

THE SYSTEM TEACHES YOU HOW TO BE HUMAN

Chapter 2 - The Charismatic Senior Brother Who's Impotent (1)



There was a brief transition period when being transmitted from the system space to a small world.

Si Yisi fastened the mission wristband around his wrist.

A faint blue glow appeared in his eyes as streams of data rapidly flowed through his pupils. The inorganic radiance lasted for a moment before fading away.

[Mission being issued, mission analysis in progress...]

[Gathering the soul of Si Mobai from the small world... Gathering complete.]

Before Si Yisi, a soul in a black robe appeared out of thin air.

“Si Mobai greets Your Excellency.” Si Mobai tapped a folding fan against the palm of his hand. He was the picture of otherworldly elegance, with a refined demeanor and phoenix-like eyes that glimmered with an unusual light.

The lifelike image of a black crane peeked from his robe, but Si Yisi’s gaze merely swept over Si Mobai’s face and rested instead on the faintly icy aura curling around his semi-transparent figure.

While observing, Si Yisi was also quickly digesting Si Mobai’s memories.

A real host would have already collapsed, unable to bear the overwhelming shock of absorbing such vast memories. After all, the Si Mobai before him

was a cultivator from one of the three thousand small worlds, a cultivation realm, and was over 300 years old.

[Memory synchronization in progress...]

[Memory synchronization successful.]

Si Yisi organized the absorbed memories, streams of data quickly integrating the influx of memories and transforming them into a structured dataset.

Some small worlds reduced their initial resource consumption by fostering a “protagonist.” The world Si Mobai belonged to was one such world with a preordained protagonist.

Through the memory synchronization, Si Yisi easily detected clues about the protagonist’s storyline; after thoroughly sorting through Si Mobai’s life experiences.

The Qingmo realm, where Si Mobai resided, hasn’t seen a single soul ascend to immortality for 1,000 years. As one of the leading candidates to become the next Sect Master of Jinghua Sect, one of the three great sects, Si Mobai drew significant attention.

He came from an exceptional background, being the son of the Jinghua Sect Master’s younger brother. Moreover, his appearance was renowned across the Qingmo realm, considered among the most striking.

The only flaw in Si Mobai’s otherwise impeccable reputation was his flirtatious nature. He caused many female and even male cultivators to become infatuated with him, losing their senses over him. Yet, he never responded to the passionate feelings of these lovesick admirers.

He drifted through a sea of flowers, with not a single petal clinging to him.

Si Yisi quietly “flipped through” Si Mobai’s memories.

At the age of 250, Si Mobai encountered a streak of misfortune.

First, he suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of an obscure figure. Then, he was falsely accused of coercing Qing Nu, the beloved daughter of the Qingniao's Sect Master, into intimacy and killing her to destroy the evidence afterward. The evidence against him was overwhelming, and he wasn't even given a chance to explain before being imprisoned.

He had thought he could clear his name quickly, but one accusation after another piled onto him; murdering his junior brother, injuring his master, and even deliberately opening a passage to the Demon Realm.

Unwilling to accept his fate, Si Mobai escaped and spent 50 years on the run. Yet, during a tribulation, he was ambushed by so-called righteous cultivators and utterly destroyed, body and soul.

"What do you want to do?" Si Yisi asked Si Mobai.

Si Mobai unfolded his folding fan, his face subtly twisting with a trace of discomfort. "I hope Your Excellency can help me find the real culprit who murdered Immortal Qing Nu and clear my name."

Si Yisi glanced at Si Mobai, his expression carrying a faint trace of pity.

He knew from Si Mobai's memories that it was impossible for him to be the real culprit of Immortal Qing Nu's assault and murder because—he was impotent!

The reason Si Mobai captivated the entire cultivation world, be it male or female cultivators, lay in a love poison he had accidentally ingested when he was 200 years old. Those of weak will who looked at him would have their souls shaken by his presence.

Si Mobai himself was only vaguely aware of the love poison affecting him, but that didn't stop Si Yisi, armed with a god's perspective, from piecing the entire truth together.

