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Translator's note: As mentioned in the book intro, this story is sprinkled with mentions of s*xual abuse, torture and suicidal thoughts. I will try to give a warning and short summary for particularly painful chapters but I won't be able to warn for all mentions. Sometimes the mentions of these themes are very casual.

I'm releasing the first six chapters in one go because in my opinion, chapters two to four are the most painful since it gives an idea of the kind of abuse the gong went through. Starting chapter five, the healing starts.

Chapter 1: The Beauty in Red

Song Qingshi was dead.

After his death, he came to a strange space, where there was a sphere randomly flashing red light.

The sphere said that it was a book-transmigrating system from a higher dimensional world. There was a Xianxia novel called "The Exceptional Furnace", which was about to be plagued by the readers' resentment due to the tragic fate of the protagonist shou, resulting in problems for that world. It needed a soul who was familiar with all sorts of novel tropes, a master of amorous thoughts and feelings, someone who thoroughly understood power and knew change to repair the protagonist shou's mind and body and fulfill the readers' wishes. — Change the fate of the protagonist shou, dote on him, let him live the happiest of lives □□ □□□□

The system's information passed through intermittently, Within the □□ were all garbled and incomprehensible alien characters.

During his lifetime, Song Qingshi had suffered from Lou Gehrig's Disease and he devoted himself to studying medicine to save himself. He was a medical student who studied and experimented frantically every day and never wasted time reading novels.

In terms of feelings, he was even more clueless. Although he was very good-looking, lovable and obedient, due to his health problem even the school tyrant treated him like a son and showered him with paternal affection, not to mention girls who were overflowing with maternal love. Given everyone's excessive loving care and sympathy for him, not only did he not even have a crush on anyone, he even suffered from a slight fear of talking to strangers.

His was a soul that totally did not conform with the system's requirements.

Song Qingshi didn't know how he was picked by the system. He had read all those books on Marxist philosophy for nothing. But from what he could make out of the system's messy and garbled information, so long as he accepts the mission, the system will send him to the virtual book world and assign him a healthy body, letting him live again.

After Song Qingshi realized this, he was ecstatic. A healthy body was his wildest desire. Not to mention that the system's mission was simply for him to take care of someone. He would have been willing to accept it even if the system had asked him to scale a mountain of swords and plunge into a sea of flames.

For this reason, he ignored his conscience, put together his words and lied for the first time in his life: "I have read tens of thousands of books and they're all imprinted in my memory. I am knowledgeable in medicine and nursing and have taken elective courses in psychology, which will allow me to solve the protagonist shou's physical and mental issues. Moreover...I...I

am very experienced in love...I love communicating with others. I can absolutely complete this mission!”

If only souls had blood running in their veins, his face would already be all flushed.

The system didn't notice his guilty conscience and confirmed him as the one in charge of this mission. It sent a series of garbled characters mixed with all kinds of chaotic and disorderly information into Song Qingshi's mind, causing waves of stabbing pain to his soul.

Suddenly, the system issued a sharp alarm. Data transmission was interrupted. Song Qingshi's eyes went black and his soul drifted away to a point of white light...

...

When Song Qingshi woke up, he found himself lying in the woods, surrounded by the faint fragrance of various herbs. He squinted his eyes and looked towards the dazzling blue sky. There was a lone gorgeous golden luan bird dragging its long tail feathers, letting out a clear cry and lightly flying past. It was followed by countless other fantastical birds.

Is this really the world inside a book?

It seemed so real...

A breeze blew through the forest, shaking the dew from the trees. The dew fell on his fair fingertips, bringing a slightly cool sensation. Then, all the memories of the original body flooded in like a tide, pouring into his mind, trying to merge with his soul. This body was also called Song Qingshi, the master of the Medicine King's Valley, the most talented medical immortal in

this world of immortals and a medicine maker. His medical skills can heal the dead and bring bones to life and the spirit pills he refines are treasures that cultivators vie for.

However, the original body's temperament was extremely eccentric. He stayed in the Medicine King's Valley all year round and seldom went out. He was never one to make friends and had no interest in matters other than medicine and alchemy. When a patient seeks treatment, he would only consider his mood and wouldn't ask for the person's identity. When he was in a good mood, he would treat even a mortal beggar. When he was in a bad mood, no matter how high the person's identity was, they would be turned into fertilizer for his herb garden. He often used living people to test medicines. His methods were cruel but because he was a Nascent Soul cultivator and had various skills with poison, the different immortal sects didn't dare to provoke him easily, only secretly calling him an eccentric behind his back.

Those in the immortal realm had prolonged life spans, and the knowledge and memory that the original body had cultivated for hundreds of years had yet to fully pour in. The system's various data fragments rushed in frantically. Together with the countless garbled codes it tore the original body's memory into a chaotic mess, leaving Song Qingshi at a loss. It took a long time before he managed to figure out his current situation.

This place was Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor, the most luxurious place in the immortal realm, where rare and exotic animals were kept and where there were countless handsome and beautiful concubines.

The lord of the manor, Jin Feiren, was also a great Nascent Soul cultivator. He had a loose nature, was liberal with money and had friends among both the proper cultivators and the devil cultivators. He was an illustrious figure. Recently, he got a beauty that was especially to his liking. He

arranged for a banquet and invited all his friend who shared the same interests to participate. It was said that he also had prepared many newly-bought beauties to be presented as gifts resulting in guests coming in droves.

The owner of the original body has always been cold, obsessed with alchemy and was never one to touch men or women. His arrival on this particular day was merely coincidental. Manor Lord Jin wanted to give him some Ten Thousand Year Snow Ginseng in exchange for a batch of medicinal pills. The original body had recently been lacking Snow Ginseng for his medicine-making and so he agreed to the deal.

Because Snow Ginseng grew in the secret realm within the snowy mountains of the Jin Family, if you wanted to get its best medicinal properties, you needed to collect and preserve it with a special refining method. The original body was here to personally harvest it and was just in time for the feast of the lord of the manor. In order to build a friendship with the original body, Manor Lord Jin invited him using every possible way and expressed all different kinds of goodwill. Finally, he got the original body to agree to attend tonight's feast. Manor Lord Jin was thrilled and even said that he would gift him with some high quality furnaces...

Then, Song Qingshi was sent by the system...

What's a furnace?

Song Qingshi found all sorts of pill furnaces and treasure cauldrons within the memory of the original body. That didn't seem right. After all, Manor Lord Jin was a sword cultivator and should not have any interest in alchemy...

Song Qingshi wanted to ask the system for more information, but the system seemed to have disappeared. The information he was sent was not only

lacking the novel's plot but the character information was so disjointed and incomplete, with garbled characters everywhere, that even the protagonist shou's introduction was missing. Song Qingshi drove himself dizzy from going through it over and over before he found some descriptions in the copywriting introduction: best figure, peerless beauty shou X□□□□ gong, secured by force or trickery, deep angsty love, □□, □□, □teaching. Aside from the copywriting there was also a phrase that he could half make out: Banquet of Bea□.

...

If this were someone who often read system novels, they would immediately realize that this was a problematic state of affairs.

Song Qingshi, however, didn't feel that there was anything wrong. He believed that this was a test given by the system to assess his reasoning ability and ability to handle matters. Song Qingshi was very accustomed to being assessed. Usually whenever he and his teacher would begin a project to develop a new drug, he often wouldn't even have a single clue at hand. They would need to experiment bit by bit and fumble their way around. They would experience countless errors and difficulties to reach the final answer and often times, this answer was not what they were hoping for.

