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Translator’s note: As mentioned in the book intro, this story is sprinkled with mentions of s*xual abuse, torture and suicidal thoughts. I will try to give a warning and short summary for particularly painful chapters but I won’t be able to warn for all mentions. Sometimes the mentions of these themes are very casual.

I’m releasing the first six chapters in one go because in my opinion, chapters two to four are the most painful since it gives an idea of the kind of abuse the gong went through. Starting chapter five, the healing starts.

Chapter 1: The Beauty in Red

Song Qingshi was dead.

After his death, he came to a strange space, where there was a sphere randomly flashing red light.

The sphere said that it was a book-transmigrating system from a higher dimensional world. There was a Xianxia novel called “The Exceptional Furnace”, which was about to be plagued by the readers’ resentment due to the tragic fate of the protagonist shou, resulting in problems for that world. It needed a soul who was familiar with all sorts of novel tropes, a master of amorous thoughts and feelings, someone who thoroughly understood power and knew change to repair the protagonist shou’s mind and body and fulfill the readers’ wishes. — Change the fate of the protagonist shou, dote on him, let him live the happiest of lives □□ □□□□□

The system’s information passed through intermittently, Within the □□ were all garbled and incomprehensible alien characters.

During his lifetime, Song Qingshi had suffered from Lou Gehrig's Disease and he devoted himself to studying medicine to save himself. He was a medical student who studied and experimented frantically every day and never wasted time reading novels.

In terms of feelings, he was even more clueless. Although he was very good-looking, lovable and obedient, due to his health problem even the

school tyrant treated him like a son and showered him with paternal affection, not to mention girls who were overflowing with maternal love. Given everyone's excessive loving care and sympathy for him, not only did he not even have a crush on anyone, he even suffered from a slight fear of talking to strangers.

His was a soul that totally did not conform with the system's requirements.

Song Qingshi didn't know how he was picked by the system. He had read all those books on Marxist philosophy for nothing. But from what he could make out of the system's messy and garbled information, so long as he accepts the mission, the system will send him to the virtual book world and assign him a healthy body, letting him live again.

After Song Qingshi realized this, he was ecstatic. A healthy body was his wildest desire. Not to mention that the system's mission was simply for him to take care of someone. He would have been willing to accept it even if the system had asked him to scale a mountain of swords and plunge into a sea of flames.

For this reason, he ignored his conscience, put together his words and lied for the first time in his life: "I have read tens of thousands of books and they're all imprinted in my memory. I am knowledgeable in medicine and nursing and have taken elective courses in psychology, which will allow me to solve the protagonist shou's physical and mental issues. Moreover…I…I am very experienced in love…I love communicating with others. I can ab-absolutely complete this mission!"

If only souls had blood running in their veins, his face would already be all flushed.

The system didn't notice his guilty conscience and confirmed him as the one in charge of this mission. It sent a series of garbled characters mixed with all kinds of chaotic and disorderly information into Song Qingshi's mind, causing waves of stabbing pain to his soul.

Suddenly, the system issued a sharp alarm. Data transmission was interrupted. Song Qingshi's eyes went black and his soul drifted away to a

point of white light…

…

When Song Qingshi woke up, he found himself lying in the woods, surrounded by the faint fragrance of various herbs. He squinted his eyes and looked towards the dazzling blue sky. There was a lone gorgeous golden luan bird dragging its long tail feathers, letting out a clear cry and lightly flying past. It was followed by countless other fantastical birds.

Is this really the world inside a book?

It seemed so real…

A breeze blew through the forest, shaking the dew from the trees. The dew fell on his fair fingertips, bringing a slightly cool sensation. Then, all the memories of the original body flooded in like a tide, pouring into his mind, trying to merge with his soul. This body was also called Song Qingshi, the master of the Medicine King's Valley, the most talented medical immortal in this world of immortals and a medicine maker. His medical skills can heal the dead and bring bones to life and the spirit pills he refines are treasures that cultivators vie for.

However, the original body's temperament was extremely eccentric. He stayed in the Medicine King's Valley all year round and seldom went out. He was never one to make friends and had no interest in matters other than medicine and alchemy. When a patient seeks treatment, he would only consider his mood and wouldn't ask for the person's identity. When he was in a good mood, he would treat even a mortal beggar. When he was in a bad mood, no matter how high the person's identity was, they would be turned into fertilizer for his herb garden. He often used living people to test medicines. His methods were cruel but because he was a Nascent Soul cultivator and had various skills with poison, the different immortal sects didn't dare to provoke him easily, only secretly calling him an eccentric behind his back.

Those in the immortal realm had prolonged life spans, and the knowledge and memory that the original body had cultivated for hundreds of years had

yet to fully pour in. The system's various data fragments rushed in frantically. Together with the countless garbled codes it tore the original body's memory into a chaotic mess, leaving Song Qingshi at a loss. It took a long time before he managed to figure out his current situation.

This place was Golden Pheonix Mountain Manor, the most luxurious place in the immortal realm, where rare and exotic animals were kept and where there were countless handsome and beautiful concubines.

The lord of the manor, Jin Feiren, was also a great Nascent Soul cultivator. He had a loose nature, was liberal with money and had friends among both the proper cultivators and the devil cultivators. He was an illustrious figure. Recently, he got a beauty that was especially to his liking. He arranged for a banquet and invited all his friend who shared the same interests to participate. It was said that he also had prepared many newly-bought beauties to be presented as gifts resulting in guests coming in droves.

The owner of the original body has always been cold, obsessed with alchemy and was never one to touch men or women. His arrival on this particular day was merely coincidental. Manor Lord Jin wanted to give him some Ten Thousand Year Snow Ginseng in exchange for a batch of medicinal pills. The original body had recently been lacking Snow Ginseng for his medicine-making and so he agreed to the deal.

Because Snow Ginseng grew in the secret realm within the snowy mountains of the Jin Family, if you wanted to get its best medicinal properties, you needed to collect and preserve it with a special refining method. The original body was here to personally harvest it and was just in time for the feast of the lord of the manor. In order to build a friendship with the original body, Manor Lord Jin invited him using every possible way and expressed all different kinds of goodwill. Finally, he got the original body to agree to attend tonight's feast. Manor Lord Jin was thrilled and even said that he would gift him with some high quality furnaces…

Then, Song Qingshi was sent by the system…

What's a furnace?

Song Qingshi found all sorts of pill furnaces and treasure cauldrons within the memory of the original body. That didn't seem right. After all, Manor Lord Jin was a sword cultivator and should not have any interest in alchemy…

Song Qingshi wanted to ask the system for more information, but the system seemed to have disappeared. The information he was sent was not only lacking the novel's plot but the character information was so disjointed and incomplete, with garbled characters everywhere, that even the protagonist shou's introduction was missing. Song Qingshi drove himself dizzy from going through it over and over before he found some descriptions in the copywriting introduction: best figure, peerless beauty shou X□□□□□ gong, secured by force or trickery, deep angsty love, □□, □□, □teaching. Aside from the copywriting there was also a phrase that he could half make out: Banquet of Bea□.

…

If this were someone who often read system novels, they would immediately realize that this was a problematic state of affairs.

Song Qingshi, however, didn't feel that there was anything wrong. He believed that this was a test given by the system to assess his reasoning ability and ability to handle matters. Song Qingshi was very accustomed to being assessed. Usually whenever he and his teacher would begin a project to develop a new drug, he often wouldn't even have a single clue at hand. They would need to experiment bit by bit and fumble their way around. They would experience countless errors and difficulties to reach the final answer and often times, this answer was not what they were hoping for.

Many pharmaceutical companies invest billions or even tens of billions to research medicines. Scholars spend decades, until their hair turn gray, only to fail clinical trials.

Therefore, every pharmaceutical researcher was a battle-hardened strong man who has suffered defeat in many a battle and kept on fighting despite continual setbacks.

This test set by Professor System was not difficult!

Scholar-Tyrnat Song showed not the slightest fear! He will definitely find the correct answer! And live up to the teacher's expectations of him!

Song Qingshi quickly grabbed the key points from the problem set. The protagonist will appear at the Banquet of Beauties. Male, homosexual, with peerless beauty and a superb figure, a pitiful character with a miserable destiny. He needed to rescue the protagonist shou, give him the greatest care, heal his physical and mental state and then help him find happiness and joy!

During Song Qingshi's time, respect for other's sexual orientation was written into the law and same-sex couples could get married.

He had once picked up a novel one of his rotten female classmates had misplaced. It was called "His Evil Majesty's Pampered Husband". On the cover was a handsome and domineering man garbed in ancient attire holding a beautiful long-haired woman with a super flat chest. He didn't quite understand it and when he returned the book, curious, he asked about it. His classmates then enlightened him about Danmei and told him that the beauty on the cover was actually male. The beautiful one was a 'shou' and the domineering one was a 'gong'. Therefore, Song Qingshi was confident that he would be able to clearly distinguish between this novel's gong and shou. Never was he going to be so off the mark as to rescue the protagonist gong instead.

Now that he has determined his problem-solving reasoning and the direction he was supposed to go, he only needed to wait for the Banquet of Beauties to start the exam.

Song Qingshi's spiritual sea gradually cleared. The soul and body merged fully and turned nimble. He cautiously used his hands to prop himself to sit up. And then, he took off his shoes, raised his feet, and tried to move toes that had been stiff for many years. Each of white and round toes curled happily. Song Qingshi shakily stood up. Using both hands and feet, he took a few steps forward. Finally remembering how normal people walked, his movements gradually changed from jerky to agile…

Beneath his feet was soft green grass and moist earth.

Beyond the trees was a small, calm river. Song Qingshi stepped into the water and took a handful of cold river water to wash his face, confirming that he was not in a dream.

Tears gushed out from extreme joy and the big fat drops fell one after the other onto the palms of his hands. He couldn't stop no matter how much he wanted to. The surface of the river calmed down from the slight disturbance, reflecting the youth's figure.

Song Qingshi was surprised to find that the body given by the system was very similar to his own during high school. He wasn't very tall, his build was comparatively thinner. He wore the attire of a Daoist immortal, layer upon layer of snow-colored cloud patterned brocade wrapped tightly around his body. A quick glance gave the illusion of a person too frail to bear the weight of one's clothes.

His fine hair was simply tied up, with some strands left hanging outside. Probably related to immortal cultivation, his appearance was a bit more refined than his original one, with cold white complexion and clear eyes. Because his mind often wandered off to thoughts of research, he gave off the impression of being endearingly silly and easy to push around leading to many unlucky ghosts who believed the original body to be harmless to become plant fertilizer or poison test subjects.

…

After Song Qingshi vented his emotions, he saw his reflection with eyes rimmed red from crying. He was a little embarrassed and he hurriedly lowered his head to fetch water and to wash away the tears on his face. Suddenly, from behind him came the sound of tinkling bells and mockery.

"It's useless to attempt suicide. It will only cause you pain for nothing. If you feel unreconciled, you can try and sink down slowly to see if you can succeed."

Song Qingshi gave a little frightened jump. He turned around and saw the most beautiful scenery he had ever seen.

Beneath trees full of peach blossoms, there was a beautiful young man dressed in red, watching Song Qingshi crying stupidly for who knows how long. The young man's appearance was at its prime, like a picture scroll of dense vibrant colors and dark black ink, depicting the world's most amorous beauty. He had skin like warm jade and the most beautiful of all were those dark golden phoenix eyes under the crow-feather-like eyelashes. He should have appeared like a noble and dignified phoenix in the heavens were it not for the utterly gorgeous red teardrop mole below the corner of his left eye that desecrated his nobleness; crushing his dignified air, causing the phoenix to sink among humans. Dyed with the color of desire, it turned into a feature that enchanted and seduced, creating an unbearable temptation into people's hearts.

His long hair was untied, hanging casually to his waist, the ends were slightly curled. His feet were bare and he was only wearing a red garment made of shark silk. The shark silk was as smooth and glossy as water, clinging to his body and covering it all. With just a pull of that golden ribbon around his waist, it would all drop down, revealing the favorite scenery in every man's dream.

Song Qingshi did not have any impure thoughts but because he was found sniveling and crying, his social anxiety reared its head. After a long time of trying to rouse his courage, he stumblingly said, "I, I was just…"

His hesitation turned to tacit approval in the eyes of the beauty in red.

Everywhere in the immortal realm were dangerous birds and beasts. All cultivators were imbued with spiritual aura and keen senses. They could easily detect the grass stirring in the wind around them. Even minor cultivator in the Foundation Building stage wouldn't miss the sound of mortal footsteps tied with these bells, let alone a Nascent Soul cultivator. If Nascent Soul cultivators let out a mental probe, even the movements of the smallest insects on top of the mountain wouldn't escape his notice. Except for Song Qingshi, this newly-transmigrated strange little marvel who was a stranger to both spiritual powers and worldly matters…

The beauty in red completely misunderstood and thought that Song Qingshi was also a mortal. And in Golden Pheonix Manor there was only one use for such a beautiful mortal. He asked to confirm, “A new slave?”

Song Qingshi looked up in surprise, wondering what he meant. He had opened his mouth to ask but his eyes unintentionally fell on the body of the beauty in red. He seemed to have some strange injuries. He couldn’t help but curiously cast surreptitious glances, pondering what it could be.

The beauty in red noticed his curious look and grew unhappy. Malicious intent grew within him but a very gentle smile appeared on his face. He said, in a voice as though bestowing sincere blessing, “Don’t bother to look. Soon, you too will have it.”

Song Qingshi was very sheltered before his transmigration. He had never encountered malice and did not know how to discern sarcasm. Although he thought this blessing was a bit strange, he still answered politely: “Thank you.”

The beauty in red was choked by this answer. He was momentarily dumbfounded. He looked Song Qingshi up and down, looking at him like he was an idiot. He found that the person in front of him was clean and his eyes were pure, never having experienced hellish devastation.

This discovery made him made him feel a thread of pity in his heart tempered by suffering. He put away his sharp malice and whispered, “After tonight, you will understand that death is a luxury.” He turned slightly sideways, looking at the cool flowing water. He warned, “When I first came here, I tried to commit suicide many times, but it was useless. We are slaves who are branded with the Acacia Seal. Our mind and soul belong to the master. As long as the master refuses to allow it, even our deaths are not our own…”

The beauty in red was silent for a long time. He slowly stretched out his hand and rubbed Song Qingshi’s hair, as soft as the down of a small animal.

Song Qingshi saw that there were several red marks from being tied up on his pale wrists. He realized that this must be a pain that the other wouldn’t

be willing to be questioned about. And so he pushed down on his queries.

The beauty in red's fingertips slid from Song Qingshi's hair to his delicate face, watching his naïve expression. He paused slightly and then, as though he couldn't bear it, released him. He didn't want to say any more. It was useless to say anything before he personally experiences that endless, limitless nightmare. Now, being able to keep one more moment of innocence was one more moment of happiness. Finally, he sighed, "You have very good looks but unfortunately the better you look as you grow, the later you will be freed…"

Song Qingshi was puzzled: "What do you mean by 'freed'?"

"You'll know soon," the beauty in red's expression suddenly relaxed. He glanced around carefully, then stretched out his index finger and lightly tapped his lips. In a voice so soft, it could hardly be heard, he said ambiguously, "Tonight I will be freed…"

The red-dressed beauty turned around with a smile and with a the sharp and crisp ring of the bell, turned around to leave. His steps were a little unstable and each step was strenuous, like a mermaid painfully walking on the tip of a knife.

A pair of exquisite gold shackles were exposed around his beautiful ankles underneath the red clothes. An exquisite bell hung on each of the shackles which were connected by a slender golden chain. As he walked, the bells shook, making a clear and sweet sound. He was like a tethered bird.

The golden chain dragged across the grass and a few drops of blood dropped onto the green leaves.

Song Qingshi plucked up the courage, fighting down his social anxiety and shouted to the beauty who was about to leave, "Are you…injured? I, I have some medical skills…Do you need me to treat you?"

The beauty in red looked back. He looked at him for a few seconds and couldn't help but smile. This time the smile finally reached his eyes; like a ray of golden sunlight breaking through the clouds, dazzlingly beautiful. He

shook his head towards Song Qingshi and gave him a sincere blessing, “I wish you better luck tonight.”

He turned his head, and the sunlight in his eyes disappeared in a flash, as if it had never existed. Only black clouds that wouldn’t retreat remained.

Having sunk into a nightmare for so many years, he has long learned not to recall fondly the kindness of others and not to depend on the momentary benevolence given in charity.

He walked alone, step by step alone without stopping, with these chains of pain.

Translator's Note: This chapter is quite painful. Here is a short summary for readers who feel it would better prepare them to read the chapter.

Chapter 2: Problem Solving by Elimination

Scholar-Tyrant Song sat in the examination room, his back ramrod straight. He had his head down in embarrassment and his mind was a complete blank.

This question presented at the Banquet of Beauties was more terrifying than Goldbach's conjecture. At least he wouldn't feel so flustered at being quizzed by the professor on Goldbach's conjecture.

The Langgan Terrace of Golden Phoenix Manor was a display of wanton extravagance. There were countless beautiful celestial youths and maidens, dancing in all directions. Guests arrived one after another with beauties in hand. There were impetuous laughter and jumbled obscene language everywhere.

Song Qingshi silently recited his lessons on topics such as the human body structure, physiological hygiene and mouse breeding before finally recovering the calm of a talented medical student. Thinking about the tragic wipe out of the lab mice he had painstakingly bred for three years, he instantly felt nothing of the spectacle before him.

There were two kinds of sacred fires in the original body. One was the Red Lotus Fire for refining pills and the other was the Underworld Ghost Fire for killing people.

Song Qingshi assumed an expression that could drive other people thousands of miles distant. He released the Underworld Ghost Fire onto the palms of his hands, letting the flames continuously jump around his fingertips, changing into all sorts of different shapes.

Fen Shen and He Ti ancestors were the greatest treasures of every sects and they did not easily involve themselves in secular affairs. Nascent Soul cultivators were then all big shots that walked about wantonly in the

immortal realm. Moreover, the path of cultivation was dangerous; no one could say for certain that they would not need the help of a god-level doctor to save their life. As a result, neither proper cultivators nor devil cultivators dared to rashly offend the Medicine King Xianzun, let alone pay any mind to his eccentric character.

The cultivators saw the Underworld Ghost Fire. Knowing that he was in a bad mood, they all kept well away. Even the maids and servants did not dare to approach, lest they carelessly provoke the honorable lord and be set ablaze by that murderous fire.

Song Qingshi successfully managed to carve out a large area of peace and quiet around him. He cut off all thoughts the other cultivators might have had of sucking up to him. He then released the powerful mental probe of a Nascent Soul cultivator and quickly enveloped all the beauties at the banquet, looking carefully, trying to find the protagonist shou among them.

However, Yang Yuhuan was plump while Zhao Feiyan was slender; each beautiful woman was beautiful in her own way. Everyone had different standards of beauty. Song Qingshi was the unreliable sort and his eyes were quickly dazzled. He felt that all of them at the Banquet were beautiful. Even the maid who poured water was lithe and graceful. She was more beautiful than the stars on TV. He simply couldn’t tell who was a cut above the rest.

But this stubborn scholar will never admit defeat!

Song Qingshi tried to use the elimination method to solve the problem. First, make sure that the protagonist was a man, exclude all the female beauties at the Banquet. Then he must list the key observations, make bold verification and careful assumptions and one by one remove the beauties that do not meet the standards.

The twin brothers brought by the Sect Master of the Blood Demon Sect were extremely beautiful. Tender-bodied, warm and fragrant, passionately devoted, they were just like twin lotus flowers on one stalk.

There can’t be two protagonist shous. Cross out.

The young man brought by immortal elder of the Longhu Sect was also super cute. He was childlike and adorable. He had his arms around the immortal elder and acted like a spoiled child. The immortal elder doted on him very much and obeyed his every wish, even hand feeding him fruit. He kept calling him ‘baby’ and ‘darling’.

The protagonist shou suffered a miserable fate. Cross out.

The foreign monk from the northern continent used black iron chains to lead along a handsome man covered in wounds. He staggered along, seeming to follow the monk obediently. But underneath, he exuded an unyielding aura, like an eagle with both wings bound but still wanting to break free and fly away.

The protagonist shou was regarded as a beauty, so he wouldn’t be that strong-willed and unyielding. Cross out.

……

As the night grew deeper, the music at Banquet of Beauties had long been replaced by the sounds of debauchery. Many people have left the table with beauties in tow. The scenes became more and more unbearable.

Song Qingshi did not want to peep into other people’s private affairs, for fear of seeing something dirty and getting an eye stye. He narrowed the scope of his mental probe and limited it to only within the banquet. He then heard the foreign monk show off the man he had brought with him to the young master of the Hidden Moon Sect, “He was even a general in the mortal world. After he was defeated and captured, he was sold to me. He is proud and unyielding and would not comply even at the threat of death. Playing with him is particularly exciting.”

The young master of the Hidden Moon Sect introduced a soft and coquettish young man. He said with a smile, “A proud person has its own flavor and well-behaved has its own as well. Should we exchange and give it a try?”

The foreign monk hesitated and the Young Master of the Hidden Moon Sect directed a meaningful look towards the young slave.

The charming young man immediately snuggled up against the monk's chest and coquettishly implored, "I actually love a strong body like master's. Please bestow love upon this slave, master."

Fan Seng was aroused by the youth's sweet and lewd words. He readily threw the chain in his hand to the Hidden Moon Sect's young master and took the young man to the side hall. The Young Master of the Hidden Moon Sect pulled the chain fiercely and dragged the gray-faced man toward the secluded part of the garden.

There were many scenes like this during the banquet and no one spared any pity for these tragic beauties.

……

Song Qingshi had already learned from the memory of the original body that the spiritual energy of the mortal realm was thin. The life span of mortals was short and the occasionally spiritual roots were extremely weak. Being able to reach Foundation Building stage was already akin to ascending the summit. There were some benevolent immortals who would accept mortals as disciples and give them the opportunity to ascend to immortality. Ten thousand years ago, there was a mortal named Mo Yuan who was extremely talented. Relying on his sword skills for cultivation, he managed to reach the Nascent Soul stage. He created a peerless sword technique enough to rival a Fen Shen Elder. He thus became known as the Sword Sovereign.

But the path of immortality was to fight against the Heavens. Each step was difficult, to meet with calamity and failure was a common occurrence. Killing someone to rob them of their treasures occurred from time to time. It was difficult to restrain their behavior with morality and ethics.

Weakness was the original sin. Mortals were like mole crickets and ants, allowing the cultivators of the immortal world to have the power over their life and death, playing with them recklessly.

Even if Sword Sovereign Mo Yuan decided to take care of them, he could only lay down rules among the famous and righteous sects of the immortal realm. He managed to secure that mortals who have successfully reached Foundation Building stage could no longer be used as slaves and playthings. But demon sects and demon cultivators never cared about the rules. Not to mention the mortal cultivators, even cultivators in the immortal realm would suffer a terrible fate should they fall into their hands. Their evildoings were too many there simply weren't enough bamboo slats. there were too numerous to tell.

Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor was regarded as a famous and illustrious sect in the immortal realm and all the cultivation furnaces within the manor were of mortal origin who had been purchased.

So while Song Qingshi found the things happening here to be utterly intolerable, he couldn't interfere. He was a little grateful that the identity that the system had arranged for him was not that of a mortal's, otherwise he wouldn't be able to survive two chapters, let along save the protagonist shou.

Fortunately, it was just a virtual world…

Novels were works of the devil and textbooks were the righteous path of the world! It was only right that the professor confiscated his Senior sister's novels in class! If he ever becomes a professor, he will not allow his students to read novels! So as to avoid having their Three Views poisoned!

Song Qingshi lamented silently.

Suddenly, a swearing voice came from the garden. It was the Hidden Moon Sect's young master who dragged in the stubborn man's corpse and returning with a disappointed face. The man's shirt was torn open, revealing his body riddled with scars. He had used a silver chopstick stolen from the banquet to pierce his throat severely and kill himself.

The silver chopsticks were very blunt. It must have been extremely difficult to use it to commit suicide. It wouldn't have pierced through without exhausting all his strength. It clearly displayed his determination.

When everyone at the banquet saw this, they made fun of the Hidden Moon Sect's young master, joking that he couldn't even look after a mortal.

After hearing the disturbance, the monk abandoned the charming young man and hurried back from the side hall. He saw that the person he had brought was dead, he scowled and his eyes turned cold, his face was full of anger. The young master of the Hidden Moon Sect was even angrier than he was. He turned the dead man over, revealing a back covered with lashes. He questioned the monk, "Why didn't you place an Acacia Seal on this little slave of yours? You actually just let him commit suicide and die?"

The foreign monk was stunned by his question. "What's an Acacia Seal? Some new toy of yours in the Central continent?"

Seeing that he was completely ignorant of this, the other cultivators couldn't help but mumble how the Northern continent was a truly uncivilized place. They didn't even know what an Acacia Seal was, this thing that was known in every corner of the world. The foreign monk was completely perplexed by their mutterings. The young master of the Hidden Moon Sect though had already vented his anger. He pulled the monk over and hating iron for not becoming steel, narrated the wonders of the Acacia Seal: "The Acacia Seal was a method created by Huanxi Xianzun. The master can brand it on the back of a cultivation furnace and control of the furnace's body and soul transfers into the hands of the master, allowing for manipulation at the master's convenience. No need for orders and they cannot die without permission."

Song Qingshi had found important information. He quickly concentrated his mental probe and listened carefully.

The young master of the Hidden Moon Sect took out a red bead from his space bag. He suddenly had an idea. He turned the bead in his hand. The charming young man who was standing next to the monk immediately knelt down and barked like a dog.

The monk waved his hand and said with disdain, "The occasional taste of this kind of obedience is good enough. If I raised them like this, I'd get tired of playing with them after a few days."

“There’s a lot of uses to it. You wouldn’t know until you’ve used it for yourself. This young master can’t list them all.” The Hidden Sect’s young master withdrew the spiritual thought he had imposed on the bead. The young man laying on the ground, stood up. He had long become used to being disgraced in front of a crowd and after a momentary reddening of his face, he cast away his sense of shame and stood next to his master with his head down.

Seeing that the monk still didn’t understand, the young master educated him patiently: “The most important thing is that unless you allow the cultivation furnace to die, the furnace will never be able to go against your wishes and die. Wouldn’t it have been more amusing if you had branded your little slave with the Acacia Seal and once he’s unable to commit suicide, you then take your time to grind down that pride of his?”

The monk had an epiphany. He nodded repeatedly and agreed with him.

The young master erased his spiritual thoughts from the cultivation furnace’s bead in his hand and threw it to the foreign monk. He said graciously, “Since this young master has killed your beauty, then let me compensate you for your loss. Take this with you and study for yourself the wonders of the Acacia Seal. I can guarantee that you will want one for yourself.”

The monk was overjoyed and continued to praise, “The people of the Central continent are indeed bold. This Black Vulture has made you a friend!”

The charming young man’s face instantly turned pale. He looked desperately at his original owner as though wishing to speak, as though he wanted to beg. But in the end he didn’t say anything and went with the monk in tears.

The jewels have been corrupted. The bright red hairpin was now like a broken piece of jade.

This extravagant banquet finally reached its climax.

The disciples of Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor covered the luminous beads above the hall and let the darkness envelop the entire Langgan Terrace.

The guests raised their heads in astonishment. They saw fireworks from several spells flash across the darkness, blooming in the air in a rich display of lights and color, turning into a golden phoenix, dancing lightly and gracefully, announcing that the performances for the banquet was about to begin. Jin Feiren raised his wine glass and invite guests to admire it with him.

Song Qingshi marveled at the beauty of the Phoenix Dance and remained looking up for a long while. Afterwards, he discovered that a young man in white clothes had appeared beside Jin Feiren. The young man had very clean and delicate looks, like green bamboo within the mountains, a bright moon in the sky. A layer of cold frost covered in his features, as he kept his head hung low. He had fine black hair falling down like a waterfall, tied back with a ribbon. He had no other adornment on his entire body and yet he very easily caught the eyes of everyone, causing their looks to linger.

The tall and handsome Manor Lord held a smile as he gently scratched the hollow of the young man's palm. In a gentle and soft voice, he praised his treasure, coaxing him to smile.

The young man turned his head away. Despite being coaxed and teased, he refused to even look at the other.

Jin Feiren twisted his head forcefully. With one hand, he clamped both of the youth's hands behind his back and forcibly embraced him. He carefully kissed his forehead, the bridge of his nose…and then he repeatedly bit down on his lips, as though he wanted to swallow him into his stomach. The youth struggled while bearing with the pain. Jin Feiren smiled and let him go. He leaned in close to the youth's ear and asked softlym "Do you want to be taught the rules again?"

The young man froze for a moment. He stopped struggling and sat obediently into Jin Feiren's arms.

Was this the protagonist?

Song Qingshi secretly watched for a long time and finally suppressed his instinctual social fear and prepared to speak when Ling Bao Xianzun, who had a close relationship with Jin Feiren, walked over and asked with a smile, “Is this the Manor Lord’s new treasure? A pure Yin constitution, single water-type spiritual root? Would you consider letting me have a taste tonight?”

Jin Feiren glanced at the embarrassed and indignant expression of the youth in his arms. He squeezed him and refused with a smile, “Although he is a plaything, he does suit my tastes. I cannot hand him over as a present. Later, I will send my friends some top-quality products, all of them newly branded beauties with superb constitutions and very clean.”

Ling Bao Xianzun gave the youth a careful, measuring look. “This furnace of yours is still a virgin?”

Jin Feiren said, “I do not wish to treat him as an ordinary furnace.”

Tonight, Song Qingshi has amended his knowledge with a lifetime’s worth of obscene language. He now understood everything that should be understood and even those that shouldn’t be understood. He now understood clearly what they meant by a furnace.

He watched Jin Feiren personally pouring wine for the young man during the banquet and he was a little unsure whether this was the protagonist or not. Although the boy in white seemed to be more attractive than the other beauties present, the system has explained that the protagonist needed to be rescued because of a miserable fate. Right now, Jin Feiren was very fond of the boy. Every beauty in the Banquet of Beauties was many times more miserable than him.

Song Qingshi began to fret as he considered this problem…

At this time, the phoenix in the air had finished dancing and fell amongst the guests in a shower of light.

The light faded away and a huge, golden, ornately carved bird frame appeared on Langgan Terrace. On the bird frame sat a beauty lovely enough to cause the fall of a city.

The gold fetters inlaid with jewels encircled his pure white ankles. They were tied to both sides of the bird frame with long thin golden chains. His upper body was covered with almost transparent gauze, making faintly visible the magnificent scenery decorated with gold and jewels underneath. On his lower body was a long skirt made of golden red feathers in the shape of phoenix tail feathers. His slightly swept up long hair hung down loosely, with pearls like mermaid's tears adorning it. The enchanting Acacia Seal on his back was hidden by his long hair. As his hair swayed with the wind, it became faintly discernable. He was as beautiful as a phoenix with its rich colors; the human world's peony of riches and honor.

He held a jade flute in his hand. His thin lips were slightly open, creating a naturally enchanting appearance. The dark golden phoenix eyes seemed to be smiling yet not at the same time. He looked around and then greeted the audience. The small red tear-shaped mole at the corner of his eye made everyone feel unbearably tempted. Song Qingshi sat up straight and he recognized this as the beauty in red that he had seen by the river bank.

When the beauty in red glanced over at Song Qingshi, his eyes stayed on him for a while and then slid over him as though he didn't recognize him.

Song Qingshi looked to his left where there was the young man in white clothes, who looked like a clear and bright pearl and then he looked to the right, at the beauty in red, who looked like a peony in its flourishing age. He panicked. He could not tell who was more beautiful and more like the protagonist!

The exam question of Professor System was too tough…

Was Scholar-Tyrant Song about to fail this course?

Translator's note: Nothing graphic but in this chapter we are shown how the slave trader tricked Yue Wuhuan (the beauty in red). Here are the broad details.

Chapter 3: Born without Tears

The red-dressed beauty lightly opened his vermilion lips and blew into the jade flute. The sound of the flute was full of lingering affection, softly touching at hearts, as though inviting all the listeners to enter the red curtain and share in the beautiful scenery.

Song Qingshi's mother was an internationally renowned pianist. Under her influence, music has become Song Qingshi's only hobby outside of school. In the last days of Song Qingshi's life, all his body functions had been lost but his consciousness had been exceptionally clear.

His mother invested heavily in installing top-notch audio equipment in his ward to play music nonstop. She also used her connections to ask top musicians in various fields to give him a small concert every day.

Music rescued him from the brink of despair and soothed his heart. During this special time, Song Qingshi became particularly sensitive to the emotions in music. He could hear the gentleness of the performer in the impassioned piano music and he could also find the hidden encouragement in the sad and sorrowful guzheng music…

Now, he actually heard the familiar struggle and despair in the lingering and passionate sound of the flute.

Song Qingshi finally raised his head, staring at the brilliant phoenix in a daze. He could no longer look away.

Jin Feiren found that a beauty had finally caught Song Qingshi's interest and was overjoyed. "Song Xianzun is interested in this slave? His name is Yue Wuhuan, naturally seductive, a rare best quality single wood-type spiritual root. It makes him very resilient to being tossed about in bed. The more you torment him, the more unrestrained he becomes. There is no one

who has tried him that hasn't praised him. Would Xianzun like to have a taste?"

Song Qingshi's ears reddened because of his explicit suggestion. He quickly retracted his gaze and said hoarsely, "No."

"Medicine King Xianzun is preserving his purity and has no love for these things. Don't force your friends," Ling Bao Xianzun came over. He pointed to Yue Wuhuan and sighed, "I remember that this is the best product sold by Xie Que? In this immortal realm, he is still the best when it comes to raising beauties. Each is more flavorful than the other. Alas, it's my good friend who has a good relationship with him. Any kind of good merchandise will be sold to you first."

Jin Feiren waved his hand and said, "You flatter me. Its with thirty hu of mermaid pearls that he has a good relationship with."

Ling Bao Xianzun laughed, "If money could be used in this world to create friendships, my good friend would have the most friends in the world. Come, come, let me share a toast with my good friend and congratulate him on his wind and moon."

Jin Feiren also laughed. He ordered the young man in his arms to fill a glass of wine and drink with Ling Bao Xianzun.

Ling Bao Xianzun had drunk quite a lot and was already tipsy. He leaned against the table and listened to the flute music. He sighed, "I remember when this beauty first entered your gates. He was unwilling to accompany guests even under the control of the Acacia Seal. It was quite enjoyable to have a taste of that. But now he has become so promiscuous. It has changed to a different special flavor. I can see that your methods are brilliant, my good friend."

Jin Feiren shook his head: "It's a pity that this beauty won't cry no matter how much he is tossed about. He was born without tears and he's a little less of a delight because of it."

Song Qingshi heard a professional problem and couldn't help answering, "Being born without tears may be indicative of a problem with the lacrimal secretion system."

Jin Feiren was momentarily struck dumb. He had every intention of building a friendship with Song Qingshi but he couldn't carry on a conversation about his medical obsessions. He had could only laugh awkwardly and switch the topic, "Don't let this beauty's debauchery fool you. Back then, in the mortal realm, he too was an honorable and high-ranking prince. When he was eight years old, Xie Que discovered that he had excellent aptitude when he was looking for beauties in the mortal world. He showed his supernatural powers and presented the emperor with a pill for prolonging life. He praised his son as having spiritual roots and wanted to accept him as a disciple. The old emperor was so overjoyed that he happily handed his son to the immortal elder. That Xie Que is also very ingenious. He does seriously accept mortals with spiritual roots as disciples and coaxes them to trust him. He then tricks them into voluntarily signing the spiritual contract into slavery. He teaches them superficial cultivation methods and when their appearance reaches its peak, he brands them with the Acacia Seal, keeping them always at their most suitable time for picking. He then sells them off to the brothels to serve on their beds."

"Although everyone knows that he is taking advantage of the loopholes, they all turn a blind eye to it and acquiesced to this method of trafficking in slaves. "

The Yanshou pill can only be taken once to extend one's life to 100 years.

Cultivators who've reached the Foundation Building stage can live up to at least three hundred years. They had no use for this trifling plaything. Most of these were bought to be used by mortal servants. The price was very cheap, worth only two of the lowest-grade spirit stones. Such huge profits have continuously sustained cultivators who trafficked in slaves. But none of them could raise slaves as well was Xie Que.

Song Qingshi was surprised to find in his memory that the original body had encountered Xie Que before..

That spring, the original body was doing a closed-door study on a new method to create pills when Xie Que came to seek medical treatment for a comatose child. The child was a mortal, about eleven or twelve years old, with a rarely seen pure yang constitution and a wood-type spiritual root. Moreover, he had already reached the third rank. He had exceptional talent and was even better than some of the wastes descended from some of the immortal families. Xie Que said that it was his new disciple, who he had recruited more than three years ago. When he went to the mountains to practice, he was bitten by a Devil Mask Snake. Devil Mask Snakes were not extremely poisonous, but they will dye the poisoned person's face in all sorts of color, akin to having them wear a comic mask.

The original body originally did not treat mortals. But Xie Que was crying and begging, saying that this was his most important disciple and that he was willing to pay a high price to save him. The original body was in a good mood at the time and he was vexed by all his crying. Moreover, it was easy to detoxify the poison of the Devil Mask Snake. And so, he finally relented. He ordered a servant to give him two detoxification pills and forbade him from crying again.

Xie Que stayed by his disciple's bed and took care of him for three whole days. His disciple woke up from the coma, there was no longer any serious hindrance to his health but it took time for the marks on his face to fade away. Xie Que was still worried, afraid that there was still some lingering poison and so they stayed at the Medicine King's Valley for half a month and waited until the disciple's face completely recovered.

During that period, the peach blossoms in the medicine garden bloomed like a red brocade over the sky. When the original body encounter a problem refining medicine, he often sat on a high place and looked at the peach blossom to think. Every time, the original body would see a small figure under the peach blossoms practicing swordsmanship. He practiced in the morning, noon, and evening, as if it had turned to living in symbiosis with the peach blossoms.

Mortals who embark on the path of cultivation were like fish leaping over a dragon gate. There were innumerable hazards and hardships and very few make it through.

Xie Que was always by his side, with a worried expression on his face. If he wasn't worrying that the sword would slip out of his hand, then he was worrying that he might exhaust himself and harm his body. The two quarreled several times because of this. On a whim, the original body sent out a mental probe to investigate. He heard the child say to Xie Que: "Shifu, although mortals are not as good as immortals, my father has taught me that the Heavens rewards the diligent and that diligence cures clumsiness. So I have to redouble my efforts and never waste time."

"What you said makes sense," Xie Que conceded with a bitter face and tried to persuade him, "Your injury is still not healed, I'm afraid you would hurt your body. And… why must you practice swords? My Yanshan Sect follows the Way of Music. Would it be better for you to learn to play the flute or the guqin or something?"

"The Way of Music that master taught me is very good," the child scratched his head embarrassedly, "but I like swords. I want to be like Mo Yuan Jianzun. Shifu, don't worry, I know all the songs you taught me. I've practiced them so that I'm even better than the senior brothers and sisters. It definitely won't get in the way of my practice."

Xie Que has no choice but to say: "I will find you the right ice silk gloves later. You must wear them when you practice swords. At night, you must soak your hands in lotion to soften your hands. There must be no calluses so as not to affect your subsequent practices…"

The child cheered and was in high spirits. "Shifu, you are so kind."

"Don't get hurt," Xie Que knocked lightly on his forehead and grumbled, "You naughty little demon. You've given your master a really bad scare. From now on, you will stay within the sect to practice and you are no longer allowed to go to the back mountains to play. You're also not allowed to practice without rest like this or else you'll ruin your eyes."

The child agreed to each of his rules.

Xie Que leaned over, rubbed his head lightly, and sighed, "You don't know how much Shifu values you…"

“I know,” the child raised his head and said earnestly: “I know that the immortal realm looks down on mortals cultivating and even looks down on Shifu who only accepts mortals as disciples. I don’t want cause shame to Shifu, so I must cultivate a Golden Core to prove to everyone that Shifu’s vision was right!”

Xie Que looked at his face quietly, his eyes dark and gloomy and difficult to recognize.

The child pulled at Xie Que’s sleeves, turned his eyes away and said embarrassedly, “Wuhuan likes Shifu the most!”

Xie Que stretched out his fingertips and stroked the child’s face that was dyed with all sorts of colors. He looked carefully, and finally stopped reluctantly on the small red mole under his left eye. The mole was dazzlingly beautiful. He was silent for a long time and then showed a very kind smile. “Shifu also likes you the most.”

Translator's note: Since this chapter is quite painful, here is a short summary.

Chapter 4: Breaking Out of Hell

The child with the red tear-shaped mole in Song Qingshi's memory and the peerless beauty on the golden bird frame finally overlapped.

A busybody, overhearing their conversation, clapped his hands and laughed. "Xie Que is really wicked. It must have been a sight to behold when the little disciple discovered the truth."

Since Jin Feiren started his cultivation, he has received countless beauties, but the memory of when Yue Wuhuan entered his gates still placed him in an exuberant mood. "That day was my eight hundredth birthday. There were countless well-wishers, so I arranged a feast on this Langgan stage and invited all my friends to celebrate together. Xie Que also came with Wuhuan. It seems that he had told Wuhuan that he was going to send him to Golden Phoenix Manor to learn swordsmanship. Wuhuan was overjoyed. Until Xie Que took out the spirit bead at the banquet and asked me to inspect the slave. His incredulous expression was so cute…"

Jin Feiren casually messed up the long hair of the boy in white, forcing him to look at the beauty on the golden bird frame. He then began to recount the past for everyone.

At that time, Yue Wuhuan had just grown up. He was wearing the Yuelan clothes that immortal sect disciples liked. He wore a sword on his waist. His hair was tied with a simple white jade crown. He had a clean scent, delicate features and bright phoenix eyes. His bearing was dignified, as though he were not of mortal origin, but like the young son of an immortal family.

He earnestly saluted the immortals at the banquet and then told Jin Feiren expectantly that he was already in the middle stage of Foundation Building and that he would work hard to learn swordsmanship at Golden Phoenix Villa in the future and live up to Shifu's expectations and become like Mo Yuan, the powerful sword cultivator. At that time, everyone laughed, an

ambiguous tone tainting their laughter. Yue Wuhuan realized that there was something wrong in their laughter and wanted to retreat. Jin Feiren had already walked down, pulled up his hand, looked carefully and laughed, “Such a beautiful hand is not suitable for sword practice. It’s much more suitable for serving people.”

Yue Wuhuan’s face turned pale, and desperately retracted his hands.

Jin Feiren let go and smiled, “Elder Xie, since you have brought good goods, you must let me inspect the goods.”

The people at the table also clamored and asked for an inspection on the spot.

Yue Wuhuan watched as his master took out a red bead, passed a spirit thought to it and he lost control of his body. He desperately tried to stop his trembling hands from reaching to his waist and throwing away his most cherished long sword like garbage. Then, the belt fell, the Yuelan clothes was shed layer by layer. His dignity was exposed for everyone to take in at a glance. What little vain hope he had was crushed to dust.

The sounds of the banquet stopped and all eyes were staring at the beautiful scenery.

Jin Feiren himself couldn’t help but straighten up.

Yue Wuhuan struggled against the control on his spirit, wishing to die right then and there. He looked at his shifu in pain, wriggling his beautiful lips, silently begging. Xie Que finally walked towards him and gently stretched out his hand, like the way he had touched his head every day to praise him.

Xie Que gently pulled off his white jade crown.

The white jade crown fell to the ground and broke to pieces. The long, slightly curled hair spreads down to his waist like a waterfall, covering the enchanting Acacia Seal on his white back. The despair and helplessness in the dark golden phoenix eyes were enough to arouse thoughts of wreaking havoc. The red tear-shaped mole made their hearts itch and the originally

beautiful teenager is turned into a rarity designed to seize and ensnare the soul.

Yue Wuhuan struggled, lowering his head to try and hide his embarrassment into the darkness.

Xie Que grabbed Yue Wuhuan's long hair and pulled it back fiercely, forcing the young man already dying from shame to raise his head, so that everyone could see his devastating beauty.

He smiled and said, "My vision is never wrong."

…

The sound of the flute turned more melodious and moving and in the depths of that melodious sound, the sadness grew deeper.

Song Qingshi's throat stiffened due to sadness. He was a little out of breath. He gradually understood the meaning of the words the Yue Wuhuan had said by the riverbank. It was like he could see himself from the past when he was locked within the prison of his own body. He shouted every day, but no one could hear his cry for help.

He didn't want to think anymore. He already had the answer in his mind.

What he wanted was to save this beautiful bird with scars strung together like beads.

Song Qingshi began to think frantically about how he could naturally bring Yue Wuhuan away.

The song finished. The flute stopped and the lingering music curled away into the wind.

The guests had long been tantalized until their hearts were burning. Some had even made fools of themselves.

Jin Feiren got up and announced boldly, "This is a toy that Golden Phoenix Manor has prepared to give to all our Immortal friends tonight. Please

enjoy."

Song Qingshi was startled and looked up worriedly. Yue Wuhuan only raised his eyebrows as though he were already used to such a scene. He indifferently cast a wink at the immortal elder beside him. His beautiful calves stretched out under the feather skirt, shaking the bells on the golden shackles on his feet. He swayed lightly in front of everyone, as if inviting them to taste.

The Hidden Moon Sect's young master looked at him, heart aflame. He raised his hand to grab his foot, wanting to tear off the feather skirt and drag him to the side to play with.

Suddenly, there were shouts from outside the hall. The maids and servants fled one after another and a demon tiger charged in. Its eyes were bright red. It trained its eyes on Yue Wuhuan and kept growling lowly, as if it had seen delicious prey. The expression in Yue Wuhuan's eyes began to slacken like he'd been drugged and had forgotten what fear was. He actually walked towards demon tiger step by step, seeming not to know what it was…

Ling Bao Xianzun said in shock, "This is the show my good friend has arranged for tonight? What style!"

The guests were full of drunken spirit. They felt that this was extremely exciting and let out loud cheers.

The boy in white finally couldn't help standing up, pushing Jin Feiren away. He shouted, "Stop! Don't do this! This kind of thing…is too much!"

Jin Feiren was a little puzzled. He had arranged for a show tonight where the demon tiger would hunt and kill slaves, but only ordinary slaves were to be used. How could he be willing to use such an outstanding beauty as Yue Wuhuan? But now, the atmosphere created by the guests was too strong. Yue Wuhuan was also very sensible and knew how to behave in such a delicate situation. He could not disappoint his guests. Moreover, he felt that the youth's censure had made him lose face. And so, he sneered, "Why not? You just have to open your eyes wide and take a good look. If you dare to disobey me, I will let you have a taste of such a trick yourself."

The white-clothed boy's face turned pale. He opened his mouth but dared not make any more sound.

Seeing him approaching, the demon tiger became even crazier and lost all its intelligence. He grabbed Yue Wuhuan's shoulder and bit down. Yue Wuhuan's shoulder was torn open with a big, bloody hole. He finally woke up from the confusion and drew back. The demon tiger would not let him go and continued to grab and bite, tearing up the prey before its eyes that wanted to escape.

Song Qingshi finally found a suitable attacking spell from the memory of the original body. He turned the Underworld Ghost Fire into a needle as thin and fine as cattle hair and shot it at the demon tiger's body. The demon tiger raised his head and roared.

Fortunately, the poison of the Underworld Ghost Fire quickly spread throughout the demon tiger's body. The demon tiger stiffened instantly and fell over. After a while, it turned into a boiling corpse and disappeared.

Song Qingshi got up, walked towards Yue Wuhuan who was lying in a pool of blood and quickly sealed the wound. He stabbed a few of his acupuncture points for first aid to stop the bleeding.

Yue Wuhuan was trembling with pain. He kept panting, his beautiful face was covered with blood. He looked like a ferocious ghost. The eyes that were looking at Song Qingshi held no joy at being rescued, only deep resentment and despair. Finally, before he fell into a coma, he said in a soft voice that was almost inaudible, "I was blind…"

Song Qingshi put a spirit pill in his mouth to keep his heart beating.

Jin Feiren came over and said, displeased, "Song Xianzun, why did you kill my demon tiger?"

This demon tiger was his heart's treasure, bestowed with human intellect and capable of protecting its master. It was much more valuable than a slave he had grown tired of playing with.

Song Qingshi recalled the original body's usual tone and said coldly, "I want him."

Jin Feiren put on a forced smile and said, "It can't be because Xianzun was moved by this dirty thing?"

Song Qingshi replied, "I wish to use him to test medicine."

He wanted to use Yue Wuhuan to try various miraculous medicines to restore his body to the same it was before!

Song Qingshi deliberately misled him and Jin Feiran completely fell for it. The benefit of a wood-type spiritual root was that it bestowed the body with naturally strong recovery ability. It was a good choice for medicine refiners. The Medicine King's demeanor was like that of an Immortal soaring in the sky. It was hard to guess his thoughts. Since the demon tiger was already dead, there was no point in pursuing the matter. It was much better to take this opportunity to have Song Qingshi owe him a favor.

Song Qingshi took out a bottle of immortal pills that he had refined from the mustard bag. Without even counting how much was in it, he directly handed it to Jin Feiren as compensation. Refining pills was very good for practice for cultivators. It's just that the materials were very precious and the output was scarce. Pills refined by the Medicine King himself was priceless. Giving it as compensation for a demon tiger and a slave he'd grown tired of playing with, who was half-dead and uncertain of being saved…this was a very sincere offer…

Song Qingshi was afraid that he would refuse to consent so he thought about it and then said, "This tiger has been drugged. It's viciousness has erupted and it has turned deranged. It could not be allowed to stay."

Jin Feiren hurried down the steps with him. He erased his spirit thoughts from Wuhuan's bead and handed it to Song Qingshi. He thanked him for his timely discovery and disposal of the demon tiger thus preventing the guests at the banquet from getting hurt. He promised to order someone to investigate the incident of the demon tiger's drugging.

Song Qingshi courteously bid farewell to Manor Lord Jin and rejected his enthusiastic offer to gift him with some beauties.

He personally picked up Yue Wuhuan, who was seriously injured and unconscious and stepped out of this hell of jade steps and carved railings.

In hell, there were still many souls that could not escape…

Behind him, the sound of wanton laughter faded away.

The blood stains on Yue Wuhuan's face had already been wiped away. His eyelashes, like crow wings were closed tightly, trembling slightly, fragile and beautiful.

When Song Qingshi looked at him, his heart gradually turned firmer.

He suddenly remembered the story his mother told when he was a child:

There were thousands upon thousands of fish dragged in by the tide, dying in the shallow water puddles of the beach.

He had no way to save all the fish. He could only release this dying fish in his hand back to the freedom of the vast sea.

"Because it matters to this fish."

Translator's note: The Story of the Boy and the Fishes on the Beach
The story goes that a man is taking a walk by the beach after a huge storm. The storm had left many fishes stranded in little pools on the beach and soon, these pools will dry up and the fishes will die. He sees a little boy crouching beside one of the pools, throwing the fishes back into the sea.

He asks the boy, "There are thousands of fishes. You won't be able to save them all."

The boys replies, "I know."

The man asks again, "So why do it? Who would care?"

The boy then says as he throws a fish into the sea, “Because this fish cares.” And as he throws the other fishes back, “And this fish, and this fish…”

-The End-

It’s a touching story and most readers believe that the lesson is that you are supposed to keep trying even if your efforts cannot live up to the ideal. I think it also means that you’re supposed to help as much as you can because your efforts mean a lot to those you do help.

Chapter 5: Wrong Answers

Readers who've read transmigration, quick transmigration or system stories know that if the fate of the character in the story is to be changed, it should be prevented before the character's tragic fate has occurred. However, Song Qingshi had interpreted the problem as having already occurred, meaning that he had to save the character who had already suffered a tragic fate. His decision was off, thousands of miles off.

In the original book, Yue Wuhuan only appeared three times:

The first time was when the protagonist shou had just been sold to Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor. He saw that unbearable scene of Yue Wuhuan being toyed with by the guests and his three views crumbled.

The second time, the protagonist had been harboring naïve delusions about his future. At Yue Wuhuan's mockery and humiliation, he was forced to come to terms with his identity.

The third time was when Yue Wuhuan was taken out by Jin Feiren on to the Langgan stage to treat the guests and was accidentally torn apart by the demon tiger. Jin Feiren concealed the inside story of the demon tiger's madness and treated it as a deliberately arranged game for the banquet. Using extreme fear, he shattered the protagonist's last trace of dignity, making him completely surrender and become a plaything.

In short, Yue Wuhuan was a small supporting character who exited the story early and to whom few lines were dedicated to. His debauchery was used to offset the protagonist shou's beauty. Moreover, his beauty was that of an extravagant, gaudy flower soon to reach the point of decline. How can it possibly compare with the pure as jade and clean as ice and yet to bloom flower of the sunrise?

This was a super simple multiple choice question that every reader could do!

If the system were alive and proctoring the exam, it would have crawled out and knocked Song Qingshi, this blockhead, over the head.

Scholar-Tyrant Song was completely unaware that he had already digressed far too far from the topic. He still remained full of confidence, eager to take action, doing his utmost best, vowing to hand in a perfect score!

On the way back to the Medicine King's Valley, Song Qingshi absorbed all the memories of the original body and integrated its massive knowledge of medicine and alchemy. There were rare and exotic herbs and miraculous medicines in the immortal realm. However, similar to traditional Chinese medicine, they knew only that it had amazing efficacy but did not know just where its wonder comes from.

Modern medicine conducts systematic research on traditional Chinese medicine, finding out the monarch-minister-auxiliary relationship within its components, extracting the useful composition of each medicine and then developing medicines that are both easier to take and more effective.

A female scientists won the Nobel Prize for this, benefiting the world. Song Qingshi's focus was on modern medicine and this gave him a leap in thinking. He did not follow the traditional path of the immortal realm. He quickly found new ideas for solving many of the problems that the original body had failed to study. He will employ the Heaven Craft Pavilion to create substitutes of modern scientific instrument. He will analyze the effective ingredients in these immortal medicine, purify, research and maybe even conduct artificial synthesize…

In Song Qingshi's mind, there appeared countless experimental schemes in an endless stream. There were tens of thousands of books and inexhaustible medicinal materials in the Medicine King's Valley, as well as abundant research funds.

He was overjoyed, like a mouse that had fallen into a rice vat. He wanted to hug the system and kiss it a few times.

Song Qingshi fully understood why the original body holed up at home, staying in such a immortal treasure trove. He too could spend his whole life

holed up in there!

He could spend every day immersed in a sea of frenzied study and research. He could dedicate his life and soul to his favorite god of medicine. No one can send him back!

Song Qingshi looked at Yue Wuhuan in his arms and the more he looked at him, the more he loved him.

This was the big treasure that had given him everything! He will do everything he can to save him, just like his parents used to treat himself before; indulging, doting, loving, giving him all the good things so that he can live a happy life like a prince in a fairy tale!

Song ‘A father's love is like a mountain‘ Qingshi was enormously proud of himself. He suppressed his excitement and immediately placed Yue Wuhuan in the side hall of his bedroom, doing everything himself. He first poured the elixir carefully with the crane-mouthed jar to re-energize the breath of life. Then he changed into white clothes, put on a homemade mask and found a pair of extremely thin animal skin gloves. After disinfection, using scissors, he gently cut off the blood-stuck gauze and feather skirt from Yue Wuhuan’s body and rinsed his wounds. He used very fine silkworm thread to sew them closed. Then he broke off his shackles and treated his wounds.

Song Qingshi’s movements were extremely gentle, extremely fast and barely touched any part of his skin. But Yue Wuhuan’s body was extremely sensitive. He twitched slightly and groaned a few times then fell asleep again. Song Qingshi took the opportunity to take some blood samples for analysis, and also performed a full-body scan of him using his mental probe. He was a good-tempered person but after seeing Yue Wuhuan’s disastrously ruined Dantian and meridians, he couldn’t help but darkly curse at those brutes. In his heart, he was pondering how he was going to explain the situation when Yue Wuhuan woke up.

Song Qingshi was not good at communicating with strangers. He was able to make do when discussing his specialization but during idle conversations his thoughts would often jump and his words would fail to convey his

idea. For example, everyone watched a popular men's group selection variety show and was arguing over who was the male god?

He answered very sincerely that it was Asclepius, the god of medicine…

Song Qingshi hasn't understood why everyone said he killed the conversation.

He thought hard for a long time and remembered that when his ALS was not so serious, he had gone to the hospital for an internship. His Senior brother knew that his junior had a social phobia and that when he goes to explain the patient's condition to the patient, he would often stammer and get tongue-tied, unable to come out with what he had to say. And so, he specially taught him, "Try to get rid of all feelings and treat yourself as a medical machine. First write down the detailed case and treatment plan, then recite it with a smile and end with a comforting sentence." Song Qingshi obtained this secret technique and practiced it in front of the teacher. Finally, he was not so nervous when facing patients.

A hospital was a place for treatment and the Medicine King's Valley was also a place for treatment. What was the difference?

Song Qingshi had an enlightenment and he immediately replaced Yue Wuhuan's sheets and beddings with white ones commonly used in hospitals. He ordered the valley servant to make several sets of patient clothes and he put them on Yue Wuhuan by himself. He then placed a red wristband around his wrist to represent the patient's critical condition. On the head of the bed, he hung a plate stating "Special Care" and the nursing instructions. Instantly, he felt that he had returned to the hospital and felt calm.

He was not at ease with the nursing skills of the valley servants and so, he took on the work of the nurse himself. He was careful and not afraid of getting tired or dirty. He wiped down Yue Wuhuan's body and washed his face countless times a day. He fed him medicine and had him drink water. He even changed the bedclothes and dealt with all kinds of filth.

It was three days after that Yue Wuhuan woke up. He was confused and didn't know where he was. He stared at the white gauze tent on the top of the bed, staying in a daze for a long time. He finally realized that he was still alive and he was feeling more relaxed than he had been in a long time.

He closed his eyes, faintly recalling to mind the faint fragrance of medicine lingering in his nose and the hands that gently released the restraints for him in his dream. He took a deep breath, feeling reluctant to wake up and face this never-ending nightmare.

After an unknown length of time, Yue Wuhuan abruptly opened his eyes, remembering where he had smelled this medicinal fragrance. He slowly turned his head and looked at the round table next to him, only to see the Medicine King Xianzun concentrating on making alterations on the paper filled with cursive writing on the table. He was frowning severely, his expression serious, as through of something terrible. On the silver plate next to him was a familiar spirit bead. Evidently, he had been given to another guests to be played with.

Yue Wuhuan's phoenix eyes shrank. The rumors of the perverse and evil deeds of the Medicine King Xianzun appeared in his mind but under the control of the spirit bead, fear or no fear, willingness or unwillingness had no significance. Moreover, this broken and dilapidated body had long lost any worth of being cherished. He took a breath, gritted his teeth and struggled to get out of bed. However, a sharp pain stabbed his shoulder. The pain was so much, it made him dizzy and sent him falling straight back down. Song Qingshi allowed no distractions when he was studying. He heard the movement and realized that the patient was awake. He was afraid that Yue Wuhuan would move and re-open the wound. He quickly reprimanded with a stern tone, "You, go to bed right away! You are not allowed to get out of bed for ten days!"

This was the secret to success taught by the head nurse of the hospital. You have to be a bit strict with patients who would not follow their doctor's advice.

"Ten days?" Yue Wuhuan was stunned. He couldn't help but give an Song Qingshi an assessing look. He felt even more that his appearance had a very

deceptive quality. He had been entertaining guests for many years and he had grown accustomed to seeing all sorts of amorous scenes but he never would have guessed that this person's skills between the sheets were that formidable…

Seeing that he was remaining dazed and unmoving, Song Qingshi put down the pen, walked over and picked him up with his own hands.

Yue Wuhuan hardened his heart. He stretched out his arms and gently hugged his neck, his hot fingertips touched slightly cool skin, as smooth as cold jade, the clear and clean medicinal scent wrapped gently around him just like in his dream. Yue Wuhuan's mind couldn't help but shake for a moment. In his heart, he ridiculed himself for still not learning to behave. Then, he resumed his usual posture and in a breathy tone filled with ambiguity, said, "I hope Xianzun will take pity…"

"Don't worry, I will." Song Qingshi carefully put him back on the bed then pulled over the quilt and tucked him in tightly. He solemnly instructed, "The Medicine King's Valley is humid and cold. Yours is a mortal body so you must be careful not to catch a cold. Make sure to stay under the quilt. Keep your hands and feet tucked in. Don't kick the quilt."

Yue Wuhuan had never seen this kind of trick used in bed and was a little at a loss.

"Right now, you are a patient. I will tell you about your condition," Song Qingshi returned to the table, picked up the stack of papers covered entire in words. He nervously pushed non-existent glasses up the bridge of his nose. With a slight smile, be began to read aloud quickly in a very measured tone. "Patient name: Yue Wuhuan. There are three lacerations from the right shoulder to the chest, which are 18 cm, 14 cm and 12 cm long. The right shoulder bone is fractured, and the suprascapular artery has ruptured. There is a bruise on the right elbow. Both left and right wrists have tissue contusions. The left and right knee also have tissue contusions. Abrasions on both ankles; soft tissue lacerations on the skin of the buttocks. The body shows signs of drug abuse and there is possible drug addition. Do you understand?"

Yue Wuhuan only felt that his stiff smile was now looking very abnormal. Inwardly, the more he thought, the more confused he became. He nodded and pretended to understand.

“Good,” Song Qingshi felt that what he had said was both detailed and easy to understand. He began to recite the preliminary treatment plan. “Your Dantian and meridians have been destroyed, and your body is severely damaged. Strong medicine is not suitable for your current treatment, so you cannot take the Return of Spring Pill, Gather Breath and Disperse Pill, the All Creation Pill or the Bone Growth Pill. You must be treated with mortal medicine first, then treated with Six Meridians Rejuvenation medicated bath to nurse you back to health before then taking the Dragon Rising Pill and Nine Revolution Blood Lotus Pill.”

Yue Wuhuan finally understood what he was saying. The Return of Spring Pill, Gather Breath and Disperse Pill and the Bone Growth Pill were common immortal medicines and he had also taken them when he had been seriously injured.

The All Creation Pill and the Rising Dragon Pill were worth thousands and he had heard that the Jade Pearl Tower’s Lord had used it for his own heart’s treasure.

He had no idea what the Six Meridians Rejuvenation medicated bath was but the Nine Revolution Blood Lotus Pill was a treasure of the immortal world. It was made from ten thousand year blood lotuses. There were only nine in the world and the location of most of them were unknown. All he knew was that the Xuanji Palace Lord had used one and he broke through to Fen Shen; that the Fluttering Snow Fortress’ Lord, killed his wide and Daoist companion to seize this treasure in a secret realm; one appeared at the Rare Treasure Pavilion auction, and was won by the owner of the East Sea Langya Pavilion using hundreds of thousands of high-grade spirit stones. For some reason, Qin Feiren was unable to participate in that auction, and was heartbroken. He considered it a lifelong regret and talked about it often.

In mortal terms, it would be like if someone saved a completely unknown beggar from the side of the road, saying that he would give him brocade and

rare delicacies, a golden house, a jade horse and millions upon millions worth of fortune. Finally, he said that he would also pass on the jade seal of the country and all the land under heaven to him. Only an utter idiot would believe such an inferior trick.

Yue Wuhuan laughed. His heart turned cold. He was now certain that Song Qingshi was playing ‘coax the slave’ with him.

He had also encountered many such hypocritical sweet talkers, pretending to bemoan the state of the universe and pity the fate of mankind. In the end, all they wanted was to coax this slaves to play a game of mutual consent and undying love. In the end, they still lusted after his filthy body.

Song Qingshi was still reciting his final closing words, “No need to worry, as long as you follow the doctor’s orders and cooperate with the treatment, you will be cured.”

“Yes,” Yue Wuhuan’s phoenix eyes revealed a bit of flattery and he replied in a languid voice, “This slave shall depend everything on Xianzun…”

“Almost forgot,” Song Qingshi looked into his eyes and suddenly remembered something. He put on the animal skin gloves once again. He picked up a luminous bead the size of a goose egg and placed it in a strange long tube-type lamp. He then sat on the side of the bed, leaned over and looked Yue Wuhuan. He said, seriously, “It may be a little uncomfortable, please bear with me.”

Yue Wuhuan laughed mockingly at himself. He let a look of desire seep through his phoenix eyes. He then softened his body and waited for this new play.

Song Qingshi stretched out his hand and pushed Yue Wuhuan’s eyelids apart, forcing his eye open, illuminating the inside with the luminous bead. After a long and careful inspection, he whispered, “The problem of the lacrimal secretion system is not outwardly visible, so I will still have to do a colored dye inspection…”

Yue Wuhuan: “???”

Translator's Note: Mentions of a suicide attempt. Here are the broad details.

Chapter 6: The Truth Behind the Scenes

Yue Wuhuan thought that his eyes were soon going to be gouged out by Xianzun and his entire body began to tremble from nervousness.

After Song Qingshi's inspection, he was puzzled, "Are you cold?"

Yue Wuhuan shook his head stiffly.

"If your eyes aren't giving you any discomfort, we can leave it for later treatment." Song Qingshi decided to do this according to the severity of the matter. He returned to the table and took off his gloves. He picked up the spirit bead and walked over, "In your nails, I found a white powdery medicine. After a preliminary inspection, I determined that it contained Deer Spring Grass and Confusion Scented Flowers, which produce a strong aphrodisiac effect. In addition, I also found the smell of incense on your clothes and feather skirts have plant ingredients that attract cats. This is the reason why the demon tiger charged at you and attacked you at the banquet."

He found out…

Yue Wuhuan thought in despair.

This was the trick he had found by fumbling for the edges of the Acacia Seal's control. Slaves couldn't kill themselves, slaves must follow the master in everything. But now, it is the master was happy to see the slave perform an unbearable performance and it was the master who was also happy to have the slave played with to death.

All he could get his hands on were aphrodisiacs from which he extracted the psychedelic ingredients. He concentrated it by several times, enough to make animals lose their sanity.

Therefore, he calculated the time and wrapped the medicine in wax pellets to delay the onset of the drugs in the demon tiger's body. He then prepared

a scent on his body to attracted the demon tiger. Once the mood at the banquet had reached its peak, the Demon Tiger rushed up under the stimulation of the drugs and he made sure that it would choose him as its prey. He pretended to be dazed from taking an aphrodisiac pill and took the initiative to step forward. The guests thought it was a show for entertainment arranged by Jin Feiren and they all applauded.

Jin Feiren cared very much about his face. Moreover, he has already acquired a new favorite. He would never break the high spirits of the guests for him. A moment's hesitation could lead the Demon Tiger to completely lose control and tear to pieces the guests at the banquet.

Yue Wuhuan carried out his plan with the utmost determination to die. He never thought that he would live and have the truth exposed..

In Golden Phoenix Manor, if a slave was found to show signs of disobedience, he would be severely punished. What's more, what he did was to scheme against the master, this thing which was absolutely against the rules… But then what about it?

Yue Wuhuan's flustered heart gradually calmed down and he recalled that when he first became a slave, because he was unwilling to yield and because it was suitable for the restorative ability of his wood-type spiritual root, he was made to suffer all the humiliation that the world could bear under the control of Acacia Seal. He was forced to assume all sorts of unbearable postures, forced to admit he was more debauch than the most debauch flower lady in the pleasure quarters. The bastards hated how he would not react during s*xual intercourse and they used countless kinds of drugs to transform him into having a very sensitive physique until even the friction of ordinary cloth would make him extremely uncomfortable.

Every time he thinks that he has reached the limits of hell, he will always discover that hell went even deeper. Finally, after realizing that his despair and resistance would only make those people happier, he gave up these meaningless struggles and as well as the idea of living to free himself of the Acacia Seal.

His body was so dirty, so disgusting that all he wanted was to destroy it…

God knows that when the Demon Tiger rushed to tear his body apart, he didn't feel any pain, only ultimate happiness.

Whether it was plucking his eyes out or cutting off his limbs to make him into medicine; whether it's being thrown to the pleasure quarters to be ridden by thousand and held down by ten thousands; whether he was thrown to beasts to be played with; there was no punishment in this world that could cause him pain.

Yue Wuhuan put away his smile and stopped pretending. He looked at the spirit bead coldly and provoked disrespectfully, "Now that you know, what are you going to do about it?"

Song Qingshi declared without any hesitation, "Someone wants to harm you!"

Yue Wuhuan failed in his provocation and he almost missed a breath, thinking that he had misheard, "What?"

Song Qingshi felt that his reasoning was excellent — Although he didn't read novels very much, his senior sister said that all protagonists were good people because bad people would not pass the domestic publication censorship as protagonists. Moreover, the system's introduction indicated that the protagonist suffered a tragic fate. His injuries now must also be part of the original plot.

Analyzing it based on the social news he has read, most of the people in Golden Phoenix Manor were jealous of the protagonist shou's beauty and favor and wanted to destroy him. And so they used medicine on his body and nails! So Song 'Holmes' Qingshi carefully thought and concluded, "I suspect it must have been the work of the one who helped dress you that day. I will find the murderer later and give you justice."

"No," Yue Wuhuan felt the corners of his mouth twitching. He didn't believe this mighty Xianzun would be this stupid but the other party seemed to be very serious about making him believe that he was. He didn't know what expression to put on. Finally he replied stiffly, "No need…"

When Song Qingshi saw how kind-hearted he was, he became more sure of his conjecture. He put the spirit bead into Yue Wuhuan's hands. "This thing belongs to you, so you can put it away."

Yue Wuhuan realizes that the bead had not been marked with a new spiritual thought. He was completely confused.

"I have studied this thing." Song Qingshi explained, "The Acacia Seal involves a spell and it's relatively complicated. The Medicine King's Valley has no way to undo this curse. I have asked the valley servants to go to Night Rain Pavilion to offer a reward. The master of Night Rain Pavilion has told me that although information on how to undo the spell is not expensive, it is rare and it will take some time to hear back from him."

After hearing him, Yue Wuhuan was stunned for a long time. He asked in a hoarse voice, "What… price do I need to pay?"

Song Qingshi has been helped by many people and no one has ever asked him to repay them. He has helped many people as well and has never asked for someone's repayment.

In his eyes, the Acacia Seal was a crime against Humanity; the source of the protagonist shou's suffering, like the shackles on the feet of a bird. After saving the bird, it was only a matter of course to undo the shackles. This was a matter not worth mentioning.

And so he replied very casually, "You can recuperate well and just recover your health with peace of mind."

The medicine servant came to report that the medicine boiling in the yard was about done.

Song Qingshi hurriedly went out to check, lest the effect of the medicine not reach its most potent.

Yue Wuhuan looked at the spirit bead in his hand in disbelief. His mind whirling with countless thoughts became even more confused.

In the world he knew, things that didn't cost anything were the most expensive…

Medicine King Xianzun was well-known in the immortal realm for being cold-blooded and heartless. He has never understood mercy or pity for anything. What could he possibly want from himself? His body? His life? Or his soul? Yue Wuhuan thought for a long time and couldn't help but smile. He tightly grasped the spirit bead in his hand, determined to make a desperate move. As long as he could get rid of these shackles, he would do anything, even if he had to sell his soul to the devil…

When Yue Wuhuan saw Song Qingshi carrying the medicine in, he pondered a little about what Song Qingshi's impression of him was and what he was asking of him. His expression quickly switched to a well-behaved and weak look. He then carefully raised his eyes and glanced at him secretly, with just the right look of gratitude in his eyes. He allowed himself to be at the mercy of Song Qingshi's treatment plan.

This patient was super obedient! He complied with whatever the doctor instructed. No matter how disgusting the medicine was, he would drink it in one go. No matter how painful or itchy the acupuncture treatment was, he wouldn't utter a sound! He even gratefully thanked the doctor in such a gentle voice! Taking care of him gave Song Qingshi a great sense of accomplishment. He wished that all patients in the world were so well-behaved.

The regenerative abilities of the wood spiritual root was astonishing. The wound on Yue Wuhuan's shoulder scabbed over in five days.

After Song Qingshi's check up, Yue Wuhuan was allowed to get out of bed and move about. He was ordered to get more sun exposure and Song Qingshi set about preparing for the next treatment.

The Medicine King, whether it was the original body or the current Song Qingshi, didn't care much about what they wore. Therefore, the Medicine King's Valley rarely had shark silk or ice silk. The hospital gowns prepared by servants of the valley were made of ordinary cotton. It was very comfortable for ordinary people but for Yue Wuhuan, the friction from

wearing it made him feel uncomfortable and so he didn't dare to leave his room too far. He would stop after just taking a few steps.

At night, Song Qingshi noticed that he was walking abnormally, so he came to do an examination. He didn't expect that just the merest touch to his collarbone, he hadn't even gone down any and he already almost made a fool of himself.

Yue Wuhuan looked at Song Qingshi's stunned expression and those clear eyes free from any evil intentions. The sense of shame he hadn't felt for a long time came out. He couldn't help but avoid those gentle hands, curling up into a dark corner.

The contrast between purity and lust, cleanliness and filth, set off the unbearable reality.

Over and over, Yue Wuhuan repeated in his heart what he had understood a long time ago.

Even if the Acacia Seal is lifted, he can't go back to the past…

Song Qingshi took his hand back in embarrassment. He looked at the person hiding in the darkness and opened his mouth but didn't know what to say.

Yue Wuhuan quickly realized that he was wrong. The other party had already known that he wasn't a clean person. It would only be more embarrassing to cover up. He quickly evened out his breath and his figure slowly unfolded from deep in the darkness.

He smiled and raised his eyes to look at Song Qingshi. He said the teasing words that he had grown accustomed to a long time ago, "It's so hot. Does Xianzun wish to see this slave's body?"

Rather than letting someone discover the embarrassment of his body, he would rather take the initiative to show the embarrassment. As long as he convinces himself that he had no sense of shame, his heart won't feel saddened.

Song Qingshi came back to with a start before he unfastened his belt. He suddenly lowered all the curtains, blocking the spring scenery in the room.

Yue Wuhuan's ambiguous voice stopped suddenly as well.

Song Qingshi calmly said, "It's getting late. The patient needs to rest."

Yue Wuhuan sat dazedly inside the bed, watching the faint figure beyond the canopy putting out the luminous beads and then lighting the incense burner. The faint medicinal scent mixed with the smell of agarwood swept over, allowing his scorching body to gradually calm down. He slowly lay down and curled up once again into the uninhabited darkness.

He suddenly realized that no one would be wreaking havoc on his body tonight as well. He had no need to speak those unbearably disgusting words, let alone force himself to beg and flatter. There was no messy smell in the air, only the clean scent, which unexpectedly made his always vigilant mind begin to grow murky. He could not keep his eyes open and he was dragged into slumber.

This time there were no scenes of hell in his dreams, only the delicate fragrance of the magnolia tree outside the window of his childhood bedroom…

He slowly relaxed his body, immersing himself in this sweet dream that he had not seen for a long time.

…

Song Qingshi stood blankly outside the door for a long time, thinking a lot.

Once he was sure that the Peaceful Soul Fragrance had done it's job, he turned around and went back in. Carrying a luminous bead, he gently opened the curtain and sat by the bedside. He once again used his mental probe to look at the various problems hidden in this scarred body.

After a long time, he withdrew his mental probe. He quietly looked at Yue Wuhuan's face. He had his eyes tightly closed. The completely relaxed

youth has already taken off his seductive fawning look. He was like a sleeping wild cat, with his claws put away. No longer on guard, as though forgetting the pain he had suffered and showing his true colors.

Freedom, pride, stubbornness…

His life never should have turned out how it did.

Song Qingshi gently tucked in the quilt. He tucked his messy long hair carefully behind his ears and promised in a low voice,

“I will heal you.”

Translator's note: Trigger warning for suicide attempt. Here are the broad details.

Chapter 7: Panic in the Medicated Bath

Song Qingshi searched the warehouse all night and finally found some old robes made of red ice silk. He tore off the decorative formation on the tops, handed them over to the valley servants and asked them to modify them to look like inner robes overnight. Afterwards, he quietly placed them at the head of Yue Wuhuan's bed along with some new cotton gowns.

The next day, Yue Wuhuan was surprised when he saw the ice silk inner robe.

Song Qingshi was already outside the door, urging him on, "Hurry up, let's go for a new treatment."

"Yes, Master." Yue Wuhuan knew that he had changed masters. He didn't dare to think too much. He put on his clothes and went out in a hurry, feeling much more comfortable in his movements.

Song Qingshi took him through the corridor and went to the alchemy room next door. This was originally a forbidden place in the Medicine King's Valley, a place where the original body used animals and humans to experiment with various medicines. It was also the place that the valley servants were most afraid of entering. Song Qingshi complied with the "Declaration of Helsinki" and rejected any human experiments that violated ethics. Fortunately, when he took over Medicine King's Valley, the original body hadn't left much experimentation materials. He immediately released what he could release and those that needed help being released, he had already released. Afterwards, he converted the room into a treatment room. The remaining specimens and general teachers were placed in other rooms. These were great treasures in the field of medical study. He will study them slowly when he has time later.

Yue Wuhuan walked towards the alchemy room and found that more than one valley servant was casting him sympathetic glances. It made him a little

nervous. After entering the alchemy room, he saw Song Qingshi take out a medicine vat big enough to fit a person in. He became all keyed up.

Song Qingshi didn't notice his anxiety. He threw in the various medicinal materials that e'd calculated beforehand into the vat and then poured in water. He controlled the temperature with the alchemical fire within his body and waited for the water in the vat to turn crimson. He then turned around and instructed, "Take off your clothes and get in."

Yue Wuhuan stood still. He looked stiffly at Song Qingshi.

"Don't be afraid," Song Qingshi finally remembered that he had forgotten to explain, "The Prince's Plume Expelling Decoction is a medicated bath. It won't produce any discomfort."

Yue Wuhuan hesitated for a moment. He stretched his hand to his belt and slowly began to untie it.

Song Qingshi turned around, sitting down with his back to him. He didn't peek at him as he got into the bath.

Yue Wuhuan breathed a sigh of relief. He quickly removed his clothes and stepped into the bloodlike medical liquid. The hot liquid medicine penetrated into his skin, causing a slight tingling sensation. However, there was also an indescribable comfort. He took a deep breath. He sighed, completely relaxed and suddenly sank his entire person into the water. He didn't expect that the water would overflow because it was too full. It splashed on Song Qingshi's neck, ears and hair. A pale red flower blossomed on his white robe.

For most Daoists, the robe was a very important thing and any damage will cause heartache.

Yue Wuhuan realized that this wasn't good and got out of the water quietly. Hiding in the vat, he took a peek, worried that he had offended the venerable immortal.

Song Qingshi didn't care about what had happened. He didn't move a single jot and just kept staring blankly at the bluestone floor. After a while, he subtly shook the water drops from his hair.

Yue Wuhuan thought for a while and asked cautiously, "Master, turn around. Shall this slave wipe it for you?"

Song Qingshi lowered his head and stared at the bluestone floor more attentively, "You're bathing. No peeking allowed." In his world view, it was reasonable for doctors to check the patient's physical condition during treatment but if the doctor peeks at the patient while he was taking a bath, it was morally corrupt and shameless.

Yue Wuhuan pondered these words for a long time and surmised, "Does Master dislike this slave for having such a dirty body?"

Song Qingshi shook his head and whispered, "You don't like being watched."

"Master jokes," Yue Wuhuan's eyes turned cold. He was silent for a moment and he then emerged from the water. His long hair wet stuck on his shoulders, like a mermaid who had just climbed out of the sea. His physique was perfect. He was well-proportioned, without the slightest bit of excess fat. His slender and dainty waist could be encircled in one grip but you could see the hidden power inside. He leaned against the edge of the vat and leaned close to Song Qingshi's ear, blowing lightly. His pair of phoenix eyes did their utmost to be charming. The red tear-shaped mole was so gorgeous that it could seize people's hearts. His voice was as seductive as a devil's. "What is there that mustn't be looked at of this slave's lowly body? The people who have seen it…is simply countless. They have all praised this slave's body for being so beautiful, so unrestrained. It can stop a man dead in his tracks. It is a body born to be seen… …"

Song Qingshi quickly interrupted him, repeating, "You don't like being watched."

After Yue Wuhuan watched him for a long time and said hoarsely, "This slave doesn't care anymore."

Song Qingshi didn't know how to explain but he kept on insisting, "You don't like it."

Can he refuse just because he doesn't want it?

Yue Wuhuan thought this was ridiculous. Those years when he had started being sent to accompany guests, he had been coaxed to say what he didn't like and what he didn't want. As a result, it was all just to find his weakness for their amusement.

He didn't like being seen and so he was made to show the most unbearable postures to everyone at the public square, at the banquets.

He didn't like saying all those lewd and obscene words and so he was tortured by various drugs and instruments of torment until he learned to use his voice to add to the fun…

Until he abandoned his sense of shame, gave up his dignity and pretended to like these things.

He had known for a long time that in the eyes of these cultivators who set themselves high above the masses, he was just a beautiful toy, without need for any emotions. He should just let the master transform him into however way he liked. He often wished that he could go mad and be stupid, just like most of the slaves, losing the ability to think, mindlessly living a dog-like life and using his body to please his master.

It's a pity that there is always a trace of clarity in his heart, coldly examining his sorry figure and then hacking him down to pieces…

Perhaps, he already has gone crazy…

No one knew when but the temperature in the vat rose slightly. The temperature of the medicinal liquid grew hotter and hotter. Yue Wuhuan's face also became hotter and hotter but he could not feel this scorching heat and he buried his head deeply within the bloody-red potion until it covered his nose and mouth and he couldn't breathe. He didn't want to get up. He wished he could stay submerged in it forever, so as to let the hot water clean

the dirt off his body. It would be best if it could make even his bones fall off.

Song Qingshi noticed something was wrong with the quietness behind him. He turned his head and found that he had gotten distracted when they were talking and did not control the Red Lotus fire well. It caused the water temperature to rise by several degrees and it was now so very hot. Yue Wuhuan had already disappeared beneath the surface of the water. Song Qingshi couldn't attend to anything else. He got up and rushed over, reaching into the vat to fish him out.

The dripping wet beauty was dragged into his arms. He had his eyes closed tightly and his limbs hung weakly. His long curling hair clung to his fair skin, dripping all over the ground, making the Acacia Print appear so splendid it dazzled the eyes. No fluttering thoughts entered Song Qingshi's mind though as he quickly placed the person on the ground. After confirming a pulse, he performed CPR.

Yue Wuhuan spit out water and opened his eyes. In a daze, he discovered Song Qingshi's face so close at hand. He could even see his own shadow in his clear, black eyes. Because of the heat from the vat, Song Qingshi's eyes were burned a little red, with water droplets clinging to his long eyelashes. He looked like a young and innocent boy. Nowhere at all could the Nascent Soul ancestor who has cultivated for nearly a thousand years be seen. Here was a man who could deceive the dead and cheat death.

He hadn't been able to perceive the other party's true identity by the river at the time. He had even wanted to sympathize with this man whose death would not have been the slightest bit unjust.

Yue Wuhuan's thoughts became more and more chaotic. He curled up subconsciously. All sorts of messy memories flashed before his eyes. The tenderness on his chest and the residual heat on his lips made him a little confused between what was tonight and what was any other night. It was as if he had returned to those times he was being punished.

Scholar-Tyrant Song almost failed his course. He was so scared that his soul was sent flying. His movements were as fierce as a tiger's as he relied

solely on his instincts. Only when Yue Wuhuan woke up did he breath a sigh of relief. He then realized that there were many ways to treat drowning in the immortal realm and there had been no need to resort to modern first aid.

This bit he could no longer explain clearly…

It was a routine operation for medical students to do CPR for drowning. Regardless of whether it is a beauty or an ugly person, a child or an old man, he would do it without hesitation. Song Qingshi was a little embarrassed that he had not done what would have been the best first aid in this realm of immortals but he also wasn't going to let this small matter weigh on his mind. He just didn't know how to explain it.

Yue Wuhuan had lost the focus in his eyes. He slowly unfolded his body, no longer covering up. He was like a fish that was forcibly dragged ashore to its death, allowing itself to be trampled upon.

Song Qingshi quickly turned his head, closed his eyes and apologized honestly, "I'm sorry, I made a mistake with the water temperature."

"It's not Master's fault." Yue Wuhuan's eyes were open but he couldn't get anything he saw into his mind. He heard with his ears but he couldn't understand any words. He repeated his standard answer, "It's my fault, it's my fault…"

This was the truth that he had paid a heavy price to learn and has been instilled in him over and over again, always reminding him how to live.

"Wuhuan, you are so beautiful. You were born to be played with."

"Wuhuan, it's your body that seduces men and must be violated."

"Wuhuan, it's because you look so wanton that it makes me unable to stop."

"Wuhuan, you are a demon born for desire."

"Wuhuan, it's all your fault."

“Wuhuan, it’s all your fault.”

…

“My fault, my fault, my fault…” Yue Wuhuan kept repeating numbly, “It’s all my fault.”

Because it was a mistake for him live in his world.

Song Qingshi took off his robe and put it on Yue Wuhuan’s shoulders. He suddenly realized that the mental state of the person in front of him was very wrong, as though he had fallen into a frightful demon’s trap. He thought for a while. He gritted his teeth, stretched out his hand to slap him but he just couldn’t bring himself to do so. Instead, he got up and brought a bucket of cold water from the side. He used the ice-cold technique and suddenly poured it over him. The cold water gave Yue Wuhuan a start and he became a bit more clear-headed. Song Qingshi took this opportunity to have him take a Tranquil Mind Spirit Calming Pill.

“Master?” Yue Wuhuan came to, a little confused.

“It’s okay,” Song Qingshi took the towels and clothes he had prepared earlier, wrapping him up layer after layer like a dumpling. He then gave a reasonable explanation, “Your near-drowning caused you to hallucinate.”

Yue Wuhuan nodded blankly.

Song Qingshi determined that he had wrapped the dumpling tightly enough and stopped, satisfied with his work. He ordered, “You must wear more in the future.”

Yue Wuhuan looked at him and asked anxiously, “This slave can wear more?”

Song Qingshi earnestly imparted his knowledge, “Autumn is coming soon and the weather is turning cold. You must wear more to avoid catching a cold.”

“Thank you for taking pity.” When Yue Wuhuan has ascertained that he wasn’t lying, he softly responded affirmatively. He clutched his clothes tightly. For some reason, he suddenly remembered how when he first entered the Golden Phoenix Manor, he had been made to take off all his clothes one by one and was reduced to being a plaything.

Now, this seemingly deceptive man has personally helped him put on his clothes piece by piece, as though enticing him to expect something…

The medicated bath was interrupted and its effect was not fully realized.

Song Qingshi was busy adding water to the medicine tank and adjusting the temperature.

Yue Wuhuan sat quietly on the ground, watching him busying about for his sake, a lot of thoughts turning in his mind. Suddenly, he realized in hindsight that the difficult to dispel burning sensation in his body was now a lot less intense. He moved his body slightly and was surprised to find that the sensitivity caused by the drugs had also decreased by a lot. The friction of the cloth no longer caused him discomfort.

He tried to guess for a long time but couldn’t understand it. He finally plucked up the courage to ask, “Master, what is the purpose of the Prince’s Plume Expelling Decoction…”

“Huh?” Song Qingshi stopped and stood dazed for a while. He found that he had once again committed the scholar-tyrant’s bad habit. His thinking had jumped too fast. He always thought that just him saying the name or phrase would already let others understand, regardless whether others could follow his line of thinking or not.

Song Qingshi was a good scholar-tyrant who knew to recognize his mistakes and correct them. He reorganized his words several times in his head and chose the simplest expression, “Your body has been corroded by many drugs so it suffers from a lot of discomfort. The Prince’s Plume Expelling Decoction is to remove the residue of the drugs from your body. This medicinal bath needs to be taken five times and during the last two times it must be added with Muscle Generating Flower and Snow Toad

Cake to help repair the old wounds. When the time comes, it might be painful and itchy but we can't use anesthetics. Don't worry, you just need to endure through that stage and your body can return to its original state…"

There were a lot of things that Song Qingshi couldn't bear to say. Those people didn't care at all about Yue Wuhuan's life or death. All kinds of love drugs were used on him without restrain, causing conflicts of the various drugs' properties within his body and excessive leftover drugs. If the drug use had continued unabated, he would not have lasted a few more years.

"I was overdosed on drugs…Yes, they thought I was boring," Yue Wuhuan wrapped the clothes tightly around him, absolutely reluctant to let go. He hesitated for a long time but decided to control the unwillingness in his heart to explain clearly what would be discovered sooner or later. He was so confused that he once again forgot how he should properly address himself, "Master, without the drugs, my body won't respond to men. You will derive no pleasure from my body. I-I'm not suited for those things, only with the help of drugs…"

Song Qingshi interrupted his incoherent speech, "Don't do things that don't suit you."

"You don't need to be nice to me," The more Yue Wuhuan laid bare his thoughts, the more fearful he became. He was like a child at his wits' end, desperately saying, "I have nothing, the only thing I can give you is this body…"

Song Qingshi realized that his emotions were not right and he turned back around. He knew he should perform psychological intervention right now but the words he turned thousands of times over in his mind, all disappeared when they reached his tongue. He could not say anything sweet-sounding and comforting. He was clearly extremely distressed but in the end, he could only condense his thoughts into two words, "You have."

The Yue Wuhuan in his heart was the kid who was doing his hardest to practice his swordsmanship under the peach blossom trees; the boy who dreamt of becoming a master swordsman with a mortal's body.

The Yue Wuhuan he saw in his eyes was the phoenix soaring in the highest heavens, the brightest star in the night, but with its wings broken and covered in dust.

Song Qingshi walked step by step, every step firm.

Yue Wuhuan forcibly tried to calm down but his body couldn't help trembling slightly, wanting to retreat.

Song Qingshi squatted down on his knees and looked solemnly into his eyes.

Yue Wuhuan felt that he could not retreat.

Song Qingshi promised word by word, "What you had before, I will find and return to you; I will give you everything you want."

Yue Wuhuan's breathing became short and hurried. He still couldn't understand what this promise meant but he understood the seriousness and firmness in Song Qingshi's eyes. He asked cautiously, "What do you need me to do?"

Song Qingshi asked, "Don't try to commit suicide anymore, understood?"

Yue Wuhuan thought for a long time and finally nodded.

Chapter 8: Psychotherapy

Yue Wuhuan had a history of attempted suicide. His mental state was simply terrible. When he has a flare up, his actions go beyond his control and so his promises could not be trusted.

The Acacia Seal could be used to prevent suicide but it could only be used by imposing a thought on the spirit bead. This could worsen Yue Wuhuan's mental state and cause him to lose all trust in the treatment. It was the worst method to prevent suicide.

Song Qingshi removed the option of using the Acacia Seal without the slightest hesitation. Other methods with similar effects were used to torture one's enemies. They were not much different from the Acacia Seal. Song Qingshi also considered other methods of treating psychological pain, such as hypnosis or entering the sea of consciousness to erase those unbearable memories. However, hypnosis was easy to snap out of and the pain might be even more serious once that happens. And erasing the memories might damage Yue Wuhuan's spirit and mental ability. Xie Que had admitted Yue Wuhuan into his sect at age 8. There were too many memories that need to be erased. If he erased too much, chances were he would be reduced to a fool…

Excluding all unsuitable options, the only answer was modern psychology.

Song Qingshi's worst subject was psychology. It's not that he got poor results on paper but that psychology focuses on communicating with patients and analyzing their thoughts. He couldn't even deal with his own social anxiety. He was awkward in his speech and couldn't look at someone to their face. And so he only managed to gather superficial knowledge. How was he going to solve this super difficult question like Yue Wuhuan?

Scholar-Tyrant Song once again tasted the fear of being dominated by a difficult problem. He even began to have nightmares about failing this course.

He quickly took away all the things in Yue Wuhuan's bedroom that could be used to commit suicide. He used his mental probe to scan Yue Wuhuan's vital signs many times every day, lest he make some sort of mistake and cause Yue Wuhuan to just be gone. Until one day he found Yue Wuhuan staring blankly at the koi pond, his thoughts completely unknown. Song Qingshi then decided to give medicine to a dead horse and put even ducks up for sale.

As a result, Psychologist 'To go beyond what is proper' Song was forced to open business…

Song Qingshi meticulously arranged the treatment plan. He added a calming medicine to the decoction that Yue Wuhuan took and used Peaceful Soul Fragrance to help him sleep every night. This greatly reduced the frequency of Yue Wuhuan waking up from nightmares. Then, in the aspect of psychotherapy, at which he was not well-versed, he eliminated the inappropriate and impossible methods and finally decided to try some rational emotive therapy.

Rational emotive therapy is a cognitive therapy created by Dr. Ellis in the 1950s. It emphasizes the role of a person's will and reason. The treatment needed the doctor to establish a good working relationship with the patient to help the patient build up self-confidence. Afterwards, the doctor will help the patient to deny all his mistaken beliefs about oneself and finally, encourage him to build the correct knowledge and return to a normal life.

The theory seemed quite simple but putting it into practice was as difficult as ascending to the heavens.

Song Qingshi was an expert at destressing by studying and solving problems. He racked his brains for a long time, and finally found inspiration from an instance when a girl had struck up conversation with him in the library— He could pick a difficult book, pretend that he couldn't understand it, and look for Yue Wuhuan to explain. Once Yue Wuhuan admits to not knowing the answer either, he can then naturally invite him to accompany him to the library to look for the answer. Then, he can guide him to feel the joy of knowledge during their process of searching, building

self-confidence in the holy room of wisdom and going together to the paradise that is the sea of knowledge.

There used to be a girl who was persistent in striking up a conversation with Song Qingshi. He encouraged her to study hard every day and to answer practice questions. The girl's grades improved significantly and finally she was admitted to a key university for graduate studies. At the graduation ceremony, she was moved to tears. She said that Song Qingshi had cured her of her starry-eyed infatuation.

Infatuation was also a kind of mental illness, right?

Song Qingshi thought about this case of accidental cure and suddenly gained a little more confidence.

…

The original body was also a bookworm. There were tens of thousands of books in the library of the Medicine King's Valley, most of which were related to medicine and poison.

Song Qingshi was afraid of being found out that he was deliberately making things difficult and didn't dare to take any of the professional books. So, he picked and chose for most of the day and finally found a book called "Floating Life in the Jade Terrace", a travel log from among the miscellaneous books gathering dust in the corner.

This travel log was written by a revered immortal of the Scholar Sect from thousands of years ago. It depicted a certain paradise with gorgeous rhetoric and obscure allusions. Song Qingshi has always emphasized rationality and neglected the literary. He was severely lacking in romantic cells. He has never studied song nor poetry and understood even less the literary works of this world. Therefore he was completely mystified by this work and thought they were stylish depictions of flowers, trees and other scenery.

Yue Wuhuan's five medicated bath treatments had ended and the residual drugs in his body had now disappeared. He was currently recuperating and waiting for the future Six Meridians Rejuvenation Decoction.

After he was sure that Song Qingshi had no designs towards his body, Yue Wuhuan packed away its glamor. He tied all of his hair with a light green jade crown. It was neat and tidy, not even a strand out of place. He was only willing to wear the simplest blue robe with the tallest of necklines fastened against his throat. Not even half a scene of springtime was shown. He appeared just like a cultivator who scrupulously abided by the rules. He said only what was needed and not a word more. He refused to err even half a step. No emotional stirrings could be seen in his eyes. His face was frosty and he exuded an aura keeping people a thousand miles away.

Although Song Qingshi had rejected his referring to himself as “this slave” on the grounds that he was not used to it, he just kept his head lowered and replied respectfully with “Yes.” “Very well.” etc…

Song Qingshi hugged the book and quietly hid in the corner, observing him for a long time. He was afraid of Yue Wuhuan’s feigned wantonness and he was also afraid of his real cold indifference. He was even more afraid of being rejected. He had to make a lot of mental preparations before he dared to walk up and speak.

Yue Wuhuan sat in the corner of the corridor, lost in thought. He was aware of the prying gaze and couldn’t help but look up.

Song Qingshi showed an awkward smile and walked over, moving both hands and feet. He took a deep breath and tried to hypnotize himself that he was in a library, coincidentally running into Senior Yue Wuhuan. He then mustered up his courage. He opened the book, handed it over and said, “I don’t understand this writing, can you interpret it for me?”

Yue Wuhuan looked at his actions thoughtfully. He always felt that he understood this person less and less.

Song Qingshi twisted his fingers and said nervously, “Of course, if you don’t understand, w-we should…”

“Let me see.” Yue Wuhuan took the book and scanned a few lines. His expression was slightly stunned. He then threw Song Qingshi a weird look. He explained to him word per word, “The Jade Terrace refers to the

paradise of the Jade Terrace. Legend says that the Jade Terrace's Immortal emperor is the most supreme beauty and he would often reincarnate and descend into the realm of immortals to invite beautiful cultivators to share in the pleasures of sexual intimacy. This literary work is a fantasy of the Scholar Sect's Hong Wen Xianzun's amorous encounter with the Jade Terrace's Immortal emperor. He uses sceneries to describe incidences and things to pertain to people. Among these "a soft jade flower hanging down" means…"

Song Qingshi grew more dumbfounded as he listened. He has never read any dis-harmonious books in his entire life. How was it that he overturns a car as soon as he picks one up at random? By the time he came back to his senses, Yue Wuhuan was already explaining the part about producing clouds with one turn of the hand and rain with another. He quickly took the book back, hid it behind him, and burned it to ashes. He scattered it to the wind and pretended that nothing had happened.

The two stared at each other silently for no less than half an hour.

He had wanted to perform psychotherapy but he had taken an unharmonious reading material to show to a patient who had a psychological shadow on this very aspect. It was simply a major blow.

Song Qingshi was upset and embarrassed. His ears were hot. He couldn't speak. He wanted to cry but couldn't…

Yue Wuhuan reacted first. He looked at his expression and realized that it was a misunderstanding. He said comfortingly, "Hong Wen Xianzun's writing style is relatively…Well, most of his works describe the landscape during his travels. This is just an exception. If Master likes this style, you might wish to read his "Records of Haizhu Pagoda", "The Secret Realm of a Thousand Mountains" or perhaps, "The Endless Sea". They are slightly better…"

Song Qingshi nodded aggrievedly, indicating that he had noted it down.

The two continued to look at each other for a long moment. The atmosphere was truly embarrassing.

Song Qingshi felt that he couldn't remain silent like this. He tried to find a bright spot amidst his current difficulty and made embarrassed small talk, "What is "Records of Haizhu Pagoda" about? I haven't heard of it. It seems very interesting. Can you tell me?"

Yue Wuhuan was silent for a moment. He didn't know how to describe it and so he simply recited the entire work to him.

Although Song Qingshi's poetic talent was rotten but he was not a fool. After listening, he understood that Hong Wen Xianzun wasn't a literary master at all. He was nothing but a pedantic. He liked filling his works with all kinds of flowery words and incomprehensible allusions, pretending to be clever when it was actually empty and boring junk reading.

Yue Wuhuan asked respectfully, "Does Master wish to listen to his other works?"

Song Qingshi suddenly realized that something was strange. He prided himself on being smart and having a highly-retentive memory but this was limited only to good writings. They couldn't be too long and he had to earnestly store it in his mind while reading it. Who would bother to memorize such rubbish literary works? And remember them without missing a single word? And understand all these cryptic allusions? He suddenly thought of something he didn't dare believe. He asked Yue Wuhuan carefully, "Have you read a lot of books? Where did you read them?"

"When I was young, I received instruction from a tutor and I also managed to read a few at Xie Que's." Yue Wuhuan thought he was examining his past and did not dare to conceal anything. He answered honestly, "I read most of them at Golden Phoenix Manor. I… Every time the Manor Lord was satisfied with my service, I begged him to allow me to read books in the library. Please rest assured, Master. Wuhuan knows that his status is low and he is fitting only to read miscellaneous books. I would not dare to read the books pertaining to immortal cultivation."

The Golden Phoenix Manor has a huge collection of books. Carrying with him a glimmer of hope, he had wanted to find a means of escape in the

books. Unfortunately, rules in the Manor were extremely strict. Non-disciples were not allowed to borrow books related to the Immortal Sect's special skills. He could only read various trivial books. He had also used his body to bribe the disciples who took care of the library and exchanged two low-level immortal books. Unfortunately, most of his cultivation had already been destroyed at that point. The Acacia Seal's suppression of his mind and spirit was too strong. He researched for a long time but couldn't come up with any results.

The original body had seen the library at Golden Phoenix Manor. It was many times larger than the one at the Medicine King's Valley. Even just the miscellaneous books, there were tens of thousands of books.

Song Qingshi asked anxiously, "Do you remember all those books? Can you recite them?"

Yue Wuhuan hesitated and said, "I only remember the books that I have read, probably more than 10,000. If Master needs it, I can recite them for you…"

Song Qingshi took in a sharp breath. His throat tightened. He threw all thoughts of treatments to the back of his head. He quickly found pens, inks and rulers. He wrote and drew, copying down the entire set of IQ test questions he had done before. He then gave them for Yue Wuhuan to answer.

Yue Wuhuan was completely at a loss when he first saw these odd graphics-based questions. After Song Qingshi taught him how to answer a few of the questions, he gradually managed to pick it up. He answered them effortlessly without stopping and he quickly handed in the paper.

Song Qingshi calculated the score and almost choked. He was fortunate enough to join the World Intelligence Network but he only barely managed to exceed the club's passing line. He knew that he was no genius and so he relied on diligent study to make up for his shortcomings. However, Yue Wuhuan's IQ test reached 162 points. It was as high as the historical record. He has stepped into the field of super geniuses and he had a different

worldview and different educational background. He was not familiar with this type of questions. If he were, he might get an even higher score…

What he felt for Yue Wuhuan's experience before for was pity and a sense of the intolerable. Now they had touched Song Qingshi's inverted scales, causing him to crumble in indignation and anger. Those beasts actually ruined and laid waste to a genius who could likely enter into the holy hall of science and change the course of history! What was the difference between this and giving Einstein to a wild man to eat as meat?

What a reckless waste of the products of nature! Cows chewing peonies! Cooking a crane for food and burning a lute for fuel!

Song Qingshi was so angry that tears came streaming down. He couldn't think of a curse strong enough. He murmured again and again, "It's too much, too much, too much…"

Yue Wuhuan was at a loss as he looked at the tears in the corners of his eyes. He was completely ignorant as for why he could be crying.

Song Qingshi quickly wiped away the embarrassing tears and told him with extreme earnestness, "Wuhuan, you are very smart."

"Master, this is meaningless." Yue Wuhuan calmed down and recovered his tranquility. He lowered his gaze slightly and thought amusedly, no one cared whether he was smart or not. They only cared how many tricks he could play in bed. No one cared whether he read books or not, only whether could be ordered about to suit their liking…

The corners of his mouth couldn't help curling up into a sneer. Immeasurable malice appeared in his eyes that were hidden in the dark. Such intelligence would only make him more sober than others as he endure more pain. "This is the realm of immortals, the world of beasts where the weak are prey to the strong."

The author has something to say:
Song Qingshi: Back then, I was super responsible! I urged that girl to write

out five papers every day and this cured her infatuation disease! It was not easy! Please praise me!

PS: Will Yue Wuhuan need to do ten papers every day to get better? !

Chapter 9: The Nie Clan's Poison Scriptures

Yue Wuhuan stood in the library of the Medicine King's Valley, looking at the precious secrets of the immortal arts around him. He felt like he had entered a mountain filled with treasure.

Song Qingshi and the original body were both the type who were unwilling to worry about life's trivial matters. The library was off-limits and there were no valley servants to clean up here. And so, the books and objects in it were all in a mess. Books were found in all directions and only he knew where they were located. After Song Qingshi brought in Yue Wuhuan, he asked him to tidy up a table and then he himself, went in search for the books he needed.

It took a lot of effort for Yue Wuhuan to take his eyes away from the book. He looked at the Luohan bed by the window. In the middle of the Luohan bed, there was a low table with hundreds of books piled on it. There was also some dried up pens and ink and a large pile of Xuan paper filled with crossed out handwriting. Looks like that was where the Master usually read his books and rested.

He walked over and resigned himself to his fate of organizing the books and putting them aside. He suddenly discovered that there was a tattered copy of "The Nie Clan's Poison Scriptures" hidden amongst the books. Yue Wuhuan's breathing stopped for a moment. He realized that Nie referred to the poison master Nie Jue, who killed people like flies and frightened the righteous sects thousands of years ago. This book probably recorded the poison master's poison prescriptions.

Yue Wuhuan quietly glanced at Song Qing, who didn't seem to be paying any attention to what he was doing over at this end. He secretly opened the book and was pleasantly surprised to find that the formula for the Thousand Chance Poison, which Nie Jue used to make a name for himself, was at the very beginning. The Thousand Chance Poison was colorless and tasteless and could kill cultivators below Nascent Soul…

This kind of killing method that didn't require any cultivation was exactly what he had striven to find but couldn't at Golden Phoenix Manor.

Yue Wuhuan flipped through it quickly and forcibly engraved the formula in his head.

Thousand Chance Poison, Soul Devouring Incense, Puppet Pill…

Each poison was a sharp butcher's knife.

The once suppressed killing intent turned into a turbulent tide that stirred his thoughts. Countless vicious ways of using them emerged in his mind.

No one knew that his heart has long been refined in hell into a demon's, looking forward to a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood. It was not himself who he wanted to destroy, but the entire dirty world including himself.

"This book is not suitable for you." Song Qingshi's voice came from behind him.

Yue Wuhuan gently closed the book and put it back onto the pile of books on the table. He then turned around as though nothing had happened. With a submissive expression on his face once again, he said the excuse he had prepared, "It was too old and when I was putting it away, a few pages accidentally escaped from the binding. Please forgive me, Master."

Song Qingshi put down the pile of books in his arms and picked up the poison scripture. He turned a few pages and found that there were indeed traces of the pages falling out.

Yue Wuhuan looked down at the ground, his palms sweating, feeling extremely nervous.

"You have a weak foundation. It's too early for you to be studying this book," Song Qingshi was completely oblivious to his thoughts. He quickly overlooked the matter and dispensed good guidance. "Toxicology and pharmacology are interlinked. You have to start by recognizing drugs. For

example, Amakusa seeds and Swallow Orchid seeds are very similar in appearance but very different in toxicity. If they are used incorrectly, there will be problems in its efficacy. So you must first learn the basic pharmacopoeia; learn to identify drugs, familiarize yourself with pharmacology and then learn alchemy. Finally, you will be able to learn this poison scripture."

Yue Wuhuan abruptly raised his head. He asked in disbelief, "Can I learn the poison scripture?"

"Why not?" Song Qingshi was puzzled. He thought for a while and then stuffed "The Nie Clan's Poison Scripture" into Yue Wuhuan's hands. He said comfortingly, "I think you can be more confident in yourself. The things in the poison scripture are not that difficult. With your IQ, you will be able to grasp them quickly. Only that, you will need to strictly pay attention to safety when refining. There are many drugs written in there that cannot come in contact with the skin and some of them can infect you through the air… If there is anything you don't understand, you can always ask me."

Is this a question of self-confidence?

Yue Wuhuan was knocked silly by this pie falling from the sky. For a long while, he couldn't speak.

Completely oblivious, Song Qingshi continued to smash the pies over his head one after another. "If you are interested in poisons, it is best to learn the use of hidden weapons and magic arts as well. This will make the application of poison that much easier. I will give you the relevant books later. You can also use my laboratory…"

Yue Wuhuan couldn't help it any more. He interrupted the person in front of him, who was in such high spirits. "Have you never thought about what I could do with it?"

"I know," Song Qingshi's eyes were filled with gratification. He had long been worried that the protagonist shou was too kind and easy to bully, like a beautiful flower without any self-preservation ability that could only wait to

be picked by others. He was also very worried that Professor System would pull him out of the world after completing the task, causing Yue Wuhuan to lose his blessing and fall once again into the den of monsters. He said earnestly, “Wuhuan, don’t be afraid. It’s not your fault to be beautiful. It’s the fault of those beasts. Magic weapons, poisons, hidden weapons… If the realm of immortals is a world of beasts where the strong prey on the weak then you must learn to protect yourself, don’t let anyone bully you.”

“Is it wrong to not want to be violated?”

“Is it wrong to not want to be bullied?”

“Is it wrong to not want to do something you don’t like?”

The breeze blew across the windowsill, blowing in a clean breath. The faint fragrance of medicine in the air stirred his heart.

Yue Wuhuan listened in a daze to words no one has ever said to him before. Every sentence drew him into a dreamlike trance.

“From now on, this world will no longer be able to disgrace you.”

…

Learning needed mutual discussion and joint progress.

Song Qingshi liked to learn from his friends, especially those who were smart enough to match with him. The professor he followed was an internationally renowned medical authority. All his senior brothers and sisters were all dragons and phoenixes among men. He very much missed those happy times of studying and doing experiments together with everyone.

Yue Wuhuan has a higher IQ, was hardworking and studious. With such a student in his life, what more could he ask for?

Scholar-tyrant Song was overjoyed. He helped clean up the unneeded books from the Luohan bed, cleared the table and cast several cleaning spells. He

put on some tea and various pastries, burned the some Spirit-awakening Incense and then pulled Yue Wuhuan to sit at one end and started reading.

Yue Wuhuan's heart was a little confused. He quietly observed the other for a long time from out the corner of his eyes. He found that the person next to him was indeed focused on reading his books and had no other intentions. He gradually grew relieved and read the book quietly.

At some point, dark clouds blocked the sun and raindrops fell on the eaves, drumming waves of rhythm. The damp wind blew moisture in through the window and onto the scholars in the room. Yue Wuhuan soon felt the slight chill. He got up and turned on the luminous beads. He gently closed the screens on the window. He looked back, only to see that Song Qingshi was still looking at the scroll in his hand, so focused, he didn't even notice the changes in the surrounding environment.

Yue Wuhuan approached step by step, cautiously raising his beautiful eyes. This was the first time that he had wanted to see a person clearly. He carefully portrayed in his mind this person who was like white jade wrapped in snow-colored clothes. He had slightly messy hair and a somewhat childlike face. Although his appearance was good, it could not be called stunning. He did, however, have the clearest eyes in the world, with no understanding of desire and unstained by filth. They were like crystals that accidentally fell into this billowing world, unstained by the red dust.

Yue Wuhuan stood watching beside him for a long time but he didn't even raise his head.

It seems that, except for this room full of books, no one else can be seen in his eyes, in his heart…

Yue Wuhuan suddenly thought it was laughable. If anyone knew that the eccentric Medicine King Xianzun and the world famous amorous Yue Wuhuan stayed inside the library and did nothing but read books quietly for an entire day, they would think it was absolutely inconceivable, right?

People must have fanaticism for there to be success.

The most fanatical is the most pure, turning thoughts into aspirations.

No one has discovered that the Medicine King Xianzun was just a fanatic obsessed with books. All his eccentricities were just because of his fanaticism and his obsession. No one knew that once they took off his obsessed outer shell, inside was the simplest of hearts…

Yue Wuhuan lowered his head and smiled quietly for a long time. Then his smile was tainted with slight bitterness. He remembered their first meeting by the river and remembered the feel of the tips of his hair against his fingertips; the feel of his fingers sliding against his cheek. It was a little hot. If he had known there would come a day like today, he would have risked punishment to make himself appear more decent and not let him see his embarrassing side.

The sky had grown dark. The sound of the rain has stopped and the moon has shown her face. Insects sang from within the clumps of grass.

The library was like a universe isolated from the world. It was unaffected by changes in the outside world. There was no noise, no disturbance, only the gentle sound of turning pages and the desolate fragrance of medicine entangled within it all.

Yue Wuhuan read his book. His heart felt an unprecedented sense of peace…

If he could have this for a lifetime, how good would that be?

Song Qingshi suddenly put down the book, picked up a pen and scribbled on the paper.

Yue Wuhuan looked sideways. He saw him writing very quickly and in a hurry. His handwriting was very scribbled and he could barely understand the contents, only seeing that it seemed to be the name of the medicine.

Suddenly, he stopped writing and fell into deep thought. His left hand accidentally touched the wet writing, creating a large ink stain. He then

unconsciously raised his hand to rest his cheek and a black mark appeared on his face.

Yue Wuhuan stared at that black mark, feeling it to be extremely dazzling.

He held back and kept holding back. Finally, he couldn't help looking for a handkerchief, carefully wiping it clean, wiping away that flawless mark that contaminated the heart.

Song Qingshi finally snapped out of it. He turned around and realized with a start that it had already gotten dark. He looked at the ink marks on Yue Wuhuan's handkerchief and realized what stupidity he had done. He said, embarrassedly, "I easily get engrossed in reading and often forget the time. Are you hungry? Next time, you can just call my attention."

Yue Wuhuan smiled and shook his head, "I also got engrossed in reading and didn't realize it had gotten dark."

"Here you are," Song Qingshi pushed to him all the pastries on the table, "I'm in abstinence so I can't get hungry."

Yue Wuhuan did not refuse. He picked up a piece of hibiscus cake, thought for a while and casually found a topic of conversation, "Master, you are studying so diligently. What important prescription are you studying?"

Song Qingshi sorted out the mess of papers on the table and replied, "It's the Six Meridians Rejuvenation Decoction."

Yue Wuhuan's hand holding the hibiscus cake suddenly paused, staring at him in a daze.

"It's what you will need to use later," Song Qingshi scratched his head in distress, trying to find the words to explain. "This medicine can reopen your blocked meridians, but I tried it and found that its too painful. You may not be able to stand it. I'm looking for a way to alleviate the pain. I am still not sure whether it is better to slow down the effect of the medicine or to numb the pain nerves. Maybe I have to try a few more times…"

Once the meridians were opened, there was hope of returning to the road of cultivation…

Why does he do these for him?

“Master,” Yue Wuhuan heard his voice trembling, “I am not afraid of pain…”

“No one is unafraid of pain. That’s why medicine finds various ways to alleviate the pain of patients. Severe pain can also cause shock.” Song Qingshi looked down at the paper in his hand again and as though stating something completely natural, said, “I don’t want you to have to endure such pain.”

Why does he not want for him to even bear pain?

Why is he so good to him?

Why?

Yue Wuhuan was going crazy from wanting to know the answers.

Finally, he asked the question that had been spiraling in his heart for so long.

Song Qingshi didn’t understand the principle of keeping secrets from the protagonist in system novels. He understood the concept of OOC even less. But his intuition told him that Yue Wuhuan’s current psychological state would not be able to bear knowing such absurd truths. He didn’t like lying very much, so he thought about it for a long time, long enough that Yue Wuhuan thought he wouldn’t get an answer. Song Qingshi smiled embarrassedly.

He thought of the beautiful sunlight that he saw on the day when he was reborn, beautiful sunlight that dispelled the black clouds in his heart.

A little kindness had made him no longer afraid of this strange world.

“You once wished me good luck for the night and now, I want you to have good luck your entire life.”

The author has something to say:

Perplexed Scholar-Tyrant Song: Are other transmigration systems different from mine? Don’t tell me Professor System can also mentor online? Doesn’t OOC refer to casualties at work? (On Operation Casualty)

Chapter 10: General Teacher

Learning was the correct way to solve all psychological problems!

Song Qingshi was pleasantly surprised to find that the aura of despair that had enveloped Yue Wuhuan had disappeared. He was like an unfeeling porcelain doll coming back to life; like a withering flower that began to exude thriving vitality.

He began to take the initiative to approach him, to strike up conversation, to do things. He would be waiting for him at the door to get up so they could go study every morning.

Even though he was treated badly by the world, he was still kind and gentle towards the world.

No wonder the readers love the protagonist shou. Is there anyone who wouldn't like such a person?

Song Qingshi's social anxiety gradually soothed. His nervousness disappeared and he began to reveal his true nature in front of Yue Wuhuan even more.

Outside his bedroom, there was a hesitant knock on the door.

Song Qingshi lifted his head up from the table in a daze. He found that the sky was already bright. He had accidentally fallen asleep while reading last night. He missed the time for study. Who knows how long Yue Wuhuan has been waiting outside the door. He got up in a flurry and quietly checked for any accidental drool. He then ran to open the door before he had time to change clothes or put on his shoes. He said in a daze, "I accidentally fell asleep on the table again."

He yawned, rubbed the corners of the reddish eyes and wiped away the sleepy tears. He remembered that he had clearly promised to rest well and not sleep on the table anymore. Suddenly, he was a little embarrassed. He

quietly glanced at the person in front of him and worked hard to stand straight. He was as well-behaved as a kitten caught doing something bad.

“It doesn’t matter, I just arrived not long ago. You mustn’t do it next time.” Yue Wuhuan looked dazedly at him. He always felt like he was hallucinating.

Now, Song Qingshi has been gracing him with lessons and so, he has been treating him with respect as befitting a teacher.

Originally, he had been determined to act all according to the master’s wishes, never to go against him in anything. However, Song Qingshi never asked others to do anything for him. His own work and rest schedule was erratic. It was not uncommon for him to forget to sleep and eat. If the mood strikes him, he could forego rest for days and nights on end. Moreover, he was completely unable to deal with the trivial matters of living. His room was a chaotic pile of books. He would comb his hair awkwardly and he would wear the same set of clothes over and over again. He gave absolutely no thought to eating, drinking, housing or transportation. Even the servants were extremely troubled. The valley servants were confused as to their responsibilities and often didn’t know what they were supposed to do……

How could they possibly think that such a person was cruel?

Yue Wuhuan thought, completely at a loss…

If Song Qingshi knew of his thoughts, he would feel extremely wronged. Since he was a child, save for studying, he has never had to worry about anything else. He bought his clothes to all be the same style and color so as to not waste time choosing. He didn’t care about the style of cut for his hair and he was never picky with food, eating whatever the housekeeper made. Everyone praised him for being so easy to raise. When he did research there were usually professors leading it and seniors to manage it. He was only responsible for execution and recording. He was a particularly obedient student.

Where would he have gotten the idea that after transmigrating into the novel, aside from saving the protagonist shou, he would also have to be

responsible for the management of the Medicine King's Valley!?

The original body was a social anxiety sufferer who was even less adapt at communication than he was. His management methods were not worthy of being used as reference.

When Song Qingshi had checked his memory, he discovered that the original body was not temperamental. There were reasons for the overwhelming majority of instances when he flew into a rage. For example, when the valley servants had washed that jar full of mold which was actually a fungal medicinal ingredient he had cultivated for several years. Moreover, he stubbornly refused to admit his mistakes. Another example was when someone prattled off in front of him, praising the drunken elixir that he worked so hard to research as the best knockout drug in the world. They actually placed anesthetic he had developed for surgery at the same level as knockout drops used by thieves and highwaymen! The original body turned into a pufferfish in anger but he said nothing and simply killed the person outright.

The valley servants were also treading on thin ice. Every time the master confers to them a task, he would use only very few words. It was very difficult to carry out all their tasks just by guessing. Whenever they saw they master, they were like old mice that had seen the cat. They were afraid to say anything, let alone come over.

Song Qingshi realized the original body's wrong practices and was determined to reform. He established the Medicine King's Valley as a medical research institute in the immortal realm. After he made a plan, he made Yue Wuhuan as the senior secretary, letting him take on the important task of communicating for him. Yue Wuhuan was busy rectifying the internal affairs of the valley every day.

Sharpening the axe won't make the wood-splitting take longer.

The Medicine King's Valley was once again partitioned up. The responsibilities of the valley servants were once again redistributed. Everyone had their own clear-cut and distinct work. Among them, those who were studious and motivated, ambitious to improve themselves, were

also given the opportunity to learn basic pharmacology. In the future, they can serve as reserve duty doctors.

Yue Wuhuan held entry to all the places in the Medicine King's Valley, including the tokens for the treasure house. With a complicated expression on his face, he asked, "Master, how can you trust people so easily?"

Song 'the hands-off husband' Qingshi said magnanimously, "I don't trust people. I only trust you."

The protagonist shou was a system-certified good person. There could never be a problem with his character! Moreover, letting him do these things to busy his mind will leave him no time to think about other things.

This was a good way to hit two birds with one stone!

Yue Wuhuan was deeply honored and worked diligently. He was born to a royal family and spent many years in the Golden Phoenix Manor. He was good at figuring out people's hearts and had no shortage of methods. He was able to handle these things with ease. He also took care of the housekeeping and clothes for Song Qingshi. As well as the preparation of his meals, waking him up and all sorts of other chores…

He liked this kind of life, ordinary and trivial.

He even wanted to hypnotize himself and pretend to be a normal person.

…

Song Qingshi felt that Yue Wuhuan's mental state was getting better and better. He began to smile more and for the time being, he had no tendency to commit suicide. He happily directed his attention back on the study of restoring the Dantian and cultivation.

Spiritual roots and Dantian were things that hadn't been seen in the modern scientific world.

Song Qingshi was extremely curious. While Yue Wuhuan was dealing with the valley's internal affairs, he ran to the basement that he had converted to

a dissection lab and selected wood-type spiritual root and broken spiritual root types from the hundreds of general teachers in there. He immediately began his dissection and studying the differences between the corpses from the immortal realm and the corpses of normal mortals; studying just what kind of magical thing this thing called spiritual roots were.

In the past, his body had not been nimble. He could only watch his senior brother and sisters perform the dissections during anatomy class. He'd been extremely envious.

Now that he has been reborn with a healthy body, his long-cherished wish has been fulfilled and he happily dissected away.

The scalpel between his fingertips danced in the air as he cut open one corpse after the other, happily oblivious to the passage of time.

After Song Qingshi finished dissecting a general teacher, he would stop, take off his mask and take down notes. In passing he would take in some snacks and Spirit-refreshing tea. While he was happily eating and writing down notes, the basement door opened. Yue Wuhuan walked in with dinner and then stared dumbfounded at the corpse-filled room, the incised intestines and internal organs.

Yue Wuhuan asked carefully, "Master, what are these?"

Song Qingshi was holding a piece of sweet-scented osmanthus cake in his mouth as he turned around in horror, thinking that he had made things worse.

It seemed…he had forgotten to tell Yue Wuhuan not to enter the dissection room.

The study of anatomy was a very important part of modern medicine. Every year, it was the delight of the senior brothers and sisters to see the new students entering the anatomy room for the first time, secretly wagering how many would puke, how many would faint and how many would last till the end. In any case, there would always be new students who would need to be carried out every year. They've also gotten used to all the

puking. In a few years, all of them will be transformed into valiant warriors who would rush to the cafeteria to eat ribs after doing dissections.

However, Yue Wuhuan has never even dissected a frog, right? Wouldn't this be too stimulating?

Song Qingshi looked around at the room that now looked practically the same as a murder scene because he'd gotten carried away with his dissections. He then looked around at the general teachers lying haphazardly around the room and the disgusting rancid smell… With all his strength, he swallowed the sweet-scented osmanthus cake in his mouth and quietly dragged out a basin, preparing to let Yue Wuhuan use it…

"Listen to my explanation. Don't panic, it's not what you think."

Translator’s note: Mildly painful. Here is a short summary.

Chapter 11 Psychological Quality

“I’m not panicking. Explain.”

Yue Wuhuan’s psychological quality was much better than that of a freshman’s. He walked through the room full of human bodies, walked over and set down dinner. Then, he frowned and reached out to wipe some residue from the corner of Song Qingshi’s mouth. He had gotten used to dining with the master recently and he felt that his appetite would much better if he smells some clean air.

Song Qingshi observed for a long time and saw that he didn’t seem to be about to collapse. He quietly put the basin back down. In his heart, he was certain that Yue Wuhuan was a good seedling for studying medicine. He was smart, rational, calm, good with his hands and was not afraid of blood. He had all the qualities of an excellent surgeon. On Earth, all the professors in the medical school would have come to blows in order to get him as a PhD student.

He gave an impromptu class on the theory of anatomy dissection. He stated the importance of anatomy to medicine and the contribution of the general teachers to mankind.

Yue Wuhuan listened very earnestly and took the initiative to observe the shapes and patterns of the corpses and internal organs.

He felt that Song Qingshi’s worries were a bit laughable. Among the guests of Golden Phoenix Manor, there would often be cultivators who were addicted to torture and from time to time they would carry out the slaves who had been tortured to death. He had hovered between life and death at the hands of those cultivators many times before. He had been abused until he was nothing but a mass of cuts and bruises. If it weren’t for the resilience and rejuvenating powers of the his wood-type spiritual roots he would have been “liberated” long ago.

What is a corpse? It's just a piece of meat.

From the first time he was made to cater to someone, he has only been afraid of the living.

Yue Wuhuan carefully looked at the corpses and inwardly sighed. Suddenly, he stopped and stared at a tall male corpse in the corner. Suddenly his mind was filled with memories he didn't want to remember. He panicked for a moment. He then suddenly realized something. His beautiful eyes filled with malice and a slight arc gradually formed at the corner of his lips.

He slowly turned around and made the expression on his face vanish. He asked gently, "Master, can I try to dissect this corpse?"

Song Qingshi was in the middle of eating the dinner lovingly given to him by the little angel. Hearing this, he looked up in amazement.

He thought for a while. After all, this was not the medical school of his original world. There weren't that many rules for performing dissections. Since Yue Wuhuan was willing to learn, he should support it.

And so, he found a new hooded robe and had Yue Wuhuan put it on. He then had him wash his hands and disinfect. Finally, he put on a mask and gloves.

Yue Wuhuan touched the gloves uneasily, "Why must we wear these?"

"To prevent from getting infected with harmful bacteria," Song Qingshi warned, "There's no formalin here and there's no completely reliable antiseptic solution. The corpses are preserved using spirit stone formations. Among these, there are many whose cause of death is unknown. A lot of them came in absolutely filthy. I can't rest assured. You must cultivate the habit of disinfecting before and after performing experiments and dissections."

This was the medical student's mysophobia. He simply can't believe that the cleansing spell can completely eliminate all the germs. He has to disinfect to feel at ease.

Yue Wuhuan looked at the corpse next to him, relaxed and said with a smile, “It’s very dirty.”

Song Qingshi finished dressing him up, handed him a scalpel and gave him an introduction, “This corpse was given to me by An Long. An Long is the Gu King of the Western Forest. He’s a superb doctor and an expert on insects. He’s a good person and we often exchange resources. He sent someone to deliver this corpse a few days ago and gave me a question to ponder. He said that this corpse died in a very interesting way and he wants me to guess how that was.”

An Long was the original body’s only friend. The two used to exchange professional knowledge through letters but for some reason they broke off contact in recent years.

When Song Qingshi sorted out the things left by the original body, he re-read those letters and once again admired An Long’s professionalism. He then took the initiative to write him a letter. He had been using modern medical methods to solve a problem regarding entomopathogenic fungus that had been plaguing him for many years. After receiving the letter, An Long was overjoyed and sent over a lot of gifts. Because of the original body’s preferences, there were several corpses with different causes of death among the gifts. He also said that he would personally come visiting to thank him in a few days.

Song Qingshi liked these gifts very much and welcomed this bigshot with an entomology obsession.

Yue Wuhuan smiled and took the knife. Swipe after swipe, he cut open the corpse’s chest cavity without hesitation.

“Slow down! Slow down!” Song Qingshi jumped in fright and he hurriedly blocked him. He taught and guided, “You have to first observe the texture and composition before making the cut. Pay attention to the blood vessels and direction of the meridians and then cut layer by layer. You cut too deeply. You almost cut off the bone and internal organs! Be careful of the internal organs!”

“Yes,” Yue Wuhuan smiled even more happily at seeing the still heart under his knife. He asked Song Qingshi, “Master, do you know the identity of this corpse?”

Song Qingshi thought for a while. “It seems he was a warrior from a righteous sect. ‘Yu’ something…”

“Everyone says that the hero Yu Qing was upright and noble. He was a man of honor but he still winded up with no one to collect his corpse.” Yue Wuhuan said softly, his voice carrying something that couldn’t quite be called ridicule. “It’s really lamentable.”

“There are too many people who die in the immortal realm. Everywhere, there are corpses that no one wants. No matter what his identity was before, in death, it’s all the same.” Song Qingshi stared at his movements, not paying any attention to the improper tone in his voice. He cried out in alarm, “Be careful, you’ve hit the heart!”

Yue Wuhuan raised his eyes and exclaimed in a low voice, “So it’s not black after all?”

He smiled and drew one slash after the other, cutting this disgusting body and its internal organs into bits and pieces as though he were putting it to death through dismembering the body. He was extremely happy, doing to him just as he did to himself back then.

That year, it hadn’t been long after he had entered the Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor. He was Jin Feiren’s exclusive domain. He could not come to terms with his identity and still carried a bit of naivety, hoping that a kind-hearted person would save him from that hell.

Golden Phoenix Villa hosted a banquet to entertain the immortal leaders of the Green Rainbow Sect, to learn from each other through comparing their swordsmanship. The Green Rainbow Sect was a well-known righteous sect in the immortal realm and had a reputation for hating evil like an enemy. Yu Qing was a very respected leader of the younger generation. Unyielding integrity covered him from head to toe and he refused to be distracted by

the beauties who came to serve him at the banquet. He seemed immune to lust and would never do anything vile.

Yue Wuhuan felt that he might be a good person. So, he mustered up the courage and tried to ask for help.

Yu Qing watched him for a long time without speaking.

Yue Wuhuan also knew that hope was slim and dared not impose.

However, he never ever expected that Yu Qing would force himself upon him.

“In the banquet, I felt that your eyes were so beautiful, so naturally seductive.”

Although Yu Qing didn’t manage to obtain the spirit bead to control the Acacia Seal, he didn’t have the strength to resist a Core Formation cultivator. He was quickly tied up with a magical weapon and was taken advantage of.

…

In the early morning of the next day, he was finally released from hell, only to be found, creating a scene in front of Jin Feiren and the immortal leaders of Green Rainbow Sect.

With cuts and bruises all over, he knelt before everyone.

Yu Qing was a valued disciple of the Green Rainbow Sect with a good reputation. Now he has touched the Manor Lord’s exclusive property. It simply couldn’t be.

The Green Rainbow Sect had lost face and repeatedly apologized to Jin Feiren, saying that Yu Qing would be punished heavily. It was a very embarrassing scene.

Jin Feiren smiled generously and justified the entire scene. “It was my little slave who couldn’t bear being lonely. What sin has the noble warrior Yu

committed?”

Yue Wuhuan was stunned. He raised his head, wanting to explain. Suddenly, Jin Feiren gave him a warning look. The hand in his sleeve moved and the Acacia Seal on his back began to burn hot. Even though he struggled to resist, he began to speak a series of unbearable words:

“This slave has behaved badly. Seeing Immortal Senior Yu’s powerful appearance, I used my body to seduce him…”

“This slave was not injured, only that his legs have gone a bit weak…”

“This slave was in the wrong. Please punish this slave for his lowliness.”

“…”

He was obviously hurt but he was forced to admit that Yu Qing had committed no wrong, bringing the matter to a successful close.

During the banquet, both host and guests were jubilant. Seeing that Yu Qing liked it, Jin Feiren gave both Yue Wuhuan as well as the spirit bead to Yu Qing for a few days, letting him experience all of this righteous hero’s evil interests.

He was badly injured but he never cried out again. He did not beg for mercy.

Because he thoroughly understood the status of a slave. He no longer had any delusions.

…

“The cause of death lies in the brain. Insects ate most of his brain.” Yue Wuhuan used a saw to cut open the head of the corpse. He concluded, saying softly, “His death must have been very painful, very miserable…” He was very thankful that the mask blocked his smile and malice, otherwise his expression would have looked like that of a demon’s.

Song Qingshi carefully observed the corpse and nodded. “En, this way of dying is quite cruel. It’s a pity.”

Yue Wuhuan gave a small smile. “Yes, it’s a pity.”

He stared at the knife in his hand, the lingering happiness gradually dissipated and bursts of regret filled his heart.

How good would it have been if he could have cut him up alive?

The author has something to say:

Scholar-tyrant Song was filled with self-confidence: My family’s little angel was so steady handling that knife. He will definitely be a good doctor!

Chapter 12: Acupuncture Treatment

A too good memory was not a good thing.

This just meant that he could clearly remember every injury, every nightmare, to torment himself over and over again.

At night, the Peaceful Soul Fragrance couldn't suppress the pain in his heart. In his dreams, he returned to the Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor and fell into the golden bird cage.

The Acacia Seal on his back would burn faintly and his body would be unable to move. He would be forced to sit on the ground, watching the youths who were made to accompany the guests, performing ridiculous dramas one after another.

In this unbearably filthy world even the air was too dirty to breathe…

Desire was forcibly incited and he was wantonly played with.

So dirty, so disgusting.

Yue Wuhuan curled up in despair, trying to escape from those hands that were reaching out towards him. He wanted to cut off every inch of skin that had been touched. His entire body was filthy. He was battered and exhausted. He couldn't breathe. He died again and again. Every time he woke up, he would still be in the cage, made to repeat the nightmare from the last time until he lost his mind, gave up struggling and let his body be completely destroyed. .

Suddenly, the Red Lotus Fire burned down the cage and the clear medicinal incense washed away the dirty odor.

He realized that the clamoring voices around him had faded away and he opened his eyes carefully. What appeared before him was a youth wearing a snow-white robe.

There was no dirty smell on the youth's body, no filthy desire in his eyes. He stretched out his hand from the overlapping cuffs. Even his fingertips had a clean breath of white snow.

Yue Wuhuan thought for a long time before he realized that this outstretched hand was for himself.

With a thread of longing, he wanted to touch the cleanest existence in the world. He had just raised his hand and the red marks on his wrist and the dirt on his palm came into view. He quickly retracted his dirty hand and wanted to hide it behind him but then he saw on his body, traces of when he accompanied guests. There was no clean place on his body.

"Don't touch me, it will dirty your hands…"

"Don't look at me, it will defile your eyes…"

"Don't save me, just kill me…"

He was so terrified that he kept backing away until he was hidden in the darkness, his body could no longer be seen.

The young man approached stubbornly, reaching out his hand again and again, until he stepped into the darkness, forcing him to retreat until he had nowhere to retreat farther. Finally, the young man took off his clean snow robe, put it on him, and embraced him, treating him as if he were the most precious treasure, removing his shackles one by one, and wiping the stains from his body little by little.

His earnest eyes reflected his entre figure. The clear scent twined around the tip of his nose. His soft fingers were like little sparks, igniting the fire of his desire. His heart was sinking. He was losing his reason. He was transforming into a terrible monster, wanting to possess, wanting to eat up the young man to keep him with him forever.

He wanted to defile his body like crazy…

He wanted to greedily pollute this cleanliness…

He wanted to requite kindness with enmity…

Yue Wuhuan gasped and abruptly pushed away the young man's gentleness. He knew that he could no longer get close to him.

The boy noticed his body's embarrassing reaction, thought about it and placed a red spirit bead onto his palm.

The spirit bead emitted a burning sensation. It followed the movement of his thoughts, following his heart.

Yue Wuhuan felt the Acacia Seal on his back quickly dissipating. The shackles on his body were completely undone. However, his desire began to madly spread out.

Following his desire, the young man slowly took off his inner garments. He took off his white jade crown, letting fine, soft long hair spread out. A gorgeous and enchanting red seal quickly appeared on his fair and clear skin. His cold breath was invaded by desire. Like a holy deity walking into the sacrificial altar of hell, falling into the arms of the devil, he said in the clearest voice what he wanted to hear:

"You can dirty me."

"You can do anything to me."

"I will give you everything you want."

"Including me."

"…"

All the delusions in his heart turned into reality.

The devil could no longer maintain his rationality. Bit by bit, he occupied every inch of territory and bit by bit, he encroached upon every breath.

Blasphemous.

…

Yue Wuhuan opened his eyes, gasping for breath. There was a sweet cloying scent mixed with the herbal scents lingering in his nose. He suddenly realized something, and slowly turned his head. He suddenly saw Song Qingshi leaning over his bedside, holding a luminous bead in his hand. Eyes sparkling from the illumination of the luminous bead stared at him, as thought excitedly anticipating something.

He stared blankly for a long time, then slowly closed his eyes, suspecting that he wasn't fully awake yet.

"Don't sleep!" Song Qingshi quickly cut off his plan. "Wake up!"

Yue Wuhuan finally woke up. Voice hoarse, he asked hesitantly, "Master, why are you here?"

"Wuhuan, listen to me!" Song Qingshi happily reported, "I finally found a way to alleviate the side effects of the Six Meridian Rejuvenation Decoction! So I came to call you first thing this morning! Quick, get up! Let's do your treatment!"

Yue Wuhuan looked blankly at the sky outside the window. There was barely a sliver of dawn on the horizon.

It should be around four in the morning, right?

Song Qingshi has finally solved a difficult problem that has been troubling him for many days. He was feeling unburdened and refreshed. He felt like a fan whose team had just won the World Championship Cup. It was getting to his head and wanted to talk to anyone he saw. In the entire Medicine King's Valley, the person who understood his thoughts and the source of happiness best was Yue Wuhuan. And so he did his best to endure until morning before coming to take him into custody. "Hurry up, hurry up!"

"Okay," Yue Wuhuan smiled. Suddenly, he realized something and stopped lifting up the quilt. He whispered, "Master, please go out first and wait. I will change my clothes first and then go out."

Song Qingshi finally realized that he had done something not quite right. In the past, many experiments in the research institute needed 24 hour monitoring. He and the seniors would arrange shifts. Going to someone's dormitory to wake them up in the middle of the night was a common occurrence. He completely forgot that although the protagonist shou was a man, his sexual preference was also a man. He should avoid rousing suspicious. Him running into people's bedroom like this as he pleased seemed a bit like a night attack.

Yue Wuhuan had psychological issues. He'll be done for if he misunderstood…

Thinking of this, Song Qingshi immediately corrected his words and deeds. In the manner of a perfect gentleman, he turned and went out the door.

Yue Wuhuan let out a long sigh of relief. He lifted off the quilt and looked with disgust at the traces of the release of his desire. However, the beautiful scenery in his dream appeared in front of him. Thinking of the young man who beseeched him in the dream, he couldn't help bowing at the waist once again. He tried desperately to restrain his undesirable thoughts so as not to stain the white sheet.

He was so dirty…

…

Song Qingshi waited anxiously outside the door for a long time. Finally, Yue Wuhuan finished freshening up and emerged from the room, dressed neatly and tidily. He checked to make sure that the other looked as usual and didn't appear to take offence at his own rashness. He immediately let go of his worries and happily dragged the other straight to the treatment room.

In the treatment room, there are two boxes full of gold needles used for acupuncture.

In Chinese medicine there was a way to use acupuncture as anesthesia. However, it was only as local anesthesia and the effect varied from person

to person. It also couldn't completely ease the pain. It was far less convenient and effective than Western anesthesia. It didn't receive a lot of acceptance from the patients, so it was generally only used in extremely special circumstances. .

Song Qingshi suddenly realized from the memory of the original body that this world had special meridians and Dantians, which could increase the effectiveness of acupuncture and moxibustion many times over. He could also put in spiritual energy while the golden needles were pierced into the acupoints to achieve fine control of local anesthesia. .

He instantly opened the door to a whole new world. He experimented several times with his own body, and determined that he could use acupuncture to focus the range of the anesthesia to only the blockages in Yue Wuhuan's meridians. He could reduce the pain by 50% without affecting the curative effect. He could bring down the pain caused by the Six Meridian Rejuvenation Decoction to a level that could be tolerated by the human body.

Song Qingshi stumbled over the explanation for a long time and finally managed to straighten out the principle to Yue Wuhuan. "I will use more than two hundred golden needles to pierce your whole body. Don't worry, it won't hurt. You will just feel a bit numb and itchy. And then you'll take the medicated bath. After successfully clearing your meridians, I will take out the needles and use medicine to reconstruct your Dantian."

Yue Wuhuan looked at him and was silent for a long time.

"Although you will need to undress for the acupuncture treatment and there may be physical contact, but I am a doctor. A doctor's eyes sees no gender, only a patient!" Song Qingshi thought for a while and felt that the other might have some misgivings. He vowed, "You don't need to be on guard. I promise that I won't have any strange thoughts about you or do any strange things!"

He, however, had some strange thoughts…

Yue Wuhuan stared dazedly at his pale pink lips. Remembering the scene in his dream, his throat went a little tight. He took a deep breath, forced down those undesirable thoughts and slowly undid his belt. He said softly, “If it’s you…you can touch…”

The wound on the shoulder was now only a faint scar. The pale honey-colored, warm jade-like skin carried with it a sweet scent that you couldn’t tell whether it was really there or not. His shoulder blades were spread out like a butterfly and the Acacia Seal become the extravagantly gorgeous lines on the butterfly’s wings. His thin waist carried with it contours of strength. This body was too perfect. It could provoke people’s desires at any time.

Song Qingshi thought for a while and felt that he should not overestimate the resistance of human beings to beautiful things. He found a bath towel to wrap around him. He then calmed down and used his mental probe to determined the location of the needles, piercing it one by one.

“Do you feel anything?”

“I do.”

“How does it feel?”

“Tingling, bloated, itchy…”

Song Qingshi made sure that the needles were placed correctly. Relieved, he continued to pierce his skin with needles one by one.

When he moved to pierce his back, he suddenly found a red birthmark on Yue Wuhuan’s shoulder blade. It was shaped like a small phoenix. Because it was covered by the Acacia Seal and mixed together, it was not very conspicuous.

He stopped the needle and observed it for a long time. He couldn’t help saying, “You have a beautiful birthmark.”

“It was inherited from my mother.” Events from his childhood were evoked in Yue Wuhuan’s mind and his nervousness faded by a lot. “She was a dancer in the palace, from overseas, with red hair and golden eyes. She was made concubine the moment my father laid eyes on her. A lot of my appearance took after her.”

“You’re mixed-blood? Your mother must be very beautiful,” Song Qingshi felt him relax and tried to continue talking. “Black and wavy hair are both dominant genes. Your black eyes are not pure black but dark coloration is disproportionately passed on so it has become more like a dark gold like amber. There is another name for your eyes — Angel Eyes…”

Yue Wuhuan didn’t understand the latter half of what he said. “My mother…is really beautiful…”

“What kind of person is she?”

“A very gentle person, everyone in the palace likes her.”

“Do you want to go back to see her?” Song Qingshi felt that seeing his family again would help him in his mental recovery, “I can send you back.”

Yue Wuhuan’s voice suddenly stopped. After a long time, he said with difficulty, “No, she has passed away.”

Song Qingshi’s hand holding the needle stopped in midair. He realized that he had overturned the car once again.

“When they…heard that my mother looked a lot like me, they got an idea in their head and wanted to capture her and make her into a slave.” Yue Wuhuan’s voice lost all emotions. He was used to the pain and he said numbly, “In order to save my mother, I compromised and did a lot of things I wasn’t willing to but… they still went. Fortunately, my country was destroyed a few years ago. My father and my brother, the crown prince, died in battle. My mother accompanied the queen to commit suicide on the Phoenix Terrace. Now, I’m so glad that they all died cleanly, without being humiliated and without seeing me like this…”

Song Qing's heart was about to melt. He couldn't comfort such pain. He just wanted to give the person in front of him a hug.

He had just stretched out his hand and then thought for a bit. His fingertips had just brushed his shoulder when he took it back. He remembered that the other party hated being touched and wouldn't be happy.

He lowered his head, picked up the golden needle once again and told himself that everything would be fine.

Yue Wuhuan noticed the movement behind him and turned his head. He suddenly saw Song Qingshi's neckline inadvertedly reveal a little red mark.

He opened his eyes wide in disbelief. He thought of something he shouldn't have and acting without thinking, he stretched out his hand and violently pulled open the collar.

Underneath snow-colored robe, around the collarbone was a mottled swath of dark red spots. It was particularly eye-catching reflected on the white jade-like skin. The scene gradually overlapped with his crazy and unbearable dream last night.

The young man didn't struggle and obediently sat in place. He looked at him with confused eyes as though he didn't understand what he was all agitated about.

His breathing was turning rapid and he couldn't quite suppress his dirty longing.

"What is this?"

The author has something to say:

Song Qingshi's analysis: Yue Wuhuan is the shou. I have no interest in these things so it is very safe for us to live together!

Yue Wuhuan hid his big bad wolf's tail and smiled: What you said is right.

Chapter 13: To Degenerate into a Monster

“It’s the traces left by acupuncture,” Song Qingshi quickly explained when he saw him misunderstanding that he was injured. “I wasn’t bitten by insects. My capillaries are comparatively more robust. When you stick a needle in, it will cause slight subcutaneous bleeding and often leave marks. Don’t worry, it doesn’t hurt. The itch will go away in a few days.”

Yue Wuhuan stared intently at these traces. He slowly let go of his hand, lowered his head and said, “Master tried these needle for me and was injured. But I have behaved rudely…”

“How can you study medicine without sticking a few needles on yourself?” Song Qingshi said indifferently, “In the future, when you practice acupuncture, you’ll have to stick a few in yourself too. If necessary, you can practice on me. Before…” He said this and suddenly thought of some funny things. The first step in learning acupuncture is to pierce yourself and then pierce each other. After getting used to it, if you wanted to get rid of acne, you would stick a few needles in. If you wanted to lose weight, stick few needles in. If you had a stomachache, stick a few needles in. If you had a cold, stick a few needles in. It was normal to turn into a hedgehog before the final exam. He had also learned a lot from his senior sisters. For example, if you get sleepy while studying, you just stick a needle at the crown of your head and you will instantly shoot awake.

The original body had also used his own body when learning acupuncture. It was mainly to get the feel of sticking a needle in.

When he was trying this needle method for the first time, he had first familiarized himself with sticking needles on himself before daring to try it on others.

Yue Wuhuan turned around sullenly, seemingly unhappy that he had gotten injured.

The protagonist shou truly was a kind-hearted little angel.

Song Qingshi sighed inwardly. He was afraid he was going to overturn the car again so while piercing him with the needles, he talked about medical theory. After spending a lot of time, he finally managed to pierce the beauty with enough needles to turn him into a beautiful hedgehog. After he determining each acupuncture point, he injected spiritual energy to control its anesthetic effect to its smallest range. He then took out the vat for the medicinal bath and put in all the ingredients of Six Meridian Rejuvenation Decoction. He skillfully adjusted the temperature and then had Yue Wuhuan go in.

In this medicinal bath, Yue Wuhuan let out a muffled groan shortly after entering.

The potent medicinal power penetrated into all his meridians, frantically ramming through and turning his insides upside down.

Yue Wuhuan finally knew what Song Qing meant when he said it was very painful. Even though the acupuncture had already reduced the pain by a lot, he still gripped the edge of the vat in pain. His face was turning red from enduring the pain and cold sweat was beginning to appear on his forehead.

“We can’t eliminate all the pain,” Song Qingshi injected a mental probe into his body, constantly checking the situation. He explained, “The human body has many meridians. After the medicine is injected, it will be like the river charging against the embankments. You will need to feel the pain of every blocked meridian being unlocked; that way we can determine whether it has been completely opened up… If it hurts, you can just call out. You just need to hold on for half an hour.”

“Master doesn’t need to worry,” Yue Wuhuan gasped, “You have done so much for me. I can bear it.”

As the blocked meridians were forcibly opened, the power of the medicine passed through unhindered and the pain disappeared.

Song Qingshi would then take out the corresponding golden needles.

As more and more meridians were unblocked, the pain grew lighter and lighter.

Just before taking out the last needle from the crown of his head, Song Qingshi took out a pill and ordered Yue Wuhuan, “Open your mouth.”

Yue Wuhuan’s mind had blanked out in pain. He opened his mouth obediently, only to find that Song Qingshi had stuffed in a burning red pill. His slightly cool fingertips accidentally brushed against his lips and he subconsciously chased after it. He licked this comfortable piece of coolness with his tongue, trying to hold it in his mouth, never to let it go.

The hot pill melted in his mouth and slipped into his stomach. Suddenly, an explosive pain came where his Dantian was, stirring all his internal organs.

He couldn’t help it anymore. He let out a sad and shrill scream. He grabbed on tightly to the person next to him and then collapsed weakly.

Song Qingshi took advantage of the situation and took him into his arms. Patting his back, he coaxed in a gentle voice, “This is a Nine Revolution Blood Lotus Pill. It works very quickly. You just need to bear with it for a bit.”

The Six Meridian Rejuvenation Decoction opens up the meridians and the Nine Revolution Blood Lotus Pill regenerates the Dantian. Song Qingshi determined from research materials and experiments that the pain from taking the Nine Revolution Blood Lotus Pill cannot be alleviated but the pain would be short-lived. And so, he didn’t explain it beforehand, so as not to increase the patient’s psychological burden. Just like an injection, it was best to get it over quickly.

Yue Wuhuan’s lips had already been bitten into bleeding. He couldn’t hold it back any longer and he finally let out a low roar like that of an injured beast’s. He held the person in his arms so tightly it was as though he were trying to fuse him into his own flesh and blood.

If it were for his high Nascent Soul cultivation, Song Qingshi’s bones would have already been broken.

Song Qingshi couldn't move. He was also afraid that Yue Wuhuan would bite his lips trying to bear the pain. He suggested, "If it hurts, I can give you something else to bite on. I'll get you a towel…"

Before he could finish his words, Yue Wuhuan forcibly bit down on the obnoxious dark red mark on his neck. He had bitten down so hard, he almost tore off this piece of flesh and swallowed it into his stomach.

Song Qingshi knew that he had lost his reason. Afraid of hurting Yue Wuhuan's teeth, he immediately removed all the spiritual power safeguarding his body. He also didn't dare to resist with poison so as he result, a deep bloody mark was bitten onto his neck. He almost teared up from the pain. He also didn't dare to call out lest he make him worry. So he could only pretend that it didn't hurt and gasp desperately.

He let him bite him. He knelt down and let him finish biting.

Song Qingshi persisted with tears in his eyes…

After about a quarter of an hour, the pain in Yue Wuhuan's Dantian slowly disappeared. A small amount of spiritual power slowly poured out. Like trees that had withered for many years re-emerging with new buds under the nourishment of the spring rain, all things on earth were sprouting and thriving with vitality. His body becomes comfortable and content. Yue Wuhuan's energy finally ran out. He loosened his teeth and gently licked the blood that trickled from his bite. He slowly toppled over, falling into a deep coma.

…

When Yue Wuhuan woke up, it was already dark.

He moved his body and the spiritual energy that had withered for so many years began to run smoothly. His aptitude was actually much stronger than when he first entered the immortal sect.

Suddenly, he realized what was next to him. He slowly turned his head to take a look and found that his hands were clutching onto Song Qingshi's

sleeves tightly. His fingers had gone stiff and numb from holding on too long and it took a lot of effort to let go.

Song Qingshi was sleeping soundly beside him.

Song Qingshi had originally wanted to wait for Yue Wuhuan to wake up to explain the treatment. But he really was very tired and he fell asleep while waiting.

Yue Wuhuan stared dazedly at this totally unguarded sleeping face. Numerous unidentifiable ripples rose in his heart. The seeds of desire were taking root and crazy emotions were roiling in his mind.

He stretched out his hand quietly and picked up strands of his soft hair. He placed it to the tip of his nose and greedily sniffed the scent of medicine that couldn't be erased. He then gently kissed and licked it.

The bite marks on Song Qingshi's neck also gave him an indescribable sense of satisfaction, as though he had branded his own mark on this person.

His body had obviously cast off the control of the drugs but as before, he still had an unstoppable desire for the person in front of him.

Such a good person, but he wanted his body, wanted his soul, wanted to see him fall under the control of the ocean of lust.

What a base and shameless idea…

"Wuhuan, you are a monster born for desire."

Perhaps this statement was correct.

He has long since degenerated into a monster and he was unworthy of associating with purity.

Song Qingshi had done so much for him. His debt of gratitude towards him was as heavy as a mountain. He would never be able to return the favor.

He knew he shouldn’t but he was reluctant to let go.

At least, he must keep a bit of distance from him. He has to hide his tail well. He mustn’t show him his true face. He mustn’t let his evil thoughts defile him…

Yue Wuhuan made up his mind. He took one last sniff and reluctantly let go of the long hair in his hand.

Chapter 14: Hair Combing

There was the sound of cicadas chirping. The weather was getting hotter and before they knew it, it was summer.

The writing brush swept across the white rice paper as he wrote out the medical records in his delicate and pretty handwriting. Not a single part of it was illegible. From the earliest wound treatment, to the expulsion of the drugs, to the unblocking of the meridians and reformation of the Dantian three months ago, he wrote a detailed prescription case for each medication procedure. He bound them into a book as medical records for future reference.

But regarding Yue Wuhuan's mental state, Song Qingshi didn't know what to write. He hesitated for a long time and finally simply gave a brief account in the medical record; comparing before and after, things seemed to be turning for the better.

Yue Wuhuan developed a regular work and rest schedule. He busied himself bustling about.

He found an unused sword in the treasury and he would get up before dawn and practice his swordsmanship for four hours. He would then wait for Song Qingshi to freshen up and read with him for another four hours, studying medical knowledge. In the afternoon, they would either study anatomy together or try to make medicine and refine pills. In the evening, after dealing with the Medicine King's Valley's internal affairs, he would meditate for four more hours.

A cultivator's constitution required little sleep and so he didn't want to waste any time, sleeping only two or four hours a day. If it weren't for Song Qingshi insisting they share a meal together, Yue Wuhuan would do away with food and use fasting pills instead.

Song Qingshi never ever thought that in his lifetime, he would be the one to persuade someone else to take it easy with the studying.

Yue Wuhuan said though that he had already wasted too much time. He had to make the best use of every minute.

Because of his previous experience in Foundation Building, his aptitude improved. He soon returned to the sixth level of the Qi Condensation stage. Foundation Building was just around the corner.

Song Qingshi looked at his improving physical condition written down in the record and decided to just let him have his way.

…

With the arrival of summer, Song Qingshi discovered the benefits of ice silk. In the previous world, he loved wearing silk pajamas, he loved falling asleep feeling the soft and natural sensation of silk. It could be considered as his little bit of insistence in his otherwise careless living. Immortal ice silk was a few grades better than mortal silk, sticking to the body, light as nothing, it was slightly cool and glossy, sweeping away all the heat.

He asked the valley servants to purchase a few bolts of plain-colored ice silk to make into modern two-piece pajamas. Wearing the loose, long-sleeved T-shirts with the large neckline and loose-fitting trousers every day made sleeping very comfortable.

He tried to recommend the improved pajamas to Yue Wuhuan.

Yue Wuhuan stared for a long time at the pajamas he was wearing, refused and then went to practice swordsmanship for an additional two hours.

Song Qingshi also wanted to cut his hair. He wasn't used to grown men having such long hair. He spent all day at home and didn't want to waste time combing his hair. He stood in front of the mirror and held the scissors his hand. He made cutting gestures with it for a long time, thinking of how to set about. Yue Wuhuan came in and saw this scene. Lightning quick, he snatched away his scissors and for the first time, lost his temper. "What is Master planning on doing?!"

After learning the reason, he gave Song Qingshi a lesson.

“One’s body, hair and skin are all very precious. In the eyes of the people, there are only three situations in which men cut their hair.” Yue Wuhuan could hardly contain his anger and his tone was very severe. “One is when he leaves home to enter the monastery, two is when one is guilty of a crime and the three is if he is an egotistical and arrogant disciple. Which one does Master wish to be?”

Song Qingshi frantically shook his head: “I don’t to be any of those. I just don’t like my hair being so messy and combing it is troublesome.”

“Let me try.” Yue Wuhuan sighed after learning his reason. He took the fragrant wood comb from the dressing table and poured some orchid oil into the palm of his hand. He carefully arranged his fine and long hair for him. He used long and thin braids to fasten them and rolled them up into a bun. He then placed a white jade crown on top and then finally, reluctantly let go, “Is this good?”

“Very good. You’re really skilled with your hands.” Song Qingshi looked at his hair that was combed many times more neatly than he ever could. After praising him, he asked, “Wuhuan, should I find a maid to comb my hair? ”

Yue Wuhuan paused with the comb in his hand. He suppressed his faint malice from emanating and asked softly, “Master…doesn’t like my hairdressing? You wish to find someone else to do it?”

Song Qingshi immediately denied, “I’m afraid I would be wasting your time on such a menial task.”

Yue Wuhuan turned his head and smiled, “Wuhuan has received great favor from the Master and there is no way I could every repay the kindness. It makes sleeping hard at night. If the Master would let me do this little bit, it would bring a bit of peace to me…”

Hearing that doing this would make him feel better, Song Qingshi decisively agreed, “If you don’t find it bothersome, then my hair shall be in your care.”

Yue Wuhuan gently combed his sideburns for him and agreed with a smile.

When he was young, he once saw his elder brother, the crown prince, comb his imperial concubine's hair, all gentle and careful.

At that time, he greatly admired his brother, who was the most powerful general in their army. He didn't understand why he would do this boring and silly thing. But his brother told him cheerfully, "Grasp the hand comb and comb through great affection yet leave the hair to coil a predestined relationship. Little Wuhuan, you will understand this kind of pleasure when you meet someone you like."

At that time, he didn't understand.

Now, he understood what it was like to let these threads of love slip across his fingertips and stir his heartstrings.

He placed the fragrant wood comb against his lips and kissed it gently.

If I can fix your hair for a lifetime, would it tie us into a predestined relationship in our next lifetime?

…

Having managed to resolve this bit of trouble, Song Qingshi felt quite carefree and happy.

He suddenly remembered something and asked Yue Wuhuan, "In two days, would you like to accompany me to Lecheng? I have custom ordered a batch of experimental equipment from the Heaven Craft Pavilion. These objects are valuable and their structure is complex. Heaven Craft Pavilion is afraid of making a mistake so they're asking me to personally come to explain. And also… I heard that Lecheng is teeming with good food and wine and that the dances and music at Xianwu Tower is excellent. Should we go have a look?"

It's been quite a long time since Professor System has placed him inside the book. He has been busy treating illnesses every day and he hasn't had the chance to see just how this immortal realm looked like. Although his

memories were constantly merging with that of the original body's, he was often left bewildered by them, lacking actual perception of them.

Recently, he also realized belatedly that he now had a healthy body and a long life span. He no longer needed to be afraid of running out of time like he had in the previous world. He was no longer racing against time to learn, lest he be paralyzed and be unable to get up at any moment, rendering him unable to save himself.

Everyone said that this kind of life was boring…

Now he can spare a little time to experience the interesting life of normal people.

He could eat foods that the doctor forbade him from eating before, do things that the doctor forbade him from doing before. He can now even taste wine and learn just what about it had so many people obsessed.

Although he didn't know whether he would like these things, he wouldn't know unless he tries.

Song Qingshi thought about his new life in the future and felt a bit of excitement and anticipation.

Inviting him out to Lecheng was the beginning. On the one hand, he wanted to let Yue Wuhuan go out to relieve his boredom. He didn't want him accompanying him in staying cooped up inside the house so much, turning him into a shut-in. On the other hand, he was worried that he would run into difficulties when communicating with strangers and that the Heaven Craft Pavilion would not understand his medical terminologies and thus would not understand his production requirements. It would be much easier if Yue Wuhuan was there to help him communicate.

Yue Wuhuan thought for a moment, then agreed.

On the day of their departure, Yue Wuhuan put on a curtained hat, covering his face with long black gauze.

Song Qingshi was puzzled. “Are you afraid of getting tanned?”

Yue Wuhuan smiled. “Master will understand later.”

Song Qingshi thought for a while and understood. Wuhuan was so beautiful, he must be afraid of attracting the attention of lechers. Song Qingshi immediately took all the magical items and poisons with him. He told Yue Wuhuan to follow him closely once they went out. he also made a simple anti-wolf potion and gave it to Yue Wuhuan, telling him that spraying it on to the pervert will blind him for at least half a month. Yue Wuhuan happily accepted it and put it together with the other medicinal powders that he had prepared.

The two rode on their magical beasts and headed to Lecheng.

Lecheng was the closest big city to the Medicine King’s Valley. It was built around the river, making transportation very convenient. Thus, the marketplace there was bustling, with everything that one could wish for. Countless cultivators came and went to this city.

Song Qingshi felt like a country bumpkin entering the city for the first time. Just his two eyes didn’t seem enough. What were those golden fruit dew and blue moon drink being sold by the immortal lady in the teahouse? He wanted to taste them all! What were those strange fruits on that fruit stand? He wanted to buy them all to take back to study! The paper figures that could dance and sing made by that peddler were really interesting. The beauties in the flower houses were dressed up as flying dancers against a mural. They were soliciting customers in midair, one seductive gaze after the other were being directed towards him. He looked at them for a long time and couldn’t help sending out a mental probe to do an inspection…

Were such vulgar commonplace women worthy of such attention?

Yue Wuhuan waited and waited until he reached the end of his patience. Snapping Song Qingshi out of his concentration, he asked, “Are they beautiful?”

Song Qingshi pulled back his mental probe and quietly replied, “This girl has a yellow stain on her eye. There may be something wrong with her gallbladder.”

Yue Wuhuan: “???”

Just what kind of obsession does his Master have with eyes?

The author has something to say:

Without Wuhuan’s intervention, Scholar-tyrant Song might have become the first Xianxia protagonist in Jinjiang's history to cut his hair and wear T-shirts.

Chapter 15: The Mystery of Tears

Song Qingshi's tastes leaned towards the sweet.

Seeing that the weather was getting hotter and hotter, he dragged Yue Wuhuan into a tea shed by the river selling some iced treats. He ordered two large bowls of crisp mountain and some Lotus drink.

"Right," Song Qingshi remembered a puzzle in Yue Wuhuan's medical record and asked directly, "Your eyes don't shed tears and after inspection, there seems to be no problem with your tear secretion system. What's going on? Is it an innate condition? "

Yue Wuhuan was not interested in sweets but he accompanied his Master to eat some iced treats. He was surprised when he heard these words. He thought about it and said, "I wasn't born with this condition… I also cried when I was young, but I didn't like being seen by others crying so I would always hide. Later, when I was sold to the Manor, I found that crying while doing those filthy things would make those people more excited. I didn't want them to get what they wanted, so I learned not to cry… I've been holding back for so long that now, I've stopped crying."

Humans can be stripped away of their emotions. There have been psychological experiments that violated human ethics to prove this point.

After being imprisoned in a cage, Yue Wuhuan, through harsh control training and psychological cues, was forcibly deprived of his ability to cry.

Song Qingshi suddenly felt like the frozen treats he had didn't taste sweet anymore.

"Well, this isn't a bad thing. Tears aren't a necessity of life either," Yue Wuhuan smiled indifferently and said comfortingly, "I'm glad there's something in my body that cannot be controlled by the Acacia Seal, so Master doesn't need to mind it."

“How can I not mind it?” Song Qingshi gently pushed open his screen curtain, observed his beautiful eyes and said seriously, “It is human instinct to laugh when you’re happy and cry when you’re sad. Don’t worry, I will find a way to make you cry!”

After saying this, he realized that it didn’t sound quite right. How could there be any reason to make someone sad and cry?

Song Qingshi awkwardly shrank back into his seat and forcibly regained his dignity, “It doesn’t have to be from sadness. When my emotions get stirred up, I also cry…”

It turns Master also cries when his emotions get stirred up?” Yue Wuhuan suddenly recalled how he looked like in the dream, crying underneath his body from being so aroused. A strange pleasure ignited in his heart. He leaned to the side to get closer to this clean scent. Relying on the curtain to obscure the other’s vision, he didn’t bother to conceal the desire in his eyes. He licked his dry lips and couldn’t help using a seductive tone to take some liberties, “I’m looking forward to when the Master makes me cry…”

Seeing that he hadn’t overturned the car once again, Song Qingshi felt relieved. He patted his chest and promised, “Leave it to me!”

He will go back and study psychotherapy!

Yue Wuhuan, for some unknown reason, smiled quite happily.

Suddenly, a pair of cultivators’ chatter and laughter came from the next booth. It seemed like the words Golden Phoenix Manor were mixed into their conversation.

Song Qingshi immediately released his mental probe and turned around.

Sitting in the booth were two drifter cultivators of Foundation Building stage. One was a sword cultivator and the other was a demon cultivator. They weren’t ugly in appearance, but they both had loose tongues and spoke unscrupulously, discussing the recent major events in the immortal realm.

“The Mad Daoist and Golden Phoenix Manor are dead set on fighting it out. A few days ago, the Manor Lord Jin was severely injured in their fight.”

Thirty years ago, Lieyun Zhenren, the only son of the Mad Daoist, disappeared, and the sect’s most precious treasure was lost. He offered a huge reward and pursued the murderer for so many years. Finally, he found out that Shouxintai was in the hands of Manor Lord Jin and he had to seek justice.”

“I never would have thought that Manor Lord Jin would be the type to resort to murder to steal someone’s treasure.”

“But that’s the Shouxintai, the best magic weapon in the world, who wouldn’t be tempted?”

“The same is true for Manor Lord Jin. He just had to go and offend the ever protective Mad Daoist…”

“Nowadays, Manor Lord Jin still refuses to admit that he killed the Lieyun Zhenren. There’s still something to be said about this…”

……

“Persisting in evil brings about self-destruction.” Song Qingshi was very disgusted with Jin Feiren’s conduct. He secretly spurned a few “garbage” under his breath and then turned around and quietly warned Yue Wuhuan, “If Golden Phoenix Manor comes seeking medicine or medical treatment, tell them I’m not home. Tell them I’m doing closed door cultivation, or I’m gathering herbs. Think up of a good reason and send them away. Let the steward of the valley servants be the one to meet with them. Don’t go out to see those bastards…”

Yue Wuhuan obediently agreed.

Song Qingshi couldn’t help asking, “Did you know about the Shouxintai?”

“The matter of Lieyun Zhenren happened thirty years ago and I only entered Golden Phoenix Manor ten years ago.” Yue Wuhuan explained with

a smile, “Jin Feiren is cautious by nature and my status was merely a humble slave’s. There was also the Acacia Seal to control our words and deeds. There is no way we could have become privy to anything secret…”

It only took him a few years of hard work to find out about this incident from scattered clues. From there, he surmised the whereabouts of the Shouxintai. Then, in a veiled manner, he made Tong Gua Xianren aware that Jin Feiren had also attained Nascent Soul stage thirty years ago and that there were some suspicious details about his promotion to Nascent Soul. Tong Gua Xianren was a character who valued money more than life. On the surface, he sung Jin Feiren’s praises. In private, he nursed some secret grievances. After finding out the evidence, he refused to show mercy to Golden Phoenix Manor and sold the information to the Mad Daoist for a huge sum of money.

It was after confirming that Tong Gua Xianren was investigating the Shouxintai incident, that Yue Wuhuan finally felt like he could plan his death in peace.

He even endured two more years of suffering just to do this delightful thing.

Jin Feiren probably never ever thought that a slave without even any control over his own words and deeds could stab him like this, right?

However, the Mad Daoist failed to kill that beast.

What a pity……

With much difficult, Yue Wuhuan resisted the sorrow in his heart. He then quietly glanced at Song Qing next to him. Fearing that he would find out his vicious and sinister thoughts and that he would hate his true nature as a skilled schemer, he put back on the sheepskin of gentleness and kindness and continued to lovably eat his iced treat.

The topics of conversation by the two drifter cultivators next door began to diverge and it actually strayed to matters regarding the Medicine King’s Valley.

“They say that the Medicine King Xianzun is the most abstinent ancestor outside of Buddhism. I didn’t expect him to be a fool.”

“The old house in the Medicine King's Valley is on fire now and it’s burning fast.”

……

Song Qingshi threw Yue Wuhuan a very puzzled look. He didn’t remember there being a fire in the Medicine King’s Valley.

Yue Wuhuan didn’t want these foul language to touch his ears. He got up and wanted to leave, “Master, I don’t want to stay here.”

Song Qingshi hesitated and then got up to settle the bill.

But then he heard sword cultivator laugh and say, “Who doesn’t know that Wuhuan Gongzhi is so beautiful that he could bend a nation. he’s so innately fawning that he’s even got the Medicine King Xianzun all enchanted and confused.”

The demon cultivator also let out a malicious laugh, “Who among those who’ve entered the Golden Phoenix Manor hasn’t played with that thirsty pair of legs? No matter how beautiful, he’s nothing but a plaything toyed senseless by Manor Lord Jin. Song Xianzun has lived in seclusion for so long that he’s absolutely clueless about these things. He took back with him this damaged good and made it into his exclusive domain, treating it like the greatest treasure. I reckon that Wuhuan Gongzhi has probably got some very special skills in bed, enough to make a man lose his soul. Song Xianzun has never tasted this kind of flavor and now he just can’t stop.”

“Hahaha, that’s something I’ve got to see with my own eyes…”

Song Qingshi’s face turned red from anger upon hearing it. He hated that they hadn’t left earlier. He glanced carefully at Wuhuan but he couldn’t even guess what kind of expression he was hiding behind the curtain. After thinking about it, he felt that he couldn’t run from this. He had to do what a

master should do. So, he rolled up his robe sleeves and went to take back Yue Wuhuan's honor.

Yue Wuhuan couldn't hold him back. He could only go with him.

Song Qingshi fearlessly and gallantly walked in front of the two men. Suppressing his social anxiety, he knocked hard on the table, incessantly organizing curse words in his mind.

The sword cultivator and the demon cultivator raised their heads and saw a little beauty dressed in white, standing in front of them, completely ill at ease. He was obviously nervous but pretending to be calm. He looked at them again and again, his pink lips seeming to want to speak a torrent of words but couldn't.

What was going on?

It couldn't be that he found them so handsome and intelligent that he just had to come and recommend himself to warm their beds, right?

Song Qingshi stumbled through his words, "I, I…" He found that he really didn't know how to berate people. Just how was he supposed to deliver an absolutely ferocious scolding?

Most people who cultivate to immortality played around indiscriminately. They didn't care much whether it was a man or a woman. The more the two cultivators looked, the more delighted they felt. They felt that this beauty's pretty and innocent look had a very special charm. They hurriedly urged, "Don't worry. Just speak slowly, gege will wait for you."

"Fine. I'm not worried," Song Qingshi took a deep breath, calmed down and asked sternly, "Do you know who I am?"

The sword cultivator smiled and wanted to reach out and stroke his hand, "I don't know, may I be so bold as to ask this beauty's name?"

Song Qingshi grabbed his restless wrist and said loudly, "Song Qingshi of the Medicine King's Valley."

The sword cultivator's expression turned dazed.

Song Qingshi's hold gradually tightened. He said, taking things to heart, "I'm the fool whose house was on fire that you were just talking about."

The sword cultivator's wrist broke in his grip.

The demon cultivator realized that things weren't looking good and he turned around to flee.

Song Qingshi shot a few poisonous needles and various strange rashes appeared on the two of them. They were painful and itchy, and they were crying, wishing to peel off their skin. They wanted to scream but a pill was stuffed into their mouths. Their throats turned hoarse and they could no longer make a sound.

"For defaming the Medicine King's Valley, your punishment is pain and itching for seven days. For speaking insolently, you are banned from speaking for ten years!

After Song Qingshi coldly pronounced his judgement, he left the two unprincipled brutes rolling on the floor and returned to Yue Wuhuan. He felt very manly and that he had performed very well. He wanted very much to be praised.

Yue Wuhuan instantly realized what kind of undesirable thoughts those two were directing towards Song Qingshi and he simply could not tolerate it. Unable to control himself, he grabbed Song Qingshi's hand that had touched the sword cultivator and dragged him to the edge of the water. He kept washing it with disinfectant soap. "Don't touch those kind of dirty things! It's not clean…"

Song Qingshi was baffled as his hand was thoroughly washed clean.

Yue Wuhuan washed his hand clean for him and finally realized that he had lost control of himself. He thought for a while, lifted the black gauze and showed a gentle smile. "We're going to eat mutton from Tianxiang Tower

later. Your hand touched poison as well as another person. It is safer to wash it clean."

Song Qingshi instantly understood.

It turned out that he had infected Yue Wuhuan with a medical student's minor mysophobia.

Chapter 16: The Scene of Purgatory

In fact, Song Qingshi didn't like to eat mutton and he liked spicy foods even less. But if his family's little angel wanted to eat hand-held mutton then he was going to accompany him.

The two had a leisurely lunch before arriving at Heaven Craft Pavilion.

The Pavilion Master of Heaven Craft Pavilion saw him and welcomed him in respectfully but the expression on his face was unsightly.

It was then that Song Qingshi learned that what they had meant when they wrote in the letter that "they were afraid of making a mistake", was that they didn't understand at all and the craftsmen were going crazy…

"It's a microscope, some transparent test tubes and flasks, a distiller, a fermenter, a barometer, an infrared spectrometer…" Song Qingshi was at a loss. He didn't know what part of it they didn't understand. He hadn't even ordered the difficult machines such as mass spectrometers and liquid chromatographs. All of these were simple things, "The microscope is a high-intensity magnifying glass, which can see bacteria…"

What the hell were magnifying glasses and bacteria? Were these tools for killing or spying on people?

The Master of Heaven Craft Pavilion was completely confused listening to him and began to have doubts about life…

The two talked for a long time but a donkey's lips simply didn't match a horse's mouth.

Fortunately, Yue Wuhuan has been studying medicine with him these days and had an idea of these objects. Seeing that his Master was having difficulties, he took the initiative to explain for him.

Yue Wuhuan understood how people in the immortal realm thought. He changed the way of communicating and finally made the Pavilion Master understand that the microscope was used to check the tiny poisons attached

to objects, the test tubes and flasks were precious decorations and the distiller was a kettle used to extract pure water…

Song Qingshi sat next to him, dumbfounded by his explanation. It sounded weird but they weren't technically wrong.

The Pavilion Master finally patted his chest and gave his assurance that he could make these objects.

Yue Wuhuan began to bargain with him. After about half an hour, he found out the Pavilion Master's final price and with Song Qingshi's permission, he also used some of the common pills produced by the Medicine King's Valley to deducted part of the purchase price, allowing them to save a lot of money. He also reached a mutually beneficial long-term agreement with Heaven Craft Pavilion's Master and also checked for any loopholes in the contract.

He really was blessed to have an omnipotent secretary in his household…

In the end, Song Qingshi didn't even have to read the contract. He only signed his name.

He walked out of the Heaven Craft Pavilion, all muddle-headed. The sky was quickly turning dark. The lights in the shops were lit up and visitors came in and out in an endless stream. The red-light district and the betting houses were a lot livelier and countless beauty-seeking patrons and gamblers were shuttling back and forth. The sound of fights and quarrels could sometimes be heard and there would even sometimes be magical fights between cultivators.

Night Rain Pavilion was located in the red light district. It was engaged in selling information and issuing rewards.

This was the first time for Song Qingshi to visit this kind of place and he curiously looked around everywhere. From time to time, he would encounter the bold flirting of a courtesan. There were even some xiao guan who saw that Yue Wuhuan had a good figure and propositioned him. They made such a racket that Song Qingshi felt very uncomfortable. He quickly

walked into Night Rain Pavilion to avoid them. Yue Wuhuan's expression under the black gauze curtain also finally looked a lot better.

Night Rain Pavilion's rules stated that the one requesting information must come alone.

After repeatedly warning Yue Wuhuan not to go running about, Song Qingshi entered the inner room.

Ye Lin, the master of Night Rain Pavilion, personally came to receive him.

Ye Lin was a fat man with a good temper. His features were amiable and genial. He smiled at everyone. The original body had once treated him for serious injuries. Now, every time he received news of rare ingredients or information about medicine that were about to be released or sold, they would first be offered to Song Qingshi. It could be said that the two had friendly relations. Now, he has heard that for the sake of a beauty, Song Qingshi was moving troops and mustering up forces. He felt that this was quite unlikely but it was hard to actually tell. He also saw that the method for removing the Acacia Seal was quite troublesome, so he delayed telling him for a few months lest the Medicine King Xianzun forge on ahead seized by nothing more than impulse. Once he grows tired of playing with this beauty, the losses would be quite considerable.

Now, Song Qingshi came visiting in person, asking him for the information.

"I only received it a few days ago," Ye Lin didn't dare to shirk anymore and handed over the method. "Back then, when Huanxi Xianzun created the Acacia Seal, he hadn't left any means to undo it. However, there was a demon cultivator who caught some low-level cultivators and used them as slaves. Many of them were newly accepted disciples of major sects. Therefore, the righteous sects developed two methods of undoing the seal. One is by having a cultivator of Fen Shen rank or higher erase it and the other is eliminate it by creating a formation using the Quintessence of All Souls and adding in the secret word used when the Acacia Seal was drawn."

Song Qingshi humbly asked for advice, "Which is easier?"

Ye Lin said with a bitter face, “My lord, you know as well as I do that the Fen Shen elders are the greatest treasures of the various sects. They won’t undertake any task easily. They would see it as a humiliation if you were to ask them to erase the seal of slave with mortal origins.” He tried to express it tactfully, but really wanted to tell him, ‘If someone were to take their pet to the Medicine King’s Valley for treatment, wouldn’t you kick them out?’.

Song Qingshi thought for a while and understood. “I’ll choose the second method.”

He will never let Yue Wuhuan be humiliated again.

Ye Lin looked at him, hating iron for not turning into steel. “The Quintessence of All Souls… is a treasure that can only be produced once by each spiritual vein. It may occasionally appears at auctions. Depending on the quality and size, the price can reach 100,000 to 300,000 of the top-grade spirit stones. This was a method developed at any cost because the daughter of Jinyu Tower’s Master had had a seal imprinted upon her by an evildoer. Because it’s too expensive, no one really bothers to keep this method a secret. I can give the information to you directly. However, slaves with the Acacia Seal imprinted upon them all have a secret word from whoever placed the seal on them. The formation needs to have the secret word written along with it. Xie Que is extremely greedy and if he finds out that you wish to release the seal, he will for certain charge you a high price for it.”

The Medicine King’s Valley purchases various medicinal materials at high prices for research all the year round, but sells very few medicines. It could not be considered as a wealthy sect.

Although Wuhuan Gongzhi was a rare beauty, he was also a courtesan with a terrible reputation. Was it worth it to spend such a large price to erase his seal? The Medicine King Xianzun’s head must have been completely bewitched, right?

Ye Lin tried to advise him, “If you really like that person, you just need to be nice to him and not use the spirit bead. It would be the same whether you erase the Acacia Seal or not. I have received news that Jinhuan Tower is

going to auction off a pair of stunning sister and brother, both virgins. The price is only fifty thousand spirit stones and their appearance is not inferior to…"

Song Qingshi immediately interrupted his words, "I want to buy the Quintessense of All Souls. Would you know where it is being offered up for sale?"

He didn't know how to join up with the immortal realm's cultivators' way of thinking. It had nothing to do with whether he would use the spirit bead or not. The Acacia Seal itself was a mark of shame and deprivation of human dignity. It cannot be allowed to remain else, Yue Wuhuan's mental problems would never be resolved.

Ye Lin gave up trying to persuade him. He said, embarrassed, "I know Madam Ling Miao has a few in her collection but I am not sure if she would be willing to sell them."

Song Qingshi made a rough estimate of his resources, "I am willing to refine a bottle of Ever Young Pills for her and pay another 200,000 spirit stones."

Although Madam Ling Miao had great talent, she joined the immortal sect very late. She was already past thirty when she reached Foundation Building and past forty when he reached Core Formation. She looked much older than the other female cultivators and it was an extremely sore point for her. Ordinarily, she could use the Skin Nourishing Pill to cover it up but she has always wanted the Ever Young Pills to restore her appearance to its peak. However, the method to make the Ever Young Pill has long been lost and only The Medicine King's Valley's copy was left. The original body disdained the Ever Young Pills. The ingredients needed were rare and it was troublesome to make with a useless effect. It was like an insult to his identity as a medical immortal and so he has never refined them.

As soon as the Ever Young Pill comes out, Madam Ling Miao will definitely be tempted.

“I’ll take care of this matter for you.” Ye Lin felt distressed for him. He suddenly remembered something and said, “By the way, did you know something happened to Xie Que recently?”

Song Qingshi frowned, “What’s the matter?”

Ye Lin told him as though relating a humorous story, “Didn’t the Golden Phoenix Manor’s Manor Lord get a new darling? The one he dotes on terribly. I think he’s called Bai Zihao…recently it was discovered that he is the illegitimate son in the mortal realm of Elder He of Pine Crane Sect. He was sold as a slave by Xie Que that wicked good-for-nothing. There has been a great dispute about it for so long but it hasn’t borne any results. Pine Crane Sect cannot deal with Golden Phoenix Manor so now they are looking everywhere for Xie Que to settle accounts. Unfortunately, Xie Que, this clever bastard, runs fast as a thief. No one knows in which hole he’s hidden himself in.”

Song Qingshi lowered his head and thought for a long time.

Ye Lin smiled and said, “If I find that bastard Xie Que, I can find a way to get the secret word for you. The cost will be cheaper for you.”

“No,” Song Qingshi smiled, “I’m willing to pay double the fee if you can tell me his whereabouts…”

Ye Lin was stunned. He then realizing something and repeatedly agreed as he picked up his teacup.

Song Qingshi said his good-byes and left. One the way out, he took with him Yue Wuhuan who had been studying the mission postings outside.

Ye Lin glanced at Yue Wuhuan from out the window. He shook his head, and pulled out a picture book from a hidden part of the bookshelf. He flipped through a few pages and sighed.

As expected, Wuhuan Gongzhi’s methods were outstanding.

It seemed like the Medicine King Xianzun's lifelong reputation was about to take a fall.

…

Now, all business matters were settled and there was a prospect for a solution to erasing the seal.

Song Qingshi happily went shopping with Yue Wuhuan, buying books, medicinal ingredients and daily necessities.

This red brocade was very beautiful. It will suit Yue Wuhuan very well. Buy it!

This Barbarian Dragon Grass might be used to make medicine for Yue Wuhuan. Buy it! Buy it!

Rongxing Hall's cake was delicious. Wuhuan would love it. Buy it! Buy it! Buy it!

Song Qingshi was the kind of person who would only go out shopping a few times a year and would buy enough for half a year each time. He took great pleasure in buying things. He even bought two bottles of wine from a roadside pub. The wine was called Wangyou, it sounded delicious. The beauty at the pub said that it could be used to dispel his worries. Although he did things very purposefully and didn't have too much worries, he could still buy it for its taste.

He bought an awful mess of things.

Yue Wuhuan helplessly stored all his purchases into the mustard bag for him, leaving them to be sorted once they got back.

When Song Qing saw a bookstore down an alley, he ran over happily. Buying books was his favorite; the more the better.

Yue Wuhuan hesitated for a moment. He then finally followed after him slowly.

Business was thriving for this bookstore called House of Immortal Passions, with many book-buyers coming in and out. Song Qingshi first bought copies of medicine-related books. He then bought copies of books with information about the immortal realm. Finally, he bought copies of the currently popular books. He found that the people who came to buy books in the store seemed to particularly like the colored picture book in the corner; especially the men, who seven to eight out of ten would purchase a copy.

Song Qingshi curiously asked Yue Wuhuan, “What books are those?”

Yue Wuhuan looked at him, lost in thought. He opened his mouth to say something but no words came out.

Song Qingshi walked over and picked up the picture book called “Beauty of the Golden Age”. He smiled, “It turned out to be a collection of prints in the style of Ukiyo-e. The printing is so exquisite. Are these paintings by a master?”

He opened it and gave it a casual look through. He let it go as though his hands had been burned. The picture book fell to the ground, falling open to reveal the picture inside. He then looked at it again incredulously. His body went cold from head to toe as though he’d been doused with ice water.

This was a pornographic book. It painted all sorts of dirty scenes accompanied by countless gaudy words.

“The Evening Banquet of All Beauties”, “Lin Xianzun Copulates with Wuhuan Gongzhi”, “Picture of the Great Beauty Jin Qiao” and so on…

In the painting, the stunning young man was lying underneath various men, sweetly and agreeably pleasuring them. He was depicted in all sorts of unbearable postures.

The youth had a pair of beautiful phoenix eyes and a scarlet mole under his left eye so beautiful that it could arouse everyone’s desire.

This was Yue Wuhuan…

Song Qingshi knew of what Yue Wuhuan had experienced. But, when all was said and done, he has never had to face these unbearable scenes. As Yue Wuhuan gradually recovered, he wanted to make like an ostrich, using time to forget about the past. But now, this picture album has brutally ripped off the scar to show everything. The hell that Yue Wuhuan experienced was even more miserable than he could have ever imagined.

How could people be so evil?

Song Qingshi was so upset that he couldn't breathe. He was gasping for breath and hugging his shoulders tightly.

The Underworld Ghost Fire rose up, burning all the filth.

And then?

What should he do? What can he do? He can't do anything.

The bookstore owner wanted to come over to greet him but upon seeing this he was so scared that he ran away. Song Qingshi stood there blankly, feeling that he had lost all strength from his body. Finally, completely without knowing it, Yue Wuhuan dragged him away.

Yue Wuhuan took him by the hand and walked aimlessly to the side of the river.

The cold wind blew and Song Qingshi's mind gradually cleared…

He finally understood why the two cultivators in the tea shed were talking that way and why Ye Lin wanted to persuade him to give up.

So, everyone knows…

Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor has ruined Yue Wuhuan's body and these picture books have ruined Yue Wuhuan's reputation.

No matter how hard Yue Wuhuan worked — Foundation Building, Core Formation, even if he reached Nascent Soul…or cultivated to become the sword sovereign, everyone who sees him will never think of his amazing

talents but would think instead of his body and those filthy scenes. His past as a plaything will always remain in his heart. Even if he can burn down a bookstore, two bookstores, burn down countless picture books for Yue Wuhuan, he has no way of preventing these picture books from circulating in the market…

Yue Wuhuan once said that he had nothing…

Only now did he know the depth of despair behind this statement.

Song Qingshi sat by the river, covering his face, letting tears slip through his fingers. He hated how powerless he was.

“Master does not need to be sad,” Yue Wuhuan also sat down slowly, softly comforting, “Sooner or later, you would have known about this matter…so I never planned on hiding it. These paintings were from a few years ago. The most well-known painter of the immortal realm in those days came to Golden Phoenix Manor. Jin Feiren drugged me and controlled me with the spirit bead, letting him paint these to spread all over the world. Thinking about it now, he must have been aware that I wanted to escape. He wanted to warn me, that no matter where I flee to, I can’t escape the fate of a slave… Therefore, I gave up all hope of escaping and became what he wanted. shameless, indulging in desire, stupid and ridiculous…”

Song Qingshi buried his head and looked at the river, not daring to look at him.

“Master has given me a chance to be reborn,” Yue Wuhuan said in a relaxed tone, “I have already let go of these things…I have long gotten used to it, and I am mentally prepared. I can research ways to change my appearance and I’ll change my name too so that I won’t be recognized, so… it’s okay, I’m really okay.”

Song Qingshi was still extremely sad, because this beautiful and proud phoenix could no longer fly openly out under the sun.

He eased his emotions and wanted to stand up but found that Yue Wuhuan’s body had been trembling all this time.

In the dark night, he had already taken off the curtain and his beautiful eyes were filled with fear.

Yue Wuhuan used up all the energy in his body before he was able to speak out the words he feared the most.

“Please, please, don’t hate me for being dirty…”

Chapter 17: Unforgettable

That night, Song Qingshi held Yue Wuhuan tightly in his arms, desperate to comfort him. He was incoherent throughout the whole thing. Philosophy, medicine, and sociological theories took turns on stage. He was so distressed that English, German and Latin all rushed out. Let alone Yue Wuhuan, even Song Qingshi himself didn't know what what he was saying.

At least, the attitude was right…

Yue Wuhuan had already recovered. He quietly sniffed the comforting fragrance of medicine on his body and listened to those messy but reassuring words. The corners of his mouth couldn't help but tick up into a slightly pained arc.

He had known for a long time that he couldn't hide this matter for the sake of temporary stability, waiting for others to showcase his dirty past in front of Song Qingshi to drive a wedge between them and arbitrarily discredit him. Therefore, while they were in Lecheng, even if Song Qingshi hadn't found those picture books, he would have taken the initiative to lead him to that bookstore and he would have pretended to have carelessly let him see it. And during this time, while he still likes him, he'll be honest and strive to gain his mercy and promise, breaking off any chance for anyone with ulterior motives who would use this to create an issue.

How ridiculous…

Obviously it was something he had been prepared for long ago and yet, the moment Song Qingshi opened that picture book, he was still so embarrassed, he couldn't bear to show his face. What was even more embarrassing was that even when he had seen such things, Song Qingshi had anger and sympathy in his eyes but not the slightest desire. It made him realize even more clearly that their two 'likes' were different.

Song Qingshi's 'like' was appreciation, cherishment and care.

His 'like' was monopoly, invasion and desire.

Yue Wuhuan greedily kissed the tips of his hair. His thoughts quickly turning crazy…

Why does his every probing reveal even more of this person's goodness?

Given this, how could he possibly let go?

How good would it have been if he could have met this person while he was still clean?

The venom of resentment spread from his heart to his whole body. He hated Xie Que. He hated Jin Feiren and everything that had dirtied him. He hated this disgusting world. He wanted to destroy everything outside the Medicine King's Valley. It was enough to leave only a piece of pure land in the world, to leave only this one person…

…

After this incident, the two of them gave up all thoughts of touring Lecheng and casually rested overnight, setting off for the Medicine King's Valley the next morning.

Throughout their entire way back, Song Qingshi researched all kinds of plans to conceal one's identity and disguise one's appearance for Yue Wuhuan.

He even thought about cosmetic surgery to change his face, but he couldn't bear to ruin that perfect face…

Suddenly, the sound of cultivators fighting came from the forest.

Song Qingshi stopped the magical beast and took a look. He saw two Core Formation cultivators having a life or death battle. Swords clashed and spells filled the sky. They fought for about half an hour and the cultivator in black suffered a crushing defeat. The cultivator that defeated him took away his magical weapons and mustard seed bag, then got on his sword and hurried away.

This kind of murder and looting was a common sight in the immortal realm and no one can ascertain the identity and the enmity between the two parties.

Therefore, unless you get were acquainted with one of the parties, you wouldn't interfere in this matter.

Song Qingshi abided by the rules of this world and was unwilling to get involved in this mess. After watching for a while, he got ready to spur the magical beast to leave.

Yue Wuhuan stopped him, "Master, let us go and see. Perhaps that person is not dead yet."

After he finished speaking, he steered the magical beast to the black-clothed cultivator. Upon seeing this, Song Qingshi hurriedly followed after him.

Although the black-clothed monk still had breath, he was gravely injured. He had seven or eight sword wounds on his body, part of his internal organs were damaged and he was unconscious. If he was left without treatment, he probably won't live for long.

So as to avoid any trouble, the Medicine King's Valley never accepted patients from unknown sources.

Song Qingshi frowned and hesitated.

Yue Wuhuan squatted down. He put on his gloves, carefully checked the black-clothed cultivator's wounds and then asked, "Master, you recently taught me how to stitch up and treat injuries. I have already studied this but I lack hands-on practice. Could we bring back this injured individual back to the Medicine King's Valley so that I may treat him and practice my medical skills?"

Even if the protagonist shou has encountered so much ugliness, his heart still remained good and honest. In the future, he may become a famous doctor, serving for the good of the people.

Song Qingshi sighed for a long time. He immediately agreed and helped him perform emergency treatment on the patient. They then loaded him up on the magical beast and took him home.

In the Medicine King's Valley, Song Qingshi placed the patient in a quiet sickroom.

This was the first patient that Yue Wuhuan took charge off. He took extra care, not only did he perform a good job of sewing close all the wounds but he also decocted the medicine and fed it to the patient with his own hands. He kept recording his vital signs, asking for advice on everything, lest there be any accidents. Song Qingshi couldn't help sighing at his immense talent. All he needed was a hint and he could figure out the rest himself. Every step was done perfectly. His medical records were also well written. There was almost nothing to fault. After the patient showed obvious signs of improvement, he felt reassured that he could leave this matter entirely to Yue Wuhuan.

It was three days after that black-clothed cultivator woke up. He became aware of the smell of medicine in the room. He moved his wounds a little and found that he was bandaged tightly. The knew that he had been rescued and he rejoiced in his heart. He looked up to thank his benefactor but when he did, he saw the bright and beautiful face that he had never forgotten.

"We-were you the one who saved me?" the black-clothed cultivator murmured.

Yue Wuhuan had stayed by his bedside, taking care of him for a long time. Seeing that he was awake, he nodded and said, "This slave greets the immortal elder."

The black-clothed cultivator was named She Yun. He was a demon cultivator and he wasn't a person of any significance. Two years ago, he had the good fortune to be a guest at Golden Phoenix Manor with his friends. Originally, given his identity, he would not have been qualified to meet such a remarkable beauty such as Yue Wuhuan. However, that night the beauty did not serve the honored guests well and as punishment, he was drugged and given to them to have fun with.

Those loose phoenix eyes, that coquettish teardrop mole, that bewitching voice, the seal of imprisonment…

The joy of that night was something he would never forget his entire life.

No matter which courtesan in whichever brothel he looked for, he couldn't get that same feeling anymore.

She Yun looked closely at Yue Wuhuan, feeling a bit thirsty in his throat. Under the control of Acacia Seal, no slave had the ability to hurt people. So, what exactly was this beauty's purpose for saving him? Could it be that he still remembered him…

Under his burning gaze, Yue Wuhuan slightly lowered his head. He poured out the potion that had long been kept warm by a small fire. He carefully served it to him to drink and then smiled, "The medicine is bitter. The immortal elder should take this candy pill as well. "

He used his fair fingers to put the sugar pill into She Yun's mouth.

Those beautiful eyes were looking at him, full of tenderness and anticipation.

She Yun was dizzy and unable to think. The sugar pill had melted in his mouth. There seemed to be some strange bitterness in it.

Yue Wuhuan waited for him to finish taking the medicine and got up to tidy up the room. He piled up all the junk in the room in the corner, leaving only an empty table and chair. He then put on a pair of animal-skin gloves.

She Yun asked expectantly, "Do you remember me?"

Yue Wuhuan walked back and looked at him, with the brilliance of desire blooming in his eyes, "The immortal elder has made this slave very happy. This slave wouldn't dare forget."

He used to be like a flower branch that has been manually trimmed. Although beautiful, he was too artificial. Now, he has his own color, making him even more dazzling. He was actually somewhat more beautiful

than before. If Jin Feiren saw it, wouldn't he regret letting such a stunning beauty go?

She Yun felt his mouth go dry. His heartbeat was speeding up. His whole body weakened and his lower half was gradually getting a reaction.

Yue Wuhuan glanced at him and smiled even more charmingly. He gently slid his fingertips across She Yun's chest, opened up his shirt and then pressed him back down heavily. He said, ambiguously, "Today, I would like to be happy with the immortal elder once again. Is this okay?"

Yue Wuhuan's teasing had made his heart like a frisky monkey. He could hardly believe that such a good thing would happen. He hurriedly agreed, "I would happily be with you. If you have been rejected by your owner, I would gladly take you back with me."

Yue Wuhuan laughed happily as if he had heard something amusing.

Immediately afterwards, She Yun saw Yue Wuhuan place a sound barrier formation on the door. He then took out a bunch of strange little tools from the mustard seed bag and placed them on the table covered with white cloth. There were small knives, scissors, pliers, saws and other instruments of horror, he didn't know the use of. Yue Wuhuan then introduced them one by one, "This is a scalpel. These are surgical scissors and bone scissors. These are elbow forceps…"

She Yun realized something was wrong. He wanted to struggle but found that he had lost control of his hands and feet. He couldn't move.

"You took a Puppet Pill. I haven't been able to make it successfully yet so I can't control your actions, but it's enough." Yue Wuhuan put on his robe and his put on a mask. He picked up a scalpel and asked, sounding concerned, "Now, aside from being unable to move your body, can you still feel anything?"

She Yun was shocked and angry. "You're not controlled by the Acacia Seal?"

Yue Wuhuan let out a mocking chuckle but there was no human emotion in his eyes, only near-overflowing craziness and longing, like a demon that had crawled out of hell.

“Please, please, don’t be like this.” She Yun finally realized what was going to happen, screaming and begging madly for mercy, “Let me go!”

This night was like that night, when a demon faced a defenseless lamb. There had been no mercy, no kindness, only cruel toying.

The scalpel fell again and again. The wailing was endless.

“Does it feel good? Having it shoved into you, does it feel good?”

The demon happily repeated what he had said, word by word:

“Come, let me enjoy this bliss on earth…”

“Use your depraved body to pleasure me…”

“Scream! Come on! Scream in ecstasy…”

“…”

Yue Wuhuan looked at his hands, covered in dirty blood. But his heart felt very satisfied.

It turns out that he really was crazy.

…

It was late at night and Song Qingshi was still sitting on the Luohan bed in the library, reading. Suddenly, he found Yue Wuhuan leaning on the door, looking at him. He had no idea when he had taken a bath. He was wearing a newly-made red single robe. On his body was the scent of orchids mixed with the scent of herbs. His hair was dripping wet and carelessly tied together. He seemed to be in a really good mood.

Song Qingshi raised his hand and motioned for him to come closer. “Why’d you take a bath so late? Be careful or you might catch a cold.”

“My clothes got stained with something dirty so they had to all be washed.” Yue Wuhuan sat on the Luohan bed obediently and casually opened a book, “I couldn’t sleep so I’d like to accompany Master to read a book, is that alright?”

Song Qingshi naturally welcomed him and pushed the snacks on the table towards him.

“Right,” Yue Wuhuan said casually, “The cultivator we rescued a few days ago woke up and insisted on leaving, so I let him go.”

Song Qingshi was slightly startled. “Leave? His injuries aren’t healed yet.”

Yue Wuhuan said, “I saw that he seemed to have some personal concerns weighing on his mind so I couldn’t question him too closely.”

Song Qingshi was afraid that he was unhappy and persuaded, “We can’t control patients who insist on being discharged from the hospital. Let him do as he wants.”

Yue Wuhuan smiled and said, “It doesn’t matter, he already rewarded me. We’re already even.”

Seeing that he didn’t seem bothered, Song Qingshi discarded this matter from his mind and concentrated on reading.

Yue Wuhuan leaned in lazily, contentedly smelling the scent from his body.

The mad killing intent gradually dissipated and the bloodthirsty desire slowly calmed down.

This was his pure land.

The author has something to say:

Scholar-Tyrant Song: That patient is in no shape to appear in polite company. He's disobedient. He insisted on being discharged despite being injured. Next time, we won't be accepting him.

Yue Wuhuan: Yes.

(The medical related details in his article rely on information found on Baidu. If something is wrong, I am willing to let the real medical students and doctors beat me…)

Translator's note: …Um…should I have put in a warning…? …It was pretty mild, right?…

Chapter 18: Bankruptcy Crisis

Song Qingshi placed his palms together before one and with a pious face, said to Yue Wuhuan, “My great treasure is here!”

Yue Wuhuan was confused for a moment. He found that Song Qingshi was looking at the six small white mice running around in the cage that he was carrying. He hurriedly placed the cage carefully on the table in the laboratory and presented it to him. “Master, this was sent over by the master of Night Rain Pavilion. Are these perhaps some rare magical beasts?”

“These are the mice I asked him to find in the mortal world. He had a hard time just finding these few.” Song Qingshi lay on the table and looked at the cute little guys with joy, as though he couldn’t get enough of looking at them. “Wuhuan, did you know that white mice and humans are 98% genetically similar. They are the most used animals for medicinal experiments.”

Yue Wuhuan’s beautiful eyes widened in disbelief. He looked suspiciously at the dirty little mice in the cage.

This thing is 98% similar to him?

“Right now, we only have these few specimens taken from the wild. We will need to breed them to attain large quantities. Then, we can cultivate various types of mice. Clean mice, mice without specific pathogens, sterile mice… maybe we can even raise high- and low-cancer mice , diabetic mice, all sorts of mice.” Song Qingshi’s face was positively glowing as he talked about his beloved white mice. It didn’t matter to him whether others understood him or not as he kept on muttering to himself, “It may take decades of breeding. Fortunately, a Nascent Soul cultivator has a long life span. I can take my time breeding them. Has the breeding room been set up already? From today on, I will be living in the laboratory. These mice are very delicate and I don’t know if they can adapt to the immortal realm. I want to make sure that they won’t get into trouble and that they’ll successfully give birth to babies. This is my reason for living……”

There used to be a senior sister who went abroad to perform experiments. After four years of breeding, her mice were about to show results when they suddenly encountered a mishap. She was terrified. She would call them everyday to pour out her woes. Everyone persuaded her to give up the experiment and come back. The senior sister instantly collapsed and bawling, said this was her reason for living and that she wouldn't leave even if she died. Since then, in their laboratory, the white mice had attained the nickname 'reason for living'.

Yue Wuhuan finally understood. After thinking about the past rumors about the Medicine King, he tentatively asked, "Master, no matter how similar mice are, they're not humans. It's very troublesome to raise them. Why don't you use mortals to test the medicines? Isn't this is a common practice among immortal medicine makers?"

