

# THE SYSTEM TEACHES YOU HOW TO BE HUMAN

Chapter 6 - The Charismatic Senior Brother Who's Impotent (5)



Si Yisi walked along the winding path toward his residence. The original owner was currently the most prominent candidate for the next sect master. Because of that, the sect held him in high regard. Consequently, after his recent promotion, a pile of sect affairs had already accumulated in his residence, awaiting his attention.

What he didn't expect was to run into quite the drama right at his doorstep.

Si Yisi glanced askance at his junior brother, Sheng Qinghe, who stood there self-righteously, exuding an air of indignant righteousness.

Sheng Qinghe was the personal disciple of one of the sect's elders and also had familial ties to another elder. Bold in his actions, he had a reputation for casually framing fellow disciples. This wasn't the first or second time he had done so.

The only impression the original owner had of him was... troublemaker.

"What do you think?"

Si Yisi chuckled, a trace of menace hidden beneath his charming demeanor. It was as if he possessed two faces; one tender and affectionate, the other brimming with killing intent.

The white crane embroidered on his sleeve seemed to take flight, a touch of crimson on its beak flickering briefly before the onlookers' eyes.

Sheng Qinghe flinched slightly but then steeled himself, his gaze turning vicious as he spoke with misplaced confidence, "In my opinion, the one who killed Junior Brother Weijin is most likely you!"

The disciples erupted into an uproar. No one could fathom where Sheng Qinghe had mustered the audacity to confront Senior Brother Mobai like this.

Some disciples, thinking themselves perceptive, darkened their gazes. They thought to themselves; If Senior Brother Qinghe was so certain, then Senior Brother Mobai might really have committed the deed!

Mobai, oh Mobai, how could you be so reckless!

Si Yisi took in the varied reactions of the disciples, a faint trace of disdain appearing in his expression. He already understood why Si Mobai had ended up in such dire straits. It was no wonder; with his overly gentle nature, he had let these people treat him like dough, molding him however they pleased.

Seeing the subtle approval in some disciples' eyes, Sheng Qinghe grew even more convinced of his own words.

He pushed further, "You should voluntarily enter the Blade Prison. Only after your innocence is proven should you be allowed to leave!"

Blade Prison?

In Jinghua Sect, any prison bearing the character "prison" was a place that could skin a person alive.

Sheng Qinghe sure dared to dream!

Si Yisi, however, didn't seem angry. Instead, he spoke slowly and deliberately.

"Jinghua Sect Rule Number Three; Disciples of the Jinghua Sect must cultivate themselves and uphold discipline, showing respect for their elders and teachers."

After reciting this, he fixed Sheng Qinghe with a piercing gaze.

Sheng Qinghe felt a chill run down his spine under Si Yisi's stare. "You..."

"You should address me as 'Senior Brother,' not 'you.'" Si Yisi's hand gathered spiritual energy. "According to sect rules, I have the authority to discipline you on behalf of Elder Mingbai."

"You—!"

The gathered spiritual energy took the form of a blade, its edge blunted. With a swift motion, he struck Sheng Qinghe's face hard with the back of the blade.

Smack!

Sheng Qinghe's face was forcibly turned to the side, a vivid red mark blooming on his cheek!

Sheng Qinghe clutched the side of his face, the spot burning hot from the strike. He stared at Si Yisi in utter disbelief, never expecting him to completely disregard the name of the elder.

Is he insane?

The disciples gathered around them, and to Sheng Qinghe's fury, quite a few of them actually cheered. He burned with anger and roared,

"Are you defying the elder's authority?!"

Hearing this, many began to worry for Si Yisi. In a sect as vast as this, there were all sorts of people, and large sects weren't short on underhanded dealings. It didn't matter that Senior Brother Si Mobai wasn't the sect master yet; even if he did ascend to that position, there would still be people looking to make his life difficult from every angle.

They spoke so highly of cultivating immortality, but any clear-headed person knew just how much filth was mixed into their so-called immortal cultivation.

Sigh, was Senior Brother Si Mobai fed gunpowder? Why is he so fiery today? Though... there is something undeniably captivating about it.

Si Yisi remained utterly unfazed, pressing on relentlessly. "The face of a junior brother cannot represent the face of Elder Mingbai. You have overstepped."

As soon as he finished speaking, Sheng Qinghe felt another wave of spiritual energy being drawn away by Si Yisi.

He stared at Si Yisi, fear and venomous resentment written all over his face, a thoroughly ridiculous expression.

Si Yisi's punishment landed squarely on Sheng Qinghe's face each time, without the slightest deviation. The new red marks overlapped perfectly with the previous ones, making Sheng Qinghe howl in pain.