Many pharmaceutical companies invest billions or even tens of billions to research medicines. Scholars spend decades, until their hair turn gray, only to fail clinical trials.

Therefore, every pharmaceutical researcher was a battle-hardened strong man who has suffered defeat in many a battle and kept on fighting despite continual setbacks.

This test set by Professor System was not difficult!

Scholar-Tyrnat Song showed not the slightest fear! He will definitely find the correct answer! And live up to the teacher's expectations of him!

Song Qingshi quickly grabbed the key points from the problem set. The protagonist will appear at the Banquet of Beauties. Male, homosexual, with peerless beauty and a superb figure, a pitiful character with a miserable destiny. He needed to rescue the protagonist shou, give him the greatest care, heal his physical and mental state and then help him find happiness and joy!

During Song Qingshi's time, respect for other's sexual orientation was written into the law and same-sex couples could get married.

He had once picked up a novel one of his rotten female classmates had misplaced. It was called "His Evil Majesty's Pampered Husband". On the cover was a handsome and domineering man garbed in ancient attire holding a beautiful long-haired woman with a super flat chest. He didn't quite understand it and when he returned the book, curious, he asked about it. His classmates then enlightened him about Danmei and told him that the beauty on the cover was actually male. The beautiful one was a 'shou' and the domineering one was a 'gong'. Therefore, Song Qingshi was confident that he would be able to clearly distinguish between this novel's gong and shou. Never was he going to be so off the mark as to rescue the protagonist gong instead.

Now that he has determined his problem-solving reasoning and the direction he was supposed to go, he only needed to wait for the Banquet of Beauties to start the exam.

Song Qingshi's spiritual sea gradually cleared. The soul and body merged fully and turned nimble. He cautiously used his hands to prop himself to sit up. And then, he took off his shoes, raised his feet, and tried to move toes

that had been stiff for many years. Each of white and round toes curled happily. Song Qingshi shakily stood up. Using both hands and feet, he took a few steps forward. Finally remembering how normal people walked, his movements gradually changed from jerky to agile...

Beneath his feet was soft green grass and moist earth.

Beyond the trees was a small, calm river. Song Qingshi stepped into the water and took a handful of cold river water to wash his face, confirming that he was not in a dream.

Tears gushed out from extreme joy and the big fat drops fell one after the other onto the palms of his hands. He couldn't stop no matter how much he wanted to. The surface of the river calmed down from the slight disturbance, reflecting the youth's figure.

Song Qingshi was surprised to find that the body given by the system was very similar to his own during high school. He wasn't very tall, his build was comparatively thinner. He wore the attire of a Daoist immortal, layer upon layer of snow-colored cloud patterned brocade wrapped tightly around his body. A quick glance gave the illusion of a person too frail to bear the weight of one's clothes.

His fine hair was simply tied up, with some strands left hanging outside. Probably related to immortal cultivation, his appearance was a bit more refined than his original one, with cold white complexion and clear eyes. Because his mind often wandered off to thoughts of research, he gave off the impression of being endearingly silly and easy to push around leading to many unlucky ghosts who believed the original body to be harmless to become plant fertilizer or poison test subjects.

...

After Song Qingshi vented his emotions, he saw his reflection with eyes rimmed red from crying. He was a little embarrassed and he hurriedly lowered his head to fetch water and to wash away the tears on his face. Suddenly, from behind him came the sound of tinkling bells and mockery.

“It’s useless to attempt suicide. It will only cause you pain for nothing. If you feel unreconciled, you can try and sink down slowly to see if you can succeed.”

Song Qingshi gave a little frightened jump. He turned around and saw the most beautiful scenery he had ever seen.

Beneath trees full of peach blossoms, there was a beautiful young man dressed in red, watching Song Qingshi crying stupidly for who knows how long. The young man’s appearance was at its prime, like a picture scroll of dense vibrant colors and dark black ink, depicting the world’s most amorous beauty. He had skin like warm jade and the most beautiful of all were those dark golden phoenix eyes under the crow-feather-like eyelashes. He should have appeared like a noble and dignified phoenix in the heavens were it not for the utterly gorgeous red teardrop mole below the corner of his left eye that desecrated his nobleness; crushing his dignified air, causing the phoenix to sink among humans. Dyed with the color of desire, it turned into a feature that enchanted and seduced, creating an unbearable temptation into people’s hearts.

His long hair was untied, hanging casually to his waist, the ends were slightly curled. His feet were bare and he was only wearing a red garment made of shark silk. The shark silk was as smooth and glossy as water, clinging to his body and covering it all. With just a pull of that golden ribbon around his waist, it would all drop down, revealing the favorite scenery in every man’s dream.

Song Qingshi did not have any impure thoughts but because he was found sniveling and crying, his social anxiety reared its head. After a long time of trying to rouse his courage, he stumblingly said, "I, I was just..."

His hesitation turned to tacit approval in the eyes of the beauty in red.

Everywhere in the immortal realm were dangerous birds and beasts. All cultivators were imbued with spiritual aura and keen senses. They could easily detect the grass stirring in the wind around them. Even minor cultivator in the Foundation Building stage wouldn't miss the sound of mortal footsteps tied with these bells, let alone a Nascent Soul cultivator. If Nascent Soul cultivators let out a mental probe, even the movements of the smallest insects on top of the mountain wouldn't escape his notice. Except for Song Qingshi, this newly-transmigrated strange little marvel who was a stranger to both spiritual powers and worldly matters...

The beauty in red completely misunderstood and thought that Song Qingshi was also a mortal. And in Golden Phoenix Manor there was only one use for such a beautiful mortal. He asked to confirm, "A new slave?"

Song Qingshi looked up in surprise, wondering what he meant. He had opened his mouth to ask but his eyes unintentionally fell on the body of the beauty in red. He seemed to have some strange injuries. He couldn't help but curiously cast surreptitious glances, pondering what it could be.

The beauty in red noticed his curious look and grew unhappy. Malicious intent grew within him but a very gentle smile appeared on his face. He said, in a voice as though bestowing sincere blessing, "Don't bother to look. Soon, you too will have it."

Song Qingshi was very sheltered before his transmigration. He had never encountered malice and did not know how to discern sarcasm. Although he

thought this blessing was a bit strange, he still answered politely: “Thank you.”

The beauty in red was choked by this answer. He was momentarily dumbfounded. He looked Song Qingshi up and down, looking at him like he was an idiot. He found that the person in front of him was clean and his eyes were pure, never having experienced hellish devastation.

This discovery made him made him feel a thread of pity in his heart tempered by suffering. He put away his sharp malice and whispered, “After tonight, you will understand that death is a luxury.” He turned slightly sideways, looking at the cool flowing water. He warned, “When I first came here, I tried to commit suicide many times, but it was useless. We are slaves who are branded with the Acacia Seal. Our mind and soul belong to the master. As long as the master refuses to allow it, even our deaths are not our own...”

The beauty in red was silent for a long time. He slowly stretched out his hand and rubbed Song Qingshi’s hair, as soft as the down of a small animal.