“Is that all you want?” Si Yisi asked Si Mobai. “Don’t you want to teach the cultivation world a lesson?”

The tragic end Si Mobai met was, in essence, due to the destructive power of public opinion. Whether or not the cultivation world truly believed Si Mobai had committed those crimes, they only needed an outlet for their frustrations; a scapegoat.

“No need,” Si Mobai replied with a calm smile. His smile was as gentle as a breeze under the moonlight, tinged with a faintly alluring charm.

Si Mobai’s tone was steady and unperturbed. “Cultivators strive to refine their hearts. Those who skulk in the shadows, slandering and scheming like gutter rats, are destined to falter on the clear and open path of cultivation.”

“Evil deeds will meet their end. There’s no need for Your Excellency to intervene; they’ll eventually bring about their own destruction.”

Si Yisi nodded in agreement. The cultivation world was exceedingly lenient toward mortals, but it imposed the harshest trials upon cultivators.

To possess a rare and innate gift for cultivation meant adhering to the rules laid down by the Heavenly Dao. Equivalent exchange; it was a principle of fairness.

If a cultivator’s state of mind was unrefined, even forcibly elevating their cultivation level wouldn’t allow them to pass the tribulation lightning sent by the Heavenly Dao during ascension.

“I accept your wish,” Si Yisi said as he watched Si Mobai bow respectfully to him. With a wave of his hand, Si Mobai’s soul transformed into a wisp of icy blue mist that enveloped Si Yisi’s body.

A surge of painful fusion overwhelmed him, yet Si Yisi remained expressionless as he took the final step into the Qingmo realm.

In the Silent Chamber on the Main Peak of Jinghua Sect.

As soon as Si Yisi took control of Si Mobai's body, he felt an uncontrollable surge of icy energy rushing straight toward the golden core in his sea of consciousness.

Outside the Silent Chamber, someone was shouting and cursing. Somehow, they had managed to penetrate the protective barrier around the chamber.

Si Yisi suppressed his growing irritation, and his bare body sank sharply into the spiritual pool.

His black hair spread out in the water like seaweed. Sitting cross-legged in the high-concentration spiritual energy of the pool, Si Yisi maintained his stoic expression and effectively blocked out the noise from outside.

He forcefully suppressed the violent rampage of the icy energy within him. Drawing a wisp of the cold spiritual energy out of his body, he placed it around his nose and mouth to prevent the pool water from infiltrating.

Someone is still shouting outside?

What did that have to do with me?

Si Yisi thought expressionlessly, his entire body submerged in the water like a ghost haunting its depths.

His eyes opened, revealing a deep and dark gaze. Silently, he began cultivating Jian Bing Jue, the Ice Spirit Root technique practiced by Si Mobai.

Although Jian Bing Jue had a "minor" side effect of causing an excess of yin energy and a depletion of yang energy... for Si Yisi, a system with a pure and desireless nature, this was an utterly insignificant issue.

The person yelling outside the Silent Chamber was just an inconsequential pawn. What Si Yisi wanted to uncover was the one pulling the strings behind the scenes.

The shouting person had interrupted Si Mobai's cultivation back then, leaving him restless and distracted. By piecing the timeline together... it was right after this incident that Si Mobai was defeated by the protagonist of the Qingmo realm and subsequently framed.

There was a faintly discernible thread connecting these events, tying them all together.

Si Yisi, however, ignored all that and focused solely on cultivating. He voraciously absorbed the spiritual energy from the pool, letting the icy spiritual power circulate rapidly within him.

In his view, all these convoluted schemes and tricks could be dealt with the same way; by sheer force!

If one punch wasn't enough, then throw another!

But Si Mobai's body was far too frail. Si Yisi decided he might as well temper it properly before heading out to teach them all a lesson.

Chapter 3 - The Charismatic Senior Brother Who's Impotent (2)



In the deep chill of midwinter, Si Yisi finally emerged from his cultivation.

