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## **The Wrong Scum Villain and His Under-qualified System** by Sakhyu

### **CH1: When You're Doing Some Soul-Searching, Don't Take The Wrong Soul**

<<Proud Immortal Demon Way>> was an YY stallion novel. An extremely (extremely) long, Chinese novel that took the world by storm. With more fans than there were clouds under the sky (and an equal amount of anti-fans, for that matter), it was no doubt the most popular and controversial book of the year.

And like every good fandom, <<Proud Immortal Demon Way>> had a lot of fan art and fanfiction. In just under a year, the amount of fanfiction one could find for this novel could compete against the digital fanfiction libraries of Naruto and Harry Potter. Out of all of them, however, one really stood out.

<<The Scum Villain's Self-Saving System>> was a danmei fanfiction written by Mò Xiāng Tóng Chòu. Unlike the original book written by Airplane Shooting Towards The Sky, which had followed the tragic Male Protagonist™ as he blackened into an anti-hero with a truly astonishing harem, <<The Scum Villain's Self-Saving System>> followed, you guessed it, an antagonist. This BL fanfiction told the tale of a poor guy from modern times waking up in the body of the Male Protagonist's...scummy teacher. Who later ended up falling in love with the male protagonist, haha.

Yup! With a frustrating but hilarious System that governed his actions, it was an epic and popular read that the publishers of the original novel had actually bought! From what I had last heard, they were planning on making the fanfiction an official spinoff...

Anyway, as a wuxia lover naturally I followed both the fanfiction and the original novel, except I read the translations. After all, I couldn't really read Chinese though I could speak it semi-fluently. Unfortunately, the translations started a while after the novel and the fanfiction did, so I wasn't even halfway through either before, well...

...*that* happened.

And by 'that', I mean, I pricked myself while sewing and promptly lost consciousness.

!!??

Which, *what*. This wasn't Sleeping Beauty, okay?!

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【Activation Code:「adshjeiren—】

【ERROR! 】

【ERROR! 】

【ERROR! 】

--

“.....Junior apprentice-brother? Junior apprentice-brother, can you hear me speaking?”

The first thing I noticed as I slowly regained consciousness was the soft and worried voice that was filling the air. It was a smooth man’s voice, one that sounded like the voice actors of those ‘gentle’ prince types from those otome games I used to play. Ahh... with a voice like that I bet he looked super hot... a pity I couldn’t see him.

The second thing I noticed was—wait. What the heck. Why was there an unknown man beside me?!

Forcing my eyes to open, I violently blinked away what seemed to be a pixelated screen before my vision finally became clear. I was lying on a huge canopy bed and beside me was...

Oh, yeah, my conjecture before was correct. The guy was super, *super* hot.

Dressed in beautifully embroidered black robes, the handsome young man looked ten times more beautiful than any of those ‘Gods’ from the Chinese historical dramas I had seen before. Like, seriously, wow was he pretty. What kind of heavenly genes did his parents give him?

The young man immediately perked up at the sight of my baffled gaze. For some reason, however, he seemed a bit nervous. “Junior-apprentice brother is finally awake! How... how do you feel, Qingqiu?”

“...”

Wait. Waaaaaaait. I...was wearing white robes too. I don’t wear white robes to sleep. Also, the meatbuns on my chest had mysteriously vanished, and just by shifting a bit I could feel something in between my thighs.

.....

FUDGE. I’VE READ MY SHARE OF TRANSMIGRATION NOVELS, SO THIS WAS REALLY FAMILIAR. DID... DID I TRANSMIGRATE??

BUT I DIDN'T DIE THOUGH??? I ONLY LIGHTLY STABBED MY HAND ON MY SEWING NEEDLE??? DID TRANSMIGRATION STANDARDS BECOME SO LOW THAT JUST STABBING MY THUMB WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE ME TRANSMIGRATE?

ALSO, WHY WAS I A GUYYYYYYYYYYYYYY?

【...Oops. 】

...Oops? OOPS?!

【Hello, I am the System that will be monitoring you. Please calm down and let me explain. Unfortunately, we seemed to have made a mix-up with souls. 】

WHAT?! AKJDAKDSJAKDJAKDJAKDJAKDJA.

HEY HEY HEYYYYY, can you really have a mix-up of *souls*? Where's customer service? I didn't buy this product!

【Unfortunately, the story must go on. If you properly do your role, you may be able to go back to your own world!】

*This*, this...*Oh my god*. I had already transmigrated. Even if I complained, I am already a guy... did I even have a choice?!

【Nope. Sorry.】

...

【Anyway! System activation successful! Binding your role: Luo Binghe's master, Cang Qiong Mountain sect, Qing Jing Peak, Peak Lord 'Shen Qingqiu.' Weapon: Xiu Ya Sword. Starting B Points: 100 】

*What.*

I was. What. Did I fall into that fanfiction?! Why was I the scummy teacher now?! For one, I'm a girl!

"Junior-apprentice brother?"

...

【...Sorry. Anyway, you probably already guessed it, but that's your Senior-apprentice brother, Yue Qingyuan. Be careful, he's your childhood friend. You must not say anything OOC or else B Points will be deducted.】

.....What happens if B Points are deducted?

【Normally, you'll be sent back to your old body or to a Punishment Game. However, since the problem is we can't send you back just yet, you'll be sent directly to a Punishment Game when your B Points become zero.】

...System, you just said I was his childhood friend. I only read not even half of the novel and fanfiction, and the first details Luo Binghe's life, not his shifu's! Are you setting me up to fail?!

【( ͡° ͜ʖ ͡°) Good luck!】

Crying inside just a bit, I turned my head to face Yue Qingyuan again. Thankfully, I was rather good at acting so my face was pretty expressionless even though I was screaming up a storm inside. Ahhhhhh. How to escape punishment, how to escape punishment... how to make it normal that I would be different from his friend... wait.

Giving the man a rather puzzled look, I cocked my head to the side. "Who are you? No, who am I?"

Ha! Take that, System! It won't be OOC if I'm OOC when I have amnesia!

【...】

Yue Qingyuan looked shocked before incredibly sad. I ignored the pang of guilt in my heart at his lost-puppy look. Ugh, stupid pretty boys. "I was hoping it wouldn't be like that, but why did you forget even yourself too...?"

...wait, what?

Upon seeing my confusion, the man reached forward with a mirror. I was rather interested in seeing how I looked, so I immediately turned to face it...

@#\$@!

Shen Qingqiu was described to be a young man! So, why could I only see a girly-looking teen boy staring back at me?!

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**CH2: The Clothing Challenge and Becoming a Wanna-be King Arthur**

Let it be known that the tailors of the Cang Qiong Mountain sect apparently worked at the speed of light. I had just barely convinced Yue Qingyuan that I was completely healthy (apparently I had a fever before?) when a young boy politely knocked on the door and gave the man a set of pale green and white robes that were already my size. Without further ado, my senior brother handed me the clothes before leaving me to change by myself.

However, the real problem was... how the heck do you put these on? With so many layers and ribbons, it was more complicated than my prom dress, waaaaah. There weren't even any zippers!

I gave the clothes a miserable look, complete with teary eyes.

System...

【...Even if I wanted to, I don't have a body so how could I help?】

True... argh. Bemoaning the fact that I couldn't just wear the simple clothes the young boy from before (a disciple?) wore, I began to valiantly try and figure out my new problem. Okay, so, there was an inner layer of the inner robe, can't let that be smushed to the side. The inner robe had a few more layers, so you had to make sure they were all evenly spaced. And then there was the outer robe...

After who knows how long later, I finally gave *myself* a miserable look. Ugh! That was the best I could do! In any case, I made Yue Qingyuan wait long enough.

"Junior-apprentice brother?"

And apparently my senior brother agreed with me. "Come in!"

I frantically tried adjusting my sloppily tied ribbon-belt thing as my door opened. Yue Qingyuan walked in with a soft smile... before he stopped in his tracks and just stared.

【...I was going to take B points off for OOC, but you really tried your best.】

...Thanks, System.

"Ah..." the man recovered and chuckled softly before he walked over. With gentle hands, Yue Qingyuan took over my job as he hummed. "I guess it was presumptuous of me to assume you knew how to put these on."

Uwahhh, I could just feel the tips of my ears burning. But... there was no contempt in the other man's eyes, and his nimble fingers were so gentle... huhhh.... I could get used to having an older brother. After all, I was an only child and I've always wanted an elder brother...

However, when my senior brother was finally done fixing up the mess that was me, I realized yet another problem.

With a dozen layers of sleeves and the robe part touching the ground, how the heck was I supposed to not trip?! Argh!!!

--

As I carefully followed Yue Qingyuan to wherever the Peak Lord meeting thing was taking place, countless people wearing the same clothes as the boy from before had stopped and stared at me.

It was awkward. I was almost concerned about the upcoming traffic; both of us left so many frozen statues behind us.

