

EMPEROR 851

### Chapter 851 Icy Territory

Davis started to thrust into Natalya's cave hole again after a moment's brief of rest. He moved his sinister hands and groped her breasts, feeling it in his palms as it changed shapes to his kneading.

"Ahhh!~"

"Auhnn!~"

Hearing Natalya repeatedly moan under the machinations of three pleasuring tools, he became increasingly unbridled in seeking out her sensitive spots with his hands.

Unlike before, he took his time varying between thrusting faster and slower. He controlled the pacing and even the movements, rubbing every part of her cave, especially the zone which made Natalya unabashedly moan like a harlot.

However, they still dual cultivated as Natalya felt that she shouldn't waste even a drop of the yang essence he is giving to her. Each drop was precious, not in an erotic way but as a surge to her in cultivation.

Besides, everything is hers, and no one can take him away from her, at least, not at this time.

Davis felt that he had seen a new side of Natalya. His pupils moved to the side, and he smiled. He noticed a peculiar object and feeling that he wanted her to see the same scenery; he moved as he picked her up.

Natalya felt herself float for a little while before she touched the ground. She became startled and wondered if he was going to do something strange, but when she looked at the person in front of her, she became flabbergasted.

It was herself, reflected by the circular mirror on top of the table. Just a while ago, she looked at the mirror and combed her lush black hair while wearing a lovely red robe, looking homely and elegant. However, the image in front of her was something else entirely, a naked and a crazy woman with a lecherous expression on her face!

Davis was behind, and what he held on to was her breasts. He fondled her bosoms while her tiny buds were poking out erect, wanting to be played with and pleased. He bent his waist and sucked on her nape, causing her to twist her neck to escape out of pleasure, but he held her under him, not letting her go.

With one of his hands, he held her chin and pulled it to his face as he kissed her. Natalya also extended out her tongue, kissing, tugging, and playing with each other's mouths.

Davis relaxed his hold on her chin and made her look at the circular mirror as he thrust.

"How is it? You look insanely breathtaking, Natalya..." He whispered beside her ears.

Natalya's eyes became moist from as she looked at her image in the mirror and felt ashamed.

Was this her? Was this really her?

But looking at her still smile stupidly, she was convinced!

"I-I have become a pervert..." Natalya yelled.

Davis became stunned at her sudden burst of confession. He slowed down his thrusts. He only wanted to make her feel her beauty, but instead, it had the opposite effect?

"What are you saying? Isn't Natalya, born to experience bliss in her life? What we are doing is also a form of bliss. It isn't shameful at all. It is me who a pervert is. After all, I'm the one who is doing it with other women, not you!"

"But..." Natalya became stupefied.

"But it's fine..." Davis held her chin as he made her look at him again, "If you feel that you became a pervert, then know that I made you one!"

He instantly kissed her, not allowing her to speak anymore. Their tongues danced like snakes once again, making them feel that they needed each other like never before.

Davis sucked on her lips before he let her go with a pop of his mouth. He lifted her thighs and made her long legs wrap around his thighs. Then he extended his hands and took her arms as he pulled her back, making her back lay on him. Her arms that were lifted and bent back were held by him, making her contours look extremely curvy and sexy.

Davis sprang to thrust above into her hole, making her squeal in pleasure while he watched her expressions and beauty in the mirror.

Natalya no longer held her moans back. She looked at the two figures in front of her fucking passionately and wildly. She was repeatedly banged, and her breasts were being rocked like a piece of cloth that was swaying back and forth by the wind.

Her chin was captured again, and her lips were taken again.

Looking at the mirror with the side of her eyes, she had to accept his claim. Her figure and form absolutely looked aesthetic and beautiful while she danced on him!

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The sky was shrouded with an icy blue glint. Glacier wind breezed throughout the world. The atmosphere seemed to be filled with ice as each breath made one's nostrils feel icy when inhaled and let out a hazy white cloud when exhaled.

Many women walked to and fro in a particular path, which led to an icy castle exterior. There was a huge blue gate that blocked the path. Only women who wore light blue and dark blue robes that had the crest of a particular sect seemed to be allowed inside.

Atop the castle gate, there seemed to be three words that possessed a deep glint and caused reverence to dwell within the onlookers' eyes. It was inscribed with these words: [Mystic Ice Sect]

Suddenly, the people on the pathway began to clamor.

"Senior sister, look! Isn't that senior sister Mu Bing!?" A beautiful woman with a frail countenance spoke. She wore a loose light blue robe that made her look charming and peaceful.

"Where!?" Another gorgeous woman who seemed to possess long blue hair exclaimed. She wore a dark blue robe that seemed to be tight-fitting rather than loose clothing, perking up her curves.

She looked around and saw other people looking at the skies, prompting her to view above.

What she saw left her breath-taken.

A trail of icy footsteps lingered in the air as a maiden traversed, taking step after step. The maiden wore a mix of light and dark blue, along with an icy mantle that seemed like a flowing sheet of ice. She possessed dark blue hair that reached till her waist, and her pupils appeared to be icy sapphire. Her lips were small and rosy while her nose appeared to be carved, but it seemed to be hidden behind an icy blue veil. Her eyes were small and slanted at the end, making her look sexy when one looked calm.

"Oh, my heavens! I finally had the chance to see the top disciple of our Mystic Ice Sect!"

"Waah! Hold me! I'm gonna faint!"

"I can't! Even I'm going to faint!"

It some unfamiliar onlookers heard these words, they would consider that the ones who were shouting were all men, but the people who seemed to be yelling like fans were all women. Their eyes sparkled, and they seemed as if want to see through the veil the top disciple wore.

"Eh? Wait? Wasn't there a piece of recent news that senior sister Mu Bing became a maid to some new disciple who was also made a top disciple? What was her name again?" A perplexed voice suddenly echoed.

"Mir-, Myrr- Ah! It's Myria!"

There seemed to be slight fluctuation above them that caused them to become silent.

## **Chapter 852 Mystic Ice Sec**

In the air, Mu Bing looked at the crowd of female disciples who were gawking at her for a moment before continuing to walk in her flight path. She couldn't understand why these people would waste their time like this instead of cultivating or increasing the proficiency of their battle skills.

She detested such people who wasted their time. However, her face remained as indifferent as ever.

Only after officially entering the Mystic Ice Sect through the grand gate did her indifferent face changed. She clenched her teeth in frustration and helplessness.

She looked at the thousands of female disciples who seemed to all glance at her while they start to yell. In the past, she could be prideful of her top disciple status and fly above the masses of disciples in the sect, but now, she could only hear the words 'maid' and 'Myria' ringing in her head like a curse.

Even though she was still a top disciple, her name became synonymous with a maid.

All of it was because she lost!

Mu Bing lost in a public setting to a new top disciple and that too miserably, cleanly, without being able even to give an excuse. She lost to that monster on the Grand Arctic Martial Arena, where the Mystic Ice Sect's younger generation battled out with their skills and cultivation.

She was utterly helpless in front of that icy might. She never thought that she would lose this easily to an opponent of equal cultivation base.

She never experienced a greater humiliation than this in her life. Initially, how could she just accept the challenge from a junior top disciple just like that?

They wagered.

It was fine at first if she just lost as it would just be a loss of face and a few Peak-Level Spirit Stones. However, when she stepped into the martial platform, the wager between them went like this: "Become my maid for a decade if I defeat you in a single move."

She had easily agreed since there was no way she would lose in a single move, but the result was entirely different than the one she imagined, causing her to eat her own words in the end. Still, how could she accept a fate like this?

She struck out a second move, but the next instant, she fainted! When she woke up, the only thing she knew was that she was declared a maid, her name becoming a laughing stock in the entire Mystic Ice Sect.

