

THE SYSTEM TEACHES YOU HOW TO BE HUMAN

Chapter 11 - The Charismatic Senior Brother Who's Impotent (10)



At this moment, Elder Sheng found Si Yisi as pleasing to the eye as he found the refined, gentlemanly cultivator irritating.

With a dissatisfied look, he turned to the latter and said, "I don't think Si Mobai will be like what you're suggesting."

Then, in a not-so-subtle mutter, he added, "Humph... what can someone with cultivation built on spirit medicines even understand?"

It turned out that this elegant-looking cultivator had been nothing more than a wastrel in the mortal world, relying on his family's supply of spiritual medicines to barely earn a nominal position as an elder.

Cultivators had sharp senses, and Elder Sheng's words were clearly aimed at this refined-looking man.

"Oh? Then I'll bet a 'Beautiful Jade Fan', that Si Mobai will lose himself in the den of beauties and forget everything else," the man retorted smugly.

Elder Sheng glared back. "Fine, I'll wager the 'Pill King Cauldron'!"

Thus, the two turned this trial into a wager. Since amusements were rare in the cultivation world, even the sect masters tacitly allowed them to continue.

To everyone's surprise, even the Jinghua Sect Master, Mu Weiqing, joined the bet. Cloaked in his serene and otherworldly demeanor, he unhesitatingly stood on the side betting that Si Mobai would pass the trial.

“It seems the Jinghua Sect Master is quite fond of your young master,” remarked the Sect Master of the Qingniao Sect, eyeing the item Mu Weiqing had placed as his wager.

Mu Weiqing replied calmly, “I trust Mobai.”

And naturally, he also trusted the mysterious remnant soul that Si Mobai had chosen.

Inside the illusion created by the Lanting Secret Realm.

Si Yisi was in a lavish room filled with a faint, almost imperceptible aphrodisiac fragrance that subtly stirred one’s desires. Beside him was a spacious bed draped in sheer gauze, beneath which the outline of a slumbering beauty could vaguely be seen.

At this moment, Si Yisi sat on a plush carpet, wearing next to nothing. Surrounding him were several enchanting women conjured by the illusion.

These women had perfect faces and figures. Some were draped in translucent gauze, half-concealing and half-revealing their allure, while others were even more daring in their efforts to please him.

The beauty lying within arm’s reach on the bed seemed even more tempting than the women surrounding him, as though she was the pinnacle of charm compared to the others vying for his attention.

However ...

to Si Yisi’s eyes, these illusions were nothing but a group of gaudy skeletons, dressed up and putting on a show.

Si Yisi: “...”

“Choo...”

He let out a small sneeze, irritated by the overwhelming fragrance.

Noticing Si Yisi's apparent readiness to take action, the cultivators watching from outside all shifted their attention to the projection displaying his image.

His previous expressionless, indifferent demeanor had been interpreted as him not yet reacting to the illusion.

Now, Si Yisi was finally reacting.

Though his face remained blank, inwardly, his rage burned fiercely, almost enough to set fire to the mess of crimson gauze and nonsense before him!

“Master~”

A beauty reached out, her hand moving toward his chest. Si Yisi, without hesitation, caught it gracefully.

Outside the illusion, the refined, gentlemanly cultivator snapped his folding fan shut, thinking smugly; This is it!

But then, with a sudden motion, Si Yisi grabbed the beauty with one hand, lifted her effortlessly into the air, and...

Thud!

He hurled her onto the crimson bed with great force!

Gentlemanly cultivator: “?”

The throw was so heavy that even those watching from outside the illusion, focusing intently, heard a distinct crack as the bones of the other “beauty” lying on the red bed made an audible noise.

Following that, Si Yisi seemed to discover the joy of tossing people.

Once again, he gently accepted the soft hands extended toward him by another beauty, and without the slightest hint of tenderness, he flung her onto the crimson bed with equal brutality.

One after another, the beauties were mercilessly tossed, each landing producing more grinding “crack-crack” sounds of breaking bones.

By the time the last beauty was thrown, the quilt on the bed had already been soaked in blood.

Blood dripped steadily to the floor, forming a macabre scene of rivers of red.

Si Yisi sighed with a touch of self-awareness. “Hmm... perhaps I was a bit too rough?”

