



琴瑟和鳴圖

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The Corpse Ruler Confuses the World, All Seven Husbands Are Devils - Chapter 01-11

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Chapter 1—Regarding Men to Women, They Are Eternally Merely an Accessory; If You Want to Kill Them Then You Would Kill Them

TL Note: Some parts of this chapter have been edited in order to keep this PG-13. However, due to popular vote, I will post the unedited lines in the space below in white text. Highlight with your mouse to read.

As if in a trance, Mo Qingli's body laid on the soft bed. In her half-conscious state, she could feel small traces of pain spreading over her entire body.

This kind of pain, how long had it been since she had experienced it? Mo Qingli was so irritated with the pain that she opened her eyes, a pair of black pupils glinting with a trace of strange red and gold light, coldly looking towards the man in front of her.

“Fuck off!” An abnormally rough female voice sounded, filled with anger, enough to make anybody feel fear.

The man, deeply startled by Mo Qingli's strange eyes, froze. His slender and seductive eyes filled with misgivings, as he didn't dare to believe that the sixth princess that had always doted on him would speak to him in such a crude

manner! This was their first time! Furthermore, they hadn't even gone all the way yet...!

“Princess, you, you don't have to worry, I'm almost finished!” The man pressed down on Mo Qingli, kissing her roughly.

With a “bang” sound, the man on top of her was kicked out the door by Mo Qingli, the wooden door at this moment having a man-shaped hole broken through it. The chamberlain that stood guard at the door was so scared that he immediately ran away. The advisor spit out a mouthful of blood as he landed harshly, not daring to believe, that the advisor that the princess had always doted on had somehow offended her, somehow leading up to this situation.

She was originally the *jiangshi*¹ ruler from tens of thousands of years ago, having cultivated for countless years, just waiting for the heavenly calamity to happen so she could cross over and achieve immortality. Patiently, slowly, she waited for the heavenly calamity to descend. As a result, she passed through from a side entrance, illegally stowing into the world of the immortals. Who would have thought that she would have been noticed by the Jade Emperor himself? The Jade Emperor was furious, throwing her down into the mortal world. Her ears still rang with the words that the Jade Emperor had said: “If you want to become an immortal, then you must first discover the seven emotions and six desires that characterize you!”

This “seven emotions and six desires” is the reason why I haven't been able to enter heaven?

Having calmed her heart down, her extremely agitated and confused train of thought was as emergent as the tide.

This was a era of three kingdoms. Her current location was in a dynasty known as the Motian, which was a genuine female-dominant nation. The female body that she had fused with belonged to the Motian Dynasty's sixth princess; this body and her were both addressed by one name, Mo Qingli.

The man that had been kicked out by Mo Qingli was a close advisor of hers, Ouyang Yunjin. This was previously “her” most beloved advisor.

“Drag him down there, and bury him!” Insipidly, she spoke without a single trace of emotion.

The surrounding chamberlains, because of this phrase spoken aloud by Mo Qingli, all stiffened in place, staring at her with eyes of disbelief!

“Did you not hear my words? Hurry up and move!” Mo Qingli’s voice had some traces of displeasure.

The chamberlains all moved into action, looking towards the advisor lying within the pool of blood around him, all of them unable to stifle the sobs inside their throats. Previously, the sixth princess, other than whatever the eldest princess said, would secondly listen to the advisor. She had spoiled him regardless of how uncontrolled he would get, entirely submissive to him; as long as it regarded what this man wanted, if she could fulfill it than it would be fulfilled.

Who would have thought, in this way, he would be beat to death by the same sixth princess. This was an extremely unbearable situation.

In this place, regarding men to women, they are eternally merely an accessory; if you want to kill them then you would kill them.

“Princess, this maid will assist you in changing.”

Mo Qingli shot a glance at the woman in front of her, her surprised gaze revealing a trace of despise. She lightly furrowed her brows, deciding not to bother with it, as she had more important things to worry about. “Don’t bother, withdraw.”

Yue Yao, having heard what was said, suspiciously raised her eyes to look at Mo Qingli. Her expression was insipid, and there was no sign of any abnormality. “Yes.”

Seeing that her surroundings finally were void of other people, Mo Qingli finally opened up her palm. A flickering golden ring shone under the illumination of the sun, dazzling the entire room.

Mo Qingli picked up the ring. This was, in the split second when her soul had been cast from the heavens into the mortal world, something she had taken with her. Her elegant almond-shaped eyes narrowed slightly, carefully sizing up the ring on her hand. In contrast with normal rings, this had been forged with pure gold in order to form a circular shape; if one had to say what was exceptional

about this ring, it would be that on the ring were seven petals of an unknown flower blossom, encircling the flower bud within the middle, giving the impression of a budding flower.

Mo Qingli, with some disappointment, placed the ring on her little finger. She had originally thought that this, which she had taken from an immortal, was some immortal clan's heirloom, and would have some usefulness regarding herself. Who would have thought that in the mortal world it really was just a normal gold ring.

It surely was something that that immortal had taken from the mortal world into the world of the immortals!

¹A *jiangshi* is a type of Chinese monster similar to a zombie, that goes around sucking the life force of its victims. It's limbs have stiffened with rigor mortis, and therefore can only move by hopping, hence the nickname 'hopping zombie'. More info [here](#).

Chapter 2—Son! This Is Precisely The Person You Care Deeply About

Mo Qingli stood in front of the copper mirror, carefully sizing up “herself”. Black hair, black pupils, she could not be classified as a breathtaking beauty, it was only that her skin was exceptionally fair, enough that all the veins and arteries under her skin could be faintly discernable. She could clearly tell that her own aura had some differences as well. The previous her had an overwhelming amount of *yin*¹ energy, gloomy and cold; but the current her had increased in character, warmer, no longer so apathetic, instead making her somewhat engrossed with herself.

“The seven emotions and six desires that the Jade Emperor said, could it be that he wants be the experience the mortal world’s happiness, anger, fear, love, sorrow, evil, and greed? Then, let me fully experience for myself this mortal world’s way of life.”