Mu Bing entered finally arrived at a certain hall within the icy castle and walked towards the platform. A woman who wore the same kind of robe as herself sat cross-legged and cultivated. She arrived in front of her and slightly bowed. Her lips quivered as her eyes shook, but she finally spoke, "Maid Mu Bing greets senior sister Myria..."

Fortunately, it seemed that this woman, known as just Myria, didn't seem to be the type to humiliate her.

"Senior sister? Shouldn't you... call me master?" A melodious yet teasing voice echoed.

Shiny white hair cascaded down her light and dark blue robe, reaching till her waist. Her gorgeous face possessed a smile on her face, which made her look as beautiful as Mu Bing, perhaps even more. She had this look of confidence, which made her gaze seem as if she was looking down on everything.

Mu Bing grit her teeth, "Don't go too far..."

Myria's pale yet rosy lips stirred, "No matter... What about the errand I've given you?"

"Yes, I have collected the ingredients which senior sister had told me to procure."

A spatial ring shot towards Myria.

Myria slightly waved her hand and collected the spatial ring before binding it. Her eyes slightly narrowed for a moment before she nodded, "Seems like you had no luck with the Everstone Monument Bead..."

"Yes, senior sister. I apologize..." Mu Bing's face remained indifferent, but her voice changed.

She spoke as if she was in deep regret, but inwardly she harrumphed.

"What else have you found out from your trip? What about the Nine Eastern Territories Young Expert Competition's rewards?"

Mu Bing frowned on hearing her indifference but still spoke, "It is confirmed that the Thousand Pill Palace is giving out their Law Tree Fruit for the top five."

"Ah, it seems that it ended up being worth to keep myself within the Peak-Level Law Manifestation Stage!" Myria exclaimed.

But Mu Bing's eyes twitched on hearing her nonsense. It sounded as if Myria could've entered the Law Dominion Stage whenever she wanted, but it also made sense.

'Hmph! I can also enter the Law Dominion Stage, but if I were to enter now without a better foundation and better insights, I'd end up making a trash domain.' Mu Bing reasoned and justified herself.

For this reason alone, many geniuses at least waited till a hundred to reach the Law Dominion Stage. It is so that they have enough time to comprehend and consolidate their laws to form an impeccable domain!

However, Mu Bing became confused. It wasn't as if Law Dominion Stage Cultivators below a hundred years of age were barred from the competition, so she couldn't understand why Myria said that. Besides, the Law Tree Fruit was used by Eighth Stage Experts to comprehend better laws while also giving them the best chance to break through to the Ninth Stage.

What use could the current Myria have with the Law Tree Fruit? She mused that she was planning to hoard the Law Tree Fruit upon entering the competition's top five.

She didn't know that she missed the point. It wasn't that Myria wanted to hoard the Law Tree Fruit so that she could later use it, but she wanted to form a perfect domain that would let her be invisible within the same stage, and further consolidate her foundation!

'With the Law Tree Fruit, I can make produce a perfect domain with a ninety-five percent chance. My foundation is already at unblemished. If I could make it perfect, my foundation would reach the limit, making me uncontested at the same stage!' Myria's eyes lit up.

But a moment later, she snorted, "Ellia, because of you, my temperament has changed."

"Heh..." A chuckle came out, echoing in her soul sea, "Who told you to take over my body? You reap what you sow..."

"It's inevitable. Besides, don't say that as if you don't know what would happen if we assimilate..." Myria shook her head, "Isn't that why I'm on the lookout for a method to separate our souls?"

"Hmph! In that case, why haven't we even encountered a single soul technique that can help us separate our souls?" Ellia retorted.

"What can I do about this? This world is so backward that it doesn't even have proper soul techniques..." Myria wryly replied.

Ellia was about to retort again, but she didn't say anything in the end. The figure of a man standing on the platform with another woman flashed past her mind, making her feel nostalgic. She wanted to see, but she was unable to go back.

"Can you stop thinking about him? Whatever you think or feel, I'll know about it in the next second."

"Same to you..." Ellia ignored.

Myria sighed, feeling helpless.

At this time, the door behind them opened, and an extremely beautiful figure walked into the hall, with ample curves unabated, swelling below her neck, imperceptibly bouncing with each step she made.

Mu Bing became nervous that someone was going to see her be subservient to Myria, but looking at the other party's visage, she exclaimed, "Sect Master!"

### **Chapter 853 Darkness Laws? That's...**

The woman who appeared possessed blue hair, and an auspicious look on her face that made her seem gentle and homely. Wearing a dark-blue robe that was filled with ice and frost patterns, she walked with an unrestricted attitude.

She was none other than the current Sect Master of the Mystic Ice Sect. She paused and nodded at Mu Bing, who was bowing till her waist before she cast a look at Myria as her eyes flashed.

"Do you know that this is?" The Sect Master threw something towards Myria.

Myria didn't greet. She simply sat and captured the object before looking at it, recognizing it to be an Imagery Stone. She activated it with her essence energy and observed the projection.

A mountainous region appeared in her view, filled with hundreds and thousands of vines. It was none other than the Million Emerald Vines Calamity. Various reactions appeared on her face as she watched the projection. She didn't speak a word until the projection ended.

With a smile, she moved her lips, "What is it called by the one who gave this to you?"

"Million Emerald Vines Calamity..." Sect Master simply replied, not taking the blatant disrespect in Myria's tone.

"Its name is wrong." Myria shook her head.

"It's known as the Elemental Bloodsucking Vine Emperor, but this one is still at its growth period. It would possess a million vines that possess an enormous destructive and restrictive capability if it had matured. It is tame when it is growing, but the moment it becomes a mature Elemental Bloodsucking Vine Emperor is when a calamity occurs."

"Its nectar is the most valuable part of its body, equaling a heavenly resource as if nurtured by the heavens itself. Judging by the size of its flower, its nectar grants a huge increase in one's Body Tempering Cultivation till the peak of Eighth Stage without yielding much pain and also gives a boost in the element it is proficient at."

The Sect Master's eyes lit up in appreciation before a sigh emerged on her face.

"What's wrong?" Myria smilingly asked.

"It's a pity. A mysterious power already obtained it from the large Territories. Although this event seemed to have occurred in the Alstreim Family Territory, even the Alstreim Family, Towering Cloud Hall, and the Falling Snow Sect failed to obtain it. The Alstreim Family has seen to have given up and instead focused on befriending that expert you just saw, or precisely the power behind that expert. Otherwise, it would be possible for our Nine Eastern Territories to launch an offensive and equally share the meat..."

Mu Bing was in disbelief as she saw the scene that was in front of her! If she wasn't wrong, the Sect Master was consulting Myria like a junior?

What the heck is going on?

"Let me tell you. The Alstreim Family made the correct decision." Myria shook her head. She didn't think a person like that existed in this tiny space. Although she was unable to see his face or sense his aura, she could see the nature of something she was familiar with!

"Oh?" The Sect Master became curious, "That expert who used Darkness Laws was that dangerous?"

"Darkness Laws?" Myria's expression became solemn, "That's Death Laws!"

"Death Laws!?" The Sect Master screamed as she lost her bearings for a second. Her eyes were wide, and her bosom trembled.

There wasn't much known about Death Laws. It is said that it is the most difficult to comprehend at the realm of Greater Laws.

She remembered seeing a record that there was a law like that, but it was impossible to comprehend. The number of people who grasped Death Laws can be counted on one hand, but they were all dead, left in records, and became legends.

As far as she knew, there were none who comprehended Death Laws. At least not in the Nine Eastern Territories. If there were, it would be impossible for that person to be unknown.

Only a moment later did she regain her calm, "It seems that the Alstreim Family really avoided a calamity... two calamities to be exact."

"But it is as you said, a real pity..." Myria pursed her lips, "If that expert weren't from the large Territories, then even I would've been tempted to urge the Mystic Ice Sect's three ancestors to obtain the nectar. After all, it's a heavenly resource which is enough to make me a Martial Sage Expert within a few years, not to mention that it could revive the fires of vitality, helping the three ancestors regain their youthfulness."