But Sheng Qinghe's body was immobilized by Si Yisi's spiritual energy, leaving him helpless as Si Yisi methodically picked apart his 'mistakes' one by one.

The watching disciples couldn't help but feel as if their own faces were stinging.

Si Yisi noticed a disciple quietly slipping away, likely to summon reinforcements. However, he despised drawn-out trouble; sweeping everyone up at once was far more efficient.

Go ahead, hurry back.

He felt oddly pleased at the thought, his gaze at the sneaky disciple akin to that of a butcher eyeing a lamb ready for slaughter.

\*\*\*

By the time Si Yisi had disciplined Sheng Qinghe's face with thirteen strikes, a soft female voice suddenly interjected.

“Stop!”

Si Yisi halted, casting a glance at Sheng Qinghe, whose face had swollen like a pig's head. He withdrew the spiritual energy that had been binding him and slightly bowed in the direction of the voice.

“Elder Mingbai.”

Elder Mingbai's persona was well-known; delicate and protective, the typical fragile and sheltered white lotus type.

Her title was Mingbai, but Si Yisi could tell with just one look that clarity was far from her strong suit. She was also clearly a handful to deal with.

(T/N: Mingbai = meaning 'clear'.)

Elder Mingbai, Li Yunzhu, glanced at the corpse that was bleeding from all seven orifices, her delicate brows furrowing. Unable to stand the sight of blood, she turned her face away.

Her soft and gentle demeanor was captivating, yet the words she spoke were blatantly partial. “Mobei, Qinghe hasn't committed any serious mistake. Why be so harsh on him?”

“Consider his age; he's only a little over 120.”

One disciple rolled their eyes. A little over 120 was still considered a child? Elder Mingbai was as muddled as ever.

Si Yisi knew he couldn't openly fall out with these elders just yet.

Earlier, he had punished Sheng Qinghe under the pretense of disrespecting his elders. If he now acted out of line himself, wouldn't he be giving others the opportunity to accuse him of hypocrisy?

So, he offered a faint smile, his manners impeccable, leaving no room for criticism. If one disregarded their ages, he and Elder Mingbai standing side by side made for an oddly harmonious sight; both equally pleasing to the eye.

“How could Elder say such a thing?”

“Junior Brother Qinghe’s actions were clearly leading toward trouble!” His tone began as gentle as a breeze but ended with a hint of his thunderous disposition.

The final note of his words landed like a hammer, and his gaze shed its usual ethereal charm, becoming sharp as a blade.

“This...” Elder Mingbai was momentarily stunned.

Sheng Qinghe opened his mouth to argue.

But Si Yisi ignored them both, gathering spiritual energy once again and striking fiercely at the mangled corpse of Zhao Weijin lying on the ground!

Zhao Weijin’s body tore apart under the force of the spiritual energy, producing a sound that sent chills down everyone’s spine. The demonic energy lingering in his seven orifices scattered like frightened animals.


The disciples let out startled screams!

Elder Mingbai didn’t have time to intervene and was forced to witness the gruesome scene of Zhao Weijin’s corpse being ripped into pieces by spiritual energy. Her face turned pale with horror.

Si Yisi, however, wore a faint, almost Asura-like smile and said, “Please, take a look.”

Chapter 7 - The Charismatic Senior Brother Who’s Impotent (6)





Li Yunzhu's face paled as she scolded, her voice trembling with accusation, "Why would you do such a thing?!"

Si Yisi felt a headache forming from her reprimands. However, he wasn't unfamiliar with handling these delicate, white-lotus-type hosts. He knew the best way to make them stop talking was...

"Please, take a closer look before saying such things."

His manners were flawless, leaving no room for criticism. The tone of his voice, however...

Elder Mingbai paused briefly but still directed her attention toward the dissected corpse. Though her cultivation was largely dependent on spiritual pills, she hadn't entirely lost her wits.

As she examined the remains, Si Yisi extended his hand, wrapping a certain object in spiritual energy before presenting it to her.

"Please look."

It was a small shard of ice, encased in the corrupted blood formed by demonic energy.

With a gentle 'squeeze,' the shard began to emit faint, shimmering light, resembling fireflies. The glowing points gathered, coalescing into an illusory image.

"What is this...?" A disciple exclaimed in realization, "A Memory Stone?!"

Some were still skeptical. After all, who had ever heard of a Memory Stone capable of integrating into a cultivator's body?

But their doubts were soon overridden as most of their attention shifted to the recorded content.

On the projection, Zhao Weijin could be seen wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, muttering curses under his breath. When he approached Yunhua Courtyard, every disciple watching held their breath.

Zhao Weijin was found dead at Yunhua Courtyard.