Around his tall and lean figure, large clusters of frost flowers had formed. These crystalline blooms covered the entire chamber, their icy beauty filling the room. Even the spirit pool hadn't escaped this icy fate.

Outside the chamber, a junior disciple who had only just begun his cultivation rubbed his arms and yawned. Resigned and annoyed, he spoke to the senior brother in front of him.

“Senior Brother... Martial Uncle Mobai is currently in seclusion for cultivation. Please, spare me, a mere junior disciple, and stop making things difficult for me here.”

“No!” The Foundation Establishment disciple, Zhao Weijin, dressed in plain mortal attire, fiercely retorted, “I must seek justice from him! Does being the Sect Master’s brother give him the right to treat human lives with such disdain?!”

The junior disciple rolled his eyes.

Zhao Weijin had already been seeking this so-called justice since spring, claiming it was because his childhood sweetheart had tragically taken her own life.

This man; who, in the junior disciple’s opinion, likely had a screw loose; stubbornly believed that his childhood sweetheart’s death was orchestrated by Martial Uncle Mobai.

Who would believe such nonsense?

Martial Uncle Mobai’s heart was clearly tied up with his flowers and plants, wasn’t it?

What the junior disciple didn’t know, however, was that in the previous timeline, when Si Mobai’s reputation lay in tatters, this very incident had been dredged up. It had been used as yet another accusation to nail him to the pillar of shame.

But in this life, Si Mobai was still the highly revered Martial Uncle of Jinghua Sect, his name yet to be trampled into the dirt like fallen blossoms underfoot.

The junior disciple glanced at Zhao Weijin with a touch of pity before adding, "You've already waited four full seasons. Please, just leave."

Yet, no sooner had the junior disciple finished speaking than a celestial phenomenon occurred.

In the frigid sky above, purple lightning began to coalesce. Dark clouds rapidly gathered, blanketing the heavens. The junior disciple's eyes widened in shock.

"Martial Uncle Mobai is about to undergo a tribulation!"

Martial Uncle Mobai, who had entered seclusion at the mid-Golden Core stage, had now, after more than 3 years, reached the late-Golden Core stage!

Martial Uncle Mobai is truly a genius among the heavens!

Zhao Weijin's eyes burned with a fierce determination. He struck the excited junior disciple unconscious with a single hand chop, and his life-bound spirit sword surged with destructive force, slicing through the barrier surrounding the chamber.

With a crisp sound, the barrier shattered. Zhao Weijin took two steps back, then strode forward boldly into the chamber...

A cultivator undergoing a tribulation is universally acknowledged to be at their most vulnerable!

If I can disrupt Si Mobai's tribulation, I can drive him into a state of Qi deviation and force him to accompany Ah Qing to the grave!

Si Yisi: "..."

He raised his eyes to look at Zhao Weijin, who had intruded, and a glint of icy blue light flashed through his pupils.

The first bolt of tribulation lightning struck experimentally, tearing apart the concealment over the Silent Chamber. The chamber collapsed under the blow, its four walls and roof reduced to blackened ash in an instant.

Zhao Weijin wiped the soot from his face as his life-bound spirit sword glimmered with spiritual light and flew toward Si Yisi.

Si Yisi neither dodged nor flinched. Just as the sword neared him, the long-gathering tribulation lightning finally unleashed its fury.

A ferocious thunder dragon coalesced from countless bolts of lightning and came crashing down... A sea of blinding light engulfed Si Yisi's figure!

Zhao Weijin felt a surge of joy in his heart...

This is a heaven-sent opportunity!

He leapt forward, his hand gripping the blade of his spirit sword, and shot toward Si Yisi's lightning-enshrouded figure like an arrow released from a bow.

"Martial Uncle Mobai, watch out!"

"What a despicable scoundrel!"

The commotion caused by Si Yisi's tribulation had drawn a crowd of nearby disciples. One by one, they arrived, their jaws clenched and eyes filled with fury.

"Smack!"

"Ugh!!"