Towards the copper mirror, Mo Qingli muttered to herself, both her eyebrows tightly furrowed, her expression giving off the impression that she was lost in a fantasy.

“Get lost, you bitch maid, I want to meet Mo Qingli. Mo Qingli, get out this moment!”

“Prime minister, prime minister, the princess has already retired to bed, you can’t enter.”

“Get lost!”

Yue Yao saw the heroic and grand face of Ouyang Qianlan, knowing the exact reason why the older woman had come, inside her eyes a trace of schadenfreude glinting. However, appearances still had to be upheld.

The anger on Ouyang Qianlan’s grew, having not thought that this insignificant guard would have the impertinence to obstruct her path. As she brandished out her arm, Yue Yao pretended to fall onto the floor.

Mo Qingli leaned against the doorframe, coldly looking at the scene, which had

comprised of Yue Yao's small scheme.

"Paying respect to the princess." Ouyang Qianlan stood opposite to the Mo Qingli, a pair of fiery eyes revealing no traces of the respect between a ruler and their minister.

The Ouyang Clan was the Motian Dynasty's number one clan, and Ouyang Qianlan's younger brother Ouyang Haoxuan was the current empress's favored imperial concubine. It could be said to be like the expression that 'once one man achieves a government position, all his followers will get in as well'. The females in the Ouyang Clan's were practically all important government officials, while the males were almost always the favored husband of an important ruler or an advisor. It could be said that this Ouyang Clan was, apart from the imperial family itself, the most dangerous power in the Motian Dynasty. What's more, this sixth princess was widely known for her cowardice and weakness. If it hadn't been for the eldest princess's protection, coupled with that dog-like son of hers Ouyang Yunjin falling in love at first with this imbecilic princess, Ouyang Qianlan would have never allowed Ouyang Yunjin to become engaged to her.

Recalling the way that her dog-like son had been devastatingly killed by this imbecilic princess without good reason, coupled with humiliating manner of his death, Ouyang Qianlan's entire body began to tremble. She looked once again at Mo Qingli indolently leaning against the door frame, her face indifferent without a single trace of unhappiness, both her fists clenching tightly. Son! This is precisely the person you care deeply about. Your death, does not cause even the slightest bit of stirring in her heart.

"What matter does the prime minister come here for?" Mo Qingli looked unconcerned, indifferently speaking.

"Hmph, I dare to ask the princess, what offense did that dog-like son of mine do, to make the princess so cruelly act this way?"

"Oh? This prime minister, when meeting the princess, does not kneel, what crime should this be considered as?" With the same indifferent manner of speaking as before, she spoke without a single trace of emotion.

Ouyang Qianlan became alarmed, raising her eyes upwards to meet the gaze that Mo Qingli returned. Both sides looked at each other, but Ouyang Qianlan,

who had undergone hundreds of battles throughout her lifetime, was severely shaken stiff by the insipid stare given to her by Mo Qingli. From the deepest parts of herself she wanted to pledge allegiance to the woman in front of her, both knees having unconsciously fallen to the ground in a kneel.

“Ouyang Yunjin had committed the grave offense of offending his superiors, his crime resulting in death.”

That indifferent tone was like a sharp sword, with every word Ouyang Qianlan’s heart was stabbed thoroughly. Although Ouyang Yunjin was a male, he was still Ouyang Qianlan’s sole son. From childhood he had been spoiled in the palm of her hands, or else she would have never conceded to his desires, and allow him to become engaged to this imbecilic princess.

“The prime minister wishes to ask, Yunjin has always been a very obedient child, and definitely would not be able to do something like offending his superiors.”

“How audacious, Ouyang Qianlan, is this the tone that you use with the princess?” Mo Qingli coldly spoke, her displeased expression exceedingly obvious, causing both Ouyang Qianlan and Yue Yao to tremble.

¹Yin, as in yin and yang. Thought to represent darkness, femininity, and the moon.

Chapter 3—Which Advisor Do You Want To Attend To You Today?

Was this still the cowardly and incompetent imbecilic princess they had previously known? Not only had she killed Ouyang Yunjin, right now she even dared to rage against the esteemed prime minister? One had to know, that the former princess was extremely deferential towards the prime minister, and didn't dare to neglect her even the slightest amount.

“Ouyang Yunjin was extremely disrespectful towards the princess, not abiding the virtues that a husband should show, and was hence put to death.” Mo Qingli picked at her eyebrows as she coldly gazed towards the woman currently kneeling on the ground below her. “What, do you have any objection?”

Ouyang Qianlan was so alarmed by Mo Qingli that she prostrated herself against the ground, both her shoulders trembling. “This servant, this servant does not dare.”

Mo Qingli gave one satisfied laugh, before restoring her indifferent tone. “Then why don't you get lost.”

“Yes, this servant requests to withdraw.” Ouyang Qianlan crawled upwards from the floor with fear and trepidation, both her eyebrows stooped deeply as she turned around to depart.

“Oh, right.”

Hearing the cold voice of Mo Qingli behind her, in the bottom of her heart Ouyang Qianlan began to coldly shiver from an intense fear. Turning around, she kneeled once again on the floor.

Mo Qingli was very satisfied with Ouyang Qianlan's current attitude; she was definitely not the former Mo Qingli, whom everybody bullied and humiliated. “Next time, remember, you mustn't speak this princess's taboo name¹. If this offense happens again, the violator will be beheaded!”

Ouyang Qianlan didn't know how exactly she left the sixth princess's official residence, only that just as she exited the entranceway, both her knees became

soft, almost collapsing into a kneel on the ground. Fortunately, the chamberlains waiting outside moved quickly, hurriedly supporting her.

“Your honor, are you alright? Why is your entire body covered with sweat?”

Ouyang Qianlan turned her head towards the six words that glinted gold under the sunlight: Official Residence of the Sixth Princess. Slightly narrowing her eyes, she lightly shook her head. “No matter, we’re leaving!”

“That princess...”

Before the chamberlain could finish the sentence, he was interrupted by Ouyang Qianlan: “From now on, nobody will mention anything about the princess. Consider this subject finished!”