Si Yisi cast a brief, dismissive glance at Junior Brother Sheng Qinghe, who was simmering with suppressed resentment. His lips curled into a faint, mocking smile, exuding an air of disdain.

After that glance, he paid no further attention to Sheng Qinghe. To him, the man was merely a bully relying on borrowed power, destined to remain insignificant.

The disciples were engrossed in the unfolding projection. Every single one of them wanted to know who had killed Zhao Weijin. The appearance of demonic energy in their midst was a bad omen, and none of them wished to be senselessly killed one day.

Zhao Weijin eventually grew tired of cursing. He pushed open the door to his room, sat cross-legged, and began meditating.

Moments later, the image on the Memory Stone flickered abruptly before going completely dark.

“What happened?”

“Why did it suddenly go black?” The disciples were perplexed.

Though the visual recording was gone, the audio remained. A male voice, deep and resonant, almost melodious like a clear spring, began speaking.

However, in this situation, none of the cultivators were in the mood to appreciate its beauty.

“Senior Brother Zhao Weijin, good afternoon. I heard about your failure. How could you be so useless?”



Senior Brother Zhao Weijin...? Was the demon a disciple of the sect?

The disciples surrounding them felt their hearts tighten. Si Yisi, on the other hand, appeared completely unsurprised. For a demon capable of applying such precise pressure on the original owner, it had to be someone within the Jinghua Sect itself.

After that, even the sound disappeared for a while.

They waited anxiously for some time until both the sound and the image returned.

“You’re the one who killed Ah Qing!” Zhao Weijin’s figure became clear again. He howled like a wounded beast, his voice filled with fury and despair.

A hand appeared in the corner of the screen.

The person held an unmarked folding fan, their tone casual and indifferent. “Yes, it was me. You can rest in peace now. At least your death will serve some purpose.”

With that, the hand, reminiscent of a delicate bamboo shoot after the rain, lightly lifted. The folding fan flashed with a silver light. Then, silence.

The Memory Stone’s recording didn’t reveal much useful information, but many people noticed the crane emblem on the person’s sleeve.

That emblem was exclusive to disciples of the Main Peak. Senior Brother Si Mobai, too, was a disciple of the Main Peak.

Sheng Qinghe, unwilling to give up, clung to this clue and immediately pounced on it. His face was still swollen, and his speech came out garbled, perfectly embodying the tactless nature of a disposable character.

He completely overlooked the fact that, as someone of lower status, he had no right to be so aggressive toward Senior Brother Mobai.

“The crane emblem! The crane emblem! Even if you brought this out, it doesn’t clear you of suspicion!”

“Mobai, why did you plant a Memory Stone on this junior?”

Sheng Qinghe and Elder Mingbai spoke almost simultaneously, their voices overlapping.

“To prepare for contingencies. Even in my current position, I can’t avoid knives and swords aimed at my back.” Si Yisi let out a self-deprecating laugh, his expression tinged with melancholy. Yet, his response made it clear. He had only answered Elder Mingbai’s question while completely ignoring Sheng Qinghe’s.

Sheng Qinghe perfectly demonstrated how to dig his own grave. “This must be Senior Brother framing someone while shouting ‘thief!’”

And yet, he now remembered to add the respectful title of “Senior Brother” to his accusations.

Si Yisi’s expression turned subtly amused. In this clearly defined storyline, wasn’t the disposable character supposed to go provoke the protagonist? Why had he turned to harass the original owner instead?

It wasn’t just subtle; it was downright strange.

Seeing that Elder Mingbai was about to speak again, Si Yisi made a quick assumption; she was surely about to “mediate” again.

Ignoring Li Yunzhu, Si Yisi turned his attention to Sheng Qinghe with a faint smile, exuding the demeanor of a kind Senior Brother. Si Yisi was a principled system, and he did his best to portray the original owner’s personality. Yet, as he continued the act, he suddenly thought; Sending someone to their death gently might be quite effective.

It certainly carried a powerful sense of intimidation.

Slap!

Before Si Yisi could act, another person intervened.

The newcomer delivered a ferocious slap to Sheng Qinghe's face, producing a crisp sound.

"Ah!" Sheng Qinghe let out a pained scream as he was knocked to the ground. His other cheek swelled instantly. Enraged, he shouted, "Who dares?!"

"It's me! You little brat, are you trying to rebel?!"

Upon seeing the newcomer, Si Yisi was momentarily surprised. The arriving cultivator turned out to be another elder, Sheng Bairan, who happened to be distantly related to Sheng Qinghe.

Sheng Bairan was a burly man with a rugged appearance. Possessing a thunder spiritual root, he stood tall and imposing, resembling a thunder god.