Zhao Weijin's body was flung high into the air before being violently thrown aside. The lightning surrounding Si Yisi had transformed into a whip of pure energy, lashing fiercely across Zhao Weijin's face and sending him hurtling through the air. He crashed onto a cliff hundreds of meters away.

The gathered disciples fell into a stunned silence.

Disciples: (0v0)

In perfect unison, they turned their heads and watched as Zhao Weijin's face dragged along the cliffside, leaving an irregular, zigzagging line before he slowly slid down.

Oof, that must hurt.

Several onlookers instinctively covered their faces, wincing in sympathy. However, even more disciples were staring at the now-collapsed chamber, their eyes sparkling with excitement.

“Well done, Martial Uncle! That was amazing!”

Si Yisi, his expression unreadable, pulled a fresh set of clothes from his storage pouch and began to change. However, another bolt of lightning struck, reducing his new attire to ashes once again.

Without a trace of irritation, he repeated the cycle of enduring the tribulation lightning and changing his clothes. At last, the stormy clouds dispersed, and the terrifying purple lightning receded into dormancy.

Si Yisi stepped out slowly, holding a gleaming silver longsword in his right hand, his gaze falling in the direction where Zhao Weijin's face had met the cliff.

The moment he emerged, the surrounding area erupted in cheers from the disciples.

“Congratulations, Martial Uncle Mobai, on your successful advancement!”

“Martial Uncle... Oh heavens!” A female disciple screamed, covering her flushed cheeks.

Before Si Mobai's name had been tarnished in his past life, he had attracted countless admirers among both his junior brothers and sisters. It was no surprise that the female disciple was so excited. Si Yisi, pressed for time, had thrown on a simple outfit that barely covered the essentials before stepping out.

His hair hung loose, and his robes were slightly disheveled, revealing a stretch of firm, toned skin at his collar.

The sight was undeniably alluring and breathtakingly attractive.

This unintended display distracted the disciples from noticing one crucial detail...

From the moment he stepped out, Si Yisi's face had been completely devoid of emotion. His pupils, aside from their inky black cores, carried faint traces of flickering lightning.

Well, saying he was completely expressionless wasn't entirely accurate.

Si Yisi was currently working hard to manipulate his facial nerves, attempting to suppress a faint, almost imperceptible smirk. He was trying, with great effort, to replace it with Si Mobai's signature flirtatious smile.

He had endured the tribulation lightning with his physical body, and now the stray sparks of electricity still crackling across him left him unable to form any more elaborate expressions.

Si Yisi recalled several of his former hosts practicing micro-expressions to the point of tears... Yet, now that he was personally attempting it, he realized just how challenging it truly was.

Still, this minor setback was far from enough to make Si Yisi, a system devoid of emotional intelligence, discard the reserved and indecisive labels typically associated with his hosts.

“Thank you,” Si Yisi said, his tone carrying a peculiar mechanical edge.

He turned his gaze toward Zhao Weijin, who was currently hanging midway down the cliff, bleeding from his nose and attempting to climb down surreptitiously.

The on looking junior brothers and sisters immediately followed Si Yisi’s line of sight, their eyes locking onto Zhao Weijin in perfect unison. Their stares made Zhao Weijin flush with humiliation and anger.

Zhao Weijin’s face turned pale with fury, his lips trembling uncontrollably.

Si Yisi only glanced at him briefly before analyzing the structure of the cliff. As a system, his keen perception in such matters was unparalleled. Even though the host’s innate abilities and access to the system’s store had been disabled due to his direct intervention, it only took him a few moments to pinpoint the weakest part of the cliff.

Drawing his sword, a thin layer of frost formed along the blade’s edge as his icy spiritual energy condensed upon it. With a swift slash...

The sword aura cut through the air, dropping the temperature drastically and eliciting a series of gasps from the onlookers.

It sliced cleanly through the section of rock Zhao Weijin was clinging to, as effortlessly as cutting through tofu.