All the chamberlains wore faces of confusion. Although Ouyang Yunjin was a male, he was still always the prime minister’s extremely precious son! Could it be that the prime minister was just going to allow her son to have been tragically killed, and do nothing?

Mo Qingli coldly looked towards Yue Yao. She didn’t like the fact that there was a ticking time bomb by her side; either they would be obedient, or else... death!

“Yue Yao.”

Yue Yao shivered violently. Currently the princess’s body was issuing out a cold aura that was enough to cause a person to tremble violently, their hearts filled with deathly fear. “This maid is present.”

“You, don’t want to stay by my side?” Mo Qingli fiddled with the ring that she wore on her finger, not looking at Yue Yao who was currently kneeling on the ground.

Hearing the words that were spoken aloud, Yue Yao raised her head with great astonishment to look towards Mo Qingli, whose face was as insipid as ever, no trace of any emotion present.

Yue Yao furrowed her eyebrows, recalling how previously, the younger her had an extremely ambitious aspiration, hoping for her own kingdom, so that in the end there would be a day where she would be able to unite the entire world.

Therefore, Yue Yao had sacrificed everything in order to enlist for the army, earnestly hoping that she would be able to make a difference. Who would have thought, that the sixth princess would have taken a fancy to her, requesting for her to stay at her side and act as her bodyguard. Furthermore, the sixth princess, in order to pander to the eldest princess, had used force to rob the livelihoods of innocent men and women; ever since that affair, Yue Yao had absolutely abhorred her.

However, at this moment, when she was asked this question, that if she wanted to stay at the side of this person, Yue Yao had some hesitation. The current princess was somebody that she felt was an illusion; the person who was standing in front of her was not the princess, but a ruler who controlled the entire world.

“This maid wishes to stay by the side of the princess, and continuously serve the princess.” Yue Yao, who was still kneeling on the floor, deeply knocked her head against the floor, every word and sentence spoken earnestly.

Mo Qingli, having heard Yue Yao’s words, unexpectedly had some astonishment. However, now that she had been given a definite answer, Mo Qingli did not pry too closely. “Get up!”

Having gone through the entire affair that had happened today, Mo Qingli was slightly exhausted. This was something that she had never felt before, although it was possible that it was because she was possessing the body of a human.

“I am tired, so why don’t you withdraw. Don’t let anybody disturb me!” Mo Qingli stood at the side of the bed, preparing to lie down, when she saw Yue Yao’s expression as if she wanted to say something but was hesitating, and couldn’t help but be baffled. “Yue Yao, do have anything you want to say?”

Yue Yao finally summoned her courage, kneeling on the floor, speaking: “Princess, which advisor do you want to tend to you today?”

Mo Qingli’s mouth twitched, on her indifferent face surfacing a light shade of red, with some discomfort saying: “Today there is no need, I am too tired. Why don’t you retreat!”

¹There was a cultural taboo in ancient China about speaking or writing the given name of an “exalted person”. More info [here](#).

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Chapter 4—Who Did It?

A sudden melodious yet mournful song reached Mo Qingli's ears. As it turned out, *jiangshi* needed very little sleep; furthermore, for a ten-thousand year old *jiangshi* like Mo Qingli, she practically could get away with no sleep at all.

Mo Qingli opened her eyes slowly. Hearing the sound of singing, within her eyes flashed a trace of blood-thirsty light; even she herself did not realize it.

Pushing open the door to the room, Mo Qingli followed the direction from where the song was coming from. Standing by the doorway Yue Yao tightly followed behind. Seeing that the princess was walking towards the direction of the fourth advisor, she couldn't help but reveal a face of doubt; didn't the princess, after that incident, extremely loathe the fourth advisor? Not even the fourth advisor singing was allowed, saying that it made her moody. How come when the princess heard the singing today, she unexpectedly had an enchanted expression?

From a distance, Mo Qingli caught sight of the singing man, who was wearing a set of black clothing, standing still, loose fringes of hair cascading down his back, and furrowing his eyebrows. Under his aquiline nose were two thin petal-like lips that were arranged in a smile, currently closed; the melodious and mellow singing was emitted from this place.

"Yue Yao, who is he?" Mo Qingli racked her brains to go through the memories that still remained with her host body, gathering all the information that seemed relevant to this. Unfortunately, the memories fragments inside were too much in disarray. Furthermore, Mo Qingli could no longer use her magic power as she pleased, as every time she used her own magic power, her body would become weaker. Therefore, as having no other choice than this, Mo Qingli did not want to rashly use magic power.

Having heard what was said, Yue Yao stared foolishly at Mo Qingli. How come the princess did not remember even the fourth advisor?

"Yes?" Mo Qingli, seeing Yue Yao's blank expression, had some impatience.

Yue Yao immediately responded, deferentially answering: "Princess, he is the

fourth advisor, Feng Chenling.”

“Feng Chenling...” Mo Qingli muttered this to herself, rubbing her abdomen; it seemed that she was hungry now. Towards Feng Chenling’s direction, she could not help but release a “rumbling” sound, swallowing a mouthful of saliva. He, looked like he would taste very good.

Feng Chenling heard the sound within his surroundings, knowing that somebody had come. Closing his lips, he stopped singing, and raised his head: “Who is it?”

His voice gracefully trickled through the air, making the people who heard it feel like they were currently in the scorching summertime, a sweet and cleansing feeling.

“It is the princess.” Yue Yao stood to Mo Qingli’s side, replying on behalf of of her. Seeing Mo Qingli’s gaze towards Feng Chenling, within her indifferent expression a faint trace of excitement, inside her heart she secretly sighed. It seemed that in this regard the princess’s love, as before, had not changed; the fourth advisor was about to suffer another calamity.

When Feng Chenling heard the two words “the princess”, both his shoulders could not help but tremble; he showed no sign of courtesy, but did not open his mouth either.

“Feng Chenling,” Mo Qingli said to the man in front of her, walking forwards, “your singing is very pleasant to hear.”

