holding a solemn and respectful gaze. Liu Qingge had just arrived behind, stooping over to mutter a few words. Yue Qingyuan's expression stirred. Slightly inclining his head, he cast his gaze around to all sides.

Beside Great Master Wu Chen was Zhao Hua Temple's host, abbot Wu Wang. This grizzled old monk held his palms together, his deep and low voice resounding through the great hall loud and clear.

"This old monk will ask directly."

"Everyone present, how many of you had that same dream last night?"

Dream?

Needless to say, this was Luo Binghe's doing!

The latter said softly by Shen Qingqiu's ear, "Shizun, weren't you stressing about not having 'evidence'? This way, won't you not have to go to the trouble?"

No wonder he had slept for a while on Xiu Ya. Shen Qingqiu had thought he had run out of strength but turns out he had been activating his dream abilities at that time.

Luo Binghe's gaze was brimming with "Praise me!" and "Pat my head!", but his head began to hurt. What sort of dreamland had Luo Binghe

constructed for them to make the state of affairs so serious that this many people would hastily converge at Zhao Hua Temple for a serious discussion...

He didn't need to ask before someone else said irritably, "Has anyone said a word about what type of dream this was?"

This person looked very familiar. After pondering for a while, Shen Qingqiu suddenly realized. Wasn't this that... from Hua Yue City, what sect was it—oh, the Ba Qi Sect, the head disciple from Ba Qi Sect!

Great Master Wu Chen said politely, "If I may ask this sect master, what is your cultivation level?"

The person replied, "Late-stage core formation!"

The two abbots sent each other a glance, and many people began to cough lightly.

Mysteriously, Great Master Wu Chen seemed to have come to a small realization. "That... this is quite strange. In this temple, everyone above the core formation stage all had the same dream..."

The meaning behind his words was that if he really was in late-stage core formation, he should also have had the dream...

The people below voiced their agreements one after another. "That's right, all of us below core formation were perfectly fine last night."

To have lied about one's cultivation status under everyone's eyes, and to have been exposed on the spot, this really was lifting up a stone and dropping it on your own foot. Shen Qingqiu inwardly lit a candle for this dear friend who spent so long without a bit of progress.

Though that shixiong's cultivation hadn't grown too much in these years, his face had gotten quite a bit thicker. He still didn't act ashamed and said in a loud voice, "There are exceptions for everything! What's more important to discuss—what type of dream was it?"

Ba Qi Sect, with this name leaking hegemonic spirit, didn't even have a single cultivator who had achieved core formation. Or else, he wouldn't have needed to chase this line of inquiry in this plaza full of people. Looks like this one hadn't received an invitation to the discussion, but purely came to get in on the action, slipping in with a familiar face.

Wu Wang wrinkled his brow. However, Great Master Wu Chen had a good temperament and patiently began to give him an outline: "The contents of the dream were that Tianlang-Jun, who had been suppressed under Bailu Mountain, had regained a flesh body, beginning to raise foul winds and bloody rain..."

Though Great Master Wu Chen's phrasing was elegant and full of hidden meaning, the contents were somewhat abridged. Going by Luo Binghe's taste, those "foul winds and bloody rain" on his tongue definitely were not simple beatings and killings, they definitely left out many more heavy plays...

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Lily of BC Novels.
 - Someone asked me why Liu Qingge tripped over the door sill. Well, go back to the previous chapter and check out Shen Qingqiu's description of the book he was reading. *cough*
 - Wow, our cute little sheep Luo Binghe is back! Or is it now a wolf in sheep's clothing? He even took off his black robes and put on white clothes so as to look more like his old harmless, innocent, ~~maidenly~~ self.
 - Shen Qingqiu, as the Peak Lord of Quiet Peak is ranked second in seniority, right after the sect master. Therefore, Luo Binghe's shibo would be Yue Qingyuan while his shishu would be Liu Qingge, Mu Qingfan, Qi Qingqi, Shang Qinghua, and the other Peak Lords.
 - Please let me know if there are any errors.
 - Thanks for reading.
-

One a more personal note, I've mentioned in my other projects' chapters that I'm taking care of a family crisis. My mom has a tumor in one of her kidneys. We were hoping that she wouldn't need an operation to remove it but now the doctors say she definitely needs one.

As you can imagine, this means I will be very busy irl and also quite stressed so my other projects will probably be somewhat delayed.

Scum Villain will not be affected since this is a group project and I will make it my number one priority.

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Chapter 69 – In Zhao Hua Temple 2

Wu Wang said, “When one or two people have the same dream, it can already be considered to be peculiar. However, if several hundred people have the same dream at the same time, even the word ‘fantastical’ wouldn’t be able to explain this phenomenon. And this dream is completely out of the ordinary. It was too realistic. When you wake up, you would feel as if reality isn’t even as vivid as the sceneries from the dream.”

The cultivators that were at core formation stage were all in agreement with the experience from the dream, and each of them nodded their heads at each other confusedly, hearts filled of terror. Someone questioned, “This Tianlang-Jun, why exactly was he sealed? If he really is this scary, in the past, how was he sealed?”



Master Wu Chen sighed. “This is another enmity caused by sin. If the Palace Master of Huan Hua Palace was here today, there is no estimate to how much he would sigh with pity.”

There was a woman’s voice full of astonishment. “Huan Hua Palace’s Palace Master? What does this have to do with Luo Binghe?”

The voice was sweet and clear, like the song of a golden oriole. Shen Qingqiu’s gaze followed the sound of the voice.

The one that was speaking was a slender, beautiful nun from the Tianyi Sect.

As for which one, Shen Qingqiu was not able to say, because there were three nuns with the same face and outfit, like they came out of the same mold. When they stood next to one another, they looked like three astonishingly beautiful blue flowers. Even the feeling that they expressed was the same indescribable, peculiar feeling.....of excitement. Yes, it really was the feeling of excitement.

It was the three identical sisters in Luo Binghe's Inner Palace. Long time no see, Inner Palace!

If it was the past, Shen Qingqiu would definitely be overwhelmed with joy. He would then, on one hand, happily push for the scene where the protagonist would chase after a woman while on the other hand, aim a mouthful of complaints towards Airplane Shooting Toward the Sky. But now.....

Luo Binghe's voice was very deep and quiet, but the smell of vinegar has already drifted for over ten miles. "Shizun, are they pretty?"

Ai, fine, they don't need to bring this up. Shen Qingqiu brought his gaze back. The plot has been changed into a jumbled mess and the three nuns weren't made into containers for Luo Binghe so they shouldn't be close to Luo Binghe. However, they still expressed concern when faced with information related to him. Shen Qingqiu automatically explained the excitement on their face as the blossoming affection of a young woman. Luo Binghe's stallion power was still very powerful!

Master Wu Wang said, "Amitabha. The Palace Master that we are speaking of is the Old Palace Master of the last generation. That Luo Binghe has utilized sinister means to obtain the title. How can he have the ability to serve as the Palace Master?"

Luo Binghe lifted an eyebrow and unhappily slanted his mouth. Master Wu Wang continued speaking.

"However, this situation is inseparable from the Huan Hua Palace. A few decades ago, the Old Palace Master had a chief disciple called Su Xiyan."

Shen Qingqiu's spirit was trembling in excitement. Following this development, they are going to unravel the mystery surrounding the birth of Luo Binghe.

“That woman had shocking talent, was intelligent and sensitive when making decisions, and she had the aura of a tyrant. The Old Palace Master loved and cared for this private disciple. He thought of her as a pearl that should be protected in his hands and trained her to be the next Palace Master of Huan Hua Palace. No matter where he went, he would bring Su Xiyan along with him. The importance that he placed in her was abnormal.”

Shen Qingqiu thought back to the Old Palace Master in the Holy Mausoleum with his dull eyes and saliva flowing down his chin. He thought to himself that the Old Palace Master most likely did not think of Su Xiyan as a pearl that needed to be protected. The meat that was exclusively devoured by himself should be more accurate.

In the Great Hall, no one made a sound. There was only the voice of Master Wu Wang.

“On one occasion, the Old Palace Master and Su Xiyan followed the requests of a village and went to exterminate demonic creatures. When they were returning back to the Palace, they encountered an old city downstream from Luo Chuan. In that city, demons and other evil beings were running rampant. There was not many left of the city's original population. However, Su Xiyan was able to meet a young man that was out alone in a tea house.”

“That young man had an extraordinary aura coupled with a top grade appearance. Sitting under a weeping willow, he was singing poetry overlapped by music. This type of character should not have appeared at such a place at such a time. At that time, Su Xiyan thought that it was strange. She had a brief conversation with that stranger and immediately deduced that this person had a goal and was definitely not ordinary.”

Shen Qingqiu listened eagerly.

Tianlang-Jun really was an artistic youth who loved the literary arts in the realms of humans since childhood. And what kind of artistic youth is the scariest? One that looks handsome who is also intelligent. If it was like this, then what happens next can be easily determined. As long as his singing didn't make people feel too sorry for their ears, then the possibility of love at first sight was definitely possible.

Who would have known that the plot would take a sharp turn for the worst?

Su Xiyan immediately reported back to her shifu. As the Old Palace Master thought more on the subject, he also became more wary. When he noticed that the young man was affectionate towards Su Xiyan and that they were friendly enough to enjoy a conversation, the Old Palace Master decided to use this. He ordered her to get close to the other to get more information. Su Xiyan had quite a set of skills—she easily discovered that the young man wasn't an ordinary person. He was the current ruler of the great demons that dominated the north and the south, Tianlang-Jun.

Originally, many would think that in the meeting, the man had feelings while the woman had intentions; however, it actually pertained the internal affairs between the righteous and demonic sects.

This wasn't the common dramatic story of a nefarious Sacred Ruler of the demonic sect meeting a pure white flower. Instead, it was a story of an innocent king who didn't know that human hearts were filled with evil intentions that met with a tyrannic flower with a heart that was both cold and dark.

Shen Qingqiu finally understood the meaning behind the smile-yet-not-quite-a-smile that gave off the impression of being “cold and ruthless,” along with the odd tone of voice that Tianlang-Jun had when Shen Qingqiu mentioned Su Xiyan.

“The Old Palace Master continued to let Su Xiyan pretend to get closer to Tianlang-Jun while he sent out other people to monitor the situation in the dark. Who would have known that the disciples that he sent out would all be avoided? The Old Palace Master had to personally head out. Finally, all

the efforts had not been wasted—they finally discovered the reason Tianlang-Jun was staying in the Human realm. One day, Su Xiyan and Tianlang-Jun had a meeting on Bailu Mountain. They sat together on the head of a gigantic green snake as they talked quietly.”

That giant green snake, if he didn’t guess wrong, was probably Zhuzhi-Lang. No matter how he thought of it, only Zhuzhi-Lang came to mind. Either as a nephew or as a subordinate, to be brought out on a date to be a seat cushion—no matter how you hear it, it sounded like Zhuzhi-Lang was way too pitiful!

“The Old Palace Master, for fear of being discovered by Tianlang-Jun, hid nearby without daring to get too close and listened to their barely audible conversation. Su Xiyan patiently guided their conversation and took an indirect approach, coaxing Tianlang-Jun until he temporarily forgot himself enough to reveal his true purpose for sneaking into the human world: a massacre of the cultivation world in which every sect and faction’s treasures will be looted to strengthen the demon race’s power!”

At the last sentence, there was the sound of the crowd gasping as one while Shen Qingqiu sighed.

Frankly speaking, this type of typical and cliché BOSS-like reasoning wasn’t Tianlang-Jun’s style. He wasn’t the type of person who would come up with that kind of grandiose plan. Furthermore, as the Supreme Ruler, Tianlang-Jun could enter the demon race’s Mausoleum, a source of inexhaustible treasures, whenever he wished. This was a person who could arrange vendors’ stalls that were full of treasures in a circle on the ground to play with when he had nothing to do. Would such a person really bother with the four sect’s few treasures?

Shen Qingqiu had a lot of doubts about this story but Great Master Wu Wang continued: “The Old Palace Master immediately informed the sect master of every great sect about this matter. Tianlang-Jun met Su Xiyan twice a month at Bailu Mountain. All the sects agreed on a plan: on their next meeting, the sects would all join forces to encircle and suppress Tianlang-Jun.”

“As for what happened then, regarding the Battle of Bailu Mountain, it would be better for Sect Master Yue, who was present at the battle, to narrate the events of that day.”

Yue Qingyuan said: “There’s not much to say about the situation on the battlefield that day. Tianlang-Jun didn’t expect that instead of Su Xiyan, he would encounter an attack from all sides. There was only one demon general, Zhuzhi-Lang, with him who also got caught in the encirclement.

Thus, in a manner of speaking, it could be said that their side won the battle. He spoke calmly, not making the slightest effort to whitewash the truth. There were many who had heard their seniors in the sect boasting about the Battle of Bailu Mountain since their childhood. When they heard the real story of the battle for the first time, they felt somewhat embarrassed.

Yue Qingyuan said: “Because Zhuzhi-Lang protected his master, he was struck head-on by my master’s ‘Heaven’s Wrath’ technique. The spell wrapped around him and turned him back to his original, half-serpent form. He then fled. Tianlang-Jun was suppressed under Bailu Mountain.”

So it turned out that the reason why Zhuzhi-Lang was in his half-serpent form at Luzhi Cave was because of the previous generation’s Qiong Ding Peak master’s heavenly thunderbolts. Based on Zhuzhi-Lang’s logic in which gratitude and grudges are clearly distinguished and the smallest grievance must be avenged... Shen Qingqiu didn’t have enough time to think about it because the System’s notification sound blared in his mind:

[Mission Released: Please help “Luo Binghe” complete the Zhao Hua Temple secondary story arc. Objective: The increase in reputation points must not be less than 200 points!]

Reputation points?

Shen Qingqiu suddenly remembered what the secondary story arc of Zhao Hua Temple was.

At this point, Shen Qingqiu remembered Sha Hualing's father Jiuzhong-Jun. This unfortunate demon noble had fallen on hard times when his selfish daughter, who didn't know right from wrong and harmed her own family, lost his territory. He spent some time roaming the southern lands gathering a motley crew, hoping to stage a comeback and take revenge on Luo Binghe. However, when he encountered the protagonist's unbreakable halo (plot armor), he couldn't make either of his two glorious wishes come true...

Since Jiuzhong-Jun's plans were repeatedly foiled, he was nursing many grievances in his heart. What could he do about it?

Of course, it was to vent his anger on someone else!

And that "someone else" was none other than Zhao Hua Temple...

This behavior was similar to Sha Hualing's attack on Qiong Ding Peak. Having an exaggerated opinion of one's abilities, not knowing the immensity of heaven and earth, they courted death. When Shen Yuan read that part of the novel, he mentally scoffed at this pair of father and daughter whose brain circuits seemed to be wired in the same way.

In the original novel, thanks to Jiuzhong-Jun sending a motley group of demon soldiers in the vicinity of Zhao Hua Temple to disturb the people and monks there, Zhao Hua Temple held a meeting, not to discuss the problem of Tianlang-Jun, but to sort out this troubled and depressed group of demons who were looking for others to notice their existence.

However, the exact purpose for this meeting wasn't important. What was more important was that this secondary story arc was indeed a way for Luo Binghe to improve his reputation.

Jiuzhong-Jun's tribe of demons mixed in with the crowd waiting for a chance to "teach those Buddhist monks a lesson" (in the original novel's words). Just a few seconds after they attacked, they were beautifully overwhelmed by Luo Binghe's domineering pressure. Like this, his reputation was somewhat raised from "absolute evil" to "neither good nor evil."

Shen Qingqiu remained silent and looked around. Sure enough, among the crowd were some “people” who had a sinister look. Very well, the stage was set!

Three beautiful Taoist nuns had an important role in this part of the original plot. These harem members were supposed act together so that the efficiency of increasing reputation points was higher but now they have been relegated to the role of onlookers.

Conclusion: The female lead’s roles were once again given to him, right?

Wu Wang solemnly said: “In that dream, Tianlang-Jun rebuilt his body and bathed the human world in blood until the humans were in a terrible situation. This old monk thinks that this was his way of demonstrating his strength to us and a forewarning of his revenge for the Battle of Bailu Mountain.”

Someone asked: “Since Tianlang-Jun’s original body has been damaged, even if he wants revenge, there’s nothing to be afraid of, right?”

Wu Wang said: “You mustn’t underestimate Tianlang-Jun. He’s known as the Ancient Demon race’s most powerful heir, without equal among all the previous members of the past ruling dynasties. Moreover, in addition to his loyal and capable general Zhuzhi-Lang who has been restored to his original condition, he also has a son.”

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by Windyday and Reika of BC Novels.
 - There’s finally some information about Su Xiyan.
 - Please let me know if there are any errors. Thank you for your comments wishing me and my family well. My mother’s condition is (relatively) okay, all things considered. We’re keeping our fingers crossed that the operation will go well and that she’ll be fine afterwards.
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Chapter 70 – In Zhao Hua Temple 3

Everyone was stunned and began whispering amongst themselves: “Su Xiyan actually had a child with that person?”

“Who was it?”

“Wasn’t she just instructed to deceive Tianlang-Jun? How is it possible.....”

Some were more interested in the aspect of reproductive compatibility: “Can humans and demons really produce offspring?”

“Physically, it’s not that big of a difference. It’s probably feasible.”

Wu Wang said: “Su Xiyan may have approached Tianlang-Jun on her master’s orders, but if she had not been tempted to begin with, how could she have been swayed? My humble self believes she was initially able to restrain herself, but demons have always excelled at deception. Without constant vigilance, a single misstep will cause you to fall under the demon’s wiles and lead to a lifetime of regret. She was already pregnant around the time of the siege. As for the child born from the two of them, you are all here well acquainted with him. It is no other than the one you were just discussing —the Luo Binghe who has seized and taken over Huan Hua Palace!”

As soon as the words left his mouth, the muted whispers in the temple suddenly rose to a roar.

Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but quietly observe Luo Binghe.

In the beginning, Luo Binghe only listened and even had the mood to chuckle. But the more he heard, the more serious he grew. Right now, his smile had completely faded and his face was pale. Only his eyes were dark and wintry.

Yue Qingyuan's knuckles slowly brushed against the hilt of the Xuan Su sword as he spoke: "I have met senior Su Xiyan once a few years ago during the Immortal Alliance Conference. Luo Binghe certainly bears a strong resemblance to his mother. Initially, I put it off as mere coincidence. After all, in this whole wide world, there are many who share similar features. But for him to carry half of the blood of a demon, it can no longer be a coincidence."

The man from BaQi Sect butted in again: "If she had been forced, then it's not her fault. But why, knowing that she was carrying the child of that demon, did she give birth to it?"

Someone else agreed immediately: "That's right, if she hadn't given birth, we wouldn't be plagued by this Luo Binghe. Why didn't Su Xiyan terminate the pregnancy?"

"Tis a shame, really a shame! It's no wonder I have never heard of this person called Su Xiyan. It's only natural to hide such a scandal. Having a traitor within your midst—if they didn't settle the matter themselves, how can they still face their sect master?"

Hearing this, Great Master Wu Chen seemed to have something to say but hesitated. He shook his head slightly and finally said: "Originally, this matter involves a lady's reputation; moreover, benefactor Su has passed away. However, this matter is not simple. It should not remain hidden, else this issue will remain unresolved. The blood of the demon race is strong, and the fetus the mother carries is tied to her lifeline. At that time, attempting to abort the fetus would have carried a very high risk..... Benefactor Su had a proud heart; this was unacceptable to her. In her state, she wouldn't tolerate the stares of strangers. The Old Palace Master gave her a drug that was harmful to the demon race. After she took it, she left

Huan Hua Palace and disappeared. Buddha is merciful. May the rest of you be mindful of your words.”

Luo Binghe remained expressionless, but his fingers flexed and clenched unconsciously.

Near where they both stood, some people whispered furtively: “A child spurned by his own mother even before birth—not an ounce of mercy spared for her own flesh and blood. It’s amazing how women can be so cold-blooded.”

“That’s right, if she hadn’t been so ill-fated as to fall for Tianlang-Jun’s wiles, she would have had such a bright and promising future and be a person of great renown today.”

“I don’t care what fantastic rewards are promised to me—having an affair with a demon and getting knocked up with a monster child is just plain disgusting. This kind of merit, I wouldn’t accept even if it was served to me on a silver platter.”

“Su Xiyan was probably too ashamed to remain, and thus ran away from the sect master.”

The man from BaQi Sect suddenly said: “So from the beginning till the end, there are no facts or evidence pertaining to Tianlang-Jun, and this all rests solely on what the Old Palace Master has told us about Tianlang-Jun?”

The hall fell silent.

The man was oblivious and continued: “I’m just airing my thoughts; you guys can just listen. But, are you really going to launch an offensive just based on the Old Palace Master’s side of the story? Why do I get the feeling that, from the beginning till the end, these are the actions of a jilted lover? Moreover, letting a girl approach a dangerous demon, teaching her to be deceitful, and giving her poison for the abortion, and in the end causing her to leave with grievances—I feel it’s rather despicable. Us from the BaQi Sect would have never done that.”

His words surprised Shen Qingqiu somewhat. Really couldn't tell that this dear fellow, who seemed to be perpetually ky, could still sometimes talk sense even while he was being ky. It seemed that his IQ was not at the same level as that of the normal supporting characters.

In the end, it was Wu Wang who broke the stilted silence. His white brows bristled disapprovingly as he rebuked: "Foolishness! From time immemorial, demons have been attacking the human world. Would you have us regret our inaction only after Tianlang-Jun has bathed the earth in blood? Moreover, as the head of one of the four major sects, how would it benefit the Old Palace Master of the Huan Hua Palace to deceive everyone so maliciously? As for the bastard born of this illicit affair with the demon, we definitely cannot allow him to live! It is regrettable that the demon was able to survive the poison and was not aborted as a fetus!"

This statement was delivered with a strong sense of righteousness and was immediately greeted with claps and cheers. Great Master Wu Chen clasped his hands together as he recited a prayer, disapproval writ large on his face.

It wasn't that no one felt such a pitiless act wasn't particularly cruel, but having heard Wu Wang's stirring speech, as well as influenced by the mood of the gathering, their thoughts had shifted. The fetus was Luo Binghe, after all, —why should they spare it any sympathy? And so, they also cheered along.

Luo Binghe's eyelids were lowered, his gaze hooded. He seemed to be listening still, but his mind had already drifted elsewhere. His features, which had been gradually softening in these past few days, were now glacial again.

The people gathered in the Hall of Great Strength were now gnashing their teeth over his escape from death, and exclaiming over how good it would have been if he had died in the womb. All this fell on deaf ears.

According to the ideal flow of the script, in this location, the plot should have developed thus: the leaders gather to seriously discuss how to coordinate and deal with Tianlang-Jun → the sudden appearance of demons

hellbent on wreaking havoc → Luo Binghe single-handedly defeat the demons in the ambush, and brush up on the feelings of goodwill. But because of this group of gossipy hens who brought up Luo Binghe's background story, the focus has shifted.

Eyeing Luo Binghe who remained mute, Shen Qingqiu suddenly regretted his decision.

He should not have accepted the mission of Zhao Hua Temple.

Great Master Wu Chen sighed: "Why are such words necessary? Benefactor Su, ai, benefactor Su was a single lady who lived on her own outside. The Old Palace Master sent out people to search for her for years in vain—who knows how much she had suffered before her death? The blood flowing in Luo Binghe's veins may be half demon, but Luo Binghe has never caused any grievous harm...."

Wu Wang rebuked him: "Shidi should not be so carelessly merciful. You almost lost your life back in Jinlan City. You should well understand the sinister hearts of demons. Against them, it is always best to take the pre-emptive course of action. This father and son duo have been planning for a long time—they will join hands and make a comeback to wreak destruction on us. Tolerating their existence is not an act of mercy, but a show of womanly weakness. The final outcome will be worse than anything you can dream of!"

Although this monk Wu Wang's cultivation was decent, he was too bellicose. Aside from not having hair, he did not radiate the sense of enlightenment that marked those who practiced Buddhist ethics. An ax would suit his temperament better than the abbot's staff. Unlike Wu Chen, whose skills were average but has a kind and peaceful heart, he was more worthy of bearing the title of "Great Master." Even in the face of such harsh criticism, he remained serene, and did not back down: "Joining hands against us, this.... is mere conjecture, no?"

It was unclear how long the two abbots of Zhao Hua Temple intended to continue wrangling. Yue Qingyuan suddenly spoke up: "Whether they join

forces or not is up for debate, but one thing is certain: Luo Binghe is not a good person.”

He raised his voice: “Qingqiu, still not coming out?”

Shen Qingqiu’s hair stood on end. He dawdled for a bit, before slowly standing up.

There was the sensation of being a primary school student who has been singled out by the class teacher for a scolding. His face felt hot, but he was fortunately thick-skinned enough to maintain a calm and unruffled appearance. He bowed in greeting: “Zhangmen-shixiong.”

Since he has been called out, attention would also be drawn to the one next to him. Sure enough, someone immediately exclaimed: “Luo Binghe! It’s Luo Binghe!”

“It really is him! When did he enter?!”

“Shen Qingqiu is here too. Isn’t he supposed to be dead?!”

“But I saw him self destruct at Huayue City with my own eyes.....”

The hubbub was as noisy as all hell, but mixed in it were the soft and delicate voices of women. They were the three beautiful Taoist priestesses from Tian Yi Monastery. The three women clasped at each other’s arms, their faces strangely flushed. Stranger still was that their maidenly shyness seemed to be directed at Shen Qingqiu.....

Yue Qingyuan gazed at him while seated, and asked bluntly: “Are you done with this buffoonery?”

Yue Qingyuan has never spoken to him so harshly before. For him to use the word “buffoonery” was on the same level as administering a heavy beating. It seems like Liu Qingge had been very enthusiastic while bad-mouthing him.

Shen Qingqiu vowed to one day steal Cheng Luan and use it to slice all the pork legs in the Twelve Peaks’ kitchens until the sword’s bright gleam

was smothered under layers of grease.

Follow the script, follow the script, okay? I'm begging you to please turn all your attention to the demons who have already broken into the temple, alright! How am I supposed to increase the values of goodwill!

He was about to make a move to draw their notice to the suspicious figures who had infiltrated the ranks of the various sects disguised as their disciples, when Wu Wang slammed the butt of his staff on the ground, sneering: "Luo Binghe, you've saved us quite some trouble by delivering yourself to our doorsteps. Why not just tell us what Tianlang-Jun has dreamt up for us this time?"

Luo Binghe replied icily: "That is his business, not mine."

Someone spoke up: "He is your father—dare you say it's not your business as well?"

Luo Binghe remained indifferent: "He's not my father."

Wu Wang said: "In the face of overwhelming truth, you're still trying to evade. Do you think all of us here are gullible children?"

Luo Binghe shook his head stubbornly as he repeated: "He's not my father."

Wu Wang snorted: "You really are the scourge of the century. If Su Xiyan had gotten rid of you back then, it would have saved everyone a lot of grief!"

The vicious words struck a nerve. Luo Binghe's breath caught in his throat for a moment, his eyes reddening. Without a second thought, Shen Qingqiu caught hold of his hand.

Liu Qingge had been standing behind Yue Qingyuan with his arms crossed. Seeing him openly move to Luo Binghe's side under everyone's watchful gaze, a vein jumped on his forehead: "Hey!"

Liu Qingge was too irritated to say more and only barked out sharply once. However, it didn't deter Shen Qingqiu, who willfully ignored it. It definitely wouldn't be fun if Luo Binghe flew into a rage here and now. It's not just a question of whether the feelings of goodwill can be increased. The crux was, in the novel's Zhao Hua Temple chapter, they had to tread carefully.

If spiritual power was used, the hundreds of people present could pulp them with one collective blow; using demonic power, there were countless masters of spell arrays from Zhao Hua Temple who were most skilled in sealing away demon magic. Thus, it was impossible to suppress the other cultivators by force. It's not like his IQ has fallen to the level of the Sha Hualing father and daughter pair.

Luo Binghe said freezingly: "Who is Su Xiyan? My mother is just a laundry woman."

Shen Qingqiu said softly: "Wu Wang's words are without basis. You should know by now what kind of person the Old Palace Master was. The credibility of these people's stories about what happened in the past is debatable. Just forget about it!"

He used the tone of a master instructing his disciple, striving to appear calm and objective. Luo Binghe tugged at his arm, as if seeking proof and validation: "Shizun, Tianlang-Jun is not my father. I don't need a father."

Shen Qingqiu didn't know what to say. He could only grip his hand and motion for him to calm down first.

Originally, Luo Binghe's past was not sketched out in such detail. Shen Qingqiu really couldn't predict how big of an impact it would be on Luo Binghe, but it was unlikely to be something that could be resolved with a few comforting words and pats on the head.

The faint dreams and fantasies he had long held have been mercilessly crushed to powder. Father and son refuse to recognize each other. Tianlang-Jun, as a pure-blooded demon, has never had any concept of familial ties. Add to the fact that he has suffered at the hands of humans and Su Xiyan,

that hatred has been spread to Luo Binghe. There was no mention of the relationship between the two in the Holy Mausoleum and no tenderness either. And towards this father and son pair, Su Xiyan had also long made her choices clear through her actions: deceiving, exploiting, loathing, rejecting, viewing them as disgraceful, and abandoning them.

Luo Binghe was not a wanted child.

Wu Wang frowned: “As expected of a demon, to be able to utter such words.”

Luo Binghe turned a deaf ear to him: “If he is my father, why didn’t he mention it?”

At most, when he had been beating up Luo Binghe, he had said off-handedly: “Looks like his mother.” And? What else?

There had been nothing else.

Shen Qingqiu was silent. Personally, he thought that it was most likely because.... Tianlang-Jun was truly a nutcase?

This was all wrong. Shen Qingqiu hurriedly turned around, saying: “Everyone, please don’t be hasty. Luo Binghe is not here at Zhao Hua Temple today to cause trouble, nor does he have any ill intent....”

Great Master Wu Chen echoed: “That’s right, Shixiong may wish to listen to Peak Lord Shen.”

Shen Qingqiu threw him a grateful look, but Wu Wang sneered: “No ill intent? How do you explain this then?”

His voice rose to a shout on the last word. Dozens of warrior monks in red gold robes suddenly popped up within the crowd, seizing and twisting several people to the ground. From the bodies of the people who were pinned down, black qi slowly swirled out. Naturally, the scene was thus:

“There are demons rushing in!”

“Luo Binghe, you’ve really come well prepared!”

This development was FUBAR!

These disorderly lackeys of Jiuzhong-Jun were originally supposed to be used to brush up the goodwill towards Luo Binghe, but has now been turned around to implicate him instead, with Luo Binghe deemed as the mastermind of this ambush!

With great foresight, he whipped out his folding fan and, sure enough, Wu Wang’s staff came crashing heavily against it. Shen Qingqiu lifted the fan a little, unyieldingly holding it against the staff in mid-air.



Syeki's Notes:

“An ax would suit his temperament better than the abbot's staff.”

Bit of a pun here. Basically saying instead of carrying a fǎ zhàng (staff) like a fāngzhàng (Buddhist abbot), Wu Wang should copy Li Kui (a rather berserk character who wields his axes indiscriminately) and carry an ax instead.

(Fǎ zhàng) – staff (like what the monk Tang Sanzang in Journey to the West carries, probably)

(Fāngzhàng) – abbot

(Lǐkuí) – Li Kui is a fictional character in Water Margin, one of the Four Great Classical Novels in Chinese literature. The character is a tough melee fighter who uses a pair of axes in battle and often charges ahead of his men. Can be somewhat indiscriminate when he goes on a rampage, with innocents sometimes getting killed.

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Syeki.
 - The next chapter (71) will be published on the 12th.
 - My mother's surgeon told her to schedule the operation on April 15. We have to get her "pre-admission" stuff done first but that date is what we are aiming for.
 - I didn't have a lot of time to do check everything so please let me know if there are any errors.
 - Thanks for reading.
-

April Schedule:

6 – chapter 70
12 – chapter 71
18 – chapter 72
24 – chapter 73
30 – chapter 74

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Chapter 71– The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 71 – The System’s Penalty

The power he expended was controlled, just enough to cause a stalemate with Wu Wang. He even had time to look back and hastily say a few words to Luo Binghe: “Leave it to Master.” Wu Wang was about to continue mouthing some empty words, but he unexpectedly went straight to the point instead, scolding: “Shen Qingqiu, don’t be like Su Xiyan—losing her mind to the demon race in a moment of carelessness and regretting it for life. As a Peak Lord, you must at least have some sense of honor!”

Shen Qingqiu’s feet slipped, and he almost failed to prevent himself from losing his bearings. How could these matters be the same?!

He managed to rearrange the distorted expression on his face with much difficulty. Who knew that Luo Binghe facing off against Wu Wang was a slap to the face?

Shen Qingqiu poured spiritual energy into the tip of his fan, shaking off the attacker’s staff: “Didn’t I say to let me handle this?” Luo Binghe’s face was covered in gloom: “He can say things about me, but he’s not allowed to badmouth you!”

In the time it took him to say these words, the two of them had already been surrounded by the cultivators from various sects who were present at the Hall of Great Strength. As expected, the demonic aura easily aroused hostility once it was used. Wu Wang waved his staff: “Lord Yue, this devil continues to call Shen Qingqiu master. Shen Qingqiu also does not deny it. What do you think? Do you also still recognize Luo Binghe as a disciple of the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect?”

Yue Qingyuan did not answer. His face did not reveal any emotions, and his voice remained steady. He remained seated: “Shidi, come back.”

Shen Qingqiu subconsciously stepped toward him, thinking that it would be better to own up to his mistakes and let his senior put out the fire. If Yue Qingyuan could stand on his side, it would definitely be a strategic location. But before he could come over, Luo Binghe grabbed him and entreated: “Don’t go!”

He repeated himself: “Don’t go.” There was an imploring note to his words.

Just as Shen Qingqiu was about to speak, hundreds of streams of sword energy rushed to surround and attack the two men.

Liu Qingge’s eyes glared, and he drew Cheng Luan from its sheath in response. Suddenly, the whole of the Hall of Great Strength shook. A current of black and white electricity crisscrossed and expanded, and the encompassing light detonated.

After the tremors passed, the ground still heaved and lurched, and only a quarter of the people present were left standing. Luo Binghe’s eyes were so red that they glowed in the daylight, as if they could leak hot magma or dark red blood. His clothes were wrapped in an endlessly churning dark aura.

A member of the demon clan who had been pressed to the ground burst out laughing: “It seems it’s true that the cultivation world has no shame. When you dealt with Tianlang-Jun in the past, you used underhanded methods to surround and besiege him. You’re still using them today!”

“Go ahead and use them. You don’t seem to fear death. Huh!”

Luo Binghe held Shen Qingqiu against him with one arm and said: “I’m from the demon clan. You can attack me at will. But what did my shizun do to have you besiege him as well?”

Shen Qingqiu was actually unharmed. The tremors earlier had been quite strong. He'd stumbled, only to have Luo Binghe draw him into his arms to protect him. Wu Wang wanted to continue intervening, so he said: "You call him shizun. He doesn't deny it. Isn't that enough?"

This stubborn ass! Shen Qingqiu flipped the fan in his hands until it flew up, and the swords that swept in to attack from all angles were continuously beaten back by the fan. He put on a fake smile and said: "Whether this Shen denies it or not, what does it have to do with you?"

The sounds of clashing weapons were endless. Shen Qingqiu turned around. Suddenly, he saw Yue Qingyuan place his hand on Xuan Su's hilt. With an imposing air, he drew closer until they came face to face.

His hand went limp on the spot, and he almost hurled the fan away.

Fight with Yue Qingyuan? Nonsense!

Who would have expected that when Yue Qingyuan raised Xuan Su in his hand, it was not aimed at Shen Qingqiu at all? Instead, it was pointed several inches away. A loud noise rang in his ears, and Shen Qingqiu turned his head. Xuan Su's hilt and Wu Wang's staff blocked and circled each other head-to-head.

Wu Wang couldn't beat Luo Binghe, so he changed tactics and tried to hit him from behind instead!

Although Yue Qingyuan had entered the melee, he did not attack the two targets who were at the heart of the battle. Instead, he idly assisted Shen Qingqiu and shielded him from attacks. Launching himself into the fray, Liu Qingge also followed into battle. The two men struck indiscriminately, almost of the same mind. Hit anyone, as long as it wasn't Shen Qingqiu. It was pure chaos. What was even worse was that the people wreaking havoc were two masters, and their attacks were both precise and ruthless. Wu Wang had finally reached the end of his patience, and he called angrily: "Peak Lord Liu!"

With his sword, Liu Qingge whittled all the horsetail whisks of the Tianyi Monastery's Taoists into bald stumps. "My hand slipped," he said with a poker face.

Wu Wang was angered until his beard curled: "Master Yue!"

After Yue Qingyuan had deflected the staff that was aiming for Shen Qingqiu three times, Master Yue also said serenely: "My eyes are bad."

Everyone inside the hall silently agreed: The rumors about Cang Qiong Mountain Sect protecting its own—it's definitely a well-deserved reputation!"

One hand making a mistake could be explained, but how could both hands slip? One instance of mistaken identity is understandable. But acting willfully blind ever since you joined the battle, can this still be called a fair fight? Which side are you supposed to be standing on?! (ノ□')ノ **LL**

You two are showing us with your actions: "Fighting is allowed. Fighting against the Qing Jing Peak's Peak Lord is not!"

Shen Qingqiu pushed Luo Binghe back: "Want to die? Go ahead!"

Luo Binghe couldn't be pushed aside. He caught him by the wrist instead, saying: "Shizun, let's go. Follow me!"

Shen Qingqiu didn't turn around to look at his expression. First of all, he didn't have the time for it. Second of all, he didn't have enough patience to do so. He waved his hand, urging: "Still not moving! I'm telling you to go, so go! Listen to me!"

He didn't know how long he could hold back the men surrounding them, so it was even more unlikely for him to abandon such a chaotic situation and run off with Luo Binghe first. Yue Qingyuan and Liu Qingge's method of distraction was too obvious. Wu Wang was already enraged. Either him or Luo Binghe—one of them should remain here, otherwise, a feud would arise between the Zhao Hua Temple and the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect.

After a moment of silence, Luo Binghe whispered: "...Very well."

"Since it's Shizun who says so."

The next moment, he landed on the square outside the Hall of Great Strength.

His speed was so fast that it was terrifying. At that moment, people actually forgot to retrieve their swords and chase after them. Wu Wang screamed: "Bujie!"

Several monks rushed to the square. Shen Qingqiu swiftly drew Xiu Ya in one smooth motion. He snapped a finger, and the sword ran amok, ruining their formation and messing up their steps. He shouted out: "Your master will return to Cang Qiong Mountain first. I'll find you later." Luo Binghe had the ability to enter the dreamscape. Any time he wanted to meet, there wouldn't be any issues at all. Just nod your head and fall asleep, and when the time came, Shen Qingqiu can comfort his hurt feelings. But once these words were spoken out in public, Shen Qingqiu inevitably felt a bit guilty. He couldn't resist sneaking a peek at the two men from the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect.

When he noticed this, the corners of Luo Binghe's mouth lifted, revealing a strange smile.

Quite a few people saw his smile and shivered, their hearts swallowed by irrational fear.

Luo Binghe said slowly: "I will come back and get you."

Before his voice had even died away, he had already disappeared from the hall.

Wu Wang let out a chagrined huff when he realized that he had gone missing. Shen Qingqiu breathed a sigh of relief and immediately summoned Xiu Ya back into its sheath.

He unclasped his sword and held it horizontally, both hands extended in front of Yue Qingyuan in entreaty: "It was an emergency just now. Qingqiu had no choice but to act. I have offended you all. Please, allow my master and my martial brothers to pronounce their punishment on me."

Yue Qingyuan said "hmmm" and put away his sword: "Since you've already returned, let's just discuss the matter of your punishment after we return to Cang Qiong Mountain."

Shen Qingqiu peeked at his face. Although Yue Qingyuan looked very serious, from his actions during the battle earlier... It should only be a front that he put on for outsiders.

According to his past experiences, Yue Qingyuan's "let's just discuss after we return to Cang Qiong Mountain" was basically equivalent to "let's just forget about this matter and go back home for dinner instead."

It was true that his own sect's master was easygoing, but there was no way that Wu Wang would be so easily sent off. Luo Binghe had been allowed to escape in full view of everyone. Although the blame could mostly be laid on the three peak lords who stirred up the waters, any way you looked at it, Zhao Hua Temple had also suffered a bit of embarrassment. He clapped his hands and said: "I'm afraid we can't let it go just like this. Peak Lord Shen must at least give an accounting. Otherwise, Cang Qiong Mountain Sect must explain in his stead!"

Someone shrieked from a corner: "Just now he said that Su Xiyan was being silly. It seems that a brother's kindness cannot compare to one man's flowery words. This Shen Qingqiu is even more silly. There's no need to speak flowery words to Luo Binghe. He has no sense of what's important at all."

Shen Qingqiu pretended not to have heard anything. Yue Qingyuan politely said: "I can discipline someone from the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect myself. Trust that I will give you all a proper accounting."

Abbot Wu Chen said agreeably: "Amitabha, that would be for the best. I believe that Master Yue and Peak Lord Shen will most definitely handle this

matter both fairly and properly.”

Wu Wang humped and continued his accusations: “That’s not necessarily true. Have you all forgotten how Peak Lord Shen promised to give an explanation about the sowers at Jinlan City? But actually, he hasn’t said anything about it to this day. He escaped not long after being imprisoned inside Huan Hua Palace’s water prison. Then he faked his own death and hid himself away at Hua Yue City for five years. Cang Qiong Mountain Sect hasn’t even given a detailed statement about this matter yet. If this is Peak Lord Shen’s “confession” to your sects, then this old monk really doesn’t dare compliment anyone.”

He brought up old news again. But Shen Qingqiu’s mind had already wandered off, and he wasn’t listening at all.

The system kept sending out red alerts—who still had the heart to listen to an old monk stir-frying cold rice and turning over old scores!

System: [“Zhao Hua Monastery” branching plotline cut off. Mission Stats: Reputation Value -200. Mission Accomplishment Status: Total Failure!]

He finally hit 200, but it wasn’t +200, it was -200!

This would be the first time he’s failed a task in all the time he’s been dealing with the system.

His brain was suddenly assailed with sensations of sharp pain and severe vertigo. System: [Mission failed! May host please get ready. You will be sent back to your original world within 60 seconds.]

Any value below zero meant being sent back to one’s original world!

Shen Qingqiu roared: “Quit f**king with me! This means being directly sent back to my original world?! Don’t you know that my original account has already been canceled?! It’s only one failure. My coolness value is so high, can’t I use that to offset a bit? How about B Points? My B Points are also very high! Such high values should be of some use, right?!”

His mind was spinning, and the color on his face kept changing—from blue to white to red to green. He looked like he was about to vomit or faint at any time. Liu Qingge noticed that something was off with his expression and asked: “What’s wrong with you?”

System: [Do you want to use all your coolness points to buy a different penalty?]

Shen Qingqiu answered: “Buy, buy, buy! No matter how much it costs!”

Ding! System: [Purchase successful. Coolness points zeroed out. Please note your balance. Penalty is loading.]

The pink coolness points bar really turned into zero. This was his second time zeroing out. “Adios, wave bye-bye” The second time!

Shen Qingqiu’s head no longer hurt, but he still felt dizzy. Yue Qingyuan also noticed that something was wrong with him: “Were you hit earlier?”

Liu Qingge supported Shen Qingqiu with one hand and until he had steadied himself. Looking up, Liu Qingge asked: “Who did it?”

Bai Zhan Peak’s Peak Lord asked a question, and everyone hurriedly shook their heads in succession.

Was he joking?! Who could manage to land a blow on Shen Qingqiu?! Considering the scenario earlier, even if someone had managed to hit Shen Qingqiu, it probably wouldn’t have landed cleanly anyway. Who was it that the three masters had been secretly protecting earlier?! Yet he still had the nerve to sling accusations when it was obviously only him who had the opportunity to beat up others!

The sounds of arguments coming from outside were getting louder and louder. Shen Qingqiu was woozy, and his eyes were going dark. He was wedged between Yue Qingyuan and Liu Qingge when a loud boom sounded.

Looks like he made the wrong decision.



When he opened his eyes again, he was no longer at Zhao Hua Temple. Shen Qingqiu looked in all directions, but there wasn't a single soul to be found.

It looked like he was inside a dream. But if that was the case, and he was dreaming right now, then the location should be Qing Jing Peak. Because his dreamscape and Luo Binghe's were connected, and the latter's favorite dreaming location was Qing Jing Peak.

Shen Qingqiu walked around aimlessly for a while. After careful observation, he eventually confirmed that this place was indeed Qing Jing Peak.

However, it was Qing Jing Peak after it burned down.

The bamboo grove and bamboo house had been burned to the ground. Only blackened ruins and withered roots remained. Everything had

collapsed helter-skelter, as wisps of white smoke carrying a burnt smell drifted away.

The more Shen Qingqiu saw this desolate and miserable scene, the more uncertain he became.

The burning was done too thoroughly. Such terrible vengeance!

Shen Qingqiu alerted the system: “Can you report our location?”

System: [Greetings. While the penalty is in progress, the system’s other functions cannot be accessed. Hoping for your understanding and wishing you the best of luck.]

So the penalty had already begun. Shen Qingqiu thumped on a nonexistent wall. Suddenly, the sound of footsteps on gravel reached his ears.

The steps sounded out—walk a pace, stop a pace, slow but not sluggish. They gave off a feeling of strength and readiness.

A figure appeared in the middle of the expanse of scorched earth and rubble.

The man’s black robes and wide sleeves fluttered gently as the cold wind swept by. His face and his collar were the same flawless and snowy white. His arms were crossed as he slowly walked closer. There was a supercilious expression on his face, and from time to time he would kick away the charred gravel at his feet with a disinterested look.

Shen Qingqiu unconsciously cried out: “Luo Binghe!”

Luo Binghe blinked. Head turned at a slight angle, he shot a frosty, piercing gaze in his direction.

For Shen Qingqiu, being speared by such a gaze was like being nailed in place by two knives. His heart jumped. All of a sudden, he felt that the wind was too strong, and his clothes were too thin. Otherwise, why would his brow and his spine both feel a chill?

Luo Binghe raised a brow. He flicked some nonexistent ash off his sleeve and breathed a slightly doubtful “hmmm” through his nose.

Shen Qingqiu stopped in his tracks.

This feeling, it’s wrong.

Luo Binghe cocked his head: “Shen Qingqiu?”

Even more wrong.

That tone, that expression, that temperament. They were not like Luo Binghe, but they were indeed also like Luo Binghe.

What needed to be clarified was that the one who stood in front of Shen Qingqiu... seemed to be the “Luo Binghe” from the original novel.

Shen Qingqiu froze in place. When “Luo Binghe” saw that he didn’t answer, he took a step towards his side.

Shen Qingqiu subconsciously sought to wield a sword in defense, but both his waistband and his hands were empty.

He knocked at the system: “System, what the hell kind of joke is this penalty supposed to be? Where did you even drag this out from? Are you asking me to fight the BOSS with my bare hands?!”

System: [Greetings. While the penalty is in progress, the system’s other functions cannot be accessed, including consultation. Hoping for your understanding and wishing you the best of luck.]

F*** f*** f***! He had no idea what to do in this kind of situation!

Luo Binghe tucked his hands inside his sleeves and smiled as he remarked: “Shen Qingqiu, why are you here? I don’t seem to remember letting you in?”

Shen Qingqiu was 10,000% certain that the man in front of him was definitely not this world’s Luo Binghe.

Luo Binghe treated his shizun as the beginning and end of his world, always addressing him in the sweetest and most affectionate manner. He would never dare to call him by name so directly, let alone use such a provocative tone of voice with him.

Anyway, this was just part of the penalty procedure. He probably wouldn't die. Thinking like this, Shen Qingqiu relaxed a little and calmly mentioned: "This is Qing Jing Peak."

Luo Binghe looked around: "If you hadn't said so, I never would have thought it."

How could he not remember? If this really was the original Luo Binghe, then wasn't it him who set fire to Qing Jing Peak?

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Fionvarre.
- It seems that Yue Qingyuan was just putting on his "stern sect master" face but had no real intention of disciplining Shen Qingqiu.
- OMG, it's original Luo Binghe from the novel! What do you think the penalty will be?
- (ノ□')ノ  The tableflip was in the original.
- Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 72 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 72: The Person Named Shen Jiu

Luo Binghe said, “You’re not afraid of me anymore?”

Not of the one outside. But the one in here, yes!

Luo Binghe raised a hand towards him. “Come here.”

If this was the original Luo Binghe after being blackened, no matter how he beckoned him, Shen Qingqiu definitely would have been so afraid that he would’ve just obediently gone over. But Shen Qingqiu still had the courage to fight to the death. However, the moment he turned around, that black-robed figure appeared in front of him, blocking his path. Shen Qingqiu was only a scant few inches away from knocking into him.

Shen Qingqiu violently backpedaled and narrowly avoided tripping. Luo Binghe reached out two fingers, tugging on his sleeve and pulling him back. He said gently, “Why are you running?”

Facing this face, right now Shen Qingqiu couldn’t even hit him, nor could he be completely afraid of him. He still didn’t give up and continued to knock on the System. “This is really the original Luo Binghe, right? It’s not this world’s Luo Binghe? What should I do to get through the punishment? Do I have to beat him? This isn’t much different from you just sending me back to my original world, is it!”

The System: Hello, while the punishment program is running...

Shen Qingqiu closed the dialogue box.

Luo Binghe stared at his face for a while before he frowned and said, “I keep feeling as if... it seems like there’s something different about you. You’re really Shen Qingqiu?”

Shen Qingqiu blinked, maintaining his vigilance. Luo Binghe gazed at his face, looking a little perplexed before he slowly reached out and held Shen Qingqiu’s right hand.

His palm was the same as always: dry yet ice-cold. Shen Qingqiu’s heart was slightly moved, and he was about to say something when his right shoulder suddenly went cold.

In that instant, Shen Qingqiu didn’t actually feel the sensation of his right arm leaving his shoulder. He only saw something fly away as half of his body grew light before he had time to react.

Up until a monstrous, enormous pain suddenly washed through his entire body and brain.

Luo Binghe just completely ripped off his right arm!

Upon receiving the heavy injury, Shen Qingqiu’s body backlashed with a wave of spiritual energy all on its own. Luo Binghe struck him, and the energy immediately broke and scattered.

There was no way to stop the blood gushing out. Shen Qingqiu’s vision blurred, and he might have heard someone screaming, but he also might not have. His ears were ringing too sharply, and he couldn’t understand. He only wanted to quickly escape from this person in front of him!

He stumbled backward. After just a few steps, he tripped over the remnants of some charred bamboo, and he toppled, face-up, onto the ground.

The pain from losing an arm was too terrible, to the point that it even overwhelmed the feeling of his head smashing onto the ground. Luo Binghe calmly followed him. This time, he lightly stroked one of Shen Qingqiu’s calves.

Human stick!

Right now, Luo Binghe was planning on making him into a human stick!

It hurt so much that it was hard to breathe. Shen Qingqiu used his remaining arm to grab onto Luo Binghe, shaking his head wildly as he gasped for air. “Don’t... don’t...”

Don’t use that face to do something like this.

Luo Binghe used one hand to firmly restrain Shen Qingqiu on the ground. His gaze could nearly be described as sincere and affectionate.

He said gently, “It’s not as if this is my first time doing something like this. How is Shizun still so unaccustomed to it? Then, let’s do it a few more times until you slowly get used to it. How about that?”

In a heartbeat, a gut-wrenching agony spread rapidly from the base of his left leg throughout his entire body.

Shen Qingqiu couldn’t bear it any longer, and he let out a bloodcurdling scream!

Suddenly, the System’s monotonous voice issued a notice: The punishment has finished.

The pain abruptly vanished, and Shen Qingqiu violently turned over and stood up before immediately collapsing onto his knees again. He didn’t even have the energy to curse the System and slap it in the face as he half-knelt on the ground, watching his drops of cold sweat land in bursts, dazed.

A voice suddenly spoke from the side. “What happened to you?”

Only then did he notice that he wasn’t the only one here.

In addition, it seemed as if he hadn’t been pulled back to reality yet. This was still the dreamscape.

This cave also seemed a little familiar. It looked like the same cave that the Dream Demon hid in when he appeared as a black mist that first time Shen Qingqiu entered the dream all those years ago.

The one next to him was precisely the Dream Demon.

Shen Qingqiu forcefully calmed himself down and asked in reply, “Why am I here at your place?”

The Dream Demon said, “You entered an extremely powerful dreamscape, and it seemed like your primordial spirit was in danger of ripping apart. I wanted to intervene the entire time, but I couldn’t. I tried many times before I suddenly succeeded just then, and along the way, I pulled you into the formation over here.”

Before, he had the impression that the Dream Demon didn’t really like him, but unexpectedly, when the Dream Demon saw that the situation wasn’t good, he ended up pulling Shen Qingqiu out “along the way.” Shen Qingqiu felt slightly surprised, and he said sincerely, “Many thanks, Elder... you’ve helped me greatly.”

The Dream Demon snorted. “No need to thank me. I’m just astonished that last time in the Holy Mausoleum, you actually managed to hang on until that brat woke up. You helped him quite a bit too. Helping him means helping this old man.”

That kind of agony from having an arm completely ripped off was already deeply embedded into Shen Qingqiu’s mind, and it was triggered any time that face floated up in his brain. Shen Qingqiu couldn’t help but grip his right shoulder with his left hand. He had to take in several breaths of air before he could say that name without his voice trembling. “Why don’t I see Luo Binghe?”

Usually, the one who tried the hardest and liked pulling him into dreams the most should be Luo Binghe. Basically every time Shen Qingqiu fell asleep, Luo Binghe would come over to disturb him. But this time, the Dream Demon actually beat Luo Binghe to it and pulled Shen Qingqiu into the formation first.

The Dream Demon grew depressed just thinking about it. “How would I know? Ever since the brat learned how to control my nightmare technique, I couldn’t enter his dreamscape ever again. In this world, only he dreams what he wishes to. I can’t do anything about it.”

If Shen Qingqiu couldn’t see the adorable Luo Binghe as fast as possible, he felt as if his limbs would continue to hurt the instant he recalled that name. Could the young man who was a pure and innocent little white flower quickly come out and feed him a tranquilizer?!

The Dream Demon shot a glance at him. When he saw that Shen Qingqiu’s expression was ashen, his lips pale, the Dream Demon’s face grew serious. “That brat will come to find you on his own. Why are you worrying? Before, weren’t you doing your best to avoid him?”

Could this count as consolation?

As Shen Qingqiu looked at the Dream Demon, who was feigning disdain, he suddenly felt that this old man was a little cute.

He relaxed and sat on the ground. After a pause, Shen Qingqiu suddenly remembered something. “Elder Dream Demon, when I was in the Holy Mausoleum before, I carried Luo Binghe east. On the way there, I met two people. One of them was a woman. Did you...”

Back then, Qiu Haitang had lost consciousness for a little. When she woke, she went crazy for no reason at all and ran away. Shen Qingqiu suspected greatly that when she was unconscious, she encountered something in the dreamscape. At that time, Luo Binghe was also unconscious, his head burning like coal, so of course, he didn’t have time to invade Qiu Haitang’s dreamscape. In that case, the most likely possibility was that the Dream Demon did something.

As expected, the Dream Demon twirled his beard and said, “Just a little trick I did, that’s all.”

Even though he called it “a little trick” and pretend to be indifferent, he couldn’t conceal the arrogant tone to his voice. Shen Qingqiu couldn’t resist

asking, “What exactly did you show her?”

Generally speaking, if the Dream Demon wanted to destroy somebody’s mind, he would show her her own darkest and most painful memories. Could it be that the Dream Demon pulled out her memories of the Qiu clan being wiped out?

No, that wasn’t right either. If that was the case, Qiu Haitang shouldn’t have reacted the way she had the moment she opened her eyes and saw Shen Qingqiu. She should’ve overflowed with hatred and struck out with her sword instead, trying to stab several hundred holes in him. Why would she cry and scream before turning and running?

The Dream Demon: “What I showed her wasn’t her memories. It was yours.”

Shen Qingqiu understood instantly. It was the bits and pieces of Shen Jiu’s memories that were still remaining in his body!

He had always cared a lot about what Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky mentioned before, concerning the portion of the original Shen Qingqiu that he hadn’t written down. Shen Qingqiu immediately said, “Could Elder please pull it out and show it to me?”

The Dream Demon looked at him, but he didn’t ask why Shen Qingqiu wanted someone else to pull out his own memories for him to see. He only asked, “You don’t remember them anymore?”

Shen Qingqiu prepared to toss out some excuse about how his memories were damaged when he had a qi deviation in order to avoid the question. He nodded. “Correct.”

It had to be said that the probability of having one’s memories damaged from qi deviation was still fairly low. But the Dream Demon didn’t actually pursue the topic. Instead, he said, “It’s better not to remember some things.”

Shen Qingqiu said, “I earnestly request Elder’s help.”

The Dream Demon: “You really want to see it?”

Shen Qingqiu nodded his head. The Dream Demon reached out a finger and pressed it against Shen Qingqiu’s forehead. “Close your eyes. Open them only when I let go.”

Shen Qingqiu obeyed and closed his eyes. The Dream Demon spoke again. “Your memories are badly damaged and are not complete. They skip over parts and aren’t continuous. You might also see people whose faces are blurry. This is caused by your own body. There’s no need to pay attention to it.”

What he meant to say was that if there was a BUG, it was a problem with your body’s source file, not my technique.

Shen Qingqiu counted to ten in his mind, and when the pressure against his forehead disappeared, he opened his eyes. A thin young man with disheveled hair was kneeling on the ground in front of him, his upper body bound by hemp rope.

This young man’s face was pale, his chin sharp and his features pretty. But his face carried an irremovable sense of gloominess, and there were purple sections at the corners of his mouth and forehead. It was Shen Jiu when he was still young.

At Huayue City, when Shen Qingqiu escaped from Luo Binghe’s dreamscape formation, he inadvertently landed in the remnants of Shen Jiu’s memories. What he saw was precisely this scene. With a glance around, he discovered that, sure enough, what he saw during his hasty glimpse back then wasn’t wrong. This was a spacious room with a library and a bedroom linked together, separated only by a hardwood moon gate door. It was furnished lavishly, and exquisite calligraphy and paintings hung on the walls. It was impossible for a family that wasn’t rich to obtain these so this couldn’t be the lair of some human traffickers.

Shen Qingqiu crossed his arms and leaned against a nearby shelf that had many treasure slots on it, waiting quietly.

The wooden door carved with flowers and plants in front of him opened soundlessly.

Shen Jiu's head remained rigid and he didn't move, but his eyes swept upwards as the newcomer's figure reflected in his irises.

A young man with luxurious clothing stepped over the threshold. When Shen Qingqiu saw that face of his, which looked 60% like Qiu Haitang's, he knew that this had to be the eldest member from the Qiu clan extermination: Qiu Haitang's older brother.

What he had suspected before was correct. No matter what, the days that Shen Jiu spent in the Qiu family wasn't like what Qiu Haitang said, nor had he been "treated like family."

The youth strolled leisurely over to Shen Jiu and circled half around him. Shen Jiu's face was tightly drawn, his lips pressed together. Even though his expression was dark, his shoulders trembled slightly. He was clearly extremely afraid, but he was forcing himself to remain calm.

Suddenly, Young Master Qiu kicked him square in the back. Shen Jiu immediately sprawled onto the ground face-first.

Young Master Qiu chuckled coldly. "What, you don't dare to hit back this time?"

Shen Jiu landed with a nose full of blood and dust. He said lowly, "Spare me, Young Master. I didn't know that was you."

Young Master Qiu said, "You didn't know? You didn't know, and you still dared to provoke me!"

He slapped Shen Jiu onto the ground with one hand, and Shen Jiu's head made a muffled noise when it slammed against the floor as two streams of blood flowed down his chin. Young Master Qiu seemed to derive immense pleasure from doing this, and he took great joy in slapping him like playing with a ball.

Shen Qingqiu continued to watch from the side, maintaining his silence. This happened over a dozen times before Shen Jiu finally couldn't bear it any longer and he shouted, "What exactly do you want to do?!"

Young Master Qiu laughed maliciously. "You belong to our family now. Naturally, I can do whatever I want."

Suddenly, a gentle and beautiful voice belonging to a young woman sounded from outside the door. "Brother? Brother? Are you inside?"

The moment Young Master Qiu heard his little sister calling for him, his expression changed, and he unbound Shen Jiu before he threatened him softly, "Wipe your face! If you dare to say anything wrong, I'll kill you!"

Shen Jiu was both afraid and resentful. A fierce glint flashed through his eyes, but he didn't dare to say anything despite his rage. He viciously wiped his face, rubbing away the dust and the blood from his nose, but the more he wiped, the dirtier it became. When Young Master Qiu saw this, he picked up a flower vase from the window and splashed the water inside onto Shen Jiu's face. Young Master Qiu changed his expression before opening the door, beaming. "Why did Tang-er come over?"

Shen Qingqiu finally knew how the original Shen Qingqiu's 'fawning on the surface but spiteful behind people's backs' character developed. It was most likely acquired and influenced by Young Master Qiu...

Qiu Haitang wore an embroidered lilac robe and a pair of small white satin boots. The tips were embellished with jewels, and she was truly a delicate young mistress born from a flower bud. It was a different kind of beauty compared to her later allure, which was tempered through hardship. She stepped in through the door and giggled. "I heard that brother bought somebody, and I came over to take a look."

She saw a teenager shrunk in the corner, his head hanging low. But his face was quite delicate and pretty, and her eyes lit up. She walked over before she said, all smiles, "You're Xiao Jiu, then?"

Shen Jiu's face was already wiped clean, but he still looked quite unhappy, and he didn't answer her. Young Master Qiu stood behind his sister, his eyes threatening. He laughed and said, "He doesn't really like to speak. His personality is quite strange."

Qiu Haitang took Shen Jiu's hand and said, "Why don't you like to speak? Talk to me a little, please?"

Her voice was soft and coaxing, her tone intimate, her attitude innocent and pure. Nobody could have the heart to embarrass her. Shen Qingqiu thought, When Qiu Haitang was a young woman, she was truly a bit similar to Ning Yingying. It turned out that the original Shen Qingqiu had always liked this type.

At first, Shen Jiu's face was stiff, but he still couldn't hold out against a young maiden's gentle cajoling. His expression was one of silent enduring, and he turned his head, his ears slightly red. When Qiu Haitang saw this, she clapped and said, "Brother, he's so much fun. No wonder you bought him even though you never liked to bring in people from outside. I kind of like him."

Young Master Qiu smiled fakely. "I also quite like him."

When Shen Jiu heard the word "like," he couldn't help but shudder.

At this point in the memories, the entire scene suddenly darkened.

The people present all swiftly vanished. Shen Qingqiu started before he immediately understood that the Dream Demon's so-called 'rupture' had occurred. Since the memories that the original Shen Qingqiu left in his body weren't complete, the ruptures would happen extremely frequently. The previous memory had already ended, and now another one began.

The scene was still set in that room. This time, Shen Jiu wasn't bound, and he was lying on the ground with a swollen face as he picked viciously at the woolen rug on the floor to the point that his fingers were bloodstained.

Abruptly, two light knocks came from the door. A young man's lowered voice came from outside. "Xiao Jiu, Xiao Jiu?"

The moment Shen Jiu heard this voice, he suddenly moved and threw himself against the door. He pressed his face against the lock and said, "Qi Ge!"

The young man outside said, "Quiet down, I snuck inside."

At first, Shen Qingqiu couldn't tell who the person outside was. When he thought about it again, he realized that the reason Shen Jiu had the character for "nine" in his name was because he was ranked ninth in the hands of the human traffickers. Naturally, there would be a 'one through eight' as well.

However, Shen Qingqiu was truly a little astonished that Shen Jiu actually had a good friend with his kind of personality.

Rattling noises came from the door as if the person outside was shaking it. Shen Jiu said, "It's useless. There are five or six locks on the inside and outside. The window is also locked."

The youth said worriedly, "They didn't do anything much to you this time when the escape didn't succeed, did they?"

Shen Jiu's temper suddenly surged up, and he cursed, "They didn't do anything much to me? Are you stupid? They've locked me in here for two days already and broke both my legs. What do you think?!"

In reality, Shen Qingqiu could see clearly that though Shen Jiu had suffered a beating and he couldn't walk, both of his legs were still fine. They were hardly broken. But the young man couldn't see the circumstances on the other side of the door, and he seemed to believe Shen Jiu. He said with guilt, "It's all my fault."

Shen Jiu said angrily, "Of course it's all your fault! I blame you. We weren't close with those newcomers, so what if we were stepped on a little? Why did you have to play hero! Are you afraid that people like us with such lowly lives can't bear it?! If you hadn't played hero, why would I have

helped you? If I hadn't helped you, how would I have provoked him, and how would that Qiu guy have ended up buying me?! If he hadn't bought me, how would I have become like this?! Every two days I get beat up a little bit and every three days I get beat up a lot—he plays me like I'm a dog!"

The young man repeated, "I'm sorry, it's all my fault."

Sure enough, with Shen Jiu's personality, if he had friends, they definitely had to have incredibly good tempers. After several continuous apologies, Shen Jiu finally forcefully dispelled his anger and said, "Whatever! I've never valued that damn thing called loyalty. I'll give all my loyalty for this life to you."

The young man said gratefully, "I know."

Shen Jiu said viciously, "What the hell do you know."

The youth said, "I really know. Seventh Bro will remember your loyalty. I will definitely repay it to you in the future."

Shen Jiu spat, "What future! For people like you who are in the possession of human traffickers for your entire life, in the future, your fate will also be to become a human trafficker. No, you're a good person, so you can't be a human trafficker. At the most, you'll just continue to beg for food."

The youth said, "Xiao Jiu, I came to talk to you about that. I'm going to leave. I came today to say goodbye to you."

Shen Jiu was startled, and he immediately sat up. "Leave? Where are you going?"

The young man called Seventh Bro said, "I can't stay here anymore. The Qiu family has a lot of influence and wealth in the city. We can't possibly beat them, nor can we escape from them. There are so many cultivating sects in this world. I'm going to join one and learn how to cultivate so I can come back and rescue you."

Shen Jiu's eyes suddenly lit up with a brilliant radiance. "Seventh Bro, I heard there's an immortal mountain to the east that recruits disciples who are exceptionally talented each year. Are you going there?"

The youth answered, "I don't know... but I'll go give them all a try. There has to be one sect that will take me?"

Shen Jiu murmured, "If I weren't locked in here, I could also go with you..." He couldn't help but show the envy on his face as he pushed against the door, looking as if he was about to put some sinister plot in motion. Shen Qingqiu couldn't resist worrying slightly for the person outside.

After a while, Shen Jiu sighed again and said, "Seventh Bro, from now on, you must not be so impulsive anymore. It ruins things every time. This time, I just got unlucky, but if you're still like this later when you join the cultivators' sect, what will you do then? Be calmer!"

Shen Qingqiu inexplicably found it a little comical that Shen Jiu was so young, yet he was still lecturing someone older than him. But the young man wasn't the least bit unhappy. Instead, he said, ashamed, "I'll bear it in mind."

Because he had hope now, Shen Jiu's voice grew passionate. "Hey, you have to remember what you said before. You must come back and save me!"

Seventh Bro seemed to be earnestly nodding his head, and he said heavily, "Okay. Wait a little, until I learn it all. I'll definitely come back and take you away!"

The two of them stayed silent for a while, separated by a door. Shen Jiu asked, "Did you leave?"

The youth hastily replied, "Not yet. I was waiting for you to speak."

Shen Jiu said, "Seventh Bro, come closer. Let me take a look at you through the crack in the door. I don't know whether you will... how many years will pass before I can see you again."

The young man laughed and said, “You wanted to say you don’t know whether I’ll die outside, right? Okay.”

Shen Jiu spat and said, “You said that yourself! Don’t blame me for saying something cruel.”

He shifted closer to the door with difficulty and moved his face close to the crack in the door.

Shen Qingqiu was extremely curious as well, and he also moved closer. He passed through the extremely tiny crack in the door and looked outside.



Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Yan.
- Please let me know if there are any errors. I will be at the hospital most of the day but I should still be able to fix any errors later.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 73 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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(Note that this extra is Chapter 73 in the raws. The next chapter will continue the story. For now, enjoy this extra.)

Chapter 73: Extra: Airplane’s Fortuitous Encounter

Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky was a stallion novel writer.

A relatively reputable stallion novel writer.

A stallion novel writer who, even on the Zhongdian novel site with writing deities running all over the place and lesser writers sprouting up like grass on prime soil, was spoken of by others with some frequency.

That perseverance in cramming three years’ worth of work into one, releasing ten thousand words a day with expert speed and willpower, those periodic eight-chapter burst releases, that daring energy engulfing the whole country. To those writers who had followed the same path up from openly prostrating themselves on the streets, it was a legend only to be glimpsed but not attained, a myth that would take audiences but not demands.

Those harem episodes which had their integrity eaten by dogs, as well as those storylines which had their IQ eaten by dogs, merely signified the defining characteristics of his style enthusiastically discussed by his millions of readers.

Regarding his works, the most common assessment was: “A mindless book. Of course, it’s a mindless book! But what a satisfying read!”

That's right, Airplane Flying Towards the Sky's newest masterpiece, Proud Immortal Demon Way, was that typical kind of novel with many haters but even more fans. This sort of plaything was collectively known to everyone as a red book with no reputation.

The people who liked it loved it, and the people who hated it could stomp it into the shit and spit on it several times without satisfying their hatred. This type of controversial work would always be a prime breeding ground for people picking fights.

For example, right now, while Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky was mindlessly hammering out today's new content, he opened up a certain well-known novel forum, ready to spout nonsense to freeload points. Hurriedly sweeping his eyes over the page, the first glance made him shudder, having landed on a trending post with an aggressive title bearing his pen name and the title of his book fiercely bobbing up and down on the home page.

This was not the first time he had been on the scene while people were fighting over his works. As always, Airplane Shooting Toward the Sky didn't hesitate to join in on the excitement, gleefully clicking on the link.

Sure enough, it was a familiar recipe, familiar taste.

#1 Ten Years of Reading Sharpens One Sword OP :

After reading webnovels for close to ten years, I've never seen a cultivation novel as rotten as Proud Immortal Demon Way. Ah wait, spending day and night eating, sleeping, and collecting sisters, and you fucking tell me this is a cultivation novel? The logic can go die, the writing style can go die, and the author can [bleep] with it, last year I bought a pack [rage] [rage] [rage]. People who like this book come here and tell me, what part of it do you even like? What sort of mindset do you have to be in? How much do you have to hate everyone else to recommend this book? I really can't bear it, I'm done!

#2 Your Infatuated Pupil:

I've wanted to roast for a long time [sweating]... is there even any meaning to the ranking system? There's no difference between the golden core in the nascent soul stage and in normal people, everytime I see more writing about eating food and sleeping ah I can't bear to continue, it's really just spare decoration. And face-slapping once or twice is alright, but if you face-slap thousand times in the same way it's really just boring. In short, it's simply not as cool as they say, there's a bit of an Amway scam feeling to the whole thing...

Anyways this book's fans are very swift and fierce, I'd estimate they're going to gang up on you soon, best of luck OP, I'll send you a pot lid, I'm out.

#3 Swordsman Must Say:

The writing is shit. All the readers are idiots.

#4 You, This Sin Cannot be Forgiven:

Who are you calling an idiot up there? What a low character.

#5 Taking Red For Green, One After Another:

Before I jabbed open this post I knew it would be going in this sort of direction. Every time people start chatting about this book they start arguing ㄟ (▽ ”) ㄟ I've never seen a single exception. Pull up a chair and watch the fun.

#6 You, This Sin Cannot be Forgiven:

I'm bored to death of you guys arguing every time. What's there to argue about, just because you don't like it doesn't mean other people won't like it, it's really simple logic. If you like it then read it, if not then get lost. Write your own story, you can you up you understand? OP started spewing bs before they even finished, what's the point of spewing bs just for the sake of spewing?