Zhao Weijin’s pupils contracted. As the stone plummeted, taking him along with it, his Foundation Establishment cultivation proved as ineffective as a drizzle against the force of gravity.

He was buried beneath the rubble.

“This is the price for being obnoxious,” Si Yisi said flatly as he sheathed his frost-edged sword and turned to leave. He had more important matters to attend to.

However, this decisive action was also prompted by Si Yisi’s foresight of what was about to happen next among the disciples surrounding him.

Their accelerated heartbeats, quickened breaths, and subtly shifting expressions all made Si Yisi’s scalp tingle with unease. Though his pace appeared calm, his true intention was to flee as quickly as possible from Si Mobai’s junior brothers and sisters.

In the memories transmitted by Si Mobai, there was an unforgettable incident... Back when Si Mobai’s cultivation wasn’t as advanced, he had been subjected to an unspeakable mobbing.

He had nearly lost even the lower half of his clothing...

Behind Si Yisi, there was a brief moment of stunned silence before an uproar erupted, even more overwhelming than the force of the tribulation lightning itself!

As an experienced system, Si Yisi hesitated only briefly before quickening his steps further.

His swift departure wasn’t solely due to the alarming “idol-chasing” behaviors of Si Mobai’s junior disciples. It was also because, before Si Mobai had entered seclusion, his master, Jinghua’s Sect Master, had sent a spirit-imbued paper crane with a message.

“Senior Brother,” Si Yisi heard as he approached the side hall, preparing to meet the Sect Master. He looked up to see his Third Junior Sister walking toward him. “I heard that you successfully advanced; Congra...”

Qing Lin's words of congratulations trailed off abruptly, her voice halting mid-sentence.

"Senior Brother, you..."

Si Yisi, feeling rather pleased with his progress in practicing his smile along the way, forced a stiff grin. "What's wrong, Junior Sister?"

Qing Lin hesitated, her gaze lingering on him with clear uncertainty.

"Senior Brother, your... hair... it's sparking."

Sure enough, streaks of miniature lightning were crackling through Si Yisi's loose hair, the tiny bolts creating soft crackling sounds as they zapped the air. His hair floated upward, each strand looking like an electric snake. It gave him the strange appearance of an "electric Medusa."

Si Yisi: "..."

He was short-circuiting.

Chapter 4 - The Charismatic Senior Brother Who's Impotent (3)



Si Yisi glanced at his own hair a few times.

Qing Lin kept sneaking glances at him, only to quickly and awkwardly avert her gaze. This back-and-forth continued until the delicate Junior Sister Qing Lin could no longer endure it.

She blinked her sore eyes, which had been dazzled by the flickering sparks, and excused herself. "Senior Brother Mobai, Ah Lin dares not disturb you any longer. Please excuse me..."

As she lifted her gaze, she caught sight of her unparalleled and charismatic Senior Brother Mobai pinching his fingers together like a blade, extracting a tiny, glowing creature from his hair.

It resembled a bald little snake. Its head bore two short, stubby whiskers, and its body shimmered with lightning, as dazzling as a bolt of thunder against a clear sky.

“The Primordial Heaven-Shaking Demon-Vanquishing Thunderbolt Divine Earth-Shaking Thunder Dragon. Don’t move.”

Si Yisi rattled off the name in one breath, his voice low yet inexplicably exuding an air of sophistication.

The Primordial... What dragon?

Qing Lin froze, tripped up by her Senior Brother Mobai’s sudden burst of speed-talking. All she managed to catch was the last word; ‘dragon’.

“Senior Brother... is this little one a dragon?”

“Not entirely accurate,” Si Yisi said, now able to replicate Mobai’s signature roguish smile as he addressed Qing Lin, the Junior Sister from the original owner’s memories. “It’s the Primordial Heaven-Shaking Demon-Vanquishing Thunderbolt Divine Earth-Shaking Thunder Dragon. Despite its grandiose name, it’s actually just the remnant dragon spirit condensed from a sliver of a dragon’s essence that managed to barely survive the tribulation’s lightning.”