"Of course, we will need to use humans," Right now, Song Qingshi's mind was filled with thoughts of the mice and he replied casually, "We must first use mice and other animals to determine the safety of the drug. Then, we do human experiments. My teacher liked to test the drug on himself to determine their safety. Once he's made sure they're safe, he recruited volunteers to test the drug. I've also tested medicines on myself several times. It's very convenient to determine its efficacy."

He especially worshiped his teacher. A man of noble character and high prestige, he worked selflessly for the public interest, was free of corruption and worked only for the welfare of all mankind.

Hippocrates once said that medicine is the most beautiful and noblest of all skills.

As long as medical research can produce a new drug, countless patients can be rescued from their suffering. It can even change the course of human history.

Isn't that an absolutely wonderful thing?

Song Qingshi looked at the mice as though seeing a bright future.

Yue Wuhuan thought about it for a long time and asked cautiously, “Master, with your teacher having tested so many medicines, how is he now?…Is he still doing well?”

Song Qingshi answered honestly, “He is in another world.”

Yue Wuhuan’s face paled. He said anxiously, “Master, please allow Wuhuan to test the medicines in the future.”

“Alright, once I’ve tested that there’s no problem, I’ll let you test them.” Song Qingshi praised with satisfaction, “Wuhuan is really a good seedling suitable for studying medicine. So smart and kind, so full of love. Your future achievements will be great.”

Master was good in everything; only that he was a little blind towards him…

He had learned from the valley servant that although the Medicine King Xianzun has always been a medicine fanatic, burying himself in his research every day, his words and deeds were still equally as strange but after his coming to the Medicine King’s Valley, the master seemed to have a little more feelings and was no longer inexplicably angry. He no longer did cruel human experiments and the trust and favor bestowed upon him was unprecedented.

Such changes in Song Qingshi made him unable but to have vain hopes. And today, these vain hopes became even stronger.

Master doesn’t dislike even such dirty mice, then maybe he too can…

“Master, I will raise these little white mice for you,” Yue Wuhuan gently pulled Song Qingshi’s sleeve and beseeched in a low voice, “My physique is very suitable for testing medicine. Let me be the one to try medicine for you for the rest of my life, just like these mice…is that alright? I’m not afraid of death so please don’t hurt yourself.”

When Song Qingshi heard the word “death” come from his mouth, his hair stood on end and the shadow of course failure once again attacked. He

sorted through their conversations and quickly figured out what went wrong. He firmly swore that the little white mice and Yue Wuhuan were both his reasons for living and that he valued them equally in his heart. His teacher was in another world for other reasons and that he hadn't met a mishap because he was testing medicine on himself. Under his careful control, he definitely won't die.

Yue Wuhuan listened, feeling extremely satisfied.

Song Qingshi realized that there might be times when he's indisposed and would need someone's assistance. So, he gave Yue Wuhuan a copy of the very thick mouse breeding manual, asking him to meticulously take care of them. Yue Wuhuan carefully took the manual with one hand and the cage with the other, vowing to take good care of the master's reason for living.

The valley servant delivered a bill for the mice and a letter from Night Rain Pavilion.

Although the white mice were not magical beasts, no one has ever wanted this thing. It was small and difficult to find. It took a lot of manpower and material resources to find it, and it was finally found on an overseas desert island.

Considering the above factors and other things, in the end each mouse cost one hundred top-grade spirit stones.

"Oh, it's not that expensive." Song Qingshi paid the bill without hesitation.

Yue Wuhuan hesitated for a long time and asked, "Master, have you…not read the account books I sent the other day?"

Song Qingshi was not interested in the account books, so he threw it on the table and forgot all about it. Hearing him mention it, he picked it up and glanced at it casually. Then he found out in horror that the Medicine King's Valley was in a fiscal deficit. He dumbfoundedly pointed to the numbers on the account books, looking to the omnipotent secretary for an explanation.

Yue Wuhuan sighed, “Master has had a lot of special tools custom made from the Heaven Craft Pavilion, which were expensive. And…you also bought a lot of valuable herbs for research. The most significant thing though, is the unknown payment of two hundred thousand high-grade spirit stones…”

Song Qingshi gulped. He used to be a rich second generation. He only spent money and had no idea about how to manage money. His parents doted on him and did not begrudge spending RMB 800,000 on drugs for his self-funded research. His laboratory had various kinds of equipment and so he hadn’t stopped to consider just how much money it cost to do medical research.

Now that he has transmigrated, Yue Wuhuan opened up a lot of money-making routes after sorting out the property accounts for him. The prospects were promising, so he bought and bought and bought. But he hadn’t wanted to become a spendthrift.

He absolutely didn’t want Yue Wuhuan to know that the two hundred thousand spirit stones had been used to by the Quintessence of All Souls.

For one, he was afraid it would cause a heavy psychological burden on him and for another, he wanted to surprise him.

Yue Wuhuan saw that he didn’t want to say where the money had gone and so he didn’t ask anymore. He said, comfortingly, “Master, please don’t worry too much. The main reason is that it will take some time for some of the promissory notes to come due. I will think of a way.”

Although he wasn’t blamed, Song Qingshi still felt very guilty. He suddenly realized that he had been neglecting business matters for a long time. Moreover, in order to refuse Golden Phoenix Manor, he had pretended to be in closed-door cultivation and had not admitted any patients. He stayed holed up in the laboratory and study every day being foolish. It was Yue Wuhuan, who on top of cultivating, worked tirelessly to deal with all the things he was unwilling to do. He even helped him to earn money and took care to feed, clothe and house him. He even happily forgot these

responsibilities that he should have assumed in the first place and kept adding on to the other's troubles.

Song Qingshi pulled Yu Wuhuan's sleeves and apologized ashamedly, "I'm no good. From now on, I won't spend money so extravagantly. I don't need ice silk pajamas. I won't eat sweets and I'll fast properly. For now, I won't add any more research equipment. Later, I will treat a few wealthy patients. I will try my best to make money to provide for you. I won't make you work so hard anymore…"

Yue Wuhuan was a first-rate peerless beauty and ultra learning god. Since following him, not only has his meals been sub-standard, he even has to work every day despite not having yet completely recovered; finding ways to make money and raise this spendthrift, worrying about their livelihood despite that supposedly being his responsibility in the first place.

What kind of scumbag is he? !

How can a doctor treat his patient like this? !

The more Song Qingshi spoke, the more panicked he became. His eyes were already turning red.

"There is no need to take it that far," Yue Wuhuan found that his master was on the verge of crying and quickly explained, "For me, this matter is not any trouble. Master's research is for the benefit of the world and Wuhuan, naturally, whole-heartedly supports you."

Song Qingshi pulled him, not knowing what to say, "Bu-but…"

There was a faint smile in Yue Wuhuan's eyes. He gently held his hand, hooked it, and said softly, "Master, I like keeping busy so that I won't think about the past. So, let me do it, I like to do things for Master…"

The beautiful fingertips lightly stroked his palm, drawing circle after circle, warm, scratching until his heart began to itch.

Song Qingshi was a total mess, moved by the little angel's kindness.

Yue Wuhuan played with his palm and smiled. “This period of financial difficulty will only be for a short while. I plan to prepare funds to purchase fields for medical herbs, to purchase medicinal materials and to train pill refiners. There’s no need to worry about the salability of low-level pills from the Medicine King’s Valley. But I don’t have the personal connections and it is not suitable for me to show my face in public. It would be best to find someone suitable to be in charge of marketing.”

Song Qingshi knew what he was worried about and he didn’t dare let Wuhuan go out alone lest he encounter some pervert.

Killing and looting in the immortal realm was all too common and only the powerful can do big business.

Song Qingshi was the only one in the Medicine King’s Valley who could hold the place down. If you let him, this social anxiety sufferer to negotiate business with a sly old fox, you might as well just ask him to die…

Song Qingshi pondered for a long time. Suddenly, he thought of a good idea. He found a letter from the pile, ran over and said, “An Long is coming in a few days. He’s the master of the Myriad Gu Sect and they’re very powerful in the Western Forest. Moreover, his family has a spirit stone mine so he’s super rich and well-connected. Shall we try to see if he’ll be our angel investor?”

The Song Family father and sister were were high-powered businessmen. Although he was not wise in the ways of the world, he also managed to pick up some things by listening to them everyday.

Yue Wuhuan scanned the letter box and found that letters from this An Long accounted for the vast majority of the letters. Although they were all academic discussions, there were practically three or four letters each month. Moreover, the Medicine King’s Valley’s account books also recorded their gift exchanges and every time, the Myriad Gu Sect’s gifts would be much more expensive that the Medicine King’s Valley’s. He frowned slightly, a little disturbed and felt that he would need to clarify this matter.

…

Song Qingshi concealed nothing. He spent a lot of time, clearly explaining his relationship with An Long to Yue Wuhuan.

Recently, the original body's memory has integrated more and more with him. He would often have the illusion that the two of them shared the same soul. It's just that the original body was more indifferent. Moreover, he has not received any moral education and his approach was more radical. But his living habits and learning methods were exactly the same as his. Because the original body basically did not pay any attention to anything other than research and cultivation and did not care about anyone, even many of the details of his memories of An Long were not clear but they were roughly correct.

"We met more than five hundred years ago. At that time, I wasn't a Nascent Soul cultivator yet and he was a just a little cultivator who had just built his foundation." Song Qingshi organized his words and said unhappily, "I remember he was a bit older than you, seventeen or eighteen, a very rebellious teenager."

Yue Wuhuan interrupted and corrected, "Master, I only stopped growing because the Acacia Seal suspended my growth and my appearance was controlled to look like a teenager's. It doesn't mean that I'm actually that young. In fact, I was already an adult when I built my foundation."

"Yes, you will grow up normally after the seal is removed," Song Qingshi thought of the lesson he had learned himself and cautiously suggested, "You shouldn't form your golden core too early. Your growth will slow down when cultivators reach Foundation Building and it will be fixed once your reach Core Formation. If you build you golden core too early, you might turn out like I did. Unless you specializes in body-based cultivation techniques or you reshape your body once you reach Fen Shen…"

This immature face was the price paid in blood and suffering by the original body for having too high a talent..

However, he didn't want to refine his body just for the sake of outer appearances and so he had resigned himself to his fate.

"I know." Yue Wuhuan looked at him with satisfaction, licking his lips, "You're good just like this."

Song Qingshi treated it as him trying to comfort him and continued the serious discussion, "I met An Long while collecting medicinal herbs in the secret realm. We discussed pharmacology and I found that he was very insightful and he had abundant knowledge about Gu poisons. He was thus allowed to come to the Medicine King's Valley as a guest. But that kid is too mischievous. He loves to tease me and loves to rile me up. After a few years…I reached Nascent Soul stage and I don't know why but he quarreled terribly with me. He got angry with me for no good reason. He kept swearing and kicking up row for a long time. Finally, he left the Medicine King's Valley."

Yue Wuhuan tapped the table lightly with his fingers, his thoughts unscrutable.

"Two hundred years later, he also reached Nascent Soul. Suddenly, he realized his mistake and wrote a letter to apologize. We kept up the correspondence and we have a pretty good relationship." Song Qingshi concluded his account, feeling very gratified. "Now, it can be presumed that he is now past his rebellious phase."

Yue Wuhuan asked cautiously, "Master, does he like men or…"

"Don't worry!" Song Qingshi knew that he had concerns in this regard and he resolutely and decisively said, "Although An Long is a natural lecherous loafer and loves to mess around, he is straight as an arrow! When we were together before, I always saw him flirting with and seducing girls. If he wasn't off fooling around with this immortal lady, he was off teasing that courtesan! It's rumored he's got a lot of jilted women outside out for his blood. I have never heard of him having any interest in men!"

Yue Wuhuan was still a little suspicious.

Song Qingshi patted his chest and promised, “Don’t worry! If he dares to cop a feel from you, I will break his leg!”

The author has something to say: The little Phoenix’s lifelong rival in love are these little white mice and occasionally he would lose to them…

Because if there was any problem with the mice, Qingshi would immediately jump off the bed and rush to the laboratory (no matter what delightful things they were doing in bed at the time)

Translator’s note: About Yue Wuhuan’s age, from what we can tell, Yue Wuhuan would have to be in his late 20s or early 30s. He spent ten years in the Golden Phoenix Manor and the original Song Qingshi saw little YWH when he was 11 or 12, when he was not yet Foundation Building. He must have spent a few more years before entering Golden Phoenix Manor because he was already Foundation Building when he did so; though the Acacia Seal could have been placed earlier.

Chapter 19: The Gu King of the Western Forest

When the day of An Long's arrival came, the Medicine King's Valley had already made ample preparations to receive guests.

Song Qingshi put on his robes neatly in front of the mirror and carefully checked his appearance. When he looked back, he unexpectedly saw Yue Wuhuan wearing a loose gray cotton robe. He was dressed like a valley servant. Although the cotton clothes couldn't hide his beauty, such a drab color did not suit his temperament. He was more suitable for bright colors that were more flamboyant and domineering.

As expected, the Medicine King's Valley really has no money left. A Phoenix has been reduced to a sparrow.

Song Qingshi secretly felt sad. He was determined to overcome his social anxiety and draw in the investment from the Myriad Gu Sect.

There was the sound of birds announcing the guest's arrival and the poisonous fog array of the Medicine King's Valley dissipated to welcome him in.

Suddenly, there was an uneasy commotion from the valley servants keeping guard at the gate. The commotion gradually spread into the valley and some of the more cowardly valley servants even ran over in panic.

Yue Wuhuan raised his head and glanced coldly at the fleeing valley servants. They immediately stopped in their tracks. Remembering the ruthlessness when handling affairs of this beauty deeply trusted by their master, their faces turned somewhat pale.

Song Qingshi was puzzled, "What's wrong?"

Yue Wuhuan meekly lowered his head once again, not offering any answer.

Song Qingshi quickly understood what the valley servants were afraid of.

A huge white snake, with its tongue sticking out, slithered up the steps. Its silver scales glittered under the sun. Its blood-colored eyes were like a demon's that crawled out from purgatory.

The white snake raised its head and quickly crawled to Song Qingshi's feet. It affectionate rubbed its head against him and curled its tail around his leg.

Song Qingshi was delighted. He squatted down and touched its head, asking, "You're Xiao Bai, aren't you? I haven't seen you for so many years. How come you've grown so big?"

Seeing that Song Qingshi recognized it, the white snake used its tongue to touch him, rubbing against him even more enthusiastically.

Yue Wuhuan wanted to step forward to stop it, but when he saw someone coming, he backed away.

"This double-dealing scoundrel, I always knew it likes you more," the tall shadow enshrouded them. The deep resounding voice was filled with helplessness, "Back then, in the secret realm, you refused to accept the Luminous Dragon as a spirit pet and it had to settle for me. It has borne a lot of resentment and its always wanted to go back to you."

"Don't joke" Song Qingshi said with a smile, "It's not suitable for living in the Medicine King's Valley. It's more suitable for the Myriad Gu Sect."

Five hundred years ago, the Luminous Dragon was still a young snake. It was injured fighting against a large beast. He had passed by, collecting medicine and healed it casually. It made a huge fuss wanting to follow him and so, it was forced onto An Long by the original body. At that time, the Luminous Dragon was only a finger's width thick but now it has become so big, with such radiant scales. It showed that it had been carefully raised by the local tyrant sect.

After Song Qingshi finished petting the snake, he raised his head and was suddenly stupefied.

The An Long in his memory was an inexperienced, mischievous, ordinary teenager. The man who appeared in front of him now was more than 1.9 meters tall, with an awe-inspiring body, with a tiger's back and a wolf's waist, wearing skintight black leather armor. His bare right arm was covered in tattoos of the five evils; the poisonous creatures were intertwined with countless bones of the dead. It was both terrifying and fascinating, people couldn't look away. He was like a proud and overbearing ruffian. He had his hair cut extremely short, making his facial features appear even sharper. His dashing brows reached to his temples, his nose was straight like a peak, and his narrow eyes were like beast's choosing which person to bite. His thin lips were tightly pursed and his whole body exuded a dangerous aura.

The years served as a carving knife, using 500 long years to thoroughly remold himself.

Song Qingshi stared blankly at him for a long time. Finally, he found traces of the past on this face.

An Long also looked at him for a long time and finally laughed. A sharp canine tooth appeared at the edge his lips. The dangerous aura faded in an instant and he turned back into that bad boy who liked playing pranks back then. All the girls in the Medicine King's Valley blushed and they didn't dare look any longer.

This familiar feeling made Song Qingshi breathe a sigh of relief.

An Long looked around, bent down and whispered quietly, "I thought you were angry with me and would never see me again."

Song Qingshi thought back to this bear child's trouble-making past, "I'm not angry."

An Long didn't quite believe it. He patted him on the shoulder, seeming to want to change the subject.

The Myriad Gu Sect was a body-refining sect. His strength was enormous and his hand pats were somewhat painful for Song Qingshi.

“By the way, I heard that you brought back a…” An Long glanced at the crowd and quickly locked on to Yue Wuhuan. After thinking about it, he didn’t know how to address him and so casually just threw out, “Is it this kid? He’s not like what they say. He looks pretty cute and well-behaved.”

Yue Wuhuan was used to people giving him messed up appraisals. His expression remained unchanged. He respectfully bowed to An Long and continued to remain silent.

Song Qingshi, though, was shocked.

An Long touched his chin and exclaimed, “He really is beautiful. It’s a pity he’s a man.”

Even after taking over the Myriad Gu Sect and cultivating to Nascent Soul, he was still that same old unscrupulous scoundrel as before!

With a cold expression on his face, Song Qingshi skillfully dragged An Long to the main hall. He then sent Yue Wuhuan to feed the mice and began to lecture the guy in front of him. Although he wanted to get the investment from the Myriad Gu Sect, that did not mean he was about to toss aside his bottom line. Therefore, he quickly sorted out this bastard’s black history and gave him a list of prohibitions, including prohibitions against taking any liberties with Yue Wuhuan. He was not to speak anything obscene to Yue Wuhuan. He was not to say anything vulgar to Yue Wuhuan. He was not to flirt with Yue Wuhuan. He was not to trespass into Yue Wuhuan’s room. He was not to make Yue Wuhuan drink any alcohol. There were 126 rules and regulations.

“Ancestors above,” An Long was dumbfounded as he listened to him. It took a long time for him to come back to his senses, “Is this man made of colored crystal?”

Song Qingshi tapped on the table and skillfully reprimanded, “Article number 72, you are not to use any strange words to describe him.”

“Yes, yes, yes.” For some reason, An Long seemed completely happy being reprimanded. He raised his hands in surrender and promised to stop talking

nonsense. He then asked, “Then how should I call him? What is his identity in the Medicine King’s Valley?”

Song Qingshi was stunned. He realized that this was a serious problem…

Yue Wuhuan’s problem was psychological. It was inconvenient to explain and he had to protect the patient’s privacy. Although he was the Medicine King’s Valley’s Omnipotent Secretary, this profession was equivalent to a main steward in the immortal realm and provided no real status. Therefore, he had neglected to give Yue Wuhuan a suitable identity.

Song Qingshi immediately got up and said to An Long, “Wait here. I’ll go make sure.”

After speaking, he immediately walked out of the main hall, looking for Yue Wuhuan.

Yue Wuhuan had finished feeding the mice a long time ago. But he knew there were some things Song Qingshi had to say that wouldn’t be convenient for him to hear. And so he sat at a spot in the corridor that was not too far away and waited patiently while reading.

Song Qingshi hurriedly ran to Yue Wuhuan and asked, “Wuhuan, do you want to be my disciple?”

Yue Wuhuan looked at him in disbelief, somewhat stunned. “Master, why did you suddenly…”

“An Long reminded me,” Song Qingshi explained, “It’s better for you to have a suitable identity in the Medicine King’s Valley. I’ve never accepted a disciple before, so you can be my most senior disciple. This way, no matter what you do or when meeting guests, it will much more convenient. Of course, if you don’t want to then just forget it. I’ll think of other ways.”

“I want to,” Yue Wuhuan said hurriedly, “Master saved my life and taught me skills. I have already regarded Master as my teacher, but I didn’t dare to ask it of you.” He took a black wood carving from his bosom. It had his

name written on it. He handed it to Song Qing embarrassedly, “I have secretly made my life plate early on. Please accept it, Master.”

The life plate was a must-have for every disciple of the sect. Living in the immortal realm was often filled with life-threatening danger. Each sect would use the disciple’s thoughts and blood to make a life plate, which would then be placed in a safe place. If the life plate shatters, it signifies that the disciple had died.

Yue Wuhuan carefully said, “I added a little array when I made it. If I meet with a mishap and my body perishes, the life plate will inform Master of the whereabouts of my corpse. Wuhuan hopes… that my body may be cremated and buried within the Medicine King’s Valley to accompany the Master. Is that alright?”

Song Qingshi was so touched that he collapsed in complete shambles. He repeatedly said, “Don’t worry, I’ll protect you and I’ll never let anything happen to you.”

Yue Wuhuan got up to formally pay obeisance to his master.

“Wait, I have a request,” Song Qingshi hurriedly grabbed him to stop. He awkwardly said, “Can you not call me ‘Shifu’? This form of address always reminds me of that guy…” He hasn’t accepted disciples for a very long time. Hearing this also made him have an ill-feeling in his heart. Yue Wuhuan’s previous shifu’s conduct and deeds has gravely broken his bottom line, to the point that he practically feels nauseated. He absolutely didn’t want the same title. Moreover, he was worried that Yue Wuhuan would have a psychological shadow because of this form of address.

Yue Wuhuan understood his intentions and agreed with a smile, paying his obeisance once again.

“Later, I will take you to pay your respects to your grand-master.” Song Qingshi happily went back to An Long with the life plate. While showing it off to him, he said, very proud of himself, “Yue Wuhuan is now my senior disciple. This identity’s not bad, right?”

An Long was rendered speechless.

He's seen masters accept disciples quickly, but never this quickly. Within just three quarters of an hour, the Medicine King's Valley's senior disciple came fresh out of the oven.

It seems… This came about because he asked that question?

Ancestors above, did he do something wrong?

Song Qingshi resolved this worry and began to think about how to pull in his investment. He vaguely remembered his sister saying to first let the investors eat and have fun before coaxing them to sign the contract. So Song Qingshi took An Long to visit his laboratory, carefully telling him about his methods for cultivating bacteria. He then invited him to perform some joint experiments.

Both he and the original body both liked to use this manner to welcome their friends.

Though it was a bit strange, it was very sincere.

Since entering the laboratory, An Long has been staring at him in a daze. He was both surprised and happy, as though he wanted to ascertain something…

He was starting so much that Song Qingshi started to think it strange. He asked, "Is there anything on my face?"

An Long asked carefully, "Qingshi, have you really forgiven me?"

Teenagers do a lot of stupid things during their rebellious phase. What was there that was worth holding a grudge over? Besides, he couldn't clearly remember most of them.

Song Qingshi smiled and said, "I've forgiven you long ago. I've forgotten those things."

An Long's eyes were a little red as he stared at him incredulously, "You've really forgotten?"

Song Qingshi definitely said, "I hate lying."

"Yes, yes, you never lie." An Long suddenly took him into his arms, burying him against his shoulder. He whispered, "Thank you…"

The mask of pretending was torn off and the warm heart was drawn out.

He was so happy that he couldn't help himself.

Song Qingshi wanted to push him away but he felt a warm dampness on his shoulder. He thought about it and stood still.

An Long's voice was unspeakably hoarse,

"You don't know how much I regret…"

"I'm so happy that I could see you again."

Translator's note: About the chapter title, it literally translates to 'to recommend oneself to be a pillow mat'. In this chapter, from context, it means for someone to willingly be/take the initiative to be someone's bed partner. In general though, the connotation is pretty innocent, it simply means for someone, usually a woman, to take the initiative to be in a relationship with someone.

Chapter 20: Self-Recommended Pillow Mat

Song Qingshi felt a little uneasy.

He felt that he had forgotten something very important.

An Long was housed at the separate Jingxin Compound. The valley servants sent to serve him were all carefully selected by Yue Wuhuan. All of them were older servants who did their work steadily. Because An Long was addicted to drinking, once, when his alcohol addiction struck, he had drank all the medicinal liquor he had hidden in his cellar. So this time he sent someone to purchase a batch of fine wines and had them sent to the separate compound.

They've also set up alarm charms on the compound's door, windows and roof so that they would know if An Long gets up to any drunken antics. He had once crawled in in the middle of the night and dragged him to climb trees together to catch cicadas and crawl through the grass to find crickets.

Everything was arranged properly so what was he forgetting?

In the middle of the night, Song Qingshi unfurled his hair, changed into his pajamas and lay on the bed tossing and turning, unable to fall asleep.

Finally, a light flashed in his mind and he remembered what he had forgotten…

Song Qingshi suddenly jumped out of bed. Alarmed, he put on his shoes and robe and heedless of anything else, ran straight to An Long's compound.

He had forgotten that Xiao Bai loves to eat mice!

…

It was really late at night. The smell of alcohol coming from An Long's room was so strong that he could smell it from outside the door. The light was out and the person inside seemed to already be asleep.

Song Qingshi stood at the door. He gathered up his robe. He raised a hand to knock and after hesitating for a long time knocked gently on the door.

A moment later, the door slowly opened.

The strong scent of alcohol rushed out and a pair of sturdy arms wrapped around his waist in the dark.

"Baby, I've been waiting for you."

Song Qingshi was utterly confused and before he knew what was happening, he had already been carried onto the bed.

His robe, which he hadn't worn properly, was casually pushed open. His hands were pressed down hard. Hot, moist breath brushed against his neck. The husky voice was filled with desire, "You won't be leaving tonight."

Song Qingshi tried to struggle free but found that he couldn't move at all.

All these body-refining cultivators were all beasts of burden. Their brute force was simply astonishing. You can't take one on recklessly.

The alchemical fire that served as his protection rose instantly, raising his body's temperature to be as hot as a soldering iron.

An Long was burned into shrieking and letting go. Half-clothed, he rolled off the bed.

Song Qingshi lit the candlestick with the alchemical fire in his hand. He looked coldly at the scoundrel on the floor. "Are you awake now?"

An Long was shocked. “Why is it you?”

Song Qingshi put away the flames and tied his robe again. He asked with a dark expression on his face, “Who did you think it was?”

“I thought…” An Long’s expression was extremely embarrassed. He held his injured hand and said, aggrieved, “I thought it was that girl named Huang Ling, coming to serve as my bed partner.”

Huang Ling? Song Qingshi thought for a while and found that he did kind of remember this valley servant. She was a relative newcomer, having only been in the Medicine King’s Valley for a few years. She was responsible for taking care of the garden nearby. Most of the valley servants were men; there were only 30 or 40 women and most of them are middle-aged married women. Huang Ling was young, cheerful, intelligent, gutsy and good-looking. And so, she was rather well-received among the valley servants. Song Qingshi used to run into her in the yard. They’ve even exchanged a few words to clarify some matters. Later on, after Wuhuan took charge of internal affairs, he never saw her anymore.

“You kept saying that I get drunk and cause trouble. Now, you come breaking in to my room and you’re not even drunk. What are you doing?” Seeing Song Qingshi hesitate, An Long, the thief crying thief, complained, “You’ve even got your hair loose and you’re dressed like that. Take a look at yourself in the mirror. I don’t think you can blame me for making a mistake. You should be thankful that I didn’t light up a lamp, otherwise I would have been scared to death.”

Song Qingshi couldn’t help but look back at the mirror. White robe…long hair…

Fine, he does kind of look a bit like a female ghost.

Although it was a little uncomfortable, they were both men and it was unintentional. He was no great beauty like Yue Wuhuan. There was no tofu to eat. This wasn’t worth bickering about.

“Forget it,” Song Qingshi graciously turned to other problems, “When did you hook up with my valley servant?”

“Don’t talk nonsense,” An Long climbed onto the edge of the bed and sat down. He raised his hand and swore, “She was the one who took the initiative to hook up with me. If you don’t believe me, ask her.”

He casually put on his robe and loosely tied up his pants letting them appear as though they were about to fall off. He sat down carelessly, casually showing off his perfect inverted triangle figure and the six pack on his stomach. He oozed that bad boy charm that fascinated all the girls.

Song Qingshi thought of the glorious achievements of his womanizing ways and had to believe him.

An Long smirked and asked, “Why are you looking for me in the middle of the night?”

“I didn’t come to see you,” Song Qingshi remembered the most important thing and immediately stood up and looked around, “Where’s Xiao Bai?”

The Luminous Dragon snaked down from the beam and affectionately raised its head.

Song Qingshi grabbed the Luminous Dragon and warned him seriously and solemnly, ordering it not to eat any of the rats in the Medicine King’s Valley.

The Luminous Dragon was extremely psychic. It wagged its head to express its understanding. Song Qingshi knew that it wouldn’t mess around like An Long. He finally let it go, promising to compensate it with lots of delicious food and he also promised to play with it.

While one person and one snake were conversing, An Long looked out the door with a smile that was yet not a smile. He had long discovered that Yue Wuhuan was standing far away in the courtyard, taking in everything that happened in the room. However, he couldn’t see any flaws in Yue Wuhuan’s

body. His expressions and movements were very relaxed, as though he cared nothing at all about this farce.

How truly interesting…

Yue Wuhuan realized that An Long was observing himself. He hurriedly bowed in greeting. He kept head down in embarrassment as he took his leave, pretending that he hadn't seen anything.

Every reaction was impeccably natural.

He was every bit like a servant who knows his place; sensible and well-behaved, never taking a step out of line.

Unfortunately, An Long didn't believe it.

In the Western Forest, everyone knew that the most gorgeous ones were the most poisonous.

…

After lecturing the Luminous Dragon well, Song Qingshi prepared to leave.

An Long smiled and pointed out the door. "Your eldest disciple was having a good laugh at us."

"It's all your fault." Song Qingshi blushed, feeling that his mature and stable image in front of Yue Wuhuan had been ruined by An Long, this scoundrel. He hurried away and quickly took Yue Wuhuan with him to leave the Jingxin Compound. .

Seeing the two walking away, An Long got up and opened another jug of wine. He gulped it down fiercely.

The more he drank of this wine, the more clear-headed he became.

He touched his burned hand and laughed at himself. "Ha, and I thought I was in for something good…"

…

Song Qingshi explained to Yue Wuhuan as he walked, “That guy is an Alaskan Malamute. Don’t take it to heart. I’m not usually like this.”

Yue Wuhuan asked uncertainly, “What is an Alaskan Malamute?”

Song Qingshi was still fuming. “A dog!”

His elder sister had raised an Alaskan Malamute. It was an expert at tearing apart their house. It was incorrigible, refusing to listen despite repeated scolding. It was particularly infuriating. It had slipped once and because it had bad legs and feet, was directly dragged into the river. Fortunately, the water was shallow and it didn’t drown. When they got home, he even had to coax it with treats.

Although Yue Wuhuan didn’t quite understand, he didn’t ask any further and turned to other things. “The valley servant gave a report. Huang Ling was caught outside the Jingxin Compound. This girl is feeling restless and wanted to seduce the Myriad Gu Sect Master. Master, do you think…would you like to dismiss her to the village?”

Song Qingshi thought for a while, “Okay, send her.”

Although a girl harboring thoughts of spring wasn’t a big deal, the Medicine King’s Valley housed a lot of valuable information and they can’t be keeping someone with any other intentions. Moreover, An Long was a skirt-chaser. No one knows just how many stunning female cultivators he had tossed aside. He once pretended to be hiding in the Medicine King’s Valley, which led to several female cultivators clamoring outside their gates, demanding for him to come out. It was complete chaos. There was weeping and wailing. Some of them had come to blows. If it weren’t for the fact that the original body had been refining pills at the time and couldn’t leave, he would have gone to settle accounts with him in a fury. In short, this kind of scumbag wasn’t someone ordinary little girls can afford to play around with. It would be better for her to stay far away from him.

Yue Wuhuan agreed and then gently covered his nose.

Song Qingshi noticed his small movement and was puzzled. “What’s wrong?”

Yue Wuhuan hesitated for a moment and then said honestly, “The smell of alcohol on Master’s body is…a bit heavy.”

Song Qingshi belatedly realized and sniffed his sleeves. He indeed smelled a faint scent of alcohol. He instantly felt extremely uncomfortable. He hurried to the bathroom behind his room. “Wuhuan, get me new pajamas, I want to take a bath.”

“Yes,” Yue Wu responded with a smile. He said happily, “Please take a long bath.”

Song Qingshi first cast a few cleaning spells on himself. He then happily jumped into the large hot spring bath and swam around a few times. He then lay on the shore and secretly poked the tight lines on his pale and soft underbelly. Thinking about An Long’s six-pack abs and mermaid line, and thinking about Yue Wuhuan’s compact waistcoat line, he suddenly felt a bit upset.

After much difficultly, he finally has a healthy body. Maybe he should find some time to refine his body and make himself more manly?

Song Qing stayed lost in thought for a long time.

…

Yue Wuhuan sat on the steps outside, calmly playing with a scalpel while reading a book.

Under the lights, his eyes were filled with nothing but darkness, like a bottomless abyss.

How could he not be angry about this kind of thing?

The smell of that dirty guy playing with bugs made him want to vomit…

He has once had to pay bitter prices countless times and it has allowed him to understand that the angrier he was the calmer he was, the more disgusted he was, the more natural he acted. At this time, he would turn crying into laughter, he would endure pain and express delight, he would change anguished wailing to sounds to liven up the fun to allow those disgusting guys to enjoy themselves to their heart's content. He had practiced these to the fullest.

Afterwards, he will lurk in the deepest shadows…

Exercising patience…waiting…

Until that perfect moment to open his poisonous fangs.

The author has something to say:

Song Qingshi: What relationship can there be between me and another man besides friendship? Those who misinterpret our relationship are all dishonest people!

Yue Wuhuan smiled: Everythig Master says is right.

An Long smirked: Everything Qingshi says is right~

Chapter 21

Song Qingshi got up early and took Yue Wuhuan to the ancestral hall to do obeisance to his grand-master.

Other sects placed great importance to their ancestral hall. In the Medicine King's Valley's case, it was both remote and unremarkable. Hidden by the thickets, it was shabby and old; not much better than the dwellings of the valley servants. Outside the ancestral hall was an herb garden. Wuhuan has passed by it several times without giving it a second glance, thinking it was just an abandoned building.

Song Qingshi opened the door that was sealed with a charm.

A thick layer of dust had settled in the ancestral hall. Aside from a simple table, some chairs and an altar, only an old picture scroll was inside.

"Actually, it doesn't need to be locked. There's no valuables in here," Song Qingshi explained, feeling embarrassed. "I haven't been here for many years. Wait a while. I'll sweep up first." He then rolled up his sleeves and used a wind spell to blow away the dust. He threw cleaning spells at the debris lying everywhere. He then set up the incense burner on the altar, placed fresh flowers and fruits and finally found a worn out praying mat. He patted off the dust, and said, feeling quite pleased, "Alright."

Yue Wuhuan stood to the side, holding the incense. He stood there in a daze. Never in his life has he seen such a casual and carefree sect…

Song Qingshi unfurled the picture scroll above the altar.

There was no figure on the scroll, no inscription or dedication, only an endless sea of clouds, a bright glow shone from the depths of the sea of clouds, lighting up the horizon.

Song Qingshi tried his best to give an introduction. "I got your grand-master's inheritance by accident in a secret realm. Master didn't leave a

name. I only knew that his surname was Song. I didn't have a surname at the time, so I took his surname out of respect…"

Murder and massacre was all too common in the immortal realm. There were many children who were left orphaned and the original body was one of them. Because of his inborn two kinds of spiritual fires, his innate talent for medicine and poisons, he accidentally obtained the inheritance of the Medicine King in the secret realm. He created the Medicine King's Valley, set up his residence within and started practicing medicine and treating diseases. He refined pills and manufactured poisons. He occasionally went to secret realms to grab some rare medicines. Before he knew it, he had already gained the reputation he had today.

"In the immortal realm, inheritance is directly injected into the sea of knowledge, so this painting is the only personally drawn work left by the first master. I guess it has a special value as a memento and so I used it for his enshrinement. Actually, I don't know what this painting is. It might be a landscape…" Song Qingshi felt quite guilty about his casual judgment and quickly glossed over it. "In short, I have written down all the manuscripts that are suitable to impart to the sect and placed them in the library. You can read it yourself."

After Song Qingshi finished his introduction, making sure that he hadn't left anything out, he signaled for Yue Wuhuan to light the joss sticks.

Yue Wuhuan respectfully lighted the joss sticks. Just when he was about to kneel though, the joss sticks were extinguished.

He re-lighted the joss sticks, then knelt down. The light on the joss sticks went out again.

Yue Wuhuan looked at Song Qingshi worriedly, "Could it be that…grand-master is not willing to accept me as a disciple?"

"Impossible, you're so smart. Grand-master would be beside himself with joy." Song Qingshi waved his hand and lowered his head, pondering for a moment. "Speaking of, I've never knelt before. Every time I come here, I clean up, light some joss sticks and leave. Oftentimes, I even forget. …I

guess grand-master might not like being bowed down to by his disciples. Try to just offer the joss sticks directly."

Yue Wuhuan skeptically inserted the burning joss sticks into the incense burner. While standing, he bowed.

The incense in the incense burner really did burn steadily, staying lighted.

Yue Wuhuan couldn't help but ask, "Isn't this too disrespectful to the grand-master?"

"The grand-master doesn't like these, he likes…" Song Qingshi sorted through the inheritance of the original body. The contents of the inheritance were mostly knowledge, leaving almost no traces of the man himself. The only thing he had left was a very interesting word. It seemed to have been his motto. "To question."

Question authority, question knowledge, question everything in the world.

To question was the driving force behind scientific research.

Song Qingshi expended a lot of energy to explain his idea to Yue Wuhuan. "Grand-master does not want us to respect him as an individual. What he wishes is for us to respect knowledge, to implement his ideas, to study hard, and research earnestly. He doesn't want that just because he is the grand-master, that we dare not question what he has left behind. Although the grand-master is very powerful, he could have also mistakes. We must find the correct answer amongst all the constant mistakes."

Yue Wuhuan hesitantly said, "The correct answer?"

Song Qingshi said happily, "En, I have researched and proven several mistakes of the grand-master, writing out revisions to the answer."

In the immortal realm, where great importance was placed on honoring one's teacher and revering his teachings, his theory could be described as shocking and appalling.

Yue Wuhuan was too surprised to speak.

“Perhaps this is the foundation upon which the Medicine King’s Valley is built upon,” Song Qingshi said longingly. “If I die, like the grand-master, I also hope that I won’t be worshiped by my disciples. I won’t leave any portrait or name for future generations to revere. These things are simply a waste of time. If you have the time to do this, then it would be better that you spend that time on research, to finish the work I was not able to, to correct my mistakes and create more interesting…”

Before he could finish speaking, Yue Wuhuan forcibly pulled his arm and interrupted his wild thoughts.

Yue Wuhuan stared at him fiercely, his face gloomy, like the dark sky about to pour down rain. Through almost gritted teeth, he said, “Don’t say such ominous things…”

Song Qingshi finally reacted and said with a smile, “Don’t worry, I’m talking about when I die of old age.”

Medical students weren’t afraid to talk about life and death. He didn’t think there was anything unusual about this topic.

Yue Wuhuan was starting to feel panicked. He interrupted sharply, “Don’t say it!”

Song Qingshi knew that he was really angry. He thought of his psychological problems and obediently kept quiet.

Yue Wuhuan also knew that he should yield but he didn’t want to apologize for this matter.

The two were silent for a long time and they finally quietly agreed to pretend like this topic never happened.

Thus the ceremony to formally become his disciple was finished.

…

Song Qingshi liked to eat sweets, especially ice cream. Yue Wuhuan was very picky about the taste. He thought that food bought from outside was

not good enough and that it was too dirty. The Medicine King's Valley didn't have a good cook, so he took time to study various recipes and methods for making sweets. Every day, he would change techniques and make all kinds of sweets for him. All of them were especially delicious.

After finding out about Song Qingshi's personal pastry kitchen, An Long turned on 'food-snatching' mode and even tried to get Yue Wuhuan to cook for him as well.

Song Qingshi was instantly angry. "Is my eldest disciple here to wait upon people?"

The Alaskan Malamute didn't care about these reasons. He kept kicking up a fuss, all so that he could eat the sweets Yue Wuhuan made.

"Forget it. He's very busy," Song Qingshi was pestered to the point of losing his temper. He put down his book, rolled up his sleeves and said, "I'll just make it for you."

An Long's eyes lit up with joy.

Although Song Qingshi loved sweets, he was never one to pursue his appetite. So, it was fine with him whether he ate or not. In the original world, he was a rich family's spoilt son who simply had to open his hands and mouth for food. In this world, the original body would rather fast than cook. Therefore, in either lifetimes, he has never entered the kitchen. He mind held countless medical knowledge but it had no space for oil, salt, soy sauce and vinegar…

He stood ignorantly in the kitchen for a long while, trying to figuring out how the use of the various utensils. He couldn't find a recipe and also didn't know how to work an ordinary firewood stove. And so he simply resorted to using the alchemical fire and made the sweets according to the methods he used to refine pills.

In the end, he bustled about for a long time and brought out a dish of scorched round dumplings, each of which was exactly of the same size and degree of char. It could definitely satisfy anyone's OCD tendencies.

“These are glutinous rice dumplings.” Song Qingshi has always been brave enough to face up to his failures. He took out the finished product just to prove that he had tried hard. He then advised, “It probably tastes terrible, so better to just throw it away. I’ll let the cook make something for you. Just don’t bother Yue Wuhuan. You can request anything you want.”

An Long smiled and looked at it for a while. Then suddenly, he picked up a dumpling and threw it into his mouth.

Song Qingshi had no time to stop this Alaskan Malamute’s behavior of indiscriminately throwing food into his mouth. He was a little worried he might get diarrhea.

An Long chewed carefully for a long time and exclaimed, “It doesn’t look very good, but the taste is actually pretty good.”

Immediately afterwards, he happily threw a few more of the dumplings into his mouth, leaving only the last one.

Song Qingshi was stupefied. He didn’t even dare taste this thing after he’s taken it out of the stove. Could it really be that it didn’t taste that bad? So, mustering a brave and challenging mood, he put the last dumpling into his mouth and chewed it. The explosive taste instantly surged to his taste buds. It was so cloyingly sweet and it was mixed with all sorts of strange, aromatic spices. It even had a strange fishy taste to it. It was worse than even the bitterest pill. It had reached the level of absolutely nauseating.

Song Qingshi was so disgusted, tears were starting to pour out. He quickly spit out the dumping and pointed accusingly at the Alaskan Malamute, not knowing what to say.

An Long was slapping the table and laughing madly. He was laughing so hard he couldn’t stand up straight.

He was like this before. He would willingly take on damage in order to make fun of the original body. He also had a good grasp of the original body’s bottom line. So he would repeatedly jump and dance around the edge of death, right just before the original body really gets angry and

murderous, every time. Now, seeing Song Qingshi about to explode, he quickly wiped away the tears from his laughter and went back to being serious. He added, “I won’t go looking for Yue Wuhuan for something to eat anymore.”

Song Qingshi’s anger disappeared instantly.

An Long said with a mischievous smile, “Well, it was your first time making it. It was so precious, I just had to taste it.”

Song Qingshi felt a little embarrassed thinking about his workmanship.

An Long took advantage of the situation, “By the way, would you like to see the new Gu that I developed? It’s very cute.”

Song Qingshi immediately put aside all thoughts of unimportant things like dumplings and happily dragged him to the research room.

On the way, An Long smiled and asked, “You’re really worried about your darling Yue Wuhuan? What's wrong with him?”

Song Qingshi threw him a warning look. Unwilling to answer this private question, he ordered, “Don’t mess around.”

An Long looked pensive. “Interesting. Really interesting…”

The more Song Qingshi refused to let him mess around, the more he wanted to mess around.

Just how much fun would he be to mess with?

…

Yue Wuhuan finished practicing his swordsmanship and was about to go back to his room to take a bath and change clothes. When he was passing by the corridor, a small paper ball hit the back of his head.

The paper ball fell to the ground and rolled. It seemed to be wrapped around something.

It was around this time that Song Qingshi did his medical experiments and couldn't be disturb… So he squatted down obediently, picked up the ball of paper and, just as the other party planned, slowly unfolded it.

Inside the ball of paper, there was a terrifying two-headed centipede, with countless squirming feet and disgusting goo flowing out of its two weird mouthparts. It made threatening gestures and was about to pounce on him, baring its teeth and claws.

Yue Wuhuan thought for a while. He rewrapped it in the paper ball and threw it away. He said angrily, "An Xianzun, don't do such childish things."

"Why? Without Qingshi here, you don't want to bother pretending to be all nice?" An Long laughed and walked from behind the screen wall. He beckoned and the centipede immediately crawled out of the paper ball and returned to his palm, "This little guy isn't poisonous. He was raised to scare people. Every time, he scares beauties into uncontrollable shrieking and trembling. It's really funny. Why weren't you the least bit afraid? Now, I'm a little disappointed."

Yue Wuhuan said helplessly, "If Xianzun needs it, I could shriek for your listening pleasure."

"Never mind. Acted out performances are too fake. I don't like it," An Long flipped his hand and the centipede disappeared. He came over languidly and curiously looked Yue Wuhuan up and down. He sighed with great admiration, "I never thought that a man could be so beautiful. Your looks are even somewhat more superior than Lady Wan's from the Bright Moon Pavilion. Despite knowing that you only like men, I don't even feel disgusted."

Bright Moon Pavilion was a well-known brothel in the immortal realm and Lady Wan was a courtesan whose reputation for being amorous reached far and wide.

This analogy could be considered as extremely malicious.

Yue Wuhuan didn't care, he smiled and said, "I have heard that An Xianzun's confidantes are to be found all over the world and the you have reviewed countless beauties. You have numerous immortal ladies and enchantresses fighting for your affections, even coming to blows over you. Having you speak highly of Wuhuan's beauty is truly an honor to Wuhuan's reputation."

"Wuhuan Gongzhi cracks jokes." An Long heard his veiled ridicule of his loose ways, and was amused. "However, not many of my confidantes have been attracted by you into counting themselves among your close friends. I once knew a friend, what was his name? Hmmm…he was even a hero of the righteous way. He thought of you constantly. Upon knowing that you have married into the Medicine King's Valley and that he could never get close to you again, he got blackout drunk and complained nonstop."

When Yu Qing, after drinking in the Western Forest, started talking nonsense that tarnished Song Qing's reputation, he killed him easily and sent the body to the Medicine King's Valley for research.

Yue Wuhuan pretended to be ignorant of the matter. "I don't make a habit of remembering dead people."

An Long sneered and said, "A beauty truly is cruel and ruthless."

"That's right. Courtesans are heartless and actors are faithless." Yue Wuhuan directly brought to light his veiled mockery. He raised his head and tucked behind his ears, hair dampened by sweat from sword practice. He took a few steps and languidly leaned against the screen wall of the corridor. He raised his eyes and asked provocatively, "An Xianzun, don't you find that living talents are more interesting?"

An Long followed. He leaned down and placed his right arm, the arm tattooed with the five evils, against the screen wall, right beside Yue Wuhuan's ear. He then gave a vicious laugh. He towered above him and took off his disguise, revealing sharp wolf teeth. "I think this act you've put on is very amusing. But I want to know what's hidden under the skin of this beauty. Can I see it?"

Yue Wuhuan asked with a smile, “Is An Xianzun interested in my true face?”

An Long carelessly squeezed his chin, forcing him to look up. He carefully looked this face over. He leaned in close and said resolutely, “Very interested.”

Yue Wuhuan watched him quietly for a while and then warned him, “Master seems to have finished his experiment ahead of time.”

An Long quickly withdrew his hand. He panicked for a moment and then suddenly remembered that he had blocked Song Qingshi’s mental probe and that he wouldn’t be discovered.

Yue Wuhuan bowed his head, holding back his smile.

“You dare trick me?!” An Long realized that he had been tricked. He was furious and he wanted to bare his claws at this guy who didn’t realize what was good for him.

Instantly, Red Lotus Fire rose from under his feet.

An Long noticed the crisis and immediately jumped away.

Immediately afterwards, several bursts of Red Lotus Fire forced him to retreat three zhang away.

Song Qingshi appeared behind him. He was itching to use the Red Lotus Flame to crush this Alaskan Malamute to death. He had just taken his eyes off him for a little while and he goes off to bully his family’s little angel! Fortunately, Yue Wuhuan had reminded him a few days before that he should use his mental probe to secretly check on what this Alaskan Malamute was up to, lest this damn dog tear down the Medicine King’s Valley! Although a Nascent Soul cultivator could block off a mental probe, once he discovered in the research room that the Alaskan Malamute’s presence had disappeared, he had an ominous premonition. He felt that the only reason he would hide his presence was if he was up to no good. After determining Yue Wuhuan’s location, he immediately rushed over.

An Long pointed at Yue Wuhuan and was so angry that he could not speak. “You, you, you!”

Yue Wuhuan whispered aggrievedly, “I didn’t lie.”

Song Qingshi rushed in front of Yue Wuhuan, carefully checking over for any injuries. He asked, nervously, “Is this guy bullying you?”

Although he hadn’t seen how things turned out this way, was there still any need to think about who was right and who was wrong between this fierce and domineering Alaskan Malamute and the delicate and charming little angel? Was there any need to think who was weak and who was strong between the mentally fragile patient and the rough-skinned, muscle-bound Xianzun? Besides, An Long can kill Yue Wuhuan a hundred times over with just one finger! He must take good care of his family’s little angel! He would protect him even at the cost of losing this investment!

Song Qingshi with the conviction that justice was on his side, openly showed his bias.

An Long desperately directed pointed looks at Yue Wuhuan behind him. His looks were filled with a particularly strong deterring force.

Yue Wuhuan saw and gently shielding a miscreant from punishment, said, “No, An Xianzun was very nice. He was just joking with me.”

Song Qingshi looked back at An Long suspiciously. The Red Lotus Fire on his body hadn’t yet been extinguished. There was even a faint tendency for it to be switched over to the Underworld Ghost Fire.

An Long instantly switched to an innocent smile. “I wouldn’t dare bully him. We were just having a chat, cracking jokes.”

“Yes,” Yue Wuhuan continued to persuade, “Master, I rarely go out, so I am quite curious about the outside world. An Xianzun is a very open and good-natured person of the world and he has condescended to talk with me about the many interesting things outside. I was delighted to hear his stories.”

An Long draped an arm over Yue Wuhuan's shoulders. He patted his chest and laughed. "I hit it off with him and wanted to be friends."

Yue Wuhuan admitted with a smile, "An Xianzun really wasn't bullying me."

Song Qingshi gradually extinguished the flames and skeptically asked, "Is that so?"

The two nodded at the same time. "Yes."

Song Qingshi was a little confused and scratched his head. The moment he saw An Long using a domineering posture to block Yue Wuhuan, refusing to let him leave, the fire in his heart rose. He really hadn't been paying attention to what they had been doing. Was it really a misunderstanding?

"Go on ahead. I'll look for you to chat next time," An Long called out a greeting to Yue Wuhuan, his tone carrying a veiled threat. He then dragged Song Qingshi away, "Let's go. Let's go and see if the petri dish yesterday has produced any results. ."

"Don't be angry, I really wouldn't dare bully your Crystal Man."

"Article 72."

"Fine, fine, fine. I won't say anything. Come and accompany me to have a drink."

"No."

"…"

Yue Wuhuan bowed respectfully and watched them leave.

The Western Forest's Gu King has always stood in a high position. He never had any need for shrewd scheming. Force was enough to crush everything.

Therefore, his probing and his thoughts were very shallow and easy to guess.

An Long just wanted to investigate his unbearable past. He was contemptuous and suspicious. He suspected that someone was behind him; he suspected that he harbored sinister designs on the Medicine King's Valley; An Long suspected him of being overly-ambitious; he even suspected his feelings for Song Qingshi. However, An Long was worried that there if acted recklessly without any evidence, that Song Qingshi would openly quarrel with him. He didn't want to openly and directly investigate so he wanted to find an excuse to entangle with him, try to find out his true face. And then crush him to death.

This matter was not difficult to solve.

Since the Western Forest's Gu King wanted to see his true face, then he'll show him his true face.

He hopes An Long can stand it…

Chapter 22: A Demon of Devastating Beauty

An Long, thick-skinned and hard to shake off, pestered Song Qingshi to talk about Gu's and pharmacology for the whole night. During this period, he deliberately angered Song Qingshi five times and was in turn, scolded five times and so, he acquiesced to his wishes five times. Speaking off, it was strange. If anyone else even tried to scold him, he would outright wring their head off. But he was so cheap in front of Song Qingshi. Every time he sees him turn into a pufferfish from anger, wracking his brain for words to criticize him only to wind up with words that lacked any destructive effect, using weak words like "shameless", "scoundrel" and "abominable" over and over again, An Long was overjoyed to the point of being confused and disoriented.

He had long known that the Medicine King Xianzun looked perverse and aloof but he was actually good-tempered. As long as he knew the other's bottom line, the worst that could happen to him was to be burned. The tough-skinned, muscle-bound An Long, had no fear of this. In any case, the Medicine King's Valley had medicine for every kind of injury. He had also brought a lot of Gu's for medical treatment and detoxification. No matter how he did it, he wouldn't die. If he was seriously injured, he could just lie back and enjoy Song Qingshi's superb medical skills and nursing care. Nothing could be more beautiful.

Today, Song Qingshi was tossed about by this Alaskan Malamute. He was so tired that he didn't even feel like reading any books. He went straight back to rest.

An Long cheerfully hummed a song and returned to Jingxin Compound to continue drinking.

Suddenly, he noticed something weird in the compound. He sent out a mental probe and found that the valley servants serving him were gone and that there was someone seated in his room. He immediately knew the identity his visitor.

“Ha, the little guy actually dared to take the lead to come calling on me? Your courage is not small.”

Although An Long was a little suspicious of Yue Wuhuan’s identity, he didn’t think much of a little Qi-refining cultivator who wouldn’t be able to even kick up a fuss in his grasp. Whistling a little tune, he casually opened the door and threw out thoughtless mockery, “What are you doing here? Have you fallen for benzun‘s handsomeness and majesty and have come to warm my bed?”

Yue Wuhuan sat languidly on the chaise lounge in front of the window, as though enjoying the moonlight outside the window. He had his hair untied and his smooth fine hair spilled carelessly across the sofa. It was a scenery as if calling onto people to admire it at will. He wore clogs on his feet, his plump and beautiful toes peeking from underneath his tight robe, hooked around the clogs, flashing past.

He heard the door open and he slowly turned back and smiled.

The gorgeous tear-shaped mole situated under those noble phoenix eyes, formed a beauty that people were simple unable to look away from.

An Long couldn’t help but be stunned when he saw this scene clearly.

Yue Wuhuan slowly sat up straight, letting the moonlight shine on his flawless face. His bearing was as holy and pure as a celestial being’s but his voice carried with it an inexplicably depraved hue. “Didn’t Xianzun… wish to see Wuhuan’s true face? Wuhuan didn’t dare to disobey and naturally came to let Xianzun have a careful look. I didn’t dare conceal even the littlest bit.”

An Long’s throat was a little tight. He was afraid people would misunderstand and so he quickly closed the door. He asked in a low voice, “What do you mean?”

Yue Wuhuan smiled teasingly. He got up, stretched out his tongue and moved it around, licking his lips wet. He then gently opened the jade belt around his waist with his slender and nimble fingers, wordlessly letting the

plain green robe fall to the floor. Inside was unexpectedly a red ice silk inner robe. The ice silk was like water, flowing through every inch of his skin, drawing the most alluring contours. There was only a thin gold rope tied around his waist, casually tied into a loose slip knot that looked as though it would come undone with the slightest touch.

The semblance of holiness had been shed, revealing the true face of desire.

He moved his body, slowly walking over. The ice silk slid slipped towards his shoulders, tottering over the edge, revealing a stretch of seductive collarbone, making people want to see what lay further down. His legs were faintly discernible through the hem of his robe, their shape, the most perfect in the world, without the slightest flaw. He said longing, “So Xianzun has also been waiting for Wuhuan warm his bed?”

An Long was so panicked that his hair was practically standing on end. He refused. “Do-don’t come over here! I don’t like men like you! I-I actually like women!”

“Xianzun has never tasted the flavor of a man. How would you know that you don’t like it?” Yue Wuhuan approached step by step. He touched his chest with his fingers, and slowly slid down. His eyes were full of desire and his mouth uttering absolutely shameless words. “A man knows better how to make a man feel good. As an accomplished person of the world, Xianzun is a man who has viewed hundreds of flowers. All the more reason he should try how Wuhuan’s style fares against these wonders. He will definitely be able to serve Xianzun to enjoy himself to the fullest…”

An Long couldn’t refute. He was pressured into having his face flush from anger. He backed up again and again and finally fell onto the wooden armchair.

Yue Wuhuan glanced at his lower body, smiled and licked his lips. He said ambiguously, “I have heard that the Western Forest’s Gu King made an imposing and magnificent sight, with unsurpassed physical strength. Wuhuan has yearned for a long time. Seeing it today, it certainly lives up to its great reputation…”

His eyes, fingers, body and voice, every inch of him raised up a little bit of flame, numerous enough to set the prairie ablaze.

He controlled the tempo like a demon trying to drag a sacrifice it had taken a fancy to into the abyss of desire.

An Long has met many women in the flower houses. Some would leave rope enough to hang oneself. Others would act spoiled and act stupid. While even more others, would act bold and daring. They employed all sorts of styles. He also sketched out an image of Yue Wuhuan in his mind through other's accounts and through picture books. He thought him nothing more than a seductress that relied on his beauty and had a few gimmicks. But he never thought that the demon that the Golden Phoenix Manor painstakingly reared for desire would be this formidable once it comes into full bloom. It had almost broken the self-control he was so immensely proud of.

It doesn't matter whether you like men or women. That is totally of no importance.

So what if your heart already belongs to someone?

Reason gets bogged down in the face of the web of temptation woven by this beauty lovely enough to cause the fall of a city and one simply becomes a desperate struggling moth.

Yue Wuhuan slowly sat atop the table next to him. He pulled An Long's stiff fingers over and placed them on the golden rope around his waist, the very last bit covering that scenery. He whispered in a low voice, "Xianzun, you must carefully inspect Wuhuan's true colors. Let not even a single inch go unchecked."

An Long finally recovered a bit of sanity. He resolutely shook off his hand and forcefully slapped it on the table. Several poisonous Gu's emerged. He asked threateningly, "You are looking for death!"

"Yes," Yue Wuhuan suddenly became excited when he heard the word "death". He leaned in slightly and straightened his waist. With burning

desire in his eyes, he looked down upon the irritable man in front of him and commanded, “Kill me!”

The string in An Long’s brain snapped with a “pop”.

He packed up this evil spirit, clothes and all, out the door as quickly as possible. Afterwards, he found that his ears were burning terribly.

“Tch,” Yue Wuhuan got up from the ground in disappointment, he adjusted his clothes, the desire in his eyes disappeared. He slowly knocked on the door. When no response came from inside, he gently persuaded, “Xianzun, don’t be angry. I was also just joking with you.”

Shamed into anger, there came a roar from behind the door, “Beat it! Can’t you be like a man?!”

Yue Wuhuan was momentarily stunned and then he couldn’t help but smile.

A man?

His father and elder brother were tall warriors. If he hadn’t met with mishap, he should have been a tall and handsome man as well.

When he was very young, he had known that he liked men and he had once dreamt of many beautiful futures. He’d wanted to be like Mo Xi and become a brilliant sword cultivator. He would have been wholehearted devoted to the sword until he meets a cute boy, a cute boy who was gentle of temperament, a bit foolish, liable to be earnest and serious, his focused and concentrated appearance would have been particularly enchanting. He would have done everything to pursue him. He would have pestered him, he would have played the guqin for him, he would have performed sword-dances for him, he would have done all the stupid things in the world for him, all to make him laugh and smile, until he promises to become his own Daoist companion.

A pair of Biyi birds, a pair for life, never to part until death.

He would have loved him forever, doted on him forever……

Now, this dream could no longer be fulfilled.

His body was imprisoned as a weak and delicate young man. He could no longer grow up. He had lost the right to like someone. He had been forced to learn how to accompany guests, he had been repeatedly deprived of his dignity as a man, until he became numb, until he admitted that he was nothing more than a plaything.

Now, was there anything he could grasp to be a man? Was there anything he could use to pursue the person he likes?

Even if he reveals his intentions and was lucky enough to get his approval, he would only cause the man he likes to become a joke in the eyes of the world!

He had met this man too late…

The bird's wing had been broken and it could no longer fly.

The only thing he could do for the person he likes was to endure his feelings so as not to sully him.

Therefore, he was jealous of An Long, who could do whatever he wanted to without restraint, who could make no scruple of saying whatever he wanted in front of the person he likes.

While he had to be careful with every step he took, thinking over and over before he spoke every sentence. He couldn't make even a fraction of a mistake.

He had promised not to commit suicide…

Therefore, he could not die so carelessly.

This life must at least be used for the person he likes. He mustn't let those disgusting things touch him…

Yue Wuhuan forcibly resisted his trembling. He turned slowly and walked alone into the darkness.

…

An Long opened the wine jar and took a few big gulps, finally managing to calm down.

He had almost lost control and killed that shameless evildoer. But this would have violated Song Qingshi's bottom line. The two of them would have had a falling out and there would have been no possibility of forgiveness.

It was not worth it for this sex scandal!

He had thought of telling Song Qingshi about the Yue Wuhuan's debauch manner, but Wuhuan Gongzi's amorous reputation was known to all throughout the world. Song Qingshi must have long known about him and yet he still brought this evildoer back from the Golden Phoenix Manor. In addition, his own fame as a playboy was considerable. He had too much black history and if this issue blows up, people would assume that he had forced Yue Wuhuan to submit. It would never cross their minds that this little Qi-refining cultivator would have had enough guts to tease him, this Nascent Soul elder with a ferocious reputation. He would completely lose all face!

There was no way to explain this matter that wouldn't sound terrible!

The Medicine King's Valley's eldest disciple coveted my body and came to seduce me? He willingly came to be my bed partner? I'm a gentleman so I refused to submit even unto death?

Song Qingshi would definitely brandish the Underworld Ghost Fire and burn him to death for being a shameless wretch!

The world would mock his virility!

An Long thought about it over and over and couldn't help spiting out a few curses. He found that had already suffered losses today.

He drank a few more gulps to drown his sorrows and his sulks eased a bit.

Suddenly, he thought, what had he gone through all this trouble for?

Given Yue Wuhuan's background, he would never be able to claim any ties with Song Qingshi. Based on his current investigation, he wasn't scheming to betray the Medicine King's Valley. He had no connection with any outsiders. His current standing was the best he could ever hope to attain.

Song Qingshi held no desire in his heart. His love for medicine towered above all else. It was even more unlikely that he would be successfully seduce by such means. Moreover, he had a bit of an obsession with cleanliness. Although he didn't care about other people's lifestyles, he would never allow himself to be contaminated by such wanton things.

Although Song Qingshi hadn't wanted to answer, judging from his reaction, Yue Wuhuan was definitely a sick person.

He can't say for sure but…was Yue Wuhuan's disease in this aspect? Did he have a craving for handsome men like himself?

If he continued to approach Yue Wuhuan…

That evildoer might think that he was interested to him and continue to harass him. What was he going to do if he sticks to him and refuses to let go?

An Long thought about this terrible scene and couldn't help but shudder.

No way! The farther away he was from this guy, the better!

…

Yue Wuhuan quickly tidied up his appearance as he walked down the dark garden path. Within ten steps, his robes became neat and tidy. His fine black hair was tied into a bun, not a single strand out of place. After leaving the Jingxin Compound, he put away all the glamor and he restored his usual cold and restrained appearance.

This appearance allowed him to temporarily regain his calm.

He had long known what dirty thoughts the Western Forest's Gu King had been thinking. He also knew that An Long was suspicious of his feelings. He was full of hostility and wanted to banish him from Song Qingshi's side.

He didn't have any bargaining chips. If he didn't press his luck and go for broke, striking first to gain the upper hand, his feelings would have been more easily exposed. An Long, this vicious wolf disguised as a dog, will not only tear him to pieces but also make him sink into eternal damnation, leaving him without a way out…

What happened tonight was worth it even if it had been nauseating.

The result was good for him. From now on, the Western Forest's Gu King will dispel part of his wariness, thinking that someone like him wasn't enough to be afraid of and that he wouldn't want him coming near him. Of course, it was also possible that the Gu King would have really forced him or killed him out of anger. This kind of ending would have been even better. In any case, he has long been thoroughly disgusted with his body of his and his death would not have been a pity. If he could have used this to reveal An Long's true face, making Song Qingshi thoroughly detest him and drive him away from the Medicine King's Valley, never to come near it ever again, this simply would have been great.

Since An Long dared to probe him out then the Gu King must endure his test.

During his trip tonight, he found two interesting results.

First, An Long was very interested in men.

Second, An Long was very inexperienced about these things. He was most likely a little chick in this aspect.

If so, then the many rumors about An Long were worth delving into.

The author has something to say:

An Long: Qingshi, help! ! Take away your family's evildoer! ! ! He's bullying me!

Song Qingshi: My family's little angel is very well-behaved. If he's bullying you, then you must have done something bad!

(The scholar-tyrant's bias is that unreasonable.)

Chapter 23

An Long didn't sleep well all night. His dreams were filled with that evildoer's face. Unable to beat or scold him, it seriously tested his willpower…

He was simply jolted awake from fright. For the first time in his life, he was terrified into a puppy by this kind of matter.

An Long was so angry that he spit out a few more curses. He then happily ran to find the little cutie to heal his injured soul, only to see Yue Wuhuan reporting to Song Qingshi in the research room. He evaded quietly but was discovered by Yue Wuhuan, who threw him a flirtatious smile. He immediately wanted to climb over a wall to run away, lest he couldn't retrain himself and whip out some Gu's to take out this evildoer.

Song Qingshi was puzzled. "Why did An Long run away? Didn't he want to be your friend?"

Yue Wuhuan smiled. "I don't know."

An Long: "…"

He was so angry, he decided to retaliate.

He was the dignified Gu King of the Western Forest, when he walked across the Jianghu, his fierce and mighty reputation preceded him and everyone cowered in fear. How can he be pressured by this little Qi-refining cultivator?

He carefully pondered Song Qingshi's bottom line and secretly took out a Fantasy Gu. The Fantasy Gu was not a harmful Gu. It can only feel the desire and nature of a human being and then create corresponding illusions to satisfy it. The portrayal of the fantasy world will seem very real and very beautiful. Most of the time it would be a spring dream of wanton debauchery. He would often use it to deal with the women he gets involved

with. Occasionally, he would use it on himself, running to the fantasy world to get a taste of the delicacies he could not taste.

Given how Yue Wuhuan had such an unrestrained nature and such rich experiences as well, under the influence of the Fantasy Gu, his fantasy world must simply be wonderful. He'll let this guy eat and drink his fill, leaving him no time to pester this handsome guy. Then, he'll make his move and directly expose the contents of his fantasy, humiliating him in front of Song Qingshi. This way, he'll be killing two birds with one stone. Even if he was found to be responsible afterwards, he can pass it off as him just playing a prank.

An Long silently placed the Gu into Yue Wuhuan's body and happily waited for the results.

…

Yue Wuhuan sat in the study alone when suddenly he felt a bout of dizziness…

When he woke up, he was standing under a sky of peach blossoms. His mind was a mess. He didn't know what day it was. When he saw the sword in his hand and the calluses from long practice, he gradually remembered his life.

He was born a mortal and had the good fortune to enter the immortal realm. At first he practiced cultivation under a swindler named Xie Que. Later, he discovered Xie Que's filthy intentions and escaped before bad luck could befall him. He spent many years alone before he met an old Sword Immortal. The Sword Immortal valued his talent and accepted him as a disciple, teaching him swordsmanship.

Although his spiritual roots weren't strong, he was a swordsmanship genius, possessing sword moves and a retentive memory that enabled him to learn with a single look.

After the formation of his Golden Core, he killed Xie Que, then traveled around the world, jumping everywhere to challenge masters. He beheaded

many evil-doer Nascent Soul cultivators. Breaking through the confinement of his meridians, he rushed to Nascent Soul stage and established his status as a Sword Sovereign. Praise, jealousy, and admiration swarmed him. Everyone praised him for his immortal bearing and unparalleled beauty. He was the most dazzling star in the sky, the brightest phoenix.

He liked bright colors, liked wearing golden-red brocade. He liked being flamboyant, liked doing as he wished. He liked collecting gems and jewelry of various colors — pearls, agates, rubies, sapphires, emeralds…every gem was of perfect color and luster, without the slightest flaw. He hid all these gems in a box, looking forward to one day giving them to the one he liked.

He spent many years in his search…

During this time, he met a lot of outstanding suitors, including male cultivators, female cultivators, talented Fen Shen cultivators and youngsters who've just entered their immortal sects… Some of them were seeking marriage, some were seeking pleasure; some loved madly, some loved silently. But he liked none of them. And thus, he refused to reveal any interest in anyone, refused to seek pleasure. He refused everyone and waited intently for the one who would get him to willing give all his gems away.

He traveled to countless places. His boxes of gems grew more and more.

However, that person never appeared.

Finally, he grew tired and randomly picked a immortal mountain to stop at and rest.

The immortal mountain was full of peach blossoms and he practiced his swordsmanship under them every day.

Suddenly, Yue Wuhuan found, on another immortal mountain not far away, it seemed that there was someone who was watching him in the afternoons. His gaze was respectful and without malice. He only showed up for half and hour every day while Yue Wuhuan was practicing his sword. He never caused any trouble or made him uncomfortable. Yue Wuhuan was

accustomed to having eyes fixed upon him and so he paid no attention to the harmless spectation by this Daoist.

What he did not expect though was for that person to watch him for the entire ten years that he practiced on that mountain.

Time provided no change. He was as well-behaved as ever, not moving even half a step beyond what was proper. It was as if he had now regarded Yue Wuhuan as part of the scenery outside his window.

Yue Wuhuan's curiosity was finally piqued. He wanted to see who this person was.

He quietly shielded himself from any spiritual detection and taking advantage of the night, snuck into that other's immortal mountain.

This immortal mountain was very dull and drab, with bare stones everywhere. At the back of the mountain was a garden where strange medicinal herbs grew. Beside the herb garden was a simple roof-tiled house. The lights were on inside the house. Under the lights, there is a young man wholly-absorbed in his reading. The young man was a little thin, dressed in layer upon layer of snow-white robes. No decoration adorned his body. The hair was very fine, scattered casually. It was reminiscent of some little downy animal. His skin was very white, with delicate and pretty features. He was particularly cute, especially the eyes… so clear that they appeared to be unstained by even the tiniest speck of dust.

It turns out that pure white was more beautiful than any bright-colored and gorgeous hue…

Suddenly, his heart began beating rapidly but he didn't know how to face it. He secretly took off the crystal he had on him and placed it in the courtyard. He then quietly ran away, hoping that he would find it and come to meet him. However, the boy seemed quite obtuse. Not only did he not find the crystal but he also hadn't discovered that he had gone over there.

Most of the time, the youth was busy doing his own research and was too busy to attend to any other things.

He has never chased after anyone before. He was a little shy, too embarrassed to confess.

So, every day, he would have a bird carry a gem secretly and place it around the youth…sometimes, it would be by the creek, sometimes in the herb garden, sometimes under a tree… The boy's expression when he finds the gems was particularly fascinatingly perplexed. He would place the gems he found in his own pill box. Every day, the looked at them and earnestly pondered. Yue Wuhuan didn't know what he was thinking.

But in any case, it was fine so long as he was able to send his betrothal gifts.

He became more and more interested in the youth and every day he pondered how to make the youth fall in love with him.

His clothes became more and more ostentatious. His sword skills became more and more beautiful as he practiced. Occasionally, he would pierce the sky full of peach blossoms or he would cut the waterfalls in half to show off his skills.

He found a lot of rare medical herbs and he replanted them on the young man's mountain.

On the Lantern Festival, he released a thousand Kongming lanterns of various colors in the sky. Decorated with pearls, they dotted the sky, so beautiful that they robbed the stars of their beauty. He let these Kongming lanterns float towards the young man and then a sword slash streaked across like a swimming dragon and the lanterns were instantly extinguished. The pearls rained down one after another, all falling around the youth, giving him quite the fright as he was unable to make heads or tails about this matter. Yue Wuhuan though hid in a secret spot and roared with laughter.

On the Qixi Festival, he summoned countless birds and filled the youth's house. The birds chirped and sang for the entire day. Rendered helpless and bewildered by the noise, he went out to check, only to hear a melodious song "Feng Qiu Huang" coming from the opposite forest.

…

He felt like a male bird courting a spouse. Every day, he happily displayed his beautiful feathers, praying to get the other's attention.

It was a pity that the person he was pursuing was confused, apparently clueless as to what romantic interest was.

Later, Yue Wuhuan went to a secret realm to hunt for treasures. There, he met with trouble and was seriously injured.

He lay in the house to recuperate and did not go out for many days.

There came a hesitant knock on his door…

The youth finally came to his mountain. Blushing, he apologized embarrassedly, "I'm sorry, I didn't intentionally mean to peek. It's just that I live alone and it's occasionally quite lonely. Being able to see your bright colors every day, makes me feel very happy…" The young man had known all along what he had been doing. He awkwardly imitated him and secretly placed a lot of various medicinal pills and herbs in a jar in the yard as gifts in return. But Yue Wuhuan had never paid attention to what those dusty jars contained. This time, seeing that Yue Wuhuan hadn't come out for many days, he grew worried and finally came to pay a visit.

It turned out that the youth had had him in his heart all along.

He was so happy that he caused his wounds to reopen…

The young man's medical skills were superb. He was treated for his injuries and taken care of daily.

The youth was very pure and simple. He was very introverted and he wasn't good at expressing himself. But he was gentle and attentive and he never did anything wrong.

The young man always had such an earnest look in his eyes when looking at him. It created an unbearable itch in his heart.

And so he dragged the youth around to see all kinds of beautiful scenery. There were gorgeous multi-colored forests, peerlessly beautiful scenes of rose-tinted sky over the sea, shining gem pits creating rich displays of lights and colors, roaring rivers under the vast abyss, the high speed stimulation of flying through the heavens… Together, they went to perform chivalrous deeds, to practice medicine and benefit mankind, to explore secret realms, to drink and spectate…

The young man's speech grew from somewhat jerky to fluent as he grew familiar with him, he began to talk more and finally… those clear eyes were filled with his own image and his clean laughter was filled with his own name.

Finally, he took the young man's hand and asked with the greatest care, "May I hold this hand for a lifetime?"

The youth's eyes curved into a smile. "Yes."

The phoenix has perched on the Wutong tree and the beautiful gems that had been waiting for years finally had a home.

With Heaven and Earth as their witness, they became Daoist companions.

At night, he found that the youth was even more adorable.

With a little stimulation, the rims of his eyes turned red. With a little bit more stimulation, tears started falling out.

The young man tried his best to endure, but he couldn't hold on for long and he was quickly sent from whimpering to wailing. In the end, his throat turned hoarse from crying and still, he held on to him and said incessantly, "Wuhuan, I like you."

"Wuhuan, I like you."

"Wuhuan, I like you."

"…"

The youth said it over and over again, making him like it a little more each time, until he was crazy about it.

He gave him all the best gems in the world.

He gave him the most beautiful flowers in the world.

He collected medicinal materials, medical books. He collect everything that the young man liked and gave them to him.

They traveled all over the world, saw all the beautiful things and all the beautiful sights. They ate and drank all sorts of delicacies and finally, they chose a place to call home.

They are the most loving of Daoist companions, living the happiest of lives and never letting go of each other's hands.

One night, he woke up suddenly. The young man wasn't lying on his pillow beside him. An inexplicable anxiety rose in his heart. He felt as though he had forgotten something.

A mirror appeared before the bed…

He suddenly remembered that in this life, he had never looked in a mirror. He had never looked at his face and he only had a vague impression of his appearance.

It was extremely strange, extremely terrifying.

He slowly got up, as if controlled by something. He went to the mirror, took off his clothes and looked.

In the mirror was a familiar and yet unfamiliar young man, about twenty-five or twenty-six years old; tall with a well-proportioned physique. He had muscles just taut enough from training. He had no excess fat, with a slender waist and contours that carried with it power. The appearance though exquisite and delicate, was still every bit heroic. His beautiful phoenix eyes carried a nobleness that would not tolerate the profane. They were very clean.

That's right, his face should be like this…

He breathed a sigh of relief.

Suddenly, the scenery in the mirror began to distort. A garish and beautiful red tear-shaped mole appeared under his left eye. Carrying with it a decadent aura, it ruthlessly crushed all his nobility, destroyed all his cleanliness. His body gradually changed to that of a weak youth's. All his strength disappeared. His beauty was dyed with a bewitching hue. His back was branded with a scorching seal, dragging him into the filthy abyss, ceaselessly defiling…

He drew out his sword in a panic and smashed the mirror.

The beautiful dream ended…

He woke up from the fantasy and for a long time after, he could not calm down. He looked in horror at his hand without any calluses, at his unbearable body. He looked in the mirror once again. Reflected in the mirror, the laughable beauty and the tear-shaped mole under his eye seemed to be mocking his delusional dream.

He had no power, no reputation, no gems, no young man, no home…

He was still that Yue Wuhuan who had nothing but filth…

The mirror fell unwillingly from his hand and smashed into pieces.

So dirty, everything was so dirty…

He couldn't control his breathing anymore. He couldn't make a sound. He couldn't control his body. He could only curl up into the darkness, trembling continuously. His chest hurt so much, he felt as though it would split open. His fingers clung so tightly to his body, that his fingers drew blood. He was like a fish on the verge of death, he was panting hard but he couldn't suck air into his body. He could only gradually suffocate, unable to call for help as he watched himself inch step by step towards death.

The door of the study suddenly opened.

It was Song Qingshi who noticed something was wrong and rushed in. He hugged him tightly.

He struggled to call the youth's name. He wanted to say something but only a hoarse whine came from his throat.

Like this, he was so unsightly to look at …

He had thought it was after he had come to the Valley of Medicine Kings, after he had received tenderness and kindness, that he slowly fell in love with this person.

Now, he finally realized that when he had first met him by the river, it had been love at first sight.

That's why he had been able to doggedly drag his injured body closer. That's why he was able to poke his nose into his business, to prevent that beautiful misunderstanding. That's why, he had wanted to touch that soft hair. That's why he had been shamed into anger upon having the dirtiness of his body found out. That's why he had hoped for a better fate for him than the fate he got himself…

That's why he had clung to this person tightly, unwilling to let go of this gentleness.

His body began to spasm. The world was turning dark. He could not support himself and he slowly collapsed.

He could no longer hear what the young man was anxiously shouting.

Only the most enticing words from the fantasy remained in his mind.

"Wuhuan, I like you."

Chapter 24: Physiological Health

The flare up of Yue Wuhuan's medical condition had been too sudden. There was no way to control the situation.

Song Qingshi had no choice but to use a golden needle to make him lose consciousness before proceeding any further.

He could only look on helplessly as the condition of the patient he'd been working so hard to treat for more than half a year suddenly deteriorated. All his efforts were wiped out in a flash. Song Qingshi felt like he had returned to his lab days when all the mice were completely wiped out. Although he felt terrible and wanted to cry, he couldn't cry now.

On the road of medical research, failure is the overwhelming majority and success is only incidental luck.

Song Qingshi had a wealth of experience in failure, enough to face any setbacks. The thing to do now was to stand up, pick up the pieces, look for mistakes and start with a new treatment plan.

He carefully checked Yue Wuhuan's body. He grabbed a thoroughly satisfied Fantasy Gu from his body, determining the culprit of this disaster. But, this made him fall into a new bout of confusion. There were many Gu techniques that could be used in medical treatments and poison production. Song Qingshi and An Long have known each other for hundreds of years and they had a rather deep friendship. The two often exchanged knowledge and resources; therefore, he has was quite knowledgeable about Gu insects and knew the effect and abilities of most Gu's in the Western Forest.

Not all Gu's were harmful and the Fantasy Gu was one of the harmless ones. It could induce a very beautiful fantasy wherein any desire could be satisfied. The only drawback was that it was quite addictive. It could be said to be the narcotics of the Gu world. Therefore, the Myriad Gu Sect has set up rules prohibiting disciples from planting this Gu on their own body, lest their willpower not be strong enough and they find themselves immersed in the illusion, forgetting to practice cultivation in reality.

An Long once took a Fantasy Gu to the original body to experiment with. Within the fantasy, the original body got a Medicine King's Valley with an inexhaustible supply of rare and exotic medicinal ingredients. His treasure house was filled with all kinds of legendary miraculous medicines. All his pill furnaces were magical implements. All the valley servants were clever and quick-witted, allowing him to happily shut himself in and perform his research for ten years. It was a pity that the Fantasy Gu's illusion would have a flaw left behind by the bewildered person. If that flaw was found, the fantasy could easily be undone. At that time, he had discovered that there was something fishy with the attributes of some of the medicinal ingredients and the products he refined were strange…

Despite this, the world in the fantasy was truly bliss on earth, satisfying all desires, making one feel refreshed and also, making one linger on with no thought of leaving.

After waking up, he gave An Long an account of the happiness he'd seen. He said he still wanted to try it further.

For reasons unknown, the expression on An Long's face went dark. He was angry for a long time and no matter what he said, An Long refused to give him the Fantasy Gu to play with again…

Song Qingshi recovered from wallowing in regret and once again confirmed that there had been no mutation in the Fantasy Gu. He then looked at the pale-faced Yue Wuhuan lying on the bed. He felt so sad but he couldn't understand what Yue Wuhuan had encountered in the fantasy that could turn him like this. He lit the Spirit Calming Incense and gave Yue Wuhuan a sedative. He then undid his belt and took off his outer robe. He pierced him with a few golden needles and massaged him with spiritual energy, trying to get his taut body to relax.

With phoenix eyes closed tight and tear-shaped mole like blood, the beauty finally fell sound asleep.

Song Qingshi couldn't help but touch that bewitching tear-shaped mole with his finger. He always felt that this mole was a bit too seductive.

Yue Wuhuan seemed to feel the touch and trembled in pain.

Song Qingshi quickly retracted his hand and continued to earnestly perform acupuncture treatment and apply a massage.

The scent of the Spirit Calming Incense gradually filled the entire room, easing his breathing. In the darkness, the sound of his breathing grew more tranquil.

Song Qingshi withdrew the golden needles. He finally had time to feel sad and to reflect on the mistakes he had made.

He was an unreliable psychologist. He had overlooked that many patients would pretend to laugh heartily to cover up their illness in order not to worry the people around them. In their day to day activities, they would seem like any other person.

Yue Wuhuan was very clever and he had superb acting skills; skills good enough to make himself appear as though he was getting better.

Seriously pondering it now, there were many small details that could prove this. Such as:

Yue Wuhuan was particularly afraid of disappointing him. He never quarreled with him and compromised to the point that it seemed he had no bottom line.

Yue Wuhuan seldom expressed his own preferences. He was fine with following Song Qingshi's intentions.

Yue Wuhuan has never refused any request from him, as though he were living for him.

All these were weren't right.

No normal person could be so humble in front of another person, humble enough to give up his own everything.

The more Song Qingshi thought about it, the unhappier he felt. He found that he didn't know what food, color or things Yu Wuhuan liked… He cured Yu Wuhuan's body but he never seriously understood his heart. He hadn't even dared to touch upon Yue Wuhuan's past because he was afraid of those unbearable things. He had tried to be like an ostrich, waiting for it to heal by itself.

However, a hidden boil would never heal by itself. It would only get deeper and deeper, until it festered into the bones.

Song Qingshi took a deep breath and determined the direction of future treatment.

The most important thing now was… To give that disaster-bringing Alaskan Malamute a good lesson!

…

Red Lotus Fire flew everywhere and several buildings turned to ashes. The Luminous Dragon hid under the rockery and the valley servants dodged one after another.

An Long was crying out from being burned. He fled in a panic. He had originally been happily discussing investment matters with Song Qingshi, deliberately making things difficult, wanting to take the opportunity to get more benefits from the bargain. Unexpectedly, Song Qingshi did a complete U-turn and turned hostile. He didn't want the investment anymore, he didn't care about the research and he was almost beaten to death. With great difficulty, he managed to find out the reason. He was dumbstruck and desperately begged for mercy.

"I didn't know that he's actually made of crystal! That he can't even handle a Fantasy Gu!"

"Didn't I remind you?!"

"I was just joking!"

“Article 12! You’re not allowed to play a joke on him! Did you forget?!”

“Aren’t we partners?! I’ll send a message and have the spirit stones delivered to you!”

“This partnership is broken! I don’t want your spirit stones!”

“…”

An Long was burned miserable. He made many promises to forfeit sovereignty and humiliate the country. Song Qingshi finally vented his anger and barely managed to control it to finally let him off. He ordered him to hand over all the details regarding the Fantasy Gu so that they could get to the bottom of what actually happened.

“With my ancestors as witness, the Fantasy Gu only provokes desires and wishes. It isn’t made to create nightmares. Otherwise, how could I have dared to let you use it?” An Long sat on the steps, feeling very wronged. He used the Gu’s and wound medicines to treat his burns while he explained. “I have been playing with Gu’s for so many years and I have never seen a case where a Fantasy Gu caused someone to collapse. Your senior apprentice is the very first ever since the creation of heaven and earth. I also want to know why. He obviously looks like a regular healthy person but he’s actually that sick. Chichi…”

Song Qingshi also sat down on the step. When he heard that he wanted to change the topic once again, he immediately interrupted, “Explain properly!”

An Long curled his lips and continued, “If you want to know what he encountered in the fantasy, there’s an easy way to do it. There should be some fragments of the fantasy left within the Fantasy Gu. Not a lot. It should be the ones with the strongest emotions. You can place the Fantasy Gu directly into your own body and check.” This was the hidden use of Fantasy Gu. His original plan had been to put the Fantasy Gu taken from Yue Wuhuan’s body into Song Qingshi’s. That way, this guy who cared for nothing but curing diseases could see with his own eyes just what kind of

trash his senior disciple was. And by the way, he might even learn something about romantic affairs.

Now he didn't dare do this. He was afraid that if he wasn't punished by Song Qingshi to kneel on the washboard, then he was going to be placed on the Medicine King's Valley's blacklist.

An Long was desperately trying to escape the blacklist…

Song Qingshi was very perturbed by this proposal. After thinking and thinking, he shook his head. "There are many of Yue Wuhuan's secrets in the fantasy and I would need his permission to check it. When he wakes up, I'll ask…"

An Long was baffled. "You're doing it for his own good. Just look at it. Why are you overthinking this?"

Song Qingshi asked, confident that he was in the right, "Could I look into your secrets if I'm doing it for your own good?"

An Long's body stiffened. His face went dark and didn't say a word.

Their discussion had reached a deadlock and neither of them spoke.

Song Qingshi sent his mental probe again and again to check the vital signs of Yue Wuhuan, who was resting in the room. He was getting a bit of a headache from thinking so much about the treatment plan. When he reached the end of his rope, he suddenly wondered whether he lacked the empathy for these things. How can someone who has never even flown an airplane in either of his two lifetimes understand the disgust of being held down by a man and having those disgusting things done to oneself? If he couldn't understand, then how could he find the source of the disease?

The Divine Farmer tasted all kinds of herbs and suffered all kinds of poisons to establish pharmacology.

Should he follow suit?

“It’s probably very painful, right?” Song Qingshi quietly rubbed his backside, muttering to himself. All his knowledge regarding this kind of thing came from physiology and hygiene class. But the textbooks only talked about matters between men and women. All he knew about how this was done between men was through self-study. This course was not in Scholar-Tyrant Song’s curriculum. But he thinks, the laceration wounds must hurt.

An Long saw his movements and his ears pricked up. “What’s very painful?”

Although the Western Forest’s Gu King specialized in killing people, he was also a master with regards to medical treatments, otherwise he wouldn’t be able to enter the Medicine King’s Valley.

Song Qingshi felt that he could still have an academic discussion with him. “Do you understand about sexual intercourse between men?”

An Long used all his strength to tamp down on the corners of his mouth that were threatening to turn up. He said solemnly, “I know a thing or two.”

Song Qingshi looked suspiciously at the Alaskan Malamute.

An Long looked entirely upright and outstanding, brimming with righteousness, like a man successfully reformed in prison, ready to get up on stage and lecture on the Eight Honors and Eight Shames as a model for virtue, ready to dedicate his heart to socialism.

He seemed like he had truly reflected on his actions.

Translator’s note: I feel so bad for Wuhuan but this chapter also makes me want to laugh.

Chapter 25 – A Demon in One's Heart

Song Qingshi and An Long discussed medical issues such as the human body structure, physiological hygiene, the anorectal branch of medicine, lacerations and other matters. Their discussion slowly turned to heated academic debate. They were seriously arguing their points. Although neither of them have had sex with a man, Song Qingshi had a related treatment case. His analysis was justified and well-founded. However, An Long had no way to prove his theory, so his arguments were repeatedly refuted and he retreated again and again in defeat.

An Long put up a desperate struggle. “There are many loving same-sex Daoisnt companions in the immortal realm, such as Wangyue Xianzun and Wuling Xianzun. They are a devoted and deeply affectionate couple. They are as inseparable as body and shadow. If this was truly so painful, how could Wangyue Xianzun accept it so willingly?”

Song Qingshi fought back, “Because Wangyue Xianzun likes Wuling Xianzun and is not willing to let the other suffer.”

An Long asked helplessly, “Why do you think this way?”

“That’s what I think,” Song Qingshi replied very seriously. “It’s just a mere laceration and it’s not unbearable. A true man, for the person he likes, should be strong and couldn’t allow the person he likes to be hurt, right?”

An Long wanted to laugh. He almost couldn’t hold together his serious expression, revealing his wolf’s face.

Little Qingshi was really cute. It’s a pity the two kinds of spiritual fires in his body were so difficult to deal with. The Red Lotus Fire needed spiritual power to guide and mobilize, while the Underworld Ghost required spiritual power to suppress it. If you were to use any skill to seal his spiritual power, the Underworld Ghost Fire would madly rush out of his body and burn everything around it. If you choose not to seal his spiritual power, then the two kinds of spiritual fire will come out together and it would be difficult to withstand it. All magic weapons or arts used to control or imprison were

ineffective against him. In battle, you could only choose to kill him. You couldn't choose to capture, imprisonment or threaten him…

It's a pity, otherwise he would have snatched away this treasure and hidden him away in the Myriad Gu Sect to coax slowly.

An Long held back his smile and said solemnly, "It doesn't make sense for us to discuss this. This kind of thing requires actual practice to know the answer."

Song Qingshi felt that this made sense.

"Don't look at me," An Long flashed his burly figure and terrifying tattoos. "The person who dares to get fresh with me is still in his mother's womb. Even if I want to help a friend out, I am powerless."

Song Qingshi felt that this too made sense. Given this Alaskan Malamute's appearance, figure and character, let alone do such things to him, no one would even dare to approach him.

An Long gave a heartfelt proposal, "Maybe try it yourself?"

Song Qingshi hesitated.

"I'm not suggesting that you find just anyone to try it with." An Long made a reasonable analysis, "If it really hurts as you've surmised, the poison fire may go out of control if you get injured. That's going to be very dangerous. Best to find someone strong enough and has a better understanding of your character to try with."

Song Qingshi retorted, "I have confidence in my control of the Underworld Ghost Fire. As long as my spiritual power remains, I'll be able to suppress it even in a coma."

An Long energetically wagged his invisible wolf's tail and said with a stern expression on his face, "The Medicine King's mighty reputation is so impressive, who would dare lay their hands on you? Do you have any

friends in the immortal realm who can do this? Or I will sacrifice myself and help to research clearly how it feels. From a medical perspective."

Although Song Qingshi thought his approach was strange, the analysis and theory were correct.

Song Qingshi thought for a whole quarter of an hour and finally rejected the proposal. "No."

He was a medical student and he didn't think there was anything shameful about doing these things. This was one of mankind's three instinctive desires, the foundation for reproduction. He also didn't think there was anything shameful about two people of the same sex doing this kind of thing. In nature, almost all animals display some homosexual behavior, including the white mice he raised. There were also some male mice that looked at other male mice. So, he can face this kind of problem calmly, just like when he discussed with his seniors about the history of treatment of ancient sexually transmitted diseases, difficult cases in obstetrics and gynecology diseases, prevention and treatment for AIDS, and other matters. There was nothing embarrassing about these things. Moreover, in modern times, love came in all sorts of combinations. Many even co-habited before marriage. The reason he never dated was because he was too engrossed in his study of medicine. He was obsessed with the medical field, it didn't mean he cared about his chastity.

The reason for his refusal was also very simple. An Long was a straight man. There was no need to force a man who liked women to be with a man. Moreover, his upbringing had been very strict and playing with emotions was simply unacceptable. He always felt that a true man should have the courage to accept the consequences of his actions. No matter whether it was towards a man or a woman, he should accept responsibility for what he did. He should rush to get married or be bound together as Daoist companions…

He definitely didn't want to be responsible for this Alaskan Malamute!

Having him as a good friend was enough. If he were to raise him at home, the Medicine King's Valley was going to be torn apart.

Seeing him hesitate, An Long felt that this was promising and tried to persuade him from the perspective of his male dog waist and big d*ck energy. His attitude was a bit too eager and not natural enough. His enthusiastic wolf face was beginning to show.

Song Qingshi became suspicious. “You’re not trying to play another trick on me, are you?”

The Alaskan Malamute has pulled one over him so many times, there simply weren’t enough bamboo slats. His sense of trust in him was almost nill.

An Long started to refute, “I’m not!”

Song Qingshi thought about it carefully and raised new doubts. “Your expression just now looks exactly like you’ve got some ulterior motive, like when you want to make a fool out of me.”

An Long thought of his long dark history and was left unable to respond.

Song Qingshi felt that he might have penetrated into a bull's horn. The main point wasn’t about how doing this thing was painful, but that doing this kind of thing with someone you don’t like would be a hundred thousand times more painful. He decided to give up. “Forget it. This is already too far. I’m being rash and impulsive. Don’t mention it again.”

An Long felt that the meat that was about to get into his mouth had flown away. He dejectedly squatted down in the corner and sulked.

The Luminous Dragon crawled out from who knows where. Completely ignoring its frustrated master, it climbed up Song Qingshi’s waist and acted like a spoiled child.

Song Qingshi was originally going to pet it but he sensed something with his mental probe and he realized that Yue Wuhuan had woken up. He quickly pulled the snake off, threw it to An Long and ran back in a hurry.

The Luminous Dragon failed to strive for favor and the whole snake was struck stupid.

An Long patted its head comfortingly. “Don’t be sad.”

…

Yue Wuhuan woke up and for a while, he sat idly by the bed. His breathing was much smoother but his mind was still confused. Countless fragments of his memory were all jumbled together. His emotions were all over the place. The unbearable and disgusting reality and the blessed and happy fantasy… He longed for that person, longed for him to the point of almost going mad.

Trembling, he slowly got up and walked to the mirror. In a daze, he looked at the mole under the corner of his eye and suddenly, he had a strange thought.

If he didn’t have this mole, could he return to being who he was in the fantasy? To being the him that that person liked?

He looked back at the room and found that all the sharp tools that could be used to commit suicide had already been taken away. And so, he broke the porcelain box on the table. He picked up a broken fragment and began to gouge out the tear-shaped mole under his left eye. His hand was a little unstable and the fragment wasn’t quite sharp enough but it didn’t matter. He didn’t feel the pain. He didn’t feel the blood flowing to his fingertips. Facing the mirror, he stabbed again and again, finally succeeding in gouging out that tear-shaped mole. He happily placed it in his palm…

The door opened, and his young man, together with the dazzling sunlight, appeared in front of him.

He smiled expectantly and said adorably, “Qingshi, you’re back?”

As soon as Song Qingshi opened the door, he saw the beauty with a porcelain fragment in his hand and his face covered in blood. He was almost sent kneeling from fright.

He had secretly touched that mole! Did he have to go so far as to gouge it out?

Song Qingshi rushed forward. He grabbed the weapon and the bloody flesh from his hand. He began to handle the wound on his face for him.

Yue Wuhuan had sliced his face into a mess, almost ruining half of his perfect face. But he was still smiling at Song Qingshi, softly comforting, “Don’t worry, I’m fine.”

Voice trembling, Song Qingshi kept comforting him, “Yes, you’re fine. You’re fine. You’re a wood-type spiritual root. It won’t leave any scars.”

He didn’t know whether to comfort the person in front of him or to comfort himself.

Scars weren’t a big problem. But his mental state has collapsed. What was he to do?

Song Qingshi felt that even he was going to collapse.

“So he’s really crazy?” An Long took the Luminous Dragon with him and sneakily stuck his head in to have a look at the situation. He realized that if he didn’t take some of the really good things from the bottom of the chest to make serve as compensation, he might never be allowed back into the Medicine King’s Valley. “What can a guy who’s got mental problems bad enough to be reduced to this do anyway? What stupid thing have I done? What was I thinking bothering him?”

An Long fell into deep self-doubt…

Chapter 26

The Gu that An Long took out was called the “Emotion Locking Gu”.

This breed that Song Qing had never even heard of before was one of An Long’s hidden Gu’s.

The Emotion Locking Gu was a treatment-type Gu. It looked like a miniature silkworm. It was white, soft, without mouthparts or sharp claws. It didn’t have any kind of attack power. It looked quite cute. It relied on absorbing human desires and emotions to live. Similar to a valve, the user can control the emotional threshold at will, letting it absorb the excess, keeping the emotions in a stable range.

It provided a better degree of control than drugs. It was much better than the Medicine King’s Valley’s sedative regimen.

An Long swore upon his ancestors that there was no harm in using the Emotion Locking Gu. The Emotion Locking Gu was an inert Gu and won’t accept any instructions aside absorbing the emotions from its host. He couldn’t control this Gu to do anything bad.

Song Qingshi tried it and found that it was as he had said. The Emotion Locking Gu was actually a Gu developed for psychotherapy. In his heart, he was quite surprised because the design of this Gu was completely inconsistent with An Long’s style. An Long’s interest lay in slaughter-type Gu. The more brutal the better. Though they were accompanied by some auxiliary Gu’s, Gu’s that were used for investigation, for interrogation by torture or control-type Gu’s were given first priority. For treatment, he relied on body-refining skills, poison skills and the ready-made healing Gu’s from the Myriad Gu Sect. He also had the pills specially provided by the Medicine King’s Valley and very thick skin. There was no need for him to specially develop this kind of Gu.

And yet, the design of the Emotion Locking Gu was very complicated and it was extremely difficult to cultivate. It was obviously the handiwork of this once in a lifetime genius of the Myriad Gu Sect.

What did An Long mean by developing this Gu that he had absolutely no use for?

Song Qingshi directly raised this question.

An Long looked at him for a while, then smiled. “In order to be your friend.”

The original body had persistently tolerated An Long’s propensity to cause trouble and tear his house apart. He had been willing to be good friends with him because he was very insightful when it came to medicine. He knew a lot of devious ways to use poisons and was a genius in the Way of Gu. The original body had also cleaned up many messes for him, treated many of his injuries and researched many drugs for cultivating Gu’s, so… this was probably a gift?

Song Qingshi’s suspicion instantly dissipated.

He went to find Yue Wuhuan with the Emotion Locking Gu.

Yue Wuhuan has already woken up from the effect of the sedative. Loops of gauze was tied around his face. The wound wasn’t a big problem despite having made it quite deep when he gouged the mole out. The wood-type spiritual root was extremely strong in terms of recovery ability. He has suffered countless injuries but no scars have ever remained on his body. Even the serious injury he had gotten from being bitten by the demon tiger, after a few months, left no trace at all.

This was his fortune and also the source of his misfortune.

Otherwise, he would have ruined his face and body at Golden Phoenix Manor a long time ago.

Yue Wuhuan hadn’t been rushing to disfigure his face when he had been removing the tear-shaped mole. There had still been a hint of clarity in his mind and so, he had quickly sobered up. He had also realized that he had done something wrong and caused serious trouble for Song Qingshi.

Feeling uneasy, he apologized countless times and said that he would obediently take his medicine and that he will never fall sick again.

When he said these words, not only was he unable to face Song Qingshi, his hands also trembled from time to time, as though he was holding back some great pain.

Song Qingshi's senior sister had once said, 'A man's mouth is a deceitful mouth'.

Song Qingshi resolutely didn't believe him… It would be better to believe in the Emotion Locking Gu.

Yue Wuhuan listened to the effects of the Emotion Locking Gu and thought about it. Knowing that his body had no other choice, he accepted this treatment plan. After about half an hour since the Emotion Locking Gu entered his body, his mood visibly improved. The slight tremor of his body disappeared and his entire person felt a lot more relaxed. He touched his heart, urging the Gu to swallow all the desire that he shouldn't have. His gaze when he looked at Song Qingshi appeared more natural and his entire being came to life.

Song Qingshi took this opportunity to explain the matter regarding the Fantasy Gu. He asked him about the things he'd seen in the fantasy, "If you're unwilling, I will respect your wishes."

Yue Wuhuan said without hesitation, "I want to keep it secret."

Song Qingshi took out the Fantasy Gu contained in the sealed Gu box. He wanted to return it to him.

Yue Wuhuan thought for a while and pushed it back to him. "Master should keep it. I am a mortal after all and I will leave sooner or later. At that time, Master can open this box and check the contents." He decided to abandon his shameful desires. He only hoped that this person would know of his feelings after his death.

“Okay,” Song Qingshi never shied away from discussions of life and death, let alone discussions of wills and testaments. He placed the Fantasy Gu into his mustard seed bag and changed the subject, “I have refused our partnership with the Myriad Gu Sect. Thinking about it now, this decision had been too hasty. An Long will definitely take this opportunity to constantly come find me. When the time comes, public and private matters will mix together. With his propensity for stirring up trouble, who know what kind of chaos he’ll create. I’m thinking of handing over the sales distribution to Night Rain Pavilion. Although Ye Lin has an insatiable desire for profit, he does have a wide network of contacts and he keeps his promises. We will lose twenty percent but we’ll have peace and quiet in exchange.”

He was really has been messed with pretty badly by the Alaskan Malamute. He was now afraid that he might come dropping in every day to bother him.

Although it will take time to increase their production and the Medicine King’s Valley will have to remain poor for a while longer, right now all his thoughts were on accompanying Yue Wuhuan. He didn’t want to do anything else. Except for raising the white mice, all other research can be stopped. They’ll find some unused artifacts in the treasure house and sell them off. They’ll pool enough money to set up the production line. Everyone will have to tighten their belts for a while but this stress will eventually pass. Maybe during the period, there will be another one like the elder from the Five Mountain Sect who had more money than sense, suffering from a strange disease and seeking medical attention?

Yue Wuhuan nodded. “I will listen to Master.”

Song Qingshi went to the collection room and took out a bottle of Purple Flower Dew, one of his prized collection. The Purple Flower Dew was extremely beneficial to An Long’s body-refining techniques. The raw materials for it have long since disappeared and its value was definitely no less than the Emotion Locking Gu. However, both Song Qingshi and the original body both regarded this collection of one of a kind medicines as more important than life itself. An Long tried every means possible to coax him into giving it over for a very long time, all to no avail. Now that he has

accepted the Emotion Locking Gu, though it pained him to do so, he must pay off the favor.

Song Qingshi reluctantly gave the Purple Flower Dew to An Long.

An Long understood instantly, and asked, “Are you already going to drive me away again?”

Song Qingshi resisted his distress and said earnestly, “I want to focus on Wuhuan’s illness so I don’t have time to play with you.”

An Long looked at him for a long time and suddenly laughed. He raised the Purple Flower Dew in his hand. “Since you’ve even taken out your treasure to give to me, then I shall accept it as a sign of your sincerity.”

When the Luminous Dragon discovered that something was wrong, he crazily wrapped around Song Qingshi’s hands and feet. He absolutely refused to leave!

An Long took the opportunity to bend over to his ear and seemingly very aggrieved, asked, “I wasted so many days and wasn’t able to negotiate a partnership. Shouldn’t you compensate me a bit?”

Song Qingshi was a bit at a loss. The Medicine King’s Valley was still in a state of financial ruin, what kind of compensation could he give?

An Long violently pulled him into his arms and locked him in tightly. He bit his prey on the neck like a beast venting his anger.

The spiritual defenses around Song Qingshi’s body could not match the steel and iron teeth of this body-refining beast of prey. His skin was torn open and An Long bit a welt on his neck.

Song Qingshi was in so much pain, his hair was beginning to stand on end. He quickly wielded the Red Lotus Fire to resist.

An Long felt a scorching hotness on his lips and so he reluctantly removed his mouth from his neck. He licked the traces of blood from his lips and said with satisfaction, “The taste is as good as I thought.”

This Alaskan Malamute was unworthy of any tenderhearted feelings!

Song Qingshi decisively kicked him out the main door!

Looking back, Song Qingshi saw that the Luminous Dragon was still wrapped around his waist. Shaking its head, it triumphantly bid farewell to its master. When it found Song Qingshi directing a dirty look at it, it quickly slid down to hide in the bushes. It was going to hang on, it refused to clear out! How could Song Qingshi possibly let it off? He grabbed its tail, pulled it out and threw it out the door. Fuming, he went to disinfect the wound on his neck.

The gate of Medicine King's Valley closed instantly. The poisonous fog array dispersed, revealing the way out.

The Luminous Dragon was so aggrieved. It rolled about on the ground and refused to leave. Its eyes were filled with accusation against the heartless.

"You still haven't learned." An Long pulled it along and taught the stupid snake as he walked. "So what if Little Qingshi saved you back then? Even if he was gentle and considerate to you, even if he took care of you so lovingly, so what? Once you're all better, you should leave. Even if you roll around and act shamelessly, it's useless. He doesn't want you anymore. Don't you understand after being rejected so many times?"

The Luminous Dragon aggrievedly climbed onto its master's shoulders. It curled up into a ball and stopped moving.

When it had met Song Qingshi, it had been a useless little snake in the secret realm. Every day, it had been bullied to death by the big demon beasts. Song Qingshi rescued it when it had been badly burned by poisonous fire. Song Qingshi hadn't avoided it because of its hideous appearance . He had changed its dressing every day and kept it warm by his heart. In order to protect it, he had even given up the precious elixir he had gone into the secret realm for. In his eyes and in his heart, there had only been it……

The snake thought it was special and wanted to be Song Qingshi's spiritual pet. It never expected it'd be given over to An Long after it got better. It thought that it wasn't strong enough to be worthy of that person, so he practiced desperately and became an illustrious ferocious beast. Afterwards, nodding its head and wagging its tail, it gave up its dignity and persistently begged for mercy. And still, it didn't get the opportunity to remain by Song Qingshi's side.

"You're not special," An Long gave light pats on the Luminous Dragon's body. He spoke comforting words but he didn't know who he was trying to mollify. "No one can be special. How gentle he is when he's healing you is how cruel he once you're healed. No one can ever stay by his side forever."

This seemingly compassionate person has the most ruthless heart in the world.

Five hundred years ago, he knew what heart-piercing, bone-deep despair was, what absolutely hopeless darkness was.

An Long couldn't help laughing. The laughter was filled with self-mockery. He looked back at the Medicine King's Valley gradually disappearing behind the poisonous fog and said to himself:

"Little Qingshi is becoming more and more adorable. But it's a pity…"

"I wonder what the beauty will look like when he discovers the truth."

"The look on his face must surely be very beautiful, right?"

He gave a couple forceful pats on the Luminous Dragon's head. He restored his ferocious appearance.

"Little brother, don't be sad. Let's do something amusing."

"It suddenly occurred to me that there's someone I have to deal with it."

Translator's note: Ah…An Long…sigh…

Chapter 27 – In-room patient care

Yue Wuhuan's swordsmanship was becoming more sophisticated.

Cultivation has never been difficult for him. He can understand the secret manuals about cultivation with a single glance. The flow of spiritual power through his body was as natural as breathing. He was an innate practitioner but he was trapped by the weak meridians and Dantian of mortals. It was difficult to rely on ordinary cultivation methods to break through his confinement. Thus, he chose to use the Way of the Sword to ascend the summit.

The things in the fantasy remained so vivid in his mind.

After calming down, he suddenly realized that the sword technique in his fantasy had already become a part of his body as if he had practiced it countless times. He looked at his sword as he did a sideways stab. This simple sword technique could break three kinds of commonly used protective magic weapons in the immortal realm. It could then go on downwards to pierce through the heart… He obviously hadn't used a sword to kill anyone but why did he understand everything as if he had experienced it himself?

The Fantasy Gu couldn't possibly have such an effect, otherwise it would be the world's strangest Gu; it wouldn't be a toy.

Yue Wuhuan stared at his hand that was holding the sword. He wanted to continue pondering this mystery but his head was suddenly overwhelmed with pain. There seemed to be some power from the depths of obscurity trying to suppress, binding the answer to this question in layer upon layer of chains. It refused to give him this answer and it banished the answer from his mind. It forcefully altered his thoughts until it finally made him come to a conclusion that barely passed logic.

Various fortuitous meetings circulated in the immortal realm. The Fantasy Gu might just be his 'fortuitous meeting'.

Song Qingshi stuck his head out from the depths of the corridor. Who knew how long he's been looking on from where.

Yue Wuhuan quickly retracted his sword. He saw him walking over with a notebook and a homemade charcoal pencil in his hand. He motioned for him to sit down on the stone bench next to him. Song Qingshi looked at him and after struggling for a long time, finally opened the notebook. On the first blank page, he wrote in bold, large words "Interests and Hobbies List".

Yue Wuhuan was at a loss. "What is this?"

Song Qingshi resisted the shame. This was what junior high-school girls did when they stan-ed celebrities. He didn't want to do this either. But Yue Wuhuan hid himself too well and his EQ was terrible. He couldn't even venture a guess as to what the other party was thinking.

He was also a person who didn't like to hide things in his heart. After thinking about it, he simply made a list and inquired directly. He'll fill in the information one by one to make a file like a medical record to prevent any more mistakes.

"You are not allowed to lie, you must answer the questions honestly." Song Qingshi tried his hardest to display the dignity of a doctor. He then picked up the charcoal pencil and asked seriously, "Wuhuan, what do you like to eat?"

Yue Wuhuan forced himself not to smile and replied jokingly, "I love sweets."

Song Qingshi looked at him helplessly and quietly grumbled, "Be serious, don't say what I like to eat." When he was in Lecheng, he also thought that Yue Wuhuan liked to eat cake. After he bought it and brought it back, he found that he was just eating it himself. The same went for the ice cream.

"I don't have anything I particularly like to eat," Yue Wuhuan thought for a while and answered seriously, "Before… there were a lot of things that I couldn't eat, so it ruined my stomach and now, I don't feel like eating

anything anymore. Now, I like taking the fasting pills, it saves a lot of time."

Song Qingshi directly noted down, "Stomach Medicine" and then continued to ask, "What do you like?"

Yue Wuhuan stayed dumbfounded for a long time. The smile in his eyes became brighter, "I like Master. Master treats me best."

Song Qingshi was embarrassed at being praised. "I meant things."

Yue Wuhuan laughed and said, "I don't have anything I particularly want because Master has given me everything." He already has no bright gems and he doesn't need it anymore. The master has spent a lot of money on him already, there was no need to trouble him.

"What color do you like?" "White." "What things do you like doing?" "Sword practice, medicine, reading, studying."

Yue Wuhuan answered very smoothly. You wouldn't be able to pick any flaw.

Song Qingshi finally asked, "When is your birthday?"

Yue Wuhuan replied, "February 14."

When Song Qingshi heard this special date, the pen in his hand suddenly stopped.

Yue Wuhuan was puzzled. "Is there anything strange about this day?"

Song Qingshi refrained from laughing and shook his head. There was no Valentine's Day in this world. He just suddenly remembered that in his original world, every Valentine's Day, he would be on duty at the lab in place of his seniors who were all out on dates. He would receive roses and gifts from suitors for his senior sister and he'd order candle-lit dinner and opera tickets for his parents. After that, he would accompany the white mice in the lab while eating instant noodles. Everyone said that his future lover must surely be a white mouse spirit. He thought it was so funny.

Yue Wuhuan watched him snicker and became even more confused. He had no idea what the master was so happy about.

Song Qingshi happily closed the notebook. He had collected a lot of information. Next month will be Yue Wuhuan's birthday. He has sent a dozen follow-up letters to Night Rain Pavilion. The Quintessence of All Souls has already arrived. They had a lead to Xie Que's whereabouts. When the time comes, he'll be able to create a big surprise for Yue Wuhuan. It might make Yue Wuhuan feel a whole lot better and forget all about that problematic fantasy.

Of course, that is on the premise that he has to make sure that Yue Wuhuan was no longer sick.

Most of the wounds on Yue Wuhuan's face had already healed. The strange thing was that the mole that had been gouged out had regrown in its original place. Song Qingshi suspected that he hadn't been able to scoop it out cleanly at the time. Afraid that he would find it so displeasing and that Yue Wuhuan would hurt his own face once again, Song Qingshi personally performed a mole removal surgery on him. However, after changing the dressing this morning, the tear-shaped mole tenaciously grew back; moreover, it was now even more dazzlingly red, even more beautiful than before.

Song Qingshi had never seen such a situation before. He felt it was strange but after studying it for a long time, he couldn't find what was special about this mole.

There were many things in the immortal realm that were unscientific. Maybe it's a natural mark that can't be eliminated?

Seeing that he was worried, Yue Wuhuan repeatedly swore that he would give up messing with this mole. He ensured that under the control of the Emotion Locking Gu, he would not fall ill. Song Qingshi resolutely did not believe it. And even though a Nascent Soul Cultivator's mental probe was strong, he could not release it over long-distance for 24 hours a day. He could only use it for supplementary investigation. Moreover, he was the

kind of person who couldn't do two tasks at once. He forgets about the mental probe once he thinks about something else.

So these days he kept a very close watch on Yue Wuhuan. He can't even sleep and so he just directly made his bed on the floor next to him. He was a family member looking after a hospitalized loved one! Although it was very embarrassing, it was better than him being sound asleep in his bedroom and not noticing any movement and inexplicably failing this course.

Yue Wuhuan woke up in the middle of the night and was shocked when he found Song Qingshi on the floor.

He never dreamt that his master would do such a stupid thing for him! He seriously thought about whether to pretend not to have seen it or to call out to his master. In the end, he found that both options were extremely embarrassing! After thinking about it, he toughened his scalp and woke Song Qingshi up. He tried to provide him with a way out of this embarrassment, "Master must have been too tired, so you fell asleep right here. Please be careful. The floor is cold."

Turned out, from the very start, Song Qingshi had no intention of leaving this embarrassing situation. He stayed lying on the floor. "No can do. I'll stay here."

Yue Wuhuan knew that it was his fault. Completely helpless, he said, "Then, Master should sleep on the bed and…" He originally wanted to say that he would be the one to sleep on the floor.

Unexpectedly, before he could finish his statement, Song Qingshi's eyes brightened and he climbed up on the bed using the bedpost as support. He has always been spoiled and pampered. After having slept on the floor for a few nights, his whole body was already aching. Now that the little angel invited him to the bed, he was very happy! This proved that the little angel was totally unguarded towards him. Appropriate physical contact will help his mental recovery!

He was a gentleman and the little angel was the protagonist shou. It was perfectly fine for the two of them to sleep together.

The beds in the immortal realm were very big, more than enough to sleep two or three people.

Song Qingshi was touched and climbed up with the quilt, which he then spread out. The two of them slept far away. He promised, “Don’t worry, I’m very well-behaved when I sleep. I don’t move at all. How I sleep at night is how I get up in the morning. I absolutely won’t take advantage of you.”

Yue Wuhuan didn’t know what to say…

Song Qingshi hadn’t slept well for a few nights. He was extremely sleepy. He quickly clutched up the quilt and fell into unguarded sleep. His messy hair covered the bed and the ice silk pajamas lifted halfway up, revealing a soft waist and a pale belly… …

Yue Wuhuan squeezed the Emotion Locking Gu several times before he was able to bring his desires under control. After covering Song Qingshi properly with the quilt, he lay back down helplessly. But he couldn’t fall asleep no matter what. He knew that he has a lot of black history, coupled with this deceptively beautiful face, no one could see his inherent desire to invade buried deep in his bones. There’s also no one who knew now much he detested being made a ‘receiver‘.

The truth was, he liked men because he liked to conquer; he liked to control; he liked to seize the entire person, to cover the other from head to toe in his scent. Only in this way can he get endless happiness…

The master’s mind was simple and uncomplicated. He doesn’t understand these messy things at all. Song Qingshi purely trusted and cared about him.

He simply couldn’t have these filthy thoughts.

If they were going to sleep, they were going to just sleep. He can’t think about other things. He can’t just touch at random, let alone do any bad things.

Yue Wuhuan lay beside the one he liked, feeling extremely pained from holding back…

His body temperature was higher than most people's in the first place and his desire made it even higher.

In order to lock the two fires in his body, Song Qingshi practiced the Cold Jade Technique. His body temperature was usually on the low side. He felt like there was a large warm stove emitting heat next to him. In a daze, he shifted over and reached into the quilt next to him. He hugged the heat source and nuzzled against it in satisfaction.

The pleasant medicinal scent came from Yue Wuhuan's bosom. Warm and moist breath brushed against his neck. The pale pink lips were slightly raised, as though inviting people to have a taste. Arms wrapped tightly around him, from his chest to his waist. Immediately afterwards, legs were also added in. Song Qingshi was like an octopus entangled around a satisfied prey. He refused to loosen even a fraction of an inch.

The ice silk pajamas were too loose. As he moved around, it rode up higher and opened wider. His collarbone was exposed and a captivating view could vaguely be seen. Aside from that vicious dog's bite mark on his neck that was being an eyesore, it truly was a feast for the senses. That scene from his fantasy of joyfully eating a great feast seemed to appear before Yue Wuhuan's very eyes. He could no longer control the dirty thoughts in his mind. The reaction of his body became unbearable. He wanted to hide but was mindlessly being held down by the other's legs.

"Master, don't touch. It's dirty…"

Yue Wuhuan was afraid of being found out and so he didn't dare push him forcefully away. He could only implore softly. He felt that he was about to be tortured to death; unable to get any release. In the end, he could only close his eyes and rely on the Emotion Locking Gu to endure through it…

After finally holding on til dawn, he saw Song Qingshi's hands and feet slowly retract. He then rolled back into his own quilt and fell sound asleep again, posture the exact same as when he first fell asleep.

The corners of Wuhuan's eyes twitched. He was quite sure that Song Qingshi had not woken up from beginning to end of that natural and

spontaneous sequence of actions. He now understood where his confidence in his sleeping posture came from…

About half an hour later, the sky was completely bright.

Song Qingshi opened his eyes. After confirming that he was still sleeping in his original position, he said happily, “Look, I’m a very well-behaved sleeper, right?”

Yue Wuhuan looked at him, completely exhausted. He thought for a long time, took a deep breath, gritted his teeth and said, “Yes!”

Master must be right. Even if Master was wrong, he must be right!

Song Qingshi happily asked, “I will sleep here tomorrow too, alright?” He felt that since Yue Wuhuan could accept it, he can continue to try to help him overcome his fear of physical contact. He’ll let him realize that even if a man sleeps next to him, it was still safe too! Because there were still many good men like him who have no dirty thoughts!

Yue Wuhuan took a deep breath and continued gritting his teeth. “Alright.”

His road to cultivation might possibly require a test of willpower.

First, he’ll go to the bathroom and take a cold bath.

The author has something to say: Yue Wuhuan: Help! What to do if Master climbs into my bed every day?

Translator’s note: I guess the author wanted to give us a light little interlude after those emotionally charged chapters. And dun-dun-dun, that unexplainable power in Yue Wuhuan’s mind…This is the start of the underlying mystery behind their entire situation.

Chapter 28 – Underworld Fire Black Lotus

With his Master climbing up his bed every day, Yue Wuhuan had to think up of all sorts of measures…

First off, using various reasons, such as that the weather was cold and that he might develop a stomachache, he coaxed Song Qingshi to change back to wearing ordinary unlined garments, the kind that was wrapped tight. Secondly, when Song Qingshi turned over in his sleep, he stretched out his right arm first, letting his arm serve as a bolster or he would turn to his side so that his back was facing the other; this was to prevent large-scale contact. Finally, he worked with the Emotion Locking Gu to suppress his desire. In this way, he was barely able to reach normal conditions.

Although Yue Wuhuan slept badly, he never thought of driving Song Qingshi away or perhaps making an extra bed next to him. It was because he felt that the way Song Qingshi hugged him while sleeping closely resembled the way he did in his fantasy. It allowed him a happy illusion, it made him feel like that the other liked him and he would rather have this kind of bittersweet happiness.

Song Qingshi thought that between two men sleeping innocently, where was the trouble? When he was in primary school, he often slept with his cousins during summer vacations. When he went abroad in junior high school, because they hadn't been able to book a twin room, he slept in a double bed room with his senior brother. Although he had been inexplicably delivered a hit and expelled to sleep on the sofa the next day. He had abundant experience in sleeping with men. There had been no problems at all!

He will prove to Yue Wuhuan that a good man will never launch a night attack! He hoped the Yue Wuhuan can eliminate his distrust of men!

Yue Wuhuan has already gotten used to him sleeping there. Only that, he has developed a habit of taking a bath every morning…

Song Qingshi sniffed himself and wondered if his body was not clean enough. He also took a few more baths and added perfume in the bath to make his body as fragrant as possible, lest he be shunned by his slightly mysophobic roommate's sensitive nose.

Ten days later, Song Qingshi's long-awaited messenger bird from Night Rain Pavilion finally arrived.

After reading the information on the jade slip, he pondered for a long time and then went to find Yue Wuhuan. Hesitantly, he said, "Night Rain Pavilion sent me a letter. I have to personally pick up something that I had I ordered before. I will have to be out for a few days. Can you take care of the mice for me at home? They are in their breeding period and I don't feel at ease about handing them to the valley servants…"

"For Master to go out must meant that this is a necessary and important matter," Yue Wuhuan immediately understood what he meant by saying these words, "I will take care of myself. I will use the Emotion Locking Gu to control my illness. I will take my medicine on time. I will make sure that Master won't have anything that he needs to worry about here. If there are any problems, I will use the messenger bird to notify you in time."

Song Qingshi was a little relieved. He selected a few valley servants who were well-versed in their work and had reached the Foundation Building stage to look after Yue Wuhuan for him. He then turned on all poison formations in the Medicine King's Valley to prevent any foreign enemies from invading. After being reminded by Yue Wuhuan, he made a life plate and left it with him. This would let Yue Wuhuan know the state of his safety at any time so that he wouldn't go sleepless from worry.

……

Nanchuan, a mountain range covered in mists and clouds, filled with lonely peaks.

Song Qingshi had the spirit beast land. He carefully took measure of the surroundings. He saw mountains covered in mist, gurgling streams, roaring waterfalls and a thick blanket of fog covering everything. It was certainly

imbued with an ‘immortal’ air. However, there were no immortal towns stationed within thousands of miles, only a few small villages where mortals had gathered. This meant that there were no spiritual veins or secret realms here. There were also no high-value spiritual plants or beasts. It was an abandoned place in the immortal realm.

It truly was a one in a million place…

Song Qingshi’s heart was filled with even more anger and his expression grew colder.

Ye Lin informed him through the letter that Xie Que had hidden back in the sect he had established. This place called Yanshan Sect was also the place where Yue Wuhuan grew up. Since they were young, these mortal children were deceived to live in this discarded land, thinking all the while that it was a blessed place. Unable to communicate with outsiders, they practiced the lowest level techniques and learned completely erroneous knowledge. They listened to every word of Xie Que’s brainwashing.

What ‘cultivators need to pay attention to their appearance’? What ‘cultivators need to pay attention to their posture’? What Yanshan Sect and the Way of Music? What ‘must maintain the condition of one’s hands’? And what ‘Shifu loves them the most, so he isn’t willing for them to suffer even the littlest bit of physical injury’!

Xie Que was such an expert at lying and pretending that it was practically seamless.

Yue Wuhuan once had a chance to come face to face with the original body. But the original body hadn’t found out Xie Que’s true colors back then. He had missed a golden opportunity.

Although no one was to blame for this, Song Qingshi felt as though everything of the original body’s was his to bear, he felt no different as if he had been the one to do it himself. Every time it was brought to mind, he would regret it terribly. In his heart, he angrily berated Professor System for not transmigrating him during that time so that he could give this medicine-

refining idiot a good thrashing to wake him up; the ‘beat-to-death’ kind of thrashing!

Yue Wuhuan didn’t take it to heart at all. He said how could he possibly blame the kind Master who has detoxified him and saved him for things that even he hadn’t been able to see?

“Actually, there had been several opportunities for me to discover the truth”, Yue Wuhuan recalled the past and found it somewhat incomprehensible, “but every time I would inexplicably miss it. There were a lot of unbelievable coincidences, as if I was destined to suffer this catastrophe.”

In short, this was Xie Que’s fault!

Song Qingshi waved his hand. He controlled his spiritual energy to dwell in dozens of dragonflies and butterflies. He attached his mental probe onto them and borrowed the insects’ eyes to find Xie Que’s whereabouts.

This was a little trick he learned from An Long before. It could make his own mental probe much more difficult to detect. At that time, An Long was just a Foundation Building cultivator. He had wanted to use this technique to manipulate a snake to scare him in his bathroom. He caught it and got this self-made Gu technique. He improved it a bit and it was now quite easy to use.

As he walked along the way, he controlled countless butterflies and dragonflies to fly towards the Yanshan Sect.

A panoramic view of Yanshan Sect was brought to appear before his eyes. There were more than ten courtyards with blue tiles and white walls. There were many flowers and trees outside the courtyard and there were some chickens, ducks and geese being taken care of by mortal servants. There was also a seemingly cute puppy in the yard, lying lazily under the tree basking in the sun. This dog looked ordinary but it was actually a spirit dog. It was best at tracking down people; no doubt used to prevent slaves from escaping.

Song Qingshi hid all traces of his aura and sat under a flowering tree outside the courtyard. Through the eyes of the countless flying insects, he observed the situation in each room. Yanshan Sect was raising about twenty children, ranging in age from six to seventeen or eighteen. They were all dressed in neat cyan Yuelan clothes, similar to what other ordinary immortal disciples wore. Each one of them had impressive looks, glowing with health and vigor, with superb complexion.

The relationship between the disciples was very good. The elder disciples led the younger disciples to do their homework. On the martial arts field, there was a cheerful sixteen or seventeen-year-old boy who was helping a newly-admitted child to do his stretches, telling him the importance of physical flexibility in training his body. Under the flowering tree, a twelve or thirteen-year-old girl was helping another endearingly-silly girl of about the same age to recite their lessons. The two seemed to be friends. The silly girl just couldn't memorize it and the girl, hating iron for not becoming steel, rapped lightly against her head. The silly girl grumbled that it would only make her even more stupid, lowering her grade in their exams. How was Shifu going to fall for her now? The silly girl, with tears in her eyes, immediately began acting spoiled. She was a pear blossom bathed in the rain. Her friend's anger instantly dissipated… In the kitchen, a beautiful eight or nine-year-old boy was playing a prank, trying to steal the steamed buns.

Everyone was happy, as if they were in a paradise without any suffering.

They were waiting, free from all anxiety for the gates of hell to open.

Song Qingshi was somewhat lost in thought…

Finally, Xie Que appeared. He came over and caught the boy who stole the food and brought him back to the study for lessons.

Song Qingshi immediately had a butterfly cling to the study window.

In the study, there was a delicate girl copying a book, stroke by stroke, her handwriting like green pine and bamboo. She had the graceful bearing of famous artist. Xie Que brought in the boy who stole the food and handed

him over to the girl, who he asked to oversee the boy's punishment of copying lines. The girl meekly agreed and personally supervised the boy to practice his calligraphy.

Xie Que heaved a sigh, "You little monkey who can't sit still, can't you learn from your Wuhuan Shixiong? When your Wuhuan Shixiong was your age, he already had such good calligraphy skills and he had already memorized all the books."

"Every day, you tell me to learn from Wuhuan Shixiong. You praise Wuhuan Shixiong every day." The boy was very stubborn and immediately retorted, "Well, Wuhuan Shixiong has gone to cultivate at a famous sect for so many years already and I've never seen him come back even once to visit Shifu! He's ungrateful!"

Song Qingshi was stunned and when he looked closely at the boy's appearance, he found that his looks were quite gorgeous. His appearance was actually similar to Yue Wuhuan, except that his eyes were not phoenix eyes but large almond eyes. The temperament was also unlike Yue Wuhuan's graceful demeanor. With bared teeth and brandished claws, he looked more like a wild and untamable cat.

The girl knocked him on the head and reprimanded, "Don't talk nonsense."

"Yes, yes, yes. It's Shifu's fault. I forgot that you are different from Wuhuan." Xie Que looked at him carefully for a while. Not taking his actions as being disobedient, he laughed, "My family's Ming Hong is the most conscientious. A truly promising disciple."

The boy named Ming Hong lowered his head, embarrassedly, "Hong'er was a little beggar. It was only thanks to Shifu picking me up and taking good care of me that I am here today. Hong'er likes Shifu the most. I won't let you down."

Xie Que touched his head and praised, "Then Shifu will be waiting."

The teacher was kind and the disciple was filial. Their relationship was harmonious and happy.

Song Qingshi really couldn't bear it. He didn't want to involve other people and so he directly took out his Life Artifact. The two lotus flowers composed of the Red Lotus Fire and the Underworld Ghost Fire blossomed in his palm. He raised his palm and the Red Lotus Fire shot up and rapidly expanded, enveloping the entire study, forming a flame barrier that no one could enter or leave. Then Song Qingshi stepped into the study with the black lotus in his hands.

Xie Que was terribly frightened when he saw this scene. He kept repeatedly falling back. When he saw Song Qingshi come in, he gave a quivering laugh and said, "Medicine King Xianzun honors us with your presence… It has been ten years since we've bade good-bye to the Medicine King's Valley. Xie Que bears in mind his gratitude for the detoxification. I don't know what important matter could have brought Xianzun here today but as long as it is with in my capabilities, I will never refuse…"

Seeing that the situation was far good, the girl hurriedly dragged Ming Hong and retreated behind their shifu.

The black lotus made from ghost fire burst forth and lashes of poisonous fires wrap around Xie Que's face. Amidst the blood-curling screams, it quickly corroded skin and flesh, until the white bone underneath could be seen.

Song Qingshi said coldly, "You don't need this face."

Xie Que was rolling on the ground in pain. He'd been hiding away here to avoid being hunted down by the Songhe Sect. He hadn't left his house for a long time. Only recently did he reach an agreement with the Songhe Sect. It was said that Jin Feiren developed true affection for Bai Zihao. Elder He has always been loose. This was but one of his illegitimate children. Golden Phoenix Manor gave the Songhe Sect a large amount of compensation and promised to treat Bai Zihao kindly and not regard him as a slave. This managed to appease the Songhe Sect's fury. Xie Que also returned the money from his sale of Bai Zihao and sent a beautiful slave to Elder He to make amends and settle this matter.

He had been so busy bustling about, he hadn't had time to pay attention to any other matters.

Although Yue Wuhuan had been his most expensive item, that had also been ten years ago. Now he was just a slave worn out from having been played with too much. He wasn't worthy of attention. Although he had heard that Yue Wuhuan was seriously injured and taken in by the Medicine King's Valley to become a test subject, he hadn't thought much about it. He only felt a little regretful. He had raised so many new beauties but he was never able to raise another like Yue Wuhuan.

The Medicine King Xianzun bearing down so menacingly probably meant that he's been swayed by Yue Wuhuan's sweet words; coaxed to come here and claim his due.

That kid had always been smart and over-concerned. Xie Que had expended a lot of effort to prevent that boy from knowing the truth and now, unexpectedly…

Xie Que was baring his teeth in pain. He crawled on the ground, pretending to surrender, all the while thinking frantically how to worm his way out.

"Bad guy! Don't hurt my Shifu!" Ming Hong saw that his Shifu was seriously injured and couldn't bear it. He pushed aside the girl who was holding him back and rushed in, crying. He threw himself at Song Qingshi's leg, opened his mouth and bit down. But he couldn't even tear his robes. He let out sorrowful wails like a puppy protecting its owner.

Song Qingshi lowered his head, carefully looking at the child biting on his leg and those furious pair of eyes.

The girl screamed in fear, "Ming Hong! Come back!"

Xie Que retreated back step by step. With an appeasing smile on his face, he said, "Xianzun misunderstood. I also couldn't bear to let go of Yue Wuhuan. Back then…Yes, it was Golden Phoenix Manor who took a fancy to that child and forced me to do it…"

Ming Hong's eyes were red. He couldn't hear anything around him, desperately kicking and biting, trying, with what little power he had, to deal with the person in front of him and let his Shifu escape.

This similar face gradually overlapped with the face in his memory…

【Hong'er likes Shifu the most. I won't let you down.】

[Wuhuan likes Shifu the most, I don't want to cause shame to Shifu.】

Song Qingshi slowly raised his head and whispered, "Back then, Wuhuan was also like this…"

Chapter 29: The Old Wooden Box

Xie Que was a swindler whose mouth was filled with lies. None of his words were worth listening to.

Song Qingshi had absolutely no intention of talking with him at all. The black lotus bloomed in his palm once again and four fragments of poisonous fire encircled Xie Que's hands and feet, corroding his flesh and bones. Xie Que quickly tore off the jade pendant hanging around his neck. A golden defensive array was deployed underneath him and most of the offensive was blocked. The jade pendant was dyed black and then turned into ash. The power of the remaining poisonous fire was undiminished and numerous black spots of corrosion appeared on his legs, slowly spreading and expanding.

Xie Que's aptitude as a cultivator was mediocre but he has been trading slaves for many years and he has still managed to obtain a few magical weapons.

He slumped on the ground. Using his hands, he moved ever backwards. His whole body trembled and he continuously begged, "My Lord, please spare me. I- everything I have will be given to you… If the Lord likes Wuhuan… …Then, then this child named Ming Hong looks very similar to Wuhuan when he was a child. You, you can take him back and raise him…"

Ming Hong was stunned, not understanding what this meant.

Xie Que saw Song Qingshi's thoughts. While slowly moving backwards, he enticed, "Wuhuan also dressed like this when he was this age…He looked obedient but was actually very naughty. My Lord, take a closer look at Ming Hong's face. Except for the eyes, they look very similar…Does the Lord wish to know what happened to Wuhuan in the past?"

Under the erosion of his poisonous fire, his spiritual power became weaker and weaker.

The weak girl who was secretly hiding to his side, finally broke away from the restraints in her body. She leapt forward and tore off the scroll that was hanging behind Xie Que. Beneath the scroll was an ingenious teleportation rune array; a last resort Xie Que had set up in advance.

Xie Que was so angry that he spit out a mouthful of blood. He roared, “Traitorous disciple!”

Song Qingshi also understood. Xie Que had kept mentioning Yue Wuhuan, because he wanted to divert his attention and take the opportunity to escape.

Surrounded as he was by the Underworld Ghost Fire, Xie Que’s escape would have resulted in his death, regardless. But it would have ruined his plan.

Death was by no means the most terrifying thing in the immortal realm.

The black lotus in Song Qingshi’s hand reopened, completely incinerating Xie Que’s hands and feet, incapacitating him. He then reached out his with his mental probe, invading Xie Que’s sea of consciousness, directly searching for the Acacia Seal’s secret word. Although the sea of consciousness was vast and his cultivation level could only allow him to find out what happened within the past few years, Xie Que has always been a slave trader and often did the branding. Sing Qingshi needed only to find the entire process of the branding of the latest slave.

An image soon appeared in the sea of consciousness.

The young girl overheard that she was being sold off. She wanted to escape but was caught by the spirit dog and locked in an array. With tears in her eyes, she allowed the devil to draw the lavish pattern of the Acacia Seal on her back stroke by stroke. She kept crying but she didn’t receive any mercy. Finally, she was branded with the secret word, the word “Xie Que” modified from ancient runes. Xie Que smiled and looked at her tears, as though looking at livestock now ready for slaughter.

After Song Qingshi found the answer. He withdrew his mental probe and destroyed this disgusting sea of consciousness. He then drew out Xie Que’s

soul and put it into a container he had prepared earlier.

He looked up at the girl next to him and asked softly, “You know everything?”

This young girl named Qing Luan was the person he had just seen in Xie Que’s sea of consciousness.

Qing Luan was slumped on the ground. After blanking out for a moment, she finally realized that she was free from the hell that was Xie Que’s control. Her suppressed emotions were suddenly released and she burst into tears from an excess of emotion. Seeing her intense reaction, Song Qingshi reached out his hand, intending to use his spiritual power to ease her emotions.

“You bad man!” Ming Hong rushed up to tackle him. Choked with sobs, he said, “You’ve already killed Shifu, don’t kill Qing Luan Jie!”

Although he felt that his Shifu’s words were somewhat problematic, his feelings would not allow him to believe that the Shifu who picked him up from the pile of beggars, raised him and taught him the immortal ways could ever possibly hurt him, so… Shifu must have been terrified by this wicked man into abandoning him and fleeing.

Song Qingshi looked helplessly at the stubborn child. He was really was no good at explaining these things.

Qing Luan slowly got up. She walked in front of Ming Hong and laid a heavy slap across his face. She screamed, “Don’t call that beast Shifu!”

Ming Hong was hit and fell to the ground. He covered his face and looked incredulously at this gentle senior sister who had taken care of him.

Qing Luan was in tears. She looked at him for a long while and slowly untied her clothes.

Ming Hong exclaimed, “Jiejie, are you crazy? There are men here! Why are you taking off your clothes?!”

Song Qingshi had already looked away. He was not going to be a voyeur.

Qing Luan turned around and raised her long hair, revealing the enchanting Acacia Seal in front of Ming Hong.

Ming Hong asked blankly, “What…what is this?”

“Xie Que told you all that I would be leaving in a few days to go to Miao Yin Sect to study the guqin…” Qing Luan said slowly, “He lied to you all. I had already been sold by Xie Que, sold to Bright Moon Tower. This brand is a mark that turns humans into livestock…Does Ming Hong know what kind of place Bright Moon Tower is?”

Ming Hong shook his head, faintly afraid.

“Bright Moon Tower is the largest brothel in the immortal realm, Qing Luan Jie… was about to become a flower lady who waits on guests and smiles and flirts for money.” Qing Luan laughed mockingly at herself but an endless stream of sorrowful tears streamed from her eyes. “Does Ming Hong know what a flower lady is? It’s a slave who serves men every day and uses her body to please them in bed.”

Ming Hong kept shaking his head, trembling all over, “No, it can’t…”

“Why can’t it be?” Qing Luan put on her clothes again, walked towards him, and asked with a smile, “Stupid boy, do you know? Jiejie had to pretend to behave and be clever just so I could be sold to Bright Moon Tower instead! Bright Moon Tower is a brothel with rules. In their hands, the torture won’t be excessive! Haha… I fawned over that beast, threw myself at his mercy to be a shameless woman! Isn’t it ridiculous? Don’t rush to sympathize with your jiejie. Do you know what your fate would have been?!”

Ming Hong looked at the almost crazed Qing Luan. He was so scared that tears were coming out of his eyes.

“Ming Hong…you look a little like Wuhuan Ge. That’s why that beast placed great importance on you.” Qing Luan gently stroked his beautiful

face. Choked with sobs, she said, “Wuhuan Ge is not ungrateful. He was sold to the hell that is the Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor and tortured to the utmost. So, he can’t come back. Golden Phoenix Manor placed an order and specified that they wanted to buy another beauty like Wuhuan Ge and you were chosen for this purpose…”

Ming Hong asked cautiously, “Chosen to do what?”

Qing Luan sneered, “Just like jiejie, you would use your body to serve men.”

Ming Hong couldn’t believe it. “I am a man! How can I serve men?!”

Qing Luan thought for a while, then lowered her head to his ear and told him a little bit…

Ming Hong couldn’t bear it, tears flowed down without restrain. He retched again and again.

Song Qingshi didn’t stop Qing Luan. These beautiful mortal children couldn’t afford to be simple and innocent.

After Qing Luan vented her emotions, she recovered her composure. She dragged over the dispirited and listless Ming Hong and prostrated herself before Song Qingshi, thanking him for saving her life. She then took the initiative to inform him of Xie Que’s mustard seed bag and the location of his hidden treasures.

There were tens of thousands of spirit stones in Xie Que’s mustard bag and two spirit beads, one of which belonged to Qing Luan. In addition, there were several books of accounts and a thick pile of contracts. Each contract was full of tears of blood. Song Qingshi found Bright Moon Tower’s down payment contract and gave it back to Qing Luan along with the spirit bead. Qing Luan was so grateful. Holding these things, she expressed a thousand thanks. She couldn’t control her tears.

Song Qingshi also found Yue Wuhuan’s name on the account books. A mere thirty hu of Mermaid beads ruined his entire life.

He never knew that words could pierce his eyes…

Song Qingshi's original plan had been to kill Xie Que and leave, but now, looking at Ming Hong and Qing Luan who were kneeling on the ground, he seemed to see Yue Wuhuan from long before. He didn't have the heart to abandon them. Therefore, he ordered Qing Luan to gather the others and tell them about the bad things and lies that Xie Que had done. She was to tell them that if anyone wanted to return to the mortal world, he would give them a Longevity Pill to bring back and they could completely wash their hands of cultivation and the immortal realm. For those that had nowhere to go, they could choose to go to the Medicine King's Valley to work as a valley servants, engaging in pharmaceutical and medical work.

Though Qing Luan looked weak, she was very competent at handling matters. She summoned everyone to gather in the square and then used her Acacia seal, the account book and contract as evidence. She then used the spirit bead to control another young man who had also been branded with the Acacia Seal. Soon, everyone understood the truth.

The children who cried, cried. Those who vomited, vomited. Everything was a mess.

The servants were also clueless mortals. After hearing this, they were terribly frightened.

Qing Luan took with her a few children who could still keep calm and they comforted the others one by one.

Song Qingshi sat alone in the distant library. He wrote a letter to Night Rain Pavilion, asking Ye Lin to help him hire a magic ship drawn by spirit beasts from the Immortal Beast Sect to transport all these children back to the Medicine King's Valley. He will handle the rest of the matters from there. The Immortal Beast Sect had a good reputation with regards to transportation in the immortal realm. Although it was a bit expensive, it can be paid with the spirit stones obtained from Xie Que's place.

He sent out the messenger bird. He won't get a reply until tomorrow.

Song Qingshi couldn't help it and wrote another letter to Yue Wuhuan. He held the pen for a long time, but he didn't know where to start. After writing and changing, writing and changing again, he only wrote that he would be a day late in coming back. He was safe and there was no need to worry.

Qing Luan arranged everything properly. She asked the children to pack their luggage and then personally returned to report back to the master.

Song Qingshi looked at the lamps in Yanshan Sect lighting up one after another. He couldn't help asking, "Have you ever seen Wuhuan?"

Qing Luan said carefully, "In reply to the Lord's inquiry, I came to this place… When I was around six years of age, Wuhuan Ge was sent away half a year later."

Song Qingshi motioned for her to get up and sit down. After hesitating for a long time, he asked, "Can you tell me about Wuhuan from that time?"

Qing Luan thought for a long time and considering her words, replied, "I was too young to understand a lot of things. Wuhuan Ge was a very good person. He often took care of the new children and taught us to write and study…"

Her memories were disjointed and Song Qingshi listened very carefully, re-imagining the original image of the boy and writing it down in the notebook.

"Every time there was something good, Wuhuan Ge let us have it. If we made a mistake, Wuhuan Ge never got angry."

"Wuhuan Ge was smart and powerful and we all looked up to him. After he left, we were sad for a long time."

"Everyone liked to sneak peeks at him because he looked so good…"

"Wuhuan Ge liked red. Many of his clothes were red."

"Wuhuan Ge liked to sit under the phoenix tree and practice music. He played so well that the birds would come down and listen."

“Wuhuan Ge was most beautiful when he smiled. It was like rays of brilliance from the sky fell on him. He was so dazzling, no one could look away.”

“…”

Song Qingshi took notes one by one and then asked the questions in the notebook. “Do you know what Wuhuan likes to eat?”

“Brother Wuhuan was not picky about food. But he was especially particular about cleanliness,” Qing Luan suddenly recalled an amusing incident from back then and narrated, “He never ate things that had been touched by others or dirtied. Not even if it was a cup of water, he wouldn’t drink it as long as someone has already touched it…but he wouldn’t speak out so as not to cause trouble to others. He would rather go thirsty and hungry. Everyone found out gradually… He didn’t seem to like others touching his things or sitting on his bed. Although he wouldn’t get mad if someone touched him, he would secretly clean…

It turned out that Yue Wuhuan’s mysophobia didn’t start when he studied medicine. His mysophobia must have made it even harder for him to endure those dirty things, right?

Song Qingshi stopped recording, he thought for a moment and suddenly remembered that Yue Wuhuan had drunk his water several times. He had also eaten his leftover food. He never disliked it when he went to his room and slept on his bed. Could it be that Yue Wuhuan’s mysophobia was no longer so serious? Or was he afraid of causing trouble to him? When he goes back, he will need to ask, lest he step on other people’s taboos without knowing it.

Song Qingshi asked another question, “Do you know what Yue Wuhuan likes?”

Qing Luan suddenly stopped talking. After a long time, she couldn’t help but smile. “Beautiful stones…”

Song Qingshi was surprised. “Stones?”

“My Lord, please come with me.” Qing Luan got up and brought Song Qingshi to a dusty sundries room. There were all kinds of unwanted things in it, including broken balls, broken swings, even some stuffed toy tigers, practice books and other small items. It seems that they were all things left behind by previous children. Qing Luan rummaged in the pile of junk for a long time. She finally found an old wooden box and handed it to Song Qingshi.

The wooden box was handmade, very simple and crude with clumsy bird patterns engraved on it. Inside were a few beautiful stones of no value. There was a pebble covered with golden grits, an emerald green glass bead, a black rock with an exceptional landscape painting…

“Originally there were many more, even some gems.” Qing Luan’s voice was sad. “After Wuhuan Ge left, the precious stones disappeared and these were the only ones left. I was afraid Wuhuan Ge wouldn’t be able to find it once he comes back and so I hid the box here. Now, it can be returned to its original owner…”

Song Qingshi held the light box. “This belongs to him?”

Qing Luan nodded, “I have seen Wuhuan Ge secretly picking up rocks by the river. He picked them one by one, picking up thousands, tens of thousands, until he found the best ones and placed them in the box. The box had been filled with bright and colorful stones, they were very beautiful. When he saw me, he was a little embarrassed. He gave me a lot of candies and asked me not to say anything…”

“Wuhuan Ge treasured this box. He usually kept it next to his pillow and wouldn’t let anyone look at it.” Qing Luan recalled the past and became sadder and sadder. “After he left, I found this box in Xie Que’s room. He gave away the worthless stones in the box to the children to play with. I didn’t believe that Wuhuan Ge would leave such an important thing behind. I began to grow suspicious so I secretly searched for Wuhuan Ge’s whereabouts until I found out the truth about him being sold as a slave… …”

Song Qingshi suddenly felt that the box in his hand was heavy, so heavy that it made his heart feel sad.

He slowly turned around to leave…

“Honorable Lord,” Qing Luan suddenly called out, making him stop in his tracks. She wiped away the tears on her face, showed a smile and bowed low. “Thank you. Thank you for saving Wuhuan Ge. I’m really happy Wuhuan Ge is still alive…He’s such a good person and deserves to be treated well by the entire world. Lord, you must like him very much, right?”

Song Qingshi asked blankly, “Like him?”

Qing Luan said expectantly, “Only if you like someone would you be able to do all these things for him.”

Song Qingshi’s heart was a little confused by her answer.

He came to this world for Professor System’s mission. However, he didn’t know when it started but he already seemed to be unable to regard the people in this world as just virtual existences. Being good to Yue Wuhuan was like an instinct carved in his bones. He couldn’t wait to offer him everything in the world, to let him forget the pain and regain happiness.

The ‘like’ in Qing Luan’s eyes was different from the ‘like’ he had understood before.

He didn’t quite understand the feeling of this ‘like’. Was it a rise in phenylethylamine? The medical books say that phenylethylamine is a mental stimulant, which can cause rapid heartbeat, blushing and high temperatures. The side effect is that it can cause bias and attachment, making one lose the ability to think objectively…

He did not feel that there was any problem with his analytical judgment.

Wasn’t he just healing and saving people?

Doctors should not have other intentions towards a patient. This was against professional ethics.

Lost in thought, Song Qingshi walked to the riverbank. He stared at the rocks that covered the ground. He bent down and picked them up one by one, a thousand stones, ten thousand stones. He picked through them for a long time but couldn't find one worthy of Wuhuan. Regardless, he had time. He can take him time searching…

The author has something to say:

Song Qingshi (extremely serious): Of course, Wuhuan can't kill Xie Que, this kind of thing. He's so kind and gentle. What if he can't bring himself to harden his heart and makes this bastard's death too easy? And… how can I dirty his hands with this disgusting thing?

Yue Wuhuan (wrapped tightly in sheepskin): En, killing people is scary.

Chapter 30: Happy Birthday

Early in the morning, the messenger bird came back with a ship pulled by a dragon-like beast.

Song Qingshi signed a transportation contract with the Immortal Beast Sect. After confirming that Qing Luan and the children were all aboard the ship, he had the spirit beast ascend upwards to the sky. Looking down at the deserted Yanshan sect, the Red Lotus Fire bloomed once again in his hand, igniting a raging fire and burning this lair of evil.

The speed of the magical ship was slow. It will take about three days to reach the Medicine King's Valley.

Song Qingshi missed Yue Wuhuan. With his heart set on speeding home, he carefully gave Qing Luan a few instructions and went on ahead.

He landed in a few cities along the way and spent a lot of time there. He rushed home but by the time he returned to the Medicine King's Valley, it was already nearing midnight. He estimated the time. He was afraid that it might be too late. He hurried to go look for Yue Wuhuan but then, he saw that Yue Wuhuan had already appeared before him.

Song Qingshi breathed a sigh of relief. "I thought you were already asleep."

Yue Wuhuan smiled and said, "Master said that he was coming back today so I couldn't sleep. I was waiting here for you."

"It's a good thing you haven't slept yet. Come with me." Song Qingshi didn't think much. He hurriedly dragged him onto the spirit beast and they flew into the air.

Yue Wuhuan was a little confused by his actions. He said comfortingly, "Master, the mice are fine and all the village outside is fine too."

Song Qingshi said happily, "I want to take you to somewhere beautiful."

He directed the spirit beast to Xinyi Mountain.

Xinyi Mountain was the highest peak in the Medicine King's Valley. There was usually no one here and it was very secluded. On top of the mountain there was a Du Ruoting. Song Qingshi would occasionally sit lost in thought inside the gazebo. In the spring, he would watch exotic flowers and rare herbs. In the summer, he would watch the cliff-side springs and waterfalls. In autumn, he would watch red leaves cover the sky and in winter, he would watch an expanse of white snow. All these sceneries would be half-concealed in the mist. It was more beauty than one could take in. At night, this was the only place where there was no fog in the Medicine King's Valley. It was the best place to see the star-filled night sky.

He had long wanted to bring Yue Wuhuan to play here, but he was delayed by various things.

The weather was clear tonight and the starlight was just right. This was the best setting for a celebration.

Yue Wuhuan hesitantly followed Song Qingshi into the gazebo and sat on the long stone bench. Song Qingshi smiled and sat beside him. The two of them were close together. He felt heartbeat running faster and his thoughts getting all jumbled. As long as he had this person beside him, even the vast and mighty galaxy, even the most picturesque scenery, couldn't enter his eyes.

Song Qingshi snapped his fingers and the lit up the gazebo's lanterns, enveloping the two of them in candlelight. He told him earnestly, "I have three gifts for you."

Yue Wuhuan immediately guessed one of them and his heart was beating a little quickly.

Song Qingshi took his hand and slowly spread it open. He placed a golden star-lit stone onto his palm and then tightly grasped his hand, connecting their two palms with the stone.

Yue Wuhuan has seen countless treasures. He immediately recognized the value of this stone. Hardly able to believe it, he said, "This is…the Quintessence of All Souls?"

He finally knew where the two hundred thousand spirit stones had gone. This gift was so expensive that he doesn't know how to react…

"En, close your eyes and relax. It will only hurt a little bit." Song Qingshi asked him to take out the spirit bead. He cheerfully gave him a few instructions and then used his spiritual power to carefully interweave countless spiritual threads onto the Quintessence of All Souls. He formed a rune and then use the Quintessence of All Souls as a medium to direct these runes made of spirit threats to the depths of Yue Wuhuan's spirit, pouncing on the chains that imprisoned his soul, snapping them off one by one.

Yue Wuhuan's hands were very hot and his back was too. It was as if there was a gentle fire burning, burning bit by bit that livestock brand that had ruined his dignity. The places the fire had burned through felt refreshed and indescribably comfortable. At the moment when all the chains were cut off, the spirit bead turned into powder and he suddenly felt his soul relax. The spiritual power in his Dantian was grew frantically. It wanted to break through the bottleneck formed by his narrow meridians. It quickly made a circuit twice, steadying his breath.

He opened his eyes. He couldn't dare believe that he had just got rid of his confinement. It was like the fulfilment of a dream he had yearned for endlessly, day and night…

Song Qingshi released his hand and asked excitedly, "Did it work? Let me see, okay?!"

Yue Wuhuan gave him a profound look and slowly undid his clothes and turned around.

The enchanting mark spreading across his back had completely disappeared, leaving only a small red phoenix birthmark on the left butterfly bone. It had revealed its original appearance.

Song Qingshi poked the little phoenix and said in surprise, "Your birthmark is very cute."

“En.” Yue Wuhuan felt his ears grow a bit hot. He was afraid of being seen through by the other party. He quickly put on his clothes again, lowered his head and stopped his cheeks from turning red by using the “Emotion Locking Gu”. He tried his best to try and make himself appear acting natural. He adjusted his breathing and then stood up and bowed carefully to Song Qingshi.

He didn’t say any more words of thanks because some debts of gratitude can no longer be expressed in words and will take a lifetime to repay.

“Don’t thank me. I’m embarrassed. It’s taken me this long to fulfill my promise to you.” Song Qingshi pulled him up and said with a smile, “I still have gifts for you. You’ll like this one. ”

He took out a soul lamp from the mustard seed bag. In the faint blue flame inside the lamp, a suffering soul was ceaselessly struggling.

Yue Wuhuan took the lamp. Once he clearly saw the appearance of this soul, he opened his eyes in disbelief. “Is this Xie Que?”

Song Qingshi nodded. “I killed him and locked his soul in this lamp.”

Towards those that immortal cultivators hate deeply, they can use a soul lamp to trap their adversary’s soul after death, stopping them from being freed so easily.

Yue Wuhuan’s breathing began to race once again. “Why?”

“He’s your hatred and the source of your pain,” Song Qingshi considered his words for a long time and slowly explained, “I can be very obtuse and I can’t always understand other people’s intentions. I’m giving you this to vent your hatred. You can torment him however way you want. If there comes a day when you want to let go of your pain and hatred, just smash this lamp and I will know what you intend…”

Yue Wuhuan said dazedly, “What I intend?”

Song Qingshi smiled and said, “To break off the shackles of the past and have the best life.”

Yue Wuhuan looked longingly at his smile and tightly grasped the soul lamp in his hand. He only felt that he would never be able to let go of this hatred his entire lifetime.

Song Qingshi was embarrassed and said, “Jin Feiren should also be killed but his cultivation level is similar to mine. It is rumored that there are Fen Shen cultivators behind Golden Phoenix Manor. I’m not certain that…” He has calculated many times, but Jin Feiren was rich and powerful; everywhere he goes, he would have attendants crowding around. He had countless magical weapons on his person. Although a sneak attack using poison could be employed, the success rate was very low. He was not afraid of his own death. What he was afraid of was that the Medicine King’s Valley would fall into the hands of Golden Phoenix Villa after his death and Yue Wuhuan would be brought back to the devil’s lair.

“Don’t try to take on Jin Feiren!” Yue Wuhuan grabbed him and said anxiously, “I have seen with my own eyes. There are indeed Fen Shen cultivators in Golden Phoenix Manor and there are three of them. Jin Feiren has on him a talisman that gives him poison resistance and it can restrain you. Master killing Xie Que for me was already enough to assuage my hatred. Don’t take any risks.”

“En,” Song Qingshi casually poked the soul in the soul lamp, increasing his pain. “If you’re feeling unhappy then you can play with this and bully him. A tool to help you decompress.”

Yue Wuhuan smiled and glanced at the soul lamp. He said softly, “Okay.”

He liked this gift a lot. He will take good care of this lamp; look after it day after day so that it will not be damaged in the slightest.

Song Qingshi scratched his head, embarrassed. “The last gift is a bit simple.”

“I’m already very satisfied.” Yue Wuhuan looked at him with a smile and couldn’t think of what else he needed.

Song Qingshi carefully took out an old wooden box engraved with a bird pattern and placed it in front of him.

Yue Wuhuan was stunned. He tremblingly stretched out his hand and took the wooden box…

When he was a child, he dreamt of collecting the most beautiful gems and stones in the world.

This wooden box was made by his brother when he was six years old. It contained gems given by his parents and brother, as well as beautiful stones after he came to the immortal realm. He collected a box full of them. Afraid of being made fun of as being childish, he didn’t dare let anyone know. Later, he was sold to the Golden Phoenix Manor and he lost everything. The wooden box also disappeared. He sunk into hell every day and he had already forgotten all his likes and preferences a long time ago.

He never thought that he would ever be able to see this wooden box again in his life…

Yue Wuhuan gently stroked the clumsy carving on the wooden box and opened the lid.

The wooden box was filled with a box of gems and stones, including pearls, sapphires, rubies, diamonds… and the beautiful stones that he had picked up on the mountain or by the river. He picked up these beautiful gems one by one and placed them down one by one. Finally, he placed a white round pebbles in his hand and examined it carefully.

“I don’t have any money.” Song Qingshi was ashamed of the poverty of the Medicine King’s Valley, “I saw a lot of gems from the immortal realm in the city. They were very beautiful but they’re too expensive for me to buy… so I only bought these mortal world gems. Somehow I managed to put together a box. I will definitely give you better-looking ones in the future…”

He was feeling a little guilty. He felt that these gems were not worthy Yue Wuhuan's beauty. He should have bought flame stone or blood jade.

However, the money he had grabbed from Xie Que was used to pay the bills from Night Rain Pavilion and Heaven Craft Pavilion. He didn't have much pocket money left, so he took out all of it and still only managed to buy these…

Song Qingshi said, stumblingly, "I'm sorry, when I make money, I'll buy you better ones."

"I already have the best." Yue Wuhuan suddenly stretched out his hand, took him into his arms and hugged him tightly.

He recognized that this white pebble came from the river in Ruoxu Peak. Its surface was still slightly damp which meant that it was put in recently. Such a spotlessly white, smooth and round stone was not easy to find. There was still a little bit of mud at the corner of his Master's clothes. It must have taken him a long, long time standing in the water to find it. The "Emotion Locking Gu" wriggled and struggled around his neck, frantically absorbing his emotions. He laid a sincere kiss on Song Qingshi's forehead. In ambiguous words that the other would not be able to understand, he said words of the love he could not declare, "I want to give it to you, give it all to you…"

My first gift, I would like to give you my body…

My second gift, I would like to give you my soul…

My third gift, I would like to give you my heart…

I am yours, and will always be yours…

……

Song Qingshi counted down the time. He raised his hand and countless tongues of Red Lotus Fire bloomed in the air, layer upon layer, overlapping each other. Like brilliant fireworks, they illuminated the entire valley, as

though it constituted the most gorgeous celebration. Standing under the fireworks, he raised his head with a smile and wholeheartedly gave the most beautiful blessing.

“Wuhuan, happy birthday.”

Chapter 31: Heaven Questions Foundation Building

The first birthday celebration had been too rushed.

Song Qingshi was embarrassed. When he used to celebrate his birthday before, he used to hold a grand family party at home. Three-tier birthday cakes, chocolate desserts air transported from abroad and gifts piled up like a mountain. His older sister especially liked to give him tons of gifts every time; gifts ranging from computers and designer clothes to medical instruments. His mother held special concerts for him every year and his father liked to donate to charity in his name. His father had even donated a laboratory building to the school in his name as a birthday gift. The chef at home would make him longevity noodles, the housekeeper would give him dolls she had made herself and the servants would draw cute greeting cards for him, wishing him well. Even during the last year, when he'd been bed-ridden in the hospital, his birthday celebration was a hundred times better than Yue Wuhuan's was now.

No cakes, no food, no greeting cards, no expensive gifts…

Using the Quintessence of All Souls to remove the Acacia Seal was a matter they had already discussed early on. Xie Que's soul was ugly and disgusting. It wasn't worthy of being a gift. The wooden box was also originally Wuhuan's, he just added some gems in it. Mortal gems were not considered valuable in the immortal realm. They can only be regarded as children's toys.

Song Qingshi was feeling guiltier the more he thought about it so he hurriedly set off a few more fireworks into the sky, trying to create a more birthday party-like atmosphere. He then took out a big…shoutao from the mustard seed bag.

"They say this is what you eat for birthdays." Song Qingshi lowered his head in shame, his voice getting smaller and smaller. He went to pastry shops in several cities before he knew that there was nothing like cakes in the immortal realm and it was too late to order them. The owner of the pastry shop saw that he was a Nascent Soul cultivator and didn't dare to

refuse his unreasonable request. He recommended this birthday shoutao, saying it was for birthdays and its symbolism was similar to that of cakes.

He also hadn't found any suitable birthday candles and so he simply lit a small red lotus on it using his alchemical fire. He then handed it to Yue Wuhuan, saying, "Make a wish and then blow out the flame on it. Then your wish will come true."

Yue Wuhuan has never heard of such a custom. He smiled and accepted the shoutao. "It can really come true?"

"It can." Song Qingshi replied firmly. This was because his parents taught him to make wishes since he was a child. He has made a wish every year that he could have a healthy body. The result was a bit different from what he originally imagined but he miraculously came to this world and got a new start to life. In any case, his wish has been fulfilled.

Seeing his insistence, Yue Wuhuan closed his eyes obediently. "I hope to also celebrate my birthday with Master next year."

"Wishes mustn't be said aloud. It must be said silently in your heart," Song Qingshi realized that he had forgotten to tell him this important rule and quickly stopped him. "You can make a new one."

If you don't need to say it aloud, that makes things a lot easier…

Yue Wuhuan smiled and silently made an impossible wish. He then gently blew out the red lotus on the birthday shoutao.

Song Qingshi quickly extinguished the flame the moment it flickered.

He wanted to help Yue Wuhuan realize all of his wishes…

"This year's birthday party is too simple," Song Qingshi promised earnestly, "Next year I'll make a grander one for you. I'll study how to bake a cake. I'll make a big birthday cake with white cream and write your name with jam. I'll also buy you more beautiful gems as gifts and set off real fireworks…"

Yue Wuhuan watched him for a long time and tentatively asked, “Will you be with me every year?”

Song Qingshi didn’t hesitate. “I’ll be with you year after year!”

Yue Wuhuan has long established that Song Qingshi doesn’t like to lie. He means to keep every word he says so this promise meant that he could stay in Medicine King’s Valley forever. He could stay by his side and become his most important person step by step. Ecstasy spread in his heart, covering the dark shadows. The corners of his lips couldn’t help but curl up. He hadn’t been so happy in years.

He seemed to have returned to the happy times when he was a child and he couldn’t stop laughing.

Song Qingshi’s heart moved and he remembered what Qing Luan had said:

[Wuhuan Ge was most beautiful when he smiled. It was like rays of brilliance from the sky fell on him. He was so dazzling, no one could look away.]

Turns out to be true. He smiles so beautifully…

Even if you add up all the stars in the sky together, it couldn’t take away the slightest of his brilliance.

He couldn’t look away…

The phenethylamine in his body was increasing and he was losing the ability to think calmly, resulting in a rapid heartbeat and a bit of heat on his face. What was this? These were not feelings that a doctor should have towards a patient. Song Qingshi took a deep calming breath, trying to steady his breathing and adjust his emotions. Suddenly… he felt the Nascent Soul he had cultivated in his body suddenly move. His spiritual power began to grow chaotic and his Dantian was a little uncomfortable.

It seemed like this body had some sort of hidden disease?

Song Qingshi resisted the discomfort. He controlled his emotions and forcibly suppressed his Nascent Soul's abnormal movements, temporarily calming his breathing. He found that after the Acacia Seal was lifted, Yue Wuhuan was more mentally relaxed and the spiritual power in his meridians was flowing like crazy. There were signs that he was going to break through to Foundation Building. He quickly gave him a pill to help him meditate and adjust his breathing.

Building a foundation wasn't difficult for Yue Wuhuan.

Song Qingshi stood by, checking his body while waiting for his results.

It took him more than an hour to thoroughly check himself inside and out. After eliminating the influence of various poison, he still couldn't find the reason for Nascent Soul's abnormal movements. He was deeply troubled.

At this time, Yue Wuhuan opened his eyes. He had reached Foundation Building. The heavens and humans reacted and his heart moved. He slowly looked towards the sky and guardedly drew out his long sword.

Song Qingshi realized belatedly that something was strange. He looked up and found that the sky had changed its appearance without him noticing. The rolling black clouds had obscured the stars and a vortex of thunder and lightning was formed in the clouds. He couldn't believe his eyes. "This is…?"

To cultivate to immortality was to go against the Heavens.

The Lightning Tribulation was a test of life and death sent by the Heavens for cultivators. It was also an opportunity to stabilize your cultivation base and temper your physical body.

Song Qingshi had undergone this test when he formed him Golden Core and he gave birth to his Nascent Soul. He was no stranger to this, but… needing to pass the Lightning Tribulations during Foundation Building was unheard of in the immortal realm! Foundation Building was just the first step into the immortal gate and this was a stage that was reached by almost

all cultivators. What need was there for a Lightning Tribulation test? The Heavens must have gotten it wrong, right?!

Yue Wuhuan had never encountered such a thing the first time he built his foundation so he hadn't prepared any equipment to pass the tribulation.

The first strike of lightning fell. Its intensity was comparable to that of tests at Core Formation.

Yue Wuhuan held the sword to welcome it. The long sword pierced without hesitation and the cry of a phoenix reverberated in the air. The sword light intertwined with the lightning and unexpectedly broke up the momentum of the incoming strike. He then guided it to him own body and used his body that had just attained Foundation Building to resist its force. A thin stream of blood oozed out from the corner of his mouth. He looked at the still seething thunderclouds overhead and his eyes were filled with hatred.

These were not ordinary Tribulation Clouds. This was Heaven's malice towards him.

The second lightning strike fell and the intensity was even stronger.

Song Qingshi desperately took out all the magical pills and defensive weapons in the mustard seed bag and threw them all to Yue Wuhuan, hoping that this can hinder the lightning. The Immortal Refining Elixir can temporarily increase your cultivation base, the Heart Protection Pill can protect the heart and the Body Refining Pill can quickly repair the body… Regardless of the value, regardless of whether it was part of his collection or not, at this moment, none of that mattered…

Yue Wuhuan quickly set up a defensive array and with the help of the magic weapons, he greeted Heaven's lightning.

The third lightning strike…

The fourth lightning strike…

The fifth lightning strike…

The sixth lightning strike…

Unexpectedly, this was actually a Nine Lightning Tribulation…

As lightning struck one after another, Yue Wuhuan's long sword shattered, all the magical weapons have been destroyed and only the medicine and the formation were left to help him suffer through this ordeal. His body was already so badly injured by the lightning, but he gave a crazed smile at the Heavens. "If you want to ruin me then come on! If you want to destroy me then come! I'm right here!"

Song Qingshi's Nascent Soul began to shift frantically. The pain made him gasp but his eyes didn't dare to move even a fraction away from Yue Wuhuan.

The seventh lightning strike…

The eighth lightning strike…

All the formations have been destroyed. Yue Wuhuan fell to the ground once again, his entire body covered in blood. And yet, ever staunch, he still wanted to get up and continue to fight. However, the Tribulation Cloud in the sky became even stronger, furious lightning rolled in the clouds, converging into a Lightning Tribulation matching the ferocity of that which was for a Nascent Soul breakthrough. Yue Wuhuan finally realized that with this Lightning Tribulation, the Heavens never intended to give him even the slightest chance of survival…

He must die today.

"Why?" Yue Wuhuan looked at the lightning in the sky and muttered to himself, "In your eyes, am I not even worthy of living?"

A Foundation Building cultivation base, no matter how hard he struggled, there was no way he can resist the strongest strike of a Nascent Soul's Tribulation.

The intensity of this Lightning Tribulation has already destroyed the laws of heaven and earth. It surpassed all others of its kind before and since.

Yue Wuhuan suddenly understood everything, he smiled and asked the thundercloud in the sky.

“This Lightning Tribulation that does not hesitate to break the laws of Heaven, this is not hatred…”

“You have a reason why you must kill me during the Foundation Building period.”

“Haha, are you afraid of me?”

“……”

Heaven flew into a rage from shame and roared down furious lightning.

Yue Wuhuan used his last strength to prop up his body. He looked at the lightning with bitter resentment, waiting for the arrival of death. Looking back on his whole life, he didn’t know what he had done wrong to deserve being targeted repeatedly by Heaven. Not only did they destroy everything, but even his life would not be spared. He finally crawled out of hell and got a little bit of warmth and he was going to be deprived of it in the blink of an eye.

He was not afraid of death…

He just regrets that he can’t spend his birthday with his master next year…

Suddenly, there were two red and black flame lotus flowers blooming in the air. It was Song Qingshi who flew into the air and blocked the Ligthning Tribulation with his Life Artifact. He had long realized that there was something not right about this Lightning Tribulation. It was not that he didn’t want to make his move in advance, but if a Nascent Soul cultivator were to intervene in the Lightning Tribulation, it will make the tribulation stronger and in addition, Yue Wuhuan would lose the opportunities and

benefits brought by it. And so he could only wait painfully until the final blow, when the lightning has taken shape, to intervene.

However, he never expected that the final lightning strike would turn out to have the intensity of a Nascent Soul's Lightning Tribulation, maybe even stronger.

The two lotus flowers were torn into pieces. His magical artifacts were already used up.

He can only block this lightning with his body…

The vestment made of ice silk were set ablaze. His Nascent Soul was severely injured and he lost all sensation on the burned left half of his body. Consciousness slipping away, he fell feebly from the sky, like a very light leaf, floating into Yue Wuhuan's arms.

The laws of heaven and earth once again took shape and Tribulation Clouds unwillingly dispersed.

Yue Wuhuan desperately held the person in his arms. No! This is not the ending he wants!

The Emotion Locking Gu couldn't control the emotional collapse and his breathing began to turn disordered.

Song Qingshi realized something was wrong. He struggled, exhausting the last of his strength. He wanted to make a sound from his burnt throat, "Don't, don't be sad…"

Wuhuan, did you hear that?

Chapter 32: The Promise of his Life

For doctors, the most important thing was to remain calm, especially when faced with a patient in complex, critical and urgent condition.

The Tribulation Clouds have dissipated, countless stars once again filled the entire sky.

Saving him was a race against time. There was no time for him to agonize…

Yue Wuhuan carefully picked up Song Qingshi. He secretly rushed back to Medicine King's Valley.

He first took out the Golden Lily Heart Guard Pill from the treasure house's collection and gave it to Song Qingshi to stabilize his heart and life. Then Song Qingshi was quietly transferred to the secret room he used for closed door cultivation. This closed room was located underground below the bedroom. It was piled with some unfinished ancient books and a small abandoned medicinal spring bath. The medicinal spring has the effect of warming the body.

Song Qingshi used to take a bath here, but later he found the bath to be too small, so he rebuilt a larger bathroom outside his room. He then abandoned this place. Yue Wuhuan accidentally discovered it while helping him clean. Because he hadn't used it for hundreds of years, no one in the Medicine King's Valley knew about this secret room.

The Medicine King Xianzun's injury had implications for the safety of Medicine King's Valley as well as Song Qingshi's life. It must be kept secret.

Yue Wuhuan re-drained the medicinal spring, then took the broken clothes off Song Qingshi. He then slowly placed him in the water.

A large expanse of his thin and frail body was covered with burns. Printed against the snow-white skin, it was shocking and terrifying. His left limbs

were almost scorched by the lightning. His inner meridians were split. You could just imagine how painful it must have been during that moment when he was injured…

But, he escaped by the skin of his teeth. He never hesitated…

Before he fell into a coma, he even used all his remaining spiritual power to lock the Underworld Ghost Fire in his body, preventing the poisonous fire from spreading and burning the person beside him. Because of this, he could not automatically repair his limbs like other Nascent Soul cultivators.

Yue Wuhuan finished investigating with his mental probe. He looked at the person in the pool, his heart became even sadder. He tried to recall what he had learned in the past, tried his best to keep calm. He tried putting Spirit Rejuvenating Powder and Bone Regrowth Potion in the water, trying his best to stabilize his vitals and secure him from the verge of death…

Fortunately, he studied very earnestly and the medicine began to work.

Song Qingshi's vital signs began to stabilize. But his Life Artifact had been damaged, his Nascent Soul has been injured and there was no way to wake him up from his coma.

Yue Wuhuan has completed everything and now, he can finally be sad.

He looked at the person floating in the water and for some reason, he suddenly remembered the terrible rumors he had heard about the Medicine King Xianzun; like how the extremely powerful double flame lotuses could burn the entire mountain top, slaughtering an entire sect and wiping them out; like how he can turn any cultivator who displeased him into ashes. But the person in front of him was kind-hearted and gentle, the best in the world. But he was implicated by his fate, suffering Heaven's punishment, turning him into a porcelain doll full of cracks, so fragile that he could shatter with a touch.

He loathed this filthy world more and more. He hated the injustice of Heaven and hated his powerlessness even more. His heart was bitter and every inch of his body felt pained.

I really want to burn everything down…

His breathing was turning rapid. He was beginning to lose control of his emotions.

But he can't…

Yue Wuhuan knew that his emotions were beginning to crumble once again. He quickly suppressed his desire for destruction with the Emotion Locking Gu. He took deep breaths and tried as much as possible to think of beautiful things, according to the principles of psychotherapy that Song Qingshi taught him. He suppressed the madness and did his best to throw away all thoughts of suicide.

For some reason, the promise Song Qingshi had made suddenly appeared in his mind.

【What you had before, I will find and return to you; I will give you everything you want.】

He didn't understand before, but now he did.

It turns out that this promise also includes his life…

The more Yue Wuhuan understood, the more obsessed he became and the more deeply in love.

He was a demon who had crawled out of hell, draped in weak and harmless sheepskin. He wanted to use his contemptible emotions to demand things that he should not ask for. He wanted to use his dirty body to defile the cleanest deity in the world.

He was disgusting…

Yue Wuhuan closed his eyes. He didn't dare think about it anymore. He slowly knelt by the pool, pulled up Song Qingshi's still intact right hand in the water and pulled it to his lips, reverently laying a kiss upon it.

“Qingshi, don’t be afraid. The Medicine King’s Valley has a lot of medical books, I will do my best to learn…”

“Qingshi, don’t be afraid. I will protect the Medicine King’s Valley and prevent it from coming to any harm…”

“Qingshi, don’t be afraid. I’ll look after your little white mice…”

“Qingshi, don’t be afraid. I won’t give up my life anymore…”

Yue Wuhuan opened his eyes. His heart was crying, but he couldn’t shed tears. His body was aching, but he couldn’t feel it. Blood from his forehead rolled down his cheeks like tears, dripping onto the back of Song Qingshi’s hand, leaving ugly traces.

These red things…so dirty…

He wanted to wipe off these offensive bloodstains but he was afraid that he wouldn’t be able to lightly wipe it clean. If he applied heavy pressure, he might disturb his sleep.

He thought for a while. He lowered his head and pressed his hot lips to the cool skin. He gently licked and kissed the back of his hand. He slowly slid down and took each fingers into his mouth one by one. He then reluctantly let it go. He carefully kissed every inch of the skin on his hand. He kissed it clean, firmly locking the taste in his heart. He then stopped here. He would not go beyond this limit even by half a step.

Yue Wuhuan tightly held this hand, this most important hand in his life and made the most important promise in his life:

“Qingshi, I will heal you.”

……

Beichuan, Zhen He City, Can Tong Sect.

Zhen He City was a small remote town. Can Tong Sect was a branch sect of the Acacia Sect. The sect master, Gui Yuan’s cultivation has reached the

Nascent Soul level. He ran the brothels and gambling dens in Zhen He City. He had a loose nature and a pair of cunning fox eyes. He always had on a slight smile when dealing with people but he was actually scheming and cruel. He was an existence that no one in the city dared to provoke.

Tonight, Gui Yuan Xianzun couldn't smile anymore.

Countless terrifying Gu's covered everything around him. They covered the ground and walls, engulfing the entire Can Tong Sect, killing all the people they encountered.

An Long was seated on a wooden armchair. His lips were pressed tightly. An ominous glint shone in his long, narrow eyes. While playing with a wine glass in his hand, he looked at the scenery in front of him with keen interest. Kneeling beside him was a male pet who climbed down from Gui Yuan Xianzun's bed. His clothes were disheveled and his legs trembled. He was attentively pouring wine for An Long and he didn't even dare to look at his former master.

Gui Yuan Xianzun had long been trapped in a pile of Gu's. He was paralyzed all over, unable to move.

His eyes filled with blood. He wanted to ask why the other party wanted to kill him but a horrible centipede crawled out of his mouth. His tongue was swollen and he couldn't say anything. He could only issue out a 'wu-wu' whine.

An Long saw through his thoughts and smiled. "Do you want to know why I killed you?"

Gui Yuan Xianzun nodded desperately and whinnied.

"That day, did you see what I did on the mountain?" An Long's smile was terrifying like a devil's. It was like he was speaking of a matter that was of no significance. "Although there was no grievance or enmity between us and this matter is no longer important now, but… who allowed you to see me lose face?"

All this just because he had lost face? He annihilated his Can Tong Sect just because of this?

Gui Yuan Xianzun's eyes nearly gushed blood. He had thought about all sorts of reasons why the Western Forest's Gu King would come to kill him but he never would have thought the other would pit him into a deathtrap over this small matter! He never even took the matter seriously!

The Western Forest's Gu King, this diabolical wolf, was devoid of normal human emotions. His behavior cannot be inferred by common sense.

He grew up amidst slaughter and lived to eat people.

An Long drank his glass of wine and waved his hand, unamused. The Gu quickly bit Gui Yuan Xianzun's neck. They then rushed up and submerged the corpse.

The little male pet shuddered and filled with trepidation, filled his glass once again. Remembering the rumors that the Gu King was fond of beauties, he tried to cast seductive looks at him. But he was too scared. No matter how the looks were thrown, they looked more like his eyes were cramping up.

An Long was amused and seeing that he had yet to drink the wine pot empty, was reluctant to leave. So, he grinned, showing his canine teeth. Making idle chatter, he said, "Beauty, what is your name?"

The little male pet forced himself to smile and said, "Si Yao."

"Oh? That's a good name," An Long's interest was piqued. He glanced at Si Yao's white hands and asked with interest, "How are you related to medicine?"

Si Yao cautiously replied, "My father is a renowned pharmacist."

An Long asked another question. "Don't you want to avenge your old lover?"

Si Yao smiled without even turning his head back, “Xianzun jests. How can that person be considered my lover?”

An Long continued to tease him, “When I came here, I saw you on the bed, shouting out ‘darling’ and ‘baby’. How can that not be considered your lover?”

“This slave belong to South Wind Pavilion,” Si Yao tried his best to calm his mind. Unable to figure out what the person in front of him wanted to hear, he hardened his heart and said frankly, “This slave is but a hireling who’s selling his body. Whoever gives me the money, is this slave’s baby and darling.”

An Long was startled. He laughed loudly, and shouted. “Good, good, good!”

Si Yao continued to fawn over him. “Zunzhu is such a valiant warrior. Zunzhu wouldn’t need to give this slave money for me to treat zunzhu as my darling.”

An Long glanced at the white unlined garment on his frail body. He looked at his delicate face. He casually pulled a strand of long hair and gently twirled it around his finger. As if thinking of something, after a long time, he whispered, “If only he could think the way you do, call me darling so long as I give him money, how good would that be? After all, money is the one thing I have plenty of…”

Si Yao didn’t understand what he meant, so he didn’t dare talk casually.

An Long pulled his hair violently and asked, “Do you think there are many Daoist Companions in this world who do not love each other?”

Si Yao said, enduring the pain, “Plenty.”

An Long asked hesitantly, “Then how did these Daoist companion come to be?”

Si Yao said without hesitation, “For the other party’s money, power, strength or beauty.”

“Well said! I like it like this!” An Long was very pleased. Satisfied, he let go of his long hair and said happily, “Daoist companions, what need is there for emotions for this trifling thing? As long as I can get him to pursue my money and my power, to pursue my strength, pursue my handsomeness, to pursue my goodwill towards him then that will do…”

Si Yao was stunned when he heard it. “Who in the world would not fall in love if given his kind of sincere treatment from Xianzun?”

“He can’t love,” An Long drank the last drop of wine from the pot and finally got a little drunk. He slowly got up and pressed Si Yao’s forehead with a finger. He stared blankly at the similar white and frail figure. There was a trace of despair in his eyes. After a moment, he couldn’t help laughing heartily. Mocking himself, he said, “That person… cultivates the Way of the Heartless…”

Five hundred years ago, he found out that he was laboring under a delusion.

The Heartless Way. Followers of the Way of the Heartless will never let themselves be moved by emotions, will never let themselves fall in love. Once they do, their cultivation will be ruined.

Therefore, he will never get the affection he wants.

Therefore, he will never be able to get that heart.

……

An Long used the Emotion Locking Gu to suppress his almost out of control greed and evil thoughts.

A tiny Gu appeared on his fingertip and it penetrated into Si Yao’s forehead like a pinprick of light. “Because of your name and because your answer pleased me…”

The Gu ate away his memory and Si Yao slowly toppled over.

An Long strode out of the main entrance. The Gu tide slowly receded, and a blood-covered white snake slithered over the corpses on the ground. It crawled up his arms and shoulders contentedly. It wound around him with disdain and then turned its head to ignore him. An Long patted the snake's head and coaxed,

"Alright, alright. I'll write to Xiao Qingshi. Please don't be angry."

"What interesting things should I send him this time?"

"I heard that the Yunling Secret Realm will soon open. There are some interesting medicinal materials in it. How about we grab them and give them to Qingshi?"

Chapter 33: A Ten Year Dream

Song Qingshi was wearing T-shirt and jeans, walking on an endless sea of clouds. He looked around everywhere. He knew that he was looking for something, but he couldn't remember what it looked like. He only remembered the most dazzling glow in the sky.

He kept walking forward, kept searching; even if this path of clouds had no end, even if he fell down countless times from exhaustion, his body so tired that he could hardly move, only able to move forward by crawling, he was still unwilling to stop his searching footsteps…

Atop the path of clouds, another him appeared. He was wearing layer upon layer of snow-white vestments, his long fine hair falling to the ground. It was the same face, the same cold aura. His eyes could comprehend any profound books but he could not understand any emotion.

Because his heart was empty; there was nothing.

Song Qingshi suddenly understood something. He slowly stepped forward, took out his heart and put it in little by little.

At the moment when the heart and the body merged, the two souls broke apart into countless specks of light. They re-intertwined and mended each other's deficiencies. From then on, the heart found the place where it should be and the body found its missing emotions. The separated jigsaw puzzle was recombined and became a blank picture scroll, waiting for colors to be added.

A strange string of words came out from the depths of the sea of clouds; repeatedly, beating in the depths of his soul like a drum.

"One thousand three hundred and forty-nine…"

"One thousand three hundred and forty-nine…"

"……"

Song Qingshi suddenly opened his eyes and found that he was in the water. He tried to get up but the left side of his body refused to obey. He accidentally choked on his saliva in his struggle. Someone beside him quickly got up, stretched out his hand to steadily supported his lower back. He was scooped out of the water and dripping wet, was taken into someone's arms.

The warmth of those hands was hotter than ordinary people's. It had the roughness of calluses, rubbing against his delicate skin, it brought with it bursts of softness.

The person's breathing sounded a bit heavy, like an imminent storm over the sea, seabirds flapping their wings, bringing with it constrained breathing.

Those eyes in the dark stared at him like those of a predator's, reunited with a long-lost prey. It was filled with greedy desire, becoming more and more dangerous.

Song Qingshi was groggy and he burrowed into this dangerous embrace. He couldn't tell where he was or what day it was. After a long time, he slowly came to his senses and realized that something was not right.

Immediately afterwards, the feeling of danger instantly disappeared. The luminous beads lighted up one by one, breaking through the darkness, illuminating Yue Wuhuan's handsome face. Under the light of the luminous beads, his dark golden phoenix eyes had turned into and unclear, dark and gloomy black. That alluring glamorous tear-shaped mole below his left eye was still there. It was obviously still the same gentle appearance but there were some subtle indescribable changes that made his appearance even more magnificent.

Is it a problem with the light? Why does he feel like Wuhuan has changed his personality?

Song Qingshi realized that he was not wearing any clothes and the water on his body had gotten Yue Wuhuan wet. He embarrassedly raised his head, wanting to change into his clothes but then found something even more

terrible. He said, voice hoarse, “Wu-Wuhuan, ho-how did I become shorter?!”

His juvenile frame has always been a sensitive topic for him. So he usually wore loose robes and garments to cover it up. He managed to barely avoid losing face by relying on his height. He remembered that he was about the same height as Yue Wuhuan before being struck by the Tribulation Lightning. Now after he woke up, Yue Wuhuan was half a head taller than him… do-don’t tell me, was a shrinkage in height a side effect of failing the Tribulation?

Song Qingshi’s heart broke. He was too ashamed to face anyone.

Seeing his absolutely wretched appearance, Yue Wuhuan wanted to laugh, but retrained himself. Finally, the corner of his lips twitching, he said helplessly, “Master, you have been sleeping for ten years…”

Song Qingshi was given a dreadful fright. Stutteringly, he asked, “Ten years? Then, m- my…”

Yue Wuhuan affirmed, “Your little white mice are fine. I raised them well and bred a lot of them.”

Song Qingshi finally recovered from his panicked daze. He re-examined his surroundings and found that it was familiar. This was the secret room under his bedroom; only that it had been rearranged. There were a few trunks and a simple table. There were pens and inks on top of the table. To the side were seven or eight neatly stacked mountain of books.

He moved his body a little and his toes bumped against a wet bamboo pillow. It seemed that this was where Yue Wuhuan had been sleeping these past years.

How can a place like this possibly be suitable as a bedroom? How was this suitable as a study?

Song Qingshi couldn’t help but ask, “Have you been resting well these past years?”

Yue Wuhuan smiled and said, “Don’t worry, I don’t actually sleep here much.”

Because these past years, he hardly ever slept. He had been getting his rest whenever he passed out.

Song Qingshi stared at him for a long time but saw no trace of lying on his face. The bedding next to him showed no traces of having been moved. He felt that there was something suspicious about this whole matter but he couldn’t think of what. He had no choice but to set it aside for now.

He quickly checked his body and found that the burned body on the left had already recovered to how it was before. Only that when he was in a coma, he mobilized all his spiritual power to suppress the fires in his body and so the newly grown meridians had not been used. They were jerky and dry; a little painful as well. His fingers were a bit numb. He needed some time for rehabilitation. His throat too was a little stiff from not having spoken for a long time. But overall, there weren’t any major problems.

Song Qingshi thought back to the time of the Heavenly Tribulation. Not quite daring to believe it, he concluded, “You healed me?”

The wounds from the Heavenly Tribulation had been very severe. The injuries had been complicated. Being able to come out of that alive was already extremely lucky. These had definitely been complicated injuries that a person who has just began studying medicine wouldn’t have been able to handle. His only hope had been that his injuries weren’t as serious as he thought and Yue Wuhuan could rely on the medicines in the treasure house to take his life back from the brink. After waking, he would have handled it slowly. He never expected that Yue Wuhuan could heal him so well…

“I have failed many times,” Yue Wuhuan explained as he stretched out a few fiery red vines on the ground behind him, dexterously opened the suitcase and took out a set of brand-new clothes. He sent it over, and said lightly, “I exhausted all the books in the library and tried a variety of treatment methods. Finally two years ago, I refined the Muscle Regeneration pill, which I turned into a spiritual liquid and matched with the Blood Flower powder. This managed to repair your physical body. But

Master, you still wouldn't wake up… I have been studying for a long time, and recently discovered that there was a point in Master's soul that would not fuse together. So I used the Soul Harmony Pill and guided it using the golden needles to fuse the scattered souls. Then, you finally woke up…"

"Thank you," Song Qingshi was used to refining medicine. He knew how much effort it must have taken to make these seemingly, based on their names, simple medicine. He was searching for words to praise the intelligence of his family's little angel when he suddenly noticed the vines next to him. He stared at them in disbelief. "Blood King Vine?"

The Blood King Vine grew in lands of extreme heat. It was a rare fire-attribute plant. It possessed a portion of intelligence. After it grows up, it could occupy an entire mountaintop, devouring all the creatures on it, sucking their blood, burning and devouring their souls. All life within a hundred miles of it would wither and die until it was annihilated.

Because of its overbearing way of survival, it had already gone extinct in the distant past. Occasionally, magical implements using the Blood King Vines could be seen being sold in the market. But these were dead remnants and their effect wasn't very potent.

"It won't hurt Master." Yue Wuhuan controlled the Blood King Vine to drape the coat on Song Qingshi's shoulders. He then bent down, fastened his belt for him and explained, "I accidentally obtained this in the secret realm. This Blood King Vine is a seedling. It had lost its body ten thousand years ago and in its soul state, it was sealed within a barrier. It wanted to be close to me and so I decided to try to refine it into my soul to let it become a part of my body. I never expected I would actually succeed."

There are many methods to refine the Blood King Vine in ancient books and there had been a lot of attempts. But there had only been one successful case, an unknown ancient Shenjun. Yue Wuhuan is not a reckless person. Although he has been tempered by the rank-skipping Lightning Tribulation, his physique now much stronger than that of ordinary Foundation Building cultivators, this matter was still extremely risky, even Nascent Soul cultivators wouldn't dare try it, unless… There had been no other choice.

Song Qingshi felt that he had a stomach full of things he wanted to ask, but he didn't know how to voice them out. He also knew that he wouldn't get a real answer.

Too much has happened in ten years.

He decided that he'll investigate these slowly after he manages to go out.

As soon as Song Qingshi took a step, his body lost its balance. The left half of his body went soft, unable to exert any force. His whole body fell forward and he was firmly held in Yue Wuhuan's arms once again.

Although he knew that this situation was temporary, it cast a strong mental shadow over him. It was as though he had returned to the days when he was gradually losing his body. He wasn't afraid of any physical pain but was extremely afraid of this kind of numbness in his limbs.

He was terrified but he didn't dare say it. Yue Wuhuan has done so much for him. He can't trouble him any longer with this little psychological problem. He also didn't not want him to worry about it anymore. But for some reason, he couldn't let go of his tight grip on Yue Wuhuan's robe. The tenser his body became, the more rigid it became; and the more rigid it became, the more afraid he was. Muscles that hadn't been nourished by spiritual power for several years gradually fell into convulsions.

Yue Wuhuan realized that there was something wrong with him. He quickly carried him in his arms and walked out of the secret room.

The layout of the bedroom was exactly the same as it was in the past. The beddings had been regularly changed and washed with the familiar herbal aroma.

Yue Wuhuan placed him down with the greatest of care. He had the vine fetch a jade hairpin from the dressing table. He carefully massage the meridians and acupuncture points in his instep. He said, comfortingly, "It's alright. Take deep breaths. Relax… You haven't moved for a long time. This situation is normal and you'll be better soon. I will massage your

hands and feet several times a day. After half a month at most, you'll be able to move about freely."

"En." Song Qingshi felt embarrassed. Even his ears were red. He wanted to make like an ostrich and bury himself under the quilts.

Yue Wuhuan laughed and said, "A healer doesn't heal oneself. Master needn't… worry."

Did he mean to say 'shy'? Song Qingshi's ears became even redder. Stumblingly, he argued, "I've always been the one to heal myself when I get injured." The he in this realm had almost no friends. Even when he's injured, he can only rely on himself. He was used to handling everything himself. "Really, when my hand was ripped off in a secret realm, I sewed it back on by myself when I came back. I'm not afraid of pain at all!"

This situation was just unexpected. He was usually very capable of fighting, full of manly spirit! Although he might not be able to keep from shedding tears if it's too painful, he was sure that he would deal with everything first before crying…

Yue Wuhuan's massage stopped for a moment. He raised his eyes and said seriously, "With me, you won't be dealing with it by yourself in the future."

Song Qingshi thought for a long time and nodded embarrassedly, "Okay."

Yue Wuhuan didn't speak any more and concentrated on getting his muscles to relax. A cool breeze blew from outside the window, sending in the faint fragrance of flowers. The world seemed to have lost its voice; it was so quiet that only their breathing could be heard. Song Qingshi looked at the person in front of him. Suddenly, he realized what about him felt different. His temperament had changed.

The original Yue Wuhuan was like an extravagant and gorgeous flower with some thorns to prick your hand. But the Yue Wuhuan now has become a bare-edged sword, his features were filled with dashing spirit that could cleave through any obstacles…

Once he relaxed, the spasms gradually disappeared. Song Qingshi moved his fingers. After making sure that he could still move, he tried not to think about it and leave it to practice later.

He looked at Yue Wuhuan's now even more beautiful face and suddenly remembered something very important. "How did you manage outside these past years? Did you use a disguise? I don't mean anything by it, just that… There are many bad people in the immortal realm. Even I've been the victim of several attempted abductions by those who misjudged me to be easy to bully…"

This kind of thing has happened many times. Every time he went out, there were people who tried to knock him out with drugs or cheat him into being abducted.

He cleaned up these bastards in a brutal way and the situation got a lot better after his notoriety spread.

"Master encounters these kind of things because he has a single water-type spiritual root." During the diagnosis and treatment, Yue Wuhuan discovered that although there were two types of fires hidden in Song Qingshi's body, his spiritual root was actually the opposite water-type spiritual root. He suppressed the flames by cold force and combined with his poison abilities, it turned into a truly physique.

However, in the eyes of ordinary cultivators, those with a single water-type spiritual root were the type with very poor combat ability. Very few were strong ones. Their most common function was for double cultivation or they were refined into the best cultivation furnaces.

Had Song Qingshi not been strong enough, with a very special physique that made others unable to control him, what would have awaited him would have been similar to what Yue Wuhuan had gone through, a hell where one was better off dead.

Just thinking of the filthy thoughts those evil cultivators would have directed to Song Qingshi's body, Yue Wuhuan was so disgusted that he wanted to go out and kill someone. He warned, "In the future, Master must

never let anyone know your spiritual root. Moreover, you mustn't believe in other people's sweet talk. Don't just carelessly agree to become someone's Daoist companion or engage in double cultivation…"

Song Qingshi earnestly agreed. But he didn't understand what spiritual roots had to do with Daoist companions. In any case, he hadn't met a suitor in more than a thousand years, so it shouldn't be a big problem.

When he was attending school, his seniors teased him, saying that a medical dog like him who only knew how to read books, answer problems and do experiments could never find a girlfriend, even if he weren't sick.

At the time, he had been a bit dejected. If… If he found someone he liked, he would definitely be better at licking their shoes than his senior brothers! Preparing hot water, buying breakfast and even handing over his debit card would all have been easy!

Yue Wuhuan knew that he rarely went out and didn't understand these kinds of malice. He also didn't want to dirty his heart. He'll wait until later to educate him on these things. He began to answer the previous question, "I practiced the Cold Jade technique and Poison Control Method given to me by Master. I used my spiritual power to seal the toxins in my body."

He circulated the poisons in his body and countless multi-colored and terrifying patterns appeared on the upper half of his face. It scattered in disarray all over his forehead, around his eyes, the bridge of his nose and his cheeks. It also covered the dazzling tear-shaped mole, destroying all the beauty. The lower half of his face retained its original appearance, creating a contrast that made the entire display more tragic and hideous…

Song Qingshi was shocked. "Devil Mask Snake Venom?"

"En, the way Master suppressed the flames served as inspiration." Yue Wuhuan smiled happily, "I extracted and purified the Devil Mask Snake Venom, added some other drugs and had it appear on my face. This way, whenever I went out to deal with things, although it gives others a fright, it can get rid of all the troubles. Once news of Wuhuan Gongzi's disfigurement spread, it became much safer for me."

Song Qingshi couldn't help reaching out and touching it. The skin was still very smooth and the feel was no different from the original.

Yue Wuhuan let the toxins continue to spread. He smiled, "If anyone suspects and starts to get any ideas, I just let go of the spiritual confinement on the toxins and the Demon Mask Snake venom will spread all over my body, making him lose all interest."

Song Qingshi looked at the pattern on his body and felt a little distressed. However, he had to admit that it was a better method than using a disguise.

This venom in his body can put an end to all evil thoughts. Moreover, beautiful things, once completely destroyed, would arouse pity in others. At least, they will no longer be interested in thinking of all those unbearable sceneries in front of him nor will they use his past to humiliate him. However, such a face would be met with fear, disgust and contempt. This was not the kind of malice that ordinary people could bear…

"I don't care about this face. Without this face, people can see my other strengths. And it's not completely destroyed since I was afraid Master would be sad." Yue Wuhuan understood his intentions and removed the toxins, revealing his beautiful face once again, his phoenix eyes filled with doting tenderness, "If Master likes this face of mine, I will only show it to you from now on, okay?"

The red vines twined around Song Qingshi's feet. It swayed to and fro, acting like a spoiled child.

"Okay," Song Qingshi understood and immediately praised, "Wuhuan looks the best!"

Yue Wuhuan laughed, exceedingly happy.

He got up, took off his clothes that got wet from the water droplets and put on a red slim-fitting brocade robe. A thin golden rope was strapped around his waist. He practiced swordsmanship all the year round and his posture was as tall and straight as poplar; gone was his weak and delicate appearance of before.

The vine brought over a brocade box. Inside the brocade box was a golden mask. The mask was exquisitely crafted with asymmetrical wings spread out on both sides. A woven red ribbon was hung from the left side and the ribbon was tied with three bright and vibrantly colored little gems.

He casually gathered his hair behind his head, leaving only a few slightly wavy bangs. He then put on a mask to cover all the places where the Devil Mask Snake Venom had spread. With his voluptuous lips and light honey-colored chin, it actually created an ostentatiously domineering and aggressive beauty that made people unable to look away.

Song Qingshi once again sincerely praised, “This mask is really beautiful.”

The corners of Wuhuan’s mouth rose slightly. He was extremely delighted. “Master is already awake. I can’t make you lose face when I go out.”

He had deliberately controlled the venom to cover only half of his face in consideration for when Song Qingshi woke up. Just like how a male bird must spread its beautiful wings to win the favor of the bird in his heart, he also didn’t want the person he likes to see him looking ugly. He wanted him to see only his good-looking side.

Song Qingshi saw that he had carefully thought of everything and was completely relieved. He turned to other questions of concern, “Is everything alright in the Medicine King’s Valley? There’s nothing wrong?”

“Nothing much, only there’s something that’s a bit troublesome.” Yue Wuhuan waved his hand and the red vine once again took a thick stack of letters and handed them to Song Qingshi. “An Long wrote to you. You should read them. ”

Song Qingshi flipped through the letters. At first, An Long would send a letter once every two or three months. They were all ordinary greeting letters. They sent all kinds of gifts with the occasional amusing anecdotes. After five years, they were replaced by questions as to why he hadn’t replied. The number of letters also increased. He seemed to have guessed that something had happened to Song Qingshi. He questioned Yue Wuhuan

harshly. The contents of the letter for the last six months became threats on Yue Wuhuan's person, saying that he was going to slaughter him.

Yue Wuhuan said helplessly, "At first he thought you were angry or that you had gone into closed door cultivation refining medicine. He wasn't at all suspicious. Later, I began to collect medicines and movements to reorganize the Medicine King's Valley became somewhat big. He became suspicious and kept questioning me. I was forced to reply, to stall and delay him. In the end… he found clues from the types of medicines I bought and he investigated the Heavenly Tribulation at the Medicine King's Valley. Knowing that I've assumed control of the Medicine King's Valley, he thought that you were seriously injured or that your body perished and that I took the chance to seize control…this matter can't go on any longer. Fortunately, Master has woken up and can personally send a reply to explain."

Song Qingshi became more speechless as he looked. "Is this guy still trying to break through?"