#7 Ten Years of Reading Sharpens One Sword:

Watch and see, kiddos. We've even gotten a U CAN U UP, this is really just rubbing the dog's head. Kid, read novels for a few more years. Is it really good for you to waste your time on the forums before break, if you can't finish your homework watch out or your teacher's going to tell your parents. Just because you like it doesn't mean other people will like it, I'm quoting your own words back to you. Also, I don't need to finish eating a ball of shit before I realize it's a ball of shit, OK?

#8 Sha Hualing's Little Bell:

(heart) (drooling) (drooling) I don't think it's as rotten as OP says, I like reading this book, I like sister Sha, huehuehue~~~

#9 Peerless Cucumber Expert :

I understand what OP is thinking. Lately, I've been reading this book straight through, it's so damn long, long and pumped full of filler.

I've never seen villains with a lower IQ than the ones in this book. The average cannon fodder has an IQ of 40 and the protagonists have an IQ of 60, it's like the author went on a 24-hour face-slapping craze without losing steam. Most of the female protagonists are stupid flower vases, and you don't even push down Liu Mingyan, the only righteous one? You don't push down the righteous empress, are you fucking kidding me? Airplane, hand over the girlfriends, I'll eat this book raw.

All my fellow readers have already roasted it for three hundred thousand words, so I'll stop talking. In fact, the most interesting thing are the monsters of the Demon Realm, it'd be best if those were written about more. The rest is just throwing fifty sisters into the family, each one doesn't even have a distinguishable personality. The writing style is so weird, each time a woman appears it's "her soft chest trembled", you could at least try a different phrase for shivering mud, a different word would be fine ah? Seriously, what substitute teacher taught Airplane literature in elementary school?

At least the portrayal of the male lead was alright, the transformation from innocent and upstanding to hateful and sinister was detailed and natural, debts of kindness and grudges were paid off, those who should have been killed were mercilessly killed. Seeing that sort of lovey-dovey male lead just makes me want to steal his girl. Bing-ge deserves that 'ge', he's cool enough and blackened enough, I like it, haha!

Shen Qingqiu this cheap person doesn't bear explaining.

#10 Cang Qiong Mountain Stair Cleaning Manager:

Does anyone here like Yue Zhangmen, I like the warm oil attack the most, whispering, silently passing by.

#11 Warrior's Hammer

Boring. It's not written as well as Immortal XX Battle , the difference is huge. This is what's called a real cultivation novel.

#12 You, This Sin Cannot be Forgiven

Teacher, trampling on praise feels good doesn't it, haha.

#13 Refusing to be a Potholer

The 9th floor's Cucumber Bro wrote that many words just to hate on it, it must be true love.

#14 Ten Years of Reading Sharpens One Sword:

To answer floor 12, hehe I don't dare accept, I'll return the original to you. Are there not that many Proud Immortal fans who leap up to trample other books? Do you want me to flip through my records for some screenshots to fling in your face?

#15 Cang Qiong Mountain Gate Guard Platoon:

To answer floor 10, Does anyone here like Yue Zhangmen, whispering, silently passing by.

Grab the sister on floor 10! You're a sister right?! I also like Zhangmen Shixiong! I like him a lot! ☆\ (∇)/★ Is there anything more moe than pampering and indulging something with no bottom line! (?? ?) It's a pity the partner was this disastrous a Shidi, the bad ending was so complete I couldn't read any comfort out of it...

#16: Dear Brother Qingge:

Don't resolve that bitch Shen Qingqiu +10086! My god floor 15 can even moe over this type of scum.

I always felt it was a pity Bai Zhan Peak's Peak Lord died that early, Airplane-juju just refused to write him, or else there would be more CPs to contend with.

#17 Occasionally Filling Holes:

There's so much info in those last few levels, did this forum get invaded by weirdos...

#18 Peerless Cucumber Expert :

Upstairs, calm down. This form has a lot of green Dingding Net sisters [sunglasses]

#19 A Stately Waiter:

It really is true love for Cucumber bro, it's just the stuff he spews here isn't as vicious as what he puts in the reviews. Not malicious enough, poor evaluation.

#20: Hoeing Wheat is my Noontime Occupation:

The Proud Immortal fans are here to stir up trouble again, I see this book everywhere, it makes me want to puke. This book's quality isn't worth this much passion, if you say Airplane didn't invite the navy I wouldn't believe it. Sit and wait for the next time the skill emperor opens an invitation, look and you'll know if he got a ticket or not.

#21 Hoeing Wheat is my Noontime Occupation

To answer floor 4: Who are you calling an idiot up there? What a low character.

You're joking, the schoolkids who like to read rotten books like Proud Immortal have the nerve to talk about character. No one has as low a character as you.

#22 Dear Brother Qingge:

Because those one or two people firing area cannons are all drunk. Seeing floor 20 stir up the discussion, isn't this trumpeting for landlord... not to speak of anything else just look at Airplane's update rate. 10k every day and 25k on the weekends, how many people can do it. En, first put the question of quality to the side.

#23 Looking for Hungry Friends at the North Pole Every Day:

This fan wrote some Bing-ge x scum Shen slash (:3)∠) don't know if anyone wants to see. It's so painful, moe over a cold CP is like going to the North Pole, I'm also just courting death looking for CP in a Zhongdian novel.

#24 Cang Qiong Mountain Stair Cleaning Manager:

The slash writing sister, don't go! Is it with the eighth letter lord?! Please wuwuwu!

#25 Occasionally Filling Holes:

Airplane really doesn't know how to write romance plotlines, best if he just doesn't. I feel like Luo Binghe doesn't have feelings for any of his wives, he just wants to use them. And I can't see any of those women with real moving emotion for him.

#26 Warrior's Hammer:

As long as he collects all the sisters it's fine, it's whatever if there's emotion or not.

#26 Peerless Cucumber Expert

Filling Holes Bro on floor 25, you're joking, you want Airplane not to write the harem? Two-thirds of the book would be gone.

#27 Taking Red For Green, One After Another:

But I feel like I can see which peak lord has real moving emotion for which peak lord... hoping for the skies. Seriously speaking, the scenes he wrote with emotional interactions between brothers were all much more exquisite and natural than Bing-ge's scenes with his wives, they practically contain deep love visible to the bare eyes. Airplane really is a natural expert fudanshi.

PS: The sister on floor 24, beggars can't be choosers...

#28 Hoeing Wheat is my Noontime Occupation:

This level was blocked due to personal attack, currently waiting for writer to edit

...
...
...

Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky-juju, while stirring his instant noodles with one leg propped, nonchalantly rolled the scroll wheel on his

mouse, skimming over the forum posts. His eyes automatically highlighted every message from that familiar ID Peerless Cucumber.

Black sniping like a running stream, a cucumber made of iron. Even though this famous lord cucumber would constantly spew criticism without end in his review sections, his subscriptions and urges for updates never slowed a bit. Because of this, he always suspected this person was a masochist.

“Very good, you have successfully attracted my attention.” Like some sort of tyrant chairman, Airplane-juju began to nonchalantly observe Cucumber bro’s bluster in the review sections.

In the end, he concluded: it’s just like if a woman was married to a disappointing husband, itching to ride on his back, grab him by the neck, and shake; kissing and spitting on him with mixed love and hate. Peerless Cucumber was locked in precisely this kind of inextricable chase while giving a loathing “Why can’t I control this damn author of the novel I chose to read!”

“An upright body with a mouth full of resentment!”

Airplane-juju laid down his final conclusion and smacked his computer table, howling with laughter.

This one smack was disastrous. The instant noodles toppled over, splashing all over his hard working and meritorious beloved keyboard, spicy broth flowing a thousand miles. Airplane turned pale with fright, quickly jumping up to rescue it. But, he jumped too high and his foot caught on the power strip. With a crackle, his laptop screen went dark.

After this chain reaction of extreme joy turning to sorrow, Airplane’s face was deathly white.

WTFFFFFFF!

He was just scrolling forums while downloading movies and padding his word count, his file was still open! Fuck, he couldn’t have lost today’s

update just like this, he'd gotten to 8000 ah!

He subconsciously threw himself down next to the power strip, picking up the wire to shove it back in the socket—

And experienced firsthand what could be called “electricity running through the whole body, godly thunder from the Ninth Heaven”.



Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Lily of BC Novels.
- What was our dear author smoking when she wrote this?! Why is there an extra right in the middle of last chapter's cliffhanger? I sort of wanted to go to the next (proper) chapter instead of this extra but this was the way the author wrote it so here it is.
- Peerless Cucumber calling Shen Qingqiu cheap made me laugh.
- Please let me know if there are any errors.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 74 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 73: Right on Schedule

... WTF!

Shen Qingqiu’s outburst wasn’t because of the other’s face. If only that were the case, but the crucial thing was that the youth outside the door—f***, his entire face was burnt off. It was like there was a mosaic over the whole thing!

Even though the Dream Demon had said at the start that there was a certain possibility of people’s faces being obscured or ruptures appearing in the memory—after actually running into this possibility, Shen Qingqiu felt an intense desire to vomit blood.

Dream Demon-juju, can’t we give fixing this bug a go? I really want to know what this face looks like ah ah ah!

Just when Shen Qingqiu wanted to pass through the door and see if closing the distance could make the mosaic drop off, another rupture appeared in the memory.

This time, the setting was a study.

Young Master Qiu was writing on a table. Shen Jiu stood in attendance to the side, silently grinding his ink.

The Shen Jiu of this time was still a thin and weak youth, but he had stretched in the vertical direction. Among his peers, he would count as

rather tall and thin. Standing there to wait upon Young Master Qiu, he gave off a kind of cold and tranquil scholarly aura.

When one sheet of paper was almost complete, Shen Jiu spoke, head lowered and gaze obediently. “Young Master, there’s one matter...”

Young Master Qiu didn’t even lift his eyes. “The matter you wish to speak of, is it that charlatan in the city?”

Shen Jiu defended, “Elder Wu Yanzi isn’t a charlatan.”

Young Master Qiu set down his brush and frowned. “Just behave yourself and stay at home, be a good son-in-law, stay peacefully with my younger sister and live your life, that’s enough. What use is thinking of those illusory fantasies all the time?”

After a spell of silence, Shen Jiu suddenly gritted out, “...live your life, live your life... I don’t want to live this sort of life!”

Young Master Qiu finally lifted his eyes. Shooting him a gaze, he suddenly shot out a foot and kicked him in the back of the knees.

With a plop, Shen Jiu smacked face-first into the ground. Shen Qingqiu subconsciously rubbed his own intact calves. Could it be that these two spent this many years with this mode of interaction...

Young Master Qiu rose from his seat and sneered, “I taught you this many years, and the things you’ve learned can’t even compare to that charlatan’s evil little tricks.”

Shen Jiu, nose covered in ash and blood from his fall, lifted his head to scoff with a faint air of arrogance. “They aren’t evil little tricks; they’re immortal techniques. Someone with a trash constitution like you can only call them charlatans to trick and comfort yourself.”

Young Master Qiu crouched down. Grabbing a handful of his hair, he crooned in his ear, “Immortal techniques? Could it be that you, these little cheap goods, want to cultivate to immortality?”

Shen Jiu tilted his head to avoid his grasp, but Young Master Qiu gave him a slow pat on the forehead, the action brimming with intent to insult. He smiled, “You don’t even count as human, and you still want to become an immortal?”

Shen Jiu held his head, not saying a word. Seeing him wilt like this, Young Master Qiu did lessen the strength of his grip a bit, and his next words were serious and heartfelt. “Staying here obediently, being well-behaved and playing your part—what’s so bad about that? You’re fifteen already. You’re not young; you’re even about to get married. You’ve long missed the optimal time to begin cultivating—what can you become? If you muddle along with him, he isn’t even guaranteed to want you.”

This was just looking for death. The thing the original goods cared the most about in life was his cultivation. He couldn’t tolerate anyone being better than him, and especially couldn’t tolerate others saying half a bad sentence about him. Or else, he wouldn’t have been driven into such a deranged state out of resentment for Luo Binghe. And this guy dared to out and say he had no prospects!

Shen Jiu suddenly turned his arm, grabbing the inkstone on the table and throwing it towards Young Master Qiu. From this angle, it looked like it was flying towards Shen Qingqiu, and he subconsciously dodged to the side.

Of course, the inkstone couldn’t hit him, and it couldn’t hit Young Master Qiu either. But, the latter was covered in a half arc of black ink spray, a set of exquisitely embroidered robes ruined just like that. Young Master Qiu’s face promptly collapsed, and he berated, “Tang-er likes you, that’s good fortune you’ve collected over several of your lifetimes! If not for our family, right now you would be on the street begging and swindling to eke out a living. This life you have—without worry for food or clothes and the chance to read and write, who gave it to you?”

He slapped Shen Jiu’s head down onto the ground. “Not the least bit of gratitude!”

Shen Jiu seemed to have thrown caution to the wind, viciously spitting, “I am human. Why do I have to feel gratitude towards a beast?!”

Praiseworthy courage!

Young Master Qiu one-handedly flung him to the wall, cursing, “I thought you’d actually made some progress in these few years, but it turns out rotten mud really doesn’t stick to the wall!”

A sword hung on the white wall. When Shen Jiu knocked into it, it dropped to the ground. Shen Jiu collapsed into a seated position at the foot of the wall, found the hilt with his hand, and, in a moment of desperation, drew the blade with a shaky two-handed grip and pointed it at the red-eyed Young Master Qiu.

The latter didn’t at all believe he would actually make a move, pointing at him and saying, “You’re quite fired up. Are your bones itching?”

Seeing him approach a few steps closer, Shen Jiu’s soul just about flew off in fright. He yelled, “Don’t come over here!”

Young Master Qiu said, “No future prospects! You...”

After this “You,” he would never again speak a word.

Slowly lowering his head, he saw that sword sticking straight into his stomach.

While Young Master Qiu’s face was still full of disbelief, Shen Jiu suddenly pulled out the sword.

Shen Qingqiu stood to the side, enraptured...

F*** f*** f***, an on-site live broadcast of murder!

The atmosphere changed in such a split second. They hadn’t even spoken a few sentences and a massacre occurred!

Shen Jiu stood in a daze. One hand covering his abdomen, Young Master Qiu aggressively snatched back the sword and kicked him to the ground, yelling, "Help!"

Shen Jiu hurriedly threw himself over to grab his boots. During the ensuing violent scuffle, a few old servants rushed in the door. Seeing this type of scene in the study, they began to shout in loud voices. Shen Jiu, in panic and fear, made some sort of seal and the sword in Young Master Qiu's hand suddenly shot out to skewer the old servants through their chests.

The next he turned his head, Young Master Qiu was staggering towards him, scarlet-covered hands reaching for his hair. Shen Jiu stabbed out again, this time piercing his lung.

And then, stab after stab, using his full strength, Shen Jiu stabbed fifty times in a row, fiercer and fiercer, the expression on his face growing more and more malevolent until the body's face and vitals were a bloody mess of flesh. Then, he finally stopped, panting for breath.

This must have been Shen Jiu's first kill, and the first time he killed someone using his own spiritual energy.

Shen Qingqiu watched from beginning to end, astonished.

The first time and already this savage!

Shen Jiu stared blankly at the room full of toppled corpses for a while. Suddenly, he awakened, throwing down the sword with a clang. He paced back and forth through the study, subconsciously wiping his hands on his clothes again and again, looking like he was out of his wits. But, he was only distracted for a spell and managed to calm down extremely quickly. This whole process of changing states of mind took less than a minute. This type of mind.

Shen Jiu halted, experimentally hooking his finger. The ghastly blood-covered sword on the ground slowly rose.

Seeing the sharp sword flying before him, a strange sort of excitement blossomed on Shen Jiu's face, and he took the sword firmly in his grasp!

He flicked the point of the sword and strode out of the study, murder weapon in hand. Shen Qingqiu stood for a while before the System notified: Hint: please focus on the plot hole-filling objective. Recommended distance is within 10 meters to guarantee the complete collection of plot line!

So if he doesn't follow, he'll lose points on the plot hole-filling objective? Shen Qingqiu hurriedly went to follow behind, not daring to fall behind a single step. Shen Jiu had just turned a corner when he ran into two burly house servants. With a wave of his arm, a cold light flashed out to skirt against two oily-fat necks and blood spurted like fountains.

Shen Jiu was practically killing people on sight. The more he killed, the more enthusiastic he was; the sinister smile at the corner of his mouth tilted up into a more and more ferocious expression. Unceasing blood-curdling screams followed his path as he efficiently beheaded a dozen people. Shen Qingqiu noticed that he only killed men and not a single woman. The division between sexes was clear, and the direction of his hatred was very obvious. The little maids and servant women all hid in the corners of the kitchen, not daring to come out, and he didn't go out of his way to silence them.

While watching this shocking scene in trepidation, a cry of fear suddenly sounded out from behind.

Qiu Haitang stood at the end of the long corridor, blankly staring in their direction. Shen Jiu was covered in fresh blood like some sort of living ghoul, just drawing his sword from a servant's neck.

Qiu Haitang's bright and beautiful face twitched a few times. Her eyes rolling back, she collapsed in a puddle of blood.

Clearly, this girl was the type to faint at crucial times all along.

Seeing Qiu Haitang, Shen Jiu cooled down a bit and his sword hand drooped down. After muttering to himself for a bit, he set off for the kitchen.

Not long after, a fire began to burn. The black night clouds above the Qiu residence reflected red light like the lava of purgatory.

Shen Jiu had dragged Qiu Haitang's body outside into a shrub when a wordless figure appeared from behind. He threw his head around, sword in hand and an ominous glint in his eye, but let out a held breath when he saw who it was. "Elder."

This "Elder" had to be that Wu Yanzi who set up shop in the city to show off spiritual tricks, the one who incited Shen Jiu's rebellious uprising.

The other said cruelly, "You didn't kill them all?"

Shen Jiu was silent for a time, then said, "The person I wanted to kill is already dead."

The person said, "Actually, one of the things your brother said was not wrong. Though your innate talent is admittedly good, you've already passed the optimal time to begin cultivating. In addition, after suffering torture, even your bones are somewhat damaged. From now on you should be able to achieve some success, but actually climbing to the peak is impossible. If it were a few years earlier, then it would be a different question."

Since this person had heard Young Master Qiu's words, that meant he had watched this wretched play from head to tail. But, he had no intention of interfering, only making like a wall to observe. Looks like this "Elder" wasn't any sort of gentle character. If Shen Jiu really followed him, it probably wouldn't be on any sunlit open road.

Shen Qingqiu had thought that even after entering late, one could reach core formation in ten or so years. This body's aptitude was already quite impressive—how could he guess that the original Shen Qingqiu's ability was another level higher? Knowing the truth of the situation, even an unambitious person like him would inevitably sigh in regret. In addition, it

wasn't hard to understand why the ambitious and aggressive original goods always had a heart full of resentment and always felt aggrieved. After all, it hurt much more to have had and lost than never to have had at all.

Blue veins popped up on Shen Jiu's sword hand. He said coldly, "That beast isn't my brother. In addition, now that things have reached this stage, is there another path I can take? Are you giving me another path?"

That person had already turned around. Seeing Shen Jiu still standing at the gate of the Qiu residence, he asked, "You're still not coming? Who are you waiting for?"

This "Who are you waiting for?" should have just been a throwaway rhetorical question, meant to urge him to follow. Shen Jiu turned to gaze into the blaze shooting into the sky, his pupils seeming to ignite along with the Qiu residence.

The lucky survivors of the Qiu house servants fought to escape, all fearing to be the last. In the chaos of cries and howls, only his pale silhouette stood steadfast in front of the gate, scarlet and yellow firelight playing shadows across his body, intertwining in a messy dance.

The fire in the Qiu residence blazed higher and higher, and the roof beams collapsed. A pale track seemed to have washed itself into the layer of ash on Shen Jiu's smoke-covered face.

He forcibly tossed the sword into a sea of fire, turning to follow his master.

"I won't wait anymore."

It was then that Shen Qingqiu knew that the youth who promised to come back and save him—turns out he didn't come back after all.

Wasn't this natural and inevitable? This was a legendary flag ah. It's one of the two great flags along with "I'll come back home and get married." People who solemnly vow that "I'll definitely come back" or "I'll come back right away"—you'll definitely never see a shadow of them again!

In particular, these two kids' wishes were too beautiful, too naive. If they went to find a master one by one, was it certain that there'll be one house that'll accept both? Completely wrong.

Even if he successfully found a master and, after a few years, really achieved some success in his education, after seeing the face of the wide world and gaining more worries that demand his attention, it's not certain he would be willing to come back to find his childhood playmate. In addition, the jianghu was unpredictable and full of all kinds of unexpected dangers. All in all, the chance that this youth would really be able to come back and save Shen Jiu was less than 5%.

But, after getting to this stage in the plot hole-filling, Shen Qingqiu could understand *Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky's* outline-chopping tendencies a little bit more.

If he actually wrote this type of character with his original backstory, it would definitely be an arduous and thankless task. If you said he was scum, he was also pitiful; if you pitied him, he was undeniably ruthless. A character who was both scum and wretched was usually a godly body and prime disaster area for fights to break out. Might as well chop him down into a bare-faced cheap character for the protagonist to stomp under his foot—easier to write and more satisfying for the readers.

Nevertheless, Qiu Haitang was innocent. Her love was deep, her hate was righteous, and she hadn't really done anything wrong in this whole affair. But, revenge had ground this artless and innocent girl into a bitter woman with a heart full of schemes. Her death in the Holy Mausoleum was even more of an injustice. Her conclusion wasn't even as fortuitous as the one she got in the original stallion novel.

If he was able to give her a hand at the beginning, that was for the best.

Right when Shen Qingqiu was sighing in sorrow, the scene suddenly warped like a picture on an old TV, black and white snowflakes flashing wildly. The scenery and people's faces all distorted into a spectacle too horrible to see, the sound scritchng, the clamor as if in an alien language.

The System notified: Memory badly damaged, data loss at 5%; data loss at 7%; data loss at 9%.....

The ruptures in the memory were getting bigger and bigger!

The loss percentage grew higher and higher. Shen Qingqiu madly slapped the System notification window like how he tried to “fix” bad signal or bad connection on the TV when it was little. After a couple dozen slaps, it was actually weirdly effective. The data loss percentage hit 10%, and the notification sounds finally ground to a stop. The snowflakes in the scene suddenly disappeared and the picture became clear.

Shen Qingqiu finally released a held breath, withdrawing his hand and retreating. Before he had steadied his stance, he stopped to stare.

A few steps in front of him squatted a small young boy.

A few streaks of ash crossed a pale and tender face that might have accidentally been smeared there when wiping sweat. A jade Guanyin on a red rope hung around his neck and a shivering rag bundle was tied on his back. He was earnestly huffing and puffing on the ground... digging a hole.

Shen Qingqiu blurted out, “Luo Binghe?”

Little Luo Binghe didn’t hear him, still striving to dig holes and fill them with dirt.

Casting a glance around his surroundings, hundreds of boys and girls of mixed clothing and differing ages stood in an open valley, each putting their whole strength into... digging holes.

A realization flashed through Shen Qingqiu’s head, and he raised his head to look. Sure enough, above the valley was a steep mountain cliff and two people standing atop its peak.

One wore dark-colored ceremonial robes, bearing steady and calm, overlooking the people in the valley with fixed attention. A longsword hung at the other’s waist and a folding fan slowly turned between his fingers. His

robes were green as clear water, ripples stirred by the wind. He subtly raised his head, looking askance at the ants below like he didn't particularly care to watch.

That's right, it was Yue Qingyuan and "Shen Qingqiu."

This was Luo Binghe's trial site the year he took a master and entered Cang Qiong Mountain.

You didn't see wrong; you're not wrong—the trial subject was digging holes!

Even though Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky had spent many paragraphs and author notes explaining that digging holes was not just digging holes, but a way to test through a seemingly simple action the hole-digger's endurance, speed, perseverance, spiritual methods, even their character etc. etc., Shen Qingqiu didn't remember a single justification. In his heart, no matter how many explanations you rip out it was just digging holes, pure and simple!

The Shen Jiu of this time should have already taken the seat of Qing Jing Peak Lord.

Cang Qiong Mountain Sect's rules were like this: the twelve Peak Lords advance and retreat together. They receive their assignments together, and when they abdicate they abdicate together too. When they hold ceremonies, they would partner up and crowd into a clump, and especially when they retreat into seclusion they would join up and retreat in groups. Even if any Peak Lord meets misfortune and perishes in office, they would just leave their seat empty. Those five years Shen Qingqiu had faked his death and fled, the Qing Jing Peak Lord's seat had remained empty. This was so that there wouldn't be a situation of Peak Lords of different generations working together.

Even though there were extenuating circumstances when this rule would be rather inconvenient, it had succeeded in preventing a generational gap, and it maintained particularly strong cohesion and bonds between Peak Lords.

Thinking of this, Shen Qingqiu couldn't resist jumping to another rule.

After the past generation of Peak Lords confirmed their head disciples, they would change their disciples' names according to the generation name to demonstrate their change in status. Out of all the "QingX" names under the sky, Shen Jiu was unfortunately given the character "Qiu." It was truly the malice of the world.

Shen Jiu hated this character "Qiu" to the bone. Having this name, of all things, conferred upon him, how couldn't he feel sick to death at heart? Even Shen Qingqiu couldn't resist wanting a tender moment of silence for this guy. No wonder the original goods didn't hold much reverence and gratitude towards the last generation's Qing Jing Peak Lord.

On top of the cliff, the two people seemed to be having a discussion. Shen Qingqiu looked at the small Luo Binghe, immersed in his endeavor. He placed an immaterial pat on his head, then leaped up the cliff to stand beside the two people and listen to their conversation.

Yue Qingyuan said, "This year, there seem to be even more people than in years past."

Shen Jiu narrowed his eyes, no happiness or anger on his face. Two fingers twitched, the folding fan in his hand spreading slightly open.

A person walked up from the side, greeting Yue Qingyuan: "Sect Leader-shixiong."

This person did not even spare a glance for Shen Jiu, the one standing to the side, resentment about to spill over from his eyes.

This cool a character, who could it be but Liu-juju!

The Liu Qingge of this time had only officially occupied the seat of Bai Zhan Peak Lord for a couple of years, and an unseasoned air was still visible in the outline of his features. His gaze was swift and fierce, and there was a type of youthful mettle beneath his movements.

Yue Qingyuan said, “Liu-shidi, you’ve come just in time. There’s no harm in looking. See which ones are good.”

Liu Qingge only took one look and said, “He has the best innate talent.”

Shen Qingqiu nodded, pleased. Sure enough, Liu-juju had some good eyes. The one he pointed to was precisely Luo Binghe, his back towards the three, still striving to dig holes.

Yue Qingyuan said, “Liu-shidi, do you want him?”

Liu Qingge said, “If he wants to come, he’ll come himself.”

Bai Zhan Peak was always like this: whether you wanted to come or not, if you came then get ready to get thrashed. If you didn’t take the initiative to go up to Bai Zhan Peak crying and shouting, looking for tyrannical beatings, but sit there waiting for others to pick their disciples, then you had no way forward, destined not to find your fate at Bai Zhan Peak.

Shen Jiu said placidly, “Good natural talent doesn’t guarantee any achievement.”

Liu Qingge didn’t spare him a trifling glance. “Compared to the unorthodox method of officially starting cultivation at sixteen, achievement will definitely be higher.”

... Sure enough, these two despised each other from the beginning. Liu Qingge didn’t like to talk, he especially didn’t like to talk with people he disliked, but he even got out sixteen words to taunt Shen Jiu!

His okay relationship with Liu Qingge today was nothing short of a miracle.

Yue Qingyuan reprimanded, “Liu-shidi.”

Liu Qingge didn’t listen to his preaching, turning to leave. “Going to practice.”

Says he'll go and he goes, coming and going like the wind. Shen Jiu was rooted to the spot, shaking with anger at his few sentences. He squeezed his fan with too much strength and the ribs cracked under his grip. Yue Qingyuan said helplessly, "Liu-shidi just doesn't know how to talk; you've always known not to let him get under your skin."

Shen Jiu humphed, giving off a strange air. Before they got a chance to find out what he was preparing to say, Ning Yingying climbed up.

She hugged Shen Jiu's waist and shouted, "Shizun, Shizun, will Yingying have a shimei or shidi?"

Seeing her, Shen Jiu's face relaxed. "Do you want a shidi or shimei?"

Ning Yingying nodded over and over. Shen Jiu lifted his head, waved his open fan, and once again carefully calculated something with narrowed eyes.

He suddenly said, "I want that kid."

He was staring at Luo Binghe. Yue Qingyuan started.

He'd reckon the original goods' spotty record of treatment towards disciples with exceptional innate talent was long renowned throughout the whole sect. Now that he was opening his mouth to ask the Sect Leader for the good seedlings, Shen Qingqiu could understand Yue Qingyuan's hesitation. It was really... something you couldn't be too careful in considering.

Seeing Yue Qingyuan muttering to himself, not answering, Shen Jiu coldly repeated himself. "I want him."

Daring to speak like this to the Sect Leader, are you looking for a beating? Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but break out in a cold sweat.

Unexpectedly, Yue Qingyuan slowly nodded—he really agreed. "Okay."

Shen Qingqiu had nothing to say.

That Yue Qingyuan could still tolerate him... how did this body live peacefully until today!

And there was Liu-juju. So it turns out the reason why the original goods was so bent on getting Luo Binghe into his own hands was the root of the problem you buried!

Ning Yingying cheered, rushing down the cliff to pull Luo Binghe out from the crowd in the valley. This section was the beginning of the “Luo Binghe comes under ‘Shen Qingqiu’s’ tutelage” arc in the original work!

But, because it was the male protagonist’s POV, Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky-juju didn’t bother describing in detail the bright currents and dark tides between these three Peak Lords. Instead, he started to put pen to paper right where a fragrant little loli suddenly dropped from the sky to pull out Luo Binghe. He would believe that seeing this section, every single reader, like Shen Yuan at that time, thought this was the fortuitous opening of the protagonist’s life-long bullshit luck in continuous romance plots. Little could they have imagined this was just a scrap of candy before the big knives came stabbing down.

Shen Qingqiu knew what was waiting for Luo Binghe next. But, he could only look on helplessly and watch—watch Luo Binghe follow Ning Yingying into the bamboo house on Qing Jing Peak. Shen Jiu sat in Shen Qingqiu’s favorite seat holding a teacup, still blowing on the leaves.

He had long sent away the chattering Ning Yingying. Ming Fan stood in attendance to the side and started to speak for him. “From now on, you will stay at Qing Jing Peak.”

A surprised and flush rose on little Luo Binghe’s face. He kneeled down to present his orderly salutations in a clear voice. “This disciple Luo Binghe has seen Shizun!”

Shen Jiu tugged at the corner of his lip, at long last lowering the teacup from his chin.

He said leisurely, “Tell us, why did you come to Cang Qiong Mountain Sect?”

Like he was reciting a lesson, nervous but conscientious, Luo Binghe said, “This disciple has admired the elegant manner of all the masters atop this mountain of immortals since youth. If I could gain entry and achieve success in my studies, my mother’s spirit in heaven could also be gratified.”

Shen Qingqiu knew this was the answer he had tossed and turned again and again on the road here to polish.

Shen Jiu let out an “oh.” “You had a mother at home?”

He said, almost absent-mindedly, “What was she like?”

Luo Binghe raised his smiling face, both eyes sparkling. “My mother was the person who was best to me in this world.”

Shen Jiu’s face twitched, raising a hand to stop him.

He looked Luo Binghe up and down. “You are indeed at the age that’s best for cultivation.”

Shen Qingqiu could see three words on the original goods’ face.

Envy, envy, and more envy.

He envied Luo Binghe’s “mother who was best to me in the world,” envied Luo Binghe’s innate talent, envied that Luo Binghe was accepted into Cang Qiong Mountain Sect at the optimal age. To have an indignant heart full of envy for a small child, he really was this type of person.

Shen Jiu stood up, walking over to Luo Binghe step by step. Shen Qingqiu subconsciously blocked him, but how could he stop him?

Luo Binghe lifted his face and looked at the Qing Jing Peak Lord walking towards him like he was beholding a god.

But who would have thought the god would walk by him without a sideways glance and pour the cup of tea in his hand onto him as he passed, lid and all?

The tea wasn't just boiled, so it was only somewhat hot, but Luo Binghe's whole body was frozen, dumbfounded.

Shen Jiu, hands tucked behind his back, walked out of the bamboo house without taking his leave. Ming Fan tapped along behind, turning round to chide, "Kneel down! Shizun didn't tell you to rise. If you dare to rise, I swear I'll hang you up for a beating then shut you in the woodshed for three days!"

... This was the first time Shen Qingqiu discovered—this kid Ming Fan, his gift for looking for death like a cannon fodder really was fully leveled!

Luo Binghe had just been accepted into the sect, so his heart had been full of joy and gratitude. After inexplicably getting tea poured over his head for no reason, it was like a bucket full of cold water with ice cubes mixed in had been thrown in his face. His entire heart was quenched by the cold.

He kneeled dumbly in place, not even blinking.

Soundlessly, two teardrops rolled down his cheeks.

This was the first time Luo Binghe cried since he buried his adoptive mother with his own hands, and it was also the last time he cried on Cang Qiong Mountain.

Since then, no matter what wrongs he suffered, no matter what "Shen Qingqiu" did to him to vent his own twisted feelings, Luo Binghe never again let out unrestrained tears like he did that day.

Shen Qingqiu crouched in front of him, but his sleeves passed right through—he couldn't touch, couldn't hold, couldn't even wipe his tears. His heart hurt for him; it was unbearable enough to drive him to death.

Knowing very well that Luo Binghe couldn't hear, he still said, "Come on, don't cry."

Luo Binghe stared at his own knees, fists slowly tightening on his legs. The tears flowed faster and fiercer, dripping onto his lapel.

Shen Qingqiu futilely attempted to wipe his cheeks, coaxing, "Shizun won't hit you ever again. Don't cry."

Luo Binghe raised his palm to rub his eyes. He picked up the teacup on the ground and set it to the side. Grasping the jade pendant over his heart, he straightened up into a proper kneeling posture.

Shen Qingqiu knew the current motions of his heart.

It must have been some rule he didn't understand, something he did wrong to offend the Peak Lord, and he was educated for that reason. As a disciple, kneeling for Shizun should be expected.

Seeing these tiny movements, Shen Qingqiu couldn't resist turning to face him, kneeling down as well.

Reaching out his arms, he held Luo Binghe's oh-so-tiny body tightly in his incorporeal embrace.

After closing his eyes to a field of darkness for some time, the next time he opened them was to snow-white bed curtains and tassels in the four corners occupying his field of view.

Suddenly seeing a different scene, Shen Qingqiu hadn't quite adjusted, not making a move up until Yue Qingyuan's voice sounded from beside him. "You're awake?"

Shen Qingqiu mechanically blinked his eyes a few times. His throat a bit dry, he forced out, "Zhangmen-shixiong."

Yue Qingyuan sat by the bed. After looking at him for some time, he said, "You kept calling Luo Binghe's name."

Shen Qingqiu: "... En."

Yue Qingyuan: "Crying and calling."

Shen Qingqiu wiped his face. Aside from cold sweat, there really was some other liquid there. Sure enough, tears were an infectious sort of thing.

"..." He said meekly, "Shixiong, I can explain."

Can explain what? What reason for the true story "Qing Jing Peak Lord cries and calls out his own disciple's name in his dreams" would be sufficient for people to believe?

Seeing him unable to come up with the words, Yue Qingyuan sighed and said, "Let it be. It's good that you're awake; you don't need to explain."

Shen Qingqiu sat up, embarrassed. He suddenly realized that this scene was a bit familiar. The first time he had woken up in this world, it was also Yue Qingyuan keeping guard at his bedside.

Yue Qingyuan observed his complexion and said, "You've been asleep for five days. Do you need to sleep some more?"

Asleep for five days! Shen Qingqiu scarcely avoided toppling over again on the spot.

System: Plot hole-filling event "Shen Jiu": completion progress 70%

He'd only completed 70%? Hold it, other than that 10% incomplete material from memories damaged beyond repair, what about the other 20%? Where did it go!

He didn't have time to ponder it that much. Shen Qingqiu grabbed Yue Qingyuan. "Sect Leader, the first day it snowed was at Luochuan!"

Finding that he was excessively agitated and that his words were without coherence or order, he fixed his expression and began again with a calm and solemn tone. "What I meant was, it's very likely that Tianlang-Jun will use

Xin Mo to open a rupture and begin to merge the Two Realms at this time and this place.”

Yue Qingyuan: “How do you know?”

Shen Qingqiu was stuck again. Could he out and say it was because the original work said that this time and this place was the most fitting one?

Shen Qingqiu said, “I spent some time in Tianlang-Jun’s possession.”

Yue Qingyuan: “So he just told you directly?”

Shen Qingqiu couldn’t find an explanation on short notice. He could only harden his face and say, “Zhangmen-shixiong, please, I need you to trust me.”

Yue Qingyuan looked at him for a while. Closing his eyes for a spell then standing up, he said warmly, “You rest first. This thing can be handed over to our other comrades to handle.”

Rest. Do you mean sleep? I’ve already slept for five days!

A core formation cultivator needing to sleep for so many days—only in Proud Immortal Demon Way would this be taken as nothing out of the ordinary. If you switched for a different novel author, they would definitely be ridiculed until their own mother wouldn’t recognize them!

Yue Qingyuan had just left when Shen Qingqiu rolled off the bed, looking all over for an outer robe. He turned this way and that, when a person took advantage of his distraction to sneak up behind him, a hand coming up to cover his eyes.

Shen Qingqiu subconsciously struck out with an elbow, yelling, “Who is it!”

A person with this much guts, who also likes playing this sort of senseless game with him, who else could it be? His elbow was firmly caught, a familiar voice saying by his ear, “Shizun, why don’t you guess?”

He'd already opened his mouth to call him Shizun, the hell do you want him to guess? Shen Qingqiu rolled his eyes. The person behind him suddenly grasped his waist, rolling them both onto a bamboo couch at the side. The bamboo creaked under two people's weight. The object covering his eyes shifted away—of course, it was Luo Binghe.

His hand changed places to cover Shen Qingqiu's mouth. "Don't blink. Shizun's eyelashes are so long, they're making my hand itch, and my heart itches too."

You have long eyelashes; the one with the longest eyelashes is you!

Shen Qingqiu blinked some dozen times in a row to express his fury. Luo Binghe smiled and leaned in to press a kiss on his eyelid.

He said, "Don't yell under any circumstance. If we're discovered at Qing Jing Peak, Shizun's clean reputation really will be wrecked at once."

What clean reputation do I have left? It's all long been wrecked by this rebellious disciple.

Luo Binghe kissed down the line of Shen Qingqiu's eye. "I said I'd come to get you. We haven't seen each other for so many days—did Shizun miss me?"

The correct response, in his mind's eye, should be first a knee to the stomach to kick this degenerate disciple off the couch, then a graceful rearrangement of his appearance, and finally an elegant and aloof "No."

But for some reason, thinking of the Luo Binghe in the memory kneeling all alone in the bamboo house, silently picking the teacup up from the ground, he couldn't bear to raise his leg.

Shen Qingqiu began to breathe like he was trembling in Luo Binghe's palms.

He closed his eyes and nodded.



Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Lily of BC Novels.
- Wow, there was some romantic development this chapter, huh?
- Please let me know if there are any errors.
- I haven't been able to fix next month's schedule yet since I am waiting for some chapters to be finished. Sorry about that! I'll publish the next chapter on May 5.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 75 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 75: Flurry Arrives on Greedy Winds

This translation is by Lily (BC Novels) at bcnovels dot com

He reckoned that Luo Binghe had already prepared to be kicked off at once and did not entirely anticipate that Shen Qingqiu would actually nod.

He went stiff on top of Shen Qingqiu on the spot, his expression freezing.

Shen Qingqiu finally realized what he had just done and the meaning of that nod just now. He wanted to kill himself out of shame and even had the heart to kill someone to silence them.

Nononononono it’s not what you think—let me explain!!!

But, Luo Binghe didn’t give him this opportunity. The hand holding his waist suddenly tightened, his voice lowering. “... You really missed me?”

Shen Qingqiu’s brow creased. Luo Binghe, his breath harried, wouldn’t abandon this path of questioning. “You really did?”

You’re covering my mouth. Even if I wanted to respond I can’t!

Does this mean I can only either nod or shake my head?

Shen Qingqiu nodded and shook his head in succession, messing around for a time. Luo Binghe pressed, “Did you miss me or not?”

Seeing his expression like he was about to cry, Shen Qingqiu really didn’t have a way out—time to admit defeat.

An ineffable tragic emotion stirring within him—time to sacrifice this old face—he slowly nodded again.

This time, Shen Qingqiu could see full and clear. He could confirm that in that split second, Luo Binghe's breath froze.

A faint spark slowly ignited in his eyes, quickly engulfing his whole face, his whole body, growing with the force of a prairie fire.

Just when Shen Qingqiu thought he would break down crying tears of joy, Luo Binghe lowered his head and buried his face deep in the crook of Shen Qingqiu's neck. The hand covering his mouth slowly let go.

And then, like a chick pecking at rice, he began to lay a broken and dense thicket of kisses on the corner of Shen Qingqiu's mouth.

Shen Qingqiu finally extricated himself to breathe, forcing three words through the gaps in his teeth. "... Making a scene."

Luo Binghe muttered, "I also missed you a lot—a lot. There wasn't a time, a moment when I wasn't thinking of you..."

The breath that was rising in Shen Qingqiu's chest slowly drained back out.

Laying flat on the couch like a dead fish, he stared at the roof of the bamboo house in despair. After a while, he sighed. "... Then why didn't you look for this teacher in the dreamscape these last few days?"

Luo Binghe's dark and moist eyes stared at him. "Shizun, don't you think I'm annoying?"

He's sticky during the day, he's sticky in dreams at night, twenty-four hours of the day and always looking at this face—of course, it's annoying!

But, in a moment of incaution, he had gotten used to the stickiness. Now, Luo Binghe was lying right on top of him, and Shen Qingqiu didn't even feel like it was something unbearable...

How did it get to this stage? Isn't this a bit excessive!

Shen Qingqiu said dryly, "You know you're annoying, and yet you still don't restrain yourself."

Luo Binghe said, "Either way, this isn't the first time Shizun turned his back on me. If he's annoyed, then so be it."

Hearing him say this, Shen Qingqiu couldn't resist feeling a bit sick at heart.

How much does Luo Binghe like him after all?

Even though he suffered that sort of treatment the days when he first entered Cang Qiong Mountain, as soon as Shen Qingqiu showed him a drop of kindness Luo Binghe swept away every injury he had suffered, clean and tidy. He put him in the bottom of his heart without the slightest hesitation.

A glass heart had been shattered by Shen Qingqiu just like that, completely unaware. Like a young wife, he had picked up the pieces one by one by himself and stuck them back together to gently and carefully hand back over, heart full of expectation, only for it to be shattered again, stuck back together...

Luo Binghe said softly, "Every time Shizun was on Cang Qiong Mountain with others, he smiled so happily. I thought you wouldn't miss me very much."

Master Shen had spent so many years putting on a mask until it became habit, especially in Cang Qiong Mountain Sect. At most, it was a meaningful look, like a smile yet not. Or, it was a smile on the skin but not the flesh, making it impossible for others to guess his true thoughts underneath. Otherwise, it was a half-hearted performance of a fake smile. Since when did he "smile so happily"?

Shen Qingqiu couldn't accept it. "Nonsense."

Luo Binghe said, “Indeed, Shizun would never show an open-hearted smile on his face. But whether or not Shizun was smiling in his heart, of course, I knew.”

Lying on someone’s body and acting like a spoiled child while playing with a strand of their hair, are you a little schoolgirl!

Shen Qingqiu rolled his eyes and said, “Yes. You’re the roundworm in my stomach.”

Luo Binghe said, “I don’t want to be a roundworm.”

Shen Qingqiu smacked the hand playing with his hair like he was swatting a mosquito. “Then, what do you want to do? Tell me, who did this teacher smile at before?”

After finishing, he had hit him on every word, but that idle hand still wouldn’t be driven off. Luo Binghe actually began to count. “Many people. Liu... Liu-shishu, Sect Leader Yue, Shang Qinghua, Ming Fan, Ning-shijie, the people at Xian Shu Peak, Wan Jian Peak, Qian Cao Peak, Qiong Ding Peak, Bai Zhan Peak, the gate guards, the stair sweeps...”

He wouldn’t even let off the gate guards and the stair sweeps—where would this kid stop his grudge? The whole of Cang Qiong Mountain would get swallowed by this special concentrated-flavor vinegar from the Demon Realm!

Shen Qingqiu criticized, “The way you called Shishu was too insincere. From now on, don’t call him that.”

Luo Binghe said resentfully, “When he calls me a little brute or a thankless wretch, he’s sincere enough.”

Shen Qingqiu couldn’t resist laughing at that. His folding fan was sitting beside the couch, and he picked it up to give Luo Binghe a few taps on the head. “Was he wrong? You dare lay your wolf claws on this teacher’s body. If you’re not a little brute, then what?”

The words were coming too smoothly, not even he himself realized that this was pushing the bounds of propriety. The tail end of his words lifted the corner of his mouth, seeming frivolous yet heavy, a bit coquettish, and extremely undignified.

Luo Binghe looked down from above. When this scene entered his eyes, he only felt some sort of fire tickling its way up to burn wildly in his heart and stomach. He subconsciously moved to place a leg between Shen Qingqiu's knees, but fearing getting kicked off the bamboo couch after discovery, he hurriedly moved his head over to let Shen Qingqiu hit him with his fan to his heart's content. "Even if I am a little brute, then I am only Shizun's little brute. Other people can't call me that."

Hearing this, Shen Qingqiu felt like a liter of sour plum juice had been forcibly poured down his throat, sickening enough to make his hair stand on end. He almost snapped his fan in his grip. He hurriedly used it to jab Luo Binghe in the chest to prop him up. "Get up."

If they wanted to speak of official matters, they had to be sitting upright in a proper position. With one person on top of the other, no matter how serious the topic of conversation, it would turn indecent. Luo Binghe wasn't quite willing but still climbed up to sit on one side of the couch.

After sleeping for five days, Shen Qingqiu felt like his old waist was about to break, but at least he could still straighten. He thought he looked like some old man with pursed brows and pained face beating his legs and rubbing his back, but in others' eyes it was a completely different scene: hair in disorder, loose over the shoulders; inner robe with collar askew, showing a strip of pale shoulder and neck, throat and collarbone clearly defined. Because he had just been rolling around on the couch, a pale layer of red was painted across his cheeks, silently frowning and rubbing his lower back. In this type of situation, errant hearts couldn't help but stray further and further.

Luo Binghe, not blinking a single blink, scooted closer, slowly helping him rub his back. Shen Qingqiu said, satisfied, "Good. Considerate."

Luo Binghe said, "Shizun still doesn't know how considerate I can be."

[T/N: I'm about 90% sure this exchange is supposed to be some sort of innuendo. (tie1 xin1) is a term that can mean "intimate", "close", or "considerate". SQQ is most most likely using the latter meaning, and LBH's response is more literally translated as "Shizun still doesn't know the benefits of being more with me," with a double meaning between the first and second translations. I changed this line a bit so I could use the same English term.]

He really knows how to ask for pampering. Luo Binghe continued, "When facing Tianlang-Jun if Shizun needs my assistance at any point, don't hesitate to call for me."

Shen Qingqiu had been avoiding the topic of Tianlang-Jun to keep from upsetting Luo Binghe. He never thought he would raise the topic himself—sure enough, it was a bit too considerate. He thought for a bit, then said deliberately, "Your father..."

Luo Binghe buried his head in his shoulder, saying stuffily, "I don't have a father. Only Shizun."

...

Why do I feel like I'm your dad?

Shen Qingqiu waved away this helpless feeling and said earnestly, "If you are reluctant, by all means, don't force yourself."

No matter how much of an exotic flower he was, he was still Luo Binghe's father. In any case, he was still a person Luo Binghe had once secretly longed to meet, even if in reality he was far from the image of Luo Binghe's longings.

The movements of Luo Binghe's hand never stopped. He said indifferently, "I'm not reluctant."

Shen Qingqiu carefully examined him. En, sure enough, this face... was an honest expression of one who sincerely wished to help gang up on someone and beat them up. No traces of reluctance at all.

Actually, this was a good thing. Though joining up with the son to entrap the father wasn't a very upright path, if Luo Binghe truly wanted to join hands with the cultivation world to dethrone Tianlang-Jun, not only would the human realm gain a ferocious ally, Luo Binghe would also max out his righteousness points while he was at it. He would be able to remedy the losses he incurred at Zhao Hua Temple a bit.

Before Yue Qingyuan had left just now, he had told him to rest well and that "This matter can be handed over to our other comrades to handle," meaning that he didn't want him to go to battle. Shen Qingqiu muttered, "Sect Leader-shixiong might not let me go to battle. When the snow begins to fall, Luochuan. It's best if you be mindful of this time and this place."

Luo Binghe softened the grip on his waist, saying in a warm tone, "Sometimes, I feel Shizun really has an excessive understanding of some things."

Shen Qingqiu's heart thumped in his chest.

Luo Binghe continued, "Just like that time in the Holy Mausoleum. Shizun had clearly never entered the Holy Mausoleum before, but he knew the layout of the rooms inside and the demonic artifacts guarding the tombs like the back of his hand, and could even exploit them to his own advantage. It draws this disciple's esteem and makes him sigh in admiration."

Shen Qingqiu deliberately traced out, "All those ancient books Qing Jing Peak has accumulated over the years are not worthless scraps of paper and verbose nonsense. There's always useful information inside."

Luo Binghe let out an "Oh." Done massaging his waist, he began to use his fingers to slowly comb out the long hair loose at Shen Qingqiu's back. "This disciple has also read some of those ancient books but didn't catch sight of this much. Sure enough, he is still too far from Shizun's ability."

... How could he have forgotten? Luo Binghe also had a heaven-defying top student halo. If he said he'd "read some," that means he already knows

all of those dusty old books on Qing Jing Peak by heart. Of course, he'd know if there was any "useful information."

This child was not Yue Qingyuan. If he didn't want to talk, Yue Qingyuan wouldn't ask, but Luo Binghe would definitely pester him to death to get to the root of the issue. He wasn't that easy to deceive. Shen Qingqiu was still racking his brains to figure out how to detour around this bend when, suddenly, Ning Yingying called from outside the bamboo house. "Shizun, you're awake, right? Can Yingying come in?"

Good kid, what an obedient disciple!

Shen Qingqiu said quietly, "You go first."

Luo Binghe's hands paused. "Why is it that I have to go and they don't?"

Ming Fan also called from outside. He yelled, "Shizun, a few of our shishu are already here. Is it convenient for you to get up?"

Why did this many of them come at once! Shen Qingqiu jumped off the couch, pushing Luo Binghe out the window. Luo Binghe threw back while leaving, "So it turns out Shizun likes to sneak around like this..."

Shen Qingqiu knocked him on the forehead with his fan. "Who's the one being sneaky? Whose fault is it?"

Why do you have to make it look like a secret love affair every time!

Luo Binghe soundlessly flipped out the window but stretched his hand in again to grab Shen Qingqiu. He said softly, "Shizun, after these affairs have been settled, do you want to leave with me?"

Shen Qingqiu couldn't quite tear down his face and could only stay reserved. "This teacher is still the Qing Jing Peak Lord."

If Luo Binghe wants to see him, can't he just come to find him? Why insist on leaving with him? He didn't want to contribute any more source material for Resentment of Chunshan.

Luo Binghe sighed. "I thought so."



He had just closed the window when the bamboo house's door opened. Qi Qingqi's voice arrived before her person did. Lifting the curtain to show her bright and beautiful face, she pouted, "You really are more and more pampered. At Zhao Hua Temple, were you struck a few times or beaten until you were spitting blood? You slept five days in one go!"

Shen Qingqiu turned and said half-sincerely, “Don’t be like this Qishimei, you’ve always known about my debility.”

Qi Qingqi snorted. “I’ve always known you’re inconvenient and troublesome.”

Liu Mingyan followed behind her, bowing in greeting after entering. Behind her was Liu Qingge. Ming Fan and Ning Yingying followed Mu Qingfang at the very back. The modestly-sized bamboo house was crammed full of people all at once. Shen Qingqiu began to sweat. Fortunately, Luo Binghe had left through the window, or else there’s no way he’d be able to hide now.

Mu Qingfang smiled, “I was saying that Shen-shixiong’s complexion was normal, no unusual signs of sickness; he really was just sleeping. You should believe me this time, no?”

Shen Qingqiu voiced his shame, pointing out seats for each Peak Lord. Seeing Liu Qingge sweep his eyes over every part of the room after he entered, his gaze cold, he said, “Liu-shidi, I’m over here.”

Liu Qingge looked back, turning towards Shen Qingqiu. “Who was here just now?”

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by Lily of BC Novels.
 - My goodness, Luo Binghe is jealous of everyone, even the gate guards and the stair sweeps? I burst out laughing at that part.
 - (3) Nice fluffiness this chapter.
 - Not all of the chapters for this month have been completely translated yet so I can’t give the schedule for this month. The next chapter will be published on May 10.
 - Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading.
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Chapter 76 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 76: Return to the Abyss

This translation is by Satellite (BC Novels) at bcnovels dot com

Shen Qingqiu pointed them again towards the seats, saying, “Our shixiong has just left.”

As he lifted the teapot from the table, Ming Fan hurried over to help, only to be stopped by a sharp glance telling him not to intervene. As Shen Qingqiu personally poured tea for everyone, Liu Qingge finally sat down, reached for his teacup, and sipped quietly.

Qi Qingqi spoke, “Naturally, our other shixiong has already come by. Liu-shidi, from that face of yours, I thought you were speaking of Luo Binghe.”

While words themselves may have no deeper implications when spoken, a listener could easily twist their intentions. Shen Qingqiu’s cheeks were already sore as he faked another smile. “Now how could that be possible?”

Qi Qingqi placed her teacup down on the table rather heavily and raised an eyebrow as she spoke. “Of course. How could that be indeed? If Luo Binghe dared to return to Cang Qiong Peak now, you’ll see just how we take care of scum like him!”

Mu Qingfang, sitting off to the side with his hands in his sleeves, commented casually, “Well you’d have to be able to take care of him first.”

Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but laugh a little at their expense. Qi Qingqi immediately pointed at him. "You've still got the guts to laugh. The most problematic one here is you! Shen Qingqiu, I'm telling you now: it's a good thing you took responsibility and came back with our shixiong and shidi this time. If you left with Luo Binghe again, I'd personally take care of you and expel you from the sect! See if you'd even be able to stand afterward!"

There were obviously supposed to be words of concern, but she was so harsh that it was surprising that she didn't head straight over and seize Shen Qingqiu by the neck.

Mu Qingfang replied. "Well, all is well now."

Although he said it was "all well," he clearly wanted to sigh in exasperation. Qi Qingqi spoke, "If it weren't for shixiong's refusal to pull out his sword until absolutely necessary, and how he was forced to charge in with little information, Luo Binghe would never have been able to take advantage of him and escape. If you had been just a little later, you may have been able to witness our shixiong's Xuan Su sword."

At those words, Shen Qingqiu felt his heart stutter. After all, he had never seen the Xuan Su sword in any scene, whether from the original book or over on this side of things. He didn't know what Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky was thinking either. Would it kill him to write it? All the hints of grandeur, like thunderous roars on a stormy sky without a single drop of rain. All that lengthy, elaborate build-up, and then at the very end, there was nothing but an empty black pit waiting!

With no explanation whatsoever, Yue Qingyuan was just pierced through with a thousand arrows and fell over dead! (bye bye!)

Ning Yingying had been sitting off to the side with her head down the entire time since she walked in. Shen Qingqiu waved her over and asked, "What's wrong?"

Ning Yingying came over slowly and looked up with two eyes that were as red as a little bunny's. With a sniffle in her voice, she quietly spoke, "Shizun, now that you're back, don't leave anymore, okay?"

And she was crying again. Shen Qingqiu was left dumbfounded. He wasn't a man prone to crying—at most, they would be rather figurative tears, falling deep in his heart. So why were all his disciples so quick to start sobbing? Her tears fell like an unending storm of raindrops on her pretty, delicate cheeks.

Her words seemed to resonate with Ming Fan as well as he cried along sorrowfully. “Shizun—”

That one was definitely not from the same delicate crying scene!

Qi Qingqi didn't let the opportunity to lecture him slide past. “Look! Look at your disciples. Don't you care about them at all? You have more than the one disciple, but you only care for that one ingrate! Did you forget the rest of them?”

Shen Qingqiu patted Ning Yingying gently on the back, comforting her while defending himself. “Since when have I cared only for the one?”

Liu Qingge finished the remaining third of his tea, closed his eyes, and said, “Come back and stay. Don't leave anymore.”

Shen Qingqiu agreed succinctly. “Alright.”

Hearing that, Qi Qingqi was finally satisfied. Liu Qingge was just about to speak again when he suddenly froze. Then a murderous aura overcame him.

Everyone in the room noticed his sudden change in demeanor and grasped their swords without hesitation. Suddenly, Liu Qingge rose and dashed towards the windows. Shen Qingqiu felt his heart leap into his throat.

Liu Qingge pushed open the windows. Outside, the sky was clear and the moon shone brightly. Below them were deep forests of bamboo. There wasn't a single human figure in sight.

Of course, Luo Binghe wouldn't just stand there stupidly—he probably left a long time ago. The air inside the room finally seemed to relax a bit. Mu Qingfang spoke, “Liu-shixiong, what did you see?”

Yet Liu Qingge didn't turn around. Instead, he reached a hand out the window as if catching something floating from the skies.

After a while, he brought his hand back in and turned towards them as he replied, “It's snowing.”

Shen Qingqiu lay in his bed with his eyes wide open that entire night. On the next day, as soon as he heard the alarm bells, he rushed out of his bamboo house.

The ringing of the bells seemed to grow more urgent by the second, every toll landing deep and heavy as it echoed throughout Cang Qiong Peak. The disciples from each peak gathered, from the Rainbow Bridge to Qing Jing Peak. All flocked and gathered outside Qiong Ding Palace, yet even in the crowd, all were completely silent.

Shen Qingqiu settled things quickly on Cang Qiong Peak before heading for the palace. On one side of the palace was a tall white crystal mirror that stood over ten feet high. Other than An Ding Peak's stand-in disciple, all the other Peak Lords had gathered here, standing forwards in a picture of dignified grace.

Reflected in the mirror was a wide, flowing river surrounded by tall mountains, green fields, and a few sparse rows of white roofs.

Yue Qingyuan said, “The middle reaches of the Luochuan River. Look to the sky.”

Above the scene, an ominous darkness was gathering—black, cavernous mountains began to rise from behind the rolling clouds. It looked almost like a massive inverted, pitted skull, as it began creeping out of the dark clouds, the empty holes staring down upon the world below.

That was the demonic Maigu Mountains.

Yue Qingyuan spoke. “We received news that this began last night. At first, only a few scattered boulders appeared. But within the hour, it became clear that they were forming mountains.”

One of the peak lords was shocked and exclaimed, “Within an hour? This...it’s much too fast!”

No. This was a perfectly normal speed of merging. Tianlang-Jun really did choose the “best place” after all, just as he had said. Without interference, scenes like this one would be visible across within the day. Within the next two days, the two worlds would be fully merged—just like shredding apart two beautiful paintings, then stitching the pieces together into a blotchy, muddled new picture.

Liu Qingge crossed his arms as he stood, holding the Cheng Luan sword in his grasp. “Then we need to move faster.”

Yue Qingyuan spoke. “Each Peak Lord will bring two-thirds of the disciples from their peak with them. We will arrive at the midpoint of the Luochuan River within half an hour.”

At the Sect Leader’s command, the Peak Lords immediately scattered. Arriving in half an hour would give them each less than ten minutes to prepare, so they had to move quickly. Shen Qingqiu was also preparing to head back to gather his own men when Yue Qingyuan called out to stop him. “You will stay here.”

Shen Qingqiu turned around. “Shixiong, you know that I must go.”

Yue Qingyuan replied, “Shidi, other than the first snowfall and Luochuan River, what else do you know?”

Shen Qingqiu slowly replied, “In order to stop the merger, we must first pull out the Heart Devil Sword. It currently stands in a skull in the Maigu Mountains, and Tianlang-Jun must be there as well to feed strength into it.”

Meaning the solution was: 1) Destroy the Heart Devil Sword, 2) Kill Tianlang-Jun



Yue Qingyuan insisted, "You will stay behind."

Shen Qingqiu was just about to speak again when Yue Qingyuan raised his hand in a sealing motion, as if he was about to cast a barrier to lock Shen Qingqiu directly inside the Qiong Ding Palace.

The Sect Leader's about to lay down the law!

Shen Qingqiu straightened, his back going completely rigid as he tried to decide whether he should reach for his Xiu Ya Sword. Right at that moment, a frayed voice cried out in alarm from outside the palace. Both men dashed out immediately and looked to the direction that the disciples outside were pointing towards. Shen Qingqiu gasped quietly under his breath.

They could only watch as the clouds rolled in like massive tides in the vast sea of sky above Cang Qiong Peak, a bleeding red color. A beam of red light cut through the sky and colossal, flaming boulders began to appear one by one like meteors falling straight towards Cang Qiong Peak.

Yue Qingyuan's expression didn't waver. He held out his hand and whistled; Xuan Su—sword, scabbard, and all—flew immediately into his outstretched hand. Shen Qingqiu watched as each boulder was crushed into tiny particles, like thousands of glowing embers floating down after an explosion of fireworks lit up the sky.

The red clouds swirled about a massive crater, like the top of an erupting volcano. Within, they could see countless pairs of arms and screaming human heads, rolling about in pain, as if trapped in purgatory.

F**k, the Endless Abyss—Cang Qiong Peak sure drew the grand prize on this one!!!

In his mind, Shen Qingqiu cursed relentlessly: god**** Airplane Shooting Towards The Sky!

If you were going to write a merger, you could've at least stated clearly somewhere that Cang Qiong Peak was located in the same location as the Endless Abyss!

After this tide rolled past them, they didn't know when the next wave would be coming in. They didn't know how long it would be until the Twelve Peaks were completely merged with the Endless Abyss, becoming a sea of fire and lava, a hell on earth. Cang Qiong Peak couldn't be saved now.

Yue Qingyuan turned to the stand-in disciple of An Ding Peak. "Please call for aid from the masters of Zhao Hua Temple." Then he turned and raised his voice. "All disciples remaining here, you are to follow your orders. As soon as the boundary is broken, leave all belongings behind and immediately retreat from the mountain!"

All the disciples gathered in the square before them answered at once. "Understood!"

Yue Qingyuan turned and said, "Qingqiu-shidi, you will also go to Luochuan."

Liu Qingge, who had returned after gathering his disciples from Bai Zhan Peak, said, "Then what about you, Sect Master?"

Yue Qingyuan replied, "I will hold this back for as long as I can until the master of Zhao Hua arrives. Then I will join you."

Shen Qingqiu spoke, "Sect Leader-shixiong, will you be alright alone? How about I stay here....."

Yue Qingyuan actually laughed a bit at that. "I tell you to stay, and you want to go. I tell you to go, and now you want to stay. Little.....shidi, what will I do with you?"

Liu Qingge pulled him along and started to leave, and spoke tersely. "Time to leave. If he says he will join us later, then he will join us later."

Finally, in the face of disaster, Cang Qiong Peak had the self-respect expected of the top sect in a cultivation novel. There were no more leisurely carriages or boats rolling casually along. Thousands of swords flew across

the skies faster than a flash of lightning. If anyone below glanced up, they would only see streaks of light speeding past, like a moving stream of stars.

How spectacular that scene must be. It was a pity that the menacing mountains appearing on the horizon took away any possible awe such a magnificent sight would bring.

An Ding Peak really was the master of logistics, and they were extremely efficient. Support from Zhao Hua Temple arrived very quickly and helped support the boundary. Yue Qingyuan quickly left and caught up with them. Not half an hour later, he arrived at the middle reaches of the Luochuan River.

Because there were so many of them, they were forced to land in groups, a few at a time. Both banks of the Luochuan River were already crowded with people: those who heard of it through passing news, those gifted with extraordinary visions, and cultivators from all clans and sects who had arrived to investigate, donning uniforms of every color. The cultivators were all busy evacuating the civilians from the area. Wu Wang and Wu Chen led a group from the Zhao Hua Temple over to join them.

Yue Qingyuan joined his hands together in a bow. “My deepest gratitude to you, Masters, for sending your disciples to aid us. Otherwise, I fear the thousand years of history that stand behind the Cang Qiong Peak would have been destroyed in an instant.”

Wu Wang was a monk that usually had plenty to say, yet today his face remained grave and he didn’t speak a single word. In fact, it was the Great Master Wu Chen who finally replied after wiping the sweat from his brow. “Amitabha. The thousand years of history that were about to be destroyed were not only your own— Zhao Hua Temple was nearly caught in the same devastating dilemma.”

Yue Qingyuan was slightly surprised. “Such a thing was happening? Masters, you have sent hundreds of disciples out to Cang Qiong Peak—are there enough remaining to protect the temple?”

Shen Qingqiu was also confused. Was it possible that the Zhao Hua Temple had reached the point of sacrificing even their own wellbeing for the sake of aiding other sects?

Wu Wang's face continued growing paler, and the Great Master Wu Chen, seeing his continued silence, could only reply and explain. "This... it's really too difficult to speak of. It was not our own strength that saved us, but rather that which we borrowed from another who lent us their aid."

Yue Qingyuan asked curiously, "Could it have been Tian Yi Monastery?" Tian Yi Monastery had always been known for being unfettered and leisurely, a sect with little organization or discipline. They just went with the flow and made little contribution of their own. If they were the ones who managed to support the temple, it would be quick a shock.

The Great Master Wu Chen shook his head. "It was the Huan Hua Palace."

Shen Qingqiu's fan froze as the words slipped from his tongue. "Huan Hua Palace? Isn't that....."

Wu Wang's face was completely ashen as he spoke. "Correct. It was indeed Luo Binghe."

Suddenly, they heard two small sounds of chortling laughter from the side. A light, clear voice spoke in a perfectly mannered tone. "This one wouldn't dare accept any gratitude for that which we have provided. If anything must be said of the matter, I was only trying to help Shizun."

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Satellite of BC Novels.
- The stuff about Yue Qingyuan's Xuan Su sword must be building towards something.
- I guess in the original novel, the sect was destroyed during the merging of the human and demonic realms.
- Please let me know if there are any errors.

- Thanks for reading.

Release Schedule

May 5 – Chapter 75
May 10 – Chapter 76
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Chapter 77 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 77: Maigu Demonic Ridge

This translation is by Lianyin (BC Novels) at bcnovels [dot](#) [com](#)

Crammed in here were all cultivators with five senses that were keen and acute. Whether or not they were in close proximity, all of them now turned towards Shen Qingqiu; hundreds of pairs of eyes, with varying gazes, enveloped him from all directions.

Spreading open his fan, Shen Qingqiu silently hid the lower half of his face behind it.

Luo Binghe sauntered in, the hem of his black outfit fluttering as a breeze wafted across; the sword suspended on his waist was surprisingly Zheng Yang. Behind him, Mobei-Jun was on the left with his head held high, while Sha Hualing sashayed seductively on the right. Huan Hua disciples, who have long been missing in action, trailed closely behind them. Bringing up the rear was a small army of black-armored infantry made up of demons. Shang Qinghua muddled along in the middle, weaving in and out, back and forth, like a slippery loach; this was an extremely incongruous sight to behold. Both of them stared daggers at one another the moment they came face to face with each other, sending knives and swords back and forth with their glares; how boisterous!

Luo Binghe crossed over in an imposing manner and took his stand as the third party of the trio; the colorful expressions that appeared on everyone’s face were more than enough to make an emoji pack. Especially those from Cang Qiong Mountain, there was a period of time when they would fight those from Huan Hua Palace whenever they crossed paths with them; even

now, their anger still felt particularly raw upon seeing this old enemy of theirs. Yet, the words of Zhao Hua Temple plainly suggested that they were allies at present and not foes, so they could only endure it and restrain themselves.

Qi Qingqi warily asked, “Is what both masters said for real?”

Luo Binghe smiled, “Is Peak Lord Qi suspecting that Zhao Hua Temple has also been..... ah, brainwashed and oppressed by me?”

Seeing that they were going to get into an argument again, Shen Qingqiu hurriedly said, “The words of Great Master Wu Chen are naturally true.”

Hearing his words, the hundreds of eyes that were originally looking away from him seemed to have been triggered, and once again they all turned towards him. Qi Qingqi glared at him, looking at him as if Shen Qingqiu was a wayward and unfilial daughter siding with her husband instead of her parents.

Luo Binghe’s eyes were fixed on him. It was as if he could see no one else but Shen Qingqiu. He said, “Shizun, after not seeing you for so many days, this disciple missed you very much.”

Didn’t they just meet last night.....

If someone else had said “missed you very much,” everyone here would have been covered in goosebumps. But it happened that Luo Binghe’s physical attributes and settings had been configured in a way such that “no matter what he said, others would not feel out of sorts,” thus everyone’s attention did not shift to him. Shen Qingqiu could feel the unfeeling gazes from everyone around him, so he could only reply with what he thought was an appropriate “mhm.”

There was still a trace of a smile at the corners of Luo Binghe’s mouth. He continued, “The Northern and Southern demon territories have always been at odds with one another. The Northern Territory, of which I’m the leader, does not approve of the merge. We are thus willing to assist and join forces with all of you to fend off the enemy.”

Standing with his hands at his back, Luo Binghe looked like a model human being. Who would know that behind the scenes, he was like a young girl who loved to lean on others while crying and acting like a pampered child..... Who would believe it?!

Yue Qingyuan calmly said, “Forgive me for being suspicious. We parted on bad terms the last time at Zhao Hua Temple. And now Palace Master Luo suddenly wants to join forces with the cultivation world to fight off your biological father.....”

Luo Binghe replied succinctly, “I’m only doing this for one person. I don’t care about anything else.”

This time, he did not say for whom, but was there any difference? Was there any point?

In the snowy winter, Shen Qingqiu shook and turned the folding fan which he had used as a prop for posing like a cultured gentleman into a cattail leaf fan, wishing he could sweep away the various gazes directed at him to the nine heavens with a wave of his fan. One of the sect masters said with a dry laugh, “Peak Lord Shen has trained a good disciple. It’s indeed a great blessing for the cultivation world.”

Although he said “trained a good disciple,” his tone was no different from saying “married a good husband.” Upon hearing it, Shen Qingqiu’s fanning movements started to carry an undercurrent of murderous intent. Wu Wang looked as if he wanted to smash these two – people who corrupt public morals – to death with his staff. Great Master Wu Chen hurriedly said, “Since Benefactor Luo is willing to help, that’d be the best. I would also like to ask Sect Master Yue to take charge of the whole operation.”

The various sects had always considered Yue Qingyuan to be the pillar of strength during critical moments. This time was no different; he naturally began to deploy and give instructions to the various sects, “Zhao Hua Temple, please arrange for the rest of the manpower to keep the barrier up. Stop Maigu Ridge from falling further. You must prevent it from connecting with the river.”

Great Master Wu Chen looked awkward as he said, “We will do our best. However, Luo River is broad, and its two banks are far apart. There is no place to land, and the foundation is unstable; it is not suitable to set up an array there.”

Yue Qingyuan thought for a moment and said, “How about sending a Cang Qiong disciple to ride a sword to set up and maintain the array in the air?”

Luo Binghe suddenly piped up, “There’s no need to go to so much trouble.”

He turned his head aside but said nothing. Mobei-Jun spontaneously stepped out, marched to the river, and stepped onto the surface of the water. Solid ice rapidly spread wherever he walked. It did not take long for the body of waters to be frozen by three feet. Even so, it continued to expand until even the swimming fishes were frozen in ice. With just a little more time, he would be able to freeze the entire middle stretch of Luo River.

The output advantage that Demons had over humans was innate. There were exclamations of marvel, as well as chagrin, all around. Wu Chen said his thanks. With no trace of arrogance, Luo Binghe looked back at Shen Qingqiu with bright, shiny eyes.