Song Qingshi saw that there were several red marks from being tied up on his pale wrists. He realized that this must be a pain that the other wouldn’t be willing to be questioned about. And so he pushed down on his queries.

The beauty in red’s fingertips slid from Song Qingshi’s hair to his delicate face, watching his naïve expression. He paused slightly and then, as though he couldn’t bear it, released him. He didn’t want to say any more. It was useless to say anything before he personally experiences that endless, limitless nightmare. Now, being able to keep one more moment of innocence was one more moment of happiness. Finally, he sighed, “You have very good looks but unfortunately the better you look as you grow, the later you will be freed...”

Song Qingshi was puzzled: “What do you mean by ‘freed’?”

“You’ll know soon,” the beauty in red’s expression suddenly relaxed. He glanced around carefully, then stretched out his index finger and lightly tapped his lips. In a voice so soft, it could hardly be heard, he said ambiguously, “Tonight I will be freed...”

The red-dressed beauty turned around with a smile and with a the sharp and crisp ring of the bell, turned around to leave. His steps were a little unstable and each step was strenuous, like a mermaid painfully walking on the tip of a knife.

A pair of exquisite gold shackles were exposed around his beautiful ankles underneath the red clothes. An exquisite bell hung on each of the shackles which were connected by a slender golden chain. As he walked, the bells shook, making a clear and sweet sound. He was like a tethered bird.

The golden chain dragged across the grass and a few drops of blood dropped onto the green leaves.

Song Qingshi plucked up the courage, fighting down his social anxiety and shouted to the beauty who was about to leave, “Are you...injured? I, I have some medical skills...Do you need me to treat you?”

The beauty in red looked back. He looked at him for a few seconds and couldn’t help but smile. This time the smile finally reached his eyes; like a ray of golden sunlight breaking through the clouds, dazzlingly beautiful. He shook his head towards Song Qingshi and gave him a sincere blessing, “I wish you better luck tonight.”

He turned his head, and the sunlight in his eyes disappeared in a flash, as if it had never existed. Only black clouds that wouldn’t retreat remained.

Having sunk into a nightmare for so many years, he has long learned not to recall fondly the kindness of others and not to depend on the momentary benevolence given in charity.

He walked alone, step by step alone without stopping, with these chains of pain.

Translator's Note: This chapter is quite painful. Here is a short summary for readers who feel it would better prepare them to read the chapter.

Chapter 2: Problem Solving by Elimination

Scholar-Tyrant Song sat in the examination room, his back ramrod straight. He had his head down in embarrassment and his mind was a complete blank.

This question presented at the Banquet of Beauties was more terrifying than Goldbach's conjecture. At least he wouldn't feel so flustered at being quizzed by the professor on Goldbach's conjecture.

The Langan Terrace of Golden Phoenix Manor was a display of wanton extravagance. There were countless beautiful celestial youths and maidens, dancing in all directions. Guests arrived one after another with beauties in hand. There were impetuous laughter and jumbled obscene language everywhere.

Song Qingshi silently recited his lessons on topics such as the human body structure, physiological hygiene and mouse breeding before finally recovering the calm of a talented medical student. Thinking about the tragic wipe out of the lab mice he had painstakingly bred for three years, he instantly felt nothing of the spectacle before him.

There were two kinds of sacred fires in the original body. One was the Red Lotus Fire for refining pills and the other was the Underworld Ghost Fire for killing people.

Song Qingshi assumed an expression that could drive other people thousands of miles distant. He released the Underworld Ghost Fire onto the

palms of his hands, letting the flames continuously jump around his fingertips, changing into all sorts of different shapes.

Fen Shen and He Ti ancestors were the greatest treasures of every sects and they did not easily involve themselves in secular affairs. Nascent Soul cultivators were then all big shots that walked about wantonly in the immortal realm. Moreover, the path of cultivation was dangerous; no one could say for certain that they would not need the help of a god-level doctor to save their life. As a result, neither proper cultivators nor devil cultivators dared to rashly offend the Medicine King Xianzun, let alone pay any mind to his eccentric character.

The cultivators saw the Underworld Ghost Fire. Knowing that he was in a bad mood, they all kept well away. Even the maids and servants did not dare to approach, lest they carelessly provoke the honorable lord and be set ablaze by that murderous fire.

Song Qingshi successfully managed to carve out a large area of peace and quiet around him. He cut off all thoughts the other cultivators might have had of sucking up to him. He then released the powerful mental probe of a Nascent Soul cultivator and quickly enveloped all the beauties at the banquet, looking carefully, trying to find the protagonist shou among them.

However, Yang Yuhuan was plump while Zhao Feiyan was slender; each beautiful woman was beautiful in her own way. Everyone had different standards of beauty. Song Qingshi was the unreliable sort and his eyes were quickly dazzled. He felt that all of them at the Banquet were beautiful. Even the maid who poured water was lithe and graceful. She was more beautiful than the stars on TV. He simply couldn't tell who was a cut above the rest.

But this stubborn scholar will never admit defeat!

Song Qingshi tried to use the elimination method to solve the problem. First, make sure that the protagonist was a man, exclude all the female beauties at the Banquet. Then he must list the key observations, make bold verification and careful assumptions and one by one remove the beauties that do not meet the standards.

The twin brothers brought by the Sect Master of the Blood Demon Sect were extremely beautiful. Tender-bodied, warm and fragrant, passionately devoted, they were just like twin lotus flowers on one stalk.

There can't be two protagonist shous. Cross out.

The young man brought by immortal elder of the Longhu Sect was also super cute. He was childlike and adorable. He had his arms around the immortal elder and acted like a spoiled child. The immortal elder doted on him very much and obeyed his every wish, even hand feeding him fruit. He kept calling him 'baby' and 'darling'.

The protagonist shou suffered a miserable fate. Cross out.

The foreign monk from the northern continent used black iron chains to lead along a handsome man covered in wounds. He staggered along, seeming to follow the monk obediently. But underneath, he exuded an unyielding aura, like an eagle with both wings bound but still wanting to break free and fly away.

The protagonist shou was regarded as a beauty, so he wouldn't be that strong-willed and unyielding. Cross out.

.....

As the night grew deeper, the music at Banquet of Beauties had long been replaced by the sounds of debauchery. Many people have left the table with beauties in tow. The scenes became more and more unbearable.

Song Qingshi did not want to peep into other people's private affairs, for fear of seeing something dirty and getting an eye stye. He narrowed the scope of his mental probe and limited it to only within the banquet. He then heard the foreign monk show off the man he had brought with him to the young master of the Hidden Moon Sect, "He was even a general in the mortal world. After he was defeated and captured, he was sold to me. He is proud and unyielding and would not comply even at the threat of death. Playing with him is particularly exciting."

The young master of the Hidden Moon Sect introduced a soft and coquettish young man. He said with a smile, "A proud person has its own flavor and well-behaved has its own as well. Should we exchange and give it a try?"

The foreign monk hesitated and the Young Master of the Hidden Moon Sect directed a meaningful look towards the young slave.

The charming young man immediately snuggled up against the monk's chest and coquettishly implored, "I actually love a strong body like master's. Please bestow love upon this slave, master."

Fan Seng was aroused by the youth's sweet and lewd words. He readily threw the chain in his hand to the Hidden Moon Sect's young master and took the young man to the side hall. The Young Master of the Hidden Moon Sect pulled the chain fiercely and dragged the gray-faced man toward the secluded part of the garden.