Outside the illusion, an oppressive silence fell.

Fortunately, what the onlookers saw were merely skeletons instead of flesh-and-blood bodies. If Si Yisi’s actions had been against actual humans, hurling their limbs into disarray, they would undoubtedly have labeled him as a demonic cultivator on the spot.

Even so, the cultivators present couldn’t help but feel a mix of emotions, complicated and hesitant.

Mu Weiqing: “...”

Elder Sheng: “...”

Gentlemanly cultivator: “...”

The female cultivator who had earlier referred to Si Yisi as “young master” loosened her grip on the crystal-clear grapes fruit in her hand, which promptly rolled away.

Ah, I was so scared, I dropped my fruit.

“This Si Mobai, truly... so young yet wise in discernment!”

“Though outwardly charming, he can restrain himself; surely destined to become a renowned cultivator of his generation!”

The awkward silence among the cultivators watching the illusion was finally broken, replaced by exaggerated praise as they forced themselves into a mode of flattery.

Elder Sheng's eyes widened like those of a bull, but he maintained his composure, pretending he had anticipated this all along. He let out three hearty laughs. "Now, hand over your losing wagers!"

Inside the illusion, Si Yisi tore off a strip of red gauze to cover himself and strode toward the door glowing with white light.

The Illusion of Lust and Desire—broken!

Meanwhile, Yu Rongcheng, the Heaven's Chosen protagonist, was also climbing steadily within the secret realm. However, as an unknown, low-level cultivator, his progress didn't garner much attention.

Occasionally, someone glimpsed his section of the illusion and noticed the deep blackness of his eyes. Without realizing it, they felt a faint shiver in their hearts.

But among the audience here, none had a cultivation level below the Nascent Soul stage.

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Si Yisi ultimately fell at the trial symbolizing "friendship."

However, deep down, while he harbored a faint attachment to it, it wasn't enough to completely halt his progress. Just as this part of the illusion was about to shatter, an invisible force pressed heavily upon him, restricting his movements.

As the illusion trembled and prepared to collapse, all of Si Yisi's memories came flooding back.

The force restraining him wasn't from the Lanting Secret Realm but from the Qingmo realm. This path was meant for the Heaven's Chosen protagonist, not an outsider system like himself.

Si Yisi's deep, black eyes stared directly at the space of the illusion, which broke apart only to mend itself again.

His lips curved upward in a faint smile. The Jian Bing Jue Technique quickly activated, condensing into an invisible sword. With a single sweep, he tore a massive rift in the illusionary space!

A piercing screech rang out, almost shattering his eardrums. At the same time, the entire Lanting Secret Realm quaked slightly, causing participating disciples to show expressions of panic.

Si Yisi withdrew his sword intent, watching as the secret realm struggled to repair the tear at a snail's pace. Satisfied, he let it be.

Though he had no intention of taking away the protagonist's golden opportunity, the illusion presented by the Lanting Secret Realm crossed one of his boundaries.

The Qingmo realm had invited its him to assist, yet here was a minor secret realm infused with the will of Heaven that dared to suppress him instead?

Of course, Si Yisi wouldn't admit that his irritation stemmed from seeing a lifeless imitation of Chi Chun.

The fall of a system was exceedingly rare, but not entirely impossible in certain circumstances. One of the markers of such a fall was the complete loss of sentience, reducing them to mere machines.

What Si Yisi had done was conveniently brushed away by the Lanting Secret Realm. Thus, all the elders and cultivators observing from the outside only saw him stopping at the trial of “friendship.”

In the end, this secret realm was designed as a test of character. None of the elders had seriously considered anyone truly ascending to the peak.

If Si Yisi had genuinely severed all ties and emotions, it would have proved he was unfit to be a sect master.

Instead, his failure at this stage, despite passing the earlier trials, earned silent praise from the observing elders.

An elder with an outward appearance of being well into his seventies stroked his long white beard and exclaimed, “This young man has an excellent disposition. He’s bound for great achievements!”

Turning his head, he offered congratulations to Mu Weiqing. “Sect Master Mu, having such a disciple is truly a blessing!”

Mu Weiqing: “.....”

If this truly were his disciple, the boy would likely have buckled under pressure in the earlier stages. Si Mobai was too gentle, his temperament overly soft. Allowing him to continue developing this way without intervention was Mu Weiqing’s way of letting him experience failure so he would harden his methods in the future.