"Within a few years..." Mu Bing's lips quivered as she heard the Sect Master and Myria speak.

It wasn't as if she was unable to follow their conversation, but she couldn't believe what they were speaking about.

Elemental Bloodsucking Vine Emperor's nectar?

It did not even take a decade but a few years to reach the Eighth Stage with it? And to revive the vitality within their ancestors who were in the old age, making them regain their youthfulness?

'W-What kind of concept is this!?' Mu Bing inwardly screamed.

Even the Sect Master's eyes became a bit greedy as her lips quivered.

Myria sighed as she looked at their countenances.

Out of the three Cultivation Systems, she possessed minimal bottleneck in Essence Gathering Cultivation System because of the Ice Phoenix Immortal's blood essence in her body.

As for her Soul Forging Cultivation System, she made rapid improvements in it with ample resources, not even facing a bit of bottleneck. Right now, she was at the Peak-Level of Supreme Soul Stage.

As an existence that was once above the mortal realm, her soul was merely regaining the power it once possessed, unlike her Essence Gathering Cultivation and Body Tempering Cultivation which is attuned to her new life, Ellia's body.

With ample resources and time, as long as she kept living, her soul force and essence would keep increasing like a tide that couldn't be blocked by a dam!

However, the same wasn't the case for her Body Tempering Cultivation. Currently, she had only reached Peak-Level Gold Stage in Body Tempering Cultivation. The resources she had asked Mu Bing to collect was also for increasing her Body Tempering Cultivation.

With her Peak-Level Supreme Soul Stage Cultivation, making King Grade Pills were as easy as killing someone for her. Not only she possessed immense knowledge, but she was also a respected alchemist! It wasn't as if she spent fifty thousand years lying around like a fool in her distant past life.

The Everstone Monument Bead was precisely an ingredient that allowed her to enter the Martial Sage Stage. Its effects were only short of becoming a heavenly resource. Furthermore, she had already procured the herbs and ingredients required to breeze through the Martial Ascendance Stage and Martial Master Stage.

Even though she was only at Peak-Level Gold Stage in Body Tempering Cultivation, her foresight was exceptional, and she was already looking into the future, procuring ingredients that can increase her cultivation.

For what reason?

It is all for entering the becoming an immortal existence once again!

"After all, to become a perfect immortal, it is essential for a cultivator to peak their Essence Gathering Cultivation, Body Tempering Cultivation and Soul Forging Cultivation."

"Isn't that right, Ellia?" Myria inwardly laughed.

"..." No reply came.

**Chapter 854 Myria's Concession**



Mystic Ice Sect's Sect Master finally calmed down, but she still seemed as if she couldn't forget the allure of the Elemental Bloodsucking Vine Emperor's nectar. Her beautiful eyes gradually flashed in a contemplating light.

"What do you suggest?"

"Unless you want the Mystic Ice Sect to disappear from the world or half-destroyed, I suggest that you don't offend them. It is one thing for us to offend that expert, but since such a treasure has appeared, it would be brought back to that expert's power. If that expert has comprehended Death Laws, then that person's background shouldn't be as simple as it seems."

Myria opined, "Even the Towering Cloud Hall, and not to mention, Vital Tempering Sect seems to hold their horses. They are the ones who train their Body Tempering Cultivation as their main cultivation system, but even they understand that they needed to live first if they want to enjoy the nectar."

The Sect Master nodded her head and felt like she could finally let off a load from her heart. The visible greed in her eyes also disappeared, but she cast a scrutinizing glance at the monster in front of her.

Just twenty-three years old yet already a Supreme Soul Stage Expert.

'How terrifying!'

She had already guessed that this should be a reincarnated person when she first met her. Feeling various, she called the Ancestors of the Mystic Ice Sect.

The three old Ancestors instantly responded and came out of their seclusion to confront this mysterious woman. This mysterious woman in front of her named Myria, whose origin was unknown, left them speechless in terms of knowledge and even corrected the flaws in their sect's foundational cultivation method.

The three old Ancestors who arrived to confront were simply astonished and awed. Maybe it was just her imagination, but she felt that those three old Ancestors were also intimidated by her, just like how she saw Myria for the first time. Myria's gaze was as if it could penetrate everything within her soul, icy and frightening.

After that, it was unknown what had happened to Myria as she was told to retreat, but it seems as if all three Ancestors allowed Myria to enroll as a top disciple without even making her go through an enrollment exam.

She looked to the side and saw Mu Bing, who became the recruitment exam instead. She couldn't help but sigh and lament what kind of events would happen from now on as she felt that the Mystic Ice Sect might experience tumultuous events in the future.

There was also the dark speck of light, dubbed the Calamity Light over their heads.

'Perhaps, people like her would arise to stop the calamity, no?' Mystic Ice Sect's Sect Master mused, not knowing Myria herself was the cause for the calamity that would befall on the entirety of the Fifty-Two Territories.

Subconsciously, she respectfully clasped her hands to Myria and turned back before she left.

Mu Bing, who was left with a myriad number of questions, stared at Myria with wide-eyes and an agape mouth, "Who are you?"

Myria let out a simple smile as she ran her fingers through her silky, and scintillating white hair, "Your master..."

Surprisingly, Mu Bing gulped instead of becoming mad. Her eyes seemingly became calm before she bowed her head, "Maid Mu Bing accepts defeat."

Mu Bing wasn't a fool. After watching and hearing all this, it was clear the standing between them was entirely different, and perhaps worlds apart. Although she felt humiliated, that feeling was slowly disappearing.

"Smart girl..." Myria laughed as her bosoms slightly shook, "Your talent is ample. If you're loyal to me as my maid, I can make you a powerhouse capable of standing in equal footing with the large Territories in the future."

Mu Bing's eyes shook. Even though her words sounded like a scam, the tone behind it didn't allow for one to refute or doubt.

"I understand, master." She found herself responding.

Mu Bing's eyes widened for a moment, but she calmed down and bowed as she capitulated to the Sect Master. She then took her leave from the hall, disappearing from Myria's gaze.

Myria stayed silent, but she suddenly creased her silvery-white brows, "What's wrong, Ellia?"

Her voice sounded out in her soul sea.

"Hmph! How hypocritical! Davis Loret, who was the Crown Prince of the Loret Empire, has everything in his grasp in the Grand Sea Continent and could rule like a supreme immortal, but he made me his friend and didn't hold back in making me an expert when I was supposed to be his mere servant."

"He brought me out of slavery!"

"On the other hand, you made one of the top disciples of the Mystic Ice Sect, Ice Mu Bing, a maid, and made her call you master, even taking pleasure in it." Ellia sneered, "I wonder who is the righteous one?"

"I..."

"Don't deny it! I know what you think!" Ellia added

Myria: "..."

"Hmph, speechless hypocrite!" Ellia insulted.

"Fine, I accept my mistake regarding that boy!" Myria inwardly shrieked, "Don't act as if you don't understand me! You know how many reincarnations I went through, but my rebirths always ended up facing a calamity, unable to even cultivate their souls! The best that my reincarnations had reached was the Second Stage's peak even though they were all more or less talented like you!"

"They were unable to reach the Revolving Core Stage to finally sense their souls!"

"I am cursed to wander the void for eternity, escape the eyes of reincarnation cycle for countless reincarnations, and finally, you managed to reach the Revolving Core Stage, stimulating your soul, becoming able to cultivate the soul. It was at that moment I could finally revive!"

"However, remember... remember how many times that I had to kill my reincarnations because of the misfortunes that we experienced. It isn't as simple as encountering a random accident, men trying to seize, confine, and do other untold things as well as women trying to frame me to death. With my unique constitution, I am cursed by the heavens to not have a chance at life!"