Shen Qingqiu saw that he had scored a lot of brownie points, and the hostility and wariness that everyone had towards him were no longer as bad. He could not help but feel gratified and said, “Mhm. Well done. “

A wide smile spread across Luo Binghe’s face. Somehow, the corners of Shen Qingqiu’s mouth lifted too. As soon as Shen Qingqiu noticed it, he immediately pulled the corners of his mouth down and composed himself. He wondered if it was not only tears that were contagious but even smiles too.

Yue Qingyuan continued to assign tasks. Tian Yi Monastery would continue to spread out to other places beside Luo River where signs of the merge had begun to show and protect and evacuate the commoners in those places. Next up was Cang Qiong Mountain. Yue Qingyuan thought for a

moment and said, “When the first wave of demons from Nan Jiang break through the barrier, Bai Zhan Peak will take the lead.”

There were only forty people from Bai Zhan Peak, and someone could not help but ask, “Most of the demons from Nan Jiang are beasts, each of them formidable. Can forty people really resist the first wave of attacks?”

How dare they doubt the battle capability of the combat clan!

Liu Qingge stepped on the rocks with his foot. The tassel of his sword fluttered in the wind along with his white sleeves and black hair. Instead of answering directly, he said coldly to the disciples behind him, “Those who do not kill at least a thousand, scam on your own to An Ding Peak.”

Forty people shouted in unison, “Yes!”

Shang Qinghua muttered weakly: “Don’t discriminate against An Ding Peak.....” Logistics is innocent, long live logistics!

Yue Qingyuan continued to entrust tasks to Qiong Ding Peak, Xian Shu Peak, Qian Cao Peak..... Each in their own positions, with their own duties. Shen Qingqiu saw that Luo Binghe was too laid-back and could not help but ask, “How many people have you brought with you? Don’t you need to make arrangements?”

As soon as he opened his mouth, he felt countless ears pricked up and listened intently with bated breath. Even the whispers abruptly quietened down. The lithe Taoist nun triplets nearby let out a snicker.

Luo Binghe replied, “I’ve brought everyone I could. The arrangement is simple.” Saying so, he pointed to Sha Hualing and Mobei-Jun who were standing behind him. “Entrust Jiuzhong-Jun to her. Entrust the ugly beasts to him.”

.....Wasn’t that pitting the daughter against her father again? That was simply.....

Shen Qingqiu probed, “And?”

Luo Binghe nodded solemnly, “And”—a smile spread on his face—“entrust Shizun to me.”

The place erupted with coughs all around. Shen Qingqiu could barely maintain his composure.

He snapped the folding fan shut and gripped it in his hand. Adjusting his expression, he said in all seriousness, “I have something to say to the former An Ding Peak Lord. For the time being, discuss with the various sect leaders on a plan to deal with the enemy.”

Without caring about the reactions of others, he ran the moment he was done talking. He grabbed Shang Qinghua and dragged him as if dragging a dead boar to underneath a tree that was slightly isolated from the others.

Shen Qingqiu said, “Why are you still alive? You should have died eight hundred chapters earlier. Why hasn’t Mobei-Jun offed you yet?!”

Shang Qinghua adjusted his collar: “Shen Da Da, you should have died earlier than me. Now you are still alive and kicking. Aren’t you ashamed to talk about me?”

Shen Qingqiu held his forehead and took a deep breath, “Brother Towards the Sky, Hero, Hero Airplane, do you lack love? So the original background for Shen Qingqiu you initially mentioned was that he was abused by a pervert in his childhood? Do you like to write bitter and tragic background stories that much?”

Shang Qinghua replied, “The more tragic the character, the higher the popularity.”

Shen Qingqiu said, “Bullshit! After getting spammed with two threads of reader comments braying for my castration, you’re telling me this is popularity?”

“That was because I didn’t stick to the original settings.” Shang Qinghua put forth his argument and reasoned with him, “Bing-ge, tragic or not? Popularity, high or not?”

He still dared to use Luo Binghe as an example! Shen Qingqiu smacked him with his fan and asked, “Do you really like to make use of this point that much?”

He thought of a miserable Luo Binghe kneeling on the ground to pick up broken teacups. Of his small and thin body straining to carry two buckets of water up and down the mountain steps. Of him huddled in the corner of the woodshed shivering uncontrollably at night. He felt so flustered and perturbed at those recollections he had the urge to hit someone, and this someone must be Airplane Shooting Towards The Sky!

Shang Qinghua observed his face and said in astonishment, “.....What expression is that? Don’t tell me your heart aches for him? Damn, I always thought you were tenacious, unyielding, and would always hold your ground. I always thought you were straight!”

Shen Qingqiu kicked him. “I don’t have time for your nonsense. Out with it, how do we fight Tianlang-Jun!”

Shang Qinghua felt sorry for Tianlang-Jun and said, “Don’t fight him! Don’t you feel he has suffered enough? And to be honest, I can’t think of how to fight him myself, since the outline and details have not been worked out yet.”

Shen Qingqiu said, “If we don’t defeat him, the ones who will suffer will be you and me. If you can’t think, then think of a way now. You are the one who established the foundation of this world; your thoughts themselves are the fabric of the story!”

He had yet to finish speaking when they heard Luo Binghe’s voice, “Shizun, are you done with the discussion? It’s almost time to set out.”

It was not even five minutes. Shen Qingqiu turned around quickly and said, “Set out?”

Luo Binghe said: “Sect Master Yue and I think it’s best to send ten people to seize the sword. Shizun, are you going? I’ll go if you’re going.”

Shen Qingqiu replied, “All right.”

After a pause, he pointed to Shang Qinghua: “Take him, too.”

The colors drained from Shang Qinghua’s face, and his eyebrows twitched. He yelled for Cucumber Bro to spare his life, but Shen Qingqiu had already swaggered away. Liu Qingge and Bai Zhan Peak were responsible for staying behind to guard the surface of the ice. Shen Qingqiu walked past him, then suddenly turned back and said half in jest, “Since you want your disciples to kill a thousand, then, Shidi, you must personally kill ten thousand to set an example.”

Liu Qingge scoffed and said, “I’ll kill whoever dares to come.”

Shen Qingqiu asked, “You feel reassured this time?”

Liu Qingge thought for a moment and reluctantly said, “Sect Master-shixiong is around.”

Luo Binghe tugged at the corner of Shen Qingqiu’s robe and said, “Shizun, take me flying.”

Shen Qingqiu looked down at his waist, “.....Don’t you have a sword?”

Faced with Shen Qingqiu alone, Luo Binghe was now no longer the overbearing and arrogant man. He said bashfully, “Recently, I’ve been using too much demonic energy and too few spiritual energy. I’ve kind of forgotten how to use it.”

The other ten people nearby were looking at them. Shen Qingqiu did not want to delay, and thus he casually said, “Come on up!”

They rode the sword high into the sky and landed as soon as they entered Maigu Ridge. So Luo Binghe did not really embrace him for long.



The place they landed at was a rough patch of rock, with dried skeletons and bones growing out of the crevices between the dense white stones. Looking up, strange dark trees towered above them, intertwined with one another. The peculiar cries of some unknown monster, combined with the caws of crows, reverberated through the ridge.

It should take them some time to search the ridge before finding Xin Mo sword. Shen Qingqiu warned, “There are many monsters in Maigu Ridge. It’s better not to touch anything that looks alive.”

Luo Binghe was of the demonic tribe. To show his sincerity for their cooperation, he took the lead this time. Shen Qingqiu walked beside him.

As they walked, Luo Binghe quietly reached his hand out to hold Shen Qingqiu's hand.

Wu Wang gave a loud cough, while Wu Chen said "Amitabha." Yue Qingyuan simply and calmly shifted his gaze away.

Shen Qingqiu's breath caught. His forehead, cheeks, neck, and earlobes all felt as if they were burning. He was flustered, and, for no reason, felt like someone with a guilty conscience. He slowly withdrew his hand.

The instant his palm turned up empty, Luo Binghe's eyes looked as if they were instantly transformed into a wilderness blanketed with freezing snow.

It was not long before he let out a laugh, lowered his voice and said, "What are you afraid of? They have a favor to ask of me; they will not dare to say anything."

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Lianyin of BC Novels.
- "Married a good husband." Everyone has now realized that Luo Binghe is a doting husband!
- "Those who do not kill at least a thousand, scram on your own to An Ding Peak." LOL, poor An Ding Peak!
- (∩ ◊ ∇ ◊)∩ Luo Binghe loves to ride Shen Qingqiu's sword.
- Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading.



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Shen Qingqiu said, “That’s not the problem.”

Luo Binghe wouldn’t let it go. “Then what is the problem?”

Shen Qingqiu raised his fan. “Let’s settle our current task first. We can talk about it later.”

Luo Binghe slowly retreated, smiling faintly. “Fine.”

He said softly, “... either way there’s plenty of time to talk about it later.”

Everyone present could sense countless numbers of creatures stirring, hidden beneath the surface of the dark thicket of branches, waist-high brush, and piles of deathly pale stone all around. Lustrous green eyes and whispering pants rose and fell like tiny waves.

At this time, the advantage of having Luo Binghe walk in front was fully apparent. As long as it was him facing the direction they were walking, the sinister winds would immediately pause, and not a single voice would be heard. The hidden demonic beasts would either play dead in force or frantically stream into retreat.

To say it a bit coarsely, it was like they were fleeing a god of pestilence...

With this godly assistance, the time it took to reach their destination was much shorter than anticipated.

If there was suddenly a column of roiling black energy rushing into the sky in the middle of a field of curling white fog, anyone who wasn't blind could see the anomaly.

The cavern mouth was hidden by layer upon layer of thick green leaves, dark as an overcast forest. Standing beside the cave mouth would give anyone a fit of chills. Their party halted their footsteps in hesitation.

According to his original imaginings, before reaching this stage they should have had to kill eight hundred enemy generals, chopped up a thousand demonic beasts, and met all sorts of poisonous insects and strange flowers on the way before they could reach the last hurdle after thousands of trials and tribulations.

Even if there weren't that many formalities, shouldn't they have at least gotten some blood on their clothes before they were worthy of the BOSS fight?!

One of the sect leaders said, "I'm afraid we cannot make a rash move."

Another agreed, "It's best if we scout out the real situation first."

Luo Binghe said, "That's for sure."

He had just finished speaking when Mobei-Jun suddenly kicked Shang Qinghua out.

He really just kicked him... out... out... out...

Right in front of Shen Qingqiu's astonished gaze, Shang Qiuhoa rolled and fell into the cavern to "scout out the real situation."

After a moment of deathly stillness, a wretched screech suddenly exploded out from inside the cave. "AHHHHHHHHH!"

At lightning speed, Shen Qingqiu shoved aside a handful of vines to pour into the cavern with the others when he heard a voice sound out. "Peak Lord Shen, we meet again."

The Xin Mo sword was stuck in a crack in the rock at the far end of the cavern. That black energy and purple smoke were spilling from its point. Tianlang-Jun sat atop a piece of limestone, Shang Qinghua standing not far from the rock.

Natural light from outside the cave flowed in, illuminating half of Tianlang-Jun's body. Immediately, some drew in a cold breath.

Shen Qingqiu finally knew why Shang Qinghua's earlier screech was so wretched.

Even though the smile on Tianlang-Jun's face was as elegant as before, almost half the right side of his face had rotted into a purple-black mass, making this smile an extremely frightful sight.

His left sleeve was deflated, empty. Apparently, that arm which kept falling off couldn't be reattached anymore.

This dilapidated appearance, a dry lamp out of oil, was far from the final BOSS Shen Qingqiu had imagined.

Shen Qingqiu couldn't resist taking a glance at Luo Binghe's expression. But, his face only held a nearly wooden calm, an emotion he couldn't decipher.

Tianlang-Jun tilted his head, saying, "Fewer came than I imagined. I had thought it would be like last time at Bailu Mountain with hundreds of experts coming into battle."

Wu Wang snorted. "Look at this appearance of yours, human but not human, demon but not demon, you don't even have a single lackey by your side. Do we even need that many people to come?"

Tianlang-Jun said, "It's true that I don't have a lackey here, but I do have a nephew."

Before his words had fallen, a green shadow flashed across the cavern mouth. Without a breath of sound, Zhuzhi-Lang blocked in front of

Tianlang-Jun.

For some reason, this master-servant pair were both in a sorry state. Tianlang-Jun's Dew Flower body wasn't suited to demonic energy and had rotted until it was full of holes; this was understandable. But, Zhuzhi-lang also had pupils suffused with yellow, plate after plate of scales crawling up to cover his neck, cheeks, forehead, arms, and all exposed skin. It was a frightful and sinister sight, very close to his half-human half-snake form in the Dew Flower cave.

He said hoarsely, "Master Shen."

Shen Qingqiu said, "It's me... how did you end up like this?"

Yue Qingyuan said, not batting an eyelid, "Shidi, you have some relationship with this person?"

A deep relationship indeed. In the course of events up until today, he had had the most important sort of connection with this person. Shen Qingqiu was just about to speak when Tianlang-Jun faintly raised his chin, squinting at Yue Qingyuan. "I remember you."

He thought, then said, certain, "At that time, that old man from Huan Hua Palace wanted you to help him mount a sneak attack, but you didn't pay him any attention. Now, the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect Leader is you? Not bad."

Yue Qingyuan said, "Sire, your memory is not bad as well."

Tianlang-Jun smiled, then let out a sigh.

"If you were also suppressed in a pitch-black place for decades, never seeing the sun, with only the option of thinking of things past to while away the time every day, your memory would be not bad just like mine."

This time, no one responded. Yue Qingyuan gripped Xuan Su, striking out with sword and scabbard included.

Tianlang-Jun was just about to dodge the strike when, with waves of rumbling, half the cave wall behind him collapsed, opening a big hole. The outside was high in the air, flying sand and rolling stones tumbling to drop down in a fall. The cold air suddenly rolled in, fine snowflakes dancing through the air to confuse everyone's sight. Wave surging over wave of beastly cries and the sounds of battle faintly floated up from the ice surface hundreds of meters below. The first wave of Southern Border demons had already touched ground.

Tianlang-Jun said, "I'd guess, it's definitely Bai Zhan Peak fighting on the front lines again. Am I right?"

Dozens of people had scattered, each charging over from every angle. Wu Wang, brandishing his spiritual staff into a formidable wind, extremely firm and fierce, stole to the very front. Zhuzhi-Lang was pushed to retreat step by step by Xuan Su, but still diligently drew a good part of the firepower. Tianlang-Jun continued to sit on the limestone and said leisurely, "I remember at that time, you dragged it out until the very last moment to draw your sword. Will you do the same today?"

Yue Qingyuan didn't respond. Just when he was about to send a palm strike at Zhuzhi-Lang's chest, another Sect Leader stole ahead to strike first. Zhuzhi-Lang didn't dodge or retreat, taking the full force of the strike, but the one who let out a wretched scream was actually that Sect Leader.

Shen Qingqiu's pupils suddenly contracted. He yelled, "Don't touch him—his body is covered in poison!"

In the chaos of battle, a few people were poisoned, a few others jolted out of the cave by the bursts of demonic energy and spiritual energy. Their bodies thrown out in midair, they would flip onto their swords mid-fall and steady themselves. Shang Qinghua surreptitiously slid towards Shen Qingqiu. Zhuzhi-Lang was caught in the raging bloodlust of battle, and unexpectedly seeing a furtive figure sneaking towards the outside, reflexively flung over two green snakes. Seeing this, Shen Qingqiu flicked his hand, a green leaf flying out to save Airplane-juju's life, when the two green snakes were suddenly skewered by a sharp spike of ice solidifying out of midair.

Mobei-Jun appeared in the middle of the battle like a ghost, picked up Shang Qinghua, tossed him at Shen Qingqiu like tossing a chicken, and smashed a fist towards Zhuzhi-Lang.

In the next ten seconds, Shen Qingqiu finally witnessed first-hand what could be called a “vicious beating”...

With Zhuzhi-Lang suffering Mobei-Jun’s wild beating, the firepower directed at Tianlang-Jun suddenly heightened.

Though Tianlang-Jun was down an arm and fighting one on many, his elegant poise still didn’t drop a pinch. “Ay, why are you like this again. Fighting many on one, don’t you think you’re winning without a fight, violating the rules of justice?”

One Sect Leader rushed to attack. “Towards you, this type of Demon Race monster harboring evil intentions, fearing that any part of the world is not in chaos, what justice is there to be said!”

The next moment, his head exploded into pieces like a clove of garlic. Tianlang-Jun smiled. “Actually, I didn’t really have any evil intentions at first, and I wasn’t quite interested in seeing the whole world in chaos. I would occasionally cross the border and come to this side to sing some songs and read some books. It was very nice. But, now that I’ve stayed under Bailu Mountain for that many years, I’m a bit reluctant not to do some of those things you’re thinking of.”

Yue Qingyuan flicked his finger. Xuan Su unsheathed by three inches, spiritual energy exploding up. Tianlang-Jun’s body creaked like his skeleton was shifted out of alignment, making a sound of surprise. “Sure enough, you are a Sect Leader. Very good, your shifu himself wasn’t much to speak of, but his eye in picking disciples and successors was quite good.”

He reached out a hand, directly grabbing Xuan Su’s point. He smiled as if he was ignorant and unaware of everything around him. “But why don’t you draw it completely? Just like this, you still can’t do anything to me.”

Yue Qingyuan’s gaze darkened, and Xuan Su drew out another half inch!

Suddenly, he heard Luo Binghe say coldly, “He can’t do anything to you. What about me?”

Tianlang-Jun had not yet shed his smile when, suddenly, a strong stream of demonic energy surged over, chopping down like a machete.

His only remaining hand shed its arm and flew out of the cavern, swept up by a wild gale, falling straight down Maigu Ridge.

Luo Binghe finally showed his hand!

This father-son pair once again faced off, and this time, it was finally Tianlang-Jun who had no power to retaliate.

Luo Binghe’s eyes were glaringly red, his face stretched taut, his strikes ruthless and tyrannical, not allowing any mercy. Now, both of Tianlang-Jun’s hands were gone. Even with his left arm and right stump he was pushed to his limits. When Zhuzhi-Lang broke away from Mobei-Jun, his face and body were already a mass of blood and flesh. Seeing his master hard-pressed, it was like he had lost his head in the melee, crashing his way straight over. Right at that time, Wu Wang had been brushed by Tianlang-Jun’s demonic energy, flying backward and spewing a mouthful of blood as Great Master Wu Chen went to catch him. Seeing Zhuzhi-Lang about to collide with him, Shen Qingqiu knew the situation was taking a bad turn. He flashed over to block in front of Wu Chen.

Upon seeing Shen Qingqiu, a wisp of clarity flashed through Zhuzhi-Lang’s glistening yellow pupils. He violently braked, losing his balance and nearly stumbling into a fall. Just when he was going to detour around Shen Qingqiu to go help Tianlang-Jun, a flash of white light suddenly shot across the scene. Zhuzhi-Lang’s back heavily thudded into the cave wall, nailed into the cliff rock through his chest.

That half-length of slender sword blade in his chest was precisely Zheng Yang.

Shen Qingqiu turned, and Luo Binghe slowly pulled back. Tianlang-Jun stood serenely some meters behind him.

He only stood for a while, then gracefully collapsed to the ground.

...

The battle is over?

It was this easy?

Shen Qingqiu still felt this was a bit unacceptable.

He didn't even get in a few strikes. And they're done just like this?

Dear reader, if you are reading this anywhere except at BC Novels then you aren't reading the latest edited chapters and all the extra content.



He smacked Shang Qinghua. "... Didn't you say Tianlang-Jun was very hard to fight?"

Shang Qinghua said, "... It is very hard."

Shen Qingqiu: "Is there any logic to this win?"

Shang Qinghua: "No matter how difficult a BOSS, don't even think of making a wave in front of the male protagonist. Isn't this the publicly known logic?"

The two looked all around. There were dozens of people when they came, but now, in this blood-filled scene, only a few were left standing. Shen Qingqiu looked at the two he used to regard as a BOSS level of extreme difficulty. One was nailed to the wall, dripping blood; one was lying on the ground, fitting the description of "rag doll, trampled and strings broken" one hundred percent.

He didn't feel the unrestrained satisfaction of defeating the final BOSS a bit. The more he looked, the more it felt like his side was bullying the old and the disabled, like a shameless gang beating...

That's right, this definitely was a gang beating. But who knew it would become like this? The BOSS's actual strength fell too far from their expectations!

Luo Binghe turned, not yet dyed by a drop of blood. Calm and composed, he asked Shen Qingqiu, "Do you want to kill him?"

He was pointing at Tianlang-Jun. Zhuzhi-Lang heard and grabbed Zheng Yang's blade, straining to pull it out. Many of the scales on his neck and face had been scraped off in the chaos of battle, and with these bursts of strength, blood began to pour down in streams.

Ever since he knew Gongyi Xiao had been killed by him, Shen Qingqiu always felt a bit of discomfort in his heart. But this scene really was a spectacle to horrible to endure, and it was hard for onlookers not to sympathize. And, even though Shen Qingqiu had been afflicted by his strange method of repaying gratitude countless times, at the very least Zhuzhi-Lang had never held any evil intentions towards him.

Shen Qingqiu sighed. “You’ve already gotten to this state. Why bother?”

Zhuzhi-Lang coughed out a mouthful of bloody foam, saying hoarsely, “Gotten to this state?”

He smiled bitterly. “If I said that my appearance at Bailu Mountain was my original body, what would Master Shen think?”

A peal of thunder crashed onto Shen Qingqiu’s forehead.

What, that snake man crawling all over the ground on Bailu Mountain was actually Zhuzhi-Lang’s original form?!

Zhuzhi-Lang gasped a breath and said, “My lineage is humble. Just because my father was a primal giant snake, I was in this deformed half-human half-snake shape when my mother gave birth to me. Up until I was fifteen, others would always shun me and hate me, insult me and beat me. If my Lord never helped me gain a human form and support me, I would be a monster squirming on the ground my whole life.”

He clenched his teeth and said, “My Lord gave me my first chance to become human, and you, Master Shen, gave me my second. Maybe it was merely the wave of a hand to you both, but to me, it’s a debt I’d pursue through ten thousand deaths... Master Shen is asking me ‘why bother’? You tell me why I bother.”

Tianlang-Jun suddenly sighed. “Silly child, why are you telling him so much?”

Even though he was lying on the ground, he was as graceful and poised as ever. If you ignored the half of his face which had been corroded by demonic energy, he would be even more graceful and poised.

He gazed at the sky and continued pensively, “People, always believe that ‘those of different clans, their hearts must travel different paths.’ But, no matter how close someone is to you, they could betray you in the blink of an eye. Why have you always clung to your one-sided wish of repaying

gratitude? No matter how much you say, he won't understand you; he'll only get fed up and not comprehend. Why do you need to say any more?"

For a while, everyone on the scene stayed in silence. A good-natured youth who had had no vicious intentions, full-heartedly enjoying discussions of love, only to find it was nothing but a trap, and then suppressed under a dark and sunless mountain for countless days and nights. Who had the right to tell him not to hold a grudge? Who had the right to tell him, "Let it go, get over it"?

But, Great Master Wu Chen said, "If sire truly did not hold these intentions in the past, it was our wrong to have believed slanderous charges. But you cannot hide or flee from today's disaster. Every evil cause will bring about evil fruits. Sooner or later they will all be repaid."

He clasped his hands and said, "But Miss Su didn't hesitate to take the poison and wanted to go see you. How can you blame her for betraying you?"

Tianlang-Jun started slightly, raising his head.

Shen Qingqiu also felt his heart tremble.

Great Master Wu Chen would never tell a lie, but the version of events he told seemed to be a bit different from the one other people told and knew.

Great Master Wu Chen said, "At Zhao Hua Temple, because I didn't want Miss Su to suffer criticism after her death, and because I agreed to protect the secret, this old monk could not talk and explain the true facts.

"Miss Su was forcibly detained in Huan Hua Palace by the Old Palace Master. She was stubborn and refused to take orders; she wasn't willing to trick you to the ambush location which had been set up with dozens of suppressing spells. The Old Palace Master only discovered that she was already pregnant when he was punishing her in the Water Prison. He feared that forcing an abortion would endanger her life, and Miss Su was even more willing to resist at all costs. So, the Old Palace Master gave her a bowl

of poison, a type of poison deadly to the demon race, and told her that as long as she was willing to drink it, he would let her go to see you.

“Miss Su drank the Old Palace Master’s drug and set off alone. But she didn’t know that the Old Palace Master had changed the ambush location to the Bailu Mountain where you two used to meet.”

In his shattered body, Tianlang-Jun strove to lift his head. A bloodstain was still drying on his lip and, in a daze, he indeed had a kind of unspeakably pathetic appearance.

“This old monk met Miss Su on the road to Bailu Mountain. At that time, it was not long after she had drunk the drug, and her whole body was covered in blood, leaving crimson trails with every step. I heard her say a few fragments in explanation, and couldn’t bear to deceive her. After I told her the truth about how Tianlang-Jun had already been suppressed for good, she finally knew that all her Shifu had told her was a towering lie. Not only was the location incorrect, but the time was too!

“At her request, this old monk protected her and helped her evade the Huan Hua Palace disciples on patrol, sending her to the upper reaches of the Luochuan River. From then on, I didn’t know any more traces of her whereabouts.

“Tianlang-Jun, maybe it’s true that Miss Su wasn’t a purely benevolent person. She, the Huan Hua Palace successor with high hopes piled on her, was originally set up high. In the beginning, she may have gotten close to you without good intentions. But in the end, between the two of you, was it you who bewitched her with malicious intent or her who couldn’t keep a handle on her emotions?

“This old monk was not a player in this affair, and I never knew any of these truths. But, from what I saw and what I knew, she really did reject the orders of the shifu who had raised her for decades and didn’t open her mouth even after suffering all kinds of torture in the Water Prison, refusing to trick you or harm you—if in the end she wasn’t pushed to using a last resort, which mother in this world would drink that bowl of poison?

“She did not abandon and reject you, but had no other alternative. No one in this world pitied her, you just missed the opportunity ah...”

Tianlang-Jun’s lip seemed to tremble.

After a while, he said, “... Is that so.”

He finished these three words. Then, he asked, “It’s true?”

Great Master Wu Chen said, “This old monk would swear on his life, not half a sentence of these words were false.”

Tianlang-Jun turned his head, looking at Shen Qingqiu and Yue Qingyuan, and asked as if searching for confirmation. “It’s true?”

He didn’t even care if the onlookers knew the truth of the situation, asking every person he could find. Yue Qingyuan faced him, wordless, silently lowering his head and pondering something unknown. Shen Qingqiu thought it over again and again before finally slowly nodding his head.

Perhaps the Old Palace Master didn’t hold any intent of slander and injury at first but, seeing the two gradually grow closer, he began to regret sending Su Xiyan to approach Tianlang-Jun.

Su Xiyan had lost control of the situation and actually fell in love with Tianlang-Jun wholeheartedly, even having Luo Binghe; this was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Then, the Old Palace Master produced evidence out of context, gave short measure, wove a series of events, and cast Tianlang-Jun straight into the role of an exceptional devil hungering to topple the Three Realms.

And plainly wrecked this many people for this many years.

Tianlang-Jun seemed to suddenly lose all his strength, once again collapsing to the ground.

He sighed. “Alright. At least, there’s one thing that wasn’t that terrible.”

A few snowflakes dotted his eyelashes, trembling into motion. He didn't know whether it was this first snowfall to grace his brow in decades, or solidified, unfallen tears.

Shen Qingqiu turned to look at Luo Binghe. He had listened from beginning to end but seemed as if he had heard nothing at all, even letting out a quiet chuckle.

After explaining all these events, the knot gnawing at Tianlang-Jun's heart had been untied. But to Luo Binghe, the degree of cruelty had not lowered a bit.

It had only gone from the result of being rejected by mother and father to the result of being given up on by mother and father.

He was the one who was given up on just like before.

The Xin Mo sword was still emitting a steady flow of purple-black energy, and the sounds of battle below grew clearer and clearer. It seemed that the descent of Maigu Ridge was continuing, some unknown distance from the iced-over surface of the Luochuan. Yue Qingyuan walked a few steps towards the cliff wall pierced by the Xin Mo sword. Shen Qingqiu said, "Things are already like this. Tianlang-Jun, you should withdraw."

If he withdrew now, it still was not too late. But if Tianlang-Jun continued to pour demonic energy into the Xin Mo sword, the only way to stop the merge would really be to kill him. How to say, Shen Qingqiu did not especially wish for Tianlang-Jun to actually die. After all, for the youth who liked to speak of love to become like this really was enough of a tragedy. If they were to take his life as well... where could you find a BOSS this miserable!

But, Tianlang-Jun suddenly let out a laugh.

That laugh resounded through the cavern and the mountain ridge. He seemed to find the situation extremely comical, tilting his head and saying, "Peak Lord Shen, look at how I am now—I can't even maintain Zhuzhi-Lang's human shape."

At this time, Shen Qingqiu had not yet detected the meaning within his words, only faintly feeling his heart jump in his chest.

Tianlang-Jun drawled, “I’ve fought with you people for this long, and the toll on this body of mine could not be said to be small. Think about it, the one who’s been supplying the Xin Mo sword with demonic energy this whole time, who could that be?”

These words were not spoken especially fast or slow, but after they entered Shen Qingqiu’s ear, it was a sentence a word. Hearing them, his neck gradually stiffened as though he had fallen into an icy rift.

“You should indeed tell someone to withdraw. It’s just that, that person is not me.”

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by Lily of BC Novels.
- I’m glad that Zhuzhi-Lang explained why he feels indebted to Tianlang-Jun and Shen Qingqiu. I was very touched by his story.
- Oh my, I remember the first time I read this. I had no idea what Tianlang-Jun meant.
- Please let me know if there are any errors.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 79 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 79: Former Affection is Lost Forever

(T/N: The title is literally “one cannot get back affection from the past”)

This translation is by Yan (BC Novels) at [bcnovels dot com](#)

Tianlang-Jun’s body was already extremely broken. Zhuzhi-Lang had been nailed onto the stone wall, while Great Master Wu Chen was supporting Wu Wang, whose head was bleeding. Mobei-Jun was dragging Shang Qinghua, and Yue Qingyuan stood next to Shen Qingqiu.

Only Luo Binghe was standing directly across from the Xin Mo sword. His head was currently lowered, and he was calmly adjusting his sleeves.

Shen Qingqiu said in a soft voice, “Luo Binghe, come here.”

Luo Binghe shook his head once. Just one time, but it was very resolute.

Shen Qingqiu said, disappointed, “You tricked me again.”

Luo Binghe’s movements paused, and he asked in return, “Shizun, I told you I would help you deal with Tianlang-Jun; I can kill him right now for you to see, so how can you say that I tricked you?”

Tianlang-Jun laughed. “Purposefully using the enemy for your own gain—that’s a pretty good move. It’s just too bad that I wasn’t very useful, so he still has to do it himself.”

When he said “purposefully using the enemy for your own gain,” the unease in Shen Qingqiu’s heart grew even stronger.

Did Luo Binghe deliberately give the Xin Mo sword to Tianlang-Jun? After all, once Tianlang-Jun got the Xin Mo sword, his body molded from the Dew Flower Seed rotted faster and faster. Even if Luo Binghe gave the sword to him, he wouldn’t be much of a threat.

Perhaps his confusion was too great, and everything that he was thinking ended up leaking onto his face. Luo Binghe said, hurt, “Shizun, what are you thinking now? He did indeed steal the Xin Mo sword, but it continued to recognize me as its master, that’s all. You said that from now on, you would rather believe the best of me than the worst. Why are you not willing to trust me again?”

Shen Qingqiu said slowly, “I’ve trusted you many times before. Up until a moment ago, I had always trusted you.”

Luo Binghe, “Is that so?”

He pulled on a twisted smile. “But I don’t dare to trust Shizun anymore.”

This smile was extremely strange. Shen Qingqiu realized that something was wrong with his state of mind, and he relaxed his expression and tone of voice. “Now what’s wrong?”

He grew a little bit gentler, but Luo Binghe suddenly stopped smiling.

He looked heartbroken and devastated. “Shizun, I said it before. Sure enough, you’re the happiest when you’re together with them.”

In the beginning, Shen Qingqiu still couldn’t figure out who “they” was referring to. Luo Binghe paced unhurriedly back and forth in front of the stone wall with the Xin Mo sword.

He laughed self-mockingly. “Every time I begged for Shizun to come with me, you never agreed once. Even if you agreed, it was only because I did all I could to demand it of you. You were forced, and you were never

willing to do so. But when they asked you to stay, you never had the slightest bit of hesitation.”

He looked at Shen Qingqiu. “Shizun, you don’t laugh very often. I love to see you laugh. But when I remember that you only laugh like that when you’re together with them, I’m...”

He whispered, “...very, very hurt.”

Shen Qingqiu finally understood. “They” was referring to Cang Qiong Mountain.

That day in the bamboo house, when Liu Qingge abruptly opened the window to investigate, he really had detected Luo Binghe, who had been hovering outside the whole time. Liu Qingge had noticed the trace of killing intent that Luo Binghe was exuding, as well as his despairing anger.

He hadn’t left. Instead, he heard all the cheerful chatter and laughter coming from inside the bamboo house, including Shen Qingqiu’s sound of agreement, and he had remembered it.

Shen Qingqiu said, “You’re angry because of that?”

“Angry?” Luo Binghe viciously spat out two words: “I hate!

“I hate myself!”

He violently sped up his steps, his hands clasped behind his back.

“I hate myself for being useless. I hate myself for not being able to get anybody to stay. Never... has anyone been willing to choose me.”

The rest of the people in the cave couldn’t act rashly. Right now, Luo Binghe was the supply supporting the Xin Mo sword, and nobody wanted him to suddenly explode. But Yue Qingyuan said, “By doing this, aren’t you forcing him to pick a side?”

Luo Binghe stopped walking, and he shook his head. “Pick a side? No. This isn’t that.

“I know that if he has to choose, Shizun definitely won’t pick me. So, it’s fine as long as there isn’t a choice.”

A layer of red flushed across Luo Binghe’s deathly pale face, and he was full of an odd excitement. “So, this time, I’ve learned my lesson. If Cang Qiong Mountain doesn’t exist, wouldn’t everything be fine? This way, Shizun will only have me.”

Great Master Wu Chen couldn’t bear to listen any longer. His hands were pressed together as he endlessly chanted the names of Buddha. “Benefactor Luo, you’ve gone insane.”

Luo Binghe was still laughing loudly. Great Master Wu Chen continued, “If there’s no possibility of choosing, then admittedly, there’s no possibility of abandoning you. But how can you dismiss everything that Peak Lord Shen has done for you?”

Luo Binghe said tenderly, “Shizun, if Qing Jing Peak is gone, I can create a new one for you. It’s fine if you resent me or hate me. I won’t make any more unreasonable requests. If you’re unhappy, you can hit me or kill me. In any case, I won’t die. As long as... as long as you don’t leave me, I’ll be fine.”

He said sincerely, “Really. This is the only wish I have left.”

Looking at Luo Binghe’s hazy consciousness and qi-deviating appearance, Shen Qingqiu’s mouth tasted bitter, and he couldn’t say anything.

Luo Binghe’s eyes were unfocused, and the circle of blood red around his pupils occasionally expanded and shrank. His smile was warped, and he genuinely looked like someone who had gone completely mad and lost his rationality. Shen Qingqiu didn’t know if Luo Binghe was the one controlling the sword, or if the sword was controlling him.

Zhuzhi-Lang said, “Besides Cang Qiong Mountain, there are thousands of things that Master Shen cares for in this world. Will you only be happy if you destroy them all?”

Luo Binghe smiled. “Yeah? Why wouldn’t it be fine?!”

He tilted his head to the side before he suddenly turned and said ruthlessly, “Shut him up!”

When Mobei-Jun heard this, he thought a little before he punched Zhuzhi-Lang in the face.

Tianlang-Jun looked at Luo Binghe, pity flashing through his eyes. He sighed. “... the Xin Mo sword has already corroded your mind. You’ve gone mad.”

This was the only time since he and Luo Binghe had met that he had an expression that looked a little like that of a father’s. But Luo Binghe was completely unaware of it, and he smiled faintly as he nodded. “That’s right. I’ve gone mad.”

When Shen Qingqiu heard him fully admit that he had gone mad, his heart throbbed with a stifling pain.

He said softly, “Binghe, first leave that sword. Stand a little further away from it.”

As he coaxed Luo Binghe with gentle words, he secretly placed his hand on the Xiu Ya sword’s hilt underneath the cover of his wide sleeve. Luo Binghe laughed. “It’s useless. Shizun, you don’t need to be like this. The nicer you are to me, the more afraid I am.”

As he spoke, he made a very slight lifting gesture with his right hand. Instantly, the purple energy around the Xin Mo sword surged greatly. Zhuzhi-Lang spat out a mouthful of blood. That punch just then had only silenced him for a while, and he said calmly, “Pitiful.”

“Pitiful?” Luo Binghe murmured, “Correct, I’m pitiful. Even if Shizun is only pitying me, that’s fine. Shizun, can’t you stay by my side just once?”

Tears rolled down his cheeks.

Luo Binghe gritted his teeth, his eyes scarlet. “Shizun, you always let go of me time and time again.

“Every time, every time, anyone, anything! They can all become your reason for abandoning me, and sometimes you don’t even need a reason! It’s like this every single time!”

Suddenly, Shang Qinghua fell onto the floor with a crash. Shen Qingqiu also subconsciously steadied himself against the stone wall.

The entire floor started to shake violently. The speed at which Maigu Ridge was falling increased even more!

Yue Qingyuan said quietly, “Shidi, he’s gone mad. How do you wish to handle this?”

Luo Binghe chuckled coldly before he took two steps back and suddenly seized the hilt of the Xin Mo sword. The ground started to quake even more intensely, and if you looked out from the cave entrance, you could see countless mountain peaks of varying heights peek through from the rolling clouds. Shen Qingqiu was about to draw Xiu Ya when there was suddenly a burst of dazzling white light from beside him. Yue Qingyuan had pulled out his sword first, and the whistling of the sword tore through the air filled with flying snow and purple-black energy.

Xuan Su left its scabbard!

Mobei-Jun saw Yue Qingyuan level his sword at Luo Binghe, and he took a step forward to meet his attack. Xuan Su’s spiritual energy rose sharply, and before Mobei-Jun even touched it, it directly sent him flying out.

It seemed like Mobei-Jun had never expected that he too would one day be sent flying by someone. With that kind of expression, he plummeted off of Maigu Ridge in the blink of an eye. Shang Qinghua looked scared out of his mind, and he grabbed a sword before he rushed past. Shen Qingqiu hastily grabbed him and said, “What are you doing!”

Shang Qinghua howled, “F***, he can’t fly!” before he also jumped off.

Shen Qingqiu peered down from the hole against the flying snow and violent wind. He just happened to see Shang Qinghua, who was riding the flying sword, catch Mobei-Jun when they were still about three hundred meters from the surface of the ice. After confirming that he wouldn’t crash and die, Shen Qingqiu didn’t even have time to release a sigh of relief before he suddenly looked back and saw that Luo Binghe and Yue Qingyuan had already started to fight.

Naturally, Luo Binghe’s explosive energy was terrifying, but Shen Qingqiu hadn’t expected that after Xuan Su left its scabbard, its power would be as formidable as it was. It was on the same level as Luo Binghe in his crazed state. Shen Qingqiu could sense it, and the raging spiritual and demonic energy in the air created pressure and rumbling noises in his ears and throat. He saw that this cave would collapse sooner or later, and he scrambled over to the cliff wall before he grabbed onto the Xin Mo sword with his bare hands. With force, he pulled it out of the wall!

Even though he had pulled it out, the Maigu Ridge’s falling momentum still didn’t slow. When Luo Binghe saw, he wanted to go snatch the sword away, but how would Yue Qingyuan give him that chance? The Xuan Su sword ripped a visible, dazzling mark in the air, and an enormous restrictive, complicated spell created an invisible cage, trapping Luo Binghe inside.

Yue Qingyuan saw that Shen Qingqiu had already obtained Xin Mo, and he said in a low voice, “Leave!”

How could he leave in this kind of situation? Shen Qingqiu immediately shook his head, and he was about to toss the Xin Mo sword to him when he suddenly felt his legs give out from under him.

No, it wasn’t him, it was the floor that gave out. This cave finally collapsed!



On the second layer of Maigu Ridge.

Shen Qingqiu dug Yue Qingyuan out from the pile of rubble. “Sect Master? Shixiong? Zhangmen-shixiong!”

Yue Qingyuan’s face was slightly pale, and blood trickled down from the corner of his mouth. He swallowed, and he seemed to have swallowed a mouthful of hot blood.

He opened his eyes and glanced at Shen Qingqiu. “... where’s everybody else.”

The structure inside Maigu Ridge was similar to that of an irregular wasp’s nest, one cave connected to another. Shen Qingqiu looked around him. “I didn’t see Great Master Wu Chen or Tianlang-Jun and the rest. They might be buried here, or they might have fallen into another cave as the rock collapsed.” He looked back. “Shixiong, when did you get hurt?”

Yue Qingyuan didn’t answer. He asked, “You still have the Xin Mo sword?”

Shen Qingqiu showed him the sword. “I do. But Maigu Ridge is still falling, so the merging shouldn’t have ended yet. Shixiong, you should take the sword down, and destroy it.”

With his assistance, Yue Qingyuan slowly stood up. “... what about you then?”

Of course, he had to go back and find Luo Binghe.

Shen Qingqiu avoided answering. “Shixiong, your injury isn’t typical. What in the world happened?”

Yue Qingyuan dodged the question, and he said, “I didn’t want to at first. But I... am an easily impulsive person in the end.”

Shen Qingqiu felt like those words of his were strange, but he didn’t have time to think about it carefully. He supported him and continued to walk. “Shixiong, can you still walk? Go down first, destroy the sword, and find Mu-shidi to treat your wounds. Leave Luo Binghe to me.”

Yue Qingyuan stood up with difficulty with Shen Qingqiu’s aid. Fresh blood dripped onto the ground. Shen Qingqiu thought that he was fine, and he let him go, but unexpectedly, the moment he let go, Yue Qingyuan toppled over after standing for a short while.

Shen Qingqiu went pale with fright. He hastily went to support him again. “Zhangmen-shixiong? Zhangmen-shixiong?” After feeling his pulse for a moment, even someone like him—with a very shallow understanding of healing—could tell that Yue Qingyuan’s current state was extremely terrible!

Yue Qingyuan looked distracted, as if he hadn’t heard what Shen Qingqiu said. He muttered, “But... those two times at Jinlan City and when Luo Binghe encircled the peak, I controlled myself and took in the big picture... but every time I thought back to it after it was over, I would have been better off... just being impulsive.”

Seeing his drowsy appearance, Shen Qingqiu wished he could violently pinch Yue Qingyuan’s philtrum and pinch him awake. But at the same time, he didn’t dare to do something so impolite, so he could only speak loudly next to Yue Qingyuan’s ear, not letting him pass out. “Shixiong, wake up! What you did was right!”

Yue Qingyuan closed his eyes and shook his head. He drew in a breath before he released another burst of severe coughing that made Shen

Qingqiu's heart leap with fear.

Blood flowed unceasingly outwards with the coughs. He said with difficulty, "Help me... put Xuan Su back."

Shen Qingqiu hastily pressed the glaring white Xuan Su that had fallen to the side back into its scabbard before handing it to him. Only then did the color of Yue Qingyuan's face finally look a little better, and he drew in the most difficult breath of air.

He stared blankly at Shen Qingqiu's hand that had put away Xuan Su. He didn't take the sword; instead, he said, "If I die here, you... please help me take Xuan Su back to Wan Jian Peak."

Shen Qingqiu was given a shock. "What did you say?"

Die? Was Yue Qingyuan's injury severe to the point that it was very likely that he would die?!

Yue Qingyuan, "Xuan Su's power is unusually strong, but I never draw it out to fight the enemy. You must have guessed the reason why."

Shen Qingqiu nodded. Not only had he guessed, but many people had also guessed before.

Yue Qingyuan said, "Xuan Su is my life. Do you understand what that means?"

Absolutely not. But Shen Qingqiu knew that it definitely wasn't some rhetorical technique used to express how he loved his sword more than his life.

He also knew that what Yue Qingyuan was about to say was certainly going to be a secret that he had never told anyone else before.

Sure enough, Yue Qingyuan said, "Every time I draw Xuan Su, what is consumed is my life span."

The moment he said that Shen Qingqiu immediately felt as if the Xuan Su in his hand weighed a thousand times heavier.

No wonder Xuan Su never left its scabbard.

No wonder he would never draw his sword unless he absolutely had to.

Shen Qingqiu said, shocked, “Shixiong, you... you’ve had a qi deviation before?”

Using his life span as fuel for spiritual energy, tying his own life together with his sword. Unless he had experienced a major accident while cultivating and had a qi deviation, why else would Yue Qingyuan cultivate this kind of evil path?!

Yue Qingyuan said slowly, “I entered Qiong Ding Peak when I was fifteen years old. I had a goal to reach, and I was impatient for success. Pursuing the Way of Unity of Man and Sword failed, and instead, I ended up like this. Completely the opposite of what I wished for, leaving behind great resentment and lifelong remorse.”

As he spoke, the remaining bit of color that had risen to his face just then because of his coughing suddenly faded completely again. Shen Qingqiu quickly cut him off. “Don’t talk anymore. This isn’t the time to talk about it. Let me first send you down to find Mu-shidi.”

The two of them took a few difficult steps forward. Yue Qingyuan abruptly said softly, “... I’m sorry.”

Shen Qingqiu didn’t understand what he was apologizing to him for. There wasn’t any reason for Yue Qingyuan to be sorry to him. On the contrary, it should be him apologizing, since he was always slacking off and taking it easy, not saying anything but still stirring up a bunch of trouble, forcing Yue Qingyuan to get a headache as he cleaned up behind him.

But what Yue Qingyuan said next stunned him completely.

Yue Qingyuan’s voice was shaking. “... really... I’m sorry.

“Obviously it was so I could go back faster; obviously I wanted to immediately go back and get you... but instead, it ruined things. You weren’t wrong. After all, I’m a very impulsive person...

“After that, Shizun abandoned my entire body and spiritual meridians, and I was shut in the spirit caves for over a year. Everything was a mess, and I had to start over completely.

“I called out, I shouted, but it was useless. For an entire year, they let me go crazy however I wanted in the dark cavern. Nobody was willing to actually listen to what I was begging for; nobody was willing to let me out...

“I used all my energy and effort, but by the time I returned, the Qiu residence had already been destroyed for many days...”

The sound of something shattering came from somewhere deep within his mind.

In an instant, all of Yue Qingyuan’s eager concern and silent protection in the past circled through his mind like a revolving lantern, along with countless other scenes and details, incomparably clear.

No wonder no matter how much trouble “Shen Qingqiu” caused, the Sect Master had never punished him for it. He had always shown him unlimited forgiveness and infinite patience.

No wonder Shen Jiu hadn’t been able to wait for the person who was coming back to save him.

Yue Qingyuan, Shen Qingqiu; Yue Qi, Shen Jiu.

So that’s how it was!

Yue Qingyuan said, “I really... didn’t purposefully not go back. The only thing was that it turned out that it’s true the world is very cruel, making you and I miss each other completely...”

Blood flowed even more with each sentence he spoke. Shen Qingqiu took him by the arm, and they had to stop every other step. He sighed and said, "... don't talk anymore."

He knew everything that came after that.

But Yue Qingyuan persevered. "This time, just let me finish talking.

"It was precisely as you always said. 'I'm sorry' is nothing but an empty phrase; it's completely useless. I never explained either, so today, you have to hear it. It isn't so I can beg for understanding. It isn't so I can win sympathy, but rather, if I don't say it now... I'm afraid it really will be too late."

Shen Qingqiu's heart felt bitter, his eyes hot.

Too late. It was already too late!

Shen Jiu was already no longer here.

Perhaps he was dead, or perhaps his soul had moved to a different unfamiliar world, just like Shen Yuan.

But no matter what, he would never be able to hear what Yue Qingyuan was saying again.

The System delivered a succession of announcements:

Hidden Character ① Zhuzhi-Lang, 100% complete

Hidden Character ② Tianlang-Jun, 100% complete

Hidden Character ③ Su Xiyan, 100% complete

Plot Hole Filling Event ① Shen Qingqiu, 100% complete

Plot Hole Filling Event ② Yue Qingyuan, 100% complete

The completion percentage for characters has reached the minimum standard. As per the System's testing, there are no evident holes in logic. B points +300 per task, with a total sum of 1200. Congratulations on being promoted due to "Many Vent-Worthy Points." You've earned the "Absurd Writing is Now Readable" achievement.

Cool points have been cleared. Under the current circumstances, you may use B points as replacement currency for fulfilling the requirements for dropping key items. Will you accept or decline?

There was a long series of beeps, full of joy. Instead, Shen Qingqiu felt unprecedented dismay.

He said, "Is there any point?"

Of course, the System wouldn't answer him. Shen Qingqiu pointed two middle fingers at the interface from the depths of his heart.

What kind of damn thing was this System? What was the point?

Just so he could know exactly how unlucky these people could be? Just so he could personally witness the many brutal ways someone could get screwed over in this world?

Or was it so he could drive Luo Binghe mad?

Everyone said that Luo Binghe had already gone mad. Even Luo Binghe himself had laughed and admitted that he had gone mad.

In the original work, after struggling for several million words, the Xin Mo sword that had been suppressed by Luo Binghe in the end actually gained the upper hand here, and it had corroded Luo Binghe's rationality.

This wasn't caused by one or two factors, but more so a gradual accumulation of things, before it finally exploded completely. There had been many signs before this, but Shen Qingqiu had never noticed.

Or rather, he had never known that Luo Binghe actually felt so insecure beneath the surface to the point that he felt inferior.

First, he thought of Luo Binghe as too evil, but after that, he had thought of Luo Binghe as too bright and strong. When he looked back, there were initially signs of the Xin Mo sword beginning to corrode Luo Binghe's rationality all the way back from Zhao Hua Temple.

Luo Binghe, who had just heard his own background, received a great shock. It was the moment when he was the most frightened, and he had reached out towards Shen Qingqiu, begging Shen Qingqiu to leave with him.

But he hadn't taken Luo Binghe's hand. Instead, he told Luo Binghe to leave by himself first. At that time, Luo Binghe's mind started to become extremely unstable. What he needed wasn't to withdraw safely, but to be with Shen Qingqiu. Even if he ended up being trapped at Zhao Hua Temple, unable to escape; even if he was attacked by everyone at the scene, it was still better than telling him to leave by himself!

For Luo Binghe, whose mind was in that sort of state, it was the same as "abandonment."

It was like a repetition of how Su Xiyan had taken the poison that was deadly to him back then.

Just as Luo Binghe had said, he wasn't forcing someone to pick a side. Because Luo Binghe firmly believed from deep in his bones that he knew the answer: in the end, there would be a day that Shen Qingqiu would abandon him.

His entire mind was filled with a near paranoid fear and anxiety towards things that hadn't happened. How had he not gone completely crazy?

Yue Qingyuan's footsteps grew weaker and weaker, and he almost couldn't even stand anymore.

Shen Qingqiu had never seen this Sect Master be weakened to this degree. Yue Qingyuan had always been calm and powerful. Even though he didn't talk much and wasn't aggressive, he was gentle and kind, and also extremely dependable with no loss to his dignity.

Now, not only was it difficult for him to even walk, he uncharacteristically had a lot to say. He most likely really did feel like he couldn't hold on for much longer.

Shen Qingqiu was basically dragging him forward. As he walked, he said, "Zhangmen-shixiong, bear it, you must not faint. Everything will be okay very soon."

Yue Qingyuan laughed bitterly. "During all these years, you've never mentioned the past. You've only ever called me Zhangmen-shixiong. Have you made up your mind never to say Qi-ge again?"

The muscles in the hand that Shen Qingqiu was gripping the sword with gradually tightened. Yue Qingyuan wanted to hear Shen Jiu say Qi-ge. But, he wasn't Shen Jiu!

He polished the original Shen Qingqiu's cold and hateful energy, and he refused resolutely. "I won't."

He couldn't raise a death flag! Judging from the TV shows and novels, those characters who had their final wishes fulfilled and finished saying their last words would always be satisfied and immediately keel over. Shen Qingqiu said harshly, "I didn't hear anything you said just then. Bear it, until we get down!"

Yue Qingyuan closed his eyes and sighed. "Xiao Jiu ah..."

Don't say it.

He didn't dare imagine just what kind of expression Yue Qingyuan wore in the original work after Luo Binghe cut off "Shen Qingqiu's" legs and sent them to Cang Qiong Mountain Sect in a gilded box. Even though he clearly knew that it was a futile effort, he still stepped into Luo Binghe's trap honorably without looking back, up until ten thousand arrows pierced his body.

The loyalty of a lifetime unexpectedly had to be repaid by so many things.

Yue Qingyuan didn't even have time to tell "Shen Qingqiu"—who was filled with resentment and had helped Luo Binghe lure him into the trap just to scrape for one more moment to live—the reason why he hadn't been able to go back and rescue him that year.

Why didn't he say it sooner?

Just like him and Luo Binghe, it was the same. Why didn't he say it sooner?

If he hadn't guessed and assumed so much from the very start, Luo Binghe perhaps would have never blackened from beginning to end. He would've been that cute and bashful disciple for the rest of his life at Qing Jing Peak.

Even if Shen Qingqiu took ten thousand steps back and had no choice back then but to push Luo Binghe down into the Endless Abyss, he completely could have achieved his goal using a different method. He wouldn't even have had to waste any time thinking about it. Only now did Shen Qingqiu realize that, if he had wanted Luo Binghe to go down, he very likely would've only needed to say a single word and Luo Binghe would've obediently gone down.

Shen Qingqiu had never once thought of this possibility. He didn't believe that someone would be so stupid, that Luo Binghe would be so obedient.

But in reality, he really was that stupid, that obedient.

After many twists and turns, they took quite a few detours and went around in a big circle, and he looked around at a loss. He didn't know where they were, and he could only feel regret and deep hurt, sighing 'if only I had known sooner.'

But in this world, there was no such thing.

After walking through this cave, two figures covered with dust suddenly appeared in front of them.

The moment he saw those two round, shiny bald heads, Shen Qingqiu blurted out, “Great Master Wu Chen. Great Master Wu Wang.”

The short and small monk carrying the big and tall monk was precisely Great Master Wu Chen. He had lost one of his wooden fake legs, and it was hard to walk with one leg. Nor could he free his hands to clasp them together in prayer. Not willing to be impolite, he repeated a few more ‘Amitabha’s. “Amitabha, Peak Lord Shen, finally I found you. What happened to Sect Master Yue?”

After Yue Qingyuan closed his eyes, he leaned against Shen Qingqiu’s body heavily. Shen Qingqiu said, “Zhangmen-shixiong... smashed his head against a rock. What about Great Master Wu Wang?”

Wu Chen said, “He was injured by that Tianlang-Jun’s demonic energy and hasn’t awakened yet. The cavern collapsed, and those few from the demon race have all disappeared completely.”

Shen Qingqiu drew Xiu Ya and handed it to him. “Great Master, may I please request of you to first take my shixiong and Great Master Wu Wang and leave Maigu Ridge on a flying sword?”

Wu Chen, “What about Peak Lord Shen?”

Shen Qingqiu said succinctly, “My disciple, I will take care of him.”

Great Master Wu Chen said solemnly, “If Peak Lord Shen is willing to face him calmly, then that would be ideal.”

Shen Qingqiu, “I’m ashamed. But I hope that I can resolve this matter before it creates irrevocable consequences. I will entrust Zhangmen-shixiong to Great Master then. If you can, please hand him over to Mu-shidi of Qian Cao Peak as fast as possible once you go down. I am extremely thankful.”

Wu Chen put down Wu Wang and took Xiu Ya. He bowed properly before he said suddenly, “Xin Mo rose all because of an obsession.”

Shen Qingqiu was startled. “Does Great Master want to say that if I wish to get rid of Xin Mo, I must break the obsession?”

But Wu Chen shook his head. “If it can be broken, then that would not be an obsession.”

“That’s also as I thought.” Shen Qingqiu returned the bow and turned.

Who told him to be Luo Binghe’s obsession?

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by Yan.
- Now that Shen Qingqiu’s pitiful disciple Luo Binghe has gone mad, it’s up to our beloved Xiu Ya sword to “take care” of him!
- As many guessed, that “Seventh Brother” (Qi-ge) whose face was blurred out in Shen Jiu’s memory was Yue Qingyuan.
- “He couldn’t raise a death flag.” In the original this just said “flag” but I made it “death flag” to make it clearer. In this context, a death flag is something in TV, movies, literature, etc. that make it likely for a person to die. For example, a soldier showing someone a picture of his/her sweetheart on the eve of battle and saying “we’re getting married right after the war” makes it almost certain that he is going to die.
- Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading!

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Chapter 80 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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The interior of Maigu Ridge had caved in until it was all a mess. Originally, there were hundreds of thousands of interconnecting caves extending in all directions, but now, half of them had collapsed because of the quake. Every nook and cranny was blocked off by fallen rocks.

Shen Qingqiu struggled to navigate his way through them.

Suddenly, a faint demonic aura emanated from amongst a pile of giant, arching rocks.

Shen Qingqiu subconsciously shouted, “Luo Binghe?”

It could not be Luo Binghe—immobilized by Yue Qingyuan’s seal—crushed under it, could it?

He leaped over and lifted the topmost layer of the stone slab to reveal damaged green scales underneath. Big and small stones rolled down with every feeble rise and fall of those green scales.

Zhuzhi-Lang’s snake form was coiled into a small, impermeable and protective fortress around Tianlang-Jun, who lay unharmed in the middle.

The disintegration of Tianlang-Jun’s body was even more severe now. His head looked as though it could drop off at any moment. He opened his eyes and looked at Shen Qingqiu, even being in the mood to greet him, “Peak Lord Shen.”

Shen Qingqiu asked, “How are both of you doing?”

Tianlang-Jun replied, "I'm used to this. Zhuzhi-Lang, not so good."

He was indeed not in a good state.

The light in his two large yellow pupils, which used to shine brilliantly like a pair of lanterns, had begun to dim, although they still had spirit in them. Many of the green scales on his body had fallen off and there were patches of red and black over the body; he was covered all over in wounds.

Shen Qingqiu helped to push away the piece of rock that was pinning down his tail and found Zheng Yang still stuck in its body. He reached his hands out, grasped the hilt of the sword and pulled it out. The damage caused by blood loss was nothing to the demons; on the contrary, Zheng Yang was brimming with spiritual energy and sticking it into its body had caused even more serious harm.

Tianlang-Jun said, "Isn't Peak Lord Shen not very fond of paying him any attention?"

Shen Qingqiu said, "Who said I don't give him attention? It's just that there's a communication breakdown sometimes. He... how is he?"

Tianlang-Jun used the remnant of his ruined arm to "stroke" that triangular snake head. He didn't answer, but countered with a question, "What do you intend to do next?"

Shen Qingqiu replied, "Destroy the sword, of course."

Tianlang-Jun said, "Xin Mo has already consumed Luo Binghe's mind and is now one with him. Isn't destroying the sword now the same as killing him?"

Shen Qingqiu resolutely said, "Then I'll think of another way."

Tianlang-Jun asked, "Even if it's too late to prevent the merging of both worlds?"

Shen Qingqiu took a breath and said impatiently, ".....Then so be it! I'll do my best. We will talk about the rest when the time comes."

At last, Tianlang-Jun laughed again. He said, “Peak Lord Shen, you’re really a strange one. To use the words of you humans, you profess to harbor no feelings and yet there is. This is so true of your actions towards Zhuzhi-Lang, and even more so towards my son.”

He gave a sigh again and lamented, “As expected, I still can’t hate humans.”



Seriously, no matter how strange I am, you still win hands down when it comes to being strange. Shen Qingqiu could not continue with the conversation and instead asked, “Where is Luo Binghe? Have you seen him?”

Tianlang-Jun curiously asked, “I thought Peak Lord Shen knew? Isn’t he always behind you?”

Shen Qingqiu’s eyes immediately widened. With his hairs standing on end, he slowly turned his head around.

Sure enough, Luo Binghe stood behind him, staring fixedly at his back.

There was no knowing exactly when he had started standing there. Or to put it in another way, when he had begun to tag behind Shen Qingqiu.

Luo Binghe smiled and said, “Shizun, hand me the sword.”

Maintaining his composure, Shen Qingqiu lifted up Xin Mo sword and said, “You can come over and get it.”

Luo Binghe took a step towards him and suddenly stopped dead in his tracks. The corners of his mouth twitched and his shoulders shook.

Shen Qingqiu leveled the sword in front of him and asked, “What’s the matter?”

Luo Binghe clenched his teeth and hissed, “.....Get lost.”

Before Shen Qingqiu could react, Luo Binghe pressed down on his temple with one hand, threw out a violent punch with the other, and shouted, “All of you get lost! Don’t pester him. Scram!!!”

This was not directed at him, and the blow did not land on him but brushed past Shen Qingqiu and destroyed a part of the cave wall which was already full of dents to begin with.

Tianlang-Jun helpfully pointed out, “Xin Mo’s hallucinations”.

Needless to say, Shen Qingqiu could more or less figure it out himself, too. Luo Binghe obviously looked like he saw something others were unable to see. He was striking out with the spiritual and demonic energy in his hands at the space beside him in a frenzied manner, locked in battle with opponents that never existed. The mountain shook again, and stones

tumbled down in chunks. Shen Qingqiu glanced at the two men on the side; they could be perfectly described as the old and the weak, the sick and the disabled. He shouted, “Binghe, come here!”

Luo Binghe had a vacant look on his face: nonetheless, he was still very obedient and went after him as expected.

The one leading in front moved fast like the wind, whereas the one following behind was like a wandering soul, yet he maintained his speed and never once fell behind. Right at this moment, the system prompted: Luo Binghe’s Anger Points 300. Multiplying Xin Mo’s factor by 10, the current value is 3000.

Shen Qingqiu yelled, “Where is the key item? Can’t you bring it out quickly?! Jade Guanyin! Jade pendant! Take it out fast!”

System: Hello, the release of the key item is currently loading. It is recommended that you use other tools for the time being.

Shen Qingqiu, “Loading my—! What other tools are there, show them to me!”

System: Friendly Reminder: The Small Scenario Pusher Luxury Edition Package that you have purchased previously is still unused.

Shen Qingqiu abruptly came to a halt.

Truth be told, he still has yet to figure out what the heck this “Small Scenario Pusher” was and how it worked. But, judging from that one time user experience he had, it appeared to be—quite useful!

Shen Qingqiu gnashed his teeth and said, “.....Proceed!”

Show me what this Luxury Edition is made of. Bring it on!

He had just jabbed on the confirm button when the ground gave way beneath him again.

On the way down, Shen Qingqiu only had one thought: what a scam, so much for “pusher”—you damn bulldozer!

He tumbled and slid for a spell, and above him, the rocks were coming down in torrents. Yet, not one piece of the falling rocks struck him.

Someone was taking the blows for him.

Luo Binghe was delirious, and his mind was in a fog, yet when it came to the crunch, he had still instinctively used his own body to shield him from the crumbling rocks.

With a single backhand push, he flung off a boulder that had smashed into his back. He was oblivious of the pressure as he lowered his head to look blankly at Shen Qingqiu; there was a fleeting moment of clarity in his eyes, but with a blink, it was abruptly replaced with turmoil.

The dark red symbol on his forehead was spreading out in a pattern along his entire snowy white face, even extending down towards his neck. Xin Mo, which had fallen to a side, was ceaselessly glowing and dimming purple amidst a black cloud of energy, as if pulsating in tandem with the markings on him.

Luo Binghe muttered, “Shizun...?”

Shen Qingqiu responded with an affirmative “mhm.” Seeing fresh blood flowing down Luo Binghe’s forehead, his voice quavered a little.

Luo Binghe asked, “Shizun, is it really you?”

“.....mhm.”

Luo Binghe said, “Is this for real this time? You left with them earlier, didn’t you? I saw you.”

Shen Qingqiu replied, “I’m not leaving.”

Luo Binghe slowly bent down, burrowed his face in the crevice of his neck, and whispered, “Shizun, I’m hurting. My head hurts.”

This manner of speaking was like the whining of a pampered child, yet it also seemed like he was really, really hurting. Shen Qingqiu slowly reached out his arms and placed them around the back of his shoulders. Patting him gently, he coaxed him as if he was pacifying a child, “Be good. It won’t hurt anymore soon.”

Luo Binghe asked, “If I am good, it will no longer hurt, and so Shizun will never leave me alone again?”

Shen Qingqiu said, “The pain will go away very soon.”

Luo Binghe said in a low voice, “I don’t believe it.”

All of a sudden, he flew into a rage and bellowed, “I don’t believe it! I don’t believe it!”

Seeing him act up again, Shen Qingqiu grasped his shoulders, bravely lifted his upper body and raised his head.

Something was wrong with the angle. It hurt when their teeth knocked against each other. With his mouth blocked, Luo Binghe’s stunned eyes were still wide open. He blinked once, then a second time.

Shen Qingqiu’s eyes were wide open too. Staring wide-eyed at each other like this gave him an extremely weird feeling.

After staring at one another for a while, none of them closed their eyes. So he could only give in and closed his eyes first. His eyelashes quivered, and he deepened the kiss.

Honestly speaking, this kind of collision, where his mouth and teeth were still hurting so much that they felt numb, simply cannot be called kissing; it can only be called gnawing.

But obviously, Luo Binghe was very happy to gnaw all over Shen Qingqiu’s lips, like he was eating candy. His breathing became more and more urgent, and he suddenly pushed Shen Qingqiu back and pressed him to the ground.

With a ripping sound, Shen Qingqiu's outer garment was torn into pieces.

The remaining pieces of clothing were stripped off by Shen Qingqiu himself. In between the act of tearing at it, his pants were pulled down to his knees, and his last remaining undershirt, that had been loosely covering his upper body, slipped off his smooth, rounded shoulders.

Luo Binghe ran his hand along the collar and slipped his hand in, groping.

He was burning hot all over, it was even worse than the time at the Holy Mausoleum. His hand kneaded hard on Shen Qingqiu's skin.

He was burning, hurting, flustered.

Shen Qingqiu knew what was coming. He had already made up his mind and was ready. He consciously turned his body around, with his back facing Luo Binghe.

Although he had no experience in this kind of thing, he had heard that it was easier to enter from the back if it was the first time. He thought that this posture was kind of disgraceful, but he did not dwell too much on it. He originally meant to make it more convenient for Luo Binghe to have his own way with him, but who knew that he would be brazenly flipped back again.

Luo Binghe wedged himself in between his legs, staring intently at his face. They were only a few inches apart, their hot breaths intertwining.

A burning hot object was propped up against the dry opening on his lower body; its diameter was somewhat terrifying, like an engorged ball of something.

Because the front end was slightly moist, his tight opening was able to take a little of it in.

Luo Binghe did not charge in immediately. He was in a daze, yet he still insisted on staring fixedly at Shen Qingqiu's face; bit by bit, he rained

small, gentle kisses on Shen Qingqiu's cheeks. Shen Qingqiu was initially a bundle of nerves, but because of this unconscious act, he relaxed a little.

He relaxed too early.

Shen Qingqiu finally experienced what it felt like to be split apart alive from the middle.

He went mad with pain, kicking his legs back in a retreat. Luo Binghe clamped down on his waist and dragged him back, chafing his back against the rough rocks and stinging his flesh.

The flare of pain at this very instance made Shen Qingqiu's mind go blank.

He struggled violently like a dying fish out of water. But the more he struggled, the more emotionally unstable Luo Binghe became; his eyes red, his breathing in disarray, his thinking clouded..... all he could think of was to hold on to Shen Qingqiu and plunge it in until the very end!

The thickest part of the tip, which was connected to a long shaft, was already buried inside him, pressing down heavily on his internal organs. Shen Qingqiu held his hand against Luo Binghe's chest, but his waist was being held down in place, his legs were pressed against his own chest, and his hips were raised so high that he could not stop his intestinal wall from being stretched open all the way.

He choked back a scream, loosened up as much as he could, and spread his legs open, letting Luo Binghe shove it all into the deepest recess.

With it buried deep, it was as if he was being penetrated by a scorching nail and pinned to a rock alive. Luo Binghe, looking like he had finally found some sense of security, grabbed Shen Qingqiu by the hair and pulled him up into a kiss.

The pain on his scalp could be overlooked, but the change in position gave Shen Qingqiu the horrible illusion that his internal organs had been displaced; the opening in his rear end was writhing uncontrollably. Unaware

of this, Luo Binghe did not show restraint. Feeling invigorated, he began to thrust in and out without mercy.

His actions were fast and savage. After hundreds of thrusts with alternating speed and varying depth, Luo Binghe was finally able to repeatedly enter him unhindered.

The sound of papapa, intermingled with a watery, squelching sound, rang incessantly in his ears.

Shen Qingqiu's eyes filled with tears.

It hurts.

Boy, it hurts.

He trembled with pain, but he did not forget what he had to do at this juncture. Transferring his spiritual energy over, he guided the turbulent demonic energy inside Luo Binghe into his own body.

This method was awfully stupid, but it was also extremely effective. The source of Xin Mo's demonic energy was Luo Binghe; if he split up and transferred some of this energy over to him, then Maigu Ridge would naturally stop collapsing due to a lack of power.

The flesh wall of his insides shuddered as it enclosed that object that was ramming in and out relentlessly; no man has ever explored this territory before, and the grinding caused the tender meat of the wall to burn hot and swell. At the start, the passage was difficult, but after the bursts of searing pain, the intestinal muscles gradually moistened, with blood and intestinal secretions smoothing the way for intercourse.

In the darkness, the smell of blood pervaded the air. The sounds of agonizingly repressed panting and flesh pounding on flesh were all the more vivid.

Luo Binghe was so into it as he stubbornly clung on to Shen Qingqiu and nudged his cheeks against Shen Qingqiu's forehead. He was a picture of

obedience and aggrievement, but the same could not be said for sight below, which could almost be described as brutal.

Shen Qingqiu was embraced so tightly that he had difficulty breathing. The five fingers on his right hand drew blood as he dug them into the rocky ground. Even his breath hitched several times before he managed to gasp for breath.

He could not take it anymore.

He really could not take it anymore.

Just as he felt light-headed and his vision grew dark, a faint white light flashed across.

With a crisp, clear “ding” sound, it landed on Shen Qingqiu’s bare shoulders.

Luo Binghe was wary and raised his eyes for a look; in that split second, he was momentarily in a trance.

And then, his pupils shrank. The images which were previously blurred gradually superimposed over each other, becoming clearer and clearer.

He slowly lowered his head, and the color drained from his face.

Shen Qingqiu was lying under him. His clothes were all torn. His legs were trembling and would not close. His eyes were terribly red. He looked as if he was going to take his last breath any moment now.

Luo Binghe reached out a hand to touch him but got cold feet and his hand froze in midair. He mumbled, “.....Shi.....zun?”

Finally hearing Luo Binghe addressing him as “Shizun” in his usual manner, Shen Qingqiu looked as if he had been revived and gasped for breath. Only, this gasp for breath was so laboriously taken that it sounded like a sob instead.

Luo Binghe was stupefied. “Shizun..... I..... What did I do?”

Shen Qingqiu originally wanted to clear his throat, lighten up the mood and say, you didn't do anything except do your shizun, is all. In the end, he did not manage to clear his throat but coughed out a mouthful of blood instead.

Both of them were frightened out of their wits by this mouthful of blood.

Shen Qingqiu had not even shed a tear yet when Luo Binghe broke down. His tears dripped onto Shen Qingqiu's cheeks and slid down along its contours.

Shen Qingqiu used to be afraid of women crying, but now, the thing he feared most was Luo Binghe crying. Ignoring the pain in his rear end, he wiped Luo Binghe's face and consoled him as if he was coaxing a child. "Don't cry."

Luo Binghe's tears rolled down his shoulders like beads tumbling off a broken string. He was at a loss as he hugged Shen Qingqiu and sobbed, "Shizun, don't hate me..... I don't know..... I didn't want to hurt you..... Why didn't you push me away; why didn't you kill me?"