Feng Chenling was obviously shocked when Mo Qingli told him that “your singing is very pleasant to hear.”, lifting his eyes, before immediately lowering them afterwards. Is this another way for her to ridicule me?

In the split second that he raised his eyes, Mo Qingli was shocked. On the originally delicate and pretty face, in the position where the eyes should be were instead two deep and sunken holes. Mo Qingli’s clothing suddenly began to billow in the wind, her entire body emitting a formidable strength, the expression on her face enough to terrify most people. Yue Yao backed away from Mo Qingli a few steps, able to sense the chilliness that permeated her entire body to the bone.

“Who did it?” Intermixed with her low voice was a trace of rage.

Feng Chenling coldly humphed. “You already know the answer.”

“Who, did, it?” Mo Qingli disregarded Feng Chenling, turning her head to look towards Yue Yao, both her eyes filled with fury.

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Chapter 5—Men Must Follow the Three Confucian Moral Injunctions, And Be Faithful Unto Death

Yue Yao suspiciously looked towards Mo Qingli, the fourth advisor similarly acting; wasn't it the princess herself who caused him to become harmed? But seeing Mo Qingli's extremely angry appearance, she could only respectfully answer: "It was... it was the eldest princess."

The eldest princess, Mo Qingyu. This Mo Qingyu was somebody that her mind still had memories of. Mo Qingyu was currently the empress's favorite daughter, and was considered by everyone to be the most likely candidate to inherit the throne.

Feng Chenling, hearing Mo Qingli's fury, first could do nothing but be stumped for words, before suddenly erupting into loud laughter. "Hahaha, hahaha! Mo Qingli, ah, Mo Qingli, with my recent blindness, now that I've become useless, you acting this show in front of me, does it do anything? If you came here to mock me, then, congratulations, you have succeeded."

Looking towards Feng Chenling, who had laughed until he practically collapsed onto the ground, inside Mo Qingli's eyes flashed a profound spark of bloodthirsty callousness, both her fists clenching tightly. My people, nobody is allowed to bully them whatsoever.

Lightly flinging away the sleeve of her garment, she turned around to depart.

"This evening, have Feng Chenling visit my residence." The clear voice seemed to be riddled with traces of anger as it floated into the ears of the surrounding people.

Yue Yao looked towards Feng Chenling, who was still laughing loudly on the floor after he had collapsed. Her heart being unable to bear such a sight, she walked in front of him, crouching down, quietly speaking to him in a consoling tone: "Fourth Advisor, is there really a need for this? Perhaps, perhaps the princess is doing this out of good intentions, and wants to give you a vent for your anger!" Actually, when she spoke these words out loud, Yue Yao herself did not believe them; after all, the former Mo Qingli, who was both a coward and

pitifully weak, was practically incapable of having any real impact. She herself found it hard to think, that the princess would help the now handicapped Feng Chenling and become the enemy of the eldest princess.

Looking at Feng Chenling's two empty socket holes, who was still laughing as before, Yue Yao lightly exhaled a breath of air as she sighed. "In the evening, I will dispatch some people to escort you."

The sound of Feng Chenling's laughter slightly paused for a moment, as he bit his lip, his thin and weak shoulders slightly shaking. Mo Qingli, torturing me to death, have you not given up?

"Princess, Feng Chenling has arrived," the maid outside the door reported.

"Enter."

Mo Qingli set down the book in her hand, leaning her chin on one hand, raising an eyebrow as she stared at the not very far away Feng Chenling. He was dressed in black robes that were buttoned casually, on which several mud stains were even visible; in this manner he stood, aloof and proud.

"Princess." The indifferent and cold voice brought Mo Qingli back into reality.

Mo Qingli laughed in self-contempt. This princess really had failed; who would have thought that this extremely powerful, ten-thousand year old *jiangshi* would be looked down on by an ordinary mortal, even receiving supercilious treatment. This feeling really was very unpleasant.

Mo Qingli strolled to Feng Chenling's side, lightly holding onto his hand, softly saying: "Sorry."

This sentence, was something that was said from the bottom of her heart.

Mo Qingli had only realized later, that regarding the fact that Feng Chenling had been rendered blind, the fault had actually originated from "herself".

Feng Chenling originally was a son of an official, and had been raised within the presence of noble ladies. Later on he had been engaged by the empress to Mo Qingli, but who would have thought on the very evening of their wedding, the eldest princess Mo Qingyu would have appeared, and taken a fancy to Feng Chenling. Mo Qingli, in order to pander to the eldest princess, had given away

her newlywed to Mo Qingyu.

But unexpectedly, from childhood Feng Chenling had followed the idea that all men must follow the three confucian moral injunctions, and be faithful unto death, in one life only waiting upon one wife. He maintained that as he had already been married to Mo Qingli, he would absolutely not be allowed to allow another woman to have her way with him.

Seeing that Feng Chenling would rather die than obey her, Mo Qingyu was extremely furious, so much that she took the hairpin off her head, violently stabbing it into Feng Chenling's eyes. Afterwards, brushing her sleeves, she had left him.

After Mo Qingli had received this news, not only did she not assign people to tend to Feng Chenling, she instead had Feng Chenling thrown inside the firewood room. Feng Chenling stayed inside there for no less than three days and three nights, with only the sounds of dripping water for company.

Only after his eyes had become infected, when his life become endangered, did Mo Qingli release him, treating him.

Chapter 6—My State of Being, What Does That Have to Do With You

Feng Chenling shook off Mo Qingli's hand, recoiling backwards, carelessly running into the screen behind him, collapsing along with the screen.

Closing his eyes, Feng Chenling suddenly felt some despair. If only there was a bottomless precipice behind him right now, how wonderful that would be, so that he wouldn't have to live on this earth and suffer such humiliation.

For a long moment, Feng Chenling could not feel the coldness of the floor. Instead, he seemed to have landed into a warm embrace.

"You don't love yourself to this extent?" Above his head suddenly sounded a voice filled with barely constrained fury. Reflexively, Feng Chenling raised his head towards the sound, but what appeared in front of the inky blackness of his vision was still only darkness, in front of his eyes an empty nothingness.