Yue Wuhuan said, "He made a charge twice already. The poison formation and the maze formation in the west has been destroyed. Even though I have repaired and strengthened the formation, the Gu King's cultivation is formidable and his methods, strange. If he charges again, I'm afraid the array won't be able to hold on…"

Establishing a formation required a lot of spirit stones, all of which were demolished by this Alaskan Malamute…

Song Qingshi's mouth twitched from heartache. However, the matter of his injury had to be concealed. He couldn't blame Yue Wuhuan for resolutely withholding the truth. Because the truth had been concealed, An Long thought he had met with an accident and did this stupid act of demolishing his house. And so, he also couldn't blame An Long…Who was to blame then? He could only blame himself for losing consciousness too quickly; he didn't have time to hand anything over.

Fortunately, his right hand could still move. He'll have to hurry up and write an explanation…

The Medicine King’s Valley had limited resources and couldn’t stand being damaged again.

Chapter 34: The Way of the Heartless

Song Qingshi held a writing brush and thought for a long time how he was going to write this letter.

He was a pure man of science. If this were a scientific paper, experimental data or an academic debate, even tens of thousands of words was no problem. But personal letters that need him to express his feelings came out dull and dry, similar to work emails or official reports.

The letters he usually wrote to An Long were mainly research reports and experimental results…

Now, he racked his brains and finally wrote ‘An Long, my old friend’ at the beginning of the letter. Afterwards, below that, he concealed the incident regarding Yue Wuhuan receiving a Heavenly Tribulation and instead said that he had encountered a mishap and suffered serious injuries during a Lightning Tribulation. Yue Wuhuan was left with no choice but to hide the matter. He wrote about how Yue Wuhuan had rushed about to save his life in a simple and straightforward manner. He wrote the sentence ‘I owe him my life’ in big bold letters, lest someone pretend to be blind and not see it. Finally, he thanked him for his concern regarding his well-being and to please stop tearing down his poison array and to properly go through the front door instead.

After Song Qingshi finished writing, he checked it over several times. He then asked Yue Wuhuan to help him see if there was anything that needed to be added. After confirming that there were no mistakes, he placed it in an envelope. He still got chest pains thinking about the piles of spiritual stones that had been demolished. Knowing that An Long wouldn’t understand, he drew an Alaskan Malamute head next to An Long’s name on the envelope to vent his anger.

Yue Wuhuan looked at the dog’s head and said with a smile, “Master and An Xianzun have a very good relationship.”

He has long discovered that Song Qingshi and An Long's interactions were different from that of other people's. Although they would quarrel and fight, their bond was much deeper than he imagined.

Once An Long noticed that something must have happened to Song Qingshi, he launched crazed attacks against the Medicine King's Valley. Yue Wuhuan used the formations and the terrain to set up traps, barely managing to withstand his charge. Song Qingshi himself didn't realize that even through their most terrible fights, all he did was fight with An Long and then give him a nickname. Through everything, they had never had a falling out.

This was truly an unpleasant discovery…

Yue Wuhuan smiled and said, "Are you very good friends?"

"I don't know either." Song Qingshi's and the original body's memories have been completely fused together and returned to where it belonged. He gave it some serious thought, but couldn't find anything that could be used as reference in this regard. Seeing that Yue Wuhuan seemed very curious about this matter, he explained in detail. "I was born with two kinds of spiritual fires and before I reached Foundation Building I would lose control from time to time. Especially the Underworld Ghost Fire, which can easily hurt people…"

When he was young, he was adopted by a kind old pharmacist. The two lived deep in the mountains, far away from any sign of other humans, to grow medicinal herbs. Later, when the old pharmacist died, he read by himself and cultivated by himself. After he successfully reached Foundation Building, he learned to control the spiritual fires in his body and he had also already finished reading all the books at home.

He plucked up his courage and went down the mountain to make his way in the world, wanting to see what the world described in his books looked like.

At that time, he wasn't good-looking. He looked emaciated and a little like he was wasting away. There was no meat on his face but his eyes were very big. His hair was messy like withered grass. His words failed to convey his

intentions and his whole person looked strange. And so no one wanted to get close to him.

He received a lot of disgusted looks. He had then grown used to not actively talking to others lest he make a nuisance of himself…

Later, he got the Medicine King's inheritance and he cultivated to Core Formation. He grew his body and his appearance no longer looked that ugly. With his first-rate medical skills, gradually, some people were willing to brave the awkwardness to strike up conversation with him. However, he had no idea what other people said about beautiful people, scenery or things. Others also couldn't understand the things about pharmacology, toxicology and medicine that he spouted…

There was no point in people who follow different ways to take counsel together. There was also no need to force others to accommodate him.

He was also quite happy to stay immersed in the sea of knowledge by himself.

"Everyone thinks I'm a weird person." Song Qingshi said embarrassedly. "An Long is also a weird person. He likes to play with bugs and always carries all kinds of Gu's on his person. Although I think bugs are very interesting, others seem to be afraid of them and never interact with him. When we met, we were in a secret realm. He wanted to scare me with a bug. I found that the bug was very special and had medical value. I asked curiously and we discussed about our fields of expertise. In the end, he pestered me to let him come to the Medicine King's Valley as a guest. I agreed…"

Yue Wuhuan looked very interested and listened very attentively.

Song Qingshi thought of what happened back then and found it particularly funny. "I hadn't been in contact with people for a long time and my impediment was quite severe. I could get by when discussing poisons and pharmacology but when talking about other things, I could never convey my ideas. I could hardly communicate with people normally… But An Long's very smart and he's always understood what I'm thinking. Later,

after the two of us got better acquainted, he began to change his tricks to annoy me. He would pretend to act dumb when doing something to force me to speak and scold him… My highest record for scolding him is a full hour nonstop. Now I'm a lot better at talking and I don't speak so incoherently anymore. I kind of suspect that he did it on purpose but he won't admit it. Maybe I'm just thinking too much…"

Yue Wuhuan said, full of interest, "An Xianzun is truly a clever person."

"En. He often finds rare medicinal ingredients and news from various places. He would then take me to collect them. He's also thought me a lot of skills to distinguish malice and ways to scare the enemy away." Song Qingshi said up to here. Afraid that Yue Wuhuan would misunderstand and think that he's unilaterally taking advantage of An Long, he explained, "I've also found a lot of strange Gu's and materials suitable for raising Gu to give to him. I taught him a lot about medicine and refined all kinds of medicine for him. I've also helped him out when he ran into difficulties."

Yue Wuhuan smiled said, "En, Master is the best." So much so that it made people want to swallow you whole.

"I didn't have any other friend before and I didn't quite understand how other people got along with their friends." Song Qingshi blushed at his praise and concluded, "Everyone says that An Long and I are a pair of eccentrics. I guess that counts are being good friends, right?"

So, no matter how angry he made him, the thought of burning this Alaskan Malamute to death never crossed him mind. He would even heal him if he struck too hard.

Yue Wuhuan caught the important point. "Before?"

Song Qingshi said happily, "Now, I also have Wuhuan."

He likes Yue Wuhuan the most. He's beautiful and smart, gentle and considerate, kind and well-behaved. He understands everything he says. He doesn't get angry with him for no reason and doesn't provoke him into anger either. Everything about him is great.

The curvature of Wuhuan's mouth became even more charming. "Are we good friends?"

Song Qingshi suddenly realized that he had made a one-sided decision and that he hadn't asked the other party for his opinion. This was no good. He asked cautiously, "Is that alright?"

"Of course, it is." Yue Wuhuan's vine wrapped around his foot once again and pulled gently. The eyes under the mask looked intently at the person in front of him. There was an indescribable ambiguity in his voice, "My feelings for you are the same as his…"

The way Yue Wuhuan looked at him made his heart run two beats too fast. He felt that there was something a bit wrong with his Nascent Soul so he hurriedly quietly recited his pathology lessons a few times. He controlled his emotions and suppressed his heart's abnormal movements.

When he woke up this time, he found that the problem with his Nascent Soul was a bit serious. His original cultivation base had been nearing Great Perfection but now it had taken quite a tumble. Now only was he unable to improve but it also felt like his cultivation was gradually weakening. After he had ruled out all other explanations, it seemed that something had gone wrong with the heart of his Dao?

His body in this world has no heart and so he chose the Way of the Heartless — to be unmoved by desire, to be unperturbed by emotions.

Ever since he cultivated the Way of the Heartless, he wouldn't panic even if he failed a hundred eighty times in his research.

He also wondered if he was being moved by Yue Wuhuan. But a man's love and desire went hand in hand. He was quite sure that he did not desire Yue Wuhuan in that way. He didn't dare have those kind of thoughts for fear of creating a psychological shadow for the other .

The result of his rational analysis was that perhaps the great joys and sorrows he had experienced after knowing Yue Wuhuan, had made him emotionally unstable, which affected his Dao Heart?

Song Qingshi thought for a while and used the Cold Jade Technique and separated part of his spiritual power from the Underworld Ghost Fire to protect the Nascent Soul and control its deterioration. As long as he didn't use too much of spiritual power in the future, leading to an exhaustion of his Dantian, for the time being, his cultivation base will not collapse due to his emotional fluctuations and other matters. He can solve this problem slowly. Nascent Soul cultivators have long life spans. He had many days ahead of him and when it came to patience, he was one of the best in the immortal realm.

Yue Wuhuan saw that he had suddenly fallen silent and he asked anxiously, "Master, do you feel any discomfort?"

Song Qingshi smiled and shook his head. He raised his hand and summoned a messenger bird to send the letter to An Long.

The messenger bird flapped its wings and flew to the sky.

Song Qingshi looked at the bird and suddenly remembered that he hadn't made arrangements for the group of children he had saved from Xie Que…

Yue Wuhuan heard him mention the matter and smiled. "They were so scared by the matter of cultivation furnaces and they also learned that it's difficult for mortals to walk the path of cultivation. Most of them chose to go home. So long as they no longer act so foolish, relying on the immortal pills and the few magic skills they have, they can have a good life in the mortal world. All that remain are six who are either homeless or unwilling to go back. I decided to have them stay. In addition to some carefully selected valley servants who are a bit smart or talented, around 30 or so people, they are studying medicine and pharmacology in the valley. Among them there are quite a few good seedlings who can become Master's lab assistants."

Song Qingshi was overjoyed. He wasn't good at teaching people. Most of the things in the laboratory had to be done by himself, which wasted a lot of time. Later, he had Yue Wuhuan to help him and he realized the importance of assistants. He had long wanted to open a school and train a few clever assistants but he hadn't gotten to it yet when he fell into a coma.

Yue Wuhuan had very good judgement. If he said they were very good seedlings, then they were certainly better than ones he would have picked.

Song Qingshi enthusiastically forgot all about An Long's matter and wanted to go visit the school.

Yue Wuhuan took out a custom-made robe according to Song Qingshi's original style and then draped a beautiful white fox fur robe on his shoulders. "Master, it's spring now. It's cold outside."

Song Qingshi squeezed the coat's soft fur. He examined the fire resistance array on the fox fur robe and liked it very much. Although he wasn't afraid of the cold, he liked to be near warm things. He didn't know how the little angel discovered this secret.

The alchemical fire appeared in mid-air and formed into a red lotus.

Song Qingshi stepped on the red lotus. Accompanied by Yue Wuhuan, they slowly flew out of the sleeping quarters.

Before his eyes appeared a scene that he had never seen before. The original yard with its carelessly planted sparse trees was replaced by a colorful flower garden. Wisteria hung down, the peonies were enchanting; the tree peonies were poised and graceful. There were peach blossoms, pear blossoms, apricot blossoms…

Almost all the most beautiful flowers of spring were gathered together. The colors were spread out in picturesque disorder, forming a perfect picture.

The pond which previously housed only a few koi, now had white cranes and mandarin ducks, nuzzling together on the shore, singing and chirping…

Song Qingshi turned his head in shock and looked at the plaque at the summit of Fuling Palace, confirming that it was indeed his sleeping quarters.

Yue Wuhuan explained, "Because many parts of the Medicine King's Valley needed repairs and the increase in personnel also required new courtyards, I

made my own proposal and redesigned the scenery. If the Lord doesn't like it…we can also restore it to the original…"

"I like it," Song Qingshi replied quickly, complimenting him heartily, "It's so beautiful!"

The Medicine King's Valley was originally stationed in a demonic sect. Song Qingshi found out that these evil cultivators used virgin men and women to refine medicine. With a simple move of his hand, he exterminated this disgusting sect. Then he found that the terrain here was particularly good, suitable for growing medicinal herbs. It had pill furnaces and everything else that he needed. And so he settled here and slowly rebuilt it into its current appearance.

Most of the houses and buildings were left behind by the evil sect. Later, the additional infrastructures were built with only convenience in mind. Names were allocated by casually flipping through a book and aesthetics were never taken into consideration.

He was a science major and he simply didn't understand art and design. But that didn't mean he doesn't like beautiful things…

He liked to wear white in order to make him appear not quite as frail. In fact, he preferred bright colors full of vitality…

The yard in front of him was so flamboyantly gorgeous. Everything about it was to his liking.

Yue Wuhuan looked at his admiring gaze with satisfaction and licked his lips that were a little dry from desire. His heart was very satisfied.

That's it…this pair of clean eyes will be dyed with his flavor bit by bit.

Until it becomes a habit, becomes a part of his life.

They won't be separated any more.

The author has something to say:

Key point: Wuhuan has confessed~ (Although it was a confession that didn't want to make itself known to the other party)

Scholar Tyrant Song: I never ever thought I could be a 'shou'.

Yue Wuhuan: I suspect that Master's desires have all been directed to a white mouse spirit.

Chapter 35: Turn Heaven and Earth Upside Down

Yue Wuhuan's newly established school was beyond the peach forest, quite a distance from the laboratory. Next to it was a huge new medicine storehouse, which housed most of the common drugs in both the mortal and immortal realm which the students could apply for use of. The highly toxic drugs and precious medicinal ingredients were placed in the original storehouse and can be taken out only after securing Yue Wuhuan's approval.

Next to it was a library. There were many low-level cultivation books, basic medical books and other miscellaneous books. There were a lot more books than there were before. They must have been collected during the past ten years.

Song Qingshi was holding a copy of "A Record of Strange Stories about Spiritual Fires" and almost didn't want to leave.

"The books here were all selected by me. They're not too harmful and are suitable for apprentices to learn the basics." Yue Wuhuan smiled and placed the book in his arms, indicating that he could take it back to read. "Although Master is superb in both medicine and poisons, all apprentices need to hone their skills here for a few years and their character and conduct must be examined before they can come into contact with precious medicinal ingredients and poisons."

Song Qingshi expressed his approval. He was not stingy in teaching medical skills, he also didn't want his poison skills to be used by someone who wanted to do harm. Yue Wuhuan arranged for Medicine King's Valley's apprentices to learn medicine but not poison. This was in line with his idea that although poison skills needed to be passed on, potential students needed strict assessment and gradual teaching. Some of the extremely vicious prescriptions, he didn't even want to teach to anyone save Yue Wuhuan.

Yue Wuhuan spoke an incantation and a strange man with lifeless eyes and limbs that moved woodenly, walked out of the forest.

Song Qingshi looked it over and found that it was a corpse. He said in surprise, “You were the one who made this poison puppet?”

Poison puppets were highly poisonous puppets that he made from corpses. Because manipulating the magic array was very troublesome, he didn’t make many of them. Although each poison puppet only had the attack power of a Foundation Building cultivator, it was covered from head to toe with highly-toxic poisons. It could kill people with just a touch and would blow up after being destroyed, spilling an extremely poisonous blood mist to its surroundings. These were guards Song Qingshi had hidden within the Medicine King’s Valley and it was also one of his trump cards.

Otherwise, this domain that was filled with precious medicinal ingredients and had no one except one Nascent Soul cultivator and a bunch of Foundation Building valley servants would long have been annexed by the bandits of the immortal realm.

The poison puppet in front of him was not one created by Song Qingshi. Although the poison on its body had not changed, the manipulation array on it was more meticulous. There were a lot more mechanisms and hidden weapons that had been added, making its attacks more vicious.

“I found the notes on how to create the poison puppet in Master’s laboratory.” Yue Wuhuan explained nervously, afraid that he would be angry. “After Master fell in a coma, the original poison puppets broke and could not be repaired. The Medicine King’s Valley lost a defensive barrier. I took some complete corpses from the autopsy room and tried to refine new poison puppets. After many attempts, I succeeded. Because Master’s notes were not written in full, I remade part of the formation. It’s a bit different from the original.”

Song Qingshi thought about his original notes that were filled with illegible writing. He just haphazardly wrote whatever came to mind. Stuttering, he praised, “You have improved a lot. How many of these have you made?”

Yue Wuhuan obediently replied, “Sixty-four, most of them are deployed in the poisonous fog array. A small number are guarding the treasure house and laboratory in the valley. There are a few that do not appear quite as

scary. They can be placed inside the mustard seed bag and can be taken when you go out to serve as bodyguards."

Before he got the Blood King Vine, he had a serious lack of helpers. He did not have enough strength to contend with the cultivators in the immortal realm. Left with no choice, he could only find alternate means and rack his brain for a solution.

Song Qingshi was dumbfounded and couldn't help asking. "The arrays on the poison puppets are extremely complicated and there are eighty-two of them, each one different. Not even a single line can be drawn wrong. How did you…"

Yue Wuhuan said, "As long as I have drawn something once, I can replicate it without any mistake."

This blow sent Song Qingshi reeling. Although he had been the one who put together the various arrays and researched the poison puppets, his hands were not skillful enough. When making them, he often accidentally painted the wrong arrays. Every time he made one, he would fail four or five times. Add to that the fact that he was not very interested in making this kind of things and so he had only made a little more than 20 poison puppets, just barely enough to get by.

He quietly took a look at his useless hands and then at Yue Wuhuan's dexterous and stable hands…

Realizing how big the gap was between people was quite the mental blow…

Both runes and formations needed careful and steady hands. In the future, Yue Wuhuan would definitely be able to surpass his achievements and become a great master.

Thinking about this made Song Qingshi very happy.

These past years, Yue Wuhuan has thoroughly studied the poison puppets. The poison puppet designed by Song Qingshi looked scary but in fact, it left

a lot of openings. As long as there was no malicious intent in the intrusion, it would not easily hurt people.

However, he didn't care about the life and death of anyone besides Song Qingshi and the poison puppets in his hand were all instruments designed for murder.

Over the years, during the times he had to go outside to find medicine, countless cultivators have died in the hands of these poison puppets. He was afraid that Song Qingshi would think he was overly-malicious and so, he didn't dare explain clearly. He was secretly observing the other party's reactions. He saw Song Qinshi's expression changed several times, before finally returning to happiness. He finally felt relieved.

Song Qingshi praised his family's little angel, "The color blue is made out of indigo but is more vivid than indigo."

Yue Wuhuan smiled and said, "Master gives too much undue praise. Without the poison puppets you created, I wouldn't have been able to protect the Medicine King's Valley."

Song Qingshi thought for a while, and asked, "An Long must have suffered huge losses at the hands of your poison puppets, right? Otherwise, he certainly would have broken in in just two years."

"An Xianzun has a long history of friendship with Master. After a few attempts, he figured out the weakness of the poison puppet Master designed. When he thought he had successfully cracked it, I replaced it with the modified poison puppet and magic array. Xianzun retreated after being injured by poisoning. He stayed away for half a year but he regrouped and came back even stronger. I used the Blood King Vine and the terrain to set up new traps. Although I have temporarily forced him to retreat, he has completely grasped these attack methods…" Yue Wuhuan grew frustrated as he recounted these matters.

The Myriad Gu Sect was warlike and in this aspect, An Long was a man of truly outstanding talent. He was an expert in all types of combat; he has a beast-like intuition for danger; has a high level of cultivation and under

Song Qingshi's tutelage, was proficient in various methods of poison. He has avoided his traps to poison him to death and all his careful calculations were powerless, dismantled in the face of absolute force.

Song Qingshi's good habit of taking notes on everything meant that he had found a lot of information about Gu's left in the laboratory. Aside from this, Heaven's malice towards him seemed to have vanished along with the Lightning Tribulation, producing good fortune out of extreme misfortune. If it weren't for these things, An Long would have long killed him in retribution.

Song Qingshi comforted, "An Long is a genius. Being able to stop him twice is also an amazing display of your talent. This is an achievement that most Core Formation cultivators in the immortal realm could never hope to achieve. Now, I am awake and the misunderstanding has been resolved. He won't attack you again."

Yue Wuhuan thought about the conflict between the two of them and smiled softly, "En, An Xianzun will definitely understand me."

The two talked and laughed as they walked into the school. It was noon and the apprentices were all going to the cafeteria to eat. Song Qingshi took the opportunity to look all around.

The school was a square compound. The compound was also decorated exquisitely according Yue Wuhuan's style. The principal room was a place for collective study. There were podiums and bookshelves, as well as various experimental equipment, many of which are built by Heaven Craft Pavilion. Some of them were even items Song Qingshi had wanted to have custom made before he fell into a coma. He had never placed an order for them since he had no money. On both sides of the compound were individual refining rooms. Each has a magic array to prevent any explosion from harming others.

Song Qingshi looked at this expensive school and felt his spiritual stone pockets were probably now bare and empty.

“Master, we are no longer as lacking in funds. The Medicine King’s Valley and Night Rain Pavilion have reached a cooperative agreement.” Yue Wuhuan explained. “In the past, Master developed an herbal plaster for patients with facial disfigurement. It can improve skin texture and eliminate all scars. I added some precious perfumes and pearls to this plaster, renamed it Yurong Ointment and sold it at a high price. Yurong Ointment not only removes scars quickly, but also makes the skin delicate and spotlessly white, causing beauty to flourish even more. There are many fights in the immortal realm and it is very easy to receive injuries. Because of these reasons, the female cultivators snatched them all up. Ye Lin Xianjun urges the Medicine King’s Valley to add more stock every day…”

Song Qingshi was dumbfounded. He had never made money from selling medicine in his entire life, but in the end he made a lot of money from selling skin care products? He felt that there was something strange about that…

“Master’s condition was critical and I needed a lot of money to buy medicinal ingredients so I chose the fastest way to get money.” Yue Wuhuan handed the account book to Song Qingshi for his review. “In the past few years, I spent a lot of money on purchasing medicinal ingredients and repairing the Medicine King’s Valley. Now there are still 3.2 million spiritual stones on the account.”

Song Qingshi originally still had a bit of a knot in his heart but when he saw this glistening monetary figure, he instantly bowed down in submission.

He’s even refined an Ever Young Pill, what was the Yurong Ointment compared to that? If he has money, he can continue to do research, study medicines for curing diseases and benefit society. This was a win-win situation!

Yue Wuhuan added thoughtfully, “I asked Night Rain Pavilion to say that the Yurong Ointment was a formula left by ancient immortals and was not a product specially researched by Master. The porcelain boxes it’s sold in are also marked that it’s medicine to treat scars and restore the best skin condition.”

Skin medicines are also medicines!

Song Qingshi felt that the Medicine King's Valley's face had been saved and was very satisfied. He knew that he didn't have the brains for managing money and was prone to squander away a family fortune so he pushed the account book back to Yue Wuhuan and said generously, "From now on, you will be in charge of the money. It's enough if you just give me a monthly allowance."

The corners of Yue Wuhuan's lips ticked up into a beautiful curve as though he heard some happy news. He agreed to shoulder this task, "Okay, I will buy you everything you want."

Song Qingshi was more than satisfied.

After taking a look around the school, he put away the red lotus fire and sat, looking all dignified on the wooden armchair on the podium.

Yue Wuhuan summoned all the apprentices and asked them come pay their respects to the Master one by one.

Song Qingshi was afraid that people would see his nervousness so he imitated the appearance of his former university professor, assuming on a serious expression but his heart was filled with wonder. Who were these people in front of him?

He hadn't taken a serious look at everyone's faces at the time and now he can only recognize Qing Luan and Ming Hong. Qing Luan's appearance, due to the Acacia Seal, had not changed but her delicate temperament has completely faded. She walked with style and all about her was an aura of keen-wittedness and capableness, reminding him of his senior sisters from the other world.

Ming Hong had turned into a young man. He was dressed in red. Not only was his style of dressing similar to Yue Wuhuan's, he also behaved very similarly; only that he was a bit taciturn and didn't like to talk.

Song Qingshi thought for a long time before he recognized the brawny man walking behind as the sunny boy who was helping his companion do his stretches on the martial arts training ground. Now he was tall and dark-skinned. He was muscled from head to foot, except for his well-proportioned facial features, no trace of his good looks back then could be seen.

Qing Luan explained with a smile, “His name is He Qingyun. Now he mainly studies herbal planting and works daily in the fields and so he has become like this.”

He Qingyun scratched his head embarrassedly and gave a simple and honest smile. “I thought about becoming like this. This way I won’t always have bastards coveting my beauty, right? I used to be a farmer and I could do nothing but serve plants. Master saved my life and I can’t not repay that debt. Although the prospect aren’t great for mortals who choose to cultivate, going to the village to plant all sorts of medicinal materials for the master is still possible, right?”

Song Qingshi smiled and nodded, determined to later on pile them all with medicine until they reach Foundation Building.

Suddenly, he saw a beautiful boy of seventeen or eighteen years old behind everyone. He had the most romantic and unusual peach-blossom eyes. He was lethargic and languid. While no one was watching, he covered a yawn with his hand. In his hand, there was something that he kept flipping over and over.

Song Qingshi felt that he had caught the bad student who hid at the back of the class to play on his mobile phone. He couldn’t hold on to his serious expression. He smiled and waved at him to come over.

Qing Luan gave the teenager a fierce look and introduced. “This is Rong Ye. He was in the same group of children as Ming Hong. He’s never suffered any hardships and is the naughtiest one here. But he’s very good with his hands. Please don’t get angry with him, Master. I’ll be sure to teach him well.”

Rong Ye remembered Qing Luan's usual reprimands and was also a little frightened. After a momentary delay, he stepped forward and handed over the toy in his hand.

Song Qingshi heard Qing Luan's outward censure but inward praise. She was guarding these children who had suffered the same miserable fate she had. Song Qingshi wasn't about to argue with her.

He smiled and took what was in Rong Ye's hand. He inspected it carefully and found that it was a small handmade hourglass. It was quite exquisite. He turned the hourglass and set it on the table. He used his experience in alchemy to judge the time and confirmed that the sand in the hourglass was about one minute's worth.

Qing Luan explained, "Rong Ye is careless and keeps messing up the time when refining pills so he made this thing to assist him."

Rong Ye quibbled, "Qing Luan Jiejie, I haven't gotten the time wrong ever since I started using this. Don't just always bring up that time I failed."

Qing Luan scolded, "Quiet! So many people have failed but only you've managed to blow up a pill furnace!"

Rong Ye felt aggrieved, "I just want to see what adding Dan Huang would do…"

"He is indeed very good with his hands. This thing is very well-made." Song Qingshi thought about his professor's attitude towards students and tried to give positive encouragement. "The most difficult thing for beginners when it comes to alchemy is controlling the heat and the second is the timing. Your plan to use tools to reduce the difficulty of grasping the timing is a very good idea but it is not suitable for long-term use. I think we can find Heaven Craft Pavilion to customize a batch of timers to assist in alchemy."

Yue Wuhuan smiled and said, "What Master says is right. Alchemy workshops should be equipped with timers."

Qing Luan glared at Rong Ye once again. Low-level alchemy can use timing devices to control the time but high-end alchemy techniques were erratic and one needed experience to adjust the timing. How can it be hammered into inflexible and invariable uniformity? If Rong Ye kept using these quick fixes to move up, he will never be an alchemy master, he can only be an alchemy worker.

Rong Ye was young, good-looking and honey-tongued. Everyone liked to spoil him and he's been spoilt into being ignorant of the height of the heavens or the depths of the earth.

She must give this silly boy another lesson later!

Song Qingshi didn't want to embarrass these apprentices. He returned the hourglass to Rong Ye and smiled at him again. "Work hard."

Song Qingshi looking at him made the tip of Rong Ye's ears turn a little red. Before he came to Medicine King's Valley, he always heard Qing Luan Jiejie say that the Medicine King Xianzun was a great figure in the immortal realm and that his cultivation base was very powerful. His slightest touch killed Xie Que, leaving that brute without even a corpse. However, Qing Luan had been responsible for all matters related to their subsequent resettlement. He never managed to see the Medicine King Xianzun in the flesh. He thought he was a fiendish cultivator. He never expected he'd be so good-looking and that he didn't appear to be much older than they were. His personality was even gentler and kindlier. There was not the slightest ferocity when he spoke.

The Medicine King Xianzun liked Senior Wuhuan so much; they must be in a relationship, right…

He heard that some mortals in the immortal world have gained lots of resources from winning the favor of cultivators. Their status reached the heavens in a single bound.

Was Senior Wuhuan the same?

Rong Ye secretly glanced at Song Qing and then at Yue Wuhuan standing by in attendance behind him, letting his imagination run a bit wild.

……

The author has something to say:

The author's irresponsible mild ridicule towards her protagonists:

Yue Wuhuan: Although he likes to kill people, has a mad personality and his belly is full of black water, he is still a well-behaved and gentle little angel.

Song Qingshi: A good man must first transfer financial power to higher authorities before talking about other things.

Chapter 36: Qing Luan's Wish

Song Qingshi checked everyone's classwork and determined their level and ability.

Yue Wuhuan did indeed choose very good seedlings. Moreover, their subject were distributed according to each of their expertise. Everyone's grades were very good. There was no need to mention the two top students, Qing Luan and Ming Hong but even the lazy-looking Rong Ye, had his own distinctive quality; only that his interest lay not in medicine but in the creation of devices.

Yue Wuhuan smiled and said, "Qing Luan is very smart and capable. When Master was in closed door cultivation, she handled many troublesome matters for me."

Song Qingshi understood his explicit hint and signaled Qing Luan to come over. He focused on checking her cultivation base and found that this girl had already reached Foundation Building. She had dual wood and water-based spiritual roots. Her aptitude was not bad. He nodded with satisfaction and decided to assign her by his side later on and take a more careful look. If everything was fine, she will be accepted as an ordinary disciple and handed over to Yue Wuhuan as his assistant.

Qing Luan prostrated herself on the ground and bowed to show her respect.

Song Qingshi thought of the Acacia seal on her body and turned around and asked Yue Wuhuan, "The Quintessence of All Soul is just a medium. After being branded with the array, it can be used to remove the same seal, right? Why haven't you removed this thing yet?"

Yue Wuhuan explained, "They are Master's people and it is up to Master to decide whether to release the Acacia Seal or not."

Song Qingshi smiled and said, "What's there to decide about this broken thing? Bring the spirit bead and I will remove it for her."

Qing Luan raised her head quietly. She glanced at Yue Wuhuan and didn't dare answer.

Yue Wuhuan said gently, "She probably doesn't have it on her. This matter is not urgent. Master has just finished his closed door cultivation. Let us wait to deal with it tomorrow."

Song Qingshi readily agreed and took Yue Wuhuan to see his white mice and laboratory. On they way, he asked, "You have done so many things in the past ten years. It must have been hard on you, right?"

Yue Wuhuan brushed it off. "It's nothing. Master need not concern himself about it."

Song Qingshi asked, "I remember that Blood Silkworm Grass is needed for refining the Blood Flower Powder. This ingredient has long since disappeared. How did you get it?"

Yue Wuhuan said, tone very relaxed, "By a mere stroke of luck."

Song Qingshi didn't doubt him and sighed, "You're so lucky. I've searched for many years but never found it."

Yue Wuhuan laughed and said, "Since I met Master, I've always been lucky."

Upon hearing this, all sorts of feelings welled up in Qing Luan's heart. Her eyes couldn't help but redden. She felt very conflicted if she should say something.

Yue Wuhuan noticed her unusual change and glanced back at her warningly.

Qing Luan immediately hid her tears and swallowed down all the words that were threatening to spill out.

Song Qingshi had her undying gratitude for saving her life but the most important one in her heart was still Yue Wuhuan.

She still remember the first time she saw him when she was six…

It was late autumn, in a forest, atop a branch of a golden phoenix tree was a green-clothed boy with a white jade flute in his hand, playing the song “Feng Qiu Huang“.

The music from the flute sounded lonely. It wound around the golden red autumn scenery, as though struggling to find something.

The youth’s phoenix eyes were soft and gentle, enough to daunt the beauty of the world. The wind blew and the golden phoenix tree leaves and the fiery red maple leaves, seemed to turn into his clothes. He was like the most noble phoenix on heaven and earth, with splendid vermilion rays, matchlessly resplendent; using the most beautiful music to attract the birds one after another to come and worship, hoping to win his favor.

Skylarks, orioles, cuckoos, kingfishers…

More and more birds fell perched on the tree, perched next to him, listening to the world’s most moving music.

Qing Luan too couldn’t help but draw near. She stopped beside him along with the birds until she lost herself.

According to legend, the Qing Luan was one of the Phoenix’s subjects. It was born to follow and surrender to the Phoenix’s light…

This feeling was indescribable, as if it was a memory carved into her very bones and infused in her blood, it made her understand that this was the person she should be loyal to.

She hoped that he could find the happiness that was missing in his music.

She hoped that he could soar happily in the sky forever.

…

Later, Qing Luan broke free from her shackles. She was like a happy bird and she brought the children to the Medicine King’s Valley. She was bursting with things she wanted to tell Yue Wuhuan, things like how that

person asked her questions about him, how he looked like when he got the box.

However, the first time she saw Yue Wuhuan once again, she realized that this person had already changed.

Yue Wuhuan had wounds on his body and he was so exhausted that he could hardly suppress the madness and restless anxiety in his eyes. He recognized her but showed no interest at all, there was even faint loathing. He forcibly braced himself and patiently took them in but only because this was the order of the Medicine King Xianzun.

His eyes were no longer gentle nor kind. Although he patiently made the proper arrangement for the children, Qing Luan found that every command he gave was cold and every arrangement was made with indifference. Afterwards, he disappeared, days went by without anyone seeing him.

Qing Luan was astutely aware that something bad must have happened to the Medicine King's Valley.

She immediately persuaded most of the children who were still harboring fantasies about taking the path of cultivation to return to the mortal realm. As for the remaining few children who had nowhere to go, she took the responsibility of taking care and teaching them herself.

For a long period afterwards, the Medicine King Xianzun went into closed door cultivation and Yue Wuhuan became very busy. He stayed cooped up in the study and laboratory for days on end, barely making any appearance. Qing Luan took the initiative to become a valley servant, taking charge of sweeping around the gate of the Medicine King's Valley during the day and taking the children to read their medical textbooks at night.

The next time she saw Yue Wuhuan, Yue Wuhuan's face was ruined, stained with multicolor splotches, ugly to the extreme.

Qing Luan was so scared that she almost screamed.

However, Yue Wuhuan smiled at her and left Medicine King Valley, wearing that kind of face.

Everyone's tongues wagged in gossip. Now that he's lost his beautiful face, they felt he would fall out of favor once the Master comes out of closed door cultivation.

Qing Luan thought about the gentle Xianzun. She shook her head. In her heart, she had her own guess.

Yue Wuhuan began to come back with injuries — major injuries, minor injuries, stabs and slashes; all kinds of injuries. He didn't allow anyone to touch his wounds and every time, he would go to the treatment room and deal with them himself. While recovering, he would read books and study frantically. Once he recovers, he would leave the Medicine King Valley again, off to places unknown.

He maintained the calm of the Medicine King's Valley and no one noticed the hidden crisis inside.

Qing Luan realized that she had to do something…

For Yue Wuhuan, for Song Qingshi, for the Medicine King's Valley, for the children behind her.

No matter how weak her wings were, she needed to protect everyone from the wind and rain.

That day, Yue Wuhuan once again came back injured. Armed with determination, Qing Luan broke the prohibition and snuck into the treatment room. She was met with a sight that was hard to believe.

In the treatment room, Yue Wuhuan was sewing the wound on his abdomen. In order to stay clear-headed, he did not use anesthetics. He bit down on a cork strip in his mouth and then repeatedly pierced his skin with the needle, making layer by layer of stiches. The severe pain made cold sweat break out all over his body and yet he made no sound save for a few muffled groans.

Yue Wuhuan noticed her prying eyes and quickly closed his robe. He asked, voice hoarse, “Who’s there?”

Feeling pained, Qing Luan closed her eyes and then slowly walked out of the dark.

Yue Wuhuan drew his sword and looked warily at the intruder.

Qing Luan immediately knelt down. From her bosom, she took out the spirit bead she had prepared beforehand. She respectfully offered it to him with both hands.

Yue Wuhuan looked at this familiar red bead and immediately understood her intentions. His expression turned unreadable, dark and gloomy.

“I know that something has happened to Master and I dare not pry. I also know that Wuhuan Ge has misgivings and I dare not ask for trust. But the Medicine King’s Valley is the only place of safety for Qing Luan and the only refuge for these pitiful children.” Qing Luan’s voice was very soft but very firm, “So, please accept Qing Luan’s life. As long as the bead is marked with spiritual consciousness, I can never hurt my master and I will never be able to go against your will. Please make use of me. I am willing to do anything…”

“Anything?” Yue Wuhuan couldn’t help laughing after hearing such naïve words. “Even if I am no longer the person you remember me to be? Even if your clean hands will be covered with blood? Even if you lose your life? Even if you will fall into eternal damnation?”

Qing Luan raised her head. “Yes!”

The Luan was always willing to serve at the Phoenix’s feet, all its life, following after the Pheonix’s shadow as it soared in the sky.

Although her strength was small, she was willing to give all that she had.

Yue Wuhuan watched her for a long time and thought for a long time. Finally, he took her spirit bead and accepted her allegiance.

Since that day, Qing Luan has become Yue Wuhuan's most loyal subordinate. She has handled many public and secret matters in the Medicine King's Valley. She has seen Yue Wuhuan's cruelest side. Countless times, she has cleaned up the terrifying pieces of flesh in the torture chamber and washed the blood off on the ground. From the very beginning, when she was so afraid that she would vomit to now that she could handle everything with nary a change in her expression; she has helped Yue Wuhuan madly transform the Medicine King's Valley, turning it into a giant spider web, controlling everything and trapping everyone. She tried to maintain Yue Wuhuan's perfect image, pretending that nothing ever happened, preventing the children from discovering the truth and preventing the Master from realizing that something was wrong once he woke up.

However, these things were far from enough…

Yue Wuhuan pushed himself to the extreme every day. His body was so covered with scars, they were strung together like beads and he hardly even had time to sleep. He frantically studied killing techniques, frantically researched poison and formations, frantically fused all knowledge into his own bones and blood. He overcame countless obstacles. He calculated people's hearts, calculated everything.

The most precious medicines were in the most dangerous places and every step was fraught with peril. Obtaining them required a huge price.

Sometimes he succeeded and sometimes he failed. After every failure, he would start over again.

However, no matter the hardships, no matter the difficulties, he never stopped moving forward.

Qing Luan was responsible only for the internal affairs of the Medicine King's Valley, most of the time she didn't know where he went or what he did.

The only thing she knew was that five years ago, Yue Wuhuan was brought back personally by the master of Night Rain Pavilion himself. 60% of his

bones were broken and no part of his body remained intact. All that was keeping him alive were his wood-type spiritual root and the medicine pills. He had something clutched tightly in his hand, unwilling to let go.

Qing Luan could no longer remain silent and she asked Ye Lin for the reason.

After hearing this, Ye Lin Xianjun couldn't help cursing. "This Foundation Building cultivator dared to go onto the Life and Death Stage. He is really a death-seeking lunatic."

The Life and Death stage was a dark gambling game in the immortal realm. They gambled on rare and exotic treasures and on the lives of cultivators.

There were so many wealthy cultivators in the immortal realm. They were tired of betting on cockfights and dogfights. And so now, they were finally betting on people.

On the Life and Death Stage, fights were to the death. The cultivator who wins in the end can take away the treasure of the gambling match.

Although Yue Wuhuan had barely had any breath left, he was alive and he was the winner of Life and Death Stage.

He obtained the Blood Silkworm Grass that has long been extinct in the immortal realm.

Ye Lin Xianjun was a man of his word. He handed Yue Wuhaun and the Blood Silkworm Grass to Qing Luan. Recounting the tragedy on the Life and Death Stage, he slapped the table in anger and cursed, "Hmph, even if Xuany Yu Xianzun was a waste who ascended by piling his body with pills, a Nascent Soul cultivator has a spiritual power suppressive effect on a Foundation Building cultivator. What's more, he had cultivated a Diamond Body. Ordinary cultivators couldn't even break through his skill, let alone attack. They just wanted Xuan Yu Xianzun to torture Wuhuan Gongzi to death for their amusement. How can someone as smart as Yue Wuhuan fail to understand what those people were thinking? He was willing to court death for the Blood Silkworm Grass. For the sake of our partnership over

the Yurong Ointment, I already prepared the coffin for him! Tell me, just how long is Song Qingshi planning to stay in closed door cutlivation? He's actually willing to let his treasure he spent two hundred thousand spirit stones to save do something like this!?"

Qing Luan said sternly, "I ask Xianjun to please not speak like that."

In the immortal realm, it was common for cultivators to go into closed door cultivation. Some had broken through their level and needed to consolidate their power. Some were finding it hard to breakthrough and so needed to devote themselves in study. Song Qingshi was exceptionally talented and focused on cultivation. A hundred years ago, he was close to having reached the Great Perfection of the Nascent Soul. He was a cultivator who had a good chance to break through to Fen Shen. Now that the opportunity was close at hand, everyone thought it only normal for him to go into closed door cultivation to strengthen himself.

Ye Lin sighed and wrung his hands. "I have never seen such a tragic Life and Death Stage. His hands and feet were broken, blood was everywhere. He was motionless on the floor. I was ready to have people carry in his coffin. I didn't expect that at the last moment, he took advantage of when Xuan Yu Xianzun, feeling proud of himself, lowered his guard. He shot a poison needle from a mechanism in his mouth and into his opponent's waist, the chink in Xuan Yu Xianzun's armor."

Although the Diamond Body was impenetrable, there will always be chink in the armor that cannot be cultivated away and can only be hidden.

Ye Lin knew the ending and understood the process by working it out in reverse. He was certain that Yue Wuhuan was already well aware of Xuan Yu Xianzun's thoughts and he knew that he would be tortured to death. He kept feeling him out and showing weaknesses, locating where the chink in his armor was. He deliberately waited until he was so injured that he couldn't move, when his opponent relaxed his guard and made his final attack.

He had but one chance and it was a fleeting one.

Yue Wuhuan shot without the slightest hesitation and Xian Yu Xianzun was the one left dead.

The Life and Death Stage was in an uproar. No one could believe their eyes. Ye Lin sold the coffin to Xuan Yu Xianzun's disciple at a low price. He took Blood Silkworm Grass for Yue Wuhuan and stuffed him with medicine to preserve his life. He then found a stretcher to send him back to the Medicine King's Valley and clearly explained the entire matter.

Before departing, he repeatedly urged Qing Luan. "Forget it. Don't cry. If he dies, you can wait for the Medicine King Xianzun to come out of his closed door cultivation to settle the money Night Rain Pavilion advanced for his medicine and escort fees. Don't let this affect the shipment of the Yurong Ointment."

Qing Luan suppressed the turmoil in her heart and nodded.

How to treat wounds was part of her usual studies and she would occasionally treat the inconvenient wounds on Yue Wuhuan's back. Before leaving this time, Yue Wuhuan also had a hunch that he would be seriously injured and he left various treatment plans and medicines in preparation. Qing Luan properly handled all the injuries according to the plan and according to what she had learned. She treated everything except for his hand, that was clenched tight and that she couldn't pry open. She vaguely saw what seemed to be a white pebble in his hand.

Yue Wuhuan was in a coma for three days and three nights.

After regaining consciousness, he gently sniffed the stone in his hand. He struggled to get out of the bed and pushed away the arm Qing Luan stretched out to support him. Step by step, he tried climb up to Fuling Palace, only to fall down once again. Their obscene gazes as he stepped onto the Life and Death Stage; Xuan Yu Xianzun's vulgar words; they made him absolutely nauseous. Even the unavoidable physical touch as Qing Luan treated his wounds made him extremely uncomfortable.

The air was so dirty that he couldn't breathe. His mind was in utter chaos. He had to quickly return to that person's side so that be could rest and

breathe easy.

Qing Luan knelt down and said firmly, “Wuhuan Ge, I know that something has happened to Master. Please let me help you to see him.”

Yue Wuhuan slowly turned his head. Phoenix eyes narrowed, he turned to her with a dangerous look in his eyes.

Qing Luan persuaded with much difficulty, “You can’t keep the secret alone. If you didn’t make it through the Life and Death Stage, what would happen to Master?”

Yue Wuhuan fell into silence.

Qing Luan continued on, “If you die, who else can save Master?”

“There’s someone. Don’t worry.” Yue Wuhuan’s voice was tired and hoarse, “I placed a Last Testament Array on my life plate. If I die, it will send a message to him. He can easily find the Master’s location… But, I don’t want to hand Master over to that person, so no matter how difficult it is, I can’t die.”

Master’s injury was too serious and required a lot of prescriptions. They needed to be tested one by one. Not every kind of medicinal material could be bought and there was no time to slowly search for them. He had no one to rely on. He knew he was betting his life, but he couldn’t not bet.

If he lost this bet, then the Last Testament Array will tell An Long know about Song Qingshi’s situation. This was the last way out.

Song Qingshi has lost the ability to resist. The last of his remaining spiritual power was all used to suppress the poisonous fire in his body. Anyone could do whatever they wanted to him. Even with his eyes closed, Yue Wuhuan could guess what An Long, this vicious wolf would do. Thinking about that scene pained him to the point of wanting to vomit.

He had lost too much blood on the Life and Death Stage. His consciousness was beginning to blur. He relied on the content of the Last Testament Array

and the stone in his hand to push himself to keep breathing. He couldn't die. If he died, he would have nothing. Among the Gu's, there was a type that could erase memories. An Long would take what he wanted, by hook or by crook. He would surely eliminate him from Song Qingshi's mind.

He even felt that what he had gone through in the Golden Phoenix Manor wouldn't be the most painful experience of his life.

Being forgotten by Song Qingshi would be…

No matter how hard hell was, he must climb back. No-one was allowed to take his Master away.

…

Yue Wuhuan finally accepted Qing Luan's proposal. He did not absolutely trust her, but he realized, after going through the Life and Death Stage, that there was a danger of him being seriously injured and falling into a coma himself. If he was unconscious for several years, Song Qingshi might encounter a mishap because there was no one to take care of him.

Qing Luan finally helped him step into the secret room and saw Song Qingshi sleeping in the milky white medicinal liquid. She also saw the simple furniture beside the bath.

Qing Luan asked incredulously, "Wuhuan Ge, have you been sleeping here?"

It was cold, damp and dark underground. If normal people stayed here for too long, even their bones would ache. How could someone injured stand it…?

"He likes me to be by his side. Otherwise, he'll be lonely," Yue Wuhuan lay down beside the bath, his tense body finally relaxing. The light in his eyes also softened. All his being was tied to the person in the pool; he didn't leave even a trace for himself. He took Song Qingshi's hand, smiled and lightly kissed the back of the wet hand. He made his voice as melodious

and moving as possible. “Qingshi, I got the Blood Silkworm Grass. We can try a new medication now.”

“Qingshi, I’m still alive and I didn’t get sick…”

“Qingshi, it’s spring now. May I plant some flowers and plants in your yard?”

“Qingshi, they say that Jasper Tower has really delicious peach blossom cakes. Shall we go eat there later?”

“Qingshi…”

He talked endlessly to someone who couldn’t hear.

He held that unfeeling hand that as though he was holding the whole world.

Qing Luan quietly exited the secret room. There was no room for any outsiders here.

In her memory, the song atop the phoenix tree, “Feng Qiu Huang” finally lost its last color.

…

Qing Luan recalled the suffering of the past ten years like a nightmare.

Now Song Qingshi woke up and she too woke up from the nightmare. The heavy burden on her shoulders disappeared and her heart relaxed.

She also understood Yue Wuhuan’s meaning. All this suffering was now in the past. There was no need to make the Master feel guilty and sad. They should look forward. Everyone’s life will be better and brighter in the future.

As for the relationship between the Master and Wuhuan Ge…

Qing Luan couldn’t help smiling. She was going to pray extra hard to the Moon god, praying for a good ending.

The moonlight was dim, and there was a young man in red sitting in her courtyard earnestly practicing playing the tune, playing “Feng Qiu Huang”. Unfortunately, this young man didn’t have a talent for music. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t play well. His notes came intermittently and some seemed to have run away from home, off to places unknown.

The young man was a little embarrassed and quietly gave her a look.

Qing Luan couldn’t help but smile as she sat beside him, listening quietly.

She wished for everyone to be happy.

Chapter 37: The Breaking of the Poisonous Fog Formation

Dirty rats, sterile rats, clean rats…

The breeding room for mice has now expanded to eight rooms and thousands of mice have been bred in strict accordance with the breeding manual. They could now immediately move on to breeding mice with specific pathogens. In the laboratory, there were also several kinds of equipment that he'd mentioned before but had no funds to have custom made. The medicinal materials have been replenished and a lot of the researches that have been discontinued can now be continued.

These blessings came too quickly and suddenly. He'd just fallen asleep and when he woke up, he had everything.

Song Qingshi looked at the white mice cages and felt his heart beating so fast. He pulled at Yue Wuhuan's sleeve, wanting to express his excitement. But the words in his stomach was like a kettle full of dumplings, the more anxious he was, the more he couldn't pour it out. This stupid mouth of his almost brought him to tears. After holding it in for a long time, he finally squeezed out, "You did a very good job. Thank you."

Meeting such a good little angel was truly his blessing of three lifetimes.

Smart and beautiful, kind and lovely, considerate and gentle…

Later, he will write all this down in a small notebook and read it three times a day to remind himself of how lucky he is.

Yue Wuhuan said, "The mice bred extremely fast and I had to control their breeding speed in the later stages. I had taken some of the mice to do some pharmacological experiments. Of course, I still don't fully understand the experimental methods that use these mice so I just tried using them for simple toxicity tests… after the experiment, the mice were all put to death."

He found that using mice to do preliminary poison experiments was very useful. He only needed a fifth of a percent of the full dose. This saved a lot

of precious medicinal materials.

Over the years, he has thoroughly read the “Nie Clan’s Poison Scriptures” and all the poison-related books. He had also taken a bit of the various poisons in Song Qingshi’s collection to conduct research. He had strengthened the toxicity of the Thousand Chance Poison, developed many new highly toxic poisons and came up with many methods of poisoning that are impossible to defend against.

On the Life and Death stage, he had dealt a killing blow with a single needle. Now, no one dared to threaten him lightly.

Yue Wuhuan smiled and glanced at Song Qingshi, who was frantically taking notes on the table. He knew that Song Qingshi was a research fanatic. After entering the laboratory, all thoughts aside from research had been swept from his mind.

Nine fiery red vines stretched out quietly behind him. Two went to clean the mouse cages, two went to feed the white mice, two fetched cakes and spirit-refreshing tea, two went to read books and the last one quietly wrapped around Song Qingshi’s ankle. Yue Wuhuan then sat next to him and handled the Medicine King’s Valley’s various matters.

After Song Qingshi finished his observation diary, he also wrote a guide to breeding mice with specific diseases. It took him a long time before he noticed the vines that were working around the room and on him as well. He stared at his ankle for a long while and couldn’t help asking Yue Wuhuan, “They’re sentient?”

“No,” Yue Wuhuan stopped writing and said with a smile, “Their consciousness is my will. They’re like an extension of my limbs. Wherever I go, I can use my mental probe to view the surrounding environment. It’s very convenient. I have used it to deal with many things these past years.”

Song Qingshi looked at the vines reading the two books then at Yue Wuhuan who was holding the ledger in his hands and was confused. “So, are you doing these things at the same time? You’re taking on the role of several people by yourself?”

“En, because of the shortage of manpower, there are too many things I need to deal with. If it’s not particularly important, it will be faster to just multitask,” Yue Wuhuan explained in a few words. He suddenly realized that it might not be good to say it like so. He tried to remedy the situation and had the vines take both books to him. “I’m only seriously reading this book “Ling Danzi Sutra”. The other is the experimental data made by the apprentices. I’m just casually looking them over for errors.”

He really didn’t think there was anything difficult about dividing his attention between different things. It was just like breathing and drinking for him and he didn’t quite know what to say…

This was the first time in two lifetimes that Scholar Tyrant Song’s IQ was steamrolled and crushed. All sorts of mixed feelings welled in his heart.

It was like when he explained how to solve elementary school application problems to his cousin. They were simple problems that clearly could be understood with a single glance. He gave several kinds of problem-solving methods derived from calculus to advanced mathematics to algebraic geometry and despite all that his cousin still cried and kicked up a fuss, saying he just couldn’t get it.

He shouldn’t criticize his cousin for being ignorant…

Just like now, Yue Wuhuan worked very hard to explain to him the methods and tips on how to doing several things at once.

Scholar Tyrant Song felt so very wronged. He really couldn’t understand nor could he do it. When he was doing one thing, he couldn’t do anything else. When he was looking at one thing, he simply didn’t have the capacity to look at something else. When other Nascent Soul cultivators went out, they surveilled all of their surrounding and listened in every direction. As for him, as long as he saw something novel and interesting, he immediately forgot about everything else. The fact that he could live up to the present was all thanks to his special skill, his particular physique and his tendency to avoid going out.

Yue Wuhuan smiled and comforted, “You’re also great like this.”

He liked the way Song Qingshi looked at people, looked at people so seriously, it was as if the whole world only had this person in his eyes.

Scholar Tyrant Song decided to salvage his smart image. He took the “Ling Danzi Scripture” and flipped through it. He remembered that the mathematics of the immortal realm was not very good, at most, it was high school level. This book was about solving three-dimensional linear equations and applying trigonometric functions.

The overwhelming majority of cultivators didn’t pay much attention to mathematics, which was actually very wrong.

The arrangement of many of their arrays were calculated using mathematics. Especially since he’s undergone studying in the other world, it was even more abundantly clear to him that the arrays were similar to an electrical motherboard, each line must be arranged in the most appropriate position. Spiritual energy was equal to electricity. Combining different motherboards could bring about long-distance communication, security functions, surveillance and even offensive weapons.

Of course, there was no mechanization in the immortal realm and the arrays could not be mass-produced. They were all made by hand and precise calculation was especially important.

It would be very difficult if Yue Wuhuan were to rely solely on himself to understand these theories.

Song Qingshi’s mathematics scores were very good. He was very happy to explain the various mathematical formulas and application methods. Later, he will write down all he knew of calculus and the various number theories and analysis. These were all necessary skills for science students!

Yue Wuhuan listened very carefully. He stopped all the surrounding vines and was immersed himself in the fun of doing the problems.

The two of them answered problem exercises in the laboratory until dusk. Suddenly, there was a slight quake in the Medicine King’s Valley’s array. The poison puppets also turned to attack mode. Yue Wuhuan noticed the

abnormal movement. He raised his head from the sea of problems questions and displeased, looked out the door. He put away the books on the table.

Song Qingshi was unfamiliar with the newly-modified defensive formation. He was a little slow to react. After his momentary failure to react, he asked belatedly, “Someone is invading?”

Yue Wuhuan smiled a little, “Not quite. He just snuck in and damaged the house.”

Song Qingshi hadn’t figured out what he meant when in the blink of an eye, the door of the laboratory was knocked open. The two poison puppets guarding the door were eaten away bit by bit by the countless Gu’s.

An Long was full of murderous aura as he fiercely rushed in. His hair had grown long and he kept it in a few casual long braids behind his head. His whole body was covered with dirty mud, his lips were dry and cracked, oozing a little bit of blood. His eyes were red as he stared at Yue Wuhuan. He was followed by an equally as dirty Luminous Snake, whose scales have lost its luster. It spit out a letter in Yue Wuhuan’s direction. It obviously wanted to swallow him in one bite.

“What’s happened to you?” Song Qingshi asked, dumbfounded, “Did you go rolling in the mud?”

Yue Wuhuan calmly explained, “Master, the Poisonous Fog formation in the swamps has been broken.”

Song Qingshi instantly understood. Wracked with a guilty conscience, he lowered his head and shrank his shoulders, curling up into a ball.

An Long gritted his teeth and looked at the guy he had been constantly worried about to the point that he wasn’t able to eat or sleep properly. He looked at the refreshments on the table and thought about that letter he received after he had finally, after much difficultly, broken the formation. He wanted to tear off this fool’s flesh off.

Song Qingshi looked at his expression and his lips. He felt like he understood what he was thinking. Song Qingshi picked up the untouched spirit refreshing tea on the table and offered it up with both hands, “Would you like a drink?”

An Long was so angry he began to smile instead. He took the spirit-refreshing tea in his hand and drank it all in one go. He then, with arms like iron clamps, grabbed this fool who was confused by the situation. He carried him over his shoulder and walked out of the laboratory with large strides, looking for a place to completely sort this person out.

The valley servants along the roadside cast them sidelong glances. The ruckus An Long was kicking up completely embarrassed Song Qingshi but he knew that he was in the wrong so he didn’t have the face to burn him either. He kept materializing and scattering the alchemical fire on his palm. He hesitated for so long that he was already carried far away.

The Gu’s at the entrance of the laboratory spread out and then gathered back together like a tide, trapping Yue Wuhuan inside.

An Long went all the way to Fuling Palace. He found that the scenery that had remained unchanged for hundreds of years in the Medicine King’s Valley had all been changed. Many of the things he had been familiar with had been erased. Everywhere was ostentatious beauty, everywhere was a shadow of that evildoer.

The site where he had left his traces had been violated, dyed in a flavor that should not be there. The more he thought about it, the angrier he got. He ruthlessly threw down the man from his shoulder.

Even for an ordinary, non-body-refining cultivator, it would be no problem to land steadily on their feet from such an attack.

However, Song Qingshi couldn’t muster up any energy. He couldn’t stand steady and fell to the ground. He didn’t get up for a long time.

Seeing his sorry appearance, An Long was shocked, suspicious and regretful of his action. A great part of his anger immediately disappeared.

The Luminous Dragon didn't understand so many things. It simply felt very distressed when he saw Song Qingshi tumble to the ground. It immediately crawled over and straightened up, turning itself into a walking cane.

"Xiao Bai, you are so kind." Song Qingshi used the Luminous Dragon's support to slowly stand up. He limped to An Long's side and complained, "If you've got something to say then let's discuss it slowly. I don't want to fight with you right now."

"What? Your injury hasn't healed?" An Long rudely took him from the Luminous Dragon. He turned from side to side, repeatedly checking him over. He finally raised his sleeve, pinched his left arm and asked, "You're unable to move this side?"

Song Qingshi replied honestly, "Half of my body was burned by the lightning. All my meridians and skin were regrown. For now, I can't move it."

"It looks softer than the original skin." An Long squinted his eyes, carefully stroked his arm several times. He licked his lips and ground his teeth.

Song Qingshi suddenly realized that the situation was turning far from reassuring. He quickly tried to pull his hand back.

However, An Long's hands were so strong that he couldn't move it at all.

Song Qingshi gave up all hope. "You're only allowed one bite. If you bite more than once, I'll set you on fire."

An Long raised his eyebrows and asked with a smile that was yet not a smile, "Why don't you just burn me directly?"

"You're not to blame for this matter," Song Qingshi never liked to justify his mistakes and was brave enough to take responsibility for them. "Although it was an accident, I made you worry about me, after all. It's my fault so it's fine to let you take a bite to vent your anger." Furthermore, he shouldn't have drawn the dog head on the envelope. It was too disrespectful to the other.

A smile began to appear at the corner of An Long's lips. His hostility was slightly reduced, his hold slightly loosened and his teeth were feeling less itchy.

Song Qingshi struck while the iron was hot. "I'm the one who's in the wrong. If you're angry, you can come and settle accounts with me but don't blame Wuhuan…"

Before he could finish his words, the white and tender flesh on his arm was bitten with such force that his flesh was almost torn off.

Song Qingshi screamed in pain and tears were about to come out.

This Alaskan Malamute's bite was really painful.

The author has something to say:

Yue Wuhuan's tale of striving for favor (future edition):

Today, Song Qingshi took a look at the little evil spirit in Cage C and praised it for its bright colored coat and for being especially healthy.

Oh, tomorrow, he'll take it out for a toxicology experiment.

Chapter 38: A Peculiar Slow-Acting Poison

An Long let go and began to question him closely about the Heavenly Tribulation.

Song Qingshi was also very depressed. “I don’t know, the lightning just came suddenly.”

“Did you do any research that violates the laws of Heaven? Or did you refine any pill that went against the natural order? Did you wrongfully frame an enemy?” An Long has made countless speculations about this matter but no matter what, he never ever thought of the unheard of possibility that a Foundation Building cultivator, like Yue Wuhuan, could have encountered this Heavenly Tribulation. Moreover, based on his investigation, the Lightning Tribulation then had been equal in power to one meant for a Nascent Soul breakthrough. And so this pot could only fall on Song Qingshi. “Could it be you were trying to break through to Fen Shen?”

Song Qingshi firmly denied it. “Nothing of the sort! It’s Heaven who made some sort of mistake!”

As a rigorous scientific researcher, he did not think at all that this matter was related to Yue Wuhuan. Jin Feiren and Xie Que, these absolute garbage, had not met with the wrath of Heaven. Yue Wuhuan was just a mortal; kind and gentle. How was it possible that he was being punished by Heaven? This Lightning Tribulation was purely coincidental!

He made a guess, “Maybe a demon cultivator failed the tribulation and used a Life Borrowing Technique of to transfer the Lightning Tribulation to me.”

The Life Borrowing Technique was a lost forbidden technique of the Demonic Sects. It was said that it could transfer fatal damage from oneself to someone else. However, the activation conditions were very harsh. Aside from needing a person who shared one’s fate, it also needed the right time, place, so on and so forth.

Yue Wuhuan had been sold to Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor for many years and had absolutely no status. It was not difficult to obtain his birth chart.

Both of them made numerous conjectures but could not reach a conclusions. They could only put the matter aside for the time being.

Song Qingshi tried again to reason things out with the unreasonable Alaskan Malamute. “When the incident happened, it happened too suddenly. I had no time to leave any sort of explanation. Yue Wuhuan is unfamiliar with you and even has some grudges against you. How could he dare ask you for help? If he didn’t seal the Medicine King’s Valley and this matter got out, I really wouldn’t have made it out live.”

An Long sneered. “You really have no idea of that kid’s tricks. I thought you had fallen into his hands after being seriously injured and was being controlled.”

Song Qingshi was baffled. “If he wanted to seize the Medicine King’s Valley, he could have just killed me outright. Why bother to treat me and then control me?”

An Long wanted to dunk his head in water to get him to wake up. “You don’t understand how a man’s mind works!”

Song Qingshi felt that he was humiliating him. “How can I not understand how a man thinks when I’m a man myself?”

An Long said angrily, “Have you never thought that he’s lusting after your beauty?!”

Song Qingshi was silent. He stared at An Long’s eyes for a long time, suspecting something might be wrong in it. Otherwise it would have been impossible for him not to see that Yue Wuhuan’s beauty was ten times greater than his. Not to mention that Yue Wuhuan was the protagonist shou, beautiful enough to cause the fall of a city, gentle and kind. It’s others who covet him, okay?!

An Long also realized that he had made a slip of the tongue. He turned his head, bitterly refusing to speak any more.

Song Qingshi pondered what he had just said and found new questionable points. “Why would you think that Yue Wuhuan would want to harm me?”

After An Long began to suspect that the Medicine King’s Valley had met with a mishap, he began investigating Yue Wuhuan’s movements. Whether it was in the secret realm or the Life and Death Stage, his actions were far beyond that what a Foundation Building cultivator could do. He used any means be it fair or foul. He was cruel to others but even crueler to himself. Neither his behavior nor way of thinking was normal.

The immortal realm no longer called him by the name Wuhuan Gongzi but referred to him instead as ‘that lunatic’.

“Listen to me,” An Long organized his words. He was preparing to accuse Yue Wuhuan behind his back to Song Qingshi, asking him to be on guard against this dangerous person. “That guy, in the secret realm…”

Suddenly, someone broke into the protection range or his mental probe and interrupted his narration.

Yue Wuhuan brought in new refreshment, gracefully appearing in front of the two of them with a smile. He personally poured a cup of tea for An Long, “What interesting thing is An Xianzun talking about?”

An Long didn’t expect those Gu’s, used merely to scare people, to keep him trapped for long. Seeing him appear so brazenly, he was about to speak with contempt.

Yue Wuhuan asked with a smile, “It can’t be that you were worried about my condition?”

An Long’s stomach-full of words were blocked all at once. He looked at Song Qingshi beside him whose face was showed a completely perplexed expression and then at the lunatic evildoer in front of him. He suddenly

realized that he could never say all the insane things that Yue Wuhuan had done. Otherwise, wouldn't he just be saying that he was still unwell?

Song Qingshi attached exceedingly great importance to his mental illness. If he knew that his illness had not been cured, he would never shun him. He would only love and take care of him in every possible way…

An Long gritted his teeth and once again decided to reorganize his words to say that Yue Wuhuan wasn't crazy. He was purely sinister, black-hearted and rotten to the core.

Yue Wuhuan turned around and poured tea for Song Qingshi. He glanced at the tooth marks on his arm and asked with a smile, "Master has just recovered from his serious injury. How about I prepare some medicated food for you? I got some Purple Cloud Ginseng from the secret realm a few days ago. It is most suitable for nourishing the body."

An Long's stomach-full of words were blocked once again. Looking back at it now, he remembered that most of what Yue Wuhuan had done seemed to really have been to find medicine for Song Qingshi to heal his injury. If he decided to lie, this matter couldn't be hidden. It would have been fine to say it if Song Qingshi really had been harmed. But seeing how Song Qingshi was sitting here in perfectly good condition and it was all thanks to this evildoer, was he lodging a complaint against him or was he asking for him to be rewarded?

The rest were small matters like murder, which, in the immortal realm, were things not worth mentioning.

He himself had killed far more people…

As for being injured by traps as he charged into the Medicine King's Valley; he could bicker even less about this matter. It would simply be too disgraceful for this dignified Nascent Soul cultivator…

An Long tasted the same unspeakably bitter suffering whenever he frustrated Song Qingshi into turning into a pufferfish. Gnashing his teeth,

he said, “This guy hasn’t done anything special in the secret realm. In any case, it’s just the usual treasure grabbing. He was very good.”

Yue Wuhuan sat down with a kind and honest expression on his face and nodded, “Thank you to An Xianzun for the praise.”

“You’re welcome,” An Long held up the cup and couldn’t help taunting him, “There isn’t any poison in this tea, right?”

Yue Wuhuan said unflinchingly, “An Xianzun really loves to jest. I haven’t used this kind of vulgar technique for many, many years.”

…

Song Qingshi hugged the well-behaved Luminous Dragon. He looked at An Long to his left and Yue Wuhuan to his right. Even he, who was slow on the uptake, knew that the two were completely incompatible with each other. The atmosphere was terrible. However, he didn’t know how to reconcile the two. After all, Yue Wuhuan’s traps had hurt An Long and An Long couldn’t let Yue Wuhuan off easy.

The best way to deal with fighting was to isolate the parties first.

Song Qingshi was about to ask a valley servant to take An Long back to Jingxin Courtyard and he himself would accompany Yue Wuhuan back to Fuling Palace.

Suddenly, he looked at An Long’s leather armor and felt something was amiss. Song Qing studied medicine for many years and was a little obsessed with cleanliness. He usually wore white clothes and didn’t like getting dirty. An Long knew this and so every time he comes to the Medicine King’s Valley, he will clean himself up. Even when he played pranks or got handsy, he would never torment him in this regard.

Now An Long’s body was covered in stinky mud. An Long had carried him all the way here and he made several dirty stains on his vestments.

The cleansing spell was a basic spell that every cultivator in the immortal realm knew. It could instantly remove the dirt on one's body.

Why doesn't An Long use it?

Song Qingshi thought for a while and then sent out his mental probe to investigate. His face changed slightly. He immediately forced himself to get up with the help of the Luminous Dragon. He limped towards An Long, pulled at him and said solemnly, "Xiao Bai has some injuries, I'll take you two to rest and get some medicine as well."

An Long saw the way he looked and his heart softened instantly. He stretched out his hand. "Hey, do you need me to carry you on my back?"

Song Qingshi shook his head and stepped on the red lotus. "I'm not crippled. If I let you give me a piggyback ride now then what next?"

He was more accustomed to doing what he can do himself…

Yue Wuhuan lowered his eyes and quietly picked up the tea set on the table.

Song Qingshi pulled An Long along and took him to his permanent residence in the Medicine King's Valley, the Jingxin Courtyard. He ordered him to lie down and then used his fairly flexible right hand to check his injury. An Long saw that he had already found out his actual situation and no longer tried to put up a front. He finally took off his black leather armor.

How could someone who forcibly broke the Poisonous Fog Formation of the Medicine King's Valley get through unscathed?

He had been trapped in the Poisonous Fog Formation for several days. Under the leather armor, dried blood mixed with the dark swamp mud, sticking to his flesh. There were black spots on his chest and abdomen, signs of the poison's corrosion. It had spread through much of his body over time and had gradually seeped into his bones. The name of this poison was "Bone Intoxication" and it was the most terrifying slow-acting poison in the "Nie Clan's Poison Scriptures". At first, it was just numbness and then as the toxin enters the bones, it becomes more and more painful, until the

bones in the entire body would crack and the whole body would transform into mud.

Song Qingshi disliked this poison as being too cruel. He had never used it before nor had he set it in the Poisonous Fog Formation so he didn't notice it right away.

Although An Long used Gu's and special detoxification pills to delay the onset of the poison, after so long, the poison had already reached the surface of his bones and the pain was severe. At first, he was anxious to ask about all these matters he'd been worrying about and then Yue Wuhuan suddenly appeared. For the sake of face, he forcibly endured and said nothing.

"You always do this," Song Qingshi used his spiritual power to seal the spreading poison for him. He then used the ghost fire to draw the poison out. He couldn't help cursing, "If you cut your finger, you come find me and make such a fuss but when you're seriously injured you won't breathe a word about it. You just have to insist on pretending to be fine. Don't you know pain? If you let it drag it on and all your bones get broken even I can't save you!"

An Long remained silent, allowing him to detoxify and heal his injuries.

With Song Qingshi's special physique, there was no need for him to be afraid of all sorts of poisons. He can also absorb other people's poisons into himself and then dissolve them.

The black ghost fire kept turning, sucking all the poison bit by bit.

"He changed this poison in the poison array because he wanted my life." The pain in An Long's body gradually disappeared and he said solemnly, "I don't blame him. Battles in the immortal realm have never been reasonable. Battle are a matter of life and death. Since I broke into the Medicine King's Valley alive and saw you two, he was the one who lost. Qingshi, I just thought of twenty-eight ways to kill him, eight of which you absolutely wouldn't have been able to stop."

Song Qingshi stopped the ghost fire in his hand. He raised his head and looked at him warily.

“I know. You want to say that I’m a Nascent Soul cultivator.” An Long knew what he wanted to say, and interrupted him. “But Yue Wuhuan is no ordinary Foundation Building cultivator! No Foundation Building cultivator has a physique closer to a Core Formation cultivator’s. There’s the Blood King Vine. His whole body is highly poisonous. He has so many of these strange formations and these unthinkable hidden weapons. He has sword skills that he never could have even if he started practicing in the womb! He has all sorts of schemes! If he’s allowed to develop, he will definitely become my hidden danger!”

What he originally thought to be an ant, turned into a serious situation. He had misjudged him.

Although it wasn’t a big deal now, all cultivators knew that danger should be killed in its infancy.

Song Qingshi murmured, “But, you didn’t kill him.”

An Long closed his eyes and took a deep breath: “If I killed him, would you forgive me? Would you not fight me to the death?”

“No,” Song Qingshi shook his head firmly, “He saved my life.”

An Long slowly raised his left hand. He lowered his head and looked at the skin on it that was more delicate than elsewhere. His voice was a little sad, “If…I had been the person next to you, you wouldn’t have been hurt at all. I would have given everything to protect you. But… you never gave me the chance.”

He was very powerful. He was fierce and tough. He was rough-skinned and heavily muscled. He was brazen and unreasonable. He wasn’t meek and compliant. He wasn’t the type to do what he’s told.

He was a wolf who stubbornly wanted to pretend to be a dog. But no matter what he couldn’t keep up the pretense.

Song Qingshi knew what he should say some words of comfort but no matter what he says, he felt that they would all be pale and feeble.

“I don’t blame you. It’s my fault. I can’t let it go. This is the punishment I deserve.” An Long pulled him into his arms and buried against his neck, lightly sniffing the scent he was reluctant to let go of. He finally let out an injured whimper, “Qingshi, it hurts…”

The author has something to say:

An Long: I thought you were locked up in a small black room!

Song Qingshi: I was in a small black room. How did you know?

Translator's note: The author has a lengthy note at the end but I think you'll all want to read it.

Chapter 39: Greedy Ambition

Song Qingshi had never seen An Long like this. He was a little overwhelmed, clueless as to what to do. After he removed all the poison, he spent an hour acting as a treasured teddy bear. He didn't dare speak or move and finally he was reluctantly let go.

The Luminous Dragon was not injured but it was thoroughly exhausted from excessive exertion. He asked the kitchen to prepare a lot of raw eggs as food for the Luminous Dragon. He then repeatedly warned An Long not to drink alcohol; even medicinal liquor was not allowed.

When he returned to Fuling Palace, it was already midnight.

His newly-recovered body was tired; his heart was also tired.

Yue Wuhuan was sitting on the steps of Fuling Palace, waiting for him. Seeing his appearance, he was stunned and didn't say anything.

"Were you waiting for me?" Song Qingshi was a little happy when he saw him, but it was a pity that his whole body was smeared with An Long's mud. The cleaning spell couldn't get rid of the smell of the swamp. He just wanted to take a bath.

Yue Wuhuan took a fresh unlined robe for him and sent it to the bathroom door.

Song Qingshi was soaked in the warm hot springs, thinking about how An Long had looked and what he'd said and done today. In his heart, he felt a little perplexed.

It couldn't be that An Long likes him, right?

Song Qingshi quickly gave up this absurd conjecture. Although he was no expert at relationships between friends; he might not have seen pigs running

but he has eaten pork. His sister in the other world was a goddess-level Baifumei, the line of suitors who came to court her could take up several whole streets. Everyone employed all sorts of gimmicks to win her favor. Some even tried to get to her through him, giving him all sorts of books and practice exams, begging him to put in a good word for them.

How could there be such a chaotic and infuriating wooing method like An Long's?

This was obviously the bad-friend model that everyone talks about, right?

His brothers in school were also a lot more troublesome than this. They hooked arms around each other's shoulders, hugged each other, cursed at each other, gave each other terrible nicknames, drank together, soaked in public bath together; he even heard that they would jeer and ridicule each other… And somehow, it hasn't prevented them from finding girlfriends at all. And they were different in front of their girlfriends, each becoming more well-behaved and thoughtful than the other.

More than five hundred years ago, every time he was kidnapped by An Long to go out to play, An Long would always be first to find a beautiful woman. He would whistle to attract the attention of the beautiful woman and he would tell him to come and watch, saying he'll teach him how to seduce a woman. He was not interested in these things and had refused many times. An Long, though, still kept tirelessly doing these foolish things. What 'pure and gentle, sexy and enchanting'; what 'delicate and lovely, dignified and lofty'; what 'exotic bearing and classical grace'; what 'daughter of a noble house, jewel of wind and dust' …

Thanks to An Long, he has seen an unprecedented number of beautiful women.

There was no one who disliked beautiful things.

Song Qingshi wasn't against the appreciation of beautiful things. But one had to use respectful eyes to look. You must treat them with due respect. He absolutely hadn't wanted to be taken as a lecher by these beautiful women! He had wanted even less to be treated by these beauties as An

Long's accomplice because of An Long's shameful actions, being chased down the street by these ladies up in arms and him not daring to fight back because he was in the wrong!

This incident will always rank first in the most shameful things in his life.

He couldn't get rid of his anger even when he beat An Long's dog head into a pig head.

An Long still hadn't known to repent and asked cheerfully, "You don't like women. Is it possible that you like men?"

Song Qingshi was dumbfounded by his question and he pondered over it for a long time. However, he was obsessed with cultivating and research. He was uninterested in self-indulgence and didn't understand the feeling of being roused by desire. He never thought about his own orientation. How could he possibly know the answer to this question? He tried to draw an outline of his type in his mind but he could only draw a blank.

He pondered for a long while and found that An Long has once again made his thinking grow crooked. He was someone who was going to cultivate the Way of the Heartless. What was he doing thinking of this kind of thing?

An Long wouldn't give up and kept asking, "What kind of man do you like? Men from our Western Forest are very good to their Daoist companions. Don't look at how fierce we appear on the outside. In fact, we're the henpecked sort. If she makes us go east, we would never go west. If she makes us kneel on the washboard, we would never dare kneel down on the nail board… Do you want to think it over? I'll find a good one for you. I guarantee he'll be very obedient."

His expression was actually very lowly and humble, like he was waiting for him to make a fool of himself.

Song Qingshi didn't like this topic very much and he felt like he was being tricked again. He didn't want to pay any more attention to this silly dog who knew nothing but to joke around. He ran back to the Medicine King's Valley, shut himself in his study and immersed himself in many obscure

texts, until An Long swore with his ancestors as witness that he would never do something so foolish again. Song Qingshi barely managed to get himself to forgive him once he promised never to bring up this topic again.

An Long knew that he was in the wrong and he behaved for a long period after that.

Later, he successfully formed his Nascent Soul and cultivated the Way of the Heartless.

The Way of the Heartless didn't actually affect life and friendship. It simply cut off passions and abstained from desires; concentrating on seeking the Way, freeing one from any worries about love. After Song Qingshi cultivated the Way of the Heartless, he never again suffered from the troubles of the heart demon. There were no more bottlenecks on his road to cultivation and he made progress at lightning speed. Obviously, his choice at the time had been the right one. This was the Way that suited him best.

An Long, however, lost his temper like crazy. He cursed out a lot of words that were unpleasant to hear, slammed the door and left.

Song Qingshi was angry about this for a long time.

When his anger subsided, he was a little worried. He asked Ye Lin to inquire about any news of him. However, Ye Lin reported that An Long was outside toying with flowers and grass; he spent his days very happily. After the two finally reconciled and after much difficulty, resumed correspondence, he even dared to provoke numerous immortal ladies and female cultivators to come make trouble at the gate of the Medicine King's Valley. It added chaos to his research and he was so angry that he wanted to hit someone. He was simply a thoughtless, straight-man bastard!

…

Song Qingshi got up from the hot spring. He felt that he was thinking too much!

How could An Long abandon the allure of beautiful women? And for dull and boring man like him? He also wasn't a beauty like Yue Wuhuan. Was there something wrong with his mind?

It was most probably that his self-esteem had been hurt by being severely injured by a Foundation Building cultivator and he was now too embarrassed to say it and so he was just feeling depressed.

If he were to put himself in his shoes, if he had lost out on an exam to a younger junior brother, he too would feel so depressed, he would want to cry.

He'll be a little gentler to An Long during this time. He won't carelessly burn him. He'll let him cool his temper and he'll find a way to solve the issue of the Bone Intoxication

Song Qingshi straightened out the logic in his mind and got up from the hot spring. He put on his unlined robe and walked out of the bathroom, prepared to go back to his room to rest.

Yue Wuhuan had been waiting outside the door early on. He looked for a long moment and suddenly stretched out his hand and wiped two unfaded tooth marks on Song Qingshi's neck. He said awkwardly, "It's easy to leave marks on Master's body. It can't be wiped off. I'm afraid you might be made fun of if you go out like this…"

"I'll apply medicine on it later. It should be gone by tomorrow." Song Qingshi promised, feeling depressed. "That dog of a brute, he's like this every time he loses his temper. In the future, he will definitely not be allowed to bite indiscriminately."

Yue Wuhuan asked, "An Xianzun likes to bite people?"

"Yes. It's nothing," Song Qingshi couldn't help ridiculing him. "You haven't seen him go mad and bite off an enemy's neck…"

Yue Wuhuan smiled and softly hummed in agreement. He supported him to walk slowly back to the room. He controlled the Blood King Vine to

retrieve the ointment to remove bruises and then gently smeared a thick layer on the bite mark. The mark was completely covered before he stopped. He then carefully massaged Song Qingshi's stiff limbs.

He had already taken off his golden mask and under the light of the luminous beads, his beautiful phoenix eyes were concealed with a dark luster. The corners of his mouth were tightly pursed together. After hesitating for a long time, he lowered his head and slowly said, "It was wrong of me to use the Bone Intoxication in the Poisonous Fog Array. It was wrong of me not to say anything even though I knew An Xianzun was poisoned. Provoking An Xianzun and implicating Master in this trouble was even more wrong of…"

Song Qingshi immediately refuted. "It's not your fault."

Although the fight between the two was caused by a misunderstanding, fights in the immortal realm were always a matter of life and death. What sense was there to admit fault for this kind of thing? And under An Long's violent attacks, how could Yue Wuhuan possibly have retreated unscathed? Only after he had woken up, he saw that Yue Wuhuan was safe and sound, so he didn't think much about it.

Thinking of this, he suddenly had a realization and hurriedly examined Yue Wuhuan's body with his mental probe. As a result, he found a lot of injuries that had yet to fully recover, as well as traces of old wounds that had already completely healed. Especially eye-catching were those traces where something had bored in through his leg and wound along his meridian, snaking towards his heart. This was obviously the work of An Long's Heart-Eater Gu.

The Heart-Eater Gu was small in size, moved extremely quickly. It was hard to pin down its tracks and it left you no time to use anesthetics.

At the moment the Gu invades, you need to act decisively. You will need to cut open your body with your own hands, open up your meridians little by little, and fish it out. If you hesitate even for a moment or if you were struck with bad luck and allowed the Heart-Eater Gu to crawl to your heart, you will be met with an even more painful way to die.

This was one of An Long's cruelest Gu's. It may seem like this Gu leaves you hope to escape with your life, but very few cultivators actually survive.

Yue Wuhuan refused to say anything.

Song Qingshi almost exploded with anger. He wanted to tear that Alaskan Malamute to pieces. He had just stood up when he remembered the even crueler Bone Intoxication on An Long's body. His mind cleared up once again. He sat back down and took two deep breaths. He calmed his angry mood and tried to be rational, pondering the problem.

Bone Intoxication and the Heart-Eater Gu, neither was something that could be forgiven. They could now be regarded as mortal enemies.

In order to save him, a deep misunderstanding occurred between the two. They attacked each other, causing the current situation…

Song Qingshi did a round of reflection and found that the main culprit was he himself. Now, he was feeling a bit guilty.

He looked at Yue Wuhuan and thought about An Long. He had never faced such a complicated situation before. He felt more pained than when he had been struck by lightning. He wished that he could take these two things onto himself and have that be the end of the matter.

The little angel's well-behaved and sensible appearance made him want to be partial towards him.

But, no…

If he forcibly shielded his faults, An Long will be even more furious and will never let the matter go. If news of this matter spreads, that he master of the Myriad Gu Sect had been grievously harmed, it would be a dispute between the sects for their honor and dignity. This matter can no longer be measured by right or wrong. It will be even more unfavorable for Yue Wuhuan. Therefore, this will be used only as a last resort. It would be better to find a way to calm An Long's anger and get him to give up pursuing this

matter and let this matter remain secret. Then he would keep the two apart and use time to dilute everything…

But what about the grievance that this little angel suffered?

Yue Wuhuan saw through his troubles and softly comforted him, “Master, there is no need worry. Wuhuan will admit his error to An Xianzun and ask for punishment, bringing an end to this matter.”

Song Qingshi immediately refused. “No! You’re not at fault. There’s no need for you to beg for forgiveness!”

He knew how ruthless An Long was towards people he found displeasing. He can’t let the little angel suffer this grievance.

Yue Wuhuan lowered his head. He tucked his slightly wavy hair behind his ear. He dropped his phoenix eyes, gently kissed the palm of his left hand. He said sincerely, “Your troubles are my fault.”

Song Qingshi felt as though his palm had been brushed by a feather. It tickled and his ears were a little hot for some reason. Fortunately, his long hair hung down and covered it. He retracted his hand uneasily. The beating of his heart went slightly disordered. He insisted, “You’re not at fault.”

Yue Wuhuan smiled. “You can admit to a mistake even if you’re not at fault. I’m used to this kind of thing.”

When he was at Golden Phoenix Manor, he had to admit his mistakes no matter what he did. Even if he had been forcibly held, he had to kneel down, admit his mistakes and be punished.

Now he could no longer tell what was good and what was evil, what was right and what was wrong. Strong was right, weak was wrong; living was even more right, dying was even more wrong. In order to achieve one’s goal, there was no means that could not be used. .

He can kill anyone and he can also offer up an apology to anyone.

He couldn’t feel any difference between the two…

Everyone said that his mental state was abnormal and that he was a lunatic.

He had killed everyone in the Medicine King's Valley who knew he was a lunatic and couldn't control their mouths.

Hush. He must hide it. How bad would it be if he were discovered by the Master?

He can lock the demon of desire in his heart. He can restrain the crazy thoughts in his mind. Naturally, he can put up with this dirty wolf, hide his murderous intent into the darkness and cover it up with a smile. He can pretend to be harmless and then wait for the right opportunity. He wants too many things, so he mustn't be too eager to act. He must slowly weave the net, slowly laying out preparation, never showing his true colors before the prey completely falls into the trap.

When he looked at Song Qing with a smile, his eyes were full of doting tenderness…

"Wuhuan," Song Qingshi was so moved by the way he looked at him. He thought for a long time before he said, "You don't need to do these things for me. I am your master, although…I am an incompetent master who knows nothing except medical skills and research and one who hasn't done anything worth presenting. I was even so irresponsible as to abandon you for ten years, causing you a lot of suffering."

Yue Wuhuan immediately cut him off. "No, this is because you blocked the Heavenly Tribulation for me…"

Song Qingshi knew that he was clumsy with his words. Afraid that he wouldn't be able to out-speak him, he stretched out his hand and blocked his mouth. Unyielding, he said, "It is the master's responsibility to protect his disciple! It's because I didn't properly anticipate your Foundation Building crisis. I didn't make thorough preparations. I hadn't been able to guage the strength of the Heavenly Tribulation and I wasn't able to adjust my Nascent Soul well and I made my move in a flurry, which led to being seriously injured and falling into a coma."

Yue Wuhuan was stunned by him. When that warm palm touched his lips, it brought a secret faint joy.

Seeing him honestly keeping quiet, Song Qingshi smiled with satisfaction. “Wuhuan, let me resolve this matter.”

It was time for him to climb out of the ivory tower and learn how to deal with complicated interpersonal relationships.

Yue Wuhuan looked at him for a while and said, voice hoarse, “Okay.”

He put down the blue silk canopy screen for Song Qingshi and extinguished the luminous beads. He put on the mask once again, got up to take his leave.

Within the dark canopied bed, a shy voice came from under the quilt.

“Wuhuan, don’t be afraid, I… will do everything to protect you…”

He kniew that it will be difficult to get Yue Wuhuan to get rid of the shackles of the past and find happiness, but he will do his utmost best and do it bit by bit.

His intelligence might not be first-rate and he wasn’t the best when it came to EQ. He was also a bit clumsy when communicating…

However, no matter how difficult the problem was, he would never give up. No matter how many times he fails, he still has to find the correct answer.

Yue Wuhuan looked at the figure in the canopied bed. He had accompany this body day and night, bathed it and changed its bandages. Every contour of every part of his body, the sensation of every inch of his skin, have already been engraved in his mind. There was no need to witness it with his own eyes. He can easily imagine how alluring the person behind the curtain was. He used the Emotion Locking Gu to forcibly suppress the crazily burning desire in his body. In contrast, his voice was extremely soft and steady, “I know.”

The long red vine slowly stretched into the canopied bed, gently wrapping around his pale ankle, like a rope that could easily be loosened.

“Good night. Let it accompany you. It’s difficult for you to move about right now. If you need to summon me, you can just pull this vine.” Yue Wuhuan couldn’t help but indulge his greed for a while. This was his most precious stone, pure and flawless. He must watch it closely, guard it, let no one take it from his arms.

The author has something to say:

Because my characters are comparatively controversial, I’d like to say a few words.

First of all, don’t just say that the author doesn’t understand Wuhuan as a character. His psychological problems are very complicated — he has a highly-retentive memory, he’s clever and perceptive, prideful, a perfectionist, has strong desire for control, serious mysophobia, etc., taken together, they cause a variety of serious mental illnesses (at the same time, its part of his charm). If I was even slightly off in my understanding and control of his character, the Wuhuan who would have appeared would no longer be the one you’ve seen and liked.

Love and doting affection might resolve the psychological trauma of ordinary people.

This is not possible for Wuhuan. I have already given the answer in the chapter regarding his fantasy. Right now, doting affection will only cause him suffering when he is sober and awake. The love given by Qingshi will only make him feel inferior and he will be trapped in the cage that is the Medicine King’s Valley. He will pretend to have recovered. He will carefully play the role of a happy character that everyone wants to see. (Patients with mental illness hide all their symptoms, which represents a refusal to be treated.)

The title of the first volume is First Meeting. It's just the preliminary treatment for his physical wounds and giving him a reason to stop trying to kill himself.

The title of the second volume is Madness. It is necessary to expand everyone's psychological problems to the largest extent and to expose their hidden problems, igniting them all.

Only when the sea of blood and mountain of corpses is initiated and Wuhuan's unbridled hatred completely released, allowing his mentality to change, will the real road to redemption begin. (Wuhuan in that period was super liked by all my friends who had read the spoiler outline. The plot would also gradually become sweeter.)

Qingshi's psychological problems will also be gradually revealed in the second volume.

An Long is an important trigger. His feelings are by no means simply to create some hellish scene or to have a lady-killer character design. I don't like to making meaningless set ups. Every step was done thinking about how the next few steps will be. (It can't be helped that I write slowly.) (Although the unrequited love is miserable, there is no possibility of multiple angles in the story.) (An Long's final ending is still good though so don't worry too much.)

In all psychotherapy, the doctor is only an aid and ultimately it is necessary for the patient to seek his own cure and to stand up by himself.

So the story has to go til the end to solve all the problems.

If this really bothers you, you can choose to abandon this story, or wait until the end of the story to read the final answer.

PS: When I decided to write this story that runs counter to mainstream stories, I had already prepared myself to have absolutely no regrets. I will not compromise for commercial viability nor would I change the outline just because someone disliked it.

Chapter 40: Acting Competition

In the middle of the night, Qing Luan came quietly to Zixuan Hall.

Zixuan Hall was an old study not far from Fuling Palace. The Medicine King Xianzun had abandoned it because it was too small. It had then been used to store sundries. After Yue Wuhuan took charge of the Medicine King's Valley, he reorganized and repaired it, restoring its use as a small study. Here, he handled the affairs of the valley.

Yue Wuhuan was sitting at the desk, reading letters. Under the golden mask, there was a somewhat joyful smile at the corner of his lips.

However, after having misjudged many times before, Qing Luan no longer dared to use Yue Wuhuan's facial expressions to guess what he was thinking. Behind his smile may be a cold killing intent and anger may be just a facade for scheming. He merely plays out the image he wishes to show you and the craziness that is occasionally revealed is real.

No one dared to face his madness.

Qing Luan nervously bowed in greeting. She then stood there obediently, waiting for her new orders.

The Blood King Vine twined around a small wooden box. Inside the small wooden box was a spirit bead that had never been used.

Qing Luan took the spirit bead. She knew that Yue Wuhuan didn't need to rely on it to control people's hearts. Keeping it had only been for her share of loyalty. Today's Medicine King's Valley had been woven into a spider web, guarding Fuling Palace and the treasures within it. He had already removed all danger. Everything was under his control and no secret could be hidden from his eyes.

Yue Wuhuan raised his head and saw that she was still standing there. He asked, voice low, "Is there anything else?"

Qing Luan thought for a while and answered carefully, “How should I handle An Xianzun? I ask Wuhuan Ge to instruct me clearly.”

She knew about the devious trick of changing the Poisonous Fog Formation. She also knew the source of An Long’s rage. It made her very uneasy.

Yue Wuhuan put down the letter in his hand, “Treat him as you would a distinguished guest.”

Qing Luan tactfully described her worry, “An Xianzun came charging in so menacingly. He doesn’t seem like he’ll be easy to deal with.”

Yue Wuhuan laughed, “Are you afraid that he will kill me?”

Qing Luan bowed her head, not daring to answer.

“Your thinking with regards to An Long is too simple,” Yue Wuhuan treated this loyal and capable subordinate with a little more patience. “The way of succession of the Myriad Gu Sect is like refining Gu. After the master’s death, his nine direct disciples will fight each other to the death; until only one last person remains who can obtain the inheritance of the Wu Gu god. Of his martial brothers, he was the last one to enter the sect and yet he managed to kill all his eight fellow apprentice brothers. After obtaining the inheritance, he bathed the Myriad Gu Sect in blood, wiping out all the voices of dissent. Afterwards, he, bit by bit, grasped the entire Western Forest in his hands.”

Qing Luan shuddered at hearing this. She couldn’t accept this kind of brutality between fellow disciples.

“So, people like him won’t let their emotions affect their decisions,” Yue Wuhuan analyzed. “If he, after he had broken into the Medicine King’s Valley, had killed the people in it, especially me who is Master’s senior disciple, it would have meant trampling on the dignity of the Medicine King’s Valley. Master would not be able to let the matter go. His body had been heavily poisoned at the time. He was an arrow at the end of his flight.

Given that kind of situation, what use would there have been provoking Master's anger by insisting on taking me down with him?"

Qing Luan muttered to herself, "However, Master has removed his poison…"

She wasn't a stupid person and she suddenly understood. Since, An Long hadn't done anything even when he had charged in in a fury, now that his anger has calmed down, he was even less likely to do anything.

"Can't he kill me whenever he wants to?" Yue Wuhuan shook his head and smiled coldly. "In the immortal realm, the strong are as numerous as the clouds. What need is there to personally kill someone? Wouldn't it be better to hire someone to kill me? Better to give the impression of weakness now, pretend to behave, get Master's wariness towards him to subside, get the poison undone. Once he leaves, then he'll set about in secret; maybe employ assassins. If I were him, I would definitely do this…"

Afterwards, he can even get rid of the killer and use the killer's head to please Master.

It would be killing two birds with one stone. Why not do it?

Just as when the Master woke up, he too gave up the devices and formations to deal with the incoming An Long. He aborted the poison puppets lying in ambush. There was no need to upset the Master over these trivial matters and destroy the good mood of their reunion.

Yue Wuhuan shook his head regretfully. "An Long is a clever man…"

The Blood King Vine that he had wrapped around the Master's foot was still moving to and fro. Master was obviously still troubled about this, tossing and turning, unable to fall asleep. Since Master is so worried about their "misunderstandings", they must "solve" them. He had originally thought of several ways to provoke An Long into killing people in the Medicine King's Valley, but now this had to be considered as a loss; better to give it up.

Pity……

Before Qing Luan left, she hesitantly asked, “Wuhuan Ge, are you not afraid of danger?”

“I’m afraid, deathly afraid.” Yue Wuhuan remembered this funny thing, and couldn’t help but laugh. The deep laughter in the quiet darkness carried with it restrained madness, “If I encounter danger, Master will certainly be very worried. He still stick closely by side to protect me day and night.”

Such a life was truly one that people couldn’t help but look forward to.

Qing Luan looked at his smile and couldn’t help shivering.

…

In Fuling Palace, Song Qingshi tossed and turned. All night, he moaned and groaned but he just couldn’t solve this difficult life-and-death problem.

He could not naively hope the two to let bygones be bygones and become friends. He merely hoped that the two would not insist on fighting to the death.

Despite that, it was still very difficult…

An Long was the type to seek revenge for just an angry look. There was no way he would have mercy on anyone. He would often agree overtly but oppose in secret. In case, he agrees with him for the moment and then later on, kills Yue Wuhuan, first decapitate then present your trophy, even if he slaughters this Alaskan Malamute, it would all still be too late. Yue Wuhuan was a little angel who was willing to endure anything for him. He was inexplicably made to suffer the Heart Eater Gu. He must certainly also be holding back fury in his heart; otherwise, he would not have taken out the Bone Intoxication poison in retaliation.

He can’t just always be made to suffer a grievance and expected to obey and behave, right? It can’t be the he can’t even hit back when he’s been hit or answer back when he’s scolded, right?

The master was responsible for his disciple's mistakes. Not to mention that his disciple wasn't even wrong and thus couldn't admit to any fault.

He should just simply let An Long beat him up to vent his anger…

He was a Nascent Soul cultivator. In any case, he could definitely bear a beating more than Yue Wuhuan.

Song Qingshi thought for a long time and felt that there was no way this unreliable plan would succeed. He wondered whether he had anything good to move An Long and get him to give up on his hatred. However, the Myriad Gu Sect was much richer than the Medicine King's Valley. Except for medicinal pills, he had nothing else that was presentable…

The next day, he struggled to get out of bed and found that the Yue Wuhuan hadn't come. He simply did a quick washing up with the assistance of the Blood King Vine and then decided to go to An Long and lay his cards on the table. He'll go see what price he needs to pay to get An Long to completely let this matter rest. If that doesn't work, then he'll have to prepare their defenses.

Unexpectedly, as soon as he walked to the garden, he saw An Long and Yue Wuhuan sitting in the pavilion playing Go. The two were talking and laughing and the atmosphere between them was very good.

Song Qingshi rubbed his eyes, feeling life was like a dream.

Yue Wuhuan glanced at his messy hair and nodded in greeting. He smiled. "This morning I should have gone to wait upon Master first, but An Xianzun pulled me in to play Go."

"You pulled me in first, alright?" It was An Long who was staring intently at the Go board. After thinking for a long time, he finally set down a piece, "It's your turn."

Song Qingshi walked over suspiciously and looked at the Go board. An Long held

the black pieces and Yue Wuhuan held the white ones. He wasn't any good at Go. The only thing he could see were twin dragons strangled together. The black dragon slightly had the upper hand.

An Long asked delightedly, "It's boring to play for nothing. Should we put in a little bet?"

Yue Wuhuan set down a piece and asked with a smile, "What does An Xianzun want to bet?"

"No gambling in the Medicine King's Valley!" Every time Song Qingshi played Go with An Long, An Long would slaughter him within an inch of his life. Knowing his prowess in Go, he rushed to answer for fear that the little angel would be made to suffer a losses due to An Long's luck in matches. "Whoever loses gets slips of paper stuck on their head!"

He had seen his senior brother do it this way when playing cards!

Both of them looked at him blankly…

Song Qingshi unyieldingly rapped the gavel. "This is my house! I have the final say!"

He sat between the two of them, lying on the stone table. He didn't like watching Go matches. He absently watched them taking turns placing down the white and black pieces. His mind was filled with thoughts of whether An Long was planning on lying and deceiving him again or whether Yue Wuhuan, afraid that he would worry, was hiding something.

The situation of the Go match suddenly took a turn.

The black dragon was led into a trap and was about to be strangled by the white dragon.

An Long looked at his method of arranging traps. This was just like in the Poisonous Fog Formation, every step seemed harmless and only when he thought he had the advantage, did the hidden killing move bare its fangs. An

indescribable anger broke out in his heart. The more An Long thought about it, the angrier he became. The look in his eyes turned fiercer and fiercer.

Yue Wuhuan noticed the murderous intent and smiled at him.

Song Qingshi looked vigilantly at An Long and warned, “Refusing to acknowledge one’s loss is not allowed!”

“Your disciple is bullying me,” An Long rolled his eyes. He pulled him over and placed him beside him. He then said cheerfully, “We brothers must enjoy blessings and endure misfortune together. Since you were the one who proposed it, if I lose the paper will be stuck on your forehead!”

Song Qingshi had been planning to coax him into having a good time and so he readily agreed.

Yue Wuhuan was stunned and the Go piece in his hand turned towards a different direction.

The two of them had been at it for more than half an hour. The match went into a bitter struggle. In the end, the black dragon narrowly defeated the white dragon…

Song Qingshi was as good as one’s word. He took the small red strip of paper and walked towards Yue Wuhuan. “Where would you like me to stick it?”

Yue Wuhuan laughed and said, “I will be happy no matter where Master sticks it.”

“Okay,” Song Qingshi thought for a while. He didn’t want to put it on the mask, so he decided to put a cat’s whisker on him, “I’ll paste it properly so it looks a bit better.”

He leaned in closer to Wuhuan’s face, trying to find the best position.

Yue Wuhuan kept moving this way and that. He laughed and said, “Master, it tickles.”

Song Qingshi's pasted it on crooked and it didn't look pleasing to the eyes. And so he quickly tore it off and stuck it on once again. "Don't move around."

An Long looked at the shameless evildoer on the left and the brainless fool on the right. As he listened to this exchange that sounded somewhat like flirtatious banter, he grew so angry that he could eat the Go pieces! Song Qingshi had never been in a relationship with anyone and was clueless about romantic matters! He never thought that he could still play like this! This was a huge loss!

Song Qingshi stuck on the piece of paper and voiced out his doubts, "What's with you two?"

An Long instantly withdrew his anger and said cheerfully, "We're the type to not make friends unless we fight. We decided to call it even between the Heart Eater Gu and the Blood Intoxication Poison."

Yue Wuhuan bowed in salute once again. "Wuhuan greatly admires An Xianzun's magnanimity."

"Forget it. I don't blame you," An Long waved his hand and said graciously, "You were trying to save Qingshi. It was I who let my imagination run wild. I was rash."

Yue Wuhuan smiled and said, "An Xianzun was also saving my Master. If Wuhuan had known your intentions, I would have thrown open the doors of the Medicine King's Valley to welcome you."

An Long praised, "It's amazing that you are so skilled at scheming at such a young age."

Yue Wuhuan boasted, "It was An Xianzun who let me off easy, allowing me to escape with my life by a fluke."

The two smoothly performed their exchange, laughing endlessly, as though they felt like old friends at first meeting.

Song Qingshi, standing to the side, suddenly became the outsider to their exchange…

He became more aware of his lack of knowledge when it came to emotions and relationships. He decided that he was in need of remedial lessons.

Whenever Song Qing encountered things he didn't understand, he would look for the answer in books. However, subjects such as interpersonal relations, psychology or making friends didn't exist in the immortal realm and the Medicine King's Valley didn't have any books related to these matters.

After pondering for a long time, he suddenly remembered that in this world, depictions of emotions between people was most often found in novels. Perhaps he could use them as a reference.

So, he wrote to Ye Lin and attached a high-grade spirit stone to the letter, asking him to find some books about men's camaraderie for him. He must ensure that it was close to life, the kind with sincere feelings.

Ye Lin was quick handle paid orders. He immediately took the books by his own bedside and sent it to Song Qingshi, boasting that it was the best-selling novel in recent times. The depiction of brotherhood in it was written marvelously. It could even be described as 'knives piercing both sides', 'supremely honorable and righteous', 'to offer one's life in sacrifice'. People who read it simply couldn't put it down. They just couldn't tear themselves away.

Song Qingshi, as though he had found priceless treasure, picked up the copy of "The Three Tiger-Fighting Brothers" that was sent with the letter.

He was extremely satisfied with Ye Lin's ability to handle matters.

The author has something to say:

The acting level of the three:

Yue Wuhuan: Oscar-winning Film Emperor

An Long: Domestic Film Emperor

Song Qingshi: I once played a tree in our kindergarten stage play!

Translator’s note:

How to play Go: Link

Chapter 41: Tiger-Fighting Brothers

The author of “The Three Tiger-Fighting Brothers” was called Xun Fang Zhenren. It was an on-going series, currently on its third volume.

The story went as follows: When a kind-hearted and lovely rune cultivator had ventured out of his home for the first time, he met a reserved and black-bellied sword cultivator and an unrestrained and dissolute demon cultivator in the secret realm. The three men shared weal and woe as they fought and defeated the Nine Lives Demon Tiger. From adversaries who couldn’t stand the mere sight of each other, they became good brothers and afterwards, they became heroes travelling around the world.

Xun Fang Zhenren’s writing style was excellent. He filled this simple adventure story with one climax after another. In between he mixed in enchanting beauties and precious and exotic animals. It was brimming with manly romance and each character was portrayed to be true to life. This story about how the three forgot their former enmity and turned to being able to drink and chat merrily together was written with overflowing heroic spirit.

Song Qingshi was nestled under his quilt. He held up the luminous bead, ignoring the vine that had tightened around his ankle several times already, urging him to sleep. He simply couldn’t stop reading.

He finally understood the joy of reading adventure novels.

In the story, the rune cultivator had been seriously injured by the demon tiger. The sword cultivator, bathed in blood, came to his rescue. He scaled many peaks, faced countless swords, was so oppressed that it broke one’s heart…

Song Qingshi was very keyed up as he read when something cold and moist slid beside his feet. He lifted the quilt and found that the Luminous Dragon had crawled over. It was trying to bite off the irksome Blood King Vine, attempting to reclaim its territory.

Its teeth were extremely sharp and it forcibly pulled open several wounds on the Blood King Vine.

“Don’t make trouble,” Song Qingshi hurriedly separated the snake fangs from the Blood King Vine. It then picked up the Luminous Dragon and scolded it, saying, “This is not a rope. You are not allowed to bite it.”

The Luminous Dragon immediately wrapped around his waist. It coiled around a few times then snuggled against his chest, refusing to leave.

“You’re a lot heavier than before.” Song Qingshi found it both funny and infuriating. “Forget it, I’ll allow you to stay tonight.” Then he shook his foot and ordered, “Wuhuan, don’t wind around so tightly. I’m fine.”

The Blood King Vine slowly loosened. It then continued to gently loop around his ankle.

Song Qingshi didn’t understand why Yue Wuhuan didn’t just settle the Blood King Vine by his bedside and instead, insisted on wrapping around him. However, when he had asked during the light of day, Yue Wuhuan’s expression was embarrassed. He looked like he was hesistant to say, repeatedly opening his mouth to speak then stopping mid-way. Sing Qingshi’s guess was that during the ten years he was in a coma, Yue Wuhuan had gotten used to staying by his side and taking care of him. Now that they were going about separately, he felt uneasy and so he wanted to use the Blood King Vine to act a little like a spoiled child.

Even if his family’s little angel had a bit of a strange hobby, he must also be doted upon.

What’s a mere tendril of Blood King Vine? It is absolutely no problem even if he wants to twine seven or eight tendrils!

Song Qingshi patted the Luminous Dragon’s head and continued to read the novel. He was very excited. He even got out of bed to grab a notebook and a charcoal pen. He carefully marked the key points and made notes. While taking down notes, he told his impressions to the Luminous Dragon. “The characters in this novel are written so well; very close to life. I think Yue

Wuhuan must be the kind and lovely rune cultivator. An Long is the unrestrained and dissolute demon cultivator and I am the aloof and black-bellied sword cultivator! Everyone started out having conflicting views and are the type to make friends with their fists. Afterwards, they went on adventures and…

Yue Wuhuan who was eavesdropping using the Blood King Vine: "???"

An Long who was eavesdropping using the Luminous Dragon: "???"

Song Qingshi quickly determined his future course of action. He'll drag the two of them out to an adventure and all the interesting things they encounter during their journey will be used to deepen their brotherhood. He remembered that Nanhai City, not far from the Medicine King's Valley, just happened to be holding a flower festival. Although Nanhai City was small, it was teeming with beautiful women and strong liquor, just right for An Long's tastes. There were often precious gems for sale brought in by their sea trade. This was just perfect for Yue Wuhuan's hobby. As for him, Wolf's Bane flowers were in full bloom right now. He could buy some medicinal materials along the way.

Even if the plan fails, no one will be unhappy about going to such a good place to have fun, right? Of course, before going, he was going to have the both of them read this novel so that they could experience for themselves what deep brotherhood was like. In this way, they could understand his painstaking efforts.

The next day, Yue Wuhuan agreeably and sensibly accepted his copy of the novel. "Since Master says its good, it must be good."

"I've read this book a long time ago." An Long thought about what he had heard yesterday. After thinking about it all night, he was still completely puzzled. Unable to get it out of his mind, he couldn't help but ask, "You think I'm like the demon cultivator which is understandable. But why is he the rune cultivator and you, the sword cultivator?" Just what about this wretched evildoer was kind-hearted and lovable? And how was his family's little Qingshi aloof and black-bellied?

Song Qingshi boldly and confidently said, “Because the sword cultivator is the oldest and is responsible for handling matters. He is the eldest brother. The rune cultivator is the youngest and needs to be looked after. He is the youngest brother. Among the three of us, I am the oldest, you’re the second and Wuhuan is the youngest. Isn’t that right?”

His answer was logical and well-founded.

An Long actually couldn’t find anything to refute…

“How do you know these things?” Song Qingshi noticed a flaw in his words and realized that this guy was asking him about things he had said while he was alone in the middle of the night. He thought for a bit and grabbed the Luminous Dragon. Checking it over, he caught a minute eavesdropping Gu between its scales. He was so angry that the alchemical fire ignited in his hand. He smashed it against the Alaskan Malamute, “You wanted to listen in to me talking in my sleep again!”

He had done this before. Not only did he peek at him sleeping, he also made fun of him for hugging his quilt while he slept! And that he recited medical scriptures in his sleep! He told him that he should hug something warm instead! Like a man’s embrace!

He was not a girl, what would he hold a man for?

This was obviously An Long mocking him for being like a woman!

Song Qingshi got angrier the more he thought about it. The red lotus in his hand burned fiercer and fiercer. In any case, there were still some days before their departure. He didn’t mind letting the Alaskan Malamute accompany him to recuperate from his injuries!

An Long was burned into covering his head and sneaking away like a rat, with his head in his arms. He turned around and saw Yue Wuhuan standing to the side, acting like an unconcerned party. He immediately ratted him out. “He also eavesdropped! Why are you only burning me?!”

Yue Wuhuan put down the novel in his hands and said with a smile, “I have already reported to Master early on about the Blood King Vine.”

“You’re even thinking of dragging others down with you!” Seeing that he didn’t know to repent, Song Qingshi grew even angrier. He refuted, “It’s difficult for me to get around right now. Wuhuan left the Blood King Vine so that it would be easier to take care of me. What’s your excuse for using Xiao Bai to eavesdrop?”

An Long felt wronged. “I heard that before you got into that accident, this guy slept with you every night…”

“Not like you haven’t!” Song Qingshi found his grievance to be totally inexplicable. “Before when you were seriously injured and being treated in the Medicine King’s Valley, you could barely move. Didn’t I also stay by your side to take care of you? Because of your bad sleeping posture, when your injury was just starting to get better, you kept tampering and fiddling with your wounds. So, I had to have it changed to two beds.”

Isn’t it simply a matter of course to provide in-room patient care for seriously ill patients?

His rebuttal made An Long choke on his stomach-full of words. He just hated how much black history he had from when he was young and experienced. Now, he couldn’t turn the tables on him.

Song Qingshi became suspicious once again. “How did you know that I was accompanying Wuhuan to sleep?”

Over the past few years, Yue Wuhuan had completely removed his spies within the Medicine King’s Valley which meant that he no longer received any news from within the valley. However, he must never let Song Qingshi know about this matter. Otherwise, if he were to be questioned too closely, he wouldn’t be able to explain. It was very likely that he’d be blacklisted and expelled from the valley.

The look in Song Qingshi’s eyes turned even more and more suspicious. The alchemical fire began to take on an indistinct shape in his hand.

An Long made a decisive decision and dragged in Yue Wuhuan who had been standing to the side, pretending to be all innocent. “He was the one who said it!”

Yue Wuhuan glanced at him and smiled.

“After we agreed to forget our previous disagreements, we got so into our conversation and this topic was accidentally brought up.” An Long’s face was sincere but the force behind his fingers was so intense that he almost snapped Yue Wuhuan’s shoulder blades with his grip. It brought with it a heavy threat but his mouth still implored, “I misunderstood you two and thought that you two were doing something interesting behind my back so I sent Xiao Bai to eavesdrop. Isn’t that right, Wuhuan Xiaodi? Didn’t we already discuss this?”

Song Qingshi was a first-class master when it came to performing autopsies. There was hardly ever a case where he hadn’t found the cause of death.

He was an expert at Gu’s and Wuhuan was an expert at poisons. It was difficult for either of them to conceal their killing methods.

Neither of the two wanted to anger Song Qingshi nor leave any flaws…

Cultivators had long life spans and there was no need to scramble for every minute. Even if they wanted to eat the other party’s flesh, they must choose the right time to act. Otherwise, if they kill the other but leave a black history becasue of it then the murder would have been meaningless. It would only arouse Song Qingshi’s suspicion and if he were to investigate the matter, it was very likely that their secrets would be exposed.

They had much too many secrets in their hearts…

An Long knew that Yue Wuhuan had the same idea. And so Yue Wuhuan took the initiative to show goodwill and tolerated An Long.

Yue Wuhuan was even more cautious and careful than An Long, never showing even a trace of his poisonous snake’s tail.

“An Xianzun is right.” Yue Wuhuan knew what he was thinking and didn’t even take notice of the severe pain on his shoulder. He even joined up with his narrative and backed-up his lie. “I must have mentioned it when we were chatting. It was very kind of An Xianzun to remember. Now, my condition has become a lot better and I no longer need Master to accompany me and provide in-room care, let alone do any interesting things with Master in bed. I would like to please ask An Xianzun not to do such things anymore.”

Song Qingshi found it completely baffling. “Aside from sleeping and reading, what else can one do in bed?”

Yue Wuhuan said dotingly, “What Master says is true.”

An Long looked helplessly at his clear eyes. For some unknown reason, the anger in his belly completely disappeared. Even his anger at Yue Wuhuan also dissipated by a lot. He shouldn’t have held out any hope for this idiot who cultivated the Way of the Heartless. If even having a peerless stunner like Yue Wuhuan in bed can’t provoke his desires then it probably truly was hopeless…

If he wanted him to understand these things, he was afraid he had to do it like how he had seen under the illusion of the Fantasy Gu before — compelling, coericing, controlling…Using various means to forcibly instill these things into him, forcing him to experience it for himself and taste the flavor of desire. Only then would the green buds slowly bloom into a beautiful form.

He thought of that scene in the fantasy and almost couldn’t help but want to show his fangs and tear this thoroughly clean person to shreds…

But, he absolutely couldn’t do this. It would hurt him…

He could not make mistakes…

An Long closed his eyes lightly and restrained the evil thoughts in his heart. He couldn’t destroy anymore everything he’s worked so hard for.

“An Xianzun,” Yue Wuhuan’s gentle voice snapped him out of his thoughts. “Are you going to travel with Master to Nanhai City?”

An Long opened his eyes and looked at Song Qingshi’s expectant expression. He smiled and showed the canine teeth at the corners of his mouth. “If you want to go, then naturally, I’m going.”

Song Qingshi had been cultivating for nearly a thousand years. At least nine hundred years had been spent locked up in his residence and most of the remaining hundred years had been spent gathering medicine in the deep mountains or in the secret realms. The number of times he had gone to accompany him to go outside could be counted on his fingers and Song Qingshi taking the initiative to invite him to journey together now was a first. If he doesn’t go, wouldn’t he be giving up and presenting with both hands this great opportunity to this evildoer?

An Long smiled and draped himself all over Yue Wuhuan’s shoulders. “Wuhuan Xiaodi, what is the relationship between us? Don’t call me ‘Xianzun’, call me ‘Dage‘.”

Yue Wuhuan nodded slightly and said with a smile, “An Dage.”

Song Qingshi was overjoyed. He suddenly felt that the relationship between the two was not as bad as imagined. The future looked promising. He must arrange the itinerary of this trip well. He would have to ask Ye Lin to find out more about the good food, good wine and beautiful sceneries in Nanhai City. The more interesting things they find, the more they could converse and maybe by the end of their journey, they would have each found each other’s good points, completely undoing the knots in their hearts.

Everyone here is a scholar-tyrant. What need is there to fight over trivial nothings? Isn’t it good to learn and study together?

The author has something to say:

Scholar-Tyrant Song will use his own power to pull this story in the direction of a standard tale of brotherhood.

Danmei? Bah! Isn't it nice to be brothers instead?

Song Qingshi: "Come on, let us sing Zhou Huajian's "Friends" together~"

PS:

The author couldn't help ridiculing her protagonist: "Qingshi ah…getting tangled with seven or eight Blood King Vines, you're probably going to cry until you cry out like a cat."

Song Qingshi: "???"

Chapter 42: Gold-Medal Tour Guide

If the trip was not arranged well, at best, they would be unhappy during the trip and at worst, they would quarrel and have a complete falling out.

Song Qingshi was a serious and responsible person and would never allow such a tragedy to happen.

He took all the materials related to Nanhai City in the library and re-read them again. He also wrote to Ye Lin, asking him to collect more books on the customs and culture, stories and legends and geographical knowledge regarding the places en route to Nanhai City. He had to make sure to be a gold-medal tour guide. The two group members must be given service to achieve their utmost comfort; nothing must go wrong.

Yue Wuhuan had ordered that he was to receive a massage on the left side of his body three times a day for his rehabilitation.

Song Qingshi was a good patient. Following the doctor's advice, he was lying on the veranda of Fuling Palace, holding a well-behaved Xiao Bai, basking in the warm sun. While receiving a massage, he furiously wielded his brush, writing notes.

Yue Wuhuan had an obsession with cleanliness. He should pay attention to food hygiene during their journey. They would have to bring their own bedding and tableware.

An Long liked to make trouble after drinking. When they go drinking, it would be best to find a quiet place with no one around so as not to inflict suffering on innocent people.

Yue Wuhuan hated being taken liberties with. He must be wary of lechers and must dispose of them promptly.

An Long liked seducing beauties so he would have to be careful not to let him go too far. As soon as he discovers the situation, he must keep Yue Wuhuan far away from An Long so as not to implicate the innocent!

…

“Oh–” Song Qingshi felt a sharp pain on his arm. He turned his head back and looked gloomily at the Alaskan Malamute, who he suspected, was thoroughly amused by the whole thing. An Long had forcibly grabbed Yue Wuhuan’s rehabilitation job. He grumbled to the culprit who had caused him to fall from happy paradise, “Can’t you do it a bit gentler?”

His arm and thigh had been squeezed blue in several places. It was terribly painful. He had wanted to refuse the Alaskan Malamute’s “caring” massage but he was afraid it would result in another conflict between the two. If they counted old scores and new grievances, Yue Wuhuan might suffer a loss so he could only grit his teeth and bear it.

“Don’t act all aggrieved when you’re already enjoying the benefits.” An Long happily abandoned his arm and pulled his leg. He placed it on his knee and pinched his toes one by one. His expression was not at all like that of a proper masseuse. “This magnificent master of the Myriad Gu Sect has condescended to give you a massage. You should be happy. Just when will you get better if you just rely on Yue Xiaodi who is all soft and gentle and can’t bear to put any force behind his massages?”

Song Qingshi said sullenly, “I like his gentleness!”

“Really?” An Long paused. A wicked smile instantly appeared on his face. He stretched out his hand to scratch the sole of his foot, “Let me give it a try.”

Song Qingshi was particularly afraid of being tickled. He quickly retracted his foot and shouted at him to stop. “Go away! You’re no longer allowed to give massages!”

An Long said sternly, “Look, you’ve already got some strength back into your left foot. Your massages need to be a bit stronger, don’t be afraid of the pain. I fight a lot and have a lot of experience with this kind of injury.”

Song Qingshi felt that he was just trying to find an excuse to tickle him. He jumped up and fled, refuting, “I’m also a doctor and I know these things

better!”

Yue Wuhuan was walking over carrying a bowl of carefully concocted medicine. Seeing the scene before him, he took a deep breath and put down the decoction. “Master’s injury has yet to completely heal and he needs to rest. We’re not in a hurry. Taking this slowly won’t be any hindrance to him. I would like to ask An Dage to not tease him.”

Song Qingshi clung to Yue Wuhuan and nodded like mad. His family’s little angel was still better. He knew how to act properly and not cause trouble.

Yue Wuhuan took his arm and lovingly applied ointment to the bruises on it. He re-massaged it using gentle force, lest it hurt him.

“Truly amazing endurance.” An Long curled his lips, disdainful of his act of pretending to be well-behaved and clever. He had originally thought that when Song Qingshi had fallen into a coma and fallen into this guy’s hands that he’d been eaten so completely that not even dregs would remain. He hadn’t expected the two of them would still be so pure and innocent. Obviously, this lunatic evildoer’s ability to endure was superb, unwilling to rashly mess around. This made his ability to put up with this lunatic evildoer once again rise by a lot. At least for the time being, he could hold himself back from killing him. He would look at the situation before making a decision.

Song Qingshi continued to lie on the ground, taking notes earnestly. His writing brush wouldn’t stop as he wrote tens of thousands of words.

He truly worked hard. He wrote in every detail of every scenic spot in the trip. He made preparations for every possible accident. He firmly believed that so long as you weren’t afraid to study, there was nothing in this world that was difficult. He even secretly went to the anatomy room to practice delivering his lines to the general teachers, so as to avoid stuttering when he lectured on the road.

The two people who wanted to make trouble secretly glanced at the notebook crammed full with notes. They were quite moved. Their eyes met and they reached a tacit understanding. They decided to save all their

enmities to be settled later. They'll bear with it for now and try to pretend to be happy and harmonious during the trip so as not to let all his efforts go to waste.

…

After a dozen days or so, the left side of Song Qingshi's body could finally move freely. He had cleared the remaining poison from An Long's body, nursed Yue Wuhuan's body back to health, undid Qing Luan's seal and entrusted to her the Medicine King's Valley's affairs. He then left her with a means to contact them in case of an emergency. Finally he packed his luggage, found Yue Wuhuan to receive a huge sum of pocket money and happily led the others to set off on their journey.

Normally, when they went out to do errands they would take their magical beasts. The magical beasts were very fast and so they weren't suitable for sightseeing along the way. Moreover, magical beasts were rare and only the big sects or high-ranking cultivators could ride them. If the three of them went together, it would be too easy to attract attention. It was not conducive to a quiet vacation.

After consulting with the two, Song Qingshi decided to go on horseback.

This was a common means of transportation for ordinary cultivators in the immortal realm, suitable for low-key travel.

"This stone is Shuanglong Rock," Song Qingshi peeked at the cheat sheet in his sleeve, determined the location of the scenic spot and did his best to recite the introduction. "It's recorded in Yung Ying Zhenren's "Nanyang Mountain Mythology" that two dragons, due to a personal enmity fought which caused heavy rain to fall. The Celestial Emperor sent Shenjun to descent to earth and behead the two dragons. Their heads turned to this rock. You have to watch it carefully and realize its appearance…"

Yue Wuhuan praised without hesitation, "What Master says is true, this rock has obtained good fortune from Heaven and Earth. It possesses form and spirit. It really is quite extraordinary."

After listening to this shameless reply from right beside him, An Long hurriedly swallowed the “Looks to me like a broken toad” that had already been in his throat. After mulling it over for a long time, with much difficulty, he finally stifled his conscience and said, “It really looks like a dragon…”

After listening to their praises, Song Qingshi looked back at the stone in satisfaction. But why was it that no matter how to looked at it, it looked to him like a toad? He quietly glanced at the two people behind him who kept admiring the mighty dragon. He was a bit suspicious of his own eyes and afraid of being laughed at for his lack of artistic vision, so he didn’t dare say it. He also delivered a few words of praise and finally made his concluding remark, “What do you understand of this story?”

An Long’s wolf face slackened at this question. “Huh?”

Yue Wuhuan thought for a while and replied, “It is important for brothers to be united and not to fight?”

Song Qingshi was extremely satisfied and as expected, his family’s little angel understood his intentions best.

An Long turned to the heaves, looking as though he had nothing left to live for. He suddenly remembered a certain time, while in the fantasy world shaped by the Fantasy Gu, he had angrily remodeled the Gu, forcibly distorting many of the fantasy settings. He had even changed Song Qingshi’s character design a bit. After that, he coaxed dream Song Qingshi into falling into his hands but in the end, while in bed, he was still asked countless questions about social ethics and physical hygiene. He was tormented with questions to the point of almost dying…

He’s really got it hard…

Although he hated Yue Wuhuan, he also had to admire his extraordinary endurance…

He can’t do this kind of blind boasting…

“An Long, what are you thinking?” Song Qingshi saw that he wasn’t paying attention to the lecture. He called out to get his attention, ready to explain the next spot. But then, when he saw the scenery in front of him, he was suddenly stunned. “Huh? This wasn’t like this before. Why’d it change?”

Yue Wuhuan followed his gaze and found that there was a majestic temple on the mountain, with carved beams and paintings on the walls. It was resplendent in gold and jade. Inside, incense was lighted in abundance. The entranceway was a street, selling all kinds of incense sticks and food. Faithful believers, both men and women as well as merchants and hawkers came and went. It was truly unusually bustling.

He asked curiously, “Is there anything wrong with this temple?”

Song Qingshi was perplexed and said, “I remember this was a broken mountain temple before. No one came here.”

Yue Wu laughed and said, “When did Master come?”

Song Qingshi thought for a while. “I lived in this ruined temple for a while when I was in Foundation Building. It happened more than 800 years ago.”

“Given how many years has passed, it must have changed.” Yue Wuhuan knew that he had no idea of changes in the outside world. Smiling, he turned to a different topic. Puzzled, he asked, “Why did Master live in a ruined temple?” There were many places to lodge at in the immortal realm and the price was not expensive. Even a Foundation Building cultivator wouldn’t have to worry about not being able to find a place to stay in town.

Song Qingshi realized that he had said something stupid, unintentionally saying something he shouldn’t have. Embarrassed, he said, “I picked up a seriously ill child at the time. It was not convenient to stay in the town so I could only stay where there was no one else around.”

Yue Wuhuan was even more puzzled, “Why?”

Song Qingshi explained, “The child was an abandoned half-demon.”

Yue Wuhuan immediately understood.

In the immortal realm, the ones with the lowest status were mortals but the most hated were those of the demon race. The demons were creatures bred by evil thoughts in the endless land. Most of them had very monstrous appearances. They did not understand human feelings. Within their body there was only the desire for killing and greed. They created a reign of terror wherever they went.

Occasionally, there would be women forcibly seized by demons and the children born from that were the half-demons.

The half-demons would have some of a demon's traits. When they grew up, most of them would gradually be dominated by evil thoughts and turn into complete demons.

In the immortal realm, half demons were taboo children and everyone hated them.

An Long glanced at him and said with a sneer, "You just love meddling in other people's business. Weren't you afraid you were just saving a white-eyed wolf?"

Song Qingshi earnestly explained, "There were three kinds of poisons in the child's body. The toxins were clashing against each other. His whole body was starting to fester. His condition was very complicated…"

He actually knew that saving a half-demon wasn't good. But seeing the child still struggling with barely any breath left, wanting so desperately to live, he couldn't help but carry him back. He didn't dare let others see him. So they hid in a ruined temple deep in the mountains. It took two full years to completely cure the child.

Later, he wanted to send this child to Ci Bei Xianzun of the Ten Thousand Way Sect to cultivate. Ci Bei Xianzun himself was a half-demon but he restrained the demon nature in his body with his benevolence. He was of noble character and was highly-respected by everyone. He didn't hate the half-demon children and was willing to take them in and raise them. Under

his influence, almost all these children maintained their human nature and never committed evil.

However, this child ran away not long after.

Stumblingly, he told Yue Wuhuan about these past events. Yue Wuhuan listened very attentively. He remembered that Ci Bei Xianzun had fallen protecting the world in the battle to seal the demons three hundred years ago. It was regrettable and truly worthy of respect. Most of his disciples had been killed or heavily injured. Even that beast Jin Feiren didn't dare to disrespect him when he mentioned his name.

Song Qingshi sighed, "Fortunately, that child didn't end up going, otherwise he would have been caught in a very dangerous situation."

Although he hadn't directly participated in the war, he had treated many of the wounded who had retreated. He knew that the situation on the battlefield had been tragic. He felt guilty.

An Long sneered, not sparing him any face, "Was such a filthy thing worthy of your attention?"

"That was my first seriously ill patient. I poured my all into treating him for two years." Song Qingshi thought of the past and felt particularly unhappy. "But, at that time… I didn't know how to talk to people. I couldn't say what I wanted to say. My words always failed to convey my ideas. I was very cold towards him and I was terrible at taking care of him. And so he hated me and he left without saying goodbye."

Yue Wuhuan comforted him, "Maybe he was just inherently bad."

An Long taught him, "This is what is meant by 'a devilish nature is hard to change'."

"He wasn't that bad. It was my fault," Song Qingshi said guiltily. "When I was refining medicine and researching, I forgot all about the things around me. I even forgot about food. Oftentimes, I let the child go hungry to the

point that he had to hunt birds and catch fish himself. Later, he even ate the Vermillion Snake Fruits I collected…"

Yue Wuhuan asked doubtfully, "The Vermillion Snake Fruit that appears after three hundred years and looks very beautiful but is highly poisonous. That fruit?"

"Yes," Song Qingshi couldn't help holding a hand to his forehead. He couldn't bear to look back on his past. "I was terrified at the time and the situation was urgent so I used pretty forceful treatment methods, almost driving the child half-dead. Afterwards, I didn't dare let the child remain with me. I was afraid I would just neglect him to death…"

The more he talked, the more depressed he became. He had been inexperienced at the time and made many mistakes, which caused the patient to suffer a lot.

Unfortunately, his communication issues had been much more severe then and he couldn't express anything.

An Long refused to spare his feelings and gave a hearty laugh. "I remember when I first met you. You talked more like a fool than you do now!"

Song Qingshi was so angry that he burned him. "That's too much!"

An Long repeatedly begged for mercy, "I was wrong. You talk so smoothly now and you don't stutter when you recite your lessons."

……

Yue Wuhuan seemed lost in thought. He felt that he had caught the tail of something.

The author has something to say:

Yue Wuhuan: I think there's a problem with Master's taste but I will help him cover it up…

Song Qingshi: I think there's nothing wrong Wuhuan's taste in beauty. If I go along with him, I definitely won't go wrong…

An Long:? ? ? (I feel like an idiot.)

Chapter 43: Mo Yuan‘s Remnants

The Luminous Dragon spotted the rat in the grass and quickly climbed down from Song Qingshi’s waist and slithered into the deep forest. The rat was very quick and nimble. Seeing that the situation wasn’t good, it quickly fled. An Long knew that his pet didn’t dare to eat any mouse in the Medicine King’s Valley. It had been dying from holding back and now that it has been let out to bask in the sun, he was afraid it wouldn’t return until it caught the mouse. Better that he go with it to help it catch mice.

Song Qingshi walked into the temple first with Yue Wuhuan. He regretted it as soon as he entered.

The people in the temple were all cultivators from various sects. They all had anxious expressions on their faces and they were all arguing endlessly. They looked as though they were discussing something important. Most of them were disciples of famous sects such as the Five Peak Sect and the Fu Sect; some of them were rogue cultivators and demon cultivators. There were even a few cultivators wearing attire marking them as disciples from Golden Phoenix Manor.

Song Qingshi was absolutely disgusted with Golden Phoenix Manor but he felt that he shouldn’t try to avoid them. Otherwise, it would appear as though he were afraid of these beasts. But if he didn’t avoid them, he was worried that the Yue Wuhuan would feel uncomfortable. He hesitated for a moment and threw a quiet look at Yue Wuhuan, indicating for him to decide whether to stay or leave.

Yue Wuhuan glanced at the crowd, paused for a moment and said, “Master, something interesting seems to have happened.”

Song Qingshi understood. The little angel wanted to stay and watch the excitement.

The Medicine King Xianzun rarely went out. Even if Song Qingshi’s reputation was fierce, very few people knew him. Yue Wuhuan was wearing a mask. With only his temperament and the exposed half of his face to go

by, although he was beautiful, he wasn't that eye-catching. Moreover, there were many immortal cultivators who hid their appearance for various reasons. His appearance was not unusual.

The cultivators from Golden Phoenix Manor were not very old. Their cultivation bases were low and they seemed like newly-accepted disciples. Based on Yue Wuhuan's expression when looking at them, it seemed that he didn't have any previous hatred with them. The cultivators from the other famous sects weren't any of the elders who Song Qing had seen so there was no need to worry.

Once Song Qingshi clarified the relationship between the cultivators present, he took advantage of everyone being too intent on their discussion to pay any attention, to pretend that he was a bored rogue cultivator passing by and boldly approached to listen in with Yue Wuhuan. What they were conversing about was a water monster that had appeared nearby and Mo Yuan's relics.

Few people knew how Sword Master Mo Yuan had died only that he hadn't left anything behind.

There are many pure water spirit orbs in the water monster's body. These orbs had many uses. It could be refined into Clear Water Powder to nourish water-type spiritual roots.

The damage to Song Qingshi's Nascent Soul had yet to heal and his need for water-type elixirs was great. And so, he was a little tempted. However, it was the prospect of finding Sword Master Mo Yuan's relics that tempted him more. Sword Master Mo Yuan was the role model that Wuhuan yearned for. There may be sword moves, swords or secret manuals included in the relics. If not, then traces of Sword Master Mo Yuan's life can give them insights into the glorious history of how a mortal cultivated to immortality using swordsmanship.

Yue Wuhuan seemed to think the same way. He was very engrossed listening to their discussion.

Suddenly, the cultivators screamed and pulled out their magical instruments one after another. Song Qingshi looked down. It was the Luminous Dragon who had come back after eating and drinking its fill. It slithered through the crowd with a grin, crawling towards Song Qingshi. It wrapped itself around his waist and legs once again, burying its head in the crook of his neck, nuzzling against him. Song Qingshi had no choice but to take this snake who loved to act like a spoiled child, hugging and embracing him at any place and at any time. He warned in a low voice, "Xiao Bai, don't make trouble. There are outsiders here."

This warning came too late…

All eyes followed the Luminous Dragon and then focused on him.

Being stared at like this, Song Qingshi's social anxiety reared its head. His body began to tense. His expression became colder and colder. The cold and eccentric Medicine King Xianzun appeared in front of them once again. His entire body exuded an arrogant and unapproachable air.

Western Forest's Gu King went around killing and fighting. His fame was widespread and the furious beast who accompanied him, the Luminous Dragon, was equally as well-known. Seeing the Luminous Dragon taking the initiative to twine around Song Qingshi and act like a spoiled child, the cultivators were shocked and quickly began to analyze and judge…

The entire immortal realm knew that Western Forest's Gu King had a very bad temper but he had a soft spot for the Medicine King Xianzun, to the point of obsession.

If there was an elixir suitable for the Medicine King's Valley in a secret realm, he will surely set about to get it. If he run across a treasure suitable for Medicine King Xianzun, he can even kill and steal it. However, for some unknown reason, the Western Forest's Gu King never allowed anyone to mention this. The words "Medicine King Xianzun Song Qingshi" were taboos in his ears. If anyone were to say to his face that he liked Song Qingshi, he would kill them. If anyone uttered even half a word of insult against Song Qingshi, he'd kill them even harder.

He was the top existence among the Nascent Soul cultivators. It was said that he had managed to escape unscathed from a fight with a Fen Shen cultivator.

No cultivator dared to provoke An Long's violent temper after seeing a horrible scene where the worms devoured people.

An Long walked slowly into the temple, following after the Luminous Dragon. With an ominous glint in his eyes, he cast a look at the messy group of cultivators; as though he were disgusting that they were getting in his way, dirtying his view. Everyone was so frightened that they didn't even dare to breathe too hard. They quickly retreated to both sides, leaving Song Qingshi, who had not reacted, standing where he was, blankly holding the Luminous Dragon, his whole body stiff.

Yue Wuhuan frowned slightly and stepped forward, quietly blocking part of their view of Song Qingshi.

An Long was accustomed to having the attention of the crowd. He strode to Song Qingshi's side. His fierce face instantly turned into a shameless, nagging expression. While teasing the Luminous Dragon on his shoulders, he asked fawningly, "Qingshi, what are you listening to?"

Song Qingshi's face was cold and he whispered, "You're making trouble."

An Long was delighted at being scolded. All smiles, he said, ingratiatingly, "I didn't do it intentionally."

At this moment, who couldn't guess Song Qingshi's identity?

It was said that the Medicine King Xianzun had a perverse personality. He was highly-poisonous from head to feet. He could drag a person he found displeasing and turn them into medicinal ingredients without warning. And the beauty in the golden mask who was attending to him must be that cruel lunatic Wuhuan, whose looks had been ruined and whose mood could swing from delight to anger. Add in the fierce and brutal Gu King of the Western Forest…and the three most unreasonable villains in the immortal realm have gathered together.

Among the cultivators present, the highest cultivation level was at Great Perfection of the Golden Core. Who here would dare touch the inverse scales of these villains? The people who had been saying all sorts of irrelevant things just now all shrunk like quail. Those who were reserved and held a bit of beauty, were especially frightened of Song Qingshi — he was willing to disfigure and turn mad someone like Wuhuan Gongzhi who was beautiful enough to cause the fall of a city. This Nascent Soul ancestor with his ruthless methods simply wasn't human.

Song Qingshi was made even more nervous by these gazes and his expression turned even more unnatural…

In the eyes of others, he looked like he could kill at any time.

An Long knew his nature and couldn't help but snicker for a good long time. Then, he said quietly in his ear, "Qingshi, you're so fierce."

Song Qingshi was so angry that he sent the alchemical fire to scorch his forehead.

An Long jumped away wailing, begging for mercy. He didn't care about losing face like this. He was even a little happy. Because in the Western Forest, it was natural for a man to fear his wife, to fear his Daoist companion. Beatings were kisses, curses were love. He especially liked being beaten and scolded by Song Qingshi. Not only was it a way to declare his territory to everyone but it also helped Qingshi relieve his nervousness.

Yue Wuhuan had seen through his stupid thoughts a long time ago. He just thought it was childish and ridiculous and didn't take it seriously.

As soon as he has passed through the door, part of his attention had been attracted by an acquaintance standing in the corner. It was a foreign rogue cultivator named Wu Jing. He had an imposing and impressive appearance, quite out of the ordinary. Yue Wuhuan remembered some interesting past events and wave after wave of malice rolled in his heart. He found himself wanting to do something fun that he hadn't done for a long time. He took advantage of when Song Qingshi's attention was not on him to gently let his

voluptuous lips tick up. He smiled at the rogue cultivator. His phoenix eyes beneath the mask were shining, bringing out a bit of restrained beauty.

Wu Jing was almost knocked silly.

Yue Wuhuan immediately held back a smile. He retracted his gaze and stood by Song Qingshi's side to attend to him, all well-behaved, discreet in word and deed. He carried himself with dignity so high he could not be profaned.

He was obviously a man of great beauty but pretended to be a noble and holy child. This kind of disparity created an unbearable temptation.

…

After Song Qingshi burned An Long, some of the tension left his body. He coldly said to everyone, "Speak from the beginning."

An Long knew that when he was nervous, his thoughts were prone to jumping about and he often said completely baffling things. He stepped in to complete the questioning for him. He directly called out a couple of cultivators. "The idiot wearing yellow in the corner and the ox-nose with the cockscomb on his head. Yes, I'm talking to you two. Weren't you so good at flapping your mouth just now? Come over and tell us the whole thing! If you don't speak well and Qingshi isn't satisfied, Laozi will have to replace you."

He'll have to replace you because you'd be dead.

How could the two singled out cultivators dare to disobey? They hurried forward and explained the matter in detail.

It turned out that a water monster had suddenly appeared in the nearby Yue Yan River. It swallowed a lot of fishermen and the whole Yue Yan River could no longer be traversed. The fishermen had no choice but to ask the nearby cultivation sect for help. However, although this sect named Red Dragon Sect, had a domineering name, it was in truth a sect that studied talismans. Their sect master, the one with the highest cultivation, was just a

Core Formation cultivator. He was of good moral conduct and normally held himself aloof from the world. They made talisman for the bigger sects and have accumulated quite a bit of goodwill among them.

Water monsters were not particularly strong monsters so the Red Dragon Sect's sect master had taken a few of his disciples to exterminate the monster for the fishermen. However, he did not return. When the various sects sent people to pick up their talisman orders, they learned about the matter from the panicked little disciples of the Red Dragon Sect. At this time, it had been three days since the Red Dragon Sect's sect master had disappeared.

As a result, several sects had thought it over and each sent a master to examine the situation at the river.

Seeing that the situation was turning bad, the water monster had hidden in the underwater cave. The masters chased in after it, only to find that there was a different world inside the water cave. There were several sword marks outside on the rock wall and an inexhaustible murderous aura was found the entire way. It seemed like a place where Sword Master Mo Yuan once stayed. It was pitch black in the depths of the underwater cave and there were unknown dangers hidden there. The masters were afraid it was a trap and didn't dare charge in. They decided to just search around the entrance of the cave and they managed to rescue a lucky Red Dragon Sect disciple. However, this disciple was unconscious and wouldn't wake up. His black hair had turned white as though he had received a terrible fright.

The cultivators had been discussing for a long time. Some said that they would go back to invite their Nascent Soul elders. Some said that they wanted everyone to join the battle. Some said that they had to go in batches to try it out several times… Finally, a few bold cultivators were unbearably tempted by Mo Yuan's relics and they took the lead to investigate the cave. However, they too disappeared…

"Save the people first!" A Five Peaks Sect disciple cried, "My shixiong fell inside. If he gets dragged in, I'm afraid it will be dangerous for him."

A Miao Yin Sect cultivator said angrily, “Bah! Your shixiong’s life is important, does that mean the lives of others aren’t important?”

The cultivators couldn’t help arguing once again.

Song Qingshi said softly, “Let me see the unconscious disciple first.”

His voice was drowned out by their quarreling and no one heard it. An Long couldn’t stand it any longer. He waved his hand and paved the way with thousands of Gu’s. Everyone was frightened into evading. He then seized a young disciple of the Red Dragon Sect and had him lead the way to see the patient.

The young disciple had just entered the path of cultivation and the ignorant had no fear. He wasn’t scared of these villains. Hearing that his shixiong was to be saved, he immediately led them to a back room. “Shixiong has just been rescued and his condition is not good. It is inconvenient to move him, so Master Zhi Hui placed him here, to be sent back once his condition improves.”

Song Qingshi followed him into the inner room and saw that sure enough, the patient on the bed really had white hair and beard. He stretched out his mental probe and had it do a circuit through his body. He ascertained that except for a few bruises, there were no major injuries that could cause a coma. He then took out some golden needles and stuck a few needles on his head. His spiritual power guided his mental probe and slowly stimulated the acupuncture points. When he turned his head and saw that Yue Wuhuan wasn’t there, he instead asked An Long to dissolve the Meditation Pill in water and use a crane-mouthed pot to pour it in for him…

An Long complied with his instructions.

Under the stimulation of the golden needles, the patient woke up. He suddenly opened his eyes and let out a cry of extreme horror, “Snakes! So many snakes!”

When the Luminous Dragon heard him calling for it, it poked his head out curiously.

The patient glanced at the incomparably huge snake head beside his bed and his eyes rolled back into his head. Foaming at the mouth, he fainted.

The disciples of the Red Dragon Sect went from joy to sorrow, crying out to Heaven and shouting down to Earth.

“It’s okay,” Song Qingshi was a little embarrassed. He took the Luminous Dragon back and redid his mental outline several times. He then began to recite the patient’s medical case. “The patient turned unconscious from excessive fear which created confusion in his sea of consciousness. This is the reason he remains unconscious. I’ve already sorted out his spiritual consciousness. He should wake up again soon…I will leave some Meditation Pills and Spirit Calming incense for you. He should be fine after a few days of rest. In addition, the patient may suffer from a psychological shadow towards snakes. He will, throughout his life, need to try and avoid contact with the stimulus.”

The diagnosis of the number one doctor of the immortal realm was very convincing.

The disciples of Red Dragon Sect went from sadness to joy once again. But remembering their missing master, they once again began to cry.

“The underwater cave is filled with snakes?” An Long’s heart was in full bloom. The Myriad Gu Sect was the ancestor of snake charmers. There must be something magical about the snakes that can live in underwater caves. He wanted to catch some, take them back and tame them. He pulled Song Qingshi aside and consulted with him, “Will you accompany me? The water monster will be yours and the snakes will be mine. If there’s anything good left by Mo Yuan, we’ll divided those equally.”

Song Qingshi thought for a while and agreed, “It’s getting dark now, so it’s not suitable for going underwater. We’ll prepare first and go tomorrow.”

Water monsters were not powerful monsters. But their bodies were nearly transparent and it will be difficult to spot it at night, seriously increasing its danger.

The disciple of the Red Dragon Sect expressed a thousand thanks. Their tears overflowed and they kowtowed asking them to save their master.

An Long was completely uninterested with their master and happily ran away to prepare the vessel for the snakes. After Song Qingshi determined that the patient's condition was stable, he was in high spirits as he went to find Yue Wuhuan to talk about this matter. He'll also ask him if he wanted to go underwater with them. Having a big adventure similar to that in "The Three Tiger-Fighting Brothers" will deepen their relationship.

He was a little puzzled why Yue Wuhuan hadn't followed him. He let out his mental probe and found him in a secluded corner talking with someone unfamiliar to him.

Song Qingshi ran over and was stunned…

He saw Yue Wuhuan with a smile at the corner of his lips. He was leaning against the tree with his arms folded, playing with a fallen leaf in his hand. He seemed to be in a great mood. There was a tall and handsome male cultivator, blushing and stumbling over his words as he confessed to him, "I would be overjoyed if you would be willing…I, I don't mind about your disfigurement. I will treat you well…"

The author has something to say:

Small theater

Crowd A: "I heard that the Wuhuan the Great Beauty was not only disfigured but also toyed with to the point of madness! That person who did this is truly cruel and inhumane!"

Crowd B: "I heard that person grew tired of playing with the Great Beauty and deliberately wrecked his good looks!"

Crowd C: "I heard that person is a beast!"

Song Qingshi: "Who is that person???"

Translator's Note: Warning…Really mild depiction of a tortuous death?

Chapter 44: A Mind at a Loss

Song Qingshi felt it was bad to eavesdrop on other people's conversations, but it was too late to leave now.

"Master." Yue Wuhuan perceptively discovered his presence. He threw away the leaf in his hand, nodded slightly to the man beside him and indicated for him to leave. The man didn't dare to twist the Medicine King Xianzun's tiger's whiskers. He bowed in greeting and hurriedly withdrew. Even while reluctantly walking far away, he repeatedly turned his head to look at the beauty.

Even Song Qingshi, slow as he was, felt that something was wrong. After thinking it over for a long while, he couldn't help asking, "Wuhuan, was that your friend?"

"More of an acquaintance, I think?" Yue Wuhuan walked over with a smile and fixed his mussed up hair for him. He explained, "He helped me when I was injured. It's something that I've always borne in mind. Meeting today was a coincidence. He wanted to reminisce about the past so I exchanged a few words with him here."

Song Qingshi understood. "He helped you? Then…he's a good person. You'll have to thank him properly."

Yue Wuhuan straightened his hair. He looked at his pure and simple eyes. He said with a smile, "En."

How could there be that many good people in this world? Moreover, there wasn't a single one of them who could enter the Golden Phoenix Manor to seek pleasure. This Wu Jing was even more ridiculous. He liked to rescue those beauties who were injured and had met with misfortune. He pretended to be shy and honest and dispensed some small favors. His mouth was filled with honeyed words, pledging undying love, coaxing beauties to be hell-bent on him, to be madly in love with him. Once he grew tired of toying

with them, he just made up excuses to dump them. Watching these beauties be filled with so much grief to the point that they wished they were dead filled him with happiness.

There had once been a stupid maid who took it too hard and actually killed herself.

Wu Jing had pretended to shed a few tears. He wrote a few infatuated memorials and then turned around to “help” other beauties in trouble.

Yue Wuhuan had never asked for mercy between the sheets. Moreover, he had a strong desire for death. He didn’t cared about serving the more brutal guests and he would even deliberately provoked the guests’ abusive desires. Therefore, of all the cultivation furnaces in Golden Phoenix Manor, he suffered the most torment and abuse. When Wu Jing had met him, he happened to have just been punished so severely that his body was covered in cuts and bruises; he was hardly been able to get out of bed.

Such beauty, such fragility, and such helplessness made for the best prey…

Wu Jing had been moved by him and was determined to win him over. He launched a strong offensive. He was attentive, gentle and considerate. He also sent medicine for his injuries and various jewelry. From time to time, he told him interesting stories. Too bad that his endurance hadn’t been strong enough and he wasn’t able to control his desire. Seeing that his injury was a little better, he had coaxed him, wanting his body.

How could Yue Wuhuan have failed to understand his nasty thoughts? However, given the circumstances, he had no other choice. He had to pretend to be stupid and accompany him in his farce. Incidentally, he collected information regarding the outside world. Unexpectedly, Wuhuan had acted so well that this guy took it seriously and ever since, he had been unable to forget about his body. Now that he was disfigured, Wu Jing thought him pitiful and fragile, a good prey that was easy to land and wanted trick him again, to get him in his hands and toy with him.

It’s disgusting, truly so disgusting…

The world is so dirty that it's hard to breathe.

Yue Wuhuan drew closer to Song Qingshi, He quietly sniffed the faint fragrance of his hair and only then did he feel a bit better.

In this world, there was only this one person who was gentle to him and he has never asked for anything in return.

…

The Red Dragon Sect arranged accommodations for them in a nearby town. However, the town was very small and there was no inn. Although the best courtyard had been tidied up for their use, it was still just an ordinary farmhouse.

Yue Wuhuan regarded the dirty room with disdain. He set about cleaning Song Qingshi's room for him. He placed the full set of bedding he had brought with him and then left, saying that he wanted to go back to his room to clean and see what ingredients were available nearby to cook with.

Song Qingshi had tried to help several times but was rejected. He sat in the corner and obediently read a book, not adding any more trouble.

However, today, he didn't know why… his heart was a little confused. For the first time, he couldn't get engrossed in his book. Clearly, his favorite words were right before his eyes but even after a long time, he couldn't even turn a page. The image of Yue Wuhuan together with that unknown man kept appearing before his eyes. In confusion, he kept thinking about strange things in his mind.

He had been in a coma for ten years and missed too many things…

Yue Wuhuan probably made a lot of friends during those times he had to go out alone, right?

His little angel was so smart and kind, capable and resourceful. There are surely a lot of people who truly like him, right?

Professor System had told him to let the protagonist shou obtain happiness. Did this mean letting him find someone he likes and letting him start a new life? That man he had just met seemed pretty good, tall and dashing. Moreover, he had saved Wuhuan and he hadn't shunned Wuhuan's disfigurement disguise. He seems to be of good moral character? If their relationship develops well and they want to become Daoist companions, then…then what should he do?

The Medicine King's Valley has never celebrated a joyous event. Should he prepare a lot of dowry for Wuhuan? No, that's not right. Wuhuan was a man. He should prepare the betrothal gift. But putting it that way seemed wrong too. He didn't understand these emotional matters and he didn't have anyone to discuss it with. Anyway, he will have to properly bless them. He will need to pay attention to what he says. He'll prepare a draft in advance and memorize it well. He'll keep it steady so that he won't overturn the car and embarrass Wuhuan.

The more Song Qingshi thought the more panicked and confused he became…

Finally, he couldn't help it. He stood up and decided to go out for a walk and dispel his chaotic thoughts.

It was dusk and the sun was setting. The cool night breeze helped a lot to clear his confused mind. He felt a little stupid and wanted to find something to do.

On the side of the road, some children were playing some unknown game. They wanted to push a big rock into the ditch, but they couldn't push it no matter how hard they tried. They then began to quarrel, blaming one for being weak or blaming another for being useless.

Song Qingshi watched by the side for a while. He then walked over and said to them, "You can try to use the principle of leverage."

The children looked at the beautiful cultivator in confusion.

Seeing that they didn't understand, Song Qing picked up a branch, squatted down on the ground and drew a formula, carefully explaining, "Levers can be divided into first, second and third class levers. Now that you have to move a heavy object, we'll use a first-class lever. First, we calculate the weight of the stone and then…"

The children looked at the formula on the ground and then looked at him in horror. They kept backing away before turning around and fleeing. They asked their companions as they fled:

"Was he stupid?"

"He's a lunatic, right?"

"I think that might be the new schoolmaster."

"Mommy, I'm scared!"

"…"

Song Qingshi stayed squatting on the ground in a daze. After a long time, he dropped the branch in his hand and got up slowly. He looked at the physics formula drawn on the ground and smiled awkwardly. He had tried many times to communicate with people. However, he never managed to do it well. Sometimes, he infuriated the other party and sometimes he was met with awkward silence. More often, he was simply ignored…

He didn't even know where exactly he had failed.

He shouldn't impose…

Song Qingshi sat quietly on the grass under a tree, listening to the calls of crickets, watching the clouds under the moonlight changing into various shapes in the sky, turning into dragons, birds, mice, cats…They changed back and forth. It was so interesting. No matter how much he looks, he would never tire of looking at them.

He was used to living alone and didn't feel lonely.

Let the dragon into the sea and send the phoenix to the sky.

When patients recover, they were discharged from the hospital.

It was fine even if he has to stay where he was by himself…

…

Yue Wuhuan made dinner. He couldn't see Qingshi and felt uneasy. After searching around for a long time, he finally found Song Qingshi staring in a daze under the tree. He didn't know what the other was thinking about. Most probably, he was thinking about his unfinished experimental problems. He breathed a sigh of relief, smiled and shook his head. Suddenly he felt like pulling a prank. He cast a Light Movement spell and quietly jumped up the tree. He observed for a long time and once he was certain Song Qingshi hadn't noticed him, he suddenly set about and shook the tree. Leaves fell like rain, falling down one after another, falling all over the head and face of the person underneath.

Song Qingshi was stunned by the shower of leaves. Just when he was about to investigate with his mental probe and use the alchemical fire to strike back, he heard a familiar laughter up the tree. A little embarrassed, he called out, "Wuhuan."

Yue Wuhuan jumped down and landed beside him. He asked with a smile, "Master, aren't you afraid of enemy attacks?"

"You didn't have any have murderous intent," Song Qingshi explained, "My Underworld Ghost Fire would have automatically released upon sensing murderous intent. So, there's no need to worry."

Yue Wuhuan was stunned for a bit. He said, tone serious, "You shouldn't casually tell others about this. Otherwise, you might be targeted and trapped."

"Only you know about this," Song Qingshi was afraid that he was worried and quickly said, "I'm not a fool either so how could I just tell others about my safeguards? Even if someone finds out about this in battle, once the

Underworld Ghost Fire is released, they won't be survivors to tell it so I'm not afraid of them making irresponsible remarks."

Yue Wuhuan said helplessly, "Why tell me?"

Song Qingshi thought for a while. "You're not 'others'." This was his little angel.

Yue Wuhuan was relieved and asked,

"Master, what are you doing here?"

"I'm looking at the clouds."

"The clouds?"

"En."

"I'll watch too."

"Huh? Wuhuan likes this kind of thing? But…everyone says it's boring," Song Qingshi shook off the fallen leaves off his body. He turned his head in surprise but saw that he had already taken a seat next to him. He quickly said, "There's nothing in the sky. I'm just watching the clouds change shape. You don't need to accompany me, you can do what you want to."

Yue Wuhuan looked at him, the smile in his eyes growing deeper. "No matter what we do, so long as we're together, nothing's boring."

Song Qingshi stared at him blankly. For some reason, his ears went a little hot and his eyes were a little wet.

Fortunately, the darkness of the night blocked the view of this loss of self-control.

Yue Wuhuan didn't say anything more. He sat quietly and accompany him quietly… It was obviously the same boring thing. But with company, he really became happy. Just like when they would spend time in the study

before. Even when they weren't doing anything, just reading books, he found it more interesting than usual.

What is this feeling? Is there a theoretical explanation in some book?

Song Qingshi thought hard for a long time, but couldn't think of an answer.

This was a feeling he had never experienced before. It was impossible to describe but he really liked it.

If he worked harder to treat Wuhuan even better, could he keep this feeling for longer?

Is this too selfish?

Song Qingshi secretly took a look at Yue Wuhuan and found that he seemed to be in a very good mood. He finally plucked up the courage to ask, "That person today, he's a good friend of yours? You and him…" He didn't know what words to use to describe his own problem.

Yue Wuhuan came back to his senses and said with a smile, "Master must be joking. I'm not good friends with him. We just had a passing acquaintance."

Song Qingshi stumblingly said, "He saved you. Should I, we give him a gift as thanks…?"

"En, don't worry, Master. I have already prepared a thank you gift for him and I've already sent it." Yue Wuhuan's smile became brighter. His eyes were filled with unclear light. "Although I don't know if Wu Daxia will like, he's a good person and he definitely won't refuse my gift and embarrass me."

Song Qingshi worriedly asked, "If he doesn't like it, do I need to prepare a different gift?"

"No need," Yue Wuhuan paused suddenly, seeming like his thoughts had wandered. After a while, he smiled again. His voice became a little low and his breath was bit disordered. It seemed that he was restraining some sort of

extreme happiness. He took a few deep breaths and re-adjusted his emotions with the Emotion Locking Gu. He then slowly approached Song Qingshi and gently laid his head on his shoulder. After a while, he whispered, “He’s going back overseas soon. If… Master manages to meet him again in the future, you can give it to him then.”

Song Qingshi said happily, “Okay.”

Yue Wuhuan looked greedily at the person beside him, letting the beautiful phoenix eyes under his golden mask to be dyed with the color or desire.

He had set a trap early on and he was finally welcoming in a delicious prey.

…

In a secluded and quiet room, there was a faintly beautiful silhouette within the dark gauze canopy. The prey had avoided everyone to get here and snuck in quietly. He then snuck his hand into the brocade quilt, ready to be attentive to the beauty who was already lying within, ready to relive his dreams of getting back together.

However, what he came in contact with was a cold stiff hand.

The prey realized that this had the marks of a trap. He made a quick decision and immediately broke the beauty’s neck.

The beauty with the broken neck, horrifyingly turned around and let out a weird laugh, “Kekekekeke—”

The prey was horrified to discover that this was not a living person but a corpse — a Poison Puppet, whose scarred face was riddled with stitches, like a frightening doll coming out of hell. He was so scared, all he wanted was to escape. But he only ran a few steps before he found that he was losing the ability to control his body. He wanted to call for help but his throat stiffened and he couldn’t make any sound.

The Poison Puppet crawled over like a spider and entangled him with its twisted hands and feet, injecting even more venom into him.

Immediately afterwards, countless Blood King Vines came spreading from all directions. Twisting and twining, they penetrated into his body from his mouth and from his skin. They wreaked havoc inside of him, shattering bones inch by inch, breaking internal organs bit by bit. Afterwards, they slowly sucked his blood, corroding and swallowing him up…

The hunter was hunted instead. The moth that fell into the spider's web watched helplessly as he walked towards death.

There was no chance of escape, only despair…

Hell was the most fitting place for him.

…

Yue Wuhuan sat with Song Qingshi for a long time — until he, through the Blood King Vine disposed of everything, found a place to hide the Poison Puppet and cleaned the scene, leaving no trace behind. He then used his spiritual consciousness to destroy those vines soiled by that disgusting thing, re-growing new ones in their place…Finally, he stood up and said, "Master, it's getting late. The sweet-scented osmanthus soup must have gone cold by now."

Song Qingshi quickly jumped up. "Why didn't you say so earlier?"

Yue Wuhuan smiled and said, "Sorry, I was just thinking about something important, so I forgot."

"So, turns out you can also be absent-minded like I am?"

"Occasionally…"

"Are you coming down with something?"

"No."

…

The two talked and laughed, walking farther and farther away.

Under the eaves, a hungry spider wove its web carefully, waiting patiently for the white butterfly flying in the sky.

Now, this was a real feast.

Chapter 45: Ancient Formation

The next day, the three of them went to the river, ready to go under to hunt for the monster.

An Long whistled and countless Gu's and poisonous snakes filled the riverbank. They set up a defensive formation, aggressively proclaiming this to be territory occupied by the Myriad Gu Sect, prohibiting other sects from picking up leaks or making trouble. It also prevented the people from the nearby village from mistakenly charging in and getting hurt. Several young disciples of the Red Dragon Sect, who were responsible for guarding and explaining to passersby, saw the Gu's and shivered from fright. They hung on together but persisted in staying put.

"Water Repelling Bead, Fishskin Armor, emergency medicine, Moonlight Lamps, Fire Thunderballs and a few stalks of Aerated Grass for emergency…" Song Qingshi carefully checked the list and checked their equipment for everyone. "I'm not missing anything, right?" Many of the secret realms had treasures hidden underwater. So, every cultivator carried with them the basic equipment for going underwater. There was no need to specially purchase anything.

"No, we've got everything." Since Yue Wuhuan had the lowest cultivation base and the Blood King Vine was suitable as bait, he was tasked with leading the water monster to Song Qingshi and An Long who would be nearby, hiding their aura and presence.

Song Qingshi was afraid that he would be nervous and said comfortingly, "Don't worry, it's very simple. I'll be right next to you. I won't let you get even the slightest bit hurt."

An Long finished arranging the Gu formation. When he heard this, he couldn't help ridiculing him, "Just remember not to release the Underworld Fire underwater and put down the monster and us two along with it. The painful lessons from that year… Still remains fresh in my memory."

At that time, the two of them had been adventuring in a secret realm when they encountered a shoal of man-eating demon fish. Song Qingshi immediately released the Underworld Ghost Fire to defend against the enemy but forgot that the poison of the Underworld Ghost Fire would spread in the water. Without discerning friend from foe, both the fishes and An Long suffered serious damage. The severe injuries caused An Long to be bedridden inside the Medicine King's Valley for a full three months…

This was the biggest embarrassment he has ever suffered since he started cultivating and now Yue Wuhuan knew about it too.

Damn Alaskan Malamute!

Song Qing blushed with shame and quickly explained, "I didn't have any experience at that time, but I would never do something like that now."

Yue Wuhuan held back a smile. "I believe Master."

The three of them changed into the Fishskin Armor and carried with them the Water Repelling Bead. After a short swim, they found the underwater cave. There were traces of man-made carvings outside the cave. It felt like some cultivator had transformed a natural underwater cave to be used to hide in or to build a hidden world.

On the rock wall outside the cave, there was a sharp sword mark going several feet deep into the rock wall.

Song Qingshi didn't know much about swordsmanship but even he could see that this sword mark was extraordinary. Yue Wuhuan was even more excited seeing it.

Could it be that this really was a trace left by Sword Master Mo Yuan?

Everyone grew even more expectant. Song Qingshi and An Long hid their auras and waited on either side of the cave. Yue Wuhuan by himself slowly swam near. He studied it for a while then extended several tendrils of the Blood King Vines beside him directly into the darkness. They beat fiercely

against the rock wall, looking for the location of the water monster inch by inch.

The sleeping water monster was awakened by the Blood King Vine and it slowly poked its head out. It found that a Foundation Building cultivator had disturbed his dreams. It instantly grew furious and several tentacles carrying with them whirlpools of water stretched out to pull him into the cave. .

The moment Song Qingshi saw it, his eyes lit up. This water monster was no ordinary monster. The color of the water spirit orbs within its body had already turned dark green. It must have lived for at least 10,000 years! It could be regarded as a treasure of Heaven and Earth. If he could take back this kind of spirit orb and use it to refine medicine, it could make the highest quality Jade Water Powder!

Yue Wuhuan smiled. He was even more certain that he wanted to hunt this rarely seen prey for his Master. He fastened two of the Blood King Vines on the rocks outside the cave, controlling the speed at which his body was being pulled into the cave. He then took the other Blood King Vines to follow along the tentacles into the cave, directly piercing into the body of the water monster, digging out the water spirit orbs.

This action greatly angered the water monster. It finally ventured out of the cave. Brandishing its entire body, it struck towards Yue Wuhuan.

An Long watched with gusto. He was especially hopeful that both the water monster and the evildoer would suffer loses. Unfortunately, Song Qingshi was watching closely. He didn't dare go against what they'd planned. He could only regretfully reveal himself. He stretched out his hand and grabbed the water monster, using brute force to tear an opening in its body. A few water-type Gu's crawled inside through the wound, feasting on this delicious and nourishing meal.

The water monster was in extreme pain. It turned to attack An Long.

Song Qingshi stood in front of Yue Wuhuan, shielding him. He used the alchemical fire to burn off those entangled tentacles. He then signaled for

him to step back. Hunting was too dangerous. It was enough to leave it to the Nascent Soul cultivators.

Yue Wuhuan hadn't spoken yet when the water monster saw Song Qingshi and something strange happened.

It was stunned for a moment and then its eyes turned red, as though it had encountered an enemy it wouldn't be willing to live with under the same sky. It paid no attention to Yue Wuhuan's stealing of its water spirit orbs. It also didn't care about the pain of being bitten by An Long's Gu's. It frantically rushed towards Song Qingshi, hellbent on taking him down at all costs.

Song Qingshi was dumbfounded. He had burned off two tentacles but hadn't had time to do anything else. Why had it fixed it's attention on him and was now chasing him down to kill?

An Long, surprised, did a whistling motion. He mouthed the words, "Qingshi, did you kill its parents or snatch away its wife?"

Song Qingshi understood his question and shook his head frantically. He once again brandished the alchemical fire in his hand to meet the enemy.

This abnormality in the water monster's behavior was a good thing for their hunting.

In the first place, it wasn't the kind of monster that was good at frontal combat. Instead, it was only good at arranging traps and hiding and lying low. When it was completely exposed, it became meat on the chopping board. Even if fighting underwater created somewhat of a hindrance, it wasn't difficult for the two Nascent Soul cultivators to join hands to crush it.

More and more Gu's crawled into its body and more and more tentacles were burned by this strange fire that had no fear of water. But as before, it relentlessly chased after Song Qingshi, determined to swallow this human into its belly.

Song Qingshi beat it at its own game. He let it swallow himself whole and then ignited the alchemical fire all over his body, turning himself into the hottest fireball, burning directly through its stomach. Afterwards, he took the water spirit orbs. The water monster was unceasingly rolling in pain, its tentacles turning over in confusion, stirring up mighty waves. The monster couldn't control itself in its hatred. It unexpectedly turned its body into a stream of water, wrapping up the three people. Then the monster core blew up and the impact pushed them into the depths of the underwater cave.

Song Qingshi quickly opened a barrier to prevent Yue Wuhuan from being injured by the impact of the explosion. He then observed their surroundings.

Inside the cave, darkness overflowed. There was a light in the distance and they swam towards it. They found that there was a different world inside. It seemed to be the inside of the nearby Mt. Yue. Rays of light came in through the cracks in the rock wall, crisscrossing and illuminating this small world. Everywhere was green moss and grass, vines intertwined, creating an unexpectedly strange beauty. It truly was a hidden place.

Song Qingshi climbed ashore and shook off the water droplets. He rejoiced, "Fortunately, I was quick and managed to dig out ten water spirit orbs."

Yue Wuhuan followed ashore and said with a smile, "I also managed to grab three of them."

Song Qingshi was delighted. "We will go down and look later to see if there are still any intact water spirit orb after it exploded. By the way, we can also collect the remains to refine it into medicine."

An Long jumped out, splashing water all over Song Qingshi's face. He looked around eagerly, "Where are my snakes?"

Song Qingshi suggested, "Let's find the people first?"

They still didn't know where the Red Dragon Sect Master and the other cultivators who had fallen in were and it felt like there was a faint danger here.

“Master, this seems wrong,” Yue Wuhuan’s face suddenly turned serious and the Blood King Vine stretched out and tore off the vines on the rock wall. Carved lines appeared behind the rock wall. They were covered with ancient texts and extended throughout the entire cave. He quickly said, “There is an ancient formation here. We should leave immediately…”

Ancient formations with grand layouts such as these were all difficult to deal with.

The missing people had most likely fallen within it.

Yue Wuhuan didn’t manage to finish because the formation had already begun emitting a faint dark light.

Song Qingshi was helpless, “It’s too late, it was the water monster’s intention to send us here.”

An Long laughed and spread out his hands. “Then let’s prepare to break this formation. Want to have a bet? How about whoever comes out first is the winner. Winner kisses the loser?”

“No!” Song Qingshi hurriedly pulled over Yue Wuhuan, who had the lowest cultivation base. He glared at this Alaskan Malamute, who probably wanted to take advantage of the beautiful little angel. He rectified his bad thoughts, “No gambling!”

Yue Wuhuan’s expression was grave. Maybe he has never seen such a situation and was a little worried?

The ancient formations can be roughly classified into different types — kill formations, trap formations, heart-questioning formations, trial formations, etc…There were even some formations with interesting qualities that allowed for puzzles that he couldn’t solve to be deployed within it, allowing people who would come later to solve them. Some formations have a killing intent; some formations trap the people within until they break through the formation or die and some formations served as powerful guidance and opportunities for the younger generation.

Song Qingshi comforted, “Don’t be afraid, it does not appear to be a kill formation. You have us here, we’ll be fine.”

The light of the formation gradually enveloped everyone, bringing a feeling of top-heavy dizziness.

…

When Song Qingshi woke up, he found himself sitting on a carved mahogany bed. Inside the room was a mirror and dressing table. Looks like this is a lady’s chamber? He stood up and walked a few steps, feeling that something wasn’t quite right with his body. On his head, there seemed to be something that kept swaying. It was really uncomfortable.

With a faint guess in his heart, he hurried to the mirror and took a look. It scared him so much, he almost fainted.

What the hell was with this weak beauty in the mirror wearing a white skirt embroidered with beads, draped in white fox fur, with delicate makeup, and sporting a head full of ornaments with pearls and jade?! Why did it look like him?

Song Qing touched his face nervously, and the beauty in the mirror also touched his face.

This couldn’t possibly be… him?

He was obviously such a manly person. Why did the formation make him wear this broken thing?!

Song Qingshi had never been so panicked in his life. He touched his body to confirm that he was still a man and then looked around in alarm. Not only was he afraid of An Long coming in and seeing this ridiculous appearance and mocking him for the next five hundred years but he was even more afraid that Yue Wuhuan would come charging in and the little angel would see this embarrassing appearance. He might as well dig a pit and bury himself in the ground or maybe his Nascent Soul would self-detonate and that would be the end of it…

He changed his clothes frantically. He first took off the white fox fur coat with the lotus and carp decor and then he hurriedly removed his head ornament. However, he had never studied women's hair accessories. There were several that snagged in his hair and caused a lot of pain. He endured the pain and pulled them off, taking a good number of strands along with them. However, even after all that, he felt that there were still other accessories behind his head.

Why are there so many hair ornaments for girls? Why are they so troublesome?

Song Qingshi anxiously did his best… He finally managed to take off all the jewelry and was about to find water to wash his face when he heard rapid footsteps approaching the door. It seemed like the person was about to rush in.

What to do? Is it An Long or Wuhuan? They can't see me like this!

Song Qingshi quickly shout loudly, "Wait! Don't come in!"

The door was still pushed open…

Song Qingshi was too panicked to think and dove straight under the bed.

The author has something to say:

Qingshi's heart rendering cry: "No! I definitely don't want to! Please let me go!" (Dragged by the ruthless author to change clothes)

Wuhuan casually said, "To me, women's clothing is no big deal. It's fine as long as it's beautiful." (Qingshi, you should take a look at how enlightened other people are.)

Chapter 46: Heart-Eating Nightmare

An Long opened the door and strode in. He saw women's jewelry and an embroidered white fox fur littering the floor. Then he looked at the only place one could hide — the carved bed. How could he not guess what had happened?

He knew that because of Song Qingshi's frail body, he was particularly afraid of being said to be like a woman. He quickly covered his mouth and firmly held back the instinct to laugh, fearing that Song Qingshi would kill him if he couldn't hold it back and he heard his laughter.

He held back for a long long time and finally managed to adjust his breathing. He said, "Qingshi? Where are you?"

Finally, an aggrieved voice came from under the bed, "An Long, go out first."

An Long was almost dizzy from happiness. He wanted so much to see how he looked right now, it was almost unbearable. The only reason he wasn't tearing the bed apart was because he was afraid of being added to the blacklist…He pondered for a moment and quietly summoned an Investigation Gu to keep a peek. But when he stretched out his hand, he found that he couldn't summon it. He was extremely surprised, "This formation suppresses our powers. I can't use my Gu's."

"Huh?" Under the bed, Song Qingshi tried to mobilize the spiritual fire in his body but found that the Underworld Ghost Fire had disappeared, leaving only the Red Lotus Fire. He held the little red lotus and thought for a moment. He suddenly discovered something suspicious, "What are you summoning Gu's here for? It can't be that you were thinking of taking a peek?"

The Alaskan Malamute used to do bad things such as this a lot and was very proficient at it…

He was furious and the Red Lotus in his hand burned more and more vigorously.

An Long realized that things were turning bad and hurried out of the room, just in time to escape several lashes of alchemical fires that were about to attack him. He didn't dare to be rash. He obediently ran to prepare water for Song Qingshi to wash his face and then stuffed his own black robe through the door and into the room. He then squatted in the corner and sighed, depressed by this missed opportunity.

Song Qingshi washed the makeup off his face and untied his hair bun. He then put on the men's robe that was way too big on him. Finally he breathed a long sigh of relief and signaled to the Alaskan Malamute, who was squatting in the corner in introspection, that he could come in.

An Long walked into the room and glanced at him. He was instantly a little stunned.

He knew that Song Qingshi was pretty good-looking but in the many years he has known him, he has always worn light and plain colored clothes which he wrapped tightly around himself, creating a clean and holy aura, like glittering snow on the mountaintop. Song Qingshi right now seemed to have been sullied by the evil black color. The completely ill-fitting robe hung loose on him. Sitting obliquely on the edge of the carved bed, with his long hair draped over his shoulder and his collarbone faintly visible through the neckline, he now carried with him a lovable appearance of bewilderedly waking up from a dream of spring night.

This was exactly the scene he craved for so much that he even dreamt about it. Every point about it stabbed at his heart, stabbing open wounds that just barely healed, making them drip blood once again. It evoked the greed and desire within him, making him face his own unbearably hideous thoughts.

I mustn't think. I can't make mistakes…

An Long closed his eyes and readjusted his breathing.

Song Qingshi raised his head from his contemplation and saw An Long's strange expression, as if he carried a slightly dangerous aura. He asked worriedly, "What's the matter with you?"

"It's nothing, it's just that it's weird for you to wear this robe. It's too big," A wicked smile reappeared on An Long's face and he casually changed the subject. "Have you guessed the origin of this formation?"

He knew that Song Qingshi had done a lot of research on formations. He had read many ancient books and knew a lot about little known formations.

"En," Song Qingshi said hesitantly, "I have come across a similar formation recorded in "Doaist Xunshan's Record of Strange Stories". That copy has parts and pages missing and the record is not very complete. It was said that there is a strange ancient formation in Mt. Yue. The formation is called the Heart-Eating Nightmare Formation and it belongs to the category of Heart Questioning formations. If a group of people enter the formation, it will choose one person to be the nightmare's guide, weaving an interlocked fictional world. Afterwards, it will draw in everyone into that world. You need to find the dream's emotional entanglement and completely wake the dreamer. Otherwise, you will all be trapped in the dream forever. However, I'm not sure what counts as being awake…"

He felt very much awake.

An Long said angrily, "What the sort of toy is this? Did water get into Mo Yuan's head? Going through so much trouble to make this formation just to mess with people?"

"Daoist Xunshan came from an age much earlier than Sword Master Mo Yuan. I think this formation must have nothing to do with Sword Master Mo Yuan. Maybe he came here for something and left traces when he broke the formation." Song Qingshi inferred and analyzed a little bit. "That disciple from the Red Dragon Sect had said that there were snakes but there were no signs of any snake bites on his body. This isn't reasonable. It must have been a nightmare of a group of snakes woven by this formation that caused him great psychological trauma."

An Long asked, “Whose nightmare are we in?”

Song Qingshi said aggrieved, “Probably mine…”

Being told that he looked like a girl was an extreme taboo for Song Qingshi and so, the formation made him dress up as a girl. Yue Wuhuan couldn’t be afraid of him turning into a girl, right? As for the Alaskan Malamute, there was no need to say any more. He was so happy watching him make a fool of himself that he could hardly restrain the corners of his lips from ticking up.

Song Qingshi flew into a rage from shame. The Red Lotus Fire in his hand flared out once again. He was going to press down those damn corners of his lips.

An Long realized the danger and immediately said with a serious expression, “Where is Wuhuan Xiaodi? What role will he play in your nightmare?”

Wuhuan? Fai-failure…

Song Qingshi finally snapped out of his intellectual musings and realized that the situation was not good. His face changed in fright. He jumped off the bed and rushed out the door. The black robe was much too long and it hampered his movement. He stumbled every couple of steps. He was so anxious that he thought of just riding the Red Lotus Fire out of here. But, he was stopped by An Long, “There’s no Fire Resistance Formation on this robe. If you burn it, I won’t have a second one for you to change into.”

He had no choice but to run stumblingly outside the house.

Outside the house was a bustling street, with people of every description walking about. Everyone had normal facial features, but their faces were blurred and easily forgettable. Just like people in a dream, they didn’t leave any kind of impression.

An Long let out a whistle and praised, “Sure enough, it’s the Heart-Eating Nightmare Formation.”

Song Qingshi was an erudite scholar. He would read any obscure, boring and useless book. His knowledge reserves were simply unmatched.

Song Qingshi grabbed a passers-by and stumblingly asked, “Is there a-a bad place around here?”

The passers-by was at a loss. “What is a bad place?”

An Long followed up and clarified his intention, helping him complete the conversation. “Like brothels or pleasure boats; places where men receive guests.”

Song Qingshi’s face had long gone pale. His and An Long’s cultivation base were both Nascent Soul and the formation had suppressed it to Core Formation, sealing their most powerful abilities. Yue Wuhuan was only at Foundation Building. Wouldn’t his cultivation base be even more oppressively suppressed? If the Blood King Vine was also sealed, he would be no different from ordinary people.

The passer-by pointed to the east. “Cross this street and turn at the intersection and you’ll see Golden Phoenix Terrace, the largest brothel in the city. The person you want is there.”

Hearing this familiar name, Song Qingshi felt faint once again. He ran off at once. Just as the turned at the intersection, he saw a magnificent tower in the distance. The height of the building was several tens of meters. At the top stood a devastating beauty wearing a golden red feather skirt. It was Yue Wuhuan. He stared blankly at the sky, holding the jade flute tightly in his hands. It was as if he couldn’t see anything nor hear anything.

The wind rolled up the feather skirt, showing the scars on his body and the shackles on his feet…

Song Qingshi frantically called his name.

However, he jumped off the tall building.

Song Qingshi couldn't care less about his robes burning. He directly summoned the Red Lotus and rushed over with his body covered in flames. But he was still half a step too late.

The bird with its broken wings fell gently and a red flower burst forth on the ground.

Life disappears so fast and so easily.

The ending was so fast that he was caught completely unprepared.

Song Qingshi's eyes opened wide. Looking at the scene in front of him, he was almost unable to breathe. He slowly knelt in front of the blood on the ground. He picked up the unbreathing bird from the middle of the pool of blood, performing useless first aid over and over again as though he had gone crazy. "I won't give up. I will never give up…"

This was the worst nightmare of his life.

Wake up quickly!

His mind was overcome with dizziness and the world turned black.

…

There were 127 types of Heart-questioning formations recorded in the books in the Medicine King's Valley. Twelve of them would kill the intruder after failing to solve the problem, eighteen would trap the intruder forever, and forty-six types would restart, torturing the intruder over and over again, until the problem was solved and they were able to break though the formation. The effects of the rest were unknown.

Song Qingshi opened his eyes and found that he was once again wearing that ridiculous women's clothing, sitting on the carved mahogany bed. He realized that he'd been lucky. This formation was the type where the entire sequence would restart upon failure. However, having a nightmare repeat over and over again was enough to wear down the willpower of any

cultivator, until he suffered a nervous breakdown and turned into a madman.

He didn't dare lose time bothering with his shameful dress anymore. He jumped out of bed and ran out the door, pushing away An Long, who wanted to ask about the situation. He frantically rushed towards Golden Phoenix Terrace, fearing that slowing down even half a step would result in Yue Wuhuan's death.

An Long couldn't help whistling when he saw him dressed up in women's clothing. He said in a low voice, "So beautiful."

He very happily believed that the formation placing them in the same house must be because in the dreamland, they were set as Doaist companions.

That Yue Wuhuan, that damn evildoer, had been tortured to death by the nightmare, was something that he liked to hear.

He couldn't wait to stay in this beautiful dream forever. Unfortunately, this was Song Qingshi's nightmare. If he didn't help save the evildoer and solve the nightmare puzzle, Qingshi would be constantly hurt by the nightmare and be made to suffer pain and torment.

The evildoer could die 10,000 times but his family's little cutie must never be hurt…

An Long quickly made a decision and hurried after him to Golden Phoenix Terrace to rescue them.

Song Qingshi rushed to Golden Phoenix Terrace, the Red Lotus opening up the way. He rushed directly in but saw Yue Wuhuan being entangled by several disgusting male cultivators. He disregarded everything else and raised his hand to make the Red Lotus Fire rise into a pillar. He turned it into a wall of fire, separating those pieces of trash.

He turned his head and asked worriedly, "Wuhuan, how are you doing?"

Yue Wuhuan sat on the ground, trembling all over, his eyes full of despair.

The wall of flame was broken open by a black blade. The strength of those cultivators was not weak; all of them were at Core Formation. They were armed with swords and blades and they charged at Song Qingshi. Song Qingshi was not good at close combat and with his Underworld Ghost Fire being suppressed, he could only try his best hold on. His body was slashed in several places.

An Long broke in. When he saw the blood on his white clothes, he broke out in a towering rage. Right on the spot, he twisted one cultivator's head off, joining the fight. He was a strong man brought up facing all kinds of fierce battles. He was good at all attack methods and so, losing use of his Gu's had little effect. He directly resisted their offensive with his fists. He grabbed a black blade from one of the cultivators and sliced it against the opponent's neck.

The pressure on Song Qingshi's shoulders suddenly lightened. He turned his head and looked around for Yue Wuhuan, only to see Yue Wuhuan standing on the high platform once again. He was so frightened that he was about to break. He hurriedly approached, trying to soothe him, "Don-don't jump…"

At a time like this, his stupid mouth couldn't come up with anything to comfort him!

Song Qingshi was going to start crying from anxiety. He wanted to give his mouth several good slaps.

"Master, I'm sorry," Yue Wuhuan gave him a despairing look, "This world is too dirty, I can't bear it any longer…"

Immediately afterwards, he took a half step back and jumped off the platform once again.

Song Qingshi couldn't bother with much of anything else. He chased after him and jumped down without hesitation but only managed to catch his feathered skirt.

The two fell together…

An Long turned his head and was stunned when he saw Song Qingshi jumping off the platform without any regard to whether he could survive.

He forgot to raise the black blade in his hand and a long sword ran through his abdomen…

However, he had already forgotten pain.

…

When Song Qingshi woke up for the third time, he sat dazed by the bed for a while. His mind filled with what had just happened.

An Long appeared in front of him with a dark expression on his face. He grabbed his collar and asked fiercely, “Why?! Why would you go this far for him?!”

“Yes! It shouldn’t be like this. I lost my mind just now.” Song Qingshi recovered from the panic and gradually recovered his calm. “Some things must be proven first.”

Without waiting for An Long’s answer, he hurriedly jumped off the bed and ran to Golden Phoenix Terrace once again.

An Long witnessed his stupidity. Full of anger with nowhere to vent, he slammed his fist into the wall, almost smashing a hole through it. But what could he do? This wasn’t the time to bicker. He couldn’t let this fool be bullied. He could only restrain his anger and keep up with him. He’ll set him straight later.

The events repeated, the fight repeated.

Song Qingshi once again appeared before the heavily injured Yue Wuhuan. This time he calmly asked a question, “There are both pheasants and rabbits in the same cage. With a total of 35 heads and 94 feet, how many pheasants and how many rabbits are there? Quickly calculate it in your head and give me the answer!”

Chapter 47: The Truth About the Dreamland

Yue Wuhuan was stunned and didn't speak for a long time.

He seemed like a machine that had stalled because it encountered an error. Even his expression became stiff.

Now that things have reached this point, how can Song Qingshi still not understand what was going on? His little angel was a super-learning god who didn't need an abacus to do their ledgers. Recently, he has even begun to study high-level mathematics. In his eyes, this simple question was about the same as one plus one and he could come up with the answer in a split second.

An Long was stunned by his unreasonable question. "Why would you put rabbits and pheasants in the same cage? If you want to know how many there are then just open the cage and count, right? The person who did this kind of thing must be an idiot."

Song Qingshi ignored the maths fool next to him. The red lotus petals in his hand scattered into countless flaming knives. With limitless anger, they all swept towards the "Yue Wuhuan" in front of him. He wanted to use his feeling from being deceived to turn this fake into mincemeat.

He should have discovered early on that this was not Yue Wuhuan.

Yue Wuhuan was a stubborn and proud person. How could he die without killing those who had hurt him? Even if he really had suffered a flare up of his condition and was controlled to commit suicide, he would never choose to jump in front of him. Instead, he would choose to do it silently, disappearing secretly, without letting others see the ugliness.

Song Qingshi was extremely annoyed and felt like a fool. But the nightmare scenes in the Golden Phoenix Terrace perfectly defeated his rationality and actually made him lose his usual calm. He was repeatedly scammed and he made a fool of himself.

Fortunately, Yue Wuhuan hadn't seen him.

Otherwise, how could he ever bear to show his face?

Song Qingshi quietly looked back at the Alaskan Malamute next to him. He warned in a low voice, "Don't tell Wuhuan."

An Long calmly looked at him and said nothing.

The fake "Yue Wuhuan" turned into scattered fragments in the flames. Golden Phoenix Terrace slowly turned into nothingness and their surroundings began to disintegrate. The streets, pedestrians, and houses all disappeared like a dream. Then it reorganized. It was dark all around and a foul smell that assailed their nostrils came from all directions.

The world became a dirty and disgusting swamp, dark and viscous, with rotting animal remains floating in it.

Song Qingshi covered his nose and took two steps back. He felt that the smell seemed familiar, as though he had smelled it before.

His cultivation base was suppressed again. He was now down to Foundation Building. The Red Lotus Fire in his hand turned into a small flame. Many of his high-level spells could not be used.

Song Qingshi thought it over and brandished a few small tongues of Red Lotus Fire, turning them into lights. Floating in the air, they illuminating the surrounding scenery. They observed whether there was any danger. When the lights hit the middle of the swamp, countless thorny brambles were stretched out, tightly binding a person.

This was Yue Wuhuan.

The mask and devil-mask snake venom had disappeared because of the nightmare's suppression, revealing a beautiful face that was almost bloodlessly pale. The thorns were tangled around his body. They ripped his clothes and pierced his skin in countless places. His lower body was soaked in the dirty swamp. He was like a beautiful prey fallen into a cobweb. He

had lost the strength to struggle and could only wait quietly for decay and death.

Yue Wuhuan had a serious case of mysophobia. He was extremely afraid of dirty things.

This world was his nightmare…

Song Qingshi was so sad that his heart was beginning to seize.

He quickly took off the fox fur robe and tied it around his shoulders. He then jumped into the swamp without a second thought and walked over step by step, ignoring the filth.

His legs were sinking in the mud. Each step was difficult. His spotlessly white robe was stained with large swaths of pure black. There was an unbearable stench permeating the entire place. But he didn't care.

Under the guidance of the Red Lotus lanterns, he staggered to the brambles. He stretched out his hand. Regardless of how these thorns were making bloody marks on his body, he carefully touched the injured bird. He patted his face, and called out softly, "Wuhuan? Wuhuan? Wake up…"

Long eyelashes trembled slightly and the bird in the cage of thorns finally awakened from his deep sleep, opening his beautiful eyes. The filth on his body and the smell assailing his nostrils almost made him lose his mind from the pain. He wanted to faint again. But he saw the white figure just like in the fantasy. He caught a whiff of the smell of medicine amidst all the filth. Illusion and reality intertwined, making him a little unsure of where he was. He hoarsely confirmed, "Qingshi? Is that you?"

"It's me!" Song Qingshi saw him wake up and said anxiously, "Don't be afraid. I'll rescue you!"

"Master, don't come over here." Yue Wuhuan looked around and said in pain, "It's very dirty here. I'm also very dirty. You'll get dirty too…"

Song Qingshi comforted while tearing away the brambles. “Don’t be afraid! This is a dream! Once we make it out of here, you won’t be dirty anymore!”

He violently tore off the thorny branches. His hands were pricked with countless bloody pinpricks. He then came back to his senses and found that he’d been acting as stupid as a monkey. He had a tool but forgot to use it.

Song Qingshi raised his hand to call back the Red Lotus Fire from the air. Carefully circumventing Yue Wuhuan’s body, he burned the thorny branches one by one. He then tore the last few branches that were tightly twined, binding into his flesh.

Yue Wuhuan lost his binds and gently fell into his arms.

Song Qingshi hugged him and quickly checked his injuries. He found that the injuries on Yue Wuhuan’s legs and arms were particularly serious, almost to the point that he couldn’t move them.

Why was this damned nightmare so realistic?

He was so distressed that he couldn’t help asking, “Just what is going on?”

“I don’t know,” Yue Wuhuan said weakly. “When I woke up, I was already trapped in this dirty swamp. My strength had disappeared. My hands and feet were injured and I lost my mobility. I wanted to find you and I struggled for a long time, but I couldn’t escape…”

This sense of helpless despair was like when he’d been bound by Acacia Seal in the past.

He had even struggled to death, but when he opened his eyes, he was back in the same place again.

The Heart-Eating Nightmare Formation was like the nastiest game, with countless weapons inserted into the most vulnerable parts of everyone’s heart, each stab drawing blood, each slash sealing the throat. It made you lose your mind and compromised your judgment, until you collapsed. When you wake up, you would sink into the same never-ending cycle.

It was not a killing array but it was even more disgusting than a killing array.

Song Qingshi untied the white fox fur robe and carefully wrapped the person in his arms to block all the filth and foulness. “Is this better?”

The white fox fur robe had this man’s medicinal scent and it diluted the foul fumes.

Yue Wuhuan buried his head in the fox fur and took a deep breath. He felt much better. His mind gradually cleared and his limbs regained some strength. He looked at the dirty swamp around him and closed his eyes in pain. He was about to get out of Song Qingshi’s arms. He slowly began to make moves to get down, enduring this deeply-ingrained nausea.

Song Qingshi stopped his movements. “Your legs are hurt too badly. Don’t get down… Close your eyes, cover your nose. Don’t look at our surroundings. Let me carry you out.”

He must not shirk off this task. He placed the person in his arms onto his back.

Yue Wuhuan grew alarmed and wanted to refuse. “I can walk on my own.”

“No, it’s too dirty here,” Song Qingshi resolutely pressed back his refusal. “You don’t like these dirty things. So lie on my back and don’t flail about.”

Yue Wuhuan calmed down. Seeing him all covered with sludge, he said, feeling pained, “You getting dirty is something I like even less…”

“It’s okay, my clothes are already dirty,” Song Qingshi saw that he had stopped flailing. He comforted him as he slowly made his way to the shore. “My obsession with cleanliness is not as bad as yours. This stench has little effect on me. It’s tolerable. And besides, it’s not as though these dirty things won’t come off. When we get back to shore, we’ll be cleaned and disinfected.”

Yue Wuhuan leaned down gently, hugging his shoulders. He buried his face against the crook of his neck, smelling this comforting scent. His heart, though, became sadder. He asked carefully, “What if… it’s something dirty that can’t be washed away?”

Song Qingshi replied casually, “Just give it a few more washes. It will eventually be clean.”

Yue Wuhuan buried his face deeper. He whimpered, “I can’t wash it clean…”

Song Qingshi promised, “I’ll help you.”

When Yue Wuhuan heard this answer, he couldn’t help but laugh. He knew that the two of them were definitely not thinking about the same thing but he still felt a little sweetness in his heart. He quietly rubbed Song Qing’s soft, loose and disheveled hair. He then secretly kissed his earlobe. He wanted hold this adorable little thing in his mouth. But he couldn’t…

Song Qingshi’s earlobes were extremely sensitive and he quickly ordered. “Don’t go touching there. It tickles.”

Yue Wuhuan lay down all well-behaved and said with a smile. “I was just a little careless.”

Even if they were walking through foul and stinky sludge, as long as the two of them were together, it didn’t seem so difficult to bear.

Song Qingshi felt relieved. He remembered the embarrassing thing he had just done and he couldn’t help asking, “There are both pheasant and rabbits in the same cage. With a total of 35 heads and 94 feet, how many pheasants and how many rabbits are there?”

Yue Wuhuan replied without hesitation, “Twelve rabbits and twenty-three pheasants. Why is Master asking?”

“It’s nothing.” Song Qingshi was a little smug, “I knew you were a learning god.”

Yue Wuhuan poked the golden ornament fastened to his hair and asked the question he'd been thinking about since he'd seen him. "Master, what is this?"

Song Qingshi finally realized that he was still wearing this ridiculous women's clothing. His ears turned burning red. He quickly explained what had just happened, and repeatedly stressed, "I didn't want to be in this ridiculous getup either. Don't laugh at me. "

Yue Wuhuan said gently, "Don't worry, in my eyes, you are not ridiculous in any way."

Song Qingshi relaxed, still feeling a little wronged. "Wuhuan, why am I wearing women's clothing in your nightmare?"

If he felt that he wasn't manly enough, he could work harder…

Yue Wuhuan was stunned. Was this his nightmare?

…

An Long stood on the shore, staring at this familiar scenery and this familiar narrative.

However, this time, the blessed protagonist of this story had changed.

He thought this was his own sweet dream. In the dream, he had gotten that person, gotten the status he had yearned for day and night, gotten to see that scenery he had pursued every night. He had returned to the happiest place in his memory. This dream was even better than the fantasy; it made him reluctant to leave.

Everything was wrong now…

In this nightmare, he watched helplessly as he lost everything. His territory was slowly eroded. Even the memory he had hoarded like treasure in his heart, the memory that he thought was unique and unmatched, the memory that supported him through countless near-death situations, through all the

pain; even that memory was taken away, smeared with someone else's color.

It turned out that all his self-righteous efforts were useless.

It turned out that all his self-righteous investment was all a joke.

It turned out that his self-righteous infatuation was all an illusion.

Eight hundred years of adoration, eight hundred years of depravity — He knew that this feeling was like a moth darting into the flames. He wouldn't get anything. He knew he had made a mistake but he still couldn't let go. He could only pretend to be a dog, wagging his tail ingratiatingly, struggling with all he's got, begging for a gleam of hope.

It served him right. He deserved his punishment.

An Long looked at the two talking and laughing in the swamp, his eyes stinging.

The long-lost voice in his mind reappeared, like a devil's mocking laughter,

"Wake up, this is your nightmare."

Chapter 48: A Beautiful Gem

The Heart-Eating Nightmare formation broke and the scene dissolved…

Song Qingshi opened his eyes and found that he was lying in Yue Wuhuan's arms. His body was tightly entangled by countless Blood King Vines. The two of them were locked together tightly and could not be separated.

He looked around and found that the formation had teleported them to a grotto. There were people who had met the same unfortunate experience as they had lying haphazardly all around. Their expressions were either frightened or pained. They screamed and shrieked from time to time. They were immersed in nightmares and couldn't wake up. Not far away, there was a middle-aged cultivator with a panicked expression on his face. He was seriously wounded and yet, he still hugged a little girl of about eight years old, seeming like he was protecting her.

Yue Wuhuan also woke up. He slowly put away the Blood King Vine, releasing the restrains. He then got up. The injuries on his body had disappeared and he looked quite well.

But Song Qingshi was worried about his mental state. He took out medicine from the mustard bag and repeatedly reaffirmed, "Are you okay? Are you feeling any discomfort? Do you need to take a few Meditation Pills?"

Yue Wuhuan shook his head. He didn't care much about physical pain so what he felt in the swamp was nausea, not a collapse of his spirit.

He was a little puzzled. If that really had been his nightmare then the foul swamp was obviously not strong enough…

Song Qingshi ignored his protests and placed a Meditation Pill into his mouth. He also took one himself, using his spiritual power to urge the medicine to quickly penetrate into his internal organs. This barely managed to suppress his feeling of panic from just now.

From next to him, An Long suddenly stretched out his hand and snatched the whole bottle of Meditation Pills. He then proceeded to pour them all of it into his mouth.

Song Qingshi was momentarily stunned. He came back to his senses and advised, “Do you think that’s candy? It’s not good for your health.”

An Long tossed the empty bottle back to him. For a moment, he adjusted his breathing. His ugly expression slightly improved.

Song Qingshi finally realized that he was not too happy. But this time, even though he wasn’t happy, he wasn’t biting. Maybe he wasn’t unhappy because of him? Maybe he had been thoroughly nauseated by the swamp in the nightmare? He remembered the feeling of protecting each other in the formation and gave him an earnest salute, “Thank you again for this time.”

An Long controlled his emotions, forcibly suppressing the madness and irritability in his heart. Showing a ferocious grin, he said, “Between you and me, there’s no need for thanks.”

He couldn’t make any mistakes…

Song Qingshi suddenly found that in the dark, his eyes were turning red? He was a little worried. He was about to ask but An Long lowered his head slightly and when he raised it again, his eyes were the same as before. He suggested, “Should we take down this harmful formation?”

Demolition was his specialty.

“Wait.” Song Qingshi stood on tiptoe and stretched out his hands to pull the Alaskan Malamute’s head close. He forced him to open his eyes wide. After careful observation for some time, he couldn’t find any problems. He suspected that he’d seen wrong…

Yue Wuhuan suggested, “Master, shall we save the people first?”

“Okay.” Song Qingshi immediately dropped An Long and began to check the cultivators lying on the ground one by one. He confirmed that they were

still immersed in a nightmare. Their spiritual consciousness had been severely damaged. For the particularly serious cases, their spiritual consciousness was already beginning to fragment. If he doesn't quickly rescue them, they might go mad or be mentally incapacitated once they woke up.

He used the golden needle to have his spiritual energy penetrate into the patients' sea of consciousness. He stabilized their consciousness, resolving their confusion and stopping their condition from worsening.

Yue Wuhuan used the vines to probe around and found the eye of the formation connecting the formation to the rock wall, confirming the position to break the formation.

An Long blew an inaudible whistle. Thousands of strange Gu's crawled out from nowhere. They were highly poisonous, corroding and biting the stone wall engraved with the eye. Upon encountering the attacks, the eye kept biting back, killing the Gu's. But the Gu's corpses turned into poison, speeding up rate at which the stone wall was corroding. More Gu's stepped over the corpses of their companions, rushing forward one after another, finally destroying the eye of the formation.

After the ancient formation was forcibly demolished, everyone was forcibly woken from their nightmare.

An Long was afraid that they would wake up and scream madly so he used a Sleep Gu on each one of them, continuing to let them sleep.

Song Qingshi looked through the mustard seed bag and found that there were no Meditation Pills left. He glanced resentfully at the guy who had finished of the medicine but didn't dare scold him. He took out the Calm Spirit Powder that could be used in a pinch and fetched clean water to dissolve it in. He poured in a small amount for everyone and then asked An Long to go to the shore to withdraw the Gu Formation and call all the main sects to send people to pick up their members.

Yue Wuhuan suddenly said, "Master, come and take a look."

Song Qingshi walked over and saw that after the vines and moss on the stone wall had been removed, several sword marks were exposed. They were fine marks that went straight into the stone wall. They seemed simple but were in fact so deep that you couldn't see the end.

Each sword slash carried with it huge hatred, hatred that went deep to the marrow, with enough momentum to wipe off all the people in the world.

This was the swordsmanship of Sword Master Mo Yuan, the grief and anger of Sword Master Mo Yuan, the madness of Sword Master Mo Yuan…

Yue Wuhuan looked at these sword slashes, completely fascinated.

Song Qing didn't understand swordsmanship and didn't have much interest in these. He turned around and suddenly found a rotting wooden box on the ground. As soon as he picked it up, the wooden box fell apart. Inside was a beautiful red gem and a rotting piece of paper.

Song Qingshi was extremely pleasantly surprised. This gem was called Phoenix Blood. It was one of the most precious gems in the immortal realm. Wearing it on your body could nourish the Dantian and assist in cultivation. This gem in front of him was of the highest quality, worth at least one hundred thousand high-grade spirit stones. He had seen its like in the Treasure Pavilion. He'd been eyeing it for a long time, wanting to buy it to give to Yue Wuhuan. But how could he when he had no money? Now, Yue Wuhuan had managed the Medicine King's Valley so well. He had the money but was afraid that Yue Wuhuan might think that he was spending money needlessly, squandering away their fortune. So, he didn't dare actually go through with it…

He hadn't managed to open the thin paper yet when it turned into ash from age…

Song Qingshi only had time to see two words on it: "No solution."

That scribbled handwriting… it kind of looks like mine.

Probably a coincidence?

Song Qingshi pondered it for a while but he didn't like making random guesses so he set the matter aside. In high spirits, he went to find Yue Wuhuan with the Pheonix Blood. But he found that the other party was still trying to understand the intent behind the sword slash. This wasn't a convenient time to interrupt. He put away the gem. He'll wait to surprise him with it later.