"And you... You were the single ray of hope I could see after you reached the Revolving Core Stage. My memories of your life, in the beginning, were blurry, and I remember that you were sold to that boy as a personal slave."

"How could I allow you to be sullied after all this?"

"How could I allow me to be sullied after all this?"

Myria's eyes became moist. Her soul seemed to be in chaos as numerous images of tragedy flashed past her eyes.

Ellia: "..."

A few minutes of silence passed.

Myria's closed eyes finally reopened, "I admit that I made a mistake in trying to kill that boy. I won't make an excuse, but I just want to say that it is because I only know blurry parts of your life until I possessed you. I could only tell that you were increasingly falling in love with that brat, but I am also you, and I don't possess such thoughts for him."

"After all this, if you still want to be with him, you can but wait until our souls separate."

"Truly?"

A yearning voice echoed from Ellia.

### **Chapter 855 Mid-Sized Territory**

It wasn't the first time Ellia and Myria had this conversation. They spoke about it perhaps hundreds of times already. However, it was the first time Myria took a step back as she relented and admitted her mistake.

Ellia couldn't help but long for Davis. She wanted to see him.

"Ellia, what is this?" Myria sighed.

Ellia was truly hopeless. Even with her own thoughts passively and uncontrollably influencing Ellia, Ellia seemed to show no signs of forgetting that brat.

What can she do other than relent?

"You know what I'm thinking. We are the same for now, and even surpass twins in terms of knowing each other's thoughts." Myria wryly bragged and chuckled.

"Of course. I'll personally see if he's worthy of you or not."

"I'm not worthy of him!" Ellia retorted.

Myria became speechless, unable to retort. After organizing all of Ellia's memories, she came to know and increasing what that little brat did for Ellia, but she made Ellia an ingrate by taking her away.

Initially, she refused to view Ellia's memories as that might disappoint herself ultimately, but after Ellia's nagging for a long time, she organized Ellia's memories and viewed them. That was the moment she felt that she had wronged.

But what of it? The heavens kept wronging her into eternal damnation.

Why can't she wrong other people!?

However, it wasn't as if she didn't give chances for Ellia to see him. She had relented to Ellia's request to see him two times in the Grand Sea Continent. One was when Davis wasn't present, and the other was at the time of that wedding.

At that time, she could feel Ellia's complex emotions and feelings of well-wishes, which almost made her puke, but she had to admit that she did something very disgraceful, like trying to kill that boy, her benefactor.

"In any case, you're not allowed to interact with him until we truly separate."

"As long as you understand, hmph!" Ellia inwardly nodded.

However, Ellia knew how ruthless Myria was to herself and her reincarnations. She never allowed 'herself' to be sullied by the hands of a man, not even once in those countless reincarnations.

So if Davis had actually tried to sleep with her and make her his woman, she would've died instead, and Myria would've continued with her rebirths until another subsequent incarnation manages to reach the revolving core stage without encountering a calamity.

Hence, she could understand Myria's plight and helplessness. No matter which form that misfortune may be, Myria encountered countless tragedies, but only in this life, her life did Myria manage to successfully awaken without encountering a calamity.

Hence, to Myria, she was precious as her own daughter.

Speaking of plight, Ellia actually remembered another woman whom they separated with after some time of acting together. She couldn't help but recall what had happened when they separated.

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"Although I don't know much about Fire Laws, follow me, and I'll make you a powerful immortal, not just an immortal. You have great potential." Myria spoke.

A red-haired woman gracefully bowed before she stood straight and flicked her hair, "Thank you, Myria, and Ellia for the guidance you two have given me all this time. However, my heart lies somewhere else. I've decided where to go, and just like you have decided, Ellia, I'm not going to give up on my purpose either."

"Suit yourself..."

"Take care..."

Two voices echoed, one with indifference and the other with care.

The red-haired woman nodded and disappeared from their gazes.

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"If you're wondering about Shirley, then she went to the Burning Phoenix Ridge, a mid-sized Territory." Myria reminded.

"Will she be fine?"

"Just look through my memories, and you'll know of it..."

"Hmph, who would want to be corrupted by you?" Ellia retorted.

"..." Myria went speechless again, but she still spoke gently.

"Don't worry. I've investigated the Burning Phoenix Ridge before, and since it seems that the core disciples and above cultivate with the blood essence of the Burning Phoenix, Shirley would be fine."

"Burning Phoenix?" Ellia questioned by she immediately got her answer, "They're a mix between a Fire Phoenix and a Vermilion Bird. The highest they could reach is the Peak-Level of Ninth Stage, an Emperor Rank Species!"

"See? Shirley has the blood essence of the Fire Phoenix Immortal, a magical beast of a higher bloodline and higher stage. On top of being able to emit a bloodline pressure on them, if push comes to shove, she can even sacrifice her diluted drops of immortal blood essence to suppress their ancestor-level characters. She won't die as long as she stays hidden."

Myria chuckled, "After all, unlike us and the Ice Phoenix, the Fire Phoenix Immortal seems to have completely favored Shirley for her temperament!"

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"Haaa!"

A sea of fiery crimson descended like a tidal wave along with the cry of a woman!

\*Roar!~\*

A magical beast with four legs and a large head roared with its mouth at the skies, specifically at the female human. Its body was beautifully patterned in bright blue-red and its horn lit with blue flames. Blue flames soared from its mouth and attacked the crimson flames attacking it, but its enraged eyes narrowed upon feeling the intense heat that threatened to overwhelm it

The crimson flames continuously eroded the blue flames, making the four-legged magical beast finally know what fear is, but it was too late for it to retreat!

The crimson fires raged and engulfed the magical beast's body, almost turning it into ashes in a few seconds. The magical beast seemed helpless as it let out painful cries, but it died in the end as its body became charred while its internal organs ended up being cooked.

"How powerful!!!" A woman clad in a fiery red robe arrived beside the charred corpse and looked at the aftermath of the damage, "The Blue Flame Horned Tiger is famous for its aggressiveness and attack power, but senior sister was able to get rid of it this easily despite being a stage apart!"

"As expected of a top disciple of our Burning Phoenix Ridge! The level of the Burning Phoenix Flame is completely different!" She visibly heaved as her plentiful bosoms shook.

"That's enough, Esvele." A serene yet mesmerizing voice could be heard, "We finished the mission issued for top disciples, so it's time for us to return."

Another woman clad in fiery red robes descended from the skies. Unlike Esvele, who possesses lush black hair, she possessed bright red hair that made her look gorgeous and alluring. Her face seemed to be sculptured out of white jade as her skin was pale and dreamy.

"As you command, senior sister Shirley!"

Esvele echoed as she looked at senior sister Shirley wave her lithe hand to collect the Blue Flame Horned Tiger's carcass. She looked at it with a bit of envy because the Blue Flame Horned Tiger should have a magical beast core that might manifest a beast flame.

If she could feed this to her Burning Phoenix Flames in her dantian, then she would be able to enormously increase the power of it. As a core disciple, she had only possessed a single drop of diluted blood essence of the Burning Phoenix.

Burning Phoenix Flame was also a beast flame, an Emperor Grade Beast Flame. It was ranked sixth in the Emperor Grade Beast Flame chart, making it an enormously powerful beast flame in the Fifty-Two Territories!

### **Chapter 856 Magical Beast Bloodlines And Beast Flames**

There were two known ways to generate a beast flame inside one's dantian.

One is to obtain a flame-attributed magical beast's blood essence and try to generate a beast flame with one's own capability or obtain the magical beast core of a flame-attributed magical beast like the Burning Phoenix or the Blue Flame Horned Tiger and try to refine it to obtain its beast flame.

Senior sister Shirley had passed the Burning Phoenix Ridge's disciple recruitment exam and became a top disciple with extraordinary results! She obtained a drop of blood essence of an Emperor Beast Stage Burning Phoenix, a Ninth Stage Magical Beast, and stimulated the blood essence to produce a beast flame in her dantian!