Feng Chenling dimly withdrew from attempting to use his eyes, rising, separating himself from Mo Qingli's embrace. With a distant tone, he said dismissively: "My state of being, what does that have to do with you."

Mo Qingli, seeing him act in this way, let out a deep sigh. Despite Feng Chenling's struggles, she easily carried him in one smooth motion, throwing him onto the bed. In a fierce tone, she ordered: "Take off all your clothes!" These type of people really didn't understand proper etiquette, ah; when she was clearly concerned about him, he always put on a "you and I are not familiar" personality, without the slightest amount of gratefulness. Towards those type of people, one cannot be too good to them!!!

Because of Mo Qingli's toss, his backside began to ache. Feng Chenling bit his lip, wrinkling his brow. Ah, he had really believed that she had been moved to take pity on him. So it turned out, so it turned out that it was only his own wishful thinking.

Mo Qingli stood by the bed, coldly watching Feng Chenling remove every article of clothing off his body one by one, her eyes coldly accumulating more

and more profound anger. On the male skin that was supposed to be exquisite and unblemished were instead several shocking lash marks, on some areas the wounds already beginning to rot.

“Who?” Mo Qingli resisted the urge to unleash her fury. So it turned out within the human race there were these kinds of deranged people. Seeing Feng Chenling’s appearance, he couldn’t be much older than his teens, and was practically still a child; but unexpectedly somebody had used such a heavy hand in afflicting him.

Feng Chenling laughed in a self-deprecating manner. “Who? Hehe... Mo Qingli, do you really not know or are you just pretending? Could it be that without opening my scars you cannot be happy?”

Mo Qingli lowered herself onto the bed, brushing against Feng Chenling’s ear, her hand touching against the man’s pale and unblemished neck. That area was currently emitting the odor of a delicious meal. Mo Qingli narrowed together her eyes, abnormally swallowing her saliva... but, right now there were still much more important things that needed to be done.

“You forget, I have no need to put on a show for you humans.”

The moist odor lingered beside Feng Chenling’s cheek. Feng Chenling had yet to show any reaction, only feeling that his neck had a sudden sharp pain, continuing to sink into the darkness.

With gentle movements, Mo Qingli slowly moved the now unconscious Feng Chenling onto the bed. Closing her eyes, within her palm condensing a ball of golden *qi*, she lightly stroked over these lash marks. After a while, the skin returned to its original unblemished state.

After a long time, Mo Qingli retracted her palm, her bright and clean forehead suffused with small beads of sweat. What had happened to herself? Why, after utilizing only a little bit of magic power, had she already felt slightly exhausted? Could it be that it was because she currently attached to this mortal body? Mo Qingli felt some confusion.

Lifting her head towards Feng Chenling’s two sunken eye sockets, she released a sigh. That’s all, just let me settle the debt on behalf of the previous Mo Qingli! Perhaps, this is a test given to me by the Jade Emperor.

Mo Qingli supported Feng Chenling with her hand, sitting in a cross-legged fashion. Golden colored vitality *qi* encompassed both people's surroundings, causing both of their long, inky black hair softly flutter in the breeze.

Mo Qingli closed her eyes, both hands pressing onto Feng Chenling's chest, a steady flow of golden vitality *qi* pouring into the man's body.

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Chapter 7—Could It Be That She Had Wanted to Make Her Moves After Rendering Him Unconscious?

Feng Chenling opened his eyes. What projected into his eyes was not that empty darkness, but the light he had always yearned for for so long, causing him to feel some initial disbelief. What exactly had happened in the course of that evening, and why would his eyes suddenly return? He could still clearly remember that his eyeballs had been gouged out by Mo Qingyu; in this lifetime, Feng Chenling had never dared to hope that he would ever see the sunlight again.

Who would have thought, that there would be a day where light was restored to his life.

Suddenly Feng Chenling recalled something, turning his head, seeing Mo Qingli silently lying by his side. It was just that the originally fair and rosy face was now completely pale, without even a single trace of blood visible.

On Feng Chenling's face flashed through a trace of loathing. Could it be that she had wanted to make her moves after rendering him unconscious?

Hehe... Inwardly laughing in contempt, Feng Chenling strew apart the blankets that had been covering his body. Shooting a glance at his body, Feng Chenling suddenly became alarmed; in just one night, the lash marks on his body had miraculously completely disappeared.

Looking at the wan-complexioned Mo Qingli, was it her? Feng Chenling's heart was filled to the brim with questions. But how, exactly, had she helped him, and furthermore, how was it possible for her to have such a mysterious ability?

Everyone in the Motian Dynasty knew that this sixth princess Mo Qingli was incomparably stupid, a useless princess that didn't know how to do anything. But, everything in front of his eyes right now, how could it be explained? His eyes, the scars on his body, in the space of one night everything had healed.

“Blood... blood.....”

A low muttering roused Feng Chenling from his meditation. He moved closer to

the person in front of him, touching that weak and fragile shoulder. He now lacked most of his former loathing; instead, this touch caused Feng Chenling's heart to ripple slightly. "Mo Qingli, what are you saying."

Mo Qingli, in order to cure the lash marks on Feng Chenling's body, had already used a great deal of magic power. Later, in order to heal both of Feng Chenling's eyes, she had almost consumed all of the magic power in her body until there was nothing left. Furthermore, ever since she had attached herself to the body of the sixth princess, Mo Qingli had obviously sensed that her own magic power had seemingly become restricted, and could not be used as she pleased as she had done before, rendering her almost incapable of fully putting her magic to use. If this was still as before, for situations like curing wounds, she would have absolutely not exhausted her body and fainted.

The current Mo Qingli only felt that she was extremely hungry, and urgently needed "food" to replenish her body and energy. In addition, her food for the past ten thousand years or so was only of one variety, and that was fresh blood. Although she did not necessarily need human blood, the more pure the blood was the more she like it, and the odor that Feng Chenling's body emitted was currently the flavour that she liked most...

What's more, this kind of flavor was just within reach.

"I, I want... blood."