Shen Qingqiu patted his back sporadically. "This master knows. This master is willing."

As he coaxed him, he felt a boundless sense of desolation.

The one whose cherry got burst was him, alright? Why was the one who popped his cherry crying even harder than him? Why did the one who got screwed still have to turn around to comfort the one who screwed him?

Give him a break! A deflowered Luo Binghe was simply even harder to placate than a deflowered maiden!

Shen Qingqiu resignedly said, "Then..... you pull out first....."

Luo Binghe's tears were still hanging off his eyelashes. Disregarding his bashfulness or the fact that he was still not done with venting, he gingerly withdrew.

He stared blankly at the tragic picture that was in between Shen Qingqiu's legs, his face turning whiter and whiter. Even so, he still attentively straightened Shen Qingqiu's undershirt and draped his own outer robe over his body.

Shen Qingqiu did not dare to look down at his lower body too. Very slowly, he closed his legs. As he did so, the muscles on his face twitched slightly. He tried his best to hide the pain on his face.

In order to divert Luo Binghe's line of sight and attention, Shen Qingqiu extended a hand to pick up the Jade Guanyin at one side and gestured to Luo Binghe to lower his head.

Luo Binghe stammered, "I thought..... I thought it was long gone..... I thought I would never ever find it again....."

Shen Qingqiu helped him to put on the red string around his neck and told him, "Keep it safe from now on. Don't lose it anymore."

Luo Binghe hesitantly asked, "At that time, it was Shizun who helped me out of a tight spot. Could it be, from that time onward, Shizun has..... has always kept it by his side?"

It had always been stored in the system inventory, to say that he had always kept it on him was not exactly wrong. With this reasoning, Shen Qingqiu feebly nodded his head.

Luo Binghe's hands tightened around him. As he wept, he suddenly noticed that the patterns on his arm were rapidly fading away. His forehead and cheeks, which were burning hot, were also cooling down rapidly.

He asked in astonishment, "What are you doing?"

Shen Qingqiu hugged him tightly, locking Luo Binghe in his arms so that he could not move. He murmured, "Nothing. I told you, it won't hurt anymore soon. Be good, don't move."

Luo Binghe's voice cracked as he asked, "Shizun, are you going to use your own body to draw away Xin Mo's demonic energy like the last time?"

The "last time" he spoke of was referring to the time when Shen Qingqiu self-destructed. That had certainly cast a huge shadow over him. Shen Qingqiu replied, "It's different from that other time."

Luo Binghe clenched his fists and said with his voice quivering, "How is it different? Shizun, why are you treating me this way? For others, you would even go so far as to do the same thing again! Do you think..... I'd still be able to see it happen again with my own eyes? I should have known a long time ago, that no one would choose me and would rather abandon me and leave....."

Shen Qingqiu said sternly, "Luo Binghe, you listen here!"

Sure enough, Luo Binghe compliantly listened with tears in his eyes.

Shen Qingqiu said, "Su Xiyan risked her life to give birth to you. Luo Binghe ah Luo Binghe, think about it, being the kind of person Old Palace Master is, would he have given his disciple some mild medicine?"

"That would definitely have to be something that is fatal to demons. If she had really lost heart, accepted her fate and took the medicine, even if you don't die, how would you have been able to grow up to be this big all safe and sound?"

Luo Binghe's shoulders trembled. Shen Qingqiu continued, enunciating each word, "If I were in her shoes, I would not hesitate to drink it regardless of how lethal it is. Then, after escaping from the water prison, I would absorb it all into my own body. Regardless of how agonizing and horrifying the process is, regardless of the price to be paid, regardless of whether it would be a painful death, I would never let this child suffer any harm.

"This is how I see it. You can take it as just an interpretation because there is no one who can tell you what Su Xiyan was thinking before she breathed her last. But if she really saw you as a disgrace, she didn't need to do anything more. She could have just lowered you into the Luo River, on

the coldest days of the year, in a harsh and frozen landscape—how could you possibly survive?

“Or perhaps, she wasn’t willing to give up her position at Huan Hua Palace as the head disciple—with all the glory and a promising future to be had—and continued to gulp down every new poison sent by Old Palace Master; there would be no need to flee and hide pathetically from the pursuit of Huan Hua Palace’s disciples; nor did she have to strip off her outer robe and wrap it around you after giving birth to you all on her own on a secluded boat; she also need not use the last of her strength and energy to put you in a wooden basin and push you away to safety……. You don’t even need to wait for someone to save you at all since you would have already become a wandering soul who met his freezing end in Luo River.

“Now that you are standing here, alive and well, how can you hang on to the words of others and believe that your mother was really so cold-blooded and cruel that she didn’t truly want you?”

After saying his piece in one breath, Shen Qingqiu felt stifled and sensed the demonic energy flowing haphazardly in his limbs and bones. He used his remaining strength to grasp Luo Binghe by the wrist.

“Channeling away Xin Mo’s malevolent energy wasn’t because of any other person, or anything else. It was all for you.

“I…… have no wish to see a Luo Binghe who has fallen into the clutches of Xin Mo, with his mind so twisted that he would be perpetually haunted by phantoms for the rest of his life.

“What this master expects of you, is for you to be alive, sober, and strong.”

He then continued in a whisper, “So, stop saying that nobody wants you, or that no one would ever choose you.”

Luo Binghe knelt by his side. His eyelids could no longer take the weight of his tears any longer and fell freely, like a child who has suffered too much injustice.

He was merely a child all along. He walked alone on this earth, ran around in the dark, and fallen countless times. He never asked for much, and yet he always never managed to grab hold of those few he desired. If he had known this, Shen Qingqiu thought, he would definitely..... definitely.....

But as it had been said earlier, there was really never such a thing as “if I had known” in this world.

All of a sudden, Luo Binghe let out a laugh. One of his hands grabbed hold of Shen Qingqiu’s hand and laid it on his face, while the other hand picked Xin Mo up from the ground.

The blade of the sword, which was encircled with swirling purple light, let off a whine that sounded like a shrill scream. The sound of something shattering into pieces reverberated in their ears.

“Shizun, I know why you are saying this much.”

Luo Binghe peered at him and pulled up the corners of his mouth.

“But, if Shizun, the only one in this world who holds this kind of hope for me, is gone, then..... what’s the point of me being alive, sober, and strong?”

The heat from Luo Binghe seemed to have spread to him. Shen Qingqiu felt a little dizzy.

In a state of grogginess, he could hardly hear Luo Binghe’s voice anymore, let alone stop his suicidal act of destroying his sword. He vaguely thought, then so be it.

“Dying together” also meant being “together.”

It did not seem to be all that bad.

But there was a voice that could still be heard clearly—

Congratulations, you have achieved the targeted score for the various attributes and your account has been upgraded to Junior VIP user. May I ask if you wish to activate the advanced function “Self-Saving”?

Translation notes:

“...you profess to harbor no feelings and yet there is”

: This line is from Zhuzhi Ci (the same “Zhuzhi” as Zhuzhi-Lang), which is a poem by Liu Yuxi, a poet of the Tang Dynasty, who based it off a folk song. To put it simply, the poem is about the mixed feelings (bafflement, affection and hope) of a young maiden who was unsure if the gentleman she liked reciprocate her feelings (he was indifferent before) when she heard him singing about his feelings for her from the river; it was after a sunshower, and the sky was clear on the East bank while it was still raining on the West bank, leading our maiden to equate his ambiguous feelings with the equally ambiguous weather.

The word (qíng; clear) is used in the poem to refer to the weather but it also refers to (qíng; feelings) given the context of the poem. Tianlang-Jun literally used the word (feelings) here, putting the emphasis on Shen Qingqiu’s feelings, thus referring to someone who says (or acts) like he has no feelings towards someone but he actually does, i.e. Shen Qingqiu with Zhuzhi-Lang (in the end he still cares about him) and Luo Binghe (L-O-V-E).

The original poem:

Reika’s Notes:

- This chapter is by Lianyin.
- They did it! Surprisingly, Luo Binghe is the type of demon king who cries during papapa.

- New slang word added to vocabulary: bulldozer.
- June 5 for the next chapter.
- Please let me know if there are any errors.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 81 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Chapter 81: The Story Begins

This translation is by Yan (BC Novels) at [bcnovels dot com](#)

Proud Immortal Demon Way was a YY stallion novel. The great author Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky had clearly defined it as such since the very start.

Shen Qingqiu was widely-known to be a shameless straight man. He had also clearly defined himself as such from the moment he was born.

So, when Shen Yuan first flipped open this remarkable, shockingly high-quality book called Proud Immortal Demon Way—which had even exceeded his own standards for style—if someone had told him then that: ah, you’re going to do gay things with the male lead of this novel, and what’s more, you’re the one who’s going to lie down and present yourself to him to be done... he definitely would’ve taken all fifty thick, brick-like physical volumes of Proud Immortal Demon Way and showed the other person what it meant to have their brains dashed out.

Now, he floated in the empty dimension that he had passed through when he first entered this world, as he listened to the System’s familiar Google Translate accent spread through the entire space, the same as ever.

Hello. Because of your enthusiastic hard work and energetic cooperation, each value has already reached the necessary minimum standard for promotion.

The System is very honored to inform you that you have already been promoted to junior VIP member. Here, you are especially reminded that VIP members may enable the advanced feature “Self-Saving.”

Under the circumstances in which your life points fall to their lowest possible value, you may restore yourself to full health once.

Resurrected with full health!

This VIP treatment was really too damn kind.

Shen Qingqiu said, “Um, about that. Can this Self-Saving feature only be used once? I can only use it on myself?”

The System: Correct.

Shen Qingqiu instantly thought of a very serious problem. He had first drawn over a majority of the demonic energy from Luo Binghe’s body. Even if he destroyed the Xin Mo sword now, it shouldn’t greatly affect Luo Binghe. But originally, he had thought that he was more or less screwed, so that child had sobbed and said that he would die together with him. If he used the Self-Saving feature now, Luo Binghe better not foolishly follow him and kill himself!

Shen Qingqiu asked hastily, “What about Luo Binghe? How is he now?”

The System: At the time being, you do not have the authority to inquire about issues related to the source of all energy. Do you wish to examine your past achievements?

He was already a VIP, so why couldn’t he inquire about it! Shen Qingqiu was filled with anxiety, but if his authority wasn’t enough, then it wasn’t enough; if he couldn’t ask, then he couldn’t ask. No matter how anxious he was, it was useless. The System persisted: Do you wish to examine your past achievements?

It seemed like he had no choice but to see them. Shen Qingqiu waved his hand. “Yes, yes, yes. Hurry up!”

Along with a peal of jubilant BGM, the System slowly unrolled a list of achievements like pulling open a scroll:

The number of landmines avoided was above twenty, eliminating the “Landmines Raining Down Like Lightning” tag, earning the “Rather Many Tsukkomi Points” medal.

The highest value your past B-points reached was over 5000, earning the “Absurd Writing is Now Readable” medal.

There have been at least three extremely melodramatic outbursts, earning the “Torrent of Abuse” medal.

The insignificant side plots that flooded the main plot have been removed, earning the “Unequalled Water God” tag.

The Hidden Characters have been mended, and basic Plot Hole-Filling has been completed, eliminating the “Big Plot Holes Everywhere” tag.

The total value of cool points has surpassed the allowed maximum, earning the “Not a Bad Rub” medal.

You have attained the System’s recommended standard. In summary: a love story about a chuunibyou who wants to destroy the world.

When Shen Qingqiu saw that line: “...”

There was no way to fight back at all [waves bye-bye]. If he thought about it carefully, it was indeed true that ever since he entered this story,

Proud Immortal Demon Way unconsciously deviated from being an unscrupulous YY stallion novel into a pure love story filled with victories and losses centered around a crazy virgin entangled with melodrama.

As Shen Qingqiu stared at that row of sparkling medals, he suddenly noticed that there was a tiny pink “♀” symbol on the upper left corner of the achievement list.

He knew that the ♂ symbol represented male, while ♀ represented female, so he felt that it was a bit strange. “What does this symbol mean?”

The System: It indicates that the various achievements acquired on the list are all honors with a female inclination.

Shen Qingqiu: "... you're kidding me, right."

The System: The genre classification of Proud Immortal Demon Way has already been modified.

Wait a second.

Why was it now female-oriented!

No wonder this kind of bizarre and melodramatic plot could actually earn so many medals! It turns out that it had already been reclassified as female-oriented, and was now being calculated according to standards for female-oriented works?!

Also, why did the female-oriented genre have a "Not a Bad Rub" medal. What did they have to rub!!!

Could it be that the main final ending point was to be reclassified to become female-oriented?!

Shen Qingqiu, who had learned the truth, finally sprayed out that mouthful of old blood that he had choked back from the very first day he transmigrated all the way until now.

As a result, a dense circle of heads surrounded him all at once.

Ning Yingying, Ming Fan, Qi Qingqi, Mu Qingfang, and a bunch of other people were all crowded at his bedside, everybody talking over each other, saying things like "oh no Shizun vomited blood is Shizun going to die" and "he won't, once the blood is out he'll be fine." Gloomy and cold stone walls that were slightly damp surrounded them, as well as two tiny candles. Shen Qingqiu managed to make out that this was a spirit cave before the echoes jolted through him, making his head throb with pain. He couldn't hear anything clearly as he hunched over, clutching his head, only to hear Liu Qingge say, "Everyone move aside!"

Once he spoke, everyone else immediately shut up. The younger generation stuck out their tongues before slipping back. The space they cleared out was filled by Liu Qingge, who stood with his arms crossed by the stone bed.

Shen Qingqiu finally managed to find someone who was reliable, and he clutched onto him and asked, “Where’s Luo Binghe?”

Liu Qingge’s face went dark, and he said, “He’s dead!”

Shen Qingqiu: “...dead?”

He really foolishly followed him and sacrificed himself in the name of love?!

Judging from Liu Qingge’s appearance, he didn’t seem like he was joking, nor did Liu Qingge ever joke around. Shen Qingqiu suddenly sat up, but his movements were too forceful as a dull pain abruptly came from his lower half.

His face immediately twisted, and he collapsed again with a thud.

This reaction was too exaggerated. Liu Qingge seemed as if he had received a huge shock as he stumbled three steps back, fidgeting awkwardly. He looked like he wanted to go forward and say something, but also like he wanted to run away. Qi Qingqi grabbed him and shrieked, “Look at you, look at you! What are you doing! We already told you not to scare him, but you scared him so much that he fainted again!”

Shen Qingqiu laid on the stone bed and raised his hand. “I didn’t faint. I...” There was just a certain part of him that hurt, and he wasn’t able to sit properly for the time being...

In the past, Ning Yingying was the most afraid of Bai Zhan Peak’s Peak Lord, but now she had some guts, and she threw a fit at Liu Qingge, stamping her feet. “Liu-shishu, how can you be like this. No matter how much you dislike Ah-Luo, you know that Shizun just woke up and won’t be

able to bear any shocks. Yet... yet you just say whatever you want, randomly cursing him to death.”

Mu Qingfang also looked reproachful. “Liu-shixiong, this really isn’t any way to treat a sick person. It’s not good at all.”

This was the first time Liu Qingge became the target of public criticism. He wasn’t good with words in the first place, so he simply went back to the side of the table and spat out, “I won’t say anything anymore!”

Shen Qingqiu pressed a hand against his temples while he supported his waist with his other hand. “Who is going to tell me exactly whether he died or not.”

Qi Qingqi said, “He didn’t! That brat thought that you were on the brink of death, so he almost went over with you. Later, Mu-shidi said that you were fine and still breathing, so how could he bear to die?”

Thank the heavens a freak accident hadn’t occurred. Nobody would be able to withstand another freak accident.

Shen Qingqiu knew that what Liu Qingge had said just then was out of anger, but he had also been given a fright for a few seconds, so his self-respect felt a bit damaged. He criticized, “Peak Lord Liu, can you not be like this? I asked you first because I trusted you. You really make me feel disappointed.”

Liu Qingge glared at him. Shen Qingqiu wasn’t afraid of his glares, and he sat up sluggishly as he picked a position that wouldn’t press down too hard on his crucial parts and make them hurt. He asked, “What in the world happened? How am I back at Qing Jing Peak? What about Maigu Ridge? Where’s Luo Binghe?”

Qi Qingqi said, “No need to worry about Maigu Ridge anymore, it exploded long ago.”

Shen Qingqiu repeated, “Exploded?”

Qi Qingqi: “Didn’t you and Luo Binghe destroy the Xin Mo sword in Maigu Ridge? When the sword broke, the entire mountain exploded.”

Ming Fan squeezed in next to the bed. “Yeah, yeah, Shizun. Most of the mountain smashed onto the ice and created a really big hole. Later, the ice on Luochuan all melted. Both you and Luo Binghe fell into Luochuan, and it was Liu-shishu who fished both of you out.”

Shen Qingqiu was in the middle of accepting the cup of tea Ning Yingying was giving him. He was about to drink it, but fortunately, he hadn’t yet or else he definitely would’ve spat it out.

“Both of you”?

Shen Qingqiu shot a glance guiltily at Liu Qingge. If he didn’t remember incorrectly (how could he remember this kind of thing incorrectly), he and Luo Binghe had just finished at that time, hadn’t they!

Even though Luo Binghe had helped him dress afterward, there was still more or less proof of his sins left behind on his body. It would be strange if the great lord Liu couldn’t see anything abnormal with his all-seeing eyes.

No wonder Liu Qingge kept staring at him with those severe “have to cleanse the sect” eyes. Public indecency brought shame to the sects!

Qi Qingqi rambled, “He fished both of you up at once, and you two were hugging so tightly it was like you guys had rigor mortis, refusing to separate. So many people were watching too, isn’t that shameful, my great Cang Qiong Mountain...”

That was for sure, with everyone watching. Shen Qingqiu felt extremely remorseful. Even with thousands and thousands of precautions, he still wasn’t able to prevent Resentment of Chunshan from gaining new source material.

However, it was too strange that Luo Binghe had been willing to obediently send him back to Qing Jing Peak, and he actually hadn’t just directly taken Shen Qingqiu away, especially with the way Luo Binghe’s

mind worked. Shen Qingqiu felt like it wasn't quite normal, and he pursued the matter. "Then just where is Luo Binghe right now?"

Ning Yingying was still the one who remained cute and obedient. "Shizun, you slept for so many days and didn't wake. Of course, he went to go look for spiritual medicine for you."

Look for what spiritual medicine? He just barely managed to escape from the clutches of death and was resurrected at full health, so what was that brat doing running around wildly instead of kneeling at his bedside waiting for him to wake up? Leave that kind of chore for some little disciple to do!

Ning Yingying muttered quietly, "If only he weren't driven down the mountain by the rest of the masters..."

Shen Qingqiu didn't even feel like pretending to be aloof anymore. He couldn't keep a poker face, and he ended up releasing a puff of laughter.

Luo Binghe had offended too many people from the Cang Qiong Mountain sect, so it was normal that he would be driven away. It was only that now, he actually knew that he should swallow his anger and be obediently driven away. It was truly pitiful.

However, as long as he was all right... then everything was fine.

It'd be a wonder if he was all right. Shen Qingqiu's expression suddenly changed. "Zhangmen-shixiong!"

How could he forget that there was still Yue Qingyuan back there who had been on his last breath!

He flipped and stood up at once, stuffing his feet into his boots before running outside. Nobody else expected for him to suddenly jump up, and they all stood there stunned for a bit before they chased after him. Mu Qingfang shouted, "Shen-shixiong, you should lie down a bit more—"

After he ran out of the spirit caves in one breath, the fragrant, crisp, and damp scent of the mountains flooded into his nose. Suddenly, several

dazzling golden fireworks exploded in the pitch-black night sky outside. If he listened carefully, he could even make out the sounds of voices and a rowdy clamor floating over from Qiong Ding Palace.

While Shen Qingqiu adjusted his boots, he asked, “What’s going on? Why is it so noisy over on Qiong Ding Peak? Where’s Zhangmen-shixiong?”

Qi Qingqi tugged at her chest garment, which had become crooked, and she said irritably, “So you still remember to be concerned about Zhangmen-shixiong, hah. He didn’t die.”

Mu Qingfang laughed. “Shen-shixiong, you truly woke up at the perfect time. You won’t miss the celebration.”

When Shen Qingqiu heard that Yue Qingyuan was in good health, he let out a sigh of relief. It looked like drawing his sword at Maigu Ridge hadn’t actually used up all of Yue Qingyuan’s lifespan, or else Shen Qingqiu really wouldn’t know how to live with himself. He didn’t know whether other people had found out about Xuan Su’s secret either.

As his thoughts changed direction, he began to wonder shamelessly: what celebration? Could it be that they were celebrating how he finally woke up? There was no need to go through such trouble and put on such a show, what an inconvenience.

It seemed like Liu Qingge had guessed what he was thinking, and he unhesitatingly destroyed Shen Qingqiu’s ego. “They’re celebrating successfully preventing the two realms from merging. It’s got nothing to do with you.”

Shen Qingqiu said, embarrassed, “Is it impossible to also celebrate a bit for me along the way?”

Since it was a celebration held for an event of such universal rejoicing, naturally the people from Cang Qiong Mountain Sect were not the only ones attending. All the various sects that had participated in the battle at Luochuan had all been invited. There was a clamor of voices on Qiong

Ding Peak, the crowds dense, and Shen Qingqiu also saw quite a few familiar faces. Those three beautiful Daoist nuns were currently pestering somebody with warm words and soft voices, and the person they were bothering was actually the cold and refined, full of righteousness Liu Mingyan, the gauze still covering her face.

Now, Shen Qingqiu had an extremely strange feeling when he looked at Luo Binghe's harem gathered together, vying for the spot of top beauty. He was just as passionate about observing them as before, but he could no longer observe them with the same YY attitude anymore. He peered at them from the corner of his eyes a few times, only to hear the three sisters say with delicate voices, "Dear big sister, dear mistress, dear senior, can you give me an autograph?"

"We finally managed to find the author, so please let us have a keepsake."

"Is it really out of print? There won't be any more copies?"

They held a pile of garishly bright booklets, stuffing them towards Liu Mingyan. The booklets seemed extremely familiar, and Shen Qingqiu secretly felt puzzled, as if he should care about those booklets a lot. Just when he was about to walk over to see what exactly the three large characters written on the cover were, suddenly a figure furtively flashed to the side of him.

Shen Qingqiu quickly caught up to him and grabbed onto the person. He said coolly, "You still dare to come to Qiong Ding Peak? You're not afraid of Qi Qingqi skinning you alive?"

After being caught by someone, Shang Qinghua nearly kneeled on the spot then and there. When he heard that it was Shen Qingqiu, he let out a long sigh and turned. "Why, Cucumber Bro, for better or worse, you and I share a friendship since we're from the same place and suffered similar circumstances from being beaten up. Don't be in such a hurry to chase someone away."

Shen Qingqiu, “If you dare to come on Cang Qiong Mountain, then that means your whitewashing has already succeeded?”

Shang Qinghua, “Correct. If I say how, I’m afraid I’ll scare Cucumber Bro. I’m probably going to come back and become An Ding Peak’s Peak Lord again. This is all thanks to Bing-ge’s influence, may he live long and in peace.”

Shen Qingqiu, “Yue Qingyuan let you come back?”

Shang Qinghua, “This is called the return of the prodigal son who has mended his ways. It’s not like I did anything particularly outrageous, so why wouldn’t he let me come back?”

Shen Qingqiu let him go. He said resentfully, “Zhangmen-shixiong is too nice.”

Shang Qinghua fixed his collar. “Why else would he be so unlucky? Good people are taken advantage of.”

Shen Qingqiu looked him up and down. “You don’t look crushed at all after all this foolish messing around ended up completely changing your own novel.”

Shang Qinghua said, “You can’t say it like that ah. Maybe you think it’s just all foolish messing around that isn’t worth a damn, but for Bing-ge, your foolish messing around is probably the meaning of this entire world.”

... holy s***, Great God Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky was able to say something like that?!

Shen Qingqiu was terrified. “F***. You didn’t turn back into the original character, did you?”

Shang Qinghua said seriously, “Don’t be like that. I’m also a young person with literary ideals. Of course, I have my own reflections and emotions.”

Shen Qingqiu laughed coldly. “What literary ideals? How come all I saw in the original work was shameless fanservice?” Not to mention his hand speed that could produce ten thousand words a day, and the courage to even occasionally explode with twenty thousand. If he didn’t have such equipment, there was no way *Proud Immortal Demon Way* would have been able to hold out before it was serialized!

Shang Qinghua spread his hands. “You think that I always wrote shameless content that lacked any integrity from the very start? I’ve also written belles-lettres before, but they were all unpopular, so I had no choice but to go down a path that catered to the masses. It must be said that writing novels is a very lonely undertaking. Rather than writing a stallion male protagonist who’ll be stereotypical in the end, it’s more in line with my philosophy for writing to create the current Bing-ge—this kind of weirdo male protagonist whose character is a bit more complicated, has contradictions and conflicts, and has a rough destiny.”

Shen Qingqiu concluded, “So, your philosophy for writing is to write about gay guys?”

Shang Qinghua: “Do you look down upon gay male protagonists? Works of art and artists all like to create gay guys. Belles-lettres favors gays, do you know that?”

He waved his arms wildly and passionately. “Cucumber Bro, if the System hadn’t chosen you, this faithful die-hard reader, perhaps the plot wouldn’t have deviated so thoroughly, thoroughly to the point that it deviated all the way back to my original scrapped outline. Even though the me back in reality—who couldn’t endure the loneliness and was under financial pressure—chose to finish writing *Proud Immortal Demon Way* according to other people’s preferences and what they found cool... now, all thanks to you, essentially everything that I wanted to write has already unfolded in front of my eyes. Cucumber Bro!”

He patted Shen Qingqiu’s shoulders with deep sentiment and solemnity. “You... are the chosen one; as for my career, I have no more regrets!”

... why did it sound like the System and this world were both products of Shang Qinghua's resentment over scrapping that outline and going with what was mainstream?

Shen Qingqiu, who shamefully became this kind of "chosen one":
"Who's your faithful die-hard reader?"

Shang Qinghua waved his hand and one-sidedly declared his victory.
"I'm not going to talk to you; you're an anti-fan."

Shen Qingqiu was about to say, "I'm only an anti, not a fan!" when he suddenly heard Shang Qinghua starting crooning something like, "The warmth of emotions makes gratitude hard to bear. Lips to lips, locked in a kiss. Let this night linger 'til tomorrow's dawn. Day after day, night after night; never to end." The crucial point was that melody, which sounded extremely familiar to the point that it made Shen Qingqiu's hands and teeth itch. He pointed at him and said, "Shang Qinghua, what are you singing?"

Shang Qinghua continued to croon. "Will tomorrow be another today? When 'til Zheng Yang reaches its zenith? As Zheng Yang ascends, the voice of Autumn stirs. A sheathless Xiu Ya, a spurt of cold nectar. Tragic pleas amidst choked sobs, thus in vain; for he rises again..."

Shen Qingqiu was in disbelief. "F*** you—why don't you just try and sing another line?"

Shang Qinghua said, "Great Lord Shen, why aren't you listening to what I'm saying? You must never go around casually f***ing people. Bing-ge will go crazy. I'm telling you, this Resentment of Chunshan is equivalent to Shi Ba Mo. You two are the legendary national homos, do you understand? I have no problems with you shutting me up, but ultimately it's useless. You can't possibly make all the countless people in the world shut up..."

Finally, Shen Qingqiu was able to fulfill his wish of violently beating up Great God Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky.

How despicable. Too despicable!!!

This kind of author who dug plot holes and left them unfinished; whose characters collapsed to Siberia yet still went viral; who even dragged in readers to help fill the plot holes with a “you can you up” attitude—fully deserved to be totally beaten to death!



Just when he was ready to drag Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky into the dark forest nearby and continue doing this and that, he suddenly heard a familiar “Amitabha” from behind him. Great Master Wu Chen said, “It’s truly a great blessing that Peak Lord Shen came out safe and sound.”

Shen Qingqiu steadied himself and turned around, only to see the two abbots from Zhao Hua Temple walking slowly towards him, along with Yue Qingyuan.

He relinquished Shang Qinghua and slightly rearranged his appearance. He smiled genuinely from his heart. “Zhangmen-shixiong, Great Master Wu Chen, Great Master Wu Wang.”

Yue Qingyuan's complexion didn't look frail at all, and he also smiled back in return. Wu Wang leveled Shen Qingqiu with a look and walked away extremely pointedly. That expression was exactly like that of an old Daoist scholar whose head was full of old-fashioned ways of thinking and happened to see a woman who had taken the wrong path in life. It terrified him to the point that he gave a shudder.

Great Master Wu Chen said, "Peak Lord Shen, don't argue with Great Master Wu Wang. Ever since this old monk lost both legs at Jinlan City, Great Master Wu Wang has held extreme loathing for the demon race. In turn, also towards Peak Lord Shen..."

Shen Qingqiu rubbed his nose and said indifferently, "No matter."

Being disliked by an old bald donkey didn't mean much.

Great Master Wu Chen said, "However, he's gotten much better now. When Tianlang-Jun was kept at Zhao Hua Temple, Great Master Wu Wang never made things difficult for him."

Shen Qingqiu, "Tianlang-Jun was detained by Zhao Hua Temple?"

Great Master Wu Chen, "It can't be considered detainment. This old monk just wanted to have a long chat with him about dharma, while simultaneously helping him to slow down the deterioration of the Dew Seed body. After he stabilizes in a few years, then he may go free. When that time comes, he can do as he likes, whether that be continuing to travel the human realm or bringing Zhuzhi-Lang's body back to the demon race. This old monk believes that he doesn't actually have any evil tendencies; even if he did once upon a time, they should be gone now."

At Jinlan City, Great Master Wu Chen's legs had been destroyed by sowers who were sent by Tianlang-Jun. Yet for him not to pick a bone over that, Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but feel admiration. Moreover, he wasn't carelessly merciful.

At their last encounter, Shen Qingqiu had also felt that Tianlang-Jun probably wouldn't have any desire to destroy the world ever again. That

wasn't what he really wanted or liked to do in the first place.

It was just that without a slightly foolish Zhuzhi-Lang following behind him, helping him to settle accounts, fend off minions, collect strange little books—there would be an unavoidable sadness every now and then.

Just like the him right now.

The monks from Zhao Hua Temple left first, heading for Qiong Ding Palace. Though Yue Qingyuan was the Sect Master, he didn't go with them. Instead, he stood in his original spot, staring silently at Shen Qingqiu. For some unknown reason, Shen Qingqiu felt slightly awkward standing across from him.

As if testing it out, Yue Qingyuan let out a, “Xiao Jiu...”

Shen Qingqiu: “Shixiong, it's Qingqiu.”

Even though it was hard to explain the truth to Yue Qingyuan, Shen Qingqiu still hoped that he could show him the difference as much as possible.

Yue Qingyuan gave a start before he smiled weakly. “... It's Qingqiu. Qingqiu-shidi.”

Shen Qingqiu glanced at Xuan Su, hanging from his waist. He hadn't spoken yet before Yue Qingyuan spontaneously said, “Shidi, no need to worry. I will go into secluded cultivation after this again for several months, so I should be in good health for the time being.”

Shen Qingqiu said, “Then Zhangmen-shixiong must not impulsively draw his sword from now on. Your cultivation can improve, your realm can still rise, but there is no way to recover your lifespan.”

Yue Qingyuan shook his head slowly. “My lifespan is not the only thing that cannot be recovered.”

Amidst the sound of young disciples cheering and laughing, the two of them walked unhurriedly towards Qiong Ding Palace under the clusters of

fireworks overhead.

Yue Qingyuan, “What do you plan to do after this?”

Shen Qingqiu, “For now, I have no plans. When Luo Binghe returns, I suppose I’ll see what he wants to do.”

Yue Qingyuan laughed. “You really do adore this disciple of yours very much.”

Shen Qingqiu was just pondering over how he should answer when he suddenly heard Yue Qingyuan say, “Shidi. Cang Qiong Mountain will always be somewhere you can turn to and come back anytime you feel tired from wandering about outside.”

He spoke extremely earnestly and seriously.

Yue Qingyuan had always been like this: he would inevitably accomplish everything he promised. If he could not, he wouldn’t hesitate to make up for it no matter the cost.

Ever since Shen Qingqiu entered the role of a character in the novel, he had always refused to become that scum villain from the original work. He had drawn a clear boundary and was proud of doing the complete opposite. There had never been a moment where he had as intense and impulsive a thought as he did now.

If he really were Shen Jiu, then everything would be fine.

If that person could really hear what Yue Qingyuan just said, then everything would be fine.

Shen Qingqiu walked slower and slower until he suddenly lifted his head and looked as far as he could see as if he had sensed something. Separated by the crowd, Luo Binghe stood in front of him, underneath Qiong Ding Palace’s tall white stone platform.

He stood all alone, acting as though nobody else was there. But when the pedestrians strolling around saw that face of his, they wore all sorts of

different expressions. Shen Qingqiu subconsciously jogged a few steps forward before he looked back again and glanced at the person behind him.

Yue Qingyuan said, "Go ahead."

He stood cheerfully and silently behind Shen Qingqiu. Just like the past, just like the future.

One particular year, the insolent demon race came to Qiong Ding Peak to provoke and demonstrate their strength. There was quite a bit of smashing, fighting, and burning; they had also destroyed a pile of floor tiles while wielding a hammer.

Luo Binghe was currently staring, head lowered, at the cracks between the white bricks on the ground when he suddenly heard the familiar sound of a fan unfolding. A pair of white boots stepped over the crack in the stone, through which a motley assortment of young vegetation had already sprouted.

He raised his head abruptly.

Shen Qingqiu shook his fan. "Don't ask any questions. This master wants to first ask you: as a disciple, why were you not respectfully and quietly waiting for Shizun to awaken, instead of leaving to run wildly about?"

Luo Binghe composed his excited expression with great difficulty, and he said, stifling his emotions, "Nobody welcomes me on Cang Qiong Mountain. I could only occasionally go and secretly take a peek. When I didn't see Shizun just then in the spirit cave, I thought that Shizun had been hidden by them, or, Shizun left again..."

As Shen Qingqiu listened to his slightly wronged explanation, he couldn't help but remember what Shang Qinghua had just said.

If Shen Qingqiu hadn't meddled in everything, Luo Binghe most likely would have really blackened to the end, becoming the dark youth from the original work who tore people into human sticks with his bare hands and cursed the world and himself. Even though now he had grown up into a

romantic young man, it didn't seem to be much of an improvement... but, for better or worse, there were still aspects of him that made him lovable, right?

At least Shen Qingqiu only discovered now that he himself truly quite liked this type.

Shen Qingqiu sighed. "You know you're unwelcome, yet you still obediently sent me back to Cang Qiong Mountain?"

Luo Binghe, "I thought that Shizun would definitely want to see Cang Qiong Mountain more when you first woke up..."

In spite of his image, Shen Qingqiu made an exception and smacked him on the forehead with his fan.

He said resentfully, "Of course the one this master wants to see first the most is you!"

Luo Binghe endured the smack, but he was so stirred up that his face grew red. His eyes also started to grow watery, looking like he wanted to say something but couldn't. Shen Qingqiu almost couldn't take it anymore, feeling weak from head to toe after being stared at by that kind of gaze, when he suddenly heard shouts and the sounds of swords rise around him.

Yang Yixuan stood on the eaves of Qiong Ding Palace. He yelled, "Sure enough, that demon race rascal is back again to bother Master Shen!"

Immediately, there were countless answers to his cry, as people instantly reproached, "He still dares to come! Ready your weapons, where's my weapon?"

"Shixiong, that's my sword, give it back! If you want to fight, go back and get your own!"

No wonder Luo Binghe hadn't kept watch by his side, waiting for him to wake. It turned out that everyone was still clamoring to beat him up on Cang Qiong Mountain; what a "warm welcome."

Shen Qingqiu said helplessly, “Oh, not bad. Your judgment was correct. You really could only come in secret with these circumstances.”

Luo Binghe said softly, “I said long ago that I was unwelcome here.”

Shen Qingqiu rubbed the top of his head. “No worries. Shizun welcomes you.”

Qiong Ding Peak was filled with shouts for fights and killing, interspersed with genuine and fake cries. The ones eager to give it a try were all a bunch of disciples who wished to see the world in chaos. The majority belonged to peaceful passersby who turned blind eyes to Luo Binghe, that world-destroying demon king. Shen Qingqiu didn’t know whether to laugh or cry, and he said, “It would be better to leave.”

Luo Binghe didn’t react for a short while. “Leave?”

Shen Qingqiu nodded. “Didn’t you say that you weren’t welcome here? Then go, to somewhere that will welcome you.”

He added, “This time, no matter where you want to go, this master will accompany you.”

Because of that sentence, Luo Binghe’s face, which looked to be very intelligent, was taken over by a stupefied expression that was unbearable to watch.

Shen Qingqiu hadn’t lowered his voice. Besides Cang Qiong Mountain Sect’s disciples, the peak was squeezed full of cultivators from all sects who had received invitations to come and enjoy the celebration. Their senses were keen, so they didn’t have any justification for not hearing it clearly, but they all simultaneously pretended they were deaf. Those watching the fireworks pointed at the sky, those conversing laughed so loudly that they almost shook the roof.

Their cooperation was out of careful consideration for Cang Qiong Mountain’s reputation, but Liu Qingge didn’t appreciate it. He jumped

down from the roof and shouted at Shen Qingqiu, nearly out of flustered exasperation, “Hey!”

Qi Qingqi was in a rage. “... this old woman doesn’t care anymore! Go wherever you want! Shen Qingqiu, you, you two... Mingyan, let’s go! Why are you watching?! What is there to watch, have you never seen shamelessness?!”

“Shimei. Don’t create bad karma from your words. Your image ah...”

The current Cang Qiong Mountain—besides shielding someone’s wrongdoings, carrying out forceful eviction, and being very familiar with the demon race—also housed a master and disciple pair who served as the leading roles for pornographic novels. Were there any other images that could leave such a deep impression on people’s hearts? Shen Qingqiu thought a bit and was actually rendered speechless.

Like leading a child, Shen Qingqiu took Luo Binghe’s hand. He didn’t know when it had happened, but somehow it had changed into Luo Binghe leading him.

He could feel the fingers covering the back of his hand gradually tightening, gripping more firmly. Forcefully, to the point that it felt painful. Luo Binghe lifted his head slowly, and the entire river of stars filling the sky glimmered and flickered in the depths of his pitch-black eyes.

Shen Qingqiu was used to the sight, and he turned his head, his frame of mind now greatly changed like that of an old monk after a pilgrimage.

After experiencing countless hardships and suffering through trials and tribulations, he finally surrendered to an earth-shattering disciple, managing to obtain enlightenment with great difficulty. So, he might as well and just let him cry a bit. In any case, that was just how Luo Binghe was. To tell the truth, with such an unconstrained, tumultuous rollercoaster of a plot, Shen Qingqiu also wanted to let his old tears flow freely ah.

As for the transformation of this unique, spectacular novel: it’s true that the Great God Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky had no regrets remaining

for his career, nor could the unmatched troll Peerless Cucumber still say that he disliked it.

If the author won't fill plot holes, then this old man will do it himself. In all the long history of stallion novels, where could you find a reader like him, who took the lead and gave his own life to filling holes? Devoting so much just to rescue the B points for an incomparably absurd, brainless, beginner-level YY novel!

Even though some deviations had probably occurred during the rescue, at... the very least... he... truly accomplished "you can you up, no can no BB"!

The second he flipped open Proud Immortal Demon Way , the story officially began; the moment he closed Proud Immortal Demon Way , the story still remained unfinished.

Or, in other words, the story that circulated among the people of the world has already come to an end. But, the story between you and me has only just begun.

Finish

June Schedule

5 – Chapter 81

12 – Chapter 82

19 – Chapter 83

26 – Chapter 84

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Yan of BC Novels.
- Since the day BC Novels took over the Scum Villain project on 09/20/18, 48 chapters have been published in 259 days. That is a rate of about 1 chapter every 5 days.
- This is the last chapter of the main story! The rest of the chapters are all extras. So how do you like the ending?

- The extra chapters are at bcnovels.wordpress.com. *cough* This is a secret release for now, please don't submit these extra chapters to NU.
- Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading.
- Additional info from Lady Jiang: The folk song “ ”(the eighteen caresses) is compared to the Resentment of Chunshan because both of them are popular r18 ballads. The lyric is basically something like “for the first caress this man caress her long black hair, (a lot of compliments about hair), for the second caress this man caress her soft little hands etc, for the third caress this man caress her wonderful breast etc” all the way to 18 caresses... I don't remember the exact lyric but it's something along these lines. It's not a song for public singing.

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Chapter 82 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Extra: The Ultimate Showdown between Bing-Mei and Bing-Ge (Part 1)

This translation is by Lianyin (BC Novels) at [bcnovels dot com](#)

Without a doubt, the first stop after leaving Cang Qiong Mountain (under the belligerence of the masses) was Luo Binghe’s Demonic Base Camp in the Southern Border.

Earlier, when Shen Qingqiu was placed under “house arrest”, he had spent some time in this underground palace. At that time, the land outside the 1:1 remodeled bamboo house was plowed and fertilized, and the bamboos of varying height planted on that land had wilted and sprouted, sprouted then wilted. Now, he was back to revisit this former haunt. The bamboos were now surprisingly thriving through some unknown means that Luo Binghe’s conscientious demonic minions had used, creating a shade of green that rustled in the wind.

As expected, Luo Binghe had clung to him the first ten days after their arrival; he would not budge no matter how Shen Qingqiu tried to pull him off. In recent days, he actually started to exercise restraint and suddenly turned all polite and courteous, saying that the civil conflicts between Bei Jiang and Nan Jiang had been incessant and he had a lot of pressing business to attend to. Thus, he no longer had as much time to loiter around Shen Qingqiu.

This was not true, of course. Shen Qingqiu was sure it was because he had declined Luo Binghe’s request to share the same bed, thereby breaking Maiden Luo’s heart of glass again. [hand waving goodbye]

All right, he had only turned him down out of habit; if Luo Binghe had pestered him just a little more, he would have agreed!

Who knew that as soon as he waved his hand, Luo Binghe had rushed out of the door to emo at a corner growing mushrooms.....

Shen Qingqiu guessed that Luo Binghe had gone into hiding at the inner palace these days, so he decided to take the initiative to pacify the latter.

Other than Luo Binghe, everyone else was barred from the inner palace—everyone else except Shen Qingqiu, of course. Luo Binghe had once said that Shen Qingqiu had full access to this palace; he could come as go as he pleased. With the command issued and passed down, there was nobody who had the guts to block Shen Qingqiu's way.

Shen Qingqiu slipped in with a swagger. Surprisingly, there was no sight of Luo Binghe, so he took a thorough look at Luo Binghe's private place which had always been shrouded in secrecy.

Just as he was going to examine everything thoroughly and touch to his heart's content, the stone door was flung wide open, and a figure stumbled in.

Trepidation initially flashed through Shen Qingqiu's eyes, but after seeing who'd arrived, he involuntarily cried out, "Luo Binghe?"

It was as if Luo Binghe did not expect another person to be in the inner palace.

His dazed pupils abruptly shrank, reflecting Shen Qingqiu's face in those pitch-black eyes. In an instant, the murderous look on his face transformed into extreme astonishment.

Shen Qingqiu did not notice the changes in his face. All he could see at the moment was the fresh blood all over Luo Binghe. Luo Binghe took a few steps forward but went weak in the knees. Shen Qingqiu went up to him just in time to catch a tumbling Luo Binghe in his arms, spontaneously

putting his arms around that black-soaked back. He asked, “What’s going on? Who did it to you?”

Who would have thought Luo Binghe would be walloped to this extent in his own territory? All right, this could not really be counted as a BUG. Even the stallion novel protagonist was now a homosexual, what else could be qualified as a BUG?

Luo Binghe’s throat throbbed. One word exploded from his mouth through tightly clenched teeth, “.....Go!”

“Go?” Was he telling him..... to flee?

Shen Qingqiu hurriedly replied, “Alright, let’s go.” Having said that, he placed his arm around Luo Binghe’s waist.

Who knew that Luo Binghe would tightly purse his lips and forcefully push him away.

It was the first time Shen Qingqiu was pushed away. Dumbfounded, he thought, was Luo Binghe telling him to go alone first?

Was he afraid of implicating him?

It seemed to be the only explanation. He instantly rebuked him, “Knock it off. This master will take you back to Cang Qiong Mountain.”

The veins stood out on Luo Binghe’s forehead. He said in a harsh voice, “I’m not going!”

Shen Qingqiu thought he was throwing another tantrum. “Why are you still being difficult at this point? Let’s go there first to hide.” He placed his palm on Luo Binghe’s back. Luo Binghe’s face suddenly froze.

There was a warm and continuous stream of spiritual energy being propelled into his body in waves from his back.

After a moment, when Shen Qingqiu felt it should be about right, he withdrew his hand and unsheathed Xiu Ya. Pulling Luo Binghe up, he

soared towards the sky.

The origin of Xiu Ya was Wan Jian Peak. Thus, an alarm would not be triggered whenever he used Xiu Ya to access the inner grounds of Cang Qiong Mountain beyond the shield barrier. As a result, Shen Qingqiu could sneak a person into Qing Jing Peak unnoticed.

The only thing was that he could not hide it from his own Peak's disciples even if he could keep it from the other peaks. Someone was already inside the bamboo dwelling when he furtively dragged Luo Binghe there.

Ming Fan was holding a broom sweeping the floor while babbling incessantly. Ning Yingying, with her sleeves rolled up, was standing on tiptoes on a small bamboo stool dusting the top shelf with a duster.

The two of them were alarmed when Shen Qingqiu kicked the door open and entered. But after taking a closer look, they immediately called out, "Shi—"

Shen Qingqiu made a zipping motion over his lips, and both of them went quiet.

Shen Qingqiu whispered, "What are you shouting for? Are you trying to draw those from Bai Zhan Peak here?"

Liu Qingge would definitely make his way over if he knew Shen Qingqiu was back. Once he came over, it would be impossible to hide Luo Binghe given his current state!

It should be said that the ones who were the most enthusiastic about ganging up on and picking a fight with Luo Binghe whenever they saw him were those terrorists from Bai Zhan Peak. Luo Binghe had always restrained himself and did not dare to fight back, becoming a live target for them every single time. Even if he was not beaten to death, it was still bothersome.

Ning Yingying's almond-shaped eyes widened as she covered her mouth with both hands, continuously nodding her head like a little chick pecking at rice. When she noticed a blood-soaked Luo Binghe, she moved her hands away and gasped, "Shizun, what's wrong with Ah Luo?"

Luo Binghe swept a glance at Ming Fan, incredulity and loathing flashing in his eyes. That gaze was so frosty and penetrating that Ming Fan could not help but tighten his grip on the broom and shrink back, nearly falling over in the process.

Shen Qingqiu did not notice these details. He helped Luo Binghe to the edge of the bed and said, "Just a minor injury. Both of you may leave first. Is the medical kit delivered by Qian Cao Peak still in the same place?"

Ning Yingying replied, "Everything in here has not been moved. They are all in the same place. Shizun, do you need our help?"

Shen Qingqiu said, "No, this master can handle it by himself."

After chasing out the two disciples, Shen Qingqiu righted Luo Binghe's posture and placed a pillow behind his back. Once Luo Binghe was settled in position, he squatted to remove Luo Binghe's boots.

All the while, Luo Binghe had been maintaining his silence. When Shen Qingqiu lowered his head, Luo Binghe's fixated his sight on the white nape of Shen Qingqiu; his gaze was inscrutable, with wariness and frostiness metamorphosing in between.

Shen Qingqiu thought Luo Binghe was too weak to speak because of his injuries. Upon seeing his forehead drenched in cold sweat, Shen Qingqiu prepared clean water and a piece of soft cloth to wipe his face. He picked up a bunch of bottles from the medical kit given by Mu Qingfang, then turned back and reached a hand out to remove Luo Binghe's outfit.

Luo Binghe abruptly grabbed his hand.

His grip was so strong that Shen Qingqiu frowned, but he was unable to use his other hand to smack his forehead. He lowered his voice and said,

“Stop being stubborn. I’ll take a look at your wounds.”

Luo Binghe still refused to release his grip. Shen Qingqiu was grasping a bunch of multicolored pills in his left palm, and he was already running out of patience by this time. Thus, he simply shoved all of them into Luo Binghe’s mouth!

Luo Binghe’s mouth was jam-packed with dozens of pills of varying sizes. His face darkened, and he finally withdrew his hand. Shen Qingqiu seized the chance to tear his clothes off. He took a couple of glances at Luo Binghe’s body, but he had no clue where to start, so he merely used the piece of soft cloth to dab gingerly at the blood.

Wisps of black energy were spilling out from his open wounds. They did not seem to be ordinary wounds. Otherwise, the wounds would have already healed given Luo Binghe’s self-healing ability. Shen Qingqiu carefully cleaned him up and asked, “Where on earth have you been these days? Who did you duel with to end up in this state?”

Not once had Luo Binghe uttered a word. Shen Qingqiu wiped Luo Binghe’s chest clean and grabbed his wrist to take his pulse, just as Mu Qingfang had taught. If his condition was really bad, then his priority would be to ask Mu Qingfang’s over to take a look at him; he would think about the rest later.

While he was taking Luo Binghe’s pulse, he took a couple of glances at the back of Luo Binghe’s hand and his chest.

A strange sense of uneasiness crept over him.

He had a vague feeling that something was wrong.

It was as if..... something was missing.

But, when he looked at Luo Binghe’s pale lips and cheerless eyes, he did not dwell on it and simply sat on the edge of the bed and continued to impart spiritual energy to Luo Binghe.

As the spiritual energy slowly flowed through Luo Binghe's veins, Shen Qingqiu felt the latter's stiff muscles gradually relax. He quietly heaved a sigh of relief and extended his arms, intending to pull Luo Binghe into a hug.

Once again, Luo Binghe broke free.

Shen Qingqiu, who was pushed away for the second time, cast aside the cloth in his right hand and asked helplessly, "What's the matter with you again? "

Luo Binghe's eyes were full of wariness and guardedness. Shen Qingqiu rolled his eyes in his mind and censured him. "At this point in time, why are you still throwing a tantrum? Is it worth being angry for so long just because I did not let you sleep with me a couple of days ago?"

Hearing that, the corner of Luo Binghe's mouth twitched.

Although Shen Qingqiu was seething with anger, he reached out and touched Luo Binghe's forehead. He muttered, "Feels a little feverish. Are you.....feeling dizzy?"

Suddenly, Ning Yingying's voice rang out from beyond the abode. "Liu-shishu, you can't go in. Shizun is not available now!"

Ning Yingying usually spoke in a quiet and sweet voice, to the point that sometimes a person had to be near her to hear her clearly. Making such a din was out of character for her; it was clear that she was trying to tip off Shen Qingqiu, who was inside the dwelling. He jumped off the bed immediately. As soon as he drew the curtain, the wooden door was slammed open.

Liu Qingge took three steps into the room, carrying his sword on his back. With one hand behind his back, Shen Qingqiu turned around and greeted with a raise of his eyebrows. "Liu-shidi, I hope all is well with you."

Liu Qingge went straight to the point. “There’s a rule on Cang Qiong Mountain. Luo Binghe is not allowed here.”

Shen Qingqiu said, “I have never heard of this rule.”

Liu Qingge replied, “It’s a new rule.”

Ming Fan poked his head out and chimed in. “It’s true, Shizun. There really is such a rule in Cang Qiong Mountain. It’s just that Zhangmen-shibo has not yet engraved it onto the Stone of Regulations. Everyone knows about it though.....”

Shen Qingqiu rebuked him, “Shut up!”

Don’t think I don’t know that you brat were the one who called Liu Qingge here!!!

This boy had admired Bai Zhan Peak for such a long time he simply had to report everything to Liu Qingge. He was truly a spy in Qing Jing Peak!

It was understandable for many of the youngsters to admire Bai Zhan Peak, but it was really disgraceful to side with outsiders and snitch on your own people on the sly!

I’ll deal with you later!

After being reprimanded, Ming Fan shrank back and retreated in dejection. Ning Yingying was standing in apprehension at the entrance. She was still not appeased and stepped on Ming Fan’s foot with all her might, muttering under her breath and blaming him for ruining matters.

As soon as both of them withdrew from the room, Liu Qingge immediately lifted the bed curtain.

Luo Binghe was in a semi-sitting position on the bed. There was a glint of hostility in his gaze, like a wounded young wild leopard. He stared at Liu Qingge with a murderous look on his face. His eyes were sharp and frosty like freezing knives, and venomous and searing like poisonous flames. His fist was clenched, ready to launch a critical blow any time. Shen Qingqiu

hurriedly stepped in between them. Pressing one leg atop the bed, he shielded Luo Binghe and said, “Shidi, don’t do this.”

Liu Qingge was perplexed. “He’s wounded?”

Shen Qingqiu really wanted to bow to him. He sighed. “I wouldn’t have brought him back if he wasn’t hurt. Liu-shidi, please just turn a blind eye to this and don’t chase him away.”

Liu Qingge asked, “Since he’s hurt, why doesn’t he just remain in the demon realm?”

It was precisely because he got hurt in the demon realm!

Shen Qingqiu said, “We had a situation.....”

Liu Qingge probed, “Did those demons revolt?”

“Uh.” Shen Qingqiu looked at Luo Binghe from the corner of his eyes. He did not know if it was appropriate to reveal the state of affairs of the demon realm; thus, he simply gave a vague answer, “Perhaps.”

Liu Qingge said, “He should clean up his own mess. Cang Qiong Mountain has your back, but not his.”

Luo Binghe suddenly let out a cold laugh, which aggravated a wound near his chest. He gritted his teeth to endure the pain. Upon hearing how much agony he was in, Shen Qingqiu suddenly felt a wave of confidence well up in him. He said with a severe countenance, “Liu-shidi. Do not forget that this is Qing Jing Peak.”

Of course, it was the Peak Lord of Qing Jing Peak who had the final say on whether someone was allowed to remain on the Peak!

Liu Qingge hated that he had no way to dispute this, so he said with a cold expression, “Fine, protect him all you want!”

After throwing this sentence out, he stomped out of the door. Less than two seconds later, he stomped back in and flung an object into Shen

Qingqiu's arms.

Shen Qingqiu caught hold of it and looked at it. To his surprise, it was his folding fan.

The folding fan he had lost during the battle at Luo River. It was Liu Qingge who found it every single time. It was evident that there was an affinity between Liu Qingge and this fan. He might just as well gift it to him!

He gave a dry cough and said courteously, "I always have to trouble you every time."

With a sweep of his sleeves, Liu Qingge left.

Luo Binghe's voice rang out from behind Shen Qingqiu. His voice was hoarse. ".....Liu Qingge?"

There was a tinge of real uncertainty behind the question.

Shen Qingqiu said, "Don't worry about it. That's just the way he is. He will just shout twice and leave once he's done shouting."

Luo Binghe narrowed his eyes, a thoughtful expression gradually emerging on his face.

Shen Qingqiu set the folding fan down on the table and comforted him. "Don't be afraid. Since this master has already put in a word for you, he will not come and make things difficult for you for the time being. If the disciples of Bai Zhan Peak gang up on you again, just fight back. As long as you don't kill them, there's no need to give in to them. You can consider it as fighting for the honor of Qing Jing Peak."

The more Luo Binghe listened, the more bizarre the gleam in his eyes became.

He tentatively called out, ".....Shizun?"

Shen Qingqiu tilted his head and replied, "Hmm?"

His tone and expression were all incredibly tender and accommodating as if he would accede to his every request. Luo Binghe shifted his gaze away, and the corners of his mouth curled up. “It’s nothing. I only wanted to…… try calling you.”

Shen Qingqiu was well aware that this child had a habit of incessantly calling out for his shizun. He stroked the back of Luo Binghe’s head and said, “Go to sleep. Whatever issues there are in the demon realm, they can wait until you’re fully healed.”

Luo Binghe nodded his head almost imperceptibly.

Seeing this, Shen Qingqiu leaned over, pulled out the pillow behind Luo Binghe, and supported him into a lying position. Before that, he carefully untied his hair band so it would not press against his head while he was sleeping.

After this, Shen Qingqiu blew out the lamp, took off his outer robe with a rustling sound, and got onto the bed.

He embraced Luo Binghe and said, “Go to sleep. This master will help you maneuver your vital energy.”

Now that he had hugged him and slept with him, whatever little tantrum he had earlier should have dissipated, shouldn’t it?

Shen Qingqiu closed his eyes and adjusted the spiritual energy in his entire body to its most placid state. Like the tidewater at dusk, it tenderly scoured through Luo Binghe’s spiritual pulse.



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A pair of clear eyes glinted with a cold light in the darkness. It remained open for a very long time, staring fixedly at a peacefully sleeping Shen Qingqiu.

Shen Qingqiu's long hair was strewn all over his arms and in between his fingers. Luo Binghe grabbed a wisp of black hair and slowly tightened his grip on it, silently mouthing and reiterating his name over and over again.

Shen Qingqiu.

Shen Qingqiu.

The corners of his lips suddenly curved into an odd, menacing smile.

The muted smile spread wider on "Luo Binghe's" face.

It was as if he had discovered something extremely interesting. His eyes shone with a touch of near brutal excitement.

This night, Shen Qingqiu's dream was convoluted and endless.



EMO CORNERS

They never get old

Lianyin gave me this image of the “emo corner” aka “growing mushrooms at a corner.”

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Lianyin of BC Novels.
- I hope you like this first extra chapter. There are a lot more to enjoy!
- Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 83 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Extra: The Ultimate Showdown between Bing-Mei and Bing-Ge (Part 2)

This translation is by Lianyin (BC Novels) at [bcnovels dot com](#)

Extra: The Ultimate Showdown between Bing-Mei and Bing-Ge 2

The next morning, the first person to open his eyes was Luo Binghe.

His pale face had regained some color, and he looked much better than the night before. On the contrary, Shen Qingqiu, who was still spirited before he slept, had woken up in a state of grogginess still hugging Luo Binghe; he looked exhausted.

Shen Qingqiu had been imparting spiritual energy to Luo Binghe the whole night, never stopping until he eventually fell asleep in a daze.

Luo Binghe’s eyelashes slowly fluttered open. He gazed at Shen Qingqiu with a complicated expression for a moment before he extended his hand to move Shen Qingqiu’s arm away.

His action startled Shen Qingqiu awake, and Luo Binghe took the chance to get out of bed.

Shen Qingqiu was puzzled. Luo Binghe would not budge no matter how he tried to kick him off previously, but today, he actually took the initiative to get up?

He pinched the bridge of his nose and frowned. “Why are you up so early in the morning? Making breakfast? Don’t do it today.”

He noticed that Luo Binghe was only wearing a thin, inner shirt with his collars opened. The crisscrossed wounds had started to mend, leaving behind only faint traces. Shen Qingqiu reckoned that he would be completely healed by the end of the day. However, a small patch of his chest was still exposed to the elements. The robe he wore last night was no longer wearable, so Shen Qingqiu prompted him, “Your old clothes are still in the side room. Yingying and the rest left them the way they were.”

Luo Binghe sidestepped the screen and made his way to the side room.

His own little world came into view, completed with desks, chairs, beds, and cabinets made of bamboo. Everything was spotless. There was even a small desk at the head of his bed. The scrolls were arranged in perfect order, and brushes of various colors were organized by color and length. He opened the cupboard door and saw a neat stack of white clothes inside. There was also a variety of fine-grade jade pendants hanging at the top.

During the time Luo Binghe was in the side room, Shen Qingqiu slowly sat up from the bed. He rubbed his temples as he swept his gaze around to search for his boots.

He had slept so badly last night he was really annoyed now!

He was always in a dream! Dreaming and dreaming and dreaming and dreaming!

Even the humiliating black history of going to Shuanghu City to eliminate the Skinner had appeared in his dreams! And oh, he even dreamed of dreaming in his dreams!

Everything from the Immortal Alliance Conference to Jinlan City to Hua Yue City to the Holy Mausoleum all flashed by in his dreams like a revolving lantern. There were even dreams of the moments where he was bashed up, where he vomited blood, where grasses grew over his body...

His brain was going to explode after having so many dreams in a night!

It had to be because he was imparting spiritual energy to Luo Binghe while sleeping. If his mind was unstable, the person sleeping near him would also suffer.

By this time, Luo Binghe was done dressing and walked out of the side room. Shen Qingqiu still had not found his boots, so he simply gave up. He beckoned Luo Binghe over, and when the latter walked over to the side of the bed, Shen Qingqiu moved to pull him down.

Luo Binghe did not move, but asked with a frown, “What are you doing?”

Shen Qingqiu took out a hair ribbon and a wooden comb from under the pillow and replied, “What do you think I’m doing?”

Only then did Luo Binghe obediently seated himself down in front of Shen Qingqiu, looking around and sizing up the bamboo dwelling. Shen Qingqiu leisurely asked as he combed Luo Binghe’s hair. “What are you looking at?”

Luo Binghe’s eyes were still sharp and cool, but his tone softened as he said, “I was always in a hurry every time I return to Qing Jing Peak these past few years, so I never had the chance to take a good look.”

Shen Qingqiu held the ribbon in his mouth for a brief moment as he stealthily and mischievously tied a little braid for him. He said, “Then look all you want these days. I’ll make a trip to Bai Zhan Peak later and get Liu Qingge to keep a tighter rein on his disciples. There is absolutely no reason for Qing Jing Peak’s disciples to be chased around, getting clobbered by Bai Zhan Peak.”

After a momentary pause, Luo Binghe slowly turned his head back. He smiled at Shen Qingqiu, and sweetly called out to him, “Shizun?”

“Hmm?”

“Shizun.”

“Hmm.”

It was as if he had never tried calling Shen Qingqiu in such a way. He called out several times in a row and got a response every time. The more he called, the more addicted he became. Until Shen Qingqiu eventually could not endure it and grabbed his folding fan to smack the back of Luo Binghe’s head. “What are you calling me for? Just call once. Talk properly.”

Having received a blow on the back of his head, Luo Binghe’s face darkened, but he quickly composed himself. He smiled vaguely and shifted his gaze aside, asking, “Did Shizun sleep badly last night?”

How can I sleep well when I’m holding you in an embrace?

Shen Qingqiu replied in a light tone. “Just some dreams of the past.”

Luo Binghe said, “Then, how about I hug you to sleep the next time?”

Such words came so easily to him. Shen Qingqiu completed his task and patted Luo Binghe’s head before he pushed him out of bed. “Go. Go.”

Shen Qingqiu went to Bai Zhan Peak as promised.

He was a familiar face there and knew his way around, so he did not even need a visitation card to send notice of his visit. He tidied his appearance and left after taking a couple of mouthfuls of the congee that Ming Fan had served up. Luo Binghe was made to remain in the bamboo house with the instruction to “obediently wait for this master’s return.” But how would he be really willing to comply and wait?

The moment he opened the door, he saw a petite figure in orange skipping towards him. Luo Binghe took a closer look, then beamed and called out, “Yingying.”

Who would have expected Ning Yingying to shiver and turn pale with fright? “Ah Luo! What’s wrong with you? Did you hurt your head?! Why did you call me that?! What in the world is Yingying, that’s so scary!”

Luo Binghe, “.....”

Ning Yingying’s face was still full of horror. “Why aren’t you calling me Ning-shijie?!”

Luo Binghe, “.....Ning-shijie.”

This “shijie” was said through clenched teeth, yet Ning Yingying heaved a sigh of relief. Patting her bosom, she lectured him. “This is how it should be. It’s so unlike you to suddenly change the way you address me. Shizun may dote on you, but you must always be careful to show and pay respect to your seniors. Only then will we retain the dignity of our Qing Jing Peak’s disciples, and the teachings of Shizun will not be in vain.”

The veins stood out of Luo Binghe’s head as he listened. Losing his patience, he cut her off. “I have something to ask you.”

A look of understanding came over Ning Yingying’s face.

With a wave of her hand, she solemnly handed the duster and broom over into Luo Binghe’s hands.

She said, “Shijie knows. Here.”

Luo Binghe, “.....”

Ning Yingying said with sincerity, “Ah Luo, please don’t mind me. I’m aware that you have always wanted to tidy up Shizun’s abode on your own. However, you and Shizun have been gone for so many days so Dashixiong and I could only stand in for you first. But since you are back, I’ll leave the tasks to you. Shijie will not fight with you for the duties. Shijie knows this much.”

.....

The hell you know!

Luo Binghe turned around and made his way to Xian Shu Peak.

The disciples of Xian Shu Peak had always welcomed him—regardless of where they were.

In the past, Shen Qingqiu had often ordered Luo Binghe about and sent him on numerous errands. He was thus a regular face at Xian Shu Peak. From time to time, he would go over to deliver a message, request someone's presence, or borrow something.

The male disciples from the other peaks would more or less sneak around whenever they came to Xian Shu Peak; they would peer here and there until they peeked into the beautiful fairies' chambers and even the bathhouse. But of course, they did not even make it to the bathhouse before they were beep—— to death by the beautiful fairies' flustered array of swords. Only Luo Binghe would treat them with due respect and maintain his distance from them whenever he came to their Peak, so he came to be quite highly regarded among those in Xian Shu Peak. As such, he was given access and allowed to wait in the inner hall at Xian Shu Peak.

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A veiled Mingyan bowed in courtesy to him, greeting, “Luo-shixiong.”

Before Luo Binghe could speak, Liu Mingyan nodded to him and said, “Is Luo-shixiong here under the orders of Shen-shibo to invite Shizun over? Please wait here for a moment. I will come back after I have finished making arrangements for these comrades from Tian Yi Monastery.”

The three comrades she was talking about were exactly those three pretty Taoist nuns.

They were circling around Liu Mingyan, with their delicate, hourglass bodies wrapped in aquamarine robes. Three pairs of bright eyes stared at Luo Binghe. One moment, they would whisper among themselves, and the next moment, they would stamp their feet coquettishly with flushed cheeks. They were like three brilliant blue flowers revolving around a pure, upright lotus, fluttering in the wind, giggling and horsing around as they left while huddled together.

Luo Binghe waited patiently for Liu Mingyan to return.

After standing for a while, he suddenly noticed a corner of a book peeking out from beneath a messy pile on scrolls on the desk. It was obviously shoved underneath in haste.

Even Liu Mingyan had something to hide.

He casually pulled out the hidden booklet and swept a quick glance at it. He found the cover gaudy, and the three characters of the title were even more contorted than the character before it. He frowned, but when he saw the author signing off as “Liu Su Mian Hua”, he smiled and flipped open the booklet.

.....

.....

.....

When Shen Qingqiu returned after he was done having a heart-to-heart talk over a cup of tea at Bai Zhan Peak, Luo Binghe was already waiting for him in the bamboo dwelling. As soon as he stepped through the door, he felt two burning and scalding lines of sight directed at him.

Shen Qingqiu, “.....”

= = Why was he suddenly afraid to close the door?!

Luo Binghe was reclining against the bed and said with a smile, “What’s wrong? Why isn’t Shizun coming over?”

His tone was still soft with an undertone of grievance, but his gaze told a different story.

He was sizing Shen Qingqiu up as if he had never seen the latter before. It was as if he was going to skin him alive with his gaze.

Shen Qingqiu had a beautiful complexion, his shoulders were neither wide nor thick, and he had a slender waist and long legs. Under the layers upon layers of green clothes that were the attire of Qing Jing Peak, he cut a graceful figure, poised and charming.

That’s right. He had charm.

Shen Qingqiu backhandedly closed the door of the bamboo house. He had yet to reach within five steps of Luo Binghe when he felt himself being pulled right into Luo Binghe’s arms. The grip around his waist tightened.

Luo Binghe’s hands slipped to the sides of his waist, stroking and kneading intermittently.

Hand. Hand. Thank you! Hand! Your hand!

Shen Qingqiu backhandedly grasped Luo Binghe’s paws. Taking advantage of the momentum, Luo Binghe twisted him around, and Shen Qingqiu somehow ended up sitting on Luo Binghe’s thighs with his legs spread wide open. He was stuck. The next moment, Luo Binghe felt down his neck and pushed down on it, locking Shen Qingqiu’s lips again with his.

He did not dare to move. Wtf, he really did not dare to move in this position!

Actually, both of them had already done more explicit actions than this, but the last time was a special case as a catastrophe was imminent, so Shen Qingqiu had cast aside his bashfulness and reservation. Luo Binghe had been rather close to him the past half month they had spent in the demon realm, but whether it was because of shyness or some other reason, he had done nothing out of line.

This timing, this location, this entire situation was a totally different matter.

The sun had yet to set. Was it really good to engage in such lascivious activities during the day?!

Could it be that this child could no longer hold back his desire?

Shen Qingqiu was not accustomed to cling this close to people when they were still wide awake. But Luo Binghe was like a fragile porcelain doll that would shatter at a touch; he definitely could not take any more blows. Thus, Shen Qingqiu responded to him and parted his lips slowly.

Oddly enough, his body had always felt the same during the long period of time Shen Qingqiu had been using it. It was frigid and rigid all over from head to toe, top to bottom. There was no spot that could not be touched. It would not itch no matter where it was tickled, and there also did not seem to be any sensitive spot. But now that Luo Binghe was lightly and slowly touching him all over, Shen Qingqiu actually ached with desire so much that it was hard to bear.

Why was he so experienced? Why?!

He was obviously a virgin? Why?!

Just one time and he self-taught himself? Why?!

Is this fair? I want to complain. I want to scream. Why?!

At times, Luo Binghe nibbled lightly on his lips; at other times, he gnawed heavily on it. The tip of Luo Binghe's tongue danced in his mouth, arousing him. Shen Qingqiu could not keep up with his rhythm and started to gasp for breath, but the moment he shifted his head, he would be steered back, and Luo Binghe would deepen the kiss. Unable to catch his breath, Shen Qingqiu frowned and closed his eyes. Thus, he could not see the malice flashing through Luo Binghe's eyes.

Shen Qingqiu could hardly maintain his balance on Luo Binghe's thighs, and so he subconsciously reached out to grab hold of Luo Binghe's collar. He missed. Instead, he touched the bare skin of Luo Binghe's chest.

His smooth, unblemished skin.

In that very instant, Shen Qingqiu's mind cleared.

With a sudden burst of force in his palm, he aimed a critical hit at Luo Binghe's heart.

Luo Binghe took the blow face-on but remained unmoved. He gave a cold laugh and grabbed Shen Qingqiu's right wrist with one hand while his other hand continued to press down on his neck. Holding Shen Qingqiu, he deftly turned over and rolled onto the bed with himself on top. With a smile on his face, he looked down at Shen Qingqiu and asked, "What's the matter, Shizun? Don't you love me very much? Why don't you give yourself to me?"

Screw the man himself! Shen Qingqiu swore at him, "Scram!"

Luo Binghe progressed from kissing him to tearing at his lips. The metallic taste of blood instantly saturated Shen Qingqiu's mouth. He formed a spell with his left hand and summoned Xiu Ya which was on the desk. Luo Binghe's movements were slightly sluggish, and Shen Qingqiu took the chance to raise his leg and gave him a kick on the chest. Before he could rise, he felt a grip on his ankle and looked back. Luo Binghe's hand was grasping his ankle. In one bold move, he hauled Shen Qingqiu backward beneath his body again. Immediately right after, he righted Shen Qingqiu's body, grasping his calf and bending it up to his chest, pinning him down.

The whole range of actions was completed in one go!

Shen Qingqiu snapped, “Where is he?!”

“Luo Binghe” crooked his head and said, “Who are you asking about? If you mean me, then am I not here?”

Shen Qingqiu suddenly relaxed his tone and asked, “How did you get here?”

Luo Binghe played with his hair and said, “Compared to this, what I want to know is how did ‘Shizun’ find out?”

WTF please, those scars on Luo Binghe’s palm and chest; he was the one who created them back then!

Shen Qingqiu replied, “You really want to know?”

Luo Binghe lowered and pressed his body down on Shen Qingqiu and said in a frosty yet provocative tone, “Never mind if you don’t want to tell me. We have plenty of time to ‘figure it out’ slowly.”

Shen Qingqiu said, “Then how about you turn around and see for yourself?”

The arch on Luo Binghe’s lips suddenly froze. Alarmed, he warily turned back.