After disciplining his unruly nephew, Elder Sheng immediately turned to Si Yisi and said, "Nephew, please don't take offense. This foolish boy is completely out of line."

He grabbed Sheng Qinghe like one would a chick, lifting him easily. Sheng Qinghe's face was badly swollen, yet he continued to grumble and protest.

"What are you doing? That surnamed Si humiliated me like this! I demand a duel to the death with him!"

"..." Elder Sheng was silent for a moment before turning to glare at the delicate and dainty Elder Mingbai standing nearby. "Did you teach this disgraceful brat?"

"Qinghe is still young..." Li Yunzhu responded with her usual excuse. "If he made any mistakes, they can be corrected."

“Corrected?” Elder Sheng’s expression twisted into a fierce snarl. “Today, he can slander someone without evidence. Tomorrow, is he planning to become a sky-climbing monkey?!”

Si Yisi observed from the sidelines, finding this Elder Sheng far more entertaining than the version he remembered from the original owner’s memories.

At the very least, this elder was far more agreeable than the muddle-headed Elder Mingbai.

As this thought crossed his mind, a patrol squad from Jinghua Sect pushed through the crowd and stepped forward. Bowing slightly to the two elders, they said, “Elders, please take a moment to rest. This matter can be entrusted to us for investigation.”

Elder Sheng temporarily reined in his temper. Once again, he hoisted Sheng Qinghe like a chick and handed him over to the patrol squad without the slightest hint of favoritism.

“Interrogate him thoroughly! Otherwise, I’d say he’s on his way to being branded as colluding with demonic cultivators!”

Si Yisi smiled faintly. Ah... I had actually intended to use this excuse to counterattack Sheng Qinghe, but Elder Sheng had stolen my thunder.

What a pity. He couldn’t beat him up a little longer.

However ...

A thought crossed Si Yisi’s mind. Stepping forward, he stared directly at Sheng Qinghe’s swollen face, which was so disfigured that his features were barely recognizable, and said, “A duel to the death? Very well.”

“Let’s do it.”

His voice carried a playful lilt, an inflection that would have been captivating to other disciples. But for Sheng Qinghe? Pure provocation. Naked, unrestrained provocation!

“Bring it on—!!” Sheng Qinghe erupted, growling furiously, resembling an enraged and battered bear.

Si Yisi’s smile grew even more genuine. His phoenix-shaped eyes sparkled with brilliance, exuding a charm that was both elegant and unrivaled. “I’ll be waiting.”

Let’s see, if I don’t beat you to a pulp!

Chapter 8 - The Charismatic Senior Brother Who’s Impotent (7)



Si Yisi leisurely collected the recording stone and followed the patrol team to assist with the investigation.

As he departed, he maintained an image of effortless elegance and charm. In contrast, Sheng Qinghe, whose once-handsome youthful face had been beaten into a swollen mess resembling a pig’s head, was being carried like a chick by Elder Sheng. It was a thoroughly humiliating sight.

Once they arrived at the main hall, Elder Sheng took a long chain out of his storage pouch and tied Sheng Qinghe to a pillar without hesitation.

“Behave yourself. Don’t move.”

Si Yisi watched with amusement as Sheng Qinghe, brimming with humiliation, was fastened with what looked like a dog leash.

The patrol team was overseen by Elder Jinmu, renowned for his strict impartiality. Considering the implications of demonic involvement on the sect's safety, Elder Jinmu rigorously interrogated everyone, hoping to uncover inconsistencies.

Since Si Yisi hadn't committed the crime, he showed no fear whatsoever.

Sheng Qinghe, on the other hand, stammered and stuttered. After several strikes to his palms with Elder Jinmu's iron ruler, he finally spilled everything about his malicious intent.

He confessed that he simply couldn't stand his senior brother, Si Mobai, and constantly sought ways to oppose him.

After a flurry of questioning, no useful leads emerged.

"You should know that the contents of the recording stone you provided don't conclusively prove your innocence," Elder Jinmu told Si Yisi.

Si Yisi's gaze remained calm and clear. "This disciple understands."

"Then, to ensure your innocence, would you agree to remain within the sect for a period of secluded cultivation?" Elder Jinmu asked.

This was essentially a form of soft detention. Si Yisi knew this matter wasn't over yet. If he were truly confined, there was no guarantee he could regain his freedom.

Thankfully, he had prepared a backup plan.

Si Mobai's master, Mu Weiqing, entered the hall unhurriedly.

Elder Jinmu immediately addressed him. "Sect Master, what brings you here?"

“I’m here to vouch for my disciple,” Mu Weiqing said with authority. “As Sect Master, I guarantee that my disciple has not colluded with demonic cultivators.”