Finally, however, Yue Qingyuan led us to this room. I... don't ask me how we got there, I was too busy staring at the xianxia-like scenery 'cause wow. I felt like I was surrounded by a 3D green screen. As Yue Qingyuan opened the door, I peeked inside. Ten imposing and otherworldly *beautiful* people stood in clumps as they talked to each other softly. As we came in, however, all their eyes turned to stare at me.

...Uhuhuhu... getting stared down like this was kind of scary...

"...*That's* Shen?" A cold-looking and delicately handsome man broke the silence as he asked in disbelief.

"Yes, that's your Senior-apprentice brother Qingqiu," Yue Qingyuan corrected in a faintly warning tone. The man from before didn't even seem offended, he just continued staring at me with wide eyes. Wahhh, despite being extremely hot he also looked a bit scary... I subtly moved closer to Yue Qingyuan. "He doesn't remember anything, so I believe his appearance also regressed with his mental state."

Oh! I was struck with understanding. So these kinds of things happen here? No wonder nobody was dragging me off to be interrogated or something! Even Yue Qingyuan didn't question me much when I first woke up!

"I see," another man started slowly. "How old is he right now then?"

My senior brother paused before he turned to look at me too. Ah, to be honest I feel like I'm an exotic animal at the zoo... "He looks younger than when he first came to the sect... so perhaps thirteen to fifteen?"

*What.* No wonder I was a head and a half shorter than Yue Qingyuan and everyone else in the room! But... but...I was eighteen! I know that some people called me baby-faced and childish, but was my mentality really that of a thirteen to fifteen years old teen?

*Criesssss.*

"Hmph," the man my senior brother criticized before spoke up again. "None of that matters except for *that*, right?"

"...Yes," Yue Qingyuan agreed, tone still light despite the almost unperceivable furrow in his brows. Suddenly, it felt as if the air in the room became heavier. Turning to me again, he lifted his hand to point at the... wait, why was there a sword stuck in that boulder??? How did I miss *that* when I first came in? It was even glowing with a stray of sunlight from who-knows-where! "Junior-apprentice brother Qingqiu, can you pull out that sword for me?"

...Also, what was this, King Arthur?? I wasn't going to be dumped with some random title if I pulled it out, right?

Nevertheless, despite my misgivings I gave my senior brother a small smile and a nod before walking over to the sword. Reaching out, I grabbed the hilt of the sword before I—

—pulled!

And pulled!

...And pulled...

Erm, nothing was happening. Wasn't something supposed to happen? Frowning slightly, I shifted my grip and took a step back to have a more stable stance—

"Eeep!"

—and instead stepped on my stupidly long robe's bottom, tripping, before ending up as a tangled heap of limbs and silk on the ground.

System: [...]

People in the room: "..."

Me: "..."

【...Violation: OOC. -10 Points. Points remaining after deduction: 90 Points.】

...Thank you for your merciful deduction amount. I deserved that.

\*\*\*pg.297

### **CH3: When You're Terrific And You Didn't Know It**

First I didn't manage to pull out the sword in front of the other eleven impressive Peak Lords. Second, I made a fool out of myself. So, I wasn't really surprised when one of the Peak Lords hesitantly brought up the next topic:

"If he's missing his memory, should he still keep his position?"

!!!

Good man, good man! Please take my troublesome title away! I don't want to be Luo Binghe's scummy shifu!

【Urgent Warning: If you do not stay as a Peak Lord, your B points will be deducted by 5000.】

"..." Unfortunately, I didn't even get the time to rejoice over my good fortune before my dreams were completely shattered.

"That is..." Yue Qingyuan hesitated a bit before he glanced at me searchingly.  
"Junior-apprentice brother's cultivation level hasn't dropped..."

Yeah! Yeah, so please don't make me have a Punishment game! Upon seeing my wide (and slightly panicked) eyes, the kind man seemed to have made up his mind. "Let's check it out, then."

...?? What? Check what out?

Despite System's prior claims that nobody save Yue had liked me, no one said any complaints as well. Though then again, their faces were like calm masks, AKA probably completely fake. Well, except for that pretty guy that had called me Shen. He seemed to have a permanent scowl on his face whenever he looked at me.

Very dark. Very scary.

【That's Liu Qingge, your Junior-apprentice brother and someone who hates you. The feeling was mutual.】

System 'helpfully' pointed out as I almost choked on my own saliva. What? *That's* Liu Qingge? The Scum Villain fanfiction had described him to be the pretty prince type, but I didn't think he would actually look *this* pretty! Would anyone really believe he was our War God?

"Come here, Junior-apprentice brother," Yue broke me out of my thoughts with his soft tone as everyone made their way to... a circle on the ground? Ooooo, was this some kind of fancy teleportation seal or something? Obediently, I followed him over. As I was the last person who wasn't on the seal yet, the fancy carvings on the ground immediately flashed white when I stepped onto it.

A split second later, I was opening my eyes to... a forest? Wow! Transportation here was really convenient, so why was the novel described as a 'low-magic' cultivation novel...?

"This is your Qing Jing Peak's forest," my senior brother, bless his soul, explained helpfully as I spaced out once more. "Now, do you still remember how to insert your aura into your sword?"

"..."

AIEE!!

SYSTEM, HELP. I've never touched a sword in my life! How was I supposed to work a magical one now in front of eleven masters?! And what aura?! How the heck do you insert *aura*?!

【Perhaps you should unsheathe your sword first.】 System ruthlessly replied in an exasperated tone.

...Right. Okay, okay, calm down, the fanfiction even said that it was quite easy... Trying to tone down my nervousness, I gripped the hilt of Shen Qingqiu's... my... sword before drawing it slowly.

And wow. If I *had* to get saddled with a weapon, at least the one I got was rather pretty. According to the book and fanfiction, Shen Qingqiu's Xia Yu sword was pretty famous. The hilt and scabbard both seemed to be made out of a material similar to white gold, and even the flash of the sword light was snow-white. All in all, despite being a weapon my Xia Yu sword looked like the very image of purity.

Which... begged the question: why the heck was the scummy villain of the story the owner of this sword? You would have thought that it would be the weapon of that female lead in the novel who was said to be the most beautiful. Liu Qingge's sister, I think?

Anyway, I nervously frowned at my sword. No matter how beautiful it was, right now I needed to figure out how to light it up with my aura—

*Shing!*

...It lit up. Just like that. Wow, it really was easy! Thank goodness, that fanfiction didn't lie. Though on second thought, according to that fanfic Shen Qingqiu was pretty strong. Was *my* attack power also really that high? Giving my sword a curious glance, I lightly slashed the air in front of me.

"Wait, Junior-apprentice brother—"

*SWOOSH!*

Immediately, the white aura became so bright that it was impossible to keep my eyes open. The ground started shaking as if there was an earthquake, and I staggered slightly. When I opened my eyes again, it was only through sheer willpower did my jaw not drop to the ground.

The space in front of me was *demolished*. Trees were overturned and charred, and there was a huge hole in the ground. Which, *what*. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry as I hurriedly stopped feeding my sword aura.

I didn't know how to fight, yet I was already this scary?! Wasn't this like giving a machinegun to a baby?!

"...Well," the guy from before spoke up drily. "He certainly still has a Peak Lord's power."

Yue gave me a bright smile even as he splendidly ignored the destruction in front of him. "Yes, so it's fine for Junior-apprentice brother to keep his title. Junior-apprentice brother Qingqiu, work hard as the Qing Jing Peak Lord, alright?"

"...Of course," I agreed in a daze as I stared at my poor forest. Dear forest, please forgive me, I didn't mean to ravage you like this...

Suddenly, the sound of twigs snapping filled the air as the young boy I first saw appeared on the well-worn path. He immediately froze in his steps before running up to me.

"Martial Uncles! *Shizun*! This disciple greets you!" His tone was almost reverent and extremely respectful. I kind of expected this, however...

...It really was awkward to be called *Shizun* when the other person was taller than me....

Also, who the heck was this boy?

System took pity on me and explained.【His name is Ming Fan. He's one of your eight Inner Sect disciples and your head disciple.】

Yue Qingyuan perked up. “Good timing, child. Please take care of your Shifu, I'll leave the details for him to explain. Junior-apprentice brother, the rest of us will be leaving now. Please prepare for the Disciple Selection that will be happening in two weeks.”

Disciple Selection?? I didn't even get a chance to ask if Luo Binghe was my disciple or not when the rest of the Peak Lords dispersed, just like that. Turning around expressionlessly, I... looked up (ORZ) to meet the worshipping gaze of the other child.

Um.

“*Shizun*, do you need me to do anything for you?” His eyes shone, and I could almost see a wagging doggy tail.

“...Accompany me.”

Well, I had two weeks to familiarize myself, and I *was* the Peak Lord of the bookworms. I guess my next destination would be my library, especially since I had my personal GPS here, right?

\*\*\*pg.313

#### **CH4: Living Up to the Bookworm Peak Lord's Name and Getting a New Radish**

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*Flip.*

.