In the semi-darkness, a face that mirrored him closed in.

A face that was so frosty like ice that it was bone-chilling. Yet, those pair of eyes were like soul fire, raging and burning crimson red.



Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Lianyin of BC Novels.
- We are currently on part 2 of 4 of this particular extra story arc. There are 3 parts of “Bing-Mei and Bing-Ge” and one *cough* special *cough* chapter. (◡‿◡)
- Ahahaha it seems this “Luo Binghe” is quite skilled, much more so than our dear little sheep!
- You know, I personally think that “Luo Binghe” here was just playfully trying to get some but some of the other fans disagree with me and think that “Luo Binghe” was planning to use force. What do you think?
- Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 84 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Extra: The Ultimate Showdown between Bing-Mei and Bing-Ge (Part 3)

This translation is by Lianyin (BC Novels) at [bcnovels dot com](http://bcnovels.com)



There were two identical people with two identical faces in the bamboo dwelling.

There was no difference between them other than that one of them was clad in white and the other in black.

A sword was hanging at the waist of the Luo Binghe in black; it was enveloped in layers upon layers of talismans.

The intimidating Xin Mo of the past was now swaddled in such a crude, unsightly way; not even a wisp of demonic energy could seep through.

Luo Binghe bellowed in a hoarse voice. “Get off him!”

A critical strike followed right after this outburst of fury. The “Luo Binghe” in white who was wedged in between Shen Qingqiu’s legs returned the blow without hesitation. The two blows neutralized each other and disintegrated in mid-air with a resounding noise.

Looking as if his enjoyment had been dampened, he scornfully said, “Instead of returning earlier or later, you just had to return at this time...”

Before he could finish his words, Shen Qingqiu hooked his index and middle finger, and Xiu Ya, which had been nailed into the wall after it had missed its target, gave a slight quiver and flew right into his hands. Shen Qingqiu grabbed hold of it and immediately swung his arm down in a slash!

Flanked on both sides, “Luo Binghe” finally could not maintain his provocative posture. He somersaulted off the bed, but before leaving, he did not forget to pinch Shen Qingqiu’s waist for the last time. He deftly landed on the other end of the bamboo dwelling and put on a sorrowful act. “Shizun is so brutal. Doesn’t your heart ache for your disciple? “

Screw you!

Who is your Shizun?!

This man was Zhongdian’s ultimate stallion protagonist of the original <>! He was released into this world once when the system’s punishment program went online—he was the man whom Zhongdian’s readers worshipped like a God, and whom everyone referred to as Bing-ge!

Shen Qingqiu had never expected the man himself to appear in the punishment program, even more so in this world with a material body. From the looks of it, the so-called system’s punishment did not release a simulated character; instead, it had directly dragged Bing-ge over from the original, parallel universe!

Although he had vaguely sensed something wrong since yesterday, he did not really give much thought to it because Young Maiden Luo had always

been playing difficult and acting like a pampered child all along. Plus, Shen Qingqiu himself was only concerned about and focused on treating Luo Binghe's injuries then.

The real Luo Binghe had scars that Shen Qingqiu had left on his palm and chest. That child had treated these scars as treasures and retained them on his body as he had been unwilling to heal them, so how could Shen Qingqiu get to touch 'smooth, unblemished skin'?

At the end of the day, they were still unfamiliar with each other's bodies; that was why he took a while to realize it. Fortunately, the horses were reined in before they fell over the precipice of the cliff. What a close shave, he nearly could not preserve his chastity(...).

If that was the case, then the "go" Luo Binghe had said yesterday when they had met in the inner hall of the underground chamber could be easily explained. It did not mean "flee quickly, I don't want to implicate you," but "you d**ned scum, scram!"

The Luo Binghe in black with a sword hanging at his waist pounced on Shen Qingqiu and hastily asked, "Shizun, has this bastard done anything to you?"

Uh, aren't you scolding yourself by calling him a bastard...

Even though Shen Qingqiu was roasting him, Shen Qingqiu was still very comforted to see this Luo Binghe clinging on to him with a face full of anxiety. This was how it should be!

He cleared his throat and made sure that his attire was not in disarray, nor was his appearance disheveled before he spoke. "This master is fine." He suddenly recalled that "Luo Binghe" was covered all over in wounds yesterday, with his skin and flesh torn, and this one was not likely to emerge unscathed as well. Thus, he hurriedly asked, "How about you? Are you hurt?"

Luo Binghe nodded his head and said, "I'm alright now."

Shen Qingqiu grabbed his wrist and turned it over. There was a typical white scar on his palm of his hand. His heart stirred. “What is going on? Where have you been these two days? Why is he here?”

Luo Binghe shook his head and said, “This disciple does not know. The day before yesterday, when I went into seclusion in the inner hall of the underground palace, the remnants of Xin Mo suddenly surged with a purple light and this..... person appeared with another Xin Mo in his hand. I exchanged blows with him but in a moment of carelessness, I fell through the rift that was slashed open by Xin Mo. I only managed to snatch the sword away before the rift closed up. I couldn’t find Shizun when I returned, so I came all the way to Cang Qiong Mountain.”

So, Luo Binghe was in the original <> for the past two days?

Xin Mo’s space-slicing slash turned out to have already defied the laws of nature to this extent; it could even slash open the entrance to a parallel universe.

This was not something that could be merely explained off as a BUG!

As a true-blue homo who was suddenly thrown amidst a harem of three thousand beauties, this child must have really been shaken to the core. Shen Qingqiu’s heart could not help but surge with tenderness(...) Suddenly, someone piped up coldly. “Excuse me, but I’m still here. Can you guys not hang me out here to dry?”

The original Luo Binghe was used to being the center of attention. He was inexplicably irritated when he saw these two men pouncing on each other the moment they met and totally disregarding his existence as they went on about being awfully annoying and sickening. He secretly exerted force on his foot and soundlessly crushed several bluestones into fine powder.

Luo Binghe shielded Shen Qingqiu and said in an imposing tone, “What were you doing just now?”

“Luo Binghe” replied flippantly, “Just screwing around.”

Shen Qingqiu was stunned.

Screwing who?

...Me?

Bing-ge, you... open your arms to everyone?!

Regardless of man or woman, meat or fish, you'll eat them as long as they throw themselves at you?

Or was it because none of the women in your original harem had been won over here and you couldn't hold back your urges any more?

Bing-ge tsked and scorned, "Who asked you to be so useless that you don't even have a woman."

Shen Qingqiu was rendered speechless by Bing-ge's yardstick for being "useless." But Luo Binghe's attention was elsewhere. He was so furious that his pupils looked as if they would shed fresh blood. He said in a low voice, "How dare you humiliate Shizun this way..."

The eyes of the other "Luo Binghe" suddenly became red as well. He met his glare head-on and sneered. "It's not just him I'm going to humiliate. Look at how worthless you are! You are 'Luo Binghe,' but you are so embarrassing to be sticking around Shen Qingqiu, this kind of dishonorable and shameless scum, every day..."

He had yet to finish when Luo Binghe erupted with fury.

Black air permeated the bamboo house, making it so opaque they could barely see their hands in front of them, but none of them backed down. Suddenly, a white light penetrated the darkness from above them. It turned out that the wooden ceiling of the bamboo house had been innocently implicated; they had blasted a big hole through it while they were throwing blows at each other.

Luo Binghe looked up. All at once, his face became darker than the demonic energy he was flinging out.

Shen Qingqiu more or less had the same expression: wtf, what should he say when An Ding Peak came to repair it?

Luo Binghe was unwilling to destroy the bamboo dwelling, so he leaped out of the door and shouted, “Come out!”

The original one snorted. “Just what I wanted. This meager, run-down hut is too cramped and restrictive!”

Two figures in black and white vanished in a flash. Shen Qingqiu was considering calling over those from Bai Zhan Peak. But just as he was wondering if they would indiscriminately thrash both Luo Binghe to death, Ming Fan and Ning Yingying rushed over with a group of disciples. He reckoned that they were in the midst of their evening studies when they heard a weird noise and came running over, still carrying their guqins and books.

Right at once, Shen Qingqiu said, “Halt!”

The crowd of disciples immediately stood still. Ming Fan asked, “Shizun, what’s going on here...”

Shen Qingqiu cut him off. “Fall in!”

The disciples of Qing Jing Peak immediately and reflexively fell in. Shen Qingqiu added, “Go down and run around Qing Jing Peak. Do 30 laps!”

If he were to drive them away directly, this bunch of babies would definitely be unwilling and would even insist on staying to help out (add to the mess). He might as well send them away first. On receiving such a direct command, the disciples all looked at each other. Welp, since Shizun told us to run, then let’s just run. A group of youths and young maidens in green then ran towards the bottom of Qing Jing Peak, following after one another in a row like a train.

Shen Qingqiu breathed a sigh of relief on seeing that they had been diverted, then turned back and quickly leaped into the bamboo woods at the back of the mountain.

The original man himself could completely control Xin Mo, but not the one he raised. This one was easily influenced and countered by Xin Mo, perhaps because his mind was unstable, or because he had too many distractions. Because of this, he had not dared to use Xin Mo rashly and had taken the initiative to seal Xin Mo with spells so as to exercise caution and restraint. It was like having a golden finger but not daring to use it, holding a golden rice bowl but unable to beg for food. Therefore, their swords were still sheathed, and it looked as if both of them were engaged in hand-to-hand combat instead.

But the destructive power of their melee combat was too high!

Dozens of deep pits had been gouged into the ground; bamboo groves had toppled over; fallen leaves were dancing in the wind; birds took to the sky with alarmed cries. At this rate, Qing Jing peak would be reduced to Tu Ding Peak. Shen Qingqiu waited for an opening before he controlled Xiu Ya and sent it whizzing towards the original Luo Binghe.

Silver light streaked across long, narrow eyes. “Luo Binghe” tilted his head and flicked the blade away with a finger. Looking askew at Shen Qingqiu, he asked, “We are clearly the same person. Shizun, why are you helping him to hurt me?”

Who the hell is the same as you?!

The Luo Binghe he raised was the one whom the system had transferred to the BL Channel of Lü Ding Ding Literature City after Shen Qingqiu intervened in the plot—he was Maiden Luo gone bonkers, aka. Bing-mei. He’s downright different from you—a domineering rascal whose entire brain is full of obscene thoughts, and Zhongdian’s ultimate stallion male lead who leveled up by wiping out low IQ villains and supporting characters!

Shen Qingqiu kept his silence and looked at Luo Binghe in the eyes. Without further words, they attacked the original Luo Binghe together.

Originally, the two Luo Binghe were more or less evenly matched in power and strength. Most of the wounds on the original Luo Binghe’s body

were likely caused by Luo Binghe. Now that Shen Qingqiu had joined the fray, the scales began to tip in their favor.

Spiritual energy and dark aura surged and intertwined with each other amidst the smooth and swift snow-white flashes of their swords. Their cooperation was flawless. “Luo Binghe” narrowly dodged several waves of attacks. He squinted his eyes slightly as if his fury was ignited, but his face did not betray much of his rage except for the pursing of his lips.

He suddenly said, “His technique is so bad; what’s so good about him?”

This line was thrown out so suddenly that Shen Qingqiu’s hand shook.

Bear with it, continue to fight.

Who would know that Bing-ge would not hold back? “Shizun, you have first-hand experience of my prowess. We are both the same person in any case, why don’t you come with me? I’ll definitely make you happier than if you were to remain with him.”

Shen Qingqiu retorted, “Shut up!”

Luo Binghe mumbled, “.....First-hand experience?”

Shen Qingqiu said, “Concentrate on the fight.”

Luo Binghe asked, “What does he mean by ‘first-hand experience’? What is the meaning of ‘happier than if you were to remain with’ me?”

“Luo Binghe” said ambiguously, “Or perhaps Shizun actually likes being hurt? If that’s the case, this disciple can also guarantee your satisfaction.”

Luo Binghe’s face contorted in a flash. He unconsciously put his hand on Xin Mo.

Shen Qingqiu hurriedly shouted, “Don’t pull it out!”

Luo Binghe regained his senses and immediately withdrew his hand, but the red in his pupils intensified, and his breathing grew urgent. Gnashing his

teeth, he launched an assault and initiated close combat.

When force meets force, and both had equal strength and skills, the end result would be the same. Shen Qingqiu heard the sound of dull cracks.

The limbs of the two Luo Binghe, one with a broken left hand and one with a broken right arm, hung down limply. Even their reactions right after were the same: they used their legs once their arms broke. So, there were two more cracks—and this time, their legs were the ones broken.

Shen Qingqiu could bear it no longer. “That’s enough!”

Trying to perish together with these kinds of moves?!

“Luo Binghe’s” face suddenly softened as he gazed at Shen Qingqiu. “Shizun, do you blame me for hurting you the last time?”

The other widened his eyes and asked, “Shizun, have you met him before?”

If an encounter in the system counted as a meeting, then yes. Shen Qingqiu was unwilling to elaborate and simply said, “Just a chance encounter.”

Bing-ge was really apt at seizing every opportunity available to him. He put on an aggrieved look and said, “It was my fault the last time. This disciple acknowledges his mistake. But wasn’t Shizun getting a kick out of it just now? I’m also your disciple; how could you have the heart to treat me like this?”

What a performance. You’re faking it. Continue to put on a show. You truly live up to the reputation of the double-faced and hypocritical Bing-ge who can smile in agreement while cussing a thousand times in his heart!

As expected, a blackened protagonist was crafty and treacherous. He was deliberately messing with Luo Binghe’s mind. Naturally, Shen Qingqiu would not let him succeed. He rebuffed him with righteous indignation and without hesitation, “I didn’t get the slightest kick out of it!”

As soon as he said that, he felt an intense and searing numbness springing up in his lower abdomen.

There was no way to ignore or suppress it. It was as if there were millions of ants stickily crawling inside his body.

The corners of the mouth of “Luo Binghe” curved up in a smile, and he asked with sinister delight, “Can you still say what you don’t really mean now?”

The Demonic Blood.

How could he have forgotten? As long as he was Luo Binghe, he could manipulate the blood in Shen Qingqiu’s body.

Out of the two Luo Binghe here, one was inciting the blood parasites, while the other was suppressing it. This was a battle of strength. The end result was the intermittent bursts of numbness and alternating spells of sweltering heat that rapidly spread from his abdomen throughout his entire body, even to his fingertips. Shen Qingqiu gasped for breath and his vision blurred as the hand that was grasping his sword started to waver.

The moment Luo Binghe faltered, the Xin Mo sword on his waist was wrested away from him.

There was a smug smile on the original Luo Binghe’s face, with an excitement that bordered on bloodthirstiness. Just as he gripped the hilt of the sword and was about to draw it out of its sheath, Shen Qingqiu suddenly said coldly, “Don’t rejoice yet. Look above you.”

At the moment, there were only rustling bamboo branches and leaves swaying in the wind above the heads of the three men. “Luo Binghe” could sense that there was no threat above them even without looking up. He smiled lightly. “Aren’t you looking down on me by using this kind of childish trick to try and hoodwink this disciple?”

Not looking?

Fine, you asked for it.

Shen Qingqiu formed a seal with his left hand. There was a definite snap of his fingers as his eyes narrowed in concentration.

“Luo Binghe” was about to speak when a piece of leaf swept right before his eyes.

His smile froze.

A streak of blood slowly rolled down his cheek.

More bamboo leaves started to fall in all directions. All of a sudden, the leaves which had been leisurely drifting downwards suddenly sped up and shot right at him; each was like a sharp blade in the Eastern Wind.

Plucked Leaves Flying Flowers Enhanced Version: Thousand Leaves Ten Thousand Flowers!

“Luo Binghe” wielded a hand to destroy the clusters of leaf blades that were directed at him. The entire bamboo woods were full of airborne leaves like fairies scattering blossoms, and each of them was chasing after him like grim reapers hunting down souls. The leaves seemed gentle on the surface, but it could scrape through meat and bone upon contact. He might be able to evade a piece or two, but with hundreds and thousands of them all over the sky, it was hard for him not to get flustered. Furthermore, he had broken an arm and a leg earlier on during the scuffle, and his movements were thus limited. Shen Qingqiu was about to move in when he saw a black figure beating him to it and striking “Luo Binghe’s” chest with his still intact palm.

Right at the moment, he saw a look of incredulity on that familiar face, Shen Qingqiu actually did not have the heart to bring himself to continue.

“Luo Binghe” took two steps back, and swallowed as if he was swallowing a mouthful of blood. He sneered and said, “That’s quite some rapport. Not bad, I guess?”

Although he was mocking them, his uninjured hand was tightly clenched into a fist with the veins on the back of his hand appearing and disappearing intermittently.

Ever since he had become an adult, there had never been anyone who could push him into the corner like this.

Being on the losing end reminded him of the days when he had been humiliated and trampled all over.

The hot tea poured on his head; the firewood shed that could not keep out the wind; the never-ending physical and verbal abuses; the scorching afternoon kneeling that lasted late into the night, the lack of filling meals.

Those days were all inextricably connected to that face right in front of his very eyes now.

But now, the owner of this face was standing beside the person who looked exactly like him, holding that broken arm in his hands, not daring to touch it or let it go. As if he himself could intimately feel that pain, he frowned and asked, "Why do you have to attack him head-on? You kept fighting even though you knew it was broken. Don't act so rashly the next time."

Although it sounds like a rebuke, the voice was miffed, anxious, and concerned.

Even a fool could tell.

The cold wind cut through the woods as leaves rustled and drifted down.

He could not take it lying down.

This was unfair.

The image of those two men standing together was so dazzling that his eyes hurt and the rims of his eyes burned.

They were obviously both “Luo Binghe.” On what grounds would the other one get to encounter this kind of Shen Qingqiu, and yet he himself had to encounter the narrow-minded, jealous, and shameless version?

On what grounds?!

The carefully preserved articles of clothing and objects; the refreshing and tidy side room; the tender, doting, and indulgent whispers.

He clearly only wanted to humiliate them. He clearly disdained the nauseating relationship between both of them.

And yet, he could not help but blurt out to Shen Qingqiu, “Come with me.”

On hearing those three words, Luo Binghe laughed coldly and said, “What did you say? Hm?”

His knuckles cracked. He actually looked like he wanted to kill.

Although Shen Qingqiu approved of the act of dishing out the final blow to finish off an opponent—long live last hit—but... what was up with making Luo Binghe kill Luo Binghe?

Let Shen Qingqiu kill him instead? That was even more impossible. Furthermore, he did not know if the protagonist’s golden halo would also work on the original Luo Binghe.

Shen Qingqiu pressed two of his fingers on Luo Binghe’s shoulder to stop him from being impulsive. While he was having a headache trying to figure out how to deal with it, “Luo Binghe” had already made his move.

He broke the seal of Xin Mo. Amidst the surge of black aura and purple light, and under the wary glances of the two men, he opened up a rift in the air in one slash and leaped in.

He bit down on his lip hard when he looked back.

He could not take this lying down.

The rift disappeared with his figure.

He... left just like that?

Bing-ge... was so easy to dismiss?!

Shen Qingqiu was momentarily stunned before he responded, “Destroy the remnants of Xin Mo once we get back. This thing cannot remain in this world.”

This thing was simply too buggy. If they continued to keep it, who knew what kind of plot twist would unfold the next time?

Luo Binghe nodded his head in silence. Although Luo Binghe probably did not need his support, Shen Qingqiu continued to let him lean against him.

They had only taken a few steps when Luo Binghe asked despondently, “Shizun, my technique, is it really that bad?”

.....

Honestly speaking, it was bad.

It was seriously bad. Whether it was kissing, touching, stripping, or rolling between the sheets, he was so bad that he was in a class of his own.

As for penetration, there was no basis for comparison, but from the looks of it, he should have also.....receive a fail grade.

Of course, Shen Qingqiu could not voice it out. Thus he simply glossed it over, “Not really.”

The dejection on Luo Binghe’s face grew heavier.

Shen Qingqiu consoled him, “After all, you have little experience.”

It was by emerging victorious in love and bedding hundreds of women that Bing-ge was such a seasoned veteran!

Luo Binghe lowered his head. From the looks of it, he was considering which corner to emo and grow mushrooms again. This was the look Shen Qingqiu could not bear seeing the most, so he coaxed him, “This master will treat your arms and legs first. Then, we can... research it together. How about it?”

Luo Binghe looked up suddenly. “Really?!”

Shen Qingqiu expected this reaction and patted him evenly on the head: “Treat your injuries first.”

Luo Binghe nodded. With just two cracking sounds, Luo Binghe had re-affixed his arm and leg.

Standing up suddenly, he grasped both of Shen Qingqiu’s arms with both of his now-intact hands. His cheeks were flushed red, and his eyes were twinkling when he said, “They are okay now. Shizun, so let’s... research it together?”

Reika’s Notes:

- We all know that the next chapter will be the “research” chapter, right? That is a book extra so I’m thinking of calling it chapter 84.1 since chapter 85 in the online version is a different extra.
- Bing-ge is better at papapa than our Bing-mei, it’s canon... but his Shizun is quite willing to help him get better at it.
- Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading.

July Schedule

5 – chapter 84.1

12 – chapter 85

19 – chapter 86

26 – chapter 86

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Chapter 85 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Extra: Zhuzhi Ci 1 (Poem of the Bamboo Branch)

This translation is by Lianyin (BC Novels) at [bcnovels dot com](#)

Zhuzhi-Lang had known for a very long time that it was a repulsive creature.

Even in Nan Jiang, which was infested with monsters, he could be called a freak among monsters.

At that time, it was not called Zhuzhi-Lang; it was nameless. Generally speaking, there was no one who would have that kind of leisure to think of a name for something that was half-human and half-snake when they saw it slithering on the ground. Even if they had the skill to, the demons of Nan Jiang would rather give it a kick or two, or tie its tail into knots, or study whether this thing has an Achilles’ heel and if it would die when they attack its vulnerable spot.

Its daily routine was very simple: slither, look for water, slither, look for food, slither, get into a dogfight with the other demonic beasts.

Even though its appearance was not ideal, it was not disadvantaged when it came to fighting. In contrast, not only was its limbs soft and nimble, its disgusting look often distracted its opponents during battle because of their discomfort.

Therefore, this ugly and hard-to-deal-with thing was extremely unpopular in Nan Jiang.

Even a cultured nobleman like Tianlang-Jun sized it up for some time the first time he saw it, then said in all seriousness, "So ugly."

Of course, the black-armored generals who stood apathetically behind him could not answer. As if Tianlang-Jun was grumbling to an unknown person, he repeated, "It's too ugly."

The emphasis of this sentence was too strong, it shrank a little.

Nevertheless, it felt like there was no genuine contempt in the criticisms of this noble; it had seen looks of scorn and revulsion too many times. It was not like this at all.

Tianlang-Jun gracefully squatted and stared at it, asking, "Do you remember your mother?"

It shook its head.

Tianlang-Jun said, "Well, it's just as well. If I had such a mother, I'm afraid I would rather not remember."

It did not know what it should say. Of course, even if it knew, there was no way it could say it; it could only hiss in a low, hoarse voice.

Tianlang-Jun laughed and said, "However, there are some things I should still tell you. Your mother is dead. I'm her elder brother. I came to see you at her last request."

The demons are a cold-blooded lot. Even when it came to the death of their own blood kin, they were able to skate it over lightly in just a sentence.

It felt nothing and just nodded its head blankly.

Tianlang-Jun seemed to have lost interest and flatly said, "Alright. I have fulfilled her last wish. These are all your subordinates. From now onward, this place belongs to you."

The ‘subordinates’ he referred to were those hundreds of black-armored generals who were following behind him. Although these things did not have minds and could not think, they were also not afraid of pain or death, and would not tire out or stop in their tracks; they could form an invincible army, and yet they were just casually handed over to a monstrosity that was half-human and half-snake.

He stood up, patted the imaginary dust off his hem, and turned around to leave. By some curious phenomenon, it sluggishly wiggled to follow.

Tianlang-Jun looked back, perplexed, “What are you following me for?”

The snake boy did not dare to move. Seeing this, Tianlang-Jun took another step, and it started to wiggle in a crawl behind him.

Tianlang-Jun stopped in his tracks and curiously asked, “Can’t you understand what I’m saying?”

After two or three repetitions, Tianlang-Jun simply ignored it and went on ahead on his own with his hands clasped behind him. The snake boy thus clumsily ‘followed’ him.

Tianlang-Jun’s identity was special, his lineage distinguished, and his status extraordinary; naturally, he had no lack of enemies. Along the way, there were countless troublemakers. Tianlang-Jun clearly did not need anyone’s help, but it always fought tooth and nail with everything it had, contributing whatever meager strength it could give.

After several incidents, Tianlang-Jun could no longer ignore its existence.

He took a couple of glances at the snake boy who was covered all over with cuts and bruises and gave his appraisal, “It’s still too ugly.”

Hurt by those words, the snake boy shrank back. Tianlang-Jun smiled again, “And stubborn. That’s not very likable. “

After following him for so long, it had never flinched from any kind of difficulties and obstacles. And yet in front of this unkind remark, it had the

urge to immediately turn around and run—no, crawl away.

Who knew in the next moment Tianlang-Jun would touch the crown of its head with his bare hands and sigh, “It’s so ugly and stubborn; I can’t endure this anymore.”

A bizarre, warm and cool current slowly gushed through its four limbs and body.

But how could it have four limbs?

Very quickly, the snake boy discovered that its originally deformed limbs had somehow given way to fully intact limbs. Ten fingers, which it had once considered delicate and out of his reach, now grew on his new palms.

This was the body of a young man. About fifteen or sixteen years of age, with fair complexion and a slender body, healthy and complete. Tianlang-Jun moved his hand away, his jet-black pupils reflecting a figure in white.

Propping his chin in his hand, Tianlang-Jun said, “I think this looks better. Do you have any objection?”

He opened his mouth, wanting to speak. It was not easy for him to get a human form, but his tongue and mouth refused to obey. A syllable belatedly slipped out from his mouth only after half a beat, preempted by a warm liquid that slid out of his eye socket.

Although Zhuzhi-Lang firmly believed that Junshang was always right, he secretly thought that Junshang was a bit of a dork.



Please read the novel at bcnovels ❁ ♡ where you can read the extra chapters.

After getting permission to follow Tianlang-Jun, there was a long period of time where Zhuzhi-Lang still went without a name.

Tianlang-Jun hardly ordered people around, thus he never had the need to call for his name. And so they continued to muddle along like this for several months.

It went on until one day when he wanted to find an anthology of poetry from the human world. He could not find it after hunting high and low for it, and so he had no alternative but to ask someone to help him. It suddenly occurred to him then that he still had a nephew who was inconspicuously parking himself in the corner of the study.

But after a “hey,” he actually could not think of something to continue the sentence. Tianlang-Jun frowned for a moment and asked, “Did I ever

ask for your name?”

He honestly replied, “Junshang, this subordinate has no name.”

Tianlang-Jun asked, perplexed, “How is it possible that you have no name? This is so strange. Then what should I call you?”

He replied, “Junshang can call me whatever he likes.” Having said that, he walked over to the front of a bookcase and retrieved the poetry anthology—which Tianlang-Jun had randomly shoved in after he had finished reading it the last time—and presented it to him with both hands.

Tianlang-Jun was very satisfied as he took the book and said, “It’s no big deal not to have a name. We will just pick one.” He lowered his head, turned over two pages at random, chose a word, and casually said, “Let’s call you Zhuzhi-Jun.”

His eyesight was good; he took a couple of glances.

*Between the willows green the river flows along, my beloved in a
boat is heard singing a song.
The west is veiled in rain, the east basks in sunshine, my beloved is as
deep in love as the day is fine.*

Zhuzhi-Ci (Poem of the Bamboo Branch). He shook his head.

Tianlang-Jun said, “Don’t like it?” He handed the book over. “So picky. Then pick one yourself.”

He did not know whether to laugh or cry. He replied, “Junshang, only nobles can be addressed this way.”

Tianlang-Jun said, “So young, and yet so fastidious. Forget it, we shall call you Zhuzhi-Lang in that case.”

He did not really put his heart into anything he did. He did not put his heart into giving him a new life, neither did he put his heart into giving him

a name. He even did not even put his heart into the birth of “Zhuzhi-Lang” at this time, in this place.

But no matter how indifferent he was, or how much he treated everything as child’s play, he was still the Tianlang-Jun that he would go through fire and water, risk life and limbs, for.

Little could he imagine that Tianlang-Jun was also mulling over whether this nephew had been a snake for so long that he had become a little silly.

He would not address him as uncle; it had to be Junshang. He would not stay in Nan Jiang to be a carefree feudal lord; he had to come and be an errand boy. He would not accept a good name of a good status; it had to be one rank lower.

He was indeed a little silly. But well, there was nothing anyone could do, considering that being soft in the head was a lifetime matter. Let him be.

Tianlang-Jun really, really liked everything to do with human beings from the bottom of his heart.

Most probably, he felt that the demons were a bunch of cold and boring things. It was a different story for this foreign race, with his fervor for humankind nearing abnormal and his romanticization about humanity nearing exaggeration.

Every time he took a trip out, the place he would pay the most visits to was the frontier lands. He would traverse the boundary, and have a cup of wine while listening to storytelling for a short duration, or wander about enjoying the beauties of nature for a longer duration, whether if it was for a year or so was never a matter of contention.

Supposedly, Tianlang-Jun did not like to be followed; the black-armored generals were usually sent out in thousands and hundreds. But for one, Zhuzhi-Lang was never long-winded, and secondly, he was never meddlesome. He would only tag along silently behind him; it was like he never even existed in the first place. Occasionally, he would help to pay the

bill or run errands and stuff, and he was really handy to have around and attentive to his needs, thus Tianlang-Jun did not particularly dislike him.

Even when he met up with that maiden Su, they did not mind him being around. They tacitly treated him as a snake that could not understand the human language and words of love, often minding their own business and acting as though there was nobody else present.

Only once did Tianlang-Jun speak to chase Zhuzhi-Lang away, even using the word “scram.” That was the only time Tianlang-Jun, who had always aspired to be a true gentleman, said one of the crudest words he had ever uttered.

Bailu Mountain.

Notes:

Original poem:

This is a poem by Liu Yuxi, a poet of the Tang Dynasty, who based it off a folk song. To put it simply, the poem is about the mixed feelings (bafflement, affection and hope) of a young maiden who was unsure if the gentleman she liked reciprocate her feelings (he was indifferent before) when she heard him singing about his feelings for her from the river; it was after a sunshower, and the sky was clear on the East bank while it was still raining on the West bank, leading our maiden to equate his ambiguous feelings with the equally ambiguous weather.

Source for the English translation:

Wu, J.H & He, Q.S (2014) Poetry Translation: An Intertextuality Approach, CS Canada Studies in Literature and Language, 9(1), 43-50

<https://pdfs.semanticscholar.org/8bb0/b692cd32528c8a40066a08927dba87454090.pdf>

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Lianyin of BC Novels.
- Help! I need at least one more translator to finish the extras in time. If you're interested, please [message me in the NU forums](#). My forum nick is [Readerz](#). There are only around 6 chapters left that aren't being worked on right now so the work won't be a lot.
- How did you like the little snake boy's chapter?
- Tianlang-Jun originally wanted to give him the title or name Zhuzhi-Jun. In [chapter 52](#) it's explained that the "Jun" part is a royal suffix among the demons. The "Lang" suffix has some status but it's "not of extraordinary origin."
- Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 86 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Extra: A Record of when Master Liu Fought a Succubus

This story happened when Luo Binghe was busy leveling up after Master Shen kicked him into the Endless Abyss.

Shen Qingqiu insisted, “I still think that it’s better that you don’t tag along. I’m serious.”

Liu Qingge pretended to hear nothing and strode on.

With his chin up, chest out and gaze proudly straight, Liu Qingge took wide steps as Cheng Luan’s tassel swished on his back. It was as if he was walking down the scorching battle square of Bai Zhan Peak, not some mountain trail overrun by rambling flowers and tangling vines.

Shen Qingqiu tried again in earnest, “Shidi, don’t push yourself.”

Liu Qingge cut him off, “Are you heading back or not?”

Shen Qingqiu answered, “After I score...ah, no, after I settle the Succubus in this area, I’ll head back right away.”

Liu Qingge stated coolly, “That’s what you said last time.”

Shen Qingqiu, “Yeah.”

Liu Qingge, “Then you disappeared for a month!”

Shen Qingqiu reassured, “I won’t die outside. When have I not returned to Cang Qiong Mountain to look for you guys before Without a Cure could

act up? There's no need for Shidi to go to such lengths just to chase after me... .."

Liu Qingge stressed, "I didn't. Shixiong told me to."

Yeah yeah yeah. Shen Qingqiu replied wistfully, "Shixiong's a great guy... .."

Shen Qingqiu paused. "I'm saying this for your own good. Rumors are circulating in the city that this Succubus has a taste for dashing and gallant men. I'm afraid that if Liu-shidi insists on coming along, you might become the demoness's target."

Liu Qingge scoffed. As he was about to answer, a melodious and seductive singing echoed through the valleys.

The song was melismatic and mesmerizing. Unspoken, winding, and flirtatious, every turn of note ruffled the listener like a feather scratching on their hearts.

Both men followed the turning track and ended up in front of a cave.

Suddenly, seven or eight young girls popped out of the bushes around them. Each one of them looked lovely with their hair rolled into twin buns; they looked young, and they should be, seeing that they didn't even try to hide their demonic aura. They demanded in crisp voices, "Who are you?"

Seeing a loli blocking his way, Shen Qingqiu replied warmly, "Is this... .."

Before he could finish his greeting, Liu Qingge reached to his back and pulled out Cheng Luan by two inches. The pressure unleashed by the sword ripped through the area, demolishing a portion of the cave's entrance. The girls shrieked and immediately delved into the bushes.

Thanks to the gift of their kind, creatures like Succubi are bestowed with appearances that easily evokes affection. They would rarely be treated this

harshly in their lifetimes, much less these girls who have never seen the outside world. They soon began to sob.

Surrounded by the sounds of young girls crying and hiccupping, Shen Qingqiu rubbed his ears and said, “Shidi, you should be gentler with the ladies.”

Liu Qingge was impatient. “They are but demons, why should I be? Just do the deed. Once done, we leave!” Four words per phrase, very succinct yet persuasive, brimming with honest integrity, also easy to read!

Suddenly, someone from the cave asked, “How rude of you, Immortal Masters. How did my girls offend you that you’d scare them like that?”

Said a voice sweet and tender. A woman clad in emerald-green emerged from the cave, graceful in every step. Her skin shone like porcelain under the sunlight; an alluring and irresistible beauty, whose every move was naturally and effortlessly captivating.

The young Succubi scared into tears by Liu Qingge were quick to complain, “Madam Meiyin, this cultivator is so scary! He bullied us!”

Since Madam Meiyin’s both a Succubus and a charming beauty, judging from how stallion novels tend to be, she’s gotta be one of Luo Binghe’s flings.

In typical situations, Shen Qingqiu would be quick to avoid women related to Luo Binghe, much less confront them. There were two reasons he decided to get involved this time.

Firstly, the cries of the old couple, whose only son was bewitched by the Succubi, were too heartbreaking for him to ignore.

Secondly, it’s because the amorous Madam Meiyin has countless husbands and lovers aside Luo Binghe! Her fling with Luo Binghe was, all in all, just a fling. It was an affair that ended soon after it started, and she did not become one of Luo Binghe’s harem. The rush of NTR-ing a bunch of men at once was what readers enjoy.

Therefore, strictly speaking, Madam Meiyin was not one of Luo Binghe's wives.

It was apparent that Liu Qingge had no intention to talk to a being of the opposite sex. He destroyed the entrance of her cave and turned his head unapologetically. Shen Qingqiu went, "Urgh, my shidi isn't used to being around strangers."

Madam Meiyin mused, "My girls are young and insensible. Do forgive them if they offended you, Immortal Masters, I apologize. However, this cave was newly renovated. To think that it'll be in such a state just after your esteemed arrivals..."

Don't look at me. Look at that guy over there; he's the one who wrecked your cave!

He's the one in charge of demolition matters in the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect. If you want to learn about demolishing, go to Bai Zhan Peak!

Shen Qingqiu always believed in diplomacy before violence. He shook his fan and responded politely, "It's not our intention to destroy your abode, Madam. The Huangs at the foot of the mountain requested us to bring their son back. We hope that you could release him."

Madam Meiyin answered, "Oh? Master Huang? I have seen at least eight or ten young men with that surname. I'm not sure which Master Huang you're referring to, Immortal Master?"

Liu Qingge scoffed. "Why don't you release them all then?!"

Madam Meiyin pretended to be conflicted, "It's not that I don't want to release him. There's nothing I can do if he, himself, wants to stay and refuse to return home."

Liu Qingge tsked.

Shen Qingqiu was also sick of going in circles. He said, "No matter what, please bring him out, Madam Meiyin. We have our plans."

Madam Meiyin chanted softly, "In that case, follow me."

She turned and walked into the cave. Shen Qingqiu waited till she's several steps ahead, then lowered his voice to the point that only Liu Qingge could hear him, "She's not gonna release Master Huang, and she's not letting us leave either."

Liu Qingge replied curtly, "So what."

Counter soldiers with arms, water with an earth weir. Instead of exposing her right then and there, it might be better to take a step at a time and respond accordingly.

Following Madam Meiyin, they entered a spacious cave padded with fragrant grass and brocades. Twelve well-endowed attendants lined up on both sides of the cave. Holding moon-shaped fans, they laughed and chattered.

Madam Meiyin brought them to a stone table. She invited, "I've sent a child to get Master Huang. In the meantime, would the Immortal Masters like to have a drink with me?"

Shen Qingqiu knew that she just had a few tricks up her sleeve. Unafraid, he smiled, "You're too kind."

Madam Meiyin filled their cups like a welcoming host. Her watery gaze kept floating towards Ling Qingge, who frowned in deep annoyance. The more fleeting and teasing Madam Meiyin's glances were, the more Liu Qingge ignored her and rolled his eyes. Deep inside, Shen Qingqiu was very amused.

Good-looking boys like Luo Binghe and Shen Qingqiu were exactly Madam Meiyin's type. Now that she has set her eyes on Liu Qingge, could he escape her grasp?

Seeing a man with such exquisite features and skin as white as snow, she'd resort to any measures. She'd pester them till they relent, push them down and (... ...) pleasure herself till she had her fill.

Liu Qingge's expression later will be a sight to behold. Oh no, what to do? I'm kind of looking forward to it—what a sin, what a sin.

As expected, Madam Meiyin couldn't sit still for long. She covered her lips with her sleeves and looked at Liu Qingge with timid doe eyes. "Immortal Master, do you have anyone that you've cultivated together with as partners?"

She's so straightforward.

That was one question that no human, nor demon, dared to ask Liu Qingge. As if he got struck by a bolt of damped lightning, Liu Qingge almost suspected that he heard her wrong. The tips of his brows and the corners of his lips began to twitch, his gaze unfocused. He instinctively turned to Shen Qingqiu.

It's the first time that Shen Qingqiu saw such an indescribable expression on Liu Qingge's face. A corner of the thousand-year ice mountain had just crumbled, to which Shen Qingqiu laughed hysterically in his heart. On the surface, he kept a straight face; though his fan-holding hand trembled at the sheer agony of holding back laughter. He tried to hide his twitching lips by covering half of his face, and said in all seriousness, "... ..No. He doesn't."

Madam Meiyin was skeptical, "Why not? With such outstanding looks and demeanor, how is it possible that no female cultivators fell for him? That's quite hard to believe."

Shen Qingqiu agreed, "Yeah, I'm curious too."

Why did you think the question "Is Master Liu *exually frigid?" ranked first amongst the Top Ten Mysteries of Cang Qiong Mountain?

Liu Qingge took a difficult breath, and complained coldly, "Master Huang's sure taking his own sweet time."

Madam Meiyin replied, "Please be patient. Maybe Master Huang is unwilling to come. If you're bored, why not see a little trick of mine?"

Shen Qingqiu relented easily. Madam Meiyin continued, “I’m not that skilled, but I’ve always been quite accurate in predicting matters of love. Would any of you be willing to try it?”

Shen Qingqiu slightly rocked his head, “Shidi, are you interested?”

Liu Qingge said stiffly, “I’m not interested!”

Shen Qingqiu shrugged, “He’s not interested, so I guess it’s gonna be me.”

According to the original novel’s settings, Madam Meiyin was 100% accurate when predicting relationships and marriages.

If she said that Luo Binghe would have 613 wives, he would not stop at 612. If she said that Luo Binghe’s next girl likes to r*de him, she would never be good at taking it up from behind!

How could Shen Qingqiu, a lone dog with an uncertain future, resist?

Madam Meiyin flashed a beautiful smile and turned her wrist, revealing skin as pale as moonlight. A pretty flower bud appeared in her hands, which she raised at Shen Qingqiu, “Immortal Master, bestow it with your breath.”

Shen Qingqiu knew the protocol. He lowered his head slightly and blew lightly at the flower bud.

When Madam Meiyin pulled the flower back to her chest, the flower bud had slowly bloomed. She held it by the stalk and looked at it with a faint smile. She took a glance at the core of the flower and suddenly froze.

Liu Qingge had initially been sitting with his back straight, but he was now leaning slightly at their direction like he wanted to listen. Shen Qingqiu pushed against his shoulder with his paper fan and reminded, “Shidi, you’re ‘not interested’.”

Liu Qingge sat straight immediately.

Madam Meiyin examined it for quite some time, and her expression became increasingly solemn as time passed.

Perplexed, she said, “Immortal Master, my learnings must’ve been too shallow, for this red line of your past seemed a little... ..unclear. When I first observed it, it seemed like you were destined to be alone. However, when I take a closer look, I can see a very faint line of marriage.”

She sighed. “The way this line of marriage broke off was quite...a pity.”

Shen Jiu had a fiancée, but Shen Yuan had always been single. Now that the two lines had crisscrossed and intertwined, it’s only natural for it to be inaccurate. Shen Qingqiu was empathetic. “The past is in the past. Madam, let’s see my future relationships instead.”

He’s dying to know if he could get a girl in this world. He doesn’t need her to be an unrivaled beauty, so long as she’s a real woman!

To their surprise, Madam Meiyin’s expression became even weirder, like she couldn’t bring herself to tell what she saw.

Shen Qingqiu’s heart sank when she saw her expression.

Don’t tell him that he’s a—destined loner?!

Madam Meiyin finally spoke.

She stuttered, “Uhm... ..the other party is younger than you. Their seniority, or should I say experiences... ..are not comparable to yours.”

A woman who surpasses him in both age and seniority? The only possible candidate he could think of was the old Taoist nun from Tian Yi Monastery whom he’d seen for a couple of days, and she’s definitely not someone he could stomach. It’s possible that not many women who could fit the bill were in the entire world of cultivation. Therefore, while Madam Meiyin’s description was reasonable, it was almost too reasonable to the point that it was useless.

Madam Meiyin continued, “Your first meeting was unpleasant, you might have disliked each other, even. However, a crucial event happened, which turned your relationship around.”

That seemed legit, Shen Qingqiu couldn’t help but think. Without him realizing, Liu Qingge had closed in once again. Shen Qingqiu couldn’t be bothered to tease him and focused on Madam Meiyin’s predictions.

Madam Meiyin’s beautiful brows furrowed mildly. “This person is always by your side. You have saved each other’s lives.”

Shen Qingqiu was confused again.

Why did he feel that there are no girls around him that fit the description?

Ning Yingying? Liu Mingyan?

Nah, those two belong to Luo Binghe. Out!

Qi Qingqi?

Sure, she’s somewhat less experienced than him, and when they first met... ..he had long forgotten about their first meeting. Always by his side? Doesn’t fulfill that either. Well, Shen Qingqiu would like to be “always by her side” at the Xianshu Peak, but he wouldn’t have the galls, and could never do something as perverted as stalking.

All in all, Shen Qingqiu could not wrap his mind around the idea of dating Qi Qingqi. It’s more plausible to imagine them hacking each other, to be honest.

Liu Qingge suddenly interrupted, “Anything else?”

Shen Qingqiu was slightly taken aback. He’s only realized that Liu Qingge had moved his chair over. Geez, and he was eavesdropping at the corner earlier too.

When did Master Liu become so interested in gossip?

Madam Meiyin said, “Your destined one, Immortal Master, rarely pays attention to those around him. However, once they come to care about someone, they do it wholeheartedly without any reservations.”

Liu Qingge pondered for a second, then asked solemnly, “What about their looks?”

Shen Qingqiu looked at him, stupefied.

Why are you asking that? I haven’t said a thing!

Such an important question, too!

Madam Meiyin answered confidently, “A beauty second to none.”

Liu Qingge uncharacteristically pressed, “Spiritual energy? Potential?”

“Exceptional potential, powerful spiritual energy, they came from a distinguished household and descended from a noble bloodline.”

Liu Qingge shook his head in disbelief. “And you said that they’re always together?”

Madam Meiyin nodded. “They might part for a short time, but they’ll meet again quickly. Also, the other party’s the one who keeps chasing.”

The corners of Liu Qingge’s eyes kept twitching. He pressed them down fiercely as if greatly affected by Madam Meiyin’s words. To describe it better, he was very much flabbergasted by the cheesiness.

Madam Meiyin dealt the final blow by saying to Shen Qingqiu, “I’m envious. Did you know, Immortal Master? This person is staggeringly devoted to you.”

Liu Qingge felt his neck stiffen. He turned to Shen Qingqiu and showed him an indescribably complex expression. It was clear that he wasn’t happy nor angry, but he did look like he was in turmoil. Shen Qingqiu was bewildered, “Are you okay, Shidi?”

Liu Qingge said with utmost difficulty, "... ..inaccurate."

Shen Qingqiu, "Huh?"

Liu Qingge looked up abruptly and insisted, "Her predictions are inaccurate! "

Madam Meiyin retorted indignantly, "Why are you so sure that my predictions are inaccurate?"

Honestly speaking, Shen Qingqiu thought that it was inaccurate too.

All this talk about this person being always by his side, young and pretty and noble; that they always put him over themselves... ..it sounded just like the fantasies of a stallion novel male protag. Even those fantasies wouldn't be so revealing and Jack Sue, okay? No one by his side fulfills all those requirements. Also, if there is, they would be part of Luo Binghe's harem. Ha!

Liu Qingge retorted, "Nonsense. What 'staggering devotion'? There's no such thing!"

His doubts on her proudest skill enraged Madam Meiyin. "You're not his destined one! Who are you to question the accuracy of my predictions?"

Wait, Master Huang isn't here yet. Can you guys not get into a fight over such an insignificant matter? Also, aren't I the main character of this gossip?

Liu Qingge had had enough and flipped the moment Madam Meiyin turned hostile. He slammed his palm onto the stone table, breaking it into two clean halves. Cheng Luan sensed his intentions and unsheathed itself, releasing a slicing aura. Madam Meiyin was beyond furious as she clapped her hands, bellowing, "Come out, all of you!"

Wait, how did the fight start? Just what was the cause?! I haven't found out what pushed their buttons... ..

Shen Qingqiu raised a single hand in futile to stop the fight, which was of course ignored by all. Madam Meiyin and more than a dozen Succubi attendants circled them. They adjusted their expressions and quickly went into battle mode. Cheng Luan darted easily through the tight but messy attacks of spiritual energy. Seeing that, Madam Meiyin let out a sharp whistle.

Shucks! Don't be that fast! I'm not ready!

All clothes on the Succubi attendants burst once they heard their master's whistle!

White and fleshy, white and fleshy, everywhere he looks there's a sea of white, fleshy bodies... ..

Although Shen Qingqiu knew that breaking into a naked mass dance was the favorite attack of the Succubi, that doesn't mean that he could take the visual impact when such an overwhelming scene happened before him!

He shut his eyes subconsciously and stumbled a couple steps back, his back knocking onto Liu Qingge.

The endless moans of the succubi echoed throughout the cave. Put any other ordinary man in their position—they would have forsaken their swords and surrendered under the brain-killing mesmerization of the Succubi, plunging into their decadent heaven like a tamed boy. However, Shen Qingqiu made a chilling discovery that Liu Qingge looked as expressionless as ever, as if he saw nothing. With every swing of his sword, he brought down large groups of Succubi. His blade quickly became blood-stained as he killed more and more.

The naked Succubi revealed their real bodies. All limbs on the ground and their razor-sharp nails digging deeply into the soil, they lapped up drool as they kept pouncing onto the duo trapped in their encirclement, only to be deflected by their spiritual energy again and again.

Shen Qingqiu wanted to fight them seriously. For real. But he simply couldn't look at them straight!

Even a seasoned ‘action movie’ watcher found it difficult to keep his cool in the face of a tide of fresh, naked bodies. Just how did Liu Qingge remain unaffected?

Madam Meiyin paled. She didn’t expect that she could not entrap their souls even when all of her subordinates attacked at once. Shen Qingqiu tried to chase after her instinctively when she picked the corner of her skirt and ran. However, he realized that they’re here to rescue the son of the Huangs and release all those people the Succubi has kept as pets. He turned to Liu Qingge. “There’s no need to fight the rest; I reckon that they couldn’t do much now. It’s more important to save the entranced.”

Liu Qingge suddenly said, “Don’t believe it.”

“Huh?” asked a puzzled Shen Qingqiu.

Liu Qingge blurted, “What she said just now! She’s just messing with us!”

Shen Qingqiu consoled, “Don’t be so worked up. I never believed her anyway.”

As Master Liu’s actions were too unusual, Shen Qingqiu could not help but steal glances at him. He could only manage to slide in a few looks before being caught by Liu Qingge. The latter halted him immediately. “Don’t look at me!”

The more he said that, the more Shen Qingqiu wanted to look at him. Only then did he realize that, maybe because Liu Qingge was too angry or something, a faint pink had climbed from the corner of his eyes all the way to his cheeks. His usual gaze was calm and borderline apathetic; however, the light in those eyes was now rippling through his orbs, like the surface of a frozen lake that broke into a million pieces.

Shen Qingqiu stared fixedly at him, then suddenly caught his wrist and felt his pulse.

The moment he caught Liu Qingge's wrist, Shen Qingqiu could feel how feverish his skin was. He felt his pulse for some moments and asked earnestly, "Hmm, Shidi, be honest. Have you ever cultivated with a partner?"

Liu Qingge, "... ...Why would you ask that."

Shen Qingqiu shrugged. "Just asking. Do you know how to cultivate with a partner?"

Liu Qingge exhaled slowly and snarled, "Shen, Qing, Qiu."

Shen Qingqiu gave up. "All right. I'll change my question. Liu-shidi... ...how are you feeling?"

Can you hold it in till we exit the mountain... ...

Liu Qingge replied, "Not great."

He's not feeling great, of course.

Even if it was Master Liu, being hit by the Succubus' natural scent, in other words, the so-called "spring medicine," is... ...a terrible matter!



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Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by our new translator, Wuzimiko
- I wasn't sure whether "spring medicine" needs to be explained. It's an aphrodisiac, of course.
- All of the extra chapters are great and this particular one appears in a lot of fanworks. I loved the fortunetelling part. LQG was so flustered but SQQ was completely oblivious!

- Please let me know if there are any errors.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 87 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Extra: Zhuzhi Ci 1 (Poem of the Bamboo Branch) Part 2 of 2

This translation is by Lianyin (BC Novels) at [bcnovels dot com](#)

Zhuzhi-Lang did not see with his own eyes what the first encounter between Tianlang-Jun and Su Xiyan was like, as he was queuing for a newly released book by a well-known author during that time, at Tianlang-Jun’s request.

Originally he was not really that curious. But after that, Tianlang-Jun was in this kind of state for a long time:

While transporting him in his snake form, Tianlang-Jun would say from the top of his head,

“In all the drama scripts I’ve seen, the maidens of the human world were all gentle and thoughtful. I thought all the maidens were like this too. But it turned out that I’ve been deceived. Oh Zhuzhi-Lang, one can’t see plays like this too much.”

The next time, Junshang would have forgotten his own words that ‘one can’t see plays like this too much’, and he would say while watching with gusto.

“Do I look like I can’t lift my own hands? Like, I’m so poor that I don’t even have the traveling expenses to return home?”

When Zhuzhi-Lang was washing his clothes, Tianlang-Jun would squat beside him gracefully and say,

“Zhuzhi-Lang, how’s my face? Am I not handsome? Generally speaking, when young maidens see a face like mine, wouldn’t it stir up their hearts at once?”

Zhuzhi-Lang shook and wrung the clothes dry before he hung them up on a bamboo pole. As he respectfully played along with Tianlang-Jun, he silently thought about all those messed-up drama scripts he had seen together with Junshang. He could not speak for anyone else, but the way Junshang behaved now was more like those maidens whose hearts had been stirred up.

Thus, he could not help but feel curious.

In Zhuzhi-Lang’s imagination, a maiden who frequented a deserted city alone where demons abound, who told Tianlang-Jun to take his bantering elsewhere and not to be a hindrance while she was getting rid of evil, and who even threw Tianlang-Jun three pieces of silver for his travel expenses back home after she was done killing demons..... even if she was not big and burly with broad shoulders and a round waist, she would still at least have a good physique and a murderous gleam in her eyes.

Until he met that culprit who had caused Tianlang-Jun to reflect on himself and had tormented him for days, Zhuzhi-Lang discovered that she was not like what he had imagined at all.

Tianlang-Jun liked to wander around the human world. Wandering around the human world costed money, but he never remembered to bring money along. Thus, Zhuzhi-Lang remembered for him. However, he had no concept of money and never knew how to restrain himself when it came to spending money. He would stake a thousand pieces of gold on one throw whenever he felt like it and Zhuzhi-Lang could not stop him. Spending money like water in such a way made it difficult to cope with even if he carried around a mountain of gold and silver every day, and eventually, there would be times their funds ran embarrassingly low.

Just as these two foreign visitors were standing all red-faced on the street, a tall maiden in black with a sword on her back walked by.

Tianlang-Jun said, "Halt."

As she passed by, that maiden slightly raised her eyebrows. A wisp of teasing smile appeared on the corners of her mouth, and she stood still.

Tianlang-Jun said, "When you encounter someone who has suffered an injustice, shouldn't you ought to draw your sword and render a helping hand?"

The other party said, "I could consider drawing my sword, but I will have to reject loosening the strings of my money pouch. You still have not returned me that three taels of silver I lent you the other time for your travel expenses."

Tianlang-Jun said, "Did you? It's only three taels of silver. All right, if you lend me another three, you can buy me for three days."

She flatly refused, "You seem like you can't lift or carry anything, nor do any physical work or distinguish rice from wheat. What's the use of buying you?"

After watching for so long, Zhuzhi-Lang frankly said, "Zhushang, this lady..... probably finds you too expensive."

Tianlang-Jun was disdained by someone. This was nothing; sometimes, the maids and guards who served him would also secretly avoid him, especially when he was reading aloud with great emotion. But, never to the extent that he was shunned even with the price reduced to three taels.

Tianlang-Jun said, "Let's not talk about anything else. But isn't my face worth three taels of silver?"

The other party choked, scrutinized his face for a while, then laughed, "Mhm, it sure is."

A swing of her hand revealed a heavy ingot of gold.

Since then, Tianlang-Jun's expenditure in the human world was like a flood breaking through a dam, becoming more and more uncontrolled until

one could not bear the sight of it. He had found a golden backer. As long as Zhuzhi-Lang dug out an empty embroidered pouch with an embarrassed look on his face, he would knock on the door of that golden backer happily without hesitation.

Zhuzhi-Lang always felt something was wrong, as if something had been reversed.

Why did Su Xiyan seem like the son of a wealthy and prestigious family in all those drama literature?

Why did Tianlang-Jun look like a pampered and naïve young mistress who had run away from home?

And, why was he so much like a small, prudent maid sent as part of her young mistress's dowry to attend and run errands for her?

Zhuzhi-Lang tried to remind Junshang to face up to this aberration and regain his dignity as the demons' sovereign, but Tianlang-Jun enjoyed the relationship of keeping someone and being kept. He poured all his entire passion for humanity, however blind it was, into this one person.

Su Xiyan was really a ruthless person, and yet she was also intriguing.

When they met, she would bring them to find all kinds of rare things and go to all kinds of interesting places: the banned books that Zhuzhi-Lang could not find, the strange Lingzhi growing in a hidden cave, the lake with waters like flowing crystal dew, and the not-very-renowned courtesan who played the pipa skillfully and beautifully. And when they did not meet, she would disappear for ten to fourteen days without a trace.

Without making a sound, without showing her infatuation, without voicing her yearning. She had her own plans, and she did it all watching coldly from the sidelines.

Because half of his lineage was that of a snake, Zhuzhi-Lang had the natural instinct of an animal. He could vaguely feel that this person befriending them was an extremely dangerous matter.

She was not cast in the same mold as that of the female demons who were all enchanting or bewitching; she was serious, focused, and even seemed to be gentle and refined. Yet, she really just “seemed to be gentle”; Zhuzhi-Lang dared not say whether he could get an advantage over her when the bloodshed really began.

Underneath the surface of that gentleness was arrogance and indifference, her wild ambitions concealed her schemes. As the second person in power in the Huan Hua Palace, she was in a high position and often commanded thousands of people. Since ancient times, the four major sects including Huan Hua Palace had been the enemies of the demons. To them, Su Xiyan was a very dangerous person.

Zhuzhi-Lang reported all the information he had gathered to Tianlang-Jun, but Tianlang-Jun was not concerned.

Once he became obsessed with something, he would forget all about death and life and put all his eggs in one basket. It was not that he did not know about it, but that he had never doubted her.

The price he paid for “never doubting” was being pinned under Bailu Mountain for over ten years in total darkness, and with no chance for justice and redemption.

“I want to kill humans.”

In these ten years, this was the sentence that Tianlang-Jun would repeat the most. Yet the thing Tianlang-Jun used to like the most was humankind; he had never killed a human being before.

Without a strong source of demonic energy to maintain Zhuzhi-Lang’s human form, he had reverted to his half-snake body. Every time Tianlang-Jun saw him crawling with difficulty on the ground, he would throw him a word, “Scram.”

“Your crawling is too ugly,” he said.

Zhuzhi-Lang would then silently wiggle outside to find a place which was not exposed to sunlight and moonlight, and continue to practice his rusty crawling skill.

Junshang's temper had worsened beyond imagination, but Zhuzhi-Lang had no strength to be angry or aggrieved.

What Tianlang-Jun's scam really meant, was for him to scam back to the demon realm, to scam back to Nan Jiang, to scam back to his old home, to scam off anywhere except beside Tianlang-Jun.

Tianlang-Jun could not tolerate others seeing him in such a pathetic, miserable state, where he could neither ask for life nor seek death. He had been born the most honorable prince in the demon realm. He had never suffered hardships and had always been calm and elegant; he rejected any boorish stuff that might hurt his image, and he even had a slight obsession with cleanliness. He did not like ugly things, but in actuality, the way he was right now was far uglier than anyone else.

Covered in blood and imprisoned under seventy-two iron chains and forty-nine strong spells, he could only watch his body rot and stink gradually day after day. Yet he was still extremely clear-headed and could not even pass out even if he wanted to. The people in the cultivation world could not kill him, so they tried their best to torture him. Perhaps the ugly half-snake form of the Zhuzhi-Lang looked even better than that of Tianlang-Jun in this state.

Zhuzhi-Lang could no longer speak after his degeneration, thus Tianlang-Jun began to talk to himself. Nearly half of the time every day, he would repeat the dialogues and aria of those drama literature. Sometimes, while Tianlang-Jun was singing, the words would be abruptly stuck in his throat. Zhuzhi-Lang knew then that this must have been one of the plays that Su Xiyan took them to see.

However, after a period of silence, Tianlang-Jun would suddenly continue on in an even higher voice. The lingering melody would be dragged out for a long time in that hoarse voice of his as it reverberated in the uninhabited valley – prolonged, and sorrowful.

Zhuzhi-Lang could not speak, so he could not tell him to “stop singing.” He could not raise his hands, could not cover his ears, could not stop himself from listening to this voice. In this manner, he started to understand what being “powerless” truly meant.

Since you are heartbroken, since you are suffering, then why force yourself?

The only thing he could do was to persevere day after day. He used his mouth to hold on to the leaves that contained the water of Lake Lu, and little by little, clean those wounds on Tianlang-Jun’s body that would never heal.

These ten years, they never knew the existence of Luo Binghe. Su Xiyao failed to rise to a position of power as they had expected and had instead vanished without a single trace. For a long time after they were freed from this prison, they still never found out anything about her.

Thus, when Zhuzhi-Lang saw that face for the first time in Nan Jiang, he was so shocked that he forgot all about the task he was entrusted with. After a fight, he went straight back to report to Tianlang-Jun.

And so, there was the battle at the Holy Mausoleum.

After spitting out Shen Qingqiu from his mouth and settling him down, Tianlang-Jun looked at Zhuzhi-Lang who was focused on fanning the charcoal and asked, “Do you think he looks more like me or like her?”

Zhuzhi-Lang understood what this “him” and “her” meant. He said, “Didn’t Junshang said it before? Like his mother.”

Tianlang-Jun shook his head and laughed, “That was just me feigning to be cold-hearted.....”

In fact, they all knew that Luo Binghe’s attachment to and dependence on human beings, as well as his stubbornness and sentimentality when it came to charging forward and never turning back, were more like Tianlang-Jun.

Resting his chin in one hand, Tianlang-Jun looked at Shen Qingqiu who had his eyes closed and sighed, “But he is much more blessed than me.”

It was indeed fortunate that the man whom Luo Binghe would never let go off was a person such as Shen Qingqiu. At the very least, Shen Qingqiu would definitely not gather the entire cultivation world and trap Luo Binghe under Cang Qiong Mountain.

Furthermore, only two people in this world had never looked at that hideous appearance of Zhuzhi-Lang with abhorrence and loathing. One was Tianlang-Jun, and the other was Shen Qingqiu.

Tianlang-Jun asked, “How about it? Do you want to snatch away this blessing?”

After staring for a while, he finally understood what Tianlang-Jun meant. His face turned beet red, “Junshang!”

Tianlang-Jun said: “Just snatch him away. We are all demons, there’s no need to be particular about this. Furthermore, you are cousins, what are you afraid of? The previous generation Mobei Lord openly snatched away the legal wife of his own younger brother too.”

Zhuzhi-Lang replied, “I have never harbored this thought!”

Tianlang-Jun asked curiously, “Then why are you blushing?”

Zhuzhi-Lang tolerantly said, “Junshang..... Perhaps if you didn’t get me to hunt so many of those books, or ask me to look at them together with you, or force me to revise constantly by reading it out, then this subordinate will definitely not blush.”

That had always caused weird stuff to echo in his ears, so much that he could not look straight at Immortal Master Shen with a clear conscience.

He understood why Tianlang-Jun always loved to tease him like this. Behind the teasing, he was also sounding him out and egging him on.

Since the day they were freed from Bailu Mountain, Tianlang-Jun had no plans to use this body for the long term, nor had he any plans for the future.

But when he saw Shen Qingqiu, Tianlang-Jun actually had felt like he could breathe a sigh of relief. He thought, “There’s finally someone to take over this silly nephew.”

A blockhead like Zhuzhi-Lang would only revolve his life around others, and not for himself. If there was someone else he could follow, then he would not be so lost and alone in the world after Tianlang-Jun had tormented himself to death. He felt that Shen Qingqiu was a decent person to follow, regardless of the kind of ‘follow’.

With this mysterious peace of mind, Tianlang-Jun became more and more brazen and squandered away huge amounts of his demonic energy. The degeneration and deterioration of his body grew faster day by day, with an arm or a finger or some other body parts frequently breaking off. Zhuzhi-Lang was hard-pressed to find a way to patch him up.

This time, he tried using thread and needle to sew up his limbs. Tianlang-Jun let him hold his arm and sew him up. He said, “Your intuition has always been very accurate.”

Zhuzhi-Lang replied affirmatively. Tianlang-Jun said, “Then between me and Luo Binghe, who would win and who would lose?”

After a moment of silence, he said unhurriedly, “Even if you say nothing, I know it too. I’m bound to lose.”

Zhuzhi-Lang bit off the thread and tied a knot.

Tianlang-Jun said half in jest, “Why don’t you follow Peak Lord Shen from now on? If he can take care of Luo Binghe, it wouldn’t matter to take care of you as well.”

Zhuzhi-Lang said, “Let’s just sleep, Junshang.”

Tianlang-Jun was still talking nonsense, “Aren’t you going to Peak Lord Shen’s tent tonight to remove the QingSi thread? You heard me asking him today if he and Luo Binghe had dual cultivated, and going by his expression, they definitely have not. He who strikes first gains the upper hand, you know what I mean?”

Zhuzhi-Lang pretended not to hear and bent his waist to remove his boots, but his hands turned up empty. Tianlang-Jun bent his legs up, then placed his boots on top of the hide of a wild beast. He asked him with a serious face, “What can I do to crush to your self-esteem and make you disheartened so you would walk away from me with a broken heart?”

Zhuzhi-Lang said, “After seeing so many plays and scripts, this scene is no longer novel. It is impossible for you to crush this subordinate’s self-esteem. So, let’s just sleep, Junshang.”

Tianlang-Jun said, “I don’t feel like sleeping so early. Hurry and go to Peak Lord Shen’s tent. I’ll come to see you both later.”

Zhuzhi-Lang helplessly said, “Junshang, you’re so willful.” In stirring up trouble, letting his imagination run wild, and giving bad advice.

Tianlang-Jun said, “Have I not been so willful for so many years? So how about it? Do you want to consider leaving me?”

It was as if the Junshang today was drunk, his ability to render people speechless – to make them unable to cry or laugh – was tenfold more intense. Zhuzhi-Lang shook his head, reached out his hand in about five or six attempts to grab his boots before he finally grabbed hold of them and took them off forcibly. He repeated, “Let’s sleep, Junshang.”

Tianlang-Jun was pushed down onto the bed and covered with a blanket against his will. He commented, “You are becoming more and more like a mum.”

He sighed, “Did you think your uncle was just making fun of you? You wouldn’t ask me to stop, and you wouldn’t think of an escape route.

Zhuzhi-Lang, if you keep on being this way, what will happen to you in the future?”

”As expected, I still can’t hate humans.” This was what Tianlang-Jun said to Shen Qingqiu.

When he heard it, Zhuzhi-Lang’s heart was actually a little happy for him.

Junshang had finally admitted those heartfelt, unwavering thoughts of his. He no longer had to force himself to pretend anymore.

In the midst of the falling rocks, Tianlang-Jun murmured, “Alas, Zhuzhi-Lang, you really don’t look great like this.”

There was no need to grouse. It thought, it still had a little bit of strength left, enough to hold out for a while. It would not let Junshang die together with it. There was no need to worry that dying with it would lose him any aesthetic points.

As Maigu Ridge turned into dust and smoke with an earth-shattering bang, a large snake plunged into the shimmering Luo River.

Actually, Shen Qingqiu did not hear the rest of Tianlang-Jun’s words. There was a softly spoken sentence at the end, and only Zhuzhi-Lang heard it.

He said, “But, why is it so hard to like a person?”

At that time, Zhuzhi-Lang could not squeeze out a smile, nor say a word. It could only look pensive and flick its tongue and hiss until Tianlang-Jun’s face was full of snake saliva.

It thought, it was really hard. But no matter how hard it was, it was even harder for a heart to stop this love.



Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Lianyin of BC Novels.
- What?! TLJ was into *both* LBH x SQQ and ZZL x SQQ?
- Mobei Jun's father stole his younger brother's wife? I guess wife/partner-stealing isn't unusual for demons.
- I cried a lot here. Poor snake boy!
- Please let me know if there are any errors.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 88 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Extra: Luo and Shen Mutually Screw Over 100 Questions

The ones being questioned: Luo Binghe x Shen Qingqiu

The one asking the questions: Airplane Shooting Towards The Sky

The one supplying the questions: System

Airplane Shooting Towards The Sky’s system had issued a mission.

It was a strange questionnaire.

You couldn’t tell what exactly the questionnaire was investigating. The further along you went, the more unbearable it became to look at the questions.

However, regardless of how unbearable it was to look at, he still had to collect some points, right?!

Abandoning his dignity (there originally wasn’t much left anyway), after pleading with Shen-dada, Shen Qingqiu finally reluctantly agreed to bring along the pet that he had raised, ah no, the disciple that he had raised to complete this questionnaire.

Consequently, the following was the live rendition of Airplane’s interview.

Shang Qinghua: “May I ask what your name is?”

Luo Binghe had just sat down when he heard this question. He raised an eyebrow and said with displeasure: “If you don’t even know my name, then what’s the point of this?”

Shang Qinghua: “What is your age?”

.....Truthfully speaking, Shen Qingqiu actually didn’t know the definite age of this body. He raised his head and told Shang Qinghua: “Shouldn’t you know that better than I do?”

Shang Qinghua rolled his writing brush and inwardly cried. He hadn’t thought of this topic before either. Might as well write down whatever then. Hence he randomly wrote down a number.

Shang Qinghua: “What is your sexuality?”

Beginning with three retarded questions in a row, Luo Binghe had already felt it beneath him to answer. Shen Qingqiu couldn’t tolerate it anymore either: “We’re mentioned on the Green Wood Pure Love channel, what do you think?”

Shang Qinghua silently crossed out over thirty similar bullshit questions on the questionnaire. He once again asked: “May I ask what your personality is like?”

Shen Qingqiu thought for a moment and said: “It’s ok.”

Luo Binghe: “Don’t know.”

Shang Qinghua: “The other person’s personality?”

Shen Qingqiu named them one by one: “Crybaby, maiden’s heart, love-obsessed mentality, chuunibyou, overly intimate, and clingy.”

Light flickered off the tears in Luo Binghe’s eyes. He seemed a bit hurt from being disliked but he still obediently answered the question: “Shizun’s personality is without a doubt the best. He’s both gentle and powerful and also considerate of others.”

Shen Qingqiu: “.....”

What’s going on, he suddenly felt a bit guilty!

He gave two dry coughs before changing his attitude and saying:
“Actually, this child’s personality is pretty good. He has an excellent trait that’s especially hard to come by. Quite obedient, that’s enough.”

Rosy circles appeared on Luo Binghe’s cheeks.

Shang Qinghua dryly said: “When did you two meet? Where was it?”

He knew the answer to this question!

Luo Binghe said: “The first time I met Shizun was when I had just passed Cang Qiong Mountain Sect’s entrance exam.....”

Shen Qingqiu felt uncomfortable about this. The one that Luo Binghe had met at that time wasn’t him, but the original. Moreover, that wasn’t a beautiful memory at all.

He waved his fan and said: “Pass, pass!”

Shang Qinghua: “What was your first impression of the other person?”

Luo Binghe continued to reminisce and lightly said: “An aloof and remote, distant and untouchable immortal.”

Shen Qingqiu told it as it was: “A small bun.” And an ikemen seedling too.

Shang Qinghua: “What do you like about the other person?”

Shen Qingqiu said with an amiable expression on his face: “He’s obedient enough.”

Luo Binghe: “I like everything about Shizun.”

Shang Qinghua: “What do you dislike about the other person.”

Luo Binghe firmly said: “Nothing.”

Shen Qingqiu saw how unhesitant he was when he replied and felt a bit touched. It’s proper behaviour to return politeness for politeness, and so he also replied with: “Nothing.”

If he were to actually say what he disliked about him and make him cry in front of outsiders, he’d lose face big time.....

Shang Qinghua: “What do you call the other person?”

Luo Binghe found this question dull and turned his head to say: “Shizun, these questions are really boring. What exactly did we come here to do?”

Shen Qingqiu calmly said: “Binghe, be nice. Just go through with it. Think of it as saving your Shang-shishu’s life.”

Shang Qinghua: “What do you wish the other person would call you?”

Luo Binghe’s face reddened.

The moment Shen Qingqiu saw him being this bashful, an uneasy premonition arose in his heart. He waved his hand and said: “Pass! Pass, pass, pass!”

Shang Qinghua seemed to be at a bursting point as he heckled: “What pass! If you pass, pass, pass for every question then what’s there left to ask. Bing-ge.....shizhi, go ahead and say it!”

Luo Binghe shot an anxious glance at Shen Qingqiu and then softly said: “Like how a married couple normally calls each other.”

Shang Qinghua immediately said: “Shen-dada, Bing.....shizhi wants to hear you call him husband. Did you hear that?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “You shut up.”