“Sect Master... you?” Elder Jinmu was momentarily taken aback. Is this how much he favored this disciple?!

“I trust Mobai,” Mu Weiqing said simply.

The original owner would likely have been deeply moved by it. Si Yisi covered his chest, feeling his heart beat faster than usual.

It was unfortunate that in the original story, the demonic cultivator who orchestrated everything had injured Mu Weiqing, extinguishing the final lifeline.

With the Sect Master’s assurance, Elder Jinmu relented. “Very well, I understand.”

While Si Mobai had his master’s protection, Sheng Qinghe wasn’t so lucky. His indulgent master, Elder Mingbai, had been intercepted by Elder Sheng.

Left behind, Sheng Qinghe was forced to face the prospect of soft detention.

Soft detention was far from pleasant; it meant Sheng Qinghe would have to live a life of enforced discipline and austerity for a significant period. The very thought was enough to suffocate him.

\*\*\*

“Elder Jinmu, Mobai has one more request,” Si Yisi said, his gaze following Mu Weiqing as he departed. Then, with a faint smile, he addressed Elder Jinmu.

“What is it?” Elder Jinmu glanced at him, his cold, strict demeanor softening ever so slightly. His voice even carried a hint of expectation. “Is it that you

wish to try one of the new punishments? If so, I could certainly accommodate you.”

His icy face seemed to momentarily thaw like snow melting under the sun.

Si Yisi actually considered the feasibility of this suggestion. The human body grows stronger through constant stimulation, and punishments like flogging could, to some extent, improve physical endurance.

In the end, Si Yisi rejected the idea. The progress would be far too slow.

Moreover, it would likely earn the original owner the reputation of being a ‘masochist.’

Such an image-breaking act was something Si Yisi firmly refused to do.

“I see...” Elder Jinmu sighed regretfully. He glanced at Sheng Qinghe, who was still tied up, and shook his head. “This one... doesn’t look very useful.”

Sheng Qinghe’s eyes widened in shock!

What did he mean by useful or not?!

What is he planning to do?!

“I just thought I’d spar with Junior Brother Qinghe before he leaves,” Si Yisi said with feigned innocence. He deliberately drew out the word ‘leaves,’ implying that Sheng Qinghe might not get another chance if he missed this one.

“Ah, I see. That’s fine,” Elder Jinmu nodded. He unfastened Sheng Qinghe’s chain from the pillar and handed the other end to Si Yisi.

“Take him and give him a proper... lesson.” He had truly started treating Sheng Qinghe like a mangy dog.

“Let’s go, dog... Junior Brother,” Si Yisi said, holding the chain. His gaze was openly mocking as he looked at Sheng Qinghe.



“...” Sheng Qinghe cursed inwardly. Damn you, and damn your ancestors! Who the hell’s a dog?!

You are! Si Yisi dragged the “dog” Junior Brother to the dueling platform, ignoring Sheng Qinghe’s loud demands for a life-and-death contract.

“Stop messing around,” Si Yisi said, casting a faint glance at him. “If I break you, it’ll be hard to explain to Elder Jinmu.”

The two of them stood at opposite ends of the platform.

As soon as the match began, Sheng Qinghe lunged forward like a rabid dog.

Si Yisi drew his sword.

Abandoning the lightness and sharpness of a traditional sword, he wielded the flat sides of the blade as though it were a heavy weapon. He struck Sheng Qinghe again and again, each swing hammering down like a cleaver splitting logs!

The sheer force of his strikes caused the crimson platform to crack in a human-shaped indentation! Si Yisi continued swinging, showing none of the finesse of swordplay, only relentless, raw violence.

Boom!

Boom! Boom!

The gathered disciples watching from the sidelines were stunned. One after another, they found themselves trembling at this stark contrast to Senior Brother Mobai’s usual demeanor.

Though brutal, it was mesmerizing. What should they do? They wanted to cheer but were too awestruck! Senior Brother is amazing!

A small trail of sweat slid down Si Yisi's forehead, tracing its way to his neck. Tilting his head slightly, he glanced at Sheng Qinghe and flashed a captivating smile.

Apologies, Junior Brother—

Although he had inherited the original owner's memories, Si Yisi hadn't yet to learn how to properly wield a sword...

So, unfortunately, his Junior Brother had to endure being smashed a few times.

The "dog" Junior Brother was utterly defeated, reduced to a useless wreck.

\*\*\*

After dealing with the dog—no, his Junior Brother, Si Yisi returned to his quarters, his mind busy analyzing the critical details revealed by the recording stone.