But now, Si Mobai had been replaced by this remnant soul...

If there ever came a day when Si Mobai returned, Mu Weiqing resolved to train him rigorously.

Meanwhile, Si Yisi had already pulled far ahead of the competition. Behind him, most of the disciples had begun to fail one after another.

After this, the elders unexpectedly noticed a disciple whose presence had been inexplicably concealed within the illusions was continuously climbing higher!

This disciple seemed entirely unaffected by the illusions, moving forward with unstoppable momentum!

“Heavens... is this the momentum of someone ascending to the heavens?”

The elders exchanged glances, uncertain and filled with astonishment. One of them asked, “Does anyone know which sect this disciple belongs to?”

“No idea.”

“Do you know?”

Finally, the question reached the three sect masters. “Sect Masters, do you know which sect this ascending disciple belongs to?”

The sect master of the Lingmiao Sect, Feng Zhijing, shook his head and replied, “This disciple appears to have their identity concealed by the realm spirit of the Lanting Secret Realm. Even I can’t determine which sect they belong to.”

The other two sect masters also shook their heads in unison.

Even using elimination methods, they couldn’t locate the disciple’s identity.

The Lanting Secret Realm separated disciples who failed their trials into individual small spatial compartments, only releasing them once all the climbing trials were complete.

This demonstrated the cunning of the realm spirit. It seemed as though it had prepared meticulously in advance for this “heaven-ascending cultivator.”

Currently, Si Yisi was sitting in a spacious small compartment. Perhaps due to fear of him after his earlier actions, the secret realm had even manifested the furnishings of his private chambers to accommodate him.

He meditated with closed eyes, though in truth, his mind was preoccupied with certain thoughts.

The one who would ultimately “ascend to the heavens” was undoubtedly the Heaven’s Chosen protagonist, Yu Rongcheng. There was no doubt about it. But if he could completely disregard all of his desires; Could he truly be considered human?

Or perhaps... was he something else entirely—a demon?

This was, in truth, a highly shaky conjecture.

It stemmed only from the words of Junior Sister Qing Lin, who had once spoken about sneaking down the mountain, coupled with the peculiar existence of the Lanting Secret Realm. This gave Si Yisi a theory that might seem utterly “wild and imaginative” to outsiders.

How could the Heaven’s Chosen Child possibly be a demon?




However, Si Yisi had followed his hosts through several instances where beings deceived the will of heaven and became “protagonists.”

So, anything was possible. Si Yisi decided to reserve judgment on this idea.

He waited quietly for a while, when suddenly, the spiritual energy around him underwent a massive transformation. It began converging rapidly toward a single direction.

Other disciples also noticed the phenomenon, and shockingly, even the spiritual energy they had cultivated and stored seemed to be dissipating!

Soon after, the “ground” began to shake violently and unpredictably.



The “ground” shaking was just the beginning. Like the onset of an earthquake, the “ground” split into countless ferocious cracks, each revealing a faint aura of the Dao of Heaven beneath.

However, the aura of the Heavenly Dao that emerged at this moment wasn’t some enlightening force but a death sentence!

What kind of existence was the Heavenly Dao? Even a slightly weaker disciple falling into one of the cracks would almost certainly meet their end.

Suddenly, a cascade of spiritual tools rained down around Si Yisi, and at the same time, the cracks near him became the most terrifying, leaving him with almost no place to stand in just a short span.

“!!”

The instant the aura of the Heavenly Dao appeared, the cultivators in the outside world no longer had the mood for amusement. They all jumped to their feet.

“Quickly prepare to forcefully tear open the space and transfer the disciples out!”

“Hurry!”

If they delayed any longer, who knew how many of their sect’s disciples would be lost?

At this point, the cultivators present no longer cared about distinguishing between your sect and mine; they aimed to rescue every disciple altogether.

They immediately began arranging the formation.

Meanwhile, the “ground” beneath Si Yisi completely collapsed. Yet, instead of dodging, he gathered all the spiritual tools rewarded by the Lanting Secret Realm and jumped straight into the direction of the aura of the Heavenly Dao.

What other disciples avoided like the plague, the aura of the Heavenly Dao, was the perfect aid for Si Yisi!