She was an extraordinary genius!

However, on the other hand, Esvele had also invoked the Burning Phoenix Flame in her dantian after consuming a drop of blood essence, but compared to senior sister Shirley's Burning Phoenix Flame, the difference in the quality of their beast flames were enormous.

It wasn't as if the same beast flame would possess the same prowess. It would always differ depending upon the bloodline quality of the magical beast the blood essence, or the beast core was extracted from.

There were mostly two reasons for the difference in quality.

One, the blood essence Esvele obtained was a diluted blood essence a core disciple with ordinary results can obtain. Second, the diluted blood essence belonged to a King Beast Stage Burning Phoenix, which is an Eighth Stage Magical Beast, making the diluted blood essence even lower in quality.

The beast flame Esvele stimulated could only compare to a sixth stage flame in prowess. On the other hand, senior sister Shirley's Burning Phoenix Flame's prowess was at peak-level of the seventh stage!

In reality, the difficulty in stimulating the emergence of a beast flame of diluted blood essence of a King Beast Stage Burning Phoenix and the blood essence of an Emperor Beast Stage Burning Phoenix could not be compared at the same level. There were at least four levels of increase in difficulty, with each level getting harder than the last.

What Esvele accomplished was what other hundreds of ordinary core disciples accomplished, and she knew that if she were granted an opportunity to absorb the blood essence of an Emperor Beast Stage Burning Phoenix, she would likely and miserably fail to form a beast flame, wasting precious sect resources.

Hence, just feeding this Blue Flame Horned Tiger's Flame to her Burning Phoenix Flame was enough to raise her prowess to half a level. It would improve her chances to become a stronger core disciple among hundreds of core disciples. However, it still wouldn't let her compare with the prowess of top disciples, especially senior sister Shirley who is said to have already dominated the top disciples in her age group.

Although, Esvele was in reluctance, but was also in awe and respect over senior sister Shirley's strength! However, she didn't know that Shirley had hidden her true prowess under the Burning Phoenix Flames' guise!

At this time, a crimson feathered bird with white feathers under its neck flew towards them. It possessed a small crown-like protrusion on its forehead. Its wingspan was ten meters long as its crimson wings were spread majestically. Sparks of crimson fire hung on its beautiful and graceful tail feathers while its feet possessed talons capable of shredding sky grade materials to pieces!

With its head structure that resembled a Vermilion Bird, it let out a yearning screech before it landed beside Princess Shirley, gently shoving its head as it rubbed its feathers under her warm hands.

Princess Shirley caressed this magical beast's head in gentle strokes. This magical beast was none other than a Burning Phoenix that was recently born in this year. As an exceptional top disciple, she obtained one from the Burning Phoenix Ridge when it was nothing but a small chick that had yet to spread its wings!

At first, she felt that it was unneeded, but gradually, she couldn't help but become attached to this juvenile Burning Phoenix.

"Good girl..." Princess Shirley patted the Burning Phoenix and noticed Esvele's envious gaze, but she didn't say anything.

'How submissive... Even being able to tame one is difficult but to be given a recently born Burning Phoenix...'

"How lucky..." Esvele subconsciously uttered, but she soon realized that she said it with a tone of envy.

"Uh... Senior sister Shirley, I..." Esvele wanted to explain.

Princess Shirley raised her hand and interrupted, "Want to ride back on the back of my magical beast mount?"

Esvele became taken aback before her eyes lit up. She instantly nodded her head but then shook, causing Princess Shirley to let out a muffled giggle. The latter mounted the Burning Phoenix before gesturing for her to hop on.

To ride on a Burning Phoenix? What kind of honor was this?

Esvele didn't have her own mount to return as she had just recently become a core disciple, so after hesitating for a while, she flew and sat back on the Burning Phoenix. A sense of superiority instantly filled her heart, but when she looked at the true master smile back at her, the sense of superiority that had just arrived was instantly snuffed out of her heart like a candle flame.

She then cautiously looked at the Burning Phoenix that looked at her with wide eyes as if scrutinizing her.

The Burning Phoenix suddenly let out a screech, "Master, this woman has big bosoms!"

"Pfft!" Princess Shirley let out a peal of muffled laughter.

When this Burning Phoenix was a little chick, it liked to snuggle in her bosoms, but looking at it now, it seemed that it set its height on something bigger and plumper.

Esvele's eyes twitched, but she refused to comment to not offend the Burning Phoenix. She knew that its temperament was aggressive. If the Burning Phoenix accidentally ate her while senior sister Shirley was not present, then she wouldn't even be able to get justice, not even in death.

After all, each and every Burning Phoenix was precious in the Burning Phoenix Ridge.

However, their importance was also based on their bloodline quality. Some had low-quality bloodline, and some others possessed mid-quality and high-quality bloodlines, and obviously, high-quality bloodlines Burning Phoenixes were treated worlds apart when compared to mid-quality bloodline Burning Phoenixes.

This bloodline thinning problem starts to arise for every King Rank Species and Emperor Rank Species in this world. For the most part, magical beasts below King Rank hardly have their bloodline thinned out. Hence, Esvele couldn't help but feel curious over senior sister Shirley's Burning Phoenix's bloodline.



"Is senior sister Shirley's Burning Phoenix's limit the Eighth Stage?" Still, she cautiously asked.

She did not ask if the Burning Phoenix possessed a low-quality bloodline because that would be offensive.

By this time, the Burning Phoenix had already taken flight and flew in the skies, flapping its crimson wings over the skies that were painted dusky orange. The air around them was filled with fire attribute energy. This didn't make them feel uncomfortable, but they instead felt like fish in the water.

Esvele couldn't still believe that she was riding on a Burning Phoenix. Which top disciple would be magnanimous enough to let another person sully their magical beast mount?

It was one thing the other party was someone with equal status, but she was just a mere core disciple. In front of a top disciple, she couldn't find any other word apt describe herself other than 'mere'.

### **Chapter 857 Burning Phoenix Ridge**

Esvele felt conflicted.

Why does senior sister Shirley keep being kind to her? Despite her being normal and clumsy, not knowing when to speak and how to speak. Even now, there seemed to be no sign of abuse after she asked such a question.

"That's right..." After a few seconds, Princess Shirley suddenly responded and nodded as she rubbed the feathers of the Burning Phoenix.

She was considerate of her magical beast mount's feelings, but the poor girl just said for her to go ahead. For one, due to the blood connection between them, they could communicate mentally.

"My Burning Phoenix's bloodline has already thinned out by a level, standing at low-quality. It could only reach the King Beast Stage, the Eighth Stage's peak despite being an Emperor Rank Species Magical Beast." Princess Shirley replied in an indifferent tone.

"However, this is already best of what a top disciple could obtain in this millennium..." She added.

Esvele, who was finding it difficult to comment on hurriedly nodded her head, "That's right! There is no need to worry over this, senior sister Shirley. After all these years, the bloodline of the Burning Phoenix is starting to thin out. It isn't senior sister's fault that you got a bloodline thinned out Burning Phoenix."

Princess Shirley nodded her head, "If this keeps up, it wouldn't be long before the Burning Phoenix becomes a King Rank Magical Beast Species. It would not be able to retain its bloodline and regress to a magical beast of lower stature."

"Yes..." Esvele placed a hand on her rapidly beating heart, 'Senior sister Shirley is so brave to talk about this openly. Even if I had ten times the guts, I wouldn't talk about this openly, especially in front of a Burning Phoenix...'

Esvele found it astonishing that the Burning Phoenix could keep its calm despite them talking about its thinned bloodline.

It was like talking two people talking about another person's inability, humiliating even though it wasn't that person's fault in the first place.

Esvele was really both intimidated and awed by this Burning Phoenix.

However, she didn't know that senior sister Shirley had already considered her magical beast mount's future.