Though he was now forced to deactivate all of the system's functions, with even his cognitive abilities limited to that of an average human, Si Yisi was, at his core, still a system.

Even without the convenience of his tools, Si Yisi had his own systematic approach to digging into and processing information.

The crane robes worn by the demon in the recording could have been obtained through certain means, but they could also be a deliberate frame-up or... simply a decoy. It was entirely possible that the one in the crane robes was actually a disciple from the Main Peak.

What caught Si Yisi's attention most, however, was the fan.

An unmarked fan, simple in design yet conspicuously ordinary; so ordinary that it became striking.

The fan was crudely made, the kind you would never find within the Jinghua Sect. It was, however, common in the mortal marketplaces at the foot of the mountain.

A disciple who had recently gone down the mountain, perhaps...

Si Yisi blinked, deep in thought.

As he walked, lost in his musings, his pace slowed. That was when someone called out from behind him.

“Senior Brother Mobai!”

Turning to look, he saw the one calling him was Junior Sister Qing Lin, who wasn't alone; beside her stood someone else.

This person was unforgettable to both Si Yisi and the original owner.

He was none other than the male lead written into the world's narrative.

Yu Rongcheng.

The very “nobody” who had once crushed Si Mobai completely.

Chapter 9 - The Charismatic Senior Brother Who's Impotent (8)



“Junior Sister Qing Lin,” Si Yisi said, his gaze softening noticeably.

This was the original owner's favorite junior sister. Though her cultivation skills weren't remarkable and her personality was delicate, she had chosen not to kick Si Mobai while he was down. In fact, she had spoken up for him when others were against him.

This single act left a deep impression on Si Mobai, and by extension, on Si Yisi, who was determined to faithfully play the role of Si Mobai.

“Senior Brother!” Qing Lin greeted him cheerfully, rushing forward to hand him a pile of trinkets. “I brought these for you!”

The items she gave him were all simple and unassuming objects from the mortal world, not worth much, but the sentiment behind them was clear.

Si Yisi patted her head and picked up a small wooden figurine, remarking, “Very cute.”

Qing Lin pouted and smoothed her hair. “Don’t mess with my hair, Senior Brother. It’ll get all tangled!”

After finishing his conversation with Qing Lin, Yu Rongcheng, who had been smiling quietly the entire time, stepped forward. His tone was mild as he said, “Greetings, Senior Brother.”

Si Yisi studied him thoughtfully for a moment. Though Yu Rongcheng now seemed like an ordinary disciple with no presence to speak of, in Si Mobai’s previous life, Yu Rongcheng had risen to prominence, earning the title of “Graceful Gentleman” and becoming a figure admired across the cultivation world.

After his brief appraisal, Si Yisi shelved the matter of Yu Rongcheng for later reflection, continuing his leisurely walk.

From behind, he could hear Qing Lin’s hushed complaints to Yu Rongcheng.

“Don’t sneak off the mountain with me again next time! What if we get caught?”

“Keep your voice down; Senior Brother might hear us.”

“Ah!” Qing Lin stomped her foot. “Even if Senior Brother hears, he’d keep it a secret!”

Si Yisi paused for a moment before pretending he hadn't heard anything, though the words "sneak off the mountain" were now etched in his memory.

\*\*\*

The investigation by the patrol team had hit a deadlock.

What Si Yisi had noticed, they too had observed during their repeated analysis.

However, after thoroughly examining all disciples who had registered to leave the mountain, none showed any trace of demonic energy.

"Master... what do you suggest we do next?"

"Wait and observe," replied Mu Weiqing calmly. "The fox's tail will reveal itself sooner or later."

The patrol team's failure to make progress left everyone on edge. A pervasive atmosphere of unease took hold, but this tension couldn't halt the impending opening of the Lanting Secret Realm, which occurred once every 5 years.

As the 5-year mark approached and the secret realm neared its opening, Si Yisi, who had been soaking in the ice pool day and night while practicing the Jian Bing Jue Technique, timed his awakening perfectly.

The moment he circulated his spiritual energy, a thin layer of icy armor formed over his bare body.

When Si Yisi moved, a small dragon encased in ice, affectionately called 'Ah Tu,' managed to break free, snapping off a chunk of ice with its mouth.

Si Yisi indulged the dragon named Ah Tu, knowing that if he were to confront the demon birthed from this small world, Ah Tu would be a significant ally.

His indulgence extended to watching Ah Tu constantly gnaw away at its own tiny sharp teeth.

\*\*\*

August 15th, the Lanting Secret Realm opened.

The three major sects dominated the cultivation world, had secured the right to be the first to enter the secret realm.

Si Yisi stood at the front of the group, no longer daring to wear Si Mobai's signature charming smile. At this moment, even Si Mobai himself wouldn't dare to smile.