Because he was a system. His very existence shared a mysterious similarity with the Heavenly Dao.

How could a source erode itself? That was the reason Si Yisi was entirely unafraid.

From another perspective, this was also a petty form of revenge on his part.

Si Yisi was attempting to seize a trace of the Heavenly Dao’s aura for ascension, essentially stealing the destiny of the main protagonist!

Initially, Si Yisi had no such intention, but since the Lanting Secret Realm blatantly laid out such a feast before him, he certainly didn’t plan to pass it up.

After jumping in without hesitation, Si Yisi found himself plunging into what seemed like an endless abyss of darkness.

His eyes opened wide, and the ice-blue glow in his pupils shone with striking clarity. The brilliance emanating from them was like an icy spear, forcefully aiming to tear through the oppressive darkness!

Outside.

One disciple after another was forcibly pulled out of the secret realm. A small number appeared deranged, while another small portion had even had their souls partially torn apart.

The cultivators present paid no mind to the chaos, frantically counting the disciples.

“Si Mobai, Si Mobai...?”

After a hurried and disorganized count, they found that among all the disciples, only Si Mobai was missing.

The disciples of Jinghua Sect couldn't hide their confusion and panic. Even the outer sect disciples who had been fortunate enough to meet Si Mobai before now wore expressions of disbelief.

Qing Lin grabbed Mu Weiqing's sleeve, her spiritual tools clattering to the ground. Her eyes were already red, and her hair was in disarray.

“Impossible... Senior Brother will be fine...”

Qing Zhi's arm transformed into a broad azure bird's wing, covering her face.

In the Mingdao Sect, notorious for its sinister ways and known as the “Fourth Sect,” a veiled female cultivator with an alluring figure shuddered slightly. The barbs on her blood whip pierced her fingers.

Qing Lin asked her master, “Master, Senior Brother will be fine, right?”

Mu Weiqing replied, “Just wait. Mobai will be fine.”

His gaze lingered on the forcibly torn space, as if he could see through the deep darkness into its depths.

Yu Rongcheng glanced in Qing Lin's direction. He was still smiling, but now that smile seemed careless and faintly chilling.

Yet as he smiled, his expression suddenly changed.

At that exact moment, Si Yisi's figure leisurely emerged from the torn space. For a brief moment, he appeared unable to fully restrain his aura, and the

energy he emanated made even Nascent Soul cultivators feel a flicker of unease.

Si Yisi was holding something in his arms...

The other disciples assumed it was a protective spiritual tool that had saved his life, but the elders present could see clearly.

He was holding the reward spiritual tool obtained from ascending the steps in the Lanting Secret Realm, still carrying traces of the secret realm's aura.

The elders: "..."

At such a critical moment, he still had the presence of mind to safeguard these spiritual tools. They didn't even know what to say.

When Si Yisi walked toward her, Qing Lin rushed forward and threw herself at him.

The young girl, still as sentimental as ever despite growing older, blinked her teary eyes as her tears finally fell freely.

Although the spiritual tools her senior brother carried were sharp and uncomfortable, it didn't matter as long as he returned safely.

Si Yisi allowed the girl to hug him, his body momentarily stiffening.

Invisible streams of data flickered across his pupils, and he spoke in a stiff tone, attempting to reassure her. "I'm... fine... I even made a significant gain. Don't worry, Qing Lin."

The more he spoke, the smoother his words became. Once again, he shed his identity as a system and fully resumed his role as Si Mobai.

Si Yisi's gaze swept across the group of disciples.

He seemed to casually glance over them, but his focus landed squarely on the destined male lead.

Indeed, he had made a major gain.

During the “fusion,” he had sensed a faint wisp of dark energy lingering on his consciousness. In that fleeting moment, he had “seen” the source of the dark energy.

Yu Rongcheng.

Even more intriguingly, this destined male lead carried two distinct, non-overlapping nodes.

Simply put, he had been reborn.

After accepting Qing Lin’s enthusiastic hug, Si Yisi’s gaze met that of Mu Weiqing.

Si Yisi spoke calmly, “Master, your disciple has returned safely.” He completely ignored Qing Zhi’s affectionate gaze cast in his direction and paid no heed to another look.

This second gaze gave Si Yisi a feeling similar yet distinct from Qing Zhi’s.