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*Flip.*

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“Ahh,” I murmured quietly before suppressing a yawn. Closing the book I had just finished reading once again, I rubbed my tired eyes before chancing a look outside the window. And, whoops, yup, dawn was already approaching.

As the Peak Lord of the Bookworm Peak, the original goods certainly made sure he lived up to his name. The sole librarian of a truly massive library, Shen Qingqiu collected books of topics from all the twelve peaks of the sect. And as I have now become that poor librarian, I took it upon myself to read every single book.

Even in my real life, I had pretty good memory. It wasn't photographic or anything, unfortunately, but thanks to both nature and nurture I was able to memorize books word by word as long as I read it two to four times. As Shen Qingqiu, however... either my past memory was now added to his, or he truly had good memory, because now my memory was really photographic. Thus, it would have been a waste if I didn't read everything I could get my hands on.

Stretching slightly, I started putting away the piles of books that had gathered around me as I hummed a quiet tune. All the books were quite interesting, but one topic in particular had caught my interest.

#### *Formations and seals.*

Okay, so... the danmei fanfiction I had been talking about had one major flaw, and it was: how the heck did a hospitalized boy be able to fight as well as he did? How did he not freak out??

Ahh... the differences between fiction and reality...

I mean, just the sound of clashing swords and the *zing, shing, slash*, made cold sweat gather on my back. Maybe I was just too cowardly, but it was *scary* okay? As a pampered miss of a somewhat richer household, I didn't even chop vegetables or meat before! Heck, I wasn't even allowed to use a knife. And now you want me to slice down enemies with my pretty but scarier-than-a-machinegun sword without being frightened? In your dreams!

Thus, I decided to use the saying 'the strongest offense is a strong defense' as my new motto. And maybe I could learn that no-handed swordplay the Shen Qingqiu learned in the fanfiction. I mean, if I'm meters away from the fight, even if my knees grow weak at the sound it wouldn't be that bad!

But ah, back to seals and formations. Though similar to talismans and all that stuff, it was... hmm, also different? I mean, seals and formations were more like a lost art. A circle could mean defense, or stability, or tens of other meanings. A true master would be able to string together different symbols to create a seal, and even better masters would be able to create the seal through spiritual energy only.

I want to become a master like that! Think about it, just a light step and you could summon a barrier... as someone seriously afraid of pain, that sounds like a dream come true.

So, in the past few days after I had gone through all the books in the library, I gathered the scarce books on seals and started experimenting. Though I hadn't really gotten anywhere yet, I had to admit that it was rather fun to draw random scribbles.

My mess in the library restored to its original pristine state, I stretched slightly before making my way to the exit. Immediately, a disciple waiting there bowed upon seeing my approach.

"*Shifu*, have you decided to retire? Let me guide you back to your room."

"Mm," I acquiesced even as a complicated feeling arose in me. This disciple was apparently my top and head inner sect disciple, Ming Fan. At thirteen, he was smart, efficient, and resourceful. His cultivation was going smoothly and though the fanfiction and novel didn't say much about it, his face wasn't really that bad. Sure, it was nothing compared to the out-of-the-world looks my fellow Peak Lords had, but his plump white cheeks and large eyes were comparable to the hot actors you would see in the media.

All in all, Ming Fan was a good seedling and a cute little radish.

So, the thought of him dying under Luo Binghe's hands was really an unhappy thought for me. These past days, this boy accompanied me everywhere and made sure I didn't have a single complaint. Sure, he seemed to be a slightly arrogant boy to others as he used to be the prized pearl of his rich family, but his sincere devotion to me was real. Thinking how Shen Qingqiu was one of the reasons that made him die, bitten to death by ants as ordered by Luo Binghe, was really heartbreaking...

"Ming Fan?" I spoke up quietly. "Tomorrow is the Disciple Selection. If you get a new Junior-apprentice brother or Junior-apprentice sister, *Shifu* will be counting on you to take care of them, okay?"

The boy stumbled slightly as he turned around, large eyes wide with surprise. Well, I could understand. After shutting myself into the library day and night, that was probably the most I have spoken to him since I transmigrated.

"O-Of course *Shifu*! This disciple won't let you down!"

Mm mm, good good. Hopefully that warning would be enough for now...

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The less said about the reactions of the new unsorted disciples when I walked into the room with my fellow Peak Lords, the better. In any case, it seemed like we had gotten quite a good haul this year.

As expected, the stronger Peak Lords began picking their inner sect disciples first. Although I wasn't the weakest, my turn was still toward the end. Like the others, I started walking through the middle of the disciples who were lined up when suddenly—

【New character: Protagonist Luo Binghe.】

I froze in my tracks. Without turning around, I deadpanned: System, do I *have* to become Luo Binghe's Shifu?

【If you do not become Luo Binghe's shifu, your B Points will be deducted by 100 000.】

...Insta-kill, huh? Feeling a bit depressed, I turned to face the boy that may become my future killer.

At first glance, this Luo Binghe was nothing special. His spiritual power was the textbook example of normalcy, and he was more bedraggled than any other disciple there. It seemed as if he passed truly by the skin of his teeth. Binghe was bony, his clothing almost swallowing his thin figure, and the parts of skin you *could* see were covered in purple and blue bruises. In addition, his face was swollen to the point that you couldn't even see his eyes. He looked worse than a pig ready for slaughter.

My face didn't change at all though as I inspected the boy. After all, I could only feel sorry for whoever decided to beat him up... they would get their dues soon, huh.

"What's your name?" My soft but clear voice rang out in the suddenly silent hall.

Luo Binghe jumped, clearly not expecting anyone to call upon him. "T-This disciple is called Luo Binghe."

Yes yes, I know. Slowly, the ends of my lips tilted upwards to form my first smile that day. "I am Qing Jing Peak's Shen Qingqiu. Luo Binghe, would you be my ninth inner sect disciple?"

The hall erupted in surprised shouts as I silently sighed.

Ahh... it seems like I'll have to start 'Operation: Hug My Disciple's Thighs'...

\*\*\*pg.335

**CH5: It Takes All the Inner Sect Disciples to Raise a Shifu**

"A new Junior-apprentice brother?" Ming Fan led his fellow disciples into the hall as a dirty and bedraggled boy jumped from his words. Quickly turning around, the small child bowed deeply.

"Y-Yes! This disciple is called Luo Binghe."

"I see," Ming Fan replied with a hum and an elegant smile. "Welcome to our Qing Jing Peak. I am your Senior-apprentice brother and Shifu's head disciple, Ming Fan."

Quietly, the older boy observed the new recruit with his new and heightened sensing abilities. Luo Binghe seemed quite average, but Shifu would never pick an average Inner Sect disciple. He would rather leave the Disciple Selection empty-handed, as he did several times before. After all, there was a reason why their Qing Jing Inner disciples didn't even reach a double digit yet.

So that meant that this Luo Binghe would grow up to be quite amazing.

In another world, Ming Fan would have become jealous of this boy when his face healed. Good looks plus good skills? How frustrating!

Because of that, in that other world he would have tried everything he could to kick Luo Binghe down.

In this world, however, Ming Fan only felt a bit giddy as he leaned forward with a yearning expression.

"Is it true that you had the fastest completion time for the treasure hunt?"

The treasure hunt, or so everyone had affectionately called it, was a section of the disciple selection process. Disciples had a week to navigate the forests of their territory, find specific objects, and then make their way back. For someone to have the fastest time, they needed to have a spectacular sense of direction as the forests were like mazes.

"A-Ah, yes," Luo Binghe replied with a hesitant smile.

!!!!

Ming Fan's eyes lit up. It was a miracle! The Heavens were really watching over them!

--

At thirteen, Ming Fan had already been under Shen Qingqiu's care for over two years. And yet, just in the past two weeks, he had learned so much more things about his Shifu than he did in all his time there.

In the years after he had been accepted, Shifu didn't really teach him much as he had been focusing more on his own cultivation. However, by studying and taking all the lessons from the older disciples Ming Fan did get to heart, somehow his achievements were noted by Shifu and he became the head disciple.

He had been so happy. Because even if it looked like Shifu didn't care about them in the slightest, he had been watching them carefully, right? Ming Fan felt so lucky to have gotten Shifu as his teacher.

And then... his Shifu disappeared.

When Ming Fan saw him next, Shifu was no longer the imposing man with the elegant bearing and stern face. No, what the other Martial Uncles entrusted to him was a delicate and thin child even shorter than himself.

This cute and pretty child didn't have the bearing of a Peak Lord, but he wasn't quite like a child either. In any case, the Martial Uncles were assured that this was Shen Qingqiu, so Ming Fan wasn't against being apprenticed under him. He saw the damage mini-Shifu did to their forest, after all.

(No matter the size, Shifu was scary.)

However, it soon became apparent that even though Shifu was still their Shifu, Shifu wasn't quite the same.

"A-Ah!"