The tiny dragon, displeased by Si Yisi’s description, opened its mouth wide, wiggled its bald tail, and bared its sharp teeth to bite Si Yisi.

“Don’t mess around.”

Qing Lin heard a sharp crunch and, startled, turned toward the source of the sound. She saw the stubby-whiskered dragon bite down on Si Yisi’s finger with all its might.

“Senior...Brother.”

Her voice faltered mid-sentence as she watched her Senior Brother Mobai calmly withdraw his finger.

A few small, white shards of teeth scattered to the ground.

Senior Brother Mobai maintained his usual slightly mischievous smile, but Qing Lin couldn't shake the feeling that...

Senior Brother Mobai had changed...

Is he fiercer? Stranger? ...In any case, he seemed more intimidating than before.

It felt as though something ferocious had been unshackled from within him after the tribulation lightning, baring its teeth.

And those very teeth had just shattered.

The now-toothless little Thunder Dragon shuddered, releasing a sudden burst of electricity. The lightning surged most intensely around its head, glowing brilliantly.

It swished its tail dejectedly and, with a pitiful whimper, buried its upper body back into Si Yisi's hair.

Only a small section of its slender tail remained visible.

Qing Lin found the little dragon somewhat pitiable, but after a moment's thought, she decided she pitied herself even more.

With a hasty bow to Si Yisi, she turned to leave, her lowered eyelashes glistening with tears brought forth by the sparks.

Si Yisi watched Qing Lin retreat before turning to face the stone door. “Master, I'm here.”

The stone door opened in response. As Si Yisi stepped through, his mind wandered to the soul fragment of Mobai, which had left him with a firm warning.

“My transformation into another person won’t escape Master’s notice.”

“Master has lived long and knows me best. Don’t try to deceive him. Tell him the truth; or at least half the truth; but under no circumstances should you attempt to lie to him. Master’s temper is...”

“Mobai.”

“Master.” Si Yisi entered the room and bowed respectfully.

Si Mobai’s master, Mu Weiqing, appeared to be a venerable old man with an aura of immortality. Crane patterns danced along the edges of his sleeves.

“...Mobai? No, you’re not him. Where is he?” The seemingly unremarkable elder had an extraordinary intuition.

At first glance, he had already discerned that the person standing before him wasn’t his disciple, Si Mobai.

“Body snatching?” Mu Weiqing’s eyes suddenly blazed with astonishing light. His natal spirit sword, which had been positioned by his side from the very beginning, rose several inches, lifted by the spiritual energy that surged with his emotions.

Si Yisi’s body was locked in place. He had no doubt that if he couldn’t give Mu Weiqing a reasonable explanation, the sword Qi aimed at him would pierce through him.

When in Rome, one must follow the local customs. As a tasker who had entered this small world, he had to abide by its laws.

This had also been one of the reasons why Si Yisi’s previous hosts had repeatedly failed.

However, Si Yisi would never allow himself to fail this time.

He wiped away the weary, system-induced smile, facing the faintly perceivable Qi, and slowly parted his lips...

“Cough, hiss...”

On the other side, Zhao Weijin continuously wiped away the blood that dripped from the corner of his mouth, bloodshot veins suddenly appearing in his pupils.

“Dammit...”

He muttered as he staggered forward, his body covered in cuts and gashes from shattered rocks.

Si Yisi’s strike hadn’t simply split a massive stone. To the lower-level cultivators who had witnessed it, it had seemed like a single strike. In reality, that sword had manifested three thousand sword Qi, which split the massive rock into several smaller pieces.

When the stone collapsed, the fragments had maintained a delicate balance. But when they struck Zhao Weijin...

Crack!

In that moment, the fragile balance between the fragments shattered!

This was why Zhao Weijin now looked so miserable.

His fierce gaze swept over the disciples who passed by him. Those who came near avoided his eyes, some sneering as they did so.

Zhao Weijin clenched his fist, slowly making his way back to the Yunhua Courtyard where the Foundation-Building disciples resided, sitting cross-legged to use his cultivation technique and heal his injuries.

