

Keyboard Immortal

Chapter 17: A Bird Swooping Down

Translator: Pika

Zu An gasped in mock horror. "You were the culprit? I have no beef with you, so why must you harm me so?!"

Plum Blossom Twelve replied with a cold sneer, "You only have yourself to blame for offending someone whom you shouldn't have."

"Who did I offend?" Zu An asked anxiously.

Plum Blossom Twelve planted his foot on Zu An's back and smacked him in the face with his dagger. "You don't need to know that. Why don't you ask King Yama once you reach the underworld?"

Zu An was surprised by that remark. This world actually had the concepts of King Yama and the underworld too?

"The Chu clan will never let you off if you dare to kill me!" Zu An fired back. He had to know if the culprit was a member of the Chu clan.

"Ahhh, I'm so scared!" Plum Blossom Twelve patted his heart with an exaggerated look of fright. "We're in the wilderness, and your corpse will never be found. No one will know how you died."

Plum Blossom Twelve paused briefly. "However, it's good of you to remind me. It's better to be safe than sorry. You're right, I shouldn't make a move on you myself. I shall toss you into the Wolf Valley and have the Assrip Wolves devour every last bit of your body. Then, not even the Chu clan will be able to trace this back to me!"

Zu An was intrigued. Judging from his tone, the mastermind behind this was not from the Chu clan.

"Ah, do you know why they are called the Assrip Wolves?" Plum Blossom Twelve asked with a sinister smile. Before Zu An could reply, he answered his own question. "That's because they are skilled in tearing one's ass apart. They don't kill their prey right away. You'll be forced to watch helplessly as they tear your intestines out and devour you bit by bit. I wonder just how painful that would be."

Zu An was perplexed. What was the point of saying all of this now? Did Plum Blossom Twelve have some sort of torture or gore fetish?

Plum Blossom Twelve took Zu An's silence as a sign of overwhelming fear, and assumed all was under his control. He gleefully continued his monologue. "However, if you could answer some questions of mine, I would consider granting you a quick and less painful death."

"What do you want to know?" Zu An asked. Could it be that the previous owner of this body had found out some shocking secret, which prompted others to send assassins after him?

Plum Blossom Twelve squatted down and looked at Zu An with a bizarre smile on his face. "How big is the First Miss of the Chu clan?"

Zu An stared at him in stunned silence.

He had thought of all sorts of possible questions that Plum Blossom Twelve could ask, but who could have thought it would be this?

"Around this big." Zu An gave a rough indication with his hands. He might not have seen it before, but it was not as if Plum Blossom Twelve would know better.

"What about her waist? How slender is it?"

"Around this size, I think?" Zu An was growing impatient. If he couldn't obtain any more intelligence out of this would-be assassin, he didn't want to waste any more time here.

"What about down there? What sounds does she make? Holy shit, I'm getting hard just thinking about it!" Plum Blossom Twelve felt his throat turning parched from the heat. He pulled down his pants and ordered, "Come, suck on it!"

If he couldn't have a taste of the First Miss of the Chu clan in this life, he might as well satisfy his desire for her through this indirect method.

Again, Zu An was so incredulous he could not speak.

He had planned to probe Plum Blossom Twelve for the identities of his enemies, but it seemed this fellow was perverted beyond belief!

Zu An felt his patience snap. He wrestled the dagger out of Plum Blossom Twelve's hands, and without any hesitation, he sliced away the root of all his evil.

"AHHHH!" Plum Blossom Twelve had been too distracted to put up his defenses in time. With a shriek, he grabbed at his crotch and rolled around in agony. His forehead connected solidly with a nearby tree trunk, and he lost consciousness.

Plum Blossom Twelve had a very long dream. In the dream, his sect leader sent him to the royal palace to serve as a eunuch. He was pinned down onto a table and his

manhood was severed, and then he was thrown into a small room. He was locked up for several days straight, without any food or drink. His throat was so parched, he felt like he was about to die of thirst.

As if heaven had heard his pleas, rain began to fall from the sky. It felt warm on his face, and had a delicious saltiness to it.