After she had finished talking, Mo Qingli hooked both of her arms around Feng Chenling's neck. In one moment of inattentiveness, Feng Chenling was pressed against Mo Qingli's body, her chest possessing the softness that was unique to females. Feng Chenling's face became an unnatural shade of red; it was said that in the early morning, a person's sexual appetite was the strongest. Right now her eyes hadn't even opened yet, but was she already impatient for him?

On Feng Chenling's face was a mix of confusion, expectation, and some fear. However, he obediently leaned over on Mo Qingli's body, remaining unmoving.

"Hiss~~~" In a movement completely contrary to what Feng Chenling had imagined, there was a sudden pain on his neck as if he had been bitten. Feng Chenling tightly bit his lip, swallowing the shout of pain deep into his stomach. This pain, in regard to Feng Chenling, was nothing at all.

Chapter 8—Your Flavor... It Really Isn't Bad

At this moment, Mo Qingli's head was currently hovering above Feng Chenling's left shoulder, the two bloody teeth that were unique solely to *jiangshi* ferociously biting onto his neck, greedily sucking Feng Chenling's blood. Furthermore, the blood that she didn't manage to suck up in time instead cascaded down the natural curve of Feng Chenling's unblemished neck...

With the nourishment from the blood, Mo Qingli's consciousness gradually returned. After a little while, her body's magic power had already replenished. However, Mo Qingli couldn't be bothered to release Feng Chenling, because his blood was simply too delicious. In all of Mo Qingli's tens of thousands of years of cultivation, she had never sucked in such pure blood.

By the time Mo Qingli finally released Feng Chenling, one hour had already gone by.

In an abnormally satisfied manner, Mo Qingli licked of the remaining traces of blood from the corner of the mouth, gently placing the now fainted Feng Chenling on the bed. She did a simple inspection on Feng Chenling's current circumstances; there was nothing of concern, only that he had suffered from excessive blood loss.

Seeing that her own magic power had unexpectedly seemed to have slightly increased, Mo Qingli looked towards Feng Chenling on the bed, looking thoughtful.

By the time Feng Chenling woke up from his unconscious state, it had already become midday. His entire body powerless from exhaustion, Feng Chenling uncomfortably moved his body.

“Awake?”

That indifferent tone immediately woke up Feng Chenling's entire body. With some difficulty, he supported his extremely stiff body, shifting backwards on the bed, a terrified glance directed towards Mo Qingli.

Mo Qingli looked at the fear on that pale face, the corner of her mouth

twitching upwards. It was this kind of expression that was correct!

“Yue Yao!”

The door was gently pushed open, Yue Yao walking inside. “Princess, what is your command?”

“Have the cook prepare some blood-replenishing decoction, and send it here as quickly as possible.” Since Feng Chenling had now become her “food”, then it was important for his body to be properly nourished. That way, her blood supply would be limitless.

“Yes!”

Yue Yao retreated outside. Just when she was about to close the door, she accidentally shot a glance at the currently bedridden Feng Chenling; he resembled a frightened rabbit, his head burrowed deeply into his bent legs. Seeing this, she couldn't help but deeply sigh; the princess's cravings, as before, were enough to make anybody alarmed. With one glance towards the fourth advisor's trembling shoulders one could tell, that yesterday night he had suffered countless torments.

Mo Qingli sat on the bed, facing Feng Chenling, who was huddled in the corner, her fingers brushing over the area on the neck where she had bit him. In that area there only remained two faint bite marks, an astonishing recovery rate, although technically they would never disappear. “Do you know what exactly just happened earlier?”

Feng Chenling, at the moment when Mo Qingli's fingers brushed against his neck, moved his entire body as if he'd been shocked. Raising his eyes, he looked at the face now extremely close to him; she didn't have the enchanting features of a peerless beauty, nor did she have a particularly captivating body. What she did have was only that indifferent expression; even if the seas and mountains were to collapse in front of her face, that indifferent expression would still remain.

A faint pain still remained behind on his neck. She, had seemingly bitten him? Feng Chenling could still feel the feeling of his blood being sucked away, as well as trailing down his neck. That movement, which was obviously her sucking away his blood, made him feel a great deal of confusion; after a while, he could only

force out a few words. “I... I don’t know.”

“Heh...” Mo Qingli laughed softly, returning her gaze to Feng Chenling; he really was a beautiful specimen. Inside his clear and limpid eyes was a hint of cowardice, that made it hard for people to resist the urge to make a move on him.

Confronted with this remarkable beauty, Mo Qingli couldn’t help but advance forwards, raising her arm to caress Feng Chenling’s cheek, with some degree of teasing saying: “Do you really not know? Your flavour... it really isn’t bad.”

Having finished speaking, she pulled open the bedclothes that covered Feng Chenling’s chest, pulling them off onto the bed.

¹She actually says ‘来人’ in the original text, but I can’t think of an English counterpart to that. “Come person” just doesn’t have that flair to it, you know?

Chapter 9—She Had Taken Responsibility Over Him

“Princess.”

A abrupt voice suddenly shattered the moment. Mo Qingli stopped what she was doing, looking down at the terrified face of the person below her, a feeling of anger rising within her. What was going on with herself right now? Why was she doing such a preposterous thing? She didn't even have this kind of control...

“Princess?” Yue Yao, who was standing outside the door, hearing no response from within the room, once again raised her hand to knock on the door, softly calling out.

“Come in!” Mo Qingli tidied up her clothing, sitting upright on a chair, indifferently speaking.

The large dining table was completely covered with all sorts of exquisite dishes. At the sides of the dining table sat two people, one indifferent, the other frenetic.

Mo Qingli took initiative to break the tense atmosphere. “I'm sorry about earlier.”

Feng Chenling: “...”

Mo Qingli: “Eat some more.”

“Mmm.” Feng Chenling answered with a sound, not saying anything else, only blindly digging into the rice in front of him.

Mo Qingli watched Feng Chenling only blindly eating the rice, within her heart her annoyance gradually rising. This manner of his, only eating rice, how could he fatten up like this? He was her food, after all, and she had taken responsibility over him; if he became thinner, then wouldn't it be said to be her fault?