There were many scenes like this during the banquet and no one spared any pity for these tragic beauties.

.....

Song Qingshi had already learned from the memory of the original body that the spiritual energy of the mortal realm was thin. The life span of mortals was short and the occasionally spiritual roots were extremely weak. Being able to reach Foundation Building stage was already akin to ascending the summit. There were some benevolent immortals who would accept mortals as disciples and give them the opportunity to ascend to immortality. Ten thousand years ago, there was a mortal named Mo Yuan who was extremely talented. Relying on his sword skills for cultivation, he managed to reach the Nascent Soul stage. He created a peerless sword technique enough to rival a Fen Shen Elder. He thus became known as the Sword Sovereign.

But the path of immortality was to fight against the Heavens. Each step was difficult, to meet with calamity and failure was a common occurrence. Killing someone to rob them of their treasures occurred from time to time. It was difficult to restrain their behavior with morality and ethics.

Weakness was the original sin. Mortals were like mole crickets and ants, allowing the cultivators of the immortal world to have the power over their life and death, playing with them recklessly.

Even if Sword Sovereign Mo Yuan decided to take care of them, he could only lay down rules among the famous and righteous sects of the immortal realm. He managed to secure that mortals who have successfully reached Foundation Building stage could no longer be used as slaves and playthings. But demon sects and demon cultivators never cared about the rules. Not to mention the mortal cultivators, even cultivators in the immortal realm would suffer a terrible fate should they fall into their hands. Their evildoings were too many there simply weren't enough bamboo slats. there were too numerous to tell.

Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor was regarded as a famous and illustrious sect in the immortal realm and all the cultivation furnaces within the manor were of mortal origin who had been purchased.

So while Song Qingshi found the things happening here to be utterly intolerable, he couldn't interfere. He was a little grateful that the identity that the system had arranged for him was not that of a mortal's, otherwise he wouldn't be able to survive two chapters, let alone save the protagonist.

Fortunately, it was just a virtual world...

Novels were works of the devil and textbooks were the righteous path of the world! It was only right that the professor confiscated his Senior sister's novels in class! If he ever becomes a professor, he will not allow his students to read novels! So as to avoid having their Three Views poisoned!

Song Qingshi lamented silently.

Suddenly, a swearing voice came from the garden. It was the Hidden Moon Sect's young master who dragged in the stubborn man's corpse and returning with a disappointed face. The man's shirt was torn open, revealing his body riddled with scars. He had used a silver chopstick stolen from the banquet to pierce his throat severely and kill himself.

The silver chopsticks were very blunt. It must have been extremely difficult to use it to commit suicide. It wouldn't have pierced through without exhausting all his strength. It clearly displayed his determination.

When everyone at the banquet saw this, they made fun of the Hidden Moon Sect's young master, joking that he couldn't even look after a mortal.

After hearing the disturbance, the monk abandoned the charming young man and hurried back from the side hall. He saw that the person he had brought was dead, he scowled and his eyes turned cold, his face was full of anger. The young master of the Hidden Moon Sect was even angrier than he was. He turned the dead man over, revealing a back covered with lashes. He questioned the monk, "Why didn't you place an Acacia Seal on this little slave of yours? You actually just let him commit suicide and die?"

The foreign monk was stunned by his question. "What's an Acacia Seal? Some new toy of yours in the Central continent?"

Seeing that he was completely ignorant of this, the other cultivators couldn't help but mumble how the Northern continent was a truly uncivilized place. They didn't even know what an Acacia Seal was, this thing that was known in every corner of the world. The foreign monk was completely perplexed by their mutterings. The young master of the Hidden Moon Sect though had already vented his anger. He pulled the monk over and hating iron for not becoming steel, narrated the wonders of the Acacia Seal: "The Acacia Seal was a method created by Huanxi Xianzun. The master can brand it on the back of a cultivation furnace and control of the furnace's body and soul transfers into the hands of the master, allowing for manipulation at the master's convenience. No need for orders and they cannot die without permission."

Song Qingshi had found important information. He quickly concentrated his mental probe and listened carefully.

The young master of the Hidden Moon Sect took out a red bead from his space bag. He suddenly had an idea. He turned the bead in his hand. The charming young man who was standing next to the monk immediately knelt down and barked like a dog.

The monk waved his hand and said with disdain, “The occasional taste of this kind of obedience is good enough. If I raised them like this, I’d get tired of playing with them after a few days.”

“There’s a lot of uses to it. You wouldn’t know until you’ve used it for yourself. This young master can’t list them all.” The Hidden Sect’s young master withdrew the spiritual thought he had imposed on the bead. The young man laying on the ground, stood up. He had long become used to being disgraced in front of a crowd and after a momentary reddening of his face, he cast away his sense of shame and stood next to his master with his head down.

Seeing that the monk still didn’t understand, the young master educated him patiently: “The most important thing is that unless you allow the cultivation furnace to die, the furnace will never be able to go against your wishes and die. Wouldn’t it have been more amusing if you had branded your little slave with the Acacia Seal and once he’s unable to commit suicide, you then take your time to grind down that pride of his?”

The monk had an epiphany. He nodded repeatedly and agreed with him.

The young master erased his spiritual thoughts from the cultivation furnace’s bead in his hand and threw it to the foreign monk. He said graciously, “Since this young master has killed your beauty, then let me compensate you for your loss. Take this with you and study for yourself the wonders of the Acacia Seal. I can guarantee that you will want one for yourself.”

The monk was overjoyed and continued to praise, “The people of the Central continent are indeed bold. This Black Vulture has made you a friend!”

The charming young man's face instantly turned pale. He looked desperately at his original owner as though wishing to speak, as though he wanted to beg. But in the end he didn't say anything and went with the monk in tears.

The jewels have been corrupted. The bright red hairpin was now like a broken piece of jade.

This extravagant banquet finally reached its climax.

The disciples of Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor covered the luminous beads above the hall and let the darkness envelop the entire Langan Terrace.

The guests raised their heads in astonishment. They saw fireworks from several spells flash across the darkness, blooming in the air in a rich display of lights and color, turning into a golden phoenix, dancing lightly and gracefully, announcing that the performances for the banquet was about to begin. Jin Feiren raised his wine glass and invite guests to admire it with him.

Song Qingshi marveled at the beauty of the Phoenix Dance and remained looking up for a long while. Afterwards, he discovered that a young man in white clothes had appeared beside Jin Feiren. The young man had very clean and delicate looks, like green bamboo within the mountains, a bright moon in the sky. A layer of cold frost covered in his features, as he kept his head hung low. He had fine black hair falling down like a waterfall, tied back with a ribbon. He had no other adornment on his entire body and yet he very easily caught the eyes of everyone, causing their looks to linger.

The tall and handsome Manor Lord held a smile as he gently scratched the hollow of the young man's palm. In a gentle and soft voice, he praised his treasure, coaxing him to smile.

The young man turned his head away. Despite being coaxed and teased, he refused to even look at the other.

Jin Feiren twisted his head forcefully. With one hand, he clamped both of the youth's hands behind his back and forcibly embraced him. He carefully kissed his forehead, the bridge of his nose...and then he repeatedly bit down on his lips, as though he wanted to swallow him into his stomach. The youth struggled while bearing with the pain. Jin Feiren smiled and let him go. He leaned in close to the youth's ear and asked softly "Do you want to be taught the rules again?"