He didn't notice a cold, piercing gaze focused on him.

The owner of that gaze spoke lowly. "I thought you might be useful, but turns out you're just mud that can't be helped... Useless, go die already."

"..."

"You... you lied to me...!"

"It's you! It's you who killed Ah Qing!"

"It was me." The person leaned lazily on the platform, "Go ahead and die in peace. You might as well make use of your remaining warmth."

He snapped his folding fan shut in his palm, then raised his hand; the silver gleam from the fan flashed and disappeared in an instant.

"Farewell, Zhao Weijin... Senior Brother."

Foundation-Building cultivator Zhao Weijin was dead.

The death of a Foundation-Building cultivator wasn't particularly noteworthy, but his death was... extremely suspicious.

Zhao Weijin's seven orifices leaked black blood, a color considered ominous among cultivators, symbolizing "demonic" traits in a certain sense.

In the Qingmo realm, demons existed, though most of them lived in their own realm. 1,000 years ago, there had been a great battle between the immortal cultivators and the demons. The immortals narrowly won, and several advanced cultivators had sacrificed themselves to seal off the passage from the Demon Realm to the Immortal Realm.

Since then, the Demon Realm had not dared to invade.

But under the laws of this world, everything contained a demonic nature, and everything could become demonic. Cultivators would occasionally fall into

demonic paths, or mortals would turn into demons, always causing great upheaval in the cultivation world.

As a result, the cultivation world had become terrified at the mere mention of demons.

At first glance, Zhao Weijin's injuries seemed to have been caused by poison, but some brave medical cultivator disciples, wearing ice silkworm gloves, performed an autopsy and discovered tiny puncture wounds in each of his seven orifices.

This was... the most common method of demons. Zhao Weijin's blood had actually dried up long ago, and the blood that had oozed from his seven orifices was a chaotic coagulation of demonic energy.

"It's a demon! It's a demon!" The medical cultivator's face changed drastically, and she staggered back, shouting in horror.

Chaos erupted. The disciples quickly avoided the area, their faces filled with fear and disgust.

By the time the inspection team from Jinghua Sect arrived to suppress the further spread of the situation, the turmoil in the hearts of the people had somewhat settled.

At this moment, an unpleasant voice broke through the suppressed crowd.

"Did Zhao Weijin offend someone before his death?"

"Yeah, it seems he offended Senior Si Mobai..."

"Heavens... could it be?"

"No, no way?!"

"How could it not be? You can know a person's face but not their heart. How many beasts in human guise are there? In my opinion... tsk..."

“In your opinion, what?” Si Yisi, his face expressionless, stepped through the crowd. He was dressed in a moon-white robe, his presence imposing and overwhelming.

Chapter 5 - The Charismatic Senior Brother Who's Impotent (4)



Back when Si Yisi was talking with Mu Weiqing,

“I am indeed not your disciple, Si Mobai.” Si Yisi removed all his disguises, returning to the cold, inorganic state of the system. “But the reason I occupy his body is due to his own wish.”

Mu Weiqing calmly retracted the dangerous aura he had sent out.

He stroked his long beard, using a probing gaze to observe Si Mobai. The more he looked, the more surprised he became; he couldn't sense the origins of the entity that had taken control of his disciple's body.

Si Yisi's cold gaze made Mu Weiqing feel a strange illusion, as though he should...

“I'm a remnant soul that remained after a great being fell during a tribulation 1,000 years ago. I came in response to Si Mobai's request to help him change his fate; one where he was reviled by all and expelled from the sect.”

Si Yisi's words were seven parts true, three parts false.

Mu Weiqing's gaze flickered. He extracted much from this statement and, when he looked at Si Yisi again, his expression changed.

Indeed, only such a great being would have the ability to reverse time!

Si Yisi finished speaking, waiting for Mu Weiqing's reaction.

He knew that earning the trust of Si Mobai's master would be the best shortcut, but if Mu Weiqing didn't believe him... Si Yisi had no problem using force to break through.

