

Keyboard Immortal

Chapter 15: Plum Blossom Twelve

Translator: Pika

“Because of their fierce temper?” Zu An hazarded a guess.

Cheng Shouping corrected him. “It’s because they are skilled at striking the ass. Once they sink their sharp, jagged fangs into your rear, they’re impossible to shake off. They’ll yank everything out, and before you know it, your intestines and organs are decorating the floor.”

“Hey, say what you want, but stop running around me and jabbing your fingers here and there!” Zu An grumbled irritably, placing his hands protectively over his backside. He resisted the temptation to give Cheng Shouping a good kick.

Cheng Shouping laughed in response. “This humble servant is just worried for young master’s safety. These wolves are going to rip through your ass, which is why they call them the Assrip Wolves. Not only that, they are highly aggressive creatures that like to gather in huge numbers. Even powerful cultivators refuse to get involved with them, preferring to detour around them if possible!”

Zu An felt a chill run up his rear end. He cleared his throat noisily. “Do you think that I would get involved with those disgusting things?”

Cheng Shouping eyed Zu An suspiciously for a moment, but felt the tension drain out of him as he recalled the rumors surrounding the young master. “It does seem unlikely for you to do so.”

Zu An read the mockery in Cheng Shouping’s eyes, but decided to let it lie for now. “Return to the estate first. Remember, don’t tell anyone that I’ve come here.”

With Miss Ji away, Cheng Shouping found no reason to linger. I’d rather head back to the estate and see if Sister Snow is back! So, he thumped his chest and said, “Don’t worry, young master. Have you forgotten what my name is? My mouth is sealed like a cork on a bottle!”

Zu An looked at Cheng Shouping doubtfully. He got the feeling that this wasn’t a particularly trustworthy fellow.

After Cheng Shouping had left, Zu An covered his face with a loose piece of cloth and squeezed through the crowd. The strength he’d gained recently made it much easier for

him to shove others aside as he made his way through. He looked at the scruffy middle-aged man slouched in the chair and asked, "Are you really able to treat all illnesses?"

He had to verify this first. It would be a huge waste of time and effort if he'd accomplished the task, only to find out his condition was not treatable.

"Other than the affliction of poverty, there's nothing in this world that I can't cure!" Divine Physician Ji rocked his chair leisurely, his eyes still closed.

"What if I manage to finish the task but you can't treat my illness?" Zu An couldn't shake his worry.

Divine Physician Ji opened his eyes and assessed him from head to toe. His eyes finally fell between Zu An's thighs, and he said, "Isn't it just a little niggle in your crotch? You speak as if you have some sort of terminal illness!"

Zu An felt his heart swell with delight. If Divine Physician Ji could identify the root of his condition with a single glance, it seemed there was a good chance that he could be cured!

His joy dimmed as he registered the bizarre glances directed at him by some of the bystanders. After hearing that he had a problem there, it seemed most felt either pity or contempt for him.

"Tsk tsk tsk. Impotent at such a young age. It looks like youngsters nowadays are getting weaker!"

"You must learn from his lesson! If you don't work hard in your younger years, you'll only despair in your later years."

"Ah? Could it be a sexually transmitted disease? Oh dear, will I get infected by standing so close to him?"

...

Zu An had no idea who had uttered the last comment, but in a split second, the crowd parted to give him a wide berth.

He idly recalled a question he had seen on the internet in his previous life. If someone were to barge into the toilet while you're bathing to snap some photos, which part of you should you cover first? It went without saying that the answer was the face!

Zu An was glad that he had preemptively covered his face, or else he would have been thoroughly embarrassed. He silently cursed Divine Physician Ji. Had he never heard of a patient's confidentiality before? How could he have the temerity to shout something so private out loud?

He gathered himself. “Good. I’ll be accepting this task then. Where can I find the Assrip Wolves?” Since no one could see his face, he would take advantage of this opportunity to ferret out some useful information.

“You?” Divine Physician Ji eyed him up and down before shaking his head. “You’re too weak. You’re just going to get your ass handed to you.”