The young man froze for a moment. He stopped struggling and sat obediently into Jin Feiren's arms.

Was this the protagonist?

Song Qingshi secretly watched for a long time and finally suppressed his instinctual social fear and prepared to speak when Ling Bao Xianzun, who had a close relationship with Jin Feiren, walked over and asked with a smile, "Is this the Manor Lord's new treasure? A pure Yin constitution, single water-type spiritual root? Would you consider letting me have a taste tonight?"

Jin Feiren glanced at the embarrassed and indignant expression of the youth in his arms. He squeezed him and refused with a smile, "Although he is a plaything, he does suit my tastes. I cannot hand him over as a present. Later, I will send my friends some top-quality products, all of them newly branded beauties with superb constitutions and very clean."

Ling Bao Xianzun gave the youth a careful, measuring look. "This furnace of yours is still a virgin?"

Jin Feiren said, “I do not wish to treat him as an ordinary furnace.”

Tonight, Song Qingshi has amended his knowledge with a lifetime’s worth of obscene language. He now understood everything that should be understood and even those that shouldn’t be understood. He now understood clearly what they meant by a furnace.

He watched Jin Feiren personally pouring wine for the young man during the banquet and he was a little unsure whether this was the protagonist or not. Although the boy in white seemed to be more attractive than the other beauties present, the system has explained that the protagonist needed to be rescued because of a miserable fate. Right now, Jin Feiren was very fond of the boy. Every beauty in the Banquet of Beauties was many times more miserable than him.

Song Qingshi began to fret as he considered this problem...

At this time, the phoenix in the air had finished dancing and fell amongst the guests in a shower of light.

The light faded away and a huge, golden, ornately carved bird frame appeared on Langan Terrace. On the bird frame sat a beauty lovely enough to cause the fall of a city.

The gold fetters inlaid with jewels encircled his pure white ankles. They were tied to both sides of the bird frame with long thin golden chains. His upper body was covered with almost transparent gauze, making faintly visible the magnificent scenery decorated with gold and jewels underneath. On his lower body was a long skirt made of golden red feathers in the shape of phoenix tail feathers. His slightly swept up long hair hung down loosely, with pearls like mermaid’s tears adorning it. The enchanting Acacia Seal on his back was hidden by his long hair. As his hair swayed with the wind, it

became faintly discernable. He was as beautiful as a phoenix with its rich colors; the human world's peony of riches and honor.

He held a jade flute in his hand. His thin lips were slightly open, creating a naturally enchanting appearance. The dark golden phoenix eyes seemed to be smiling yet not at the same time. He looked around and then greeted the audience. The small red tear-shaped mole at the corner of his eye made everyone feel unbearably tempted. Song Qingshi sat up straight and he recognized this as the beauty in red that he had seen by the river bank.

When the beauty in red glanced over at Song Qingshi, his eyes stayed on him for a while and then slid over him as though he didn't recognize him.

Song Qingshi looked to his left where there was the young man in white clothes, who looked like a clear and bright pearl and then he looked to the right, at the beauty in red, who looked like a peony in its flourishing age. He panicked. He could not tell who was more beautiful and more like the protagonist!

The exam question of Professor System was too tough...

Was Scholar-Tyrant Song about to fail this course?

Translator's note: Nothing graphic but in this chapter we are shown how the slave trader tricked Yue Wuhuan (the beauty in red). Here are the broad details.

Chapter 3: Born without Tears

The red-dressed beauty lightly opened his vermilion lips and blew into the jade flute. The sound of the flute was full of lingering affection, softly touching at hearts, as though inviting all the listeners to enter the red curtain and share in the beautiful scenery.

Song Qingshi's mother was an internationally renowned pianist. Under her influence, music has become Song Qingshi's only hobby outside of school. In the last days of Song Qingshi's life, all his body functions had been lost but his consciousness had been exceptionally clear.

His mother invested heavily in installing top-notch audio equipment in his ward to play music nonstop. She also used her connections to ask top musicians in various fields to give him a small concert every day.

Music rescued him from the brink of despair and soothed his heart. During this special time, Song Qingshi became particularly sensitive to the emotions in music. He could hear the gentleness of the performer in the impassioned piano music and he could also find the hidden encouragement in the sad and sorrowful guzheng music...

Now, he actually heard the familiar struggle and despair in the lingering and passionate sound of the flute.

Song Qingshi finally raised his head, staring at the brilliant phoenix in a daze. He could no longer look away.

Jin Feiren found that a beauty had finally caught Song Qingshi's interest and was overjoyed. "Song Xianzun is interested in this slave? His name is Yue Wuhuan, naturally seductive, a rare best quality single wood-type spiritual root. It makes him very resilient to being tossed about in bed. The more you torment him, the more unrestrained he becomes. There is no one who has tried him that hasn't praised him. Would Xianzun like to have a taste?"

Song Qingshi's ears reddened because of his explicit suggestion. He quickly retracted his gaze and said hoarsely, "No."

"Medicine King Xianzun is preserving his purity and has no love for these things. Don't force your friends," Ling Bao Xianzun came over. He pointed to Yue Wuhuan and sighed, "I remember that this is the best product sold by Xie Que? In this immortal realm, he is still the best when it comes to raising beauties. Each is more flavorful than the other. Alas, it's my good friend who has a good relationship with him. Any kind of good merchandise will be sold to you first."

Jin Feiren waved his hand and said, "You flatter me. It's with thirty hu of mermaid pearls that he has a good relationship with."

Ling Bao Xianzun laughed, "If money could be used in this world to create friendships, my good friend would have the most friends in the world. Come, come, let me share a toast with my good friend and congratulate him on his wind and moon."

Jin Feiren also laughed. He ordered the young man in his arms to fill a glass of wine and drink with Ling Bao Xianzun.

Ling Bao Xianzun had drunk quite a lot and was already tipsy. He leaned against the table and listened to the flute music. He sighed, "I remember when this beauty first entered your gates. He was unwilling to accompany

guests even under the control of the Acacia Seal. It was quite enjoyable to have a taste of that. But now he has become so promiscuous. It has changed to a different special flavor. I can see that your methods are brilliant, my good friend.”

Jin Feiren shook his head: “It’s a pity that this beauty won’t cry no matter how much he is tossed about. He was born without tears and he’s a little less of a delight because of it.”

Song Qingshi heard a professional problem and couldn’t help answering, “Being born without tears may be indicative of a problem with the lacrimal secretion system.”

Jin Feiren was momentarily struck dumb. He had every intention of building a friendship with Song Qingshi but he couldn’t carry on a conversation about his medical obsessions. He had could only laugh awkwardly and switch the topic, “Don’t let this beauty’s debauchery fool you. Back then, in the mortal realm, he too was an honorable and high-ranking prince. When he was eight years old, Xie Que discovered that he had excellent aptitude when he was looking for beauties in the mortal world. He showed his supernatural powers and presented the emperor with a pill for prolonging life. He praised his son as having spiritual roots and wanted to accept him as a disciple. The old emperor was so overjoyed that he happily handed his son to the immortal elder. That Xie Que is also very ingenious. He does seriously accept mortals with spiritual roots as disciples and coaxes them to trust him. He then tricks them into voluntarily signing the spiritual contract into slavery. He teaches them superficial cultivation methods and when their appearance reaches its peak, he brands them with the Acacia Seal, keeping them always at their most suitable time for picking. He then sells them off to the brothels to serve on their beds.”