The owner of that gaze was, with a 99% certainty, another one of the original owner’s “intimate confidantes.”

The Mingdao Sect’s Ming Saintes, Lu Weizhi.

“Hmm.” Mu Weiqing nodded at him indifferently, then reminded him, “Mobai, give a brief report later.”

Si Yisi nodded in agreement.

The reason for the report was clear. He had stood out by being the last to emerge, which naturally led some to assume he had ultimately gained control over the Lanting Secret Realm.

Although he hadn’t reached the final level, other cultivators might still suspect this was merely a diversionary tactic.

“You, kid, not bad!” Elder Sheng Bairan suddenly appeared at Si Yisi’s side, patting him on the chest.

“Hey, pretty solid!”

Si Yisi gave him a puzzled glance, then quickly noticed the decorative pouch hanging from Sheng Bairan’s waist; something quite out of character for him. Instantly, Si Yisi understood.

It was likely that Sheng Bairan had placed a bet on him with someone and ended up winning.

Si Yisi gave a polite nod before returning to his previous train of thought. He also understood the implicit meaning behind his master’s earlier words.

“Brief report” essentially meant not spilling everything at once. Share half, conceal the other half; some matters were best kept within the family.

“Yes, Master,” Si Yisi replied.

Chapter 14 - The Charismatic Senior Brother Who’s Impotent (13)



With his master, Mu Weiqing, backing him up, Si Yisi easily brushed the matter aside without much effort.

By the time the report was completed, it was already late at night, and Si Yisi still hadn’t eaten dinner. He originally planned to simply take a Fasting Pill, but not long after returning to his quarters, a kind-hearted male disciple brought him a meal.

“Thank you,” Si Yisi said, expressing his gratitude. He opened the food container and casually glanced at the dishes inside. There was one meat dish, one vegetable dish, and a soup; quite a hearty meal.

Si Yisi paused for a moment, then quickly picked up his chopsticks and began eating.

After finishing his meal, he sat by the window. Outside, the wind rustled, causing the bamboo forest to whisper with a swishing sound. The breeze lifted his hair as he sat there quietly, resembling a figure in a painting, his face as refined as jade, his gaze deep as ink.

Si Yisi was lost in thought.

After realizing that Yu Rongcheng had been reborn, the experienced system began to have more ideas.

He speculated—

Yu Rongcheng had likely been reborn in the timeline where the original owner’s reputation was utterly destroyed. Moreover, he might not even be the true fated male lead. Perhaps even the title of “Elegant Gentleman” wasn’t meant for him.

So who was the fated protagonist?

Si Mobai.

In later generations, someone from another world once dreamed of glimpses of this cultivation realm and wrote a cultivation novel about it.

The protagonists in these novels often had many confidantes but were solely focused on ascending to immortality. Naturally, the conclusion of such stories involved peaceful partings with their confidantes and their solitary ascent to the higher realms.

Si Yisi felt that aside from his tragic experiences, Si Mobai fit the archetype perfectly.

He had two or three confidantes, unparalleled talent in cultivation, and a master who trusted him completely. In every way, he seemed to embody the role.

Resting his cheek on one hand, Si Yisi closed his eyes as if dozing off, though he was actually cultivating while pondering all these matters.

As for how Yu Rongcheng managed to usurp the title of the fated male lead, if he was no longer himself but instead a demon feared by the heavens, then everything would naturally make sense.

Whether this was true or not, he would simply have to wait and see.

At this moment, Si Yisi held the upper hand because he possessed the original owner's memories, which allowed him to know exactly when the metaphorical black pot of blame would fall on him.

Ah, right... tonight is...

Si Yisi thought absentmindedly, temporarily stepping out of his constant state of cultivation. He glanced at the darkening night sky, then lay down on the bed without even changing his clothes.

The candlelight in Si Yisi's room still burned brightly, its warm glow illuminating the window.

A patrolling disciple noticed the light and nudged the disciple next to him in surprise. "Hey, why hasn't Senior Brother extinguished his light yet?"

The other disciple rolled his eyes. "Senior Brother works tirelessly for the sect, even taking on part of its responsibilities. Staying up late is perfectly normal."

“If you’re so concerned, why not pick a day to bring him a meal? Senior Brother often gets so busy he forgets to eat.”

