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Wu Qianyu was someone who had trouble speaking her feelings and liked to keep it bottled up out of modesty until it inevitably could not be held in any longer. This was the case for matters of the heart, especially when the other disciples were around. She would never seek out his affection publicly even she wanted to. She never tried to compete with her sisters but kept to herself and wallowed in melancholy.

Chen Wentian felt bad for her and tried to tell her wordlessly through their kisses. He did not understand her in the beginning but it was getting better and better with time.

They fell onto the bed and clothes were shed. She was already not wearing much and her nightgown was cast aside. His hands roamed her smooth, slightly plump body, drawing delicious m.o.a.n.s and involuntary shudders.

"Have they gotten bigger?" Chen Wentian said, holding her b.r.e.a.s.ts in his hands like a merchant weighing goods.

"No... of course, not!" She complained.

He chuckled, "I should still check them... just to make sure, you know? Can you use your b.r.e.a.s.ts for me?"

"Mmm." She nodded.

He stood back up and she knelt before him. In a well-practiced manner, she undid the rest of his clothes. He then sat on the edge of the bed, with his legs spread out, his little dragon completely erect and eagerly waiting.

"Come here." He beckoned.

She scooted closer to him until she was between his legs. His erect member was right in front of her and at the right position. She pulled him closer and let her b.r.e.a.s.ts rest on his lap. She squeezed with both hands and enveloped him with soft warmth.

Chen Wentian grunted in pleasure. Her b.r.e.a.s.ts were soft and warm like a summer fog. It was a completely different sensation from any other. It was as if his d.i.c.k had been transported to a different world, one filled with fluffy clouds.

Wu Qianyu worked diligently using her b.r.e.a.s.ts to please her lover. Carefully and with a steady pace, she rubbed her hands up and down, from the base of his shaft to the sensitive tip. When she reached the top, she increased the pressure and shook her hands, adding an unexpected vibrating sensation.

"Wow..." Chen Wentian was pleasantly surprised, "Where did you learn that?"

She smiled blushing but didn't answer. She simply focused harder on the task in front of her.

He wanted to say something but she seemed determined. He let her be since she was so eager. He liked to pleasure his women but he also liked it when they returned the favor. Giving pleasure to a lover was equally rewarding, if not more. He always greatly enjoyed seeing her unravel when he brought her to orgasms and it was obviously the same for her.

"Yeah..."

"That's good, baby..."

He whispered sweet nonsense to her as she worked.

"Yesss..."

"Do that more..."

Seeing him like this encouraged Wu Qianyu and brought delight to her ears. Her heart soared, filling to the brim with the love that she felt for him. Kneeling before him, she worshipped him, willingly and fully.

It would be a two-month parting for him but for her, the length of time was still unknown. The dream array would take her on a journey that could last a year or even two years at maximum. This was the last night they would be together for a long time and she wanted it to be unforgettable.

"Love, I'm close." Chen Wentian whispered eventually.

Wu Qianyu looked up at him, her eyes shimmered with emotion. Her hair was a bit messy; her makeup was smudged. Her smile was one of pure joy. The soft candlelight made her skin glow, her n.a.k.e.d body that was nestled between his legs.

"You're so beautiful." He said.

Their eyes connected. Feelings of love and longing passed between them. He was once again awed by the intensity of her feelings for him. She was also reassured that he felt the same way in return.

"Oh... yes... f.u.c.k... ugghh!"

He wrapped his legs around her as his h.i.p.s thrust into her bosom. The first jet of hot c.u.m landed across her cheek. The next few were equally as powerful, landing on her nose, lips, and chin.

"Ahh, yeah!" He grunted.

The orgasm continued, refusing to stop. Shot after shot landed, on her neck, her chest, everywhere until it all dribbled down and formed a pool of c.u.m between her b.r.e.a.s.ts.

When it finally ended, her mouth was open in amazement.

"Wow..." She breathed.

She was also proud, proud to be able to see him like this because of her.

The couple remained like that for a moment. His c.o.c.k was still lying snugly between her b.r.e.a.s.ts. She was still hugging him tightly around the waist, unwilling to let go.

Chen Wentian recovered first and wiped away the mess. He pulled Wu Qianyu back onto the bed and tenderly rubbed her knees which were red from kneeling for so long.

"Qianyu, don't worry about the dream array." He said, "You've prepared for it for a long time. I've watched you, you never slacked off even once. Nobody works harder than you. I'm proud of you."

"Thank you..."

They had run through all the dream scenarios that would be beneficial to her cultivation. Her Dao had to do with pain, feeling pain in herself and in others. She needed to be on the receiving end as well as be the one causing the pain. She was prepared to dream, almost.

"Is it true that I can do anything in the dream?" She asked.

"Hmm? Yeah. As long as your will and desire are strong enough to sustain the dream scenario. Remember, don't treat it as a dream but as reality. Whatever strange scenario you end up in, you can get angry, sad, happy, afraid... anything. Don't hold back."

"What if I dream about you? What if it's not a good dream?"

"Did you talk to Chengcheng again?" He asked.

"No! Well... yes..." She admitted.

"Don't worry. She wasn't prepared that time but you are. You're prepared."

"But what if you're really bad in the dream?"

"Fine. If I am really bad in your dream, you have my permission to punish me any way you like." He said, "Tell me afterward and I'll even let you punish me outside of the dream!"

"Really?"

"I promise!"

Wu Qianyu laughed softly, finally relieved of her only worry.

Chen Wentian continued to massage her n.a.k.e.d body while going over the possible scenarios one by one for the hundredth time. They did this until his little dragon recovered to full strength.

When she lost focus and her gaze crept towards his erection, he knew what she wanted. Once again filled with energy, he pressed her down and it was his turn.

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The next day was the day of the ceremony. Chen Wentian's disciples got up bright and early to get ready. They had their best outfits ready and did their hair and makeup immaculately to look the absolute best. Even Wu Qianyu, who had been tormented by him all night, was eager.

The audience they would be in front of today were some of the most influential and powerful in the whole subcontinent. By standing in front of them, their names would reverberate across the lands. The younger ones would have to wait their turn but for the ice sisters especially, this was their shining moment.

Chen Wentian was stuck waiting for them but when they finally all emerged from their rooms, he was not disappointed at all. They took his breath away, their combined beauty and brilliance left him speechless.

Lin Qingcheng had gone for a playful and mysterious look. She wore her preferred color of yellow tinged with gold and had gone for a daring, form-fitting style with ample cleavage. She had on her intricately painted face mask which covered her face down to her chin. This combined with her functional outfit and fighting gauntlets made her seem more like a gang leader than a gentle girl.

"Chengcheng, you look great!" He said.

She giggled. "Thank you, master."

Zhou Ziyun was next. She was in her favorite outfit which was the Insightful Swallow paired with the Winged Sentinel. Her hair was put up in a simple ponytail and her makeup was clean and simple. It did not take away from her natural charm and instead enhanced it. With this setup, she was like a dashing rogue ready for a fight.

He praised Zhou Ziyun and moved onto Wu Qianyu. She was absolutely vibrant this morning. Perhaps still feeling the aftereffects from their night together, her eyes never left him and they were filled with heat and passion. He wanted to pull her into a side room but suppressed his urges like a proper master.

She didn't wear armor like Zhou Ziyun but her plain white robes were made for battle, consisting of a strong woven material that was light and flexible but could still withstand blades and arrows. It was also something at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm. This combined with the Purple Jade Sword turned into a true swordswoman who was capable of slaying any foe.

The five ice sisters had gone for a different route. Instead of looking like they were going to fight people, they were dressed for a party. Each dress was more elegant and intricate than the next. They all wore makeup that accentuated their best features. There was even pricy jewelry which he did not buy but that they had procured with their allowances. Even Xu Lanyi, usually the odd one out for such things, was similarly dressed.

They left him a bit overwhelmed but nonetheless proud. They were beautiful, more beautiful than all of the women he had chase after in the past. Thinking about so many nights spent together in bed, all of them together, almost brought a tear to his eyes.