“Although everyone knows that he is taking advantage of the loopholes, they all turn a blind eye to it and acquiesced to this method of trafficking in slaves.”

The Yanshou pill can only be taken once to extend one’s life to 100 years.

Cultivators who’ve reached the Foundation Building stage can live up to at least three hundred years. They had no use for this trifling plaything. Most of these were bought to be used by mortal servants. The price was very cheap, worth only two of the lowest-grade spirit stones. Such huge profits have continuously sustained cultivators who trafficked in slaves. But none of them could raise slaves as well as Xie Que.

Song Qingshi was surprised to find in his memory that the original body had encountered Xie Que before..

That spring, the original body was doing a closed-door study on a new method to create pills when Xie Que came to seek medical treatment for a comatose child. The child was a mortal, about eleven or twelve years old, with a rarely seen pure yang constitution and a wood-type spiritual root. Moreover, he had already reached the third rank. He had exceptional talent and was even better than some of the wastes descended from some of the immortal families. Xie Que said that it was his new disciple, who he had recruited more than three years ago. When he went to the mountains to practice, he was bitten by a Devil Mask Snake. Devil Mask Snakes were not extremely poisonous, but they will dye the poisoned person’s face in all sorts of color, akin to having them wear a comic mask.

The original body originally did not treat mortals. But Xie Que was crying and begging, saying that this was his most important disciple and that he was willing to pay a high price to save him. The original body was in a good mood at the time and he was vexed by all his crying. Moreover, it was easy to

detoxify the poison of the Devil Mask Snake. And so, he finally relented. He ordered a servant to give him two detoxification pills and forbade him from crying again.

Xie Que stayed by his disciple's bed and took care of him for three whole days. His disciple woke up from the coma, there was no longer any serious hindrance to his health but it took time for the marks on his face to fade away. Xie Que was still worried, afraid that there was still some lingering poison and so they stayed at the Medicine King's Valley for half a month and waited until the disciple's face completely recovered.

During that period, the peach blossoms in the medicine garden bloomed like a red brocade over the sky. When the original body encounter a problem refining medicine, he often sat on a high place and looked at the peach blossom to think. Every time, the original body would see a small figure under the peach blossoms practicing swordsmanship. He practiced in the morning, noon, and evening, as if it had turned to living in symbiosis with the peach blossoms.

Mortals who embark on the path of cultivation were like fish leaping over a dragon gate. There were innumerable hazards and hardships and very few make it through.

Xie Que was always by his side, with a worried expression on his face. If he wasn't worrying that the sword would slip out of his hand, then he was worrying that he might exhaust himself and harm his body. The two quarreled several times because of this. On a whim, the original body sent out a mental probe to investigate. He heard the child say to Xie Que: "Shifu, although mortals are not as good as immortals, my father has taught me that the Heavens rewards the diligent and that diligence cures clumsiness. So I have to redouble my efforts and never waste time."

“What you said makes sense,” Xie Que conceded with a bitter face and tried to persuade him, “Your injury is still not healed, I’m afraid you would hurt your body. And... why must you practice swords? My Yanshan Sect follows the Way of Music. Would it be better for you to learn to play the flute or the guqin or something?”

“The Way of Music that master taught me is very good,” the child scratched his head embarrassedly, “but I like swords. I want to be like Mo Yuan Jianzun. Shifu, don’t worry, I know all the songs you taught me. I’ve practiced them so that I’m even better than the senior brothers and sisters. It definitely won’t get in the way of my practice.”

Xie Que has no choice but to say: “I will find you the right ice silk gloves later. You must wear them when you practice swords. At night, you must soak your hands in lotion to soften your hands. There must be no calluses so as not to affect your subsequent practices...”

The child cheered and was in high spirits. “Shifu, you are so kind.”

“Don’t get hurt,” Xie Que knocked lightly on his forehead and grumbled, “You naughty little demon. You’ve given your master a really bad scare. From now on, you will stay within the sect to practice and you are no longer allowed to go to the back mountains to play. You’re also not allowed to practice without rest like this or else you’ll ruin your eyes.”

The child agreed to each of his rules.

Xie Que leaned over, rubbed his head lightly, and sighed, “You don’t know how much Shifu values you...”

“I know,” the child raised his head and said earnestly: “I know that the immortal realm looks down on mortals cultivating and even looks down on

Shifu who only accepts mortals as disciples. I don't want cause shame to Shifu, so I must cultivate a Golden Core to prove to everyone that Shifu's vision was right!"

Xie Que looked at his face quietly, his eyes dark and gloomy and difficult to recognize.

The child pulled at Xie Que's sleeves, turned his eyes away and said embarrassedly, "Wuhuan likes Shifu the most!"

Xie Que stretched out his fingertips and stroked the child's face that was dyed with all sorts of colors. He looked carefully, and finally stopped reluctantly on the small red mole under his left eye. The mole was dazzlingly beautiful. He was silent for a long time and then showed a very kind smile. "Shifu also likes you the most."

Translator's note: Since this chapter is quite painful, here is a short summary.

Chapter 4: Breaking Out of Hell

The child with the red tear-shaped mole in Song Qingshi's memory and the peerless beauty on the golden bird frame finally overlapped.

A busybody, overhearing their conversation, clapped his hands and laughed. "Xie Que is really wicked. It must have been a sight to behold when the little disciple discovered the truth."

Since Jin Feiren started his cultivation, he has received countless beauties, but the memory of when Yue Wuhuan entered his gates still placed him in an exuberant mood. "That day was my eight hundredth birthday. There were countless well-wishers, so I arranged a feast on this Langan stage and invited all my friends to celebrate together. Xie Que also came with Wuhuan. It seems that he had told Wuhuan that he was going to send him to Golden Phoenix Manor to learn swordsmanship. Wuhuan was overjoyed. Until Xie Que took out the spirit bead at the banquet and asked me to inspect the slave. His incredulous expression was so cute..."

Jin Feiren casually messed up the long hair of the boy in white, forcing him to look at the beauty on the golden bird frame. He then began to recount the past for everyone.

At that time, Yue Wuhuan had just grown up. He was wearing the Yuelan clothes that immortal sect disciples liked. He wore a sword on his waist. His hair was tied with a simple white jade crown. He had a clean scent, delicate features and bright phoenix eyes. His bearing was dignified, as though he were not of mortal origin, but like the young son of an immortal family.

He earnestly saluted the immortals at the banquet and then told Jin Feiren expectantly that he was already in the middle stage of Foundation Building and that he would work hard to learn swordsmanship at Golden Phoenix Villa in the future and live up to Shifu's expectations and become like Mo Yuan, the powerful sword cultivator. At that time, everyone laughed, an ambiguous tone tainting their laughter. Yue Wuhuan realized that there was something wrong in their laughter and wanted to retreat. Jin Feiren had already walked down, pulled up his hand, looked carefully and laughed, "Such a beautiful hand is not suitable for sword practice. It's much more suitable for serving people."

Yue Wuhuan's face turned pale, and desperately retracted his hands.

Jin Feiren let go and smiled, "Elder Xie, since you have brought good goods, you must let me inspect the goods."