Thinking of this, Mo Qingli clasped her chopsticks together to put some chicken and goose meat into Feng Chenling's bowl. “Eat some more, you're not allowed to leave anything behind.”

Seeing the food within his bowl, Feng Chenling was suddenly overwhelmed by

Mo Qingli's kindness. In his childhood, although he was also a son of an official, his father was a commoner as well as a concubine. His mother had never loved him, and his surrounding brothers and sisters also bullied and humiliated him as they pleased. Even though his singing ability was very good, he could never change his sorrowful destiny.

Actually, when he found out that his esteemed mother had allowed him to become engaged to the sixth princess, he had been very happy, because marrying into the royal family was something that all men dreamed about in their hearts.

Who would have thought, on the same day of his wedding he had been gifted to Mo Qingyu by Mo Qingli; when he did not obey to this, Mo Qingyu had unexpectedly gouged out his eyes with her hairpins. In that day spent in the firewood room, Feng Chenling had really thought about committing suicide, but, Mo Qingli had told him fiercely, if he dared to kill himself, then all his family members would all join him in his descent to hell.

If it was any other person, he wouldn't care about them, but for his father, the father he cherished in every possible way, he did not dare to think about such a fate. Therefore he could only live without any purpose, endure the beatings of the maids, and no matter how they threatened and promised him, hold onto the last of his innocence.

Thinking to this point, Feng Chenling's eyes suddenly became red. Although he did not cry, that stubborn appearance wasn't much better than actually crying!

"What are you doing right now? What I did earlier really wasn't on purpose, I also don't know why... although I did throw myself at you and knock you over, do you really need act like this?" Mo Qingli had some offense, her tone ice-cold. Even though what she did when she threw herself at him and knocked him over was not right, she herself had become modest once again, what more did he want!

She disliked crying men the most. Men should behave like men; if this man suddenly started crying in front of her, Mo Qingli couldn't guarantee that she wouldn't knock away the table, with one palm slapping him to death!

"It's—it's—it's not like that." Sensing Mo Qingli's fury, Feng Chenling anxiously

explained. "I was... moved."

This time it was Mo Qingli's turn to be alarmed. Moved? Why?

Seeing Mo Qingli's bewildered expression, Feng Chenling softly laughed, his voice suave and pleasant to listen to. "Because the princess made me moved. Apart from my father, Princess, you are the first person to treat me so well."

Mo Qingli's expression was rather striking, with some guilt intermixed within. Unnaturally turning away her face, she thought to herself in her heart: *If he knew that I was raising him to be my "food", would he still be so moved?*

Chapter 10—He’s Even More Unrestrained Than a Jiangshi Like Me

TL Note: Mature themes in this chapter!

“Princess, Princess?” Feng Chenling shifted slightly, shifting all the way to Mo Qingli’s side. Her tender, unblemished face was slightly tinged with pink, making the area below Feng Chenling’s abdomen tense up, as he placed one hand softly on Mo Qingli’s waist.

Mo Qingli, sensing the tepid warmth on her warmth, trembled with her entire body, turning around her head, opening two large eyes, staring incredulously towards Feng Chenling. Was this really Feng Chenling? Could it be verified that he wasn’t an imposter? Why was he so open right now; didn’t he hate her unconditionally?

Seeing the alarmed face of Mo Qingli, Feng Chenling’s smiling expression gradually widened, suddenly acting like he had completely forgiven her. “What is it?” Feng Chenling once again used another unfair advantage, on his face wearing an expression as if he had been wronged. “Does the wife¹ dislike her husband so much?”

Looking at Feng Chenling’s extremely close handsome face, Mo Qingli’s bosom was tightly pressed down on with Feng Chenling’s weak and delicate chest. She had lived for more than ten-thousand years, and naturally knew what this signified. Something inside of her chest cavity was skipping, *pu-dong, pu-dong*, so much that she didn’t even have the courage to look at him.

This, even a ten-thousand year old *jiangshi* would be inevitably defeated.

Feng Chenling used both his arms to embrace her waist tightly. Her waist was extremely slim, and was easily grasped. At this moment, Feng Chenling suddenly wanted to offer his “first time” to Mo Qingli.

He brushed his head against Mo Qingli’s cheek, his warm breath exhaling against the curve of her neck, softly saying: “Wife, do you want me?”

Mo Qingli exhaled, as if she she was behind in the whole situation by a beat, preparing to speak. Suddenly, her vision was darkened. Feng Chenling tightly kissed her, tenderly rubbing their lips together, the tip of his tongue pricking at her lips, parting her mouth open. Immediately, he slipped into her mouth, tightly tangling with her own fragrant tongue, both lips sucking at each other, his tongue coming to a stop at her uvula, unceasingly sucking at the sweetness of her mouth.

“Oh...” Mo Qingli, lost in the kiss, forgot to reject him, unconsciously melting in his embrace.

So it turned out, that a mortal’s kiss could also cause someone to become enraptured.

Feng Chenling, hearing the soft murmur emitted by Mo Qingli, tightly breathed, his large hands following along the curve of Mo Qingli’s outfit and grasping at the softness of her body.

For a short moment, Mo Qingli’s pale and fair face became reminiscent of a completely ripened peach, her pupils enshrouded in a hazy tint.

Feeling the body of the person below become more and more hot, Feng Chenling’s breathing became more and more fast, gradually moving his kiss from Mo Qingli’s lips to her neck. Lifting one of his hands, he prepared to take off the clothing from Mo Qingli’s body.

With a “*pu-tong*” sound, Mo Qingli suddenly became sober. Her face tightly wrinkled, feeling her extremely painful buttocks from falling onto the ground.

“Wife, are you alright?” Feng Chenling immediately rose, supporting Mo Qingli, having some vexation with himself. How could he forget, she was still sitting on the chair! If he had known earlier then he would have carried her onto the bed! Falling onto the floor was definitely very painful.

Mo Qingli awkwardly rose, patting off the dust on her body, on her plump cheeks appearing a captivating red color. “*Sigh...* you only recently recovered from your illness, so you shouldn’t do any tiring activities.”