He congratulated them many times before moving onto the last and final one, Long Yifei...

"Master." She said, giving a small bow.

"Wow..." He breathed.

She was simply stunning.

He could not find the words to describe her and simply stood there with a silly smile. She was perfect in every way, every detail, every curve, every proportion of everything!

"Master?" She eventually asked.

He had stared at her for way too long.

"Huh? Oh..."

"Are you alright?"

"I'm fine, I'm fine." He scratched his head.

Long Yifei laughed lightly, causing her Flawless Snowfrost earrings to shake and glitter. She wore them proudly and this made him smile even more. She then put her customary veil on which lessened the impact on his psyche, but only a little since he already knew every surface of her body.

"Master, we should go." Zhou Ziyun reminded.

"Okay, okay. I'm not going to see the two of them for a long time. Give me a moment!"

"Come on!"

"Master, we're going to be late!"

After much complaining, he finally relented. He gave Wu Qianyu and Long Yifei apologetic looks before being dragged out of the room by the others.

The Small Wind Pagoda was a buzz of activity. There were many guests leaving at the same time, all headed to the same destination. The location of the ceremony was a short distance away on the ground and there was a constant stream of flying boats and immortals flying back and forth.

It was an open-aired, circular amphitheater at the heart of the Sky District. An array of tall towers surrounded the place from all sides as if to protect it. It gave the aura of the most holy and regal location of the whole city. The concentration of spiritual energy here was so strong that if one was not at the Spirit Initiate Realm, it would crush their organs and directly kill them!

The amphitheater was not as large as a stadium but it was enough to seat a few thousand. The seats were rather crowded, allowing everyone to see everyone else and for those familiar to greet each other. There was a raised stage at the center that was big enough to serve as a dueling ring or to hold a ceremony.

When Chen Wentian arrived, he didn't immediately attract much attention. There were at least forty or fifty immortals here and he was still a newcomer. Only a few sideways looks were cast in his direction.

He flew with Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun beside him while the others were inside Turtle Can Fly. The carriage was really too small and he didn't want to mess up their outfits. Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun were also his first and second disciples. They had seniority and it was only right for them to accompany him.

He landed on the edge of the amphitheater and the others got out. Once lined up in order, they descended the steps, heading for their seats.

There was a sudden hush as everyone present noticed their entrance.

Then the mayhem started.

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The whispers came.

"It's Long Yifei!"

"Look, Fairy Long!"

The first wave was mostly the males of the younger generation that could not resist their urges and blurted out their thoughts. But who could blame them? Even Chen Wentian had a hard time resisting the pure v.i.r.g.i.nal aura around Long Yifei, let alone a bunch of mortals.

Countless pairs of eyeballs followed her every step, every movement. They had all seen the final results and knew she would be here today. Even though she was not ranked first, she was considered the main attraction!

"Wow..."

"The rumors were true!"

There were many desperate souls among the audience. Many stood up to get a better look, causing others to stand up as well to not have their view be blocked. Her beauty which had only been drawn on canvas and written about was on display for all to see and there not a single bit of untruth. She was every bit as beautiful as their imaginations and even more.

Snow Fairy Long! She was here!

Her reputation was spotless and resounded across the whole subcontinent. She had dropped out of the top one hundred due to tragedy but managed to claw her way back. This made her even more amazing

in the eyes of the young geniuses and princes of capital. She was the perfect woman in their eyes. She was the ideal wife.

Long Yifei ignored the noise and quietly followed her sisters down the stairs. Their seat was at the very bottom, the front row. It was natural since Ten Thousand Flower Valley was the highest-ranking sect in the Immortal Sect Competition.

As she walked down, the voices soon included not just the mortals but the immortals as well. Only, the immortals were much more daring and their sharp words could be clearly heard by everyone.

"Why is she walking behind them all?"

"Is she a low-ranking disciple?"

"Who are these girls in front of her?"

There were many dissatisfied people. They could not believe that the most beautiful and talented woman of the land would not be the first disciple. They were shocked that she was relegated to walk behind not just one or two disciples but eight!

The verbal barrage continued even after Chen Wentian and his disciples took their seats. It was as if the entire amphitheater was criticizing him!

Chen Wentian finally had enough and stood up.

"I thought this was the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis and not a brothel for people of low mortal quality and no manners to ogle at women. There are so many immortals among the audience today. I thought my peers were lords amongst men and women but it seems I was mistaken." He said, his voice clear and strong.

"Arrogant!"

"You dare?"

"Is this how you treat Snow Fairy Long?"

"You don't deserve a disciple like her!"

Chen Wentian looked around the entire place, noting down those that were being the most vocal. They were mostly men and the immortals among them tended to be so old that they looked almost ready to fall over and die. There were also some old grandma immortals, probably angry because he had a bunch of youthful female disciples.

He shook his head. These kinds of people were those that managed to break through by sheer luck. They were unable to capture that same kind of fortune for the rest of their immortal lives and would die with regrets. They were also incapable of raising any disciple with any remote chance of achieving the same heights. Their complaints stemmed mostly from jealousy, jealous of his talent, his luck, and his disciples.

There were others that were more interesting and that other motives. From their appearances, they seemed as young or even younger than He Xinghan. Their talents were obvious and each of them surely had some special backing. They were brazen and their words were laced with ill-intent. They were simply seeking trouble!

Chen Wentian found his target and turned to the man with a mocking smile, "Immortal Light Warder Ming Hai, I didn't expect a person like you to stoop to the level of these plebians. Is this how your father told you the reputation of the Eastern Light Clan should be squandered?"

There was a sudden hush. Many were shocked by these words that held absolutely no trace of friendliness. Chen Wentian was not holding back at all.

Immortal Light Warder Ming Hai was young, even younger than He Xinghan. He looked only in his mid-forties, which was nothing at all for a man. Being able to ascend during his golden years meant that he retained his extremely handsome features while some of the immature aspects had been chiseled away with age. This made him even more elegant and noble, like a perfect and righteous man.

However, this man currently sported a heavy frown. He had indeed participated in the public condemnation but he did not expect Chen Wentian to pick him out directly. He didn't think this abnormal Spirit Lord from the frontier would be so daring.

What kind of background did Ming Hai have? He was a Spirit Lord of the Eastern Light Clan. His father was one of the four Spirit Kings of the Immortal Association and one of the rulers of the whole capital. Everyone treated him with the utmost respect!

"Ming Hai, I didn't know you had a habit of coveting other people's disciples. Did your father not teach you properly? Coveting disciples is forbidden by the Immortal Association. Do you know what the punishment is?" Chen Wentian mocked.

Disciples were the most important part of an immortal sect. They represented the future when the master could no longer progress. Stealing a prized disciple was equivalent to cutting off an immortal sect at the roots, especially for small sects.

To facilitate independent immortals and continuous growth of the human race, larger sects were forbidden from bullying smaller sects and stealing their disciples. This was a rule laid down by the Immortal Association for thousands of years.

"You should be careful with your words. This is the capital, not your hometown." Ming Hai said, "Don't you know, mistreating one's disciples is also forbidden."

"Oh?" Chen Wentian didn't even bother to reply but looked at Ming Hai with ridicule.

"Esteemed guests, immortals and alike, you have all heard and seen everything." Ming Hai continued, "Now I want to ask for everyone's opinion. Chen Wentian was assigned as the administrator of the remnants of Glacier Palace and Divine Blazing Mountain after the demise of their immortal masters. He was responsible for the well-being of both sects and yet he merely took in Long Yifei and ignored the rest. On top of that, he is even mistreating the Snow Fairy! Look at her, being relegated to such a low ranking among his disciples. With her talent and bright future, this is absolutely a travesty and an offense to the cultivation world. Everyone, do I speak the truth?"

"That's right!"

"He's bullying her!"

"Apologize!"

The crowd once again regained their energy and resumed denouncing Chen Wentian. Ming Hai had vented their frustration and spoken the words they wanted to say. In their eyes, Long Yifei was obviously not living a good life under her new master.