Yue Wuhuan looked for a long time and thought for a long time. He finally woke up from examining the sword slash and muttered, "These past years, I've read a lot of books about Sword Master Mo Yuan, but there are no records of what Sword Master Mo Yuan looked like. Neither are there records of his origins. After the battle to vanquish the demons eight thousand years ago, he seemed to have disappeared into thin air, leaving no trace."

Song Qingshi thought about the books he had read, and was surprised to find that this was indeed the case.

Yue Wuhuan lightly touched the sword marks on the wall and smiled bitterly, "I once had a speculation and now… seeing these sword marks, I am even more certain that Sword Master Mo Yuan went mad and this Heart-Eating Nightmare Formation intensified his madness, making him completely fall apart…"

Sword Master Mo Yuan belonged to a very distant era and he bore no connection to the people now.

Song Qingshi didn't understand why Yue Wuhuan cared so much.

"It's nothing," Yue Wuhuan saw his confusion and said lightly, "I'm just curious about how the ending came about for this sword master of mortal origin and I wanted to investigate the matter."

Song Qingshi breathed a sigh of relief. "I'll help you investigate."

"No need." An Long had returned without them noticing. He heard their conversation and said with disdain, "There are related records in the Myriad Gu Sect. After the battle to vanquish the demons, Sword Master Mo Yuan

turned into a devil, slaughtering cities full of people. The Great Master of the Fu Sect united the various major sects to collectively punish him and this was the ending."

Yue Wuhuan was stunned, not knowing what to say.

Song Qingshi was puzzled and asked, "Isn't Sword Master Mo Yuan a good person? The ancient books I've read are all about his deeds of chivalry and justice."

An Long said, "The cause of his bedeviling is unknown and for some reason, information about the matter has been sealed. This matter is among the confidential information in the Myriad Gu Sect that only the Sect Master can access. There were only a few lines about it, saying that for this reason, the various sects lost seven or eight Nascent Soul ancestors. In the end, the almightly Fen Shen cultivators stepped in. They punished him to the verge of death and were ordered not the mention the matter again."

Eight thousand years have passed and the Fen Shen ancestors who participated in this incident had either ascended or had fallen.

The truth was lost in the long river of history.

…

Song Qingshi remembered the high-quality Phoenix Blood he had just obtained. He paid particular attention to fairness and would never hide the spoils. So, he quietly pulled An Long to the side and said in a low voice, "I remember you don't like this kind of thing. When I've collected the remains of the water monster, I'll add Tianzi Grass and refine a high-quality Beast Spirit Pill for you. I'll compensate you with spirit stones for the rest, okay?"

An Long's face sank. "I remember you don't like this kind of toy either."

Song Qingshi smiled embarrassedly, "I want to give it to someone."

How could An Long not guess who he was going to give it away to? He slowly closed his eyes and whispered, "Yeah."

Jealousy grew in the madness. The killing intent was spreading rapidly and the auditory hallucinations were getting stronger and stronger.

He was forced not to look, listen or think.

I can't make mistakes…

…

After receiving the treatment plan from Song Qingshi, the cultivators from the various sects paid the consultation fee and then took away their members. As for the remaining rogue cultivators, the Fu Sect was kind enough to take them and take care of them. The young disciples of the Red Dragon Sect took back their master and senior brothers and sisters. They were so happy that they did one big group hug, crying and laughing, offering a million thanks. They didn't look at all like cultivators. It could be seen that the relationship between master and disciples ran deep. It was extremely moving.

The Red Dragon Sect's Sect Master was the middle-aged cultivator who was holding the child. He had been injured by the water monster and his injuries were serious. And yet, he still protected his disciples well. It could be said that he had a good and clean moral conduct. He was a good teacher that was difficult to come by.

Song Qingshi quietly glanced at his beloved apprentice, hoping that he would be moved by this touching display of affection between master and disciples…

It was a pity that Yue Wuhuan wasn't paying attention to this scene. He was fully concentrated on putting away the remains of the water monster.

Song Qingshi suffered a setback…

An Long said that he had a craving for wine and after going ashore, he left everyone behind and hurried away.

Song Qingshi was used to his weird temper and didn't take it to heart. Seeing that the Sect Master of the Red Dragon Sect was seriously injured and because he admired his moral conduct, Song Qingshi took the initiative to stay behind to treat him. In passing, he was planning to ask the master what he should do to be loved by his disciples. The disciples of the Red Dragon Sect were overjoyed when they learned of his decision. They wished they could get a big sedan chair to welcome him back.

Yue Wuhuan saw that he was happy and he decided to simply stay behind to help.

…

It was late at night, deep in the dense forest, the cry of a jackdaw rang out.

An Long was sitting alone in the dark, painfully clutching his head. His eyes were so red, they were almost dripping blood. His face was covered with black scales. Under the tattoo of the Five Evils on his arm, black mist writhed, his limbs constantly changing. He once again suppressed it and pushed it back.

The weird voice in his mind that he thought had long since disappeared, emerged once again. It talked non-stop and every word was like a knife, stabbing fiercely into his heart. He didn't want to hear it but he had no choice.

"Did you think he would like you if you wag your tail and fawn all over him?"

"Did you think he would like you if you gained power and kept out the wind and rain?"

"Did you think he would like you if you climbed up to a high position, getting there by narrowly escaping death time and again?"

"Did you think that he would like you if you just kept enduring it, staying devoted to him?"

“Did you think when he came knocking on your door that night that he came to agree to your vain hopes? Your appearance at the time was utterly ridiculous, truly and completely ridiculous… You could only hide the truth at the expense of giving up your spy. You’re so stupid, I can barely look at you…”

“Every time, you use the Phantom Gu and struggle, asking for a dream you can’t ask for. But do you ever get the ending you want in the fantasy? Why are you shocked by this realization? No matter what means you use or how much you implore, he doesn’t love you, right?”

“You are a hideous bug who crawled out of the filthy mud. You donned on human skin and spitted out human words. You put on airs, attempting in vain to approach the bright moon. How could you dare? Are you worthy?”

“Wake up and give up your human soul.”

“Wake up. Seizing, greed, ruthlessness and killing are in your nature…”

“…”

“Shut up! Shut up!” An Long madly slammed his head onto the rock, wishing he could smash his head and pulverize all the contents out, “Get out of my head!”

I can’t make mistakes…

Can’t make mistakes…

Can’t…

Chapter 49: Cooking Research

The Sect Master of the Red Dragon Sect, Yan Yuan Xianjun, was seriously injured and a lot of precious medicinal materials had to be used. Song Qingshi also used golden needles to guide his spiritual power into their sea of consciousness, erasing all those terrifying memories for them, leaving only some psychological shadows. As long as they didn't encounter anything related to those matters in the future, they wouldn't have any flare-ups.

The number one genius doctor of the immortal realm personally undertook these tasks and also used a lot of miracle cures. How much was this all worth?

The Red Dragon Sect really didn't have enough spirit stones to pay for this. They felt so very ashamed. They proposed to have it on credit and that they will pay it back a little bit each month.

Song Qingshi found them all very pleasing to the eye. He also had a large amount of pocket money given to him by the little angel in his pocket. And so his spendthrift nature once again reared its head and he generously reduced the treatment fee. Everyone in the Red Dragon Sect so were grateful that they were moved to tears. Learning that Song Qingshi loved to collect all sorts of books, they volunteered to copy by hand all the secret books about talismans and formations they had in their sect to give to him to repay his kindness.

Creating talismans was not difficult, but it was very troublesome and most cultivators would choose to just buy them outright.

Most of the Red Dragon Sect's disciples were orphans picked up by Yan Yuan Xianjun. Their aptitude wasn't great. They followed their master to learn how to make talismans and the work was distributed according each person's ability. They followed the rules and never went looking for trouble.

The girl protected by Yan Yuan Xianjun was called Nian Nian. She was extremely talented, clever and bright. She was a natural talisman master.

Song Qingshi saw her improved fire-control talisman and was greatly amazed. He immediately asked Yue Wuhuan to place an order for a thousand pieces. He then drew from memory several very distinctive ancient talismans from the Medicine King's Valley's collection for her to study. Staring at one of the runes that created illusions, it seemed like Nian Nian got some sort of inspiration. She began to research it without regard for food or rest.

Yan Yuan Xianjun felt distressed looking at her. Once his injuries get better, he would have to give her a severe lesson.

She wound around her shifu and acted like a spoiled child. Her senior brothers and sisters also joined in the joking. The relationship between master and disciples was joyous and harmonious.

Yan Yuan Xinajun pretended to be angry. "If you keep disregarding rest, I'll just marry you off."

Nian Nian pretended to beg for mercy, "No, I want to stay here forever and be filial to Shifu."

…

When Song Qingshi heard this, he felt a little envious for some reason…

Age or length of study do not determine the teacher. It is he who knows the subject best who is the teacher.

He decided to secretly seek advice from Yan Yuan Xianjun on the Way of a teacher. He wanted to know how he gained his disciples' favor, made them like their shifu and want to stay with their shifu forever.

Yan Yuan Xianjun wasn't like his ignorant little disciples. He knew of Medicine King Xianzun's fierce reputation that didn't match his outward appearance. He was extremely frightened. Seeing him coming aggressively towards him, he very nearly knelt down and begged for mercy, fearing that he was about to be dragged away to be turned into medicine because he had no money to pay the bill. When he heard the problem, he was completely

dumbfounded, feeling that he still hadn't woken up from the Heart-eating Nightmare formation …

Song Qingshi took out pen and paper, his face was serious. "Tell me."

"I didn't do anything special. I just taught them skills." Yan Yuan Xianjun surmised that he might be looking for some special technique to better control his disfigured beauty of a disciple. But he didn't dare to refuse their savior, so he had no choice but to brace himself and do it. "If there's anything special, it's probably my cooking something delicious for them? My apprentices all like the noodles I make. Every time we come back from a trip out, they all want to eat a large bowl of noodles. They all say the ones outside don't have the same taste. Nian Nian likes her noodles soft, Huang He likes his firm. He Xiaoxiao always adds chili, Yue'er doesn't like green onions…"

This unprepossessing middle-aged cultivator took on a tender expression when talking about his apprentices.

Song Qingshi quickly extracted the key points:

1. Use your cooking skills to convey your kindly feelings.

2. The way to an apprentice's heart is through his stomach.

3. Learn to cook.

It'd been a mistake for him not to study cooking seriously. From now on, he must study hard.

Song Qingshi was the type to get right on the job. He would do what he said he would do. He dragged Yan Yuan Xianjun to the kitchen and approached it as he would a scientific research. He also used methods he used for research and studied the way he made noodles.

He was a master of alchemy and he could ascertain the weight of each material with just his bare hands. He record it down in the notebook in grams and then record the amount of force and the kind of technique he

used to knead, including each change of direction and the number of turns. He confirmed the firmness and texture and also the method of cutting the noodles and the thickness of it. He also took into account, the surrounding humidity and temperature and the quality and thickness of the kitchenware. He determined the temperature and intensity of the stove flame and the cooking time, accurate to the second. He finally rigorously replicated each step and at last came out with noodles that were up to par.

Yan Yuan Xianjun had never seen such an outlandish way of cooking. He was struck stupid as he watched him…

Song Qingshi tasted the finished product and confirmed that he hadn't run into any mishaps. He happily carried the noodles and went to find Yue Wuhuan.

…

Yue Wuhuan was reading a book in his room. The Red Dragon Sect had been making talismans for many years. Their techniques were rather distinct. Some books that could only be found in the Red Dragon Sect's library were also very interesting. Some trade knowledge and techniques that you can't see elsewhere were very helpful in improving his poison puppets.

Suddenly, Song Qingshi ran in holding a bowl of noodles and handed it to him like it was a treasure.

Yue Wuhuan looked at the soy-based noodle soup with nothing but green onions for toppings. For a moment, he was at a complete loss. He then stretched out his chopsticks to taste it. He felt that the ingredients were quite clean. The taste couldn't be considered good but it wasn't bad either. It had a normal home-cooked taste. It was far inferior to the noodle soup he'd made with the turkey soup base. But judging by how much his master looked as though he was expecting praises, the situation was quite obvious…

He immediately pretended to not understand and praised, "The Red Dragon Sect's kitchen is excellent. I have never had such delicious noodles."

Song Qingshi felt like he had refined an incredibly difficult pill. He was overjoyed, but tried to keep modest, “How could it be that good?”

Yue Wuhuan saw through it but decided not to burst his bubble. He smiled and ate the whole bowl of noodles, drinking all the soup as well. He said, “It’s Master’s good intentions.”

“Well, I have cooked before. I have experience.” Song Qingshi was afraid that he would see through his scheme and forcefully justified himself. Although he had raised him on fasting pills and had poisoned the Alaskan Malamute with glutinous rice balls, those could still be considered as cooking. But, he still felt a little guilty and he changed the topic, promising, “If you like it, I will…no, not every day. Sometimes I can’t get away from my experiments. Anyway…as long as I have time, I’ll make it for you.”

Yue Wuhuan couldn’t quite make sense of it. He couldn’t understand why this person who didn’t even want to eat when doing research was now so willing to cook.

“Yan Yuan Xianjun said that a good master cooks for his apprentices, but eating noodles every day would be a little boring, right?” Song Qingshi thought about the various delicacies the little angel normally made and said happily, “Do you like dumplings, wontons or pancakes? Pastries or desserts? I can learn all of them…Don’t worry, I learn things very quickly and I won’t waste anything.”

Master seems to have misunderstood something interesting?

Yue Wuhuan looked at his expectant expression and the Emotion Locking Gu in his body began to move. There was an increase in his obsessive feelings, exceeding the controllable limit. After the Gu absorbed the excess feelings, he put down the bowl. He said firmly, “Master does not need to do this for me.”

Because he really liked this kind of thing and he could bear it occasionally. But being subjected to it long-term might just expose his true thoughts.

All these thoughts were unbearable desires. Just like embers in the ashes, if they were fanned out, it could all too easily trigger a fire and burn everything. Everything would become uncontrollable.

This was not what he wished to do.

So, don't seduce him into going out of control…

Song Qingshi was slow on the uptake. He then understood that he was rejecting his offer. He thought of how Wuhuan's craftsmanship was ten times better than his own. His delighted heart suddenly sank and he was a little disappointed. He wanted to give all the good things to this person in front of him but Yue Wuhuan was so smart and capable. It seemed like he could learn anything and do anything…

He didn't know what else he could give him. He didn't know how he could treat him better and make him happier.

What would he do if Yue Wuhuan got better and then started to dislike the Medicine King's Valley for being boring and wanted to leave?

He would go back to the days when he watched clouds alone…

For a moment, Song Qingshi was dazed as he thought about it. He then quickly cheered up. Failure was a common occurrence for him. The more important thing was that Yue Wuhuan was still by his side. So there was no need to be sad for something hasn't happened yet. He could continue to work hard.

He pulled over Yue Wuhuan's hand and placed the Phoenix Blood he'd been holding on to for a long time in his palm. He said happily, "This is the spoil of war I got from the Mo Yuan Ruins. I won it from An Long and I'm giving it to you."

There was a bit of golden starlight flowing in the fiery red gem. The trajectory dragged out by the starlight made it look like a resplendent phoenix was sealed within it. It exuded a warm aura.

Yue Wuhuan had been completely immersed in the sword slash at the time. He hadn't been paying attention to the two's private transactions regarding the gem.

The color of this Phoenix Blood was brilliant and impressive, pure and flawless. It was completely in keeping with his tastes. It was the type that he could treasure forever.

He liked it so much…

He wanted to place this gem on the body of this person in front of him. It would feel like his own color had occupied this pure white territory.

Yue Wuhuan contemplated that kind of beautiful scenery. There was a secret happiness in his heart and a smile appeared on his lips.

Seeing that he liked it, Song Qingshi was very pleased with himself…

Although his cooking had been a bit of a failure, the gift was still a success.

He would continue to study how Yan Yuan Xianjun teached his apprentices. Whether it was personally teaching them how to make talismans or calling his apprentices to wake up early to practice their skills every day, or accompanying his apprentices to learn, he would try everything. He won't be afraid of failure. He would do more and think more, eventually he would find something that Yue Wuhuan liked. He would fall in love with living in the Medicine King's Valley and would be perfectly happy to stay.

The two of them would study together, would do research together, would practice alchemy together, would play together, would go on adventures together…

What kind of Doaist-like happy life was this?!

…

Song Qingshi left to pester the pitiful Yan Yuan Xianjun once again. He was going to dig out all the knowledge in his mind. Yue Wuhuan helplessly left along with him. He went to the Talisman Workshop to find the disciples of

the Red Dragon Sect. He wanted to ask some questions about their technique of drawing runes and borrow some materials and tools to do some experiments.

The disciples hid nothing of what they knew and told him everything.

Yue Wuhuan casually found a workbench that nobody used and tried to make some talismans…

Suddenly, he heard the disciples of the Red Dragon Sect whispering:

“Since the Can Tong Sect was wiped out and Gui Yuan Xianzun passed away, no one wants to buy the Happy Talisman in bulk. Don’t make too much, we won’t be able to sell it all.”

” Gui Yuan Xianzun died so miserably. Zhao Shixiong went to deliver the goods and was so scared that he didn’t eat for three days…”

“Fortunately, that person didn’t come, otherwise Zhao Shixiong might pee his pants.”

“Haha, it’s a pity. There’s a lot of profit in selling this talisman. How about you try and market it?”

“Get lost! You want me to go to the red-light district to promote this stuff? Do you want shifu to break my legs?!”

“Hahaha, I was found out…”

“…”

The Can Tong Sect was annihilated? Gui Yuan Xianzun is dead?

Yue Wuhuan paused in the middle of writing the talisman. He fell into deep contemplation.

Gui Yuan Xianzun was a name he didn’t want to hear at all. His was also one of the memories he hated most and wanted to be rid of. These past years, while he was trying to save Song Qingshi, he had neither the time nor

the ability to kill and exact revenge. So, he deliberately didn't pay attention to anything regarding the Can Tong Sect. He also refused to pay any attention to this name so as not to affect his mental state.

As he recalled, Gui Yuan Xianzun acted cautiously and was an expert at striking both left and right. He was a smart man who never offended the strong.

How did he meet with a violent end? Who was 'that person'?

Yue Wuhuan turned around and smiled softly, "This matter seems very interesting. Can you tell me more in detail?"

Chapter 50: The Fire of Desire

Yue Wuhuan listened to the Red Dragon Sect disciples' story. He began to ponder the fact that the Can Tong Sect was annihilated by Gu's.

Ever since he realized someone's covetous heart for treasures, the Myriad Gu Sect had become a focus of his attention. With the help of the Night Rain Pavilion and through his own painstaking efforts, he had practically collected all information regarding them.

They Myriad Gu Sect ruled over the Western Forest. They possessed several spirit stone mines and secret realms that were filled with goods and materials. They enjoyed the tribute from 18 cities.

The people of the Western Forest were formidable, bloodthirsty and combative. They respected strength and had no qualms against fighting their own.

An Long is the greatest Gu genius in the history of the Myriad Gu Sect. After he became the Gu King, he used bloody methods to suppress those who refused to accept his leadership. He maintained a seemingly peaceful facade for the sect but there were still many forces within. They were like a poisonous Gu packed inside the Gu cultivation jar known as the Western Forest. They gobbled up each other, ready to breed a new Gu King at any time.

They like destroying and pillaging, but they didn't like holding on to a place for long or developing new territories.

The tangled and complicated relationship of the Myriad Gu Sect had brought a slim chance for survival for the Medicine King's Valley.

Yue Wuhuan had once been worried that once An Long noticed that Song Qingshi had met with an accident, that he would take the opportunity to mobilize the power of the Myriad Gu Sect to attack Medicine King's Valley, completely destroying and engulfing their territory and power. For this

reason, he had even made preparations to abandon the valley at any time, retreating with Song Qingshi and some resources.

However, An Long hadn't done that.

He had chosen to conceal this matter. Instead of relying on the power of the Myriad Gu Sect, he went into the formation alone, not hesitating to take on innumerable hazards and hardships.

This meant that even if he hurts himself, he was not willing to bring even the slightest risk of destruction to the Medicine King's Valley.

Yue Wuhuan carefully investigated all of his s*x scandals and found that they were all false. Even the female cultivators who had made trouble at the gate of the Medicine King's Valley were all just temporary puppet controlled by Passion Gu, with the purpose of drawing Song Qingshi out of the Medicine King's Valley to meet him.

An Long was like a ravenous wolf greedily staring at his prey. And he was dreading something. He didn't dare to get too close, always keeping a certain distance and constantly testing, trying to find a suitable position.

Yue Wuhuan had no idea what sort of connection could have led to such feelings but such extreme silent endurance brought along with it a somewhat disturbing feel.

This was by no means an ordinary love. There seemed to be a strange element of madness in it.

No matter what this feeling was, it was disgusting…

Why was this world so disgusting? The air was suffused with an unbearable stench that couldn't be washed clean.

Why must there be desire in human love? Why couldn't they live pure and simply like his Master?

Why must the many filthy things in the world insist on dirtying his sole clean treasure?

Now, his master has woken up and he was overjoyed. But he could no longer hide him in the secret room. He needed to find another way to take good care of him.

An Long, this evil wolf, has long lost his usefulness and the danger he posed was getting bigger and bigger. Judging from his analysis of past events, it seemed that, all this time, An Long has been trying to get Master to be enlightened, to leave the Medicine King's Valley, to experience the seven emotions and the six sensory pleasures. This kind of thing must never be permitted. His master should always be like a piece of white paper, properly placed in the Medicine King's Valley. He must not be sullied by anything base and despicable, including himself…

Hateful, too hateful…

Yue Wuhuan's nails unconsciously scratched his wrist and bloody marks appeared on his skin.

The pain kept his mind sober.

He had conceived of many ways to kill An Long but after his Master had woken up, he realized that this was far from enough. Although Master himself didn't realize it, he valued this friendship very much. If An Long died, it would become a regret in his heart. This dead friend would become more and more perfect in his memory, staying in it forever, never to leave again.

He would never be able to clear this memory, clear this person…

Originally, he thought he had reached a dead-end regarding this matter. But Gui Yuan Xianzun's death gave him a new opportunity.

Most killings were done for profit, love, hatred, anger, revenge, or for silencing a witness.

The Can Tong Sect was stationed in Nanshan, operating the red-light district and the gambling dens. They had no conflicts of interest with the Myriad Gu Sect.

Although Gui Yuan Xianzun had been a morally corrupt piece of trash, bullying the weak and fearing the strong, he never provoked the powerful people. The Western Forest's Gu King had an impressive reputation for being fierce, his characteristics distinct. It was impossible that he had carelessly provoked An Long, so him being killed out of hatred or revenge was unlikely. The Can Tong Sect had never been known to house any famous treasure…

This felt like a matter of silencing a witness.

What happened ten years ago? Why did An Long feel like he had to go this far to silence him?

Yue Wuhuan endured the nausea and sifted through all his memories of Gui Yuan Xianzun…

He was suddenly stunned.

He remembered that the day he first saw Song Qingshi, he had been with Gui Yuan Xianzun. At that time, he was tied to a tree and blindfolded so he couldn't see anything. Besides that, his cultivation had been wasted so he couldn't do as other cultivators did and send out a mental probe from time to time. So he could neither check out his surroundings nor hear clearly conversations from far away.

At that time, he had taken a drug and the effects of it hadn't completely worn off. His mind was a little confused and he was unable to concentrate. But he vaguely remembered that Gui Yuan Xianzun had stopped, as if he had discovered something. He gave a thoughtless mocking laugh and said, "I didn't expect this person to actually be like this. It's so ridiculous."

Because of this remark, afterwards, he had gone to see what had happened and met the most wonderful person in the world…

He absolutely loathed the dirty marks left in this beautiful encounter so much so that he deliberately avoided this memory and didn't want to think about it.

At that time, he had seen with his own eyes, Song Qingshi lying on the ground, not breathing. His body was clean, no signs of a struggle, no blood and not even traces of any violence. He thought it must have been an accident or a sudden illness. He wanted to go call someone but he hadn't gone far, when he saw Song Qingshi get up again. He stumbled into the river and inexplicably began to weep…

He thought he must have seen wrong, so he didn't think much of it…

After the two of them became more familiar with each other, he asked Song Qingshi about it in a roundabout way. The answer he got was that there had been some problem with his soul at the time and he lost his memory of the time before he had lost consciousness. So after waking up, he was very confused and acted completely helpless.

Later, he had also been able to confirm Song Qingshi's soul showed signs of fusion after a separation. This situation was called the Soul Separation. Although rare, there were similar records in ancient books. The Tribulation Daneng's would even take the initiative to separate their souls and go exploring around the world. And so, he didn't think much of it.

Thinking about it now, maybe there was something weird about it?

Could it be that who Gui Yuan Xianjun had been referring to as ridiculous was not Song Qingshi?

What happened that day that he needed to be silenced?

Yue Wuhuan suddenly thought of something interesting. All the clues were connecting. His eyes lit up and his whole body was infused with excitement. He has found the opportunity to remove this person from Master's heart. When the time comes, he would change all the happy memories, change the friendship into hatred… No, hatred didn't work either, it would be best if he's forgotten.

There was no hurry. He would take this slowly…

He would put on his sheepskin and pretend to be docile and harmless.

As long as he didn't do anything disgusting, didn't touch any restricted areas, didn't sully him…

In this way his treasure will never be harmed.

…

When Song Qingshi studied, he always aimed for perfect and he never let go of any detail.

He pestered Yan Yuan Xianjun so terribly that he finally unlocked many new tricks; such as having heart-to-heart talks with your apprentices, going drinking with your apprentices, shopping with your apprentices, telling bedtime stories to your apprentices, etc…

In the end, even Yan Yuan Xianjun himself didn't know what he was talking about anymore. He even told him about changing his apprentices' diapers and feeding them goat milk…

Song Qingshi rigorously compared the age differences between their apprentices. He wanted to delete these skills he wouldn't be able to use from his notebook. But after thinking about it, what if Yue Wuhuan is seized by a whim in the future and accepts a three-and-a-half-year-old apprentice? As they say, preparedness averts peril. It would be better to keep it in. Otherwise, what would he do if he's disliked for not being able to change the diapers of his disciple's disciple?

Suddenly, he heard Yue Wuhuan's knock on the door. He quickly hid his notes and reopened the book on talismans, pretending to be reading it carefully.

Yue Wuhuan came in with a bowl of sweet soup.

During this trip, Yue Wuhuan's mysophobia had gotten even more serious. It has worsened to the point that he disliked eating outside because he thought the food was dirty. Every time he would enter a restaurant, not only did he need to use his own tableware, but he would also prepare a full set of tableware for Song Qingshi. Moreover, his appetite was never good. He

would take only a few bites at each meal. Most of the time, he would still rely on Fasting Pills to solve his physical needs. Song Qingshi was afraid that he would be uncomfortable eating food from outside so he didn't dare to eat out.

Yue Wuhuan said that he had caused even more trouble to his Master. And so, he was very meticulous in his study of cooking. As long as it was something Song Qingshi was interested in, whether it was snacks or main courses, he would make them and he would make them even more exquisite and delicious than the ones sold outside. Moreover, he would adjust the flavor to be on the sweet side to better match Song Qingshi's taste.

Because of Yue Wuhuan, Song Qingshi's stomach has now been spoiled into defying the laws of both human and divine. Not only did he become more nitpicky when it came to taste, his mysophobia has also became worse. Every time, he saw a street vendor serving food to customers by hand, his whole body would feel ill at ease. The ones his family's little angel made were still better, more delicious and hygienic.

An Long couldn't go dragging Song Qingshi everywhere to eat all sorts of things with him. Because of this, he was extremely depressed.

Song Qingshi happily took the sweet soup, tasted it and closed his eyes in satisfaction. He thanked him repeatedly and praised, "Your cooking skills are still better. I can't get used to the food outside anymore."

"The things outside aren't clean," Yue Wuhuan smiled softly, "In the future, it would be best if Master only eats my cooking."

Song Qingshi kept receiving his kindness and liked everything he gave. He happily ate the sweet soup and became more determined in his heart to find ways to strengthen the feelings between them so that Yue Wuhuan would stay even after he recovers and is ready to be discharged. And even if in the future, Yue Wuhuan doesn't want to stay in the Medicine King's Valley and instead wants to make his own way in the world, then he can go on a journey to accompany him!

He wanted to be Yue Wuhuan's mentor, friend and family…

However, his heart was empty. He kept feeling that he had made a mistake or overlooked something, but he just didn't understand what.

This feeling disturbed him.

Yue Wuhuan smiled and asked, "Where did An Dage go? I haven't seen him these past couple of days."

"Huh?" Song Qingshi raised his head from his sweet soup. He never thought Yue Wuhuan could be more concerned about An Long's whereabouts than he was. Did this mean that the friendship between the two has began to sprout from going through this adventure? Were the things in the novel really this useful? He replied, feeling touched, "Don't worry, he's obsessed with insects and poisons. He often goes to catch insects deep in the mountains. If he encounters something interesting, it's not uncommon for him to be gone ten days to half a month. We can go to Nanhai City first and wait for him there."

Yue Wuhuan still looked worried.

Song Qingshi comforted, "He's a Nascent Soul cultivator and he looks that fierce. No one going to try and fight him."

Yue Wuhuan nodded and said, "I'm thinking too much."

"That guy will only stir up trouble," Song Qingshi thought for a while and earnestly warned, "Don't follow his example and go running around too. Stay by my side."

Although the little angel has become stronger now, he was still a beautiful and gentle great beauty. The poisons and the Blood King Vines were all things for self-protection; they didn't count. The little angel has suffered enough grievances because of him these past years. Now that he's awake, he must watch over him carefully. He mustn't be bullied by bad people anymore.

Yue Wuhuan understood his thoughts. He couldn't help fixing his messed up hair. He said with a smile, "Okay."

Why did Master always trust him so much, so blindly…?

Casually stepping into his trap and going along with his intentions and his plans.

The Medicine King's Valley was completely under his control. Its finances and resources were under his control. Song Qingshi's living habits and customs were changed as he pleased. Everything was going the way he wanted them to. No matter what he said, Song Qingshi believed him. No matter what he did, he was never questioned…

Wasn't it too easy? So unbelievably easy…

He lay on the table and looked intently at this man. He felt a little uneasy. He wanted to sound him out.

Song Qingshi noticed his probing gaze and couldn't help asking, "What are you thinking?"

Yue Wuhuan asked in a low voice, "Master, I was thinking… You never seem to get angry with me?"

Song Qingshi thought for a while and replied with a smile, "You haven't done anything to make me angry."

As soon as he finished his words, he found a few tendrils of the Blood King Vine quietly stretching towards him. They coiled beside him, writhing slowly. There were more and more branches and tendrils until they formed an airtight cage. The tips of the vines touched his waist and limbs as though probing. They began to seem restless… as though they were about to pounce on him at any time, restraining him among them.

Song Qingshi looked at the vines filling the air. He asked hesitantly, "What's the matter?"

"What if I did?" Yue Wuhuan found that he cared more about the answer to this question than he thought. He asked half-jokingly, "If I wasn't what you

imagined me to be, if I did something that would make you angry? Would you hate me?"

Song Qingshi never considered this issue. He thought about it for a long time, and suddenly smiled…

"No," he squeezed Yue Wuhuan's face under the golden mask, then mischievously messed up his neat hair, and said happily, "No matter what Wuhuan does, I won't get angry. I could never hate you."

Yue Wuhuan was stunned and the vines all around slowly withdrew.

He sighed. "You don't understand anything…"

For ten years, when he looked at this person who was sound asleep, he had also thought about the tender and sweet love in the Fantasy Gu's fantasy. But every time he closed his eyes, he dreamt. In his dreams, he was a beast who had lost its mind. He had lost his reason. All he wanted was to possess, to control and to dominate. In his madness, he did excessive things. He requited kindness with enmity. He poured all the things he couldn't bear onto the person he liked. Relying on his ignorance, his unwillingness to resist and his indulgence of his willfulness, he demanded to vent his feelings…

The effects of the drugs were gone. His desires were stronger than normal people's and more terrible than normal people's. Perhaps, this was his nature.

He had very clearly gone through suffering. He knew how disgusting it was to endure those things but he still wanted to do it to the person he liked. How shameless was this?

Therefore, he didn't want to sleep. He didn't want to dream.

How happy the dream was, was how nauseating the waking world was.

But it didn't matter, he could restrain himself. Even if it was by using drugs, he would suppress this instinct and wouldn't dirty him…

He just wanted to create a warm and comfortable nest. He wanted to put him in it and carefully cherish him; separate him from all the dirty things in this world and live together happily without worry. He was willing to do everything for him, so that there would only be him in these clear eyes; so that there would be no room for other messy things in his heart.

He would conceal it well so that the darkness in his heart would never be found.

Yue Wuhuan lowered his head slightly and decisively extinguished the fire of desire…

“Wuhuan, did you do something?” Song Qingshi felt that he seemed unhappy. He leaned over carefully and patted his shoulder. He comforted him again, “Don’t be afraid. No matter what you do, I won’t be angry.”

The light medicinal scent wound around him and he could feel his mouth and throat go dry.

Yue Wuhuan burrowed against his shoulder and muttered, “I won’t. I won’t do anything…”

The author has something to say:

Other family’s blackened Yandere’s want to grab their shou’s, lock them up in a small dark room and drive the car like crazy.

Wuhuan as a blackened Yandere wants to grab the shou, lock him up in small black room and prohibit him from driving the car.

He truly is an outstanding Yandere who meets the website’s review standards and conforms to their moral standards.

(Qingshi:???)

Have you guys guessed it?

Chapter 51: Gift List and Greeting Letter

There suddenly came a flustered knock on the door.

A young disciple of the Red Dragon Sect ran in to report, “There’s someone from the Golden Phoenix Manor asking to see the Medicine King Xianzun. This is the list of gifts.”

Song Qingshi almost spurted out the sweet soup in his mouth. He looked uneasily at Yue Wuhuan who had a gloomy expression on his face.

He wanted to swear, right there and then, with Heaven as his witness, that he truly had nothing to do with that damn sect! And he didn’t want to have anything to do with them at all!

However, the Golden Phoenix Manor was a very famous sect in the immortal realm. The disciples of the Red Dragon Sect have not seen much of the world. Seeing the piles of gifts, they were shocked and frightened. How could they possibly think this matter over? They directly ran to report, tacitly confirming that the Medicine King Xianzun was staying in their sect as a guest. The gift list and the greeting letter were delivered to him. From the very start, they gave him no chance to make an excuse to shirk this visitation.

With a cold expression on his face, Song Qingshi glanced at the gift list. Each of the many exotic flowers and rare herbs on it sent jabs to his heart, causing it to be unbearably itchy.

No! For the little angel’s sake, he must firmly reject this group of garbage!

Song Qingshi, heart aching, returned the gift list, pretending not to have even looked at it. Striking the table in anger, he said, “No, I won’t see them!”

Yue Wuhuan glanced at the greeting letter and said, “There’s no harm in seeing them.”

Song Qingshi's angry face instantly broke. He turned his head and looked at Yue Wuhuan in disbelief…

Yue Wuhuan took the gift list from the Red Dragon Sect disciple. He looked at it, and smiled. "They're here already. So, we need to clarify the situation, right? You can go to prepare a meeting place. Can we use the reception pavilion?"

When the Red Dragon disciple saw that they had accepted the greeting letter and the gift list, he repeatedly agreed and left in a hurry.

"Why do you want to see those people?" Song Qingshi was anxious, pulling on Yue Wuhuan's sleeves. He asked, rambling, "They're all beasts. I hate them. I just can't beat them now. When I can, I'll burn that broken place…"

"Master, please rest assured," Yue Wuhuan opened the greeting letter and said with a smile, pointing to the name. "The person who came is not Jin Feiren, but the slave named Bai Zihao. No, he should have already gotten rid of his slave status. He is the treasure at the very top of Jin Feiren's heart. In the secret realm of Extreme Flame, Jin Feiren was bitten by a Flame Wolf in order to protect him. It is said that they will officially be Doaist companions in a few days."

Song Qingshi felt that this name was familiar. After thinking about it for a long while, he remembered that this was the young man in white clothes he had seen in the Langgan Terrace.

The Blood King Vine wrapped around his wrist once again, acting like a spoiled child, swaying to and fro.

"He's not a bad person." Yue Wuhuan said with a smile, "Master, go and see him *ba*. I'm curious about what he wants."

Song Qingshi had absolutely no resistance against the little angel's requests. He had to agree even though he was unwilling…

Yue Wuhuan tidied up the messy hair on his head and cast two cleaning spells on his vestments. He managed his appearance to have the dignity

befitting the Medicine King Xianzun. He then eagerly urged him to go to reception pavilion to receive the guest. He himself then quietly had a Blood King Vine follow quietly behind him, investigating the situation.

Song Qingshi went to the reception pavilion feeling aggrieved. He then assumed the bearing he had whenever his experiments got interrupted. He sat on the armchair with a displeased expression on his face, impatiently tapping the table with his fingers, hoping to convey his meaning that he didn't want to listen to any nonsense.

The Red Dragon Sect disciple led the person from the Golden Phoenix Manor into the reception pavilion.

When Song Qingshi saw the visitor, he was still slightly stunned.

In his mind, Yue Wuhuan will always be the number one beauty in the world. But this young man named Bai Zihao still left a deep impression on him. He was just like the bright and clear moon. Although you couldn't say which part of him was exceptionally beautiful, people couldn't help but have their eyes linger on him. The Bai Zihao now had an even a more refined appearance; there was a greater indescribable charm. He was just like a carefully raised flower, trimmed at will and then inserted into a vase in its most beautiful form for people to enjoy.

Although he was beautiful, he looked as if he had no sort of unwillingness towards life…

Jin Feiren regarded him as his true love. From being a slave to the Doaist companion of the Lord of the Manor, it could be said that he had reached heaven in a single bound. He was the envy of the entire immortal realm.

Song Qingshi felt there was something strange about it and felt a bit uneasy.

Knowing that he didn't like it when people went around curves and skirted corners, Bai Zihao respectfully bowed and asked directly, "I heard that the Medicine King Xianzun has obtained the water spirit orb from the Ten Thousand Year Water Monster. Golden Phoenix Manor would like to ask for one. May we know if you would be willing to part with this treasure?"

In addition to making Clear Water Powder, the water spirit orbs could also heal and suppress fire-attribute injuries with extraordinary effect.

Bai Zihao had a water-type spiritual root. However, he didn't directly ask for the Clear Water Powder but for the Water Spirit Orb. Obviously, he wasn't asking for it for himself, but for Jin Feiren, that garbage beast.

In his heart, Song Qingshi was mad with rage but couldn't think of what to scold. And so, he simply walked away.

Bai Zihao knew that he had an eccentric personality and behaved differently from ordinary people. He never thought that he would be able successfully receive the water spirit orb right away. He retreated and went to stay in the nearby town, planning to spend a few more days to slowly wear him down. He was good-looking, was better-tempered then most, was rather sociable and was quite generous with his money. He had already won over several of the foolish disciples of the Red Dragon Sect who frequently tipped him off. Time and again, he would have 'chance' encounters with Song Qingshi.

Song Qingshi was very responsible when it came to taking care of his patients. He had to make sure that their condition was stable and was into the recovery stage before he let go.

Yan Yuan Xianjun wasn't some particularly talented cultivator. He had already lived quite a long life and his physique wasn't good. In addition, he had a variety of past hidden diseases whose effects on his body had accumulated. Therefore, he suffered relapses of his condition. Song Qingshi decided to stay for a few more days for the sake his Way of 'Giving Everything I've got to Teach my Apprentices'. He would make sure his condition would not be harmful to him before leaving.

Now, Bai Zihao was pestering him so much, it made him want to leave…

Song Qingshi went to find Yue Wuhuan to grumble, "That animal Jin Feiren should already know that you're my disciple, shouldn't he? How is it that he still has the face to come looking for me to ask for the water spirit orb?

Wuhuan, don't worry. I'll never give it to that bastard! No matter how much he begs, he…"

Yue Wuhuan suddenly said, "Give it to him *ba*."

Song Qingshi hadn't taken in a breath yet and was almost choked to death once again. He hurriedly pulled over the kind-hearted little angel and took on the manner of a loyal minister advising the fatuous and self-indulgent emperor and adamantly remonstrated, "Wuhuan, you must not repay evil with good."

"That wasn't my intention." Yue Wuhuan realized that he had misunderstood and explained quickly, "Jin Feiren deliberately sent Bai Zihao to ask for the water spirit orb. Bai Zihao…had the same background as I did. Not only do I have no enmity towards him but I even have a bit of friendship. He is a kind-hearted person. He has pleaded for me and sent me medicine, so I don't feel any ill-will towards him."

Song Qingshi was stunned for a moment, "But, he's asking for Jin Feiren."

"If he goes back without managing to receive the water spirit orb, he will most certainly be punished." Yue Wuhuan smiled coldly and said, "Jin Feiren takes delight in punishing people and he lot of fancy ways to do it. He won't take pity just because he's his partner. Master must have also discovered the scars on Bai Zihao's neck and wrists? If you use a mental probe, there should be more on his body. That's why he has no choice but to ask for it. Otherwise, an unbearable situation might be waiting for him once he goes back."

Song Qingshi didn't understand: "Doesn't Jin Feiren like him. Aren't they going to be Daoist companions?"

Shouldn't you place your Daoist companion in your heart and protect them well, not allowing them to suffer even the slightest grievance?

Yue Wuhuan smiled, "Jin Feiren treats those he likes, like him and those he doesn't, like me."

The difference between the two was simply being defiled by one person and being defiled by many.

Song Qingshi now understood. He was thoroughly disgusted by this animal. He didn't know what to say and felt a little nauseous.

"There is no need to bother about him. He is just a pitiful man who can't help himself." Yue Wuhuan thought of the sheepskin he kept on his own body. When he talked about Bai Zihao, he showed just the right amount of pity. But his analysis was extremely rational. "Injuries in the secret realm of Extreme Flame can be cured even without the use of a water spirit orb. Only that it will be very troublesome and it will be very painful. Jin Feiren sending over Bai Zihao who used to be on good terms with me to bring these generous gifts in exchange for medicine, is to express his goodwill. Since we currently are no match for Golden Phoenix Manor, we might as well accept these generous gifts and respond with sincerity so as not to increase the misunderstanding…"

Slaves sent out from Golden Phoenix Manor being favored and gaining better prospects did happen on occasion. However, no matter how much they toss about, being that they were of mortal origin, they could never create any big waves and they have never brought any trouble. The Medicine King's Valley has always stood aloof from worldly affairs, which made Yue Wuhuan even more unworthy of being paid much attention. However, Yue Wuhuan's movements during these past few years really have been too big, making him hard to ignore.

Although for the sake of his Master's safety, Yue Wuhuan had endured not touching any of the Golden Phoenix Manor's matters.

However, Jin Feiren still had some suspicions about the Medicine King's Valley. His coming to ask for medicine now must also be a test of Song Qingshi's attitude towards him.

If they don't deal with it well, it will bring no end of trouble in the future.

Song Qingshi calmed down. He understood the situation behind this matter. But he just wasn't reconciled…

If you aren't reconciled then you must work hard and turn grief and indignation into motivation.

"When we get back from this trip, I'll stop the drug trials that I had originally planned." Song Qingshi took a deep breath. He decided to temporarily abandon his hobbies and study more important things. "I've thought over the "Nie Clan's Poison Scriptures". The Flower Dove Poison and the Black Death Butterfly both have a lot of room for improvement. I want to try to make a poison that can kill a Fen Shen cultivator. You'll be helping me…"

He must carefully study toxicology and kill that beast Jin Feiren to avenge Yue Wuhuan!

"Okay, I'll help you. This time, on the way to Nanhai City let's buy some Poison Flood Dragon Grass." Yue Wuhuan looked at him fuming with anger. He couldn't help poking and teasing, "Master, don't be angry. This isn't something worth taking to heart. I'll give him the water spirit orb for you. After all, we are acquainted with each other and have been apart for so many years ago already. I want to have a little chat with him."

Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor was far less important than the Medicine King's Valley and hatred was not as important as the objective he had immediately at hand.

He had something to ask that foolish young man.

…

Song Qingshi was completely uneasy about Golden Phoenix Manor. Although Bai Zihao seemed harmless, there were still many masters who came with him to protect him. Yue Wuhuan said that Jin Feiren should have specially arranged it so that there weren't any disgusting persons he recognized from before among them. But what if there had been a fish that slipped through the net?

He was determined to follow and protect him. He wasn't going to leave even if he was beaten to death!

This wouldn't work if Yue Wuhuan catches him so he decided it to would be best to wait in town.

Bai Zihao lived in the courtyard where they had lived a while ago, so he was not hard to find.

Song Qingshi was sitting on a nearby tree. While staring dazedly at the clouds, he used his mental probe to check on Yue Wuhuan's safety. After a while, his attention was pulled back by a hubbub of voices.

It was dusk, near sundown. The villagers who had worked all day were making their way home, talking and laughing. The cowherd boy sang love songs and flirted with the girl who had returned from lotus picking. Then the girl smiled and slapped his face with a lotus flower. Two village women quarreled by the river, throwing rude and obscene words but it didn't take long for them to inexplicably reconcile.

Song Qingshi secretly memorized a few of their curse words, thinking they might come in useful when he scolded the Alaskan Malamute in the future.

On the low bank of earth between fields, a farmer was happily carrying back a wild deer. He kept calling out to his friends. "This is game I picked up at the foot of the mountain. Bring some good wine and food tonight. None of us are going home until we're drunk." All of his friends were overjoyed and they kept greeting him with cheers. They kept reaching out their hands to stroke the fat deer.

Song Qingshi looked at the deer and was surprised.

He immediately jumped off the tree and rushed to the vicinity. He snatched the deer over, called up the Red Lotus Fire and burned it to ashes.

The farmer looked at him as though he had seen a ghost.

Song Qingshi stuttered and explained, "This, you can't eat, you can't touch…"

Before he could finish his words, the farmer scrambled to flee.

Song Qingshi hurriedly grabbed the farmer. The Underworld Ghost Fire rose in his hand and wound around twice before he let the farmer go.

The farmer wet himself from fright. He wept bitterly and kept kowtowing, “I pray for Immortal Elder to spare my life.”

Song Qingshi was a little anxious and all his words were once again stifled in his chest. He didn’t know how to say it. He turned the matter a few times in his mind, organized his words and prepared a draft. By the time he could explain the matter clearly, the farmer was already fleeing. The surrounding villagers also fled.

“This deer… died after eating poisonous weeds. Its fur and meat are highly poisonous…”

“I just want to detoxify you…”

“Don’t be afraid, I won’t hurt you…”

Song Qing stood dazed by the side of the road. Facing the empty road, he said words that no one could hear.

He stood for a long, long time, thinking for a long, long time. He then sent out his mental probe and controlled countless insects. At the foot of the mountain, he found the grasses with that familiar toxin. He cleared it away and then inspected the surroundings…

Finally, he returned to the tree and quietly looked at the clouds in the sky.

The clouds were really pretty.

He kind of missed Yue Wuhuan and felt a little sad…

Chapter 52

Bai Zihao was biting his nails. He was a little anxious.

Jin Feiren had been bitten by a Flame Wolf in the secret realm of Extreme Flame in order to protect him. His injury was on the leg and it was quite serious. Although he used an elixir to control the spread of the flame poison and it was possible to slowly neutralize it, being burned by the raging fire every day was not at all a pleasant experience and he needed to endure this kind of agony for two full years. Bai Zihao felt so guilty that he painstakingly waited upon Jin Feiren every day, enduring Jin Feiren's increasingly violent temper…

A Ten Thousand Years Water Spirit Orb could suppress the pain of the flame poison but this thing was extremely rare and it was also a consumable item. They searched for a long time without any result.

Fortunately, the Ten Thousand Years Water Monster appeared in Yueyin Lake and was successfully hunted down by the Myriad Gu Sect and the Medicine King's Valley…

Jin Feiren had been feeling hesitant about the Medicine King's Valley all these years. He never thought that Yue Wuhuan would succeed in seducing the Medicine King Xianzun, becoming his direct disciple and being very much loved. He was well-aware of what he had done to Yue Wuhuan and had no misconception that this lunatic bore no resentment against him. But what Yue Wuhuan thought was not important, what Song Qingshi thought was.

It stood to reason that Xie Que was the chief culprit. The Golden Phoenix Manor regularly bought slaves and this didn't violate the laws and ethics of the immortal realm. Normal people wouldn't go looking for trouble over this kind of thing. After all, even if he hadn't bought Yue Wuhuan, Yue Wuhuan would have been sold to a brothel and with his beauty, his end would not have been any less tragic.

However, the Medicine King Xianzun's brain was not normal. He often didn't act according to common sense and no one could tell what he would do.

As much as possible, he really didn't want to touch the Medicine King's Valley. Although the Medicine King's Valley was very small, had little power and it's master didn't like to socialize, Song Qingshi was the number one doctor in the immortal realm. He's been around for so many years, the people he had saved were spread out amongst almost all of the big sects. Even if everyone didn't like him, they didn't want to not be able to find him should they meet with some sort of mishap. Moreover, they had no way to replace the rare pills that the Medicine King's Valley produced.

Although getting seen by the doctor depended on his mood and you needed to pay a consultation fee, a life, once lost was something that you couldn't get back with any amount of money.

Elder Niu of the Five Mountain Sect already had half a leg through the gates of the underworld and it was Song Qingshi who pulled him back. In his heart, Elder Niu always carried this debt of gratitude.

Madam Ling Miao of Vast Sky Island obtained the Ever Young Pill and regained the beauty of her youth. She sang his praises to the high heavens.

There were many, many examples like these…

Although Yue Wuhuan has gone crazy these past years, he has still been very evasiveness towards the Golden Phoenix Manor and he has not revealed any intention to exact revenge.

The Medicine King Xianzun was at Great Perfection of the Nascent Soul, had innate poisonous fires, had the inheritance of the elder of the Nie Clan and rarely went out. Who knows how many cards he has up his sleeve? The price of removing him was too high and it might even provoke the scoundrel from the Myriad Gu Sect.

If he preemptively attacks the Medicine King's Valley because he was overly suspicious, afraid of a former slave and afraid of things that haven't

even happened yet, he would just be making a spectacle of himself and he stood to gain little advantage. It would also affect his reputation. It wasn't worth it…

Jin Feiren was very conflicted as to what to do…

His Flame Wolf injury gave him the perfect chance to sound matters out.

He sent Bai Zihao along with lots of generous gifts to show his goodwill. He ordered Bai Zihao to obtain the water spirit orb. He wanted to see what the attitude of the Medicine King's Valley towards him was.

……

The setting sun was like blood and Yue Wuhuan finally appeared in the courtyard.

Wearing a voluminous robe of red brocade, with the wing-like golden mask on his face, beautiful phoenix eyes and that upright figure…

He was as gorgeous as a real phoenix, much more beautiful than when he was in the Golden Phoenix Manor.

Bai Zihao looked slightly awkward. He wanted to call out a greeting, perhaps say a few words to harken back to their shared past but he didn't know what to say.

Before he was sold to the Golden Phoenix Manor, he had lived in a small village with simple folk customs. He had never thought that there was such a thing in this world as men submitting to another's control. Jin Feiren had taken a fancy to him and forced him to learn to serve men. The first person he saw had been Yue Wuhuan. The scene at that time…had him, who had never experienced worldly affairs, extremely scared. He cried and wanted to escape, but he couldn't. He was forced to look at his future. He was almost driven to despair.

Yue Wuhuan raised his head from the hell he was in, glanced at him and couldn't help but smile.

Bai Zihao didn't know what he was smiling at but he was fascinated…

He had never seen such a beautiful person; like an otherworldly bewitching flower blooming upon heaps of ugly white bones in the abyss of sin. His captivating beauty could make people forget all the filth. His perfect body drew everyone's attention. He knew that he shouldn't look but he couldn't help but look. There was even a faint strange sensation in his body.

Later, he had realized that this was desire. He had desires for men…

A crack was pried open on the shackles around his heart, a fissure appeared in his self-esteem…

The next time Jin Feiren kissed him, he gave up his fierce resistance and tried to endure it all.

Whenever he was suffering, he always thought of that smile of Yue Wuhuan's. Even such good a person like him had sunk into hell.

What was the use of his little resistance?

A few days later, when he saw Yue Wuhuan again, for some reason, he had provoked Jin Feiren's anger in bed and was punished. Not only did he get a whipping, he was also dragged to be detained in the dungeon. He was not allowed any food for three days. All the slaves dreaded being sent to the dungeon. It was dark and damp, cramped and scary. There were rats everywhere. In there, injuries could easily worsen and the pain was difficult to bear…

He secretly brought food and medicine, wanting to give them to him…

The guard knew that he was the favored pet. After receiving some profit, he turned a blind eye to them.

He managed to slip into the dungeon without a hitch. He saw Yue Wuhuan lying on the icy stone bed, his long black hair scattered haphazardly. The red shark silk robe was stained with blood. He was dirty beyond recognition but his expression was very relaxed. He was humming a song in a low

voice. The tune was very familiar, like a lullaby that every mother would sing next to her child's cradle…

Yue Wuhuan saw him come in and got up, full of suspicion.

Bai Zihao silently stuffed the things in. He wanted to say something but couldn't think of any words that wouldn't seem paltry.

Yue Wuhuan saw the things. As though he had seen something very amusing, he couldn't help laughing. He appraised, "Stupid."

Bai Zihao was inexplicably laughed at. He didn't know what he had done wrong.

"I have seen too many people like you, bemoaning the state of the universe and pitying the fate of mankind. It's ridiculous. You should quickly learn how to serve that person with your body. After all, it's those whose looks he values as a rarity, those who are mild-mannered and those who behave and listen to what he says, who suffer less. Don't worry, I think your body is suitable for these things," Yue Wuhuan gently picked up the medicine bottle with his fingers, turned it over casually and then said tauntingly, "Didn't you have a reaction when you looked at me that day? Where did you get a reaction? Come, tell me. Or would you like to let me guess… Do you have a feeling for submitting to another's control?"

His little secret had been found out. His face was torn off and trampled on the ground.

Bai Zihao flushed with anger. He stood up and cursed, "You! How can you not recognize other's good intentions?"

"Take these back. I don't need these," Yue Wuhuan threw the food and the medicine bottle back to him and said in a mocking tone, "You keep it. You'll need it when you finish serving that man."

Bai Zihao grabbed his things and ran away from the dungeons, feeling embarrassed. He thought this person was extremely repugnant.

Yue Wuhuan gave him a cold look, then lay down again without speaking.

The third time he saw him was on the Langgan Terrace. Yue Wuhuan was unexpectedly attacked by the demon tiger and when he was in imminent peril, was rescued by the Medicine King Xianzun.

He almost scared out of his wits and he was relieved to see Yue Wuhuan being taken away…

That night, he became Jin Feiren's exclusive domain and then he was horrified to find that every word Yue Wuhuan said was right. Even though he was treated roughly, he had feelings about this kind of thing. He then began to submit slowly, became obedient slowly. He mastered how to ingratiate himself until his downfall was complete. Jin Feiren was a conceited and arrogant man. He liked to conquer not only the body but also the heart.

In fact, as long as you could follow him, admire him, life would be much better.

Bai Zihao did this completely. He practically regarded Jin Feiren as his own Heaven, so he got the greatest amount of doting.

When the Mad Daoist attacked, he blocked a fatal attack for Jin Feiren.

Jin Feizhen fell in love with him, trusted him and removed his status as a slave. He gave him various precious cultivation resources and provided him with a lot of privileges. He never needed to accompany other men and was rarely punished. He was allowed to go study like the other disciples and obtained the qualifications to practice cultivation. Moreover, he got a lot of concessions and benefits as part of the negotiations with the Song He Sect.

Bai Zihao told himself this was what it was to be loved. This was happiness.

He was already very happy.

But no matter what, he couldn't forget about Yue Wuhuan's matter.

Once Jin Feiren completely trusted him, he began to secretly investigate about Yue Wuhuan. The more he investigated, the more perplexed he became. Obviously when he first entered the Golden Phoenix Manor, he was heavily favored by Jin Feirnen. He could have lived a good life by serving only one person. Why did he fall to this point? Obviously he had such beauty but he fooled with his life until it was almost no different with that of the cheapest slave, unrestrainedly serving any random guest. What for?

Bai Zihao couldn't understand but he couldn't help thinking…

Suddenly there was a day when he woke up from the bed riddled with scars and he understood.

This was his resistance against Jin Feiren…

He was telling Jin Feiren that he would never give in or give him his heart. Even if he was made to accompany countless guests to be debauched, even if he suffered all kinds of humiliation and abuse, he would rather be the cheapest slave and serve anyone with his body than be Jin Feiren's alone!

So, he became a thorn in Jin Feiyu's heart.

Jin Feiren never mentioned his name but for a long time he had been looking for a young man similar to him.

Bai Zihao was not jealous and simply admired him a bit…

Because this was something he couldn't do.

Later, he heard that Yue Wuhuan had become the Medicine King's Valley's disciple and was favored by the Medicine King Xianzun. It seemed that life was going well. Even later, he heard that he had been disfigured somehow and he had some mental problems. He was bruised and scarred but he was still free…

The slaves of Golden Phoenix Manor never liked Yue Wuhuan very much because he was so beautiful and his temperament was incompatible with

everyone. They all mocked him as stupid. They laughed at him for falling into disfavor, for outliving his good days, for making a rod for one's own back.

Bai Zihao never took part in these conversations. It was like there was no one else in his quiet world except for Jin Feiren.

The white bird in the gorgeous cage quietly admired the wings that flew in the sky.

It must never be discovered by the owner…

……

Yue Wuhuan walked towards Bai Zihao with a smile. He handed him the brocade box with the water spirit orb. “Take it back and go report the success of your task.”

Bai Zihao took the brocade box, a great weight was lifted off his shoulders. He thanked him again and again.

“No need for thanks,” Yue Wuhuan said with a smile, “I heard that you will be Manor Lord Jin’s Doaist companion in a few days. Let me congratulate you in advance. My Master doesn’t like attending social functions but the Medicine King’s Valley will be sending a gift. Is there anything in particular that you would like?”

Hearing this, Bai Zihao gave a faint blush. “No need for such politeness.”

“I should. I think that it was a good thing that I saw you back then.” Yue Wuhuan glanced at the scars on his neck and gave his blessing in a very sincere tone. “You have managed to get the Manor Lord of Golden Phoenix Manor to have a change of heart. This is also a good thing. He must like you very much, like you to the bottom of his heart.”

Bai Zihao gathered the collar of his robes close. He said, embarrassed, “Well, I like him just as much.”

Yue Wuhuan sincerely praised, “You were born to be a couple.”

“Thank you,” Bai Zihao looked at his mask, thought for a long time and couldn’t help asking, “Your face, what exactly…”

“It’s nothing,” Yue Wuhuan took off the mask, revealing the hideous and brightly colored marks. He smiled, “There are a lot of poisonous things in the Medicine King’s Valley. I was unlucky and accidentally encountered an improved version of the Devil Mask Snake Venom. And because Master was in closed-door cultivation, it was left untreated and it became like this.”

Bai Zihao was so scared that he took two steps back. He finally regained his composure and said sympathetically, “You’ve become like this…How will you be favored in the future?”

In the Golden Phoenix Manor, everyone said that he was able to cling to the Medicine King Xianzun using his beauty and body. Now that his beauty was gone, wouldn’t he be abandoned?

Yue Wuhuan put the mask back on. “My Master does not dislike it.”

Bai Zihao was slightly relieved and praised, “He’s truly a good person.”

From now on, he wouldn’t ever say that the Medicine King Xianzun was a weird person. At least, he had a very good conscience and was not the kind to seduce and then abandon.

Yue Wuhuan knew that Bai Zihao had a cowardly nature. He had been locked up in the Golden Phoenix Manor for so many years. He hardly had any contact the outside world and he also didn’t dare to interact with the outside world. His mind was filled with Jin Feiren’s words and he behaved according to the norms of Golden Phoenix Manor. He had long lost a normal person’s ability to judge. This was true for most of the slaves in the Golden Phoenix Manor. Yue Wuhuan was not surprised at his manner.

Yue Wuhuan’s main reason for coming was to ask him about other matters.

Back then, when his Master visited Golden Phoenix Manor as a guest, he had been prepared to die on Langgan Terrace and so he hadn’t concerned

himself about any other things. At that time, Bai Zihao was next to Jin Feiren and he must know about most of the matters then…

He mentioned the matter a little bit and then asked Bai Zihao, “Did Manor Lord Jin invite this person back then?”

Bai Zihao earnestly thought about it. “Yes, but he left without saying goodbye. The Manor Lord was very upset and complained about it for a long time afterwards.”

Yue Wuhuan smiled with satisfaction.

He once again sincerely gave his blessing for a loving relationship and then turned and left.

Bai Zihao put away the water spirit orb. He took a deep breath and turned back to the house. However, when he walked by the window, he saw the Medicine King Xianzun jump down from a tree. He stood worriedly in front of Yue Wuhuan, checking him up and down. It was as though Yue Wuhuan had come from a land filled with tigers and wolves and he was afraid Yue Wuhuan was missing a chunk of flesh.

Sure enough, the Medicine King Xianzun doted on him very much.

Bai Zihao smiled and shook his head. When he was about to close the window, he saw the Medicine King Xianzun lift up Yue Wuhuan’s sleeve. He seemed to have discovered something. Yue Wuhuan looked embarrassed and wanted to withdraw his hand but the Medicine King Xianzun pulled it out and refused to let go.

What exactly happened?

Bai Zihao curiously released his mental probe and quietly checked.

He saw several superficial scratches on Yue Wuhuan’s wrist. It was nothing serious, just skin-deep. The wounds have even began to heal.

Yue Wuhuan explained, embarrassed, “Master, I accidentally scratched it. It’s nothing serious…”

“If you see blood, you must apply medicine to avoid infection,” Song Qingshi insisted. He took out some herbal plaster for wounds from his mustard seed bag. He lowered his head, applied it very carefully and then wrapped the wound with gauze. His movements were gentle, as if he was afraid of accidentally hurting him. After handling everything, he told him earnestly, “Be careful in the future, don’t get injured. It will hurt…”

Bai Zihao stared dazedly at them…

Because Song Qingshi kept his head down, Yue Wuhuan he couldn’t see his expression.

Bai Zihao, though, saw those clear eyes and they were full of bottomless sadness.

Did he feel distressed over that little bit of pain?

Why?

Bai Zihao suddenly felt like his heart was being seized. A bit of confusion from this understanding appeared.

He was a little confused but he didn’t understand what he was confused about…

Finally, Bai Zihao left the town and embarked on the road back to the Golden Phoenix Manor.

Jin Feiren saw the water spirit orb and used it to suppress the flame poison. He then happily carried him to the bed to bestow to him his reward…

This was the same madness as usual, the same roughness as usual, the same pain and happiness as usual.

He told Bai Zihao over and over again, “I love you, I love you the most.”

Bai Zihao looked blankly at the top of the cyan-colored canopy. Suddenly, a disrespectful thought that had never before crossed his mind, appeared.

If you love me……

Why are you willing to hurt me?

……

A tear slipped quietly from the corner of his eye, fell onto the pillow and disappeared.

Translator's note: This has been a short sort of update on what has been happening to Bai Zihao. Since a lot of readers are concerned about him, I'd like to let every one know that: minor spoiler and bigger spoiler.

Chapter 53: Bedtime Reading

Yue Wuhuan found that his master has become quite clingy. He kept following him, wanting to try to strike up conversation, like about today's weather, about the peonies in the garden, about the birds flying in the sky or about delicious food. Did it have something to do with the secret book on master-disciple interaction that he secretly hid from him and refused to let him see?

He questioned Yan Yuan Xianjun closely.

Yan Yuan Xianjun didn't dare provoke the lunatic and immediately said everything.

After Yue Wuhuan knew the whole story, he found it very amusing. He enthusiastically played the role of a good disciple and played games with his Master.

Song Qingshi was actually very bad at small talk. No matter what the topic, the conversation would die within three sentences.

Yue Wuhuan loved seeing him digging through his thoughts, searching through his guts and belly, trying with all his might to find something to talk about with him. It was really too cute. Once in a while, when he saw that he really couldn't continue, he would start a new topic for him so as to shorten the awkward silence.

Before going to bed, Yue Wuhuan found Song Qingshi once again climbing into his bed. He leaned on his pillow and holding the "The Legend of Kang Qu", he said very seriously, "Let's read a bedtime story."

Yue Wuhuan lay on the pillow, listening to him start to read the fable of the big tiger and the little white rabbit. He was a little dazed. It felt like he was back to when he was a child and his mother would read next to his ear…

Song Qingshi read a few pages and concluded, "I seem to have taken the wrong book."

He had simply taken the bedtime story that was the most popular among the disciples of the Red Dragon Sect. He was told it was perfect in virtue, wisdom and beauty and basing on the title, there seemed to be no problem. He didn't expect to run into trouble so he came without reading the contents carefully. He wanted the two of them to read together to deepen their relationship. Unexpectedly, there was a serious problem with regards to the age group this bedtime story catered to. The Red Dragon Sect had many young disciples…

Children's books were, at least, mentally healthy. He kind of wanted to know how the little white rabbit settled matters with the big tiger.

Song Qingshi had very good reading habits. He didn't like to give up halfway, so he put on a brave face and insisted on finishing reading.

Yue Wuhuan buried his head in the quilt and tried his best to hold back a smile.

"Tomorrow I will change the book." Although Song Qingshi felt that he was a bit stupid, if he was able to amuse him and make him happy then it was still a good thing.

Yue Wuhuan laughed for a long time. He crawled back from under the quilt and curiously wanted to see what he was going to do next.

Seeing that he was not the least bit sleepy, Song Qingshi reluctantly suggested, "Since you can't fall asleep yet, let's do a few advanced math problems?"

"Okay," Yue Wuhuan smile happily, "I like doing this kind of thing in bed with Master the most."

Seeing him happy, Song Qingshi was overjoyed. He took out pen and paper, wrote out more than twenty questions and talked a lot about mathematical formulas.

Yue Wuhuan immersed himself in the sea of questions; he studied quite happily.

Finally, he found that Song Qingshi had unsuspectingly fallen asleep next to him.

The Blood King Vines couldn't help but slowly stretched out to all directions like a huge spider's web. It paced back and forth everywhere, poking, wanting to capture. For a long while, he greedily admired the sleeping treasure. Finally, he packed away all his desire, leaving only a single vine gently wrapped around his ankle.

Don't be hasty.

…

The next day, Song Qingshi pondered for a long time and sorted out all the bedtime stories he knew in his mind. He felt that "Snow White" or "The Ugly Duckling" wouldn't be appropriate for Yue Wuhuan. Answering problem questions everyday was even less of a solution. Yue Wuhuan's zeal for learning was even greater than his own. The more he answered, the more energetic he was. He would wind up falling asleep while the other stayed up.

He decided to rise to the challenge once again and find a book suitable for adults.

Yue Wuhuan has already read "The Three Tiger-Fighting Brothers" and even made a very insightful summary.

He had to change to an interesting bedtime reading…

Song Qingshi pondered for a long time. Taking advantage of when Yue Wuhuan was off studying talismans with the Red Dragon Sect disciples, he went in search of books. However, the library of all sects were off-limits and those without permission weren't allowed to enter. He was a rule-abiding person and wanted to ask Yan Yuan Xianjun for permission, he didn't expect to run into Nian Nian on the way there.

Nian Nian was a child and had a rather cheeky personality. Moreover, she had some familiarity with him.

Although Yan Yuan Xianjun repeatedly explained to his disciples that the Medicine King Xianzun had an eccentric personality and that they should not provoke him into anger, Nian Nian didn't believe it very much. She felt that the cultivator who had saved her had a good temper, and interacting with cultivator Wuhuan, didn't seem much like the ruthless cultivator that he was rumored to be. He was very gentle.

She liked this kind of gege very much.

Nian Nian took the initiative to greet Song Qingshi and asked him curiously what he was looking for.

Song Qingshi spoke much more at ease in front of this bright and cheerful little girl. He asked Nian Nian, "Do you know any bedtime books suitable for adults? The kind of books your elder brothers and sisters love to read before bed. Can help me borrow some books?"

"I know," Nian Nian immediately understood, "Lan Shijie has a lot of them somewhere. She reads them every night and the other senior sisters always ask to borrow them. Lan Shijie is very generous and lets everyone take them whenever they want. She's been kind of weird these past couple of days though. Maybe she's afraid of being scolded by Shifu for not being diligent enough? She's hidden her books…but I know where she hid them. Wait for me to get some of them for you."

Song Qingshi was overjoyed. He repeatedly thanked her and went back to the room to make a pot of spirit tea, planning to carefully choose a book.

Before long, Nian Nian ran over with more than a dozen books. She eagerly handed then to Song Qingshi and then hurried away.

Song Qingshi drank a sip of spirit tea and opened the first book, "The Record of Prisoner Huan". He then found that the protagonist's occupation and name were a bit similar to his own. His name was Qingshi. He was also a Nascent Soul master cultivating skills in both medicine and poison. He caught and brought back a mortal beauty named Yue Huan. The opening scene was that of a very sentimental kiss. Qingshi pressed Yue Huan against

the rock wall and then kissed his voluptuous lips. Their breaths intertwined and they tasted sweetness, experiencing the world's greatest bliss…

He held the spirit tea and sipped it slowly. He kept feeling that there was something wrong. After thinking about it for a long time, a bright flash of light appeared in his mind. He was completely stunned.

Was this book obliquely pointing to him and Yue Wuhuan?

When has he ever done such shameless things to Yue Wuhuan?

Song Qingshi quickly ruffled through a few pages of the book and found that it was a super disharmonious book, depicting him forcing onto the beauty all sorts of things that should harmonized by the publishing company. The scale was enormous and it was unsuitable for children. Reading it made people blush. He was given such a fright that he threw the book to the ground. He then picked up the other books and looked through them. In the second one, the beauty took the initiative to seduce him and the two sought pleasure and made merry. In the third one, he tied up the beauty and then proceeded to engage in all sorts of sadomasochistic play in all kinds of wondrous places…

Although the protagonists' names has been changed in each book, it was obvious that they were referring to him and Yue Wuhuan.

Song Qingshi was completely stunned. He had no idea that he was such a beast in the eyes of the world…

The door opened. Yue Wuhuan walked in and frowned slightly when he saw the books on the table.

Song Qingshi wanted to burn the books but it was too late.

He was on the verge of tears. Stuttering, he said, "Wu-Wuhuan, let me explain. I didn't know anything. I didn't do anything…"

"I know these," Yue Wuhuan casually picked up a book. He looked at the cover and turned a few pages. He sighed, "Everyone in the world seeks out

novelty. It's because my reputation is too widespread. It has even tarnished Master's good name." He looked at Song Qingshi's muddled expression. Knowing that he didn't understand, he explained with a wry smile, "My past… is extremely unsavory. Everyone thinks that I relied on my body to get the Master's favor and so they wrote up lots of these sort of amorous encounters. In actuality, everyone knows that it's all nonsense. There are all sorts of things written about the famous people in the immortal realm. Master does not need to take it too much to heart."

He had burned the picture books of a lot of bookstore and cleaned up many bookstore owners.

Bookstores in the immortal realm weren't businesses that made a lot of profits. The owners has no powerful backers and they didn't dare offend the lunatic.

Nowadays, the towns near the Medicine King's Valley didn't dare to blatantly sell his unsavory picture albums. But these kinds of novels written under pseudonyms were very common. They were all written by small-time authors and they merely borrowed the reflection of real characters or real incidents. Moreover, they always indicated that these stories were purely fictitious. The bigshots of the immortal realm found all this quite funny and never took them personally. They also didn't investigate into this matter. Some even found it interesting and specially bought them to have a look.

Song Qingshi never read novels, let alone colorful ones.

Therefore, Yue Wuhuan never took these novels seriously.

After a long time of listening to the explanation, Song Qingshi finally understood. But he was still aggrieved.

He has never been greedy for Yue Wuhuan's body. Nor has he done anything unforgivable to Yue Wuhuan. Moreover, he has practiced the Way of the Heartless for many years, purifying his heart and reducing his desires. Regardless of whether it was matters between a man and a woman or between a man and a man, he has always been conscientious. He has

never even hit a plane. Setting aside the fact they were writing about him having romantic affairs, why did they write him out to be such a beast?

What ‘entwined lips and tongue, sweet as honey’…

Was it really sweet and delicious?

Song Qingshi raised his head and glanced at Yue Wuhuan’s beautiful and gorgeous lips. For some reason, the sentences in the book and some strange thoughts suddenly appeared in his mind. He was so shocked by his beastly thoughts that he gave a start. He shook his head and quickly dispelled them.

You mustn’t think about these kinds of things…

Yue Wuhuan packed up the mess of books and prepared to hand them over to Yan Yuan Xianjun to handle. He then thought for a while and sitting in front of Song Qingshi, he said sternly, “Master, the things written in these books are exaggerated. Everyone just imagines that these things between men are delightful but the real situation is not like this. This is a very disgusting matter.”

Song Qingshi felt like he’d been caught doing something wrong. He sat stiffly and properly, honestly accepting his lessons.

“Men and women have different bodies and they are not suitable for this kind of thing.” Yue Wuhuan lectured earnestly. “This kind of thing is more painful than you think and your dignity could be crushed inch by inch. It’s very difficult to bear. There used to be a slave…”

He used a lot of medical terms and a lot of descriptions that were free of emotions or biases but because of his own experience, he was extremely persuasive and the scenes he described were terrible, almost no different from hellish torture.

Song Qingshi felt uncomfortable and his face turned pale.

What he thought was just a laceration was more terrifying and disgusting than he thought.

“Don’t be curious. Don’t try it.” Yue Wuhuan saw that he was terribly scared and was extremely satisfied. He reached out his hand and gently touched the messy hair on the top of his head. He embraced him into his arms and said with extreme gentleness, “Master should just stay the way he is. Don’t think about those things and don’t do those things either, okay? If you get hurt, I will be very distressed…”

There were so many filthy things in this world, he couldn’t guard against them all. If he overlooks even the littlest thing, it would seize the chance to make its way in.

If it stirred the Master’s thoughts, what should he do?

It was so troublesome.

…

Song Qingshi looked at his relaxed and happy eyes. The sense of abnormality and uneasiness in his heart became clearer and even more definite. Yue Wuhuan has relevant painful experiences. His descriptions weren’t lies; so, at wounds that were torn open and dripping with blood, why did his expression have a contradictory reaction? It was as if a lot of things were suppressed in his emotions. They were topsy-turvy and confused, sorrow and joy were exchanged. He only presented the side he wanted people to see but he himself didn’t know it…

There were also strange things. For example, a few days ago, he found poison from the poison puppet on the deer carcass the farmer had picked up. And then, he found the poisonous residue stuck to blades of grass in a hidden spot at the foot of the mountain. Poison puppets were fierce and cruel. They were specially made for killing and for research. Normally, they were kept in mustard seed bags. Why would he take one out? There were also those scars on Yue Wuhuan’s wrist. He was a famous doctor. How could he not see the difference between self-harm and accidental scratching?

After discovering these abnormalities, he tried his best to follow after Yue Wuhuan, pestering him to talk, trying to figure out what was going on.

Now, he faintly saw the answer — Wuhuan's mental illness had worsened.

Song Qing thought dazedly for a long time…

Seeing his mind wandering, Yue Wuhuan smiled and asked, "Master, what's the matter?"

Song Qingshi immediately came back to his senses and promised, "Okay, the things Wuhuan doesn't like, I won't think about and I won't do."

Yue Wuhuan was very satisfied, "Master is the best."

Song Qingshi asked softly, "What does Wuhuan want me to do?"

Yue Wuhuan said, "I want to raise little white mice together, do experiments together, study together, watch the clouds together."

Song Qingshi nodded, "Okay."

At night, he didn't find an excuse to stay in Yue Wuhuan's bed so he went back to his room. He thought for a long time and took a deep breath. He then looked at the Blood King Vine that was crawling over, took it and tied it to his ankle.

Chapter 54: Nanhai Flower Festival

Almost all the disciples of the Red Dragon Sect went to kneel at the ancestral hall. Nian Nian's palms were red from being struck by her Shifu. She cried so terribly.

The disharmonious books were all burned. The disciples were subjected to rigorous teaching, had their attitude towards learning rectified and their three views once again corrected.

Song Qingshi was very satisfied with how Yan Yuan Xianjun handled matters. He asked Yue Wuhuan to give little Nian Nian a full set of mathematics textbooks. He also arranged for the messenger bird to send her a collection of exercises from time to time. She was urged to study hard. She would have spot-check exams and her results would be examined. This would help her in going further on the road to becoming a talisman master.

Yan Yuan Xianjun was overjoyed and repeatedly thanked him.

Lan Shijie and the others also expressed that they would help the Medicine King Xianzun to supervise the children's study and that they would not tolerate mischief.

Nian Nian cried even harder. Shifu was right. His gentle appearance was a facade. The Medicine King Xianzun was a fiendish man. She would never again fantasize about marrying such a gege when she grows up. He was too terrible! Yue Wuhuan Gege was much better with his gentle temperament and friendly smile. He also helped her to persuade her Shifu not to be impatient, saying that it was better for children to learn slowly; there was no need to be anxious. He could choose simpler textbooks to make her life a bit easier.

She thought it was much better to marry a gege like Yue Wuhuan when she grows up.

Song Qingshi examined Yan Yuan Xianjun's body. After confirming that there were no major problems, he got ready to leave with Yue Wuhuan.

Yue Wuhuan was a little worried. “If we leave, what would happen to An Dage? He said he was craving alcohol but he didn’t show up in town. Where did he go?”

“Probably off doing something bad,” Song Qingshi smiled, “It’s okay, he’s not a child. He’s also an expert at tracking spells. If he needs to find us, naturally, he can find a way to do so. He has always acted erratic. Before, there would be times when he would do something halfway then just suddenly disappear! It’s infuriating. I usually just leave him to his own devices…Don’t worry, if he runs into a situation, he can send a letter for help.”

Yue Wuhuan had some regrets but he could only give up.

The two rode to Nanhai City. Nanhai City was like spring throughout the year, flourishing blossoms created a magnificent landscape. The Flower Festival had already begun. The whole city had been transformed into a country of flowers. Every household was decorated with flowers. The fragrance of flowers was everywhere. Restaurants offered all sorts of delicacies made from flowers. Young men and women arranged flowers by the side of the temples, laughing and joking. Even old women in their 70s or 80s couldn’t help but pin a few small, white and fragrant flowers on their chests.

Song Qing had never participated in the Flower Festival, it was all rather new to him.

He secretly looked at the cheat sheet in his sleeve, confirmed the answer and prepared himself to explain the local customs to Yue Wuhuan.

Yue Wuhuan smiled and interrupted his recitation, “Master, I have been here before.”

“When?” As soon as Song Qingshi spoke, he understood. His memory was full of when Yue Wuhua first came to the Medicine King’s Valley. He kept forgetting that he had been sleeping for ten years and that he had not kept up with Yue Wuhuan’s growth, still stuck in the past.

The things he hadn't done, Yue Wuhuan had done himself. The places he hadn't been to, Yue Wuhuan had gone to himself.

He was truly stupid.

"I seldom go out," Song Qingshi thought up to this point and laughed, "Wuhuan, can you show me around?"

During the Flower Festival in Nanhai City, visitors came in droves. People were all crowded together, swarming the entire city.

Song Qingshi couldn't use the alchemical fire to open the way nor could he use poison to injure the innocent. From time to time, something strange or new in the roadside stalls would attract his attention. And so, he was repeatedly buried in the crowd and dragged away.

It also wasn't convenient for Yue Wuhuan to use the Blood King Vine to fish him from the crowd. After thinking and thinking, enduring and enduring, when he was once again pulled over by a roadside vendor selling fruits because of his thin-skinned nature, Yue Wuhuan finally reached out, grabbed his arm and led him away. "There are too many people. Don't go wandering off."

Song Qingshi took out one of the two blue fruits he had just bought and handed it to him. Smiling, he asked, "Would you like to eat one?"

"This is very sour. It's not tasty." Yue Wuhuan took the fruit, "If you want to taste it, I'll pickle it with sugar first and then give it to you to eat."

As soon as he finished speaking, he saw Song Qingshi wipe the fruit in his hand and then take a bite out of it. It was too late to stop him. "It's dirty."

Song Qingshi thought for a while. "I don't think it's sour, it's delicious."

Yue Wuhuan said helplessly, "It's sour."

Song Qingshi tossed the fruit in his hand and said with a smile, "I was joking. It is really sour."

The sun was almost reaching its zenith. Yue Wuhuan took him into a clean tea house and found a place by the window. He took out his own tea set, wiped it carefully a few times. He then threw a spirit stone to a young waiter and asked him to bring over some petals. He washed them clean and then personally made a pot of scented tea paired with homemade pastries and handed them to Song Qingshi.

Along their journey, he would do it like this whenever he had the opportunity.

Song Qingshi knew that he had a serious case of mysophobia, so he accepted it obediently. He looked back at the other patrons of the tea shop around him. He found that the cultivators had long quietly turned their eyes away and didn't dare look over in their direction. The pair of lovers at the table next to theirs had left in a hurry. On the other hand, ordinary passers-by who were curious, saw the beauty of Yue Wuhuan's mask and secretly glanced a lot more.

When An Long had been next to him, everyone was afraid and would avoid them. He felt this was normal. After all, the Alaskan Malamute looked fierce.

Now, An Long wasn't around but everyone was still avoiding them…

Although he had a reputation for being fierce as the Medicine King Xianzun, he rarely went outside and very few people recognized him. He had brought Yue Wuhuan to Lecheng before and he had never encountered such a scene. It was the first time for him to come to Nanhai City. It was even more unlikely that he had left any traces. So, was it Yue Wuhuan that these people were afraid of?

Wuhuan, what did you do?

Song Qingshi's expression became more solemn.

Yue Wuhuan looked around and understood his hesitation. He explained with a smile, "Every year at the Flower Festival, there are sea merchants

here. At the time, Ye Lin sent me a message that the Blue Spirit Resin had appeared and so I came."

The Blue Spirit Resin was a very rare elixir useful for repairing limbs.

Song Qingshi nodded, indicating that he understood that this had been medicine for him.

"After I bought Blue Spirit Resin with a lot of money, I was targeted by some bad guys." Yue Wuhuan's expression was a little aggrieved. "They saw that I was just a Foundation Building cultivator and they thought they could kill me and rob me of the treasure. I really had no choice but to kill them. The method may have been a bit excessive…" He had beaten them at their own game. He set a trap, controlled the wicked scoundrels using Puppet Incense and then experimented with the newly developed Bone Intoxication Poison. After he succeeded, he happily used the Blood King Vine to hang their bodies on the city gate, deterring all other robbers. That's all.

Had he overdone it a little bit back then and he was now recognized by others?

If he had known that the Master would come here, he wouldn't have played around on such a big scale. Or perhaps he would have hidden his true face better when he was playing.

Yue Wuhuan thought about it regretfully and then asked, "Master, have I done something wrong?"

Song Qingshi said resolutely, "You weren't wrong. You should deal with wicked scoundrels with thunder-like means!"

"En, I will take note of it for the future." Yue Wuhuan laughed and changed the subject, "Master, there are many interesting things in the Flower Festival. We should stay here. In four hours, there should be floats passing by. The beauties of Nanhai City are very well-known. Every year, the most beautiful girls are selected to play the role of mythological characters on the floats. Many famous painters also gather here to make portraits of the

beauties. I came and went in a hurry last time and I didn't see the floats. It was quite regrettable."

What's even more regrettable was that hadn't found that damned painter.

Song Qingshi was very curious about the floats. Lying on the windowsill, he looked around to watch the excitement.

He waited for a long, long time and finally the floats came. On the float were twin sisters, one with beauty like a flower's and the other with looks that could make fishes forget to swim. They wore exquisite buyao crowns on their heads and were dressed in gorgeous feathered robes. They were covered from head to foot in gold and jewels. They were playing the role of the mythical phoenix and hung in mid-air using a Floating Sky Formation. They waved their wing-like sleeves and dance lightly and gracefully, as beautiful as two real birds.

All the spectators watched mesmerized, as though drunk and stupefied. They did their best to squeeze forward, throwing gold bead spirit stones onto the float.

This teahouse that Yue Wuhuan chose was still some distance away from the floats. His bare eyes couldn't see clearly enough.

Song Qingshi quietly released his mental probe. He controlled the surrounding dragonflies and butterflies to fly to the float, winding around it. He looked at everything carefully without missing a single detail.

Yue Wuhuan leaned over. Seeing that he was looking so intently, he endured and endured. He felt a little unhappy and the Blood King Vine, following his feelings, snuck out from the ground and quietly wrapped around his leg, tightening its hold. He then moved close to his ear and asked in a coquettish tone, "Master, do they look good?"

Song Qingshi turned around and said sincerely, "They look good, but not as good as you."

The pair of sisters were all dressed up as fake phoenixes. His family's Wuhuan was a real phoenix that needed no embellishment.

Yue Wuhuan asked happily, "Then how about if Master doesn't look at them and looks only at me instead?"

Song Qingshi retracted his gaze from looking at the float. He sat down again and looked at him seriously. "Okay."

Master is so good…

Everything was going according to his wishes. There was nothing to make him sad.

Yue Wuhuan felt a little uneasy for some reason. He kept feeling like something was wrong. This place wasn't suitable for touring. There were too many bad people outside and too many dirty things. He has to hurry up and dispose of all these troublesome matters. He'll feel much more at ease once he brings Master back to the Medicine King's Valley.

The two looked at each other, not uttering a word. They drank tea in silence.

The sun was still a ways away from dusk but the two of them already went to the inn where they would be staying. Yue Wuhuan said that these past few days, they've been running around too much and he hadn't been sleeping well. He was really tired and wanted to stay in his room and read quietly. Song Qingshi came to accompany him; stumblingly, he told him a strange story about "Little Red Riding Hood" and wrote up some math problems. Seeing that Yue Wuhuan still wasn't sleepy, he made him a cup of tea to help him sleep. Yue Wuhuan couldn't refuse and could only drink it. He didn't expect that the Peaceful Sleep Tea made by the Master himself would be super effective. After a while, he had to fight to keep his eyelids open. He clearly wanted to stay up a little later but he couldn't keep his eyes open. He worked hard to resist the sleepiness but he gradually drifted off to sleep.

In this dream, he became a big bad wolf. He tied his Master in the forest and did terrible and dirty things.

Master had been crying, begging for mercy, begging him to stop…

He wanted to stop, but couldn't stop.

In the end, he forcibly awakened himself from the dream. Filled with unbearable pain, he faced the traces of his body's release. He wanted to scratch his body bloody, wanted to use the Blood King Vine to whip himself as punishment. But he was afraid of being discovered. In the end, he restrained himself, pinching a few red marks on his palm. He slowly calmed his breathing.

The Blood King Vine was swimming around him…

Suddenly, he realized that something seemed to be missing. The smell floating in the air was that of the Peaceful Soul Fragrance.

There was no one in the next room. The Blood King Vine wrapped around the Master's foot was loose. Where has Master gone?

Did he run away? Was he gone?

Yue Wuhuan's breathing was going chaotic. Limitless fear struck him. He put on his clothes in a mess, put on the mask and frantically rushed out of the room…

He couldn't lose his treasure.

That was his only reason for living.

…

The moonlight was like water, tranquil and silent.

The painter was wielding his brush, making a painting. On the picture scroll was the pair of beautiful Phoenix sisters, their fresh faces were depicted to be enchanting, seducing people's souls.

Suddenly, he realized that someone was lightly knocking on the window behind him. He turned his head and saw a clear-eyed young man with a

childlike, tender appearance, wearing layer upon layer of snow-white clothes. He sat on his window sill, calmly and quietly watching him for who knows how long. He seemed to be very interested in his paintings.

Could it be that he came here to ask to be painted? Did he not know what kind of painting he was asking for?

The painter harshly scrutinized the appearance of the young man. He was far from being a stunning beauty. The figure was thin and frail but he had a clean temperament and his skin was flawlessly white. If he could take off his beautiful snow coat so that he would be half-covered and half-exposed and put on an appearance as though welcoming but wanting also to refuse, he could arouse his creative desires.

His strange gaze made Song Qingshi a little uncomfortable. He gathered up the white vestments on his body and then cautiously said, “Excuse me…are you the painter of “Beauty of the Golden Age“?”

When the painter heard him mention his proudest work, he was delighted. “That’s right.”

“Great, I’ve been looking for you for a long time,” Song Qingshi sighed in relief. He had controlled the insects to go around the float parade several times and found that this artist’s style was very similar to the style of the person he was looking for. But he’d been worried that he was mistaken. He was very apprehensive. He didn’t dare tell Yue Wuhuan and secretly ran out to verify, “I didn’t expect to meet you here. You, do you like painting that kind of painting?”

The painter smiled and said, “Naturally, I like it. Don’t be so shy. Should I draw a picture for you?”

Song Qingshi lowered his head and smiled embarrassedly. The beautiful black lotus bloomed in his hand, the lotus petals opening one by one.

Those who paint the scenes of purgatory should return to purgatory.

Chapter 55: Clear-headed and Muddled

Song Qingshi stood in front of the wine shop, listening to the owner's enthusiastic sales pitch.

"How can anyone come to the Flower Festival without drinking flower wine? Don't get me wrong, dear customer, I'm not talking about those messy flower wines." The liquor shop owner thought he had cracked a joke that any man would understand. When he found that the other's expression remained serious and that he didn't laugh at all, seeming not to understand, he changed his tune. "Our Nanhai city is rich in flowers. This is a wine brewed using eight kinds of flowers. It is called Intoxicated Beauty. It tastes sweet and has a distinct flavor. It's only sold during the Flower Festival. It's a limited quantity item and once it sells out, there's no way to get any more."

It's sweet wine? And it's limited edition?

A man's resistance tended to decrease in the face of limited edition items.

Song Qingshi immediately took out spirit stones and bought a jar.

Finding that shameless painter was Song Qingshi's main business for going out. Now that he had finished his business, he wanted to go back to the inn as soon as possible and look for Yue Wuhuan. But the buildings in Nanhai City were all very similar and there were flowers everywhere. While he walked, he thought about many things and he got turned around. He was careless and now found himself in the night market.

Business was booming for the Flower Festival's night market. On the left was opera singing; on the right was a monkey show. There were so many things that he hadn't seen before.

Has Nanhai City's night life always been like this?

Song Qingshi couldn't restrain his curiosity. He thought that this time, once he returns to the Medicine King's Valley, he might not get to see such a

scene again. He couldn't help looking around a bit more. As a result, he suffered defeat at many a sales pitch and bought an awful mess of things. There were beautiful gems, lovely red fabrics, a novel about Sword Master Mo Yuan's legend as well as a beautiful little phoenix figurine made by the Niemianren maker.

For some reason, most of the tourists in the night market were in pairs and couples. They held hands, laughing and having a good time. They were all very close.

After Song Qingshi finished buying the wine, he couldn't help asking the owner.

The shop ower was amused by him. "Don't you know that the night of Nanhai City's Flower Festival is also called the Lover's Festival?"

Song Qingshi shook his head. This information wasn't in the guidebook information he had compiled.

The Night Rain Pavilion had been very irresponsible with regards to this matter. He was going to have to lecture Ye Lin Xianjun on his professionalism when he returns.

"This is an old tradition of the Flower Festival. The Festival during the day is for everyone's merriment and the Night Market is for the romance of lovers. Ours is a city that never sleeps. If you don't have company, you can go and find one. Your looks aren't bad, it would be easy for you. Would you like me to introduce you to someone?" The liquor store owner enthusiastically suggested, "If you find a beauty to drink the Intoxicated Beauty with, it will taste even sweeter, down to the bones."

When Song Qingshi heard 'beauty', for some reason, he thought of Yue Wuhuan's face.

He was a little panicked, and quickly refused, "No, I have a companion. A very beautiful one, no…not the kind of companion you mentioned."

When he got confused, his speech turned all messy.

The shop owner became more muddled as he listened to him. He couldn't help getting closer to listen carefully. "What kind of partner? A male partner? A female partner?"

He had hardly finished speaking when several blood-red vines dropped from the roof, whipping cracks on the ground, firmly separating the two.

Yue Wuhuan stood on the roof, his long black hair blown into disarray by the night wind. His sash wasn't fastened properly, the collar of his inner robe was turned upside down and there were several creases on the lower hem of his red brocade robe. It shattered his usual 'discreet in word and deed' appearance. The phoenix eyes under the golden wing mask had traces of the madness that he couldn't hold back. His voluptuous lips were pressed tightly and pulled upward slightly, as though he wanted to come out with his usual gentle smile but simply couldn't manage to.

The Blood King Vine crawled on the ground. Each vine divided into countless branches. There were more and more branches and leaves, growing thicker and denser. The people of Nanhai City had seen this terrible thing on their wall city before and fear still lingered in their hearts.

The owner of the wine shop was so scared that he fell to the ground on his butt. Rolling and crawling, he wanted to crawl away from this place.

The customers also realized that the situation was turning bad and they fled one after another.

Song Qingshi hugged the wine jar and tried to comfort everyone, "It's fine."

His comfort had no effect and in an instant, everyone had already run away.

The Blood King Vine rose from the ground, quickly climbed up his limbs and body, crisscrossing, twining, confining him in overlapping layers, like countless angry spider silks grabbing the prey that had fallen into its web; wrapping round and round, lest it escape.

Song Qingshi subconsciously wanted to raise the alchemical fire to break his binds but he suddenly remembered that the Blood King Vine was

connected to the soul. Breaking it could hurt or injure Yue Wuhuan. He quickly put the fire away, still letting himself be lifted into the air by the Blood King Vine. He was dragged like a sacrificial offering in front of Yue Wuhuan, sending him into his arms.

“Master,” Yue Wuhuan lowered his head, using his lips to savor the taste from his neck. He then slowly climbed up, licking his sensitive earlobe with the tip of his tongue, as though sampling the flavor. His voice, though, was extremely aggrieved, “I was so worried when I woke up and couldn’t find you.”

Song Qingshi earnestly explained, “I just came out to do something and bought some things along the way.”

The Blood King Vine wound tighter and tighter around his body, as if he wanted to isolate him from the air of the outside world.

Yue Wuhuan’s voice became even more aggrieved. “Master, at night, everywhere here is so dirty. Don’t go running all over the place. Don’t leave my side, okay?”

Over the years, the more he walked the outside world, the more he felt that the whole world was dirty. If it weren’t for fear of An Long, for having to deal with this trifling matter, he wouldn’t let Master set one foot outside the Medicine King’s Valley. That way they could avoid any accidents, avoid any possibility of getting hurt by those impudent scoundrels or falling in the mud.

Song Qingshi wanted to pat him comfortingly on the shoulder but he couldn’t move. He could only nod his head slightly and said, “Okay.”

The night breeze blew. Yue Wuhuan gradually calmed down and he regulated his breathing. He realized he had done something wrong.

The Blood King Vines loosened one by one, letting him out…

Yue Wuhuan’s face was a little pale and his body was trembling slightly. He apologized, voice small, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to do that.”

Qing Luan had once advised that his love was too crazy, his feelings were too extreme. They were already far beyond the range of normal people's. It could easily arouse uneasiness. She advised him to exercise restraint; to not hurt others or himself.

He had expressed his agreement to Qing Luan and then learned to pretend so as to avoid being hated by the Master.

Now, his feelings were revealing flaws…

Yue Wuhuan was terrified.

"It's okay," Song Qingshi pushed the wine jar into Yue Wuhuan's arms and said in a relaxed tone of voice, "It's my fault. I went out without telling you and you couldn't find me when you woke up. It's only normal to worry… Don't be sad. I was in the wrong. It's my fault."

When he had woken up, he found that Yue Wuhuan no longer had any tendency to commit suicide. His words and deeds were the same as ordinary people's and he was even gentler and more caring than before. He thought that when he had undone the Acacia seal, after Yue Wuhuan had once again embarked on the path of immortality, once he had tempered and cultivated his body and mind, that his condition had improved. At the time, his body was experiencing unexpected paralysis. He grew panicked and couldn't think about other matters.

Then Yue Wuhuan had given him one happiness after the other. He was immersed in joy, and his ability to judge was once again blunted. Immediately after An Long's arrival, the fight and injuries of the two mired him in nervousness. He subconsciously believed that the violent An Long was a dangerous factor. Moreover, Yue Wuhuan was behaving quietly. Under the contrast, him feeling at ease and overlooking this matter was nothing but a normal person's reaction. Yue Wuhuan was just using an indirect method to achieve his goal.

He had never completely recovered from the illness in his heart. After losing treatment, the madness grew once again, turning into a giant behemoth; finally growing fangs and claws, attacking the entire world.

How big was this behemoth?

Song Qingshi suddenly remembered the Thousand Beads Snow Lotus that he had encountered in the snow-capped mountains. The huge and terrifying root system was all tangled up, covering the entire mountain range. It reached thousands of miles. But what caught his eyes was that pitiful and beautiful little flower blooming on the crystal clear white snow.

Wrong……

It was all wrong…

If you make a mistake then conclude it. If you make a mistake, then start over…

“Don’t be afraid, I’m here,” Song Qingshi pulled the trembling Yue Wuhuan into his arms, gently stroking his long hair, telling him the answer over and over again, “Don’t be afraid, I will never give up… ”

Don’t be afraid……

Regardless whether it was the taste of the fruit, the way we do things or being imprisoned by your side, it will all be done according to your wishes.

The butterfly saw the spider web and was perfectly happy to fly in.

…

Song Qingshi comforted him for a long time. Finally, he managed to get Yue Wuhuan’s breathing to calm down, allowing him to restore his calm.

He accompanied Yue Wuhuan and hid in a dark corner of the roof, sitting there in a daze. The owner of the wine shop thought that the bad guys had gone and quietly came back to clean up the mess. He once again called in guests. Perhaps couples liked to have a couple of drinks on days like this, it didn’t take long before the shop was once again filled with the sound of flirtatious banter.

This Lover's Festival truly created a foul atmosphere. It could stain the Master's eyes.

Yue Wuhuan regretted acting so well-behaved at the time and not persuading Song Qingshi to change the destination for this trip. He also hadn't expected that Song Qingshi, who normally camped out in his room to read with him at night, would suddenly sneak out. Now it was too late to conceal the fact that there was a Lover's Festival. He had to find an excuse…

He thought for a while and then, showing a relaxed expression, he pointed to the secluded nine-storied pagoda. He asked expectantly, "Master, I feel like sitting somewhere high up. The lights of this world under the moonlight is certain to look beautiful from up there."

"Okay," Song Qingshi looked at him with a smile, "I also think it's too noisy here."

He pulled along Yue Wuhuan, passing over the bustling market, towards the nine-storied pagoda. The nine-storied pagoda was one of the most beautiful sceneries of Nanhai City. The legend had it that it enshrined the portrait of a shenjun. However, because the gates of the pagoda have always remained locked, no one knew what it looked like. The nine-storied pagoda was surrounded by a sea of bamboo. It created an elegant scenery but during the Flower Festival, it couldn't compete with the flowers and it was deserted.

Within the dense bamboo forest, there was a young couple hiding within. They whispered sweet nothings to each other and kissed as though unwilling to ever part. One said that the other's lips were sweet and the other said that the other's lips were soft. Their breathy words could almost kill people with their cloying sweetness.

Song Qingshi couldn't help taking a peek.

Yue Wuhuan turned his head back. The Blood King Vine snuck past and with a terrifying aura, directly scared away the pair of wild mandarin ducks. He then raised his sword and brought Song Qingshi to the top of the

nine-storied pagoda. After cleaning it several times, he released his mental probe. Confirming that the surroundings were quiet, he finally felt relieved.

The moonlight tonight was really beautiful. It enveloped the nine-storied pagoda and without need for candlelight, they could see the surroundings very clearly. Sitting on top of the tower was like sitting in a place detached from the world, watching the bustle of the world below. The night market converged into a long winding river of lights. All of them were houses filled with either muddled or perhaps clear-headed people.

Song Qingshi didn't want to be clear-headed, but he couldn't not be clear-headed…

He took out all the things he bought from the mustard seed bag and handed them all to Yue Wuhuan. He found that under the bewitching talk of the glib-tongued vendors, he had foolishly bought a lot of things. No matter. As long as the kindly feelings behind it weren't foolish, it was fine.

Yue Wuhuan saw a toy bird flute made of wood and couldn't help laughing. He placed his lips on it and blew it a few times.

The little bird flute let out a sweet and melodious sound of hundreds of birds singing together.

Song Qingshi's heart was slightly moved…

Chapter 56: The Sound of the Flute Stirs Emotions

Yue Wuhuan put down the bird flute and looked at him with a smile, wondering what other strange things were there.

Song Qingshi hesitated for a long time, seeming as though he was organizing his words in his heart. Finally, he took a deep breath and took out a golden soul lamp, placing it in his hand. In the soul lamp was the sinful soul he had been looking for for a long time, desperately struggling in pain.

Yue Wuhuan took the soul lamp in a daze, waiting for his answer.

“I caught him,” Song Qingshi looked into his eyes, earnestness filling his expression. “I won’t let off anyone who has hurt Wuhuan. Don’t worry, I’m very fierce, very good at killing people. The Underworld Ghost Fire is like the cruelest torture. They won’t die easily and I can capture their soul and present them to you as gifts…”

He knew. He knew of what he’d been doing for amusement…

Yue Wuhuan couldn’t help but want to grab his own wrist, to maintain his clear-headedness.

“I don’t care about this kind of thing,” Song Qingshi quickly grabbed his hand to prevent him from harming himself. He then held it tightly in the hollow of his palm and continued, “You can tell me what you want. You can also give me a list of people you want to kill. I will kill them one by one until I kill all these dirty beasts.”

Yue Wuhuan wanted to pull his hand back, but Song Qingshi held it tighter. He couldn’t help but smile. “You can’t do it.”

Song Qingshi insisted, “I’ll work hard.”

“Master, you don’t know how many…too many, too many to kill,” Yue Wuhuan said in a low voice, “The Golden Phoenix Manor is a famous sect in the immortal realm. Guests come and go every day and most of them

aren't just small nobodies. Among the beasts I've served, many are elders of various sects, even sect masters; Core Formation cultivators, Nascent Soul cultivators, Fen Shen cultivators and even Da Sheng ancestors…"

Everyone knew of his beauty and everyone wanted a taste.

He had offended Jin Feiren once again, and was deliberately humiliated, easy for anyone to push around.

Most of the cultivators had sects behind them, protecting each other. If you pulled one, you would pull the entire body. How could you finish killing them all?

"I have long given up," Yue Wuhuan laughed, "If you want to kill those beasts, you would have to turn this world into a mountain of corpses and into a sea of blood, thoroughly destroying it…"

No matter how crazy he was, he knew it was impossible.

"If you want a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood then you'll have a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood." Song Qingshi firmly grabbed him and insisted, "I will work hard. As long as I have breath, then I will kill them all! I will never give up!"

"I don't want this. Revenge is just an incidental amusement. If I get the chance, I'll kill them and if I don't, I just let it be. There's no need to dirty your hands with these garbage." Yue Wuhuan was smiling; he was in a good mood. He pinched his Master's face that was filled with stubbornness. He wanted to change Song Qingshi's expression and he said teasingly, "I have found a more important matter, a more important thing."

Song Qingshi was at a loss. "What is it?"

"Don't look so worried thinking about those unhappy things anymore. I like your gift." Yue Wuhuan blew on the bird flute once again. The cheerful sound of the flute drew in two skylarks. He teased him to make him happy. "The moonlight is so good. Come, let's do something fun. Master, would you like to do practice questions or would you like to read a book?"

Song Qingshi said embarrassedly, “Wuhuan, don’t just follow me in everything. I’m stupid. I never understand other people’s hearts. I always do the wrong things…”

Yue Wuhuan laughed and said, “I like you like this.”

Master was very good. It was he who wasn’t willing for that dirty heart to be seen.

…

Song Qingshi thought about it for a long time and found the answer in the “The Three Tiger-Fighting Brothers” and in his little notebook of Yan Yuan Xianjun’s teachings. Between men, if there were troubles that they couldn’t make sense of, then drag them to go drinking. Once they drink too much, whatever heartfelt words could be drawn out.

He took out the Intoxicated Beauty he had just bought and placed it in front of Yue Wuhuan. He said, brimming with heroic spirit. “We’ll make short work of this”

Yue Wuhuan was at a loss.

“Nanhai City’s specialty, sweet-tasting, limited edition wine. It’s especially delicious!” Song Qingshi recited the owner’s sales pitch in one breath. He then said, “I checked it already. This wine is very clean and there’s nothing dirty! I-I rarely drink but I want to drink this!”

Yue Wuhuan thought about it. There were too many things that had happened today and they have affected his mood. It was fine to drink some wine to make Master happy.

He restrained his obsession with cleanliness and took out some utensils suitable for drinking. He checked the cleanliness of the wine and then filled his cup for him.

Intoxicated Beauty, as expected, was a pleasantly sweet, velvety wine. It didn’t burn your throat and it was easy to drink even for people who didn’t

drink alcohol. However, its proof was unexpectedly high.

“Master, drink a little less,” Yue Wuhuan persuaded, holding the cup of wine. “The name of this wine comes from ‘The beauty drunk on her knees’.”

This warning came a little too late. Song Qingshi had already drank three cups and his face was flushed as he lay still in his arms.

Yue Wuhuan didn’t expect his alcohol tolerance to be so low. He had no choice but to turn him over and lay him on his lap to rest.

Wanting to worm information out of him when his alcohol tolerance was like this…

It was so cute.

As though petting a cat, Yue Wuhuan stroked his soft, loose hair. After stroking for a long while, he asked mischievously, “Master, are you still awake?”

Song Qingshi hummed for a while and said honestly, “Awake.”

Yue Wuhuan asked again, “Is there any secret that Master has kept from me?”

Song Qingshi looked at his lips and thought for a while, “I want to eat something sweet.”

Yue Wuhuan asked again, “Is it ice cream?”

Song Qingshi shook his head slightly, “No, something more delicious.”

Yue Wuhuan named a few more desserts but Song Qingshi seemed a little confused and stopped answering this question. Yue Wuhuan held up the soul lamp in his hand and tortured the soul inside it for a while. His heart was quite pleased. He suddenly remembered that Song Qingshi has never asked him for any sort of gift.

Except for his initial request for him not to commit suicide, Song Qingshi never asked him anything. But he instead gave him things one after another. There was only one gift he could give the other.

Yue Wuhuan took out the Phoenix Blood from the mustard seed bag. He had already strung up the Phoenix Blood into a golden necklace with an engraved magical formation. But the magic formation hadn't been completed yet. He had to add the most complicated soul imprint, letting this gem follow this person from one life to the next, like a brand he had imparted, never to leave.

Yue Wuhuan stretched out his fingertips and slid it gently across Song Qingshi's white neck, extremely satisfied.

This was the most suitable place for it.

Song Qingshi felt the heat from his fingertips. It tickled. He turned his neck and hummed again.

Yue Wuhuan retracted his hand with a smile. He casually sounded out, "is there something Master really desires?"

Song Qingshi was silent for a long time and whispered, "Yes, I want something…"

Yue Wuhuan was dumbfounded. All sorts of research equipment, extremely rare ancient books, precious medicines, and mice appeared in his mind. Finally, unable to think of an answer, he couldn't help but ask, "What do you want? I'll find it for you."

"Music," Song Qingshi turned around and hugged his leg. He whimpered, "I really want to hear Wuhuan's playing but… Wuhuan seems like he might be sad… So, I don't want to anymore…"

He liked music very much.

The melody that Yue Wuhuan played on the Langgan stage was still spiraling in his mind. It was the most beautiful sound he has ever heard.

However, the emotions in that song were too sad and painful…

Everything about the Golden Phoenix Manor and the Yan Shan Sect must be a nightmare for Yue Wuhuan.

So he didn't dare ask anymore; didn't dare listen anymore.

…

Yue Wuhuan was stunned. He never thought that Song Qingshi had such a wish. There was a black bamboo flute in his mustard seed bag. It was bought by Song Qingshi when they went to Lecheng back then. At the time, Song Qingshi had randomly bought a lot of things and he shoved all of them, lock, stock and barrel, to him. And so, he hadn't thought there was any significance to this flute.

"I don't hate music, I just hate that kind of music." Yue Wuhuan laughed a little bitterly. He played with his concubine mother's konghou at the age of three and went to practice the guqin with the empress at the age of five. How could he hate music? He just didn't like that kind of kitschy ridiculous music. The reason he no longer played the flute was because there were too many much more important things to attend to every day and he was just never in the mood and couldn't find a reason to play it.

If this person liked to listen then he was willing to play…

He took out the black bamboo flute and tested its pitch.

Song Qingshi stretched out his hand and mischievously took off his golden mask. "I want to see your face."

Yue Wuhuan smiled, put the flute to his lips and gently played "Feng Qiu Huang", this piece that has been circling around his heart countless of times.

In the night, the lingering melody floated down gently. The noisy crows stopped their calls. The black-naped oriole, returning to its nest, poked its head out. Several larks landed beside them. Thrushes and mannikins landed

one after another and the white cranes in the pond, spread their wings and flew over…

All his affection was carried by the sound of this flute.

Song Qingshi slowly got up and sat in front of him. Befuddled, he heard the meaning carried by the sound of this flute. He caught the appeal behind the sound of the flute. He stared blankly at Yue Wuhuan's rosy lips. Remembering the words in the novel, thinking of the couple he saw in the bamboo forest, a strange desires appeared in his heart. The more he looked, the sweeter it felt; the more he watched, the more he craved. He felt it must taste better than all the candy in the world.

I like him. I super like him …

He sensed that Yue Wuhuan felt the same way.

The music reached the final note and the lingering sound rose in spirals.

Yue Wuhuan's lips left black bamboo flute. He found that Song Qingshi was looking at him, smiling. His drunk expression was dazed. He didn't know what amusing things he was thinking about…

Song Qingshi moved close to his chin. He sniffed his target and asked with a smile, "Does Wuhuan want to eat something sweet too?"

Yue Wuhuan didn't understand what he meant. He said off-hand, "Okay."

Suddenly, Song Qingshi grabbed his shoulder and forcibly kissed his lips.

Yue Wuhuan's eyes widened in astonishment. The huge shock made him forget how to react.

This was an inexperienced and clumsy kiss; like a newborn puppy, carelessly licking and gnawing a bone. He obviously didn't know how to kiss, but he kept trying hard. First, he gently licked every inch of his lips, making it wet and then bit down on it gently. It was as though he wanted to swallow it down but was afraid of hurting him as well. He went back and

forth, not knowing how to eat it. Finally, he let out a slight whine of dissatisfaction.

Yue Wuhuan finally came back to his senses. He pushed Song Qingshi away in panic and used his hands to desperately wipe the traces of wetness from his Master's lips. Hating that he couldn't wipe it clean, he searched for a handkerchief in the mustard seed bag. "Don't kiss me… You-you don't know how many disgusting things my mouth has touched. It will, will stain you."

"Why do you keep saying that you're dirty?" Song Qingshi was at a loss, "Wuhuan is very clean. Not dirty."

Yue Wuhuan begged, "Master, you don't understand these things. You're a clean person. Don't touch me…"

Song Qingshi thought for a while and felt that this matter should be scientific. With the speed and strength of a Nascent Soul cultivator, he rushed in to have another taste to confirm the flavor.

Yue Wuhuan couldn't dodge it. He was completely panicked.

Song Qingshi concluded, "Wuhuan is very sweet."

Yue Wuhuan looked at him blankly, absolutely speechless.

"If you think you're dirty," Song Qingshi thought of a plan to solve the issue. He kissed him again, "Don't be afraid. I'll lick it for you and it will be clean…"

Yue Wuhuan's breathing was turning rapid, his brain becoming confused.

The chains of desire were loosened.

The wild animal bound in the cage began to get restless, clamoring frantically…

He'll just have a little taste. A little bit is fine…

Countless Blood King Vines sprouted madly, once again weaving together into a net, firmly binding the person in front of him. They dragged him to his side, fastened him against his bosom, leaving him no room to avoid and no chance to escape.

“Master, this isn’t how you kiss. Let me teach you.”

Yue Wuhuan leaned down, placing a fierce kiss on his pale pink lips. He then pried open his jaw, invading that untouched, pure territory, twining madly around the soft and moist, finest of all sweetness. Advancing and retreating; probing and attacking. It was like a nimble melody and a clumsy tune had finally found the right rhythm, blending together, becoming melodious and moving, never to be separated from each other.

Damp and heavy breathing spread out between the two.

Song Qingshi finally came back to his senses… he realized what he had done.

A psychiatrist must never have any ambiguous thoughts towards his patient. This was part of professional ethics and a rule in their industry. That’s why he never dared to think about it, never dared to touch. But what was he doing now? What was he doing to a patient?

He crossed the forbidden area that must never for crossed and he broke the iron rule that must never be broken.

This was a serious case of overstepping the rules as a doctor; a serious case of medical malpractice…

What to do?

Song Qingshi clung tightly to Yue Wuhuan’s shoulders. Any amount of cowering would result in a fiercer assault. He was so dizzy from being kissed that his mind went blank. He didn’t know how to deal with such a case of malpractice and he didn’t know what price he had to pay to be forgiven.

Would it be okay if he bore this responsibility for a lifetime?

…

Yue Wuhuan kissed him even deeper. To him, only the person in his arms was real in this world. He didn't want at all to let go of this most beautiful taste. He couldn't get enough of this taste.

In the darkness of the bamboo forest, An Long silently watched the scene before him. His eyes had already turned dark red. Inside were vertical pupils unlike that of any human; like a monstrous Gu from the abyss of hell, without any emotion.

Yue Wuhuan discovered this terrifying existence. He smiled nonchalantly and continued his passionate kissing.

This guy has finally appeared and now, a lot of matters could be settled.

This was double the happiness.

Translator's Note:

I don't know whether I should smile or cry…Talk about bittersweet.

Feng Qiu Huang : Link

Chapter 57 – Half-Demon Blood

Song Qingshi's alcohol tolerance was so bad that he soon felt dizzy and fell sound asleep…

Yue Wuhuan carried him on his back and took him back to the inn. He washed his face for him, untied his robe and covered him with the quilt. For a long while, he sat by his bedside, feeling at a loss. He found his drunken state to be very delicious but his drunken behavior fairly quite a handful. It challenged his self-control. In the end, he still decided it would be best for him to drink a little less.

What happened tonight was unexpected.

Outside the window, several Gu's with the light of fireflies were flying about. It was a signal from that person.

Now that the Master has fallen asleep and the map has been unrolled and the dagger has been revealed, it was time to deal with this delightful matter.

Yue Wuhuan gathered together his long hair, tidied up his clothes and followed the markers given by the Gu's, proceeding towards the place where he should go.

In an abandoned mountain temple on the outskirts of Nanhai city, Gu's and poisonous snakes densely covered the entire floor, crawling and shifting, hideous and strange. It was like the most terrifying torture of legend, the Poison Pit. The aura of death permeated everywhere. As soon as An Long's demonic nature began to break out, the Luminous Dragon had been thrown into a barren mountain lest it sense the unusual situation.

An Long sat quietly in the center of the Poison Pit. No emotions could be seen in his long, narrow, blood-colored eyes.

Yue Wuhuan walked without the slightest hesitation into this mountain temple dominated by terror. He stepped into the pile of Gu's. The poisonous snakes and Gu's crawled up on his legs. The silky itchiness was herd to

bear. He was subjected to stab after stab of pain. This was a road to hell that even the most terrifying nightmare could not conjure but he seemed to be walking on a sea of flowers, walking on clouds, feeling not the slightest bit of fear.

An Long finally spoke, his voice hoarse and grating, “You are a lunatic.”

Yue Wuhuan gave a very soft and gentle smile. “You’re actually a half-demon.”

The little Foundation Building cultivator, covered entirely with Gu’s, looked provokingly at the king within the darkness who had a hold over his life.

He didn’t know fear, nor was he afraid of death. He liked to scheme and liked even more to gamble recklessly.

An Long had already thoroughly investigated early on all his experiences during the past ten years. Never before has there been anyone as crazy as him, using his life and his weaknesses to set up one trap after another. The moment you felt like victory was within your grasp was when he would reveal his true poison fangs, biting down ruthlessly on your weakness, causing unendurable pain.

The most terrible poison…

An Long asked coldly, “When did you start to doubt my identity?”

“Initially, I felt that your acquaintance with Master was very deliberate.” Yue Wuhuan saw through his thoughts. Patiently, he slowly narrated, “You deliberately attracted his attention and then you accurately matched his interests and hobbies, becoming ‘friends’. Master isn’t good at expressing himself. He never takes the initiative to express his preferences. The outside world has a lot of misconceptions about him. So, how can you understand his thoughts so well?”

Of course, this was but a little suspicion…

There were also many coincidences in the world, such as two people who just happened to be perfectly suited to each other.

But there was now a crack in his heart and the more he thought, the more there were; the more he thought, the bigger they became.

Song Qingshi had the good habit of filing medical records for every one of his patients. During the past ten years, he has searched through all the records and hadn't found anything suspicious.

He also investigated An Long's past and found that before entering the Myriad Gu Sect, it was a complete blank. He had no parents, no friends, no past. He seemed to have appeared out of thin air. Because of his innate ability to control Gu's, he was taken in by the previous sect master of the Myriad Gu Sect, making him one of his direct disciples.

Finally, he had accidentally found the half-demon's medical record.

Because of the controversy regarding half-demons in the immortal realm, this record had been sealed and hidden in a corner of the library; an extremely valued record.

Song Qingshi's medical records never contain anything related to emotions. They were all cold data, including daily medications, the development of the disease, so on and so forth. He seemed to have been a young and inexperienced doctor at the time and many of his treatment methods were imprecise, even his records weren't very comprehensive. However, it could be seen that the treatment process lasted for nearly two whole years. The two had been alone together and they accompanied each other day and night. It was enough time to see that this outwardly indifferent person was in his heart, gentle and soft; enough time to understand his true tastes and preferences.

But this was not enough…

"The foul and lowly half-demon and the noble and powerful Myriad Gu Sect Master, how could I possibly dare to connect the two? I have never heard of a half-demon that could climb to such a high position." Yue

Wuhuan's voice carried with it ridicule. "However, when Master talked about the half-demon in the mountain temple, you seemed to hate this topic. I had a vague feeling that there was something strange about it and when we were caught in the Heart-Eating Nightmare Formation, Master thought it had been my nightmare. But I knew it wasn't, which meant that it could have only be yours. Why was the deepest place in the majestic Gu King's memory a stinky swamp?"

The half-demon and Song Qingshi met in a swamp and An Long's nightmare memory was also a swamp.

However, he was still missing that little bit of evidence.

An Long suddenly noticed a faint scent. He quickly shielded his breathing but it was too late. The scent stimulated his demon blood to seethe. Vertical pupils appeared in his blood-colored eyes once again. Black scales gradually emerged on his face, covering most of it. The limbs on one side of his body began to change. The arm tattooed with the five evils turned into a black shell. His fingers stretched out. They resembled the jointed limb of an insect. His fingertips were as sharp as knives.

His back mutated and barbs emerged. A long scorpion tail stretched out, a poisonous hook at the end.

Yue Wuhuan exclaimed, "Your true face is as ugly as I thought."

An Long said coldly, "Soul Captivating Incense? What did you add in it?"

The Soul Captivating Incense was not any sort of harmful poison. It was just a recreational substance used to stimulate the various human emotions and desires.

However, to a half-demon, its stimulation was like realgar to a snake. It was extremely intense.

The potency of Yue Wuhuan's specially-made Soul Captivating Incense was even stronger.

An Long should have been able to suppress this derangement by virtue of his cultivation but today, he was emotionally unstable. Under the stimulation of the Soul Captivating Incense, all his emotions and desires were magnified. Finally, he was unable to control his own body and he exposed a side of him he never wanted anyone to see.

“The Western Forest’s Gu King, so high above the masses,” Yue Wuhuan spread his arms wide and smiled happily. “If you kill me, my last testament will inform Master of this matter. It will inform the Night Rain Pavilion, the Myriad Gu Sect. It will inform everyone in the entire world.”

In the realm of cultivation, everyone was all too willing to put a half-demon to death.

No one would allow him to sit on the throne of the Western Forest.

No matter how strong Western Forest’s Gu King was, could he fend against the entire world out for his blood?

Yue Wuhuan was a lunatic. He had nothing. He had nothing he was afraid of losing. He wasn’t afraid of excruciating punishment, of torture, of death. He wasn’t afraid of anything. For his opponent, choosing to perish with him would merely be getting caught in a most painful choice.

An Long took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the chaos in his mind provoked by the Soul Captivating Incense. He stood up, murderous intent covered him from head to toe. “He won’t be tempted by you.”

He has already made his choice.

“You would kill me even if you were to lose everything? I didn’t expect the Gu King to have such deep feelings and attach such great importance to my Master, to be so mad as to be unable to help himself.” Yue Wuhuan showed an even more enchanting smile. And then in the twinkling of an eye, he tore off that smile and turned into the ice-cold and terrifying lunatic. All the Blood King Vines stretched out. He unsheathed his sword. Accentuating each word, he asked, “But…in the Golden Phoenix Manor, why did you kill him?!”

An Long's murderous aura solidified. After a long while, he asked in return, "How do you know this?"

Then, he suddenly understood. Yue Wuhuan had been the mortal slave with Gui Yuan Xianzun. At that time, he had made a mistake, his thoughts were in a flurry and he only noticed Gui Yuan Xianzun's prying eyes. In order to completely erase this matter, he killed Gui Yuan Xianzun and eradicated the Can Tong Sect. However, he was unable to find the lowly blindfolded slave, whose face he hadn't been able to see clearly.

There were truly too many slaves in the Golden Phoenix Manor and a mortal wouldn't have the ability to spy on what he had done.

Therefore, after he confirmed that Gui Yuan Xianzun wasn't clear on what he had done, he let this matter go.

This incident was the biggest thorn and the deepest pain in his heart.

"Let me guess," Yue Wuhuan walked forward step by step, a smile on his face. "Could it be that you expressed your love to my Master? Then my Master rejected you. Your half-demon blood's lust for killing and wrath erupted and you killed him by mistake? You suspected that Gui Yuan Xianzun had seen your half-demon form and so you killed him to silence him?"

"No," An Long muttered to himself, as though explaining to himself. "I don't know what had happened at that time. It was all so confusing. When I woke up, he was already dead…"

"Yes," Yue Wuhuan closed in. "You went out of control. Your Gu killed him."

An Long retorted, "He is not dead!"

"I saw his lifeless body with my own eyes. You too thought he was dead at the time. So you laid him down in his favorite medicine garden, didn't you?" Yue Wuhuan's expression was extremely sad. "Master is so pitiful.

There was no trace of any resistance on his body. I guess he never expected his own “good friend” to be so cruel to him and he was caught off guard.”

An Long felt his head begin to hurt again. “I don’t remember anymore. But he didn’t die, he came back to life…”

Yue Wuhuan said, gratified, “That Master managed to come back to life, is thanks to his good luck and not by your mercy.”

An Long took a deep breath. “Qingshi forgave me.”

“He forgave you?” Yue Wuhuan laughed madly, as if he heard the funniest joke. He was like a fiend from hell who found the stupidest prey, a pitiable soul he could take away with as much effort needed to blow away a speck of dust.

An Long suddenly felt fear. He realized that something was wrong. Maybe he should kill this person immediately. He didn’t want to face the truth…

However, it was too late.

In a gentle tone, Yue Wuhuan said the cruelest truth, “Master has forgotten that memory. He forgot that you killed him.”

An Long said angrily, “Impossible! That Gu couldn’t have attacked his sea of consciousness!”

“Unfortunately, something happened to his soul, which caused a portion of his memory to be lost.” Yue Wuhuan looked as him as if he was looking at a pitiful creature. “When he said he had forgiven you, for which incident was he referring to? Has he ever mentioned anything about what happened that day? Don’t be stupid, how could someone forgive the person who murdered him?”

An Long kept backing away. He felt his head hurt even more.

When he’d seen Song Qingshi, he’d been a little out of control. He only remembered confessing his feelings, throwing himself at his mercy, begging for a little bit of affection. But was ruthlessly rejected. He then sunk into

rage and despair. He lost his rationality and when he was sober once again, Song Qingshi had already fallen to his Gu.

He had a total mental collapse and he left the Golden Phoenix Manor in a panic. When he learned later on that that Song Qingshi wasn't dead, he felt a little bit better. He knew that he had commit a grave mistake and he dared not ask for forgiveness. His entire being felt muddled and he was like a walking corpse for a long time after. Then, he received a letter from Song Qingshi. The content of the letter was the same as usual, telling him the solution to a difficult problem he had posed. He made no mention of the events of that day, seeming as if he hadn't taken it to heart.

Song Qingshi had agreed to have him at the Medicine King's Valley as a guest.

Song Qingshi had smiled and said he'd forgiven him.

Song Qingshi never once mentioned what happened that day.

The loss of the utter joy he'd once regained was a blow that almost caused him to pass out…

He dared not think about that day anymore, trying to hide in the sand like an ostrich, erasing all traces of his crime.

There was even a faint happiness in his heart. Qingshi knew of his feelings and was willing to forgive his crime. Didn't that mean that he was a unique existence in his eyes? That he felt something different for him? That night, when he knocked on his door in an unlined robe for the first time, he had almost swooned from happiness, thinking he had come to agree to his request.

Although it had been a misunderstanding, being able to return to being his good friend was also good…

In order to atone for his crime, he was willing to do anything.

Even if a sharp blade was plunged repeatedly into his heart…

He was still perfectly willing to do so…

Because of his lineage as a half-demon, his desire to kill was stronger than that of an ordinary person's. No one could provoke him and remain alive. That is, except for Yue Wuhuan. He suppressed his murderous intent again and again, allowing this weak mortal to survive in his sea of anger. Because he was afraid. If he made another mistake, he would lose everything.

It turned out, that he had already made a mistake?

It turned out, that he had never been forgiven?

An Long held his head in agony. The effect of Soul Captivating Incense grew deeper and deeper. He felt a buzzing sound begin in his head once again. The auditory hallucinations were about to appear.

"Let go of Master, alright?" Yue Wuhuan approached slowly, his beautiful eyes were filled with entreaties, his voice, weak and pitiful. "I won't hurt Master. I just want to live a quiet life with him in the Medicine King's Valley. We will spend the years peacefully, away from all worldly affairs. I'm asking you to help us, okay?"

Several Blood King Vines slowly grew out of the dark. Bringing with them the highly-toxic poison prepared long ago, they approached this confused prey, on the verge of collapse.

"You have already hurt him. He cannot forgive you," Yue Wuhuan used the cruelest words, hacking his heart into pieces, provoking his soul. "How could you still return shamelessly to his side? How can you thicken your face and be his friend once more? Could it be that you mistakenly thought that he had forgiven you, that you hold a special place in his heart?"

The sword in his hand slowly approached. On its blade was a faint blue light from the poison smeared upon it.

An Long gasped and pleaded, "Stop talking, stop talking…"

“You are really ridiculous,” Yue Wuhuan shook his head softly, his voice full of pity. “How do you pray for forgiveness for killing the one you like? How about…you go to hell and confess your sins?”

He had hardly finished speaking, when his sword thrust out like a swimming dragon. At the same time, the Blood King Vines launched an attack on the weakness they’d been targeting.

Hard scales quickly appeared on An Long’s body. Like the toughest shield, it automatically blocked the poisonous attack.

Yue Wuhuan took back his sword. He took two steps back, and sneered, “The Half-demon lineage, how truly troublesome.”

He successfully disrupted his heart’s defenses and every position he attacked was a weakness. But his cultivation base was too low to pierce the defenses of the half-demon Nascent Soul. It truly was too difficult.

An Long knelt on the ground. The noise in his head was getting worse, making him collapse, rendering him unable to think.

The Gu’s all over the floor lost their directive and began to indiscriminately attack any living creature.

If he were to let this chance slip by, he was afraid he would never get another as good as this. Yue Wuhuan used the Blood King Vine to continuously whip away the surrounding insects and still, his body was bitten by the poisonous snakes and Gu’s. He swallowed down some medicine to delay the onset of the poison. He then took out the Black Death Butterflies, their highly-toxic poison could permeate through contact with the skin. He had already used the Blood King Vine to mark the Black Death Butterfly’s prey.

He threw out a talisman and several talisman arrays spread out, forming a chain of formations, completely blocking off An Long’s retreat.

A number of Black Death Butterflies flew out of the sealed bamboo tube, rushing towards their marked enemy, out to drag his soul into the abyss.

Yue Wuhuan smiled with satisfaction, waiting to reap this long-awaited happiness.

An Long raised his head. Looking at the black butterflies, he said slowly, “Qingshi cultivates the Way of the Heartless.”

Yue Wuhuan was stunned and then his smile grew even brighter. “It’s just as I want.”

Although a slight deviation had appeared, he would find a way to correct it.

He never wanted to let his Master actively desire.

An Long couldn’t help cursing, “Lunatic.”

He stood up; black demon aura spread throughout his body. The scorpion tail stretched out, ready to rip apart the formation.

Suddenly, thunder rang out from the sky…

Lightning leapt wildly like a snake. A violent bolt of lightning smashed open the roof of the mountain temple, breaking the formation, and separated the two of them. Immediately afterwards, the torrential rain poured down, drenching everything and knocking down the wings of the Black Death Butterflies, intercepting this fatal attack.

Yue Wuhuan looked up in astonishment, staring at this inexplicable change in weather.

He felt like he was back to the days when he was made a fool of by fate. He couldn’t even understand just what this was.

An Long disappeared in the heavy rain, taking away all the Gu’s and poisonous snakes.

Their fight had been interrupted and his goal could not be fully achieved.

“Why? Why? Why?”

Yue Wuhuan was furious. The Blood King Vine went berserk, beating against the rainstorm, beating the ruined eaves and dilapidated walls, beating everything that could be beaten. Tall trees were chopped down, huge boulders were smashed. He wished he could destroy everything in the world.

The rain dimmed his vision, his body was wet, and there was a foul smell everywhere.

He hated the world right down to the marrow of his bones.

…

An Long walked into the dense forest and lay in the mud.

The auditory hallucinations in his mind were getting more and more severe. He could no longer think, could no longer fight.

“Despair. So what if you had crawled out of the filthy mud and attained a standing well-suited to his?”

“Despair. He would rather die than accept your heart…”

“Despair. Your disguise has already been torn down. Your true face is so hideous and your heart is so filthy…”

“Despair, He never forgave you…”

“…”

An Long listened blankly to these constantly repeating words but what appeared before his eyes was the young man who had scooped him up from the dirty swamp so many years ago. He covered his stinky body with the fragrant white robe and after that, he carried him away, step by step. He washed his rotting wounds clean, eliminated the painful poisons from his body, and cured all his ailments for him. And then, he heartlessly sent him away.

At that time, he was still so young, he didn't understand this emotion, the way he took it so to heart.

He was very angry, furious, resentful.

But he remembered him, thought of him every day.

When he ran into him in the secret realm, he deliberately threw a hideous bug, trying to provoke him into anger.

The young man picked up the bug, looked at it for a long time, then walked up to him. He smiled and told him, "Insects are very cute."

At that moment, he understood what it meant to mind.

He deliberately caused trouble for him, pretended to be stupid and foolish. He attracted his attention. He wrapped himself tightly in human skin, climbed up to a high position in order to match him.

Even though he knew that he cultivated the Way of the Heartless that what awaited him was despair, he still couldn't let go.

He wanted to hide everything, deceive the world, deceive Qingshi's feelings, deceive his own feelings…

However, he failed.

It's over, it's all over.

In the end, dirty bugs must return to the dirty mud.

…

"Despair. Give up your human emotions and turn entirely into a demon."

"Just…what are you?"

"I am your fate."

Translator’s note: Well, there’s a reason why this arc is called ‘Madness’. Ugh…my heart…

Chapter 58: Dark Clouds Disperse

The thunder roared and the downpour pounded the dilapidated eaves, like furious drumbeats.

Song Qingshi was awakened by the sound of the thunder and the rain. He felt light-headed and his memory was a bit fragmented. He felt a bit of discomfort on his lips. It seemed to be a little red and swollen. There were more and more cracks on the Nascent Soul in his Dantian and sealing them up was becoming ever more difficult…

He sat on the bed, thinking for a long time. Finally, he recovered part of his memory. The two of them had gone on top of the nine-storied pagoda to admire the moon and the lights. He invited Yue Wuhuan to share the wine, Intoxicated Beauty, with him. After drinking, Yue Wuhuan played a wonderful song. But he had taken advantage of his drunken state and like a beast, had forced a kiss on Yue Wuhuan! Because of his high cultivation, Yue Wuhuan had been unable to resist and he forcibly kissed him several times!

What kind of brutish conduct was this? !

Song Qingshi panicked into becoming a dog. He wanted to dig a hole and bury himself under 18 layers of dirt!

The sound of Yue Wuhuan's footsteps came from outside the door. They sounded a bit heavy.

Song Qingshi felt like he was listening to a death sentence. He didn't know if kneeling and apologizing could get him two layers of dirt less.

Yue Wuhuan opened the door and walked in, dripping wet and covered in mud and blood.

Song Qingshi took a deep breath, ready to admit his mistake, but then, he suddenly smelled the scent of blood. He realized that something had happened to Yue Wuhuan. All the embarrassing things that happened last

night were driven from his mind. He quickly lifted open the canopy screen and jumped out of bed. He rushed before Yue Wuhuan and saw that his whole body was drenched. He looked like a drowned rat. Blood had mixed with the rainwater, mixing together into a sticky liquid. A few strands of his messy hair clung to the golden mask, dripping with cold water.

Yue Wuhuan looked at his slightly red and swollen lips. All color fled from his eyes.

“What’s the matter?” Song Qingshi called out to him a few times. Seeing that he remained dazed and unresponsive, he felt a little anxious. Although cultivators couldn’t catch colds, their bodies would still feel uncomfortable from being all wet. He decided to fetch a towel and wiped the water from his body for him. He took out a change of clothes from his mustard seed bag. After a moment’s hesitation, he asked carefully, “Can you undress yourself?”

Yue Wuhuan finally came back to his senses. He took off his mask, untied his belt and one by one, took off his rain-drenched clothes. As he did so, he revealed the marks of countless insect bites. Every wound by itself wasn’t serious but they covered almost every inch of his body. Especially his originally slender and perfect legs, now they were covered in tiny scars. Many of the wounds carried poison that was spreading out. Swollen and bruised, they created a ghastly sight.

Song Qingshi recognized An Long’s handiwork with a single glance. The expression on his face turned extremely ugly. He suppressed his fury with all his might and managed to remain calm.

Yue Wuhuan had already used the Detoxification Pill to neutralize most of the poison. Song Qingshi brandished the Underworld Fire and extracted all the common poisons for him. However, An Long had done extensive research on Gu poisons, and some of the Gu’s had special poisons, similar to a fungal disease. These couldn’t be resolved by the Underworld Ghost Fire. They needed to be slowly treated with medicine.

And he had helped to develop this fungal disease…

Song Qingshi thought of the past and bursts of pain appeared in his chest.

He quickly treated Yue Wuhuan's wounds, smearing a thick layer of ointment and then wrapping it with layers of gauze.

The thunder stopped but the sound of the rain was still as madding as ever. The atmosphere in the room was oppressively heavy.

Song Qingshi finally dealt with the last injury. He raised his head and gave an earnest apology, "I'm sorry."

Yue Wuhuan was dazed.

"It's my fault. I shouldn't made you two travel together," Song Qingshi explained with difficulty, "I should have expected it. How can animosity be so easily eliminated? How can friends be so easily made? Incompatible people just shouldn't be gathered together. …I'll teach An Long a good lesson and then take you back. In the future, I will only allow him to write letters. He won't be allowed entry to the valley and he also won't be allowed to meet you."

Novels were a scam. In this world, there wasn't any such good thing as a friendship coming from an exchange of blows.

All of it was his naive stupidity, his own wishful thinking.

Song Qingshi was so guilty that he scolded himself viciously in his heart. He only hated that the words he knew were too little, his curses not fierce enough.

Yue Wuhuan lowered his phoenix eyes and whispered, "Master, I have something very important to tell you."

…

Song Qingshi sat on a chair. He stared blankly at the gradually paling sky outside the window. The dark clouds were still rolling, though the force of the rain had lessened, pitter-pattering. It seemed like it wouldn't stop no

matter what. The humidity invaded every part of the room, making people feel unwell all over.

He felt like he had woken up from a very strange dream.

Yue Wuhuan had already told him the entirety of the matter and was waiting quietly for his decision.

Song Qingshi slowly closed his eyes. He checked his body over and over with his mental probe, looking for signs of injury. He spent a long time searching and finally caught a dead Gu in his brain. This Gu was very small in size, it's color was almost no different from flesh and blood. It wasn't painful and it didn't itch, making it impossible to detect.

This was the assailant who almost took his life.

If it hadn't been for the system promptly sending back his soul fragment from another world, once again restoring his body, he would have already died.

"I don't remember anymore," Song Qingshi looked at the Gu in his palm, stroking his forehead. Pained, he tried to recall for a long time and finally said, "I don't remember that he has this kind of feelings for me and I don't remember what happened at that time… "

Yue Wuhuan urged, "Master, don't be sad. He must have relied on his identity as your friend to attack you when you were off guard."

The Underworld Ghost Fire suddenly appeared in mid-air, turning into a beautiful black lotus.

"Wuhuan, do you remember?" Song Qingshi held the black lotus in both hands and whispered softly, "My Ghost Fire will automatically attack at the appearance of any killing intent. This…An Long doesn't know this."

If An Long had any killing intent towards him, he would definitely have noticed. The Gu in his brain could have also been destroyed by the Ghost Fire…

The battle between two Nascent Soul cultivators would have been enough to level an entire mountain.

And yet, he had been killed quietly.

Why?

A bad premonition rose up in Yue Wuhuan's heart. Something was getting out of hand…

"I don't remember what happened at that time but after taking out the Gu, I remembered the frame of mind I was in when I died. There was no resentment or anger." Song Qingshi thought it was funny. He wanted to laugh but couldn't produce any laughter. He lowered his head and said quietly, "Wuuan, I may have been killed voluntarily…"

"Don't speak nonsense! This is impossible!" Yue Wuhuan clutched his shoulders tightly and asked fearfully, "Why?"

"I don't know," Song Qingshi just couldn't remember the scene at the time. It was already extremely painful. "Even if he doesn't think of me as a friend, but…I can't lie; I can't deceive myself; I can't deceive his feelings. At that time, I couldn't give him what he wants, but… I could give my life. Because it wasn't anything important and even if I died no one would have been sad."

Every day, he refined medicine by himself, read by himself, performed research by himself. He cultivated by himself, watched the clouds by himself…

It made no difference whether he was alive or dead, and no one cared.

His soul, stranded in another world, was even worse off. The various serious illnesses caused by its incomplete creation, his hopeless future, brought great pain to his family. But everyone forced themselves to smile in front of him. But could one possibly adopt a philosophical attitude towards this kind of matter? So, his parents secretly shed tears behind his back. In order to take care of him, his sister gave up on her dreams and picked up a

heavy burden. He caused countless troubles for everyone. He could only learn to be strong, learn to be brave, to make everyone think he didn't care. But lying on the hospital bed, he got to understand, him dying was the only way for everyone to break free of their pain and regain their happiness.

After he bid farewell to that world, he never longed for his family again.

No one needed him to live.

No one……

Yue Wuhuan was extremely astonished. He never thought that Song Qingshi, who would always gently encourage him, had such thoughts in his heart.

For the first time, he discovered that he actually didn't understand this simple-minded person.

No, it's impossible…

Yue Wuhuan was a little panicked. He felt that something was getting out of control.

"Don't worry. That was before. I hadn't met you yet," Song Qingshi noticed that there was something wrong with him, and quickly comforted him, "After knowing you, I now had a goal in my heart. I won't do such foolish things again. I want to always accompany you so I won't entertain those stupid thoughts again…"

Yue Wuhuan's breathing was a little rapid. He stiffly comforted, "You are not stupid."

"No, I'm really stupid. Now that I think about it seriously, An Long's mind has long revealed many flaws. I made up various reasons to convince myself and turned a blind eye to it." Song Qingshi felt guiltier the more the thought about it. He kept apologizing, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. I just… I'm very envious, envious of how others have friends. Friends they can pull to go shopping together, to make plans to go to festivals with, to fight and

quarrel over trivial matters together. Friends with whom they could be stupid together, could laugh with together… So I, I ignored those wrong points and followed him in everything…”

In this world, he was born with poisonous fire. No one dared to approach him, no one dared to talk to him, no one dared to be friends with him.

In the other world, his body had been too fragile. Everyone was afraid of things going wrong, afraid of being held responsible. They were sympathetic and considerate but didn’t dare get too close.

No one had ever asked him to go to the movies, to go shopping, to go to Internet cafes, to go to parties, to go to karaoke, to play ball…

Occasionally, he would encounter someone who didn’t know his situation, wanting to approach but his low EQ quickly drove them away.

Slowly, he grew not to expect…

Yue Wuhuan could feel his glib tongue getting all tied up. He could only dryly repeat the words of comfort he had just said, “You are not stupid.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t speak of these sad matters anymore,” Song Qingshi found that Yue Wuhuan seemed unhappy and he quickly revealed a smile. He thought about it, and said embarrassedly, “Actually, I should have known it a long time ago. How could anyone be willing to be friends with someone like me?”

His eyes strived hard to smile. They were curved in a smile but in them, drop after drop of tears gushed forth, unable to be stopped.

“Huh?” Song Qingshi found that he was crying and was somewhat baffled. He continued to laugh while wiping his tears. “It’s okay, I’m not sad. I’m not at all sad, don’t worry…”

Suddenly, his voice stopped.

He, who was ever so obtuse, finally understood the feeling in his heart.

However, this feeling was illogical. There was no way he could want it.

He was strong. He wasn't afraid of pain. He would not cause trouble to others. He could resolve everything on his own…

Song Qingshi lowered his head. He didn't dare let anyone see such cowardice.

"I'm sorry." Yue Wuhuan finally panicked. He stretched out his arms and held the crying person tightly into his arms. The low, muffled sobs stabbed painfully into his soul. Countless tears fell on his newly changed robe. The dampness was a little uncomfortable. He lowered his head and kept gently stroking his trembling back, trying to apologize, "I shouldn't have made you sad."

Song Qingshi whispered, "You didn't do anything wrong. The truth won't disappear just because I pretend not to see it."

He will continue to be strong but for now, he was rather unable to control his emotions.

"Wuhuan, let me cry for a while, okay?"

"En, I'll stay with you. I'll always stay with you."

"Wuhuan, am I ridiculous?"

"No, you could never be ridiculous."

"…"

The dark clouds gradually dissipated and the rain slowly stopped. The sun revealed its face once again.

If you fail, do a self-inspection. If you fail, start over again…

If you sink into the sadness of failure, you will forever miss the most beautiful scenery.

Song Qingshi spent a lot of time before he finally stopped his tears. He stabilized his emotions and stood up again.

Yue Wuhuan looked at him worriedly.

“I’m fine now,” Song Qingshi was a little sad, but his voice was firm, “Since it was a mistake, I have to correct it. I don’t have that kind of affection for An Long. I can’t give him what he wants and I can’t forgive him for what he’s done, so… …I won’t have any dealings with him again.”

Yue Wuhuan became silent.

The evil wolf’s true face was uncovered and he was banished forever.

Master will be far from danger. He will return to the Medicine King’s Valley and live a peaceful life.

He should be very happy, but why can’t he smile?

He even wanted to revise the plan, wanted to personally tear apart that spider web he had worked so hard to weave…

Without knowing it, Yue Wuhuan opened his mouth, “I will treat you even better in the future. I won’t ever make you sad again.”

Song Qingshi raised his head in surprise.

“I’ll accompany you to festivals, go shopping with you, and accompany you on adventures. I’ll do all kinds of fun things with you.” Yue Wuhuan had no idea what he was saying. All these things were not in his plans. It was all wrong, but he couldn’t control his heart, he couldn’t control his mouth, and made promises one after another, “I will accompany you to do everything you like; watching clouds, reading, experimenting, traveling, playing music… you won’t be lonely.”

Song Qingshi looked at him, stunned. Suddenly his eyes were once again covered by watery mist and he couldn’t see clearly.

His Nascent Soul was in terrible pain, but he didn’t care.

Yue Wuhuan raised his head and gently wiped away his tears, “Don’t be sad, you deserve the best.”

He wanted to give him the most flawless gems, the most gorgeous flowers, the most perfect man.

He wanted him to be happy, far away from any worries, without any more pain…

Song Qingshi couldn’t help laughing. He touched his still somewhat swollen lips, and finally remembered the confused and crazy kiss last night. Fearing that he might misunderstand again, he cautiously asked, “You once said that you and An Long felt the same way for me. If An Long isn’t a friend, then what about you…”

Yue Wuhuan was stunned…

He finally remembered his insane and terrifying desires; remembered those dirty thoughts that mustn’t be seen by people.

Song Qingshi asked seriously, “Wuhuan, are you a friend?”

Yue Wuhuan went stiff from head to toe.

Such simple words, each one puncturing the line of defense around his heart.

It was as though he had seen his grave and heard the sound of the death knell.

Chapter 59

Yue Wuhuan felt like he'd thrown away his helmet and coat of mail. He was utterly defeated. He hung his head, cutting a very sorry figure, not daring to face those clear eyes.

Ever since Song Qingshi took him in and doted on him, in certain respects, his reputation had been ruined.

When he first began leaving the Valley, before he made a name for himself as a lunatic, his dissolute reputation was too well-known. Everyone regarded him as a joke. They would ask him what tricks the Medicine King Xianzun enjoyed in bed and what kind of positions he used to satisfy the eccentric ancestor. Even the courageous ones thought that the Medicine King Xianzun had easily been turned around by bedroom matters. They wanted to try sending beautiful slaves to the Medicine King's Valley to exchange for pills… After he had gone completely crazy, after he revealed his fangs, everyone grew to fear him. These rumors gradually died down. At the very least, no one dared to say these things in his presence.

Every time he thought of how this clean person, so far away from the affairs of the world, was dragged into the filth and stained by his association…

Yue Wuhuan felt extremely unwell…

He also thought of just going to hell with it all, indulging the love in his heart and just confirming all of these rumors. He was an expert at all methods of seduction. He knew how to give someone bliss between the sheets. If he wanted his Master to taste the flavor of desire, to be unable to do without his body, this was but a simple matter.

But, he couldn't…

These methods would make him unable to distinguish the difference between the present and the past. It will ultimately, stain his affection with a nauseating hue.

After experiencing those incidents, in his heart, he was extremely opposed to submitting to another's control. He felt that catering to someone to make them happy was the greatest humiliation in the world. Therefore, he couldn't submit to another's control and would never allow for the one he liked to submit to another's control. Making the person he liked to bear this humiliation? How was this any different from requiting kindness with enmity?

He absolutely could not…

There was no way he could accept such despicableness. He wished he could kill the 'him' in his dreams that he couldn't control. Every time he released his desires, his mind would go blank. It was like he could see, before his very eyes, the satiated appearance of those beasts, the youths who suffered as they catered to them, himself who had lost all sense of shame. And then, he would wake up amidst bursts of nausea.

He never dared to have anything to do with sexual intimacies anymore. He feared the desires of the body…

Was there such a useless lover in this world?

Moreover, his Master cultivated the Way of the Heartless…

The more Yue Wuhuan thought, the more he despaired.

Last night, his feelings had leaked through the sound of his flute and it aroused the Master's thoughts. He had already obtained the sweetest of kisses. He could no longer continue to indulge himself. He was unworthy of such pure feelings. He would only push the other into the abyss of pain.

"Wuhuan?" Song Qingshi saw he wasn't responding and asked again, "What are your thoughts on this?"

I love you. Please don't love me…

Yue Wuhuan made up his mind. Slowly, he raised his head and smiled. He lifted up the long hair that fell beside his ears. A seductive hue blossomed in

his beautiful phoenix eyes. Afterwards, he stretched out his fingers and teasingly slid them against Song Qingshi's face. With the most casual attitude, he spoke the most shameless words, "My thoughts? My body belongs to Master. I will do whatever you want me to do…"

Song Qingshi's entire body went completely rigid.

Yue Wuhuan saw him stretch taut. His index finger lightly traced his lips, catching a feel of his breath. He took it back and ran it between his lips. His smile turned sweeter, "Could it be that Master is bothered about what happened last night? Master is so cute. Isn't it only normal to behave erratically when you're under the influence?"

That part of his memory after he'd ingested alcohol was a little confused and bits of it were lost.

Song Qingshi still remembered, more or less, that he had been the one to initiate matters. He tried hard to recall, "I forced a kiss on you and then…"

Suddenly, a moist and sweet kiss once again fell on his lips.

Song Qingshi looked incredulously at Yue Wuhuan. His words were interrupted and his mind went blank.

"Was it a strong kiss like this?" Yue Wuhuan left his lips with a smile. He licked the corner of his lips and said ambiguously, "If Master likes it then you can taste this every day. This isn't a big deal. Wuhuan likes this kind of game. You can even have more, if you like."

Song Qingshi wasn't good with words, in the first place. Now, faced with the current situation, he was rendered completely speechless.

He stood up in a panic. His mouth kept going open and shut. He wanted to explain, and in the end, he was only able to come out with a few syllables, "I, I don't, it's not…"

Yue Wuhuan immediately regained his ascetic appearance and said indifferently, "It seems that I have misunderstood."

He twisted love into desire and made him mistake kissing for a game.

Song Qingshi panicked completely. He had no experience in this kind of matter and couldn't tell the difference between the two. But, he didn't like the things Yue Wuhuan said, and he didn't want theirs to become that sort of relationship.

Yue Wuhuan looked at him quietly, and asked in return, "Master, what are your thoughts on the matter?"

Song Qingshi understood. He lowered his head. "I won't drink in the future, and I won't do such confused things to you again."

Yue Wuhuan asked again, "Master, what do you think of Wuhuan as?"

Song Qingshi whispered, "A disciple, a friend…"

Yue Wuhuan knew that he had succeeded. He altered this budding feeling and re-sealed it underground where it will never see the light of day.

He apologized softly, "I'm sorry, I was the one who was presumptuous."

Song Qingshi shook his head. "It's okay, you can be presumptuous."

Yue Wuhuan was stunned.

Song Qingshi smiled and said, "In my heart, you can be presumptuous, you can do whatever you want."

"Don't casually make such a promise," Yue Wuhuan was a little flustered from being seen. He avoided that gaze that peeked into his heart. "I am not what you imagine me to be."

Song Qingshi asked, "What is the real you like?"

Yue Wuhuan closed his mouth.

Chaos, madness, evil, paranoia, filth…

Unscrupulous, dreadful and greedy; wanting to monopolize feelings he could not obtain…

More and more things were appearing in Yue Wuhuan's head and they were becoming more and more chaotic. His thinking was starting to go more and more out of control, becoming stranger and stranger.

He got up in a panic and while he still retained a bit of rationality, made an excuse and fled in confusion.

Song Qingshi sat alone in the room. After a long time, he said softly, "I like you no matter what you're like."

…

Having gone through all these awful messes, neither of them were in any mood to go sight-seeing.

As for the Gu poison in Yue Wuhuan's body, it was better to go back to Medicine King's Valley and carefully take care of it there. And so, Yue Wuhuan was forced to lie in bed and rest. He ate the love-filled noodles that Song Qingshi made, and watched as Song Qingshi busied about. He packed their luggage, purchased medicinal ingredients, and then booked a magical ship from the Magical Beast Sect, ready to return to Medicine King's Valley.

The taste of the noodles his Master made seemed to be quite stable. They tasted exactly the same every time…

Yue Wuhuan drank the noodle soup and looked at the ledger. He felt that the price of Aconitum could still be reduced by 20%.

Song Qingshi was very pleased with himself and it was writ all across his face. It was as though he were saying that he was very good at taking care of others and was very capable of managing the matters of life. He wasn't some waste who was helpless without his omnipotent secretary.

Yue Wuhuan immediately swallowed his words back and smiled. “Master has done a very good job.”

Song Qingshi showed him his spoils of war. “I also bought small gifts for everyone.”

The merchants in Nanhai City were very good at making a sale. After realizing that he was a cultivator, they told him that when traveling, he needed to bring gifts back to his sect. Enjoying things by oneself is not as good as enjoying them together with everyone.

Song Qingshi thought it made sense…

Even before, he very seldom went out and he also had no disciples then. In order to get his protection, the villages near the Medicine King’s Valley had voluntarily sought refuge and became medicine villages. They were also the ones who selected and sent the valley servants. The stewards were also ones they elected themselves. In any case, no one dared to provoke the Medicine King Xianzun and they did whatever he had them do. He paid the servants a salary and rewarded them with pills. He managed to raise several foundation-building cultivators this way. It was considered a fortunate opportunity.

Song Qingshi had felt pretty good. The Medicine King’s Valley was cleaned spotless. Although the valley servants were afraid of him, they were well-behaved and obedient.

When Yue Wuhuan took over matters, it was only then that he realized that the management of the valley servants was very chaotic. The stewards secretly embezzled the servants’ wages. Fights broke out. They abused their authority and indiscriminately meted out punishments. They even secretly sold the medicinal herbs… Moreover, Yue Wuhuan had used the account books and reasoned things out to Song Qingshi, to tactfully let him realize the poverty of the Medicine King’s Valley. He finally knew that there were no Nascent Soul cultivators like him, who had lived for so long and accumulated so little wealth.

Song Qingshi suffered a critical blow…

After he had woken up, Yue Wuhuan provided him with everything he needed and wanted. He didn't have to worry about anything.

He secretly did some self-reflection and decided he was going to reform and start afresh…

Yue Wuhuan has trained many little apprentices for the Medicine King's Valley. As the master of the valley, he should at least bring everyone some gifts from his travels, right?

Song Qingshi was afraid there was something wrong with his thinking, so he covertly asked Yue Wuhuan. After getting an affirmative answer, he felt reassured in accepting their sales promotions and happily bought a lot of pastries made from flowers, porcelain dolls and puppets. He even called the merchants to the inn and let Yue Wuhuan choose some beautiful fabrics and common gems, some of which he kept for himself, and some which would be distributed to everyone.

Song Qingshi also went to the back kitchen of pastry shops and pestered them into teaching him. He studied several ways of making dim sum. He planned on making them for Yue Wuhuan once they got back.

Yue Wuhuan saw he was busy bustling about, not thinking about those vexing matters. He felt somewhat relieved.

Song Qingshi excitedly rushed over, holding a beautiful multi-colored kite and handing it to him. "Isn't this beautiful? You should pack it up."

Yue Wuhuan now understood his way of thinking. "The Luoying flower on top of Xinyi Mountain is about to bloom. Won't Master go with me to fly kites?"

Song Qingshi was delighted. "Wuhuan also likes to fly kites?" He had seen people flying kites before. It seemed very interesting.

"I like it," Yue Wuhuan took the kite with a smile. He took a look at the crude pattern on it. "This isn't refined enough. Give it to Qing Luan and the others *ba*. I'll make you a better one, one with a whistle. When it flies in the

sky, it will make bird calls. It's been a long time since I've made these little things though so I might not be very skilled…"

Song Qingshi nodded earnestly. "Don't worry, if it fails, I'll control the winds and carry it up! I'll take it up to the heavens."

Yue Wuhuan imagined the kite flying up in the sky together with his Master, and laughed hard.

Song Qingshi didn't quite understand what he was laughing about, but being happy was always a good thing and so he laughed as well.

The two bustled about for most of the day, and finally finished dealing with all the various matters. With a heap of luggage, they boarded the magical ship and flew home.

…

In the Medicine King's Valley, Qing Luan received the message that they were coming back. She swept and cleaned, making all the preparations to welcome them home.

Song Qingshi didn't like to pay attention to these kind of gifts. He first dragged Yue Wuhuan to his research room and re-treated his injuries. Only when he had confirmed that the poisons have weakened and were being suppressed, with most of the pain already gone, did he feel relieved. Afterwards, he went to his medicine collection to find pills to stabilize his Nascent Soul. He then ate them all.

His Nascent Soul was full of cracks. He used the Cold Jade Technique to forcibly lock it and slow the rate of collapse.

After confirming that he had overstepped his bounds as a doctor, he could finally face the Heart of his Dao.

Sure enough, there was no shortcuts in the road of life. Compared to other Ways, it was easier to devote oneself to cultivation using the Way of the Heartless, but it also came with greater risks. He didn't want to consider

how other cultivators who followed the Way of the Heartless dealt with this kind of situation, but for him, this was just a problem question done wrong.

His feelings were once a barren blank space, and it was that gorgeous bird who painted colors within it.

The collapse of Dao Heart represented the stirring of his emotions.

He now understood what it felt like to like someone and this feeling wasn't wrong.

Song Qingshi touched his lips lightly, feeling very happy. Ever since he had left the mountains and embarked on the road of cultivation, he has actually had no goals. Cultivation seemed like a simple matter to him, and he had hardly encountered any bottlenecks. And so, he didn't not understand the mental state of ordinary cultivators who fought for their lives against the Heavens, struggling each step of the way.

He spent most of his time reading and researching, spending year after year, day after day muddle-headed and ignorant. Occasionally, he would encounter some passing traveler, but they were unable to leave any vestige in his heart…

Whenever he came to, there was nothing beside him except the white clouds in the sky.

Such a life has no meaning.

He seriously pondered the reasons and confirmed that it was his own problem. His heart was not the same as that of others. It was like made of stone. It was difficult for him to feel joys and sorrows. He envied the love of others, but he couldn't get his heart to move. Whether they were a man or a woman, whether they were a beauty or an ugly person, no matter whether they were tall or short, fat or thin, no matter how good or bad their character was… he didn't feel anything at all.

Yue Wuhuan was like the most dazzling color. He directly tore open his heart and moved in, letting him discover that he could have feelings…

And he was willing to do everything for these feelings.

He didn't quite understand what Yue Wuhuan thought of him, but he didn't care about these. Being able to like someone was the greatest happiness in itself. It was a gift bestowed upon him. Even if he gave everything, and it bore no fruit, life was no longer dull and without color.

Song Qingshi happily poked his Nascent Soul. "Don't worry, we'll meet again."

The pain of his Dao Heart was the feeling of happiness, a new beginning.

He would correct his mistakes and move on to the right Path.

Medical students were all stout-hearted and wouldn't panic.

Having his Dao destroyed and having to rebuild it wasn't as frightening as having all his little white mice wiped out. After all, when the mice were destroyed, he couldn't find where the problem was.

Now, he just needed to retake a familiar course and undergo the exam once again.

Song Qingshi took out pen and paper and listed out what he knew…

Foundation Building was to expand the Dantian, lay out the foundation. After that was condensing the Golden Core. The Golden Core will then be transformed into the Nascent Soul.

The destruction of his Dao meant the complete fragmentation of his Nascent Soul, the melting of his Golden Core. His cultivation base would fall back to Foundation Building.

This exam was not difficult at all. The cultivation resources he had in his hands were a hundred times greater than what he originally had. He was also the number one medical master in the immortal realm. He could refine some pills to assist him in raising his level. He could create talismans, put together defensive poison formations. All these were things familiar to him. He wouldn't have to go around in circles, and this would save him a lot of

time. After his Dao is destroyed, they will block off all information. He will stay in closed door cultivation for a period of time. He will control the fires in his body, put aside his research and concentrate on cultivation. He'll spend 20 to 30 years returning to Core Formation, after which protecting himself would basically no longer be a problem. In another two to three hundred years, he'll reach Nascent Soul, changing to a more suitable Dao Heart and slowly returning to Great Perfection.

There was no hurry……

He had some things he needed to take care of first.

Therefore, he would first use the Cold Jade Technique to suppress the rate of his Nascent Soul's collapse. He will supplement it with pills and treatment to delay the destruction of his Dao. He should quickly refine the Jade Water Powder and add a medicated bath and acupuncture treatment… If he's lucky, he should be able to drag it out for two to three more years.

Yue Wuhuan has already taken over all the external affairs of the Medicine King's Valley. Alchemy and medicine did not require much spiritual power, and the Red Lotus Fire and the Underworld Ghost Fire would still be there. He often stayed cooped up within his home for decades at a time. No one would notice anything out of the ordinary. He would see if he could find some Immortal methods like the "Swallowing Sea Technique" or the "Spirit Absorbing Magic Skill", and pass this spiritual power which would otherwise simply disappear to Yue Wuhuan. He mustn't waste it. Best to pass it on so he could directly rise to Core Formation and make the Medicine King's Valley safer.

After Song Qingshi confirmed there were no mistakes, he poked his Nascent Soul again, and urged, "You should make a good showing and hold on for a good while."

What worried him most was that he didn't know how to tell Yue Wuhuan…

The Heart of his Way of the Heatless was being destroyed. It was embarrassing no matter how he said it. If he were to look into how his Dao Heart was destroyed, it would be even more embarrassing. He could easily

be misunderstood as wanting to pass on the responsibility to the other party. Because of this, Yue Wuhuan would be forced to accept these feelings that he didn't want. This was something Song Qingshi didn't want to see happen. What would be the difference between him and those garbage scumbags who went to girls with a knife to their neck, saying that 'if you don't love me then I'll kill myself for you to see'?

Yue Wuhuan has a serious shadow in his heart. It was difficult for him to accept feelings. If this off-limits area was touched, there would be a stress response.

He fully understood the other's refusal, and understood the reasons for that refusal. He shouldn't continue to harass him, right? If Yue Wuhuan knew about this, and felt guilty and uneasy, creating a more serious the psychological problem, what could he do? It was best to find a different excuse, like having it damaged in a fight, meeting an accident while practicing, and getting his Dao Heart destroyed…

Only that he wasn't very good at lying, and he's easily seen through. Yue Wuhuan was very smart and he was afraid he wouldn't be able to pull one over him.

There was no way to hide this…

Song Qingshi sat on the floor of the treasure house and thought for a long, long time, feeling distressed.

Translator's note:

I'm sorry but there won't be a chapter tomorrow. The last three chapters have been longer than MISVIL's usual chapters and I just wasn't able to finish a fifth chapter for the week. Releases will resume as usual on Monday. orz Thank you!

Chapter 60: Chaos Theory

Song Qingshi thought about it all night, and decided to tackle this problem last. First, he has to study the condition of Yue Wuhuan's illness.

He went through all he knew of psychology in the immortal realm, modern psychology and other related knowledge in his mind, and yet he was still at a loss as to what to do about Yue Wuhuan's illness.

His Nascent Soul throbbed with pain from time to time, reminding him of the feeling of his heart moving.

Phenylethylamine levels were increasing, and he was losing the ability to think calmly.

He had already lost all qualifications as a psychiatrist, so maybe he just won't do it…and just make him happy?

Song Qingshi sorted out all medicines that were helpful for alleviating depression, and personally made a Nerve-Calming Decoction, which he gave to Yue Wuhuan. Although there was a limit to how much drugs could help, Yue Wuhan's mind and body have already been in a prolonged state of tension. He over-thought and was over-anxious; he could hardly sleep, and this could have made his condition worse.

Yue Wuhuan took the decoction and thanked him with a smile. He then sniffed it and took a sip to taste. "Perilla Flower, Bright Moon Powder, Harmonious Tallow, Cinnamon Stone… are all these medicines to calm the nerves and help with sleep?"

Not only was he proficient in the pharmacopoeia, but he also had very keen senses. He could distinguish the subtle flavors, and could easily see through the decoction's effect.

Song Qingshi didn't dare hide it, and nodded obediently.

Yue Wuhuan pushed the decoction back to him. "Master, my body is in good health. I'm not sick, and I don't need these medicines."

Song Qingshi explained, “You sleep too little. It’s not good for your health.”

“I sleep. Only that I sleep less, enough to meet my physical needs,” Yue Wuhuan’s appeared to be even softer, his tone became more heartfelt. Nowhere in it could you perceive that he was suffering even the slightest bit. “I don’t like sleeping. Dreaming is a waste of time. Life is painfully short and the journey is long. I have a lot of things I want to learn and do.”

Song Qingshi held the decoction and tried to persuade, “But…”

Yue Wuhuan looked into his eyes and said very seriously, “Master, I am not sick.”

Song Qingshi compromised. “Okay.”

He carried the decoction and left the bedroom, feeling dejected. He then poured the medicine into the ditch.

Yue Wuhuan realized that he had betrayed the Master’s kindness and was a little uneasy. He thought about it and decided to find something amusing to divert the Master’s attention, to tease him into smiling.

The Blood King Vine stretched out, wrapped around Song Qingshi’s waist, and gently scratched him.

Song Qingshi couldn’t help laughing. “Wuhuan, it tickles.”

With a smile on his lips, Yue Wuhuan turned the corner and appeared, looking at the person entangled by the vines. The Blood King Vine had his spiritual thoughts attached to it; it felt no different from holding him with his own arms. Deliberately teasing, he hadn’t expected that Song Qingshi would be the type to be very sensitive about how he appeared in the eyes of others. Even though he laughed so much that tears came out of his eyes, he still didn’t beg for mercy and didn’t put a stop to it. In the end, Yue Wuhuan could only admit defeat. He said, smiling, “Didn’t Master bring back a lot of gifts? Let’s go and give it to everyone. Qing Luan and the others have been looking forward to it for a long time.”

“Yes,” Song Qingshi finally caught his breath and wiped away the tears of laughter. Speaking of this important matter, he also needed to check the children’s homework and hand out prizes based on their scores. “Wuhuan, go with me. I’m not familiar with them and I’m afraid of saying the wrong thing.”

Yue Wuhuan followed, “I just happened to be going there to look for some materials to make kites.”

Schools have merit-based rewards and some professors would even give small gifts to students they liked as a sign of encouragement.

Song Qingshi considered the future of these children of mortal origin. The immortal realm had nothing similar to imperial examinations. They were of lowly birth and had poor physical qualifications. They could not go very far on the road of cultivation, but their wisdom was fair.

Talismans, devices, pharmacology, medicine, alchemy…

In the temple of knowledge, there was no difference between mortals, immortals or immortal-mortal hybrids. Everyone had the same starting point.

Song Qingshi discussed this issue with Yue Wuhuan, “It will be very interesting if there comes a day, when the world changes because of mortals.”

Yue Wuhuan felt that he was talking about a pipe dream. He asked in reply, “What can a mortal do? We are as weak as mole crickets and ants. We die so arbitrarily.”

“I don’t know.” Song Qingshi also felt that his idea was very immature. But he had seen a world made up of mortals, and that world had a different kind of brilliance. “Wuhuan, have you heard of Chaos Theory? It’s the idea that things can arise from inexact-ness or imprecise-ness and any outcome could happen. For example, a butterfly flapping its wings may change the subtle movement of the airflow, causing a chain reaction, and finally causing a

tornado thousands of miles away. In fact, every change in the world has been influenced by inadvertent details."

The more Yue Wuhuan listened, the more confused he was, "How does Master know that the wings of a butterfly caused a tornado?"

Song Qingshi tried to explain the concepts of deterministic systems, random irregular motions, and nonlinear systems. These discussion completely sent Yue Wuhuan amidst the clouds and mists. In the end, through some unknown skewing, the topic turned to the Black Death Butterfly's toxicology and mode of operation. It became a harmonious discussion about the study of medicines and then expanded into the study of mechanics…

In short, he hoped that these children would study hard and make progress every day in order to change their lives, and be useful talents for the future!

When Song Qingshi arrived at the school, Qing Luan was leading the children to distinguish the different drugs and do experiments. Laughter constantly rang out.

He felt that this girl was getting more and more outstanding since getting rid of her shackles. She had movie star level looks and world-renowned school level intelligence. Although she was no match for Yue Wuhuan, whose beauty and intelligence were in defiance of the natural order, she was still a first-class talent. Moreover, she seemed to like the study of medicine very much. She looked at the little white mice with a light in her eyes. However, she had no interest in toxicology.

Qing Luan saw the Master coming, and hurriedly signaled to the children to be quiet.

Song Qingshi asked them to hand in all their homework for this period. He then checked the results. Most of the children attempted to do their exercises according to his previous topics. Many of them were studying the medicines of the immortal realm. Qing Luan was the only one doing research on common medicines for various internal and external injuries. One of them was an anti-inflammatory and antibacterial medicine to prevent wound infection. Song Qingshi himself had done a very

comprehensive study on it but she was still trying to improve the formula. Some of her plans even reduced the efficacy of the drug. It seemed she was seeking some other purpose.

Although all the results of her improvement were all failures, the improvements themselves were very interesting.

Song Qingshi called her over, inquiring after her reasoning.

Qing Luan was very embarrassed. “I want to reduce the cost and difficulty of making this medicine.”

Song Qingshi was puzzled. “But, if you do this, the Chuhui Pill will not reach its highest efficacy.”

Qing Luan was a little nervous. She snuck a look at Yue Wuhuan and after confirming that he was allowing her to speak, said, “My father was a travelling doctor. Of course, he didn’t have sophisticated medical skills. He only dealt with the minor illnesses and small aches and pains of the villagers. It produced a meager income. When I was a child, I followed my father to see patients. A chilly wind can kill a child. A nail that pierced the sole of a foot can kill a blacksmith. A fall can cause the death of an old man. They have no money to buy such expensive medicine…”

Song Qingshi was dazed. This was an area he had never ventured into.

“The Master’s Chuhui Pill has the highest efficacy. Of this, there is no doubt,” Qing Luan bit her lip, and finally said the words she had buried in her heart, “I think that many patients’ injuries, if they are dealt with in time, don’t need to such high-standard pills. I want to reduce the cost of the Chuhui Pill and make it the most common medicine… a treatment method that even mortal doctors can use. I may be just indulging in fantasy, but my father, he was injured by a falling rock on his way to see a patient. His wound was infected and he died…”

Yue Wuhuan felt that she had said a little too much, and warned in a low voice, “Qing Luan, don’t mention this.”

“I’m sorry, I’m talking nonsense,” Qing Luan’s eyes were fogged up. “I just think that…if there were such medicines in the world, if there were medicines that ordinary people could afford, my father wouldn’t have died and I wouldn’t have lost my home.”

Song Qingshi thought for a long time, then smiled. “You’re right, you have the kind-heartedness of a doctor.”

Qing Luan raised her head in surprise, unable to hide the tears in her eyes.

Song Qingshi looked at her plan once more and made a suggestion. “Try to replace the Chuhui Pill’s Sparrow Vermillion Grass with Purple Vermillion Grass. You can then reduce the proportion of Crane Marble… This used to be my prescription but I rejected it because it couldn’t achieve the highest efficacy. You can try to improve the pill using this as the foundation. In addition, you can try to study Penicillium. The cost is very low and it’s suitable for mortals… I remember there are several other low-cost antibacterial drugs. I will sort out the relevant materials later and give them to you.”

Qing Luan was delirious with delight and kept expressing her thanks.

There was suddenly a strange feeling in Song Qingshi’s heart. He looked at the Yue Wuhuan, who used to not care at all about matters like this. And he then looked at the somewhat overcast sky outside the window. It seemed that some things were quietly changing.

…

Under the strict supervision of Class Monitor Qing Luan, most of the children’s homework were done splendidly. That was except for He Qingyun, who was completely indifferent to studying, but who also knew himself enough and just wanted to farm. Although Ming Hong was outstanding, his heart was not in these medical sciences. His aptitude for cultivation was higher than the others’. He yearned for Yue Wuhuan’s swordsmanship. He wanted to be a true cultivator and become everyone’s protector.

Both of them clearly expressed their pursuits.

Everyone has their own aspirations and cannot be forced.

Song Qingshi decided to assign a field of specialty to everyone later, letting as much as possible for everyone to do what they liked.

Yue Wuhuan finally found bamboo twigs and wooden blocks suitable for kite making. He sat next to him and used a small knife to sort out the shape of the bamboo strips and put together the prototype for the kite. It seemed that he wanted to make a very big and very beautiful kite. Song Qingshi was very happy to see it, and he took out a large pile of gifts he brought back from Nanhai City and distributed them to everyone.

Qing Luan scored the best. Although she repeatedly declined, a bejeweled golden hair ornament and some blue jacquard brocade were still pushed onto her. She also took a strange wooden sculpture and a colorful glass bottle. She pondered the tastes of the two, and quickly figured out that the beautiful fabrics and jewelry were chosen by Wuhuan Ge, and the strange items must have been chosen by the Master.

As long as there was money in Song Qingshi's pockets, he would spend it willy-nilly. He used most of his money to buy gems for Yue Wuhuan; gems like Imperial Jade, Mermaid Pearl, Moonstone and others of the like. The luster of the gems of the immortal realm were magnificent, far better than the mundane things in the mortal world… …Yue Wuhuan's treasure box contained only the mortal world gems that the Master had given to him back then. Other similar ones were no longer collected. Instead, they were replaced by Golden Rock Jade, Colored Glazed Spirit Pearls and others that were unintentionally obtained in the secret realm.

This time he had caught sight of Song Qingshi buying jewelry. Under the shopkeeper's superb sales pitch, he was going straight for the coarse, large, heavy, and tasteless unsalable items. He even tried to buy for him a garish gemstone neckband with an indescribable appearance. Moreover, he energetically praised its beauty…Although Yue Wuhuan thought he could hold down such peculiar jewelry, people might mistakenly question his good taste if he were to wear it outside.

He really couldn’t bear this kind of thing. So he was forced to intervene and stood in for Song Qingshi to revise the selection of jewelry and fabrics that were to be given as gifts.

Now, that he thought about it…

Song Qingshi’s aesthetic vision seemed to be quite difficult to explain in a few words?

It felt like the tone he used to praise his beauty was nearly the same as the tone he used to praise that gemstone neckband?

Yue Wuhuan took a peek at the mirror, and began to have some doubts about his beauty.

Chapter 61: The Life of a Mortal

Song Qingshi took out the gifts for everyone to choose from.

A lot of small things that weren't worth anything in the immortal realm were considered valuable in the mortal world; like the Yanshou Pill, as well as various precious gems.

With the Medicine King Xianzun in "closed door cultivation" for ten years, the Medicine King's Valley, too, entered a sealed state. Qing Luan also didn't dare let these beautiful mortal children walk around. And so, they were all locked up in the valley, studying and cultivating every day. When they were at Yan Shan Sect, Xie Que never showed them the real treasures of the immortal real; merely coaxing them with things of little value. When they came to the Medicine King's Valley, because Song Qingshi didn't place much importance on enjoyment, save for precious medicinal materials and books, there wasn't anything in the valley.

The huge pile of glittering gems and jewelry he brought back from Nanhai City dazzled the children's eyes.

When they turned to look at Song Qingshi, it was like they had seen an emperor-like extravagant figure. His entire body was giving off a golden light.

Was *this* a cultivator?

Rong Ye was shocked to the core. When he secretly glanced at Song Qingshi, his throat went dry and he gulped. Everyone was refusing and giving way out of politeness. Finally, they decided to let the younger ones pick first. Ming Hong never paid any attention to these things. Seeing that there was nothing related to martial arts, he took a set of pens and ink stones. He also took a pair of blue earrings and withdrew.

Sister Qing Luan liked painting and doing calligraphy. She also liked blue gems.

Everyone saw through his little scheme and smiled, but didn't call him out on it.

Rong Ye and Ming Hong were of the same age. Rong Ye was honey-tongued and doted upon. He thanked all his brothers and sisters and happily stepped forward. He opened wide his beautiful peach eyes and looked at the gems on the table over and over. He hesitated many times in his mind. He thought that everything looked good and wished he could take all of them back. He suddenly found a small black wooden box in the corner. The quality of the box was out of the ordinary.

Song Qingshi followed his gaze and apologized, "I placed this here by mistake."

This was something he had bought for Yue Wuhuan. Because he had bought too much, he accidentally mixed it up.

Song Qingshi picked up the black wooden box and handed it to Yue Wuhuan. "This is for you."

Rong Ye leaned over curiously and acting coquettishly, asked, "Master, what is this?"

He leaned a little closer. His neckline hung a bit low and revealed a faintly discernible beautiful collarbone. His clothes had the scent of a perfume that he had personally blended. He had a pair of skillful hands and he liked studying these things. The scent he had produced was quite elegant. The initial smell was very faint but after a long time, it had an indescribable sweetness. It was very enchanting.

Song Qingshi didn't like having people too close, and his body went a little stiff. But then he remembered that a professor mustn't be alarmed in front of his students and he forced himself to remain calm.

Yue Wuhuan took the wooden box, glanced at Rong Ye's display, and couldn't help but smile.

Qing Luan was a very good subordinate, but her heart was too soft; especially for these children who were her fellow sufferers. She always pitied them for being so young, for almost being sold. She hoped to give them a happy life and for them to grow up healthy. She never let them come into contact with anything dark.

She said that it would be better if she were the one to suffer. There was no need for the children to suffer.

Yue Wuhuan felt that this behavior was foolish. But he was busy reorganizing the Medicine King's Valley. His priority was on removing the spies and the disloyal and to have the valley servants in the palm of his hand. He paid no attention to these foundation-less mortal children. It was Qing Luan who tossed about for them. So long as they didn't cause any trouble, that was good enough. Qing Luan was afraid that the things Yue Wuhuan was doing would affect the children. She never talked about anything terrible; depicting only a bright future, urging them to study hard and repay the Master's kindness.

It's a pity that children grow up and give birth to ambitions. This, she could not control.

Yue Wuhuan smiled faintly. He opened the wooden box and showed it to everyone.

In the box was a perfectly golden Mermaid Pearl, about the size of a section of a thumb. It was radiant and full of brilliance, brightening up the room. It was so dazzling that all the gems on the table lost their color.

The children showed stunned gazes and they were full of praise.

Rong Ye's entire being was struck silly by the sight. He looked once again at all the other things. They now seemed dull and insipid. His overflowing joy dropped away.

Yue Wuhuan slowly closed the wooden box. Smiling, he said, "I like it very much."

Song Qingshi was happy when he heard that he liked it. “It’s nothing. They say that purple Mermaid Pearls are more beautiful. Unfortunately, they are too rare. I wasn’t able to find any this time. I’ll buy them for you later. I’ll buy a lot of them.”

Yue Wuhuan smiled. “Okay.”

Qing Luan has followed Yue Wuhuan for many years. She immediately sniffed a dangerous aura from this unusual behavior. This was a prelude to using bait to hook the prey. She quickly noticed Rong Ye’s somewhat inappropriate action and saw through his foolish thoughts. Her heart was annoyed, angry, and anxious. She quickly bowed towards Yue Wuhuan, displaying a pleading expression, indicating that she would handle the matter.

Yue Wuhuan didn’t even look at her. He bowed his head and continued to make the kite.

Rong Ye regained his composure from the shock of the treasure. He once again showed a very sweet smile. He then randomly chose a few precious jewelry and gems suitable for men from the pile of gifts, and happily stepped back. Once his companions had finished choosing their gifts, they huddled together and admired each other’s selection. From time to time, he would praise the others’ good eye. He looked no different from how he usual was. Unfortunately, the furtive glances he directed towards Song Qingshi and Yue Wuhuan betrayed his petty thoughts.

Yue Wuhuan paid a lot of attention to his image in front of the Master. He would not allow for his secrets to be exposed.

Therefore, the pieces of flesh and those fools tortured to the point of mental collapse in the dungeons of the Medicine King’s Valley were things that were absolutely forbidden to be spoken off.

Qing Luan was biting her nails. She was extremely anxious. She was worried that Rong Ye would do something stupid.

Yue Wuhuan gave her another warning look.

Qing Luan immediately put down her hand. She forced herself to smile, not daring to reveal the cloven foot.

With much difficulty, she managed to endure until the evening. After all the classes were finished, she immediately grabbed Rong Ye and pulled him out to give him a talking to. She once again reminded him of the debt of gratitude they owed the Master for saving their lives. She explained Wuhuan Ge's importance to the Master and ordered him not to, under any circumstance, entertain any thoughts he shouldn't have; or else, he will only have himself to blame if things went badly.

"Qing Luan Jie misunderstood. I'm not," Rong Ye denied, and then, trying to curry favor, said, "I just think that Master's amazing and he's very gentle. I have come to respect him greatly and I wish to get closer to him to learn more skills from him."

The Underworld Ghost Fire was for killing people. Everywhere it touched, skin would splinter and flesh would burst, bones would break and the muscles would melt. The pain would be excruciating and there was no means to break away from it. Finally, it would turn all to black ask.

The Medicine King Xianzun's fierce reputation and the fear of valley servants stemmed largely from the horror of Underworld Ghost Fire.

Qing Luan had witnessed Xie Que's death, and even if Song Qingshi was normally gentle, she was still afraid and didn't dare approach.

A good-tempered tiger was still a tiger. That it didn't want to eat people didn't mean that it couldn't eat people.

The gentle tiger should be handed over to someone strong and had no regard for his own life, like Wuhuan Ge…

He must never be provoked.

Qing Luan wished could break off into pieces everything she could say to Rong Ye, pry open Rong his head, and poured them all in. She wanted to make him understand these principles that were a matter of life and death.

“I see,” Rong Ye grew impatient with her harping, and couldn’t help asking, “Is it really that scary to serve a cultivator?”

Qing Luan felt that the child was somewhat nit-witted. He didn’t understand the viciousness of the human world. She remembered that after the Xie Que’s incident broke out, Rong Ye, who was the same age as Ming Hong, unexpectedly didn’t cry or vent. Instead, speaking soft with a gentle voice, he comforted his frightened elder brothers and sisters. Although they felt that he might not have fully understood these dirty matters, his courageous demeanor brought everyone a lot of encouragement…

Everyone got along with Rong Ye; even Ming Hong, who was getting more and more withdrawn, would laugh a bit when he was with him.

Over the years, Rong Ye’s older brothers and sisters have acceded to his every plea. They spoiled him into becoming undisciplined and out of control. In particular, Rong Ye coaxed He Qingyun to the point of becoming confused and disoriented. If Rong Ye pointed east, he would not go west. If he wanted the stars, he would not give the moon. If he ate grapes, He Qingyun would peel and pick the seeds off them for him. No pet was doted upon as much as he was. He was so doted upon that he himself no longer knew his own weight.

Qing Luan felt sick at heart…

She forced Rong Ye to promise not to be approach the Master again and not to provoke Wuhuan Ge.

Rong Ye thoughtlessly agreed, and asked with a casual smile, “Just how beautiful was Wuhuan Ge before? He has already been disfigured but the Master still holds him so deeply in his heart?”

Back then, when everyone arrived at the Medicine King’s Valley, he’d been too young and he couldn’t resist his exhaustion. He fell asleep in a daze. He hadn’t followed everyone to pay their respects to him. Later, listening to everyone discussing Yue Wuhuan’s beauty, he became a little curious and wanted to have a look. However, Yue Wuhuan was very busy, and Qing Luan kept them from leaving the yard and so he never got the chance to see.

Later, by the time he saw Yue Wuhuan, his face was already covered in Devil Mask Snake Venom. It had been strange and terrifying.

Rong Ye had never seen such a horrifying face before. He'd been so scared, he had nightmares for the next two days. Since then, he never dared to see Yue Wuhuan.

Afterwards, Yue Wuhuan started to put on a mask and he felt a little more comfortable.

Now that the Master has finished his closed door cultivation, Yue Wuhuan changed into an exquisite golden mask. His entire body carried with it the breath of beauty. But whenever Rong Ye saw him, he still remembered the horror under his mask. The more Qing Luan emphasized the deep sentiments between the Master and Wuhuan Ge, the more he felt that Master was a very resolute person, to be able to be gentle towards and dote on such a face…

He felt that waiting upon cultivators was a very good thing. What little that fell from between their fingers was more than enough for any ordinary person to be extremely comfortable.

Rong Ye looked at his reflection in the mirror. Everyone acknowledged that he was very beautiful, and only Ming Hong could rival him. However, Ming Hong's temperament made him unlikable and he devoted himself completely to cultivation. Everyone knew that, in his heart, he admired Qing Luan Jiejie. And though he didn't dare to say it, he deliberately imitated Wuhuan Ge's style of dress, to try to attract her attention. It was really ridiculous.

Just how beautiful was Yue Wuhuan? How attractive?

Rong Ye listened to Qing Luan harping on. In his heart, he became even more unreconciled.

He coaxed her repeatedly and finally managed to send Qing Luan away. He couldn't help but laugh.

At Yan Shan Sect, Xie Que, in order to raise his merchandise's identity, but nominally for his own good, had told everyone that he came from a family of intellectuals. Because he had a good knowledge of the literary classics, knew a bit of how to play the guqin and how to play chess, and was very polite in his words and deeds, everyone, including Qing Luan, believed this lie. He simply decided to follow everyone's idea of him and pretended.

In fact, he had been born in the red light district. His mother was a popular flower lady, and his father, an unknown benefactor. People in this ancient profession belong amongst the lowest of the low. For many, inclusion in this profession was passed down from one generation to another. There are only three ways to leave — by encountering a heroic, sentimental benefactor, by escaping into religious life once your beauty fades with age, or by being carried out in a flimsy coffin.

Rong Ye grew up in a place like this. He seen a lot of welcoming and sending off, and scenes of tragedy, comedy and farce.

He was born a xiao guan, how could he have any pure thoughts? How could there be anything he didn't understand?

His mother's temper had been at times, good and at times, bad. When she met with a generous and gentle benefactor, she would be in a good mood as she sang and played games to him. When she met with a bad-tempered benefactor, she would be irritable and anxious, and then would severely reprimand him, "Why did I have to give birth to a worthless being like you?"

His mother forced him to learn how to curry favor by showing obeisance, to observe the words and expressions of other to gleam their thoughts, to learn the four arts, and to accept misfortunes as decreed by fate.

He was terribly scared at first but later, he wasn't afraid anymore.

His mouth was sweet, and whenever his brothers and sisters got a huge tip, they would share some it with him in the form of snacks. He spent his days very comfortably off.

Everyone praised him for being beautiful and clever. When he grew up, he was sure to be a star amongst the xiao guan's.

His mother would then scold him even more violently, "Worthless!"

Later, Xie Que accidentally discovered his beauty. He made known his identity as a cultivator, and offered a price to buy him, saying that he wanted to take him back to be his disciple.

His mother was a master at the wind and moon. She seemed to realize something, but she still sold him.

He had been reluctant to leave his mother. He cried and kicked up a ruckus, refusing to leave.

His mother had beaten him mercilessly. She forced him to stop crying, and then she dressed him up beautifully, groomed him to look like the pampered son of a wealthy family. She then handed him over to Xie Que. Xie Que, with kind brows and pleasant eyes, told him that the mortal and immortal realm were different, and he feared that it would be difficult for them to see each other in the future. He let mother and son say a few words of farewell.

Rong Ye would always remember his mother's expression at the time. There was no sadness of parting, no reluctance to let go. She was like a fierce tigress, pushing her cub step by step to the edge of the cliff. Voice low, she snarled, "With this worthless life of yours, is there anything you wouldn't dare to bet?! No matter how dangerous it is, you must gamble!"

He was so scared that he embraced his mother, wanting to cry once again.

"Get out!" His mother resolutely pushed him out the door. "If you live, then good. If you die, then so be it! You are not allowed to come back here!"

He had no choice but to follow Xie Que and leave the world he was familiar with. As the ship flew into the sky, he couldn't help but glance back.

His mother stood in front of the window, crying. She cursed softly, "Worthless…"

…

Rong Ye looked at himself in the mirror. The eyes of the young man in the mirror were a little red, affecting the romantic quality of the peach blossom eyes.

He kneaded it dissatisfiedly, planning on applying a warm stone as a hot compress to it later.

After Xie Que's matter was exposed, everyone was very scared, but he wasn't afraid. Even if he was sold as a slave to serve men, it was nothing more than returning to his past life.

When Sister Qing Luan asked the valley servants to send everyone home, he found an excuse to go with them. He then secretly left while on the road. Using what little magic he learned, he disguised himself and took a detour to the red light district. He wanted to give the Yanshou Pill to his mother only to then find out that his mother had died of illness during the second year after his departure.

The life of a mortal is as cheap as ants and mole crickets. How very ridiculous…

Rong Ye didn't cry. As he originally planned, he told the valley servants that he'd forgotten his family's address and had nowhere to go. So, he successfully returned to the Medicine King's Valley.

What was the difference between serving a cultivator of the immortal realm and serving a mortal benefactor?

What Wuhuan Ge could do, why could others not?

His aptitude was not as good as Ming Hong's. It would be difficult for him to make any progress on his cultivation. Foundation Building was far in the indefinite future. If he were successful in currying favor with the Master, he might be able to acquire a precious pill and reach Foundation Building, becoming a true cultivator, right?

Although Qing Luan Jiejie had said a lot of scary things, but…

What could he not bet this worthless life on?

Chapter 62: Golden Light of Merit

Yue Wuhuan put in a lot of thought and created a very beautiful Phoenix kite. It was as tall as a person and as wide as two with its wings spread out. It was outlined in gold and painted brilliantly. It was very lifelike and was also equipped with a bamboo whistle. If the wind blew through it, it would ring out with a clear and drawn out sound similar to the call of birds.

Song Qingshi was so delighted, he wanted to fly it already. Scratching his cheek in embarrassment, he didn't know how to praise him. Doing his best, he said, "Wuhuan, you're amazing. This kite is hundreds of times better than the one I bought."

He smiled and said, "Master, the one you bought, without a bamboo flute, should be called a Paper Kite. With a bamboo whistle, it's called a Wind Zither."

Song Qingshi took out the beautiful Paper Kite he bought. He looked it over, and was surprised. "It really is."

Although he liked colorful things, compared with the kite he bought, Wuhuan's kite was like a phoenix to a sparrow. One belonged in the sky and the other, on the ground. Even a blind man would know which one looked better. The more Song Qingshi looked at the paper kite he bought, the more of an eyesore he thought it was. When he was about to throw it away, he saw Rong Ye come in to deliver the students' pill homework. He was very earnest and responsible. He casually gave the kite to him. Rong Ye seemed very happy.

Children shouldn't care whether they were playing with paper kites or wind zithers, right?

He was a majestic Immortal, a grown-up who was almost a thousand years old. Of course, he wanted to play with the most beautiful big wind zither!

In high spirits, Song Qingshi dragged Yue Wuhuan to the top of Xinyi Mountain. He liked watching the clouds change, but what he liked even

more was watching beautiful things fly among the clouds, like birds and kites. When he had been a child, he had once secretly watched some children fly a kite. The swallow kite flew so high that it almost entered the clouds. The children yelled and made a fuss. The laughter came nonstop. It all seemed fascinating.

Flying a kite was best done with two people. One person to hold the kite, waiting for the wind to send the signal and the other to tug on the string and run.

For fun, Song Qingshi didn't let Yue Wuhuan attach any auxiliary formations on the kite. He also banned all wind-management and float-control techniques. He wanted to use mortal methods and rely on natural wind to fly the kite. For this, he even analyzed the prevailing speed and direction of the winds on Xinyi Mountain during this season, scientifically determining the most suitable location for flying the kite. Then, rolling up his sleeves for battle, he was ready to send this kite high, high up.

The two arrived at Xinyi Mountain and placed the kite on the gentle slope that had been prepared early on.

Song Qingshi took out a notebook from the mustard seed bag, and carefully re-read the kite-flying tips. He recalculated his formula based on the current wind power, and estimated the proper height and position of the kite, so as not to cause the string to be entangled in any of the trees.

Yue Wuhuan peeked at the contents of his notebook and couldn't help laughing.

Song Qingshi was confused as to why he was being laughed at by the learning-god. He quickly checked the formula a couple more times to confirm whether he had written in the wrong numbers or had done the calculations wrong.

After confirming that the formula was correct, he found the correct position and had Yue Wuhuan hold the kite for him. He then took off. The first time, he ran too fast, and the kite rolled on the ground. The second time he successfully managed to get the kite up in the air. Yue Wuhuan stood behind

him, personally teaching him how to let the string out, patiently having the kite ascend bit by bit.

The beautiful phoenix slowly rose, its long red-golden tail feathers trailing behind it. Using the power of the wind, it broke through the clouds, letting out a crisp and melodious bird call.

The color of life appeared amidst the white clouds, and it was no longer dull and dreary.

Song Qingshi looked at the white clouds and the phoenix kite in the sky. He suddenly felt his mind go a little fuzzy. He felt that this scene was very familiar, as if he had seen it countless of times but couldn't quite remember the details of the scene. Something carved deep in his bones was starting to grow restless, trying to break free from its shackles and run out…

In his mind, strange feelings were constantly being suppressed, and also constantly gushing forth, struggling over and over.

Song Qingshi thought so hard, his head was starting to ache. But his eyes stayed firmly on the phoenix among the white clouds as he stubbornly tried to find the answer.

Suddenly, the kite's string broke. The phoenix lost its balance. It turned a few somersaults in mid-air, and then shakily began to fall.

Yue Wuhuan looked at the snapped string in his hand and was a little stupefied. He couldn't believe he could have made such a mistake.

Song Qingshi cast aside the coil of string and controlled his fire to soar up into the sky. He watched the kite fall, rocking and swaying. Seeing it about to fall into the swamp, he felt anxious and lunged at it. He caught the kite just before it fell into the mud. However, the kite was much too big and the Phoenix's tail feathers fell and was still dragged into the swamp, dirtying a great portion of it.

Carrying the kite, he flew back dejectedly. He handed it to Yue Wuhuan, and asked sadly, "Was it because I didn't let it out properly? And so it

failed?”

“No,” Yue Wuhuan carefully checked the point where the string had snapped. “I was afraid of the string snapping, so I deliberately used a strong silver string. I also checked it when I was winding it. There should be no problem with the quality of this string.” He suddenly paused. Smiling, he showed Song Qingshi the kite string, “Look, it’s this little guy’s fault.”

There was a small Golden Ant crawling on the silver string. The kite’s string had been slightly damaged by the Golden Ant and could not bear the weight.

Golden Ants are common creatures on Xinyi Mountain. It climbed up the kite by coincidence, and broke the string, by coincidence. The kite fell because of this. The entire matter was fair and reasonable…

Song Qingshi was dumbfounded. “So, this was a coincidence?”

“En, let’s go back first,” Yue Wuhuan said comfortingly, “This dye can’t be washed clean. I will replace later the parts that got dirty and put in a stronger string.”

Just what was the probability of an ant bite snapping a kite string?

One in a billion?

Song Qingshi suddenly remembered the inconceivable Lightning Tribulation that Yue Wuhuan had when he reached Foundation Building. He remembered that Yue Wuhuan had once said that repeated coincidental misses had kept him from uncovering Xie Que’s true colors. He even remembered his first encounter with An Long. A strange gust of wind had blown the precious herbs he worked hard to collect into the dirty and foul swamp. And so, pinching his nose, he approached the swamp and found the half-demon child buried in it.

Why did the system pick his soul fragment for the mission? Why did it send him back here?

Were all these coincidences?

Song Qingshi stopped and glanced suspiciously at the sky. He kept feeling that he had forgotten something very important.

…

Yue Wuhuan went back to repair the kite.

Song Qingshi was feeling ill at ease, his mind filled with phoenix kites flying in the sky. He wasn't even in the mood to do any toxicology experiments. After feeding the mice, he simply left the laboratory to go for a walk. He first wandered over to the school, earnestly inspecting the students' research for a while. He then went to the library and riffled through a few books. Finally, and inexplicably, he found himself at the ancestral hall.

The ancestral hall had been refurbished, given a facelift. It was clean and tidy. The picture scroll was unfurled and hung on the wall. Fruits and flowers were placed as offerings on the incense table.

Although the First Teacher had accepted a lousy disciple, this disciple had in turn, accepted for him a good disciple who was well-behaved and sensible. He could be considered as being indirectly filial.

Song Qingshi remembered that he hadn't come to pay his respects to the Grand Master for ten years. He felt a little embarrassed. And so, he ran in and offered three joss sticks. Looking at the offering, he felt a little greedy. After saying a few words to the Grand Master, he took a big red peach and ate it while admiring the picture scroll left by the Grand Master.

The peaches Yue Wuhuan picked were juicy, sweet and delicious.

The Grand Master was a terrible painter. His skill level was about the same as his. You simply couldn't see what he had intended to draw.

This painting was placed in the ancestral hall, but no thief would want it.

Song Qingshi pondered for a while. In the end, he still felt that this painting should be put away. Later, the Medicine King's Valley would have more disciples and everyone, being filled with filial devotion, would come to pay homage to the written works of the Grand Master every few days. They would come only to see such an ugly and nonsensical painting… Does the Grand Master even still want some face? Does he still want to Medicine King's Valley to have some dignity?

He should find a few medical books passed on by the Grand Master and have those accept the disciples' respects instead of this painting.

Song Qingshi took the painting down and brought it back to Fuling Palace, ready to put it in the treasure house.

The sky was gradually getting darker, and his heart too, was getting darker and darker.

He was no longer very hopeful about the System's mission. There seemed to be no signs of recovery for Yue Wuhuan's condition. The only thing he was doing now was not giving up. He will stay with him, and see if time can bring any new opportunities. If it doesn't work, he will do his utmost to prevent it from getting worse. If worst comes to worst, in the future, he would stay in the Medicine King's Valley, and spend his life with Yue Wuhuan; every day, he would coax him to have fun, and make him happy.

However, he felt that doing this was far from enough…

Song Qingshi lay on the bed and opened the picture scroll. He looked it up and down, left and right, imagining that the Grand Master could give him some inspiration. Maybe he could communicate through his dream and tell him of a way to eliminate painful memories without harming the brain. Or he could tell him how to travel through time and space, allowing him to directly hammer Xie Que to death, and take Yue Wuhuan back, placing him in the Medicine King's Valley, coaxing him and praising him every day, letting him live happily. If Yue Wuhuan didn't have any psychological obstructions, he might let him eat sweet, soft things every day.

It was a pity that the Grand Master of the Medicine King's Valley knew nothing aside from curing diseases and alchemy. He hadn't even left any medical books related to psychotherapy…

What a truly useless Shifu!

Taking advantage of the fact that his Shifu couldn't hear his thoughts, Song Qingshi grumbled boldly. He casually threw the picture scroll on the bedside table, turned on the luminous beads, and continued to organize the medical materials. He grew engrossed in writing, and when he turned around, he found that he had accidentally dropped a large blob of ink on the picture scroll.

He instinctively went to wipe it. As a result, the scroll, which was already very old and fragile, had a big hole rubbed into it with minimal effort. His heart seized and his hand shook, and he completely tore it in half…

Song Qingshi was dumbfounded…

He tremblingly held the broken halves of the picture scroll, not knowing what to do.

Can his almighty darling disciple fix the painting?

Can he secretly repaint a picture and pretend that nothing happened?

Song Qingshi was so panicked that he wanted to dig a hole and hide his evil deed. If Yue Wuhuan didn't pursue the matter, then he'll just play dead. But he felt this was being dishonest.

Suddenly, the broken scroll gave off a golden light, like a golden firefly…

Song Qingshi looked closely and found that it was the Golden Light of Merit, a rare good thing. Because of his medical studies, the pills that he developed has saved many people, and this has gained him some virtues and merits. Song Qingshi was no stranger to this concept. It is said that there was once a cultivator who directly ascended to the ranks of the gods because of his accumulated merit.

But why was a mere painting hiding a Golden Light of Merit?

Puzzled, Song Qingshi picked up the painting and studied it. Unexpectedly, the painting's Golden Light of Merit rushed at him, frantically blending into his body.

His eyes went dark and his consciousness blurred…

An endless sea of clouds appeared in the sea of knowledge. In the depths of the sea of clouds, there was a house like a snow cave, deserted and desolate, with nothing but a mountain of scrolls. Inside the house, Song Qingshi saw a young man who looked a lot like him. He seemed expressionless, like a porcelain doll, quietly sitting in the house, reading books, reading book after book after book…

In the evening, the young man suddenly moved. A somewhat expectant light appeared in his eyes. It was as if the porcelain doll had come to life.

He slowly walked to the window and leaned on the window sill. He furtively looking at the farthest point in the sky, as though waiting for something.

At the far end of the sky, golden red rays of light gradually rose. It was a Phoenix made from the most dazzling flame in the world, dragging nine golden-red tail feathers of flame. He slowly flew closer, and then passed by his window sill. The beautiful light illuminated his ignorant eyes and shone into his cold and cheerless room.

The monotonous sea of clouds came to life with this magnificent scenery.

This was his only pleasure in his dry and dull life.

The young man waited every day. He watched every day, waited day after day, watched year after year…

…

Song Qingshi was awakened by Yue Wuhuan. When he woke up, he found himself lying on the table, his entire consciousness was muddled.

“Master, what’s the matter?” Yue Wuhuan reached out and wiped his eyes.