It took only a drop of diluted essence of the Fire Phoenix Immortal to rejuvenate her Burning Phoenix's bloodline! Perhaps, at that time, it would become stronger than any Burning Phoenix present in the Burning Phoenix Ridge and possibly reach the peak of Ninth Stage!

Rumors were starting to spread in the Burning Phoenix Ridge and its surroundings that its destiny was already fading, in the sense that the bloodline of the Burning Phoenix is also fading. Currently, this wasn't a topic to be encroached by disciples. It was sensitive, and only elders and above were allowed to speak on it, but even they didn't easily open the topic for fear of repercussions.

Esvele became hesitant. She was truly starting to respect senior sister Shirley from the bottom of heart after being with her all this time. She slowly reached out her hand, wanting to say something, but in the end, her pupils shook, becoming too afraid to say anything at all.

The rest of the journey was spent in silence and enjoying the scenery while riding on the Burning Phoenix. Soon, they arrived at a location where crimson mountains were almost everywhere their eyes could see.

A crimson and fiery pathway was constructed on a long, narrow piece of highland along the top of hills or mountains. Beside the ridge of the mountains were numerous red, blue, purple, and crimson floating palaces that belonged to the Burning Phoenix Ridge!

Princess Shirley didn't even need to stop at any juncture. The guardians who looked after the enormous floating gate automatically opened upon seeing the Burning Phoenix carry two disciples. She traveled straight towards the small floating palace that was assigned to her.

Small was subjective when big structures were considered. This crimson floating palace was alone sixty meters tall and thirty meters wide. It looked grand and majestic, better than an imperial palace level structure as it was made from better Emperor Grade materials.

Unless one was at High-Level Eighth Stage, it became almost impossible to harm this crimson floating palace!

Once they arrived on the platform, the Burning Phoenix immediately flew away to feast on its feed, leaving Princess Shirley alone with Esvele. They walked into the palace and entered the hallway before arriving at a particularly wide and tall hall. It was the center of the crimson palace, a place for recreation and entertaining visitors.

There was also a garden that decorated the hall with blue, purple, and red-colored flowers, making it seem flowery and dazzling.

Princess Shirley walked in the garden while Esvele followed. She extended her hand and touched those flowers as she walked before she stopped, turning to look at Esvele, a sigh escaping from her breath, "Esvele, do you know why I chose you to be my follower?"

Esvele became stunned.

What brought this suddenly?

She knew that every top disciple possessed a plethora of followers consisting of core disciples and inner disciples. Top disciples have numerous disciples under them, but senior sister Shirley only had one who was none other than her!

Just before she could answer, her senior sister Shirley continued.

"It's because out of the hundreds of core disciples that I saw; only you were new and untainted by the present disciples' schemes. However, you..."

Esvele's pupils dilated.

"You have disappointed me, junior sister..." Princess Shirley shook her head.

Esvele's eyes became moist, "Senior sister, I..."

"You don't need to say anything. I really thought I could have a junior sister whom I could trust, but reality once again told me that I was just too hopeful, perhaps naive. Just pack up your things and leave. I won't make it difficult for you..." Princess Shirley turned and walked away.

Esvele became stunned as her mouth remained agape. Tears started to leak before she knew it.

"Senior sister, I... I am sorry..." Esvele sobbed as she wiped the tears that were falling out her eyes. She couldn't really stop her tears as she felt guilty. She clenched her teeth and ran away from the crimson palace without letting out a sound.

Princess Shirley stopped and looked back, her eyes flashing with a complicated glint.

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A few hours later.

Below the mountain ridges and the crimson palaces, there were hundreds of floating abodes. In a particular humble abode, within a womanly room, a figure could be seen lying on the bed. The whites of her eyes and the tip of her nose were red.

This woman was none other than Esvele.

Esvele had finally stopped crying after a long time. She held the pillow between her arms and laid her face by the cheek, slightly curling her body in a defensive position. It was unknown what she was thinking, but her expression seemed lifeless for the most part.

\*Ding!~\*

Abruptly, she woke up to a sound. It was the sound of a visitor.

Esvele's eyes lit up, and liveliness returned to her face. She ran out of her room and arrived at the hall, whereupon the scenery changed.

The hall looked like a forest, with blue, purple, and crimson trees rooted in the background. These trees were all king grade wood, but the disciples were forbidden to tamper with it. If found, it could lead to harsh punishment.

The moment Esvele arrived and saw the visitor, disappointment flashed in her eyes felt hatred swept her heart, "It's you!"

### **Chapter 858 Far Superior?**

A man with dark red robes, dressed along with a mantle over his shoulders, stood straight like a king. He looked handsome with his broad eyes and sharp eyebrows. However, his lips were curved into a condescending smile, making him look haughty and arrogant.

"What is with that attitude when I came to see you out of worry? I heard that the other disciples saw you crying, so I came to console you out of the kindness in my heart..."

Esvele stared daggers at this man with killing intent brewing in her eyes. If it weren't for this person bewitching her mind with greed, she wouldn't have fallen so low either, and neither would she have felt like this in the first place.

Improper and treacherous!

"A top disciple has come to console you, yet you, a mere core disciple, still possess that kind of face when looking at me?" The man snorted, "Looks like I have given you too much face!"

Esvele threw her arms at him, and an object flew into the man's hands, "Don't show your face ever again, Schneider!"

Schneider caught the object in his hand and cast a look at it. It looked like a white pill and was none other than the aphrodisiac pill he gave to Esvele. Once mixed with a liquid, it would quickly become odorless, transparent, and almost undetectable by common methods.

He narrowed his eyes and asked, "How long has it been since I've given this to you? You had so many chances, yet you failed to utilize any!"

Looking at Schneider righteously pointing at her, reprimanding that she failed to drug her senior sister Shirley, a look of madness appeared on her face.

"Ahh, that's right! Even though I had so many chances, I didn't sedate senior sister Shirley! Although my greed had taken over me initially, I didn't cross the line! Senior sister Shirley knew that, so didn't punish or kill me!"

"What!? Junior sister Shirley knows!?" Schneider exclaimed as his expression changed.

"That's right!" Esvele chuckled, "Since senior sister could tell that I was suspicious, she naturally could tell that someone was behind me. With senior sister Shirley's intelligence and bravery, it wouldn't be a surprise for her to know what had been happening behind the scenes. After all, it's common knowledge that you and your three brothers are all sinisterly pining for senior sister Shirley."

"At least, one of you might be the mastermind who led me to betray senior sister Shirley."

Schneider went silent before his shoulders relaxed as he smiled, "So junior sister Shirley still doesn't know that it's me... Very good!"

He walked towards Esvele at a slow pace. His eyes were roaming around, lustfully gazing at Esvele's voluptuous body.

Esvele narrowed her eyes in displeasure, but she instantly took out a token. Instantly, a blinding light flashed, and a formation suddenly trapped Schneider. She sneered at the stopped Schneider, "Even if you're at the Law Dominion Stage, it would be stupid of you to think that you can do anything to me in my abode."

"Good! Very good!"

Schneider shook his finger at her with an offended smile before he took out an object in his hand, "You've forced me."

"Tha- That's a master token!!!" The shock came first before Esvele's expression became horrified.

"No!!!"

The light disappeared and flashed again. However, the formation that was trapping Schneider transferred to Esvele. Her horrified expression faded before she looked at the light that sealed her cultivation base.

Precisely, it hindered the circulation of her cultivation enormously, making her essence gathering cultivation useless. Not only did it disrupt her essence gathering cultivation, but it also restricted her movements to a certain degree, disabling the usage of her Body Tempering Cultivation's battle aura or martial energy.

Not that her Body Tempering Cultivation was strong in the first place to be able to get out through her fleshly body alone.

Schneider sneered.

"Heh, don't worry. How can I cause a beauty such as yourself to die just like that? Since you have fallen so low to betray your leader, why don't you become my follower? If you become my woman, hehe... Although I won't treat you badly, I wouldn't treat you like my wives either."