Ming Hai smiled and pointed at Chen Wentian, "You were simply lucky to have been in the right place at the right time. Any of my fellow immortals here today could have been in the same situation, you're nothing special. They would have given it their all to provide an amazing environment to foster her growth and not waste her potential. Compared to you and the brand-new sect that's only been established for a few years, it would have been many times better!"

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This was what many of the Spirit Lords in the amphitheater thought. They were already jealous that Chen Wentian had Wu Qianyu. They absolutely could not stand that he had gotten Long Yifei as well, not to mention five more disciples in the top one hundred. His luck was too good. A man's luck had to have limits. Otherwise, he would attract widespread and public condemnation!

Under the barrage of words, Chen Wentian remained calm. His disciples were mostly calm but some of them looked worried. None of them dared to say anything in front of so many immortals and looked to him for help.

"Don't worry." He whispered to them using spiritual energy, "There is nothing these people can do to me."

He gave them an encouraging smile before turning to Ming Hai again.

"Surnamed Ming, we've never met I can tell from your actions that you have a discourteous nature. Since you've made your intentions clear, why don't you just say it out loud? Coveting another's wealth, coveting another's wife, coveting another's disciples, it's all the same and there is nothing to be

ashamed of. Just say it, that you want Long Yifei. Regardless of how you incite my fellow immortals, I think those that are experienced and perceptive have already seen through your true nature."

"What nonsense! When have I ever coveted your disciples?" Ming Hai asked, "I was merely standing up for Snow Fairy Long when she could not do so herself. You are a brand-new immortal and a brand-new sect master. Your reputation is unknown and you are capable of doing all kinds of unspeakable acts. Thus, if Fairy Long wants to complain about grievances, then all of us here today will support her!"

Everyone looked to Long Yifei eagerly and expected her to start making numerous complaints. If Chen Wentian really had mistreated her, it would have turned into a bad situation. As long as she opened her mouth, the other immortals could use that to castigate him.

Chen Wentian was nervous for a split second but Long Yifei gave him a serene smile and remained silent. He relaxed and chuckled.

"Fei'er, thank you." He whispered to her through the Flawless Snowfrost earrings.

He then turned to Ming Hai again, "Surnamed Ming, I didn't expect you to covet other people's disciples but I didn't know that you were uneducated and ignorant as well."

"You..."

Chen Wentian raised his voice to drown out Ming Hai's complaints, "Everyone, this man questions my reputation. I think it should be well known to those that are well-read and pays attention to worldly matters. I, Chen Wentian, am the youngest Spirit Lord ever. I broke through when I was only twenty-five years old. How old were you when you breakthrough?"

"My disciples are all amazing, through their natural talent and of course, through my efforts as well. My first disciple, Lin Qingcheng, won the Mind Focusing group of the Immortal Sect Competition. My second disciple, Zhou Ziyun, won the junior newcomer group of the Immortal Sect Competition. My third disciple, Wu Qianyu, won the Monster Fighting Competition. My other disciples all made it to the top one hundred!"

"..." Ming Hai had nothing to say.

Neither did those that had previously spoken out since all of it was indisputable truth. These people could only dream of having so many amazing disciples.

Chen Wentian pointed at Ming Hai in a challenge. "Now we're back to the issue of you coveting my disciples. Are your disciples better than my disciples? Do you treat them better than I treat mine? You better show me some proof, otherwise, the words you've already spoken have already convicted yourself!"

"... My disciples? Fine, I'll show you what true talent is!"

Ming Hai beckoned to a woman sitting next to him who stood up and bowed. She was clad in light blue robes that glittered in the morning sun. Her black hair was voluminous and put in a courtly knot atop her head and adorned with countless jeweled hairpins. Her entire makeup accentuated her flawless complexion and oval face which contained perfect features.

"Mo Erniang, greets Immortal Blue Dragon and all respected immortals of the subcontinent." She said in a melodious voice.

Chen Wentian had to admit that she was quite a stunner. If he had to compare, this woman could be considered only a few small tiers below Long Yifei and Jasmine. He could also see several other beautiful women sitting around Ming Hai. They were all almost at the same level as Mo Erniang.

It was easy to tell what kind of man Ming Hai was. Chen Wentian was honest with himself and understood that he and Ming Hai had similar tastes. They both desired the best and most beautiful female disciples. A mountain could not hold two tigers and thus they were bound to be in conflict.

"Show them." Ming Hai said.

"Yes, master."

Mo Erniang lifted her hands and a bright white light appeared between them. She then released it upward and the light shot into the sky. Her spiritual energy was quickly dissipated by the highly concentrated energy of the city but all immortals in the area could still feel it. They accurately gauged her cultivation and it was quite impressive.

"Erniang is thirty-five years old and she has already reached the lesser realm of Spiritual Growth. Tell me, with such a disciple, do I need to covet another?" Ming Hai asked.

There were nods of approval from those that criticized Chen Wentian. Already reaching Spiritual Growth at such an age meant great possibilities for the future. Her talent was amazing and her chosen Dao was extremely suitable. She had a great chance of progressing farther and perhaps even breaking through to the Spirit Lord Realm.

Under normal circumstances, a person with such a disciple would not blatantly covet another's disciple that was lower in talent. Although Long Yifei was undisputedly the most beautiful, she was still had not reached Spiritual Growth and this was undeniable.

Chen Wentian did not let this affect him, "It looks like we both have great disciples. But since you can make baseless accusations against me, I can also make the same towards you. You having a good disciple doesn't prove anything except having some good luck. What rank is she among your disciples? You could easily be bullying Mo Erniang and doing unspeaking things to her! Miss Mo, has your master mistreated you? Speak up, everyone here will support you!"

His strong voice echoed around the amphitheater. These words were pretty much the same ones Ming Hai had spoke earlier and Chen Wentian had thrown it back in his face.

There was still no outright support among the crowd for Chen Wentian but he was not discouraged. Those that criticized him remained unconvinced but they were not his intended audience.

The place was filled with Spirit Lords from all kinds of backgrounds who all had their own interests. Ming Hai simply did not have the capability or resources to bring all these Spirit Lords under the banner of the Eastern Light Clan. Not even his Spirit King sect master, Immortal Light of Daybreak, could do it either.

The Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent was under the control of the Immortal Association but not under a single person or faction. There were four Spirit Kings that shared that duty and these four constantly jockeyed for power and prestige. Chen Wentian only had to act accordingly and wait patiently. Ming Hai's opponents would not let the man be so arrogant and unbridled for long.

Sure enough, another voice joined the fray.

"Hahaha, Brother Ming! Seeing you give no face to an honorable guest fills me with dissatisfaction, with ridicule. This little concubine might be your favorite at the moment but I seem to remember that her rank is still quite low. Am I wrong?"

"You..." Ming Hai muttered.

The newcomer ignored him and gave Chen Wentian a respectful greeting, "Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian, your reputation and the reputation of your talented disciples are untarnished in my eyes. Immortal Spear of the West Tian Guan welcomes you to the Sky District. I hope you had an uneventful trip here!"

"Well met. Brother Tian Guan is a champion amongst men, someone who knows right from wrong, wickedness from righteousness. I like this kind of person!" Chen Wentian replied.

"Likewise, likewise!"

The pair shared a laugh, which caused Ming Hai's face to darken.

Tian Guan was the scion of the House of Armament which was led by another Spirit King. They, the Eastern Light Clan, Huang Wuji, and Gong Liyun were the four kings of the subcontinent. Each was proud and refused to back down from the other. They weren't in open conflict but they weren't close friends either. Since Ming Hai had given Tian Guan an opening, the House of Armament definitely was going to take advantage.

"Everyone, this Ming Hai has a famous reputation in the capital. Do not be distracted by his unfair accusations because he is simply projecting his insecurities and flaws onto others!" Tian Guan said.