He lapped it up greedily, but quickly sensed something was amiss. He opened his eyes and found himself tied to a tree. He strained against his bonds, but they did not give at all. It was then that he realized that the rope was no ordinary tool. It had been specially prepared to deal with low-level cultivators like him.

What's going on here?

Plum Blossom Twelve struggled to make sense of his predicament. Wasn't he in the midst of bringing that useless trash Zu An over to the Wolf Valley? He felt traces of liquid on his face, so he subconsciously licked at it. It tasted the same as the rainwater from his dream.

He saw Zu An nearby, pulling up his pants. Zu An addressed him apologetically. "My bad. You simply wouldn't wake up, and I couldn't find any water around to splash you awake with. So, I could only make use of what I had. It has been a bit too hot the last two days, so it ended up being a little yellowish."

Zu An's explanation left no doubt in Plum Blossom Twelve's mind as to what exactly that liquid on his face was. He remembered how he had drunk several mouthfuls of it in his dream, and he shuddered in sheer horror. "Bloody hell!"

You have successfully trolled Plum Blossom Twelve for 777 Rage points!

"Bro, it looks like the weather is getting to you too." Zu An felt anticipation bloom in his heart. There were Rage points to be earned here. As a keyboard warrior, he would be ashamed not to exploit this opportunity to its fullest!

Plum Blossom Twelve bellowed angrily, "How dare you tie me up? Hurry up and release me!"

Zu An leaped down from the fallen tree trunk he had been standing on. "Have you forgotten what happened earlier?"

Plum Blossom Twelve felt his horror grow as he recollected the earlier chain of events. I was stepping on this lad earlier, wanting him to give me a... He glanced downward, only to see that his crotch was a bloodied mess. Even though the flow of blood had stopped, what should have been there was no longer there! He let out a miserable cry. "Where is it?!"

His furious howl caused his wounds to rupture once more, causing blood to spurt out.

Zu An was amazed by just how resilient the constitution of cultivators was. In his previous world, a man who suffered such an injury would have died from excessive blood loss by now. Yet Plum Blossom Twelve was actually able to last this long.

Zu An dug his ears casually, irritated by the sudden howl from Plum Blossom Twelve. He pointed to a long bamboo pole not too far away. A thin thread was tied to one end of the bamboo pole, and a bloody, finger-shaped object was hanging from it. "There. Your treasure is right there."

"You bastard! You dared to assault me!" Recalling everything that just happened, Plum Blossom Twelve realized that he had been done in.

You have successfully trolled Plum Blossom Twelve for 999 Rage points!

It seems like men, regardless of which world they are from, are extremely concerned about their treasure. This was the largest influx of Rage points yet that Zu An had seen.

"You are a cultivator too?" Plum Blossom Twelve demanded, his rage lessening.

Even if he were caught off guard, there was no way an ordinary mortal could have snatched his dagger away just like that.

For Zu An to have exerted the immense force that he did, his cultivation level had to be even higher than his own. But how could this be? That brat had been powerless before him just a few days ago!

"I'm the one asking the questions here, not you." Zu An patted the dagger against Plum Blossom Twelve's mouth. "Speak! Who's the one who ordered you to kill me?"

Plum Blossom Twelve hadn't expected the tables to be turned on him so quickly. Still fuming inside, he turned his head to the side and refused to speak.

"You don't want to talk, huh?" Zu An was unperturbed by Plum Blossom Twelve's reaction. Instead, he picked up the bamboo pole by the side and dangled the finger-like object in front of Plum Blossom Twelve. "Actually, having it severed is not as terminal as you think. If you seek treatment in time, you might just be able to reattach it. However, if you delay, the cells will start to die out... By then, even a deity wouldn't be able to save you anymore!"

At least, that was the case in the modern world. Considering that this was the world of cultivation, where all sorts of supernatural powers existed, it should be possible to do the same here too.

Plum Blossom Twelve seemed buoyed by Zu An's words. His eyes seemed to regain some of their former spirit. "Will you really let me go if I speak?"

"I'll consider it," Zu An replied.

Plum Blossom Twelve cleared his throat coldly. He was usually the one doing the threatening, so he knew full well how the story would go.