“That’s not your concern. I wouldn’t have accepted this task if I wasn’t confident about it,” Zu An replied. He was just going to take a look. If it was really impossible, he could always retreat and try writing out Pimp and the Young Maidens instead.

“I won’t stop you if you’re courting death. There’s a Wolf Valley right outside the city. Go and look for it yourself.” Divine Physician Ji rolled his eyes at him before returning to his nap.

Zu An nodded. As he headed off, a man in the crowd tried to dissuade him. “Lad, don’t go. There’s nothing more important than your life!”

Another man standing beside him scoffed. “I can’t agree with that. As a man, what’s the point of living if something has happened down there?”

...

Zu An knew that if he’d stayed any longer, the Keyboard would begin harvesting Rage points off him personally. He stalked off with a snarl on his face. He’d barely made it a few steps before a ceramic bottle dropped into his hands.

Huh, what’s going on?

While he was still taken aback by the object that had almost magically appeared in his hands, a voice sounded in his ears. “Recovery medicine. It might just save your life. The Wolf Valley is very dangerous, so just run if things aren’t working out.”

Zu An immediately recognized Divine Physician Ji’s voice. He looked over his shoulder, but Divine Physician Ji was still resting quietly in his rocking chair. It seemed those around him had not heard his words, as they continued to implore his help.

Zu An felt his heart warm. Despite his sharp tongue, Divine Physician Ji was a softie inside. As expected—how could there be a physician in the world who had no regard for human life?

There was no way Zu An could have sensed Divine Physician Ji’s cold sneer. You smeared my daughter’s reputation earlier, huh? Here’s a bottle of medicine to give you a false sense of security, and encourage you to venture deeper into the Wolf Valley. Heh, you’ll be dead before you even know what struck you!

It seemed Zu An's shenanigans had not escaped Divine Physician Ji's sharp eyes and ears.

Oblivious to all this, Zu An continued on his merry way out of the city. He hadn't had a good look at the city previously, since he had been cooped up in Chu Chuyan's carriage. This was the first time he could truly take in this brand new world.

The streets and buildings were laid out in a similar fashion to those of the historical dramas he was familiar with, although the locals were dressed differently.

The garments in ancient China were conservative, with women covering up as much skin as possible. In contrast, Zu An had already spotted quite a few women in the city walking around in revealing skirts, flaunting their smooth, fair thighs.

It seemed the women of this world weren't shy in showing off their figures, and the men around them appeared to be perfectly used to it too.

For a moment, Zu An felt as if he had returned back to his own era, where the streets were littered with dashing men and beautiful women decked out in all sorts of different clothing. The only difference was that the outfits all had a distinctively old-fashioned oriental twist.

It looked like this world of cultivation was much more liberal than ancient China. Despite his initial astonishment, Zu An quickly grew accustomed to his surroundings. There were plenty of women back in his modern world who wore hanfu out into the streets anyway.[1]

Hm? Why does that woman have an additional pair of ears on her head? And what's with that thing swaying behind her bum?

How frightening!

Zu An gasped, but quickly recalled the world's history as told to him by Cheng Shouping earlier. A thousand years ago, the emperor led mankind into a war against the foreign tribes, eventually driving them to the borders of the world.

A thousand years of fighting had caused all sorts of factions to intermingle, and a peaceful coexistence gradually developed. Many foreign tribespeople chose to settle down in human territories, and the humans generally accepted them.

Zu An began to observe more closely, and noticed that the prevalence of these foreign tribespeople amongst the local populace was still very low. It was roughly akin to spotting a foreigner in his homeland in his previous life. Mankind was still the dominant demographic here.

It's just a pity that I have no interest in beastmen. Cat-women and wolf-girls don't pique my interest at all, though I wouldn't mind some foxy vixens.

Zu An's thoughts ran wild. I wonder if there are any elves here. I do like elves quite a bit. Mermaids would be great too, though I wonder if the mermaids in this world have legs or a tail for their bottom half.

Ah, could there be dragons here too? Dragon girls really excite me. But, given the massive size of dragons, would I end up getting crushed to death?