"That's right!" Another voice jumped in, "Ming Hai is a colored wolf, a crafty person that preys on women. He also has a special preference; I don't know if Brother Tian knows of this?"

Chen Wentian had to suppress a laugh. This new immortal was obviously in league with Tian Guan and was moving together to slander Ming Hai.

Tian Guan nodded gravely, "Indeed I know of this. This thief has a special taste for women who already have other men in their hearts. Wives, concubines, and fiancées... Even childhood sweethearts whose relationships are as pure as snow. He loves to take these women for himself and see their men suffer humiliation and injustice!"

There was an audible gasp around the amphitheater, especially from the guests. A wife bandit was the most despicable kind of man!

Eyes were filled with hostility as they glared at Ming Hai. Those who had female companions hugged them tight and tried to block Ming Hai's line of sight.

"Tian! Guan!" Ming Hai bellowed.

His spiritual energy erupted in bright white light. It was a minor miracle that he did not immediately charge over and start a duel.

"This is the Immortal Sect Competition Award Ceremony! There are thousands of dignitaries here today and they are not here to listen to your slanderous words!" Ming Hai shouted.

While he looked about to blow up, Tian Guan had a casual expression.

"Ming Hai, don't try to hide. Everybody has preferences, you don't have to be ashamed of yours. In fact, I recall that your disciple, Mo Erniang, had such a childhood sweetheart before she became your

disciple. Tell me, does she still have a relationship with that man she grew up with or is she too busy warming your bed?"

"...You! Absolute nonsense!"

Ming Hai and Tian Guan continued arguing back and forth. Both sides had supporters and it became a noisy affair. While Ming Hai had more immortals on his side, he was on the back foot because of accusations from Chen Wentian and Tian Guan. But Ming Hai wasn't made of tofu and soon began to sling accusations of womanizing back at Tian Guan.

Chen Wentian didn't say anything and watched from the side. He was merely a bystander in a conflict between two young masters of two powerful factions. He wasn't sure if Ming Hai directly wanted to slander him or it was because of some scheme by Tian Guan to damage his rival. It didn't feel good to be used by others but there wasn't anything he could do at the moment.

He was under no illusion that Tian Guan was a good person. Both Ming Hai and Tian Guan were people born into power, status, and wealth. They reminded Chen Wentian of the young masters and princes that tormented him in the past. They were two sides of the same coin, both immortal men who enjoyed the company of women and who could not stand others obtaining what they could not.

The difference was that one was more direct and simpler minded while the other was scheming. Ming Hai was the type of person to ask someone to slap their own face thirty times and break their legs in public. Tian Guan, on the other hand, would rather go after a person's weaknesses including their family and loved ones.

The idle accusations that the two threw at each other were of no consequence to Chen Wentian. He had experienced losses from these types of men so many times in the past. He was well learned and could judge accurately.

He spoke to his disciples using spiritual energy, "Ignore what's happening. It has nothing to do with us anymore. Qianyu, Yifei, do not be distracted and remain focused on your upcoming task inside the dream array. Letting your emotions be stirred before entering will cause more uncertainties and strange dreams. Be calm, don't worry."

"Yes, master..."

He had faith in Wu Qianyu. The depth of her feelings for him could not be swayed by idle words from a few strangers.

The one he worried about was Long Yifei. She was a proud woman that came from a proud background. Sometimes, he felt that she was still holding many things back, even when they were locked in a passionate embrace.

Just the previous evening, he had offered to help Long Yifei prepare for the dream array but she was reluctant. He did not think too much of it at that time and only stayed with her for an hour while before spending the rest of the evening with Wu Qianyu. Now, a tinge of doubt crept into his thoughts.

She was talented and ambitious and she held dreams of being the best. Although she had declared her feelings to him, he could not bring himself to trust her words entirely. He had no reason to doubt her except for his intuition as a man and the instinct of the blue dragon soul.

There were many types of women in the world. Some like Gong Liyun and Mei Qiaofeng were tigresses. They were the ones pushing men down and riding them on top. He did not want to be involved with these women.

Others were like Lin Qingcheng, Zhou Ziyun and Wu Qianyu. They would give their hearts to a man and their decision would never waver. They were loyal, faithful, and dependable.

But... there was also a large portion of women who were unpredictable and whose feelings changed with time. This was a reality not just for women but men as well. It was why some relationships do not last forever and why even marriages do not last forever.

The human heart was often fickle and what a person truly thought deep down was difficult to measure. With Long Yifei, he could only take it step by step carefully. He felt the situation as it was currently was good but it might not be good in the long term. Particularly, if there was someone who could solve the matter of her virginity and her mysterious physique, then he would end up suffering a huge loss!

This was his worry, and perhaps the worry of all men who held insecurities from their youth. He wanted to have faith in Long Yifei but he couldn't help but feel a little uneasy...

While he was worried about his own matters, the argument between the two young lords had finally reached a boiling point. Both sides were ready to fight and the ceremony was about to be turned into a brawl between immortals.

Right when the situation was about to completely erupt, a massive wave of spiritual energy blanketed the amphitheater. It completely suppressed all of the Spirit Lords with its majesty and power. The two conflicting sides sat down meekly and looked up into the sky.

The intensity of spiritual increased crushingly as four figured descended, four Spirit Kings!

"Ahh, Old Ming, that son of yours is getting more and more brazen every time I see him." A robust voice sounded.

"Old Tian, it was your son that sought trouble first. He even dared to slander young Chen Wentian. Is this how you teach him?" This next voice was equally forceful.

"Quiet... you two have brought me enough headaches. Can you two behave for just a little while?" The tired voice of Huang Wuji chided the two younger Spirit Kings.

"Men..." Gong Liyun muttered.

The four of them landed in the middle of the platform and faced the crowd in all directions. Gong Liyun ignored their continued bickering and found Chen Wentian in the front row. She immediately started giving him charming winks and bewitching smiles. She even blew him a few kisses.

"Immortals, disciples, esteemed guests of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent!" Huang Wuji's voice silenced everyone, "The time has arrived. Welcome to the Sky District of the capital. Welcome, the talented youths of the Immortal Sect Competitions. Let the ceremony begin!"

The amphitheater joined together in polite applause. Even the residents of the capital, who were usually proud beyond proud, displayed their enthusiasm earnestly. The competition was a serious matter, supported by the Immortal Association to foster new talents. Reaching the top ten, and even top one hundred, was a feat that few cultivators in the capital would be able to accomplish.

Apart from those that had already entered the immortal realms, there was genuine respect and admiration for the winners. After all, there were names like Wu Qianyu and Long Yifei among them, goddesses that walked among mortal men. For the female audience, they had their male god counterparts, enough for them to worship for many years.

"Ahem... Let us begin." Huang Wuji said.

The old man was too old. Perhaps he felt that speaking too many words would shorten his lifespan. He did not waste time and directly went into announcing the top ten.

"First place in the Monster Fighting Competition, champion of the Immortal Sect Competition, I think there is no debate... Wu Qianyu of Ten Thousand Flower Valley!"

There was a roar of approval from some of her ardent fans as Wu Qianyu stepped onto the stage. Her white battle robes shimmered ever-so-slightly in the morning sun. With a treasure sword by her side, she truly looked the part of a champion.

She walked up the stairs steadily. There was no hesitation, no nervousness. With calm steps, she walked to the designated spot at the center of the stage and faced the crowd.

She smiled brilliantly because she was truly happy. She was proud, of herself and of her dear master. Chen Wentian, the most important person in her heart, saved her from ruin and brought up step by step. She would not have been able to stand on this stage in front of the most powerful and influential people of the subcontinent if it weren't for him.

"Elder sister! YaaaaahhhH!" Lin Qingcheng screamed happily.

The others cheered as well, with varying degrees of excitement but none matching Lin Qingcheng. Wu Qianyu gave her sisters a wave and then bowed appreciatively to the crowd in all directions. A powerful and talented yet humble beauty, she turned even more people into her fans.