In Si Mobai's memories, there was the time when he smiled, and it led to a group of disciples desperately swarming towards him... Fortunately, they were on the territory of Jinghua Sect at the time, so they hadn't become the laughingstock of the cultivation world.

Jinghua Sect arrived first, followed by Lingmiao Sect, and lastly, Qingniao Sect.

The disciples of Qingniao Sect, all descended from the bloodlines of demonic beasts, arrived riding the wind, accompanied by celestial music floating down from the sky. Feathers of various colors fluttered about, as if a vibrant rain of flowers had fallen.

It was breathtakingly beautiful, but as Si Yisi observed this perfect scene, the original owner's helpless thoughts immediately surfaced in his mind.

Cleaning up... would be such a hassle.

A single blue bird arrived slowly, surrounded by hundreds of smaller birds. On the back of this graceful blue bird sat a beautiful fairy.

The Qingniao Fairy was dressed in a flowing blue gown, adorned with ornaments made from the feathers of blue birds. Light blue feather patterns appeared at the corners of her eyes, exuding a charming, bewitching beauty.

The blue bird landed beside Si Yisi.

He felt an ominous premonition, and slightly raised his gaze. He saw the Qingniao Fairy holding a flower covered in dew, smiling as she extended it towards him.

Si Yisi: "..."

The Qingniao Fairy was one of the women Si Mobai had flirted with but never married.

However, Si Mobai himself was actually quite innocent; more precisely, the flirtatious reputation attached to him was a result of endless misunderstandings.

His natural tenderness towards women, combined with various circumstances, had caused him to attract the attention of several admired fairies in the cultivation world, which only spread his reputation further.

It wasn't completely inaccurate to call him flirtatious, and Si Mobai himself admitted it, but Si Yisi figured he still probably felt a bit wronged deep down.

I really, truly didn't mean it that way.

Chapter 10 - The Charismatic Senior Brother Who's Impotent (9)



When the original owner first met the celestial maiden Qing Zhi, she had been injured and transformed into her bird form. He had picked her up and carefully nursed her back to health.

During the time when Qing Zhi couldn't transform into her human form, she often brought Si Mobai a flower with morning dew each day.

When Si Mobai later realized what was happening, he didn't develop any romantic feelings about it. In fact, he felt somewhat awkward about the situation.

However, Qing Zhi seemed to have fallen deeply for him, and Si Mobai, aside from offering her friendly smiles, had no idea what else to do.

He wasn't very good at rejecting others. This was something Si Yisi immediately understood upon receiving his memories.

"Apologies," Si Yisi shook his head and declined the flower.

The original owner had always accepted the flowers silently out of kindness, but doing so had only made Qing Zhi misunderstand, thinking there was potential for something more between them.

Si Yisi glanced at Qing Zhi, whose appearance was fresh and elegant, his expression devoid of any emotion.

To a system like him, who lacked any appreciation for romance, Qing Zhi was far less important than this secret realm.

In his previous life, Si Mobai's ascension had been interrupted by Zhao Weijin, which almost caused him to lose control and fall into a demonic path. Left with no choice, he had to retreat to a quiet room to recover slowly, thus missing out on the Lanting Secret Realm.

Si Yisi's purpose this time wasn't to plunder things the original timeline's protagonist was supposed to obtain. His only thought was to become stronger.

Qing Zhi's face dimmed for a moment. She plucked the flower from her hand and tucked it into her hair, her expression returning to normal.



She descended gracefully from the bird as if she were a drifting cloud, and the bird transformed into a lively young woman who stood by Qing Zhi's side as her attendant.

\*\*\*

When the time came, elders from several sects combined their efforts to form a large array, expanding the secret realm's entrance.

“Let's go!”

Hearing the call, Si Yisi's eyes flickered slightly, and he stepped forward into the secret realm.

The sound of disciples' footsteps echoed behind him. It was like a solemn and majestic army marching, without a trace of discord; only the synchronized rhythm of their steps remained.

In that moment, Si Yisi—or rather, Si Mobai, felt a resurgence of belonging to his sect.

A thought belonging to Si Mobai surfaced in his heart; This world... isn't entirely bad.

Afterward, Si Mobai's soul once again sank into slumber.

Si Yisi's eyes showed no joy or sorrow. Although he was a system, born with emotions far less abundant than those of humans, in some ways, he understood them better than they understood themselves.

Humans are such creatures, always with the presence of despicable traits in their nature, yet their souls still carry faint glimmers of goodness.

More complex than strings of data.

The mechanism of the Lanting Secret Realm was unique. It was precisely this uniqueness that allowed the three major sects to monitor the movements of

their disciples, even using the opportunity to assess their character and other qualities.