The people at the table also clamored and asked for an inspection on the spot.

Yue Wuhuan watched as his master took out a red bead, passed a spirit thought to it and he lost control of his body. He desperately tried to stop his trembling hands from reaching to his waist and throwing away his most cherished long sword like garbage. Then, the belt fell, the Yuelan clothes was shed layer by layer. His dignity was exposed for everyone to take in at a glance. What little vain hope he had was crushed to dust.

The sounds of the banquet stopped and all eyes were staring at the beautiful scenery.

Jin Feiren himself couldn't help but straighten up.

Yue Wuhuan struggled against the control on his spirit, wishing to die right then and there. He looked at his shifu in pain, wriggling his beautiful lips, silently begging. Xie Que finally walked towards him and gently stretched out his hand, like the way he had touched his head every day to praise him.

Xie Que gently pulled off his white jade crown.

The white jade crown fell to the ground and broke to pieces. The long, slightly curled hair spreads down to his waist like a waterfall, covering the enchanting Acacia Seal on his white back. The despair and helplessness in the dark golden phoenix eyes were enough to arouse thoughts of wreaking havoc. The red tear-shaped mole made their hearts itch and the originally beautiful teenager is turned into a rarity designed to seize and ensnare the soul.

Yue Wuhuan struggled, lowering his head to try and hide his embarrassment into the darkness.

Xie Que grabbed Yue Wuhuan's long hair and pulled it back fiercely, forcing the young man already dying from shame to raise his head, so that everyone could see his devastating beauty.

He smiled and said, "My vision is never wrong."

...

The sound of the flute turned more melodious and moving and in the depths of that melodious sound, the sadness grew deeper.

Song Qingshi's throat stiffened due to sadness. He was a little out of breath. He gradually understood the meaning of the words the Yue Wuhuan had said by the riverbank. It was like he could see himself from the past when he

was locked within the prison of his own body. He shouted every day, but no one could hear his cry for help.

He didn't want to think anymore. He already had the answer in his mind.

What he wanted was to save this beautiful bird with scars strung together like beads.

Song Qingshi began to think frantically about how he could naturally bring Yue Wuhuan away.

The song finished. The flute stopped and the lingering music curled away into the wind.

The guests had long been tantalized until their hearts were burning. Some had even made fools of themselves.

Jin Feiren got up and announced boldly, "This is a toy that Golden Phoenix Manor has prepared to give to all our Immortal friends tonight. Please enjoy."

Song Qingshi was startled and looked up worriedly. Yue Wuhuan only raised his eyebrows as though he were already used to such a scene. He indifferently cast a wink at the immortal elder beside him. His beautiful calves stretched out under the feather skirt, shaking the bells on the golden shackles on his feet. He swayed lightly in front of everyone, as if inviting them to taste.

The Hidden Moon Sect's young master looked at him, heart aflame. He raised his hand to grab his foot, wanting to tear off the feather skirt and drag him to the side to play with.

Suddenly, there were shouts from outside the hall. The maids and servants fled one after another and a demon tiger charged in. Its eyes were bright red. It trained its eyes on Yue Wuhuan and kept growling lowly, as if it had seen delicious prey. The expression in Yue Wuhuan's eyes began to slacken like he'd been drugged and had forgotten what fear was. He actually walked towards demon tiger step by step, seeming not to know what it was...

Ling Bao Xianzun said in shock, "This is the show my good friend has arranged for tonight? What style!"

The guests were full of drunken spirit. They felt that this was extremely exciting and let out loud cheers.

The boy in white finally couldn't help standing up, pushing Jin Feiren away. He shouted, "Stop! Don't do this! This kind of thing...is too much!"

Jin Feiren was a little puzzled. He had arranged for a show tonight where the demon tiger would hunt and kill slaves, but only ordinary slaves were to be used. How could he be willing to use such an outstanding beauty as Yue Wuhuan? But now, the atmosphere created by the guests was too strong. Yue Wuhuan was also very sensible and knew how to behave in such a delicate situation. He could not disappoint his guests. Moreover, he felt that the youth's censure had made him lose face. And so, he sneered, "Why not? You just have to open your eyes wide and take a good look. If you dare to disobey me, I will let you have a taste of such a trick yourself."

The white-clothed boy's face turned pale. He opened his mouth but dared not make any more sound.

Seeing him approaching, the demon tiger became even crazier and lost all its intelligence. He grabbed Yue Wuhuan's shoulder and bit down. Yue Wuhuan's shoulder was torn open with a big, bloody hole. He finally woke

up from the confusion and drew back. The demon tiger would not let him go and continued to grab and bite, tearing up the prey before its eyes that wanted to escape.

Song Qingshi finally found a suitable attacking spell from the memory of the original body. He turned the Underworld Ghost Fire into a needle as thin and fine as cattle hair and shot it at the demon tiger's body. The demon tiger raised his head and roared.

Fortunately, the poison of the Underworld Ghost Fire quickly spread throughout the demon tiger's body. The demon tiger stiffened instantly and fell over. After a while, it turned into a boiling corpse and disappeared.

Song Qingshi got up, walked towards Yue Wuhuan who was lying in a pool of blood and quickly sealed the wound. He stabbed a few of his acupuncture points for first aid to stop the bleeding.

Yue Wuhuan was trembling with pain. He kept panting, his beautiful face was covered with blood. He looked like a ferocious ghost. The eyes that were looking at Song Qingshi held no joy at being rescued, only deep resentment and despair. Finally, before he fell into a coma, he said in a soft voice that was almost inaudible, "I was blind..."

Song Qingshi put a spirit pill in his mouth to keep his heart beating.

Jin Feiren came over and said, displeased, "Song Xianzun, why did you kill my demon tiger?"

This demon tiger was his heart's treasure, bestowed with human intellect and capable of protecting its master. It was much more valuable than a slave he had grown tired of playing with.

Song Qingshi recalled the original body's usual tone and said coldly, "I want him."

Jin Feiren put on a forced smile and said, "It can't be because Xianzun was moved by this dirty thing?"

Song Qingshi replied, "I wish to use him to test medicine."

He wanted to use Yue Wuhuan to try various miraculous medicines to restore his body to the same it was before!

Song Qingshi deliberately misled him and Jin Feiran completely fell for it. The benefit of a wood-type spiritual root was that it bestowed the body with naturally strong recovery ability. It was a good choice for medicine refiners. The Medicine King's demeanor was like that of an Immortal soaring in the sky. It was hard to guess his thoughts. Since the demon tiger was already dead, there was no point in pursuing the matter. It was much better to take this opportunity to have Song Qingshi owe him a favor.

Song Qingshi took out a bottle of immortal pills that he had refined from the mustard bag. Without even counting how much was in it, he directly handed it to Jin Feiren as compensation. Refining pills was very good for practice for cultivators. It's just that the materials were very precious and the output was scarce. Pills refined by the Medicine King himself was priceless. Giving it as compensation for a demon tiger and a slave he'd grown tired of playing with, who was half-dead and uncertain of being saved...this was a very sincere offer...

Song Qingshi was afraid that he would refuse to consent so he thought about it and then said, "This tiger has been drugged. It's viciousness has erupted and it has turned deranged. It could not be allowed to stay."