Huang Wuji eventually calmed the place down and began reading out her accolades and recorded battles with monsters. It was a special privilege only reserved for the champion. In her case, the list was incredibly long because the number of beasts and demons she had slain was simply too high.

Wu Qianyu ignored this and let her eyes wander back to her most important person. He was looking at her with the casual smile he always had. Her heart shook and tears of joy welled up. She was so thankful, so filled with love and admiration, she wanted to jump off the stage and into his embrace. If they were in the privacy of their bedroom, she definitely would have. But she was out here and she couldn't do it.

"Qianyu, I'm happy, are you happy?" Chen Wentian's voice came from the Purple Jade Sword in her hands.

His spiritual energy surrounded her with warmth, shielding her from the intense auras of four Spirit Kings.

She laughed and nodded her head. A few teardrops trickled down. Illuminated by the sunlight, her visage seized the audience's emotions.

"I'm glad." Chen Wentian whispered in her ear, "You've worked so hard every day since we've met. You're amazing and this is your moment. Enjoy it!"

She nodded and once again faced the crowd, waving to them and soaking in the special moment.

The reading of the champion eventually finished and it was time for the other rankings. The second place went to Peng Yuefeng of the Tower of Swords. Although there was no reading of his accomplishments, the cheers from the female audience members were no less than the males for Wu Qianyu.

It seemed impossible but his level of male beauty far surpassed any young master in the capital. It was nothing to the men, but to the women, it was a fatal attraction. He was tall, slim, with dazzling white skin and inky black hair in a warrior's knot. When he smiled to the crowd, it was enough to make them swoon.

Peng Yuefeng was not just a pretty boy; he was truly a talent. With just the resources of a measly Tower of Swords, he was able to firmly keep his rank in the competition. He fought back all of the young talents from the Beast God Sanctum and even managed to stay ahead of Long Yifei. It was a pity such a wonderful disciple and genius cultivator was a man. If he was a woman, even Chen Wentian would be tempted to steal this kind of disciple, not to mention black-hearted people like Ming Hai and Tian Guan.

Third place, as expected, went to Long Yifei. She walked up to thunderous applause and ear-splitting cheers. She took her place with a gentle and serene expression, not showing too much joy but no sorrow either. It was as if she knew her own worth and did not need any ranking to prove it. Simply her existence and presence were enough!

Fourth place was someone Chen Wentian knew about but had not seen before. His name was Qu Jing and he was the direct descendant of the Eagle Lord Qu Shen. The man was not young but he had a youthful face. He had a heroic aura about him with sharp features that were memorable. He wasn't as beautifully handsome as Peng Yuefeng but he still attracted a lot of attention.

Fifth place was also someone Chen Wentian knew about. Yang Cang was the closed-door disciple of Qiu Chuyi, the subordinate of the Lion Lord. This man had a dishonest face and instantly gave the impression that one was about to be taken advantage of. He was handsome enough to steal the hearts of women but was the type of person that attracted instant dislike from other men.

Sixth place was also a disciple of Qu Shen, another direct descendant. It was a woman named Qu Rong who was rather short with an impish face. Her beauty could not compare to Wu Qianyu, let alone Long Yifei. She looked like an undeveloped girl in the presence of two fully mature beauties. Perhaps because of this, she had a sullen expression while standing on stage. It was as if someone had stolen her favorite thing.

These people from Beast God Sanctum were on Chen Wentian's hit list during the insect attack on Beast God City. It was unfortunate for them that he did not find them. Otherwise, he would have buried them with the other competitors.

Seventh place went to a woman in a strange outfit that covered her from head to toe. Nobody could even see her eyes behind the dark veil that covered her face. She came from the Dao School of Crow Mountain which nobody had ever heard of. It had to be a new sect but few new sects could achieve what Chen Wentian had done. They were usually relegated to the bottom in competitions but somehow this sect and this talented woman managed to achieve something almost as impressive.

However, when the eighth place was announced, everyone quickly lost interest in Thousand Petals. They were all shocked into silence by the appearance of a woman whose outfit could not be measured by common sense. When she strutted across the stage, it made everyone go crazy!

"Master, don't look!" Lin Qingcheng cried as she tried in vain to block Chen Wentian's eyes.

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"No way!"

"Is that possible?"

The combined roar of the audience and their spiritual energy shook the ground. Many stood up to get a better look, causing a massive wave as almost everyone did so.

Her name was Thousand Petals Qian Lei. Her home was not this subcontinent but the one that lay to the south, the Aiqin Mystic Archipelago. Her sect was the Sapphire Mystic Empire. True to such a mysterious and awe-inspiring place of origin, she was incredibly beautiful, surpassing Wu Qianyu easily and almost reaching the heights of Jasmine and Long Yifei. She had a heart-shaped face, a milky complexion, and short glossy brown hair that was neatly tucked away behind her ears.

But nobody cared about these things because their attention was on her body. Because she wore almost nothing!

Wait...

Nothing? No, that wasn't correct.

She had on a silky black shirt that covered her upper body from her shoulders to her h.i.p.s, only it didn't really.

The only word that could describe it was... transparent!

"What in the world." Chen Wentian muttered as he also stood up involuntarily.

Her black dress was normal in shape and function. It covered her completely from her long sleeves up to the collar around her neck. There was even a pretty black bow that hung down her chest.

But it wasn't a normal dress. It was transparent.

It was so transparent, her b.r.e.a.s.ts, her glorious twin peaks, perfectly round, perfectly perky, with perfectly pink n.i.p.p.l.es, were completely visible!

With every step she took, her b.r.e.a.s.ts shook and swayed. Her n.i.p.p.l.es scr.a.p.ed against the silk, leaving a tantalizing trail that danced upon a thousand hearts. They defied gravity, they defied common sense, and they were proudly on display for everyone to see.

It was a shocking situation. Not only Chen Wentian but the other immortals present all felt a strong impact from her appearance. There was a chaotic clash of spiritual energy all around as many had to struggle to not lose control of themselves.

It had to be said that the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent was considered pretty casual with regards to how women dressed. Women like Gong Liyun and Mai Qiaofeng showed a lot of bare skin around their shoulders and liked to wear dresses with a lot of cleavage. There were also those like Long Yifei that preferred clothes that showed off their s.e.xy physique in every detail.

However, there was still a bottom line. Women simply did not go around in public practically n.a.k.e.d. The transparent black shirt that Qian Lei was a complete outlier. In the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent, a woman's b.r.e.a.s.t.s were something shown to her lover in private... not proudly to the whole world.

This Aiqin Mystic Archipelago was truly a mystic place and Chen Wentian instantly desired to visit that region.

"Master, she is quite good. Do you like her?" Zhou Ziyun teased.

Chen Wentian managed to blush even though he was an immortal. "Ahem... why would I? I have all of you... I don't like her!"

Lin Qingcheng prodded his chest lightly, "You're not allowed to like her!"

"I won't, I won't!" He reassured her.

"Liar..." Xu Lanyi muttered.

"Master!" Lin Qingcheng wasn't convinced and tried to cover his eyes again.

"Come on..." He wanted to say 'let me see' but he couldn't bring himself to do so!

This was only the third time he had been moved like this by a woman. The first time was Jasmine and the second time was Long Yifei. However, both times were when he was face to face with them. This time, Qian Lei was quite far away, separated by many people. Her mysterious aura seemed to defy the distance or was it the fact that she was half-n.a.k.e.d?

He wasn't the only one struggling. Other men were struggling just the same, especially those with female companions like Ming Hai and Tian Guan. Even their Spirit King sect masters were interested. It was not their eyes but their spiritual sense that roved wildly over every bit of her body.

Huang Wuji seemed to be the only man unperturbed. He continued calling the ninth and tenth places up to the stage. These two were also women but they were completely overshadowed. They tried to be proud and happy but how could they in the presence of Long Yifei and Qian Lei...

"And that wraps up our top ten finishers in the Monster Fighting Competition." He said, "These ten talented people will be given the opportunity to enter the dream array set up by Immortal Gentle Lotus Gong Liyun. The tenth place will be allowed one month of time though if they leave early, they cannot return. The time allowed increases steadily for each place to the first place which is allowed two months!"