The disciple who had started the conversation shook his head in horror. “I wouldn’t dare compete with those man eat... cough, Senior Sisters. They’re all fighting to deliver meals to Senior Brother. We male disciples can’t even get close to him during meal times!”

“Is that so? Then let’s contribute to the sect properly. Perhaps that’s also a way to help ease Senior Brother’s burdens.”

The patrolling disciples chatted for a while longer before leaving.

Night had fully descended, and a few faint stars cast dim light across the velvet-black sky.

Suddenly, a gust of wind swept past, followed closely by a shadow that flitted by like a swift swallow, landing silently in front of a room.

The masked figure entered Si Yisi’s room without a sound. She saw Si Yisi lying quietly on the bed, his eyes closed, and couldn’t help but reveal a satisfied smile.

She blew out the glowing spirit candle and slowly approached Si Yisi.

She sat on the bed and slithered closer to him like a snake, exhaling toward his neck.

Seeing that Si Yisi remained unresponsive, the masked woman continued her actions. She lowered herself over him, her hand reaching for his collar as if intending to undo his clothes.

The moment her hand brushed his garments, she was forcibly stopped. A hand seized hers, and Si Yisi opened his eyes, revealing icy blue pupils that were chilling to the core.

At the same moment, the extinguished spirit candle reignited, its flame now burning with a cold, blue spiritual energy.

“Lu Weizhi,” Si Yisi called out. With a swift motion, he pulled away the woman’s black veil and roughly tore her off him.

Her long, silky hair spilled loose without its binding, and her unveiled face revealed the seductive features of a beautiful snake-like woman.

“Young Master Si, why must you be so heartless?” Lu Weizhi’s eyes brimmed with emotion as the Saintess of the Mingdao Sect, embodying both righteousness and wickedness, displayed a girlish softness.

Pity she was a viper.

Si Mobai: “...”

He paused briefly, then coldly reminded her without a trace of emotion, “If I weren’t heartless, wouldn’t I have already lost my virtue tonight?”

His rhetorical question carried the tone of a statement.

The moment he thought of Si Mobai’s numerous “confidantes,” one of them had come knocking; using underhanded means to stage a nighttime ambush, no less.

Had Si Yisi not noticed the flaw in the male disciple’s behavior earlier, he might have truly fallen into her trap.

Lu Weizhi, one of Si Mobai’s so-called confidantes, was a colossal headache forcibly stuck to him. Like sticky clay, she was impossible to shake off. Her ambiguous actions had caused the entire Qingmo realm to misunderstand their relationship.

Lu Weizhi was a formidable character. Unlike Si Mobai’s feigned charm, hers was the real deal; a lifestyle of indulgence without emotional attachment.

She had taken multiple male furnaces for herself, yet she had set her sights on Si Mobai and even appeared to be genuinely infatuated with him.

(T/N: male furnace = the male counterpart in a dual-cultivation relationship where the male supplies energy to the woman; willing or unwillingly.)

The reason for her supposed “true feelings”...

Lu Weizhi’s hand reached again for Si Yisi’s chest as she winked at him playfully. “I intentionally left a little flaw for you to notice, Young Master Si. Isn’t this all just part of the fun?”

Si Yisi cast a deep, resigned glance at her.

Si Mobai and Lu Weizhi had first met in a secret realm. At that time, disciples from Jinghua Sect were also present. When Lu Weizhi was being pursued, Si Mobai and his fellow disciples happened to pass by and were also targeted by her pursuers.

To ensure the disciples’ safety, Si Mobai had no choice but to kill their pursuers.

Lu Weizhi then adamantly declared that Young Master Si was her savior and that she wanted to repay him.

At that time, Si Mobai could only swallow his frustration. The addition of this Mingdao Sect’s Saintes had painted his already colorful reputation with even bolder strokes.

Truly unfortunate.

“Young Master Si, the way you’re looking at me... Have you decided to indulge me tonight for a proper, intimate moment?” Lu Weizhi covered her lips with a coquettish laugh, her alluring eyes brimming with charm.

“Yes,” Si Yisi replied plainly.

His answer made Lu Weizhi's eyes widen in surprise. She knew Si Mobai's pure heart better than anyone. Beneath his charming exterior, he was as innocent as a blank slate. Every time she teased him, it was just to see his flustered rejection.