Shang Qinghua: “If you were to liken them to an animal, what do you think they would be?”

Luo Binghe instantly replied without a moment's thought: "A crane from the Forest of Endless Rain."

Shen Qingqiu: "I can't think of an animal. I can think of a plant though. A black lotus."

Luo Binghe said in puzzlement: "Shizun, there are also black lotuses?"

Shang Qinghua: "If you had to send the other person a gift, what would you choose? What gift would you want?"

Luo Binghe said: "Shizun only has to say the word and I will offer him anything he wants."

Shen Qingqiu honestly said: "It seems like there isn't anything in particular that I want."

As a Peak Lord, there really wasn't anything that was too difficult to obtain. Thinking of this point, he experienced the squandering feeling of sitting atop a mountain of gold while guarding it.

Luo Binghe said: "Then I want Shizun not to pay attention to anyone else and keep me company for three days."

Shang Qinghua licked the tip of his writing brush and muttered: "Why not just have him keep you company for a lifetime."

Luo Binghe shook his head and said: "Shizun would be unhappy."

Seeing him sullen and looking like a resentful wife, Shang Qinghua was stupefied. Shen Qingqiu, on the other hand, was utterly unperturbed: "You child, you're thinking foolish things again. There's no reason why Master would be unhappy."

Shang Qinghua: "What stage has your relationship progressed to?"

Shen Qingqiu: "The things that should have been done have been done. The things that shouldn't have been done have also been done."

Luo Binghe felt wronged as he said: “Why are there things that shouldn’t have been done? Could it be that Shizun thinks that we.....are something that shouldn’t have been done?”

Shen Qingqiu said. “Not at all. If there really is something that shouldn’t be done, Master won’t let you do it.”

Shang Qinghua: “Where did the two of you have your first date?”

Luo Binghe: “Huan Hua Palace Water Prison.”

Shang Qinghua: “.....”

Shen Qingqiu: “.....”

Bing-ge, you think that was a date?!

Shang Qinghua: “What was your mood at that time?”

Luo Binghe: “Not that good.”

It definitely wasn’t something that could be described with just a “not that good” okay!

Shang Qinghua: “A frequent location for a date is?”

Shen Qingqiu propped his chin up with a hand: “The moment I open my eyes, I see him. The moment I close my eyes, I also see him. Does this count as being on a date every hour of every day?”

Luo Binghe cautiously said: “Does Shizun find this bothersome?”

Shen Qingqiu patted his back and said: “Not at all. You’re just overthinking it.”

Shang Qinghua inwardly cried, dating Bing-ge, no, Bing-mei is so f***ing tiring!

There have only been a couple of questions but Shen-dada has already comforted him three times! This whole glass heart shattering then being glued back together, just when will it end?

It's damned annoying!

Shen Qingqiu seemed like a kindergarten teacher looking after a kid!

Shang Qinghua: "Which side confessed first?"

Luo Binghe: "Me."

Shen Qingqiu: "Of course it was him."

Shang Qinghua: "What does the other person have to do to make you feel like you're at your wit's end?"

Shen Qingqiu spread his hands out and helplessly said: "The moment he starts weeping without any sign of stopping, I'll feel like I'm at the end of my rope."

Luo Binghe said: "The moment Shizun gets mad, I feel hopeless."

Shang Qinghua grunted in affirmation and shook his leg. As he recorded, he mentally ridiculed them: "As expected, you're just like a kindergartener and a kindergarten teacher!"

Shang Qinghua: "When the two of you are together what is the thing that makes your pulse race the most?"

Luo Binghe earnestly said: "The times when I get patted on my head and instructed."

Shen Qingqiu said: "Uh, when his face is streaming with tears while he's begging me for something, I guess."

Luo Binghe followed up with: "Also the times when I get scolded and hit....."

He had an intoxicated look on his face. Shen Qingqiu seemed to have gotten used to it already.

Shang Qinghua silently added a note next to Luo Binghe's name: An incurable M.

Shang Qinghua: "Have you ever lied to the other person? Are you good at lying?"

The moment he finished asking this question he confidently wrote, "Proficient Lie Teller" these three words, under Luo Binghe's name.

Luo Binghe said: "Yes, but never again!"

Shang Qinghua: "Have you ever fought before? What kind of fight was it?"

Shen Qingqiu sighed and said: "We got into quite a violent fight. We fought so much and yet I don't even know what it was for."

Luo Binghe indignantly said: "Why are you always asking these questions and making Shizun unhappy for no reason?"

Shang Qinghua spread his hands out: "Blame me then."

Shang Qinghua: "How did you make up afterwards?"

Shen Qingqiu waved his hand and said: "PaPaPa to save the world!"

Shang Qinghua : "Is your relationship publicly known or a secret?"

Shen Qingqiu asked back: "Have you heard of Regret of Chunshan?"

The following questions madly rushed towards their bottom line without end the further along they went. Shang Qinghua cleared his throat: "May I ask whether you're the gong or the shou?"

Luo Binghe was confused by this: "What do you mean?"

He really didn't understand while Shen Qingqiu pretended not to understand. He waved his fan and said: "Who knows what he means. Pass, pass, pass."

Shang Qinghua: "Why did you decide on this?"

Shen Qingqiu mulled over it for a moment: "I don't know either. It somehow got decided somewhere down the line. Probably.....because he looked pitiful?"

Luo Binghe doubtfully said: "I still don't understand what's being asked."

Shen Qingqiu patted his head, then sincerely and earnestly said: "It's fine if you don't understand. In any case, you're not losing out on anything."

Shang Qinghua: "Where did you first have intimate skin on skin contact?"

Shen Qingqiu was just about to reply when Luo Binghe beat him to it and said: "Qing Jing Peak."

Shen Qingqiu: "Buried....."

Luo Binghe once again rushed to answer: "Qing Jing Peak, bamboo house."

Shen Qingqiu thought to himself, alright, Luo Binghe would never admit to such a failure of a first time. If he wants it to be Qing Jing Peak then it's Qing Jing Peak. There's no point in arguing over this. Let's just go along with his answer and forget about correcting it.

Shang Qinghua: "What was your impression at that time?"

Shen Qingqiu didn't make a sound.

If he were to tell the truth then there would only be three words: "Pain, pain, pain". Saying that in front of other people would greatly reduce Luo Binghe's reputation.

Luo Binghe dejectedly said: “Shizun was really good. But I was really useless.”

Shang Qinghua: “On the morning of your first time, what was your first sentence?”

Luo Binghe: “Shizun, breakfast is ready.”

Shen Qingqiu: “Don’t say anything else. First, put on your clothes!”

Shang Qinghua: “How many times do you have intercourse each month?”

Shen Qingqiu found this outrageous: “Who has so much time on their hands that they would count this kind of thing? Also, why are the questions constantly progressing towards a very strange direction?”

Luo Binghe seriously said: “Approximately speaking, one night in three days. If Shizun is happy then occasionally I’ll be allowed to touch him again after just two days.”

Shang Qinghua bit the shaft of his writing bush and then muttered as he recorded the answer: “This isn’t right.....based on my settings, there shouldn’t be a problem even if he were to do it nonstop from the start of the month to the end of the month?”

Shang Qinghua: “Generally speaking, the location for your intimate skin on skin contact is?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “He’s obsessed with the bamboo house.”

Luo Binghe was all smiles as he nodded his head: “Un.”

Shang Qinghua: “Where do you want to attempt [BEEP] at?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “Where do we not do it? There’s no point in changing the location.”

Luo Binghe casually said: “Bai Zhan Peak.”

The area turned dead silent.

Luo Binghe calmly said: “Bai Zhan Peak Practice Field.”

Shen Qingqiu = =: “.....F***?!”

Shang Qinghua: Do you not want your life or do you not want your sense of shame?!

Shang Qinghua: “When you [BEEP] is there any kind of arrangement that you two have?”

Luo Binghe: “When it hurts, you definitely have to tell me. Definitely!”

Shen Qingqiu: “No crying!”

Shang Qinghua: “I say, have you two mistaken the meaning of the word ‘arrangement’?”

Shang Qinghua: “With regards to the way of thinking that even if you can’t obtain their heart, at the very least you still have to obtain their [BEEP], do you approve of it or oppose it?”

Shen Qingqiu disapprovingly said: “A loser.....loser’s way of thinking.”

Luo Binghe said: “Without their heart, what’s the point of wanting their [BEEP].”

Shang Qinghua felt endlessly saddened by this: Under his writing, Luo Binghe was obviously an exceptional stallion that sought to satiate his bodily lust. The number of girls that he forcefully [BEEP] was definitely in the two digits.....

He knew that in this strange world Luo Binghe had become a homosexual but just how did he progressively fall into this state!

Shang Qinghua: “If the other person were to be forcefully [BEEP] by a thug, what would you do?”

This question was too surreal.

Shen Qingqiu was speechless for quite a while before he said: “Who’s so desperate as to forcefully [BEEP] him.....”

Even if you want to die, would it be totally out of the question to look for a more sad, beautiful, and overall better-looking way to die?

Luo Binghe gathered his sleeves and leisurely said: “Turn him into human swine, throw him into the Endless Abyss, and then think of some other methods to slowly use on him until he dies.”

Shang Qinghua: “If a good friend told you I’m very lonely so just for tonight, please.....and requests for intimate skin on skin contact, would you?”

Luo Binghe apathetically said: “I don’t have that kind of honorless friend. I don’t need friends.”

Shen Qingqiu lowered his head and blew the tea leaves in his cup. He drank a mouthful before saying: “I don’t have any either.”

Luo Binghe skeptically said: “Is that so? Liu.....shishu wouldn’t do this kind of thing?”

Tea was sprayed all over the floor.

Shang Qinghua came back after changing into clean clothing and continued to ask questions.

“Do you think that you’re good at making love? What about the other person?”

Shen Qingqiu gave a hollow laugh. Luo Binghe had tears in his eyes and looked like he wanted to cry. The moment Shen Qingqiu saw his worry-filled face and painfully dismal appearance that seemed unable to say anything, his heart took pity on him. He turned towards Shang Qinghua and raged: “Why do you have to talk about someone’s sore point? Pass!”

Shang Qinghua picked his ear: “In any case, you’re going to blame me anyway.”

Shang Qinghua: “Do you have any interest in [BEEP] [BEEP]?”

Luo Binghe said: “What’s that? Shizun, why is it that the things I’m unable to understand are increasing in number?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “Oh. He’s asking if you like it when I hit you and yell at you or would you feel something if I were to use a needle to stab you and use fire to burn you.”

Luo Binghe appeared rather bashful as he softly said: “Since it’s something that Shizun does, how could this disciple not like it.”

Shang Qinghua clearly understood him and began to write: “Luo Binghe is very interested in [BEEP] [BEEP]!”

Shang Qinghua: “During sexual intercourse, what’s something that’s relatively painful for you?”

Luo Binghe: “Too small.”

Shen Qingqiu: “Too big.”

Shang Qinghua inwardly screamed that both the master and disciple were shameless. He wrote down: “Natural understanding!”

Shang Qinghua: “Has there ever been a case where the shou took the initiative to seduce?”

Shen Qingqiu pointed at himself: “Me? Do I look like that kind of person?”

Shang Qinghua mumbled: “Hard to say. Actually, you look pretty straight.....”

Shang Qinghua: “Where do you like being kissed by the other person?”

Luo Binghe said: “Forehead, fingers, lips, everywhere.”

Shen Qingqiu helplessly said: “In truth.....this child doesn’t know to kiss, only to bite.”

Shang Qinghua: “What pleases the other person the most during [BEEP]?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “Praise him and say that he’s improved?”

Luo Binghe said: “Not crying.”

Shang Qinghua’s writing brush moved like the wind as he absent-mindedly added a sentence: “Shen-dada’s requirements are very low.”

Shang Qinghua: “At that time what would you think of?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “Who came up with this questionnaire? Do they have any experience? At that time, other than a mental blank what else could you think of!”

Shang Qinghua: “Do you take off the clothes yourself or does the other person help take them off?”

Shen Qingqiu said: “If I were to let him take them off, I wouldn’t have many clothes left that I could wear.”

Luo Binghe explained: “Shizun, at that time how could I control my strength?”

Shang Qinghua: “Approximately how many times in one day?”

Shen Qingqiu felt a headache as he said: “How many times? Who actually counts this?”

Shang Qinghua turned a page and had yet to ask the next question when Luo Binghe, who had long lost his patience, gave a cold smile and said: “If you really want to know, it’ll be enough if I just count today and then tell you later Shang.....shishu!”

As expected, Luo Binghe was a man of action. If he said that he was going to count then he was going to count. Shang Qinghua hadn't registered his words yet when he tugged Shen Qingqiu and said: "Forgive me for not keeping you company!" He kicked the door open and left with a heroic spirit full of power and grandeur. A gale blew into the room and blew the pile of questionnaire answers that he had just written all over the floor.

The corner of Shang Qinghua's mouth constantly twitched as he squatted down to pick up a few papers. After a while, he suddenly knelt down..

"Shen-dada.....the mission.....still haven't asked everything..... system, don't be so quick to deduct points give me some time aaaahh!"

This extra is by Luen of luentranslations.wordpress.com and was originally [posted](#) on Luen's website.

Reika's Notes:

- I feel like this is super useful if someone wants to write fanfiction.
- I love how they really are like a kindergarten teacher and pupil, lol!
- Papapa at Bai Zhan Peak Practice Field...
- Proficient Lie Teller? He's so good I can't even remember any specific time that he lied.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 89 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Extra: Airplane’s Fortuitous Encounter Part 2

This chapter is Part 2. [Part 1 is here](#).

This translation is by Lily (BC Novels) at bcnovels [dot](#) [com](#)

“What are you thinking about, fool! Still not going to work!”

Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky-juju spat out the green foxtail hanging from his mouth with a “pah!”

He mentally waved a thousand middle fingers and yelled a thousand words beginning with F at this fiendish An Ding Peak shixiong, then turned around with a flowery smile, hardening his face to flounce up to him. “Coming!”

X-shixiong spat, “Hey! This servant only knows how to slack off!”

Shang Qinghua, physically a seventeen-year-old senior outer disciple, trailed behind the main forces to unload the goods from the ship onto the docks, looking around in all directions.

That’s right, Airplane-juju could now be called Shang Qinghua.

He had written this wretched vile character in his stallion novel with his own hands. The treacherous spy, the one who assiduously worked an outside job for Mobei-Jun all his life, only to be thrown away by his cold-

hearted and unfeeling boss as soon as he was done with him. That cannon fodder, logistics manager, Shang Qinghua.

No, at this time, he was still an outer disciple that could be pushed around by everyone on An Ding Peak. Not yet head disciple, he hadn't changed his name to enter the Qing generation.

An Ding Peak, in itself, was a very suffocating sort of peak.

The An Ding Peak Lord was like the director of the housekeeping service center, suffocating; even when leading disciples he was like an unpaid hourly worker, also suffocating; the outer disciples especially didn't bear mention. They were at the lowest end of the food chain, the most suffocated of the suffocated. Everyone had large amounts of pent-up anger. Those with more seniority bullied those with less, that was the normal state of things.

Shang Qinghua would occasionally utter a silent curse. Just wait until I take the Peak Lord's seat, then see if I won't... hehe.

However, he quickly extinguished these types of vain fantasies.

Think about it, taking the Peak Lord's seat = having assistance from the demon realm = Mobei-Jun as boss = end result: getting thrown away by your boss as soon as he's done with you, not even getting a good death.

It goes without saying—not worth it.

If Shang Qinghua could follow his original wishes, he would strip off his sect robes and roll up his bedding, rush out of Cang Qiong Mountain Sect, escape the cultivation world, and rush towards a free life of poverty. Just relying on the pile of resources he collected to write a transmigration stallion novel in the past, such as how to make soap, glass, the abacus, he believed that he could create quite a good simple life, flowing with the winds and the waters, a prosperous and dazzling He Houhua! [T/N: He Houhua, a Macau financier and politician.]

But, as soon as these types of thoughts arose in his mind——

Rule violation, point deduction.

En, you tell me, what is the meaning of this?

So what if he transmigrated into his own stallion novel, why wasn't he the protagonist.

So what if he wasn't the protagonist, why was there this damned System!

It was all that OP's fault. If he didn't start sniping, he wouldn't have gotten injured. And there was that Peerless Cucumber—may he never get a chance to use that cucumber his whole life!

Shang Qinghua moved box after box of heavy books from the ship onto a flatbed cart. Hooking up the horse, he was still chewing over his grudges without end.

These small things like shipping goods would normally be settled with a wave of the hand in cultivation novels. Looking at it this way and that, in the end, he could only blame himself. Damn it, no matter how low-magic the setting was, the hard labor still had to be done firm and steady. In the end, he dug this pit for himself.

Okay, in fact, what he really wanted to say was: Qing Jing Peak really fucking knows how to toss people around!

It's them who make the most trouble! If you say to help Xian Shu Peak's female celestials and fairy maidens carry cosmetics, hairpins, new clothes, and whatnot, though it is a bit tiring at least you feel sweet at heart. Hardship on the body, softness in the heart. But, acting as porters for Qing Jing Peak, what's up with that?!

Every time they made a purchase, it would be hundreds and hundreds of kilograms of books. Then, they would make people from An Ding Peak huff and puff their way down the mountain to fetch them, then huff and puff their way back up to the peak. And they're living the good life, their butts don't leave their seats, their fingers don't leave their instruments, just sitting and waiting for the goods to get delivered to their door.

What are you playing aloof for? If you have the ability then come down and get it yourself!

The other outer disciples were also complaining. “We know well and clear those Qing Jing Peak disciples look down on us from An Ding Peak, but time and again we still act as cows and horses for them.”

One person said indignantly, “Especially that Shen Qingqiu. He takes himself way too seriously. His eyes are growing on top of his head.”

“Even if that Xiu Ya Sword has a bit of a name, this really is too arrogant.”

“Hehe, he would even dare to provoke Bai Zhan’s head disciple Liu Qingge—how would he pay attention to nameless foot soldiers like us?”

“That temper of Bai Zhan peak, that temper of Liu Qingge, how has he not killed him yet?”

“How could that be? Do you think Yue-shixiong would watch and not stop him? With him there, Liu Qingge couldn’t kill Shen Qingqiu no matter what.”

An outer disciple who also entered Cang Qiong Mountain overage said sourly, “And I don’t know how Shen Qingqiu got chosen as head disciple after starting cultivation halfway. They say he had a good relationship with Yue-shixiong, but I’ve never seen him go to Qiong Ding Peak to see Yue-shixiong’s damn mask of a noble and virtuous face. But if you say they’re not friendly, it doesn’t seem like it either.”

Shang Qinghua kept his silence, unbearably stifled.

Ay! How I want to gossip, how I want to take the backstory outline I set up but ended up killing before birth and toss it in your face! No one’s more clear about these old affairs of years past than this Juju who can hide the sky with one hand!

The whole party's grievances rushed towards the sky like a broken record. The more they talked, the angrier they got, envy and hatred mixing into a torrent, but who knows who they were trying to argue with? Shang Qinghua shrank back, driving the cart, as the mess of conversation rushed over in a laughing frenzy, cautiously not inserting a word. Don't mind how enthusiastically they're pouring out their sufferings now, you can't say if they'll covertly go and confess everything that was said today to the targets of the complaints someday in the future. Having a greedy mouth is fun for a while, but once someone reports on you and the other peaks' disciples have their eyes on you, you'll have to pack all that extra food and take it home. Popular opinion is vicious, you can't forget to guard against it ah!

The road after rain was full of potholes. As the wheels rolled over it, the cart shook left and right. During one of the tilts, the System sent out a notification with a ding:

Upcoming mission, be prepared.

Hearing this, Shang Qinghua's face creased into a chrysanthemum.

He smiled grovelingly. "System-dage, aren't cheating me a bit by being so brief with these messages every time? Couldn't you clarify what the mission is? What preparations? Prepare for what? At least give me a hint, okay?"

The system spoke reservedly: You understand.

Shang Qinghua: "..."

This old man doesn't understand!

At that time, with a crack, the flatbed cart suddenly stopped moving, seemingly stuck on something on the ground.

The outer disciple shixiong on the cart and following behind all jolted along with it, swaying side to side. They were already steaming in anger, and right away began to smack the rails and curse in rage. "You moron, you can't even drive a cart properly! Go already, what are you stopping for!"

Shang Qinghua didn't know why it would suddenly get stuck either. Puzzled, he jumped off the cart. After a single glance, his soul flew off in fright.

The reason why the wheels couldn't move was because the puddle in the hole they were stuck in had frozen into ice, freezing the wooden wheels solid.

In the air all around, a formless cold pressed down oppressively. Winter was cold, and Shang Qinghua's heart was even colder. Shaking uncontrollably, he lifted his gaze.

A shadow draped with a black cloak slowly walked towards them head-on. Straight and tall, it was a vague figure of a youth.

The System said a few more words for once.

Current opponent's anger points: 1000.

Mission objective: survive.

Tip complete, wishing you best of luck.

Shang Qinghua: "..."

Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky-juju had a bad habit, which was cutting outlines.

Before he would officially set pen to paper, he would first plant little sprouts in his novel and watch how the winds were blowing in the review sections. Using this information, he would decide which plotlines to choose from his overall outline.

For example, the Shen Qingqiu who had been called a "cheap person with no explanation" ten thousand times was a tragic product of outline cutting.

Oh, there was Bing-ge's dad too. He was cut more fiercely and didn't even appear.

The benefit of this method was reader service. At least it guaranteed they wouldn't make the big dive of subscribing only to crash to their death in the pond.

The harms were that the buried foreshadowing would go to waste, loopholes all over the ground, full of potholes. Any readers who were slightly more stubborn had a bit more taste, and weren't as easy to fool would rain curses on him without restraint.

Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky was often depressed about it too. Because, in fact, he didn't always like writing that crazy face-slapping either, especially when it was always slapping the faces of a crowd of villains with IQs below the passing line. Once in a while, he also wanted to craft a three-dimensional villain, a cannon fodder with multiple sides, to show that he had also done some basic research on human nature, that he had also sought the literary ideal before.

But, the readers wouldn't buy in. He wasn't guaranteed to make a living.

So, compared to the readers and making a living, what do human nature and literary ideals count for hahahahahahahahaha!

Back to the point. Precisely because of this bad habit, many of the original particulars were lost, doomed to suffocate before birth. For example...

When did Mobei-Jun capture Shang Qinghua?!

Naturally, the main text never brought it up. The main text's plotline was Bing-ge oozing tyranny, slaughtering, and massacring all over the place. Who cares how this bastard cannon fodder became a spy?

And the parts that were lost would be automatically filled in by this world. Therefore, Airplane-juju completely lost his author's advantage of foreknowledge. Therefore, when the plot began to develop, he was late by a good few beats before he entered the situation!

X-shixiong pulled his sword (as an An Ding disciple, never having gotten a chance to be unsheathed in eight hundred years) with a whoosh, yelling vigorously, “What sort of evildoer dares to cross us!”

The crowd of disciples were each incessantly stirred up, subsequently pulling their swords and yelling in anger, “You dare to appear in front of Cang Qiong Mountain disciples...”

Mobei-Jun was clearly in an exceptionally bad mood, he didn’t even let the cannon foddors finish their conventional opening speech. Cracks sounded out right away.

A storm of icy arrows swept through the air, people slammed to the ground one by one.

In Shang Qinghua’s heart, one side of him was shrieking while the other was roaring: So formidable! But also so handsome! Really fucking handsome!!!

But no matter if he was a demonic deity handsome enough to startle the heavens and make the lands weep, if he was destined to be killed by him in the future, Shang Qinghua definitely wouldn’t dare!

Suddenly, X-shixiong pushed at his shoulder. “Why aren’t you going!”

Shang Qinghua’s heart was like frying oil and roasting fire, but his mind was extremely sober. He stuck himself more securely onto the cart like chewing gum. “Go to do what?”

X-shixiong: “Defeat the demon and defend the righteous path, execute the Dao on behalf of heaven!”

Why don’t you go first? Shang Qinghua said, “Shixiong, after you!”

X-shixiong flew into a rage. “I told you to go so go! What’s all this nonsense!”

Joining with the others, their hands peeled and feet kicked at Shang Qinghua. How couldn’t he understand, this crowd of outer disciples just

wanted him to stall Mobei-Jun to give them time to fight for their own escape. His heart was as clear as a mirror, his current position was extremely secure. Firmly holding his base of operations and refusing to be moved, he sobbed, “Shixiong, I don’t want to! Our comrades will remember you had the heart to make me go be cannon fodder at this sort of time!”

X-shixiong began to ramble incoherently in terror. “What cannon fodder. If you could defeat this demon race monster, you’ll definitely have earned great merit, fly like the divine steed Feihuang from now on. This is us outer disciples’ only way out; it’s right in front of your eyes at this very moment!”

Shang Qinghua realized he couldn’t hold onto the cart much longer. He whimpered like his organs were being ripped apart. “I’ll go, then. I’ll really go!”



Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Lily of BC Novels.

- I realize that in most other Xianxia novels, our dearest author, Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky, would be the protagonist but in this story, he's just a supporting character. He's so funny, I actually really love him as a character!
- In this context, "cutting outlines" would mean cutting out certain plots or scenes from the story. He did this to please the fans who wanted more action but meant that there were plotheoles galore.
- Please let me know if there are any errors.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 90 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Extra: Humdrum Tales of Honeymoon

This translation is by Wuzimiko (BC Novels) at bcnovels dot com



After harboring the devil incarnate in Qing Jing Peak for almost two weeks, the disciples finally broke down from the harassment. They begged for Peak Lord Shen Qingqiu to take Luo Binghe away and “go underground,” so to speak.

Ning Yingying lamented, “Shizun, I hate Bai Zhan Peak. I hate them hate them hate them! Those brutes trampled all over our mountain gates, destroying them time and time again!”

Ming Fan was also teary. “Shizun... I didn’t say anything this time, I swear! You’ve got to believe me!” Glancing trepidatiously at Luo Binghe, he suggested, “Why don’t you release Luo-shidi to spar with them? They’ll leave Qing Jing Peak alone once they’ve had their fill!”

“I don’t even get enough time to discuss proper matters with Shizun, much less to spar with those wild monkeys,” Luo Binghe retorted, cold and unmoved.

Shen Qingqiu shook his folding fan in a poised manner and offered no comment.

So your so-called “discussing proper matters” involve studying new recipes, cleaning the utensils and furniture in the bamboo dwelling, and to be cute and horny regardless of time and place, huh...

Ming Fan wailed pitifully in snot and tears, “Shizun... have a conscience...An Ding Peak is no longer willing to fix the mountain gates for us. We disciples have to travel a few hundred miles down the mountain and fix it out of our own pockets —”

Shen Qingqiu was beyond annoyed by his wailing.

At last, he felt generous and did a good thing for once. In Ming Fan’s utmost gratefulness and Ning Yingying’s reluctance to part, he took Luo Binghe and departed Qing Jing Peak.

Shen Qingqiu was bummed out.

What has the world come to?!

Shidi L has allowed his underling minions (... ..) to wreak havoc at the doorstep of Shixiong S, and refused to compensate after the fight;

Shixiong S suffered monetary losses and requested some funds from Shidi X from a particular department, only to be turned down;

Not only does Disciple M lack the selfless spirit to contribute to the collective, but he also tries to shoo his Master down the mountains.

Atrocious!

Luo Binghe, on the other hand, seemed really happy. Any destination was fine so long as he could stick with Shen Qingqiu. In fact, he felt more content without those eyesores buzzing around them all day long.

He linked arms with Shen Qingqiu and chirped delightfully, “Shizun, where are we going next?”

Shen Qingqiu looked down at the way they linked arms. He could almost not bear to look at Luo Binghe’s peculiar pose.

His... shoujo vibes just went off the roof.

They look like two young girls linking arms to pluck mushrooms together. ㄟ(ˊ▽ˋ)ㄟ(ˊ▽ˋ)ㄟ

Shen Qingqiu almost knocked himself out with that sudden burst of cringeyness. Instead, he returned the question, “Do you have anywhere in mind?”

Luo Binghe deliberated, “Why don’t we visit places we’ve been, and see how they have changed?”

And so, Shuanghu City became their first stop after being “chased out” of Cang Qiong Sect.

They could have reached it within five minutes by riding a sword. However, Luo Binghe seemed to think otherwise and insisted on riding a horse carriage.

So be it, it’s not like Shen Qingqiu cared either way. As soon as they got into the carriage though, Luo Binghe kept staring at him with an expectant

and shy look in his eyes (that he thought he hid well).

There wasn't much room in the carriage, and so there was nowhere to run. Shen Qingqiu felt goosebumps at his burning gaze.

Is...is this a hint for some kind of play...?

Save your thought. Master will never agree to this!

Atrocious!

Luo Binghe stared at him for quite some time. Upon seeing that he had no special comment, he realized that he didn't have the same revelation. His eyes slowly turned downcast.

He shyly twiddled his finger and asked with a little disappointment, "Doesn't...Shizun remember?"

These days, Shen Qingqiu realized that he could start almost every inner thought with six dots.

He said, "Remember? Remember what?"

Luo Binghe was crestfallen. "...that back when Shizun brought the disciples of the Qing Jing Peak down the mountain for experience, you had allowed me to ride in your carriage..."

To think that Luo Binghe remembered something so long ago, and that clearly too!

Meanwhile, Shen Qingqiu had forgotten most of them.

Luo Binghe sighed. "So you forgot."

Even Shen Qingqiu felt guilty at the difference. He waved for Luo Binghe to scoot over, and rubbed his face as sweet consolation, "It slipped my mind. I'm sorry."

Luo Binghe was satisfied with that. He smiled prettily and said, “Ehn. Shizun’s kindness to me extends far more than that. It’s only natural that you’d forget some.”

... ..

Don’t embellish him in his mind to be that saintly and kind, all right? He simply forgot. This angelic halo was too massive to bear!

City Gate Main Street, Shuanghu City.

The two men wandered along the street leisurely. Amongst the myriad of stalls lined along the sides of the road, a frivolous flag swayed in the wind.

It first caught the eye of Shen Qingqiu, who then shifted his gaze down to see the face of the stall owner. His usual “fleeting and half-hidden, seemingly refined and kind but is actually cold and distant” smile froze for a second.

Luo Binghe, sensitive as ever, immediately responded, “Shizun, did you see someone familiar?”

Under the flag was a table surrounded by heads bobbing up and down. It looked like a fortune-telling stall put up by a fortune-teller; behind the desk sat a beautiful and well-endowed woman. She flipped her hair charmingly and raised her graceful head, then saw Shen Qingqiu in the distance. When their eyes met, her relaxed expression crashed as if she had just swallowed poison.

However, as her gaze drifted to Luo Binghe’s face, her passion for this sort of visuals immediately overtook everything. Her eyes shone like the sun as she stepped up and greeted, “Immortal Master, how have you been!”

Shen Qingqiu replied, “Long time no see. I see that Madam is more beautiful than ever.”

The beautiful lady was none other than Madam Meiyin.

She dispersed the smitten male clients in front of the desk and made space. She asked merrily, “Immortal Master, it looks like spring has come for you. How was it? Did my predictions come true one by one?”

Luo Binghe winked and laughed. “Shizun, it looks like you’re quite well-acquainted with this lady.”

Luo Binghe might be smiling, but Shen Qingqiu could feel sourness creep up his jaws.

Then again, Luo Binghe and Madam Meiyin should be an easy pair who should’ve spent countless sleazy nights together. Now, they are facing off from two opposing sides of the table, throwing jabs at each other, each saying their own thing while maintaining a straight face. This scene is indeed...quite uncanny.

He laughed dryly. “Just a little, just a little. Years have passed since we parted; I didn’t expect Madam to run this sort of business in Shuanghu City when we met again.”

Madam Meiyin scoffed. “All thanks to that Immortal Master who was with you when you visited.”

Luo Binghe suddenly interrupted, “Which Immortal Master?”

Shen Qingqiu’s smile froze for a second time.

Madam Meiyin was sore. “Pardon me for speaking ill of someone behind their back. Was I any less welcoming or warm to the both of you back then? Yet that Immortal Master thought none of it; he shattered half of my cave the moment he arrived, then scared off most of my sisters. The few times that we met again, he spared no consideration for our past connections. I have had quite a fair share of experiences, but I have never met a man that unappreciative and ungentlemanly. All he knows is to fight and fight and fight! Ptui!”

You’ve been spat on, Liu Qingge. You’ve actually been spat on!

Who else would do something as violent as this? Luo Binghe understood at once. He looked at Shen Qingqiu, “Shizun, is it, Liu...shishu? When did you two leave the mountain all by yourselves?”

Seeing that veins were popping in his forehead, Shen Qingqiu coughed dryly, “It was during the period when you were... not around.”

Luo Binghe squeezed his palm forcefully. “Shizun, could you enlighten me about what you and Liu...shishu did, all alone together with a gorgeous Succubus?”

Shen Qingqiu was well-practiced in appeasing him. Just follow these steps:

Earnestly say, “Not as gorgeous as you.”

In front of Madam Meiyin’s twitching smile, assure him again, “We truly did nothing.”

If he’s still mad, repeat the steps above.

Madam Meiyin, who tried to fan the flames, added artfully, “Although I scattered a handful of Succubus Scent on him, I guess it must be no big deal for someone as frigid as him.”

You could tell what “Succubus Scent” was just by its name.

The medicine of Spring!

Luo Binghe’s reaction was drastic. ” ‘Did nothing’?”

...We did nothing, I swear to god!

Did not even help him with my hand!

Back on that day, upon confirming that Shen Qingqiu had fallen for the Succubi’s antics, Shen Qingqiu made a split-second decision.

He said, “Liu-shidi, all the best. Shixiong has something on and shall now take his leave!”

Liu Qingge grabbed him by his back collar and growled, “All the best for what?! What do you have on?!”

Shen Qingqiu turned around and was shocked at the sight.

If Liu Qingge was flushed pink a moment ago, the current him was as red as the fiery clouds during sunset. He was so red and breathless that it would shock anybody.

He quickly said, “Don’t be rash! Liu-shidi, keep calm! Stay here and meditate; I’ll release Master Huang and the others and come back to fetch you later. Don’t worry. I’ll definitely not return during this period. You can do anything you want, and nobody would know.”

He tried to flee right afterward, but Liu Qingge’s steel-like grip held him in place by the shoulder. “Why are you running!”

Why was this bastard suddenly so clingy?!

Liu-shidi, Peak Lord Liu, bruh! I’m trying to give you some personal space here for you to settle your ‘issues’!

Don’t tell me that you can’t even understand my hints!

You’ve wasted the many years that you’ve been living!

Did your core form in your brain instead?!

Liu Qingge sneered, “Let me beat you up. It’ll really help if I could vent my anger!”

This wasn’t something you can resolve with a good beating. Shen Qingqiu dead-panned, “Shidi, why are you so worked up? Don’t be controlled by the Succubus poison.”

Liu Qingge's face went red, then pale, then red again, like there was something about to burst within him, but he was clueless on how to resolve it. He grabbed Shen Qingqiu helplessly and blankly, refusing to let go.

Shen Qingqiu looked at that pitiful man and thought that maybe growing up in that violent environment of Bai Zhan Peak, where everybody seemed to be immersed in the tradition of cultivation and gang fights, could really make Liu Qingge so retarded that he didn't know how to do it with his hand. He was immediately sympathetic.

Shen Qingqiu was a professional in coaxing. Calm and cool-headed, he enticed, "Liu-shidi, come over here. Do you still remember how we met?"

The original text, of course, did not write in detail about how these two cannon fodders came to be at loggerheads. Shen Qingqiu only said that to distract him.

In normal circumstances, Liu Qingge would never fall for his words that easily. However, now that he was holding onto him, his spinning head was barely holding on to clarity. He gritted his teeth as he walked, "I remember, we fought during the Twelve Peaks Swords Sparring Contest!"

Shen Qingqiu, "..."

So our friendship was born out of the exchange of blows.

Don't tell him that it was that Liu Qingge thoroughly enjoyed beating him up back then, and so he requested him to stay and let him beat him up to vent his anger?

Shen Qingqiu replied with an "Oh" and led him deeper into the cave. He asked again, "So did I return the beating?"

Liu Qingge was feverish, yet he didn't forget to snort arrogantly before replying, "Hmph, how's that possible."

Very well.

Shen Qingqiu patted his shoulder, “Then, today’s the day I return that favor.”

And then...

...he kicked Liu Qingge into a bathing pool filled with rose petals.

The splash he made when falling in was so big that even Shen Qingqiu was drenched from head to toe, despite having covered his face with the folding fan in advance.

Submerging Liu Qingge in this kind of temperature should cure him of the spring medicine immediately. He knelt on a single knee by the poolside and continued to cover his face. He asked reservedly, “Liu-shidi, how about now? How do you feel?”

He heard no response; Liu Qingge had not even let out a single stream of bubbles after he sank in. Could it be that he didn’t know how to swim? That couldn’t be. Or that he passed out from the fever? Did he survive the spirit caves only to drown here?

The more he thought about it, the more he felt that he might have killed him. Shen Qingqiu quickly leaned in, “Liu-shidi? Liu-shidi!”

Rose petals covered the water surface entirely. He could not see what was happening under, and so he could only lean in more. Suddenly, he felt something close around his ankle and drag him into the rose bath.

Shen Qingqiu went green at the freezing water streaming in from all directions as he suddenly fell into the ice-cold bath. After much struggling, he finally got to the poolside and turned around, only to see an expressionless Liu Qingge floating behind him, all wet. He even had a few rose petals on his hair.

Shen Qingqiu explained, “Liu-shidi, you shouldn’t have done that. I made you go into the pool to rid you of the Succubus Scent. What have I done to deserve this?”

Liu Qingge replied, “Didn’t you ask me how I felt? How you feel right now is the same as mine.”

Shen Qingqiu, “... ..me?!!!”

His line of thought was clear, and his clapbacks were as strong as ever. It looked like he was fine now.

“That’s it?”

“That’s it.”

Madam Meiyin bit her nail and seethed, “My rose bath...”

Chen Estate.

Since they’ve come to Shuanghu City, they ought to find something to do. Such as eradicating evil for the people.

After asking the locals, they found out with some surprise that it was the Chen Estate who had strange happenings yet again.

The ferocious Skinner hid in the estate as Butterfly, Old Master Chen’s beloved concubine. After being struck to death, the room that she used to live in had never been peaceful since. Every night, people could hear howling and screeching from her chamber, scaring them out of their wits. It was something that was never resolved even after all these years.

Old Master Chen was nearing 70 years old. As white as his hair may be, his heart remained young. A few years back, the only concubine beside him was Butterfly; today, he had one on each side. The fact that the Skinner once infiltrated his family had not diminished his surging yearning for women, not even the slightest.

The Old Master may be getting on years, but he still had a good memory. He still knew to call “Master Shen” when he saw Shen Qingqiu.

“Master Shen’s” aloofness had not changed over the years. A slight smile finally graced his lips when asked about the young man beside him. He said

politely, “This is my young disciple back then.”

Old Master Chen laughed. “No wonder he looked familiar. Now that I see Immortal Master and your beloved disciple, I suddenly realize just how many years had passed since.”

Some small talk later, the matter was eventually passed to his ever dutiful and diligent secretary Luo Binghe. Shen Qingqiu was more than happy to stand aside and keep up with his otherworldly appearance.

Seeing Lord of the Demon World Luo Binghe compliant and patient like a well-fitting cottonwear, Shen Qingqiu can’t help but feel lightheaded and soft. His gaze towards him became kind and fatherly. As for Luo Binghe, he would turn to look at him every other sentence. Once he did that, he couldn’t take back his gaze anymore. And so, the mentor and disciple began to throw “flirtatious looks” at each other in front of outsiders...

Shen Qingqiu suddenly snapped out of it.

How indecent!

On the way to the chamber, Luo Binghe kept trying to hold his hand. Shen Qingqiu had never been the one to show affection publicly, and also, he was in the mood to tease him, and so he consistently denied him. They used all sorts of skills and techniques to play cat and mouse; if any cultivator or someone from the demon world saw how this pair of mentor and student were fight...no, flirting with their sect’s arts, fish or fowl, they were sure to vomit blood.

No one dared to go near the chamber rumored to be haunted. It was, therefore, quiet and abandoned. Luo Binghe immediately stuck to him once he saw that no one was around. He hugged his waist from behind in a dilly dally manner and lodged his chin on his shoulder. He complained woefully, “Shizun, my heart’s really upset right now.”

The yard was still the same. It didn’t change one bit, just that the yin ambiance has become more oppressive. Shen Qingqiu examined the

surroundings as he listened to Luo Binghe's complaints. He hummed, signifying that he has heard him.

Ever since they got together (... ..), Luo Binghe would get upset tens of times in a day. He got upset when Shen Qingqiu spoke a little more to others, or when he took two fewer bites of food, and even when he told him to get out of the bathtub as it was too squeezey...him being upset was like eating broad beans. Crack, it's out. Crack, it's gone.

“While I was fighting for my life in the Endless Abyss, Shizun was in a scenic place, lingering in a rose bath with another man...”

What the heck was with “another man”? Can't you call him my colleague or sect mate?

Also, what's up with “lingering in a rose bath”. A person kicked another person into an icy pool in the middle of a haunting wilderness, and both fell ill from the cold afterward. Why are you, like, envious?!

Just as his inner roasting demon was about to go online, Luo Binghe suddenly said softly, “Shizun, do you still remember what happened here?”

Of course!

It was the place where he first used Easy Mode!

...Okay, he was joking.

How could he forget? This was where he first sabotaged Luo Binghe.

At that time, he almost let the Skinner smash the crown of Luo Binghe's head. It was his fault for allowing that to happen. He still felt a chill down his spine whenever he thought about it, and so he avoided delving deeply into the matter.

Standing at the old “crime scene”, Shen Qingqiu got guilty and felt his heart go tender. The inner roasting demon withered before it could appear. He reached out and patted Luo Binghe's cheeks. “Stop throwing a tantrum.

I'll agree to one request of yours today. We'll talk about this after we exterminate this evil spirit."

Luo Binghe was overjoyed. "Really?"

"When has your Shizun ever..." Shen Qingqiu shut up before he could finish, successfully avoiding the tragedy of smacking himself in the face.

Ever deceived you? Ever sabotaged you? No matter what he said, it would be unbecoming.

Conclusion: Humans should never do things that go against their conscience.

"Since Shizun said that..." Luo Binghe flushed a lovely pink as he took out a red rope.

Hello, Immortal-Binding Cables; goodbye, Immortal-Binding Cables.

Luo Binghe didn't insist when he saw the inexplicable expression on Shen Qingqiu's face. He sighed and glanced at the sky wistfully. "Back when I escaped the perils of the Skinner, for some reason, I would have these strange dreams for quite some nights."

Umm, what do you mean by strange dreams? The type where you have to wash your underwear after you wake up?

How sinful. So he was Luo Binghe's mentor in s*xual enlightenment. The enlightener was often significant to a person's life, even if the other party wasn't a voluptuous older woman, it should at least be a petite and docile girl-next-door. Luo Bing's life was genuinely indescribably tragic. To think that his s*xual enlightener was a man...allow him to shed a tear of sympathy!

However, he will not succumb no matter how much his heart goes out to him. Although his sense of decency was almost worn down by Luo Binghe, a crumb of decency picked up was a crumb of decency recovered. More

importantly, shouldn't you focus on the task on hand first? There's a cloud of black mist gathering behind you. It's coming out...it's out!

Luo Binghe rambled on worriedly like he didn't sense anything, "Till today, I'm still constantly bothered by that dream."

If Shen Qingqiu still believed him before, he was now convinced that what Luo Binghe said was all just a blatant lie. The Luo Binghe, who controlled dream realms like second nature, would be "bothered" by a dream? He was refreshingly candid in his shamelessness. Shen Qingqiu put his hand on his sword Xiu Ya and mocked, "So?"

Luo Binghe didn't turn at all, "So, I... "

That black mist could not take it any longer. It roared, " I &*% #@&! Are you guys blind?! I'm right here!!!"

What a familiar voice. Shen Qingqiu asked, "Butterfly?"

The black mist scowled, "I'm not Butterfly or Flower or anything like that! I am myself, the Skinner who used to terrorize the area!"

Shen Qingqiu was speechless. Wasn't this the small monster that he killed with a strike?... So that was the rumored evil spirit. It did not forget its duty to disturb the people be it in life or death — what a conscientious hard-worker.

The black mist puffed a whiff of black smoke, which Shen Qingqiu assumed was equivalent to spitting. It growled, "How dare you shameless men act all lovey-dovey in front of me! You have no idea that you're about to die!"

Luo Binghe frowned and asked Shen Qingqiu, "Shizun, do we kill it straight away, or do we detain it for further questioning?"

Shen Qingqiu wanted to see just how stupid it can be, and so he gestured Luo Binghe not to do anything. "Hmm?" The black mist drifted nearer to Shen Qingqiu. "You look a little familiar."

Of course, he looked familiar. Your killer stands right in front of you and yet you're just a little uncertain that he "looked a little familiar"? How many years has it been, ten? Under the influence of the Easy Mode, not only did Butterfly's IQ not improve, but its memory had also deteriorated.

Shen Qingqiu coughed, and reminded, "I am Shen, the Peak Lord of the Qing Jing Peak."

"..."

The black mist flew into a rage. "Shen Qingqiu! It's you!!! Who is he then?!"

"You know him too," Shen Qingqiu replied. "He was there."

The black mist pondered long and hard, and finally recalled, "You're that little rascal! His disciple!"

"Hahahahahahaha!" Butterfly laughed hysterically. "Shen Qingqiu! What goes around, comes around, and no one escapes from karma! To think that you have been...by your disciple, heheh. How immoral! How shameful! I knew that someone would enforce justice on behalf of the heavens!"

Shen Qingqiu, "... Wait a minute. You are a demon who committed countless evil, gotten its retribution, and was killed with a single strike. It's not very appropriate for you to say things like "what goes around, comes around, and no one escapes from karma", no?

It laughed and laughed, and suddenly, a strange phenomenon happened. Like a whiff of chimney smoke broke apart by a gust of wind, the black mist began to dissipate. Hanging by its last strands, it was still sighing in satisfaction. "This is retribution, retribution! Shen Qingqiu, you've finally gotten your retribution. Good riddance! I... I can die without any regrets now."

...Did it attain enlightenment? Rise to the heavens? Find peace?

Wasn't the requirements for it to "die without regrets" a little too low... and also, even if Luo Binghe was indeed troublesome, he's not to the degree of being his "retribution"!

The yin ambiance in the yard quickly faded. Luo Binghe asked, "Shizun, shall we continue?"

Shen Qingqiu twitched. Looking at the Luo Binghe still holding onto the Immortal-Binding Cables, he was stumped. "...Continue with what?"

Luo Binghe was expectant. "Didn't Shizun say that you'll agree to a request of mine? So, my humble request is...could the kind Shizun offer a tiny bit of cooperation and allow this disciple to lightly, very lightly, tie him up with this Immortal-Binding Cable, and then do... Ahem, it once? If he could make this dream come true, fulfilling this wish of mine I had for years, I could...die without regrets!"

... ..

Although Butterfly had peacefully risen to the heavens in bewildering self-satisfaction, Shen Qingqiu felt that it was not yet time to put Xiu Ya sword away.

He walked out without any expression. Luo Binghe stopped him, "Shizun, you promised."

Shen Qingqiu coldly pushed his weepy face away.

Luo Binghe accused, "Shizun, you're always doing that to me."

Retract your tears. They won't work anymore! You're embarrassing me outside!

Ahh, as he thought. To this little rascal, any empathy or softening of heart is unnecessary.

He'll take back his words. Luo Binghe was truly, TRULY, his retribution!

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Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Wuzimiko.
- LOL at poor, poor Liu Qingge.
- IMO, it was funny when Binghe wanted to try tying up his Shizun at least once but Butterfly being satisfied with Shen Qingqiu's ... fate ... *cough* being *****ed by his own disciple... was hilarious.
- I was in a bit of a rush today and the new WordPress (the software/CMS used in this website) editor has been a bit weird for me ever since they pushed some major updates so please let me know if there are any errors.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 91.1 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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Extra: Yue Qingyuan and Shen Qingqiu

This chapter is by Buri of BC Novels.

1.

Crash—

Shen Jiu swiftly kicked a small dark wooden basin sending it flying into the air.

He stood there, silently, with his arms crossed over his chest. The other boy, he didn’t remember if this one was Shishi or Shiwu, shrunk back from him.

The boys next to him egged him on with their eyes, so he gathered his guts, straightened his back and said: “Shen Jiu, stop being such a bully. You didn’t buy the street, there’s no reason we can’t be in it!”

It was a main street, wide and flat, with people constantly coming and going. If you were a beggar it was, without a doubt, the best possible territory to panhandle in.

The people passing by looked over at the group of scuffling children, but most just hurried along their pace.

It looked like the brat that just got there actually dared to challenge him: Shen Jiu lowered his head, about to pick up a brick to teach him a lesson. Right then, a tall teenager who was walking over to them caught sight of

Shen's pulled up sleeves and lowered head and knew exactly what he was about to do. He immediately hurried over, holding him back, "Xiao Jiu, let's go somewhere else."

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying right here," said Shen Jiu.

The other boy took the opportunity to tell on him, "Qi-ge, he's bullying me."

"He's not bullying you, Shiwu. Xiao Jiu is just playing around with you," Yue Qi answered back.

"Who the hell's playing around with him? I told him to scram. This is my territory, whoever tries to snatch it from me is asking to die!", said Shen Jiu immediately.

With Yue Qi holding Shen Jiu back, Shiwu grew bolder. He stuck his neck out, shouting, "Every new place we go to you always bully your way into the best spot, no one can stand you! You think you're so great that everyone is scared of you!"

"Shiwu!" Yue Qi reproached.

In the middle of the struggle Shen Jiu kicked Yue Qi's calf, "If you want to beat me up why don't you come over here, eh? Without any talent a good spot won't do you much. And stop calling him Qi-ge, you bastard! Just try and do it again to see what comes down on you!"

"You're the bastard! Sooner or later I'll be watching you be sold off to be some brothel's servant!"

Yue Qi didn't know whether to laugh or cry, "Who taught you how to say those things? "

He pulled Shen Jiu along with him away from the roadside while coaxing him "Come on, you know that out of everyone here you are the most talented. No matter the territory, you will still be the best. Let's just move to another street."

Shen Jiu stomped down on his foot, “Get off! You think I’m scared of him? Come on, come on, let’s go! One on one! Even if it’s me against the whole lot of them at once I’m still not scared!”

Yue Qi was well aware that he really wasn’t scared. If he was actually to fight them all, he would use underhanded tactics like scratching their eyes to provoke them or striking their lower parts. He was vicious, and even if he got the worst of it, the ones scared and crying would still be the others. He made sure to keep his laughter in check and threaded his words carefully ”Haven’t you trampled me enough? Stop! Stop stamping on me! Can’t we just have some fun? Come on, I’ll take you with me.”

Shen Jiu said ferociously,”Have fun my ass! You know what would be fun? If they all dropped dead!

Yue Qi looked at him and helplessly shook his head.

There was a Qi (7) and a Jiu (9), so naturally there were also many other children named after the numbers from one to six. However, the only ones who remained and knew each other from the first batch of kids were these two, since more than six from the first batch had already been either sold or died a long time ago.

Back then this had been their stitch: Yue Qi would sit on the ground with a “letter written in blood” laid out in front of them while hugging Shen Jiu’s head against his chest. The letter claimed that the brothers’ parents were both dead and that the two of them had met with nothing but misfortune when seeking their faraway relatives; now the boys were orphaned and uncared for, wandering aimlessly with no one to rely on, and so on and so forth. According to such a set up, Yue Qi should be bawling his eyes out, but unfortunately, no matter what, he wasn’t able to shed a single tear.. That job then fell on Shen Jiu who, being both the tiniest and skinniest of them, should have pretending to be so ill he was about to draw his last breath at any moment. He was tiny and cute, so whenever he wailed heart-brokenly anyone who saw him would pity him. They came forth in troves to generously hand over their money to help them. He was a real money tree, no doubt about that. Later on, as Yue Qi grew older he was no longer willing to do those kinds of things, so instead he was just sent out to patrol.

Shen Jiu had wanted to tag along with him, but since he wasn't allowed to he just kept being a street-corner tyrant wherever he went.

As the two of them were about to leave the bustling street, they heard a sudden burst of hurried hoofbeats.

The stall owners on both sides of the street turned pale with fright and hurriedly pushed their carts in all directions as if they were running off from battle. Yue Qi didn't understand what was happening, but Shen Jiu hauled him back to the roadside firmly, before a tall and large horse came galloping into the street.

The horse's bar bit was actually forged with glistening gold, bright and heavy, and haughtily riding him was a high-spirited young master. His countenance was strong, his eyebrows were slender and his eyes had dark piercing pupils. The lower hem of his violet gown hung down loosely over both sides of the saddle, his narrow sleeves were tight around his wrists. On the palm of one of his pale and fair hands he held a pitch-black whip.

Shen Jiu was so dazzled by the golden shimmer that he couldn't stop himself from stretching forward to look at it. Yue Qi hurriedly pulled him back, taking him along to leave.

The two of them hadn't gone far when they suddenly heard the bursting sound of screams, and soon the kids from before were rushing one after the other towards Yue Qi, pouncing on him in fright and rubbing their snot and tears all over him. Shen Jiu's temper immediately flared up, while Yue Qi worriedly asked, "Why are you crying? What's wrong?"

One of them let out a horrible shriek: "Shiwu's gone!"

Yue Qi paused in his step, "Didn't he follow you guys here?"

The child wailed, "The street was such a mess, we couldn't see well..."

"Calm down, talk slowly," sked Yue Qi calmly.

Turns out the following had happened – just as the young master riding the horse and his servants were exiting the street, he spotted Shiwu and the others at the street corner. He wrinkled his nose in distaste, “Where did they come from?”

“It is unclear where these beggars came from, Young Master Qiu,” replied a servant.

“Then what should we do with those filthy things?” asked the young master.

The servants did not need their master to give out any further instructions, brazenly driving off the children. Shiwu had had such a hard time snatching that territory from Shen Jiu’s hands that there was no way he would just give it away like that, “What gives you the right to kick others out of here...?”

He had also wanted to say “this street ain’t yours,” but with a wave of that young master’s hand a dark shadow had fallen on him, leaving on his face the bleeding welt of a whip lash.

The whip had struck less than a hair’s breadth from his eyeball and Shiwu hadn’t yet had the time to register the pain, feeling only dull shock.

The young master gave a bright smile, “I have no special rights. Although my family did build this street. “

Not knowing whether he was dizzy from pain or fear, Shiwu swooned, crashing onto the ground with a loud thud.

Shen Jiu didn’t even wait for the end of the story before he roared with loud laughter, although, very soon he wouldn’t be laughing anymore. Yue Qi had found that a few of them were missing. He turned around and said, “You go ahead first, I’ll catch up with you soon.”

Shen Jiu, rejoicing in Shiwu’s misfortune, said, “Don’t meddle in this, Qi-ge, that Qiu guy wouldn’t actually be bold enough to kill them.”

Yue Qi shook his head, “Do as I tell you: go back. I’m the oldest, I can’t ignore this.”

“They won’t die. At most they’ll get whacked around a bit. They’ll remember the lesson,” said Shen Jiu.

“Go back,” said Yue Qi.

Shen Jiu, unable to hold him back, cursed him out instead, “You are too damn meddlesome!”.

However, after he was done cursing him out to his heart’s content, he followed after him.



This chapter is by Buri of BC Novels.

2.

Qiu Jianluo found Shen Jiu incredibly amusing.

You could compare the feeling of hitting him to the one you get hitting a dog. If you hit a dog once, it would dejectedly shrink back into a corner to whimper to himself. Although it certainly wasn't menacing, it also wasn't any fun at all. But if you trampled this dog, it would growl and growl under

its breath, stare at you with fright in its eyes, but also never even dare to resist. It suddenly became so much more amusing.

He slapped Shen Jiu across the face. At that point Shen Jiu must have already cursed the Qiu Family's ancestral tomb over a thousand times in his mind, yet he would still be a good boy and wouldn't strike back. Instead he'd extend his face obediently for another strike.

Really, it was so amusing.

As Qiu Jiangluo thought so to himself, he couldn't help but let out a laugh.

Shen Jiu had just received a good beating. He was now hunched over in the corner with his arms covering his head as he watched Qiu Jiangluo shake with his own laughter.

Qiu Jiangluo had bought Shen Jiu several days ago and since then had kept him locked up until he grew filthy with grime. He finally noticed just how dirty he was, growing nauseous himself at the sight, so he picked him up as if he was a kitten and handed him off to a few robust servants, ordering them to give him a good washing.

As a result, Shen Jiu was ruthlessly washed, his skin almost having a whole layer scraped off, before being returned to Qiu Jiangluo's study. After having the age-old filth washed off him by the scalding water his arms, shoulders and cheeks, which had been rubbed the most vigorously, looked clean and rosy and his damp hair was still emitting heat. As he stood to the side dressed neatly and awaiting further commands, the way he looked was unexpectedly pitiful.

Qiu Jiangluo tilted his head, looking at him for a long time; he felt a somewhat strange feeling in his heart, but also some fondness. At first he felt like kicking him, but then restrained himself.

"Are you literate?" he asked.

"I know some characters," Shen Jiu said in a low voice.

Qiu Jiangluo spread out snow-white paper across the desk, knocking next to it, "Write something for me to see."

Shen Jiu unenthusiastically and emotionlessly grabbed a weasel hair writing brush, his posture and hold unexpectedly good. He wet the brush in the ink and then paused for a moment to ponder. He then first wrote the character for seven with two decisive strokes before continuing and writing the character for nine.

Although the strokes had been done in the wrong order, they were neither crooked nor slanted, instead being quite elegant.

"Where did you learn this?" asked Qiu Jianluo.

"I watched others write," said Shen Jiu.

This brat was mere trash, he only knew how to mechanically mimic others yet unexpectedly could bluff others quite well. Qiu Jianluo was taken by surprise. Because of that, his expression became kinder. He imitated his old private tutor's manner of speaking and praised, "You have some aptitude for this. If in the future you are studious, you might be able to go down the right path."

Qiu Jianluo was sixteen, four years older than Shen Jiu, and his parents had high hopes for him. He was carefully raised inside this gold brick house, and never cared for anyone. His entire life the only one he had ever treasured was his darling younger sister Haitang, who was also the darling treasured child of the entire Qiu household. Qiu Jianluo was always a good big brother in front of Haitang. In the past he had earnestly wished for his little sister to never get married her whole life, but after Shen Jiu showed up a different alternative came to him.

Qiu Haitang was quite fond of Shen Jiu, so if he managed to instruct Shen Jiu well he could become quite the convenient brother-in-law. His little sister could remain by his side, and he could keep having fun with Shen Jiu. As long as he was well-behaved and obedient, they could all live peacefully together.

He wouldn't have to send his sister far-off to get married, after all they would still depend on him for food and clothing. Her being married or not wouldn't change anything at all. If you ignored the fact that Shen Jiu was so beneath her, there really were no drawbacks.

Qiu Jianluo was quite proud of his plan. He would warn Shen Jiu everyday, "if you dare to make Haitang sad I will end your life."

"If it wasn't for Haitang I would have beaten you to death already."

"People should always repay kindness with kindness. Our family made you into a proper person. It shouldn't need to be said that even if it takes your life, you still have to repay us for that."

The older Shen Jiu grew the clearer it became to him that, just to this one person, he could not be the least bit disobedient. Whatever he told him to do, he must do. Even if it made him feel nauseous, he could never let it show unless he wished to get a brutal beating.

But in his mind he was constantly remembering the first time he met Qiu Jianluo, the cherished memory of the one time he saw him out of his mind with rage.

Yue Qi had insisted on going back for Shiwu, and soon found himself nearly being trampled under Qiu Jianluo's horse's hooves. In a split second Shen Jiu completely forgot Yue Qi's repeated warnings that they should let absolutely no one see them use their "immortal skills", and turned a gold piece into a sharp blade, stabbing it bone deep into the horse.

Qiu Jianluo lost control of his horse, it spun around in place, jumping wildly without restraint. Shen Jiu was cursing him in his mind with all his strength, wishing he'd just fall off the horse quickly, fall and break his neck. Yet his riding skills were unexpectedly outstanding – the horse's hooves were high up in the air but he still sat firmly on the saddle roaring with rage, "Who did that?! Who did that!"

Of course Shen Jiu had been the one to do it.

However, no one would have known it was him if when Qiu Jianluo came knocking at their door later on, Shiwu hadn't spoken out and said it.

If they hadn't gone to save him, Shiwu would have been indiscriminately trampled to death under the hooves of the Qiu's horse. He kept his life, and then repaid them by selling them out. Shiwu should be trampled to death, stepped and spat on by a thousand people until he was turned into a pulpy puddle of rotten meat. Yue Qi should never have gone back to save him. He deserved to be dead.

And so, while being tormented day-to-day, Shen Jiu consoled himself by ruminating endlessly on these both sweet and useless poisonous thoughts, and kept waiting for the one who told him he'd return and rescue him from this abyss of mystery.

3.

This chapter is by Buri of BC Novels.

Shen Jiu thought a lot about why Yue Qi hadn't come back for him.

Perhaps he was caught during his escape and the slavers broke his legs. Perhaps he didn't have enough rations for the travel, and since he was unwilling to beg for food he starved to death on the way. Or perhaps he didn't have enough natural aptitude, and no Immortal Mountain was willing to take him in. Shen Jiu mused about how he would walk to the end to the end of the world to find his remains no matter what, dig him a grave with his own hands and maybe even shed a reluctant tear. If by luck he was still alive, he would save him from whatever misery he was in no matter what it cost – even if Shen Jiu had to go straight into a tiger's den after having just left a wolf's one, and sink himself into that same misery.

Yet he never thought they would meet again this way.

He swung his sword again and again, the splattered blood painting a bleak and violent picture. A blood drop splashed into his eye, but he merely blinked, his face expressionless. His movements could be said to be calm

and skilled. After Wu Yanzi took him away from the Qiu Household he taught him, his “disciple”, quite a lot – how to slaughter, commit arson, rob and take advantage of chaos to reap benefits. Currently, he was teaching him how to take advantage of the Immortal Alliance Conference to assault the dumb children; to snatch the storage pouches and dispose of the bodies of the young elite noble cultivators who still somehow thought of themselves as infallible.

When Yue Qi found him he was so stunned by his frightful appearance he even turned a blind eye to the disciples’ corpses on the ground. He took two steps forward.

A shiver ran through Shen Jiu and he abruptly looked up.

Yue Qi could see his face clearly. In a split second both their faces had turned deathly pale.

“Don’t come here!” Shen Jiu said harshly.

Unexpectedly, his first reaction was to throw himself on the ground, snatch an emergency firework from one of the corpses and set it off towards the sky.

Yue Qi was in a daze, walking towards him with his hand stretched out and mouth open as if he wanted to call out —

Cruel laughter sounded from the dense forest beside them.

“Who is this person who managed to scare you so, my good disciple? Turns out you can also get frightened?”

Shen Jiu let go of the smoky firework tubes, letting them fall to the ground. He abruptly turned around, “I’m not afraid of him, Shifu. Just now I was careless and accidentally let the ones on the floor set off the emergency fireworks. Someone might come over soon!”

Yue Qi realized this was a dangerous situation so he stayed quiet, gathering his spiritual power. Wu Yanzi said contemptuously, “So that was

why I saw those fireworks just now. You've always had nimble movements, how did this happen now! If they wanted to set off fireworks, why didn't you just cut off their hands?"

Shen Jiu lowered his head and said, "It is all this disciple's fault. Let us leave quickly. Those brainless old men will definitely chase us, we should run."

Yue Qi blocked their way, raising his hand to his sword. His eyes were still somewhat red as he looked at Shen Jiu. Although his voice was hoarse, it was extremely firm, "You can't leave."

Shen Jiu glared at him.

Wu Yanzi sized him up, focusing on the sword on his hip at once and sneering as he said, "From Cang Qiong Mountain. Qiong Ding Peak even. You're The Xuan Su sword, Yue Qingyuan?"

After hearing this, Shen Jiu was somewhat startled, quickly urging him again, "Shifu, since he's from Cang Qiong mountain we won't be able to kill him quickly. It's better for us to flee now. When the others get here we'll be finished!"

Wu Yanzi smiled bitterly and said, "Cang Qiong Mountain might be powerful, but I won't go as far as fearing one of their juniors. Much less when he's asking for his own death!"

After they started to fight Shen Jiu realized his worries for Yue Qi and the clumsy tricks they made him use were just laughable. He was terrified of Wu Yanzi, his "shifu", but Yue Qi, or should he say Yue Qingyuan, could hold off against him without even drawing his sword.

Still, he couldn't be at ease because he knew about Wu Yanzi's usual tactics, as well as the ace up his sleeve.

Wu Yanzi had a set of secret cursed talismans. Shen Jiu had witnessed him toss them out countless times whenever he was at a disadvantage in a fight, taking his opponents by surprise and killing them with a strike. Many

renowned cultivators had fallen for this treacherous trick before, never mind Yue Qi who at a glance could be seen to have little battle experience, only retaliating methodically.

Thus, the moment Wu Yanzi threw out those talismans Shen Jiu stabbed his own sword through his back.

Yue Qi grabbed his hand, dragging him to run. Not having yet recovered from the fright of that brutal fight, they soon leaned against a tree gasping for air.

Only after calming down could Shen Jiu carefully size up Yue Qi.

The high level cultivation, the composed bearing, the outstanding clothing, the dignified and well-bred air. He could see none of the extreme misery he had imagined before.

This was Yue Qingyuan, not Yue Qi.

Yue Qingyuan's face was flushed with excitement. He was about to speak when Shen Jiu directly faced him and asked, "You got into Cang Qiong Mountain?"

Yue Qingyuan hadn't expected the question. His expression fell and he began to pale.

"You became Qiong Ding's head disciple? Not bad. Why didn't you come back to look for me?" asked Shen Jiu.

"I..."

Shen Jiu waited a moment, but no answer came.

"Why aren't you continuing? I'll wait. I've already waited for so many years anyway, waiting a bit more won't hurt."

How could Yue Qingyuan continue?

Shen Jiu crossed his arms in front of his chest. Finally, he heard Yue Qingyuan's low voice, "Qi-ge let you down. I'm sorry."

Shen Jiu's mind was encompassed entirely by ice-cold fury. His breath shortened; he could almost taste and smell the blood at the back of his throat.

In the past, he would just submit to the humiliation like a rat, cover his head with his arms and wait to be hit. Later on, he would just scurry through sewers like a rat and get yelled at and beaten by anyone who saw him. No matter what he was just a rat, hiding his head and tail, unable to stand the light. He had wasted his life, thrown away his time, while Yue Qingyuan was a phoenix who had risen from the branches to soar, a carp who had leapt over the Dragon Gate.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry'... You only ever know how to say 'I'm sorry'."

With a bitter smile, Shen Jiu gave the last word, "What use is that?"

Some people were born already rotten. Shen Jiu thought he was precisely one of those venomous people, rotten from birth; because in that moment he had a clear revelation:

He would rather see the cold remains of Yue Qi in some obscure corner with no one to collect them than see this refined, powerful and promising Yue Qingyuan.

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Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Buri of BC Novels.
- This is part 1 of 2 since the chapter is epically long.
- I was sick earlier which was really scary but I'm okay now. Either it wasn't Covid19 or I got the milder symptoms that don't kill people.

- Yay, I'm alive and it doesn't look like I'll be dying anytime soon!
crosses fingers
- Try to stay home if you can, everyone!
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 91.2 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

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4.

There were too many things and too many people that Shen Qingqiu despised.

If a man despises everything, he will inevitably have a terrible temperament. Fortunately, by the time he became Shen Qingqiu he had at least learnt how to keep his true nature under the surface.

Liu Qingge was, without a doubt, the person he most hated in Cang Qiong Sect.

Liu Qingge had been successful since he was young. He was outstandingly talented; he was gifted spiritually and his swordsmanship was matchless. As for his family, both of his parents were still alive and had an important role in society. And all of these things fueled his restless rage; any of it would be enough to make him toss and turn for three days and nights, let alone all of this weighing on him at once.

For the Cang Qiong Sect’s Annual Twelve Peak Martial Arts Meeting, Shen Qingqiu’s opponent in battle had been Liu Qingge.

So, naturally, the outcome had been an indisputable loss.

It wasn’t truly shameful to lose to the future Bai Zhan Peak Lord; in fact it should be expected.

But such a thing would never cross Shen Qingqiu's mind. In fact, he couldn't even hear the others exclaiming in admiration at his ability to persevere for so long in such a fight; he could only see Liu Qingge's arrogance as he, as nonchalant as ever, pointed his sword, Cheng Luan, at Shen Qingqiu's throat.

Qing Jing Peak disciples took great pride in being men of noble character and great virtue. And while Shen Qingqiu took to playing this part of a virtuous man like a fish in water, Liu Qingge could always force his vicious side out. He simply refused to waste all his energy pretending to 'get along with his fellow disciple'.

In fact, the words Shen Qingqiu would scream at him the most were something like, "Sooner or later I'll kill you, Liu Qingge!".

It was this exclamation that caused the young girl who was playing the pipa, already frightened, into rushing off in her thin garments.

Liu Qingge glanced at him and answered casually, "with your abilities?"

Only three words were said, but Shen Qingqiu could hear the ceaseless spite behind them. He turned his wrist and Yue Qingyuan, seeing that the situation was only going to get worse, pressed his elbow down stopping Shen Qingqiu from drawing his sword. He turned his head and ordered, "Liu-Shidi! Go back first."

Liu Qingge didn't seem interested in getting mixed up with him either; he sneered and left quickly. Only two people remained in the Warm Red Pavillion's room. The contrast between them was stark: one disheveled and the other meticulously dressed.

Yue Qingyuan pushed Shen Qingqiu off the bed and exclaimed with clear exasperation, an emotion he wouldn't show often: "how could you do this?"

To which Shen Qingqiu asked, "What did I do?"

Yue Qingyuan responded, "Two of Cang Qiong Sect's head disciples get into a fight at a courtesan's quarters. Do you think that's pleasant to hear?"

Shen Qingqiu simply answered, “If you don’t mention it, I won’t either, so who’ll hear about it? The Cang Qiong Sect is the Cang Qiong Sect, what does it have to do with me? Which of its rules says their disciples aren’t allowed to come here? Cang Qiong isn’t a monk temple, what’s it to them if I search for the company of women? Shixiong, if you’re embarrassed over this make sure to keep Liu Qingge’s mouth shut.”

He was right. The Cang Qiong Sect had never stated such a rule. However, it was known that those who cultivate should understand the principle of keeping the heart pure to nourish their cultivation, and practice self-discipline by their own accord. Especially the head disciples of Qing Jing Peak who through the ages have always been known as clean and honest people. This common consensus had instead become an excuse that Shen Qingqiu used to argue for his point. His words made Yue Qingyuan choke, unable to retort, and stifling his indignation simply said “I won’t talk about it, neither will Liu-Shidi and the others. No one will know.”

“I’ll have to thank you all, then,” said Shen Qingqiu as he put on his boots.

“Don’t forget that engaging in feminine charms is harmful to the cultivation,” Yue Qingyuan warned.

Shen Qingqiu sneered, “Didn’t you hear your dear Liu-Shidi’s tone? With my abilities? They are already like this, I can’t damage them further.”

Yue Qingyuan was silent for a moment before saying, “Liu-Shidi isn’t a bad person, Shen-Shidi. He’s not against you, he acts the same way with everyone.”

Shen Qingqiu scoffed, ““Oh does he’? Zhangmen-Shixiong, you shouldn’t try to fool me. Are you telling me he acts like this with you?”

“If you act kindly towards him once, he will repay you twofold, “ Yue Qingyuan patiently said.

“Zhangmen-Shixiong, you’re really understanding of others. But tell me, why hasn’t he shown me kindness first? Why didn’t he show mercy first?

Why do I have to be the one to give in to him first?”