Although his cultivation wasn't as high as that of the master in front of him, he still had the strength to escape if needed.

There was more than one way to complete the mission!

While Mu Weiqing was pondering, the small dragon hidden in Si Yisi's hair finally struggled to pull its body out.

However, just as it escaped the "sea of hardship", it sensed the lingering sword aura in the air. Its dragon whiskers immediately curled up and retreated, no longer daring to release lightning. It quickly buried its head and crawled back into the sea of hardship, trying to cover up its actions.

Si Yisi: "..."

Mu Weiqing looked at the little dragon and asked, "Is that a thunder dragon's soul fragment?"

Si Yisi replied, "To be exact, it's a fragment of the ancient Thunder Dragon, the one known as the 'Ancient Thunder-Strike Demon-Slaying Thunder Dragon.'"

"Does it have a name?"

Mu Weiqing twitched the corner of his mouth, thinking that such a serious demeanor was definitely not like his unruly disciple. He was actually speaking with Si Yisi as if having a casual conversation.

Indeed, this little dragon's appearance removed the last bit of doubt in Mu Weiqing's heart. Dragon souls were rare, and he had only caught glimpses of them in records about ancient powerful beings' thunder tribulations.

This, in turn, made Si Yisi's identity as the "remnant soul of a failed tribulation of a great being" seem even more authentic.

A name?

Si Yisi thought for a moment before answering, "Ah Tu."

It was uglier than a snake and completely bald; "A Tu" seemed most fitting.

(T/N: Ah Tu = "Ah" is a prefix// "Tu" meaning "Bald". So he's calling the dragon "Baldy")

The little dragon suddenly stuck its head out and bit Si Yisi's finger with its sharp teeth.

Crunch!

Unfortunately, it repeated its earlier mistake, and this time all its teeth fell out. The little dragon burst into tears and curled up into a trembling dragon ball, retreating.

Si Yisi expressionlessly withdrew his hand, then turned to Mu Weiqing and said, "It's called A Tu."

"...Cough." Mu Weiqing coughed lightly. "That's a good name."

Si Yisi nodded. He thought it was indeed much better than the dragon kings or conquerors that his previous hosts had named their dragon-shaped pets.

"Then why did my useless disciple ask you for help?"

Si Yisi glanced at him and, after a long pause, replied, "Because the hidden instigator who pushed Si Mobai to become a villain was someone who had fallen into the demonic path."

And this person, who had fallen into the demonic path, had a demonic nature so deep that it could destroy the operation of the small world.

So the small world had issued a warning, causing the system to select someone within the Qingmo realm and change their fate.

A host, who was solely focused on completing the task, probably had no awareness of this. But Si Yisi, as a system; even if he were ranked the lowest; could see that the real essence of changing Si Mobai's fate was actually to indirectly disrupt the plans of the person secretly falling into the demonic path.

"I understand." Mu Weiqing pondered for a moment. "I ask that you bear with me."

He could tell that most of what Si Yisi, occupying Si Mobai's body, said was true.

Moreover, if Si Yisi had truly forcefully seized control, Mu Weiqing would have sensed it immediately and wouldn't have allowed Si Yisi to speak at all.

Mobai... Mu Weiqing sighed inwardly.

But this was his disciple's own choice, and as his master, he couldn't intervene.

Si Yisi seemed to sense Mu Weiqing's thoughts. He paused and said.

"Si Mobai left a message for you."

"He said; I never regret the day I became your disciple. You are my eternal master."

"Master, I will go ahead."

After Si Yisi turned and left, Mu Weiqing moved his lips, silently shedding a tear.

I'm sorry, I couldn't protect you... Mobai.

He had guessed that in the future, he, as a master, would be unable to protect Si Mobai, which was why he had no choice but to place his hopes in others.

Mu Weiqing had a premonition that Mobai must have been utterly disappointed with the current cultivation world.

“What exactly... did Mo Bai encounter?”