“Wuhuan, I had a dream.” Song Qingshi found that his eyes were filled with tears that he just couldn’t stop. He murmured, “It was a good dream at first, and then it turned into a nightmare, a terrible nightmare…”

“The nightmare isn’t real,” Yue Wuhuan felt panicked at his inexplicable sadness. He spent a long while, comforting. Finally, he asked, “What did you dream of?”

Song Qingshi raised his head and looked closely at the most beautiful pair of phoenix eyes in the world. He couldn’t get enough of looking at them. He tried his best to stop his sadness. He clutched Yue Wuhuan’s sleeve tightly, and sobbed,

“Wuhuan, I dreamt that the Phoenix was gone.”

“Wuhuan, I want to get him back.”

“Wuhuan, I will never give up.”

Chapter 63: A Lucky Chance

Yue Wuhuan was very confused. He didn't understand what his Master was distressed about. It was probably because the Phoenix kite had fallen that he had a nightmare? The Master in his heart was very staid and steady most of the time. But he did tend to keep away from people, and was quite ignorant of the ways of the world. He would thus, occasionally shows a childish side. Unexpectedly, he could even cry from nightmares?

Song Qingshi clutched the lapels of his robe tightly, absolutely unwilling to let go. He even had his head buried against his chest, desperately rubbing away his tears.

Yue Wuhuan wanted both to comfort and laugh. He didn't know what to say. He pondered for a moment, and took out the black bamboo flute. He pressed his lips against it and blew out a few cheerful tunes.

The pleasant sound drew back Song Qingshi's attention. He raised his head and looked at the long flute in Yue Wuhuan's hand. He slowly let go, and after some thinking, he lay down on his lap and listened to the music.

Perhaps, it was a trick of the light, Yue Wuhuan unexpectedly found that Song Qingshi's eyes, usually so clear that you could see all the way to the bottom, contained a strangely painful emotion, as though thick shadows had been cast on beautiful crystals in the dark. This feeling made him a little uneasy.

Song Qingshi turned sideways and closed his eyes lightly. He smiled and said, "I want to listen to a happy song."

Yue Wuhuan put aside his doubts for the time being, and played a very gentle exotic song. He didn't know the name or where it came from. This was a piece of music his mother had taught when he was young. It is said that it depicts a blessed home and happy memories. He liked this song very much. For him, it brought to mind the beautiful scenery of melting snow and the blossoming of spring flowers.

The music washed away all the distress. It washed away all the sadness.

The sound of the flute stopped…

Song Qingshi slowly opened his eyes. The gloom in his eyes had disappeared, returning to its previous appearance.

Yue Wuhuan thought that he must have seen wrong.

“I’ve never had a nightmare. I’ve embarrassed myself,” Song Qingshi tried to reclaim his dignity and explained, all in a mess, “I dreamt that something I really really liked had gone missing, and no matter how much I looked, I couldn’t find it. This feeling was continuously failing white mice experiments. Failing over and over and over again, and not being able to find out the reason. It’s very saddening…”

Yue Wuhuan didn’t know what the white mice experiments had to do with that something that he liked, but he knew that his thinking was different from ordinary people’s, and he was a medical fanatic. For him, the failure of an experiment was a considerably heavy blow. Every time he finished sorting out the records of his failure, he would lie down dejectedly on the table. He would spend the better part of two hours that way and he wouldn’t want to eat anything, not even dessert.

“It is truly a sad thing to repeatedly fail mice experiments,” Yue Wuhuan tried to understand his feelings and comforted him, “If I were to encounter such a thing, I would cry my eyes out too.”

Song Qingshi got up, and rubbed his red eyes. He said, embarrassed, “Nonsense. And anyway, you can’t cry…”

Yue Wuhuan joked, “If Master wishes to see me cry, should I go find some medicine to smoke my eyes, and maybe have tears came out?”

Song Qingshi was amused by him. “I don’t want to see you shedding tears.”

Yue Wuhuan asked, “Then, what would you like to see?”

Song Qingshi suddenly drew in close, and looked at his face for a long while. He said softly, “I want to see you at your most beautiful.”

Yue Wuhuan was stunned. He touched his face, puzzlement in his eyes.

“On the road of Immortal cultivation, the body will become more and more perfect with each cultivation level,” Song Qingshi thought for a moment and explained, “Wuhuan is just at Foundation Building now. I look forward to your Core Formation, Nascent Soul… and even higher cultivation levels. You will definitely be the most beautiful person to walk this earth.”

The Master has unexpectedly learned to tell jokes. It was a pity his words were too bad, his exaggeration simply over the top.

Yue Wuhuan didn’t discourage his enthusiasm for telling jokes. To match up with him, he laughed a little.

Song Qingshi laughed along with him. Suddenly, he got up and kissed his lips. He’s learned to place a lingering kiss and went a little deeper, touching the tip of his tongue. He then backed away.

Yue Wuhuan was stunned stupid by the kiss.

“You said that as long as I like it, we can kiss every day,” Song Qingshi licked his lips and said boldly and assuredly. “Promises must be kept! Only puppies are shameless!”

Yue Wuhuan tried to refuse. “Master, this isn’t good. Didn’t you say you wouldn’t do confused things anymore?”

Song Qingshi tilted his head. He gave it some thought, and retorted, with ample grounds and reason, “I’m not drinking any alcohol right now. I’m completely sober, so it’s not a confused thing.”

Yue Wuhuan was helpless, “Why do you want to do this?”

Song Qing pressed on every step of the way, and asked in return, “I like it very much; don’t you like it?”

Yue Wuhuan was rendered speechless by his rebuttal. He couldn't lie and answer that he disliked it, because he did. He liked that feeling, so much so that he simply couldn't stop himself and wished he could have it forever, never to let it go.

He wanted to step back.

But Song Qingshi kissed him again. The moist breath gently pried open the lock around his heart, allowing the faint fragrance of medicine to flow in between his lips, as if it could wash away all the filth. His inexperienced and clumsy movements easily made him throw away everything and rush into a headlong flight. He never had any way to refuse this sort of ultimate happiness. He swiftly sunk into this taboo world.

"You like it." Song Qingshi pulled back a little from his lips and then kissed it again. Gasping for breath, he said, "I know you like it too."

Yue Wuhuan said in confusion, "Qingshi, I can't."

Song Qingshi asked, "You said this is a game, why would you be nervous?"

How could a foot that had already crossed the boundary be so easy to retrieve?

Yue Wuhuan stared at his pale pink lips, feeling his sanity was constantly being challenged, pushing it almost to the point of collapse. He thought of getting up and leaving, but he found that the net that was the Medicine King's Valley that trapped Song Qingshi, also trapped himself. He had nowhere to escape. He could only be forced to the edge of the cliff step by step. He was placed in imminent danger, but was unable to retreat.

No matter how good he was at calculating others, he couldn't calculate his own heart.

Master didn't seem to know anything other than kisses. He also didn't understand those messy bedroom matters…

The Heart of his Way of the Heartless had no peculiarity.

If it's just a simple kiss, could he…

The kiss made Yue Wuhuan so dizzy, his thoughts were going a little out of control. He asked tentatively, "Master, can we just keep to kissing?"

Song Qingshi smiled happily, "If Wuhuan likes it, there's no problem!"

Yue Wuhuan breathed a sigh of relief. He lowered his head and began to taste the flavor he'd been longing for day and night. The soft hair was all messed up, wrapped around his fingertips, unwilling to leave. The white robes were somewhat thrown into disarray. The neckline was lain open, revealing a beautiful swan-like neck, the lovely Adam's apple trembled slightly along with his breathing. He was very fortunate that he had taken some medicines to restrain his desire in advance to prepare for sleep. This way, despite this sort of extreme happiness, he would not display a shameful performance. Maybe such drugs would need to become his standard on-hand supplies.

It was late at night. They were ear to ear and temple to temple. Their breaths twined together for who know how long but they, finally, stopped.

Yue Wuhuan found that Song Qingshi had been holding his hand tightly, without any intention of letting go. He thought for a moment, and then lay down by the side of the bed. He stretched out the Blood King Vine, poked the other's foot lightly, and then wrapped around it. He asked with a smile, "Master, do you have a bedtime story for me today?"

"I forgot," Song Qingshi discovered this big problem, and he thought about it for a long time. "Let's chat."

Yue Wuhuan asked curiously, "What do you want to talk about?"

Song Qingshi pointed to the Blood King Vine on his foot. "I want to know how you got this."

He had asked several times, but each time he did, Yue Wuhuan would look to the left and right while talking about something else. The only thing he has said about it was that he had gotten it by accident. He refused to talk

about the difficulties he's experienced during it. He was embarrassed to force an answer out for it, so he just let it go. But today he didn't intend to compromise, he was going to pester Yue Wuhuan into telling him the actual situation.

Yue Wuhuan was forced into having no other choice. Thinking that the matter was something already long past, he finally told the truth, "I got it on the Inextinguishable Peak."

"The Inextinguishable Peak?" Song Qingshi recalled the things he'd read from ancient materials, and quickly understood, "Is it the East Continent's Mountain of Flames? I remember it's an isolated place of extreme fire, a place where not even a blade of grass could grow, where birds have vanished. You couldn't even see any spiritual veins. …The fire there is very dangerous. It's said that it can burn even your very soul. Why did you go… for the Fire Lingzhi"

The only good thing in this isolate place of extreme flames was the Fire Lingzhi.

The Fire Lingzhi was the main medicinal ingredient for refining the Burning Heart Pill. It grew slowly and was very rare. It was extremely beneficial to cultivators with Fire-type or Metal-type spiritual roots. It was a treasure of heaven and earth. As long as it appears, it would cause all parties to attempt to seize it.

Yue Wuhuan should have received news of the Fire Lingzhi and wanted it to refine the Burning Heart Pill to strengthen his heart.

"I failed." Yue Wuhuan was a little frustrated. He was just a Foundation Building Cultivator. Even if he relied on his sword skills, Poison Puppets, talismans and formations, vying for treasure against those Core Formation and even Nascent Soul cultivators, the probability of failure was still relatively high. "At that time, I disguised my true identity and hid among the ranks of those hunting for the treasure. I made traps in advance to provoke them into killing each other. After successfully obtaining the Fire Lingzhi, I ran into new treasure hunters…demon cultivators from the Juejing Sect. It was too late to retreat, they had blocked every possible route

for retreat. They tried to persuade me to surrender the Fire Lingzhi, saying that they would give me a way out if I did."

Song Qingshi frowned slightly, and asked, "All the demon cultivators of the Juejing Sect are cruel and merciless, how could they possibly be so good-natured?"

"I knew they were deceiving me. Once I handed over the Fire Lingzhi, they would take my life. Since I was about to die regardless, it didn't matter how I died," Yue Wuhuan couldn't help laughing, "So, taking advantage of them not knowing my true identity, I toyed with those fools, and then I threw the Fire Lingzhi into the sea of fire on the top of the Inextinguishable Peak. I mocked and ridiculed them. Master, the way they looked, so hopping mad, was really funny…"

The priceless Fire Lingzhi was swallowed up instantly by the raging inferno and was completely destroyed.

The demon cultivators hadn't expected that a Foundation Building cultivator would dare to toy with them like this. They were so furious, they wanted to extract Yue Wuhuan's soul and torture it.

Yue Wuhuan laughed and said, "Seeing that the situation wasn't good, I also jumped into the Inextinguishable Peak."

His unexpected action disrupted everyone's rhythm.

The demon cultivator grew furious all over again, and yet they hadn't dared get close to the Inextinguishable Peak, this terrifying zone where both body and soul could be burned out of existence.

"There is a strange air current, like a whirlwind, in the Inextinguishable Peak. It can draw everything flying into it. I couldn't use any defensive sword skills. I was fortunate to be swept up by the air current and blown into a gap in the rock face," Yue Wuhuan thought of the situation at the time, and said with a wry smile, "There was no way out from the crevice. The fire-resistant robe and all my fire prevention talismans had taken as much damage as they could. I should have been waiting to die, but I

accidentally found the Blood King Vine's soul seedling. With nothing left to lose, I fused with the Blood King Vine, and then used it to crawl up the rock face and climb out."

After listening, Song Qingshi said, looking pensive, "A stroke of good luck?"

"Perhaps," Yue Wuhuan considered for a moment, "Since I got the Blood King Vine, my luck has become a lot more normal. The feeling of being constantly overwhelmed by fate is gone now." It was only when he tried to kill An Long that the law of Heaven intervened once again. Maybe An Long wasn't destined to die yet?

Song Qingshi smiled, "This lucky chance is really dangerous."

Yue Wuhuan laughed and said, "It's all in the past."

Song Qingshi grabbed the Blood King Vine and played with it in the palm of his hand.

Was it really a stroke of good luck?

Translator's note: All my lovely dears, we are now 10,000 strong on discord. Our community has grown so much. *sniff* And to commemorate this milestone, there is a CG 10K Celebration on discord. Everyone who submits a fanart or fanfic is entered into a raffle where the winners can choose from among a list of prizes generously given by the translator and authors. So, with almost 2 more months till the end of the submission, you have plenty of time to get those entries in. You wouldn't want to miss out on winning those advance/bonus chapters and those oh so yummy NSFW chapters from our lovely CG authors!

We already have a few submissions for MISVIL. Here's a submission from Cei.

(Yes, we have other submission that I will be featuring bit by bit, because you bet I'm going to be promoting this event multiple times. =))

Chapter 64

Song Qingshi's spirit was extremely exhausted. He fell asleep, lying in Yue Wuhuan's arms. He was like an octopus, he clung to the other tightly, refusing to let go lest the other disappear, never to be seen.

Yue Wuhuan once again tasted the feeling of being unable to move. Fortunately, the potency of the medicine was very good and it wasn't too difficult to bear. He wanted to try and lean sideways to adjust Song Qingshi to a comfortable position, only to find that his waist was tied up. No matter how me moved, he would weigh down on the other's arm. He was forced maintain his position and use the Blood King Vine to dragged the quilt over and cover him with it.

Since Master became so clingy, he's been unable to endure…

Yue Wuhuan gently untied the hair band for the person in his arms, scattering his long hair. The soft, fine black hair fell down, mixing with his own long hair he'd spread out early on. They mixed together until you couldn't tell the strands apart.

He was feeling playful. While Song Qing wouldn't notice, he quietly picked up strands of his long hair, braided it with his own. He tried to tie a loose knot. Filled with satisfaction, he appreciated it for a moment. He hid it among the strands of hair. He'll wait until the morning to undo it.

He shut off the luminous beads and closed the blue gauze canopy curtains.

Yue Wuhuan stretched his arms, holding in his arms, this person who was completely unguarded towards him. He sniffed the medicinal scent that set his heart at ease. He called to mind those maddening and sweet kisses. He felt a slightly unreal sense of happiness.

This was exactly what he desired most.

A close companionship, where there was only each other in their eyes, but never crossing the boundaries.

Master's Heart of the Way of the Heartless was stable, which meant that no matter what he'd done, his Master hadn't been moved in that way.

Yue Wuhuan couldn't help but laugh at himself. He has long been a monster raised on wind and moon. He knew that his body and beauty could easily evoke the desires of men. He had seen all manners of buffoonery. With a single look, he could tell what others wanted. He's gotten so used to it, that he accidentally used a provocative techniques during their kiss. It was already too late when he found out. Fortunately, Song Qingshi was unmoved, and no physical sensations he shouldn't have were evoked.

Song Qingshi's kisses were the purest kisses, like a child seeking sugar.

People like him could even feel the beautiful sweetness inside…

What if the Master's Heartless Dao Heart was moved?

Yue Wuhuan thought about it and felt that he didn't know enough about the Way of the Heartless. He needed to collect relevant information and study it carefully.

…

Song Qingshi got up the next morning to find that he had held Wuhuan down all night. He was a little embarrassed and gave him a good morning kiss. He then he got up and did a quick washing up. He ran to the research room, and started a new round of toxicology research in very high spirts.

The Black Death Butterfly was highly toxic and poisonous by contact. When Poison Master Nie refined the Poisonous Lingshi, there was no better methods to rid of the impurities. Now he had better purification methods and techniques, which could increase the Poisonous Lingshi's toxicity by five times. He could also adjust the auxiliary materials which were affected by the impurities. It was very possible that he could come out with a poison that could kill a Fen Shen cultivator.

The extraction of Poisonous Lingshi was dangerous.

Song Qingshi didn't dare to let his assistant touch it casually. He stayed in the research room by himself, repeating the experiment over and over again. He made more than a dozen samples in petri dishes, breeding Pink Bollworm Fungus to assist in the spreading of the poison. Only when he is able to perfectly combine the Pink Bollworm Fungus and the Poisonous Lingshi can the Black Death Butterfly be considered a success.

Yue Wuhuan sent the Blood King Vine in to check up on him several times. Seeing that he was entire engrossed and too busy to attend to anything else, he decided to just give up.

He still has a lot of things to do. In addition to the account books and other internal matters, he also needed to strengthen the Poisonous Fog Formation, make more Poison Puppets, and to the best of his ability, design the Medicine King's Valley as a fortress akin to a bastion of iron.

The fusion of more than a dozen petri dishes all failed. Either the Pink Bollworm Fungus lost its effect, or the Poisonous Lingshi's toxicity decreased…

Song Qingshi made a record of the failed experiments and felt dejected for three quarters of an hour.

By the time he came out of the laboratory, it was already dusk. He rubbed his tired eyes, and headed for the school. He saw Qing Luan leading the apprentices to perform alchemy research. They were apparently experimenting with a new formula.

Unfortunately, her experiment also ended in failure, and black smoke came out of the pill furnace, accompanied by a stench.

Qing Luan was silent for a moment. She then had Rong Ye record the process and results of their failed experiment.

Rong Ye looked at the sky and said, feeling aggrieved, "Qing Luan Jie, everyone's hungry already. Maybe we should go eat first."

Qing Luan refused. "Make the record first."

Rong Ye didn't understand. "In any case, it ended in failure. Why do we still need to record it? Look at this notebook, it's all wrong, wrong, wrong; at least 70 or 80 times already. Is there any meaning to this?"

Ming Hong was opened his mouth and said, "This is what the Master has ordered us to do. Every time you perform an experiment, regardless of whether it ended in success or failure, you must record it."

"Master must be very powerful," Rong Ye heard that it was Song Qingshi's command, and didn't dare refute anymore. He lamented while recording, "We are too stupid and we always fail. Qing Luan Jie said that the Medicine King's Valley will be accepting more apprentices later on. We'll have to hide this record book and not let our junior brother and sisters see it. Otherwise, they'll laugh at us for being so useless."

Qing Luan was about to speak, but when she saw Song Qingshi walk in through the door, she hurriedly saluted.

The children stopped playing and stood up properly.

Song Qingshi smiled and took the notebook from Rong Ye's hand. He flipped through a few pages, "You mustn't hide mistakes. You must put them in the laboratory, to be kept forever. In the future, when studies are made on this drug, they will know to eliminate the failed plans… … Including all the experiments you've done before, all the data must be saved, and we must figure out why they failed."

Rong Ye blushed and murmured, "Including the time I made the pill furnace explode?"

"En," Song Qingshi said with a smile, "That way everyone will know that you can't put Yellow Powder when refining the Return of Spring Pill, otherwise it will explode."

Rong Ye suddenly understood a little bit, but he still didn't understand it thoroughly enough.

“You mustn’t be afraid of failure.” Song Qingshi looked at the data table of Qing Luan’s experiment and confirmed that there were no errors in the process. “In medical research, failure is the norm. Many people fail, failing hundreds of times, thousands of times. …Success is but a stroke of luck.”

Rong Ye asked cautiously, “Master, can you fail too?”

Song Qingshi couldn’t help laughing. “Do you know the Heart Guard Pill?”

“Yes!” The children rushed to answer, their faces filled with admiration. “This is the pill developed by Master in his early years. It has a miraculous effect on damaged heart and arteries! Everyone says that the appearance of this pill shocked the immortal realm. It has changed the way wounds to the heart and arteries are treated. Because of this, Master is hailed as a genius alchemist.”

Rong Ye’s peach blossom eyes are full of worship. “Master is an innate genius. We are far too inferior.”

“You’re wrong,” Song Qingshi told him with a smile, “In developing the Heart Guard Pill, I failed 3,672 times.”

Rong Ye was stunned.

“In the twenty-ninth row of the library, there are more than six hundred record books stacked on the top. These are the records of my failure from that year. Making a pill furnace explode is something I’ve done many times,” Song Qingshi recalled an amusing incident from the past. He couldn’t help laughing, “In the end, I dozed off and accidentally dropped oxaline into the concoction, and it succeeded.”

He was aware of his own IQ. Although he was a little smart, he is still far from being a genius. He could only work hard and keep trying.

“Don’t be afraid of failure,” Song Qingshi saw Yue Wuhuan coming from the peach blossom forest. The smile in his eyes turned even gentler. “Every time you fail, you are eliminating a mistake. As long as you don’t give up, you will find the right answer.”

Seeing that he was about to leave, Rong Ye couldn't help asking, "Master, do you still fail even now?"

The Medicine King Xianzun was already a Nascent Soul cultivator, the world's number one doctor. Everyone says that there's no pill that he can't refine, and no patient he can't cure.

Song Qingshi stood at the door and looked back. "I've been failing this whole time."

Under the golden glow of dusk, he hadn't had time to put away the gentleness on his face when facing that person and this scene fell in everyone's eyes. It was as though they had seen the happiest sentiment. It made people yearn and envy.

Song Qingshi walked towards Yue Wuhuan, and the two of them left, talking and laughing.

Rong Ye looked at Yue Wuhuan and once again remembered the beautiful Mermaid Pearl. This pearl was now tied to the new jade ornament around Yue Wuhuan's waist. The Yue Wuhuan was also made out of the best Dragon Jade, white as congealed fat. There were golden grains scattered throughout, like a golden dragon hidden in the clouds. It carried with it a touch of water-type aura, which could nourish wood-type meridians.

Last night, did Wuhuan Xianzhang sleep in Fuling Palace? And today, he now has a new jade ornament?

Qing Luan Jie has always insisted that the relationship between Wuhuan Xianzhang and the Master wasn't that kind of relationship. So, please don't talk nonsense. Ming Hong, Qingyun and the others all believed it when Qing Luan Jie said that Wuhuan Xianzhang and the Master were in the bedroom talking about academics, doing math problems, and studying formations… Sometimes because their discussion go late into the night, it was too much of a bother to change rooms and so they just sleep together.

He had raised a veiled objection.

Ming Hong hadn't understand at all. "What could two grown men get up to?"

Rong Ye nearly fainted from anger. "Have you forgotten that you were almost sold?"

"How can there be that many good homosexuals in the world? We don't have these messy things in the Medicine King's Valley," Ming Hong was a typical example of 'forgetting past pains once the wound has healed'. Remembering those disgusting things, his face went dark, and he resolutely defended his benefactor's moral character, "Our Master simply isn't that kind of person! He wouldn't do those disgusting things to Wuhuan Ge!"

Rong Ye's mouth twitched…

There were actually several pairs of same-sex couples in the Medicine King's Valley, but Ming Hong couldn't spot them at all. When he sees them, he simply thinks they're very good friends. Even Rong Ye, himself, his preference was geared towards men, and from time to time someone would show interest in him. That's why he didn't like going to the big bathhouse used by the valley servants. He didn't like being seen by others. Ming Hong hadn't at all realized his friend's orientation. Not only did he use to the big bathhouse without any hesitation, he's even made plans to bathe with him several times, saying that it was comfortable soaking in the hot bath…

If it weren't for the fact that he knew this guy looked reserve, but was actually an idiot when it came to emotions, he might have misunderstood.

He Qingyun had once told him that someone had their designs on Ming Hong in the bathhouse, with intention of taking advantage of him. Ming Hong then mistakenly thought that the other party was provoking him. In addition, the other had said some disrespectful words against Qing Luan and so he dragged the person out and gave him a very sound beating. The other hadn't been able to get out of bed for half a month. From that day on, it seemed that no men entertained thoughts of fooling around with him. On the other hand, there were a lot more of the girls among the valley servants who developed a crush on him.

Why were all his friends stupid? !

Rong Ye felt crushed…

He decided to still rely on himself.

During the Medicine King Xianzun's closed door cultivation, Yue Wuhuan had been in charge of all the valley's resources. He'd seen see that Yue Wuhuan had no interest in women, and had thought about fooling around him, so he could at least exchange for some cultivation medicine. However, Yue Wuhuan's Devil Mask disfigurement really scared him and he was unable to make up his mind. In addition, during that period, Qing Luan Jie increased their homework load like crazy and no matter what he did, he just couldn't finish them all. In the end, he abandoned that idea.

He knows that Yue Wuhuan was extremely smart and capable; he was deeply trusted, He wasn't expecting to receive the same treatment.

He just wants to use his beauty for some benefits, to successfully reach Foundation Building…

If he could become a real cultivation, his mother would never call him worthless again, right?

Rong Ye was restless and perturbed.

Chapter 65: Seed of Hope

Song Qingshi was in a very good mood. When he reached the corridor, he took Yue Wuhuan's hand and with brisk steps, took him to the study.

Yue Wuhuan hesitated for a moment. He wanted to withdraw his hand. However, the other held it so tightly, that he was a little unsure of just how he was going to pull it out. Finally, he was dragged into the study, and pushed to sit on the Luohan bed. A huge pile of documents were thrown to him. He flipped through a few pages, and found that most of them were study notes made by Song Qingshi. They ranged from shallow to deep, a large portion of it were medical experimental records.

"I want to sort out the research ideas and methods and hand them to Qing Luan." Song Qingshi said happily, "The workload is a bit heavy. Do you think you can help me?"

Yue Wuhuan said hesitantly, "Master, you seem to be very optimistic about her?"

Song Qingshi smiled and said, "Wuhuan, actually, you don't like being a doctor and treating patients, do you?

Yue Wuhuan was silent for a moment, and said, "Yes, I don't like it."

His medical knowledge and alchemy skills were all learned to save one person. He preferred to study toxicology, talismans, devices, swordsmanship and other skills used for killing.

Song Qingshi asked, "What do you think of Qing Luan?"

"She's a smart person, apt to be soft-hearted, and foolishly kind." Yue Wuhuan asked vigilantly, "Master, you seem to be very interested in her?"

"No, don't get me wrong," Song Qingshi pulled out the information on Penicillium and laughed, "I'm only interested in her medical theory. It's a direction I have never considered before. In my previous studies of medicine, I have always aimed for the one with the best curative effect. I

have never thought about reducing the cost and making it for mass production."

His world was too simple and he never paid any attention to other people's lives. He rarely even treated ordinary patients. Most of the time, he used the poisonous mist to seal the Medicine King's Valley, staying inside to study techniques. When he was short of money, he would refine and sell a few pills. Those patients who were treated by him only managed to do so either by luck, by having a disease he wanted to study or by being a local tyrant who came to his door with a large pile of rare medicinal materials.

Yue Wuhuan has made several low-level drug mass production lines for him. Now, Ye Lin would even come crying, trying to persuade him to turn them all of them into Yurong Ointment, so that he could make boatloads of money. However, he has always felt that something was missing.

"On this trip, I saw that the relationship between master and disciples of the Red Dragon Sect is very good. I feel that Medicine King's Valley also needs to have our teachings passed on." Song Qingshi boldly and confidents acted spoiled, and he asked, "Wuhuan, you know how stupid my mouth is. Every time I speak, it gets all messed up. Only you, with your IQ can figure out what I'm talking about. Will you help me teach Qing Luan and the others? Qing Luan has the potential to be a good doctor. I'm curious about how far her philosophy can be taken."

Yue Wuhuan knew that he had failed the Grand Master, not having made any medical contribution to benefit the world. However, he also knew that for the Medicine King's Valley to survive in this dark and dirty world without being disturbed by all the various forces in it, they would have to rely on their irreplaceable medical skills. Normally keeping their doors closed to visitors and just selling a few pills was fine and all but if they were to encounter a very important person who was heavily injured or ill and could not be saved by anyone but the Medicine King Xianzun, they might refuse to give them face and force their way in to seek treatment.

Heaven knows what kind of disgusting people those seeking medical treatment are?

He didn't want the Master to come into contact with these dirty pieces of garbage from outside.

Yue Wuhuan adjusted his breathing. He calmed down and thought for a while. He felt that Song Qingshi's plan was right. From a long-term perspective, it would be the best choice to train a few doctors who could do well for the Medicine King's Valley.

Although Qing Luan was a mortal, she was very intelligent, and her aptitude could also be built up to Foundation Building using pills. She had a soft temper with a firm core and she was quite tenacious, making her very suitable for being a doctor. Moreover, although she has many weaknesses — being simple-minded, easy to control — she won't have any bad influence on the Master… His tolerance for Qing Luan was also higher than for others. She was among those he considered not too dirty.

Seeing that he had been thinking for a long time, Song Qingshi cautiously reconfirmed, "Do you think Qing Luan is okay?"

Yue Wuhuan smiled. "She's not bad, you can give it a try."

Song Qingshi breathed a sigh of relief and said with a smile, "I hope she can become a good doctor."

"En," Yue Wuhuan looked at the information in his hand, and with a very gentle voice, said, "She will definitely become a good doctor."

Qing Luan understood the current situation very well. She would be obedient and she would study hard.

…

A sound-transmission bird flew in from outside the window, bringing with it a letter from Yan Yuan Xianjun of the Red Dragon Sect. In it was the math homework that Nian Nian accomplished. There were a full thirty sets of problem exercises. She finished it in less than a week; only that some of the problem exercises had some strange water marks on them, blurring the ink. It might have been that she was drinking water while doing the

exercises and accidentally let a few drops fall? She had also written a note thanking the Medicine King Xianzun and Wuhuan Xianchang for their teaching and guidance. The wording was very standard, deep and meaningful. But every word was written so forcefully, the strokes even had a bit of a quiver. She must have been very emotional when writing it?

“Isn’t elementary algebra and geometry difficult?” Song Qingshi was a little soft-hearted, “Considering that she’s only eight years old, I didn’t give her very difficult questions, and… I seem to remember that I only sent her ten sets of exercises?”

“I increased the difficulty and gave additional exercises for her,” Yue Wuhuan smiled even gentler, like the most responsible senior, always thinking of his juniors, “Don’t worry, Master. I’ve seen this child’s ability. She’s very smart. She learns fast, and has great potential. There’s no need to treat her like an ordinary child. The immortal realm is cruel, and you have to do your utmost at all times. Present comforts are future fatal dangers.”

Song Qingshi thought it made sense…

He checked over Nian Nian’s homework and found that, sure enough, this child really had the qualifications of a genius learning-tyrant. It was a pity to waste it.

Song Qingshi resolutely gave his final decision, “Make her homework more difficult.”

Yue Wuhuan smiled and said, “Okay.”

Song Qingshi then opened the letter from Yan Yuan Xianjun. As before, a lot of it was dedicated to expressing his gratitude, thanking him for showing an interest in Nian Nian’s growth. Finally, Yan Yuan Xianjun began to make vague lamentations about how he was unable to break through past Core Formation and that his body was getting worse as the years went on. He lamented about how small the Red Dragon Sect was and how insufficient their background, which held back Nian Nian’s talent.

“I think he wants to ask for something but is too embarrassed to say it.” Song Qingshi thought for a long time. He felt he had made progress when it came to comprehending the way of the world. He handed the letter to Yue Wuhuan and asked for the answer, “Is he asking for free pills?”

Yue Wuhuan read it over and smiled. “He’s hoping to find better prospects for Nian Nian. He wants to ask you for a referral.”

Song Qingshi was puzzled. “But Yan Yuan Xianjun likes Nian Nian very much…”

In an instant, he understood. It was precisely because of love that Yan Yuan Xianjun wanted to give Nian Nian a better future.

Even though he was reluctant, he wanted to send her to better place; to let her soar to a higher sky.

Song Qingshi was silent for a long time.

Yue Wuhuan saw that he was a little entangled about this matter, and comforted, “He too knows that this request is quite shameless. That’s why he didn’t dare to say it outright. If you find it disagreeable, you can just ignore it.”

Song Qingshi slowly said, “I can write a letter of recommendation to Madam Ling Miao.”

Madam Ling Miao was a well-known woman in the immortal real and her talent was outstanding. When she was young, she had been a naive romantic and she was coaxed into marrying into a wealthy family. She bore children and raised them, managed the household, and gave up on her cultivation. She never expected that she had actually married the wrong person. What followed was a tale of grievances between wealthy families, love entanglements, struggles and quarrels. Song Qingshi was too lazy to listen to Ye Lin’s long-winded story. He only knew that in the end, her beloved daughter was brutally murdered. She broke off her love and affection, returned to the road of cultivation, killed her husband and his whole family,

and became an ingenious woman who was the terror of all slag men in the immortal realm.

Vast Sky Island was rich in resources and had a very good background.

Madam Ling Miao pitied the girls with tragic fate, and was partial to smart and clever little girls.

Nian Nian will definitely win her favor.

Although the Medicine King Xianzun's reputation wasn't that great, he wasn't a scumbag. He has never played with anyone's feelings, and he has refined female godsends like the Ever Young Pill and the Yurong Ointment. There were only female cultivators on Vast Sky Island and everyone had a very good opinion of him, hoping that he would develop some more secret medicines for beauty.

If he wrote a letter of recommendation to Madam Ling Miao, he shouldn't get slapped in returned, right…?

Song Qingshi thought uptil this point and took out a new piece of blank paper. He made sure to write properly and after racking his brains, he began the letter. He also attached Nian Nian's homework and the talisman she had drawn to serve as proof of her excellent potential.

Seeing that he put a lot of effort into writing, Yue Wuhuan took it over to polish it for him. "Why do this?"

Song Qingshi smiled and said, "Chaos Theory."

Yue Wuhuan was stunned. "The butterfly wing one?"

"I don't actually have any plans," Song Qingshi picked up the written letter and dried the ink marks on it. He looked at the stormy sky outside the window and said softly, "I just want to try sowing seeds, seeing if a mere little butterfly, can it blow up a whirlwind…"

…

The Black Death Butterfly experiment failed time and time again.

Song Qingshi thought of this matter even as he walked. Sometimes, in the middle of eating, his chopsticks would stop in mid-air, looking as though his mind had gone off on a mental journey.

Yue Wuhuan was in a good mood and he found it funny. He knew that he would never give up on something once he has become obsessed with it. He can only set aside other things, and try his best to assist him in the improvement of this poison.

At night, the two would always sleep together.

Holding him seemed to have become Song Qingshi's habit. Once, Song Qingshi woke up in the middle of the night, and discovered his strange sleeping position. He thought about it for quite a while. Yue Wuhuan thought he was going to return to his bed obediently. Unexpectedly, he simply smashed the cracked pot and gave up on correcting his sleeping position. Song Qingshi hugged him even tighter and every day, he would wake up against his bosom.

This situation was not right!

Yue Wuhuan started feeling a little nervous. He asked, sounding him out, "Master…I heard that you cultivate the Way of the Heartless?"

Song Qingshi was stunned. He then suddenly figured it out. "That guy told you?"

Yue Wuhuan felt that he was very relaxed and didn't seem to care about this at all. Better to ask clearly. "Recently, is your… Dao Heart okay?"

Song Qingshi's mind woke up with a click. In defiance of natural order, he had forcibly preserved his Nascent Soul. Recently, it was so painful, he could hardly sleep. It was only when holding the things he liked that he felt a bit more comfortable. He was a manly man; how could he possibly whine and complain about the pain in front of others over this little thing?!

Moreover, he had already figured out how to destroy his Nascent Soul. He had no intention of implicating others in this matter.

He was decisive. “It’s very good.”

His Nascent Soul was still there, and that was very good. If it was destroyed, then it wouldn’t be good.

Yue Wuhuan directly reached in with his mental probe to inspect his Nascent Soul, and confirmed that it was still staying within his Dantian. Although it was sealed all around by the Underworld Ghost Fire, making him unable to see the details clearly, he couldn’t see any sign of collapse. His Dao Heart hadn’t moved. It meant that he was still unmoved by emotion, he had no desire. This then made him a little confused about just what Song Qingshi was up to.

Perhaps…he was simply being clingy?

The Master was actually very afraid of loneliness. However, he was lacking in self-awareness and so, things like this could manifest in his actions.

He lived a life away from society. He didn’t understand normal communication, and occasionally he could be a little childish…

Fanatics had many quirks, and ordinary people found their actions difficult to understand.

Yue Wuhuan lay on the bed, feeling at a loss. More and more thoughts entered his mind and the more he thought, the more complicated they became.

Song Qingshi crawled over and gave him a very skillful kiss. “A good night kiss.”

This was something he did every day, morning and evening. Occasionally, he would add in a midnight snack; only that he seemed to regard him as candy.

Yue Wuhuan felt that he was getting accustomed to being kissed. From the uneasiness he had in the beginning to joyous anticipation he had now, he has become more and more relaxed, more and more at ease. Innocently sleeping with the person he likes every day, aside from the fact that he cannot do without the drugs to restrain his desire, seems like it's a good thing?

He just felt like there was something strange somewhere…

Translator's Note:

Here's an artwork of Song Qingshi from SH Triangulum. Please remember to check out the CG 10k Event.

Chapter 66: Making a Mistake

The Medicine King's Valley set off a learning boom.

Song Qingshi ordered three banners to be hung in the school. The left side said: Study hard and every day you will improve. The right side said: Success comes from perseverance, Perseverance creates miracles. The middle one said: Charitable in thought and deed, Heal the wounded and rescue the dying.

Qing Luan was about to go crazy from the amount of study materials. Twenty hours out of the twenty-four hours in a day, was spent reading and answering questions. Although she was utterly devoted and wholeheartedly dedicated, even she was finding it hard to hold on. However, every time she caught sight of the scary expression on Yue Wuhuan's face, with that smile that was yet not a smile, she found that she could still go on. No matter what, it was better to study than work in the torture chamber…

She was so tired that she simply couldn't manage the others. She could only have the other children study by themselves.

Rong Ye finally found an opportunity to put his scheme into play. Every time the Master came to the school to check their homework, he would try to come forward to strike up conversation, to tease him into being happy. Rong Ye had a naturally pleasing appearance. He was well-dressed, cheerful and cordial. He was particularly good at telling jokes, with both meat and vegetables. He could make everyone laugh uproariously every time, making the atmosphere bustling with noise and excitement.

Song Qingshi didn't understand jokes very much. He would look at everyone else and afraid that he would be out of sync, he would smile as well.

He didn't dislike such a happy learning atmosphere, nor did he dislike such a sunny and cheerful student. He just didn't like the perfume sachet on his body. The scent of the Deer Grass inside was quite heavy. Although it was harmless to the body, it could easily agitate one's emotions. In a school

where there were hot-blooded young men and women, smelling this scent could easily induce puppy love. Over a long time, it could be detrimental to their learning.

Speaking of, there also seemed to be a strange medicinal scent on Yue Wuhuan…

The injury caused by the Gu's have already healed. He shouldn't have any more injuries. Why would he still be taking medicine?

Song Qingshi was lost in thought.

Seeing him in a daze, Rong Ye, gathered up his courage and pulled at his sleeves. Keeping the others behind his back, he whispered, "Master, I don't understand some of the topics, can you explain it to me? Like when you're in the bedroom, the kind of explaining you do for Wuhuan Xianchang…"

"That's not possible," Song Qingshi thought about the IQ gap between Yue Wuhuan and Rong Ye, and tactfully persuaded him, "The things he understands, you don't understand."

Rong Ye smiled sweetly, "Although I am inexperienced, I can learn everything he understands."

When he was a child, he heard a lot of dirty talk and knew a lot of tricks to serving men. The only thing he lacked was actually putting them into practice. His body was very supple. When doing things, he was the type to press his luck. He didn't believe that he would be unable to learn the tricks Wuhuan Xianchang used to serve the Master. In any case, they were just bedroom matters, what was so hard about those?

Song Qingshi thought for a while. He felt that he should give a chance to this student who proactively wanted to learn. He took a set of advanced math questions and handed it to him. "You do this first, and see which parts you don't understand. I'll have Wuhuan explain them to you."

Rong Ye was completely muddled as he held the problem sheets.

Ming Hong looked over and sighed, “Wuhuan Xianchang does such difficult questions every night?”

Song Qingshi flaunted, “These are questions he’d done a long time ago. The topics he’s tackling now are much more difficult than this.”

Ming Hong expressed his understanding, “How could one possibly finish so many questions? No wonder he ends up resting in Fuling Palace every night when doing his homework.”

Song Qingshi encouraged, “Wuhuan works very hard, you have to work hard too! You’ll be able to do it too!”

Rong Ye was confused and disoriented by his words. He began to doubt his own reasoning. Could it be that before he gets to climb up the Master’s bed, he’ll need to answer problem exercises first? Once he’s satisfied with his work… only then can he serve the Master? Did he have to work hard on answering problem exercises and work hard on serving him too? Isn’t that just too hard? Some strange images appeared in his mind, all of which were quite difficult to describe. He shook his head quickly and put it aside.

The Master looked gentle and good-tempered, but it was too difficult to serve him in bed…

Wuhuan Xianchang had it really hard.

Rong Ye thought for a while and held the problem exercises in both hands. He was going to study hard! He was never going to give up! What Wuhuan Xianchang can do, he must do it too!

Song Qingshi looked at this atmosphere of studying hard and was quite satisfied.

…

The research on the Black Death Butterfly continued. The failures, too, continued.

Yue Wuhuan raised his head from the pile of documents and frowned. He smelled the scent of Deer Grass on Song Qingshi. The only use of this perfume was to slowly provoke a man's desires. It was used to liven things up in the bedroom. This entire Golden Phoenix Manor had this smell everywhere. However, the ingredients of the perfume was relatively valuable, and the blending technique was even more sophisticated.

Who would use this undesirable thing in the pure Medicine King's Valley?

Yue Wuhuan held his breath. He felt that the pure land in his heart was being invaded by filth and he couldn't bear it. After thinking about it, he immediately guessed the source of the perfume. He was almost unable to restrain the killing intent in his mind.

Qing Luan had once pleaded bitterly, saying that Rong Ye was young and simple in character. She asked him not to judge him too harshly.

He suppressed it for a few days, but he didn't expect for that guy to be more brazen and impudent than he thought.

Young?

In the Golden Phoenix Manor, a youth of this age would have already learned to cater to a man and to endure the torture of that dark hell.

Simple in character?

Which simple-minded person would know of this kind of perfume? And know how to put it on the body, to induce the barest tantalization?

The more Yue Wuhuan understood, the more he boiled with rage.

Song Qingshi found that his breathing was a bit abnormal. "Wuhuan, what's the matter?"

Yue Wuhuan tried his best to recover his normal breathing, and said with a smile, "Master, you have a strange smell on your body. It makes me uncomfortable."

Song Qingshi sniffed himself and suspected that he had come in contact with a bad-smelling medicinal material. Knowing that Yue Wuhuan was sensitive to smell, he quickly threw a few cleaning spells on himself and ran to take a bath.

Yue Wuhuan stretched out a few Blood King Vines and packed up the experimental equipment. The smile on the corners of his lips became gentler and gentler.

The people Qing Luan couldn't take care of, he should just take care of himself.

…

In his room, Rong Ye finished the problem exercises. He then began to study his manner of dressing. Wuhuan Xianchange's golden red brocade robe was so beautiful, slim-fitting with narrow sleeves. Wherever he went, he was a crane in a flock of chickens. Meanwhile, he could only wear the cyan robe supplied by the Medicine King's Valley. It was simple and unadorned, wide and loose-fitting. It was all too easy disappear among the crowd. It was best to find a seamstress to help him raise the waist, widen his belt and tighten it. The neckline needed to be opened slightly, to give a peek of collarbone. Only then can he make obvious that his physique was much better than other's.

He also needed to increase the amount of Deer Grass in the sachet. The sisters in the brothel have taught him that this scent could make a man worked up. He himself had placed it by his bedside and had a spring dream for two straight days. Unfortunately, he didn't dream of the Master, but that fool, He Qingyun, instead. It scared him out of his wits. He'll gift some to Ming Hong later to tease that coward. That way, he won't always be so panicky in front of Qing Luan Jie.

Rong Ye fiddled with his robe in front of the mirror. Suddenly, he found that a golden winged mask appeared in the mirror.

He turned around in fright and saw Yue Wuhuan, leaning against the door, looking at him with arms folded.

Rong Ye let out a sigh of relief and respectfully bowed his head to pay his respects.

Yue Wuhuan smiled, “Qing Luan tells me that your hands are very skilled, and that you’re interested in mechanisms?”

Rong Ye didn’t understand what he was driving at. He nodded, “Yes.”

“Heaven Craft Pavilion is currently accepting apprentices. As long as you are skilled with your hands, they don’t care about your background,” Yue Wuhuan said thoughtfully. “The Medicine King’s Valley and Heaven Craft Pavilion have a business relationship. I sent my greeting to the Pavilion Master and I’m sending you there to study. Let us not waste your good skills.”

Rong Ye’s face turned pale. He liked to make devices, but that didn’t mean that he was willing to be a craftsman. He had seen artisans in the brothel before. They were all poor and uncouth, unkempt. Their hands were rough and ugly. They had swarthy skin, and lots of scars from accidents. His brothers and sisters all shunned them and were unwilling to receive them.

The craftsmen in the immortal realm were still craftsmen, who have to do heavy manual work.

If he falls there, his beauty would be ruined in less than two years.

Rong Ye looked at the smile at the corner of Yue Wuhuan’s lips, and he instantly understood. He must have seen through his plans to strive for favor and wanted to deal with him early. He has seen many of this kind of shameful secrets, but the other party was favored, while he had yet worm his way into the Master’s good graces. He had no power to fight back, and was at his mercy.

He wanted to try and act spoiled, to sell silliness. But how could a little fledgling fox fool a fox spirit who’d been cultivating for thousands of years?

Rong Ye was so angry that he was almost brought to tears. “Why are you so overbearing? Bullying people like this?”

Yue Wuhuan turned around and said coldly, “People with dirty thoughts are not allowed to remain in the Medicine King’s Valley.”

“I’m dirty?” Rong Ye knew that the wood had already been made into a boat, and he cursed from utter despair, “How clean are you? You’re just a mortal yourself, and you won the Master’s love with your beauty. That’s why you got the chance to reach the sky in a single bound!”

Yue Wuhuan turned his head and quietly looked at him.

Qing Luan was scared of his madness and tried to prevent him from getting close to these apprentices. She also didn’t dare to reveal to them what actually goes on behind the scenes. Yue Wuhuan always followed social rules and etiquette, and he never punished anyone in their presence. Did this caused these children to misunderstand him and regard him as a good-tempered lamb?

Rong Ye no longer watched his words. “How many men have you served? What qualifications do you have to disdain others for being dirty?”

Yue Wuhuan thought for a while, and asked in a hoarse voice, “Do you want to serve a man?”

Rong Ye was a little frightened, but he used all his willpower and struck back, “What’s wrong with serving a cultivator? You serve them and get a cushy life. They can carelessly toss you pills and treasures. They can teach you immortal techniques. It’s a lot better than being a mortal! I want to serve a powerful man!”

Yue Wuhuan smiled. He took out a pair of ice silk gloves, and slowly put them on.

There was a strange fragrance in the air, Rong Ye suddenly felt a little dizzy, and his whole body lost strength. He struggled to raise his head, but Yue Wuhuan’s face was already becoming blurry. Immediately after, he felt

something ruthlessly grab his hair. His entire person was dragged in front of him.

His long black hair was a mess, and the beautiful peach blossom eyes were full of fear.

Yue Wuhuan lifted up his face and looked at it for a moment. His voice was like that of a demon from hell. “I’ll teach you how to serve a man.”

Rong Ye finally realized that he had provoked something he shouldn’t have provoked. He wanted to run, but couldn’t even move.

His clothes were torn open, and there was a feeling of hotness on his back, as though something was being branded upon it.

He lost control over his limbs and his brain sunk into unconsciousness.

When he woke up again, he found that his limbs were shackled with chains hanging from the ceiling. He had nothing on his body. All around him were countless eyes staring greedily at him. Then, countless disgusting hands stretched out, ravaging him as they wished. He was so scared that he wanted to scream, he wanted to shout at them not to come closer, but what came out his mouth were unbearable, obscene words.

He never knew these things could hurt so much…

No pity, no tenderness, only dreadful toying.

He struggled with all his might, desperately begged for mercy. But, in exchange, he got laughter and even crueler treatment.

It seemed like the torment in the darkness would never stop.

He almost suffered the most humiliating and disgusting thing in the world.

Finally, he woke up crying…

There was a faint fragrance floating in the air. There were no scary men, no disgusting things.

Rong Ye found that his body was completely clean. The pain faded away, and the nausea, too, slowly disappeared. Only his clothes were soaked in cold sweat and clung to his body. He raised his head in alarm and found himself in an ice-cold dungeon. Although he hadn't seen any terrible instruments of torture, there was a bloody smell in the air that would not dissipate. Yue Wuhuan sat at the table with a book in his hand, reading quietly under the light of the candle. There was a copper incense burner beside it, with a burnt up incense stick. There was a strange fragrance emitting from it. Beside it were still two unlit incense sticks.

Yue Wuhuan saw he had awoken. He stretched out his hand, and picked up the second incense stick from the table.

Although Rong Ye didn't understand what that incense was, he realized that the horrifying illusions must have come from the incense. He didn't dare act stubborn anymore. He knelt down on his knees, prostrated himself on the ground, desperately begging for mercy, "Wuhuan Xianchang, I was wrong. I never should have spoken ill of you!"

Yue Wuhuan looked at him for a while, and shook his head without mercy.

Rong Ye cried out in despair, "No! I was really wrong!"

The second incense was ignited, and the strange fragrance attacked once again, deeper and heavier…

Rong Ye once again fell into a more painful hell, suffering from all sorts of torture and endless suffering.

Every time he thought this was the limit of pain, there was always something more painful waiting for him.

When he woke up again, his spirit had almost collapsed. He sat dull and sluggish on the ground, unable to remember whether he was a human or animal. After a long time, He finally realized that his body was whole and unharmed. His joy at his new lease of life allowed him to gradually regain his human rationality, restoring his ability to speak.

Rong Ye raised his head. In despair, he saw Yue Wuhuan picking up the third incense…

He would go completely mad in hell, until he died.

“Spare me, spare me…” Rong Ye finally understood the demon’s killing intent. He crawled with his hands, wanting to retreat, but countless Blood King Vines stretched out, forming an inescapable cage, trapping him inside. He finally understood how stupid he had been and how terrible the person he had offended. But it was too late. He watched as the incense that would determine his fate was about to ignited. Suddenly a flash of light flashed in his mind, and he cried madly, “I don’t dare have any thoughts about the Master anymore!”

The incense that would send him to hell finally stopped.

Yue Wuhuan looked at him quietly and asked again, “Do you still want to serve a man?”

“I don’t want to!” Rong Ye screamed from fear when he thought of those terrible dreams. He curled up in the darkness, begging, “I was wrong, I don’t want to serve a man anymore!”

Yue Wuhuan held the incense. He rubbed his forehead gently, glancing at the door. He seemed a little hesitant.

Life and death all hung in one thought.

Rong Ye curled up and cried for a long time in the darkness.

He finally remembered the flower lady who’d been flogged and scarred by a guest. He remembered the xiao guan who was carried out on a ruined mat. He remembered the bruises on the corners of his mother’s eyes. He had only remembered the bustling liveliness, the good food and delicacies, the jewelry. He only remembered the beauty who managed to buy back her freedom, but he had forgotten the many terrible things and the many tragic endings…

How could he be so foolish?

Rong Ye wailed loudly and kept repeating, “I was wrong, I was really wrong.”

Yue Wuhuan finally made a decision.

The Blood King Vine was withdrawn, and the door to the torture chamber was opened.

Qing Luan was already standing at the door, crying, absolutely choked with sobs.

Rong Ye saw this weak figure and it was like he had seen a harbor to shelter from the wind. He sobbed, “Qing Luan Jiejie…”

Qing Luan walked down the steps and stood before Yue Wuhuan. She bowed down deeply, “Thank you.”

After learning of Rong Ye’s foolishness, she knew that he had committed a serious taboo. She tried her best to think of a way and used the excuse that the Master wouldn’t be happy if he knew, and asked for a chance to let Rong Ye go to Heaven Craft Pavilion instead. But once she heard his reckless ravings… She had almost given up all hope, watching the unconscious Rong Ye being dragged into the dungeon by countless Blood King Vines. She was so scared, her heart almost stopped.

There were problems with Yue Wuhuan’s mental condition. He couldn’t feel the pain of others, and he didn’t understand compassion.

The people who’d entered the dungeon before were all either dead or had gone mad, all without exception…

Qing Luan knew what Rong Ye was going to face, and she couldn’t just watch this happen.

She barred Yue Wuhuan’s way, begging hard, begging desperately, begging on her knees, crying and begging.

Yue Wuhuan asked her, unable to understand, “Why are you begging for him?”

Qing Luan said, eyes hazy with tears, “Rong Ye is not that bad…”

Yue Wuhuan said, “He made a mistake.”

Qing Luan insisted, “Mistakes can be corrected.”

Yue Wuhuan thought for a long time, but did not answer.

Finally, he stretched out the Blood King Vine, lifted Qing Luan out of the dungeon, and blocked the door.

Qing Luan pounded against the door in despair. Faintly, you could hear her mournful wailing, her entreating voice, her heart-rending weeping.

Yue Wuhuan forgave Rong Ye. He didn’t destroy his life or spirit and he didn’t use those truly terrifying punishments.

Qing Luan was delirious with joy at having lost and recovered Rong Ye once again. She hugged Rong Ye, continued to comfort him.

“For your loyalty over the years,” Yue Wuhuan stood up, walked past them, and said coldly, “There won’t be a next time.”

Chapter 67: Dripping Water Wears through Rocks

What Yue Wuhuan used was the Dream Weaving Incense; three sticks comprised a set, each to be used in succession. When the scent of the incense was smelled, the sea of consciousness would fall into chaos, revealing an unguarded door, allowing the practitioner to modify and control it at will. There were many restrictions to its use. For example, it could not be used on a cultivator who had a higher cultivation level, otherwise it could backlash. Occasionally, it would fail when used against a person with a very strong will.

Rong Ye didn't have a strong will, and his cultivation level was only at the Qi Refining stage.

He was the best prey for toying with.

Yue Wuhuan was very good at slowly cutting to death one's spirit. He could make people commit suicide or become brainless fools.

There was once a traitor who sold out the Medicine King's Valley. After the third Dream Weaving Incense was ignited, he went completely crazy. He rigidly peeled off his own skin, and rammed himself into a wall to his death.

Qing Luan buried the body in the medicine garden. She vomited many times, and had nightmares day after day.

Fortunately, Rong Ye had his realization in time…

Yue Wuhuan left room for him, giving him a chance to repent.

With the use of the Spirit Calming Pill and Nerve Soothing Decoction, Rong Ye recovered, gradually being able to distinguish between illusion and reality. He saw Qing Luan sitting by the bed, tenderly taking care of him. He remembered his own foolish thoughts and he was so ashamed, guilty and scared. He was so embarrassed to face anyone. He buried himself under the quilt and kept crying.

Seeing that his downcast state, Qing Luan applied sick leave for him and let him rest.

Rong Ye asked softly under the quilt, “Qing Luan Jie, when will I go to Heaven Craft Pavilion?”

Since coming to the Immortal Realm, he has never left the Yan Shan Sect and Medicine King’s Valley. And so, he was afraid of going to Heaven Craft Pavilion, of becoming an apprentice craftsman. However, he knew that he had committed a big mistake. This was the only way out that Qing Luan Jie had fought so hard for, for him. He had to go.

“You’ll leave once you’re a bit better. I’ll explain to the Master for you,” Qing Luan thought for a while, and said, comforting, “Heaven Craft Pavilion is a good place. Elder Liao is the one accepting apprentices this time. She’s an exceptionally outstanding female cultivator. Becoming her apprentice is a very good thing. You’re not interested in refining medicine, and with her, you can give full play to your strengths.”

Rong Ye, sobbing, agreed.

…

The next day, Qing Luan told Song Qingshi about Rong Ye going to Heaven Craft Pavilion.

This cheerful student left a deep impression on Song Qingshi. He remembered that just yesterday he had taken the initiative to learn Yue Wuhuan’s path of study and had taken a huge pile of homework. But today he was expressing his intention to leave the Medicine King’s Valley. Could it be that the homework was too difficult and his self-confidence had taken a hit?

Qing Luan smiled and dispelled his doubts. “Rong Ye has always liked making mechanical devices. He heard that Elder Liao of Heaven Craft Pavilion was recruiting mortal apprentices, so he rushed to sign up. It was like fate.”

Ming Hong was familiar with Rong Ye's character, and didn't think he would make such a choice. He quickly guessed the truth.

He Qingyun couldn't understand, and was anxious. "How can A'Ye be a craftsman…"

Before he finished his words, Ming Hong stepped firmly on his foot and sent him shrieking in pain.

"Qing Luan Jiejie wouldn't harm any of us," Ming Hong hung on his shoulders, and pinched the fool's arm. He reminded in a low voice, "Rong Ye likes being a craftsman. He chose this path himself. "

He Qingyun finally caught on. Having a woebegone look, he said, "Yes, he likes working with his hands."

Song Qingshi looked at their faces and smiled, "Everyone has their own aspirations. That's good then."

He hastily checked their homework and after confirming that everyone was studying hard, he left the school, saying that he was heading to the laboratory to do research.

Seeing that the Master didn't care about Rong Ye's whereabouts, Qing Luan finally felt relieved. She looked back and saw the expressions on He Qingyun and Ming Hong's faces. They were determined to know the truth. She knew they were friends and it wouldn't be easy to hide this from them. However, looking after Rong Ye's dignity, she tactfully only informed them that Rong Ye had made a mistake and needed to leave the Medicine King's Valley. They could say their good-bye's these next two days. If Rong Ye learns his skills and becomes a master in Heaven Craft Pavilion, everyone would still have a chance to see each other.

She was the eldest sister of this group of children and was deeply trusted…

Every choice and every decision that Qing Luan made was to give everyone the best future.

Everyone felt sad about Rong Ye's departure.

Qing Luan herself found it hard to take. She gave a few words of comfort and decided to adjust her mood by studying. Ever since the Master saw her research, Yue Wuhuan gently gave her massive amounts of study materials to encourage her to study hard. She immediately understood what the other's intentions were, and did her best. She wished there were 48 hours in a day for her to work hard. With much effort, she barely managed to reach their standards.

Today was for performing alchemy experiments. The apprentices were all staying in the school, and there was no one in the quiet library.

Qing Luan quickly found the medical book she needed. She sat at the desk. Imitating the Master's habit, she sorted out the key information and noted them down.

She was immersed in her study, ignoring the passage of time and the changing of light and shadow.

Suddenly, the cries of birds and insects from outside the window disappeared. The wind stopped. The entire library became dead silent, as though it had become isolated from the world. Gradually, it was dyed with a burning aura. This kind of horrible feeling…it was like she had experienced this somewhere before?

Yan Shan Sect? Xie Que's death?

The shadow of terror struck.

Qing Luan realized that the situation was not good. She dropped the study materials in a panic, trying to rush out of the library.

However, it was too late.

The entire library was already enveloped in the flame barrier, blocking off all possible paths of retreat.

Behind Qing Luan came the sound of gently turning pages.

She slowly turned her head back… seeing the Red Lotus Fire and Underworld Ghost Fire blooming in the air, the red and black lotus flower brought in the aura of death. The tragedy of Xie Que's death once again appeared in her mind. She finally realized the true master of the Medicine King's Valley. It was this man who was standing at the desk and earnestly looking through the notes she had just made.

An immature appearance, a gentle temperament, never saying any harsh words…

She knew that this was a terrible tiger, but she would be repeatedly misled, forgetting the immensity of heaven and earth.

In this world, how could there be a Nascent Soul cultivator who was so easy to fool?

Qing Luan paled but kept calm. She saluted, "Master, what are your instructions?"

"It's nothing," Song Qingshi closed her notes and said with a smile, "There are just some things I've been meaning to ask, only that I could never find the right opportunity. The people from the Night Rain Pavilion have come to check the accounts today. Wuhuan is busy entertaining them, so I made time to come and have a chat with you."

Qing Luan gulped. When she saw the lotus flower in Song Qingshi's hand, she knew that he had come prepared. He was here to ask about Yue Wuhuan's secrets. If she told him, her future would not be good. If she didn't tell him, her present would not be good. She was thinking frantically about how she was going to smoothly get through this crisis.

"I don't like investigating like this," Song Qingshi said, "but this matter is too important to me, and I must understand it. Tell me, what happened between Yue Wuhuan and Rong Ye? Why is Rong Ye going to Heaven Craft Pavilion?"

Qing Luan smiled and said, "Last night… Wuhuan Ge told Rong Ye that Heaven Craft Pavilion was accepting apprentices and encouraged him to

hone his skills."

Song Qingshi thought for a while. "So, did Rong Ye fall ill from happiness?"

Qing Luan forced herself to keep smiling and continued, "He is sad at having to bid goodbye…"

Song Qingshi looked at her for a long while, and the lotus in his hand slowly turned, serving as a reminder, "Do you remember? I can search souls."

Qing Luan was stunned. She had witnessed Song Qingshi seeing a memory of her in Xie Que's sea of consciousness. This was how he found out the secret word for the Acacia Seal.

"Don't hide things from me. Searching through a soul doesn't feel good and there is a chance of causing trauma to the sea of consciousness. Committing suicide is also useless. I can still read the most recent memories after death." Song Qingshi finally released the overpowering pressure of a Nascent Soul cultivator. He coldly commanded, "Don't make a stupid choice. Tell me everything."

The tiger opened his eyes, stretched out his claws. He tore through the lies, and would not be deceived.

Qing Luan slumped to the ground. She knew that she couldn't keep things secret, so she could only tell the matter honestly; including Rong Ye's little scheme towards the Master, the mistake he made, and the lesson Yue Wuhuan gave him. As much as possible, she avoided the important and dwelled on the trivial. She focused on how Rong Ye had made a mistake because of his young age, and how after being punished and educated by the Yue Wuhuan, he had realized the error of his ways, to everyone's delight and satisfaction.

Song Qingshi latched on to an even more doubtful point. "Dungeon? In the corner of the western garden? Where I used to grow poisonous mushrooms?"

When he was in charge of the Medicine King's Valley, the dungeon was merely there for decoration. Recently, he didn't use poisonous mushrooms for research, so he had forgotten about that place.

Qing Luan wanted to slap her mouth. Setting up an illegal torture chamber, disrespecting one's superiors, scheming for and seizing power, eliminating dissidents… Everything that Yue Wuhuan did wouldn't stand recounting in any other sect. Although he had rendered great service by saving the Master, if his horrible desire for control and excessive feelings for the Master were to be exposed… Qing Luan's mind was already filling with stories from history about casting aside the bow once the birds were all killed, or killing the hounds for food once the hares were bagged. Tears spun in her eyes. She was beside herself with fear.

At a loss, Song Qingshi asked, "Where did you put my poisonous mushrooms?"

Qing Luan sobbed, "Wuhuan Ge built a new mushroom breeding house."

Song Qingshi finally felt relieved. "That's good."

Qing Luan's weeping stopped. "???"

She felt like she had mistaken the point?

"Don't cry," Song Qingshi knew that he had scared her terribly, and quickly put away dual-flame lotus flower. He said, feeling embarrassed, "I'm sorry, I was just scaring you. I won't really search your soul."

Searching through souls was extremely risky, and he would only be able to find memory fragments. There was no way to be able to extract that many years' worth of memories.

He had no intention of hurting Qing Luan. He just scared her because she wasn't telling him the truth. He put up a battle formation to frighten her.

If he really couldn't scare her into telling him the answers…he could only let it pass.

Fortunately, the easiest people to deceive in this world are those who never lie.

Qing Luan looked back at what had just happened, and found that Song Qingshi hadn't even told a lie. She had fallen into a trap. She didn't know if she should rejoice at a narrow escape, or regret telling the truth. Her mood was extremely complicated. She didn't know how to express it and once again began to cry from feeling so wronged.

This was the first time Song Qingshi had bullied a girl. He felt somewhat guilty and quickly handed over a handkerchief, drily persuading, "I won't scare you anymore."

Qing Luan took the handkerchief. She looked at his tender thoughtfulness and thought about her stupidity. She cried even more miserably.

Song Qingshi said, stumbling over his words, "I went to secretly take a look at Rong Ye and I already guessed what was going on. I'm so happy. I looked for you to confirm the answer."

Qing Luan was perplexed, "Happy?"

Song Qingshi smiled and said, "Before the outcome of the matter, did you think Wuhuan would let Rong Ye go?"

Qing Luan thought for a long time, and shook her head. "Those foolish things Rong Ye said were unbearable even for me. What he tore open were Wuhuan Ge's most painful wounds. His disrespectful thoughts towards the Master, were even more a provocation towards Wuhuan Ge. I thought that Wuhuan Ge wanted to ignite all three Dream Weaving Incense sticks and torture Rong Ye to death. I don't know why he changed his mind. Maybe it was because he was young and ignorant…"

"Ignorant? You have all been in the Medicine King's Valley for too long," Song Qingshi smiled. "The immortal realm is full of dangers. Killing people for treasure, fighting for your life in secret realms. Was Xie Que going to spare you all because you were young and ignorant? When I walked the world outside, I've also killed a lot of people who I found

displeasing. Did I reason things out with them?" He thought for a while and added aggrievedly, "Of course, even if I had tried to reason things out, I wouldn't have been able to reason things out with them…"

A rogue cultivator, as he had been then, if he had had shown even half a weakness, he would have been torn apart by those beasts.

There were no laws in the immortal realm. Even if you were killed, there would be no one to mete out justice.

Song Qingshi didn't ask Yue Wuhuan what he had done over the years because he didn't need to. For Yue Wuhuan to have been able to obtain that many precious medicinal ingredients when he was but a Foundation Building cultivator, for him to have been able to make a name for himself as a lunatic that everyone was afraid of, he couldn't have accomplished those things by being bright and clever and reasoning things out. He had to have spoken with the blood on his hands and the brutal strength in his bones.

Amidst his repeated slaughter, his heart became more and more distorted, more and more crazy, and more and more contemptuous towards life.

How could he spare Rong Ye because of his ignorance?

Qing Luan thought of the corpse buried in the medicine garden, and her face turned ugly.

"What Rong Ye did stimulated Wuhuan's condition. It stands to reason that it could not have been tolerated," Song Qingshi looked at Qing Luan seriously and explained, "I have now been able to confirm that he had let Rong Ye go because you had pled for leniency."

Qing Luan murmured, "Wuhuan Ge has never let anyone off because of pleading."

She was apt to be soft-hearted and could not adapt to the cruelty of the immortal realm. She did a lot of stupid things. After being punished and educated many times by Yue Wuhuan, she slowly learned to turn a blind eye, learned to clean up the mess and do terrible things.

Song Qingshi said, “If Rong Ye dies, you would be extremely pained, wouldn’t you?”

Qing Luan nodded cautiously. For her, Rong Ye was a companion with whom she was mutually reliant upon for survival. He was like her own brother. Over the years, there had been too many bits and pieces of memories, so beautiful. She couldn’t just watch Rong Ye die. Even if hope was slim, and she might be severely punished, she still wanted to try and save him. Failure would bring a lifetime of self-blame and pain.

Song Qingshi smiled and said, “He felt your pain and retreated. This is a good thing.”

Qing Luan still didn’t understand.

“This proves that Wuhuan’s heart is still there, and he can still feel the emotions of others,” Song Qingshi’s smile gradually deepened. “His tenderness has not been completely destroyed. It has only been wrapped in layer upon layer of shadows, hidden in a place even he himself can’t find. So he stepped back in the face of your pain and made a different choice than what he usually would have.”

Qing Luan had a kind, selfless and sincere heart. She spent ten years, holding fast by his side, without thought of any return, wholeheartedly helping, investing bit by bit…

In the end, dripping water wore through the rock.

She planted a small seed of kindness in Yue Wuhuan’s dark heart.

He wondered if this seed could grow into a big tree.

“His madness is not as serious as imagined,” Song Qingshi said, rejoicing. “Otherwise, for safety’s sake, I would have been forced to send you all to the village before his condition completely deteriorates and his actions become uncontrollable. I would have had to seal the Medicine King’s Valley and then accompany him to wait for the ending of this failure.”

Qing Luan looked blankly at Song Qingshi. She suddenly felt that something was wrong with him as well.

Those weren't normal feelings.

She thought that Song Qingshi didn't know how crazy Yue Wuhuan was, but now it seemed that he knew it better than she did?

Was there anyone in the world who could accept such madness? Could anyone go this far for a lunatic? Could it be… he was a lunatic as well?

Qing Luan shook her head quietly, driving out this terrible thought from her mind. She then asked, "What can I do for Wuhuan Ge?"

"Wuhuan's disease…now is not the opportune moment for it to be cured, and it may be more troublesome in the future. But don't take it to heart or be afraid." Song Qingshi placed the materials on the table into Qing Luan's arms and explained seriously, "You just have to persist with your own philosophy. Research all the drugs you want to make, implement the philosophy of the Grand Master, and be a good doctor."

The Medicine King Xianzun was the best doctor in the immortal realm. His treatment for Yue Wuhuan was surely the best plan.

Qing Luan found that she was showing her skills with an axe before Lu Ban. She was embarrassed and said, "I will study hard."

"Today it was my fault for scaring you," Song Qingshi thought for a while, and decided to make some compensation. "I have newly refined a batch of Qi Guiding Pills, coupled with Vein Enlargement Powder, it can improve your constitution and help you successfully complete Foundation Building. I will hand them over to you later. You can distribute it to the apprentices according to their different spiritual roots. Many of them have poor aptitude and need the aid of pills. After reaching Foundation Building, your life expectancy will be prolonged and you will no longer be troubled by ordinary illnesses. You will have more time to study and research."

During the past few days, he has been observing the constitution of the apprentices. For an overwhelming majority, Foundation Building would be their limit.

Only Ming Hong had better aptitude and was suitable for cultivation. Perhaps he could go further through his swordsmanship.

Qing Luan was so moved that tears came out.

She knew that the pills made by the Medicine King Xianzun had the best efficacy. But they were precious. Even immortal sects would not easily give it to ordinary newly-accepted disciples. Now, based on Song Qingshi's words, each apprentice was refined a custom-made Qi Guiding Pill. This kind of medicine was more effective. Coupled with the Vein Enlargement Powder to adjust their constitution…Even if their aptitude was poor, as long as they had spiritual roots, and worked hard, there was hope for reaching Foundation Building.

Qing Luan immediately put aside all her worries, and thanked him repeatedly. She swore to the Heavens that she would never waste the three hundred years after Foundation Building. She will spend all of her time on studying, and will hold this group of children to work hard together. She will live up to the Master's expectations and research drugs. She will be a good doctor, with a benevolent heart and skillful execution. She will spread the Grand Master's philosophy and the Medicine King's Valley's good name to the world.

Aside from learning and research, what other meaning was there to human life? !

Song Qingshi was very satisfied to hear it.

The flame barrier had already been put away. The door of the library was reopened, and fresh wind poured in from the window.

Qing Luan didn't want to leave anymore, she was gearing up to study like mad.

Song Qingshi suddenly said, “Meeting you, was really good.”

Qing Luan was stunned when she heard this.

Song Qingshi leaped nimbly onto the window sill. He smiled at her and said, “Thank you!”

Then, with doubt written all over Qing Luan’s face, he jumped off the window sill and disappeared.

It was getting dark, and the apprentices all left the classroom. There was constant noise.

Yue Wuhuan was looking anxiously for him. The Blood King Vine that was following the Master, suddenly lost contact. His mental probe couldn’t cover the entire Medicine King’s Valley. However, the cultivators sent by Ye Lin Xianjun were very long-winded, and then there had been a situation regarding the pregnant mouse. After dealing with everything, he found that the Master was not in the laboratory; he was not in the school; he was not in the study, he was not in Fuling Palace… This made him even rasher.

Song Qingshi jumped in front of him and happily took his hand.

He held it so tightly, leading him by the hand and wouldn’t let go.

Yue Wuhuan finally breathed a sigh of relief. He asked cautiously, “Master, you seem very happy?”

Song Qingshi responded happily, “En.”

Yue Wuhuan asked, “Did something good happen?”

Song Qingshi stopped his footsteps. He raised his head, looked vigilantly at the darkening sky. He smiled, and said softly in a voice that could hardly be heard,

“Wuhuan, I saw hope.”

Chapter 68: Missing Ingredient

Rong Ye hid in his room for an entire day and night. His eyes were red and swollen, no tears would come out anymore. He was lying on his bed, at a loss. His mind was a complete blank. He felt that his life was over, and there was only darkness in his future.

This was the end that stupidity deserved…

Both Ming Hong and He Qingyun knocked on the door, but he was too ashamed to see his friends, so he didn't answer. Helpless, the two put down by the door, the pastries he usually loved to eat. They then stood watch by the door, fearing that he would do something stupid. Rong Ye quietly walked to the window. He saw the two figures through the gap, and felt sad again. His worthless life wasn't worthy of such good friends.

He was a sparrow who put on chicken feathers and pretended to be a phoenix, afraid of letting people know his past.

He said his mother was a gentle and virtuous lady, and his father, a well-read scholar. Everyone loved him. He was a child who grew up spoiled in a honeypot.

These lies were repeated so many times, even he started to believe it.

Fake is fake. This was only him staying in a filthy brothel, spending every day, dreaming of the most beautiful life.

He can no longer deceive himself and others…

Rong Ye opened the door and stood before his two friends. He lowered his head and sobbing, told them the entire truth — his true origins, his mother's true identity, his jealousy of Ming Hong, his making fun of He Qingyun, and even the stupid thing he did to the Master and the punishment he received…Finally, he cried and said, "I only have myself to blame. You don't have to pity me. My mother was right. People like me are born with a worthless life."

The young man who used to love to talk and laugh was now standing in the shadows, shaking with fear.

“Xiongdi, in any case, you still had a mother,” Ming Hong slapped him on his shoulder and berated, “I’ve been a beggar since I was a child. I’ve never even seen what a mother is. I fought over food with wild dogs. I was starving and freezing. Picking up a rotten steamed bun could make me happy for most of the day. If you, who had enough to eat, had warm clothes to wear and had a mother’s love, has a worthless life, then what about me? Are you looking down on my life?”

“That’s right,” He Qingyun smiled honestly, “A’Ye just teases people with his words, but you’re actually very gentle. You’re the first to find out whenever someone’s unhappy, and your amuse them to dispel their worries. We like A’Ye, not because of your identity, but because when you’re around, the atmosphere becomes very happy…”

Ming Hong was heartbroken, “Heaven Craft Pavilion has taken advantage of us.”

He Qingyun handed over a handkerchief and urged, “Don’t cry anymore. A’Ye’s eyes are very beautiful, and when you smile, you’re even more beautiful.”

Rong Ye took the handkerchief, and for some reason, he cried even more sadly.

From behind them came the sound of quiet footsteps.

Ming Hong perceptively guessed who had come. He turned his head, and called out, “Qing Luan Jiejie.”

Holding a small wooden box in her hands, Qing Luan walked over with a smile. She said to Rong Ye, “You do not have a worthless life.”

Rong Ye was stunned.

“Women like saying one thing but meaning another. Don’t listen to what your mother had said, but instead look at what she had done.” Qing Luan rubbed Rong Ye’s hair and said softly, “You should think carefully. Why has she said that you have a worthless life since you were young? Why would she rather part with her son and send you to the immortal realm? Was she forcing you to reach Foundation Building and become a true cultivator to be head and shoulders above others? Did she want you go back and find her, to bring honor to one’s ancestors?”

Rong Ye whispered, “I don’t know my biological father, I don’t have any ancestors…”

Qing Luan said, “Why would she rather die alone than let you come back? Back to that dirty place?”

Rong Ye murmured, “Be-because of I have a bad life. She didn’t want to give birth to me…”

The obsession in his mind faded, and some things that he had never wanted to understand suddenly flowed in unhindered. He remembered that when he was sick and was dizzy from fever, his mother sat by his bedside, crying as she took care of him. She said that she regretted giving birth to this child, and that she couldn’t bear to…

Couldn’t bear to…what?

Yue Wuhuan’s illusion made him understand how terrifying it was to serve men.

His mother knew this, but she was unable to let her son escape such a terrible fate. She watched helplessly as her son grow up day by day, approaching hell day by day, with nowhere to escape the pain and despair; unable to do anything but accept misfortunes as decreed by fate.

Even if Xie Que was problematic, it was also a new opportunity.

How could people already in hell, be afraid of falling into another hell? Just how bad could fate go?

She was like the craziest gambler, doing everything she could to gain even a vague chance at a different life.

His mother won the bet…

Qing Luan handed the wooden box in her hands to Rong Ye. “Your destiny has long changed.”

After arriving in the immortal realm, Ming Hong was no longer a beggar, He Qingyun was no longer a farmer, and Rong Ye was no longer a xiao guan.

After escaping from Yan Shan Sect, they also cast off their fate as slaves and could live for themselves.

Rong Ye opened the wooden box. Inside the box were two small medicine bottles. He poured out the pills and powder to take a look. He recognized them as the highest-quality Spirit Guidance Pill and Vein Enlargement Powder. Among the Spirit Guidance Pills, there were even some that held water and earth-type aura. These were pills tailor-made for his constitution. They could remove the impurities in his meridians and help him reach Foundation Building.

Qing Luan smiled and said, “The Master’s farewell gift to you. He wants you to study well and cultivate well.”

Rong Ye couldn’t help crying again. Just what foolish thing had he done?

He Qingyun and Ming Hong hurriedly comforted him, saying a whole lot of kind words. But they couldn’t help feeling sad at the thought of separating from their friend.

“Don’t be sad, practice hard.” Qing Luan smiled, “Elder Liao is stationed in Lecheng. The Medicine King’s Valley often sends people to Lecheng to buy supplies. You can regularly write letters to each other. Once you’ve reached Foundation Building, I’ll send you to Lecheng for errands, and it won’t be difficult to meet up.”

Ming Hong cheered up. “A’Ye, I’ll be able to reach Foundation Building in two years! Wait for me!”

Rong Ye burst into laughter: “Are you showing off your high aptitude?”

He Qingyun had the worst aptitude. He scratched his head in an anxious manner, and vowed to practice hard.

The three curled up with laughter, dispelling the sadness of parting.

In the land under heaven, there is no feast that does not end.

…

Carrying his luggage, Rong Ye arrived at the Heaven Craft Pavilion’s workshop. From behind the door he heard the shouts of ‘five’ and ‘six’ and the banging of metal being forged. He was so frightened that he hid timidly outside the door. He spent some time doing his best to mentally brace himself, and then he bravely stepped in, facing his new fate.

Behind the door was a spacious school ground.

Two huge mechanical men were competing, surrounding them was a group of men and women, cheering loudly. A monkey made of galvanized iron was tumbling to the side. A porcelain doll rabbit was jumping up and down. Two girls were repairing a disc, on which then appeared fairies, dancing lightly and gracefully.

In the crowd, stood a tall female cultivator filled with heroic spirit. She was wearing a gray robe that was a bit sloppy; it was even dirtied with oil stains and sawdust. She held a delicate wooden eagle in her hand. Amidst the cheers of the crowd, she sent the eagle flying.

The eagle soared, cutting through the blue clouds, flying higher and higher.

Were there such fascinating mechanical devices in the world? Was this what a craftsman was in the immortals realm? Could he make something like this?

Rong Ye couldn't tear his eyes away from the eagle in the sky, his heart beating so fast…

The female cultivator saw him, and boldly waved at him. She asked with a smile, "Little imp! Do you like it?!"

I like it, I like it very much…

Rong Ye was so excited that he couldn't speak. He ran to the female cultivator, running towards his own future.

Mother, I now have the best fate.

…

Song Qingshi opened several pill furnaces and refined a lot of pills suitable for low-level cultivators. Some were given to the apprentices, and some were reserved for his and Yue Wuhuan's own use. He also had plans to take the time to make some commonly used medicines, such as the Spirit Calming Pill, the Peaceful Soul Pill, the Chuhui Pill, etc., that way they would not run out even when he becomes busy with his cultivation in the future and not have time to make medicine.

It was a good habit to be prepared at all times.

Song Qingshi felt very satisfied as he finished refining dozens of pill furnaces worth of pills. Feeling a little tired, he decided to walk around the medicinal material storehouse to relax. This was his secret hobby for de-stressing. He was just like a dragon guarding his hoard of gold, silver and gemstones. Every time, after refining a huge batch of medicine, he would secretly take stock, confirming that the medicinal materials were stored properly. If there was a lot of stock still available, he would feel a deep sense of satisfaction and security in his heart.

"Heaven Pine Torch – 72 catties, Bright Sun Flower – 324 catties, Swallow Shark – three barrels, and Moonlight Stone – only 22 catties… Recently, I've been using this quite a lot. I'll have Wuhuan do an inventory count."

Song Qingshi carefully checked the stock of each drug. Some of them had some discrepancies but the difference wasn't large.

He then opened the drawer for the Heaven's Will Bamboo, and was suddenly stunned.

The quantity of Heaven's Will Bamboo had gone down by a lot…

Song Qingshi was a little confused. Heaven's Will Bamboo had the effect of driving away heart demons, helping one's focus and keeping calm. But the side effect was purifying the heart and having few desires. Back then, he had no concept of morals and ethics, so he had caught a slag man who'd been toying with women and used him for a human experiment, feeding him a lot of this drug. Later on, this slag man became a Liu Xiahui, turning over a new leaf. In the end, he was enlightened by a Buddhist master. He left home and became a monk, doing kind deeds and accumulating merit.

Rules in the immortal realm were relatively lax. Victims wouldn't collapse over this sort of thing. Female cultivators were never ones to cry when they encountered emotional swindlers or were taken advantage of. Most of them would simply come knocking with swords drawn, ready to resolve matters in a frank and straightforward manner.

However, this slag man was an expert at sweet talk. He coaxed them so well, they became confused and disoriented, and in the end, by some unknown means, they would simply let him off.

Song Qingshi was immersed in his recollections of the past. For a while, he did a bit of self-reflection. He claimed to be a good man who had single-minded focus when it came to matters of emotion. He would never say three in the morning but change to four in the evening. But it turns out, he wasn't even as good as a slag man. A slag man could coax many beauties into being happy but he couldn't even coax and pursue the only person he likes…

The scholar tyrant felt a bit wronged.

He quickly raised his spirit and threw out his garbage moodiness from his mind. He then began to ponder where the Heaven's Will Bamboo had gone.

There weren't a lot of medicines that used Heaven's Will Bamboo. Its calming effect could be replaced by many other medicinal materials. It was very effective in driving away heart demons, but the side effects were more terrible. Very few cultivators dared to use it. Occasionally, some would use it to teach loose wastrels a lesson but it generally wasn't used in medicine.

Song Qingshi didn't keep a lot of stock of Heaven's Will Bamboos. He mainly used it in doing research to see if he could get rid of its side effects and develop other effects. However, he has not yet been successful.

A full half of the Heaven's Will Bamboo in the drawer was missing.

Apprentices wouldn't use Heaven's Will Bamboo in refining medicine, which only left…

Song Qingshi suddenly remembered the faint scent of medicine he smelled on Yue Wuhuan.

He hadn't touched Heaven's Will Bamboo for hundreds of years, and had forgotten how it smelled. Now that he has smelled it again, after thinking about it carefully, it seemed similar? It seemed to be Heaven's Will Bamboo with a mixture of Mica and Black Crow Flower? The combination of these medicinal materials would create a drug that suppresses men's desires.

Yue Wuhuan wasn't a slag man. Why was he secretly taking this medicine?

Although he seemed to have controlled the dosage, long-term use would be detrimental to the body and cause unpredictable consequences.

Song Qingshi was a little confused…

He wanted to rush over there and ask Yue Wuhuan, but he thought better of it. Yue Wuhuan would never answer about things that he was hiding. He couldn't out-talk him and he would be taken to go around in circles every

time. In the end, he would inexplicably be talked into abandoning looking into matters.

Song Qingshi thought for a while and decided to execute first and report to the emperor afterwards, taking away all the Heaven's Will Bamboo.

Heaven's Will Bamboo comes from overseas. Because no one collected it, it rarely appeared on the market, and it was not so easy to restock it after it has ran out.

He wanted to see what Yue Wuhuan was up to.

Translator's note: Uh, some people may find what SQS did to be questionable, and it sort of is, but between the two of them, SQS *is* the medical professional. YWH has medical knowledge but his interest is in toxicology. YWH is also self-medicating by taking the Heaven's Will Bamboo. He is also arguably abusing use of the drug. It could be argued that they should have talked it out but we also know that what SQS said, that YWH would simply dodge the issue, is also true. He's taking a gamble because the situation, with his crumbling Nascent Soul and everything, is urgent.

In real life, the proper course of action if you suspect anyone to be doing substance abuse, is to consult with a professional. It's a very delicate possibly dangerous situation so best seek professional advice before taking any action.

Chapter 69: Restraining Desire

In the middle of the night, Yue Wuhuan sat in the Zixuan Hall, looking through the information sent by Night Rain Pavilion. The more he read, the more interested he became. He couldn't help the corners of his lips from turning up into a smile.

In recent years, the Medicine King's Valley has become a partner-client of Night Rain Pavilion. He often purchased a great deal of information and materials from them. Yue Wuhuan was good at analyzing hidden clues in unimportant things and gaining great benefits from them. Night Rain Pavilion found that he his judgment was very accurate and cooperated with him several times, gaining quite handsome profits. Since then, he's been listed as a top customer. Whether it was collecting materials or inquiring about intelligence, the completion of his requests were given top priority. In passing, he was also given a complimentary service, actively being informed of interesting things that have happened in the immortal realm.

If the information was too trivial, Qing Luan would initially check the contents, classify and file it, before submitting.

There was a lot of information about the Way of the Heartless in the materials sent by the Night Rain Pavilion this time.

Qing Luan was a bit baffled, and pondered it for a long time. Yue Wuhuan was far from when he would need to consider a Dao. Given his character, he wouldn't care about what other people's Dao Heart was… If he wanted to kill any Nascent Soul cultivator practicing the Way of the Heartless, he would collect a lot of specific and targeted personal information in advance. This time there was a lot of information, but it wasn't focused on any particular cultivator. This didn't feel like he was out to kill someone. It felt more like he was concerned.

The only Nascent Soul cultivator that Yue Wuhuan cared about was the Master…

Was it true that the Master was practicing the Way of the Heartless?

Qing Luan was shocked by her conjecture. She thought about Song Qingshi's character, and felt that she might be over-thinking this. She tried to confirm it. "Wuhuan Ge, this…isn't the Master's Dao Heart, is it? He doesn't seem like it. The Master has very good character and is very nice to everyone."

Yue Wuhuan glanced at her and said with a smile, "It's his Dao Heart."

Qing Luan was stunned. No matter how ignorant she was about cultivation, even she understood that those who practiced the Way of the Heartless could not have any lustful thoughts. The Master obviously seemed to like Wuhuan Ge very much, and the two have a very good relationship. If the Master practices the Way of the Heartless, then…what should be done about this? Can it be saved?

She looked at Yue Wuhuan's relaxed appearance, and smiled with difficulty, "Has Wuhuan Ge found a solution?"

"No, this a record of how, over the years, cultivators who cultivated the Way of the Heartless have dealt with affection," Yue Wuhuan picked up the documents and read, "3,200 years ago, He Nian Zhenren killed his wife to prove his Way. Because the two were once famous sweethearts in the immortal realm, it caused quite a sensation. 1,800 years ago, Madam Yue killed her husband and son in order to cultivate the Way of Heartless, successfully breaking through to Fen Shen. It was very controversial. 1,400 years ago, the sword cultivator Xue Feng attempted to kill his wife to prove his Way. She escaped and betting her life, fought against him. In the end, they both died in Guiling Lake…"

Yue Wuhuan recounted one by one the deeds done by and endings faced by these cultivators who practiced the Way of the Heartless.

On the road of cultivation, brutal fights were everywhere, and love was something you could give up at any time.

The cultivation world generally believed that in order to pass through the tribulations and ascend, it was necessary to cut off the red dust of the mortal world. Therefore, cultivating the Way of the Heartless made it easier to

successfully cultivate the Dharmakaya than using other Ways. Even if it was necessary to sever all ties of love, suffer all sorts of misery, there were still many cultivators who thought themselves as geniuses, who was willing to try cultivating this Way.

According to the statistics provided by the Night Rain Pavilion, 40% of the Heartless Dao cultivators had never felt moved, and 60% had a lover before cultivating it, or had met one after. All of them chose to kill their wives or husbands to prove their Way. Among them, 20% were unsuccessful, either being killed by their lover or by their lover's sect out of revenge.

There was not a single one of them who met a good end.

Qing Luan was already aware of Yue Wuhuan's crazy feelings since a long time ago. She could also feel how Song Qingshi treated Yue Wuhuan differently from everyone else. She thought that there were some hidden psychological problem between the two, and that they would need to develop the relationship slowly, but that it would only be a matter of time; where water flowers, a canal would form. Now that she knew that the Master cultivated the Way of the Heartless, and looking at the fate befallen by the lovers of those cultivators practicing the Way of the Heartless, she could hardly imagine the outcome of these two.

Yue Wuhuan's techniques and poison skills were all taught by Song Qingshi.

With Song Qingshi's physique, there was no poison that he feared. He clearly knew the weaknesses of the Poison Puppets. The Underworld Fire could restrain the Blood King Vine…

If he wanted to kill Yue Wuhuan, it would be all too easy.

Qing Luan became more worried the more she thought about it. She asked anxiously, "Wuhuan Ge, what if the Master kills you?"

"Ha, if he kills me that would mean his heart was moved. I wonder if he would cut my heart with a scalpel? Use poison to melt me completely? Or burn me clean with the Underworld Ghost Fire?" Yue Wuhuan thought

about these stimulating scenarios. Suddenly, his entire being grew excited, and he said longingly, “This is the release I’ve been dreaming of, the world’s ultimate bliss…”

He would possess love and possess death. He would be freed from the sea of desire, never to suffer anymore.

Not only that, but he could also use his life to help the person he liked to prove the truth of his Way, making his Dao Heart stronger.

It turns out, there’s actually such a good thing in this world?

Qing Luan looked at his happy expression in disbelief. She took two steps back and stumbled out of Zixuan Hall.

“Mad, he’s completely mad!”

…

Yue Wuhuan had a highly-retentive memory, so he simply burned all the materials regarding the Way of the Heartless after reading then. He had trained Qing Luan very well and she would never talk carelessly about things that shouldn’t be said. Song Qingshi was wholly concentrated on research, basically ignoring all other trivial matters. Recently, he’s been obsessively refining pills, making a lot of low-level pills. He was so busy, his feet hardly touched the floor. He shouldn’t have time to pay attention to other messy matters.

Recently, he has been sleeping with the Master every day.

After the Master discovered the secret that he actually slept quite disorderly and hugged others in his sleep, also that Yue Wuhuan didn’t resist, he became even clingier, saying that Yue Wuhuan was like a space heater. Every night, Yue Wuhuan needed take suppressive drugs in advance to control his desires, to avoid any potentially embarrassing situations. He felt that he couldn’t go on like this and that he should refuse. But every morning, he would see the person in his arms get up in a daze and give him

a good morning kiss. It was like newly-wedded bliss. His mind would go blank and he would find himself reluctant to say anything.

The rate at which he consumed the drugs was getting faster. His body was getting used to the effects of medicines and he would need to increase the dosage.

The side effects of Heaven's Will Bamboo will slowly accumulate and eventually cause serious damage.

But Yue Wuhuan had no choice, and he didn't care about the consequences. He walked into the ingredients storehouse once again, ready to take the Heaven's Will Bamboo and readjust the proportions, make a new medicine. However, he found that all the Heaven's Will Bamboo in the drawer had disappeared. Knowing that this was a medicinal ingredient that was extremely difficult to acquire, he felt a little anxious, and hurriedly returned to Fuling Palace.

Song Qingshi had finished washing up long ago. He was lying on the bed, reading, waiting for him to come back to sleep.

Yue Wuhuan asked with a smile, "Master, I found that some uncommon ingredients in the storehouse have gone missing."

Song Qingshi raised his head and replied, "I've recently refined a lot of Spirit Guiding Pills and Vein Expanding Powder. I've also refined Spirit Gathering Pills and Soul Stabilizing Pills for you… Then I also refined the Wang Chen Pill that Elder Cui of the Mo Shan Sect ordered. I've been putting off that matter for too long already. Please send it to him tomorrow."

One of the main ingredients of Wang Chen Pill was Heaven's Will Bamboo.

Elder Cui had a violent personality and a heart set on slaughter. He was worried that he would face a tribulation of heart demons once he breaks through to Fen Shen. He wanted the Wang Chen Pill to prevent any accidents. The Wang Chen Pill was the best medicine to restrain the heart demons. If Elder Cui can't survive the tribulation of the heart demons, his

body would perish. If he passed the tribulation successfully, a Fen Shen cultivator could easily resolve the side effects.

Song Qingshi liked to perform research. He was known to sell the products of his research, but he rarely accepts special custom pill orders. Sometimes someone would be willing to pay a big price or offer lots of strange flowers and herbs. They would find the Night Rain Pavilion to act as an intermediary and asks the Medicine King Xianzun to make the medicine. Acceptance of the order mainly depended upon his mood.

Now, all of Night Rain Pavilion's orders went through Yue Wuhuan.

He didn't remember having seen any order for Wang Chen Pills.

When Song Qingshi was faced with this question, he said confidently, "It's something I accepted 200 years ago. He never followed up so I forgot about it."

Elder Cui met someone within his sect who made false charges against him. It broke his family. His cultivation base plummeted, and he found himself in truly dire straits. He knew that he would be unable to fulfill the reward he had promised Song Qingshi back then, so he no longer dared to ask for the medicine. Song Qingshi, though, kept it in mind. He originally planned to wait for him to return to the Great Perfection of the Nascent Soul before refining the pill. However, he just happened to need to find an excuse to use up all the Heaven's Will Bamboo, so he simply made it in advance. He felt embarrassed using other people as an excuse so he also gave him two bottles of Spirit Gathering Pills.

In any case, he's already used up all the Heaven's Will Bamboo! There's none left!

Song Qingshi tentatively asked, "Which ingredients are you missing?"

"Nothing," Yue Wuhuan couldn't tell the reason why he wanted to use the Heaven's Will Bamboo, and could only vaguely say, "I just saw that the drawer holding the Heaven's Will Bamboo was empty, and I was a little

puzzled. Since the Master used it…Later, I'll ask the Night Rain Pavilion to replenish our stocks."

Song Qingshi had been asleep for so many years, and he had changed a lot of things in the medicinal ingredients storehouse. So, he really shouldn't care about this little thing.

Yue Wuhuan thought about the next coming days. It will be exceedingly tortuous…

Song Qingshi took advantage of his hesitation, and dragged him directly onto the bed. He gave him a well-practiced goodnight kiss, and slid down slowly, sniffing the very faint smell of medicine on his neck. He'd been living with medicine for nearly a thousand years. No one in the immortal realm came close to his familiarity with medicine.

From the amount of missing Heaven's Will Bamboo, he roughly calculated the amount Yue Wuhuan needed to refine this pill, and then deduced how many pills he must have made.

If Yue Wuhuan took it every day, he must not have much left.

Song Qingshi felt that Yue Wuhuan must have a strange heart demon, and he didn't want to let others know. He didn't know any other way to restrain the heart demon, so he chose this pill that would cause no end of trouble. Heart demon flare ups were gradual and it wouldn't immediately reach its peak. He wanted to observe the situation first so that he could prescribe the right medicine.

He happily rolled into Yue Wuhuan's arms…

Hold the things you like tighter so that you won't lose them.

Yue Wuhuan felt that his whole body was dry and hot. The Emotion Locking Gu could restrain his love and wild emotions, but it couldn't control the instinctive reactions of his body. There wasn't enough Heaven's Will Bamboo and the effect of the medicine was weakening. The bliss brought by the information regarding the Way of the Heartless continued to

challenge the shackles in his heart. As soon as he thinks of that beautiful scene that he might be killed later on, the beasts in his body begin to clamor, urging him to enjoy the madness and happiness of the body regardless of anything.

I can't…

The Master may be hurt.

Yue Wuhuan gently lifted the fine black hair beside him. He raised it to his lips and kissed it. He restrained the tremor caused by extreme excitement. He kept convincing himself to give up this terrible thought. His body's reaction gradually grew bigger; his breathing became heavier. But Song Qingshi was still as unguarded as ever, obediently burrowing deeper into his embrace.

He had long discovered that Song Qingshi's skin felt very good, just like a flawless, warm and beautiful jade. The body of those with water-type spiritual root was softer and more sensitive; very suitable to bear these things. It was said that it could bring the greatest happiness to a man. Qingshi once said that he cried easily when he was excited. He didn't know if…

Yue Wuhuan bit on the back of his hand. He bit so hard that a bloody mark began to appear. He tried to use the pain to restrain the wild thoughts brought by his desire.

It's too disgusting, too obscene, too disrespectful!

How could he have such nasty thoughts about the person he liked? !

"What's the matter?" Song Qingshi smelled the scent of blood, and immediately woke up. He found that something was wrong. He turned over in a daze, crawling on top of Yue Wuhuan, trying to see where the injury was. His abdomen, though, brushed against something hard. He thought for a while, and then looked at the embarrassed expression of Yue Wuhuan's face. He completely woke up, and quickly understood what was going on.

They were both men; he understood.

Translator’s note: And with that, Have a good Friday! See you Monday! =D

Also, need something to read? Check out the fanfic entry : Mice and Wuhuan are My Reason for Living by VIS over at the CG-event-channel on Discord. There’s still time to get those entries in. =)

Chapter 70: Teaching and Guidance

It was normal for men to have desires.

Song Qingshi had them himself, only that he very seldom came into contact with people. Every day he was met with pill furnaces and medicinal ingredients. His head was full of research and books. As time went on, his desires grew faint…In any case, it's not as though pill furnaces or perhaps general teachers could induce desire, right?

Yue Wuhuan was a great beauty who was bright and fragrant like a flower. He was very attractive.

The two of them ate and lived together. There was often physical contact between them. He occasionally had desires, but his reflex arc was extremely long. His body needed at least an hour to react and by then, the matter would already be over. He considered Yue Wuhuan's psychological shadow and didn't dare act recklessly. He decided to treat it as though it was a non-event.

Now that his heart had moved, he somewhat understood the feeling of desire and it felt rather good. However, Yue Wuhuan made it clear that he was unwilling. He wanted to respect the person he liked, so he controlled his body's instincts. Relying on his Nascent Soul cultivation and his years of experience controlling his internal fires, he easily suppressed the few desires in his body, stopping them from rearing their heads.

He was very well-behaved. Without permission, he would never touch any restricted area.

But what was going on with Yue Wuhuan now?

Song Qingshi uneasily shifted his body. The more he moved, the more wrong he felt. The something that he felt against his lower abdomen seemed to become harder and hotter. He hastily climbed off and pulled over Yue Wuhuan's hand. He simply treated the bite mark on the back of his hand.

He used this familiar matter to slowly sort out the clues in his mind, analyzing the answer.

Clue 1: Yue Wuhuan was using medicine made from Heaven's Will Bamboo, which has the side effect of restraining desire.

Clue 2: After he used up the Heaven's Will Bamboo, Yue Wuhuan's desire grew stronger.

Clue 3: Yue Wuhuan bit and wounded himself. Moreover, his breathing was unstable. This meant that he was conscious, and not having a spring dream.

Clue 4: He was the only person beside Yue Wuhuan.

Clue 5: Yue Wuhuan had gone stiff from head to foot. He didn't dare look directly at him, and his ears were red, which was a manifestation of a guilty conscience.

Song Qingshi bandaged his wound and synthesized all the clues. He made a reasonable conjecture, "Wuhuan, do you have a sexual physiological reaction to me?"

He didn't think this was anything shameful, so he didn't try to beat around the bush.

Yue Wuhuan's mind was directly torn open. The expression on his face kept changing and changing. He wanted to find a hole in the ground to squeeze into.

Song Qingshi didn't understand his embarrassment and continued his inferences. Yue Wuhuan once described to him how terrible these matters were. Afterwards, he carefully pondered it and found that in Yue Wuhuan's descriptions, those who suffered pain were only the 'receivers'. As for the invading party, there was only simple disdain and loathing. This probably meant that he feared being the 'receiver' and hated being the 'invader'.

Fear meant absolute impossibility. But disgust could change depending on the scenario or the person.

Now Yue Wuhuan's body was having an instinctive reaction to him.

Song Qingshi made a bold conclusion. However, he has rarely come across these things, and for a while, he could not find suitable words to describe it. Finally he remembered a sentence he had seen in a novel and asked directly, "Do you want to fuc-… …"

"Enough! I don't! Don't say such shameless words anymore!" Yue Wuhuan couldn't bear it, and sharply interrupted the rest of his words. He looked at the guy before him who said such seductive words without even realizing it himself. He was afraid he wouldn't be able to bear it and that he would use the Blood King Vine to directly tie up this person and ruthlessly toy with him in bed.

The more painful his head was, the more uncomfortable his body felt. He was in urgent need of cold water to cool down.

Seeing him uncomfortable, Song Qing asked worriedly, "Are you okay?"

"I'll be fine if you stop speaking so foolishly!" Yue Wuhuan gritted his teeth and got out of bed. He threw on his outer robe, and rushed to the bathroom. He took two steps. After thinking about it, he turned around and said, "I'm fine, you are not allowed to follow after me!"

Song Qingshi immediately took back the foot that he was about to put his shoe on, and didn't dare to move.

Yue Wuhuan watched him vigilantly. After confirming that Song Qingshi was behaving himself, he hurriedly left.

Song Qingshi felt a little wronged. He was rarely ever yelled at by Yue Wuhuan using such harsh words, and he didn't even know what he'd said wrong. These physiological instincts that every man had, were things taught in medical textbooks. Yue Wuhuan wanted it, and he didn't mind that Yue Wuhuan wanted it. What was the problem with the two of them discussing what they wanted? He felt that he hadn't guessed wrong about what Yue Wuhuan was thinking so how did he end up as having no sense of shame?

Probably because he shouldn't have used the word "F*ck" that he'd seen in the novel. It was too simple and straightforward. Should he have changed it to 'invade my body', or the medical terminology — 'engage in same-sex sexual intercourse'? Or 'to release your desires'?

In the future, he would need to make sure to make a mental draft before he spoke. And he would have to pay careful attention to the other person's expression. He shouldn't speak without considering the other person's feelings.

Based on Yue Wuhuan's condition and Yue Wuhuan's own stated analysis, when men do this kind of thing, the 'receiver' needed to endure pain, and only the 'invader' could derive happiness. So even though Yue Wuhuan desired him, he chose to restrain his desires with drugs. He preferred to suffer himself rather than causing him harm. Then didn't this mean that he likes him a lot?

When Song Qinghsi thought of this, he felt very happy again.

Pain was nothing. He was an impressive Nascent Soul cultivator, was there anything he could not bear?

He decided to give it a few days, and wait for Yue Wuhuan to calm down. They'll properly discuss this matter then.

Anyhow, Heaven's Will Bamboo has too many side effects and should never be used again.

…

It seemed that Yue Wuhuan minded this matter very much. The next few days, he didn't want to see him at all. Not only did he cancel Good Morning and Goodnight Kisses, but he also no longer provided nightly bed-company service.

Song Qingshi acknowledged his strong resistance and temporarily gave up the idea of discussing certain aspects of medicine. He took some painkillers to relieve the pain of his Nascent Soul's gradual cracking. Every day, he

busied himself doing research on the Black Death Butterfly, refining various medicines, and sorting out medical documents for Qing Luan.

He bypassed Yue Wuhuan, and avoided the Night Rain Pavilion, directly sending a personal letter to Ye Lin Xianjun, offering a great sum of money for an immortal technique to pass on spiritual power to others. For some unknown reason, Ye Lin Xianjun dragged on for quite a long time before he replied to his letter. The letter was thousands upon thousands of words long, showing off his love for his daughter.

When female cultivators of the immortal realm reach the Core Formation stage, they would slay the red dragon and cut off any chance for offsprings. Their Dao Heart was firmer than many male cultivators'.

The number of female cultivators above Core Formation stage was relatively small, but each was a strong(wo)man that should not be underestimated.

Ye Lin Xianjun's lover was a female cultivator at Core Formation stage. The two met while in a secret realm and they've stayed in love for hundreds of years. Ye Lin Xianjun loved his wife and they originally had no plans to have children. Unexpectedly, his wife had become the victim of malicious scheming and her Golden Core was seriously damaged. She had been sent to the Medicine King's Valley for medical treatment.

After Song Qingshi's diagnosis, she was advised to seal her Golden Core, and nourish it with spiritual liquid every day to slowly be repaired over seven or eight years.

After her Golden Core was sealed, her cultivation base was affected, and she was temporarily unable to cultivate. There had also been faint signs that the red dragon was once again rearing its head.

The two took that opportunity to have a child?

Song Qingshi read the letter. Ye Lin Xianjun enthusiastically praised his daughter Ye Pengpeng for being smart and beautiful; with a single metal-type spiritual root. He even attached a drawn image of her. It seemed that

obsessive parents were found in every world. He decided to send over two bottles of metal-type Spirit Guiding Pills as a congratulatory gift.

At the end of the letter, his question was finally answered.

Ye Lin Xianjun said that a cultivation technique that could capture another's cultivation would be extremely rare. Even if there was, it was a secret that had not been passed on. It wouldn't be available for any amount of money. Finally, he said, in a joking tone, that if Song Qingshi wanted to seize the spiritual power of a cultivator whose cultivation level was lower than his own, there was a simple method to do so — the cultivation furnace technique, using dual cultivation to extract the other's cultivation.

This was a method of the evil Way, and it was not at all uncommon.

By now, Song Qingshi already understood what a cultivation furnace was. He decisively placed an order and asked Ye Lin Xianjun to purchase a batch of books on cultivation furnaces, dual cultivation and daoist sexual practices. He decided that he was going to study them carefully. Although Yue Wuhuan had made him a little afraid of this kind of thing; but if he stretched out his head, he would get a slash, shrinking his head back, he would also get a slash. There were so many same-sex Daoist companions with good relationships in the immortal realm. Obviously, even if it was painful, it was bearable. And even if he was injured, he had medicine on hand.

Since he was sure that Yue Wuhuan liked him, and he was sure that Yue Wuhuan desired him.

Then that was enough.

His Nascent Soul would slowly collapse; his cultivation base would slowly dissipate. He could not clearly see what the future would look like.

Every day he could faintly feel the urgency of time. He didn't want to waste time playing 'you-chase-I-catch-up'. He wanted to try to release the shadow in Yue Wuhuan's heart and directly confront that terrible beast. Any price he had to pay would be worth it.

…

Seeing Song Qingshi's order, Ye Lin Xianjun became lost in thought.

The entire world of cultivation knew that Wuhuan Gongzhi was the exclusive domain of the Medicine King Xianzun. Although Yue Wuhuan had denied it repeatedly, who would believe this kind of thing? Although Song Qingshi had a very strange personality, if he didn't like a person and wasn't receiving any benefits, how could he buy for him the Quintessence of all Souls, kill Xie Que, and do so many other things?

When Yue Wuhuan came out of Golden Phoenix Manor, aside from his beauty, he had nothing. What could he have used to win over the Medicine King Xianzun?

He understood. Men, ma, love comes forth from desire. What happened to Yue Wuhuan's face might have even been a dirty trick by Song Qingshi to monopolize the beauty.

The whole street was full of these two's novels, written with such exceeding sentimentality…

His wife had even bought several books and read them with gusto.

In short, there was no way that Yue Wuhuan and Song Qingshi were innocent! The order in his hand was proof! It was obvious that Song Qingshi was tired of the usual tricks and wanted to play some new ones! However, were there any interesting tricks that Wuhuan Gongzhi hasn't played yet?

Ye Lin Xianjun was lost in thought.

Song Qingshi gave a lot of Spirit Guiding Pills for his daughter. This was a good thing and must be repaid.

Yue Wuhuan also has a very good working relationship with him. He has helped him make a lot of money and must be taken care of.

He decided to send his wife to help choose and find some stimulating and fun tricks that wouldn't harm the body; try as much as possible to limit it within what Yue Wuhuan could bear, and tricks that won't result in the beauty being unable to get out of bed. In addition, he also advised Song Qingshi to refrain from playing with the cultivation furnace technique. Although the cultivation furnace technique could help liven things up in the bedroom, and a wood-type spiritual root's regenerative power was very good; doing this kind of thing long-term could do great harm to Yue Wuhuan's body.

A Nascent Soul cultivator extracting cultivation from a Foundation Building one; it wouldn't increase his cultivation base by much. If he accidentally loses control and extracts too much, he could forcibly ruin the Dantian.

Back then, Yue Wuhuan, in order to obtain medicine for him, had entered the Life and Death Stage and even developed the Yurong ointment for him, earning lots and lots of spirit stones…

Faced with such devotion, even a businessman like him was somewhat moved.

The more Ye Lin Xianjun thought about it, the more emotional he became. Since Song Qingshi sent him a private request, he decided to put in a bit of advice in the letter, telling him not to overdo it in bed, and to strictly follow the reference books he gave. He should provide therapeutic drugs and pay attention to Yue Wuhuan's body. He should be gentle and take it easy, and not hurt the other person's heart.

Chapter 71: Perfect Answer

Song Qingshi got his hands on the information sent by Ye Lin Xianjun. He grew silent.

He had taken classes on physiological hygiene and he felt that doing this kind of thing between a man and a woman was very simple. He didn't expect that doing it between two men would be several times more complex. It took so many strange fancy tricks to satisfy the 'invading' party.

A scholar-tyrant must achieve full marks in everything that he does. He must learn no matter how difficult it is.

While waiting for the results of the new petri dish samples of the Black Death Butterfly, he found a new notebook, and began to look through the reference books. He extracted the key points, and took down notes.

First of all, he determined that his type of spiritual root was very suitable for transferring his cultivation base with the cultivation furnace method. If that mishap he had considered didn't happen, or if his Nascent Soul wasn't completely broken, he could try to persuade Yue Wuhuan to accept part of his cultivation base and increase his ability to protect himself.

Yue Wuhuan's restraint on his desire has reached the point of serious self-harm.

This was a dangerous signal, and one that must not be allowed to develop.

Blocking psychological problems weren't as good as clearing them away. Rather than letting him continue to anxiously run away, allowing the harm to grow more and more serious, it was better to try desensitization therapy and directly make him face the root of his anxiety.

Yue Wuhuan needed to understand that having desires for the person he likes wasn't something terrible. What he wanted to do wasn't something that was going to hurt the other person. Although it may be painful, he was perfectly willing and even happy.

But… is it really so difficult to be the ‘receiving’ party? The pictures depicted so many difficult positions and ways of playing that looked quite painful.

The more Song Qingshi looked at the information, the more entangled he became. He wasn’t sure what Yue Wuhuan liked, but as a novice, it was better to start from something simple, and choose first what he could do to give it a try.

He also carefully studied novels, jotting down specialized words suitable for use during bedroom matters and lines that could make the invading party happy. In the novels, many of the invaders liked to ask questions while they were doing it, and the receiver could get extra credit by answering them correctly.

Better to be prepared just in case.

After all, what would he do, if Yue Wuhuan also asks a question and he overturns the car because he gave the wrong answer?

He needed to prepare for all possible questions and answers and memorized them well.

He also had to prepare all kinds of medical plasters and wound medicines. No matter how desperate the situation becomes, he must never cry out in pain. He also mustn’t wind up injured and unable to move, like they do in the novels, otherwise he would lose face as a Nascent Soul cultivator. It could also worsen the psychological shadow Yue Wuhuan had towards these things.

Song Qingshi took a few days to prepare. He made sure that everything was in order before he directly released his mental probe to determine Yue Wuhuan’s location. He waited until late at night, when he returned to his own room, before running over to find him.

For the time being, Yue Wuhuan couldn’t find a substitute for Heaven’s Will Bamboo. Fearing that the Master would climb into his bed and kiss him, making him lose control, he casually found an excuse to avoid him.

Song Qingshi felt anxious and he put up a flame barrier, directly blocking his retreat. He braced himself and said, “Let’s talk.”

Yue Wuhuan was left with no way to withdraw. “About what?”

Song Qingshi quickly replied, “The Heaven’s Will Bamboo.”

“As Master has seen, my body can no longer hold back. It’s all too easy for its desires to be aroused.” Yue Wuhuan knew that his secret had been exposed, and he could not escape. He could only give up all hope and confess everything. “I fear that I won’t be able to keep a hold of my rationality and that I will lose all sense of shame. I might do those dirty and obscene things to you. And that’s why I need the Heaven’s Will Bamboo.”

Song Qing asked, “Dirty and obscene?”

He always thought of himself as a novice and that Yue Wuhuan, with his wealth of experience, knew everything. “Dirty” had a symbolic meaning. It represented the trauma of both his body and spirit from being forced. It represented the ugliness of people’s hearts. Now, he finally realized that Yue Wuhuan has never received a legitimate education on health and physiology. Coupled with the constant verbal humiliation, and being forced to admit to being immoral, he now regarded his body’s normal reaction as something extremely dangerous and threatening. He resisted his instincts, lest he be humiliated once again because of his desires.

Desire was the manifestation of a normal human need. But both parties needed to be willing and relevant activities must be carried out in a disciplined and methodical manner.

Song Qingshi decided to conduct a class for him to explain the physiological structure of the human body and educate him on proper physiological hygiene knowledge. He started explaining starting from human evolution and supplemented it with drawings of the human body structure. In passing, he sprinkled in some sociology and ethics content. He talked for over two hours and almost forgot what he had come here for in the first place.

Yue Wuhuan got all confused from listening to him. Putting up a last ditch struggle, he said, “We’re not the same. My body… My body’s desire for you is very intense. But you have no desire for me.

Your body is too clean and you don’t understand anything…”

This contrast was too tragic…

He couldn’t face it, and hated himself even more.

Song Qingshi realized his attempt to escape and decisively branded a deep kiss on his lips.

Yue Wuhuan was made dizzy by the kiss.

Song Qingshi was very good at studying. These days, they kissed in the morning and evening. Under Yue Wuhuan’s guidance, he gradually mastered the techniques to make the both of them happy. Now, he turned in a test paper with full marks.

Yue Wuhuan felt his body gradually heat up. He was afraid he was going to do something embarrassing and wanted to push away the person sticking so close to him. Just then, he suddenly found that the other person’s body was also having a distinctive reaction.

“Wuhuan, do you feel it?” Song Qingshi let go of him and whispered, “I have desires for you, but I’m too slow. I don’t know how to show it. I was also afraid that you didn’t like it.”

Yue Wuhuan gasped and said, “I like it.”

Song Qingshi kissed him again. Taking a deep breath, he resolutely said, “Don’t use the Heaven’s Will Bamboo anymore. You can do anything to me. I’m not afraid of pain.”

“Do you know what you’re saying?” Yue Wuhuan now understood his intentions. He desperately held on to what little reason he had left, trying to make him give up. “You’re a man. Won’t you feel ashamed to bear this kind of thing?”

“No,” Song Qingshi thought for a while and replied, “I only do these things with the person I like. I’m not ashamed.”

Yue Wuhuan didn’t dare believe it. “Like?”

Song Qingshi looked at him seriously. “Wuhuan, I like you.”

This sentence he’d heard so often in his wildest dreams, brought him back to that most beautiful illusion.

Yue Wuhuan stared at the only reflection in the young man’s clear eyes. He felt like he could hear the sound of his heartbeat.

The real world overlapped with the world of illusion…

The shackles in his heart were loosening one by one. The beast of desire was roaring, and the Emotion Locking Gu seemed to have lost its effectiveness. He actually forgot to restrain his feelings…

Song Qingshi realized that his body was stretched to the limit. He took out a few bottles of herbal plasters and wound medicine, and placed them on his palm. “Don’t be afraid, I won’t get hurt.”

Yue Wuhuan used the last remaining trace of his reason, and murmured, “Qingshi, you can’t…”

Song Qingshi untied his vestments. He was like a gift. Taking off the layer upon layer of wrapping, revealing the purest heart inside, and giving all of himself to the person he liked, preparing to leave the deepest mark on his heart.

Yue Wuhuan couldn’t look away.

“Wuhuan, what kind of position would you like me to be in when you do those things to me?” Song Qingshi remembered the information and key points he had compiled. He peeked at his cheat sheet. He felt that was too difficult and he was a little lacking in confidence. He decided to leave the choice to the experienced one. “Should I lie down? On my stomach? Kneeling? Or tied up?”

The strings in Yue Wuhuan's mind all broke.

The Blood King Vine came from all directions. It wrapped around Song Qingshi's hands and feet. He caught the other completely and controlled him within the palm of his hand. He gently breathed in from against his neck that medicinal scent he'd long been thirsting for. Voice hoarse and trembling, "It's too late for you to regret things now. Do you really know what you're doing?"

"I know," Song Qingshi thought of the standard answer he found in the novels. "I need you to f*ck me."

Horrible madness appeared in Yue Wuhuan's eyes. Under the stimulus of desire, the beautiful teardrop mole became so brightly red, it was almost dripping blood. The starved beast, hidden for so many years, was finally released from its cage. He was really hungry, so unbearably hungry. This prey he'd been yearning for day and night, he needed to use his tongue and lick him slowly, needed to use his claws to desecrate him, and then he would swallow him down in one bite, leaving no room to turn this situation.

The flawlessly white sheet of paper was finally stained…

All with his scent and flavor.

…

The next day, in the early morning, Song Qingshi woke up in the entanglement of the Blood King Vine. He tried to move and found that he was tightly bound to Yue Wuhuan's chest.

Yue Wuhuan had released all the desires he'd been suppressing for a long time. He'd done everything he had to. He no longer dreamt of those fearful scenes. His spirit relaxed slightly. All the years of exhaustion came gushing forth, and he fell deep asleep.

Song Qingshi didn't want to disturb his rare deep sleep, so he stopped moving about. He pressed his ear against his chest, counting to the sound of

his heartbeat. He reflected on whether his performance last night was passable.

He had pretended to be calm, but he'd actually been quite nervous.

This kind of thing was far less painful than he imagined. It even seemed to feel quite good. He didn't know how to describe this wonderful feeling. Yue Wuhuan's strong ability to control allowed his body to completely lose control. He'd been too sensitive, too stimulated; and so, he couldn't help crying. He felt that he'd somewhat lost face.

In the second half, he'd gone completely dizzy, driven to the edge. It seemed that Yue Wuhuan had asked him if he could still hold on, if he should stop. Fortunately, he still remembered the standard answers from the novel. He struggled to answer, "I want more", "Play with me more." "Feels so good."

After, Yue Wuhuan seemed to go even crazier…

His mind had gone blank. He didn't know anything anymore.

Song Qingshi pondered for a long time, and felt that he hadn't made any serious mistakes. He had wanted to do the follow-up cleaning and medicine application by himself, but Yue Wuhuan snatched them away with a dark expression on his face, resolutely forbidding him from touching them.

Now that they've done this kind of thing, he could be considered as having found himself a partner, right?

Song Qingshi happily thought so.

…

Yue Wuhuan slept until late. Before opening his eyes, he still felt that last night was just a comparatively good dream. Although he finally lost control, in this dream this time, Song Qingshi was soft and gentle. Even though he had revealed his terrifying true face, he didn't run away, didn't beg for

mercy. He even encouraged him to do whatever he wanted, and eventually made him go completely out of control.

This dream didn't have such a strong feeling of having to bear the blame. It had been very satisfying.

He hoped he could have that dream again.

Yue Wuhuan then opened his eyes to see Song Qingshi lying on top of him, covered in hickeys and bites. There were even marks on his hands and feet from when he finally completely lost control and used the Blood King Vines to tie them up.

Song Qingshi saw him wake up and kissed him. "Good morning."

Yue Wuhuan's entire body stiffened. His rational mind was thrown into chaos…

The madness last night hadn't been a dream. What terrible thing had he done? He vaguely remembered that the things he'd done had been too excessive. He toyed with him to the point of tears and didn't stop; instead, he'd been stimulated into going even crazier. He'd also said a lot of shameless things.

If he were to be burned to death by the Underworld Ghost Fire right now, his death wouldn't be unjust.

Yue Wuhuan quickly took back the Blood King Vines and waited nervously for Song Qingshi to pass judgment.

Song Qingshi got up and moved his body. In the novels, it was said that if done too wildly, his body would feel sore all over. He felt that it was exaggerated. Given how good a cultivator's recovery ability was, how could things get to this point? Yue Wuhuan also handled it very gently in the early stages. He just had some shallow lacerations that would heal very quickly.

Ye Lin Xianjun had made it clear. He asked him to be gentle with Yue Wuhuan and to not hurt him.

When they were in the middle of it, he realized that when he got excited, he would get the urge to grab and bite his partner. He tried his best to restrain it, and when he finally couldn't bear it, he placed one on Yue Wuhuan's shoulder.

Song Qingshi leaned over to take a look at the wound. He felt it was still okay. It wasn't deep. It was a two point deduction, at most.

Yue Wuhuan saw that he wasn't angry, and he felt even more uneasy. He hadn't been able to control himself well. There were a lot of these fragmented wounds marked on his snow-like skin, and it painted quite an startling sight.

Song Qingshi noticed his gaze. He looked at the marks on his body, and smiling, said, "It's alright. My capillaries are rich with blood. Even simple touches can leave marks. Actually, it doesn't hurt at all. With a little medicine, it will disappear very quickly."

Yue Wuhuan asked carefully, "Are you angry that I went too far?"

Song Qingshi put on his clothes and said, relaxed, "It's very good. I thought it would be scarier, but I didn't expect Wuhuan to be so gentle. It didn't hurt."

Yue Wuhuan looked at his satisfied manner and he was completely stunned. He suddenly saw a cheat sheet on Song Qingshi's sleeves. It seemed that he had been preparing for this matter. There were detailed notes on several kinds of tricks he wanted to try. Each kind was… He was unexpectedly hardcore. There were two there he had never seen before.

He finally understood…

Sure enough, there were false elements in the Fantasy Gu's illusion.

The young man he liked didn't like the gentle and considerate play in the dreamland. Instead, he preferred crazy and novel tricks?

So, there was no problem, even if he wanted to go even wilder in bed?

Translator's Notes: I hate translating s*x scenes. I hate translating it when it's completely censored and the author fades to black/white or if worse, the author uses all sorts of symbolisms. I hate it when it's full blown descriptive (because I cringe and my face goes hot). I hate it too when it's sort of in-between like this. Because s*x scenes are all about mood. And if I try to translate it literally to be very accurate to the original wordings, the mood dies…So, I'm just saying that some of the lines/dialogues/wordings aren't 100% accurate to preserve the mood.

Also, sorry guys, but no update tomorrow, Wednesday. Updates will resume the day after that though, on Thursday. A couple of chapters last week were pretty long and I wanted to put in this break somewhere but there was never a good point to do that last week.

Chapter 72: Question of Doom

Song Qingshi put on his clothes one by one, returning to his usual reserved and abstinent appearance. He turned his head and saw Yue Wuhuan sitting on the bed, dazed. He simply decided to pick his clothes off the floor and hand them to him. He asked, expectantly, “Let’s take a bath together?”

It’s actually quite boring soaking in the bath by himself. He’d wanted to call Yue Wuhuan to join him before, but Yue Wuhuan was very adverse of having his body looked at. So, he found it too embarrassing to ask. Now that they were in a romantic relationship, having done everything that should be done, he shouldn’t get rejected, right? And so, he plucked up his courage and extended the invitation.

Yue Wuhuan stared at him blankly for a long time. Finally, he put on his clothes and followed him out.

Song Qingshi loved taking baths. The private bath he built for himself was huge, like a small swimming pool.

Yue Wuhuan also liked taking baths. He would especially get permission and usually come here to take one. Only that he made sure to bathe at a different time. The frenzy of last night was too stimulating. He still felt somewhat like he was half-dreaming. He was muddle-headed, like a puppet, letting Song Qingshi drag him to the bathhouse. He was undressed and pressed into the bath. Finally, he woke up after getting splashed in the face.

It was Song Qingshi who jumped into the bath. He dived into the water like a fish. He breathed out bubbles, and then climbed out. Seeing Yue Wuhuan still in a daze, he woke him up by splashing water on him. Lying next to him, he asked with a smile, “What are you thinking?”

Yue Wuhuan hesitantly asked, “You seem to be very happy?”

“Yes,” Song Qingshi said cheerfully, “I’m very happy. Wuhuan is my boyfriend now.”

Yue Wuhuan was a little uneasy. “You think of me… as your boyfriend?”

Does a boyfriend mean a male friend? He suddenly thought of a certain insect who regarded himself as a friend, and he felt unwell.

“Aren’t you?” Song Qingshi saw his ugly expression, and was a little flustered. He wasn’t any good at interpersonal communication, and he often made mistakes in judgments. Could it be that he overturned the car again this time? He thought and thought, trying to retrieve the situation, “Doesn’t us doing this kind of thing imply that we’re in a lover’s relationship? Is there any other relationship that…” He talked and talked, and suddenly, his expression turned apprehensive. He remembered that in the other world, he had heard his senior brothers joking about something. It seemed that there was another kind of strange relationship — the so-called “friends with benefits”.

An Long had also once said that in the immortal realm, there would be times when a pair of cultivators would take a fancy to each other. They would then have a casual romance, engaging in bedroom matters without bringing feelings into it.

It couldn’t be that Yue Wuhuan found him too boring in bed and was now going to dump him, right?

The more Song Qingshi thought about it, the more his self-confidence weakened. Stumblingly, he said, “I’ll work harder. Let me try again.” Later, he’ll ask Ye Lin Xianjun to send him hundreds of novels. He’ll study them all carefully. He must make sure that he’ll be able to deliver flawlessly, give perfect answers.

Yue Wuhuan finally understood. He felt like he was dreaming. “Qing-… Master wishes for me to be his lover?”

Song Qingshi nodded with all his might. “Yes, lovers — the serious kind! I don’t want to be friends with benefits. I don’t want any one-night stands!”

“Master, do you know what the consequences of having a serious relationship would be?” Yue Wuhuan remembered Song Qingshi’s Dao

Heart, and felt faintly uneasy. He slowly got out of the water. His long, dripping wet hair was dragged to the side of the pool. His slender waist was like that of the most beautiful water yao in the sea. He then showed Song Qingshi every inch of his skin, every part of his body. He asked, voice hoarse, “Does it look good? Everyone in the Golden Phoenix Manor has seen it. That picture book has spread this all over the world. Over the years, as I walked the outside world by myself, I have met many disgusting people. They would peel off my clothes with their eyes, wanting to see what lay beneath. They wanted to sample my dissolute bearing. If you become my lover, you will have to endure these vile looks and being talked about behind your back… We would be like a noble’s son and the flower lady. This would be nothing if it were done just for fun but if we were to have a serious relationship, everyone will think you’re crazy. Heh, after all, with my reputation, I might as well be a flower lady.”

He had a smile on his face, but his body was trembling slightly. He couldn’t tell whether he was shivering or excited.

Song Qingshi reacted, and hurriedly embraced him. He said resolutely, “I don’t care about other people. You did nothing wrong.”

“Wrong or right, it doesn’t matter.” Yue Wuhuan leaned against Song Qingshi’s shoulder. He took his hand and pressed it to his heart. Removing all the protective aura around his body, he whimpered, “Don’t be my lover. You mustn’t fall for me. I don’t want such a relationship. If the Master likes my body, let me be your plaything. Let me serve you, okay…?”

For cultivators of the Heartless Way, playing around was fine, but their heart must never be moved.

If your heart has already been moved, then please, take out this heart after the greatest bliss.

He wanted to be the Master’s proof for his Way.

He wanted it so much, so much; wanted it so desperately…

Song Qingshi felt that he had encountered a problem that could lead to his doom. He was entirely no good. He frantically thought about how his senior brothers, who coaxed their girlfriends, expressed their loyalty? Did they swear by the Heavens? Or did they kneel down and beg for mercy? The more anxious he became, the more he couldn't think. Seeing that Wuhuan's frame of mind was getting worse and worse, he simply threw himself at him, hugged his thigh and said, "Let's get married, no, let's be Daoist companions!"

There is nothing in this world that can clearly expresses a man's feelings more than a marriage certificate!

In the immortal realm, Daoist couples can also bear the exclusive mark of their partner on their body. At that time, he'll put Wuhuan's mark on the back of his hand, and if that won't do, then he'll put it on his forehead! He'll be guaranteed to let everyone see his devotion to his partner!

Yue Wuhuan's expression froze. He realized that something had gone wrong.

Song Qingshi couldn't think of what else to say to coax him. Feeling extremely aggrieved, he said, "Wuhuan…"

Yue Wuhuan thought for a while, pretending to smile easily, "Master, was your heart really moved by me?"

Seeing that he understood, Song Qingshi finally breathed a sigh of relief and nodded happily, "Yes! I like you!"

Yue Wuhuan's face instantly turned cold, he quickly dragged Song Qingshi into his arms. He placed his hand over where his Dantian would be and went in with his mental probe. He said sharply, "Remove the Underworld Fire from your Nascent Soul! Let me see it clearly!"

A cultivator's Dantian was a forbidden area and could not be touched casually. He had secretly inspected it once, relying on the fact that the Master would not bother about such things. Secretly inspecting it once already went beyond what was proper. He thought that the Song Qingshi's

Nascent Soul and cultivation base didn't seem any different, which meant that his Dao Heart hadn't moved, and that he didn't understand true feelings. Now, judging from Song Qingshi's words and actions, he found that he had thought wrong.

Song Qingshi's Dao Heart had moved, and there was no possible way his Nascent Soul was still unaffected.

If something were to happen to his Nascent Soul, his cultivation base would weaken…

Yue Wuhuan had once tried the process having his cultivation base slowly drawn out from him. It was as if part of his life was being taken away. It had been very difficult to bear.

The more he thought about it, the more shocked he was. The more he thought about it, the more afraid he felt. The more he thought about it, the angrier he got. His tone became harsher and he kept urging him.

Song Qingshi knew that he his tongue had slipped and couldn't keep hiding it. So he could only aggrievedly withdraw the Underworld Fire in his Dantian, revealing his Nascent Soul riddled with countless fine cracks. He tried to explain, "I took painkillers, it's okay. No need to be anxious…"

"It's not yet too late," Yue Wuhuan checked his Nascent Soul, making sure that it hadn't been completely broken and could still be saved. He breathed a sigh of relief, raised his head and stared intently at the person in front of him. He firmly grasped his shoulder, and commanded, emphasizing each word, "Kill me now!"

Song Qingshi was muddled from fright. There was a problem with this overturning car.

Yue Wuhuan sunk into madness. Eyes red, he ordered once again, "Kill me right now!"

"Calm down first," For a moment, Song Qingshi panicked. He then suddenly remembered that in one of the books Ye Lin Xianjun had given

him, there was a scene where the professor had his angry boyfriend calm down. He crawled out of the water and kissed Yue Wuhuan's lips again, sitting on his lap. He tried to suggest, "How about…If you're angry, you can give me a penalty? The kind from last night, you can play whatever you want…"

Yue Wuhuan looked at the way he was completely clueless about the situation. He was angry and anxious. He felt like a pill furnace that was about to explode. He took a few deep breaths and adjusted his emotions. He pushed away this guy, who was restlessly sitting on lap and even wanted to seduce his xiongdi. He asked, "You have cultivated the Way of the Heartless for so many years. Do you know what you should do if your heart is moved?"

"I know," Song Qingshi answered honestly, "If my Dao Heart is moved, destroy the Way and rebuild."

Yue Wuhuan asked again, "Do you know what to do if you don't want your Dao to be destroyed?"

Song Qingshi thought for a while, "I think you have to kill the one you like to prove the truth of your Way?"

He cultivated the Way of the Heartless, how could he not know these basic things? However, he has never even thought about such a thing. A Dao Heart, this kind of trifling thing, could be rebuilt; but it was hard to meet people he liked. He was obstinate. He has lived in two worlds and after much difficulty, he was able to finally find one. How could he possibly be willing to kill him to prove his Way?

The only boyfriend he's found in a thousand years, and a Nascent Soul he can rebuild in two hundred.

Did he even need to choose which was more important? Can he not do basic math?

Yue Wuhuan was beautiful, had a great body, was a super-level learning god, and was the one he yearned for…No matter how he thought, he just

couldn’t figure out why he had to be a single dog for this lousy Nascent Soul, ah?

Yue Wuhuan tried to coerce him over and over, “Hurry and kill me! If your Nascent Soul gets broken, it will be too late!”

Song Qingshi frantically shook his head: “I won’t kill you! I want to be Daoist companions with you!”

Yue Wuhuan was furious. If it weren’t that the Heartless Way cultivator had to cut off love with his own hands, meaning that committing suicide would be useless, he would have immediately gone and killed himself! If it weren’t for the fact that he couldn’t beat Song Qingshi, he would have stuffed a sword in his hand right now, grabbed that hand and swiped the blade across his neck!

He tried to reason things out, “If you feel distressed for me, you can use the Drunken Heart Poison. It won’t hurt and my original appearance will be preserved after death.” If this still doesn’t work, he’ll find a way and set a trap. When the Master uses his Fire, he’ll carelessly run into it and then refuse treatment.

Song Qingshi collapsed, “Why do I have to kill you?!”

The two went around in circles for a while. Neither could persuade the other, and they finally stopped.

Song Qingshi could tell Yue Wuhuan was extremely angry, and he carefully used his spiritual power to smooth out his anger for him. He then climbed ashore, took two Heart Calming Pills from the mustard seed bag and fed it to him. The medicine took effect and he waited for him to calm down. He then discussed with him about the matter of his Nascent Soul breaking. He told him everything from beginning to end, including his future plans to rebuild it within two hundred years.

Yue Wuhuan murmured, “So your heart had already moved early on…”

He didn’t know whether to be happy or sad.

“You’re making this out to be too complicated,” Song Qingshi said, lying on top of him. “I just cultivated the wrong Dao, and I plan to rebuild it. That’s all. There are also relevant records in the “Lingbo Chronicles” in the library. Madam Lingbo was originally cultivating the Way of the Sword. However, when she reached Nascent Soul stage, she found that it wasn’t the most suitable Way for her. So she destroyed her Way of the Sword, rebuilt using the Way of the Blade, and finally ascended to immortality by passing the tribulations.”

Yue Wuhuan looked at him deeply, “There has never been a Heartless Way cultivator who rebuilt.”

“If you make a mistake, you must correct it,” Song Qingshi said, patting his chest, “I would like to be the first.”

“My name was given by a teacher of the state using planchette writing. He said that my life wasn’t good. I was born under a star of calamity and that I would not obtain happiness.” Yue Wuhuan’s eyes were a little vacant. “My father, the emperor, didn’t believe it, the empress didn’t believe it, my mother didn’t believe it, my brother, the crown prince, didn’t believe it either… They wanted to prove that the teacher of the state’s prediction was wrong and they treated me very well. Later… they all died. I didn’t encounter anything good in the immortal realm; not until I met Master. Master likes me too and treats me very well. And now, Master’s Nascent Soul is broken. I’m really very scared…”

Song Qingshi was silent for a long time and then he smiled, “You’re still lucky.”

Yue Wuhuan looked at him in surprise.

Song Qingshi earnestly reminded. “The Blood King Vine.”

The sky rolled with dark clouds. It seemed to sense that someone wanted to reveal the mysteries known only to Heaven, and wanted to punish him.

Song Qingshi sensed danger and knew that he couldn’t go on. He immediately changed the subject, “The research on the Black Death

Butterfly is about to succeed. Although I've failed many times, I didn't give up. Now I've finally confirmed the fusion method for the Pink Bollworm Fungus. In a few days, I will be able to make an improved version of the Black Death Butterfly, and I will give it to you… as a marriage proposal gift."

Yue Wuhuan's expression was somewhat hesitant.

"We've already gotten in bed together. Casually playing around is not allowed! My heart can't move for anyone else!" Song Qingshi was afraid that he would refuse, and desperately pleaded, "I want to be responsible for you! Please give me a chance to take responsibility!"

How do you increase of a marriage proposal's chances for success? Should he buy a ring and get down on one knee?

Chapter 73: Engagement Gift

“Wuhuan, I like you.”

“Wuhuan, I like you.”

“Wuhuan, I like you.”

Song Qingshi hated that he had no interest in poetry, nor had he prepare any romantic lines for his marriage proposal. At this important moment when he’s expressing his feeling, he was unexpectedly like a broken record, repeating these dull and dry words. If this were the world of the big information explosion, he would deserve getting dumped a hundred times by the male gods and female goddesses.

Yue Wuhuan listened to this voice from his dream that he didn’t even dare to think about. The various happy scenes from the illusion of the Fantasy Gu once again appeared in front of him.

The young man once said these words, while watching him practice his swordsmanship under a shower of flower petals.

The young man once said these words, while keeping him company as he cooked in the back courtyard kitchen.

The young man once said these words, as he accompanied him on an adventure in a dangerous secret realm that was the lair of evildoers.

The young man once lay under him and said these words over and over again.

His clear eyes were filled with his silhouette.

With only his image…

Who is the young man in front of me? Is it the young man who lived alone in the mountains? Is it the Medicine King Xianzun of the Medicine King’s Valley?

They're all Song Qingshi. They're the person he likes…

He couldn't distinguish between illusion and reality anymore. It kept turning again and again in his mind. The Emotion Locking Gu gradually loosened. He didn't want to control this sweet and happy feeling. He wanted to drown in this moment and preserve this beautiful feeling forever.

But, Song Qingshi had his arms tightly around his waist. He couldn't sink, he couldn't die…

Yue Wuhuan's breathing turned messy. He covered his face completely with his hands. His sweet words were like sharp blades, cutting his heart open, digging out his crazy and intense emotions within; rendering him unable to hide his true face any longer.

Song Qingshi kept insisting, "Wuhuan, I like you."

Yue Wuhuan's laughter gradually leaked from between his fingers, horrified and muffled.

He slowly raised his head and stared intently at the person in front of him. He gradually approached, stopped beside his lips. He breathed out, "Qingshi, I'm not as good as you think. Everyone says I'm a lunatic."

Song Qingshi stopped confessing and replied, "I know."

"You don't know," Yue Wuhuan's voice became more disordered, "Because I myself don't understand why my emotions are different from others. I want to monopolize you, imprison you in the Medicine King's Valley, forbid you contact with the outside world. I want everyone and everything to follow my intentions. I want to destroy everything in the world that I don't like. I want to change the world to how I like it… Qing Luan said this is wrong. Everyone has said that I'm wrong. But I can't tell what about it is wrong. I probably really am crazy. Qingshi, you can't be Daoist companions with a madman. I might hurt you without knowing it…"

Song Qingshi calmly said, "You're not crazy; you're just sick."

“Sick?” Yue Wuhuan was stunned. He thought for a while, and he hurriedly refuted, “No, I’m not sick. I don’t feel unwell anywhere. Whether it’s cultivating or handling matters, I do them all well…”

Song Qingshi gently placed his palm on his chest and said gently, “Wuhuan, your heart is sick.”

Yue Wuhuan covered his hands with his hands. He bowed his head and asked, “My heart?”

His heartbeat was speeding up. His body was burning hot, as if it was calling out to something.

Song Qingshi raised his head. “Does it hurt every day?”

Yue Wuhuan looked at him for a long time, and finally nodded. “It hurts.”

Song Qingshi took him into his arms, patted him, and comforted him softly, “Don’t be afraid, I’ll hurt with you.”

In this gentle embrace, Yue Wuhuan finally let go of all the defenses around his heart, revealing fragility and pain. He sobbed, “Qingshi, I’ll treat it well. Whether it’s taking medicine or acupuncture, I’ll do it all… Don’t give up on me, okay?”

The strings he used to maintain his sanity were countless of the finest spider threads, threads that could break at any time and be completely destroyed.

He needed new pillars to support himself to keep on living.

Song Qingshi said without hesitation, “I will never give up.”

Yue Wuhuan asked softly, “What do I need to do?”

“We’ll attempt treatments many times. It may fail, it may be painful, and you might despair,” Song Qingshi held his face, and looked at his eyes. He pleaded with all his strength, “No matter what the situation, please don’t give up, okay? As long as you persist, even through dire straits, luck will come.”

Yue Wuhuan asked, “Luck?”

He once again remembered the Blood King Vine. He remembered the stroke of luck at the Inextinguishable Peak.

Song Qingshi had a feeling in his heart. He knew that he could speak no further.

He believed in Yue Wuhuan’s intelligence. When the time comes, he will understand.

…

Song Qingshi was very happy. The person he liked finally agreed to his marriage proposal.

Yue Wuhuan became very entangled afterwards. He had a strong personality and felt that he should have been the one to take the lead in the marriage proposal. However, even though Song Qingshi seemed to have a gentle temperament, he was actually very stubborn; especially when it came to matters he had set his mind on. He was unrelenting and would not stop until he reached his goal…Also, he felt that Song Qingshi had a strange understanding of the relationship between men. So, one time, while in bed, he tried to sound out the person on the Blood King Vine.

Song Qingshi slowly recovered from his dazed-ness, coming back to his senses. He caught his breath and spent a lot of time trying to explain the current situation to Yue Wuhuan.

He understood what Danmei was: The domineering ones were gong’s and the beautiful ones were shou’s. Gong’s were responsible for doting on the shou’s.

The same was true in the novels of the immortal realm. The stronger party would dote on the weaker party.

He was a dignified Nascent Soul cultivator; a domineering bigshot! Yue Wuhuan was a beauty capable of causing the downfall of a city; his beauty

was without equal! Moreover, he lived simply and didn't like dressing up at all. He was steady and reliable in matters. He liked taking care of others. So naturally, he was the gong. Yue Wuhuan was flamboyantly gorgeous. He was classy and refined. His body had various problems, which needed careful care and attention. So, of course, he was the shou.

Although there were some discrepancies between the details of what they did and what were written in the novels, the main reason was because he was concerned about Yue Wuhuan's psychological shadow and so he became the 'receiver'. But, he worked really hard to spoil Yue Wuhuan and make him happy.

Song Qingshi felt that he was a good gong.

Yue Wuhuan immediately understood where the mistake was and wanted to correct it. But looking at the marks all over Song Qingshi's body and his cute appearance, he immediately swallowed down all his words. In any case, he didn't have a reputation in this respect, and he has gotten enough advantages in bed, so he had better take good care of the other's self-esteem.

The two harmoniously determined the "gong and shou" in their relationship.

Yue Wuhuan no longer refused to take medicine and treatment. He was well-behaved and obedient. He was once again the good patient he was when he first entered the valley.

Song Qingshi's treatments went much smoother. Every day, they tried various decoctions to stabilize his mood and help him sleep. He found that after Yue Wuhuan releases his desires, he had substantially less nightmares at night and he slept more peacefully. He couldn't find any recorded medical case in this regard, and could only classify it as part of behavioral therapy in the field of psychology.

He would work hard on anything that had a curative effect on Yue Wuhuan's condition, including climbing into bed every day.

His attitude towards this kind of thing was extremely magnanimous. There were no messy evil thoughts. He regarded it as a normal physiological need.

Yue Wuhuan was being influenced by his attitude. His psychological burden became lighter and lighter. He gradually let go of his instincts, playing more and more without restraint.

Song Qingshi felt pretty good.

Yue Wuhuan helped make a lot of cultivation pills and powerful painkillers. Song Qingshi's constant pain from his Nascent Soul was intolerable for him. He suggested for Song Qingshi to destroy his Dao ahead of his schedule and just leave the rest to him. He had once guarded the Medicine King's Valley while Song Qingshi was in a coma. He was used to it. He could take over refining pills and he'll use the Poisonous Fog Formation and other mechanisms to block off the Medicine King's Valley, helping Song Qingshi concentrate on cultivation and reforming his Golden Core as soon as possible, extricating himself from this predicament.

"You can go into closed door cultivation," Yue Wuhuan persuaded, "I'll be fine by myself."

Song Qingshi smiled and said, "No rush. There are still many things that need dealing with."

Yue Wuhuan insisted, "I'll handle them."

"No need to hurry," Song Qingshi thought for a while, and requested, "Wuhuan, can you help me make some more Poison Puppets? Install all the poisons and mechanisms that can be used. The more powerful the better. I still want some defensive talismans, attack talismans, seal talismans… In addition, I also want a batch of ordinary Black Death Butterflies, the more the better. I also want to custom order new vestments from Heaven Craft Pavilion. The price doesn't matter. I want the best one to make up for my weaknesses in close combat."

Yue Wuhuan was a bit hesitant.

Song Qingshi quickly explained, “I don’t want to be bullied.”

Although his cultivation base has fallen to the Initial Stage of Nascent Soul, there is by no means any easy way to determine strength in the immortal realm. Otherwise, no one would ever need to fight. They could simply display their cultivation base, and whoever was higher would win. Wouldn’t that be better? When he had gone to walk the outside world alone, he was merely a Foundation Building cultivator. He had encountered countless dangers. If he had pinned his life on his cultivation level, he would have died a hundred times long ago.

He had been a rogue cultivator. He followed no rules. He employed strange tricks, used poisonous talismans and formations. There was nothing he wouldn’t learn and nothing he wouldn’t use…

He has thoroughly studied every kind of poison in “The Nie Clan’s Poison Scripture”, and he was proficient in every aspect of mechanisms, talismans and formations.

Who developed the Poison Puppet? Who designed the Poisonous Fog Formation?

Armed to the teeth, who could bully him?

Yue Wuhuan thought for a while, and understood. “Blue Sea Tower offered Lingyin Biyue Clothes a while ago, a rare top quality one. I will obtain them at any cost, and then send them to Heaven Craft Pavilion for modification. If there are any other suitable implements, I will also purchase them for you. I will also have Night Rain Pavilion send me a batch of clear corpses, and make them into them into Poison Puppets. As for the talismans, we can have the Red Dragon Sect expedite a batch of them. With the debt of gratitude owed by Yan Yuan Xianjun, he should bring out their most prized abilities to make them, *ba*? I have a lot of Black Death Butterflies in stock. I will give them to you later.”

Song Qingshi was extremely satisfied.

He patted his chest and promised, “I will make the new Black Death Butterfly and give it to you as an engagement gift!”

Yue Wuhuan hesitated for a moment. Uneasy, he took out the Phoenix Blood necklace. He had already completed the soul formation on the necklace. Originally, he had wanted to secretly hang it on Song Qingshi’s neck and bind him as his person forever and always. Now he was facing his own psychological problems and he suspected that this was a pathological approach. He’d been putting off doing it for a long time.

He decided to ask Song Qingshi’s opinion, “Phoenix Blood is helpful for cultivation. I want to give it to you as a gift. There is a soul mark on the gemstone. I don’t know if there’s any problem with that. If it’s not appropriate, I will remove it and change it to… ”

Yue Wuhuan trailed off, heart filled with reluctance. He didn’t want to make any changes.

The Blood King Vine was wrapped around Song Qingshi’s foot, shaking gently.

He was a little scared…If he didn’t tie Song Qingshi well and look after him by his side, his happiness would vanish, never to be seen again.

He also didn’t want to have only this life. He hoped that Song Qingshi’s next life, and the next life, every life will belong to him. When that happens, he would be together with him cleanly; no more madness; no more pain. He would pamper him and shower him with love, just like in the illusion. There would be no messy matters.

As long as the Phoenix Blood was not destroyed, he could find him by his soul mark.

“The design is very complicated and it uses a lot of precious materials, right? A genius work,” Song Qingshi admired the formation for a while. He put it on happily, and tucked it under his clothes, “Thank you, I like it very much.”

Yue Wuhuan heaved a sigh of relief. This matter was not abnormal.

He felt it was bit of a pity though. The Phoenix Blood had also been given to him by Song Qingshi. It was not sincere enough to use as an engagement gift. He was a little annoyed at himself that for the past ten years, he had devoted himself to medicinal materials and hadn't kept an eye out for beautiful things. Those precious gems he collected paled in comparison to the Phoenix Blood. They weren't presentable as gifts.

The Medicine King's Valley's money was Song Qingshi's. He was just a managing agent. It wasn't appropriate to use it to buy gifts…

The more Yue Wuhuan thought, the more entangled he felt.

Song Qingshi understood his intentions and suggested with a smile, "Aren't you about to breed a special type of mouse? I like that."

Yue Wuhuan asked hesitantly, "Do you want a white mouse as an engagement gift?"

Song Qingshi was extremely happy, "En!"

Yue Wuhuan's ears were somewhat red. He lowered his head and said, "I will diligently raise it. When I finish breeding the special mouse, then… should we be Daoist companions then?"

Song Qingshi smiled and said, "Okay!"

Chapter 74: The Butterfly of Revenge

Song Qingshi frantically devoted himself to the study of the Black Death Butterfly. Every day, he would busy himself until late at night before returning to his room to sleep and even then he would only sleep for two to four hours. Yue Wuhuan was terribly worried about the pain of his injured Nascent Soul. He temporarily set aside all other matters, and concentrated on completing the tasks entrusted to him. He was constantly making Poison Puppets and various poisons, and making all sorts of arrangements for when he goes into closed door cultivation.

The two of them extremely busy bustling about for many days.

Yue Wuhuan finally received the Lingyin Biyue clothes that were urgently remodeled by Heaven Craft Pavilion and sent it to Song Qingshi.

This high-level vestment cost a full 1.8 million high-grade spirit stones. It was made of gold silk interwoven with Moon Spider threads. It was both fire and waterproof, impervious to sword or spear, with stealth functions, and with many added magic weapons and defensive arrays. The vestments themselves were also very beautiful, with gold silk faintly roving about amongst the ice-colored silk. It had no drawbacks save for its expensive cost.

Song Qingshi immediately put on his vestments and familiarized himself with the various functions. He was extremely satisfied.

He had already placed the Poison Puppets and Black Death Butterflies that Yue Wuhuan made into the mustard seed bag. After hesitating for a long time, he asked, “What’s been going on in the Western Forest?”

During this time, in order to avoid stimulating Yue Wuhuan’s emotions, he had deliberately avoided asking about the outside world. But there were some things that everyone was well aware of and needed to be faced. Yue Wuhuan wounded An Long, and revealed the true face of the half-demon. They had to be on alert to the reaction of the Myriad Gu Sect, that bunch of lunatics.

Yue Wuhuan said, “An Long’s identity as a half-demon was exposed, and he has not returned to the Western Forest for a long time. The Myriad Gu Sect dismissed his position as the Sect Master and fell into chaos. The elders divided into several factions and are fighting against each other.”

When An Long left, he couldn’t control the half-demon blood in his body, and his true identity leaked out.

The cultivation world was furious at this and issued an order to hunt down and kill him. However, no one has managed to find his whereabouts.

Yue Wuhuan couldn’t rest assured. While hiding it from Song Qingshi, he anonymously issued a million worth bounty to Night Rain Pavilion as well as to various assassin organizations, seeking out masters from all sides to take An Long’s life.

An Long has fallen from being a Nascent Soul ancestor set up on high to a dog in the water who everyone shouted at and beat. He couldn’t mobilize the power and resources of the Western Forest, and the threat he posed to the Medicine King’s Valley was greatly reduced. Even if he were still alive, he had rearranged the Poisonous Fog Formation and the mechanisms. Coupled with the Song Qingshi’s Underworld Fire, they had everything in place to prevent an invasion. And no matter how bad it gets, there would be a safe way to secretly escape.

Yue Wuhuan thought for a while, then said, “The Western Forest is too chaotic right now. The latest intelligence has been cut off.”

Song Qingshi immediately asked, “When did it break?”

Yue Wuhuan said, “Eight days ago.”

Song Qingshi paused when he heard this. And then he smiled, as if nothing happened, “Pay close attention to any intelligence that comes through. I’ll continue my research in the laboratory.”

Yue Wuhuan looked at his back, feeling vaguely uneasy.

…

Lightning appeared in the sky and thunder roared furiously. Heavy rain was about to pour down.

Song Qingshi made the last petri dish, and walked to the window. He looked at the gloomy and gray skies. He stretched out his palm, and a little golden light appeared. This was the Golden Light of Merit produced when the picture scroll was torn to shreds. Although the amount was very small, it had very agreeably fused together with his soul. It was like a part of his body. Not only did it allow him to see the Phoenix, but it also secretly allowed him to peep into a piece of the mystery known only to Heaven.

Scientists need reason. They need evidence.

He has been thinking for many days, and some things were still questionable — such as the true identity of the Grand Master, the mysterious mission of the system, the significance of the truth behind the this mystery known only to Heaven, and the ending…

What he was certain of was that Yue Wuhuan was the Phoenix in the dream. The coincidences that happened to him were not real coincidences. For some unknown reason, the Heavens detested him, but could not directly give him death. And so, they modified the difficulty of his Lightning Tribulation. They constantly played with his fate, destroying his happiness; making him like that phoenix kite, tainting his feathers, rendering him unable to spread his wings. Step by step, they drop him into despair, turning him into a lunatic, until he himself begins to walk on the road to destruction.

Time was pressing. Every day, he could feel that an unknown crisis was approaching.

He couldn’t speak of it. Otherwise, he would be detected by Heaven, and be forcibly wiped out. The trajectory of his fate would be modified to let tragedy come early.

His study on the Black Death Butterfly, his hint about the Blood King Vine. He was quietly sowing one small seed after another…

He had to do everything he could in exchange for hope for the future.

Intelligence from the Western Forest has been interrupted. He immediately realized that the butcher knife of fate was quickly coming down.

…

Pools of blood and rotten corpses filled the inside of the Myriad Gu Sect. The poisonous Gu's have long gone out of control, and they wandered all over the place.

The hideous half-demon crawled through the pile of corpses. He was covered head to foot with black scales. The barbs on his back were stained with blood, and the long scorpion tail frantically tore the tattered corpses on the ground. He had no reason, no emotion. Only in killing could he relieve the yearning and pain in his heart. He was panting, hissing, struggling frantically. After everything was destroyed, the blood in one of his eyes gradually faded. He regained a bit of human rationality. Realizing what terrible things he had done, he wanted to resist, but as always, the voice in his head emerged, dragging him deeper into the spiral of massacre.

"The Heart of his Heartless Dao has been destroyed."

"He is about to be his Daoist companion."

"The heart you couldn't obtain, the person you couldn't obtain, all belong to someone else."

"Position, dignity, feelings…you have nothing left."

"Destroy. Destroy everything that brings you pain."

"…"

"Shut up, the Way of the Heartless will not be destroyed," An Long clutched his head madly, trying to get the voice out of his head. "You're not

my hallucination. These things you said… I don't even know! I don't want to know!" This nightmare-like voice was like a bone gangrene. Every day, it would describe to him in detail what was happening in the Medicine King's Valley, speaking of a couple's affection that he didn't want to listen to, instigating bloodthirsty desires. Each incident pained him, made him suffer. His mind was becoming more and more confused. He was getting more and more insane.

The feelings of massacre and destruction were became stronger and stronger. It eventually exceeded what the Emotion Locking Gu could bear and it was destroyed.

After the Gu died, it backlashed on his body.

The emotions that had been absorbed by the Emotion Locking Gu all rushed back, ferociously ripping open the only crack in his heart; tearing it wider and bigger, constantly stimulating the demon blood in his body, causing him to lose control and become not his own. Everyone looked at his body with fear and disgust, calling him a "monster". Being called such made him angrier and crazier. He was then dominated by the demon blood and he lost all human awareness. When he woke up, his hands were stained with blood, and there was no one living remaining in front of him.

"I am not a monster."

His body became more and more frightening. He was losing his cool-headed reason and the amount of time he remained clear-headed was getting shorter and shorter. The weird voice that claimed to be Fate was continuously depriving him of human emotions, trying to reduce him to a monster, trying to make him fall into the dark world, trying to make him into a controlled chess piece.

He had nowhere to escape to…

"You don't need pity, don't need emotions. You were born to be a weapon for slaughter. The battlefield and blood are your favorites."

"You know the only way to get rid of the pain."

“Go. Kill them and destroy the root of your inner demon.”

“Go. This is your destiny.”

…

It was late at night, Yue Wuhuan was making Poison Puppets in his personal research room. He wanted to try to improve it, installing more killing mechanisms on it, turning the Poison Puppet into the most terrifying Puppet-type immortal weapon of the cultivation world, making the Medicine King’s Valley into a forbidden land that no one would dare to set foot in. The more he pondered, the more amusing he found the idea. He kept being inspired…

Suddenly, the door of the research room opened.

Song Qingshi rushed in excitedly. “Wuhuan, I succeeded!”

Yue Wuhuan laughed and asked, “The Black Death Butterfly?”

Song Qingshi gave him the crystal box in his hand, inside it was lying quietly a red chrysalis, like a small flame, with a slight burning sensation.

The original Black Death Butterfly should be a black pupa.

Yue Wuhuan took the small tongue of flame from inside the crystal box and sighed, “It has become so beautiful.”

“When released, it will turn into a flame-like red butterfly. It can either indiscriminately release a lethal paralysis powder, or attack a marked creature. If you directly attack, it will injected all its poisons into the blood, controlling the nerves instantly and spreading it throughout the whole body. I am certain that the toxicity is eight times more potent than before. Based on the data, it should be effective against most of the Fen Shen cultivators. Unfortunately, we don’t have a test subject.” Song Qingshi smiled regretfully. “There’s no way to catch a Fen Shen cultivator and bring him back to test the poison.”

Yue Wuhuan laughed and said, “There will always be test subjects. I feel that it can no longer be called the Black Death Butterfly. It is better to change the name and distinguish it from the original one.”

“The name is Nirvana,” Song Qingshi looked at him and quickly said, “It is a butterfly born from raging fire and pain. You can use it to kill those creatures that have hurt you, no matter what they are…”

“Nirvana?” Yue Wuhuan reflected repeatedly on this word, feeling that he really liked it. He hoped to use this butterfly of vengeance to burn those despicable and shameless beasts, “Destroy all to be reborn.”

Recently, he’s been trying to say all that is in his heart, judging whether those were pathological. Fortunately, Song Qingshi approved or tolerated most of his thoughts, including his strong desire to control with regards to feelings. Even his craziness and appetite between the sheets were also regarded as normal interests, nothing abnormal.

This made the boulder weighing down on his heart lighter by a lot.

“Not everyone in this world deserves to die,” Song Qingshi had suggested to modify his notion of killing people. “I hope you can draw a line in your heart. You can set that standard by yourself, but after you set it, don’t just change it as you wish.”

Yue Wuhuan hadn’t been able to understand it very well.

Song Qingshi had then asked, “Does Qing Luan deserve to die? Should Ming Hong die? Should Nian Nian die? Should Yang Yuan Xianjun die? Should the Lan girl who read that novel, die? Ye Lin Xianjun knows of the picture books, should he die?”

Yue Wuhuan became entangled. He felt that many people had something about them that sought death. He didn’t know if they should be killed or not. But Qingshi didn’t seem to like it, or maybe he couldn’t kill them?

Song Qingshi asked, “The Medicine King’s Valley studies all kinds of pills and medicines for healing. If you kill all the people, where would we apply

all this research?"

"Qingshi is getting better and better at joking," Yue Wuhuan couldn't help laughing. "The way I see it, how could I possibly kill all the people in the world?"

Song Qingshi was very persistent, "Promise me. Even if you create a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood, you will leave room for leniency. Let the people who are not so damned, survive and change the world…"

For some reason, he didn't finish the rest of his words.

Yue Wuhuan answered off-hand, "Okay, I'll listen to you."

Song Qingshi had seemed very happy and he did a lot of happier things with him.

Now, looking at the red Nirvana Butterfly in his hand, Yue Wuhuan realized that Song Qingshi was serious. He agreed with his heart of slaughter. He wanted to kill those scoundrels and destroy all evil. His heart felt a little sweet.

It was a pity that these things couldn't be rushed. First, they must wait for Song Qingshi's Nascent Soul to be re-cultivated. He himself needed to break through the confinement of his meridians and form his Golden Core. They will then slowly plan, finding opportunities bit by bit, and get rid of those disgusting beasts.

Song Qingshi smiled and said, "This is the first Nirvana butterfly I've made. I hope it can protect you… from all dangers."

Yue Wuhuan asked, "What about you?"

Song Qingshi patted his beautiful vestments. "I have this."

Suddenly, the Sound Transmission bird flew over and brought a letter from Ye Lin Xianjun. Song Qingshi opened the letter and glanced at it. His expression gradually turned serious. He handed the letter to Yue Wuhuan.

“The Yellow Springs Epiphyllum is about to bloom. I need this medicinal ingredient. ”

The Medicine King’s Valley had a good reputation for long-term purchases of all kinds of medicinal ingredients. Whenever the Night Rain Pavilion has similar information, it would be sold directly to him.

The Yellow Springs Epiphyllum is a flower that blooms every fifty years. It only blooms in the Nether secret realm and withers after only two hours of blooming. It must be collected and refined on the spot to make medicinal materials. However, the Nether secret realm has an enchantment, and only cultivators of Core Formation and above could enter. There were not many medicine refining cultivators at that level, so the risk of collecting this flower was not high.

Yue Wuhuan remembered that the pill refined using the Yellow Springs Epiphyllum would be of great help to Song Qingshi’s Nascent Soul injury. He should in favor of gathering this flower, but he couldn’t enter the Nether secret realm… Thinking of how Song Qingshi could leave him, he felt anxious all over. He was always worried about losing this hard-won happiness.

Song Qingshi said calmly, “Wuhuan, I will be back.”

His voice was firm, bringing endless comfort.

Yue Wuhuan asked softly, “I want to lock you up, am I…pathological?”

Song Qingshi did not answer.

Yue Wuhuan understood. He closed his eyes, and controlled his breathing and emotions. “Go ahead.”

“Trust me,” Song Qingshi stood up on tiptoe, kissed his lips, and promised earnestly, “No matter what happens, I will come back. You have to wait for me, wait for me to come back and be Daoist companions with you.”

Yue Wuhuan nodded softly, “Okay.”

Song Qingshi urged, “Wuhuan, after I leave, you must continue to research. No matter how difficult it is, you must also find the correct answer.”

Yue Wuhuan felt as if he wanted to emphasize something. “The correct answer?”

Song Qingshi smile and played with his Blood King Vine.

The Nascent Soul in his dantian was well-controlled by medicine, leaving him enough strength to deal with other matters.

He must make use of every moment and arrange his final destiny.

…

Darkness was everywhere in the Nether secret realm; only the little fireflies in the forest brought light.

An Long raised his head and looked at the white-clothed youth on the tree. He tried hard to resist the crazy voice in his mind calling for him to kill. He asked in pain, “Why are you here?”

These days, he kept wavering between clear-headedness and loss of control. In the end, he was controlled by the demon. He captured Ye Lin Xianjun’s wife and daughter and forced him to write the letter, deceiving Song Qingshi to come out.

Once he regained lucidity, he noticed that Ye Lin Xianjun had left a flaw in his letter. The last time the Yellow Springs Epiphyllum bloomed was forty-eight years ago. Song Qingshi couldn’t remember this kind of thing wrong. He would surely be able to guess that there was a trap.

An Long forcibly ignored this flaw.

The voice in his mind kept screaming, trying to regain control of his body, so that the tragedy that had happened before would come again.

He didn’t know how long he could hold on.

“You fool, are you still looking to die?!” The scales on An Long’s body were constantly emerging and disappearing, the sharp claws on his fingertips were constantly extending and retracting. He wanted to kill the source of his pain in front of him. Unable to control himself, he scolded, “Go away! Don’t ever appear in front of me!”

Song Qingshi looked at him quietly, without any expression on his face.

“We’re no longer friends. There’s no need to be merciful.”

“This time, I’m here to kill you.”

Translator’s note: If you haven’t checked it out, check out the CG 10K event. Here are two entries from Cei:

Chapter 75: Tearing Destiny to Shreds

In the fragment of the secret of Heaven found in the Golden Light of Merit, Song Qingshi had seen the Phoenix; he had seen Yue Wuhuan. He had also seen his own death.

One death after another — he had died in the snow; he had died amidst a barrage of arrows; he had died crushed under wheels, he had died on the execution ground…

He had been confused, but as Yue Wuhuan opened his heart and gradually revealed his feelings and fragility, Song Qingshi understood the significance of these deaths. Each instance of his death was heart-gouging, bone-carving torture for Yue Wuhuan, forcing him to lose hope, to completely sink into madness, leaving him no choice but to commit suicide in hellish despair.

Not in pain, though. He was not afraid of pain.

He won't ever allow this ending to happen again.

Song Qingshi tried to analyze every death shown in the secret of Heaven. He found that most of them contained the traces of destiny being tampered with by Heavenly law — sudden diseases, accidents, disasters…There was even in one life, when he discovered the crisis, he was merely staying in his room when a meteor crushed him to death.

Every accident was a coincidence, and every coincidence happened to him, killing him.

In this life, he was a Nascent Soul cultivator, a cultivator with a high level of cultivation. If it's not a randomly leaking poison, a pill furnace explosion could kill him. Judging from the Yue Wuhuan's lightning tribulation, Heavenly law seemed to be able to distort the rules and create coincidences, but not directly kill people.

So, how will he die this time?

Song Qingshi suddenly remembered that he had been killed once before…

At that time, he hadn't known Yue Wuhuan, so he hadn't been targeted by Fate. Borrowing the power of the system, he managed to smoothly survive, although he still didn't understand why the system helped him.

However, if An Long's heart demon could lose control once, it could lose control a second time. He was the strongest Nascent Soul cultivator, and had a half-demon bloodline. He was bloodthirsty and combative, and was the most suitable chess piece for Heaven to control.

He had long cast his suspicions on An Long.

800 years of acquaintance, 500 years of friendship, former comrade-in-arms…

Song Qingshi understands An Long's character. He hated hiding and liked to fight head-on. Faced with the danger of being hunted, he would only become braver as he fought, until he killed all his enemies. Since the Myriad Gu Sect has chosen to betray him, An Long would definitely return to the Western Forest to punish the insurgents…

If there was still news of An Long coming from the Western Forest, even if it was bloody news, the situation was nothing serious.

The Western Forest having no news of An Long was the most dangerous…

An Long might have lost control of his heart demon, and his eyes have turned red with murderous intent.

There would be no news if everyone were dead.

When Ye Lin Xianjun sent him that letter with the warning…

Song Qingshi understood that this was the war challenge An Long had given him. This was also the time of death Fate had arranged for him, the hell that they had arranged for Yue Wuhuan.

He would never admit defeat.

He wanted to challenge his own destiny.

He wanted to do his best to change Yue Wuhuan's future.

……

Song Qingshi stretched out his hand, black and red flame lotus flowers appeared in the sky, illuminating the surroundings.

An Long covered his blood-red eyes, ill-suited to the bright light. His thinking was hazy, he kept wandering between madness and sanity. Finally, he couldn't help laughing.

He found that he had never actually seen Song Qingshi's true strength. Now, the two were about to go all out, about to fight a fierce battle. It wasn't a waste of their many years of friendship.

Song Qingshi asked while An Long was still a little clear-headed, "At Golden Phoenix Manor, did you also turn into a demon?"

"Yes," An Long's body was gradually changing, and he smiled in pain, "I was controlled by my heart demon at the time and I lost my mind… I was in pain and I asked you to lie to me, to say even just "like", to give me a beautiful illusion to make the heart demon retreat and abandon the killing intent. But you refused. Did you loath me so much, you would you rather die than lie to bring me out of the pain?"

Song Qingshi thought for a while, "I couldn't. Like is like. Don't like is don't like. I can't lie to you."

An Long's breathing was becoming rapid. His consciousness was gradually being invaded by his demon nature. "Qingshi, I hate you so much…"

Yue Wuhuan's Emotion Locking Gu suppressed his love. His Emotion Locking Gu suppressed his hatred and murderous intent.

The blood of a half-demon, born with no understanding of emotions, only the lust for killing and greed.

He forced himself to learn, to understand, and to respect.

He truly wanted to be a real human, but he failed.

Song Qingshi once intended to send him to Great Master Ci Bei to learn to be human. But he hadn't seen any humanity in those children. They didn't understand good and evil, they merely became obedient puppets and followed the rules. During the battle to seal away the demons, he saw with his own eyes how Great Master Ci Bei was seriously injured, had an outbreak of his demonic nature and turned into a terrible monster. He was then taken as an enemy and killed. Everyone thought that he'd been killed by the demons and was worshipped as a hero. It was truly laughable.

After Great Master Ci Bei's death, his remaining disciples gradually revealed their demonic nature, and were finally wiped out.

After all, a demon was a demon. Where was there any humanity?

He just needed to kill…

An Long's pupils have become terrifying vertical pupils. He has lost any human feelings and had completely turned into a demon. He let out an inaudible whistle, and the fragmented sounds of insects moving echoed from within the forest. More and more were coming; coming closer and closer.

Song Qingshi looked around, and between his fingers, the Red Lotus Fire ignited, burning the entire forest. The extreme high temperature blocked the attacks of the Poisonous Gu's. The air was filled with the smell of burnt limbs.

He stood atop the red lotus, looking down upon the demon on the ground.

He made a seal and countless hands stretched out from beneath An Long's feet. Those were Poison Puppets hidden in the ground. They had stitches all over their bodies, making them look like ragdolls crawling out of hell, tightly wrapping around the target, carrying all kinds of poisons, grabbing ahold of him. An Long's body turned into thick scale armor, blocking the

invasion of toxins. He threw out his long scorpion tail, tearing off the pale hands, and rushed towards Song Qingshi.

He didn't need to know how many aces Song Qingshi had up his sleeve, it was enough that he knew that Song Qingshi wasn't good at close combat.

Defensive enchantments and magic formations opened up in mid-air, quickly cutting the distance between the two.

An Long sneered and stretched out his claws. He tore open the barrier, and rushed towards the target in front of him. However, Song Qingshi suddenly disappeared, replaced by countless black butterflies with their hyper-toxin. Blotting out the sky and covering the earth, they flew towards him. An Long quickly closed his eyes, but in the end the scale powder fell on his face, and through wounds created by the corrosion of his scales, the poison penetrated his body.

With a fierce swipe of his claw, he tore off the infected scales, blocking the invasion of toxins. New scales then grew out, covering the original wounds. He immediately whipped his scorpion tail to the side where there seemed to be no one. He broke through Song Qingshi's concealment formation, forcing him to reveal his actual position.

"Found you." An Long chirped softly.

Song Qingshi wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. He smiled, and threw a small black lotus flame on the ground.

Suddenly, the ground exploded. The Poisonous Puppet lying in ambush launched a self-detonation attack. The explosions went off in quick succession, releasing layer upon layer of heavy poison, bombing the entire forest, corroding the trees with black venom. All living things were wiped out. Huge pits up to several tens of meters deep appeared on the ground, burying everything. The air was filled with poisonous mist, infiltrating their breaths, seeping into their skin, penetrating into every inch of their body.

The dust dispersed, revealing An Long's figure. He wrapped himself in hard scale armor to protect his vitals and avoid most of the damage. However,

poison had invaded his body and affected his movements. His perception gradually dulled and his breathing became slightly heavier. But his emotions became more and more excited.

This was a joyous battle…

This was an opponent worth killing…

He stood up again and rushed towards his target. He disappeared in mid-air, only to reappear instantly in front of Song Qingshi. He lay a heavy punch against his abdomen. Song Qingshi was blown away by the punch. Even with the protection of the high-level vestments, his ribs were still cracked. His shaking Nascent Soul, on the verge of breaking, was now even more imperiled.

Song Qingshi stood up with difficulty. He had known for a long time that An Long's strongest weapon was not the Gu's but his natural war-like spirit. He possessed the strongest physique and combat instinct, and he could easily see through all the flaws and find weak points suitable to be attacked.

He gave up part of his defenses and placed a mark on An Long for the Black Death Butterfly.

Black Death Butterflies gathered one after another, attacking the marked enemy.

An Long glanced at the butterflies, and then gave out a silent whistle. Countless Devil Mask Moths surged like a tornado, rushing through the flame barrier without fear, pouncing on the black butterflies in droves. They died one after another, their corpses piled high like a mountain. They took away with them the poisonous scale powder of the Black Death Butterflies, consumed the venom in their bodies, rendering them unable to attack.

Song Qingshi realized the crisis, and the Underworld Ghost Fire rose up in his body, trying to burn the approaching enemy to death.

However, the scorpion tail suddenly appeared. It pierced his abdomen, nailing him firmly to the rock wall.

An Long slowly walked out from the cluster of Devil Mask Moths. “I’ve caught you.”

Song Qingshi clutched the scorpion tail in his abdomen tightly, panting for breath. He knew that if he couldn’t pull out the weapon that had pierced through him now, he would lose blood. Fortunately, before their battle, he had taken a powerful analgesic pill, suppressing most of the pain to a tolerable level, and keeping his mind clear.

An Long walked over slowly. He stretched out his hand, and gently touched his face, trying to wipe off the blood on it.

There was a sharp pain on his fingertips. He felt like he had touched a burning hot pill furnace. It scorched the hard scales, tearing his skin open and exposing his flesh. It emitted an unpleasant smell. The severe pain cleared his head for a moment, and bloody tears streamed down from his blood-colored eyes. He asked, voice hoarse, “Why?”

As soon as the word fell, he couldn’t speak anymore.

Feelings were the sweetest things in the world. They were also the cruelest things in the world.

There was no principle that could explain it.

“Qingshi, I don’t want to kill you,” he looked at the person in front of him, and desperately pleaded once again, “Please, as long as you say “like”, even if you lie. Just let the heart demon let go of me and let go of you. ”

The shrill auditory hallucinations in his mind kept clamoring, sending out signals to kill, eroding his will. Only by killing the person in front of him or getting what he wanted could he get rid of this hideous appearance and be free from pain.

He didn’t know how long he could hold on.

Song Qingshi raised his head and said softly, “It’s no use.”

The same scene, the same plea, finally reminded him of what happened in the Golden Phoenix Manor.

“Fake is, in the end, still fake. It can’t be made real,” Song Qingshi gasped hard and told him the real answer, “I can’t lie to you. You are the Gu genius I admire, and you were my best friend. You’re so good. You’ve helped me a lot…so…I can never deceive your heart with lies. This is a dishonor to your feelings…”

An Long stared at him blankly, as if meeting him for the first time.

There were tears in Song Qingshi’s eyes. He smiled and said, “I’ve caught you too.”

From the very start, he had been waiting for was such an opportunity. The scorpion tail connected the two off them, neither could escape.

Translator’s note: Here, we have an entry from Sin titled ‘How the Medical Field is Progressed’. Make sure to check out the CG 10k event.

An Long finally understood that death was the best thing he owned.

He smiled and lowered his head, embracing the blood-covered young man into his arms. He traded having every inch of his body getting burned for this momentary clarity. He gently branded a kiss on his forehead; his lips burned inch by inch until its original appearance could hardly be seen. All for this final farewell.

The most painful embrace and the most painful kiss in the world, but he was perfectly willing.

The black lotus and the red lotus in the sky were forcibly merged into one, turning into brilliant gold, giving out the breath of death.

An Long gently lowered his head, still relying on Song Qingshi to push this lotus of death into his bosom.

The lotus instantly exploded, blasting away the hard scale armor, and piercing his chest. All his organs were destroyed, blood splattered everywhere, and there was nothing he could do to stop it. It swiftly dyed the gravel red and it penetrated bit by bit into the ground.

It turned out a half-demon's blood was also red.

The auditory hallucinations in his mind had practically turned into frenzied alarm bells. His sea of consciousness was thrown into confusion. He felt his body being forcibly repaired bit by bit, depriving him of the right to die. This violated the laws of heaven and earth. His body was going through a strange transformation. Just what was happening?

An Long was somewhat anxious and alarmed.

The scorpion tail was disconnected. Song Qingshi urgently treated the wound and stopped the bleeding with gold needles and medicine.

He slowly crawled towards An Long. He checked the unreasonable changes in his body, and confirmed his own judgment. — Destiny had chosen An

Long to be a chess piece to destroy Yue Wuhuan. And so, he was not allowed to die by his own hands.

In the absence of luck, he could only be killed by force.

“Don’t be afraid,” Song Qingshi comforted softly, “Death is not the real end, but a new beginning.”

The Golden Light of Merit in the picture scroll was very gentle.

It didn’t want to show him the pain of dying again and again. Instead, it wanted him to see the opportunity presented by being reborn again and again. If the death arranged by Heavenly Law could not be avoided, what he had to do was to seize every moment and give Yue Wuhuan enough reminders and promises, leave sufficient preparations for himself, and then wait for the beginning of a new cycle of reincarnation.

Phoenix Nirvana, towards death and birth…

This was the correct answer given by the picture scroll.

An Long looked at his calm expression and gradually calmed down the alarm and anxiety in his heart.

Song Qingshi struggled to brandish the tattered Nascent Soul from his body. The self-detonation of a Nascent Soul cultivator could destroy all creatures within a radius of a hundred miles. He would destroy himself, destroy An Long, destroy the entire secret realm, and destroy everything.

Every crack on his Nascent Soul was a symbol of the moving of his Heartless Way.

After watching him for a long time, An Long finally asked the question he wanted to know since a long time ago, “Qingshi, do you regret it? You rescued a white-eyed wolf from the foul swamp, an ungrateful wretch who requited kindness with enmity…who hurt you again and again…”

Song Qingshi thought for a while, and shook his head. “I never regretted it.”

An Long asked, not daring to believe it, “Why?”

Song Qingshi smiled and said, “If I hadn’t saved you, how could the world have the shockingly and superbly amorous Gu King? The arrogant and unyielding god of war? Those days of adventuring together…were really happy…”

He stopped his words, suddenly remembering that in the memory in the picture scroll, a majestic and domineering Black Dragon would occasionally appear next to the Phoenix.

The Black Dragon liked provoking the Phoenix. They would then fight amongst the clouds, they would fight until dark. After their fight they would reconcile and fly side by side…they seemed like good friends.

Song Qingshi was envious of this.

The black scales on An Long’s face, the vertical pupils in his eyes. They gradually overlapped with the Black Dragon in his memory. He had his dragon scales pulled off, his dragon muscles removed. He was turned into an ugly monster. He lost his former brilliance, lost all his pride, but he was still struggling, still resisting. He would rather die than be reduced to a chess piece controlled by Fate.

Song Qingshi looked more and more carefully, and looked more seriously.

An Long blocked his gaze with his hand. He said in fear, “Don’t look at me. I’m a monster.”

Song Qingshi: “Don’t be afraid, this is not the real you.”

An Long asked, “What should the real me be?”

Song Qingshi thought about the Black Dragon that accompanied the Phoenix to fly above the Ninth Heaven, “Probably very handsome.”

“What nonsense,” An Long couldn’t help laughing. The laughter pulled the wound in his chest, but he was very happy. He said loudly, “Kill me.

Otherwise as long as I still have a breath, I will definitely kill you and Yue Wuhuan…”

The voice in his mind was becoming more and more intense, like a machine that was about to be destroyed, issuing wave after wave of dangerous hums.

An Long looked at him and softly said good-bye, “If we can meet again, there won’t be a third time.”

Song Qingshi smiled and nodded, “I believe you.”

His Nascent Soul gradually shattered, about to tear apart the plans of Fate.

……

Suddenly, a frantic alarm sounded.

A strange black hole appeared in the air, swallowing Song Qingshi in, blocking the power of the Nascent Soul’s explosion.

From the void, came the chaotic voice of the system. It stuttered, like an instrument that has been infected with a virus, consuming too much energy, and on the verge of crashing.

“Tasker Song Qingshi, times failed: one.”

“Tasker Song Qingshi, times failed: one thousand three hundred fifty.

“Tasker Song Qingshi, times failed: one.”

“Tasker Song Qingshi, times failed: one thousand three hundred fifty.

“Tasker Song Qingshi, times failed: one.”

“Tasker Song Qingshi, times failed: one thousand three hundred fifty.

“Revising plot. Dispatching tasker.”

“Revising plot. Dispatching tasker.”

……

Song Qingshi disappeared into the black hole. He only had time to leave one last statement to An Long, “Don’t kill Yue Wuhuan, you will regret it!”

An Long struggled to get up, wanting to stop him. But the injury affected his body’s movement, and in the end, he was half a step slower. He watched helplessly as the seriously injured Song Qingshi somehow disappeared. His mind was thrown into confusion. He couldn’t understand what had happened.

He tried to fish a handful of air, but he didn’t feel anything.

There was no undulation of a spell, no traces of sorcery.

He felt that Song Qingshi’s breath was erased by the world, as if he had never existed.

The demonization of his body gradually receded, and he returned to his human form.

This kind of thing had happened before; when Song Qingshi died.

An Long sat on the spot in a daze, until most of the serious injuries on his body were repaired. Nothing could be done to get him to come back to his senses.

The auditory hallucinations in his mind were much weaker, but it went on chattering as before.

“He-he’s lying…”

“Don’t-don’t believe it. You won’t regret it…”

“It-it was I who saved you.”

“Qui-quickly, go to the Medicine King’s Valley. Kill Yue Wuhuan.”

……

An Long sat for a long time. He pondered for a long time. Finally, he stood up.

Dragging heavy steps, he made his way step by step towards the Medicine King's Valley.

Translator's Note: Only a short chapter today but very eventful. (Sorry for having to cut it into two but the chapter as at an awkward length.)

Please check out CG's 10k event on discord. Here's an entry by Eira.

Chapter 76: Phoenix Nirvana

Medicine King's Valley, Little White Mice Breeding Center.

Yue Wuhuan was conscientiously cleaning their cages, changing their food, and checking the health of each mouse. Over the years, in order to get the special mice that Song Qingshi wanted, he put aside the breeding ideas written down in the materials and tried using a combination of pills and magical arrays to achieve the desired effect. He failed many times but finally found a suitable method. There was now one special mouse that was pregnant. The likelihood of it giving birth to more special mouse babies was very high. This would enable them to form a stable production of this mouse.

This batch of little white mouse babies will be his engagement gift to Song Qingshi.

Yue Wuhuan wished he could stay in the breeding house for the entire twenty-four hours in a day, taking care of this pregnant mouse, so as to prevent any mishaps.

Suddenly, the door of the breeding house opened.

Yue Wuhuan froze. There were several mice breeding centers in the Medicine King's Valley. Most of them were of ordinary mice that were taken care of by the apprentices. This room engaged in special mice breeding was listed as off-limits. It was strictly disinfected and kept clean. Only he, Song Qingshi and Qing Luan were allowed to come in.

Song Qingshi was away.

Qing Luan would never push the door open in such a noisy manner.

There had been no movement in the Poisonous Fog Formation and the barrier enchantment. The Blood King Vine he had placed in a hidden spot hadn't responded, not having detected the presence of the intruder.

In the immortal realm, such things represented the coming of danger.

A terrifying gaze was cast Yue Wuhuan's way. The intruder indifferently sized him up, as though looking at a beautiful prey that was about to die. He whistled frivolously…

Yue Wuhuan conducted strict disinfection whenever he entered the breeding center. Not only did he wear a white robe, he also placed the golden mask on the shelf outside. Now, the danger had come silently, and he was unprepared. It was too late to mobilize the Cold Jade Technique and use the toxins to cover his features. He could only raise his head, revealing his clear face. He asked softly, "Can you go out?"

In front of him was an unfamiliar cultivator. Tall, handsome and imposing, he wore garments of golden feathers and black jade. He carried on him countless magical instruments, and around his waist was a sword with roving divine light. He was extraordinary. He looked at Yue Wuhuan as though he was an amusing joke. He suddenly released an immense amount of pressure. Waves of killing intent swept before him, trying to force to his knees this Foundation Building cultivator who knew not the height of the heavens or the depth of the earth.

This was a Fen Shen cultivator.

Yue Wuhuan could hardly stand firm. The mice beside him were affected by the pressure's effects, making them cry out shrilly in pain.

These were Song Qingshi's most precious little white mice. They mustn't be harmed.

Yue Wuhuan hurriedly placed a barrier enchantment around the cages, begging, "Please don't kill me here. It will dirty this place. Let us go out before you kill me."

The Fen Shen cultivator was a little surprised when he saw him using all his willpower to hold on, refusing to kneel. He then saw the mice protected by the enchantment and his brows furrowed in disgust. With a snap of his fingers, several wind blades directly tore opened the roof and destroyed the walls. Dust flew up and rubble fell one after another, smashing onto the

cages and experiment equipment. Hundreds of mice died and hundreds fled. Years of their heart's blood were destroyed in an instant.

Yue Wuhuan held firmly the cage containing the pregnant mouse, blocking all attacks.

His hair crown was smashed, long fine black hair spread out. His meridians were all injured because of the mighty pressure of his resistance. A trace of blood flowed out from the corner of his mouth…

Yue Wuhuan sat on the ground, looking at the scene before him in disbelief.

“Let me introduce myself. My name is Zhao Ye. Perhaps you know me by Yuan Yang Xianzun?” The man who claimed to be Zhao Ye stepped forward. He violently snatched the mouse cage from his arms and placed it on his fingertips, looking at it. He said in disgust, “What kind of dog-shit toy is this? So dirty.”

He threw the cage into the air and released several wind blades, tearing it to pieces. He then admired Yue Wuhuan’s shocked expression. One-handedly, he set off a magical burst. Raging fire ignited, burning away all the blood and corpses. He said with a smile, “Can you look at me now?”

With much difficulty, Yue Wuhuan shifted his gaze to him and said vigilantly, “Yuan Yang Xianzun closed his death gate eight hundred years ago. Who are you? What hatred do you have towards the Medicine King’s Valley?”

If a breakthrough seems hopeless for a cultivator, he may try to close the death door. Unless he dies or ascends, he would never leave. Books in the Medicine King’s Valley have recorded the achievements of the cultivator, Yuan Yang. He was a very determined Fen Shen cultivator. In order to break past his cultivation base, he has closed his death gate for many years. It was said that he had passed away a long time ago. How could he leave before he has managed to breakthrough? And on top of that, come looking for himself who was a total stranger?

“Haha, eight hundred years? I told them this body had a weird smell. It was even growing mushrooms. I almost thought it was a zongzi,” Zhao Ye laughed. “I will re-introduce myself. I am Space-Time Tasker #081, having just returned from the wild world, I received a last-minute task from the system to clean up the trouble caused by the rookie.”

Yue Wuhuan looked at him blankly. He couldn’t understand a single word.

Zhao Ye scratched his head. He was a guy with a nasty personality. For some unknown reason, after his death, his soul was entered into the system and was chosen to be a tasker. He did a lot of missions and his completion rate was high. This time, the last-minute mission released by the system was very rushed. It casually poured half of the book into his mind and tasked him with getting rid of the cannon fodder that changed the line of fate, and rescuing the real protagonist shou. At the same time, it attached a strange condition… …

It wanted to obtain Yue Wuhuan’s despair.

Zhao Ye would occasionally receive such tasks with additional conditions, and the rewards were extremely generous.

The mission this time was so simple, it was like going on a vacation.

“The tasker who saved you was called Song Qingshi? I have never seen such a stupid rookie,” Zhao Ye squatted down and grumbled with a smile on his face, “Novice missions have a difficulty safeguard. It’s super easy. He was just supposed to rescue the protagonist shou. How did he end up rescuing you, this cannon fodder?”

Yue Wuhuan sobered up from the agony caused by the destruction of the breeding room. He revealed just the right amount of fear, and grasped the key point. He carefully asked, “What is a protagonist shou?”

Zhao Ye said, “Bai Zihao, he is this world’s son of destiny.”

Yue Wuhuan thought for a while, and then asked, “And me?”

“You’re someone who was supposed to die,” Mentioning the rookie, Zhao Ye hated iron for not becoming steel. “There must be something wrong with that rookie’s brain. Even if the protagonist shou weren’t kindhearted, he should at least be pure in body. He shouldn’t have been f*cked by a man yet, right? How could he mistake him for filthy, horny trash like you?”

Yue Wuhuan trembled slightly.

Zhao Ye saw his fear and struck while the iron was hot, continuing to humiliate him. He vividly described the interesting scenes in the book. Bai Zihao saw the spectacle of him catering to the guests of the manor. Those unbearable poses, those wanton words, and then seeing his shameful expression…He sighed with feeling, “You truly are depraved.”

But, this cheap good was really beautiful.

Zhao Ye has also done this kind of task before. What he liked was the protagonist shou type, clean and lovable, simple and easy to coax, easily embarrassed. He just needs to save the other party from devil’s clutches, face-slap the vicious villain, and then pamper him sweetly in his palm. They’ll be happily rolling between the sheets. He’ll let him spend his life happily, and he’ll get a high score at the end of the mission.

He didn’t like Yue Wuhuan’s debauch kind of beauty. But, looking at the beautiful teardrop mole under his phoenix eyes, the luxurious and gorgeous facial features, and that slender waist…He felt a little itch in his heart. Even without the additional task, he would have wanted to ruthlessly bully him for a while, until he pushes him into the abyss of despair, and then he’ll kill him off. He didn’t conceal the matter regarding his mission, because he saw the pride in his bones from the opponent’s unyielding character. He wanted to deprive him of everything he had, destroy everything he cared about… and then after all that, kill him.

He skillfully humiliated him with each line he delivered. He sought out the weakness in the other party’s heart.

Yue Wuhuan’s only response was, “I don’t believe it.”

How could he possibly believe such an outrageous thing?

Zhao Ye had been prepared long ago. When he took on the additional task, he downloaded the rookie's information, and now it came in handy as he revealed it to Yue Wuhuan using the water curtain technique.

In the water curtain technique, the scene of when Song Qingshi accepted the task from the system appeared. Although he has been sick for many years, his entire body was thin and out of shape, not the least bit good-looking, with hair cut short and wearing weird clothes, Yue Wuhuan still recognized those clearest of eyes. This was the young man he liked…

Song Qingshi was in a strange space, swearing to a strange sphere "I have read tens of thousands of books and they're all imprinted in my memory. I am knowledgeable in medicine and nursing and have taken elective courses in psychology, which will allow me to solve the protagonist shou's physical and mental issues. Moreover…I…I am very experienced in love…I love communicating with others. I can ab-absolutely complete this mission!"

…

Yue Wuhuan's eyes opened wide. He was completely stunned. After a long while, the water curtain technique disappeared. He finally came back to his senses, and begged in a panic, "I don't believe it. I want to see Qingshi. I want to ask him! "

"You can't see him anymore," With a smile, Zhao Ye said the cruelest words, "He made a huge mistake and failed the mission. He's been caught and brought back for punishment."

Yue Wuhuan was surprised, "What punishment?"

"I failed once before and had my memory wiped, so I forgot what the punishment was. It should be something terrible," Zhao Ye thought about it, but he couldn't remember it. He smiled and said, "Don't think about it anymore. He won't be coming back to save you. You're better off begging me. I might just be merciful and leave you with your life."

From the book given to him by the system, Yue Wuhuan was a dissolute brainless flower-vase beauty. A mortal with a bad physique for cultivation, so his Foundation Building cultivation base must have been achieved by stuffing him with pills. Now that Song Qingshi has been taken away, he was just an ant that could be easily crushed to death with a single finger. He simply wasn't worth the effort. On the other hand, those tricks in bed mentioned in the book were very interesting. He also wanted to see if this cannon fodder's ability to serve in bed was as captivating as the book described. If he were to serve him well, he wouldn't mind coaxing him, letting him live a few more days, and then killing him when he gets tired of playing with him.

Yue Wuhuan lowered his head, and tremblingly said, "I beg Xianzun for mercy…"

The fire in the breeding room was about to burn out, leaving countless black ash and sparks dancing in the wind.

Zhao Ye came over, lifted Yue Wuhuan's face by his chin. He said ambiguously, "That depends on your performance."

Yue Wuhuan momentarily froze. He then tremblingly stretched his fingers to the belt of Zhao Ye's garment.

As soon as he touched it, he was caught by Zhao Ye. His hands were caught in his palms as Zhao Ye looked at them. Zhao Ye couldn't help but praise, "These are a pair of really beautiful hands. Best suited for serving a man. It's a pity that there are a few calluses on them. You should have taken care of them better."

He liked to play with the hands of beauties the most. Yue Wuhuan had the most beautiful hands he had ever seen in his life. These hands alone were worth playing with for half a month.

Yue Wuhuan's trembling was getting stronger and stronger. He gently withdrew his hands and after expending a lot of effort, finally, untied his belt, undoing the defensive formation of his vestment. He then looked at Zhao Ye with beseeching eyes. Speaking very gently but carrying with it a

bit of the stimulation of desire, “Wuhuan has lots of fancy tricks. I will definitely be able to serve Xianzun to the fullest…”

It was such a nice voice. It must be even more seductive when he uses it to cry out in bed.

Zhao Ye stretched out his hand, thinking of sampling this devastating beauty.

With a smile, Yue Wuhuan took two steps back, “No need to rush.”

Suddenly, countless fiery red vines appeared on the ground, frantically wrapping around Zhao Ye’s body.

Zhao Ye realized that the little mouse still wanted to resist, but in the face of overwhelming power, what use was using tricks to take off his vestments? He sneered, and easily tore the vines apart. The vines fell into the fire and burned, emitted a lot of sparks. Immediately more Blood King Vines surged up, trying to block from chasing after Yue Wuhuan. But it was in vain. He walked step by step towards the struggling cannon fodder. He sneered, “I wanted to be gentle, but unfortunately you don’t know how to appreciate my kindness.”

Yue Wuhuan stepped back slowly, looking very pitiful. Clutching his neckline tightly, those beautiful phoenix eyes were full of entreaties, but he didn’t utter a single word. It was enough to arouse a man’s sadistic desires.

Zhao Ye became more and more excited. He didn’t pay attention to the situation behind him. From the burning flames of the Blood King Vine, a beautiful golden red butterfly flew out, pretending to mix in with the sparks dancing in the wind. It quietly landed on Zhao Ye’s neck. It instantly paralyzed him, injecting its poison. Zhao Ye’s powerful body began to rapidly decay. His limbs began to crumble piece by piece…

Yue Wuhuan stood up straight. The “pitiful” on his face disappeared, replaced by a bloodthirsty crazy smile.

Zhao Ye finally realized that he was not the brainless beauty written in the data. All the fear and timidity were an act, breaking down his defenses, shattering his guard. By the final blow, it was already too late.

The Nirvana Butterfly finally found a test subject.

“Xianzun, do you like this trick?”

“Xianzun, are you enjoying yourself?”

“Xianzun…”

Yue Wuhuan’s body was still trembling slightly. He looked at the pieces of flesh with its foul-smelling black water on the ground. There was no pity in his eyes, only disgust. He carefully avoided the dirty things, and placed this sinful soul into a specially-made soul lamp. He smiled and said, “I originally had this soul lamp made for Qingshi. Unfortunately, you’ve already soiled it. I don’t want it anymore.”

Zhao Ye’s soul rammed against the soul lamp in vain, wanting to rush out and kill this lunatic.

“Many of the things Qingshi did and said were incongruous with this world. He didn’t try very hard to conceal it,” Yue Wuhuan held the soul lamp and said softly, “I already knew early on that he was not a person of this world. I just didn’t dare ask… I was afraid he would disappear if I did. So I customized this lamp. If he were to leave this world, I would snatch him back and have him stay with me forever… I would treat his soul very tenderly. I would never hurt him.”

Feeling it might be a bit inappropriate, he hesitantly asked Zhao Ye, “Is this pathological?”

Zhao Ye was trapped in the soul lamp and wanted to curse eighteen generations of this madman’s ancestors.

The enchantment of the Nether secret realm cut off his interactions with the Phoenix Blood, but at this time, Song Qingshi should have already come

out.

Yue Wuhuan started biting his nails, biting them until a fine trail of blood began to ooze. He was trying to calm down but the pain could not calm his anxiety. Instead, he became more and more irritable. He angrily tore this hateful soul to pieces, and then re-constructed it again. “Give Qingshi back to me! He’s mine!”

He was familiar with how to torture a soul. He tore it apart again and again, and then reformed it again and again.

Zhao Ye almost collapsed from the pain. His soul was constantly weakened until he sunk into a mindless state and a hole appeared.

Yue Wuhuan took this opportunity to invade his soul and directly checked his memory.

But, he hadn’t lied…

This unthinkable thing was true. Song Qingshi accepted the system’s mission to save the protagonist shou of the book, Bai Zihao, but… somehow, he mistakenly saved himself and caused the mission to fail. Those who failed their mission needed to return to the system space, accept punishment and have their memory wiped… and then start a new mission.

He couldn’t find where the system was…

He couldn’t find where Song Qingshi was…

Yue Wuhuan was extremely terrified. He used his fingers and scratched bloody marks on his wrists, desperately trying to convince himself not to be afraid.

Qingshi liked him.

Qingshi promised that when the special mice were bred, they would be Daoist companions. But, but what about the mice?

Yue Wuhuan turned his head hesitantly, looking at the burning ruins everywhere. He rushed in desperately, heedless of the scalding heat. He desperately broke open the crumbling wall, trying to find the little white mice that were still alive and Qingshi's research notes on the little white mice.

His hands were scalded with numerous blisters. He got burns everywhere. But no matter where he looked, he was disappointed again and again.

In his heart, there suddenly came a premonition like the coming of end days.

His little white mice were gone…

Was his Daoist companion gone too?

Happiness was, in the end, just flowers in a mirror and the moon reflected in the lake. He had just been carried away by his own wishful thinking.

Yue Wuhuan suddenly remembered something. He took out Song Qingshi's life card from the mustard seed bag. The life card was covered with cracks and was about to break. He brought out lots of materials, trying to protect this life card, trying to curb its collapse. But there were more and more cracks, growing bigger and bigger…

The Emotion Locking Gu on his neck couldn't hold against the despair, and finally backlashed.

The sealed away love surged violently, engulfing everything, smashing the spider silk threads maintaining his reason.

The amount of love he has, was the amount of despair he has.

Yue Wuhuan was holding the almost shattered life card. He couldn't stand steady and slipped into sitting among the ruins. He suddenly felt a dampness at the corners of his eyes. Strange drops of water fell on the scorched earth. Was it raining? He reached out and touched the wetness,

then put it in his mouth and tasted it. The bitterness was almost unbearable… Was this his tears?

He still had tears?

How truly ridiculous…

Yue Wuhuan's breathing was going chaotic, becoming more and more rapid, until he couldn't get air into his lungs. His heart was constantly twitching and hurting more and more. His mind was sinking into confusion, gradually losing its ability to think. He knew that he was about to collapse. He knew that he had to believe in Qingshi. He had to wait for Qingshi. He couldn't let his imagination continue to run wild. But the truths from Zhao Ye's soul, continued to appear before his eyes. Even if he wanted to ignore it, he just couldn't.

Song Qingshi submitted the wrong answer to the problem. He saved the wrong person, directed his gentleness to the wrong person.

Bai Zihao was the correct answer, he was the wrong answer.

What was Song Qing's attitude towards mistakes?

The Grand Master's mistakes, he seriously amended…

When he made a mistake in making friends, he ruthlessly abandoned…

The mistaken Dao Heart, he decisively destroyed…

Now, he has become a mistake…

Yue Wuhuan clutched his head, his teeth rattled. He let out a terrifying and desperate sound. He couldn't continue thinking.

He slowly curled up in the darkness, trembling uncontrollably. He desperately grasped his hands, scratching them into a bloody mess. He wanted to scratch away all the skin on his hands. He didn't want these beautiful hands that were suited to serving men. He didn't want his body, he

didn’t want his face, he didn’t want his hair, he didn’t want his eyes. Destroy everything…

Yue Wuhuan was a vicious lunatic. His body was unclean. His heart was not kind. He couldn’t be the pure and lovable protagonist shou who was pitied by everyone.

Therefore, he was a mistake. He did not have the qualifications to be saved.

“Qingshi, don’t give up on me…”

It was early in the morning by the time An Long arrived at the Medicine King's Valley. He found that the enchantment barrier was broken and the Poisonous Fog Formation had been forcibly shut down. Everyone in the Medicine King's Valley was placed under a sleep spell. They had fallen asleep everywhere, in complete disarray.

The Medicine King's Valley became a treasure house with its doors thrown open for thieves to plunder.

Fortunately, the news hadn't spread far, and not many people have come.

An Long released enough Gu's to blot out the sky and cover the earth. They immediately swallowed alive two demon cultivators. The others fled in fright. He looked around with his mental probe and finally determined Yue Wuhuan's location. His brows furrowed in a frown, the feeling of wrongness grew stronger. Concealing his aura, he made his way to him. What he was met with was the sight of burning ruins. Yue Wuhuan was curled up in the shadow of the ruins. A Foundation Building thief, holding a scimitar in his hand, was quietly approaching him, obviously taking advantage of his inattention to kill him and plunder the place…

He raised the scimitar and with a boundless killing intent, slashed towards his neck.

Yue Wuhuan put up no resistance.