Ming Fan watched as two of his older apprentice brothers rushed over to grab mini-Shifu, who had tripped over something once again. Both of those apprentice brothers' skill in Quickstep and their overall agility had shot through the roof in the past few days. After all, the dirtier Shifu got...

"Senior-apprentice brother Ming Fan!" Three of his younger apprentice brothers came up to him, all with the same particular face the Qing Jing Peak inner sect disciples had taken to wearing lately. It was the face of someone who was not quite sure whether they should laugh or cry...

"The three of us finished learning the skills in the first scroll of water techniques," they informed him. "We had to work together to get the ink out of Shifu's clothes..."

"I also learned some wind techniques so the clothes would dry faster," a boy following the three muttered with a tired sigh.

And it wasn't just them. All the inner sect disciples, who were in charge with Shifu's miscellaneous affairs, had taken to water skills and techniques with a fervent passion. After all, without them it would have been impossible to wash Shifu's robes, ones that now had to be changed multiple times per day... and if they didn't wash them properly and had to get new robes, their Qing Jing Peak budget would suffer! Already some of the inner sect disciples had headed over to the Xian Shu Peak to learn embroidery, just in case...

And it wasn't just water and wind techniques...

"Junior-apprentice brother!" An older boy came up to him with a tired grin as he raised his hand. In a flash, a tiny flame appeared. "I finally learned how to control fire to this degree! Now Shifu won't starve any longer!"

If the temperature was slightly off and the resulting meal wasn't to Shifu's taste, Shifu would only eat a few bites. Of course, Shifu would never complain, but now Shifu was their age! And even younger than some of the inner sect disciples! He needed to eat a lot so he would grow into the tall man they all knew before. Plus, wouldn't the other Martial Uncles and Aunts blame them if their thin Shifu got even skinnier?

Another apprentice brother followed him and clapped his hands, which resulted in a chunk of ice. "I learned the elemental abilities of ice! Now we can make Shifu some instant cold drinks!"

And that wasn't even the end of it. One of the biggest problems that came with mini-Shifu was:

He lacked a sense of direction!

If Ming Fan took his eyes away for just a second, Shifu would disappear off to who knows where! Really, how the heck did Shifu get to the Talisman Peak?! How did Shifu manage to get himself into the middle of Liu Qingge's forest?! Ming Fan only turned around for a second!

Thus, Ming Fan's skill in sensing (for his wayward Shifu) had skyrocketed in the past two weeks. On the few times he couldn't find his Shifu, he had to find Martial Uncle Liu who luckily seemed to be keeping tabs on him. Which only drove Ming Fan to become better at sensing, because Martial Uncle Liu was really scary...

But Ming Fan couldn't stay beside Shifu all the time. As the Head Disciple, he was in charge of teaching others and a lot of other affairs that were too small to trouble Shifu with. Plus, even he wasn't good enough to take Shifu back home each time. There were a few instances where he even got lost along with Shifu!

But their new Shifu needed a constant companion, to remind him to take his meals and to sleep early. Shifu had the habit of forgetting to eat and sleep if he found something interesting to read. However, with their new work load they couldn't afford to spare any inner sect disciples right

now. In addition, the disciple had to have an amazing sense of direction, or else they might never find Shifu again.

Which was why Luo Binghe was a heaven-sent being, at least in Ming Fan's eyes. Solemnly, the older clapped the dirty boy on the shoulder. "Junior-apprentice brother, I will give you a week of training before you are assigned to your first mission. Please work hard."

In this one week, Ming Fan must turn Luo Binghe into the best companion for Shifu. Ahh, honestly, all of them learned so much more in the last two weeks than they did in years.

See, Shifu was so amazing!

\*\*\*pg.347

## **CH6: Mini Shifu Makes Things Go Boom (and Also Discovers He's a Brocon)**

Apparently I had a week before I resumed classes with my inner sect disciples, and in that week Luo Binghe was supposed to bond with his new Senior-apprentice brothers. By themselves. Camping somewhere in the Qing Peak forest.

A whole week... without my supervision...

Yeah, you guessed it. I was worried to the extreme. What can I do if the protagonist's bullying started here? Cry??? Ugh. It was only after reminding my other eight inner sect disciples, to *carefully* and *kindly* watch over their youngest, did I let them go off with a heavy heart. Though I really wanted to follow them, I had to figure out how to do seals and formations this week, so I couldn't...

Ming Fan! I'm counting on you to be a good little radish! And ah, well, I guess I could do damage control afterwards even if he got a little hot-headed. But still, please do your best, my dear head disciple!

...In any case, thank god I transmigrated this early on.

Getting to work immediately, I squished myself into a cupboard in the library before inputting my aura into my sword. It lit up beautifully. Ahh~ What a wonderful night light~ Setting it to the side, I took out my scribbles before humming in a doleful tone.

What to do, what to do? I had already tried a bunch of different designs, but nothing really worked. Taking out my feather pen and frowning, I tried smushing two designs together.

" ... "

Nope, there wasn't any spiritual energy at all. Maybe if I squished together a triangle and a circle? Circle for unity and a triangle for stability?

"..."

Nope, that didn't work either...

A few hours passed in this manner, as I tried design after design. Like always, none of them worked at all. Feeling a bit peeved once I got past the... uh, I don't know how much time passed but probably a lot... hour mark, I took my brush and randomly stabbed a piece of paper with the feathery tip.

And, haha, you guessed it. My paper lit up.

"..."

**【Congratulations, you have created (1) LVL 1 Explosive Seal! Would you like to insta-learn this skill? The cost is only 20 B Points!】**

...Was my System a salesperson...and ugh...20 B points was a lot...

**【Buying this skill will give you the ability to instantly make any LVL 1 Seal with spiritual energy!】**

System continued to sell this 'product'. Unfortunately for me, System knew my weak points.

Really? I asked System as my eyes shined. To instantly be able to cast a seal... even if it was a level one seal, there weren't many seal masters left who were able to do that!

**【Yes】**System replied indulgently. **【Unfortunately, linking LVL 1 seals can only increase the area of effect and not the power, but it's the start point for sealing.】**

Linking seals?? Power??? What?

**【...】**System sighed. I kind of felt bad for them. It was hard to sell something when the buyer didn't even understand what the good points were, huh? **【For example, if you linked three LVL 2 seals, two multiplied by two multiplied by two is eight. The three LVL 2 seals will have a power stat of eight. However, no matter how much you multiple LVL 1 seals...】**

Ohhh. I see now. Huh, to have even this kind of system for sealing, how cool. Though why did I still have to do math in a historical cultivation setting... In any case though, insta-making seals were too good of a deal to pass up, especially after I took this long to fumble my way into making a level one seal.

Sure! I said to System. I accept!

*Ping.*

【Congratulations, you have complete mastery over LVL 1 Seals! Prerequisite to LVL 2 Seals have now been fulfilled!】

Beaming, I reached forward and tapped the wood in front of me with a finger full of spiritual energy. I didn't feel any different, but according to System I already had mastery over all the level one seals! Of course I was really eager to try it out. Focusing a bit, I subconsciously thought to the only LVL 1 seal design I knew...

【WAIT! THAT'S AN EXPLOSIVE--】

My cupboard went up in flames.

---

"Uuuu..." I stared with teary eyes as my favourite cupboard burned to ashes. After finding out how delightful and comfortable it was to sit inside a cupboard and read, I scouted the entire Qing Jing library before finding the perfect cupboard. And now it was ruined...

Thankfully, level one seals countered level one seals. So after I had somehow created a shield seal in those few terror-filled moments, both myself and everything but the cupboard was fine despite the huge exploding sound. My cupboard was the only victim...

System? I started as my lip wobbled. Are there any restorative level one seals?

【Restorative and healing seals are all under the time factor in sealing. Time factors only come into play in LVL 6 sealing.】System informed me primly.

Nooooooooooooo.

I gloomily stared at the smoldering ashes even as Liu Qingge burst through the library doors with his sword out—

WAIT. PAUSE. WHAT?

WHY THE HECK WAS LIU QINGGE HERE.

WAIT, WAS THAT YUE QINGYUAN FOLLOWING WORRIEDLY BEHIND HIM???

Was my explosive seal really that loud?! It was only a level one seal! If I used a level six seal, would I be able to keep my ears?!

“Qingqiu!” Yue rushed over with a frantic expression and it was only after he took my pulse did he calm down. Liu Qingge dubiously poked my poor cupboard with his sword as I basked in the great feeling of having an older brother... wait, er, that wasn’t the important thing here. Staring at the two of them, I cocked my head questioningly.

“Senior-apprentice brother, Junior-apprentice brother, why are you here?”

Please tell me that the arguably strongest members of my sect didn’t develop stalker tendencies... come to think of it, Liu Qingge was always around whenever I got lost by myself, and Yue always knew when I forgot to take my meals.....

.....

I decisively wiped that train of thought from my memory. Yup. Not thinking about that at all. Pfft, no way.