He possessed a solemn expression on his face while he explained, but his eyes were thrusting out his lust like drainage.

Esvele's lips trembled while her shoulders shook. She initially thought that she would be instantly killed with a killing formation, but this man trapped her instead. She didn't expect such a twist, neither did she expect to him to have such a thing as the master token which only the Grand Elders possess.

Esvele repined and blamed herself. Since Schneider's father was a Grand Elder of their Burning Phoenix Ridge, she should've at least expected this twist coming, but it didn't cross her mind at all. Rather, it should be said that she didn't expect a person of that stature, Schneider's father, a Grand Elder, to stoop this low.

'Father and son are rotten to the core. Perhaps, it is the same for the other brothers as well...' Esvele clenched her teeth in rage, but she was helpless to do anything currently.

Schneider approached Esvele before he stood just before her. He looked at her like a predator eyeing and savoring its prey before he spoke.

"I won't use the killing formation, neither will I stop you from self-destructing your revolving core. After all, I remember that you came from a humble origin."

Schneider smirked, "Yelan Town, was it?"

"Bastard, you dare!?" Esvele clenched her fists as she spat out through her clenched teeth, "Even the Grand Elder, your father wouldn't be able to save you if you were to touch my family!"

"The Burning Phoenix Ridge wouldn't let you go, and they will make sure you will burn in the Burning Hell Valley!"

"Haha, you're right!" Schneider laughed, "There is a rule that states that even if two disciples possessed a grudge that is only resolvable with life and death, they should not touch each other's family. However, rules are rules. There are always loopholes." Schneider grinned like a devil.

"Do you think that the Burning Phoenix Ridge would care about your family's safety after you die?"

Esvele's pupils shook as her expression became aghast. Her eyes grew moist, but she refused to cry. Her clenched fists slowly loosened, and her stiff body became relaxed. No, it was better to say that her visage became hopeless.

"Oh? You agree to become my woman?" Schneider extended his hands through the formation and caressed her cheek before he lifted up her chin.

Since he seemed to possess the master token, it seemed that the sealing formation was unable to affect him.

Esvele's eyes shook, but she still wore a wry yet hateful smile, "I deserve this..."

Schneider grinned as his eyes glanced down, "Although junior sister Shirley is my main target, you are not bad as well. Just your figure alone is voluptuous and far superior to junior sister Shirley's."

"Far superior to my figure?" A fiery yet mesmerizing voice echoed, "Indeed, junior sister Esvele's figure is far superior to my own."

Schneider's heart shook as he violently turned to look back.

"Junior sister Shirley!"

"Senior sister Shirley!"

He and Esvele echoed at the same time. However, one was horrified while the other sounded panicked and worried.

**Chapter 859 Get Lost!**

"Quick! Runaway! Schneider has the master token of the group of abodes in this area!" Esvele instantly warned with all her strength.

She struggled while trying to break out of the formation, but it was to no avail.

"Tch!" Schneider clicked his tongue in annoyance.

Initially, he thought of playing dumb, working out his way while holding Esvele's family hostage, but now that it has been revealed that he possessed the master token, things had become messy.

'Now that it has come to this...' His eyes became ruthless as he activated another formation!

A light quickly enveloped Princess Shirley, trapping her in another sealing formation.

"Hahaha! So much for 'senior sister Shirley's intelligence'. Look at your senior sister, Esvele, my love. She stands there trapped, frozen like an ice fairy."

Esvele, who refused to shed tears for her own fallacy, finally cried as she miserably wailed. She was unable to stop her tears as she sobbed, "I'm sorry... It's all my fault. I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."

Princess Shirley didn't have a change of expression. Only a breath of sigh escaped from her lips, "Why do you brutes always use such sinister methods to obtain us?"

"Trying to make my junior sister give into greed while making her sedate me, but it failed in the end. Now you're trying to make her submit using despicable and vile means."

"Heh!" Schneider sneered.

Now that his mask was exposed, he no longer acted like a gentleman.

"What do you mean sinister and vile means? The weak have to bend to the will of the strong! That's the natural course of things and the way the heavens have decided. Even if you're talented than me, so what? Are you stronger? No! Since you are not strong, then your fate is to become a powerful man's woman."

Schneider grinned, "My woman!"

"I swear that I'll treat you like my princess! As for this bitch who tried to drug you while falling prey to her own greed, I'll kill her for you."

Schneider revealed a greedy expression on his face, "How about that?"

If he were able to dual cultivate with a woman such as junior sister Shirley, then his prowess would increase by leaps and bounds. There were already rumors about how her talent in Fire Laws had crossed the usual top disciple's boundary, perhaps even exceeding it by a large margin.

Dual cultivating with such a woman would net him with immense benefits!

Esvele looked at her senior sister as she knelt in the sealing formation. She was still sobbing as if seeking forgiveness, weeping that she was sorry and that it was her fault. Looking at Schneider, who was approaching her, she didn't even care for her own life, still sobbing as she begged for forgiveness.

Princess Shirley's eyes flashed, "Stop!"

An object fell on her palm before it flashed with a crimson light.

"Impossible!" Schneider's eyes became wide, "It is not possible to use the spatial ring while trapped in that sealing formation!"

"Idiot," Princess Shirley imperceptibly sneered, "I already had it out, and although this sealing formation of effective, its killing formation is unable to harm me. I am an exceptional top disciple of the Burning Phoenix Ridge, and because of it, I possess the spatial talisman to summon the Sect Master to protect me."

"Even if you're the son of a Grand Elder, do you believe that the Sect Master will crush you without a question if I just asked?" Princess Shirley coldly spoke as she slowly clutched the talisman in her palm, trying to break it.

"W-Wa-" Schneider panicked, "Wait, wait, wait!"

"I lost! I accept my loss!!" He yelled.

Princess Shirley became angered on hearing that, her palm almost accidentally breaking the talisman.

A loss? A defeat?

Was this a simple game for him? Is that how men see it when they obtain women? A fucking game!? Her eyes flashed with killing intent, but she quickly suppressed as it arrived.

"Get lost!" She coldly spoke, "And hand over that master token to the Sect Master! Not to your father!"

"Wait! If I did that I'll-"

"So what? It'll be just punishment, or do you prefer I break this life-saving talisman right now?"

Schneider grit his teeth, unable to retort. His clenched fists relaxed before he spat out, "Fine!"

He deactivated the master token and left the abode. When he crossed paths with Princess Shirley, his gaze became cold before he let out a harrumph and left. It was as if he gave her a warning not to possess a loose mouth and that he possessed numerous methods to make her live a life worse than death.

Once Princess Shirley confirmed that his presence left, she cast a glance at the kneeling Esvele.

Esvele kowtowed with her head, plastered to the ground. There was a puddle of blood, dripping from her forehead. Sounds of murmuring could still be heard as if she was asking for forgiveness. In truth, Esvele didn't have the courage to look at senior sister Shirley's expression.

Was it hateful? Was it indifferent?

She didn't want to see the person she initially came to envy but later came to adore and respect reveal such expressions as her heart constricted in pain. Everything that happened just a while ago was a result of her foolish actions.

Perhaps if senior sister Shirley didn't possess the Sect Master's spatial talisman, she would've already been killed, and senior sister Shirley might've met a fate worse than death.



She didn't possess the courage nor the face to lift her head.

"Stand up..."

Hearing that familiar voice that was still good to her, she shuddered.

"Stand up, Esvele."

Esvele hurriedly shook her head, "This lowly one isn't worthy."

"Stand up. We're returning to my palace.'

"This lo-" Esvele froze.

Her pupils incessantly shook before she slowly lifted up her head in disbelief, "Senior... sister?"

Looking at the gentle expression on senior sister Shirley's face, her eyelids quivered as tears ran down like a falling stream.