An Long picked up a random stone and shot it, instantly shooting through the thief's head. He strode over to see what the lunatic was up to. However, when he saw the person in front of him clearly, he was stunned…

Overnight, Yue Wuhuan's black hair had turned white. His face and body, were covered in bloody dripping wounds. All his nails were cracked from scratching, and in the gaps were blood. His peerless beauty was completely gone, but he felt no agony. He was still scratching the skins on his arms, tearing the flesh, as though he wanted to destroy himself completely. Only the ragged, practically shattered life card in his arms, was cherished with the greatest care.

An Long couldn't stand it anymore. He grabbed his hand, trying to stop this terrifying self-mutilation. However, the auditory hallucinations in his mind reappeared, struggling to produce a faint voice, trying rouse his desire to kill.

"Kill him, kill him…"

"Kill him, kill him…"

"He took away the person you like…"

"It was he who caused you to fall into the abyss…"

"…"

An Long grabbed Yue Wuhuan by the collar. He dragged him out of the shadows, and threw him into the sunlight. "Stand up! The way you look, I've lost any interest in killing you!"

Guarding the life card, Yue Wuhuan fell to the ground without any resistance. Even in the presence of monstrous killing intent, with a hated enemy was by his side, he could neither hear nor see it.

This person was now a complete waste.

Although An Long hated Yue Wuhuan deeply, he still had to admit that he was a beauty to shock the world and arouse hopeless envy. He was an unparalleled talents and was a good opponent. Now, seeing him completely ruining himself, for some reason, the hatred in his heart dissipated, replaced by emptiness and loneliness. He felt slightly at a loss.

He tried to bring Yue Wuhuan back to his senses. "Do you know that Qingshi has disappeared?"

Yue Wuhuan's eyes moved slightly.

An Long detected the change and continued to provoke him, "I saw him being taken away by a strange space. Do you know what that was?"

He continued to ask several times.

Yue Wuhuan finally said in a faint voice, “Because, I, am not the protagonist shou.”

“Protagonist what?” An Long couldn’t make head or tails of it. He asked a few more times, but Yue Wuhuan refused to answer anymore. He tried telling him what had happened in the Nether secret realm, including how Song Qingshi had come to kill him, how he had seriously injured Song Qingshi, and how Song Qingshi had wanted detonate his own Nascent Soul and so on. He even used a lot of malicious words to try to provoke Wuhuan’s anger, to get him don on that usual bright smile, that frigid irony and scorching satire; even to just get him to attack him.

But, Yue Wuhuan didn’t.

He was no different from a corpse save for breathing.

“Have you gone crazy enough yet?!” An Long ran out of patience and finally got angry. He lifted up Yue Wuhuan and wanted to lay a couple of punches to see if he could wake up. But looking at the wounds all over his body, he didn’t know where he could land his punches. Finally, he deflated. He mocked, “Qingshi’s so unlucky. When he made friends, it wasn’t with a normal person. When he fell in love, it wasn’t with a normal person. He invested so much in you for nothing and he died for nothing…”

Yue Wuhuan held his life card tightly and said nothing.

In the immortal realm, a life card this damaged meant death.

“Qingshi’s Heartless Dao Heart was about to break, my demon nature was out of control. If he didn’t kill me, you would definitely die by my hands,” An Long was not interested in explaining the auditory hallucinations in his mind, and he didn’t want to shirk the malice in his heart, the wrongs that he did. He and Song Qingshi had known each other for many years; he understood his thinking somewhat, and he deduced, “He wasn’t sure he would be able to kill me, so he didn’t dare tell you. He moved the battle

away from the Medicine King Valley… He didn't want to die in front of you, for fear that you would see him and it would provoke your condition."

"Ha, he couldn't bear to hurt you even in death…"

"The last thing he told me before he disappeared was to not kill you…"

"Yue Wuhuan! Stand up!"

"I killed Qingshi! Come and avenge him!"

"Where's your poison? Where's your sword? Where's your Blood King Vine? Come on!"

Yue Wuhuan heard 'Blood King Vine' and finally had a reaction. "Luck…"

An Long was at a loss. "What luck?"

Yue Wuhuan said no more. After a long while, he slowly stood up, and pushed An Long away. He dragged his dying dilapidated body, his body with mottled bloodstains, and stumbled away from the Medicine King's Valley.

Qingshi once said, 'In dire straits, luck will come.'

He was going to the land of luck…

…

An Long checked his physical condition and knew that he would not live long, so he didn't try to stop him. In disappointment, he sat slumped under a broken wall, looking at the dusky sky. He took out the jug of wine from the mustard seed bag. He drank fiercely, and laughed at himself. "In the end, just what was all this?"

The voice in his head was growing weaker and weaker. With a buzzing noise, it still chattered endlessly:

"Don't let him go!"

“Kill him quickly! Kill him, kill him!”

“Letting him go will be unfavorable to you!”

An Long said in a low voice, “Qingshi said, I will regret killing him.”

The voice in his mind quickly refuted:

“He was lying to you!”

“You two are irreconcilable! You will fight each other to your last gasp!”

“Hurry up and kill him! Kill him! Kill him!”

“Twice, I killed Qingshi twice!” An Long ruthlessly smashed the wine pot. He supported his aching forehead with his hand. With a sinister smile, he said, “He didn’t love me, but he has never deceived my feelings. He would rather die than lie to me!”

“You are the liar! So just shut up!”

The voice in his head abruptly stopped.

…

The Inextinguishable Peak, the raging inferno that could burn one’s very soul, so hot that it was difficult to approach by even half a step.

Such a place of death was actually his only lucky place.

Lightning flashed and thunder resounded in the sky, as though snarling. Torrential rain poured down. Fierce gales blew violently, felling giant trees. It seemed desperate to obstruct his actions.

There were so many coincidences in the world.

Yue Wuhuan couldn’t help but smile, without the slightest hesitation, he once again jumped into the Inextinguishable Peak, jumped into the desperate straits of death. The same strange wind came blowing. It wanted

to blow him into the crevice to the side. This time, he chose to reject this life-saving coincidence…

Finally, he fell into the sea of flames.

Skin, hair, flesh, blood and bones… all the filth and brokenness were burned, his weak mortal meridians were destroyed. He willingly suffered the most extreme pain, like he was staying in the happiest pure land. The phoenix birthmark on his back was affected by this joy, and it finally spread its wings, releasing his soul from the confinement of his body, fusing together with the raging fire.

Phoenix Nirvana, towards death and rebirth.

The most flawless flame in the world reunited into the most perfect body, the most gorgeous beauty on heaven and earth. He walked out of the ashes step by step, noble and powerful, above all profanity. Only the blood-red teardrop mole at the corner of his eye remained tenaciously in place, adding a bit of the color of desire to this holiness, like a god stained with a dark aura from falling into the abyss.

The flames of the Inextinguishable Peak disappeared. The barrier opened. The earth quaked and the mountain shook. Rocks scattered one after another, and a gorgeous palace rose up bit by bit. The steps were made of white jade, every place was inlaid with Night-luminescent Pearl. The gardens were carved from jadeite and all kinds of precious gems. Phoenix trees were planted everywhere. Right in the middle of the palace, there was a tower forged from gold, reaching through the clouds…

He put on a gorgeous brocade robe, sat on the high throne, and stared coldly at the sky.

The dark clouds dissipated indignantly, and the thunder disappeared unwillingly. Even though it was Heavenly law, it couldn't provoke this power originating from the most ancient divinity. It could only temporarily retreat.

Sensing the aura of the king, birds, immortal and yao, flew excitedly from all directions towards the Inextinguishable Peak.

The pair of Biyiniao landed and turned into a pair of delicate young girls. They piously crept on either sides of the throne and prostrated themselves in obeisance. Bi Fang, Black Birds, Dapeng, Peacocks… Countless birds lower their proud heads. This was a submission ingrained in their very blood and bone, an inborn faith. They were willing to do anything for their most noble king.

“Shenjun, what is it that you wish?”

The god on the throne gently covered his nose. He felt that the air was too foul to breathe in.

This world needed to be cleaned thoroughly. All the nauseating and filthy garbage needed to be disposed. He needed to destroy that dirty name, destroy the hateful past, destroy the wrong answer…

“I want foul winds and a rain of blood, a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood…”

“I want to be the existence that everyone fears…”

“I want that from now on… there will no longer be a Yue Wuhuan in the world…”

Translator’s note: Here is an entry from SHTriangulum/Bamboo God entitled, Yue Wuhuan’s Only Light:

And here is the link to the story about the Biyiniao.

Chapter 77: The Truth Exposed

Song Qingshi returned once again to that strange space.

This time he was no longer that soul who knew nothing. There were many questions that needed to be answered here.

After taking it out, his Nascent Soul had already crumbled. His cultivation base fell to Foundation Building and the injury on his abdomen was extremely serious. The slightest movement could cause greater damage. Fortunately, Song Qingshi himself was a first-rate doctor. He was fully prepared for all possible injuries. He calmly took out the tools and used the fastest speed to clean the wound. He then used needle and thread to make emergency sutures on the fatal wound. He wrapped it tightly with an abdominal band and then ate the rest of the medicine.

He calmly dealt with everything, and finally walked to the sphere that claimed to be the system. He found that the system was on the verge of collapse. Chaotic energy was pouring out; red and golden lights crisscrossed and flickered. It was even emitting a faint black aura. A strange sound like a stuttering hard drive would appear from time to time.

Was the system almost broken?

Song Qingshi banged hard on the sphere, trying to see if he could knock it into working normally.

Under the continuous beating, the system froze for a moment, and the weird voice became a little better. It struggled to pop out the message word by word, “Tasker Song Qingshi has failed the mission. Minus 100 points, accumulated score: negative 135,100 points.”

Song Qing had already been mentally prepared to fail this course, but he still felt uncomfortable given his OCD tendencies. Was it not enough to just give him a zero?

He endured the discomfort and asked, “Where did I make a mistake?”

The system answered after a pause, “Saved the wrong character. Error, error, error, grave error…”

“Scientists need to be brave to face their mistakes and find the right answers,” Song Qingshi was silent for a moment and laughed, “Since you think my answer is wrong, let’s look for the cause of the error. Starting from the outcome of the matter, let’s move step by step and work our way backwards to find the source of the mistake.”

The system’s malfunction was getting more serious. It was incapable of participating in a discussion.

Song Qingshi did the questions-and-answer by himself.

“There were only two beauties who left a deep impression on me in the Golden Phoenix Manor. Since Yue Wuhuan was not the correct answer, then it must be Bai Zihao. To be honest, Bai Zihao’s beauty is not the type I like, and yet, he still managed to attract my attention. He also gave me a strong feeling; it’s like in an exam…intuition was indicating to me the answer?

“Intuition arises from ignored details. Like when they praised Bai Zihao’s pure yin physique and his single water-type spiritual root. For example, the ‘deep angsty love’ and ‘securing by force or trickery’ written in the copywriting…Jin Feiren loves Bai Zihao like a treasure and has discarded Yue Wuhuan like worn out shoes… If there’s no love between the two, where does the ‘deep ansty love’ come from? Moreover, Yue Wuhuan was helpless with no backing or anyone to rely on, what need was there to secure him with force or trickery?”

“That Yue Wuhuan was secretly doing a lot of things was something I already have an inkling of.”

“However, I ignored these contradictions. I hypnotized myself, forced myself to believe that Yue Wuhuan was a kind little angel and the protagonist shou of the mission.”

“I would rather be blind than face the truth.”

“When news came that Jin Feiren and Bai Zihao were to become Daoist companions, I couldn’t deceive myself any longer.”

“I had failed. I had failed the course, but I don’t regret it at all…”

“From the beginning to the present, as long as Yue Wuhuan wants it, I will give him everything. Elixirs, no matter how precious they were; expensive magical instruments and weapons. Even the cakes on the table and the beautiful gems. Even my body and feelings. Even my life and my freedom…”

“I willingly gave up my principles as a doctor for him. I gave up everything…”

“Can it be because he was the target of the mission? Because he was a patient?”

“How can there be such a fool in the world!”

…

It’s not that he hasn’t treated other patients. Which patient could get such treatment? How many years did An Long pester him, wanting that Purple Flower Dew? Which time has he made trouble and been unruly and wasn’t given a beating?

Who, engaged in medical research, is not a seasoned warrior who has experienced many battles and stumbled and tumbled through mistakes? How could he be afraid of making mistakes and failing a course? The reason he kept inwardly saying ‘fail a course’ was because he didn’t dare to even associate the word ‘death’ to Yue Wuhuan. And so he changed the words, to keep himself relaxed.

“Combined with all of the above, I’ve come to a conclusion,” Song Qingshi laughed at himself, “I’m so stupid, so slow. I already liked him and my heart had moved but I didn’t know it. When I first met him by the river, the Phoenix flew into my heart and because of it, I disregarded everything and wanted to save only him…”

“One thousand three hundred and fifty-one failures, negative 135,100 points is the proof. No matter how many missions I do, I will always answer it wrong and save the wrong person.” Song Qingshi wiped away his tears and said, unbending.

“Because he was a mistake I was most willing to make!”

…

The issue with the system was getting worse and worse. There was more black smoke coming out and it made strange cackling noises.

When Song Qingshi first discovered that Yue Wuhuan was not the protagonist shou, he was ready to accept the system’s punishment at any time. However, when he found the picture scroll and saw the secret of Heaven, he began to have his doubts that the mission itself was problematic.

The system said this was a Danmei novel?

Judging from the various things that have happened in Golden Phoenix Manor, this was a trash novel unsuitable for children.

However, the structure of everything in the world was too real. He has done so much medical research in the Medicine King’s Valley, and every research and every detail was scientifically logical.

He didn’t think that a romance novel that pursued stimulating bedroom matters would set up such a huge world structure, nor did he think that two people who were busy rolling between the sheets day after day could influence the direction of the world.

In fact, even after Jin Feiren and Bai Zihao became a Daoist couple, nothing happened…

Were the readers’ grievances so cheap?

Song Qingshi used the rigorous thinking for a science major and the more he analyzed, the more he felt that it was wrong. Yue Wuhuan was clearly

such a beautiful and powerful Phoenix, why should he be targeted by Heavenly law? In his memory of his repeated deaths, he saw that no matter in which world, Heavenly law paid more attention to Yue Wuhuan than to any protagonist or mission. It could even abandon the mission but would still drag him into the abyss of hell.

His was obviously a very important role, how could he be relegated to becoming a cannon fodder or supporting role who was bullied, humiliated and died tragically?

“I want to call you into question.” Song Qingshi began to study the suspicious sphere called the system, trying to find a lid to open, trying to see the structure inside to find out the cause of the malfunction, “I suspect that you’re lying. The world is real and you’re not some book-transmigration system. You just peeped into the secrets of Heaven and anticipated part of the future. You then composed a so-called story, selected some suitable soul, and used the mission as grounds to accomplish your ulterior purpose.”

However, there were still a lot of things that he didn’t understand…

Why did the system kindly help him repair the body killed by An Long and send back his soul fragment scattered in another world? Why was his soul divided into two, becoming into different taskers? Why didn’t the system provide more mission information, such as telling him the name of the protagonist shou? Why was the system in error…?

Filled with that desire to know, Song Qingshi tried to set it on fire with his Red Lotus Fire and Underworld Ghost Fire. He caused a small explosion but violence could not pry open the sphere’s outer shell. After failing several times, he had an idea and tried to treat the system as though it were a patient. He sent his mental probe to see inside the sphere, to see if there was anything alive inside…

What he saw was an incredible scene.

Under the shiny shell of the sphere was not a mechanical structure as he had imagined, but numerous dark red squirming pieces of flesh, breathing and

undulating, dirty and disgusting, like an evil creature living in the ditch.

Innumerable Golden Lights of Merit had converged inside. This purest and most benevolent power had turned into a golden chain, tightly coiling around this disgusting thing, sealing it off firmly, tenaciously struggling against it, stopping its actions, and blocking off all information.

The two forces, gold and red, were constantly fighting against each other.

This was… the reason for the system error?

Song Qingshi looked at the chain made of the Golden Lights of Merits, and a sense of familiarity rose in his heart. He tried stretching out his hand and releasing his mental probe. The golden chain seemed to feel the call of its master, and it intimately drew near, once again fusing together, and simultaneously pouring in a massive amount of information into his mind like an explosion.

He began to tear up from the pain.

But Song Qingshi couldn't help but laugh, thinking how stupid he was.

Turns out he did all of this himself…

…

Every time he failed a mission, the system would wipe his memory.

One thousand three hundred and forty-nine times, repeated failures, repeated wipes.

He had long forgotten who he was, why he had to perform the mission, or the relationship between himself and the Phoenix.

However, every time he saw the Phoenix, he couldn't help but save him…

The system was Heavenly law's tool to control the world. After Heavenly law discovered his purpose, they continued to increase the difficulty of his missions. Taking advantage of his lack of memory, they used the system to

perform all sorts of misleadings and interference, even directly killing him, turning his rescue of the Phoenix into an unsolvable task.

The Phoenix's condition was getting worse…

Smart, sensitive, vulnerable…

Anyone who approached him with any other purpose would not gain the Phoenix's trust.

In the end, Song Qingshi summed up his mistakes and risked everything on a single throw. He decided to give up all rationality, and attempt the Butterfly Theory, using irregular actions to influence the deterministic system. In the system's tightly woven web, he tore open a gap beyond its control, causing deviation, taking fate towards an unforeseeable direction.

The system could not obliterate his soul because he possessed a huge amount of the Golden Light of Merit.

Merit originates from karma. It was the purest and most benevolent, one of the forces beyond the control of Heavenly law.

Song Qingshi chose the world of immortal cultivation where the Pheonix's power was strongest, and put down a lot of clues. He then cut out his heart and a part of his soul and threw these parts of himself into a simple small world to gain experience. He placed his body and another part of his soul into the immortal realm to concentrate on cultivation and become the perfect vessel.

After the preparation work was completed, the huge amount of the Golden Light of Merit that he left behind acted in accordance with his instructions, and invaded the system, causing errors, successfully letting his soul fragment become a new tasker who accepted the simple task of saving the protagonist shou. Afterwards, all information about the mission was blocked, turning himself into a new rookie who knew nothing.

There were no task prompts, no guidance from the system, no interference of any kind, no distracting thoughts…

He wanted to use his wholehearted feelings in exchange for the Phoenix's complete trust.

The system found that something was wrong, and kept resisting. It took advantage of An Long to kill him. Fortunately, An Long didn't use excessive force and destroyed his body. The Golden Light of Merit automatically repaired his wounds and placed his muddled and ignorant soul into it.

He believed that on the Langgan Terrace, no matter who the protagonist shou had been, he would have still chosen Yue Wuhuan and he would have done all could, pouring his heart and soul into saving him.

The Butterfly Effect meant that anything could happen, perhaps it would produce no waves, or perhaps it would make monstrous swells.

True destiny should not be falsified. It should not be controlled by unjust Heavenly law.

With the strenuous beating of the butterfly's wings, Yue Wuhuan's destiny finally had a slight change. He went to a place he would never have gone and gotten the Blood King Vine he never would have gotten, recalling part of the power that once belonged to him… This was a good thing that has never happened before.

Song Qingshi wasn't sure whether he succeeded…

However, this was the closest to success he has ever gotten.

…

An Long possessed an innate combative spirit, and he was an important chess piece for Heavenly law. In order to help Heavenly law keep this chess piece, the system overloaded its power to break through the blockade of the Golden Light of Merit. It violated the rules of the universe to save him. Because of this, it weakened and malfunctioned more and more.

He had to take this opportunity to return to that world; to find Yue Wuhuan again, and complete the final step of his rescue.

Song Qingshi tried to manipulate the Golden Light of Merit. He invaded the system once again, choosing a new mission.

The evil creatures in the system discovered his little trick, and countless thin black threads quickly drilled out of the gap in the golden chain. They could not be touched, could not be reached, could not be cut off. Blotting out the sky and covering the earth, it rolled around Song Qingshi's body. In a terrifying buzzing voice, "The punishment for mission failure has begun, erasing all of tasker Song Qingshi's memory."

The thin black threads invaded his soul's sea of consciousness, beginning to frantically delete his memories.

Song Qingshi felt that Yue Wuhuan's figure was gradually fading, his appearance becoming blurred…

He desperately manipulated the Golden Light of Merit, but was unable to stop the invasion of the black threads. He gritted his teeth, gave up direct confrontation with the black threads and tried to twist its source.

Both of them were in a stalemate. But the memory in his mind was becoming more and more chaotic. When he was a moment away from failure, the system experienced a serious breakdown once again.

"Tasker 081 has failed. Tasker Zhao Ye is missing. Tasker Zhao Ye is missing."

"Tasker 081 has failed. Tasker Zhao Ye is missing. Tasker Zhao Ye is missing."

"Tasker 081…"

Song Qingshi didn't know who Zhao Ye was, but he found that the power of the system to control was greatly weakened. At the moment when his memory was about to be destroyed, he poured millions upon millions of the

Golden Light of Merit into those disgusting evil creatures and used the brightest power in the world to tear all the darkness, dragging them to perish together.

The system exploded…

The space exploded…

Song Qingshi was thrown into the darkness.

The important memories were gone, the important people were missing…

Countless missions appeared before his eyes, each leading to a different world.

He subconsciously stretched out his hand and firmly grasped the one leading to hope…

Chapter 78: Thousands and Thousands of Soul Lamps

Mt. Luo, Mi Zong Forest.

Here, there were eerie and strange giant trees, jagged and odd rocks, and a foul mist pervaded the air. Even wild beasts were unwilling to come live here. Only some underground reptiles and small beasts would stick their heads out from time to time. From time to time, some scavenging night demon birds made unpleasant honking cries.

Lingbao Xianzun's clothes were ragged, his face was covered in stubble. He has long lost his former graceful bearing. He was hiding in a damp and narrow rock cavity. Hearing the night demon birds' cries, he was so scared that shivered and he buried his head lower, lest his tracks be discovered by the Inextinguishable Peak.

Since three thousand years ago, when a god was born on the Inextinguishable Peak, the immortal realm has turned into a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood.

The deity did not allow anyone to see his face, nor did he allow anyone to utter his name. Everyone could only vaguely refer to him as the Master of the Inextinguishable Peak, or shenjun.

He was devoid of feelings and did not understand compassion. Under his feet were raging flames that burned all living things. In the flames were crawling red giant pythons. Around him were countless red Nirvana Butterflies, blotting out the sky and covering the earth, obstructing heaven from view. Everywhere, were rivers dyed red with blood, bones piled up into mountains. All creation perished.

This was the cultivation world's most terrifying and darkest period. Sixty percent of big and small sects alike have been slaughtered. The Blood Demon Sect, the Hidden Moon Sect, the Longhu Sect, the Lingshan Sect, and the Golden Phoenix Manor… regardless whether they were righteous or evil, regardless of sect, regardless of status, regardless of wealth,

regardless of cultivation level, as long as they were targeted by the Inextinguishable Peak, they would be uprooted and completely destroyed.

Everyone was driven into a panic. No one knew what criteria the Inextinguishable Peak used to deliver death. They only knew that when the skies are tinted a beautiful red and the Nirvana Butterflies dance, the god of the Inextinguishable Peak would descend. And any prey he set his eyes on, whether they resist or surrender, whether they beg for mercy or flee, would all fall into the most ruthless and horrifying hunt. After death, some people would fall into a desperate hell where even their soul couldn't escape… Occasionally, there would be some fish who would slip through the net, granted forgiveness. Afterwards, they would be scared out of their wits, unable to comprehend why they were let off with their lives.

Lingbao Xianzun's Water Mirror Villa was also slaughtered. Fortunately, he was not within their sect's grounds that day and he escaped with his life. The cultivation technique he practiced was the Hidden Turtle Skill, he was an expert at concealing his existence and possessed many methods to escape. Over the years, he has hidden in the East and laid low in the West. His was a world without sun as he lived like a mouse in a sewer. Several times, he had slipped up and suffered severe injuries. His original Fen Shen cultivation base had been knocked down several layers, and his body was riddled with scars, battered and exhausted.

He was in great pain, but the Inextinguishable Peak's pursuit was carried out at a steady pace, unhurried but not slow. Still relying on him to flee and escape, to do everything he could to resist, and when he thinks of him as safe, he would then appear, like a cat playing with a mouse, using a thin thread to keep him hanging on the edge of despair and luck. He wanted to die but was also reluctant, wanted to live but didn't know how to…

Lingbao Xianzun couldn't help cursing, not understanding how he could be so unlucky, to be targeted by terror, to be chipped away at bit by bit, to be hunted down for thousands of years without letting it go.

The night demon bird made a terrifying cry once again, as if mocking him.

The birds in the world may be spies for the Inextinguishable Peak. As long as a bird appears, it may bring danger.

Lingbao Xianzun's slightly relaxed body tightened again. He quickly strengthened the defensive formation in the Mi Zong Forest a few more times, making the fog thicker. In many places, he installed many double puppets with which he can switch positions. These were to ensure that his pursuers would get lost within this forest, giving him time to fight for his escape.

A gorgeous glow appeared in the sky, and nine beautiful Xuanming birds flew out, dragging gorgeous red tail feathers and pulling along a gorgeous golden magic ship. There were countless immortal and yao birds sitting or standing on the magic ship. The Zhongming bird combed its feathers; the Bird of Paradise let out a beautiful singing voice; , Red-crowned Cranes and Peacocks danced lightly and gracefully, rushing to display their feathers. With admiring eyes, they piously fawned over the beautiful god sitting behind the curtain of beads. Though they failed to elicit any response, they had neither complaints nor regrets.

The magic ship stopped above the Mi Zong Forest.

The pair of delicate maids transformed from Biyiniao, carefully opened layer after layer of bead curtain. They then stood on either side in attendance, not daring to speak, not daring to look directly.

The entire immortal realm knew that the god of the Inextinguishable Peak loved cleanliness to the utmost.

He thought the gaze of the world was too dirty, so he allowed no one to look at his appearance or his body. Anyone who has had their eyes gouged out.

He thought the words of the world were too dirty, so he allowed no one to mention his name and title. Anyone who has had their tongues cut off.

For this reason, he always wore a snow feather cloak made of snow bird feathers and ice silk. It tightly covered his body from head to toe, not even a

strand of hair would peak out. On his hands, he wore spotlessly white beast skin gloves, preventing him from coming into contact with anything. He wore a veil made of Mermaid beads and shark silk, layer over layer, fold over fold, covering the beauty that could cause the collapse of a world. The only faintly visible were that pair of emotionless, dark golden phoenix eyes, like blazing infernos sealed by ice, the pinnacle of restraint and control.

The birds gathered up their feathers. They stopped singing, and lowered their heads.

Shenjun slowly walked past the bead curtain and looked at the world disgustingly. Even after cleaning for so many years and eliminating the dirtiest things, he still felt very uncomfortable. The air was pervaded with a nauseating smell. It was hard to breathe.

Let it be. It was time to end this happy game.

The last prey has already been played to its last gasp. It was worthless to continue tormenting its body and spirit.

He looked coldly at Lingbao Xianzun, who was desperately hiding himself in the dark. A bright flame ignited in his palm, and several beautiful Nirvana Butterflies flew out of it. With a burning aura, they spread open their wings of flame and flew towards the little panic-stricken mouse hiding in the stinky sewer.

Lingbao Xianzun noticed the red clouds in the sky. He saw red butterflies rushing forward, and realized that even the fog of the Mi Zong Forest could not stop the danger. He struggled to activate the double puppet, to switch positions with him as he tried to escape again… …

But where could he escape to? Which place has he not tried?

Lingbao Xianzun stopped his steps in a daze. He finally found that there was nowhere to escape to, nowhere to go…

Is this what despair feels like?

In his hesitation, raging fire ignited from all directions, swallowing the entire forest, burned all the magic formations. Amidst the flames, snake-like vines wriggled, penetrating into the ground, blocking all means of retreat with the countless red Nirvana Butterflies fluttering in the sky. They made up an undefeatable net of death.

When life is at its end, there is no need to escape.

Lingbao Xianzun unexpectedly felt relaxed. Like a doll without consciousness, he slowly knelt on the ground, waiting to be torn to pieces and fall into a more painful hell.

The terrifying god with his red butterflies descended in front of him.

Lingbao Xianzun raised his head. He wanted to try to beg, hoping that the matter would be ended with only death. Suddenly, he felt the dark golden phoenix eyes looming behind the veil seemed a bit familiar. It seemed that he had seen it many years ago… He thought for a while, and remembered the sects that were first wiped out. He recalled the tragic destruction of Golden Phoenix Manor. He thought of the Longhu Sect, of the Green Rainbow Sect, of the Blood Demon Sect…

The spheres of influence of these sects were far apart. The way they handled matters was different. But all befell the same fate…

What did they have in common?

A mortal boy with the same dark golden phoenix eyes slowly emerged in the memory of Lingbao Xianzun. Shockingly gorgeous, beautiful and unbending but his bones were forcefully broken, his wings snapped off, dragged into the abyss of desire, for them to play with, for them to taste. They never thought of this as wrong. They spent money to buy slaves to play with. It was to be expected as a matter of course that they should use their bodies to serve and please their masters…

He seemed to remember that the boy was given away, having gotten tired of playing with him. His appearance was then ruined by his new owner and he went crazy.

What was the name of that boy?

Lingbao Xianzun said in horror, “Yue Wu-…”

Before he could finish his words, the gloved hand quickly stretched out, tightly blocking his mouth, blocking his voice, blocking the name that should not be said.

Lingbao Xianzun understood everything and shed tears of regret. He knew his fate and didn’t dare to take a chance. If, back then…

There are no ifs in the world.

The hot flames followed the hand blocking his mouth. It poured in from his mouth, burning his throat. His organs gradually turned into black ash, and every inch of his skin dried up. He turned into nourishment for the vines that drilled out of the ground.

After his agonizing death, there was no relief as his sinful soul was drawn out and placed into a special soul lamp.

Shenjun lowered his head and saw that charred ash had stained the white gloves. He frowned, displeased, and extended his hand to the Biyiniao beside him.

This pair of Biyiniao, named Xiao Zuo and Xiao You, were born on the Kunyu Tree in the spiritual sea. They had very little contact with the outside world and were pure of heart and mind. Since the birth of the god, they have voluntarily become his personal maids, waiting upon him by his side.

Xiao Zuo carefully removed the soiled gloves for him and burned them without leaving any trace. Xiao You quickly took out the gold box full of clean new gloves, held it in front of the god, and let him choose its replacement.

Shenjun fussed for a long time. He put on the new gloves and flew into the air.

The Blood King Vine drilled out of the ground and coiled around that soul lamp.

The red clouds receded, the Nirvana Butterflies disappeared, and the ship finally left the ruined forest.

…

The Inextinguishable Peak, outside the temple.

The god carefully placed the newly retrieved soul lamp on the rock wall, ensuring that the soul inside would continue to suffer the raging inferno of the Inextinguishable Peak, being tormented day and night. He then used a formation to forbid the soul's painful anguished wailing so as not to affect the peace and quiet.

He liked to collect soul lamps of the horribly sinful.

In three thousand years, the number of soul lamps has changed from two to hundreds of thousands, all of which were placed on the rock wall. Every night, the Inextinguishable Peak would be full of lights, like a vast sea of stars, so unimaginably beautiful…

Back then, at the nine-storied pagoda, that person once said that the lights were beautiful and the memories were very sweet.

If that person comes back and sees these lights, he'll surely love it…

They could sit within the golden tower, drink and chat merrily while admiring the lights every night. He could taste that sweet taste once again.

Such a scene, thinking about it made him really happy…

…

The golden tower was called Wutong Tower. It was filled with the most beautiful gems in the world. It was a forbidden place at the top of Inextinguishable Peak and it was the happy home he had prepared for that person. Those who entered without authorization were put to death.

Inside, he set up twelve layers of beaded curtains and countless barrier enchantments, blocking all from seeing inside and cutting off all the filth in the air. Incense made of herbs was burned everywhere. This scent that was similar to the smell of that person, made his breathing a little more comfortable.

The god passed through the barrier and took off the veil. He took a few deep breaths of the herbal fragrance. He then took off the snow feather cloak and stepped into the bath, carefully washing his body. Although the body of the god after his rebirth was unstained by any filth, he would always remember what the person said: The air is full of invisible bacteria, so you should wash frequently and maintain cleanliness.

He washed very carefully.

He tortured the soul named Zhao Ye countless times, and yet he couldn't find the location of that strange system. So he analyzed the mission requirements, then erased all traces of the past so as to have that mistake of a name disappear from the face of the world.

He wanted to become the correct answer. He would wait for that person to come back to perform his mission again. He would court that person once again and they would become a Daoist couple.

His body was clean and perfect now, untouched by any dirty thing.

He would never ever be a mistake again.

Shenjun walked out of the bath. His slightly damp black hair wound around his heels. A huge red phoenix totem stretched out on his back, the long tail feathers gliding over his thin waist, carrying with it the most gorgeous beauty. He put on the red ice silk robe and slowly walked to the mirror. He stretched out his hand, and touched the increasingly bewitching and beautiful red teardrop mole under his left eye in disgust. It was an existence that he could not get rid of by all means, as if it had already fused with his soul, constantly reminding him of how strong and terrifying his desires were.

He has already tasted the pinnacle of delicacies, and he was already incapable of suppressing his body's desires.

He wanted that sweet soft kiss. He wanted that pair of clear eyes. He wanted to touch that fair skin. He wanted those extremely frenzied emotions. He wanted that person, wanted him so much he couldn't bear it…

He was tortured by desire and pain every night. He woke up every day surrounded by despair and loneliness. Everyday, he wanted to die.

However, he didn't dare die…

He was afraid that man would come back, and finding that he wasn't there, wouldn't want him anymore.

Such a thing was more terrible than death.

He curled up in the darkness, holding the white pebble tightly, kissing it over and over again. Sobbingly pleading:

"Qingshi, I miss you…"

Chapter 79: Transmigration Once More

Song Qingshi transmigrated amidst the explosion.

During the explosion, he received a strange system mission: to destroy the most evil villain in immortal realm, the Inextinguishable Peak's □□□，□□□□□□□□.

What was the text in the garbled code? He was a science student, and his reading comprehension wasn't very good. He couldn't understand…

Song Qingshi lay on the ground covered in blood, stunned for a long time.

He vaguely remembered that it was his own mistake in operating the system that caused it to explode. Although he didn't remember what he had done, high-dimensional things were much too fragile, right? Were all systems so prone to exploding?

In short, being able to revive was a good thing, and as for matters he couldn't do, he'll save them for later.

Song Qingshi managed to move his fingers with much difficulty. His whole body was in pain. His ribs seemed to be broken, and his abdomen was injured. In addition, there were many injuries caused by the explosion. His head was aching badly, and it was filled with messy memory fragments. One moment, he felt like Song Qingshi, a medical student suffering from Lou Gehrig's disease. In another moment, he felt like Song Qingshi, a doctor in the immortal realm. After yet another moment, he felt like a bigshot who had founded his own sect?

There was also an indistinct red shadow in the corner of his memory. Whenever he thoughts about it, there was a sweetness in his heart, he also felt a bit like crying. What was that?

Could it be the Chixia Buddha Fruit?

This fruit randomly appeared among the human world's foodstuff. Sometimes it was cloyingly sweet, and sometimes it was so astringent it

could reduce you to tears.

Song Qingshi thought about it seriously, and felt it wasn't much like a thing, but more like a person or some matter. He calmly analyzed his present situation, and once again put this matter that felt very important, but he could do nothing about, to the back of his mind. The matter currently at hand was — how was he going to survive.

He searched and sorted out all kinds of useful data in his memory, but all the healing pills in his mustard seed bag were gone. He was too badly injured to perform any fine movements, his dantian was damaged, and his spiritual power was not running smoothly. A lot of treatments were unavailable to him.

Suddenly, rain began to fall from the sky. It hit his body, making it cold and uncomfortable.

Song Qingshi was in so much pain he wanted to cry, but he resisted it and struggled to crawl to the side. But all the bones in his body were injured. He crawled desperately for a long time, but he didn't get far. In the end, he lost too much blood and his consciousness gradually began to blur…

He was in a daze and after an unknown length of time, a blue umbrella appeared above his head. Someone was poking him in the face with a branch.

"Hello? Hello? Are you dead?"

Song Qingshi wanted to ask for help but couldn't speak. He could only let out a weak cry. "Wuu…"

The man sighed. He put down the umbrella he was holding, and stuffed an unknown medicine into his mouth.

Song Qingshi felt the whole world was spinning and afterwards, he lost all consciousness.

…

The next time Song Qingshi woke up, he found himself lying on a comfortable bed, covered with a soft quilt. The wounds on his body were given simple treatment. Wave after wave of a medicinal fragrance wafted from the earthen jar on the small red clay stove next to him. Judging from the smell, it seemed to be Deer Bone Flower, Moon Vine, Red Birdsong Sand and Trumpet Creeper Grass? They were all medicinal materials for healing the spirit, enriching blood and helping wounds to recover.

He sank into deep contemplation.

The door opened, and a young man in green clothes came in carrying a crane-billed pot. Seeing him awake, he was a little surprised, “I actually managed to save you? It’s a miracle!”

“Your wound sewing technique is wrong. The way you knot your stitches is also wrong. The wound on my leg… your stitching is all crooked and that’s where the joint moves. You should have used a strong thread, otherwise it will break,” Song Qingshi looked at the mess of medical mistakes. He then look at the crane-billed pot used to pour medicine in his hand. Fearing that he would forcibly feed him the medicine, he hurriedly said, “Moon Vine is used by women after childbirth, during the one month post-parturition to help their endocrine system recuperate and to promote blood production. It’s not very suitable for men to take. Red Birdsong Powder is very hot and dry. It can’t be used on severely injured patients because it may cause massive bleeding…”

The reason he hasn’t died was because this jar of medicine hadn’t been poured into his mouth yet.

“This is my first time treating an injured patient so I have no experience. You’ve lost so much blood, it’s no different from a one month post-parturition. I wanted to get it to replenish your blood.” His words caused the young man to blush. He hurriedly put the crane-billed pot down and patted his sleeves, pretended like nothing had happened. He then thought for a while, and then chided, “What are you afraid of? Even if something goes wrong in the treatment process, I still saved you with my brilliant medical skills!”

Song Qingshi thought for a while. “What was that medicine you gave me?”

The young man said, “The Eight Treasure Heart Protection Pill.”

Song Qingshi continued to look at him with an utterly speechless expression.

The teenager surrendered, “Okay, okay. I admit that my medical skills are no good, and I’ve failed every exam. It was this medicine that saved you.”

The Eight Treasure Heart Protection Pill protected his heart and repaired his veins and arteries. Having rested in bed for a long time, he felt that he had recovered some of his strength. So, he asked the young man for a couple of painkillers and anesthetics. He forced himself to sit up, sewing up the wounds once again. He then had the young man remove the Moon Vine and the Red Birdsong Sand from the prescription, and had it changed to Moon Aromatic Herb. Afterwards, he boiled it over a low fire.

The young man’s name was Song Jincheng, with sword-like brows and starlit eyes. He was bright and sunny and by Song Qingshi’s estimate, about sixteen or seventeen years old. He looked very simple-minded and a bit of a chatterer. Without even waiting for Song Qingshi to ask, he had already chattered on about his origins. “Looks like you know a bit about medicine? Do you know the Medicine King’s Valley? It’s the largest medical school in the immortal realm. Lots of amazing doctors came from there, like Pu Yixian, Luo Yixian…”

Song Qingshi thought for a long time. He was at a loss. “Isn’t the Medicine King’s Valley very small?”

There seemed to be a Medicine King’s Valley in his memory, but it was poor, small and worn-out; completely different from what Song Jincheng described. He also didn’t know any Pu Yixian or Luo Yixian… Maybe they were industry bigshots who had medical skills much better than his own? If so, he’ll have to prostrate himself before them if he gets that chance to meet them.

“Are you from the countryside?” Song Jincheng was surprised, “The Medicine King’s Valley is super big! Because there are no restrictions on qualifications, age or gender; only intelligence, many mortals and mortal-immortal mixed-bloods go and take the exam. Hundreds of thousands of people vie for the few hundred apprenticeship spots. Those who are admitted are all super smart geniuses.

Song Qingshi was stunned.

This was the top medical school in the immortal realm? The legendary paradise of student-tyrants? He didn’t want to do the mission anymore. He wanted to go to school!

He took great delight in thinking about it for a while but suddenly, he found a suspicious point. “Are you also a doctor of the Medicine King’s Valley?”

If the students taught by the medical school were all this level, it felt like reality didn’t live up to its name…

“I was born there. My parents were both doctors of the Medicine King’s Valley, so I’ve been in there since I was a child…” Song Jincheng’s face flushed once again. He tried to divert the topic and flaunted, “My great-grandmother is amazing. You know Lady Qing Luan? The immortal realm’s legendary pharmacist! She spread the art of healing to the entire world. She made great contributions to mortals and recruited many disciples. Then, step by step, she built the Medicine King’s Valley into what it is now. She was a remarkable woman whose name will resound through the ages.” And so, he was a third-generation legacy who got in through the back door and didn’t have to take an exam to get in.

Song Qingshi praised, “That’s really amazing.”

He kept having this feeling that Qing Luan wasn’t some old grandmother, but a little girl who was soft on the outside but strong on the inside?

Song Jincheng chattered on, “My great-grandfather was Song Ming Hong, a Core Formation cultivator of mortal origins… I heard that he had a very powerful master whose surname was Song, so my great-grandfather took

his surname. They say that Master Song has closed his death gate for thousands of years already. Maybe he's gone… Anyway, it's not allowed to discuss this matter within the valley."

Song Qingshi's memory became more chaotic as he listened. He was having a splitting headache.

Song Jincheng saw that he felt unwell. He asked, concerned, "What's the matter?"

Song Qingshi said gravely, "I seem to have amnesia."

For a long moment, Song Jincheng looked at him like he was an idiot. He then and asked vigilantly, "You're not thinking of running out on your treatment fee, right?"

Song Qingshi was at a loss, "The treatment fee?"

"You have to pay when you see a doctor!" Song Jincheng jumped three feet high. When he saw this guy who had fallen on the ground wearing very expensive robes, he took him to be a pampered son of some wealthy or influential family; someone who wouldn't go so far as to renege on a payment. And so, he gritted his teeth and used that expensive Eight Treasure Heart Protection Pill. It was a birthday gift from his mother. It was said to have been made with a precious formula handed down by Master Song. The materials were also very valuable. There weren't that many of it in the entire Medicine King's Valley. He quickly tried to settle accounts, "That medicine was very expensive. You have to give me 800 high-grade spirit stones."

Song Qingshi expressed that he understood. He went to find the spirit stones from the mustard seed bag. After searching for a long while, he found around twenty or so spirit stones.

Song Jincheng stared at him intently.

It was now Song Qingshi's turn to blush. "It seems that I'm very poor and I've been provided for by others."

Song Jincheng asked, “Who would be so kind as to do that?”

“I can’t remember.” That red fuzzy shadow reappeared in Song Qingshi’s mind. He endured the headache and said, “I think it’s someone I like very much. He often gives me pocket money and buys a lot of good things for me.”

“I’ve got it,” Song Jincheng said, certain of his answer, “This person is your father!”

Song Qingshi was completely dumbfounded, “Is that so?”

“Of course,” Song Jincheng analyzed confidently, “Even if you’ve lost your memory, you’ve got to use your brains and think. Who in the world would treat you so nicely for no reason? Give you money for nothing? Only your father and your mother would do something like that!”

Song Qingshi thought about his life before transmigrating, and felt that his analysis made a lot of sense!

Song Jincheng said generously, “You have a Phoenix Blood hung around your neck. That’s very valuable, and its even got a soul formation on it. I think it’s because you seem really stupid. Your father must have hung it around your neck because he was afraid you’d get lost. Forget it. Just stick with me and don’t go running around. After some days, your father will probably come looking for you. You can just get him to settle your account then.”

Song Qingshi nodded frantically.

Song Jincheng hurriedly fixed the medicine and brought it to him. Song Qingshi took a sip and discovered that there were a lot of mistakes in the ratio of the adjuvants in it. Fortunately, the effect was not significant. He felt that this young man hadn’t completed his studies and shouldn’t have the qualifications to complete his apprenticeship. He tentatively asked. Song Jincheng replied bashfully that he had failed five of his seven subjects. Afraid of being beaten, he had snuck out to make his own way in the world. He wanted to go to the Heaven Martial Sect to find his friend to go play.

Song Qingshi almost choked to death on his medicine. Pity rose in his heart for Lady Qing Luan. How could her descendant be such an underachiever?

With a cold expression on his face, he took a good look at this smug truant slacker. He massaged his confused brain. He felt very uncomfortable. He wanted to drag this guy back to the Medicine King's Valley, strengthen his power to study, and resolutely have him do thousands of problem exercises. He'll get him to learn well that 'Diligence cures Clumsiness', 'Clumsy birds have to start flying early' and have him become an excellent doctor…

Is this kind of thinking too excessive?

Song Qingshi took a deep breath and tried to control his desire to supervise this underachiever's studies. He made sure that the wounds were all treated and they were all on the road to recovery. Then, he remembered the strange system mission and decided to ask this young man who seemed to know a smattering of things.

Song Jincheng panicked as soon as he heard the words, "Inextinguishable Peak". He covered Song Qingshi's mouth and watched vigilantly for anything unusual around him. Afterwards, he reprimanded this idiot. "Even if you have amnesia, you can't speak so carelessly! Is that place something you can just mention? If you say that guy's name, you'll be killed…"

Song Qingshi struggled against his cover, "Wuwuwu, what name?"

"It's the name of that person on that mountain that can't be mentioned," Song Jincheng confirmed that there was nothing wrong and let go of his hand. "When I was a child, my mother told me about the dark history of the immortal realm. Entire sects were slaughtered, schools were wiped out. Blood flowed like rivers. Those were very terrifying times. Everyone who mentions it trembles in fear. Although there has been no movement in the past few hundred years…but you better not be curious about that place and don't go getting any interest in it either or even several hundred lives won't be enough to lose!"

Song Qingshi wanted to know what that name was, but he didn't dare ask.

Song Jincheng saw his dilemma and said with a smile, “Now, there’s no longer anyone who knows his name.”

Song Qingshi concluded, “He’s that great?”

Song Jincheng whispered, “They say he’s just missing one turning point away from ascending.”

Song Qingshi was dumbfounded. He calculated how large the gap was between a Foundation Building cultivator and a bigshot who was only one step away from ascending… It felt like the system was asking a kindergartener with a toy knife to take out a special forces solider who was armed to the teeth! He also calculated how many years it would take him to cultivate to Nascent Soul and then how many years on top of that to reach Fen Shen or Chu Qiao. He calculated the probability of completing the mission…

Forget it, this mission was too difficult. I’ll put it aside for the next 10,000 years. Let’s talk again once I cultivate to Chu Qiao.

He wanted to go to school first; studying was a lot more enticing!

…

The Inextinguishable Peak, on the temple’s throne.

Shenjun suddenly opened his eyes. He finally felt the Phoenix Blood’s aura.

The author has something to say: Song·Poor Scholar-Tyrant·Qingshi: Behaving while waiting for dad to bring money and ransom me.

Yue·Wealthy Dad·Wuhuan:? ? ? ? ? ?

Song Jincheng, a super underachiever who dragged the headmaster and the director of teaching affairs into the ditch by his own efforts.

Translator’s note: The CG 10k event is still on-going, guys! Here we have an entry by Igaboo Fox.

Chapter 80: The Beauty at the Top of his Heart

Although Song Jincheng was a slacker, he had a good heart. Although he kept saying that he was waiting for Song Qingshi's father to come pay the bill and ransom him, he used those twenty something spirit stones to pay for Song Qingshi's accommodation fees and bought good medicinal materials and new clothes for him, allowing for his injuries to get better day by day.

During his period of recuperation, Song Qingshi sorted out the contents of the mustard seed bag while also sorting out his memories. He tried to match the information from the memories in his mind with the information provided by Song Jincheng. Through rational analysis, he found clues about his post-transmigration identity.

The first identity to be ruled out was that of a powerful bigshot.

He was a little Foundation Building rookie. No matter how you looked at it, he was no bigshot. Moreover, the memory fragments of being a powerful boss were very few, there wasn't even a character image. It may have been an error generated when the system exploded, just like accidentally dropping a few green mung beans in a big barrel of soybeans. It wasn't worth mentioning.

The second identity, that of Song Qingshi the medical student, he confirmed.

This memory was very complete. Except for the day when he accidentally ate alcohol-filled bonbons when he was eight years old, he remembered everything, including family members, professors, online friends, books, and all kinds of modern medical knowledge and medical experiments. This should be a real identity.

The last identity, that of Song Qingshi the immortal realm doctor, made him hesitate.

He could clearly remember coming down from the mountains alone, wandering everywhere and obtaining the Medicine King's inheritance. But

some details were different. He could perfectly control the Underworld Ghost Fire and Red Lotus Fire in his body using the Cold Jade Technique despite being only a Foundation Building cultivator. This was something that in his memory, he couldn't do. He also remembered a lot of alchemy and medical techniques that were not among the inheritance of the Medicine King. He remembered the many books he had read… He felt that the professional knowledge was there, his original cultivation level might have possibly been higher; only that he was forgetting the people and matters from that time.

Based on the above analysis, Song Qingshi believed that from Song Qingshi the medical student, he had transmigrated into the body Song Qingshi the immortal realm doctor. He was seriously injured and his cultivation base fell, causing partial amnesia. However, he could not determine whether this amnesia would be temporary or permanent.

Since the medical student Song Qingshi and immortal realm doctor Song Qingshi have very similar personalities, thinking patterns and living habits, their souls got along together like they were the same person. This degree of psychological adaptability was very good, and he was not worried about any identity problems, just that…

He said sadly, "I feel like I don't have a father."

Song Jincheng was so scared that he almost dropped the melon in his hand. "I've been spending all my money on you and you're telling me this now?!"

I'm an orphan and have no relatives," Song Qingshi digested the memories of the two bodies and concluded, "I have an unsociable and eccentric personality so it seems like I don't have any friends either." He turned his head to see Song Jincheng on the verge of tears and quickly persuaded, "Don't worry. Although I don't think I'm good at making money, someone must have given me pocket money! Maybe a godfather? Let me think about it again, maybe I'll remember it later."

He took out all the contents of the mustard seed bag and revealed them. There were bits and pieces of strange things, such as a dead Gu in a wooden box, a novel called "The Three Tiger-Fighting Brothers", a little clay

figurine of a multi-colored bird, a few handmade talismans, some commonly used medicinal materials, and a booklet of medical records, with experimental ideas scribbled on it, it seemed to have been casually noted down.

There was also a small slip of paper on the wooden box of the Fantasy Gu. On it, written in his own handwriting, were the words “Can’t Peek”.

After reading the note, he obediently placed the wooden box back inside and then gave Song Jincheng the talismans and medicinal materials. “I remember these can be sold for some money.”

Song Jincheng was even more sad. “These medicinal materials are all farmed, and the talismans too are mass-produced. They’re probably worth…two spirit stones.”

Song Qingshi was at a loss. “Are talismans so cheap?”

“You really do come from the countryside. You’re even less well-read than I am,” Song Jincheng sighed. “Lady Nian Nian developed a method to mass produce talismans more than a thousand years ago. Such commonly used talismans have become necessities of life. This talisman looks hand-drawn. Did you paint it yourself?”

Song Qingshi nodded. His thoughts of making drawing talismans to sell were cut off. He once again suggested, “I can refine pills and sell them when I get better. My alchemy skills are very good. Everyone scrambles to get their hands on the medicine that I make. I can quickly earn the money back.”

“For a Foundation Building cultivator, you sure do talk big.” Song Jincheng looked at his young and tender face, and, proud of his age and experience, asked, “Do you know how to refine the Heaven and Earth Black Gold Pill? The Profound Vital Energy Pill? The Xie Clan Tranquility Pill? The Plum Lady Magic Grass Cream?”

These were the most popular and best-selling pills and medicines on the market. The materials were cheap and they were easy to refine.

When the Shixiong's and Shijie's of the Medicine King's Valley were short of money, they would refine some and sell them to earn some spending money.

Song Qingshi listened to him list off these powerful-sounding medicine names that he had never heard of before, and he felt entirely unwell. He felt like his self-confidence had taken a great hit…

"Stop trying to show off already." Song Jincheng was so sad that he almost cried. His heart went a little soft. "We at the Medicine King's Valley have a rule that we should practice medicine to benefit mankind and you're also my first patient… Forget it, eaten medicine's already been eaten. You can just owe me and you will pay it back when you have the money later. Just pay it back slowly. Anyway, my family's not poor, and my parents will give me spending money. This time, I scored so badly on the exams that I didn't dare ask for any…"

Song Qingshi was moved and said, "You're so kind. I'll accompany you to study in the future."

In the future, he'll be a bit nicer to this slacker. He'll give him twenty problem exercise papers a day, and develop him into a scholar-tyrant so that he can live up to his kindness.

Song Jincheng found his innocence very amusing. He answered casually, "Okay, well, you'll have to be admitted to the Medicine King's Valley first."

The two continued to sort out the pile of odds and ends. Song Jincheng found a strange book with relatively neat handwriting. Turning over a couple of pages, it seemed to be a record someone's habits and customs, including favorite foods, favorite colors, and favorite things. Even a birthday was noted down… he handed over the notebook and asked, laughing and joking, "This can't be about your crush, is it?"

Song Qingshi took the notebook, looked it over, and was stunned.

The red shadow appeared in his mind again. The feeling of love almost left him gasping for breath. It was like a piece had been hollowed out of his heart. It was sadder than an alchemy explosion and more painful than a complete white mice wipe-out. It just could not be mended…

Tears began to pool in his eyes and they fell without his control.

Song Jincheng was frightened. He didn't know what strange, heartbroken spot he had poked. "Are you okay?"

Song Qingshi felt that he had lost control of himself. He resisted the feeling of sadness, wiped away his tears, and said with certainty, "It's the person I like, but I can't remember them."

Song Jincheng asked, "Is their name written in the notebook?"

Song Qingshi shook his head. "No, I wrote their characteristics and habits, but…"

"You're too close to the matter so you're getting confused. I will analyze it for you from the perspective of an outsider. Song Jincheng is an enthusiastic person. He took the book again and flipped through the pages. "Look, it says that they're good at cooking. Their cooking is delicious, and their desserts even more so. The ice creams they make is the best…Do you like sweets?"

Song Qingshi looked at him expectantly, "Yes! I like sweets, especially ice cream."

Song Jincheng said enviously, "If this person's not a cook, then they must like you very much. That's why they often make what you like to eat."

Song Qingshi felt that what he said was very pleasant to hear, and his sadness faded by a lot.

Song Jincheng confirmed again, "It's not your mother, right?"

Song Qingshi shook his head. "I have no relatives in this world."

“That’s so pitiful.” Song Jincheng patted his head sympathetically, expressing his attempt at comfort. He continued to analyze, “It is written in the book that this person is smart and beautiful, kind and lovable, considerate and gentle…They like white and red. Their body is somewhat weak, and their stomach isn’t very good. They like practicing swordsmanship, refining medicine, reading, studying…Let me think…”

He was lost in thought, then his expression gradually distorted.

Song Qingshi looked at him expectantly, waiting for the answer.

“How can you be so lucky?!” Song Jincheng looked at the figure outlined in his mind, and then became completely jealous. He grabbed Song Qingshi and said, frenzied, “This must be a beautiful and kind girl! Gentle and virtuous, delicate and lovely, and can even cook! Gods! This is the goddess of my dreams! Tell me! How did you catch such a good girl?! Quick! Teach me!”

Song Qingshi was shaken silly. “A girl?”

He wasn’t very sure of his orientation. He felt that as long as he liked someone, it didn’t matter…

Song Jincheng continued to analyze, “Look, its emphasized here that this person is perceptive and that you need to take care of her emotions. No matter how you look at it, that doesn’t sound like an insensitive man, right?”

Song Qingshi concluded, “So, I like a sentimental and susceptible girl?”

“Not a girl. A goddess.” Song Jincheng said, filled with certainty, “Look again at your chaotic jumbled mood written all over the pages. Adjectives like virtuous, beautiful, and enchanting. These aren’t words used to describe a man, are they? And you wrote beautiful so many times…just how beautiful is she?”

Song Qingshi tried hard to think about the red shadow in his mind, “Probably…beautiful enough to cause the fall of a city?”

“You’re just shooting off your mouth. How could you possibly have a chance with a beauty like that?” Song Jincheng felt he had no sense of shame and he let out a few curses, still feeling very envious. He looked this idiot up and down. “I think you look pretty good, but you’re too thin…You don’t look like the type who’d be popular with girls. How can a guy like you get a girlfriend, but someone tall and handsome like me is still single?”

Song Qingshi thought about it. “I took more of an initiative.”

Song Jincheng didn’t understand. “Took the initiative?”

Song Qingshi expertly educated: “When you meet someone you like, you must take the initiative to confess, hand in all your property, give more gifts, and be obedient. If she asks you to go east, you go east. If she asks you to kneel on the washboard, you kneel on the washboard…The wife is always right and if the wife is wrong, please refer to the previous statement.”

This was taught to him by his father from modern times. Both what his mother and sister preached were right.

He knew that he had low EQ and was not good at expressing his intentions. He decided when he met someone he liked, he would follow these methods.

This notebook proved that his methods of wooing someone was feasible.

Song Jincheng said, feeling entangled, “What about your face as a man?”

Song Qingshi asked, very well-meaning, “A girlfriend or face, which one do you want?”

Song Jincheng patted him on the shoulder, and sighed, “Brother, I have found that you nevertheless have a lot of depth.”

Song Qingshi said seriously, “Although I don’t remember who this girl is, I want to find her and get her back.”

“Wait, wait.” Song Jincheng suddenly thought of something, “You said you have no relatives and that you aren’t very good at making money, but

someone gives you a lot of money…”

Song Qingshi nodded.

Song Jincheng became even more jealous. “It can’t be that you’re some pretty boy who’s being kept by a woman, right?”

Song Qingshi’s face instantly turned black. He wanted to refute but couldn’t find any grounds to argue. He turned into a pufferfish from anger and was absolutely speechless. After quite some time, he began to be somewhat suspicious that the other party was right. He couldn’t earn any money; he could very well be a good-for-nothing who was being raised by a woman. This pained him terribly. He decided he was going to strive for a better future. He was going to work hard and make lots of money, so as not to let his beloved woman be wronged…

Song Jincheng opened the window and looked out. He felt a sense of melancholy inconsistent with his age. He sighed, “This world is truly unfair.”

From out the window came the frantic call of birds.

He felt that these days, the birds were all going crazy; flying this way and that, calling out everywhere, as though they were looking for something.

“It’s so noisy.” He closed the window irritably, and grumbled, “It’s not spring, why are they all going into heat?”

Song Qingshi agreed, “It is a bit noisy.”

Translator’s note: Here is an entry from Jas for the CG 10K event entitled ‘Master’s Good Intentions’.

Chapter 81: Reunion

With Song Qingshi's injury, it wasn't convenient for him to move about. He felt uncomfortable without anything to study, so he asked Song Jincheng for some medical books. However, how could a slacker possibly be carrying study books on his person? Song Jincheng took out hundreds of novels from his mustard seed bag. Most of them were of silly boys who ventured into various adventures, conquered the hearts of peerless beauties, got powerful monster pets as younger brothers, and then kept leveling up, soaring all the way to immortality… …

He took Song Qingshi's "Three Tiger-Fighting Brothers" and read through a few pages, saying that he's never read any of this author's work. He felt that the style was relatively old, the plot was too abusive of the protagonist and it wasn't refreshing enough. But reading it carefully, he found it was quite interesting, only that he didn't know where to buy the rest of the series.

Song Qingshi replied, "It seems that it hasn't been published yet. I also want to know the ending."

Song Jincheng said that in the future, he'll have a bookstore owner he was on familiar terms with be on the lookout for it.

Song Qingshi thought for a while, and felt that sharpening the axe won't make the wood-splitting take longer, and his current physical condition was not suitable for energy-consuming things so, it was better to read novels to relax his mind and adjust his mood. He'll think of other matters after he recovers from his injuries. So, he picked up a novel that Song Jincheng recommended and read it carefully.

These novels were really interesting.

Song Qingshi considered himself to be a calm, level-headed person, but these books have got even his blood burning. He was itching to find a secret realm and go exploring, to see if he could find magical herbs and mushrooms that could resurrect the dead like the ones in the novel. And there were all those interesting medicines too…like the ones that could

arouse passion with a single whiff and could only be relieved by having a tumble between the sheets. He quickly took out his notebook and wrote out a drug analysis. He listed the drugs he knew that stimulated the skin and nervous system. He felt that the concept of the drugs in the novel were very magical. No matter what kind of love drug, a Tranquility Pill could suppress its effects, and if not, soaking in cold water would take care of it… How could a drug result in death unless it's resolved through sexual intercourse?

He bit the barrel of his pen and thought hard about the formula for a new type of poison. After thinking about it for a long time, he felt like an idiot. Why did he even have to consider such a troublesome poison? Occupational habits were hard to shake…

Song Jincheng didn't like fasting pills, so he ran out to buy food.

Song Qingshi felt that the window had been closed for too and the room was starting to feel stuffy. This wasn't conducive to an injured patient's recovery. He got out of bed and limped over to open the window. He then sat back on the Luohan bed under the window, basking in the sun, eating snacks, and reading a book.

The weather was good. The sun was warm. There was a slight musty smell on the inn's mats, which he managed to remove after a few cleaning spells. The grapes were delicious, but peeling and removing the seeds was too troublesome. After eating two of them, he didn't feel like eating any more…

He'd been reading books for quite some time. He rubbed his sore neck, tried to stretch his body but ended up pulling on his injured ribs. He gasped with pain. Suddenly, he felt a lot of strange eyes next to him. He looked back, on guard, and found that outside the window, it was crowded with small birds — sparrows, skylarks, cuckoos… all kinds, several rows of them, all of them looking at him curiously with their heads tilted.

This situation was unreasonable.

Song Qingshi checked his body. He couldn't find any bird food on him. He sunk deep in thought.

Probably… the innkeeper likes to feed the birds? So the birds come here looking for food?

The birds suddenly dispersed. From a distance, a beautiful red immortal bird flew in. It was of medium size, with golden red wings, long tail, and dark golden eyes. It circled him twice, and then landed on his shoulder. It let out a couple of sweet chirps, and nuzzled vigorously against his cheek for a long time. It then pecked his ear affectionately. Song Qingshi was a little happy. He usually did a lot of animal experiments and he didn't have a connection with animals. Cats, dogs, rabbits, mice and parrots didn't like him. He got along a bit better with but cold-blooded animals like reptiles and lizards…

He liked this beautiful immortal bird. He scratched its face carefully and tried to feed it grapes.

The immortal bird seemed to have a smile in its eyes. It pecked lightly on his lips, and then spread its wings and flew away.

Song Qingshi touched his lips, lost in thought…

He has no memory of kissing.

So, was his first kiss taken away by a bird?

…

On the Inextinguishable Peak, on the golden throne surrounded by countless red vines, Shenjun finally revealed an unprecedented real smile. "Found him."

Over the years, he has become more and more disgusted with the filthiness of the world, and he, with his actual body, seldom left Wutong Tower.

Therefore, he used the Blood King Vine as a carrier. He poured his spiritual thoughts into it, and made many avatars and identities, scattered all over the world. He controlled them to supervise those restless existences, to come in

contact with dirty places, or do those irrelevant matters that were inconvenient for the god to handle in person.

The avatar and the deity's actual body's perception were interlinked. They were just like extensions of his body. Save for having weaker strength, there was no difference.

The god felt the aura of the Phoenix Blood. Regrettably, his cultivation base back then was insufficient, and his technique for making formations was immature. He was just barely able to complete the soul imprint, this high-level complex formation. And so, he could not determine the position of the soul imprint from a distance. He needed to survey a bit and when it is within a hundred miles, he could more accurately pinpoint the position of the aura.

To this end, he sent countless birds to serve as his eyes, searching frantically around the world. When he found a suspicious target, he used his avatar to approach and confirm.

He had already spent a lot of time, searching for traces, following his tracks. Finally, he has found his gem.

He thought that after three thousand years of waiting, he had become accustomed to exercising patience, and that he would be able to restrain the madness brought about by desire. However, when the immortal bird, transformed from his spiritual thoughts, discovered that person, he found that his desire was only sealed under a thin layer of ice. It only needed a feather to drop gently onto it, and countless cracks would appear on his reason, and the frenzied lava and magma would rush forth, destroying everything.

He needed to breathe, to calm down…

From Zhao Ye's soul memory, he had already confirmed the fate of a tasker who has failed his mission. He had also confirmed that Song Qingshi would be washed of his memory and made to accept another mission. He thought this way was also good. Song Qingshi could forget that painful past of his,

forget his embarrassing, intolerable appearance, and at the same time forget his madness and horror, starting anew.

He could pretend to be a normal person and use the most gentle and restrained ways to slowly get everything he wanted.

He won't force, won't plunder, won't scare…

He had already plotted out countless schemes. He had control over the entire world. He could guide the other person step by step into the sweet trap he had set up. Just like in the past, he would fall in love with him again, voluntarily be controlled, voluntarily hand over his heart and body, voluntarily bear all the desires. From now on, the two of them would live a happy life.

His only worry was, who was Song Qingshi's mission objective this time?

Whenever he thought about Song Qingshi bestowing his goodwill to the mission target, he became so jealous he could kill someone. But in order to ensure that Song Qingshi's mission did not fail, he needed to find this guy and save his life. He'll seize the rest of his life, place him under his control in luxurious house arrest. Afterwards, he will substitute himself for the mission target and take his place.

He needed to be careful at every step. He can't fail…

Shenjun forcefully suppressed the madness in his body and then controlled his mental probe. He thought about the injuries on Song Qingshi's body, and let the magical red immortal bird fly to a remote corner. It scattered into countless golden rays of light and then re-gathered, turning into a black-clothed man with a silver mask— this was the avatar he had placed in the Medicine King's Valley. Both his identity and status were suitable. He would be able to get close to the two to find out the current situation.

…

Song Jincheng happily ran back to the inn holding a bunch of snacks and new novels. He saw a man in black with a tall and straight bearing standing

by the door. He then saw the simple silver mask on the man's face and those icy phoenix eyes under the mask and he was so scared that the things he was carrying rolled to the ground. He almost cried out, "Martial…"

He covered his mouth tightly and turned his head. He was panicked, and wanted to escape.

Why was the Medicine King's Valley's Martial Great-uncle here?! Isn't he out travelling?!

The terrifying deeds of his Martial Great-uncle flashed madly in his mind…

The Martial Great-uncle of the Medicine King's Valley was called Yue Xiansheng. It was said that he was a Fen Shen ancestor who has lived for thousands of years. He was also the guardian of the Medicine King's Valley. He was serious and reserved. He usually lived in the valley. He rarely left or accepted visitors. The only thing he liked was raising little white mice. Thanks to his efforts, the Medicine King's Valley now had not only a variety of mice, special mice, but also rats, goats, monkeys and other animal test subjects. They had a huge amount of them. The teachers and senior brothers and sisters who were researching medicine needed to ensure that a medicine can safely be used on the animal test subjects before further experiments can be conducted on humans.

Song Jincheng was lucky enough to have seen the Martial Great-uncle twice. One time, a shameless senior brother attempted to force his affections on a senior sister and almost made an ugly scandal. The Martial Great-uncle was furious and condemned him in public. He was beaten with fifty lashes until his skin was torn and his flesh left gaping. His cultivation base was abolished and he was then expelled from the valley. There was another time when some seniors who had inflated opinions of themselves studied the prescription left by the Medicine King's Valley's Great Master Song. In the end, their attempt at refining the pill was an utter failure. They complained that the prescription left by Great Master Song was unreasonable and that there was no way it could be made into a pill. Their words had rather disrespectful intentions. Martial Great-uncle, who had never practiced alchemy, discovered this somehow. In front of everyone, he refined the pill of this complicated prescription in one go, proving its

validity. Then, for disrespect towards the Great Master and for having little learning, each of them were given three lashings and were made to do problem exercises in the back of the mountain for three years. When they came out… every apprentice was in a daze, and several of the senior brothers had gone bald. They were handsome and spirited no longer…

He had to calm down…

There were thousands of apprentices and valley servants within the Medicine King's Valley. Yue Xiansheng had only seen him from a distance and amidst the crowd. He shouldn't be able to recognize him.

While encouraging himself, Song Jincheng turned around calmly, quietly retreating.

Yue Xiansheng unhurriedly called out his name, "Song Jincheng, stop."

"Ma-Martial Great-uncle," Song Jincheng's foot stopped in mid-air and then slowly dropped. He turned around with a woebegone look. He looked at the Martial Great-uncle's unfeeling eyes, and felt that he wouldn't be able to keep his natural and unrestrained locks of hair for long. He hastily knelt down and confessed his guilt, wailing, "I was wrong. I shouldn't have missed school. Please spare me!"

Yue Xiansheng threw him a disgusted look. Calculating the time, he used his mental probe to see the situation inside. He then opened the door and walked in.

Song Jincheng quickly crawled in after him.

Song Qingshi had just finished reading the novel in his hand and was about to have a drink of water and take a break. He saw Song Jincheng rolling and crawling, a kiss-up expression all over his face, as he followed a strange man wearing a mask into the room. The two looked very familiar with each other. He then found that this unfamiliar man was staring intently at him. Although those dark golden eyes were very beautiful, they carried an indistinct sense of pain, as though he wanted to take him apart and swallow him into his belly.

Why was he pained? Why did he want to swallow him up?

Song Qingshi's thoughts were a little slow. Suddenly, a light flashed in his mind. Thinking of the large sum he owed, could it be…

He hurriedly sat up straight and said sincerely:

"I will pay it back."

Translator's note: Here we have two entries from LinXueLian. There's still a month left before the deadline so get those entries in.

Chapter 82: Esteem for the Elder

It is only right to pay back money owed.

Song Qingshi didn't like owing money very much, and he liked owing life-saving money even less. He tried very hard to explain to the man he suspected to be Song Jincheng's elders, to get him to understand that he was very trustworthy and that he definitely wasn't a shameless person who would run off on his medical expenses. Whether it was refining pills or going to secret realms, whether it was taking on part-time jobs or setting up a vendor's stall on the streets, he was going to earn the money and pay back his debt!

He wasn't good with words. Stumbling, he tried to convey his meaning for a long time…

Yue Xiansheng's aura became even more dejected. His unhappiness could be felt even through the mask.

Song Qingshi grew even more panicked. High-grade spirit stone was a very expensive currency. If ordinary Foundation Building cultivators didn't have special skills or was the recipient of unexpected luck, a few dozen a year was the absolute best they could hope for. Song Jincheng was the son of a wealthy family who didn't understand worldly affairs, that's why he could just take out a precious pill worth eight hundred spirit stones. Now his elder has come knocking on his door, what should he do if he takes him for some swindler?

He remembered that there were no legal restrictions in the immortal realm. There was no way to argue if he decided to beat a swindler to death.

"Don't panic." Although Song Jincheng was afraid of the Martial Great-uncle to the point that his knees went weak, but when he saw Song Qingshi so nervous and panicked, he still, attesting to his loyal character, spoke up for his patient, "The Medicine King's Valley won't kill anyone just because they can't afford the treatment. And that pill was mine, so no one would

care about your medical fees. Martial Great-uncle didn't come here for you. He came here to catch me…"

Yue Xiansheng finally turned his head and threw a look at the slacker. "Explain."

"I met this little brother at Mt. Min. It was raining and he was seriously injured." Song Jincheng knew that he couldn't escape punishment. He tried to avoid the important and dwell on the trivial, displaying his benevolent heart and skillful execution, to get his punishment to be lightened and allow him to keep his hair. "I diagnosed his injury accurately, took out the treasured Eight Treasure Heart Pill, and saved his life. Because his injury was too serious, it wasn't convenient for me to return to the Medicine King's Valley… I stayed here to take care of him. Martial Great-uncle, I was just depressed because I failed the exam. So, I went out for a walk and then I encountered an injured patient for whom long-distance movement was inconvenient. I wasn't playing truant!"

After failing the exam, you go out for a "walk" with all your luggage and savings? You've been gone for so many days but you still haven't sent a back a message? Are you taking your elders for fools?

Leniency is for the honest, and severe punishment is for those who refuse to acknowledge their crimes. Lying will aggravate your punishment.

Since hearing the words "little brother", Yue Xiansheng's aura had become even more overcast, with a fury that was on the verge of exploding.

Song Jincheng was at a loss and continued to struggle. "Martial Great-uncle, I was wrong."

Song Qingshi looked at him struggling to survive, and felt that he was in for a miserable future. Taking pity on him, he tried to divert the subject, "Jincheng, this is…"

Song Jincheng finally realized that he hadn't introduced the Martial Great-uncle. He quickly introduced Yue Xiansheng. Leaving aside his strange hobby of raising mice, he praised him as much as possible. He praised his

venerable age, his virtues and merits, his kind and loving nature; introduced him as the elder revered by everyone in the Medicine King's Valley. He hoped that Martial Great-uncle would look upon his praises and give this junior a break…

Whether they were modern medical professors or pharmacist big-shots in the immortal realm, they were all beings as high as mountains.

The more Song Qingshi listened, the more respect he had for him and he assumed the bearing of a junior looking up to his elder.

Yue Xiansheng couldn't bear it, and reprimanded Song Jincheng, "Shut up!"

He was worried that if he listened to any more, he would be unable to restrain his anger, and slaughter and place on the Inextinguishable Peak this descendant of Qing Luan's that he had agreed to take care of.

Song Jincheng didn't know what he had said wrong. He aggrievedly closed his mouth.

Yue Xiansheng found out that Song Qingshi wanted to get out of bed to salute him. He couldn't pay any more attention to the idiot and hurriedly strode forward. He firmly supported his body, putting a stop to the messy movements. He took a deep breath, and said softly, "There is no need for formalities. Let me take a look at your injuries for you."

Song Qingshi found that his voice was gorgeous. When it was gentle, it had an attractive quality that was indescribable. It tickled people's hearts. He felt like he had heard it before somewhere, but after thinking about it for a long time, he simply couldn't remember.

Seeing him dazed, Yue Xiansheng smiled. Acting on his own initiative, he use his mental probe to do a physical examination.

Although he had been mentally prepared, seeing Song Qingshi's dantian empty, his Nascent Soul missing, his bones broken in many parts of his body, and the large and small wounds too many to be counted… the

heartache was still so overwhelming that he couldn't control himself. He wanted to find Heavenly Law and the system, these pieces of garbage, so that he could tear them to pieces.

The only fortunate things was that Song Qingshi's body was still the same, whether it was his aptitude or the two fires in the body. In the future, he can use various methods to pile up his cultivation base for him.

Song Qingshi's medical skills were perfect, but he lacked the medicinal materials. He will recover relatively slowly, and he would have to suffer for many days…

Yue Xiansheng took out a small porcelain bottle from his mustard seed bag. He poured out a pill and put it into Song Qingshi's mouth. Song Qingshi was caught off guard, the tip of his tongue slid across the other's fingertips. By the time he noticed something was wrong, it was too late to refuse. The medicine melted between his lips and tongue, and went down his throat. This was a Ten Revolution Golden Marrow Pill, the best treatment for trauma. It speeds up the rate at which wounds heal. As long as there is breath, it can bring a man back from the brink.

Although he could refine this kind of spirit pill, it needed the core of a Golden Crow Beast as an ingredient. This kind of spirit beast was rare. It had a ferocious temperament, and was extremely difficult to hunt down. Moreover, the refining technique was very cumbersome and took many days.

At an auction, the core of a Golden Crow Beast could fetch more than ten thousand spiritual stones, right? The price of the auxiliary materials were about a few thousand spirit stones? Add to that, the labor costs… So, he swallowed 20,000 spirit stones in one bite to treat wounds that could slowly heal after staying in bed for a few days?

His physical injuries began to heal, proving that this Ten Revolution Golden Marrow Pill was the genuine article.

Song Qingshi realized that his debt had increased to more than 20,000, and he became even more muddled from fright. He pulled the corner of Yue

Xiansheng's clothes and didn't know what to say. Suddenly, he had so much debt. He probably couldn't pay it off even if he sold himself. Stumblingly, he said, "I'm really poor now. It'll take me time to earn the spirt stones slowly…"

The Nine Revolution Blood Lotus Pill, the Quintessence of All Souls, and many many other medicines, which of them weren't more valuable than this little pill?

Back then, when he paid all those for him, did he ever hesitate?

"There's no need to be scared. These are all yours." Yue Xiansheng looked at Song Qingshi's panicky appearance and wanted to laugh but couldn't. His heart was full of bitterness. This person once had everything, but he gave everything to him. He didn't leave a single cent… He concealed the sadness in his eyes, and said softly, "Whatever you want, I will give it all to you."

Give it to you a hundred times over, a thousand times over, ten thousand times over.

"You're so kind to me, do we know each other?" Song Qingshi felt a familiar aura once again. He thought that this person must be the one who gave him pocket money. Then he thought about his discussions with Song Jincheng these past few days. He felt that this person wasn't his father, nor did he seem like a relative. Consequently, he boldly speculated, "Are you my godfather?"

Yue Xiansheng: "???"

Song Jincheng turned pale from fright. "Martial Great-uncle, is he your godson?"

He had just taken a peek from the side and felt that something was fishy. The Martial Great-uncle was the taciturn sort, he has never been gentle with others. Now, he was being considerate to this boy in every possible way. It was obvious that the relationship between the two was strange. Add to that the random giving of money and medicine…Could it be that the Martial

Great-uncle came here not to catch him, but to find his godson who was in trouble?

He saved the Martial Great-uncle's godson. He would surely deal with this offender leniently, right? He'll be able to keep his hair, right?

Song Jincheng felt like he could get through this!

Yue Xiansheng once again turned his head and directed a cold look at him. He quickly located the source of the problem. It made him want to kill this fool even more. However, right now, Song Qingshi's cultivation base was only at Foundation Building. There was no way he would be able to control the Medicine King's Valley, which has become a behemoth. If they rashly declared that the Medicine King's closed door cultivation had concluded, it would bring unnecessary danger and trouble. It was best to wait for him to return to Nascent Soul before returning the Medicine King's Valley to him.

He also didn't want Song Qingshi to think about things related to Yue Wuhuan anymore, so he needed to find a different reason to give him things and gifts, including spirit stones, medicinal materials, magic weapons… including the Inextinguishable Peak and himself.

Godfather, this somewhat stimulating address, was something he only wanted to be called when they were playing while doing happy things. He had absolutely no wish to become some sort of messy elder…

Fortunately, this was just one of his incarnations, which could be discarded at any time.

After it's served its purpose, he'll find an opportunity to dispose of it…

Mr. Yue thought and thought, but still felt very uncomfortable. It wasn't good to lecture this waste in front of Song Qingshi. So he put on his black gloves and walked over. He grabbed Song Jincheng by his collar, opened the window and threw him out, ordering, "Go to the East Market Pharmacy and buy two catties each of tiger bones, Pellet Grass, and Green Spider Pills! Go to the West Market Rune Shop and buy three Fire Talismans! Go

to Min Shan and get five catties of Monarch's Heart Spring water! Then Go to the Nameless Lake to pick four Double Lotus stamens! Now, get lost!"

Song Jincheng was thrown out without rhyme or reason. His head and face were covered with dust, and his whole body was in pain. He heard the Martial Great-uncle's instructions and seeing that it was no longer early, he hurried crawled up and rushed to find the items as fast as he could, lest he act too slow and get his punishment added to.

With the noisy guy gone, the surroundings finally became quiet.

Yue Xiansheng looked at Song Qingshi's eyes filled with admiration, and once again felt a tightness in his chest he hadn't had in thousands of years. He quickly thought and explained, "There is no need to stand on ceremony. You and I are old friends, not elders."

Song Qingshi was perplexed, "A cross-generational friendship?"

"A deeper friendship," Yue Xiansheng sighed. He felt that this relationship was better than that messy one before and so, he didn't deny it anymore. He then asked, "Qingshi, do you have problems with your memory?"

Song Qingshi hurriedly climbed the stepladder. "I seem to have forgotten a lot of things, including the fact that we know each other. Can you tell me?"

"I'm sorry, I've been in closed door cultivation in the Medicine King's Valley for many years. I'm not sure what happened to you. You have just taken the Ten Revolution Golden Marrow Pill. When the medicine takes effect, you might feel in poor spirits. It is best to sleep for now." Yue Xiansheng smiled regretfully and lighted some Sweet Dream Incense. He asked casually, "By the way, can you tell me what you have forgotten?"

Sweet Dream Incense was harmless to the body and good for calming the nerves. Song Qingshi felt that some other formulation must have been added to the Sweet Dream Incense that Yue Xiansheng took out, it made his mind a little unclear and drowsy. Dazed, he told him the conclusion of his analysis these past few days, hiding the matter about his transmigration and the system.

He said a lot and talked for a long time. In the end, he didn't know what even it was that he said.

In a daze, he heard Yue Xiansheng talking in his ear. His voice was very soft, as if coming from a dream, "Do you have a new mission?"

Song Qingshi told the truth like he was being hypnotized, "Yes."

It seemed like he asked afterwards what mission it was. But he himself didn't understand what the mission was, so he carefully thought about the answer for a long time…

In the end, he had no time to answer before he completely lost consciousness and fell into a deep sleep.

Seeing him asleep, Yue Xiansheng took off the silver mask, revealing his beautiful face. He then approached slowly, and gently stroked that face he had yearned for day and night. He wanted to embrace him against his bosom but was afraid of hurting him. He wasn't willing to use any medicine or method that would be harmful to his health, so he could only try to worm out some truths using a drowsy-type hypnosis.

Although Song Qingshi was unwilling to disclose the details, it was enough…

This was the answer he expected.

Yue Xiansheng opened his clothes gently to check his injuries. However, he found a familiar love bite on his chest that had yet to completely disappear… It was easy to leave traces on Song Qingshi's body in the middle of matters. He couldn't help but deliberately use force to brand him with marks that would disappear only after a few days.

Now, the position of this faint, yet to fade love bite was exactly the same as the one he had placed the night before he left.

He hadn't gone to do missions to save anyone else. He hadn't fallen in love with anyone else.

He wasn’t tormented with three thousand years of thinking. After disappearing, he soon returned to this world…

A drop of water fell on the faint love bite.

He couldn’t tell if it was from happiness or pain.

He had been waiting for too long, so long that he didn’t know how to express this complicated and profound feeling.

“I hate you.” He lowered his head, kissed these long longed-for lips, licked the sweet taste, and repeated over and over, “I hate you, I hate you…”

He raised his head, his face was already covered with tears.

“But, you’ve come back. I forgive you everything.”

Chapter 83: Mission Difficulty

Song Qingshi slept soundly. When he woke up, it was already the middle of the night. He found himself pillowed on the knee of Yue Xiansheng, who claimed to be acquainted with him. He was a little embarrassed. For some reason, his lips were slightly red and swollen. He quickly wiped the corners of his mouth to check if there was any drool.

Fortunately, he was spared from such embarrassment…

His injuries were already mostly healed thanks to the powerful effect of the Ten Revolutions Golden Marrow Pill. He tried to get up and move his body about. He found that the wound medicine on his body had also been replaced with a better immortal drug with pain-relieving properties. It made the stabs of pain disappear, leaving only a faint itch.

When Yue Xiansheng saw him waking up, he opened his eyes that had been closed for a nap.

Song Qingshi smiled gratefully at him. He then found Song Jincheng kneeling in a corner of the room, having been made to face the wall and ponder about his misdeeds. Although it wasn't good to interfere in how other people chose to educate their apprentices, he and this child had a bond and it wasn't good for him to just leave him alone either.

When he was pondering this matter in his heart, Yue Xiansheng took his mustard seed bag and poured heaping stacks of spirit stones into it. Song Qingshi was shocked and quickly stopped him. "I've already received valuable medicines from you. I can't possibly accept these too."

After all, he wasn't his father, nor his godfather, how could he accept so many spirit stones?

"These were originally yours." Yue Xiansheng was afraid that he would go off into another messy line of thinking. He handed him a token engraved with a gorgeous phoenix pattern. He explained, "You once left some spirit stones with me and I managed them for you. It's been a long time and now

it's yielded a great harvest. You can show this token in the Medicine King's Valley and all shops with this mark, and you can withdraw funds at will. There is no upper limit."

Song Qingshi took the token and asked in pleasant surprise, "How much money do I have?"

Yue Xiansheng thought about the power of the Inextinguishable Peak. After he eradicated those filthy sects, he confiscated their properties and wealth. If left alone, it would lead to disorder in the world and would cause darkness to grow. He set aside some of his time and energy and slowly lay down new rules, letting industries operate once again.

For example, auction houses were not allow to engage in human trafficking. They were not allowed to sell stolen goods. He improved the social standing of craftsmen and other professionals, especially doctors. He prohibited slave trading, formulated employment contracts and increased penalties for raising furnaces and killing people for their treasure… There were also many harsh rules, such as not allowing any dirty rubbish in public places…

The cultivators couldn't accept such rules, and they quarreled for hundreds of years. But as the heads of the rebels and violators were hung out one by one, the unyielding turning into lamps in the Inextinguishable Peak, the dissenting voices became fewer and fewer. As newer generations of cultivators were born, the rules became habits.

Although the darkness could not disappear completely, at least they dared not breed out under the light of the sun. No one dared to brazenly touch the inverse scale of the horrifying existence at the top of the Inextinguishable Peak.

Nowadays, the industry of the Inextinguishable Peak has spread all over the world. Every year, various sects, towns and cities would pay to the god tributes of various treasures and local specialties. It has already become the custom…

It has been a very long time since Yue Xiansheng has checked how much money he had, how many treasures were in the treasure house. But as long as Song Qingshi was willing to accept it, he could give it all. But he also knew that Song Qingshi had high self-esteem and hated causing trouble for others. He needed to find a proper reason to give it to him bit by bit.

He considered it and said, “You once invested more than two million spirit stones during the Medicine King’s Valley’s most difficult time. Now has now become tens of millions. I have invested in other industries for you as well. Now, it just keeps growing every year. Later on, I will give you the account book.”

He’ll go back and ask his subordinates to create a fake account. He’ll use different tricks to stuff money in, leaving him inexhaustible tens of millions.

Before his transmigration, Song Qingshi had been the child of a rich family. Although sweet and naive, he knew a little about commerce and had never seen anyone rack their brains to make a fake account to give money to another party. What kind of scheme would that be?

So, was this true?

Had he made a successful venture investment during the time he couldn’t remember?

Will he no longer have to worry about research funding in this lifetime?

Song Qingshi was turning into a dog from utter happiness. He wanted to run a few laps around the room. He wanted to bark from happiness. He quickly made a mental list of the medicinal materials he wanted to buy but couldn’t afford. He wanted to hug his god of wealth and lay a couple of smooches on him.

He pulled Yue Xiansheng and asked, “What else did I do during the time that I’ve forgotten?”

Mr. Yue smiled and said, “You taught me to raise white mice. Now, I’ve bred them quite well. There are many kinds of special mice. If you come back to the Medicine King’s Valley with me, I will give you…gifts.”

There was an ambiguity in this word.

Song Qingshi couldn’t hear it clearly, but he found a suspicious point. “Mice need to be bred for a long time before they have the opportunity to reform into various strains… How long have we known each other?”

He felt that he had lost more memories than he thought. .

Yue Xiansheng smiled and said, “We have only been together for more than ten years, but we have been apart for thousands of years. I stayed in a narrow world and I do not know what you have experienced…”

Song Qingshi was stunned. The length of time he had forgotten went far beyond what he had imagined. Could it be that his body in this world closed his death door and failed thus leading to a soul from another world to transmigrate into it?

Thinking of this, he fell into a daze once again, wondering how he could so naturally merge the memories of the two bodies into a brand new self, without any sense of rejection…Was it because they looked too alike?

The system had already exploded, and he couldn’t ask for any answers.

“Martial Great-uncle is joking.” Song Jincheng couldn’t help but speak up. “How could anyone be cultivating for so long and only be at Foundation Building?” Even a waste like him managed to reach Foundation Building at the age of eighteen. Moreover, Foundation Building cultivators could only live for three hundred years. Lady Qing Luan had used rare treasures to prolong her life. She died of old age at five hundred years old and was buried in the Medicine King’s Valley. Sword Master Ming Hong cultivated to Great Perfection of Core Formation. He built a house in front of the grave of his beloved wife, guarding the Medicine King’s Valley for a millennium. Now, male cultivators of the Medicine King’s Valley often invited their girlfriends there to confess. It was a famous scenic spot.

Yue Xiansheng felt that his punishment hadn't been heavy enough, and smiled gently, "Qingshi was injured, and so, his cultivation base became as such. There are many similar cases in the medical books you have studied… Obviously, you remembered none of them. When you return to the valley tomorrow, you will go to be confined to the back mountains, and you won't be allowed out until you memorize the 180 volumes of basic medical books left by Qing Luan."

Song Jincheng's face turned ashen. He no longer wanted his family's great-grandmother and… he really wanted to go to the Heaven Martial Sect to find his friend. And so, he knelt and crawled in front of Yue Xiansheng. Crying, he tried to haggle, "Martial Great-uncle, please let me go to Heaven Martial Sect to take a look. Afterwards, I will go to be confined…"

The smile at the corner of Yue Xiansheng's lips became even softer.

Song Qingshi looked at Yue Xiansheng and inexplicably felt that this child had gotten himself into an even more dangerous situation. He summoned his courage and tried to rescue him, "Do you have a reason to go to Heaven Martial Sect?"

Song Jincheng sobbed, "I suspect that something has happened to A'Yu, and I want to go see…"

A'Yu was Yu Wenyu, the elder of Heaven Martial Sect's son. He was born weak. When he was a child, he was ill and stayed in the Medicine King's Valley for several years. Song Jincheng dragged him up the mountain to scoop up bird eggs, to catch tortoises in the river. He taught him to climb over the wall in order to skip classes. He became a very good friend.

Yu Wenyu left the Medicine King's Valley after his condition improved. He would send letters every month. However, for the past three months, he hadn't heard at all from Yu Wenyu, and he simply couldn't rest assured. Taking advantage of his flunking the exam, he decided to escape to Heaven Martial Sect to check out the situation. On the way there, he ran across Song Qingshi and was delayed…

“Maybe he’s doing closed door cultivation.” Song Qingshi rubbed his forehead, trying to say that it was normal for friends to be busy and ignore other people for several years or decades. Then, he had a feeling that he had made big mistakes in friendships and felt a little lacking in confidence. “You can try asking his elders?”

Song Jincheng hemmed and hawed, “His father hates me and has forbidden me from approaching A’Yu. The fact that we’re in contact is a secret.”

Yue Xiansheng opened his mouth and said, “A while back, the Heaven Martial Sect had their final exam for their disciples. He should have gone to the Yuanming Secret Realm…” He suddenly stopped speaking, remembering that the Heaven Martial Sect has had some unusual changes recently. Demons have also been appearing frequently. Maybe he should send someone to check in on the situation.

“Maybe he was injured and didn’t want to make you worry.” Song Qingshi thought of a plan that would satisfy both sides. “I’ll go to the Heaven Martial Sect to have a look.” He remembered that there were records of a metallic grass with leaf blades as sharp as knives in the Yuanming secret realm. Although it wasn’t very useful, with its peculiar attributes, he has always wanted to take some for research.

Song Jincheng was very moved. “Xiongdi, you’re very loyal. Ge didn’t save you in vain.”

The corner of the table broke off in Yue Xiansheng’s grip.

“I’m sorry, I forgot your age,” Song Jincheng quickly admitted his mistake, and said in an ingratiating manner, “Qingshi, you’re actually my Ge.”

Yue Xiansheng reminded, “Qingshi’s seniority is much higher than yours.”

Song Jincheng frowned, rethinking how he should address him.

Song Qingshi looked at his expression, feeling a bad premonition, he quickly interrupted, “You’re not allowed to call me ‘Grandfather’!”

Half of his soul was still a green and tender college student, and he simply couldn't bear the thought of being called 'Grandfather' by someone who looked to be his age.

"I'm not of the Medicine King's Valley. Even if I re-enter through the exam, we'll still be schoolmates. I can't be afforded such a seniority." Song Qingshi seriously considered the future. "I think we should determine the seniority based on cultivation level, not age."

Song Jincheng looked pitifully at Yue Xiansheng, "Martial Great-uncle…"

When Yue Xiansheng heard this form of address, he felt distress in his chest once again.

He decided that when he went back, he was going to put this avatar into closed door cultivation. He'll then change his age to once again accompany Song Qingshi to grow up. This way, he won't be regarded as some elder making it difficult for him to set about.

Song Qingshi happily decided on his own journey to the Heaven Martial Sect. He discussed with Song Jincheng how he could meet Yu Wenyu and find out the situation.

The entrance exam for the Medicine King's Valley was still three years away. It would still take a few months of preparations to create a special recruitment.

Song Qingshi was unwilling to use a back door to get into the school.

Yue Xiansheng knew Song Qingshi wouldn't give up on something he had already decided upon. Now was not the time to take him back. However, some time would be needed to prepare a new incarnation. He was afraid that Song Qingshi, not understanding the current situation in the immortal realm, would suffer some loss or grievance. After hesitating over and over, he decided to concede to his wishes and allowed Song Jincheng to accompany him to Heaven Martial Sect. He was to wait upon his senior on the road and not permit him to be wronged.

Song Jincheng wasn't good at studying, but he was actually quite diligent when it came to waiting upon his teachers and guessing their intentions. He suspected that Song Qingshi wasn't Yue Xiansheng's godson, but a secret illegitimate child instead. He swore to treat Song Qingshi as if he were his own ancestor.

He happily blessed, "Qingshi Ge, you are so kind. I no longer envy you having a goddess."

Song Qingshi smiled and said, "I hope I can meet her on our journey."

Yue Xiansheng was wary. "Goddess?"

"Qingshi's looking for a girl, but it's a pity that he's lost his memory. He can't remember her name or her appearance." Song Jincheng got permission and his entire person came alive. He saw that the Martial Great-uncle was interested in his future daughter-in-law, so he quickly praised Song Qingshi's sweetheart, lest she not get the elder's approval in the future, "A girl who's gentle and virtuous, beautiful and lovable, lively and cheerful, kind-hearted and innocent, considerate and filial, and also an expert at cooking."

Song Qingshi was embarrassed and said, "She has a relatively weak body and needs looking after…"

Yue Xiansheng forcefully suppressed the intense jealousy rolling in his heart, and asked, "Your missi-…no, do you like such a girl?"

He knew many cultivators who didn't care about gender, but he never thought about it…

Song Qingshi thought about how he felt emotionally moved by that notebook, and said with certainty, "I do and I'll find her."

Yue Xiansheng asked gently, "What if she doesn't like you? Would you still treat her well?"

“It’s okay,” Song Qingshi’s eyes were filled with determination and he vowed, “As long as I can find her, I will give her all the good things. I will do my best to treat her well, and win her over.”

He will do everything he could to earnestly pursue the person he liked.

Yue Xiansheng understood his intentions. He smiled and wished him well. “You will surely find her.”

Although the target of this mission went seriously beyond his expectations.

But, it wasn’t difficult either…

He thought about using this kind of appearance to do shameless things, to drive Song Qingshi to tears in bed. That scene felt… quite interesting…

Yue Xiansheng greedily looked at the pure and simple delicacy. His mad desires made his lips and tongue go dry…

Patience, now was not the time to be exposed.

He will carry out his plan well.

He wanted to get back everything.

Chapter 84: The Young Lady in Red

How was one supposed to act the role of an adorable girl?

The shenjun of the Inextinguishable Peak ran across an unprecedented difficult problem. After thinking about it for a long time, he ordered Kong Muhua to have an audience with him.

On the Inextinguishable Peak, Kong Muhua was a strange one… He was obviously a male peacock yao, the general of their vanguard forces on the battlefield. His magical weapon of choice were two giant axes and he felled people like scything flax. However, in his human form, he hated how men's clothes and jewelry on earth were not resplendent enough. He liked to dress up as a beautiful woman. He was born with good looks, with eyes like limpid autumn waters and a graceful lithe figure. He walked like a weak willow propped up by the wind, swaying with each step. He would look at his reflection in the water and he loved nothing more than to compare his beauty against others. He was an expert at relying on his beauty to curry favor. He acted spoiled and silly. He acted this way to such an extent that few people knew that he was a man.

Year in year out, he topped the list of dream lovers of male cultivators in the immortal realm, as well as the list of fox spirit vixens female cultivators most wanted to kill.

Now, Kong Muhua had suddenly been summoned by shenjun. He was a little perturbed, wondering if he had done something wrong.

Shenjun dismissed everyone and walked up to him. From his hair accessories to his clothing, from his figure to the movements of his hands and feet, he carefully sized him up. He even studied the hairstyle he was sporting, the brows he had painted. He listened to his voice and ordered him to walk a few steps. He smiled… Finally, he asked him what things a woman likes.

Kong Muhua's entire peacock being was stunned.

He had a feeling that the Inextinguishable Peak was about to usher in a mistress.

Shenjun's sense of aesthetics was very good. He had a very critical eye. Just how perfect was the beauty who had managed to catch his eye?

Kong Muhua felt very much like crying. He was aware that he couldn't match shenjun's beauty, so he changed to wearing women's clothes, finding a new path, defeating his opponent with a surprise move. Now, his beauty was about to lose out to the god-queen… He felt that his future as a peacock was gloomy and bleak. There was no point in spreading his tail feathers any longer. He was in urgent need of some comforting against the bosom of a man; of a tumble between the sheets. Along the way, he should also press for marriage. It must be with a gentle and beautiful man, someone like Bai Xianzun…

It was time for everyone to give up on whatever fanciful thoughts they have towards shenjun. They should also drop the idea forever.

Maybe Bai Xianzun will agree to be Daoist companions with him?

Kong Muhua thought of this and packed away his dejectedness. He cheerfully ran off to spread the news.

…

Wutong Tower, behind the layer after layer of bead curtains.

Shenjun took off his snow feather cloak and after carefully taking a bath, he walked in front of the mirror. He critically scrutinized his appearance. Cultivators who reach the Fen Shen stage can adjust their body shape and appearance. It was not difficult to put on a disguise. What was difficult was how to disguise himself to match that person's idea.

He thought for a while and directly changed his appearance to that of when he was fourteen years old. His height at the time was just right. His features were indistinguishable as male or female. His waist was slender, less than a grip. He now only needed to adjust his shoulders to be thinner and to shrink

the skeletal framework of his limbs. He suppressed his cultivation base to Foundation Building and he was now exactly like a delicate beauty.

He thought back to the common characteristics shared by the mission targets in Zhao Ye's memory. He then thought about Kong Muhua's seamless women's fashion. He adjusted the details, hiding his Adam's apple, and then removing the edges and corners of the eyebrows. He turned garish and gorgeous fire-like flamboyance into a temperament that was gentle like water. It was only that teardrop mole at the corner of his eye which couldn't be concealed. It's earthly seduction could not be covered up.

He thought for a long time and gave up on trying to mess with this teardrop mole.

Although most of the system mission targets were pure and innocent beauties, he knew that Song Qingshi liked the showy type. And so, he couldn't lose all of Yue Wuhuan's qualities… He tried smiling at the mirror and he let the brilliance of desire roam once again in those dignified phoenix eyes. They would bloom only for one person.

The charming luster inadvertently brought out by the pretty and innocent flavor, and the occasional debauch manner amidst the usual purity and holiness; these were things that could drag a man into the abyss. Just like those things Song Qingshi did to him in bed, it was simply the greatest of delicacies.

Even if he had lost his memories and they had to start over, the agreement must be fulfilled.

Song Qingshi had asked to marry him, and he had agreed. They were Daoist couples simply lacking the official ceremony. There was no room for reneging on this promise.

Although he would not force the other party to do these things, he had not intention of being some man of honor to this person who had lost his memory. He would use all the methods he should use.

He didn't want to ponder whether those methods were abnormal and pathological. His feelings had long gone out of control.

Song Qingshi had once said during treatment that desire was not some shameful matter and that there was no need to suppress his body's instincts. He should let it out as much as he liked. It would be helpful for his recovery.

He hoped that he was as good as his word and would do his utmost best to cure him.

…

Yue Xiansheng took so meticulous care of Song Qingshi that he slept without even taking his clothes off. Every day, he stood guard by his bedside, always at his elbow, feeding him countless miraculous pills.

Song Qingshi's wounds healed quickly, but his sleeping posture wasn't good. Every morning, he found himself lying on Yue Xiansehng's lap. His lips would be a little swollen and even cracked. He drank two doses of internal heat reducing decoction but it had no effect. It probably had something to do with the dry climate and his currently weak condition.

Yue Xiansheng disliked how the decoction was too bitter, so he let him drink it with more honey, making it more delicious.

Song Qingshi was very grateful and he racked his brains daily on how to praise him for being a good person.

The way Song Jincheng saw it, the relationship between these two couldn't be a simple cross-generational friendship. Even his father wouldn't take care of him so gently and intimately when he's sick. It was even less likely that he'd give him unlimited spending money! So… Song Qingshi must be Martial Great-uncle's illegitimate son! Only for some reason, he wasn't willing to disclose it.

The last time Martial Great-uncle ordered him to buy things, he wasn't able to finish even until midnight. And so he came back crying and was made to

stand in the corner.

This time, he must seize the chance! He will wait upon him well and win the favor of the Martial Great-uncle, so as not to befall the same fate as his senior brothers. Although those senior brothers had used hair growth medicine to get their hair back, they have been reduced to being the laughing stock of the valley. Up until now, they still haven't found themselves girlfriends.

With lofty aspirations and high ideals, Song Jincheng ran errands everywhere, buying various travel supplies for Song Qingshi.

Finally, everything had been purchased.

Yue Xiansheng said that he had something to deal with and needed to leave. Before leaving, he took out a loose snow-colored vestment with large sleeves, saying that it was a farewell gift he had rush ordered from Qiao Yifang a few days ago.

Song Qingshi's vestment had long gone ragged. Seeing this robe that perfectly suited his taste, he absolutely fell in love with it. He changed into it on the spot, and thanked him profusely.

Yue Xiansheng smiled and fixed his messy hair for him, before taking his leave.

Once Song Qingshi finished packing his luggage and as they were about to set off, he finally remembered that they had forgotten to arrange for transportation. Song Jincheng snuck out of school. He hadn't dare to use any of the magical ships in the Medicine King's Valley. Now, the town where the two of them were staying at was relatively remote. Not only did the Immortal Beast Sect have no presence here, there weren't any high-level magical ships either.

He and Song Jincheng stood at the main street, looking at each other. After searching for a long time, they finally bought two spirit horses with relatively quicker legs. After calculating the location on the map, they

prepared themselves to ride for three days. After reaching Ruinan City, they will check in with the Immortal Beast Sect to rent a magical ship.

The two rode on horseback and left.

Song Qingshi felt a peeping gaze from the inside the town. He looked around and found that the beautiful red immortal bird he had seen the other day had returned and was following him.

He beckoned with his hand.

The immortal bird flew down and perched affectionately on his shoulder. It gently pecked his ear, as if acting like a spoiled child.

“This bird is really beautiful,” Song Jincheng was delighted as he watched man and bird interact. He took out some melons seeds to play with the bird, “Come on, let brother touch your tail.”

The red immortal bird slowly turned its neck. For a moment, it directed an ice-cold look at him. Then all of a sudden, it spewed out raging flames. They rushed at Song Jincheng’s face, lighting up his clothes and hair. Song Jincheng was absolutely terrified and desperately swung about, sending sparks everywhere. The spirit horse’s tail also caught on fire. It jumped up in shock, carrying away the screeching Song Jincheng, as it charged ahead.

Song Qingshi was flabbergasted at the sight. He stiffly turned his head and looked at the unknown red immortal bird on his shoulder. This was a bird of prey that wasn’t to be trifled with…

The immortal bird rubbed against his cheek again. It then lowered its head, neatly tidying up its feathers, pretending not to have done anything bad.

Song Jincheng’s shrieking voice grew even louder. “Qingshi, come quick!”

His tone changed with each syllable until the last two were completely out of tune.

Song Qingshi heard the wrongness in his voice, and hurried over to see the situation. He was unexpectedly met with the sight of an injured and

unconscious girl in red lying on the edge of the cliff. She seemed to have encountered an accident on the mountain and came rolling down. There were two gashes on her head. There was a lot of blood, and her hands and feet were covered in abrasions. Her ankle seemed to be twisted as well.

The girl looked quite delicate, with pale honey-colored skin and picturesque brows. Not a single one of her facial features wasn't beautiful. Her long eyelashes were like butterfly wings as they trembled slightly. The small red teardrop mole under her left eye had an indescribably alluring quality. She wore a gauzy skirt of red ice silk that was torn in places by branches as she had fled. The neckline was slightly loose, revealing a long neck and a bit of her collarbones. The hairpin was askew and her hair was in a mess. Her long, silk-like black hair, with their slightly curled ends, lay scattered against the jade green grass carpet…

Song Qingshi's heart grew a little confused. "I feel like I've seen this girl somewhere."

Song Jincheng agreed, "Every time I see a beautiful girl, I feel like I've met her before too."

Song Qingshi was choked. He belatedly realized that what he'd said may have been somewhat inappropriate, like he was some sort of lecher. He quickly threw out those messy feelings from his mind and squatted down to check the girl's injuries.

"The injury to her head is relatively serious. She may have a slight concussion. It needs to be dealt with as soon as possible to prevent it from getting worse." Song Qingshi took out the golden needles, and skillfully pierced a few points. He used his spiritual power to guide the clotted blood to dissipate. He then used a Pure Brightness Pill which he dissolved in water and fed to her.

"Can you handle it?" Song Jincheng was very nervous. He found that Song Qingshi's way of performing acupuncture was very strange. He had never seen it before. He was afraid that he was pretending to be an expert, but was actually going to make a mess of things, that he was going to pierce this girl into a fool. But Song Qingshi was quick and resolute in sticking in the

needles. He had no time to stop him, so without any other better option, he simply tried to persuade him, “Let’s take her to the hospital and let the doctor treat her.”

Song Qingshi finished his acupuncture treatment and was bandaging her wounds. Hearing this, he was at a loss, “Why should we look for a doctor? I’m a doctor.”

Song Jincheng gravely pointed out the problem, “You don’t look very reliable.”

Song Qingshi’s profession was once again called into question. He was a little depressed. “My medical skills are very good.”

Song Jincheng asked seriously, “Do you know the Oriole Suture technique? Do you know the Eastern Lady Eighteen Needles? Do you know the Huang Clan’s bone setting method? These techniques have been around for nearly a thousand years, and every doctor knows how to perform them.”

Song Qingshi continued to be at a loss…

Song Jincheng sighed and shook his head.

Song Qingshi realized that his image was about to turn into that of a quack doctor. He hurriedly disputed, “l can do the Guishen Eighty-eight Needles.”

“The Guishen Eighty-Eight Needles? The world’s first acupuncture technique that even the gods and ghosts don’t know?” Song Jincheng almost laughed, “Ge, this is a thing of myths and legends. There aren’t even any related records of it in the Medicine King’s Valley. How did you learn it? ”

“I can’t remember.” Song Qingshi gently cradled his forehead. He felt that this method was imprinted in his mind. He felt like he could do it without much thought and that he was very skilled at it. It seemed that he employed it often. “But I really do know how to do it…”

He had just forgotten how he learned it…

Song Qingshi thought for a long time and firmly believed that he wasn't a quack doctor. Seeing that Song Jincheng had no decent treatment plan, he squatted down and continued to comb the patient's meridians with the golden needles to help her recover.

The blood clots dissipated, and the girl in red gradually woke up. With misty phoenix eyes open, she gently gathered the loose collar and quietly closed the corners of her broken skirt. She then looked at the two of them and settled her eyes on Song Qingshi. She was reluctant to leave for a long time, and asked softly, "Did you save me?"

"We were passing by," Song Qingshi was afraid of being mistaken as a bad person, and hurriedly introduced himself and Song Jincheng as doctors. Finally, he said, "May I ask for your name? Where is your sect? We will send you back."

The red-clothed girl thought for a long time. She shook her head, and said sadly, "I don't know."

Song Jincheng asked, surprised, "You have amnesia too?"

He looked back at Song Qingshi, his eyes were full of accusations, suspecting that his golden needles had broken her brain.

"It is common for a concussion to cause short-term memory loss. This girl's condition is more serious than expected. It is best to have her admitted for observation." The way he looked at him made Song Qingshi extremely embarrassed. In order to prove that there were no problems with his medical skills, he decided to admit this girl. He took out a notebook to record the patient's condition. He found that he couldn't write a medical record without knowing the patient's name. After thinking about it, he decided give her a temporary name, "I'll just call you Xiao…"

The girl in red, sensing that things were turning far from encouraging, quickly replied, "I seem to be called Feng Jun."

Song Qingshi was surprised and crossed out the name on the medical record. He originally wanted to call her Xiao Hong.

Chapter 85:A Gentleman

Song Qingshi asked uncertainly, “Feng Jun feels like a nickname?”

“It is a nickname.” The girl in red who claimed to be Feng Jun gently pulled his sleeve and replied aggrievedly, “I vaguely remember that my mother called me this way, but my head hurts so much that I can’t remember anything else…”

Song Qingshi felt that Feng Jun’s head injury shouldn’t be serious enough to affect her memory, but thinking about his own unreasonable amnesia, he hesitated. Maybe in this immortal realm, partial amnesia was a common occurrence?

Feng Jun’s background was strange. Her looks and temperament created an indescribably good impression. The smell on her body was sweet, and it gave him the urge to cherish her and dote upon her.

Song Qingshi tried hard to think about it. His memory was full of medicine and research. He has never had such strange thoughts towards a girl before, no matter how beautiful she was… Was it possible that his memory loss also included a major change in his temperament? Had he done a lot of vulgar and despicable things?

Suddenly, an indistinct memory flashed in his mind.

In the middle of the night, he seemed to have pressed down some beauty, and kissed them in spite of their resistance? The beauty was so sad, they almost cried…

This was something a lecher would normally do, right?

Song Qingshi grew a little panicked…

Feng Jun lowered her head. She secretly glanced at Song Qingshi’s expression from time to time, as if quietly thinking of something. Next to him, Song Jincheng had already been brought to his knees by her beauty.

He spouted countless nonsense, patting his chest, he assured her that they were good people.

Song·Improper Thoughts·Qingshi felt guiltier the more he listened. He stood up straight, and tried to pretend that he too was an upright gentleman.

The red immortal bird on his shoulder had already flown away at some unknown point in time.

Suddenly, from the forest, came the sound of the branches being crushed, as well as fragmented sounds of hissing.

Feng Jun's face quickly turned pale, and she grabbed Song Qingshi and shouted, "Run!"

Song Qingshi also noticed the peculiar sound and asked, "What is it?"

"It's a snake! A snake yao!" Feng Jun was trembling with fear, "I remember. I was chased by this monster snake, and then fell off the cliff. You should both run…"

The Medicine King's Valley raised a lot of poisonous snakes for their venom, which they turned into medicine. All their apprentices were capable of catching snakes.

Song Jincheng was not afraid. He took out a sword from the mustard seed bag and stood in front of the beauty. He said with awe inspiring presence, "Don't be afraid. A mere snake yao. Watch this young master put it in its place!"

From within the woods, a huge white snake stretched out its body. Its silver scales were covered with moss. It had eyes like red lanterns. It extended out a forked tongue several meters long. It stared intently at the cliff. It used its tongue to probe the smell in the air, and gradually became excited.

Song Qingshi wasn't afraid of snakes either, but he had never seen such a terrifying snake. Looking at that huge predator mouth that could swallow an

elephant whole, he became a little panicked. “Jincheng, are you sure you can handle it?”

The sword in Song Jincheng’s hand was trembling incessantly. His legs too were trembling, and his tears fell, creating an image that failed to live up to expectations.

Feng Jun carefully looked at their expressions and suggested, “Shall we run away?”

“Run!” Song Qingshi made a prompt decision and issued an order to retreat. All other thoughts thrown from his mind, he picked up Feng Jun, carefully placed her on the spirit horse, and then jumped on the horse’s back as well. Holding Feng Jun tightly in his arms with one hand to avoid her falling, he use the other hand to spur the horse on, using the fastest speed to flee from the snake yao’s hunting grounds.

Feng Jun embraced his waist, burrowing him deep into his arms. Smelling the medicinal fragrance, he trembled with excitement. He liked Song Qingshi’s reaction very much — this feeling of being protected like a treasure.

Seeing him trembling, Song Qingshi comforted, “Don’t be afraid, I will definitely save you.”

Feng Jun took a deep breath, controlled his emotions, and said softly, “En.”

Song Jincheng also jumped on his horse and fled like mad, only hating the horse for not having eight legs.

Three thousand years ago, after An Long started transforming into a demon, he cancelled the spirit beast contract he had with the Luminous Dragon. He then cast it away to the mountain and didn’t bother with it anymore. After Yue Wuhuan had his nirvanic rebirth on the Inextinguishable Peak, he was reborn as a god, he took into consideration that this white snake was dear to Song Qingshi’s heart and not only did he not kill it, but he also raised it. On the battlefield, he forced it to battle with beasts above its level as they campaigned around the world. This was to temper its cultivation, and

enhance its combat power. Now, the Luminous Dragon has become an illustrious Great Yao in the immortal realm.

The Luminous Dragon's IQ was lacking and didn't understand what Yue Wuhuan was doing. The torment it endured was unbearable and it wanted nothing more than to simply hibernate.

Yue Wuhuan always lied to it, "If you behave and listen to what I way, Qingshi will come back and accept you as a pet."

The Luminous Dragon believed this promise, and persisted with its hellish training. It worked hard as a coolie for Yue Wuhuan.

He had a dream to be the best pet snake in the world.

Yesterday, Yue Wuhuan came over and asked it to make some wounds on his body using its spiritual power. It obediently did as instructed. Looking back, it suddenly felt something didn't seem right. Although the body of a god was very difficult to hurt, he could hurt himself. Why did he have to ask itself for help? Could it be that this wound, if self-inflicted, could be discovered? Who had such great ability to distinguish between self-harm and an injury?

The Luminous Dragon felt that it had never been so clever in all its life. It secretly sniffed the scent and hiding its aura, followed Yue Wuhuan to Black Goose Mountain.

Sure enough, Song Qingshi was back!

The Luminous Dragon discerned his smell, and got all excited. It wanted to rush over there and act all spoiled but Song Qingshi actually ran away under the Yue Wuhuan's instigation. He ran away and it was left without even a hug for their long-awaited reunion. It had no concept of human gender. In recent years, he had seen Yue Wuhuan's various incarnations and didn't think there was anything strange about him wearing women's clothing, so it didn't notice…

This sort of stage costume of Yue Wuhuan's surely meant that he's playing the role of a disaster-bringing beauty like the ones in the operas! He was out to sow discord in its master-pet relationship with Song Qingshi!

The Luminous Dragon was torn by grief and indignation and it frantically ran after them…

Song Jincheng was scared to tears, thinking that he was going to become a delicacy within the snake's belly. He wailed, "I'm an unfilial son, letting my parents see their child die before them!"

Feng Jun said quietly, "They can just give birth to another one…"

When he bid farewell to Qing Luan, he had promised to take care of her descendants. Unexpectedly, Qing Luan's hereditary line was thin. Now, only this idiot, Song Jincheng remained. Song Jincheng's mother was born in an immortal sect and she had already formed her golden core. If he were to be killed, Qing Luan's bloodline would be broken, there wouldn't even be a replacement.

He hesitated…

Now, this idiot has become Song Qingshi's lifesaver, making it even harder to do away with. Perhaps, in the future, when they return to the Medicine King's Valley, he can have him confined to the back of the mountain and shed his stupidity before he can come out and see people?

Feng Jun was lying against Song Qingshi; disdainfully ignoring the squawking beside him, he carefully schemed…

Song Qingshi had suddenly discovered that this girl's chest was almost as flat as his own. When he had carried her, she felt as if she weighed a hundred and several tens. He had no idea where she could have hidden all that meat. He kept feeling that it wasn't very rational…

He was a little curious, but he didn't dare ask or think about it. His sister had said that these were taboos for girls. If he asked, it would be harassment and he may be beaten to death.

Song Qingshi thought and about it more and more and lost even more confidence in his own moral conduct.

Two spirit horses charged wildly ahead, and a giant snake wildly chased after them. They were chased through three entire mountain tops. In the end, the red immortal bird flew over, gave the stupid snake a swipe with its claw, grabbing it and slapped it fiercely; finally, releasing them from this dramatic chase scene.

The spirit horses were so tired that they were foaming at the mouth. They were on the verge of breaking down.

A small town appeared before them. Seeing that the sky was getting dark, Song Qingshi took everyone to find an inn to rest. This town was located along a major transport route, although it was small, it was prosperous. Song Qingshi gave the spirit horses to the inn's helper. Taking advantage of his wealth, he instructed the helper to go to the drugstore to buy some rejuvenating herbs, and feed it to the spirit horses…

The innkeeper said with a smile, "We still have two rooms."

Song Qingshi seized the opportunity to display his gentlemanly bearing. "For two men and one girl. Two rooms are completely fine. Song Jincheng and I will just share one room."

Song Jincheng also patted his chest, giving his assurance that he wouldn't take advantage of girls.

After hearing the arrangement, Feng Jun was momentarily stunned. He then smiled softly and said that he wanted to go to the kitchen to find some food for everyone. He then walked slowly, rolled up his long hair and put on a pair of thin cotton gloves. After about three quarters of an hour, several cultivators rushed down. Their faces were pale. Stumbling over their words, they said they were going to go temper themselves; they were going to have the sky as one's tent and the earth as their mat to comprehend nature's mysteries. In a word, they were definitely no longer going to stay. They were checking out and vacating their rooms. No, they didn't want their money back…

The innkeeper looked at their expressions and almost thought they had seen a ghost.

Song Jincheng said that he wasn't short of money and didn't want to squeeze in with a man. Song Qingshi took the opportunity to change their booking to three rooms that were next to each other. Feng Jun, looking pleased with himself, came back dragging his skirt. He handed a bowl of sweet soup to Song Qingshi and said expectantly, "There weren't enough ingredients in the kitchen, so I could only cook some simple food… I haven't made it for a long time so I'm out of practice. Please don't dislike it."

Song Qingshi felt that his dark golden eyes were filled with stars and were even more alluring than food. During his hesitation, Feng Jun had already smiled and picked up the spoon. He blew to cool it down a bit and then put the sweet soup directly into his mouth. This set of movements were smooth and natural, as if they had been rehearsed countless times.

The sweet soup conveyed a touch of honey on the tip of his tongue. This kind of taste memory engraved in his bones once again disturbed Song Qingshi's mind. He stared blankly at the delicate smiling expression of the girl in front of him. His ears were a little red, and his heart was a little flustered. He thought to refuse, but he slightly hooked his foot under the table…

Feng Jun smiled. "Please do not refuse me."

His voice was gorgeous; its tenderness carrying with it a quality that wouldn't allow you to refuse.

Song Qingshi couldn't refuse any request from him, and he obediently withdrew his hand.

Feng Jun stretched out another spoonful of sweet soup. He smiled and said, "Sit properly."

Song Qingshi sat up straight, like it was a conditioned reflex. He then opened his mouth obediently.

Song Jincheng was depressed. “Where’s my share?”

Feng Jun glanced at him and gently turned his gaze away. He said indifferently, “Have the people in the kitchen make it for you.”

He continued to feeding Song Qingshi sweet soup with a smile on his face, as if he was the only one in his eyes.

Song Jincheng looked at the goddess whose eyes were filled with cherishing affection, with autumn ripples. He then turned to look at Song Qingshi, whose ears were red and was wordlessly drinking soup. How could he not understand the goddess’ wishes? He was so jealous that tears were about to spill out. Was he, Song Jincheng, not handsome enough? Or was his character not good enough? Why was it that no goddess liked the sunny and handsome type? They only liked soft and honest pretty boys. Was it too late for him to change his image now? When he sees Yu Wenyu, he should grab his friend to have a drink to complain tearfully. The two of them should walk this painful and endless road of being single dogs together hand in hand…

He turned his grief and indignation into appetite, and had the innkeeper served eight main dishes. He ate them ruthlessly and with everything he had.

…

The Luminous Dragon pondered his painful experiences.

Although its former owner and Yue Wuhuan have both commented on it, saying that its IQ had all been replaced by physical strength, after so many years, its IQ has slowly been increasing. At least, it understood from observation that following his previous master’s, that useless person’s, methods would bring no future, it would never win favor. It had to learn from Yue Wuhuan if it wanted the chance to win favor.

Therefore, when it was able to transform into human form, it decisively chose to combine Yue Wuhuan and Song Qingshi’s looks together into a three-year-old boy with long black hair, golden phoenix eyes, and a snow

white face. It was super cute, super beautiful! It was definitely a youngling that humans would endlessly pamper!

Then, he also referred to human social relations and found a way for Song Qingshi to have no other choice but to adopt it.

Seeing that the bird had now flown far away, the Luminous Dragon quietly came out of its hiding place, and turned into its human form. It concealed its yao aura and entered the inn. He tracked the smell, and found Song Qingshi and the others who were in the middle of eating. It stared at the terrible aura being let out by Yue Wuhuan's incarnation. Without the slightest fear, it rushed forward and clung to Song Qingshi's thigh. Weeping it called out to him:

"Daddy!"

Song Qingshi dropped his chopsticks in fright.

Feng Jun put down the bowl with a loud thud. He went over with a calm expression on his face and pulled its ear to admonish it. "What did this child just say?"

The Luminous Dragon was in so much pain that tears came out. After thinking about the human relations network, it pursed its lips and compromised for its overall interest:

"Mommy……"

Chapter 86 – February 14

All eyes in the entire inn were focused on them.

Song Qingshi instinctively wanted to deny that he had a child, but the child looked too much like him… the skin color, face shape, hair and nose were exactly like his. His eyes and mouth looked like Feng Jun's. From a genetics point of view, no one would believe that wasn't his child…

Feng Jun sighed. He took the Inextinguishable Peak to stand against the entire immortal realm, to cleanse the filth, and to vent his resentment through slaughter. He didn't dare to guarantee that he would be successful, but it was highly probable that Song Qingshi would return to this world, and he might do so in another body. The Luminous Dragon was a snake yao, and he recognized people's identity through sensing their smell and soul. And so, he raised the Luminous Dragon into a great yao, setting it aside for Song Qingshi to be his shield.

The Luminous Dragon was loyal and devoted to Song Qingshi. Its thoughts were pure and honest. There weren't any major issues in the first place…

He let the snake stay on the Inextinguishable Peak, and planned to hand it over to Song Qingshi as a yao pet after a few days. However, things that are too stupid always resist control — just like Song Jincheng, who often thought magical thoughts and walked magical paths……

This rotten snake unexpectedly dared to call him "mommy"?

Actually, he wanted to take advantage of this trend to formalize their identity as Daoist companions, to stamp him with his Daoist companion mark, and drag the other back to the nest.

However, how was he going to he explain to Song Qingshi how they gave birth to a "son" once his identity as a man is revealed in bed?

Feng Jun once again put on the thin cotton gloves. He wanted to have a heart-to-heart talk with this stupid snake.

The Luminous Dragon noticed the crisis, and screamed desperately while holding on tightly to Song Qingshi's thigh, unwilling to let go. However, it was under a curse, forbidding it from saying the words "Yue Wuhuan". It also didn't know the name of this incarnation. It opened its mouth several times but couldn't say anything. It could only keep crying out, "Daddy, help! "

The tongues of the people around them were starting to wag, accusing this pair of being irresponsible parents.

Song Qingshi was lost in thought…

Song Jincheng cautiously said, "Could it be that Feng Jun is the person you're looking for? You two even have child already?"

Feng Jun stopped and looked at Song Qingshi.

Song Qingshi calmed down and carefully looked at Feng Jun's face and figure. He then stretched out his hand, and gently touched his gorgeous facial features, the teardrop mole under his left eye…The dark golden pupils reflected only his figure, carrying with it traces of indescribable complex emotions. He felt his head hurt again, some obstruction was preventing him from thinking further…

The symptoms of this partial amnesia were very interesting.

His memory was resisting something. Didn't this mean that such a thing once already existed in his memory?

Was this a case of 'a cover up only make matters worse'?

Song Qingshi thought for a long time and laughed. He picked up the Luminous Snake and put it on his lap to tease it. "I can't remember the past anymore. Maybe he really is my son. If no one comes to claim him, then he can just stay. Maybe he can help me slowly recover my memory. Child, what's your name?"

The Luminous Dragon succeeded in being acknowledged by its master. It was completely beside itself with happiness. Sharp and crisp, it said, “Xiao Bai!”

Feng Jun was dumbfounded.

Song Qingshi asked again, “Is Feng Jun really your mommy?”

The Luminous Dragon said resolutely and decisively, “Yes!”

It didn’t care if Yue Wuhuan’s avatars were male or female, all were mommy! Anyway, with daddy around, even if he were scolded again, he would never be beaten to death!

Feng Jun looked at the Luminous Dragon. He took a deep breath, and tried to control his emotions. These past years, he has been a lot more tolerant of this stupid snake. It was party due to this pleasing face, its relatively clean temperament. Looking from a distance, it was a bit like when Song Qingshi was a child. It allayed his emotions and gave him a bit of comfort.

Back then, Song Qingshi left without saying goodbye. But he had left too few things to remember him by… He drew countless portraits in private, and made many moving images using illusory talismans. He placed them in Wutong Tower but there was always something wrong with these lifeless things. He felt that these things tainted Song Qingshi’s existence and he gradually destroyed them all. He no longer wanted to use fake things to remember.

He forced himself to let all the things Song Qingshi liked to remain — including the Medicine King’s Valley, the peach blossom forest, the laboratory, the library, as well as Qing Luan, Ming Hong, and the Luminous Dragon…

Later, these things slowly changed.

The building were weathered and decayed with time. Along with the repairs, all traces were finally erased. The peach blossom forest was burned down when the trash counterattacked and laid siege to the Medicine King’s

Valley. The people he and Song Qingshi knew, one by one, passed away or broke through to Fen Shen. There weren't a lot that remained until now.

Song Qingshi once said that to live was hope, so he asked him not to destroy the whole world.

He did everything as instructed.

However, Song Qingshi returned with a mission after all, a mission to save someone else…

He could only force himself to accept it.

I hate it. I hate Heaven. I hate the system. I hate everything in the world…

He looked at Song Qingshi. He fiercely bit his finger, suppressing all his desires. He wanted to go crazy, but he couldn't go crazy.

Song Qingshi pulled his finger out of his mouth. "Don't bite, you might get hurt."

"I forgot myself." Feng Jun laughed and teased the Luminous Dragon, "Although I can't remember anymore, this child is so cute."

He felt that he'd been worrying about too many things, which was the only reason these idiots managed to drag into into a ditch. He'll let them kick up a row for now. He'll see what Song Qingshi's intentions were. If he couldn't get the answer he wanted, he will execute the final plan to destroy this loathsome world, kill all living beings, eliminate all correct and wrong answers. He'll lock up Song Qingshi's soul behind a barrier that the system couldn't reach, where only he could be selected.

Therefore, he absolutely won't fail.

The Luminous Dragon sensed danger in his increasingly gentle smile and stiffened.

Feng Jun leaned to his ear and asked softly, "Do you want to eat mice or carrion?"

“Mice,” As soon as the Luminous Dragon finished speaking, it realized that something wasn’t right. It immediately retracted its answer, and answered cutely, “No, Xiao Bai wants to eat meat…”

Feng Jun scooped up the vegetables on the table, and, using the most loving expression and the toughest movements, stuffed it bit by bit into its mouth. “Children shouldn’t be picky eaters.”

Song Qingshi nodded and said, “Yes.”

The Luminous Dragon didn’t dare resist. It ate with tears almost dripping out of its eyes.

…

It was getting dark, Song Jincheng said that he was exhausted from being chased by the snake and went to rest early.

Feng Jun said that children should sleep with their “mother”, and ignoring the Luminous Dragon’s objections, dragged it to his room. The Luminous Dragon tried to ask for help, but Song Qingshi, while reading book, told it, “There is no father in this world who dare not listen to the mother. You can go with peace of mind.”

Two loud noises came from Feng Jun’s room. The soundproof barrier fell, and no sounds of movement could be heard anymore.

Song Qingshi was reclining against the Luohan chair, holding a novel in his hand. But he was actually thinking about the contents of the notebook and he had not turned a page for a long time.

Feng Jun came in with a bowl of ice cream and placed it on the short table. He found that Song Qingshi was reading a book and not paying attention to things around him. And so, he sat on the opposite side and unbridled-ly looked him up and down… After so many years, he still liked this person so much he could hardly bear it. His eyes, nose, mouth, body, skin, personality, and even every strand of his hair, he liked them all…

A smirk appeared on the corner of his lips. He quietly took off his sandal and stretched out his bare foot from under the red gauze skirt. He quietly hooked it against the other's calf, and slowly climbed up with his nimble toes. It was as light as a butterfly's landing. When he had climbed to the base of his thigh, he realized that the other hadn't noticed at all. He grew a little angry, and gave him a little painful pinch. He then quickly retracted his foot and sat down properly, looking all dignified.

Song Qingshi received a painful pinch, and he came back to his senses. He found that Feng Jun had been sitting across from him for who knows how long already. His just washed long hair hadn't completely dried, and it was draped haphazardly on his shoulders. They were so long, they almost reached his ankles. Song Qingshi looked at his weak figure that was wearing an obviously loose red brocade robe, wide with large sleeves. It was casually tied with a belt, outlining long legs and a slender waist…His expression though was very dignified, with a nobility in his eyes that would not be profaned. He looked perfectly as he hadn't just been doing something bad.

It was a bit cold, and wearing so little would be uncomfortable.

Song Qingshi decisively put a white robe on him, which he wrapped tightly so that not the least bit of skin was exposed. He then grabbed the ice cream and tasted it. He was once against stunned, this time by his taste memory. He praised him, "This is really delicious."

Feng Jun never expected him to understand being flirted with so easily. He leaned on the table and asked with a smile that was yet not a smile, "So, fathers should listen to mothers? Will you listen to me?"

Waves of autumn sentiment stirred up his heartstrings.

Song Qingshi was flustered at the way he looked at him. He couldn't help himself as a he said, "I'll listen…"

Feng Jun approached slowly. The robe that had just been wrapped tightly, somehow fell halfway once again. He whispered breathily into his ear, "How will you listen?"

Song Qingshi felt that his breath was a familiar sweetness, so sweet that he was a little dizzy. “How do you want me to listen?”

As soon as he finished speaking, the tip of a tongue lightly licked his earlobe.

Song Qingshi couldn’t help letting out a comfortable low groan. He didn’t know that his ears were so sensitive. It drove a strange reaction all over his body.

He was a little afraid of this feeling, and wanted to shrink back, but both his hands were grasped tightly.

Feng Jun’s strength was so enormous that when he embraced him into his arms, he was unable to move.

Immediately afterwards, his entire earlobe was held between warm lips, played with nimbly; the silky tickle was unbearable…

Song Qingshi was almost brought to tears because of his teasing. Tears spun in his eyes. He wanted to beg for mercy, but he resisted, refusing to say it.

Feng Jun finally released of his earlobe. He took the hand he had just used to grab the ice cream, and admired it for a while. He sniffed the pleasant medicinal smell on it, then checked his fingers one by one. He asked softly, “Why didn’t you let your fire burn me? ”

Song Qingshi was released and he let out a sigh. “You’ll be burned, I don’t want to hurt you.”

Feng Jun smiled and whispered, “You have ice cream stains on your fingers. I’ll take care of it for you.”

Song Qingshi thought he was going to wipe it with a handkerchief and handed his hand over obediently. He didn’t expect him to put the tip of his finger into his mouth. He swept every inch of his skin with a moist breath, tasting the sweetness remaining on it. In his phoenix eyes was an unspeakable desire, as though he were tasting something more interesting.

Anyone who saw it would let their imagination roam. Song Qingshi was shocked and he tried to withdraw his hand. However, his cultivation base was only at Foundation Building. The little cultivator who was never a body-refining type, because he was unwilling to use the double fires in his body, was basically powerless to resist. His slight resistance looked more like feigned resistance and actual welcome. It only aroused the ruthless and ferocious bird's interest even more.

His fingers were clasped tightly and pressed to the back of the chair without any resistance.

Feng Jun drew near his face. He let out a breath almost right against his lips. Less than half an inch away, he summed up, "You're so delicious."

Song Qingshi thought for a while and asked, "Feng Jun, when is your birthday?"

Feng Jun was stupefied, and replied, puzzled, "February 14."

His lips were then covered with a greedy kiss. His lips were forcefully pried open, as he searched for an even more delicious taste.

Song Qingshi gave up struggling and tried to take in everything. Along with the arrival of familiar sensations, he gradually relaxed and began to submit and enjoy this sweet kiss.

Chapter 87: Shadow of the Snake Lady

It was a stormy sea of a kiss, savagely slapping in his heart. It ebbed and flowed and the sound of the water swirled up. It was never ending…

Song Qingshi couldn't hold on anymore and whimpered, "St-stop…"

Feng Jun finally released his lips. He went down a bit lower and like a punishment, he sucked on his Adam's apple, letting the tip of his tongue circle around it a couple of times, resolutely branding a love bite. Only then did he relax his grip on him.

"Ah," Song Qingshi's back involuntarily went taut and let out a faint cry. He hurriedly withdrew his hand and pushed away the guy in front of him who wanted to continue tasting his way down. "I'm not ready."

"Why?" Feng Jun stared intently at him, his red eyes had a terrifying color. His reason was already stretched to the extreme. If Song Qingshi gave the wrong answer, he would fall sink into uncontrollable madness.

Song Qingshi once again put on his robes for him. He tidied up his own clothes and smoothed his tousled hair. He said, distressed, "This kind of thing is very important. If you do it, you have to become Daoist companions. I feel that I like you. But my memory is a complete mess. There are a lot of things I'm not sure of. Only when I've figured it out can I touch you."

What if he had accidentally incurred a peach blossom debt during the period of time that he couldn't remember? What if he was some sort of slag man? Or if he had committed some crime? Some evil deed? What if he owed a lot of debts or something? How then would he be qualified to marry Feng Jun? Wouldn't he just be taking advantage of him?

Moreover, he felt that an important matter such as this should be told to Yue Xiansheng. Yue Xiansheng treated him so well. He was like the closest person to him. He had a strong sense of trust and closeness towards Yue Xiansheng.

Feng Jun's anger at having his desire interrupted dissipated. He asked, dazed, "You have amnesia, and you still like me?"

Why? He has changed his appearance. He has even donned on women's clothing.

"I don't know, but I have feelings for you," Song Qingshi kissed him on the cheek. Remembering the affection writ all across his notebook, he smiled, "Maybe…no matter how many times I lose my memory, no matter what you change into, I will always fall in love with you at first sight." He couldn't run out of the other's palm. So long as he lays eyes on him, he would always want to plunge right in.

Feng Jun thought for a long time. He touched the hickey on Song Qingshi's Adam's apple, and said, apologetically, "I was too rough, I…" He didn't know why he had done such a bad thing. He obviously wanted to do this slowly, but when he ran across an opportunity, he took advantage of the other's unwillingness to struggle desperately, and he reached for a yard after getting an inch, almost swallowing him whole.

Song Qingshi said, "It's okay, I like it."

Feng Jun knew that he was the kind to unconsciously say sultry things and so he put up with the desire that Song Qingshi ignited. He wanted to tell him that the two of them had already done these things. It didn't matter if he had forgotten them as long as he admitted to it. They would start anew. They'll first officially be Daoist couples and set their status in stone. They would look into other matters later.

But how was Song Qingshi supposed to admit to it?

Feng Jun was a bit hesitant…

Song Qingshi asked bluntly, "Feng Jun, just who are you? I feel that you should have another name. What was our past like? How did we meet? How did we separate?"

Feng Jun looked at his clear eyes and felt the suffocation he hadn't felt for a long time.

How could he answer? I'm Yue Wuhuan of bad repute, the one who has been defiled by the world as they wished? We met each other at the Golden Phoenix Manor, that nest of devils. I was a slave who appeared to treat the guests, and you rescued me when I committed suicide? I'm a crazy and paranoid admirer. I'm mentally ill and wish to do a lot of excessive things? My feelings ruined your Dao heart, broke your Nascent Soul and made you lose everything. We were separated because you chose me, the wrong answer. Thus, you were punished by the system and your memory was washed away? I now want to replace your new mission target?

He didn't want to be Yue Wuhuan. He didn't want to face the past. He didn't want to make mistakes. He wanted to start over again…

"I don't know," Feng Jun clasped his sleeves tightly. He lowered his head, and begged, feeling pained, "Stop asking, okay? I like you, I really like you. You said before that I could be willful of……"

Just when did he become so greedy? Wanting to ask for more and more, almost to the point of being uncontrollable. He wanted everything — a clean self, a clean young man, and a clean love. Even if it was obtained through a lie, it didn't matter.

He smiled, almost cruelly and replied, "I have forgotten all the past, and there is nothing left."

Anyone could hear that this was a lie, but he wanted to force the other to accept it.

"Don't be sad. You can be willful," Song Qingshi understood his intentions, and stopped asking. Instead, he gently comforted, "If my remembering will make you miserable, then…I don't want to remember anymore…"

Feng Jun asked softly, "Let's start over?"

Song Qingshi replied affirmatively, "Let's start over."

Since the other party wanted to start over, he would properly chase after him again, earnestly date him, wait for that little shadow of uneasiness dissipate from his heart. Then, he'll buy a ring, make a proper marriage proposal, and try to be a good Daoist companion.

Feng Jun once again tasted the peak of happiness. He sniffed the fragrance against the other's neck and controlled his breathing. "I can still be patient."

Since he was so happy in his heart, he didn't consider the final plan for the time being. Those two troublesome idiots can also be dealt with more leniently.

Song Qingshi took out his pen and paper and began to pen a letter.

Feng Jun glanced at it and found that it was addressed to Yue Xiansheng. He asked in surprise, "Why write to him?"

"He is very close to me and he's a reliable elder. I like him very much." Song Qingshi bit his pen and earnestly wrote the letter. "Now, I have met someone who I will seriously date and want to tell him about it. In the future, when we become Daoist companions, we'll need a witness, won't we?"

Feng Jun suddenly fell from his happy cloud…

He felt that after the truth was exposed, he might just be done for.

If he "killed" Yue Xiansheng in advance, could he cover up this matter?

But, how would he kill him?

What would he do if Song Qingshi feels sad and grieves?

…

Song Jincheng lay on the bed, shivering as he held tightly to his quilt.

Although he was a failure at actually doing anything, his eyesight and observation abilities were a lot better than ordinary people's. His luck too

was a lot worse than ordinary people's…So when he got up to go to the bathroom, he saw a strange shadow on the opposite window.

It was obviously Miss Feng Jun dragging the child named Xiao Bai into the room. Immediately after, the window shook and the shadow of a giant snake that occupied nearly the entire room appeared. He almost wanted to scream, thinking that Miss Feng Jun was being eaten by the snake. But… Miss Feng Jun's shadow appeared next to the snake, and her shadow grew taller and taller, as tall as a man. Countless terrifying vine shadows stretched out from beside him, tightly wrapping around the spot where the snake's heart should be…

The shadow of one person and one snake then instantly disappeared.

He hid behind a crack in the window and rubbed his eyes for a long time, suspecting that he had seen wrong.

After a long time, the door opened and Miss Feng Jun, looking smug, walked out of the room. Just as Song Jincheng was about to breathe a sigh of relief, just before Miss Feng Jun closed the door, there seemed to be a huge white snake's tail swaying inside the room? Was it the very same snake as the one they had encountered this morning?

There was no snake shadow on the window.

This..was this a barrier enchantment?

Who on earth was Miss Feng Jun?

Song Jincheng was reduced to a quail from fright. He watched as Miss Feng Jun, carrying ice cream, entered Song Qingshi's room. He didn't know how he was going to rescue his sworn brother from the monster…

He lifted his courage and, pretending nothing was wrong, passed by Song Qingshi's window. Then, glancing through the ajar window, he saw Miss Feng Jun embracing Song Qingshi and kissing him like mad. Song Qingshi, the idiot, was dazzled into being confused and disoriented. Did he still not know that he had encountered some sort of Snake Lady?

Brother, wake up! That is a monster disguised as a beautiful woman! She's half a head taller than you, can easily deal with that monster of the giant snake, and she's a man! So, you better give up all thoughts of eating him, or you'll only wind up being eaten instead! According to the records written in the novels of his senior sisters', this kind of monster would probably push you down on the bed, force you to submit, and do all sorts of indescribably cruel things. And once you've done it all, he'll even eat you up! This… was a tragedy for the world!

Song Jincheng almost fainted…

Don't blame him for not having the courage to rush in to save Song Qingshi. Even if he had, he would only be giving the Snake Lady a two-for-one offer. It was no good.

He could only pray silently, hoping that this monster was out only for sex and not to kill. Tomorrow morning, if Qingshi Xiongdi still had breath, he would try to rescue him from danger and escape.

Alas, why was Qingshi Xiongdi born under such an ill-fated star? Not only did he lose his memory, have his cultivation base fall, forget the name of his goddess, he even managed to provoke such a terrifying thing. This luck… was worse than even his own.

Song Jincheng tossed and turned, staring at Song Qingshi's door. He stayed up until dawn but still didn't see Feng Jun come out. He sighed more and more, feeling that Song Qingshi must have been tossed about all night, fearing that things were already hopeless.

After thinking about it, he decided to write a letter to Yue Xiansheng, describing in detail what he had seen and heard, stating that even he himself might not escape. If this letter ends up being his last testament, he begged Yue Xiansheng to tell his parents not to be sad and to kill the monster to avenge the both of them.

Song Jincheng secretly sent the letter off with a sound transmission bird. Hiding under his quilt, he waited for his tragic fate to descend.

When the sun was three poles high, Feng Jun finally walked out of the room, looking very content. He then went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

Song Jincheng seized the opportunity and sneaked in to look for Song Qingshi. He saw Song Qingshi lying exhausted on the couch, wrapped in a quilt. His long hair was messy, his eyes were red and had a lifeless look in them. There was also a very deep love bite on his Adam's apple. It seemed that he had been tossed about up all night and was unable to get any sleep. Song Jincheng put himself in his shoes. He thought about a big man encountering this kind of thing and was afraid that he would be having thoughts of committing suicide. He quickly persuaded, "Qingshi Xiongdi, pull yourself together. There is no pit in the world that can't be crawled out of."

Song Qingshi turned around to look at him. He forced a smile and said, "It's nothing, it's just a bit difficult…"

Seeing him forcing himself to smile, Song Jincheng was almost brought to tears. "You have suffered."

Song Qingshi comforted, "It's okay, I can slowly adapt."

"No, don't adapt to it," Song Jincheng took his hand and said anxiously, "I have already prepared our luggage and the spirit horses. We'll go before that guy comes back!"

Song Qingshi was inexplicably being dragged away. Last night, after laying bare each other's thoughts, Feng Jun gave him a lot of the latest pharmaceutical research and interesting talisman diagrams. The two lay in bed and studied happily all night. Pharmacology was not difficult for him. He could easily work out the theory after looking at the prescription. In comparison, talisman diagrams were a lot more difficult. He felt that he was behind the times and a bit unable to keep up. He needed to work hard to adapt slowly and learn again.

Song Jincheng urged, "Hurry up, or it will be too late."

Seeing him so nervous, Song Qingshi also felt a sense of crisis. “Okay, I’ll call Feng Jun and Xiao Bai.”

Song Jincheng almost passed out. He opened his mouth, wanting to explain.

Suddenly, the window was pushed open.

Feng Jun looked at him with terrifying eyes.

Chapter 88: Exposing the Flaw

Song Jincheng wanted to call out for help, but Feng Jun made a hand seal, and no sound would come out of his throat.

He realized that Feng Jun hadn't dealt with Song Qingshi yet and tried to gesture with his hands. Before he died, he wanted to tell Song Qingshi the truth about the monster coming to eat him.

Song Qingshi pondered for a long time and finally understood. "Are you hungry? Want me to accompany you to eat?"

Song Jincheng was so angry that tears started to leak out. He wanted to kill this fool.

"Qingshi, you didn't rest well last night. Why don't you go back to sleep?" Feng Jun put on her thin cotton gloves and walked in slowly. He smiled, "It just so happens that Xiao Bai is hungry too. I'll take them outside to find something to eat."

When the Luminous Dragon next to him heard these words, it rushed over and grabbed Song Jincheng's arm. It stuck its tongue out, and said, like a spoiled child, "I'm hungry."

What kind of food does a giant snake eat when it's hungry?

Song Jincheng looked in horror at the bifurcated tongue paired with those innocent and guileless pair of golden vertical pupils. He nearly fainted. He couldn't resist the terrifying power around his arm, and was dragged out the door and thrown into the wood shed amidst Song Qingshi's blessing of "Eat well and eat lots". He then watched as Feng Jun lay a barrier around the wood shed, isolating them from the entire world.

He remembered the Medicine King's Valley's teachings and decided he was going to die a martyr's death; he was die like a hero.

Feng Jun lit a strange incense.

Song Jincheng smelled a strange fragrance, his eyes turned dark, and he fainted. When he woke up, he was already locked up in the dungeon. Inside, there was nothing but a mountain of books and exercise sheets… Yue Xiansheng appeared before him, saying that he had made too many mistakes and had been sent back to the Medicine King's Valley, where he has been locked up for self-reflection. You must memorize all these medical books before you are allowed to go out.

He memorized ten years' worth of books and answered ten years' worth of exercise sheets. All his hair fell out, but he still couldn't memorize them all…

Song Jincheng held his head, broke down and burst into tears. He cried so much that the dream world broke.

When he woke up, Feng Jun stood in front of him. The giant snake entrenched by his side, its huge body filled the whole wood shed. Lantern-like eyes stared at him, and two sharp fangs appeared in its predator's mouth. Its long tongue almost swept across Song Jincheng's face.

Song Jincheng touched his head first and confirmed that his hair was still there.

Feng Jun picked up the second Dream Weaving incense, preparing to light it…

Song Jincheng knelt down without hesitation. "I was wrong! As long as I don't have to study, I'll do anything!"

He won't go back to the dungeon to memorize his lessons even if he gets eaten by the giant snake.

Feng Jun has used the Dream Weaving Incense for so long, but he has never seen such a useless guy. The three-year nightmare that he originally wove was dragged by him for ten years and there wasn't any way to end it. Finally, he was forcibly woken up. He looked with great interest at this rare research specimen, considering whether he should try a ten-year nightmare and a hundred-year nightmare.

The giant snake felt that the wood shed was too small, and changed back into its human form, obediently squatting at Feng Jun's feet.

Song Jincheng suddenly remembered the book he had read behind his parents' backs. There was a snake yao under the command of the god of Inextinguishable Peak… It has cultivated for thousands of years, was gigantic and had a cruel temperament. It had once swallowed a whole Mountain Walrus alive, strangled a Jade Cloud Tiger, earned heaps and heaps of military achievements. Some cultivators have seen it before and they said it was a giant white snake that could turn into a child and trick the enemy into taking the bait. It was very similar to the one in front of him.

This terrifying giant snake treated Feng Jun respectfully and obeyed his words.

So, what was Feng Jun's true identity?

Didn't they say that the god of the Inextinguishable Peak had thousands of incarnations in the world?

Song Jincheng couldn't help thinking of these terrible things and his knees went weak. For thousands of years, all the sects that have offended the Inextinguishable Peak have been destroyed. Any foolish word or action could risk the Medicine King's Valley's continued existence. He thought about his parents, his teachers, his classmates and friends in the valley. He was so afraid that he couldn't even shed tears. He regretted why he minded such a trivial matter as Song Qingshi being eyed by a male yao?

It was just submitting to another's control, that's all!

Great Master, just close your eyes and it will all be over. What's there to be afraid of?

Later on, he'll persuade Song Qingshi to just go along with it.

Song Jincheng ingratiatingly said, "I've found that Qingshi likes Feng Jun. You must be the one he has been longing of."

Feng Jun raised his eyebrows slightly.

“When I picked up Qingshi, he had lost part of his memory, but he remembered that there was a person he liked very much. He even wrote it in a notebook. He treasures her very much and wants to find her.” Song Jincheng was determined to sacrifice his friend in exchange for the Medicine King’s Valley’s survival. Like spilling beans by toppling a bamboo basket, he told him in detail of all the things written in the notebook. He strongly hinted that Feng Jun should pretend to be a goddess, so that Song Qingshi could, at least, die happily in bed. “That person likes red and white, likes to practice swordsmanship, likes refining medicine, and reading books. They like collecting beautiful stones and gems and their birthday seems to be sometime in February…”

Feng Jun was stunned. “February 14?”

Song Jincheng: “Yes!”

Feng Jun remained silent for a while. He then motioned to the Luminous Dragon to educate this idiot; he must learn to be sensible and obedient. Afterwards, he withdrew the barrier, turned and left the wood shed.

…

Song Qingshi had stayed up for most of the night and he was muddled from sleepiness. He felt that something warm and sweet-smelling get in under the quilt. He, without any extra trouble, took it into his arms, holding it tight against his chest, as though he were afraid of losing it.

It turned out, Song Qingshi hasn’t been looking for the mission target. Rather, he was looking for him…

Feng Jun stared at the person in his arms.

Every time he looked through Zhao Ye’s memory, he would be tormented. In those so-called missions to save the tragic protagonist, Zhao Ye would always do everything possible to treat the protagonist shou well. He would be dedicated, gentle, strong, caring. He would spout sweet words and do

everything for the protagonist shou, even being near-fatally injured for them… Every protagonist shou would fall madly in love with Zhao Ye and they would offer up their body and soul to him, to become his. However, after changing worlds, Zhao Ye would cleanse his feelings, accept a new mission, face a new protagonist shou, and repeat the same rescue; the same love story.

Was he rescuing them? Or just toying with them?

He couldn’t hold back from being furious and terrified.

Feng Jun quietly stretched out his hand and placed it on Song Qingshi’s chest, feeling the beating inside. During the times he hated it most, he thought more than once that if Song Qingshi did to his new mission target what he had done to him, he would scoop his heart out, make his body into a puppet, hide away his soul and make him stay with him forever. That way, he wouldn’t ever have to hear him speak sweet words to someone else; he wouldn’t have to see him being gentle to someone else.

This was a serious abnormal state, and it would hurt the person he liked…

He struggled to control it. There were some things that he couldn’t do even if he died.

Fortunately, Song Qingshi never let him down.

The remaining hatred and tangled grudges, like a breeze blowing away the morning mist, all dispersed, revealing the clear sky.

Feng Jun couldn’t help smiling. Countless Blood King Vines stretched out from all directions, entangled Song Qingshi, wrapping him against his chest. He kissed him. Song Qingshi opened his eyes and saw Feng Jun’s brilliant smile. He was so dazzled he became confused and disoriented. He finally understood how history’s ‘vassal-tricking beacons' came about and what it meant that 'the emperor, from then on, no longer held morning court‘…

Although these red vines were very strange, although his hands and feet were bound a little tight and he was unable to move, although some of the vines even burrowed under his clothes and wrapped around his waist, tickling him…

As long as Feng Jun was happy!

Feng Jun licked his earlobe and asked, “Can you show me your mustard seed bag?”

Song Qingshi obediently handed over the mustard seed bag. “I will give it to you.”

Finances must be handed over to the person you liked. Receiving pocket money was enough for him.

Feng Jun took his mustard seed bag and rummaged through it for a long time. Finally, he found the notebook under a pile of spirit stones. He flipped through a few pages, and asked with a smile, “Jincheng said there’s something about the person you like written here? Tell me, who is it?”

Song Qingshi trembled. He was now fully awake. He wanted to get the notebook back, but he was tied up and couldn’t move.

He encountered the question of doom again! If he doesn’t answer well, he’ll be beaten; or worse, dumped!

Song Qingshi answered decisively, “It’s you!”

Feng Jun raised the notebook and asked, “Since you know it’s me, you should know if I’m a man or a woman?”

Song Qingshi said lovably, “A man.”

Feng Jun raised his face by the chin and pretended to be angry, “How did you know?”

“By the pelvis,” Song Qingshi quickly explained, “I have dissected many general teachers and I’ve studied the skeletal structure of all sorts of people.

The male pelvis is long, narrow and located higher. While the female pelvis is wide, short and lower. The physiological structure affects the gait. When men walk, the pelvis rarely moves. When women walk, the pelvis moves."

At first he had been confused by his beauty and then they encountered that giant snake, so he didn't think much about it. When they arrived at the inn, he felt that Feng Jun's body was not the right shape. After a little more thought, he understood. After all, there are many bigshots in women's clothing in the modern world. He wasn't going to wonder at strange sights; this wasn't rare.

Feng Jun was momentarily dumbfounded. The angle at which medical students observed things was too strange. These were all points he couldn't have thought of. After a while, he asked, "Why didn't you expose me?"

Song Qingshi felt wronged. "This is your hobby. It wouldn't be right to expose you."

Although it was a bit strange, everyone has their own hobbies; just like he liked to study corpses and organs; it was also weird in the eyes of others. Since Feng Jun liked to wear women's clothing, and moreover, he wore it beautifully, creating a sight pleasing to both the eyes and mind, he wasn't going to be an old fogey who refused novel things. There was no need to expose him, was there?

Song Qingshi patted his chest and expressed his loyalty, "I can accept women's clothing! It's beautiful! I like it! You can wear it as much you want!"

Feng Jun looked at him and felt crushed.

Song Qingshi continued to boast, "Although I am a little surprised to find that I like a man, Feng Jun is relatively petite. I feel very stress-free and I can easily adapt."

Feng Jun felt even more crushed. "You don't like tall ones?"

Although his original body was perfect, it was taller and stronger than Yue Wuhuan's body back then…

Song Qingshi has always disliked his thin and frail body. Putting himself in the other's shoes, he thought that maybe Feng Jun was even more mindful of his figure. And so, he continued to show his loyalty to his partner, "Relax, I don't like tall and strong men. I only like your gentle and lovely figure."

Feng Jun thought for a long time, and asked carefully, "Are you afraid that you wouldn't be able to bear it?"

Song Qingshi confirmed, "Yes, I can't stand it."

His face was too tender. Standing next to a tall and mature man, he may be treated as a child and it would hurt his self-esteem.

Feng Jun's heart was almost completely stuffed. He temporarily gave up the idea of turning back to his true body. He'll kept a juvenile body shape, and they'll talk about it once he adapts. In any case, he had confidence in his good looks. Men's or women's clothing, it didn't matter as long as Song Qingshi liked it. He'll wear whatever mixed style.

Song Qingshi had agreed to go to Heaven Martial Sect. It wouldn't do if he didn't let him finish the matter.

"I'm already in front of you. You don't need to keep this notebook anymore." Feng Jun thought for a while, and took away the notebook with Yue Wuhuan's past. He wanted to tear it up, but when he looked at Song Qingshi's reluctant expression, he put the notebook into his own mustard seed bag instead. He then handed him a blank new notebook. He smiled and said, "Since we're different from the past, you can write a new one."

Although his heart felt very moved. He would only feel relieved once he disposed of all memories related to Yue Wuhuan…

Song Qingshi thought for a while and agreed.

He wrote down seriously in the notebook: Likes women’s clothing.

Feng Jun: “…”

Translator’s note:

King You of Zou: Link

Song of Everlasting Sorrow/Xuan Zong: Link

Chapter 89: Foul Demon

Feng Jun went back to his room and changed into a light, young man's attire.

Song Qingshi felt that it wasn't suitable to stay here for too long. So, he packed his luggage and discussed it with Song Jincheng. He planned to change their route to Heaven Martial Sect to one without any giant snakes. Song Jincheng very carefully glanced at the Luminous Dragon who was sitting to one side. Trying to curry favor, he peeled eggs for it and putting on a woebegone look, said, "Let's just use the same way as before. I've received news that the snake…is already gone."

Because, it has now become your son.

Song Jincheng had received a serious warning from the Luminous Dragon. He didn't dare run or say anything. He didn't want to take this horror to the Heaven Martial Sect, but…All these places were within the sphere of influence of the Inextinguishable Peak. It seemed it would make no difference wherever he took it to?

Suddenly, several small tongues of flames gushed out of Song Qingshi's body, floating around him, forming a defensive formation, reminding him of killing intent nearby.

Song Qingshi pushed aside Song Jincheng, who had seen the Underworld Fire and wanted to ask questions. Immediately after, a corrosive liquid dripped onto the table, burning a small hole.

He raised his head and saw a black wriggling mass of flesh crawling on the roof, like a huge sea cucumber. It raised its head in the dark, revealing a strange and hideous face. It had white eyes, and a dense rings of canine teeth around what would be its mouth. Its long lizard-like tongue stretched out. Its surface was covered with the stench of blood…

Everyone in the inn screamed and fled in all directions. The cultivators took out their magical weapons, looking as though they were faced with a

formidable enemy.

Song Qingshi searched repeatedly through his memory, and found that he had never seen such a strange monster. Without any better option, he asked Song Jincheng, who was next to him, frantically looking for a sword in his mustard seed bag. “What is this?”

Song Jincheng looked in awe at him. He replied, “This is a Foul Demon. You’ve never seen one?”

Song Qingshi shook his head, at a loss.

The immortal realm in his memory was full of danger. But the danger mainly came from fighting and human hearts. The secret realms had yao’s or ferocious beasts but…demons were very rarely seen.

These past few days, he had gotten the feeling that Song Jincheng was too innocent. He was a small Foundation Building cultivator with good looks and no fighting ability. But he didn’t hesitate to save someone he didn’t even know by the roadside. He ran all around the town, exposing his wealth. His speech was casual and open. He didn’t shy away from strangers and didn’t understand the perils of people’s hearts. Everything that he did courted death.

All lessons are learned after suffering a loss.

With the weight of his worldly experiences, he had gone walking around with Song Jincheng. He wanted to wait for him to witness the sinister and perilous world of cultivation with his own eyes, before he would then swoop in and educate him on the ways of survival. However, he waited for a long time but the crisis of murdering for treasure didn’t happen, not even once. There were very few petty thefts. All the cultivators he encountered, even demon cultivators knew to follow the rules. It was a bit embarrassing…

Just what was a Foul Demon?

Song Qingshi felt that the world was different from what he remembered.

“You don’t even know what a Foul Demon is?” Song Jincheng looked at him staring stupidly at it. This person was no good. He had no idea how this guy managed to live for so long. Could amnesia cause you to lose all the basic knowledge? “This is a demon transformed by foul aura. It has no rationality and they come in all sorts of grotesque shapes… Be careful, a Foul Demon won’t appear alone.”

The Underworld Fire’s warning became even more frenzied. Strange demons of all shapes and sizes appeared from all directions, devouring human flesh and blood.

The cultivators skillfully joined hands, laying down arrays or brandishing their weapons, they surrounded and suppressed them.

“Qingshi, don’t be afraid,” Song Jincheng stared at the Foul Demon on the roof. Pretending to be calm, he comforted him, “This isn’t a powerful Foul Demon, very easy to do away with. I and my senior brothers and sisters have killed several ones similar to this. I have a lot of experience with this.” Although the cultivators of the Medicine King’s Valley weren’t good at fighting, mostly in charge of logistics and treating the wounded during the campaigns to eliminate the demons, and the occasional Foul Demons too were dealt with by the senior brothers and sisters, but he could……

The Foul Demon on the roof opened its mouth, turning his entire body into a huge curtain, charging towards the three of them to wrap them up.

The Luminous Dragon’s eyes turned red. He looked at this Foul Demon, feeling vexed. It didn’t think it would taste too good. It didn’t want to eat it.

Song Jincheng used all he had to keep up his imposing manner. He looked around and found that the other cultivators were busy killing off other Foul Demons. They wouldn’t be able to spare anything to turn their way. He expected Song Qingshi to hurriedly escape. Then, he too could abandon his sword and follow after him to escape. But Song Qingshi stupidly stood still, looking for something in his mustard seed bag. He didn’t have the slightest intention of running away. The two watched helplessly as the Foul Demon pounced over. Song Jincheng looked at the densely packed fangs and

frantically wielded his sword. He shouted in despair, “Why did I study medicine?!”

The Medicine King’s Valley, this lousy sect! Studying medicine can only save others, not one’s own life.

“Move.” Song Qingshi pushed him away, and then with a flick of his fingers, threw two pills into the Foul Demon’s mouth.

The Foul Demon instantly closed its mouth. It paused for a while, and then rolled up painfully on the ground, making a hissing whine.

“Qu Hui Pill and Wang Chen Pill are both medicines to eliminate demon aura and heart devils. I sensed that this demon was simply formed from foul things. So, I did an experiment. I didn’t expect it to actually work.” Song Qingshi looked at the strange demon rolling on the ground. With desire for research written all across his face, he rolled up his sleeves, but couldn’t find any gloves. So he had to ask help from other people, “Who can help me hold it down? I’ve never seen this kind of thing. I want to take some samples for study.”

Song Jincheng felt like an utter fool…

The Luminous Dragon wasn’t afraid of getting dirty. It uses the strength of a giant snake to hold down the Foul Demon, and ingratiating himself to Song Qingshi, dragged it to him, “Daddy, for you.”

“Good boy,” Song Qingshi smiled at the Luminous Dragon, then took out from the mustard seed bag a few of the small porcelain bottles for collecting samples. He collected the acid from the mouth of the Foul Demon, and took some skin tissue and flesh. He stored them separately, and then chided Song Jincheng, “The most important thing for a doctor is to stay calm. How can you panic when you encounter a small matter? You should first examine an enemy’s weakness and then use medicine or poison to dispose of them.”

He was obviously no sword cultivator and he hasn’t learned any swordsmanship. Did holding onto a lousy sword boost his courage or something?

Song Jincheng replied, embarrassed, “It hasn’t been long since I reached Foundation Building. I panicked…”

Song Qingshi hated iron for not becoming steel. “I’m also at Foundation Building right now. You fight with your brain, not your cultivation base.”

He burned all the remaining pieces of flesh with the Underworld Fire. He then curiously observed the other Foul Demons. Each one was slightly different. Some were corrosive-types, some were speed-types, some were power-type… they all massacred humans. The innkeeper’s wife had already lost a leg to the Foul Demons’ attack. She fell in a pool of blood, shouting to her husband and children to escape. The innkeeper was an ordinary mortal. He arranged for his eldest daughter to take her younger siblings to escape into the cellar and hide. He then grabbed a kitchen knife to rescue his wife.

Song Qingshi quickly connected a lightning spell and a fire spell to a golden needle to form a Lightning Chain. He then pierced the mouth of the Foul Demon with the golden needle. It exploded at the place it was set. Song Qingshi snatched the leg it had been eating and threw it to Song Jincheng, instructing him, “You go to stop the bleeding for the lady boss. Then warm the severed limb with the Five Immortal Spirit Liquid to keep it active. I will try to connect it later.”

He wanted to kill this man-eating monster.

Suddenly, a raging fire ignited on the injured Foul Demon, and it instantly turned to black ash.

The beautiful red-clothed boy slowly walked down the stairs. Wherever his spiritual thoughts went, all filthy things were burned away. He then walked in front of Song Qingshi. He looked him over, “You didn’t get dirty?”

The cultivators were inexplicably rescued. Suspecting that it was the hand of the almighty, they quickly cupped their hands towards the sky in thanks. They then cleaned the battlefield and rescued the wounded. Song Qingshi joined the treatment team. He connected the leg for the inn’s lady boss, but the injury was too serious and there were problems with many of her

meridians. If there were no better potions for treatment, she would have to walk with a limp.

For the innkeeper and his wife, this result was already an unexpected joy. They were eternally grateful and took out spirit stones to pay for the treatment.

Song Qingshi thought for a while, collected the money for the Five immortal Spirit Liquid and gave it to Song Jincheng. He then asked, “These monsters appear often?”

“Our town is considered quite peaceful. They make trouble about once every 20 to 30 years,” The innkeeper told them everything he knew, “Mostly a few scattered Foul Demons that, thanks to the immortals elders, are easily resolved. An instance like this when the demons infiltrated the town on a large scale and ate so many people… the last time it happened was two hundred years ago. The fields were littered with corpses, the devastation is still vivid. It was the cultivators of the Tai Yi School who arrived in time and saved the people in town.”

Song Qingshi asked again, “How were these demons born?”

The innkeeper’s voice went quiet. He was reluctant to speak.

“Where else except from that bastard at the Inextinguishable Peak?” A ruffian who drank a couple pots of hard liquor after the battle, let the alcohol get to his head and now, he found the resentment hard to shoulder. He spoke carelessly, “The original cultivation world was a great place. Since the birth of the god of the Inextinguishable Peak three thousand years ago, there have been more and more of these Foul Demons…Everybody says that he’s killed too much and has incurred the resentment of heaven and earth. This is their revenge upon him.”

“You shouldn’t talk so much. A loose tongue causes trouble.” The cultivator next to him hurriedly advised him, “Who knows if there are any eyes on you…”

The ruffian said angrily, “If he wants to kill me, then let him kill me! I’m not afraid! The one at the Inextinguishable Peak isn’t a god, it’s a devil! He’s going to destroy the world!”

Song Qingshi remembered the mission of the system, and asked curiously, “This god…what exactly does he look like?”

“He hides his head and conceals his tail. He must be unbearable ugly.” The ruffian borrowed liquid courage and wanted to curse even more. Suddenly his throat and tongue stiffened, and he couldn’t speak. He looked around in horror, but he couldn’t find any suspicious characters. But he cast his suspicions everywhere… It was told that the god’s incarnations were ever-changing and everywhere. Fear made the alcohol dissipate from his body. Remembering that what he had said were words of treason and heresy, he quickly bolted out of the inn.

Feng Jun didn’t even look at him. He walked to Song Qingshi’s side and asked with a smile, “Do you need to collect more of the different samples?”

Song Qingshi nodded.

“I don’t know where the Foul Demons came from either. It has nothing to do with the Inextinguishable Peak.” Feng Jun put on his gloves again and ordered the Luminous Dragon to drag the charred remains and fragments over. He then skillfully began taking samples. He explained in a low voice, “I’ve been working hard to eradicate these dirty things. I’ve tried various methods, but no matter what I did, I couldn’t eradicate them…”

After he turned the world into a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood, these Foul Demons were born. As time went on, there were more and more of them. He thought that they might have been formed from those evil souls, so he turned many of the gravely sinful into soul lamps and placed them on the Inextinguishable Peak to be tortured. But the number of Foul Demons did not decrease… The half-demon blood in An Long’s body began to mutate with the appearance of the Foul Demons, and he would often lose control. They studied it for a long time but found no solution. Finally, while he was still conscious, An Long asked Feng Jun to seal his

body in the endless abyss, with layer upon layer of shackles and seals, so that he would not to cause disaster to the world.

The Foul Demons continued to exist, making the world unbearable with their stench.

Feng Jun burned batch after batch. Every time he killed one, a new Foul Demon would be born elsewhere.

Like….evil desires that would not die or be put out.

Because he destroyed all the filthy things, the dirty human hearts, and tried to change the rules of the world, even more foul monsters appeared.

Was this his fault?

…

Deng Tian Peak, Water Wave Moon; the barrier around the sealed demon land has been broken. Several hundreds of the Foul Demons sealed within, escaped and wreaked havoc everywhere.

Amidst the freezing winds, countless icicles pierced upwards from the ground, stabbing through the bodies of the demons, nailing them to the rock wall. They then froze and shattered into fragments. Bai Zihao stood atop an icy blue sword in the sky. He had a temperament like a cool breeze and bright moon, with a smile at the corners of his lips, and his clothes fluttering in the wind. Everywhere he went, swirled wind and snow, ruthlessly destroying all demons.

The Bing Shuang Longsword landed, opening the cave hidden by the seal formation.

In the cave, there was a Nascent Soul cultivator who was covered in wounds. He cried out in joy, “Thank you, Xianzun, for this life-saving grace.”

Are you Sect Master Huang of the Water Wave Sect? Someone asked me to come find you.” Bai Zihao quietly glanced at the document in his sleeve,

and asked with a smile, “Where is your harem?”

“Don’t bring them up. My newly-accepted seventh concubine was a slut,” Sect Master Huang mentioned this matter and grew furious. He ‘bah’-ed and said, “On our wedding night, she opened the barrier around the sealed demon land. She used flesh and blood as a sacrifice and attracted the demons to invade the Water Wave Sect. I fought with all I had but I couldn’t defeat them. We suffered countless deaths… The other wives and concubines were in a mess, and I don’t know where they went. The whole lot of them were fickle, wanton things. They just wait until I find them and…”

Before he finished his words, a short knife made of ice pierced his mouth and went through the back of his neck.

“I didn’t ask you that many things,” Bai Zihao said indifferently, “You killed Gui Ling Island’s rogue cultivator, Luo Daoren and kidnapped his daughter to make into your concubine. Shenjun ordered me to bring you back to the Inextinguishable Peak to be tortured.”

He skillfully extracted the soul out and put it in the soul lamp. He then had the sound transmission bird bring it back to the Inextinguishable Peak.

Bai Zihao took out a long list of names from his sleeve and then crossed out a name on it. After that, he counted it and sighed.

“The tasks shenjun gave me, there’s still so many left. I just won’t be able to finish them all…”

Translator’s note: Don’t forget to submit those entries. Here’s an entry from Sin titled ‘Song Died’.

Translator's note: Trigger warning for attempted r*pe

Chapter 90: The Courage to Struggle

Two brilliant rays of light streaked across the sky, bringing with it an earth-shattering boom.

Water Wave Moon collapsed. Ice and snow mixed in with crushed stone as they fell one after another. The remaining monsters disappeared amidst the brilliant loud boom. When the dust cleared, Kong Muhua put away his huge colorful twin battle axes. He straightened his skirts, tread on lily steps and daintily walked into the cave. He said to Bai Zihao, acting all bashful and timid, "Zihao Gege, I was looking everywhere for you."

It was too late for Bai Zihao to escape, and his expression turned unsightly.

Back then, Bai Zihao didn't know about yao cultivation, so he naively thought that this guy was a girl. Although she had a tendency to put on airs and act and speak pretentiously, she was very cute and had a good temperament. Kong Muhua didn't care about his past and pursued him enthusiastically. Bai Zihao was teased into having his heart move, thinking that he was more attracted to women. Until one day, when he was drunk, he shyly confessed his heart, and was then coaxed into bed by Kong Muhua. By the time he realized something was wrong, it was already too late. He was tossed about for the entire night…

After the incident, he wanted nothing more than to brandish a Han Bing Wan Li Painting and kill this shameless flower peacock.

He had learned from painful experiences and he didn't want to have this kind of relationship with a man anymore. He decided to stay away from Kong Muhua.

As a result, the Inextinguishable Peak became witness to an appalling and shocking farce of a break-up. Except for shenjun, everyone else had watched the excitement.

“Zihao Gege, it’s my fault.” Kong Muhua was the very picture of a weeping beauty. Pulling his sleeve as he apologized, “I gave you my innocent body, I want to spend my days with you. You can beat me and scold me, but don’t abandon me. When we went to bed, you said you wanted to marry me… You can’t go back on your word.”

This peacock hadn’t lied. It was indeed his first time, and he had indeed been a virgin…

And so, he had no idea how to do the proper preparations or even how to do the actual deed. He had relied on instinct and brute force to act recklessly.

Bai Zihao was entranced by Kong Muhua’s tears for a good long while. By force of habit, he wanted to hand him a handkerchief and tell him words of comfort. However, he shifted his body on the bed, and a long-lost soreness sobered him up…It had been with great difficulty that he had managed to walk away from the Golden Phoenix Manor, throwing off his fate of being made to submit under a man. How could he possibly run back to that on his own?

He coldly rejected Kong Muhua’s unreasonable request and was determined to break up with him.

Kong Muhua was very persistent. He chased after Bai Zihao every day, acting all coquettish and pitiful. He even cried and kicked up a fuss. Even if you add up all the sorrowful heroines in all of the novels, they would not be as infatuated as he was. He used hundreds of ways, and chased after him for upwards of a thousand years. Bai Zihao couldn’t bear it and let him have his way quite a few

Bai Zihao regretted it afterwards every time, and he would beat this shameless man to vent his anger. Kong Muhua was a yao cultivator. Although he looked weak on the outside, he actually had very strong defense. He didn’t care at all about human cultivation’s flowery fists and fancy footwork. However, in order to coax the person he liked, he pretended to be utterly miserable and constantly kept pleading and imploring. He would even lie in bed and pretend to be a seriously injured patient. He

relied on Bai Zihao being unable to harden his heart to him and seized small advantages.

He had no idea how but this matter was somehow found out and it appeared on the tabloids of the immortal realm.

As a result, because Bai Xianzun beat his “weak girlfriend”, he became the immortal realm’s most cruel and cold-hearted slag man. Kong Muhua became a “stupid woman” who abandoned her dignity for a slag man, who had no principles, and whose sincerity was wantonly trampled upon. Later on, many novels that used the two of them as models were published. Each story portrayed them as a slag man and a lowly woman. Each was a deep, angsty love story.

Kong Muhua bought and took home all the novels and read them with relish, recommending them to all his colleagues.

Bai Zihao suspected that these novels were related to his evil interests, but he had no evidence…

……

Kong Muhua was used to his facial expressions. Pretending not to have seen it, he acted clingy, grabbing onto his arm. He smiled, “Do you know? The Inextinguishable Peak is about to have a queen. Shenjun is choosing a gift suitable for her.” He quietly swept a glance at Bai Zihao’s surprised expression. He pretended to sigh with feeling, “The person shenjun has set his eyes on must be the most beautiful woman in the world, right?”

He deliberately prolonged the word “beautiful woman” by half a beat.

Bai Zihao stared blankly for a long time. Finally, he remembered the appearance of the Medicine King Xianzun. He had a feeling that Kong Muhua must have misunderstood something. He explained, “The one shenjun likes isn’t a beautiful woman, but a man. I remember that he’s not exactly beautiful, but…”

“Don’t be jealous,” Kong Muhua interrupted him. In a particularly experienced manner, he comforted, “You should hurry and give up on shenjun. In any case, he’s already going to take a queen. Look at me more. Although I am not as good-looking as shenjun, I am crazy about you. The sky and sun can serve as witness…”

In the past, shenjun had taken Bai Zihao out of the Golden Phoenix Manor and personally taught him for a time. He used all sorts of cruel methods, and Bai Zihao persevered. After he cultivated to Core Formation, he began to take the initiative to remove some minor troubles for the god. Now, the Snowstorm Tower, which he ran, was an affiliate of the Inextinguishable Peak. They specialized in bounty tasks. In actuality, they were assassins under shenjun’s command. They specialized in eliminating those rats that hid in ditches or donned on human skin.

Kong Muhua always felt that shenjun treated Bai Zihao differently; he was a bit more patient. For the same mistake that others would be punished for severely, Bai Zihao’s punishment would be much lighter. Bai Zihao too held the god in high-esteem. Although he has always said that it was just a feeling of indebtedness, and had no other meaning. However, he would smile every time he mentioned shenjun, and his eyes would be filled with the light of admiration…

He was a little jealous, but he couldn’t be jealous anymore. He couldn’t compare to the god in any aspect…

Kong Muhua felt entangled. “You’re really not sad?”

Bai Zihao did not understand: “Why would I be sad?”

Kong Muhua once again emphasized, “Shenjun already has someone he likes.”

Bai Zihao smiled and said, “He always has.”

He quietly touched his right wrist. The lessons he had learned remained clear in his heart. No one should indulge in wishful thinking.

……

Three thousand years ago, the god of the Inextinguishable Peak brought countless yao cultivators to the Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor. The almighty Fen Shen cultivators fell one after another, and the extravagant, excessive manor turned into a hell of blood.

He was Jin Feiren's Daoist companion at the time, and Jin Feiren wanted to take him with him to flee. They tried many magical artifacts and teleportation formations.

However, the flame barrier not only sealed off the entire manor, but also spread out in a perimeter of a hundred li. There were strange enormous vines underground, and the sky was filled with red butterflies exuding an aura of death. A mental probe covered the entire area. Shenjun seemed to know Jin Feiren's tricks like he knew the back of his hand. He clearly considered every possible means of escape, leaving no gap.

Jin Feiren was forced to fight, and he had Bai Zihao hide himself.

But Bai Zihao didn't know where to hide. Everywhere he turned, was dazzling red. The stench and the severed limbs made him choke and brought wave after wave of nausea. He had never seen so many dead people, such a miserable sight. The yao cultivators of the Inextinguishable Peak were killing, the cultivators of the Golden Phoenix Manor were also killing. Even the cultivators who were guests of the manor, in their despair, transferred their resentment onto Jin Feiren, thinking that he was the one who had provoked this disaster. They wanted to kill him and Bai Zihao to vent their anger.

The beasts in this manor all lost their reason, they indulged in their vilest instincts. The scene became more and more chaotic.

Bai Zihao sensed these terrifying thoughts and he was brought to tears from fear.

His mind went blank and he couldn't think of anything. Finally, he ran to the courtyard where he had lived when he first entered the manor. Here,

there was a small dungeon especially for punishing new slaves who were disobedient. When Bai Zihao first came, he had been disobedient and was locked in here as punishment. This dungeon had left a deep impression on him.

This dungeon was soundproof and light-proof…

Few people outside the Golden Phoenix Manor knew of this place.

Bai Zihao smeared his face with blood, and then quietly hid in the courtyard. He found that most of the slaves here had run away in the chaos, and the remaining few stayed rooted on the ground, crying, at a loss as to what to do. He took everyone into the dungeon and released the slaves that were locked in there. He told them of the situation outside, and then arranged a barrier to hide their presence. Everyone hid together, trembling, hoping to find a chance to escape after the massacre had subsided.

But, misfortune did not let them go.

Several cultivators found this dungeon and raised their butcher's knife.

They dragged Bai Zihao out and said that before they died, they wanted to taste the person at the peak of Jin Feiren's heart; what did a water-type single spiritual root taste like.

Although Bai Zihao had not been deprived of his cultivation, most of his energy these past years had been spent on flower arrangements, tea tasting and appreciation, painting and calligraphy and other such literary pursuits. Jin Feiren also taught him, saying that his body was too weak and that he would not make progress in his cultivation. The only way to progress was through using pills. He believed all the things Jin Feiren said, and quickly acknowledged that he was a good-for-nothing. Only by happily serving a man in bed and making him happy, could he make his life comfortable…

Now, facing these atrocities, he didn't even have the power to resist.

In the Golden Phoneix Manor, he has seen many of the slaves being treated this way…

He didn't dare to resist, nor could he. He could only close his eyes, pretending not to see; pretending that if he endured through these things, they would pass; after he gets used to it, he'll feel good.

Everything he encountered now was retribution…

Bai Zihao forced himself to close his eyes, to relax his body, to let his robe be torn away. He waited for the terrible things to come.

He just has to endure and it will pass. These things were the same as catering to his master. He will slowly grow to like it. Even if he was beaten or violently treated, he will adapt. Endure and it will pass…

But…

"I don't want to!" Bai Zihao opened his eyes and exhausted all his courage. Like a dying rabbit, he madly bit the hand that wanted to ravage his body.

How could he bear such a thing? !

His little resistance was useless and he was given a heavy slap to the face. The tip of his tongue was bitten and blood seeped out. He was confused and disoriented. The little bit of courage he had gathered with great difficulty disappeared. A beast then grabbed his hair, dragging him to the table and pressing him down on it. He spouted a lot of disgusting words, saying that he was going to kill him here, that he was going to continue to serve men on his way to the Yellow Springs.

Bai Zihao cried silently. He had tried his best, but it was useless…

He didn't want to struggle anymore. He would just die like this.

He gave up hope and when he was preparing to let them do as they pleased, several beautiful red butterflies flew in, illuminating the dark dungeon. It looked like the gentlest scenery in hell. Immediately afterwards, he watched in a daze as the red butterflies fell on the heads and bodies of the beasts. The beasts' bodies slowly rotted and they howled in agony… Bai Zihao

slowly climbed up from the table in amazement. Looking stupefied at the scene before him.

The god walked in slowly from the main door.

The pure white snow feather cloak was stained with a few drops of blood. The animal skin gloves were stained, and beneath the layer upon layer of veils, those emotionless dark golden phoenix eyes looked at him coldly.

Bai Zihao realized that most of his robes had been torn off, revealing the traces of when he had been tossed about in bed during these past few days. He cut a very sorry figure. He bowed his head and in fear, avoided that pair of seemingly familiar eyes. He trembled all over. The Golden Phoenix Manor was massacred. As the manor lord's Daoist companion, he had no chance to survive… He only prayed that he could die quickly and not be made to suffer too much, to endure terrible things.

He dared not look at anything…

Shenjun turned his head away from him, letting the yao cultivator behind him take him and the slaves away, sending them to the main hall to await how they would be dealt with..

On the way, a yao cultivator threw him a gorgeous golden embroidered robe, so that he wouldn't be so showy and be so disgraced.

Bai Zihao didn't dare lift his head. He was afraid of staining other people's clothes. He carefully wiped off the blood, put on the robe, and straightened the neckline. But failing to live up to his own expectations, tears fell onto the embroidery, dyeing it with color. He apologized, embarrassed, "I'm sorry, I don't seem to be able to compensate you…"

There was no one behind him, only the sound of the wind, as a wing pierced the empty space. Amidst the sound of the wind, someone faintly said, "Idiot."

Translator's note: Trigger warning for emotional/psychological abuse. In other words, Jin Feiren is trash who plays mind games. No, he is lower than trash; comparing him to trash is an insult to trash.

Chapter 91: Trial and Selection

The Biyniao wiped clean the golden chair in the main hall, and respectfully invited the god to take a seat.

Shenjun glanced at it in disgust, and shook his head lightly. He raised his hand and burned this seat that had been touched by filth. He then called up several red vines, and together with the Nirvana butterflies, they wove a gorgeous blazing throne. He slowly sat down.

Most of the cultivators in the Golden Phoenix Manor with any sense of self-respect were already dead. All that were left were slaves and servants who had luckily escaped the catastrophe, as well as the odd, comparatively lucky cultivators who had managed to remain alive.

Shenjun conveniently killed the remaining cultivators. Only one cultivator, surnamed Ma, escaped the massacre. He was taken to the dungeons together with his wife and children, saying that he would be released from the Golden Phoenix Manor after the entire matter was over.

Cultivator Ma was a mere Foundation Building cultivator. He was short in stature and slight in build, with ugly features. He worked as a cook in the Golden Phoenix Manor. He liked to drink and would often shoot off his mouth when he's had too much. He behaved immoderately and occasionally took advantage of his colleagues. He would borrow spirit stones and drag on the repayment until he simply didn't pay them back…So, everyone didn't like him. It was just that a few of the spirit beast dishes he made won Jin Feiren's heart and thus, he was tolerated. His wife was a shrew, bitter and mean. She quarreled with foul words, and even mortal peasant women would bow to her superiority…

They were nobodies with no use or value.

Let alone Bai Zihao and the yao cultivators of the Inextinguishable Peak, even Cultivator Ma himself didn't understand why the god would leave this wrongdoer a way out. He thanked him profusely and took his wife and children out of the main hall.

Shenjun glanced at the remaining hundred or so slaves, and stretched out countless threads formed from his spiritual thoughts. These threads plunged into their sea of consciousness. Then, one after another, slaves dropped silently to the ground, strangled by spiritual thoughts within their sea of consciousness. About 30 or so slaves were all that remained. They woke up and saw the tragic situation, their minds were thrown into confusion. They all went limp on the ground, and even forgot to cry.

"Death-seekers can go."

"Evildoers can be killed."

"The innocent can be forgiven."

Shenjun finished passing his judgement. He then looked at Bai Zihao, and asked coldly, "What about you?"

"Me?" Bai Zihao looked blankly at the slaves lying paralyzed on the ground around him. He found that the new slaves accounted for nearly half of them. He understood a bit why some of the slaves were killed. Being small and weak didn't signify innocence. In the Golden Phoenix Manor, the slaves were divided into several classes. Someone like him, who was the exclusive domain of the Manor Lord had it best and he lived in luxury. Apart from asking for Jin Feiren's favor, life was almost the same as that of a noble son's. Or you could become a managing steward in each of the courtyards. Not only could you discipline the ordinary slaves, but you also had the opportunity to become a major steward to train new slaves when you turn old. There were many levels of such differences. And there were stories of slaves, occasionally being lucky enough to meet a good guest and get out of slavery, reaching heaven in a single bound.

The slaves were trapped in animal cages and would fight and frame each other to get the more meaty scraps. When Bai Zihao first came to the

Golden Phoenix Manor, he didn't understand these tricks. They succeeded several times, creating ill-feelings between him and Jin Feiren. He suffered a lot of grievances. Fortunately, in the end he was washed clean of all unjust treatment.

However, there were some who disdained association with filthy things, and would rather plunge into the trap and be ruined to the bitter end…

For some reason, that proud red silhouette appeared in Bai Zihao's mind. Back then, the Medicine King Xianzun suddenly went into closed door cultivation, and Yue Wuhuan disappeared without a trace. Without telling Jin Feiren, he secretly inquired with the Night Rain Pavilion. The Night Rain Pavilion said that someone had seen Yue Wuhuan with a head of white hair, bloodstained and on the verge of death. They expect that he must already be dead.

The bird that leaves the cage will not survive, after all…

Bai Zihao was secretly sad for a long time. This was perceived by Jin Feiren. He suspected that he was being unfaithful with another man and he was severely punished.

Seeing him in a daze, Shenjun very patiently asked again, "Do you think you deserve to die?"

"I deserve to die," Bai Zihao crawled on the ground, and said numbly, "Jin Feiren and I are Doaist companions, and I have never persuaded him against his actions. I watched my husband and his friends toy with others' lives for their amusement, and I only thought that it was fine as long as it was not myself. I am completely indifferent to everything, and didn't try to save them…" He has never killed anyone personally, nor has he ever thought of killing anyone. But Jin Feiren had killed more than one or two people to protect him. He enjoyed the abundant resources of the Golden Phoenix Manor, and accepted Jin Feiren's feelings. He should also bear the corresponding crimes. He raised his head and asked with a smile, "Shenjun, am I an evildoer fit to be killed?"

Shenjun looked at him solemnly, as if considering something.

Bai Zihao asked again, “Daoist companions are birds of the same forest. My husband is dead, and I too am tired…”

He hoped he would be given a swift death.

Shenjun said slowly, “Jin Feiren is not yet dead. I will lock him in the dungeon of the Inextinguishable Peak.”

Bai Zihao looked up in amazement. He couldn’t believe his ears, and didn’t know whether to be alarmed or happy.

“I will let him stay alive for ten years.” Shenjun walked down from the throne and changed into a pair of clean gloves. He watched with interest as Bai Zihao’s expressions changed. He then let out a mocking chuckle, “You could be good and wait for him, and not do stupid things. Ten years after, I hope you can bring me the real answer…”

Bai Zihao didn’t understand the meaning of this sentence. He had many questions, but he was weighed down by the powerful aura of the god, so he didn’t dare ask.

While he was hesitating, a blood-red vine stretched out. He felt something prick the back of his neck, and then he fainted.

……

Bai Zihao slept for many days. He would occasionally open his eyes in a daze, feeling his surroundings rocking. The scenery and light were all different. It seemed he was on the move. He didn’t have the energy to think more, and soon went back to continue sleeping.

The sound of a rooster’s crowing awakened him from his deep sleep.

He found himself lying in a crude and simple brick house. The blue quilt covering his body wasn’t heavily perfumed. It only had the faint smell of sunshine. He was wearing the most ordinary blue robes. All the valuable jewelry on his body had been removed. There was a blue cloth bundle on the table. There were a few dozen spirit stones and several hundred taels of

silver in it. It was not enough for a single meal in the Golden Phoenix Manor, but it was enough to live a relatively comfortable ordinary life in the mortal world. It seemed to have been set aside for his living expenses?

A hubbub of noise came from outside the window. There was the sound of early-rising farmers driving their farm cattle, heading to the fields. There was the sound of villagers carrying their loads on shoulder poles, heading to the morning market. There was the sound of the neighbor's wife knocking on the pot calling the chickens to feed. There was the sound of a naughty child, crying after taking a tumble. Amidst the chaotic sounds came the familiar smell of human world cooking…

Just what did shenjun want him to do?

Bai Zihao was terrified. He quietly opened the window and looked through the gap. He found that it was a small lively village with yards paved with brick and tile everywhere. Peach, pear and apricot trees were planted in the yard. There were willows hanging down along the river. Ducks and white geese were swimming, and the delicious smell of baking buns came from next door. Everywhere was coziness and peace…

He vaguely remembered that before he'd been sold to the Golden Phoenix Manor, he had lived in a village such as this with his mother, tending to a few mu of fields. His mother wove cloth and raised chickens. She taught him to read and to reason. They were poor, but their days were very happy. Later, life took a turn for the worse. The village was ransacked by bandits, and his mother was killed. While he was crying by the roadside, he met Xie Que. Xie Que killed the bandits and he was so grateful that he voluntarily returned to the immortal realm with Xie Que and became his disciple. Unexpectedly, after being briefly taught for a few days, he was sold to the Golden Phoenix Manor.

Many years later, he learned from Jin Feiren that it was Xie Que who, interested in his appearance and aptitude, deliberately attracted the bandits to their village…

Xie Que was already dead at that time, and he didn't even have the strength to resent him anymore.

Bai Zihao hid under the quilt and cried quietly. He understood the god's warning and didn't dare attempt suicide. He had to hold out for ten years.

But, he was so scared. He didn't dare leave this house, let alone come into contact with the outside world. What should he do?

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door, and there came a crisp voice asking, "Do you have scissors in your house? Let me use them."

Bai Zihao secretly looked through the crack of the door, and found that it was a little girl of about twelve years old. She was very beautiful, wearing a floral skirt, with two long braids, and a single pink begonia flower tucked into her hair. She was a youthful spirit brimming with vitality.

Seeing that there was no response from inside, the girl knocked again, "New neighbor, are you at home?"

Bai Zihao immediately withdrew, and then touched the Daoist companion seal branded on his collarbone. He was alarmed and flustered. He didn't know quite what to do.

He was a man with a husband. He must abide by etiquette. Without the company of an attendant, he cannot casually meet with outsiders, especially one who was such a cute girl… He was once asked by a girl for help with something and he lent a hand. The girl then sent a purse embroidered with a mandarin duck. Jin Feiren was very upset when he saw it. He scolded him, accusing him of having no sense of shame, of indiscriminately casting amorous glances, of daring to have a face that seduced women when he had a body that cried out so cheaply and wantonly under a man…

He was scolded until he couldn't lift his head. He obediently knelt down and admitted his mistake.

After such things happened several times, he learned his place. He stayed obediently by Jin Feiren's side, being a beautiful puppet. He refused to look sideways, and did not carelessly speak so as not to attract bees and butterflies and being about unnecessary trouble… …

Now, should he open the door or shouldn't he open the door?

Bai Zihao hesitated for a long time.

The girl outside the door knocked for a long time, but when she saw there was no response, she left.

Bai Zihao breathed a sigh of relief, and then discovered a more difficult matter. His cultivation base had yet to reach Core Formation, and he could not fast all the time. He usually took fasting pills and Spirit Valley Immortal Fruits… Now, shenjun naturally wouldn't prepare anything good for a prisoner like him. He had to cook for himself, but the kitchen was in the yard. The firewood and food were also in the yard. If he doesn't leave the house, he would go hungry…

He rummaged in the room for a long time, and finally found in the cabinet a box of sweet-scented osmanthus cakes of unknown origin. After smelling it, it seemed very fresh.

The sweet-scented osmanthus cakes were beautifully made, and dyed colorfully. It was carved with exquisite patterns and looked very appetizing. But it tasted weird, the taste was difficult to describe…

Bai Zihao cried while eating. His tears mixed with the unpalatable sweet-scented osmanthus cake, making it even more unpalatable…

The sound of children reading aloud came from outside the window. It was a school. Five or six children followed a white-haired, white-beared old man and they very seriously read the Book of Dao. Bai Zihao leaned against the window and listened for a long time. Gradually, his tears stopped.

At dusk, the schoolchildren were let out of class. It once again became noisy outside his window. The neighbor's husband seemed to be back. His wife welcomed him and they chatted. In the middle of their conversation, there would be neighbors dropping in. Everyone's voice was very loud, penetrating the walls and directly pouring into Bai Zihao's ears. Bai Zihao really had nothing to do. After listening for a while, he more or less

understood that there were two siblings living next door. The brother and his wife were both taciturn and honest people. Their family was quite well-off, with dozens of mu's of land. The brother regularly went to the city to trade. His wife was seven months pregnant. She had a gentle personality and rarely went out. The sister was the little girl who came to borrow scissors yesterday. She had a lively personality and loved to gossip. She chattered constantly and about everything — like about how the crab-apple tree in the yard had began to bloom, about how the gold silk cloth in the embroiderer's village was very beautiful, about how the Wu Family's dog had given birth to puppies, about how the Chen Family's chickens hadn't laid eggs……

The ordinary and trivial farm life reminded Bai Zihao of his most carefree childhood.

At night, the cool evening breeze blew in through the crack in the window, bringing in the scent of pear blossoms. Frogs croaked incessantly by the river. Bai Zihao tried opening the window, and he saw a sky full of stars, more beautiful than any Night-luminescent pearl…

Bai Zihao lay on the windowsill and looked at the stars for a long time. He then went out to fix the firewood and water tank. He put the kitchen in order, and made some simple dishes. When he was about to go back into the house, he suddenly heard someone calling him from up a tree.

He looked back and found that it was the little girl from the house next door, sitting atop the pear tree. She had her hair in simple double buns, wearing a five-colored embroidered skirt. With a smiling expression, she held her cheeks on her palms and had her feet turned upwards. She very adorably waved at him. ” Hey–“

Bai Zihao thought for a while. He thought he was ridiculous. This wasn't the Golden Phoenix Manor. There weren't any of those messy matters here. Little girls were sensitive creatures and it would be rude to always refuse. What's more, she was young and innocent. It was because his thinking was wrong that he thought things that he shouldn't.

And so, he plucked up his courage and politely returned her wave.

The girl immediately jumped off the tree with a smile and asked, already familiar from the get go, “My name is Kong Muhua, you can call me Hua’er. Beautiful big brother, what is your name?”

Bai Zihao politely gave her his name.

Kong Muhua’s eyes curved with his smie. “I’ll call you Zihao Gege.”

Bai Zihao didn’t know how to refuse such enthusiasm.

“We’re neighbors, we must help each other,” Kong Muhua presumed his tacit approval. She appealed, “Zihao Gege, can I often play with you? Everyone thinks I’m weird. They think I’m pretentious. They’re jealous of my beauty. They all ignore me and bully me. I’m so lonely. Zihao Gege, can you be friends with me? If there’s anything you need, I can help you…”

When he said that he was disdained by others, his expression was very pitiful; as though he would cry if he were rejected.

Bai Zihao’s heart went soft upon seeing it. He couldn’t resist his plea and bafflingly agreed.

Under the light of the night sky, Kong Muhua smiled very happily. His beautiful skirt shook and swayed, like a little peacock who wanted to fan open his tail and spin around a couple of times.

Many years later…Bai Zihao was lying down on the bed, his body aching all over as he recalled their first encounter that night.

He wanted to give himself a couple of slaps! How could he have been so soft on that impudent guy?!

Translator's notes: Again, Jin Feiren being absolutely lower than trash with his stupid mind games.

Chapter 92: Golden Peacock

Bai Zihao decided to live in seclusion, avoiding inviting trouble as much as possible.

He observed for a few days, and looked for villagers to order some of the chief daily necessities. These were delivered to him every other week. The rest of his days, he spent with his door closed. During the day, he sat by the window and listened to the students reading aloud from the school next door. He would sit for the entire day, and afterwards, at night, he would go to the well and draw water. He would then go to the kitchen to prepare some simple dishes. He didn't want to provoke any trouble…

Come to speak of it, it was ridiculous. He used to spend all his time thinking about how to serve Jin Feiren. He was very tired. Now that things were quiet, he was a little unaccustomed to it. He kept feeling empty, not knowing what to do, and also a little lonely. When he was lonely, he couldn't help thinking about a lot of things, a lot of people. He would think and think until he was reduced to tears.

Bai Zihao was never lonely for long. Kong Muhua from the house next door would always look for him to play. Whenever he showed that he wasn't interested, Kong Muhua would cry aggrievedly, appearing the weeping beauty, looking extremely pitiful. He couldn't bear the sight of a little girl crying her eyes out and he ended up doing inexplicably doing a lot of strange things.

Kong Muhua: "Zihao Gege, there are a lot of weeds in your yard. Let's clear it out and plant some grapes."

Bai Zihao refused once, then tried his best to clear the weeds, set up a grape rack, and even installed a swing under the grape rack.

Kong Muhua: “Zihao Gege, your yard is so big. Let’s dig a pond. We can have our images reflect on the water.”

Bai Zihao refused twice, then studied how to dig a pond and he even planted two red lotus plants in it.

Kong Muhua: “Zihao Gege, I want to embroider a handkerchief with crab apple flowers. Please draw me a pattern.”

Bai Zihao refused three times, then finally found pen and paper and stayed at his desk, drawing multiple versions from which he let him choose. He had tried his hardest to learn the four arts but everyone said that he had no talent. His drawings were unimaginative; his calligraphy lacked vigor; his chess was too weak. But his skills on the zither were passable, the fingering was correct but lacked emotion…

“I didn’t paint it very well,” Bai Zihao stopped drawing and looked at the crab apple flower that he had drawn. He apologized, “I’m not very good at doing this. If you don’t like it, you can just throw it away. It’s okay…”

He had never done anything that had gained Jin Feiren’s approval. He was also stupid and always made mistakes. Apart from his beauty and body, he had nothing that was presentable. Jin Feiren, with such a lofty status, lowered his honor and instead of choosing those outstanding immortal ladies from rich and powerful families, chose a useless man like him to be his Daoist companion. He even removed the Acacia Seal, used various precious beauty-preserving medicines to control his body and preserve his beauty. He should be grateful…

“Huh?” Kong Muhua raised his head in surprise, took the paintings, and looked at them carefully. He said, incredulous, “You paint very well! It’s very beautiful. I think it’s even better than Master’s Wu’s paintings! I want it! I’ll embroider it well and make a skirt.”

Bai Zihao blushed at his praise. “Don’t talk nonsense, it will make people laugh. You’ve never seen the Hundred Ghosts drawn by Master Wu. It’s made with vigorous flourishes and powerful strokes. It’s drawn to be very frightening. It’s exquisite…”

Kong Muhua carefully collected the crabapple tree flower pictures, and said with a stern tone, “Of course I’ve seen Master Wu’s paintings. They’re all ghosts dancing messily in ink. It’s pitch-dark with black everywhere. The “Peacock Conquering the Demon” that he drew had the peacock’s eyes drawn like brass bells. It’s so ugly! If it weren’t for him having already passed away a long time ago, I would have found him and…The crabapple flower you painted is beautiful, and I want to embroider it on a skirt. I wouldn’t get enough of it even if I saw it every day.”

The ‘Peacock Conquering the Demon’ was the pinnacle of Master Wu’s works. The original was missing but there were many imitations and fakes on the market.

Bai Zihao felt that Kong Muhua had never studied calligraphy and painting, and did not understand its profound subtleties. He must have seen some bad quality fakes at the calligraphy and painting shops in the city. This was why he thought he painted well. However, Kong Muhua’s sincere and lavish praise still made him very happy. He felt that he painted very neatly, suitable for embroidering. Moreover, he was alone at home and he wanted something to divert his loneliness, so that his imagination wouldn’t go running away. And so, he began to do various paintings in his spare time; all kinds of flowers and birds.

Kong Muhua praised his works even more. He would keep changing it up, until he’s almost used up all the good words on the market. Finally, he looked at the crane drawing and suddenly said, aggrieved, “Zihao Gege, why don’t you paint a peacock? Don’t you like it?”

Bai Zihao explained, “I like peacocks with their tails fanned out. They’re colorful, elegant and poised but they’re very difficult to paint. Without an actual model, I would not dare draw it.”

Kong Muhua suddenly turned shy upon hearing this. His ears went a little red. He acted all shy and coy for a good long while and then said, “So, you like seeing peacocks with their tails fanned out?”

Bai Zihao said, baffled, “En, I like it.”

Kong Muhua thought for a while. Grinning, he proposed, “There’s Mirror Lake in Nanshan with beautiful scenery. I’ve seen a peacock appear there. You can go there to relax. Maybe you’ll meet a beautiful peacock who’ll spread its tail and dance to you.”

Nanshan was not far away and it was uninhabited by people. Now, the bright mountain flowers were in bloom. He could draw the scenery and also pick up some fruits or mushrooms. Foundation Building cultivators weren’t afraid of the poisonous snakes and wild beasts in the mountain. It wouldn’t take too much time to make the journey.

Kong Muhua kept persuading him. Bai Zihao thought for two days, and was finally moved. He then set off.