Jin Feiren hurried down the steps with him. He erased his spirit thoughts from Wuhuan's bead and handed it to Song Qingshi. He thanked him for his timely discovery and disposal of the demon tiger thus preventing the guests at the banquet from getting hurt. He promised to order someone to investigate the incident of the demon tiger's drugging.

Song Qingshi courteously bid farewell to Manor Lord Jin and rejected his enthusiastic offer to gift him with some beauties.

He personally picked up Yue Wuhuan, who was seriously injured and unconscious and stepped out of this hell of jade steps and carved railings.

In hell, there were still many souls that could not escape...

Behind him, the sound of wanton laughter faded away.

The blood stains on Yue Wuhuan's face had already been wiped away. His eyelashes, like crow wings were closed tightly, trembling slightly, fragile and beautiful.

When Song Qingshi looked at him, his heart gradually turned firmer.

He suddenly remembered the story his mother told when he was a child:

There were thousands upon thousands of fish dragged in by the tide, dying in the shallow water puddles of the beach.

He had no way to save all the fish. He could only release this dying fish in his hand back to the freedom of the vast sea.

"Because it matters to this fish."

Translator's note: The Story of the Boy and the Fishes on the Beach

The story goes that a man is taking a walk by the beach after a huge storm. The storm had left many fishes stranded in little pools on the beach and soon, these pools will dry up and the fishes will die. He sees a little boy crouching beside one of the pools, throwing the fishes back into the sea.

He asks the boy, "There are thousands of fishes. You won't be able to save them all."

The boy replies, "I know."

The man asks again, "So why do it? Who would care?"

The boy then says as he throws a fish into the sea, "Because this fish cares." And as he throws the other fishes back, "And this fish, and this fish..."

-The End-

It's a touching story and most readers believe that the lesson is that you are supposed to keep trying even if your efforts cannot live up to the ideal. I think it also means that you're supposed to help as much as you can because your efforts mean a lot to those you do help.

Chapter 5: Wrong Answers

Readers who've read transmigration, quick transmigration or system stories know that if the fate of the character in the story is to be changed, it should be prevented before the character's tragic fate has occurred. However, Song Qingshi had interpreted the problem as having already occurred, meaning that he had to save the character who had already suffered a tragic fate. His decision was off, thousands of miles off.

In the original book, Yue Wuhuan only appeared three times:

The first time was when the protagonist shou had just been sold to Golden Phoenix Mountain Manor. He saw that unbearable scene of Yue Wuhuan being toyed with by the guests and his three views crumbled.

The second time, the protagonist had been harboring naïve delusions about his future. At Yue Wuhuan's mockery and humiliation, he was forced to come to terms with his identity.

The third time was when Yue Wuhuan was taken out by Jin Feiren on to the Langan stage to treat the guests and was accidentally torn apart by the demon tiger. Jin Feiren concealed the inside story of the demon tiger's madness and treated it as a deliberately arranged game for the banquet. Using extreme fear, he shattered the protagonist's last trace of dignity, making him completely surrender and become a plaything.

In short, Yue Wuhuan was a small supporting character who exited the story early and to whom few lines were dedicated to. His debauchery was used to offset the protagonist shou's beauty. Moreover, his beauty was that of an extravagant, gaudy flower soon to reach the point of decline. How can it

possibly compare with the pure as jade and clean as ice and yet to bloom flower of the sunrise?

This was a super simple multiple choice question that every reader could do!

If the system were alive and proctoring the exam, it would have crawled out and knocked Song Qingshi, this blockhead, over the head.

Scholar-Tyrant Song was completely unaware that he had already digressed far too far from the topic. He still remained full of confidence, eager to take action, doing his utmost best, vowing to hand in a perfect score!

On the way back to the Medicine King's Valley, Song Qingshi absorbed all the memories of the original body and integrated its massive knowledge of medicine and alchemy. There were rare and exotic herbs and miraculous medicines in the immortal realm. However, similar to traditional Chinese medicine, they knew only that it had amazing efficacy but did not know just where its wonder comes from.

Modern medicine conducts systematic research on traditional Chinese medicine, finding out the monarch-minister-auxiliary relationship within its components, extracting the useful composition of each medicine and then developing medicines that are both easier to take and more effective.

A female scientists won the Nobel Prize for this, benefiting the world. Song Qingshi's focus was on modern medicine and this gave him a leap in thinking. He did not follow the traditional path of the immortal realm. He quickly found new ideas for solving many of the problems that the original body had failed to study. He will employ the Heaven Craft Pavilion to create substitutes of modern scientific instrument. He will analyze the effective ingredients in these immortal medicine, purify, research and maybe even conduct artificial synthesise...

In Song Qingshi's mind, there appeared countless experimental schemes in an endless stream. There were tens of thousands of books and inexhaustible medicinal materials in the Medicine King's Valley, as well as abundant research funds.

He was overjoyed, like a mouse that had fallen into a rice vat. He wanted to hug the system and kiss it a few times.

Song Qingshi fully understood why the original body holed up at home, staying in such a immortal treasure trove. He too could spend his whole life holed up in there!

He could spend every day immersed in a sea of frenzied study and research. He could dedicate his life and soul to his favorite god of medicine. No one can send him back!

Song Qingshi looked at Yue Wuhuan in his arms and the more he looked at him, the more he loved him.

This was the big treasure that had given him everything! He will do everything he can to save him, just like his parents used to treat himself before; indulging, doting, loving, giving him all the good things so that he can live a happy life like a prince in a fairy tale!

Song 'A father's love is like a mountain' Qingshi was enormously proud of himself. He suppressed his excitement and immediately placed Yue Wuhuan in the side hall of his bedroom, doing everything himself. He first poured the elixir carefully with the crane-mouthed jar to re-energize the breath of life. Then he changed into white clothes, put on a homemade mask and found a pair of extremely thin animal skin gloves. After disinfection, using scissors, he gently cut off the blood-stuck gauze and feather skirt from Yue

Wuhuan's body and rinsed his wounds. He used very fine silkworm thread to sew them closed. Then he broke off his shackles and treated his wounds.

Song Qingshi's movements were extremely gentle, extremely fast and barely touched any part of his skin. But Yue Wuhuan's body was extremely sensitive. He twitched slightly and groaned a few times then fell asleep again. Song Qingshi took the opportunity to take some blood samples for analysis, and also performed a full-body scan of him using his mental probe. He was a good-tempered person but after seeing Yue Wuhuan's disastrously ruined Dantian and meridians, he couldn't help but darkly curse at those brutes. In his heart, he was pondering how he was going to explain the situation when Yue Wuhuan woke up.

Song Qingshi was not good at communicating with strangers. He was able to make do when discussing his specialization but during idle conversations his thoughts would often jump and his words would fail to convey his idea. For example, everyone watched a popular men's group selection variety show and was arguing over who was the male god?

He answered very sincerely that it was Asclepius, the god of medicine...

Song Qingshi hasn't understood why everyone said he killed the conversation.

He thought hard for a long time and remembered that when his ALS was not so serious, he had gone to the hospital for an internship. His Senior brother knew that his junior had a social phobia and that when he goes to explain the patient's condition to the patient, he would often stammer and get tongue-tied, unable to come out with what he had to say. And so, he specially taught him, "Try to get rid of all feelings and treat yourself as a medical machine. First write down the detailed case and treatment plan, then recite it with a smile and end with a comforting sentence." Song Qingshi obtained this