There were no cheers and no applause. The audience was still enthralled by Thousand Petals Qian Lei. Huang Wuji noticed this so he immediately went to the next stage of the ceremony, naming the winners who placed eleventh through the hundredth.

He went rapidly, calling name after name. His spiritual energy knocked people out of their stupor and forced them onto the stage in rapid fashion. One after another walked up, sometimes two or three at a time.

Twentieth place...

Thirtieth place...

Fiftieth place...

"Eighty-first place, Li Yuechan of Ten Thousand Flower Valley!"

"YeeaaahhhH!" Lin Qingcheng yelled happily.

So did Zhou Ziyun and the others. The twins were especially loud. Li Yuechan gave everyone an appreciating smile and joined the line of people that circled the stage several times over.

By now, there were so many people that the brilliant Qian Lei and divine Long Yifei were finally overshadowed by sheer numbers. There were plenty of men and women who were not content, who proudly displayed themselves and their strength.

"Eighty-sixth place, Song Wushuang of Ten Thousand Flower Valley!"

"Eighty-seventh place, Xu Lanyi of Ten Thousand Flower Valley!"

"Ninety-second place, Su Xue of Ten Thousand Flower Valley!"

"Ninety-fifth place, Su Yue of Ten Thousand Flower Valley!"

They had all made it!

It ended up being incredibly close in the end. Competition for the last ten spots was truly fierce. If they had slacked off even half a day, the twins may have fallen out of the top one hundred. But they hadn't. Zhou Ziyun would never have allowed it. Wu Qianyu and Long Yifei would not have allowed it. The ice sisters would also not have allowed themselves.

They were determined to stand upon the stage with their sisters and they had done it.

Wu Qianyu was Chen Wentian's first miracle that shocked the competition. Long Yifei was the gift that fell from the heavens into his lap. She was also a miracle but aroused jealousy and discontent. The ice sisters were his third and most satisfying miracle.

There were no opportunities for others to complain now. He managed to get five brand new disciples into the top one hundred in his first Immortal Sect Competition. This was simply too sick, too abnormal. He was probably the best sect master in the history of the Spirit Lord Realm!

Chen Wentian's Ten Thousand Flower Valley occupied two of the top ten and seven of the top one hundred. This was completely abnormal for a sect that had only been established for two years. Even an immortal sect that had over a hundred years of history could never hope to accomplish such a feat.

Only the Beast God Sanctum, as a whole, had more disciples place in the top one hundred. The Lion and Eagle factions combined for over twenty spots. They were still a super sect and this result showed that this was still true. Even with the death of the Snake Lord, Beast God Sanctum was still considered the best immortal sect outside of the capital.

Yet at the same time, the result was also glaring evidence of how fall they had fallen. If the Snake Lord was still around, they would have gotten close to half of the spots in the top ten. Pretty much all of Snake faction cultivators and young disciples had been wiped out. This combined with the losses suffered during the insect attack on the city to give them their saddest performance in hundreds of years.

Their losses combined with the implosion of Glacier Palace and Divine Blazing Mountain was the perfect storm of opportunity for other sects. Lowly sects that could not have even hoped to reach the top one hundred managed to do so. Mediocre ones that would ordinarily only get one or two disciples into the rankings managed to do so with twice the number.

The biggest beneficiary of the matter was Immortal Desolate Sword Peng Yuefeng of the Tower of Swords. Against all odds, he managed to also get seven disciples into the top one hundred. The man was prouder than a peac.o.c.k in mating season. He was oozing happiness and arrogance. It was suffocating to those around him and could even be felt by half the people in the amphitheater.

"Haha! Look at all of my talented disciples! Chen Wentian, what do you have to say for yourself now?" Peng Yuefeng's voice drifted over through spiritual energy.

"Are you talking about the bet we made? I think you owe me your Desolate Sword." Chen Wentian replied mildly.

"Peh! Our original bet did not include Long Yifei so she should not be included in the final score between us!"

It was a nice argument but it didn't hold water. Long Yifei was no longer a member of Glacier Palace. She was Chen Wentian's disciple and the Immortal Association accepted this fact. Her accomplishments were also his accomplishments. There was no distinction. But before he could say anything, Peng Yuefeng already had a counter.

"Long Yifei is good. Wu Qianyu is good. Your dog-shit luck amazes me. But my disciples as a whole are better. Xiling is second. Xiping is eighteenth. I even have two in the top fifty. Considering the overall rank of my disciples in the Monster Fighting Competition, I think I've won the bet!"

"Don't make me laugh." Chen Wentian said, "Are you going senile? I've already won the first two competitions, the newcomer tournament and the Mind Focusing Realm competition. Honestly, I don't want to argue with you. Let's call it a draw so you don't have to bother me anymore."

He did not want to deal with this old sword immortal who was obviously shameless beyond measure. He didn't even want that stupid immortal weapon anymore. He just wanted to be left alone.

"No, not a draw!" Peng Yuefeng almost shouted.

The man mistook Chen Wentian's disinterest for weakness and pressed forward.

"Don't dream of backing out now. A bet is a bet! Plus, what the association has in store for the other ninety people in the top one hundred, you'll soon be completely defeated by me. You might be able to do all sorts of trickery to get those five girls into the top then but you won't be able to use those tricks in the capital! You'll be exposed as a fraud!"

Chen Wentian's temper flared. "I gave you an opportunity to step back while saving face. You didn't take it so you'll have to suffer the consequences. Be sure to polish my sword regularly so it doesn't rust."

"You... fine. Just you wait. You only have two months left to be arrogant. Then, everybody will see who you really are!"

Chen Wentian didn't bother replying and Peng Yuefeng looked away angrily.

By this time, Huang Wuji had finally finished reading the results and all one hundred people stood on the stage. The cheering and the applause stopped and the audience waited breathlessly for what would happen next. When he finally spoke, everyone hung onto his every word.

"We of the Immortal Association are very excited to announce a special reward structure for those that placed from the eleventh place to the one hundredth. As you all know, the monster invasion from the eastern wilderness interrupted our Immortal Sect Competition and forced us to prolong the competition. As a matter of principle, the association also increased the number of rewards from ten to a hundred. The reality of the situation is that the dream array cannot hold so many people. It is simply impossible..."

"Thus, we have set up an exciting and rewarding competition for the others that will last a total length of two months. This is an unprecedented event, one that was organized with the combined effort of the entire Eastern Sanmu Metropolis and all ten districts. The rewards are extremely good but you all will have to work for them and each one of you will have a chance at even the best rewards!"

"Now, let me explain..."

The activity the Immortal Association organized was called the Golden Feather Hunt. To put it simply, it was a scavenger hunt across the entire capital with a time limit of two months. The golden feathers were nothing special, merely talismans created using spiritual energy that could not be counterfeited, much like sect badges. Every person, ranked eleventh to one hundredth, would have the opportunity to collect golden feathers which could then be turned in for a vast array of prizes.

The bottom twenty, those from one-hundredth place to the eighty-first place, would be given ten random clues and challenges. This equated to ten opportunities to earn golden feathers, with each one awarding one feather if completed successfully. These clues and challenges varied wildly and could take the contestant to any of the ten districts or even multiple districts.

This gave the disciples from the provinces a rare opportunity to spend two months exploring the capital and experience the center of human cultivation in the subcontinent. It also gave their immortal masters an opportunity to stay here and enjoy the amenities and attractions that could not be found in their home provinces.

The lowest bracket was given ten opportunities to earn feathers so the maximum number they could earn was ten. The next bracket was the eightieth to the sixty-first places and they were each given eleven chances for feathers or simply points. The following bracket was the sixtieth to the forty-first places and they could earn a maximum of twelve points. The bracket after that was the fortieth to the twenty-first places and they could earn thirteen points.