No matter what they tell me, I was just gonna take it as them taking a walk by my peak when they heard the explosion. Yup. In any case, there were more important things to talk about! Perking up with a soft smile, I eagerly tugged Yue over to the shimmery seal made purely with spiritual energy that still kept up the relatively weak shield. Hey! Your cute younger bro (and older bro?! Looking at you, Liu Qingge) recreated the hardest part of a lost art!

Praise me! Praise me!

\*\*\*pg.422

## **CH7: Gaining A Nanny Called Pure Lotus Flower**

“Shifu!”

“Shizun, we’re back!”

I felt a surge of relief that almost made my knees feel weak. Not that anyone could tell, considering I tripped a moment later from not watching my feet because of my sudden surprise. Astounding enough, one of the boys in front of me literally flashed over to make sure I didn’t eat a mouthful of dirt.

Even more surprising was the fact that this boy was Luo Binghe. And he was... glowing.

My thoughts could currently be summed up with the one word: what?

First of all, sure, he was the protagonist. I know that and I acknowledged it. But! I had literally taken him in a week ago, so how the heck did he already learn the intermediate skill Quickstep? What? Wasn't his golden finger a little too strong?! A couple of my other disciples there still didn't know it yet, but they didn't look aggrieved at all!

Second thought was, wow, he really was a good seedling. His healed looks were beyond amazing. So cute and pretty, I wanted to pinch his cheeks and pull on them. Despite his current darling look however, there was already a shadow of the handsome man he would one day become. As expected of the main character, even the model-like Ming Fan really couldn't compare!

Third, and the weirdest thing was... Luo Binghe was beaming.

Like I said before, I could almost see some sparkles surrounding him as he smiled at me sweetly. What. What. I mean, I had been hoping Ming Fan wouldn't bully him during this mandatory camping trip thing, but I wasn't really banking on it you know? I had even started thinking of damage control plans in the last couple of days, though I can now see that they were all for naught. Why was Luo Binghe so happy? Why were even the rest of my chamber disciples looking as though they had all overcome a trial? Why was Ming Fan even crying in joy?!

I. I... was so confused. What was happening?!

"Ming Fan?" After thanking my newest little duckling for preventing me from face-planting into the ground, I immediately turned to my head disciple with a thousand questions in my eyes. Please explain to me using simple terms, I really can't wrap my head around what was happening... and also, please stop crying...

"The rest of us trained Junior-apprentice brother during the last couple of days!" Ming Fan said with a proud tone, as if he had broken through in his own cultivation or learned a new skill. "From now on, Junior-apprentice brother will be the one who would stay by your side, Shifu! Don't worry, we trained him well."

One of my oldest disciples clapped poor Luo Binghe's back hard with a hearty chuckle. "Junior-apprentice brother, we will be counting on you to take care of shifu!"

"Yeah!"

"Do your best! We will leave him in your care!"

...what happened to disciples fighting over their master's attention? Wasn't that a constant in wuxia fiction? Why was everyone just... okay with Luo Binghe taking over the head disciple's spot?

Actually, why did it seem like they were giving a daughter away on her wedding day...?

Waaaaait. More importantly, I didn't want Luo Binghe to end up as my constant companion! Were they serious?! Seeing their shiny eyes at this moment, I really didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

I mean, who would want their future trigger to their destruction as a companion? Even just accepting Luo Binghe as my disciple took a lot of mental preparation, and that was something where I could take no other options. Now, they expect me to have him around 24/7??? Even though it certainly wasn't something even required?

"I'm your shifu," I started slowly, mind whirling as I attempted to think of something so I could get out of getting a nanny but still not offend this golden thigh. "When there are no classes, all of you have free time."

Which basically meant: please don't make me lug around the person who may potentially turn me into a human stick...

"It would be my honor to spend all my time with you, Shizun!" Baby duckling Binghe exclaimed with shining eyes. No, no, I know you would you pure lotus flower. I'm the one who doesn't want to...

"It'll be a great learning experience for him," Ming Fan, my head disciple who only had this learning experience for two weeks, gushed. "I wish I could stay by your side forever myself, Shifu, but I'm still in charge of the classes for the outer-sect disciples and I'm also the one who attends the meetings with the other head disciples of every peak and I also..."

Ming Fan went on, and on, and on... okay, I got it. Head disciple wasn't just a fancy name, it was a synonym for a willing slave. So many duties... my dear Ming Fan, are you okay???

"I think that's a great idea," a voice spoke up from behind me. Turning around in surprise, I saw... Yue Qingyuan and his own crowd of inner-sect disciples?

【I really think he's stalking you...】

System, please shut up.

And, grr! Yue Qingyuan! Why would you betray me like this, you traitor!?

"See, even the sect master agrees!" Ming Fan hurriedly added as he pushed the slightly downcast Luo Binghe forward. "Shifu, I know you'll teach Junior-apprentice brother a lot!"

“...” Upon seeing the slowly saddening face of the protagonist, I let out a sigh. The protagonist was too strong; I was completely defeated by his puppy eyes... “I understand. Binghe, your room will be moved to the one across from mine. I get up quite early most of the time, so please prepare yourself for early mornings and long nights.”

Luo Binghe lit up despite my words. Immediately at my acceptance, System hummed coldly.

【+100 Coolness points. 】

...the protagonist will become cooler because he's playing pretend nanny? Why...?

Ah, more importantly! “Senior-apprentice brother, what are you doing here?”

This was the Qing Jing Peak, AKA, my peak. In addition, it was the forest in my peak. Don't tell me Yue's Peak decided to do their camping trip in my forest too...?

【Told you he's stalking you...】

System, please shut up.

“Junior-apprentice brother,” my big bro started gently as he signaled some of his students. Immediately, a few of them began building a fire pit as some of my students went over to help. “Didn't you say yesterday that you wanted to have a joint lunch together so our students can mingle?”

...Big brother, that had been a joke. I was joking about having a barbeque after the camping trip thing since barbeque tasted especially good when there's more people around, but that had been all a joke! So why did you take it seriously?!

OMG, your students are actually lugging over game now to the smoking pit?! You made them hunt just for this?! Yue Qingyuan, just how much did you use to spoil this younger Junior-apprentice brother of yours?!

“Hmph, you're already starting without us?”

Cryyyyy. Why did you invite Liu Qingge along too?!

【They're both stalking you, that's why.】

System, please shut up!

\*\*\*pg.445

**CH8: A Nanny Wasn't Enough, Now I Have A Bodyguard?**

Some time passed, and I slowly got used to this new nanny of mine. Luo Binghe was an attentive babysitter who seemed to have a GPS built into his head. AKA, somehow, no matter where I end up wandering to, we never got lost.

What kind of magical Dao was this? Binghe, maybe I should be your disciple instead...

In any case, Luo Binghe really lived up to his name as the Protagonist. Cooking, cleaning, a pretty face... he was basically the epitome of a good wife. He was also like a servant that was 100% okay with being abused by me or something, Binghe was literally *that* devoted to me.

Sometimes I really wondered how I was going to muster up my wits to throw him off a cliff...

"Going down the mountain?" My pure white lotus flower nanny asked in surprise. I nodded lightly.

"Mm. It'll be good experience for everyone," I turned to Ming Fan. "Please tell the others to pack their bags! We'll be leaving in two days."

Actually, I brought this up was because of two reasons. One, news came the other day that a young girl was found dead, completely skinned of her, well, skin. The moment I heard of that, I thought, wait, isn't this that Skinner character from the danmei fanfiction? The really stupid woman who killed a lot of pretty girls and ended up acting out a bondage rape scene with the poor Shen Qingqiu of that fic???

Normally, I would be all for pushing problems like *that* away until I have to do them, but this wasn't a hard homework problem or some assigned reading. The more I dallied, the more innocent girls were going to die. Sure, in this world it was an open secret that the lives of the common folks were worth nothing to cultivators, but I still can't let that sit on my conscience.

And my other reason, was, well...

I needed more B Points!

I've already learned level two seals and level three seals, but, well! Level two seals cost 50 B Points to buy, while level three seals cost 100 B Points to buy! I was definitely running out of B Points, yet the prices for seals were only getting higher. I ain't gonna be able to catch them all at this rate.

Thus, I was ready to go down the mountain to try and raise Binghe's Coolness factor or something. Anything to get me my points. After all, I had discovered the joys of sealing, and like an addict, I wanted to continue it no matter what. It was definitely going to be my new strong point, and past Shen Qingqiu's fancy swordplay could go and get lost.

However...

"Down the mountain?" Big bro Yue looked at me with a face full of worry. "Junior-apprentice brother, are you really ready to go? You should stay here and rest more... bringing your disciples down for experience isn't an urgent thing."

However, I met a wall of resistance called the 'over-protective big brother'.

Urgh, yes, yes, I know that to you, a field trip wasn't a mandatory part of our curriculum or anything that needed to be done urgently. However, saving those future victims and getting more B Points were urgent things to *me*, alright?