...

Remembering the current state of his body, Zu An's excited face crumbled in despair. "I can't even get it to stand now, so what's the point of fantasizing about all this?"

Zu An felt a sudden tap on his shoulder. A voice called out from behind him, "Brother Zu, where are you heading to?"

He turned around and saw a man dressed in black smiling cheerfully at him. A black mole on his lower jaw bounced energetically as he spoke. He had a bold tattoo on his neck that seemed to be an artistic impression of the word 'Twelve'.

He thanked the fates that the previous owner of this body wasn't illiterate. Surviving in this world after his transmigration would have been a pain, otherwise.

Nevertheless, he felt his head ache. The man who approached him had the characteristic look of a run-of-the-mill villain. Why the hell am I so unlucky? Problems simply have to crop up every single time I head out.

As the silence stretched out, a cold glint flashed across the newcomer's eyes, but he quickly concealed it with a smile. "What's wrong? Don't you recognize me anymore? I'm Plum Blossom Twelve! We had alcohol and played dice together!"

Plum Blossom? Could there be a weirder surname in the world?

Zu An couldn't resist himself. "Could it be that you have a younger sister called Plum Blossom Thirteen?"

"Sister?" There was a moment of stunned silence before Plum Blossom Twelve burst into laughter. "If my thirteenth brother were to hear that, he would surely give you a good pummeling!"

Ah? There's really a Plum Blossom Thirteen?

Heart beating faster in expectation, Zu An asked, "Then, do you know a hairstylist named Wu Liuqi?"[2]

“Wu Liuqi? Hairstylist? What are you talking about? I’ve never heard of him before.” Confusion was written all over Plum Blossom Twelve’s face. “Why? Do you know him?”

Zu An shook his head. “I don’t know him.”

This rendered Plum Blossom Twelve speechless. Why ask me if I know Wu Liuqi if you don’t know him either?

You have successfully trolled Plum Blossom Twelve for 10 Rage points!

Zu An blinked in surprise. You’re getting angry just like that? Seems like you’re quite narrow-minded.

“Hm? It looks like you’ve buffed up quite a bit.” Plum Blossom Twelve grabbed Zu An’s shoulder and squeezed.

You damned pervert, Zu An thought as he shook off Plum Blossom Twelve’s grip. “It’s probably just the good food in the duke’s estate.” He intentionally brought up the name of the Chu clan, hoping that Plum Blossom Twelve would back down. He had something to attend to at the moment, and he didn’t want any complications.

Who are you trying to fool here? No matter what you ate, there’s no way you could have grown that quickly in just two days, Plum Blossom Twelve thought. However, he never would have imagined that Zu An could become a cultivator overnight. “Where are you heading to?”

“Ah, I’m thinking of taking a quick trip out of the city,” Zu An responded vaguely.

Plum Blossom Twelve’s eyes lit up. “What a coincidence! I’m heading out of the city too, buddy!”

Zu An favored Plum Blossom Twelve with an unreadable smile and asked, “Is that so? May I know where Brother Twelve is heading to then?”

Plum Blossom Twelve’s eyes swam for a moment, and he asked in return, “Bro, where are you heading to?”

“I’m heading to the Wolf Valley,” Zu An replied candidly.

“What a coincidence, I’m heading there too!” Plum Blossom Twelve replied gleefully. This fellow is a fool, just as always. He really doesn’t know the first thing about discretion.

Hm? Wait a moment, why is this fellow heading to the Wolf Valley?

Forget it, who cares why he's heading there? The Wolf Valley is a great place to get rid of him and steal his items. I can just throw him into the wolf pack, and no one will be the wiser. The Chu clan will never be able to trace this back to me.

He had already failed in his mission once, and had been severely punished by his sect master. He hadn't expected that his quarry would survive being struck by lightning.

You shan't escape my clutches this time!

1. Hanfu is a term used for the historical styles of clothing worn by the Han people in China.

2. Plum Blossom Thirteen and Wu Liuqi are characters in the animated series 'Scissor Seven'.