After the words left her mouth, Mo Qingli immediately regretted it.

Sure enough...

Feng Chenling, who had just barely escaped from suffering from Mo Qingli's anger, was now looking at her with two glowing eyes. His two clear pupils were filled with excitement, emotionally grabbing Mo Qingli's weak and delicate arms, his entire face dark red, speaking in a trembling voice. "Wife, wife, then you owe me a... night in the bridal room. Afterwards when my body is completely recovered, you have to pay me back."

Pu...! Mo Qingli's mouth twitched wildly, wasn't this a female-dominated country? Wasn't it said that the males in a female-dominated country were all extremely bashful and introverted, but why, is this one... so bold? He's even more unrestrained than a *jiangshi* like me! The most I do is suck some blood, what he wants to do is practically eat a human! That's not right, it's eating a *jiangshi*!

Mo Qingli powerlessly looked at the sky, feeling extremely emotional.

¹He uses 妻主 for 'wife'. 妻 is the character used to formally refer to a wife, 主 is the character used in 公主, or princess. Hence, 'wife-princess'.

I will be on hiatus until August 15th due to personal reasons.

Chapter 11—Was This an Invitation to Watch a So-Called “Erotic Show” for Free

Mo Qingli could only powerlessly collapse onto the bed with some degree of vexation, thinking to herself: how come a ten-thousand year old *jiangshi* like me, after possessing the body of a mortal, would become so useless, unexpectedly almost being “eaten” by another mortal? She kneaded her eyebrows. This mortal man was really too impure; thinking of the scene that had just occurred, Mo Qingli’s face couldn’t help but turning a scarlet color.

Although, that kissing sensation really was fantastic. It was even more exciting than sucking blood.

“Princess.” From outside the door, Yue Yao’s voice resounded.

“Enter!”

“What news is there?” Mo Qingli, who had just tricked Feng Chenling into leaving with a great deal of difficulty, was both physically and mentally exhausted. Languidly lying on top of the soft couch, her long, inky-black hair spread out all over the couch, a pair of deep and profound eyes glanced at the now-kneeling Yue Yao, an indifferent voice revealing a small hint of exhaustion.

Both of Yue Yao’s knees were on the ground as she kneeled, respectfully saying: “The eldest princess has sent you an invitation, to the House of Ministers.”

“Brothel?” Mo Qingli’s voice held some astonishment.

(The word for brothel (青楼) is a homophone for House of Ministers.)

“Answering the princess, yes.” Yue Yao’s eyes were lowered as she continued to speak: “The eldest princess said that she awaits you there tonight.”

Mo Qingli secretly sneered to herself, her languid expression immediately swept away, inside her pitch black pupils a golden-red bloodthirsty light flashing through. I don’t go looking for you, but you conveniently deliver yourself to my doorstep. Good! I want to let you know, the consequences for harming one of my people.

With the assistance of Yue Yao, Mo Qingli descended the carriage, lifting both her pupils. A two-story delicately crafted building stood in front of her line of vision. Written on a board attached to the wall was: House of Ministers.

Only now did Mo Qingli suddenly realize, that it turned out that it was actually *this* “House of Ministers.”

Outside the building were tied bright multicolored banners. A few delicate-looking men that wore extremely revealing clothing that revealed their pale, almost wheat-colored skin, cast coquettish gazes towards the passing women. Those who had more courage went so far as to wrap around the arms of the female passerby, speaking in soft, flirtatious tones.

A slightly older man who was wearing a copious amount of makeup, at seeing Mo Qingli, took a double take, a stunned expression flashing through his eyes. Something seemed to be different about her, her ordinary face unexpectedly having become more charming. Tao Yi immediately hurried to walk to Mo Qingli’s side, flirtatiously laughing as he raised his hands to wrap around Mo Qingli’s elbow, flatteringly saying: “Really~~ Sixth Princess, you’ve finally arrived! Tao Yi really missed you to death!”

“Let go.”

“Ah?” Tao Yi wasn’t sure if he had heard her words correctly, opening his mouth in question.

“Let, go!”

Mo Qingli didn’t react in the shy manner Tao Yi remembered her to have done before. Instead, unexpectedly her gloomy expression was enough to terrify people, her entire body emitting a chilly aura. Tao Yi couldn’t help but release his hold on her elbow, retreating back two steps.

However, with a profession like his, he naturally reacted very quickly. He inwardly thought about this matter in his heart, deciding that it must be because the sixth princess hadn’t been given face by her own family, that her mood was not very good right now. Although this sixth princess was about to be bullied in this meeting, it was not something that he, a mere man from the House of Flowers, could do anything about and risk offending his superiors.

Tao Yi did not pay any further attention to this matter. Immediately, he produced a large smile on his face, saying, “Come, will the sixth princess please come this way, the eldest princess awaits you in the upper room.”

Mo Qingli and Yue Yao followed Tao Yi up the second floor to an enormous, luxuriously decorated private room. Inside, four scantily dressed males were wrapped around a single woman in the middle of the room, one embracing her, one holding her in his arms, one leaning on her, one sitting by her side.

“Eldest Princess, the Sixth Princess has arrived!” Tao Yi, towards the woman who was lying on her side on the couch, called in an extremely fawning tone.

Mo Qingli coldly looked towards the woman on the couch. On the woman’s pretty and delicate face was the obvious paleness that came from excessive debauchery, and her upper torso was unclothed.

She, was that Mo Qingyu!

Hehe... was this an invitation to watch a so-called “erotic show” for free? Mo Qingli’s hands clenched, carefreely leaning against the door frame, the corner of her mouth lifting in a smirk as she watched.

Yue Yao stood behind Mo Qingli, her face scarlet, her hands entangling with each other nervously, not daring to raise her head to look. After all, she herself was still a virgin, and had never been met with these types of situations.

“Oh...” Mo Qingyu’s mouth emitted a comfortable sound, turning around her body to glance at the Mo Qingli who was still standing at the entranceway. Inside her eyes was only a cold apathy, insipid, as if all the darkness in the world was incapable of affecting her.