"I'm completely fine now Senior-apprentice brother, don't worry," I retorted lightly. And it was true. If I didn't think I wouldn't be able to handle this, I definitely wouldn't bring it up. Sure, fighting still scared me and my actual swordplay was probably atrocious (real! Shen Qingqiu must be rolling in his spiritual grave) but I had full confidence in my sealing. In any case, although both I and the Skinner were cannon fodder, at least I was a higher quality cannon fodder. Dealing with lower quality cannon fodder should totally be within my abilities.

"..." Big bro Yue looked completely unwilling. He stared at me for a few moments before sighing helplessly. "Fine. However, Junior-apprentice brother Liu Qingge will accompany you down and stay with your Peak. He has a mission in the same area."

"?" Liu Qingge blinked blankly while the other Peak Lords covered their mouths and turned away. As for me...

...I'm completely speechless. Like.

Whaaaaaat.

Pfft, who was going to believe that?! Dear big brother of mine, please learn how to lie more convincingly! If only to make me feel better!

Oh my gosh, was I going to become the laughing stock of the whole Sect?! Which Peak Lord needed a bodyguard?? I wasn't even the Lord of the weakest Peak! And my bodyguard turned out to be the God of War? Um, big bro Yue, are you sure you want to send him out to deal with small fry like the Skinner?! I kind of feel bad for my fellow cannon fodder!

Also, even though Liu Qingge seemed to be always nearby, I haven't really talked to him much okay?? I'm still pretty sure he thinks we're enemies for life, okay?? Yue dear, are you sure you're gonna ask me to buddy up with my potential assassin...?

“Ah...” I wanted to cry, but I didn’t have the tears. “Oh really? Is it a solo mission?”

The shoulders of some of the Peak Lords around me started shaking. Contrary to belief, however, Yue only nodded calmly before completely lying through his teeth. “Yes. I’ll be less worried if my two Junior-apprentice brothers have each other to rely on. Will that be fine?”

Rely on? Your dear younger bro Liu probably still thinks I’m going to stab him in the back... in any case, it didn’t seem like Yue was going to let me go by myself. With an inaudible sigh, I nodded. Liu Qingge also gave a grunt of assent even as he turned his face away.

“Great!” Big brother gave such a dazzling smile that it almost made me think it was worth agreeing if only to see it. “I’ll arrange everything then. Be prepared to leave in two day’s time, you two.”

Well... now that I thought about it, going with Liu Qingge didn’t seem that bad. Unlike the truly scummy villain Shen Qingqiu, Liu Qingge probably wouldn’t do something like stabbing me in the back. In addition, even though I was somewhat confident in my abilities, having a god-like character behind me wasn’t really a bad thing. In any case, if something goes wrong he wouldn’t just abandon me.

...I watched the other glare at me before going over to talk to Yue. Or complain to him, most likely.

...Well, Liu Qingge *probably* won’t abandon me...?

\*\*\*pg.460

## **CH9: Hugging The Wrong Blankets, Oops**

I had always thought that the Shen Qingqiu of the fanfiction was quite brave. He had actually complained about how they didn’t set off into the sunset on their flying swords. Was this really a hospitalized guy?!

Me, on the other hand... haha, yup, I was completely delighted that we had to travel the old-fashioned way. Luxurious carriage vs flying on thin swords? Um, excuse me, have you even seen how delicately thin my sword was?? Even if I wasn’t super scared of heights, just thinking about standing on top of only my sword as support made my knees wobble!

So yes, I was quite happy with that part of our travel. Just...

Why were me and Liu Qingge sharing a carriage???

I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry as Luo Binghe carefully helped me into the car. My darling white buns were left to brave the journey on their horses (thankfully, Binghe didn’t seemed to be

left out on that aspect) but me and the God of War got to ride in this fancy carriage? Did the organizers not have eyes?

Shuffling into the luxurious carriage, I nervously went to sit across from Liu Qingge. The other had gotten there before me and was currently meditating, and he did not even move upon my entry. Though I was still tense in the beginning, a while passed after we left the sect yet the other was still motionless.

Hmm... maybe, Liu Qingge wasn't going to fly into a rage at me or something...? He didn't bother me that much at the sect, but I had originally thought it was due to Big Bro Yue's influence. I was even preparing myself for some abuse when it was just the two of us, but luckily it seemed like I was just overthinking it. Feeling a bit more relaxed at the thought, I leisurely started flipping through one of the scrolls I had brought along. It was a scroll dealing with the dark arts and whatnot, which I thought would be beneficial to brush up considering I had to deal with the Skinner and all. However, I soon realized that yup, I already had everything memorized...

Ugh, so boring. So, so, boring. Setting the scroll aside, I swept a gaze around me in hopes of finding something interesting. Anddddd... there was nothing.

...Mm, being stuck in a carriage with someone meditating was truly quite boring. I didn't know how the Luo Binghe in the fanfiction could stand it. Although I would usually pass the time by trying to create level four seals, I didn't have a sufficient amount of B Points to learn it so there was no point in doing so. On the other hand, I couldn't make small talk with my only companion either. Liu Qingge wasn't bothering me so I naturally wouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth.

Blinking heavily, I decided to settle myself into a more comfortable position to wait out my boredom. Thus, I lay down a bit on my truly fancy and comfy seat, before taking the chance to observe the other Peak Lord. Ahh, even though Big Bro Yue had a beauty that was already quite unparalleled in my eyes, Liu Qingge was really on a different level. As expected as the most beautiful female lead's older brother, the genes were just too strong. Long black eyelashes swept across his snowy-white skin, combined with pale, thin lips and a perky nose, all of this were flawlessly arranged on a face with delicate bone structure. Not to mention the lush and gorgeous hair...

Ugh, was I still describing a guy?? As a girl in my past life, I was really feeling a bit depressed. Sure, I was still in a child's body, but both the fanfiction and the novel described Shen Qingqiu as quite average-looking. Hey hey hey, I'm the girl here! Liu Qingge, gimme some of those heavenly genes please! And on that note, Protagonist Luo Binghe, donate some of your genes to me too!

Lost in my thoughts, I blinked heavily as the carriage swayed and swayed. It was obvious that the carriage was high-quality goods, because I couldn't hear a thing from outside. I was kind of

tempted to lift the curtain and look, but if the sunlight shined in it might bother the other Peak Lord...better not risk it. In any case, I was pretty confident in my nine ducklings' abilities so no problems should arise. Plus, Ming Fan should be able to lead them well.

But really, the consistent rocking of the carriage actually felt a bit soothing. I hadn't slept well the past few days because I had been worried about this mission of mine. I even got up quite early today, though I didn't feel any fatigue at the time due to my nerves. Now, it was as if I was feeling the side-effects after a sugar rush and everything crashed down on me...

I blinked, my eyelids growing heavy.

The carriage rocked and rocked... rocked and rocked...

I blinked, again.

The carriage swayed some more, over and over again...

Again...

I...

.

.

.

*I curled up a bit, feeling slightly cold. Did I kick off my blankets again? Reaching out a bit, I subconsciously began groping for them when there was a sudden feeling of rushing air—*

"Hmph."

*—and then warm hands stabilized me. Shivering a bit, I snuggled closer to the warmth even as something cold touched my neck. Urk, did I drool on myself again? Or maybe I went to sleep with wet hair? Ignoring the coldness, I continued to snuggle with the warm blankets I found, and a while later the coldness disappeared. Happy with that new development, I relaxed underneath my cozy haven and drifted off once more...*

.

.

.

I woke up due to the three sharp knocks.

At first, I was thoroughly confused. I was in a bed that wasn't mine, and a room that wasn't mine either. Did I transmigrate again!?

But a quick diagnose of my body revealed that I was still very much Shen Qingqiu. Ah, how unfortunate. Rubbing my eyes, I got out of bed and walked over to open the door. Luo Binghe's cheerful face was what greeted me.

"Shizun!" My disciple beamed as he raised the tray of food he was holding. "How do you feel, Shifu? You slept for a while."

...Oh. Were we already at our destination? So this was an inn? ...I fell asleep in the carriage?!

Scary! I fell asleep in a carriage with Liu Qingge! Wow, even I was surprised at my courage!

"...I'm okay," I replied as I let Luo Binghe in. The boy immediately plopped my meal onto the desk before he started tidying up my bed.

"That's good!" Binghe hummed a bit. "Martial Uncle Liu told us to let you sleep longer since you looked tired. He also said that he might come back later today so you should go to sleep early and not wait for him."

What?! Liu Qingge was that nice?! Was he a tsundere?!

...Wait. That last portion...

"Wait up for him?" I asked, eyes wide. I was just reading into it, right? It couldn't mean that, right?

"Mm!" Binghe smiled like the sweet summer child he was. "Because you guys share a room, right?"

.....

FUDGE!

WHAT WAS THE EXCUSE BEHIND THAT, BIG BRO YUE? DON'T TELL ME YOU WANT US PEAK LORDS TO SAVE MONEY???