With him being that indifferent to any words of criticism and unapologetically unashamed of himself, it was hard for Yue Qingyuan to keep talking. He couldn't simply tell him that if he hadn't tried to use dirty tricks to cunningly attack the other and consequently embarrass him after their spar, Liu Qingge wouldn't despise him now.

Shen Qingqiu pulled his robe over his shoulders, sheathed Xiu Yua and took two steps, before remembering something. He turned around and asked, “How did you know I'd be here? Who told you?”

“I went to Qing Jing Peak and couldn't find you, but I saw the Bai Zhan Peak disciples getting ready to go up there.” said Yue Qingyuan.

“ To Qing Jing Peak? What were they going up there for?”

“.....”

Shen Qingqiu sneered, “They were going there to try to ambush me, weren't they?”

Even though Shen Qingqiu often clashed with the Bai Zhan Peak, this time the conflict had been truly unwarranted. A Bai Zhan disciple had gone out to a remote town for a mission and just so happened to catch sight of a familiar figure entering the Warm Red Pavillion, the largest brothel in town. Just like Liu Qingge, the others in Bai Zhan Peak weren't big fans of Shen Qingqiu either. Seizing the opportunity, the disciple followed Shen Qingqiu immediately to mock him – he posed as all virtuous and noble everyday when he was actually coming in and out of this sort of place, disgracing the entire sect.

Shen Qingqiu beat him bloody for the few words he had the gall to say. After the disciple went back to Bai Zhan Peak he bumped into Liu Qingge, who, after knowing what happened, flew into a rage and immediately rushed over on his sword to even the score. If Yue Qingyuan hadn't caught the Bai Zhan disciples going up to Qing Jing Peak to tear up Shen

Qingqiu's bamboo house, who knows just how much of this town the two of them would have managed to destroy.

Just by Yue Qingyuan's silence Shen Qingqiu could imagine what the Bai Zhan Peak disciples had been up to, so he switched the topic, "What were you doing at the Qing Jing Peak? Didn't I tell you before not to go there looking for me?"

"I just wanted to see how you were doing", answered Yue Qingyuan.

To which Shen Qingqiu responded, "Yue-shixiong, I'm sorry for making you go through so much trouble. I've been fine. Fortunately the Qing Jing Peak Lord doesn't seem to dislike me, despite me being such a despicable human being."

Yue Qingyuan followed behind him and said, "If you have truly been fine, why don't you spend a single night in the Qing Jing Peak?"

Shen Qingqiu gave him a dismal look. He knew Yue Qingyuan thought he was being shunned by the others back at the Qing Jing Peak.

Yue Qingyuan's conjecture wasn't groundless, but it wasn't right. Shen Qingqiu wasn't liked by his peers, but it didn't go as far as to get kicked out of the sleeping quarters.

He just detested to be squeezed in with people of the same sex as him.

Back then Qiu Jianluo would often beat him up, so much so that at a certain point Shen could sense when he wanted to do it, so he would crawl away and hide trembling inside Qiu Haitang's room. Qiu Jianluo didn't want his younger sister to see his depraved side, so it was the only place Shen could hide and be safe.

At some point he had someone else he had trusted, an older girl whom he saw as a big sister. But, once she got old enough, she was sold to a shrivelled up old widower who had plans to marry her. And not so long after that they left the city and Shen Qingqiu never saw her again.

It wasn't shameful at all to like women, but Shen Qingqiu knew very well how shameful it was to treat women as saviors and shrink into their arms looking for self-assurance. He would rather die than let others know about it, much less let Yue Qingyuan know about it.

Shen Qingqiu calmly said, "If I tell you I'm not doing good in the Qing Jing Peak, what would you do? Would you get me into Qiong Ding Peak just like when you stepped in to get me into Qing Jing Peak?"

Yue Qingyuan thought about it and answered seriously, "If that's what you want."

Shen Qingqiu snorted, "Of course it isn't. I want to become the Head Disciple, would you give me that position? Would you let me become the Sect Leader?"

He concluded, "Qing Jing Peak is the second ranked peak of the twelve anyway, I'm better off waiting to get that seat."

Yue Qingyuan sighed, "Why are you always like this, Xiao Jiu...?"

When he heard that name a shudder ran through his body and he became agitated beyond measure, "Don't call me that!"

Among the Qing generation, Shen Qingqiu was considered quick-witted and resourceful and the Peak Lord was rather fond of him. Thus he was made his successor, despite him entering the sect later and not having a better foundation than to the others. After a Peak Lord gave his Head Disciple a name, the disciple's original one was fully discarded.

Back then, when Qiu Jianluo would force him to learn how to read and write, Shen Jiu would refuse to study, deeply detesting it. Yet it was only thanks to his ability to read and learn the lessons by heart that his intelligence could now stand out amongst the others, gaining him the favour of the Qing Jing Peak Peak Lord. The bigger joke was that with so many names in the world the Peak Lord had ended up giving him the name "Qiu".

No matter how laughable, or how it made him gnash his teeth, Shen Qingqiu wouldn't turn it down. This name represented a new beginning: an opportunity to depart from his past.

Shen Qingqiu, putting his mind back in order, responded smiling, "Hearing that name just now made me upset. It has been so long I forgot about it. Please, Zhangmen-shixiong, forget about it too."

Yue Qingyuan said, "Can I take it that the moment you willingly answer me after I called you this way, your anger will be gone?"

"....." Shen Qingqiu sneered, "That will never happen. Yue Qingyuan, I'll repeat it again: don't let me hear that name again."

5.

In the end, Shen Qingqiu's impatience won and he went up to the Qiong Ding Peak.

Shen Qingqiu was always avoiding going to Qiong Ding Peak and if he could he would rather not meet up with Yue Qingyuan.

And so, for this reason, the Annual Twelve Peak Martial Arts Meeting was always incredibly troublesome for him.

The twelve peaks of Cang Qiong Sect had a fixed rank that had nothing to do with the peak's actual strength. The disciples, rather than ranked by their seniority, were ranked in the order by which the sect's Peak Lords of the first generation originally made a name for themselves. Later generations of Peak Lords addressed each other according to those original ranks, instead of by the order by which they joined the sect. So, even if he entered the sect well after Liu Qingge, Qing Jing Peak was ranked second, only below Qiong Ding Peak, while Bai Zhan Peak was ranked seventh; and for this reason Liu Qingge had no choice but to grit his teeth and call him "shixiong".

Yet, this ranking also meant that Qiong Ding and Qing Jing Peaks' disciples would always be lined up next to each other, and the head

disciples couldn't help but stand next to each other.

Yue Qingyuan, who couldn't catch him at any other time, would hold tight to this opportunity and ask him all sorts of questions; from important things like the progress of his cultivation, to minor ones like if he had been eating well or if he had warm clothes for the winter, he would just chatter on endlessly. But even if all the pestering got on his nerves, Shen Qingqiu wasn't stupid enough to embarrass the Sect Leader's Head Disciple in public. Yue Qingyuan asked him twenty questions and he replied to one, distancing himself without being disrespectful. In his head, he'd run over the cultivation method he had read the night before and plan out different matters.

Every year, this was the funniest scene to watch in the martial arts meeting. The two of them might not be aware of it, but before the start of the meeting many disciples would just watch the two head disciples as one acted out of character and ignored the solemn silence around, whispering on and on, and the other remaining absent-minded, not even glancing at him and going "Hm. Hm. Ah. Ah." This became the only entertainment during the tediously long opening speech.

So, when Shen Qingqiu took the initiative to go up to Qiong Ding Peak, Yue Qingyuan wasn't the only one amazed, almost every disciple there wanted to beat some drums and gongs and call everyone to come watch the show.

But Shen Qingqiu had no intention of having a good chat and much less being a performance monkey for them. As soon as he asked for permission to go to the Lingxi caves he hurried away.

The Lingxi caves had an abundance of spiritual energy and were completely cut off from the outside world. As Shen Qingqiu stepped foot inside his expression became more and more overcast.

The time he spent wasting away under Qiu Jianluo and Wu Yanzi had severe effects over him that could not be disregarded

Yue Qingyuan was naturally the first one in the new generation of peak lords to form a golden core. Qi Qingqi and Liu Qingge broke through almost at the same time soon after. Even Shang Qinghua from An Ding Peak, that mediocre man, caught up to the others with great difficulty before officially taking his place.

The more anxious Shen Qingqiu was, the more stuck he became. He was on tenterhooks everyday, like he had swallowed down several pounds of cannon powder and they were burning up inside him into raging flames of fury. Looking like this, there was naturally no one who would dare to provoke him. Except that even if they didn't provoke him, that didn't mean Shen Qingqiu wouldn't get ticked off by them..

Luo Binghe had clearly been using the faulty cultivation manual he had given him and because of that he should have long ago trained himself into shedding blood from every orifice, his body should've burst apart and he should have perished. However, not only did that not happen but his cultivation kept steadily increasing!

He had told Ning Yingying time and time again to stay far away from Luo Binghe, yet he caught sight of them whispering to each other everyday!

Shen Qingqiu was terribly suspicious, always thinking that everyone was going behind his back, talking about how he was incapable of forming a core, refusing to accept his position and secretly thinking of shady ways to replace him..

He was going into seclusion to the Lingxi Caves, now; he had to succeed at last.

As Shen Qingqiu sat on a stone platform, his mind was still full of disorderly thoughts and his body was covered in cold sweat as he tried to control himself in vain. His Qi became obstructed, his eyes dazed. The spiritual power in his veins suddenly started to run amok.

This wasn't a trivial matter. He panicked, hurriedly sitting back and trying to control his thoughts. He suddenly felt someone approaching him from behind.

Shen Qingqiu's hair stood on end. He quickly raised Xiu Ya, unsheathing it halfway and sharply exclaiming: "Who's there?!"

A hand gently pressed down on his shoulder.

"It's me."

Shen Qingqiu didn't say anything.

Yue Qingyuan kept transferring spiritual energy to him, in hopes of calming down the chaotic energy rampaging inside of him, "I'm sorry, Shidi. Your state of mind just now was unstable, I frightened you."

Shen Qingqiu had just been scared because of his own delusions, which made him want to hear others expose it even less. He spoke angrily, "Frightened? Me?! Zhangmen Shixiong, isn't it that you never come into seclusion at the Lingxi Caves? Why do you have to come snatch my place the minute I come here?!"

Yue Qingyuan said, "It's not that I never came here... I've been here before, too."

Shen Qingqiu was baffled, "Who cares if you've been here?"

Yue Qingyuan sighed, "Shidi, could you refrain from speaking and focus on calming down the transferred Qi?"

The light had gone out, but in the distance a faint flame was ignited. Shen Qingqiu had still been thinking of talking back before catching a clear view of the secluded cave he had picked. Horror seized him and he blurted out, "Did someone fight to death in here?"

There were traces all over the cave's wall indicating it had been hacked at with a blade, like scars piled upon scars on a person's face. It was ferocious and terrifying.

Yue Qingyuan said from behind him, "No. Fighting is allowed inside the Lingxi Caves."

Other than the sword marks, there were also large areas stained with dark red blood.

Some seemed as if a sharp blade had been used to puncture a body making the blood spurt up. Others seemed as if someone once rammed their head on the rock to kowtow, begging for something time after time until it left a mark.

Shen Qingqiu stared at the nearly black bloodstains, “Then... Did someone die here?”

Yue Qingyuan had never before been as silent as this. When the two of them got together, usually Yue would do anything to chatter away. Shen Qingqiu was very much unused to such silence and goosebumps rose all over his body, “... Yue Qingyuan?”

Yue Qingyuan spoke, “I’m here.”

Shen Qingqiu said, “Then why didn’t you say anything?”

Yue Qingyuan said, “Maybe because I’m afraid shidi will find it annoying if I continue speaking?”

Shen Qingqiu snorted, “ Oh, so you finally realized you are extremely annoying?”

He didn’t want to return to the silence in the dark, so he had no choice but to reluctantly continue the topic, “I heard the Lingxi caves are sometimes used to confine disciples who went into Qi Deviation or sunk into evil. Do you think it was something like that?”

After a good while Yue Qingyuan uttered a faint “hm”, neither agreeing or disagreeing.

Shen Qingqiu felt put out by his answer. He stared with narrowed eyes at the wall for a while, before concluding, “Looks like they really wanted to get out. They struggled for quite a while before dying.”

If this was the blood of a single man and they hadn't died, their life had at least been hanging by string.

Shen Qingqiu suddenly felt that Yue Qingyuan's hand on his shoulder didn't feel right. He was alarmed, "What's wrong with you?"

A long while passed before Yue Qingyuan simply said, "Nothing."

Shen Qingqiu shut up.

He couldn't see Yue Qingyuan's expression behind him, but he could feel him transfer his spiritual power through his hand; it was quivering faintly.

6.

When Shen Qingqiu woke up, he could feel his wounds had been tended to. He no longer felt as if he was hanging between life and death nor did he feel the burning pain from before.

He opened his eyes with a struggle. There was a figure beside him kneeling on the ground. His head hung low as he examined Shen Qingqiu's condition.

The black hem of his robe was spread out over the white stone floor, and he held down a simple and unadorned longsword. There were already several empty upturned medicine bottles around him.

The sword was Xuan Su. The person was of course Yue Qingyuan. His usually handsome and gentle face was now ashen and exhausted. Yue Qingyuan was the only one who would still come to see him at this point.

Shen Qingqiu opened his mouth, his voice sounding hoarse, "How did you get in here?"

Luo Binghe was fixated on not giving him a moment of respite, so why did he allow Yue Qingyuan to enter the Water Prison to help and give Shen Qingqiu some relief?

When Yue Qingyuan saw he could still speak he let out a sigh of relief. He held his hand and said in a low voice, “Don’t speak. Focus on gathering your Qi.”

He wanted to transmit his own spiritual energy to Shen Qingqiu to help heal his wounds faster. This time, Shen Qingqiu didn’t shake him off, because inside he thought: “That’s right, he’s still a Sect Leader. Luo Binghe and the old man from Hua Huan Palace are unyielding, but they also have to watch their reputation and show a little courtesy.”

Nevertheless, it must have cost him a lot to get in there.

The spiritual energy streamed through his wounds painfully almost as if a thick needle was stabbing through them. Shen Qingqiu clenched his teeth and bore it, hatefully laughing, “That little bastard Luo Binghe sure has quite a few tricks.”

Yue Qingyuan sighed when he heard the deep-rooted malice in his voice.

Yue Qingyuan wasn’t actually fond of sighing, but Shen Qingqiu would always inevitably put him in that sort of humour.

He said in an exhausted voice, “... Shidi. The situation has already reached this point and you still won’t ponder over your mistakes? Not even a little bit?”

Even if his teeth were knocked out, he would just swallow down the blood – Shen Qingqiu would never admit his mistakes. Especially if it was in front of Yue Qingyuan, where he would never consider yielding. Shen Qingqiu spoke viciously, “what were my mistakes? Zhangmen Shixiong, please tell me, is Luo Binghe not a bastard? You just wait. He won’t be satisfied with me alone. If in the future the cultivation world is swept in a storm by him, my only mistake would have been that i didn’t outright kill him in the first place.”

Yue Qingyuan shook his head. He had already expected this answer and hadn’t thought he’d be able to talk sense into him. Was there any point in admonishing him now? It was already useless.

He suddenly asked, “Did you really murder Liu-Shidi?”

Shen Qingqiu didn’t want to look at Yue Qingyuan’s face as he asked him that.

Yet he couldn’t help but raise his head and glimpse at his expression.

He paused before violently yanking his hand from Yue Qingyuan’s grip and sitting up.

Yue Qingyuan spoke, “You always used to say you’d kill him one day. Yet I never thought you really would.”

Shen Qingqiu asked coldly, “You are only thinking about this now? The dead are already dead, Zhangmeng Shixiong, you’re coming to criticize me now? Isn’t it already a bit too late? You are still thinking about sorting out the sect?”

“I’m not qualified to criticize you,” answered Yue Qingyuan.

Both his expression and his eyes looked extraordinarily peaceful. This serenity inexplicably shamed Shen Qingqiu into rage, “What do you mean by that?!”

“Shidi, have you ever considered it? If you hadn’t treated Luo Binghe the way you did back then, none of this would have happened.”

Shen Qingqiu couldn’t help but laugh.

“Zhangmen Shixiong, why are you blurting out such hysterical things right now? What happened, happened. I’ve ‘pondered over it’ more than a thousand times. There aren’t any ‘ifs’ or ‘back thens’ — there’s no way to fix it!”

Yue Qingyuan raised his head slightly.
Shen Qingqiu knew he was sticking a knife in his chest and at first he was endlessly delighted by it. But seeing him dazedly kneeling on the ground, looking blankly at him, his composed and calm appearance gone as if he

had aged many years in the wink of an eye, a strange feeling rose in his heart.

It was most likely pity.

“Mount Tai collapsed but his expression didn’t change.” That was the always calm and composed Cang Qiong’s Sect Leader Yue. But at that moment he cut such a sorry figure, so unguarded. He really invoked pity.

This pity suddenly dispersed all that had been pent up in Shen Qingqiu’s heart for so many years.

He had a happy thought: Yue Qingyuan had truly done everything that was humanly possible to help him.

Even if there was still some guilt in his heart, he should long ago have made up for it.

Shen Qingqiu spoke, “Leave. I’m telling you, even if everything was redone from the beginning, the outcome would be the same. My mind is frightening and cruel, filled with grudges. Luo Binghe doesn’t want me to have a peaceful death and I only have myself to blame for that.”

Yue Qingyuan asked, “Does your heart still hold resentment?”

Shen Qingqiu laughed loudly, “I want to see others down, only then will I be happy. What do you think?”

Yue Qingyuan lifted his sword with both of his hands handing it to him, “If there’s still resentment in you, unseath Xuan Su. Take my life.”

Shen Qingqiu tittered, “Sect Leader Yue, do you want me to kill you in here? Do you think the amount of charges Luo Binghe has against me are still not enough? What’s more, who do you think you are? Killing you will clear all the resentment in me? I am beyond redemption, I resent all. Please don’t blame me for mocking you, Sect Leader Yue. The way you’re acting like you’re a panacea is really blowing your own trumpet way too hard.”

He was openly humiliated, but Yue Qingyuan refused to listen to lower his hands. Instead he seemed to have gathered enough courage to call out to him, “Xiao Jiu, I...”

“Don’t call me that!” Shen Qingqiu shouted.

Yue Qingyuan took a long time to lower his hands. He held Shen Qingqiu’s hand once more, transferring his spiritual energy to alleviate the pain of his wounds.

It seemed his courage had scattered. Yue Qingyuan didn’t open his mouth to speak from then on.

Finally, Shen Qingqiu said, “Thank you for your kindness, Zhangmen Shixiong. Now go. Don’t appear before me again.”

Yue Qingyuan picked up Xuan Su once more, tying it to his waist. He then slowly walked away, as Shen Qingqiu had wished.

If you can escape the disaster, run as far away as you can, Sect Leader Yue.

From now on, never again entangle yourself with another creature like Shen Qingqiu.

7.

Shen Qingqiu stared at the dungeon’s entrance with his one remaining eye. He didn’t know for how many days he had been staring at it when Luo Binghe finally came.

Even in the dark and damp dungeon, Luo Binghe looked as elegant and refined as always, unsoiled by a single speck of dust. As he walked, stepping on the condensed filth on the ground, he spoke, clear and elegant:

“Sect Leader Yue really did show up as agreed. I truly want to thank you, Shizun, for your beautiful grief-stricken, blood-written letter. Without it, this disciple of yours could never have succeeded so easily. Originally, I had thought of bringing back Sect Leader Yue’s corpse for you to see it, but

what could be done? The arrows' poison was too strong; when I approached and gave Sect Leader Yue a light touch, he... Ah, I was forced to bring back his sword instead, think of it as his remains, Shizun."

Luo Binghe was certainly deceiving him.

Luo Binghe's mouth was packed with lies, he was a treacherous and shameless little liar. This was surely another trick, some scheme to fool him.

Luo Binghe grabbed the chair beside him and sat down. That was the seat of honour from where he had watched Shen Qingqiu wailing and shrieking miserably in the past. He blew the steaming cup of tea he held, the tea leaves floating and sinking, and commented, "Xuan Su was a fine sword indeed, deserving of its heroic name. It was a good match for Sect Leader Yue. There is also something quite mysterious in this sword. Sect Leader Yue's cultivation truly widened my view of the world, Shizun, you will be enjoying the remainder of your days here. If you are feeling bored, you can carefully ponder over this sword. It is truly fascinating."

Shen Qingqiu didn't understand.

After so long the two men had stood together in Huan Hua Palace's Water Dungeon. Shen Qingqiu had been harsh and vicious, making cutting remarks as was his forte. He told Yue Qingyuan to leave and Yue Qingyuan had left. Shen Qingqiu didn't think he would return because of the letter. Anyone who was thinking straight wouldn't just walk into that undisguised trap.

He still didn't understand.

There's no way he would come, right?

Luo Binghe was quite satisfied with how the events unfolded. He smiled and said, "oh, that's right; Shizun, your blood written letter was deeply moving, but it was scribbled much too sloppily. After all, you were under a lot of pain and just going through the motions for my sake, your disciple

understands. So to show your sincerity, I especially enclosed two other things along with it.”

Shen Qingqiu understood it then. Those “other things” were the two legs that had once been his.

This was just hysterical.

Once he had waited day and night for that man to come for him and he never did. Now that he hadn’t wanted him to come for him at all that’s when he came.

The corners of Shen Qingqiu’s lips turned up in a cold smile, “Ah. Ahah. Yue Qingyuan, Yue Qingyuan, ah!”

Luo Binghe’s original joyful mood strangely soured when he heard him laugh.

“Why are you laughing?” he asked softly.

Shen Qingqiu took no notice of him, he just kept laughing. Luo Binghe’s proud expression disappeared and he fixed him with rapt attention as he said, “Do you think feigning madness will help you, Shen Qingqiu?”

Shen Qingqiu said each word markedly, “Luo Binghe. You’re a bastard, do you know that?”

There was a sudden silence.

Luo Binghe stared at him and Shen Qingqiu stared straight back.

Suddenly, one corner of Luo Binghe’s lips ticked up. His right hand stroked Shen Qingqiu’s left shoulder. He squeezed it.

A blood-curdling, ear-piercing shriek resounded.

Blood gushed out of the ripped hole in Shen Qingqiu’s right arm like a waterfall. He screamed as he laughed, gasping for air as he spoke, “Luo Binghe, ahahah... Luo Binghe, you...”

Cruelly abusing Shen Qingqiu was always a great pleasure for Binghe. Shen Qingqiu's screams satisfied him to the point of ascension. Yet this time, for some unknown reason, Luo Binghe didn't feel that joy.

His chest rose and fell in an increasingly ferocious way. He kicked Shen Qingqiu over, kicking him around the floor time and again until blood covered the ground.

Back when Luo Binghe had torn off his legs, it had also seemed as if he was just pulling off a bug's legs. The pain that came after it was hellish, yet it didn't feel real.

Contrary to what would be expected, Shen Qingqiu's words were uncluttered and well enunciated, "Luo Binghe, all that you have today, you should bow to me for bestowing it to you. Why don't you thank me? Can't you see when someone does you good? You're really an ungrateful bastard, ahahah..."

Luo Binghe's fury simmered down suddenly. He smiled coldly and answered softly, "Do you want to die? Nothing I have was achieved easily. Shizun, your whole life has been steeped in immorality. You bring harm to those you resent and bear grudges against, and you bring harm even when you weren't wronged and bear no hatred. You are already halfway to death's door and you managed to bring along a sect leader. If you don't die slowly and bear the suffering of all those people, how would it be fair to them?"

With a wave of his hand he threw the broken Xuan Su to the floor.

Hearing that sound, Shen Qingqiu laughter ceased abruptly, as if an invisible blade had severed it.

His hair was in a disarray, his face was covered with blood and there was a shine in his eye similar to a bright fire lit in the night. He trembled and shivered as he shifted towards the broken sword.

He was already dead.

Only this sword remained.

The Luo Binghe who stood in front of him was created by him alone.
Was this ending also created by him?

Yue Qingyuan should never have had this sorry fate.

Because of a decades late old agreement he fulfilled that useless promise.

The sword is broken, the person is dead.

It shouldn't be like this.

A thread of blood stretched out, moving closer until it was just about to meet another and tie. It missed and coiled back.

It broke.

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Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Buri of BC Novels.
- This is part 2 of 2.
- I cried a little bit when I read it again today.
- I posted the news on the front page of BC Novels but, in case you missed it, a new animation trailer for the Scum Villain adaptation (official English title is "Scumbag System") has been released. Looks like might be out this summer.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 92 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

Extra: Airplane’s Fortuitous Encounter – Part Three

(Previous chapters) [Part One](#) [Part Two](#)

This translation is by Lily (BC Novels) at [bcnovels dot com](#)

Before his words had fallen, he was solidly peeled off the cart and thrown to the ground.

His body, fallen right in front of Mobei-Jun’s boots; his sword, still half-stuck in its sheath; his heart, hadn’t quite decided whether or not to draw his sword.

Mobei-Jun sneered, an ice-cold glint of blue flashing through his eyes. No sooner said than done, Shang Qinghua threw himself over to hug his thighs with a plop.

All his Shixiong: “= =”

Mobei-Jun: “= =”

Shang Qinghua fell to one knee. “My king, please let me follow you the rest of my life!”

Mobei-Jun wanted to fling him off with a kick, but Shang Qinghua’s adhesive ability was too strong. He wanted to kill him with a blow, but that was even more difficult. Just like a gecko clinging to the wall, he nimbly crawled back and forth, but still managed to stay stuck firmly to his thighs.

He couldn’t help but blaze in anger.

Seeing this incredible feat of stickiness, all the An Ding Peak outer disciples were overjoyed. Throwing down their goods, they flew into escape. Shang Qinghua was just cursing them soundly in his heart when, not three seconds later, all he could hear was a field of screams.

Tens of strands of ice, thin as silk, pierced through their chests. In a mad dance of silver light, droplets of blood flew in all directions.

Seeing this, Shang Qinghua's grip on Mobei-Jun's thighs became as strong as steel. He started to chatter incessantly, "My king, please accept me. I'm very useful!"

Mobei-Jun seemed to have tilted his body. "Oh? What use are you?"

"I can serve tea, carry water, wash clothes, fold blankets... no."

Shang Qinghua considerably analyzed for him: "You see my king, I can serve you as an undercover agent in Cang Qiong Mountain, pass on intelligence, and realize the magnificent feat of unifying the Demon Race with the Human Realm."

Mobei-Jun laughed. "An outer disciple, and an An Ding Peak outer disciple at that. With you as a spy, what year and month could you realize the magnificent feat of unifying the Demon Race with the Human Realm?"

Shang Qinghua said, embarrassed, "Don't discriminate by peak, that isn't very nice."

Why does even the Demon Race discriminate against them on this basis? And the discrimination against "An Ding Peak" even surpassed that against being an "outer disciple"... I can't take it, I really can't take it!

Right when he was weeping bitter tears, tangled and impossible to unravel, desperately fighting for a future, completely without warning, Mobei-Jun——fell to the ground.

Shang Qinghua was still hugging his thighs, and when Mobei-Jun fell he was almost squashed right under him. He hurriedly let go.

He crouched for a while in a daze, suddenly coming to his senses——did Mobei-Jun come here injured?

No wonder his expression was so ugly and his temper was so high, this easy to push over!

Did he accidentally poke one of his wounds with a slip of his hand? Sometimes a slip of the hand is an advantage!

Shang Qinghua cautiously moved over, examining him carefully.

Just as expected, there was a thin wound the length of a finger on Mobei-Jun's lower waist, roughly over his right kidney. A sharp corner of something gold poked out from inside the wound. He could vaguely see that it was forged from gold threads, an intricate piece of handiwork in the shape of the edge of a flower petal.

So coquettish and cultured, it was Huan Hua Palace's Ling Hua dart, that's right!

This type of weapon was one of the nonsense details Airplane-juju had cooked up on the fly as a writer. The body of the dart was light and thin and coated with a bit of anaesthetic. It was very difficult for its targets to discover the object breaching their body. If they moved too much, the dart would magnificently "blossom," growing six sharp flower petals to cut the internal organs of its target.

Doesn't this sound a bit familiar? Doesn't it seem like it was created as a set with some type of Demon Realm organism? It doesn't matter, easy enough to do, this thing which could be called a Ling Hua dart was created by some Huan Hua Palace elder who had escaped from the Demon Realm by the skin of their teeth, based on that strange organism called "Qing Si". In short, no need to worry about this sort of fine detail!

Background narration complete, let's rip ourselves back to the main topic.

That is to say, this pure-blooded second-generation demon who very well might beat him to death with a single strike in the future, not only had his kidney poked through by Huan Hua Palace but was also seriously anesthetized.

It seems like Mobei-Jun had just killed his way out of Huan Hua Palace's encirclement charm. The Demon Race held their grudges for a long time, and the Mobei clan had an old grievance with Huan Hua Palace. Huan Hua Palace being the sect with the most deaths and injuries at the siege on the Immortal Alliance Conference was precisely Mobei-Jun's retaliation against them. It connected seamlessly with Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky's outline.

Shang Qinghua muttered back and forth in his heart, a mischievous giggle on his face. He looked around on the ground for a while before finding a stone about half the size of a head and hefted it, quite heavy.

One, two, three, he got in position to smash it on Mobei-Jun's closed-eyed head.

The System didn't offer any warning hints or prohibiting alerts.

Shang Qinghua relaxed. There's no warning, that's to say: Okay to kill!

"My king ah, my king, this is the will of Heaven, don't blame me." With a completely insincere prayer, his hand rose and the stone fell!

——and braked to a halt, right in front of Mobei-Jun's arguably perfect nose.

In fact, this character of Mobei-Jun held an unusual significance to him.

It could be said, that Mobei-Jun was the type of man Airplane-juju dreamed of becoming. Strong, cool, following his own way, like every little kid's childhood dream of becoming Ultraman.

How could he apathetically watch on as he killed Ultraman with his own hands!

Shang Qinghua whimpered for a while.

After he finished, he had a completely shameless thought: It's fine if he just doesn't watch, right?

So, he turned his head, raising the stone up high.

——No he still can't do it.

Shang Qinghua threw aside the cumbersome murder weapon with a plop. His eyes shining with emotion, his whole body nearly fell on top of Mobei-Jun.

He can't, he can't, the more he looks the more he feels this face is too demonically handsome.

In truth, in his innermost heart, Bing-ge's type of fair and clear pretty-boy appearance didn't really suit his tastes. Airplane Flying Towards the Sky-juju only gave the protagonist this sort of configuration to complete his stallion hardware facilities, stallions also had to be planted with some science behind them. And the scientific research was clear, women preferred the cultured and pretty, even a bit soft and feminine male appearance.

Protagonists couldn't avoid getting blasted, it could be said that Bing-ge had three parts fans to five parts haters. But Mobei-Jun was not the same. Supporting characters always attracted a lot of love, and Mobei-Jun had practically never gotten hated on.

This character was created completely according to his own tastes. Because he was a character secretly favored by the author, Mobei-Jun embodied Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky's scholarly aesthetic of the ideal fellow man. Don't ask why Luo Binghe didn't embody his ideal man, Luo Binghe's use was primarily to fulfill his desire to play cool and slap faces, as well as his desire for wanton (this section ought to be crossed out).

Even the young Mobei-Jun of the present, not yet fully-grown, was completely in line with "Eyes deep as night, nose straight and high, full of

heroic spirit, icily arrogant beyond compare”, those sixteen words describing his true aesthetic.

This was the beautiful man he dreamed of in his heart!

The stone murder weapon lifted and lowered, lowered and lifted. Shang Qinghua (after transmigration) was faced with a difficult life-and-death choice for the first time in his life.

Finally, Shang Qinghua decided: Time to rent a room!

He arrived at the inn to rent a room... no, a resting house.

This place was a field of dead bodies. Shang Qinghua hesitated a bit, then poured that pile of Qing Jing Peak's heavy and useless nuisances clean off the cart like a pile of garbage. He lifted Mobei-Jun up, face-down, covering that face that would make him lose control every time he looked at it.

He couldn't return to Cang Qiong Mountain for the time being. On that side, no one would realize anything was amiss so quickly because this trip was anticipated to last seven days, of which only two had passed.

To stand steadfast by this demonic young heir and protect him when he was weakened by a sneak attack, how wonderful an opportunity to garner some goodwill. Comforting himself with this reasoning, Shang Qinghua huffed and puffed, pushing that large flatbed cart towards the city.

To rent the room, Shang Qinghua spent the secret stash of money he had been saving these last few years.

At this time, he was only an ordinary, mediocre outer disciple, he didn't have any authority to manage accounts or draw from the sect coffers. Renting a room was already stretching the limits of his economic ability. So, as a matter of course, it was a single room. So, as a matter of course, there was only one bed. Who this bed belonged to, was also a matter of course.

Of course, it was for himself!

Spread out like a starfish, Shang Qinghua sprawled on the bed like a corpse. After he had finished stretching out his muscles and bones, he crawled up and carried Mobei-Jun onto the bed.

This was necessary. Mobei-Jun was already in a bad mood and high temper after being injured. If he awoke to find himself lying on the ground or scrunched into a chair, could Shang Qinghua still keep his life? Of course, he wouldn't consider his benefactor in the situation before awarding him with an icicle through the chest .

When they were passing by a medicine stand just then, Shang Qinghua had bought a bit of such-and-such ointment. With the Demonic Race's unusually strong vitality, he could just toss him there and ignore him and no matter how large a hole would gradually close. However, since he had decided to hug some thighs, he knew he had to discard all reservations to display his sincerity. As a self-proclaimed proper subordinate, Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky-juju looked down on hypocrites who claimed to be hugging thighs but were just putting on an act! He boldly dug out a large lump, shoving it into the hole in Mobei-Jun's kidney until it was more or less closed, then flipped him over, arranging his hands palms-together in a Sleeping Beauty pose. After admiring this perfect face he had modeled after his mind's ideal, he pillowed his head on his arms and fell asleep on the outer side of the bed.

The summer night was stifling hot. Even with the window open, not a wisp of cooling breeze flowed in.

After tossing and turning for half the night, he finally managed to doze off when someone suddenly shoved him to the ground with a kick to the butt.

Shang Qinghua was almost frightened to death by this kick.

He tumbled and darted under the table, hesitantly turning his head in a panic. Mobei-Jun sat straight up on the bed, eyes shining blue like an overcharged battery about to explode.

Shang Qinghua had long thought up his lines. Full of expressive tone, he beat his chest and stomped his feet, saying, “My king, you’re finally awake _____”

Mobei-Jun didn’t move an inch, coldly gazing at him.

Shang Qinghua: “Do you still remember who I am?”

The other didn’t respond. Shang Qinghua didn’t feel a bit of embarrassment, still delightedly considering the possibility of amnesia. He barreled on: “Now that, we met on the small road just then. I said I would follow you for the rest of my life, my king, as your...”

Mobei-Jun cut him off. “What were you holding me for just now.”

“... close like a little padded jacket...” Shang Qinghua started. “What did you say? I did what to you just now?”

“You were holding me.”

A sudden realization, thunder from a clear sky.

This damn heat was like baking in a furnace, and it turns out Mobei-Jun’s body temperature was cold. In the bleariness of sleep, he had subconsciously moved towards the cooler side, and the closer he got the cooler and more comfortable. No wonder he had dreamed of a giant popsicle, happily wrapping his four limbs right around like an octopus, licking and crying happy tears.

Shang Qinghua carefully peeked at Mobei-Jun’s face and neck. Seeing no peculiar shine of water, he couldn’t resist letting out an ‘Ah mi tuo fo’. He cautiously said, “Your body was ice-cold, I was afraid you weren’t going to make it, so I was holding you.”

Hearing this, Mobei-Jun scoffed. “Moron. I’m naturally like this, the colder my body the better. I’m not a human, where cold means nearing death.”

Shang Qinghua was carefully watching his words and expression the whole time. Seeing his expression soften, a smile immediately spread across his face. Just when he was about to slither out from under the table like a snake crawling up the stick used to strike it, Mobei-Jun suddenly recovered his icy-cold demeanor. “You just try making another move.”

Shang Qinghua immediately lost the courage to move, pathetically holding a wooden leg, rolled into a ball like a hamster under the table.

Mobei-Jun said, “What is your goal?”

Shang Qinghua said shamelessly, “I don’t really have a goal, I just want to follow you for the rest of my life.”

Mobei-Jun acted as if he didn’t hear. “You’re an An Ding Peak outer disciple.”

Nowadays, Shang Qinghua always felt that whenever anyone stressed those three words “An Ding Peak”, it carried an overtone of prejudice. For fear that Mobei-Jun would deem himself useless and do away with him right away, he poked out his head. “My king, listen to me, I’m still young, I still have opportunities to rise in status...”

“Go back!”

Shang Qinghua hurriedly retreated back to safety.

Satisfied with this distance, Mobei-Jun said, “You assisting me, is it for those ‘opportunities to rise in status’?”

Sure enough, he was proud and arrogant. He didn’t use “save”, this rather weak verb, but changed it to “assist”, this wording carrying an overtone of subordination. Shang Qinghua laughed mischievously, playing dumb.

“No”? The credibility of this response was less than 3%. “Yes”? Mobei-Jun rather looked down upon this type of spineless subordinate. This was the reason the original didn’t think twice about killing the original goods Shang Qinghua, because he had never planned on letting him live in the

first place. How could he shamelessly admit that he did it just to chase up his goodwill stat?

Fortunately, Mobei-Jun had long come to a conclusion, a label of “greedy for life, afraid of death, slippery boot-licker, sect sellout” had been slapped onto Shang Qinghua’s head. He didn’t need him to respond, only letting out a cold snort and lying down again.

Shang Qinghua waited for a long time, not moving another step.

Had he gotten a concession from him for the time being? Or... did he faint again??

In the end, Shang Qinghua still didn’t dare to rashly approach and nestled under the table, making do for the night.

After tossing and turning for half the night, upon waking for the morning, Shang Qinghua officially began a busy day of being the cow and acting as the horse.

In that morning alone, Shang Qinghua worked hard without complaint to run up and down more than twenty times, changing the water in the bathtub seven or eight times.

This water was to help Mobei-Jun heal his wounds. Soaking in water would be better for this ice-powered uncle after all. But before he soaked for a whole hour, a perfectly-good tub of warm water would turn into icy slush. Shang Qinghua huddled in the corner, chewing on some rations he had with him while watching Mobei-Jun undress, feeling both extreme envy and extreme admiration for that figure and those abs he yearned for in his dreams.

As he watched, he suddenly realized Mobei-Jun had stopped, staring at him, a not quite happy look on his face.

Shang Qinghua chewed a couple of times, hurriedly eating a few extra bites, just in case Mobei-Jun suddenly demanded he hand over his rations.

Mobei-Jun asked, “You’re very idle?”

Shang Qinghua said hurriedly, “Not salty, this one is sweet.”

He didn’t have the chance to eat a few more bites before a few strips of black shadows hit him full in the face.

So, Shang Qinghua wasn’t idle any more, he had to go wash his newly-claimed master’s clothes.

That’s right, this young demonic heir had come out in this set, and now it was full of holes and blood and sweat, how could he wear it any longer? Of course, he had to sew and mend and wash and dry.

This low-fantasy xianxia world was precisely this unromantic, dismal, a reality of ten thousand evils!

Shang Qinghua swore, if he ever had the opportunity to change back to Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky-juju, his next book would be of the high-fantasy xuanhuan genre, the type where brains could be swallowed and science fed to the dogs. Weaving clouds into garments, trimming the moon into a belt, all manual labor could be resolved with the twitch of a finger, you’ll never again need the type of dismal existence like An Ding Peak!

Considerately patching up the hole in Mobei-Jun’s clothes near his kidney, wringing them dry and hanging them in the room, Shang Qinghua felt he had made a very good show of himself that day.

Since it was night, he thickened his face and crawled towards the bed, still carrying this mysterious self-confidence. Before he had gotten close to the bedside, history repeated itself, and he was kicked off again.

He sat on the ground, tears in both eyes, his voice trembling. “... My king, you won’t let me on the bed, what if in the night you’re cold, thirsty, hungry, want to turn over... what then?”

Mobei-Jun lifted an eyebrow and said, “Easily done.”

So, he ordered Shang Qinghua to find a strand of rope. One end tied on his finger, the other tied on Shang Qinghua's...

Finger?

How he be so fortunate, it was just his neck, nothing more.

Shang Qinghua laid on the ground like a corpse, thinking to himself this human is living a life worse than a fucking dog... the only comforting thought he could find was that at least Mobei-Jun wasn't some sort of pervert, the other end tied on his [BEEP-], that would really be inhuman treatment.

He passed four days like this, suffering every kind of torment, and Shang Qinghua really felt the days drag by like years. Even his nights were an unceasing nightmare.

Today, in the middle of the night, Shang Qinghua was sound asleep, dreaming again.

This time he dreamed he was in the real world, crying and weeping towards a computer screen. Beside him was a fiendish large man, holding a thorny cucumber like a rather hairy lower leg, fiercely thrashing his face, thrashing and roaring, "Everything you write is some cracked trash!"

Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky dodged the cucumber like his life depended on it, striving to explain himself. "I already haven't updated in very long. Cucumber bro, don't be like this!"

Peerless Cucumber: "Then why don't you quickly update!" Saying this, a loop of rope wrapped around his neck.

Suffering every sort of hardship, Shang Qinghua fought to awaken, only to find the rope still tightening around his neck. Following it with his gaze, Mobei-Jun was lying on the bed, mechanically pulling on the rope tied to his hand.

Shang Qinghua said dispiritedly, "My King, what do you want?"

Only after asking a couple of times did he discover that Mobei-Jun wasn't giving him a hard time on purpose. He was completely unconscious, just tossing and turning in extreme discomfort, blearily messing with the thing in his hand to vent his anger. As the unfortunate one with the rope around his neck, Shang Qinghua's eyeballs were almost squeezed out under the force of his pulls.

Mobei-Jun pursed his brow, still restlessly rolling back and forth. Shang Qinghua quietly tiptoed to his bedside. Seeing the shallow beads of sweat seeping from his smooth forehead and the wisps of hot air rising from his clothes, he understood.

Mobei-Jun's kidney looked like it was only a small wound, not anything alarming, but the true situation was a bit serious. It's just that he stubbornly tried to ride it through, refusing to say a word. In addition, it goes without saying that the ice demons hated hot weather the most. It was the height of summer, and maybe the wound was undergoing something similar to inflammation, even beginning to fester.

His kidney was healing this slowly, did he need some sort of renal aid to strengthen it a bit!

The Mobei clan just needed cold temperatures, if they didn't have cold temperatures they would have to make their own. Shang Qinghua muttered a "sleeping posture really so fucking bad", then accepted his fate and went out. Not hindered by the fact that knocking on doors in the middle of the night would be quite rude, he asked for two leaf fans, a basin of water, and two clean towels. He returned and wiped Mobei-Jun down, then placed a wet towel on his forehead. Taking up the leaf fans one in his left hand and one in his right, he fanned as though his life depended on it.

He fanned and yawned incessantly, fanning until his eyes were bleary. Half in a dream and half awake, he seemed to see that Mobei-Jun's eyes were open. Icy-blue pupils were bright and cold under the moonlight, like a pair of magnificent and eerie chrysoberyls.

This scene really was too frightening. Shang Qinghua shivered, opening his eyes wide to take a better look, but Mobei-Jun's eyes were clearly shut

tight.

Once he awakened, he realized there was a major problem.

Last night, Shang Qinghua had been dizzy from the heat. Waving and waving those leaf fans, he had managed to topple over on the bed and fall asleep. Too close, too close, thankfully Mobei-Jun was still asleep, if he woke up he might just kick his brains flying!

Shang Qinghua hurriedly jumped off the bed, laying down in that piece of territory he had claimed for himself beneath the headboard.

After a while, the bed frame began to creak lightly and Mobei-Jun finally sat up. Shang Qinghua hissed to himself, that was too close. If he had woken up a bit later, he'd be a blood splatter on the spot.

The next day, having gained King Mobei's gracious permission, he could finally see the light again, going out to talk a walk on the street.

In fact, he had hugged Mobei-Jun's thighs and wailed, "My king, I'm out of rations, my cultivation level isn't high enough that I can eat when I want and abstain when I don't, if you don't let me go out to buy rations, I'll starve to death and I'm afraid my corpse would stink up the room for you..."

He bought a bowl of thin congee to drink from the shop at the street corner. The congee was clear as water. Lowering his head and seeing a glimpse of his reflection, he had a wan and sallow appearance like he had been trampled, a chrysanthemum battered by the rain.

Just when he was wallowing in his wretched misery, he heard someone call "Shidi" from behind. Turning to look, he saw four or five young men, exuding a cool immortal aura, sleeves and hems fluttering in the breeze, shouldering long swords, solemnly walking towards him.

Comrades, his comrades from Cang Qiong Mountain Sect!

That's right, seven days had already passed, they had organized a group of people to come find him!

Shang Qinghua was moved to tears. Reaching out a trembling hand, he said, "Shixiong, Wei-shixiong!"

A smile filled the face of the leading youth. Two swords hung at his waist, one long one short, his sleeves billowing as if filled with a cool breeze. It was Wan Jian Peak's Wei Qingwei-shixiong. Seeing Shang Qinghua rush out to greet him, he raised a hand to meet him, moved. "X-shidi, you... what happened to you? How did you completely change into this state in the last few days since we met, you don't even look human!"

"..." Shang Qinghua choked back down a face full of hot tears, embarrassed. "That's probably because I'm not X-shixiong."

Right now he had only gotten a bit skinnier because he didn't have anything good to eat, what's with that 'don't even look human'? In addition, Wei-shixiong and you all, I've polished every sword in your Wan Jian Peak sword testing station at least three times, and every time you want me to sweep your rooms while I'm at it, and make your food while I'm at it, and also feed your pangolins, but you've forgotten my face this quickly!

Wei Qingwei said, "Can't you see I'm making a joke? What, is it not funny? Oh right, Shang-shidi, why are you all alone? Where are the others? Why did you delay your return, did something happen?"

"Uh Wei-shixiong, you really like to make these corny jokes. The others... the others..."

This sudden encounter was too unexpected, and Shang Qinghua couldn't make up a seamless story on short notice. He could only sway a couple of times, his face deathly pale, then fall to the ground with a plop.

Right now, he looked like his body couldn't hold up much longer, and absolutely no one would suspect if he faked a faint.

While he was playing dead, he sensed Wei Qingwei crouch down, poking his face a couple of times. The others said, “Shixiong, he fainted, what should we do?”

Wei Qingwei said, still poking, “What can we do, let’s drag him back first and figure it out then.”

Qiong Ding Peak.

Rows and rows of dead bodies were arranged outside the main hall. Other than Shang Qinghua, each of the An Ding Peak outer disciples who were sent to retrieve goods that day were lying there, not missing a single one.

Shang Qinghua kneeled in front of the bodies, tears pattering to the ground.

There was nothing to be done, it was difficult to get by in this cultivation world. Someone with no good innate ability like him really couldn’t do without well-developed tear glands. Or else he couldn’t put on an act of “heartbroken sorrow, can’t even speak clearly” in front of the Peak Lords just now.

After the Peak Lords had finished asking questions, they had gone inside the hall to discuss, the atmosphere serious and solemn. He suddenly heard the tinkling of sword tassel pendants bouncing against each other, a youth wearing Qing Jing Peak uniform slowly approaching.

This youth had snowy-fair skin, slender brows and eyes, pale lips, a somewhat harsh appearance. Black hair was neatly tied behind his head with a light green ribbon, holding a long sword in his arms. It was precisely that tyrant, that inauspicious star, a certain exotic flower from Qing Jing Peak, Proud Immortal Demon Way ’s scum villain par excellence of the generation——Shen Qingqiu.

After Shen Qingqiu finished examining the bodies, he asked indifferently, “Did that demon ask you to bring back some message, or some object?”

Shang Qinghua started. This superior had actually taken the initiative to speak with him, he felt overwhelmed by the favor. “No?”

Shen Qingqiu habitually raised his chin, often looking down his nose at others. Every time Shang Qinghua spoke with him, he felt he was sneering at him, though sneering didn’t really matter, he was already used to it...

Shen Qingqiu said, with an expression like a smile yet not. “Then that’s strange. Seven or eight people all died, if you don’t have some message to take to us why would you of all people be the only survivor?”

Shang Qinghua blinked his eyes, tears once again streaming down. “This... this...”

This time, Shen Qingqiu smiled for real. “Shang——Shidi. What was the reason you could escape unscathed and return to Cang Qiong Mountain?”

He absolutely could not give a careless response to these words.

This guy, the Shen Qingqiu of this world, worked according to his original setup. He wasn’t the same as those IQ 40, paper-thin cannon fodders, and he absolutely was not easy to deceive. If he blew his cover and struck back with a complaint, his undercover career would be over before it even began.

He smiled and played dumb for 30 seconds. Suddenly, the lightbulb on top of his head lit up, and right away he began to stammer, “This... it might be because...”

Because he didn’t hesitate a second to kneel?

Because he yelled “My King!” loud and sincere?

Because he brazenly abandoned all his dignity?

Shen Qingqiu waited patiently and got a fit of gut-wrenching coughs for his trouble.

Shang Qinghua coughed until tears poured from his eyes. Shen Qingqiu backed up a step, a shade of disgust on his face.

Everything has its weakness, see who I'll summon to come deal with you!

Sure enough, after five seconds, Yue Qingyuan's voice sounded out from behind them.

"Qingqiu-shidi, the behavior of the Demon Race has no law to speak of in the first place, and Shang-shidi only just managed to escape great catastrophe. Even if there are questions to ask, why not wait until he recovers a bit."

And he appears! The god-tier summon · do-gooder · future Sect Leader · Yue Qingyuan enters the battlefield!

Shang Qinghua silently began to count.

Shen Qingqiu raised his hand and said, "Fine, fine. If my words are unpleasant to hear, I won't say any more. Yue-shixiong, as you will."

1hit.

Yue Qingyuan said, "This time, our Shidi from An Ding Peak descended the mountain to help handle affairs for Qing Jing Peak in the first place, why must Shidi be so half-hearted in his sympathy and stingy in giving... Shang-shidi, why are you coughing harder and harder, do you need me to go call Qian Cao Peak's Mu-shidi to take a look at you?"

2hit. Shang Qinghua shook his head at Yue Qingyuan, shedding tears of gratitude. He continued to count.

Shen Qingqiu sneered, "The twelve peaks each oversee their own duties, each has their own expertise. An Ding Peak is supposed to do this in the first place, why must Yue-shixiong talk like they've been wronged in some way like An Ding Peak is the only one with things to do in Cang Qiong Mountain? Besides, don't tell me Shixiong believes they really do work

hard without complaint? That they don't curse us out behind our backs every day?"

3hit.

Yue Qingyuan's expression was unerringly patient from beginning to end. He was just about to respond when Shen Qingqiu cut him off. "Stop. Thank you for your instruction, Yue-shixiong, Qingqiu will continue to listen in the future. I'm going."

4hit. Get!

He just knew, if these two struck up a conversation, they would absolutely part on bad terms by the fifth sentence!

After Shen Qingqiu walked away, holding Xiu Ya, Yue Qingyuan finally turned around. "Shang-shidi, you've suffered a scare."

Shang Qinghua said hurriedly, "No no no..."

Compared to the exhaustion and exploitation he'd suffered these few days, a little scare was nothing at all!

The old man lost his horse, but it was a blessing in disguise. After this incident, maybe because the old An Ding Peak Lord wanted to appease Shang Qinghua or whatever, he was promoted to an official inner disciple.

Shang Qinghua sang happily the whole way, returning to the large common dormitory to pack up his things before arriving at An Ding Peak's highest-level Leisure House to report for duty.

That's right, you didn't read that wrong. On An Ding Peak, these disciples who ran around here and there all their lives like roughly-used servant girls lived in a dormitory called the "Leisure House".

Leisure my ass! Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky-juju swore he didn't come up with this name in the first place with any satirical overtone, but nowadays he felt the immense malice of this world every time saw these two words.

Shang Qinghua found his own small room. Exhausted in both body and mind, he persevered and laid out his bedding, turning to pour himself a cup of water. When he turned back around, someone else had already laid down in his bed.

In an utter cliché, the new teacup he had received from the steward's office dropped from his hands to the ground. His legs softened, nearly sitting his butt right down on the ground. "... My King."

Mobei-Jun turned, face towards him. He was expressionless, but his voice was cold as ice. "Following me the rest of your life, en?"

Shang Qinghua was going to cry in fright.

He even followed him back. He never thought... no, strictly speaking, it wasn't like he never thought—"Mysterious Phantom: Come and Go Like a Shadow", he had developed this special ability himself in the first place so Mobei-Jun could help Bing-ge kill people and set fires, move under cover of dark anywhere and anytime!

Shang Qinghua babbled nonstop, "My king, let me explain. That day as soon as I went outside, I just wanted to drink some congee and come back, but who knew, fate was fooling around with me, I ran into a familiar Shixiong. I was afraid he'd ask too many questions and I'd let something slip, and he'd take people to look for you, my king, and cause trouble, that wouldn't be good. In addition, your injuries weren't causing you serious trouble anymore, I thought it through from different angles and decided I had to endure disgrace for my mission and follow them back, from then on if I saw an opportunity I would..."

The hand Mobei-Jun was using to prop up his temple seemed to have gotten tired, and he switched to the other.

"They told you to return, and you just followed them back."

Shang Qinghua said, aggrieved, "So, what else could I have done? Refuse to submit unto death? Show my hand and fight? That wouldn't do, aside from the fact that I can't defeat them, the important thing is, I still had

to be an undercover agent for you, my King, how could I tear down my face for Cang Qiong Mountain this early?"

In the midst of this wildfire burst of enthusiasm, he struck while the iron was hot. "I report to my King, I've already become an inner disciple, isn't that showing ample drive? Doesn't that have a lot of upward potential? ..."

Kissing up. Kissing up to the extreme.

However, no matter how much he looked like he was kissing up on the surface, Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky-juju's inner heart was placid clouds and soft breezes. He always firmly believed:

1: There's a prime time for a real man to kneel (the order is right);

2: A real man does not easily cry, if he doesn't cry now then when would he.

These two major rules of life told him, in times of great need, kissing up a bit isn't anything remarkable. If you think about it another way, Mobei-Jun was a character he created, and as an author, he was equivalent to his own son. For a father to concede a bit to his own son, to show a bit of love, of course it wasn't anything remarkable. That so-called children are the debts parents owe from their previous lives...

Ping ping pang pang, after suffering another good beating, Shang Qinghua hugged his knees, crouching in the chair, adeptly using the Ah Q Spirit Technique to heal his wounds.

After stretching out his muscles and bones, Mobei-Jun laid back down on the bed, stretching out and turning his back towards Shang Qinghua. His voice was not loud or soft, carrying a hint of a hidden trap: "We'll continue tomorrow."

...

You fucking want to continue?!

Shang Qinghua had an urge to scream and shout, call down the entirety of Cang Qiong Mountain to accompany him to his death.

Reika's Notes:

- This chapter is by Lily of BC Novels.
- Regarding the “Ah Q Spirit Technique,” I think this is an allusion to “Story of Ah Q.” (Ref: <https://zh.wikipedia.org/wiki/%E9%98%BFQ>) Ah Q's technique referred to here is a sort of ironic/satiric way of comforting oneself with a meaningless “spiritual victory” in the face of adversity. It's kinda hard to explain. Basically, a loser's way of thinking.
- LOL @ the dream of Cucumber-bro! I think I laughed for a solid ten minutes at that.
- I think I've seen a fanart of chibi Shang Qinghua hiding under the table.
- Please let me know if there are any errors. Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 93 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

Extra: Airplane’s Fortuitous Encounter – Part Four

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Of course, the reason an urge was an urge was because it could usually be checked, and could not be carried out.

Not even removing his boots, Mobei-Jun laid down on his brand-new, not-once-slept-on bed. Shang Qinghua felt incomparably sick at heart.

“My King, this is Cang Qiong Mountain.”

A pillow full of strong destructive power flew over, striking Shang Qinghua and making him grimace in pain.

Shang Qinghua picked up the pillow, saying tactfully, “My King, this is my bed.”

Mobei-Jun stuck up a finger and waved it at him.

Noble and cool, he said one word: “Mine.”

Understood.

Because his whole person belonged to Mobei-Jun, his things also belonged to Mobei-Jun. Naturally, his bed also belonged to Mobei-Jun.

And as for the reverse, did it stand? At this time, the fat tiger theory should be applied: what’s yours is mine, what’s mine is still mine.

Shang Qinghua resentfully rolled off the chair, silently going to pick up the broken pieces of the teacup at his feet. He began to hum a little tune of “I lie on the ground while you sleep on a bed, I eat radish husks and you drink meat soup” while tidying up his new room.

At least he had been kindly bestowed a single pillow for himself. Before, he didn’t even have a pillow. Content with his situation, he hugged it and slept—might as well retire.

Today, Shang Qinghua was also as hardworking as a happy little honeybee.

Mobei-Jun slept in the Leisure House for three days, then disappeared without a word.

With this, Shang Qinghua finally got the full experience of how unscientific the halo he had given Mobei-Jun was——three days. In three days, there was no warning raised, no suspicion, no nothing! Not a single person had found out. A demon had strutted all the way up to live on An Ding Peak and ordered about a future elite (logistics) disciple as his own beast of burden!

Like a freed serf singing a song, Shang Qinghua felt quite the wave of thrill for a while, right up until he received the next mission from the old An Ding Peak Lord.

Even though An Ding Peak’s missions were only the miscellanea of day-to-day life, the difference was only in whether you fought in the rear or struggled on the front lines. But, the closer one was to dangerous organisms, it was inevitably stressful and frightening.

For example, rushing up to deliver blood-replenishing talismans and pills when Bai Zhan Peak was in the thick of battle with resentful spirits, this type of mission was cruel and frightful no matter how you looked at it!

At least Mobei-Jun was very good at protecting people.

Shang Qinghua thought he had already tossed him to the back of his mind. He never expected that many times when he had fallen into dire straits, he would be fished up in passing by some strange creatures who appeared demonic any way you looked at them, saving his little life.

... This really counted as “hang out with me, and I’ll protect you”, right?

Shang Qinghua couldn’t resist thinking that hugging thighs or whatever, it was quite useful, quite necessary.

Or else there was no way he could have survived until today!

And while it was at it, the concise and comprehensive System grandiosely passed a new command to Shang Qinghua: Become the An Ding Peak head disciple within three years.

Other than running missions outside and having to give a good showing under Mobei-Jun’s “care”, if he wanted to become head disciple, he also had to pay more than a little attention within Cang Qiong Mountain.

As everyone knew, all the supporting cannon fodder in Proud Immortal Demon Way only had an IQ of 40. Therefore, the so-called palace intrigue just reached about this type of degree:

So, the old An Ding Peak Lord already had head disciple A, outstanding to the max (outstanding = serving tea, taking water, washing clothes, folding blankets, all kinds of mastery, could be rated as a dab hand in the housekeeping service center). Some day, the old Peak Lord requested that A make twelve delicious flatcakes and send one to each peak. What Shang Qinghua needed to do was stealthily scatter a ton of salt or sugar on each flatcake A meticulously made to make them completely unpalatable each time. And repeat the above process three times. OK, the old Peak Lord finally lost all hope in his former prime disciple.

Think about it: if you can’t even make a good flatcake, what else can you do.

At this time, if Shang Qinghua displayed his expert culinary skills a few more times, he could successfully ascend!

It's precisely that so-called: not enough IQ, tsukkomi points come to gather. If you can't do the best, then do the worst.

If the plotline is imbecilic enough to make the readers roast it like crazy, it's also a kind of success!

These types of plotlines were too numerous to count in Proud Immortal Demon Way. The grand occasions when readers would flock together year-round to spew could be said to be one of the great spectacles of the Zhongdian reviews section. And the one who spewed the hardest was precisely that Peerless Cucumber.

Thinking of this, Shang Qinghua couldn't resist feeling a bit of longing for those young companions and this dear friend from the review sections.

He really missed his gleeful and inexhaustible howls of "Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky, it's exactly because you have this type of ideology that you're only a third-rate stallion writer!!!", that heroic disposition!

However, as the An Ding Peak head disciple, his worries would only increase, not decrease.

For example, before, in his time as an outer disciple, he would never have the chance to descend the mountain on missions with Shen Qingqiu and Liu Qingge.

This, how many fucking lives of disastrous fate must he have lived to draw this special prize?

Cang Qiong Mountain emphasized maintaining kinship between peers to the utmost. It was common for several head disciples to head out together on tasks at regular intervals. This time, the division of labor between the three was also very clear. Liu Qingge was the hired thug on the vanguard.

Shen Qingqiu was the center, in charge of feigning civility, sneak attacks, and snarky retorts, as well as waving his fan and being pretentious (cross that all out).

And Shang Qinghua?

Of course, he was in charge of driving the cart, making inn reservations, carrying luggage, as well as all the income and expenses of this trip. Logistics, right.

It would be great if he really was let off so easy.

“It’s said that at night, if you stick out your head and look into the mouth of that well, you’ll see your reflection inside looking up, smiling faintly and beckoning. Out of nowhere, it will drag people inside to drown. Sometimes you’ll even see your dead relatives... *cough cough*, Shen-shixiong and Liu-shidi, can you... can you let me finish first...”

Shang Qinghua set down the scroll.

Shen Qingqiu pulled out a book from his sleeve in one move. He could act pretentious on his own anywhere and anytime, sitting or standing, and right now he was leaning on that old banyan shade tree, displaying that he had the magnificent essence of the Book of Songs and the Book of History emanating from within. And Liu Qingge had long gone to stand by the mouth of the well, sticking out his head to look inside.

Liu Qingge wanted to use a blitzkrieg strategy to avoid having to keep getting along with Shen Qingqiu this whole trip, and Shen Qingqiu wanted to let Liu Qingge do all the hard work so he could get lost a bit earlier. Neither one wanted to disgust himself by getting close to the other—each had their own plans, and not a single person was listening to his wholehearted conscientious explanation of the mission.

Liu Qingge lifted his head, saying, “Nothing there.”

Shang Qinghua understood. He meant “My reflection didn’t smile faintly at me and beckon.” He spread his hands and said, “This... how about, we

have Shen-shixiong come over and try?”

Shen Qingqiu put away his book, swapping it for a folding fan. He strolled over to the side of the well. “I’ll trouble you to allow me.”

Liu Qingge had long “allowed” him ten or so steps. Shen Qingqiu carelessly took a look in the well, but also seemed to get no results.

Shang Qinghua flicked the scroll, pages rustling, “It’s really strange, this clearly said...”

The sad thing was, no matter how hard he rustled the pages, he couldn’t cover Shen Qingqiu’s malicious voice. “We have all tried. Isn’t it your turn?”

Sure enough, in this world, even the monsters feared the hard and bullied the soft. When the other two looked, they didn’t see a damn thing, but when it was Shang Qinghua’s turn, only he could see his own reflection coquettishly moving its hand.

Liu Qingge didn’t say a second word, slapping his sword hilt. Cheng Luan flew out of its sheath, rushing into the well water in a rainbow of power.

After a moment of silence, the tranquil surface of the well began to churn and bubble. Shang Qinghua discreetly retreated a step, then another, pulling back a safe distance. He only heard a burst of ghostly wailing, then a huge wad of wispy spirit spurted out of the well, rushing into the sky!

Liu Qingge smashed apart the clump of women’s heads chasing and biting him. “Retreat!”

By convention, once the fighting started, any An Ding Peak disciples not in charge of replenishing supplies should scam far away and hang around anywhere cool. Unfortunately, Shang Qinghua had miscalculated and did not scam far enough away. His advance and retreat were both blocked off by the resentful spirit, which dispersed into a white haze. Now that things

had gotten to this point, he could only break out his special ability. Eyes rolled back in his head, and he collapsed on the spot.

Playing dead was always a time-tested trick!

In the chaos of battle, Liu Qingge and Shen Qingqiu accidentally pressed their backs together. The two simultaneously showed a look of revulsion. Shen Qingqiu already shot back an attack, brushing by Liu Qingge's shoulder as it passed. Liu Qingge, angered, immediately also returned a blow.

Everything's going great now, the whole of their combat force was completely ignoring the enemy to fight among themselves. Shen Qingqiu scolded, "Are you blind? Where are you hitting?!"

Liu Qingge wasn't any more courteous than him. "Who hit first? Who was blind first?!"

Shang Qinghua lay on the ground, eyes still rolled back. He could see clearly—just then there was a faint white strip of shadow diagonally above Liu Qingge. Shen Qingqiu's attack had passed by Liu Qingge's shoulder, dispersing it. As he watched, the blows the two rained down on each other grew bigger and bigger, eyes nearly red with bloodlust. He couldn't even bother to play dead anymore, sitting up and shouting weakly, "You guys, don't argue. Liu-shidi, you misunderstood. In fact, just then Shen-shixiong was..."

Shen Qingqiu flung out his hand, and a few deep, deep cracks were smashed into the wall by Shang Qinghua's head, ash and pebbles streaming down.

Shen Qingqiu said coldly, "If you are going to die, die completely. Don't get up halfway."

Shang Qinghua didn't say another word, collapsing and continuing to contentedly play a corpse.

They sealed the well creature and all the resentful spirits it had collected in a retrieval vessel, not missing a single one. Shang Qinghua led over the horse cart. Not sparing them a single glance, Liu Qingge took off onto a different road. Shang Qinghua said hurriedly, “Liu-shidi, where are you going?”

Liu Qingge snorted. “I will not journey together with a backstabbing comrade.”

Shen Qingqiu clapped his hands and smiled. “That’s very good, I also do not want to journey together with someone with strength but no brains. Shang-shidi, let’s go.”

He pinched Shang Qinghua’s shoulder, and Shang Qinghua squeaked an agreement through teeth clenched in pain. Finally struggling free of his evil clutches, he chased up to Liu Qingge and cautioned him, “Liu-shidi, Shixiong has a word of advice to offer. Do not cultivate by yourself all the time; it is easy to have a qi deviation.”

Liu Qingge still hadn’t responded when on the other side, Shen Qingqiu used the base of his fan to knock on the beams of the cart. Shang Qinghua hurried back.

The whole way, he drove the cart while watching Shen Qingqiu closely.

Shen Qingqiu was leaning on the side of the carriage reading a book, but under his stare his expression grew darker and darker. Squinting his eyes, he said, “What are you looking at me for?”

Shang Qinghua said timidly, “...Shen-shixiong, in fact, I didn’t want to remind you. But since you are asking me so sincerely, then I... you are holding your book upside-down.”

“...”

Shen Qingqiu’s face reddened in a split second, and he suddenly rose and drew his sword.

“NONONONONONO DON’T DO ANYTHING RASH!!!”

Shen Qingqiu, this guy, his face was the thinnest. If you tore down his stage in front of his face, he would remember you for a lifetime. Shang Qinghua was regretting his greedy slip of the tongue a bit. But, for a person like Shen Qingqiu who had mastered the art of pretension to the point of perfection to hold his book upside-down, it looks like he really was seriously angered just then.

Ah right, he had gone to all the trouble to do a good thing, but the result didn’t meet expectations. If it didn’t meet expectations just go out and tell Liu Qingge, “I only wanted to help you out just then”, but he wasn’t willing to do it. If you’re not willing, just let me help you explain, but he couldn’t tear down his face—maybe he was embarrassed. This person really was full of twists and turns, always tormenting himself.

Shen Qingqiu stared at him with a snake’s gaze, and cold sweat flowed all down Shang Qinghua’s back.

After a while, Shen Qingqiu finally sat back down, re-sheathing his sword. He composed himself with great effort, then said with a skin-deep smile, “Shang Qinghua, you shut up, alright?”

Shang Qinghua’s heart itched, difficult to endure. He raised a hand and said, “Can I say one more thing?”

Shen Qingqiu rubbed his temple with his right hand. He lifted his chin to indicate permission to speak. Shang Qinghua looked at him earnestly, and spoke the most meaningful and heartfelt series of words he had spoken since an electric current drew him into Proud Immortal Demon Way.

“If, in the future, you see someone going into qi deviation, do not panic, and do not rashly go up thinking you can save them. You must stay calm and go call for help, do not make a move yourself. Or else, you will definitely be more of a hindrance than a help, poke a big hole in the basket, and abandon yourself to despair from then on, unable to free yourself for the rest of your life. Not even jumping into the Yellow River could wash you clean!”

Shen Qingqiu was mystified. “If someone else is going into qi deviation, what does that have to do with me? Why would I panic? Why would I want to help?”

Shang Qinghua, face full of “I knew it would be this type of response”, said, “Either way, just make sure you remember.”

Once Shang Qinghua became the Peak Lord, he finally didn’t need to be a blatantly-bow-and-scrape-and-hug-the-ground anymore.

A busy life was still a busy life, but at least he had been promoted from roughly treated servant girl to chief inner head official. It counted as rapid process on long steps.

He heard that the master on Qing Jing Peak you couldn’t afford to offend had been ill. After he recovered, a secret meeting was held quietly on Qiong Ding Peak.

Qiong Ding Peak side hall. Of twelve Peak Lords, eleven were present and accounted for.

Yue Qingyuan said, with fixed concentration, “Do you feel that Qingqiu-shidi... has been very odd these past few days?”

Several Peak Lords agreed, one by one. Liu Qingge said solemnly, “More than just odd.”

Qi Qingqi muttered, “He’s practically a whole different person.”

Just at this time, Shang Qinghua stepped into the side hall, still dusty and windblown from travel. The past few years, Qian Cao Peak’s dragon-bone cantaloupe seeds had been selling quite well on the outside, and he had already spent several months rushing about on sales trips. He had been mysteriously dragged into this meeting as soon as he got back, and still did not quite understand the situation. He rubbed his hands and said, “This, I have not seen Shen-shixiong for some days. Could everyone please elaborate how exactly he’s been odd?”

Yue Qingyuan said, “He could speak with me tranquilly and without stress for a whole shichen.”

“...” Shang Qinghua said, terrified, “Aiyah, my god! So odd! That really is very odd!”

Ordinarily speaking, there was an impassable knot tied between these two. Without dissolving this knot, there was absolutely no chance of harmonious relations. Before, the rule that they would absolutely part on bad terms by the fifth sentence was the normal state of things. A whole shichen’s worth of tranquil and stress-free exchange—this was more than a fantastic level of progress!

Liu Qingge said, “In the Lingxi Caves, he... helped me.”

Shang Qinghua finally remembered, ah right, at this time, Liu Qingge should already have been helped to death by Shen Qingqiu. How could he still leap and frisk about, sitting here to attend a meeting?!

Could it have been that after defeating the well creature, the reminder he had given Shen Qingqiu had taken effect?

The others continued to summarize Shen Qingqiu’s every kind of oddity in the last few days. Why would he himself sustain injury beating back an ungrateful devil woman from the Demon Race, why would he stand up and protect his disciples to show concern and care... hearing this, Shang Qinghua’s face began to twitch.

He thought it over front and back. This type of altruistic self-sacrificing character design, no matter how you looked at it, it was seriously OOC!

He couldn’t resist saying, “Stop. He... his body couldn’t have been seized, right? Wei-shixiong, how is your sword-testing station, did he visit?”

At Wei Qingwei’s Wan Jian Peak sword-testing station, there was a mystical sword “Hong Jing”, which no person had ever been able to draw. As long as something like a resentful soul or evil spirit approached, the

sword would unsheath by itself. If Shen Qingqiu really had been possessed by some unclean creature, as long as he approached the sword-testing station, Hong Jing would definitely sound a major alarm.

But, Wei Qingwei said, “He went three times, and tried to draw it three times—absolutely no sign of movement.”

“There is no demonic energy on his body,” Yue Qingyuan said slowly. “I could not detect any signs of his body having been seized.”

Qi Qingqiu spread her hands and said, “If his body had been seized, that wouldn’t make any sense at all. There is always some sort of conspiracy behind body seizure. These days, he has not been doing anything, even more idle than before.”

After a session of discussion, they were still unable to reach a decision. In the end, Mu Qingfang said, “And it is not necessarily a case of body seizure. In my opinion, maybe Shen-shixiong’s old problem has reappeared.”

All the Peak Lords looked at each other in dismay.