The moment Si Yisi entered, he found himself in a void.

Wisps of smoke surrounded him, making everything appear hazy and unreal. Only the long staircase in front of him seemed tangible, stretching endlessly toward the heavens.

This setup bore a striking resemblance to the entrance test when first joining the sect. However, unlike that test, where you already knew the solution and could push yourself forward with full effort, this was different.

The Lanting Secret Realm had the power to overturn a cultivator's memories with an overwhelming force, causing those who entered to believe the illusions were real as they ascended the "Stairway to Heaven."

At such moments, a person's true heart couldn't be hidden.

In a cruel manner, it stripped away all scars and desires, exposing them in their raw, bloody state.

When the cultivator awakened to find not a shred of dignity left, those with weak minds could even fall into ruin.

Thus, while the Lanting Secret Realm seemed to shed no blood, in reality, rivers of blood flowed beneath its surface.

There was, however, a curious rumor about it. Those who climbed all the way to the top of the Stairway to Heaven would receive the favor of the world.

Recalling the rumor, a glint of contemplation flashed in Si Yisi's eyes, as though he had thought of something.

But soon, part of his memories began to blur, replaced by the ones implanted by the realm's mechanism.

Since Si Yisi had taken on Si Mobai's identity, he was treated as a native of the Qingmo realm, and the secret realm's mechanisms worked on him as well.

However, the one standing there was still Si Yisi, not Si Mobai.

\*\*\*

Outside the secret realm, the examiners were unaware of this layer of complexity. They were surprised to find that, while everyone else had immediately begun ascending the stairs, Si Mobai, the candidate for sect master of the Jinghua Sect, was the only one who remained completely still.

"Hmm? What is that boy doing?" Elder Sheng slammed the table, his fiery temper flaring up.

The more he despised his nephew, who had been spoiled rotten by Li Yunzhu, the more he appreciated Si Yisi.

In some ways, it was Si Yisi's straightforward and brutal fighting style that had won him over.

"Silence," Sect Master Mu Weiqing said lightly, uttering a single word.

Elder Sheng pushed the table aside and spread his hands in a dismissive gesture. Puffing out his cheeks in boredom, he watched to see what surprise this Si Mobai kid might pull off.

Si Yisi furrowed his brows slightly in confusion, "listening" to the secret realm's voice. He was far from pleased that he had to be subjected to its control.

He was very annoyed.

After hesitating for a moment, he still stepped forward. After all, delving deeper might give him a chance to capture the source of this voice.

And then, what would he do?

Si Yisi's lips curved upward slightly, a smile forming. He would tear it apart!

The Lanting Secret Realm trembled faintly, seemingly developing a consciousness, and it was visibly displeased with Si Yisi's audacious intent.

Si Yisi suddenly found himself seated in a room overflowing with gold and jewels. He sat on a throne encrusted with gemstones, surrounded by dazzling riches and opulence, all within his grasp.

Si Yisi: "..."

He was the king of a nation, and this was a newly conquered palace.

So... why on earth had he been foolish enough to conquer this place?

Si Yisi stood up, kicking away the unbearably uncomfortable throne, and ordered his attendants. Throw it out!

Before him, the gold and jewels all shattered into fragments.

Outside, a celestial maiden from Lingmiao Sect covered her mouth with a delicate laugh, her eyes fixed unblinkingly on the projection showing Si Yisi. "This gentleman is so rough—it's amusing!"

Jinghua's Sect Master, Mu Weiqing, sat quietly, completely unperturbed.

After all, this isn't Mobai.

So... however he wanted to stir things up is up to him.

Even if his actions were a bit crude, Mu Weiqing couldn't exactly drag Si Mobai back and interrogate him, asking why he had chosen someone who presented such a poor image of himself to the outside world, right?

\*\*\*

After countless forced memory alterations....

Si Yisi, after all, wasn't human. At his core, he was a system formed from a vast stream of data, into which a spark of sentience had been infused.

Because of that, Si Yisi quickly noticed the anomalies, and as a result, he grew increasingly displeased.

After ascending the stairs an unknown number of times, Si Yisi took another step forward. This time, the scenery around him shifted.

A group of laughing beauties, light and graceful as swallows, surrounded him.

The women varied in appearance, from plump to slender, each uniquely captivating. They were like a swarm of butterflies, and it was easy to imagine how blissful it would be to drown in their charms.

A refined, gentlemanly cultivator, observing Si Mobai's notorious reputation for being a ladies' man, pondered for a moment. Then, with decisive confidence, he declared...

"This Si Mobai is bound to fall in this nest of beauties."