"Ah," Luo Binghe exclaimed a bit as he picked up the dark coloured blanket I had been using. "Shizun, I didn't know you owned black clothes like this."

“...”

I turned to stone as I stared at a very familiar piece of cloth.

\*\*\*pg.470

## **CH10: Playing Dumb and Getting Fed**

There were times where one must play detective before getting to the bottom of things.

There were also times where one must play stupid.

As I stared at Liu Qingge's robe, I promptly decided that this was definitely one of the times where being dumb was the smartest. Thus, I snatched the black cloth away from Luo Binghe in a very casual manner before distracting him with a few scrolls.

Mhmm. Good job, me.

As for myself, let me just pretend that Liu Qingge had really bad aim. That was definitely why he threw his robe onto my bed instead of his. Yup, let's go with that...

“What should we do today, Shizun?” Binghe asked me curiously as he helped me tidy up the scrolls I had shown him. I chanced a quick glance outside, and the setting sun told me that it was probably around dinner time. Hmm, in that case... “Tell your Senior-apprentice brother Ming Fan to get dinner for everyone in the inn and use the time to mingle with the people inside. Collect any rumors but whatever you do, don't leave the inn today. We'll do more information gathering outside in the daylight tomorrow.”

Well, not that daylight would deter the Skinner. Feeling a bit worried already, I reached out to pat Luo Binghe's shoulders and immediately felt a heavy burst of fatigue... yeah, it was probably best if I leave our confrontation to tomorrow.

“Okay,” Binghe agreed obediently, not reacting at all at my sudden touchy-feeliness. Then again, he was probably used to it already since I have made a habit of rubbing my cute buns' heads and the like. LOLOL isn't it great to blurt out your grievances with amnesia?

I shoed Luo Binghe out with my instructions after that and then started poking my meal dubiously. To be honest, I wasn't really sure if I was allowed to eat stuff like this. Ah, it looked appetizing enough and all, but normally the food I consumed at the Peak were made with spiritual water or plants. My buns didn't really know this and it didn't matter much to their current bodies, but my cultivation was technically at Middle-Stage Core Formation. This was why I was always so picky with my food even at the Peak, and I would try to not touch any meals that had an imbalance of energy. So... would eating food with impurities be bad to my health...?

...Better not to risk it. Sure, this cultivation world was weird in how even cultivators still required food, but with my cultivation level I could still go a few days without getting sick. I might be a bit tired because of it, but I was already quite tired so being a bit more wouldn't really change anything. And it was still better than throwing up or getting sick later, in any case.

Placing the tray near the front for a maid to pick up later, I sat onto my bed in lotus position and began meditating. My energy levels were quite low at the moment and though meditation wouldn't help them rise a lot, any energy was better than nothing... however, the moment I closed my eyes, a screen popped up.

And aha, I meant it when I said 'screen'...

【Beginning stage checkpoint mission assigned. Destination: Shuang Hu City. Mission: Finish disciples' experience opportunity. Please click to accept. 】

???!!!

...Uh, System, did you forget to show me this before? Or maybe you were too hyped up about the Liu Qingge blanket too...?

【...My apologies. 】System sounded pretty ice-cold. 【Next time I wouldn't try helping you and I'll just let someone kill you in your sleep. 】

???!!! Whaaaaaat. Where did that come from?! System, did you hit your head? If I was going to be assassinated, nobody was going to try when the War God was beside me. Are you stupid?

【...When your good deeds aren't even noticed...】System mumbled something I couldn't catch before urging me to make a decision already. Haha, like I could get out of this now... sighing a bit, I accepted my first event. Pressing the glowing 'Accept' button, slowly, the screen fizzled away before a new one replaced it.

【Mission successfully accepted. Please read the file carefully for mission details and make appropriate preparations. We wish you success. 】

Disappearing just like that, I frowned before getting up and grabbing the thin folder Big Bro Yue had given me before we left. Unfortunately, new information wasn't added to it despite System's words. What file? What details?! Did this single sheet of paper with extremely vague descriptions count as 'details'?! It wasn't even half a page long!

Sighing again a bit helplessly, I tossed aside the folder before going back to my bed and properly meditating this time. Time passed like this, slowly and surely. To be honest, I felt like someone had pressed the 'fast-forward' button for me, because it didn't feel like long before I

felt my energy levels increase a smidge. During this interval of time, I vaguely sensed someone enter the room before pausing and taking the tray of food away... ah, customer service in this inn was pretty slow. I'll probably only rate them a mediocre three stars...

More time passed like this, and to my disgruntlement my energy levels didn't recover by much. I stubbornly continued to meditate, when—

*Plop!*

Startled, I jumped a bit when something suddenly fell onto my lap. Looking down, I saw some... loaves of bread? And there were faint traces of spiritual energy inside them too, so they were probably made with spiritual water... wait, what?

I looked up. A serene Liu Qingge looked back at me.

“...”

“...”

“...It's late. Eat and then go to sleep.”

...

D-Did Liu Qingge just buy me bread?! What was with this sweet gesture?! Also, was it just me or did he just sound like an exasperated mother or older sibling as they chided a child...

No, no, it must be my imagination...

“J-Junior-apprentice brother!” I stuttered a bit, mentally wincing at how weird it felt to call an older guy with such a name. “W-Welcome back. Erm... are these... for me?”

Yeah, shoot me, I'm still in disbelief here. Why would Liu Qingge buy me dinner?! How can this guy be so nice and good, oh my god?

The War God gave me a look. “If you don't eat that, what do you plan to eat? Regular food?”

...Point. I had been planning to go hungry. Really, where did Liu Qingge find stuff like this... food with spiritual energy must be priced crazily...

Getting another warning glance, I immediately snapped out of my daze and reached down to stuff some bread into my mouth. Snacking on it, I kept myself busy as Liu Qingge started getting himself ready for bed.

Which, by the way, was probably going to be quite normal. Thankfully, Big Bro Yue decided to spare me and not include the cliché ‘oops-there’s-only-one-bed-haha-good-luck’ plot device...

Now, my main concern for this night was just. How was I supposed to casually return Liu Qingge’s robe?!

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## **CH11: Kidnapping In Broad Daylight**

When I woke up the next day, Liu Qingge was already long gone. His black robe I had hastily stuffed to the side had disappeared as well, and in its place was a tray of food filled with spiritual energy.

“...”

... Could... the food be for me? Or was it the War God’s...? But... there really wasn’t any reason for Liu Qingge to be nice to me. After all, although I treated him with a lot of respect, the original Shen Qingqiu had a feud with him built on decades of grievances.

Yeah, it probably wasn’t for me. Feeling a bit tired at the thought despite sleeping till noon, I nervously set the food to the side before deciding to go hungry for a day—it wasn’t like it’ll kill me. On the other hand, getting onto Liu Qingge’s bad side might...

Standing up, I walked to the washroom to wash up. Rinsing my mouth, relieving myself... I had just finished when someone knocked on the door.

“Shizun, you’re awake!”

And lo and behold, there was my nanny. Luo Binghe stood there obediently with a bundle of clothes... er, my clothes.

Ahh... had he been waiting for sounds of movement in the room? Come to think of it, I was probably trampling the original Shen Qingqiu’s reputation to the ground, for oversleeping this much...

Urk, I felt a bit guilty. How long did Binghe stand there, to wait on me when I woke up?

“Ah, yes, I was a bit tired...” I replied in an apologetic tone as I sat down and let my little disciple do his magic.

“Eh?” Nimble hands undressed me before helping me put on my own clothes. I took a moment to thank the person who shooed Liu Qingge out of the room so early—wouldn’t I be a laugh-stock if he finds out I still can’t dress myself...? “Shizun, are you alright?”

“Yes, I feel fine,” I smiled at the boy who started stroking my clothes to smooth out any bumps. When he was done, he immediately started brushing my hair. “What are the others doing?”

“Senior-apprentice brother split everyone in two groups before departing this morning,” Luo Binghe obediently answered before grabbing my headpiece. “Martial-Uncle Liu went to do his own mission, he said he might not come back tonight.”

“... I see,” I replied with a blink. Plus points for Ming Fan, that Leader Bun was really quite good at his job. However, for Liu Qingge to be out all the time, maybe I was misjudging Big Bro Yue? I mean, I had originally thought that his mission was something absurd like spying on me, but perhaps Big Bro Yue was really just getting both his junior-apprentice brothers an opportunity to bond during work or something...

**BANG!**

“SHIZUN!”

I jerked up in shock as the door to my room slammed open. In ran my eldest disciple, another motherly teen (much like Luo Binghe) who shared some leadership roles with my head disciple. He was one of the main people who had taken care of me before Binghe arrived, but this was the first time I saw him so disheveled.

“Shizun!” The frantic teen cried. “Junior-apprentice brother Ming Fan disappeared!”

“...*What.*”

\*\*\*

Apparently, Ming Fan had disappeared in the marketplace, and no matter how much the rest of his group had tried to sense him, they could only feel some unease.