But this... Could it be he'd finally come around?

With a meaningful smile, Lu Weizhi raised her hand to touch Si Yisi's lips. Yet before she could make contact, his expression turned icy. He raised his hand, and a streak of sword energy slashed straight toward her face!

Lu Weizhi: "???"

No sooner had the first strike landed than Si Yisi reached for his waist, drawing his life-bound spiritual sword from its sheath.

The sword glimmered with a silvery light as he held it high. Moments ago, he'd agreed to her proposition, but now he had turned on her completely, swinging his blade again and again at the one thing Lu Weizhi treasured most; her face.

Lu Weizhi: "???"

The first strike caught her completely off guard, leaving a fine cut on her cheek.

Touching the blood trickling down her face, her pupils shrank. With a flick of her waist, her blood whip appeared. "You ungrateful man! No, you're not even a man at all!"

Si Yisi remained unperturbed. After all, he wasn't a man; he was a system.

Thrilled, he welcomed Lu Weizhi's attack. He had just absorbed a trace of Heavenly Dao energy and was curious to see how much his abilities had improved.

Well, this could count as a form of "intimacy," couldn't it?

The next day, disciples were shocked to discover that Si Mobai's residence had completely collapsed.

Their revered Senior Brother was sitting calmly amidst the rubble, meditating. The only visible injury was a barely noticeable scratch on the back of his hand.

The disciples marveled at how their Senior Brother could have been wounded. After morning practice, they gathered to discuss the matter.

In the end, they reached a conclusion.

It must have been... a fierce battle with some seductive demoness.

Wow, that must have been intense.

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Yu Rongcheng also heard the rumor about a 'battle with a demoness.' A conflicted expression appeared on his face, and he immediately went to console Qing Lin.

"Qing Lin."

"Mm?" Qing Lin was playing with a flower vine, her hands fluttering like butterflies as she skillfully wove it into a delicate vine crane.

"Have you heard that rumor? About Senior Brother Mobai... Don't let it upset you."

Qing Lin: "?"

She looked at Yu Rongcheng with a peculiar expression, putting her hands on her hips. “Why would I be upset about that nonsense? Are you talking about that ridiculous rumor? Anyone can tell it’s completely fabricated!”

“But...” Yu Rongcheng hesitated, unable to continue, his face full of concealed pain as he looked at Qing Lin.

How could it merely be fabricated? He remembered all too clearly how many female confidantes Si Mobai had... Even in this lifetime, his reputation for being a flirt was well-known. What was there to doubt?

Qing Lin just didn’t want to accept the truth. After all, she liked Senior Brother Mobai so much.

Yu Rongcheng clenched his fists. One day... one day, I’ll make Qing Lin change her heart. By then, she’ll see Si Mobai’s detestable true face.

“Humph.” A soft snort seemed to echo in his ears, but Yu Rongcheng dismissed it as an illusion.

Recently, he had been distracted and irritable, but when he considered it as a small price for his rebirth, he only felt joy.

The demon hidden in Yu Rongcheng’s soul reached out towards the tiny bead of spiritual energy within his sea of consciousness and sneered to himself.

Do you really think your little junior sister Qing Lin harbors romantic feelings for Si Mobai?

Ignorant fools only see what they wish to see and believe their delusions as truth.

Ha...

Qing Lin also found Yu Rongcheng increasingly strange, as if he wasn’t entirely clear-headed. The way he looked at her... It was downright annoying.

Abruptly stopping her weaving, Qing Lin stood up with a displeased expression. "I'm leaving."

She was never one to cater to others. Besides, Yu Rongcheng was, at most, just a playmate. If he annoyed her, she wouldn't bother enduring it.

Yu Rongcheng watched Qing Lin's departing figure, unable to suppress the resentment growing in his heart.

Si Mobai, Si Mobai...!

Qing Lin, why can't you see anyone but him?

Si Yisi: "?"

He lightly brushed his nose, and the sudden itchiness dissipated. Now, as a cultivator at the Half-Nascent Soul stage, his sensitivity to malicious thoughts had reached a new level.

He guessed; Someone must be plotting something again.

Si Yisi let out a cold snort in his heart but maintained his comforting smile outwardly. He carefully explained the modified principle of the recording stone to an elder beside him.