Mirror Lake was a lake in the mountains. Calm, without any waves, it was like a bright mirror and it reflected the blue sky and white clouds on its surface. The vegetation was verdant and thick. Butterflies chased each other to and fro; rabbits poked out their long ears one after another. The breath of spring permeated everywhere.

Bai Zihao looked at such beautiful scenery, and his mood relaxed a lot. He casually sat on the grass and took out pen and paper. He tried to draw the little egrets and red-crowned cranes drinking water by the lakeside. He was a little hesitant to put pen to paper but thinking that there wouldn’t be anyone to criticize him even if he drew badly, his drawing style became more natural and unconstrained.

Suddenly, the cranes and egrets all flew away.

A rare golden peacock landed from the sky. It stood by the mirror lake. It faced its reflection and then shook its wings. It then carefully smoothed out its golden feathers with their multi-colored sparkles. Finally, it turned around and faced Bai Zihao, spreading its enormous tail feathers. It slowly turned into the most luxurious round fan. Each stripe was filled with extraordinary splendor, sparkling and glittering under the bright sunshine.

It shook its fanned tail, and stepped briskly in various dance poses by the lakeside.

Even in the Golden Phoenix Manor, where rare and exotic animals gathered, there had never been such a beautiful peacock.

Bai Zihao carefully held his breath, lest he frighten away this beautiful creature that was bred by seizing the good fortune of the universe. He quickly painted the image of the dancing peacock. He drew one after another. Fortunately, the golden peacock stayed by the lake for a long time. It waited until he was almost finished painting before it spread its wings and leisurely flew away.

Such an encounter was so beautiful, it was like a dream.

He returned to the house jumping with joy. He then calmed his heart and concentrated on drawing. What he learned was gongbi, which required a lot of patience. First, he sketched the lines and then rendered them layer by layer with light ink. Each time he finished rendering, he had to let it dry. He repeated this about dozens of times before he obtained a well-organized and coherent peacock in ink. He then used various colors to render it layer by layer. Finally, he used golden thread and black ink to make the finishing touches.

It took him more than half a year to finally draw a magnificent and resplendent painting of the peacock. Although it was far from the masterpieces of famous artists, it was his painting that he was most satisfied with. During this period, Kong Muhua would often come over to see it. He praised it over and over. His eyes were full of anticipation. After the painting was completed, he was so delighted, he turned around in circles, just like a peacock.

The works of art that you like should be given to those who appreciate it.

Bai Zihao gave this peacock painting to Kong Muhua as an expression of thanks for this period of time.

Kong Muhua was so happy that he nearly disregarded the suspicion of men and women, and rushed in to hug and kiss him .

Bai Zihao hurriedly stopped the inappropriate move. He then realized that the two of them had been walking too close during this period. Although there seemed to be no gossip within the village, he should prevent the other party from giving birth to any thoughts. It was time to tell him about his marriage long ago, but… he was really ashamed to tell others that he wasn't the one who took a wife, but rather, he was the one who was married away. As a result, he procrastinated for a long time, and said ambiguously, "I'm actually a cultivator and I have a Daoist companion. I have to remain faithful."

Kong Muhua looked at him for a long time, and suddenly smiled. "You're lying. I heard when cultivators bind themselves into being Daoist companions, they will all be branded with their Daoist companion's mark. I'll only believe you if you let me see!"

Bai Zihao had no choice but to gently pull down his neckline a little, revealing the dark red three-petaled water caltrop flower mark on his collarbone. He then quickly closed it.

Kong Muhua glanced at it, and his face turned cold.

There were several kinds of seals fpr Doaist couples in the immortal realm. Normally, Daoist companions would choose an inerasable mind or body imprint. Only when taking a Daoist companion with a very low status, could they use this imprint. If Jin Feiren were to take on another Daoist companion, and the mark granted to the new companion was of higher rank, it would mean that Bai Zihao will be relegated to being a concubine.

Bai Zihao knew what the water caltrop flower mark symbolized, but hadn't dared to request. Jin Feiren said that it had already been difficult enough to get the Fen Shen elders' approval for him to take Bai Zihao as his Daoist companion. Moreover, he liked submitting to a man's control, he knew no shame, and would be so unrestrained when touched by a man. Even if he was treated roughly, he would still get a reaction… If Jin Feiren didn't take him as his Daoist companion, who would be willing to accept a spouse with such a depraved body?

Bai Zihao was too ashamed to speak of these sufferings. He couldn't tell anyone.

Kong Muhua, though, understood. He was so livid, his tail almost stood on end. He decided he was going to fly back to the Inextinguishable Peak that very night. He'll go to the torture room to steal shenjun's fun and add a little something for the scum. Like an insect basin or maybe ant torture… In addition, he was going to complain to shenjun why he had to play the role of a child? This hampered his ability to use his foxy charms to put a green hat on that scum.

Bai Zihao didn't want his emotions to affect others. He smiled. "You're still young and don't understand this."

Kong Muhua was seething. "I'm not young anymore." He was a great peacock who has lived for thousands of years.

Bai Zihao continued to sit down and paint. Although he was still very gentle, there was now a slight estrangement.

Kong Muhua dallied around by his side for a while but couldn't find a chance to act spoiled. He was left with no choice but to leave obediently. Afterwards, he disappeared for several days, off doing who knows what. He returned looking quite satisfied and then gave Bai Zihao a golden peacock tail feather.

Bai Zihao was stunned.

Kong Muhua grinned. "It's something I picked up before and now, I'm giving it to you. As a thank you for giving me the painting."

Bai Zihao hesitated, not knowing whether to accept it. But just as he showed the slightest intention to reject, tears nearly escaped from the other's eyes. He had to accept it.

Kong Muhua mysteriously urged, "It's very precious. You must keep it safe."

Bai Zihao smiled and said, “I will cherish it.”

“If you like it, I will give you the entire peacock to hug to sleep. His beautiful tail will be your quilt. It’s very comfortable,” Kong Muhua suddenly leaned in and spoke softly in his ear. His eyes turned mature. His red lips contained bewitching enchantment and his voice had a flirtatious charm. “He can also fan out his tail and dance for you every day…”

His words made Bai Zihao’s ears turn red and his heart was beating fast. He hurriedly drew back.

Kong Muhua had already sat back down, playing with the red string on his braid. His face was all innocent and romantic, as though he didn’t understand anything.

Bai Zihao rubbed his eyes, feeling that he must have seen wrong.

Had he stayed in the Golden Pheonix Manor for so long that he’s been influenced by those beasts?

Chapter 93: Three Choices

There was little spiritual power in mortal villages and there was no way for Bai Zihao to cultivate.

After Bai Zihao finished the peacock painting, he rediscovered the joy of painting. He would spend every day hunched over his desk, drawing while listening to the sound of reading next door. Kong Muhua often ran over to watch him draw, eat his snacks, and coax him into doing all kinds of things. He would send chickens flying and dogs jumping but Bai Zihao's days became more interesting.

Little girls will grow up, and it won't be good for them to keep running over to men's houses.

In order to avoid suspicion, Bai Zihao had to keep the gate to the yard open whenever Kong Muhua came over. He also moved his painting table under the shade of the trees in the yard.

When the villagers passing by saw him drawing, they would give him a few words of praise. Often girls and young wives would bring food and ask for pictures for embroidery. He had no way to refuse.

Kong Muhua liked to sit on the swing, basking under the sun while dragging him to chat about everything; things like how Grandma Wang's family's rooster no longer crows because he's been jilted, like how the two sparrows by the river were having a wager, about whether it was a scarecrow or a farmer standing in the field…

Bai Zihao didn't understand the fun of these things, but when he saw Kong Muhua laughing almost to the point of rolling, he couldn't help but laugh too.

He thought Kong Muhua was a weird and cute girl who was particular about being pretty. He always brought along a mirror wherever he went, and would take a look at himself in it whenever he had nothing to do. He didn't care about decking himself out except for making skirts for himself.

His needlework wasn't bad, but everything else was hard to describe. He tried to help Bai Zihao with his work and ended up burning the kitchen. He smashed a laundry club and collapsed the grape rack. While fetching water, he leaned over the mouth of the well for almost an hour. Bai Zihao almost thought he was going to throw himself into the well and rushed in, pulling him back. He moved Kong Muhua with affection, and made him understand with reason, persuading him for a long time.

Kong Muhua was abashed, "I just thought I looked so beautiful in the well water so I wanted to look more."

Bai Zihao: "…"

Kong Muhua: "Zihao Gege is also very beautiful. You should look in the mirror more."

Bai Zihao: "…"

He shouldn't have worried about this bear kid.

Bai Zihao tried to let Kong Muhua learn some culture, to cultivate his tastes and be a beauty who was beautiful both inside and out. As a result, he immediately broke three strings while playing the zither, and broke two pens while painting. His writing was like chicken scratch and he read three lines before falling asleep. Let alone poems and songs, he can't even manage through the simplest sayings, often spouting mistakes to which Bai Zihao didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

When it came to eating though, he could eat. He could eat an entire pot every meal. He peeled melon seeds at lightning speed, and could peel two catties at a time. He also loved to eat locusts and would often catch a lot of them. He would then make Bai Zihao cook them, frying half and roasting half. He ate them with relish…He had egged Bai Zihao into trying one and although the taste seemed to be okay…he mentally couldn't bear it, and simply let it be.

Bai Zihao was a little worried about the future of this bear child…

“It doesn’t matter. I’m beautiful anyway. No one can look down on me. If there is, then he’s blind and we don’t bother with blind people.” Kong Muhua had a fanatical self-confidence. And in turn, he encouraged Bai Zihao, repeating strange golden nuggets of wisdom.

“Doesn’t attracting bees and butterflies prove that I am fragrant? If no bees and butterflies were particularly attentive, where would I have the face to say that I’m a beauty?”

“What shortcomings? I just have some adorable little hobbies.”

“Huh? If someone with good conditions takes a fancy to me, it’s because he was infatuated by my charms. Why should I be made to feel inferior?”

“I am excellent, and you have drawn my fascination. I think you’re beautiful and enchanting. You should be more confident in your own charms.”

“That fool dared to say that a beauty like you was no good? Kick him out and change to a sensible one!”

“Zihao Gege, I am very sensible.”

“……”

Over the years, Bai Zihao had been tossed about by him using various tricks. Not only had he recovered his childhood skills of climbing trees, picking fruits, and fishing, he was also a self-taught insect cook, butterfly catcher, vicious dog fighter, and hoodlum beater… The number of villagers he was familiar with also gradually increased. From time to time he would follow them to watch theatrical performances, or help them in the fields to harvest their crops.

Later, the teacher in the village grew old and withdrew from his teaching job.

At everyone’s behest, Bai Zihao became the new school teacher. The children liked his gentleness and attentiveness. They admired his profound

knowledge and would surround him every day. They gave him lots of eggs, home-grown vegetables, and wild flowers that grew in the mountains…He would often have girls blushing at him. However, Kong Muhua loved contending for Bai Zihao's affections. He was an expert at both Palace and House dramas. Whether it was a bold and vigorous pursuit, or a veiled one; whether it was acting aggrieved and pitiful or gentle and amiable, whether it was acting spoiled and showing off his cleverness or sowing discord and dissent…he knew them all. He would subdue them all even before they could make a move.

Kong Muhua shook his flower skirt and brimming with confidence, "There will always be people vying for good things. If a man doesn't even have the courage to face a rival in love, and instead becomes hypercritical, and shuns the one he likes for receiving attention, then it would be better to dig a hole and just bury him. It's useless to let a waste like that live. Zihao Gege, don't you think I'm right?"

The paintbrush in Bai Zihao's hand paused. Over the years, he has grown accustomed to Kong Muhua's crazy talk and no longer took it seriously. However, after listening to a lot of it and thinking about it carefully, some things, though they sounded rough, their reasoning was sound. He gradually accepted some of his points of view. He smiled and asked, "And if you're unsuccessful in your pursuit?"

Kong Muhua said decisively, "If you fail, you should leave dejected, with your tail between your legs. Are you going to stay there and make an exhibition of yourself?"

In the bird kingdom, battles raged because of love were all like this. If you fail to win your love, it means you weren't beautiful enough or that your skills weren't as good as other's. What did it have to do with the one you were pursuing? Even the high and mighty shenjun needed to abide by this rule. Males must strive beautifully for favor. If their beauty wasn't enough, they could rely on their strength. They could slaughter their rivals, beat them to death and pull out their hair and reduce the difficulty of vying for favor. Any method could be used, but you couldn't bully the person you like or speak maliciously to him. Doing so would only be embarrassing yourself…

Why would you like a no good person? If you like someone, you should hold them in the cup of your hands. Why abuse and insult him?

Kong Muhua found it difficult to understand certain human behaviors.

Although the peacock is not a dedicated bird species, he was beautiful, self-possessed and also an ancient great yao. He disliked the ordinary peacocks' behavior of just finding a spouse at random. He wanted only the best. It was a pity, he has been picky for many years and failed to have his wish fulfilled.

On that day, everyone thought that shenjun would kill Bai Zihao. While watching the excitement, Kong Muhua saw that he had almost suffered an atrocity. His clothes were disheveled and he seemed a little pitiful. And so he gave him an outer robe he no longer wanted so as to let him walk his road towards the Yellow Springs with a bit more dignity.

Bai Zihao clearly knew that he would die soon, and yet, he still, as a testament to his good upbringing, thanked him.

Kong Muhua suddenly became interested in this person.

Unexpectedly, shenjun didn't kill him, and even arranged some sort of strange assignment. He then stepped forward to undertake the assignment. At first, he just thought it was amusing, but the closer he got, the more he was moved. He saw Bai Zihao's beauty and his gentle-like-water temperament, just like a clear trickling stream in a forest. He didn't care much at first, but with the passage of time, his good impression of him grew richer. In the end, he simply couldn't look away, it had become a habit. He wanted to stay by his side forever, until the end of time.

No wonder even that scum who'd experienced a hundred flowers, also felt his heart move for this flower…

Good things needed to be secured as soon as possible. When they return to the Inextinguishable Peak, there would be more competitors. Although he was confident in his beauty and strength, there were still a few ruthless characters that are not much worse than him. What if Bai Zihao liked the

domineering type like those of the Dapeng tribe, or the reserved and aloof type like those of the Bifang tribe?

Kong Muhua was determined to seize this opportunity. He was going to take Bai Zihao away, and give that scum a green hat.

He patiently adjusted his appearance according to his human age, and then at the age of eighteen, he changed himself back to his original appearance. Having the countenance of a flower and a face like the moon, he had a tender body and a delicate waist. His voice was like that of a trilling oriole or a twittering swallow and he smelled of orchids. He was also good at various dances. Placed in any imperial harem, he would be a bewitching concubine who would captivate the monarch. Fortunately, those of the peacock tribe were good at illusions. He used his illusions to hide it from the villagers' eyes, turning himself into an ordinary-level beauty so as not to cause a big sensation.

Bai Zihao was a beauty himself, and he was used to seeing all kinds of stunning beauties. His sense of aesthetics was a bit slow, and he unexpectedly didn't realize that there was something wrong.

Kong Muhua had a variety of methods to attract and tease. He changed up his methods every day to praise his beloved.

Bai Zihao was teased into blushing terribly. Although he didn't dare draw near, he was secretly delighted. When he was a child, he always believed himself to be attracted to women. He fantasized about finding a good wife. But before he could even be tempted by a woman, he was deceived into going to the immortal realm and was sold off. Later, he got together with Jin Feiren and confirmed that his body only felt desire when submitting to another's control. He felt ashamed of himself, and he didn't dare be tempted by any girl.

He had never had any desire for women, nor had he ever thought about this aspect…

Now, he had become aware of Kong Muhua's affections, and his heart was moved. He also felt something in his body. Did this mean… he could still

be an ordinary man? Only that the girl he liked was the tall, slender type with an extremely flat chest, long legs, a bright and cheerful personality, who sometimes talked like a boy?

Bai Zihao took a cold shower to drive away these unrealistic fantasies from his mind.

He was a man with a male Daoist companion. He shouldn't harm others.

Bai Zihao endured the shame, found an opportunity, and confessed his past to Kong Muhua, "My Daoist companion is a man, and I am used to being under a man… Therefore, I can't be near you. We're not suitable…"

Before he could finish speaking, Kong Muhua had already kissed him on his face. He said, very pleased with himself, "Your Daoist companion hasn't come back for so long. Maybe he's been out there toying with flowers and grass. He's probably been beaten to death. Don't remain a widow for him. Think about me. …Let's try, and then we'll know whether we're suitable or not." He was a dignified great peacock yao with a strong desire to outdo others. He had to win in every respect.

Shenjun had long cut off that scum's thing to feed to the dogs. He had taken a look and scoffed. The size of a human's was really not worth mentioning…

He was exceptionally talented. Although he was inexperienced, he could rely on male instincts for this kind of matters. He will surely quickly become skilled. He would serve Bai Zihao happily in bed. Then, he would defeat all his competitors and become the new spouse.

The proud peacock was filled with enthusiastic self-confidence this day as well.

Seeing how he was still pursuing with such enthusiasm despite knowing his past, Bai Zihao felt both moved and despair. In his heart, his 'like' was growing more and more. In order to restrain such feelings, he picked up calligraphy and he revived his music skills. He devoted himself to learning, and tried his best to concentrate on other things and ignore Kong Muhua.

However, Kong Muhua didn't know about this thing called refusal. He had numerous tricks. He would pretend to be well-behaved or he would act pitiful. If he didn't have a ladder, he would build his own ladder. Kong Muhua could always find reasons why he couldn't refuse and trick him into going out to play.

Sometimes, they would go on an outing; sometimes, they would go on a picnic; sometimes, they would go to the city to look at the lights; sometimes, they would take a boat down the river; sometimes, they would go to the mirror lake to look for peacocks…

Every day was happy, and filled with constant laughter.

Bai Zihao knew that this was wrong for him to be this way, but he became addicted. He fell into the laughter, and was enchanted by his happy life. He unexpectedly forgot all his troubles. He even greedily hoped that his ten-year appointment could go on for longer, for time to pass by slower…

But, the more you hope for time to pass by slowly, the faster it feels like passing.

Shenjun's messenger finally arrived.

That day, the Kong Family's gates were closed. Kong Muhua wasn't at home. Bai Zihao had to reluctantly put his farewell letter together with the golden peacock tail feather on the painting table. In the letter, he wrote in detail about his shameful past, his ridiculous affections, his embarrassing marriage, as well as the future facing him. He had written out all his secrets he found difficult to speak of. And then, he asked him to forget about him and to find better happiness… As for his secret and indecent feelings, he hesitated for a long time, and in the end, he didn't write it down…

Bai Zihao followed the messenger and stepped onto the ship, returning to the Inextinguishable Peak…

With every step he took, his heart grew heavier.

He found that he hadn't thought of Jin Feiren in a very long time. He unexpectedly couldn't remember his appearance anymore. He could only remember the pain of being tossed about in bed and being humiliated as he pleased. He had tasted real sweetness and happiness, only to realize that the candy Jin Feiren handed after brandishing his whip was so bitter and unpalatable.

The water caltrop flower mark on his collarbone felt faintly hot, with an indescribable pain.

He was already married to Jin Feiren. He no longer had choices. Jin Feiren was a conceited person and would never allow him to leave. If he harbored even the slightest intention to betray him, he would receive the same treatment as that red bird he had admired. He would be made into a plaything, he would be violated to death. He wasn't that strong. He wouldn't be able to bear such pain.

But, a lifetime was really long, he didn't know how he would be able to endure…

……

Bai Zihao, with great difficulty, walked into the main hall of the Inextinguishable Peak, and once again crawled in front of the god who would dictate his fate.

Shenjun ordered someone to give him a tray with a beautiful and delicate dagger upon it.

The dagger was very sharp, suitable for killing and suitable too, for taking one's life.

Bai Zihao smiled and shed tears. The god had been kind to let him taste sweetness before he died. He met that lovely person, he understood how it felt to truly have his heart move. It was enough. Now, he no longer wanted to fall again into that endless pain, where death would be the greatest thing he owned.

He gratefully kowtowed three times to the god, and trembling, picked up the dagger. He turned the sharp blade, and aimed it at his heart. The red vine suddenly stretched out, wrapping around the dagger, stopping his next move. It then slowly pulled the blade away and changed its direction.

Shenjun finally spoke, “I will give you three choices.”

Bai Zihao raised his head in astoundment.

“You can choose to love deeply and spend the rest of your life accompanying him in the dungeon.”

“You can choose to end your life, and I will let him, as in life, accompany you in death.”

“You can also choose to give up your principles, cast off the shackles in your heart, and live only for yourself…”

The voice of the god was like the whisper of the devil, directly pouring into the deepest part of his heart, blowing away the mist, revealing a black door that he had never dared to think of.

Bai Zihao looked at the dagger in his hand, as though he was seeing the key to open that door.

Chapter 94: The Sharp Blade of Accusation

Bai Zihao held the dagger, struggling internally.

He had left the Golden Phoenix Manor and spent ten years with ordinary people. Thinking back on the things he had done, he felt ashamed. He simply couldn't understand why all those years, it was like he was caught in a gu. He had lost the ability to distinguish, and he had believed those absurd and preposterous arguments. At the Jin Feiren's request, he served him wholeheartedly, abided by the rules of the Golden Phoenix Manor, satisfied all his evil interests, learned to indulge his desires, proactively asked for pleasure, and did a lot of sordid things to please him. He believed it was what he had to pay for their mutual affection.

Bai Zihao was about to cry at how stupid he had been.

He didn't want to see Jin Feiren anymore. He didn't want to live a life full of humiliation. However, Jin Feiren would rather he die than lift the water caltrop flower mark and let him be free.

Jin Feizhen was very good at keeping up appearances. The overwhelming majority of people in the immortal realm couldn't see the humiliation and torment he suffered in private. They only saw the handsome and rich Nascent Soul cultivator doting on him in every possible way. Jin Feiren casually squandered away spirit stones and bought him whatever he wanted. He killed the people who framed and bullied him. He even blocked the attack of a Flame Wolf for him. At the banquet to celebrate their marriage, he was given boatloads of gifts. There were countless rare and precious treasures. The eyes of everyone were ruined with envy, saying that he was so lucky…

No one knew how much he paid for being so "lucky".

It would be fine if Jin Feiren had died. But he was still alive, thrown behind bars, subjected to a miserable fate.

Bai Zihao could imagine what his reputation would be after abandoning his Daoist companion. He would be branded as having forgotten favors and violated justice, of having a heart of stone… Moreover, he also knew that although Jin Feiren had a distorted personality and expresses his affections in a way that no one would agree to blindly, his heart really had moved for him. Back when he had sustained a near fatal injury, it was like Jin Feiren went mad, and he stayed by his side without stopping to sleep or rest…

He didn't quite have the heart to kill him.

Bai Zihao was dazed. He found that he had unconsciously been thinking about the third option. He was faintly looking forward to Jin Feiren's death. But he was afraid of gossip, afraid of being known as ruthless and unfeeling, afraid of being a murderer…

He desperately tried to restrain his thoughts with morality. He wanted to consider the second option, but hidden and terrifying reasons emerged in his heart. Like the devil, they tempted him,

"I am not a bad person. I was just forced to do it. It's not really killing someone…"

"He won't live long, I'm helping him relieve the pain…"

"When he's dead, I can conceal my identity and resume my happy new life…"

"I still have a lot of paintings that I want to paint but haven't finished painting…"

"……"

His hold on the dagger in his hand grew tighter and tighter.

Bai Zihao hesitantly raised his head and looked towards the god. He asked for help, "I have never killed anyone. I, I don't understand…"

Shenjun had the Blood King Vine take out an account book that had been prepared early on and handed it to him. He chuckled softly and said, "You

will understand.”

Baffled, Bai Zihao took the account book and found that it Xie Que’s.

Back then, when he found out that Xie Que had brought the bandits to kill his mother to whom he had been mutually dependent on, he was consumed with towering rage and wanted to take revenge.

Seeing him with no appetite, feeling depressed and moody, Jin Feiren consoled him for a long time. He also sent people to take Xie Que’s head to make him happy. Although they found that Xie Que had been killed by the Medicine King Xianzun, he was still moved by his kindly regard…

Jin Feiren always said, this was the proof of his love.

Every time he heard this, he would give up his bottom line and obey him.

But, why was Xie Que’s account book in the god’s possession?

Bai Zihao looked at the Blood King Vine moving about around him, and then at shenjun’s phoenix eyes. A loud explosion went off in his brain.

Shenjun had appeared suddenly. Everyone had tried to guess his origins. Although Yue Wuhuan and the god had the same Blood King Vine, their power was far too different and their identities were as different as sky and earth that no one could connect the two of them together. Everyone guessed he must be some ancient god who emerged from closed door cultivation…

Now, the Medicine King Xianzun had killed Xie Que and obtained his account book. And then the same account book had fallen into the hands of the god. Bai Zihao had to think of the relationship between the two…

Yue Wuhuan has a deep-seated hatred towards the Golden Phoenix Manor; and those sects that the god first destroyed, regardless of whether they were righteousness or evil, were by and large those that had gone to the Golden Phoenix Manor as guests. They have received the Golden Phoenix Manor’s kind hospitality and entertainment. They may even have participated in Yue Wuhuan’s…

Bai Zihao once again remembered the forgiveness shenjun granted to Cultivator Ma… Cultivator Ma wasn't anyone good, but he did something that everyone took to be a joke. After getting drunk, he severely reprimanded the guys who had played with Yue Wuhuan, saying they had gone too far, that they were shameless beasts, for this, they had spoiled the mood of the guests. He ordered them to stop the whipping.

Everyone, everything, Yue Wuhuan remembered.

Grace is paid with grace. Enmity is paid with enmity. There was no departed spirit demanding justice at the Inextinguishable Peak.

This was really good……

Bai Zihao was very happy. He had had many beautiful dreams. In his dreams, he was a white bird. He tried to open the cage door. Flapping his wings, he bravely rushed into the wind and rain, awkwardly chasing after the proud red shadow.

When the news of Yue Wuhuan's death and tragedy came, he was very sad. He felt that what he wanted most had been broken, and for a time, he had even fell into confusion. He felt that any resistance was meaningless. It was better to simply submit to his fate.

But, Yue Wuhuan hadn't died. He had come back.

The beautiful red bird flew higher and was even freer…

Bai Zihao once again found the pillar in his heart.

He can be strong. Don't despair!

Bai Zihao wiped away his weak tears. He opened the account book, and earnestly looked at it line by line.

Xie Que had kept a very detailed account book. He included each child's name, physical characteristics and sales price.

There was also a section dedicated to special orders, which were slaves that major customers requested with specific requirements. Various exacting requirements were written, including appearance, personality, spiritual roots, cultivation base, etc…

There was a special order from Golden Phoenix Manor. The customer specified that he wanted a boy with a single water-type spiritual root. He required a beautiful appearance, a clean body, no blemishes. He must be kind-hearted and gentle and have a well-behaved and weak personality. It was best he have no father or mother, no one to care; because the customer wanted to personally raise and train a perfect slave who belonged body and mind to him.

Bai Zihao's eyes widened in disbelief and he looked at the name on the cargo pen. He finally understood something that he hadn't understood before — why Xie Que didn't just kidnap him and sell him, instead he wanted go through a roundabout way to sell him. He killed his mother and then appeared before him as a savior.

This account book gave the answer.

Bai Zihao stared at it for a long time, and then succumbed to maniacal laughter. He laughed until he was gasping for breath. He was laughing at the stupidest man in the world, laughing at his kindness and cowardice, laughing at his innocence and gentleness, laughing at his love and loyalty… Of what use were these things in the face of the devil? All these were utterly worthless rubbish!

Shenjun's meaning, he understood it all.

Bai Zihao slowly stood up from the ground. He straightened his hair and made the darkness vanish from his eyes. He once again showed the softest smile. He gratefully bowed to the god and hid the dagger in his sleeve. Without the slightest hesitation, he followed the yao cultivator who led the way to the dungeon of the Inextinguishable Peak.

……

In the dark dungeon, there were two brightly lit oil lamps that were kept burning day and night.

The heavy chains passed through Jin Feiren's shoulder blades and hip bones, firmly nailing him to the wall. His appearance, once considered handsome had gone unbearably ugly from torture. His strong figure was now as thin as a match. His hair had gone gray, and his body was covered with terrible scars. Rot had appeared in many places, but there were precious immortal medicines keeping his life hanging by a thread. He couldn't die even if he wanted to.

Although a cultivator's will was stronger than that of a mortal, such torture has long exceeded the limits of tolerance. Jin Feiren's feeling of pain has been numbed. He was groggy every day and he looked forward to the arrival of death.

Gentle fingertips glided across his cheek and gathered his messy hair for him. Someone carefully dipped a handkerchief with some water and moistened his lips, slightly rousing his mind.

Jin Feiren opened his eyes with difficulty and found the person he had been yearning for standing before him. He couldn't help but smile. "Am I dreaming again?"

"No," Bai Zihao's voice was very soft, with a hint of sympathy. He fed him some water, "I missed you, so I begged for shenjun's grace to come and see you…"

"How did you ask for it? Forget it, don't talk about it…" Jin Feiren didn't want to think about this issue anymore. He knew that Bai Zihao was weak and kindhearted. He didn't have much prospects. He had cultivated for so long but was only at Foundation Building. After losing his support, the only way he could satisfy those shameless yao cultivators was with his body.

Although he was a little uncomfortable, after having played with so many slaves, he didn't care much about a green hat. Now, he has nothing. He couldn't even be regarded as a man. Bai Zihao still thought of every

possible way to come and take care of him. Obviously, he has kept him in his heart this many years. This affection moved him very much.

Bai Zihao looked at him. He seemed hesitant to speak.

Jin Feiren softened his expression and asked, “Is there anything you want to ask me?”

Bai Zihao smiled and asked, “Did you miss me during these years?”

Jin Feiyu said, “I missed you every day.”

Bai Zihao asked cautiously, “Really? I always feel that in your heart, I… wasn’t important.”

“You are important.” Jin Feiren looked greedily at his body. He saw his beauty, and wanted to touch. But was restricted by the chains, unable to move. Now, he had been reduced to a prisoner. He had already lost his ambitions back then. He knew he hadn’t long to live. Fearing that they would never see each other again, he told him a lot of the feelings buried in his heart, wanting to leave the last mark in Bai Zihao’s heart, “In the beginning, I only treated you as a beautiful slave, but you’re so beautiful… The more we interacted, the more I grew to like you. Later you used your weak body to block that sword for me and ended up almost dying. I understood how important you were in my heart. Therefore, I disregarded everything to marry you.”

Bai Zihao touched the water caltrop flower mark on his collarbone, and said, aggrieved, “You always bully me, I thought you didn’t like me…”

Jin Feiren quickly defended, “If I didn’t like you, how could I have blocked that Flame Wolf for you?”

“That’s right,” Bai Zihao thought for a while, and laughed, “I finally understand. You’re a bastard. You clearly knew I was very good, that I was attractive. So you deliberately bullied me and poisoned me with you malicious words so that I wouldn’t dare to leave you, so that I would

obediently stay by your side, fall in love with you, and belong only to you, right?"

Jin Feiyu felt that his tone sounded coquettish, and smiled. "You found out."

Bai Zihao gently grabbed his head and placed it on his neck, blocking all his vision. He reconfirmed seriously, "Feiren…Do you still love me now?"

Jin Feiren replied sincerely, "I love you. The only person I have loved in this world is you."

"Feiren," Bai Zihao's eyes gradually darkened, and his body trembled slightly with excitement, "I'm really happy."

The sharp dagger finally pierced out of his sleeve and plunged into Jin Feiren's underbelly. Jin Feiren's eyes widened and he was so shocked that he couldn't speak. He couldn't believe the Daoist companion who he had given his sincere heart to, who was always obedient to him, the docile beautiful boy, the little fool who was so kind that he wouldn't even dare to kill a rabbit, would unexpected kill him with his own hands.

Bai Zihao drew out the dagger and in disgust, pushed Jin Feiren away, still spurting blood. It splashed all over his body, but his heart was calm.

Killing wasn't hard at all.

Although he has never killed anyone before, and he didn't know how to kill, this didn't prevent him from relying on his instincts and indiscriminately stabbing this way and that. Just as Jin Feiren knew what to say to hurt his heart, he too knew what to say to cause the most suffering to the other,

"I have never liked a scumbag like you. I've met someone I really like."

"I like him so much. I like him ten thousand times more than I ever liked you. I just want to stick right next to him every day. I want to give myself to him in marriage."

“What kind of man are you? You’re just trash who doesn’t even have that thing! Hideous!”

“He’s better-looking than you, more interesting than you, more lovable than you, and his c*ck is bigger and better than yours!”

“He let me know what real happiness is.”

“You dare to miss me, to love me. That’s so ridiculous.”

“You don’t even have the qualifications to die. Stay in a soul lamp and watch me live a happy life with someone else.”

“I have s*x with him every day. Want to know how we have fun?”

“……”

The physical torture didn’t make Jin Feiren completely succumb. However, Bai Zihao’s words broke all the lines of defense in his heart. The treasured bird in his palm had flown away. His heart that he had given him had been trampled on the ground. His Daoist companion was happy in the arms of someone else…

He was an extremely arrogant man, so for him, even more than for others, he couldn’t bear such humiliation.

The breath of life gradually disappeared, and the magic formation, arranged in the dark, emitted a faint brilliance, imprisoning his soul.

At the last moment when he closed his eyes, he saw Bai Zihao take the eternally burning lamp off the wall. With its flame, he burned off the water caltrop flower mark on his collarbone. He burnt off skin and flesh and the last trace he left was removed. Bai Zihao then left the dungeon without even a look back.

Jin Feiren will stay in the soul lamp, and savor the taste of shame forever.

……

Bai Zihao walked out of the dungeon covered in blood. He squinted his eyes. He felt that the sky was so blue and the bright sunlight was a bit dazzling.

Shenjun's figure stood not far away, looking at him quietly.

Bai Zihao once again knelt down and thanked him. He asked the question that had been buried in his heart for so many years, "How can I become as brave as you? To no longer be afraid of anything."

Shenjun turned to leave. "Use your own feet, stand up."

Bai Zihao was taken aback. He stood up, and quickly followed after him.

He no longer needed emotional charity. He no longer needed to depend on others to save him. He will use all his strength and rely on himself to tear open the cage around his heart. He will strengthen his wings, make them large and powerful. Then he will follow closely behind the red shadow.

The birds will always be free.

Translator's note: I'm laughing at how BZH said all those things to torment JFR, not knowing that they are or will (for some) be true. =D

Got any more entries? Remember to get them in, the submission is until August 15. Check out the high school au fanfic from bookwormsyndrome on the cg-event-channel over at Discord. =)

Chapter 95: Worth Researching

Shenjun's education methods were very rough. He would throw people into dangerous situations and force them to fight for their lives. He would drag them back for treatment only when they were injured to within an inch of their lives. Once they've successfully been treated, he would continue… The Medicine King's Valley has long been included among the sects within the Inextinguishable Peak's sphere of influence. They've gathered as much of the world's miracle cures as they could, and good doctors have sought refuge with them one after another. Their medical skills were extremely high.

Bai Zihao endured through sheer force of will, struggling repeatedly at death's door. And then, from countless failures, he figured out the path of cultivation that suited him best. Later, at shenjun's behest, he established the Snowstorm Tower, firmly placing the Northern Continent under his control. He used bounty missions to gather intelligence, and eliminated many restless underground forces as well as some nasty rats and traitors.

During the long dark period, Bai Zihao was the most ruthless killer under shenjun's command. He would undertake any order given and would never fail. Everyone was afraid of being included on his death list.

Kong Muhua was very resentful.

After Bai Zihao began to receive shenjun's training, his mind was filled only with cultivation and missions. He felt like a beauty who'd been banished to the cold palace. He had exhausted all of his foxy charms, but received favor only once. His lot was truly cold, dismal and miserable.

At that time, when he'd been discovered by Bai Zihao in the Inextinguishable Peak as one of shenjun's subordinates, and an ancient great yao, he decisively dumped all the blame onto the god. Weeping and wailing, he apologized for a long time. Although Bai Zihao was a little embarrassed and uneasy, he quickly let go of that emotional entanglement and they managed to reconcile.

Bai Zihao tried his best to cultivate and was often injured. It was not uncommon for him to wind up with broken hands and feet. It also wasn't uncommon for the god to drag him back with barely any life left.

Kong Muhua felt distressed, but he understood that he needed strength and he supported him in working hard for his goals.

At the start, Bai Zihao was clumsy. He couldn't do anything, and often made mistakes. Kong Muhua would secretly follow and keep an eye on him. He would disguise himself and give him veiled hints. He would guard him whenever he was seriously injured or unconscious. Whenever he would lose confidence, he would encourage and lavish him with praise. He would string together compliments and urge him to move forward.

He managed to smoothly settle into that wounded heart.

When Bai Zihao managed to cultivate to Nascent Soul, he bashfully confessed to Kong Muhua. He wished to date him with the intention of someday being Daoist companions.

Kong Muhua swore that he was too excited at the time and he accidentally transformed into a tall and lofty male body in bed. Bai Zihao was a little dazed from having had too much to drink. He hadn't been aware that the beauty on top of him had changed shape. He was quite cooperative. After being touched a few times, he softened his body and even let out low groans of feigned refusal but actual welcome.

How could Kong Muhua possibly bear it? Coupled with his strong desire to win, to prove that yao's were exceptionally gifted and far better than humans, he went at it with all he was worth.

At first, Bai Zihao struggled from the pain but was held down firmly with the strength of the ancient great yao. Then, when he got used to it, he cried out more and more seductively. While saying no, he also twined himself tightly around him. When he was excited, he also took the initiative to say a lot of obscene dirty talk, admitting that he was a hundred times better in bed than his trash of an ex-husband.

Kong Muhua happily played all night, eating and drinking his fill. He was extremely satisfied.

The next day, Bai Zihao f*cked and ran. He turned hostile, saying that Kong Muhua had lied and deceived him, and that he was determined to break up.

In all honesty, this peacock had already fanned his feathers and had even given him his tail feather! Where was the deception?

Kong Muhua had never revealed his yao body, nor had he revealed his male body. His appearance and personality were that of a delicately pretty girl.

Bai Zihao was used to treating him as a girl, and he couldn't wrap his mind around it. He didn't expect that the person he liked was an exotic flower who didn't like menswear and loved feminine attire. He forgot about the issue of this peacock fanning out its tail feathers. What was even more unexpected for Bai Zihao was that his body was still as sensitive and unrestrained as before. After the real situation was revealed in bed, he was shamed into anger and refused to have s*x with men anymore, let alone sink into the whirlpool of desire.

What he cultivated was the Way of Snow and Ice. His heart was a bit colder than ordinary people's and he gave up his feelings without hesitation, single-mindedly pursuing his work.

Kong Muhua's stomach turned with anger. He tearfully complained everywhere about his slag man conduct of eating and wiping clean, of not owning up to his responsibility. However, there was nothing he could do about it. Bai Zihao was willing discuss any matter, but he stubbornly refused to discuss a male-male affair. Bai Zihao wasn't willing to admit that he liked it and Kong Muhua had no way to actually turn into a peahen. Without any better option, Kong Muhua was forced to continue his persistent pursuit, driving away his love rivals, changing up his ways of propositioning him. Occasionally, he would succeed once or twice.

Everyone knew of Bai Zihao's admiration for shenjun. As long as it was an order from the god, he could even climb a mountain of swords and plunge

into a sea of flames.

Kong Muhua's fanatical self-confidence wilted a bit in the face of the god. Although shenjun looked cold-hearted and loathed affection, his Zihao Gege was so beautiful, after a considerable period of time, who's to say that shenjun wouldn't be moved? What would he do then? He could only be a tragic heroine, crying below Wutong Tower every day.

Now, to the delight of everyone, shenjun wanted to take a queen. Only that shenjun seemed to be moving too slow. Kong Muhua didn't know if he had encountered some obstruction.

Kong Muhua was worried to death. He wanted to fly over there and impart onto shenjun the 108 ways to strive for favor. He wanted to help him hack all his rivals to death. Afterwards, he'll personally push the queen into the bridal sedan chair, quickly finish the wedding, and carry her directly onto to the god's bed. It was a pity that no matter where he inquired, no one knew who the god-queen was. He had no choice but to worry helplessly.

After hearing his description, Bai Zihao laughed for a long time. He was in a very good mood. "I will have to congratulate shenjun on finally getting what he's wanted after waiting for so long."

Back then, he was very curious about the love between the Medicine King Xianzun and Yue Wuhuan. He had read a lot of novels. Only that, he'd been as timid as a mouse and didn't dare to ask about. Now that the Medicine King Xianzun had emerged from closed door cultivation, he too wanted to find a chance to see this interesting person and in passing, find out the actual story.

His debt of gratitude towards the god was as weighty as a mountain. He had a feeling that shenjun had been holding back for many years, he was soon going to turn into a volcano. The Medicine King Xianzun looked like the kind of wooden person who didn't understand amorous feelings…

Bai Zihao touched his right wrist again and thought of something wicked. They were both cultivators with a single water-type spiritual root. Maybe he should teach the Medicine King Xianzun how to make shenjun happy?

The god will definitely be happy…

Kong Muhua realized that he knew who the god-queen was. He happily clung to him and acted spoiled. He kicked up a fuss, wanting to go look for the god-queen.

Bai Zihao noticed that this guy was being all noisy and on top of that, his hands were misbehaving, touching everywhere. He was even exuding an aura of wanting to proposition him. Bai Zihao looked at the garbage corpse lying next to him, and then at the dirty and disgusting cave. He immediately put on a cold expression, picked up this shameless golden peacock, and ruthlessly threw him into the snow.

A cultivator was passing by and he saw the beautiful girl being ruthlessly thrown into the snowdrift by a man. She sat aggrievedly on the ground, crying and weeping, begging for his forgiveness. Her little figure looked more and more pitiful.

As a result, Bai Xianzun's list of slag man deeds were added to once again.

…

For no reason that Song Qingshi could make out, he sneezed twice.

Foundation Building cultivators couldn't easily get sick so he didn't pay it much mind. He happily sorted out the samples. The small porcelain bottles in his mustard seed bag weren't enough. Fortunately, Feng Jun brought a lot of transparent small bottles, putting out the fire burning his eyebrows.

In Song Qingshi's memory, the price of a bottle such as this was quite expensive because of its rarity. You needed to spend a lot of money to have them specially ordered.

Song Jincheng laughed once again at his country bumpkin ways, saying that this kind of thing was found everywhere and wasn't anything rare at all. At first, it was used by the Medicine King's Valley to hold materials for experiments. Later, everyone found that it was also very useful for storing other things. And so, the Heaven Craft Pavilion studied how to have it mass

produced. They then developed many other transparent containers. The price wasn't expensive and any cultivator could afford it.

Song Qingshi was stunned. He continued to squat down. He took out his scalpel and dissected the first Foul Demon that he had caught. He then took out a notebook to make notes.

This kind of monster has no blood and no meridians either. Their skeletal composition was different from that of humans. Some have exoskeletons similar to arthropod insects, and some have no bones, relying on soft tissues to operate. Most have mouthparts, and a few have faces close to human faces. But they had no expressions, and it looked terrifying.

This was a mysterious creature that he has never seen before. Everything about it was worth researching. It was simply teasing this scientist's sensitive spots.

The more he dissected, the more excited he became. With a smile on his face, he quickly brandished his scalpel. The Foul Demon was torn into small pieces, and then handed to Feng Jun to store and label them into different categories. Song Qingshi was reluctant to destroy the remains. He wanted to find a coffin to put it in. He'll then store it into his mustard seed bag and transport it away.

The people in the inn looked at Song Qingshi's corpse fragments and gagged. They had never seen such a strange person.

They quietly moved a bit farther away from Song Qingshi's scalpel…

Song Jincheng had watched his senior brothers and sisters dissect general teachers, but even he couldn't stand it. He admonished, "This thing often appears. There's no need for you to treasure this corpse. It will disappear after a while."

"Disappear?" Song Qingshi was even more excited, "I'll guard it so that I can watch it disappear with my own eyes!"

Feng Jun knew about his obsession with research. He thought about his future life. There would be no kisses, no hugs. The two of them, reunited after a long time of separation, would be squatting in front of the coffin, staring at this ugly corpse every day, holding a notebook to record the changes. He liked Song Qingshi very much and was also very interested in studying this matter with him, but he should at least do research at the appropriate place…

Song Qingshi happily took out some spirit stones and asked the innkeeper to buy him a coffin.

"Don't worry," Feng Jun finally stopped him and proposed a new plan. "There's no research equipment here. Jincheng is also anxious to go to Heaven Martial Sect to see his friend. Once things are settled, you can go to the Medicine King's Valley to find Yue Xiansheng. You can use the research room there. They've got everything there, not only can you precisely measure the weight, mass and temperature, you can also deep-freeze it, heat it up, or preserve its temperature. I heard that there are also tools for analyzing the materials of objects…"

Song Qingshi felt more and more that the Medicine King's Valley must be the happiest place on earth. He was moved by the research room Feng Jun described, and his heart was beating a little fast.

Feng Jun continued to entice, "When the time comes, I'll give you a few living specimens of these Foul Demons. I'll put them in a cage for you to research."

Song Qingshi repeatedly agreed, "Okay."

Feng Jun was his little angel, gentle and caring. He has to quickly figure out those strange things in his memory that were bothering him. So long as he manages to confirm that these things wouldn't cause any bad influence on Feng Jun, in this life, in the next life, in the life after that, he will never ever leave Feng Jun.

Suddenly, Song Qingshi felt a slight vibration coming from underground. He felt a little uneasy.

He looked around and found that everyone looked as usual. He asked in confusion, “Was there an earthquake?”

The Luminous Dragon shook its head.

Song Jincheng: “No.”

Feng Jun smiled and said, “It was just your imagination.”

Song Qingshi scratched his head, feeling that he might have made a mistake. He put aside this topic and following everyone’s wishes, regretfully burned the body. He then went to examine the patients with minor injuries around him. However, he didn’t know why but… when the patients saw his expression, they were all were a little alarmed, as though they were seeing a murderer. Song Qingshi touched his face, suspecting that he looked too fierce. He wanted to ask the gentle and beautiful Feng Jun for help.

However, Feng Jun, standing beside him, was in a daze and not paying attention to what was happening over on his side.

Song Qingshi thought for a while, and just let it be.

…

In the endless abyss, under layers upon layers of seals, An Long slowly opened his eyes.

Song Qingshi left, Yue Wuhuan disappeared, and he lost all his love and hatred. They Myriad Gu Sect was exterminated, the Western Forest was destroyed. He was on the entire world’s wanted list. Everyone reviled him. He had nowhere to go, he had no goal. He became even more muddleheaded and he simply drifted along.

After Foul Demons appeared, the demon in his mind woke up. He gave up control and it took advantage of the defenses around his heart being too weak to input endless evil thoughts, constantly transforming his body.

An Long's power was getting stronger and stronger, but he has lost the appearance of a human being. He gradually changed from a half-demon to a full demon. He finally lost his reason, leaving only the desire to kill…

While he still had some human consciousness, he asked help from Yue Wuhuan, who had been reborn as a god. He asked to be sealed in the endless abyss, letting his demon energy twist his body, finally turning into a black monster composed of huge limbs and fleshy pieces. He somewhat resembled a giant Dragon, but every part was hideous, bringing with it the breath of the horror of nightmares.

He was entrenched on the rock wall. Heaving a large breath, he called out the guardian's name, "Yue Wuhuan, are you here?"

In the dark, slowly walked out a man in red with a golden-winged mask on his face. He carried a luminous lamp and walked to his side. He raised his head, looked at the huge red vertical pupils, and said calmly, "I'm here."

When the god sealed An Long, he left an incarnation to guard the seal. However, An Long's mental state was unstable. He would at times be sane, and at time be mad. When he was mad, he couldn't recognize anyone. He could only recognize Yue Wuhuan. The god then donned on his most unbearable past and accompanied him to be sealed in this lightless abyss.

An Long moved his huge body, dragging along countless chains, shattering this desperate darkness:

"Wuhuan, I can feel he's back."

"Wuhuan, have you found a way to completely kill me?"

"Wuhuan, hurry up, otherwise it'll be too late…"

"…"

This time, Yue Wuhuan was silent for a long time before giving him the same answer:

"I will find a way to kill you."

“Don’t be afraid.”

Chapter 96: Phoenix Token

Song Qingshi left a medical plan and left the follow-up treatment of the wounded to the clinic in town. He then went to the pharmacy to prepare some commonly used medicinal materials. He also bought a new pill furnace, preparing to refine some pills when he had the opportunity. As a doctor, with medicine in hand, he wouldn't succumb to any panic.

He had no idea how but Feng Jun found them a magical ship to send everyone to the Heaven Martial Sect.

When they set off, the innkeeper took his wife out to see them off. He waived all their expenses, and prepared various food ingredients. The cultivators and family members of the wounded in town who he'd treated also came. They smiled as they handed Song Qingshi a lot gifts to express their gratitude.

Song Qingshi declined, leaving only a few baskets of eggs to feed Xiao Bai.

Under the spirit beast's lead, the ship slowly soared into the sky. Song Qingshi stood by the window, looking at the towns and the entire countryside. All around were smoke from kitchen chimneys, mountains and rivers. The scenery remained the same, but it was slightly different from the one in his memory… He thought for a long time, and finally realized that there seemed to be no slaves in this world.

In his memory, most mortals were slaves to the cultivators. They were treated like pigs and dogs. They didn't know how to resist, and lived numbly. Nowadays, he saw that many of the shops and restaurants were run by mortals. There were also many mortal artisans in the workshops. There were mortal apprentices in the hospitals and pharmacies. Most of them were energetic and full of hope for life.

Before, if a mortal accidentally touched the corner of a cultivator's clothing, he might be killed. Now, he often saw cultivators and mortals drinking and chatting together. Everyone was talking and laughing. They seemed to be getting along well.

How did all this change?

“It’s Lady Qing Luan. She developed a lot of inexpensive drugs.” Song Jincheng realized his doubts and once again flaunted his ancestor. “After the use of medicine became widespread, the survival rate of mortals rose. Lady Qing Luan recruited mortals into the Medicine King’s Valley to become doctors, opening clinics and hospitals in all parts of the immortal realm…During that period, it was the dark times, the immortal realm suffered heavy casualties and severely lacked manpower. Everyone saw that the doctors trained by the Medicine King’s Valley were quite good, so they gave a lot of the work to mortals. Craftsmen, doctors, farmers…I can’t name them all. In any case, there were more and more mortals, and everyone got used to it. Some mortals who were smart and had good spiritual roots got the opportunity to become cultivators. They’ve explored ways to deal with meridian defects and many have broken through to Core Formation. The Bai Lu Academy in the Northern Continent is a sect created by mortals. They only accept mortal disciples and they’re quite big.”

Song Qingshi praised, “Lady Qing Luan was truly an amazing woman.”

Song Jincheng was very proud. “Apart from the fact that she wrote too many medical and academic books that torment us half to death, everything else she did was pretty good.”

“Qing Luan isn’t that great, she just sorted out your-… Shizun‘s data and information, and then simplified it.” Feng Jun couldn’t help laughing when he saw Song Qingshi being turned crooked by this bear kid. He couldn’t help but smile. “Shizun left too many thing, many of which were too difficult. Qing Luan herself didn’t learn everything, far from it. She gave up the rare and difficult medical techniques and pill prescriptions, and focused her study on common diseases and common treatment techniques. She then summed them up into a set of teaching materials that everyone could learn, enabling the training of doctors in large numbers.”

Song Qingshi’s talents were outstanding and he was obsessed with medicine. He obtained the Medicine King’s Inheritance and studied for a thousand years. His piles of prescriptions, medical books, and experimental data were as high as mountains. Take for example bone injuries; he had 84

treatment methods for it. Qing Luan only selected eight of the most commonly used. She simplified the prescriptions, and then typed it into textbooks.

The difference was probably…

Song Qingshi's technique could heal a hundred people, each of them would recover perfectly without any after effects. But it was expensive and difficult to learn. He was only able to raise one apprentice, Yue Wuhuan.

Qing Luan's simplified technique could only cure 90 people, and there was a chance there would be after effects. But she could quickly train thousands of doctors and cover the entire world. Relying on low prices, they healed hundreds of thousands, millions of the same kind of patient.

Which of the two methods was better could not be debated.

However, it was Song Qingshi's research that served as the cornerstone of all this.

Feng Jun leaned on Song Qingshi's shoulder and whispered, "I've done all that you've instructed me to do."

Whether it was protecting the Medicine King's Valley, following the will of the Grand Master, helping Qing Luan become a good doctor, promoting her ideas, or even allowing room for tolerance during his revenge, not allowing the world to be destroyed, he had tried his best to do it all…He even took care of that loathsome correct answer…

He listened to his every word.

Song Qingshi thought he was talking about the ship, and held his hand tightly, "Thank you."

Feng Jun looked at the white fingertips exposed under the robe, and asked eagerly, "Can I get a reward?"

Song Qingshi said, straight-forward, "I'll give you a reward. I'll give you whatever you want."

Feng Jun licked his lips and said ambiguously, “Tonight, I’ll go to you. Should we…study in bed?”

Song Qingshi was even happier. “Okay, I’ll stay with you all night. We can study as many books as you want.”

…

Song Jincheng hid to one side, feeling that Song Qingshi had already been deeply dazzled by Feng Jun. No matter if it was the look in his eyes or the way his voice sounded, it was all full of affection…

A single man and a single “woman” making an appointment to study at night? Although he was a chick, he know how these things went. They’ll read books about planting first, and then when they’ve gotten enough fruit, then they’ll read the books about agriculture, studying about plowing a field in spring, irrigation and sowing seeds…

Seeing how happy Song Qingshi’s was, he probably didn’t know that he wasn’t going to be the one doing the plowing, rather he was the field waiting to be plowed.

It was so pitiful…

He could understand Song Qingshi’s feelings. Having a stunning beauty like Feng Jun throwing herself into your arms, was something a man would never be able to endure. However… Feng Jun was not a woman, but the devil king of the Inextinguishable Peak. An existence that was one step away from ascending. How powerful could such a person be? Add to that those terrifying vines. This land that was Song Qingshi, was probably going plowed crippled, right?

Seeing a friend in trouble, but not daring to help, what kind of hero was he?

Song Jincheng hid in the corner, faced the wall and closed his eyes. He won’t look anymore…

Song Qingshi and Feng Jun discussed the issue of the Foul Demons for a while. They then saw that Song Jincheng was squatting in a corner sullenly drawing circles, mumbling something about the code of brotherhood. Thinking that he was worried about his friend in the Heaven Martial Sect, Song Qingshi walked over to comfort him, “Your friend is fine, don’t worry too much. When we go back, I’ll help you and intercede with Yue Xiansheng to lighten your punishment.”

Song Jincheng turned his head, looked at his sincere and kind eyes, and thought of what was about to happen to him in the future. He felt even sorrier for his friend. He felt guilty and blamed himself. Finally, he steeled his heart and took out a small porcelain box from his mustard bag and stuffed it into Song Qingshi’s hand. He said gravely, “I bought it for you in the pharmacy. Your xiongdi can only help up to here.”

Song Qingshi opened the porcelain box, at a loss. He found that it was a box of some sort of silky cream. It smelled of sweet osmanthus, and had anti-inflammatory and analgesic medicine added to it. It didn’t seem like ordinary wound medicine. He thought carefully and asked, “Where is this medicine used?”

Song Jincheng patted him on the shoulder and said sadly, “When the time comes give it to Feng Jun, he'll like it.”

Although Song Qingshi had never used this kind of medicine, he had a wealth of medical knowledge and had studied all types of medicines. After thinking about it for a while, he understood. He quietly glanced at the gentle and beautiful Feng Jun. He had a feeling that Song Jincheng thought of himself as some kind of womanizer. But it’s not easy to justify that he wasn’t boorish.

Feng Jun was already his boyfriend, and the two were dating with the intention of someday being Daoist companions. Some things will happen naturally when they were ready.

He has studied medicine for many years and has studied various physiological structures and responses. He wasn’t going to blush talking about s*x. After thinking about it, he generously put the porcelain box away

and told Song Jincheng, “You don’t need to buy these for me. When I want to use it, I can just blend some myself.”

Song Jincheng was dumbfounded.

Feng Jun heard everything.

He thought for a moment, and pretended not to have heard.

…

In the evening, the magic ship descended near the Heaven Martial Sect.

Song Qingshi looked at Song Jincheng and wanted to ask him how to announce their arrival. As a result, the kid mysteriously led their party around a couple of times, found a hidden corner and after confirming that there was no dog hole hidden behind the underbrush, rolled up his sleeves, and started climbing the wall.

Song Qingshi’s face turned dark. He pulled him to a stop and asked, “What are you doing?”

“A’Yu’s father said before that he was going to beat me as soon as he sets eyes on me.” Song Jincheng said solemnly, “Don’t worry, I have a map of Heaven Martial Sect and know where the disciples’ quarters are. Once I’ve figured my way around, I’ll find a corner to hide in. If I imitate a crow’s call, A’Yu will know that I’m here.”

Yuwen Yu was a rare once in a century genius sword cultivator. He formed his Golden Core at the age of eighteen. Heaven Martial Sect regarded him as the hope of their sect and they did their best to train him. He lived up to their expectations, abiding by the rules, practicing diligently, and never giving his elders anything to worry about.

However, after letting him recuperate in the Medicine King’s Valley for half a year, Song Jincheng led him astray! Not only did he teach him to jump over the wall to play truant, seduce girls, get into fights, and commit all kind of outrages, he even secretly took him drinking, getting him

ridiculously drunk and getting involved in all sorts of embarrassing situations… Finally, Heaven Martial Sect's Sect Master intervened and the two were both given lashing, fifty each. Yuwen Yu tried to protect Song Jincheng and tried to take the blame for him. In the end, the two received thirty lashings more for talking back to their elders.

Song Qingshi said whole-heartedly and with all sincerity, "I want to hit you too."

"A'Yu is very pitiful," Song Jincheng insisted. "His father has put the future of the whole sect entirely on his shoulders. A'Yu had no childhood and he has no close friends. He has been cultivating every day since he was three. Every time he makes a mistakes, he gets a whipping. We're obviously around the same age, but he talks like an old man. He's so by the rules that no one wants to approach him. I couldn't stand his pedantic issues so I tricked him into going out to play. He said he didn't want to but he ended up having more fun than I did…"

The scholar-tyrant was led astray by the slacker into not liking to study anymore.

Song Qingshi could understand why Heaven Martial Sect's Sect Master wouldn't allow Song Jincheng to approach his son. Song Qingshi had been very steadfast in his studies of his Dao Heart but he was seduced away by Song Jincheng. He spent many days reading numerous novels through the night. If it weren't for his serious injuries, making it inconvenient, Song Jincheng might have dragged him to go to the flower house to watch the performances…It was said that there was a Lady Gongsun, who was an excellent lute player. One song of yearning would reverberate around the rafters for three days, making the listeners shed tears.

He liked music and wanted to listen, but he was afraid that Feng Jun would be angry, so he didn't dare to…

Song Qingshi was a little worried. He had no identity and no name card either. It wouldn't be easy for him to get in. Even if he managed to get through the door, he couldn't lie. How could he explain to the Sect Master

why he wanted to see his son? He was afraid that he'd be beaten as soon as he mentions the words "Song Jincheng".

Feng Jun reminded, "I saw a token in your mustard bag. Why don't you try using that?"

Song Qingshi remembered that this token was used to withdraw money. It should be similar to a bank card, right?

He couldn't think of any other way so they tried knocking on the door and showed the doorman the Phoenix token. Unexpectedly, the doorman was frightened and ran back to report. A red bird flitted across the sky, and within a moment, the Sect Master of Heaven Martial Sect came to greet them personally. With an extremely deferential attitude, he welcomed them into the main hall. He asked them to take the seat of honor and had the table spread with spirit tea and immortal fruits.

They seemed to be getting the VIP treatment? It's too grand…

Song Qingshi was overwhelmed by the gracious treatment and cautiously asked Feng Jun, "Does he owe me money?"

Chapter 97: Misunderstandings One after Another

Feng Jun thought for a while, then gave a low chuckle, “Maybe he owes Yue Xiansheng money.”

Song Qingshi suddenly saw the light and felt a lot more at ease.

The Heaven Martial Sect was a sword cultivating sect with a long history. The head of the sect is called Yuwen Yan, and he has cultivated to Nascent Soul. He was known for his dignified appearance and upright, plainspoken manner. He’s always had a reputation as a virtuous and capable person.

During the dark period, the major sects teamed up to destroy the atrocities of the Inextinguishable Peak. The two sides fought for a millennia, and in the end, they were defeated. All the powers above Nascent Soul died, and the rest of the sect members either fell or fled. Many of the low-profile sects seized the opportunity to develop, relying on the Inextinguishable Peak by either becoming a subsidiary or acknowledging allegiance. They gradually grew stronger. The Heaven Martial Sect was one of them.

Although the Inextinguishable Peak established many rules, they were not difficult to follow. It would be fine so long as you got used to it. If someone were to break the rules — committing murder for treasure, committing massacre, engaging in slave trade, oppressing the people, etc. — as long as these matters were brought to the Inextinguishable Peak, the god would send someone to deal with it.

Gradually, the cultivators who committed evil deeds died, and the cultivators who abided by the rules increased. Since it was difficult to be opportunistic and engage in dishonest practices, hard work and luck became more important…

Nowadays, the emissaries from the god carrying the Phoenix token have descended upon the Heaven Martial Sect. This was equivalent to the god coming himself. They were facing imminent catastrophe. Usually, if someone in the sect has committed a very serious crime, the god’s emissary

would bring their soul back to be hung and tortured upon the Inextinguishable Peak.

Yuwen Yan's heart was beating like a drum. The sect's two Fen Shen ancestors were both in closed door cultivation, and the elders haven't gone out. Could it be that some troublesome disciple had broken the rules? Although the entire sect wouldn't be implicated so long as the humbly apologized and handed over the offender; if this matter spreads out, the Heaven Martial Sect's thousand-year unblemished reputation would be destroyed in one fell swoop…

Fortunately, shenjun's messenger had also brought good news, saying that the emissary had traveled incognito and didn't want to publicize his identity. It would be fine as long as he cooperated.

Yu Wenyan composed himself. He looked at the young-looking Song Qingshi, and the exquisitely beautiful Feng Jun beside him. Even though the both of them were only Foundation Building cultivators, it only made him feel even more disturbed—the god had thousands of incarnations in this world, some would even pose as mortals. A mere Foundation Building cultivators wouldn't be able to obtain the god's Phoenix token. Add to that the summons from the divine bird. All these indicated that one of the two must be an incarnations of the god in disguise.

Song Qingshi saw that the middle-aged cultivator's expression was getting darker and darker. His heart couldn't bear it, but he also couldn't help him out and excuse his debt on behalf of Yue Xiansheng. He said comfortingly, "Don't be afraid. I'm here to look for someone."

Hearing the expected answer, Yuwen Yan closed his eyes. He took a long, deep breath, and resolutely said, "Speak, I will bring him."

Before he came to meet with them, he had discussed with the elders. No matter which evil creature had committed the crime, the Heaven Martial Sect would immediately hand them over. They will be given the capital punishment to eliminate abuses and clear the air, and maintain the sect's reputation.

Song Qingshi saw that he was very open to discussion and said candidly, “I’m looking for Yuwen Yu.”

“What?” Yuwen Yan couldn’t believe his ears, and asked for the name again. When he answered affirmatively, he suffered a great blow. He could no longer stand steady on his feet and staggered to a sit on the wooden armchair. He was panting heavily and could not speak for a long time. Yuwen Yu was not only his only son, but also the owner of a rare single thunder-type spiritual root. He was a genius with the sword, had excellent meridians, and a firm Dao heart.

The entire Heaven Martial Sect had great expectations for him, hoping that he would become their third Fen Shen ancestor. Maybe he could go even further, become a Heti or a Chu Qiao cultivator. If he was lucky, his future might be even brighter. But now…

Seeing him like this, Song Qingshi thought he was having a heart attack and became a little flustered. He hurriedly searched for a Heart Protection pill in his mustard seed bag.

Yuwen Yan managed to catch his breath. Tears started streaming down. “He is a worthless son, but he has received his parents’ instructions since he was young. He has scrupulously abided by the law and he is honest and well-behaved. How could he have possibly done such evil?”

Song Qingshi tried to understand the meaning of his words. “You mean… your son has done something bad and was punished, so he hasn’t had the time to reply to Jincheng?”

The two looked blankly at each other and were silent for a long time. Both of them felt that something was wrong.

Feng Jun couldn’t stand it anymore and knocked on the table. “Yuwen Yu has done nothing wrong, but a friend wants to see him. It seemed easiest to call on the sect master.”

In recent years, Phoenix tokens have rarely appeared in the immortal realm, causing this big misunderstanding.

Yuwen Yan didn't understand why they would go to such troubles to see his son but he didn't dare ask too closely. He stood up from the armchair and with his face a little red, he apologized to everyone. Suddenly he remembered the name that the envoy had just mentioned… Something Jincheng? He was startled, and slowly looked behind the two of them. He discovered that there was still another person standing there, hiding his head and covering his tail, being very evasive, looking like he wanted to shove his head into the ground.

There was only one person who could be this unprincipled.

Yuwen Yan said angrily, "Song Jincheng? You dare to come here?"

Song Jincheng couldn't hide no matter how much he wanted to. He shrank back even as he bowed in salute, "Hello, uncle."

"Who is your uncle?" Yuwen Yan wanted to beat the shameless little brat and have him stay far away from his son. But thinking of how he had followed the god's envoy here, and seeing that they seemed to have a good relationship, he had to hold down his anger and be amiable. He explained, "Yu'er went to the Yuan Ming secret realm a while ago. He made a mistake, was injured by an evil beast and fell into the river valley. Unexpectedly, he was given a lucky chance. He found Sword Master Mo Yuan's sword. He also found a magic weapon left by Sword Master Mo Yuan. There is a strange formation on the magic weapon. He has shut himself in his room and has been studying it for more than two months, but he still hasn't made a breakthrough…"

Song Jincheng immediately understood and said angrily, "What mistake did A'Yu make? He's injured and you still put him in confinement?"

Yuwen Yan's expression kept vacillating as he looked at this brat who was skipping and jumping about, looking to be in the peak of health. Taking a deep breath, he said, "A while ago, you wrote to him saying that you had encountered a life and death crisis and that you did not have long to live. You wanted to go with him to Rong Gui Lane to eat meat buns. You asked him to help you. As a result, he ran away while on the way to the secret realm with his elders to gather experience. He wanted to see you in the

Medicine King's Valley. He encountered an evil beast along the way. Fortunately, some good came out of the situation…"

"Jincheng had been seriously ill?" Song Qingshi was shocked. He had followed Song Jincheng all the way here, but he hadn't found anything wrong with the other's body. Could it be that his medical skills have regressed?

Feng Jun guessed about what was going on. With a displeased expression, "Explain honestly."

Song Jincheng was terrified, and spilled the beans like a toppled bamboo basket, "My father said that if I failed the exam again, he was going to grab a stick and beat me to death. I studied for half a month but just couldn't memorize it. I couldn't do it. I figured that since I couldn't get past this hurdle, I would definitely be beaten. Rong Gui Lane is in Jinshan City near the Heaven's Martial Sect. I-I wanted to run away from home and come find him. I was going to wait until my father calmed down before going back… Wait, I explained at the end of the letter. I told him not to run around once he comes out of the Yuan Ming secret realm. I told him to wait at home for my signal."

Yuwen Yan's face became even uglier. "I burned half of that letter."

Song Jincheng's letters were never anything good. They either encouraged Yuwen Yu to be lazy and spend his time playing around, or instigated Yuwen Yu to talk back to his elders… He was bringing the future of the Heaven Martial Sect to behave unacceptably. It made him absolutely furious. However, the two of them hid it from their elders and kept up a secret correspondence using pseudonyms. It was hard to guard against every eventuality. He could only burn these letters whenever he got a hold of them.

That day, he saw Yuwen Yu had not been practicing his swordsmanship. He was hiding in a corner sneakily reading a letter. He just knew that it was Song Jincheng's, and unable to restrain his anger, he snatched it away and burned it. As a result, Yuwen Yu only looked at the upper part. He was a serious person who didn't know how to joke. He thought that Song

Jincheng really had met with an accident. Taking advantage of their outing for experience, he secretly left the team, wanting to meet with his friend for the last time. On the way, he encountered a beast and narrowly escaped with his life. He fell into a river valley, suffering several broken bones and serious internal injuries.

The future of the Heaven Martial Sect almost collapsed.

Yuwen Yan interrogated his son's reason for leaving the team. Furious, he placed him in confinement, and had him study Sword Master Mo Yuan's magical weapon while he healed and reflected on his actions. If he couldn't figure it out, he wasn't allowed to go out.

Yuwen Yu kicked up a fuss for a very long time before he stopped.

Yuwen Yan looked at Song Jincheng and clenched his fist around his sword hilt several times, resisting the urge to hack to death the culprit of this entire incident.

Song Jincheng shrank back and hid behind Song Qingshi. After thinking about it, he felt that it was not safe enough, and hid behind the Luminous Dragon, curling up into a ball. Trying to reason things out and reduce the danger, "Uncle, in this matter, we were both wrong so let's call it even? Qingshi Xiongdi, you be our impartial judge."

Song Qingshi was very entangled. He was very earnest in handling matters and he couldn't bear the fact that the Medicine King's Valley had such an ignorant and incompetent fellow who even tried to lead astray another family's scholar-tyrant. But the friendship between the two was sincere… He thought for a long time and then proposed a compromise. "Sect master Yuwen, it would be better to let Jincheng see Yuwen Yu and clear up this misunderstanding. Then, I will take him back to the Medicine King's Valley and hand him over to his elders to be kept under strict control to study hard, turning him into an excellent doctor. ."

Clumsy birds have to start flying early. Diligence cures clumsiness.

When the time comes, he and Yue Xiansheng will both keep a close eye on Song Jincheng. They'll make him answer exercise sheets every day. He simply didn't believe that they wouldn't be able to raise him into a scholar-tyrant!

Once the both of them have become scholar-tyrants who love studying, then they can be friends.

Feng Jun nodded. "That's a good proposal."

Song Jincheng's face turned pale. He gritted his teeth and conceded.

Yuwen Yan knew that he too was at fault in this matter. Some of his heart's grievances quieted down and he took the three of them to see Yuwen Yu.

Yuwen Yu was a bright and handsome young man. He was recovering from his injuries and was also very worried about his friend's life and death. Now, he's lost a lot of weight. His face was pale and haggard. He was seated on a soft couch, with a black fox fur robe draped over his shoulders. Face pale, he tossed the magical weapon from hand to hand. This magic weapon was a thick ring of a dark golden color. The material looked like gold or iron. Complex formations and a nearly extinct ancient texts were engraved on its surface. A hand could just pass through the middle, but unlike jewelry, it would emit a clear and melodious sound when shaken.

He was sure that this artifact belonged to Sword Master Mo Yuan. The formation on it was brilliant. However, after studying for a long time and trying various methods such as dripping blood to have it recognize its master, he couldn't even make out what kind of weapon it was.

Song Qingshi felt that the ringing sound sounded familiar. He walked in and glanced at Yuwen Yu. He jumped in shock. He grabbed Feng Jun tightly, froze on the spot and rubbed his eyes. He asked quietly, "Can you see something on him?"

Feng Jun carefully looked him up and down for a long while before asking hesitantly, "His complexion isn't very good?"

After Song Qingshi heard Feng Jun's words, he felt even worse.

He saw on Yuwen Yu's body a golden destiny soaring to the sky. Like a luminous bulletin board, it was so bright, it almost blinded him. This thing seemed to be invisible to others. It felt like Professor System was afraid that the stupid student would choose the wrong person and directly marked the word "protagonist" over Yuwen Yu's head. It resolutely slammed into his sea of consciousness. Even if he wanted to ignore it, he simply couldn't.

Song Qingshi aggrievedly recalled his mission.

He was sure that his task was to destroy the most evil villain in the immortal realm, the something something something of the Inextinguishable Peak…

Yuwen Yu has nothing to do with the Inextinguishable Peak, nor was he a villain. He was probably someone else's mission?

Song Qingshi thought about it for a long time.

He suddenly remembered that Professor System had exploded and that there was no one to collect homework. Why was he even bothered about the task? As for other people's tasks, he'll leave it to others to worry about. He still had a lot of Foul Demons to study. Feng Jun was a super smart learning god, and there was nothing more fun than studying with him. The two of them will join hands and they would definitely be able to solve this interesting puzzle that was the Foul Demons.

As for his mission target on the Inextinguishable Peak, he'll wait until he has solved the puzzle, and if he gets the chance to run across him, he'll consider it then.

Song Qingshi thought carefully and made his choice. He then threw all about his mission to the back of his mind and cheered up once again.

Feng Jun carefully observed the changes in his expressions, seeming lost in thought.

Chapter 98: Studying Hard

Question: How should you react if a friend you thought was seriously ill and dying suddenly appeared before you, ruddy-cheeked with health?

Yuwen Yu was dumbfounded for a long while. He then asked hesitantly, “Have you gotten fat?”

“I’m not fat,” Song Jincheng resolutely denied. He’d been staying day after day beside the big devil king in a constant state of anxiety. He was worried about his friend’s life and chastity. On top of that, he was also serving the devil snake. He was mentally exhausted. “I’ve been stressed recently. I ate too many sweets, and I’m a little bloated. I’ll be fine soon enough.”

Yuwen Yu thought for a while and agreed, “I saw wrong.”

The two were silent for a long time.

Song Jincheng was the first to react, apologizing with all he had, swearing to the heavens that it wasn’t intentional. He very nearly kowtowed before his hapless friend. “Please don’t be angry.”

Yuwen Yu was momentarily stunned. He asked in reply, “Isn’t it a good thing that you’re okay? Why should I be angry?”

Who would wish for their friend to have met with some mishap? Finding it was a misunderstanding was naturally a happy event.

Song Jincheng thought about it, and felt that what he said made a lot of sense and couldn’t refute it.

The two of them finally completely resolved the situation. Song Jincheng’s heart was like the sea, never holding onto anything. After confirming that his friend wasn’t angry, and that his friend’s father wasn’t going to hit him out of respect for Song Qingshi, he forgot all about being afraid. He picked up the circular instrument in Yuwen Yu’s hand, shook it and listened to the ringing. He smiled, “I have a feeling I’ve seen this kind of thing somewhere before.”

Song Qingshi finally adapted to the light of destiny on Yuwen Yu's body. He ignored this thing that had nothing to do with him and then focused his attention on the magic weapon in Song Jincheng's hand. He said in surprise, "Isn't this a tiger brace?"

Everyone focused their attention on him.

"This is a bell that travelling doctors use. They carry it with them when collecting herbs. It's used to frighten beasts and to announce their identity." Song Qingshi found that Song Jincheng still looked to be at a loss, and he felt a little suffocated with resentment. "When travelling doctors travel through the countryside, they will shake this bell to remind everyone that they can come see the doctor."

Song Jincheng suddenly realized what it was. "So that's how it is."

Song Qingshi couldn't believe it. "Although tiger braces have long fallen out of use, you're a disciple of the Medicine King's Valley…to some extent, you should know about the history of these medical tools, right? I remember it was written in many medical books. Could it be they're all gone now?"

"No, there are some." Feng Jun said with a gentle smile, "He is simply without learning or skills. The fact that he's harming the Medicine King's Valley's reputation makes his master very unhappy. He really shouldn't. He needs to be taught carefully."

Song Jincheng shuddered and touched the top of his head, feeling worried for his hair.

Everyone became even more puzzled. Mo Yuan was a sword cultivator, so why did he use a tiger brace, a tool used by a medical cultivator, to create a magic weapon? Nowadays, killing someone to rob them of their treasure was strictly prohibited in the immortal realm. The Heaven Martial Sect didn't have any hesitation in the presence of the shenjun's emissary, so they generously handed over the tiger brace to Song Qingshi, letting him study just exactly what it was.

In order to study the prescriptions left by the ancient daneng's, Song Qingshi had a deep knowledge of ancient languages.

He glanced at the script across its surface. He smiled, and explained, "This isn't some magic weapon for killing. It's a puzzle left by Sword Master Mo Yuan. He said that he has spent his entire life on this problem. He has exhausted all means until he went crazy. From beginning to end, he had not found a solution. Taking advantage of moments of lucidity, he used this treasured object he kept by his side to create this illusion formation. He has sealed a thread of his spiritual thought in it, hoping that future generations would find the answer for him."

Sword Master Mo Yuan named this formation "Unsolvable", indicating that there was no danger in breaking through the formation. Anyone who was at Foundation Building or higher could enter. Even if you fail to solve the problem, you could get a reward. From his spiritual thoughts, you could get a sword move he had designed or possibly a rare prescription. If the problem was solved successfully, you might get his inheritance.

Feng Jun studied the formation on its surface and confirmed that what Sword Master Mo Yuan had said was true.

The method to open the magic weapon was to use two kinds of Strange Fires to burn it at the same time. The formation would then automatically activate, bringing everyone around into the illusion.

The Heaven Martial Sect was a sect devoted to swordsmanship. All of them loved swordsmanship to the point of fascination. They were all extremely eager to obtain Sword Master Mo Yuan's swordsmanship. Almost all the disciples wanted to try their luck. Yuwen Yan wanted to send people to find Strange Fires. But Strange Fires were hard to come by. All of them were treasures of the various major sects. For a while, they were afraid this endeavor wouldn't bear any fruit.

Song Qingshi stretched out his hand to make the Red Lotus Fire and the Underworld Ghost Fire appear on his palm at the same time. Solving problems was his hobby. The harder the question, the more he liked it. Now that he had encountered such an interesting problem, it tempted him

terribly. He wanted to solve it. So he relied on his own Strange Fires to propose a cooperation with Heaven Martial Sect. “We’ll all solve the problem together. Anything to do with swordsmanship will belong to you, and the prescriptions would belong to me.”

He wasn’t a sword cultivator and there was no conflict between their interests.

In any case, Song Qingshi was of the Inextinguishable Peak. They had no fear of him going back on his word. And even if he were to renege on his promise, there was nothing the Heaven Martial Sect could do about it.

Feng Jun also expressed interest in Sword Master Mo Yuan’s puzzle.

Yuwen Yan thought for a moment and agreed to cooperate.

Song Jincheng kicked up a fuss about joining. He wanted to take a prescription back and offer it to Yue Xiansheng in an effort to reduce his sentence. In the end, except for the Luminous Dragon who wasn’t interested in this matter, and took the initiative to stay on watch, everyone wanted to try their luck and get some benefits from this formation which offered a reward even if you failed.

There was no limit to the number of people who could enter the formation.

The Heaven’s Martial Sect decided to do it as a collective activity. Everyone would try their luck. Maybe someone would be very lucky, or maybe fortune would favor the foolish and they would accidentally solve the puzzle. Even if they failed, getting more sword moves was also a good thing. Yuwen Yan went to have a meeting with the elders. He called together the disciples and had them make their preparations. He then set a time with Song Qingshi when to enter the formation, preparing to collectively solve the problem.

Song Qingshi once again got that feeling of entering an examination venue. It was so beautiful.

…

That night, in high spirits, he dragged Feng Jun to study. The two lay on the bed and reviewed the information on Sword Master Mo Yuan. While Song Qingshi was taking down notes with a charcoal pencil, Feng Jun suddenly reached out his hand and lightly rubbed his lower abdomen. He then leaned next his ear and asked, “Will you let me see inside?”

“Okay,” Song Qing understood instantly. He immediately lay down, relaxed his body, and dispelled his defensive spiritual power. He moved aside the Strange Fires in his body, and opened his dantian and meridians to the other without any reservation. He said generously, “You can look around as you please.”

A cultivator exposing his dantian in this way, represented absolute trust and willingness to hand over his life to the other.

When Feng Jun had used his Yue Xiansheng incarnation to check Song Qingshi’s body while he was in a coma, he found that his dantian and meridians had many minor injuries. These must have been affected by the self-destruction of his Nascent Soul. He had the mind to investigate further, but he was blocked by the Strange Fires and he didn’t dare force his way through. He decided to wait for Song Qingshi’s body to recuperate before doing this but now, he was going to enter the formation to solve this puzzle… Although the formation didn’t seem to be dangerous, he was still worried. Seeing that his body had mostly recovered and could now endure it, Feng Jun decided to deal with these injuries ahead of schedule.

He used his mental probe to explore into his dantian. He then used his spiritual power to follow each meridian, carefully inspecting them. As expected, he encountered a lot of obstructions.

Having another’s spiritual power circulating in your meridians and having your own spiritual power in your meridians, were two kinds of sensations. It was especially tingling and crisp, like having ants crawling.

Song Qingshi was extremely uncomfortable and he couldn’t help twisting his body. Imploring, he asked, “Are you done?”

“Bear with it a little. Don’t move around,” Feng Jun looked at his scarred dantian with heartache and worry. Seeing that Song Qingshi was ticklish, his movements became more and more dishonest. When Song Qingshi tried to escape, he directly used the Blood King Vine to tightly wrap around his hands, feet and waist, confining him to the bed, prohibiting him from struggling. He then quickly combed through his meridians and coaxed, “Behave. It won’t hurt.”

He didn’t intend to let him refuse, so he directly took out a whole set of golden needles as well as several medicines that he had prepared long ago.

When Song Qingshi saw the medicines, he felt flustered. The Zifu Pill, the Golden Lotus Mysterious Fire Pill, the Meridian Reconstruction Pill… all were rare top-grade pills. What they all had in common was that they were all used to quickly repair the aantian and the meridians, and also…taking them was painful and uncomfortable… …

Although he knew how to make these medicines, he didn’t have the ingredients. He had originally planned to spend a few years to gradually repair his dantian and meridians. He never thought that Feng Jun would have already prepared the tools and medicines early on. Feng Jun didn’t hesitate to use force in order to succeed.

Song Qingshi calmed down. Suddenly, he felt a little shy. He had long guessed that Feng Jun’s cultivation base was not at Foundation Building, and that it might be much higher than his own. Now, Feng Jun’s willingness to give him his spiritual power to strengthen his meridians and help him cultivate was a good thing. This method produced quick and excellent results. A doctor needed to have superb skills in order to pull off this technique. On top of that, it would cause harm to Feng Jun’s cultivation. Even if he was his boyfriend, he was still embarrassed to have him do this kind of thing…

However, he knew that Feng Jun was right, and the earlier his dantian and meridians were repaired, the better. He mustn’t be unreasonable.

Feng Jun comforted, “Relax your body. Don’t be afraid, and leave everything to me.”

Song Qingshi nodded firmly. “Okay.”

He gave up the struggle and let the Blood King Vine take off his clothes, exposing every inch of his skin.

Feng Jun didn’t have any amorous intentions. He used his mental probe to confirm the location of the blockages in his meridians. He then quickly inserted the needles. According to the unique acupuncture technique that Song Qingshi had developed before, he induced a slight local anesthesia to relieve the pain. He had already prepared these things many years ago. He has practiced it many times, and was very proficient at it.

Song Qingshi took a look at his acupuncture technique and he could tell that he was a master. He finally calmed down.

Feng Jun pierced him with eighty-nine gold needles. After thinking about it, he still felt uneasy, so he also had the Blood King Vine restrain him, before letting him take the pill. The first pill was the Zifu Pill, used to restore his dantian. When the medicine dissolves and spreads, it first brings a warm comfort but as time goes on, it gets hotter and hotter.

The past years, the Inextinguishable Peak has collected countless secret methods and skills. Feng Jun has studied several methods of safely transporting spiritual power. When he saw that Song Qingshi was no longer resisting, that he had even closed his eyes in comfort, he seized the opportunity to transfer a large amount of spiritual power into his dantian, maximizing the effect of the medicine, not only repairing every wound, but also directly expanding the spiritual power in his dantian to the Great Perfection of Foundation Building. After that, it would continue to work, soothing and stabilizing.

Song Qingshi felt a raging fire ignite throughout his entire dantian. He was almost bursting with Feng Jun’s spiritual power. He finally realized that the other didn’t intend to just use a small amount of spiritual power to heal him, but wanted to directly form his Golden Core. He was filled with pain and worry. Struggling, he cried out, “Don’t! It’ll break! Stop! Don’t do this!”

Feng Jun answered him coldly, “Bear with it.”

The immortal realm was full of danger. One's cultivation base was very important. He could not indulge Song Qingshi in this matter.

Song Qingshi endured bitterly, tears almost poured out from his eyes. He finally got used to the swelling feeling in his dantian. His mind was a blank. His entire person was unwell. Feng Jun forcibly pried open his teeth and fed the Golden Lotus Mysterious Fire Pill and the Meridian Reconstruction Pill…

Feng Jun used his mouth to transfer to him a mouthful of spirit tea, allowing the medicines to dissolve. He comforted again, "It won't hurt."

The anesthesia induced by the golden needles did eliminate the pain, but there was still an extremely terrible itching…

Feng Jun himself tried these medicines several times, and felt that they weren't too difficult to bear.

However, Song Qingshi's body was extremely sensitive; he could bear the pain, but he couldn't bear the tickling sensation. He was tortured by the medicines until tears came out. He didn't quite laugh, nor did he quite cry. He could only frantically twist his waist, wanting to reach out to scratch. But no matter how much he struggled, he couldn't break free from the Blood King Vines. He cried for a long time and finally, he reached his limit. He lost his reason, and kept begging for mercy, "Please, let me go. Let's do it next time. I can't do it anymore. I really can't…"

Feng Jun saw how he was suffering, and felt a little remorseful. But he wanted to pour his spiritual power into him and help him produce a perfect Golden Core. These sufferings would have to be experienced sooner or later. Better to bear brief sharp pains than lasting dull ones… Moreover, once you've shot the arrow, there's no getting it back. The medicine was already taking effect and it couldn't be stopped. It was better to get it done all at once. He held Song Qingshi as he combed through his meridians with his spiritual power, all while constantly softly apologizing, "I'm sorry, it will all be all right soon. You can beat and scold me afterwards…"

Song Qingshi used his little remaining rationality and whispered, "I won't."

Feng Jun kissed his lips and hardened his heart. He once again poured in his spiritual power.

Song Qingshi cried again.

…

Song Jincheng and Yuwen Yu were chatting as they strolled through the courtyard.

Yuwen Yu heard a faint cry from the guest room, and asked worriedly, “Could something be the matter?”

Song Jincheng listened carefully and confirmed that it was Song Qingshi’s voice. He understood that a tragedy was underway. He sighed and forcibly pulled away the Yuwen Yu who only had complete innocence writ across his face. “They’re studying hard. Don’t mind them. Don’t ask, just close your eyes. Let’s just take this as though this never happened…”

He believed that with the help of the medicine, his xiongdi would be able to survive through this.

Translator’s note:

A tiger brace is called as such because legend has it that Medicine King Sun Simiao took a copper ring to keep a tiger’s mouth open while he passed his hand through the center of the ring to reach down its throat and pick out a bone lodged in its throat. After the copper ring was retrieved the tiger kept nodding in thanks. It has then been transformed into a handbell.

Traveling doctors declared their skills based on where they shook the handbell — the chest, shoulder or above their head. The higher, the better the doctor. But they couldn’t shake it in pharmacies as a sign of respect for Sun Simiao.

Chapter 99: Mo Yuan's Memories

Song Qingshi's face was covered in tears. His voice had gone hoarse from crying. The uncomfortable feeling finally faded, but the matter wasn't over yet. He needed to face it firmly and finish everything he needed to do. Feng Jun asked for some water for him. He cleaned his body and rested for a bit. Feng Jun then took him to a remote field and put up various shielding formations. He then had him take the medicine again, ruthlessly starting another round of torment, until his Golden Core was formed.

The sky grew thick with dark clouds. The Lightning Tribulation was approaching.

Feng Jun was afraid that Heavenly Dao would not abide by the rules, so he took all protective measures to guard him by his side.

Fortunately, the difficulty of the Lightning Tribulation this time was normal, and nothing unexpected happened.

Song Qingshi took medicine to temporarily restore his physical strength. He forced himself to raise his spirits and concentrate. He skillfully moved about the twin fires in his body. With countless magical instruments and spells, he successfully passed the test of heaven and earth. In the end, the dark clouds dispersed. His body and Golden Core, thru the tempering of the thunder and lightning, became even more perfect.

It was finally over.

Song Qingshi was lying on the ground, feeling like his whole body had been hollowed out. He was tired and he was aching all over. He couldn't even move a finger. Feng Jun came over. Concerned, he asked a lot of questions and said a lot of gentle words, but Song Qingshi couldn't hear him at all. He only had time to say a heartfelt "thank you" to Feng Jun before he fainted.

Feng Jun hugged him into his arms. Once he checked that there were no problems with his Golden Core he finally felt relieved. He gently kissed the

messy hair of the person in his arms. He wanted to let go but was reluctant to part with this clean scent he had been longing for day and night. This was the entanglement in his heart, as if he had been poisoned by addiction.

“There is no need for thanks.”

“Everything you had before, I will find for you; I will give you everything you want…”

“Body, heart, life, soul, everything I have, I can give to you…”

“Let me be your only answer…”

…

The next day, Song Qingshi was sore all over. He didn’t want to get up. With a robe draped over him, he lay on the chaise couch, studying prescriptions. Feng Jun was preparing a pill furnace and alchemy workshop for him. He planned to use the resources at hand to refine a batch of basic pills. Knowing that he was good at alchemy, the Heaven Martial Sect happily provided many medicinal materials, hoping to get a portion of the finished products.

Song Jincheng came to visit with some buns from Rong Gui Lane. Finding him listless and his voice hoarse, he looked guilty for some reason. For a long time, he appeared as though he wanted to say something but couldn’t. He then asked carefully, “Did you suffer a serious hardship last night?”

Song Qingshi remembered last night’s difficulties. He was ill at ease from head to foot. He felt as if ants were still crawling all over him. He moved his body with difficulty and not wanting to talk about this topic, said, “En, it’s all over.”

The rims of Song Jincheng’s eyes turned red. “Have you taken medicine?”

Song Qingshi answered honestly, “I have.”

“That’s good,” Song Jincheng saw that although he had endured the pain, his body seemed to be okay. His will was strong and he had no thoughts of

suicide. He also had no intention of blaming himself. He finally felt relieved and thoughtlessly comforted him, “There’s nothing that can be done about this kind of thing. If you broaden your heart, there is no obstacle in the world that you would not be able to get through.”

He wanted to say a few more inspiring words but seeing Feng Jun’s figure from a distance, like a mouse who’d seen a cat, he immediately slipped away with his tail pressed down.

Song Qingshi couldn’t make heads or tails of it. He felt that this child was even stupider than he originally thought.

Feng Jun had prepared several pill furnaces. He threw all thoughts of that fool aside and happily got up. He pulled in Feng Jun to refine pills together. He found that Feng Jun’s alchemy techniques were also very good, and that he could tacitly cooperate with him. He was so happy he nearly cried. He had no idea how he was able to meet such a beautiful learning god. He must have been saving up several lifetimes’ worth of good fortune.

He would definitely obediently listen to Feng Jun and be a boyfriend of Confucius' Twenty-four Filial Exemplars.

Although he was not as amazing, not as beautiful, and, it seems, not as rich as Feng Jun? But he will cultivate diligently. He’ll buy a big house, buy a luxurious magic ship, then buy a ring to propose. They’ll hold a ceremony for their ceremony to be Daoist companions. Not a single step will be missed. He mustn’t let others make fun of Feng Jun for settling for a useless a man who freeloaded off him.

With courageous spirit, Song Qingshi planned the future while refining pills.

…

After busying for several days, the Heaven Martial Sect was finally prepared to enter the formation and solve the puzzle. The Fen Shen ancestors set up a large defensive formation, and then hundreds of disciples gathered on the martial arts field, sitting properly, silence reigned all

around. Feng Jun quietly summoned his red bird incarnation and had it stay nearby, being vigilant and wary of his surroundings.

Sword Master Mo Yuan's puzzle formation was not dangerous. You could give up answering the puzzle at any time, choosing to fail and withdrawing from the array.

Everyone has only one chance to enter the formation and solve the problem. They won't be able to come back after they quit.

After Yuwen Yan explained the rules to everyone, Song Qingshi let the two Strange Fires appear on his palms. He then slowly condensed them into a red and black lotus flower. This was his Life Artifact and it emerged in his mind after he reached Core Formation. It spontaneously appeared, like it was instinct.

This was probably part of his lost memories.

While Song Qingshi keeping things in mind, he held onto the tiger brace and used refining techniques to evenly distribute the two kinds of Strange Fires onto the copper ring. The iron lotus seeds inside the copper ring moved, making a crisp and sweet sound. The ringing sounded more and more anxious as time went on. It went faster and faster, and then the formations on its surface lit up one by one, emitting a magnificent golden red halo, which gradually spread like mist, covering the entire martial arts field.

The fog became thicker and thicker, and their surroundings turned quiet.

Song Qingshi's consciousness went dim. He waited for a long time and then, the fog dispersed and his surroundings became clear. He was surprised to find that his body had become smaller, as if… he had reverted back to when he was twelve or thirteen years old. His cultivation level had also fallen back to when he began his Qi-Refining stage. However, he was even worse off than he had been back then. He wasn't cultivating the Cold Jade Technique, instead he was practicing a rubbish technique that could be seen everywhere. Fortunately, he was young, and his body was so weak that there was only a small flame left of the twin flames in his body. It was so

small it was only enough to light fire in the kitchen. He was just barely able to suppress it with his spiritual power. He had no mustard seed bag, no spirit stones or any valuables. He only had a few golden needles and a few simple herbs in his pocket.

The passing cultivators threw disdainful glances at him. A kind female cultivator threw a broken piece of silver to him.

Song Qingshi looked at his tattered clothes and the mud under his fingernails, gotten by digging for herbs. Dejectedly, he thought about it for a long time. Suspecting that the other party had thought him a beggar, he picked up the silver and wanted to give it back to the female cultivator. However, he found that he couldn't speak. He could only utter simple sounds.

The kind-hearted female cultivator's eyes became even more filled with pity. She gave him two more silvers and told him to buy himself something good to eat.

Song Qingshi cupped the silver in his hands and became even more dejected.

At this moment, a very classy man's voice resounded in his mind. The way he spoke was a bit like Feng Jun, but it was lower, with an indescribable sadness. "Excuse me, are you willing to save me?"

When Song Qingshi heard the question, he immediately became spirited. He quickly replied, "Yes!"

He was a doctor. Saving people was his expertise!

The voice in his mind disappeared. After a long while, the task appeared in Song Qingshi's sea of consciousness:

The novel "Record of a Blossom Floating on the Sea of Retribution" was about a beautiful young man named Qu Yurong. He was originally the tsundere little son of a famous composer in the immortal realm. He was pampered with a life of luxury. He was praised like the moon the stars

cupped themselves around. However, the good times didn't last long. The Qu Family encountered an enemy's violent treachery and was exterminated. He lost all his backing. The enemy discovered his water-type single spiritual root body and stunning beauty. He deliberately humiliated him and sold him to the most famous flower house in the immortal realm, making him into a xiao guan. The succeeding content was inharmonious. It was a story of gratitudes and resentments that involved several men. Lord knows why these men would love him while using all sorts of tricks to torment him. In the end, he finally sunk into bedroom matters and understood its pleasures. He obediently became the exclusive domain of these men, and led a happy life of being pampered.

Song Qingshi was blinded by reading it. He felt that there was a problem with the author's three views. From a psychological point of view, Qu Yurong was suffering from severe Stockholm syndrome. His so-called love was just tortured into becoming a habit. The prisoner took those little bits of tenderness as love and convinced himself to sink.

Now, Qu Yurong had just been sold into the xiao guan brothel and was undergoing pre-job training.

His task was to rescue Qu Yurong from misfortune and let him live a truly happy life.

Song Qingshi felt that the task wasn't difficult. Although he had never done it before, he had an inexplicable feeling that he was very good at this kind of things and he was brimming with confidence.

He was geared up to go at it. He immediately chose to accept the task and confidently went to the Tian Xiang Pavilion described in the book and this pitiful boy named Qu Yurong.

The identity arranged for him by the Formation World was that of a mute who gathered medicinal herbs for a living. When Song Qingshi passed by the store, he looked at himself in a mirror and found that his body was very similar to when he was a child in the immortal realm. He was short and thin to the point of being skinny. His skin was sallow. He had a wretched appearance with eyes that were too big for his features and hair that was

sparse and fizzled. He was a very ugly person. He pondered the matter and his guess was that the formation had adjusted his appearance according to the original tasker, and thus he was reinstated to his childhood appearance. In any case, his actual appearance would be restored when he leaves. There was no need to let it bother him.

Being mute did not affect his being able to write.

Song Qingshi found a wooden board and wrote the words Tian Xiang Pavilion. He asked people using gestures. Along the way, he encountered more than a dozen "illiterate" people. After doing this over and over for a long time, he remembered that during Sword Master Mo Yuan's time, they used ancient script. After changing the font, he finally met a kind person and got the correct answer. He jogged all the way towards his test paper.

He used to be a rough cultivator. He had no friends, spent most of his time in the mountains or in his house. He had never been to a brothel.

For a long time, Song Qingshi stood at the entrance of Tian Xiang Pavilion, thinking how a minor could get in. A passing pimp glanced at him and thinking he was a child who had come to sell himself, wanted to pull open the door. But when he looked at him, he felt that he was too ugly to sell. So, scoffing twice, he immediately shoo-ed him to the side.

Looks like selling himself to get it was a no-go too…

Song Qingshi circled Tian Xiang Pavilion, and suddenly remembered what Song Jincheng had taught him — climb over a wall or burrow through a hole.

When he had expressed his disapproval of climbing over walls, he meant that he didn't approve of using it to be a guest at a friend's house or using it to do bad things. This didn't include climbing over a wall to avoid danger or to rescue people.

Now, his exam required him to climb over the wall as an answer to a question. In that case, up he went.

Without any psychological pressure, Song Qingshi observed his surroundings and made sure that no one was around. He then jumped and climbed up the fence using the big tree next to him.

Tian Xiang Pavilion was an immortal realm brothel. A defensive formation had been lain in the wall. When it was touched, it would give out a warning.

This kind of ancient barrier was very simple and crude. Song Qingshi studied it a little and easily found the position of the eye of the formation. He used a stone to quietly tear a hole through it. He then changed the formation, leaving a hole and then, he snuck in.

It was high noon. It was the brothel's time for rest. It was quiet everywhere, and there was no one around.

He mobilized his spiritual power to make a hand seal. He hid his presence and manipulated a few butterflies, borrowing the eyes of the insects to investigate the surrounding situation. He successfully avoid the guards, and stealthily made his way to the rear of the property where the xiao guan's lived…

"Who are you?"

Suddenly, he heard the voice of a young man as well as the faint sound of iron shackles.

Song Qingshi was taken aback and looked around. Finally, he found the window of a basement. Through the window he could see, sitting inside, was a thin and weak boy dressed in ragged clothes. He was only about fourteen or five years old. His skin was pale from lack of sunlight. He was suffering from chronic malnutrition and was extremely thin. His feet were locked with long iron chains. The chains seemed to have been tied for a long time; they've rubbed bloody wounds around his ankles. His hands were firmly tied behind his back. His whole body was covered with traces of abuse.

He slowly raised his head. His face was marked with two long scars. Like a beautiful jade marked with a flaw, it made him especially eye-catching. It

ruined his features that were originally beautiful enough to cause the fall of a city. His beautiful phoenix eyes couldn't focus. It seemed that he couldn't see anything… …And there was a small red teardrop mole under his left eye.

Song Qingshi was stunned.

Even though the boy's age and appearance were slightly different, and the feeling he gave off was a little different too, he still recognized that this was Feng Jun's appearance.

He hurriedly faced the window and wanted to ask who the other party was. He tried hard for a long time, but the only sounds that came out from his throat were slight squeaks and creaks.

The boy listened for a long time. He couldn't understand what he was trying to say, but he knew that someone was still looking at him. He gently dragged the iron chains around his feet and changed his posture to show his thin waist and perfect long legs. He then smiled, with bewitching seduction in his gentle voice, with words wrapped in honey, he wanted to lead the prey into his sweet trap.

"I haven't heard your voice before. Are you not from here?"

"Please save me, okay? I am willing to serve you."

"My body is still clean. I haven't been touched by any guest. Would you like to have my first time?"

"Are you asking my name?"

"My name is Wuhuan."

Translator's note: There's still time to get those entries in! Here is a submission from mip called Appreciating an Illusion:

Chapter 100: Prioritized Selection

Song Qingshi tried hard to calm himself down. He couldn't be sure what kind of relationship there was between this boy in the dungeon who called himself Wuhuan and Feng Jun. But in any case, he had to rescue him. As for Qu Yurong who was the target of the mission… he thought about the urgency and priority of both matters, and decided to save Wuhuan first. He'll go back to save Qu Yurong later.

Wuhuan heard the breathing of the person outside the window calm down. There was no answer nor any movement. Actually, he hadn't held out much hope. After all, he was notorious for his misdeeds in Tian Xiang Pavilion. The times he used sweet words, pretended to be pitiful, or enticed guests to escape was more than just once or twice. He refused to change despite repeated admonition. The laobao already hated him to the extreme. She had originally planned to wait for his body and beauty to grow before selling him at a high price. Now that his face was broken, the laobao was unwilling to even raise him. She had spread the word that when his punishment this time was over, he would be sold to a guest who had a taste for abuse. He would serve as an example for all new children, so that they would know what would befall them for being disobedient.

It was noontime now, and the dungeon was located in a place where buyers or normal servants weren't allowed.

The person outside the window was probably a guest who has just awakened from a hangover. Judging from the changes in his breathing, he was very interested in his body. Maybe he liked to toy with injured beauties? In short, he couldn't just sit here and wait for death, waiting for bad fortune to descend. He had to try even if it was an uncertain hope. He could only do other things once he has escaped this dungeon.

Wuhuan licked his red lips with the tip of his tongue. He twisted his body, and tried saying something more seductive:

"They all say that I was born to charm. They say that I'm beautiful. Guest, would you like to see my waist?"

“I like pain, the more painful it is the better I like it.”

“If you take me back, you can play with me to your heart’s content…”

“…”

Hearing these words, Song Qingshi only felt distressed. From the condition of the dungeon, he could tell that Wuhuan had been locked up here for a long time. He was seriously injured and in a very bad situation. He also determined that the other party was lying to get rescued. But he couldn’t speak, and he couldn’t communicate with the other party. He had no choice but to stand up, leave the dungeon, and think of a way to rescue him before he could treat him.

He pondered for a long time. Using the memory of a scholar-tyrant and the eyes of the insects, he drew a map of Tian Xiang Pavilion on the ground. According to the structure and orientation of the buildings, he determined the purpose of each one. He then accurately pinpointed the treasure house. He evaded all the formations and guards. He then controlled a few butterflies and moths to carry in sparks of his fire. They flew into the treasure house through the vents and landed on wooden frames or cloth items.

The flame of the Ghost Fire was stronger than ordinary fire, and it would set on fire anything it came across.

Billowing black smoke came out of the treasure house, and the alarm formation was activated, startling the people of Tian Xiang Pavilion. The laobao, with her hair all disheveled, was crying and shouting, yelling and cursing, urging everyone to put out the fire and save the things inside. The treasure house was her life savings. It was the most important existence in Tian Xiang Pavilion. At a time like this, who would care about the disfigured money-losing commodity in the dungeon?

Song Qingshi slipped back to the dungeon without being noticed.

The Ghost Fire was an extremely high-temperature flame. It was also highly corrosive and poisonous. No matter how small the flame, it could be

used as a welding torch. He carefully burned the railings on the window, crawled in, then burned off the iron chains on Wuhuan's feet. He untied the rope binding his hands, and dragged him out through the window.

After much difficulty, Wuhuan finally crawled out of the dungeon. He fell down as soon as he stood up. He tried to support himself against the wall to get up. His legs trembled every time he took a step.

Song Qingshi immediately squatted down and opened the hem of Wuhuan's robe, carefully checking the problem with his leg muscles. He confirmed that it was due to his being imprisoned for too long. He was severely lacking in exercise. His leg had also been broken before and without proper treatment, it wasn't set properly which made walking difficult. This situation was a common injury in the immortal realm. It needed to be re-set. Then it will need massages and rehabilitation. Supplemented with immortal medicines, it could be completely cured.

Wuhuan couldn't see. The only thing he knew was that this man was already groping his legs as soon as he got out of the dungeon. He even pinched painfully from time to time. He was truly a s*x glutton without any sense of shame. He was contemptuous in his heart, but he hadn't escaped danger yet, so he didn't dare be careless. He could only hide his disgust and put on just the right kind of bashful expression on his face. He then obediently pulled up the hem of his robes and softly made a playful posture. He waited for the other party to have gotten enough of touching his legs, then softly persuaded, "Thank you for your life-saving grace. Let's do this more when we get out, okay?"

"Okay." Song Qingshi knew too that examining his condition in this place wasn't very good, so he held back the urge and helped him to walk a few steps. Perceiving that it wasn't easy for him to move about, Song Qingshi took advantage of the houses being deserted to nab an old navy blue robe. He used it to wrap around Wuhuan, covering his appearance and the bloodstains on his body. He then carried him on his back, and quietly jumped over the wall at the spot where he had left a hole in the barrier formation.

He stayed in the mountains all the year round to collect herbs for medicine. Although he looked thin, he was pretty strong. He was able to move about freely with an equally thin Wuhuan on his back. He once again controlled the monitoring butterflies and took a path other people hadn't seen. He avoided being seen and smoothly moved away from Tian Xiang Pavilion.

"My benefactor is not a local?" Wuhuan lay against his back. It was uncomfortable the way the jostling made his bones chafe against his back. He finally discovered that Song Qingshi was just a Qi-refining cultivator, short and thin, and mute on top of that. There was a very clean medicinal smell on his body. It was faint and smelling it brought him comfort. It had an indescribable gentle scent, not disgusting at all.

He was momentarily dazzled by the medicinal fragrance and then, he again remembered the way this person had been touching his thighs. His heart hardened and pretending to know nothing, asked sweetly, "Where are you taking me?"

Song Qingshi placed Wuhuan's hand on his throat and hummed twice, indicating that he could not speak.

Wuhuan took advantage of this reckless move and confirmed the vital spot on his throat. He then retracted his hand.

Now was not the time yet. He also didn't have any suitable tool.

Two years ago, he used this method to trick a lecherous servant into taking him away. Then, when the servant wanted to do something inappropriate to him, he used a stone to kill him and threw him into the river. It was a pity… he didn't have enough experience at the time, and coupled with the obstruction of his eyes, he couldn't accurately judge the direction. After running a short distance, he was caught and brought back.

This time, he couldn't make the same mistake again.

Wuhuan lowered his head. With his sense of hearing and smell, he carefully felt the sensations around him — pine trees, scholar trees, laurel flowers, Lingxin grass, a stream, wild ducks… He remembered the composition of

each complex smell, the source of each small sound. He then made an outline of their surroundings in his mind, remembering the route that they were taking and judging his position to facilitate his escape.

Song Qingshi took him up the mountain.

There was a simple thatched cottage in the weathered crack of the cliff face. It was piled with all sorts of medicinal herbs. There was also a small pill furnace. This was where he lived. Although it was worn-out, everything was clean, just barely meeting the mysophobic requirements of a medical student.

Song Qingshi grumbled inwardly about Sword Master Mo Yuan's stinginess in arranging his mission identity as he placed Wuhuan on a bed of dry thatch. He then he checked the condition of his injuries. He took his hand and tried writing on his palm. He wanted to tell him about his treatment program and that he hoped to get his cooperation.

Ancient writing was a bit difficult, so he racked his brains and forewent the complicated and choose the simple. He wrote for a long time.

"Benefactor, are you asking me something?" Wuhuan felt that he had been drawing on his palm for a long time, and he hesitantly apologized, "I'm sorry, I don't recognize words."

Song Qingshi looked up in amazement. He was struck with a heavy blow.

Wuhuan took his hand back and explained patiently, "I am a mortal with eyes that are unable to see since birth. I was sold to Tian Xiang Pavilion when I was a child. I learned some musical skills and how to serve guests. No one has ever taught me how to read. After all…what's the use of teaching a blind man how to recognize words? I also can't read."

One can't see and the other can't speak.

The communication between the two was completely bottlenecked.

However, Wuhuan's injuries and illness needed treatment.

Song Qingshi had to do it directly. He stretched out his hand and checked the scars on Wuhuan's face. He then opened his eyes to the sun to ascertain the problem inside. He found that Wuhuan's eyes weren't completely damaged, but they had been infected with magnolia delavayi poison. It was like his eyes were covered with a thick layer of fog. He could distinguish shades of light and dark, as well as the blurry outline of things very close to his eyes.

It was not easy to dispel magnolia delavayi poison. He would need to refine the Xuantian Taiming Pill.

Xuantian Taiming Pill was a superb pill that was difficult to refine. The main materials needed were the Purple Spirit Grass, the Enlightenment stone, and the core of a Ten Thousand Year Tortoise. When refining, he would also need to use a good pill furnace to withstand the fire… …

Song Qingshi looked at the simple and crude cottage and the broken pieces of silver he had on hand. He became even more depressed.

He temporarily threw aside this unanswerable question. He then motioned to Wuhuan to take off his clothes and lay on the bed to let him treat the whiplashes on his back. These injuries had not been handled properly, having simply been some given some metal-inflicted wound medicine. Although it was fine for the time being, leaving it as is could very likely lead to fever and even life-threatening conditions. They must be dealt with as soon as possible.

Song Qingshi pulled Wuhuan's clothes, wanting to take them off.

"Can we do it later? I'm not ready yet," Wuhuan was terrified, clutching his clothes tightly. He didn't expect the other party to be in such a hurry for s*x that he didn't even leave him a little bit of time to prepare. He also hasn't found any tool he could use to kill him yet. He could only plead, "My injuries still hasn't healed. I wouldn't be able to bear it. It might spoil my benefactor's mood…"

Song Qingshi kept using gestures and movements to express his intentions: It's just that the injuries on your back is not good, so you need to take off

your clothes and lie down for treatment.

Wuhuan had been trained for many years to take on a lead role in Tian Xiang Pavilion. Although the laobao had kept his body pure in order to be able to sell it at a high price, he was taught a lot of wind and moon matters. He understood everything that he needed to understand. When he sensed Song Qingshi not only pulling his clothes, stretching out his hand to touch the wounds on his back, but also motioning for him to lie on the bed, relax his body and assume a position to be played with…

This person's smell was very clean and comfortable, but his behavior was even more obscene than that of the servant he had killed in the past. It was too deceptive!

Wuhuan was anxious and angry, backing away repeatedly. No matter what, he refused to undress. He kept begging, "The wounds on my body are very painful. Benefactor, please be merciful for a few more days."

Song Qingshi heard him say that his wounds were painful. He didn't know how to explain that the treatment wouldn't hurt. His heart became more anxious. Seeing that the sun was going down quickly and that soon they weren't going to have enough light for the treatment, he hardened his heart. He took out the means to deal with a big bear child, and directly pushed him down on the bed. He tore off his clothes to expose his scarred back, held down his hands and forced treatment.

New wounds overlapped old ones. He had no idea how many times he must have been brutally beaten up.

Song Qingshi gently inspected the wounds to determine their condition.

"No, don't touch me." Wuhuan felt that his back was being touched by cold fingertips. The thing he feared the most was about to happen. He finally lost all rationality and he struggled frantically, cursing incessantly, "You beast! Let me go! Shameless! Trash! Beast! Just kill me!"

He had the body of a mortal and he'd been imprisoned for a long time. He hadn't had anything to eat or drink and he was exhausted. He didn't have

the strength to oppose a cultivator.

Wounds that had already healed over tore open in his fierce struggle, and fresh blood came out once again.

He fiercely bit Song Qingshi's hand. Taking advantage of the other's shock, he broke free from his hold, rolled to the ground and started to crawl towards the outside.

Song Qingshi finally realized that there was a serious misunderstanding in their communication. He didn't know how to deal with such a complicated situation. After thinking for a moment, he decided to use actions to solve it.

He drew out a golden needle and pierced his sleep accu-point.

Wuhuan grew dizzy, the sky was spinning. The scene before his eyes was growing dark. He got up on his feet, swaying. He wanted to go outside, but in the end, he fell against the bosom with that gentle medicinal scent. Before falling into a stupor, he pulled at the lapels of Song Qingshi's robe and begged, despairing,

"Don't hurt me……"

Song Qingshi carried him back to the bed and placed him down carefully. Soundlessly, he mouthed beside his ear,

'Don't be afraid, I will never hurt you.'

…

He didn't know if his words were conveyed to Wuhuan's heart.

However, the scarred teenager finally relaxed and entered into a deep sleep.

Translator's Note: There's only a few days left, so don't forget to get those entries in. Here is one from eli of Yue Wuhuan at chapter 32.

Chapter 101: Communication Exchange

Although the shabby room was simple, it was complete with all the commonly used medicinal materials. There were also many well-made wound medicines.

Tian Xiang Pavilion's laobao, in order to preserve Wuhuan's life and appearance to make her money later on, concentrated the whiplashes to his back and buttocks. The great majority of them were flesh wounds. The more troublesome part were the legs. Their fibulas had already been broken before, but the sham doctor failed to connect them properly, leaving many hidden troubles, resulting in Wuhuan being unable to walk normally.

There are many miracle drugs and secret techniques in the immortal realm. There were rich resources, far better what was available in modern society.

Song Qingshi's strong suit was combining the medical science of both worlds. He has studied for many years and was the number one doctor of the immortal realm. There was no physical wound that he could not cure.

After confirming that Wuhuan's physique was the recovery specialist wood-type spiritual root, he calmed down and chose the simplest method of treatment. Neat and quick, he cut off his clothes that had clung to his skin with blood. He rinsed the wounds with clean water and using a small knife, he cut off the infected and festering parts. He then sutured two wounds that were relatively deeper. He mashed together several wound medicines, blended them into powder and applied them. Finally, taking advantage of his unconscious state, he stuck golden needles on his legs, harmoniously meshed his spiritual power, providing a simple anesthesia. He quickly broke the bones and set it anew.

Wuhuan woke up from the severe pain. Dazed, he realized that he was naked. He felt uncomfortable everywhere and his leg was broken. His heart was filled with despair and his eyes were red. He knew that he had left the wolf's den only to enter a tiger's. That beast was cruel and ruthless. Knowing that he planned to resist, he deliberately broke both his legs and

imprisoned him deep in the mountains to be made into a plaything, making it so that he could never run away…

He wanted to take this beast to die with him!

Wuhuan fumbled around, trying to find a hard object to serve as a weapon. But he didn't have any strength in his body.

Song Qingshi was so busy that his head was covered in sweat. Seeing that he was awake, he quickly stuck in two more needles to increase the anesthetic effect.

As night fell, he finally resolved all of Wuhuan's injuries. He was tightly bandaged from head to toe. He found some clean old clothes for him to change into, and went out to snap off a relatively straight branch. He smoothened out all the edges that might prick his hand and made it into a blind man's stick. He then set it against his bedside, ready for his use.

While Song Qingshi was idle, he began to study his own speaking problems. He checked several times and confirmed that his vocal cords and throat had no problems. Aside from malnutrition, his body wasn't hiding any disease. He thought about it for a long time…and came to the conclusion that this body's speech problems were psychological.

He also had a similar problem when he was young, but it wasn't this serious. After he grew up, he slowly got better. Now, he was still nervous when talking to strangers and sometimes he wouldn't be able to express his meaning, but he had no problem communicating.

Song Qingshi tried producing sounds, but after a few 'ah, ah, ah, ah', he failed again.

He became even more depressed, and felt that Sword Master Mo Yuan really had been too excessive when designing this formation. He completely ignored medical theory, disregarded scientific logic, and forcibly placed in the identity of a person with speech problems, giving him a mouth but disabling him from speaking, restricting his actions. Those times he had

read books about Sword Master Mo Yuan's deeds, building up a bit of admiration for him, all of that had been a waste.

Song Qingshi gave up competing with illogical things and treated them as additional questions on his exam. Although the difficulty was great, it was not insurmountable. He used to lie in a hospital bed for many years. He was not the type to blame the gods and accuse others. No matter how, now, he could run and move, he just couldn't talk. It was much better than when he slowly being paralyzed.

Tomorrow, he will wait for Wuhuan to wake up and check his physical condition. If there were no problems, he would go to Tian Xiang Pavilion to rescue Qu Yurong as well. Qu Yurong used to be a rich, young master. He must surely know how to read. When the time comes, he will write on a sand plate what he wanted to say. He would then borrow Qu Yurong's mouth to communicate with Wuhuan.

When Song Qingshi thought of this, he immediately became optimistic again. He lighted the pill furnace and happily made medicine for Wuhuan.

…

The next day, Wuhuan woke up slowly in bed. He moved his body. There was pain everywhere and his feet were tied to something unknown. He wasn't completely conscious and he couldn't move. He did not know what cruel treatment he had suffered last night…

He heard the footsteps of the "beast" approaching and was seized with panic. He hurriedly fumbled around and unexpectedly came in contact a long stick. Without thinking, he lifted it up and slammed it towards the place where the sound was coming from.

Song Qingshi tenaciously guarded the hot decoction in his hand. Unable to dodge, he ended up being beaten with the stick.

He was just a Qi-refining cultivator. His body was not much stronger than that of a mortal's. He had no body protection provided by spiritual power and his head got several bumps beaten onto it. He nearly cried from the

pain. A small tongue of Underworld Fire appeared beside him, representing that it had perceived an intent to kill. He looked vigilantly towards the outside of the house, and then inside the house, at Wuhuan, whose eyes were flushed with anger. After thinking for a while, he finally understood that the other seemed to want to kill him. He quickly retreated away with the medicine, hiding in the corner, not daring to approach this vicious beauty.

Wuhuan and Feng Jun looked alike, they sounded alike, but their personalities were a bit different…

Feng Jun has never beaten him…

Song Qingshi felt a little wronged, but he still felt Wuhuan had something to do with Feng Jun, and he was reluctant to get angry.

He sat obediently in the corner, waiting for Wuhuan to dispel his anger.

Wuhuan waved his stick in the air several times to confirm that his footsteps had gone far away. Finally, he heaved a sigh of relief.

After a long time, he calmed down slowly and found that his body was full of strong medicinal fragrance. He was wrapped tightly in layers and layers of cloth. He was also wearing clean clothes. There was no pain from that part of his back. It seemed that he had not been violated. He has had no actual experience doing this kind of thing, but he heard a lot of things from the older brothers in Tian Xiang Pavilion. A man was not a woman, and he wouldn't bleed from having a hymen rupture. The fact that it doesn't hurt could be because this beast was short and slight so even his thing was small too?! Or maybe its erectile dysfunction?!

Because Wuhuan couldn't see, his mind was also more sensitive than ordinary people's. He has never met a good person in his life. Bastards who pretend to be good people to deceive him of his body, those he has met several times. It was hard to believe that someone would treat him well for nothing. It was even less believable that a cultivator who visited Tian Xiang Pavilion would be anyone good!

He checked his body carefully, trying to find any trace of him having been played with. However, there was nothing on his body except traces of herbs and treatments. What was strapped to his legs were four, long wooden boards, which seemed to be used to fix the position of his bones. He hesitated for a long time, and couldn't help asking, "What is this?"

He felt a little regretful as soon as he asked. How could he expect the mute to speak?

Wuhuan lowered his head and fell into contemplation.

Song Qingshi stuck out his head and looked around. He observed him for a long time, and when he saw that he didn't seem like he was going to beat him anymore, he cautiously approached, holding the decoction. He scooped a bit of the decoction with a spoon, blew on it, and then sent it to his lips, indicating for him to take it.

"I don't like taking medicine, it's too bitter." Wuhuan smelled the scent of the decoction, and hurriedly turned his head to avoid it but his heart became panicked again. The laobao often gave stubborn newcomers some medicine to 'liven things up'. He had heard of it many times. After being tricked into taking the medicine, young men and women who would rather die than obey, would lose the strength in their bodies. They would become sensitive and become wanton beneath the guests' bodies. From then on, their dignities completely destroyed, they would obediently serve the guests.

Therefore, he had a deep fear of medicine and even if he hurts really badly, he would not take it.

Wuhuan backed away, constantly refusing the decoction being pressed to his lips.

Song Qingshi refused to let him off, chasing after him with the spoon. He babbled as he tried to put the spoon into his mouth, to let him have a taste and understand that honey had been added to the medicine and it wasn't bitter.

Wuhuan grew anxious at his insistence and carelessly pushed it away. The medicine bowl was turned over, and the medicine was spilled on the person in front of him and onto the bed as well. The bowl fell to the ground and smashed into pieces.

Song Qingshi held on to the spoon and was stunned.

Wuhuan felt the person in front of him become depressed and suddenly he became a bit soft-hearted. He kept feeling that something was wrong and wanted to investigate again, but he had already revealed his malicious true face. He had even beaten and kicked him. How was going to lie and deceive him now? He gripped the stick tightly. He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but in the end, he couldn't say anything…

Song Qingshi seized the chance and quickly stuffed the medicine on the spoon in his hand into his mouth.

Wuhuan didn't have time to react and he swallowed a mouthful of decoction. A sweet taste with a bit of sourness covered his tongue. It was not unpalatable. Then, he felt himself being gently pressed down on the bed. The quilt that had gotten wet with the decoction was taken away. After a while, the other brought a new quilt with the smell of sunshine and very carefully placed it over his body.

After a while, he heard the sound of fragments being picked up.

Wuhuan couldn't help asking, "Are you angry? If yes, just knock on something once. If no, then knock twice."

Song Qingshi immediately knocked on the bed board twice. Although the patient was misbehaving terribly and would not cooperate with the treatment, he also knew that blind patients were very sensitive. Long-term abuse has left him with no sense of security. Being easily angered and overthinking matters was only normal. He has no way to explain either, so he couldn't blame the other party for getting angry.

Wuhuan thought about it for a long time, then asked, "I have no sensation in my legs. Was that your doing?"

Song Qingshi knocked once on the bed board, but felt that it wasn't quite right. He grabbed his leg and pierced it with two more needles, relieving part of the anesthesia, so that he could slowly feel the pain in his leg. Song Qingshi then took a small wooden stick and placed it in his hands. He broke it and reconnected it several times. The two gesticulated for a long time and did many multiple-choice questions of "yes" and "no". Finally, he managed to get Wuhuan to understand what his leg injuries were about.

Wuhuan asked cautiously, "So, you're treating my injuries and you're not doing anything indecent to me?"

Song Qingshi nodded frantically and knocked hand on the bed board, indicating that what he said was right. He then brought a bowl of medicine over once again. He put it aside and pulled over his hand. He kept writing the word "medicine" on his palm, trying to let him learn simple words to achieve communication.

Wuhuan had never come into contact with writing before. He thought for a long time before he understood the other party's intention from repeating the same strokes. He guessed the meaning of each word. After dozens of failures, he finally guessed, "Medicine?"

Song Qingshi was overjoyed and immediately knocked on the bed board.

Wuhuan tried stretching out his fingers and tracing the word in the air. There was indescribable joy in his heart. He often asked others to read to him. Sometimes it was a lively and interesting novel; sometimes, it was beautiful poetry and lyrics. He wanted so much to know what the words in the books looked like. He wanted to read.

However, everyone laughed at him, this blind man, for his wishful thinking.

"Medicine." He tried writing it again and again, "It turns out a word is like this." After a long time, feeling somewhat disappointed, he set down his hand and smiled bitterly, "Even if I know the word, so what? I still can't read books."

Song Qingshi thought for a while. He then took a wooden board and carved the word “medicine” on it with a small knife. He then put it in his hand and pulled his fingers across the bumps and holes of each stroke, indicating for him to read.

Until he could make the Xuantian Taiming Pill, he could teach Wuhuan to recognize characters by finger writing. Later, he’ll ask a carpenter to carve books on wood boards. Although Braille was not in general use in the immortal realm, Wuhuan looked to be very smart. He should be able to learn normal writing and in the future, when he recovers his sight, he won’t be illiterate.

Song Qingshi was extremely proud of himself. He thought his idea was a particularly good one.

Wuhuan delightedly touched the text on the wooden board for a long time. He then looked up at the blurry light and shadow in front of him. He suddenly wondered what this person looked like. He thought for a long time, and finally gently stretched out his hand and touched Song Qingshi. Seeing that the other party didn’t resist, he boldly put his hands on his face, and then on his the body, slowly touching and carefully feeling his way through.

Prejudice and fear had clouded his heart, making him unable to judge the truth of the matter.

Now, he finally discovered that the man in front of him was just a thin boy, at most only twelve or thirteen years old. His body hadn’t matured yet and he could not have any other motives towards him…

Wuhuan pulled back his hands in horror. He simply couldn’t face his stupidity.

This young man plucked up his courage and rescued him from hell, giving him tenderness.

But what did he do?

He schemed, insulted, beat, thought ill of, and even wanted to kill his benefactor…

“I-I’m sorry,” Wuhuan shuddered slightly, remorseful down to his bones. He had made a serious mistake, so serious that he didn’t know how to express his apology, “It’s me who was at fault, I…” He didn’t know what he could do to make up for such a fault, “You can have me do anything you want.”

Song Qingshi immediately picked up the medicine bowl and placed the spoon against his lips, expressing his insistence that the other take his medicine.

Wuhuan hesitated for a moment, and finally opened his mouth, giving a try at accepting this kindness…

…

Towards the evening, Song Qingshi hurriedly ran towards Tian Xiang Pavilion.

After he finished feeding him the medicine this morning, he couldn’t help teaching Wuhuan a few more words. But Wuhuan was smart and eager to learn. No matter what the word was, he could remember it after having it written once or twice on his palm. One was serious about teaching and the other was serious about learning. He was such an enthusiastic teacher that he even used a fasting pill to resolve his hunger and he forgot about the important thing.

He needed to quickly rescue Qu Yurong, otherwise the mission would fail.

Song Qingshi returned to Tian Xiang Pavilion and found chaos inside. They seemed to be looking for someone. He thought they were looking for Wuhuan, but after listening carefully, it seemed that wasn’t the case…

The laobao was out of breath from weeping, “My Yurong! That bastard deserves to die a horrible death, he abducted my cash cow!”

The pimps and courtesans were by her side, incessantly trying to console her. It seemed that monster named Fu Donglai in the original story had taken advantage of the fire and turmoil, and abducted Qu Yurong this morning. In the original work, Fu Donglai was a rouge cultivator and was one of Qu Yurong's men. He was a master thief and usually came and went without a trace. Now he has carried off Qu Yurong to who knows where, having a merry old time.

This wasn't how the story was originally written…

Song Qingshi lay on top of the wall, dumbfounded. He had lost the mission target. What was he going to do for the exam?

Chapter 102: Ten Thousand Crags and Torrents

The scholar-tyrant ran to the exam room only to find that his test paper was missing…

Song Qingshi received an unprecedented major blow. Unwilling to give up, he wandered around a few times. Once he was sure that he couldn't find the target, his mind was thrown into confusion. According to Fu Donglai's personality described in the original work, Qu Yurong must have already been rendered indescribable by now. Did this mean that his mission was a failure?

He tried to ask Sword Master Mo Yuan in his mind what he was supposed to do now…

Sword Master Mo Yuan's formation was a lot better than the unreliable Professor System, and the answer automatically popped out: choose 'failed', and immediately withdraw from the task.

This was just a formation, not the real world. There was no meaning to staying poor, ugly and mute.

Song Qingshi felt a little like wanting to quit and receive a consolation prize, but thinking about the young man in his house who seemed to be linked in countless ways to Feng Jun, he could feel the wrongness from head to foot. He simply couldn't bring himself to choose to give up. He went to the shop to buy some rice and food, and walked home with heavy footsteps. He wanted to see Wuhuan again. He wanted to make him something to eat. After that, he'll think about what he'll do in the future…

Wuhuan put on his clothes and sat up in bed. He earnestly dipped his finger in water, and practiced stroke by stroke on the wooden board with the carved word. He heard the familiar footsteps outside the door. He quickly picked up the wooden plank, and happily handed it over. "You're back, come and have a look. Did I write them correctly?"

The fourteen-year-old boy had cast away his calculating and scheming in the dark, revealing his true nature.

He successfully left hell, and was ready to start a new life. He had a new plan in mind.

Song Qingshi hesitantly looked at the wooden board. Every word was written crooked and askew. The strokes were correct, but he couldn't see their positions, and the words were superimposed on each other, making them messy and indistinguishable. He couldn't say any words of praise, so he took Wuhuan's hand and placed it on his head. He nodded vigorously like a puppy, expressing his great approval; he approved of it very much.

"You're so interesting," Wuhuan was amused by him. He rubbed his dry, long hair and then retracted his hand. He asked, feeling embarrassed, "If… I learn these words, I can understand what you're saying, right?"

Song Qingshi was stunned.

"You are so kind," Wuhuan cherishingly stroked the writing on the board. He then lowered his head, raising his long black hair, covering his ears that were starting to burn. Voice very soft, he said, "No one has ever treated me this way before. …"

He was a useless blind man and he couldn't think of anything he could give to pay him back.

"I have nowhere to go. Can you let me stay?" Wuhuan asked cautiously, "Although I can't see, I'm very smart. I won't cause you trouble. I can cook and clean up. I will try my best to learn words and figure out what you mean. I can be your voice and speak for you…"

These things couldn't be considered as repayment at all. He would just be a burden on the other.

Wuhuan's face flushed with shame, and he was a little grateful that he couldn't see the other's expression.

He felt like a drowning person, clutching onto piece of passing driftwood, trying to crawl onto it despite knowing that this piece of driftwood was so weak, it might not be able to carry his weight. And yet, he still couldn't let go. He was too ashamed of his own despicableness and couldn't bear to show his face…

Wuhuan's head drooped lower and lower, until it was almost buried in the quilt.

Song Qingshi's eyes were a little blurry with tears. He couldn't think anymore. The Feng Jun in his mind overlapped with Wuhuan in front of him. He felt that in the memory he had lost, he had seen Wuhuan looking more miserable and helpless than he was now. So long as he thought about it for even a moment, his heart would throb with so much pain. No matter what Sword Master Mo Yuan's mission actually was, whether this was a fantasy or a memory, he didn't care. As long as the person in front of him was Wuhuan, Feng Jun's past, it was enough.

After his heart made a decision, he immediately relaxed.

Song Qingshi felt his entire person go completely at ease.

He wiped away his tears, sat on Wuhuan's bed and touched those beautiful eyes. He earnestly mouthed a promise to him: 'Don't be afraid, I won't leave. I will heal your eyes; heal your body; heal your heart. No matter how difficult it is, I will never give up…'

"It's like I've already heard your answer, in my heart," Wuhuan tightly grasped his gentle hands and put them to his ears, carefully sensing the sound of their two hearts beating. This was a happiness that couldn't be expressed in words. After a long time, with eyes turned red, "Thank you, I'm so happy."

Song Qingshi took the wooden board and the small knife once again and began teaching him words.

Wuhuan sniffed the clean smell of medicine on his body and leaned over.

Song Qingshi grabbed his hand and repeatedly wrote stroke after stroke on the wooden board. Every time he taught a new character, he would hold the utensils or gesticulate, making all sorts of strange movements, letting him guess what the word was. Wuhuan would always guess wrong countless times and go towards a lot of ridiculous tangents before guessing the correct answer.

For example, he found a blue stone and tried to make Wuhuan understand that his name was: Qingshi, Qingshi, Qingshi…

Wuhuan touched it for a long time and understood. "You're called 'stone'."

Song Qingshi: "…"

The two put their heads together and kept laughing. Even the simplest house was the most comfortable nest.

…

The test paper in the examination room was misplaced. Even if he'd been careless, maybe one day the test paper will fly back?

Song Qingshi decided he was not going to give up. He was going to stay by Wuhuan's side until Sword Master Mo Yuan declares that he's failed the mission and kicks him out of the formation. Although the immortal realm was very big, maybe he'd be lucky enough to stumble across Qu Yurong? At that time, he'll bring him back, wash his brain, heal his mental state, and relieve him of his Stockholm syndrome. Even if he doesn't get one hundred points, he could get sixty. And if he fails, he'll hold onto the teacher's thigh and see if he could take a make-up exam.

A happy day counts as a day, a happy year counts as a year…

Song Qingshi got over it, and he was also no longer over-cautious when dealing with matters. He put all his energy on Wuhuan. He picked herbs and decocted medicine every day. He gave rehabilitating massages, as well as cleaned and washed Wuhuan. The first time Song Qingshi tried to help Wuhuan relieve himself in bed, a strange misunderstanding once again

occurred. Face flushed, Wuhuan held onto his pants and absolutely refused to take them off. It took a long time before he understood the other's intentions. He then obeyed with all subsequent cleaning of his body.

He didn't dare to resist, he obediently received his treatment. He only hoped to quickly get rid of this shameful condition of being unable to move in bed.

Fortunately, Wuhuan was a wood-type spiritual root, his wound healing ability was very good. Coupled with the assistance of various immortal medicines, he was bedridden for only about a month, during which he learned more than two hundred characters. By then, he could get out of bed with the support of the cane and practice walking around. He quickly figured out the layout of the house. After fumbling several times, he quickly learned to clean and tidy up.

The pressure on Song Qingshi's shoulders eased a lot.

His cooking ability was very poor. He could only cook plain rice porridge and clear broth noodles. The one time he tried to cook chicken soup, he created a strange taste. It was dark and had every flavor under the sun. He almost made Wuhuan throw up from how bad it tasted. Wuhuan forced himself to eat it. As a result, he developed indigestion in his stomach and intestines, and needed to take several more doses of medicine.

Song Qingshi felt extremely guilty and vowed to learn how to cook.

Wuhuan finally knew why he was so thin. Despite the risk of offending his benefactor, he persuaded him to abandon his idea to study cooking. He then started cooking himself, feeling the steam temperature with his hands, memorizing the arrangement of the seasonings. He practiced several times and using the technique of stewing and boiling, he produced many kinds of porridge and soup. He also studied how to cook rice and make steamed buns. Every day, he practically force fed Song Qingshi. Before going to bed, he would grab him to touch his bones and weigh him to see if he was gaining weight.

After Song Qingshi confirmed that he had no problem handling the housework, he focused on collecting herbs, refining pills and cultivating.

He didn’t use to care about money and his quality of life, but now that he wanted to provide for a great beauty like Wuhuan, just getting by was no longer acceptable.

He used the materials he had on hand to refine a lot of commonly used medicines to sell. Unfortunately, even when he could talk, he was no match for unscrupulous merchants. Now that he couldn’t talk, he was even more helpless. Fortunately, he wasn’t the type to bother about it, and because the efficacy of his pills was high and coupled with the high quality of the pills, he luckily received a few orders, and he still managed to save up a few spirit stones.

The materials for the Xuantian Taiming Pill weren’t things you’d find in a small place. The focus of Tian Xiang Pavilion’s search was Qu Yurong, but they also searched for Wuhuan for more than half a month. Although they hadn’t found him and gave up their search, presuming Wuhuan to be dead or abducted, it was better that they take this opportunity to flee, to avoid any unforeseen incidents such as Tian Xiang Pavilion finding Wuhuan’s trail.

Song Qingshi used gestures and words to communicate simply with Wuhuan.

Wuhuan’s face has been restored. Although his body had yet to mature, it could already be seen that he would be a beauty to overthrow a city, a captivating treasure. Song Qingshi pondered this for a long time. He made a special plaster and applied it on Wuhuan’s body. His face, hands and feet were made yellow and black, leaving less than half in its original color. This plaster could only be washed off with a special lotion. Although long-term use would slightly damage the skin, making it rough, Wuhuan didn’t care. Also, after stopping its use, the skin would return to normal after a period of time.

Song Qingshi still felt that it wasn’t ugly enough, so he made some burn scars and put them on his cheek to cover the teardrop mole. He then dressed him in overstuffed clothes to cover his beautiful figure. Together with old heavy curtains, he looked like a simple country bumpkin. As for himself,

his body still hasn't been raised well, and his appearance was ugly enough that he didn't need to be disguised.

He sold everything that could be sold, bought a small mustard seed bag and put the pill furnace in it. He then asked a blacksmith to custom make a tiger brace for a traveling doctor, intending to earn living expenses by curing diseases. The blacksmith looked at the drawings for a long time, then took out a tiger brace that someone had ordered before but didn't come to get, selling it to him for cheap.

When Song Qingshi got the tiger brace, he was stunned.

Its shape and size were similar to those of Sword Master Mo Yuan's tiger brace. But this one was brand new and shiny. This one also didn't have the complicated formations and scripts.

Probably… this was the standard tiger brace of the time?

Song Qingshi rang the bell, made sure the sound was loud, and didn't think much about it.

He simply packed his things and while shaking the tiger brace in one hand, and leading Wuhuan by the other, embarked on their journey. They walked through old towns in the countryside, through main streets and by-lanes. Most of the patients they came across were poor people. He was responsible for treating the patients, and Wuhuan was responsible for communicating with them. Sometimes, when they ran across literate scholars, they wouldn't charge a fee and instead, they would ask them to teach Wuhuan to recognize a few dozen words. If they encountered a carpenter, they also wouldn't charge a fee, and would instead ask him to carve a couple of books.

They met many interesting people and many interesting things. They also encountered many troubles and dangerous things.

Spring went and winter came, as summer goes, the winter comes.

Wuhuan finally succeeded in reaching Foundation Building.

When he suddenly looked back, time had flown and ten years had passed…

The boy had grown tall but his gentleness remained and so did the fragrance of medicine.

They rang the hand bell as they tread across ten thousand crags and torrents. They crashed their way through the dragon's pool and the tiger's den. They saw the prosperity of the world.

However, no matter where they traveled to, no matter where they went, no matter what they faced…

The hand that tightly held on to his, leading him, never let go.

Chapter 103: Ten Thousand Year Tortoise Core

The two of them drifted about everywhere; they regarded all corners of the world as their home.

Later, Song Qingshi unexpectedly rescued an old Sword Master who was seriously injured by a traitorous disciple. The old Sword Master was surnamed Mo, and he was already very advanced in years. After killing the ill-behaved traitorous disciple, he drew a lesson from this bitter experience and decided to accept a new disciple with good moral character…

He looked at Song Qingshi and Wuhuan — a blind man and a mute…

Silence is golden. Wielding a sword didn't require one to talk. It was all about persistence and earnestness.

The old Sword Master chose Song Qingshi without a second thought. Although this child was small, he looked well-behaved and honest.

Song Qingshi felt this must be a benefit of the formation. He studied very hard. After attending classes, he would seriously ask various questions by writing them down: What is the angle of a diagonal sword? Forty-five degrees or thirty-five degrees? When you say, turn it into a triangle, do you mean a right triangle or an oblique triangle? What is the angle bisector? What is the rate of acceleration? Should it go inside first or outside? Which position? How many seconds each time?

After pondering this paper crammed full of questions, the old Sword Master sighed bitterly, "I had better teach the blind one instead."

Song Qingshi was tragically expelled from school, and he dejectedly continued to do research on medicinal herbs and pharmacology.

The old Sword Master was surprised to find that although Wuhuan couldn't see, his talent was exceptional. So long as he taught him once, he would never make a mistake. Moreover, he could learn by analogy. His perception was so sharp; better than an ordinary person's by a hundredfold. The more

the old Sword Master taught him, the more elated the Sword Master became. He practically viewed Wuhuan as his own son, bestowing upon him everything he had ever learned, hoping he would awaken to the true Way of the Sword Heart.

This was the lifelong pursuit of every sword cultivator.

Cultivate the sword forms first, then cultivate the sword intent, finally the sword heart; cutting through all obstructions, ascending to the peak of the Way of the Sword.

…

In the Peach Blossom Valley, time flew by.

Wuhuan studied relentlessly day and night. He practiced his swordsmanship for ten years and Song Qingshi remained by his side, practicing alchemy for ten years. He relied on the old Sword Master's connections and funds, to gather a lot of medicinal materials. He devised all sorts of ways and means and created all sorts of precious medicine to help Wuhuan expand his mortal meridians, assisting in his cultivation, increasing the speed of his cultivation. For this reason, he delayed his own cultivation, and his pace slowed down by a lot.

Wuhuan finally formed his Golden Core.

The old Sword Master was overjoyed and changed his name to Mo Yuan.

Song Qingshi was stunned.

"I have no idea where my original name came from. If I'm discovered by those people from that filthy place, I'm afraid I might hurt Shizun's good name." Wuhuan unexpectedly approved very much of the idea. "From now on, I want to completely erase those experiences. I will draw a clear line between the past."

Although that town had been very small and Wuhuan had never hung up a plate and accepted guests at Tian Xiang Pavilion and thus his reputation

wasn't widespread, it was, after all, a disgraceful past. Moreover, his appearance was very beautiful. It would be hard to forget even after seeing it only once.

Now he has grown up, and he has gained a lot of knowledge. He has blossomed into becoming even more gorgeous. Even with the plasters to smear and discolor his face, whenever they go out, he would still meet male and female cultivators alike who wished to proposition or woo him. They would occasionally meet beasts who would bully him because of his blindness and would seek to impose on him. Those beasts, they turned into sword practice targets or poison test subjects.

If he doesn't change his name, what if he makes a great name for himself in the field of swordsmanship and his background is sussed out? Wouldn't he simply he handing over proof into other people's hands? When the time comes, he would be the target of slanderous gossip and gossip is a fearful thing.

Who would believe that someone who had once been a xiao guan had lived clean and honest? He would only get the attention from mad bees and unrestrained butterflies. It was provoking unnecessary trouble.

Song Qingshi understood Wuhuan and the old Sword Master's logic. He tried to struggle: Can we change to a different name?

Although he had read the glorious history of Sword Master Mo Yuan in books and he was presently in one of his formations, seeming to be walking a fixed, predetermined path, but within his lost memory he seemed to have a vague recollection that Sword Master Mo Yuan had ended up going crazy? !

This won't do! This name is too unlucky!

Song Qingshi used a wooden board to write down his protests. He was so flustered that he wasn't able to communicate very well.

The old Sword Master was both baffled and a little angry, "What do you have against the name I chose? This is the name of my dearly departed son!

Are you saying it's an ugly name?!"

Song Qing stubbornly held up the board: Mo Zi, Mo You, Mo Mo, Mo Yu, Mo Xiaohei.

The old Sword Master slapped him on the head and reprimanded: "You should just change your name to Moyu!"

Wuhuan listened to the names on the wooden sign. He was silent for a long time and carefully said, "I think Mo Yuan is a good name."

This matter was just like Song Qingshi's inability to talk. It was a fixed plot point in Sword Master Mo Yuan's memory. No matter how much he struggled, it was no use. Wuhuan's new name was already settled. Although Song Qingshi persisted in calling him Wuhuan, he was mute. It was useless no matter what he called him…

For many days, Song Qingshi's thoughts often wandered. In the end, he still tried his best to climb out of his depressed mood…Sword Master Mo Yuan's story has long become part of history. It was useless to feel sad. If this was a memory, he wanted to understand just what exactly had happened for things to develop to that point. He wanted to see if Wuhuan's ending in the fantasy world could be reversed.

Whether this was real or an illusion, he didn't want to give up the hope of making Wuhuan happy.

…

Good sword cultivators need to sharpen their swords with the blood of powerful enemies.

After the old Sword Master died of old age, Song Qingshi left the Peach Blossom Valley with Wuhuan.

The world of cultivation was a very dark place. One of them was a peerless beauty, and the other was a single water-type spiritual root suitable for being made into a cultivation furnace. These were qualities that attracted

evil people. Whether it was being coaxed or being deceived, being snatched or being seized …they encountered all sorts of disgusting things.

Wuhuan's sword became sharper and sharper. It was dyed with more and more blood. His reputation too, became more and more well-known.

Song Qingshi hoped to collect all the materials for the Xuantian Taiming Pill. He had already obtained the Purple Spirit Grass and the Enlightenment Stone, but the Ten Thousand Year Tortoise core had not been heard of for a long time. He felt very worried.

Wuhuan has long learned to use his mental probe to detect their surrounding environment. He didn't mind about his eyes at all. His disposition has become a lot livelier. He would often joke with Song Qingshi and he liked to pinch his cheeks and his stomach. Every day, before they went to sleep, he would weigh him. If he was heavier, he would be very satisfied; if he was lighter, he would worry and force him to eat well.

When they had been on the road before, he had heard many people shun Song Qingshi for being ugly. The old Sword Master often said that Song Qingshi was thin and small. He looked stupid and wouldn't attract people's affection.

Maybe… Song Qingshi really wasn't pretty…

But, he liked Song Qingshi no matter how he looked! He hated it most when people say that Song Qingshi is no good!

He would cause Shizun to be sullen every time.

The old Sword Master slowly stopped mentioning it.

Wuhuan didn't understand what his feelings were for Song Qingshi, but that faint fragrance of medicine that lingered by his side has long since entered into his heart. They twined together, creating a knot that couldn't be undone. There were times when his thoughts would be very selfish, thinking it was also good if Song Qingshi didn't look good, if no one liked him. He alone could like him, he could hide him away…

But, him being this way wasn't good. If people keep saying he's ugly, Song Qingshi would feel sad.

When cats get fat, people call them cute. So if people get fat, they'll also be cute, right?

Wuhuan worked very hard to make all kinds of delicious foods, wanting to raise Song Qingshi into a cute little fatty. Unfortunately, Song Qingshi's figure failed to live up to expectations. Although his flesh was evenly distributed, his body was soft and the feel of it when he hugged him to sleep was very good, he was still far from the norms of being a chubby cutie.

He had no idea when it started, but Song Qingshi also began to put on a veiled hat when they went out. He started to avoid the crowds.

Wuhuan thought that he was feeling inferior about his appearance, and grew even more worried. He didn't dare to mention it though. The only thing he could do was to throw himself even more into his force-feeding endeavor whenever he wasn't practicing his swordsmanship. Not only did he change his tricks and now made sweets as well but he also sought out good food everywhere. He would coax him into eat a couple more bites. He did everything short of chasing him and feeding him directly with a spoon.

Song Qingshi was flattered by his favor. Every day he would touch his plump belly and say: There is a kind of 'being not full' called 'Wuhuan doesn't think I'm full'…

They continued on their journey, travelling, stopping, collecting medicinal materials, sampling all sorts of delicacies. Finally, they found the whereabouts of the Ten Thousand Year Tortoise.

There was a cave in the Yue Yan River. Inside was an old tortoise that has lived for many untold years. But there seemed to be something strange about that cave. A lot of the people who came out from there developed problems with their minds. Wuhuan knew that Song Qingshi had long been preparing the medicine to recover his sight. He also wanted to clearly see the person most important to him. The two of them talked it over and… although Song Qingshi was a little worried, he compared Wuhuan's age and

Sword Master Mo Yuan's historical records and determined it wasn't during this period that he would encounter a problem. They decided to kill the tortoise and take its core.

In the histories, Sword Master Mo Yuan wasn't blind.

Song Qingshi was quite confident in their present course of action.

They smoothly entered the water. However, they unexpectedly encountered two water monsters. During their fight, the water monster was wounded and set off a huge wave. Wuhuan was drawn into the cave and disappeared. Song Qingshi was tangled in the water monster's tentacles and dragged away, unable to provide assistance. He was so torn with anxiety, that he disregarded everything and released the Underworld Ghost Fire, corroding and poisoning one of the water monsters to death. He also took away its water spirit orbs, planning to use them to nourish his spiritual roots.

The two water monsters seemed to have been mates. Now that one had died, the other went berserk.

The water monster was almost transparent in the water. It appeared and disappeared like a ghost.

Song Qingshi tangled with it for a long time. He was tossed about until dusk when, body covered in wounds, he finally managed to repel the beast back. He then rushed into the cave, looking for Wuhuan's whereabouts.

He found Wuhuan, sitting in a daze beside the messily chopped up remains of the tortoise. For a moment, seeing him covered in blood, his mind seemingly lost, Song Qingshi couldn't help being frightened.

He walked over cautiously and found that the blood on Wuhuan had been the tortoise's. He finally heaved a sigh of relief.

Song Qingshi patted Wuhuan's face and wrote on his palm: Are you okay?

"Qing-Qingshi?" Wuhuan seemed like he was waking up from a nightmare. He firmly clutched Song Qingshi's hand. "My-my stone is still here…" He

talked chaotically. His breathing was heavily, like he couldn't take in a breath. His hold on him was very strong; he nearly snapped off Song Qingshi's wrist bone. He refused to let go no matter what.

Song Qingshi gasped from the pain. Seeing that he wasn't in the right state of mind, he didn't dare struggle, afraid that he would make his condition worse.

Wuhuan took the chance to drag him into his arms. He embraced him tightly, like he was desperate to push him into his body. It was as though he wanted to swallow him whole and hide him in his stomach but he didn't quite know how to and so. He winded up tossing him from side to side.

Song Qingshi felt his ribs break from the force of his embrace. Tears were about to come out. He felt a little like wanting to cry but he didn't dare to.

After an unknown length of time, Wuhuan was slowly coming back to his senses. He realized how he was supposed to eat him up. He cupped the face of the person in his arms, rubbed it, sniffed his scent and then kissed his soft lips, prying open his teeth, reaching in, continuously demanding more. No matter whether it was his feelings or his body, he wouldn't allow a single thing to remain. He was going to eat it all up, until it became a part of him. Only then could he set his mind at ease.

He now understood the desire in his heart. He understood his feelings.

He was like crazy wild beast. He bore down with every step. He implored, he thirsted, he seized, he gobbled up and plundered…

The young man finally gave up even his faint struggle. Panting in his arms, he fell back step by step. At his demand, the young man handed over almost everything.

"I'm-I'm sorry," At the last moment, Wuhuan finally realized that this was real. His mind cleared and he restrained his desire that was on the verge of falling apart. He stopped before he could commit a grave mistake. He straightened Song Qingshi's clothes for him as he kept apologizing, "There is a peculiar formation here. It drew me into a nightmarish dreamland, I…"

Song Qingshi wrote on the palm of his hand: What did you dream of?

Wuhuan froze for a long time. He didn't dare recall that dreamland. After a long time, he said honestly, "In the illusion, you died many times…"

The Heart-eater formation unearths a person's deepest fear. Every time, he dreamt about himself and Song Qingshi, falling in love. But in an instant, he would lose him. Everywhere, there would be the scent of blood. The one warm hand would turn ice cold. His breath would disappear. Over and over again, he would hold the young man's lifeless body in his arms. He would realize that he now had nothing and the world too would then be destroyed.

His breathing turned rapid. Even knowing that it was an illusion, the pain was still unbearable.

Song Qingshi stubbornly pulled at him. He thought about it, and reminded again on his palm, "Think back on it. How did you find its flaw?"

"The you in the dream, didn't have any medicinal scent." Wuhuan remembered the flaw and once again sobered up. He buried his head again Song Qingshi's shoulder, and sniffed that faint fragrance. He whimpered, "So, I knew that was a fake. You're still with me…"

Song Qingshi knew he didn't like being seen weak, so he didn't lower his head to look at him. He only continued to give him light pats to his shoulder to comfort him. Afterwards, he used his spiritual energy to comb through the confusion in his sea of consciousness, setting his mind at ease.

Wuhaun repeated over and over again, "You're still here…"

Song Qingshi embraced him.

After some time, Wuhuan finally recovered…

Embarrassed, he lifted his head. With red eyes, he handed the Ten Thousand Year Tortoise core from his palm to Song Qingshi's hand. He asked hesitantly, "This is the last ingredient for the Xiantian Taiming Pill. With this, will I finally be able to see you?"

Song Qingshi nodded.

“Qingshi, when I successfully recover my sight. When I’m not blind and…I won’t be a burden anymore, I will work hard to be better. So, can I like you?” Wuhuan thought for a long time. Normally, he even thought himself to have the gift of gab, but unexpectedly, he couldn’t think of a better way to convey it. Finally, he carefully asked, “Qingshi, can I be your Daoist companion?”

During his madness just now, he had already revealed his natural instincts to invade. He could no longer pretend to be a lamb.

He wasn’t certain that the young man would be willing to bear it.

“Don’t be afraid of me, and don’t leave me either.” Wuhuan lowered his head and explained softly, “If you’re not willing, we can just stay the way we are now…”

He was willing to restrain all his instincts.

So long as the young man stayed by his side, he could agree to anything.

Song Qingshi took his hand and wrote gently, “I’m willing.”

Wuhuan suddenly felt the nightmare disappear and the whole world lit up.

Translator’s Note: I feel bad for the tortoise. Good thing this is just fiction.

Bonus chapter for Citrusyyyy from the CG 10K discord member event.

Chapter 104: Soulmark

Mo Yuan, Wuhuan and Feng Jun were all the same soul. No matter what form they took, they were all the person he liked.

Song Qingshi had originally been a little worried. He wanted to ask Wuhuan what he thought of his past incarnations and his present life. As a result, in the other's eyes, what he had written was, "I'm willing". He found that this was another fixed plot point in Sword Master Mo Yuan's memory. There hadn't been any option to refuse. After thinking about it for a while, he decided to go about this according to the feelings in his heart.

He was willing.

No matter in which world, no matter the place, no matter the guise he took, he was willing to be Daoist companions with Wuhuan.

They went back to Peach Blossom Valley. Song Qingshi fired up the pill furnace and made seven of the Xuantian Taiming Pill. Wuhuan took one pill a day to slowly remove the Magnolia Delavayi Poison. However, they were uncertain to what extent the poison would be removed and he might suddenly recover his vision. Fearing that he wouldn't be able to bear too bright a light stimulation, Song Qingshi first covered his eyes with a few layers of gauze. Song Qingshi told him not to be in too much of a hurry the first time he manages to see things. He should wait until his eyes have adapted before slowly untying the gauze.

That evening, Wuhuan was practicing his swordsmanship when suddenly his eyes went dizzy for a moment. He became aware that there were so many beautiful, fragmented shadows scattered in the air. He stretched out his hand and grabbed onto a soft and delicate shadow. He touched it gently and smelled it. Finally, he confirmed that it was a peach blossom petal, one of the many that accompanied him every day.

Qingshi had once said that the peach blossoms in the Peach Blossom Valley were very special. They were all red.

So, this beautiful color is red?

Wuhuan stayed standing there for a long time. After adjusting to the light, he slowly unwrapped the gauze from his eyes. He saw the gorgeous peach blossoms, the lush green grass, the dew on the leaves, the birds singing in the forest… One by one, he matched the gorgeous colors with the vocabulary in the book; slowly distinguishing red, green, black, blue…

This wasn't a dream…

Because there were no images in a blind man's dream.

Wuhuan rubbed his eyes and looked at the peach blossom petal in his hand. The ecstasy spread bit by bit in his heart. He was eager to find someone to share this never before experienced happiness with. He wanted to describe how beautiful the color of the peach blossoms were, how the feathers of sparrows weren't purely gray, but a mixture of many browns and blacks, how the trees all over the mountains were divided into many gradations, they were beautiful, but he didn't know if they should all be called green?

The most important thing was, where was Song Qingshi? Was he refining medicine?

Wuhuan estimated the time and put away his sword. He then rushed to the alchemy room, but the pill furnace was cold, and there was no one inside. He hurriedly released his mental probe and searched for his presence. He finally found the young man in the medicine garden by the river. The young man was sitting on the grass, his feet bare and wearing an old white robe. He was completely focused on processing the Thunderstorm Vine, extracting the long and thin vine pith, wounding it into a ball, and putting it in the basket.

Over the years, because his cultivation had gone smoothly and because he'd been nourished with good food, Song Qingshi's body had been restored to its original appearance. Because there were no outsiders in the Peach

Blossom Valley and Wuhuan's eyes couldn't see, he had given up on maintaining his image. He made little effort in making himself presentable. Everyday, he would dress casually and let his soft long and loose hair just hang scattered on his back. Occasionally, he would tied it up with a piece of string. Every day, he would dress as he pleased.

Wuhuan stood behind him, quietly watching him for a while.

After Song Qingshi finished the last bundle of vine piths, he finally felt the scorching gaze behind him. He turned around and met that pair of spirited phoenix eyes. It was like a highly skilled painter had added the last stroke to a perfect picture, letting the beautiful phoenix come to life. It truly had charm and personality, lighting up the world's scenery.

His heart was beating a bit fast. He then realized that the other had regained his eyesight ahead of time. He was ecstatic and wanted to go over there and congratulate him. However, he found that Wuhuan was looking at him with a strange look. He thought it was because he wasn't dressed properly and his conduct was too strange. He hurriedly picked up the basket and planned on sneaking away to change his clothes.

But when he passed Wuhuan, he was grabbed by that arm and dragged into the other's arms…

Not daring to believe it, Wuhuan looked at those eyes so clearly contrasting between black and white, so clear you could see to the bottom. Wasn't his young man supposed to be ugly? How could he be so good-looking? Every part of him poked at the bottom of his heart, making it itch. How could there be something so beautiful in the world? It couldn't be that he was having hallucinations after taking that medicine, right?

He vigilantly lowered his head. He carefully touched the fair, fine and smooth skin, confirming by touch. He then leaned into his neck, carefully smelling the fragrance of medicinal herbs on his body, confirming by smell. He skillfully carried him and tested his weight, confirming by feel. Afterwards, he carefully and repeatedly inspected Song Qingshi from head to toe, checking each and every place.

Song Qingshi's outer robe was accidentally knocked off during all the dragging and pulling. He had nothing underneath except for the ice silk clothes that he wore when he slept. His robes were held together with a casually tied belt and given the texture of the ice silk… it was like he was being touched without any of his clothes on. How could he endure being touched this way and that by the one that he liked? He was going to quickly get a reaction from all his touching. He had no way to break free and he was also unable to stop his roving hands. The only thing he could do was stand on tiptoe, grab his neck and whisper 'wuwu' into his ear, asking for him to finish.

"I'm sorry," Wuhuan finally realized that he had done something stupid and quickly let go. He explained, "I didn't expect you to look like this. I just wanted to be sure…" He usually perceived things by touch. When it's time to sleep, he liked touching Song Qingshi here and there. It had become a habit. However, this time, it seemed like he had touched too much.

Song Qingshi shook his head, indicating that it didn't matter. He hadn't had his clothes on properly in the first place. They were light and thin and clung close to his body, making every contour of his body faintly discernible. His belt was also about to come loose. It was very indecent…Now that Wuhuan had let him go, he wanted to take this chance to untie his belt and tie it tight again.

The two of them have stayed together day after day for so many years. He didn't shy away from such things with Wuhuan. He was used to doing this kind of thing.

This time, when Song Qingshi just loosened his belt, Wuhuan realized that something wasn't right. He glanced at the thing under the separated robe. He first thought what it meant for a man to get this kind of reaction from being touched. He then thought what it meant for a man to undress before his future Daoist companion…

Wuhuan understood instantly. In excitement, he grabbed the other's wrist and asked, "Qingshi, do you… do you want me?"

Song Qingshi: "???"

“I’m so happy.” Wuhuan delightedly kissed Song Qingshi’s lips. For a long time, he savored the feel of his soft lips. He once again revealed the radiance of a hungry beast. The fire of desire burned unbearably through his entire body. Confirming that Song Qingshi didn’t have any strong resistance, he presumed his permission. He picked him up by the waist and set him down onto the bush next to them. He pulled out all the tricks he knew and waited upon him.

No matter when or where, if your Daoist companion wants it, a good man can never say no.

He will work hard so that he can serve him so that he can enjoy himself to the fullest.

Song Qingshi was dumbfounded for a long time. When he finally came back to his senses, he found that a misunderstanding had already occurred. The whole thing was also already underway. He didn’t know how to explain and he felt really good too. So, better to make the best of this mistake…

In the process, he found that being mute was also quite troublesome. No matter what tricks Wuhuan wanted to play, how long he wanted to play, where he wanted to play, he could only bear it. He was played with to the point of becoming dizzy and confused. Except for crying or softly calling out, he couldn’t speak. He couldn’t refuse, couldn’t express his opinions. He could only cooperate obediently and play whatever he wanted…Because he was too well-behaved and too obedient, the ‘eating’ tragedy once again came on stage.

There’s a kind of being dissatisfied known as ‘Wuhuan thinks I’m not satisfied’.

Song Qingshi was filled almost to the point of bursting.

……

Afterwards, the two became Daoist companions.

Their Daoist companion mark was in the form of a five-petaled peach blossom soulmark. It was branded on the their hand — on the hand used to hold the sword and on the hand used when doing alchemy. It was obvious at a glance.

Legend had it that if this kind of mark was branded between Daoist couples, if they continue their predestined relationship in the next life and become Daoist companions once again, the brand will reappear, revealing their bond from their past as well as their present lives. The deeper the bond, the brighter the color.

There were very few successful examples, and only one or two incidences were ever recorded.

“I want to confine your soul by my side,” Wuhuan was particularly crazy the night after they got their Daoist couple mark. He kissed the peach blossom mark on the back of Song Qingshi’s hand over and over again. He softly whispered the longing in his heart, “Qingshi, don’t fall in love with anyone else. Don’t be good to anyone else. In this life and the next life and the next life, only me…”

Song Qingshi had been played to the extreme. He was trapped in bliss, dazed. He couldn’t quite hear what the other was saying and simply nodded.

“I like you,” Wuhuan leaned close to his ear and implored, “Don’t look for that man named Qu anymore, okay?”

Song Qingshi became clear-headed and resolutely shook his head. He looked at him accusingly, expressing: You already promised to help me.

Wuhuan smiled. “En, I’ll help you find him.”

Song Qingshi knew that he minded it a bit, but there was nothing he could do. The mission of Sword Master Mo Yuan’s formation was to rescue Qu Yurong. Although he was sure that he would prioritize saving Wuhuan no matter how many times did this, his test paper was missing. He couldn’t just ignore that, right? Therefore, whenever they went to a new place, he would

ask Wuhuan to help him communicate, asking everywhere about Qu Yurong's whereabouts, to try his luck, and see if he could find his test paper.

But the immortal realm was too big, without any internet dissemination, finding someone was like trying to find a needle from the sea.

Song Qingshi has been desperately searching all these years……

Wuhuan has always found it baffling. He didn't understand why he was looking for this man named Qu Yurong. He had ran across Qu Yurong in Tian Xiang Pavilion before. He was an ignorant young master. He was said to have a very pretty face, but he was extremely stupid. He could be sold off and he'd even help count the money. His temperament was also very weak. The laobao whipped him twice and he already became very obedient.

The more Song Qingshi attached importance to Qu Yurong, the unhappier he became. But he never let his expression slip. He always very sweetly agreed. But in his heart, he hoped that Qu Yurong would never appear before Song Qingshi. Thinking about it now, he had long developed feelings for Song Qingshi and couldn't bear having anything come between them.

Now that the two had become Daoist companions, his heart was full of the desire to monopolize and he found it even more unbearable.

Wuhuan knew that Qu Yurong was a very special existence for Song Qingshi, and this was especially disturbing for him.

Before, Song Qingshi had even told him some strange things about this matter. He said that he was not from this world, and Qu Yurong was the target of his mission. He needed to save Qu Yurong to complete the mission.

Wuhuan had been very sad. Although he was blind, he wasn't a fool. Playing such a ridiculous joke on him was just too much. Moreover, if his mission was Qu Yurong, then what was he? The wrong answer? Where would he go after he completed the mission?

He had felt depressed and he had kept silent for many days…

Song Qingshi realized that he'd been deeply hurt. He thought for a long time and realized his mistake. He never made this kind of joke anymore but he still insisted on investigating Qu Yurong's whereabouts, saying that Qu Yurong was his friend. Now, he was in trouble and he wanted to find a way to save him. But when Wuhuan asked him about other things about Qu Yurong, Song Qingshi stumbled and couldn't answer. This reason couldn't hold water, there were falsehoods and flaws everywhere. The only thing he could say was that Qu Yurong was a very important person who needed to be rescued from the hands of the wicked. He needed to be taken care of, relieved of a strange psychological sickness called some thing or another, and allowed to live a happy life.

"A good friend?" Wuhuan thought for a long time and finally, he smiled and said softly, "I can help you take care him."

No matter who Qu Yurong was, he hoped that he never shows up…

Dealing with this kind of thing was too troublesome.

Translator's Note: Another bonus chapter for Citrusyyyy from the CG 10K discord member event

Chapter 105: War to Subdue the Demons

Song Qingshi spent many years in this world.

The Underworld Ghost Fire in his body grew and increased along with his cultivation level. In order to better suppress the poisonous fire, he abandoned his original technique and rebuilt the Cold Jade Technique. He also healed Wuhuan's wounds which he got from fighting everywhere.

Therefore, as Wuhuan challenged Nascent Soul cultivators everywhere, he managed, through great effort, to reach Core Formation.

There were many medicinal materials in Sword Master Mo Yuan's world that would go extinct in the future. Wuhuan found that he liked to collect these. He would regularly look for rare medicinal materials and strange prescriptions to give to him. He put forth particularly interesting questions and every time he would poke at irresistibly interesting things, dragging him into the pit.

Song Qingshi felt like a stupid cat lured by a cat toy. Every time he tried to crawl out of the great pit of research to find Qu Yurong for his mission, he would be attracted by something more interesting in Wuhuan's hands. He would fall right back into the pit again, falling so deep that he would be confused and disoriented. He would sink into the delight of researching and completely forget about the mission…

He spent his days very happily.

He witnessed Wuhuan's growth, from an ordinary mortal to the immortal realm's illustrious Sword Master Mo Yuan. With three feet of cold light in his hands, with eyes that tolerated no dust, he beheaded countless sinful cultivators…He forced the immortal realm's righteous and prestigious sects to change their rules for him, forbidding the use of mortals who've built their foundation to be used as slaves or furnaces.

Wuhuan wanted more…

He had said to Song Qingshi more than once: “I hope that mortals can have the same opportunities as cultivators. But this world is so disgusting. There’s a stench everywhere. There’s just too much garbage to deal with. Qingshi, can you smell the stench of rot in the air?”

He didn’t know if it was because he’d been blind, but his sense of smell was much more sensitive than that of ordinary people. He frequently felt unwell. No matter what, he couldn’t adapt to these odors. Every time he went out for a long time, when he came back, he had to take in the clean scent of his Daoist companion. Only then could he feel more comfortable.

Song Qingshi shook his head. His senses were dull and he couldn’t smell anything.

Wuhuan liked to bring him gifts. Aside from medicinal materials and prescriptions, he also brought him lots of shiny things… Whenever he saw beautiful stones or gems, he would think of every possible way to get his hands on them. He would then bring them back and place them in his arms. In the end, Song Qingshi collected a large box full of gems and jewelry, things like Dragon Jade, Mermaid Pearls, Celestial jade…

After Sword Master Mo Yuan’s fame as a killer spread, Wuhuan’s beauty was also gradually revealed. He was frighteningly gorgeous, flourishing and without equal, with the grace of a dragon and the looks of a phoenix…As the swordsman most likely to cultivate the Sword Heart, countless praises were piled onto him and countless gazes of admiration were also focused on him.

Many cultivators who boasted of their own beauty, audaciously confessed to or propositioned him.

Wuhuan was very fed up with these things. He remained reticent and unmoved. Usually, he would use the Daoist couple mark on the back of his hand to coldly reject these troublesome advances. All his tenderness was reserve only for that person in the Peach Blossom Valley. Only when he saw

Song Qingshi would a smile appear on his face. His dark golden phoenix eyes would seem to fill with stars, bright like the Milky Way.

Zhuyu Tower's master was most dissolute. He had seen countless beauties. He had inadvertently seen Sword Master Mo Yuan's smile and the sight of it persisted in his mind for a lifetime. He said that all the beauties in the world had lost their color.

After Wuhuan learned of such an appraisal, he began to don on a half mask to block off curious and covetous eyes. Over time, everyone in the immortal realm knew that there was no room in Sword Master's Mo Yuan's eyes and heart save for the sword and his Daoist companion.

He would go to dangerous secret realms to gather herbs, use different means to present the treasures of heaven and earth as gifts, study all kinds of strange things, do all kinds of stupid things that powerful people disdained to do, all to make his Daoist companion smile. Song Qingshi, though, lived in seclusion. He wasn't very good at dealing with outsiders, and knew very few people…

At first, everyone had thought that the person who could get Sword Master Mo Yuan to place him at the top of his heart must be some outstanding cultivator from a well-known family. Later, when they saw Song Qingshi, they found out…

Huh, he's mute?

Song Qingshi looked quite good, but there were many beauties in the cultivation world. His beauty was nothing exceptional, and it was no match for Wuhuan's peerless looks. His cultivation too was only at Core Formation. Every day, he was immersed in making medicine. He had a strange personality and a weak presence. Not only was there nothing special about him, but he also had a handicap. Why was it that Sword Master Mo Yuan was so enamored with him that Sword Master Mo Yuan not only rejected countless people who threw themselves at him but also willingly branded himself with the soulmark that would follow him from one life to the next?

Wuhuan was keenly aware of these malicious intentions and was extremely disgusted by them. Not only did he clean up a few of the bold and reckless, but he also explained many times that his Daoist companion had been with him since he was a nobody. They have accompanied each other to this day. Moreover, he owed him his life. Everyone was even more moved his affection for his Daoist companion and in their hearts, an even greater sense of unwillingness appeared. They felt that Song Qingshi was simply unworthy; he was only lucky. But Sword Master Mo Yuan was protective of his Daoist companion, and even if they were unconvinced, it was no use. They could only smile and give their blessings…

Song Qingshi wasn't very good at communicating with people. His mind was filled only with research and his mission. He was completely unaware of these crooked and twisted petty schemes. Occasionally, he would meet beauties who would bypass Wuhuan and secretly talk with him. With gentle manners and kind tones, they would ask him how he had seduced Sword Master Mo Yuan. Could he teach them? They would also ask him if he was particularly skillful in bed and thus managed to make Sword Master Mo Yuan fall head over heels for him.

He thought that those who were willing to chat with a mute person must be good and honest people. He thought about it for a long time, and seriously answered the question using pen and paper:

Firstly, Mo Yuan said that everything about me is good. He particularly likes the way I look when I'm earnestly studying. You can attract his attention by reading more.

Secondly, I have carefully read and researched works on bed techniques. Mo Yuan praised me for having learned them well and I make him unable to stop himself.

Then, there was no more 'then'..

He had no idea why all the beauties ran away, huffing with anger. They called him shameless and refused to talk to him again.

Song Qingshi suspected that he had answered something wrong and felt a little aggrieved.

The information gradually spread. Wuhuan was baffled when he discovered that a lot of people simply loved to read books in his presence. After he figured out the whole story, he found it both infuriating and laughable. He was even less willing to mince words when speaking to those wild bees and wanton butterflies. He went home and carefully asked Song Qingshi if his understanding of the materials on bedroom techniques needed to be ascertained through a practical examination.

Song Qingshi gave his exams his full attention. He used everything he had learned. They changed exam venues several times and underwent several rounds of examinations. Based on his own evaluation, he felt he should score at least a ninety.

The ten points deduction was from his inability to speak. Being unable to answer questions during the course of the exam was a bit of a pity.

……

Song Qingshi spent his days very happily and Wuhuan became more and more cheerful.

Finally, the war to subdue the demons came.

A blood moon suddenly appeared in the sky and the demonic energy began to grow restless, awakening the blood of all those of the demon clan, turning them into crazed demons. In the immortal realm, there were only a few pure-blooded cultivators. Most cultivators were of mixed blood. Many had in them the blood of yao cultivators, mortals and even demons…

Normally, a cultivator's body contained little demon blood. It made them a bit callous and unfeeling but they wouldn't turn into irrational demons like a half-demon would. It posed no great problem. Through countless years of marriages, countless generations of inheritance, no one could be certain whether of not they had demon blood.

However, after the night of the blood moon, these demon blood gradually exploded.

Some people would wake up in the middle of the night and find that their wives had become man-eating monsters. Or perhaps, between loving couples, their boyfriend would still be talking sweetly one moment, and then gouge out their girlfriend's heart the next. The phenomenon of masters killing disciples and disciples killing their masters was even more common. Demons valued desires and relied on their instinct to act. Inside of them was a mixture of all kinds of things that violated human ethics. Madness was constantly born into existence. Everyone in the immortal realm found themselves in danger. They were all suspicious of the people around them. They didn't dare to trust anyone.

Sword Master Mo Yuan's identity as a mortal had gained everyone's trust and high regard.

He killed many demons and became a hero in the war to subdue the demons.

Song Qingshi realized that a turning point in history had come. However, he couldn't stop this plot from unfolding. Everyone was involved in this war.

Wuhuan wasn't one to shrink in the face of adversity. He was a man who was a perfectionist, who had his own dreams and ambitions. He hoped to challenge strong enemies and go further in his Way of the Sword. He also hoped to gain a better position and to prove his ability to the world and to his Daoist companion.

Song Qingshi himself was also a man. He understood his way of thinking. Once he confirmed that Sword Master Mo Yuan's participation in the war to subdue the demons was an unstoppable plot point, he participated in the logistics and medical work. He wanted to try and see if he, when Mo Yuan's tragedy would occur, could save this desperate situation, to at least let the story in the formation have a better ending.

At this time, he found Qu Yurong.

Over the years, Qu Yurong had passed through the hands of all sorts of men. He had long become a doll of desire. He couldn't think for himself. He had no sense of shame and honor. He had no resistance. He could be played with by anyone. During times of peace, he could have led a "blessed" life of being cared for like a canary in a cage. Now, there was chaos and darkness everywhere. Everyone was under great pressure, and the weak were the easiest target to vent their emotions on. He didn't even understand why he was being treated like this and every day, he bathed his face in tears…

Qu Yurong's condition was too serious. He was very dependent on s*x and his so-called "lovers".

Song Qingshi took a lot of effort to get him to his side for psychological therapy. Qu Yurong thought he wanted him to serve him and this caused a lot incidences that he didn't know whether to laugh or cry about.

Not long after, Qu Yurong accidentally discovered the truth behind the Qu family's destruction from the various materials collected by Sword Master Mo Yuan. He learned that one of his lovers had been the enemy who caused the destruction of his family back then. He woke up from his stupidity. Taking advantage of when Sword Master Mo Yuan was out exterminating demons and Song Qingshi was busy refining medicine, he plucked up the courage, and secretly fled back. He led that man to the battlefield, pushed him into a crowd of demons, taking him to perish together.

It was too late by the time Song Qingshi found out. Although he had rushed over there to save him, it was simply too late.

Qu Yurong died. Before he died, he smiled and said, "Thank you. It doesn't matter. My life had been meaningless."

In Song Qingshi's mind, words that said he had failed the mission and was to accept punishment appeared.

Black spots grew on his face. A problem occurred with the spiritual power in his body. The Underworld Fire began to go out of control, and black poisonous fire spread everywhere…

During such a sensitive period, his changes were seen as him turning into a demon.

Song Qingshi gesticulated, trying to tell everyone that his mind was clear and that he had no desire to kill. The markings on his face were just an illusion caused by a failed mission. He needed some time to adjust and control his spiritual power to be able to suppress the Underworld Fire once more. However, no one was willing to listen to the explanation of a mute with a poisonous body. With jealousy, disgust, and hatred, they rushed to slaughter this loath some demon before Sword Master Mo Yuan returned.

His only stroke of luck was… this was a formation made by Sword Master Mo Yuan's memories. He was unwilling to hurt the person he liked, and before the final harm befell Song Qingshi, he pulled Song Qingshi out of the intense emotions. What happened next was that Song Qingshi floated in mid-air, feeling like he was watching an old movie, and the ending of the movie wasn't good.

Sword Master Mo Yuan had killed many of the demons and protected many cities and towns. He returned triumphant showered with praise from everyone. He brought the most beautiful red gemstone in the world and wanted to give it to the one he loved. However, what he saw was his Daoist companion on the verge of death, shot down by countless weapons…

Everyone was explaining, trying to take the credit, telling him that they had killed this poisonous demon.

Wuhuan couldn't hear anything, he rushed straight towards the young man covered in blood…

The young man saw him, and the flames scattered to either direction, giving him safe passage.

From beginning to end, the poisonous fire hadn't harmed anyone.

Everyone shut their mouths. They realized that no demon could maintain such rationality. But the grave mistake had already been committed.

Wuhuan embraced the young man whose body was growing colder and colder. He exhausted all the methods to bring back his life that was passing away; all to no avail.

Tears fell drop by drop, hitting the young man's face.

The young man could no longer raise his hand and use writing to comfort him. He was anxious and he desperately tried to express the feelings in his heart. He opened his mouth and spent all his energy. He finally broke through the psychological barrier and spoke the most important name in his life: "Wu-Wuhuan…"

He had learned to speak. He had a lot of words in his heart, so many things he wanted to tell the other, but it was too late.

The young man took his hand for the last time until he lost his warmth.

Heart-Eating Nightmare, never to awaken again…

……

Translator's note: Warning for Mo Yuan/Wuhuan's Yandere behavior

Chapter 106: Mission Answers

Sword Master Mo Yuan went mad. He killed everyone and in the end, the various major sects banded together to punish him with death. Everyone felt a sense of shame and guilt regarding this matter. It was beyond words and so they erased all traces of this error from history.

Song Qingshi returned to the dense fog with tears in his eyes. He wanted to run back to the Wuhuan in Mo Yuan's memory world and tell him that he was still alive and that no matter how many times he reincarnates, he was always going to come back and look for him. However, heavy fog blocked his path and he couldn't go back.

Amidst his anxiety, he suddenly discovered that a new mission choice had appeared in Sword Master Mo Yuan's formation: Restart.

Without the slightest hesitation, Song Qingshi chose to start again, rushing back to the mission world.

This time, he was going to rescue Qu Yurong together while saving Wuhuan. He was going to turn in a perfect score!

……

Song Qingshi knew where the mission target was and this saved him a lot of time. He struck like a tiger and burned Tian Xiang Pavilion's treasure house once again. He first dragged Wuhuan out of the dungeon. He didn't stop to talk nonsense and immediately carried him over the wall. Fearing he would run around, Song Qingshi pierced him with a golden needle to make him faint. He then found a corner to hide him in. Afterwards, he rushed back in to find Qu Yurong, who'd been locked in a room, crying. He raised the wooden sign he had prepared long ago, telling him that he was here to save him.

Qu Yurong had just fallen into Tian Xiang Pavilion. He wasn't willing to be a xiao guan. Every day, he bathed his face with tears. He was overjoyed seeing that someone had come to rescue him. No matter who had come, he had already decided to run away with him.

Song Qingshi held on to him and carried Wuhuan on his back. According to the original plan and route, he smoothly made his way back to the small cottage.

When Wuhuan woke up, Qu Yurong acted as his interpreter. Reading the words from the wooden board, he conveyed Song Qingshi's meaning, The three communicated well and on the whole, there were no strange misunderstandings.

This time, Song Qingshi didn't have to endure a beating from Wuhuan and he completed his treatment without a hitch. He kept the two of them by his side and looked after them.

Qu Yurong was born very beautiful, but he got his beauty in exchange for his IQ. Not only was he stupid, he also had a bit of a reading disability. Song Qingshi tried to teach him to read, but when it came to longer sentences, he read them topsy-turvy. He skipped words and missed characters. He would try his hardest for three days and still be unable to recite the first page. Crying and worrying, he would apologize. Song Qingshi was dumbfounded. He felt that he had encountered the kind of rich second-generation underachiever that was tutored by famous teachers and still failed even if you added up his scores on Chinese, Mathematics and English.

Qu Yurong was very good-natured. He lived with everyone in the thatched cottage in the wilderness. He ate and drank very badly, but he was very obedient and never complained. However… he had been cupped in the Qu family's hands; he was a little master who'd been pampered and spoiled. He simply didn't have the ability to take care of himself. Moreover, lacking the ability to subjectively surmount objective matters, there were a lot of things he couldn't adapt to.

After forcing himself to eat the medicated porridge that Song Qingshi made, he suffered from gastrointestinal discomfort. He vomited and had diarrhea, nearly losing his life. He wanted to try to help with cooking and set off a fire, burning down half the cottage. He would tidy up and misplace the items, throwing all the medicinal materials into disorder. He hurt his hands while chopping firewood and almost fell into the ravine when he was fetching water. At night, he couldn't fall asleep on the simple and crude bedding. The rough clothes chaffed against his skin. After a few days, he lost a lot of weight.

Qu Yurong felt very guilty and apologized day after day. He wanted to try to do things well, but he kept failing.

Song Qingshi then realized. He was a pea prince…

In the original work, even though Qu Yurong had been defiled in various ways by numerous men, he had lived like a prince. His cultivation base was raised with the use of all kinds of rare medicines, so these problems had never been revealed.

Song Qingshi's plan to train him to be a scholar-tyrant, who would find the value of life in the sea of knowledge, failed. The only thing Qu Yurong could do well was to help him talk to Wuhuan and help him teach Wuhuan to read. Song Qingshi was completely helpless but it wasn't Qu Yurong's fault that he was naturally lacking in IQ. He was forced to treat Qu Yurong like a little ancestor. He adopted pre-school teaching methods, praising and coaxing him as much as possible, building his self-confidence, hoping that he could instill some teaching into him so that he would no longer be deceived by slag men…

He expended a lot of effort on Qu Yurong, and finally got the young master's body to be a lot less delicate.

Wuhuan, ever well-behaved and gentle, Song Qingshi didn't need to worry about. He often helped out with things, and had a good relationship with Qu Yurong.

Song Qingshi had complete confidence in Wuhuan's IQ. Every day he treated his body and used pills to help his cultivation… This time he was redoing the mission and he avoided having to go through a lot of detours. He smoothly healed Wuhuan's legs and body and made preparations for recovering his eyesight. He estimated the time and waited for when they would need to save the old sword master.

He planned very beautifully…

Qu Yurong became more and more dependent on Song Qingshi, often clinging to him and acting like a spoiled child, saying that he didn't want to leave and hoped that they could be together forever.

Wuhuan was silent for a long time, and then he suddenly smiled. He gently rubbed Qu Yurong's head, and asked softly, "Forever?"

Qu Yurong replied happily, "En, I like Qingshi Gege."

Song Qingshi saw that everyone had a good relationship so he let go of his worries and concentrated on making medicine and earning money for their living expenses.

After a while…

On that day, Song Qingshi was out picking medicinal herbs when he felt that something was wrong. He came back early and found that Qu Yurong was missing. He looked around and saw Wuhuan hurriedly coming back from the stream. He hurried to him and wrote on his palm to ask about Qu Yurong's whereabouts.

Wuhuan said calmly, "I don't know. He said he was going to the mountains to pick fruit and he hasn't come back."

Song Qingshi felt uneasy. He was about to say that they should go look for him when suddenly, a mission failure warning appeared in his mind again.

His body once again showed signs of demonization…

Song Qingshi lowered his head in surprise and found a few drops of fresh, unwashed blood on Wuhuan's wet cuffs.

He froze. He understood everything…

"Don't concern yourself about that person anymore," Wuhuan realized that he hadn't been able to completely clean up the bad thing he had done. He gradually became restless with anxiety. He pleaded, feeling pained, "He was so annoying. I don't like the way he spoke to you and I don't like you praising him. I don't like how you focus on him…every time I hear him talk to you, I feel sad and I can't control my emotions. I like you, I like you so much. Don't like anyone else, just like me, okay?"

Song Qingshi found that he had neglected a very important thing — Wuhuan's love came with an intense desire to monopolize. He could not tolerate anyone in his heart. He would do whatever it takes, by fair means or foul, to get rid of all threats.

Qu Yurong died, the mission failed.

Song Qingshi looked at the fog that gradually appeared in front of him and tears filled his eyes. He knew that he was going to have to start over…

……

The third time around, he learned from painful experience, and after rescuing the two, he took Qu Yurong to a good family for adoption, completely isolating the two. However, a good thing doesn't last forever. Qu Yurong's beauty and stupidity attracted the greedy eyes of bad men and the mission failed miserably…

The fourth time around, he performed a self-review and introspection. After rescuing the two, he sent Qu Yurong to be adopted by good people. He often visited him to prevent the bad men from attacking. However, Wuhuan couldn't see but he thought very carefully. He discovered that every few days he would sneak out to meet with his "lover". He fell into madness because of jealousy and despair, once again leading to tragedy. The mission failed even more miserably…

The fifth time around, he reflected once again. After rescuing the two of them, he hardened his heart and concealed his identity. He pretended to be an old doctor to treat Wuhuan's injuries and then entrusted him in the care of a reliable family. He completely cut off the opportunity for the two of them to fall in love, and concentrated on dealing with Qu Yurong's mission. As he did so, he also helped to gather the materials for Wuhuan to recover his sight. However, it didn't take long before Wuhuan died somehow… He was so anxious that he almost collapsed. He quickly ended the mission and started again.

The sixth time……

The seventh time……

……

Song Qingshi repeated the Sword Master Mo Yuan's mission for more than a hundred times, but failed every time.

As long as he saves Wuhuan, Wuhuan will fall in love with him and remove all obstacles around him, causing the mission to fail. As long as he ignores Qu Yurong, the fool would set off all sorts of incidents and tragedy would repeat again, causing the mission to fail. He even tried to put Qu Yurong into a deep sleep, hiding him away, waiting until Wuhuan's mood stabilized before dealing with him… But this did not meet with the mission's happiness criteria and his was judged as him failing the mission. He also thought about letting Wuhuan sleep first, and so on. After he dealt with Qu Yurong's mission, he would awaken Wuhuan. However, Wuhuan quickly discovered his attempt and thought him to be a bad person. He immediately ran away and then tragedy struck…

The mission has fallen into an endless loop.

Song Qingshi continued to redo the question. He finally understood the true meaning of "unsolvable". The mission issued by Sword Master Mo Yuan and the mission issued by the system were two different things.

Sword Master Mo Yuan's mission was to save Wuhuan.

The mission released by the system was to save Qu Yurong.

These two missions were in conflict. If the mission to save Qu Yurong was completed, he would fail Sword Master Mo Yuan's mission. If he chose to save Wuhuan, he would fail the system's mission. If he chose to save both at the same time, Wuhuan would kill or eliminate Qu Yurong, causing the mission to fail.

Wuhuan was too smart. He didn't believe all this business about missions. Song Qingshi also couldn't lie in front of him. Wuhuan was also good at acting. He would pretend to believe, and then show his hand at the critical moment, directly ruining the mission… His love and hatred were burningly fierce. His pride was self-destructive. If Song Qingshi lied or rejected his feelings, he would fall into despair, leading to a more tragic suicide ending…

Song Qingshi was almost brought to tears doing this exam but he still persisted, constantly looking for new ideas and methods to solve the problem.

In the end, Sword Master Mo Yuan's formation was torn apart by Feng Jun's powerful force, and he was abruptly dragged out of the formation.

In the formation, a remaining fragment of Sword Master Mo Yuan's voice told him: "There is only one answer to 'Unsolvable': give up."

Song Qingshi struggled and wanted to go back: "I will never give up."

……

Heaven Martial Sect, on the martial arts field, everyone had already failed and returned earlier on. They were all discussing their answers.

Everyone's identity in Mo Yuan's formation was different. Some were given high-ranking identities, some were given low. But they all chose to redeem Qu Yurong. There were also a few kind-hearted people who upon seeing Wuhuan so pitiful, saved him along the way and then foisted him off to other people, not bothering about him after that. However, they didn't

understand why the mission still failed after they succeeded in redeeming Qu Yurong…

The one who went through the most painful experience had been Heaven Martial Sect Master Yuwen Yan. He was very lucky and his starting identity was the sect master of a certain sect. He was a Nascent Soul cultivator, influential and powerful. He rushed to Tian Xiang Pavilion, paid a large ransom to take Qu Yurong and accepted him as a direct disciple. He worked diligently, raised him as his own son. He piled him high with valuable pills to raise him to Core Formation. He taught him various techniques and had him learn the four social bonds. He also beat him into turning straight and had him married to a lady from a prestigious family, who gave birth to two fat sons. Qu Wurong should now be a winner in life, who has reached the peak of happiness, right?

However……

When he was about to die with a smile on his face, Qu Yurong came over and told him that he had been suffering his whole life. He had a lover he was in love with, a man. Because of Master's objections, they could only communicate secretly. His wife was also in a different relationship. The two had an agreement to each carry on with their own affairs. Her sons came from the seed of another. He only helped to cover it up and take care of them…

By the way, Qu Yurong's lover was his main disciple in the mission world, the next sect master.

The two unfilial disciples knelt in front of his sick bed, holding hands, crying and begging him to help them accomplish their aim.

Yuwen Yan died vomiting blood…

After he returned to reality, he collapsed on the stone steps, his whole person feeling unwell.

Yuwen Yu did the mission closely abiding by the rules. Although he did not succeed, he saw a lot of the world, opening many new doors and he

pondered many things that he had never even thought of before.

Song Jincheng had actually been very clever. His identity was that of a rich second-generation cultivator. Knowing that he wasn't strong enough and that he definitely wouldn't be able to complete the mission, he didn't even enter the Tian Xiang Pavilion. He immediately ran to play. He traveled extensively, went on scenic tours, went on shopping sprees and ate. He indulged in pleasure and forgot about home and duty. Now, he was showing off to everyone the beauties and delicacies he had encountered…

Everyone had more or less gained something from the experience and their exchanges were going in full swing.

Feng Jun revealed the terrifying power of a god and violently tore apart the tiger brace, scaring everyone and bringing them back down from their happy cloud. They stared at the red vines flying in the sky, completely clueless about what was going on.

Song Qingshi was too mentally exhausted from the formation and he fell into a deep sleep.

Feng Jun knelt in front of him and carefully felt his pulse and breathing. He checked that there was no problem with his dantian and his sea of consciousness. He then placed that white hand on his palm and held it tightly. Confirming that his temperature was still the same, he finally breathed a sigh of relief. Then, he raised his head, glanced at the bewildered Yuwen Yan, and said coldly, "The Inextinguishable Peak will compensate Heaven Martial Sect with a better magical artifact."

Yuwen Yan was overjoyed and said his thanks.

Feng Jun cherishingly placed the sleeping young man into his arms, tread on countless red vines, and quietly departed.

Chapter 107: To Deal Sincerely and Fairly

When Song Qingshi woke up, he found that it was well into the night. He looked at the decor of the Heaven Martial Sect guest room around him. He was confused for a moment, thinking of where he was. It wasn't until he saw that the lamp on the table was made with Night Luminescent Pearl from Heaven Craft Pavilion, and was neither an oil lamp nor a candle, that he woke up completely.

He anxiously jumped out of bed. Barefooted, he looked all around, only to see that man dressed in a red brocade robe, sitting sideways on the chaise couch by the window. He had long dropped his disguise and moonlight shone down upon the most gorgeous face. There was a deep darkness in his dark golden phoenix eyes. His long slightly curling hair was tied casually next to his ear. His guise as a young man has long since faded and his stature was now much taller…

This was Feng Jun, Mo Yuan, and also Wuhuan…

Song Qingshi carefully approached him. He dipped his finger in the spirit-refreshing tea, wanting to write his question on the table.

"You can already speak." The man woke up from his thoughts and couldn't help but say when he saw him trying to write.

Song Qingshi then realized that he was no longer mute. He quickly let out an "ah ah ah", practicing vocalizing. It took quite a bit of time before he recovered the ability to speak. He thought for a long time and quietly called out, "Wu-Wuhuan…"

This was the only name he wanted to call.

Shenjun didn't deny it any more. He simply took his hand and gently placed it on his palm, holding it tightly.

"I'm sorry," Song Qingshi saw this familiar movement and understood that the other party already knew what he had been doing in Mo Yuan's formation. In the formation, he relied on his obtuse heart to persist in doing

the mission over a hundred times. Now that the dust has settled, he finally felt the pain caused by the more than a hundred failures. At first, it was dull throbbing pain and then the pain grew deeper and deeper until it reached the bottom of his heart. He whimpered and tried to suppress the torrent of tears. But he simply couldn't bear it anymore and he finally cried out loud, saying, "Sorry, I'm too stupid. I tried my best, but I couldn't solve the problem. I'm sorry, I caused you so much pain…"

He was incoherent from cryng. He didn't know what he was talking about.

"Don't be sad, I'm back." Shenjun knew that he had accumulated too many emotions and needed to vent. He didn't try to stop him. He just took him into his arms and gently stroked his back, waiting patiently for him to cry away all the pain in his memory and completely return to reality.

Song Qingshi cried for a long time, and gradually stopped…

He firmly grasped the warm hand and confirmed that this person was still by his side. He hadn't lost him. His eyes were full of questions.

"After I entered the formation, I didn't receive any messy mission and I was immediately attached to Wuhuan's body. I knew that this was me in my previous life. I hated that kind of identity and situation. I intended to immediately withdraw but then I saw you coming and I decided not to leave. The next thing I knew, it was like I was personally experiencing a play. I watched and felt but I couldn't control the development and course of the story." Seeing that he had finally calmed down, shenjun slowly told him of what he had experienced in the formation. "I watched you… as you tried your hardest to save me, as you led me by the hand. I was so happy. You agreed to marry me and be my Daoist companion and I was even more overjoyed. I thought that having felt that kind of happiness, it didn't matter if Mo Yuan met an unfortunate end. It didn't matter that he went mad and died. However, I never expected that the ending of the story would be like that. It was so painful that I simply couldn't accept it…"

Song Qingshi apologized again, "I'm sorry."

"You don't need to apologize. You're not the one in the wrong." Shenjun took a deep breath. He had been thinking about this issue while Song Qingshi had

been sleeping. “When you failed for the first time, I was so angry that I couldn’t help myself. I hated destiny, hated missions, I even hated myself in my previous life. I wanted to tear apart the tiger brace. But I saw that you chose to start again. I was a little surprised. It was like demons and gods at work…I wondered what you were going to do, so I stopped myself… …”

As a result, he watched Song Qingshi, begin again and again, and fail again and again…

The same start, different failures. Song Qingshi went around countless times, and he didn’t give up trying his best to save him.

What was the reason for failure?

His initial anger gradually calmed down, and he finally understood the true intention of Mo Yuan’s formation.

The only person in the world who knew himself best was himself.

Mo Yuan’s formation wasn’t an exam question for Song Qingshi; rather, it was the answer he had left for himself.

“Being manipulated by the so-called mission and destiny is an injustice from heaven. But ‘unsolvable’s failure lay with me…” He knew that Song Qingshi had discovered this problem a long time ago through his countless repeated failures. But there was no way for him to resolve it. “I like you very much and I’m willing to give you everything; my feelings, my life, my soul… But the only thing I didn’t give you was trust.”

He was too smart, too proud, too self-confident. He was too engrossed in striving for perfection and so he couldn’t face mistakes and failures.

He didn’t believe in Song Qingshi’s mission, nor did he believe enough in Song Qingshi’s feelings for him, which resulted in an unsolvable ending.

The thing manipulating fate behind the scenes took advantage of these two small gaps in his personality — perfectionism and mysophobia. As long as he was thrown into the filthy and dirty darkness, it could relax and watch him repeatedly enmesh himself in a trap of his devising. Because of his self-

loathing, even if he ran across a life-saving driftwood, he would only drag the driftwood into the water, forcing it to painfully sink into the abyss with him.

He really was so stupid…

“The paranoia came from fear, and the tendency to evade came from the feelings of inferiority.” Shenjun finally analyzed his own heart, facing the deep darkness inside. “I’m afraid; afraid that your feelings for me are just a beautiful mistake. I’m afraid that you’ll find the right answer and forget all about me. I’m afraid you will like another and I’m also afraid that others will like you. I’m even more afraid that one day, you’ll understand what true perfection is and then you’ll realize my imperfections and leave in despair…”

Song Qingshi desperately shook his head to say that he wouldn’t.

Mo Yuan fell amidst his crazed massacre. Before he died, he finally caught a glimpse of the mystery known only to heaven. He understood then that the mission that Song Qingshi had once told him of, was real. But by then, he was already powerless to redeem the situation.

He then made this tiger brace, sealing his memory in it, installing this unsolvable mission.

The way to initiate the mission was through Song Qingshi’s two different fires but the actual target had been his future self.

What Mo Yuan wanted him to see was Song Qingshi’s redemption of never giving up. It then opened this paranoid and stubborn heart.

One hundred and twenty-seven mission cycles.

No matter how difficult or painful the mission; no matter whether he was blind or dirty; no matter how bad the circumstances he found himself in; no matter if he was beautiful or ugly; no matter how dark his heart was; no matter how many bad things he has done; he was the one who was always chosen and given heart and soul…

Song Qingshi had tirelessly worked hard, trying to drag him out of the abyss.

So, don’t be afraid, he will never give up on you…

Shenjun turned Song Qingshi’s palm over and gently caressed the back of his hand. He looked at him, and after getting his permission, he once again branded the soulmark.

The two peach blossoms marks, through the fetters of lifetime after lifetime, had already turned so red that they were almost dripping blood.

His smile was sadder than crying. “How many lifetimes have we been Daoist companions to make such a mark?”

“I-I told you,” Song Qingshi hadn’t fully adapted to speaking again and his speech wasn’t very smooth. He tried hard and said, “Wuhuan, I like you.”

He was the most fixated person in the world. The things he liked, he would never ever change.

Song Qingshi felt a bit wronged, “I’ve said I like you many, many times.”

Anything said three times or more signified that it is important. He thought he had said it clearly enough, but the other party still didn’t understand…

Shenjun calculated and said, “In this world, you have said it one hundred and eighty-four times.”

He remembered every time.

Song Qingshi was stunned. He had lost part of his memory and there were a lot of things he didn’t remember clearly, but he felt like he shouldn’t have said it that often, right?

Shenjun thought back to those pleasant memories and explained, “You liked saying it in bed.”

Song Qingshi understood, and honestly confessed, “I must have been begging for mercy…”

Shenjun was stunned.

Song Qingshi was so embarrassed that he wanted to scratch the floor, but the words were already out and he was left with no choice but to explain, “They say that men can’t say no in bed. S-so, I was embarrassed to directly…”

He learned a bitter lesson in Mo Yuan’s memory. Sword cultivators gave everything they’ve got in whatever they did. His initial cultivation level hadn’t been very high, and he hadn’t yet tempered his body. He was played with to the extreme but he still couldn’t say anything. Oftentimes, by the time they finished, he’d be on the verge of passing out. He’d thought of making a wooden sign with this sentence, using a tactful way, he hoped that for the sake of how much he liked him… that he’d let him off once or twice. However, he thought this plan was too strange and ultimately decided not to do this stupid thing. Later, he had managed to raise his cultivation base and he tempered his body with medicine to adapt.

Song Qingshi confessed to the truth, feeling his vigor reach rock bottom. His head was lowered, and his face was beet red.

Shenjun was amused by him, and the depressive atmosphere was swept clean away.

When Song Qingshi saw the other’s smile, his face turned even more red. He promised sincerely, “I will train my body well.”

“En, I’m not afraid anymore. No matter how many missions or rebirths, I believe that you will come find and save me.” Shenjun ceased his laughter and said seriously, “Qingshi, from now on, I will believe in your feelings. I will believe every word you say and not ruin your mission again… So, let’s try dealing sincerely and fairly. Let’s say everything and join hands to try to break this disgusting imprisonment by fate.”

Song Qingshi earnestly promised, “If the mission fails, I will accompany you in death.”

Shenjun thought for a long time. “Okay.”

“The first step to dealing sincerely and fairly,” Song Qingshi asked the most important question, “Tell me, what is your real name?”

A name is a very important thing. Whether it was Mo Yuan or Feng Jun, these were all cowardly products of his being unable to face his past.

If he couldn’t face the darkness, couldn’t face his true self, he would never be able to break through the imprisonment of darkness, of being played tricks on and being controlled by disgusting fate.

Shenjun hesitated for a moment, then smiled softly.

“My name is Yue Wuhuan.”

As soon as he spoke, the young man’s soft lips were branded onto his lips, he then happily told him in a loud voice.

“Wuhuan, I like you.”

“Wuhuan, I like you.”

“Wuhuan, I like you.”

The most important thing must be said thrice.

This time, you must be sure not to misunderstand.

We’ll work hard together.

……

Chapter 108: Mission Cheating

Their whispered conversations continued well into the night.

Yue Wuhuan helped Song Qingshi retrieve his lost memories bit by bit. Starting from their unbearable encounter at Golden Phoenix Manor, he slowly told him about their past, about all the things he didn't like and wanted to cover up — including the people he had killed, including An Long's love, Bai Zihao's 'correctness', and about that trash that proclaimed himself to be a tasker… His memory was very good and he left no detail out.

He held nothing back and told him everything. He tried to face those hateful things without any prejudice.

Song Qingshi, as was his habit, took out pen and paper, sorting out everything. He classified them logically and the fog in his mind that covered his memory, gradually faded away with the large amount of details being supplemented, revealing his true identity. Matching it with what was in his memory, he marked out several key points and had Yue Wuhuan give additional details.