Unease? Pshhh, that was probably the aura of a demon or something. Not that they knew that. According to Big Bro Yue, this would be the first time Shen Qingqiu had brought any of them down the mountain for experience. Original goods, were you really this lazy?!

...On the other hand, Ming Fan’s disappearance was remarkably alike to that girl’s in the fanfiction. What was her name again? She was supposed to be my youngest female disciple, and she was also the damsel in distress that Luo Binghe had to rescue twenty-four seven. Uh, Ming Fan, dear, have you replaced the harem sister’s role...?

"None of you are allowed to leave your rooms," I started in a cold, firm tone. "Rest assured, I'll find Ming Fan. Please tell Junior-apprentice brother Liu that I may be late today, if he does return."

To my surprise, the rest of my eight buns looked extremely worried. Some of them even had eyes with reddened rims. I felt a bit happy about that, I mean. Ming Fan was so beloved by them, they were even worried to this extent! He probably wouldn't become cannon fodder this time, right?

"... Shifu..." One of my ducklings spoke up hesitantly as they all gave each other a look. "You should take Junior-apprentice brother Luo Binghe with you."

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

????????????????

WAS THIS THE BULLYING? WAS I WITNESSING LIVE BULLYING???

But... B-But... this was one of the disciples who got along with Luo Binghe! They were friends! Was he backstabbing him?!

"Yes, Shizun!" Luo Binghe replied earnestly, looking completely unaware that he was being schemed against. "I have to come with you, don't go alone."

Flattening my lips, I gave the other disciples a cold look. Bullying the protagonist under my watch?! Dream on! "There's no need, Binghe. It might be dangerous."

"..." All my disciples suddenly had the same expression, as if they didn't know whether they should laugh or cry. The kid who had spoken up before ignored my glare and hesitantly asked, "But... shifu... wouldn't you get lost trying to find Senior-apprentice brother?"

"....."

... Good point...

As someone who got lost even with G\*\*gle-sensei guiding me, I really couldn't refute. Ahh... Binghe should be okay, right? He was the protagonist, so the Plot would bend reality to make sure he doesn't die. Plus, he should get some experience in the real world...

"... Alright," I sighed before heading to the door. "Binghe, take me to the marketplace. Let's start there."

The younger boy obliged with a smile as he followed me outside. What a good child... how did he blacken so badly...?

Eh? It was the original goods' fault? ... Please don't throw a bucket of cold water on me...

The sun was shining pretty brightly since it was only a bit past noon, and I really started regretting my outfit. Why was there so many layers? Was it the more layers you had, the more powerful you were...?

Onto a more serious note though, I wondered how I could find Butterfly. Or, well, since this is a few years prior the name should just be the Skinner, right? But still, I didn't have much to go off from...

【Upon encountering difficulties, would you like to pay 100 Points and activate Easy Mode? 】

... 100 points... that'll leave me almost broke... of course not!!! I rather do Normal Mode than risk going under!

【...As you wish, good luck then. 】

The moment System stopped talking, Luo Binghe suddenly collapsed. Frightened, I reached out to grab him when—

*CRACK!*

*...painpainpainpainpainpain...*

—Something hit the back of my head, *hard*. As my vision turned completely black, only one thing ran in my mind:

WHAT WAS THIS?! KIDNAPPING IN BROAD DAYLIGHT?

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## **CH12: Acting Like A Bedroom Bondage And Rape Victim, The Climax**

*Shizun!*

*Shifu please!*

*Shizun, wake up!*

“Wake up!”

“Ah.....” A moan escaped my lips as the full force of my pounding headache blasted me the moment I regained consciousness. Eyelashes fluttering a bit, I peeled open my aching eyes and got an eyeful of the unforgiving sun.

“Shifu!” Someone on my left sobbed as another person sighed in relief. Blinking rapidly to get rid of the black spots in my gaze and to avoid going under again, I turned my head to look over.....

“Ming Fan! Binghe!”

Lo and behold, my missing disciple and my other disciple who had fainted in front of me were tied onto the same pole. Luckily, other than the chafed wrists and ankles, they didn’t seem to be injured. “Are you two alright?”

Ming Fan cried even harder. “Why are you asking us that? Shifu was the one who wouldn’t wake up!”

“Shizun, are you okay?” The rims of Binghe’s eyes reddened even more as he desperately searched my face. Thus, I deliberately feigned calm as I showed them a relaxed smile.

“Yes, completely fine,” Lying through my teeth, I mentally calculated my current status as I lightly panted. Ouch, for one, everything hurt. My sword was nowhere to be found, and like what had happened in the fanfiction, I was bound with a red rope that made my qi circulation sluggish. Every single place that touched the rope felt completely numb, and I could even feel the chill through my clothes.

Which. I was still wearing, for some odd reason. Maybe the demon actually had a conscious and didn’t want to re-enact a bedroom rape scene with a minor???

Then again, if the demon had a conscious I wouldn’t be feeling those drops of blood rolling down my face. Did I have a concussion? Can cultivators even get concussions? How hard was my head even smacked?

“Aiyaaa~” A chilling laughter sounded behind me as both my buns paled dramatically. Suddenly, someone grabbed a lock of my black hair in a faux-tender way before the person released it and walked in front. “I didn’t know Cang Qiong Mountain sect’s great and lofty expert was just a small little brother! Child, you are quite unlucky to come across me today~”

Uh. The beautiful person in front of me... looked terrifying, actually. Black hair scattered over the girl’s shoulder and onto her bright red qipao. The scariest thing, however, was how the other just *reeked* with the scent of blood.

In fact, upon closer inspection it seemed that the girl's qipao was actually white, but it was now dripping with a bright red liquid..... though that obviously didn't bother her one bit as she smiled at us eerily.

FUDGE! This was scary! System, was it too late to get that easy mode???!!! (´;Д;`)

【Unfortunately, that had been a limited-time offer. Good luck. 】System replied in a totally unforgiving tone. I resisted the urge to cry as I stared at this scary fellow canon-fodder. Why were our appearances so different??? Why was I, the higher level canon-fodder, not as scary as her????

“Ahh...” Scary Lady sighed blissfully as the other stared at me with hungry eyes. Which...was even more awkward. UM. PLS MISS, I DON'T SWING THAT WAY. “An immortal cultivator, and in addition, a child..... your skin is so tender and delicate, I've really hit jackpot....”

Before I could even prompt her to start her evil mastermind dialogue, the other took out... my sword??? Unsheathing the beautiful blade, the Skinner walked closer to me before using my own sword to cut up my clothing. In no time at all, my upper body became completely naked as I became the spitting image of the bedroom rape scene victim.....

What the heck! So you wanted to assault me when I was conscious to achieve the maximum fear effect, huh?!

Also, where were the cheesy villain dialogues?! I don't want to skip them for once!

“SHIFU!”

“Shizun?! Stop that, you... you....”

【This isn't Easy Mode, of course she's going to kill the biggest threat, you, first before raving her plans to your disciples. 】System explained primly as my two disciples started screaming at the demon. 【Normal Mode villains have the same intelligence level as a normal person, you know. 】

!!!! WHY DIDN'T YOU EXPLAIN THE PRODUCT SPECS BEFORE LETTING ME MAKE MY DECISION?

As the Skinner laughed in my fuming disciples' faces, I actually began to gradually calm down. After all, even if I was bound up like this, I went into this mission knowing a potential way it would pan out. I would be stupid if I didn't prepare for something like this. In fact, it wouldn't take much more before I could tie the stupid villain up with her own rope (revenge would be sweet!) before going back to home sweet home....

Thus, just so that I could get off of work early, I began to speed up the process. Biting my lower lip harshly enough to draw blood, I winced at the slight pain and felt my eyes tear up. Add on how I was trembling slightly because my naked skin felt a cool breeze, I successfully portrayed the image of a poor little white lamb.

“Oh...~” Mhmm, the villain’s face lit up even as my disciples’ faces turned paler and even more distressed. I felt a bit bad for tricking them like this, but it was for the good cause of getting them free so I stamped down the sudden guilt. “What a delicious treat...”

Yes, come closer you rapist. C’mon, I don’t have all day you know..... just touch my skin and then we can all go home...

Ignoring the ruckus my disciples were making, the Skinner drifted toward me as she hungrily eyed my pale white body. Really, if I didn’t know beforehand about her plans, I would have thought she was a pedophile. Stopping in front of me, she lifted a hand with nails crusted in dried blood as she seemingly reached forward to touch one of the red fruits on my chest.....

BANG!

In a truly powerful show of qi circulation, the demon masquerading as a woman smacked into the wall beside me, reduced to nothing but a splatter of blood. My face completely blanked at the gory scene even as Ming Fan and Binghe both started crying in relief. Raising my head, I blinked dazedly at the furious man at the door.

Liu Qingge??!! What was he doing here?!

.....AND WHY DID HE COME NOW?? He just ruined all of my plans!

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