What this “old problem” was, it did not need to be said. Everyone understood.

Shen Qingqiu, as a person, was ambitious and aggressive, proud and arrogant. This would not be the first time he tried to demand instant success. Maybe he went to cultivate in secret again, and ended up suffering a qi deviation.

Mu Qingfang continued to analyze, “I have heard of quite a few cases that when a person is hit on the head with a large rock, or perhaps suffers a violent irritant, sometimes they will lose a few of their past memories. So, to suffer a qi deviation and forget the past, making one’s temperament undergo major changes, is not necessarily an impossibility.”

Yue Qingyuan said, “Then, is it possible to recover?”

Qi Qingqi wrinkled her nose. “Zhangmen-shixiong, could it be that you still wish he would remember, recover his previous... character and conduct?”

Yue Qingyuan started. “Me? I also do not know.”

He said earnestly, “Even though how he is now is also very good... but, if he can remember, it is better if he does.”

Some of the other Peak Lords did not understand. “Before, he would never give a proper greeting when he met Zhangmen-shixiong and our other comrades, he would not pay visits at our homes, when he spoke it was always a needle concealed in silk floss, a weird temperament, hot and cold—what was good about it? How he is now is quite a bit better.”

Yue Qingyuan smiled faintly but did not speak. Mu Qingfang said awkwardly, “The last time I went to write his prescription for Without A Cure, I helped him take a look while I was there. There were not any major signs, and it would be difficult to begin. I am afraid we can only let nature take its course.”

After achieving the verdict of “the Qing Jing Peak Lord has lost his memory, celebrate and spread the joyful news”, the meeting dispersed.

After this meeting had concluded, Shang Qinghua felt, in response to these strange happenings, he was very much obligated to (in passing while delivering Qing Jing Peak’s funds) investigate a bit.

Before his investigation, the first place Shang Qinghua went was Bai Zhan Peak.

Normally speaking, each Peak of Cang Qiong Mountain was ranked by seniority: Qing Jing Peak was number two, and Bai Zhan Peak was number seven. After he made his deliveries to the first-ranked Qiong Ding Peak, the next should be Qing Jing Peak according to the order. But on one hand, Shen Qingqiu was too hard to please, and every time Shang Qinghua had to rack his brains to figure out how to speak so as not to offend him; and on

the other, Bai Zhan Peak was good at fighting, and Shang Qinghua felt rather secure giving them their funds first.

What type of security? En, precisely the security of a self-employed small shop owner handing over his protection fee to the local tyrant lord...

The one who met him was Liu Qingge's shidi, Ji Jue, who was as enthusiastic as always. The two exchanged a few greetings, and after the handover was complete, Ji Jue said, "Shang-shixiong, take care, I'm returning to the practice grounds."

Watching his expression, Shang Qinghua seemed like he didn't want to walk very fast himself. He asked, "Recently, Liu-shidi has often been staying on Bai Zhan Peak. Has Shidi had a sudden increase in cultivation?"

Liu Qingge was outside looking for people to fight all year round; no one on Bai Zhan Peak was a match for him. At most, he would come back once a month. And when Bai Zhan Peak flocked over to Qian Cao Peak to seek treatment, that would be just after he returned. But, recently, Qian Cao Peak's thresholds were almost trampled by those uncles from Bai Zhan Peak, and their funds were hard-pressed. Mu Qingfang came to look for Shang Qinghua every few days to ask for loans. He felt it was very strange. He wondered if some new extraordinary genius appeared on Bai Zhan Peak who could stand up to Liu Qingge, so he asked this question.

Ji Jiue said gloomily, "It's not our Peak. It's Shen Qingqiu."

Shang Qinghua was entirely not counting on hearing some earth-shattering response, so he smiled and nodded. "Oh, Shen Qingqiu, ah... Shen Qingqiu?!"

Digesting the enormous amount of information contained in those three characters, Shang Qinghua was almost startled into ascending on the spot.

Shen Qingqiu? At Bai Zhan Peak? And at the Bai Zhan practice grounds? Doing what? Getting one-sidedly beaten up by Liu Qingge? No, according to his skill in drawing hatred, it should be a group beating—what if it was

fatal? He's an important scum villain, ah! If he was beaten to death, to whom would Bing-ge be sent to be oppressed?!

Ji Jue: "... Shang-shixiong, what's that look in your eye! Don't look at me like that; we didn't kill anyone! Shen Qingqiu is still alive—no one did anything to him! You should be asking what he did to us!"

So, Shang Qinghua jogged with him all the way to the practice grounds.

On the high basalt platform, Liu Qingge and Shen Qingqiu were actually really just peacefully crossing swords.

Liu Qingge's movements were much slower than usual. Rather than calling it crossing swords, might as well call it feeding strikes. The space between his brows was still rather smooth and calm, with none of his former murderous spirit.

Just then, Shen Qingqiu's sword struck air and he knit his brow, his left hand slightly moving.

Shang Qinghua's heart suddenly stretched taut, glancing at Ji Jue out of the corner of his eye to see his expression also flash cold, like he had an urge to shout out loud.

The two glanced at each other, a flash of wordless understanding.

Ji Jue, his heart still holding lingering palpitations, spoke in a low voice. "I always feel like Shen Qingqiu is about to deploy a concealed weapon dipped in poison or something."

Shang Qinghua expressed his deep concurrence. "Heroes think alike!" It looks like Ji-shidi understood this character very thoroughly. None other than the one who once got into a fight with Shen Qingqiu at a brothel, old enemies who completely lost two peaks' faces...

Shen Qingqiu drew back Xiu Ya, stopping to think. He, one, didn't let out a rustling sneer; two, didn't look askance at anyone. Looking at him this

way, he had a mild brow and peaceful gaze, but still carried a modest air of elegant nobility.

Soon after, Shen Qingqiu said, “I don’t understand.”

Liu Qingge flicked a swift and fierce flourish with his sword. “Don’t understand what?”

A disciple by Ji Jue’s side suddenly muttered, “Heavens, he doesn’t understand again.”

Another disciple said in a low voice, “I... I can’t anymore... my stomach feels unwell, I’m going back...”

Ji Jue said hurriedly, “Shidi, wait for me, me too...”

His shidi pushed him back. “Stay! Didn’t you just return?!”

On the platform, Shen Qingqiu said, “Just then, with those few moves, if I blocked your sword with my right hand and struck a sudden attack with spiritual energy in my left hand, taking the opportunity to strike your stomach, that would have been an opportunity to win.”

Liu Qingge scoffed. “Not possible.”

Shen Qingqiu persisted. “It’s possible.”

Liu Qingge: “If you could win, why didn’t you try it?”

Shen Qingqiu said, aloof, “Aren’t we just comparing notes? Attacking for real would be out of line.”

Liu Qingge didn’t bother to reply, yelling at the crowd below the platform. “Someone come up!”

The person he selected was like the hero Yi Shui, face like they viewed death as a return home as they ascended the platform. They traded a few blows with Liu Qingge with the method Shen Qingqiu had selected, and was blown straight off the platform by Cheng Luan.

Liu Qingge finally resheathed his sword, saying to Shen Qingqiu, “You see? It won’t work.”

Shen Qingqiu spread his fan, waving it in front of his chest. He said, smiling, “I see. Liu-shidi’s reflexes are too fast. It wouldn’t work after all.”

Ji Jue quietly complained to Shang Qinghua, “Every time he says ‘I don’t understand’, Liu-shixiong grabs someone to demonstrate, until he understands...”

No wonder the injuries at Bai Zhan peak only increased these past few days, and Qian Cao Peak’s front courtyard was as busy as a marketplace.

Shang Qinghua only had one thought to this.

Shen Qingqiu, this guy, he has to be doing it on purpose!!!

After he descended the platform, Liu Qingge continued to train (beat up) the Bai Zhan Peak disciples. Shen Qingqiu and Shang Qinghua exchanged greetings, walking down the mountain together. Just as they were about to exit the gate, Ji Jue came, carrying two sacks to give to Shen Qingqiu and Shang Qinghua.

Shang Qinghua didn’t understand, so he undid the tie to take a look. He saw two balls of bloody, hairy things nestled inside. “This is...”

Ji Jue said, his expression stiff, “Liu-shixiong caught these short-haired monsters. Apparently their flavor is very good. My two Shixiong can take them back to your own peaks to exercise your own cooking method.”

Short-haired monster? Short-haired monster? He never created this sort of creature? It’s edible? Are you sure?!

Looks like Shen Qingqiu was also very suspicious of the edibility of this thing. “Thanks for your trouble...”

Ji Jue recited woodenly, “Shixiong said, this is a return gift for the tea leaves Qing Jing Peak sent last time.”

Tea leaves? He was sending tea leaves?! What is this? Trading presents back and forth?! Shang Qinghua yelled crap internally, a smile on his face. “That’s to say, I caught a bit of Shen-shixiong’s light. I don’t know what type of high-quality tea leaves these were?”

Shen Qingqiu said affably, “They were harvested from my head disciple Ming Fan’s family’s tea fields. As for whether they’re high-quality or not, won’t Shang-shidi know if he comes to take a meal at Qing Jing Peak?”

Shang Qinghua thickened his face and said, “Then I’ll also catch a bit of Liu-shixiong’s light as well.”

So, each carrying a sack, talking about this and that, they walked towards Qing Jing Peak.

As soon as they entered the gate, serene wind brushed their faces, thin birdsong chittering away, entirely distinct from the outer world. The two walked over soft green fallen bamboo covering the ground, the atmosphere several times more refreshing.

For some reason, Shen Qingqiu’s mood was quite good. Looking at him, he didn’t look the least bit like he just lost to Liu Qingge, but instead lazily praised, “Liu-shidi’s swordcraft really is not bad.”

Shang Qinghua couldn’t resist reminding him, “Shen-shixiong you... lost a few times?”

Shen Qingqiu thought it over. “En? En, you’re asking about this morning? It was only seven or eight times.”

Then how can you be this calm?!

Shouldn’t you be gnashing your teeth in fury, raindrops on a pear blossom (...), cuckoo crying blood, swinging your hands to go back into seclusion for three months, swearing to duel again?

Don’t you know you’re being OOC? Can’t you respect your work a bit more?!

Shen Qingqiu used the handle of his fan to tap his nape. “Losing to the Bai Zhan Peak Lord, there’s nothing you can do. You might as well say winning would be the unusual occurrence.”

“...” Shang Qinghua felt there was no way to keep conversing with him.

He’s lost his memory. He definitely cultivated into qi deviation and lost his memory. For this scene of friendly elder and respectful younger, harmonious fraternal love between comrades to appear between Shen Qingqiu and Liu Qingge—oh heavens, maybe in a few days, Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe would be able to strike up some flirtatious banter!

Just after this frightful scene flashed through his mind, a white shadow darted over. Something sticky suddenly threw itself into Shen Qingqiu’s arms.

That softened lump called, “Shizun!”

Shen Qingqiu was nearly knocked over face-up. Tilting and grabbing onto a thick bamboo stalk, he finally steadied his footing, seeing Shang Qinghua detachedly observing the scene, expressionless.

You can’t fault Shang Qinghua for his expression freezing up. Seeing that little lady-killer embryo, his pair of arms encircling Shen Qingqiu’s waist like steel hoops, a call of “Bing-ge” nearly escaped Shang Qinghua’s mouth!

Shen Qingqiu stiffly waved his fan with one hand, completely unembarrassed. “If you’re going to call then call, don’t drag out your voice and call. Throwing yourself at people all day, your Shishu is still here. What decorum is this!”

Luo Binghe slowly pulled back his hands, standing up straight. He obediently first called “Shang-shishu”, then said, “After this disciple finished morning lessons, I have been waiting here for Shizun to return. I forgot myself in a moment of excitement...”

Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky-juju’s heart nearly crumbled.

Luo Binghe switched to cradling Shen Qingqiu's arm. "Shizun, why were you out for so long today?"

"There were a lot of people today."

Looking at Shen Qingqiu's leisurely and contented smile, Shang Qinghua couldn't resist guessing how many times he "didn't understand" today, and how many times he had Liu Qingge "demonstrate" for him.

Luo Binghe automatically took the sack out of Shen Qingqiu's hands. "Next time, can I go too?"

"That depends on your progress in your sword skills." Shen Qingqiu said casually. "There is some sort of monster in the sack; your Liu-shishu said it's edible. See if you can clean off the hair and figure out how to eat it."

You're making Bing-ge into a kitchen girl——only the female protagonists are allowed to eat the male protagonist's cooking. Can't you keep to your place——ah forget about it, Shang Qinghua didn't have the energy.

"Oh." Luo Binghe happily agreed. Shaking the sack, the thing inside suddenly began to struggle.

"Shizun, it's still alive!"

When they arrived at the drawing room of the bamboo house, Shen Qingqiu's flock of disciples were still surrounding that mysterious creature, taking turns to poke the sack. With each poke, that short-haired monster let out a plaintive cry, and they were still delighted each time, clicking their tongues in wonder. "Shizun, it really is still alive!"

"What do we do if it's still alive? Still kill and eat it?"

"Let's not, it's so pitiful..."

Shang Qinghua forcibly ignored this flock of young disciples sitting all over the ground, lowering his head to drink his tea, his heart twitching.

He remembered the last time he came, every disciple had a face full of great bitterness and deep hatred, standing like pines or sitting like clocks, ancient texts in hand, reciting wherever they went like they were chanting curses, quoting chapter and verse when they spoke, a musical cadence in their voices. Seeing them today... was this still that renowned Qing Jing Peak which produced countless youths full of pretentious literary airs?

This whole place was a trusteeship for ADHD children.

Shen Qingqiu said, "If it's still alive, then keep it as a pet."

Ming Fan hurriedly retorted, "Let's eat it, let's just eat it. We've never kept one before, we don't know how much it needs to eat, and changing its water and taking it out for walks and whatnot is very troublesome..."

Ning Yingying pouted. "That's enough. If we keep it, it definitely won't be you taking care of it. Shizun would obviously give it to A-Luo to keep." She lifted her head and asked, "Shizun, where did you get this strange thing?"

"The Bai Zhan Peak Lord gave it to me. A return gift for the tea."

Hearing this, Ning Yingying whined, "Shizun, I don't like Bai Zhan Peak. They're so annoying... last time they came wielding swords to bully A-Luo, they were chasing and beating him..."

Shang Qinghua thought, this is quite normal. Bai Zhan Peak's ubiquitous malice towards Luo Binghe was entirely natural. This was a type of intuitive reaction of single-celled organisms towards those with an element of hidden wicked potential. This really wasn't hating on Bai Zhan Peak—Shang Qinghua was a fan himself.

After enumerating their shortcomings, Ning Yingying requested, "Shizun, you have to help us teach them a good lesson!"

"Pu——" Shen Qingqiu choked once, turned towards Shang Qinghua, then smiled politely. "Hai... these kids, what are they going on about. There

ought to be harmony and familial affection between comrades, how could I 'teach them a good lesson' at will?"

Shang Qinghua repeatedly stated his agreement, returning the same type of forced smile, drinking tea like his life depended on it.

Sister Yingying ah, your shizun doesn't need to make a move, Liu Qingge has already taught them quite a cruel lesson. In fact, Shen Qingqiu is in charge of the "harmony and familial affection"; Liu Qingge is in charge of the "teaching them a good lesson"... precisely the true nature of a hypocrite!

Shang Qinghua felt deeply gratified. Shen Qingqiu, even after going through a qi deviation and losing his memory, was sure enough still that treacherous Shen Qingqiu!

Right at this time, Luo Binghe had fetched the tea leaves, entering the living room to present them to Shang Qinghua. Shen Qingqiu said, "Come, Shidi, we have been indebted to An Ding Peak's care for a long time now..."

The one on the floor was still unwilling to overlook or spare. Ning Yingying said, impassionate, "Shizun, you have to avenge A-Luo this time!"

"..." Shen Qingqiu was at the end of his patience. "Yingying, go play outside."

Luo Binghe hurriedly retorted, "You must not avenge me or whatever. It's just this disciple's skill is inferior to theirs, and I lost face for Shizun and Qing Jing Peak."

Shen Qingqiu comforted, "It's just that your foundation isn't very good and you are lacking for the time being. As long as you are diligent, given some time, you can definitely surpass them."

Ming Fan scoffed. "To surpass Bai Zhan Peak, for him, it would take a hundred years."

Ning Yingying flew into a temper. “You look down on us Qing Jing Peak and look down on A-Luo so much. Why don’t you just go to Bai Zhan peak and see if they’ll take you!”

Shen Qingqiu put his head in his hands. “Didn’t I tell you to go outside and play? Why are you still here? Binghe, get them outside quick. Don’t make an exhibition of yourselves here.”

“Okay, Shizun. But, as for this thing, are we eating it or keeping it...”

...

Shang Qinghua felt like he was going to have a heart attack.

This Shen Qingqiu as red candle and gardener, Luo Binghe as close little jacket, what the hell is this!

Don’t fucking tell me Shen Qingqiu really did go to Bai Zhan Peak and mess with people just to avenge Luo Binghe!

This benevolent father, filial son... pei pei pei lifting the tray to eyebrow level... pei pei pei treating the other as an honored guest, this was even more fantastical than Shen Qingqiu and Liu Qingge harmoniously comparing notes. If it kept going on like this, maybe there really will be a day when they’re exchanging flirtatious banter.

After Airplane-juju finished swearing, he had a rare moment of careful thought. He had never used chengyu quite properly, and he brought out the limited supply he knew to describe Liu Mingyan’s good looks. The ones he used with the highest frequency were “soft bosoms trembling” and “could be knocked over with a breath”. To use “treating the other as an honored guest” should be correct here, right. En, looking at the literal meaning, it should be correct!

At that time, the Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky-juju assiduously struggling for his existence still did not know that the scum villain Shen Qingqiu had already replaced by the unmatched hater Peerless Cucumber.

To think that in those days, now and again when this lord's hate was excessively ferocious, he would casually curse him, maliciously praying that no matter how peerless his cucumber, may he never get a chance to use it all his life. Who could have expected that in some sort of way, this curse had been fulfilled?

These days, Bing-ge's mood was especially bad.

Shang Qinghua could understand. As the stallion protagonist who could turn the sky by himself in the original work, now he had gotten Shen Qingqiu and imprisoned him——really, just imprisoned him. What he did was imprison him, not do anything else.

Can you believe it?! As the original author, even he didn't dare to believe!

If the current Bing-ge could still be controlled by his pen, based on the principle of “satisfying the protagonist is satisfying the readers”, he would definitely have Luo Binghe defile Shen Qingqiu hundreds of times ah, hundreds of times, over and over like frying flatbread (there are definitely none of his personal grievances with Peerless Cucumber here. Definitely not.) The props, position, and location need not be the same. It'll be easier to say once it's fried through, of course feelings will arise as you're frying...

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Announcement: We urgently need at least one more translator. There are currently two chapters that don't have a translator. Please message me at the NU Forums if you are interested. This is my profile – <https://forum.novelupdates.com/members/readerz.54728/>

Translator's Notes

- —— marking timeskips was added by me to avoid confusion.
- Thanks to Bob and waterbear on discord for translation tips!
- Baidu thread with more on the red candle and gardener itself, I don't understand it entirely myself
<https://zhidao.baidu.com/question/1689029639718617348.html>
- Airplane-bro why are you like this. MXTX why are you like this. My poor hands, having to type this utter debauchery.

Reika's Notes:

- “If, in the future, you see someone going into qi deviation...” I think this pretty much confirms that original SQQ did not, in fact, kill LQG on purpose. Based on what the author said, original SQQ was trying to help but just made it worse. Later on, original SQQ was blamed for killing his shidi in the novel.
- Please let me know if there are any errors.
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 94 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

Extra: Airplane’s Fortuitous Encounter – Part Five

This translation is by Lily (BC Novels) at [bcnovels .com](http://bcnovels.com)

Looking at Bing-ge’s current plain and hardworking life, not knowing the taste of meat for three years, Shang Qinghua couldn’t help but feel sorry for his dear son.

So, no brainless idiot would dare go up to him and ask for humiliation at this sort of time.



In the business hall of the underground palace, each hurried about their own business. Sha Hualing, while sewing up that giant net of Immortal-Binding Cables blown apart by Shen Qingqiu, stole looks at Luo Binghe, occasionally biting her lip in dissatisfaction. Mobei-Jun was taking a nap on the west end, eyes closed. Shang Qinghua shook his leg, idle to the point of agitation.

He really didn't have anything to do and didn't want to come to the business hall. But, this place was Demon Race territory. If he didn't stay within a step of Mobei-Jun, who could say if he wouldn't be swallowed whole by some other type of creature?

Just when he wanted to crawl over to Mobei-Jun and risk a beating to request his king move to a more tranquil place to nap, Luo Binghe suddenly said one word.

“If.”

A hall full of demons all stuck up their ears.

Luo Binghe said, “If your heart is out of sync with a certain person, how can you make them understand your true feelings?”

Poor Ice Brother!

This really is “the dying turning to any doctor he can find”!

Though his question was entirely indirect, who couldn't tell that he was looking for romantic advice?

He really was going to start a serious discussion on this sort of thing in front of his subordinates. Sure enough, people (demons) should not speak of love—as soon as they did, their IQ only slid straight down.

Of course, no one would dare tear down his platform and expose him directly, but this question really was too... unsuited to the Demon Race's style. After a while, not one had answered. In fact, the answer was this easy, even a normal person could reply. If you like someone, just tell them.

Unfortunately, there was not a “normal” one on the scene, and other than Shang Qinghua, there also was not a “person”.

Mobei-Jun thought. With the roads his mind took, who knew what sort of understanding he had come to from the words “out of sync”? He said, “Beat them up three times every day?”

Luo Binghe made a “stop” gesture with one hand and said wisely, “You don’t need to answer.”

Of everyone on the scene, the only one with an advantage in sexual relations, the only one who could be an expert in this sort of question was Sha Hualing. So, the others all swept their gazes towards her. The Sha-meimei who was extremely popular in the original work, face full of “WTF why should this old lady provide this sort of advice to the man she wants to get for herself”, twitched her finely-shaped brows and lips, then finally drew out a dry “Why doesn’t my lord ask the Elder Dream Demon?”

Luo Binghe said, “I’ve already asked.”

What kind of shit answer the Dream Demon could give him, no one was clearer about this than Shang Qinghua. This one was the same as him, definitely of the “just do them first” type!

Shang Qinghua couldn’t resist letting out a “pu-ha”.

Sha Hualing was just brooding about her stomach full of stifled emotions and nowhere to vent them out. Latching on to this, she erupted, “How audacious! What sort of thing are you? You not only dare to sneak into the business hall but even make a disturbance while my lord is discussing important matters!”

This type of question... couldn’t be called important matters, could it? And he had just let out one sound, how did that count as a ‘disturbance’?

As this was not the first time Sha Hualing had picked on him, Shang Qinghua was already indifferent to this. He obediently sat in place, pretending he was a puff of air. As expected, Mobei-Jun was unconcerned.

Sha Hualing saw that no one paid attention to her and indignantly wrung her long fingernails. “My lord, Mobei-Jun brings him around every day. He’s not subtle about it at all, bringing him into even the business hall. What is the meaning of this?”

Luo Binghe was also unconcerned. “You see him every day. Are you not used to it yet?”

Sha Hualing was going to faint.

This was the first time Bing-ge had expressed objections to his very existence in months! Immediately, Shang Qinghua started up an ecstatic internal chant of “my son noticed me, he noticed me, hahahaha”. Unexpectedly, Luo Binghe took a look at him, then said, “Since you laughed, does that mean you have something to say?”

“...” It’s hard to explain in a few words.

Sha Hualing let out a “Ha!” and said, “My lord asked well. Since he and Shen... and humans are so familiar, he must have some remarkable and clever insight. All of us will listen with respectful attention.”

Shang Qinghua turned back to look at Mobei-Jun sitting behind him. As expected, he had no intent to help him out of this situation, so he hardened his heart and said decisively, “... This... of course, I have something to say! The secret is in two words: ‘Be sticky’!”

““A fierce woman fears a sticky man, a brave hero fears a pampered woman. With enough labor, you can grind an iron bar into a needle. Even if he’s as straight as an embroidery needle, you can still bend him into a paper clip!”

Sha Hualing said, “What straight and bent? Don’t speak the Human Realm’s dialect. My lord, I think he’s simply making it unnecessarily complicated!”

But, Luo Binghe was completely immersed in the situation. He muttered, “I’m still not sticky enough? Still not enough?”

Shang Qinghua babbled nonstop. “Stickiness is the main tactic, but other than this true advice, there’s another very important point you must consider. Gentlemen, you must know that women’s love comes from admiration, and men’s love comes from pity. The situation with women we will not discuss for now. I am convinced no woman would not be subdued under my lord’s peerless godly power, elegant manner defying the heavens, and sincere affection, so we will only discuss the other situation. If you want a man to understand you, ah no, my lord, understand my lord’s true feelings and furthermore, respond in kind, then what should you do? It’s quite easy, no man does not like a weak, cute, and docile partner. Then, what do I mean by cute? Cute means some person or thing which can evoke a heart’s pity, so a partner definitely has to be very obedient, very...”

Bullshit and flattery flew in equal measure, and the crowd in the hall each peeped at Luo Binghe, sitting high above. His face gloomy, pupils glowing red, murderous aura darkly rushing forth, the most vivid depiction of untouchability (dissatisfaction). The distance between him and the words “weak, cute, docile, obedient”, was practically a heavenly moat.

Sha Hualing couldn’t resist letting out a scoffing sound.

Shang Qinghua hurriedly shut his mouth. Luo Binghe rubbed his temple. “Continue.”

Having been given official approval, Shang Qinghua continued to explain. He said mischievously, “I can take Shen Qingqiu as an example. This guy ah, he’s a straight man... what does a straight man mean? Oh, a straight man is a normal man... of course, I’m not saying you are not normal, my lord. He very much values his dignity as a master and teacher. Teachers, ah, all like students who do what they are told, so if you want him to like you, the first step would be to listen...”

A hall full of demons and beasts was practically scared stiff by his slip of the tongue.

Sha Hualing: “Impudent! You mean to have my lord p-p-pretend to be piteous and listen to him? My lord is a grand Demon Realm noble! How could he do this sort of shameless thing!!!”

That's right, that's precisely what I meant!

Shasha, turn around and take a look at the thoughtful expression on your lord's face—does he look like he thinks this sort of thing is shameless?

Impassioned and vehement, mouth like a torrent from heaven down to earth, Shang Qinghua concluded his twenty-minute-long consultation on love. Sha Hualing had already throttled him to death with her eyes ten million times, and as soon as Luo Binghe left, Shang Qinghua hurriedly moved over by Mobei-Jun, pressing close to seek shelter.

Mobei-Jun looked askance at him. “So, if you want to be liked by a man, the best method is to act pathetic?”

Shang Qinghua thought. “In theory, that should be correct?”

Mobei-Jun reached out his hand.

Thinking he would be beaten up again, Shang Qinghua hurriedly put his hands over his head. But, the pain he expected never arrived. Mobei-Jun only lightly tapped the top of his head.

And afterward, seemingly in a bit of a good mood, he got up and started walking out of the business hall.

Though Shang Qinghua was confused, he couldn't bear Sha Hualing staring at him from the side, with a spicy gaze like a tiger watching its prey, so he hurried to catch up, taking three steps in two.

In the end, it was still a big ruckus.

Maigu Ridge, like he had first planned in his outline, exploded into flying sand and countless loose stones, roiling smoke and dust.

And he performed a heroic feat on the way, saving Mobei-Jun, who didn't know how to fly.

When he grabbed that hand of his in midair, Shang Qinghua could clearly see the astonished disbelief in his eyes. Understandable. Mobei-Jun

definitely held the firm belief that Shang Qinghua was by his side solely to protect his little life, and his use was flattery, boasting, and venting anger or whatnot at most. If he met any real danger, he would definitely be the first to run to save his own ass. To be honest, Shang Qinghua himself also held this firm belief. He dared say he himself was even more astonished, even more in disbelief than Mobei-Jun.

Ever since then, perhaps because protecting one's master was meritorious and he had demonstrated his good intentions, his wages, material benefits, treatment, and whatnot had all improved, and he was permitted to return to Cang Qiong Mountain and look around his old home.

Yue Qingyuan, the great philanthropist, disregarded all bygones to permit him to return to An Ding Peak and continue to be a reputable Peak Lord. These days in the Leisure House, Shang Qinghua was truly bored to agitation for the first time.

After cracking half a kilogram of melon seeds, he suddenly realized that the System had not made a sound in quite a while.

For once, Shang Qinghua took the initiative to poke the System. The System gave him an earth-shattering response.

System: Objective accomplished. Downloading return home function.

Shang Qinghua: "..."

After a moment, he began to furiously shake the System's (completely nonexistent) shoulders. "Objective accomplished?! Return home function?! What return home function?! Is it the one I'm thinking of? Ah? System-dada, this is the first time you've said this much, can you say a bit more, I'm begging you, quick!!!"

System: Basic accomplishment of Proud Immortal Demon Way's original outline, slight deviation of romance plot, objective accomplished. Function to return to original world download complete. Activate return home sequence?

Basic accomplishment of the original outline, that he agreed with, all the holes which needed to be filled were filled. But, this “slight deviation of romance plot” isn’t quite right. Bing-ge is gay no—how can you say this is a “slight deviation”? Ay okay, okay. In fact, in his original outline, Bing-ge didn’t have a romance plot; he was doomed to fade away, alone and unaging forever. If you insist on adding a plotline, that’s whatever, but he’s wasted this many words... you mean he can return to his original world?!?!

Shang Qinghua’s face streamed with tears.

He hadn’t written for so long. He reminisced on that user of Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky, fans and haters in equal numbers, reminisced on that crowd of trolls in the review sections, reminisced on fighting in the trenches for tips, reminisced on that laptop he had used since his first year of university, always crashing and screwing him over, and the giant video files in the hard drive, you understand. And there was the spectacular pile of boxes and boxes of instant noodles behind his rotating chair, the newest flavor he hadn’t gotten the chance to taste after buying it at wholesale price.

A dialog box popped up on the System. Function download complete. Activate? Afterwards, two differently-colored buttons followed.

Yes Next time

Shang Qinghua had a powerful urge to press that red button on the left.

But, something stopped his hand.

In fact, he didn’t really have any family on that side.

His parents had divorced early, each going their separate ways, and each had long made an all-new family. They would occasionally get together for a meal, but no matter on which side, he always felt his own presence was extremely conspicuous. Politely picking up food and politely giving a subservient smile, the meals were even more formal than eating with real strangers.

Even though his father was his legal guardian, when they weren't face-to-face, other than a few phone calls on the new year and holidays, or asking him if he needed money, the two didn't have any more contact. Sometimes, he would even forget to ask him if he was running short on money, and he would never go and remind him. No matter where, or towards whom, all he was used to doing was giving a subservient smile.

Since he was an adult, though there was no way around for them to not pay his university tuition, he still had to find some method to pay his own cost of living.

And it was when he was thinking of "methods" that he inadvertently registered for a user on Zhongdian and began to write.

In the beginning, it was purely to vent, and he wrote whatever and however he wanted. Though it was a spectacle too horrible to endure, and even getting on the shelves became a problem, he did manage to harvest a pinch of good reviews from a special crowd of people.

One time, he suddenly thought to change his style and see if he could rescue his subscriptions that editors had already lost interest in. Thus came about the instant hit Proud Immortal Demon Way .

Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky had achieved supreme enlightenment—he had found his "method".

The more he wrote, the more of a shut-in he was; the more of a shut-in he was, the more he wrote. As a typical hikikomori, the people he had good relationships with and got along with were all on the internet, oceans and seas apart. He basically didn't have any friends like Mobei-Jun, and it would likely be very hard to have them again in the future.

Wait.

Mobei-Jun? A friend?

Since when did he start taking Mobei-Jun as a "friend"?!

Shang Qinghua had scared himself, and he hurriedly took another sack of Qian Cao Peak's specially produced dragon bone melon seeds and binged another kilogram and a half to push down his fright, and went to sleep.

When Mobei-Jun dragged him off An Ding Peak, blankets and all, and dragged him into the northern border of the Demon Realm, he had just finished his melon seeds and was dreaming, mouth full of the flavor, devouring the one and a half kilograms he had agreed on at the start in his dream, warmly gliding. He was frozen awake.

Mobei-Jun tossed him on the ground, straight into the knife-like snowy winds of the northern border. His silhouette and expression were ever more severe.

Though he was quite handsome, very handsome, but Shang Qinghua was already frozen and didn't have any spare feelings to carelessly enjoy his handsomeness. His tongue started frosting over as soon as he opened his mouth to grovel, so he obediently shut his mouth and shiveringly crawled up, wrapped in his blankets.

An ice blockhouse suddenly appeared from the ground ahead. Mobei-Jun set off without a word, and Shang Qinghua hurried to follow.

The doors laid from ice blocks rumbled open and closed. Through the deep and long flight of stairs, there was not a person on the way until close to a sleeping chamber, where a few guards and demon maids stood, not daring to let out a sound.

Shang Qinghua peeked at Mobei-Jun's face. Though he was as haughty and aloof as usual, he looked somewhat more serene.

He couldn't resist opening his mouth and asking, "Um, my king, how long will we be stationed here?"

Mobei-Jun didn't move his head, but his eyes turned towards him. "Seven days."

Shang Qinghua was going to die laughing.

Ah whatever, whatever, he could be right about to return and continue shooting his airplane. He might as well use these seven days to properly bid his farewell. After all, after he returned, no one would beat him up all the time and make him be the ox and the horse, wash clothes, fold blankets, serve tea, and carry water.

After standing for a while, he felt colder and colder.

The Mobei Clan's territory really was not made for humans. Shang Qinghua continuously jumped up and down in place to avoid getting frozen alive into an ice statue. Mobei-Jun looked at him, a hint of amusement flashing through his eyes.

Mobei-Jun reached out his hand and pinched one of Shang Qinghua's fingers. "Stop making a disturbance."

It was like the chill was all sucked away through this one point of connection. Shang Qinghua felt that the cold was still cold, but it was no longer so unbearable.

It was inevitable that he felt more and more rueful about the upcoming separation. More and more begrudging.

Come to think of it, though Mobei-Jun had a bit of a bad temper, was a bit bad at life tasks, was a bit pampered and spoiled since childhood, liked to beat people up a bit, he wasn't too bad to him.

Especially now, his benefits weren't bad, his salary wasn't bad. Though the beatings were a common occurrence, only he alone was allowed to beat him up, no one else was allowed. Besides, he hadn't beat him up very much recently.

Shang Qinghua was deeply worried that he already seemed to have gotten used to the fortune of his twisted lifestyle.

If he really did return, and if Mobei-Jun suddenly wanted to find someone to beat up, but he was nowhere to be found, thinking of that scene,

he even felt a bit of the sorrow of the actors leaving mid-play, things the same but the people changed.

Suddenly, the bone-deep chill returned to his body.

Mobei-Jun said icily, "Return where?"

Shang Qinghua finally realized that in his sorrow, he had spoken aloud his internal dialogue just like that. He really should be "sorrowful" now!

Mobei-Jun's fingers tightened like he was about to snap his index finger in half. "You're saying you want to leave now?"

Shang Qinghua's face contracted in pain, saying hurriedly, "No, no, not right now!"

"Not right now?" Mobei-Jun said, "What did you say to me?"

Follow my king for the rest of my life. He had said it countless times like a catchphrase. But he thought, no one had taken it seriously?

After a stretch of silence, Mobei-Jun said, "If you want to leave, then leave right now. You don't need to wait seven days."

Shang Qinghua started, then said, "My king ah, if I really leave, we will never see each other again from now on."

Mobei-Jun looked at him with the gaze of someone looking at an ant from nine million feet above, and asked in reply, "What makes you think I would care about that?"

Although Shang Qinghua had trained himself a face impervious to sword or spear over the years, his expression still contracted before these words.

He still wanted to explain a bit, but things had played out beyond his expectations.

Mobei-Jun: "Get out."

His body suddenly flew to the back, crashing into the steel-like ice walls.

The stab of pain only lingered at his back for a split second, then immediately spread into his guts.

Mobei-Jun didn't even lift a hand, didn't even spare a glance in his direction. Shang Qinghua's throat immediately filled with a gush of rust-flavored warm liquid.

Though Mobei-Jun beating him up was nearly a daily occurrence, and often told him to "get out", and he should have been used to it, no other time had Shang Qinghua suffered this intense a loathing and fury.

Like countless times before, he crawled up from the ground, silently wiped clean the blood at the side of his mouth, and gave him an honorless subservient smile.

After standing for a while, he wanted to speak again, but Mobei-Jun yelled impatiently, "Get out of here!"

So, Shang Qinghua hurriedly got out.

Honestly speaking, though no one would know what he was thinking in his own mind, he still felt a bit embarrassed.

About that fleeting thought before, about "Mobei-Jun" and "a friend".

Shang Qinghua ambled up the stairs. The guards and demon maids inside earlier had all been driven out, running away even faster than him, darting out of the ice stronghold like a swarm of bees. Between coming and going, the situation had already become much different.

At this time, a tilted silhouette approached down the stairs. Shang Qinghua turned his head, gaze briefly flitting across a pair of peach blossom eyes full of frosty light.

Though this pair of eyes didn't take him in, Shang Qinghua was sent into a shudder, his heels sticking to the steps.

Furtively, he then turned right back.

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Translator's notes:

- Thanks to PizZiCcato for suggesting a translation for ！
 - “The dying turning to any doctor he can find”: (bing4 ji2 luan4 tou2 yi1). , the verb used here, has a more specific meaning of ‘to cast’ or ‘to throw oneself’, invoking a sense of desperately throwing oneself at any cure (in this case, hoping a room full of demons will offer any sane romantic advice lol).
 - “With enough labor, you can grind an iron bar into a needle.”: (zhi3 yao3 gong1 fu shen1, tie3 chu3 mo2 cheng2 zhen1). This idiom is commonly used for studying, not seduction techniques... this whole line amuses me greatly.
 - Peach blossom eyes: (tao2 hua1 yan3), refers to a certain eye shape/look. According to Baike, the shape is like peach blossoms, watery, full of emotion, black and white unclear like the person could be drunk.
 - Happy belated 520 day! For those who didn't know, 520 is a ‘romantic’ day/number in Chinese because 520 (wu3 er4 ling2) sounds a bit like (wo3 ai4 ni3), or “I love you” when spoken quickly. The longer version is 5201314 (wu3 er4 ling2 yi1 san1 yi1 si4) => (wo3 ai4 ni3 yi1 sheng1 yi1 shi4). This one has the same (“the rest of my life” / “a whole lifetime” / “for a life and a world”) that Shang Qinghua uses for Mobei-Jun.
-

Reika's Notes:

- The Airplane extras are by Lily. She has her own website at <https://greenlilytranslations.wordpress.com/>.
- Shang Qinghua is so cute! No wonder Mobei-Jun couldn't resist him.

- The author is returning to Earth?!
- Any guesses about who the person with peach blossom eyes is?
- Thanks for reading.

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Chapter 95 - Scum Villain - BC Novels

[Chapter 95](#) <— click on the link to read it.

8 Bit Theater

I've talked about manga, manhwa, and manhua but I've not mentioned my all-time favorite webcomic series – [8 Bit Theater](#).

It's a sprite comic using the two-dimensional character art from the video game Final Fantasy. Therefore, it looks very retro. It's not the art that's amazing, it's the writing.

The story: Four Light Warriors embark on a quest to defeat Chaos.

Characters:

- Black Mage — A wizard specializing in black magic with a sharp tongue who makes no apologies for being evil.
- Fighter — A matchless warrior who likes swords. Naive and childish.
- Thief — A greedy elf prince who uses his smarts to scam everyone.
- Red Mage — He thinks that their world is a tabletop game and he's playing a (cheaty) min-max build.



My favorite quote:

Black Mage: Know this. There is a Hell, And when you are there I shall visit upon you such dark horrors as their names cannot be spoken.

Red Mage: You need more stickers.

Black Mage: We are so far beyond stickers.

Red Mage: Stickers increase your max speed.

Black Mage: Tell me more.

[Comic 683](#)

8 Bit Theater is all free to read and complete. The first comic is here – <http://www.nuklearpower.com/2001/03/02/episode-001-were-going-where/>

Thanks for reading.



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Chapter 96 – The Scum Villain’s Self-Saving System

This translation is by Attica (BC Novels) at bcnovels [dot com](http://bcnovels.com)

Laying down to rest, yet opening the eyes to find oneself in a different place—this was not his first time in such a situation, so Shen Qingqiu was not flustered. He knew he had entered the dreamscape of Luo Binghe again. After drifting for a while, he carelessly landed on the ground.

Once he hit the ground, the scene immediately changed, as if riding the wind and treading the willows. All around him was splendid gold and brilliant jade, the decoration style gorgeous and extravagant, as well as a very familiar promenade. This was 100% the Huan Hua Palace.

After passing through this promenade, at the end was the main hall and stateroom of the Huan Hua Palace. In the past, Luo Binghe himself would already be waiting for him within the dreamscape. But this time there was not a glimpse of him, making this a strange event.

There was someone in the hall. Shen Qingqiu saw the person’s back view looked familiar, and when he moved closer, he found an even stranger event and said in shock: “Mu-shidi?”

This respectfully standing ‘Mu Qingfang’ was only a phantom in the memory of Luo Binghe, and naturally could not hear his salutation. This shidi has always been friendly and good-natured, but right now standing in the middle of the hall, he did not have a pleasant expression on his face.

Shen Qingqiu remembered hearing a rumor across the Jianghu that soon after he cheated death to escape, Luo Binghe brought Mu Qingfang back to the Huan Hua Palace and forced him to ‘treat Shen Qingqiu’s disease’. He realized this scene must definitely be from that time.

A dark shadow swept soundlessly by his side, and Luo Binghe's voice sounded: "Sir Mu."

The eyes of this 'Luo Binghe' did not reflect Shen Qingqiu's figure and he was unaware of his existence. This was not Luo Binghe himself, only a memory.

Shen Qingqiu wondered, could it be that he drifted into the range of the dreamscape where even Luo Binghe himself had no control?

Luo Binghe's attitude and manner of address could not be described as disrespectful. Mu Qingfang said: "Your Excellency refers to me as 'Sir Mu'. Do you or do you not acknowledge yourself as a member of the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect?"

Luo Binghe: "Whether I acknowledge it or not, does it matter?"

Mu Qingfang said: "If you do not acknowledge it, why do you still address Shen-shixiong as 'Shizun'? If you do acknowledge it, you should call me Shishu, and why did you hurt the disciples of Cang Qiong Mountain and abduct me here?"

Luo Binghe: "Inviting Sir Mu here was naturally to see my shizun."

Mu Qingfang said: "Shen-shixiong already self-detonated and died under everyone's eyes in Huayue City. His spiritual power dispersed and I'm afraid that now even the body has long since festered and decayed. I have no method to bring people back to life."

Listening to this succession of questions and answers caused Shen Qingqiu to break out in a cold sweat.

Mu Qingfang did not have a personality like Qi Qingqi or Liu Qingge, with their hair-trigger tempers and intolerance of anything objectionable. But this answer he had given was not pleasant. Even though he knew Mu Qingfang would be fine, Shen Qingqiu could not help but sweat in anxiety, worried that he would enrage Luo Binghe and suffer unnecessarily.

Fortunately, Luo Binghe remained unmoved and coldly said: “Please take a look, Sir Mu, that’s all.”

The captive Mu Qingfang could only be escorted by a crowd of yellow-shirted disciples to the Huan Hua Pavilion.

The cold air of the Huan Hua Pavilion seeped into one’s bones. The two men stepped through the threshold one after another, and the great door immediately closed. Shen Qingqiu rushed in to follow them.

Luo Binghe raised the gauze curtains hanging off the seating table. Mu Qingfang bent over to examine and Shen Qingqiu also wanted to move closer to look. Unfortunately, Mu Qingfang almost immediately straightened up and let the gauze curtain down, blocking Shen Qingqiu’s line of sight. His face had suddenly distorted.

Mu Qingfang said: “What method did you use to preserve his body?”

Luo Binghe lightly and casually said: “Sir Mu is the Peak Lord of Qian Cao Peak, you know better than I how to preserve a body without damaging it.”

After a long while, Mu Qingfang’s original attitude of tactfully refusing to cooperate finally broke down. He said: “Your forceful transfusion of spiritual power into Shen-shixiong’s body every day has absolutely no effect, besides barely managing to stop his body from rotting as well as wasting huge amounts of spiritual power. And if you stop for only one day, all the previous effort will amount to nothing. If I may be blunt, Shen-shixiong has already...”

Luo Binghe interrupted him: “The Qian Cao Peak’s medical skills are the best in the world, and Sir Mu is the Peak Lord. I believe you must have a solution.”

Mu Qingfang said: “There is no solution.”

Faced with this obstinacy, Luo Binghe’s originally already limited supply of patience was finally exhausted. He sneered: “If there’s no solution, come

up with a solution. Until you think of a solution, there will be no need for Sir Mu to go back to Cang Qiong Mountain!”

He abruptly waved his sleeve, and the great doors of the Huan Hua Palace suddenly opened. The startled Mu Qingfang was shaken out before he could react and was immediately detained by a crowd of yellow-clothed disciples who had been biding their time. The great door immediately closed again.

A gust of chilly wind blew back and forth. The candlelight in the pavilion shook and flickered.

Suddenly, Luo Binghe called out towards him: “Shizun.”

Shen Qingqiu was first shocked.

He thought that the Luo Binghe in this memory had seen him. However, he quickly discovered Luo Binghe was only calling out and nothing more. He hadn’t expected anyone to respond at all.

Luo Binghe stood at the door for a while. Only then did he slowly walk to Shen Qingqiu’s side, sit down on the seating table, lift the gauze curtain again, and then stare at the corpse’s face in a daze.

This daze lasted a long time. Standing on the side, Shen Qingqiu grew increasingly idle. He kept switching which leg to stand on and finally couldn’t resist leaning forward onto the bedside. Luo Binghe stared at his corpse’s face, he then stared at Luo Binghe’s face. Staring and staring, Luo Binghe stretched out a hand and slowly unfastened the corpse’s belt.

The leg Shen Qingqiu had been crouching on twisted beneath him.

Saying something like ‘this scene was too beautiful to look at’ did not fit this moment, because the corpse of Shen Qingqiu on that seating table... really did not look good.

Like red flowers and green willows, everything below his neck was covered with spots of discoloration from livor mortis.

Luo Binghe took off his outer robe. Like hugging a large doll, he held the corpse in an embrace. If someone else saw this, they would inevitably be frightened into shock, or associate it with ugly words and unbearable disgust. But he was in fact only holding the body and did not make any abnormal actions.

Luo Binghe's chin pressed against the top of Shen Qingqiu's pitch-black hair. One hand followed the curve of his back, stroking placatingly while delivering large amounts of spiritual power. The green and purple spots of livor mortis gradually receded, and the skin became pale and smooth once again.

This posture and action tugged at Shen Qingqiu's heartstrings.

He remembered, he seemed to have performed the same action to Luo Binghe before.

That was on a night not long after Luo Binghe moved into the bamboo house.



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~Flashback~

It was a winter night. The cold wind whistled as it circled around the forests of Qing Jing Peak, and thousands of bamboo leaves rustled and swayed back and forth.

Shen Qingqiu lay on his side on the long and narrow bed, not entering sleep but resting with his eyes closed. As he rested, a slight creaking sound came through the screen from the little world beyond. It seemed like the person inside was also tossing and turning restlessly, making it hard to sleep.

After not too long, the repeated sounds of tossing and turning abruptly stopped. Someone quietly climbed out of bed, lifted the curtain, and went out of the bamboo house.

What was Luo Binghe doing, not sleeping and slipping outside in the middle of the night?

Shen Qingqiu couldn't remember anything in the original story during this time that required Luo Binghe to sneakily venture outside in the middle of the night. Out of curiosity, he also got up.

His cultivation far surpassed Luo Binghe's and his motions were light and fast. Therefore, when he circled behind Luo Binghe, the other party was still completely unaware.

Luo Binghe did not slip out very far, and he especially did not go to any shady mysterious place looking for adventure. He was in the back of the courtyard, sitting on a small bench. He had already taken the clothes off his upper body and neatly stacked them on his left leg. His right hand was pouring something into his left palm, and then applying it to his body. After applying it and rubbing the area, his mouth let out a slight exhale.

Under the moonlight, the fifteen-year-old boy was not thin, but not strong either. His body was covered in bruises of blue and purple. The night wind brought the light fragrance of medicine and alcohol.

Shen Qingqiu's voice broke the silence: "Luo Binghe."

The person being called was completely startled. As he jumped up from the stool, the folded clothes fell to the ground. The stunned Luo Binghe said: “Shizun! How did you wake up?”

Shen Qingqiu walked forward: “I did not sleep.”

[T/N: Shen Qingqiu refers to himself as “ ” whenever he is talking to disciples. This vaguely translates to “this teacher,” but I’m going to make them all “I” to avoid excessive clunkiness]

Luo Binghe said: “Did this disciple’s noise awaken Shizun? I am so sorry! I originally came out because I did not want to disturb Shizun’s rest, I didn’t expect I still...”

[T/N: In front of Shen Qingqiu, Luo Binghe almost always refers to himself with the polite “this disciple” in place of “I”.]

This child was afraid the fretful tossing would wake him up, so that’s why he came out to apply medicinal liquor in the middle of the night. Shen Qingqiu was afraid Luo Binghe’s pain must be truly unbearable.

Shen Qingqiu said: “Where did the injuries on your body come from?”

Luo Binghe said: “It’s no big deal! This disciple was just cultivating improperly in the past few days and suffered a few extra minor injuries than normal.”

Shen Qingqiu carefully looked at the injuries on his body: “The people of Bai Zhan Peak picked on you again, didn’t they?”

Luo Binghe did not want to say it, but he did not want to lie either. Shen Qingqiu saw his speechless appearance, and the more he looked, the angrier he became. He said, “What did I teach you?”

Luo Binghe said: “If you can’t win, run away.”

Shen Qingqiu: “Did you follow this?”

“But...” Luo Binghe said, “But this way, this disciple would be bringing great humiliation and shame to Qing Jing Peak.”

Shen Qingqiu said: "Picking a fight just because they dislike something... what difference is there between this Bai Zhan Peak behavior and the despot bandits below this mountain? Saying it straight like that, is this shameful for Qing Jing Peak, or is it actually shameful for Bai Zhan Peak? I am going to find Liu Qingge right now. There are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. If he took even a single day to control that group of juniors, they would not be so undisciplined and out of control."

Luo Binghe hastened to pull him back: "Shizun, you can't! If you and Liu-shishu begin quarreling again because of this disciple, then I... then I..." Unable to pull him back, Luo Binghe's legs wobbled. Seeing Shen Qingqiu halt, he hurriedly said, "Besides, it's not all from being hit by the Bai Zhan Peak disciple-brothers. It's only because I fell and hit myself even more during my own cultivation practice that it looks so ugly right now."

Seeing his anxiety, Shen Qingqiu slowly exhaled and said: "Cultivation practice requires a proper sequence of gradual progression, going with the flow. How could it be forced? A fostered seedling like you, if your foundation crumbles, would that not lead to a lifetime of eternal regret?"

Someday he must think of a method to process that group of violent elements in Bai Zhan Peak, borrowing Liu Qingge's hand to teach them, so they may feel resentment but are forced to keep it to themselves.

The Peak ranked seventh in qualifications actually dares to provoke the one ranked second, did seniority mean nothing? How could this be tolerated?

Luo Binghe promised to avoid forcing himself. Shen Qingqiu said: "Go in."

Luo Binghe continuously waved his hands: "No, I am fine outside. Going inside would disrupt Shizun's rest."

Shen Qingqiu hooked his finger and the clothes on the ground flew into his hands. He unfolded them and smoothly draped them on Luo Binghe's shoulder: "What rest? Since I have seen you, how could I allow you to freeze in this cold wind outside, alone in the middle of the night?"

The two returned to the bamboo house. Luo Binghe originally wanted to go back to his own bed, but Shen Qingqiu took the medicinal liquor from his hands and signaled him to come onto the long bed of the inner room.

The startled Luo Binghe was pulled over by him until Shen Qingqiu began to remove the belt that he had only just fastened. His face abruptly flushed and he repeatedly backed away, pulling in his collar: “Shizun, w-w-w...what are you doing!?!”

Shen Qingqiu shook the small bottle in his hand: “Applying medicine for you, rubbing out the extravasated blood.”

“No need, I’ll do it by myself!” Luo Binghe rushed to grab the medicine bottle. Shen Qingqiu’s right hand turned to twist his wrist. He stepped forward and said expressionlessly: “You—Can you see where your own back is bruised?”

Luo Binghe shivered: “Everywhere, applying it everywhere works!”

He persisted in trying to snatch it back. Luo Binghe usually had a look of meek submission, warmth, and steady calmness; this was Shen Qingqiu’s first time seeing him so embarrassed and blushing to the point where his ears looked like they were about to drip blood. He found it amusing and thought it was probably a growing child feeling shame at having been beaten, and then after the beating, feeling even more shame at the teacher having to help apply ointment. He secretly laughed to himself, but his face remained serious and he reproached: “Noisy. Qian Cao Peak sends a fixed amount of medicinal alcohol every time, how could I allow you to waste it like this.”

“I... I...”

Luo Binghe could not even say a ‘this disciple’, eyes watering, clutching his clothes to protect his chest, completely beside himself with panic. Shen Qingqiu supported his shoulders, turned him around, easily removed his shirt, and then began rubbing the liquid in the small bottle onto the bruises on his back.

Without warning, Luo Binghe let out a small whimper: “Ah!”

Shen Qingqiu immediately lightened his applied force: “Am I pressing too hard?”

Luo Binghe shook his head like crazy. Shen Qingqiu said: “Then why are you crying out? A manly man like you should be able to tolerate this small pain.”

Luo Binghe’s voice was like a mosquito: “No, it’s not pain...”

His heart at ease, Shen Qingqiu rubbed for a while longer. He attempted to slowly send spiritual power from the palm of his hand. Luo Binghe again let out an “Ah!”

Shen Qingqiu wondered: “Why are you making so much ado about nothing? Completely disregarding proper deportment like this, how can you be a disciple of my Qing Jing Peak?”

Luo Binghe’s voice quavered: “I... I... This disciple, this disciple is fine just finishing the application of the medicine, and doesn’t want Shizun to waste spiritual power.”

Shen Qingqiu’s right palm closely attached to the exposed skin of his back and slowly moved back and forth. Shen Qingqiu said: “Is this comfortable?”

“...” Luo Binghe did not speak and seemed to bite his lips.

Shen Qingqiu slowly and gently caressed around Binghe’s waist, while being secretly baffled: Uncomfortable? Impossible. Did I misremember these acupuncture points? This amount of spiritual power should be just right, not too much and not too little. How could he feel this bad? Is it that... I am disabled and unlucky to legendary proportions?!

Shen Qingqiu withdrew his hand. Luo Binghe let out a sigh of relief, his eyes bloodshot. Who knew that the next moment, he was pulled down into a full embrace.

While hugging him, Shen Qingqiu toppled onto the bed.

Luo Binghe sounded like he was gasping out his last breath: "...Shizun, Shizun!"

Shen Qingqiu did not take off his innermost shirt, but they were only separated by one thin layer of clothing and could feel each other's heartbeats. Hugging him like this maximized their area of contact and also maximized the area of spiritual power delivery. He said: "I'm afraid only using the force of the palm is not fast enough. Stay a while like this and your body's injuries will be almost healed after my spiritual pulse has run a few circuits—much more effective than the medicinal liquor you were applying."

Like a little hedgehog, Luo Binghe struggled in his arms: "Shizun! Shizun! I have medicinal liquor all over my body!"

Shen Qingqiu's temper was ignited into a fire by his rubbing. He smacked Luo Binghe's arm once to reprimand him, and said with dignity: "What are you twisting around for?"

I'm treating your wounds and you're still misbehaving!

After the not harsh and not soft smack, Luo Binghe stiffened into a stick. Specifically, a tormented stick being roasted over a fire.

The 'stick' said: "Shizun... This isn't working... Let, let me go..."

Shen Qingqiu said: "Luo Binghe, if you were Ning Yingying, blushing and acting shy like you are right now, needless to say, I would not be doing this. But you are not a little girl, are you still afraid I will eat you?"

Hearing this, Luo Binghe indeed stopped wiggling around. But his point of focus shifted and he said: "Shizun's meaning is that you, you would not treat Ning-shijie like this?"

If it was Ning Yingying injured today, even if Shen Qingqiu had a hundred times more courage, he wouldn't dare to use this convenient

method to heal her. He only hated that he couldn't swear an oath to express his clear and whole-hearted innocence. He decisively said: "I naturally would not."

Luo Binghe said again: "Then... then if it was not Ning-shijie, if it was some other disciples who were injured, would Shizun also do, do this same..."

"..." Shen Qingqiu said, "What nonsensical things are you imagining? Calm your mind and control your breath."

The hedgehog in his arms finally settled down. Shen Qingqiu contentedly picked the most comfortable position. He placed his chin on top of Luo Binghe's head. One free hand stroked placatingly along the curve of his spine.

But not long after having gotten comfortable, Shen Qingqiu started to become unable to hold him further.

Luo Binghe was scalding hot like he had only just come out from a bout in a steamer. The sweat on his body had soaked Shen Qingqiu's thin innermost clothes until they were drenched.

Shen Qingqiu was completely shocked. Was it possible that Luo Binghe losing spiritual energy could even give him a high fever?!

He had just placed a hand on Luo Binghe's cheek to check his complexion when unexpectedly, his whole hand touched dripping and trickling sweat. The body in his arms suddenly struggled with everything it had, like a large white fish stuck out of water. With a "thump", Luo Binghe escaped from his arms and fell off his bamboo bed.

That wasn't all. Next came an unbearably miserable chain of 'Bang'! 'Crash'!

His foot kicked over the stool, his head banged into the screen and knocked it over. Luo Binghe looked like he had gone crazy, frantically rushing out of the bamboo house.

Shocked by this flurry of events, Shen Qingqiu could only stare blankly from the bed. For quite a while he cluelessly scrambled for what to do. He swiftly unfroze and hurried to jump out of bed and chase outside: “Luo Binghe?!”

Luo Binghe had long since run quite a ways away, and shouted as he ran: “Shizun, I’m sorry!”

Shen Qingqiu’s face was full of black lines: “What are you sorry for? Get back here!”

The night wind carried a distant tearful voice: “No! Shizun, I can’t see you right now! Don’t come over, don’t come over no matter what!”

What in the world, was this child bewitched?!

In general, Shen Qingqiu’s cultivation was more than one level higher and he was definitely faster. But Luo Binghe’s adrenaline had apparently flared up or something, and Shen Qingqiu unexpectedly could not catch up.

The two of them ran and dashed along the road, shouting at each other. Before too long, the entire Qing Jing Peak had been alerted. Small groups of lanterns lit up throughout the peak, and a mass of disciples holding torches came out one after another: “Who is it yelling in the middle of the night, disturbing the tranquility of Qing Jing Peak?”

“The voice sounded to me like Shizun’s!”

“Nonsense! How could Shizun be so discourteous...”

The sound of the voices hadn’t yet faded when, like a gust of wind, Shen Qingqiu expressionlessly scraped past this group of disciples. It instantly became so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Shen Qingqiu was worried that with Luo Binghe running like a headless chicken, he wouldn’t be able to see the road and would rush off the cliff. He took a deep breath to shout: “Ming Fan! Stop him! Stop Luo Binghe!”

Ming Fan had just put on his coat, come over with a lantern, and stared out to see—wow! That mere lackey Luo Binghe running like mad in front, Shizun looking positively murderous behind him—this scene. Everything had finally returned to normal!

He ecstatically exclaimed: “Shizun! This disciple will help you! Grab this brat and teach him a good lesson! Come on disciple-brothers, charge!”

The crowd of disciples went in all directions to outflank, and Shen Qingqiu finally caught up to the wildly running Luo Binghe. But before he could seize the brat’s collar to lift him up, Luo Binghe refused to submit in the face of death and desperately lunged forward—with a ‘plop’ sound, water splashed. Luo Binghe actually threw himself into the Qing Jing Peak’s Quiet Pool.

The fall seemed to have woken him up. All of Luo Binghe was soaked in cold water and finally stopped moving.

Shen Qingqiu said: “Are you done?”

Luo Binghe immersed his head deep into the water and covered his face with both hands. And Ming Fan had already been moved to tears.

Luo Binghe’s entire body shivered in the cold water, and he looked like he had been thoroughly beaten up. Shizun stood on the opposite side, sneering with his arms crossed. Ah, what a familiar act; ah, what a nostalgic scene!

The group of disciples whispered to each other, surrounding the Luo Binghe in the middle of the pool still covering his face and not saying a word. Ning Yingying, as a girl, had always been slower to dress and comb. She arrived late just to immediately see this situation, and involuntarily cried out: “A-Luo! How... how did you end up sitting in the pool? Who was bullying you again? Shizun, what is going on?”

“...” Shen Qingqiu said coldly, “I also want to know exactly who was bullying you, exactly what is going on.”

Luo Binghe covered his face and shook his head: “No one bullied me. Nothing is going on.”

Shen Qingqiu stood at the edge of the pool for a while. He suddenly sighed: “Come on up. What are you doing still sitting in there?”

Luo Binghe continued to shake his head: “No, Shizun. I’m remaining here. Let me stay here for a while and I’ll be good...”

It was currently cold winter. Although it was not snowing, if Shen Qingqiu let him continue to sit in the cold pool like this for the whole night, would he still be alive?

Shen Qingqiu lifted the hem of his clothes and moved to enter the water and pull him out. Luo Binghe hurriedly said: “Shizun, don’t come down here! The water is freezing cold and dirty, you shouldn’t get wet...”

With a few steps, Shen Qingqiu had already waded through the water to reach his side. He looked at Luo Binghe sternly.

Luo Binghe hung his head even lower and did not dare to meet his eyes, and only sunk deeper into the water.

Shen Qingqiu said: “Do you also need me to help you up?”

“...” Luo Binghe, “Shizun, I... you should just let me stay here by myself!”

Shen Qingqiu couldn’t do anything about him and decided on another way. He suddenly faced the Qing Jing Peak disciples who had been looking on from the shore and strictly said: “Rise at 4 AM next morning for early classes. Anyone who is late must copy the texts a hundred times.”

4 AM, it was currently already 2 AM! Copying the texts, and copying them a hundred times!

As soon as this statement came out, the poolside was empty like it had just been swept clean.

Once Shen Qingqiu confirmed there were no onlookers, he turned around and suddenly bent over, moving to take up Luo Binghe's back and the crook of his knees.

Perceiving what he wanted to do, Luo Binghe increased his efforts to hide in the water, like a thrashing large white fish: "Shizun, Shizun, don't do this, do not do this!"

Shen Qingqiu's entire face was splashed. He wiped his cheeks with the sleeves of his already wet clothes and said: "Haven't you created enough trouble for one night?"

He saw Luo Binghe did not dare to move anymore, so exerting a little effort, he picked up Luo Binghe into his arms.

A tad heavy. With that small silent complaint, he carried Luo Binghe in his arms back towards the bamboo house.

Halfway there, the Luo Binghe in his arms said with a face of suffering: "Shizun, I... I should just return to the woodshed."

"Luo Binghe!"

Shen Qingqiu sternly said, "What is wrong with you tonight? Acting this evasive and bashful, trying every possible way to escape... Other people who didn't understand the situation would fear I did something grievously sinful towards you!"

~End Flashback~

The Luo Binghe from that night had indeed lost immense amounts of face and completely destroyed his image.

Black history, this was Luo Binghe's black history!

Shen Qingqiu later fortuitously remembered this incident and made fun of him with it. But Luo Binghe unexpectedly did not even blush. Sure enough, while growing up he had also grown more shameless. He defended himself: "I was just at the age to be full of vitality and easily excited. With

my most admired person embracing me tightly, hugging and rubbing against me—Shizun, tell me, how could I have completely controlled myself? Discerning my own mind, having no way to suppress my body's reactions, and fearing you would notice... other than that embarrassing and ugly behavior, what else could I have done?"

Thinking of Luo Binghe saying those words while revealing a rare expression of complete shyness, Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but laugh out loud.

Laughing and laughing, he couldn't laugh anymore.

He did not dare think about Luo Binghe's mood right now, holding his body.

This inescapable dream was endless and dull, just like Luo Binghe's life had been in the Huan Hua Palace.

During the day, he spent most of his time holed up in the freezing cold Huan Hua Pavilion, bringing files inside to process them.

Shen Qingqiu seldom had the opportunity to see Luo Binghe seriously handling official business. The vast majority of the time, Luo Binghe's style in front of him was not quite right, his entire being behaving like a maiden in love. When he dealt with urgent demon business, Shen Qingqiu would consciously keep a distance so as to not disturb him. When he did occasionally trespass, Luo Binghe would immediately lose all interest in his work, throw down the files that had piled up into a mountain on his desk, and come running over eagerly and lovably. Who would have thought it would actually be within a dreamscape that Shen Qingqiu could carefully observe the appearance of Luo Binghe earnestly dealing with official business on his own.

Shen Qingqiu liked to sit by the desk, curiously staring at the side view of his calm and solemn face. Luo Binghe had a slight frown, reading ten lines at a glance, his pen both fast and accurate, his instructions concise and comprehensive, abstemious in his use of ink. All in all, his sheer gravity and seriousness were astounding.

He still retained his previous habits of persistently cooking every day: a beautiful and exquisite snack in the morning, four dishes and a bowl of soup at noon, and a bowl of congee at night. Snowy white congee rice, chopped green onion, pale yellow shredded ginger—just like the first bowl Luo Binghe had ever made for him. Served in a snow-white porcelain bowl, only once the heat and steam had dissipated did Luo Binghe personally put them in a food container and take them away.

Even though no one cared, he still persisted in following his past routine on Qing Jing Peak. As if he was waiting for the day Shen Qingqiu would suddenly awaken and open his eyes, at which time the food could immediately be put to good use without any delay.

Sometimes Luo Binghe would leave for most of the day, usually, when the demon side had chaos others could not resolve, requiring him to handle it personally.

He was almost never injured, except for one day.

Luo Binghe first walked through the door before he immediately thought of something. He retreated quite a few steps, took off his blood-stained robe, and used a tiny bit of force to burn it to ash. Only after confirming he had no blood smears on his body did he slowly approach the seating table.

Looking like he did on any normal day, he faced the corpse and said: “Shizun, outside business caused a delay. This disciple came back late today, so there is no congee.”

Naturally, no one answered him. The situation appeared a little... comical.

Shen Qingqiu didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Something wrenched at his heart, and he answered: “If there's none, there's none.”

Over these days, he had already made a habit out of talking to himself. Separated by time and space, you can't hear me, I can't touch you, but when all is said and done... I still hope for a response.

Luo Binghe stood quietly for a spell, and finally said: “Forget it.”

He turned and went out. After a while, he came through the door with a bowl of steaming congee. Smoothly putting it down on the table, Luo Binghe began unhurriedly unfastening the body’s belt while saying: “Liu Qingge rescued Mu Qingfang.”

Shen Qingqiu hummed out a ‘Mm.’

Luo Binghe said to himself: “If he’s rescued, he’s rescued. Anyway, Mu Qingfang only knew how to say ‘There’s no way’; he was no use at all.”

Shen Qingqiu said: “How can you badmouth your Shishu like this?”

Luo Binghe took off his robes. His chest had a wound in the process of slowly healing on its own. At a glance, Shen Qingqiu recognized it to be a burn mark from Liu Qingge’s sword aura. Under this new injury, there was an old wound that Luo Binghe had recalcitrantly refused to let fade.

Luo Binghe lay down, turned over, and moved the body to nestle into his arms. He said: “In the past, when the Bai Zhan Peak disciples picked on me and beat me up, Shizun always came up with a method to get back at them. When will Shizun get back at Liu Qingge himself?”

Shen Qingqiu sat by the table and said: “There’s nothing to be done, I can’t beat him.”

Luo Binghe said: “Shizun.”

Shen Qingqiu said: “Mm.”

Luo Binghe: “Shizun, I can’t hold on.”

“...”

Luo Binghe smiled slightly and said: “...Really. Shizun. If you don’t wake up, I... I can’t hold on.”

But Shen Qingqiu knew, he will continue to hold on.

He will continue to hug that ice-cold and lifeless body in his arms and hold on for almost two thousand of these days and nights.

The suppressed distress and heartache in his chest burst open. Shen Qingqiu saw a hand stretching out, trying in vain to touch Luo Binghe's pale face. He saw this hand trembling slightly, yet unable to touch anything. He suddenly realized this was his own hand.

“Shizun, Shizun?”

From this fuzzy trance, Shen Qingqiu felt someone supporting his shoulder into a sitting position. He hazily opened his eyes to see Luo Binghe's face right within reach, gazing at him with nervousness and concern: “Shizun, what's wrong?”

Shen Qingqiu had not yet recovered from his contemplation and stared blankly at Luo Binghe.

Upon seeing this, Luo Binghe became even more anxious and fearful. He had experienced a crisis in his cultivation that day so he sealed his consciousness at night and had no time to control his dreamscape. He did not sleep steadily and was roused in the middle of the night. Seeing Shen Qingqiu at his side with brows furrowed and forehead dripping cold sweat, he knew something bad had happened. He must have failed to draw in all his power and allowed Shizun to enter a nightmare.

He feared he had given Shen Qingqiu some kind of especially terrible dream. He questioned closely: “Shizun, what did you dream of just now? Did you get hurt?”

“I.....”

[Shen Qingqiu directly uses “I” here, instead of “this teacher”]

After tarrying too long in the dreamscape, Shen Qingqiu's soul had not yet been pulled back. Luo Binghe's face wavered between real and imaginary. His vision was sometimes blurry and sometimes clear. He didn't know what to say.

Luo Binghe became even more worried, raising his voice: “Shizun! Say something!”

Suddenly, like a blessing from the heart, Shen Qingqiu blinked, cupped his face and pulled it down, and kissed him.

Luo Binghe: “...”

Though he didn’t know what was going on, Luo Binghe was very happy with this unexpected kiss. His eyes widened. In a flash, he pressed Shen Qingqiu’s neck and took the initiative to deepen this kiss.

Shen Qingqiu did not stop there. After a period of rustling, he had already untied Luo Binghe’s belt, grabbed his hand, and explored into his own collar. Following the tight lines of the abdomen, he led Luo Binghe’s hand to his own passionately agitated heart.

This time, Luo Binghe was almost overwhelmed by the favor. But on the contrary, he did not dare to be impulsive and impatient, and his movements became cautious.

However, while he was slightly hesitating, Shen Qingqiu had already turned over and pressed him under his body, roughly tearing open his innermost clothes.

Luo Binghe’s gasps for breath were slightly unstable as he supported his waist. A faint blush rose to his cheeks and he stammered: “Shizun... What is going on with you tonight?”

Shen Qingqiu pressed their lower halves together and said in his ear: “Tonight I feel... I really like you.”

Luo Binghe instantly stiffened from head to toe.

He abruptly rose up and trapped Shen Qingqiu between his arms.

With a slight inhale, Luo Binghe said: “Shizun, I... may not be able to be gentle.”

Listening to his strong and composed voice, Shen Qingqiu laughed: “You speak as if your being gentle will not make me hurt.”

Without waiting for Luo Binghe to react, Shen Qingqiu had already reached out with both hands.

“I’ll gladly endure it.”

Reika’s Notes:

- This extra chapter is by Attica.
- I remember when it was first revealed that Luo Binghe was sleeping with Shen Qingqiu’s corpse. People were saying “did he X the corpse?” Well, I hope this extra chapter has made it clear that our little crybaby Demon Overlord didn’t dare to do anything untoward.
- Did you like the flashback of a poor innocent little disciple being “tortured” aka “teased unmercifully” by his clueless Shizun?
- I put some translator’s notes in the main text instead of as footnotes since they seemed important.
- Thank you very much to those who donated! I will be paying the website hosting bill on February 2020. If you have a bit of extra money, please consider donating to the [BC Novels Ko-Fi](#) if you can help me out.
- Please let me know if there are any errors by leaving a comment.
- Thanks for reading!

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