"The year you disappeared, An Long came to save me." Yue Wuhuan used to hate this owed favor, but now he could face it calmly, "I was reborn in the flames of the Inextinguishable Peak, turning into the incarnation of the Phoenix. Afterwards, I launched a war to clean up the trash and those filthy sects. I killed a lot of people, the world was thrown into chaos. An Long had nowhere to go, so he kept watch over the Medicine King's Valley… He hated me to the bone and often reprimanded me. He cursed terribly at me. However, he never joined any of the forces to stand against the Inextinguishable Peak and oppose me."

Song Qingshi sorted out An Long's character and behavioral logic. "This doesn't seem like something he would do."

An Long would tear up anything he found objectionable.

Yue Wuhuan recalled, “He said that before you disappeared, you told him something strange. Something like, ‘If you kill Wuhuan, you will regret it.’ He believed this and so, even when he was angry, he never did anything to me. I am also very confused about this sentence. Qingshi, do you remember the reason why you said this?”

Song Qingshi bit the shaft of the pen in frustration. He shook his head. It was too difficult. His memory was completely fragmented. It was like he was building a jigsaw puzzle that still had key pieces of it missing. “I can’t remember but my intuition tells me that you two shouldn’t be enemies…”

“Then trust your instincts,” Yue Wuhuan said decisively. “You’ve done so many missions that although your memory is washed away every time, your repeated experiences and matters that have made an impression on you, would have been burned into your bones. You wouldn’t have completely forgotten them.”

Just like how their interests were aroused the first time they met.

This was a memory burned into their bones.

“I don’t hate An Long, and I even… admire him very much. I want to help him, to trust him.” Song Qingshi used to worry about Wuhuan’s mood so there were some things in his heart that he didn’t dare say. Now that he knot in Wuhuan’s heart had been undone and he was willing to trust his feeling, he no longer needed to fear the consequences of talking about this matter. “Since we’ve determined that there have been many reincarnations, maybe we can make a bold assumption that An Long was once your very important friend?”

Yue Wuhuan scoffed. “Friend? A friend who would rob me of something I cherish…”

He suddenly realized something and stopped.

Song Qingshi hesitatingly asked, “If my existence was taken out of the equation, is there no mutual admiration between the two of you?”

An Long was sealed in the endless abyss. Sometimes, when he was awake, he would call Yue Wuhuan's name… At first, they would berate and mock each other, but after a long time, it turned into a habit. He would occasionally bring An Long a few bottles of wine, and An Long would talk about his encounters with Song Qingshi… He would have fallen in love with anyone, no matter who it was, that had willingly pulled him out of the desperation of that foul swamp.

However, it turned out to be this love that was destined to be impossible which caused a crack in his heart, making him sink into the abyss of hopelessness, unable to free himself.

This kind of feeling, wasn't it like how he himself was toyed with by fate?

Yue Wuhuan thought about it carefully. He felt that An Long was stupid and annoying but he had to acknowledge his strength and pride… Now, thinking of the man in the endless abyss who had been twisted into an ugly monster, it made him feel uncomfortable. He felt that if this person were to die, he should die by his hands or gloriously in battle. He shouldn't be manipulated by these despicable things and forced to die in the darkness underground. That's why he'd been looking for a way to free An Long all these years…

An Long too had once said that he could not accept Yue Wuhuan having an unsightly mental breakdown; nor could he accept him stupidly hiding his head and covering his tail. An Long had no interest in killing him while he was this way. The Yue Wuhuan he wanted to see should be like a proud and beautiful bird. Only then would he be worthy of being defeated. He would then pull out all his beautiful feathers and tack them on the wall as decoration.

This had been too much like a provocation. He gave this fool, who was locked in the abyss a severe lesson.

Thinking about it now…

Did they both not hate each other a bit like hating iron for not becoming steel?

Yue Wuhuan thought about that fool again and felt a little frustrated. There was a bit of tightness in his chest and he very reluctantly replied, “If he were a friend, it must have been in a previous life when I was incautious in making friends…”

Song Qingshi more or less understood and made a new note. “If the system can arrange all kinds of coincidences, placing your destiny into the abyss of despair, leading you step by step into madness; it can also put An Long’s fate into the abyss of despair, and then create a coincidence for me to come save him…”

In this way, all matters were now straightened out.

Somewhere, he must have already seen the friendship between An Long and Yue Wuhuan. Thus, he trusted An Long and wanted to be friends with him, showing him a higher degree of care and solicitude than other patients. However, in his despair, An Long regarded him as his last hope, giving birth to feelings of love. So when Yue Wuhuan appeared, the two became mortal enemies, cutting off any possibility of them working together.

The system then achieved several of its goals.

One: Yue Wuhuan’s paranoia and desire to monopolize were aggravated. He couldn’t have any friends except Song Qingshi.

Two: An Long trapped himself in own his feelings and became a chess piece controlled by fate.

Three: Fate could make use of An Long to get rid of anything it wanted out of the way.

“There should be other reasons for why the system chose An Long. Over the years, I wanted to kill An Long and I repeatedly tried various methods.” Yue Wuhuan took his notebook and added, “An Long seems to be in possession of the world’s hardest bones. His physical body is inconceivably powerful. Only he could have withstood such a terrible transformation.”

He lifted the pen and marked An Long's name and information as important.

After the Foul Demons appeared, An Long's mutation began to occur.

Perhaps, this was the key to finding the truth about the problem.

……

With much difficulty, Yue Wuhuan managed to finish telling him about what has happened these many years. Looking at Song Qingshi, who was frenziedly taking down notes, he couldn't help asking the most important question, "Who is your mission target this time?"

Song Qingshi thought of this serious matter. He quietly looked Yue Wuhuan and was hesitant to speak.

Yue Wuhuan promised, "I will definitely hold back my possessiveness this time. I'll placed that damned mission target by my side and look after him."

Song Qingshi unconsciously sat upright. "This time, it's a bit special…"

Yue Wuhuan has been Daoist companions with him for so many years. He could immediately tell he was guilty by his action. "You already did it wrong? Don't worry, we can think of a way to remedy it."

"No, let me tell you about it first," Song Qingshi took a deep breath and firmly admitted his mistake, "I seem to have blown up the system…"

Yue Wuhuan looked at the large amount of information that they'd just sorted out. He felt a bit crushed.

Song Qingshi explained, "I forgot how it exploded, but… it felt like I did something bad? Maybe it was because of too many failures that the system exploded? But when the system exploded, I quickly grabbed onto a task and then I came back to find you. I can't really describe this task clearly so I'll just show it to you."

【Destroy the most evil villain in the immortal realm, the Inextinguishable Peak's 口口口，口口口口口口口口.. 】

Yue Wuhuan felt even more crushed. "What is 口口口?"

Song Qingshi said bluntly, "I don't know. It only showed 口口口. The last mission also had a lot of 口口口. It said the target was a peerlessly beautiful shou with exceptional physique and I thought you were the most beautiful one on the Langgan Terrace. I liked you so much that I immediately took you back."

Yue Wuhuan was greatly moved. He wanted to drag the system back and blow it up again.

Song Qingshi asked expectantly, "Are there any other evil villains in your Inextinguishable Peak?"

Yue Wuhuan thought about it carefully and resolutely replied, "In the eyes of the world, they're not as evil as I am."

Song Qingshi felt a little entangled. "If the target of the mission really is you, I can't do it."

The two of them have been tormented for so many years already and what's more, they were in love. They weren't about to play out some stupid drama like torturing themselves whether they would kill the other or not, or maybe sacrificing themselves for each other.

Song Qingshi seriously pondered how to deal with this matter for a long time. He turned around to find that Yue Wuhuan had been smiling all this time. He was smiling very happily, looking not at all solemn.

Yue Wuhuan sighed, "You've taken so many mission. Finally, this time, I'm the correct answer."

Song Qingshi reminded, "The professor proctoring this exam has exploded, it doesn't matter even if you are the correct answer."

“The system is just a tool for publishing tasks. Neither the Foul Demons nor An Long’s demonization has disappeared. Rather, it’s getting worse. This proves that the thing controlling fate from behind the scenes is still there and the mission still stands.” Yue Wuhuan has already studied countless times the memory of that tasker named Zhou Ye. He had a rather good understanding of the mission procedures. He reminded Song Qingshi, who was still penetrating into a bull's horn, “The urgency of the situation really had forced it to release such a stupid mission, right? I’m the target of your mission. This means that we are now in control of the pace and the way the mission is accomplished.”

Song Qingshi instantly understood his meaning.

“Destroy” could have multiple meanings. Yue Wuhuan had never shown his face, If he abandons his status as shenjun, he would no longer be the villain of the Inextinguishable Peak and that could be considered as “destroyed”. Or maybe he could support a more evil god to become a new villain. That too would mean “destroyed”. Or maybe it would be Song Qingshi’s lack of strength. He would work hard to do the mission and kept a proper pace, dragging this mission for thousands of years. This too would be a solution.

“In Mo Yuan’s formation and in Zhao Ye’s soul, I have seen those so-called original works. They’re all similar to novels, very naive.” Yue Wuhuan kept laughing, “What is the definition of a villain? Is it identity? Conduct? Or maybe the perception of the world? If you take me home to be your Daoist companion, have me be all obedient to you, have me wash my hands and make soup, can I no longer be considered a villain? Or I do charitable deeds everywhere, giving away money and grain, setting up study halls, rescuing the old and the weak, publicize it far and wide, wash away the stains; would I then be a philanthropist who has turned over a new leaf? Or maybe you could do your best to challenge the villain, but you are not strong enough. You are then seized by the villain and locked up in a small black room, forced to warm the bed, refine pills, study and do research. You then spend many years unable to escape. This, too, is a possible way.”

Song Qingshi felt that it made sense. He thought about it, and then asked, “Why did Bai Zihao’s mission fail? He’s not dead.”

Yue Wuhuan smiled and said, “At the time, he and Jin Feiren were bound as Daoist companions. He was tied to that scum for his entire life. His body and mind had been completely controlled and he became a true slave. That scum coaxed him to do a lot of disgusting things. This is all in the past…I won’t sully your ears. In short, you were about to kill An Long. We can establish that in a moment of desperation, the system judged that Bai Zihao could no longer attain happiness and declared your mission failed, forcibly dragging you away.”

In Mo Yuan’s formation, when Song Qingshi tried to make Qu Yurong into Sleeping Beauty or tried to hold him in captivity, the system also judged it as a failure…

Song Qingshi now understood.

Due to the explosion of the system, there was a problem with the mission.

It didn’t have enough time to make better arrangements and so, it directly issued this oversimplified and crude mission.

Judging from the Mo Yuan’s formation and Bai Zihao’s mission, the system’s missions had no time limit. It could only be judged based on the degree of completion. Since Song Qingshi had accepted the mission, agreeing to take the exam, it needed to score his test according to the rules.

Now, when the tasker and the mission target were cooperating with each other, they could completely control this task in the palm of their hands…

When Professor System asked the question, it never thought that someone would cheat in the mission, right?

Chapter 109 The Demon Tide Strikes

The pen never left Song Qingshi's hand and he wrote for six straight hours. By the time he finished the initial sorting of the information, it was already bright outside.

Yue Wuhuan considerately handed him some Spirit Tea.

He took the Spirit Tea and wanted to talk about Yuwen Yu's protagonist's luck. Although he felt that it had nothing to do with him, it still bothered him a little. He didn't feel like Yuwen Yu was someone who needed to be rescued. He had a lofty build, a handsome appearance. He was outstandingly talented, with a happy family and a very pure personality. In short, even if Song Jincheng had him running around in circles, there seemed nothing about him that could be considered tragic…

Song Qingshi was so mentally exhausted from being tossed around in Mo Yuan's formation. He had slept for a bit but had yet to fully recover. After staying up all night, he was now feeling a bit tired.

Yue Wuhuan's heart ached for him. He persuaded him to take a break and then took out all kinds of snacks from the mustard bag, feeding them into his mouth.

Song Qingshi sweetly ate the sweet snacks. Suddenly, he belatedly realized that his man, in his original body, was not only taller but also more beautiful? His waist, his legs, truly beautiful…

When Yue Wuhuan had been refreshing his memory for him, Yue Wuhuan had been afraid that he was still holding a burden in his heart and so, told him that the two of them had already done happy things before. In Mo Yuan's formation, after they became Daoist companions, Song Qingshi had been filled by the 'happy things' to the point of bursting. According to Yue Wuhuan's description, when he had been attached to his previous incarnation, Mo Yuan's body, he had enjoyed it a lot, he'd been quite delighted. Mo Yuan must have probably been worried that future him would be jealous and specially set up this special benefit.

Therefore, the two of them could already be regarded as an old married couple. Practice makes perfect, there is no need to be shy.

Song Qingshi quickly got up from the table and moved back.

Yue Wuhuan could tell what he was thinking. He smiled, put down the snacks, leaned against the chaise couch and assumed a come hither pose. He cast his eyes lightly at him. Those brightly shining phoenix eyes were filled with affection. Those long lashes lay open like fans. It was like a small hook piercing into his heart, teasing his heart with temptation. “Come here.”

Song Qingshi was fascinated by his husband’s beauty. Throwing out all concerns about the difference between their cultivation bases, he climbed onto the chaise couch and straddled Yue Wuhuan’s waist. Boldly, he stretched out his sinful claws to touch that beautiful face. He then leaned over and licked his lips. The soft and sweet taste was oh so satisfying. He went in deeper, drinking in that taste. The beauty was in his arms, gentle and yielding, occasionally letting out delighted groans, encouraging him to continue his kiss…

Until, the red vines soundlessly covered the entire room. They burrowed under Song Qingshi’s robes and wrapped around his hands, feet and waist.

Song Qingshi, finding he couldn’t move, was a little dazed.

Song Qingshi felt that this matter was proceeding differently from how it did in Mo Yuan’s formation. Yue Wuhuan also hadn’t elaborated how they had done it in this world. He pondered… Back then, he was a Nascent Soul bigshot and Yue Wuhuan was a Foundation Building cultivator. They couldn’t have played harder that they did during the sword cultivation period, right? He looked at the beauty’s increasingly greedy eyes and the frightful aura. He felt like a fat rabbit who’d fallen into a trap, hoodwinked by the other’s charms. He was going to be stir-fried, deep-fried, boiled and roasted; he was going to be served as complete set. Maybe he should wait to do this until he has clearly regained all his memories?

A man mustn’t say no in bed.

He would never beg for mercy.

Song Qingshi struggled and said staunchly, “Wuhuan, I like you.”

Yue Wuhuan had gotten used to tying up his prey first, and making sure he couldn’t run away before eating. He slowly tidied up his messed up clothes. He looked at Song Qingshi who half-wanted it but was also a little panicked. He couldn’t help but want to tease him. He pulled him into his arms, leaned close to his ear and whispered to him all sorts of stimulating plays. He added, “These were the things you liked before.”

Song Qingshi was at a loss. “These were things I liked?”

He had a very high degree of acceptance for these kinds of things. He wasn’t going to shy away from his partner’s hobbies and was willing to accept new things. However, the difficulty of the plays that Yue Wuhuan told him exceeded his imagination. He thought it over and felt he really wasn’t going to be able to get out of bed.

“I have proof.” Back then, Yue Wuhuan had sorted out the things left by Song Qingshi. In the study, he found the mess of novels sent by Ye Lin Xianjun. He also saw the s*xual notes written by Song Qingshi. He didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He finally understood why he, this novice who was just starting out, wanted to do all sorts of surprising tricks. He didn’t want anyone else to see these things so he packed them away himself. Because they were so amusing, he was reluctant to destroy them and instead, kept them with him. Now, he took out a notebook as evidence, showing Song Qingshi its contents written in his handwriting. Boldly and assuredly, he said, “Look, this is what you wanted. You had me cooperate with you to do these things.”

The Blood King Vine loosened from Song Qingshi’s hand.

Song Qingshi took the notebook and confirmed that he had written this himself. After thinking about it, he said, his honor not permitting him to turn back, “Then, let’s do it.”

Yue Wuhuan couldn't help but laugh. He continued to tease him, "Aren't you afraid you miscalculated? That you might not be able to stand it?"

"There's no miscalculation. Since it's written in the notes then it's something I feel I can accept and am willing to challenge." Song Qingshi analyzed it seriously. "These things are like experiments. If you don't try it, there won't be any results. How can I know if I can bear it or if I like it if I haven't tried it? In any case… no matter how difficult, I will always try it once. If it doesn't feel good then I won't want it next time."

Yue Wuhuan entangled the vine again. "Aren't you afraid of this kind of hobby?"

Song Qingshi said calmly, "Everyone has their own hobbies. You like me, you won't hurt me."

Yue Wuhuan was stunned, "You don't think… I'm strange?"

"You're not strange." Song Qingshi was afraid that he wouldn't understand, and there would be another psychological problem. He decided to give him another impromptu physiology and hygiene class, making him understand that humans had various strange hobbies, such as fetishism, voice kinks, etc… …It was all legal and it didn't harm society. Hobbies that don't affect other people are perfectly fine.

They're just vines. They wrapped around him very gently. It didn't hurt at all and he felt there wasn't any problem.

Song Qingshi very earnestly and conscienciously gave Yue Wuhuan a Biology as well as a Social Psychology lecture.

Yue Wuhuan was dazzled by his lectures. His mind was once again opened up to the diversity of human psychology. His little hobbies really weren't anything. He also discovered that Song Qingshi's receptiveness to new things was very strong and he liked interesting things. So long as he explains it clear beforehand and makes the proper preparations, he would be very cooperative and wouldn't be afraid to play anything.

This-this was truly a happy matter…

This night, good things simply kept coming one after another. Not only did they get married and manage to undo the entanglement in his heart, his Daoist companion even took the initiative to climb into bed and invite him to have a taste. He wanted to vent to his heart's content, but unfortunately, his red bird avatar, has found something troublesome and they couldn't continue. …

Yue Wuhuan restrained his desire and released Song Qingshi from the vines. He picked up his inner robe for him and re-dressed him in his vestments. He then pointed to the window. "Be careful."

Song Qingshi was surprised. He raised his head and through the crack of the window, he saw a red eye dripping with blood staring fixedly at him. Although the scene was terrifying, Song Qingshi was relatively slow to react. By the time he registered the terrifying atmosphere, he had also figured out what this was, instantly wiping away his fear.

He excitedly ran over and opened the window. There was a huge Foul Demon outside the room, about two meters high, with black hard shell skin, four eyes, and a mouth dripping with venom. It had even grown a hard horn on its head and a pair of beetle-like wings on its back. It simply looked fantastic! So interesting! This was another new never before seen variety!

He with his two eyes and the Foul Demon with its four, locked eyes with each other. They were sizing up each other's body, flesh and blood.

Song Qingshi was so excited. "Wuhuan! I like this Foul Demon!"

"En, there's a Demon Tide outside. I know you want a few live specimens to research on so I allowed a few of them to come over." Yue Wuhuan already used countless vines earlier on to restrain the Foul Demon outside the window. It has lost its ability to move, but it still bared its teeth and waved its mantis-like arms, letting out low growls. He then asked, "This one is very spirited. Do you think it's suitable?"

Song Qingshi nodded wildly, "Very suitable!"

Yue Wuhuan made a simple cage out of vines and placed the Foul Demon in it. He then handed it to Song Qingshi for research.

Song Qingshi suddenly remembered the new word he'd just said, "What is a Demon Tide?"

Yue Wuhuan said, "Occasionally hundreds of Foul Demons will gather to attack human towns or sects. This is called a Demon Tide. No one knows when or where a Demon Tide would occur. They leave barren any land they cross and the settlements they attack would perish before they can ask for help…Although the Demon Tide rarely happens, the disaster it causes is devastating and we can only exterminate these trash after they've done their damage."

Song Qingshi followed his gaze towards the sky. He was surprised to find that the sky was densely covered with thousands of Foul Demons. It was like an invasion of locusts. Smelling the scent of flesh and blood, they came sweeping in. He had encountered a few Foul Demons in the inn and thought they were quite easy to deal with. But when these things came in droves, it was a catastrophe.

He was worried for a moment but looking at Yue Wuhuan next to him, he calmed down.

This was the man at the top of the immortal realm, the villain of the Inextinguishable Peak. With him here, there was no chance he'd die.

Song Qingshi ordered, "Catch more live ones."

"There are a lot of them, I'm afraid they'll flee to nearby towns and wreak havoc," Yue Wuhuan said with a smile, "I have notified my nearby subordinates and affiliated sects to help. There should be no major crisis."

Countless Nirvana Butterflies slowly flew into the air, pouncing onto the filthy garbage.

Bright flames rose up beside him. With countless huge blood-colored vines they extended in all directions, strangling all the demons they encountered.

Many of Heaven Martial Sect's young disciples ran over in a panic, seeking refuge. Many of them were injured. Song Qingshi took the disciples with low cultivation bases and those with minor injuries to set up a simple battlefield hospital to administer first aid to the injured.

……

Heaven Martial Sect's sect master, Yuwen Yan would wake up very early every day. He would drink a cup of Bi'an tea, and then practice his swordsmanship.

This day, he turned pale with fright upon seeing Foul Demons blotting out the sky. Only a few martial sects could hold out against a tide of this scale. For the Heaven Martial Sect, it was the disaster that could spell their doom. Just when they've gotten disciples of outstanding talent, bringing with them hope of someday uplifting their status, they were now going to be annihilated in an instant?

Yu'er! Yu'er and a few of the promising disciples must be evacuated at all costs!

Yuwen Yan panicked for a moment. There countless thoughts raced like a horse lantern in his mind. After turning around, he drew a blank. He turned his head and found the beautiful child who claimed to be Song Xiao Bai squatting in the nearby grass, looking for something. He found it a little strange but he didn't hesitate to grab this oblivious bear child, warning him, "Don't play around. Follow me and later, you go with Yuwen Yu and run away."

Four or five Foul Demons dropped down in front of him. Their black claws gleamed with cold light. Their mouths showed traces of having eaten flesh.

Yuwen Yan drew out his sword, protecting the child behind him.

He was a dignified sword cultivator. Even if he should die, he would die with honor. He could not let such a small child die in the Demon Tide!

The Luminous Dragon raised his head and looked at this human uncle. He'd been ignored by everyone since he came to the Heaven Martial Sect. Later, his mother threw him out the door and left him on guard. He hadn't even given him anything to eat. He was half-dead from hunger. It hadn't been easy but he snuck in, wanting to catch a spirit mouse in the underbrush to eat. Just when he'd found one, he'd been interrupted by the Demon Tide.

The spirit mouse escaped. He was so angry…!

He was going to his daddy to complain. He was going to tell him that mommy had been abusing baobao, always feeding him green leafies and carrots instead of raw meat and mice.

The sound of the Demon Tide's flapping wings was ear-piercing. The Luminous Dragon was a little scared; scared that his mother was going to blame him for not properly guarding the door and letting the garbage come in. He hastily revealed his original form, bypassed Yuwen Yan, and even though it was disgustingly unpalatable, swallowed down all the Foul Demons before them, tring to get rid of the evidence so that he wouldn't get scolded.

The enormous white snake, whose body filled the entire courtyard, then slithered towards the Foul Demons.

Yuwen Yan was momentarily stunned. He finally remembered just who it was lodging as a guest at Heaven Martial Sect.

He re-sheated his sword, turned around and calmly finished his cup of Bi'an tea. He calmly reconsidered his train of thought.

En, the Heaven Martial Sect wasn't going to be annihilated…

Chapter 110: The Master of Xian Ling Island

The Heaven Martial Sect was a medium-sized sect. It held an area of several hundred li and occupied seven mountain peaks. Each peak was equipped with defensive formations. Now, most of the formations had been torn apart by the Demon Tide. The sword cultivators were caught off-guard by the frenzied assault of the Foul Demons.

Fortunately, the guest houses of Heaven Martial Sect were located on Xun Xian Peak, the highest of the seven peaks. The newly initiated disciples of the sect also cultivated here. This was the first time they had encountered an enemy raid. They were thrown into chaos, frantically rushing around like headless flies. Suddenly, they realized that terrifying flames and red butterflies were coming from the guest house, killing off the Foul Demons…

The youths: "???"

Everyone knew that the appearance of flames and red butterflies represented the arrival of death.

There were wolves in front and tigers behind.

Everyone was scared and they were a bit reluctant to approach. But they really couldn't beat so many Foul Demons. They watched helplessly as their companions were killed. They thought about being eaten by demons or being killed by the god. It seemed like the latter was preferable?

In desperation, they didn't know who took the lead but everyone started to flee towards the guest house.

Outside the guest house courtyard, red vines and blazing flames blocked off all paths in. Everyone stood at the threshold, caught in a dilemma. After a while, a voice came from within the courtyard. The vines slowly retreated, giving them passage to enter.

The youths rushed in and saw that there were already many of their fellow disciples in the courtyard. The white-clothed young man was instructing the terrifying existence in the air, “Wuhuan, expand the defensive circle a little bit more. If someone approaches, let them in and if you see a new and interesting Foul Demon, let it in too.”

“Okay.” Yue Wuhuan detested having his face stared at by strangers and so, he brought back the golden mask from back then. He smiled softly at him.

Even with the mask on, he was still exceptionally beautiful.

Humans tend to have a good impression of beautiful things. They then lowered their guard. Although the Heaven Martial Sect disciples had heard of the horrific events during the dark period, they had not experienced them personally and it didn’t create a very strong impression on them. As they say, newborn calves aren’t afraid of tigers. Seeing shenjun’s temperament was so gentle, their fear dissipated even more. They took the initiative to join the battlefield, helping to finish off the Foul Demons that had fallen but had yet to completely die.

Song Qingshi directed those that were originally on duty in the guest house as well as several of the Heaven Martial Sect disciples who had already recognized the situation, to prepare simple hospital beds and to treat the patients.

Fortunately, there were often fights in a sword cultivation sect and injuries were commonplace. Sword cultivators were rather knowledgeable in treating external injuries. Those who were lightly wounded could easily sew themselves up to stop the bleeding. Those who are corroded by venom or severely injured were treated by Song Qingshi first, ensuring their survival before being handed over to their fellow disciples to be taken care of, waiting for the battle to end before they were given unified treatment.

The newcomers with minor injuries finished getting bandaged up. They turned around to find several Foul Demons brandishing their teeth and claws locked up in a cage. They remembered their hatred at having their fellow disciples killed. Torn by grief and indignation, their blood surged. Several of the youths immediately picked up their swords, intending on

stabbing them to death. They were going to avenge their brothers by killing these demons!

“Stop!” Song Qingshi, quick of eye and deft of hand, rushed over, guarding his darlings.

Red-eyed, the youths asked, “What are you doing protecting these demons?”

Song Qingshi explained, “I’m raising them for research.”

The boys didn’t understand. Holding their swords, they wanted to try to argue.

At this time, the guest house cook brought out a pile of newly slaughtered ducks and chickens, gingerly handing them to Song Qingshi. Song Qingshi hurriedly threw them to the Foul Demons who were going crazy with hunger. He carefully observed how they tore them apart to eat. He said worriedly, “I don’t think that was enough for them to eat. Let’s get them some other food. It would be better if it were something bigger, something alive…”

Song Qingshi looked back at the group of hot-blooded teenagers and found that they didn’t seem to be doing anything?

The boys realized his strange interest and shuddered. Their hot-bloodedness slowly faded as they remembered that this was someone mixed in with the person of the Inextinguishable Peak. Even if he appeared young and simple, he was also someone who would kill without blinking an eye…He wasn’t going to feed them to the demons, was he?

Shizun said that sword cultivators must have the courage to challenge strong enemies. But if the gap was too big, being terrified was only right. Otherwise, all the sword cultivating sects would go extinct…

The teenagers quietly stepped back, trying to pretend like nothing had happened.

When Song Qingshi saw them running away, he was a little angry. He had to take care of so many injured patients and he also had to look after his newly-acquired darlings. He was so busy, he was about to go crazy. And now, not only were these guys adding to the trouble, but they were also planning on goofing off? ! He quickly released the Red Lotus Fire and blocked their retreat. With a cold expression on his face, he scolded them, "You all stay!"

The boys' faces turned pale.

Song Qingshi gave this group of dim, unmotivated, lazy, slacker brats a ruthless dressing down. He dragged them off for emergency training, tossing them to toil at the nurse's station.

He was of a mind to suggest to Yuwen Yan that the restoration of Heaven Martial Sect should not only rely on Yuwen Yu alone, nor should he focus solely on swordsmanship. He should also adopt a long-term perspective, stressing the schooling and education of these children. Diligence cures clumsiness. They must be made to do more papers, more practice. Properly functioning brains was the road to reviving the sect's glory.

Take a look at their Medicine King's Valley's Qing Luan. Born a mortal, she accomplished so many good things and secured her name in history!

Now that he has his memory back, he could be proud. Originally, the Medicine King's Valley had been a small lousy sect with only one mountain peak. After transmigrating once again, it has become a gigantic medical school, with plenty of lab assistants, thousands of students, and mountains, rivers and land across thousands of li, all of which were medicinal herb fields that Yue Wuhuan gave to him! He was so excited just thinking about it! He couldn't wait to go home and hug and kiss his Doaist companion…

Yue Wuhuan has also set up the best magical ship between the Inextinguishable Peak and the Medicine King's Valley. It was outfitted with a mobile study and research room, and it was pulled by nine monster birds. It was as fast as lightning and could fully meet the shuttling needs of both sides…However, at present, with the hidden hand behind the scenes being yet to be found, they had no idea of the possible dangers. He wanted to stay

close to Song Qingshi, guarding him with the strongest strength. Therefore, he suggested that the best laboratory and lab assistants of the Medicine King's Valley should be moved to the Inextinguishable Peak. After the problem was solved, he would accompany Song Qingshi to live in the Medicine King's Valley.

Song Qingshi happily agreed.

Yuwen Yan sent a message, and after confirming that everyone was safe, he laid down his dignity and handed over command of the main peak to Yue Wuhuan.

The god of Inextinguishable Peak was the strongest existence in the immortal realm. Whether it was the raging phoenix flames or the red Nirvana butterflies, anything that came in contact with them died. The Foul Demons that fell to the ground then become nourishment for the Blood King Vines.

Although the demons have no IQ, they did have biological instincts. After their violent charge left a large swath of corpses, they finally understood the danger and no longer dared to attack the main peak. They scattered to other places. They formed small groups of five or six, searching everywhere for flesh and food.

The pressure on Heaven Martial Sect was greatly reduced. Yuwen Yan and the elders took the disciple of Core Formation and above and divided them into several groups. They went around destroying the demons and searching for lone or perhaps injured people. They then sent them to seek shelter and treatment at Xun Xian Peak.

This Demon Tide lasted from early morning to dusk. There were scattered Foul Demons everywhere. Killing them was endless.

The rescue from Xian Ling Island arrived. From a resplendent magical ship, a poised and graceful madam came down. She wore a golden crown hanging with pearls and decorated with red crown cranes and bats. On her ears were bright moon earrings. She wore a Shark Pearl skirt and Rosy

Cloud Silk was draped over her shoulders. Her every movement exuded good manners.

With dozens of excellent female cultivators of outstanding renown, she slowly stepped forward. Seeing the familiar golden mask on Yue Wuhuan's face, she momentarily froze. She then bowed down, saluting him in a respectful manner. She said calmly, "We have heard that shenjun has an order. Xian Ling Island has come to heed the call."

The swordsmanship of Heaven Martial Sect walked down a male-oriented road. Most of their members were male cultivators. The few female cultivators they have didn't care about their appearance. Each one had strength enough to pull out a mountain and spirit enough to swallow down seas. They had long regarded them as one of their brothers. Now, seeing the beautiful mistress and female cultivators from Xian Ling Island, the young men were quite excited; the sound of hushed conversations was endless.

Song Qingshi poked the sword cultivator next to him and asked quietly, "Who is she?"

"Don't you know Lady Nian?" The sword cultivator's eyes which he'd redirected from looking at the beauty, showed surprise. "She's the top talisman master in the immortal realm. She's an expert in mechanisms and mathematics. creating and improving numerous talismans. She has also taken in and cared for many orphans, instructing them in talisman production, giving them a livelihood. She's a great and kind-hearted woman."

Song Qingshi understood, "Ah, she's an amazing mathematician."

"Lady Nian is also that person's subordinate and is highly regarded," The sword cultivator glanced in the direction of Yue Wuhuan, and then kindly advised Song Qingshi, "Don't wander around in front of Lady Nian. She has a bad temper and has strange evil interests. She likes to lock beautiful men in dark rooms, forcing them to answer all kinds of strange exercise questions. They're not allowed to leave until they finish… I have an elegant and unrestrained xiongdi who wanted to pursue a female cultivator on Xian

Ling Island, but he ended up in her hands. It took him three years before he was able to make it out of the dark room. He'd gotten so thin and he forgot all about poems and songs. All he talks about now are square fields and Pythagorean theorems or something like that. It's horrible…"

Song Qingshi was bewildered at his words. But the other party said it was horrible, so he nodded along.

The god ordered Lady Nian to set up a large tracking formation within the range of the Demon Tide. They would use the fluctuations of the demonic energy to search for all the Foul Demons on the ground. They would control their movements and together with the Blood King Vines they would destroy them. Lady Nian discussed the specific arrangements with him for a while. She pondered for a moment and then fetched a map of Heaven Martial Sect. She quickly designed the formation, and then dispatched her direct disciples to deploy the formations everywhere.

Lady Nian felt that shenjun's style of dress wasn't the same as his usual. Not only was he not wrapped tightly in the snow feather cloak, but his entire temperament was much softer. She darted her eyes. A guess immediately formed in her heart. After completing the formation design, she searched the crowd and sure enough, she saw the Medicine King Xianzun who she hadn't seen for a long time. He was squatting amongst the crowd, teaching the sword cultivators how to treat poison injuries.

She was instantly drawn to reminisce.

Back then, at the Red Dragon Sect, the Medicine King Xianzun rescued Yan Yuan Xianjun and herself. Her young self had been very grateful and she developed a hazy good impression of this gentle and beautiful Xianzun. She had thought of marrying him when she grew up. However… this good impression only lasted for three days. Not only had her palms been struck by shizun because of those damn novels, but her brothers and sisters had ganged up on her to sort her out.

She had been fine with receiving a beating but…

These two demented bastards praised her intelligence in front of shizun. They praised her so much that shizun was sent floating on cloud nine, feeling that he had the best disciple in the world. Afterwards, she received endless exercise papers.

From then on, she fell into problem exercise hell. No matter what she did, she simply couldn't finish them all. She tried to play truant and as a result, shizun had her senior brothers and sisters supervise her while holding a rod in hand. She cried from misery but no one showed her any mercy. In the end, she was even packed up and sent to Xian Ling Island to study even more things with Madam Ling Miao……

The Medicine King Xianzun went into closed door cultivation. After Yue Wuhuan disappeared, the messenger bird stopped sending exercise sheets for a while.

After she relaxed, she became a little concerned about their safety.

A few years later, the dark period descended upon them. The Inextinguishable Peak began to surround and suppress the various sects. Other sects began to tremble in the face of the god's bloody slaughter. Meanwhile, she trembled in the face of the piles of mathematics and formation problem exercises personally delivered by the god himself…

Shenjun said gently, "The survival of the Red Dragon Sect and Xian Ling Island depends on your performance. I will make spot checks on your results."

At that moment, Nian Nian nearly collapsed…

The world was about to be destroyed, why did she still have to take exams and answer questions?!

The god was always true to his word. Xian Ling Island and the Red Dragon Sect weren't big sects. If they had lost the protection of the Inextinguishable Peak, they would have been destroyed in the chaos of war. Shenjun required Nian Nian to become an excellent talisman master. She was then forced to give up her happy childhood and study assiduously and tirelessly in her

room. Everyday, she answered questions and drew spells. She studied for 800 whole years. She studied so hard that it created a psychological shadow over her.

Later, she embarked on the road to immortality on the strength of her talismans, becoming the leading talisman master in the immortal realm, the high and untouchable Lady Nian.

After Madam Ling Miao's fall, she inherited Xian Ling Island and looked after the Red Dragon Sect.

The people who knew the true identity of the god were exceedingly few, and they were all wise enough to shut up.

Once, Lady Nian had had too much to drink. She coincidentally ran across an incarnation of the god and she couldn't help asking boldly, "How could you have been so sure that I would become an excellent talisman master?"

"I wasn't," Shenjun thought for a while and confessed, "But if that person says you're excellent, then you must be excellent."

Lady Nian had no idea where she ought to spit tht mouthful of blood in her heart…

She both loved and hated the Medicine King Xianzun. All sorts of feelings welled up in her heart.

……

The Medicine King Xianzun was out. No wonder shenjun was in such a good mood…

Lady Nian gracefully walked forward with a smile. She caught sight of the Doaist companion mark on the back of Song Qingshi's hand and said softly, "Xianzun, it has been a long time since we've last met."

Song Qingshi was a little nervous when he saw the unfamiliar great beauty greeting him. He nodded in response.

Lady Nian smiled and said, “Xianzun and shenjun have become Doaist companions. It is a truly happy event. I have a gift that I’ve been preparing for many years. I wish to give it to you.”

Song Qingshi was embarrassed and said, “You’re too kind.”

Lady Nian put on a fake smile and said, “I have prepared more than 10,000 sheets of problem exercises for Xianzun. It covers all the topics related to talismans and mathematics. I hope Xianzun would kindly accept my gift.”

Song Qingshi originally planned to refuse, but when he heard what it was, he couldn’t push it away .

Who ever said Lady Nian had a bad temper? She was obviously gentle and considerate, with a kind and benevolent heart! This wedding gift was perfectly according to his taste!

Chapter 111: The Protagonist's Destiny

Song Qingshi sincerely thanked Lady Nian for the gift and said that he would work hard to answer the problems and live up to the lady's expectations.

Lady Nian was dazed upon hearing it. She turned her head and saw shenjun holding back a smile. She realized that the revenge she'd been preparing for for a millenia was nothing but folly. She felt even more deeply that beautiful men were all inhuman. Her heart felt all stifled. Later, she was going to grab a few more little white faces and lock them up in the dark room to vent her anger.

Xian Ling Island's female cultivators and the disciples of Heaven Martial Sect cooperated tacitly. After an hour, all the formations were set up and in place.

Lady Nian initiated the tracking formation. The god traced all the Foul Demons within the formation and used the Blood King Vines to destroy them all. Heaven Martial Sect lost more than thirty people in the Demon Tide, with many more who had injuries of various severity. However, compared to past Demon Tide calamities, this could be regarded as an overwhelming victory.

Everyone cried tears of joy as they embraced each other. The Luminous Dragon slipped back in. He'd been storing up tears of grievance. Just when he opened his mouth to call out 'mommy', Yue Wuhuan immediately silenced his voice and threw him out to guard the door.

Yuwen Yan hurried over. He thanked the god for his help and asked, "Where is my son?"

Song Qingshi was a little puzzled, "Aren't he and Jincheng with you?"

He hadn't seen Song Jincheng in Xun Xian Peak. He assumed that that bear kid had secretly gone to look for Yuwen Yu to play and Yuwen Yu spent most of his time cultivating with his father…He presumed that when

the Demon Tide came, Yuwen Yan must have protected his son, right? Unexpectedly, Yuwen Yan also thought that Yuwen Yu had gone to Song Jincheng to play. He presumed that the two of them were safe under the protection of the god. But it turns out that neither side had them?

The Demon Tide had receded, but they were missing. This wasn't good news.

Yuwen Yan was nearly hopping about in anxiety. Song Qingshi was also very worried. He urged Yue Wuhuan to look for them.

Yue Wuhuan had Lady Nian change her tracking formation. He released his mental probe on a large scale, carefully looking through every tree and blade of grass in Heaven Martial Sect. Finally, eight hundred li away, at the foot of Yu Xiu Peak, he found traces of the both of them. The situation didn't seem good.

Everyone got on board Lady Nian's ship and hurried away.

At the side of a brook on Yu Xiu Peak, there were traces of a fierce fight. The chopped up remains of five Foul Demons were scattered everywhere. Yuwen Yu's sword had long been broken off. He was holding onto Song Jincheng, who was covered in blood, his left hand broken, and a hole torn into his abdomen. He tried to press Song Jincheng's intestines back in. He tried so hard that blood got everywhere, but no matter what, he simply couldn't get it to stay.

He was a young boy who'd enjoyed success, high-spirited and vigorous; he has never encountered such a terrible thing before.

Yuwen Yu's mind went blank. He kept feeling for Song Jincheng's breath, crying and begging, "Hold on. Just hold on. Someone will come to save us…"

Song Jincheng spit out a thin stream of blood and gradually stopped breathing.

“Father! Elder Wang! Where are you?!” Yuwen Yu couldn’t stop his tears. He cried frantically, “Anyone! Hurry! Save Jincheng! Save us!”

He and Song Jincheng had snuck out, secretly riding on a spirit horse, heading out to play in the city. On the way, they suddenly encountered five powerful Foul Demons. They descended from the sky and attacked, cutting off the spirit horse’s head. The two rolled off the cliff and suffered a lot of injuries.

The Foul Demons ate the spirit horse and came looking for them, following the scent of blood.

Although Yuwen Yu was called a genius, beset as they were by many problems, it was hard to handle this situation five on one.

At the critical moment, it was Song Jincheng who protected him, stuffing a Chubu Pill into the lead demon’s mouth, getting severely injured in the process.

The Chubu Pill slowed down the movement of the demon.

Yuwen Yu grabbed that opportunity to take out his sword and giving it all he had, killed the Foul Demons.

However, Song Jincheng’s injury was too serious. He had exhausted all the hemostatic pills but he couldn’t slow down the rate at which he was passing away.

“I’m sorry, it’s my fault. I’m so useless.” Yuwen Yu cried desperately, “Jincheng, don’t die. We’re going to eat buns from Rong Gui Lane and drink the wine from Tai Bai Pavilion. We’re going to go to Twelve Lane and watch flower ladies dance. We’re going to go to Nan Yue City’s Ghost Lantern Festival. Don’t leave me alone. Someone’s going to come save us…”

He cried and cried and begged and begged.

……

Suddenly, a violent wind swirled up the fallen leaves. Yuwen Yu raised his head and was surprised to see a resplendent magic ship appear in the sky.

Song Qingshi already knew the condition of their injuries. He was in a hurry to land, so he jumped out of the magic ship and flew over on the Red Lotus Fire. He pushed away Yuwen Yu who was crying like a fool, stuffing him into his father's arms. He then applied all the golden needles, performing emergency measures such as resuscitating the patient's lungs and heart.

Yue Wuhuan was used to serving as his assistant. He stepped forward to help sew up the wound on Song Jincheng's abdomen. He then pressed it back and wrapped it tightly with a bandage. He found his tattered left hand in the mouth of a Foul Demon.

Song Jincheng began to breathe again.

"Six-body Huiyang Pill, Qi Nourishing Powder dissolved in eight parts spirit liquid. Nine Revolution Blood Lotus Pill or a Yang Condensation Body Pill?" Song Qingshi saw that the first aid was successful and had Yue Wuhuan take out the blood-supplementing and life saving pills. Once they were diluted and a bit was poured into the patient's mouth, his vital signs finally stabilized.

Yue Wuhuan used the Blood King Vine to make a simple stretcher, steadily lifting him up onto the magic ship which then returned them to Heaven Martial Sect.

Song Qingshi immediately performed abdomen and hand surgery on Song Jincheng at Heaven Martial Sect. He then made a long list of all sorts of precious medicines to regenerate limbs and restore the body so that Yue Wuhuan could have them sent over. Song Qingshi went without sleep or rest for two whole days. Finally, he managed to drag this bear child back from death's door.

Song Jincheng woke up and after listening to the situation, he looked at the bandages on his body and his temporarily immobile left hand. After thinking about it for a long time, he cautiously concluded, "Since I'm

injured like this, my parents won't hit me for failing my exams and running away from home, right?"

Song Qingshi: "???"

……

Yuwen Yu suffered some external wounds but nothing that would prove to be a major hindrance.

He was given a ferocious whipping by his father and was made to kneel at the ancestral hall for three days. After his self-reflection, he ran to Song Jincheng, pouring him tea and water, acceding to every request, waiting upon him very attentively.

After Yuwen Yan knew the whole story, he was not too embarrassed to stop him again. So, with one eye open and the other closed, he put up with his son continuing to have dealings with this unpleasant boy. So long as he doesn't go too far…

Song Jincheng was very capable when it came to ordering somebody about. The pears needed to be sliced and cut into flowers, and the grapes needed to be de-seeded and peeled. After lying down for three days, he bellowed out his grievances, complaining about how his entire body felt unwell. He wanted to read the latest novel, so Yuwen Yu immediately rode his spirit beast down the mountain that very night and knocked on the door of the bookstore to buy it for him. Before daybreak, it was already by his bedside.

Song Qingshi finished his business at hand and came across Yuwen Yu who had traveled by night. He suddenly found that his blinding protagonist's halo had disappeared. Song Qingshi thought he must have seen wrong, so he pulled Yuwen Yu to somewhere brighter to have a careful look. After confirming he was correct, he became a little puzzled.

He pondered for a long time, but couldn't understand it, so he told Yue Wuhuan.

Yue Wuhuan was constantly swamped with numerous affairs. He had never read junk reading like novels. He thought for a moment, “From the information I got from Zhao Ye, every protagonist who needs saving has been arranged with a botched story. I think this time the Demon Tide must have been the key. If the Inextinguishable Peak had not intervened, Heaven Martial Sect would have been destroyed. Maybe… it would have brought about Yuwen Yu’s tragic fate. But he’s already a Core Formation cultivator, how would they have made him miserable?”

Both of them seldom read novels. They talked about it from the perspective of science students for a long time but to no avail.

Song Qingshi suddenly had an idea. He thought of Song Jincheng, an expert who never went anywhere without a novel in hand. He dragged along Yue Wuhuan to Song Jincheng’s sickbed. Then, leaving out the beginning and the end, changing the details while keeping the essence, keeping it all hypothetical, he set up a protagonist similar to Yuwen Yu and let Song Jincheng guess what kind of novel it would be.

“Of course, it’s a revenge story! A very good one,” Song Jincheng took out the “Swordsman’s Revenge” from his pile of novels without the slightest hesitation. Recommending it, “The one I have on hand is very similar. A sunny and kind-hearted male protagonist suffered the tragedy of having his entire sect annihilated. Not only did both his parents die but his fiancée also died to save him…He was filled with hatred and was determined to take revenge. Along the way, he encountered all kinds of opportunities and fortuitous encounters. He obtained the treasures of heaven and earth, magical artifacts and inheritances, spirit beasts and magical pets. And when he was gravely injured, there was even a beautiful medical immortal who threw herself into his arms…Finally, he became a mighty power in the immortal realm and defeated the evil villain.”

Yue Wuhuan was silent, not saying anything. This sort of development went beyond the scope of his logic.

Song Qingshi’s mouth twitched, he wanted to know what the hell was ‘a beautiful medical immortal who threw herself into his arms’?

Yu Wenyu came in with midnight snacks just in time to hear him. He angrily cursed, “His fiancée died to save him. He has failed to be faithful to her memory. He should diligently cultivate. He still has the audacity to flirt with other beauties? This sword cultivator has corrupt morals. He’s bad news!”

He set down the midnight snacks and seeing Yue Wuhuan, sincerely apologized, “I originally misunderstood the Inextinguishable Peak, but now… I am really ashamed. Shenjun’s kindness will be engraved in my heart. In the future, I will practice hard and I will never again listen to those messy rumors. My father has also said should the Inextinguishable Peak have any orders for us, Heaven Martial Peak shall accomplish it at all costs.”

Song Qingshi was puzzled, “What do you mean by messy rumors?”

Yuwen Yu said, feeling abashed, “Many people think that the Foul Demons were created by the Inextinguishable Peak. I… I too once believed in these kinds of rumors. It was utterly foolish. I swear, whoever dares to say this sort of nonsense in front of me in the future, I shall cut him down!”

When the Demon Tide struck, shenjun killed all the Foul Demons and guarded everyone in Heaven Martial Sect. How could such a good person have anything to do with the Foul Demons? ! Even those dark rumors before must probably be false!

Yuwen Yu was moved to tears. He decided he was going to place his faith in the Inextinguishable Peak all his life. He was going to repay this kindness. Anyone who dared to say anything bad about shenjun was no good!

Heartless Song Jincheng thought the rice porridge, his midnight snack, was too hot. He kicked up a fuss and refused to eat it. All other thoughts were driven from Yuwen Yu’s mind and he quickly blew on the rice porridge to cool it off.

Song Qingshi took the opportunity to drag Yue Wuhuan with him to take their leave…

By now, they probably sorted out the destiny arranged for Yuwen Yu by the system: Song Jincheng played truant and went to Heaven Martial Sect to find Yuwen Yu to play. When the Demon Tide came, Heaven Martial Sect was destroyed, Yuwen Yu escaped by chance, but lost his parents and close friend. His heart was filled with hatred for the Inextinguishable Peak and he embarked on the road of revenge.

The hidden hand behind the scenes has always hated Yue Wuhuan. It would definitely create various opportunities for Yu Wenyu to help cultivate smoothly and reach the top.

Song Qingshi's mission was probably to use pills and his medical skills to help Yuwen Yu defeat Yue Wuhuan…

However, after the system was made to explode and the original information was destroyed, it was left unable to interfere with the progression of the mission. Song Qingshi once again ignored the mission and Yue Wuhuan ran to find him. The two of them took Song Jincheng to Heaven Martial Sect. This was completely unexpected and the plot was thrown off track. Now, Yuwen Yu has become a fan of the Inextinguishable Peak, the first to draw his sword against anyone who dared to cause trouble for Yue Wuhuan…

And so, Yuwen Yu lost the protagonist's destiny.

The hidden hand could no longer use this chess piece for its succeeding plans…

But, it would never give up.

Song Qingshi was deep in thought when he suddenly felt the ground shake again. He quickly asked, "Is there another earthquake?"

"No," Yue Wuhuan closed his eyes lightly, "It's An Long. He's gone mad. I'll send my avatar go and take a look."

……

In the endless abyss, the monster bound in the seal struggled frantically. He let out a roar like a dragon. Foul black demonic energy radiated all over his body. Pained, he whipped his tail, thrashing against the stone wall. Huge fragments of the wall fell. The seal was on the verge of collapse.

Yue Wuhuan slashed at his head with a double edged sword made of condensed fire.

The monster roared and the wound quickly regenerated.

Over the years, Yue Wuhuan has tried various means to kill An Long. He has tried burning him, using the Nirvana Butterflies, strangling him, He has also tried curses, freezing, poison, corrosion, piercing his heart with countless weapons, etc. Some of the damage couldn't penetrate through his body's defense. Some could deal damage but he would quickly regenerate.

He had even, at one time, after discussing it with An Long, placed this monster body into the Phoenix flames and burned it for three months. However, no matter what he did, he couldn't completely burn it to ashes. After the burning stopped, his body was made even more twisted by the fire and tempered to be stronger. An Long's madness became even more serious, leading to the need to add more and more layers to the seal.

Now, he could only use countless Blood King Vines to tightly bind the violent monster, subduing him. Yue Wuhuan then bore down on the seals to make him fall asleep.

The monster had already lost his reason, and the time he spent asleep was getting shorter and shorter. All it thought about was rushing out of the endless abyss and start killing.

This was not a good turn of events…

He needed to work with Song Qingshi to find a solution as soon as possible.

Chapter 112: Indistinct Feeling

Song Jincheng's parents rushed to Heaven Martial Sect. Yue Xiansheng had informed them of the Medicine King Xianzun's identity early on. When they saw Song Qingshi, they kowtowed three time and bowed six, offering him their deepest thanks for his life-saving grace. They then used a rod to drag this bear child, who still wanted to kick up a fuss, back home.

Song Qingshi finally found out Yue Xiansheng's identity. He was a little dumbfounded but what could he do even if he'd caught Yue Wuhuan? His own Daoist companion, a super god of learning, the person he must dote upon and place at the peak of his heart — no matter what he did, he could only choose to forgive him…

Most of Heaven Martial Sect's wounded faced no great obstruction. The few who were severely injured were taken back by Song Jincheng's parents to the Medicine King's Valley for treatment. Yuwen Yu just couldn't rest assured about his friend. He initially inteded to follow but was beaten by his father once again and sent to practice.

Song Qingshi reminded Lady Nian not to forget to give him the exercise sheets. Afterwards, he took his caged research babies and climbed aboard the ship with Yue Wuhuan to head to the Inextinguishable Peak.

He had wanted to go to the endless abyss to check on An Long's situation, but after An Long's fall into madness, his feelings for him were all replaced with murderous intent. He had lost all rationality and was incapbale of communicating. His appearance would probably just provoke An Long's emotions and make the situation worse.

Fortunately, Yue Wuhuan had done medical research with him for many years and he has developed very good habits when it came to experiments. He recorded the process of An Long's demonization with picture arrays as well as written records. He kept them in the archives of the Inextinguishable Peak.

Song Qingshi was full of praise for his dependability.

By evening, the magic ship was approaching the Inextinguishable Peak. Under the Yue Wuhuan's guidance, Song Qingshi sat by the window and looked out. What he saw were countless lights against the cliff. They connected with the sea of stars in the sky, shining upon the palace made of gold and white jade as well as the flowers and trees inlaid with precious pearls and jade. It made up the most dazzling scenery, like the most fantastical dreamland.

For a long time, he delightedly exclaimed in admiration, feeling that he would never be short of research funds. Suddenly, he found that there was something wrong with these beautiful lights. Looking carefully, there was a tortured soul struggling in each lamp. Were these all soul lamps?

Song Qingshi asked in shock, "What are all these souls?"

"Don't mind them. They are all unforgivavle trash. I put them there to be tortured day and night. It makes my mood a little better." Yue Wuhuan embraced him from behind, and asked with a smile, "The soul lamps that you gave me back then, I put them there too. Isn't it beautiful?"

Song Qing was silent for a long time. He whispered, "It's been three thousand years, the soul lamps still haven't gone out…"

He had once sent two soul lamps to Yue Wuhuan to help him vent the anger in his heart. They had made a promise, if Yue Wuhuan could let go of the pain and stop torturing himself, he would extinguish the soul lamp and completely destroy the sinful soul, letting everything start anew.

Hundreds of thousands of soul lamps, each one represented the resentment in Yu Wuhuan's heart,his hatred towards the world.

The more soul lamps, the more the resentment, and the deeper the hatred.

For so many years, he hasn't put out a single lamp…

"How can those things be forgotten?" Yue Wuhuan smiled softly. "As long as I am still alive, the soul lamps will never go out and the hatred will never disappear."

Song Qingshi hesitantly asked, “Never?”

Yue Wuhuan replied with certainty, “Never.”

Song Qingshi was silent again.

“Don’t worry,” Yue Wuhuan saw that he was not in a good mood. He lowered his head and kissed his lips. He comforted, “This world is too dirty. There’s nothing clean except for you. There’s a foul stench in the air and garbage is everywhere. It’s not worth letting me start anew.”

Song Qingshi thought for a long time, and nodded agreeably.

……

The magic ship landed. All the cultivators in the Inextinguishable Peak had received the news. They all brought generous gifts, they wanted to pay their respects to the god’s Daoist companion. The biyiniao eagerly suggested that they hold a grand ceremony for their wedding, to declare shenjun’s favor towards the god queen.

Yue Wuhuan knew that Song Qingshi was scared of strangers watching him. He also didn’t like ceremonies. And so, he accepted the gifts on his behalf but overruled all other suggestions. He strictly warned, “The Medicine King Xianzun is a man. You must never call him a god queen.”

He had retrieved the memories of his previous life in the Mo Yuan’s formation. He knew that Song Qingshi was especially mindful of his masculinity. He felt that the two of them were same-sex couples, and that one’s position in the bed had no symbolic meaning.

Once, a thoughtless fool had called Song Qingshi the sword master’s wife. He couldn’t speak but he was so aggrieved that he hadn’t eaten for three days. He had kept pondering what about his face looked like a ‘wife’?

In short, god queen, wife, bride, etc. — all these were forbidden words.

Under no circumstance were they to use these words in Song Qingshi’s presence.

Yue Wuhuan carefully listed 56 new prohibitions and distributed them to the Inextinguishable Peak's subordinates. These included: not to disturb Song Qingshi's research, not to touch the experimental equipment, not to spectate at Song Qingshi, not to talk to Song Qingshi for no reason, not to give him any messy names, etc…

The Luminous Dragon couldn't make any sense of it so he simply, brainlessly supported it. "What mommy says is right!"

Everyone else though were a little dazed…

The Inextinguishable Peak had already prepared the laboratory. The Medicine King's Valley has also already dispatched excellent assistants. Song Qingshi plunged headlong into it and did not reemerge.

He used the instrument to analyze the Foul Demon's structure and researched all kinds of toxins useful to it. He dissected several corpses and observed their disappearance. Afterwards, he entrusted the design and creation of a completely sealed and transparent space to Yue Wuhuan and the Heaven Craft Pavilion. He placed a Foul Demon firmly tied up by the Blood King Vine in it and then injected lethal toxins into the space. He waited for the Foul Demon to die and then observed what the body would decompose into and where it would disappear to……

The average time it took for the corpse of a Foul Demon to disappear was twelve hours to twenty-four hours.

The corpse of the Foul Demon in the sealed space lasted for seventy-two hours before it disappeared. The speed was slowed down significantly.

Song Qingshi found it very interesting. He decided to create more comprehensive features in the sealed space. He would add a formation to block off aura, spiritual power, energy, scent, magnetic field and all factors that could interfere.

Whether it was a sealed space or an isolation formation, both were high-end magical artifact design. The two needed to be superimposed to create a large-scale transparent magical artifact. It must also be strong enough to

prevent the Foul Demons from escaping. The difficulty factor increases exponentially. The master of Heaven Craft Pavilion brainstormed with his apprentices every day, constantly discussing and researching. Their submitted plans were sent back several times by the god and the Pavilion Master's hair was turning white from worry.

Song Qingshi buried himself in the pile of books while waiting for the successful production of the magical artifact.

He had been missing from this world for three thousand years. There were so many new and interesting things in the world, and new developments in the medical field. There were new medicinal ingredients and research programs for some of the problems that he could not solve before. He was so immersed in his books that he forgot to eat and sleep. His mind was filled with studying and research.

Song Qingshi sighed, "If the effects of the Happiness and Longevity Powder were discovered earlier, we wouldn't have had to work so hard to find the Ten Thousand-year-old Tortoise."

When Yue Wuhuan had been refreshing his memory for him, he had mentioned that the three of them had once entered the bottom of Yue Yan Lake and were attacked by the water monster. They triggered the Nightmare Heart-Eater formation and it was after breaking the formation that they found the traces left by Sword Master Mo Yuan and the Phoenix blood.

Song Qingshi thought this matter over and felt there was something wrong. When he and Yue Wuhuan had gone to Yue Yan Lake to kill the Ten Thousand Year Tortoise, they hadn't yet received the Phoenix Blood yet, his swordsmanship at the time too wasn't that superior…

Could it be that after his death, Yue Wuhuan had gone to the Nightmare Heart-Eater Formation?

Song Qingshi raised this question.

"Yes," Yue Wuhuan also felt rather uncomfortable about the memories from his previous life. "I was a little deranged at that time. After you left, I

missed you so much, so I returned to the Nightmare Heart-Eater formation… Although the formation made me relive my nightmare of losing you time and time again, at least I could see you in my dreams and enjoy a short period of happiness."

Song Qingshi didn't know what to say. He held Yu Wuhuan's hand tightly, indicating that he was still alive.

"This is a bit ridiculous," Yue Wuhuan said, mocking himself. "I wouldn't come out of the Nightmare Heart-eater formation and my mind, too, hadn't been so clear. I gradually got used to it. After the formation grew unable to weave a nightmare that could torment me, it kicked me out of it. I couldn't get back in. My fury took over me. I slashed at the formation to vent my hatred. I was dazed and I somehow lost the Phoenix Blood and the note you wrote."

Song Qingshi wondered, "Note?"

Yue Wuhuan thought for a while: "After your demonization began, you seemed to realize your own destiny… You wrote 'no solution' on a paper. At the last moment… you put the note into my hand and had me take it. I kept searching for answers, and finally, before I died, I saw the mystery known only to Heaven. I found the tiger brace's 'unsolvable'."

Song Qingshi felt that there was somewhat of a discrepancy between Mo Yuan's real memories and what they experienced in the formation. He wanted to know the difference between the two.

"The actual events and what we experienced in the formation were about the same but the details are slightly different." Yue Wuhuan thought about it carefully. "The you at that time, not only couldn't speak, but was also a bit stupid when handling matters. Far less clever than you are now. When we first met, you gave me medicine, and I beat you to over the head with a stick until you were covered with bumps and bruises. You stood there stupidly, crying in pain, but you didn't know to avoid it…"

At that time, Song Qingshi was like a piece of stone. He didn't understand they ways of people. He didn't understand happines, anger, grief or joy. He

also didn't know to open his mouth and speak. He just stubbornly accompanied Wuhuan, stubbornly taught him to read, and stubbornly helped his with his wounds and illnesses.

Yue Wuhuan said, "During our journey, I taught you a lot of ways to live among people. You studied hard and you managed to work a little more nimbly. Your temperament too gradually changed to how you are now. I remember that the you back then had never even tasted good food. You were so pitiful. The first time I made you ice cream, you wrote a lot of words on my palm, saying it was the best food in the world. Every time you talked to a patient, I would change the words for you. I was afraid that you'd be beaten by family members by being too frank and blunt. You didn't understand and thought that I misspoke. You kept frantically pulling at my clothes…"

There were painful memories in their past life but there were many interesting and happy ones too, so many that he wouldn't be able to finish telling them all.

Song Qingshi leaned against Yue Wuhuan's shoulder. He was entralled by his words. Suddenly, there was a hazy feeling in his heart.

"Wuhuan…"

"What is it?"

"I suspect that you're the one who transformed me into how I am today."

"Don't say such silly things."

"Maybe, I was born for you?"

"In that case, don't mind if I help myself."

"……"

Early the next morning, Song Qingshi got up with a sore waist and a sore back. Last night, Wuhuan made a fuss of helping himself and marked him with his personal mark. As a result, he was tossed about all night. Now, his

entire body was covered with marks and his voice was a bit hoarse. He made up his mind to train his body well. Otherwise, he was in for a difficult future…

Yue Wuhuan, full of energy, ran to deal with official duties, letting him stay in bed to rest a bit more.

Song Qingshi lay in bed and read a book for a while. But he felt like keeping busy and he wanted to go to the research room.

While he was walking through the garden, he suddenly heard crying by the side of the pool…

Song Qingshi walked over and took a look. He found that it was a very beautiful girl. Her hair was all messed up and her clothes were disheveled. She also had no shoes on. She looked as though she had just gotten up from bed. Sitting by the pool with an embroidered kerchief in her hand, she faced her reflection in the water and wept. Her beauty was very moving.

There were scratches on her slightly exposed collarbone, and there were some bruises on her arms as well.

Song Qingshi's mind was filled with his research babies and so he walked past her without thinking. He hadn't gotten far, when he suddenly felt that something was wrong. He quickly walked back and looked at the scars on the girl's body and arms. He found that all these were bruises and scratches from some very violent play in bed. There was even a deep bite marks on her neck!

He and Yue Wuhuan were two grown men but no matter how wildly they played, they wouldn't get these kind of injuries.

What sort of violence has happened to this girl? She was looking so intently at her reflection in the water. She couldn't be planning on throwing herself into the water to commit suicide, right?

Song Qingshi was a little panicked. He was formulating a rescue plan as he approached her quietly.

The girl discovered his presence. She turned her head, looked up with red eyes, and asked, “Who are you? What are you doing?!”

“I’m new here,” Song Qingshi asked carefully, “Why are you crying here?”

“I upset Zihao Gege,” the girl cried more pitifully when reminded of her heartbreak. Her words were a little chaotic, “Last night was Zihao Gege’s birthday. I made a new set of clothes for him. Everything was in accordance with his wishes, following him, finally, he slept with me… This morning, for some reason, he got angry and kicked me out again, saying that he wanted to break up.”

Song Qingshi was incredulous. How could such a beautiful and virtuous girl be abandoned?

The girl cried so hard, she was left gasping for breath. “I made a mistake. Zihao Gege can beat or scold me but I don’t want to break up…”

Song Qingshi was even more dumbfounded, “He even beat you?”

The girl nodded aggrievedly. “En, he beat me up because I’m no good. It’s only right that Zihao Gege be angry…”

Song Qingshi was furious. This was typical emotional manipulation, alright?

There was actually a scumbag who was capable of domestic violence in the Inextinguishable Peak? !

He must quickly tell Yue Wuhuan and immediately tidy up this sect!

Chapter 113: The System's Mistake

Kong Muhua happily followed the kind-hearted little gege to talk reason into Bai Zihao.

Although the little gege was only a Core Formation cultivator and looked very weak, he was a human, and it was always better for humans to communicate with humans. Maybe he could figure out why Bai Zihao was always angry? Moreover, Bai Zihao was a Fen Shen daneng and he wouldn't be so harsh towards a mere Core Formation cultivator. He'll seize the opportunity to sneak in through the door with the little cultivator and then beg for forgiveness.

Kong Muhua happily followed after the little gege for a few turns and found that he was heading for the Inextinguishable Peak's meeting hall. He had no idea when the god had come back. He was now in the middle of discussing business with several yao cultivators, including his arch-enemies, the Dapeng and Bifang. Kong Muhua immediately shook his feathers, adjusted his dress, and followed in with bewitchingly charming steps.

He took two steps in, and suddenly realized that something was wrong…

What was the little gege up to by coming here?

Kong Muhua instinctively wanted to slip away, but he had already been discovered by shenjun. Several Blood King Vines had blocked the way out…

Song Qingshi ran to Yue Wuhuan and made very earnestly reasoned things out, "Men are not allowed to bully girls and play with their feelings."

Yue Wuhuan took off his thin cotton gloves and fixed his messy hair for him. He agreed, "That's right. No one is allowed to play with other's feelings."

His arch-enemies were watching with amusement as he made a fool of himself.

Kong Muhua finally understood. He said, aggrievedly, “The god-queen…”

Song Qingshi was confused. “What god-queen?”

Yue Wuhuan was furious. A pair of whips lashed at Kong Muhua, turning him back to his original form. Dragging his long tail, the golden peacock flew madly around the room, crying and sobbing. Song Qingshi was just about to persuade Yue Wuhuan not to beat up the girl, when he suddenly remembered his biology studies…the ones with the fan-like tails were peacocks, right?

For a moment, he pondered the relationship between the peacock and the girl. He finally understood the truth behind the matter. Don’t blame him, though. At that time, he had only seen through Yue Wuhuan’s fake female identity because he carried him to get on the horse and accidentally touched him. Now, Kong Muhua was wearing a voluminous colorful skirt. Song Qinghsi also wasn’t some sort of lecher who would just grope someone’s pelvis and pubic bones!

Although Kong Muhua was actually a cute boy, domestic violence was still not good.

Song Qingshi was hesitating whether he should urge him to stop when Yue Wuhuan had already waved away the other yao cultivators who were watching the excitement. He used the Blood King Vines to tie up the miserable golden peacock’s wings and claws. Kong Muhuan was brought over to them and he introduced, “He is Bai Zihao’s lover.”

The peacock was a bird that drove out demons. He was an ancient great yao with extraordinary power. In terms of human cultivation’s ranks, he was equal to a Mahayana ancestor. During the war, he served as their vanguard, cleaving mountain peaks with a single slash of his axe. He was a relentless force that shattered enemy lines, earning himself glorious achievements in battle.

The bird tribe loved beauty. They also loved to dress beautifully and show off. Wearing women’s clothing wasn’t anything new but Kong Muhua also had a strange personality. His relationship with Bai Zihao was even more

chaotic. They had dramatic break-ups every other decade. Everyone on the Inextinguishable Peak had already gotten used to his dramatics and they no longer paid Kong Muhua any attention whenever he made a scene. Everyone knew he was just putting up an act, acting pitiful for Bai Zihao. They all know that he was only pretending and that only Bai Zihao was willing to buy into his act.

Song Qingshi was a newcomer and he had been engrossed in his research. No one had thought to inform him of this regular programme.

Kong Muhua rarely met anyone who was willing to pay attention to him. He'd been completely addicted to the drama. Originally, because of his strength and status, he wasn't afraid of settling accounts after autumn. However, he never expected he would run across the god's Daoist companion. Now, a good number of his beautiful feathers had been plucked out…

The peacock combed his feathers, cried, and was extremely aggrieved.

He was going to collect all the feathers that had fallen out and gather them together to make a fan to give to Bai Zihao as a gift.

……

Song Qingshi finally figured out the relationship. He knew that Bai Zihao had been his original mission target. He didn't regret making a mistake in his selection, but he did feel a bit of guilt towards this kind-hearted boy who he should have saved.

Yue Wuhuan saw through his thoughts and asked, "Do you want to see Bai Zihao?"

Mo Yuan's formation had tormented Song Qingshi and instilled fear in him. He first observed Yue Wuhuan's expression and made sure that there were no ill-feelings that would result to some strange tragedy. He then nodded vigorously. He also wanted to know what had become of his mission target.

Yue Wuhuan smiled and took him there.

Every time Bai Zihao came to the Inextinguishable Peak to visit shenjun, he would stay at Kong Muhua's Changsi Tower… Back when he thought that the Peacock was a girl, he was coaxed into staying there once and it became the standard practice in the Inextinguishable Peak. All the yao's were afraid of Kong Muhua's hysterics as well his twin axes. There was no chance of him transferring to a different guest room.

Yue Wuhuan took Kong Muhua away and let Song Qingshi enter Changsi Tower by himself.

Song Qingshi knocked on the door and went in. He was met with the sight of Bai Zihao carefully piecing together a smashed head. He had no idea to which cultivator this head belonged to. His expression was sinister and there were seven or eight soul lamps next to him. This feeling he gave off… seemed sort of different from the little pitiful young man's from back then?

"Xianzun?" Bai Zihao was quite pleasantly surprised to see Song Qingshi. He quickly put the head down and brewed some tea. He explained, "This is trash that the god ordered me to kill, some scoundrel who murdered a girl… the god said that his head should be hung on the city gate to be seen by everyone. When I found this trash, I caught him in the middle of doing evil. I was so angry that I forgot the god's instruction. I accidentally smashed his head. I was thinking of a way to piece it back together so that I can report back that I've finished my mission…"

Shenjun's orders must be accomplished.

He'd been piecing it back together for a long time but to no avail. He was starting to grow anxious.

"Let me see." Song Qing was very enthusiastic whenever he encountered something related to his profession. He rolled up his sleeves and set about the task. While putting it together, he corrected, "You've placed a few of the bones in the wrong places. You won't be able to put it together like this. Later, I'll send you a diagram of the human skeleton…"

One person taught and the other person learned. They finally put the head back to its former shape and placed it in a box.

Song Qingshi took a couple sips of his tea. He wanted to apologize to Bai Zihao, but he didn't know how. Finally, he sincerely said, "I'm sorry. Back at Jin Feiren's…I was supposed to save you…"

"Jin Feiren?" Bai Zihao looked at him. For a long time, he drew a complete blank. Finally, he remembered that it was his rubbish ex-husband. He smiled and said, "If you hadn't mentioned it, I would have almost forgotten that guy's name."

Although this incident had been extremely tragic and it had left a deep impression on him, it was almost three thousand years ago. These nasty things have long been thrown into the long river of history. These days, his mind was filled with thoughts of cultivation, missions, killing and that damn Kong Muhua. He had also experienced a lot more exciting things. How could he possibly remember scum who wasn't worth remembering?

As the interesting memories grew, the painful ones faded.

He was already able to face the past calmly. "Back then, I was young and ignorant, stupid and cowardly. Even holding onto Xianzun's thigh, I would have been a good-for-nothing. Fortunately, Xianzun saved Wuhuan Ge. Wuhuan Ge taught me to stand with my own two feet. This was more useful than anything."

In the past, shenjun not only taught him techniques and sword skills, he was more tolerant towards his mistakes than other people's. In his spare time, the god would always look at him and pay attention to his every move. Not long after he had come out of the Golden Phoenix Manor, the trash in his mind had yet to be cleared up. Because of what other people said, he even thought that the god was interested in him. He felt entangled about this for a long time.

He now liked a "girl" and he didn't want to get involved with men anymore. But Wuhuan Ge was the person he admired and he owed him a great debt…

The god found out about everyone's discussions as well as his conflicted emotions. He found it ridiculous, so he summoned Bai Zihao to Jianghe

Palace's lotus pond. He told him about his encounter with the Medicine King Xianzun; about having his dressings changed, being treated, reading books together, the Lightning Tribulation, as well as every considerate gift… Suddenly, the god asked him, "If you had been the one treated like this, would you have liked him? Would you have been happy?"

Bai Zihao thought for a while, and said honestly, "Probably so."

There was no one who wouldn't be moved by such gentleness.

Shenjun was silent for a long time, his expression under the veil seemed pained.

"Wuhuan Ge," Bai Zihao felt that his brain must have been broken. He had no idea where he'd gotten the courage to call out his old name. He stretched out his hand to pull his veil, wanting to see his long-unseen old friend. He tried to offer a few words of comfort, "You shouldn't……"

His hand had just touched the corner of his clothes…

Shenjun instantly woke up from his memories, his defensive spiritual power gathered together into a sword of light and he slashed at him without even thinking.

Bai Zihao's hand was chopped off and he was overcome with unbearably severe pain.

He was completely stunned. Although he had suffered similarly severe injuries from monsters during his training, he hadn't expected to be chopped down by the god…

"You may have misunderstood something," Shenjun was extremely disgusted by any sort of touch. He cast a cleaning spells on his clothes several times, and said coldly, "I dislike you very much. I even hate you…I saved you because I wanted to see what a correct answer looks like."

Bai Zihao picked up his broken hand and dejectedly went to see a doctor. Although his hand was quickly reconnected, he felt sad for many days at

the thought of being hated by his benefactor. He had even cried secretly.

When Kong Muhua found out about this matter, he ran over to comfort him: “Don’t worry about what the god has said. Look instead at what he’s done. If anyone else had done that audacious move, they would have lost their life. Shenjun is still willing to keep you, at least, in his heart, you’re much more important than other people.”

Bai Zihao thought about it and had to agree. Plus, the god treated him the same as before. The “girl” he liked used all sorts of tricks to amuse him and soon he felt relieved.

……

Song Qingshi was a little confused, “Your hand was cut off. Aren’t you angry?”

“The Inextinguishable Peak has rules. I violated the prohibition. Why should I be angry?” Bai Zihao was baffled. He told the Medicine King Xianzun about this incident to show to him how devoted shenjun was to him, that he was an irreplaceable existence for the god. Why was the Medicine King Xianzun focusing on his broken hand instead? Was this the instinct of a doctor? He once again tried to create a good impression for the god, “It has been many years ago that the hand was broken, and it no longer hurts. But thinking about it, always makes me envious of the relationship between shenjun and xianzun…”

Why was it that he affections he developed were for either scumbags or for fools?

Bai Zihao remembered Kong Muhua’s gift and became angry once again.

Song Qingshi also wanted to know why he punched Kong Muhua, this delicately pretty boy.

Bai Zihao took out a set of clothes and handed it to him to see.

This set of clothes was made with much care. Not only was it exquisite, but it was also embroidered with flowers. But…this was women's clothing.

Bai Zihao said, holding back his anger, "He said that he only knows how to make skirts. Before he knew it, it has somehow turned out like this. He asked that I not dislike it and asked me to wear them to the Lantern Festival with him. He's an idiot!"

At first, he couldn't accept Kong Muhua and suffered a blow. The village where he was born was very conservative, and there was no such thing as a same-sex relationship. Since he was small, the only thing he's been taught was to find a girl and get along well with her. Although he had been unfortunate to became a man's plaything after arriving in the immortal realm and he once thought that he would never be able to lead a normal life, but when he met the lively and active Kong Muhua, he felt his heart move. He thought that he was still an ordinary man and he wanted to form a happy family with the girl he liked. He was delighted.

As a result, it was like a bolt from the blue…

It was not so much that he rejected Kong Muhua's "deception", it was more that he couldn't accept his broken dreams. He refused to accept that he liked submitting to another control and that he could only like men…

He has been unable to face reality for a long time.

Kong Muhua was extremely aggrieved. He didn't understand why humans would like something but refuse to ackowledge it. He has been kicking up a fuss about it for a very long time.

Bai Zihao was somewhat soft-hearted and tried to convince himself, telling himself that the Medicine King Xianzun too had a single water-type spirit root. He wasn't the only man in the world who liked to submit to another's control… Then, he would mentally prepare himself and tell himself to just let things be. Knowing Kong Muhuan this many years already, he knew that the peacock wasn't quite right in the head. He could also make do when it came to bedroom matters. After all, although his skills weren't good, his

innate gifts were extraordinary. If he took the iniative and taught him a little, he could make progress…

But, every time he was about to compromise, Kong Muhua would come up with some wicked idea, making him so angry that all he wanted was to hang this guy up and beat him to death.

Look at the Phoenix, look at the Dapeng, look at Bi Fang, look at the Red-crested Crane…

I feel more and more that some people ought to die more than other and some birds ought to be thrown away more than others!

Song Qingshi was silent. He felt that Bai Zihao was also seriously lacking in physiology and hygiene knowledge. He decided to give him a good lecture, educating him about how it was a normal phenomenon in nature to like the same sex. He wanted to reduce his psychological burden. After the lecture, he asked, “If Kong Muhua were a girl and he did these things, would you be angry?”

Bai Zihao struggled, “No, I wouldn’t be angry.”

When Kong Muhua was a “girl”, no matter how much a disturbance he created, he found him cute and lively.

He also knew that the problem lay with him but he couldn’t pass the hurdle in his heart…

The Medicine King Xianzun’s lecture course created in him something like a sudden flash of insight that made things clear. However, his mind was slow to understand, and he had to digest it for a little while more.

Song Qingshi asked carefully, “Are you happy now?”

Bai Zihao thought for a while, smiled and said, “I am happy.”

He was now the overlord of a region. No one dared to humiliate or bully him anymore. He could also kill vile rubbish everywhere. Although Kong Muhua was a strange flower, he was very sincere to him. The pain of his

past has long been relieved. He now had no other worries save for Kong Muhua's wicked ideas. He was extremely happy and in a cheerful mood every day.

Song Qingshi was stunned. He thanked Bai Zihao and quickly ran out the door to find Yue Wuhuan.

Yue Wuhuan had just finished giving the peacock a lesson. He was in the middle of teaching the Luminous Dragon to change his name from "mommy" to "papa" or "father". When he turned around, he saw Song Qingshi rushing over to him. He asked with a smile, "What's the matter?"

"You redeemed Bai Zihao!" Song Qingshi grabbed him and said excitedly, "So, the system's judgement was wrong! Bai Zihao obtained happiness and my mission was successful!"

The system was a tool of the hidden hand. It performed its tasks in a rigid manner. The task was for Bai Zihao to obtain happiness, but it never stipulate in what form he had to obtain it.

Now, he rescued Yue Wuhuan and Yue Wuhuan redeemed Bai Zihao.

He has accomplished an unsolvable mission!

The system operated strictly according to the trajectory of destiny. It made a mistake about the protagonist's fate and judged the test result incorrectly. It needed to re-calculate the score!

This was an unprecedented matter and the manipulator behind the scenes could not completely ignore this serious mistake. It needed to find a way to fix it.

A butterfly flaps its wings and creates a hurricane. A mistakes will bring with it a chain-reaction of mistakes, just like a snowball getting bigger and bigger as it rolled.

A huge blunder was going to appear in this world.

Chapter 114: Energy Conservation

It has been many consecutive days of strong winds and heavy rains, without even a little trace of sunlight. The very air was damp and humid.

Huang A'Bao was of a peasant household in Huang Family Village in the Black Pine Mountain. Their village was full of mortals who made a living through farming and hunting. Their days were poor and needy.

Half a month ago, his mother fell ill. At first, several shallow black streak-like spots appeared on her arms. Then the spots gradually darkened and spread, until it finally spread all over her body.

The immortal realm was rich in spiritual energy, mortals rarely got sick, and most minor diseases would simply heal over by themselves. His mother thought that she had just eaten something bad and she was reluctant to spend money. After she was persuaded by her son and daughter-in-law, she asked the village doctor to come. She ate a couple of cheap folk remedies but she still didn't get better. The night before yesterday, his mother got up to get something to drink. She fell in front of the table and didn't get up again. The faint black spots have appeared on his wife and daughter's hands. Huang A'Bao finally realized that things weren't looking good.

The village doctor said that he couldn't treat this illness and he gave him directions to the Medicine King's Medical Center in Copper Poplar City.

The Medicine King's Medical Center were hospitals opened by the Medicine King's Valley in various places. Their medical skills were excellent, their fees were fair; sometimes, they would even treat the poor for free.

His wife A'Cai took off the silver bracelet around her wrist. She stayed behind to look after his mother who had fallen into a coma. She asked Huang A'Bao to carry their daughter on his back and take all that their family had to Copper Popular City to seek medical treatment.

It was three hundred li from the Black Pine Mountain to Copper Poplar City. Huang A'Bao walked without stopping to sleep or rest for three days and three nights. Layer upon layer of bloody blisters covered the soles of his feet. They had grown so swollen they could hardly fit in his shoes. Finally, before he lost all strength, he made it to the Medicine King's Medical Center. Holding his daughter, whose condition had increasingly worsened, he knelt before the young doctor.

The young doctor was surnamed Cheng. He had just graduated from the Medicine King's Valley and was full of ambition.

He immediately took in this pitiful patient. After a preliminary diagnosis, he believed that she must have been infected by something dirty. He tried various treatments such as Qu Hui Dan and Vanishing Miasma Powder, but none of them proved effective. The spots on the girl's arms were getting darker and darker. He simply could not figure out the source of the disease. So, he decided to take a spirit horse and take father and daughter back to Huang Family Village to take a look at the situation.

It was high noon, silence reigned over the Huang Family Village. Even the chickens and dogs that normally made a fuss were gone without a trace.

Blood stains and corpses littered the entire village…

Dr. Cheng had an ominous feeling. "Are there bandits around here?"

After he said it, he himself felt that it couldn't be right. Huang Family village was too poor and had no riches worthy of looting.

Huang A'Bao was already panicked. He gave his daughter to Dr. Cheng to look after. He then hurried back to his house and opened the door… What he saw was the corpse of his mother, with scissors in hand, hacked to death by a messy knife. He was distraught and looked everywhere for his wife. He saw that their chickens and pigs were also dead. His ever amiable wife, was hiding in a dark corner, shivering, with a blood-stained kitchen knife in her hand.

His wife's whole body was covered with black spots, and her eyes were a little red.

Huang A'Bao asked quickly, "A'Cai, what happened?"

"Mother, she suddenly went crazy. She wanted to kill me," His wife's voice trembled in the darkness, as if she was restraining something, "She wanted to kill me, kill me, so…"

The Huang family's mother-in-law and daughter-in-law had a very good relationship. The two usually talked and laughed and they rarely ever quarreled. Huang A'Bao walked over in disbelief. He wanted to pull his wife out of the darkness and ask her more closely.

Suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in his shoulder. His wife, with a strange smile, ferociously slashed the kitchen knife at him.

"A'Cai?" Huang A'Bao and his wife were childhood sweethearts. He had never seen her like this. He couldn't attend to the pain as he needed to block the knife that continued to slash at him. "Have you gone crazy?"

There was no emotion in his wife's eyes. Her movements were very rigid, like a controlled puppet.

She was such a thin and small woman but her strength had become unusually terrifying, Huang A'Bao was unable to push down the kitchen knife in her hand.

Suddenly, a blazing fire struck. It was Dr. Cheng who had burned A'Cai with a fire talisman. And yet, as before, she still didn't recognize the pain and she frantically attacked, wanting to hack to death her beloved husband. Dr. Cheng was left with no choice. He drew out his sword and cut off A'Cai's hand holding that was holding onto the knife. He then threw the sword, nailing her to the wall.

Huang A'Bao sat on the ground in a daze.

At this moment, Dr. Cheng saw that Huang A'Bao's arms too were now covered with black spots. He was beginning to have a blank look in his eyes…

Suddenly, there was a sharp pain in his shoulder. The little girl on his back had bitten him, tearing off a piece of flesh. Dr. Cheng bore the pain and cast aside the girl. But the girl crawled over to him, her movements strange. She wanted to continue biting.

Dr. Cheng had a bad feeling. He wanted to take out a talisman to defend against the enemy, but he was horrified to find that a faint black spot had appeared on his own hand…

……

After examining the bodies in the Huang Family village, Dr. Cheng locked himself in an empty room and sealed himself with a formation. Every day, He observed the changes in his condition and took down medical records. This was an unknown, contagious disease. At first, the symptoms were mild and the patient wouldn't feel anything. It was easily overlooked. In the later stages, it spread very quickly. Black streaks would appear first on the patient. The patient would then lose consciousness after the spots have spread all over their body. Once the patient woke up, they would become a cruel and bloodthirsty puppet. They wouldn't spare even those close to them and they killed all living creatures. They would then die after three to five days. The patient's symptoms upon death were…

Before he lost consciousness, he used a sound transmission bird to send the information as well as his hopes to the Medicine King's Valley.

The benevolent doctor hoped that his fellow doctors could find the cause of this disease and help the common people.

He'd been a fledgling doctor, full of aspirations that he would now be unable to realize.

This was his last research as well as his last words before his death.

Because, he already had no way to escape…

……

Evening at the Inextinguishable Peak.

The god promised to give a great reward. He gave Heaven Craft Pavilion permission to use any precious material regardless of the cost. The Pavilion Master was also very interested in research projects with lavish funding. He took his disciples and worked through nights until their hair turned white. At last, they were finally able to come out with the Medicine King Xianjun's artifact — It was a fully enclosed cage made of ghost whale bones. A small observation window made of meteorite crystal was placed on the door of the cage. It was just enough to observe the situation inside.

After inspecting it, Song Qingshi was very satisfied. He racked his brain for words of praise, lavishing them onto the Heaven Craft Pavilion's Pavilion Master.

Afterwards, he put in the Foul Demon they had prepared and injected the poison.

The Foul Demon died without a hitch.

Song Qingshi with the doctors from the Medicine King's Valley, made their beds on the floor outside the cage. Day and night, they watched for changes in the corpse. He waited for about fifteen days, the body of the Foul Demon slowly turned into black energy and disappeared. Afterwards, it re-converged in a corner of the cage, becoming a new Foul Demon, hitting the cage, baring its fangs and brandishing its claws.

The doctors were all shocked. They all furiously wielded their brushes, discussing this inconceivable change.

Song Qingshi thought for a long time, and carefully put forward a theory. "It's the law of conservation of energy."

Energy can not arise out of nothing, nor can it disappear into nothing. It will only transform from one form to another, or from one substance to another. All the while, the total amount of energy remains the same.

The Foul Demons were composed of demonic energy and demonic energy was a kind of energy.

Therefore, after a Foul Demon was eliminated, its energy would be reborn somewhere else to form a new Foul Demon. This was the reason why they couldn't be completely eradicated.

This was something he had suspected for a long time, and now he finally has proof.

But where did the first Foul Demon come from?

Song Qingshi, with Yue Wuhuan's help, checked the history of the dark period and the process of how the Foul Demons came about.

Yue Wuhuan asked, "After the Inextinguishable Peak set off the war, the Foul Demons appeared. Is it resentment?"

Song Qingshi shook his head. "Resentment is an emotion. It does not fall within the scope of the conservation of energy. There are also monsters made of resentment in the immortal realm, such as Yuan Nu or perhaps a Remnant Soul. After being eliminated, they will not regenerate. It's not a Foul Demon."

Yue Wuhuan hesistantly said, "Are Foul Demons humans?"

Song Qingshi was silent…

This was the answer they weren't quite willing to face. But it was the closest to the truth.

"During Mo Yuan's era, during the war to subdue the demons, we have seen many humans turn into monsters. At that time…everyone thought that they had within them demon blood." Yue Wuhuan analyzed with difficulty. "Maybe, there is no end to the battle to subdue the demons. The demons

still exist. They are lurking, hiding in the bodies of humans, arousing their most malicious desires. As a result, the immortal realm is filled with callous, cruel, shameless… trash."

The Inextinguishable Peak slaughtered many of the refuse. The demonic energy lost their carriers and they turned into this inexhaustible and uncleanable Foul Demons.

Wasn't An Long possessed by demonic energy because of his strong desires? Constantly transforming, sinking deeper and deeper, until he couldn't get out?

Yue Wuhuan asked softly, "Is it my fault?"

Song Qingshi said with certainty, "No."

The torrential rain drifted in. Yue Wuhuan felt depressed. He walked over to close the window. As he did so, he saw countless lamp lights appear in the dense dark clouds. Thunder boomed in the distance, and thousands of soul lamps swayed in the torrential rain, making a chaotic din. It made him feel irritable for no reason. He couldn't help saying, "I hate this filthy world. Better to just destroy it all…"

Song Qingshi said comfortingly, "Don't give up. Maybe it will change for the better."

Yue Wuhuan sneered, "I don't care."

Song Qingshi hesitated and said, "You are the god of the Inextinguishable Peak, maybe… you can save this world."

"It doesn't deserve to be saved." Yue Wuhuan said without hesitation, "This world has never shown any mercy to me. It has only defiled me, humiliated me, given me pain and hatred. Why should I show it mercy? If I find the hidden hand controlling destiny, I would hack it to pieces and torture it forever."

Song Qingshi thought for a long time, and asked carefully, “Why is it that it abuses you instead of killing you outright?”

Yue Wuhuan closed his eyes in pain. He didn’t want to answer.

Song Qingshi whispered, “Actually, you guessed it a long time ago, right? Although I don’t know what exactly what it is that is manipulating things behind the scenes and I’m not sure why it has to be you… But what it wants is your hatred. Hate makes you unable to escape, unable to ascend… …”

Yue Wuhuan smiled bitterly. “So what if I know?”

Time and time again, he was defiled. Time and time again, he was tortured. Time and time again, he lost his love. Time and time again, he fell into madness. Time and time again, he died in pain. …Thousands of reincarnations, they’ve never ended well.

Even if he had guessed the purpose of the hidden hand, he couldn’t control his heart.

This kind of bitter experience, who wouldn’t hate it?

His hatred drilled into his heart and entrenched into his bones, so much so that he couldn’t sleep at night…

……

Suddenly, countless strikes of lightning frantically struck the same spot. The earth dragon turned over, and the mountain peaks shook.

The formations on the rock face of the Endless Abyss fell off in the quake, and the lightning, against all reason, repeatedly struck the same place. Finally, the magic formation was cut open, and the chains that trapped the monster was cut loose… He opened bright red vertical pupils and stretched out his sharp claws. He used all his might to struggle, wanting to break out of this cage that has imprisoned him.

Yue Wuhuan realized that the situation was bad. He sent his avatar to repair the barrier once again. At the same time, his real body rushed to the Endless

Abyss.

But, it was too late…

The shaking of the earth became more violent. The thunder and lightning became more frenzied. Rocks fell down one after another. The chain's restraining power became weaker and it was forcibly snapped apart by the monster. With his bright red eyes open, devoid of any reason, he rushed towards Yue Wuhuan's incarnation…

The avatar was smashed broken. It turned into countless red spots of light spots and disappeared.

The monster finally smashed open his cage and flew into the pitch-black sky. Only one word was left in his mind filled with thoughts of slaughter:

"Qingshi…"

Chapter 115: Evil Villain

It continued to be overcast and rainy day after day. Everywhere in the world, the infectious demonization disease appeared. With the help of the hidden hand, relying on the power of Heavenly Dao, the monster that An Long had transformed into, escaped the Endless Abyss.

Perhaps, in order to reverse the path of destiny that was going out-of-control and to bring the world back into the palm of its hand, the hidden hand had used too much power and could no longer attend to minor details. Perhaps, after the system exploded, the misjudged score caused a chain reaction and it erased all past failures. undoing its shackles on its taskers…

The lock around Song Qingshi's memory loosened.

Upwards of a thousand reincarnations' worth of memories surged violently into his mind, almost breaking apart his sea of consciousness.

He developed a high fever and sunk into a coma.

……

The Medicine King's Valley belonged to the Inextinguishable Peak. Dr. Cheng was not the only doctor to die a martyr's death due to this infection. There were three villages where the demonization occurred. Among them, the sect master of Heavenly Fire Sect near Mo He Village was well-informed. Decisively, he gathered the villagers of Mo He Village and all the people who had been in contact with them. He sealed off the village, killed them all and burned the bodies with fire, cutting off the source of the infection.

Qian He Village was relatively remote. The Buddhist practitioners of the Nine Star Temple were kind-hearted and they remained undecided. They simply sealed off the village and chanted sutras for them every day, guiding them about the principles of life, encouraging them to calmly face both life and death and in the end, they arranged their funerals. The vast majority of the villagers also accepted their reality, believing that they could go to the

Pure Land of Bliss by sacrificing themselves due to the demonization. However, there were still a small number of villagers who believed that they hadn't been infected and so didn't believe this. They took their families and crossed mountains and rivers, bypassing the blockade, stealthily escaping via the smaller paths. Concealing their identities, they went to other towns and villages.

The worst situation was at Copper Poplar City, which Huang A'Bao visited before he died. Copper Poplar City was situated in Nanling. At the time, no one knew what demonization was. Along the way, townspeople and villagers saw the poor and sick father and daughter. There were many who lent a helping hand, giving them alms and food or offering them a ride.

The Medicine King's Medical Center was the best hospital within a few hundred li. On ordinary days, lots of people came and went. There were also many doctors, apprentices, and servants who filled prescriptions… Although Dr. Cheng had sent an emergency report together with the relevant data, Copper Poplar City's Lord Luo was insistent on having his own way. He was busy, in closed-door cultivation, trying to reach Nascent Soul. He didn't believe in the existence of this absurd disease. Immediately afterwards, it was the weak mortals first who suffered from demonization. They went crazy and killed the people around them. They were followed by healthy mortals, ordinary cultivators, and finally, black spots appeared even on City Lord Luo's concubine…

The entire Copper Poplar City fell into panic and everyone fled.

When City Lord Luo came back to his senses, he hurriedly left closed-door cultivation to bring the situation under control. But it was already too late. Copper Poplar City fell into chaos and tragedies happened everywhere. They hated Huang A'Bao; they hated the Medicine King's Medical Center, and they hated their own misfortune. Everyone wanted to strike first to gain the advantage. They killed outsiders, killed those who were suspiciously sick to avoid being hurt by the patients afflicted with demonization.

Kindness was spurned, morality was discarded, ethics was lost. Everyone turned into a crazed beasts, looking at everyone, even their loved ones, with distrustful eyes.

For a time, the entire Nanling region resembled hell on earth.

After receiving the reports from Dr. Cheng as well as various other places, the Medicine King's Valley dispatched countless sound transmission birds to inform the Inextinguishable Peak as well as the various sects.

The Inextinguishable Peak immediately order for all paths in and out of the Nanling region to be sealed off.

Towns and sects that have yet to be affected were immediately sealed and locked, and no outsiders were allowed to enter or leave.

Heaven Martial Sect happened to be located at the boundary of the Central Continent and Nanling. A while ago, they encountered the Demon Tide and this was a blow to their strength. In addition, many of their members obtained chances within Sword Master Mo Yuan's formation. Everyone was working hard under closed door cultivation. None of them have left the sect. After Yuwen Yan received the news, he thanked his ancestors for their blessing and protection. Then, he thanked shenjun for his blessing and protection. Afterwards, he gathered the elders together to reopen the great Mountain Protection Formation, sealing off the entire Heaven Martial Sect. He personally stood guard, forbidding anyone from entering or leaving.

Xian Ling Island was a sect directly subordinate to the Inextinguishable Peak. It was located on a main route from Nanling to the Central Continent.

It was the immortal realm's strongest sect in terms of magical formations. The majority of its members were female cultivators…

Two days ago, a six-year-old child holding onto a wooden barrel was carried by the waves to their shores. The female cultivators of Xian Ling Island saw him and picked him up. They treated his wounds with the greatest of care. After the child woke up, he sobbingly told them that he was from Copper Poplar City. His father suddenly said that he would take the family to go out on a boat trip. On the way, his father became ill and killed his mother and sister. He wanted to kill him too but his sister used her last remaining strength and threw him and the barrel into the sea…

The child was crying, grieving. He wanted his mother. There were faint black markings on his arm.

It was too late for Xian Ling Island…

Lady Nian put down the letter from the Inextinguishable Peak. She picked up the medicine bowl from the table and carefully blew on it to cool it down. Shen then fed it to the child's mouth. Smiling, she said, "Don't cry, you're such a brave child. You'll be able to see your mother."

Her gentle smile was like his mother's.

The child finally stopped crying. He drank the medicine and then asked: "Can I really see mother?"

Lady Nian gave him a piece of candy and coaxed him to sleep. "Don't be afraid. I'll take you to her in a few days."

She gathered close her sleeves. Very faint black lines have also appeared on her pale wrists. There was no trace of the demonization disease, and there was no way to suppress it with cultivation or spiritual power.

There were many women and children with weak constitutions on Xian Ling Island. Many of the people have begun to show symptoms. The only piece of good news was that no one has left Xian Ling Island during this time.

The female cultivators who caused the accident were kneeling outside the door. Their bodies too showed signs of demonization. There was no longer any point in apologizing. They just wanted to die.

"Stand up. Don't cry!" Lady Nian raised her head proudly. She straightened her back and said loudly, "It is Xian Ling Island's rule to help children who are in trouble. You abided by your faith. How is this wrong?! All of you, get up! Xian Ling Island is a transport fortress. Even if we die, we must die worthy deaths! Spread my commands! Open the Heavenly Lock Earth Prison Array. Seal off Xian Ling Island, block all routes through sea and land. Let no one leave. If no antidote to the demonization if found, we will

be the Central Continent's last line of defense. We will cut off the demonization disease at Nan Ling! At Xian Ling Island!"

"The first symptom of the demonization is the markings. It will gradually spread. Followed by a coma. After we wake up, we will be demons."

"If any of our companions falls into a coma, kill her with a sword before she completely turns into a demon!"

"Regardless of identity, regardless of ties, regardless of age, regardless of seniority! Kill her immediately!"

"I am no exception!"

"……"

Many of the female cultivators on Xian Ling Island were orphans or girls who had been rescued from abuse. Lady Nian raised them with the utmost care. She took care of them and taught them immortal techniques and formations. They regarded Lady Nian as their mother and each other as sisters. Their feelings ran deep, and this cruel order made them choke with sobs.

"Be brave, don't be afraid. Don't you always say that you'll all work hard and that you won't lose to those men who look down on women?" Lady Nian took out a handkerchief and one by one, she wiped away the tears from their faces. She smiled, with tears in her eyes. "Today, we women will stand head to head with men. We will let the world see the courage of our female cultivators."

On Xian Ling Island, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three lives guarded the Central Continent with their lives.

……

In the Medicine King's Valley, the doctors received one medical report after another; each representing the life of one or several physicians — the eccentric Dr. Chen, the grumpy Dr. He, the fledgling Dr. Cheng, the kindly

and amiable Dr. Zhao, the brilliant and skilled Dr. Tian, the often careless Dr. Xu, the smart and beautiful Dr. Lan…

Every name was on the list of the Medicine King's Valley's disciples. Each one of them was the pride of the Medicine King's Valley.

Some of the reports were rigorously written, and some were critically written. The cold and monotonous data revealed dripping blood and tears. This painful list was constantly being added to.

The Medicine King's Valley had no time to be sad. They upheld their school's teachings and never gave up.

The best doctors gathered together and studied treatment plans day and night. Three elderly doctors volunteered to become sacrificial victims and headed to Nan Ling. They used their lives to perform experiments to determine the path of infection.

Bad news came one after another…

The demonization's means of transmission wasn't through physical contact, it wasn't through saliva, it wasn't through dust…It spread without a trace as though it were something that should originally exist in this world. As long as a patient afflicted with demonization appeared, those around him would randomly catch the disease. Moreover, the disease had an early and late stage. Patients in the early stages of the disease would not be able to tell if they were infected.

All prevention and treatment methods have failed.

At present, they have discovered that the Bodhi Tree bark and the Po Luo flowers could slow the speed of demonization for a few days. These two plants were common in the immortal realm, and they are relatively easy to obtain. When news of this spread, everyone immediately stripped clean the bark and flowers.

The doctors of the Medicine King's Valley continued to work hard, trying one new plan after another.

They all hoped for the Medicine King Xianzun to wake up soon and lead them out of this predicament.

……

Extreme fear, extreme confusion.

Suspicious voices appeared everywhere in the immortal realm and they became more and more intense.

They believed that this disaster was brought about by the Foul Demons and that the source of the Foul Demons was the god on the throne of the Inextinguishable Peak. It was shenjun's extreme viciousness, his tyranny and his unbridled violence, killing countless innocents during the dark period that brought about this catastrophe that was heaven's punishment to the world.

As long as they killed the god of the Inextinguishable Peak and calmed the anger of heaven, they would be freed from the demonization disease.

In the beginning, this was just a preposterous rumor…

In their despair, the rumors ran rampant and more and more people believed. Many sects who harbored hatred for the power of the Inextinguishable Peak took the opportunity to band together. They recruited troops and hoisted the banners of 'subduing the demons'. They wanted to overthrow the Inextinguishable Peak's vicious rule and kill the evil god. In their quest to seek more supporters, they did not hesitate to fabricate more lies. They found someone to pretend to be a doctor of the Medicine King's Valley and, with credibility and sincerity, he claimed that the Medicine King Xianzun was the god's lover. He had been in closed door cultivation for so long in order to research all sorts of frightful toxins for the god. He was the chief culprit of the demonization disease.

The lies increased as did the people who believed.

The flames of war were ignited everywhere, and the world fell into chaos…

On the throne of the Inextinguishable Peak, Yue Wuhuan's smile turned ever more mocking.

Countless birds, transformed from his spiritual thoughts, flew across the sky, seeing all the hideous faces of the world. He watched them as, under the guidance and control of fate, they were filled with evil thoughts, wanting to destroy the Inextinguishable Peak, wanting to kill him, wanting to kill Song Qingshi.

Many, many matters coincided with Mo Yuan's memories in Yue Wuhuan's mind. The flames of anger burned in his heart. This time he wasn't going to be some sh*t hero.

The evil villain of the Inextinguishable Peak?

Then let the mountain of corpses and sea of blood descend upon them once again. Let the world see what true evil was like!

Chapter 116: Qing Luan's Last Wish

The demonized disease was spreading rapidly. No one knew when misfortune would befall them. They were at a loss, in pain and with no way out… In their despair, many people lost their reason and ability to judge. They were eager to grasp at straws to save their lives. They were searching for a target to regard as an enemy, to vent their emotions on.

The war drums that had stayed silent for many years, once again let out their rallying cries. The fire beacons ignited across the sixteen states.

The Inextinguishable Peak had the strongest warriors, but the hidden hand manipulating fate had already torn off all pretenses, revealing its malevolent face. It no longer cared about the trajectory of fate, and it sunk into hysterical madness.

Over the years, it had already used "coincidence" to secretly cultivate a lot of powerful cultivators who hated the Inextinguishable Peak. And now, it has even bestowed "misfortunate" upon the cultivators of the Inextinguishable Peak.

The three regions where the Demonization disease first appeared were all directly under the sphere of influence of the Inextinguishable Peak.

The sect master of the Heavenly Fire Sect was plagued by heart demons. The Buddhist practitioners of Nine Star Temple were infected with demonization. The Plum Blossom Palace, Bixia Palace, Tianji Pavilion, Night Rain Pavilion, they all had all kinds of unlucky things befall them…

In Xian Ling island, there were many "unexpected" failures in the course of laying down the formations. Lady Nian tenaciously led her female cultivators to consolidate and repair again and again, guarding the cultivators and mortals in Nan Ling from entering the Central Continent and spreading the disease even faster.

On the top of the Inextinguishable Peak, there appeared catastrophes one after another. Heavy rain poured down, countless lightning smashed down.

That black monster also revealed its form amongst the clouds. Bringing with it the stench of blood, it repeatedly destroyed the defensive barrier. In the Central Continent, troops of insurgents gathered. They cooperated with the monster to attack the Inextinguishable Peak.

The yao cultivators of the bird race flew up into the sky, amidst the lightning and heavy rain, to face the monster.

This was not a battlefield suitable for birds. The rain soaked their wings and affected their speed. The poison of the Nirvana Butterflies could not distinguish between friend and foe under the torrential rain. They sounded the retreat and fell back. On the ground, were the yao and human cultivators who weren't good at flying. Under the cover of countless Blood King Vines, they use various spells and weapons to kill the enemy forces.

They were constantly besieged by falling rocks. From time to time, lightning would flash around them, constantly taking lives and disrupting the situation of the battle.

With the help of craftsmen and talisman cultivators, the doctors of the Medicine King's Valley rushed to the battlefield, carrying various defensive instruments and spells. They gave emergency treatment to the wounded cultivators and sent them to the rear for treatment.

Shenjun, wearing a snow feather cloak and gloves, slowly walked out of the main hall.

He ignited phoenix flames to blot out the sky and cover the earth. Ignoring the interference of the lightning, the flames rolled towards the rebellious cultivators, swallowing them instantly.

……

Bai Zihao stood atop the peak, staring at the monster in the sky and the situation of the battle, waiting patiently for the signal.

The golden peacock appeared in the air. He unfolded his gorgeous tail screen and on it were countless golden halos. With the power to deter and

dispel evil, it directly pierced the eyes of the monster.

Immediately afterwards, he transformed into a tall male body, wearing golden armor, with his long hair tied up. He put away his flippant expression, his beautiful features were filled with fierce murderous aura.

“Hey, ugly.” Kong Muhua smiled and angered the monster, attracting his attention and saving a number of birds who were almost killed. He then quickly flew to the monster, grabbed the opponent’s horns, spread his wings, and used his superhuman strength to press the monster into the mountaintop lake. He shouted, “Zihao!”

Bai Zihao unfurled his Life Artifact, brandishing the Wan Li Han Bing scroll.

A world of ice and snow descended and the lake froze over, trapping the monster inside.

A giant axe materialized in Kong Muhua’s hand, he slashed ruthlessly at the monster’s head.

This axe was sharp enough to rend stone and cut through a mountain and had power enough to flatten mountain peaks. It cut through to the monster’s bones and could go through no further. Immediately afterwards, the demonic energy spread, enveloping this axe radiating with the seven colors, taking away its brilliance, turning it dull and lusterless, black and unsightly. Kong Muhua was shocked and retracted the axe. He saw that the demonic energy had already wrapped around the monster’s wound, quickly repairing his flesh…

Bai Zihao formed countless icicles and pierced the monster with them, wanting to nail him into the lake.

The monster’s body once again transformed. His body quickly turned gigantic. The ice and snow barrier was torn apart in an instant.

Countless sharp blades made of black demonic energy emerged from his body. Like countless demon swords, they all rushed to pierce Bai Zihao.

Bai Zihao erected twelve layers of ice shields. The ice shields shattered layer by layer.

Kong Muhua blocked in front of him. He turned his golden tail feathers into a defensive barrier, taking on the storm-like attack.

His most cherished tail feathers were scorched black and fell off under the onslaught of demonic energy…

Kong Muhua clenched his teeth and persisted, refusing to back down by even half a step.

Without anyone noticing, the monster's tail had already snuck into the ground, slowly extending, hiding its aura, bypassing the Blood King Vines all over the ground, and approaching the god commanding atop the cliff. Taking advantage of everyone's unpreparedness, he drilled out of the rock wall and with his poisonous stinger, he ferociously stabbed towards this man set so up on high.

The stinger embedded into the body but no blood appeared.

Shenjun lowered his head. He looked at the monster and smiled mockingly.

Countless red Nirvana butterflies flew out of his body, directly landing on the monster's tail, injecting an immeasurable amount of toxins. Around him countless formations lit up, following the paralyzed stinger, it wrapped around the monster's body. This was a new sealing array.

The monster finally understood, he rasped out in a strange voice, "You are him; you are not him!"

Bai Zihao sat on the ground, his eyes curved with his smile. "This idiot is so easy to fool."

The god's original body had long left the Inextinguishable Peak. What stayed behind was just a relatively powerful avatar. It deliberately revealed flaws, acting as a decoy to bait the monster into a trap to he re-seal him once again.

Where was the real god?

The monster's pained roar resounded across the skies. The manipulator could not tolerate being fooled like this. It had to regain control of the world and destiny at all costs.

Thereupon, the earth once again rumbled; lightning appeared in the clouds, and the violent thunder intertwined into a net, covering the entire world.

……

After the new war to subdue the demons began, Yue Wuhuan placed Song Qingshi in the experimental cage that was used to imprison the Foul Demon, isolating all traces of his presence from the world. He then secretly sent it to the basement of the Medicine King's Valley and hid it.

Song Qingshi slept for several days. Finally, his fever receded and he woke up. He sat up, staring blankly at Yue Wuhuan, who had already changed into Yue Xiansheng. He suddenly stretched out his hands, carefully inspecting that beautiful pair of Phoenix eyes.

Yue Wuhuan guessed that his memories must have overlapped. He smiled. "Are you still dazed from sleep? I'm not Mo Yuan now."

Song Qingshi rested his fingertip on the gorgeous mole. He asked softly, "You can really see?"

Yue Wuhuan said softly, "I can see."

Song Qingshi slowly retracted his hand and looked around. "Where is this?"

Yue Wuhuan whispered, "The Medicine King's Valley."

He had situated the main battlefield and the traps on the Inextinguishable Peak. He would rather destroy the gorgeous palace than this place filled with so many good memories.

Song Qingshi stood up, put on his vestments and slowly walked out.

“Don’t go out. The monster An Long has turned into is looking for you.” Yue Wuhuan pulled him to a stop. “You must stay in this magical artifact. In here, you will be shielded from the prying eyes of fate… The trap I’ve left at the Inextinguishable Peak has been broken by thunder and lightning and the monster escaped with the help of the hidden hand. I need to move you to a safer place.”

Song Qingshi quietly looked at him.

Yue Wuhuan said quietly, “I can’t find a way to kill that monster, but I can’t let you meet with another mishap.”

Reincarnating again and again, dying again and again.

If destiny wanted his life, wanted his hatred, he was willing to bear and face it.

But, he hoped that Song Qingshi would keep on living.

“Qingshi, you have done more than enough for me. Give up.” Yue Wuhuan asked with difficulty. “As long as you are willing to abandon the mission, you can truly free yourself. You don’t have to accompany me to repeat this ridiculous fate. And you won’t have to be dragged by me into the mud over and over again…”

“Mission?” Song Qingshi couldn’t help laughing, “I was never any sort of tasker and I never thought about fulfilling any kind of mission.”

Yue Wuhuan was dumbfounded, he didn’t quite understand.

Song Qingshi grabbed his hand and emphasized each word.

“Wuhuan, I have the memories of a thousand reincarnations…”

“Wuhuan, I am living for you.”

“Wuhuan, the only one I want to save is you…”

“Wuhuan, I will never give up.”

“Wuhuan, this is the best opportunity…”

The earth shook once again. Thunder boomed from the sky. The monster was rushing towards them.

“The hidden hand that’s controlling fate has already been thrown into confusion. It’s gone out of control and that allowed my memories to be awakened… A large part of its power is attached to An… to An Long. You have to kill this mutated black dragon, weaken its power and rescue An Long.” The danger instantly arrived. Song Qingshi had no time to say more. He could only grasp the key points and tell Yue Wuhuan, “Go and stop him first. I will fetch for you the weapon Qing Luan left that can kill An Long.”

Yue Wuhuan didn’t remember Qing Luan having left behind anything weapon-related.

He also didn’t feel the aura of any strong spiritual objects or magical artifacts within the Medicine King’s Valley.

But, he was willing to believe Song Qingshi.

“Don’t give up, and don’t persuade me to give up either.” Song Qingshi ran out of the basement. He ran up a few steps and then turned around, exhorting earnestly, “I have the world’s most stubborn heart, even if I hit a wall thousands of times, tens of thousands of times, I will never look back. If you can’t bear the pain and despair and decide to abandon this world then I will accompany to become ashes and smoke.”

Yue Wuhuan looked at him for a long time. He smiled. “Okay.”

If he failed, he could bring the world’s cleanest stone to become scattered ashes and dispersed smoke together.

What a happy thing this would be!

……

The monster, hovering in mid-air, struck with thunder and lightning. Yue Wuhuan used the Blood King Vine to spread open a giant red net,

obstructing all his attacks.

When the doctors of the Medicine King's Valley saw the monster, some were so frightened that their bodies turned weak, some lost their heads out of fear, and yet even more doctors were still racing against time to research the demonization disease.

Song Qingshi ran out of the basement. Following the golden wisp floating about in the air, he ran towards their only ancestral hall.

The ancestral hall of the Medicine King's Valley had been expanded several times. At Lady Qing Luan's request, the tablet of every doctor from the Medicine King's Valley would be placed here upon their death to accept the respects of later apprentices…

Three thousand years have passed, and the Medicine King's Valley has become the largest medical school in the immortal realm. It trained countless doctors every year. Today, there were close to ten thousand memorial tablets in the ancestral hall. At the top were two black old-fashioned memorial tablets carved with the names of Qing Luan and Song Ming Hong.

Every time you save a person, you get a piece of merit.

The doctors of the Medicine King's Valley have walked throughout the world. They have directly or indirectly changed the destiny of many, many mortals and cultivators. Many people in the mortal realm have even established temples dedicated to the Medicine King to receive their gratitude and worship. Nowadays, the golden lights of merit that have gathered around the tablets in the ancestral hall were innumerable; especially on Qing Luan's tablet. She alone had already accumulated tens of millions of merits.

Song Qingshi stretched out his hand. In the name of the grand master, he chanted a spell that gathered all the golden lights of merit in his palm, bringing them all together to form a pure and holy golden long sword.

This was a weapon that Qing Luan forged using the merit she has accumulated for three thousand years. She now handed it over to Song Qingshi.

Only the brightest power in the world can kill the most foul demon in the world.

After the golden lights of merit were taken away, the shadow of a beautiful and gentle girl appeared in the ancestral hall.

This was the image of the remnant soul left by Qing Luan.

She bowed deeply towards Song Qingshi. She implored,

“Thank you, Qingshi Shenjun.”

“Please bring him back…”

Chapter 117: Open your eyes

The clouds above were stained a rosy red. The monster's entire body was ignited into a raging inferno. Countless burning black scales rained down onto the ground, hitting roofs, posing danger to precious lives and research materials. Song Qingshi immediately opened the fire barrier, sheltering the research institute and library beneath it. He had all the doctors and valley servants come in for protection.

The monster saw fire barrier made from Song Qingshi's fires. Detecting his presence, he charged madly towards him.

Huge red vine stretched from out the ground, splitting it. They rushed into the air, twining around the monster's attacks. They then wove innumerable red nets within the Red Lotus Fire, creating another protective screen for the laboratories and mice breeding centers, turning all these important places into huge spheres of vines.

Song Qingshi, holding onto the long sword made of the golden lights of merit, stepped on the Red Lotus, and heedless of everything else, flew towards Yue Wuhuan.

The monster felt the power of the golden lights of merit and sunk into further madness. Sharp blades of black demonic energy once again emerged from his body. It was going to remove this danger. Yue Wuhuan's sword as well as all his magical artifacts have already been destroyed in the battle. The Phoenix fire on his body grew even brighter, turning into nine long whips and countless whip reflections, which were constantly being scattered before the materializing sharp blades.

The black demonic energy gathered and dispersed, gathered and dispersed.

The Blood King Vines tightened around the monster, shattering his scales, digging into his flesh, constantly gobbling up the power inside.

Threads of demonic energy invaded Yue Wuhuan's body, penetrating into his soul and bringing back countless dark memories.

His unbearable pasts, those nauseating matters, those foul obscenities, those painful partings, repeatedly flashed in front of his eyes…

The stench in the air became stronger, making it difficult to breathe.

He could no longer contain the hatred in his heart. He could not control his spirit from crumbling. These dark golden phoenix eyes revealed the redness of slaughter. The roaring Phoenix flames re-ignited… gradually spreading, covering the entire sky. These were flames that could burn one's very soul. He wanted to burn this filthy world, burn himself, and let everything return to nothingness.

Song Qingshi shouted, "Wuhuan! Stop!"

His flawless flames were stained with black. Yue Wuhuan's heart was filled with chaos. He couldn't hear his voice anymore.

Song Qingshi finally stopped in front of him. He tried to purify the ever increasing filth from his flames; he tried to wake him.

The monster in the sky condensed countless black blades. Hiding the sky and covering the earth, the blades rushed to pierce the two of them.

The twin black and red lotus flowers in Song Qingshi's body bloomed to form a double enchantment, covering the both of them.

But, his cultivation level was much too far from the monster's.

The lotus flowers quickly withered, destroyed under the cleaving of the sharp blades.

The monster, bringing the sharp blades with him, instantly charged towards them.

If Yue Wuhuan dies, the Phoenix flames would go out of control, enveloping the entire world, and burning down everything.

Song Qingshi said desperately, "General An! Don't do things that you'll regret!"

The blood-red vertical pupils moved slightly. After the monster heard this name, the suppressed consciousness in his body struggled once again. He showed a pained expression, and the blades' offensive gradually slowed…

"General An, quickly wake up." Song Qingshi kept begging, "This isn't your real form."

He sacrificed all the golden lights of the merit remaining in his body. In bits and pieces, they all twined around An Long's claws, and the foul demonic energy that bound them fell off a little, revealing two lustrous and dazzling black dragon scales. He wanted to give even more merit to peel off this horrendous appearance and reveal the proud black dragon underneath. He wanted to help him regain his reason.

But having gone through a thousand reincarnations, he had already exhausted the great majority of the merits that he had accumulated. Now, he had nothing…

After the real dragon scales were exposed, An Long stopped his attack. He raised his head, looked at his hideous appearance and let out a wrathful roar, tearing madly at his own body.

The clear dragon roar rushed straight into the sky, shaking both heaven and earth.

Yue Wuhuan was awakened by the dragon's roar. He saw the situation clearly, and quickly took over the sword of merit in Song Qingshi's hand. He used the Phoenix flames to break open the armor of filth, tearing open the thick scales. Finally, he plunged the golden long sword into the dragon's heart blackened by demonic energy, taking out the black demon core from inside.

The golden long sword disappeared into the demon core, which then shattered. The pure and virtuous power emitted a soft purifying light, dispelling all the darkness.

The blackened heart gradually recovered its bright red color and the distorted body slowly dissipated amidst the golden light. In the end,

everything turned into black clouds and mist, gradually disappearing between heaven and earth.

The mist scattered, and what appeared before them was the soul of a bright, handsome general clad in black armor. He had a determined appearance and a resolute frame. He was brave and skilled at fighting, dignified and proud, towering like a giant in mid-air.

This was how An Long truly looked like.

He smiled towards Song Qingshi, “Thankfully, I didn’t commit the same grave mistake for a third time.”

Yue Wuhuan looked at this familiar soul and even more pain struck his sea of consciousness. He knew that he should be remembering something very important.

An Long’s soul began to fade away. Before disappearing completely, he stretched out his hand and gently placed it on Yue Wuhuan’s shoulder. Looking at those eyes, the eyes of one who has lost himself through the many painful cycles of reincarnation, he finally implored,

“Come back, brother.”

……

The thunder began to weaken but the dark clouds had yet to disperse and the sky was still gloomy.

For a long time, Yue Wuhuan just stared at the place where An Long had disappeared. He then let Song Qingshi hold his hand and pull in aboard the magic ship, returning to the Inextinguishable Peak.

The battle was still raging and the fight was still on-going.

The beauty of the Inextinguishable Peak has long been ruined. The ground was rend with deep cracks. The mountain peaks have collapsed. Fallen rocks lay everywhere. The trees have been burned down. The people were

plunged into an abyss of misery and blood flowed like rivers. Everywhere, people were killing each other and everywhere, were scenes of ugliness…

Song Qingshi brought him to the highest spot on the Inextinguishable Peak.

The smelly wind blew over. Yue Wuhuan closed his eyes and covered his nose. Breathing became even more uncomfortable.

“Wuhuan, don’t resist.” Song Qingshi grabbed his hand and stopped his movements, begging, “Open your eyes and take a closer look at the world…”

One thousand three hundred and fifty reincarnations, failure after failure.

He will never let go of this hand…

Yue Wuhuan felt Song Qingshi’s determination. He finally opened his eyes and slowly released his spiritual thoughts, attaching it to countless birds. They flew in all directions, trying to touch this world.

……

Below a cliff on Inextinguishable Peak.

The golden peacock was bruised and riddled with scars. All its beautiful tail feathers had been burned away. He was at his last gasp.

“Why?” Bai Zihao used the Snow and Ice formation to block all the attacks. His spiritual and physical strength had long been exhausted. He swayed as he walked. He knew how much Kong Muhua cared about his beautiful feathers and appearance. When he walked, he would constantly look at his reflection in the mirror. He would be brought to a halt whenever he saw his reflection in the water. He would cry for three whole days after losing a single feather. But, now, in order to shield him, Kong Muhua’s body was covered with wounds, not a single spot remained intact. And yet, he did not complain.

Kong Muhua whispered, “I told you. I like you.”

Bai Zihao said, “But, I’ve bullied you; many, many times…”

Kong Muhua smiled. “I know, you like me.”

Bai Zihao felt his eyes turn wet. He held back and said, “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t cry,” With much difficulty, Kong Muhua raised his hand and wiped away his tears. “When we first met, you were always crying. You were always sad and scared. I didn’t like it… So, I wanted to tease you into being happy, tease you into being angry and make you forget all those unhappy things and not make you feel wronged…”

He has never like anyone. Nor has he ever pursued anyone. What’s more, he didn’t understand human conventions. He was willful and reckless, he made a lot of messes.

He was probably about to be dumped again…

“I’m not beautiful anymore, and my tail feathers are gone,” Kong Muhua looked at his scorched tail feathers, losing confidence for the first time in his life. He tried to convince Bai Zihao, “Although I don’t have the right to court you anymore, you — don’t fall for that Dapeng. He’s no good. He’s very rough. Don’t fall for Bifang either, that wooden bird. He’s so boring. Wait for me for a couple of hundred years. My tail will grow out, I…”

Bai Zihao lowered his head, kissed his lips, and asked seriously, “I don’t have any tail feathers that I can turn into fan but can I ask you to be my spouse?”

Kong Muhua was stunned and it took him a long time to react. He then said eagerly, “Okay, I’ll be your wife.”

Bai Zihao corrected, “It’s called a ‘Daoist companion’.”

“But bridal dresses are so beautiful. I want to wear one.”

“Then, wear one…”

“Can I embroider it myself?”

“How did you suddenly become so energetic? Weren’t you seriously injured?”

“My tail is gone. It’s made a very deep wound in my heart…”

“You bastard…”

“You said it already! You can’t go back on your word!”

Bai Zihao hugged the golden peacock tightly. He no longer envied the god. He too had someone in this world who was unwilling to see him sad.

……

The Northern Region, within the rebel army.

The cultivators were discussing how to attack the Inextinguishable Peak and kill the god and his followers.

Ma Xianjun said mockingly, “Here, I thought the god was pure and uncontaminated by evil. Turns out he was nothing but a cut-sleeve. Just recently, he and the Medicine King Xianzun have become Daoist companions. Tsk, I heard that every year the Inextinguishable Peak would grant a lot of money to the Medicine King’s Valley to do research. The Medicine King Xianzun probably bargained for it with his body. I have no idea how beautiful he must be. When we take over the Inextinguishable Peak, we must…”

A hand suddenly clamped around his throat and he couldn’t speak.

Sitting at the rebel army’s seat of honor, Cui Xianzun had a perverse disposition. He was a demonic cultivator who was quick to anger. It was said that a few thousand years ago, he had been framed by his fellow disciples. His family was torn apart and his heart besieged by heart demons. Later, he came by a lucky chance and rebuilt using the demonic way. He stabbed his enemies to death and established the You Hun Sect. Now, his cultivation base has reached He Ti. He detested the Inextinguishable Peak

and the tyranny of the god. Thus, he agreed to join their army, becoming one of their strongest forces.

Now, he had his hand around the neck of Ma Xianjun, this boot-licker. He asked in a low voice, “Why don’t I know this?… Shenjun’s Daoist companion is the Medicine King Xianzun? Is it Song Qingshi?”

Ma Xianjun struggled and nodded.

Cui Xianzun snapped his neck in ager. “Why didn’t you tell me this sooner?”

All the cultivators were shocked and puzzled.

“Back then, I had been entangled by heart demons. I had not even a single spirit stone to my name and I had nowhere to turn to. It was the Medicine King Xianzun who gave me the Wang Chen Pill to help me get through the tribulations of the heart demon and allowed me to return to power. This great favor has been engraved into my heart. It is something I dare not forget.” Cui Xianzun revealed a terrifying smile. “Today, I have unexpectedly been given a great opportunity. Since you are all out to seize the Medicine King’s Valley and kill the Medicine King Xianzun; Hehe, I will use your heads to serve as my gift to pay back this debt of gratitude.”

He brandished the banner to attract the departed spirits and the vengeful spirits assembled, spirits a wailing and souls a howling.

The disciple of the You Hun sect heeded his command and quickly followed.

The big sects were caught off guard, and men and horses were thrown off their feet.

Cui Xianzun laughed heartily. By fair means or foul, he obliterated the rebel lineup.

Charcoal inadvertently given in snowy weather, was today, returned double with thanks.

……

At the foot of the mountains of the Heaven Martial Sect, young sword cultivators formed themselves in ranks to stop the rebel forces of Lingxin City.

The city lord of Lingxin City was irritable by nature. His beloved daughter was suffering from demonization and they were delaying time with Bodhi bark. He was anxious and he brought the cultivators of Lingxin City to hurry to the Inextinguishable Peak, to join up with the forces who sought to overthrow the god. Seeing this group of reckless sword cultivators blocking their way, he cursed, “Have you all gone crazy? It is the Inextinguishable Peak that has caused the demonization! Only by killing the god will these symptoms disappear!”

Yuwen Yu stood with his sword. “It was not made by the god!”

Lingxin City’s lord said furiously, “It was after the dark period that the Foul Demons were born! Who else could it be if not him?!”

Yu Wenyu insisted, “It was not made by the god!”

Lingxin City’s city lord cursed again. “You ignorant little brats. Get away from here!”

Yuwen Yu wasn’t good with words. He didn’t know how to argue but would not retreat by even half a step. “It was not made by the god!”

Lingxin City’s city lord sneered, “Little Heaven Martial Sect, do you want to fight against Lingxin City? Call your elders to come out!”

“There is no need to call for us.” Yuwen Yan brought the sect’s elders and sword cultivators to defend. He said coldly, “His father is here.”

Lingxin City’s city lord suppressed his anger and said arrogantly, “Now, the Inextinguishable Peak is the enemy of the entire world. If Heaven Martial Sect wishes to protect it, then I will level these seven peaks!”

Behind him were the more than ten thousand cultivators of Lingxin City. Heaven Martial Sect had no more than a thousand people.

Yuwen Yu walked to his father and said, aggrieved, “Father…”

“We are sword cultivators. The sword we wield must have the courage to persist in our beliefs and to face strong enemies.” Yuwen Yan rubbed his hair and said softly, “Yu’er, you are doing well. If you are greedy for life and afraid of death, you will neglect the truth, you will bend your knees and go over to the enemy. You will be unworthy of the sword in your hand.”

The city lord’s face turned ugly.

Yu Wenyan drew out his long sword, and said angrily, “Sword cultivators of Heaven Martial Sect! Draw your swords! Get into position!”

A thousand swords were unsheathed, glittering like snow and frost, steaming with killing aura.

Yuwen Yan stood at the forefront of the sword formation, and said word by word, “It was not made by the god!”

All the sword cultivators let out a thunderous cry, passing into the ears and into the hearts of every cultivator of Lingxin City, “It was not made by the god!”

This was the truth that they placed their unwavering belief in.

How was a mantis supposed to obstruct a chariot?!

Sword cultivators, draw your swords. We shall fight to the end!

……

Xian Ling Island, most of the female cultivators were already suffering from demonization and they were barely able to hold on using the Bodhi bark.

Lady Nian's body is already covered with criss-crossing black streaks. She sat quietly under the shade of a tree, looking at the azure sea, waiting for the end…

She had once been nothing but a little beggar orphan by the side of the road. It had been Yan Yuan Xianjun who brought her back to the Red Dragon Sect, took care of her carefully, and taught her various formations and immortal skills. Later, Yan Yuan Xianjun realized that his life was about to end and sent her to Xian Ling Island. Madam Ling Miao had been a gentle woman. She comforted her, this girl who often cried because of homesickness. She would use formations to make animals to amuse her into smiling and she would always praise her for being smart…

She was very unfortunate to have lost her parents so early.

She was very fortunate to have met so many good people in her life and to have gained immeasurable kindness.

This was why she was willing to pass on this kindness, to help equally unfortunate children and let them receive new blessings.

Lady Nian looked at the dark spots on her hands and sobbed softly.

A four-year-old girl ran over. Her body too was covered with signs of demonization. She opened her eyes wide and asked curiously, "Lady Nian, what are you doing?"

Lady Nian wiped away her tears and smiled, "Duo Duo, why are you here?"

Duo Duo said, feeling wronged, "My sisters say that Duo Duo is about to die. But Duo Duo doesn't understand, what is 'die'?"

Lady Nian looked at the innocent child, and felt her eyes go red again.

Duo Duo climbed onto her lap. "Lady Nian, why is Duo Duo going to die?"

Lady Nian whispered, "Because… we want more children like Duo Duo… to survive."

Duo Duo thought for a long time. She didn't quite understand but she nodded sensibly, "That must be a very good thing."

Lady Nian took her into her arms and restrained her tears.

"Don't cry. Duo Duo isn't afraid of dying."

"I'm sorry……"

"Duo Duo lied. Duo Duo is still a little bit scared. Duo Duo isn't brave enough."

"I'm sorry……"

"Duo Duo wants to hold hands. If we hold hands Duo Duo won't be afraid anymore…"

"Okay, I'll hold your hand and we'll walk together."

……

For three days and three nights, the birds flew over the high mountain peaks. They flew to all corners of the world. They witnessed so many joys and sorrows, and saw so many stories…

Morning bells and evening drums; eight streets and nine paths; humanity in hundreds of forms.

He saw many shameless beasts; he saw countless fools who were deceived. But he saw even more people struggling in desperate situations, unwilling to give up on the ones they loved. They helped each other, came to each other's rescue. They lived together and died together; remaining loyal by their sides.

He saw people who abided by their promises, people who were determined and steadfast, people who were compassionate…

All beings were trapped in darkness, struggling to seek out the light.

Just where was the real god?

Yue Wuhuan silently watched this world.

Song Qingshi stood behind him. Carrying with him all hope, he softly prayed,

“Wuhuan, this world is not so unbearable…”

So, come back…

Chapter 118: The World Reborn

Hundreds of thousands of soul lamps were swaying against the rock wall of the Inextinguishable Peak.

Since the start of the war, no matter whether it was thunder and lightning or the flames of war, nothing has disturbed the enchantment and the tranquility of this place.

Yue Wuhuan slowly walked forward and held up the first soul lamp. Inside was the soul named Xie Que. After three thousand years of torment, it had already grown numb from the pain.

Looking at this disgusting soul, the memory of struggling in hell resurfaced in his mind and the stink he was breathing in grew stronger.

But these past matters could no longer torture his heart.

Yue Wuhuan lightly extinguished this soul lamp, letting the sinful soul turn into nothing, vanishing forever from the universe.

Deep inside his heart, there seemed to be a black shackle that was undone. After letting go of his hatred, his soul became free.

Yue Wuhuan extinguished the second soul lamp, the third lamp, the fourth lamp…

His revenge was over long ago and there was no need to look back.

As the soul lamp of memories went out one by one, the chains of hatred fell away. His soul became more and more relaxed, and his pace becomes more and more brisk…

In the end, Yue Wuhuan stood atop the summit and raised his hands. He released a powerful burst of spiritual thought and extinguished hundreds of thousands of soul lamps all at once.

The moment the soul lamps went out, the Phoenix locked in the abyss was finally free. The curse-like mole under the corner of his eye slowly disappeared along with his hatred.

Yue Wuhuan finally saw the true face of the world. Immeasurable foul demonic aura pervaded the air, corroding everything. This was the source of the stink he smelled. High in the sky, a black door leading to hell was ajar. Filthy demonic energy gushed forth from inside, manipulating and changing the entire world, turning it into a hellish nightmare.

The demons realized that the seal had been undone. The situation was hopeless and they were in their death throes. A wail came from amidst the thunder.

Yue Wuhuan raised his head. “The usurper.”

……

In the divine realm, the Celestial Emperor and all the gods were gathered around the withering World Tree.

More than half of the world-fruits nurtured by the Tree had been invaded by dark demonic energy.

The World Tree was a sacred tree that appeared alongside the Phoenix from a pure and flawless flame. It relied on the power of the Phoenix’s rebirth and reincarnation to grow.

The Phoenix meticulously cared for every immature world, waiting for the world’s rules to be perfected and the world’s operations to mature. It would then fall off and be released into the galaxy to turn into a true and proper world.

Because the rules of a small world weren’t mature enough, flaws would often appear, causing the world-fruit to die or wither. Therefore, the Phoenix god designed a magical artifact that could control fate, for the purposes of adjustment and refinement. It would select a suitable human

souls to, in the form of missions, test the rules of the world or break the course of a world that has gone astray and bring it back to the right path.

Because the development and culture of each world was different — there were different domains such as science and technology, magic, and cultivation — in order for everyone to easily understand and also so that the course of fate would not go so far as to wander down the wrong track, the mission briefings formally proceeded based on books, dramas, legends, novels, etc….

The artifact ran very smoothly, and the World Tree bore one small world after the other. Each world contained innumerable souls and resources.

The demons have long coveted these immature worlds, but the World Tree relied on the power of the Phoenix to grow, and the Phoenix god was the most perfect god, whether it was in power, wisdom, or will, he was powerful and invulnerable.

The demons schemed for hundreds of millions of years, and finally they found a way. They took advantage of the battle between the gods and the demons and set up a trap. They wounded the Phoenix god and took a small piece of his soul, throwing it into the World Tree. They then extracted a little bit of the delusions and desires that all beings had towards the Phoenix god and fused these together, turning into a teardrop mole seal, blocking off the Phoenix god's memories. They then created a beautiful body with restricted power and placed his soul within it.

The seal could also cause people to have blasphemous thoughts towards the beauty of the Phoenix. When his body was mature enough to sustain power, the demons then controlled the trajectory of fate and attracted evil person to his side, harming and violating this body, causing pain and hatred to emerge in his spirit.

It would take a strong world power to lift the seal.

The more the Phoenix god hated the world, the more the world rejected the Phoenix god.

And so, he could not wake up, could not control the world, and could not use the power of the world.

This was a very simple and very shameless method.

At first, none of the gods thought that this was a major problem. Although this kind of thing was disgusting, gods all had formidable wills and wouldn't be affected by this kind of damage. Moreover, the small worlds was also the home turf of the Phoenix god which made it even easier…… Therefore, they all believed that the powerful Phoenix would soon awaken, see through his false body, expel the demons, and return once again.

But the gods were wrong.

The World Tree gradually began to wither. After the world-fruits started being contaminated one after another, they realized that the perfect Phoenix god had weaknesses.

The Phoenix god was born in a pure flame. Being clean made him extremely happy. He would not touch any filth, he would not be stained by any dust. He was proud and self-possessed. He was unwilling to accept any feelings that would bring with it distracting thoughts. He was unwilling to bear the touch of a body with lust and desires. He wholeheartedly wanted to seek the most flawless romantic love and so, he rejected the pursuit of all others.

His nobleness, his perfection, his earnestness, his intelligence, and his strength; all these were his virtues.

The demons turned all these advantages into sharp swords that pierced him.

The Phoenix god could endure any physical and mental torture, but he could not endure the shame of being defiled. His perfection, which he was extremely proud of was stained with small dashes of filth, like ink dots falling on white paper. He struggled desperately, trying to rid himself of it. But the ink dots expanded, they grew bigger and became even more conspicuous.

He utterly detested the world and he was, in turn, rejected by the world. The demons took control of even more worlds and inflicted even more tragic torture. However, he could not get any help from any world. He was constantly deceived by fate. He grew to hate the world even more and finally, he lost himself. He was unwilling to see the truth.

This was an endless loop.

Through repeated cycles of reincarnation, the Phoenix fell completely into the mud. He was unable to break free. His power became nourishment for the demon to nurture the hellish worlds. Originally normal worlds turned into paradises for demons one after another. They rotted and were taken away.

The gods were anxious and furious.

They tried to invade the small world to awaken the Phoenix god.

However, the magic artifact of destiny had already fallen under the control of the demons. To invade into the small world to rescue the Phoenix, it was necessary to pretend to be a human tasker and use the process of accepting the task to find the Phoenix god.

When the demons sensed their movements, they set a trap. They sealed off the mana and memory of the taskers, and handed them all kinds of strange rescue missions. If they failed, they would receive severe punishment.

All gods had innate talents and abilities and even within they cycle of reincarnations, they were much better than ordinary people.

The Celestial Emperor branded the mark to rescue the Phoenix god in their soul, reminding them not to lose their way after entering the world.

One by one, loyal, brave, and clever gods entered the small world, trying to awaken the Phoenix god.

The demons targeted their weaknesses, opening tragic destinies for each and every one of them. The demons repeatedly tortured them, using

countless false clues to lead them in the wrong direction.

For example, they gave a strong-willed general a reviled identity and a hideous appearance. They made him live forever under eyes filled with contempt and pain. It gave birth to hatred and indignation, deceiving his sight. The loyal and kind-hearted maid, they deprived of all happiness, misleading her through means of endless sadness, having her meet countless pitiful humans in need of help. In the midst of her constant mercy and life-saving, she finally forgot about the Phoenix god. As for those who once admired the spirit of the Phoenix god, they created extremely similar perfect counterfeits. The demons arranged a variety of romances that fit their tastes perfectly. The demons made them develop desire for the fakes. They indulged in love and lived happy lives. They could no longer see the true and now imperfect Phoenix who was being tortured to his last breath…

The failure of one tasker after another brought even worse consequences.

The heart of the Phoenix god became sensitive and overly-suspicious. His personality became more and more extreme. He became more and more pathological. No matter who got close to him, so long as they harbored any other purpose, if they had even the slightest trace of desire towards him, or had the slightest trace of disloyalty, they would be met with a crazed attack. He would not hesitate dying to resist.

If taskers could not accomplish their missions, they would be unable to leave the small world.

The taskers could not obtain the trust of the Phoenix god.

Most of the gods gave up the rescue after a few attempts. They completed the mission issued by the magic artifact and returned. A few who had very deep friendships with the Phoenix and wanted to contend against the demons, such as the guardian god of the demon border, General An Long, lost themselves in the endless failures. They lost their qualifications as taskers and their spirits fell into the cycles of reincarnation along with the Phoenix. The dragon was taken away and turned into a pawn used by the demons to torture the Phoenix.

The Celestial Emperor finally realized that this was an impossible task…

The small worlds were taken away one by one.

The entire divine realm was driven into a state of powerlessness.

The petition submitted by Qingshi Shenjun to undertake the mission was something that none of the gods expected.

No matter how the Celestial Emperor racked his brains, he couldn't think of how the Phoenix god and Qingshi Shenjun developed a friendship so deep that Qingshi Shenjun was willing to enter the mission world and try to save him even after all the gods have failed.

Qingshi Shenjun's ascension had been an unexpected event and a coincidence for the divine realm.

His original body had been that of a white stone that was refined with the Red Lotus Fire by the Celestial Emperor hundreds of millions of years ago. It was placed on Mt. Song and used to suppress the flames of the underworld. Many years passed and no one remembered this stone. Who knew that this stone, because it had been suppressing the underworld flames for so many years, saving billions of lives, had accumulating immeasurable merit, leading it to suddenly ascend?

When the Celestial Emperor saw that the stone he had refined had ascended to immortality, he was stupefied…

He tried to say a few polite words to ease the atmosphere. He then found that although this stone had assumed a human form, his heart was still a stone. It didn't beat and it couldn't feel ridicule, contempt, hatred, like, admiration…

The Celestial Emperor offered a lot of polite and intimate greetings but the stone simply looked blankly at him. The stone couldn't understand anything. He also couldn't speak.

The scene was a bit awkward…

The Celestial Emperor casually gave him a name — Song Qingshi. The god in charge of writing destiny misunderstood the Celestial Emperor's intention and thus, he became Song Qingshi. The Celestial Emperor looked at this name and thought that it was also good, so he made do with it. He then, with sincere words and earnest wishes, taught the newly-ascended Qingshi Shenjun. He taught him to consult books on things he didn't understand; once he's read enough books, there wouldn't be anything he didn't understand.

He expended a lot of effort and finally, he got Qingshi Shenjun to understand words and language. He also got him to understand the importance of learning.

Because Qingshi Shenjun was unable to adapt to and integrate into the lives of the gods, a lot of problems cropped up. The Celestial Emperor pondered the matter. Whatever the case, this was the stone that he had refined. He had to bear responsibility. And so, he found a small courtyard high up in the clouds and here, he had Qingshi Shenjun stay. The Celestial Emperor sent people to teach him words and then gave him a lot of books, so that he could study them well. Once he has learned a bit more, then he can come and meet others.

As a result, Qingshi Shenjun stayed in the courtyard. He ran headlong into reading and never came out again.

The messenger god came to report that he was reading and studying every day. He would occasionally sit by the window and watch the clouds. He didn't want to attend any of the gods' gatherings and he refused to talk to anyone.

This dull and tedious sort of life persisted for tens of thousands of years…

At first, the gods still met to discuss this silly stone, but as time went on, they forgot.

The Celestial Emperor saw that Qingshi Shenjun showed no signs of improving. He also didn't understand loneliness and didn't care at all about living alone. And so, he gave up on taking care of him. Every year, he

simply remembered to give him more books when it came time to bestow rewards. This was the extent of consideration that the Celestial Emperor showed to him.

After news of the Phoenix god's mishap spread…

Qingshi Shenjun walked out of the small courtyard for the first time. He came to the temple, and asked to enter the mission world.

Even the powerful gods have failed. What can this stone that can't even speak do?

However, Qingshi Shenjun was extremely stubborn and he simply couldn't understand rejection or mockery.

Who could depress a piece of hard rock?

The Celestial Emperor tried to persuade him until his heart grew weary. He suddenly had a thought. Qingshi Shenjun had been nothing but a stone who relied on merit to ascend. His luck must be astounding. Moreover, he and the Phoenix god had no emotional entanglements, no desires. He didn't understand the seven emotions and the six sensory pleasures. He understood messy love affairs even less. Perhaps he would not fall into the demons' traps. The Phoenix god had a hobby of collecting beautiful stones. Maybe this foolish stone would have a fool's luck and succeed?

In any case, everyone has already failed. What was one more failure? If he runs into Nanshan, then he'll just come back…

The Celestial Emperor, as though giving medicine to a dead horse, sent Qingshi Shenjun into the small world and asked him to try and rescue the Phoenix god.

……

His soul recovered and his divine powers returned.

All Yue Wuhuan's memories returned to his sea of consciousness. He remembered that in all of his many reincarnations of despair, he saw that

figure that tried to enter again and again and failed again and again… During the first dozens of reincarnations, this figure walked unsteadily on his feet. He didn't understand human emotions; he couldn't speak. He met with obstacle after obstacle. To say nothing of completing the mission or getting to Yue Wuhuan, this figure would die even on the way to approaching Yue Wuhuan.

But, he didn't give up. No matter how painful the fall, he would always come back.

He persistently found one problem after another in his failures. He tried to compare and contrast the feelings described in the books with the feelings of human beings. He clumsily imitated and expressed. Finally, through a combination sheer persistence and his pure thoughts that were free from any demand or desire, he drew near to the sensitive and suspicious Phoenix. He gave everything and so the Phoenix gradually surrendered his trust and surrendered his heart.

Humanity's seven emotions and six sensory pleasures constantly polished this stone.

He, in different worlds, had read countless books, had tried different kinds of warmth, had seen all kinds of human life in various forms, had experienced all kinds of pain. He gradually understood what it was to weep, to smile. He understood what it was to be heart-broken and to be indignant; to be distressed and to be happy. He became animated.

In the end, the stone understood emotions, allowing the Phoenix to find his true self.

……

Freed from imprisonment, his power returned, and the World Tree radiated with vitality.

The most dazzling Phoenix was reborn. With his nine golden red tail feathers of flame, he flew into the dimming sky, rushing towards the gate to hell.

Pure and holy light broke through the darkness and thoroughly cleansed this world defiled by the demons.

All the filthy things were banished and foul air was purified. Amidst the unwilling roar of the demons, the gates to hell were closed forever.

The lightning stopped, the thunder ceased. The sky began to let out a continuous drizzle of rain. The cracked ground closed up. The dried riverbeds re-emerged. The trees split by lightning sprouted green shoots. The mountain flowers bloomed, letting out their sweet fragrance. The birds no longer fled and instead, turned to look for materials to build their nests. Animals hiding in nooks and crannies poked out their heads, carefully returning to their original homes.

The whole world was changing into a different life.

The demonized patients woke up amidst the rainfall. They were surprised to find that the black streaks on their bodies were disappearing little by little. A cry like heavenly music could be heard from the sky. When they raised their heads, it was a Phoenix flying by. That pure and flawless beauty made them forget all about the war. They forgot the sorrow, the hatred, the killing…

The horror shrouding their hearts disappeared and the constantly welling up dark desires faded away.

Looking back on what they'd done these past days, they felt so foolish.

……

Lingxin City's city lord realized that the demonization disease was disappearing. He immediately stopped the fight. For the time being, he couldn't attend to pondering this matter with Heaven Martial Sect. He left the matter of apologies and compensations to be resolved at a later date.

He took the cultivators of Lingxin City and hurried back home at the fastest speed. In the courtyard of Lingxin City, he saw his beautiful and gentle

daughter, just as usual, holding spirit tea and sweet-smelling fruit. She smiling at him, “Daddy, you’ve worked hard…”

It is said that real mean do not easily cry.

The city lord of Lingxin City held his darling daughter — his daughter who was lost and now, was regained — and cried his heart out.

……

On Xian Ling Island, Lady Nian lay on the grass, Duo Duo’s hand in hers, quietly waiting for the arrival of death.

Suddenly, Duo Duo pointed to the sky and exclaimed, “Look, what a beautiful bird!”

Lady Nian opened her eyes. She saw the phoenix dancing in the clouds. And then, the dark clouds gradually dispersed. Rays of gentle sunlight fell onto the earth, becoming more and more dazzling. After the Phoenix flew away, she woke up from this beautiful sight. All of a sudden, she felt her body relax. The black markings on Duo Duo’s face disappeared…

Behind them came the cheers of the female cultivators.

“We survived.”

“Xian Ling Island has survived.”

……

The Phoenix flew over every corner of the world, and cheers erupted everywhere he went.

All the demonic energy was banished.

Finally, the Phoenix then flew back to the Inextinguishable Peak.

Song Qingshi sat slantingly on a huge boulder, leaning against a giant pine. The Life Artifact in his body had already disintegrated. His dantian was

destroyed. He had already exhausted all the power of his merits. His life was almost reaching its limit. His face was pale. His body didn't even have the strength to stand. But he was still very happy in his heart…

The Phoenix landed and assumed his human form. The Phoenix's eyes carried dignity, a nobility that tolerated no profanity. This was the god of the world, and all must bow their heads before him.

He walked up step by step to Song Qingshi. With utmost sincerity, he looked into the clearest eyes in the world.

Song Qingshi raised his head and smiled, "Welcome back."

Yue Wuhuan said softly, "Thank you, for never giving up."

……

The world has been restored and the World Tree was brimming with vitality.

Yue Wuhuan raised his hand. He gathered together into his hand all of the millions upon millions of merits produced on the World Tree. He integrated them into Song Qingshi's body, repairing his weak spirit for him. Afterwards, he re-amended the trajectory of the world's destiny, allowing the little sphere that claimed to be the system to be reborn; this time without any of the filthiness within.

It cheerfully bounced about, making a 'di-di-di' sound. It proclaimed:

"Tasker Song Qingshi has successfully rescued the protagonist shou, Bai Zihao. The 1,350th mission is successful."

"Tasker Song Qingshi has successfully rescued the protagonist shou, Bai Zihao. The 1,350th mission is successful."

"Breaking away from the world…"

Amidst the golden radiance, Song Qingshi's body turned into countless beads of light and then disappeared into the sky.

The Phoenix spread his wings once again and chased after him.

Chapter 119: Finale

Birth, old age, sickness, death, resentment, fear, jealousy, greed, stupidity, the departure of loved ones, the pain of never getting what one wishes for…

The world gave birth to all living things. People are born and they suffer through numerous hardships. Demons are born together with suffering, never to die, never to be extinguished.

Good thoughts ascend one to be a god and evil thoughts corrupt one to be a demon.

Fortunately, though everything in the world is born in darkness, it is the light that they seek.

In the many battles between the gods and demons, the gods have always won overwhelming victory. They expelled the demons, sealing them into the narrow and dark abyss. But the demons never gave up, constantly thinking up of ways to influence all the worlds, to imprison humans in the suffering of their hearts and to release the darkness. They turned good thoughts into evil intentions, triggering crimes, stirring up war and finally turning the world into a dark and twisted hell of blood.

If the World Tree were to be corroded, the small worlds would become dark hells, breeding more villains. When the tainted small world matures and falls into the galaxy, the demons would grow infinitely and spread to all worlds like a plague. All the evil thoughts that were naturally in everyone would be triggered to arise. The light would constantly be swallowed up. Even the gods would completely die and no longer exist.

For however long the Phoenix god was in a coma was also how long the Celestial Emperor was worried…

He dispatched all the gods that had any possibility of waking the Phoenix god. But their hearts were invaded by the demons. No matter how much external force was exerted, in the end, the Phoenix god needed to wake up by himself. Every god who returned from the small world had ugly

expressions on their faces. They failed so miserably that most of them chose to block their memories from the small world. They didn't want to remember anymore, for fear that they would be bedeviled…

Not long ago, General An Long finally returned from the small world. He no longer stubbornly toughened it out.

The Emperor of Heaven had great hopes for An Long. After all, he and the Phoenix god were close friends who had guarded the seal over the demons for many years. He had a naturally combative spirit. He was steadfast and courageous. His willpower was one of the very best among the gods. He especially liked fighting and he spared no thoughts for sentiments or affection. When he had nothing to do, he would look for the Phoenix god for a match, to temper his strength. They were equally matched. He had once beaten the beautiful face of the Phoenix God, covering it with wounds; he had even lost a few of his beautiful feathers. The gods looked at it and felt distressed. They tried to dissuade An Long and An Long regarded them with utmost contempt.

"Wuhuan is a man. What is he doing caring so much about his appearance? He has also plucked a lot of my scales and you don't see me crying about it!"

"A man's face is not important. What is important is strength."

"I won't ever waste time looking for some bullsh*t Daoist companion."

"Wuhuan, that useless guy. He can't even see through this facade. I'm going to the small world and laugh at him!"

The gods were speechless.

Then…

After General An woke up from the small world, the first thing he did was to slap his own mouth. His face turned from red to black, from black to red. It changed several times; it was a sight to behold. The Celestial Emperor

and the waiting gods had never seen him look like this before. They were shocked. They really wanted to know what had happened.

General An used a term from the technological worlds and said profoundly, “This is my eternal black history.”

Without giving any of the gods crowded around a chance to ask, he quickly sealed off his memory of the small world.

What a f*cking disgrace! He didn’t want to think of this ever again! Otherwise, he’ll never have the face to go to Phoenix for another match!

Damn demons! He was going to demon-occupied territory and personally tear apart a few of the great demons to vent his anger!

He turned into a black dragon, flicked his tail and went to slaughter the demons.

The gods: “???”

The Celestial Emperor let out a breath. “Who else is in the small world?”

The gods thought for a while. “There’s no one else there anymore…”

The Phoenix god was probably beyond help. The god realm was about to be destroyed.

……

After Song Qingshi woke up, his mind was confused because he had done too many tasks. For a long time, he sat in the corner of the temple and sorted out his memories.

The emperor finally remembered his existence, and found that this stone was still dazed after waking up. He looked no different from before. Not holding onto any hope, he walked and casually asked, “How was your mission?”

Song Qingshi raised his head and pointed to the direction of the Phoenix Temple.

From the clouds, the divine messenger flew over. In a loud voice, he announced the happy news, “He’s woken up! The Phoenix god is awake!”

The gods were overjoyed and couldn’t attend to anything else. They set up magical carts, spread their wings, boarded magical artifacts; all of them rushed to the Phoenix Temple to visit the Phoenix god.

The Celestial Emperor was surprised and asked Song Qingshi, “You succeeded?”

Song Qingshi nodded.

“How did you do it? What did you do?” The Celestial Emperor hurriedly asked. He simply couldn’t fathom how this stone without a heart could awaken the Phoenix with his Qi Qiao Ling Long Heart. He followed up with a series of questions but when saw that the other had been confused by all this queries, he finally remembered that Song Qingshi couldn’t speak. To make things simpler, he changed the question and said calmly, “Could it be…luck?”

Song Qingshi thought for a long moment and nodded again.

“I knew you were a lucky child.” The Celestial Emperor excitedly patted his head. He tried to think of what he would like and rewarded him with countless treasures and books. There were millions of books, including ones about the essence of all worlds, treasured collections of the Divine Realm, as well as a book of the world left by the god of creation.

The Celestial Emperor was such a good man.

Song Qingshi received a huge reward, and his eyes lit up with joy. The books were very tempting.

He wanted to run home immediately and read decades worth of books.

The Celestial Emperor saw that he liked them very much and that he was very happy. He ordered the divine messenger to directly send the rewards to courtyard amongst the clouds. He had him go back to rest, ‘be a good child, don’t be like that idiot General An who went to fight as soon as he got up’. The World Tree had withered severely. Once the Phoenix god regained his spirit and managed to restore the small worlds, the Celestial Emperor was going to have the Phoenix god go and thank him personally.

Given the immensity of the debt, no matter how generous the gift the Phoenix god presents, it wouldn't be enough…

When the Celestial Emperor finished comforting Song Qingshi, he was about to step into his precious cart and visit the Phoenix Temple, when he looked back and saw Song Qingshi’s very happy expression. He suddenly realized that something wasn’t quite right. When did this stone start to feel ‘happiness’? He couldn’t help asking, “Just what kind of luck did you get to awaken the Phoenix god?”

Song Qingshi turned around and said,

“It is the lucky one gained after one thousand three hundred and fifty failures.”

The Celestial Emperor was stunned.

The stone he refined could speak?

……

Song Qingshi made a detour to the Phoenix Temple. He wanted to see Wuhuan, but found that crowds of gods thronged the outside of the temple. They had it completely surrounded. They held gifts of sympathy and were stood in long lines, vying to visit the sick.

He had once heard that the Phoenix god was the most beautiful and popular deity in the Three Realms. All creation liked him and many beings vied to be his Daoist companion, the gods were no exemption.

Today, Song Qingshi finally realized the extent of Wuhuan's popularity…

He couldn't squeeze in through the crowds.

The gods have tried before to greet or talk to Qingshi Shenjun, but they never got a response. The scene was too embarrassing. Now, seeing Qingshi Shenjun, they didn't know what to say. They looked at him curiously and then shifted their attention back to the happy event of the Phoenix god's awakening.

Song Qingshi peered around outside for a while, and he heard everyone discussing in full swing:

"The god has suffered a serious hardship this time, he will probably have his memory sealed, right?"

"General An sealed his. He will probably also seal his as well……"

"Those painful events, what about those would be worth holding onto? He will definitely have it sealed."

"Given his perfectionism and obsession with cleanliness…"

"……"

Song Qingshi felt that what everyone was saying made a lot of sense. Wuhuan's body in the small world had been a fake one and even his soul there had only been a fragment. Now, that he's been purified, even their Daoist marks were gone, their relationship had been broken. So long as Wuhuan's memory was sealed, any remaining extreme-ness and pathological behavior would disappear. He would still be that original Phoenix, flying in the sky, free and happy.

He thought for a long time, and decided not to rush to report to Wuhuan. He would give him space and the freedom to choose.

The Phoenix was born from primal chaos and he has lived for millions upon millions of years. The time he spent in the small world was but a drop in the ocean of his long life. It couldn't be considered much of anything at all.

Song Qingshi knew how much Wuhuan has suffered and how much he has been wronged. It would also be a good thing if he wanted to seal his memory…

Anyway, it had been his own decision to go to the small world to find the Phoenix. He had never thought about getting anything in return.

Now the Phoenix was awake. This was the best reward.

The objective has been achieved.

So, Song Qingshi happily went home to read.

……

Many, many year before he went to the small world, in the courtyard high up in the clouds, Song Qingshi would sit by the window, reading for long stretches of time. Whenever he grew tired, he would look at the clouds outside the window.

The white clouds would transform into various shapes in the air, which he found very interesting. He never got tired of it. However, what he liked most was the golden red glow that would appear outside the window everyday towards the evening.

Song Qingshi couldn't remember when the Phoenix first appeared.

Maybe about ten thousand years ago?

The first time he had seen him, he had stared blankly for a long time. He hadn't had any idea what it was, but the clouds that he usually saw were different. They had very bright colors. Later, he flipped through books for a long time, and finally found a few appropriate words to describe it: gorgeous, magnificent, bejeweled, a riot of color and of great beauty.

Afterwards, the Phoenix would fly past his window every day. From time to time he would even let out a song like heavenly music.

The monotonous clouds now had different colors.

The books say that this is what is called a ‘beautiful scenery’.

And so, Song Qingshi would sit in front of the window, right on time, every day, waiting for the appearance of the Phoenix. He would watch the most magnificent scenery and listen to the most beautiful voice… Gradually, this matter had become his habit. It seemed to have become the most important part of his life.

One day, the Phoenix suddenly disappeared.

From then on, he would sit alone in front of the window, looking at the clouds towards the end of the day. He would wait for a long, long time…

The skies would grow dark and then light and then dark again…

He waited for many days without seeing the Phoenix appear.

The book in his hand had lost its charm. He could no longer understand even a single word.

Where had the Phoenix gone?

Song Qingshi found pen and paper and wrote the question down. He handed it to the Celestial Emperor’s divine messenger who came to deliver his books.

This divine messenger had been the one delivering his books for many years and he had a very good temper. And so, he told him about had befallen the Phoenix.

Song Qingshi looked out the window. He thought about it for a long time, and decided that he was going to find the Phoenix and bring him back.

The Celestial Emperor spoke with him for a long time, telling him that this matter was very difficult.

But, he didn’t care.

He was a stone. He didn't understand emotions and principles. His only wish was for the Phoenix outside his window to come back, to fly proud and beautifully amongst the clouds. This view was the most important thing in his life. He was willing to pay any price for it. Even if he were to have his body smashed to pieces and his bones ground to dust, he wasn't afraid…

……

In the small world, the first expression of emotion he had learned was crying.

It turns out that human beings could be in so much pain that they would be reduced to tears. While crying, he had written down this important insight in his notebook. Later, he understood what anger was, why he wanted to hit someone when he was offended. He understood what missing was, what panic was, what fear was, what abashed was, what embarrassment was, what shame was, what joy was……

Wuhuan said that he liked him. He said that he looked good with a smile.

Finally, he understood what like was and what it was to smile.

He liked books. He liked to study, liked to research, liked medicine, liked solving questions, liked watching clouds.

What he liked most was Wuhuan.

Every time he reincarnated, his liking for the Phoenix grew even stronger.

He had to bring the Phoenix back.

……

"Wuhuan?" Song Qingshi woke up from his memories. He wanted to look for Yue Wuhuan to chat about the interesting things he had just remembered. But then, he realized that he was no longer in the small world. Yue Wuhuan was long gone from his side. The Phoenix outside the window also hasn't appeared for a long time.

Where did the Phoenix go?

Song Qingshi was dazedly holding his book. His thoughts were sluggish. He thought for a long time and suddenly burst into tears.

It turned out that this was loneliness.

It turned out that he didn't like being alone. He didn't like loneliness. He didn't like dull and boring. And he didn't like watching clouds alone. What he liked the most wasn't the beauty of the Phoenix, but his company as he flew past his window every day. It made him feel like he wasn't alone. …

It was ice-cold in this room full of books; and as silent as death.

Taking advantage of no one being able to see him, that he wouldn't lose face, Song Qingshi lay on the table and cried until he was gasping for breath.

He decided to wait until he was done crying and then he'll read 10,000 papers, and put the sadness to the back of his mind…

Suddenly, there was a knock on his door.

Was the divine messenger not finished delivering his books?

Song Qingshi quickly wiped away the tears with his sleeve and opened the door.

The gentle rays of sunset came spilling in. The Phoenix god had already put away his gorgeous wings. He was draped in golden red clouds. Standing outside the door, he smiled softly, "I'm tired from flying in the sky. So, may I stop in your house?"

His beautiful eyes were filled with anticipation.

Song Qingshi was stunned. He hurriedly invited the Phoenix god in. He then took out the cakes and spirit tea and pushed them all to him.

Shenjun watched him and said with a smile, “You were always like this. As long as it was something I liked, you would always give them to me.”

Song Qingshi nodded, and affirmed, “En, I gave them all to you…”

He suddenly realized that the Phoenix god was talking about the small world.

“The Celestial Emperor asked me to give you my deepest thanks. But, even the entire Phoenix Temple wouldn’t be worthy of your gift. I couldn’t think of anything to give.” The Phoenix god gently wiped away the tears left in the corners of his eyes and straightened his messy hair. He asked carefully, “So, I want to give myself to you, may I?”

This gift was a bit big, but he liked it very much.

Song Qingshi happily accepted, “Thank you, this is the most beautiful gift of my life.”

If the Phoenix god was willing to seal his memories, it was a good thing. But it was an even better thing that the Phoenix god wasn’t willing to seal his memories

Since the Phoenix god has chosen him, he was going to be properly responsible.

Song Qingshi racked his brains. He promised that he was going to be a good ‘gong’. He was going to do his best and spoil his Daoist companion to death.

The Phoenix god smiled and asked, “How are you going to spoil me?”

Song Qingshi belonged to the ‘take action’ group. Without the least bit of hesitation, he unwrapped his gift and did his exercise problem. He used all the skills he learned in the small world. He was particularly confident in this exam and felt that now that he has returned to the divine realm, there was absolutely no problem with his body. No matter what they played, he would never beg for mercy.

Finally, the room was covered with Blood King Vines. From within the exam room, came unharmonious gasps and cries.

“Wuhuan, I like you.”

“En, I know.”

“Wu, Wuhuan, I really like you.”

“……”

Afterwards, the Phoenix god contentedly hugged Song Qingshi in his arms, quietly listening to his heartbeat, as though he could never get enough of hearing it. Song Qingshi thought for a long time, and finally asked a question that had been buried in his heart for a long time.

“Wuhuan, there’s something I don’t understand.”

“En?”

“Why do you pass by my window every day?”

“There are tens of millions of ways to the Phoenix Temple, but I take this one every day. Can you guess why?”

“You like me?”

“Every day, I have been waiting for the stone to give birth to a heart. I’ve been waiting for a long time.”

“Wuhuan, my heart was born for you. I give it to you.”

“Thank you, this is also the most beautiful gift of my life.”

Translator’s notes: And this is the end of the main story. We still have one more chapter of extras (broken into three parts because it’s more than 10,000 words!) left but after that we’ll have to say good-bye to SQQ and

YWH! Awww, as with the end of all my projects, it’s a bittersweet feeling. Thank you, all for joining me until the end and see you in the extras. =)

Chapter 120 Extras: Small Fragments, No regrets in this life.

1.

Many, many years ago, when a newly formed small world of cultivation broke away from the World Tree, there were some mishaps. It was tainted with demonic aura and Underworld Fire emerged from the bottom of Mt. Song. It came pouring out, slaughtering cities and destroying villages, almost ruining this new world.

The emperor randomly selected a blue stone. He then poured into it the spiritual energy of various worlds and placed it in the pill furnace. He refined it using the Red Lotus Fire for many, many, many days. It was transformed into white stone which he used to block the crack from where the Underworld Fire spewed forth.

The Phoenix god's name was Yue Wuhuan. He had elegant tastes and his hobby was collecting beautiful gems and stones from various worlds.

That day, when Yue Wuhuan was ordered by the Celestial Emperor to place this stone, he suddenly found… this stone was very beautifully refined. It was flawless white, with a flowing halo of spiritual energy. The feel of it was warmer than any jade and it had the power to calm the mind.

The more he looked at it, the more he liked. He liked it so very much. He wanted to put this stone back into his nest and put it by his bedside to look at every day.

However, the disaster caused by the Underworld Fire was continuing unabated. Yue Wuhuan restrained his desire to collect and placed the stone in the land of Song, blocking the crack, absorbing and suppressing the Underworld Fire.

The Celestial Emperor knew that he liked stones and tried to re-refine the same stone several times. However, he didn't know why, but the stones he refined were always too deliberate and there were always some imperfections.

Yue Wuhuan regretted it even more.

The Celestial Emperor made a promise. After the matter with the Underworld Fire was resolved, he would give this beautiful stone to Yue Wuhuan.

The Underworld Fire wouldn't go out for at least hundreds of millions of years.

The Celestial Emperor quickly put this matter behind him.

Wuhuan waited patiently. Every few hundred years, he would fly to the land of Song and secretly to look at this prized item of his collection. In passing, he would clean away the dead branches and moss on it, wiping it to look beautiful.

Many legends about the stone slowly appeared in the land of Song. It was said that the stone where the phoenix landed was once an immortal who had been stranded in the court of the Celestial Emperor. Because his love had made a mistake, he was turned into a stone. The phoenix was heart-broken and so came to see him.

There were many versions of the legend; such as the story of the handsome young man who peeked at the celestial phoenix while she was bathing; the story of the affectionate couple beaten in the court of the Celestial Emperor; the story of the stone gazing out for his wife…

In short, everyone believed that this beautiful stone was transformed from an immortal. They often burned incense and bowed to it in worship. Later, they even built a temple around it.

The power of merit and belief grew stronger and stronger. Finally, after the Underworld Fire had been completely absorbed, the stone ascended towards the heavens and becomes a handsome young man…

The Celestial Emperor was dumbfounded…

At the time, Yue Wuhuan had been busy inside the World Tree. After he came out, he found that the Underworld Fires in the land of Song had gone out. He happily went to look for the Celestial Emperor to ask for his stone. As a result, he hadn't even gotten through the door when he heard the gods talking about the newly ascended Qingshi Shenjun.

He suddenly had a bad feeling.

The Celestial Emperor finally remembered the promise he had made. Embarrassed, he apologized to him and explained the whole story.

The Phoenix felt like he'd been hit with a bolt from the blue…

His prized stone which he'd been waiting for for millions upon millions of years had grown legs and ran away on its own?

He had to go and take a look…

This 'a' look lasted for over ten thousand years.

Qingshi Shenjun looked really good. His temperament was like that of stone, clean and pure. Everything matched his aesthetic. His serious expression looked well-behaved and cute. He still wanted to take this stone back to his nest and put it…on…put it on his bed…

But, how could he take a stone without a heart?

And so, he waited patiently.

2.

Yue Wuhuan had suffered a lot in the small world.

However, he had already let go of his hatred from there. After waking up, he confirmed that the defiled body was only a fake created by the demons. After returning to his real body, it was like coming out of a virtual game. The feeling of having personally experienced it grew much weaker. He felt much better. On top of that, he has already lived for so many years, his soul was unusually powerful. His various memories and experiences were more

numerous than the stars in the vast and powerful sea of stars. Although a drop of unclean water melting in was a bit disgusting, it wouldn't make a big wave.

Using this as a pretext, he used it to confirm his weakness. He wanted to overcome it so that the demons would never again have a chance to succeed. He wanted to reduce his serious mysophobia to Song Qingshi's level of minor mysophobia, wherein he would frequently wash his hands and disinfect. He was no longer going to lose his calm when touching dirty things and fall into that trap again.

Song Qingshi fully cooperated with him to treat this psychological obstruction.

Later, Yue Wuhuan discovered that there was a little side effect from his contaminated piece of soul. Every time… when his desires rose, the teardrop mole under his eye would reappear.

It was probably a residue of the seal and had no effect on his body.

Whether in or out of bed, Song Qingshi was a very dedicated person. When reading books, he only had books in his mind. When doing experiments, he only had experiments in his mind. Moreover, he had low EQ and was slow to respond. He didn't know how to read expressions and when he was busy he would forget all about desire. He often winded up unconsciously leaving his Daoist companion out in the cold…

Yue Wuhuan only discovered the teardrop mole in the mirror after Song Qingshi had been staying in the mice breeding room for several months. After a little thought, he figured out the whole story.

This matter was very simple. Finding a god who was an expert at seals to remove it for him would be enough. He told Song Qingshi about this matter as a joke. He planned to wait until he was finished with World Tree before dealing with it.

As a result, Song Qingshi seemed to realize his mistake. After lovably apologizing, he immediately climbed into his bed. He did his best to wait

upon him until he was satisfied and the teardrop mole disappeared.

Yue Wuhuan felt good. He felt very good…

In the days to come, Song Qingshi was a lot more sensible. He used this mole as a reminder. As soon as the mole appeared, he would immediately take off his clothes and take the initiative to accompany Yue Wuhuan to do what he liked.

On the desk, next to the bookshelf, in the laboratory, in the garden, in the hot springs…

Yue Wuhuan enjoyed a lot of satisfying happy times…

The time to remove the teardrop mole got pushed back and pushed back…

He thought, ‘It could wait’.

3.

Song Qingshi was a scholar-tyrant who handled matters conscientiously. He believed that desire belonged to human instinct and hobbies belonged to psychology. As long as it didn’t affect others, it was fine.

Thus, he had no taboos when it came to bedroom matters. He also didn’t understand why he should be ashamed of it. As long as it was a scenario that Yue Wuhuan wanted to play out, he would willingly cooperate with him.

After passing through repeated losses, Yue Wuhuan left a slight sense of insecurity. Because of this, coupled with a strong desire to monopolize… not only did he keep an avatar beside Song Qingshi to guard him at all times, but when they played particularly crazily in bed, he felt the need to brand his Daoist companion all over. Only then would he feel relieved.

Every time he proposed a new type of play, Song Qingshi would readily agree and happily cooperate. Later, the more he was spoiled, the more intense he became. He wanted to try all sorts of fantasies…

Yue Wuhuan managed countless small worlds and he would often walk and observe these worlds in various guises. And so, he liked and was an expert at role-playing.

He would often takes Song Qingshi to vacation in interesting small worlds. Such as the beast world, which was full of yao cultivators. He had given him a set of furry bunny tail and ears. He found them a comfortable den to stay in seclusion for a while. He then used the style of the beast world and transformed into different beastman forms. They did all kinds of things they loved to do.

Song Qingshi said that he liked the red fox version the best. Yue Wuhuan paired with red ears and a big tail was so beautiful that it stopped him in his tracks.

He also liked the merfolk world. Yue Wuhuan made him a body with a white fish tail. He himself then turned into a red merman. The two of them twined their tails together and rolled around in the pearl pile. It was super stimulating. They could even turn into human-type magicians to travel ashore and go sightseeing. They saw a story of knights and princes.

The technological level of immature small world was relatively low. Both the interstellar and high-tech versions were among the mature worlds. After filing an application, they were also able to go there for a vacation. Their research on mechas and medical technologies was very interesting.

Even when out vacationing, Song Qingshi still did research. It was such a great joy. He regretted how he was such a homebody in the past. He hadn't known that there were such interesting places. Incidentally, he also cooperated with his Daoist companion and played out interstellar or new type stories about being taken captive by Star Thieves after losing a battle.

What he feared most was Yue Wuhuan being in a bad mood and opening harem mode.

This kind of script mostly happened when he's been immersed in research for a few months, completely forgetting about his Daoist companion… Yue Wuhuan he would gently accompany him to finish all his experiments, and

then afterwards, he would be carried off into the palace. The palace would be filled with beautiful men and women, all in different styles. They would all look at him like hungry wolves… Each was the incarnation of his own Daoist companion but each one's disposition was not the same. He was allowed to come out only after he has satisfied them all.

This was truly miserable…

The most terrifying thing was that, after they were done, these beauties would open the Asura field ask him a question of doom. Whose work did you like best?

Up to this day, Song Qingshi has never found the correct answer. It's always resulted in him being "punished" every time. Only once he's said 'I like you' several hundred times and he has perfectly remembered the other's taste, would he be let go.

Nowadays, he was very careful. He had an artisan craft him an artifact that would give him reminders. Even when he became engrossed in his research, he would climb up into bed at least once every half month to ensure that his Daoist companion was in a happy mood and his own voice was healthy, without any need to consume throat lozenges.

The Harem incidents basically disappeared.

But, but…very occasionally…he would forgot even the reminder artifact…

Yue Wuhuan was left with no choice. "You do no change, despite repeated admonitions. Let's do it again."

4,

Song Qingshi had mild social anxiety. Asking him to hold a grand and complicated ceremony before all the gods for their Daoist companion ceremony…truly was too difficult for him. Moreover, he didn't know Yue Wuhuan's friends. The only one he knew was An Long, who has already sealed his memory, essentially becoming a stranger. There were a lot of things they would need to start over again.

Song Qingshi was so embarrassed that he could dig up an entire villa. He was scared of large-scale ceremonies…

Yue Wuhuan understood his way of thinking. He turned down all his enthusiastic friends and went for a simple ceremony; only inviting the Celestial Emperor to serve as their witness.

The Celestial Emperor was very experienced and knowledgeable, and the gods didn't care much about gender issues. However, thinking of the Phoenix and the stone he refined… he felt that something about it wasn't quite right.

Yue Wuhuan asked in return. "Weren't you supposed to give this stone to me?"

The Celestial Emperor thought for a while. That's true too. The promise of a god always holds true. Before, it was the stone who had turned into a man and ran away on his own. This was an unexpected incident and there was nothing he could do about it. Now, it was time that they set things right.

And so, he happily held a ceremony for the two of them. He gave them lots of beautiful gems and strange research materials as gifts, and then issued a notice to all the gods.

Among the gods there were many who adored the Phoenix god. But the gods held themselves to higher moral standards. The most fanatical ones have been slapped in the face in the small world, and their faces were still hurting. Everyone also knew of Qingshi's efforts in the small world and they were impressed by his stone-like perseverance. In addition, Qingshi had saved the divine realm. Add to that the Phoenix's natural obsession with stones or something… In short, everyone expressed their approval and sent mountain loads of gifts to bless their union.

Yue Wuhuan originally wanted to make the Phoenix Temple their home.

The Phoenix Temple was very big, with rare treasures from various worlds. It was the most beautiful place in the divine realm, but… it was too big, and there are so many divine messengers, maids and attendants.

Song Qingshi couldn't adapt to it very well.

Yue Wuhuan too found it a bit unsuitable. For example, his Daoist companion got up from bed and said that he would go take a stroll around the garden. As a result, he wandered around for three days but still hadn't finished seeing everything. For another, there was the huge golden bed. His Daoist companion would roll around in his sleep but because the bed was too big, he no longer managed to roll into his arms. Yue Wuhuan was reduced to hugging his quilt to sleep.

Why did he build this temple so big? It was really too troublesome trying to find someone in it. Gods would often come to him for various matters and it was not conducive to having a loving married life…

In the end, the two decided to move and live in Qingshi's small courtyard in the clouds. They renamed it Cloud Dwelling Courtyard. They outfitted it following the principles of the Medicine King's Valley, installing various research rooms, medicinal stockrooms and libraries. They chose a few clever gods who were interested in medicine to come over as assistants.

An avatar was left in the Phoenix Temple to be responsible for work matters. Whenever there were celebrations or other important events, the two would go back to manage it. From time to time, they would find interesting worlds to vacation in.

Their days were absent of any great waves.

Only… they were quite distressed about their son's education…

Translator's notes: Amah Rock – Link

5.

It was difficult for Song Qingshi to have any sort of animal affinity and so, he was very fond of the Luminous Dragon who had been willing to get close to him.

The Luminous Dragon called the two of them daddy and papa, creating a bond between them.

Yue Wuhuan took the Luminous Dragon out of the small world and took him in as their adopted son, placing him among the pantheon of the gods. He was officially renamed as Song Xiao Bai.

Yue Wuhuan found the god in charge of wisdom and obtained the wisdom fruit and wisdom leaves. He then went to a high-tech world to get genetic medicine for IQ transformation. He poured all of these into this stupid snake and at last, he managed to raise his level from mentally impaired to underachiever.

Song Qingshi was enthusiastic about teaching his son to read.

The two of them were academically outstanding great gods. They used a combination of piles of homework exercises and the stick to teach for three whole years. However, to say nothing of Pheasants and Rabbits in a Cage, Song Xiao Bai would even still often make mistakes doing basic arithmetic on numbers less than a hundred. He would cry and make a fuss. He would rather be beaten three times a day by his papa instead of answering his homework.

Teaching Xiao Bai made Song Qingshi begin to doubt himself…

Qing Luan found the crux of their problem: “Although Young Master Xiao Bai’s IQ is at the level of an ordinary child’s, there is a system for early childhood education and it needs to be done step by step. Perhaps…your divinities could send him to a mortal school and let a specialized teacher guide him to slowly grow?”

Song Qingshi felt that what she proposed was very reasonable. He took Yue Wuhuan to study the various worlds' educational institutions.

The language of the gods carried with it the power of divinity. It was universal in all worlds and they had no need to specially learn each language.

First, they eliminated the worlds that were warlike or had poor academic style. They then eliminated worlds with underdeveloped educational systems. Finally, they picked and chose among the high-tech planes, and finally found a world that was particularly up to standards.

It was an evolved Beastman world. Their technology has developed so that even same sex couples could give birth. It was very common for households to be composed of two fathers. Moreover, Song Xiao Bai's spirit snake bloodline won't cause him to be excluded by his classmates. Yue Wuhuan used his divine power to choose a particularly good kindergarten. The teachers were full of love for the children and the management was very much in place. The food was also very good and was arranged according to each beastman race…

The average life expectancy in this high-tech Beastman world was very long. It took twenty years for a child to go from kindergarten to university.

Song Qingshi had lofty aspirations and high ideals. He wanted his son to go higher and enter a doctorate program.

He wasn't very demanding of Xiao Bai. He didn't need two or three doctorates, just one was enough.

Yue Wuhuan had an incarnation in this world; a major shareholder of a famous jewelry company. He was very low-key and seldom showed his face. He also wasn't involved in the day to day operations of the business. Mainly, he collected beautiful gems in this world and the surrounding galaxies. Occasionally, he would create a few design drawings and make a few limited pieces of jewelry that would cause all of high society to scramble for them.

After Song Qingshi came, he got a marriage certificate and bought a house near the kindergarten.

Wealth and social status had no meaning to them.

The two focused on education and took turns sending Song Xiao Bai to kindergarten. They also enrolled him in eight extracurricular tutoring classes in art, chess, vocals, musical instruments, logic, robotics, etiquette and philosophy.

Song Xiaobai rebelled. Not only did he play truant and get into fights, he even bit people…

This was probably the road everyone must take to grow?

The god of creation and his Daoist companion; one, a scholar-tyrant and the other, a learning god were invited to the kindergarten's office…

A young female teacher of the sheep family who was an expert in early childhood educational psychology and had a strong sense of responsibility, severely criticized the two for their wrong educational policies; especially Yue Wuhuan's wrong behavior of beating the child at every turn. She then put forward a lot of plans. She strongly urged the family and school to unite and reform Song Xiao Bai with love, letting him embark on the right path.

Yue Wuhuan: "…"

Song Qingshi: "……"

They really didn't know how to raise such a stupid child.

In any case, they had already adopted him. He was already among the pantheon of the gods. They couldn't squeeze him back.

The two's chaotic child-rearing life went on for 22 full years. (Xiao Bai repeated two grade levels)

No matter how hard he worked, Song Xiaobai's grades could only reach barely passing.

Whenever they had a parent's meeting, they couldn't raise their heads…

In the end, Song Xiao Bai's grades weren't enough to get him admitted to even the worst university. However, he revealed SSS-level spiritual power and SSS-level physique in the ability test. He was directly recruited into the best military school's top class, on the future generals reserve duty…

Song Qingshi was dazed by all the compliments from the other envious parents.

Although he was admitted to a key school, Song Qingshi felt there was something not quite right…

Yue Wuhuan comforted, "It's alright, we'll send him to be one of An Long's officers.

6,

Yue Wuhuan could ferment wine, he could ferment very good wine.

Every time An Long came back from a battle, he would always go to Yue Wuhuan to freeload a drink.

He used to go to the Phoenix Temple, but now, he comes to Cloud Dwelling Courtyard. Although everything was the same as long as there was wine, every time, he would see Yue Wuhuan and his Doaist companion being all lovey-dovey together. They often fed him dogfood until he was fit to bursting…An Long was fed without rhyme or reason. He felt like his brother had changed after marriage. Now, he wasn't allowed to hit his face when they fight.

This time, An Long had just finished killing a few great demons. He was radiating heroic spirit from head to feet. He rushed over to drink a couple of glasses of strong wine. Unexpectedly, he was met with the sight of Yue

Wuhuan sitting under a blossoming tree, enthusiastically peeling and deseeding grapes, stuffing each one into Qingshi Shenjun's mouth.

Qingshi Shenjun was immersed in writing. He muttered, "Enough, I don't want to eat anymore."

Yue Wuhuan was very attentive. He put down the grapes and changed to some good wine. "Come on. Take a couple of sips."

……

An Long felt like he was going blind.

Was this what the great masters did?

Where has his 'firm and unyielding in the battlefield', 'tireless in battle', 'arrogant from head to foot' good brother gone?

Love, this kind of thing was poisonous. It will blind you upon contact and not only will it blind you, it will also take along your friends into going blind.

An Long and drank several glass of wine with a side of dogfood.

Yue Wuhuan had been with him for many years. He could tell what he was thinking with just a single glance. Half-jokingly, he said, "Maybe you had such a moment like this in the small world."

"What a joke! I wouldn't have gone looking for trouble!" An Long drank too much and couldn't help saying, "Even if I accidentally developed feelings in the small world, it must have been with a virtuous and gentle good woman. Not like you. Two men being all sticky and clingy, making goo-goo eyes at each other, unable to be apart for even half a moment."

Song Qingshi had just put down his pen and he heard his remarks. His entire being was dazed. "A good woman?"

He suddenly thought of that hateful women's clothing in the Nightmare Heart-eater Formation. Although Yue Wuhuan had explained a lot to him,

he still didn't understand why An Long would have had him wear women's clothes in his nightmare. Now the truth was revealed — Deep down in his heart, An Long has always wished that he was a girl!

Song Qingshi wanted to tear this Alaskan Malamute apart!

But, matters that happened in the small world were already past…

An Long had been led astray, led astray to the point that problems regarding his orientation appeared. He's also already blocked his memory. There was no point bickering about things now.

Song Qingshi took a deep breath. Forget it. Let it be. Peace is a blessing. He continue to write his research notes.

Who knows? Maybe this Alaskan Malamute will pick up and bring back a young man from the battlefield someday.

While writing at tremendous speed, he silently "blessed" him.

Yue Wuhuan smiled as glanced at the angrily panting Qingshi Shenjun. He then said to An Long, "There's none of the hard liquor left."

An Long's face was dumbfounded. "Don't you keep some for me every year?"

"After we came back from the small world, it ran out." Yue Wuhuan smiled, "All I've been fermenting recently are medicinal wine. The sour and astringent kind."

An Long thought for a long time. He finally understood and asked aggrievedly, "I'll take my dog food and stop talking nonsense. Ok?"

Blindness was a small matter. But not getting his liquor, now, that was a big deal.

He swore and patted his chest. He was a dignified black dragon, a general, what kind of battle formation has he not seen? He wasn't going to bat an eye over a few tons of dog food. Seeing that Yue Wuhuan had a heart like

iron, he hurried went to beg Qingshi Shenjun. Song Qingshi wasn't the kind to hold grudges. After An Long begged for a bit, he calmed down.

Yue Wuhuan dragged him back, stuffed two jars of liquor into his arms, and kicked out of Cloud Dwelling Courtyard.

An Long's plan succeeded. He turned into a black dragon in mid-air, and left with a big laugh. There were still many demons on the western border looking to make trouble.

Love, this sort of annoyance, he wouldn't want it even if it was handed to him.

A man's romance is the battlefield! It's blood!

7.

After the Phoenix god managed to return to his rightful place, the gods and divine envoys who'd fallen into the small world recovered their memories and left in succession.

Kong Muhua was one of Shenjun's adjutants. He was supposed to go back to the divine realm along with everyone. But, it had been with great difficulty, that he had finally found his sweetheart and made a successful marriage proposal. Even if he were to be beaten to death, he didn't want to go. He looked for the god and cried for three days. He threw a tantrum and acted miserable. Finally, he got a permit and a provisional pass to travel freely between the small world and the divine realm. He was assigned to ensure order and supervise fate.

The Phoenix god generally didn't interfere with the independent operation and fate trajectory of each small world.

But, the impact of the Inextinguishable Peak on the world was too great and he couldn't just immediately withdraw.

Bai Zihao became the agent of the Inextinguishable Peak, taking over the power left by the god. He dealt with loose threads in all parts of the world.

Originally, no one was convinced that his strength was enough, but Heavenly Dao, which was controlled by the Phoenix god protected him, immediately dropping at his feet several opportunities which directly raised his cultivation base by two levels. No matter what he did, things went very smoothly.

He also has an ancient great yao as a Daoist companion.

The world quickly became submissive.

Bai Zihao knew that Kong Muhua enjoyed the feeling of having everyone's eyes upon him and wanted to hold a grander Daoist companion ceremony.

Kong Muhua was overjoyed but afterwards, he caught sight of his bald tail and his entire bird-being felt unwell. He was instantly reduced to a puddle of tears. He hid in the embroidery tower and refused to meet outsiders. He combed his sparse golden feathers every day and bathed his face in tears. He was determined to wait for his tail feathers to grow out and have his beauty restored before having the ceremony.

During that time, he didn't even change into his female body. He kept to his male body every day. Because his hair had been scorched, he had it cut short. There were even two wounds on his cheeks. The Peacock yao's tail feathers carried with it the power to exorcise demons and so, its recovery was very slow. Everyday, he would crawl into Bai Zihao's bed. Filled with self-pity and self-loathing, he would bemoan how he was such an ugly person, how he was indebted to his Daoist companion for not abandoning him; how he was unable to repay his kindness. He could only use his body to properly serve him, to do his best to serve him and satisfy his husband…

Bai Zihao: "…"

Kong Muhua put in an enormous amount of effort into serving him, even using double cultivation to pass on his power. Bai Zihao couldn't quite bear it, and the noises they made was a bit too loud.

On the Inextinguishable Peak, most of the bird yao who were familiar with Kong Muhua had followed the god and left. Many people from sects

directly subordinate to the Inextinguishable Peak had been transferred over and they were not very clear on the inside story.

And so, rumors spread to the outside world that he was keeping a peerless beauty in a small black room, who he tossed about day and night…

Bai Zihao: "…"

He was very adaptable to rumors and didn't care much about the groundless talk going about outside.

In the past, when he killed Jin Feiren, not only did he not live in widowhood but he also took refuge with the Inextinguishable Peak. He became the immortal realm's foremost poisonous husband. Novels about this story was littered everywhere. Everyone would spit whenever this story was mentioned. Moreover, there was no way this matter could be clarified. Jin Fereni's management of his image had been very good and there was no way to recount his disgraceful bedroom affairs.

Later, he became the master of the Frost and Ice Pavilion, the assassin of the Inextinguishable Peak and killed many people.

No one dared to mention it in his presence. Additionally, shenjun had deliberately slaughtered people related to Golden Phoenix Manor. That his name was associated with the matter gradually faded. Today, some of the amorous scripts left over from back then still remained in the market. The classics were popular. They made oblique charges, insinuating him to be a vicious villain who killed his husband. With the use of an alias, no one even knew it was him.

Bai Zihao cultivated the Way of Ice. His Dao heart was resolute and he didn't care about these things.

Rather, it was Kong Muhua who discovered these novels and flew into a terrible rage. He banned these books and spent a lot of money to hire several famous writers to re-arrange and change this role to… Xiao Bai Hua…a sad and miserable beauty who went through trials and hardships,

abused by his husband…He was then rescued by a gorgeous passing hero who went through a sea of flames to get him.

Bai Zihao: "…"

Heavenly Dao had given him too many opportunities and he was unable to digest them all. He would need to enter closed door cultivation, put his all into cultivating and ascend as soon as possible.

Kong Muhua finally regrew his tail feathers. His entire bird-being was invigorated. His beauty flourished more and more. He ecstatically dragged his Daoist companion to hold a super grand ceremony. The celebration was overwhelming. The Phoenix god, Qingshi Shenjun and his colleagues in the divine realm gave them gifts. Auspicious clouds filled the sky, and gods sent over their gifts. This magnificent ceremony was recorded in the annals of the immortal realm and was talked about for many years after.

Everyone admired Bai Xianzun for good fortune in love, having married an obedient and well-behaved, beautiful beloved wife.

Bai Zihao: "…"

He was going to go into closed door cultivation for a few decades to make his heart stronger.

8,

After Bai Zihao decided to go into closed door cultivation for fifty years, Kong Muhua grew bored.

Although his husband had inherited the Inextinguishable Peak, elevating his status to great heights, his reputation for coldness when it came to matters of love had spread far and wide and absolutely no hussies came to play out Kong Muhua's palace dramas with him. After reading the piles of novels he had on hand, Kong Muhua had an idea. He decided he was going back to the divine realm to find the Phoenix god. He was going to find a science and technology world with a developed entertainment industry to tour around (play) in.

He was going to be a female celebrity! He was going to make movies! He was going make those grand and spectacular, deep and angsty love story dramas.

Gods weren't allowed to use their powers as they pleased to interfere with the development of the worlds, especially atheistic technological worlds.

Kong Muhua has followed shenjun for many years and they would often travel to and wander around various worlds. He was well aware of these rules.

He got a fake identity and stormed the entertainment industry. Because his beauty smashed the attractiveness index, though he hasn't filmed any dramas yet, he already had a lot of Yan Pressure announcements. Whether it was singing, dancing or fashion performances, he was simply outstanding. Although his personality was a bit strange, his agency helped him control the field and he very quickly became popular…

He received a lot of scripts for film and television.

Kong Muhua happily read through the scripts. He read through them and read through them and was completely dumbfounded.

The angsty overdramatic love stories have long gone out of fashion in this world. Every script he got had great heroines. All the scripts were girl-power stories or refreshing face-slapping stories. Love relationships went smoothly and they sprinkled so much sugar.

All these were not to Kong Muhua's taste. He tossed every single one he read. He refused them all.

In the end, he finally found the script of a little unknown director. It was a miserable story set in ancient times about a slag man and a lowly woman. The heroine had the heart of a goddess. Though she was already financially supporting this slag man, he still beat her. Her body and heart suffered all sorts of abuse. Various green tea b*tch superiors were also mixed in and they collectively bullied the heroine. In short, in this forty-episode drama, the heroine cried for thirty-eight; the other two episodes were the beginning

and the ending. In the end, the slag man realized the error of his ways and ended up with the heroine, a perfect ending.

Kong Muhua rapped the gavel. “I’ll play this!”

Agent: “???”

This little director was actually a person with principles but he wasn’t very good at conducting himself with integrity. He got this rubbish script written by the investor boss himself to put food on the table but he wanted to make it as good as possible. Kong Muhua was a top-tier beauty; he had the following and the hype. After they start airing, he won’t be bashed too miserably. The director practically became accustomed to carrying Kong Muhua in the cup of his hands, using Kong Muhua as a fixed point and picking the other roles based on him.

However, there weren’t many male celebrities who were willing to take on the role of a slag man.

Kong Muhua’s requirements for beauty were very high and he would turn his nose up at ugliness. After rejecting dozens of actors recommended by the director, he began to devise his own plans. It didn’t matter whether the actor was good at acting or not, the most important thing was that he had to be worthy of his beauty. However, Zihao Gege was still in closed door cultivation…

He thought about the beauties he knew, and suddenly remembered that the last time he went to Cloud Dwelling Courtyard, he saw Qingshi Shenjun holding a book called “An Actor’s Self-training”. He seemed to be very interested in acting… Although Qingshi Shenjun wasn’t as good-looking as his Zihao Gege, he still looked very good. On top of that, he was earnest and reliable. He had a good temperament and was easily pleased…

Kong Muhua flew back to the divine realm and found a chance when shenjun was not round. He begged Qingshi Shenjun to help him out and play the role of the male lead.

Song Qingshi read the script carefully. Although the leading male role in the drama was a slag man, he didn't believe there was any relationship between the role and the actor. He was willing to try on a role that was completely different from his own personality… Also, recently the Phoenix god had been complimenting him on his acting skills in bed. He was feeling a little smug and wanted to try other things.

So, he readily agreed to Kong Muhua's request.

Kong Muhua didn't wait for the Pheonix god to find out about this matter and come settle accounts with him.

Song Qingshi took a screen test. His acting was absolute crap.

Kong Muhua: "……"

In the end, he used his twin axes to catch a yao cultivator to play the leading male role. After the filming of the drama finished, many of the younger generation summoned up their courage and chased after the whole drama in order to lick his face, all the while ridiculing the drama. The aunties liked this kind of plot a lot but disliked Kong Muhua for being too beautiful for this kind of role. The drama received as much censure as it did praise.

The little director experienced a change in his popularity and he finally filmed a good project. Because of his earnestness, later, he even won awards for other films.

Kong Muhua was indignant. For more than ten years, he became a specialized 'little white flower'. He became known as the king of dud movies.

In the end… his agent, threatening to commit suicide, forced him to take on the role of a strong immortal cultivator heroine. He became hugely popular and even became the Film Empress.

Kong Muhua: "……"

The world didn't understand him.

Song Qingshi returned to the divine realm but he was sad.

A scholar-tyrant never admits defeat. He has studied acting for a long time and he took the initiative to pull in Yue Wuhuan to ask for scripts…

Yue Wuhuan had eaten his fill and was very satisfied. “It was a good performance.”

He decided not to go look for Kong Muhua to settle accounts.

Translator’s note: Kong Muhua, baby, YWH is training SQS to star in a different kind of *ahem* film…

One last chapter for the extras. See you tomorrow! =)

9.

After Qing Luan returned to the divine realm, although she still worked as an assistant for Qingshi Shenjun, managing the envoys and attendants, she no longer had to spend all her time studying.

Every day she would fly to the garden to pick the most beautiful fresh flowers, and decorate the Cloud Dwelling Courtyard beautifully.

On this day, a swan goose flew over and upon landing on the ground, turned into a familiar beautiful young man.

Ming Hong: “Qing Luan Jiejie, have you sealed all your memories of the small world?”

Qing Luan trimmed the flowering branches and said casually, “En, it’s been sealed.”

Ming Hong had a hidden bitterness, “Qing Luan Jiejie, we had a predestined relationship in the small world.”

“I’ve forgotten it,” Qing Luan teased with a smile, “I couldn’t have had any relationship with xiao guitou.”

Ming Hong was so angry. It was by chance that he had grown up in the divine realm and Qing Luan had taken care of him. Back then, he wasn’t very sensible and in order to get Qing Luan Jiejie’s attention, he turned into a bear kid. This dark history caused him to be seen as a child by Qing Luan no matter how old he grew to be.

He had harbored a secret love for Qing Luan for many years and he was unable to make any progress. After much difficulty, he finally succeeded in the small world. They became a loving couple for a lifetime. He couldn’t bear to have his memories sealed but Qing Luan was saying that she had her’s sealed…

When Qing Luan had passed away, they clearly promised to be together in their next life…

Women always refuse to own up to a debt!

Wait a minute!

Had Qing Luan really sealed her memory? Or was she teasing him again?

Ming Hong rolled his eyes and sighed, “Do you know that unfilial great-grandson you left in the small world, called Song Jincheng? Now, he is nothing but a fop. He completely neglects his studies and his parents can no longer control him. Forget about inheriting the operations of the Medicine King’s Valley. All he does is eat, drink and be merry. It is said that he has even taken another family’s child to go to a brothel to do who knows what…”

“A brothel?” The flower branch in Qing Luan’s hand was snipped off.

Ming Hong chimed in, “An unworthy descendant!”

Qing Luan threw down the shears. “Go, get a pass from shenjun. I want to teach this foolish bastard a good lesson.”

Ming Hong smiled and quickly followed.

He knew that Qing Luan Jiejie wouldn’t have sealed her memories.

10.

Song Jincheng took Yuwen Yu to run away from home time and time again.

Over the years, they have traveled to many famous places. Everywhere he went, he would write down the local conditions and customs — the delicacies, the beauties and the sights. Later, following Yuwen Yu’s advise, he collaborated with a bookstore and published a book called “Jincheng’s Travels”. Because of the humorous language and because his topics were interesting, the book took the cultivation world by storm. It sold tons of copies and he was constantly being asked for a sequel.

He was getting a lot of money for his book and Song Jincheng was no longer afraid of his parents cutting off his allowance.

Yuwen Yu shouldered his luggage. “Where are we going to this time?”

Song Jincheng was very experienced. “To Feng Cheng. There’s a popular lady there whose sword dance, they say, is superb.”

Yuwen Yu nodded. “I’ll listen to you.”

Song Jincheng: “Their mead over there is supposed to be amazing. Let’s try it.”

Yuwen Yu: “By the way, weren’t your parents furious last time? Saying that you’ve shamed your ancestor by not inheriting the family business?”

Song Jincheng didn’t care. “It’s fine. My ancestors won’t be jumping out of their coffins to scold me anyway.”

(No, they’re quickly heading your way.)

11.

Yuwen Yan looked at the runaway letter on the table, threw it into the garbage heap in the corner and sighed.

Over the years, he has gone from furious, to sulking, to resigned.

The eldest son was useless. It was time to have a second child…

He wanted a cute and loving daughter. She won’t always butt heads with him and then run away from home with a man, right?

12.

Xian Ling Island.

Lady Nian taught Duo Duo with meaningful and heartfelt words. “When it comes to men, don’t look at their faces. Beautiful men are very deceptive. They’ll force you to answer exercise sheets.”

Duo Duo shivered. “That’s terrible.”

Xian Ling Island's punishments came mostly in the form of exercise problems. Everyone was scared of this.

This was especially true for those little pretty boys who wanted to abduct female cultivators. Every one that Lady Nian caught was sent to the dark room. According to their crime, they would each start with 10,000 papers and they were not allowed to leave until they finished.

It was said that the educational effect was excellent.

After being released from prison, those pretty boys would be left swaying on their feet. They would feel weak at the very sight of a pretty female cultivator and would no longer dare to entertain any flowery thougths.

13.

Yue Wuhuan took Song Qingshi back to the modern world that he missed most.

The Song family had already become a famous international company on the Top 100 Richest list under the leadership of its domineering female president.

Yue Wuhuan found the reincarnation of the Song father, mother and sister, took their souls and once again re-wove the past.

That day, everyone had the same beautiful dream.

In a world many, many, many years past, Song Qingshi's gradual paralysis was healed and everyone declared it a medical miracle.

The Song Family led a very happy life.

The Song family sister continued her battles in the business world but her husband was a stay-at-home artist. The two had a happy marriage. Her younger brother became a bigshot in the medical industry. Later, he brought back a boyfriend named Yue Wuhuan, a world-famous musician.

After the Song family's initial panic, they open-mindedly accepted their son's orientation and gave them their blessings.

Everyone lived happily their entire lives.

The Song father and mother lived to be a hundred years old and they were known by all to be a loving couple.

The Song sister and her husband had a harmonious relationship and they enjoyed successful careers. They had twin daughters.

Yue Wuhuan and Song Qingshi walked down life holding hands, until their hairs turned white with age.

When everyone of the Song family woke up, although they couldn't remember the contents of the dream, they knew that it'd been a very sweet dream. It seemed like something that had been missing in the depths of their souls had been filled. They felt an indescribable sense of happiness and reassurance throughout their whole bodies.

The sun was shining outside the window, and the warm breeze sent in the fragrance of flowers.

The world was filled noise. Gains and losses were but things of the heart.

There are already no regrets in this life.

Translator's note: And so ends our story. They lived happily ever after. Awww…Thank you all so much for joining me until the end. Thank you for not being daunted by all the thunder warnings. I hope you have all enjoyed this book as much as I have and I hope I can see you in my next project.

PS: My next project is already out with a few chapters. Black-bellied vs. Black-bellied: Ultimate Showdown, the comedic white-collar crime drama story of Qi Yu (Qi Feng's (of The Daily Life of Being the Campus Idol's Fake Boyfriend) twin.) Hope to see you all there. orz