"So that's how it works..." The elder, with a face that looked like Maitreya Buddha, beamed. "What an ingenious idea! Truly excellent, excellent!"

He was facing the elder known as Jin Yin, who owned a Treasure Pavilion. Si Yisi handed over the method for modifying the recording stone to him in order to form a good connection.

"Then, let's proceed as per your earlier request," Elder Jin Yin said, casting Si Yisi a slightly teasing glance.

“The whereabouts of the Qingniao Fairy will be handled by me!” Elder Jin Yin imbued the ornate, gold-edged scroll with a wisp of spiritual energy.

The energy flowed across the scroll like water, condensing into a seal resembling a spiritual treasure.

After Si Yisi carefully stored the contract scroll, Elder Jin Yin gave him a suggestive look before leaving.

Si Yisi, understanding the implicit meaning of ‘seize the opportunity,’ simply remained silent.

All in all, the reputation of the original owner, this “crow,” was already pitch black; darkening it further hardly seemed to matter.

Si Yisi didn’t mind at all, and he doubted the original owner would either.

However, the Qingniao Fairy, Qing Zhi, might pose a problem. She already harbored deep, one-sided feelings for Si Mobai, and if she saw him saving her...

Tsk.

The 414 System wouldn’t admit that he was utterly powerless when dealing with such women; and perhaps even felt a bit like retreating.

Meanwhile, Si Mobai’s fake female confidante, Lu Weizhi, received an unexpected visitor.

The figure, shrouded entirely in black, spoke as soon as they appeared. Lu Weizhi immediately recognized the voice. Resting her cheek on one hand, she replied with a seductive air, “Oh, it’s you.”

Of course, she knew who it was. Although Jinghua Sect believed they had kept the demonic assault a tightly guarded secret, where in the world could one find a truly impenetrable wall?

As the Holy Saintes of the Mingdao Sect, Lu Weizhi naturally had her own sources of information.

“Those useless Jinghua Sect members still haven’t caught you?” Lu Weizhi said fearlessly, though she quickly feigned remorse, covering her mouth and adding, “Ah... but of course, my dear Mobai doesn’t count among the useless ones.”

“They can’t even detect your whereabouts, yet they dream of capturing me?” ‘Yu Rongcheng’ said softly. “But... look at your pitiful and pathetic state. Has your Mobai ever pitied you?”

Lu Weizhi let out a soft laugh. “You seem to know my thoughts quite well. So, why have you sought me out?”

‘Yu Rongcheng’ sidestepped her soft, slender hand as it reached out toward him.

“For a trade,” he said.

“How about we bring your Mobai down to the mortal realm, break his pride, drag him into the mud, and make him see only one person in his eyes?”

Ah, what an enticing proposal.

Lu Weizhi’s eyes grew hazy, as if she could already envision Si Mobai with his arrogance shattered, his once-pristine robes stained with dust.

She licked her lips and chuckled lightly. “All right.”

Si Yisi felt his nose itch again. His expression turned somewhat peculiar... Is this what it feels like to attract so many “female confidantes”?

To be mentioned so frequently in a single day and feel the urge to sneeze this often...

Why hadn't the original owner's memories mentioned anything about this? Could it be that he'd intentionally polished and prettified those memories before passing them on?

This thought floated through Si Yisi's mind briefly before disappearing without leaving a trace. He turned his attention to the spiritual artifact left by Elder Jin Yin; the Linglong Mirror.

He channeled spiritual energy into the mirror and silently recited Qing Zhi's name. The Linglong Mirror emitted a faint glow, and its surface became shrouded in a thin mist. After a moment, the mist gradually dissipated, revealing another scene.

Qing Zhi, dressed in a flowing green dress, stood in place. Behind her were several disciples, some half-human and half-beast. Nearby, a small pond housed a young merperson with the upper body of a human and the lower body of a fish.

Ah... the Fosterling Hall.

And next to the Fosterling Hall was...

Qing Zhi casually picked up a mission scroll. As she unfurled it, a smile lit up her face. "This one... Hmm, if I'm lucky, maybe I'll run into Mobai here?"

On the scroll she held, a few bold, sweeping characters were clearly visible:

'Fallen Immortal Mountain Range.'