The last and final bracket were the ten people that did not make the top ten, the twentieth to the eleventh places. They were given the most chances with fourteen. The scavenger hunt structure was fair to those that performed well in the Monster Fighting Competition. It gave those that placed highly more opportunities to earn points which directly meant more chances and rewards.

The rewards similarly had tiers and were separated into five different tiers. The highest tier had the best rewards and redeeming a prize from this tier required nine points. The next tier of rewards was of slightly lower quality and required eight points. This went on to the fifth tier which only required five points.

Each tier had a limited number of prizes. The bottom tier had fifty prizes. The fourth tier had forty prizes. The third tier had thirty prizes. The second tier had twenty prizes. And finally, the top tier was limited to ten.

There were only ten top prizes but everyone instantly wanted them and nothing else. They were simply too valuable and the Immortal Association could not afford to hand any more out. Among the prizes were a camouflaging spiritual bag, a baby beast that had already gained intelligence, and even a Spirit Lord Realm weapon...

The last one made everyone crazy. The amphitheater once again erupted in excitement.

Everyone, even those with low rankings, all had a chance to compete for the top prizes, including the biggest prize. Everyone had a chance to earn at least nine points. They just had to really work hard for it and there was almost no room for error. All the prizes could be claimed at any time once a contestant received enough points. Whoever got nine points first was definitely going to get the Spirit Lord weapon!

"Alright, quiet down." Huang Wuji's voice calmed everyone, "There is plenty of time for an exciting Golden Feather Hunt starting tomorrow. Now, it is time for us to begin the dream array for the top ten. Immortal masters of those in the top ten, come up. Bring your disciples and follow us!"

"Yes!"

"Let's go!"

As one, several immortals joined the stage. Chen Wentian was among them as well as some familiar faces such as Peng Yuefeng and Qiu Chuyi. For this occasion, Eagle Lord Qu Shen did not come personally but sent Immortal Sky Monkey Gu Lan as his representative.

Chen Wentian ignored them and they ignored him as well. His actions that made Beast God Sanctum suffer over and over again were not attributed to his real identity at all. Everything was on the head of Immortal Sword Bandit Lin Huzhong. It was exactly how he wanted it.

"Qianyu, Yifei, are you ready?" He asked.

His two disciples both nodded with confidence.

"Good."

He then pulled both of them into his embrace and launched into the air. The rushing wind combined with his blazing aura blocked out the cries of jealousy and heartbreak from the audience below.

They joined the other immortals who were following the four Spirit Kings and headed towards one of the massive pagoda towers. It belonged to Gong Liyun and was naturally the site of the dream array that only she could create.

During the flight, Chen Wentian noticed that they were missing one immortal. Thousand Petals Qian Lei did not have her own immortal master escorting her. Instead, she was carried by Gong Liyun and flew together at the very front.

The implication of this was clear. The Sapphire Mystic Empire was here at the invitation of the Immortal Association or at least Gong Liyun personally. Although she caused such a huge stir during the ceremony, nobody would dare mess with her.

They arrived at the tower and entered an inconspicuous doorway around halfway up the hundred-story-tall tower. They went through several narrow corridors and finally came to a stop at their destination.

The room was circular but it wasn't big. There was only one door to enter and exit. The interior was dimly lit but Chen Wentian could make out tiny runic inscriptions that covered every surface, from the floor to the ceiling. In addition to the runes, there were countless chunks of orange spiritual crystal placed in the middle of masses of runes. They pulsed with spiritual energy every so often which were sent towards the middle where there was a huge chunk of yellow spiritual crystal that served as the nexus.

Everyone's eyes widened. It was actually a yellow spiritual crystal and it had to weigh at least forty or fifty kilograms. It was a true treasure at the Spirit King Realm!

The only other things in the room were a set of ten beds, neatly arranged in a circle. This was where all of them would stay while they were dreaming. Regarding this detail, everyone noticed the problem immediately. This was a single room yet ten men and women were going to sleep here, men and women who had no relations to each other. What would happen if there were some incidents or scandals?

"I know what you all are thinking about." Gong Liyun spoke, "Please forgive me for the inconvenience. I am incapable and this dream array really cannot be made any smaller. Do not worry about your disciples, they will be completely safe and will not suffer any physical harm. The Immortal Association cannot afford such a loss and neither can I. I will personally operate the dream array for the next two months. With my observations, nothing out of the ordinary will happen, I promise!

"Good! With such words from the noble Gentle Lotus, this old sword is satisfied." The loud voice of Peng Yuefeng echoed around the room.

Chen Wentian scoffed inwardly. Of course, it wasn't an issue for those with male disciples and they all agreed readily. There was no chance of these toads suffering a loss in front of so many swans but the

opposite wasn't so true. A promise from a Spirit King was worth its weight in spiritual crystals but there was still a phantom of uncertainty.

Everyone looked to Chen Wentian but he remained silent and did not immediately reply.

"Be at ease. With my soul weapons, my promise is better than hers." Chen Wentian sent his spiritual voice into his disciple's ears, "Do your best in the dream array and don't worry about anything else."

They both answered affirmatively with their eyes.

He then turned to Gong Liyun, "I am fine with the setup. I will hold you to your promise."

"Be assured, little dragon." She said coyly, "Your precious women will suffer no harm. Now, come up, one by one. Starting with Wu Qianyu."

"Yes, Lady Immortal!"

Wu Qianyu followed the directions given and laid down in the first bed with the Purple Jade Sword hugged across her chest.

The bed and the pillows were soft and comfortable and she was instantly surrounded by a thick layer of warm spiritual energy. It was as if she was wrapped up in a cocoon.

She instantly became drowsy. It was simply too comfortable; it was almost bliss. She instinctively tried to fight it but she remembered Chen Wentian's words and quickly relaxed. A few moments later, or perhaps it was an eternity later, she drifted off into the land of dreams with the smiling face of her master and lover at the forefront of her thoughts.

"Talented! Really good!" Gong Liyun praised once she sensed Wu Qianyu enter the dream world, "You prepared them well."

"Naturally, I always need to be prepared around you." Chen Wentian retorted.

"Hehehe, Wentian, you're so mean. Don't be like that..."

Instead of sounding cute and adorable, her words made all the men in the room shudder, not just Chen Wentian.

"Anyways, Peng Xiling, you're next."

"Yes, Lady Immortal!"

"... Okay, good. Long Yifei, your turn."

Long Yifei bowed gracefully and laid down in the third bed. Her every action was flawless. At this proximity, her allure was on full blast. All the men still awake, even the immortals, were forced to stare at her every movement with hungry eyes.

Chen Wentian wanted to rip their eyeballs out but he couldn't afford to do so. At least she was still wearing her veil. Otherwise, he would have started charging these people money for how much they were looking.

Long Yifei didn't notice Chen Wentian's discontent or the rude gazes. She was solely focused on the task ahead of her. She had prepared for this for many weeks, getting her mind into the best possible state to take full advantage of the dream.

What she wanted to do, what she hoped for, was something even Chen Wentian didn't know about. She kept it hidden from everyone, even him. It was not anything hurtful or malicious, it was simply because she wanted to know... know about her past. It was not her past in Glacier Palace that she wished to explore in the dreamscape but before that. She wanted to revisit the memories of her childhood which was locked behind the perpetual fog of time.

Her previous master, Murong Aiyin, found her alone in the snowy mountains when she was four years old. Before that point in time, she had no clear memories. There were only fleeting shadows, unfamiliar

scenes, and most importantly, several unrecognizable faces. Her memories were a jumbled mess but she hoped that the dream array would be able to unlock them.

Unlike Wu Qianyu who buried her past and looked forward towards the future, Long Yifei was the complete opposite. She felt trapped by her fuzzy memories and by her mysterious physique. If she did not resolve her past, she was sure that she would never be able to break through and reach the immortal realms...

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Glacier Palace was land of eternal ice but it still had occasional shifts in weather that signified the changing seasons. It was the middle of summer. The snowbanks were at their lowest depth. Glaciers retreated up the mountain valleys, exposing trickling brooks of crystal-clear meltwater. The roads leading up the mountain were clear of snow and ice; it was the only time of year this happened.