Zu An shrugged casually. "You won't stand a chance at all if you don't talk. If you talk, there might still be a chance. It's your choice."

"It's an order from my sect leader," Plum Blossom Twelve confessed.

"What's your sect leader's name?" Zu An asked.

Plum Blossom Twelve hesitated. He scanned his surroundings warily, and after he was sure no one else was around, he finally replied, "The name of my sect leader is Mei Chaofeng."

Zu An surmised from his actions that Plum Blossom Twelve greatly feared his sect leader. Wait a moment, Mei Chaofeng?

"There's no way your sect leader is a blind woman, right?" Zu An swallowed.

"Huh? Of course not." Plum Blossom Twelve replied in confusion. He had no idea where Zu An got such a notion. "Our sect leader is a man through and through."

With a few follow-up questions, Zu An confirmed that this so-called sect leader was not the person he had in mind. Running through his memories, he failed to find any impression of the sect leader of the Plum Blossom Sect. So he asked, "Why does your sect leader want to kill me?"

Plum Blossom Twelve's eyes darted around furtively. "There's no way mere underlings like us can fathom the thoughts of the sect leader."

Zu An sneered coldly. "You want to play games with me?" He grabbed the bamboo pole and made as if to toss it into the valley.

"W-wait, Wait! I remember it now!" Plum Blossom Twelve stammered anxiously. "A mysterious person paid a visit to our sect leader one day. Our sect leader brought him into his private chamber, where they had a long chat. Right after that, he ordered me to get rid of you."

"Who's this mysterious person?"

"I wouldn't be calling him a mysterious person if I knew!"

Zu An scoffed coldly in response. "It looks like you need to learn a lesson before you're willing to talk, huh?"

Plum Blossom Twelve hurriedly exclaimed, "I really don't know who that person is! They were dressed head to toe in black, and wore a black bamboo hat that completely concealed their face. I don't even know if that person is a man or a woman, let alone their identity!"

Plum Blossom Twelve seemed on the verge of tears, so Zu An decided to take his word for it. He switched to another line of questioning. "What's the current situation in your Plum Blossom Sect?"

After some back-and-forth, Zu An finally got a rough handle on the situation. The Plum Blossom Sect was the biggest underground sect in Brightmoon City. The sect leader was Mei Chaofeng, and he had 13 godsons. They were named Plum Blossom One all the way to Plum Blossom Thirteen, and those in the pugilistic world knew them as the Thirteen Guardians of Plum Blossom.

The Plum Blossom Sect controlled most of the underground business in Brightmoon City, and their greatest sources of income were the protection fees they imposed on businesses and the casinos they operated.

After divulging the abilities of the Thirteen Guardians of Plum Blossom, Plum Blossom Twelve finally demanded, "Can you return my treasure back to me now?" All this while his eyes had never left that thing hanging on the bamboo pole, not even for a moment. Once I recover from this, I'll crush this bastard's jewels and feed it to the dogs. After that, I'll mince him bit by bit until my anger is finally quelled!

Zu An had kept one eye on the notifications that he'd been receiving, and was secretly delighted.

You have successfully trolled Plum Blossom Twelve for 9 Rage points! ... 9 Rage points! ... 9... 9... 9...

It looked like this fellow carried a deep grudge against him.

"Fine, I'll give it back to you."

He felt uncomfortable holding on to it, even if it was on a bamboo pole. He quickly pushed it towards Plum Blossom Twelve.

A black shadow swooped down, accompanied by the sound of flapping wings. In a flash, the object that had been hanging at the end of the bamboo pole disappeared without a trace.

Zu An turned to stare at the massive black bird that had just perched on a nearby tree branch. It looked like a massive, oversized crow. It seemed to have a worm-like object in its beak... What else could it be other than Plum Blossom Twelve's treasure?

The crow eyed the two men below gleefully, then tilted its head upward and swallowed its prize.

"NOOOOO!" Plum Blossom Twelve's anguished cry echoed across the valley. Frightened by the sudden noise, the massive bird flew away and out of sight.

Zu An stared after the dwindling silhouette in horrified wonder.

Plum Blossom Twelve just stared.