"Why? Why did senior sister save me?" Esvele demanded.

By this time, she had already figured out that senior sister Shirley used her to lure out the mastermind. However, it didn't warrant her to be saved.

She was the one who betrayed senior sister Shirley. Not the other way around.

"If I had to say," Princess Shirley's lips curved in as it became dreamy, "I like saving a damsel in distress?"

Esvele became stunned, "But... I betrayed my senior sister's trust. I'm worse than a beast... I'm worse than Schneider..."

"What are you saying?" Princess Shirley giggled, "I was eagerly waiting for you to drug me so that I can kill you, but you never did it, not even once."

"Even though you fell prey to your greed and accepted Schneider's scheme initially, you didn't act on it in the end. I saw you hesitating with my senses many times, trying to tell me about Schneider's evil scheme. You think I didn't notice all these and was just leaving my back to you?"

"Your senior sister isn't that naive." Princess Shirley shook her head, "At least, not anymore."

"Besides, you tried to use me to increase your cultivation base, and on the other hand, I tried to use you to bring out the mastermind. In the end, aren't we even?"

Esvele became tongue-tied for a moment as her chaotic mind tried to process it.

She shook her head, "No! Senior sister didn't use me..."

"You're placing me on a pedestal I don't deserve..." Shirley shook her head. She thought back to the two unique existences; two people in one body, Myria and Ellia.

## **Chapter 860 Unwilling To Lose**

Princess Shirley sighed as she recalled the time she spent with Myria and Ellia in the First Layer.

The number of things she got to know and the number of things she lost and gained were plenty with them. It could be said that she now possessed a basic world view that is required to survive.

Even more, she couldn't help but shudder, that if she came to the First Layer alone, what kind of evils and sinister traps she would have fallen into? What kind of a tragic fate would she have met? She didn't find it hard to fathom because she had faced some already but was saved by Myria at all times.

If it weren't for Ellia and Myria, she knew that her life might've been miserable and wouldn't have gone the way she wanted, to say the least.

Thinking like this, she felt all the more thankful to the two of them.

"No!" Esvele yelled in confidence.

"Senior sister didn't use me because senior sister chose to save me instead of killing Schneider! Although the sect rules state that killing is prohibited, if it is known that Schneider tried to scheme against us using the master token, he would've been caught red-handed! Senior sister had the absolute advantage and had him checked! Otherwise, Schneider would not just leave like this..."

Esvele wept, "You saved me. Senior sister saved me..."

She didn't place senior sister Shirley on a pedestal but just mentioned as it is... She believed that Princess Shirley was righteous than any person she had ever seen.

Princess Shirley became speechless before she sighed, not willing to change her mind anymore, "If you can understand all this, why did you agree to help Schneider? What did he promise to be able to corrupt the smart yet innocent Esvele I chose?"

Esvele's bosoms shook as he tried to calm down.

"The blood essence of an Emperor Beast Stage Burning Phoenix, a magical beast core of a King Beast Stage Burning Phoenix, and a chance to become a direct disciple under his father, Grand Elder Valerian."

"No wonder... You would definitely find it hard to reject this deal, and all you had to do was drug me..."

Princess Shirley giggled. She could understand that all these items could immensely bewitch any person as long as these items were extremely useful to them.

"No!"

"I didn't know that it was an aphrodisiac first! Only after I agreed did Schneider tell me that it was an aphrodisiac specially concocted to sedate senior sister Shirley. He said after lacing the aphrodisiac, I should instantly call him. I already said that I'm not going to do it, but he threatened me with an Imagery Stone that recorded our conversation, saying that he would show it senior sister Shirley."

"Only then did I understand that I betrayed senior sister the moment I agreed after hearing about the rewards..." Esvele sobbed, but she felt giving all these excuses made her look only worse.

Afraid that senior sister Shirley would misunderstand, she added, "I'm not saying this to justify myself, but I want senior sister to know the course of events..."

"I see... Just like I thought." Princess Shirley resplendently smiled, "You're still redeemable..."

'Looks like they've at least noticed that I'm stronger than the norm to reward Esvele like this...' Inwardly, she mused.

These treasures that were bribed to Esvele were better than the ones the disciples would get upon gaining the title of a top disciple after getting results in the disciple recruitment exam or raising their strength to the top disciple level.

"Still, you're not smart enough to see through their intent, Esvele. You still lack the necessary foresight."

"What do you mean, senior sister Shirley?" Esvele became confused.

"After Schneider obtains me, you'll be left with two options. One, you'll be framed and silenced to appease me just like Schneider offered me a while ago. Two, Schneider gets to keep us both. Do you really think that they'll let you be free after they give you all those treasures?"

Princess Shirley shook her head, "They'll at least make you give birth to a prodigy before killing you, but that also depends whether if you have completely submitted to Schneider or not."

Esvele became pale as she looked at the ground. Hearing senior sister Shirley's deduction, she felt that her reasoning and deduction were possible. Her body started to shake in fear.

It took her a few moments to recover.

"But, you're still young and can improve a lot. Are you willing to follow me like you first wanted to, loyally and faithfully?" Princess Shirley asked.

Esvele's mouth went agape, and her eyes were filled with longing, "Can I?"

She had already betrayed senior sister Shirley once.

Will she be really given another chance?

Princess Shirley inwardly laughed, 'This has happened to me once before. At that time, I was drugged by my trusted sister but saved by my ex-fiancee. But this time, it was different. You never took action against me. If I can forgive her, why can't I forgive you?'

She calmly nodded her head.

Esvele let out tears as she kowtowed, "Esvele will never forget this favor and kindness in her life. Even if senior sister Shirley wants me to sacrifice my life, I am not unwilling!"

"Stand up." Princess Shirley nodded her head, "Show your willingness to be my follower and prove that you didn't betray me in the past with your actions."

"Yes!" Esvele stood up as she stood in attention, her back taut and straight.

However, Princess Shirley's eyes twitched as she looked at that heavily bouncing bosoms. Although she was a figure-admirer herself, she couldn't help but feel jealous.

Glancing at her own bosoms, which were only half its size, it was certainly ample and curvaceous but could not compare to Esvele's bosoms. It also reminded her of a green-haired woman who possessed bosoms comparable to Esvele's.

'Does he like bigger ones? Is that why I lost?' She couldn't help but think with a pout.

'No, he isn't like that. It was me who was presumptuous and agreed to annul the marriage like a fool. If I had just kept it, he would've been mine instead...'

Esvele noticed her senior sister's gaze and became pale, 'This is bad. If senior sister Shirley doesn't want me, it's over!'

"Senior sister! I feel jealous of your talent! You are greater in every aspect than me!"

Princess Shirley came out of her reverie and blinked before she smiled and shook her head, "You don't need to console me. Jealousy is a common and valid emotion in every living being. You just don't need to not act on it a negative way so that you don't make your jealousy worse into envy."

Esvele blinked.

How can senior sister Shirley speak such profound words? Her eyes sparkled with a tinge of worship.

Princess Shirley pursed her lips. It wasn't her words but Myria's words, but she didn't say anything about it.

"It's just that... I once lost to a woman like you, weaker than me yet voluptuous like a vixen..." Princess Shirley wryly uttered, but only after she let these words out did she wonder why she brought this matter out to her junior sister. They weren't even close to begin with...

'Guess I was unwilling to lose...' She inwardly mused.

On the other hand, Esvele took a step back in shock, 'Senior sister said that she lost to a weaker woman. Then that means... It isn't a battle, but... She lost her man to a voluptuous woman... like me?'

"I..." Esvele didn't know how to or what to comment on.

It was like stepping on a killing formation no matter what she spoke.

Princess Shirley just shook her head as she smiled and turned away before flying out of the abode.

Esvele avidly followed her, afraid that she would get left behind. She didn't know senior sister Shirley's past or her origin, but she could tell that she was already in love with a man!