Long Yifei walked down the winding narrow rocky path in the company of scores of other disciples. Their robes were snow-white but not as white as the woman who was at the front of the column.

"Faster! We're not on a stroll. We have to get back before nightfall or it will be no dinner for all of you!"

The stern voice made everyone nervous.

"Yes, Managing Elder!"

Long Yifei's voice was among the chorus. She quickened her steps to follow the managing elder and gave a tug on the rope in her hand.

A loud snorting sound came from behind, belonging to a peculiar animal that looked like a mix between a stout horse and a very shaggy carpet. The hairy arctic mule glared at Long Yifei but she rubbed its snout softly until it calmed down. It then gave a happy grunt and trotted after her.

The other disciples were each leading an arctic mule but their animals were less than cooperative. Their slow pace was mainly due to this and not a desire to slack off. They pulled, they coaxed, they even beat the animals but none achieved the same effortless results as her.

"Sister Long, how do you get your mule to be so obedient?" A voice came from beside her.

Another disciple managed to catch up to her. She looked no older than thirteen or fourteen with a round face and long black hair.

"Sister Jin, I'm not sure. I just rubbed its head and it became happy..." Long Yifei was helpless. She really didn't do anything special. "Perhaps this little guy just has a naturally good disposition?"

"Don't joke with me, sister! That ass is one of the meanest in the whole stable..."

Sister Jin suddenly lost her voice after realizing she had revealed something she shouldn't have.

"Hehe, Sister Jin, you're the one joking. How can the mule in Sister Long's hands be mean? Look at it, it's so nice!" Another voice chimed in from the rear.

The girl that walked up was tall and bony, with a disproportionately small head. She smiled towards Long Yifei but there was little warmth behind that smile.

"Ah, greetings Senior Sister Pei."

"Yifei, the girls and I are going to train together after we get back. Do you want to join us?"

Long Yifei didn't reply. She rarely got asked by them since they weren't close and weren't friends. When she had accepted their invitation in the past, it usually wasn't a very good use of her time. Her talent was far beyond theirs and she spent most of her time teaching rather than practicing.

"Come on, sister. The second chapter of the Ice Sword is so hard. None of us can understand it!" Sister Pei begged, tugging at her sleeves. "Please?"

"Oh, I guess..."

"Yifei!" The sharp voice of the managing elder interrupted her.

"Yes, elder?"

"Come to my room after dinner. We can discuss the questions you had during lessons today."

"Yes, elder." Long Yifei said and turned to her sister, "Sister Pei, I'm really sorry. I had forgotten about that completely. Perhaps next time."

"Ah... no problem, no problem." The girl was still smiling but her tone was frosty.

The party continued down the mountain and eventually arrived in the valley. At the trailhead, there was a wide-open, sandy area where there were many people gathered along with wooden carts and many draft animals. It was a trading caravan that arrived occasionally to sell goods to the sect. The traders were all women naturally and they had everything from bolts of cloth to soap to fresh vegetables.

The young disciples dispersed among the traders, each with an assignment for what kind of goods they needed to buy and bring back to the sect. They went in pairs to help each other and Long Yifei was paired with a girl named Gao Hong. Their relationship was good. Although not close enough to be considered sisters, they talked often and Long Yifei liked her attitude.

Gao Hong led the way and they in front of a cart that sold tofu. There were all kinds of tofu on display; soft, firm, fried, even sheets of tofu skin.

"Come, noble ladies, come. Best tofu you've ever tasted. The silken tofu is freshly made yesterday!" The tofu lady hawked her goods enthusiastically.

Gao Hong stooped down and peered at each of the bins of tofu carefully. She made sure they were all fresh and not stinky before pulling out a money pouch.

"Auntie, I need two buckets of silken tofu, four buckets of soft, and four buckets of firm tofu. I also want five bags of tofu skin as well five sacks of white soybeans."

"No problem, no problem."

The seasoned merchant quickly gathered everything together. It ended up being a mountain of tofu but this was why they brought the mules.

"That will be thirty taels of silver." She said once everything was tabulated.

She held a worn hand expectantly but Gao Hong hesitated.

"Auntie... how did the prices rise so much?" She asked in an aggrieved voice, "Two weeks ago, all of this would have only cost twenty-six silver!"

"Noble lady." The merchant gave a heavy sigh, "Your sect is so far from the village. It takes us a whole day to drive our carts up here. The roads were particularly tough because of some recent floods. Once I get back, I will have to pay a carpenter to fix it up or it won't last another trip. We are just some peasants trying to earn a living, please understand."

Both sides tried to act as pitiful as possible and neither backed down. Gao Hong clutched her money bag and refused to open it. The sect wasn't rich and money was tight. They were given a certain amount of silver to make purchases. If they went over, it would have to come out of their own pockets. If they scored a good deal, it would mean they could save a little more.

Long Yifei observed the situation for a few moments and finally could not help but step in. She felt slightly ashamed for her sister acting so stingy in front of a commoner. They were supposed to be disciples of an immortal sect.

"Sister, I have an extra two taels of silver here. Let's do the deal at twenty-eight silver?" She pressed two small nuggets into Gao Hong's hands.

"Yifei..."

"Let's head back early so we can practice together." She turned to the merchant, "Auntie, we may belong to Glacier Palace but we are simply the lowest tier disciples. We do not get a lot of money so please, don't make it too difficult for us."

The middle-aged auntie suddenly lost her voice after she saw Long Yifei clearly. This disciple was completely different from the others who all paled in comparison. Her demeanor, her poise, not to mention her beauty that would only grow more devastating as she grew more mature.

"Wow... I mean, sure!" She mumbled in awe, "Twenty-eight is fair!"

Long Yifei smiled, "Thank you."

"No problem, no problem!"

The deal was quickly closed and the merchant auntie even helped them load everything onto the two mules. Using wicker baskets and plenty of rope, everything was secured for the climb back up the mountain.

"Noble miss, may I ask your name?" The auntie asked.

"Long Yifei," Long Yifei replied, "I hope we can do business again in the future. I can tell your tofu is excellent."

"Haha, you flatter me. Long Yifei... Long Yifei... what a great name! Fairy Long, next time come find me for tofu directly. Don't go to those others. I'll give you a good deal!"

"Then, we shall take our leave." Long Yifei bowed. "Sister?"

Gao Feng had a difficult expression but she quickly hid it. She bowed as well out of courtesy and both of them led their mules away. They started on the return trip up the mountain path, one was calm while the other was displeased.

Because of the dream array, Long Yifei was reliving her memories as if she was experiencing them first hand. She only wanted to explore her past but she had little control over the specifics. She was subject to the whims of her subconscious.

She didn't know how much time had passed but she continued to relive her teenage years. It was a formative period in her life even though she didn't realize it back then. A lot of her current habits arose from back then and it was enlightening as well as painful to watch again.

It would take a few more years for her to formally become the sect master's personal disciple but her talent was already apparent. Some sought her help for their own benefit. She saw through their hearts and kept them at arm's length. This was also the intent of the elders as they did not want her to associate with those that would stunt her growth.

What hurt her was the realization that even those she tried to get close to didn't really like her. Gao Hong ended up being one of her confidants, one of the ten talented disciples that followed her everywhere. Yet, the distance between them was vast as a canyon. This was established from day one and the gap only increased from there. She was the first disciple. They were her capable servants. They were never friends, never sisters.

Observing these scenes gave her feelings of regret. She questioned if there was anything she could have done better, if there was any way for her to foster better relationsh.i.p.s.

Would having a group of sisters saved her from Murong Aiyin's betrayal? Would having better relationsh.i.p.s have helped improve her cultivation faster? Would any of it have mattered when she still couldn't recall those memories?

She shook her head. Her answer was not here, she had to go back further.

The dream responded to her will. The memories of her teenage years disappeared and another took its place...